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Beyond 5



DOUBLE ISSUE

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Page 9: Mike Higgs Page 15: Mike Higgs.

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The next issue of BEYOND is likely to appear in about another 2 months.

Many, many thanks are due to Pete Weston, for supplying invaluable help in producing this magazine.

EDITORIAL

Before it changed to quarto size, BEYOND was composed of 36 pages containing about 400 words (maximum) each. With this present format there are up to 750 words per page (maximum). (Last issue's estimates were based on the average wordage per page). Thus it will be seen that in the old version there was space for up to 14,400 words. Simple arithmetic shows that for this format to contain that number of words, a mere 20 pages at the most are necessary.

Now, last issue there were 30 pages, plus a 2 page fanzine review 'extra' put in at the last moment. This adds up to a magazine more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ times as big as BEYOND used to be, and as might be expected it is just impossible to cover the costs of production of a magazine of that size on a 9d-a-copy basis.

The usual remedies of increasing the price or reducing the number of pages won't work in this case; the first, because paying readers have mostly subscribed for an average of 2 or 3 issues ahead, very few copies are bought singly, and the second because if the magazine were reduced to 20 pages there just would not be room for a balanced selection of fact and fiction, PLUS the usual departments each issue.

I mention all this so you'll be able to appreciate the reasons that led to my deciding to double the size of each issue (more than double, in fact, at 44 pages) and to cut down the publishing schedule, from something like 9 issues a year to around 5 or 6 issues a year. Under this scheme, I propose to cut the number of issues each current subscription is valid for by half. This is really entirely fair, since although a subscriber will get only half as many issues as he paid for, he will be getting twice as much -- more than twice as much -- in each issue. Of course, if people object strongly to this, I may have to change to a 20 page issue and give subscribers the number of copies they paid for. But I don't want to, since there are many advantages in a slower publishing schedule. For one thing, artwork and headings are much easier to match with stories and articles. The contents page will in future be without inaccuracies. There will be scope for more and better illustration. It will be much easier to produce issues containing balanced amounts of fact and fiction. And so on.

So unless there is a vast amount of disapproval, old subscriptions are valid as follows: subscribers who have paid for BEYOND up to the next issue, will get the next issue; up to the next two issues, will get the next issue only; up to the next three issues, will get the next 2 issues; up to the next 4, will get the next 2; up to the next 5 or the next 6, will get the next 3; up to the next 7 or 8, will get the next 4. As you'll see, in cases of subscriptions valid for an odd number of future issues, I have added one before dividing by two.

The new subscription rates are on the back page. All this won't, of course, cover costs completely; few fanzines manage this, if any. But it will mean that a bit more than half the production costs are covered, which was not the case with the last issue.

-- The Editor.



CONVENTION: '64

by Charles Platt.

This is hardly a Convention Report, since there will be enough of those in other magazines. It is more a personal reaction; a reaction that I think is shared to some extent by several other people I know for whom, also, this was their first sf Convention.

My trip to the Convention was preceeded by a visit to the Birmingham area. First I called in at Beryl Henley's house, and, fending off her two children, enjoyed long conversations from Scientology to the second World War. Then to Peter Weston's house, where the Zeniths come from. God knows how he manages to produce his fanzine; he's so short of space the duplicator has to stand in the passage. While in Brum we visited Cliff Teague, who's collection has got so much out of hand I doubt if he is really aware of what is in it. Boxes of magazines and piles of fanzines litter the floor and help to support his bed, giant bookshelves sagging with sf line the walls.

And so to Peterborough. The Bull Hotel is a large, modern place and I was surprised that they'd agreed to have a Convention held there --especially after previous experience. Friday was a day in which there was little organised, and what there was I found disappointing. In a way this set the tone of the rest of the Convention. ③

Having spent the afternoon meeting people and talking, at 8:00 pm fans congregated in the main hall to be welcomed officially to the Con. Following this welcome was a chaotic and seemingly pointless succession of introductions; one by one members of the audience were brought up front and asked rather pointless questions. The whole thing would have been like a quiz programme apart from the unruly and uninterested audience and the lack of a few well-placed "well, how about that!" interjections from the interviewer. "And here is... (looks at programme notes) ...ah ... Peter Weston, from Birmingham. You're from Birmingham, Pete?" "Yes" "And you're a new fan?" "yes, that's right" "and you run a fanzine?" "Yes, it's called Zenith and it costs only 1/- at the moment, but the sub rates are going up next issue so subscribe to it now." "well thankyou, Pete, and now let's have..." and so on, ad infinitum. So many people were brought up out of the audience I was wondering where it would stop; soon everyone would have been introduced. Unfortunately the answers could not be heard a lot of the time because the audience insisted on cutting in, talking, and shouting funny comments. It was a bemusing first taste of the Con.; surely, one felt, it can't all be like this?

The question-and-answer session that was last on the programme suffered from an unstable audience that kept wandering in and out, a lack of prepared or coherent questions, and from the fact that most of the time Ken Slater didn't know the answers to the questions put to him. Even when he did, people chipped in ahead of him. Finally it all broke up and people were left to themselves for the rest of the evening; all right for older fans reunited with their companions of earlier Cons, but discouraging and boring for newcomers who could find little to do.

Saturday saw a better-organised discussion, on 'Does Fandom Need SF'. The more pertinent question of whether sf-reading fans needed fandom was only hinted at. The panel was two-fifths asleep, judging from the small amount Terry Bull and Wally Weber had to say; in fact since Wally Weber openly stated he didn't want to say anything one wonders why he took on the job. Panel members managed to say the same thing but make it sound different each time, and most of the relevant discussion points raised in the audience (there were many irrelevant points) followed the same theme. High spot in the discussion was when the panel was found to be composed of 3 people who were not regular readers of sf; and the other two didn't seem too sure about it. After some beautifully incomprehensible remarks from the audience, with no summing up from the chairman or the panel the conclusion was reached that there was no conclusion.

In a way the most successful part of the Convention was the Saturday Afternoon Filmshow. The first film on Astronomy was at a Juvenile level, but the shots of Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, showing the planets' rotation, were fascinating, as were the pictures of the flaring solar prominences.

I wonder whether the 'surprise item' at 4pm had been planned in advance, or was simply an unfilled space on the original programme to be filled up with anything that happened to show up. The anythings that showed up turned out to be Edmund Hamilton and Leigh Brackett. It was a pity that the questions posed to them continued for quite so long, but considering it was all unprepared the husband-wife team made some very interesting and absorbing comments. It is strange that the this interest and intelligence does not show up in most of the stories they write.

There was a surprisingly large number of good costumes at the Fancy Dress Ball on Saturday evening. Eddie Jones should have got a prize for his: "The Original Kelley Freas", a reconstruction of what Freas used to dress his swash-buckling characters in when he was illustrating Astounding. The execution was perfect, and Eddie fitted the part so well... The award for 'most beautiful costume' I regret was influenced by the inherent cuteness of a small child; it would have been better if the costume rather than the person involved had been considered.

After the party, probably the most successful social occasion during the whole Convention, cliques gathered in the downstairs lounge, parties started in various rooms, drunkards roamed the corridors, rooms were broken into by a phantom inebriate with a master key. The white glare of flashbulbs successfully blinded several fans. While neofen grumbled morosely about the lack of organisation and the lack of sf interest in older fans, the older ones smoked pipes and played cards on the landing and in the lounge. Michael Moorcock assisted as always by his London group of hangers-on, spent the evening crooning and bellowing into a microphone, revising the bible, climbing over the roofs, and generally making a nuisance of himself.

The parties were fun... yes. But there was a continual feeling that the fun was a trifle unnatural or forced. I wonder how many people enter fandom as an escape; correspondence can so easily and successfully disguise the social outcast or introvert, enabling him to become whatever sort of person he pleases, until his correspondents meet him -- and so often find that the person they have been writing to is not what his letters sounded like at all. I would guess that in most cases the image of himself that a letter-writer builds up is more glamorous than he really is; consequently it is hardly surprising that the social atmosphere was 'forced' on Saturday night, with natural introverts trying hard to be extraverts. There was a slight feeling of 'why I am I staying up for this?' and indeed it seemed the main reason was, 'because everyone else is.'

Transition from Saturday Night to Sunday Morning passed unnoticed; until the time arrived to get up, followed by the horrible ordeal of breakfast, followed by the Annual General Meeting. Buoyed up by two Alka Seltzers I descended and was one of the few people at the AGM on time. I don't know whether holding the AGM on Sunday morning was a deliberate move directed at cutting down the number of attendees and hence the length of the meeting, but that's certainly how it worked out. Phil Rogers as chairman contributed to the process by cutting short any reports the committee members had to give; and God knows they didn't have much. Librarian Joe Navin said most, and he wasn't even on the committee. It's all very well to make the meeting informal, but as E.C. 'Ted' Tubb pointed out, there were a lot of non members present, and the BSFA should have had an image to present to them. There was no attempt made in this direction. I personally would have very much liked to hear a full report from each committee member of what had happened during their term of office, why, and what they hoped would happen in the future.

Ron Bennett had lost his voice, but Ken Slater certainly hadn't, and provided most of the intelligent suggestions. It's a pity he hasn't time to be a committee member. There was general approval of the idea that more money should be spent on advertising the BSFA, but this was more an agreement in principle than an assurance that everyone would do his best to make it happen. The immediate reaction was that in future advertising would be impossible, since New Worlds and Science Fantasy, when they change publishers, will no longer carry advertisements. This spontaneous lack of thought in the face of a difficulty, combined with natural lethargy and pessimism, is to a large extent symptomatic

of what is wrong with the BSFA. Ken Slater was immediately able to provide two imaginative alternatives for advertising; and Willing's Press Guide surely should provide some others. There was no justification for defeatism. (5)

Ted Tubb's buffoonery in joining the BSFA and 'recruiting' new members had a serious aspect that most people missed. Although his act was in fun, it is, all the same, the attitude that should be prevalent in the BSFA recruiting; people won't join by themselves, they need inducement. The BSFA must have an image to sell, it can't expect people to join just because it is there. "Free drinks tonight for all new members!" cried Mr Tubb. He should be taken a bit more seriously!

Archie Mercer turned the donation of the Doc Weir award from something that could have been horribly embarrassing into an amusing-but-serious occasion that went down very well.

The main reason that the amateur films on Sunday afternoon were so well thought of was that the majority of the audience had never seen any serious amateur films before (and I'm not talking about 'home movies' of drooling babies). To someone who had, the programme was rather amateurish; this is hardly surprising since the films were the first venture of the Alien group in the medium, and first ventures are inevitably amateurish. The lampoon of Frankenstein was easily the best; the acting was good, and only a little more discriminating film splicing could have made an improvement. The rest of the programme was very bad in comparison. Toy tanks, fireworks, burning paper and whooshing flash powder just do not look like the real thing; Son of Godzilla was neither funny nor entertaining; I found it a little embarrassing, as was "I was a teenage birdman". The take-off of H.G.Wells' "First men in the moon" was more amusing; the best part was the animation of the moon creatures. The other film on the subject of a moon rocket launching was unfortunately marred by memory of how well this humour can be put over, by Michael Bentine, or as in the "Running Jumping and Standing Still" film, itself almost in the amateur class, shown the previous afternoon.

In general, the films did not deserve the praise that was showered upon them by some people (Ella Parker in particular). With the exception of Frankenstein, judged by standards of serious amateur film making the films were not very good, nor was there any real attempt to make them serious sf; they were either humorous monster or serious monster films. But to an older fan, unused to seeing invention or initiative in fandom, which is, after all, the same now as it was 20 years ago, the very idea that someone would have shown so much initiative must in itself have been astounding. So the Alien group walked off with one third of the Convention profits and sold vast quantities of their magazines to unsuspecting buyers thinking it would be as funny as the films. In a way, the two were similar.

Why is it that people who are so much concerned with imagination and the future so enjoy re-living the past? We have a continual sentimentalism about the 'good old days of stf' (and crud), a continual reminiscing over the work of Walt Willis or John Berry or other Grand Old Fen, and the stories that they wrote which now seem so much better in retrospect. There is a current project to compile a history of fandom; and on Sunday yet another example of looking backwards was the slide show that helped people remember last year's Convention which, of course, a lot of people seemed to think was much better than this year's, just as next year's will not seem so good, when it arrives, as this year's was. Such a glorification of the past and a tendency to look backwards instead of forwards I find depressing; to see the audience happily reliving last year's activities instead of living this year's was sad. I was not among them.

Ted Tubb is one of those gifted people who can deliver an unprepared speech and make it as grammatically and structurally perfect as if it were read out of

⑥ a book. His 'guest of honour' speech was marred only by the fact that he forgot the last point he had to make. The questions that followed produced, for me, far more interesting answers than those asked of Edmund Hamilton and his wife.

This was the official end of the Convention; but past 11.00 the Alien films were still being shown again. This was enthusiasm gone mad; a professional film is liable to suffer if shown through twice; amateur films of this class obviously just won't take it. Devoid of the impact of originality that they possessed on first showing they also lost most of their humorous appeal.

But the spectacle that followed the films in the hall possessed both originality and appeal. Led by Michael Moorcock, E.C.Tubb and Kenneth Bulmer, a humming and swaying session took place. It was, as Mr Tubb explained, an attempt to reach back into the past, far back to the primitive rites of our ancestors; the free wine was not to get drunk on, it was to be considered a libation. In the dim glow from one ceiling light, the audience hummed and swayed in a circle about mysterious gowned figures, until at the sound of a horn they were commanded to drink. At the climax of the ceremony a 'young and virginal girl' was brought forth, slain, and then through the psychic presence of the humming and swaying audience, resurrected. At least, that's what should have happened; in practice the audience was too large and any atmosphere that gathered was repeatedly destroyed by funny comments from people who didn't take it seriously. Mike Moorcock didn't help when he staggered, lurched, slipped and fell over amidst the sound of breaking glass, and E.C.Tubb in shirt sleeves, a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, did not exactly add to the tone of the ceremony. With a smaller and more cooperative audience, and better rehearsed organisation, this could have been a great success.

I felt sorry for the hotel staff, some of whom stayed up till 4am; but I felt much sorrier for myself when I awoke on Monday morning at 7.30 to the rhythmic pounding of fists on my door. Had it all been worth it? It had been worth meeting Beryl Henley and Pete Weston two days before the Convention; there had been so much to talk about, then. But somehow when over 100 other fans are present, not just one other, the magic of conversation is lost, and uncertain boredom takes over. This is what happened for me at the Con.; perhaps no one enjoys it at first, or perhaps I was somehow at fault. Either way, it was a bit of a disappointment.

But... see you at Birmingham, next Easter?

CONVENTION COMPETITION

ON THE BACK COVER OF THIS ISSUE THERE ARE A FEW CONVENTION PHOTOGRAPHS. THE FIRST PERSON TO SEND IN A CORRECT LIST OF ALL THE PEOPLE VISIBLE IN THESE PICTURES WILL WIN HIMSELF THE NEW GOLLANCZ BOOK "JOURNEY BEYOND TOMORROW" BY ROBERT SHECKLEY. IN THE CASE OF A TIE, THE FIRST CORRECT ENTRY RECEIVED WILL GET THE PRIZE. IF NO ONE COMES UP WITH A COMPLETELY CORRECT LIST, THE ONE THAT IS NEAREST TO THE CORRECT ANSWER WILL GET THE PRIZE. SEND YOUR ENTRY TO CHARLES PLATT, 8 SOLLERSHOTT WEST, LETCHWORTH, HERTS.

the days of ^⑦ sea & sand

The day of sea and sand
goes on
But on the morrow....

peter white

The day was hot and sunny, as the day before had been, and the day before that also. In fact, you thought, as you rolled on to your stomach in the warm sand, all your days here had been warm and sunny, and all before perhaps; and perhaps, you could not tell, all those to come. A soft wind stirred through the line of trees behind you, and gently swayed the lichen-covered trunks. Down on the beach, in front of where you lay, the breakers washed the sand and, hissing, tugged it back into the sea. Here, in the bay, the beach was gradually eroding. On the other side of the island the waves were building the beach up into new land; you knew because you had been there and seen, yesterday perhaps, or the day before. And so you basked, you lucky Benthamite.

A gaudy flitter flapped cawing across the beach to where a group of its fellows poked, dainty even in their greed, for the little worms that lived in the damp depths of the sand. And there, out beyond that crashing surf that broke over the reef, a graceful giant-soarer banked in a breath-catching wing tip turn, inches above the sea. And beyond that, out against the deep ultramarine of the ocean, something bigger glistened in the air. There it was again, a giant silver body hanging for a heartbeat's span between sky and sea. Now falling back, and turning as it fell, into the sea; now sheets of water flew into the air. A giant playful swimmer leaping from the cool depths to bask for a moment in the sun.

You looked up at the wispy clouds that never rained unless to refresh. You looked down to your side, to where your woman lay contented on your left. Her every sighing breath a little miracle, as was her naked sun-bronzed body. Down by the beach, happy in their earnest games, two laughing children played. A boy, a girl, both yours and by the woman on your left.

And so you slept midst all of that beauty. Who could tell how long you had been thus?

But then you heard a crashing in the wood behind you. You sat up and turned in time to see a man burst out from the low bushes and, half running and half staggering, come down the beach towards you.

You did not think you were surprised, and yet... how long since you last saw another man?

"Pete! For God's sake, are you hurt?"

You did not know him; you just stared.

"Pete, you're bleeding bad!"

Still you could only stare at him. You saw him dip into a bag he held, and come up with a wicked looking needle. You knocked it flying from his hand.

"Steady, lad, only something for the pain."

What was all this about? Now the man, you noticed he was wearing some

③

kind of silver suit, was trying to drag you up the beach as if his life depended on it. You fought him off.

"Come on, man. For Christ's sake try to help! The Grems must know they hit your ship. They'll be here any minute now."

Somewhere in your mind, a door swung open. You knew there was a war. You knew a devastated Earth fought with an alien foe, the Grems. You saw your shattered body lying in a barren desert, the wreckage of your scoutship all around. Your friend, weird in his pressure suit, bent over you.

Reality poured forth, and with it pain. Inside your mind the door slammed tight. The beach and sea appeared again, a knife was in your hand.

A pause.

You turned once more to the beach, to your woman and your children. You turned once more to beauty. Behind you, face downwards in the sand, lay the stranger, his blood soaking into the beach. Somewhere in his breast your knife.

.....who knows what dawn will bring?

END:PETER WHITE.

THRU TIME & SPACE.....

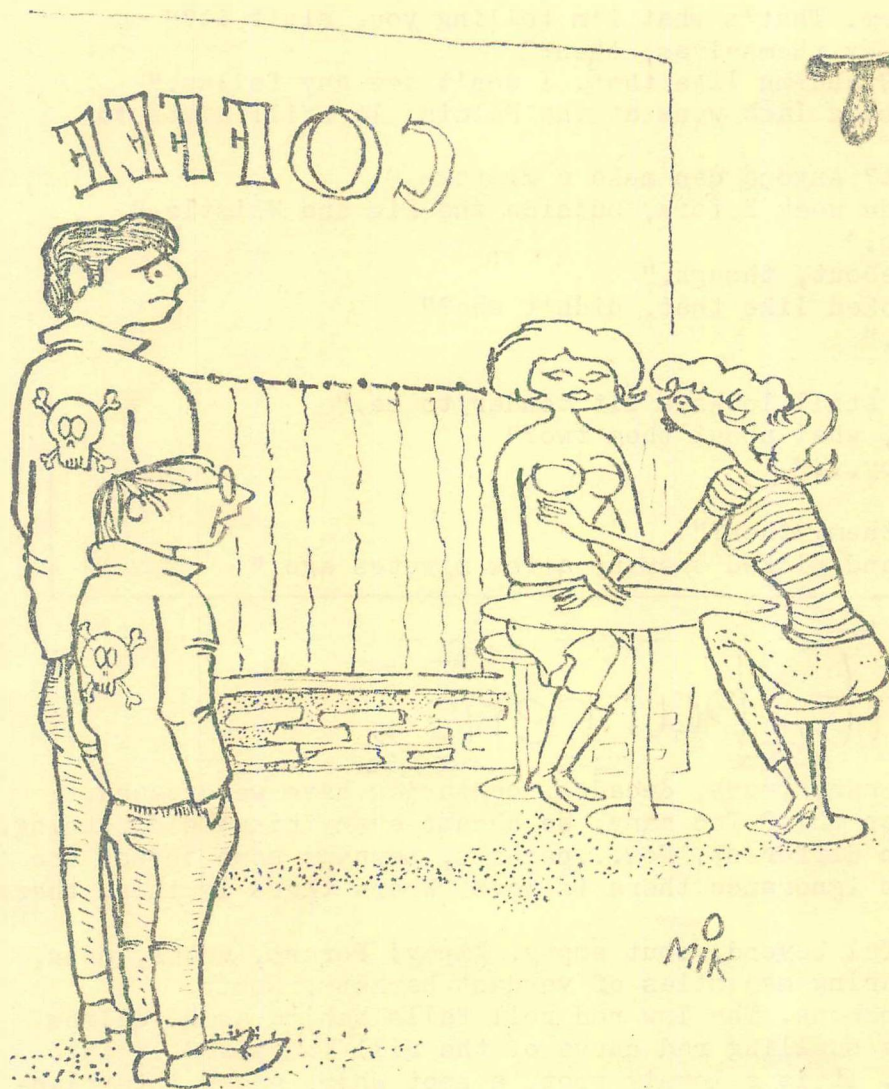
The multi-sexual planet of Copewl 8 was in an uproar. For the first time in 2,000 years of history a woman had committed adultery, and the six husbands of the woman sued for divorce.

"Your Honour," they appealed to Xordvitch Learoyd Jr's son, who stood in for the occasion as divorce judge, "our wife has been sleeping with another men!"

"I shouldn't let it worry you," Son-of-Learoyd Jr replied. "It's only sex of one, half a dozen of the other!"

..... WITH SON OF
XORDVITCH
LEAROYD, (JR.)

By Brian Zugorski



The Pick-up

Roy
Kay

"Ere, Fred?"

"Hullo?"

"Fancy those two, then?"

"What two?"

"Those two. Standing by the jukebox there. The one with the blue wig."

"The jukebox with the blue wig..."

"Struth. The bint standing lent up against it like. Her and the other one in the striped top whatsit and the jeans."

"Those two? I don't know, Oliver..."

"What d'yer mean, you don't know? Don't you fancy them or something?"

"They're not bad, Oliver. Which one do you fancy, then?"

"How do I know? Want to chat them up first, don't I? Wouldn't mind that one in the blue wig, though."

"How do you know it's a wig, Oliver?"

"Gawd. It stands to sense, don't it. Look, whoever heard of anyone having blue hair?"

"Well... do you fancy them, then?"

⑩

"Of course I fancy them. That's what I'm telling you, ain't it?"

"Do you think they're by themselves, then?"

"Of course they are. Standing like that. I don't see any fellas."

"Yeah, that's what you said last week at the Palais. It still hurts to turn my head."

"Can't you forget about that? Anyone can make a mistake."

"Yeah, but then there was the week before, outside the Pig and Whistle."

"Oh, you gotta bring that up."

"I can see what she was on about, though."

"Shut up, can't you. She looked like that, didn't she?"

"She wasn't, though, Oliver."

"No, she wasn't."

"How's your eye, Oliver? It still looks a bit tender to me."

"I told you to shut up. Now, what about them two?"

"Don't be daft. Over there by..."

"They've gone, Oliver."

"What the heck happened to them, then?"

"Two fellas behind us went and picked them up a few minutes ago."

end:
roy
Kary

the verdant barrens

Well, then, this is it. How many years, decades, centuries have we dreamed, wondered, hoped, feared...for this? Too many. We dreamt everything; did nothing. Earlier...it might have been different. Now...perhaps, perhaps some things are best unknown. Where there is ignorance there is hope. Where there is this, there is... yet, it is beautiful.

Wildly beautiful, beautiful beyond...but empty. Empty! Forest, water, moss, sky, emptiness. Wastes. Uncaring majesties of verdant barrens. Empty.

The swale of the hills beckons. The low red roll falls behind as he climbs the blended rouge flank. The swelling red curve of the rill fades softly into the vibrant pink of the sky. It is a lovely spot, a spot where weary interplanetary wanderers may rest under the vast reddish arc of a gentle planet's atmosphere. A spot where sounds fade away to the flowing red tops of the crimson forest, softly smothered in their unnaturalness. A spot where the mossy rust plain rolls onward, downward, outward, paralleling the translucent cherry stream to the first shallow uplifting of the mighty, deep wine tree line. Yes, here there is peace...hauntingly familiar, mis-coloured, alien beauty...tearing, pathetic loneliness.

The sun is sinking into the gently dipping cherub outline of the horizon. The far, rounded hills swim in the opalescence. The distant shadowy woods thick en to an iridescent wine-red fog. The red mists of day succumb to the disturbing blood-red of twilight. Slowly, under the stars, a mist of a different nature in his eyes, a the lonely figure moves quietly down the slope into his ship.

Above, two pusling orbs of violet slip across the night sky. Behind, the broad river glides silently across a nameless land, where, years ahead, the first Martians will raise their first city.

F117

Poe: AND S.F.

①

By RICHARD
MAYALL

Edgar Allen Poe should be remembered for many reasons. His poems, the most outstanding of which, "The Raven", was the best selling poem of the 19th century; the deductive detective tale that he invented (in Inspector Dupin, his 'detective', he created the forefather of Sherlock Holmes, Hercule Poirot, Maigret, and August Derleth's Solar Pons); his horror tales, "The Fall of the House of Usher", "The Pit and the Pendulum", "The Cask of Amontillado", and others; his life of almost unrelieved penury, tragedy and hope; --all these have made him one of the most sought-after authors of today. A two-page letter from Poe to Washington Irving describing Poe's tale "William Wilson" fetched £2,000 at Sotheby's recently, and a 40-page pamphlet containing two stories and called "The Prose Romances of Edgar Allen Poe" reputedly fetches 50,000 dollars.

But being an imaginative writer, and having an amateur longing for science, it was inevitable that he should write some sf.

Five of his tales fall into this literary division.

One of the most sfish of these is the "Conversation of Eiros and Charmion" in which he employs ideas similar to those used in H.G.Wells' "In the Days of the Comet". A very tenuous comet 'collides' with the Earth, and, in doing so, absorbs all the nitrogen from the atmosphere. The people become exhilarated, and the vegetation luxuriant, but the smallest of sparks causes the end of the world in a sheet of flame. This tale is passed off as the conversation in Aidenn (heaven) between Charmion, who has been dead some time, and Eiros, who was a victim of the final catastrophe. It reminds one of that joke where there are two angels on clouds, one saying "That's funny, 2 billion came up in one day, and since then, nothing."

Another sf story is "Hans Phaál. A Tale." In this a Dutch bellows-maker, in an attempt to escape his debts, makes a balloon and takes off for the moon. In this tale, some of the mysteries of space travel are explained. For example, meteors, it is claimed, are only volcanic fragments, and the moon is peopled by dwarfs, one of whom delivers his narrative to the people of Rotterdam. A particularly interesting and ingenious item is that Poe realised there would be difficulties with pressure, and he removed these by having the character Phaál bleed himself to reduce some of the internal pressure.

Poe was fond of the balloon idea, and used it again in "The Balloon Hoax", in which he took the news of the balloon "Nassau's" remarkable flight of 500 miles in 18 hours and exaggerated it into a tale describing a balloon crossing the Atlantic in three days; a feat yet to be accomplished in a balloon.

Balloons occur again in "Mellonta Tauta". This is true sf in that it uses the future to satirise the present. In a letter purported to have been picked out of the Mare Tenebrarum, where it was found floating in a bottle, and written on board a balloon on the moon in 2848 he comments acidly on contemporary "Amricca".

"The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar" is a fringe-sf tale in which a dying man is mesmerised at the point of death and kept that way for seven months. When brought out of it, he putrefies into "a nearly liquid mass". An interesting idea in suspended animation.

(12)

Proof that Poe was not just an imaginative, amateur pseudo-scientist lies in the fact that he did an Asimov, by bringing out "Eureka" which was a brilliant synthesis of the scientific knowledge of his day. Poe always considered this his greatest work. It is tragic that it is the least remembered.

END:RICHARD MAYALL.

Best Policy

By Allan Milne

"Mr Smith" walked purposefully down New York's 42nd street, in the direction of the United Nations building. On the sidewalk banner headlines screamed: **CRISES -- PRESIDENT AND SOVIETS MEET AT U.N.! U.N. MEETING LAST CHANCE OF PEACE! ON THE BRINK OF WAR WITH REDS OVER FORMOSA!**

The world was a on the brink of war. How fortunate, thought Mr Smith. How fortunate that the leaders of Earth had been brought together now, under one roof. It would make his job so much easier. Besides, it was always better if peoples' sense of security had been upset. He rounded a corner and there lay the U.N. building. Mr Smith smiled and strode briskly acrosss the road, one arm swinging, the other carrying his 'brief case'.

He moved up the steps, through the glass doors and up to the reception desk. He raised his hat.

"Good morning.." he began. The girl behind the desk screamed, and fainted. It was then that he remembered that Terrans do not normally have three eyes. He hastily rearranged his body molecules and the offending eye disappeared from his forehead.

He had hoped to ask where he could find the Earth leaders. No matter -- while the girl was unconscious he had obtained the information by telepathy: they were on the 37th floor, in a room at the end of a corridor. He moved towards a lift. Men in blue uniforms stepped in front of him, blocking his way.

"Mister, you can't use this elevator just now."
"Oh -- all right, thankyou for telling me. I'll telekiness instead." And so he did. Up to the 37th floor. Down below, the security police sounded the alarm.

Mr Smith began to walk down the corridor to the locked Conference Room. A man in blue with a sub-machine gun shouted "Halt or I fire". Mr Smith beamed at him. Bullets poured into Mr Smith -- and passed through him to form a beautiful pock-mark mural in the wall behind him. He laughed.

"I guess you missed." (Humour was always the best approach. It made people friendly.) The man threw down the gun and laughed too. He didn't stop until, later, the doctors gave him a sedative.

Mr Smith noticed the door was locked, so he walked through the wall.

Inside, four men had the fate of the world in their hands. They were sitting at a mahogany table, two on each side; they were General Van Goorn, USAF, and the President, and opposite them Red MarshallNekkomovsky and Premier Breschmikov. So far the conference had not gone well. General Van Goorn was not afraid of nuclear war -- he was an American, and Americans are afraid of nuthin'. He urged "no concession". Nekkomovsky was not afraid of it either for he knew that the luxury-loving capitalists wouldn't dare. He urged "no concession." The President, however, was basically a Nice Guy. Unlike the others he did not really want to blow up the world. He was irritated by

Breschmikov, who showed no sign of responding to his overtures. There was not much chance when the statesmen of the world had allowed matters to drift so far, but the President had to try. For 14 solid hours he had tried to find opening after opening, common ground after common ground. He had finally erected a rickety structure on which somebody might agree. It was delicate, but Breschmikov might thaw a little. The President was near breaking-point, but he had to try.

Then Mr Smith materialised. "Good day, friends," he began. "I represent GALACTIC INSURANCE INC., the company with wonderful policies for you. I've come all the way from our Orion branch to tell you about them."

"Get that nut out of here!" barked Van Goorn. His aides moved forward. Mr Smith temporarily paralysed them. Breschmikov blinked.

"This is your trickery, capitalist hyena!"

"You dirty Red! You planned this!" Nekkomovsky glared at Van Goorn. Van Goorn glared at Nekkomovsky.

"Please, Gentlemen. Let me tell you about our revolutionary policy. Have you ever worried about the future of your species? Remember, evolution can be unreliable. Don't be like the Dinosaurs. Our policy covers you against mutation, natural selection, and survival of the fittest. With GALACTIC INSURANCE, you get full compensation if your species becomes extinct."

"Get out!" said the President. Then, more loudly, "Get OUT!"

"...Or perhaps you would prefer our Destruction Policy. If the Earth blows up, or is destroyed -- whatever the cause -- we will operate our reinstatement clause and provide you with an exact duplicate. Brand new, too. We subtract nothing for wear and tear. I can't tell you how happy the people on Procyon IV were when they took on our policy, and their world blew up! The premium is only ten tons of Thorium..."

"Get out! Out! Get out!!!" screamed the president.

"Planned it all..." "Commie trick..." "Western scum..." "All your fault..."

"If that doesn't suit you, why not insure against the sun going out..." But no one was paying the slightest attention. The President was shouting and waving his arms at no one in particular. Van Goorn was shouting at Nekkomovsky. Beschmikov was shouting at Van Goorn. The door opened and the security police burst in to join the general uproar. Smith realised he would find no business there, so he left the room, through the roof.

The next day, the world blew up.

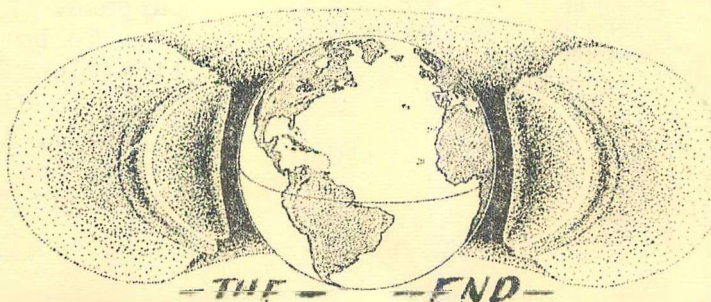
Green sunlight filtered down into the tank of liquid methane that was the Orion Branch Office of Galactic Insurance Inc. 'Mr Smith', back to his normal shape, moved into it. He became aware of the Branch Manager's vibrations.

"Sell any policies on Earth, Smith?"

"Er .. no, sir."

"Good work! It exploded yesterday. The people there were unstable. Obviously it was a bad risk."

"Yes," vibrated Mr Smith. "Definitely a bad risk."



REINCARNATION

ARTICLE BY BERYL HENLEY

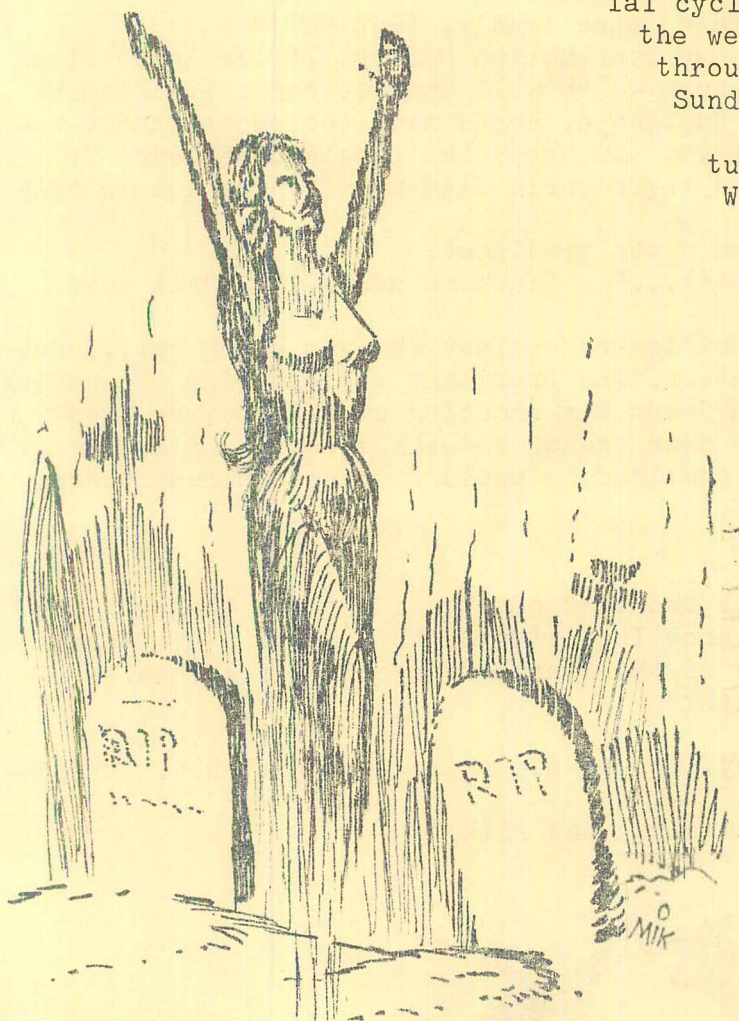
It isn't easy to be logical or to present a carefully reasoned argument about anything as subjective as a belief. When a definite conviction comes from within, one can only say: "I don't know how I know -- I just know!"

However, there are certain facets of life and existence which may be presented as proof -- of a kind. As far as Earth and humanity are concerned, life and nature go in cycles. A day dawns, moves through noon and evening, darkens into night, and becomes dawn again. Spring warms into Summer, mellows into Autumn, bleaks into Winter, and finally greens into Spring again. There are artificial cycles, too, based on the natural ones: the week that begins on Sunday, moves through seven days and reaches another Sunday, for instance.

A tree may shed its leaves in Autumn, go bare-branched through the Winter, and produce new leaves in the Spring. These leaves look the same as last year's foliage --but they aren't.

A belief in reincarnation has been termed the height of human egotism. Why, the sceptics ask, should Man go on; why should he be allowed to go on? It isn't a question of egotism, or of "being allowed". Neither is it a matter of what we "deserve" or "Want". If an unborn child could speak, he might well say that he doesn't want to be born, but he gets born just the same. It is simply "the way things are". Small patterns within larger ones; the cycle of life being repeated. And repeated for a purpose.

To be born, to live a life (long or short, good or bad), to die, and then NOTHING.... it doesn't make sense. Not to me, anyway. And as far as I'm concerned, it's



either rebirth or nothing -- I don't believe in heaven or hell. Except that we make our own heavens and hells right here, in our living. I've learned a great deal so far, (and am still learning, avidly,) and what's the point of that if I'm not supposed to do something with it?

The sceptic may ask, what's the point of being reborn over and over again, if you can't carry memory of your previous existence with you. But I think we do. Our instincts and intuition are our 'long memory'. And of course there are the people who claim to remember actual incidents from their previous lives. It's very easy, of course, to dismiss such claims as 'lurid imagination', or even insanity. But it is perfectly easy to distinguish between real memory and imagination. If you can remember having had bacon and eggs for breakfast yesterday morning, you can also imagine that you had porridge and toast instead. But you know you didn't; you are distinguishing, without effort, between memory and imagination.

Only our bodies die; the essential "I" (soul, spirit, call it what you will), is indestructible. Immortal, if the word does not offend. A body is like a coat. New upon acquisition, one cares for it, uses it, and when it is worn out and of no further use, one discards it and gets a new one. What could be simpler than that?

Probably all of us have had at least one déjà-vu experience, the weird "I have been here before" feeling. It has been explained as one part of the brain working a fraction of a second ahead of the other part. Apply Occam's Razor: which is the simpler explanation, that your brain is doing a wobble, or that you really have been there before?

It is said that a man is shaped by heredity and environment, but these two factors cannot always account for everything in his makeup. There is also another quality which seems to have no connexion with either heredity or environment. It is something essentially of the man himself, not genetically inherited, not an effect of his upbringing and surroundings.

It is the something which makes a baffled parent ask, "where do you get it from? I don't understand you? Why can't you be like everybody else?" (Meaning, of course, why can't you be more like me?)

There are people who are driven all their lives by some urge or compulsion deep inside them, which they don't understand themselves. But at some point in their lives, they come to a kind of crossroads from which they look back and see a clear pattern which finally makes every kind of sense. And if they could look back even further, into the last life or the one before that, they would see that this life's pattern is a continuation of previous ones.

I spoke earlier of purpose. I don't believe in an anthropomorphic God, but I do believe that there is some sort of vast intelligence somewhere, keeping things in order. Which means keeping things balanced. And it seems to me (tho this is theory only) that, once, there was completion. Completion was shattered, and its component parts have been working ever since to come back to balanced completion again. Stapledon says it much better than this in 'Starmaker' or for a shorter, but no less impressive version, Eric Frank Russell's 'Sole Solution' will do.

Life isn't always kind, or fair, or just. At least, it isn't if you view it from the narrow scope of one lifetime. One man gets all the bad breaks, usually undeservedly, while another breaks every rule in the book and gets away with it, laughing. The way I see it, the unfortunate man is either balancing out an earlier life of error, or he is paying in advance for a silver-spoon life to come. And I am not talking about sin and punishment. As far as I am concerned, Man is basically good, and salvation (or the need for salvation) is hooley. People don't sin, they make errors. And they are not punished, but the

10

errors have to be rectified, to redress the balance. (Who's read Bester's "Pi Man"?)

And the guy who is trampling people and grabbing what he wants regardless is going to have to balance that one, next time around. He'll probably be one of those people of whom it is said "Poor old Fred, he never has any luck. Illness and misfortune and people mistreating him all along the line, and yet he's the nicest chap who ever drew breath, never complains," etc etc.

What happens when balanced completion is finally restored? I don't know, and that's what makes life interesting, exciting, and challenging. If you imagine Earth to be a sort of college, each life a term, each death the beginning of a vacation, well, someday everybody graduates. To the next plane up. The next level. I don't know what that is, either, but I'm looking forward to finding out. (My driving compulsion is curiosity, especially the "Why" variety). It could be existence untrammelled by bodies. It could be life in a galaxy on a higher plane than this one. It could be almost anything -- it's a hell of a big Universe!

Finally, there is one question I always ask of anyone who challenges me on this subject of "whole-track life". You, reading this: you are using your eyes to read it, your hands to hold the magazine. Your heart is beating, your lungs are moving. You refer to "my body".

If that is your body, who, what and where are YOU?

And that is one to which I do know the answer. Because I've been outside my body. I've had one fleeting glimpse of Things As They Are.

And I now know who and what I am, and why I'm here, and where I'm going. The rest I still have to find out, but there's plenty of time.

All the time there is.

END:BERYL HENLEY.

Inspired by Beryl's article, we decided to try an experiment. I have a friend who is a hypnotist; he brought along his best subject, and with the curtains drawn and his subject completely relaxed, the session began. The hypnotist uttered a keyword which triggered a post-hypnotic suggestion, and immediately the subject fell into a trance. After five minutes or so of deepening the trance, the Experiment began.

"You are twelve years old," said the hypnotist. "It is your birthday. You are eating the cake. Can you taste the cake?" His subject grunted and licked his lips. So far, so good.

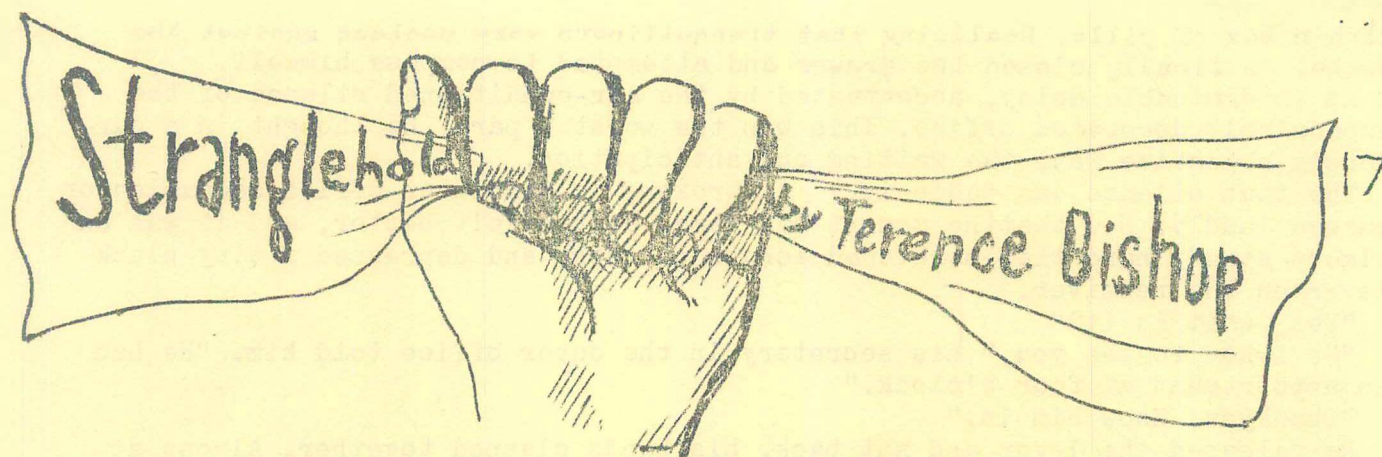
"Now you are five. You are going back still further. You are four. Now you are just three, two, one year old. You are lying in your pram, asleep in the sun." A peaceful, happy expression came to the subject's face. The wrinkles seemed to smooth out. The effect was fascinating. But we had done this before; the great test was yet to come.

"Now: you are going back still further. You are going back, back....and now you have gone back to ... before you were born! Still further, further back... it is now three years before you were born, three years. Tell us, what do you see? Who are you?"

There was complete silence. Suddenly the subject's face became contorted, and he struggled a little on the bed. Then he calmed down. His jaw started moving, almost in a chewing action. Then he spoke, into the tense silence.

"Moooooooo" he said.

End.



The ship landed on time, a remote speck of light descending swiftly from the cloudy skies above the bleak splendour of a Scottish glen. Its one passenger was met punctually, and transferred swiftly to London, where the appointment had been made. He travelled by a well-tried route and it was only a few minutes after landing that he emerged from the disguised Transfor into the spring sunshine of suburban Hampstead. The car was waiting, its engine ticking over smoothly and quietly, the smartly-dressed chauffeur at the door.

However, the afternoon traffic in Central London was heavy, causing a three-mile jam in the West End, and so, even after the immaculate preparations for fast transit, the visitor was made late for his appointment.

Gasken glanced at his watch for the tenth time in as many minutes, and looked nervously out of the window again. He's never this late, he told himself; there must be a delay, a snag, perhaps a message. In an attempt to occupy his mind he walked over to the mirror in the far wall and checked that his appearance was right. He adjusted his neat bow-tie by a minute fraction, shuffled his breast pocket handkerchief, and checked that his hair was unruffled.

His toilet complete he stared blankly at the reflection of his lined face, until, as if drawn by an unseen magnet, he found himself moving towards the window again, half believing that the act of watching would resolve the impending arrival. He gazed over the long lines of parked cars, towards the gates of the factory. The traffic pouring past the entrance was heavy, and it was difficult to identify individual vehicles. After a couple of minutes' watching his eyes started to water, and he blinked several times, clearing his vision.

The tiny hope that the visit might be postponed, his sole consolation, was suddenly crushed. For his anxious eyes now picked out the lines of the car they were hoping never to see again; the imperturbable high-class modesty of the ever-familiar Rolls Royce. Its trafficator winking in subdued brilliance, the long grey machine left the main stream of traffic and turned sedately past the saluting gate-keeper, into the grounds of the factory. It stopped in the allotted parking space immediately below Gasken's window.

As the driver's door swung smartly open, Gasken moved back from the window, anxious to delay seeing his visitor for as long as possible. He sank heavily into his leather chair behind the desk, and with shaking hands fumbled

with a box of pills. Realising that tranquilizers were useless against the Probe, he finally closed the drawer and attempted to compose himself.

An interminable delay, accentuated by the air-conditioned silence of the expensively decorated office. This was the worst part, he thought in a curiously objective way, the waiting and anticipation.

The taut silence was suddenly broken, as the inter-office communicator buzzed loudly. Now that the moment had come, Gasken felt better, and it was an almost steady hand that stretched across the desk and depressed a tiny black lever on the receiver.

"Yes, what is it?"

"Mr Arkow to see you," his secretary in the outer office told him. "He had an appointment at four o'clock."

"Thankyou. Show him in."

He released the lever and sat back, his hands clasped together. Almost at once the door opened and his secretary came in, preceding the short, darkly dressed figure of his visitor. Fighting down a sudden feeling of dread, Gasken rose and extended his hand, smiling cordially.

The secretary left, and shut the door behind her with a muffled click.

The two men faced each other across the desk; Arkow's eyes were calm and disturbing, looking implacably towards Gasken out of a composed face. His features were heavy, his face was round and smooth, curiously lop-sided. Gasken's expression was also still, but motionless with the grip of inner determination and self-control. At all costs he had to appear unruffled; to break down would be fatal. At last, Arkow broke the silence, speaking with faultless English that unerringly indicated foreign origin.

"Good afternoon to you, Mr Gasken. I trust you are well. I have been concerned for your health recently, both physical and mental, and it is with this in mind that I arranged this meeting."

"I'm quite fit, Arkow, get to the point. I've no wish that this interview be prolonged unnecessarily." With his right foot he reached under the desk and gently depressed the pedal switch. He'd get this conversation recorded if it killed him.

Arkow fumbled in his black attache-case. "I've no doubt," he said, "that you are in perfect physical condition. This is no concern of mine. The purpose of my visit is to satisfy myself that our little -- experiment -- is still working." He found what he was searching for and placed it gently on the desk before him.

The Probe. Gasken recoiled mentally, but with an effort kept his facial expression controlled.

"But before I conduct my tests," Arkow continued, "I want to ask you a few questions."

Gasken swallowed. At last his control broke, and his face whitened, and narrowed into a self-defensive frown. It was coming: the mental schizophrenia and frustration of word-blocks; the speechless screaming that he hated and dreaded so much. Wordlessly he nodded. Self control was useless, he realised; it always had been. A calm expression had no effect on this --

Arkow flipped down the lid of his case, secured it with the clips and placed it on the floor. He looked at Gasken, straight in the eyes. "Mr Gasken, I want you to tell me, in your own words, exactly who you think I am."

That first question, always the same one, demanding the inevitable answer each time; the same words and intonations that blurted from his lips with the idiot repetition of a faulty gramophone record. His brain fought for a way to avoid saying the words, to speak aloud what he knew in his heart was the truth. Mental pictures formed themselves and hung tantalisingly before his

eyes. A loud voice seemed to bellow in his inner ear, subsonically throbbing the words to his vocal chords. His whole frame was alive to the truth. Arkow is an alien; he must be destroyed; otherwise he will destroy us all; he and his kind are intent on sociological strangulation; economic instability; technological stagnation; he must be destroyed; he must——

The mental pictures flickered and faded, the subsonics dissipated, and Gasken's tongue started to move easily, flowing with childish facility.

"You're an old business acquaintance, been dealing with you for years!"

"Excellent, Mr Gasken. And what is the purpose of my visit?"

Again the mental images, and the shouting and booming of imagined subsonics. Arkow is an alien; he is here to destroy; he must be destr—— Once more the word block fell into place like a tide-gate. "We've met to discuss production figures."

Arkow nodded. "And finally, what are our present aims?" Before the mental pictures could form, Gasken's tongue was moving again.

"We're producing the highest quality article for the lowest possible price, ensuring that our product is wanted by and available to all."

He stopped and mentally cursed himself for sounding like a second-rate tv advertisement. Still, they were Arkow's words and not his own, so there was an excuse. His eyes took on a more normal lustre. "Does that satisfy you, Arkow? Do you want to ask more questions? Go on, I know the answers; I should do!"

"Yes, you do seem to know the answers; I am eternally impressed at your command of the situation you are in. However," he shook his head slowly, "I must use the Probe." Gasken began to speak, but he was too slow: Arkow's hand leapt out and punched the sensitive plate on the side of the probe. Gasken's mind wheeled in a sudden flurry of colour, to be instantaneously engulfed in blackness. His body slid noiselessly forward on to the desk.

As Gasken came round to consciousness Arkow was closing his attache case once more and the Probe was nowhere to be seen. The mists of the artificially induced coma soon dissipated, and apart from the slightest trace of a headache, left no reaction in his mind. He looked across at Arkow and smiled weakly.

"Well?"

"I'm pleased to tell you that the post-hypnotic suggestions I placed are still intact. A remarkable record! Sixteen years without major renewal. I must commend you on an exceptionally stable mind."

"No thanks to you, Arkow. When will you be finished with me? I can't go on like this much longer."

The portly alien stood up and walked deliberately to the window. He looked at the emptying car park with apparent satisfaction. "You must be patient. When your career as chairman of this company is finished, then your tasks for us will also be complete. But not before." He turned to face the back of Gasken's head. "When are you due to retire?"

"I'll be sixty in two years, I can use my voluntary retirement pension from then. Needless to say, I will."

"Mr Gasken, I would remind you that at times I find this task as distasteful as you do. For all our apparent alienness to your life our people are much like yours in many ways, not only in physical appearance. To me this is just another job, at times an unpleasant one, but still a job. I, too, would insist on your retirement in two years. As a person I have formed a deep respect for you; it is my one regret that we have to behave this way to each other." His expressionless face seemed to take on a strange aspect, and for a moment Gasken could have mistaken the face for a human one. "But let's not talk of irrelevancies," Arkow suddenly continued, his face an impassive mask once more. "I would like to see the last quarter's production results."

Gasken complied wearily. Get it over with for another three months, he thought; another thirteen weeks of enforced silence, unable to speak a word of the truth to anyone. Gasken was a pawn of Arkow's alian race, an unwitting conspirator against humanity. He'd risen to the seat of Chairman at an early age, through the nervous collapse of his predecessors, and had met Arkow on his first day in that position. He had been told from the outset about the plan of the Aliens, told about the 75 years since their machine had been invented and how it had been steadily and insiduously eating its way in to civilisation. With a life span many times that of humans the aliens could afford to wait, to wait while their machines steadily brought civilisation to its knees, whilst appearing to foster it.

Gasken had to acknowledge the cunning of the plan. Magnificent technological and sociological achievements made possible by the machine, the face of the planet altered by it; but all the while it was slowly bringing about the collapse of the civilisation it had helped to create.

On that first day, Arkow had relaxed a little and told Gasken, in slightly deprecating terms, of the leaders of his race who had devoted the early parts of their lives to the 'invention' of this machine. He'd spoken in glowing terms of Hammle, Deeze and Benns, their work on Earth now done, and in famous retirement on their own planet; and told Gasken how, by widespread use of the probe, they had managed to boost production from a faltering dozen per year to the thousands now produced every week. With factories all over the world there seemed no stopping the tidal flow of metal.

As he withdrew the file from the cabinet, Gasken was thinking along these lines. This is my contribution to the flow, he thought grimly and wearily, another ten thousand drops in an ocean of metal. He returned to the desk and laid the file open in front of him. "We've had some good results this time," he said helplessly, "Although there was a bit of trouble over redundancy. However, orders have been pouring in and we ended the quarter with production 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ % up on the previous three months." Arkow nodded slowly and silently.

"Very good. And development?"

"We're introducing the new range in the Autumn, which is almost certain to be a big seller, so I think we need have no fears about the usual Winter lapse in sales." Gasken bit his lip. He was hating this. The interview did not last long, Arkow asking the usual questions about productivity, and Gasken answering almost automatically. At last Arkow stood up, suddenly and without warning. He extended his hand to Gasken and bade him farewell, but Gasken did not move. He gazed levelly at Arkow and said, "To the next time, then; and may it be the last." The alien returned the stare for long moments, turned wordlessly, and walked into the deserted outer offices. Before the door had swung shut Gasken heard the racket from the factory working overtime, as the production line turned out its mass-produced machinery.

He rose, and looked out of the window. The car park was nearly empty now, the majority of the office workers having left for their suburban dormitory-town homes. The immaculate grey Rolls Royce was still there, its driver leaning casually on the long bonnet. As Gasken watched the chauffeur sprang to attention, and Arkow climbed expressionlessly into the rear passenger seat. After a moment the huge car glided smoothly forwards and made for the exit, where, after a few moments' patient wait, it filtered into the flowing river of traffic, to be borne by it, like flotsam, into the heart of London.

Gasken returned to his desk and slumped across it, his head in his arms. After several moments he moved as memory came to him. With his foot he searched beneath his desk for the pedal to the recorder. If only the microphone had picked up all that, then the recorder could speak of Arkow, even if he himself were incapable of -- he stopped. His questing foot had kicked and cleared the

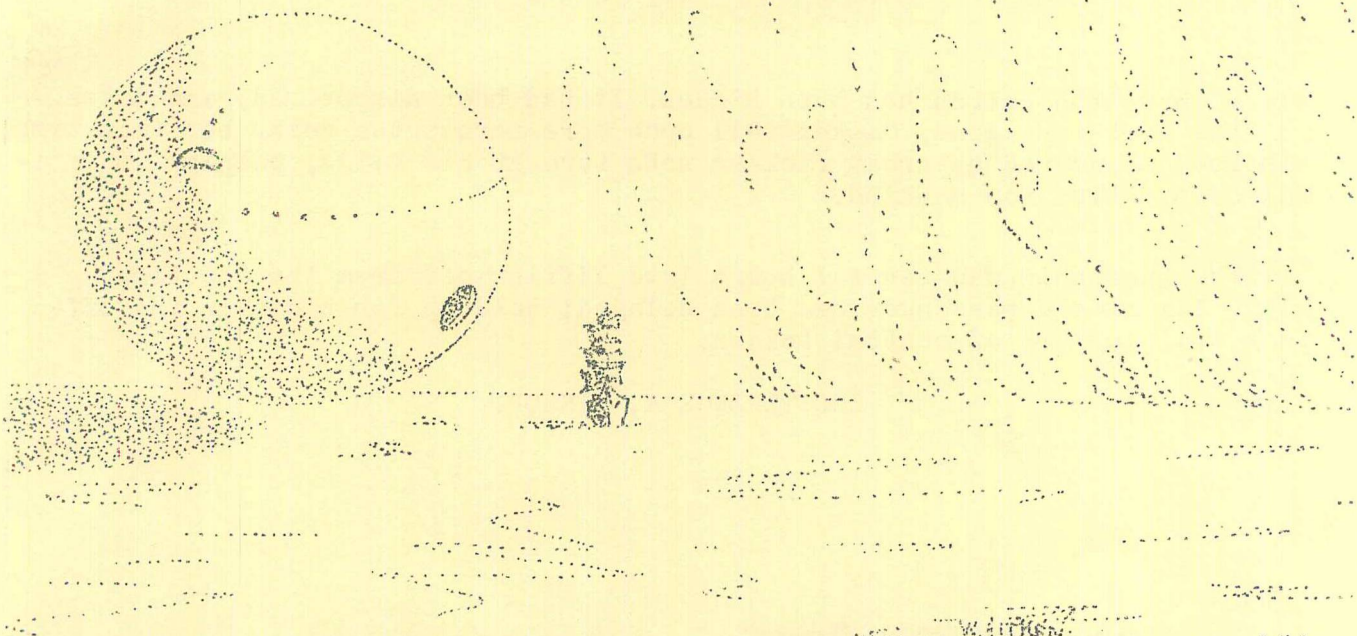
place where the switch had been hidden. It had been discovered, and taken.

His last hope gone, Gasken fell once more across the desk, but this time his body shuddered as great racking sobs tore at his being, weeping in pitiful desperation for mankind.

The spaceship was several hours late lifting off from the Scottish glen. Its single passenger had been delayed; held up for hours in the off-peak traffic jams of central London.

END:TERENCE A. BISHOP.





It was a fascinating planet. They had been quartering it and exploring it for nearly a twelfth of its orbital period, now, and much data had been gathered. Might be quite interesting to revisit it in another four or five centuries!

**AN ILL
WIND**

The ecological survey ship had just left one of the largest equatorial continents to continue some work in the oceans. This planet's seas were wide and varied; life in them should be more than interesting. Antromm, acting commander of the ship Alexone, had enjoyed his task so far and was regretting that it would be over in another week. Intelligent life was very varied on this planet: although generally of the same form it was in many vastly different stages of cultural development. In fact, many of the natives were so uncivilised as to be almost in the animal stage or at the best, savages. Others were rather more advanced, with some fairly complex tools and artifacts though as yet none of them had achieved a technology.

Antromm had had the wide experience that so many commanders possessed, but it struck him with ever-recurring wonder when an inhabited system was found. This was his fifth survey, the first in his present capacity of Commander. It was always about the same; large oceans, dominant life form always human with only slight structural and pigmentation differences. It was never a monotonous sameness, however, and always he found the exploration fascinating, no two worlds ever being exactly similar in their animal and plant life. The variety seemed endless.

The huge ship barrelled slowly over the ocean, poised effortlessly on its anti-grav beams a few feet above the bright water, occasionally stopping and lowering a sample flask to different depths or paralyzing larger forms

of life for examination at leisure.

The sparkling day mellowed, the breeze which had scintillated the waves died, and the sea stilled to a motionless mirror. The massive shadow of the ship slid over it noiselessly. It was early afternoon when Antromm was disturbed. A typhoon was following them, not at a discreet distance but gaining, and gaining fast. He noticed that the water had motion, an uneasily undulating swell, ominous in its hidden power. He had no fear of the storm; the ship would scarcely be disturbed unless all power failed, but just in case the unlikely did happen he would rise above the storm and also gain some data on its course and formation.

First, however, he would run the Alexone before the typhoon; there were other samples required before operations ceased for the day. The Alexone increased speed slightly to stay on the forward fringe of the storm.

Suddenly one of the lookouts snapped smartly "Surface craft on the horizon, sir." Antromm looked in at the screen, leaned forward and turned up the magnification. Hm. Typical wind powered ship, but frail, and so small. This typhoon would scatter its spars to the four corners of the planet.

He pressed a stud. "Stop forward motion." Antromm wanted a moment to think. So far, they had kept clear of any of the natives, which of course was normal procedure. His ship and crew were alien factors and must not disturb the planet's civilisation. It could at the very least lead to myths, legends, fairy tales and false idols. But this was different.

What would a senior commander do? Would he interfere where life might be lost by non-intervention? His inherent humanity overcame his reluctance to go against his superior's wishes. He would rescue these otherwise doomed alien people. He glanced at the rear view screen. The blackness of the sky was ominously melted into the reflecting dull metal of the sea, and obviously moving fast, drawing ever closer. He contacted the drive room.

"Am switching control to forward panel."

He looked again at the screens. The small ship was wallowing slightly in the long swell but the sails hung limply. The forward edge of the typhoon was making the grey clouds writhe upwards and roil like dirty steam. He switched on the outside pickups. No wavelets lapped -- nothing. The silence was eerie, but soon there would be a maelstrom of noise and fury,

He set the ponderous bulk of the Alexone into forward motion again, faster than before. There would be some explaining to do to these people and he might need time to allay their fears.

The sailing ship quickly grew in detail as they neared it, till the screen was no longer necessary. Antromm brought the Alexone to slightly above and to one side of the tiny craft. He could see the many faces looking in their direction -- open mouthed -- scurrying in all directions, appearing from sundry dark holes in the small deck. The pickups brought the buzz of awed speculation that was going on with an occasional cry as one of them saw the vast spaceship for the first time. This was something outside their small knowledge, both of the world and the universe. To them, their solar system and the universe still revolved around their tiny planet.

Antromm lowered the Alexone gently till it rested a few feet above the oily surface. He switched on the outside mike and plugged in the translator.

"Where is your Captain?" he spoke softly to overcome the awe in these people. He repeated the query. A tall, slim, lantern-jawed man stepped to the rail of the vessel lying in the shadow of the alien sky-thing. He was visibly shaken but brave in the face of the unknown. He nodded.

Antromme spoke again. "Will you tell your people a typhoon is approaching fast and that your frail ship stands no chance, that unless we take you

to the nearest land you will all perish. We do not wish this to happen, for life is a precious thing." How could he make the alien understand? "We mean no harm to anyone, we only wish to save you from certain death. Look to your East and you will see."

The captain's head swivelled slowly and scanned the horizon, then glanced at the increasing swell of the sea. He took time to survey the ship's company who conversed in hushed, fearful tones as they discussed the impending storm and the alien space ship. At last he answered.

"I do not know your strange craft, how it works, hovers, and speaks to me; but a typhoon will assuredly destroy us. If you can transport us safely to land with our goods then we will come."

As Antromm told him to hurry, for the typhoon was swiftly approaching, he was already pressing the hatch controls and extending platforms to the small sailing ship. Tractor beams might only cause panic and slow up the operation.

Urgency became their goad and transference was swift. A wondering but silent and pitiful group of the people gathered for mutual comfort in the Alexone's largest chart room, where they gazed in awe at the gleaming metal and bewildering, efficient-looking apparatus. With his portable translator Antromm was endeavouring to put them at their ease, at the same time as he set the Alexone on course for the nearest land and started the drive. They had barely gone into motion when the subradio emitted his personal signal; quickly he switched it on.

He listened in amazement. This was disastrous. What could he do and what explanation would he have to offer the council if he followed that directive?

He was urgently recalled! A planet was in danger from an internal upheaval which threatened to disrupt it and all available ships were required from their present duties to aid in rescue. Every hour would count. There was only one answer. These poor, benighted waifs he had on board must now come with him; there was no time to reach land and see them safely ashore.

Decision reached, he was already increasing the output of the anti-grav beams and the Alexone was rising swiftly. Before turning to explain as best he could to the bewildered natives he glanced at the rear-view screen for a last look at the distant but now insignificant storm and the tiny speck of a ship.

He gasped, and increased magnification. The typhoon was veering rapidly and dying, the ship no longer in its path. Fickle nature had conspired against them all. He brought the magnification up to maximum for they were now leaving the atmosphere. The scene was hazy but the small vessel could be seen dipping gently, undisturbed, a serene and lifeless shell. Antromm pursed his lips bitterly. These people would be pastured on some, to them, alien world, countless lightyears from their own. He hoped their pioneer stock would stand them in good stead. He could never tell them it had been all for nothing.

He pressed a stud as the planet in the screen became a giant ball. The Alexone winked into overdrive on its leap across the stars.

On one of the large oceans of the third planet in the solar system a tiny ship heaved gently to the dying swell.

The high prow could be seen reflected in the smooth oiliness of the water and, slightly distorted by the concentric ripples emanating from the ship, could be seen the inscription, 'Marie Celeste'.

---WILLIAM AITKEN.

THE END

It is remarkable that the most exciting and literary sf of recent years has been written by authors outside, or at least on the fringes of, the medium. Bernard Wolfe, who has much claim to have written the best modern sf novel, was only a brief visitor; while Kurt Vonnegut, despite having written sf for some time, would seem to use the genre because some obscure inhibition prevents him from taking his own work seriously, rather than because it particularly suits his purposes. Because of his total pessimism, and belief that human endeavour is ultimately futile, and despite his probable atheism, Vonnegut is much admired by Evelyn Waugh, who also recognises that Vonnegut is not really an sf writer. Walter Miller, Algis Budrys and Brian Aldiss are more deeply committed to the genre, though their writing often lies on its fringes and is sometimes rejected by its readers.

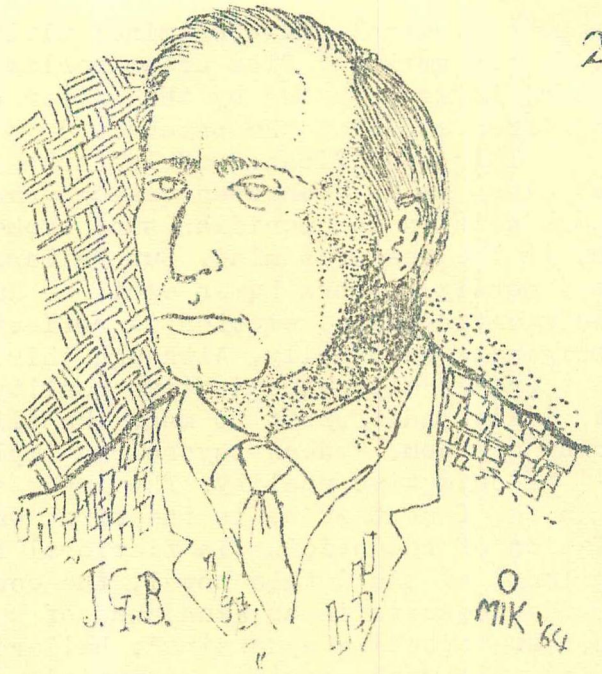
Thus it seems part of a minor trend that J.G. Ballard, certainly the most important writer of modern science fiction, should say: "I am not really a science fiction writer at all -- it so happens that my own work and sf overlap at a few points. I think that my writing makes more sense, and is more interesting, seen against the general background of imaginative writing than merely in terms of science fiction. I am certainly not concerned with the traditional properties of sf -- interplanetary travel, time machines, and so on -- and I wish that sf writers would forget this childish nonsense and concentrate on their real subject matter, the creation of an authentic mythology for the twentieth century...."

If one accepts the rough definition that sf presents man in relation to cosmic, rather than social, environment, then Ballard's work does seem, on superficial examination, to be sf. But, surprisingly for a medium that would seem to be romantic, sf tends to be extravert in outlook. The internal reality of the mind is seen as being clearly separable from external reality. Man may appear in conflict with his environment, but the contact is purely physical; emotion is neatly bottled up inside the mind, outside lies emotionless 'reality'. But Ballard stands outside this trend; his writing represents a return to the 'romantic tradition'. He believes that "...there is a direct correspondence between certain states of landscape and certain states of mind - obvious in a general sense, as far as deserts, swamps and volcanoes are concerned, but also in a more local sense..."

In his work one is always aware that the landscape is symbolic, or, as he says in 'The Terminal Beach', "The landscape is coded."

The environments in which his characters move are externalisations of

J.G. BALLARD ARTICLE BY



PETER WHITE

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their psychological state of mind; ultimately they represent the author's own mind. He has written: "The dream worlds, synthetic landscapes and plasticity of visual forms invented by the writer of fantasy are equivalents, externally, of the inner world of the psyche..."

This significance of landscape is felt in most of his work. The huge target discs of an abandoned weapons range, and the silt banks glowing like luminous gold in the meridian sun, evoke a strange longing, a nostalgic response, in the reader's mind. But Ballard always remains aware that external reality merely mirrors human emotion. Human beings project their emotions on to their environment, emotion is reflected by external objects, but it does not originate externally. Although this emotion is 'real' in a psychological sense there is also an objective reality in which objects exist in their own right, icily indifferent to man, the alienated being who acts out his drama in front of them. Modern psychology implies that subjective fantasy is as 'real' as objective reality. The importance of Ballard's work as literature lies in the fact that he is the first writer to realise this scientific re-validation of romanticism in fictional terms. He escapes entirely the 'pathetic fallacy' of the Gothic novel, the confusion of object and emotional response that results in an abundance of such fallacious concepts as 'threatening clouds' and 'brooding mountains'. Ballard is a new kind of artist -- a classic-romantic. His work provides romanticism with a classical framework which, evolved from the philosophy of science, prevents it from becoming morbid, or sentimental rubbish. This is surely the most valid use of science fiction, and so, in a sense, Ballard is a very fine example of the true sf writer.

33 years old, he lives in Shepperton with his wife and children. He was born in Shanghai, of English parents and, after spending the war in a Japanese internment camp, returned to Britain to be educated at the Leys School in Cambridge. Later, he studied medicine at Kings College and won the 1951 short story competition in Varsity, the student paper. After Cambridge he worked as a copy - writer and scientific film writer, as well as flying in the RAF. His stories began appearing in the Nova magazines towards the end of 1956 and he is now a full-time writer. He says that all the personal events he has ever experienced have influenced his work, but particularly his childhood in Shanghai, and latterly marriage and being a parent. His tastes in reading are catholic, embracing Joyce, Melville, Hemingway, Eliot, Conrad and William Burroughs. Ballard has never been particularly interested in science fiction as it is, but says "I think its great virtue is the speed with which it can assimilate events in the world outside. The traditional social novel, for example, seems to need 30 or 40 years to do this." This is probably correct, but in a random sample of modern sf the virtue would appear to be potential rather than achieved. The only genuine sf writer Ballard admires at all is Ray Bradbury; though he also admires several works marginal to the genre, notably Bernard Wolfe's 'Limbo 90' and Michael Moorcock's Elric stories.

Since he began writing, Ballard says, his aims have not changed. He has always thought that the modern writer must create an authentic apocalyptic literature of the mid-twentieth century in terms of his own personal mythology. In his own personal mythology, Ballard is concerned with the area he calls inner space. This is an imaginative area in which the separate identities of fantasy and reality vanish entirely, the outer world of reality and the inner world of the psyche meet and fuse. Here is a passage from 'The Drowned World':

"He remembered the iguanas braying and lunging across the steps of the museum ... Phantoms slid imperceptibly from nightmare to reality and back again, the terrestrial and psychic landscapes were now indistinguishable, as they had been at Hiroshima and Auschwitz, Golgoth and Gomorrah."

William Golding, another of the talented groupstanding on the fringes

of sf, has explored a similar area in his novel 'Pincher Martin'. Golding's hero is stranded, alone and dying, on a bleak Atlantic rock. He confuses his emotions and surroundings, eventually they fuse and he enters inner space. The harsh realities of the island, the marine fauna and seagulls, enter Martin's delirious fantasies, and assume a morbid significance in his guilty dreams. Golding uses this as a device to convey Martin's loss of sanity whereas Ballard is concerned with the philosophical implications of the concept, concerning the nature of identity. In many stories Ballard describes a man becoming totally aware of the universe, with senses stretching throughout time and space. But Ballard has not made up his mind what such total-awareness would mean. In 'Voices of Time' what seems to be death is really the birth of such awareness; in 'The Overloaded Man' what appears to be the birth of such awareness is in fact death. There can be no doubt that such a concept of total-awareness is archetypal, and it has recurred in romantic literature since Blake. In 'The Drowned World' Ballard introduces a new psychology that could be used to explain the nature of archetypal symbolism. Perhaps, he suggests, such symbols stir memories in the primitive ganglia of the lower spine. The memories could either be inherited racial memories, dating back to our archaic ancestors; or personal memories, dating from the recapitulation of evolutionary history that the embryo undergoes while in the womb. Thus this new psychology could be accepted by Jungian and Freudian. The all-aware man could symbolise the time, in racial or individual history, when man was a simple animal, unable to distinguish between itself and its environment. In fact, though, the memory might not be so deep, as there are grounds for supposing that the new born child is similarly incapable of this distinction.

Another element in Ballard's mythology is a concern with the nature of time, and with concepts such as time-zone, subjective and cosmic time. He says "...time plays an important part in my own private universe, and many of my stories are attempts to crack this particular metaphysical conundrum, to find a spacial equivalent for time and exorcise its terrors." Ballard explores the nature of time in many ways, and in 'The Terminal Beach' exercises complete control over it. By extreme fragmentation of plot he completely destroys the time element in this, his most experimental story.

Like Ballard, the Surrealist movement was concerned with the significance of landscape, the nature of identity, archetypal symbolism, and time. In fact, Ballard has said that the greatest influences on him are not writers, but painters such as Chirico, Ernst, Tanguy, and Dali. The mood of his work is always close to surrealism, and he often mentions specific surrealist works. Here is another passage from 'The Drowned World': "On another wall one of Max Ernst's self-devouring phantasmagoric jungles screamed silently to itself like the sump of some insane unconscious. For a few moments Kerans gazed quietly at the dim yellow annulus of Ernst's sun glowering through the exotic vegetation, a curious feeling of memory and recognition signalling through his brain ... the image of the archaic sun burned against his mind, illuminating the fleeting shadows that darted fitfully through its profoundest depths."

But, though Ballard shares their aims, he rejects Surrealist literary methods, calling free-associative techniques "dubious tricks". His mythology is carefully, and coolly, constructed, not spontaneously evolved; his approach is conscious rather than intuitive. Ballard's imagery originates in the imagination rather than the fancy.

His one fault is that he has sometimes seemed to invent emotions, rather than express them. Some of his descents into inner space have revealed queer-fish rather than archetypes. Perhaps writing too far from the pain-threshold, he has sometimes failed to communicate valid emotion; by conscious analysis the real emotion has been exaggerated into nothingness.

But this fault was rare even in his earliest work, and has almost van-

ished from his latest writings. His best stories, such as 'Voices of Time', 'The Waiting Grounds', and 'The Cage of Sand' express the true wonder of science. The universe is seen as a strange yet wonderful place, beautiful, only our limited senses preventing us from understanding its true nature.

Much has already been written about 'The Drowned World', his best work to date, so I will finish by mentioning it very briefly. In the novel, the temperature of the world is rising, the seas flooding, and forests of giant pines springing up on the alluvial silt. The climate changes have a potent symbolic significance to the hero's unconscious mind, awakening dim racial memories and obscure motivations. At the end of the book he sets off towards the South; but whether towards a racial graveyard or to the birthplace of a new man, mentally adapted to the drowned world, he does not know. The answer may be given in the recently completed successor to this novel, when it is published.

Whatever it is, it must be worth waiting for.

END: PETER WHITE.

MAN IN THE TIME-TRAP

STORY BY PETER WHITE

Squinting and shielding their eyes from the vast sun-disc rising above the dunes to the east, the men stood in a group outside the cave mouth, gradually becoming accustomed to the brightness. Behind them the cave stretched down into the cool depths, while in front the sand burned and the first mirages twisted upwards, distorting the image of the ruined city that lay to the west, half buried under waves of sand. Ragged banners of cirrus streamed across the sky, like cosmic tramlines leading from horizon to horizon. The sand around the cave mouth was strewn with a variety of junk; empty tins, their lids hanging open thirstily, some rusting oil drums, and a crushed bicycle wheel leaning out of the sand. In an enclosure of wooden stakes set a little back from the cave entrance, Dury the madman was urinating, his fat naked body glistening with sweat. All about him on the sandy floor of his prison he had drawn strange symbols, obscene sketches, and obscure phrases. As the group of men set off westwards, towards his enclosure, Dury sprang forward, reaching out towards the men with a thin and sunburnt arm. He held the pose, one arm thrust out between the bars, for only a few seconds. Then he pulled back, scratching his wrist on the rough wood, and

threw himself face down on the sand, wriggling his fingers and curling his toes.

"Come and draw on the sand with me," he implored them as they came. "Come and kiss me," he shouted as they passed. And as the men left him, he rolled on to his back, thrusting his head down into the sand. "Come and make love to me," he screamed.

For a few moments Dury knelt watching the men rise and fall over the dunes, and shrink into the distance. Then he turned away and began writing in the sand. His eyes were full of tears.

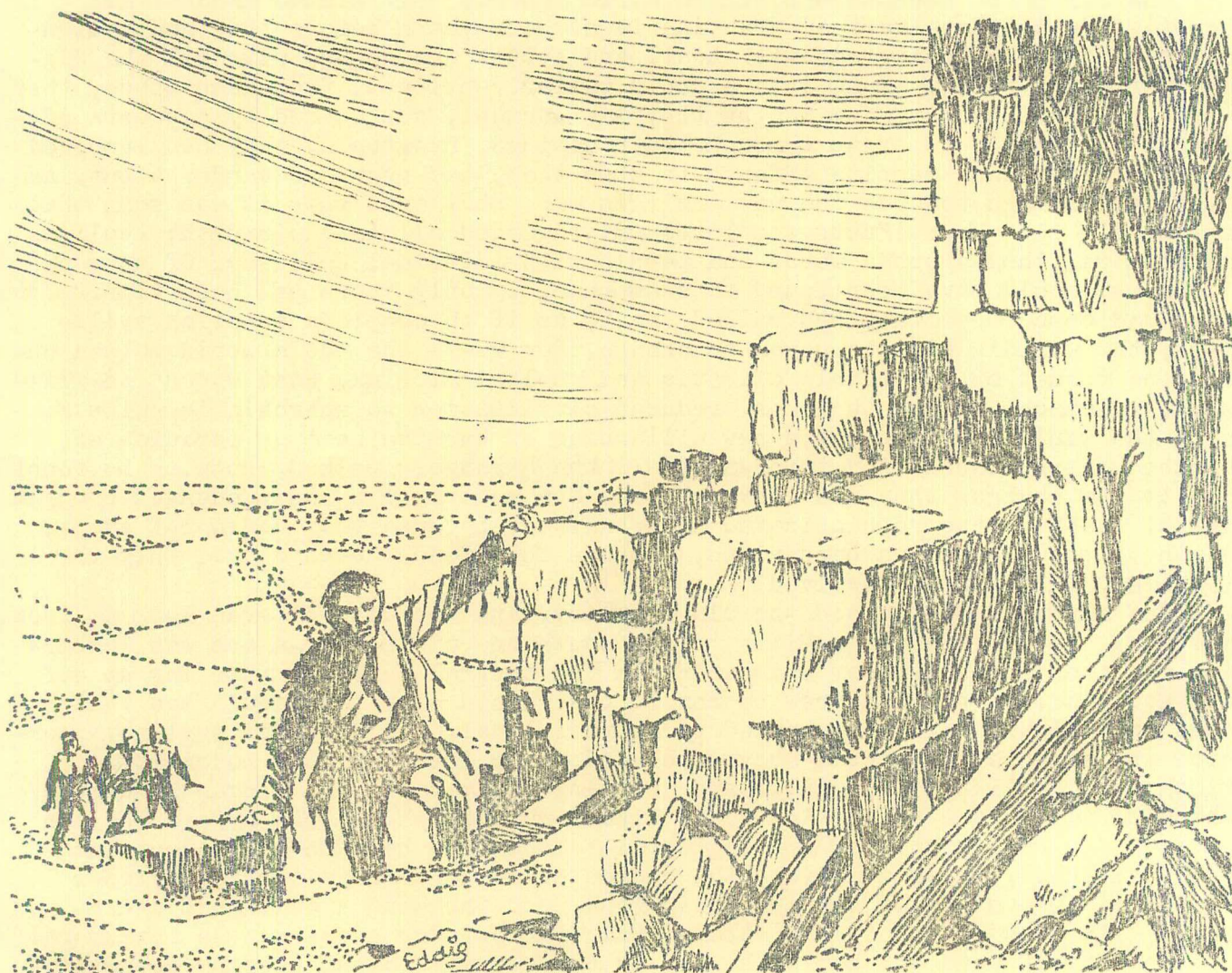
The men tramped on with the sun at their backs, their shadows racing ahead into the hollows and toiling slowly up on to the crests of the dunes. As the men walked the sun swung slowly higher and the heavens of cool shade shrank. Now the sunward slopes of the dunes were larger, and as the men climbed them their clothing rustled and stirred in the soft thermal breezes. After some time they came upon an old woman sitting under a battered umbrella. Beside her was an old wooden handcart loaded with tinned food and an oil drum full of drinking water. It was Mendalin the wanderer, the old woman who lived travelling from one ruined city to another and was an authority on the habits of the Strangers.

The Strangers were huge black metallic spheres that strode around the countryside on three vast elephantine legs. Many years before they had fallen out of the sky, glowing red with heat, and struck the ground with all the dignity of empty crates slung into a dusty cellar. Obviously from deep space, they were a sensation. For many months they lay dormant, surrounded by clusters of scientists unable to break through their casings. Eventually they had lumbered to their feet and, despite efforts to stop them, had begun to wander about. Animistic feelings towards the new arrivals were shattered when it was seen that the mobile artifacts completely disregarded all in their path; soulless destroyers, they crushed weeds and people with identical delicacy. Of course, some way would have been found to stop them, if only there had been time. First they had come, then they had walked, next, as if to complete an alien syllogism, the world's climate began to change. For weeks the whole world melted under the forces of a terrible climatic and geological flux. Heat waves and blizzards, volcanoes and earthquakes, reduced civilisation to anarchistic ruins. Finally the world settled into a new millennium of burning heat, a paradise of parched desert sands. And through it all the Strangers walked, showing no reaction to the changes they must have caused. For most people these changes brought death. Death to the sophisticated suburbanites, because they could not adapt; death to the aggressive barbarians, because they fought each other. Only the listless, and insane, survived.

The marching men passed the old woman by, and she did not even look up from the book she was reading. Miles to the south one of the Strangers was lumbering about on its business, shimmering in the thermal currents bursting up off the hot sand. As the men drew nearer to the ruined city they could see that most of the buildings were buried up to roof level, chimneys and skylights, cornice and steeple, projected above the sand. Deep in the ruins a modernistic block rose up like a vast billboard beaming its metaphysical slogan high over the desert, and dominating the scene like a ruthless king. One by one the men entered the ruins, walking in single file; the sand beneath their feet was hard and fused, while all around the rococo chimneys, ornate cornice friezes and wedge-like slabs of sloping roofs rose from the dead buildings underground like the trees of some strange Dada forest. The scene was an intramural iconography of dead and buried hopes. As the men walked on, passing avenues of crumbling brickwork, and scrambling over the occasional gabled rooftop, they found the top story of a building sticking up intact. They broke in through a

window. All around lay the forgotten shards of time-past; an old dartboard, a sewing machine, and a tailor's dummy. The dusty rubbish was lit by a shaft of light from the dirty skylight, and, in the silent penthouse, it became spectrally intensified. Behind the visual appearance of the objects lurked their caricatures, grotesque and romantic. The mysterious images awakened in the watching men a whole nostalgia of the infinite; reality seemed to recede like the hooting of a distant train, their limbs became numb and weightless, their ears deaf, and for a moment they saw time stretch in front of them as an endless yellow corridor, lit by a formless orange glow. For a while the men were content to stare at the bric-a-brac, the properties of an ontological passion play. Slowly they emerged from their dreams, from what were perhaps dim childhood memories, and began to search the room. They found a crate of whisky lying in the corner, and began to drink. A little later they went outside again.

Now it was noon, and the now unshadowed scene seemed as remote and alien as the painted backdrop of a schitzoid nightmare. The awful bright-



ness gave the ruins a strange super-real quality, as if they had somehow withdrawn from the human situation. Oblivious of the scorching heat, the men began to run across the sand, shouting and singing in drunken glee. They stopped at the edge of a deep crater. One of the buildings must have imploded under the pressure of the sand above, and the subsidence had trapped one of the Strangers. It lay upside down at the bottom of the crater, its three legs waving hopelessly in the air, like the bristles of a sea urchin trapped under a microscope. After taking a quick look, the men turned away, laughing and joking. One of them threw a bottle back into the pit and it shattered on the Stranger's hull, leaving a damp patch of liquor. The little pieces of glass tinkled and twinkled in the sunlight as they rolled down the curving metal.

Once again the men broke into a run, this time heading for the top stories of a big car port that broke through the sand a little way away. The building had no solid walls, only a skeletal concrete frame, and the men ran straight inside. The new ground level was empty except for one car, squat and red, that crouched by a roof pillar like a malignant crab in a coral cave. The men piled inside, one getting behind the steering wheel and starting the engine. The rubber tires had perished away and the car moved forward on the metal rims, rear wheels spinning madly. The driver swerved out into the noonday heat and accelerated hard, the car going into a slow motion fishtail on a patch of soft sand. The driver headed straight for Samuel, who was a bit slow witted and was wandering around looking for the others. At the last moment the car swerved aside, just missed Samuel, and turned in a long curve, flinging sand up behind its wheels. Now Samuel began to run, dodging behind chimneys and rooftops as much as he could. Again the car swerved past him, and this time Samuel pitched forward on to the ground, but he was up again almost at once. Again the car turned in a long slide, and came straight towards him. This time it did not swerve. Samuel tried to leap clear, but did not manage to. One wing of the car struck him and there was a soft crunching sound. Samuel staggered away, holding his ruined left arm with his right hand and moaning quietly. The car did not stop but plunged away to the west side of the city.

It plunged on, bouncing and drifting as it weaved between protruding ruins. As it neared the edge of the city it got into a skid worse than the others, the driver tried to brake, and the wheels locked. It ran straight into an ornate chimney which exploded into clouds of brick dust. The car stuck on top of the smashed chimney with its sump holed, a pool of oil soaking into the sand. Nobody was hurt and the men climbed out and began singing as they walked back towards the cave that lay to the east. They marched back through the ruins and out across the desert.

By the time they reached the cave the sun was low over the city behind them. Their shadows led the way back into the darkness of the cave mouth. They were too tired to notice, or perhaps they did not care, that one of the Strangers had stepped on Dug's enclosure while they were gone. The wooden stakes were all broken down and Dug's body had been pressed down into the sandy floor; only his arm stuck up, and it was rather crushed. All his writing had been destroyed by the heavy tread, and for two words that lay etched in the sand, lonely and significant:

MAKE LOVE.

END PETER WHITE.

[THINK...]

Whiskey by Hiram Walker

Teacher's Scotch?

MYERS RUM MAKES THE MAN'S DRINK!

THIS LABEL IS REGISTERED

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN

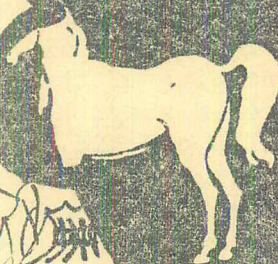


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White Horse Cellar



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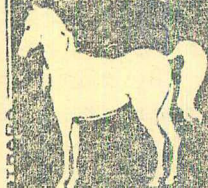
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In memory and thanks for many years of science fiction
enjoyment, in NEW WORLDS, SCIENCE FANTASY and SCIENCE
FICTION ADVENTURES.

I REMEMBER PRAYING

BY G. JAMES DIXON

I remember praying in this same soft, white valley, and that was long ago. I remember praying to the wall, which was not there. I remember the blue-appearing-black counterpane and the dark light-lacking counterpane on the air and the wall my fingers touched, the wall invisible. And my prayers. This same white valley was longer then, and the sides were higher and heavier. The other end of the valley was even darker, a thick blackness, like the air down there, a choking thickness. But I lasted down there and what high adventures I had. Those cavern monsters, defeated always; and my companions: brave stout hearts, who died each evening, but not I, I their leader. The cave people driven from the depths of the earth's centre and the Princesses, different, yet each night the same, just their names not different faces, because they were faceless and yet beautiful, the faceless, unimaginable beauty of perfection. I saved them every one. The chains were always broe broken somehow and we were saved, but I could not claim the prize, the Kiss, not yet, not then. I can remember the god I prayed to. His name -- I can remember his name, but not his face. I cannot remember his face either jehovah his name, it was jehovah and bright a bright name he that walketh in the valley of the shadow judeth and suffer little children i protest to this assembly that children must not be allowed to suffer in this day and age it is ridiculous that we should stand for this sort of treatment of our offspring I therefore beg to move Mr chairman that the meeting accept the report presented to it by the investigating committee children should be sent to God he will look after them won't he mother yes dear OF COURSE he will mother will I go to heaven yes dear if you say your prayers properly every night before you go to bed have you said your prayers dear yes mother then let me tuck you in and then you must go to i must say my prayers i always say my prayers dear god please bless Now that is odd, I wonder why I have never noticed those lights before. They are like stars on my wall. My own private galaxy. I know, it is the new street lamp they put up last week. It must have come on for the first time tonight. It makes the room much lighter. I must get some thicker curtains -- was that a bell? Yes it is a fire engine or an ambulance. Which way is it coming? From the north or the south? Nearer, but I still cannot tell from which side -- the lights on the ceiling, they will show. Its headlights on the ceiling -- yes! The beams swing from the left that is from the north. No, wait, I am wrong, he was travelling to the north. I can still hear him, just. He is almost gone. I wonder if it was an ambulance or a fire engine. I used to travel on those nocturnal expeditions against the warnings of hell. We flew through the dark on a screaming red dragon which carried water in its belly, not fire. I drove the ambulances too, through fogs of cordite to the bleeding and the blasted, our lights dim and veiled and the solo of our bell drowned by the choruses of shells the groans not horror glamour nobody really died i am not really killing anyone we just play please let us play ambulances mother we can save you after your accident all right dear but don't get in the way of the washing come on I shall be the driver mind the washing that is all right mother we shall soon have you in hospital won't you Judeth dear will you pray for me yes mother come on I shall be the driver no I want to be the driver we cannot stand here arguing we have to save my mother I want to be the driver no we have to take my

mother to hospital i want to be the driver no no we must take my mother to
 the hospital I must drive Why did they not get her to hospital sooner? They
 might have saved her, they might have. O God, you could have saved her. I
 prayed to y ou. I remember praying to you in the hospital chapel. On the stone
 steps in front of the altar I knelt all night and emptied my soul of faith
 poured into the darkness. My knees turned white as the cold stone, and the
 stars, content with their own spinning, took no heed. Yet they took you with
 them when they faded with the dawn. He could have killed you under the wheel of
 the lorry. You did not have to linger. They could not answer that, those
 priests. Why the great, kind Father was so spiteful. They could not answer it,
 and that was the last time I prayed. The lights, they pick out my painting
 on the wall. I didn't get the river right. It is static somehow. Not at
 all like Constable, the Master, who could breathe a flowing dynamism into his
 rivers. Oh why could I never paint water like Constable or God. Yes, like God
 most of all. To paint the world is for the humble pupil to copy from the canvas
 of the greatest Master. But I do not believe that any more. I have lost it
 it has dissipated and the love it dissipates dissolves love that is true god
 and judeth love my love theirs you are charged with blasphemy in the form of
 atheism how does the candidate plead guilty or not I plead guilty on the
 grounds that it was your fault God you let her die the candidate says he was
 an atheist on your account my lord a strange accusation since I would hardly
 have incited a mortal to blasphemy would I Peter of course not my lord I
 find this candidate guilty as charged and refuse his candidature for the order
 of the wings whos next but wait a minute I have witnesses that is
 the way towards the glow no I do not want to go to hell come this way man
 you are not the first there will be more but you are here now no no I loved
 you once do not leave me I must it is the only way please stay with me
 Judeth I still love you come little man the devil is waiting for you the
 fires are waiting for you do not leave me Judeth say you love me I loved
 you I loved you no now now this is like walking down that narrow valley my
 princesses save me this time yes that is the way towards the glow down this
 side alley perhaps to escape it is long the sides are high and it ends bluntly
 a high wall why can I not see the top of the walls a greyness and a mist obscure
 strange I can sense the door in the wall although I cannot see it I can
 sense the door right at the end of the alley and the steps behind it and what
 is waiting there come this way to my lovely fires I cannot go back but
 something is waiting there crouching there behind the open doorway I have to go
 nearer and then I must look round the corner but I know it will scream I am
 going to look but I know its scream will shatter my mind but i must look i
 look and it will SCREAM O God! Help me! Help me! A dream; only a dream. There
 is a clicking in the street, a rhythmic clicking -- I know, it is a pair of
 little, tottering stilts scurrying with great haste and little speed towards...
 towards what? To where could she be going so late, or is it yet, so early? She
 has gone. She has faded into echoes and then the memory of the echo. No! I must
 not remember echoes. Too many deafening, too many painful echoes clamour to be
 heard. The last painful scream lisps falling, dying whispers in my mind. What
 was its cry? A scream of anguish, a scream of horror at being discovered? Did I
 creep up on myself, that self I have hidden in a dark alleyway of my mind? And
 who screamed? Was it I, who screamed on discovering myself. The night drags.
 There is so much time and I only think idle thoughts. She has faded into echoes
 Is that all there is left? There was a time when memory was a dull, intestinal

wrench, a nausea, which threatened to spill my mind with my supper. Strange that comes no more -- when I think of her. And how long will this remembering last? I suppose until a new memory floods my sodium-orange insomnia. But will a rosed comparison be that new love's bedfellow and will the thick darkness writhe with 'might have been?' My love is like a red, a red a dead dead rose and so is her precognition. Is there no comfort in this world? A mechanical purring in the street; a low, rising, falling purring -- and another, Man's new fangled steeds neigh their rattling purrs the night through and I hear only one in many, sometimes none at all. I sever my mind from my senses so that I may sense myself past, present- and do I blink and see a future in the dark is or is it my greatest work of art; is my greatness whisperings from the lips of imagination into the ear of a titillated ambition? O god, why am I so suddenly alone? Yes, O God, perhaps you could answer that. Perhaps you could answer all the sad and happy questions I have asked, in your name, since the wheels claimed my last link with you. Those wheels crushed my childhood too and all the safety of a child's unquestioning, O great God, you could have left me that! I stretch out my hand to you through the dark and up into the orange-gold light and it should clutch a cross. I reach out my hand to the wall, which basks in an orange glory, and there is only a wall; a wall so visible. But now you are so clear you conceal so much, Once I looked right through you. The darkness, which hid you, showed me a greater glory than you now display. I prayed so much and my faith wore out; I loved so much and my heart is rewarded with loneliness. If I could pray now; if I could pray to a darker, more glorious wall, would I then be happier? But this wall grows lighter, the orange light is growing greyer. The morning is coming up. The day may bring relief, a distraction. If only I could pray as I remember praying.

END: G.JAMES DIXON.

STOP PRESS.

No sooner than the 'Miscellany' section had been typed and run off, the following was received:

John-Henri Holmberg, Norrskogsvagen 8, Stockholm k, Sweden, wants fanzines. Any fanzines. He is also more than willing to subscribe, editors please note.

Richard Mann's fanzine advertised in 'Miscellany' is now called 'MANN-DERINGS', not 'the RoMANN' as stated

Another US sf fan wanting correspondents in Britain is Alex B. Eisenstein, 3030 West Fargo Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60645, USA. He is 19 years old, a college sophomore, is completely ignorant of British fandom and all British writers not published in the USA, and is open to letters from anyone, whatever age/sex/interests etc.

BOOKS

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THE DEEP REACHES OF SPACE
MOON BASE

A. Bertram Chandler
E.C. Tubb

Herbert Jenkins & Co,
12/6d each.

Herbert Jenkins could have done a lot worse than choose these two to represent their sf section; but perhaps they could have done better. From a serious critical standpoint neither of the books is very interesting; there are no new ideas, the scenes are ordinary, the characters are unremarkable, and the two books are based very much around a strong plot-line.

But perhaps it is because I hadn't read anything like this for such a long time that it really appealed to me. This is straightforward adventure fiction and no bones about it; it is Edgar Rice Burroughs made a bit more credible and a bit more respectable. In 'Deep Reaches', our hero, himself a science fiction writer, experiments with a drug and finds himself catapulted into the far future, into the plot of the novel he was writing. There is a star ship, propelled by a drive that uses 'magnetic currents' between the stars. Well, it's as good an explanation as any. The ship is in trouble, of course, lost, its drive not functioning. It makes a forced landing on a planet, where the rest of the action takes place. There are aliens, of the best kind: slimy, ooze-dripping and hostile. There is a girl, who eventually falls in love with our hero, even though he has arrived from the past and taken over the body of her previous lover. There is violence with the aliens: "The humans left him with a cleft skull into which, already, were squirming the long, pallid worms that had appeared, as though by magic, from the sodden earth." "As the journey continued, Leonora saw long, dripping tentacles rise questingly from the slime." "A nauseating flood of yellow ichor spouted over the seaman while the body on top of him twitched and jerked, went on twitching and jerking." There is, at the beginning, some unnecessary bad language: "...all you buggers would be hard put to it..." "...without a pile they're well and truly bugged." "'Balls,' said Whitley." But apart from these rather obvious defects -- and I have deliberately picked out the worst -- the book is in fact very enjoyable. There is a continuous suspense element that encourages the reader to keep reading. There is a very strong plot line. While the book may not have anything vital to say, it is frankly entertaining; and I found this entertainment surprisingly refreshing. It is the sort of book that would be an ideal introduction to sf, for a young person who likes adventure stories. I'm not pretending it's first class adult reading matter -- it isn't -- but after a session of Budrys or Vonnegut, it makes an interesting contrast. This sort of very straightforward adventure fiction admittedly becomes dull after a while; but not having read any for so long I found 'Deep Reaches' very worthwhile.

And the same goes for 'Moon Base', although this story suffers from the fact that it tries to be something more than a pure adventure story, and does not quite make it. There is Something Odd about the Moon Base, and it is the job of our hero, a secret agent in disguise, to find out what. Various red herrings are thrown in his path, and in the path of the reader. For example, the female personnel are surprisingly promiscuous: "I'm hungry now, Felix; how long must I wait?" (Hungry is used in the obvious sexual sense). This promiscuity is never really explained; perhaps Mr Tubb was just enjoying himself

writing it. Later on, it is hinted that the personnel have turned into paranoid personalities with delusions of grandeur; "He was thinking of a certain type of personality, a symptom of which was a necessity and delight in looking down from high places..... one of the most explosively dangerous forms of insanity known." But nothing ever comes of this, either: it remains a strong finish to Chapter 4, and no more.

In spite of his very rudimentary ideas on the subject of psychology -- one feels Mr Tubb is copying directly from a handbook when his characters speak or think about the subject -- he keeps the suspense going well, and here again the book is good entertainment. The plot, however, was for me predictable; the book was spoilt by the fact that I saw the ending coming a long way off.

Of the two, I rate "The Deep Reaches of Space" higher.

- Charles Platt

RESURRECTION

· A TRIBUTE ·

By Richard Mayall.

Even from R'lyeh did He bring this message:
Even from R'lyeh did Nyarlathotep come,
The dread messenger of the elder Gods,
The Old Ones,
Rulers of this world, and more beside.
Yea, through dimensions
Man ne're dreamed of, did He bid me say to you
These words from the manifold lips even of great Cthulhu:
"Phnglui mglu' nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah' nagl
Fhtagn."
"In this house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu
Waits dreaming."
Are then the eons not in vain? Shall we not,
Then, be rewarded for our waiting, waiting,
Waiting?
Shall we see again the day Yog- Sothoth
Walks this earth abroad, and Shub-Niggurath,
Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand
Young, comes down to drink of the lake of Hali?
And Yuggeth? Tsathaggua? Hastur? Azathoth and Leng?
And shall we not have knowledge which will
Drive our enemies mad?
Shall not the disbelievers at this news
Become insane?
Oh, come again, return! Come yet once
More, Yog-Sothoth, come!
Let the treacherous beware!
Learn ye now the word of Great Cthulhu, learn:
PH'NGLUI MGLW' NAFH CTHULHU R'LYEH WGAH NAGL
FHTAGN!!

End.

LETTERS

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From John G. Jones,
Royal Oak, Amlwchport, Anglesey, North Wales.

My first reaction on reading the fourth issue of Beyond gave me a mixed sense of appreciation and great pleasure.

Why, you may ask? Because firstly, in all my days (which I can assure you are many) of reading 'Science Fiction' I have never, and I repeat never, come across a fanzine like 'Beyond' which has such a varied and interesting text.

My appreciation was evoked by the fine comments and healthy criticism which were written by BSFA Members and contained in the 'BSFA Survey'. It's good to see members entering the taboo band of criticism and comment on the BSFA and I believe it will create more good than bad in the long run. And I am sure by the response to 'Survey' that many members share my views.

Pete White's "Will You Join the Dance?" was a ridiculously short story and therefore did not have the benefit of a good plot. While on the other hand 'Reverse Reaction' by Reg Haldricks was an excellent 'SF' story with a surprising twist at the end.

The only regret I had when I concluded reading "Beyond 4" was the small amount of 'SF' matter and art work, let's hope that they will increase in "BEYOND 5".

From Archie Mercer
70 Worrall Road, Bristol 8.

I was interested to see the full spread on the BSFA. I note with satisfaction that said BSFA has a number of good friends, both in the influential class (so far as fandom is concerned) and in the not-so-influential-as-yet class. Of course, there's this to consider: had it not been for the BSFA, would you have contacted fandom, do you think? Would sundry other geographically far-flung individuals who've been displaying an interest in things recently? It could probably be a lot better, but it is functioning and it is, within limits, succeeding.

....On the back cover you say 'women's column (I'm still trying to get one of these)...'. A woman, you mean? Want any recommendations? (((The rest of this letter is best left unprinted --CP)))

From Gerald Kirsch,
V 15B, Shenley Hospital, St Albans, Herts.

With regard to your editorial, I entirely agree with your grouses about the Cambridge lectures. The same thing was true of the Natural Sciences lectures ten years ago: they were merely boring digests of the textbooks. Of course, in Physics you can't get away with stuff 20 years out of date, as you apparently can with Economics: but on the other hand the course is so crammed that there was no time for the lecturers to go into any explanations of what they were

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talking about: they did little more than read out the syllabus! (((Then at least you knew what the syllabus was.... more than we did! --CP))) I never learnt anything from lectures. To my mind what is needed is a complete change-over to the kind of lecture-discussion given at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A pity that Churchill College can't start some on its own account, in rivalry with the University.

Sir Laurence Bragg had a good way of shortening his lectures. He used to omit all definitions of his mathematical symbols, and also skip a line of maths now and then. As the maths he did write up was full of mistakes, it was quite incomprehensible. This was a good thing, because it made us go away and study it properly by ourselves, out of a book.

From Peter White,

75 Ashley Road, Epsom, Surrey.. (((This is as good a place as any to put in the usual phrase about the editor not necessarily holding the same views as his correspondents. --CP)))

On the subject of fandom and fen (as 'they' say): You and I, and a few others in BSFA and sf fandom, are interested in sf as a serious form of writing, a part of modern literature. Now, I think you hit the nail on the head when you said that fandom is an escape; it's an escape for most fans judging from what I've seen of them. Also you've probably noticed that these fans aren't really seriously interested in sf or in literature as a whole. This I can explain in the following: Peter White's "Withdrawal and Escapism in Science Fiction Sub-Cultures".

I would suggest that the people who later become fans are, as children, schizoid types who tend to withdraw into personal fantasy, and use sf as an escapist medium on which to project their personal dreams. When they find fandom, and discover that they can gain status inside this introverted culture, the need for escapist literature diminishes.

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

My first reaction on seeing the cover of BEYOND 4 was to ask myself what Charles Platt was trying to palm off on us this time? But on closer examination, it appears that I was mistaken. Turn the cover upside-down, as you know, there is no 'right way up' in space, and it becomes obvious that the picture is not what it seemed at first glance. The only thing I want to ask is... What is that oversized cow doing up there in space anyway? So this is the milky way.

Peter White's story was good, though not outstanding. The theme was familiar; but this particular treatment was fairly original, well visualised image-wise ... as they don't say in the ad, industry.

Frankly, you should ignore Linwood, at least you shouldn't flatter him by reprinting his review. Why bother? I would have rather read a page extra of original BEYOND material. On the other hand, Seth Johnson's letter was well worth printing. Almost an article in itself.

....The John Carnell Transcript was interesting, though I don't by any means agree with all he says. It tended to be a little vague though, you could have tidied the thing up instead of printing the bare transcript.

*= a joke

(((The John Carnell was 'tidied up' before it appeared; it was first transcribed direct from a tape recording, then revised. --CP))).

From Graham Hall,
86 Carrant Road, Mitton Manor, Near Tewkesbury, Glos.

The fiction is goodish, but 'reverse reaction' overtakes the (plot.??) idea, and "Will you join the dance" isn't strikingly original.

The last word on the second issue was a waste of space. A lot of people haven't seen the second issue, and probably even more cannot remember it. (((Rubbish! Every golden word I am sure sticks forever engraved in their minds. --CP))) And the reprint from Les Spinge: why did you correct their spelling mistakes??

...the main thing that stops the BSFA being a success -- it isn't -- is the SF. Until the smear is removed from science fiction, until the general public stops looking down on SF, until it is completely divorced from the memory of the sin of BEM, people will be ashamed and afraid of looking silly if they join such a 'juvenile' movement in literature. The lack of activity in members stems from the same sense of shame.

Can any SF reader honestly say there has not been a moment in his or her life when they have been ashamed, ASHAMED, to admit their favorite books are SF books?

(((I don't know about this -- I can't remember ever being ashamed; annoyed at the lack of broad mindedness on other people condemning sf outright, but not ashamed. And I thought that sf started losing its bad name some years back; the Penguin anthology edited by Brian Aldiss sold over 100,000... that's an awful lot of ashamed people... --CP)))

From P. Richardson,
9 Rushbrook Grove, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30.

I have never been able to appreciate the reason for publishing fiction in a Fan Magazine. If fiction is what we want, we can avail ourselves of it, of vastly higher standards, in the bookshops. Or why not run a separate magazine for fiction only? Anyhow, let's keep fanzines solely to fact, is what I say.

Personally, I find the editorial in BEYOND 4 extremely interesting, but I wonder what other readers thought of it, totally unconnected as it was with SF. (((A lot of people didn't think much of it. --CP))) But I do stress that for my part, I thought it was very good.

As regards the review reprinted from Les Spinge, if you interchange the names of the fanzines concerned throughout, you may come a little closer to the truth. As it stands, however, I think it was rubbish.

I hope that 'Dave Johnstone' isn't one of your pen-names (though I feel I do you an injustice by even suggesting this,) for I consider 'Frost' not worth the paper it was printed on, or any conceivable fraction thereof. I found I had to read certain verses twice before I got the meter right; (((Funny -- I thought there was only one verse --CP))) and towards the end the metre just abandoned the struggle and went away somewhere. The vocabulary poetically speaking I consider poor; the rhyme, abominable.

...Art has absolutely no claim to a close association with sf, so why do people set themselves up as incompetent, part-time, ill-informed art critics and supplement their fanzines with pictures -- yes, I do mean 'pictures' -- and third rate cartoons? I don't know.

(((For the record, to dispell all misconceptions and future accusations, any material I write in this magazine will be under my own name, and has been from the third issue inclusive. -- Charles Platt.)))

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Miscellany:

or, the
back of
Beyond.

YOUR page: open to any and all advertisements.

Paper bound sf and fantasy and all sorts of wonderful associated miscellania, BOUGHT, unless anyone wants to give it away! P Richardson, 9 Rushbrook Grove, King's Norton, Birmingham 30.

Richard Mann, at 131 Belt Road, APO 845, New York, NY 00604, USA wants correspondents. If you're still wanting someone in the USA to write to, send a letter to Richard direct. He'll be certain to reply, at the very least. His fanzine "The Romann" is being handled by me at present; if any new fan is interested in seeing a sample of a typical American fanzine, circulated mainly through an amateur publishing association, send 1/- to the address at the bottom of this page.

WOULD-BE FANZINE EDITORS: It is proposed to start the PADS, or publishing and distributing Association, for BSFA members only. This service will include the duplication of your fanzine, and even the typing of it on to stencil if you are without a typewriter. Each member of PADS sends his stencils or manuscripts to me, stating the number of copies required, and preferably including payment in advance; I then duplicate all the magazines and send a copy of each to every member, plus extra copies when they're asked for. BUT, this service will be restricted to BSFA members ONLY; yet another inducement to join if you are not a member.... Enquiries to the address at the bottom of the page.

WOULD-BE WRITERS OF THE WORLD UNITE! It's about time there was some sort of an organisation for amateurs, whereby they can get criticism of their work and write to each other purely on the subject of writing. I'm willing to start one, open not to just BSFA members but anyone. If you're an amateur writer and are interested in contacting others like you, or if you have suggestions as to what you think could be done in such an association, or if you're just interested, write to the address at the bottom of the page. Plans so far are to put writers in contact with one another, to circulate material for criticism, and to have a single-sheet information letter out once a month concerned purely with the association of writing amateurs. (There would be a small charge for membership to cover the costs of this newsletter and any postage costs in connexion with forwarding and handling manuscripts.)

A CHECKLIST OF SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES. Write to Rog Peyton, 77 Grayswood Park Road, Quinton, Birmingham 32. This checklist has an excellent electro-stencilled cover by Mik, is indexed for titles, authors and issues, and is only 1/6d including postage.

I am still wanting a copy of CHAOS issue one. Hasn't anyone got one they'll sell? I WILL PAY MONEY FOR IT!

If there's anyone else interested in joining a Round Robin, or wants to know what a Round Robin is, they're still being organised, and are a good way of getting to know other fans, and of starting interesting conversations.

The editorial address is 8 SOLLERSHOTT WEST, LETCHWORTH, HERTS.

New Subscription rates: From this issue onwards, BEYOND will be bigger; it will cost 1/3d a copy instead of 9d, will appear about 5 or 6 times a year. Subscription for 2 issues: 2/6; three: 3/6; four: 4/6. Next issue should contain 50 pages, depending on how much material is received.

