

ZENITH



September 1964.

Number Six

ZENITH

editorial

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On average I now have 16 hours per week in which to handle all of my fan activities. This includes work on ZENITH, itself highly time-consuming, and, of course, taking precedence. This may explain why, if you have written, no answer has been forthcoming. I do attempt to answer my letters -- but some are mislaid and are never seen again. A pity, but unavoidable really.

All being well, next issue is to be typed with a smaller and clearer typeface. This one is just not good enough.

Lineup so far for the next issue consists of articles promised on Farmer and Russell, and more on both Campbell & Budrys plus the usual features.

And that's about all for now.

...ooo...

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Next issue December.

Science fiction articles are still wanted !

It is difficult if not impossible to discover, from a series of stories, just how the author first conceived the idea for the series. In this case, I suspect that Algis Budrys wrote the rather fine novellette 'In Clouds Of Glory' for Astounding, then at a later date, saw that some plot-elements were good for a second showing.

SULLIVAN...

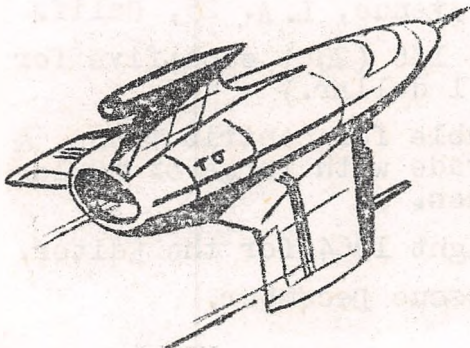
It is not possible to arrange the three stories in question in a strict chronological sequence. They do not continue, one after another, but rather each use common plot-elements. The last is 'Man Of Earth', published in 1958 by Ballantine, not linked very closely with the earlier stories, and self-sufficient as it stands. 'The Man From Earth' uses all of the background worked-out for 'In Clouds Of Glory', and is set at a chronologically earlier date. There are however, discrepancies which indicate that Budrys is not attempting to build up another series such as 'False Night' (Some Will Not Die) or 'Falling Torch'.

It might be wise to attempt a brief summary of the stories, in the order of publication, followed by a few conclusions.

In Clouds Of Glory.... At no given date in the future, but at least 200 years ahead, the Earth and Solar System has been placed under quarantine by a barbarian race, the Vilks. This interstellar empire crushes the TSN ('fifteen ships and a handful of cranky torpedoes') and permits man to go no further than Pluto. Fifty years later the Vilks are destroyed in a war against Farla, another empire. The story opens a further fifty years ahead, when the path to the stars is once more open, but when man has lost the courage to tread that road.

A private 'business' hiding under the name of 'Doncaster Industrial Linens' and run by an omnipotent 'Old Man Sullivan' contracts to supply agents secretly to warring interstellar empires. The point of the story is that empires come and go, but do not really progress. Meanwhile, although the Terrestrial government refuses to advance outward, man is, through the agency, becoming powerful. And at the end of the story it is revealed that 'Old Man Sullivan' is fifteen years dead.

....



'The Man From Earth' has a similar background. In 2173 the TSN fleet of 118 space battleships is blasted out of space by the Vilks. The Earth has an interstellar drive -- the MacDonnel Drive, but is unable to use it outside the system. Mankind is restricted to the colonies on Venus & Pluto. By the time that the story opens, in 2197, these have been virtually abandoned. ('The planets are no longer way-stations to the stars, but are dead-end streets.') Pluto has been terraformed by the ignition of a moonlet to provide heat and light.

AND THE VILKS

ray peters

This article deals with three stories written by Algis Budrys. These are 'In Clouds Of Glory', Astounding July 1955; 'The Man From Earth' Satellite Science Fiction, October 1956 & 'Man Of Earth' Ballantine 243, 1958

It would probably be as well to read the stories before commencing this article.

The story opens as Allen Sibley, facing prosecution, contacts an undercover organisation called 'Doncaster Industrial Linens'. For a fee, the firm gives him a new body, and a new name -- John L Sullivan. He is shipped out to Pluto, a raw new world, cut off from civilisation. Once there he unintentionally builds up a reputation as a 'tough guy' and rises to the rank of sergeant in the army that the Plutonians are building. This army is no joke -- the infantry training comes up to 'Starship Trooper' standards. The plutonians are industrialising, and they plan to attack the Earth itself. Sullivan discovers that the Vilks intend to supply the troop-carrying ships, and that they wish to crush...Doncaster Industrial Linens!

And then the truth comes out. Fifty years earlier, Doncaster took out a ship laden with the most advanced weapons and detection gear, and gave it to the vilks. This equipment enabled the barbarians to stop the TSN from leaving the system, despite superior ships. The Vilks were ordered to interdict the system, but not to enter it. In return, they were given a free hand to loot the Galaxy with their advanced weapons, with the provision that Doncaster received half of the loot.

And now the Vilks are tired of being ordered around, and wish to destroy Doncaster using the Plutonian army! Sullivan plays both ends against the middle and takes over command of Doncaster -- the story ends as he is preparing to revoke the agreement with the Vilks and set the Earth outward-bound once more.

....

The final story in the sequence, 'Man Of Earth' is a much-rewritten version of 'The Man From Earth.' Whole passages are identical -- but the book as a whole is very different from, and very superior to, the novella. As before, Sibley becomes Sullivan under the patronage of Doncaster. He is sent to Pluto, and with considerably more detail, rises in the army. But in this book, all reference to the Vilks has been cut out, and the Earth has stagnated for internal reasons. In this story the Plutonian army has been built up by Doncaster, ostensibly to attack Earth, but as it turns out, its real function is to cross and conquer interstellar space, doing what the official government will not. The story ends as the troops embark

....

And now for conclusions.

'In Clouds Of Glory' is probably the best of the trio, and is a typical Budrys 'action-story-with-a-message.' It takes place against a relatively simple background that is only lightly sketched in, enough detail being given for plausibility, but not enough for quibbling. There is a comparative lack of 'coincidences' and unlikely events. Doncaster is a private firm, neither 'good' nor 'bad', but out only to make money. Any 'good' consequences of its actions are coincidental. -- and a very valid comparison is made with the Hudson Bay Company or The British East India Company.

In 'The Man From Earth', the weakest of the three, too much is packed in to the story, too much is taken for granted, and the plot line is not a simple and straightforward one. There are some points which are rather implausible (and this is very important; a story that doesn't seem to read quite true is greatly weakened'.) Objections are ; 1) Could the terraforming of Pluto by ignition of a moonlet be as effective as it appears to be ? The Pluto in the story is identical to primitive Earth, with a fully-established ecology, climate, etc, All in a hundred years? 2) It is taken for granted that interstellar races are warring barbarians, not a hint that something better in government might have evolved. 3) The familiar theme of 'Earth being new into space, BUT far ahead in weapons and knowledge' is presented once more. Why is Earth always so superior ? 4) If Doncaster gains half of the wealth of a looted Galaxy, why does it remain a small anonymous firm, when it could rule Earth? And what does it do with all that wealth ? And how did Doncaster get so far ahead of the government in knowledge? In short, in this piece, Doncaster are the villains of the piece, though they work in VanVogtian ways.

In 'Man Of Earth' the plot is again simple, and can be summed up as 'one man against the elements', where the elements include other (unfriendly) men. The beginning and ending of the story do not ring very true, but this is because the beginning has been grafted from another story with a different rationale; while the ending has been made up on the spot to satisfy the important question 'why did the Flutonians want an army ? ' It is best to enjoy this story for its study of the growth of Sullivan as a personality; there are the three-dimensional characters which are so typical of Budrys's work, oddly reminiscent in places of 'Rogue Moon' Doncaster in this story is 'good' and is working to help humanity.

This brief synopsis of the events in three separate stories is intended to show how an author can seize on an idea and extract more than one story from it. Rewriting and afterthought can change and rebuild a plot but it is often difficult to know whether the change is for better or worse. Quite often, Occams Razor rules true, and the simpler the story, the better it is.

ZENITH BACK ISSUES DEPARTMENT.

No back issues except number 5 (June) are at present available. 1/6 each from the Editor.

Colin Kapp is one of those authors who was born with Nova Publications nursed by Carnell, and who has lived there all his life so far. As a consequence, he has been neglected by some, though he doesn't deserve to be; he is among the top five of British authors who are writing to-day. It is impossible to be quite categorical about this, for the amount that he has written is lamentably low. What he has written shows he has the wit of a Russell and the writing ability, if not of a Clarke, at least of a Brunner, together with the ideas of a Ballard. He has, what is more, never written what could be called a bad story, which, perhaps, is more than can be said for the afore-mentioned.

Most of his stories have a humorous element which I feel is something too often regarded as somehow unworthy of science fiction. He revels in creating unusual, unorthodox, and supremely memorable characters. He does not indulge in aliens, and off-Earth settings, (although his best story has both of these; 'The Railways Up On Canis' paradoxically is at the same time the exception and the most representative of his works.) I(EJ) have tried to put stories with similarity of treatment and/or subject matter together. Four of these reviews are by Terry Pratchett -- I think you will recognise them -- as is the conclusion.

LIFE-PLAN (New Worlds 77). In this his first story, we are introduced to Seroia Passover, Consultant Philosopher, who is called in by the Bureau of Security to discover why Life-Plan, a mind-training course designed to make a man's intelligence more effective, drives its subjects paranoid, and violent. One of his pupil philosophers is chosen by Passover to go through the course, that being the only way to discover Mx, the mysterious point at which there is a complete reversal of character. The story builds up to a tense climax, in which we learn the nature of Mx and of Passover himself -- the first Homo Superior.

SURVIVAL PROBLEM (NW 82) The hero this time is Mike Conyers, from Passover's Philosophical Bureau, who is sent as an advisory expert to Fort Athlan, where scientists were constructing a flaw in the universe, a gateway to the universe beyond. He knows the danger in what they are doing, and his job is to put the D-gate to its proper use. The unexpected ending is the thing that raises this story way above average -- how Conyers destroys Fort Athlan in an atomic explosion, and yet lives to carry out

THE UNCONVENTIONAL CAVALIER

AN ASSESSMENT OF
colin kapp

ed f. james
&
terry pratchett

Passover's plans for a new future. 'Survival Problem' is possibly even better than 'Life Plan', to which it is in a sense a sequel; both of them were voted by New Worlds' readers to be the best stories in their respective issues.

BREAKING POINT (NW 89). The third of Kapp's psychological stories has a background of violence and bloodshed, and a foreground dominated by the magnificent and awesome figure of Pandi, a frenzied orator with the mind of a skilled psychologist. Lieutenant David Penny of the Psych Corps is sickened almost to breaking point by the senseless battle against the mob, but never realises that Pandi, and his superior officers, are staging the whole display for him -- a gigantic plot, designed to drive him to breaking point and prove him worthy to be put with the others of his kind. All three of these stories have the same recurrent theme; that man, homo sapiens, is finished. His end will probably be in violence, & it is up to the few homo superior in the world to save their civilisation and make it a better one than homo sap's.

FOR THE LOVE OF PETE (NW 111) This, we think, is almost a satire on the above stories. It has the same type of theme -- the superman who does not know he is one, but it is handled in a very different way to the others, with humour creeping in. Pete, a young scientist and alcoholic is working on an anti-gravity project, no less. While he is on the job, his lab suddenly becomes prey to poltergeist activity; relays snap on without cause, oscilloscopes hurtle to the floor, etc. It is, apparently, Pete's dear, departed love, come back to haunt him. The project psychologist (quick on the spot, for after all, Pete is a key man), thinks that Pete has some wild talent that he uses subconsciously to wreck his own work, having an instinctive belief that antigravity is impossible. Lightning strikes out of the clear blue sky to destroy the prototype machine just as it lifts off the ground, and the psychologist is convinced, as is Pete, eventually. He is put in training, to put his 'talent' to use, and tries to forget the peals of girlish laughter he heard as the machine exploded. In fact, everything is going like a planet on fire; but when Pete tries to control the new machine telepathically, it suddenly zips off into the wild blue yonder. This time, all the scientists in the lab. hear the girl laughing. 'Pete' is an effective satire, and very amusing, if read in the right light. It is disastrous to treat it as a serious story. I only hope Kapp meant it as I see it...

CALLING MR FRANCIS (NW 84). Mr Francis is the foreman in the 'Miracle Manufacturing & Distributing Company (1928) Limited.' (The 'Limited' describes its attitude to life, and the date refers to the general age of the equipment.) It is the first, and probably the least successful of Kapp's humorous stories, but it is still above average. (It beat Damon Knight's classic 'Idiot Stick' in popularity in that issue.) It takes a tongue-in-cheek look at the problems created by the accidental discovery of 'collapsed nickel', the only miracle the company ever manufactured even though it did not distribute very much of it.

THE RAILWAYS UP ON CANIS (NW 87) This is well in the Russell tradition of gloriously wacky characters and wackier plots. The hero is one Fritz Van Noon, an artistic scientist with a marked distaste for the orthodox. He is the unofficial leader of the Unorthodox Engineers, a group of wild-eyed screwballs with the Eskimo complex. You know the old saying, 'Give an Eskimo a busted motor and a piece of wire, and he'll have it going

inside of ten minutes' ? The Unorthodox Engineers are like that Eskimo magnified a thousand times; give them a busted hyperdrive and a piece of wire....

Cannis has just had a brush with Terra, and the Terrans are appeasing their consciences by helping the Cannians patch up their railway system. There is one snag though; Cannis is still a young world with a very thin crust, and baby volcanoes come up nineteen to the dozen, usually in the middle of the railway track. Terran engineers are going quietly mad, so the U.E. are called in (they already are mad). There are other snags, of course; Cannian steel is as tough as lead, the different railway systems all have different gauges, and the engines are something out of an engineer's nightmare. After a few hazardous mistakes, Van Noon figures out a method of making the volcanoes rise where he wants them, and the first train chugs along the track built over dead volcanoes, for they never come in the same place twice. It is a pity Kapp sent the U.E. on a million light year trip as a reward for their efforts; there was material for a good sequel there. Although perhaps the story is lall, the better for being unique.

THE EXPOSING EYE (99). Just as Kapp explores the possibilities of body trapped bombs in 'Enigma', an SF theme I have seen nowhere else, so here he investigates the ramifications of spy-photography with ultra-miniature cameras. Spike Mickle, an expert in this sort of thing, is asked by a certain Prince Morahn to find out who took the pictures of him and Lady Leslie in somewhat compromising positions. This candid expose of the tricks of a candid-camera exponent is very amusingly dealt with, and has an extremely ingenious sting in the tail.

THE GLASS OF IARGO was Kapp's contribution to the Glorious 100th Edition of 'New Worlds', and again he lets good writing and buoyant humour support what might have otherwise been a poor story. (I disagree;-EJ)

The Company Del Iargo, a vast despotic concern controlling the whole planet, jealously guards the secret of the fabulous glass which has a refractive index way above diamond, and which can only be made on Iargo. Terra sends a spy-cum-poet, one Jason Van Tere, to steal the secret and break the Company's monopoly. This glorious character, scattering iambics, epigrams, and puns as the Iargan farmer scatters the seeds of the odd bluish corn found only on Iargo, discovers the secret which he jantily takes away from Iargo under the very eyes of the Company men.

ENIGMA (NW 91) This illustrates one remarkable thing about Kapp -- his ability to change his style so thoroughly that you can hardly believe that you are reading something by the same man. It is not written with the humour of Cannis, nor with the rich language, and brittle feeling that 'Breaking Point' has. It is pure suspense, suspense that holds you to the very end of the story, and yet he manages to combine both of the qualities of the other two stories, the humour, and the description, which only serves to heighten the overall effect.

The two warring power-blocs wage a war of threat and bluff. Atomic bombs are dropped but not detonated, causing whole areas to be evacuated. They sit there, threatening and immobilising whole towns, without having to release deadly radiation. It is the job of the bomb disposal squads to disarm these bombs, with their innumerable refinements and traps, such as a sensitive sound receiver that detonates the bomb only when it picks

up a human heartbeat. The experts solve the problem in a typically Kapp way -- unorthodox and amusing -- by covering up the sounds transmitted to the enemy with an excruciatingly loud and exasperatedly annoying soap flakes advertising jingle.

THE BELL OF ETHICONA (NW 101) This, for me, (EJ) is not up to the usual Kapp standard, for the supposedly clever twist at the end is one that can be seen ten pages away, by one who has read Harry Harrison's 'Stainless Steel Rat' or numerous other yarns. The idea is still good, though. Watchmen in this future world arrest the rebels and hand them over to EthiconA, who put them under the Bell, for them a synonym for Hell. The moral code drawn up at the beginning of the Great Peace, is enforced by the Ethical Engineers, who are always on the watch for those who want to change the system which hangs like a millstone around the neck of society. But what happens to the few who come out alive from the Bell? Whatever it is, one thing is clear; it just is not ethical !

LAMDA 1. (NW 125) The novelette (recently anthologised) contains his best science-fictional 'gimmick', and as far as I know, an original one. The principle of Tau concerns making a solid body resonate in such a way that its atoms pass through the spaces in the atomic structure of other solid substances. Tau Corporation use this principle to transport ships through the Earth itself.

but it is said that occasionally a snip arrives at the Terminal phased in such a way that it does not come out of Tau. The legend is that when it finally does come out of Tau, it is a shipload of corpses. And when this does happen, Paul Porter has to go into the hell of Tau space in the original Tau ship, Lambda 1, which is little more than a raft. An excellent story, completely unlike any of his others, and having a good deal more detail that makes it such; the actual description of Tau space and the human interest (handled well, I am pleased to say,) concerning Paul and his estranged wife, who is in the fated ship.

THE DARK MIND (NW 136,137,138,) Dalroi, private investigator, is employed by the Cronstadt Committee, to trace the whereabouts of three of its members who have not returned from a fact-finding mission in Railway Terminal. Railway, a vast combine that runs holiday trips into other dimensions, has always been the target of Dalroi's hate. He launches a personal vendetta against them, but is caught and sent unprotected into transfinite space. Dalroi's survival factor is so high that he is able to return and, utilising a strangely-gained mental control over non-terrene matter, starts a fire in the Terminal. He learns that his chief adversary is the sinister Gormalu, head of the Cronstadt Committee; he is also wanted by the Black Knights, a hush-hush government organisation, and indeed, by the life-forms of millions of different energy-levels.

The Black Knights capture Dalroi, and he finds out that he is really a throwback to the Destroyers, a murderous Galactic race once imprisoned on Terra. Gormalu is a warden, on Earth to make sure any like Dalroi are destroyed. At this, the dark side of Dalroi's mind, the part that made him almost indestructible, and gave him the power to jump dimensions, takes over just before he is going to be destroyed, and he 'ports himself away into the Galaxy to take revenge on his jailors.

The novel is a fast-moving one, and the Bester-like complexities of plot cannot be described in a short summary. The vivid description is there, but not the dry humour, except in rare instances. Nevertheless, there should be more like the story -- and I think there probably will be.

Colin Kapp is first and foremost a humorous writer (Pratchett speaks.) Even when he attempts to be dramatic, somehow the quips manage to work themselves in, and when they are allowed free rein, they serve him well. We are agreed that his best story was his most humorous, viz. 'The Railways Up On Cannis.' Kapp is not above taking the occasional poke at politicians, scientists, and anyone else around; in this he is reminiscent of Eric Frank Russell. (Indeed, I (Pratchett speaks again!) laboured for several years under the delusion that Kapp had written 'And Then There Were None.' He certainly could have done.) We are also agreed (is there nothing we disagree on?) that Russell is our favourite author, but as he doesn't churn it out like he used to, we are quite happy with Kapp as an alternative. We would be even more happy if Kapp decided to speed up his output ten-fold, so long as the quality were remained at its present unbelievably high level.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ABOLITION OF CORDWAINER SMITH.

...Why don't I like Smith? Keeping it simple, I find that he may start off a story well, but usually without a plot. Then, when the thread of story he is following runs out, he overloads the 'poetry' until he thinks of a new direction to head off in. To be specific, take the Galaxy yarn.. 'The Boy Who Bought Old Earth' This went well while the boy was having his ordeal to face...and bogged down at the ordeal until Smith found a new line...computer working to buy Earth This rattled along until the dead was did, and Smith hunted again. He flanges up a real weirdy reason & method for getting to Earth, and has our hero as a cat man...and here he really bogs down and closes the story... and you never really know what it was all about. In a sentence, he uses word, colour, and movement to cover up his lack of a story and plot.'

Terry Jeeves.....

THE CREDIT CARD

Beginning this issue, I would like readers to write in and list their favourite items, in order of preference. All of the features are eligible, except for artwork & advertisements. Votes will be counted up and published next time. To make things simpler, we will list only the first five items.

My own preference last issue was ;

1. FANORAMA
2. MAGAZINE REVIEWS
3. SF Mag. SURVEY
4. NASOPODS
5. BOOK REVIEWS.

please help with this feature
Let's have a large vote.

POUL ANDERSON

future histories

....I have from time to time used two different future history patterns. One of them was outlined in STARTLING STORIES for -- hm, I seem to have lost that issue, let me consult the record, -- Winter 1955. Space permitted me to extrapolate only a couple of centuries, if I remember rightly; stories laid in the same scheme at a later date include STAR WAYS, VIRGIN PLANET, and a number of novelettes.

The other scheme is much looser, less formally planned, and with less cross-reference between stories. In fact, the inter-relationships are mostly for my own amusement. But some that I at least, think of as occurring along the same time-line are; SAM HALL; THREE WORLDS TO CONQUER; the series about Nicholas van Rijn (slated for book publication this fall as TRADER TO THE STARS), the one about Captain Flandry, A TWELVEMONTH AND A DAY (aka LET THE SPACEMEN BEWARE ! -- not my title !), THE CHAPTER ENDS, etc, etc.

If somebody cared to, he could possibly show that such comedies as A BICYCLE BUILT FOR BREW, EVE TIMES FOUR, and the Hoka series occur in yet another future of their own (must all Future Histories be Serious & Constructive?) But I don't insist on it

And then, to be sure, the majority of my stuff fits into no scheme at all except whichever one has been constructed for the individual story. Anyone who feels like identifying several items with some common plan is welcome to amuse himself, but it really won't work, except for a few.

(A more interesting project might be to deduce what the plan is that Heinlein uses nowadays, not consistently, but apparently fairly often. I strongly suspect, for instance, that some of the juveniles like RED PLANET, THE ROLLING STONES, and POD-KAYNE OF MARS belong with STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.... As for Asimov, I seem to remember seeing a fan article once which purported to demonstrate that nearly everything of his fits into one history; -- could be.)

On the following pages is reproduced the Future History chart from STARTLING STORIES, Winter, 1955.

DATESTORYEVENTSTECHNOLOGYSOCIOLOGY

1950

Marius

Korean War
WW III. Defeat of
Soviets
Civil wars in
Europe; The Great
Jihad.
Expeditions to
Mars & Venus
Conference of Rio
African nations
gain autonomy.

He-Li reaction
Lunar bases
needle gun
Interplanetary
colonisation
improved psychiatry
Human exogenesis
Early psycnotech-
nology; airboat
Petroleum synthesis
Rover bomb.

Socialism in USA
Postwar period of
chaos.
Period of recovery
UN greatly stren-
gthened.
Religious fanatic-
ism. Privacy laws.
USA constitutional
amendments.

1980

UN-Man.
The
Sensitive
Man

UN suppresses
Brazil-Argentine war
Extensive reclamati-
on on Earth.
Anti-UN junta supp-
ressed. Attempt at
dictatorship stopped.
Improved spaceships
Oceanic colonies.
General field theory
Shock & paralysis
beams.
Outdoor aircondition-
ing. Longevity
Ecological-unit
spaceship.

Growth of psycho-
technicInstitute.
Population control

2010

(House in
the Sky)

Abolition of nation-
al armies.
University of Luna
founded; Outer-planet
expeditions.
2nd Conference of
Rio. Venusian break
with UN.
Sun power
Synthetic virus
Hyperbolic orbits
psychosomatics
Air transformation
Flying homes; power-
beaming; superdielectrics
food synthesis.

The Second Indust-
rial Revolution.

Further steps
to full world
government.

2040

The Big
Rain

Currency reform
suppression of
Venus nationalists
Ganymede colonised

small atomic motors
space warcraft
frictionless motors
machine conscious-
ness

UN space navy
Planetary Engineer-
ing Corps.
Basic language
invented.

2070

(Wolf)

Growing discontent
on Earth due to
failure to solve
problems of 2nd
Indust. Revolution.
Antirobot riots.

Electric blaster
Military robots
Artificial regener-
ation.
Asteroidal colonies
Anthropoid robot
space liner service
molar potential
barrier

The 'New Enlight-
enment.' Order of
Planetary Engineers
The Encyclopedic
Foundation.

2100

Quixote
and the
Windmill

Convention of Luna
Venus terraformed
The Humanist Mani-
festo.
Space ark to
Centauri

synthetic nonproto-
plasmic life
minimal spaceships
Travelling reclam-
ation outfit.

Solar Union found-
ed; growth of clan
system on Venus
Pancosmic religion
begins

2130

Holmgang.

120-year voyage. A
device to get rid
of malcontents
Mars terraformed
Revelations of govt.
corruption.

Neural regeneration
Interplanetary power
beam designed
Nuclear damping
fields

Period of worsen-
ing conditions on
Earth leading to a
great interplanet-
ary emigration
and development.

<u>DATE</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>EVENTS.</u>	<u>TECHNOLOGY</u>	<u>SOCIOLOGY</u>
2160	Cold Victory	Abortive Humanist Revolution		Slow decline of scientific progress, but much engineering work
2190	The smows of Gany- mede.	Jovian dictatorship overthrown		
2205	The Troublemakers.			
2300	Brake			
2815	Gypsy			
2875	Star ship			
3120	Star ways			
3150	Entity			
3175	Symmetry			

Poul Anderson wishes to emphasise two things about the history. (A) "This is only a bare outline of a much more complex thing; (B) the dates are not to be taken too seriously, for that would take the scheme out of the range of science fiction prediction and into the realm of fantasy and prophecy, which is not one I care to inhabit."

CAMPBELL — some thoughts

The two letters printed beneath were received in reply to the article in ZENITH 3, 'Campbell's Kingdom.'

Leland Sapiro.

In R.G. Collingwood's terminology, you describe the outside rather than the inside of events.

"By the outside of the event I mean everything belonging to it which can be described in terms of bodies & their movements; the passage of Caesar..... across a river called the Rubicon...or the spilling of his blood on the floor of the senate-house..By the inside of the event I mean that in it which can only be described in terms of thought; Caesar's defiance of Republican law the clash of constitutional policy between himself & his assassins. (p.213)

To illustrate what I mean, here's what Donald Wollheim said in the February 1961 issue of Discord;

"...my own suggestion..is that JWC suffers intensely from frustration. As editor of a..pulp magazine for over two decades...writhing with the desire of making his mark in this turbulent world of science..he embraces every wild idea that comes along in the hope that somehow it will lead....to the fame that constantly eludes him. Dianetics, psionics, the Dean Drive, the IES ..all the product of his social imprisonment... (p. 12.)

Again, Dick Eney remarks in the Volume II number one, Speculative Review; "I've gotten the impression that Campbell, about 1950, woke up to the fact that he was just the editor of one of those screwball Buck Rogers magazines instead of a recognised Somebody, & started trying to make up for lost time. Unhappily, it was eternally lost, & so he had to imagine a way out...or rather, to snatch at imaginary solutions provided by others, especially solutions which would be revolutionary enough to demolish whole fields of study & let their originators in on the ground floor.... (P.3.)

For the record, a contrary argument in the next (May 1961) issue, was given by Poul Anderson, who protested; "...even if Campbell's motivations were what you claim, they are his own private affair. All we're entitled to discuss is what he does, in his magazine." (P.11.)

Anderson's argument can be refuted either by a paraphrase --, "...it's none of our business why Caesar crossed the Rubicon; this was his own private affair...." or by pointing out that such an attitude entails the death of all speculative thought. For, whether the JC refers to Julius Caesar, or John Campbell (or any other JC,) his motivations are the primary things that interest us.

Now, I do not claim that the 'frustration' argument tells everything--or even that it is a valid argument. In my own article, "The Mystic Renaissance," I try to show similarities between mysticism and what I called the 'mechanical psychology' both of which have been exemplified by JWC. Campbell's 'mysticism' is exemplified in his editorials during the past decade, while his mechanical psychology appears not only in Dianetics, but in his fiction of the 30's, e.g. "Piracy Preferred", where a kleptomaniac is cured by removal of a brain tumour, or "Escape", where the heroine's attitudes are changed by an external agency called the Control Commission. Both mysticism and the mechanical psychology try to discount motivation as a causal element in human behaviour -- and I think that some insight can be obtained by examining those writers (Campbell being not the only one) who exhibit belief in both.

Al Lewis That he gets carried away by crackpot ideas is quite true; that he goes on a bender and prints long spates of stories that are little more than a reflection of his current editorial enthusiasm is also true, but in his soberer moments he can come up with some damned interesting ideas. I just finished reading 'God Is Not Democratic' in the April Analog. We have been hearing for years about the conflict between science and religion; Campbell discusses the conflict between democracy and religion, and makes some valid points, I think. And, I have never seen these points made elsewhere. Certainly we all know that Heaven is an absolute dictatorship, but the sociological implications of this have not been fully drawn. Campbell does not draw all of them -- but I shouldn't be surprised if we had more on this theme in a couple of months. I also recall his editorial on the results of the Mariner project -- altogether the most exciting extrapolation I've read on the subject. This is real sense-of-wonder stuff, and what SF is for. It is the very fact that Campbell has an offbeat mind that makes both his virtues and his faults -- but there is, I think, one major idea that you have not attacked, and this, I think, is the major difference between the old ASF & the new. Authors have always used Campbell's ideas; Asimov's 3 Laws of Robotics were originally Campbell's. The point is, that they are no longer using their own ideas -- they are simply re-writing and selling Campbell his own editorial matter back.

PENGUIN BOOKS

rog peyton

Although Penguin only began their SF series last year, they have published many SF titles throughout the previous years. These former books have been classics such as WAR OF THE WORLDS, & '1984' as well as borderline titles like AFTER THE RAIN.

Prior to the start of their SF series, Penguin had never published any of their books as 'Science Fiction'. They were still under the impression that if they were to list anything as 'SF', they would reduce the sales drastically. Now that the sales figures of SF books are rising in leaps and bounds, Penguin find it quite acceptable to call their SF books 'SF'. Unfortunately, two authors, -- John Wyndham and John Christopher -- do not like to have their books labelled as SF, even though it was in SF circles that these books were first acclaimed.

Since the beginning of the 'labelled' series, Penguin have published many first class books, in fact, up to the present time they have only published one bad book, namely Bradbury's DAY IT RAINED FOREVER. Doubtless many will disagree.

At one time the entirety of the plots of Penguin's SF output took place on our own planet, but the last year has seen the publication of books in which the action is on alien planets, (i.e. A CASE OF CONSCIENCE, MISSION OF GRAVITY, and DEATHWORLD.)

The covers of the early Penguin books were of the standard orange & white design, but with the start of the acknowledged series there has begun an original and interesting series of cover artwork -- this consisting of details from paintings by surrealist masters. Some of these have been very poor, i.e. the cover of THE DRAGON IN THE SEA, and others, have been highly inappropriate, but on the whole they have been good. Particularly fine was the cover for MISSION OF GRAVITY, which at first glance looked like a Richard Powers painting.

The editor of the series at the moment is Mrs Susan E Graham. Penguin have also engaged the services of Frederik Pohl to inform them of the best SF published in the USA.

In the following listing, the titles marked ' @ ' are the ones to have appeared labelled as Science Fiction.

- 570 The War Of The Worlds H.G.Wells. @
- 571 The Island Of Dr. Moreau H.G.Wells. @
- 972 1984 George Orwell
- 993 The Day Of The Triffids. John Wyndham
- 1052 Brave New World Aldous Huxley
- 1075 The Kraken Wakes John Wyndham
- 1300 The Death Of Grass John Christopher
- 1308 The Chrysalids John Wyndham
- 1310 Selected Short Stories H.G.Wells.
- 1385 The Seeds Of Time John Wyndham
- 1421 The Quatermass Experiment Nigel Kneale
- 1440 The Midwich Cuckoos. John Wyndham
- 1448 Quatermass II Nigel Kneale.
- 1449 Quatermass and The Pit Nigel Kneale

- 1459 One. David Karp
1466 The Black Cloud. Fred Hoyle.
1544 The Outward Urge. John Wyndham & Lucas Parkes.
1634 After The Rain. John Bowen
1638 Penguin Science Fiction. ed Brian Aldiss.
1647 Limbo 190. Bernard Wolfe.
1809 A Case Of Conscience. James Blish. @
1875 Last and First Men. Olaf Stapledon. @
1878 The Day It Rained Forever. Ray Bradbury @
1886 The Dragon In The Sea. Frank Herbert. @
1963 More Penguin Science Fiction. Ed Brian Aldiss @
1978 Mission Of Gravity. Hal Clement. @
1986 Trouble With Lichen. John Wyndham @
1999 Sirius. Olaf Stapledon @
2004 The Evolution Man. Roy Lewis @
2005 Three To Conquer. Eric Frank Russell @
2095 Deathworld. Harry Harrison @
2189 Yet More Penguin Science Fiction . Ed Brian Aldiss @
2217 Who. Algis Budrys. @ (Sept.)
1906 The Hugo Winners. Ed Isaac Asimov @ (Oct)
2223 Connoisseur's SF. Ed Tom Boardman @ (Nov)

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ARTHUR C CLARKE

Science Fiction For Beginners

A FANTASY FAN SELECTS SOME TALES
DESIGNED TO MAKE NEW CONVERTS

REPRINTED FROM SCIENTIFICTION
THE BRITISH FANTASY REVIEW JAN 1938.

Selected By **PHIL HARBOTTLE**

No doubt most militant science fiction fans have, at some time or another, come across people who were actually willing to sample their strange wares wither out of politeness or morbid curiosity. During seven years of incessant propaganda work, I myself have managed to persuade three of my friends to start reading science fiction; and in such cases one naturally wishes to make as good an impression as possible by selecting the very best stories for them to begin with.

It would be interesting to compare different expert's graduated courses of reading for beginners, designed with the object of converting them into rabid fans in the shortest possible time. The choice of stories would, of course, vary with the individual for whom they were selected, and also depend a great deal upon the preferences of the person selecting them; but it is obvious that any such course should commence with simple stories, and progress by easy stages to the last word in "thought variants."

In the hope that it may be helpful to other crusading fans, I will give you my selection of stories in the order in which I supplied them to my converts. We start off with "A Martian Odyssey" by Stanley G. Weinbaum (WONDER STORIES, July '34), for this is one of the finest, and certainly the most charming, of all science fiction stories, and once you have persuaded your victim to read it, he is unlikely to escape your clutches. Indeed, he will be clamouring for more; so you must follow on with Weinbaum's two next best tales, "Parasite Planet", (ASTOUNDING, February '35) and its sequel, "The Lotus Eaters" (ASTOUNDING, April '35).

Visions Of Venus

These two stories between them give the most vivid picture of another world that, to my mind, has ever been painted. I have only to close my eyes to see the perpetual thunderstorms playing over the 20-mile high peaks of the Mountains Of Eternity, to watch the battling plant life of the twilight zone, and to hear far away in the night the hideous cry of triops noctivivans Veneris, the three-eyed dweller in the dark.

But three Weinbaum stories in a row is hardly fair to other authors; so let us turn to Don A Stuart, alias John W Campbell, the greatest of them all. "Twilight" (ASF, Nov. '34), his story of dying humanity, and "Night" (ASF Oct. '35) the sequel depicting the dying universe, stand absolutely supreme; his picture of the end of the universe is a piece of astronomical fantasy that has never been excelled since Jeans wrote the last page of "The Universe Around US". After the mind-numbing vistas of "Night", the dreamlike fairy tales of Clark Ashton Smith offer a welcome change. Drifting through the fantastic streets of "The City Of The Singing Flame," (WONDER, July '31), lulled by the distant intoxicating music of the Flame itself, we can forget Stuart's far-off nightmare of the dying universe, and think only of the beauty & mystery of the young cosmos in which we

The Final Stage

But the Singing Flame is only the dream of another dimension, a dream within a dream, and if we listen too long to its enchanting music, we shall be lost forever in a world of phantoms. Returning to the reality of our own space and time, let us watch with feelings of bitterness the old drama of warring races set against the greater background of the stars, in Edmond Hamilton's "A Conquest Of Two Worlds," (WONDER, Feb '32). The message of the story is plain for all to read, and as we watch the last stronghold of the Jovians vanishing before the forces of Earth, we can only hope that interplanetary travel is not achieved before man is ready for it.

After these short stories the new reader may embark on something more ambitious. "The Wreck Of The Asteroid" by Laurence Manning (WONDER Dec. '32 -- Feb. '33) is one of the best serials of space conquest ever published, and Manning's simple straightforward narrative brings home as few other stories do the real meaning of interplanetary travel.

Now we can take the final step which will seal our victim's fate forever. We will lay before him the first part of "Skylark Three" (AMAZING, Aug -- Oct '30) and stand back to watch the result. When the last page of the story is turned, as Seaton, after his titanic battle with Ravindau, goes hurtling away from the galaxy to where (3 years later, in ASF) he will start on his transdimensional voyage to Valeron, we shall have completed our task. Yet another recruit will have entered the growing army of S.F. fans, and never again will he find satisfaction in the petty, commonplace stories of conventional authors, depicting the activities of insignificant beings on a scarcely more significant world.

Hooking his thumb to the mirror-bright panel to provide a fulcrum for his weightless maimed finger, Wolfe pushed the final button. Ions swirled invisibly around the transparent sphere holding Barr and himself.

While the ions built the field, he looked out at the globe of Earth, about as big to his eyes as a breakfast grapefruit, but this grapefruit was powdered with clouds and set before him on a black tablecloth of stars.

Barr said, "Twenty thousand miles of hard vacuum should be enough insulation." Wolfe nodded absently at Barr's reflection in the panel.

If the new equations had been read rightly, the climax field would plunge them into the hypothetical spherically-curved, four-dimensional world wherein our whole universe is only a quivering globular surface. Then it would whisk their thin three-dimensionality through the hypersphere as a crack speeds across glass, and as swiftly as a man can swing a flashlight from one star toward another.

Finally it would pop them out of the Riemannian hyper-continuum into unoccupied space, two light years from the solar system and in the direction of the tiny constellation of the Pleiades. After they had made brief confirmatory observations, a simple reversal of the process would bring Wolfe and Barr back near their starting-point - if the new equations had been rightly read.

As the ionic swirl became a blizzard, a dull black, dense monomolecular layer built up from the positive to the negative pole of the transparent sphere. This opaque outer plating was an unavoidable side-effect of the process. First Earth, then Luna, then Sol, was blotted out, and the stars around them. The last constellation to be obscured was the Pleiades. Wolfe said a silent farewell to the Seven Sisters, though out here he and Barr could see sixteen.

MIRROR

Fritz Leiber

The field neared climax. Wolfe gently rubbed the lopped-off first joint of his right forefinger -- his only outward expression of tension.

A nervous grin quirked Barr's lips in the mirror. He said, rather loudly, "I don't care how confident the math boys are, we still must be prepared for any species of disorientation. Did you ever read about the German psychologist who wore lenses that turned everything upside-down? After a couple of days his brain accommodated everything -- still through the same lenses -- as right-side up. Then when he finally took off the lenses...."

A gust of cosmic change swept through Wolfe and Barr with no immediate perceptible effect on them or their vehicle except that two telltales on the panel flashed green, one of them blinking.

Wolfe touched another button. The blinking ceased as deplating of the opaque layer began, the molecules flying off in exact reverse of the order in which they had been laid down. The two men watched the spot where the stars would first show.

"The Pleiades !" Then Barr's voice changed. "But something's happened to them." He laughed oddly. "They're not upside-down, at any rate ! "

"No, but they're reversed right-to-left," Wolfe said quietly. "The translation effect seems to have been somewhat greater than anticipated. We appear to be not two lightyears away from Earth. but 440,-- twice the distance of the Pleiades --and we are seeing them from the opposite side."

When Barr did not reply, Wolfe continued methodically to spell out the obvious, to steady his comrade. He said, "This is possible with the Pleiades since they are an actual group of stars, physically close to one another. It would not be true of most other constellations, whose member stars differ widely in their distance from Earth. For instance there is no place on the other side of Ursa Major or Orion whence one can see the Dipper or the Hunter reversed."

Deplating continued. The agelessly familiar constellation of Orion appeared, but to the right of the Pleiades, not to the left as one sees it looking southward from Earth's northern hemisphere, and Bellatrix and great red Betelgeuse were reversed, and the Sword hung the wrong way from the belt.

Barr said softly, "This sight is impossible in our home continuum. We appear to have been translated along a diameter of the great Riemannian hyperspace to the mirror-image universe which Muawiya hypothesizes as lying at the fourth-dimensional antipodes." And now it was Wolfe's turn not to reply.

Deplating went on. Fierce Sol appeared, and Luna, and then quickly Earth showing the Americas -- but Florida hung from the west coast, and Baja California from the east, while by the narrow, near-invisible twig of the Isthmus of Panama, South America hung to the left of the northern continent, and the Caribbean opened into what should have been the Pacific.



HEMI

LETTERS

William F Temple. Maybe it's indicative of my decline into crabby old age, but the omniscience of youth seems harder to take these days.

For instance, Your Man Jeeves, who I find, (as I do other Wodehouse characters) more irritating than funny. He informs us he's hypercritical and deliberately marks low, like that odd-man-out in the line of judges at skating contests. (You can always spot this fellow before he even starts displaying his score cards. He's old sourpuss, face sternly set in dedication to the Art of Skating. You can't get around him. Incidentally, he's the only one in the line who can't skate.)

It would be interesting to delve into the psychology of what motivates these types to play hard to please. A starting point might be their common factor of adolescence (whatever physical age they may be.)

Jeeves marks my Analog yarn 'C' (barely), which is higher than the majority of the authors he under-marks. Strangely, I'm not flattered. Merely irritated, as I said. Literature is a window on life, and no-one is qualified as a literary critic who hasn't lived widely, experienced deeply, observed constantly, and meditated long. It takes time. Also some acquaintance with the craft of writing; construction, versimilitude, prose style, etc. I don't get the impression that Jeeves is fully qualified.

However there are two hopeful signs in his favour. One, he emphasises that his judgements are solely his own opinions. This betokens modesty, an attribute lacking in more notorious critics, such as Bernard Levin, a dogmatic extremist temperamentally incapable of delivering a balanced judgement. Two he dislikes John Brunner personally. This betokens good taste.

Al Lewis 1825 Greenfield Ave, LA 25, USA.

The contents vary widely. There are three pieces that are quite good, several that are average. The story I consider to be without any virtues whatsoever. In fact, my attention wandered part way down page one, and I forced myself to go back to it to the bitter end. It created neither mood, character interest, nor suspense, and I frankly cannot conceive how you managed to get all the way through it the first time, let alone justifying margins and stencilling it. It was a pretty awful bore. On the other hand, Walt Willis's column has all the virtues -- it is a review on which an essay is hung, and I consider that to be the very best kind. It is deft, perceptive, amusing. If you've got this as a permanent feature, you are to be congratulated indeed.

The Sector General piece and Rog Peyton's latest on Four Square are the two other first-rate items. Ed James' piece is particularly interesting, and very well done. A minor correction however. White did not invent the letter classification system. Doc Smith did, in Galactic Patrol, and used it in the Lensman novels throughout. White took over the idea, adapted and modified it, and, I think, rather improved on it (in the Smith system, for instance, humans are AAAA -- which since they invented the system, is OK. After all, didn't the English run our time-grid system through the Royal Observatory for convenience?) Smith's system however, works out to as many places as you care to name, but doesn't have a way of caring for the energy-beings of Cahûita, for example. In White's system they would probably be VVVV or

some such. At any rate, White legitimately modified a good idea to his own ends, but he didn't originate it. By the way, Ed Jame's catalogue, combined with Eddie Jones's illos are a most handy referent -- and put this article into the class of one of those permanently valuable little bits of reference work that have to go into the permanent file.

/ Terry Jeeves pointed out that Doc Smith invented the system, also.7

Terry Jeeves, 30 Thompson Rd, Sheffield.

Chris Priests' review I enjoyed immensely, and also largely agreed with...exceptions being his praise for Moorcock who ruined the magazines for me with Elric. I wholeheartedly agree with his plea for well-illustrated magazines. A factor which to my mind helped the downfall of NW is (and always) has done this for F&SF, and will do the same for Analog, judging by the current soot-and-whitewash scratchings.

Day Of Mars started slowly and very jerky, but the final paragraph of rain description was a honey, and with practice friend Barnsley will reach first rank. BUT WHO OR WHAT tapped on our spaceman's shoulder and scared him to death ??? WHO or WHAT killed his partner...and if (opening sentence) the ship carried 'one dead one living' to Mars, how is it that later we are told that the dead man was jettisoned in space ??? Sorry, no like.

Archie Mercer, 70 Worrall Rd, Bristol.

Beryl's letting her personal tastes show through very strongly in her reviews. Inasmuch as she's both regular and prolific in her reviewing habits, this is actually a Good Thing. The reader can measure his tastes against hers and then can settle into a pattern of reading between the lines to find out if he'd enjoy any particular item. An occasional one shot reviewer (or an anonymous or a pseudonymous --unless regularly pseudo) should try to leave his tastes out of it as much as he can, because the casual reader has no background on his tastes. Rather her than me though, fancy having all that lot thrown at one to get through whether one likes them or not ! I recommend her for the Iron Cross or the Order of Lenin, or something equally versatile.

Lloyd Biggle Jr.

A hearty if belated thanks for the copy of ZENITH 4. I blink at the presence of advertisements for professional books in a fanzine -- something I have not seen in the US fanzines that have come my way. It suggests a refreshing atmosphere of 'togetherness' on the British scene. Considering the continuing discussion of SF Art in fanzines, I am wondering when some fan is going to undertake the delightful task of expounding the long-standing conflict between writers and artists. Many writers are prepared to swear that artists can't -- or at least don't -- read the stories that they illustrate. I recall painfully an early experience of mine in which an important turn of the story's plot was based upon the villain's lefthandedness. Naturally the artist drew the villain flamboyantly wielding a knife with his right hand.

ZENITH has much to commend it, including the illustrations, an articulate book reviewer (and isn't that a rarity !) and this radical idea that an SF fanzine should have some connection with science fiction. Because my copy arrived with 2/- of postage attached, I have spent some time in trying to figure out how you manage to sell it for even 1/6. Either you are A Very Wealthy Man or you have plumbed some secret of economics that has thus far eluded me.

/ well, advertising has something to do with the economics of ZENITH, of course. Re that article idea -- you may see something around Xmas.Maybe7

Fritz Leiber I was interested to note in your ads that copies of my latest novel THE WANDERER are available -- from Canada That's a 150,000 word novel you know, and (wordwise at least) worth the 5/6 (75 cents in this country) asked for it. I'm hoping for British readers (and reactions !) as a considerable section of it is set in England-- around the Severn and the Bristol Channel and back and forth between Wales and London along the Great West Road, in the Chilterns, near Oxford and Tewksbury etc; two of the characters are a British novelist named Richard Hillary and a Welsh poet Dai Davies (echoes of Dylan Thomas but also of a British friend of mine in America -- Hugh Walpole ((not the novelist but a semanticist associated with Ogden & Richards in the development of Basic English))). Too bad it isn't more easily available where you are, except from Canada. Have you reviewed it in Zenith ?
 / not yet -- but I have a copy on order, and will review it eventually in ZENITH. Bristol..Oxford..Tewkesbury..hmmm, rich fan country that. 7

Dick Howett, 94 Ravensbourne Cres, Harold Wood, Essex. Ed. F. James's 'The Life of Sector General' was a complete waste of space. Just why this piece was printed I don't know. Why did Mr James feel it necessary to map out what we could gather just by reading the book ? In fact it was just another review dressed in a sluggish dull cloak. Much too long this, best left out. A better idea would have been to group the Eddie illoes on a page and caption them.....Another curiosity in this issue was Phil Harbottle's cartoon strip. No doubt Phil took much time & effort on this page, but surely he sent it to the wrong magazine ? I hear the Beano pays quite well for that sort of thing.
 A last word about Eddie Jones. His front cover was a gem, and quite suited to any magazine, pro or am. However, it was akin to watching black and white TV after viewing colour TV. The feeling that you are missing something because it was in black and white. As it was, it almost out-shone the contents. In colour it might have done so. Still, I look forward to more of this kind of cover work.
 / Give me £50 for a litho colour cover, and I'll ask Eddie to do a painting in colour. You may see more b & w litho covers. Perhaps for 27 7

Phil Harbottle, 27 Cheshire Gardens, Wallsend-on-Tyne. Whatever you do, hang on to Walt Willis. His grasp of fandom is really quite remarkable, so a column by him is well worth reading. Ditto for your other new columnist, Terry Jeeves. His comments are so frank and entertaining that they struck me as being most authoritative. I'm quite prepared to follow his guidance, chiefly because I have very little time to spare so far as magazine reading goes. Imagine a lot of folk are in the same boat so Terry's column is doubly worthwhile
 Beryl Henley's reviews are so good and exhaustive that they obviate the need to read the books, almost. However, she should beware of making trite generalisations. For instance her remark that 'Olaf Stapledon, university lecturer in psychology & philosophy wrote this book in his late fifties. Consequentially the style tends to be somewhat stilted and pedantic, etc.' This is a fatuous, shallow remark insofar as it does not follow that because someone is a lecturer and in their fifties they will write stilted prose. I'm not saying that Beryl isn't right about this book because I haven't read it -- but even if she is it doesn't alter the fact that her reasoning is faulty. The job of a reviewer is a very tricky one, insofar that if he (she) makes a blooper, the reader loses confidence in his rev-

IEWS, possibly to his own detriment (i.e. he doesn't buy a book the reviewer said was good...and which is good.) But let me make it clear that I usually enjoy Beryl's reviews and appreciate the effort she puts into them.

/ Something I've been wondering about for some time ; --is it better to have one reviewer every issue, or to farm out books for review, as with VECTOR? I'd appreciate opinions on this matter. Meantime, Beryl this issue. 7

Alex B Eisenstein, 3030 W Fargo Ave, Chicago. USA. By far the best item in the issue was the reprint from ANIMALS. The illustrations for that article were a joy to behold, especially the first one. Where could I obtain a copy of the magazine ? By the way, you and the editorial staff of ANIMALS run a slight risk of encountering the Campbell Syndrome by not explaining or revealing your hoaxes (Remember the 'Aphrodite Project'?) No matter how transparent is the hoax, someone is bound to swallow it whole. Or some unfortunate who merely skims the article may be convinced by the remarkable illustrations.

/ I know of two readers who believed the hoax ! It was originally printed to appear on April 1st. if that explains matters. 7

Dave Hale, 12 Belmont Rd, Stourbridge. Walt Willis I put into the like section, not because it is really all that good, in fact it was a disappointment, but because most other people probably will just because it is Willis. This is what I mean by initiative in getting him to restart this column. I admit to being horribly expectant about this column and maybe this was what caused me to be disappointed. This isn't to say that the column isn't interesting, well written, constructed and reasoned -- I obviously concur most strongly with most of what he says --but it does lack the fulfillment of promise. No doubt it's very gratifying for Platt to be given so much consideration by Willis, but the subject doesn't seem to have aroused Willis's critical or humorous faculties all that much. This is ridiculous, I just can't pin down precisely what I expected, but there was something missing.

...more bibliography, in fact 26 pages of the stuff. I have read it, not because I wanted to, but because I was determined to see if it was interesting. All I can say is that all this stuff was apparently efficient, I can't comment on the actual judgements not having seen many of the magazines & books, yet the reviewers appear to make little attempt to be interesting in themselves (and it is possible to make a review interesting within itself by virtue of being well written and maybe digressing a little) with their reviews. Even Beryl, who I'd have thought could have made something of a review, doesn't.

...And on and on we got, page after page of review, book listing, Obviously a personal dislike, no doubt if I was a mad keen sf collector this would seem marvelous to me. I enjoy reading SF, don't ever think that I don't, & before I came into fandom years ago, I used to make listings like this. But no more. I only wish your bibliographical material was of the same quality as your artwork & layout. I suppose they get you free books anyway.

/ Surely it wasn't as bad as all that ? I only make it 17 pages of material that was at all biblio. I think Terry & Beryl are most entertaining 7

/ There seems to be no more room. A pity -- I have plenty more letters on hand some quite interesting. I've had to cut those printed above, but have tried to do it carefully, & print interesting bits. Thanks all, write again. FW 7

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

by TERRY JEEVES

EDITE.

ANALOG, June 1964.

Undercurrents.. (J.H.Schmitz) This issue concludes the second part of this serial. A 15 year old telepath(ess) uses her developing talents to foil a murder plot directed at her 18year old school chum. Despite paper characters and a considerable amount of padding, this almost rated B. Let's be charitable and call it that.

Stuck (J.Berryman) concerns the problem of getting a technician into orbit to make an intercept and recovery orbit with a spy satellite. Major difficulties are glossed over in the rush to get us to the problem gimmick but the urgency never gets through. Rating C.

Snap Judgement. An attempt by J.T.McIntosh to cash in on Russell's 'alien mistake' gimmick. Aliens make contact in order to get our 'Galactic Vote'

A Space Contact Officer whose qualifications are an extensive knowledge of SF, and who outranks the President in emergency handles the incident, C.

Dolphin's Way. (G.Dickson) Attempts to communicate with dolphins get nowhere..in spite of experimenter's theory that if we can do it we prove ourselves worthy of Intergalactic Contact. Then of course he finds the way in a flash of brainstorm, and the Contact appears, and goes off with the Dolphins. Rating D.

Mustn't Touch (P.Anderson) at his worst in an overwordy amount of reasoning wrapped round loads of clever doubletalk which boils down to the fact that living organisms cannot use the newly invented FTL warp drive..it mucks up their molecules...Rating E.

I BEM (W & L Richmond) After reading the earlier 'Pappa wants Shorts'monstrosity by this pair I thought nothing could ever be so bad. This one nearly managed the trick. The musings of a computer robot outline mankind's difficulty and solution of the problem of what to do with their leisure, when the robots do all of the work..gimmick is that the robots create biological devices to do their work, and get the same problem. E.

On the credit side are 'Ploughshare Today' concerning some recent experiments on the peace time use of nuclear power..and a lovely little tool drawing sketch which has you boggling..It is the first illo I've ever seen which fits that so often used story line..."the eye couldn't follow the lines, they seemed to twist off into some other dimension." And of course the usual jigsaw layout of the departments. Why not set these out in a civilised manner?

Analog July 1964

This issue has one of the better covers (better than most recent ones .) Still in the morbid sepia shades but it tells an arresting story. I sat back and enjoyed it for quite a while before opening the magazine to find that the cover illustrated the new serial, 'Sleeping Planet', to be reviewed when I have all of the parts. Interior is as usual well mishandled

by Schoenherr who succeeds in making every illustration look like a Gothic horror-comic. The cover whetted my appetite for what I fervently hoped would be the first of many improving Analogs...it wasn't, so here goes with the gory details.

THE MASTER KEY by Foul Anderson has no visible connection with sf, (other than the characters have blasters and operate on another planet.) Trader van Rijn's spacemen get a clobbering on a new planet and much thud & blunder ensues. The story is in flash back form, as first the captain explains his theory of what went wrong. Then his mate explains his theory. Then, of course, van Rijn who has never been near the place lets loose a couple of belches and a bedam or two, and explains the whole thing. Remember Galaxy's bacover advert? "Jets blasting Bat Durston etc.." This one isn't a space Western, it is just 'Life with the headhunters of Papua' under a new title. Rating E.

THE SEA WATER PAPERS is about a man who buys little wanted scientific papers (we're never told why) and in this case they are for utilising sea water for domestic consumption. How? Well instead of purifying it, you change your body chemistry to make it like sea water. The rest of the story concerns all the stupid false starts. Rating D.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF KELVIN THROOP..half a dozen (absolutely unconnected) letters from Kelvin..he has presumably thrown up his job and flown the coop and written all those letters to people that we think of doing when we win the pools. SF? -- well, he is something to do with a weather station (or bus station or summat) in the Arctic (or Antartic) Rating...E Minus.

There is also another ditchwater bright article on the origin of the Solar System. It had too many big words for me. AND THAT my friends is what you shell out 50 cents or 5/- for. Why do I do it? Apart from being nuts I still cherish a forlorn hope that some day a magazine will start publishing sf, and that it might be in Analog. Of course, the serial may prove to be SF...it's about an alien invasion. On the other hand the blurb hints that Earth's only defence is 'Grandpa's Ghost'.....Analog, I weep for thee.

Analog August 1964.

GENUS TRAITOR. Astronaut returns from Mars and is on trial for his life, for teaching Martians how to build a spaceship (in two years). He escapes, and during a hectic hunt manages to spill most of his side of the story. On recapture he is now given the chance to say his piece, and this is intended to be the punch line. Another case of what might have been a first rate story getting lost somewhere along the line. Rating C. (Reynolds.)

SATISFACTION. (Damon Knight) Fascinating little piece concerning the effect on humanity of 'dream machines'. One of the co-inventors is worried, the other has come to terms with the situation. Only a short piece, but it puts the case beautifully and has a very logical and human ending. Rating B

INTER-DISCIPLINARY CONFERENCE. An introductory set of imaginary 'abstracts from scientific papers' shows that though scattered, enough unrecognised evidence exists for a pre-Dawn high-level civilisation. This should have shown up, of course, by correlation by the Conference of scientists (see title) Stag humour, waffle, and time-wasting prevent this, and the conference closes without having uncovered this monumental fact beneath its nose (s). Rating D.

This issue also contains part 2 of the serial, to be reviewed later, and two articles, an over-my-head article on 'how to make a robot speak English' and a pointless little piece on a relativity paradox. I suspect many such are the result of framing in words what can only be described in mathematical form.

Galaxy, June 1964

TO BUILD A WORLD (Anderson). Sabotage of a Luna Terraforming scheme must be brought to the notice of the world police, and out hero succeeds against heavy odds. Apart from a rather hurried ending this yarn rattles along well and earns itself a B rating.

THE WELL TRAINED HEROES. (A Sellings) To reduce an oversurplus of would-be spacemen, teams of unsavoury 'spacemen' are sent around to create a bad impression. A bit weak in the logic department, but makes C-plus.

AN ANCIENT MADNESS. (Damon Knight) Much sympathetic and interesting wordage, but virtually no plot. Rating D.

THE SINCEREST FORM. Interesting but lightweight. Low C.

THE KING OF THE BEASTS (P.J. Farmer) This one is sheer fanzine stuff, on a par with the old 'Aydem and Deav' ending where the two wreck survivors set out to build a new life. Rating E.

THE MAN FROM EARTH (Dickson) Well written, a logical ending, and an enjoyable if not outstanding yarn. Rating B.

COLLECTORS FEVER. Slickly written rubbish. Rating E.

THE MANY DOOMS (Harry Harrison) Well written pot boiler. Rating C.

MEN OF GOOD WILL. Another piece of hackwork by a writing team making a name for themselves in the field (of hackwork). (Bova & Lewis) This rates factorial E.

Apart from two stinkers, this was one of the best issues of Galaxy in many a long moon. I sincerely hope it portends that at least ONE magazine is starting on the up-grade.

Galaxy, August 1964.

THE DEAD LADY OF CLOWN TOWN. (Cordwainer Smith) Another sick-making Codswallop Smith story...read it and see if you can believe it or work it out Me, I think it utter rubbish.. Rating Factorial E.

JUNGLE SUBSTITUTE. (Aldiss) The story never comes alive despite the lovely setting of the superstitions and machines. Rating D.

THE WATCHERS IN THE GLADE. No credibility, just wordage. Rating D.

THE DELEGATE FROM GUAFANGA. Plenty of wordage, but again no discernable story. Rating D. (Richard Wilson)

NEIGHBOUR (Silverberg) Ye gods can we never get some SF that is halfway credible? Another D.

Galaxy's last issue seemed to indicate an upswing of the quality curve, but this issue proves it a flash in the pan. And don't blame it on my non-existent ulcer, as I received and read both magazines at the same weekend. All these stories (including old Codswallop) have the same qualities (or lack of them), a fluency of writing style and narrative flow far surpassing the 'Sense of Wonder' Era. BUT the writers seem content with this. When will we get this ability hitched to a decent story/plot line??

NEW WORLDS 143.

THE FALL OF FRENCHY STEINER (Bailey) what is this doing in an sf mag? D
STORM WATER TUNNEL (Jones). One of those round-about stories which you can write for ten a penny..and nothing in its favour. Rating E.

GOODBYE MIRANDA. (Moorcock) which is just what it is, if you add the words 'and bull' Utter twaddle defying description. E³

SINGLE COMBAT (Green). A fascinating, well written and almost believable yarn. Rating B and I hope to see more in this line from Mr Green.

THE EVIDENCE (Harding). Interesting but not outstanding. Low C.

EQUINOX (J.G. Ballard) Conclusion of a 2-part serial. Dr Sanders goes to visit friends way up the creek (literally) in Africa some place. He can't make it as the place is under some sort of quarantine by the authorities. The story unfolds to show the alien threat is a gradual conversion of everything to crystals. Dr Sanders thrashes around the jungle for no apparent reason, gets a touch of the icicles, recovers, but now realises it is a Good Thing, so boots off up the river to have a full conversion. This fascinating twaddle contains some good writing, but nothing which can remotely be construed as a plot...or even a bit of entertainment, and contains many bits of careless writing, such as Dr Sanders buying curios in the teeming bazaar of the village which a few pages earlier had been described as evacuated. If you thought 'Storm Wind' was a stinker, try this one for size. Rating E,

One good story in the lot.. Luckily I've just read the excellent issue No. 66 of Science Fantasy.. which contains a darned sight better SF than this issue of NEW WORLDS.

In Reply To William F Temple, regarding Mag. Reviews (LETTERS, P. 23)

steadfastly resisting the temptation to make puns on Mr Temple's surname, (after all, he did it with mine) I would like to point out a few things which he seems to have missed. Being a writer, Mr Temple seems to have missed the companion job of being a reader. In the opening to my reviews I specifically stated that they would be MY OPINIONS, that they would no doubt clash with those of many people (Mr Temple) and that they were offered as a guide to those who found their tastes proved similar to mine. Bill (more friendly, I feel) overlooks this and makes all sorts of personal attacks (without foundation OR any sort of evidence) on myself. I don't mind that, but let's be fair. He complains that I mark his ASF yarn 'C', he doesn't say why he objects to this, no remarks about how long it took to write, the amount of research involved, the appreciation offered by others, etc, etc,.... Oh no! Because I rated it 'C' then I am damned and to hell with any reasons, but straight into the attack.

I disagree with the observation that a literary critic must have read widely meditated much and lived long, that he must have some acquaintance with writing, style, etc... ergo I'm not qualified. Firstly we are not setting up stall as a literary critic, just airing my opinions (as does Bill) but if he wants me to play his game, I have read widely, and meditated, and I'm now 41..... which is long or short depending on your view point. I make no claims to being a writer, but I have produced quite a lot of written material.... and greatly to the point I feel, is the fact that I've been reading sf for over 30 years

As to my adolescence (my, doesn't Bill read a lot into those reviews!), well if this means I haven't grown up and set into the rigid mould of 'maturity', then I'm in agreement. As to those story ratings... I will only rate a story A when it makes me sorry to come to the end.. and that is very seldom. B is also hard to get. Now if Bill doesn't like getting a C rating, the answer is simple... start writing A class stories. But even if I rate them A he'll probably get panned elsewhere, as we are only giving my opinions, remember... I never set out to be the expert, only someone airing his views. If Bill would like to discuss this with me personally, I'd be pleased to do so..... after all, I enjoy HIS stories nearly every time

...000...

Fanorama

Walt Willis

ALIEN No. 10. Harry Nadler and Charles Partington, 5 South Mesnefield Road, Lower Kersal, Salford 7, Lancs, 1/3 or 25c per issue to -- Tony Edwards, 10 Cheltenham Place, C- on -M, Manchester 13, or Bob Bell, RED No.1, Lower Salem Lane, South Salem, New York.

Now there's the sort of thing that puts fanzine reviewers off a magazine -- three complicated to type where one would have done. It wouldn't be so bad if I was still getting paid for this stuff, why already I would have made enough for half an ounce of tobacco without batting a brain cell, but it's still bad for the fanzine. Not only does all that stuff take up space which might have been filled with nourishing egoboo, it puts off the reader too. Faced with two addresses one for letters and one for money, he is likely to send neither. My advice to any casual reader who feels this way, is to send everything to the poor downtrodden workers who are actually doing the publishing, and ignore those grasping financiers. Even the American one. It seems to be a well-kept secret in British fandom, but dollar bills can be mailed to the U.K. and easily changed into real money.

Any casual reader who nerves himself to take this step should not have cause to regret it, providing he has no unreasonable prejudices. It used to be my practice, for instance, to stop reading immediately any printed matter in which the possessive pronoun "its" was spelt with an apostrophe --- I figured that anyone who couldn't be bothered to spell a three-letter word correctly hadn't much on the ball -- until I found it spelt that way in Fanny Hill. And normally I would be as reluctant to read a fanzine with a department in it titled "LAFFS" as I would be to trust a driver with stickers on his windscreen; but then I showed one of the cartoons in it to Burnett Toskey, Ph.D. and he laughed immoderately. Which proves that this fanzine has great potentialities among Seattle mathematics teachers. For the rest of us there are four more or less successful attempts at serious fiction. The first, by Aub Marks, has a spark of originality almost entirely extinguished by a cloy over-conversational style. The second, about robots taking over the world, seemed so utterly pointless that I couldn't believe it, and read it again to see if it had concealed subtlety. It hadn't; it was full of what you might call deep hidden insignificance. 'The Jewel' by Dave West, was apparently stencilled by the author himself, in self defence, a wise move. It is one of those moody mystical things which leave you with the impression that the author could probably write quite well if he had anything to write about. The fourth did not do this.

I notice in the letter section a reader says that "Alan Dodd's film reviews are goo, in his own inimitable style". There is a temptation to merely agree with this accidental indictment, because it perfectly describes some of Dodd's writing in the past, but in this instance it would be unfair. The reviews are interesting, pointed, and informative.

And that's all, except for the editorial and club news which are merely informative. Objectively it doesn't seem very much to commend the magazine to you, but I do. It has a refreshing air of enthusiasm, and to those who are in the same situation vis a vis fandom and science fiction as the editors, it will all be intensely interesting. Like so many questions of controversy in fandom, it boils down to one of community of interest. Take for instance.....

THE SCARR, No 4. George Charters, 3 Lancaster Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down. Free for comment. I remember it came as quite a shock to me to find this fanzine listed among the members of the Nouvelle Vague, because it is nothing of the sort. It is published by one who has been active in fandom in a quiet way for over ten years, and is the type of fanzine which the New Wave is inclined to despise. This used to puzzle me, because the standards of this type of fanzine seemed to me immeasurably superior in every respect. Was it, I occasionally dared to wonder, that the critics simply did not understand the various subtleties of humour, felicities of style and originalities of thought with which the older fanzines abound and which are still so rare in the new ones? I dismissed this theory almost immediately, because these new fans are obviously intelligent. Was it then that they dismissed most of their contents as irrelevant, believing that fanzines should be about science fiction and not about fans? No, because they are quite happy themselves to tear each other's fanzines to pieces, and discuss conventions and club events. On the whole, I think it is almost entirely a question of in-groups and out-groups. The new fan, for example, skims over Ian McAulay's piece in this Scarr, and finds it seems to be about some people, whom he is expected to know by their first names, eating chips. He resents it in the same human way as one resents tv interviewers revealing that they are on intimate terms with the people they are supposed to be interrogating on our behalf. Something is being cooked up against us, one feels, and however good the program one does not feel it is on the level. Formerly this didn't matter, or didn't seem to matter, because either the new fan went away without our noticing him, or he introduced himself and found he was welcome in the in-group. But now there are enough of him to go away and form his own in-group, and we have two sets of people who feel they are reciprocally excluded. It's all very sad, and quite unnecessary because we are all fans. The older ones could help by not presuming quite so much esoteric knowledge among their readers, but the new ones should meet them halfway by not resenting material merely because they do not fully understand the background. If they could for example regard this Ian McAulay article as an excerpt from an unpublished novel by some contemporary Jerome J Jerome they might find it very funny. And having made this effort towards friendship they might find they appreciate more the rest of the contents, even if they haven't got much to do with science fiction. Bob Shaw for example, presents some newspaper cuttings which deserve some sort of immortality, a newcomer called Peebles has a column part of which is merely amusing, but the rest of which almost makes a major breakthrough into something or another, and George Charters has the first informative article I have seen about the great Scottish nit William McGonagall, who was born in 1830 and mercifully forgotten until excerpts from his work were declaimed in the immortal BBC Goon Show. All in all it's great fun, as long as you are not expecting to read an amateur science fiction magazine. Charters, being one of the few completist collectors left, no doubt feels there are quite enough sf magazines as it is. Nor is he trying to sell you anything, or become a power in fandom. He is simply showing you things he thinks might interest and amuse you, as he would do if you visited him in his home. And since he is an interesting and likeable character, so is his fanzine.

Fanzines for review to Walt Willis, 170 Upper N'Ards Rd, Belfast 4, N.I.

BOOK BY BERYL HEHLEY REVIEWS

THE TERMINAL BEACH ; J.G. Ballard. (Gollancz SF, 18s. 221 pp.)

Twelve stories written in Ballard's usual inscrutable style. This author seems to be obsessed with the symbolism of the sea; unfortunately it is a brand of symbolism which few readers can understand. Ballard obscures his underlying theme to such an extent that most of his stories seem to require the services of a psycho-analytical interpreter.

'A Question Of Re-Entry' is a South American variation on the 'Golden Bough' theme; 'The Drowned Giant' is a stomach-turning piece hitting at humanity's callousness and indifference; 'End-Game' describes --or purports to -- a possible refinement of brainwashing techniques, but it's far too long and fails to hold the interest.

'The Illuminated Man' could have been an excellent story; the basic 'gimmich' is original and thought-provoking. But once again it is overlaid, suffocated even, by Ballard's absorption with obscure motivations; so many of his characters seem to be imbued with an insistent death-wish. However there is excellent descriptive writing in this one, -- I am tempted to compare it with that of Bradbury, quite apart from the title. ("...by the night the illuminated man races among the trees, his arms like golden cart-wheels, and his head like a spectral crown.")

'The Reptile Enclosure' -- more sea-symbolism. lemming variety this time. 'The Delta At Sunset' -- a wounded man with a complex about snakes. 'Deep End' -- all the seas have dried up.

'The Volcano Dances' -- six pages of incomprehensibility. 'Billenium' -- a grim extrapolation of the results of the rising birth rate--this one was good, in a claustrophobic way. 'The Gioconda Of The Twilight Noon' --more psychiatric meanderings, with a ghastly conclusion.

'The Lost Leonardo' -- this is, for me, the best story in the book, which means that it isn't Ballard's usual style at all. It presents a new and original twist on an age-old mystery.

The title-story -- all I can say about this is that it is typical Ballard and is, therefore, completely beyond me. Anybody who made any sense out of 'Voices Of Time' will probably be able to fathom this one. I can't.

COUNTERFEIT WORLD ; Daniel F Galouye. (Gollancz SF, 15s 159 pp)

"Dark Universe" was fascinating. This one is even better. Written on an elaborated theme of solipsism it has a touch of Budry's "The Real People" about it, but there is no overlapping of plots.

Built around the question, "Just who is manipulating whom around here ?" the story wastes no time and comes to the staggering point almost exactly halfway through. But the interest doesn't wane from that point; rather, the tension grows, and enigma after baffling enigma is thrown at the reader almost gleefully, with no punches pulled. The final climax is obvious -- but not until after you've read it ! So no cheating !

It isn't easy to give details about the story without weakening its impact. It is Galouye at his best, so just read it and be carried along by it. And if it disappoints you, you must be very hard to enthrall !

Incidentally, the final three paragraphs; now I wonder..... ?

NEW WRITINGS IN SF. ed John Carnell. (Dennis Dobson, 16/- 190 pp)

This collection of five stories with a foreword by the editor is described as 'a new departure in the sf field, bringing for the first time to lovers of the genre, new stories written specially for the series by well-known as well as new authors.' Between the covers are represented Edward Mackin, John Rankine, Brian Aldiss, Joseph Green & James Webbert, and Damien Broderick.

One can only applaud any effort to "introduce new material specially written and selected for the new market". But didn't Fred pohl try to turn out a very similar type of series for Ballantine Books ? (Star SF).

If you've met the cherry-pie-loving Hek Belov before, and liked him, you will enjoy Mackin's 'Key To Chaos' (not yours, Rpy !) Belov -- "a modest man...the greatest cyberneticist the world has ever known.." teams up with Frank Tetchum, inventor of a'marvelous whatnot', otherwise termed an id-scope. Becoming involved with an unscrupulous and grasping businessman, the two blind him with science and gobbledegook to buy time ---- because they really have no idea what the damn thing actually does, or how it does it !

As Carnell says, "Humour in science fiction is one of the rarest commodities and probably the most difficult to write." Mackin is therefore to be congratulated for the fun waxes fast and furious from first to last, and the dialogue is crisp and amusing.

John Rankine's "Two's Company" is a straightforward story of human effort, but rather disappointing -- I was expecting a twist-in-the-tail, & which never showed up.

Aldiss's "Man On The Bridge" is a "rather grim little story with overtones of Orwell's '1984' " -- and that editorial description could not be bettered. A real fen-frightener this one -- bow nicely to the Froles, you cringing Cerebrals !

The Green & Webbert yarn, "Haggard Honeymoon" deals with the hallucinations suffered by humans mining uranium on the planet known as McKeever. It's a well-written story but leaves a few points unexplained. The last-line seems to be introductory to a possible sequel, which could be very

interesting if it is ever written.

"The Sea's Furthest End" (sounds vaguely Ballard-ish, but isn't, fortunately,!) by Australian author Damien Broderick is a lulu. Far from being introverted like Ballard's work, it's more like Van Vogt. Space-opera, perhaps, but well-written and offering potential for expansion into a series of similarly-based stories. For my money Broderick is a Writer To Watch. His employment of the solipsistic theme is very different from that of Galouye, but nevertheless fascinating.

An interesting collection — nothing startling, but it seems to be a promising venture.

THE UNPLEASANT PROFESSION OF JONATHAN HOAG; Robert Heinlein. (Dennis Dobson, 18/-)

Several of Heinlein's books present a bonus in the form of an extrastory or two not mentioned on the cover. This is the case here, this book has five other stories besides the title-yarn.

The title story is an odd mixture of detective fiction and fantasy. Hoag engages the firm of Randall & Craig (who are, in private life, Mr & Mrs Randall) to discover what he, Hoag, does during the day. Hoag doesn't know, but suspects that it is something horrid. Being finally convinced of his sincerity, the Randalls undertake the case -- and are plunged in to a fantastic nightmare fraught with physical and psychic danger. The story ends in a kind of solipsistic uncertainty which contrasts with the conclusion of Counterfeit World.

The story is minor Heinlein -- it was first published for UNKNOWN under a pen-name, and is nothing at all like Heinlein's usual style. Nothing is really explained, and 100 pages is far too much to waste on this mixed-up mishmash when works such as Starship Troopers or Tunnel In The Sky are not available in hard-cover editions in this country.

The other stories are better, more nearly straight SF than the lead, except THE MAN WHO TRAVELLED IN ELEPHANTS, which is distinctly Bradburyish -- which is probably the main reason why I liked it.

FAR STARS ; Eric Frank Russell. (Panther 2/6, 128 pp)

Six stories from EFR at his best. THE WAITABITS --- remember Katherine Maclean's PICTURES DON'T LIE ? Reverse that effect, and discover why a laconic space scout describes the natives of the planet Eterna in one word -- 'Unconquerable'. EFR's characters are as irascible as ever, and the dialogue written with his usual gusto. P.S. (no, that's the name of the second story, not an afterthought on my part) is a rather sad little story of courage and insight displayed by a man whose long-held illusions are shattered.

ALL AMAGOOSA features the desperate efforts of a spaceship crew to cater for the rigidity of mind which afflicts official bumbledom. I saw the ending of this one coming, which rather took the edge off the amusement. Again good dialogue (this story won a Hugo-award.)

LEGWORK I found absorbing when I read it in ASF, and hardly less so on second reading. How can 'mere' Earthmen trap an alien who could give lessons to the King of the Chameleons any day of the week ?

DIABOLOGIC. The 'hero' in this one, Wayne Hilder, could quite easily be a double for Leeming, of PLUS X fame, except that instead of a bopamagilvie he uses 'Diabologic, the Science Of Driving People Nuts' (It's a sc-

ience ? and to think that nobody told me !)

THE TIMELESS ONES -- Passive resistance I've heard of, (pick Bernard up, constable !) but passive conquest of the universe ? Try infiltration, the Miggie way -- it's all a matter of good breeding....

An attractive 3-D cover effect rounds off a first class collection. But then, I'm a Russell fan. I would have liked to have seen that marvelously funny story, NUISANCE VALUE in this collection, possibly instead of DIABOLOGIC. I am quite surprised at the number of Russell yarns in ASF, and they all feature surprisingly similar protagonists. Perhaps they are all personifications of the author, rather in the mood of the more-or-less standard Heinlein and Anderson character-types. This fascinating idea could use development sometime. Anybody know EFR ?

/ an EFR article promised for the next ZENITH, Beryl, which might work out the implications of that idea. Or it might not....ERW 7

REVOLT IN 2100 ; Robert Heinlein (Gollancz SF, 16/- 305 pp)

This is the final volume of the famous 'Future History' to be made obtainable in this country in bound form. The book formerly saw publication by Digit, with only two of the three stories that this edition contains. It isn't new by any means, the three stories were first printed in ASF around 1940. They are, 'IF THIS GOES ON', its sequel, 'COVENTRY,' and the unconnected 'MISFIT'.

The first and longest story, written in the first-person, mixes tyrannical religion, permissive religion, and the revolt of the latter agin' the rule of the former. The style is reminiscent of STARSHIP TROOPERS, & traces the development of a young man who 'changes sides'. This involves a rejection of most of the principles which have been inculcated into him from boyhood, and acceptance of the fact that a man can live free, without necessarily being guilty of blasphemy, heresy, etc. The description of 'John's "growing-up" is well-done, but one finds it hard to believe that only the United States had succumbed to such a rigid religious tyranny.

Other critics have mentioned the flaws in Heinlein's religious dictatorship, and indeed, Heinlein himself realised the inherent weakness of this phase of his 'Future History'. He preferred to concentrate his talents on other works, with the result that several stories in his FH, notably the ones dealing with the rise to power of the 'First Prophet,' Nehemiah Scudder, have never been written. These stories were titled only as 'The Sound Of His Wings'; 'Eclipse'; 'The Stone Pillow' in a way it is a pity that these stories were never written; it would have doubtless been fascinating to witness the rise to power of Scudder, only mentioned briefly in 'Logic Of Empire', and 'If This Goes On.'

THE MIND OF MR SOAMES.; Chas Eric Maine. (Panther 3/6 , 192 pp.)

Rather disappointing story of a man who remains unconscious from his birth until he is thirty years old, and is then awakened by a miracle of brain surgery. I feel that a great deal more could have been made of this quite unique idea; John Soames has to be 'educated' as if he were a newly-born baby, and, to me, this 'education' leaves much to be des-

ired. It is generally agreed that the main essential for successful child-rearing is love -- not necessarily mother-love, but affection of some sort. John Soames is not only denied this; he is also denied female company until the psychiatrists can be sure that his sexual instincts have been properly educated along with everything else !

The Japanese surgeon who carries out the operation seems to have the right ideas -- or at least, better than those who are caring for the patient, Soames, -- but he never gets a real chance to put them into practice.

The story is tragic in its implications -- and also somewhat damning as an indictment of modern psychiatric methods -- but it lacks the impact that it might have had.

Along with a couple of other Maine books, this one is relegated to the shelf of 'might-have-been-classics'. Somehow Maine can take the most original idea and treat it with a pathetically cardboard style. If only he would depart from his formula he could perhaps write very well indeed -- but I doubt this is likely to happen, since his books (mainly for Corgi -- what a pun !) are among the best SF sellers -- to the disgust of the experienced reader. It seems that the general public prefer their Science Fiction to be prosaic rather than original.

Other Books Received.

Gunner Cade -- (Gollancz, 15/-, 218 pp) -- the ASF serial of the fifties by Merril & Kornbluth. A little dated but quite readable.

It Was The Day Of The Robot -- Frank Belnap Young (Dobson 15/- 141pp) -- another classic, also surprisingly unaged in its treatment.

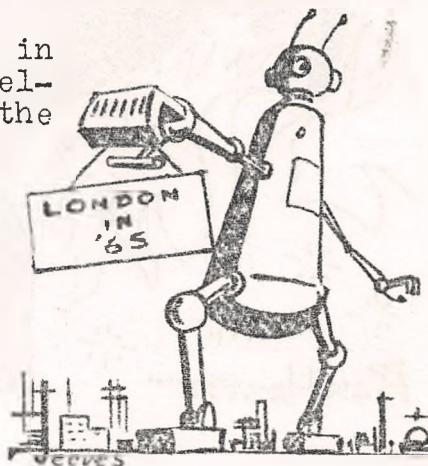
The Foundation Trilogy (3 volumes from Panther) Isaac Asimov -- 3/6. These should already be on every SF fans shelf, but this new edition is especially notable for its beautiful covers. Panther now do the best SF covers of any series. The long-awaited 'Second Foundation' is available in this country for the first time in some years.

Best From F&SF -- 9th Series -- lovely cover; formerly pubbed. in hard covers as a Gollancz book.

Quote Of The Moment. from William F Temple

"I also hate the sort of yarn that leaves you up in the air. I've sounded off against this kind of deliberate obscurantism often before. I loathed the vogue Van Vogt set for plonking you down in the middle of a set-up, and with characters chasing around up to something never explained until near the end, if at all. Irritating. Unnecessary I almost always try to tell a story the way the White King (was it ?) advised Alice to; " Begin at the beginning and go on to the end."

ZENITH ART FOLIO -- only 50 being printed, (at Christmas) and only 15 left to be ordered. 2/6 each, C.W.O. to the Editor.





Dick Howett