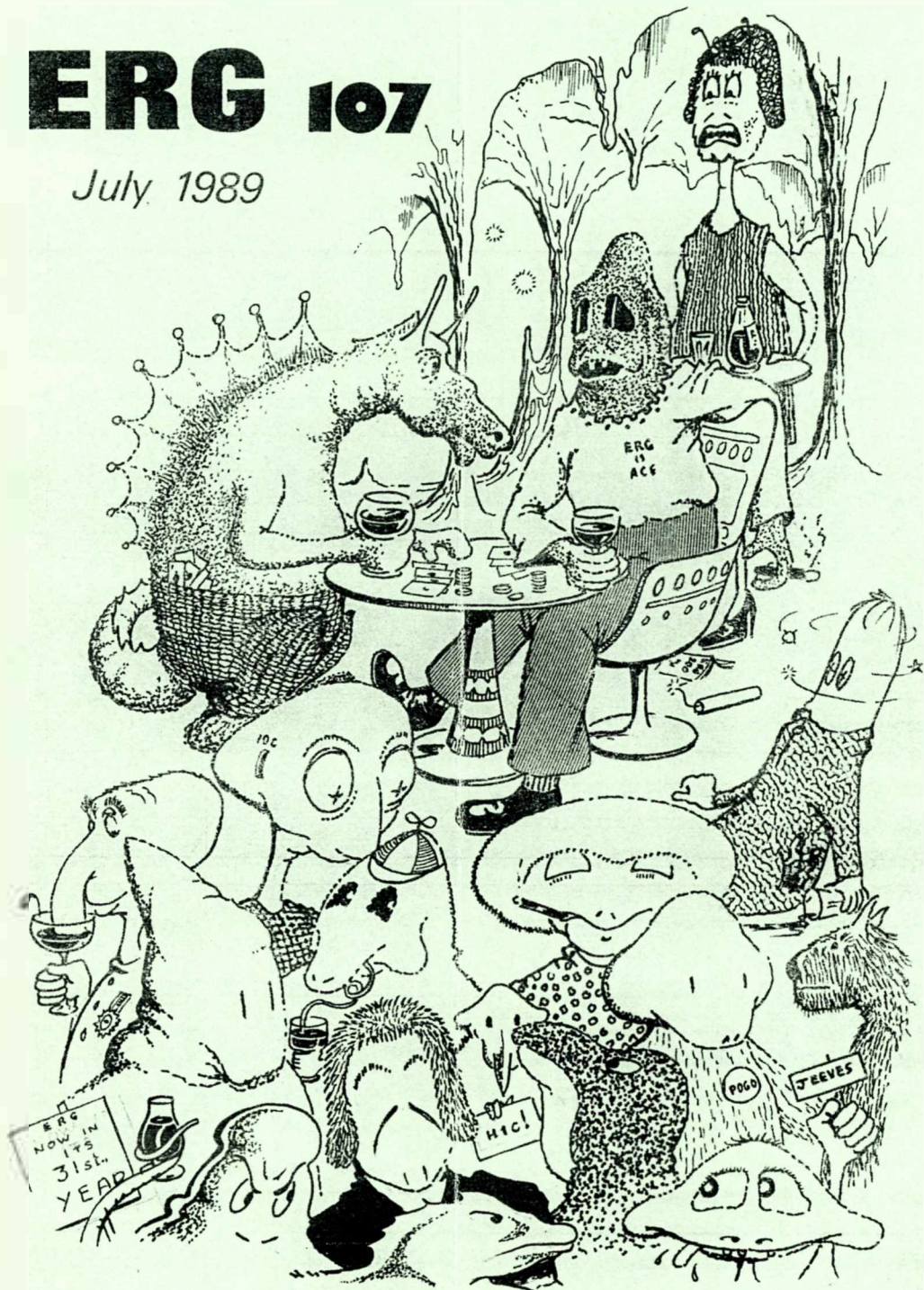


ERG 107

July 1989



ERG 107

ERG is now in its 31st Year and
comes to you from :-

B.T. JEEVES
56 RED SCAR DRIVE
SCARBOROUGH
YO12 5RQ

JULY 1989

Ph. (0723) 376817

IF you enjoyed this issue and would like to get the next, there are three ways :-

1. Write a LOC on this issue and enclose TWO second class stamps. (Outside the UK, you can skip the stamps)
2. By trade with me. NDT for fanzines, I can't manage any more of those, but for magazine SF (not Analog), Model Aircraft, Military Aircraft or old pulps. (See 'WANT LIST' at end of Lettercol) Drop me a line and we'll dicker
3. By cash sub. Sorry, but postal raises and the now increased printing costs mean you pay £2.00 for four issues UK, or \$1.00 an issue USA (and pro rata), in dollar bills please, NDT cheques.

A cross at the top of this page indicates that sadly, this will be your last issue unless you DO something. A question mark means "Are you interested? if so, let me know. Remember, the name of the game is **RESPONSE**. After this issue, I'll be pruning quite a few 'sleepers' from the mailing list - hopefully, YOU won't be among them, but there's no fun mailing ERG into a vacuum.

====\$\$\$\$====

MINI-ERGITORIAL

This issue sees the start of what may (or may not) be an irregular column on various SF artists. A lot depends on how the reproductions come out - but as explained in the text, this is an experiment involving my taking photographs of the artwork and having photocopies made of these for the printer's paste-up copy. And to forestall those who say why not straight photocopy, I don't intend to pull my mags apart to get 'em to lay flat in the machine. I'll be interested to hear comments on the result.

Other news -- 500 words of Carry On Jeeves (my adventures with a rubber-powered model and a Walls' Ice Cream cart) have been accepted by 'AEROMODELLER'

Any of you interested in buying SF paperbacks or hardcovers, send me a S.A.E. and I'll let you have lists -- say which you'd like:-- Paperbacks, Hardcovers, Magazines, Aerospace, Cigarette Cards and I'll mail you printouts.

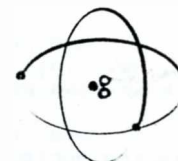
As mentioned elsewhere, I'm also in need of certain magazines to complete my collection and enable me to finish off some indexes. So if you have any to sell or trade, let me know. Speaking of indexes, I now have them for quite a few magazines, so if you have a query, I just may be able to help.

Special thanks go to Alan White, Andy Anruschak and Boris Zavgorodny, all of whom have sent some lovely goodies by way of stamps and/or aeronautical magazines etc in the last few months. Greatly appreciated folks and read from cover to cover -- especially the latest news of the new B-2 Flying Wing bomber.

Meanwhile, all the best until next issue (and my 67th birthday).

All the best,
Terry

ERGITORIAL



A NIBBLE AT THE NUCLEUS

To the Greeks, atoms were the ultimate, indivisible particles of matter, and they remained so until Rutherford started splitting them in the 30s. Since then, atom splitting, fission and accelerator research have further subdivided those original 'billiard balls' into a bewildering array of particles, strange forces and unusual properties. Listing them all here (if I knew 'em) is beyond both the scope of this article and my wit to comprehend them, so I'll be content with just a nibble at the nucleus.

The simplest atom of all is the Hydrogen atom (symbol H). It consists of one negatively charged electron orbiting a positive proton some 1836 times more massive. Their charges being equal and opposite, the resultant Hydrogen atom is electrically neutral. Neither of these particles are 'billiard balls' by the way, but it's easier to think of 'em that way.

Apart from when undergoing structural changes (in bombs, accelerators etc) all atoms have equal numbers of electrons and protons, thus making them all neutral in charge. The number of electrons (or of protons) is the Atomic Number Z .. this is NOT the Atomic Weight by the way. In standard notation, this is written as a subscript to the chemical symbol. Thus ${}_{6}C$ would show that a carbon atom has 6 electrons (and of course, 6 protons).

As atoms get more complicated, they have more and more electrons and protons. In addition, the central nucleus usually holds further particles, one or more of the electrically neutral 'neutrons'.

Atoms of the same substance may have different numbers of these. Thus Carbon atoms may have 6, 7 or 8 neutrons in their nucleus. These different varieties of Carbon are called isotopes.

The sum of the number of protons and neutrons in the nucleus gives the Mass Number A, and this is written as a subscript.

Thus the three isotopes of Carbon may be written as:-

${}_{6}^{12}C$ ${}_{6}^{13}C$ ${}_{6}^{14}C$ The 6 shows the Carbon atom has 6 protons in the nucleus. If it also has 6 neutrons, then 6+6 give the Mass Number of 12, for the isotope with 7 neutrons, 6+7 give the 13 and finally for 8 neutrons, 6+8 make a Mass No. of 14.

Hydrogen also comes in three isotopes .. the commonest has 1 proton in its nucleus, (a form sometimes called Protium.) The next isotope, Deuterium has 1 proton and 1 neutron in the nucleus, and the third isotope, Tritium, has 1 proton and 2 neutrons. Thus, the respective Mass Numbers are 1, 2 and 3

I thought up a couple of mnemonics to help me remember M and Z, maybe they'll help you

- ProtonZAt 'The number of Protons in the nucleus gives Z, the Atomic Number.'

- PaNaMA 'Protons + Neutrons give Mass Number A'

Now let's look at the second atom on the list, the Helium atom. He. This has two protons and two neutrons in its nucleus... so it is written as He

And this is where fusion comes in. If you could take a Deuterium nucleus H and a Tritium nucleus H then force them together, (The books say you need a temperature of 10^9 degrees C .. what price test tube fission?) they will fuse to form a Helium Nucleus He plus a neutron and excess energy. The equation goes..... $H + H = He + \text{neutron} + \text{energy}$.

Do that, and lo! you have fusion with more energy coming out than you put in. No, it isn't perpetual motion of course, the process 'burns' Deuterium and Tritium as fuels, but estimates indicate the oceans contain enough to last us for 10^{13} years. Even better is the fact that there is little in the way of radioactive waste to be discarded - that flyaway neutron being captured in a surrounding lithium blanket and used to enrich the latter - so only the energy comes out.

Up to now, the only way to initiate (and sustain) the reaction at such high temperatures has been to use a plasma - an ionised gas contained in a 'magnetic bottle'. Doing this, huge devices such as tokamaks and stellarators have managed to creep ever nearer the payoff point where the reaction is sustained and power extracted. Recent reports of 'fusion in a test tube' sound lovely, but also one suspects, indicate some reaction other than true nuclear fusion. Only time will tell.

Two critical points arise here. 1. To initiate the fusion reaction, a very high initial power input is required. 2. If we stop research now, and our fossil fuels runs out, we may never have another power source capable of giving that start-up kick. Moral, don't confuse fusion power with fission and throw away the power of the future.

ERG TAPES C-60 cassettes

Containing readings, plays, verse etc from ERG - plus music, sound effects, linking material and unpublished items. Thrill to an extract from Orson Wells 'War Of The Worlds', wince at the Orson Cart Theatre of The Air, shudder at the adventures of Nartaz. Herewith brief outlines:-

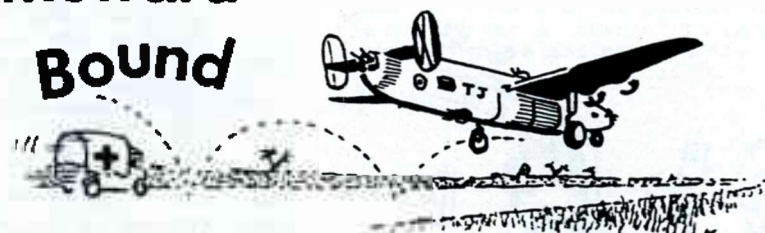
ERGTAPE.1 NARTAZ RIDES AGAIN, SON OF NARTAZ, WACKERJOBBOY, 'Streak' Moron's 'JOURNEY INTO VOID', Verse, BATULA, etc.

ERGTAPE.2 ERGBOD TOURS in-flight entertainment brings you, LAST STAGE REFLECTORMAN, ERG COMES HOME, HOROSCOPES, KORNAN THE BOLD, DEATH IN THE OPHAND MANOR, JOURNEY OF THE VACUUM BEETLE, Verse, etc.

ERGTAPE.3 NARTAZ OF THE BABOONS, UNUSUAL BOOKS, RETURN OF NARTAZ, FANORAMA, REFLECTIONS OF A MIRRORMAN, ALBERT AND THE MONSTER, SWORDS ACROSS THE PECOS, NEWS, etc.

£2.00 ea. including p&p. (USA \$4.00)

Homeward Bound



Eventually, I was cleared for export -- I still have the flight document RAF.2767, dated 13th Oct.1945 entitling R.A.F. Cpl. B.T.Jeeves, W/MECH. passage from the Cocos Islands to Ceylon.

My gear comprising two kitbags, a tin trunk and sundry side packs was stowed away in a Lib's bomb-bay and off we went. Ail went well until just after we had crossed the Equator - for my 4th time. Then we ran into a ferocious tropical storm which threw the Lib around like a pingpong ball. I still recall actually floating in 'zero-0' as we descended vertically in a powerful downdraft. The pilot gave up on reaching Ceylon and headed back for the Cocos -- thus taking me across the Equator a 5th time!

Our troubles were not yet over though. The pilot had only recently converted to Liberators from Catalina flying boats. Coming on finals over all that water, he reverted to type and began to settle the big bomber tail first. Not only that, but with one wing low. We hit with the port wheel, bounced once and touched down on the starboard one, another bound and the nosewheel took a bashing. In a gradual series of decreasing bounds, we made our way down the runway pursued by crash wagons and other nosey types. Happily, they weren't needed as we finally came to a halt at the end of the strip.

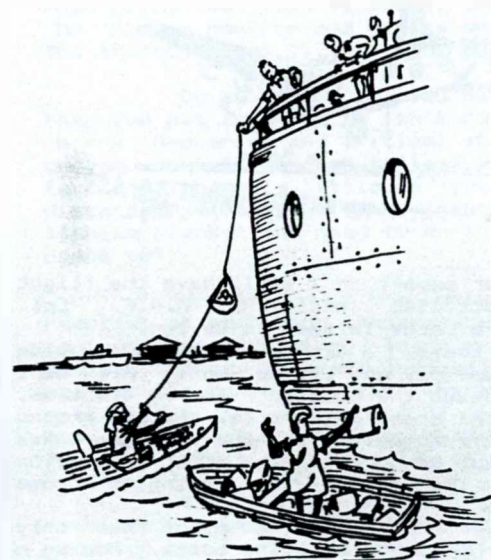
Several days later (and with a different pilot), we made a successful flight to Ceylon and in the process notched up my 6th. Equatorial crossing .. and NOT ONE of these commemorated by King Neptune .. apparently he hasn't acquired an Air Branch even yet.

Once in Ceylon, I was shipped to Colombo for a few days wandering round the town and bazaars until a troop ship arrived. Eventually one did and the usual 'Hurry up and wait' routine began. I was dragged out of bed at some unearthly pre-dawn hour, carted down to the dockside and dumped with several hundred other homeward bound airmen. There we sat on our kit bags hour after hour admiring the view of a troop ship drifting at anchor half a mile out at sea. Every so often another of the ferry boats would collect a couple of dozen bods and the rest of us would then pick up all our gear and shuffle another ten yards along the jetty.

Eventually my turn came. One kitbag under my arm, the other threatening to amputate my right ear, I struggled into the ferry. Once at the troopship, it was a case of "Get a move on there" as we all staggered up a wobbling ladder and onto the Athlone Castle.

The journey home only took a month as compared with the two months needed to get out to India. Partly because we no longer had to make huge detours into the Atlantic to avoid U boats, and mainly because we went back via the Suez Canal. We anchored at Port Said before entering the canal, and this is where all the bum boats gathered round. Some bore young lads yelling 'Dive for Glasgow

'tanner' -- which worked out that if you threw a silver coin overboard, they would dive after it and retrieve the thing before it vanished in the mud. Their mastery of English swear words was even more impressive when they found that many of the 'Glasgow tanners' were simply copper coins wrapped in silver paper.



The natives also vied to sell us local products -- fruit, trinkets, leather goods were all ferried upwards by baskets -- after the money had first been ferried down. This capitalistic enterprise didn't sit easily with the crew of the Athlone Castle, so when they decided enough business had been done, they turned hoses on the thronging boats until they dispersed.

Clearance came for us to pass through the Suez, which proved another memorable event. The Athlone Castle almost filled the canal, leaving only a dozen feet or so on either side. To prevent bank-eroding waves, speed was greatly reduced as for hour after hour we plodded slowly along between two flat, endless deserts.

Once into the Med, speed increased, and as we cleared Gibraltar and began to head North, temperatures started to fall.

Gradually, all the khaki-clad figures were transmogrified into an almost-forgotten Air Force Blue -- often with tasteful patches of green mould to show the wearer hadn't thought to air out his uniform during the monsoon seasons. Then England came in sight and we docked at Southampton. We all lined the rails to look at this strange land we hadn't seen for nearly four years. I was surprised to see a gigantic funneled warehouse rising out of the water further down the river -- until I realised it was actually the Queen Mary in camouflage paint.

Hurry up and wait time again, but at last we shuffled down the gangplank and into waiting trains. Much to my annoyance, we never even saw customs. Annoyance? Well, I had turned down the offer of a contraband aircraft clock in case I got snagged. Moreover, hidden inside my king-sized tube of toothpaste were a couple of high-frequency acorn diodes. I could have saved all the messy business of shoving 'em in there.

Next stop was a transit camp 'somewhere in the South of England'. We drew leave passes, money, and ration books as well as a card guaranteeing us a month's chocolate ration when presented at any NAAFI --- Naturally, when I got home, it turned out there wasn't one in Sheffield. Then it was down to the local station bearing all our kit. In my case, this comprised the two kit-bags, a large tin trunk, a couple of side packs and a respirator. I still recall clambering over piles of bags, cases etc. to get into the Advance luggage office and consign my trunk to the mercies of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway. It cost me three bob (15p) to have 'em do the job.



"Two beers". Imagine my mortification when he asked, "What kind of beers sir?". For four years, the only choice when ordering beer had been the "Take it or leave it" of the three cans a month ration in the canteen. Memory told me there was something known as 'bitter', so I settled for that.

At 1-30am, the train deposited me on Sheffield station. I lugged my kit bags outside and joined a short queue of people waiting for taxis. Eventually my turn came, a taxi arrived, then just as I reached for the door, up hustled a fat little man towing a rather embarrassed airman behind him ... "Make way, let me in, my boy has just come back from overseas." With the skill of long practice, I beat him into the taxi and said sweetly, "Where do you think I've been, for a weekend at Blackpool?"

Then it was home to a tearful welcome, a square meal, and a comfy bed in my old room, still bedecked with model aeroplanes and stacks of magazines. It wasn't until later that I discovered my files of Scoops, Modern Wonder, Boy's Cinema and the like had gone to keep the home fires burning.

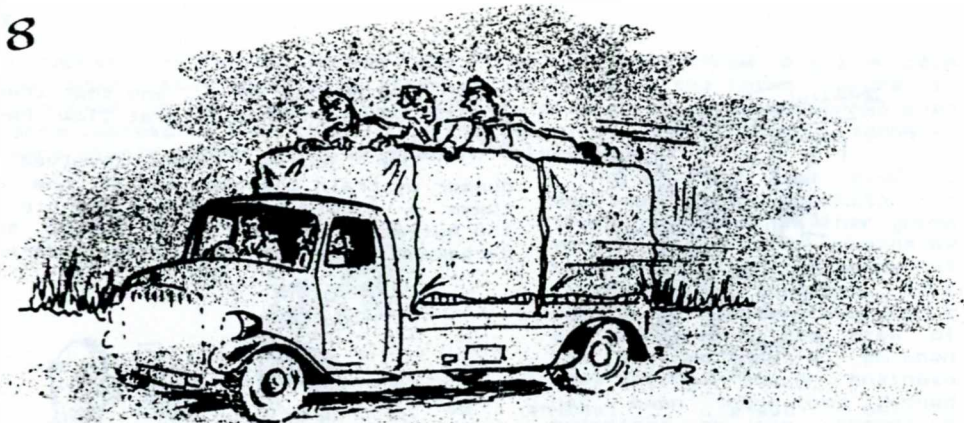
Next morning, I started the obligatory round of visiting all the relatives. This invariably followed the formula, "Oh don't you look brown" .. "How long are you home for?" .. "When do you go back?" .. "Come and see us again before you go". All good bracing stuff, guaranteed to make one go jump in the nearest static water tank.

It's funny how a month's leave looks endless from the front end, but shrinks according to Einstein's theories as you move through it. In next to no time, I received my posting to my new RAF home. A word about this. Before leaving the repatriation transit camp, I had been asked which RAF station I would like as a 'home posting'. The idea was that tour-expired airmen should be based near their homes to compensate for the years spent abroad. I put down Finningley, an aerodrome only 18 miles from home. Whoever made up my posting order must have failed his A level Geography, as I was posted to 274 M.U. at RAF Lichfield, some seventy miles away.

That was at four pm ... and that trunk was delivered in Sheffield at 11am next morning!

The journey home involved a number of train changes, and at one of these a couple of us decided to nip in the buffet for a beer. I caught the bartender's eye and confidently ordered





Moreover the journey required a change at Derby, and a twelve-mile hitch, cycle or walk from Burton to Lichfield.

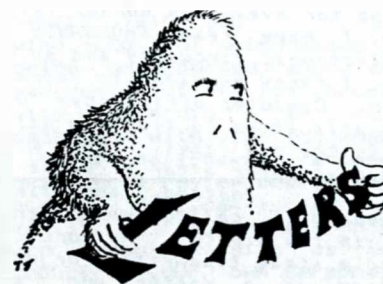
Hitching from Lichfield to Burton in the daytime was usually easy. Hitching back again after dark was next to impossible. I managed it ONCE, in the depths of winter, a lorry driver picked up three of us and allowed us to lay ON TOP of his tarpaulin-covered load as he forged through a snowstorm. You tend to remember things like that. Sometimes, we would cycle the twelve miles back to camp - a tedious task in full uniform and greatcoat. It was even more tedious at 11pm at night, especially as the standard four and a half volt battery wouldn't power a cycle lamp for such a long ride. So more often than not -- we walked it in a three-hour stint. Home posting..big deal!

Lichfield was naturally, miles from the aerodrome, so evening trips there were a no-no. Equally naturally, there was no niche for another Wireless Mechanic at 274 M.U. Only six weeks later, my 'Home Posting' vanished down the plug hole when I was moved to RAF Swannington somewhere up in the wilds of Norfolk. Getting home from there proved even more difficult. First a cycle ride to the local station two miles away. (When you came back, both tyres would be flat, so you had to pump 'em up .. assuming your pump hadn't been pinched). Next a hurtling ten miles an hour express to Norwich. From Norwich, a train left for Peterborough (where it ALWAYS missed the connection to Retford). Then another slow train from Retford to Doncaster where we had to wait an hour for a train to Sheffield. This was usually spent outside the station in a vain attempt to hitch the 18 miles to Sheffield, something we NEVER managed. Then it was back into the station for an HOUR on a stop-at-each-station ride the 18 miles to Sheffield. Finally, a ten minute walk to the bus-stop, a bus ride and I was home.

If you left Swannington at 8am you could make it home by 8pm and that was the GOOD way. Going back, I caught the 6-30pm train on Sunday night, got into Peterborough around nine, ate my egg sandwiches in the Saracen's Head, and then caught the 11-20pm train for a guided tour of all the lost villages of Norfolk, finally crawling into Norwich at 4am. A sleep on the platform until 8am, then the first train back to Swannington, a pump up of tyres and into camp for a hasty breakfast before starting 'work'. Despite all the hassle, in the six months on the station, I only missed one weekend at home - when I was lumbered with being Orderly Corporal.

-o- To be continued -o-

VINCE CLARK, 16 WENDOVER WAY,
WELLING, KENT DA16 2BN



"A respectful tip of the Beanie to the 30th. anniversary. Can you now remember what started off ERG? I know it was an Ompazine .. was it just produced to give you a voice there?" Well, having joined OMPA, I had to produce a fanzine, so I thought up a short name that could be lettered onto stencil using a ruler and this led to developing a complete ERG alphabet.

Imagine how pleased I am I didn't call it something like 'Stupefying Tales Of Science Fiction'! "Yes, the War kept on after VE day and as you say, it's not really appreciated. I notice you don't mention that classic number, the number for demob. First out was Group.1, then 2 etc. based on length of service and how much you were still wanted by the RAF." "Mine was 38, as will eventually emerge in COJ, and I got out in June '46." "The Weird & Wonderful, fascinating and well-researched. I notice you give qualified approval to Concorde by digging at the 'American anti-Concorde lobbyists'. Don't you think that the mere fact that the USA hasn't developed one of its own shows what a ghastly white elephant it is?" "NO WAY. Henry Ford's Model T would have been a ghastly white elephant if a powerful lobby had kept his production to half a dozen. Even the ubiquitous 747 Jumbo would have been a financial dead loss had it been boycotted even before it flew! EVERY new aircraft must sell a break-even number before profit follows. In the case of Concorde, the US lobbyists scared all the would-be buyers into cancelling their orders .. so Concorde never got a chance to recover its development costs. The Americans didn't produce one because that very lobby scared off their builders too. Concorde is magnificent and those which escaped the axe ARE making profits for BAC and Air France."

XEN LAKE, 115 MARKHOUSE AVE, LONDON E17 8AT

"I still cannot accept that computers make life EASIER for anyone in the present state of 'the art', and adduce a constant flow of complaints, in everything from private correspondence to the pages of the national press, about the manifest and manifold eccentricities and unreliabilities of these gimcrack machines." "Nobody claims they are perfect or infallible, but they DO make work easier, more flexible, pleasant, faster and, despite errors, more accurate overall. Heck, even a ball-pen packs up sometimes!"

"We went over from clay and papyrus to paper for greater efficiency and lower cost; we swapped scribes for typewriters for greater efficiency and speed and accuracy and personal control. With the changeover to computers, we are sacrificing our eyesight (and that IS important, and I'm amazed you won't discuss it), efficiency, reliability, aesthetics and simplicity - in exchange for, to name the only advantages I can see, the ability to edit more easily, to chop and change bits of text (the sign of a writer without any idea of where he's going in the first place), and to print out at speed and store electronically without carbon copies (although the moment you want to refer back, you have to print out again anyway)." "No you don't, you simply call it up on the screen. As for eyesight,

have you any proof it is any worse for eyes than normal TV, or any other close work? For that matter, I have read THOUSANDS of books, worked closely on drawings, electronic circuitry and so on, and at 67, I still don't wear glasses. I fancy eyesight is more a matter of hereditary luck than of usage. Computer efficiency? Only yesterday, Val and I went down to our solicitors to sign new wills. One small paragraph needed changing. In the old days, that would have meant going back again several days later after a typist had laboriously typed out wooten pages of will. Instead, she simply called up a file copy on screen, amended it, called two printouts and presented us with amended wills .. in ten minutes. As for clay and papyrus .. would you prefer 'em to a steam typewriter, or going around in a horse-drawn cart instead of a faster and more comfortable vehicle? Where my computer REALLY scores over a typer is in the filing and sorting I do for all my magazines, books etc. If I acquire a new item, I simply insert it into its proper space without having to retype everything. +0

ETHEL LINDSAY, 69 BARRIE RD., CARNOUSTIE, ANGUS, DD7 7QQ "I am sorry your tale of life with the RAF is coming to a close. I really enjoyed it. Re. electronic tags..once in my hospital a young lad about seven years old decided to go home - and walked there clad only in his pajamas. Quite a walk too, it nearly gave all the staff a heart attack." @ I know of two other similar cases, but it's NO use talking to the 'do-gonders' who howl about invasions of privacy. They'd prefer people to have the right to freeze, be lost or killed by traffic. +0 "I have to admit I thought the best thing in the issue, the Glumps. Where did you pick up the Glasgow accent? Made me laugh out loud.

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

"About tags, we used to have an old lady down our road who would wander off and couldn't find her way home, so her daughter and other people spent hours wandering the streets looking for her. If she had had a homing device on her, life would have been easier for everyone.

Liked 'The Glumps', hope they will become a regular feature.

@-If more people want 'em and space permits, they will. +0 "So long Salbani. Yes I have often noted that the media seems to think the war ended with Europe. Also I saw the programme about the women and men in the A.T.A. who ferried the planes from the manufacturers, in all weathers - and that got me, they didn't arm them. @ Two reasons for that, one is that virtually the only enemy aircraft over the UK were bombers - and they avoided contact with our machines. Secondly, most ferry flights only had skeleton crews, so there were no trained gunners aboard the bombers --as for fighters, the A.T.A. didn't want un-combat trained pilots trying to down enemy bombers and instead, getting shot up themselves



STOP PRESS Big Air Display due in Scarborough in July -- any of you coming??

ROG FILE, 34 HARRISON GDNS, BROAD LANE, ILLOGAN, REDRUTH.

CORNWALL TR15 3DG " I did wonder at first about the cover drawing (ERG 105) which shows a rocket apparently defying gravity, hovering unsupported above an alien landscape. I now realise that it had just shut off its thrusters, prior to settling on a low gravity asteroid. @ Quite true +0 I couldn't help sympathising with your lot when I studied the Recent Reading List. All these half-baked fantasy series! You must wonder sometimes if even the free review copies make it worth while plodding through so much drek. @ I can't read 'em, so I simply quote the jackets and leave it to ERG readers to make up their own minds. +0 I still regard Recent Reading as indispensable to ERG. How about introducing your own personal 'Top 10' from a three-month input of books? @ Too subjective I'm afraid. R.R. is to tell people what is available, not to try and identify 'best' or 'worst'. I can't abide S&S, but some readers can't get enough of it. +0

PETER SMITH, 15 TRESTA WALK, BOWING, SURREY, GU21 4JP

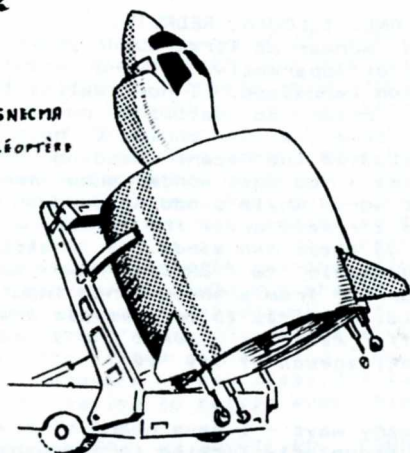
"Your comments on cover art cut many ways - I have heard of covers depicting spaceships on SF works singularly lacking in spaceships. There is a giant crustacean chasing a girl in a swimming costume on a hardback edition of 'The Worlds Of Magnus Ridolph'. I have - which story that is meant to be doesn't seem to have troubled artist or publisher. No doubt the fad for faces will get replaced by a craze for coffee cups or a mania for marmalade jars. It's all deeply symbolic. +0 Of a lack of imagination perhaps? @ "Mistakes add character - while I try to avoid mistakes in my fanzines, I don't regard freedom from errors as being all important. I don't aim to produce perfect fanzines. Spending the time to root out every last error would diminish my enjoyment of producing a zine. @ An error can be fun. Our local rag has been publishing letters against dogs fouling pavements - one ran, "Every dog owner should carry a small shovel and deposit his dogs leavings in suitably placed respectables." Such as the Lord Mayor, perhaps? +0

PETE SPRESFORD, Rose Cottage, 3 Trae Lane, Buckley, Chesh.

"Do we change, or is it the style of SF that is printed nowadays? A few weekends ago, we spent a very nice time with Rita and Steve Sned. It would seem that Steve doesn't read much up-to-date SF either. Yesterday, Frank Denton's ROGUE RAVEN arrived and we find the same theme. All the older fans seem to be drifting in some kinda SF limbo. I very rarely buy SF books having just re-discovered all my hardbacks from Mam's roof. Simak, Tubbs, Bulmer etc. All their earlier work now keeps me happy for my bedtime read." @ I think that first, we changed along with SF as it moved on from the action adventure pulp style. We got left behind when it kept moving, abolished plots and encompassed 'ideas', 'experimental writing', themes, causes and messages. Plus of course, the olde-worlde fantasy multiology. I seldom buy SF either, I spend my money on non fiction works which prove more stimulating. +0

Having said that, I need the following magazines for my collection:- Buy or Trade -- CAN YOU HELP?

COSMOS SF & FANTASY MAG Nos.2, 3 & 4 1953/54 Doc Savage pb No.43
ORIGINAL SCIENCE FICTION (UK) No.12 GALAXY NOVELS No.29
SATELLITE SF (USA) APR.57 DEC.58 FEB,MAR,APR,MAY.59
S.F.DIGEST MAY.54 SPACEWAY JUN.70 VENTURE Vol.3 No.1 (May??) 1969

SNECMA
Coléoptère

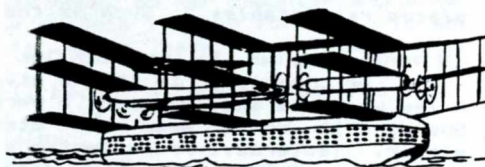
THE WEIRD & WONDERFUL. 7

Anyone looking for something really outlandish in the flying line should take a look at the French, S.N.E.C.M.A. 'Coléoptère'. This rather resembled a huge water tank perched upright, with a pilot's nacelle at one end, and four stubby fins and wheel-carrying stalks at the other. It was moved around on a specially constructed vehicle .. and actually made several test flights, though details seem buried in official archives.

If that one seems incredible, the Caproni CA.60 built in 1921 must seem even more so. Having the unofficial names of 'Noviplano' and 'Capriissimo', it was the world's first aircraft designed to carry 100 passengers! To achieve this, it boasted NINE wings, mounted in three sets of three - A TRIPLE TRIPLANE, no less. Power came from eight engines, three front tractors, followed by a pusher, then another tractor, and finally, three pushers.

Walkways for in-flight maintenance connected the outer engines. This monstrosity had a span of 98 feet, and a length of 77 feet. Taxi trials on Lake Maggiore saw the thing actually rise a few feet above the water! Then it crunched back and sustained considerable damage, thus ending the project. One doubts very much whether it would ever have managed to fly at all, let alone with with a full load of 100 passengers.

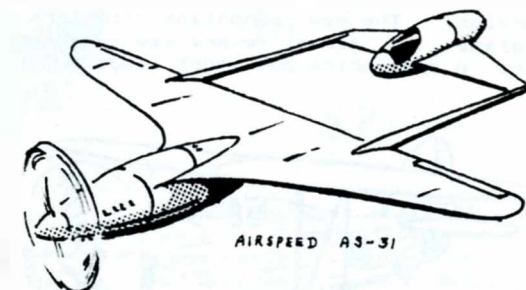
CAPRONI CA.60



Shortly after the end of the war, some Lancastrian airliners (Lancaster bomber derivatives) were used as flying test beds for jet engines. One of these, a Lancastrian C2 was employed to do rocket assisted take-off trials. First using a German, Walter HWK device, then with two De Havilland 'Sprite' rocket motors - thus becoming the first (and only?) aircraft to be powered by rocket, jet and piston engines at the same time.



THE AIRSPEED AS-31 was a project conceived in 1936, but never built. It was to have a Rolls Royce 'Merlin' engine, a 33' span and a length of 29'. Patented by Airspeed and A.H. Tillman it was an unorthodox design for an 8 gun fighter with its fuel stored in the wing. The wing carried the Merlin engine at the front, then two booms ran back to support the horizontal stabiliser, in the centre of which was mounted the pilot's cockpit. It would have had a striking appearance and may have had a good turn of speed - but those tail booms look awful thin to sustain many bumpy landings or high-g manoeuvres.



AIRSPEED AS-31

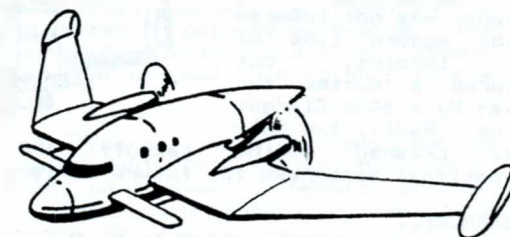
Another unorthodox machine which never took off beyond the drawing board, was the Boulton-Paul P-100. Hitherto, B-P had produced a number of particularly ugly biplane bombers, but the

P-100 was to have been a sleek canard (tail-first) aircraft shoved along by contra-rotating airscrews in the tail. To safeguard the pilot from getting sliced by them if he had to bail out, the cockpit section was to be dropped away beneath the aircraft. The Rolls-Royce Griffon engine was to have propelled it at around 335 mph. Interestingly, many modern jet fighters are now using this canard layout.



BOULTON-PAUL P-100

As far as I can make out, the Handley-Page 'Manx' did fly at least once in 1942, but information is sparse. The Manx was a twin-engined light plane designed as the prototype for a heavy bomber. Designed by Dr. Lachmann, it featured a 'floating-nose' aerofoil which apparently worked satisfactorily, but was never proceeded with.



The Hawker Hurricane is one of the memorable monoplane fighters of WW2 -- but did you know that it also had a biplane version? The new monoplane fighters could outperform the old biplanes in almost every way -- except for the length of take-off run. A snag which put short landing fields out of bounds. To get

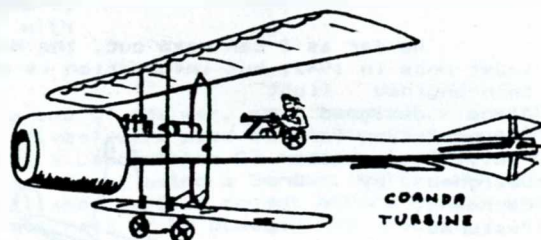


round this, tests with a 'slip wing' were carried out, first with a purpose built aircraft, the Bi-Mono, and then with a modified Hurricane. An extra upper wing (without ailerons) was built, plus a pair of 'N' struts to hold it in place. Once up to height, the extra wing and struts were jettisoned.

Flight trials proved the idea workable, but as so often happens the scheme was overtaken by improvements in engine power which achieved the same end with none of the penalties -- such as where was the jettisoned wing likely to come down?

Perhaps not so so weird, but certainly wonderful is the first jet aeroplane. Ask anybody who invented the jet, and they'll probably answer Frank Whittle -- whose first engine powered a Gloster monoplane in the early days of the war. This rather ignores the fact that the Germans were already well along the way, and their Me262 twin jet fighter was operational well before the Gloster Meteor. Back pedalling through time doesn't stop there however, as before the war, the Italians had flown a ducted fan aircraft, the Caproni-Campini which actually featured an after-burner in the tailpipe to increase thrust. They also built the Caproni Re2007 jet fighter in 1944. Interesting as all these are, they are nowhere near taking the title of world's first jet aircraft.

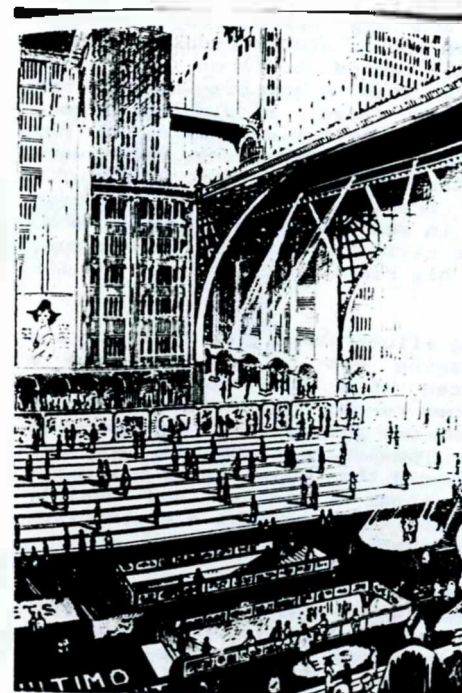
To find that, we have to go right back to 1910 !! That was when Henri Coanda, born in 1887 produced his brain child. Admittedly, his biplane was not powered by the modern type of jet turbine, but featured a ducted fan driven by a 50hp Clerget engine. Sadly, the only model crashed during takeoff and Coanda returned to more conventional airscrews for future designs



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Art In SF



I have a stack of books on 'Science Fiction Art' ranged along my bookshelves, but surprisingly, few of them say much (if anything) about individual artists or their techniques. The preference seems to be .. 'The boom Fifties saw garish covers depicting thinly clad females', or 'Frank R. Paul was noted for his machines and aliens'. Some writer's such as Frewin in his '100 Years Of Sf Illustration' try to distance themselves from their subject by making

weak jokes -- "Here we see the spaceman, (could it be Biggles father?) being lifted by a 'scarlet fire'". Such valueless smidgins of misinformation are usually squeezed in between shoals of otherwise excellent illustrations culled mainly from the pulp magazines.

Sadly, very few of these books look at specific artists, their techniques, or the changing demands of the magazines and their responses to same. One good reason for this, is that very little information seems to be available along these lines. Which is another way of saying that I don't have any inside secrets to impart either. So what am I waffling about?

Simple, I just felt like airing a few highly personal impressions of the work of a limited number of artists, mainly of those whose artwork has appeared in Astounding/Analog. The latter limitation stems from the fact that I have an almost complete file of that magazine (anyone care to sell me the missing issues for 1930-34 ?).

Looking back over those years, certain names spring immediately to mind. Frank R Paul, Elliot Dold, Marchioni, Hans Wessolowski (better known as 'Wesso'), Howard Browne, Schneeman, Finlay, Cartier, Rogers and others. Hopefully, I hope to write of some of these in future issues -- if my photography -- photocopy -- and printer can cope with reproducing the artwork.

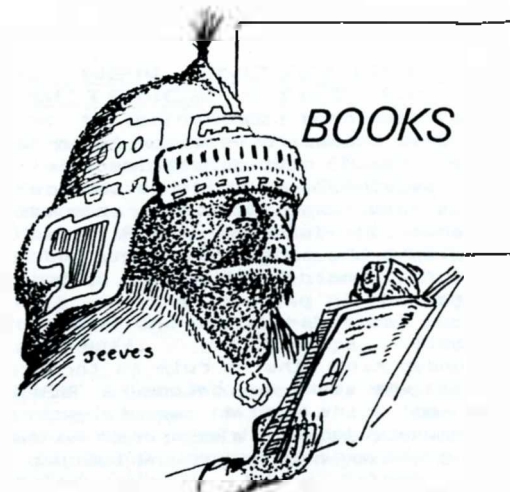
For openers, who better to start with than FRANK R. PAUL. (1884-1963), who was noted for his intricate machines, superb control of perspective and his weird, non-ferocious aliens. Indeed, some of them looked almost cuddly! On the other hand, his human figures all tended to look very much alike. Not that he couldn't draw them in any pose needed, but his men were all rather podgy faced, middle aged, wore jodhpurs and looked rather like left-over 'extras' from Metropolis. His (bosomeless) willowy, dark haired women were usually dressed in straight, shapeless frocks, or tastefully draped bedsheets similar to Greek style chitons. However thanks to a thorough grounding in mechanical engineering, when it came to machinery, fantastic cities or strange inventions, there was nobody to touch his richly detailed pen and ink work.

Just look at that heading illustration done by him.. and bear in mind that this drawing was first made into a line-block and mass-reproduced onto pulp paper for the magazine. The pulp page was then re-photographed and printed in the book from which I took my own photograph. My photo was then photocopied on to paper, pasted up alongside this text and sent off to my printer. He did the necessary to bring you this copy of ERG. Despite all these sequential and quality destroying steps, the illustration still remains a masterpiece of imagination, grandeur and perspective.

Paul appears to have worked mainly with a fine-nibbed pen, a Gillott's 659 or similar. On the occasional illustration, I fancy I can find signs that he may have used scraperboard .. but then I shake my head and decide that he just used some process white to add detail to his fantastically intricate pen and ink work. A master of perspective and composition, he was never afraid to tackle even the most involved assignment, and this despite a killing work load involving much of the gadgetry depicted in Gernsback's

other magazines on radio, electrical news, everyday science, and even a short-lived comic! He also appeared in Astounding for a few issues in 1931.

It may be just a personal feeling, but somehow, I never cared for Paul's cover paintings. The intricacy was there, as was the mastery of perspective, but the colours were too garish, though of course much of that can be blamed on the printing limitations of that era. Nevertheless, they were still striking affairs and doubtless achieved their object of catching the eye of the bookstall browser.



STORMWARDEN Janny Wurts
Grafton £12.95

To save his village, Stormwarden, sorcerer Anshiri allows himself to be imprisoned for a crime committed by evil sorceress Tathagres. She seeks to force him to release the frostward creatures as part of her plan to gain ultimate power and also takes as hostage and weapon, young Emein and his sister Taen. Clashes of

sorcerers follow, the frostwargs are released and are only bound by Anshiri's sacrifice. A massive, 378pp and adjective-full fantasy of magic, ambition and treachery. 'Cycle Of Fire' trilogy. Bk.1

THE VERTICAL PLANE Ken Webster Grafton £3.99

Footprints appear on a kitchen wall, food containers are stacked by an unseen hand, then a BBC computer produces strange messages. The author tells the factual account of gradually becoming involved in communication with someone who lived four centuries ago. Frankly, I don't believe a word of it - but if the paranormal and time-spanning grab you, then wade in.

A WIND FROM BUKHARA M.J. Engh Grafton £3.99

In some inexplicable manner, Turkistan General Arslan has established martial law in the USA and made his HQ in the small town of Kraftsville. Employing rape and violence, he starts his plan to rebuild civilisation by creating thousands of isolated communes. School principal Bond is forced to assume the uneasy position of middleman and resistance leader as township and tyrant gradually adjust to the new reality.

THE HEIR APPARENT Joel Rosenberg Grafton £3.50

Fourth of the 'Guardians Of The Flame' wherein several game players are cast into a world where magic works and their games personas are real. Karl Cullinane is now an Emperor, but his enlightened rule has earned many enemies such as Ahrmin of the Slavers' Guild. A lively fantasy of dragons, telepathy and heroic warriors.

JERICHO FALLS Christopher Hyde Headline £3.99

A truck crashes releasing bacteriological weapon virus QQ9 on the small town of Jericho Falls. A ruthless military cordon is thrown around the town killing anyone trying to leave. Sheriff Jack Slater declares martial law and seeks to save the town, a task complicated by grafting town boss Luther Coyle who has secret contact with the Army.

A steady, relentless escalation of tension and death make this a gripping, un-put-downable novel .. and it will make a terrific film.

ON THE SEAS OF DESTINY Ru Emerson Headline £2.99

This third 'Tale of Nedao' see Ylia, Witch Queen of Nedao again facing the evil black mage Lyiadd. She loses her son, her powers and taken prisoner. Her husband Galdan must face terrible perils and powers to save her.

EARTHBOUND Richard Matheson Robinson £10.95

To make up after an affair, Dave Cooper takes his wife for a second nostalgic honeymoon in a lonely beach cottage. Then the ghostly beauty Marianna arrives to seduce Dave who is already having difficulty in making love to his wife. Warnings by local woman Grace, who tries to exorcise the succubus, are of little avail. The demonic love-making saps his energy widens the marital rift and only drastic action can defeat Marianna -- for a time. A well-paced, gripping tale of modern day haunting and terror.

LAST SWORD OF POWER David Gemmell Legend £3.50

Now in paperback. Britain under King Uther's rule is threatened by the forces of evil sorcerer Wotan who seeks to become a Black God. Foundling Cormac (Uther's lost son) joins with an immortal sorcerer to foil him. They rescue Andrine, wielder of strange powers, but Wotan steals Uther's soul. A gripping S&S saga of bravery and magic.

Two Beaver juveniles, Books 1 and 2 of "Legends Of The Lone Wolf" by Joe Dever & John Grant, at £2.50 each. Herewith jacket quotes.. **ECLIPSE OF THE KAI** "Vonotar the magician is angry, his ambition thwarted by the Brotherhood, he chooses to betray them and join forces with the evil Darklord Zagarna. Thus the fate of the Kai, the warrior elite, is sealed .. an epic fantasy saga"

THE DARK DOOR OPENS "In a devastating attack by the Darklord Zagarna, the Kai Lords have been wiped out. Sole survivor is Silent Wolf who knows he must avenge this terrible massacre. His only allies are Benedon, an apprentice magician and a mysterious being called Alves. He begins a desperate journey to warn King Ulnar of impending doom"

FAR AS HUMAN EYE COULD SEE Isaac Asimov Grafton £3.99

17 more superb essays from the Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction. They cover such diverse topics as missing elements, electricity (batteries, fuel cells, solar power etc), vitamins, vacuums, stars, planets, the end of the world and much more - all in Asimov's lucid, anecdotal style. Excellent, informative reading.

MORLOCK NIGHT K.W.Jeter Grafton £2.99

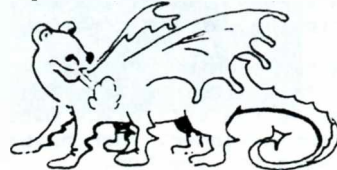
A sequel to 'The Time Machine' in which intelligent Morlocks have captured the Traveller's device and are ravaging London of 1892. Dr. Ambrose (Merlin) recruits Edwin Hocker and a woman from the future to aid in liberating a reincarnated King Arthur to combat them - and the evil Dr.Mordenne. A free-wheeling extrapolation blending SF and fantasy.

LAND OF DREAMS James P Blaylock Grafton £3.50

16-year-old Skeezi finds a giant shoe on the sea shore, his friend Jack sees a tiny man disguised as a mouse. There's a giant bird, migrating crabs and the Carnival comes to town in a wandering, dream-like fantasy you'll love or hate.

HEAVEN CENT Piers Anthony N.E.L.£6.95

Set in the magic land of Xanth, Good Magician Humfrey has vanished in a cloud of Holy Smoke. Nine-year-old magician, Prince Dolch and the skeleton Marrow Bone set out to find him on a journey beset by harpies, dragons, amorous females and hazardous puns. 324 large-sized pages of adventure and humour. This is the lovely, anything-goes sort of story which should appeal equally to adults and children.

**THE NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION**

Ed. James Gunn Viking £17.95

Time to bring out the superlatives for this massive, 524pp.Qto, slick paper volume. Crammed with articles, essays and information on every aspect dear to the SF lover's heart - and that includes fandom, films, special effects, cosmology, the Golden Age, authors, stories, robots etc. The contributor list alone takes 8 pages and reads like a SF Hall Of Fame. Profusely illustrated with photos, reproductions and a colour section, this is one of those reference sources you'll keep turning to for factual information and idea stimulation. One minor quibble is the placing of the page numbers in the spine-crease, but ignore them and use alphabetical location instead. A must for every true SF buff.

MIDNIGHT Dean R Koontz Headline £12.95 (Paper £3.99)

Another biggy (438pp). A series of suspicious deaths brings together four people - Tessa Lockwood quervying her sister's 'suicide', FBI man Sam Booker, eleven-year-old Chrissie (too adult by far) and crippled veteran, Harry Talbot. Gradually it emerges that the shape-changing 'New People' result of a warped experiment (just HOW did it start?) are taking over and have sealed off the town. Ignore the rather thin characters as you get immersed in this gripping tale of escalating horror in the small American town of Moonlight Cove. A neat blend of fantasy and SF.

THE COMING OF THE KING Nikolai Tolstoy Corgi £4.99

This 800+pp 'First Book Of Merlin' sees Merlin relate his story, midwife at his own birth, he is cast into the sea and lives as a fish until rescued by Prince Elfin whose wife he saves from a fate worse than death. He joins perilous games, gains great powers and becomes the confidant of kings. A richly descriptive tale for fantasy lovers.

KING OF THE MURGOS David Eddings Corgi £3.99

In this 2nd Book of Mallorion, Garion and Ce'nedra seek their infant son, kidnapped by the evil Zandramas. Accompanied by Prince Keldar, plus sorcerers Belgarath and Polgara they face dangerous caverns, the Snake Queen's swamps and the lands of the human-sacrificing Murgos as events reach a confrontation the Child Of Light and Zandramas to save humanity from the Forces of Darkness.

THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT SAVES THE WORLD Harry Harrison Bantam £2.50

Re-issue of the 1975 Sphere title (it was 45p then). Slippery Jim Di Griz wreaks havoc up and down time as he pursues arch-villain, He whose machinations have involved the Rat's wife and threaten the world. The lightweight plot is saved by the high speed, flowing action and the nice touches of humour.

NIGHT SHADE Gloria Murphy Corgi £2.99

Twelve years ago, widow Jen Sawyer was brutally raped whilst tending her husband's grave. As a result of the assault, she bears twins, a boy and a girl. Now twelve years later, Seth the psychiatric rapist returns, kidnaps her children and holds them hostage against Jen's submission to him. A modern style horror tale of sex and sadism.

ARAMINTA STATION Jack Vance N.E.L. £3.50

The Yips are at the bottom of planet Cadwal's stratified society which is administered from Araminta Station. When Glawal Cladduc's girl Sessily vanishes, the trail leads to attempted rape, sundry crimes and a Yip uprising. A hefty, satisfying novel crammed with Vance's unique names, places characters and customs. If you missed it before, don't miss this re-issue at a much lower price - it's a bargain.

ROBERT E. HOWARD'S WORLD OF HEROES Ed. M. Ashley Robinson £3.95

If you like invincible heroes overcoming insuperable odds, then you need to look no further than this 10-story collection of Howard's warriors. In different, but strangely colourful lands, we meet Conan, Niod, Kull, Bran Mak Morn, two Cormacs, Turlogh O'Brien, Solomon Kane, Kirby O'Donnell and Francis X Gordon. All Conan clones of course but their weird adventures are no less exciting for all that. 400+ pages of mighty sagas for only £3.95, how can you lose?

WITCH BEAST Bernard King Sphere £3.50

Something strange is happening in decaying Uptown, residents and animals are falling under the spell of the other, the beast Shuck, as it seeks to establish itself by growing into the body of Leader, a huge Newfoundland dog. Feral dogs hunt his opponents and the only opposition is from the off-beat scholar, Marker and an only half convinced DCI Wilson. A gripping horror-fantasy set in present-day Britain.

KNIGHTS OF DARK RENOWN David Gemmell Legend £5.95

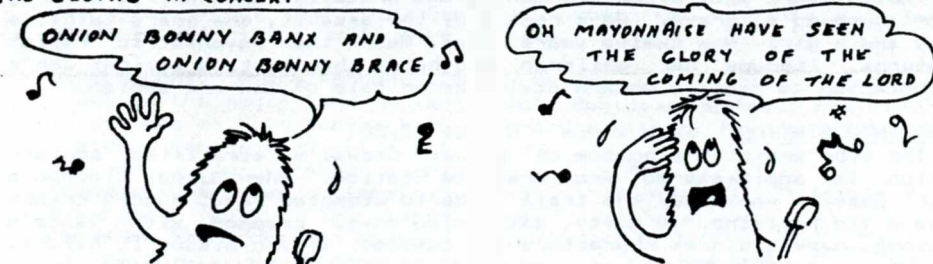
The Knights of The Gabala fought for freedom and justice, but when they were lured through a Gateway between worlds, they were changed. Now, Mananna, the coward they left behind must follow, free himself from a helmet slowly killing him, and overthrow a tyrant ruler. A fascinating mix of assorted characters, warriors, sorcerers in a well-blended tale of honour and treachery make this 400pp trade-size pb an excellent read. For once, a fantasy I really enjoyed!

FALLING FREE Lois McMaster Bujold Headline £3.50

In this former Analog serial, engineer Leo Graf arrives at a space station to find the Company using bio-engineered 'quaddies' (four arms and no legs) as slave labour - and preparing to 'eliminate' them. He is soon enmeshed in a rescue scheme which increases in complexity as he plans a space hi-jack. Bujold is one of the few writers still turning out good space opera, and this is one of her best.

THE AWAKENERS Sheri S Tepper Corgi £3.99

Humans and Thraish have an uneasy Contract whereby Thraish eat human dead in exchange for making some humans immortal. Boatman Thrasne sails the World River and meets Parma Don, a rebel Awakener whose job was to raise zombie workers and is now hunted by the aliens. Now in paperback, a superb tale of a 'lost' human colony with an outre background and strange customs. A setting to equal the best of Jack Vance. Recommended.

THE GLUMPS IN CONCERT**WETWARE** Rudy Rucker N.E.L. £2.50

A cyber-dunk follow-up to 'Software' where Lunar robots revolt. Now, they are grabbing humans and replacing brain tissue with programming units to create human/robot 'meaties'. Each 'Manchile' seeks to perpetuate its species with the aid of any available female. 'Searcher' and ex-junkie Stahn stumbles on this in his search for the missing Della Taze. An unusual yarn if you can handle the jargon.

NEXT AFTER LUCIFER Daniel Rhodes N.E.L. £3.50

When Professor McTeil and his wife Linden rent a tourist villa in the south of France, work to supply water to their swimming pool releases the spirit of the sorcerer/Templar Guilhem 'soul oeil'. They begin a trail of horror, apparitions, killings and madness before it is finally laid to rest. A fantasy of ancient forces loose in the modern world.

ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S CHRONICLES OF THE STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS J. Fairley, S. Welfare & A.C. Clarke Grafton £5.99

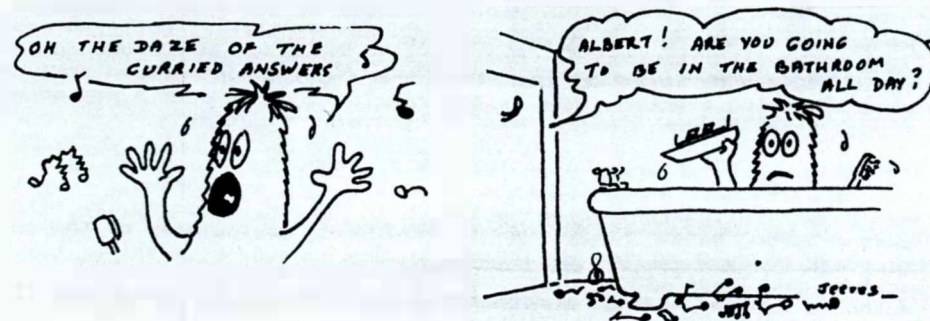
A collection of strange reports on animals, dinosaurs, feral cats, archaeological anomalies, Nazca lines, showers of fish and frogs, lake monsters, fairies, fire walkers, phantom buildings, time slips and much more. There are two photo sections, one in colour. Plenty of 'eye witness' descriptions, but little hard evidence - except what explaining the truth behind a report. Despite his name across the cover, Mr. Clarke's contribution seems limited to a few inter-paragraph items. Otherwise, a fascinating compendium of the unusual, the inexplicable and a sprinkling of hoaxes.

FLIGHT FROM NEVERYON Samuel R Delaney Grafton £3.99

Third in the series set in the fantasy land of Neveryon. Sex (normal and 'queer'), violence and drugs abound as the barrier between reality and Neveryon begin to break down. Not my kind of fantasy, and I often wonder why fantasy lands are always so mediaeval with taverns, horses, swords etc. However, if you're interested, the last few pages tell you how to avoid AIDS.

THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE Norman Spinrad Grafton £3.50

Sangre is a hell-planet ruled by the sadistic members of the 'Brotherhood Of Pain' who breed slaves for torture - and food. Asteroid-Belt Dictator, Bart Frader flees a take over of his patch and picks Sangre as a likely place for a revolution and thus give him new Empire. He achieves this by being as bad as the Brotherhood using drugs and violence to gain his ends.



NIGHT FEARS Ed. Clive Barker Headline £5.99

Horror addicts get a feast in this large size, 13 story, 3 author (Kuntz, Bryant and McCammon) collection. Short tales always have more punch than long drawn out yarns, and here you meet an alien parasite, a metamorph. fanatic atheism, a werewolf, fraternity initiation, witchcraft, possession, rape, monsters and others, all set in the present - plus some Author Notes and a goodly number of excellent atmosphere-setting illustrations. It's a king-size edition of *Weird Tales* without the tedious Gothic verbosity. Recommended.

THE STORY OF THE STONE Barry Hughart Bantam £6.95

Set in a 'China that never was', this sequel to 'Bridge of Birds' tells of an evil Prince risen from the dead. Master Li and his brawny assistant Number Ten Ox seek to lay the ghost and must find a stone of power - against opposition by zombies, demons, witches and other perils. As detailed and slyly humorous as the Kai Lung tales, but without their near-impenetrable intricacy - happy reading.

DEMON LORD OF KARANDA Bantam £6.95

Book 3 of The Malloréen in which Garion, Belgarath and company continue the hunt for their infant son, kidnapped by the sinister Zandramas in 'Guardians Of The West'. Captured by Zakath, Emperor of Malloréa, they escape and follow a trail which brings them against the mad Urvon, disciple of the evil god Torak and the Demon Lord Nakaz. Zandramas escapes again, but it beats me how the 'goodies' survive against such fearful opponents .. but they do, and if you're an S&S buff, this king size yarn gives you a whopping 377 pages.

THE DIVINE INVASION P.K.Dick Grafton £2.99

After the Crucifixion, God fled the Earth and now returns to do battle for the Universe. Dead and cryogenically suspended Herb Asher dreams of his 'wife' Dome dweller Rommy who is pregnant by Immaculate Conception so she can carry God's son to Earth. Dick shows depth and humour as events move to a final good/evil confrontation. This re-issue of the 1982 Corgi pb is one of his best.

FANTASY TALES.2 This second issue of the revived magazine bears a striking cover and opens with a S&S yarn by Ken Bulmer. Then come tales of a prudish killer, an outre landlord, pain via telepathy, a poem, and a demon's escape. There's some excellent artwork, a lettercol and reviews by Mike Ashley. 99p a copy, or by direct sub from Robinson Publishing, 11 Shepherd House, Shepherd St. London W1Y 7LD at £4 for 4 issues (and they throw in a free fantasy paperback).

DREAM DEMON Anne Billson N.E.L. £2.50

Diana Markham has terrible nightmares and is sexually harrassed by a pair of newsmen. She is aided by hippy Jenny Hoffman, but a series of strange events begins as reality and dreams merge - a photographer vanishes, a book loses its pictures, there's a maggot-ridden doll and other shocking events. This is the novelisation of a film script with enough stock horror gimmicks for any fan of the genre.

TRADER'S WORLD Charles Sheffield N.E.L. £2.99

In a future where Earth's boundaries are redrawn, founding ex-'Hiver', Michael Asparian begins his Trader training - with a partner who hates him. He is also being manipulated by the super computer Daddy-O as he undergoes sundry training mission gaining status and experience. An expanded and combined version of the author's earlier Analog novelettes. Excellent hard core and even better reading than the originals.

CHANTRY GUILD Gordon R Dickson Sphere £3.99

This addition to the Dorsai cycle sees Hal Mayne (who was Donal Graeme) working on the satellite 'Final Encyclopedia' in an effort to interface with the Creative Universe. Earth is defended by the last of the Dorsai in a losing battle against the forces of the Others, led by Bley's Ahrens. Hal finds a new cult which leads him to his goal. Rather slower than earlier Dorsai novels, but still good reading.

TO THE VANISHING POINT Alan Dean Foster Sphere £3.50

Frank Sonderberg and family, pick up Mouse, a weird hitch-hiker. SHE claims to be 4,000 years old and on her way to 'The Vanishing Point' to save the dying Spinner of existence's fabric. The travellers find themselves on an fantastic trip through strange surroundings and dangers to aid Mouse and return to reality.

ZENITH Ed. David S Garnett Sphere £3.50

A dozen 'British' stories (if you include Lisa Tuttle), ranging through aliens, a man becoming a world, time travel, parallel worlds, future filming, futuristic witchcraft, past echoes and others. Mostly 'speculative fiction' where stories fade away leaving you wondering what it was all about. Great, if that's what you like.

POSSESSION Peter James Sphere £3.50

Simultaneously with his death in a car crash, Fabian Hightower appears fleetingly before his mother. Refusing to accept death, he begins to haunt her, his manifestations strengthening, sapping her energy and threatening her sanity as events move to a dramatic conclusion. A horror fantasy to rival those of Stephen King.

THE MAN WHO NEVER MISSED Steve Perry Sphere £2.99

Sickened by the brutality, Trooper Khadazi deserts, hones his combat skill and begins a one-man guerilla war against the Galactic Confederation investing the planet Greaves. Striking far and wide he simulates a much larger force to stir up rebellion. A fast-paced and highly readable space opera.

SPELLFIRE Ed Greenwood Penguin £3.99

Another in the 'Forgotten Realms' series sees Shandrill of Highmoon seeking adventure. She finds it in the grotto of an underground monster where she must control great magic to defeat the evil creature and save the Realms. Mediaeval fantasy with lashings of monsters, dark forces and magic.

THE GENTLE GIANTS OF GANYMEDE James P Hogan Grafton £2.99

2nd in the Giants trilogy sees Dr. Victor Hunt experimenting with items found aboard the ancient Ganymedean spacecraft. Then a damaged starship of the giants returns after 25 million years, but its crew speaking through a super computer are reluctant to discuss certain topics - there's also the problem of what killed their animals. Taut, hi-tech, and gripping space opera.

SOURCERY Terry Pratchett Corgi £2.99

Ten year old Coin is the 8th. son of an 8th. son etc. of magicians and as such is a Sourcerer! He takes over the Magicians University and threatens the very existence of Discworld (supported on four elephants standing on a giant turtle.) Conina (daughter of Cohen the Barbarian) co-opts failed magician Rincewind and his mobile trunk, 'luggage' to save the day. Another hilarious, word-twisting Discworld saga - if you enjoyed the earlier ones, you'll love this.

LATE ARRIVALS

THE KING OF SWORDS and THE BULL AND THE SPEAR

Michael Moorcock Grafton £2.99 each
 Parts 3 and 4 of the 'Book Of Corus' Bk.3 ends with 'This ends the third and final Book Of Corus'. but Bk.4 follows. The tales deal with the adventures of Corus Jhaelen Iseel, Prince of the Scarlet Robe. Could be scintillating - but to me, irritating prose. You'll love or loath them depending on your taste in fiction.

ELF DEFENCE Esther M Friesner Headline £2.99

When Alinda Taylor and stepson, the elf prince Cassiodoron fled Elfhame to live on Earth, Keleirison, Lord King of Elfhame swore he'd hunt them down and bring them back. Discovered, the fugitives find themselves caught up in a struggle for the Elfin Throne.

BRIDE OF THE SPEAR Kathleen Herbert Long £3.50

With King Arthur dead, the Northern tribes are at war. Urien of Cumbria seeks to marry his son Uvain to Princess Taniu and thus unite their tribes.. but she is beset by the Old Gods who claim her as theirs. Third Book in a trilogy preceded by 'Queen Of The Lightning' and 'Ghost In The Sunlight'.

THE LEGEND OF HUMA Richard A Knaak Penguin £3.99

Volume 1 of the Dragon Lance Heroes series set in the world of Kynn and telling the stories of bit characters from other Dragon Lance tales. This time, Legendary hero Huma rides his Silver Dragon to a confrontation between the Queen of Darkness and the forces of Paladine. Sword and sorcery plus knightly honour and treachery.

STREAMS OF SILVER R.A.Salvatore Penguin £3.99

Second in the Icewind Dale trilogy. Bruenor, Drizzt, Mulgar and Regis (dwarf, orcsman, halfling and an elf) seek Bruenor's birthplace. His daughter is kidnapped by an assassin and the heroes encounter monsters, dwarves and wizards. A sword and sorcery fantasy in the 'Forgotten Realms' series.

SOLDIERS OF PARADISE Paul Park Grafton £3.99

The city of Charn is ruled by the elite Starbridge caste whose power rests in a religion of sex and violence. Two of the elite rebel against this, mix with the sub-human 'Antinoial' workers and foment unrest - which brings the wrath of the overlords. An unusual fantasy, with overtones of India and its untouchables.

DARKSPELL Katherine Kerr Grafton £3.99

Second in the series set in the alternate 11th. Century Celtic world of Davery. Rhodry and Jill aided by the wizard Nevyn, struggle to unite humans and elves - a goal opposed by the Annwyn sorcerers against a background of horses, swords, and dark forces -- there's also a pronunciation guide to aid you.

LIFE DURING WARTIME Lucius Shepard Paladin £4.99

Mingolla, Silbey and Baylor are three war-weary veterans in a Central American battle. Each has his own survival ritual and Mingolla is also troubled by his war-facing psi power against a cyberpunk background of bloody warfare and brutality. I seek to recall part of this elsewhere - does anyone know if it's an expansion of an earlier tale? Otherwise, it's a hefty trade-size paperback nearing 400pp.

FIRE SWORD Adrienne Martine-Barnes Headline £3.99

A historical fantasy in which Eleanor falls asleep and awakens in mediaeval England, but on a different time track with a different King and happenings. The land is in Twilight as Darkness is overcoming the Forces of Light. Eleanor must oppose the evil and save the land.

WISE WOMAN'S TELLING Fay Saxon Headline £2.99

Book 1 of 'Daughter Of Tintagel'. Set in ancient Cornwall where Christianity and Dark Forces are in conflict, this tells the story of Arthur Pendragon's half-sister Morgan - a girl as rough and tough as any man and the trickery of Merlin.

SHADOWS OF THE WHITE SUN Raymond Harris Headline £2.99

When the giant computer, Megat is broken into its orbital components, they become the worlds of the Hypsætra where ritual and status hold sway. Then nobleman Saren is accused of murder and husband-seeking Risha (who loves him) is sent by the immortal overbeing Volshév, to wreak vengeance. An excellent, multi-layered space opera.