

**ERG 81**  
QUARTERLY

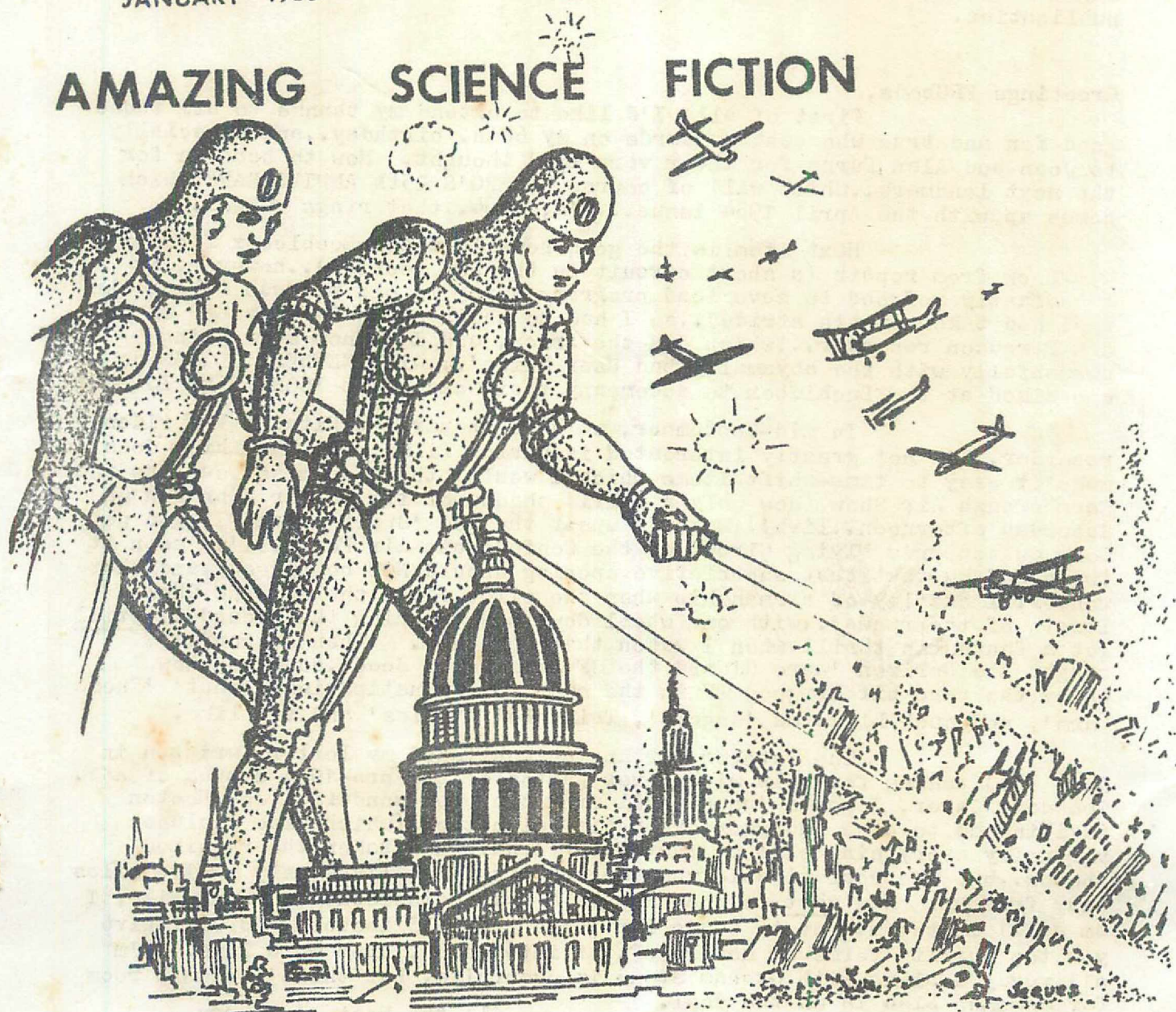
JANUARY 1983

# TALES OF WONDER

**AMAZING**

**SCIENCE**

**FICTION**







# ERG

## QUARTERLY

NUMBER 81

January 1983

This issue ends the first 24 years of publication.

ERG is edited, published and perpetrated  
by :- Terry Jeeves  
230 Bannerdale Rd.,  
SHEFFIELD S.11 9FE  
ENGLAND

You can get ERG by sending £1 or \$2.00 for the next two issues....or send 30p in stamps and a letter of comment on this issue. Just send the LOC if you live overseas.

A cross in the top left corner means this is your last issue unless you renew or  
**DO SOMETHING..please**

Greetings ERGbods,

First of all, I'd like to extend my thanks to all those good fen and true who sent me cards on my 60th. birthday..and especially to Joan and Alan Burns for their very kind thought. Now to head on for the next landmark..which will of course be ERG'S 25th ANNIVERSARY which comes up with the April 1984 issue...H'm, 1984..that rings a bell.

Next item is the good news that the Beoblebox finally got back from repair (a short circuit in the ROM section)..however, it so adfastly refused to save/load programs using my old recorder (which the Z801 had taken in its stride)..so I had to shell out a further £30 on a new Ferguson recorder...which did the trick, and I am now struggling personfully with the abysmally bad User Guide'...will NEWNES PLEASE do one aimed at the Beoblebox to accompany their excellent 'COMPUTING IS EASY'.

In mid-September, we also acquired a Hitachi VHS video recorder..I'm not greatly interested in hiring films, but the thing does make it easy to time-shift items which I would otherwise miss..such as the Farnborough Air Show (now only a pallid shadow of its former 2-hr run on Saturday afternoon..live!)(Mustn't upset the god 'Sport')..and I also got Col. Culpepper's Flying Circus on the Confederate Air Force..I've seen it twice before..but that superlative opening should NOT be missed..and that wonderful display of airmanship when the pilot flies the B1 the whole length of the runway..with one wheel down and touching the ground..I still get a fantastic thrill when I watch that sequence. Then of course I caught the Horizon 'Zero G' and the SF film Demon Seed..so I can now enjoy the rare bit of good TV in the midst of 'Constipation Street' 'Enema Farm', and such bilge as 'Angels', 'Triangle' 'Dallas' and the like.

The October '82 Analog published my letter (written in June '81) asking for help with cover photos of the pre-1935 issues of ASF. Two days later, I got a 'phone call from the ever wonderful Joe Hooton inviting me to come and photograph his collection (which also includes virtually everything else of that era. I have now taken the required photos..but the real miracle was the fact that Joe lives only twelve miles away from me. Now that is what I call a real coincidence! Meanwhile, I am still in the market to trade for those pre-1935 issues, and will give you top quality terms on modern SF..if interested, drop me a line. I'm all ready dealing with Graham Stone in Australia, but there's always room for someone else in on the deal.

All the best, Terry

# EDITORIAL

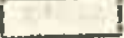
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## FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

The American projects OZMA and SETI along with the Russian CETI were designed to search for extra-terrestrial intelligence via radio signals. In addition to a passive 'listening out', this was extended in 1974 when the giant Arecibo dish transmitted a series of pictures based on a 1679 dot grid. It was assumed that any alien capable of receiving the message would also

have the wit to realise that 1679 was the product of the two primes, 23 and 73 and that these should be used for the respective length and breadth of a picture rectangle.

Fair enough, but a picture rectangle of those dimensions would to our normal orientation be something like this..... but to an alien with different viewing conventions it might appear like this way if presented vertically. That doesn't seem to pose too great a problem except that a message written across our screen would run down on the alien's presentation. Well, Japanese doesn't follow out Western convention either, but they and we, manage to converse. On the other hand, if we transmit a picture of a human being looking like this, \* and re-created on the (sideways) alien screen it may look like this, \* and so give him the idea that we are a race of fish, birds or crawling insects.

But that isn't the only way the alien could manage to distort that picture rectangle. In our normal Cartesian co-ordinate system, points are usually (not always) plotted as first across, then up. Thus the point represented by 7,5 would mean starting at the left-hand bottom edge of the frame, first go across for 7 units, then vertically upwards for 5 units. Seems simple, but our alien could choose to start from any of the rectangles four corners. Moreover, he may elect to do the vertical move first and then the horizontal one. This gives no less than EIGHT possible combinations he could use when plotting the point 7,5.

Of these eight possibilities, four simply move the picture round in much the same way that we might turn a photograph round and round to decide which way up to hold it. Putting it another way, if we could send our alien a slide projector and a transparency of say, a tree in a field..there are eight ways he might project the view..but if he too lives on a world with a ground beneath his feet, and sky above it wouldn't take long to realise a tree doesn't hang down or lay on one side or the other. However, even you or I would have trouble in deciding if the slide was showing the tree the 'right way round' or reversed from left to right because of the transparency being in the wrong way round. Oh, if someone had carved 'Joe loves Mabel' in the tree trunk, we could soon sort it out.. but to our alien, those letters could as well be either way round...imagine 'Joe loves Mabel' carved in Japanese characters and think if you could get the slide the right way round then. Which brings us to the crunch question, How can we describe 'Right' and 'Left' without actual physical contact?



4  
For many long years, scientists were unable to think of an experiment which would solve the dilemma. Stand facing the Sun and 'right' is in our direction of motion around it..sounds easy..except if you do this in Australia you would be pointing in the opposite direction. All right then, how about the magnetic field round a straight wire? Run a wire due North South, and pass a current along it from South to North. Lay a compass on the wire and the needle will deflect to the left...problem solved? No, as our alien doesn't know the difference between North and South and we're back at the same impasse. The same dilemma crops up with every experiment you can think of, there seemed to be no experimental way in which one direction was preferred to another. Make sugar..it can be right-handed dextrose, or left-handed levulose. Pass light through a crystal and it can be polarised to one side..but different crystals polarise light in different ways.

We could cheat a little by picking out a star cluster visible to both of us and picking a specific star on one 'edge' to label left..but how can we convey direction simply by our radio waves?

The problem seemed insoluble. For every item of righthandedness in our universe, there seemed to be an identical, but reversed component. 'Parity was conserved'. In mathematics, the numbers 2,4,6 etc are of even state and are called of the same parity. 1 and 3 are of different parity. ..but there again, there are as many odd numbers as there are even numbers in mathematics. Electrons orbit the nucleus in one direction..but which direction depends on where you stand to view them. Some plants spiral one way up a stick, others go in the opposite direction. No matter what the scientists thought of as an asymmetric effect..it would turn up with an equal amount of the opposite result and parity would be conserved.

That was until 1956, when a couple of Chinese physicists found that a nucleus of radioactive cobalt 60 emits more electrons from its North Pole than from its South Pole. Here was an experiment which yielded only one result. Using it, the direction North could be defined..and from it, Left and Right. What was more important was the discovery that our universe is NOT neatly balanced between equal amounts of this and that so that every plus has its equal and opposite minus.

So now we can send messages to our alien serene in the knowledge that he will realise we are a race of erect bipeds with hearts on the left...and who rather illogically read from left to right down a page but plot points from left to right up the page.

Oh well, it makes you think doesn't it?

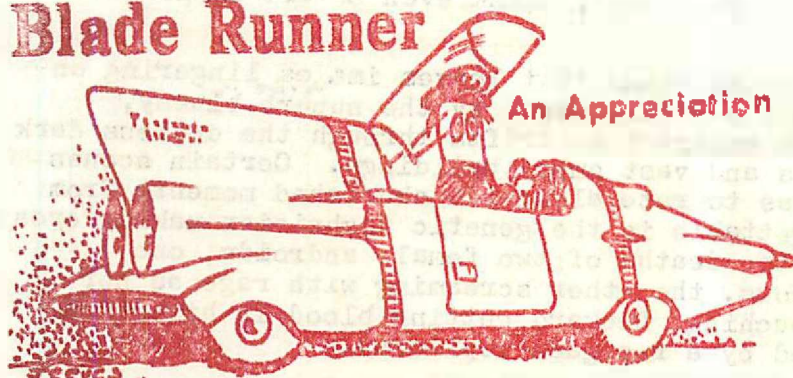
If you want to read more on this theme, you might try the following titles:-

1967  
THE AMBIDEXTROUS UNIVERSE Martin Gardner Allen Lane/Penguin Press  
THE COSMIC CONNECTION Carl Sagan Coronet 1973  
MESSAGES FROM THE STARS Ian Ridpath Fontana 1978  
EXTRATERRESTRIAL CIVILISATIONS Isaac Asimov Pan 1980

And remember..that Arecibo message sent in 1974? Nearest star, 4.3 light years..round trip 8.6 years...we might get a message back anytime now. Stay watching the stars...and leave your radio switched on. T.J.

# Blade Runner

5



by Judith Buffery

Lovers of  
'DO ANDROIDS DREAM  
OF ELECTRIC SHEEP'  
would do well to  
forget this book when  
seeing this film.  
Although claiming to  
be based on Dick's  
Novel, there are in  
fact, more differences  
than similarities  
between book and film.  
Lovers of a strong,  
complex plot might  
also be disappointed

with Blade Runner. For, above all, this is a film of atmosphere. So intense is the mood created, so strong the feeling of reality, that one feels as if one had just woken from a Rip Van Winkle sleep and come face to face with the world forty years on.

Ridley Scott has succeeded in creating an utterly believable city of the future in his huge teeming Los Angeles rumbling beneath a perpetual rain. This is SF as it should be. Forget the glossy gadgetry of STAR WARS.. Here a thousand tiny details manage to appear familiar yet very slightly different from the world we know. Images burn into the mind:- the umbrellas with glowing handles, a gang of bicycling Chinese, the gloomy crowded streets where even professional technicians trade from market stalls, and everywhere the endless adverts blaring their exhortations in sound and vision, some familiar like Coca Cola, some awesome like the giant spaceship trundling backwards and forwards along the roof of an apartment block, urging people to emigrate to offworld colonies.

It is the only reference to space travel in the film. This is a serious attempt to predict the future, made with considerable artistic skill. Its roots lie in movies like the BIG SLEEP, but it breaks new ground with the questions it raises; are androids human? should they be afforded the same rights as humans to breed normally? is it right to build replicants for slave labour?

Harrison Ford, as Deckard, the seedy, rundown ex-cop and Blade Runner, gives a performance that will surprise those who thought him only capable of playing the jokey action man. There is not even the hint of a smile in this film. Instead, Ford proves himself to be master of the laconic, saying more with the twitch of a facial muscle than man actors can with a whole paragraph of dialogue. Deckard is a man of few words, driven on occasion to violent action, much against his inclination and moral scruples. World-weary and no superman, his body is verging on the flabby, but he is still tough enough to survive - just. Ford highlights the great physical and mental tiredness of the man and this is particularly compelling in the love scene - the best I've seen in years. The current fashion for writhing bodies is totally ignored here and instead, Ford takes a few gestures and even fewer words to show us a man overwhelmingly in love. Worn out and battered, Deckard has to win Rachel, an android who - knowing nothing of human love - cannot cope with the new emotions suddenly assailing her. Too tired and hurt for finesse, he nevertheless succeeds, using nothing other than the force of his personality and the sheer intensity of his own



feelings. It's a performance which I don't think even ~~B~~art could have bettered.

BLADE RUNNER is one of those films that leaves images lingering on the mind for a long time. These are heightened by the superb bluesy, sleazy score by Vangelis as the camera lens drifts through the endless dark rain falling on crowded streets and vast empty buildings. Certain scenes are so original and memorable as to rate alongside cherished moments from films like CASABLANCA. Unforgettable is the genetic technician making eyes in a cryogenic laboratory, or the deaths of two female androids, one crashing through two huge windows, the other screaming with rage as her life ebbs; or perhaps, most touching, Deckard getting blood in his drink after his face has been smashed by a renegade replicant.

Despite minor flaws, this film is a masterpiece of design, cinematography and acting. It should get every major award going. But without the publicity ballyhoo attached to more commercially-minded films and its largely unpopular subject matter, its endeavour will probably go unnoticed.

Judith Buffery

UP THE

## POLL

Well, after a slow start, responses came in with a rush..my thanks to all you good people out there who took the trouble to

send in forms from as far away as Australia (thanks, Jean). Because of my California trip, I couldn't process results in time for the last issue, so here they are at last, and since some of you didn't vote on certain items, I had to work out the averages rather than rely on raw score..so here are the main points:- (Remember, points were on a 1 to 5 basis)

ERGITORIALS, NASA BACOVER, THE BOSTON TRIP shared top honours with an average score of 4.3 Right on their heels, with averages of 3.9 came

ON REFLECTION and MY SINCLAIR AND I. Judy Buffery gave herself a close battle with 3.7 for WHITHER SF and 3.6 for A CORNER OF THE MARKET..but what did surprise me was that my STUPIDMAN cartoon pipped her with 3.8.

At the bottom end.. my BUZZLE CORNER hit the lowest mark with 2.6, CROSSWORDS managed 2.7 and third from the bottom came REPLY TO JUDITH BUFFERY ..so puzzles and Xwords will be out of ERG for a year or so.

On the Best/Worst item...ignoring the single vote for ERG's covers (which would have given them an unbeatable first place average) and only considering items which received at least three votes, results were thus:-

BEST item..THE BOSTON TRIP which is more or less in line with the above rating. Next came ERGITORIALS..and third place was a tie between REVIEWS and MY SINCLAIR AND I.

WORST items..rock bottom, NON-FICTION LIST, next up, CROSSWORDS and third from the bottom was COUNTERBLAST TO COMPUTERS... and as you can expect from polls...both STUPIDMAN and BOSTON TRIP got nominations from a couple of people. Virtually everyone seemed largely satisfied with the ERG mix as an overall comment, with no unexpected controversies arising. Most people save (and/or) lend out their old copies...but Roger Waddington gives his to..A CHARITY SHOP..I haven't worked out whether he aims to help 'em or just marking his objections to charity.

There it is folks, and thanks again for taking the trouble to vote. It was hard work tallying the answers..but fun, and very rewarding. T.J.

ERGmail

Jeeves

With  
ERGitatorial  
comments  
marked  
thus  
(((.....)))

A. VINCENT CLARKE  
16 Wendover Way  
Welling  
Kent DA16 2BN

Your duper seems to be acting up. I noticed some bad under-linked patches on the left middle of most pages. (((I struggled with that trouble..and plan drastic action for this...either draining and flushing the (Roneo) drum or, or changing to the spare drum I was reserving for blue ink at some future date))). I don't know how you can manage a fanzine, a job, a computer and read all those books; you leave me dazzled with admiration. (((Scrub 'job' as I retired 2½ years ago..in its place put 'housework/shopping/writing/gardening/cartooning/ etc'....ain't life fun with all these things to do.. makes we throw up when some people need 'Education for retirement' ))) SCHOOL FOR SURVIVAL is my kind of article..lovely. Two items you didn't mention are vacuum-wrapped cheese..the only difference from soap is that the latter has rounded corners...and cold drinks in square cartons. I defy anyone to open those with bare fingers..idea for a story..the Thing that can imitate men successfully is discovered when it manages to 'tear along the dotted line' of an orange juice carton. (((Or open a stapledup fmz without ripping its fingers in the process)))

ETHEL LINDSAY  
69 Barry Rd.,  
Carnoustie,  
Angus DD7 7QQ

Wholehearted in my agreement with your diatribe against today's packaging of goods. My milk is delivered in bottles thank goodness, but when I have to by an extra carton I get milk all over my shoes! (((Didn't you read the small print saying.. "Stand on your head when opening this carton" ?))). I like Sinatra, I can make out the words he sings. How old is Judith to be making cracks about 'ageing! It happens to us all and is nothing shameful ((( True, but at least we stop trying to act as if we still had the abilities of our Younger days. I'd love to cycle or run for miles...but I can't..and much as you love Sinatra, it must be admitted his voice isn't what it was)))

DOUG YOUNG  
14 Church St.,  
Whitstable  
KENT

I read with great interest, your BIG BANG article. The history books record it as a meteor strike, but like you I'm crazy enough to think it might have been a spacecraft hitting so hard the nine-foot giants escaped from the wreckage as ...Soggies! 'GO WEST OLD FAN tickled me and I enjoyed the book reviews. Eric Bentcliffe must be older than me!...I met him at the Worldcon in 1949 ((( I think you've got dates and/or names a bit mused up, Doug. 1949 was only a small con at the Lord Raglan in London..first UK Worldcon was 1957. Eric surfaced in fandom in 1951 if memory serves..he isn't that old..even if he does have a powered bathchair and an electrically-heated pension book.)))



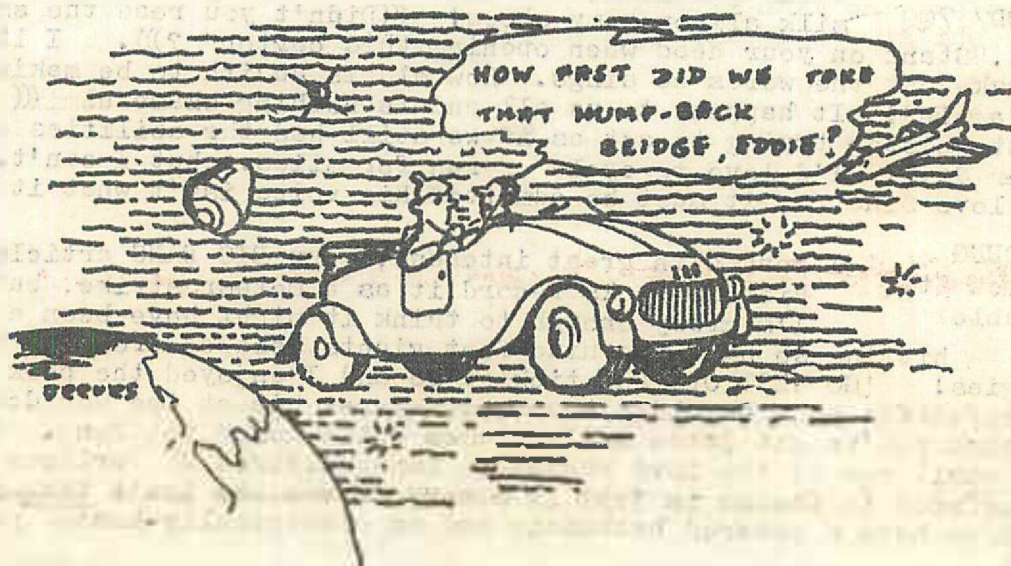
JEAN WEBER ((Jean's full address is in Fanalog..her letter arrived too late Australia for inclusion in ERG 80..so here it is now)) "Reading reviews of books not yet available in Australia makes this reader wildly envious, even if I do have about 50 unread books on my shelves. ((You're lucky..you can use Recent Reading to make up a want/non want list..whereas in the UK books can have vanished from the shelves before the reviews appear)) No doubt the scenario in your ERGitorial ((Moronic Menace..Ed.)) is not only possible, but (in the UK) probable ((only if Labour and the Unions get in)) but here in Australia it's hard to take such things seriously. My usual reaction is 'The rampant apathy of the Australians would cause any dictatorial system to fail..people would just go on about their business ignoring the government as they always do' ((Which was exactly the point I was making...if we sit back and ignore each little infringement of our liberties such as the electronic tagging of criminals..pretty soon we could be faced with a fait accompli. You may not LIKE government..but if you ignore it, then you end up with what the lunatic fringe wants to put across..as witness Wedgie Benn and the lunatic militant fringe)) After December 1st, my address will be C/O CSIRO, PO BOX 1800, Canberra City, ACT 2601, AUSTRALIA. ((Have fun with the six month posting Jean and thanks for sending in the poll form))

JOHN D. OWEN

4 Highfield Close  
Newport Pagnell  
Bucks MK16 9AZ

I realise I'm just in time to wish you a happy 60th., birthday (( Thanks, John..and my thanks also to all those good kind fen who sent me cards)) I've just had WHEN YNGVI WAS A LOUSE from Eric Bentcliffe..which I gather you duped for him. I found it most amusing.

Reading that, I come to the conclusion that maybe the fifties fen had a lot more fun in their hobby than the denizens of fandom in the last ten years have had. ((.Dead true, cobber. Our whole fannish outlook was for fun, and not to do hatchet jobs on each other and on the fanzines of the day)) Nice 'thirties' cover and I see you've still not got the Bebblebox sorted out ((Yep, two weeks ago..so now I'm learning how to use it)) ((Ooops..space running out..afraid I'll have to stop you there John ))

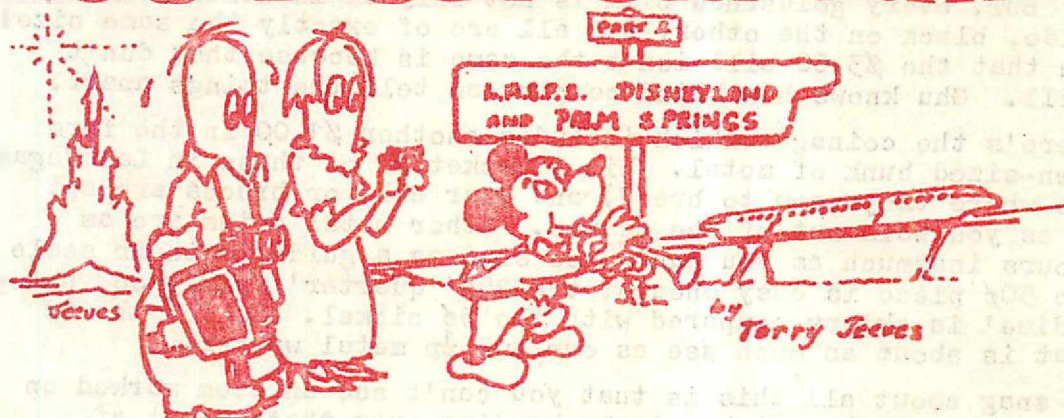




# Go West Old Fan

Being a true  
account of  
how we did  
visit ye

Coast of one  
of the  
Colonies in  
1982



It was about 3pm on Thursday evening (March 5th) that the Truemans ferried us down Burbank Blvd. and deposited us in the expansive (four-car) parking lot of L.A.S.F.S. Faster than a speeding bullet, a fan shot out to inform us that the area was ear-marked for members. Dick humbly apologised, bowed three times in the direction of the imposing LASFS, pole-mounted sign and departed into the smog.

Val and I wandered in and around the multi-building complex, admired the library, the computer room and the various fen busily doing their own things. Sadly discrimination (sexual variety) was rampant...virtually every male fan boasted a thick bushy beard and moustache..but not one of the femfen was so adorned..Jean Weber, please note more unequal rights. I also noticed that many fen bulged slightly at the front..but the femfens bulges were higher up and much more interesting.

We introduced ourselves to Marty Cantor (wish I had a lovely crop of hair like that, Mar'y), Harry Andruschak, Bruce Pelz and renewed acquaintances with Len and June Moffatt..handing over to June a quick cartoon she had requested over the phone earlier in the day...ten minutes later I went back to see if she would like it titled and found she had not only done the job, but had the illo churning away on the electronic-stencil cutting machine whilst she busily typed away at a stencil.

In the main hall, the committee was struggling manfully (and womanfully) to get through the evening's business, hampered by comings, goings, private arguments and heckling. Nevertheless, they managed to introduce me to those unwary enough to stand still too long and then went on with an auction to which I donated a painting for club funds. Finally, preparations began to show the film of the evening and at this point, Marty Cantor indicated he was ready to ferry us back to our hotel, so we made farewells and plunged into the monstrous freeway labyrinth of Los Angeles ably piloted by Marty, who got us safely back to the Rainbow for some much-needed sleep.

Friday morning saw us up at 6-40 am and down to breakfast..which caused some consternation when Val forgot about the State Tax and thought her bill was too high (it was her turn to pay). Which seems a good point to explain the American financial system..American readers may skip this bit if they are absolutely sure that they understand it.

Unlike Gaul and its three parts, the dollar emulates our £ and is divided into 100 parts called cents. The paper money comes in various dollar dollops, all looking exactly alike! Oh, there are minor differences,

Washington heads up the \$1.00 with an example of mysterious pyramid power on the reverse. Jefferson on the \$2.00 is backed by a picture of many noble gentlemen watching several other noble gentlemen offering their joint manuscript of SF to a seated editor. Lincoln graces the \$5.00 with his tomb on the reverse. The \$10.00 boasts Hamilton and the U.S. Treasury and so on upwards. BUT, every goldarned bill is not only an identical verdigris green on one side, black on the other, but all are of exactly the same size! The only reason that the \$3.00 bill isn't the same is because they don't have a \$3.00 bill. Ghu knows how blind people can tell the things apart.

Then there's the coinage..which includes another \$1.00 in the form of a hefty crown-sized hunk of metal. Win a pocketful of these in Las Vegas (the only place where they seem to breed) and your belt or braces are apt to come adrift as you walk out of the casino. Other metal coins are as irrational as ours inasmuch as you can't use size as a guide to their scale of values. The 50¢ piece is easy enough, the 25¢ 'quarter' fairly so, but then the 10¢ 'dime' is skinny compared with the 5¢ nickel. As for the 1¢ penny, well that is about as much use as our own 2¢ metal waster.

The big snag about all this is that you can't see an item marked up at, say, 50¢ and go up to buy it by simply handing over that amount of carefully counted out coinage..because the snapper is the State Tax..which varies from State to State but hovers around the 8% mark. All your care in getting the coins ready is thus voided at the start..as you then have to fiddle around to find that extra State Tax which is NOT included in the advertised prices as is our own VAT. Which us where Val slipped up, as with a breakfast bill of around \$8.50, a further 70¢ or so had to be added to appease the Government men.

Eventually, all was sorted out and we boarded an 8am coach for a run to Farmer's Market..where we actually discovered that most secret of places...a UNITED STATES POST OFFICE..these are about as scarce as hen's teeth, and it was a good job we bought stamps here as we didn't find another until we reached Yosemite National Park. Oh, you can buy little booklets of two or three stamps all over the place, but they are RIP OFFS...for a dollar, you can get a booklet holding three 17¢ stamps...the shop pockets the other 49¢...and you are left with putting two of the things on a card thus using 34¢ to mail a 28¢ postcard..and there you are holding a surplus 17¢ stamp. A rather expensive way of sending cards home. Be warned...find a Post Office (They fly the US flag outside..and are separated by 1,000 miles on average) and buy just what you need.

After a sea food lunch in Farmer's market (with additional tacos) we re-boarded our Greyhound and Steve (without doubt THE BEST coach driver I've met), ferried us off to Anaheim and Disneyland. If you think that Blackpool is the cat's whiskers, you can forget it. Disneyland is as far beyond that watering place as Muckypuddle is beyond the local touring fairground. First and foremost, disneyland is CLEAN..spotlessly so by virtue of a horde of prowling cleaner armed with brooms and pivoting pans. They whisk away a falling fag-end before it hits the ground..this is one place where the cliché about 'eating off the floor' could be quite true..not that you need to do so, as there are numerous eateries of all shapes





sizes and types. No alcoholic drinks are sold..or allowed on the premises and no rowdy yobbos allowed either..which makes for a very pleasant place for the whole family. The inevitable queues for the 'rides' are not arranged to bore you either..everything keeps moving. The individual cars never stop..instead, you board them from moving 'walkways' not unlike flat level escalators..or the people movers in airports. The result is that not only do you step on and off from a (relatively) stationary base, but the queue never stands still to wait for a vacant car..and queue lanes are sensibly interlaced..and narrow enough to stop the usual squeeze-past queue-jumper,

Having 'go-anywhere' day tickets which allow you to roam at will and ride on anything and everything over and over again, we set off down Main Street and into Adventureland...we could have chosen Tomorrowland, Fantasyland, Frontierland etc..but we wanted to start with the highly recommended 'Pirates Of The Caribbean' It was worth it! A super trip through caverns of animated tableaux with our boat sailing between ships of opposing sides in a sea battle..smoke and flames everywhere, cannonballs plopping into the sea around us and bearded pirates waving their cutlasses or chasing women in and out of blazing houses. We rode up water cascades and shot down water chutes in what must be one of the most spectacular rides in the whole place.

We listened to the jazz combo in New Orleans Square, visited the shops, lunched by the lakeside as the stern-wheeler sailed by bearing a load of tourists. We rode hither and yon on various rides, most of them in Tomorrowland..where we survived a terrifying ride on 'Space Mountain' amidst lasers, sound effects and the like. We missed out on a submarine dive, but were reduced to an atom in a snowflake, soared over the crowds on the Skyway and enjoyed umpteen other attractions...a day is not enough to 'do' Disneyland...and all for the one inclusive fee.



Then it was back to the coach and away to our overnight stop at the Ramada Inn, Palm

Springs..a superb little place with the swiftest elevators of the whole tour. Airy and spacious, I liked this one immediately..especially after the gloomy old Rainbo. Once again, two king-size double beds, colour TV, bath and shower plus all the odds and ends of soaps, tea and coffee makings, sanitised toilet seats and booklets of matches. We did try numerous TV programs whilst in the States..and one (two ?) things quickly emerged. First, the quality of TV reception was pretty poor..this may have been due to beat-up hotel TV sets...if so, then in two Stateside trips..and after sampling some 20 TV sets, I must conclude that hotels never buy good ones...spots,

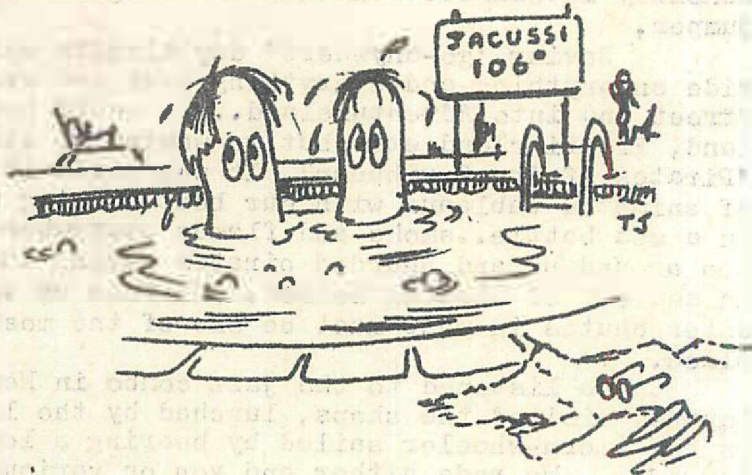
garish colour or washed out colour and oodles of QPM make many of the umpteen stations available completely unwatchable... which is not such a bad thing, as speaking generally, programme quality is even worse than our ITV on its off days. Bad enough to have the performers delivering the pDugs, but when the ads throw up every four minutes in an ostensibly hour long news program (which seemingly never heard of Europe), I get a bit bored. As for other stuff...re-runs of TAXI, or MAVERICK, and other inept operas make it

a pleasure to turn to the 'prestige' channel and see re-runs of British shows such as 'RUMPOLE OF THE BAILEY'..and a wonderful documentary on the Queen Mary and QE2 liners. This channel is advert free..if you ignore the (very) lengthy pleas for financial pledges which separate the items..Gee Whizz! If you pledge \$100 they send you a free copy of Richard Bellamy's latest book..or maybe a T shirt. Sorry to all my friends over there..not many things in America disappointed me..I love the place..and the people, but NOT the TV rubbish.

Having unpacked our gear in the Ramada, we went for a quick meal then changed into our swimming togs before sallying down to the pool.

Up to now, the day-time temperature had been hovering well above the 100° mark, so we were ready for a cooling dip. Imagine our delight to find that adjacent to the pool proper was one of those swirling water-jet pools known as Jacussis..we first met these at the Boston Sheraton in 1980..and loved to be able to sit in warmish, (80°) water to relax. This

time, we were amazed to find that the Ramada version was not only larger, but also kept its water temperature at 106° ! Val managed to get in there and soak away..I just couldn't get deeper than chest level before giving up and moving over to the normal pool..which felt almost chilly after the heat of the Jacussi. We alternately loafed in the water or sunbathed on the lounging chairs for the rest of that afternoon. Luckily for us, we had acquired the beginnings of a tan before leaving the UK, otherwise the sun on the West Coast would have turned us into hospital cases inside half an hour.



Saturday morning we breakfasted on peaches, coffee and orange juice before leaving the Ramada Inn for the first time at 8.00 am. After ten minutes driving, one member of our party discovered he had left his wallet in the hotel safe overnight..so back we went to collect it..which put us a shade behind schedule. Even so, we managed to catch a glimpse of Bob Hope's house perched on a private road, high on the hills overlooking Palm Springs. No doubt he would have been delighted to invite us in for coffee and a round of golf, but we couldn't spare the time. Instead, like most of the inhabitants of Palm Springs, we headed away in search of cooler climes..which we didn't find for quite a while. Palm Springians leave the place in summer to go away for their holiday...and here we had been coming in to visit.

Heading out across the desert, we snoozed comfortably along the road out of California, crossed the Colorado river and entered Arizona to find the temperature now up to 110° as we headed into Phoenix. It was around 2-30 in the afternoon that we disembarked in another excellent Ramada Inn, to find a message waiting for us..."Mr. and Mrs. Jeeves have guests waiting for them in the coffee lounge". We could hardly wait to find out who it could be...and of course, you'll have to wait for ERG 82.//





Being comments on some  
(but owing to space,  
by no means ALL) of  
the excellent  
fanzines  
which have  
come my  
way in  
recent times

This time the  
accent is on  
AUSTRALIA

SIKANDER 34pp mimeo from Irwin Hirsh, 279 Domain Rd., South Yarra, VIC 3141  
No.7 AUSTRALIA. Cheerful, friendly fan writing with news and general  
chuntering plus a good lettercol. Some (but not enough) excellent artwork.  
You can get it for the usual, LOC, trade, old fmz or at a pinch Irwin will  
accept \$1.00 an issue.

WEBER WOMAN'S WREVENGE 18pp A4 mimeo. Jean Weber, 13 Myall St., O'Connor,  
Jly.82 ACT 2601, AUSTRALIA Strongly sexist (from a woman's angle) with  
articles such as 'The Politics Of Rape', letters on same, a 'fictional'  
parody on 'rights' and assorted (sex slanted) comment and news. A strong  
anti-male attitude is present..."This whole business of male attitudes was  
brought home..." Using a similar technique on this fanzine, one might say,  
"ALL women are aggressively anti-male"...which is equally untrue. All men  
(or women) are not the same. Ease off a bit Jean, your overkill does women  
a dis-service by off-putting would-be supporters. There's an old canard  
that 'men don't like women cleverer than they are'...what (most) men don't  
like is anyone. man or women who shows off their cleverness. The same goes  
for over-emphasised and incorrect arguments which generalise from one  
incident. By all means clobber rapists..but don't label ALL men as such.

WAHE-FULL 9 32pp A4 mimeo. Jazk Herman, Box 2,2, Wentworth Bldg. Sydney  
University, AUSTRALIA 2006. Personal waffle, 'verse', Con and SF  
wordage, a Pro-Nuclear power article (HOORAY!), current events, and a good  
lettercol. A little (variable quality) art and the whole package makes for  
a level-headed bit of fanzine..not goshwow, but again, not overly sorcon.

NEW CANADIAN FANDOM.3. 26pp very good mimeo. Robert Runte, P.O. Box 4655,  
P.S.S.E, Edmonton, Alberta, CANADA T6E 5G5 \$5 for 4, LOCs etc.  
A superbly drawn, anachronistic cover and top quality art. Fiction, SF in  
Hungary; Canadian Fandom history pieces; a personal fan bit, connews book  
reviews and a cartoon round off the issue.

GAMBIT 56. 38pp mimeo. Ted White, 1014 Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA22046.  
Trade, LOC, 'the usual'..handcut illos (though not many); Comment on  
Joe N; Skel on fan writing; con trip reports for '61 and '64; Edwards on fmz;  
and a hefty (largely unedited) LOCcol wherein the editorial comment is as  
sparse as that in the 1930-36 issues of ASF. Miniscule print, minimal use  
of spacing and paucity of illos make it hard..but entertaining..reading.

STICKY QUARTER No.1 12pp mimeo. Brian Earl Brown, 20101 W.Chicago.201.  
Detroit, MI 48228 25¢ or usual. few illos (2 good, one mediocre);  
3 pages on the hardships of fanpubbing; I page on a cat; general natter on  
fmz new and old, BEB's apartment. All nice friendly personal natter on  
fannish concerns having little or no connection with SF. Really, a keep-in-  
contact issue for old..and new..friends.

THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM IN NEW ZEALAND 28pp mimeo, A4  
A limited edition of 180 copies by Nigel Rowe, 24 Beulah Ave, Rothesay Bay, Auckland 10, New Zealand. As its name implies, this little 'zine gives you the lowdown on fannish doings, Con, fanzines and personalities in N.Z. No rates listed..but no doubt the usual will get you a copy if there are any left. Collectors/fan historians please note.

GROGGY TALES-17 16pp.ditto..and what Eric and Kathy Mayer achieve with this medium has to be seen to be believed..the colour artwork is great. Definitely a perzine..but a nice warm friendly one which gets you interested in the Mayer doings, rather than bored as with so many 'I did this, I did that' zines. It has its own flavour, good LOCs, recipes, and natter..get it for LOCing..and from 1771 Ridge Rd. East, Rochester, NY 14622 Limited print run, so get in early.

MOFFAT HOUSE (Len and June)Box 4456, Downey, CA 90241, come across with three items..MOONSHINE 49, MOONSHINE 50... 24pp general natter for and about FAPA and its doings..and then APA-L 899, a massive 60pp or so collection of more variety than I can list here..LOCs, games, natter and much, much more...and the flyleaf says it is collated every Thursday night of the LASFS meeting...I made it to this one, and drew the cover with a ball pen I bought in Farmer's Market. This is a VERY nice item, but Ghu knows how you'll get it..being nice to Len & June maybe???

MICROWAVE 3 34pp Qto from Terry Hill, 41 Western Rd., Maidstone, KENT ME16 8NE..boasts a Harry Turner cover and some super Atomart inside. A Skelpiece, Chuck Connor looks in your ears, Ving Clarke resumes fanwriting and the issue is rounded out by one of the best LOCcols around. A nice friendly, don't-miss-it zine...20p an issue, or whatever you care to offer.

(Not) SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS 24pp Qto shared the envelope with u3, but comes from Ving Clarke, 16 Wendover Way Welling KENT DA16 2BN Looking deceptively like a time-travelling HYPHEN in its green

pages, this is a really nostalgic breath of the 50s as Ving talks of coincidences, serves up a BoSH reprint 'Streetcar Named Bizarre'. A lettercol with Atomillos rounds up the issue. No doubt Ving will let you have a copy for trade or a stamp..so get in on the ground floor of a revived 'old wave fandom'

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Remember THE GREAT PYRAMID PUZZLE ?? I have vague memories of their being a ninety-million pound first prize..or maybe a bit less. Anyway, I suspect that MIKE MORLEY, 5 Crompton Ave., Sprotboro Rd., Doncaster, South Yorks. DN5 8ED might have the answer. Anyway, he will pay CASH MONEY up to £6 for an unused entry from from that puzzle competition..if you have one, drop Mike a line and earn some lolly.





# HOME COOKING

for the  
AMATEUR

Realising that fans have to eat, and also through taking over the home cooking here in the Crumbling Jeeves' Mansion, I have discovered just how easy it all is..once you have mastered the secret code with which women (and recipe books) love to hide everything...'knob of butter', 'pinch of salt', 'smidgin of this', 'dollop of that'

and such esoteric instructions as 'Make a roue', or 'prepare half a yard of short crust pastry'. My pastry is always short, I never seem to have enough to cover the pie dish. A sort of Parkinson's law applies..."Pie dishes expand to exceed the size of available pastry". Nevertheless armed with ladle, white hat, respirator and fire extinguisher, I have penetrated the inner sanctum..and can now reveal the basic secrets of cheifdom.

If you too wish to qualify for your cordon bleu, here are the basic recipes.

**BOILED WATER** An essential ingredient of many meals such as boiled eggs, boiled potatoes or boiled cabbage.

1. Put water in pan (You need nbt weigh the amount, just do not pile it up too high in the container)
2. Put pan on heat, and wait
3. Eventually the water will make strenuous efforts to escape from the pan. It is now ready for use in all sorts of things... such as...

## BOILED EGG

1. Use above recipe to produce some bñiling water
2. Put egg (complete with shell, do not separate) in the water and leave it a while... a rough and ready guide to time is...  
2 minutes, and it will run all over the place when opened  
3 to 4 minutes and it will ooze thickly  
5+ A handy way of making a golfball if you fancy a game

**TOAST** Is another staple food suitable for putting under fried eggs, tomatoes eggs, jam or whatever to keep them off tablecloth or newspaper.

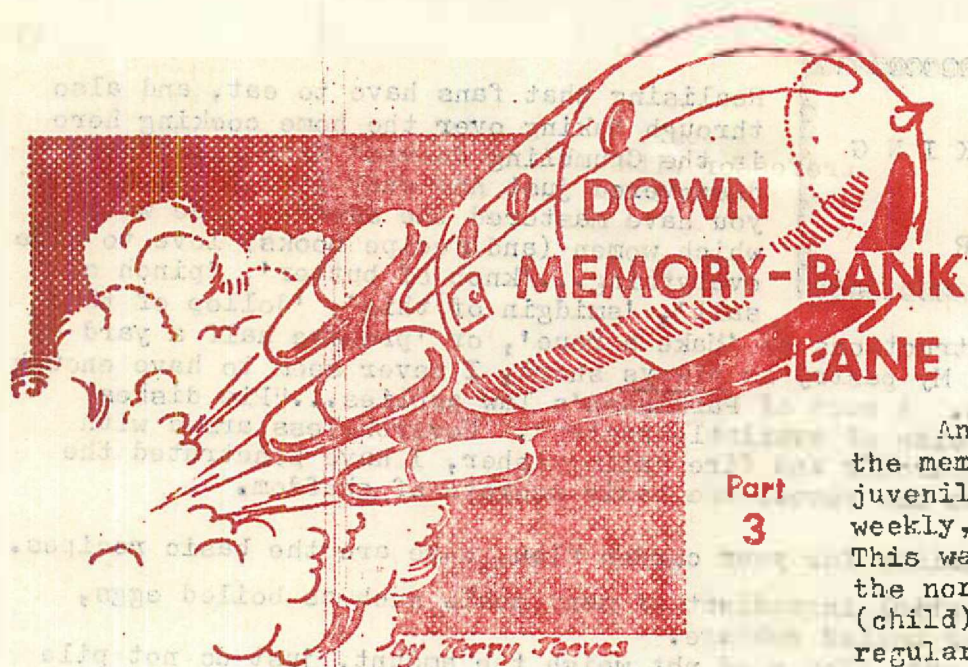
1. Get a slice of bread. (You can buy these ready wrapped in packs of 24. 24 pieces are known as a 'loaf')
2. Put piece of bread into toaster and energise
3. A strong burning smell will indicate the toast is ready. Save uneaten toast, it will come in handy for covering models of the Space Shuttle.

Finally, for those wishing to push their culinary skills to the ultimate, here is the **\*\*SECRET RECIPE\*\*** of the Secret Masters of Fandom. Handed down from father to son..or whatever. It may be used for cooking a thousand an one delightful dishes. Cut it out and stick it somewhere.

## SECRET MASTERS' RECIPE

1. Got to nearest supermarket and choose any type of dish you like..but make sure it is in can, packet or suitable container.
2. Take home, folow the instructions on the container as carefully as you are able.
3. The result will give you perfect food every time. You can now eat any kind of pre-packaged food. Admittedly this method cannot be used on loose, unpacketed delicacies...but who wants to eat unwrapped food anyway.

Go out and cook!



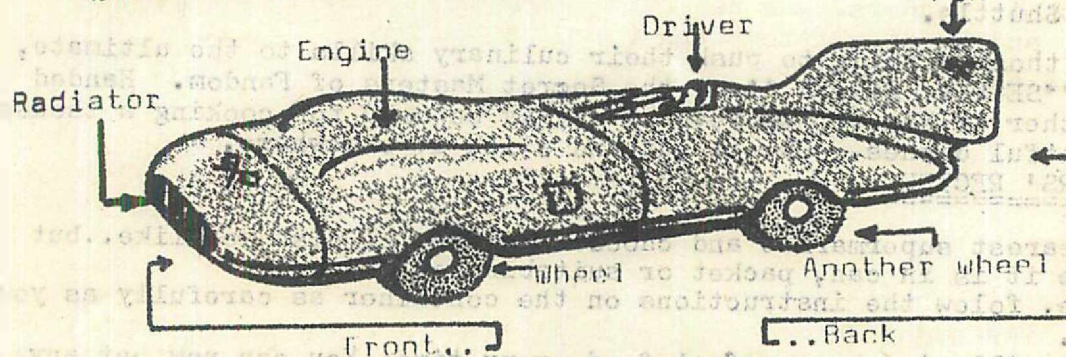
### Part 3

Another treasure from the memory-bank, was the juvenile, comic-sized weekly, MODERN WONDER. This was really aimed at the normal (?) main-stream (child) reader; but regularly baited its hook to catch the SF-minded

'weirdie'. MW's first issue saw the commencement of a series of articles on the Solar System, thinly disguised as several youngsters on an experimental rocket ship visiting all the planets. Part 1 had an eye-catching heading depicting the spacecraft boldly going where no fan had gone before. The article used up a few words setting up the details of the trip and from then on, the rocketship was relegated to the (very distant) background with short sentences such as..."Then we blasted off towards....." followed by a dry-as-dust set of currently available facts on the planets...probably culled from an encyclopedia. Pluto was omitted, most likely because it hadn't as yet made its way into the reference books used by the writer.. 'Ralph Stranger'..which was I suspect, a pseudonym for Eric Frank Russell.

Modern Wonder featured many multi-coloured itemised illustrations of modern engineering marvels. Keyed sectional diagrams explained such tit-bits as..."EYE INTO SPACE..the 200" Telescope", "FIGHTING MARVELS OF THE R.A.F." and "BLUEBIRD...300 mph on wheels !"

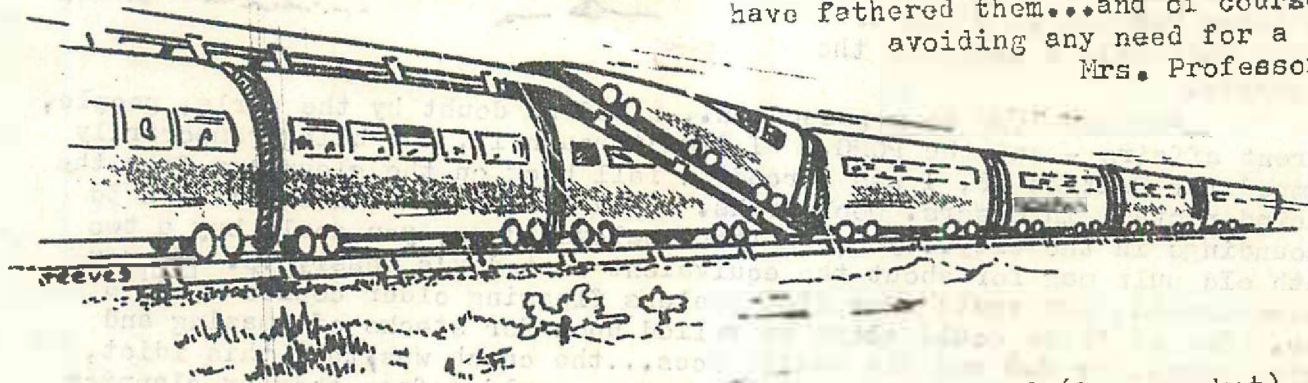
### 300 M.P.H. ON LAND



This is the famous 'Campbell' in which Sir Malcolm Bluebird hopes to break lots of very difficult records by going ever so fast.



Around the same period as MODERN WONDER I came across 'THE MICKEY MOUSE COMIC'. Normally, I'd have given this the cold shoulder, but the first issue commenced a serial comic strip using a highly original plot. Instead of the traditional professor with a beautiful daughter and a college boy assistant, the MMW version used a traditional professor and two children of carefully mixed sexes (one boy, one girl). I can't recall whether or not they were related, but since no taint of sex, even as a biological category was ever allowed to enter the hallowed pages of the juveniles, it is highly probable that the children were the standard 'cousins' thus avoiding any need for the professor to have fathered them...and of course, avoiding any need for a Mrs. Professor.



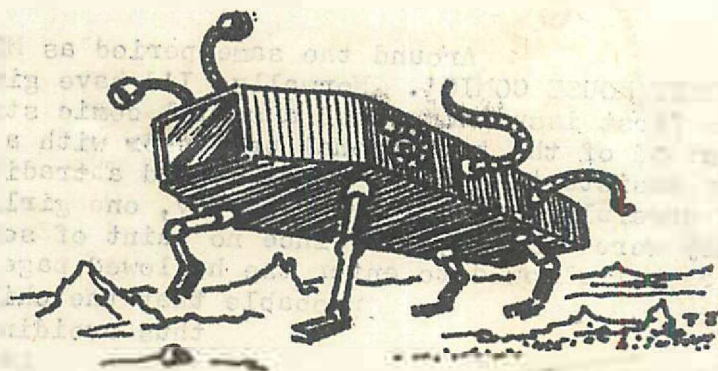
The trio landed (in a rocket) on a strange planet (Mars) where they soon met the fully humanoid inhabitants. Taken hither and yon on a sight-seeing tour, at one stage they travel in a high speed train along a single track line. To their horror, another train hurtles towards them on the same track. Panic! Until the oncoming train shoots up a set of rails mounted on the roof of their vehicle, passes along the top and safely resumes its journey once the thing regains the normal rails. I remember wondering for ages who and how it was decided which train was to go over the top at such meetings. Somewhere in their travels, they were adopted by a local mini-octopus. This creature contributed no action to the plot but merely stood off in the corner of the picture and uttered such cryptic sounds as 'ygmph' and 'mpxql' or some other snappy, vowel-less Martian catch-phrase. Eventually, the strip crawled to its abysmal end..and was replaced by the inevitable public school adventure story featured in 99.9% of juvenile papers, and experienced by 0.0001% of their readers. As usual, it boasted a tuck-shop, a cad, and baddies attempting to swipe the rare copy of Latin grammar.



It was about this time that I came across the adult weekly, PASSING SHOW in the house of a friend. Remarkable for its total lack of interest to me, PS had stories about girls; articles about people and stupid pieces about current affairs, travel and suchlike rot. PASSING SHOW had one other claim to being remembered through the ages..it had a SMELL! A sort of olive-green, chlorophyll-like pong is the nearest way to describe it. Rather like the odour of our newspaper colour supplements multiplied about 100 times. PS was best read at arm's length..whilst wearing a civilian gas-mask (I often wonder if this was why every person in the UK was issued with that gadget). Whatever its drawbacks, PS had one great asset...it ran as a serial, the John Beynon Martian saga under the title, I believe; 'PLANET PLANE'. It was beautifully illustrated by



somebody with an unpronounceable name (Fortunio Matanio, I fancy) The yarn later saw publication again in a Nova booklet under the title, 'STOWAWAY TO MARS' and was followed by a sequel whose title escapes me..but it wasn't 'SON OF PLANET PLANE'. Even so, I still recall those superb machines in PS..those in the later version in TALES OF WONDER were only a patch on the originals.



PASSING SHOW soon passed on...aided no doubt by the girls, people, current affairs - and the PONG. I didn't mourn it, but being temporarily stumped for British SF, I was forced to fall back on the gleanings from the remainder stall in Messrs. Woolworths. They sold the niftiest line in 3d Astoundings in the city...yes, in those halcyon days, you could buy a two month old pulp mag for about the equivalent of today's measly 1p. If you hunted around, you could even find dealers flogging older copies at 2d a time. One of these could always be relied upon for stacks of Amazing and Flying Aces...or G-8 and His Battle Aces...the catch was, that this idiot, having no concept of the value of his wares, would deface them by slapping his rubber stamp on the cover. There it sat.. "F.STEEL - BOOK EXCHANGE", bad enough across G-8's SPAD, but when it defaced the naughty bits on the cover of Horror Stories...Gad, how insensitive the man was.

Came the Summer of 1938 and the Jeeves family took its annual holiday at some fashionable watering place. Being nearly sixteen and thus an in-between...too young for official girl-friends and too old to admit to enjoying making sand castles, I indulged myself in the usual practice of haunting all the seaside bookstalls. This was a soul-destroying game, even in those days. Cast your eyes across today's stalls and you will be amazed by their infinite non-variety..."She was a twilight woman who never paid a gas bill", "The Awful disclosures of Maria Monkeynut" and suchlike rub shoulders with the inevitable "War story"...all tastefully larded with hunks of sex and sadism. Not so the thirties. The booksellers of those years believed that people wanted 'HAPPINESS'..so slanted their wares accordingly. 'THE HAPPY MAG' had jolly stories of seaside romances where young girls in print dresses fell for handsome young men in flannel trousers. Cartoons by Beard filled the crooks and nannies. Then there was 'HOLIDAY PIE', with jolly stories of seaside romances...etc. 'HOLIDAY FUN' had the same.

Numbed by the variety of literary and artistic merit, I must have passed a murky covered little magazine half a dozen times before venturing a closer look. Finally, I spotted TALES OF WONDER, plonked down my 1/- and bought a copy..and that single action was to change my life for the next 50 years. It was from its pages I got the address to contact Wally Gillings, to subscribe to SCIENTIFICTION and eventually become totally enmeshed in Conventions, fandom and fanzines.

That first issue had something by John Baynon, called 'The Perfect Creature'. This concerned a pyramid-shaped creation assembled in the laboratory. It could do everything...except swim. In the end, it drowned. I seem to recall that the yarn later appeared..in modified form





in the collection, 'JIZZLE' under his real name of John Wyndham...as a change from using either 'John Beynon', or 'John Beynon Harris' as in the past.

The cover story of that first issue of TALES OF WONDER, was 'Superhuman' by Geoffrey Armstrong' (another pseudonym ??) The yarn was most likely inspired by H.G.Wells, 'Tono Bungay, The Food Of The Gods' as there were similarities ...humans grown to colossal size under the effect of calcium injections. The cover itself showed two giant, armour-clad figures striding through London wreaking mayhem with their rayguns. See the cover of ERG for an idea of what the scene looked like. As the giants knocked hell out of

the city, the mighty biplanes of the R.A.F. were doing their best to do the same to the giants. They failed, but the calcium solidified and turned the huge figures into permanent statues brooding over the skyline.

Then there was 'The Frr-r-ect' by Eric Frank Russell. This little creature hopped like a kangaroo and whistled like a bird. Earth was menaced (as usual) by John Russell Fearn's, 'Seeds From Space' wherein a Martian plant spread its loathsome grip across the planet...but this time, the aim was to save us from a coming disaster. Cockroft of the B.I.S. had, 'Revolt On Venus' and there were also yarns by Maurice G. Hugi, Festus Pragnell and Francis Parnell (who was probably Pragnell in mufti).

These stories...and those in subsequent issues were a refreshing change from the fusty verbosity of Wells and Verne. As a change from the American imports with their destruction of the Empire State Building and or New York...our stories gave us the destruction of London and the Tower bridge. Dodderly University dons replaced the mad scientists (for a while). Much as I loved the American pulps, it was nice to have home-grown stuff around as well. Later issues carried thumb-nail sketches by 'Turner'. Many years later I was to gladden the heart of old fan Harry Turner by identifying him as the artist.



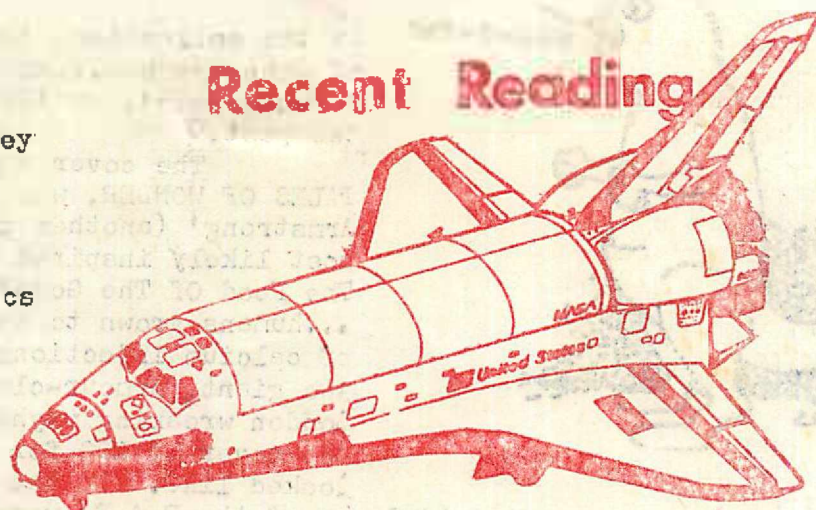
T.O.W. saw some 17 or 18 issues before war-time paper economy and public apathy forced it into the land of what might have been. Once, in a mad foolish moment, I traded my collection to the Werewolf Bookshop for a couple of hardcovers and have kicked myself ever since. I still recall Edmond Hamilton's 'The Horror In The Telescope'...when a 'giant eye' was unveiled, astronomers went mad at what they saw (humans used as pets) and one brave soul crept up and removed the eyepiece. Then there was Burl on a world of giant wasps and insects....or the huge trawls which descended from space and scooped up humans. The latter were defeated by sending up balloon-borne bombs. No doubt about it, I got a lot of pleasure from TOW, and as I said...it led me to Wally Gillings 'SCIENTIFICTION'.

SPUTNIK TO SPACE SHUTTLE

Iain Nicholson

Sidgwick &amp; Jackson £7.95

A highly detailed survey starting with a quick look at the first Sputniki and U.S. satellites followed by one of the best 'potted cosmologies' I've come across. The Mechanics of rocketry are clearly (and non-mathematically) covered, although friction is ignored in the ice surface analogy. There are fictional and factual milestones, launch vehicles, unmanned probes, experimental flights on the



way to 'Man In Space' via moon-programme and Shuttle flights before a final look at future plans. Quibbles?? Well, the 1949 V2/Corporal was not the first step rocket as is implied..the German 'Rheinbote' missiles preceded it for one. Again, the author cites the oft repeated canard that it is not possible to conduct an experiment in a closed room to determine if the 1g is induced by mass gravity or acceleration. (Accn. g acts vertically at all points...a mass induced G will converge slightly to the mass centre). Quibbles aside, an excellent overall look at Earth and our Galaxy putting the focus on man's efforts to understand them. No-nonsense language, no frills..but I would like to have seen the 'Spaceflight highlights extended to include ALL manned flights to date....and more diagrams and illustrations.

YEARBOOK OF ASTRONOMY

Edited by Patrick Moore  
Sidgwick & Jackson £4.95

If, like me, you were always scared off this book by all the Ephemeris and Ascension/Declination details, now's your chance to think again. All those details are here including 25 pages of star charts...but in addition you get notes on the planets, the Moon and viewing notes for a year. That's Part.1. To follow, Part.2 is chock-full of articles. How colliding galaxies form ultra-faint 'shells' of stars. The Craters on Mars and Mercury, followed by the Moons of Mars in detail and the rotation of Uranus. Space buffs will go for the comprehensive coverage of the proposed Halley's comet mission; photographers may enhance their work by following the Do-It-Yourself guide to photographing meteor trails and most SF readers will be interested in how the Astronomical Units (Sol's distance) was determined with increasing accuracy. Last..but very far from least is a hefty fact article on Black Holes and Quasars and a final titbit in the form of a listing of local astronomical societies. There are plenty of diagrams and photographs so that the whole package is a mine of information for amateur or professional, fascinating reading for the dabbler, and invaluable reference material for all you writers.

DUPLICATING NOTES

Those of you who keep writing in to ask for a copy of my Terry Jeeves long out of print mimeo pamphlet might be interested to know that I have now enlarged and expanded the material to some 25,000 words and over 100 line illustrations...plus an art section. Now if anyone knows a publisher who might be interested....let me (and him) know so we can get the show on the road. The mimeoed affair went like hot cakes..so a full scale production ought to do even better.....I hope.



THE MAGIC GOES AWAY

===== In Earth's dim past, magic is fading, so three magicians, Larry Niven a mercenary and a talking skull set out on a quest for the Orbit \$1.25 God Roze-Kattee. They hope to renew Earth's mana by bringing the Moon to Earth. Dogging their footsteps is Piranther, a magician hoping to steal the power they release. A rather amateurish cover hides an out-of-the-rut tale of sword and sorcery..the final part of Niven's 'Warlock' series. (What a shame they didn't include the artwork interiors from the Ace edition)..and you also get a 14 page analysis of the author's material by Sandra Miesel to wind up the volume. Good value at the price.

BLIND VOICES

Tom Reamy Picture a sleepy little American town under the impact of Haverstock's freak circus. The town's younger set react in different ways, each contact with show and owner increasing the horror. Then the star vanishes and a performer rapes a town girl. Events climax with an exciting finale holding an unsuspected twist. Lyrical, evocative, beautifully developed..more descriptive than Bradbury, more 'folksy' than Simak..but without the former's schmaltz or the latter's overkill. An excellent piece of atmosphere building..sadly, the author's first..and last, novel. If you missed the S&J hardcover..for goodness sake, don't miss this paperback edition.

PROJECT POPE

===== On the world, 'End Of Nothing', robots are not only building a new Vatican, but are working on an electronic Clifford D. Simak Pope. Aiding them is a small body of 'Listeners'; New English Library telepaths who search the Galaxy for information. \$1.75 one of them, Mary claims to have located Heaven it causes friction between those wishing to Cannibise her and those who cannot accept her revelation. In addition to the central characters of writer Jill Roberts and fugitive doctor Rennyson we meet the usual clutch of Simak characters such as the castaway Decker, numerous robots, enigmatic 'Old Ones' and 'The Whisperer'. It all makes for an entertaining, if not standard Simak type of yarn..but I would have preferred a better ending.

THE BOOK OF MISTAKES

Gyles Brandreth "In case of fire, do your utmost to Futura \$1.10 alarm the hall porter".. "90-year-old man charged with rape changes plea to guilty" If you love classical boobs or erotic printing, you'll get historical over this collection of dropped clangers and deformed English culled from print, speech, advertising etc., and a soupcon of cartoons. Sit back and enjoy.. "The Sewage Canal is in Egypt"..or.."Why go elsewhere to be cheated when you can come here?" A load of laughs in every page, so get your copy while stockings last.

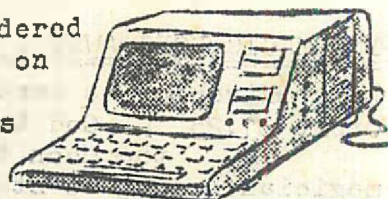


ASF wanted by editor..issues prior to 1935...and some other pulps. If interested, drop me a line...TU

COMPUTING IS EASY

D.Parker & M.Hann  
Newnes Technical Books  
£3.95

Until now, I had always considered Robin Norman's excellent books on the ZX80 and ZX81 as supreme examples of clear tuition..this



slim volume changes all that. Designed for children (but of equal value to adult beginners), it opens with a very gentle use of a computer as a simple calculator, moves on to line numbering and spacing, then loops and INPUT before actually tackling a simple program. SAVEing, IF/THEN, DATA/READ/RESTORE and DIMensioned arrays are covered; there are useful chapters on debugging, some simple (non-graphic) games and sample answers to the exercises in the text. The approach is lighthearted..and enlivened by many line cartoons. Anyone wishing to master a computer will find the pace unhurried, the steps small ones, and the overall presentation excellent. I'd like to have seen key words listed at each chapter heading as a quick guide to its contents..but that's a quibble. Wisely, the authors avoid such tricky items as PEEK, POKE and the like and have come up with a superb teaching aid..and at a VERY reasonable price.

THE PROMETHEUS MAN

Ray Faraday Nelson  
Starblaze \$5.95

The marriage of Holly and Newton McClintok breaks up when Newton fails his employment test and Holly lands a job with Promethian Underwriters who apply Asimov's psychohistory to humanity and dwell aloof in the giant hot air balloon-city, Valhalla. Holly works to take over command whereas Newton, consigned to the Un (Unemployable) barracks, gradually finds himself becoming an epicentre for a revolution of the underdogs. A gripping work of speculation, but one which tapers away at the ending with the destruction of Valhalla and civilisation leaving us to face the future with a song.

THE HARP AND THE BLADE

John Myers Myers  
Starblaze \$5.95

AD 950 sees travelling bard Finnian wandering around France where he falls foul of a local chieftain, then gets cursed to aid anyone in need. This leads

to his becoming blood brother to another warrior, taking refuge in a monastery, skald to Viking raiders and rescuer of the winsome Marie..plus a few other entanglements, numerous battles and a pipedream of himself becoming a minor chief. A rather predictable setback foils his plans and winds up an entertaining story..which is NOT SF, and doesn't really qualify for the 'sorcery' part of S&S (There's no sorcery)..a nice historical novel with most of the warts removed from the pastoral life.

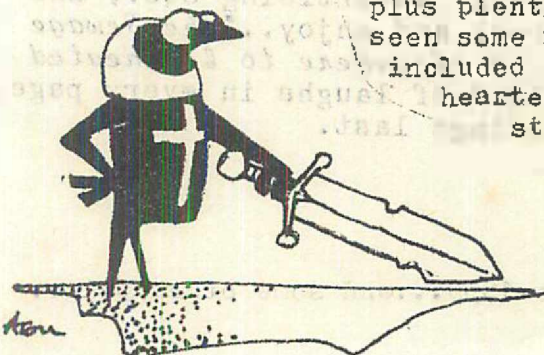
DOCTOR WHO: QUIZ BOOK OF DINOSAURS

Michael Holt Methuen Magnet 95p

Dr. Who, accompanied by the two girls Tegan and Nyassa, makes a series of bite-sized trips in the Tardis, each

embodying several clues and ending with two or three questions on creatures met with in that chapter. Scattered throughout are various other quiz items..orientation, simple maths, logic, etc plus plenty of cartoon style drawings (I'd like to have seen some more carefully executed and labelled drawings included as an appendix). Otherwise, this is a light-hearted bit of reading paced in easily assimilated steps with enough variation in material to make it an ideal book for any youngster with an interest in prehistoric monsters..

and nowadays, that seems to be all of 'em. An excellent present for the youngsters in your life.





THE TOMORROW CITY

Monica Hughes

Methuen Magnet \$1.25

Caro Henderson's father has designed the giant C-3 computer which is then given control of Thompsonville. C-3 exceeds its directive by extending a hypnotic control via TV and so making the inhabitants accept

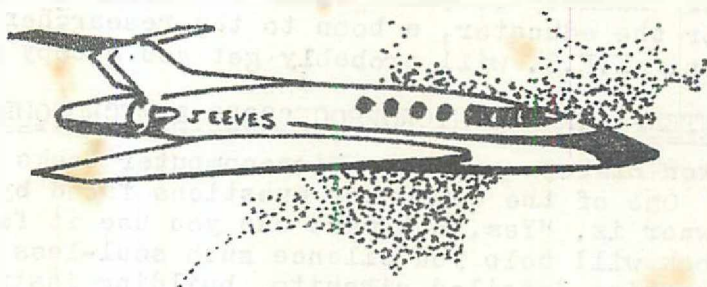
controls, elimination of old and infirm, curfews etc. Caroline is in a privileged position since C-3 was inadvertently programmed to respect her, so along with friend David a scheme is hatched to save the city. A smaller scale version of Jones' 'Colossus', but none the less gripping and one of the better juveniles which is well-written and neatly balances boy against girl so that it appeals to either. An excellent late gift buy.

THE DESTROYERS OF LAM-KERN

Peter Tremayne Methuen \$6.95

Part 2 of the trilogy sees Frank Dryddn (cast into Earth's far future), aided by Pryderi seeking Kigva the girl he loves. Cador is pursuing her through the mutant-monster infested jungles of what was once Corn-wall, but Cador loses his memory when struck by a wild animal.

All the characters are taken prisoners by the mysterious Cynn who inhabit the multi-level underground 'See-Ti'. After escaping via the sewers (and from a capture by Mole men) Dryden destroys the city by setting off its destruct mechanisms..how many cities do YOU know which build such gadgetry into their fabric..along with full instructions for setting them off? Lovers of old time SF will enjoy this yarn..it could well have been the lead story in TWS, PLANET, STARTLING or MARVEL tales. If you go for action, adventure and strange places, tribes and the like then this is written with you in mind.

THE SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY FILM HANDBOOK

Alan Frank

Batsford \$9.95

Over 400 films are listed in alphabetical order along with their directors, credits, story writers, casts (I particularly liked the linking of each actor to the name part played), plus a short precis of the story and review quotations. This gives you just about everything you may want to know and is a far better system than the random comments in, say, Strick's 'SCIENCE FICTION MOVIES' or Brosnan's 'FUTURE TENSE'. Accompanying the text are some 200+ stills which both alleviate the masses of print and add to the general interest. Some 24 pages are devoted to biographical notes on SF film personalities from on and behind the screen. In seven thematic essays a valiant effort is made to list all films coming under selected headings. You also get a list of alternate US/UK titles and in lieu of a film index (which isn't needed because of the alphabetical listing) you get separate indexes for make-up artists, musicians, directors etc.,etc., thus making it a simple matter to locate their work in the field. Oh, there are a few omissions..no mention of..FP1, ONE MILLION BC, NIGHT OF THE DEMON, DUEL or MOONRAKER..but this is quibbling in what is a fascinating dip-and-come-again reference work or argument settler. If (like me) you're a film buff, then don't miss this title to put alongside your copy of Helliwell..with the two of them, you'll solve 90% of your SF film queries..and have fun doing it. Oh yes..physical size: nigh on 200 good quality paper pages of normal quarto size.

UNDERSTANDING SCIENCE FICTION

Michael A. Banks

Silver Burdett Co. Price ?

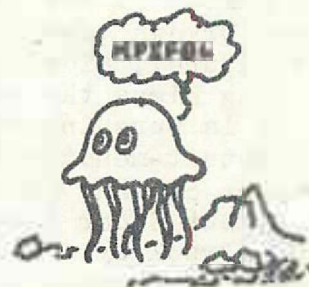
An in-depth coverage of SF as a guide for those wishing to know more about the field, or to teach it in schools. This hefty volume covers so much territory, it is impossible to

do it justice here..save to say its 3 main divisions are:- 'Development Of SF' covering Culture, Religion, Art, history, fandom etc. 'Teaching SF' (on Projects, the classroom, values, language, stories and analyses). Finally, 'Resources and Reference' (Dealers, Magazines, Book Clubs etc). This listing barely scratches the surface of Mike's broad canvas..there are photographs, a brief glossary, (Why not extend 'Terra' to include 'Tellus' as used by Doc' Smith?) and an index. Quibbles? 'Homann' for 'Hohmann'... 'Bruckett' for 'Burkett'...which shows how minor the quibbles are. A scholarly work for the educator, a boon to the researcher and a feast for the established fan. K.F.S. will probably get you a copy in the UK.

INTERFACING TO MICROPROCESSORS & MICROCOMPUTERS

Owen Bishop Newnes Microcomputer Books 24.95

One of the commonest questions faced by the micro owner is, "Yes, but what can you use it for?" This book will help you silence such soul-less ones. It contains detailed circuits, building instructions and D.I.Y. hints for some 15 devices (plus a couple more for the real buff). Light, temperature, & gas sensors etc..and of course, each can have multiple uses..a light sensor may operate a burglar alarm, count people or control a night light, and so on. You can make an analog controller for your micro games, add a sound generator (if says he gloating..your micro doesn't have one like the BBC job). There are even details of how to make your own light pen for direct screen interaction. Flow charts are given to help you program the devices (although I would like to have seen a sample or two for (say) a ZX81.) Not a book for the beginner, but if you have any micro-electronics know-how and can program your computer, then this will enable you to put your micro to work and silence those "What for?" critics.

RADIX

A.A.Attanasio

Corgi £2.95

Earth has entered a radiation belt which not only mutates but creates psi-powers and allows the formation of the alien voor patterns. Greedy, slobbish, anti-hero Kagan kills as SUGARAT, flees, becomes a semi-superman Ranger and is taken over in part by a voor mind he has fathered. Moulded by many forces, his destiny is to destroy the god-being Delph..though Kagan in his turn is hunted by the synethetic Nefandi. A block-buster of a noevl, richly descriptive and filled with strange but credible landscapes, beings and events. You'll enjoy colourful word-pictures to rival Wolfe's 'Book Of The New Sun', and aliens more credible than those of Jack Vance. Complicated it is, but also totally compulsive reading...I reckon this will become a cult book or scoop an Award..probably both. Oh yes, and physically, it's close on 400 pages, including dramatis personae and a glossary of argot in its king-size format.

MY SINCERE THANKS to Joe Hooton who responded to my letter in a recent Analog by allowing me to handle and photograph his collection of ASF right back to number 1. Thanks also to all the other good people who responded either by offer of help, or in two cases, by also sending actual cover photographs. All photographs now accounted for..even SCOOPS, as Vinç Clarke kindly loaned his collection..and Terry Hill sent a comple TOW Index.