

SCIENCE FICTION *News*

No. 37

January 1972

TIGER RIDE

Guesses as to who would have the formidable task of filling John Campbell's shoes would have been futile, but all of us must have mentally arrived at much the same short list. It is safe to say that there would have been very few nominations for Benjamin William Bova. Yet he looks like a good choice. Born in 1932, he belongs to the generation that should be in the van of SF, which was able to encounter the field in its incipient maturity. Much older, we have our minds cobwebbed with prejudices dating from early hangups and false starts; much younger, we are in danger of having missed the point, or at least not yet found the forest.

Bova has been writing science fiction since 1959, appearing frequently in the magazines as well as publishing a few books; but his background is scientific, and more or less popular scientific writing has been his main livelihood, ranging from his articles in *Analog* to juvenile books like *Reptiles since the World Began* and film scripts for the Physical Science Studies Committee's high school series. He is on record as saying in answer to a query as to his views on SF generally: "I do get bothered by stories that are scientifically wrong -- after all, the name of the game is science fiction," while at the same time he thought that "My own contributions to the field have been totally negligible." He is almost certain to change that.

Our first advice to Ben Bova is to treat all advice from us spectators as so much background noise -- and it is probably superfluous, for he

Tiger Ride

must have the good sense to have worked that out for himself. His position is going to be a hard one enough. Campbell rode a tiger that should have dislodged him twenty years ago; instead of riding where the tiger was going he somehow kept it padding amicably in his own direction of the moment. Who can repeat that incredible run of good luck or judgment?

One thing that seems clear is that it was a performance not to be reduced to formula and followed; Never mind what Campbell did, Bova or any other editor will have to take his own approach. It was a little discouraging to see a faithful imitation of a typical Campbell editorial in the February issue. In fact, editorials could be dispensed with as a regular feature, unless they are going to be directly relevant.

PLAGIARISM

So some naughty fellow has sold Anthony Zoucher's Nine-Finger Jack to Galaxy as his own work! True plagiarism is rare in SF, and this is the only example in the US since one in 1943 when Amazing bought a story that proved to have been lifted from the prewar British Fantasy. That was an obscure item. Nine-Finger Jack is a well known story by a well known writer, and Jakobsson an experienced editor with plenty of background. What it shows is that SF is far too extensive for anyone to know it thoroughly enough to spot this trick every time. Look for more cases as shrewder operators exploit the weakness this has revealed.

EASTERN EUROPEAN SF ORGANISATION

At the invitation of the Hungarian Writers' Association, nineteen delegates representing SF writers and critics of Hungary, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Rumania, Yugoslavia and the USSR met in Budapest last October 26/28 to consider their mutual interests.

From their press release: "The delegations gave accounts of the present state of science fiction literature and the related theoretical work in their respective countries...led by the common conviction that their experiences could be united with mutual advantage for all concerned in the interest of socialist science fiction...

"The consultative conference established the fact that science fiction, with the immense momentum given to it by the scientific-technological revolution, is developing greatly both in quantity and quality in our countries and public interest in it is increasing just like in numerous other countries all over the world...

"With regard to the permanently increasing interest in the idealism and high artistic level of socialist science fiction on the part of readers, writers and theoreticians in Europe and the whole world, the participants emphasise the importance of finding possibilities to maintain close connections with the progressive writers in Europe and all the world. The conference expresses its conviction that the literature and art of science fiction should serve the ideals of friendship between the nations of the world, of peace and social progress."

All of this reflects quite a different approach from what we are used to, and some of its assumptions will find little support in English

Eastern European SF organisation

language SF circles. But SF is now established in other cultures and is being developed in other directions. And what do we know about them? Not much, thanks to our insularity. A substantial amount of American and British SF has for many years been translated into many other languages, but virtually nothing has been done in the other direction. The samples we have had of Russian SF have not been very impressive, true. Do we know of they are representative? Do they reflect anything of the totally unknown Bulgarian or Hungarian SF? We don't know.

It is interesting, too, to hear of the field growing and developing in other languages: it's been static, if not declining, in English for some years. Don't knock the wide-eyed idealism expressed in this message. SF ought to express hopes for peace and progress, among other things. Perhaps what's wrong with ours is too much cynicism and fear of involvement.

By the way, note that this was a meeting of accredited representatives of officially recognised organisations, not something open to any jerk who read a plug for it in *Amazing*.

Rightly or wrongly, international SF is a reality. We should give it more attention. The Eastern Europeans propose to develop the Hungarians' established journal SF Tájékoztató ("Information") into a common critical and theoretical journal. It will be interesting to see how they make out.

Review Section

The MIDNIGHT DANCERS
by Gerard F. Conway

Ace PB (52975) 1971
7-221 p.

I have the impression that this is a first novel although the blurb doesn't say so. It is yet another quest story (cover: "Quest across the Cosmos") set on, as usual, a relatively unspoiled planet -- in this case the one planet in the Galaxy where man has escaped madness caused by the Fates -- the Midnight Dancers of the title. The cosmos part occurs in the last 26 pages, the first time that to me the author's style became readable. Until this last section I had been so irritated by the style -- a mixture of past tense when the hero author was telling the tale and present when his co-questors were giving their impressions of the scene -- and the woodenness of the characters, that I did not really want to go on reading: sheer lack of reading matter forced the issue.

If you enjoy novels featuring an introspective hero who finds himself as do all the other characters -- none of whom are memorable in themselves -- then this may be for you. Otherwise give it a miss. You won't be missing much.

-- Helen Chong

The WORLDS OF FRANK HERBERT. Ace PB (90925) 1971
by Frank Herbert 7-191 p. '75c

These nine stories by the best-selling author of Dune are very varied and all entertaining. They range from the extremely funny A.W.F. Unlimited to the slightly sick G.M. Effect.

Most of Herbert's stories are far from the usual stereotyped science fiction -- such stories

Reviews

as *The Tactful Saboteur*, in which Earth Government has a built in Bureau of Sabotage to prevent government getting things done too quickly and getting out of hand -- and *Mating Call*, where a team of field agents answer a request for help from a planet's civilisation where birth rate is declining rapidly, and to put it mildly get rather unexpected results.

Escape Felicity contains one of the most unusual receptions a space ship could hope for if it landed in a rural area of an unknown planet.

Some of the stories have a sting in the tail, the type of surprise ending one expects to find in Asimov's shorts, and they are never very predictable. If Herbert's writings carry any messages they are incidental to the telling of some good science fiction stories.

-- Maureen Sparshott

TIME TUNNEL
by Murray Leinster

Sidgwick & Jackson 1971
7-140 p. HC A\$4.30

"Murray Leinster, the old master of science fiction, presents a time travel novel with a gruesome twist, and proves again that he is unique amongst fantasy authors." So says the blurb on the dust jacket of this neatly packaged novel. Leinster does not have to prove that he is "unique amongst fantasy authors" as he has proved worth reading at any time in the realms of science fiction. But even good writers lay an egg, and in my opinion this egg is a lulu. The novel is pedestrian. I could not involve myself with the plight of the hero, who repeatedly reminded us that if he didn't go back in time -- to 1804 to be exact, to Napoleonic France--the world would be destroyed.

The action, and I use the term loosely, of the novel is set in France, and the time tunnel of the title is a natural one, not invented or devised that is, and provides the only interesting phases in the story.

The main characters are cardboard, the only one who appeals is Albert, a retired thief, who seems quite human. When transported to early 19th Century France he is delighted with the primitive locks and bars he encounters in the nocturnal pursuit of his chosen trade. Unfortunately he remains a secondary character.

In a tale which is devoid of gadgetry and "new worlds", it would seem essential that the author place emphasis on story line and characters. However, the slight story and unreal characters provide no excitement and generate little interest.

If The Time Tunnel is worth reading it is only for the descriptions of France in the Napoleonic period. Leinster's description of the night, black without artificial light, presents a tangible darkness, and his Paris is full of vibrant life and pictures which remain vivid to the reader compared with the rest of the story.

To return to the blurb -- the novel is devoid of any "gruesome twist" or real action, and left this reader glad to finish an ordinary tale.

-- Peter McKay

The ECLIPSE OF DAWN
by Gordon Eklund

Ace (18630) 1971
7-221 p. PB 75c

Another "Brave New World" type of novel. (Do publishers call them "Science Fiction" simply because they don't know what else to call them?) As ever the theme is a small man in a large,

Reviews

disturbed society.

The 1983 U.S. Presidential Elections face a country still bitter after the civil wars of the 70's. Parts of the social order, no longer recognised as social ills, are smog, pollution and frequent cannibalism. The United Nations, under Japanese influence, have placed a boycott on all international trade with the U.S.

Robert Colonby is a great new hope as the Presidential candidate, standing against the existing president, who is almost a complete recluse. The book is written as an autobiography from the point of view of Jack Jacobi, a mediocre novelist writing a book about Colonby, who serves as the only-slightly-involved hero, common to this type of novel.

It is difficult to describe the interaction of several threads in the plot. Colonby's main handicap in the election is his own policy of "fraternisation" with Japan. The President himself takes little part in campaigning. The Japanese have a space ship headed for Jupiter; in the U.S. it is commonly believed that on Jupiter will be found a super-race that will endow man with the virtues of kindness, wisdom, purity and innocence, etc. The climax comes when the ship reaches Jupiter, to find a barren planet. Colonby becomes deranged and murders Jacobi's sister, the prophetess of the super-race. This, however, is not made public and he succeeds to the Presidency.

Throughout the book every character is sooner or later revealed as fundamentally insane, not as the "nod at him every now and then" Dickens family madman, but as a proper psychopath, bent on sadism, incest or murder.

The book is grim, with little or no humor. Your appreciation of it will be determined by the

extent to which you can accept the author's ideas about the decline of America and her unbalanced political system.

-- Bruce Williams

The HUNTERS OF JUNDAGAI, by Kenneth Bulmer b/w
PROJECT JOVE, by John Glasby. Ace Double (68310)
5-111, 5-140 p. PB 75c

The Bulmer has the brawny but brainless hero blundering through various worlds by Dimension-travel when he becomes accidentally involved with a resistance movement against a mysterious Contessa. Loose ends in the story are deliberately left unexplained: these will no doubt be tidied up in subsequent stories about the Contessa. The main part of The Hunters of Jundagai tells of how our hero is launched on his blundering way and of how he becomes a fancy-man on the safari-planet Jundagai. The pace is fast, the style very similar to the old adventure pulps. Hopefully, Bulmer had a slight bulge in his cheek when he wrote this one. If you want an hour or so of simple minded male fantasy, this is it.

Project Jove tells of the mess which results when a trouble-making Senator and his investigators (including Dr. Jill Packard) probe Project Jove, which is set on the surface of Jupiter ostensibly to carry out high pressure research. The actual experiments are done by robots while the humans monitor them from Io. The project leader has been running secret experiments which must not come to light; the Senator insists on going down to the surface to investigate and is wrecked; a rescue operation is mounted; the robots revolt...ho hum.

The author makes a creditable effort to convey the conditions of Jupiter's surface, but he is not

Reviews

in the Hal Clement or Poul Anderson class when it comes to describing the causes and effects of strange physical systems. Jupiter has a surface gravity of 2.5 g, not "a tremendous gravitational pull", and there seems to be some confusion in the author's mind between the effects of gravity and atmospheric pressure. It was the rope of being able to make pedantic little points like this which kept me reading an otherwise uninteresting story to the end. I cannot recommend it unless you want to see how many inaccuracies the author has put into the tale.

This story gives me an opportunity to sound off about a stock SF character who has been souring my disposition for years. Why, oh why, is it necessary to introduce into a story a beautiful woman scientist whose sole functions are to go into hysterics at moments of crisis and into a clinch with a male in the quieter moments? In my years of wandering I have yet to meet a beautiful woman scientist, and such female scientists as I have encountered have been, without exception, tough cookies who would be efficiently dragging out hysterical male colleagues while the lab went up in flames around them. So, gentlemen, please, give Germaine Greer a fair go and delete such characters as Dr. Jill Packard.

-- Robert Chong

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BEASTS
by Brian Stableford

Ace (37106) 1971
5-188 p. PB 75c

On the front cover of this "SF" (?) book it says: "An epic novel of ten thousand years to come." If this is what it would be like I would commit suicide. I have never read such rubbish -- and to call it science fiction is to slander good SF writers. It reads more like a "lit-

orary" nightmare. I wouldn't recommend it to anyone except my two year old for practicing drawing on.

-- Erin Wright

ACE SCIENCE FICTION READER:

The Trouble with Tycho, by Clifford D. Simak;

The Last Castle, by Jack Vance;

Empire Star, by Sammel R. Delany.

Ace (00275) 1971

PB 95c

The Trouble with Tycho

Tycho is a forbidden crater on the Moon. The "Trouble" with Tycho is that while entry into its mysteriously deadly region is difficult and hazardous return from it is almost an impossibility, as shown by the mysterious and total disappearance of three expeditions. The author relates the story in the first person in an easygoing tale telling manner, as experienced by the hero.

Chris Jackson, a freelance Lunar prospector, heavily in debt to his group of hometown backers, is willing to risk death on the chance of making a fortune from locating and salvaging the vanished expeditions' equipment and ships. It takes little persuasion on the part of headstrong, young and beautiful Amelia Thompson, to have him join her in the search, as she professes to know the location -- having learned details from her partner-brother who is now suffering from radiation -- she needs the fortune to pay for his treatment, all of which justifies her inclusion.

Simak describes the topographical features of the Moon with perception and descriptive clarity and the reader almost feels that he is aboard the rig as our adventurers traverse the Lunar surface.

Reviews

The plot is quite safe and acceptable to the reader -- but the inclusion of a third member of the expedition seemed to serve no other purposes than (1) provide an added incentive for our hero to undertake a mission he had already decided on; (2) provide an acceptable victim when confronted by the malevolent forces existing in Tycho. These malevolent forces, while deadly and forbidding enough perhaps, fail to "curl the short hairs of the neck" -- if indeed such a phenomenon as short hairs exist today.

However, all in all, a nice easy tale to read, without upsetting either the blood pressure or the idea of man's ingenuity and ability to overcome any situation.

The Last Castle

In this case Castle Hagedorn, inhabited by the self-styled "Last of the Gentlemen". Breakaways from the new home of man, they have returned to Earth and set themselves up in castles built and technically maintained for them by a lower order of life, the Meks, brought from the planet Etamin Nine -- also Peasants for farming and Birds for transport.

Intelligent, self indulgent, decadent and technically useless although technically capable, the Gentlemen and their Ladies survive 700 years before being confronted with revolt of the Meks. The Meks are surely evolved from that specialised group of Earthlings to be seen at any auto service station. They are mainly recognisable by their skin, which unlike normal human skin is covered with liberal coatings of grime, grease and rust. An added clue is often the protruberance from their ear of a transistor radio earplug. It is logical that over thousands of years this should become a

natural feature. The Meks have coppery coloured skin complete with their own radio antennae, now built into the neck, but all tuned to the one program. They are fed by a special syrup poured into a sac in their backs (I have often suspected that our present day mechanics drank sump oil.) With their greater technical skills the Meks are easily able to overcome nine of the ten castles, and indeed even succeed in occupying the last, Hagedorn.

However, due to a lucky tactical stroke by the Gentlemen who have been dispossessed, the besiegers now become the besieged, and a rather hollow victory follows.

The characterisation is sound, but I thought that the author dwelt rather tediously on the ancestral interrelationships (complete with chart) of the various family houses of the Gentlemen and their internal politics. The action, while there, seems slow in evolving, and I feel sure that without the efforts of Xanten the Meks would have triumphed. It is a wonder that this small society of 2000 Gentlemen and Ladies was not eliminated much earlier, as even remarked by the character Claghorn on p. 109: "The life we've been leading couldn't last forever. It's a wonder it lasted as long as it did." I agree.

Empire Star

In Empire Star the beginning is also the end of one cycle of life, but the beginning of another cycle. The same character is re-personified ad infinitum by transference to another life form. The story is very involved and is told by the character Jewel, who is a multiplex consciousness contained in the passive life form of a crystal.

It seems imperative that a message be deliv-

Reviews

cred to "Empire Star", but even the selected bearer of the message seems at first totally unaware of the text, but is rather being nudged in the right directions by remote control forces extorted by Jewel. The characters are multiplex, the story theme very involved, the action continuous -- all in all a story worth while reading. But requiring as much imagination on the part of the reader as the author in relating this tale of the far, far future of man in galactic space.

-- Maurice McKeon

BRIAN ALDISS OMNIBUS (2). Sidgwick & Jackson
13-159, 15-252, 7-174 p. HC \$5-50

This book comprises Space, Time and Nathaniel -- a collection of short stories -- and two novels, Non-Stop and The Male Response.

In the collection there seems to be more SF than there is in the novels. Most of the characters seem more satisfactorily fleshed out (that is, for the length of the medium) than those in the novels. All the short stories are worth reading: this may seem a rather abrupt dismissal of the collection, or rather collections, but Aldiss is an excellent writer and you are unlikely to find your interest flagging while reading them.

Non-Stop is a different kettle of fish, or an uneven pot of stew if you prefer. There is no hero to the tale, although Complain comes close to it at times : at other times he is impossible to identify with. The novel is rather a hodge-podge of SF combined with satire. At first it is SF, but at the entry of the unctuous priest Marapper satire takes over. The real protagonist of the story is the ship, which is travelling to a destination that most of its inhabitants have forgotten about.

There are mutations galore, both vegetable and animal (including human). Some of the inhabitants, indeed, are not aware that they are in a ship. Various tribes have evolved amongst the voyagers, and the novel features some of the battles between them, also with the Outsiders, mysterious giants that come and go by unseen passages. There is of course a fairly foreseeable outcome, together with another that is less foreseeable...I won't spoil the story, if you are going to read it. But on the whole the story is subordinate to the satire, and the characters unpleasant, and at times unbelievable.

The other novel, *The Male Response*, is not so far as I could see SF at all. The premise that a black prince should wish to buy a computer and have it installed in his native African state is not sufficiently unlikely to classify the story as fantasy.

The novel is good fun, of course there is a certain amount of satire involved but the characters are quite human. There is the King, who is also the President, and therefore one finds the wife of the President and the wife of the King -- two different people. The Queen remarks to Soames Noyes, the hero of the story (if there is one) "I make bed with the King: that is fealty. I must not make bed with the President: that would be adultery." One is reminded of the difficulties of Pooch-Bah the Lord High Everything Else in separating his various roles in order to advise Ko-Ko the Lord High Executioner.

Soames, the liaison man of the installation team, a man afflicted with highly imaginative sexual fantasies, all innocently becomes embroiled in plots and counter plots. He begins his stay in Coya, the African state, by crashlanding in a tree.

Reviews

Matters go from bad to worse as he is viewed as the last hope of a lesbian and her homosexual father, the one wishing to lead a normal life, the other not. He is nearly blown up, runs foul of a gang who have shrewdly organised a spare parts monopoly for the computer, makes an enemy of the local witch doctor, is accused of the murder of the Prince, and finally runs for President.-- a post which has rather an unusual custom associated with the inauguration. Again there is a surprise ending, really a surprise (I think). I reiterate -- definitely not science fiction, but certainly worth reading.

-- Denise Palmer

CURRENT SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS

ADLARD, Mark

INTERFACE. Sidgwick, 1971. 191 p. HC £1.50

ANTHONY, Piers [i.e. Piers Anthony Dillingham
Jacob, 1934-]

PROSTHO PLUS. Gollancz, 1971. 190 p. HC £1.60

BAXTER, John [Martin] 1939-

The SECOND PACIFIC BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION. Angus & Robertson, London, 1971. x, 149 p. HC £1.75. This is the collection previously issued in PB as The Second Pacific of Australian SF. In the UK they must think "Australian" is a dirty enough word to lose sales. Review: SF News Aug 71.

DARRINGTON, Hugh

GRAVITOR. Sidgwick, 1971. 7-203 p. HC £1.50

DICK, Philip K[inred]

GALACTIC POT-HEALER. Gollancz, 1971. 191 p. HC
£1.60 (1st Doubleday 1969; Berkley PB 1969)

Review: Analog Mch 1970 p. 168

DIRAC, Hugh

PROFIT OF DOOM. Sidgwick, 1971. 192 p. HC
£1.35. Organ transplants and consequent social
developments.

ELDER, Michael

The ALLEN EARTH. Hale, 1971. 188 p. HC £1.10

FARMER, Philip Jose, 1918-

TO YOUR SCATTERED BODIES GO, a science fiction
novel. Putnam, 1971. 221 p. HC \$4.95. Parts
appeared in IF. Very doubtful if this odd story
of life after death -- or possibility just rein-
carnation if you prefer -- can be rationalised
as SF. Review: If June 1971 p. 146

HARRISON, Harry [Maxwell]

The STAINLESS STEEL RAT'S REVENGE. Faber, 1971.
185 p. HC £1.75. (1st Walker 1970)

HEINLEIN, Robert A[nson] 1907-

CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY. Ace (10606) 1971, 5-253 p.
PB 95c. (1st in Astounding US Sep-Dec 1957, Br.
Jan-Apr 1958. Scribner 1957; Gollancz 1969. In
German as Bewohner der Milchstrasse)

Reviews: Astounding US May 1958 p. 138; SF
News Dec 1971; Christian Science Monitor 7
Nov 1957 p. 16; NY Herald Tribune 17 Nov 1957
p. 20; NY Times 29 Dec 1957 p. 16; Saturday
Review 16 Nov 1957 p. 89

-- HAVE SPACE SUIT, WILL TRAVEL. Ace (31800) 1971.
5-225 p. PB 95c. (1st in Mag of F&SF Aug-Oct
1958. Scribner 1958; Gollancz 1970; New Eng-

Current Books

lish Library 1971. In German as Piraten im Welt-
enraum)

- METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN. New English Library,
1971. 175 p. PN 30 np. (1st in Astounding US
Jly-Sep 1941. Gnome 1958; Signet PB 1960;
Gollancz 1963) Reviews: New Worlds 137; Aust-
ralian 6.3.65 p. 11

HOYLE, Fred and Geoffrey
The MOLECULE MEN; and The MONSTER OF LOCH NESS.
Heinemann, 1971. 255 p. HC £1.90

HUGHES, James
ENDS. Knopf, 1971. 227 p. HC \$5.95. Queer
future society, this time suicide made respect-
able. Reviews: New Statesman 11.6.71 p. 815;
Library Journal 1.4.71 p. 1289; NY Times
17.1.71 p. 30; Saturday Review 20.2.71 p. 37;
Times Lit. Suppt. 18.6.71 p. 693

LONG, Frank Belknap, 1903-
MONSTER FROM OUT OF TIME. Hale, 1971. 176 p.
HC £1.10 (1st Popular Lib. PB 60c)

NOLAN, William F. ed.
A WILDETWISS OF STARS; Stories of Man in Conflict
with Space. SF Book Club, 1971. xi. 276 p. HC
(1st Sherbourne 1969; Gollancz 1970) Good col-
lection of 10 stories by W. M. Miller, Bradbury,
Anderson and others)

van VOGT, A[lfred] E[lton] 1912-
van VOGT OMNIBUS, 2. Sidgwick. 1971. 171, 190,
156 p. HC £2.25. Reissue in one binding of The
Mind Cage, The Winged Man (collaboration with
E. Mayne Hull, Mrs. van Vogt) and Slan.

FURTHER REVIEWS

Noted since these books were listed in SF News:

- Abc, K. Inter Ice Age 4. Analog Jly 1971 p. 164
Amosoff, V. Notes from the Future.
Analog Jly 1971 p. 163; Library Jnl Jly 1970
p. 2512; National Review 25.8.70 p. 903; News-
week 13.7.70 p. 100
Anderson, P. Satan's World. Galaxy Mch 1971 p. 117
-- Tau Zero. Mag of F&SF Mch 1971 p. 14
Barjavel, R. The Ice People.
Analog Jly 1971 p. 163; Library Jnl 15.3.71
p. 979 & 1138; NY Times 7.3.71 p. 32
Benford, G. Deeper than the Darkness. Amazing
Sep 1971 p. 112
Bamber, G. The Sea is Boiling Hot. If Ja/Feb 1972
p. 156
Compton, D. G. Chronocules. Analog Jly 1971 p. 167
Dickson, G. R. The Tactics of Mistake. Galaxy
Sep/Oct 1971 p. 146
Edmondson, G. C. The Ship that sailed the Time
Stream. If Ja/Feb 1971 p. 125
Goodstone, T. The Pulp. IF Sep/Oct 1971
p. 143; Galaxy Apr 1971 p. 140
Harrison, E. The Dalton Effect. If June 1971 p.
148
Heinlein, R. A. I will fear no Evil. Analog Mch
1971 p. 169; Mag of F&SF Mch 1971 p. 17
-- Tunnel in the Sky. If Ja/Feb 1971 p. 124
LeGuin, U. K. City of Illusions. If Ja/Feb 1971
p. 125
Len, S. Solaris. Amazing Jan 1972 p. 111

SCIENCE FICTION NEWS

No. 37

January 1972

issued monthly by
Australian Science Fiction Association
Box 852, P.O., Canberra City, ACT 2601

The Association aims to bring together all seriously interested in science fiction in order to advance the study and appreciation of the field. Inquiries and suggestions are welcome.

-- G. B. Stone, Secretary