

# HELL ONE





## CONTENTS

Cover by Brian Robinson

Contents

Page 3

Cross-Fire.... a sort of way-out intro to the  
idiosyncratic editors

4

The Ambush

9

The Inferno.... a searing indictment on the  
last mailing

10

Today's Handguns

14

Classified Ads....by David Stuart Seale

18

Gripe Water.... dyspepsia in print

19

A Requiem For SFR

23

The Non-Technical Problems of Space-Travel  
and Their Solutions.... by Roy Sharpe

25

### SPECIAL PULL-OUT SUPPLEMENT

A Checklist To "Vision of Tomorrow",

Part One

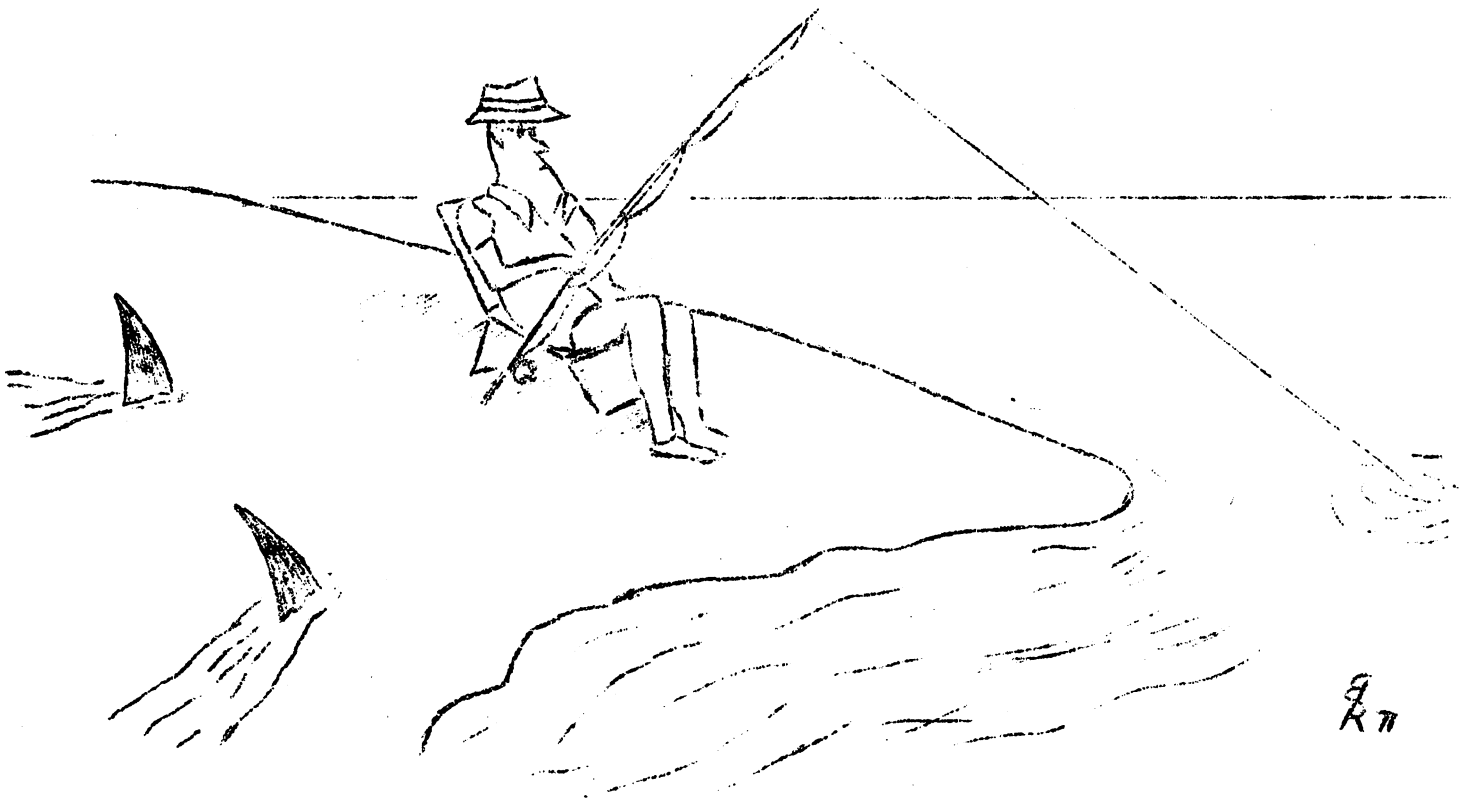
31

Back Cover by Paul Skelton

letters, notably from the States. Beat that, you Yorkshircman, you.

See, you don't give credit where credit is due! Whose "Three To Conquer" was it, huh? Three years ago, wasn't it? CAN I HAVE IT BACK? My contact with Pandon? What contact with Pandon? You know very well that I don't associate with such riff-raff. I don't need to, being just your straight-man. Anyway, for a figment of my imagination, you are getting very uppity so take over the typer and tell us about anything interesting that may have happened to you at the Con. (Things always happen to Brian, never around him)

Give credit where credit's due, oh? It was ROY'S "Three To Conquer", and he had it back within the week. As for associating with riff-raff, what are you doing in that chair over there? I'm in Pandon, for better or worse, for richer or poorer (probably poorer), in sickness and in health till gafia do us part. And you are associating with me. Interesting things at the Con! Well, it was all interesting, seeing as it was the first that I've been to. My first impression was that people to whom I'd been writing for a couple of years, as well as those that I've been reading, didn't look anything like I'd imagined. Who? Well, Rog Peyton



was one, as I recall, and Pete Weston, and....er....Terry, of course, though I have to be fair and say that Terry did give me some idea of what to expect. I think I enjoyed the discussions more than anything, especially that chaired by Ethel Lindsay on Fanzones. The auction was hilarious, of course, despite some ~~fool~~ bloke who kept screaming "I'll sign it" whenever anything of his came up for sale. I ought, too, to mention the work Gerbish did with the films. One night, he got no sleep at all, I believe. The Star Trek episode was well planned, but what can you do when the projector chucks in the towel? Mind you, I hated that blasted "Alphaville" - the biggest load of ----- I've seen in a long time. I seem to recall that I drank a helluva lotta whisky & coke, but stayed remarkably sober throughout - a good thing, perhaps. Hey, folks, how about this for a laugh. Paul's thinking of commuting 'tween Stockport and Blackpool for next year's Con. I think that he...what's that? Oh, you've given the idea up, eh? I should think so, too. I have to tell you all that he didn't go to this year's as he's too tight (with the £p I mean). Hell, that's enough - it's over to you again. You do have some contacts with Fandon, whether you like it or not, so let's hear of them.

IT WAS TOO MY "THREE TO CONQUER". You're my main contact with Fandon, and I positively refuse to talk about you. That virtually only leaves Terry Jeeves and Mike Meara, and the amount of contact I have with them can at best be described as negligible. Let's face it, I am strictly a "second-hand" fan (but you can't resist making some crummy comment there - that should stop him), avoiding contacts as if Fandon were a plague. I just hang around on the fringes and smile knowingly. Hang on, I've just remembered that "self-praise" dig. Just who is spending most of this gumpf talking about himself?.....I rest my case. Here, have some more rope.....

At last! He was 20 minutes on that last piece, and only managed nine lines or so. Th---

Look, Robinson. We've been watching the athletics, so how do you expect me to type at the same time?

Simple, really. With your schizophrenia, you should be able to do two things at once. I'm surprised that you restricted yourself. But as I was about to say, I--

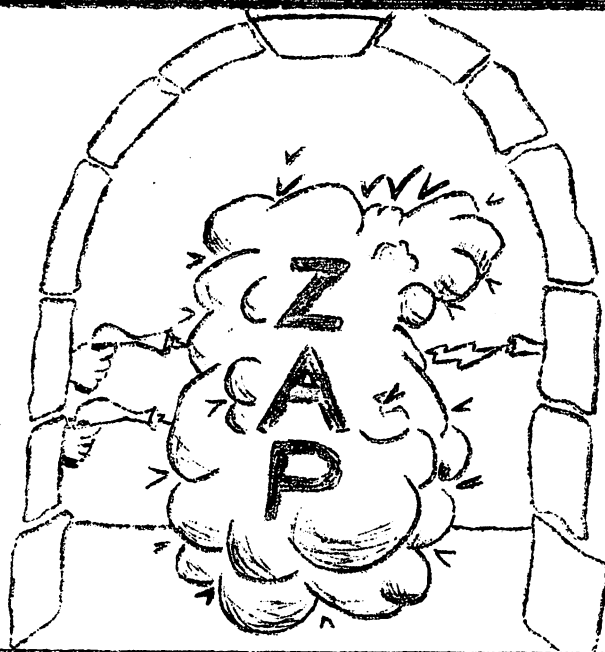
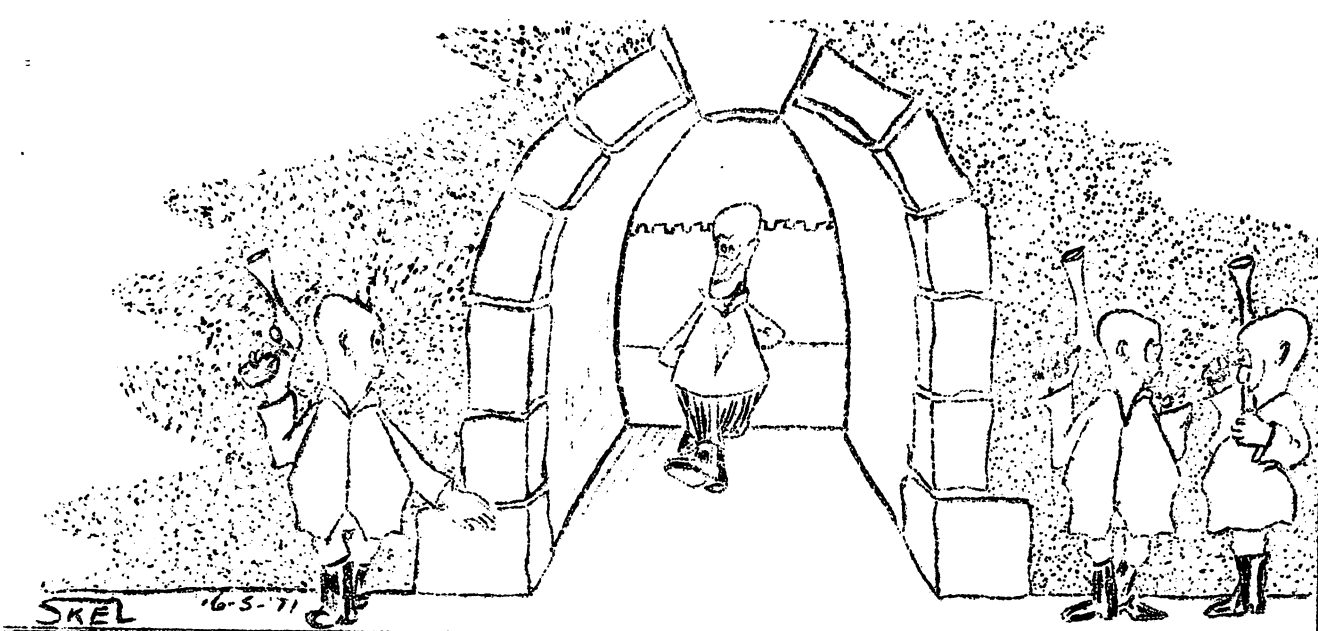
That's all very well, but one of me would be working blind!!

Okay, Nelson, stop seeking after sympathy. CAN I GET BACK TO WHAT I WAS SAYING????? Er...what was I saying? Oh yes, I was about to say that this mess is supposed to spin out to at least four pages, but now that we've got this far, I can see it going to five or more. Okay then, so it was your "Three To Conquer" that I borrowed - I concede the point, though reluctantly. Your fault, in any case, for loaning it to Roy. You know darn well how he likes to hang on to things like other people's books. Nice wife he's hanging on to, as well.

Oh yes? Whose?







THE  
ARCHES  
ZAP  
THE  
ARCHES



....where onomies  
can be nado.....

SEAGULL 16 (Ro) Well, zine reviews are okay as part of the zine, but strictly nowhere on their own. Unless your name happens to be Ethel Lindsay, at any rate. One-such is enough, though. Still, let's see where we agree or disagree, hnnn.....I agree that:-

- (a) 'Cypher' takes itself far too seriously.
- (b) Zines devoted totally to poetry are YECHHH!!
- (c) 'Cynic' does seem to aspire to greatness, but then who (in their heart-of hearts) doesn't? Let's face it, Ro, wouldn't you just love it if everyone stood up and sung the praises of 'Seagull'? See? .....Only don't hold your breath.

Geo, Ro, can't seem to disagree anywhere. Shucks.....! Liked your comment on 'Crucified Toad' to the effect that it seemed as if a lot of work had been done on it, and then at the last minute it had to be rushed. That applies perfectly to this of 'Hell'. WADDYA MEAN YA CAN TELL! Anyway, got it all together next time, huh? Thought!!! What has happened to my firm resolution that skinny zines would only get skinny comment?

PABLO 13 (Darroll) So what!  
(So that's where it went. Sorry, Darroll, but you got caught in the backlash. Blanc Ro.)

F.H.T.V. 3 (J.C.....Hnnnn) How come I got THIS one, Brian? Still, it does have 20-plus pages (he says, counting them. Please number them next time).....let's see, illos hnnnn. Wish I could have drawn like that when I was six months old (snarl-rage-rant-func). Still, they were illos, which is more than we get from certain elsebodies. They were rather grotty, though; maybe you didn't spend long enough on them? The editorial(?) was nothing but a very poor copy of 'SFR Dialog' and copying SFR is something that should never be attempted. (So naturally try it in this....also badly, but with purpose). Unfortunately, my interest in farming is restricted to but ONE question. "How come the weather is NEVER right for the potato crop?" Seems like

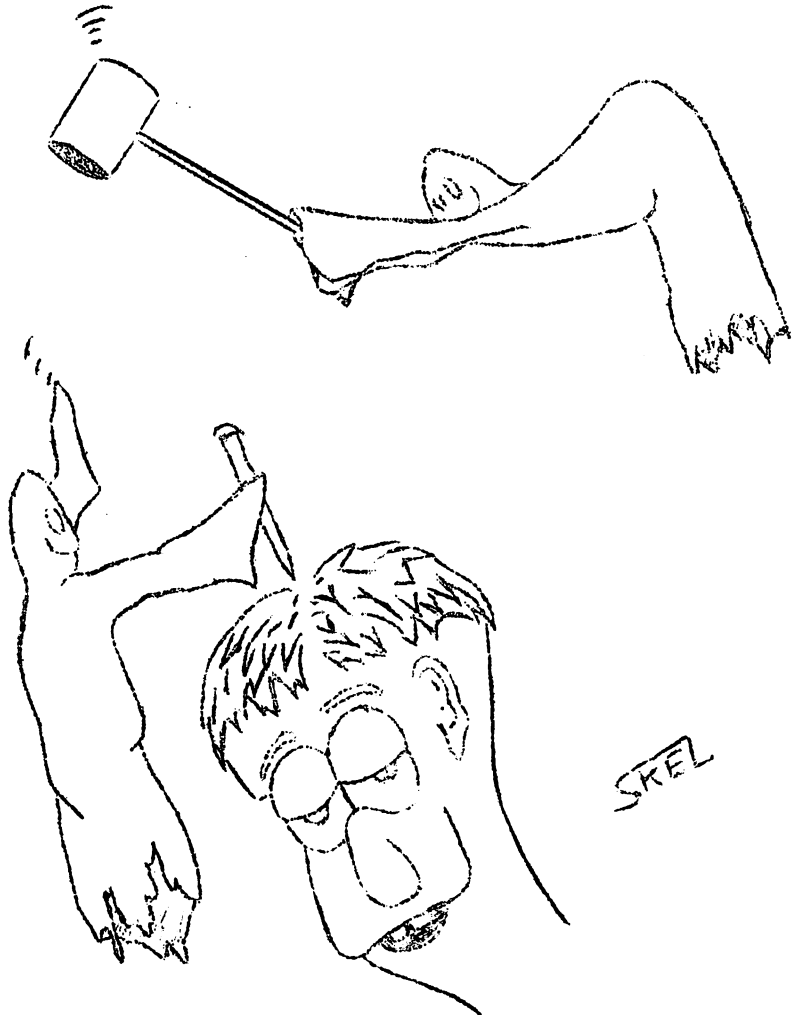


something is wrong every year: too much rain/too little; too much frost/too little, etc. Ghod, if they're that hard to grow, I'm surprised they ever caught on. The poetry was generally crummy, but that little gem of your own (presumably) that went "It is cold... etc" really grabbed me. Still, aren't you a teentsy-bit behind the times with the nuclear-war syndrome? Shades of the late 50's and early 60's. Onpa-reviews were generally far too short. The most ANYTHING got was five lines. Please use at least six lines to tear this magazine to shreds. Surely there must have been something in the mailing that you didn't like. Maybe you are just too much of a gentleman (Hey, is that you? A Gentleman Farmer?) to say the sort of nasty things that I've been saying. I don't know yet what our reproduction will be like, but I sincerely hope that it is better than yours. (now THAT is what I call really sticking my neck out. At least give me marks for sheer guts and all that bravery type stuff) ((Brian here...just before I stencilled this, he was on the phone to say that the sheets he'd run off weren't all that good. What do you think, John? Shall I stuff a couple down his throat?)) You may gather from the foregoing that we (Brian thinks I've been too generous) ((with the amount of comment.....BR)) were not particularly enamoured with FHTV 3. You would be dead right. It was, however, lots of zine (effort) and deserved lots of comment which I have tried to give. If this review puts you in a bad mood, then go out and plow under a few acres of ripe strawberries or something.

TRANSPLANT 5 (Heavily disguised as 'Binary...er, 9') (Gray) I'm still confused, though maybe it's because I confuse easily. I'm not really all that keen on A4 zines. Quarto seems to me to be just 'zine-size'. Other people might think that devoting 8 of the zine to 'Onpa-reviews' was a bit much. I would agree with those 'other people'. I like reviews as much as the next man, if not more, but perhaps a little more 'live' fanzine would help the recipe. ((This is Brian, pretending to be Paul while he goes for a -----. You obviously like Gerb's chatty style - and you're not alone in that attitude. My first encounter left me with painful sides and a sore throat. All ghod stuff!! Yes indeed. Terry's Concorde WAS a little 'off' but if that's the way it was when he unashamedly copied it, then who are we to moan? Try some of MY illos further on. They were copied from a catalogue, but turned out grotty. Can't win, can you? Whoops! He's coming back, which finishes me off for now.)) Carry-ing on with my comments on your comments which, as I said, seem to be all the zine. I come upon your inanity with regard to the AE being expected to give financial support to the mailing. SPHEROIDS. To me it seems far more reasonable for the AE to pay LESS, as he is doing all that arduous work (put it there, Kench).

And that, folks, is Paul's lot. One comment of my own on that last piece.....AGREED!! Who wants to see Ken the Ches as a pauper?? Not me! I've breakfasted with him, and happen to think he's a nice bloke (put it here as well, ol' fruit). Which brings ME to.....

VAGARY (Roberta) Rosemary's welcome to it - the illo, I mean// I think that eleven pages is too much for one article, unless you can break it up with an illo or three, or even a double column page would help considerably. Still, it's very interesting - much more so than the usual run of recollections of service life. I can't say that it compares with Terry's "Carry On Jeeves" which I love, but don't take that as a condemnation - I enjoyed it// Interesting too, the bit on spirits and such. I still think it's a load of ----, but one strange thing did happen to me (and others) a few years ago. We were camping in Furnace Vale (Derbyshire) and were returning from a day at Lyne Park, when we passed a place at which a rent collector was murdered a couple of centuries ago. According to the locals, his ghost still hangs around on misty nights (sounds familiar in a way). As we turned the corner, we espied (or did we?) a weird shadowy figure, apparently garbed in ye olde gear. One or two (perhaps even more) faces went a fantastic shade of white, and one lad refused to go on. We didn't share his horror, and rushed after 'it'. When we arrived at the spot, NOTHING. Was it a ghost? I've always said that we say it because we'd been told about it. Ghosts? Phooey!



SEAGULL 14  
(Rosemary)

Sorry, n'dear, but I don't get this fanatic interest in the unicorn. I have to admit that everyone needs more than one hobby, but a friend of mine suggested a certain Freudian significance (no, I'm NOT going to tell you what it was - you'd not like me), which

"Ghosts? Don't tell me you believe THAT nonsense!"

makes it an undesirable interest. When I get to know you better, I may tell you. Hang on till then. As for the unicorn in the Bible, I can't say that I recall it, but then, I don't know the book all that well. No doubt all will be revealed// This looked extremely promising when I first picked it up, but I'm afraid the contents just didn't click at all. The only part that really held me was the review section// Glad to see that you are/were supporting Terry for TAFF - he's one of my favourite people (Honest, Terry).

ERG ~~33~~ er...34 (Terry) Yes, Terry lad, I know that I've LoCod this ish, but now being a member, I thought that the others should be let in on what I thought, and I have a couple of other things to say. So someone tried to do a "Blaster Bates" with the school, oh? I don't blame you for praying that the building would go up in flames, even if the hope was more whimsical than anything. At my last job, one of the buildings caught fire on a regular basis, like twice a week, and always caused great hilarity// Good idea, the Who's Who In Fandom, as I've already said. Incidentally, would you alter slightly the shoot I sent - you know, the "Published So Far" bit// Carry On Jeeves was its usual excellent self - niced, but you had fun. Ditto comment for Down Memory Bank Lane. Marvellous stuff for youngsters like me who don't have your memory or years (sorry 'bout that)// Sorry to have to say it again, but Alan's piece left me cold// I don't want to harp on the subject, but I ought to register my approval for the illos you did for my article. Really fantastic. But I'm sorry to have to let you down with the follow-up. I NEED IT. Which is a good place to break this off and move smoothly into.....

OVER...

# WANTED - URGENTLY

Back copies of Dick Gais' magnificent  
SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

AND

PSYCHOTIC.

Anything at all dated before SFR No 36.

Name your price, and if I can afford it -----

Brian

# TODAY'S HANDGUNS

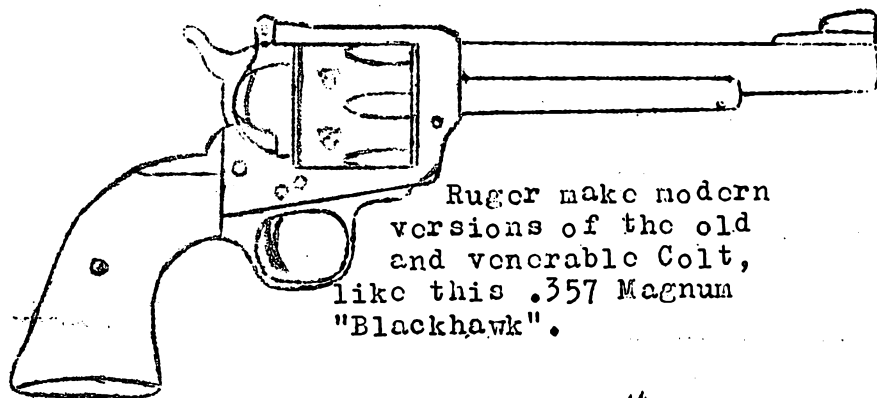
by Brian  
Robinson

In it's basic form, the handgun is a weapon small enough to be carried on the person, either openly or concealed, and capable of being fired with one hand. At least 75% of the pistol's usefulness is in defensive combat against another human being, however undesirable such an act may be. 20% or so is confined to target shooting, having nothing at all to do with the combat potential of the weapon. The remainder of it's utility lies in the field of hunting either small or large game, the eradication of pests, & as a defense against wild animals.

There are a large number of pistols available today, which unfortunately means that there is no one method of classification that can be applied to them. You can list them by caliber, power, mechanical function or by ignition system. Or perhaps by size, weight or purpose. Fine though these categories may be, there is a good deal of overlapping between them, and I will have to consider as many as possible.

Begin with caliber. You can categorize pistols in this manner, but at best it's a bad system, as guns of identical caliber may be different in power and purpose. The .38 Short and the .357 Magnum are of identical caliber, though the difference in caliber is staggering. To make matters worse, a pistol of small bore may be more powerful than a larger one, which is very confusing. Then again, one pistol may be made in a variety of calibers, which makes it impossible to classify that gun by the bore.

Center-fire pistols are usually of larger bore than center-fire rifles, which can lead the novice to the strange conclusion that a pistol is actually more powerful than a rifle. A ridiculous notion. The bullet diameter does not, of course, have too much effect on the weight and performance of the bullet, and absolutely no effect on the type and quantity of powder that a cartridge may contain. The .45 caliber rounds use bullets ranging in weight from 180 to 500 grains (7000 grains to the pound), and are fired at velocities from 700 to 2200 feet per second. It is quite obvious that these cartridges are not interchangeable.



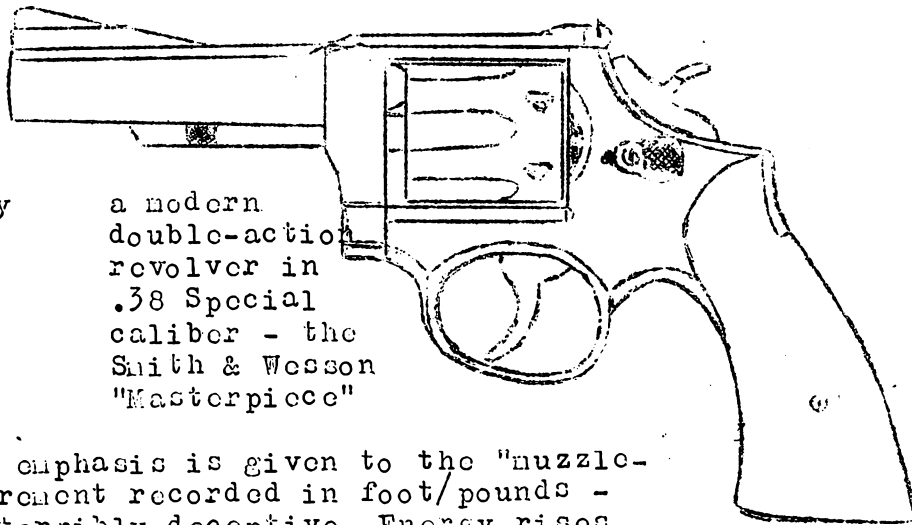
Ruger make modern versions of the old and venerable Colt, like this .357 Magnum "Blackhawk".

We cannot even make any general rules to apply to calibers. While most people say that .22 is small, and .45 is large, no-one has ever managed to agree on what lies between. The U.S. police departments usually hold that .38

and above is large, while the military, ballisticians, and most amateurs maintain that .38 is only "medium", and that only the .44 and .45 rounds can be called large.

Here in Europe, .32 is medium, and .38 is large. In view of this, how are we over here to classify the .45? Extra-super-heavy?? To complete the picture, and to confuse things still further, the .22 Jet, the .256 and the .221 Remington Fireball are very small in size, but can often out-do larger calibers in power. As I've mentioned power so often, I ~~shall~~ should perhaps say a little more about it. It is a very difficult thing to measure, but if we accept very general standards, a better system can be devised than one based on caliber.

You can do two main things with a pistol bullet - either try for highest velocities with a resultant loss in projectile weight, or push a heavy bullet very slowly. The use to which a gun is to be put will determine the amount of compromise on which you will have to settle. A small bullet at high velocity will usually give excellent penetration, and a heavier bullet shows greater shock-effect, otherwise known as stopping-power.

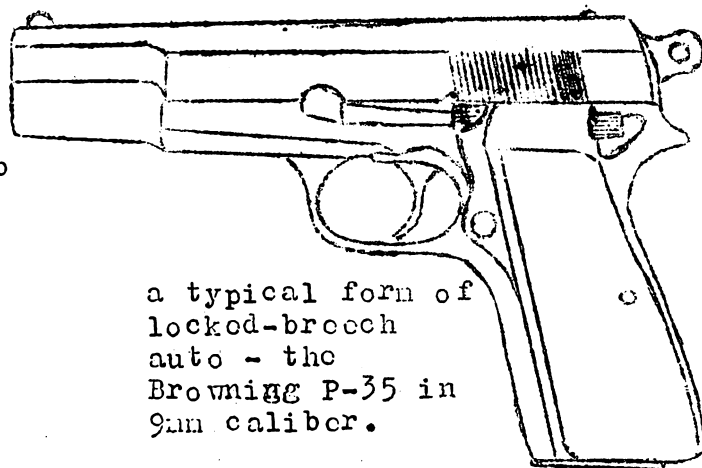


You often find that great emphasis is given to the "muzzle-energy" of a gun, a measurement recorded in foot/pounds - though these figures are terribly deceptive. Energy rises with the square of the velocity, so that a high rating can be obtained by using a light bullet at a high velocity, though the power potential of the weapon remains the same. The most useful method I've yet come across, is to multiply the cross-sectional area of the bullet by its weight, and divide the result by the coefficient of safe breech pressure of the gun designed for the cartridge. Confused? So am I. Only once have I ever seen published figures for the coefficient etc etc, and you need a calculator to work the equation out. Despite this system, there is no universally recognised method of determining power, and any system must ultimately be based on observation.

On to mechanical function. Handguns may be mechanically classified as single-shots and repeaters. The former are inevitably special-purpose articles, and I don't propose to deal with them here. Repeaters may be split into two types, revolvers and self-actuating or semi-automatic. Revolvers are made in thumb-actuated types (the single-action) and trigger-actuated types (the double-action). Automatics are divided into two forms as well, locked breech and blow-back, depending on the power of the cartridge to be fired. In addition to these weapons, there are one or two special categories - the "automatic" revolver, now obsolete; the

double-action autos; fully automatic pistols; and the double-action only guns, where the use of a thumb-cocking device is prevented by having the hammer inside the gun. Of all these special types, only the double-action auto has much to offer the shooter.

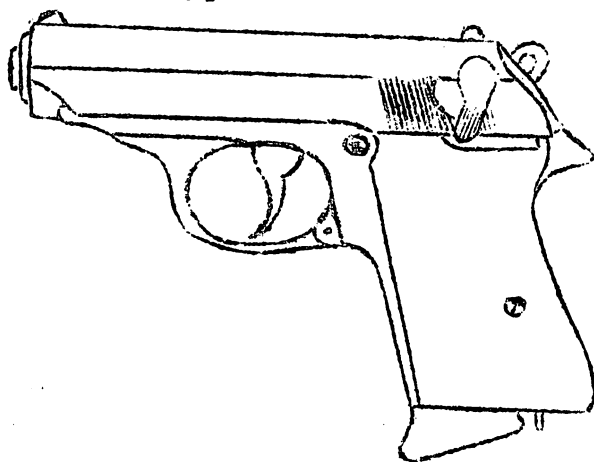
Briefly, the difference between a single- and double-action gun is that in the former type, the hammer must be cocked with the thumb for each shot, whilst the d-a requires only that you pull the trigger. In autos, the s-a again needs the trigger to be manually cocked, but only for the first shot - the gun does the work from then on. The d-a auto is similar to the d-a revolver - pull the trigger for the first shot, and then let the gun have it's head, so to speak.



a typical form of locked-breech auto - the Browning P-35 in 9mm caliber.

The s-a revolver has a solid frame, the empties being punched out one at a time through a gate in the rear of the frame by a spring-loaded rod located beneath the barrel. Reloading is accomplished by introducing single rounds, all of which means that a lot of time is spent getting the gun ready for action. The d-a on the other hand has a "crane" built into the frame, which swings out to the left, carrying the cylinder with it. This time, the spring-loaded rod runs through the centre of the cylinder, ending in a star-shaped extractor, which neatly ejects all five or six empties at once. Thus reloading time is cut by up to 70%, depending on how nimble your fingers are.

The blow-back type of auto is so-named because it is just that. As the gun is fired, the cartridge case starts rearwards at the same time as the bullet moves the other way, propelled by exactly the same impulse (Newton's Third Law, and all that), but is restrained by the mass of the breech-block and a strong recoil spring. In this way, the bullet leaves the gun before the case neck clears the breech, allowing pressure to drop to a safe level.



Since a powerful cartridge would blow the action open too quickly for safety, the barrel and the

block recoil together for a short distance, until a series of cams unlock



theit juncture. The barrel returns to it's normal position, while the block continues to the rear with the case. This allows the pressure to drop safely. Although the complexity of these guns could, in theory, be a cause of unreliability and inaccuracy, it has not been the case in practice. If the gun is well cared for, it will function as well as any piece of machinery.

So then, we are left with the age-old question. Which is the best, the revolver or the auto. Arguments on this subject inevitably become heated, though most will admit that the question has to be solved on scientific, rather than emotional grounds. The facts are these: all major military forces of the world use the auto, in either 9mm or .45 caliber. All the main law-enforcement agencies of the U.S. use the revolver. Just about every target competition is won with autos, except of course for those that are restricted to revolvers. In general, assuming that we speak only of top-quality workmanship and fully trained men, the comparison works out like this:

#### The Revolver

1. is slightly safer
2. is more versatile as to ammo used
3. needs little maintenance
4. saves the empty cases for reloading
5. is adapted to the use of the most powerful hunting cartridges

#### The Semi-Auto

1. is more compact for equivalent power
2. is faster to reload
3. is easier to clean
4. is easier to fire rapidly or in bursts
5. cannot skip a chamber
6. has a larger ammo capacity in equal calibers

In accuracy, there is no difference, though you would find it easier to learn to fire the revolver well, moving on to autos only when a fair degree of proficiency has been gained.

Briefly, a word or two on the uses of guns today.

Trail and Hunting pistols. These are guns of highest quality, finest accuracy, and highest prices. They usually have long barrels, crisp trigger pulls and adjustable sights. The smaller calibers are useful for small game and pests, and the larger calibers can be used for game up to 400 pounds in weight.

Defensive Combat Pistols. They vary in weight and size from large to small, their purpose being to defend the user from a lethal human enemy. Only powerful guns should be included in this category, though again we have the problem of what is a "heavy" and powerful gun. Those in the .38 range will sometimes put a man down with one shot, but as often as not they won't. The .44's and .45's can almost always be relied upon to do the job efficiently. The "snubby" class combine negligible bulk with serious power. They are seldom more than 1½ pounds in weight and 7 inches in length. All in all, there is a gun for any use today, if you know just which one to choose.

*Brian Holman*

## PERSONAL COLUMN

PEN FRIENDS wanted. Must speak Galatea. Someone, somewhere wants a letter from you, even 100 parsecs away. P.O.Box 2. London 1A AAB.

MISSING PERSONS. Divorces, Murders a Speciality. Phone XXX 01 342 639. R.Daneel Clivaw Detective Agency.

CASH NOW, for Vetusian Blinds; Martian Land-capes. Saturn Wedding Rings. XXR5.

SHIFT those ugly red spots completely. Jupiter Dust - available from all Galactic Chemists. 5 Credits only.

GAGS WANTED. Cash now for your scripts. Phone 01 834 2212. Mr. E.F.Russell.

FOR SALE. Vegan Bridesmaid dress. Only 4 credits for quick sale. Size 183-34-32.

LOST. On recent visit to Terra, 19 ton Venusian Slimy Slob. Very friendly. Answers to the name of Yeuk. Reward offered. 6767 876.

FOUND. Vicinity of Cape Kennedy. 19 ton Slimy Slob. Sod the reward - get this thing away from me. 87 98 00

SUICIDE OR DESPAIR? Phone: The Good Plutonians. XXz o8.

FOR SALE. Army Surplus Battle Cruiser. Only 6,000,000,000 Parsecs on clock. Offers to: Dept. of War. World Council.

VISITING BOOTES CLUSTER? see the House of a Thousand Delights. Adults only.

F.W.Woolworth have stores on every major planet. Prices to suit everyone.

JULIA needs male company. Appointments made. SOHO 1215

## WHITEBROOD & CO. LTD

HAVE A VACANCY FOR A SMART YOUNG MAN WHO CAN  
SELL OUR GROUP PRODUCTS ON OUR NEWEST VENTURE  
IN THE ANDROMEDA GALAXY.

The applicant must be between the ages of 15 and 1200. No previous experience is necessary, but the ability to pilot a tramp ship is essential.

Salary in the region of Cr. 50,000  
Lucheon Vouchers and Bonus Scheme.



Apply in writing to:  
"BOB Househole,  
The Brewery,  
Chintzwell Street,  
Falsord,  
RIGEL IV.

## THE GOVERNMENT WANTS YOU!!

Single men and women ages 15 - 20 wanted to start our new colony on Asteroid LVIII.

Every opportunity to start a new life.  
Call any day for details to:

Dept. of Alien Affairs,  
World Council Dis. Offices

## HOUSES FOR SALE

MAGNIFICENT FULLY DETACHED HOUSE.  
IN 5,000 ACRES OF GROUND.

Built in 3057, this house has had only one previous owner. Beautifully situated in the Twilight Zone of Mercury, the house offers free...yes FREE Central Heating (No fuel bills), Hot & Hot running steam. Steamroom, inside W.C. Ten bedrooms and kitchen. Beautiful view of Sol.  
Price : Cr. 150,000.

GIBBINS AND BAKER (ESTATE AGENTS)  
Terra,  
Sol.



Well, the columns of HELL are paved with good intentions. The aim of this column was to provide me with an opportunity to rant and rave and generally bare my soul over whatever my butterfly mind happened to land upon.

You know the sort of thing I mean. Picture yourself sitting at the breakfast table with one of our pathetic excuses for a newspaper in your somewhat shaky hands. Your hands are shaking because of a rather wild party held the previous evening, about which you can imagine your own details, and besides, it is not really relevant here. You are struggling to decypher the string of words before you in an attempt to confirm that armageddon has not taken place while you were dead to the world. You would hate to have missed it.

Suddenly a minor miracle occurs, and the meaning of one of the headlines manages to filter through the cotton-wool in which your brain seems to be packed. It is lucky that it is packed in cotton-wool because you are about to send it back as a defective model. Slowly your jaw begins to sag as you take in the report below the headline. Corn-flakes sift down unnoticed from around your lips, where they had clung since your first fumbling attempt to guide the spoon to your mouth. Your vocal chords creak rustily into gear as you prepare to make your first earth-shattering statement of the day.

"Jeez!", you croak. "Jeez! Oh Jeez!" Your conversation is not perhaps up to its' scintillating best. "Jeezuz helpuz!", you continue, your vocabulary growing by leaps and bounds. "Oh the mad idiots! How can anyone be so bloody stupid?" you ask, hurling the paper down before you in disgust.

# GRIPE WATER

After you have crunched your way over to the sink and returned with a dishcloth to wipe up the corn-flakes and milk which you spilled when your paper knocked over the bowl, you are then prepared to discourse at length over the sheer idiocy of certain sections of the community who seem determined to drive the country into bankruptcy.. "Oh but I'd just love to tell them what I think of them and their stupid demands!"...  
.....

Well, that was the general idea of this column. Seemed such a good idea too at the time. After all, the only real requirement for writing such a column is a good supply of intolerance, and they don't come any more intolerant than I. "Something is bound to rub me up the wrong way(Watch it!) in the course of the next few days and .. WHAMMY .. I got a column".  
HAH!  
again,HAH!

Seems I have been struck down by that most dread disease, APATHY. To be quite frank, I just do not give a toss! I hardly read the papers anymore, and then only the sports page as likely as not. I haven't watched the box for, oh \*YONKS\*, so nothing has really had much of a chance to 'get up my nose'.

I have been living in a little world of my own recently, The only things that have been of any importance to me are :-

- (1) Fanzines in general
- (2) OMPA in particular.
- (3) HELL in most particular.

These are the subjects dearest to my heart at the moment, despite the facts that :-

- (1) I never BUY any, only beg, borrow and steal.
- (2) I am not even a member, or even  $\frac{1}{2}$  member YET.

- (3) This zine has yet to burst forth in all its' glory.

From the foregoing you will see that the only subjects I can rant about thish are :-

- (1) Fanzines.
- (2) OMPA

As most of the zines I have seem to be old ompazines, this further restricts the topic.

Before anyone starts asking how come I have the nerve, as a wet-behind-the-ears new member, with the first issue of his first fanzine, to criticise OMPA and Ompans, let me point out straight away that this is the very best time to put forward any gripes I may have.

"OK", you say, "Baffle us with your logic".

Firstly, I don't even know the names of most Ompans, never mind not having met any of them. This makes it oasier because I do not know the people to whom I am giving offense. Thusly can I throw ~~up~~ in names like 'PussyCatoManiac' and worso, 'Unicorn Mad' without fear or favour.



Secondly you, all of you, have not yet learned to love me and when you have you will forgive this presumptuousness, and a great deal more besides. First complaint coming up then, wait for it, wait ... for ... it.

Off-trail

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* MAGAZINE \*  
\* \*\*\*\*\* \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Publishers

Association.

This is my first gripe. the more discerning among you may have noticed that I have placed special emphasis on one particular word in the organizational nomenclature. No matter how many times I read the name it always stays the same. It never says :-

Off-trail

Single-sheet-or-two-groovy-little  
-sheets-pinned-together

Publishers

Association.

In the zines that I have there seems to be regular mention of OMPA going through lean times. One glance at some zines is more than enough to explain this state of affairs, namely because one glance is all that is required to READ some of them. If people cannot produce enough work of their own to cobble together a decent (or indecent) zine, then the very least they should do would be to include contributions of one sort or another from friends, secret enemies, relations, pots, or to sink really low, women. The list

(Of possible contributors) is long.

DIRAC ANGESTUN GESEPT\*\*

There may be those who would say to me :-

"Ah, we may only plish small zines, but at least we do plish lots and lots of ish, so it's all the same in the end."

To this I would have only one thing to say.

\*B\*A\*L\*L\*S\*

Anyone who churns out lots of little fliers is copping out of the actual work of preparing a zine. Any fool can just stick a sheet of paper in the typer and drivel on without rhyme or reason until a decent program comes on the telly. Shucks, even I could do that, .....with practice. The real work of preparing a zine consists of a great deal of totally un-noticable work deciding what articles to run, what illos. What to leave over until next ish(Yup, that's what I said. As I type this we have over ten pages of material for N<sup>o</sup> 2). What sort of, and how many, regular departments to run, which illo to put on the cover, general layout, etc. etc. etc. NONE of this is needed for a one-two page flier. A zine is far more than the sum of it's parts. A zine has an Essence, a Soul if you like which has been breathed into it with all this work and effort on the part of the plisher. OK! So it's enjoyable work, but that makes the existence of non-zines even more inexplicable to my weary brain.

"Aha!", you exclaim. "It's all very well for you to go on

---

\*\* Sirian phrase which loosely translates as :-  
"GET YER TENTACLE OUT"







"Skel, what are those gharishly colored objects you're brooding over?"

"Alter, these 'objects', as you call them, are nothing less than holy relics.....and truly fine specimens of their ilk. Besides, the word is 'colorful' not 'gharish'. Let us get our semantics right."

"Screw semantics! What are they?"

"I was coming to that, Alter. These, no.....THESE, THESE ARE FANZINES. TH-"

"S'at all? Fanzines? But Skel, we got cupboards full of them things. We got st-"

"Not fanzines, Alter...FANZINES. This is a-"

"Hey! Watch where you're wavin' that thing!"

"-Sorry...This is a copy of SFR."

\*AWED HUSH\*

"NO? Gee Skel, honest? Huh??"

"Sure as God made little staples."

"Gee! SFR huh? Gee! B-But-But I thought all copies of that were in the Smithsonian or the British Museum and other such repositories of our heri-

tage."

"That shows how much YOU know! True, I'll grant you, that the directors of such establishments are trying to obtain copies for enshrine-ment but there just doesn't seem any to be had for love or money."

"Aw c'mon Skel, you've gotta be puttin' me on! Surely people with that sort of financial backing could get hold of a copy or two?"

"None!"

"Aw c'mon-"

"None! S'a fact, Alter. THESE are the only known copies in the whole western-world. Everyone else keeps the fact of their ownership a closely guarded secret. No-body can buy anything if they don't know who to buy it from in the first place."

"Gee, Skel, I wonder if we know any secret SFR owners?"

"Yeah! Anyone in the know can easily discern the SFR addict."

"Yeah, easy.....er, how?"

"Well, s'like this, f'r instance. Imagine that you've gone to visit someone and part-way through the conversation they make some excuse and skulk off upstairs. When they scuttle back down again you notice that their eyes no longer have that glazed look which had been present since your arrival. You also notice that they seem to be trying to suppress an idiotic grin....Get the picture, Alter?"

"Yupp!"

"Well Alter, it's a pound to a used copy of 'New Worlds' that the guy is an SFR addict."

"Well, what do you.....  
...Hey! THAT sounds like a good description of what Robinson does whenever we go visit him."

"Sure does."

"-----"

"Hey!! What made S R so good aschio-nut ice cream? I didn't

highly nutritious and specially prepared to be handled and eaten during conditions of space flight. On earth all of these supplies are provided in abundance, but in space, where they are all lacking, man can only remain alive as long as he can maintain an environment similar to the one from which he sprang. It is with this in mind that man has set about designing living quarters for himself in space.

\*\*\*\*\*

Life, as we know it, can survive only within a certain range of pressures. Deep-sea fish, for example, cannot survive in shallow water. Man has evolved in an atmosphere which compresses him with a force of 14.7 pounds per square inch (one atmosphere). If he moves too far away from this pressure, his death is certain. The minimum pressure under which man can live comfortably is approximately 7.5 pounds per square inch. Due to the total lack of pressure in space, man must live within a pressurised enclosure. The simplest form of this is the space suit. The suit is almost a one-man spacecraft providing it's wearer with an atmosphere for breathing, a communications link and protection against heat, cold, solar radiation and meteorites, travelling at speeds up to 64,000 miles per hour. The suit must isolate it's wearer from temperatures which could vary from -120 degrees Centigrade to + 160 degrees Centigrade. At the same time the suit must let the astronaut move around freely. Specially designed joints at the shoulders, elbows, wrists, thighs, knees and ankles provide the necessary flexibility but there are many advances in design still to be made in this field before sufficient mobility will be attained. Apollo 11 type suits had a 70 pound back-pack which supplied oxygen for up to four hours, with a 30 minute emergency supply, and contained communications and biotelemetry equipment and batteries. The whole suit was cooled by the flow of oxygen to the suit. The practice of using a life support back-pack will remain, but many improvements will be necessary.

If the suits to be used for the first "Mars-walk" are one gas suits, i.e. pure oxygen supplied, then this would entail daily pre-breathing exercises before proceeding to the Martian surface. This derives from the consideration that the long duration lander-shelter would have a two gas environment of oxygen and nitrogen, as will all long duration spacecraft life support systems. Consequently it is necessary to gradually evacuate the nitrogen from the body with intermittent oxygen mask breathing to avoid something analogous to the bends during the subsequent surface explorations in the lower pressure, pure oxygen supplied suits.

A variety of materials is used in the construction of the suits from a porous, lightweight, nylon "body stocking" to a complex outer garment built up from layers of aluminised film and insulating fabric. A layer of glass-fibre fabric provides a non-inflammable layer of protection from accidental fire, either during the mission or on the launch pad. This is an innovation brought about as a result of the tragic deaths of astronauts Ed White, Virgil Grissom and Roger Chaffee on the launch pad of Apollo 1 on January 27th, 1967. Another precaution is that whereas only between 3 and 3.5 pounds per square inch

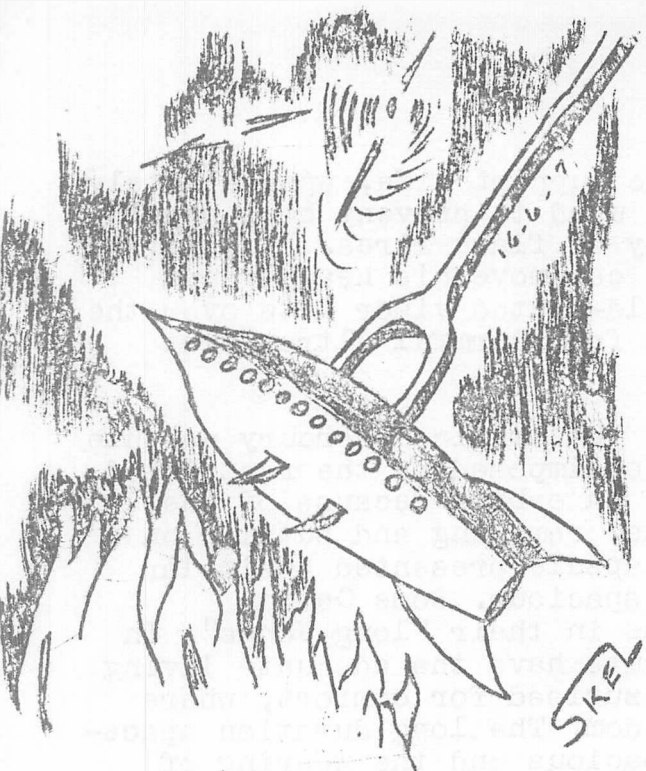


partial pressure of oxygen is required to support life, approximately 7 pounds per square inch is required and used to prevent both physiological deterioration and the possibility of flash fires. Finally the helmet is designed so that the astronaut can move his head around inside it with a minimum of effort. A gold-coated visor fits over the helmet and protects the astronaut's eyes from harmful ultraviolet rays.

More complex is the space capsule. The American Mercury capsule had little room for movement, a limitation imposed by the restricted amount of weight its booster could place in orbit. Because of the difficulty of movement, and other reasons, removing and putting on a space suit was inadvisable. The Gemini capsule presented a similar but smaller problem because it was more spacious. Some Gemini astronauts spent extended periods of time in their "long-Johns". In the Apollo capsule, however, the astronauts have the adequate living and work space they need in a cabin pressurised for comfort, where they can move about in shirt-sleeve freedom. The long duration spacecraft of the future will be even more spacious and the wearing of casual clothing for the majority of the flight will be essential to personal comfort, both physical and psychological. Disposable sweat-shirts and "long-Johns", which can be discarded when soiled, seem the most probable forms of apparel to be used and footwear will consist of soft, ankle-length boots.

The second need for life support is the right temperature. Most creatures live within a limited temperature range. Man's body temperature must stay pretty close to 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit, or he will not function well. Therefore, heat is an essential, but not a "load factor". Heat control is needed to maintain a comfortable temperature within the spacecraft, and to provide controlled temperatures for the various machines. All the energy that is generated on the space vehicle for operating equipment ends up in the form of heat. If it were allowed to accumulate, it would become intolerably hot for the crew, so the excess heat must be radiated to space. The amount to be radiated is constantly changing. Heat given off by the human body varies with the activity of the individual. Heat generated by electronic and processing equipment, operated intermittently, fluctuates with demands placed upon them. A spacecraft in earth orbit may pass in and out of sunlight and earth shadow many times a day, exposing the vehicle to constantly changing temperature extremes. Instruments must detect the changing conditions and automatically regulate the flow of air and fluids to dissipate the excess heat at just the right rate.

Life support system processing uses energy in two forms: as heat and as electricity. If its only source were electricity there would be insufficient with which to operate electronic equipment and to perform experiments. All of this thermal must eventually be radiated into space, or the spacecraft would become unbearably hot. This is accomplished by means of space radiators. The power generator has its own radiator. All operating energy for the spacecraft originates as heat in an atomic isotope. This heats a working fluid which drives a



turbine to produce electricity. The hot fluid, when no longer hot enough to drive the turbine, is then used to heat another working fluid, by means of a heat exchanger. It is this second fluid which is used to operate the spacecraft's life support equipment. The power system fluid flows from the heat exchanger to tubes outside the spacecraft's walls. There it radiates its heat load to space. The cooled fluid returns to the atomic isotope to repeat the cycle.

There is another radiator which is used for the coolant system. The fluid in this radiator is chilled to a low temperature. It then passes through the various components of the life support system, chilling water and cooling the various items which become

heated in operation. As it moves through its pickup points, it heats up. It then flows back through the radiator to discard all of the excess heat, and returns through the life support equipment to pick up some more.

Thermal control is a thread which runs through every station in the spacecraft. In a sense, it ties everything together, providing high temperatures where needed, and rejecting heat at lower temperatures when it is no longer useful.

The third requirement for life support is oxygen. A fairly constant intake proportional to the amount of energy expended at any given moment is essential. Three minutes without oxygen risks permanent brain damage; five minutes without oxygen spells death.

In the spacecraft, air continuously flows through a number of devices which cleanse and purify it. At each of these stations, air first passes through fibreglass filters which remove visible-size particles. The air then flows through charcoal filters, which remove odours and certain unwanted gasses. Beyond the filter, the air is passed through a device called a catalytic burner which changes any trace quantities of toxic gasses into harmless compounds. Then all the air flows through the heat exchanger which cools the air, thus maintaining the spacecraft at a comfortable temperature range. In passing through this unit, most of the moisture contained in the air changes to tiny droplets of water which are syphoned off into water storage tanks for later purification and re-use. When oxygen is inhaled and used, it is not lost; it merely gets "tied up" within the body. Some of the oxygen breathed combines with carbon and is exhaled

as carbon dioxide. If the oxygen in carbon dioxide could be separated from its carbon atoms, it could be used again. A four man crew on a year-long mission will consume about 2,700 pounds of oxygen. At the same time they would exhale about 3,300 pounds of carbon dioxide. This must be prevented from rising above 3 millimetres of mercury partial pressure or 0.5 percent of the total capsule atmosphere, otherwise the efficiency and health of the crewmen would be impaired. If allowed to accumulate it would asphyxiate the astronauts.

Oxygen recovery is, therefore, a part of the atmospheric control subsystem. The air passes through a continuous cycle of oxygen recovery. There are three elements in the system: the carbon dioxide concentrator, the carbon dioxide reduction unit and a water electrolysis unit. The carbon dioxide concentration unit is comprised of two separate filtering devices. One removes all water from the air as the air flows through the concentrator. The second filter is composed of Zeolite, a chemical composition that has a very great attraction for carbon dioxide. As the air flows through this second filter, the molecules of carbon dioxide are captured by the granules of Zeolite. The airstream, thus relieved of carbon dioxide, returns to the main air circuit. The carbon dioxide captured in the Zeolite filter is extracted by a combination of heat and a vacuum pump. It is then mixed with hydrogen and passed into a device called a "Bosch Reactor". Here the mixture is raised to a temperature of 1,200 degrees Fahrenheit, in the presence of iron, which acts as a catalyst. In the reaction which follows some of the hydrogen atoms combine with atoms of oxygen to form water. The carbon atoms adhere to the iron catalyst.

The water created in the Bosch Reactor is taken into an electrolysis unit where it is mixed with a chemical liquid that will conduct electricity. The liquid is contained in a material that will allow hydrogen ions and oxygen ions to pass through its walls, but holds back liquid. On one side of the container is another compartment which contains a positive electrode. A third compartment contains a negative electrode. When electric current is applied, hydrogen atoms with a positive charge move towards the negative electrode in one compartment. The oxygen atoms, with a negative charge, move towards the positive electrode in the other compartment. As the oxygen accumulates it returns to the atmosphere ready for re-use. The hydrogen gas is returned to the Bosch Reactor, where it is used again, mixing with carbon dioxide to create more water for electrolysis.

(Continued over)

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*  
\*  
\* COMING NEXT ISSUE \*  
\*  
\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

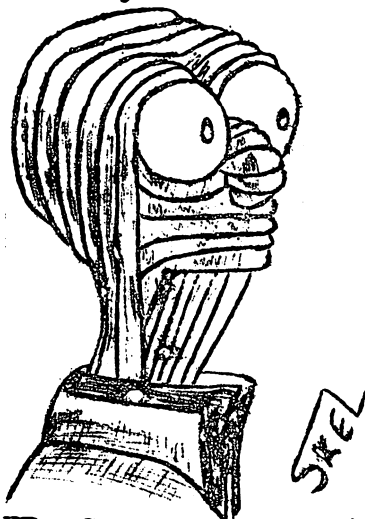
Next issue we will be bringing you our biggest ever galaxy of talent, featuring such immortal names as:- Roy (Men's Lib) Sharpe- who will be continuing his epic saga of the Greatest Story Ever Drivelled; David Stuart Seale will be seeing stars; The Twaddlesome Twosome will still be loose; and with any luck we will have a new face in the rogues gallery----Miko (EMI) Meara, back from a triumphal tour of Cornwall.

Literally, regenerate means to restore a material to its original strength or properties. The above method (page 20) does just that to the oxygen contained in carbon dioxide but NASA feels that the process may be too costly and prohibitive for long duration space flight and so it seems more probable that the carbon dioxide, when separated, will be evacuated into space. Reserve supplies of gasses will be provided to replenish the air used and these will be stored as liquids or in high-pressure containers.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

\*\*\*\*\*  
 :::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::  
 \*\*\*\*\*

To continue the element of the 'unfinished' which abounds on this page, I detail below part of a proposed illo. Has anyone any CLEAN ideas about how I should develop it? My own idea so far is that 'he' is an alien school-boy, holding up some wierd gadget and saying... "Please Sir,...My grzzzybnnnkny has run out".



REMEMBER, Someone, somewhere wants a letter from you.....US DOES.

## GRIPE-WATER(Continued from p. 22)

(Shove over, Roy!) so here I am again. The Daily Mirror has been running a .....er, thing, in it's 'Inside Page' column these last two days. The idea is to re-title well known films as if they had to be made as 'low budget' projects. Thus "Easy Rider" becomes "Easy Walker". This could be a fun idea. Have any of you got any suggested additions to the list below:-

Where Budgies Dare.

A Fistfull Of New-Pence.

Bob.

The Magnificent Six.

The Big County.

Snow White and The Dwarf.

Alice's Snackbar.

Some of the above are from the 'Mirror' and some are my own. Go on, expand your consciousness and send us one or two. Which leaves me poised in a very inconvenient part of the page with nothing further to say, so I will leave you all (no doubt close to boredom) with one final piece of mind-grottling information, namely to whit and viz:-

THE  
 EARLY-  
 BIRDS  
 HAVE  
 ALL  
 GOT  
 WORMS.



# VISION,

## a checklist

compiled by Brian Robinson.

Intro of sorts. All right, you're asking, why bother to produce a checklist to Vision of Tomorrow, when the mag only ran twelve issues? Well, having spent frustrating times searching for details of stories or artists therein, I thought, "Why the hell not?". And anyway, it helps towards the ac requirement, which can't be bad.

Having consulted my recalcitrant co-editor, the decision has been in favour of running the list in two parts, the first longer than the second. The individual sections will be:

- |                        |                                    |
|------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Listing by issue    | 2. Alphabetical listing of stories |
| 3. Listing of articles | 4. Listing of artists              |

And finally, the abbreviations used are nt..novelette, sh..short story, Ar.. article.

=====

### SECTION ONE - LISTING BY ISSUE

#### Vol 1. No 1. Aug 1969

When In Doubt, Destroy	William F. Temple	nt
Anchor Man	Jack Wodhams	nt
Swords For A Guide	Kenneth Bulmer	nt
Sixth Sense	Michael G. Coney	sh
Consumer Report	Lee Harding	sh
The Vault	Damien Broderick	sh
Are You There, Mr. Jones	Stanislaw Lem	sh
The Impatient Dreamers Pt. 1	Walter Gillings	Ar

#### Vol 1. No 2. Dec 1969

Quarry	E.C. Tubb	nt
A Judge of Men	Michael G. Coney	nt
Strictly Legal	Douglas Fulthorpe	sh
Moonchip	John Rankine	sh
Echo	Dan Morgan	sh
Undercover Weapon	Jack Wodhams	sh
Dancing Gerontius	Lee Harding	sh
Minos	Maurice Whitta	sh
The Impatient Dreamers Pt. 2	Walter Gillings	Ar

Vol 1. No 3. Nov 1969

Shapers of Men	Kenneth Bulmer	nt
Number 7	Eric C. Williams	sh
People Like You	David Rome	sh
Lucifer!	E.C. Tubb	sh
The Adapters	Philip E. High	sh
The Nixhill Monsters	Brian Waters	sh
World To Conquer	Sydney J. Bounds	sh
Prisoner In The Ice	Brian Stableford	sh
Science Fiction In Germany	Franz Rottensteiner	Ar
The Impatient Dreamers Pt. 3	Walter Gillings	Ar

Vol 1. No 4. Jan 1970

Trojan Horse	E.C. Tubb	nt
The Ill Wind	Jack Wodhams	sh
Ward 13	Sydney J. Bounds	sh
Breeding Ground	Christopher Priest	sh
Time-Slip	Eric Harris	sh
Psycho-Land	Philip E. High	sh
Takeover	Harold C. Nye	sh
Prime Order	Peter Cave	sh
The Impatient Dreamers Pt 4	Walter Gillings	Ar

Vol 1. No 5. Feb 1970

Life of the Party	William F. Temple	nt
Dinner of Herbs	Douglas R. Mason	sh
Technical Wizard	Philip E. High	sh
Flanagan's Law	Dan Morgan	sh
One of the Family	Sydney J. Bounds	sh
On Greatgrandfather's Knee	Jack Wodhams	sh
Incubation	Damien Broderick	sh
After Ragnarok	Robert Bowden	sh
Tomorrow's Disasters	Christopher Priest	Ar
The Impatient Dreamers Pt 5	Walter Gillings	Ar

Vol 1. No 6. Mar 1970

Full-Five	E.C. Tubb	nt
The Phoenix People	Richard A. Gordon	nt
Fifth Commandment	John Brunner	sh
The Visitors	Frank Bryning	sh
The Star Mutants	Damien Broderick	sh
The Impatient Dreamers Pt 6	Walter Gillings	Ar

Vol 1. No 7. Apr 1970

Zwoppover	Jack Wodhams	nt
Into The Unknown	John Russell Fearn	nt
Rejection Syndrome	Douglas R.Mason	sh
Rebirth	Lee Harding	sh
Limbo Rider	Sydney J.Bounds	sh
The Moons of Jupiter	David A.Hardy	Ar
The Inpatient Dreamers Pt 7	Walter Gillings	Ar

Vol 1. No 8. May 1970

The Custodian	Lee Harding	nt
The Scales of Friendship	Kenneth Bulmer	nt
Lost In Translation	Peter Cave	sh
Transference	K.W.Eaton	sh
Fixed Image	Philip E.High	sh
The Ghost Sun	John Russell Fearn and Sydney J.Bounds	sh
The Planet of Great Extremes	David A.Hardy	Ar
The Inpatient Dreamers Pt 8	Walter Gillings	Ar

Vol 1. No 9. Jun 1970

Rebel Planet.	Peter L.Cave	nt
The Bitter Pill	A.Bortran Chandler	nt
The Changer	Harold C.Nye	sh
Musical	Sydney J.Bounds	sh
Election	Frank Bryning	sh
Shadows of Fear	Eddy C.Bortin	sh
A Matter of Survival	E.C.Tubb	sh
Problem Child	Peter Oldale	sh
Forbidden Planet	David A.Hardy	Ar
The Inpatient Dreamers Pt 9	John Carnell and William F.Temple	Ar

Vol 1. No 10. Aug 1970

Echoes of Armageddon	Lee Harding	nt
Fairy Tale	John Brunner	sh
Nothing Like The Sun	Christopher Priest	sh
The Dark Corners	Robert F.Tilley	sh
No Greater Love	Sydney J.Bounds	sh
Blind Eye	David Somers	sh
Cycle	Robert Bowden	sh
Memories of the Future Pt 1	John Baxter	Ar
Reality In SF	E.C.Tubb	Ar
The Double Planet	David A.Hardy	Ar
The Inpatient Dreamers Pt 10	Walter Gillings	Ar

Vol 1. No 11. Aug 1970

Rule of the Brains	John Russell Fearn	nt
Spawn of Jupiter	E.C.Tubb	nt
Culpable In Glass	Kenneth Bulmer	sh
Last Vigil	Michael Moorcock	sh
Cold Crucible	Bob Shaw	sh
The Ultimate Weapon	Danien Broderick	sh
Memories of the Future Pt 2	John Baxter	Ar
The Impatient Dreamers Pt 11	Walter Gillings	Ar

Vol 1. No 12. Sep 1970

Laleo	Norman Lazenby	sh
Cassandra's Castle	Loe Harding	nt
The Fauntleroy Syndrome	Brian F.Ball	sh
All The World's A Stage	Richard A.Gordon	sh
The Slitherers	John Russell Fearn	sh
Memories of the Future Pt 3	John Baxter	Ar
Mars:Not-So-Friendly Neighbour	David A.Hardy	Ar
The Impatient Dreamers Pt 12	John Carnell	Ar

Perhaps I should take time here to remind you of the distribution problems that Vision suffered in it's first three months, which led to Number 3 appearing in November 1969, before the Number 2, which was circulated in December.

!!

It would seem, dear friends, as if I've goofed somewhat, despite the careful assurances that I gave mesel' before I started. What have I done? Well, look at the top of the next page.

Yes indeed! I've started the second section of the listing sans the heading, which is a damn silly thing to do, as I'm sure you all agree. Mind you, it DOES give me chance to do something with this 1/3 page that I had left over. So, without more ado, I say

SECTION TWO - LISTING BY TITLE

and apologise humbly.

Adapters. The	Philip E.High	Nov 1969
After Ragnarok	Robert Bowden	Feb 1970
All The World's A Stage	Richard A.Gordon	Sep 1970
Anchor Man	Jack Wodhams	Aug 1969
Are You There, Mr. Jones?	Stanislaw Lem	Aug 1969
Bitter Pill. The	A.Bertram Chandler	Jun 1970
Blind Eye	David Somers	Jul 1970
Breeding Ground	Christopher Priest	Jan 1970
Cassandra's Castle	Lee Harding	Sep 1970
Changer. The	Harold G.Nye	Jun 1970
Cold Crucible	Bob Shaw	Aug 1970
Consumer Report	Lee Harding	Aug 1969
Culpable In Glass	Kenneth Bulmer	Aug 1970
Custodian. The	Lee Harding	May 1970
Cycle	Robert Bowden	Jul 1970
Dancing Gerontius	Lee Harding	Dec 1969
Dinner of Herbs	Douglas R.Mason	Feb 1970
Dark Corners. The	Robert J.Tilley	Jul 1970
Echo	William F.Temple	Dec 1969
Echoes of Armageddon	Lee Harding	Jul 1970
Election	Frank Bryning	Jun 1970
Fairy Tale	John Brunner	Jul 1970
Fauntleroy Syndrome. The	Brian N.Ball	Sep 1970
Fifth Commandment	John Brunner	Mar 1970
Fixed Image	Philip E.High	May 1970
Flanagan's Law	Dan Morgan	Feb 1970
Frozen Assets	Dan Morgan	Dec 1969
Full-Five	E.C.Tubb	Mar 1970
Ghost Sun. The	John Russell Fearn & Sydney J.Bounds	May 1970
Ill Wind. The	Jack Wodhams	Jan 1970
Incubation	Damien Broderick	Feb 1970
Into The Unknown	John Russell Fearn	Apr 1970
Judge of Men. A	Michael G.Coney	Dec 1969
Lalee	Norman Lazenby	Sep 1970
Last Vigil	Michael Moorcock	Aug 1970
Life of the Party	William F.Temple	Feb 1970
Limbo Rider	Sydney J.Bounds	Apr 1970
Lost In Translation	Peter Cave	May 1970
Lucifer	E.C.Tubb	Nov 1969
Matter of Survival. A	E.C.Tubb	Jun 1970
Minos	Maurice Whitta	Dec 1969

Moonship	John Rankine	Dec 1969
Musicale	Sydney J.Bounds	Jun 1970
Nixhill Monsters. The	Brian Waters	Nov 1969
No Greater Love	Sydney J.Bounds	Jul 1970
Nothing Like The Sun	Christopher Priest	Jul 1970
Number 7	Eric C.Williams	Nov 1969
On Greatgrandfather's Knee	Jack Wodhams	Feb 1970
One of the Family	Sydney J.Bounds	Feb 1970
People Like You	David Rome	Nov 1969
Phoenix People. The	Richard A.Gordon	Mar 1970
Prime Order	Peter Cave	Jan 1970
Prisoner In The Ice	Brian Stableford	Nov 1969
Problem Child	Peter Oldale	Jun 1970
Psycho-Land	Philip E.High	Jan 1970
Quarry	E.C.Tubb	Dec 1969
Rebel Planet	Peter L.Cave	Jun 1970
Rebirth	Lee Harding	Apr 1970
Rejection Syndrome	Douglas R.Mason	Apr 1970
Rule of the Brains	John Russell Fearn	Aug 1970
Scales of Friendship	Kenneth Bulmer	May 1970
Shadows of Fear	Eddy C.Bertin	Jun 1970
Shapers of Men	Kenneth Bulmer	Nov 1969
Sixth Sense	Michael G.Coney	Aug 1969
Slitherers. The	John Russell Fearn	Sep 1970
Spawn of Jupiter	E.C.Tubb	Aug 1970
Star-Mutants. The	Danien Broderick	Mar 1970
Strictly Legal	Douglas Fulthorpe	Dec 1969
Swords For A Guide	Kenneth Bulmer	Aug 1969
Takeover	Harold G.Nye	Jan 1970
Technical Wizard	Philip E.High	Feb 1970
Time-Slip	Eric Harris	Jan 1970
Transference	K.W.Eaton	May 1970
Trojan Horse	E.C.Tubb	Jan 1970
Ultimate Weapon	Danien Broderick	Aug 1970
Undercover Weapon	Jack Wodhams	Dec 1969
Vault. The	Danien Broderick	Aug 1969
Visitors. The	Frank Bryning	Mar 1970
Ward 13	Sydney J.Bounds	Jan 1970
When In Doubt, Destroy	William F.Temple	Aug 1969
World To Conquer	Sydney J.Bounds	Nov 1969
Zwoppover	Jack Wodhams	Apr 1970

.....to be continued.....





