

ERG

QUARTERLY

OCTOBER 1976

56



ERG 56 QUARTERLY, October 1976

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Status Box.. a blank means your OK for a while
X indicates renewal time..I hope you will
S means sample..and I hope you'll cough
up for more.
T if I remember to put it, means we trade.

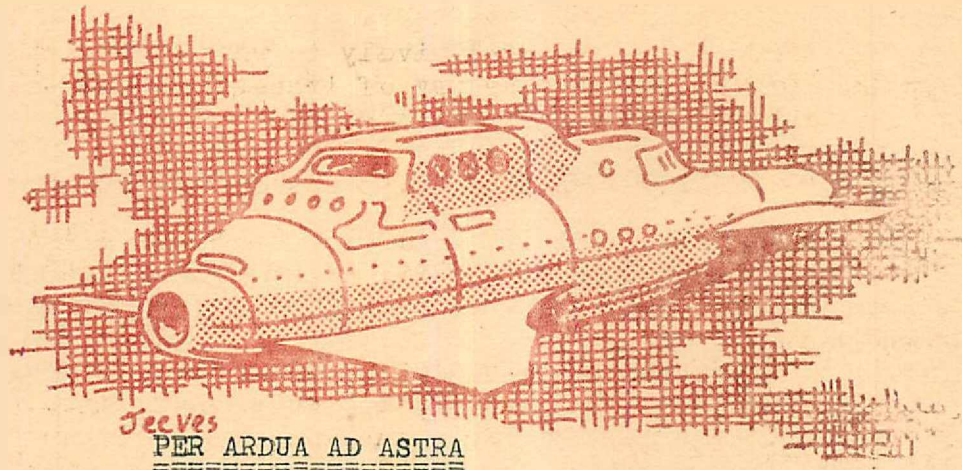
NEWS AND THINGS

FANCON...To be held in Derby over the weekend, Feb.4th 1977 to
Sunday, Feb 6th.1977. Cost. £4.60 bed and breakfast. Registration
fee is £1.25. For details, write Mike & Pat Meara, 61 Barrowash Rd
Spondon, Derby DE2 7QH. I look forward to seeing you all there.

CONCORDE.. while on holiday in Somerset this year, I was able to
track down 002 which is on public exhibition at Yeovilton, to inspect
Concorde, and tour the RNAS Museum cost only 25p. The best bargain of
the whole holiday.

FANZINE SALE. I'm in the process of clearing out my fanac room,
and numerous fanzines, old and new keep coming to light. I also have
a fair number of hardcovers and pocket books for disposal. If you're
interested, send a SAE for a copy. The Fanzines will go to the first
reasonable bid. Any offers for this preliminary bundle ? :-
(((Ganshee.7, Title.24. Ash-Wing 13. Lark.6 Outworlds.19 Zinri.6
Fanzine Fanatique.19 Speculation.33 Maya 11. Gengschein.26 Maybe 36.
Quantum 2 & 3 Spaces 1. Weltanschauung 3. Scribe.3 Inferno 11.
Knockers From Neptune 4. Something Else 5. Gengschein 27 Oxytocic 7
Fanzine Fanatique 17/18))) Remember postage on this lot will be
around 50p, so pad your offer accordingly. Best offer received by
the end of October gets the lot.

EDITORIAL



Star-travel has long been a staple of science fiction. Without it we would have no Skylarks of Space, no Lensmen, no Foundation series or a hundred other paper delights. Yet, as most readers will reluctantly admit, the basic mechanics of the idea make the whole thing utterly impossible. Cold calculations show that to reach the nearest star, a mere 4.3 light years off, would take something like 40,000 years at a constant velocity of 20 miles per second...which is about the total delta-v achieved by a current round trip to the moon. Even with an acceleration of 1g to the half way point, and a similar braking force for the second half, a one-way trip would consume 300 years !

To cope with this, SF has evolved several solutions to cope with the human factor (an adequate technology is assumed for coping with the nuts and bolts of the problem). Briefly, the methods suggested by our crafty authors are :-

THE GENERATION SHIP. Successive generations con the starship on her way as she boldly goes. Humanity's inbred urge to argue, riot and fight would stretch the patience of upcoming generations which find a lifetime of virtual prison existence facing them. Moreover, the in-breeding problem would be acute, Earth's Hapsburg lip, and haemophilia looking minor in comparison.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION where the crew sleeps throughout the trip solves such problems, but still leaves the time factor. Any such astronaut would be embarking on a one-way time trip. To him, the trip would last but the blink of an eye, but he would return to Earth some 600 years after his departure - and feel rather like Columbus had he been snatched into the 20th Century. Agreed, a few brave volunteers would be found (though I doubt whether any government would put up such hard cash for the dubious benefit of its far future), but it isn't a viable proposition for mass travel.

FASTER-THAN-LIGHT travel solves our time problem neatly. Let the ship move at some multiple of light speed. Sadly, Einstein's Theory of Relativity sets the speed of light (c) as an impassable barrier. An object approaching c would contract to zero length, while its mass would rise to infinity - and need

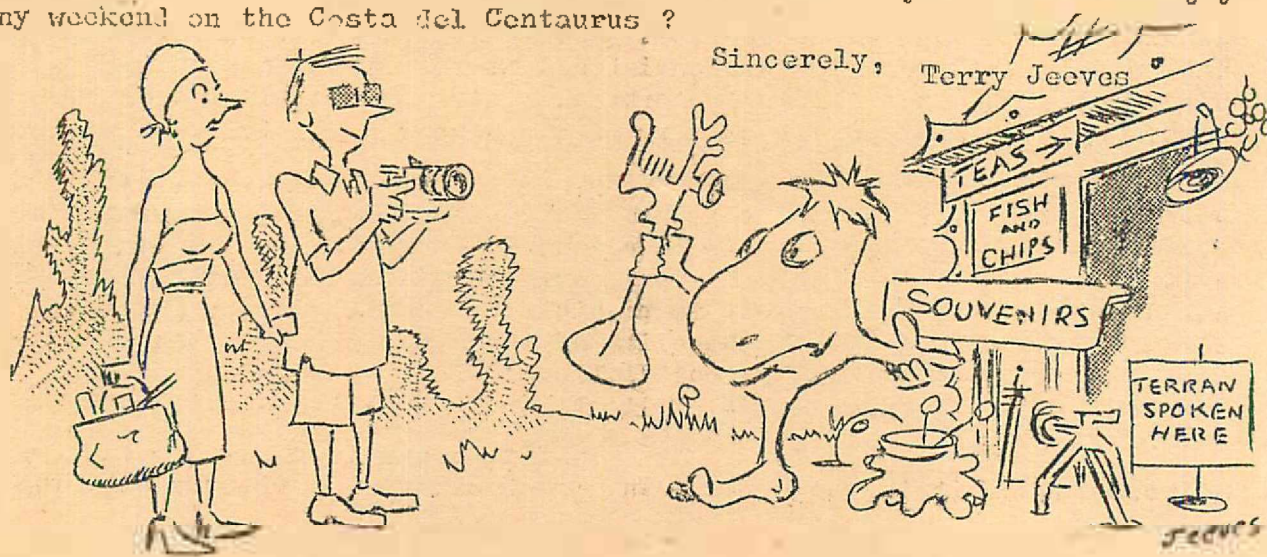
an infinite power source to move it. OK then, let's settle for 99% of c. Sorry, but even at that hefty clip the round trip would need ten years. Not exactly suitable for your annual three weeks by the briny. Obviously, what we all hanker after is a trouble-free, virtually instantaneous trip...which is where Hyperspace comes in.

HYPERSPACE, according to most writers, is a way of nipping out of this space-time continuum and re-entering it some light years distant. They liken it to a maggot crawling on the skin of an orange. By popping inside, the trip to the far side is much shorter...and if our universe happens to be shaped like an cat-cake, even less time would elapse. A nice concept, but for all practical purposes, utterly out of the question.... or is it ?

In 1970, Joseph Webber of Princeton University reported phenomenal gravity waves being recorded daily. The speculation being that each one marked the disappearance of a giant star as it collapsed into a 'black hole'. His discoveries were followed by further learned speculation that if the amount of matter in the universe remains constant, then each such disappearance must be balanced by the reappearance elsewhere of a new star...from a 'white hole'. So it would appear that good old hyperspace is there after all. However to use a collapsing star by hitching a ride on it as it vanishes down the plug hole seems rather hazardous and not to be covered by the normal insurance policy. Relax, the theorists didn't stop there. The idea has been continued and expanded with seemingly, much evidence to support it. It appears that the whole universe is riddled with entrances and exits to and from hyperspace, (rather like a bath sponge). Once inside the hole and transit to any other exit is instantaneous. And there you have it. FTL via Hyperspace is just around the corner. The staid publication, 'Nature' has even carried one scientist's speculative paper on 'Multiple Universes' which would indicate that not only can we scoot unhindered around our own, but that once we have spread around a bit and populated all the available planets, we can then move into another universe entirely and start work on that one.

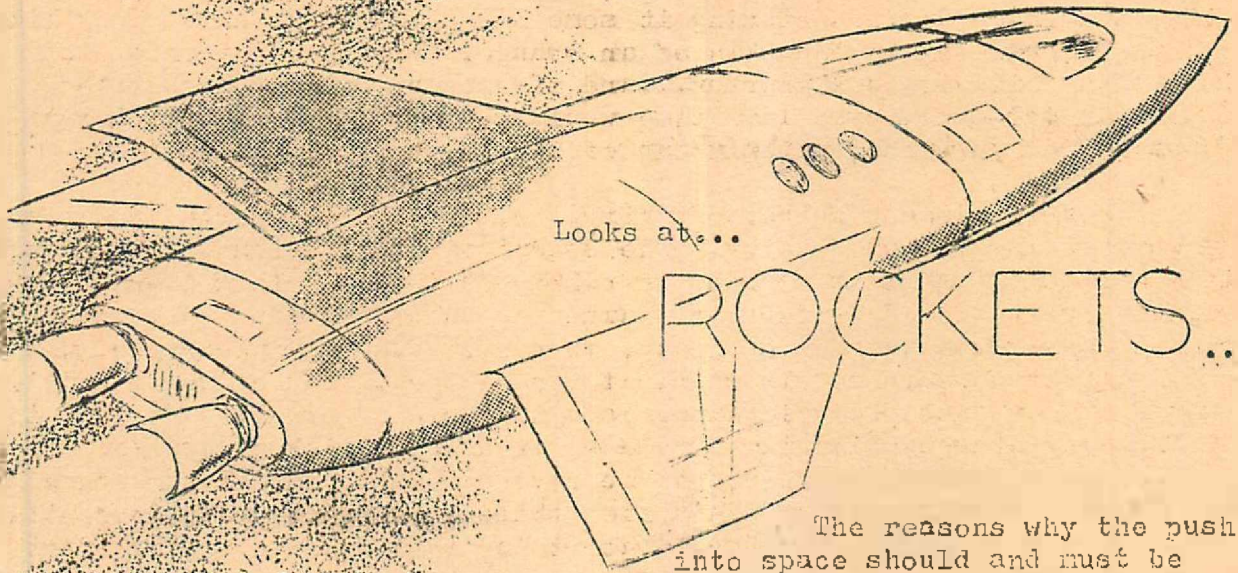
The old slogan of science fiction...."Today's Fiction Is Tomorrow's Fact" seems to be proving truer than any fan ever expected. Even now, it may not be too early to start tucking away your shekels in the old piggy bank. Wouldn't you like to be the first one on your block to enjoy a sunny weekend on the Costa del Centaurus ?

Sincerely, Terry Jeeves



Double in Space

MICHAEL A. BANKS



The reasons why the push into space should and must be continued have been gone over enough that I'm sure everyone is aware of them. Indeed, most of us were well aware of them (thanks to SF) long before space exploration began. The question now is not why, but How ?

I, like many others, was disappointed when the Apollo missions were discontinued. I had entertained vague visions of Lunar colonies within a few years of course, and was surprised that none was in the works. I suppose that my reading in SF and historical areas had led me to believe that colonisation naturally follows discovery and exploration.

Skylab offered some hope of another popular SF concept seeing reality. Though it was a far cry from the vast wheels that most writers envisioned as our first outposts in space, it seemed a sufficient starting point. But, again we backed down; Skylab now stands in mockery of our unused potential.

So, we can reach the moon, but we're not exploiting it. We can set up housekeeping in space, but we ignore it. WHY ? The biggest single reason is, perhaps, the expense of it all. Much of the necessary hardware exists, of course, but the cost of putting the hardware in orbit is prohibitive to the general public. Sure, we can talk about the benefits of the space program, but weather satellites and the technological 'Fallout' from space research seem esoteric to the average man - of little or no direct benefit to him.

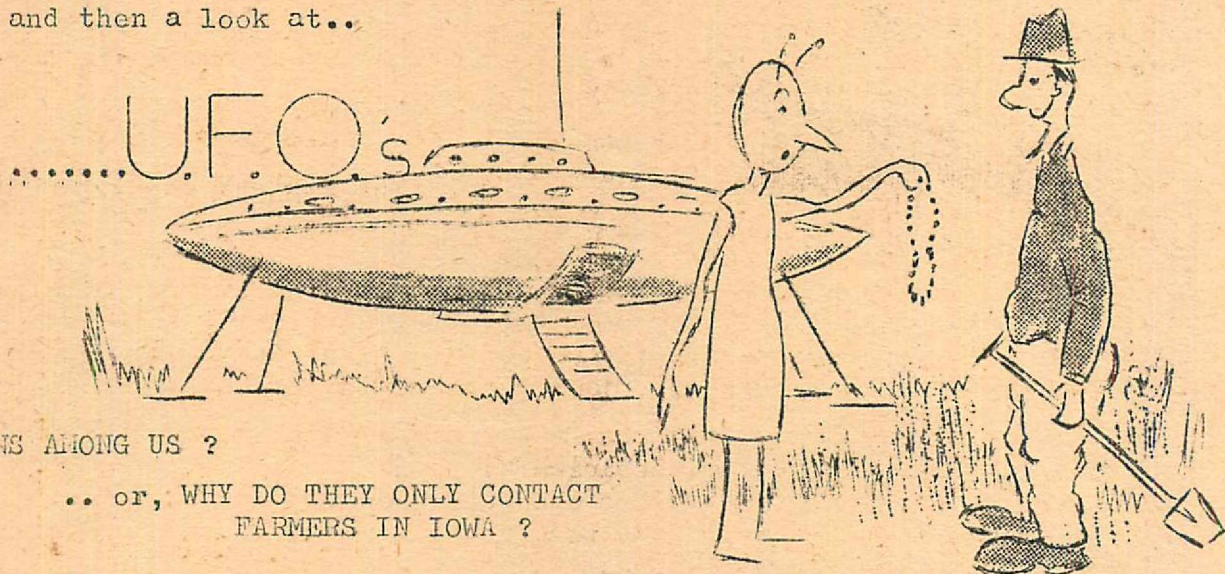
Happily, there is a cheaper method of reaching orbit in the works. The Space Shuttle, currently scheduled

to be in regular operation in the early 1980s, will cut costs tremendously; it will be reusable (80-100 missions per shuttle) and versatile, adaptable to a wide variety of payloads and able to accomplish more per mission by virtue of its manoeuvrability. In addition, Space Shuttle passengers will not be restricted to astronaut types; estimates are that the maximum Gs encountered by Space Shuttle passengers will be 3.

With the greater accessibility to space that the Space Shuttle will bring, the possibilities are limitless. Lunar colonies, space stations, will be within reach. Even the planets will be closer, with permanent orbital bases for stepping stones.

The Space Shuttle is the first stepping stone of course. I sincerely hope that it doesn't go the way of Apollo and Skylab.

.... and then a look at..



ALIENS AMONG US ?

.. or, WHY DO THEY ONLY CONTACT
FARMERS IN IOWA ?

As a mildly introverted SF reader in high school, I was often considered the ultimate reference on matters concerning UFOs. Because of this reputation, I spent several months reading everything available on the topic, and was amazed to discover a vast amount of science fiction talent going to waste.

I quickly bored of the stories, however, finding real SF much more entertaining. In fact, I forgot the subject of UFOs entirely, except on special occasions when the slightest mention of SF on my part brought the usual barrage of questions on UFOs, aliens, and pyramids that is the bane of every fan among mundanes.

Last year, as a guest on a local radio talk show, I was painfully reminded of the idiocy so lovingly perpetrated by those plot-less SF stories presented as fact. I was billed as an 'Expert' on science fiction, and, throughout the show, was quite surprised at the lack of UFO fans calling in. The inevitable happened though, and the last caller opened his remarks with, "Mr. Banks, what do you think of UFOs?". I was very tempted to reply, "Not much", but I humoured him

with a more neutral, "Ah, well, ...it's hard to say..."

In reply to that, the fellow launched into a WELL FOUNDED theory that the British are the builders of UFOs, and that they test-fly them over the United States. He further informed us that the United States was in on the scheme, and that since HE was aware of the plot, both governments should make it public.

That is a rather untypical UFO theory, the most common origin of UFOs being accepted as extraterrestrial. But it is typical of the outlandish beliefs some people WILL use to explain things they don't understand.

According to the various contactees and theorists plying the UFO trade, Earth is either a very desirable piece of real estate, or a Galactic foreign aid project. (The idea of Earthlings as slaves or edibles are currently passe - it doesn't take too much sense to realise that if you can build starships, you don't need slaves, and that there are probably very few alien metabolisms capable of handling humans on the half shell). Let's examine those theories, then, and see if we can decide what's really going on.

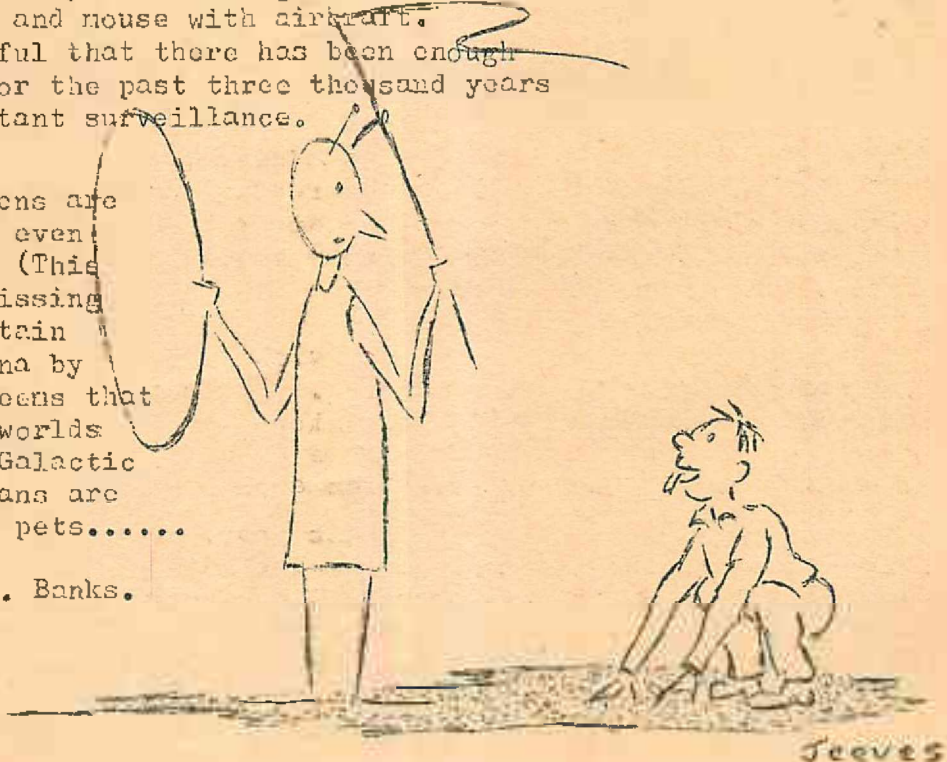
The idea of aliens wanting to homestead Earth is pretty weak, considering the fact that a technology capable of travelling between the stars would also be capable of planetary engineering, or at least finding planets without unfriendly natives.

As for aliens wishing to help the inhabitants of this backwater planet, well.... it seems that they must be limited on funds, if all they can do is give a few farmers rides around the solar system and make grand promises they have no intention of keeping.

So...why would beings from another star be here? Surely not to play cat and mouse with aircraft. And it is doubtful that there has been enough going on here for the past three thousand years to require constant surveillance.

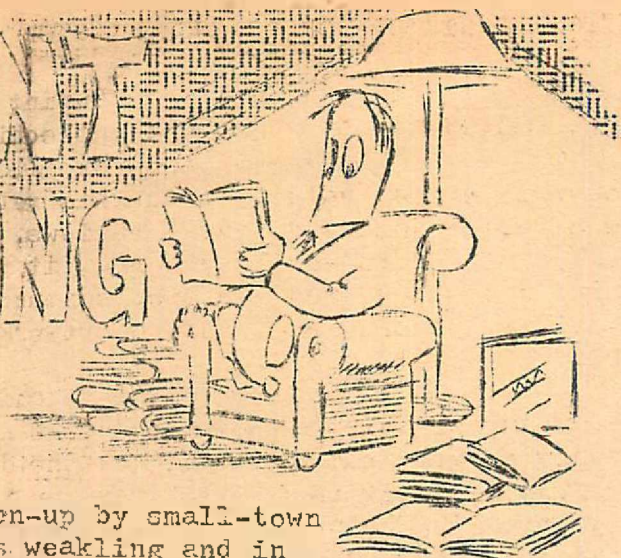
No, the real reason that aliens are among us hasn't even been hinted at. (This also explains missing persons and certain Fortean phenomena by the way). It seems that on many of the worlds throughout the Galactic Federation, humans are very popular as pets.....

Michael A. Banks.



Jeeves

RECENT READING



THE INFINITE CAGE

by

Keith Laumer

Dobson SF £3.50

Arrested and beaten-up by small-town police, Adam is at first a mindless weakling and in a blank, mindless state capable of assuming any personality his telepathic talents select. Taken over by a would-be medium, he gradually discovers himself, the world around him, and his own developing powers. Adam sets out to achieve various goals...seduction of a secretary, making a fortune, being but two of them. He both succeeds - and fails, spectacularly before his final disaster and metamorphosis. Laumer avoids the done-to-death pages of gobbledygook analysis and philosophy which passes for erudition in many such tales. Instead he serves up a gripping, colourful and well-paced tale which holds your interest and leaves never a dull moment. I liked it a lot.

SPACE CHANTEY

by

R... Lafferty

Dobson SF £2.75

A little of Lafferty goes a long way, and in this saga of Captain Roadstrum, it goes a long way indeed as the Captain and his crew visit planet after planet while virtually re-enacting a space version of Odysseus and his travels. Roadstrum himself, is a lower IQ version of Nicholas van Rijn, but not as credible. Chapter headings by Vaughn Bode aptly set the level (fanzine material) of the saga. Cultists and Lafferty lovers will drool over this..so did I, but for a totally different reason. However, if you do go for this sort of writing, then this could be on your hit parade.

THE GODWHALE

T.J. Bass Methuen Paperback 65p

Larry Deaver's lower half is sliced off by a hydraulic freight door and he goes into deep freeze to await a cure...awakening millennia later to the Hive-world of the Nebish. Population density is 50,000/sq. mile and only plankton survives in the sea. This soup is harvested by 'Rorqual', a 600ft long cyborg operated by the humanoid 'Benthics'. This is turned against the Nebish and helped by ARNOLD, a gene-manipulated warrior the action gets hectic. Superbly written, with an almost fairy-like quality in parts. Great SF, sustaining interest and credibility in an intricate, but not tortuous plot. Recommended.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION

by David A. Kyle

Hanlyn. \$3.95

During the last year or so, numerous books and collections of SF art have appeared. Many of them excellent collections of artwork, but of dubious historical value. With this volume, the picture changes and if ever a new offering deserved 'rave' reviews, then this is it. Running to 174 large (9" x 12") top-quality pages, it is crammed with some 250 illustrations spanning over a hundred years of science-fiction. Interiors, cartoon-strips, film stills, prozine and fanzine artwork and covers are here, many (almost a majority) in full colour.

Into and around this superlative display, long time fan-author Kyle has woven what is not a loosely-linked essay about the accompanying art, but what must be the definitive popular history of the genre going from its origins in mythology up to current trends so modern that even the upcoming '76 Novacon is mentioned on the dust jacket. Anecdotes and erudition are here a-plenty but at no time does author Kyle lose his direction or his readability. The text beautifully complements the artwork, and for good measure there is also a good Bibliography and an excellent index. How Hanly manage all this for \$3.95 is beyond me..but I fancy this will very rapidly become a collector's item. Get yours now before they run out, and in case you are still wondering, this one is **HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** !

THE UNIVERSE MAKER and THE PROXY INTELLIGENCE

by A.E. vanVogt. Sidgwick & Jackson \$3.95

'Universe Maker' (from Ace Books 1953) sees ex-serviceman Cargill in a

car crash which kills his companion - who then returns to see that Cargill dies in atonement ! From here, Cargill shuffles to and fro in time between conflicting groups in briefly sketched societies before the utterly baffling yarn weaves itself into a knot. 'Proxy Intelligence' (A sequel to 'Asylum' in a 1942 Asf) comes from a 1968 issue of If. Sub-normal Spaceman Hanardy (IQ 104) arrives at the satellite lab of Professor Ungarn and his daughter Pat, both of whom are high-intelligence Kluggs guarding humanity. Vampiric Dreeghs (of super-IQ) menace the satellite and Hanardy is taken over by the Great Galactic to battle against them. Both novels are vanVogt at his involved and convoluted best (or worst, as you please), characters lack depth or even credibility, and who does what and to whom is often hard to determine.

THE UNTELEPORTED MAN

by Philip K. Dick
Methuen 50p

Interstellar teleportation could get a man to the star colony in 15 minutes, so the shipping lines with their 18 year trip time all went broke. However, since the teleportation system only worked one way, there were

no colonists returning to describe in person, wll the delights of the paradise described in the radio messages. When a bankrupt shipowner smelled a rat and proved the messages to be fakes, things began to happen. I enjoyed this one throughout..until the ending which was rather a damp squib in comparison with what had gone before.

JULES VERNE

by

Jean Jules-Verne
Macdonald & Jane's
\$6.50

Many readers consider Verne the true, 'father of science-fiction'; and indeed, as this lively biography by his grandson shows, much of his work was indeed in a speculative and scientific vein.

However his main forte was for the 'geographic adventure' scientifically accurate and informative to his readers - which did not prevent him from also producing sixteen plays, chairing a scientific society and getting elected to the Amiens town council. All of which is pretty good going for a lad who trained as a lawyer but who never practiced. His success began with 'Five Weeks In A Balloon' and this allowed him to travel widely (often in his own boat) to gather location material for further stories.

\$6.50 may be a bit 'off-putting' but for Verne lovers this is a 'must' item, including as it does an excellent appendix listing all Verne's works (which is invaluable in ferreting out some of his lesser-known tales. There is a bibliography, an index and even several pages of photos - sadly, there is no reproduction of his famous tomb stone at Amiens, but this must be the only omission in a scholarly yet eminently readable volume.

ANALOG 8

Ed. by

J.W. Campbell

Dennis Dobson \$3.95

A selection of nine rattling good stories from the Analogs of 1968 - 1971. The line-up being as follows :- 'Gottlos', (near-invincible warnech robots), 'In His Image', (the making

of androids and the legal problems involved), 'Hawk Among The Sparrows', (The lovely tale of the 20th Century VTOL jet wafted back to 1914), 'The Powers Of Observation', (Humanoid robot spies), 'Jump', (Problems of FTL travel), 'Womb To Tomb', (Protective devices bring their own troubles), 'Winken, Blinken and Pi.r²', (Telepathic police work). 'Testing, 1, 2, 3, 4', (a computer tests its operators. Count 'em for yourself, and I think you'll agree that every one is a winner - and proving that the late John Campbell was still a darn good editor even in his final years at the helm.

A TOUCH OF INFINITY

by Howard Fast

Coronet 70p

This 13-story collection is like a nostalgic chunk from Campbell's incomparable 'Unknown'. Just as in those glorious days, you can read about the rich

man who bought an extra 15 years of life, or the 'Hoop' which vanished any it em thrown through it. Perhaps you would prefer an invasion by half-inch tall men, or the chaos which follows when God demands that humanity justify its existence. Then there is Harvey who produces bread rolls out of thin air and a host of many others all equally as good. I hasten to add that these are NOT Unknown reprints, but had that magazine still been in existence, it would have snapped up these tales. One of the most delightful anthologies I've met in quite a while.

James H. Schmitz Sidgwick & Jackson £3.95

Telzey Amberdon, teen-age telepath, is back in a four-story collection culled from Analog. 'Telzey Toy' involves her in a 'Madridrama' when a duplicate puppet of Telzey is so good that even she doesn't know which is the puppet! 'Resident Witch' sees an attack on a private fortress estate and the telepathic rescue of a man trapped and doomed by his villainous brother. 'Compulsion' brings in the Old Galactics and a telepathic tree. Finally, 'Company Planet' pits Telzey against a planet-wide information gathering ring masked as a cosmetic empire. Telzey has many of the attributes of the characters from Schnitz's 'Agent of Vega', and here all are brought into play in a sparkling, never-dull assortment. Each tale being just right for its content without padding to fill x pages. A good buy.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF 28
Ed. by

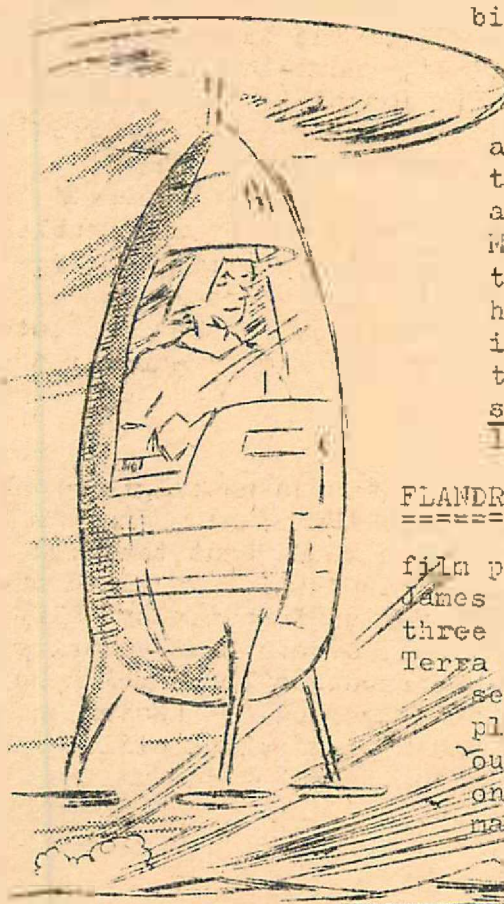
Kenneth Bulmer Sidgwick & Jackson £3.95

The collection opens a bit shakily with a well-written, but 'endless' item by Angela Roberts, and a very lightweight piece by G. Leman. There is also the usual scent of nepotism, or the 'help-an-old-pal' week, when the inevitable Aldiss fragment wanders aimlessly in all directions before vanishing like the famed Oozalum

bird. Ignoring such make-weights, the rest of the ten tales are all good. Smith & Penman have a beautifully written, alternate universe yarn. Rob Holdstock, Leroy Kettle and Bryn Forsey all have winners and prove that fandom can and does produce writers of ability. The standard is ably maintained by Messrs Tubb, van Loggen and M. Stall. With this issue, editor Bulmer seems to have hit his stride with one of the best 'New Writings' in quite a while...now if only he can summon the courage to drop Aldiss...or insist on a story from the man.... I think you'll like this one, I did.

FLANDRY OF TERRA by Poul Anderson Coronet 75p

It is inevitable that some future film producer will settle on Flandry to up-date the James Bond image into the space-age. Here, are three of his adventures as the Merseian Empire and Terra meet in a cold war. In 'Game OF Glory', he seeks out a Merseian hiding on a hot watery planet. 'Message In Secret' involves getting out a call for help when Flandry is cornered on a cold planet. Finally, 'Plague of Lasters' makes the planet a biological trap, with the masters controlling the life-sustaining drug. All very lightweight, but fast-paced and enjoyable.



PERCHANCE TO DREAM

Ed. by Damon Knight
Coronet, 50p

Damon Knight has rounded up a varied assortment of 12 enthralling stories with one common denominator. Each tale has some connection with dreams - and what is most unusual, is that with the solitary exception of Wells' 'Under The Knife', all seen now to the insatiable paw of the anthologist's net. Here you will find Pierce, Kipling, Kuttner, Leiber, Maugham and Dostoevsky and the time-scale covers some thirty years. Not quite as good as the Fast collection, but the quality is still high, and, Allah-be-praised, there isn't one of the standard 'What-murders-have-I-done-while-asleep potboilers in the bagful.

DR. FUTURITY

by Philip K. Dick
Methuen 60p

Dr. Jim Parsons is hi-jacked into the future to find that euthanasia is the norm, and his healing methods illegal. His kidnappers want him to revive their dead

leader, incestuous father of their tribe, but complications ensue as various time trips cause time to loop into strange patterns. Along the way, Dick neatly proves time travel impossible (Anyone getting the idea to make a time machine, would swear to come back and present himself with the plans, so if it could be done, it would have been done by now). He then goes on to write a good yarn based on the theme, together with a few side hints as to why the Great Explorers were so successful in the past.

WE CLAIM THESE STARS

by Poul Anderson
Dennis Dobson \$3.25

Once again, the gallant Dominic Flandry is called upon to foil a Merseian plot. This time, the space-empire which opposes Terra, has the help of 'Aycharaych', (Think of him as BEK), a powerful, alien telepath

whose efforts supply Merseia with enough information to apply blackmail in achieving their desired ends...in this case, the misdirection of a third star-travelling-race to confront and divert Terra's forces. All good, rollicking space-opera with one or two scenes which could have come straight from the pages of 'Doc' Smith. (Remember him when reading of the space chase, capture and boarding). Indeed, at times Flandry only needs kitting out with a lens to become Kinnison's stand-in. A cheerful, lightweight romp.

THE SEVEN SISTERS

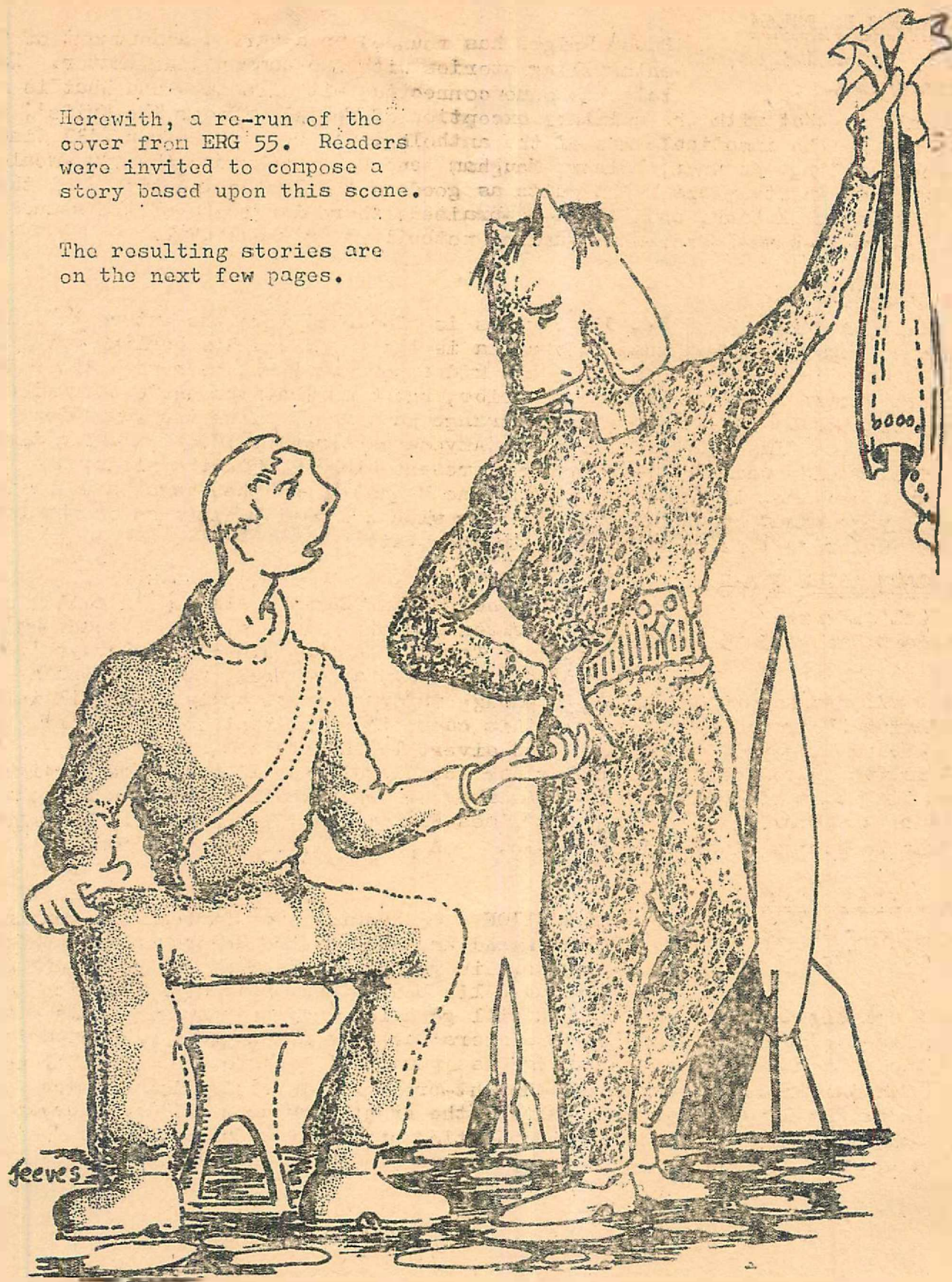
by Anthony Sampson
Coronet \$1.

NON-FICTION Knowing that it took the combined finances and know-how of two Governments to produce Concorde, did you ever wonder at the power and money which must lie behind such a mammoth creation as a

giant oil rig? If so, this book will go a long way to answering this - and many other questions. The 'Seven Sisters' are the seven great oil companies, and the author delves into their immense power and astronomical cash-balances in a fascinating...and extremely thought-provoking investigation. Even the simple production-v-consumption map at the front carries a chilling message. The Malthusian doctrine concerns population pressure versus available food. I wonder what we ought to call the pressure of demand versus available oil?

Herewith, a re-run of the cover from ERG 55. Readers were invited to compose a story based upon this scene.

The resulting stories are on the next few pages.



A JUDGE, INSANE

by

John Welsh

Ah. All systems functioning.

Memory scan. Hm. Sensor scan. Ahh.

Inductive construction running. Here we go.

*

Outside the rocket ship: sparkling, dark rain. Inside, the cabin; warm, comfortable, humid. He sits in the seat, locked in its embrace, cold. Hands, his own, flicker over the controls in front of him. Outside, the acidic rain tumbles, unheard. Quite suddenly, he has it. The computers lock the scanners onto the quickly approaching ship. Range: seventy light seconds. The man, Grimond, hunches forward grimly, his face contorted in furious hatred. He stares at the scanner in front of him, eyes flaring. He whispers something, relaxes. His eyes are grey; steel.

*

Here is a story for you, children: 2,000 years ago, two intelligent, but psychologically incompatible, civilisations are crossing one arm of the Galaxy from different directions. Both in search of planet they vitally need, to colonise. These races happen to converge in the same planetary system consisting of 20 planets, 17 of which can be colonised by either species. When the races meet, they hate, despise each other on sight - although they are very similar physically. War breaks out. Children, what do you think the possibility against such a chain of events is?

*

The alien snarls in a boiling rage. It reclines in a web of foam-rubber and plays its forward viewscreen over the glinting blue planet. Uneasily, its delicate blue-skinned hand taps rhythmically over the thin chatoyant, filmy square on the table to its left. The judgement sheet, found in the orbiting space station between the planets. Suddenly the alien undergoes a series of extremely painful and violent muscular contractions. It is forty seven hours since its last electronically stimulated pleasure session and the alien will die in horrendous agony if it does not subject itself to another such session within seven hours. The alien stares with cold hatred at the forward view screen. It resumes its tapping.

*

The war that followed, children, came to be known as the 400 Year War. A million members of each race survived, along with only two of the seventeen planets. But over the next thousand years, the two civilisations rose again separated by a gulf of two light hours. They forgot each other. The 400 Year War became a myth, a legend. But then, of course with the rediscovery of interstellar travel, they found each other again...

*

On a ribbon of blue-white flame, the alien's spacecraft lands about two hundred metres from Grimond's. For the moment, the cold acidic rain has stopped.

*

No war, children, tension. Union of cultures. Trade, with uneasiness. Mingling of sciences leads to a technology boom. But tension, distrust flourishes. A new type of computer is developed - capable of independent thought, like a human or a treann. Between the two planets a vast computerised linkup is arranged, to handle interplanetary affairs.

And an interesting thing is built into the Central computer which orbits between the two planets. The Judgement Sheet. On this, should war ever break out again between the restless civilisations, the Central computer would print the name of the initiating race in 500 languages. Utterly useless of course. Even needed a special machine to see the name, but then, one was included on the space station. Well, over the next 500 years these radically new computers handled an incredible number of extremely delicate affairs. They were programmed to handle diplomatically all situations which might conceivably initiate a war. So, tension for hundreds of years. No war. No war. No war. Suddenly

The sky is pale red. Grimmond and the alien meet at a turning stone, weaponless. Warily they cross the launching site towards the stone. 50 metres beyond it cluster shattered buildings. Rubble and unused killer probes litter the ground. The alien stares at Grimmond as they walk. This is the man it has worked with, looking after the central computer in the orbiting space station. It remembers how they fought to kill each other when the Four Hour War broke out, how they rushed to get the Judgement Sheet and its viewer. They had got the two things and fled into space, the last two living creatures in the planetary system. Later, by radio, they had agreed to meet each other here on this world. Now they reach the stone. Grimmond sits on it, giddy from radiation sickness. He gazes tiredly at the computer complexes to his right. Hanging by his side, the viewer. He spits into the sand, looking up at the alien, he stretches out his hand. "The Sheet". His voice stings, cuts. The alien holds the Sheet away. "No," its voice twists with some unidentifiable emotion. "You will make a bargain." Grimmond sighs. He looks up at the alien, curious. "You will - one of us will - kill ourself when - if, if we discover that it was our race that was the..." It shakes violently, goes on, "...the guilty one. Bargain?" Grimmond purses his lips, "Okay he hisses, "Bargain." (No, No, Patience children! A few seconds more) And now Grimmond is getting up. Together, impassively, they fit the Judgement Sheet over the viewing screen. And now they see it. Ah, look how the puzzlement, disbelief and horror gnaws into their faces! Stunned, they are staring into each other's eyes, and now they are turning and looking at the computer complexes behind them, at the rising killer probes, as you lift out of the rubble, children...

They turn and flee.

All systems functioning.

John Walsh.

DAVID V. LEWIS

=====

Fantastic Junctions is happy to bring you complete in this issue a hitherto unpublished fragment from the pen of that late lamented wordsmith & raconteur of the outre, Philips Howard Cashtrader (1940=1955). We are indeed indebted to the executor of the PHC estate Len Glor who drew our attention to this piece. It is well known among PHCophiles that PHC was inspired by illustrator Frank Finley Virgil III who produced illustrations to which PHC added the story. Such is the case with the fragment we are publishing this issue

Philip H.
Cashtrader



DVL



DVL
Franz

Finley Virgil III

PHC is of course better known for his tales of the Mithulhu Clythos featuring his truly legendary hero Phonan the Philostine. However this tale involves a hero of the Space Age, a departure from the master's usual milieu. Without more ado we present,

THE BARGAIN
+++++

Two spaceships squatted on their hanches in solitary splendour on the vast expanse of Tau Centauri. XXVII's spaceport glinting rapidly in numerous dazzling hues as the 30 moons eternally crisscrossed the Tau Centaurean night sky bathing all below in a confusing variety of rapidly changing subtle polychromatic light. Stimble Winnasohn wondered if he would ever get used to the phenomenon during the three month's enforced stay as he waited for the 30 moons to align themselves into a configuration favourable for him to blast free into space.

He watched morosely as the Gomballan trader, for the hundredth time raised his clan scarf of Nacoomian Quakk silk in ritual salute as a prelude to the night's session of bargaining in which Winnasohn was obliged to participate. What else could he safely put up for the Gomballan trader to haggle over and save himself from the prospect of a duel to the death as demanded by Tau Centaurean custom in lieu of Ritual Trading? Not that he was a coward, as half a thousand beings on as many worlds could woefully testify, but he could not afford to blow his cover with no prospect of departure imminent..... Unfortunately, the fragment ends here & apparently PHC never returned to it before his untimely death of a broken heart after his pet rabbit Bubbles died. We are hopeful however that his posthumous populariser & collaborator S. Lequere Samp will find time to complete it.

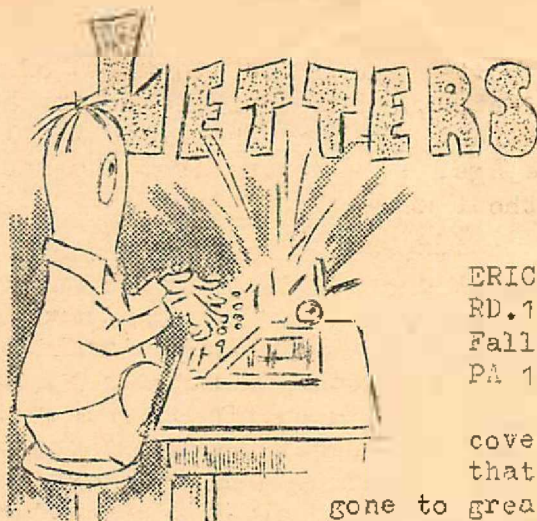
David V. Lewis

Ray Harrison

The Starting Master rules the broken hearted guy disqualified, John T. Kirk, cos his rocket had too many CC's. The S.M. drops the 'hanky' and the race is on. Once round the Galaxy and the first one back is the winner (2 million words were deleted here, but believe me it was an epic voyage and was sure to win the Hugo, Nebula, etc) The winner finally lands on (?) and goes up to the gur with horns on his head. "Are you the S.M.?" "No, I'm his great, great grandson". Hero looks astonished. "But..." "I suppose you want your prize now, here you are." Hero looks down at what has been pushed into his arms. "Sorry it's a bit out of date now, but apparently this bloke who used to produce them disappeared about 25 centuries ago" Terry Jeeves, tears in his eyes walked away from the landing stage with his prize pressed to his bosom. As he gazed at it again, a tear fell and made the ink from the cover run. He then folded his copy of ERG dated July 1976 and placed it in his back pocket, shrugged his shoulders, thrust his chest out and murmured softly under his breath, "Gee?"

Well there you have all the entries I received in the competition. For such valiant efforts, each entrant has been awarded a paper back. My thanks to all three of you for showing there IS someone out there.

Bestest, Terry



((Ergitorial interjections by Terry Jeeves are in double brackets))

ERIC MAYER

RD.1 It's good to see ERG which has
Falls always struck me as looking
PA 18615 like a fanzine should look.
As you know, the sight on the
cover of ERG55 ((Concorde)) is a sight
that a large number of Americans have

gone to great pains to avoid seeing ((apart from
Lockheed, McDonnell and Boeing, all of whom were
trying to make a manufacturing agreement with Sud

Aviation...to make Concorde, fly it all over the US, and NOT to allow
Britain in on the deal)) I was personally against the US development
of an SST several years ago. I'm not sure I was right. The Concorde
is a truly beautiful machine. I was thrilled when I saw its first US
landing on TV. If I'd had \$800 I would've rushed out and bought a
ticket immediately. ((Good on you Eric..and I gather many other
un brain-washed Americans feel the same way)). Say, can you place a
bet whether or not there's life on Mars? I've heard you can bet on
anything in England! ((Yes, one character picked up a bundle by
betting (way back) that man would eventually walk on the moon. Loyds
of London will take your wager - if you can work up a satisfactory
definition of 'life'. before, and after it is found))

Brian R. Tawn
29 Gordon St.
Wisbech,
Cambs.

Many thanks for ERG 55 scintillating as always. I
guess you're expecting a stack of mail about the way
you've mailed it ((I normally use the half-fold and
paper wrapper..envelopes cost about 3p each..and up
the postage as well...but if there is sufficient demand,

I will gladly work out a special sub at so much per copy above the
standard, and mail those people their copies . flat, in envelopes))
I spent ages staring at the cover trying to think of something to
write. I'll think some more, but I've never yet been able to to
make a story from a picture. The Ergitorial was fascinating as
always, but I wish you'd stretch it to four pages. I have in my
zines, a copy of the Operation Fantast which carried your first
story.. 'scuse me a tick...It's a lovely little tale, the sort of
fan fiction I like, in fact, the sort of SF short story which I like
best ((You are a nice man)) I didn't try to solve the puzzle, but I
had to think about it a while before I could accept the comment about
the size being immaterial. Once I did, it became obvious. Nice one.
Thanks your missive of a few days back. As I said, I shall spread
the word JEEVES FOR TAFF.

((I said you were a ghod man))

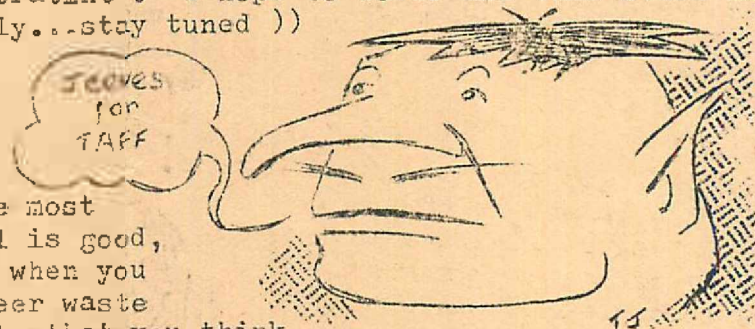
Kevin Easthope
6 Ipsley Grove
Erdington
Birmingham

....Eric Bentcliffe is talking a load of rubbish if he thinks vocal fandom has any effect whatsoever on professional publishers or any other media men. These people aren't idiots ((Looking at TV, I sometimes wonder)) for heaven's sake - even if they sometimes seem that way to us. After all, they're in the business to make money. They know perfectly well that fandom is only a small proportion of the SF readership and just how much attention they should pay to criticism in the fan press. More than often this is none, although the situation is slightly different in the USA where fandom is much larger ((But is it any larger as a percentage ??)) In this country the reaction to SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY in the fan press was a great deal less than complimentary. Throughout its 2½ year run, SFM was subject to a veritable barrage from the fan press; articles, letters, vocal criticism at conventions. None of this swayed NEL's editorial policy. Perhaps if they had listened, and had modified the content of the mag, it might have lasted a little longer ((I'm inclined to agree with you. Fans tend to think that because they are vocal..and in touch with many like characters, that they represent the majority. Not so...with 400 as a UK Con maximum...say 1,000 vocal fans..this is only roughly 0.03 % of a Stateside prozine's circulation...maybe a higher slice for a UK zine, but still a negligible amount pro rata)) I liked the cover Terry, but I'm not able to think up a story for a competition of this type. The shading on the alien's coveral - is it Letratone ? ((Yes, or to be precise, it is 'Letratint'. I hope to cover all this stuff in the fanzine series eventually...stay tuned))

John Welsh
25 Melvinside Gdns. East
GLASGOW G20 6BE

"Although for the most part I think your Ergitorial is good, I think you're off yer heid when you say, "...nit picking is a sheer waste of time." Meaning I take it, that you think criticism is a waste of time ? ((Not so. Obviously, I didn't make myself clear... 'nit-picking' is the taking up of minor inaccuracies and lambasting the story on the strength of same. Criticism is more concerned with literary quality, readability, major errors of fact. OK ?))

There are plenty of good books I'll need to be getting my teeth into ((Eye-teeth, presumably ??)) in the Recent Reading Section. Don't tell this to the examiners, but it was through reading the recent book you reviewed 'Asinov On Astronomy' that I was able to go flying through an Astronomy exam with a question on tides. ((OK, I will not tell anyone...not a soul.)) What's all this piffle about Bentcliffe needing a new typewriter ? ((He secretly hoped that someone would emulate Manly Banister's gift to Walt Willis of a printing press..and send him a typer. Me, I need a new duplicator if anyone out there is listening)) Enjoyed the Bradbury piece. I've mixed feelings about his work. It's his prose y'see, his magical but intolerable, poetic but intensely irritating prose I just can't stand. ((I agree entirely))



BRYN FORTEY

90 Caerloun Rd
Newport,
Gwent NPT 7BY

"Your mention of seeing magazines containing your work on the stalls brought the memory of a horrible incident flowing to the surface of my mind. A few years back now, but I remember it all too vividly. I was standing in a local bookshop, in front of the shelf devoted to horror collections, staring with immense pride at a Sphere paperback which contained one of my stories. Suddenly two young girls, both around the thirteen mark, stood in front of me. They were intent on buying one of the many collections on offer and finally whittled it down to a choice of two - the Sphere book in which I appeared and one from Pan in which I didn't.

"Don't know which to buy", said the first little darling. "They both look good", remarked the second. It was an obvious cue for an 'actual author' to step in and offer assistance. "Excuse me," I interrupted, "But you might be interested to know that a Newport writer has a story in that collection", I pointed to the Sphere.

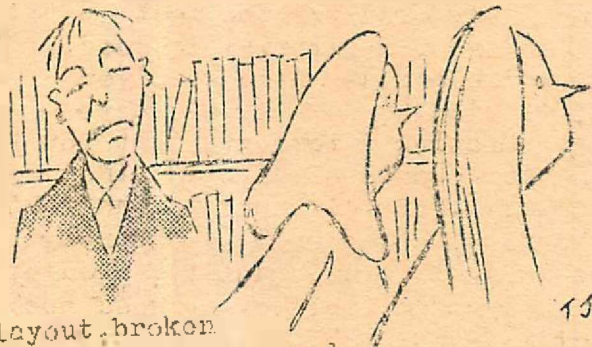
"Ooooh, gosh, just fancy. Which one?" The contents page was pointed out. "Bryn Fortey, never heard of him. You're sure he's from Newport?" I assured the sweet child that he was. They went off to make their purchase, having returned the Pan paperback to the shelf. On the way out, they stopped and spoke. "We got the one you said mister." I puffed with pride. These angelic children had taken my advice; would read my story with special interest; were part of my specific readership. They deserved something special. "Look," I said, "I am the Bryn Fortey who wrote the story in that collection you've just bought. Would you like me to autograph it for you?" They looked me up and down while I reached for a pen.

Could I see here worship in their wide innocent eyes? "Bugger off, mister," said the first. "You aren't no bloody writer", stated the second. They left the shop.

Deflated, bruised, shrunk to Ian Williams-type proportions, I soon followed them and hurried home. A very embarrassing experience, but I learnt the lesson it offered.

I still badger friends into buying anything containing my work, but I leave strangers to select their own reading material.

Cheers, Bryn.



John Collick
12 Melrose Rd.,
Bishop Monkton
Nr. Harrogate

'The overall layout, broken up by the odd illo, was very good.

The fnz reviews could have been better and the IOCCL was rather skimpy and poor. feedback is the essential lifeblood of any fnz and a good fat level makes an interesting zine ((I Each to his own taste..I prefer fewer locs..and more stuff to spark them))) The best bit of BRT was the bit on fanzine reproduction, it contained plenty of good tips. I agree with BRT, it's be an excellent thing to produce it as a one-off. Forget those extra 60 duplicate pages. Do it in litho, give it a price and fans will lap it up. (((A good idea, but until I finish the thing and compare costs of the two methods, I can't say for sure which I'll adopt)))

Roger Waddington
4 Commercial St.,
Morton;
Malton,
Yorkshire

... Now Eric's is the first dissenting voice I've heard to the general consensus that fans aren't worth the paper they're printed on, that it's the general buying public that keeps the sf houses going rather than the more vociferous awkward squad; and I think I'll stay with them rather than with

Eric ! (((His bed and breakfast rates are cheaper))) Oh, it's no doubt more flattering to see ourselves as the arbiters of fashion, the swayers of fate; and how different would be the world of sf if it were, with every issue of every magazine a Hugo nominee, every SF title in pb and hardback, and SF column in every local paper, and regular TV spots .! (((Sounds like Paradise to me....but seriously, while basically I agree with you, there is the undeniable fact that the first..and indeed ALL the early pulp SF mags WERE entirely dependent on fans. The point of difference is that whereas they could (and did) influence magazines, the vocal minority of actifans never could..and never will)))

Alan Burns
19 The Crescent
Newcastle on Tyne

...Regarding my counterblasts to my sure G. from the building society I merely said that the business of an accountant is to make sure money isn't wasted.

If a man comes with chapter and verse concerning a new aircraft the accountant will give it reasonable consideration and if a reasonable return on the money seems probable, then he will loosen the pursestrings. ((Not so. Look at the trouble Cockerell had in finding a backer for his Havercraft, or the way our Government refused to fund the supersonic Harrier..and nearly backed out on the subsonic version...yet now, the USof A want to make BOTE versions. Baird starved in a garret to finance his own TV as no one would back it with cash money. History is full of people who put money on the line after an invention was proved, but not so many are ready to hand it rather than go for the building society gold-plated offer.)))

Phil Stephenson-Payne
28 Woodfield Drive
Charlbury
OXFORD

...Following the wealth of comments in support of Concorde there's little point in adding my own two-pennorth of support. I too was glad when the US and Australia agreed, and hope the remaining problems can be ironed out. As you

say, a worldwide speed limit of 500mph would do more ecological good than a ban on Concorde. My progress feelings are best summed up by a Kelly Freas poster with a picture of galleons crossing the sea, a rocket heading for the moon, and the comment. "Suppose Isabella had said NO" (((Which puts it in a nutshell. One other item may be of interest though, the news release that America (Lockheed, Boeing and McDonnell were dickering with Sud-Aviation to make the second generation Concorde ..and could guarantee they would be allowed anywhere in the States. Sud-Aviation...ever-be-praised...declined. But it shows who and what is really behind the anti-Concorde lobby doesn't it ?)))

WANT many good people, but space looks like being so limited this time that I'm not even sure if I'll be able to squeeze in a FANZINE section. Since letters and reviews seem the most popular sections by far, I hope to try and expand both...even if only marginally. Terry.

BIND YOUR OWN FANZINE

Having a surplus of assorted fanzines and checklists around the house, I decided it was about time I bound them into acceptable looking volumes. I evolved the following simple method (a slightly more complicated method giving a spine to the book instead of a plain opening, is detailed at the end). The measurements here are for binding quarto (8" by 10") fanzines, but you only need to vary the sizes for other bindings.

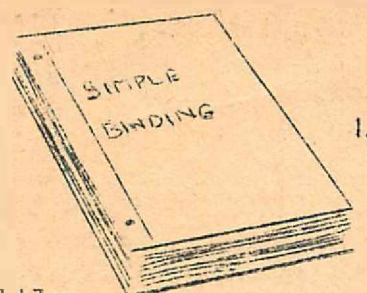
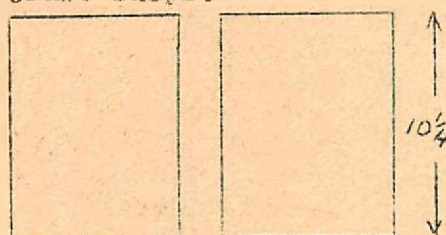


Fig.1 shows the basic binding. Front and back covers, hinged $\frac{3}{4}$ " inch from an unbound spine, and the whole secured by two (or more) book-binding screws. Materials needed are stiff card about 1/8" thick...NOT corrugated cardboard, it 'cracks' too easily. Strawboard is best. 'Linsen' paper...a strong binding paper. If unavailable, use a good quality brown paper, and add a covering of thinner fancy paper later (wallpaper, etc). Board and Linsen are usually obtainable from a good stationer's or artist's supply house. For pasting, use Polycell. Bookbinding screws from stationers, or craft shops.



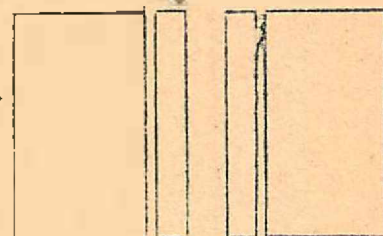
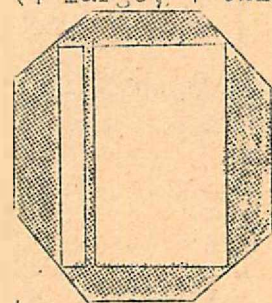
Start by cutting two pieces of strawboard, slightly larger than a sheet of the fanzine. - For quarto, cut $8\frac{1}{2}$ " by $10\frac{1}{4}$ ". Fig.2. Lightly sandpaper all edges to remove 'proud' ridges. This allows the paper to wrap round more easily.

2.



Next, from your two cover pieces, cut a narrow strip, $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide from each (Fig 3).....

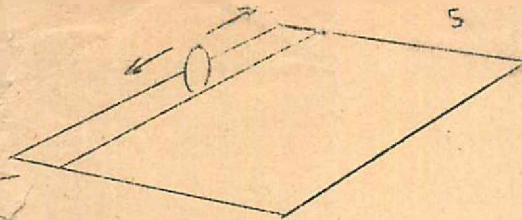
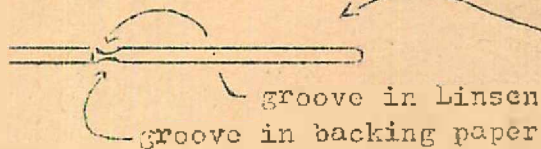
From the Linsen paper, cut two pieces 2" wider all round than each cover assembly (1 large, 1 thin piece). Trim off corners as shown in fig 4.



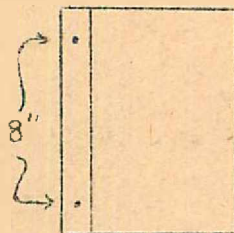
Remove the two pieces of card, lay the linsen on a sheet of newspaper, paste well, and replace the two pieces of card as shown in Fig.4, with approx. a $\frac{1}{8}$ " gap between. Fold over the excess linsen and mitre the corners using a sharp knife. (Fancy inner backing papers may be added to hide the mitres)

Now, BEFORE the paste has a chance to dry, run a coin or other firm object down the line of the hinge to form a neat groove (Fig.5) and lay the cover piece

beneath heavy books until it is dry, give it at least two days, or you may find the cover warping. Repeat the procedure with the second set of cover cards.

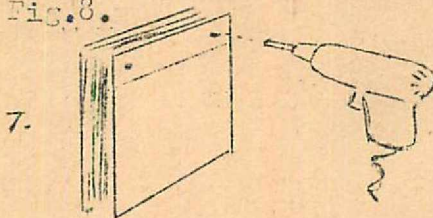


When covers are dry, mark the points for the holes. If you intend to use a standard hole punch, make marks on the cover for this spacing. I prefer a wider spacing to prevent papers flapping about, so I mark my cover with 8" between centres. This leaves 1" above and below, with a quarto fanzine. (Fig.6)



Now, remove staples from magazines to be bound. Knock the stack up straight, and centre it between the covers with an equal overlap all round. Clamp up between boards in a vice, or with two G clamps and using a 1/8" drill bit, drill straight through covers and fanzines. To make this operation easier, I use two pre-drilled boards for the clamping operation. Drilling, clamps omitted is shown in Fig.7, and a clamping board with

pre-drilled holes (two boards needed) in Fig.8.



The final step is to insert the binding screws (one shown in Fig 9.) tighten them, and your fanzines are bound.



Fig.10 A slightly more difficult, but more pleasing cover may be produced by laying your cover cards on one, large piece of Linsen, and inserting a thinner, more flexible spine card between them. Overlap, mitre and grooving is as before, but the resultant book will now have a fully bound spine to hide the leaves of the fanzines as the book

stands on a shelf. I have mine titled TRIODE.1 etc. in white Letraset characters and the books look very presentable

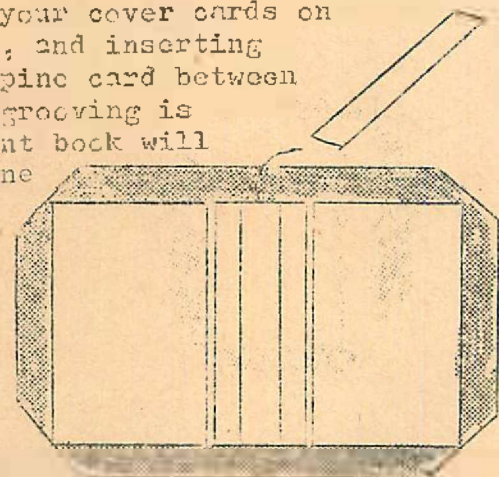


Fig 10