

ZENITH

SCIENCE FICTION



ZENITH

SCIENCE FICTION

Number Five.
June - July
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June 6th.)

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September 5.

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Artwork this issue by Dick Howett, Eddie,
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to the Editors of ANIMALS for permission to
reproduce THE NASAPODS

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EDITORIAL

..As usual, a brief and pedestrian editorial in which I will attempt to mention some of the points arising through editing this magazine.

Beginning with the more happy points, I have pleasure in sending out the biggest issue of ZENITH yet. Whether it is the best yet is another matter --- I've seen so much of the contents that my critical faculty has been quite ruined. -- I can't decide now whether the contents are poor, or very good. Your opinions will always be welcomed -- and there is once again a regular letterpage in which I hope to be able to print some interesting letters. If you wish to write a letter not for publication, please mark it 'DNQ.' This saves a lot of confusion.

Departments have been once more expanded, a few more such and I shall not need to worry about articles. The two newcomers both are 'revivals', since Terry Jeeves's Professional Magazine Review column used to appear in VECTOR, and Walt Willis's PANORAMA once appeared -- in name at least the same -- in NEBULA. I will welcome further suggestions for columnists, indeed, I am considering running a column on American events.

One point mentioned above; articles, and the ever-present need for them. Even with only four issues per year, I shall need some dozen serious SF articles. (plus at least 4 stories). Where can I obtain this material -- I can't write it all myself for the obvious reasons. I'm negotiating for more unusual reprint items, but this is not a very good solution to the problem. Please try your hand at writing -- or at least send in ideas, odd titbits of news, almost anything that could be used in ZENITH.

I mentioned just then four issues per year. This might well be causing raised eyebrows among regular readers and subscribers. The magazine has previously appeared bimonthly -- 6 per year, and has managed, surprisingly enough, to appear on time throughout.

However, due to a sudden, unexpected, and important change in my circumstances, I no longer have time or money to produce a big regular, expensive magazine like ZENITH. Quarterly publication is just about possible, so look out for No. 6 in September.

I may also have to bring down the page-total. 50 pages, as in this issue, will be exceptional, and unlikely to be repeated very often. It may be possible to have a printed cover every time -- I'm sure the painting on this cover attracted interest. This is something that will depend on reader response. Is it worthwhile for me to get a really attractive cover every time? It does, I admit, look good on the bookstands, and might sell a few copies at the Pacificon in Oakland, California, in August. I must thank Eddie Jones very much for such a marvelous painting.

...Apologies to those many people who wrote in for a sample copy of Number 4, as advertised by the Science Fiction Book Club, and who did not get a copy. After the first week of requests, stocks ran out, and as a consequence there are now no stocks at all of any back issues of ZENITH. Copies of this issue are being sent to those who queried, instead of No. 4.

In spite of editorial efforts to the contrary, some mistakes were made in the last issue. Apologies are offered.

1. The Alan Dodd article (An Alien View Of Aliens) first appeared in MACH by Kris Carey, autumn 1963.

2. In Rod Milner's Book section, various numbers of paperbacks sold, were quoted. As most readers have probably worked out for themselves, these figures referred to one shop and not to nation-wide sales!

3. In Rog Peyton's article on Corgi Books, it was stated that Mr John Carnell would become SF Editor for Corgi Books. In actual fact, the SF editor will continue to be Mr Michael Legat, and Mr Carnell will edit a series of Corgi SF anthologies in the autumn.

I hope this covers everything. In my idea of a perfect fanzine, there would be no editorial -- which would be little loss.

Pete Weston.....

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FROM:-

Christopher M. Priest, "Cornerways", Willow Close, Doddinghurst,
BRENTWOOD, Essex.

BEYOND 5

BY WALT WILLIS

- There's no doubt that reviewing fanzines without going through the formality of reading them first, as a former editor of STARTLING and THRILLING WONDER admitted to have been his practice, is a great timesaver. Also it is a help in the forming of opinions not to allow oneself to be confused with facts. Before starting this column, for instance, I had a reasonably clear idea of the sort of thing I was going to say about BEYOND 5 (Charles Platt, 8 Sollows Road West, Letchworth, Herts, 1/3 per copy.) Platt I knew, was a cocky know-all afflicted with the disease once diagnosed by Redd Boggs as pseudocampbellism, the delusion that fanzines are imitation prozines. Very well, I thought, if that's the way he wants it, I will simply review his fanzine by professional standards, as he himself has apparently done to the Manchester Group's amateur films. I had, I figured, skimmed enough of the magazine to be able to dismiss the editorial matter as completely devoid of wit or originality, the Convention report as the sort of subjective reporting of social events the editor hypocritically denounces in fannish fanzines, and the articles as either dull or crackpot or both. As for the fiction after fifteen years of reading prozine rejects, or what ought to have been prozine rejects, I thought I need only read three paragraphs of any story, the first two to guess the ending, and the third to verify it.

Well, it is true that the editorial wastes a whole page on a pedestrian defence of the new sub rate, a thing which even a professional editor would never do, but I would have been unjust to the rest of the contents. The Convention Report is well-written enough to give a vivid mental picture of the reaction of a serious-minded and intelligent newcomer to his first convention, and I found it quite fascinating.... not least in its resemblance to my own first convention report. There is the same ambivalent attitude of being in but not of the Convention, and the same almost defensive readiness to attack what seems to be established authority. This leads Platt to drop such a fantastic clanger as this comment on the favourable reactions of other fans to the Manchester movies:

"... 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."

I shall leave this extraordinary statement to the hordes of angry admirers of the work of the Liverpool and Los Angeles groups, who must even now be converging on Letchworth. To me it seems just the latest example of what I think of as The Potter Syndrome. Many years ago, Bob Shaw received a very juvenile fanzine from a very young Ken Potter, with a request for his opinion. Being both honest and kind-hearted, Bob had the greatest difficulty thinking of anything un hurtful to say, but finally concocted a letter which was as encouraging as he could make it. Unfortunately, in the intervening weeks, Ken had matured, and now regarded his first issue with utter contempt. "If you thought it was any good," he informed Bob coldly, "you must have no taste."

Platt makes several more perceptive points, including the difficulty natural introverts have in becoming three-day-a-year extraverts, though I don't see what the Convention Committee could do about that. He seems to have been expecting them to make friends for him, a task which I imagine would have been beyond their powers.

The article by Beryl Henley about reincarnation is crackpot by my standards, but it is quite well-written, and makes some attempt, if in my view an inadequate one, to deal with the basic reason why I regard the question as crackpot -- viz, that if memory does not survive, then personality does not in any meaningful sense, and the whole concept is therefore pointless. The article about Poe is dull to anyone who knows the five stories Richard Mayall summarises, because that's all he does, but to someone who doesn't it might be a rewarding signpost. I think myself that mention might have been made also of "The 1002nd Tale of Scheherazade", which while not strictly SF, does more than any of the stories cited to arouse the sciencefictional sense of wonder. In this, Scheherazade, finally reprieved, takes a rest from spinning fantasies to tell the king the mere facts about the modern world; his intelligence affronted, he strangles her after all. It is as beautifully done as I've seen anywhere, except in Garrett's lampoon of Moskowitz ("IM4SFPlus" in the fanzine INSIDE some years ago) and reveals Poe to have been keenly interested not only in the occult, but in such contemporary marvels as the electrotelegraph, the teleprinter, the Daguerrotype, the distant nebulae, the properties of light waves and ultraviolet rays. Maybe it wasn't so inappropriate after all that he should have been a contributor to the first issue of AMAZING

Definitely neither dull nor crackpot is a thoughtful article on J.G. Ballard by Peter White, though he does not seem to me to be wholly justified in roping in William Golding as a member of the 'environmental' group, to coin an expression. It seems to me that in "Pincher Martin", that remarkable book, the environment described had no objective existence at all and that the entire action of the novel took place in the few seconds while the hero was drowning.

To my surprise, none of the fiction is about survivors of atomic catastrophe who turn out to be called Adam and Eve, or about the Moon proving to be really made of green cheese; in fact some of it is quite good enough for the prozines.

This is known as damning with faint praise, but in fact two of the stories, by Terence Bishop and Allan Milne, are quite original in plot, and the latter is handled so deftly as to be altogether pleasing. The rest suffer in varying degrees from the usual faults of over-writing, vagueness, derivativeness and pretention, but there's no doubt that they are well above the usual run of amateur fiction. It is possible that Carnell gave up just too soon, and that Moorcock will reap a rich harvest.

Altogether BEYOND is an excellent introduction for some types of new fan, and is accordingly serving a very worthwhile purpose. All it needs to be perfect for that purpose is more evidence of a sense of humour, or at least, a more sophisticated one than is evidenced by the three fillers in this issue. I am quite sure that one of them was meant to be funny. This would make it more attractive to the older fans, who at the moment have to choose between feigning interest and risking Potter's Syndrome, or keeping quiet; and unfortunately this latter reaction is sometimes mistaken for hostility. Whereas older fans cordially welcome fanzines like this recognising them as essential for the continuation of fandom; it is just that having published them themselves for years, they are surfeited with science fiction and talk of science fiction, and view these reincarnations of their former selves with a mixture of nostalgia and guilt. Not patronisingly, like students who have graduated, but like pensioners who have already done their part in the propagation of the species.

--- coming soon ---

The " SHUDDER " Fanzine.
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AMATEUR PUBLICATIONS

-Editors listing of items received. No. of current issue given

Haverings (14) A bimonthly listing of fanzines. 1/6 for two issues from Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.

The Green Onion Show(1) A retitled Icarus. Mainly fiction, only sixpence per issue from Dave Wood, 14 Edinburgh St, Nottingham.

The Skyrack Newsletter(68) Very regular, latest news. 2/6 for six issues from Ron Bennett, 17 Newcastle Road, Liverpool.

The Basra Journal.(7) (British Amateur Scientific Research Association.) Not a fanzine, quite possibly of interest to many. All details from J.England, 64 Ridge Road, Kingswinford, Staffs.

Mach (3) Contains much about SF. From Kris Carey, 1016 Second St, Wasco, California. No price mentioned. Write for a copy.

Beyond (5). Mainly amateur Science Fiction. 1/3 each from Chas Platt, 8 Sollershott West, Letchworth; Herts. 44 pages.

Alien (8) SF, fantasy, & macabre. Very well produced. 1/3 each from Tony Edwards, 10 Cheltenham Place, Manchester, 13.

Shangri-L'Affaires. (68) Official organ of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Editor Redd Boggs, 270 South Bonnie Brae Los Angeles; 25 cents each, 5 for 1 dollar. UK Agent :- Archie Mercer, 70 Worrall Road, Bristol. 1/8 each, five for 7/-.

Science Fiction Review(18) Biweekly, 4 sides, UK Agent :- Ken Slater, 75 Norfolk St, Wisbech, Cambs. 10 for 7/3; SAE, Sample

Camber (14) This fanzine comes out roughly once a year, and is believed to be due very shortly. High quality, 1/6 each, from Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts.

Hyphen (35) The more you see of it, the more you like it. 1/- each from Walt Willis, 170 Upper N'Ards Rd, Belfast, N.Ireland.

The Argentine SF Review.(2) Nicely printed in English, Editor Hector Pessina, Casilla Corroero, Central 3869, Buenos Aires, Argentina. UK Agent :- Peter Singleton, Ward Two, Whittingham Hospital, Near Preston, Lancs. 1/- each. (3) due shortly.

ZENITH

SIX MONTHS AHEAD

ZENITH 8, due in December, will probably not contain any especial mention of Christmas. But since that time of year is a festive season, I'd like to bring out the ZENITH ART FOLIO. This will be a limited-circulation publication, (50), reproduced carefully on good paper. It will contain at least 40 of the best illustrations to have appeared in ZENITH. Plus originals never before used. If you wish to place an advance order, copies will be 2/- each, post free

Les Spinge (13). A giant issue of 106 pages, including two long Convention reports, one very good and one very bad. This issue 2/3, from Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcs.

Vector(26.) The first under the Editorship of Rog Peyton. Only available to members of the BSFA.

The Bug Eye.(13) From Rolf C Gindorf, 5603 Wülfrath, Hans-Böckler-Str, 52. Germany. Write or trade for this.

IMP (2) 'Pocket Fanline.' SF & Horror. Tim Carlton, 1000 Vigo St Gary, Indiana. (UK; Harry Nadler, 5 South Mesnefield Rd, Lower Kersal, Salford 7.) 1/- or 10 cents. I've not yet seen it, but am quoting from an advance-publicity slip.

The Riverside Quarterly. (3) A retitled INSIDE,, To be published by Leland Sapiro, 1242 37th Drive, Los Angeles, California.

AMRA (?) The magazine of the Sword & Sorcery fans. Standing for the Hugo Award, details from UK Agent, Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts.

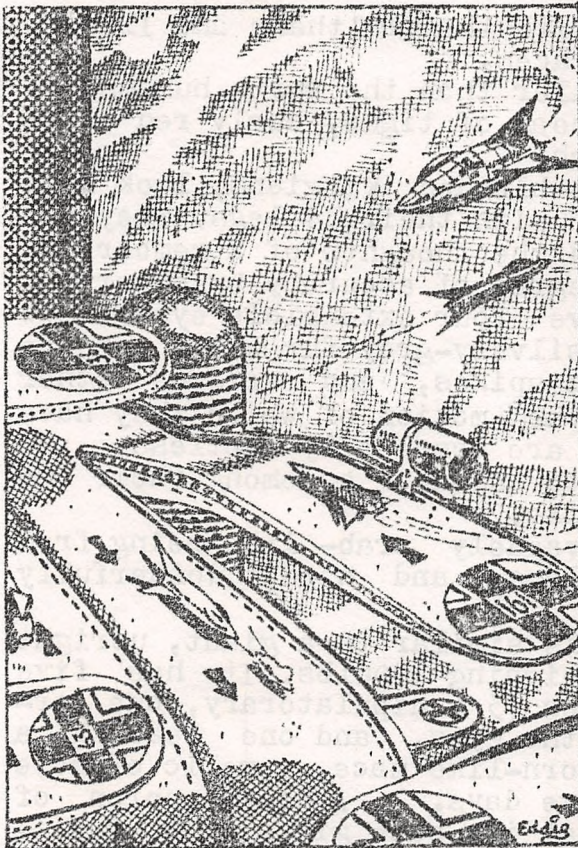
Checklist of the SF Magazines ± 1963. By Al Lewis, 1825 Greenfield Ave, Los Angeles 25, USA. Essential to every collector of the magazines. Order through ZENITH at 6/- per copy.

Checklist To Astounding SF. Part I, (1930-39) from Terry Jeeves 30 Thompson Rd, Sheffield. 4/6 per copy.

E.C.Tubb; An Evaluation. Produced by Phil Harbottle, 27 Ches-hire Gardens, Wallsend-on-Tyne, Northumberland. 1/6 per copy.

Checklist of Galaxy Cover Paintings. (USA Editon.) 6d each from ZENITH Editorial address.

The Life of SECTOR GENERAL



BY ED. F. JAMES

To my mind, James White in his 'Sector General' series has given us the most likely portrait yet of Galactic life. His Galaxy is peopled with extremely likeable and plausible extra terrestrials of all shapes and sizes, and he has gone more thoroughly into the problems of different species living together than any other writer that I know of. He has developed his Galaxy of aliens slowly through just eight stories, all first published in NEW WORLDS ; -- SECTOR GENERAL (65) ; TROUBLE WITH EMILY (77) ; VISITOR AT LARGE (84) ; O'MARA'S ORPHAN (90) ; OUTPATIENT (95) ; COUNTER-CHARM (100) ; RESIDENT PHYSICIAN (110) ; FIELD HOSPITAL (114,115, 116.)

White has invented the 4-letter classification system for his e-ts. The first letter indicates the level of physical evolution, (bearing no relation to intelligence; all of White's aliens are intelligent, often highly so.) The second indicates the type and distribution of limbs and sense organs, the other two a combination of mental agility and pressure and gravity conditions. The first letters indicate the general type of being, as ; --

A,B,C, Water-breathers. (Vegetable intelligences added to A when found.
D,E,F, Warm blooded, oxygen-breathers. (The majority of intelligent races.)
G,K, Oxygen breathing, but insectile.
O,P, Chlorine breathing.

R-3, Radiation-eaters, frigid-blooded and/or crystalline, those capable of modifying their physical structure at will, etc.

V An especial classification for those races having extra-sensory powers sufficiently developed to make walking or manipulative appendages unnecessary.



AACP Slow-moving water-breathers whose remote ancestors had been a species of mobile undersea vegetable.

AMSL A water-breathing octopoid from Crepelia.

AUGL A forty-foot long, oviparous, armoured, fish-like species from Calderescol II.

DBDG 1. Earth humans, who, along with the Tralthans and Illensans, are the most developed races.
2. The humanoid Nidians; smaller than the Earth humans, 7-fingered, with an overall coat of tight, curly red fur, and a staccato, barking speech.

DBLF These oxygen-breathing, warm-blooded Kelgians, look like six-foot long waterpillars with their 34 legs. They are not telepathic, but can read the thoughts of a member of their own race with a high degree of accuracy by observation of expressions. They have four extensible eyes, two hearing-antennae, a coat of silvery-grey fur which can be silky smooth or stick up in spikes, and various other highly expressive features, the motion of which they have no control over. Thus they are completely tactless, and always say what they think to anyone, as among their own race, to do otherwise is futile.

ELNT Six-legged, exoskeletal, vaguely crab-like being from Melf IV, with warm blood, claws, and hard, wonderfully precise mandibles.

EPLH One looks similar to a giant, upright pear, weighing 1000lbs. It has five tentacles (3 manipulatory, one carrying the eyes, and one bearing a heavy horn-like mace, a relic of more primitive days.) A heavy apron of muscle at its base gives it a snail-like, although fairly rapid, motion. Its five mouths are at the roots of the tentacles; four have teeth, the other holds vocal organs. The featureless dome of a head contains an extraordinary brain. Its intelligence and grasp of social and psychological sciences are enormous. By a process





of rejuvenation they have made themselves near-immortal. Each has an intelligent and organised virus colony, found on their travels, which lives in symbiosis inside it, and in return keeps the body at peak efficiency and free from disease. Numerically small, their reproductive faculty has died out, and they have split into star-travelling, rugged individualists, keeping their minds active with great sociological puzzles, often helping a planet single-handed (5-tentacled ?) to reach a high level of civilisation.

FGLI Huge elephantine creatures from Traltha, who, in symbiosis with the (OTSB)--a tiny but non-intelligent creature

are the finest surgeons in the Galaxy. The OTSB is nearly mindless unless living with a Tralthan.

FROB A low, squat, immensely powerful being from Hudlor, somewhat reminiscent of an armadillo, with a strong covering like flexible armour-plate. It absorbs food direct from the atmosphere of its native planet, (which is at a pressure seven times that at the Earth's surface,) and exists under a gravity of four times Earth normal. Physically, immensely strong, but as infants are totally vulnerable to germ or virus infection.

GKNM Chrysalis stage similar to DBLF, a cylindrical, lightly-boned body, with heavy musculature and five pairs of tentacles. Its final stage is an oxygen-breathing, oviparous being, looking like a dragonfly with its long rod-like body, insectile legs, and three pairs of wings.

GLNO A being from Cinrus, six-legged, exoskeletal and insect-like, with an empathic faculty. It is incredibly fragile, and awkward-looking, as the gravity it is accustomed to is only 1/12 that of Earth-normal.

LSVO A diminutive, fragile, birdlike creature accustomed to low gravity.

MSVK Also accustomed to low gravity, vaguely storklike, tripod, used to a thick, almost opaque atmosphere.

PVSJ Spiny, membraneous spider-like chlorine breathers from Illensa.

QCQL Breathers of a horribly corrosive fog and living under a sun of a harsh, actinic blue.

SNLU A frigid, methane breather.

SRTT A being amoebic in that it can extrude any limbs, sense organs, or protective tegument necessary to the environment in which it finds itself. It evolved on a planet with an eccentric orbit, with geological climatic, and temperature changes such that a high degree of adaptab-



ility was neccessary. Before it was civilised, it used either a frightening shape or an imitative one when confronted by an enemy or when afraid, and this characteristic is still found among its infants. There is an unusually strong emotional bond between the parent and the young child. They are very long lived, and reproduce asexually with great pain at long intervals. The budding and splitting-off process causes a loss of a sizeable part of the parent's mass. Part of the body and brain cell structure is transferred wholesale to the young. No conscious memories are transferred but there is a retention of subconscious memories which means that the subconscious mind reaches back some 50,000 years.



TLTU

A breather of superheated steam at 500°C.

TRLH

A breather of a gas extremely poisonous to Earth humans, with 4 single-jointed legs, a thin carapace and a thinly boned head with two extendable eyes and two mouths.

VTXM

Very small radioactive being from Telfi.

VUXG

A creature with certain psi faculties, who can convert practically any substance into energy for their physical needs, and who can adapt to almost any environment. It also has a sort of precognitive ability which works not for individuals but for populations, and even then in such a haphazard way as to be almost useless. In appearance it looks just like a withered prune.

The Hospital is situated in Galactic Sector Twelve, midway between the Rim of the Parent Galaxy, and the densely populated Greater Magellanic Cloud. It comprises 384 levels and reproduces accurately the environments of the 68 (later 69) life--forms currently known to the Galactic Federation, with all the extremes of heat, pressure, radiation, gravity and atmosphere neccessary for both patients and staff.

The Hospital was beyond the resources of any one planet, and so hundreds of worlds each fabricated part of it, and transported them to the assembly point. Each of these worlds had copies of the master plans, but because of the errors caused by so many languages and systems of measurements, sections which should have fitted snugly together very often had to be modified on the spot, and shifted backwards and forwards by massed tractor and pressor beams. Any unfortunate being who should be caught between two of these huge ten-thousand ton metal structures, weightless but by no means inertialess, would have



no chance of living, and indeed, two FROBS were crushed to death during the construction.

Any ship approaching would see the huge metal mass in the midst of starless intergalactic space, its thousands of viewports constantly ablaze with light, light in the dazzling varieties of colours and intensities necessary for the visual equipment of those within the different levels. The supply, transport, maintenance, and to some degree the administration of the Hospital was handled by the Monitor Corps, the Federal executive and lawkeeping arm. There was little friction between them and the civilians, nor among the ten thousand medical staff, whose only common denominators were the desire to cure the sick, and the fact that they are all fanatically tolerant of other forms of intelligent life.

The chief method of communication between different beings is the Translator, which electronically sorts and classifies all sense-bearing signals, and reproduces them in the desired form. Another method is the Educator tapes, which transfer bodily all sensory impressions, knowledge, and personality of one being into the mind of another. Coming a long way third in popularity and accuracy is the written language, somewhat extravagantly known as 'Universal.'

No single doctor of any species can hope to know even a fraction of the physiological data necessary to treat every type of intelligent life-form. Surgical dexterity can be learnt over the years, but the information must be furnished by the Educator tapes the brain-records of some medical genius of the same, or a similar species as the patient. Normally this knowledge is erased from the mind of the doctor after the operation or course of treatment, but the Diagnosticians voluntarily submit themselves to keep six, seven, or even ten tapes in their minds all the time. Of course, only those with stable minds can endure this, but it is said that anyone sane enough to be a Diagnostician must be mad, for they willingly let themselves become multiple schizophrenics. They do all of the original research in xenological medicine, using their data-crammed minds as a jumping-off point, and they give their diagnoses and treatment to hither-to unknown life-forms.

In these stories as in many others, James White has given us some very entertaining yarns.--They do tend to repeat themselves, but this is perhaps only noticeable when reading all the stories together. This is probably justified, for the author cannot assume that the reader has read all of the previous tales in the series. Certainly in the book forms, (HOSPITAL STATION & STAR SURGEON Ballantine,) this repetitiousness has been eliminated.

Some readers have complained that the stories are now becoming tedious, and that White has exhausted his theme. I don't believe this to be true at all, but then, I am one of the people who revel in BEMS, the weirder, the more detailed, the better; and I am sure that I am by no means alone in this way.

BIRMINGHAM

This year, the Birmingham Group celebrates, in a highly unofficial way, its fourth anniversary, although only three of the founder members are now active. This last year has seen the

most local activity yet, and by a fortunate (?) chance, this has coincided with the so-called 'New Wave' of magazines, and fan-activity. Hence there is some identification of the city with this influx of new faces.

ZENITH remains the elder of the Birmingham fanzines, having kept to its bimonthly schedule for 5 issues. NADIR, managed by Charles Winstone, has become a less-serious counterpart. No other fanzines have yet emerged, in spite of much underground plotting.

Unless VECTOR, the Official Organ of the British Science Fiction Association, can be counted as a fanzine. After having volunteered for positions on the BSFA Committee, (something of an unknown event in itself,) no less than four Committee posts are to be managed from the city and immediate surroundings. The new Committee for 1964-65 is as follows :--

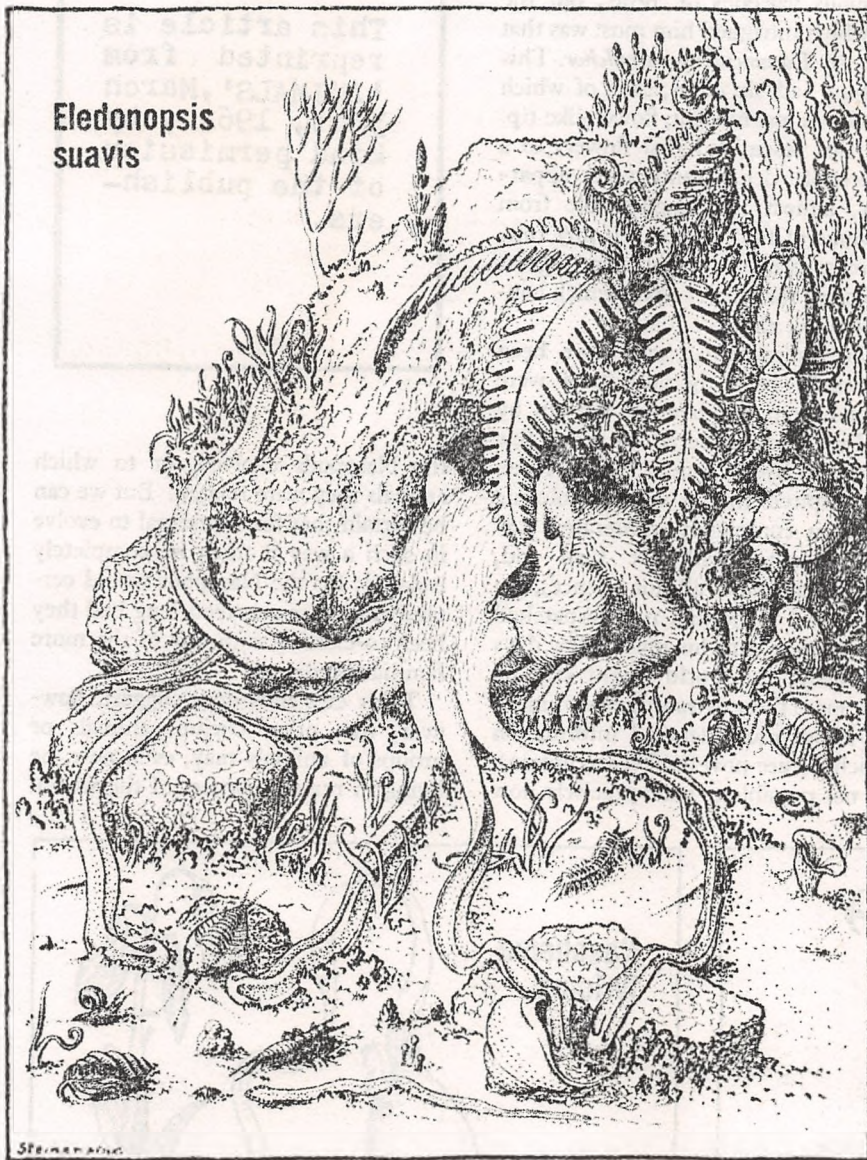
Secretary; Rod Milner, 44 Sheepwash Lane, Greatbridge, Tipton. Treasurer; Charles Winstone, 71 George Road, Erdington, B.23. Editor (of V); Rog Peyton, 77 Grayswood Park Rd, Quinton, B 32. Chairman ; Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcs. Vice Chairman; Roy Kay, 91 Craven St, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

At the time of writing, VECTOR-26 is due to appear very shortly, and it is anticipated that it will have a 'new look,' and possibly some revisions of schedule, etc.

The Easter Convention at Peterborough was attended by no less than ten members of the group. Two more were unable to attend, at the last minute, after having registered. Those present were;-- Cliff Teague, Rog Peyton, Chas Winstone, Ed James, Kris Holmes, Cynthia Grant, Mike Higgs, Mike Turner, Ken Cheslin, and Pete Weston. ((Mary Reed and Julia Stone, members from Banbury, were also present.)) All enjoyed themselves, were so taken with the idea of a Convention, that Ken Cheslin put in a bid for an Easter '65 Convention in Birmingham. This offer, put forward after 'Star Chamber' meetings over the previous months was accepted, after opposition from Harrogate. The ConCommittee has yet to be formally ratified, but appears to be much the same as the BSFA Committee. Registration can be made by sending 5/- to Ken Cheslin at the address above. This ensures that you will be sent all the subsequent literature, and places you under no obligation to attend. It is believed that some fifty have already registered.

Local activities have perhaps understandably suffered of late, and meetings have for a time been reduced to one every 2 weeks. These are being held on Tuesday evenings at the house of Charles Winstone. It is hoped that a return to the Sunday afternoon meetings can soon be made.

*Eledonopsis
suavis*



THE NASOPODS

By Alexander Karanowski, *Munchouse Professor of Comparative Biology, University of Spatzstadt*

Despite the vast increase in man's knowledge in recent years, there are still many things we do not know. Here, Dr Karanowski presents startling evidence, never before published, of the evolution of a unique group of mammals on a small island in the Pacific

THE islands of Melanesia lie in a great, curving swathe from Papua in the north-west to Fiji in the south-east. In between are hundreds of smaller islands, some of them no more than tiny atolls. This part of the Pacific has an irresistible fascination for Europeans because of the sandy beaches, blue lagoons, vivid green vegetation, and exotic plant life.

The colours are perhaps the most amazing thing about Melanesia: the brilliantly-coloured fishes, the myriads of birds with their gaudy plumage darting here and there among the trees, and the beautiful flowers which are in such profusion everywhere. Although most of the wonders of this dream-world are now commonplace to scientists, there are, even today, some mysteries which we cannot explain.

About eight months ago my colleague and good friend, Dr Jonas Fish, set out to study the mobility of sharks around the Solomon Islands. His work went well, until one day his small boat was blown miles off course by a freak storm. When the wind abated he found himself near a tiny coral atoll named Rarada. ('Rarada' is a local expression meaning 'shark slashes its tail about'.) He decided to investigate.

Now, Rarada is some way off any of the main Melanesian trading routes and is located in heavily shark-infested waters, as its name suggests. For these reasons it had never before been explored by a white man.

When Dr Fish landed on the sandy beach, his attention was immediately caught by some small, mouse-like creatures which stood on their noses and wagged their tails violently as he approached. Their noses seemed to be stuck directly on to the ground by means of red, rubbery pads. But the tails (as Dr Fish discovered to his cost) were not wagging in pleasure—for they had sharp claws at the ends and were capable of inflicting a nasty wound.

He observed that these strange creatures attracted insects by exuding a sticky, sweet fluid from their tails; they caught the insects on their tails and then transferred them to their mouths and ate them. Dr Fish named this species *Dulcicauda griseaurella*.

Not long after he had recovered from his initial surprise at discovering a species hitherto unknown to science,

my colleague established that there was not just one animal that walked on its nose, but many other ones as well. He must have been extremely excited but, being a true scientist, Dr Fish methodically investigated all that he saw.

He found that all these mammals had enormously enlarged and specialised noses. Some of them used their noses for locomotion, either by running or by hopping, while others used them to obtain food.

One particularly interesting Nasopod (as he designated the group as a whole) was *Eledonopsis suavis*. This animal would lie in a hole which it had dug out underneath a tree root and allow its several noses to 'walk about' in front of it. Each nose was covered with a glistening stream which acted rather like a conveyor belt, carrying little insects up to its mouth.

One Nasopod, *Nasobema lyricum*, had four 'noses' on which it ran about through the dense tropical vegetation. A herbivorous creature, it fed on soft fruit which it picked with its lasso-like tail. It had the short, stunted hind legs common to all these animals.

Jonas came upon a great number of ingenious varieties of 'nose', but the one which intrigued him most was that borne by *Ranunculonasus pulcher*. This creature had six noses, each of which ended in a magnificent, flower-like tip. The tips resembled real flowers to a remarkable degree and were, apparently, almost indistinguishable from blossoms at first glance. At any rate, the resemblance was sufficiently great to deceive the small insects which constituted the animal's food.

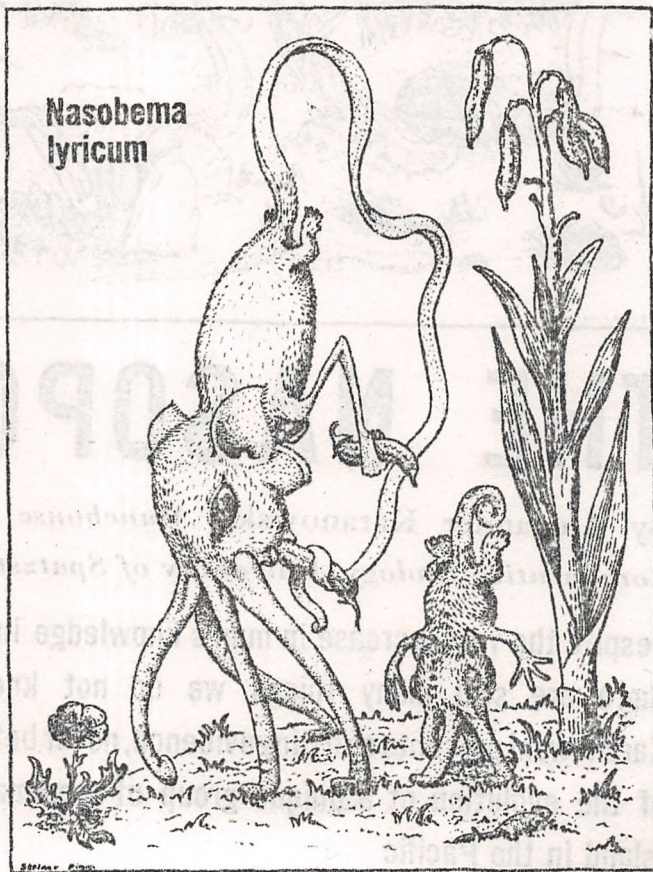
The foregoing remarks have been necessarily brief, because they were derived from rough notes written by Dr Fish and delivered to me a few weeks ago by his guide, Doraweewee. It transpired that a violent volcanic explosion completely obliterated Rarada, together with Dr Fish and, perhaps saddest of all (for science), the Nasopods. If he had not despatched Doraweewee with his notes a few days previously, the world might still be ignorant of these extraordinary animals.

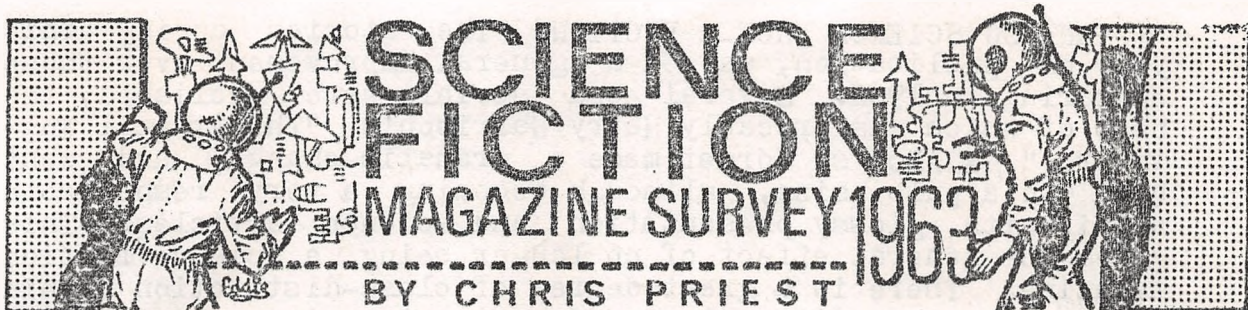
Without more detailed information (which we are now unlikely to obtain), it is not possible to state precisely how

This article is reprinted from 'ANIMALS', March 31st, 1964, by kind permission of the publishers.

the Nasopods evolved, or to which animals they were related. But we can be certain that for an animal to evolve in such a way it must be completely isolated; for the Nasopods would certainly not have survived long had they been co-existing with any of the more familiar predators.

Their existence does suggest, however, that other curious animals or groups of animals may, even now, be living in remote corners of the world.





SCIENCE FICTION

MAGAZINE SURVEY 1963

BY CHRIS PRIEST

Although not a vintage year by any means, 1963 produced a slightly better-than-average collection of stories in the SF magazines. The universal death of the SF magazine as we know it is being heralded, but this did not seem to affect the publishers, who, over the twelve month period, gave us no less than eleven different magazines to choose from. We did gain one new magazine, but lost SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, and the British Reprint Edition of ANALOG, although the original U.S. Edition is now generally available in this country.

The liveliest magazines of 1963 were, undoubtedly, the GALAXY trio. Editor Frederik Pohl treated us all to a new magazine, WORLDS OF TOMORROW, the first for several years. This started off in style with an Arthur C. Clarke serial, "People Of The Sea", which on examination turned out to be a juvenile. ((Published by Gollancz as 'DOLPHIN ISLAND')) The stories in the first issues were generally good-to-average, & were by well-known authors --- among them Aldiss, Leinster, Silverberg, Brunner, Knight, and Dick. The editorial policy of this magazine is wide, and it appears that it will be the launching-pad of some fine fiction in the near future. The other two Pohl-edited magazines, IF and GALAXY, also had a good year, featuring many well-known authors, with above-average stories. Authors in prominence in these magazines, were Van Vogt ((first published story in 14 years !)) Simak Heinlein, Clement, Knight, Budrys, --- and Pohl. The apparent reason for this activity seems attributable to Pohl's guiding hand. When he first took over the editorship from H.L. Gold, the quality of the magazines in the Galaxy-chain dropped abruptly, but now he seems to have slipped into the editorial swing. Pohl and his magazines are living evidence that SF magazines will sell, if given an editor willing to try other than well-tested policies. Rising sales and the prospect of either IF or WORLDS OF TOMORROW going monthly some time in 1964 bear witness to his success. It now only remains to conquer the appallingly bad distribution, especially in Great Britain. But this is a situation general to most SF magazines

ANALOG SCIENCE FACT & FICTION. The stories during this year of publication, showed a general improvement over those appearing in 1962. Several good serials were published, the best of which was probably Harry Harrison's "The Ethical Engineer." ANALOG's format made a dramatic change, and went back to a pulp size, although becoming a very respectable affair with glossy presentation and science articles. This gives the general effect of no longer being a science fiction magazine. There is a great degree of class-distinction within the pages, the editorial and departments being printed upon glossy paper, the fiction on a yellowed material that looks like the old pulp paper. It is actually good 'Antique Stock', supposedly resistant to ageing and brittleness. With the change in size came the downfall of the British Reprint Edition, a good thing in some respects, as now the contents reach us complete, and up-to-date, even though we have to pay double the old price. Indeed, perhaps 5/- is too much for a magazine that costs only 50 cents ((3/6)) in the USA.

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. This magazine remained very much the mixture as before in 1963. The stories seemed to be affected by weight of years, as in general they were without merit. Exceptions were 'Fast Trip' by James White; 'Now Wakes The Sea' by J.G. Ballard, and the opening installements of Heinlein's 'Glory Road.' Editor Avram Davidson has expressed the aim of publishing "progressive" fiction. Now this, Although commendable from the angle that SF is a forward-looking genre, is defeating its own object; for the most part, F & SF contains fiction that is gimmicky and generally incomprehensible. Even a novel by Sheckley failed to entertain, because of 'way-out' narration. Some of the covers of the magazine have been very good indeed, especially the Emsh illustrations, for 'Glory Road.' The British Edition (the only BRE of any SF magazine now remaining) has abandoned covers, and now presents a very much watered-down edition of the contents, on poor paper. Sales are dropping, both in the USA and Great Britain, despite consistent Hugo-winning, and it can't help but be felt that the life of F&SF, in its British edition at least, is limited.

I don't consider the BRE of VENTURE worthy of note in the present context, only to note in passing, that the sooner the magazine disappears, the better. Perhaps the publishers should be commended slightly for undertaking to begin a new magazine, even a shoddy reprint-thing like this one. At least, it gets better distribution than GALAXY & IF, although its British sales are around half of the former BRE Analog.

The Ziff-Davis twins, AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC TALES, were erratic in quality. Stories in AMAZING ranged from the very good to the very bad. 'Chocky' by John Wyndham was about the best of the year, closely followed by Edmund Hamilton's 'Babylon In The Sky,' and Daniel F Galouye's 'Recovery Area.' The trouble with AMAZING is that its bad stories are the worst available, and that its good stories are first class.

I think that the editors should discriminate more carefully, between qualities rather than between styles.

The sister-magazine, FANTASTIC, was consistently good, publishing first-rate fantasy tales throughout the year. This magazine is often under-rated, and here again, I feel that editorial policy is to blame. Who would be tempted to purchase a magazine whose contents are said to contain; " Three Tales For The Horrid At Heart." ? The best stories of the year were Simak's 'physician To The Universe' and Ballard's, 'The Screen Game.'

And so to the Nova trio. SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES folded with its 32nd British issue, in March. Always an unassuming magazine, SFA had a quality all of its own, and had produced some fine stories in its career. The two issues published in 1963 were not outstanding, but featured stories by Brunner and Moorcock, both of which were very good, with strong plots, and enjoyable. SCIENCE FANTASY had a brief moment of glory in 1963; late in the year it was shortlisted for the Hugo-nominations, and British hopes were high. But due to lack of support at the World-Con, it wasn't voted as the 'best.' However, 1963 showed a continuation of its ever high standard, with the publication of some good long stories. Michael Moorcock's 'Elric' stories attracted a great deal of attention, as did Brian Aldiss's 'Skeleton Crew.' ((To be published soon in book form.))

1963 was rather a bad year for NEW WORLDS, although it started well with an excellent short story by J.G. Ballard, 'The Subliminal Man.' After this, though, NEW WORLDS settled into a rut that was to be broken only occasionally. Stories of first contact with alien races and planets were far too frequent, and one tended to become very well acquainted with the ways of the 'Preliminary Exploration Service,' and the like. Four serials were published, not one of them any good. E.C. Tuob's 'Window On The Moon,' was a dull political adventure on the Moon; 'Dawn's Left Hand' an equally dull galactic adventure by Ian Wright; Colin Kapp's novel, 'The Dark Mind,' suffered through unfavourable comparisons with the works of Mickey Spillane and Alfred Bester; and perhaps the worst of them all, John Brunner's abysmally awful, 'To Conquer Chaos.' Occasional short-story gems were to be found by the patient reader, Lee Harding's 'The Lonely City' was one, and David Rome's 'Foreign Body' another. This latter was a neat short in the Simak idiom, that seemed to pass by the notice of the majority of readers.

For the most part, a year of variety; with ten or eleven prozines to choose from, the SF reader can well afford to discriminate. My conclusion, therefore, is that SF magazines cannot afford to be different for the sake of being different. To attract buyers, the editor should give his readers what they like. Experiment, yes, but not to the extent of mutilation of a magazine. And I think that the interior artwork is to be regarded as an essential part of the appeal of any magazine. Those that shun such artwork do not appear to be thriving.

(Some copies of these issues are obtainable from FANTAST (M) Ltd.)

Analog. There were four issues of Analog that never appeared in this country. In addition, the last two British Edition issues were cut down from the large-size original. Below we give the contents of these issues. that were not imported.

March. Frigid Fracas (Part 1 of 2 parts) Mack Reynolds.
The Happy Man (Nvt.) Gerald W. Page
Spanner In The Works (Nvt.) J.T.McIntosh.
All Day Wednesday (Short) Richard Olin.
Not In The Literature (Short) Christopher Anvil.

April. Frigid Fracas (Part 2 of 2 parts) Mack Reynolds.
What'll You Give (Nvt) Winston P. Sanders.
Iceberg From Earth (Nvt) J.T.McIntosh.
Sonny (Short) Rick Raphael.
Last Resort (Short) Stephen Bartholomew.
A Slight Case Of Limbo (Short) Lloyd Biggle Jr.

May. The Dueling Machine (Short Novel) Ben Bova &
Myron R. Lewis.
Oneness (Short) James H. Schmitz.
Expediter (Short) Mack Reynolds.
The Ming Vase (Short) E.C.Tubb.
The Last Of The Romany (Short) Norman Spinrad

June. Territory (Short Novel) Poul Anderson.
The Trouble With Telstar (Nvt) John Berryman.
Hermit (Nvt.) J.T.McIntosh.
Ham Sandwich (Short) James H. Schmitz.

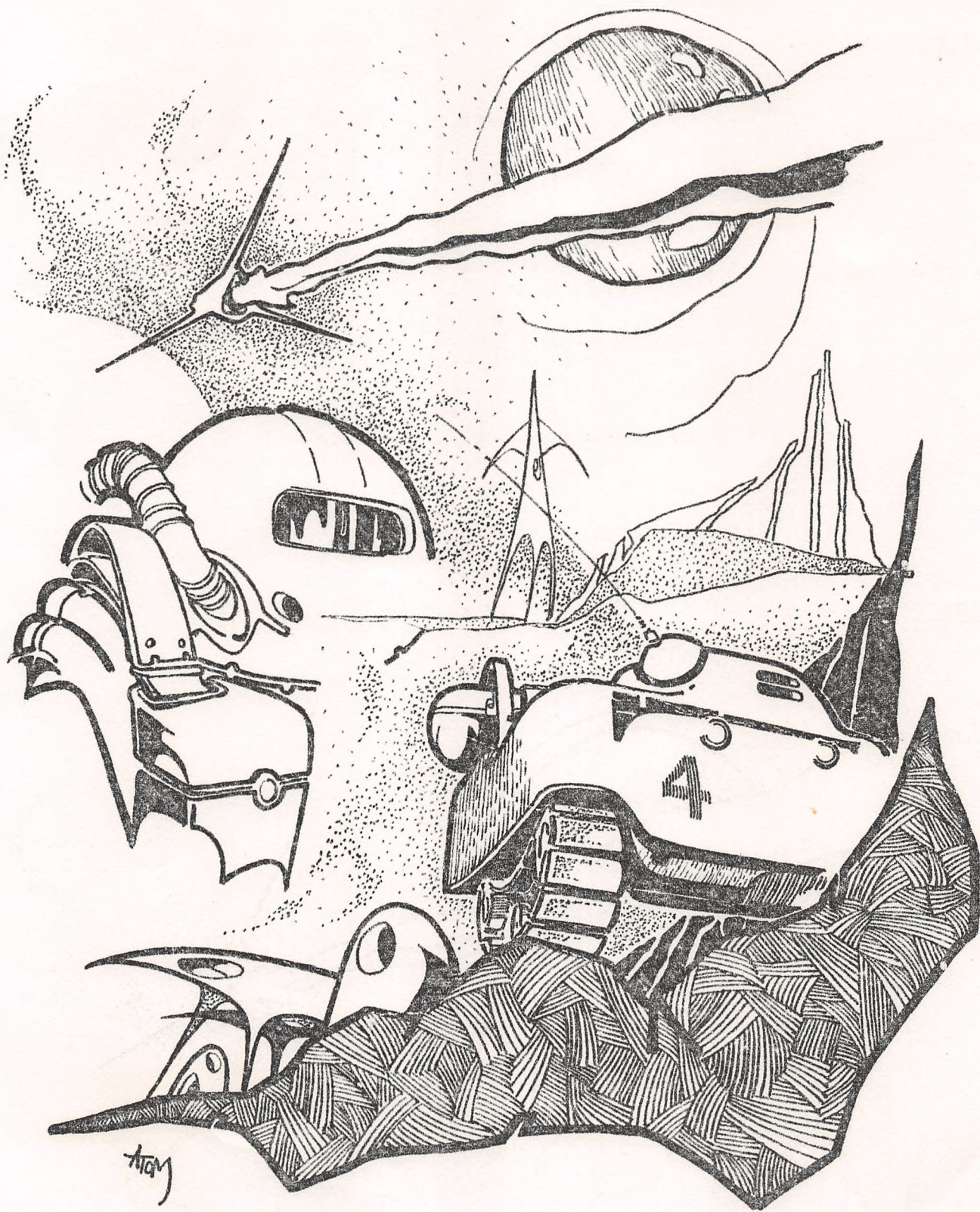
July. The Ethical Engineer (Part 1 of 2 parts) Harry Harrison
A Knight Ther Was (Nvt) Robert F. Young.
New Apples In The Garden (Short) Kris Neville.
New Folks Home (Short) Clifford D. Simak.

August. The Ethical Engineer (Part 2 of 2 parts) Harry Harrison.
The Hate Disease (Nvt) Murray Leinster.
"To Invade New York..." (Short) Irwin Lewis.
Patriot (Short) Frank A. Javor.
Controlled Experiment (Short) Arthur Porges.

1963

A CHECKLIST TO THE SF MAGAZINES

Produced by Al Lewis, 1825 Greenfield Avenue,
Los Angeles 25, California. Indexed by title,
author, and by issue; order from FANTAST (MED-
WAY) LTD. 7/- each. ((address on Page 49.))

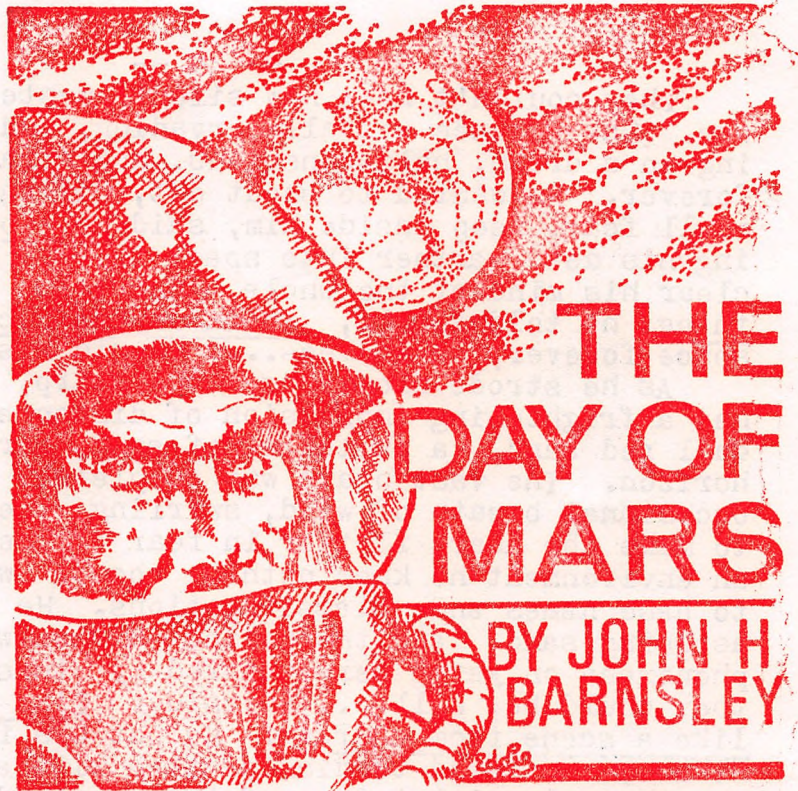


Confinement in a tiny space was once a most exquisite torture. Yet the first man to go to Mars must endure it. With what result?

Illustration by Eddie & Dick Howett.

The ship had spent the last days plunging through the inky gulf of space carrying two men, one alive and one dead, to a distant red pinprick that was Mars, and now, with perfect metal efficiency, it was decelerating in the upper atmosphere of the red planet before it began its slow, controlled descent to the level, sandy plain. Brittle sand grains fused and melted under the vicious flame gushing from the retro-rockets. The flames died suddenly, a thin booming echo remained, as a pale reflection of the hideous din which moments before, had disturbed the sleep of the planet of solitude. A faint circle etched on the hull of the rocket, darkened, then slowly opened. The pilot emerged.

The tall, cigar-shaped rocket dwarfed the figure beside it. His face was drawn with fatigue and worry as he analysed his sensations. Here he stood, having crossed the blank space of stars, to land on a dead, dreaming world. Here he stood, space a grim memory, on the edge of a dead sea which smelled of Time; the threshold of a new world, the first man on Mars. He removed his helmet and inhaled the Martian air. Tests had shown that it was thin and dry, but breathable. Soft alien breezes whispered about his cheeks, and gave his mouth a harsh taste of sand. He squatted on the ground, and gazed thoughtfully at the motionless scene around him. For centuries, Earth had dreamed about the worlds in outer space. For years now, men had gazed through powerful telescopes wistfully, they had made predictions, had hopes, and grave fears of the dangers of space. They'd told him in detail what it would be like on Mars, he'd even lived on a synthetic Martian landscape for six days. They'd talked to him, shown him maps, drawings, pictures, drilled procedure into his head until it became reflex action. He'd met space-engineers, theorists, doctors, physicists, psychologists, and they had all talked as though they knew about space, about Mars. But they didn't



They couldn't know how silent, mysterious, strange...alien, Mars was. The silence was all-pervading, and sinister. It was like living in a dream, half-conscious, and stranded, cut off from reality forever. He wanted to shout out, if only to prove he could, but a small fear, deep inside him, said no, don't dare! A vision of pushing his dead partner into space flooded his thoughts. He fought to clear his mind of the whole, terrible incident. You did the only thing, he told himself, think of the decay. But the body, lost in space forever, an endless.... He rid his mind of the thought.

As he strode slowly over the sharp, oxidic sand, he suddenly had a frightening impression of distance; all around him was sand, dull red sand, a wasteland of sand, stretching away to the distant horizon. The vast plain was completely motionless except for the occasional breath of wind, swirling the sand and touching the body to make the heart flutter in fear of the unknown. He was a man in an environment he knew nothing about, with no experience on which to base names and classifications. He thought of the harsh plain as being sand, and the moving air as wind, only because similar phenomena on Earth were called by those terms, but here on Mars they could be, well.... anything. Like a dream, he thought, it's like a scene from a dream. He put his fears down to tiredness and stress, and tried to dismiss them with a shrug of the shoulders.

The pale violet dome of the sky had darkened, and taken on a foreboding appearance. Night came swiftly on Mars. He returned to the rocket, and felt a little better after closing the hatch on the dark curtain of outside. He removed the burden of his space-suit, and helmet, and lay back on his bunk. Feeling the need for sleep, he thought over his first day upon Mars. No, he definitely didn't like the planet. It was so silent, so somehow aggressively passive, it seemed to sense your fears, and then.....

He felt exhausted, and settled down in his bunk, awaiting sleep. The old phrase from the aptitude tests haunted his mind; 'Always keep self-control...' 'the basic rule for survival...' 'self...' The instructor's words left a wry smile on his lips as he fell into the clouds of deep sleep. Outside the ship, the dark velvet of the Martian night closed in, broken only by the feeble light of the twin moons, which gave the rocket a dim, sinister flush.

He awoke in the sallow light of morning, and it took him a moment to gather his bearings. No birds, no hum of cars, no distant smell of cooking; just silence, hollow silence, weird, unearthly silence. He had to forget it, not notice its existence, pretend it was an adventure. Humming a remembered tune to himself, he washed, shaved, and had a meagre breakfast, then sat down to an hour's frustratingly futile work on the radio set. Still there was just the eerie quiet of space. The machine had failed just when he was reporting the grim news of his partner's death, almost as if it were an omen. Still, he'd decided to carry on with the details of his mission, probably in a moment of valour, an emotion he had certainly not felt since. He mused on his ill-starred flight, as he watched the Martian morning through the port-hole. The fossil sea was warming

under the pale glare of the early sun. Seeing the blood sand stretch away to become crimson wax under the sun's steady beams made him feel tiny and insecure. He felt like a child plummeted into a new dimension of physical reality, a dimension he didn't understand. Vague, nameless fears edged on his mind.

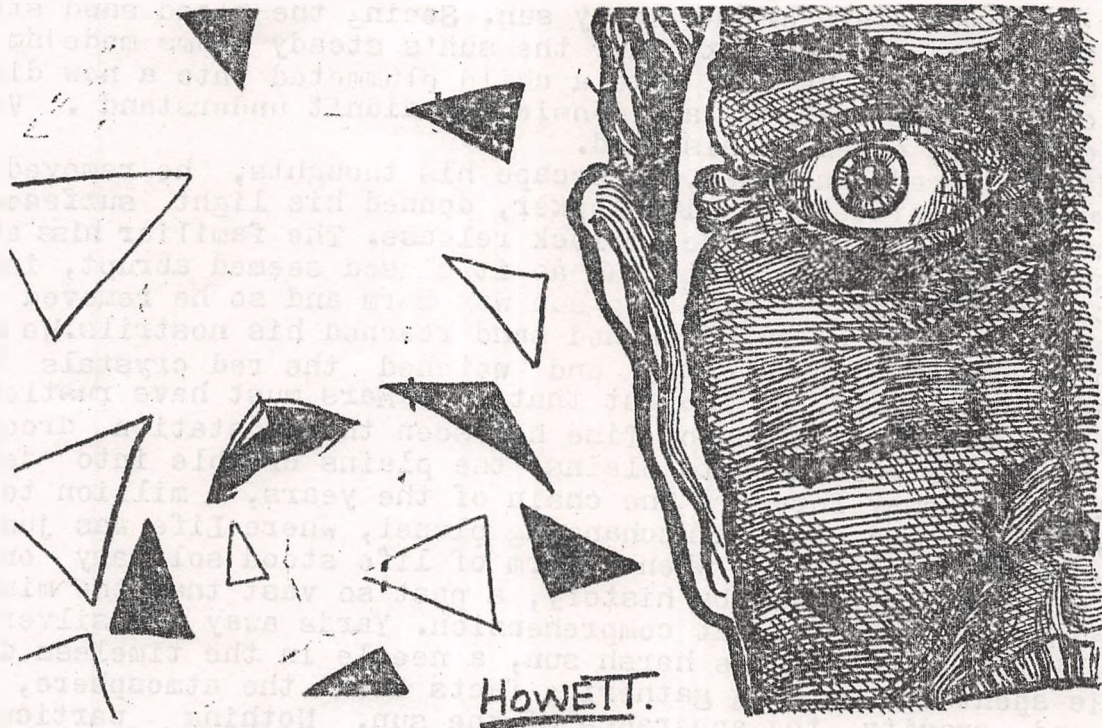
He shuddered, and then, to escape his thoughts, he removed the instrument cannister from its locker, donned his light surface-suit and helmet, and pressed the airlock release. The familiar hiss at the 'locks opening and the dull thud as it closed seemed abrupt, indifferent, even hostile to him. The sun was warm and so he removed his helmet. The smell of sun-drenched sand reached his nostrils. He scooped up a handful of warm sand, and watched the red crystals slide through his fingers. He thought that once Mars must have rustled with vitality, but generations of Time had seen the vegetation droop and die, the hills worn down to plains, the plains crumble into desert, and life ebb away forever. The chain of the years, a million to the link, had dragged over an unchanging planet, where Life was just dying memory, until now, when a form of life stood solitary on its aged beaches, impressed by history, a past so vast that the mind squirmed in vain attempts at comprehension. Yards away the silver rocket glittered beneath the harsh sun, a needle in the timeless desert.

He spent the morning gathering facts about the atmosphere, the dry sand, gravity, the appearance of the sun. Nothing particularly interesting turned up, and he sat down, tired and bored. After all the fiction about Mars, here it was, -- hot, dry, dead, and boring. After all the optimism, the theories of vegetational belts, small animal life here it was; a lifeless motionless desert, an empty sea, as dry as a bone; like a brittle carcass, left after the last form of life had died, eons ago.

Gazing into the distance, he noticed there was a break in the monotony of sand, a black line spidering across the desert. He decided to investigate. As he walked away from the rocket, the dazzling sun cast a long, lonely shadow on the sand. The wind had heightened a little, and made his silken outfit flap at the creases. It would pull at the sand with a muted whistle, then die as quickly as it had come.

The crayon line he had seen was a gaping tear in the earth. He stood beside the crevice, watching its jagged cut rush into the distance. It looked like a vicious wound. He looked down into its dark, chasmic depths, and noticed a line of grey ash running along the sides. He tried to think of an explanation, but he was not and flushed with the heat, and the walking, and his thoughts were confused. The wind was rising, and warm gusts of air brushed past him. The sun seemed to be changing. It seemed duller and harsher. His eyes watered under its yellow glaze. He felt anxious and depressed, and was sweating freely. Tears were in his eyes as he started the slow trek back to the ship.

After only a few steps, his flesh tingled with a strange sensation. He had a feeling of being caught in the centre of some big event as though a web were closing in around him. He was breathing in the



alien air, and it was slowly affecting him, quietly and unobtrusively. Self control he thought, no need to worry, nothing ever happens on Mars. But he wasn't reassured. The sky seemed to be changing colour at the edges. A spray of sand cut into his eyes as he watched the reddish hue deepen into a darker colour.

He felt the air getting close and sticky. He felt the sky getting heavy. His forehead dripped sweat. Terror was mounting swiftly in his body. The sky was darker, closer, and the sun, a changed, sinister, sun, burned through at him. His knees were sagging, and his limbs felt weak. A picture flooded his mind....the old childhood nightmare that had nearly made him a nervous wreck. The deep, hollow vortex with him in the middle, helpless. The sides, the sky, were pressing in, pressing closer, closer. He fought, but the memory of the nightmare came again and chilled his body. The nightmare was a reality.... his mind whirled. He couldn't think, his mind was numbed by fear. His knees gave way, and he fell. He screamed out, but his voice was a ghost. A sharp pain ran through his body, and his face was contorted with pain. He gasped for breath, but the air was thin, and gave no comfort.

A sharp tap on his shoulder transmitted fatal thoughts to his mind. The cold finger of terror touched and chilled his heart. His delirious mind snapped like a fine thread. His sprawled body convulsed, and his clenched fists relaxed and released the red sand. He was dead.

His body lay in the sand; once a living man, but Mars had sapped away his courage and drained his will., and now he was just a lifeless bundle with a large raindrop glinting on his back.

In a second, the dark canvass of the sky split, and poured out the long-awaited rain, the climax. The rain fell swiftly, in a warm gush of water. The rain was everywhere, and everywhere was movement. It was as though the pulse of life which had been held so long, had at last been released. The storm filled the air like a locust swarm, beating the forgotten sand. Mars was stirring, Mars was living. Hard and perpetual was this rain, a flooding that would never stop, never dwindle, it seemed. On Mars this crystal shower was poetry, religion Truth. It was the dim hope of the desert. It was the annual proof of existence. The shower didn't falter, it drummed on the earth, cut furrows, sighed into the sand. It, rapped on the back of the solitary figure, as if to awake his endless sleep to show him that Mars can rain. It formed miniature crystal pools on his suit. It ran along the silky creases. It turned his hair into rat's tails, and slid down his cheeks to moisten his lips with time-washed dew.

But the tempo shifted, and the gush became a drizzle, answering Nature's call, the rain-beat quickened. The lone rocket glistened with wet. The seeping sands seemed to be laughing at the ironic scene that had been played out on them. The last drop of rain sunk into the ground. Silence returned. Phoebe, Mar's moon, rose over the horizon to see the ageless plain of sand, only broken by the tiny, lying figure seeming to be crawling back to his thin, silver rocket, like an insect robbed of its cocoon.



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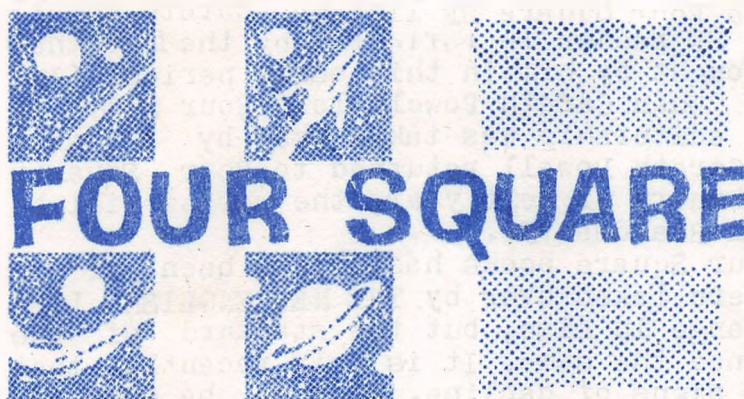
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FOUR SQUARE BOOKS PEYTON

Just three years ago, at the beginning of 1961, Four Square Books published their first science fiction title. This was the 'Hugo' winner, STARSHIP TROOPERS by Robert A. Heinlein. Many consider that this book was the first of Heinlein's 'mistakes,' but to my mind, STARSHIP TROOPERS was, and still is, Heinlein's best book. To my mind also, it is the only great SF book that Four Square have published to date. (If STARSHIP TROOPERS stands out as the best, then John Mantley's THE 27TH DAY must surely stand out as the worst they have published -- if not the worst science fiction book ever published !) The rest of the Four Square Science Fiction list loses itself in mediocrity. Looking through the list of authors, one finds many great names, but somehow, Four Square have managed to obtain their poorer works.

They published FALLEN STAR and TITAN'S DAUGHTER by James Blish, when THE SEEDLING STARS, his best book, has never been published in this country. They published Clifford D. Simak's mediocre collections, like ALIENS FOR NEIGHBOURS (which incidentally did not contain all of the stories from the original edition) when they could have published CITY -- an award-winner, that has surprisingly never appeared in this country in a paperbacked edition.

The most annoying thing about Four Square, besides their use of that horrible term, 'Sci-Fi', is their practice of taking an anthology or collection and publishing it in two parts under two separate titles. So far they have done this with WORLDS OF TOMORROW edited by August Derleth (the other part being called NEW WORLDS FOR OLD) and ALL THE TRAPS OF EARTH by Clifford Simak (the other half being called THE NIGHT OF THE FUDLY). Next month they issue BEACHHEADS IN SPACE edited by August Derleth, and in September they will issue the second half under the title FROM OTHER WORLDS.

This is the fifth article on Science Fiction publishers by Rog Peyton to appear in ZENITH. Previous articles :-
DIGIT (Z-1); PAN (Z-2); PANTHER (Z-3); CORGI (Z-4);

The first editor of the Four Square SF list was Gareth Powell. The fact that he is a keen SF reader is reflected by the fact that the 'better' titles were bought by him in this early period. (Including STARSHIP TROOPERS) When Gareth Powell left Four Square to go to Mayflower Books, the editorship was taken over by James Gordon. A few months ago, Gareth Powell returned to Four Square, but, as from January or February of next year, the series will be under the editorship of Tom Boardman Jr.

The presentation of Four Square books has always been of a high standard. When they were taken over by THE NEW ENGLISH LIBRARY there was a slight change in size, but the standard of the printing and binding remained the same. It is only recently that the presentation has shown signs of decline. This may be due to the fact that there are too few pages between the covers. They are certainly getting thinner. Note the new Simak, THE NIGHT OF THE FUUDLY -- a mere 137 pages for 3/6 ! (And the other half of this book, ALL THE TRAPS OF EARTH, contains the same number of pages, and is 2/6 !)

The quality of the artwork has, on the whole, been very good, although there is only one cover I would class as superb -- the cover of next month's publication, BEACHHEADS IN SPACE. (This is reproduced in black and white on the back cover of this issue of ZENITH.)

A LISTING OF FOUR SQUARE SF TITLES.

- 299 Starship Troopers....Robert A Heinlein.
- 317 Ossiam's Ride....Fred Hoyle.
- 328 Cure For Death....Victor Valentine.
- 340 Fallen Star....James Blish.
- 363 The 27th Day....John Mantley.
- 371 Ahead Of Time....Henry Kuttner.
- 382 A For Anything....Damon Knight.
- 422 October Country....Ray Bradbury.(reprinted from Ace.)
- 503 The Day The Earth Caught Fire....Barry Wells.
- 646 Occam's Razor....David Duncan.
- 709 Angels and Spaceships....Fredric Brown
- 730 Jizzle....John Wyndham.
- 755 Prelude To Space....Arthur C Clarke
- 794 Worlds Of Tomorrow....August Derleth (ed)
- 811 The Unsleep....David & Meir Gillon.
- 821 Canopy Of Time....Aldiss
- 842 New Worlds For Old....August Derleth (ed)
- 857 Slave Ship....Fred Pohl.
- 873 Break-through....John Iggulden.
- 889 Galactic Cluster....James Blish.
- 912 Titan's Daughter....James Blish.
- 929 Aliens For Neighbours....Clifford D Simak.
- 942 The Night Shapes....James Blish.
- 954 Year 2018....James Blish.
- 993 All The Traps Of Earth....Clifford D. Simak.
- 1040 The Night Of The Puudly....Clifford D Simak.

July Beachheads In Space....August Derleth (ed)
 July Canopy Of Time....Brian Aldiss (reprint)
 Aug Memoirs Of A Spacewoman....Naomi Mitchison.
 Sep From Other Worlds....August Derleth (ed)
 Oct When They Come From Space....Mark Clifton
 Nov Hothouse....Brian Aldiss.

Four Square have also done an extensive series of Edgar Rice Burroughs titles. Below are the 'mars' and 'venus' titles. All of the books have very attractive cover paintings.

F 306B A Princess Of Mars F 613B Thuvia, Maid Of Mars.
 F 353B The Gods Of Mars F 661B The Chessmen Of Mars
 F 367B The Warlord Of Mars F 751B The Mastermind Of Mars.
 F 820B Pirates Of Venus.

AMATEUR PUBLICATIONS (continued from Page 8)

YANDRO ; (135) monthly. Bob & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, USA. 25 cents; or 1/3 each from Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddeston, Herts. 30 pages. SF & fannish material.

SCENE(2) edited by Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London SW 2. Issued as a publicity release for the London bid for the WorldCon next year. Other items of interest irregular schedule as yet, 6d per issue.

SLIMY (1) Intended to announce the formation of the Rugby School SF Society. Intended to become the Official Organ of the club. Write to P.F. Alderson Smith, Whitelaw House, 4 Hillmorton Road, Rugby, Warwicks. (term time.)

THE SCARR (4) George Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave Bangor, N. Ireland. Available for trades, etc. Some pleasant and interesting material.

MARTIAN JOURNAL (1) Ben Onorato, 3050 Park Ave, Bronx, NY. The same staff as for IMP --- which incidentally has not appeared. Price 20c, 1/6 ; UK agent, Harry Nadler. (see P. 7-8)

There is now a BSFA-sponsored service for anyone wishing to produce their own fanzine. For all details, contact Charles Platt, 8 Sollershott West Letchworth, Herts

Your editor will attempt to mention in ZENITH all fanzines received.

Readers can have space for advertisements on request.

To introduce a new fanzine whose first issue is planned to appear in June-July. Entitled 'LOST WORLDS', the magazine will be quite thick, and will deal more with fantasy than science fiction. Price and schedule have yet to be fixed, but all interested persons should write to D. West, 49 Park Road, Bingley, Yorkshire.



BLOOD!

IN THEIR TIME MACHINE, VRON AND DREENA, LAST TWO SURVIVORS OF THE RACE OF VAMPIRES, FLED INTO THE FUTURE...

IN THE 22ND CENTURY, MANKIND HAD DISCOVERED THAT THE LEGEND OF THE VAMPIRE WAS NOT LEGEND AT ALL



A DEADLY POGROM HAD ENSUED, IN WHICH EVERY VAMPIRE HAD BEEN FOUND AND KILLED - EXCEPT TWO

VRON AND DREENA, ALREADY WORKING ON THEIR TIME MACHINE, FINISHED IT IN TIME TO ESCAPE IN IT



INTO THE FUTURE, SO FAR THAT THE VERY WORD 'VAMP-IRE' WOULD BE FORGOTTEN; TO LIVE AGAIN UNSUSPECTED - AND TO REBUILD THEIR RACE

I'M HUNGRY, VRON. AWFULLY HUNGRY



I TOO, DREENA DEAR. WE'LL STOP AGAIN SOON-

THEY HAD STOPPED FOUR TIMES ALREADY AND HAD NARROWLY ESCAPED DYING EACH TIME. THEY HAD NOT BEEN FORGOTTEN



THANKS FOR STOPPING ME. THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE. WE'RE OUT OF FUEL AND WE'LL FIND NONE HERE



BY NOW ALL RADIO-ACTIVES WILL HAVE TURNED TO LEAD. WE LIVE HERE -OR ELSE

LOOK, A NEW CREATURE! SOMETHING ELSE HAS TAKEN OVER. AND SURELY WE ARE FORGOTTEN



I HAVE HEARD YOUR THOUGHTS. YOU WONDER WHETHER WE KNOW OF 'VAMPIRES', WHATEVER THEY ARE. WE DO NOT



FREEDOM! AND FOOD!

YOU ALSO WONDER ABOUT MY ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION ... TODAY ALL LIFE IS VEGETABLE



I, A MEMBER OF THE DOMINANT RACE, WAS ONCE WHAT YOU CALLED A TURNIP

F. Brown & Harbottle

BOOK BY BERYL HEHLEY REVIEWS

THE MARTIAN WAY : Isaac Asimov. (Dennis Dobson, 16/-)

Four stories; --

1. THE MARTIAN WAY. (orig. GALAXY, 1952.) An excellent story, being based upon a 'triumph-of-the-underdog.' The tables are neatly turned on the callous selfishness of the Earth-folk, who 'can't' spare sea-water to the Martian colonies. So the latter, quietly desperate hike off into space to search for their own water --- and find it. "It just turns out that the fragments in Saturn's rings are made up out of ice." The people are 'real,' the humour is human, the plot and general treatment are skilful.

2. YOUTH (orig SPACE SCIENCE FICTION, 1952.) If you haven't read this one before, it's likely that you'll enjoy it. If you have, then there's little point in re-reading it, since most of the punch is in the surprise ending. And such an ending only surprises once - unless your memory is very bad! It's been said that kids are kids, all over the world, (and Danny Kaye proved that pretty conclusively) what this story says in effect, is; kids are kids, all over the Universe!

3. THE DEEP. (orig. GALAXY, 1952.) The remnants of a race on a doomed planet seek a new home, and find it, deep beneath Earth's crust. But there can never be any mental or social contact between the indigenous race and the 'immigrants,' because the former are 'tainted' with emotion, and actually indulge in such loathsome practices as live births and family relationships.

4. SUCKER BAIT. (orig ASTOUNDING, 1954.) This is the longest and most interesting story in the book. An assorted scientific expedition goes out to try to discover what killed off all the settlers on an apparently benign planet in the Hercules cluster. Odd-man-out of the group, is Mark Annuncio, of the Mnemonic Service, members of which simply collect facts omnivorously and 'file' them mentally, for possible future reference. Having total recall, they are 'walking computers,' with the added advantages of human 'hunches', and the ability to improvise, link up apparently unconnected data, etc. Mark manages to fall foul of most of the other members of the expedition, but needless to say, it is he who finally solves the mystery of what wiped out the settlers. I felt rather sorry for him. I can think of no more frustrating or wasteful way of utilising a fine human brain than to encourage its owner to stuff it full of assorted facts, so that he is nothing but a convenient catalogue. (With

acknowledgements to Sturgeon;) it's like giving him a pile of bricks and forbidding him to build anything with them! However, inasmuch as I tend to identify with the underdog in this type of story, I applaud Mark's triumph over bigotry, prejudice, and ignorance. Even though it is rendered potentially hollow and pointless by the possibility of imminent death for the whole expedition, himself included.....

TRANSIT : Edmund Cooper. (Faber & Faber, 18/-)

The publishers say that this is Edmund Cooper's third SF novel. I must admit that I haven't come across him before, but after reading TRANSIT, I definitely want to read the preceding two.

I don't think I've ever read SF quite like this before. It's not easy to analyse impersonally. On the face of it, it's a combination of factors from THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON, CORAL ISLAND, and ROBINSON CRUSOE. Two men and two women are 'kidnapped' by e.t.'s, and transferred to a tropical island on another world. They are given supplies and a few weapons, and left to struggle for survival. There is another, similar group on the island, also e.t.'s, but not the same brand as the kidnapper-e.t.'s. If you see what I

This is an emotional book. Almost sloppily emotional in places it hit me, and I'd very much like to know what male readers will make of it. But the characters are intensely real and human -- and English which makes a change. Not stuffily English, either. There aren't any four-letter words, but there is just about everything else. Including eroticism. But the bad language and the eroticism only crop up when it is natural to the story for them to do so.

The author has begun his book with a quote: "We must love one another, or die. -- W.H. Auden." And that sets the theme of the book.

I don't know whether to recommend it or not. I think that women readers will like it; certainly I did. Would some of you blokes mind writing in and telling me what you thought of it?

THE FURIOUS FUTURE : Algis Budrys. (Gollancz, 15/-)

Nine stories; the author's introduction is readable and not boringly long.

1. SILENT BROTHER ; A tale of invisible entities brought back by the first starship to Alpha Centauri. These beings enter into symbiotic partnership with humans, repairing, rejuvenating, and protecting the body. -- But how does a man who has acquired a silent brother explain the wonder of it to those who have not ?

2. BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT : Humans living in domed quarters on a hostile planet have evolved -- but not far enough. However their children have -- to the point where they are strong enough to cope with the planetary environment and its savage fauna. But their killer-instinct is indiscriminate; even their parents are potential victims. Should they be allowed to live and inherit the planet ?

3. AND THEN SHE FOUND HIM ; Moving little story reminiscent of this author's novelet, THE REAL PEOPLE; A female specimen of Homo Novis goes in for shoplifting on a grand scale -- and can't possibly be caught. Except by others of her own kind -- or is even that impossible ?
4. THE SKIRMISHER.; Why do so many about-to-be-marrieds have fatal accidents ? A time-traveller story told with masterful indirection.
5. THE MAN WHO TASTED ASHES. He thought he was living a life of furtive intrigue, so that he'd be ready to deal with infiltrating e.t.'s, if and when they came. They did -- and he outwitted them as planned. But his triumph was a hollow one, because of the kind of man he was.....
6. LOWER THAN ANGELS : A man with ideals joins a Corporation which discovers and exploits new planets, and these ideals get kicked around some. What do you do when you land on a world where friendly natives insist upon deifying you, and then blame you bitterly when disaster strikes ?
7. CONTACT BETWEEN EQUALS ; A nicely involved story which includes a (carefully not-described) BEM; it demonstrates that "practicality is the only worthwhile measure of intelligence, and the only worthwhile rule of conduct." The ending seems rather abrupt, as if the author suddenly got tired of the whole thing.
8. DREAM OF VICTORY : Possibly the best story in the book (and the first novelet which Budrys ever wrote... which proves something..or does it ?) Androids, created to keep Earth going after a war which wiped out three-quarters of humanity, are now obsolescent. Humanity wants shut of them. The androids want to live. Against this background is told the story of android Stac Fuoss, who dreams constantly of the impossible -- a child of his own. This becomes an obsession, with tragic results for himself and the whole android species.
9. THE PEASANT GIRL : Another story about 'Homo Novis' -- seems to be a favourite theme with Budrys. The reader begins by feeling compassion towards an ordinary man who can't, or won't adjust to the new way of life, benignly imposed by the new evolution. He/she ends by experiencing the same compassion towards Homo Novis, who "don't have anything of their own, and have to borrow it all from us..."

An interesting and very readable collection.

THE COUNTERFEIT MAN ; Alan E Nourse. (Dobson, 15/-) Eleven stories

1. Title story. A ship returns from Ganymede, and, nearing Earth, it becomes evident that at least one crew member is no longer human. How did it happen, since Ganymede appeared to be completely sterile, and the crew-members were thoroughly protected anyway ? This is the problem which the ship's doctor struggles to solve -- and there's a neat twist at the end, too.
2. THE CANVAS BAG. Variation on the theme of the Wandering Jew; Joe Baker discovers the truth of "He travels fastest who travels alone but he doesn't have much fun on the way...."
3. AN OUNCE OF CURE. Tongue-in-cheek tale of the potential dangers of over-specialisation. Got a pain in your toe ? 'ware the medics.. ..everybody wants ta get into de act...

4. THE DARK DOOR. Harry Scott discovers the Not-Men, who appear to be human, but aren't. Nobody believes him, of course, -- not even those who suspect that something is going on, and have sent Harry to get to the bottom of it. A story on the lines of : "Somebody's crazy around here... but is it you, him, or ME ? "
5. MEETING OF THE BOARD. "Workers of the world unite...." and put an end to the neccessity for strikes. Or would it ? A lightweight yarn, but nonetheless thought-provoking.
6. CIRCUS. Another story of "they won't believe me !" Also has a touch of the old "ad infinitum," or: "Isn't this where we came in?"
7. MY FRIEND BOBBY. Vaguely reminiscent of Bradbury, this one ---- also of Jerome Bixby's ITS A GOOD LIFE ! The Awful (telepathic) Child relates his story with a kind of ghastly yet pathetic innocence. But the ending indicates that this one is about to meet his come-uppance..... does he really deserve it ?
8. THE LINK. I found this one vaguely depressing. After thousands of years, baddies are still hunting goodies, torturing, brain-washing, driven by the lust to kill and destroy ? Beauty is still to be feared and derided ? Ugh... the faint glimmer of hope at the end is a little too faint to be convincing.
9. IMAGE OF THE GODS. Kindness to, and patience with, the indigenous 'animals' (?) of Baron IV pays immeasurably greater lividends in the end than the hard-pressed colonists ever dreamed of.
10. THE EXPERT TOUCH. After two years of gruelling, experimental work, the 'Medical Mercenary', (a highly-paid human guinea - pig,) suddenly wants to quit, even though he stands to lose one hundred thousand dollars. He is scared witless and spitless by what he has glimpsed during the intensive research into his own mind. The question is; just how ruthless are the excited researchers entitled to be in order to get him to finish the job ?
11. SECOND SIGHT. Wish you were a telenath ? Yes ? But how much would you be prepared to sacrifice in order to be one ? Amy Ballantine can teach others to realise their latent powers -but medical science cannot give her the only reward she wants.

If you enjoyed Alan Nourse's first collection, TIGER BY THE TAIL, I don't think you'll be disappointed by this follow-up.

TWILIGHT WORLD ; Poul Anderson (Panther, 2/6.)

Issued by SFBC in 1963, and by Gollancz two years earlier, this is another post-catastrophe story, but very different from Budrys's. (See SOME WILL NOT DIE review.) For one thing, the catastrophe in this instance is W.W.III, with its resultant crop of mutants, who evoke only-to-be-expected hostility from 'normals.' For another thing, despite the marauding, looting outlaw bands, which Anderson has in common with Budrys, and despite the fight-to-the-finish on Mars, this story gives a lot more hope for the eventual maturity and real civilisation of humanity.

SOME WILL NOT DIE ; Algis Budrys. (Mayflower, 3/6.)

A post-catastrophe novel, the catastrophe having been an unspecified plague, which may or may not have been the result of germ - warfare research which got out of hand. Nothing else is said or implied about the possible causes of it.

This is superbly written, and as a psychological study of a man who "has greatness thrust upon him," it is, in my opinion, bettered only by Bester's Gully Foyle in TIGER, TIGER! Theodore Berendtsen is driven as Foyle was driven, and, like others before him, he is a kind of practical prophet, and therefore, "without honour in his own land."

But the story is slightly canted to the male viewpoint. I agree that in such a situation, it would be very much a man's world, (like as if it's not already!) but all the main characters have wives of obvious calibre, who must surely influence the men's actions to a certain extent. Yet they remain as somewhat shadowy figures in the background.

In spite of the skillful writing, and the brilliant delineation of the (male) characters, this book depressed me. If it happened that a "plague scoured the world clean of ninety percent of its people in six howling months," -- would the survivors really revert to near-barbarism, as these survivors do? The book is written in flashback form, with a framework story set many years after the plague -and in that story, men are still fighting and killing other men. I should have thought that, with the human race reduced to a tenth of its former numbers, every single man would have been too precious to lose.. and would they have learned so little by then, that they would still fight for survival, rather than band together for the common good?

They do, eventually, of course, -- but then the groups start wiping each other out in a struggle for power. Real thud and blunder stuff.

My own reaction is that, if humanity is fated to learn so little that it reacts to catastrophe like this -- then it's a pity that it was only ninety percent that the plague wiped out! But I think Budrys takes an unnecessarily gloomy view. In this book, the helping hand is conspicuous by its absence, except when there's "something in it" for the helper. And I find that a bit hard to believe.

Verdict ; Very clever, revealing of character, -but depressing.

WITH A STRANGE DEVICE ; Eric Frank Russell. (Dobson, 15/-.)

Not EFR's usual style at all. A bit odd, really. It's well-written, and the story "moves along", but the plot-gimmick is fairly obvious early on. Research scientists working on Top Secret projects, keep quitting the job -- they don't disappear, exactly, because that would give the security people something definite to work on -- but nevertheless, their services are lost to the -- er -- Cause...

The problem is, Why are so many of them quitting the job, to go off and run stores, or collect garbage, or whatever, and how are they to be enticed back to their real, ordained positions in the scientific hierarchy?

The story which answers these questions, is told from the point of view of one of the "defecting" scientists, rather than from the the Security angle, which adds to the interest. Bransome suddenly acquires some very peculiar memories, which he is sure " weren't there a minute ago," yet these memories urge him to panicky flight.

The dialogue comes over in Russell's usual easy, conversational style, but, I dunno.... there's something different about this book -- or should I say, something missing ? I was a little disappointed (well I didn't laugh once !) -- but maybe EFR is experimenting.

It's still a damn good yarn, though.

IN DEEP ; Damon Knight (Gollancz, 15/-) Seven stories.

1. FOUR IN ONE. I read this when it appeared in GALAXY. The fact that I didn't re-read it in this collection is a tribute, not a brick-bat. A story has to be good to stay in the mind as vividly as this one stayed in mine. Four human minds (two male, two female) find themselves trapped in a single alien organism which apparently is self-regenerative without limit. The "prisoners" appear to accept their unique dilemma with remarkable sang-froid, and promptly begin to bicker among themselves. The argument quickly becomes a struggle for control of the organism, with no holds barred -- and, in a fluid organism like this one, the variations on dirty tricks are endless. I liked the vague, wry humour in this story, almost entirely implied in the fact that nobody goes insane in this predicament -- at least no madder than they were before...

2. AN EYE FOR A WHAT. An amusing romp. An alien entity must be punished for disgraceful behaviour, by decree of its own kind. The punishment must be administered by those whom the alien has offended, viz. humans. All they know is that when the alien is upset or hurt its colour changes from pink to blue. Trial-and-error to cope with trial-of-error...

3. STRANGER STATION. The fluid exuded by these aliens is priceless to humanity -- but a human being must be present before the flow can be triggered off. Why do the aliens ask nothing in return ? By the time Paul Wesson, in his role as "trigger-human" finds the answer to this, he can no longer communicate it to anyone. Not even to the almost-human robotic 'network' which has cared for and companioned him during his frightful ordeal. Rather horrific, this one.

4. ASK ME ANYTHING. A rather involved story of space-war, in which training for battle begins at ten years old, and the ten-year-olds concerned are more metal than flesh -- although still classed as human. A strange "pattern of forces" appears, which effectively sabotages the training programme, by driving the cadets insane. This is accomplished simply by giving absolutely truthful answers to encouraged questions -- hence the title of the story. But the Director of Training turns the "saboteur" against the enemy, and to his own advantage -- or he thinks he has... An ingenious tale, which, I think needs to be read more than once, in order to catch all implications.

5. THE COUNTRY OF THE KIND. One of the cruellest stories I've ever read. A child with a potential to violence is born into a so-called "humane, permissive society," where violence is virtually unknown. And how do the humane and permissive authorities deal with this living regression? They keep him under sedation until his 15th year. They intensify a tendency to epilepsy, so that any attempt at violence will trigger off a seizure. They alter his body-chemistry "to make his exhaled and exuded wastes emit a strongly pungent and offensive odour." And he is excommunicated from humanity; no one speaks to him or acknowledges his existence. If Knight was trying to demonstrate unconscious racial sadism disguised as infinite racial mercy -- he certainly succeeds with this one! Especially as it's told in the first person singular. Made me squirm..

6. TICKET TO ANYWHERE. A mysterious doorway is found on Mars; volunteers enter it, vanish, by matter-transmission, and are never seen again. This is the story of such a volunteer, Richard Falk, who, being immune to the conditioning which has produced a race of crime-less, war-less -- and motive-less! -- humans, is driven by hope and curiosity to investigate the doorway. An appreciated antidote to the effect of the previous story.

7. BEACHCOMBER. Three million years ahead, the entire universe is about to be wiped out, by an enemy from another time-line -- "destroyed down to the last quantum." There is no defence -- just a gigantic trick, which may or may not come off. One man must bear the burden of responsibility....and he fails, in the most ghastly way. He turns up on a beach, on a planet which is just being opened to the tourist trade. Why does he spend so much time picking up pebbles?

A readable collection of stories written in the slightly off-beat Knight style.

THE DEEP REACHES OF SPACE ; A Bertram Chandler(Herbert Jenkins 12/6)

A story concerning the mysteries of the human mind, set within an action-packed adventure story. George Whitley, ex-sailor-turned-SF-writer, is tackling his first full-length novel when a doctor friend asks him to act as a guinea-pig in an experiment involving lysergic acid. After the injection, Whitley finds himself occupying the body of the hero of his book -- Second Officer on board a space ship which has been flung every which way by a magnetic storm. To make matters worse, he has little or no access to 2/O Quinn's technological memories -- only to highly personal ones concerning his relationship with the ship's nursing sister, Leonora Starr.

When the ship finally manages to crash-land on a planet, Quinn/Whitley finds himself in command. The indigenous life-forms are inimical and repulsively frog-like. The planet itself is not exactly Eden-like. The manner of the party's eventual escape is somewhat contrived -- but if all this action does take place in Whitley's mind, one must concede that 'anything goes' in the survival line.

Having got his crew and passengers safely off-planet, Whalley allows himself to relax -- and drifts back to his own body and his own time, probably faced with the prospect of driving himself slowly crazy. Was it a drug-induced dream? It must have been, and yet ...there is concrete evidence to the contrary....

Since the human mind is still very much terra incognita, one can only accept that this kind of detailed, consistent (in the temporal sense) hallucination is at least possible.

Verdict : OK if you've no objection to slimy horrors, both detailed and implied.

SIRIUS : OLAF STAPLEDON (Penguin 3/6.)

Olaf Stapledon, university lecturer in psychology & philosophy wrote this book in his late fifties. Consequentially the style tends to be somewhat stilted and pedantic, long prose passages containing very little dialogue and much abstruse analysis. However if one takes the trouble to read this book -- and I stress that it must be read, with complete attention -- not just skimmed over -- the story that emerges is intriguing and evocative of compassion. If you liked ODD JOHN, you'll probably like this; although the main character in this case is a dog-plus, his reactions to the human race are often very similar to those of ODD JOHN.

By means of hormone injections into impregnated bitches, Thomas Trelone finally succeeds in achieving 'super-sheep-dogs,' and his crowning triumph is Sirius, sole survivor of a litter of four. Sirius is, when fully-grown, termed a man-dog, in that he has the brain of a man, -- and a brilliant man at that, -- but all of the senses and instincts of a dog. He and Trelone's youngest child, Plaxy are raised together; Sirius learns to talk and read, and even contrives to write by means of a special glove.

The story deals with the close and unique relationship between girl and dog, and is given an intriguing slant in that it is written from the viewpoint of the man Plaxy finally marries. Stapledon's natural proclivity for tragedy and the 'beauty of sadness' is demonstrated here as much as in his other works.

Not what I would term light reading. This edition has an attractive cover, a reproduction of an abstract by Paul Klee.

THE FURY FROM EARTH: Dean McLaughlin (Pyramid 2/6)

A 22nd century story of strife between the settlers on Venus and the 'tyrants' of Earth who keep them in a kind of subjection by denying them access to up-to-date education and industrialisation. However, one determined young man of Venus succeeds in getting for himself an education on Earth -- morally as well as mentally. When war comes between Venus and Earth, Alex Frost is, naturally, torn two ways.

....continued on Page 43.....

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

by TERRY JEEVES

EDITE

.... Pete has kindly asked me to resume the prozine reviews which I used to do for VECTOR, but before digging in, I'd like to clarify a point. These reviews will be MY OWN OPINION, and provided you bear that in mind, I trust they will supply a guide to some of the current crop of SF. You may not agree with me, but for once I'm in the position where I can't be wrong....What I say will be my opinion no matter how much it differs, (as it most probably will) from the majority. Top stories...few and far between, will get an 'A' rating. 'C' will be the average mark, and 'E' will label a stinker 'B' and 'D' will mark the halfway stages. One final point...I'm rather hard to please. So here goes.

ANALOG....MAY 1964.

UNDERCURRENTS (James H Schmitz) Since this is a serial, I'll review it when I have all the parts.

ONCE A COP (Rick Raphael) Much as I disagree with the basic premise of 500-plus mph Thruways, once the idea is accepted, this is a thoroughly enjoyable story of driving violations and the attempt by influential parents to subvert the law enforcement. Rating....B
FAIR WARNING. (John Brunner) Normally I enjoy Brunner's yarns, while disliking him and his 'politics' In this case, a pointless little vignette concerning a nuclear test aborted through interference from a never identified 'superman-type' source, puts all three on the same side of the fence. John has obviously tried to make it a vehicle for bomb-banning, and only good writing saves it from E. Rating....D

A NICHE IN TIME (William F Temple.) Time travelling 'Visitors' cheer up famous people in the past so they will not fail to make their great discoveries. The story concerns a 'Visitor' who gets cheered up in his turn. Rating....barely C

HUNGER (Christopher Anvil.. who I still think is Russell.) Tourists in a semi-automatic spaceship inadvertently make life tough for some colonists, but a combination of forces makes life begin to appear bearable again. Rating....D.

There are also two articles, one on the problem of 'The Gyroscopic Earth' and another on 'Smoking and Lung Cancer' The former was way over my head and interest. The latter was slightly interesting. I'd rather have had them both chucked out to make room for another story.

GALAXY....APRIL 1964.

THE BOY WHO BOUGHT OLD EARTH (Cordwainer Smith) A 'sick-making hodgepodge concerning a teenager who has telepathic spasms, and barely scrapes through the 'Test' for manhood. He talks his computer into bulling the stock market until he owns Earth, and then comes to visit it. Don't waste your time on this badly hashed-up fair tale. Rating....E

FINAL ENCOUNTER (Harry Harrison) Halfway around the Galaxy, an exploration team contacts Aliens....they turn out to be mutated humans, coming around the other way....Oh gosh then we are aloneHo hum, Rating....D

THE BLASPHEMERS (P.J. Farmer) A race of centaurs live a civilised but tradition-bound life. Teenagers have their own secret revolts, and when found out, are sent to do more of the same... 'cos the forward-looking bosses know that this is what's needed ...an overthrow of the old gods...but unfortunately, the teenagers turn up some real evidence.... Rating....C

THE END OF THE RACE (A. Bermel) To avoid war, Russia & America agree to drop one bomb each, on the other's territory. However they can't agree on which cities to drop it... deadlock ensues, until it is settled by their each dropping their own bomb on their own city. At times like this, I wish for an extension to the scale so that I could rate the thing lower than E minus.

SOFT AND SOUPY WHISPERS (S. Scyoc) A built-in monitor prevents a man from doing wrong, but acts up a bit when due for an overhaul. Once overhauled, the controlled human goes right back to behaving. Oh hum. Rating....D

EARTH EIGHTEEN (E. Mason) Another of those fanzine rejects about a futuristic tour of the sights of some slightly different future Earth. Rating....E

AT THE FEELIES (Jack Sharkey) A slightly interesting mock review of some old films, as they might be revived for the 'feelies'....D

The last two items, coupled with the lead story by Cordswallop Smith make me wonder just who the hell does buy Galaxy. Me? I buy it partly from habit, and partly because I have a full set, and it takes willpower to discontinue it...but I can't stand this trash much longer....Oh yes, you also get Willy Ley digging up interesting bits and pieces.

IF....MAY 1964

A novelty issue in that all stories are by authors with the name of Smith.

THE IMPERIAL STARS (E. E. Smith, PhD) Interstellar agents (acting in all sorts of illegal ways) succeed in foiling a deep-seated plot against the Galactic monarchy. Nowhere near Doc's best, but it rattles along. Rating....C

THE STORE OF HEART'S DESIRE. (Cordwainer Smith) This is some sort of follow-up slosh to the Galaxy story, and even worse. I gave up after ten pages, so can only say.....E⁻

FIRE 2016. (George O Smith) A fireman of the future is an important person, and his daughter may not be wooed by a mere insurance (failed fireman) youngster. However, good insuring wins him the girl....D
THE FINAL EQUATION (J.Smith) A scientist evolves an equation which embraces the Universe. When he erases it, the universe vanishes. Not too long, it almost gets C, but is only D.

....I'm thinking of forming a society for the abolition of Cordwainer Smith and the Galaxy Publishing Co. Prospective members let me know.
See you next time.....Terry Jeeves.

THE SCIENCE FICTION BOOK CLUB

Programme for the next six months

Tales Of Ten Worlds (Clarke) June

Four Dimensional Nightmare (Ballard) July

Expert Dreamers (ed. Fohl) August.

Methuselahs Children (Heinlein) September

Joymakers (Gunn) October.

Conditionally Human (Miller) November.

books are 6/- each
plus postage. Full
details can be ob-
tained from :-

SCIENCE FICTION BOOK CLUB, 10-13 Bedford St, London, W.C.2.

BOOK REVIEWS by BERYL HENLEY (continued from page 40.)

He loves an Earth girl, -- Judith, daughter of his mentor and friend Paul Warren, -- but he also wants a free Venus. To make matters even more involved, he finds himself highly critical of Venus's President Coleman, who, it transpires, wants not only a free Venus, but a subjugated Earth and Mars.

But the scientists of Earth, with their vastly superior technology, brain-power, and facilities, discover a weapon powerful enough to shake a whole planet. And only Alex, on Venus, has the knowledge -- gained, ironically, on Earth, -- to fathom the secrets of this fantastic weapon. I didn't understand the technical explanation of how this weapon works -- but at least there is an explanation, in some detail, so that the budding Einsteins won't be bitterly frustrated.

The strife between Earth and Venus is cleverly reflected, in miniature, in the conflict which takes place in the mind and emotions of Alex Frost.

I found this one rather better than I'd expected, from the somewhat lurid cover, and my unfamiliarity with the author's name.

BOOKS FOR REVIEW SHOULD BE SENT TO THE EDITORIAL ADDRESS.

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BOUND BOOKS

Gollancz.	Cycle Of Fire	.Hal Clement (15/-)
	In Deep	.Damon Knight (15/-)
	Furious Future	.Algis Budrys. (15/-)
	Gunner Cade	.Cyril Judd (15/-)
	Counterfeit World	.Daniel Galouye (15/-)
	Time and Stars	.Poul Anderson (15/-)
	The Terminal Beach	.J.G. Ballard (15/-)
	The Ethical Engineer	.Harry Harrison (15/-)
	Revolt in 2100	.Robert Heinlein (16/-)
	Beyond The Barrier	.Damon Knight (15/-)
Dobson	The Worlds Of SF (ed)	.Robert F Mills (18/-)
	With A Strange Device	.E.F. Russell (15/-)
	The Unpleasant Prof--	
	ession of Jonathan Hoag.	R. Heinlein (18/-)
	New Writings In SF, 1&2	.(ed) John Carnell (16/- ea)
	It Was The Day Of The Robot	
		.Frank Belknap Long (15/-)
	Uncensored Man	.Arthur Sellings (16/-)
Faber	Greybeard	.Brian Aldiss
Hart Davies	Machineries Of Joy	.Ray Bradbury (18/-)
John Murray	Aspects Of SF II	.(ed) Geoff Doherty
Gibson-Phillips	The Time Factor	.Rex Gordon (16/-)
	Seed Of Time	.Rex Gordon (18/6)
Unwin	Tree and Leaf	.Tolkien (PB 5/-, bound 10/6)

PAPERBACKS

Corgi	Beyond Infinity	.Alan E Nourse (June)
	(Tiger by the Tail)	
	The Night Spiders	.John Lymington (July)
	The Dreamers	.Roger Manvell (Aug)
	Countdown	.Chas Eric Maine (Sept)
	A Decade Of F&SF	.(ed) R.P. Mills (Sept)
	The Last Leap	.Daniel Galouye (Oct)
Mayflower	Hellflower	.George O Smith (May)
	Agent Of Vega	.James H Schmitz (June)
	The Grey Aliens	.J Hunter Holly (June)
	Best Sci-Fi 3	.Ed S.T. Smith (July)

New books and Reprints

compiled by ROD MILNER.

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- | | | | |
|--------------|--|-----------------------|------------|
| Digit | Coming Of The Rats | . Smith | (May) |
| | Deadly Sun | . Macgregor | (May) |
| | The Iron and The Anvil | . Rayer | (May) |
| | World At Bay | . Capon | (May) |
| | Beyond The Spectrum | . Thomas | (May) |
| | No Star For Us | . Roy | (June 30) |
| | The Desolate Hand | . Livesay | (June 30) |
| | The Noman Way | . McIntosh | (June 30) |
| | Enemies In Space | .(ed) Conklin | (June 30) |
| Penguin | Yet More SF | .(ed) Aldiss | (July) |
| | The Hugo Winners | .(ed) Asimov | |
| | The Man In The High Castle | . Dick | |
| | Connoisseur's SF | .(ed) T. Boardman Jr. | |
| | Journey To The Centre Of The Earth. | Verne. | |
| | Fifth Planet | . Fred Hoyle | |
| | The Drowned World | . J.G. Ballard | |
| | The Four Dimensional Nightmare. | J.G. Ballard | |
| | Cats Cradle | . Kurt Vonnegut | |
| | Who | . Algis Budrys | |
| Fontana | First Men In The Moon | H.G. Wells | (June) |
| | Valley Of Spiders | H.G. Wells | (June) |
| Panther | Far Stars | . E.F. Russell | (June 18) |
| | 3 From Out There | .(ed) Margulies | (R/F June) |
| | Caves Of Steel | . Asimov | (June) |
| | Currents Of Space | . Asimov | (June) |
| | Second Foundation | . Asimov | |
| | (We hear that permission has been obtained to reprint this book, and we are told that the firm obtained a copy of the US paperback of this title. No publishing date is as yet known.) | | |
| Four Square. | Canopy Of Time | . Brian Aldiss | (July) |
| | Beachheads In Space | . August Derleth (ed) | (July) |
| | Memoirs Of A Spacewoman. | Naomi Mitchison. | (Aug) |
| | From Other Worlds | . August Derleth (ed) | (Sept) |
| | When They Come From Space. | Mark Clifton | (Oct) |
| | Hothouse | . Brian Aldiss | (Nov) |

THORPE AND PORTER RELEASES.

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|-------------------------------------|-----------------|--------------|
| Impact-20 | E.F. Nolan. | Pyramid 3/6. |
| The Million Cities | . McIntosh | Pyramid 3/6 |
| Supermind | . Mark Phillips | Pyramid 3/6 |
| 3 in 1. (Sturgeon, Leinster, Simak) | | Pyramid |

NEW PAPERBACKS IN AMERICA.

May. Atlantida . Pierre Benoit. (Ace 40c.)
The Beast. Van Vogt. MacFadden. (60c)
Inside Outside. P.J. Farmer (Ballantine 50c)
Future Tense. Vance (Ballantine 50c)
Space By The Tail. Bixby. (Ballantine 50c)
Martian Time Slip. P.K. Dick. (Ballantine 50c)
Non-Statistical Man R.F. Jones (Belmont 50c.)
The Space Barbarians. Tom Godwin (Pyramid 50c.)
Three Worlds To Conquer. Poul Anderson (Pyramid 50c)
Dark Side Of Earth - Alfred Bester. (Signet 50c)
Simulacron-3 Daniel F Galouye. (Bantam 40c.)
Day The Oceans Overflowed. Chas Fontenay. (Monarch 35c)
Valley Of Creation. Edmond Hamilton (Lancer 50c)
The Star King. Jack Vance. (Berkeley 50c)
Other Side Of Nowhere. M. Leinster. (Berkeley 50c)
Podkayne Of Mars. Heinlein. (Avon 50c)
Falling Torch. Algis Budrys. (Pyramid 40c)
Sinister Barrier. E.F. Russell. (Paperback Library 50c)

ODDMENTS.

A new book by Isaac Asimov, due at the end of the year, is called THE REST OF THE ROBOTS. This will discuss the history of the Asimov robot series, and will contain CAVES OF STEEL, NAKED SUN, and some short stories.

Robert Heinlein's new serial, FARMHAM'S FREEHOLD begins in IF, July. The book is to appear at 3.95 in September. ((With July issue, IF goes monthly.))

British edition of F&SF ceases publication with the current June issue. VENTURE reprint is to continue at 3/- each.

H. Beam Piper has two new books, FUZZY SAPIENS and FUZZIES AND OTHER PEOPLE due for release soon.

Analog, (July) has a cover by Kelly Freas, his first cover painting for an SF magazine for some years.

A sequel to THE STAR KING is promised from Jack Vance, and also another book in the same vein as DYING EARTH.

Gordon R Dickson's novella in GALAXY last year, HOME FROM THE SEA is to be expanded to book length this year.

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Copies of Fritz Leiber's new novel, THE WANDERER are available at 5/6 each from Mel O'Brian, 19 Roywood Drive, Ontario, Canada.

Dave Busby, 33 Rances Lane, Wokingham, Berks, would like to start a local SF club. Enquiries invited.

GESTALTE

a fanzine produced by Phil Harbottle, will soon be available. All enquiries to Phil, 27 Cheshire Gardens, Wallsend on Tyne, North-umberland.

LETTERS

FROM READERS

Jan Saarva, Vasagatan 40/209, Vasteras, Sweden.

Thanks for Z-4, I enjoyed it very much. You don't need to be afraid that a fan won't like ZENITH, I think. After all, every fan wants to read about SF, and this ZENITH has 36 pages of it !ZENITH is nearly a prof. magazine, with ads. and everything, so I don't think that your rates are too high.....

Terry Jeeves, 30 Thompson Road, Sheffield.

A superb production, from that excellent Atom cover, right through to the end. Lovely and distinctive headings, many varied and good illoes, not to mention the prozine reproductions. If I might stick my neck out, I have only one little suggestion to put the final polish on Z. Knowing the trouble needed to produce justified margins, I don't blame you for not using them, but how about the nearest alternative, a FIXED type area ? I used it in my Analog Checklist (advt.) and it is a very simple way of getting your pages to have a more coherent appearance.....

Also liked your listing of Amateur Publications, but would appreciate a simple one, two, or three star rating, a note on the number of pages in the issue mentioned, and maybe even a brief note on repro technique, when it goes beyond mere stencil cuttingBeam Piper's History left me cold, I'm afraid...first of all, the Atomic Era dating may be cute, but left me floundering as to where and when we might expect any given item..and I wasn't sufficiently interested in the dry facts given to work them out. This would be a great article to Piper fans, and Bibliophiles, but to me it just fell flat, I'm sorry to say.

The Berry yarn was far better, and with him off the Goon saga I thoroughly enjoyed this one.

SF Art was for me the best thing in the issue, and was so well done, so deep in titbits of information, so erudite, and yet so entertaining, that I realise right away that I'm not the bloke to do a follow-up article...

.....Book and PB reviews as good as ever, but surely Rod Milner can't mean sales of 50 PB's in three or four weeks ? Put me out of my misery and tell me that he meant 50,000 copies

Graham Hall, 86 Carrant Road, Mitton Manor, Nr Tewkesbury.

....If you put the price up much more you'll lose custom. It should be a hoboy, in my opinion. But if you're trying to make a prozine, I suppose you are going about it in the right way. I don't like to say this, but for all your claims to be a prozine-styled fanzine, your contents just aren't prozine-ish. Still, if you repeat your policy a few more times in your editorials, perhaps you'll convince yourself that that's what you're doing. I think the policy is admirable. I just think the magazine doesn't fit the policy.

Sorry but.... I guess your magazine must be pretty popular. The Letter Column is never filled with anything but glowing comments.... which adds more to its difference from a prozine. Have you ever seen a prozine whose Letter Column was not filled with a lot of letters, saying, 'This magazine is Crud' ?

Dave Busby, 33 Rances Lane, Wokingham, Berks.

Re ZENITH-4. Cover - Superb ! Articles likewise are extremely good. Departments good ! My few quibbles are slight. Some of the actual reproduction of text was pretty bad, I'm afraid, unlike number Three, but also, unlike No.3, the illustrations came out perfectly, except maybe the one on Page Five. Also, I would like to see the number of the issue on the cover. My only real complaint is the lack of a proper Letter Column.

Leland Sapiro, 1242 37th Drive, Los Angeles, 7. California.

I share your aversion to " the average 'fannish' type of article or story", but the magazine itself I can only admire for its attitude, and for what it tries to do--and not for its actual accomplishments, which in the issue you sent (3) are very few.

The Book Reviews, although the best part of the magazine, are barely adequate; 'No Smoking', while written by a Science Fiction writer, is not an SF story; the BBC article is merely a set of synopses; and what should have been the most important article,--- your own 'Campbell's Kingdom' -- mentions nothing important relative to its subject.

That Campbell was interested in Dianetics, the Hieronymus Machine, the Dean Drive, etc, is common knowledge. What we wish to know, is why -- and about this you say nothing.....

POUL ANDERSON

THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS.

a portfolio of illustrations,
drawn by Poul Anderson. Printed
by the LASFS and available at
2/6 post paid from your Editor

Harry Warner Jr, 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Maryland, USA.

The fourth issue of ZENITH interested me very much, after dazing me at first glance. Zenith to me is a decades-dead fanzine, published by Harry Turner, as neat and well-illustrated as your publication. It was unsettling to find something similar suddenly reaching me in this futuristic time, like a slightly-altered ghost of fandom's past. I'm feeling much better now, thanks.

....You are probably too pessimistic about the reception of ZENITH with respect to its non-fannish content. Those of us who like the fannish-type fanzine very much, also like the pro-slanted fanzine, as long as nobody tries to find reasons for a campaign to wipe out the fan-slanted publications. I think that the pro-slanted fanzines are fine, as long as they don't become too numerous. There is so little good new science fiction appearing today that the subject matter available to fanzines about contemporary SF is sharply limited; witness the repetitive reviews of each new Heinlein novel that begin to weary for their sameness after the eighth or tenth is published. It's always possible to delve into the past for fanzine material, but the topics that can be handled without a scholarly research project taking scores of hours, are comparatively few. Just imagine how difficult it would be to find anything fresh and original in a fanzine, if every fanzine today contained nothing but material about science fiction. It would be very much worse than the present reliance on Con-reports, incredible though this statement may sound.

....If you apologise for the reproduction in this issue, I can't imagine what would satisfy you. The illustrations are superb, without exception, although I'm not sure that the electrostencil process does full justice to certain fan artists. I'd guess that Atom put his front cover on to stencil himself, and the Eddie Jones pictures for the Dodd article were done by machine. The machine can't produce the completely violent strength of broad lines that the human hand creates in England. Nobody in the United States can get those line effects on stencils by hand, however, so I'm not blaming the machine too much.

John Boston, 816 South First St, Mayfield, Kentucky, USA.

There is one request that I would like to make; for the benefit of us poor benighted Americans, could you identify whenever possible the English editions by their alternate American titles, if any. For instance, the forthcoming Chandler book, "Deep Reaches Of Space" could be any of two or three published novels in the US, or a parallel edition of a book called Glory Planet to appear here this summer, and so forth.

I would also like some information on how to get hold of new British titles from over here. I'm sending for Ken Slater's lists, but I don't know whether this covers new books or just second-hand stuff. I'd also like to find out something about the Science Fiction Book Club over there. Who do I write ?

FANTAST (MEDWAY) Ltd, 75 Norfolk St, Wisbech, Cambs, UK. Send for catalogue of new & second-hand titles in SF books & mags.

The Transatlantic Fan Fund.

A Resume by Ethel Lindsay.

The Transatlantic Fan Fund has been a going concern since 1955, when Ken Bulmer made the first trip to the USA. Since then three other British fans have travelled to attend an American convention; and four US fans have come to our conventions. The current campaign is to send either Arthur Thomson or Phil Rogers, to attend the 1964 Con in San Francisco. Funds are obtained by levieing a fee on each voter, and also funds come from donations. The donations are received from individuals, convention committees, raffles, auctions, etc. Each TAFF delegate becomes in turn the Administrator of the Fund, so that there are always two -- one for each side of the Pond.

Before the start of the campaign is the nominating period. To stand as a candidate, a fan must meet four requirements; by constant hashing over of " what is a fan ? " it has become assumed that if a body can meet these requirements, he or she is likely to make a good delegate. These requirements are ;--

1. Five nominators -- three from the fan's own country and two from overseas.
2. A hundred word platform to appear on the official ballot. This should be written by the nominating fans, and should acquaint the general fan with his background.
3. Five dollars or 35 shillings as bond of good faith, and a donation to the Fund.
4. A statement signed by the candidate to the effect that he or she is ready, willing and able to make the trip, barring acts of God.

As TAFF Administrator I am always available (as is Ron Ellik or Wally Weber) to answer any questions, give help or advice. Fans who wish to act as nominators are particularly urged to use the help of the Administrators.

Voting for this year's campaign closes on May 31st, 1964.

VOTING HAS NOW BEEN CONCLUDED. THE WINNER OF THIS YEARS'
TRIP IS :-

Arthur Thomson

BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

All enquiries, including details of membership, to the Secretary,--
Rod Milner, 44 Sheepwash Lane, Greatbridge, Tipton, Staffs.

FOUR SQUARE BOOKS



FOUR SQUARE

BEACHHEADS IN SPACE AUGUST DERLETH

Clifford Simak, Eric Frank
Russell, L. Sprague de Camp,
A. E. Van Vogt and Nelson Bond.

The best, chosen by
August Derleth.

