

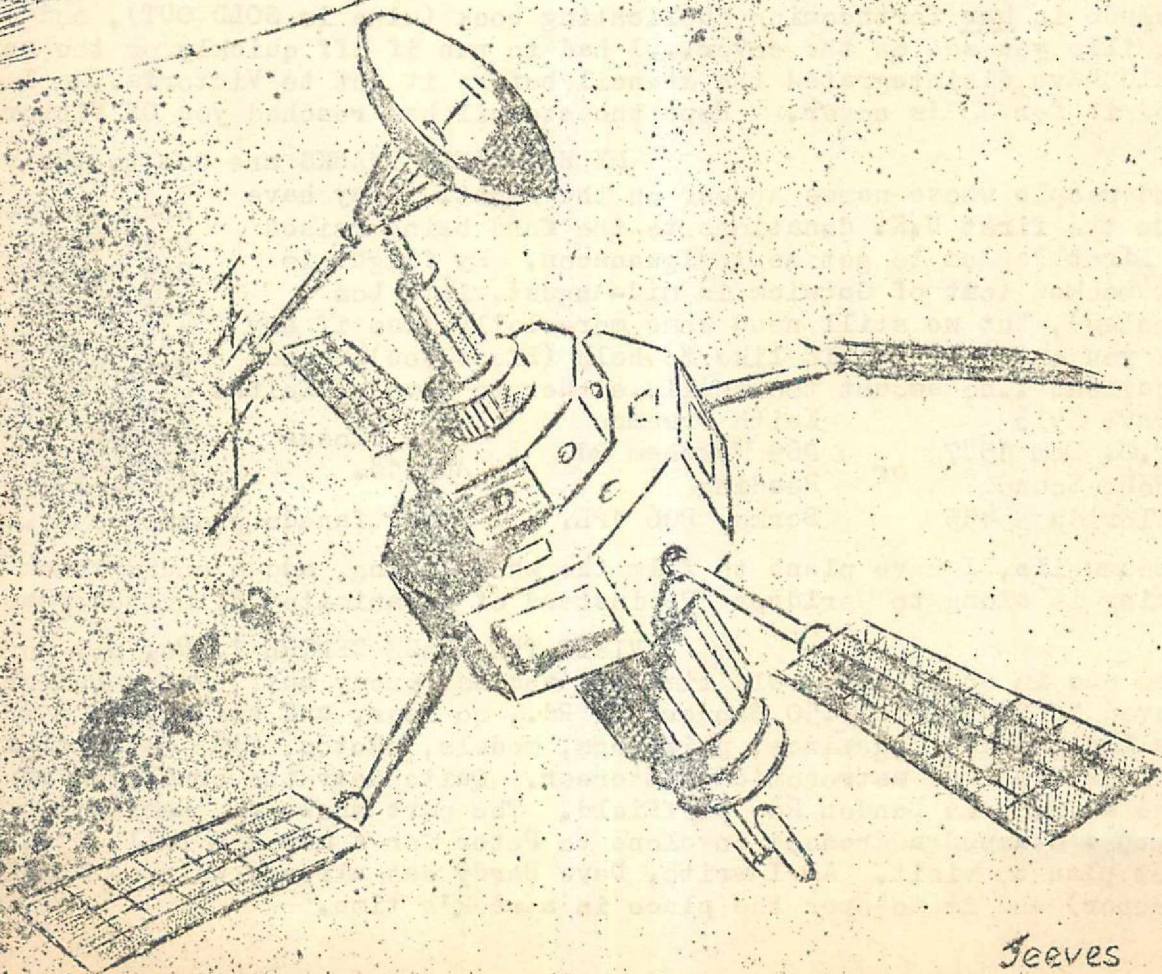
ERG

63

JULY

1978

QUARTERLY



Jeeves

() Status

ERG 63

QUARTERLY
JULY 1978

ERG is now in its 20th year, and is edited, published and perpetrated by Terry Jeeves

230 Bannerdale Rd.,
Sheffield S11 9FE Ph. 53791

An X in the brackets denotes renewal time... I hope you'll do just that. T indicates Trade, S a sample

Rates are...

U.K. 5 issues £1

U.S.A 6 issues \$2.00 (bills please)

ODDMENTS...and things like that.

The cover this issue (on which I would like you all to comment) was done on a brush stencil for a special purpose. Victoria Vayne in Canada had asked me for a sample of brush stencil work to include in her forthcoming duplicating book (mine is SOLD OUT), and so I did the illo you see on the cover...I had to run off quickly or the acid would have disintegrated the stencil before it got to Victoria..so I also used it for ERG's cover. Hope the stencil has reached you OK Victoria.

MY HEARTIEST THANKS are due to the very kind people whose names appear on the right. They have made the first U.K. donations to the fund being raised by First Fandom to get me to Iguacon. My flight is now booked (out of Gatwick in mid-August, into Los Angeles), but we still need some more lolly...so if any of you out there would like to help (Bless you), send donations ..no amount too small..either to Dave or Keith.

Dave Kyle
P.O. Box 1587
Hobe Sound
Florida 33455

Keith Freeman
269 Wykeham Rd
Reading
Berks RG6 1PL.

Fund closes
Aug.18.

Other faneds please copy...Ta.

Alan J. Freeman
Dave Todd
Ron Bennett
Ken Slator
Peter Mabey
Phil Rogers
Keith & Wendy
Freeman
G.R.Hills
Bernard M. Harp

Meanwhile, I have plans to film the whole thing, add a sound track and bring it along to Worldcon '79 instead of an animated film that year.

VISIT THE SPACE CENTRE ! No, not Houston, the one in Sheffield. Old time fan and astronomy buff, Peter Hamerton has moved to Sheffield...50 Bannerdale Rd., no less, and has opened a shop selling books, magazines, paintings, models, photos, NASA material and all things of sf or astronomical interest. Quite near the crumbling mansion, the address is London Rd, Sheffield. The part known as 'Healey Bottom'. Send a stamped addressed envelope to Peter for a map and full details if you plan to visit. As I write, Dave Hardy has already painted a wall mural (super) and is to open the place in a week's time.

EDITORIAL



WHEN IS A ROBOT, NOT A ROBOT ?

Most SF readers know that the word robot stems from Capek's play, Rossum's Universal Robots, not so many are aware that 'robota' is a Czech word meaning 'forced labour'.

Robots seem cut out to labour on our behalf, but just what is a robot ? How would you define one in a way which will differentiate it from a spanner, a lawn-mower or a human being. Where does one put bench-marks on the line that goes, Tool - Machine - Robot - Human

Complicated as it may be, the superb supersonic Concorde isn't a robot...but how about a Stand Off Missile which follows the terrain, makes deviations as per instructions (like a good soldier) and finally identifies, then annihilates its target. How about a Mars Lander which guides itself to a landing, samples its surface surroundings and then reports back its findings. Remember, the several minute time-lag means it couldn't be directly controlled to perform these functions. That device did its own measuring and decision-making at least part of the time.

So just what makes a device into a robot ? For openers, how about demanding that any contender for the title must possess at least,...

1. One or more sensory inputs (heat, light, sound etc.)
2. A basic decision making apparatus (To do or not to do)
3. Ability to act on 1 & 2. (via radio, wire or mechanical 'hand' etc.)

Sounds good, but does all that make a robot ? If it does, then a pop-up toaster would fit the bill. Its heat sensor registers the heat rise, decides when a certain level is reached, then heaves a couple of slices of charred bread at the ceiling. Some robot! On the other hand, one could postulate some Asimovian device which would stretch out an arm, pick up a couple of slices of bread, place them between radiant elements, observe the colour of the substance as it changed colour and then remove the neatly-toasted morsels at the crucial moment, setting them on the breakfast plate. I venture many people would call that one a robot.

Such industrial 'robots' can perform (often simultaneously) a bewildering number of functions as anyone watching a recent documentary on Japanese car factories can testify. Modern machinery can auto-land aircraft, construct and quality-control a fabulous variety of products. but are they 'real robots' or just highly sophisticated machinery ? As a long-term SF buff, I always envisage a robot as one of Asimov's positronic creatures... Humanoid in general outline, moving and sensing very much like a human, and capable of a certain amount of reasoning power together with the ability to speak and be spoken to.

Virtually all the functions of such a device can be performed by modern gadgetry. Our senses have mechanical or electrical analogues as do hands arms or legs. Voders can reproduce human speech, and indeed, there is only one very big snag...SIZE. Assemble all that gear and even with miniaturisation your robot would probably be the size of a small house..and the power plant to operate him would be about the same. Oh well, science marches on. Give a few years and we may be able to squeeze it all into a human size frame. Home and dry? Not by a long-chalk, we still need a memory bank and decision making apparatus tucked inside the cranium - a positronic brain in fact...and THAT, I submit, is where a robot ceases to be a technological miracle and becomes a true ROBOT.

Maybe we can skip the positronic stuff for a few centuries. Equip our tin man with a microwave link (POST OFFICE permitting) to a handy giant computer. Everyone knows that they have great memory banks and simply oodles of decision making capability. That gives us our robot with the demarcation line drawn just to the left of his decision-making gear. So what divides it (him?) from humanity. 'The power to reason' is the immediate answer. But reasoning is the ability to assemble a chain of facts and use them to establish a conclusion...which is just what our computer can do. So where lies the difference?

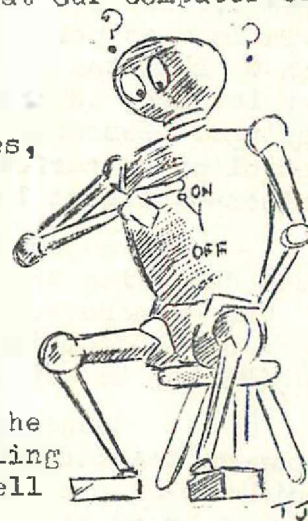
I suspect it lies in answers to such questions as, "What is the total of three men and four women?" A computer may blow a fuse, while a 'true thinker' replies, "Seven people"...or can a computer do that? I wonder.

On the other hand, how much of our everyday life requires such 'reasoning'? A robot could rise to the stimuli of an alarm clock, re-charge his batteries, walk to a bus stop, identify, board and travel on a 29 bus. If the work is no more demanding than sweeping a street, or sleeping on the back bench at the House Of Commons with an occasional stroll to the Division Lobby, he could probably manage that (after all, even MPs need telling which Lobby to enter), our robot could perform just as well as a human.

Reproduction might be a bit tricky, but if we can have test-tube babies, why not battery-factory robots. All in all, it would appear that robots just cannot be demarcated from human beings..they wouldn't need much development work to meet all the categories.

Then again, we could put it another way...human beings meet with all the qualifications needed to be a robot.

Who knows? Maybe we are all robots.



Being an extract from ERG 63 (now in its 20th year)

Terry Joeves

230 Bannerdale Rd.,
Sheffield S11 9TE
ENGLAND

I WAS ETHEL LINDSAY'S SEX-SLAVE



No, I wasn't, but that sure is one way of getting your attention. Ethel's too, I hope, and if so, all my best to you, dear girl.

What I really want to natter about is the often-quoted remark made by comedian George Burns -- "I don't know where the new generation of comics will come from; there's no place left where they can be bad."

Applying the same critique to science fiction writers (although just how comical they are is a matter of opinion) it seems that the reverse is true. Today's crop has opportunities to be bad which the writers of the Thirties and Forties never dreamed of.

Those pre-WWII writers could be lucky only in a very limited area -- the three or four monthly pulp magazines within the genre, plus an occasional transient which might publish a few issues before bankruptcy ensued. Under optimum conditions, there was a market for perhaps fifty short stories and two or three novel instalments per month -- and while a good percentage of this material was bad, some had to be of sufficient quality to sustain readership. The number of new writers appearing in the field under these circumstances was limited. Even if bad writing sought an outlet in fanzines, the prospects were slim; in those days only a few

fanzines printed fiction -- and when they did, they could often count on free contributions from the bestknown pros. Again, competition was great and opportunities miniscule.

The Golden Baddies of that day were handicapped by more than a lack of magazine markets for their output. The really severe problem was that of book publication; to put it bluntly, there wasn't any. I dare say that during the years I speak of, fewer than two dozen sf books were offered to the public in the United States; an average of two a year would be an excessive estimate. SF writers couldn't sell their books in paperback either, for there were no paperbacks. They couldn't sell to television, because there was no television. Radio and films existed, but they might as well not have as far as prospects of sf sales were concerned. The bad science fiction writer had no prospects of being anthologised in a day when no sf was being anthologised; he couldn't even sell himself on a radio talk show because he was an invisible man in all media. This nonperson status extended to the realm of critical consideration; sf was not even reviewed, let alone given serious criticism -- so the bad writer got no helpful hints from critics. The situation, even for the erstwhile "giants" in the field, was grim.

Imagine how much worse it was for the bad writer who was just beginning! He couldn't learn his craft in a science fiction course, because there were no such courses available in any school, anywhere in the entire world. He couldn't even listen to a pro lecture at a Convention, because the three primitive Worldcons held during the era I mention did not yet offer such programming. What few speeches there were dealt in lofty generalities about the genre and were a bit short on handy hints to would-be Ballards or amateur Aldisses.

Today, the young bad writer can himself be a speaker or panlist at a Worldcon or at a regional convention ten times the size of those Worldcons of a vanished age; indeed, after two or three years, he may even become the Guest of Honour.

Granted our lack of opportunities, I think we of the older generation did surprisingly well in becoming bad writers.

And we have no reason to feel ashamed of our achievements. Whenever I for one am inclined to do so, I merely remember Sturgeon's Law.

Quite true, you know. 90% of everything is crud.

And the other 10% goes to my agent....



LETTERS

Jeeves

// With ERGitorial interjections marked by these oblique lines//

David Todd
12 Castle Bank
Tow Law
Bishop Auckland
Co. Durham.

"Lots of good artwork this issue and a specially good cover. An Asimov robot unleashing ERG on unsuspecting aliens? Surely this goes against the First Law...but no, the 'Handbook of Robotics' says, "A robot may not injure a human being..." nothing is said about other lifeforms, thus leaving the innocent aliens at the mercy of the mechanical fiend and the dread scourge of the galaxy, ERG !!! //Accept no substitute//

I also liked the new artwork for letter and review headings and the drawing of the patient for 'Sector General' was really great. 'Relatively Speaking' was very enjoyable. Another piece in the same style as 'Ringworld Ramblings' (could this be the start of a whole series?) //It could..if I get enough ideas for future articles//

Two interviews this issue, the James White one was very well done and about the right length, very enjoyable. You seem to ask all the right questions, questions which a lot of people probably ask, but these are what everybody wants to know. A good selection of reviews this time round. I've just read, 'The Illustrated Book Of SF Ideas & Dreams' and I most heartily agree with your feelings on the book. It is an excellent companion to the 'Pictorial History' and is packed full of good stuff. Liked your idea for a 3rd volume covering the fannish side of the scene. Perhaps it wouldn't be so popular from the commercial point of view, but there is a real need for a book of this type at present. //Messrs. Hamlyn, please take note...I've already suggested it to Dave Kyle..so here's hoping//.

Bernard M Harp
21 Moorfield Grove
Tonge Moor
Bolton

I must admit I like the idea of a 'Jeeves Drive' very much, and hope you've patented it and not been silly like Arthur C. Clarke. (((Bernard also pointed out that in the article I had stupidly used the eight light year round trip time as the basis for my 'contraction calculations', when I should of course used the trip time at the particular speed I was using.. it doesn't alter any of the line of argument..but 'twas a careless slip)))

The White interview was very enjoyable and I appreciated the cartoons illuminating it. The Keith Seddon article was very funny, if we ever meet at a 'con' I must tell you of some of my theatre trials. On the cover, I do prefer the old style, large illo. ((\$o how about this issue with brush stencil work?))) On the mini-ERGITORIAL, you mean that you've been putting out ERG for 19 years and have only just declared your policy. (((Well it never pays to rush things))). Just what would the effect be on a Dyspn sphere of the solar wind, radiation, flares etc? Disastrous I'd say. (((Dunno, but the idea was to intercept all the sun's energy by enclosing it)))

Keith Seddon
2 Bucks. Ave
Watford
Herts

The title illo for my piece really captures the excitement and atmosphere that I remember so well. James White interview; much better than mine. Could be age has something to do with it? Might have had lots to say about the interesting FTL thing..but I haven't. I'm still in the middle of my current novel (((reading or writing ???)) A difficult one...and silly...which helps in some places and hinders in others.

Dave & Joan Kirkbride
42 Green Lane
Belle Vue
Carlisle

I like the cover. Your artwork always makes me smile inside. I don't think you could draw anything nasty or evil if you tried (((Idi Amin, perhaps ???)) You conjure up what to me is the better type of SF...i.e. the earlier Space Operas. (((Here's to more of 'em)))

Hope you continue with your speculations on certain SF themes as I found 'Relatively Speaking' very enlightening and every bit as good as 'Ringworld Ramblings' (((Thanks..I will if inspiration holds out))) I have promised myself that I will have a go at one of James White's 'Sector General' stories, he does come across as a nice guy doesn't he? (((That's because he is one))) Your Book reviews are very helpful, but I can't help wondering how you find the time to read so much. (((I snatch every spare moment and use it)))

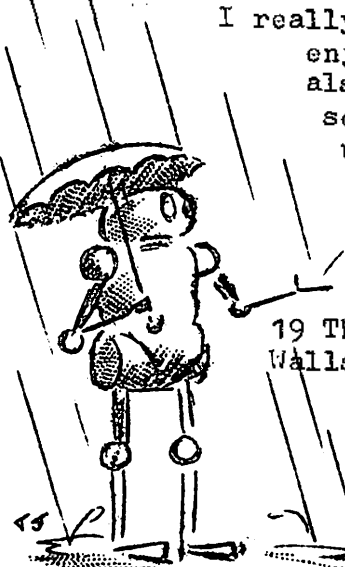
Alan J. Freeman
23 Adelaide Rd.,
High Wycombe
Bucks

Glad you've gone back to using full page cover illos. Those aliens and robots look pleased that their copies of ERG have just arrived on the mail rocket (((Well they'd waited ten years for 'em))) Concerning 'Relatively Speaking' I think I've found one small error or typo.. (((Ogod...you did, and I've just made another! I acknowledge this boob and credited its spotting to Bernard Earp...see earlier letter. You're dead right...I said the round trip at .5c would take 8 years...and it should have been 16. Happily, it doesn't alter the idea of the thing))) Concerning the mass/fuel question, your solution is very clever, but oh so simple. Surely it must fall down somewhere because it's so simple and pat that someone must have thought of it before. (((I dunno...as I said, it made a lovely bit of speculation)))

I really enjoyed the James White interview as I've read and enjoyed a number of his books. Keith Seddon's piece was also good and the Lanier interview was interesting if somewhat short. I enjoyed the Book Reviews again as usual and have just read Aldiss' 'Report on Probability A' (((Alan went on to give another viewpoint on this book, too long to print here, but giving some new speculations on it)))

Alan Burns
19 The Crescent
Wallsend on Tyne

The highlight of the issue is a photo-finish between your article on FTL and the interview with James White. The trouble with FTL theory is that at this stage in time we're not sure whether we want it. According to the Stine curve (postulated by Harry Stine in Analog), FTL is due around the year 2,000 and I look forward to reading about it from my wheelchair. (((Reading about it? Heck, I wanna go there in mine)))



After a 20 year spell in the glades of GAFIA, a search party sponsored by ERG, discovered Eric Needham and brought back this nostalgic message from him as he recalled to our white hunter, his account of..



The Hopalong Cassidy Spacesuit

by ERIC NEEDHAM Ex-Triode, Ex-GAFIate.

I remember Christmas 1977 not only because I had Christmas lunch in my new suit and coat, but because ERG 61 arrived and a young lady at the local amateur radio club asked me how a Bussard ramscoop travelling at half the velocity of light, gobbling interstellar hydrogen as it went along, could decelerate and stop. A young lady, mark you.

My wife claims I own one of the oldest suits on earth, since I bought it and a matching coat in the year of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. She refers to it as my Coronation Suit, and this year, hinted that as it was now Queen Elizabeth's Jubilee I ought to do something about it. I don't see why... I didn't buy a new suit for the Jubilee of George Vth. in 1937. After all, there was my wedding suit, and before that, my demob suit given to me in 1946 by a grateful government since the zoot suit I wore when I joined the RAF in 1940 was out of style.

I still remember that zoot suit, for I wore it when Midge Flanagan and I came in as runners-up in the North Manchester Jitterbug Contest. Who remembers that now? Come to think of it, I can't even remember who won it.

I think it was in 1937 I joined the Thrilling Wonder Science Fiction League and learned that sf fans published fan magazines in great numbers...really sold on the stuff, they were. Everyone knows how sf arrived in this country as ballast in ships and historians of the cult stress this to the point of obliterating the memory of HORROR STORIES, TERROR TALES and WEIRD TALES which arrived in the same way. I still remember WEIRD TALES wherein a youngster named Robert Bloch got his start.

I used to read the lot, along with DOC SAVAGE, G-8 AND HIS BATTLE ACES and when nothing else was available, BOOTHILL GUNSMOKE WESTERNS. Those Westerns were all alike and I remember nothing of them. I still remember the Virgil Finlay illustrations in WEIRD TALES, and though it sounds as if I remember things in geological eras, my interest in sf began in 1927 when I was about the age of the kids now queueing up outside the ODEON for STAR WARS. Why, I wonder, should I recall stories and illustrations of Thurston Kyle, the Night Hawk, from the long defunct NELSON LEE ?

Two illustrations haunt me from those boy's books. One from the BOY'S MAGAZINE showed a leering bald-headed villain seated at the control of a huge horseshoe magnet directed at a globular spacecraft whose occupants were looking out of the windows of the space bubble in a sort of disapproval. The other was from the cover of BULLSEYE, depicting a similar bald-headed leering villain who was engaged in encapsulating a man inside a giant Edison lamp-bulb in an attempt to bestow immortality on the occupant who was also looking out with an expression of disapproval. Chances are it was the same artist, but in them days a small boy didn't need a degree in physics to know that a large magnet trained on a spaceship would cause it to sink like a stone.

This calm acceptance of visual effects is at present reflected in the spate of television productions like SPACE 1999, BLAKE'S SEVEN, LOGAN'S RUN and of course, DR. WHO. When, I wonder, do kids grow out of this stage? There must come a time when they begin to think about how to persuade an interstellar ramscoop to slow down and stop instead of the mere acceptance that they can and do. After a few pints of ale at the radio club I reached the hypothesis that just as a rocket cannot fly in space since there is no air to push against, so, in interstellar space swept clear even of odd hydrogen atoms, vacuum brakes will not work since there is no external atmospheric pressure to make them operate.

Christmas Day saw my wife and I passing children with shiny new bicycles, doll's prams and a thousand oddly clad skateboarders whose helmets, knee pads and gauntlets reminded me of the costumes worn by Buck Rogers and the fearless warriors of the American Expeditionary Force to Europe when playing football. How well I remember those American lads, some in their late twenties, who used to smoke tobacco and play boogie-woogie on the piano till nine o'clock at night! Some of them must have been SF readers, but in those days few people actually admitted to reading the stuff.

Some of them, possibly, even bought it, as opposed to my habit of swapping and re-swapping magazines. That way I read all the magazines but never formed a collection. What I did collect was tatty copies of PRACTICAL WIRELESS and I got a lot of pleasure from late night listening to a crystal set. In one area of Manchester called Red Bank I got my first introduction to SF in its American form. My Dad and his pal used to limewash factories and workshops and I went along to help. In one place I saw (and stole) an AMAZING STORIES issue with an atrocious Morey cover illustrating 'When The Atoms Failed' by John W. Campbell Jr. The one time I met JWC I asked him how old he was when he wrote it. "Eighteen", he said. Yes, I think SF is for the very young.

I still think that the theft of an SF magazine from a workshop about 1932 was a perfect crime, still a mystery to the police. Similarly, I looted a dustbin and smuggled home a bundle of PASSING SHOW magazines containing an Edgar Rice Burroughs serial, THUVIA, MAID OF MARS, I think. I still remember the Fortunato Matania illustrations to this day. Don't think I went through life looking at pictures. I read and re-read THE NIGHT LAND by W.H. Hodgson because of the scenery he evoked rather than described. Of all the SF stories I ever read only one had illustrations which were as good and that one was Heinlein's DOUBLE STAR with Kelly Freas illos.

So on Christmas morning I watched FLASH GORDON DESTROYS THE UNIVERSE while my wife unpacked my splendid new suit for me to wear at the Jubilee Christmas nosh-up. We walked to the restaurant, and as we sat down a waitress wiped the sleeve of my new suit with a chocolate cream gateau....Oh well.

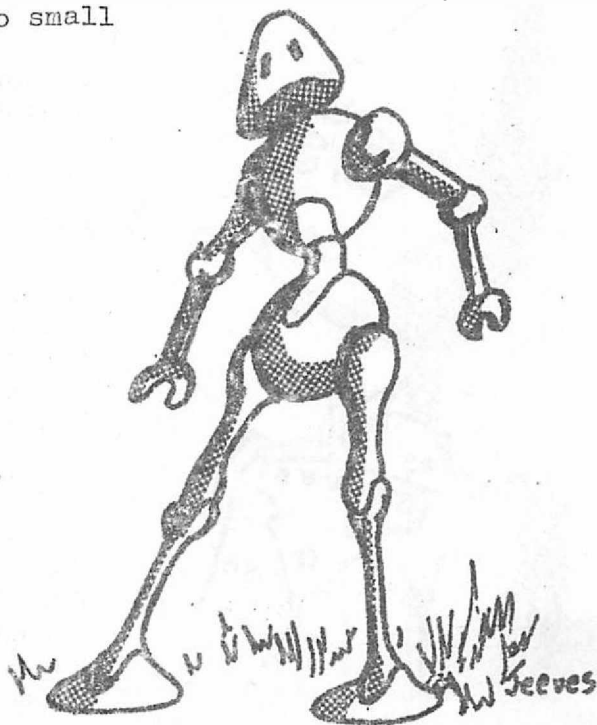
Over the meal I brooded over Bussard ramscoops and the steady progress in environmental conditions which can produce a restaurant in almost total darkness in defiance of the invention of electric light. I pondered the improvements in sound reproduction and why distortionless amplifiers are needed for pop music, and what will happen in ten years time if food embalming techniques continue at their present rate. None of this has ever been covered in SF, and I think it is as good a time as any to revive HORROR STORIES which could do justice to such progress.

On our way back I kept thinking about ERG and the article I threatened to write for Terry. I looked at the brilliantly dressed kids and the strangely costumed skateboarders and remembered my own interests at that age. They were simple.....a mixture of Hoot Gibson, Robin Hood and rockets to the Moon and Mars. If I were an enterprising manufacturer I'd market something of universal appeal to small boys, say a Hopalong-Cassidy Spacesuit in a shade of Lincoln Green. I probably never shall, but it makes a nice title.

Back home, my funing wife got the dry cleaning fluid and tackled my suit while I looked through the TV programmes. Oh, goody.... THE WIZARD OF OZ, and later on, THE MUPPETS.

That was Christmas. But if I meet that young lady again I shall tell her that in my young days, young ladies of proper upbringing did not discuss such things as Bussard ramscoops.

Eric Needham 1978



FANZINES

These are NOT reviews, but simply a list of the choicer and better quality/basic essential, fanzines to thump through the mailbox in the last few weeks. All are very good in some particular way.

- NOUMENON.21 56, impeccably photo-lithoed pages, well illoed, 4to size and giving book and fmz reviews, films news, books and articles. from Brian Thurogood, Wilma Rd. Ostend, Waiheke Island, Hauraki Gulf, NEW ZEALAND. \$5.50 for ten issues. (Excellent)
- ARENA 7. 35pp, A5, very neat photolith, excellent layout. Ian Watson, Mark Adlard, Mike Ashley & others. Excellent serious stuff for those who prefer 'new writing day dreams' to hard core writing. One for 40p or \$1.00. Geoff Rippington, 15 Queen's Ave. Canterbury, Kent.
- CHECKPOINT. 12pp. 4to, all the news, awards, inside info, and this time, forms for the annual Checkpoint poll..excellent value at the price. 5 for 50p or \$1.00. Peter Roberts, 38 Oakland Drive, Dawlish, Devon. Will keep you up to date with what is going on.
- REQUIEM 40pp, 4to, Superb photolith, excellent artwork and layout..books, critical essays, letters fmz etc...one snag, you have to read French. \$1.00/issue. Norbet Spehner, 1085 St.Jean, Longueuil P.Q. Canada J4H 2Z3. Top quality zine. I pass mine to school.
- NON-SEQUITUR, 28pp, a4, mimeo. A lovely melange of news, views, comment cartoon, editorial whimsy..very much a personalzine, and only obtainable if the editrix decides to send you a copy... Victoria Vayne, P.O. Box 156, Stn.D Toronto. Ontario, Canada M6P 3J8.
- TITLE 40 4to pages. This one has a bit of everything, a nice friendly zine which wanders anywhere at the editors' whim (and he has a nice whim). Sadly, this is the last issue from Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr. St.Louis Mo 53131. (But there's always Donn's FARMAGO...
- KARASS 36. 16 4to pages mimeo. Packed with news of up-coming cons, inside info on Iguanacon troubles, DUFF, TAFF, Books and some excellent illos. Highly recommended, get it for trade or contrib...may fold (egad WHY do all the guduns fold ?) with 38. Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park, Pa 19076. U.S.A.
- DYNATRON.67 12 4to pages mimeo. Light, friendly rambling comment, news and 'what-I-saw/did material. Very nice (if Simak issued a fmz it would be like this) write and coax it from Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107. See you in August Roy...I'm looking forward to getting there. Regards to Chrys,



S.F. COMMENTARY 52 Do you like Maya ? Well this 24 page, photo-lith item is every bit as good...and there's a bit more of it. In this issue you get :- an essay on D.G.Crompton, a writer's workshop, reviews a scintillating lettercol and some excellent art, including a lovely pinch from the 'Last Supper'. Dollar and issue from Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA Melbourne, Victoria 3001 (If you see my daughter Bruce, tell her to write) (Her address is, Bishop, Lot 46, Westlands Rd, Emerald, Victoria)

CRYSTAL SHIP 3. 32pp, A5, photolith. Excellent artwork, articles on rock music, P.K.Dick, Wolkein's Silmarrillion, 'Islands In The Sky', and others. All well written, pleasant middle of the road material. Excellent buy. 25p a copy from John Owen 22 Coniston Way, Bletchley, Milton Keynes MK2 3EA. Recommended.

THE FRIENDS OF KILGORE TROUT MAGAZINE. 2. 32pp, A5. photolith (where does the money come from). If anything, even better than Crystal Ship, with excellent layout and art, pieces on future society, models, conventions, letters, fanzines, etc. Probably more fannish than CS, but yet another very good buy. 25p a copy from Bob Shaw, Top Flat Left, 11 Barrington Drive, Kelvinbridge, Glasgow G4.



THE WHACKING GREAT SPACE (COAP) OPERA PUZZLE.

© Terry Jeeves 1978

Kinnison, Carse, Seaton, Kirk and Rogers are spacemen born on Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars and Jupiter..but not in that order. Their occupations are :- asteroid miner, commander of a space navy cruiser, master of a passenger liner, skipper of a cargo scow, and pilot of a one-man scout.. (again, not in that order). Given the following information, can you work out who was born where..and what his job is ?

Carse has never been to Mercury or Earth, and hates the huge planet where Rogers was born.

Seaton often takes cargo to Kirk's two-mooned homw world

vThe Jovian is commander of the space navy cruiser

The Venusian is an asteroid miner and the Earthman commands the liner.

SOLUTION....No Peeking !

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE. Kinnison, Earth, liner master. Carse, Venus, asteroid miner. Seaton, Mercury, cargo scow. Kirk, Mars, 1 man scout. Rogers, Jupiter, space cruiser.

ALL MY SINS REMEMBERED

Joe Haldeman
Macdonald & Jane's

This is built around a selection of stories from *Galaxy* and *Cosmos*. They detail various missions carried out by Otto McGavin, Prime Agent of the Confederacion.

In each case, Personality Overlay gives McGavin some 80% of the memory and mentality of the person whose position he is taking...but in case of emergency, his full fighting persona may surface. Not that it does him a great deal of good as he appears to be a rather inept agent when it comes to spotting trouble. Nevertheless, this is a fast moving



and entertaining chunk of space opera and praise be, McGavin isn't afraid to bump off an enemy instead of turning him loose to do further nastiness. This could be the basis of an interesting 'Confederacion' series...I hope so, as we haven't had anything decent in that line since Schmitz' 'Agent Of Vega'

THE BRASS DRAGON

Marion Zimmer Bradley
Methuen Children's Books,
£2.95

Young Barry Cowan wakes in hospital, an amnesiac with only a small brass dragon in his clothes. Claimed by his parents who he fails to recognise, he becomes the centre of strange events, break-ins, and vandalism at his parents' home. Barry

sets out to find what is happening and encounters UFOs, aliens, shape-changing 'dikris' and a trip to Mars. This is a juvenile which opens with all the panache of a more adult, vanVogtian novel before Ms Bradley lets go of the reins and allows improbabilities to enter the framework...why did the dikris go to so much trouble over a brass dragon they didn't need? Why did the Air Force jets bare off after the vanishing dikri UFOs instead of concentrating on the one which Barry was landing peacefully and strangely unseen, in Texas? Quibbling aside, this could be a useful gift to someone you'd like to 'hook' on SF. Bear it in mind.

THE DEVIL IS DEAD

R.A. Lafferty
Dobson. £4.25.

Even the person who writes the precis on the dust jacket seems to have been beaten by this one, as he is forced to fall back on quoting isolated lines from the opening.

Lafferty is a his kaleidoscopic incomprehensible antics again as he tells of Finnegan's voyage on the *Brunhilde*, a vessel owned (apparently) by a millionaire who is Death's Partner. There is also Papa Death himself and a mixed crew of villains who seem to get picked off one by one as Lafferty gives us a story more involved than usual. The ship's course seems a bit erratic, but such behaviour is fitting when the whole thing follows such a trend. Personally, Lafferty is one author who always has me wondering...just what I wonder, I leave you to find out. I know there are Lafferty lovers out there as they eagerly write in when I mention his name. Here you are then..another from your guru.

THE QUARK INVASION

Ernest Hill

Robert Hale £3.75

Quarks (and there are only six of these space-wrecked aliens on Earth) are the only beings capable of guiding FTL ships to the stars without a great time lag.

Cornwallis is a security guard on a diamond collecting trip to Septimus 1., planet of Barnard's Star. On landing, what should have been a 'milk-run' with the natives welcoming them as gods, turns into a nightmare struggle for survival...first against the natives, then other traders, mind-controlling overmen and other dangers real and imagined. The story builds up excellently, gets you emotionally involved and eager to follow to the end. However, the second half lacks the 'hard-core' discipline of the first so that the pace is allowed to flag somewhat.

THE SCIENCE FICTION OF ISAAC ASIMOV

Joseph E. Patrouch Jr.

Dobson SF £5.50

The author opens with a two-line definition of sf, then follows it with a three page explanation of his definition. Next he defines his judgement

parameters before setting out to evaluate the works of Asimov. For convenient handling, Mr. Patrouch divides the Doctor's career into four periods and precedes each period with a chronological list of the relevant stories.

The analytical method used on the stories could prove useful to any would-be writer. Its points on construction, action and plotting being of particular value. The author uses an easy, pleasant style (even when being controversial) and is both entertaining..and erudite. One may quibble at some of the 'flaws' he finds in Asimov's writing and I fancy that some of the motives which he attributes to the Good Doctor, are ones which his subject hadn't considered when writing his fiction. The book closes with a brief biography and index and for my money, it proved a delightful and instructional book with the added bonus of giving some insight into the life of a professional writer. Excellent value for those who take their sf seriously and wish to examine origins and backgrounds.

LIFEBOAT

Harry Harrison

&

Gordon R Dickson

Dobson £4.25

Originally a three-part Analog serial in '75. Set in the indeterminate future, some unrevealed disaster has divided Earth's population into the slavlike arbites and a rigid, altruistic ruling class, the Adelborn who are working to a Great Plan. Space travel is the province....and the religion of an alien race, the Albenareth. (J st how can a race evolve to a space age with a religion which demands space flight?)

All of this is by way of largely off-scene background detail to the real story which opens with Adelborn, Gales and eight arbites taking refuge in the lifeboat of a sabotaged spaceliner...the reason for the sabotage is rather thin. The lifeboat is captained by a female Albenareth, and the interactions of the mixed group in their confined space form the major part of what is a gripping hard-core novel. The sabotage, and a planned uprising of the arbites add spice to an excellent collaboration. I sincerely hope that this team will re-form to give us many more of this standard.

ADVERTISEMENT... YOU ARE INVITED TO CONTRIBUTE TO A SURVEY INVESTIGATING SF READERSHIP. Please send name(s) and address(es) of your favourite/most-used bookseller/s, together with a brief description if possible.

TO- Steve Edsell, C/O Science Fiction Foundation
North East London Polytechnic, Longbridge Rd.,
Dagenham, ESSEX RM8 2AS

16***** Readers of Analog will already be familiar with the new line of Del Rey books...now becoming available in Britain under the Futura 'Orbit' imprint. Hot on the heels of this comes news of the new QUANTUM SF series under which Futura will join with Sidgwick & Jackson to publish 'top SF internationally', in both paperback and hardcover.

The first two S & J titles are nice, hefty, uniformly and handsomely jacketed volumes of 235 and 333 pages respectively. So much for the nuts and bolts; what about the construct itself?

THE OPHIUCHI HOTLINE

John Varley
Sidgwick & Jackson
£4.95

The 'Invaders' have taken over Earth and humanity has moved out to the other planets. Sex changes, body-shaping and suchlike are the norm, and cloning plus brain recordings allow a form of immortality. Add to this the benefits derived from 'The Hotline' which is a series of one way messages from the stars, and you have the setting. Then the Hotline demands payment..or else. Political boss Tweed springs a death-row criminal by cloning and sets out to coerce her to carry out his plans for power..and this involves killing off his criminal each time she tries to escape. Multi-layered, imaginative, exciting, completely away from the run-of-the-mill. What more can I say? This is one of the top level yarns of a decade, and will hold you from start to finish.

IN THE OCEAN OF THE NIGHT

Gregory Benford
Sidgwick & Jackson

When comet 'Icarus' threatens to strike Earth, Astronaut Walmsley's mission is to plant a nuclear warhead on the thing..but in doing so, he triggers off a signal which results in a robot space probe

coming in from deep space. Walmsley is also sent to destroy this one, but he..and the intelligent device have other ideas. The story leaps from peak to peak as further discoveries are made, including an ancient moonbase and evidence of tampering with humanity's evolution.

Yes, there are strong tones of Clarke's 'Sentinel' and '2001' but this is no copy..or even a parallel to these, but an excitingly different yarn where one is never quite sure what will happen next.

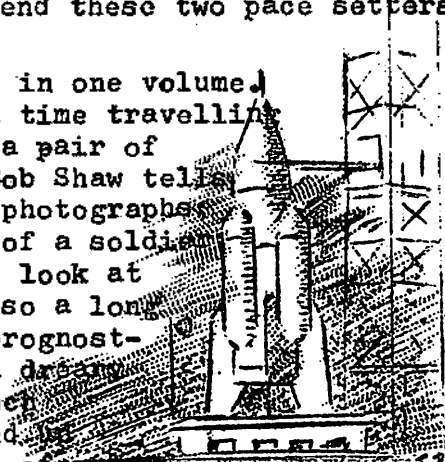
VERDICT. If Quantum sf can maintain the opening standard set by these two titles, then I suggest you keep the name firmly on your list of books worth investigating. I can fully recommend these two pace setters.

ANTICIPATIONS

Ed. Christopher Priest
Faber & Faber

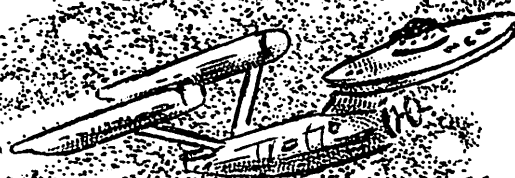
Eight original stories in one volume. Ian Watson describes a time travelling 'prisoner'; Sheckley, a pair of unusual binoculars; Bob Shaw tells

of a cameraman and the strange flora/fauna he photographs. Chris Priest has a powerful, Kafka-like story of a soldier. Then comes Harry Harrison with a light-hearted look at espionage of Irish power sources. There is also a long Aldiss yarn involving the old and the new in prognostication. All these are on the credit side. A dream Disch fragment, and another Ballard on the beach reminiscent of a 'Twilight Zone' offering round the volume. I'd rate it six hits and a couple of misses, which is pretty fair batting. The Priest yarn is head and shoulders above 'em all, so you can't go far wrong.



This must be a good year for Trekkies and other ST lovers....from CORGI, at 85p each, come two more Photonovels in the paperback format, but depicting the adventures of Kirk and Co. in the form of stills taken from the relevant TV episode and assembled, complete with dialogue balloons, to recapture one of the voyages.

STAR TREK



No.2 in the series, WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE

BEFORE is the story of how two crew members gain telekinetic powers..and as these escalate, they threaten to wipe out the Enterprise and crew as mere vermin.

No.3 is the famous..and loved, THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES in which a trader unloads a single tribble on Lt. Uhura..and very soon the creatures threaten to overrun the ship. Not for the serious reader, but great for those wishing to see again (and again) their favourite episode or character.

First in the series was CITY ON THE EDGE OF FOREVER (see ERG 62), any or all come from CORGI BOOKS at 85p each.

Want more ? How about...

STAR TREK INTRAGALACTIC PUZZLES

James Razzi

Corgi/Bantam \$4.95

Large sized, (approximately quarto), with 128 pages, this is a compendium of mazes, Crosswords, brain teasers and other types of word puzzles, all of which have been

given a Star Trek basis. The contents vary in complexity, the tantalising sharing page space with the downright easy. Optical illusions, Star Trek stills and even tests of logic and reasoning are here...although I must admit that the logic problems seemed to lack the data needed for their solution... unless this hinged on a knowledge of the episodes themselves..if so, this should have been made clear. Nevertheless, the book is a happy little (or large) item for odd moments and certainly there must be enough variety for even the most catholic of tastes.

RAVEN 1. SWORDSMISTRESS OF CHAOS

Richard Kirk

Corgi 70p

This is the first in a new series in which slave girl Su'uan escapes after a raping

and is chosen by the Spellbinder to be trained in the martial arts so that she may fulfil her destiny. Together,

she and Spellbinder seek the Skull of Quez, a thing of power and which will enable Raven (as she is now known) to meet her ravisher in combat. Plenty of sex (hetero and Lesbian), a spot of sadism, swordfights galore. Normally, the heroic sword and sorcery puts me off...but I found Raven an exciting, and highly readable change. If mighty warriors and strange quests are high on your list of priorities..then I suggest you try this one...I think you'll like it.

KRONK

Edmund Cooper

Coronet 75p

Gabriel Chrome meets Camilla Greylaw (who happens to have a newly created venereal disease which first causes great promiscuity, then inhibits all hostility). Together they set out to reform the world by spreading the disease, truly

a labour of love! Mr. Cooper includes plenty of plausible idiocies and a few memorable..and whacky, characters in a smoothly written and highly entertaining romp. The ending sags a trifle, but then you can't have everything, and this is certainly an entertaining chunk of sf humour.

THE SLAVES OF HEAVEN

Edmund Cooper
Coronet 75p

Berry is leader of the Londos, one of the many nomadic clans fighting for survival against nature and each other. His defences prove useless against the Night Comers who carry away the tribe's women. He pursues them to a strange metal tower and on to 'Heaven' where he is groomed as a pawn in a power struggle. Reminiscent of 'Zardos' (but better), his fight and adventures are fast-paced and of sustained reader-interest. A new one from Cooper...and a rattling good one.

IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET

H.G. Wells
Fontana 80p

In essence, this is one of Wells' Utopian novels in which he postulates a comet approaching the Earth until the gases of its tail enter into the atmosphere and radically alter the lives, thoughts and attitudes of all. Dated it may be, but for those who demand real people, their motives, and sociology, this is a feast. Wells' descriptive powers are superlative be he describing Parload's room, or a newspaper being 'put to bed'. Modern writers could still learn a lot by studying the way in which he brings alive each scene. An 'oldie', but I liked it.

EXPLORATIONS OF THE MARVELLOUS

Edited by Peter Nicholls
Fontana £1.00

In 1975, the Science Fiction Foundation arranged a series of lectures which explored the interface between SF and the 'real world'. Here they are collected together so that you may study them at your leisure. Ursula Le Guin, Edward de Bono, John Brunner, Harry Harrison, Thomas Disch and others are here, each looking at one facet of where, how, or why sf meets our lives. This is NOT a book about sf stories and authors...but concerns events and attitudes, ideas and inventions. If you have any interest at all in the role of SF in modern society or literature, then don't miss this one.

TRAVELLER IN BLACK

John Brunner
Methuen 'Magnum' 75p

Chaos rules a feudal style fantasy world full of cruel princes, lords, elementals and magicians. A place of colourful cities and rustic villages through which wanders the man in black beaing a staff of light. He seeks to abolish chaos and his method involves granting wishes...but their fulfilment is not to the satisfaction of the recipients. Brunner tackles fantasy with skill and word power so the result is an interesting, if slightly uneven story, pleasant, but not memorable.

NEW BOOKS from ROBERT HALE LTD.

ORSINI GODDASE .. James Corley
NO NEWS FROM PROVIDENCE.

R.A.James
THE CRAB EAGLE TREES
J.R.Robertson

CHEYNEY'S ROBOT.. W.T.Webb
THE OMEGA PROJECT.. B.Griffin
OIL-PLANET .. M. Elder



THE MARTIAN INCA

Ian Watson
Panther 75p

A returning Marsprobe crashes in Bolivia and decimates a village by way of a plague. Two survivors see visions of grandeur and how to lead their people to 'freedom'...at the same time, a three man team reaches Mars, two land and succumb to the disease. The two threads intertwine, both are well developed and equally gripping...but the ending leaves both indeterminate. Mr. Watson writes well, but I'd prefer a story with a wound-up conclusion.

UBIK

Philip K. Dick
Panther 75p

The year 1992 and telepathic business espionage has to be countered by hired 'inertials', who inhibit telepathy. Runciter sends an inertial team to Luna where they meet a bomb trap. Runciter is killed, Joe Chip takes over and the world begins to regress towards 1939...with individual 'inertials' crumbling into old age. Strange message appear from Runciter and only the mysterious UBIK can halt the decay. Dick deftly flashes his coin-operated future before proceeding to undermine reality in the way he does so well, then, just as all is revealed, he puts in the final sting which gives point to the yarn...and starts you wondering all over again. Good reading.

STAR TREK. THE NEW VOYAGES 2.

Myrna Culbreath & Sondra Marshak
Corgi 85p

I'm usually averse to ST stories. They seem hamstrung by a need to use standard characters (& often plots) in a change from screen to paper. Happily, this collection has changed all that. Six stories, one 'script' and three poetic bits, each item with a brief introduction...and two general introductory pieces, all crammed into a thick 252 pages. Chauvinists stand down...only two of the contributors are men (one autogoring the only weak item...the script)...as for the stories...all uniformly good, with 'Surprise' having some beautiful character writing. I enjoyed 90% of it...and you don't have to be a Trekkie to acquire...and enjoy, this one...hope they can keep 'em coming.

THE GOLDEN SWORD

Janet E. Morris
Bantam 85p

Second in trilogy (Pt.1 was 'High Couch Of Salistra') and telling of Estri of Astria...who, starting as a slave in a barbarian society, rises in rank, becomes a warlord's mistress and helper, acquires great mental powers and finally participates in a final power struggle...all of which fails utterly to do justice to a yarn, similar in setting to Dune, but far surpassing that in scope, detail and sheer narrative interest. It is NOT a pot boiling sword & sorcery yarn...but might well become a classic in short order. I'd suggest you study the glossary before reading though...I didn't find it until the end - which made for hard going. Recommended. ***

THE WORLD SHUFFLER

Keith Laumer
Coronet 75p

Lafayette O'Leary finds himself stranded on the alternate world of Melange where his 'magic' doesn't seem to operate. Arrested for the exploits of his double, O'Leary encounters flying carpets, cloaks of invisibility, affable torturers and various forms of imminent death, from which he is repeatedly saved by erratic 'powers' stemming from a salami sausage. This is one of those unreal, swashbuckling romps which Laumer does so well...and often. Read it for fun and you'll enjoy it.

ALL MY SINS REMEMBERED..Joe Haldeman. Macdonald & Janes...(3.95)
(sorry folks, I forgot to list this one's price on page 14)

LUCIFER'S HAMMER

Larry Niven &
Jerry Pournelle
Futura \$1.50

This is a veritable block-buster of a novel, before you shy away from the price, think about its 600+ pages and you'll realise that it works out cheaper than the average paperback.

The tale opens gently enough with Tim Hamner, millionaire and amateur astronomer, rolling up to a cocktail party slightly dizzy with the news that he has a comet named after him. In short order, the threads begin to gather as a TV man takes up the idea for a documentary, then a scientist pressures NASA into sending a joint mission, religious cults spring up postulating that the end of the world is nigh, a rapist indulges himself expecting it will prevent him going to jail...and all the time, the comet draws nearer. What happens, I leave you to find out...but be sure that this is one hell of a story from the team which gave us 'Mote In God's Eye'.

THE WIND'S TWELVE QUARTERS

Ursula Le Guin
Panther 75p

(Vol.2) Eight yarns from the magazines, which cover such ground as; a strange world's end,

a mixed exploration team, astronauts encountering God, an astronomer hunted underground, and many others. They each have an individual word-magic which Bradbury attained, but in so doing, missed his message. Ms. Le Guin makes no such error, but gives us the poetry and the story to go with it. Moreover her stories prove just that bit different...refreshingly so.

THE WAR AGAINST THE RULL

A.E. van Vogt
Panther 70p

Composed of five short stories from Astounding of 1940-1950, adjusted to form one novel, this bit of van Vogt has long been a favourite of mine. The seemingly bestial, but in actuality, highly intelligent

beings form the main part of the book as they fight against Professor Jamieson who knows their secret. Then my favourite section, the actual confrontation when Jamieson and a Rull VIP are marooned 'Arena' like, on an isolated planet. Dated it may be, but this is still the stuff which made for a sense of wonder, and I like it. Pity van Vogt departed from the style.

THE SEED OF EARTH

Robert Silverberg.
Hamlyn 30p

To cope with population problems, Earth is conscripting a thousand colonists a day and sending them to the stars. We follow the selective process as fifty couples are assembled for the Star Ship Gogenschein, conveyed to Osiris, and compulsorily married on arrival. Hardly has

the selected band erected camp, then aliens strike. What follows, was the subject of a short story in Venture before expansion to the current novel.. and it shows. Silverberg would have done better to leave it as it was...the opening builds too well for the short story mounted on it.

THE MAMMESHIFT ROCKET

Poul Anderson
Hamlyn 70p

Originally the 1958 Analog serial, 'A Bicycle Built For Brew', this is the highly entertaining, slapstick story of how the gallant free Irish took over the asteroid Grendel and plan to use it to regain control of a large

planetoid composed of a valuable mineral. However Engineer Axel Syrup has different ideas and makes a beer-powered rocket in which he sets off to fetch help. A cheerful, lighthearted romp from start to finish if you don't take your SF too seriously.

A TASTE OF ARMAGEDDON

Bantam 85p

Star Trek Fotonovel No. 4, in which a favourite episode is recreated in a series of captioned stills from the show. This time, the Enterprise brings Kirk and his crew to Eminia, where a 500 year war is being fought via computer. Casualties are calculated and the requisite number of citizens then undergo euthanasia, thus avoiding decimation of the comforts of civilisation. I sincerely hope that the publishers will be brave enough to include the famous 'Star Trek Blooper film' in this series. Great stuff!

THE CABAL

The Cabal is a completely unprincipled and obnoxious band of criminals, including a couple of rapists (male and female). In Saul Dunn Corgi 75p this yarn, they set out to take over the World Sperm Bank and as a preliminary, steal bodily the Chase Manhattan Bank as a fundraiser. The Big Job is timed to coincide with World Carnival Day and its mock-invasion. As a further complication, an alien star-race has also chosen to invade at the same time. This is NOT for s&c purists, but is an unadorned romp with some highly intriguing characters. Read it at that level and it can outshine many a Dick, Shekley or Anthony. I found it fun.

A WREATH OF STARS

A neutron planet, visible only through special glasses, Bob Shaw wanders into the Solar system and assumes a cometary orbit. Pan. 70p Shortly afterwards, African diamond miners begin meeting 'ghosts' in their drift. Investigations produce highly unusual results. Shaw enriches the yarn with a secondary, sub-plot of an ambitious President and his ruthless henchman. Cross-tension and personal conflict almost overshadow the main theme..but not quite; Shaw is too good a craftsman for that. Entertaining and fast paced...and almost 'main stream'.

THE CASTLE KEEPS

Overpopulation and pollution, coupled with chaotic jurisprudence have brought American society to a state of anarchy. Gangs of 'rippers' roam the country side raping and looting. In the cities, food trucks need armed escorts, while the citizens cower in their apartment caves. Andrew J. Offutt Methuen 'Magnum' 85p Scotty Andrews is a teenage farm lad, weapon-trained, who comes seeking a bride. Offutt describes a violent, sadistic and utterly frightening world..mad more so since we see its roots around us in nuggings and 'do-gooder' laws. Often brutal, not a story for the squeamish.

MELTDOWN

Shoddy workmanship, graft and poor quality control unite to make the newly operational Sand River nuclear power plant a potential hazard. Operation Supervisor, Paul Hanson tries to alert a lethargic, position-conscious authority while on a lower level, a disgruntled employee works on a sabotage plan. Ray Kytte Panther 80p Not since 'Nerves', or 'Blowups Happen' have we had such a tautly written and chillingly plausible nuclear cliff-hanger. A great yarn, nattered only by some utterly irrelevant (to the story) sex-play. A winner otherwise.

VISIT The SPACE CENTRE ..or send SAE for details). Peter Hammerton, 485 London Rd. Sheffield. Books, artwork, models, posters, cards, all astronomical material, etc., etc., Callers welcome.

MAN PLUS

Frederik Pohl
Panther 95p.

This is the story of how, to help stave off nuclear war, the United States President bulled through a plan to convert an astronaut into a mutant cyberman in order to enable him to live on Mars. A brief precis for what I found THE BEST YARN IN AGES. I can't tell you more without tipping various neat little twists. Enough to say that This One holds you throughout, when you expect 'Routine A', you get neat twist B...and so on all the way. It won the Nebula Award...and it deserves it. Very Highly Recommended.

TELEPATHIST

John Brunner
Fontana 80p

Gerry Howson, born a cripple and a haemophiliac, grows up to become the world's greatest exponent of medical psi power.

This novel was created from three magazine stories and is the classical 'Cinderella' syndrome of rags to riches...but in Brunner's hands it rises well above this level and makes a compelling...and plausible, story. Good stuff.

BOGORRO SAUCER

Ray Stanford
Fontana 85p

With a cover and sub-title linking it visually to the film, this one is for the UFO buffs as it examines in meticulous detail a sighting reported by Police Marshal Zamora, and investigated by the FBI. Including numerous photographs.. though, none of the UFO, this is one of those accounts which are great for believers, but do little for confirmed sceptics like me. Take your pick.

THE GARMENTS OF CAEAN

Barrington J. Bayley
Fontana 90p

Master Sartorial, Peder Forbarth helps loot a wrecked ship of its cargo of Caeanic clothing..and selects a special suit for himself. The outfit takes over, changes his personality and actions. Meanwhile, scientists have encountered two societies...cyborgs and human spacesuits. Both plots intertwine to a common and ingenious end. Highly entertaining and similar to, though better than a P.K. Dick tale of alien societies.

THE GENESIS MACHINE

James P. Hogan
Ballantine 80p

In the 1990s, Maesanger derives a Unified Field Theory known as k space. Brad Clifford evolves the maths to handle it, but is edged out by his research firm as it works on the theory. Brad teams up with Aub Philipsz and they transfer to another team..and from here the real gosh-wow action pyramids as they move along in good old space opera gear. One of the best new stories in ages, thoroughly enjoyable, well written and a GOOD READ.

NOVELLA: 3

Ben Bova (Ed.)
Orbit 85p

Three vintage novels from 'Astounding's Golden Days'..and a superb choice...Chandler's 'rat's tale' GIANT KILLER of rodent mutations in space. BLACK DESTROYER, van Vogt's terrific yarn of Coeurl the super beast which nearly took over a spaceship (and later formed part of 'Voyage of The Space Beagle'. The third item is Tenn's FIREWATER..the aliens in bottles who drove men mad and gave them tk power simply by contact. An excellent buy at the price. VG.

FURY

Henry Kuttner
Hamlyn 80p

Too late to give more space, so will carry over to ERG 64. Briefly, this is another golden oldie (Asf 1947) and is of Immortal Sam Reed and the underwater city Keeps of Venus.

APOLOGIES. The next issue (No.64 October 1978) may be slightly delayed as my Stateside trip will hold up production...likewise letters. T.J.