

# Beyond





COVER BY CHARLES PLATT.  
ALL UNSIGNED ARTWORK IN  
THE REST OF THE MAG-  
AZINE IS BY HENRY BROOKMAN.



# Editorial

JANUARY  
1964

By Charles  
Platt

A new title for this magazine...  
But the contents will remain the same.

When I first thought of starting 'Point of View' it was before I had ever seen a fanzine. I'd heard of them, seen them mentioned in one or two pro zines, but that was as far as my knowledge of the world of 'fan publishing' went.

This meant I planned what this magazine would contain, and the sort of magazine it would be, without any preconceptions or built-in prejudices of the 'It's obvious that...' or 'everyone knows that...' variety. Since it was going to be a magazine sold mainly to sf fans, it seemed logical for the bulk of the publication to be devoted to science fiction. I was not aware of the fact that nearly all other fanzines treat fiction as something of secondary importance, and that a lot of people are, through logical reasons or prejudice, definitely against the publication of amateur 'fan fiction'.

The realisation of the true state of affairs only came gradually; as I read more and more letters of comment slagging the stories in the first issue and praising the article, and as one or two people started mentioning in passing the fact that they disliked fan fiction in general, things started making sense.

In response to a lot of the letters I received, Issue 2 of what was then 'point of view' contained more fact, and about the same amount of fiction. (There were 8 more pages.) This, I thought, was a more balanced combination.

But, as you'll see if you turn to the Letters Page, complaints about the amount of fiction in this magazine still kept coming in.

Now this really is something I cannot understand. It seems a lot of people in the sf fan world prefer talking about science fiction or reading articles about science fiction, (or on other topics), to actually reading the stuff they're so enthusiastic about.

Fan fiction may not be professional, or of a decent

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length, but it can be amusing, entertaining, interesting, or whatever other reason it is one bothers to read at all. It can be of abominably low standard, I agree; but some of it isn't. It seems a pity that people otherwise very interested in science fiction should not take an interest in it written by amateurs, while being perfectly prepared to read badly-written gimmick articles trying to work a new twist out of a tired subject, whether that subject be sf or world politics or anything else the author has little or no knowledge of but strong opinions about. In my opinion the majority of fan fiction is better written than the majority of fan articles; but since it's easier to get away with shoddy work in article form than it is when writing dialogue, for example, and since there are not all that many sf articles professionally published, so that ones by fans escape comparison, my view is not widely held.

So I do not intend changing the makeup of this magazine (unless forced to by lack of contributions) until at least two issues from now. Before cancelling your subscription, ask yourself whether your reason for disliking fan fiction in general (if this should be the case) is just that you've read so many bad examples you're prejudiced. And ask yourself whether you didn't really enjoy reading the stories in the last two issues and this one as much as you'd have enjoyed reading articles of the same length.

I myself enjoy a lot of fan fiction; I can't believe that no one else does. I mean, I couldn't be that queer... could I?

Looks like this is going to be a bitty editorial, as there are a lot of fairly short things that need mentioning. Still on the subject of this magazine, you may notice that the quality of the apaper has improved. This is not by choice (although my duplicator does like it better) but because the shop that sold me the last lot of paper, at 14/6 for 500 sheets, suddenly decided it hadn't got any left, the only other stuff being 16/-. Having searched for something cheaper elsewhere in vain, I eventually got 2000 sheets of the 16/- paper, and worked out how much of a loss I'd make.

Surprisingly enough, since I was, I must confess, in



theory making a profit on previous issues (the theory broke down when I gave half of the copies away!) in theory even with the more expensive paper I am still not making a loss; in fact each issue would cost 5.79 pence to produce if I sold all the 100 copies run off. How many new readers this magazine collects will determine whether or not the number of pages goes down to 32 next issue; if this should occur, you now know why.

No doubt a lot of the readers of this magazine will have noticed that our new title is one that has been used before; but I decided I liked it so much this didn't matter. So Roy Kay gets the double book prize for his suggestion. Some other titles that have been sent in: Vision, View, Pointer, Fusion, Orbita Dicta, Peverd, Thaba, Linsare, When?, Science Meets Fiction, The Twishers, Insomnia, Fanateur, Science View, Spacefan, Plattform, Variations, Counterpoint, Objective, Plattitudinous, Altar Ego, Amazing Fantasy, Sagittauras, Glacta, Harmonics, Vulcan, Odyssey, Augur, Aurora, Vernal, Electron, Yonder, Meridian, Image, New Vista, Two Worlds, Macrocosm, Viewpoint, Horizon, Moot, Dregs, Nazgul, Balrog, Parafanalia, Impact, New Horizons, New Dimensions, Point of View (!), Relatively Speaking, Your SF. and The Elms, Gnomes, Somethings and Young Men's chowder and Marching Society Fanzine. Takes all types....

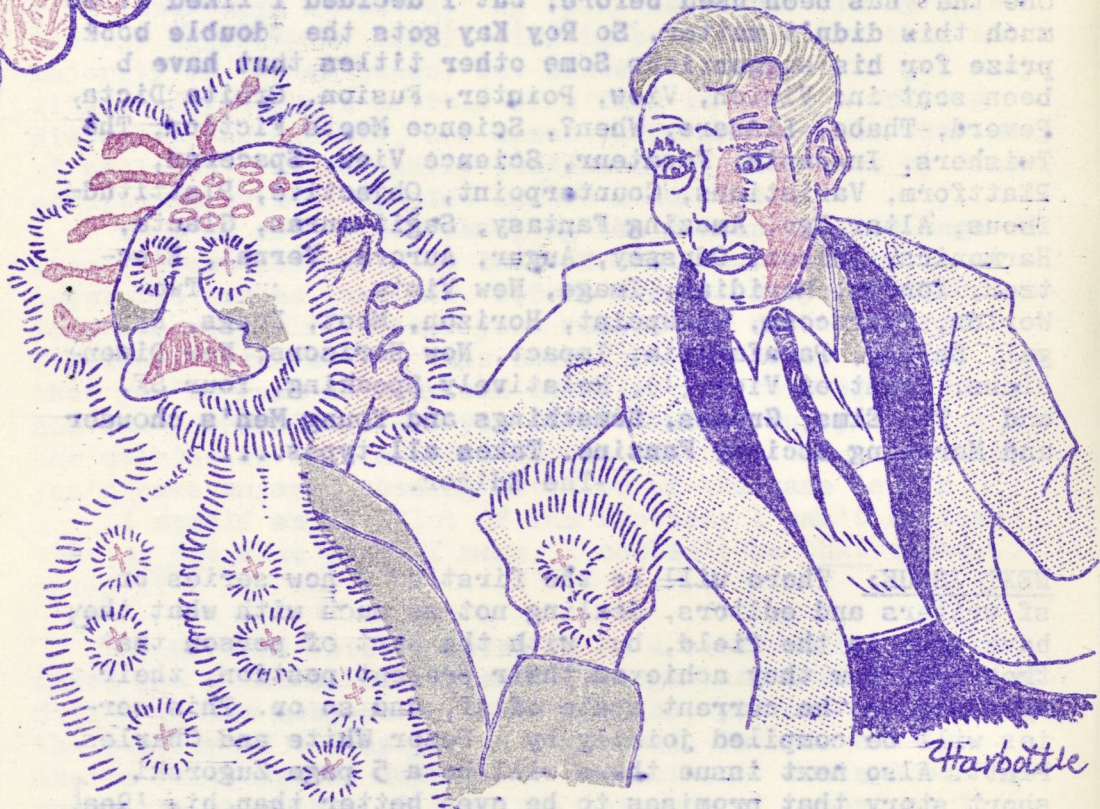
-The Editor.

NEXT ISSUE: There will be the first of a new series on sf writers and editors, dealing not so much with what they have done in the field, but with the sort of person that they are, how they achieved their present position, their opinions on the current state of sf, and so on. This series will be compiled jointly by Peter White and Charles Platt. Also next issue there will be a 5 page Zugorski short story that promises to be even better than his 'Real Life Thrills, inc' that took the prize last issue. The overall standard of the artwork will be still further improved; there'll be a Special Cover, a pull out supplement, usual features, and lots more.....



# 6 All the Fun of the Fair

BY PHIL  
HARBOTTLE



Glowing a dull red, the alien ship fell through the night air of Earth. Then, with a brief flare of under-jets, the star ship settled ponderously. Vorl switched off the null - screen, settled back.

"Phase One completed," he said. "Phase Two coming up." His companion frowned. "I don't care for the idea at all. We've orbited, photographed their cities, and recorded their broadcasts. As



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Scouts, that's all we're required to do. Leave the rest for the contact men who will come after us."

Vorl shook his head. "I'll never understand you, Granzoid. Here we are, Stellar scouts in the navy of his majesty Volston IV, and light years from home. And yet you are frightened to mix with a primitive race on a backwater race planet like this."

"Regulations forbid it".

"The regulations be hanged! You know the way Central control works; by the time our report is acted upon we'll be dead and redistributed! I'm curious: I want to know about these people now. All I propose to do is mingle with them for a few hours. It ought to be amusing, don't you think?

"Suit yourself. But you'd better have a closer look at these creatures first. They may be so alien as to defy duplication." Granzoid operated the panoramic viewer. A brightly lit enclosure came into view. People thronged it. Granzoid cut in the sound...

"...all the fun of the fair! Step right up and see the girl from the Barbary coast...three balls for sixpence...two copper coins can win you..." Loud music mingled with the extraordinary babble. Vorl killed the sound.

"Interesting! Obviously an amusement centre of some sort -- and only two miles away."

"You propose to ... go there?"

"Certainly. There are large crowds thronging that place; just as I want it. But first I'll have to get a 'blueprint', for my adopted shape". He fiddled with the magnifier control. A man swelled up, filling the coloured screen. Vorl stared at it and concentrated.

A nimbus hovered about his body. Slowly, his outline blurred, seemed to dissolve .. only to congeal as an uncanny likeness of the man on the screen, even down to the clothes he was wearing. Like all Cygnians, given a model, Vorl was able to change his body at will, possessing as he did the racial characteristic of mind over matter to an astonishing degree.

Granzoid voiced a grim warning. "On no account must you reveal your true form to these primitives. They'd probably tear you to pieces."

"That won't happen. You'll be able to watch my progress on the viewer." Moving awkwardly in his new body, he

headed towards the airlock.

Noise was everywhere. Show folk were shouting at passers-by; amplified music and song; screaming and laughing. A veritable cacophony. But that was not all that distracted the Cygnian. He was receiving thought waves...

Despair and sadness was the theme of the thoughts that pervaded Vorl's mind as he stood transfixed. Then he glanced around wildly. There, not five yards away, was a small boy. He realised he was picking up that boy's thoughts!

"Incredible," Vorl thought. "Alien though our brains are, by some fluke of nature our thoughts are in sympathy -- on the same wavelength! Is he receiving my thoughts, I wonder?"

His unspoken question was abruptly answered as their eyes met. Sudden terror appeared in the boy's face. With a wail he turned to flee. Alarmed, Vorl jerked forward, grabbing the child before he could melt into the crowd.

Grasping him by the arm, he poured thoughts into his mind. Thus far, nobody had taken undue notice of them, chiefly because they appeared to be father and son.

Gradually the boy became less agitated as Vorl transmitted reassuring thoughts, comforting him for all he was worth.

The boy's mind was young and impressionable, and Vorl was a master of mental processes. With an intense mental effort he succeeded in calming the boy, whose name was Johnny, removing all traces of xenophobia from him.

"Tell me why you are so sad". Then, as the boy opened his mouth: "no, don't speak. Just think the words."

And so Johnny told him the reason for his visit to the fair. It appeared that his father had died, and he and his mother lived alone, on the edge of the common. Recently his mother had fallen ill, and consequently very little money was coming into the household. That night, as his mother slept, Johnny had got up and dressed.

Taking the entire contents of his mother's purse, he had sneaked out of the house. With the simple faith peculiar to the young child, he had come to the fair, believing that he would treble the money and return, triumphant, to his mother. Tears welled up in his eyes. Now he had only a few pence left -- and nothing to show for it.

Vorl patted his head. Johnny's story had touched him deeply, for poverty and a monetary system had long since ceased to exist on his home world. The alien determined to help. Used as he was to hectic star flights and the paradoxes



of hyperspace, this mundane problem was like a breath of fresh air.

"Show me," he thought, "where you can obtain this 'money'." Johnny led him over to a small, brightly lit stall, surrounded by a wire mesh. Behind this was a wheel-shaped table, covered with multi-coloured plastic material. This in turn was divided up into hundreds of small squares. The object, Vorl saw, was to roll a coin down a small ramp so that it landed cleanly inside one of the squares. He smiled. This was going to be easy.

"Roll your penny, Johnny," instructed Vorl silently. With a sigh, the boy did so. It landed smack in the middle of a square marked '4'.

"How much have you now, Johnny?"

"Two and sixpence!" Johnny was beaming. "Gosh, I haven't lost once since you came," He looked slyly at the alien. "You're doing it, 'Uncle' Vorl, aren't you?"

Vorl started, then smiled. "Yes, I am," he confessed.

"Never mind how, it's a secret. Now, is there another stall which pays more money than this one? I cannot stay on this pl - here, much longer."

The boy indicated a darts stall, to which Vorl let himself be led. Once again the object was made plain to the alien, partly through Johnny, and partly through his own astute observation. And with Vorl standing silently by the boy was 100% successful with the darts. He was quickly amassing a sizable sum of money, thanks to the alien's telekinetic faculty.

Suddenly, a sneering youth dressed in outlandish clothes thrust the boy aside. "Get out O' it, kid. Make way for a player!" He turned to a girl similarly dressed in garish clothes, with heavily painted eyes. "Just watch this, Biddy. I'm terrific at darts. Be choosing your prize." The girl smiled with her lips. So long as the fellow lavished his money on her, why should she worry over his conceit?

Carelessly, the newcomer flung a coin at the stall keeper, picked up a set of darts. Vorl bristled. Arrogance and conceit were failings he recognised and despised.

The youth threw his first dart, and Vorl was ready for it. The dart wavered momentarily in mid flight, then turned sharply and plunged into the ample buttocks of the showman who had bent down to pick up the carelessly flung coin.



With a bull-like roar he jerked round, tiny eyes fixing the hapless youth. He flexed his hairy fingers.

"Honest, mister, it ... it was an accident! I..." Gone now was his veneer of toughness. This was hardly surprising in view of the fact that the stall keeper topped six feet and weighed sixteen stone.

"Any more 'accidents' like that, and there'll be another one!" Vorl smiled, and acknowledged the wink from Johnny. He hadn't finished yet, though. The second dart fared no better than the first. It veered in flight, ripping into an expensive box of chocolates amongst the prizes. It appeared quite deliberate.

The youth stood aghast. Even his girlfriend was taken aback. "You shouldn't have done that, Eddie" she faltered.

This was enough for the stall keeper! What with losing money to a small kid and all, he was blazing mad. Cursing, he emerged from the stall. Grabbing him by the scruff of the neck, he brought the back of his huge hairy hand across



Eddie's spotty face, again and again. Then, snarling a profane oath, he flung him to the ground. (11)

Shuddering with anguish, the dissheveled youth looked around him with brimming eyes. Little Johnny was openly laughing, whilst Vorl smiled contentedly. To add insult to injury, a small crowd had gathered. Biddy had stalked off in contempt.

Fuming, the youth scrambled to his feet, flung a vicious blow at Johnny. His flailing fist described a swift arc, and smashed back into his own jaw. He howled. Vorl was enjoying himself hugely. His high pitched alien laugh sounded for the first time. It triggered something in Eddie.

He plunged his hand inside his knee length purple jacket. A wicked razor glinted in his shaking hand. Before Vorl, taken completely unawares, could make a move, half his face had been slashed away. Desperately, Vorl flung a mental bolt at his attacker, knocking him sprawling. The crowd moved forward angrily, then pulled up short. Came gasps of horrified astonishment -- and no wonder. A yellow viscid fluid was oozing from the incisions. And Vorl was changing!

Vorl's powers were being wholly employed to heal his wounds. In so doing, the concentration necessary for retaining his human shape had gone by the board. Amid an eerie glow, he reverted to his original form. His head flowed into its normal cusp shape. Livid scarlet feelers waved crazily above his single eye; eight appendages writhed mightily, the blue hairs upon them stiff and erect, so intense was Vorl's effort to repair his ruined features. And he was succeeding...

Eddie screamed: "It's a monster! Knocked me down without touching me; my God, it'll kill us!" His hysterical words had a profound effect upon the crowd. As one body, they surged forward, intent on killing this monstrosity before them. Johnny was swept aside.

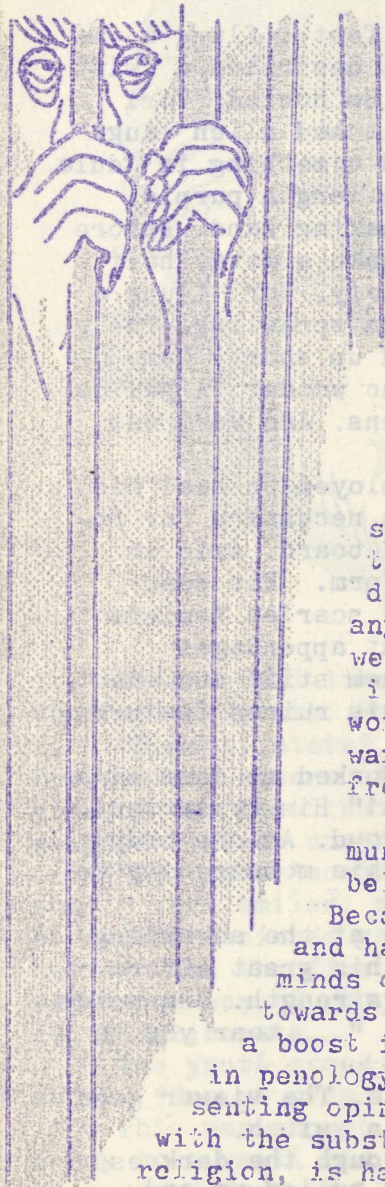
Frantically, Vorl hurled mind force at the advancing tide. Still they surged on. Weakened by his great effort in healing himself, his thoughts lacked strength. Granzoid's words reverberated in his mind: "....tear you to pieces!" He waited for death.

Granzoid, however, was far from idle. The viewer gave him the necessary bearings. He pressed a switch.

A scintillating pink ray lanced through the darkness from above and enveloped Vorl. The crowd pulled up and

# S.F. AND Freedom

BY PETER WHITE



I realise that through writing this article I am in danger of being accused of bringing politics into sf. My defence is that this can only be said with 'politics' being used in the widest sense of the word, and that when used in such a wide sense politics can be said to exist everywhere.

Since the second World War the statesmen of the western world have had us believe that our freedom is being threatened by an ideology that, in its official philosophy, states itself to be working towards world brotherhood and justice. It is not for me to discuss here the validity of these claims, any more than to discuss the claims of the western society. What I wish to discuss is the way in which the division of the world into two camps, in a state of 'cold war', is conditioning the attitudes towards freedom of expression in the west.

Communism is the enemy. Because Communism has, up to now, gained power by rebellion, all rebelliousness is condemned. Because Communism is overtly anti-religious and has been equated with immorality in the minds of a great many people, there is a trend towards militant moral rearmament, a desire for a boost in Christianity and greater discipline in penology, education, and the treatment of dissenting opinion. The fact that much the same thing, with the substitution of dialectic materialism for religion, is happening in the USSR shows how general this reaction is. This rise of militant conformism is perhaps best explained by the psychology of Erich Fromm.



Fromm believes that most men desire to relate themselves to a religion, secular or otherwise; that they need an opinion leader, that they fear freedom. He also believes that the 20th century contains a great potential for freedom, individuality and self-expression, because the old close-societies have been swept away by urbanised living, the mass media, and so on, and the reaction to this has been a desire for authoritarianism. Communism is an excuse: the sort of excuse that led to the barbaric chanting of 'Sieg Heil!' in Germany.

Recently there has been increasing hostility towards all expression of unpopular opinions, whether through tv, film, or the written word. I have been alarmed to find that, as a new member, such feelings exist in the British sf association, in the heart of what I took to be the tolerant sf community. People have talked about the 'Artist's responsibility to the community' and have stated that writers should abandon gloom, forget the seamy side of the community humanity, and reflect 'hope for man's future.' This follows all too closely the art policies of the USSR and certain elements of public opinion in the West. In effect it is saying 'you can say what you like so long as we like what you say'. Do not think that a censorship is governed by the sincerity of a creation. A sincere attempt to corrupt would soon be banned.

Let us remember that the artist is a man driven to express himself for the sake of self expression, to talk for the sake of hearing his won voice. The artist should be driven to create, or he is not an artist. His art should be of internal necessity; his only obligation to himself, not society. True sincerity cannot be controlled, it must be free. An artist must have absolute freedom or he cannot create art.

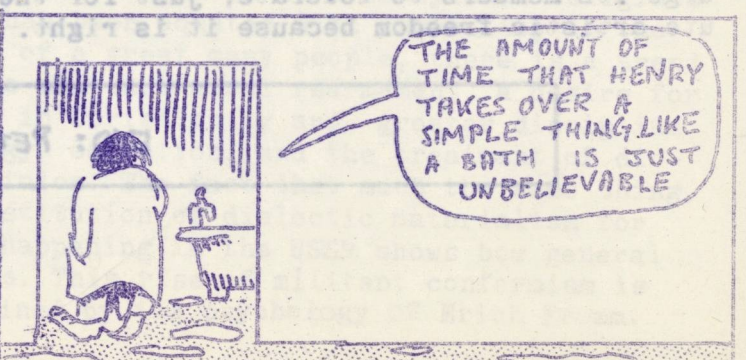
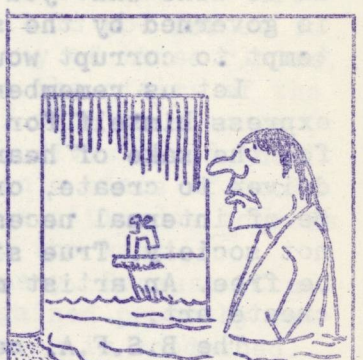
The B.S.F.A. can hardly alter public opinion but I urge its members to tolerate, just for the record, absolute artistic freedom because it is right.

END: PETER WHITE



# ALFRED

WORDS & PICTURES  
BY JEREMY WILLIAMS





# RIDERS IN THE SKY

BY J.C.  
ANTHONY



"Daddy! I've seen them, I've seen them!"

She ran across to the bed and began to tug energetically at her father's pajama jacket.

"The nightmares. Just like Uncle Tommy said..."

"Whaaaah?" He rolled over and stared blearily into his daughter's excited face.

"In the sky. Come and see."

"Oh, God, what are you doing out of bed?"

"I've seen them -- the nightmares -- just like Uncle Tommy..."

He heard his wife mutter and switch on the lamp at the bedside. "Hold it, hold it," he said. "Now just what did Uncle Tommy say?"

"He said, he said nightmares are horses what ride around in the sky at night time."

"He did, did he? Clown. So you dreamt you saw some horses."

"No, I was awake: it was real."

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"Real, eh? Well, tell me about the horses and then off to bed fast, right?"

"Well, there was four of them -- a black one and a red one and a white one and a sort of grey one..."

"Oh yes?"

"And there was a king on one and a man with a great big sword on the red one and a man with a sort of weighing thing and..."

"What!" Something clicked in his mind and he sat upright quickly, grabbing her by the shoulders. "Who told you that? Who's been filling your head with that rubbish? Tommy?"

"No, I saw them, I saw them in the sky."

He turned to his wife, who was looking at him in astonishment.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Why get so excited about a dream?"

"Dream? But it's impossible, Don't you know what she's describing?"

The child, who was now becoming tearful at their lack of credulity, ran to the window and pulled back the curtain.

"See. There they are."

And there they were: the four horsemen. He gasped with shock and disbelief.

"No..."

At that instant the light came that melted his eyes. And then the blast. High over the city the flower of fire bloomed.

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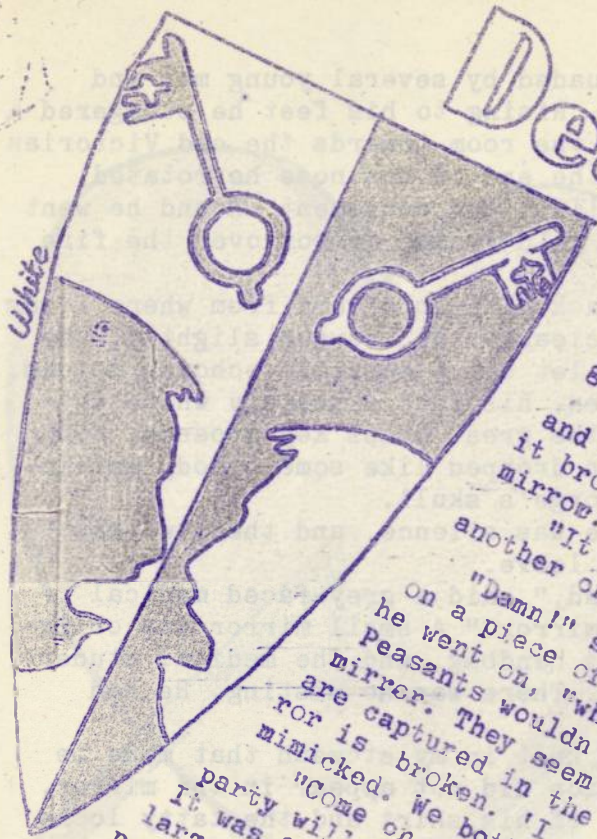
END: J C ANTHONY

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ERIAL BACKWARDS POSSIBLE."  
PROCESS MAKES PRINTING MAT-  
FACT THAT YOUR Duplicating  
I SEE NO ADVANTAGES IN THE  
COMMENT FROM A READER:



White



# The Death Image

BY JOHN WITTY

"Seven years' bad luck," I said. George looked up and grinned.

"I'm not superstitious, old man, and anyway I was miles past it when it broke". I looked down at the broken mirror.

"It doesn't matter much, I can get another one."

"Damn!" said George, "I've cut my thumb on a piece of the broken glass. Do you know," he went on, "when I was staying in Poland the Peasants wouldn't go within miles of a broken mirror. They seem to think that the reflections are captured in the mirror, and escape when the mirror is broken. 'I no stay with mirror men'" George mimicked. "Come on," I said, "we'd better get going or your party will be over before we arrived in the large Victorian room he had hired with a mass of well-wishers and hand-shakers. It was George's 21st birthday and when we arrived in the room was immediately surrounded by a mass of well-crowning glory, type of decorated and the shelves were filled with every imaginable bottle. Over the centre of the room, the large guild of the an enormous brass key, which had been made by the great key, foundry workers. The room was about 20 feet high, and the local gathering a smoky atmosphere, seeming to give the whole and fro in the must have weighed several hundredweight, swung to and fro with a purpose. The room was fairly well lit up. George, wearing a tatty false moustache, caring whether it was past his 21st birthday party or the 5th of

November. He was being persuaded by several young men and women to do his party trick. Rising to his feet he staggered somewhat uncertainly across the room towards the old Victorian fireplace. With a poker on the end of his nose he rotated, his audience roared with delight and amusement. Round he went until he was facing the big gold-framed mirror over the fireplace.

I was sitting on the back of a sofa, and from where I was I could see his face quite clearly. He frowned slightly, the poker fell, and suddenly he let out a horrible echoing scream. He staggered back a few paces, his face a deathly white colour. Slowly and inexorably the great brass key groaned, hung still for a moment, and then dropped like some bloody guillotine, cleaving deep into George's skull.

For a long moment there was silence, and then, without a word, the guests began to leave.

"I think he must be dead," said a grey-faced medical student. "Has anyone got a mirror?" A small mirror was obligingly produced from a lady's handbag, and the medical student held it under George's nose. There was no misting. He had stopped breathing.

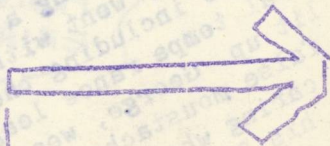
As I watched, I felt a knot in my stomach that made me feel sick. George's reflection did not appear in the mirror, only the empty white colour of his shirt and the tatty locks of hair that formed his false moustache.

-END: JOHN WITTY-

# SPECIAL!

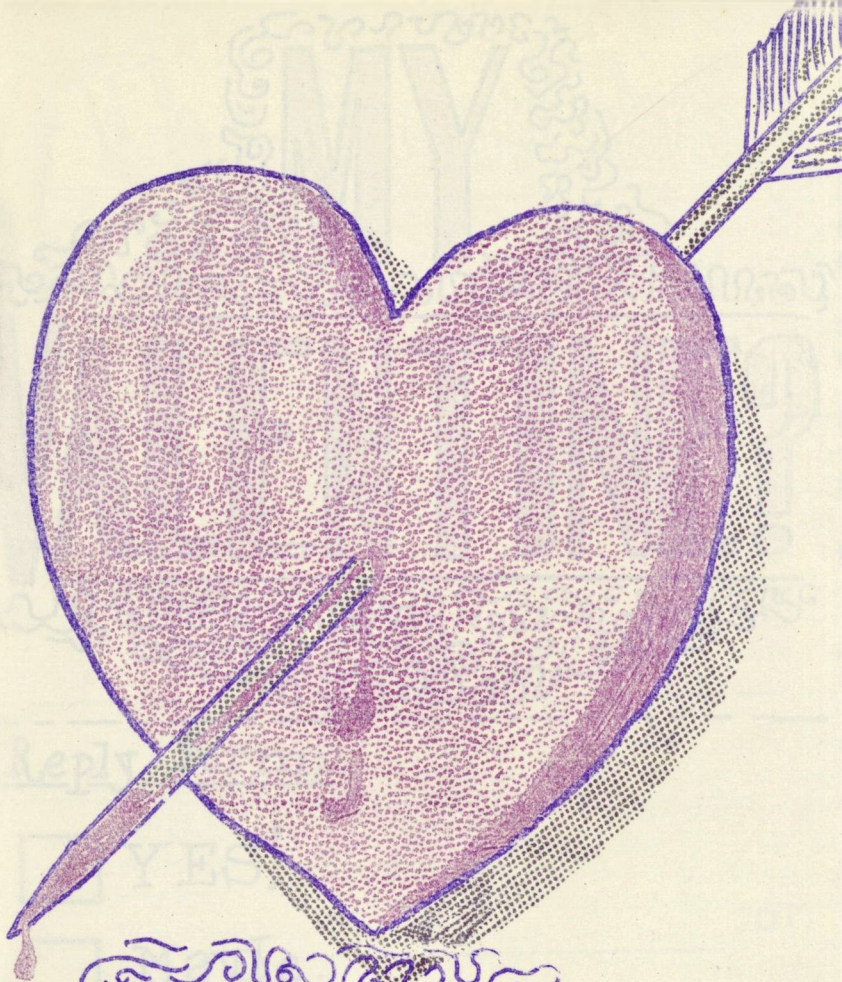
TO READERS OF  
"Beyond"

PULL-OUT  
VALENTINE CARD



JUST LOOSEN STAPLES & REMOVE,  
READY FOR FEBRUARY 14TH.





WILL  
YOU BE





# MY VALENTINE?

Reply Form:

☐ YES!

☐ Maybe.

☐ Depends...

☐ Try next year.

☐ NO.

(TICK ONE.) SEND THIS FORM BACK,  
TO:

# MY VALENTINE!

2½d  
stamp  
here

TO:

\_\_\_\_\_

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# The Bookshop

BY ARCHIE  
POTTS

(19)

In a more gracious age the mews had consisted of a cobbled courtyard enclosed by stables and grooms' quarters; and outwardly, at least, the small square of buildings retained much of its original character. But behind the old-world facade, the stables had long since been turned into garages and the retainers' rooms converted to luxury flats.

Although it was dusk, Heywood found the outside entrance to the apartment without much difficulty. The name 'Venlo' was printed on a piece of postcard pinned to the right hand stanchion of the street door, near the button of an electric bell.

Heywood rang the bell several times, but receiving no answer reluctantly concluded that Venlo was still out.

He decided to wait.

Looking around for somewhere to pass the time, Heywood noticed a doorway opposite the Venlo flat. He crossed the road and positioned himself in its shadows.

The streetlights came on, casting their beams across Heywood's face. It was a hard, humourless face, with a paleness common to men just out of jail. He was fast approaching middle age and even the prison diet had failed to prevent a perceptible thickening of the wistline. In future years only his height would prevent him from appearing gross.

His vigil proved cold and tedious, and he restlessly fingered the knife he carried in his mackintosh pocket. Pressing his thumb on its point gave him the sort of pleasure-pain sensation that a schoolboy sometimes gets from playing with a slack tooth.

In spite of this distraction he soon became bored with waiting and began to take stock of his immediate surroundings. To his surprise, he found that he was standing in the doorway of a bookshop. Heywood thought it a strange site for such a business, but then the bookshop itself was rather odd.

It was not one of those slick modern bookshops with their bright displays of multicoloured paperbacks. This was an old and rather dusty-looking building. Its exterior was reminiscent of the most Dickensian tea-rooms found in many English country towns which cater for American tourists. This particular frontage, however, appeared to be genuinely antiquated, and not merely a twentieth century imitation of an earlier style of architecture. The shop's lead-latticed windows were

full of tomes bound in thick leather covers, with titles engraved in bold letters of gold.

Heywood thought it quaintly different from any bookshop he had ever seen before, and promptly decided to wait inside, instead of hanging around in the cold. He told himself that he could pretend to browse through the books, while keeping a watch through the shop windows for Venlo's return.

He entered the bookshop to the sound of a little bell, which tinkled merrily above him as he pushed the door open.

The noise attracted the attention of the bookseller, who emerged from a rear room to provide service.

He was an old man. In appearance he looked like a Cruikshank illustration of Mr Pickwick. He had rosy-apple cheeks and white fuzzy hair, with a large bald patch in the crown that resembled a monk's tonsure. His crumpled three piece suit was glossy with wear, and the slipped knot of his tie revealed a twinkling gold collar stud beneath. He peered benevolently at Heywood over the tops of his spectacles and enquired,

"Can I help you, sir?"

"Mind if I look around?"

"Not at all. You're very welcome to do so. If you want any help, just call."

"Thanks." Heywood glanced with little interest at the shelves. The books appeared to be mostly biographies of obscure people. At least, Johnny Heywood had never heard of any of their names before, although he was no great scholar, as he would have been the first to admit.

He picked out a volume at random, with the intention of making a pretence of reading, while keeping his eyes on the flat across the street.

Heywood opened the book at its title page, and nearly dropped it with surprise when he saw what was printed there.

The book purported to be an account of his own life.

Coincidence, he reasoned, after he had got over the initial shock. The book was merely a biography of a man with the same name. After all, his name was hardly unique. There had probably been hundreds of John Heywoods in the world, and at least one of them could have merited a biography.

In spite of himself, he turned to the first chapter and began to read. Once he had started he could not stop. The book was a biography of himself. The story of his life was before him in black and white:

"...the gang met every evening on the street corner. The back streets stank of bad drains and rotting garbage, but it



was the only playground they knew. Heywood was the youngest of the group, a chubby urchin in a blue wollen jersey and patched trousers..... they stood in front of the Chief officer, looking like boy scouts in their brown shirts and shorts. Heywood risked a sideways glance at the others. They looked as self conscious as himself in their compulsory garb. The Chief officer was a stiff backed man with a clipped moustache and a row of service ribbons on his tunic. "You might have got away with it outside," he warned, "but you'll not get away with anything in here".....

.....Heywood was tired after his day at the warehouse. The work was hard and the pay was poor. Still, if he were careful, he might manage to save enough over a couple of years to be able to marry Sally. His thoughts were interrupted by a flashily dressed young man, with hair as smooth and black as patent leather.

"Hello, Johnny. My name's Venlo. How would you like to earn a little extra money?" .....the police sergeant had a paternal manner. "Look, Johnny, we know you left the inside door open for them. We found your fingerprints on the handle. However, I'm more interested in catching those who did the job. It'll go easier for you if you tell me who put you up to it." But that was never Johnny Heywood's way.....

.....it had rained during the night. The streets were still wet when the grey clock tower chimed eight and the heavy prison gates swung open to allow the released men to come out.

Johnny Heywood paused to rest his battered suitcase on the pavement while he lit a cigarette. There was no one to meet him coming out. He had not expected anybody, so he was neither surprised nor disappointed. With a tug of indifference at his trilby, he picked up his case and made for the nearest bus stop.....the coffee bar had just opened when Heywood walked in. The floor was still damp in places where it had been scrubbed and the smell of soap lingered in the air.

"Hello, Johnny," greeted the proprietor, a fat man with thinning hair and a double chin that sagged like the dewlap of an ox.

"Cup of coffee, Nick" ordered Heywood as he hoisted himself on to a counter stool. The proprietor drew the coffee from a hissing percolator and put the froth-topped cup in front of Heywood.

"It's been a long time, Johnny," observed the fat man.

Heywood nodded. "You were unlucky, Johnny. I always said so." Heywood ignored the proprietor's commiserations and took a sip of the coffee. It tasted good after prison tea. He came straight to the point.

"Do you know where I'll find Tony Venlo?"....."

Heywood could not put the book down. He felt impelled to follow the story through, from the beginning to the point where it described his entry to the bookshop.

Here, Heywood forced his eyes from the print so that he might ponder a moment on the implications of the book. He did not attempt to rationalise the strange experience of being able to read his own life story, but began to speculate on the opportunities that such a book might open to him. For having accurately recorded his past he felt sure it would go on to tell him his future; and such knowledge, he realised, would be beyond price.

Therefore it was with a slight tremble in his hand that he turned the next page.

It was blank.

Hastily, he turned the remaining pages, only to find them all blank.

He called out impatiently to the bookseller: "Hey, are you there?" The old man appeared instantly.

"Did you call, sir?"

"Yes," answered Heywood shakily, a little startled by the man. "It's about this book."

"Is there anything wrong with it, sir?"

"Yes, the story is incomplete."

"May I see, please?" said the old man, holding his hand out for the book. Heywood gave it to him and the bookseller flicked through the rear pages.

"I'm afraid there's been a mistake," he said apologetically.

"A mistake?"

"I regret so, sir. You see, this book should not have been on our shelves at all."

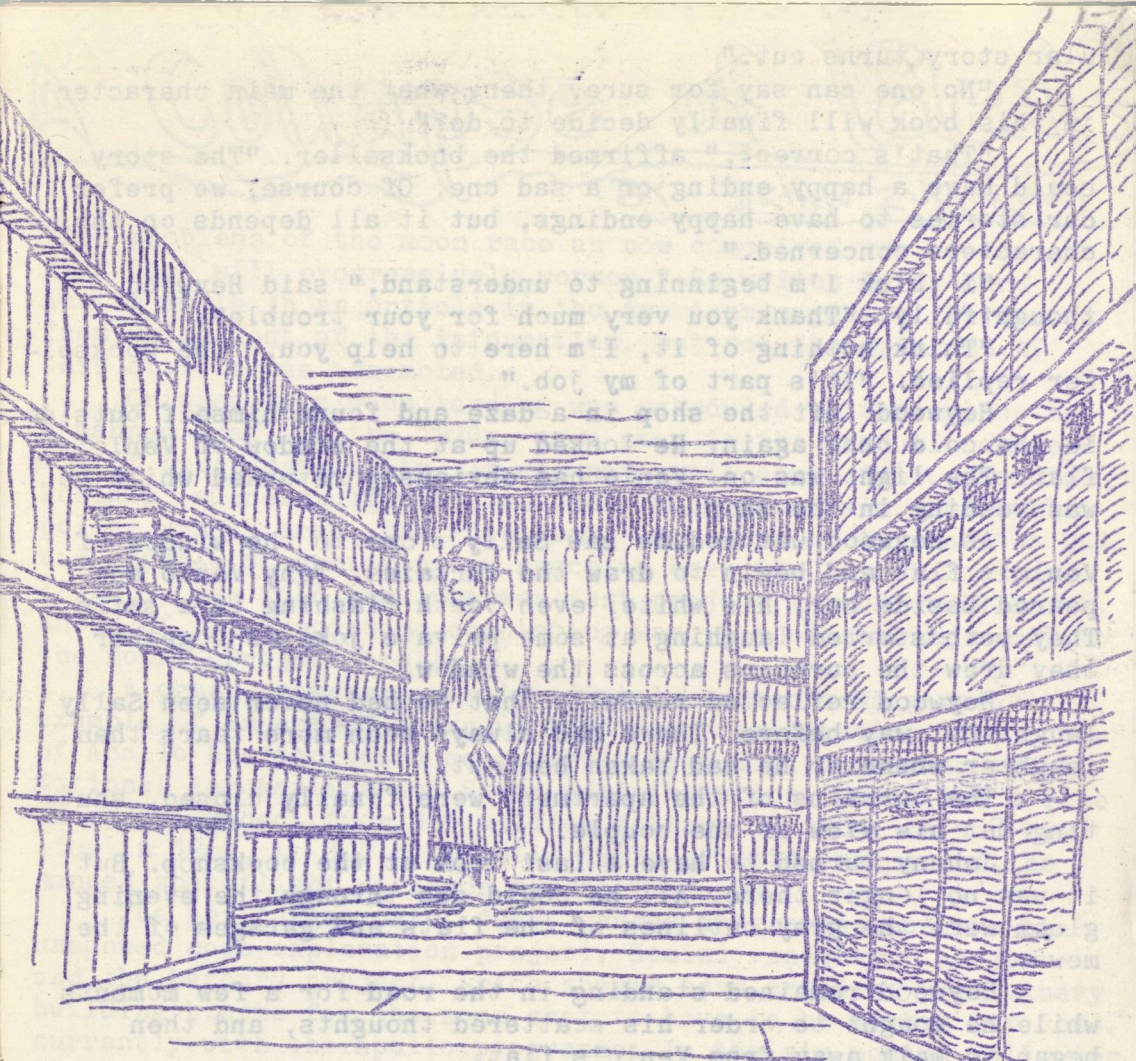
"But why not? I want to buy it."

"That's out of the question, sir. We only sell completed works. I couldn't possibly sell you an unfinished story. It just is not done in our trade."

"Perhaps you could tell me how the story ends?" Heywood pressed him.

The bookseller glanced at the title on the cover.





"I couldn't do that either, sir, because no one knows yet how this story will end."

"Why not?"

"Let me put it this way," the old man explained. "Could you enter the events for tomorrow in your diary for today?"

"Of course not."

"Well, it's much the same with our writers," said the bookseller. "They can't do the impossible, you know," he added with a smile.

"Then your writers are not responsible for the plots of their books?"

"Oh dear no," he replied with a shake of his head. "The writer will be as interested as you are to see how this partic-

ular story turns out."

"No one can say for sure, then, what the main character in this book will finally decide to do?"

"That's correct," affirmed the bookseller. "The story could have a happy ending or a sad one. Of course, we prefer our stories to have happy endings, but it all depends on the characters concerned."

"I think I'm beginning to understand," said Heywood thoughtfully. "Thank you very much for your trouble".

"Think nothing of it, I'm here to help you," the bookseller replied. "It's part of my job."

Heywood left the shop in a daze and found himself outside in the cold once again. He looked up at the window of Venlo's flat. The light was on. Venlo had obviously returned while he was reading in the shop.

As Heywood watched, he saw Sally come to the window of Venlo's flat and begin to draw the curtains. Tony Venlo appeared beside her, his white, even teeth flashing in a smile. They both started laughing at some private joke as together they drew the curtains across the window.

Heywood reflected ruefully that he had never seen Sally laugh that way before. There had always been more tears than laughter whenever he had taken her out.

The curtains of the apartment were finally closed, shutting out his view of the couple.

Johnny turned to have a last look at the bookshop. But it was no longer there. All he could see through the evening gloom were the grey outlines of the flats and garages of the mews.

Heywood remained standing in the road for a few moments while he sought to order his scattered thoughts, and then began to walk away from Venlo's flat.

He halted at the first grating that he came to in the gutter, and bent forward to drop his knife with a soft splash down the street drain.

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END: ARCHIE POTTS

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Subscription rates for Beyond: (all rates include postage)  
Next issue: 9d. Next two issues: 1/6. Next three issues: 2/-  
Next four issues: 2/6. Postal orders, cheques, stamps, book  
tokens, trading stamps... anything resembling money will be  
joyously accepted.



# A Collapse of Ideals <sup>(25)</sup>

## BY BRIAN ZUGORSKI

"The problems of the moon race as now conceived are of the kind that will progressively worsen." So writes Mr Richard Austin Smith in an article in the American magazine 'Fortune', from which most of the information, but not the opinions, of this article was assembled.

Originally a moon landing was scheduled to take place by a manned craft in the 1970s, as a step in the gradual development of space capability. It was not until early 1961, when the Russians successfully orbited their manned capsule, that this policy was altered. The President, enquiring as to what the USA was capable of achieving in space to beat the latest Russian 'first', was told that the earliest project the US could be ahead of the Russians in completing was that of sending a man to the moon. (Project Apollo).

A crash programme was immediately authorised; a typical example of an action taken without due consideration. The cost of Apollo has increased as a result by 8 billion dollars. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) had a rise in annual budget from 915 million dollars in 1961, to 1.8 billion in 1962, to 3.7 billion in 1963; of this last total the manned spaceflight division has claimed 60%.

The new target date, 1967, caused programmes such as the unmanned moon exploration project, Gemini rendezvous project and the Mercury project, which should have acted as preliminary building blocks for the moon shot, to have to be worked out concurrently with the Apollo programme. In the six months following the decision to go all out for the moon, 630 million dollars worth of contracts were signed, and another 921 million in the next six months, in spite of the fact that NASA had not had time even to decide what method it would use to get to the moon. The main North American 400 million dollar contract was given almost a year before it was finally decided to use the lunar-orbital-rendezvous technique, since although it was more costly it was quicker. In 1963 Grumman Aircraft were awarded the 390 million dollar contract to design the landing module, without knowing what sort of surface it was intended to land on; the 5 Ranger probes had all failed to bring back this information, and there is still unsettled discussion on the subject.

Nevertheless, the Apollo project managed to gear itself

to the new schedule and progress was made, until the first indication of a change in the official attitude, in August 1962.

The increased rate of work had resulted in higher costs than had been estimated; to maintain the rate that Congress had authorised and the President ordered, it was found that an extra 400 million dollars were required. The head of the Manned Space-flight division, having unsuccessfully put his request before NASA, took it to the President, who, it is said, a few weeks earlier had almost invited such a request by asking if further money could speed up the Apollo programme in any way. However, after consideration the President shelved the request for the extra money, with an inevitable cut down in progress in project Apollo. What changed the President's mind?

By this time the sudden rush of enthusiasm was beginning to peter out. Firstly, one faction of scientists was of the opinion that the eventual benefits that would accrue from the race to reach the moon were just not worth the money being poured into it; that there were better ways of spending the money back here on Earth. Secondly, there were scientists who while being supporters of space research, maintained that conducting it by manned trips at a crash programme rate was not the best method for furthering scientific knowledge. This school pointed out the discoveries made by instrumentation alone so far, unmatched by any similar achievements by manned probes. Thirdly, many scientists out of the space research field had decided that manned flight to the moon was just not worth it at all. A typical comment came from Philip Abelson, director of the Carnegie Institute's Geophysical Laboratory, editor of 'Science' magazine: "I think very little of enduring value is going to come out of putting a man on the moon. Two or three television spectaculars, and that's it." He spoke for a very large number of his contemporaries. In fact some scientists reasoned that since the Apollo project was drawing such a lot of valuable manpower from other fields it was actually a dis-service to science as a whole.

Besides these encouraging words, the late John Kennedy was also faced with the fact that a moon base is considered of no military value whatsoever; a missile situated on the moon has little greater tactical advantage and is more difficult to aim accurately.

Even the main reason behind Apollo, that of prestige, was beginning to look thin; could not the same amount of money be used elsewhere, to raise prestige to a higher level?



The results were predictable, of course. Congress started cutting expenditure; the project fell behind schedule. 1968, rather than '67, is now the earliest date for a moon shot.

The sort of programme now looking attractive is a 'balanced effort', supposedly 'free from dislocation caused by emphasis on Apollo'.

It seems to me that the main purposes in reaching the moon with a manned space vehicle have been obscured by a preoccupation with money, politics and the furtherance of science for its own sake. Has no one today any feeling of wanting to reach a terrestrial body merely because it is there? Have material considerations back here completely obscured any extravert ideas of further adventure? Can no one look beyond the immediate future to see the far off possibilities in exploring space?

The old argument that money spent on space research could be better spent elsewhere stands up no better than it has ever done. It is quite possible to pour money into the undeveloped countries, (ie those worse off than ourselves) indefinitely, since as they progress the civilised world will do also, with the result that they will always be thought of as 'worse off' and consequently 'in need of help'. This is a wonderful way of being able to postpone further progress indefinitely, by claiming that there is still not sufficient care and attention being paid to what we already have to deal with.

It is hardly to be expected that we should be able to see monetary (or other) advantage in expanding into space, since after all we haven't been there yet. Moreover, a practical drive for space ships, which there is conspicuous lack of at present, which could make space travel economically possible and solve the population problem, will not be discovered by shifting emphasis off the concept of space travel on to the concept of worldly needs.

The idea of a balanced scheme of space exploration capability improvement certainly sounds good in theory; but anyone knows that real progress will be made fastest under pressure. In practice a balanced scheme will mean progressive stagnation, as less money is devoted to space research, less is achieved, with the result that it appears still less worthwhile and appropriations are cut still further. With Khrushchev's ambiguous remarks recently about the USSR's part in the moon race all the momentary exhilaration and optimism in the USA seems to have abruptly vanished, and will no doubt only reappear -- in the form of another crash programme -- with the advent of the next Russian space triumph.

shielded their eyes. Vorl began to shrink. Slowly at first, then with increasing swiftness. He became a dwarf, then microscopic, microcosmic. The air sparkled and reeked of ozone. The alien was gone, gone into the mighty space machine which hovered invisibly above. Granzoid's caution had not been ill-founded.

Painfully, awareness returned.

"Vorl. Vorl, are you all right?"

Vorl struggled into a sitting position, opened his eyes. Relief flooded Granzoid's strange features.

"I thought for a moment that I'd killed you! I had to use the atom-reducer and attractor-beam on you. It was the only thing." But Vorl wasn't listening.

"We're well out into space now, aligned to our Target Star. Vorl, .... Vorl, can you hear me?"

"Johnny," Vorl whispered. "I've lost contact. The transition here must have subtly altered my brain... now I'll never learn what happened when he returned home... I would have liked to have seen his mother..." He looked at the perplexed Granzoid.

"One day," he said, "I'll come back. In a Contact crew..."

THE END: PHILIP HARBOTTLE.

## COLLAPSE OF IDEALS -- CONTINUED.

It's a hackneyed analogy to use, but consider Columbus's voyage, by virtue of which America itself was discovered, something US scientists so intent on fostering national introversion and defeatism have ignored. At the time the trip was almost certainly regarded as a ridiculous and pointless venture. In fact one wonders if it would have been financed at all, had the people of the time the same feelings of social conscience so prominent today. The provisions of Columbus's ship would have been shared out amongst the poor people in an effort to raise living standards so that in future the expense of such a trip could be borne by the country. Bearing in mind the prosperity of the land that Columbus discovered and its contributions to alleviating world misery, we can now see how shortsighted such an action would have been; the voyage was an investment, rather than an extravagance. Unfortunately, as always, it seems that the problems of today are too important to allow consideration of their solutions, as arrived at years previously.

END: BRIAN ZUGORSKI.



# Competition

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Contrary to popular belief, this is not the Perfect Fanzine. In fact I would actually go so far as to say that there are points that need improving. Which points? That's what I'm asking you to tell me: what you think could best be done to this magazine to improve it.

Send your ideas, not more than three, please, to the usual address:

Charles Platt, 8 Sollershott West, Letchworth, Herts. For an entry to qualify for the competition it should be received first or second post on the tenth of February, 1964. The prize for the winning entry, (as judged by The Editor,) is this time the winner's choice of paperback or hardback books, up to the value of ~~10/-~~ (Titles chosen must be currently available in the shops).

Suggestions for improvement shouldn't be longer than about 50 words each. Anyone may enter this competition.



Hot lips searching, warm blood pounding  
Whispers in the darkness sounding  
Firm hands caressing, strong limbs pressing  
Bodies twisting in the gloom  
Of his lonely little room.

Oh how he wished that he might sleep  
To escape the evil thoughts that creep  
Into his weary troubled head  
That on the pillow lay like lead.  
But there is no escape from life  
Unless you find that sharp bright knife.

# 30 Reviews

"The Shrouded Planet" by Robert Randall, Mayflower 3/6d.

This is a story that is so straightforward as to become boring. It is no more or less than a simple account of the discovery by Earth of another intelligent race, and the methods the men from Earth use to break the alien civilisation away from its stagnating, downhill path, turning it towards a way of life more similar to that of Terra.

The account is at all times logical, if the results of various key stimuli, which we are not told are artificial or natural, are by necessity simplified. The book covers about 100 years, and the story of the gradual infiltration of ideas, and the way the mode of thought of the natives changes, is at all times told through the eyes of one of the natives.

Apart from the main theme, there are various sub-plots, based on obvious, and rather contrived, feelings and actions of the inhabitants of the alien world, who are, of course, almost Terran in form, and act and react in a surprisingly familiar way; in fact they are portrayed in a way similar to the invading Earthmen, the only difference being that the natives are shown to be infinitely more stupid; in fact they are so stupid at times as to be irritating to the reader.

I suppose this book raises the age-old question of the Price of Progress; that to achieve great things someone has to suffer. But it certainly says nothing new on the subject. In fact there is nothing else to this book apart from its main theme; it is a historical account, not a novel. Characterisation is rudimentary where the authors have bothered to include it, and any action in the sub-plots is of a very stereotyped nature. The reader knows, most of the time, what is going to happen to the characters before the characters realise it themselves.

From the standpoint of a theoretical exercise the book is well done indeed; if and when mankind reaches the stars, this could very well be the outcome of contact with a race such as the one portrayed in 'Shrouded Planet'. Because it is a theoretical exercise, though, there is little life in the book, and even the ending is on the same level as the rest of it. I wouldn't recommend this book; there are so many better ones to spend ones money buying and time reading.

--CP.



"The Wind From Nowhere" by J.G. Ballard.  
Berkley Books, 3/6d, issued in the UK by Thorpe and Porter.

The trouble with this book is that it lives up to its title. No logical explanation is given in its text for the main upheaval, only vague guesses and conclusions, and this will leave the reader with an undefinable sense of unfulfilment.

The novel first appeared as a two part serial late in '61 in New Worlds magazine, under the title "Storm-Wind". Since then, it has undergone considerable revision and expansion and has now appeared in its present form. The whole world is beset by gales, which amass and become one globe-encircling storm which steadily increases its velocity to hitherto unprecedented magnitudes. The result is a complete flattening of man's puny creations, and, one guesses, an end to civilisation as we know it. For total success with a theme of this sort, an author must convince his readers that such an upheaval is possible, but in this respect Ballard fails. I for one cannot see how it is possible for a wind to accelerate, and continue to accelerate, with natural forces as the sole motivators. Constant force would be necessary for this, and is not provided in the feeble half-explanation of the book. Still, if one ignores the scientific implausibilities and concentrates on the story, "The Wind From Nowhere" develops into an uncommonly good cataclysm novel.

The story traces the adventures of a small group of people as they see the world they know crumbling about them in the teeth of this storm. Most of the action takes place in London, and the scenes are convincingly drawn. The final scenes take place in the mysterious Tower of Hardeen, the history of whose construction appears at odd times throughout the story, thus providing a nice sense of fantasy, and the concluding episodes are written in an exciting manner, showing the downfall of this strange building.

Although slightly spoiled through implausibility, this is an excellent first novel, and is recommended as a book somewhat different from the general run of science fiction.

--Christopher M. Priest.

32  
Amateur magazine review: "Zenith" No. 2, edited and produced by Peter Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31.

The second issue of Zenith has been produced, unlike the initial copy, on a Gestetner duplicator. This has provided Mr Weston with more space and latitude and has, unfortunately, encouraged him to publish fiction. I'm afraid only one word can be used to describe these literary attempts: appalling. Four stories are published this time, two of which are based on what is perhaps the most hackneyed theme in amateur sf: a description of an alien planet that turns out to be Earth. The remaining couple are off this theme, but this does not redeem them, as both are short-shorts (which by their very nature need to have a nasty surprise for full effect), but both have plots which -- frankly -- are painfully obvious. One of the reasons for this is the blurb written around the stories; the editor wh should watch this in future, and should let the writer tell his own story.

Apart from my dislike of the fiction, I found the remainder of this magazine excellent. The cover is brilliant; one of the best I have ever seen. One wonders what it would be like in colour. But the rest of the artwork in Zenith does not quite come up to this high standard, ranging only from good to average. All art has been done by Mike Higgs, who should be looked after.

The articles are all well written, and very informed. There is a tantalizing article on future history, in general terms, which sows a seed of interest, develops it, but then informs the reader that the first detailed article in the series will be in the next issue of Zenith. This should be a most interesting series, and I for one will look forward to it. Other articles are on astro-philately, the Birmingham sf Group, which seems to do a lot of work for this magazine, Pan Books, Jack Vance (do I detect a slight leaning towards this author in Birmingham?), and all the usual fanzine departments: Book Reviews, Letters, News of forthcoming books, Fanzine Reviews, etc.

Generally, an excellent fanzine, but for a magazine which expresses its aim to be more of a fiction magazine than a fanzine, a disappointment in this respect. Neatly typed out with justified margins, and clearly reproduced throughout, this magazine will interest most people.

--Christopher M. Priest.

((Peter Weston reports in future he will not concentrate so much on fiction, including only one story per issue. --CP))



# LETTERS...

33

From E.J.Carnell, Nova Publications, 7 Grape St. London WC2

Thankyou for the excellent issue of Point of View No 2, which was very well done indeed. Congratulations! I think you handled the demise of the magazines very well indeed and much better than the original draft sent to myself some time back,

From Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts:

I still think that a few individuals are being too gloomy about sf mags. There will always be monthly fiction magazines in all fields. I'm certain of that. They may alter, but they will still always be there.

I did not care much for the fiction, that's the sort of stuff that killed Nova Publications if Carnell accepted it, which he did sometimes because, not paying much, he couldn't expect the best material. You need a few more little fragmentary articles to break up the fiction a little more, methinks.

From Jim England, 64 Ridge Road, Kingswinforth, Staffs:

The production is very good and the magazine has great potentialities. I see from the letter column that several readers prefer non fiction.

I think you would do well to specialise in non fiction with just a sprinkling of fiction. I like your idea of having crosswords and competitions -- things fanzines don't usually have, I believe.

From Roy Kay, 91 Craven Street, Birkenhead, Cheshire:

This magazine is exactly the sort of thing that is needed today, especially in view of the impending death of Nova Publications, to give the new, up-and-coming writers the boost of seeing their stories printed. To me, the most astonishing thing about your magazine is the fact that the stories you print are damn good.

34  
From Peter Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham.

I didn't like the plug for Zenith ((Pete Weston is editor of Zenith -- CP)) in PoV 2, I'm afraid. Reading the ad. gives the wrong impression.... I'm not after loot alone.

As for PoV itself. OK, but I don't like fan fiction. Your red paint episode was best, but please explain:

1. How a paint is made from atmospheric  $O_2$  and  $N_2$ . Why not add  $CO_2$  and introduce a proper molecule?
2. Why red paint did not cover the plant surfaces, thus preventing the photosynthesis of starches. This paint layer would kill all the plants.
3. How come people were not coated with paint? It would block skin pores, also nose and mouth, and cause death.
4. Why didn't someone burn up the paint when it was still only a few miles across?

((Printing this letter is the best way of apologising for the advertisement in last month's issue. New readers will be sent a sample copy of Zenith on request.))

From Peter Singleton, Ward Two, Whittingham hospital, Near preston, Lancs:

First things that impressed me on plancing through your mag were the outstanding illos on pages 10 and 27, the plug for Zenith, (which I have already sent off for), and the fact that this issue was mailed flat. The cover is an improvement, too. ....

Re the editorial: As far as possible the rules and regulations of society are geared to the majority, as you state; but what of the not-so-small minority? The only effective solution is to allow the dissenters to retreat from a community which they have harmonising with, and adopt a system more suitable to their individual requirements.

A 'valid' system to be valid in the strongest sense of the word would have to be absolutely and completely objective. A fundamentally subjective organism can have no conception of an objective state -- it registers as a mere abstraction. The very existence of absolute values is even suspect, as applied to a species composed of individuals entirely without group consciousness.

((The application of abstract logic to human beings was perhaps one of the fallacies in the editorial. --CP))



From Peter White, 75 Ashley Road, Epsom, Surrey:

I feel that anyone with enough egoism to become a real artist would like to see his early efforts, however unworthy of publication they may be, in print. Thus I salute your concentration on fiction.

I was amused by Phil Harbottle's concern over the superficial similarities between 'Death Wish' and 'Drunkard's Walk'. (('Death Wish' was a short story that appeared in our first issue --CP)) Perhaps this is typical of the sf fan's concern with the superficial gimmicks and surprise endings of a story rather than its literary value and plot.

Brain Zugorski's story was very good, but while the complete lack of descriptive passages and imagery could be forgiven in Haldricks' story, a story complete with wierd machines and self-repairing organic rooms by this neglect Zugorski was throwing away some fine opportunities....  
'Nightmare Child' proved nothing to me except that the author should see a good analyst at once.

From Dave Hale, 12 Belmont Road, Wollescote, Stourbridge, Wores. (Dave edits a mag called 'Les Spinge')

The effect of your present cover is quite pleasing, but isn't anything you'd remember. Also, for me at least, any impact is reduced when I think how much easier that sort of thing is using your process. If it had been mimeographed I'd have looked. ... I'm not sure that the loss of sf magazines will be such a blow to the new writer. The aspirant must have achieved a fairly high standard to get published by a Nova mag, and the glossies, men's mags, etc will probably not want such a high standard. ... Brian Zugorski's story was neat. It's pretty disgusting to find that I enjoy fiction in fan-zines, if only I bother to read it!

You'd have been better off without a letter column. They said nothing of general interest -- though after this issue (no. 2) you may have stirred up some feeling. The trouble is that there is so little to say or argue about in sf that you may be forced to expand your activities to take up social problems and economics.

((Not only can no one agree about whether this mag should contain more fact, we don't even know what the fact should be about. Dave seems to think sf amateur mags should not contain much sf, since there's little left to talk about; do you agree? Write and tell us.....))

# WANTED

000 CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE NEXT ISSUE. USUAL FREE COPY GOES TO THE WRITER OF EACH PUBLISHED STORY, PLUS A BIG BONUS TO THE WRITER OF THE EDITOR'S CHOICE: THIS TIME, THE WRITER WILL RECEIVE ANY SF BOOK OF HIS CHOICE, THAT IS CURRENTLY EASILY AVAILABLE.

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