

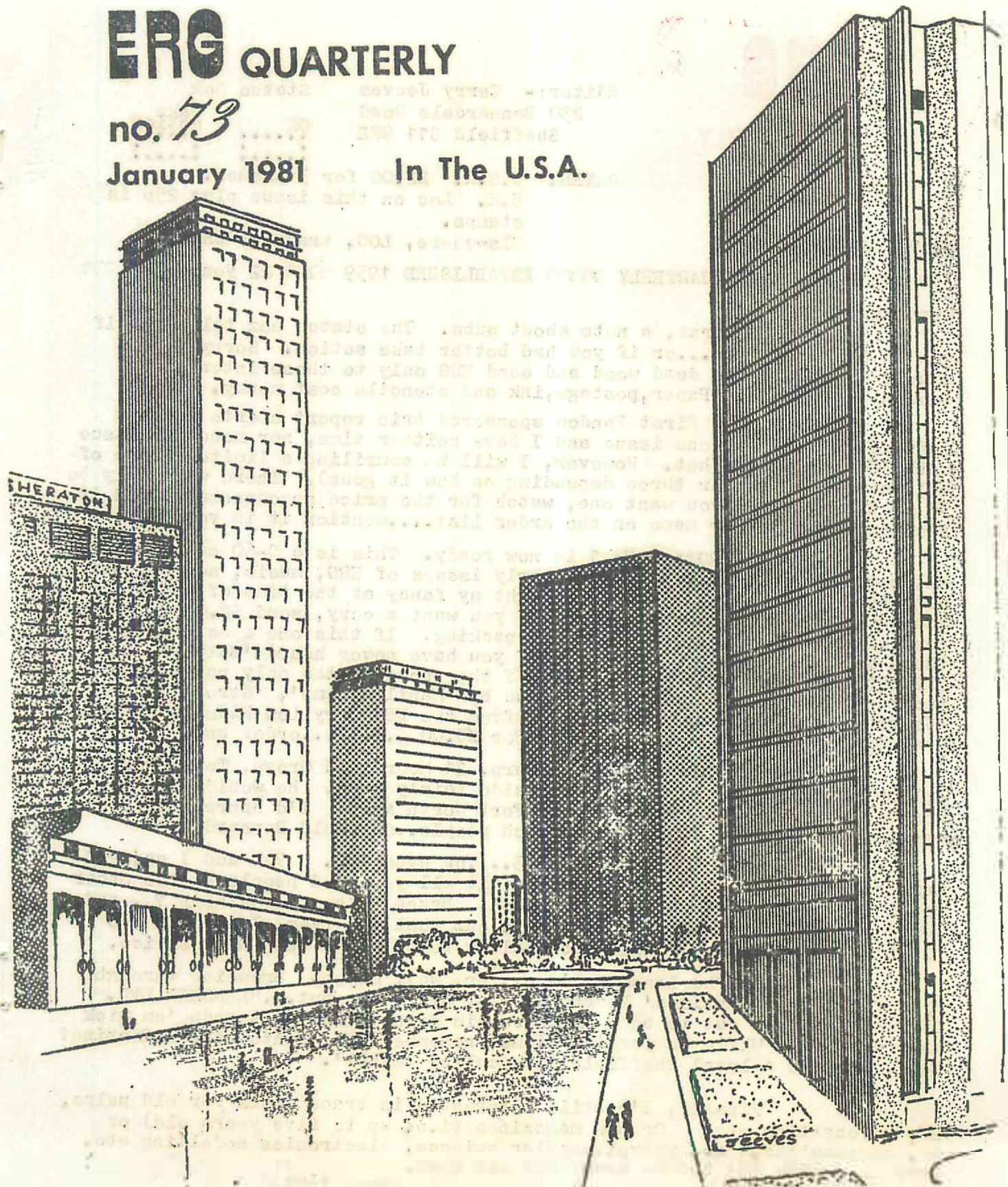
ERG QUARTERLY

no. 73

January 1981

In The U.S.A.

SHERATON



ERG

QUARTERLY

Editor:- Terry Jeeves.
230 Bannerdale Road
Sheffield S11 9FE

Status Box	
OK	Take action
.....
.....

RATES. U.S.A. \$2.00 for 3 issues.
U.K. Loc on this issue plus 25p in stamps.
Elsewhere, LOC, trade or whatever

No.73 January 1981

ERG QUARTERLY ESTABLISHED 1959 22 years old

Greetings ERGbods,

First, a note about subs. The status box tells you if you're OK for ERG 74...or if you had better take action. Sorry, but I simply must cull the dead wood and send ERG only to those interested enough to respond. Paper, postage, ink and stencils cost money.

My First Fandom sponsored trip report starts in this issue...too long for one issue and I have neither time, nor money to issue both ERG and a one-shot. However, I will be compiling a limited issue of all the parts (two or three depending on how it goes). There will only be 50 of these...so if you want one, watch for the price announcement...and if you want to put your name on the order list....mention it in your LOC.

ERGtape No.1 is now ready. This is a C-60 cassette of all sorts of things...items from early issues of ERG, music, sounds, and all other types of trivia which caught my fancy at the time of compiling the tape. So far, two have gone..if you want a copy, send \$2.00 to cover cost of cassette, dubbing, post and packing. If this one goes down well, there will be more...be warned! If you have never heard 'Batula'..the OMPACON tape play which never got off the ground...the only part to get recorded is here...plus Nartaz, Verse by 'Manilla Hemp', 'Streak Moron's "Journey Into Void" and other items from the NRG Very Low Fidelity Studio. Stateside readers can get the tape for \$5.00order now.

S.O.S. Bernard Earp, 21 Moorfield Grove, Tonge Moor, Bolton, Lancs is hoping to go Stateside fairly soon. He would like to contact fans..or fan groups in the Fort Worth area. I'd appreciate your passing his address along to any such people..so would Bernard.

LOS ANGELES in '83....or even '82. Val and I enjoyed our Boston trip so much we hope to visit all you good people on the other coast as soon as we can raise the cash. Bruce Pelz..do you hear ? ..and Ferry ...and...heck all you nice guys out that way (yes, I include Bob Bloch and Bob Tucker). Tell MacDonald's to put me a 'Big Mac' on ice.

The Lensman lives...er, well maybe. Browsing through my 'Writers' and Artists' Yearbook, what did I see but..."LENSMEN LTD." OK, so it turned out to be a photographic agency...but what made 'em pick that name ? While on farish firms, remember Eric Bentcliffe's fanzine? Well, there's a local Sheffield firm called 'WALDO'.

Finally, I'm still interested in trade deals for old pulps, SF, aeronautics etc. Or new magazines (i.e. up to five years old) on SF, aeronautics, space travel, popular science, electronics modelling etc. Drop me a line and let me know what you have.

Happy 1981, Terry.

CALIFORNIA

Correction, insert
"BOSTON"



HERE I COME

Jerry Jeeves

The whole thing started in the summer of '77 when Dave Kyle phoned me from the Midwestcon to ask if I would be First Fandom's Quest at the Florida Suncon. Once convinced that it wasn't a hoax, I gasped out 'Yes please' or some such epic phrase, and began making plans. Hardly had Dave rung off, than I bashed out an application for a leave of absence and mailed it off to the Sheffield Education Committee. They must have thought me bonkers, as it was only a couple of weeks since I had been forced to cancel a contingency leave when Peter Roberts won Taff. Not to worry, of such twisted threads is life's rich tapestry made.

Next day, on my way home, I called in Cook's to book my flight. That was where the trouble began. It seems I was two days too late to book for APLX, ABC, or any other alphabet soup of reduced fare. "What about the normal scheduled flight?", I asked in my innocence. "£299, sir" was the answer. At that time, the Fund had £200 and I had a flat zero in my bank account thanks to Eastercon, and the spanking new four-door Kadett Special I had just shot the wad on. Laker's cut price trip was often suggested, but for me it was a non starter. My departure dates and return dates were as immutable as the jolly old laws of the Medes and Persians. No room (or cash) there for any..."Sorry mate, full up. Go find a hotel and try again tomorrow."

In the end, we took a rain check, cancelled the idea of getting me to Suncon and worked on the 78 Iguanacon...so again I wrote off to the Education Committee to cancel my leave of absence and ask that it be taken out of moth balls in '78. Time passed, the First Fandom kitty grew steadily in the USA, and in the UK I shoved every spare penny into the piggy bank. Happily, quite a lot of drawing work came my way in that time and I was able to put almost £300 quid into the kitty off my own bat, aided by a small legacy of £50 and the sale of numerous books.

Along with the financial side, there was the problem of route planning. The original idea had been to fly into Toronto and drive down to Florida, then fly home from there. This had to be scrapped with Worldcon

4
Worldcon now way across on the West Coast. As it turned out, I could still have flown into Toronto and driven to LA, but I didn't find this out until too late, with my booking in for a direct flight to and from Los Angeles.

Part of the difficulty comes from a simple fact of educational life. I had to be back in England four days after the end of Worldcon...so there was no chance of doing the usual Britisher's routine of picking up invites actually at the Con. My trip hinged on all my running around being done prior to Labor Day. I put out various howls for assistance...and that good, kind, generous and ever to be praised fan, BRUCE PELZ took me up on the lot. He planned an excellent itinerary...and made hosting arrangements which covered a large slice of American real-estate. In brief, the scheme as first envisaged, was to depart Manchester, fly into Los Angeles and spend a week there visiting around. Come the weekend, catch a plane to Albuquerque and after a week-end of American style convention to warm me up, I would visit with the Tacketts and then drive across to Phoenix for the Worldcon itself. Finally, after Worldcon, Bruce would transport me back to LA, and deposit my numbed carcass on the plane back to Manchester.

Ah well, all plans must be variable. Snag number one came when I found the Manchester flights all booked solid. The only alternative was to shift my departure point to Gatwick...which in turn meant an overnight stay in the airport hotel to ensure being there in time for early morning check-in. KEITH FREEMAN very generously offered to put me up at his home and drive me down to Gatwick in the morning...no small offer that, when you think it would be a close on two hour drive in London's rush hour traffic. I had to decline his thoughtfulness, as I thought that apart from being a chore for him, it would mean an early rise and an extra two hours travel on top of a long plane flight...result, £30 more on the bill for train to Gatwick and a night in the hotel...gad, the expense!

Then of course, the BTU rights to full movie coverage had to be secured. This meant loading up with some £30 worth of 8mm cine film in order to ensure that no aspect of this once-in-a-lifetime trip would be lost to posterity. Once the trip is over, this will be edited into a marathon long-playing (30 minutes) epic, sound added, and the whole thing consigned to the family archives, and brought out to agonise unwary guests. On the other hand, if any convention committee became desperate enough, I could always be coerced into bringing it along to fill a gap in the day's panels and speeches.

I needn't have worried about any of it...only ten days before departure time, Val was rushed into hospital. Naturally, I cancelled the trip and put everything into cold storage. The next Worldcon was in Brighton in 1979, so the Stateside trip remained on ice until 1980. This also marked the year I retired from teaching...so with a Golden Handshake, and Val saving like mad, it meant that we could both get to Noreascon in Boston.

It was at this point that Lynn Hickman and Michael A Banks got together and planned an itinerary. Not only was it geared to my own particular tastes, but it took in a lovely large slice of the U.S.A. plus many of the people I wanted to meet....

....and eventually, the great day dawned!



The Boston Tea Party

Part
1.



According to Confucius, a journey of a thousand miles begins with but a step. In our case, the distance was nearer 7,000 miles, but one small step was enough to start it off. Admittedly, we had to tack on a few more to get us out to the car, but otherwise the old boy had got his suns right.

Having had experience of the current (permanent ?) state of the malevolently cone-s'udded M.1. blocked at strategic intervals by cryptic 'Men Working' signs designed to slow traffic so that no undue noise would disturb the road crews' slumbers, we opted for a scenic run down the centre of the country.

We travelled through the sleepy village of Bakewell before the dew was off the famous tarts (edible variety), then on through Ashbourne, home of an unbelievable mass scramble along a muddy stream which they called a football game, and on to Sudbury. Sudbury is the Stately Home of somebody-or-other. We usually call in when passing because of the free car park and nice toilets. Then on to Lichfield and a glimpse of the Cathedral. The Birmingham Exhibition Centre (Universe Con Site ?) and on to our first coffee stop. Our new Kadett does 40+ to a gallon; but Val needs regular flight-refuelling with coffee. Next pause was for lunch in Leamington followed by coffee in Kenilworth and then drinks in Deddington (tea this time..but I wanted to preserve the alliteration). We skirted Oxford finally reaching the outskirts of Reading around 3pm. Finding an unvandalised telephone (bobbing for a place in the Guinness Book of Records) we alerted Keith Freeman to our imminent arrival before taking the Freeman Patent Applied for route to his home. It worked beautifully and we dead-heated with Keith at his front gate who had generously taken time off work to open up the house for us.

Much nattering ensued, Keith showed us round his domain which he and Wendy are in the process of renovating. Talk about ostentation..fancy a bloke who has TWO studies! Sheer two-upmanship I call it. Several gallons of tea later, Keith ferried us off to collect Wendy, looking remarkably fit and fresh after 11 hours work. We then made rendezvous with expatriate American, Florence Russell outside an Italian restaurant. However, Florence arrived from the opposite direction and failed to see the aircraft-carrier sized space we were standing by, and began to see-saw her giant jalopy into a space only about six inches longer than her car. We senaphored madly and she then had to wangle out again to move to the easier spot.

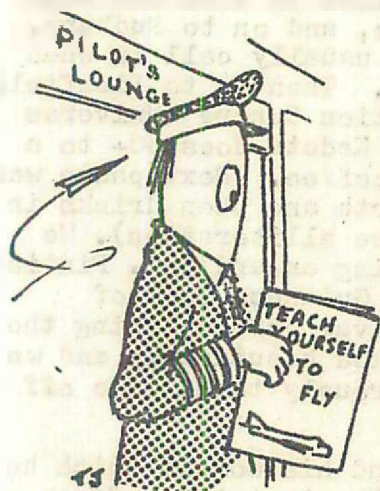


With Florence's behemoth safely berthed alongside the restaurant, we sallied into the interior. Our plan had been to host Keith and Wendy as some small return for their hospitality..No Way! Keith flatly refused to entertain the idea..or even to go Dutch. He and Wendy insisted that this was their gift to us to start the trip off in fine style. It was a wonderful evening..and lasted until around midnight.

Next morning brought even more thoughtful hospitality. Our hosts left us in bed and departed for work..but Keith returned around 11 am to cook us a lunch before ferrying us down to catch the Airport Coach to Heathrow. (he also reversed the procedure on our return.) Our heartfelt thanks Keith and Wendy..you really made the hardest part of the journey into a real pleasure).

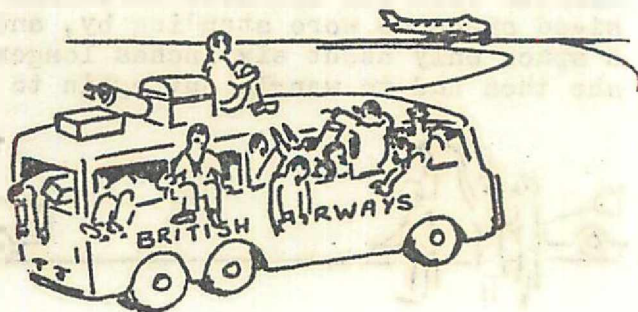
Once at Heathrow, we checked in, confirmed out non-smoking seats in the 747 and wandered round the departure lounge admiring the goodies on sale. Normally, by this time I would be all agog to head off into the wide blue yonder...but this time I couldn't really believe it was going to happen. Too many things had gone wrong along the way and something nasty was sure to be lurking behind the Customs shed. Probably God was just waiting to tap me on the shoulder and say, "Caught you..your visa's out-dated. Do not pass Go, do not collect \$200"

Incredibly, He didn't. Our flight worked its way up the departure board without snafus or postponements...other than the pleasures of watching the experienced and debonair airline pilots as they strolled to and fro in their pretty uniforms with important documents clasped beneath their arms. That sort of thing inspires confidence.



Finally, we began the airport shuffle. That Chinese-box-puzzle which involves you in grabbing all your worldly goods (in one locker-sized bag) and jostling your way out of a comfortable seat, through a narrow barrier..and into a smaller more cramped lounge....sit for ten minutes then do the same again..and again. Your passport is scrutinised for gravy stains, your visage inspected for pimples, your baggage is X-rayed, rummaged through and tickets are given to you by one bloke and vouchers taken away by another. These staging-posts are all part of the happy cheerful way in which British Airways takes good care of you..or

how any other Airline does it for that matter. Rumour has it that people have been lost and died of old age while threading these mazes. Happily our only hazard was a young mother hosting two SCREAMING children. Never in the field of human conflict has so much noise been made by so few square inches of lung tissue. They worked in relays..while A sucked in more air, B would howl like a banshee. When A fizzled out B would take over. Strangely once aboard the Jumbo, they shut up. Either through heart failure or poisoned by the stewardess. Anyway, we finally fought our way



7
aboard the overcrowded coach bearing us to the 'plane. Why Heathrow still uses this antiquated system I have no idea. At Boston's Logan and Detroit's airport, one walked aboard via 'fingers' direct from the final departure lounges. Oh well, at least the Terrible Twins left us to fly in peace. I had been planning into coaxing them to go and play outside once we got airborne.

As the aircraft taxied out, we were entertained by the air hostesses who gave us a pantomimed crash and ditching drill to the background of a taped commentary. I gather that in a disaster, one pulls the seat over the head, inflates a Mae West lifejacket from an oxygen tube in the roof and then jumps out of the window after removing shoes and tie. Then it was fags out, seat belts fastened and the 747 began its take-off roll. I managed to get most of this on cine film, up to and during rotation and becoming airborne. As the tarmac dropped away and the wheels thumped up, I really began to believe it. I WAS ON MY WAY TO AMERICA!

On the climb out, we broke through the cloud layer and eased along above a blanket of fleecy white. Only occasional glimpses of the ground 30,000 feet below reminded us of any connection with reality. That last link fell away as we headed over Southern Ireland headed for the Atlantic. Looking down, I felt it a great pity that the toilet didn't have bomb release toggles...but I used it on principle as my salute to Ireland.



Ten minutes later we were noshing afternoon tea. Scones, butter, jam, salmon sandwich, tea and biscuits. Then around 9-15 we dined on chicken, potatoes, beans, apple pie, cream, pate and crackers plus roll and butter and coffee to wash it down. British Airways certainly took good care of us. Outside, it was still daylight as we were chasing the sun. Landfall over Newfoundland, looking green, sunny and inviting, then down the coast to Boston to set down at Logan Airport at 6-40pm local time. Our baggage finally appeared on the carousel (why does my case always come down last?) and we sauntered to Customs. "Any Food to declare?" I suspect someone must have been smuggling in BA's sandwiches. "No, only some packets of tea". Honest, we did take some gift packs of the stuff..but the Customs man, gun-toting and lacking in humour didn't like the idea of Lineys bringing tea to Boston and gave us a sour look before passing us through.

Out through the door into the concourse amid a waiting crowd. There was a familiar face (familiar thanks to a photo I carried).. Hal Clement had taken time off from Mosklin and donned his Harry Stark persona to come and meet us. He ferried us through Boston's sleasiest Chinatown area and headed for the Sheraton. It was just like a scene from Starsky and Hutch. Beat-up cars everywhere, street loungers, garbage cans, strip-tease shows and bars all around. Harry finally got us to the Sheraton, but on the opposite side of the road. Thanks to the one-way system, this meant a ten minutes tour of the back streets before we could get back to the hotel. Harry helped us in with the bags, after renewing his very kind offer to put us up at his home for the week. We declined, as the hotel was booked and he had a full week of engagements..but it was still a very generous offer. We checked in at the desk, and before we could really thank him, Harry had vanished into the night. So herewith thanks again Hal/Harry and I hope you

like the B-24 tie clip from the U.S. Aerospace Museum in Dayton.

We had a minor hassle at the reception desk before they found our reservation..then to our great delight we discovered that instead of the \$80 double for the week prior to the Con, which we had expected to pay, they were only charging the special Con rate of \$49 for the whole of our stay. (That of course, is per night..so don't rush out to book in at the Sheraton) This also meant that Val could keep the double room for the duration of our stay, instead of moving into a single whilst I was away in Detroit and Cincinnati.

Collecting our keys, we set off in search of room 2357. Not as easy as it seems, as the Sheraton boasts two towers (see heading illo) with one tower having 6 elevators to serve its 29 floors with rooms 1 to 50. The newer building, holding our room, had 4 elevators and room 51 to 99. The newer elevators were craftily hidden out of sight past a cocktail lounge, the Polynesian 'Kon-Tiki Ports' Restaurant and a couple of shops. I asked a passing bell hop where the lifts were. Blank amazement..until I re-phrased my query to call 'em elevators. Multilingual we Jeeves. The delay meant that we dead-heated with the bell hop pushing a trolley bearing out bags, so we found the room without bother, slipped him a couple of dollars and went to see what sort of view we had got. ((Incidentally, that two tower system meant a lot of needless overuse of elevators...people in our tower had to travel down own building then up the other for most events and parties..and then reverse the procedure when returning. This meant double work for the machinery..which began to protest by having nervous breakdowns. One arrived for me..I got in, pressed 'Ground' and had the doors open and shut over and over. By the end of the weekend, several other elevators had developed the same symptoms.)

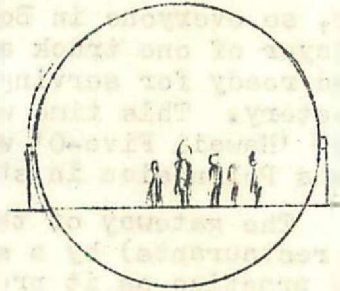
Our room on the 23rd floor had air conditioning (you could open and shut the window), two double beds, multi channel TV, bathroom, shower and toilet. Just along the corridor was a drinks machine and a free ice-maker. Further afield, on the 5th floor, was the swimming pool, complete with sunbathing area and Jacussi pool. For the uninitiated, this is a warm water pool with sunken seating and bubbling jets of warm water circulating around you. On our first trip there, we encountered Eddie and Marsha Jones just leaving, so we had a good natter before diving in.

Another advantage of having a Worldcon in Boston lies in the fact that Val is a Christian Scientist..and Boston is where her Mother Church is located. Looking out of our room window, we had a superb view of the whole Church complex just across the road..and beyond it, the Charles River on its way to the sea. The whole area is part of a land reclamation project, and the cover of this issue of ERG shows a general sketch of the Church Plaza, the Reflecting Pool, Administration Building on the right, the tall tower left centre, is the Prudential Tower from the 50th floor of which we got a marvellous view all over Boston (including the baseball stadium where the Boston Red Sox play). On the extreme left is one of the Sheraton Towers, and the window marked in black indicates our room.

We wandered around the hotel complex until around 11pm local time..which for us was 4am. Five minutes after we turned in for the night, the 'phone rang. It was Ron Salomon welcoming us to Boston. Later we had the pleasure of dining with him and his mother when with typical American generosity, they showered us with presents..including a Boston Red Sox baseball hat..which we both covet and argue over who shall wear it. Many thanks to both of you...it was just like coming home again.

Saturday morning saw us up at 8am for a leisurely stroll through the local arcade and Prudential Complex. We breakfasted in a local eatery, one of the Brighams chain. Our meal consisted of:- Home Fries (fractioned chips), 2 eggs, bacon, toast, jelly and butter (all served on one plate) plus two cups of coffee and cream. Total cost, \$2.15, or about 91p each. We liked the place so much that we ate there most of the time.

After Breakfast, we rubbernecked a bit more, visiting Val's church and the famous 'Mapparium Room'. Picture a huge globe of the World, 30ft in diameter, with seas, continents, longitude, latitude, time zones etc, all done on stained glass and then illuminated...but done on the INSIDE of that giant ball. Then pierce the globe with a walkway cunningly placed so that a person of average height will have their head almost exactly at the centre of that sphere as they walk through. The view is spectacular, but it isn't until you pass through that centre spot that you experience the weirdest effect. Suddenly, all the whispered comments of those around you, are reflected back and concentrated clearly on your head so that each person seems to be speaking to you! I reckon it must be the next thing to telepathy.



We also observed an anti-British demonstration picketing against the use of British troops in Ireland. I felt like telling them a few home truths, but resisted the temptation and we strolled on to see the John Hancock Tower...a skyscraper faced entirely with mirror glass so that it reflected views of all around, including the tiny old Trinity Church. The Hancock Tower incidentally, had all that glass insured with Loyd's of London...\$600 a pane..and it all had to be replaced when wind flexure caused it to shatter. Happily, it survived our inspection.



Leaving the Hotel area, we plunged into the hot, dark bowels of Boston and invested 50c each to buy tokens from a prisoner in a grilled cage. Turning round, we then deposited these symbols of our wish to travel on the Underground. An eagle-eyed guard watched to ensure we didn't deposit buttons or old Convention badges in error. The rise was hot and sticky (Boston's daily temperature averaged 85+ during our stay...later, when in Cleveland, it was up to 96°!!) but mercifully short, and we decamped at Boston Common station, mooched around the bevy of candy, fruit and toy vendors, then plunged into the maze of streets leading to Faneuil Market.

Spotting a Brighams, we went in for lunch. It was served to us by a friendly, cheerful, but utterly dreamy 'Brenda'...we ordered a salad each and a 'Five Flavor Sampler' of ice cream..Brenda brought that first, so we were able to watch the concoction slowly melt as we consumed salad, coffee and cream. It was delicious when we finally got to it. Lunch out of the way, we threaded the back streets. Flower-children mingled with skoppers and kibitzers gawked at buskers and saffron-robed 'Buddhists' while serene above it all, an armed, visored officer of the law sat astride his horse and surveyed his 'manor'. He went down on cine film, along with a clown doing a balancing act on a stack of chairs.

Wandering on, we enriched ourselves by a visit to the Fine Art Museum, photographed the State House and took in a multi-slide media show presenting Boston. Next came a stroll around Faneuil Market itself, full of booths, stalls and cafes, ice cream cones, fresh sea food and a lively hustly bustly atmosphere. Great stuff, we lapped it up..and hope to go back for more some happy day.

Then it as back into the Dante's Inferno of the Underground. Rush hour, so everyone in Boston was there, but we managed to get in on the top layer of one truck and arrived back at the Sheraton, neatly steam-cooked and ready for serving. A quick shower then off to search for an evening eatery. This time we chose the hotel's 'Kon Tiki Ports' restaurant. Addicts of 'Hawaii Five-O' will be able to envisage the place when I say that it was Polynesian in style and decor. For the uninitiated..read on.

The gateway of the Kon Tiki Ports is guarded (as with most such American restaurants) by a sign saying, "Please wait here for escort". A civilised practice as it prevents two parties making a mad, frantic rush rush, followed by a mini battle, for the last available table. We waited for our escort..it must have been all of ten seconds..before she arrived. Hoo boy, a gentle-voiced black haired and cheong sam (with a very long slit) clad young lady..she needn't have said, "Please follow me"..I had all ready started running on the spot. She led us over a bamboo bridge above a pool of golden fish and into the dimly-lit interior which looked like the set for a South Sea Island epic.

Brushing aside tropical palms, the odd stuffed macaw, and dodging the lianas and palm fronds, our escort led us to a table shadowed by a statue of a multi-armed deity. (I suspect they got their cultures in a bit of a stew, but who is likely to complain about that in such circumstances)

Once seated in a superb corner table with a wonderful view of the decor..and the assorted cheong-sams, a cunning young Oriental served us ice water and a huge chunk of carved ivory which turned out to be the menu. As you might expect in such an exotic place..an exotice range of dishes. We finally settled for the "Kon Tiki Kau-Kau, followed by Beef Hong Kong and Shrimp Luau. Dish after dish was ferried in by more wily Orientals and we waded in with gusto (another Oriental who happened to come in). This sort of meal isn't normally part of the Jeeves' social mileu, but thanks to numerous

Hollywood and TV epics, we knew exactly what it was all about..although I must admit we were a bit fixed at times as to which dishes required use of a fork, and which normally got handled by fingers. A superb meal and costing, with tip, less than \$40.00 for the two of us.

Staggering out under the load of food, I then tried ringing Logan Airport to check on my next morning's flight to Detroit. Very efficient phone system they have...each of the numbers I dial..Logan Enquiries, British Airways or whatever, was handled by an answering machine which



persisted in giving me nothing but a string of commercials. Several dimes later (they don't seem to have a feedback system), I got through to a human being..quite an unusual experience. Anyway, once over the shock I queried gently... "Any change in flight timing for American Airlines AA 319 for Detroit at 11-30am tomorrow?" ..pause.."That went this morning, buddy." "Well I've got a ticket for tomorrow..Flight 319." ..further pause.. "Oh, 319 goes to Chicago." Quelling my incipient heart attack by sheer will power, I tried again.. "Well, I have a ticket on 319 to Detroit." My distant friend consulted his computer once again..."Oh yes, there's been a sked change..you're on 381, at 12-50. Gate 26." I thanked the nice man and rang off. The hardened traveller gets used to such minor contretemps..one day, I may get used to them myself. Anyway, it gave me a little longer in Boston..so we took a coach trip out to Lexington and Concord which are famous for all sorts of things. The guide informed us that, "... This is where the Americans licked the pants off those Lincys"....His face was a treat to see when he realised we were British. We also visited Harvard University campus, and squeezed in a trip to the top of the Prudential Tower which gave a magnificent view over Boston.

Then of course, the airport limousine failed to arrive, so I caught a taxi out to Logan, where, after a quick cup of coffee I headed through the security check-out. My luggage went through OK, but as soon as I stepped through the body-search metal detector, bells rang like crazy. Security guards limbered up; one would-be Wyatt Earp practiced his fast draw and another happily jangled his handcuffs. I was amazed too, as I had walked blithely through at Heathrow without even raising a tinkle.

"Would you mind putting your coins and other metal objects in here sir?" asked Wyatt Earp, handing me a plastic tray. I did so, then added my pen knife and key ring. Smiling nonchalantly, I again stepped through the hoop. Again the bells rang and the cordon closed in. "Your watch sir ??" hazarded the guard. Hesitantly I removed my metal-strapped 97 function LED electronic wonder. This time, success. I was able to cavort beneath the capacity-detector with impunity. Sadly my waiting band of G-men dispersed and I was permitted to refurbish myself with things of metal and proceed along to the plane.

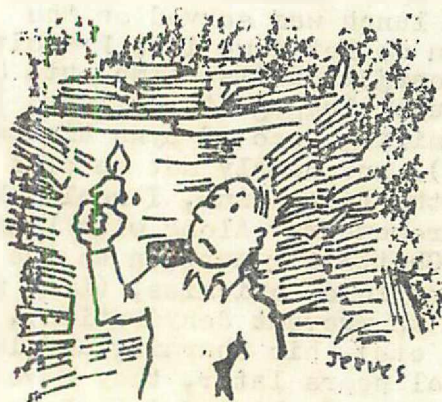
Flight 381 took off on time, but there was no real sweat about it, as I had taken the precaution of ringing Lynn Hickman and telling him of my new arrival time. A light but filling lunch was served on the flight as we overflowed Niagara Falls, and then we let down into Detroit's Metro Airport, narrowly missing a civilian Learjet on its climb out. Since I was on an internal flight and with no carousel luggage to collect, I was one of the first out. There was the happy smiling face of Lynn Hickman. We had corresponded for years (How many Lynn)..and nearly met several times before..but here it was all come true. For the first time, I really began to feel that this was going to be a trip to remember. Along with Lynn was long-time fan and publisher Howard Devore. Chattering unpteen to the minute we strolled along to the bar for a couple of quickies, (Lynn never goes anywhere without a couple of fast beers to prevent dehydration). There we met SF writer T.L.Sherred ('E For Effort, etc), his charming and lovely wife, Mary Lou, and daughter Deena. Several beers later, they drove on to catch their plane to Boston. Lynn, Howard and I climbed into Lynn's car and headed for Wauson..pausing on the way to inspect Howard's huge pulp magazine collection, three litho machines and something like thirty typewriters...I kid you NOT! Naturally, they filled house and garage, with the cars consigned to the driveway. Definitely a trufan.

Then it was back to Wauseon after skirting Toledo. We downed a couple of hamburgers then headed for a downtown pool hall which Lynn, in his kindness of heart, kept out of the bankruptoy courts, purely by his own custom.



Although it was sunny outside, within its tightly-shuttered gloom, a band of stalwarts boozed and talked to the background blare of a juke box. Typically Starsky & Hutch country, with a lady bartender, and a pool table where gladiators vied for vast amounts of money at 25c a go. Naturally, we had a few beers..and equally naturally, Lynn taught me how to play pool. In my younger days, I had been an avid snooker and billiards shark..but anne domini has intervened..since then the pockets (even on the American tables) seem smaller, the balls larger, and the balls a bit hazier round the edges. In other words, I played lousily. This didn't really matter, as I never got much of a chance to play shots as not only were we playing foursome..but the other three, including Lynn were expert players and know every bump, rip and slope of the table. Still I had fun...and I gathered that Limeys were rare birds both in Wauseon..and in the pool hall. It was a place of free speech, great fun and much argument....and has become yet another place I must revisit..preferably after getting in a lot of practice. I enjoyed every minute of it Lynn.

Back to Lynn's home to drink beer, chew the fat, and inspect an even bigger ~~slab~~ of pulp magazines..no wonder such things have gone off the market with people like Lynn and Howard cornering the lot. My bedroom was hidden away at the end of one of the narrow, murky corridors which wound their ways through the caverns of pulp literature...I bet the writer of "My Brother's Keeper" had been a pulp addict.



Gary Zacharidge arrived and set to work to dismantle and repair a miniature cassette recorder that Lynn's son had acquired in trade...possibly for half a hundred of Lynn's pulps. I don't think he'd have missed such a small number. At one point, we went round to the newspaper office where Lynn's wife works. I got a conducted tour and an introduction to some glamorous young ladies.

Around midnight, we made a further safari into the wilds of Wauseon, this time to collect Ray Beam and wife who had managed to get lost on their way to Ottokee St. Again we nattered and drank beer, so that it was

around 2-30 am. before I finally tore myself away from the convivial band and plunged into the labyrinth of pulp tunnels in search of my room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.....IN ERG 74. April 1980..so don't miss it)

Those ASTOUNDING Statistics

PART #2
=====
Stories

by
Mike Ashley

Here are the results of my delvings into the Analytical Laboratory to establish which stories received the most popular votes. (See ERG 71 for the most popular authors.) It's impossible to say which stories were the most popular because there is no correlation in voting between issues. As a result a story may receive a phenomenally high vote simply because all other stories in that issue were lousy. Similarly a noted classic may have had to contend with other noted classics so that it received a lower vote than one would otherwise expect.

There were other problems. In fact, I decided it fairer to segregate the listings into serialised novels, stories in issues without serials and stories in issues with serials. The most accurate of these would be the serial vote because it took into account more stories - especially if the serial ran for four or more issues. So let's run off the top ten serials from January 1941 to January 1977.

1.	The World of Null-A	A.E. van Vogt	1.17	(3)
2.	Call Him Dead	Eric Frank Russell	1.287	(3)
3.	The Weapon Makers	A.E. van Vogt	1.297	(3)
4.	Judgement Night	C.L. Moore	1.35	(2)
5.	... And Searching Mind	Jack Williamson	1.37	(3)
6.	The World Menders	Loyd Biggle Jr.	1.38	(3)
7.	Methuselah's Children	Robert A. Heinlein	1.40	(3)
8.	Gather, Darkness!	Fritz Leiber Jr.	1.40	(3)
9.	Sleeping Planet	William R. Burkey	1.40	(3)
10.	Double Star	Robert A. Heinlein	1.42	(3)

If you're interested in the other placings, you'll have to buy the COMPLETE INDEX TO ASE which will be published in the United States by Robert Weinberg very shortly. There I list the top 50 novels.

The short stories posed many problems since they were more prone to the number of stories in the issue. If a story received a near perfect 1.00 score in an issue with nine stories, that is a more considerable achievement than if there had only been three stories in the issue. To overcome this I used a variant of the formula adopted by William Bainbridge in his article in the January 1980 Analog to give a commuted score. I also separated stories in issues with a serial from those without to give the former a fairer showing. The following lists show both the An Lab score and the Commuted Score. The one problem was Kuttner's "Mimsy Were the Borogoves" which was given first place in the issue, but no score. It meant however

that it beat into second place an episode of van Vogt's "Weapon Makers" which scored 1.20 itself, so that whatever score you accord "Nimsy.." makes no difference to the final placings.

(a) Issues With a Serial

		A.L.	C.S.
1.	NIMSY WERE THE BOROGOVES	Lewis Padgett	(1.00) 166.67
2.	THE BIG RAIN	Poul Anderson	1.33 221.67
3.	THERE SHALL BE DARKNESS	C.L. Moore	1.66 237.14
4.	THE MECHANICAL MICE	Maurice G. Hugi	1.90 237.50
5.	THE GREAT ENGINE	A.E. van Vogt	1.70 242.86
6.	OPENING DOORS	Wilmar H. Shiras	1.72 245.71
7.	MONUMENT	Lloyd Biggle Jr.,	1.53 255.00
8.	AESOP	Clifford D. Simak	1.53 255.00
9.	IN HIDING	Wilmar H. Shiras	1.54 256.67
10.	HOBBYIST	Eric Frank Russell	1.81 258.57

(b) Issues without a Serial

1.	BRIDLE AND SADDLE	Isaac Asimov	1.15 115.00
2.	NERVES	Lester del Rey	1.00 142.86
3.	WALDO	Anson MacDonald	1.10 157.14
4.	UNIVERSE	Robert A. Heinlein	1.30 162.50
5.	NUISANCE VALUE	Eric Frank Russell	1.10 183.33
6.	THE WEAPON SHOP	A.E. van Vogt	1.50 187.50
7.	A MATTER OF SPEED	Harry Bates	1.66 207.50
8.	THE MERCENARY	Jerry Pournelle	1.53 218.57
9.	METAMORPHOSITE	Eric Frank Russell	1.32 220.00
10.	INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION	Winston P. Sanders	1.37 228.33

Notice anything missing? Where is "Nightfall", Hall of Fame classic and reputedly the most popular of all stories. Well, it only received an AnLab vote of 2.45, being in an issue in contention with Heinlein's "Methuselah's Children" serial. Its computed score was so low that it doesn't even feature in the top 25 listed in my final analysis!

Now a special bonus for ERGophiles. The following list is exclusive to ERG and does not appear in the Complete Index. I also attempted to show a comparative AnLab score for connected story series. This had its own set of problems, and I restricted myself to those series with sufficient stories to give a reasonable comparison. Since some series consisted of both short stories and serials, it meant some juggling. In the end, just ten series qualified, and here they are.

1.	Lord Darcy	Randall Garrett	2.125
2.	Interplanetary Patrol	Christopher Anvil	2.167
3.	Foundation	Isaac Asimov	2.264
4.	Polesotechnic League	Poul Anderson	2.241
5.	Nidor	Robert Randall (Garret & Silverberg)	2.275
6.	City	Clifford D. Simak	2.424
7.	Telzey	James H. Schmitz	2.505
8.	Venus Equilateral	George O. Smith	2.599
9.	Philosophical Corps	Everett B. Cole	2.974
10.	Doc Methuselah	L. Ron Hubbard	3.309

Mike Ashley
21.9.80

To The Wilds Of Ohio----

Another
View
of the
Jeeves
Tour of
The
Colonies

---and beyond

by

Michael A. Banks



I was late, as usual. The plan had been to meet Lynn Hickman and Terry at the Neil Armstrong Air & Space Museum in Wapakoneta, Ohio at noon on Tuesday. Terry and Val had flown into Boston on the previous Friday, and on Monday morning, Terry had embarked by air to Detroit on the first leg of his First-Pandom-Sponsored Tour. A telephone call from Lynn and Terry the night before had assured me that all was going well, and we would be meeting on schedule. Fine. I went to bed early so as to get up in time Tuesday morning and make the two-hour trip by noon, accompanied by my son, Michael. Naturally, I overslept.

It was 12:20 by the time we rolled into the Museum parking-lot. No sign of Lynn's car, though. O.K. we had an alternate meeting place set up..the McDonald's next door. Of course, I passed it and wasted 20 minutes finding a turn round. Finally, I got into the parking-lot, but still no sign of Lynn's car! Never mind, just pop into the restaurant and they'll be easy to spot.

How wrong I was. The place was packed and I saw not one familiar face...though finally, I spotted the back of Lynn Hickman's head and, there on the other side of the table, camera laden and incognito behind sunglasses, that had to be Terry Jeeves. It was, of course. Greetings all round, and a quick snack and we were off to the United States Air Force Museum, Dayton, to view in particular a B-24 preserved therein ((I was on B-24 in the War, with 356 Sqdn...T.J.O)). Lynn accompanied us, and Terry and I spent the hour's drive getting acquainted, as even our 8 years of correspondence and friendship was not quite the same as meeting in person. The Air Force Museum was enjoyed by all, and we left-- Lyn back to Wauseon and Terry and I to Milford -- all too soon.

I turned into a tour guide on the way back and we spent the evening on a mini-tour of the area, arriving home after a nice dinner out to try to pack a month's worth of talking into 1 evening. Terry began to nod off about 10-30 (Can you blame him?), and we called it a day.

The next morning, it was out bright and early to fly model rockets and catch them on film, particularly interesting, because model rockets are banned in the UK. A great time, but too short, as we had to depart to go to downtown Cincinnati in time to pick up a car, return and pack, pick up the kids at their schools, and depart for Cleveland and Ben

Jason's home on the first leg of the trip to Boston....we were only an hour and a half later than we'd planned in getting off.

A quick stop on the way to pick up Betty Otto, navigator and co-pilot on the trip, and we were finally off for real. We rolled into Cleveland about 7-30 that evening, the trip lightened by Terry's presence, (mainly his quick wit and tales of British Fandom, to be sure). Ben Jason had been expecting us, and we feasted on fried chicken and enjoyed good fannish company far later than we should have.

Still, everyone was up and about in time to get us on the road only an hour behind schedule. And, thanks to Ben's hospitality, which even extended to cooking breakfast-- we departed in high spirits. A note here, by the way for anyone in charge of finding accommodation for such a large group, hire Ben as a consultant. The ease with which he set up sleeping arrangements for us all was incredible. (I also have to pass along a special thanks here to Terry for not stepping on me when he got up in the morning)...almost forgot. A special thanks to Terry's wristwatch alarm for rousing us to a 7-note disco tune (sounds like science fiction doesn't it?)

A gruelling five hour drive later, we rolled into the parking area of Niagara Falls. It must be noted for posterity that Terry's first remark was, "If they don't pay the Utility bill, do the Falls get turned off?" The Falls alone, were worth the trip, as Terry will attest, but as usual, we were behind time as we were due in Syracuse by 5pm. Amazingly, Terry was able to shoot 347 rolls of cine film ..the scenery demanded being put on film, but I'll leave the details on that to Terry.

We had a problem. Dick Wilson was to meet us in Syracuse in 3 hours or so, and it was a six-hour drive. Not having a time machine or space warp to hand (Terry apologised for leaving his at home), we simply set out to drive it as quickly as possible. I drove 50 miles or so, then let co-pilot Betty take over, so as to relax, talk with Terry and Rosa, and referee the kid's fights. Unbeknown to me, Betty had set a goal of reaching Syracuse by dark, and stuck by it, braving New York police radar traps and traffic-snarling double semi-trucks. We made it before dark, and eventually were met by Dick Wilson and Carol Pohl (lifetime Members of the Good People Society) at a pre-arranged site, only 3 hours late!

Time enough for a good meal and shopping for the next morning's breakfast, before we were led to Dick's cabin on Lake Oneida, where we once again stayed up too late. Next morning gave us enough time to pack leisurely and for me to take the kids out in a rowboat..Terry filming all along. We departed this pastoral setting, our standard one hour late and set in for the final leg to Boston. We had an un-planned mini-tour of downtown Albany when I took a wrong turn after a lunch-and-gas stop. Terry also created a bit of a stir when he filmed the inside of McDonald's..I suppose everyone thought they were stars in an upcoming commercial!

Finally we entered Boston. Driving to the hotel was a bit of a novelty as Terry had been through the area with Hal Clement, the week before, so he directed me! To continue would be a con report, but it must be said that Terry was much in evidence throughout the con, more so than most American fan, I think. I hope this counterpoint to his account has passed along the basic feeling of it all ... and all too short, wonderful trek in the company of a Trufan and friend.

Michael A. Banks

Mike's latest book.. SCIENCE FICTION FOR HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS.. \$9.20 from Professional Publications..Silver Burdett Co. is now out..you will get it (won't you?)

FANZINES



Herewith a few brief notes on some of the better fanzines to come through the mailbox. If your 'zine is missing..it is more likely due to pressure of space than to any lack of quality...ERG isn't printed on elastic paper.

INTERCOM 10. M.Giuseppe,
Via Starrabba 22
90126 Villagrazia (PA) Italy
20pp, photo offset. Editorial, comics, magazines, Letters and films. Looks good..if you can read Italian. Needs larger illos though.

SIKANDER.2 Irwin Hirsh,
279 Domain Rd
South Yarra, Victoria 3141
Australia. 30 mimeoed pages.
Cover art only. Personal notes,
GUFT details (Jeeves For GWTOR?)
Minimal Worldcon Report. Aussie

news, humour on typewriters(good), & letters. Nice perzine..friendly..and of course... AUSTRALIA IN '83.

RULE 42 Chris Hughes, Univ Of Keele, Keele, Staffs. 14ppoffset. Nice cover, no interior art. News, comment, appreciation of Heinlein and deprecation of Omni. Book and Con news. Puzzle and Con Report. Short but sweet.

MAINSTREAM 5 Suzanne Tompkins & Jerry Kaufman 4326 Winslow Place North, Seattle, WA 98103, U.S.A. 400 mimeo pages, lots of good art, personal comment, sourdough recipes (ugh), humour, and more humour, Excellent lettercol and Susie's UK Trip report. How they pack so much interest into so little space is a wonder..why not try it.

THE LOOKING GLASS 18 Ben Fulves, 25 Parkway, Montclair, N.J. 07042, USA
16 superbly produced pages (offset), excellent artwork, review of 'EMPIRE', books, Fiction Competition Award Story, Verse, letters and fnz reviews. Top quality zine..40c a throw.

THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG 16 Brian E Brown, 16711 Burt Rd., No.207, Detroit Mich. 48219 ((And why didn't you meet me at Detroit airport when I landed ??)) 24, 45 pages crammed with details of just about every fanzine to hit the mail boxes. Capsule comments plus a load of COA's. This is THE best zine of its kind to keep you aware of what's being published.

NIEKAS 23 Ed Meskys RFD1 Box 63, Center Harbor, NH 03226. 60 pages of variety, artwork, comment, book and film review, letters, sf matter and very mucy etc. Its small type means you get even MORE in Niekas and it is all good material striking a neat balance between the lighthearted and the s & c. Very highly recommended.

WANTED BY THE EDITOR Needed for the British Museum (to keep me out of jail. a back issue of ERG...No 62 April 1978. If you can let me have a good clean copy..or even a tatty one, I'll extend your sub by two issues. TJ.



THE SYMBIOTIC HIND

Alfred Dyer
Hale \$5.25

When a missing spacecraft is picked up on a course into the Sun, its pilot, Weston Burns is in coma and cannot be roused. His body has been tampered with by the alien Kar-Tung, but without his revival, Earth cannot know what it faces. Then Burns establishes a mind-link with Ann, a 13 year old cripple. His mental powers increase with striking effect. Characterisation is good, plot development likewise with the author avoiding the standard cliches yet making the impossible sound credible as Ann and Wes work out their lives and the problem of the aliens. One of the most satisfying psi-power novels to come along in a long while. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

SUNDEINKER

James Corley
Hale \$5.25

The Star Harvard 1382 vanishing gives the first indication of the returning Thight Invaders. Judas Skull is snatched from his trial for genocide to aid union between SPADE, RNVN, and a few other alphabetical-soup, military factions. Aiding Skull is Wanda Doone, a girl who talks to (and gets directions from) her God.

A complicated satire on space opera which really needs a bit more humour to hit its target. Cheerful, light entertainment describes this one.

THE INCREDIBLE UMBRELLA

Marvin Kaye
Hale \$5.50

Originally three magazine novels, this complete collection follows Adrian Fillimore's adventures after he purchases a strange umbrella in a garage sale. It takes him to adventure in worlds of Gilbert & Sullivan operettas, the London of Dickens and encounters with Dracula, Frankenstein's monster a variant of Sherlock Holmes plus creatures from the Arabian Nights. All the time, Adrian is pursued by the marriage-hungry Ruth and the villainous Persano. A hilarious romp in the tradition of Harold O'Shea and other dimension travelling heroes of the late lamented 'Unknown'. If you enjoyed those 'anything goes' stories, you'll love this one.

THE RATS OF MEGATRA

Neville Kea
Hale \$5.50

In overcrowded, 1984-like Britain, Clem Angus is sacked from his genetic engineering position and immediately hired by alien Ankos Krau to complete development of a silicon-based 'rat' as a weapon against the Volspan enemies. Clem's work is hindered by attempts on his life, Volspan attacks and an escape of 'rats'. Then the menace escalates and as the menace escalates, Clem's attitudes and position do likewise. The aliens are rather 'cardboardy' but the yarn is fast-paced, has a good background and holds the attention throughout. The 'rats' in particular are spine-chilling creatures, but there are some nice touches of humour to balance their menace.

HYMO HETERO

Garet Chalmers Troy ericson (not a type,
Hale \$5.50 all surnames are written
 that way in this novel)
 is a heterosexual in a
world of homosexuals and Lesbians. He is
sentenced to hard labour in the spurs
but finds and joins a hedonistic, anything
goes, society living outside his city
and seemingly ignored by it. He has
numerous adventures, encounters man-eat-
plants, finds a deserted war craft (how
implausible can you get..it only lacks
a power pack!). Accept the premise and
the doubt, then you'll have an escapist
fantasy which pulls no punches.



SATURN'S MISSING RINGS

Iain Douglas Schiller, Benson and Murf want to go prospecting on
Hale \$5.50 Iapetus, but their spacecraft is impounded on Earth awaiting
 repairs. However, Anita Massel offers aid in the form of a
 matter transmitter with time travel capability..the trio
go through it, but to a different destination thanks to the inexplicable
actions of the baddie. They encounter interplanetary war and the reason for
Saturn's rings. The spelling is erratic ('oscilloscope, existant, guage,
adamantly, fusilage') but ~~are~~ into the yarn, the action and storyline 'hooks'
keep you enthralled to the end.

THE MOON IS THE KEY

Richard Lindsay World peace is a reality thanks to the revolutionary
Hale \$5.50 matriarchies which rule the four great powers with iron
 hands. But Man Liberation (Malib) is stirring and Roger
 Hanson, some of Britain's Governess is appointed to seek
out its leaders. Hanson also wants to trace his missing friend Blanchard and
his twin tasks make him a ~~very~~ target, and lead to adventures in a Game
Park and on the moon..where the final solution lies. Stock scenes and plenty
of implausibilites, but if you like on-going adventure and some new twists on
the 'overthrow the bad ruler' theme, then you will find this much better than
the average.

ELECTRONICS - Build And Learn

R.A.Penfold Chapter 1. shows you how to build a standard
Newnes Technical Books \$2.80 'breadboard' on which to carry out all the
 succeeding tests and experiments with a
 minimum of fuss. Then follows an exhaustive
breakdown of components, their function, symbols coding and modes of operat-
ion...all in plain everyday language following Rousseau's dictum of going
from the known to the unknown. Moreover, it isn't just talk; each item can
also be set up on the breadboard and made to operate so that explanation and
demonstration go hand-in-hand. This procedure of read-and-do is followed in
succeeding chapters on semi conductors and their use in a variety of circuits
from simple to complex. Simple transistor bias modes to multivibrators and
Schmitt triggers. Comprehensively illustrated by diagram and photograph;
everything you need to start working with electronics is here. A minor
quibble is the explanation of the resistor code. Values given are perfectly
correct..but I have always found it easier to let the third band indicate the
number of zeroes, rather than the decimal multiplier..then you only have to
learn one number sequence. Quibbling aside I wish I'd had a copy of this in
the days when I was struggling with the Admiralty Handbook and Scroggies
'Foundations Of Wireless' (still available from Newnes). Excellent value and
they also have a wide range of other technical and hobby books.

HOW TO BUILD YOUR OWN SOLID-STATE OSCILLOSCOPE

J. K. Kayer

Bernard Babani. \$1.50

Some 35 years ago, I built my own oscilloscope using a 6" VCR 97 (ex-radar) tube and a 3-valve Puckle time base. That involved much cut-and-try work, plus adaptation of circuits from a variety of books. This slim volume would have been invaluable then, although Bernard's Manual No. 61 was a great help. The current volume exhaustively details the construction of a 2" hard-tube, single-beam 'scope, complete with x and Y amplifiers and a 15 Hz to 20kHz timebase. Starting with the mechanical construction of case and chassis, the design is built up in stages so that at no time are you faced with an overwhelming circuit diagram. Trace fly-back suppression is included, also provision for external timebase, beam modulation and external timebase trigger. One great advantage over my VCR97, this solid-state (apart from tube) only needs 700v on the final anode rather than the 2½Kv of my model. All details and possible snags are covered in everyday language and since I still have an old 2" tube hiding in the garage..I'm tempted to get down to it myself..the book makes it so easy. (Bet my tube has gone 'soft' by now). Anyway..this is the book if you want your own oscilloscope

THE MAKING OF JASON

Hale \$5.25

Roger Perry

After World War 4, the Master Race fled to the stars to found a Feudal-style Overlordship of bio-rhythmic adepts, the Frats; over them a master computer called Nec. Worker Dayl, wide-boy and spiv, becomes involved with an undercover freedom movement and a young Frat girl. A computer-spiking fails, but society gets its reform in a surprisingly peaceful manner. The double-diary style is a bit irritating, but there is enough action and variety in the novel to overcome this. Dayl is an interesting character and the background detail well constructed..with the menacing cybes adding just the right amount of threat.

GENESIS

W.A. Harbinson

Corgi \$1.75

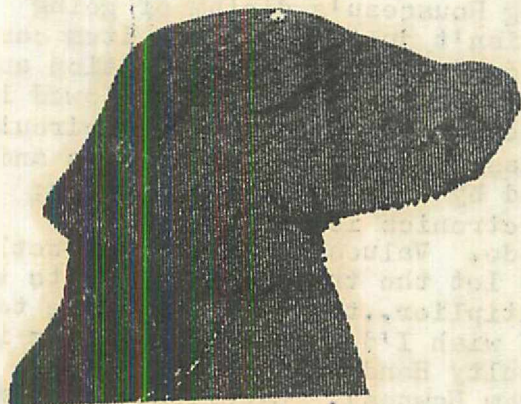
Another Overlordship, this time by a totalitarian state made from the ruins of the Third Reich, by Wilson, a 107 year old amoral genius. Set in the very near future, the story is a near-fact account of two investigators, Stanford and Epstein as they unravel the thread of UFO sightings which leads them to a whole host of robotic workers. The author has skilfully built his story around unsolved UFO reports (too many in many opinion..they slow the narrative) and skilfully creates the brooding and invincible menace threatening our World.

THE WOUNDED LAND

Stephen Donaldson

Fontana \$1.75

Devotees of the Illearth War trilogy will be delighted to find the Chronicles extended. After a lapse of ten years, Covenant again returns to the Land, accompanied by Linden Avery, a young female doctor who adjusts quicker than Covenant. Three thousand years have passed for the ten on Earth, and Lord Foul now threatens the people with drought and pestilence. The old beliefs have gone, Covenant is met as a villain by tribes which must use their own blood to provide water. For newcomers, the scene is set by a synopsis of the Illearth trilogy, so dive right in and enjoy what has been hailed as 'better than Tolkien'. Despite the rather down-beat style and Covenant's introspection and self-torment, I thoroughly agree with that viewpoint.



Jervu S

MORTAL GODS

Jonathan Fast
Granada 95p

The Alta-Tyberians have suffered radiation damage and are a doomed race unless the Mutagen bio-labs can help them. Tissue samples are brought and it is Nick Harmon's job to host the courier, Hali, while work is carried out. Then someone starts killing off the shape-changing 'Lifestylers'; Hali is charged with the murders and Harmon tries to prove her innocence. An excellent future 'Who-dun-it ?' with credible characters, good backgrounds and explicit sex.

THE FIRES OF LAN-KERN

Peter Tremayne
Methuen 'Magnum' \$1.40

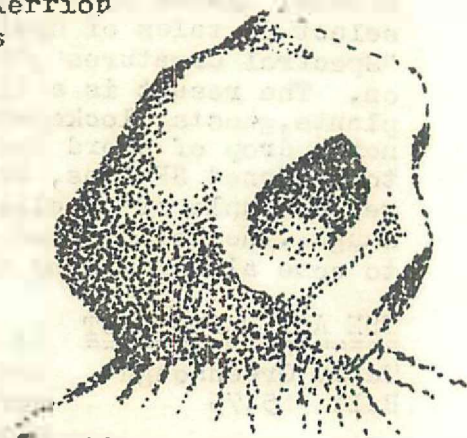
First part of a fantasy trilogy based on Celtic mythology. Frank Dryden, passenger on a nuclear sub which passes into the far future where Britain is a land of ruins, mutant animals, witches and other perils. Isolated by a disaster, Dryden links up with a warrior band (and learns the language in four days) then becomes involved in their feuds and battles. The basic transfer situation lacks credibility (as does Dryden), but if you go for doughty warlords, nubile maidens and sneaky baddies then this combination of straight SF with sword and sorcery may well be to your taste.

DREAM DANCER

Janet Morris
Fontana \$1.50

Earth is 'off-limits' to the star culture, but Marada, second son of the powerful Kerrior dynasty ventures there and loses his elder brother and his betrothed.

Returning with a barbarian Earth-girl as his ward, he faces parental censure, the enmity of his dead loved one's family and the power scheming of his half brother. Marada is trapped into an unwanted marriage, but his ward knows barbarian magic and a power struggle begins. Colourful, wide-ranging and with satisfyingly complex characters, this first part of 'The Kerrior Consortium' trilogy is a welcome change from the average space-opera

BROCA'S BRAIN

Carl Sagan
Coronet \$1.50

A series of loosely-linked essays linking man, (and women), science and the Universe. Topics as varied as Albert Einstein, Velikovsky's

Jeeves

theories, science fiction, moons and planets are covered, as are robots, extra terrestrial intelligence and a neat debunking of many crackpot ideas. Not only a scientist, but an excellent populariser, the author has produced an intriguing, thought-provoking assortment which has enough variety to appeal almost every taste (bar possibly Velikovski-ists). Excellent reading and an inexhaustible plot source for all you writers who read this. There is also an index and a set of appendices, so if you like having your brain stimulated with new ideas..or new looks at old ideas..don't miss this title.

TALES OF KNOWN SPACE

Larry Niven
Orbit \$1.35

Opening with a Heinlein-style 'Future History' Chart into which Niven has fitted his stories, then a brief Introduction before you plunge into a 13 item feast of space exploration, future crime and its punishment, robot waiters, and anarchy park where anything goes, pirates, black holes and even an encounter between a car and a roc. All hard-core, every tale tautly plotted, each item and excellent 'read' without a stinker in the lot. Niven is normally good...this time he scintillates!

ERGTAPE No.1 Interested ? Then read the details elsewhere in this issue and send in your order.

ALAN OKEN'S COMPLETE ASTROLOGY

Being a complete sceptic where astrology is concerned, I'll limit myself to a factual account of what you get for your money. First off, a whacking great 600+, A5-sized pages plus a goodly show of charts and diagrams. The work is in eight sections including chapters explaining astrology, Zodiacal signs, the planets, the Horoscope (what it is and how to interpret it), readings for several celebrities, links with religion, and the effects of stars. There is an appendix of answers to the various exercises set in the text, a very good bibliography and an excellent index. Personally, I doubt such statements as, "the atom was made in the image of the universe" or the validity of a 'science' which failed to predict the discovery of many of the planets it has now integrated into its body. Nevertheless, if you want to learn about astrology, here is a highly readable introduction. For the more adept, (Roberta Gray?) it should prove an admirable reference handbook.

MYSTERIOUS VISIONS

Edited by, Charles Waugh, Martin Greenberg & J.D. Olander.
Hale.. \$6.95

Take a mixture of writers such as Conan Doyle, Graham Greene, Agatha Christie, Boucher, Chesterton, Rohmer etc. Stir well, then select 26 tales of mystery and fantasy. Group into classes such as "Aliens" "Spectral Creatures", "Strange Phenomena", "Extraordinary Detectives" and so on. The result is a titillating mixture of voodoo, possession, man-eating plants, ghosts, locked-room mysteries, monsters and strange happenings with not a drop of sword and sorcery in the lot. One or two may be a bit bland to hardened SF fans, but each is entertaining and well-written. You also get a couple of excellent 'make-you-think' Introductions by Asimov and Waugh..the lot crammed into 500+ pages. One of the best anthology bargains to come along in many a year and an ideal train or bedside companion.

THE ALIEN CONTRACT

Terry Greenhough
Hale \$5.75

In Britain of the future, the totalitarian Government has established a band of Killers who can be hired for murder. This time, one is contracted to slay a three-stage alien which goes through a male, female, neuter cycle. The task is complicated by recurring gaps in the Killer's memory, plus the activities of two subversive groups. Lightweight, but nevertheless gripping as the Killer's character takes form and he moves in on his target. The ending however, has some oversimplified incidents which tend to detract from the powerful plot structure. With a little more care and length, this could have been high on Award lists. I'd rate it good, but a near miss.

APOSTLE

Roger Lovin
Hale \$5.75

The beetle-like Lorsi have equipped and are aiding Cultist Ibrahim Zlotny to soften up Earth for their invasion, Psychologist Jon Paterson is considered mad when he picks up telepathic signals from the Lorsi. As the Cultists take over, Paterson joins forces with Bible-thumper Josiah Crick and his daughter to overthrow Zlotny (who drops out of the story) and the aliens. When Paterson is captured, all ~~is~~ lost..but Crick's beliefs take a hand. Religion is seldom woven into the fabric of SF yarns. Here it is handled deftly, with power and artistry in a yarn which gathers strength as it progresses. ..and there's the added bonus of illustrations by Polly and Kelly Freas.

WANTED by the Editor :- Old SF magazines, Flying, Popular Science, etc., also more recent SF art books, Film books, Model Making books. If you have anything along these lines..contact me and we'll try and arrange a trade deal. COVER SALE...make your bid (starting at 50p) for the original of this issue's cover. Highest bid by March '80 gets it..send no cash.

THERE WILL BE TIME

Poul Anderson
Hale £5.75

John Havig is born with the ability to travel through time. We follow his story through childhood and on to adulthood when he visits Jerusalem and finds a society of others like himself. Havig joins them, but opts out when he finds how they act when hijacking loot from sacked cities. The leader of the group plans revenge which makes life hard for Havig and his chosen..but they hit back, and finally enjoy the remote future. This one is slow to get under way and one never really identifies with Havig because of the narration being part Havig and part Anderson, his chronicler. As for the paradoxes of time travel..they get glossed over.

THE MIGHTY MICRO

Christopher Evans
Coronet £1.50

A brief history of computers leads into their current uses and gimmicks (watches, TV games etc). Then a look at changes they are making in politics, society, crime, law, medicine, education and other fields.

There are fascinating forecasts of longevity, robotics, space exploration and Ultra Intelligent Machines (Apropos of a recent ERG, the author cites a TV-sized box as currently holding the same switching content as the human brain). This is NOT a technical manual, but a gripping, level-headed look at the impact computers will make in our lives. Based on the TV series, this is not only a must book for SFers, but an inexhaustible fund of plot ideas for the writer. Don't miss it..it may open your eyes!

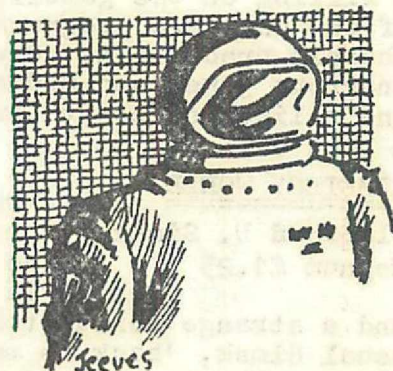
JACK VANCE is supreme at depicting alien societies. His villains possess redeeming qualities, whilst his heroes are never decisive superbeings, but fallible, soft-speaking characters. Here, at £1.10 each, are two new Vance yarns which exhibit these qualities to the full. Coronet publishes 'em.

WYST: ALASTOR 1716

Jantiff wins a contest and visits Arrabus on the planet WYST, where he falls into a strange plot. His efforts to alert the authorities lead him deeper into trouble and he is forced to flee into the wildlands and a harsh life before he comes out on top

EMPHYRIO

Ghyl Tarvok, of an easy-going wood carver is reared in a stultified society. He falls foul of authority, escapes then returns to his old home to reveal a diabolical, planet wide plot. Good reading, but several inconsistencies. If you can only afford one, plump for WYST. In either case, you get the richly-depicted society.



A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE

Edmund Cooper
Hale £5.75

The six-story collection opens with 'Firebird' a poetically beautiful fantasy of a young lad following the bird to a strange land and even stranger destiny

'Jahweh' is a brief, but new version of the Adam & Eve legend. In 'The Diminishing Dragon' a schoolboy meets a dragon which loses mass when it coughs, A neat blend of humour and fantasy. The mood changes for 'Snow Crystals' and introspective tale of peace..and a greater power. With 'Second Chance' we meet a twist on the Judgement Day theme and finally, 'I Am A Ghost' tells a light-hearted tale of a spectre coming to terms with the 20th Century.

This is a different Cooper from the purveyor of action, sex and violence. Each tale is a little gem with characters, scenes and plot neatly depicted in prose as good as Bradbury's (but without the latter's cloying cuteness). Despite the author's limited definition of SF..these are nearer to fantasy, and none the worse for that. Indubitably, Cooper at his best.

MISSION TO THE HEART STARS

James Blish Hegemony and has been given a 50,000 year probation period
Granada 95p for membership. Dr. Langer, Jack Loftus and Jerry Stevens
are sent on a mission to confront the Hegemony and shorten
the probation by threatening an alliance with the sun-dwelling 'Angels'.
Their trip includes a variety of alien stop-over points, none of which do
much to advance the plot. The story reads like a thirties yarn, complete
with mini-science essays.

GALACTIC CLUSTER

James Blish Six stories, opening with 'Common Time' about a FTL flight
Granada £1.25 which slows time and encounters strange beings. 'Work Of Art'
deals with re-creating a dead composer. Underground cities
and germ warfare figure in 'To Pay The Piper', while in 'Nor
Iron Bars', a negative mass drive leads to atomic nuclei. 'Beep' has news
from the future in Dirac transmission side-bands, then finally, 'Beanstalk
has gene-manipulated giants striving to make their way in an unsympathetic
society. All excellent reading, every one a top notch yarn. A much better
buy than 'Mission To The Heart Stars'

THE STARCROSSED

Ben Bova TV Mogul, Bernard Finger borrows money to finance a 3-D TV
Magnum £1.25 spectacular space version of Romeo & Juliet (which sounds
suspiciously like a recent TV flop) but uses the cash to
bet on a football team aiming to lose on the film, but make
a killing on the gambling. The other characters involved in the production
of the show are progressively ripped off, demeaned or subverted in the
cheapie production. One character resembles Harlan Ellison, there are many
in-group jokes and media-bashing in what I suspect is a catharsis for Bova's
and Ellison's recent lawsuit victory over a TV treatment. Not great SF, but
a load of fun.

CEMETERY WORLD

Clifford D. Simak A re-issue (1977). Earth is a vast graveyard and Carson
Magnum £1.25 arrives there to create a multi-media composition with
the aid of robot, Elmer and 'Bronco' a compositor robot.
Carson is chased by a robot wolf-pack, killer machines, ghosts
and a strange census taker. He also shifts in time and experiences the
usual Simak, 'back to nature' and bevy of Jeds, Lukes and other homely
names. The usual wandering 'quest' theme, a pleasing light story, without
achieving anything great..apart from several loose ends.

THE AWAKENING

Ronald Chetwynd-Hynes Story of the film, complete with 8 'stills! Matthew
Magnum £1.25 Corbeck discovers the tomb of evil, Egyptian Queen
Kara while at the same time, his wife gives birth
to a stillborn child in strange circumstances..and the child revives!
Events lead forward to the daughter's 18th birthday, the uprising of a Kara
cult and a return of the Queen herself via the young girl. A few unexpected
deaths, but I think Karloff did it better in 'The Mummy' Menace should
brood, not pop out every so often.

LADY OF THE HAVEN

Graham Diamond Lady Anastasia (stacy), friend of wolves in a land where
Magnum £1.50 they can speak, sets out to find the lost city of Satra
hoping to re-establish the trade and commerce which can
help her people survive. Wide ranging enough for all
lost-land devotees and lovers of lusty heroes, barbarian maids and strange
creatures. Packed with action with Stacy a dead certainty for some future
Masquerade costume at a Convention....but 'Princess of The Empire' sounds
very much like cashing in on 'youpknow-who/what'