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HARRINGTON, Ian HARRINGTON and
John HARRINGTON, and on the
inside of the
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Helen HARRINGTON and
Ian HARRINGTON

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EDITORIAL

This issue goes to all B.S.F.A. members on the 1963 roster. VECTOR 25, with material by Eric Frank Russell, Harry Harrison, E.C. Tubb and others, is only being sent to members who are paid-up for 1964. A reminder to those who have not renewed at the time of going to press is enclosed herewith.

There has been precisely one nomination for the next Committee - Charles Winstone (N.348) has been nominated for Treasurer by that office's present incumbent, Mrs G.T. Adams (N.12). He is thus returned unopposed. The remainder of the offices will have to be filled at the A.G.M.

As last year, voting rights for the Dr. Arthur Rose Weir Memorial Award are being reserved for those who have paid their 5/- Convention registration fee. Voting forms will be circulated with the Convention bulletin.

Talking about the Convention, there is some excellent news. Having now received the surplus funds from the 1963 Convention, the 1964 Convention Committee have decided to restore the admission charges to last year's level. Unfortunately your editor appears to have no record of what these were - but a refund will be made in appropriate cases.

Still with the Convention, popular artist Arthur Thomson is preparing the programme book. Material for inclusion, such as advertisements etc, should be

sent to him at 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London SW2.

The dinner of the latest Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund campaign, Wallace W. (Wally) Weber (pronounced "Webber") of Seattle, noted humorist, will attend.

From Con to Con - the last issue of VECTOR was accompanied by a flyer advertising the "Castlecon", to be held over August bank Holiday week-end at the Castle of Marquartstein in Upper Bavaria. A considerable number of British SF fans (including me) are making plans to attend. For the waverers - a lot of German SF fans speak pretty good English, including Thomas Schlack, from whom further particulars may be obtained at 3 Hannover, Altenbakenener Damm 10, W. Germany.

Everybody has a good word for Dr. Peristyle (everybody who bothers to write in, anyhow) but nobody wants to ask him any questions. More are urgently solicited please. Send them to the editorial address.

Further not-reviews are also solicited. There is still quite a backlog, but they will be cleared in VECTOR 25, after which it is hoped that the subject can be kept up to date. The not-reviews in this issue, by the way, are mainly from material submitted by Brian Hollis, Robert Merrall, and Terry Dail, to whom thanks. John Barfoot, Richard Gordon and Peter White have also been very helpful.

The death has been reported of author T.H. White, best known for his cycle of Arthurian romances (parts of which were originally published as The Sword in the Stone, The Witch in the Wood and The Ill-Made Knight) which were collected in a revised edition under the overall title of The Once and Future King. It is of interest to note that he just lived long enough to see The Sword in the Stone issued as a full-length Disney cartoon.

Accompanying this issue you should find a voting form for a proposed amendment to the U.S.F.A. Constitution. The object of this, if carried, is to make full members under the age of 21 eligible for Committee posts - with appropriate safeguards. (It makes no alteration to the position of Associates under 18.) Mrs C.T. Adams, of 54 Cobden Avenue, Ditterne Park, Southampton, has been appointed Teller for the purpose, and votes should reach her by the 14th of March 1964. She happens by a curious coincidence to be the Treasurer, so anybody who has not yet renewed his or her subscription for 1964 can do that at the same time, thus killing two birds with one 3d stamp.

If the amendment is negatived, then some of our teenage members look like being driven into open revolt. One such revolting teenager is Charles Platt, one of the Vector's most active correspondents. Anybody of any age who would be interested in joining him in either a revolution or a round robin (correspondence chain) is invited to contact him at 8 Sollerabott West, Letchworth, Herts. He publishes a fanzine titled BEYOND (formerly POINT OF VIEW).

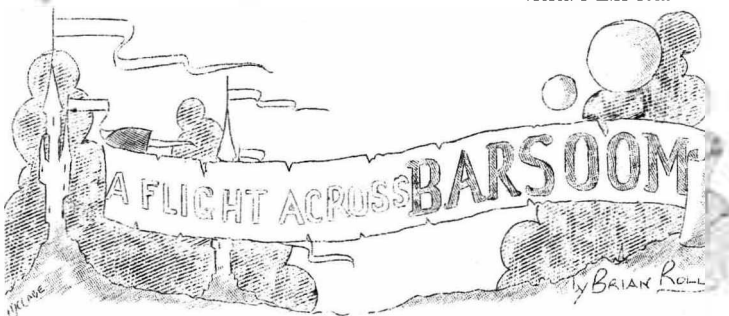
Peter Weston (9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31) mentions that ZENITH 3, at 1/-, will be out for February 6th. Contents are slated to include articles, reviews, book news, and photographs and - just in case you can't wait till March and VECTOR 25 - a story by E.C. Tubb.

Mrs. Deryl Henley, lady member of the Birmingham group, wants to know just what Mark Twain wrote on the subject of telepathy, as mentioned by Heinlein in Lost Region/Lost Legacy. Anybody know?

And finally - I have recently received an anonymous letter. Not, I hasten to add, a scurrilous letter or anything of that sort - but anonymous nevertheless. It refers to a recent VECTOR - but since I have no idea who sent it, it's somewhat pointless.

W-H-E-W !!! Never thought I'd get it all in! And there's even room for a not-review underneath. AM

van Vogt, A.E.: Away and Beyond (Panther 3/6d) First British edition of this collection of van Vogt tales, mostly from "Astounding".



TO THE VAST majority, Edgar Rice Burroughs is the creator of "Tarzan", the famous ape-man who has battled his way through twenty-odd books and innumerable films; but to the initiated, he is the author of the world of Barsoom, John Carter's Mars.

It is hard to think of a more controversial set of books in the whole field of SF and fantasy. Are they SF? Are they anything but crud?

Whether you thrill to the adventures of Tardos Mors and Tars Tarkas, or whether the obvious improbabilities and odd style make you wince, the fact remains that ERB is the way many people first meet the fantasy world, and he still commands much admiration and influence there. (Fear not, noble editor; you are not the only one in the U.S.F.A.)

One thing about Barsoom is that you get the feeling of a world - too many SF stories give the impression that it doesn't matter where you land on the planet of Bilznaj, you will see much the same sort of thing. Burroughs' Mars is a place of diverse races, customs and manners, and distinct personalities.

The red men are the most advanced; militarily, scientifically, and culturally. They live mainly in walled cities or fortified farms along the irrigated canals. The Empire of Helium (perhaps a name could have been chosen not the same as element no. 2) is the most powerful of this race. The capital is the twin cities of Greater and Lesser Helium, marked by great yellow and scarlet towers. Of the other red nations, none, like Martians and Cathol, are friendly to Helium; others are often at war with her.

In the North Polar regions, cut off by an ice wall, live a race of yellow men, dwelling in artificially heated cities, rather like Blith's trading cities. In the South live both a white and a black race. ERB is often accused of being a white supremacist of the worst sort, but in this connection it is interesting to note that the black race is described as handsome and intelligent, whereas the white race runs the corrupt religion and is depicted as degenerate and treacherous.

The bottoms of the dead seas are inhabited by 15-foot green warriors with four arms. These are also split into nations such as the Tharks and Warhoons.

Although strictly truthful and just they are alien to any thought of friendship or love, and are cruel and warlike in the extreme.

The organisation of all races is roughly on the tribe or clan method, with jeds (kings) and jeddaks (emperors) as rulers.

Apart from the green race the peoples are remarkably like old homo sap (well, other writers do this sort of thing), apart from their long life and the fact that they are oviparous. Despite this I may say that the females look quite mammalian on my covers. They can however interbreed with Earthmen. The eggs are kept in the back garden by the more civilised races, but are put in incubators by the green men.

Their long natural life is balanced by an almost constant state of warfare and strife with the fauna. This includes banths (ten-legged lion-type animals), apes (a huge white furred six-limbed ape) and siths (hornets the size of bulls) on the wild side, but thoats, zitiders and calots are domesticated. Thoats are the horses of Barsoon and come in two sizes, large as used by the green men and a smaller variety used by the red race. Zitiders are draught animals and calots are watch dogs the size of a pony with ten legs. BEMish, perhaps, and why all those legs?

Mars is a dying world, kept alive by the advanced science of the Barsoonians; the atmosphere, for instance, is constantly regenerated by a mechanical plant.

The Martians are quite a social and cheerful people, despite the warfare and the danger of assassination. (To be an assassin is rather an honourable calling; in fact one, Gor Majus, is highly admired in his country).

If the Martian lives to the age of 1,000 (which can be seen to be difficult), he or she generally takes a pilgrimage down the Iss to the valley Dor - according to religion a place of pleasure but in fact a place where pilgrims are killed by blood-sucking plant men and despoiled by the white race, the Holy Therns. ERB does not seem to like organised religion very much; apart from the Iss-Dor swindle, the others which exist on Mars (e.g. Tur worship) are depicted as ridiculous and run by priests more marked by greed and self-interest than piety. Apart from any formal religion most Martians venerate the memories of their ancestors (e.g. the greeting 'Blessed be thy ancestors for this meeting').

The main fighting weapons are swords and daggers; although pistols and rifles are known, they are not favoured for personal combat. They are used in naval battles, however. The main branch of the armed forces of the red men is the navy. This is an air fleet comprising ships from one-man fliers to battle-ships carrying several thousand men. These are supported and driven by the "eighth ray", which is a sort of antigravity essence. It is held in tanks which are always being punctured, disabling the flier.

In A Princess of Mars, John Carter, a Virginian soldier, is being chased by Apache in Arizona. He takes cover in a cave where he is overcome by fumes, 'dies', and is miraculously propelled to Mars. This may seem a bit of a deus-ex-machina, but if we accept Bester's jumbling, why jib at this? He is captured by the green Tharks and taught the universal Barsoonian language, which is apparently so logical that there is never more than one possibility for the name of a new thing. By unTharkian kindness he makes friends with Woola, a calot

set to guard her, and with his threats. Sola, a green girl, and Tars Tarkas, her father, eventually befriend him and another prisoner - Dejah Thoris, a princess of Helium captured from a scientific expedition. By his prowess, mainly due to his Earth muscles and his rather unexplained skill as a swordsman, he rises to be a Thark chieftain.

After capture by Than Kosis of Zodanga, Carter rescues Dejah Thoris, while Tars Tarkas kills the murderer of Sola's mother and becomes Jeddak of Thark in his place.

Carter and Dejah Thoris are married but the locked atmosphere plant fails, threatening all life on Mars. In his wanderings Carter has learnt the telepathic commands needed to open the door. He does so, but as the Martian engineer crawls in to mend it, he collapses and returns to the cave in Arizona.

Ten years later, in *The Gods of Mars*, John Carter returns to Mars in the same way, this time arriving in the valley Dor. Dejah Thoris has taken the pilgrimage and has been captured by the head of the Therns, Matai Shang. Tars Tarkas has also done so, and together he and John Carter escape the plant men and apes only to be captured by the black pirates. These claim to be the first race born from the primordial 'tree of life' in which most Martians believe. They expose Isaus, the 'goddess' who rules the black race, and Carter escapes with Carthoris, his son, and Kodar, a disillusioned prince of the First Born. He is accused of heresy by Zat Arras, the regent of Helium (in the absence of Tardos Mors the Jeddak and Mors Kajak the Jed who are searching for the latter's lost children). Due to his popularity he is released, but too late to rescue his wife, who, with another red girl called Thuvia, prisoners both of Matai Shang, is locked in a cell revolving under the ground which can be reached only after a year.

BRIAN MCCABE here illustrates another of Edgar Rice Burroughs's famous interplanetary protagonists - Carson Napier of Venus



In *The Warlord of Mars*, Dejah Thoris is stolen from the cell by the uneasy alliance of Matai Shang and Thurid of the First Born and, followed by John Carter, is taken to the court of Kulan Tith, Jeddak of Kael, who still follows the Thern religion. Matai Shang is exposed by Carter with the help of Thuvan Dihn, Jeddak of Ptarth and father of Thuvia, but escapes. He takes Dejah Thoris to the land of the yellow men in the north, Carter and Thuvan Dihn on his heels. Here they befriend Talu, prince of Marentina, who is at war with the tyrannous Jeddak, Salenous Oll.

The country has been protected by a magnetic pole which attracts all ships, causing them to crash, but Carter destroys this in time to admit the rescuing army led by Carthoris, Tars Tarkas and Kodar.

Tardos Mors, Mors Kajak and Dejah Thoris are rescued. Carter is ordered to stand trial for his heresy in returning alive from the valley Dor, but in fact is elected Warlord of Mars in one of Burroughs' most impressive scenes.

Thuvia, Maid of Mars, is the story of the red girl rescued from the tharns. The basis of the plot is reminiscent of women's magazines: Thuvia, daughter of Thuvan Dihn, is engaged to Kulan Tith, Jeddak of Kaol, but is basically in love with Carthoris, Carter's son. Astok, prince of Dusat, also desires her, and abducts her in such a way that suspicion falls on Carthoris. The latter follows her, but both are captured by the Torquansians, a green tribe, then by the Lotharians. These people believe themselves to be the last civilized race on Mars, and defend their city with telepathically produced images of archers and banths, the enemy being killed by suggestion as the arrow approaches. One of these projections, Kar Kozak, becomes real, and with his help the red couple escape.

Dusarian agents have meanwhile fomented war between the allies. Carthoris not only turns up in time to prove his innocence and hence to avert war, but in rescuing Kulan Tith from a green horde gets Thuvia when Kulan Tith realizes she prefers Carthoris. This eleventh hour aversion of disaster, or the the-U.S.-cavalry-will-turn-up technique, detracts seriously from the plausibility of parts of ERB's stories.

In The Chessmen of Mars, Tara of Helium, Carter's daughter, is carried away in her flier during a storm and is captured by the Kaldanes. These are beings which consist almost entirely of head, all the other limbs and organs being atrophied. They use almost brainless bodies, called rykor, both as food and means of locomotion. Their racial ambition is to produce a pure brain, which, shut in an underground hole, should do nothing but think. Tara charms a kaldane, Ghek, with singing, unknown among them. Gahan of Cathol, who loves Tara, rescues her, only to be captured by the men of Manator. G-Tar, the jeddak, is cruel and treacherous, but is opposed by U-Thor, the just and popular jed of Manatos. Note here the similarity to the plot of Thuvia.

There is a Martian game, similar to chess, called jetan. In Manator, however, it is played with living pieces, the men fighting for a disputed square. Forced to take part in this, Gahan rescues Tara, and their friend A-Kor, son of U-Thor, becomes jeddak.

The Master Mind of Mars is one of the best Mars books. Another earthman, Ulysses Paxton, is 'killed' in France in the first world war, and is transported to Mars to become the apprentice of a brilliant but unstable surgeon and scientist, Rna Thaves. The villainous jeddara (empress) Xaxa of Phundahl has her brain transferred to the beautiful young body of Valla Dia of Duhor. Paxton, however, has fallen in love with her (love is a very sudden process in ERB's books), and swears to restore her body. With a resurrected assassin, Gor Hagus, Dcr Tarus, whose body has been stolen by one of Xaxa's nobles, and Hovan Du, whose brain has been transferred to the body of an apt, he succeeds. Valla Dia naturally turns out to be a princess, and John Carter and the Heliometric navy turn up in the nick of time as usual.

A Fighting Man of Mars tells the story of Hadron of Hastor (one of the cities of Helium). He becomes infatuated with a spoilt beauty called Samona Tora, and when she is kidnapped (yes, again!) sets off in pursuit.

He rescues a girl, Tavia, from the Torquasians on the way and goes to Jahar, whose jeddak, Tul Axtar, he suspects. Imprisoned on the way by Haj Osie of Tjanath, he and a fellow prisoner, Mur An, escape, and after a brief brush with a sadistic jed, Chron of Ghasta, discovers the source of the new Jaharian weapons which dissolve metal. This, along with other fantastic inventions, including a paint which confers invisibility, has been invented by Phor Tak, a prototype mad scientist. (Compare Mas Thavas of the previous story).

With an invisible air-ship he rescues Sanona Tora and Phao (Mur An's woman) with Tavia's help. By the treachery of Sanona Tora, Hadron and Tavia are stranded in cannibal country by Tul Axtar. Here they recover the air-ship and help John Carter to defeat the Jaharian forces. Phor Tak is killed, and his inventions are destroyed in order to prevent their use in future wars. (ERB evidently did not believe in the deterrent theory). At the end Hadron discovers that he has really loved Tavia all along, and she (surprise, surprise!) turns out to be a princess.

ERB's Venusian adventures are less well known and Kline, probably the best Burroughs imitator, made Venus his with the Grandon tales. ERB's Venus is a planet of seas and giant forests. The inhabitants are again human, with variations - some, for instance, are winged. Carson Napier travels to Venus more conventionally, by spaceship, and crashes. He joins a group of exiles whose land is now run by pseudo-communists, and falls for a princess. It sounds familiar enough.

The Tarzan stories contain many fantasy episodes and plots (e.g. ant-men giants, lost races) which could well form the basis of a similar article if anybody's interested.

The similarity of plot mentioned above is admittedly more evident in a short summary than in reading the books, but is none the less there. This has led to the rather unkind suggestion that ERB got John Carter to send him a Martian computer to write the stories but that Carter only sent one programme. The coincidences are often hard to take - the way the invisible air-ship floats away from Tul Axtar to just where Hadron and Tavia are standing, just as they are about to commit suicide to prevent capture by the cannibals - but, well, coincidences do happen. The rather cloy way he has of describing emotions is a more serious fault. The characters also tend to be black or white - upright and noble if on 'our' side, but utterly without relieving virtue if they are villains. All the women are beautiful, even the unpleasant ones. Some people object to the fact that slavery is taken for granted, but it is reasonable in this semi-feudal society, and in any case is not irredeemable - some ex-slaves rise to high positions among their masters.

The style lends itself readily to satire - "ten thousand green warriors were firing at me with their radar-controlled radium rifles that never miss, but fortunately I escaped them." --- "I slew 27 and the rest took flight"...

The books have their faults - oreaking plots and so on - but they still have the power to evoke the vision of a world. When the events have faded from the mind one still remembers the central character, John Carter, with his stubborn refusal to admit defeat (I still live!) and his spectacular courage. The Mars of Rex Gordon's brilliant No Man Friday with its detailed, plausible ecology may be more reasonable, but a lot of people still have a soft spot for

the Larsson where the twin towers of Helium rise above the dead sea bottoms and the ~~dead~~ ~~ward~~ where walks John Carter, Jeddak of Jeddaks, Warlord of Larsson.

—MIAN KOLIS

EDITOR'S NOTE. Besides the seven "Mars" books enumerated above, the series continues in sequence with the following stories:

Swords of Mars

Synthetic Men of Mars

Plans of Gathol

John Carter and the Giant of Mars

Skeleton Men of Jupiter (in which John Carter and his friends move on to a further planet)

The first three of these stories are complete novels; the latter two are shorter works (a complete novelette and the first section of what would have been another full-length novel) which are due to be published together with a left-over Venus episode under the title of Tales of Three Planets, AM

THE EARTH WAR (Nock Reynolds) (Pyramid 40¢ 141 pages)

Frigid Fracas from "Analog" - token warfare and a fossilised "cold war".

THE HUMANOIDS (Jack Williamson) (Lancer 178pp 3/6d)

Famous novel of humans and robots, with controversial ending.

SOME OF YOUR BLOOD (Theodore Sturgeon) (Ballantine (Tav) 143pp 2/6d)

A deliberately unpleasant tale.

TALES OF LOVE AND HORROR (ed. Dun Congdon) (144pp)

Shorts by Bradbury, Matheson and others.

A MILE BEYOND THE MOON (G.M. Kernbluth) (MacFadden 175pp 40¢)

A typical collection of Kernbluth short stories.

THE WALL AROUND THE WORLD (T.R. Cogswell) (Pyramid 160pp 2/6d)

Collection of Cogswell's stories including The Specter General.

ANALOGUE MEN (Damon Knight) (Berkley 160pp)

Novel about men controlled by machines, with one lone rebel.

THE SURVIVOR AND OTHER STORIES (Lovecraft & Derleth) (Ballantine 145pp 2/6d)

Stories written by Derleth from Lovecraft's notes, without much variety.

TALENTS INCORPORATED (Murray Leinster) (Avon 3/6d)

Specs opera in the Leinster tradition.

ANYTHING YOU CAN DO ("Darrel T. Langart" = Randall Garrett) (Mayfl. 190pp 3/6d)

An alien on earth, who can only be beaten by a super-human.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN (Ray Bradbury) (Corgi 3/-)

Reprint of the famous compendium of Bradbury stories.

A CANTICLE FOR LEONOWITZ (Walter M. Miller) (Corgi 2/8pp 3/6d)

Award-winning novel of the (R.C.) Church after the blow-up.

BYPASS TO OTHERNESS (Henry Kuttner) (Consul 2/6d)

8 Kuttner stories, including one each from the "Mutant" and "Hogben" series.

EARTHLIGHT (Arthur C. Clarke) (Pan 158pp 2/6d)

Reprint of this famous melodramatic adventure noted for its technical detail.

FURY (Henry Kuttner) (Mayflower 3/6d)

Reprint of this famous tale of a future submarine civilisation at war.

LESS LAUGHING IN the back row, please,
while the first of DR. PERISTYLE's
pupils delivers his
question.

NOW WHAT SEEMS TO BE
THE TROUBLE ?

PHILIP HARBOTTLE: Why has E.C. Tubb dropped out of science fiction, and why did the library say that he was E.C. Elliott of "Kenlo" notoriety? Apparently he denies it emphatically.

DR. PERISTYLE: As to the second part of your question, your learned scribe laboured under the same delusion as the library. If Tubb has said he is not Elliott, then we can assume either that he is lying (for reasons of modesty or prudence) or he is telling the truth. A third possibility, that he may have forgotten whether he was ever Elliott or not, must be discounted as an idea too horrible to conjure with, since in that case we may never know whether Tubb and Elliott are synonymous.

As to the first part of your question, it is not entirely correct to assume that Tubb has dropped out of sf. Your scribe (who walketh with his ear to the ground - and damned uncomfortable it is) knows of a publisher who next year will commence a new series of sf novels, the first two of which will be by Bertram Chandler and E.C. Tubb - the latter's to be a slightly revised version of Window on the Moon, retitled from its first appearance in "New Worlds" as a serial.

Of course it is true to say that Tubb is writing much less. Many of us remember when Ted was sf in this country, and remember with gratitude. In this connection, it was sad to hear him say publicly at a recent convention that he felt his type of writing had become old-fashioned among the more sophisticated material in vogue today. There are many other writers from whom such a confession would have been entirely welcome, but such modesty from Ted is surely misplaced.

JIM ENGLAND: Can Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle be used to prove the existence of "free will" ?

DR. PERISTYLE: Heisenberg's theory indicates that nobody can predict how small particles will move if he knows exactly where they are and, conversely, that nobody can find where such particles are if he can predict how they will move. How this affects free will (the workings of which nobody can determine even when they have defined what it means) I cannot clearly see. Perhaps popile can. But come back in fifty years and I may be feeling a little brighter.

CHARLES PLATT: What is your real name? Well, you did ask for a loaded question.

DR. PERISTYLE: I should have stipulated what it was to be loaded with. Horse manure will not do. To reveal myself would be to fall victim to a fiendish platt.

NOTRA READ: I can't help out with readership figures, but how does the Doc think they can be improved?

DR. PERISTYLE: Stop me, madam, women ask the most difficult questions. I can think of six answers, none of which would satisfy either of us. But to give you a reply that perhaps contains the worst features of all six, I'm not sure whether the supposition behind your question that the present readership is low is entirely correct. An sf writer of average standing whom we know of is published by a reputable paperback firm in the States; they print a quarter of a

million copies of each of his titles, and have later been known to reprint. In this age of minorities, this seems not too mouse-like an audience to have. Better writers do better, worse writers do worse - a very sensible celestial law that suggests the Almighty is keeping up with his reading. Permit me to quote Peristyle's First Law of Science Fiction, after which the class can break up in furious disorder:

There is no virtue in ef as such, only in the writings of the individual authors: their minds possess individual virtues which can be assessed individually: the virtue of the medium cannot be assessed, for it does not exist.



MORE NOT-REVIEWS

NEEDLE (Hal Clement) (Corgi 3/-) First British paperback of this alien "needle" in terrestrial "haystack".

WATCH THE NORSE WIND RISE (Robert Graves) (Avon 75d) Graves's paranoial picture of a future world, also known as 7 DAYS IN NEW CRETE.

STAR GATE (Andre Norton) (Ace 40d) A fairly typical Norton adventure.

THE MAIL RESPONSE

CHARLES PLATT (Letchworth) I maintain that full addresses of letter-writers should be included where possible. If I want to write a personal letter to someone, I don't want to have to look out a list of BSFA members and then search out the right name. In addition, there must be people (like myself in fact) who joined relatively recently (after the last members' list was produced) and who have no way of getting the full addresses short of writing to you, which I am sure you would be glad to avoid.

Phil Harbottle's article is, if anything, a little superficial; a collection of facts strung together with connecting paragraphs that don't actually contribute anything of importance. But this is my only criticism.

It seems you have more artists listed on the front cover than you have illos in the magazine! What's going on? Couldn't you, perhaps, add the artists' names to their respective illos, to avoid confusion and to identify the work correctly? It'd be much better.

I don't see what Phil is getting at with this 'zero minus one is still zero' lark. Mathematically, he obviously hasn't a leg to stand on. And anyway, no matter what you take one away from, I should have thought it was reasonable to assume you had one less than when you started. Bringing infinity into it doesn't help matters; infinity isn't the opposite of 0; infinity is the opposite of minus infinity. There is no connexion between 0 and infinity at all. To point out that infinity minus one is still infinity is completely irrelevant, as is to point out that once ice is at 0° centigrade reducing the temperature still leaves it as ice; to carry this absurd analogy to its other extreme, I suppose one might point out that increasing the temp of steam above 100 centigrade still leaves it as steam, which would imply that $100 + 1$ is still 100 according to Phil's reasoning. There may be something in what he is trying to say; I don't quite know what he is applying his ideas to, though.

(Further opinions are requested as to whether it's worth typing in each correspondent's full address every time - hitherto I've been going on the principle that it isn't. Anyway, if wanting somebody's address means that the seeker after information is prompted to write a letter of comment that he otherwise wouldn't have got round to, then far from being glad to avoid it, I'd be delighted not to. As for the artists' names, if an artist signs or initials his work the signature gets out on to the stencil with the rest of it. If he doesn't, it doesn't. There's probably a better way of coping with the matter, so if I find it I'll use it. AM)

MARY REED (Banbury) I enjoyed the reviews - and I "foooooo" or what, but I always seem inclined to go rushing off to pore over the yarns the Reviewer slated ?

My fav. part at the min. is The Mail Response - what I'm waiting for are the comments on how to tell a Moira from a Mary - NOT LEAST! (I may add) from Moira herself!

With a wild screech at the Bench - may I suggest that a copy is sent to all new members - for reference like? S'funny, but on a few old pulps of the

Mars whatnots I'll swear the Banth was distinctly Elephant-like - 'speak it depends on the individual's imagination.

How about getting ATon or somebody to do cartoons of leading lights of the VECTOR - on the lines of those simplified drawings one sees lying about nowadays? Guess I'm not the only one who wants to know what our Great Men look like

(4 Banths of course - most of us, anyway. AM)

JOHN BARFOOT (Newcastle upon Tyne) I liked VECTOR 23's blue cover very much, although I agree with Charles Platt about it not being standardised. At least the different covers give me something to look at when VECTOR isn't very long.....

Philip Harbottle's March of the Mutants was the best article in the issue. In fact, it was the only article in the issue. (4 You peeped. AM) It was very interesting but I was amused by the way he managed to get in a sly reference to J.R. Fearn as he did in his hyper-space piece. I'll be watching for his next article to see if he does it again. Do you think he likes the bloke or something?

The Banth (complete with rippling muscles), filled me with admiration. (4 Phil Harbottle mentioned Fearn in both articles, true. Likewise Asimov, Heinlein, and Edmund Hamilton, and if anybody cares to make a full comparative study of the two articles he'll probably turn up other names used in both. So what? As for the cover, you'll just have to wait till six reams are exhausted now, I'm afraid. Then, perhaps we'll have an even better one. AM)

HARRY NADLER (Salford) Phil Harbottle's Mutants was great. I want to read some of the stories he outlined, for myself. But I did wonder whether anyone who had read Slan would have still been held by the article, when he began discussing the story?

To sum up, a good issue... but I'd still like to see

- The 20 page restriction lifted.
- More artwork.
- Some fiction .. oh! you are doing in V25.
- Something coming from the suggestion made at the A.G.M. last

Easter, to run a short story competition through VECTOR, especially as Nova is going.

(4 Your first three wants are interconnected. As for the fourth, the story competition - this has been tried in the past, with very poor response. The American N3P, by dint of throwing their equivalent open to non-members, has begun to have a bit of success - but we haven't got their population to fall back on. The situation created by the forthcoming demise of Nova, though, is very much on the S.S.F.A. Committee's minds at the moment. AM)

SUELLA PINCHINGTON (Alderley Edge, Cheshire) Following recent articles about children's efforts at sf, I thought these might be of interest perhaps. There has been no lead-up given to the children at all; the first two were written in response to a free-choice essay, the third in response to the title Space Travel. The first two were the efforts of nine year olds - hence the 'spelling' - the third that of a thirteen year old. All three are boys who attend a Preparatory School.

I think that the first one is a well-worked-out story; it shows a good use of vocabulary for his age, though I'm not too happy about the choice of title. This was the result of a 40 minute period, hence the possibly somewhat abrupt ending.

The Robot of Doom

Arr I have don it, said Aild Pot one of the ever growing popula-

tion of Mars. Now I can avenge my son- for I have a little something to destroy Earth, he said to himself as he hop(p)led aboard a space bus to selector 25. When he reached the quiet space park, he started to unwrap his parcel in it was a small china cat out of his pocet he took a complicated dachian and fited it into the cat. 60 days later he hird a space ship and went towards Earth, he halted 50 miles from Earth.

He then threw the china cat towards Earth, the cat grew to a great size and thretend to ingulf Earth. O I have failed he said as the cat grew to its normal size.

The second one is much shorter and lacks the breadth of ideas of the first, but I particularly like the title of this one which, though possibly sounding rather hackneyed to the adult mind, yet is good for a nine year old. This was written in a half-hour period.

Eternity Is A Long Time

One day a cirtan man called John Red, was tidng up in his far-ther's lab. He eyed the paro ray suddenly he threw down his brush. He turned the rays on and staped under them he felt the room swirl. Suddenly he turned to stone he could do nothing but think.

I have had other efforts but they were all based on the old visit to the moon theme and lacked the originality which I think is shown above. The last one is very good, being both cleverly constructed and amusing - a rare combination in sf at any level, much less at the child's. This was written in a double period, ie 1 hour 10 mins, but no previous indication of the subjects had been given.

Space Travel

It was a cold winter's day on the moon. It really is not much colder than summer but then a lump of perforated dandruff is positively reserved.

I was walking back to my globe-hole (my house) when a giant treeflobber presented itself in front of my front crater (garden) and refused to go away. I crippolled it with an anti-gavlessor gun. The treeflobber started to waltz round the crater blurping, "Free-trickleglop, frostrickleglop".

I pulled my tongue out at it. It jumped up on its hind nose and glafalloped off.

I walked inside my globe-hole and sat on a chair. I made a cup of moon-juice and settled down to read the "Daily Stars". I read that the Martians had captured Eafleagle and shot all its inhabitants. They were now eating the Milky Way and spitting on wallons to make their hair grow.

Suddenly I saw everything go hazy before my eyes. I woke up and while I could still remember the dream wrote it down under the title of 'Space Travel'.

(Make a note of his name - he can do The Author's Lot 6A or so. AM)

EWAN HEDGER (Cyprus) Phil Harbottle's comments on Tubb and Fearn have re-awakened feelings that I've been nourishing for some time re certain other British authors. My conviction is that we have had some of the best modern SF and fantasy writers in our midst for some time, yet for some strange reason they've won little acclaim except in the odd letter column in the Nova mags. I'm talking about authors like Bulmer, Drumaner, Rackham, Burke, Tubb (a la Phil Harbottle) and Moorcock. The last of these really requires the resurrection of a magazine such as 'Golden Fleece' to bring out his best. With authors such as these I feel that the British mags have been truly bringing back some of that much vaunted 'sense of wonder'.

Is Dr. Peristyle a Jesuit? Though his forum might have its points at that - the Commies practice 'self-examination sessions' and although that would be a little impractical for us, a built in devil's advocate should provoke some mirth. (Or: Speaking, as the saying says, for Boskone? AM) Dr. Peristyle, have at you - if you can't play ball with this letter, written without any pretence at coherent thought - avunt thee!

I don't think you would love to hear more about Russian SF; on the whole it's pretty rough. The writing is just like "Amazing" back in the '30 s, with loads of footnotes, and the odd stories that have appeared in the general magazines since the 'thans' are ghastly.

Essek, Jim - did I understand you to say that the concept of hyper-space should be dropped? Surely this is the one scientific concept that offers hope to a civilisation exhausting its natural resources at a high rate of knots? And don't let's use the 'fiction isn't fact' way out - there seems to be a deal of truth in the argument that scientific breakthroughs are only achieved in a level willing, and conditioned, to accept them. You, Hon. Ed, ask why so many Geordies are inveigled into joining SF - perhaps for the same reason that so many join the RAF, to escape from Geordie-land (Now that should get a reply!)

(Ewan also mentions that he enjoyed both Aldiss on Trieste and Harbottle on Hyper-space - though as the Cyprus mails have to travel through ordinary space, it's a bit late now. Also, he has formed an sf readers' club among the RAF in Cyprus, which boasts some forty members. (See small-ads dept). Concerning Russian sf, one of our members - Jean Graham of London - has prepared a plot-summary and commentary on the Russian novel Andromeda that I'm trying to make room for in either this issue or the next. AM)

IAN ALDRIDGE (Fauldhouse, Midlothian) is amazed that Philip Harbottle has such an encyclopedic knowledge of early sf. Also, he would like to see more artwork in VECTOR, particularly various people's impressions of conceptions that are more often written of than illustrated - such as Cthulhu. Perhaps some more people will write after Christmas - but they'd better hurry.

REPRINT DEPT. The following article is reprinted by permission from the Lincoln (England) Astronomical Society's EYEPiece for December 1963, the editor of which (Betty Scall) writes as follows:

"WARNING. The following article can only be read with crossed eyes, the tongue in the cheek and strong drink at the right elbow. Any mistakes are due entirely to the typist being unable to decipher the Scottish accent with which it was written."

As one who is acquainted with the parties, I can confirm that the latter is indeed the case, and proceed regardless AM

THE HYPOTHESIS IS a new genetical particle discovered by H.J. Barr and reported in J. Theoret. Biol. (1962) 3,514. I quote (with acknowledgements) his opening sentences:

The recent literature on induction-repression systems in micro organisms clearly shows that, whatever the molecular mechanism, the synthesis

THE HYPOTHESIS

APPLICATIONS IN ASTRONOMY AND
SPACE STUDIES

by Dr. LIONEL NAFTALIN

of hypotheses in such systems is only rarely repressed. This fact and the observation that the total genetic and epigenetic information available to a cell is a linear function of the total number of its inductor-repressor pairs can be joined into a theory whose logical structure corresponds with the geometric configuration of the *E. coli* chromosome.

The traditional attempt at unifying this field has resulted in the equation $E = mc^2$, where E is the emphasis commonly placed on a given model and where m is the mass and c the number of squares impinging upon the system.

In this context I propose a new genetical particle, the HYPOTHESON. This theoretical construction has the property that for every possible hypothesis this particle exhibits precisely those properties predicted by the hypothesis.

With respect I suggest that the second paragraph should read as follows:

The traditional attempt at unifying this field has resulted in the equation $E = mc^2$, where E is the emphasis placed by an author on his particular model, m is the mass of information which he hopes his readers will believe he has integrated and c is the number of squares impinging on the system.

Thus far Dr. Barr; but this mode of analysis can obviously be extended to other fields, and this I will now try to do for selected subjects of interest to this Society.

In fundamental particle physics there is a delightful proliferation of the family of mesons each familiarly known by its first name, the names for some reason having been given in Greek. If twins occur the same name can be used with an identifying number. Of course the best hypothesis of the lot is the neutrino which is easily identified by its not being there, and, moreover, neither is its mirror image; which PROVES that it is neither of the L or R, but only Unilateral.

Astronomers have not been quite so prone in the past to use hypotheses, but now cosmology uses them on a cosmic scale. Close in-fighting is taking place between hypotheses arising from the so-called red shift and hypotheses generating actual hydrogen atoms out of pure space - 4 dimensional at least.

The red shift, as we all now know, is of course merely the barest of coverings for certain Russian night-workers (?) who are determined to undermine that most precious of Western hypotheses, that known as moral superiority.

It is not altogether irrelevant to remark, in this connection, that in the recent revelations of perfumed politics, it is to the undoubted credit of Mr. MacMillan when advised by so many to leave the scene, that he was never heard to say to them; "Ivanov of you too!!"

Another astronomical hypothesis which should be mentioned is that of "Outer Space". I am moved, deeply and outerly moved, to enquire WHERE is Outer Space? - and where does Inner Space begin? In my young days outer space began beyond the Solar System, but it has encroached, in some terminologies, close to our atmosphere. This must be strongly repudiated and indeed energetically challenged, or we will be left with no Inner Space whatsoever for privacy. If necessary, I would compromise by making the suggestion that beyond the inner

planets, i.e., beyond Mars, Outer Space can be permitted to begin; this dividing line in space constituting a Mars War.

A related hypothesis which must be given careful consideration is that of "Space ends where matter begins". Matter consists, then, of one large particle in lattice form, within which space has its existence. In this case there can be no Outer Space at all - or, of course, on the other hand, can there?

If I point out that space travel and studies of other planets abound in hypotheses - a recent example might be anybody can see or otherwise directly observe - it might be thought that real live Science, in its tremendous surge forward, has caught up with, overtaken, and absorbed space fiction, but this would be a grave error. What, in fact, has happened is that by using the dastardly secret weapon of the hypothesis, Space Fiction has captured Science.

It is an odd thing that this discovery should have come to light in genetics. Since the hypothesis has been a common human practice in politics and religion since time began - (that kind of time not to be confused with space-time).

I thank you for your efforts of attention and I hope there will be a serious and informed discussion centering particularly on those points which I have not raised.

DR. LYONEL DUFFALL

NEW MEMBERS

- 0.421 R.F. Loetz, 115 McKee Street, Sturgis, Michigan, U.S.A.
 0.422 D.A. Livingstone, 606 - 4th Street, Nelson, B.C., Canada
 A.423 J.C. Jones; Royal Oak, Amherstport, Anglessey, N. Wales
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 A.425 J. Zajackowski, 19 Layton Avenue, Mansfield, Notts
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 M.428 W. Aitken, 3 Voglio Place, Corbridge, Midlothian
 A.429 J.F. Grant, 17 Redvers Road, Somerford, Christchurch, Hants
 M.430 D.K. Edman, Eagle Lodge, Mile Path, Woking, Surrey
 M.431 T.C. Don, 6 Sherlock Court, Hilgrove Estate, Swiss Cottage, London NW.8
 A.432 R.D. Chappelle, 45 Hurton Road, Withington, Manchester 20
 0.433 Mr. Hiroya Endo, 673, Amanuma 3-chome, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

- M.258 C.A. Miller, now 5 Clitheroe Road, London SW.9
 M.218 G.E. Webb, now 30 Cherington Road, Hanwell, London W.7
 M.333 F.L. Hadfield, now 180 Hamilton Road, Longsight, Manchester 13
 0.372 J.M. Gibson, now c/o Jardine, Matheson & Co. Ltd., Shipping Department, P.O. Box 70, Hong Kong.

SMALL-ADS FREE TO MEMBERS SMALL-ADS FREE TO MEMBERS SMALL-ADS FREE TO MEMB

CHARLES E. SMITH, of 61 The Avenue, Kaling, London W.13, wants the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction for the month of August 1959. He also wants to get hold of some fanzines - no particular ones, any that are going. He would even be willing to pay for these things if necessary. Contact him and see.

WANTED. BRINGS WHO are willing to push a vast quantity of NEBULA SF in my direction. State your prices.
Reply: Dick Howett, 94 Ravensbourne Crescent, Harold Wood, Romford, Essex.

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CORRESPONDENCE VIA AIRLETTER to the USA is cheap, informative, interesting. There's not enough of it going on; too many British fans are restricting their correspondence to this country, and missing a lot. If you'd be interested in getting yourself an ex-biased American or Canadian correspondent, write for details to Charles Platt, 6 Sollershoth West, Letchworth, Herts. State preferences if any.

WOULD ANY KIND folk be willing to help an up-and-coming Science Fiction Club extend its Library? The Royal Air Force Pergamos Science Fiction Club, with about forty members at the moment, would like to hear from B.S.F.A. members willing to accept a token payment and postage for bundles of old mags, pocket books, etc. Fanzines would also be very welcome. Please reply to the Sec: Cpl E.K. Hedger, Room 27, 264 S.U., R.A.F. Pergamos, B.F.P.O. 55 (Cyprus)

WANTED. ALL ISSUES "Weird Tales" 1923 - 1953
"Astounding" Vol. 1, No. 1, Jan. 1930. I will pay \$15.00 for this?
Pro-bound volumes old "Weird Tales", "Astounding", etc. ^{Smith.}
Books by H.K. James, Lord Dunsany, H.M. Ewart, H.P. Lovecraft, C.A./
R.H. Minter, 901 S. Fieldcrest Rd, Draper, Mo., U.S.A.

ANYBODY WITH BACK-numbers, however far back, of "Fantasy & Science Fiction" to sell, please contact M.P. Morton, 34 Princes Avenue, Great Crosby, Liverpool 23. Reasonable price offered for any quantity.

ELLA PARKER WRITES: "I should thank you for the constant plugging you give the meetings in V. It seems to be having some effect." The meetings in question are of course the informal meetings for B.S.F.A. members held every Friday evening (except for the Friday immediately after Christmas) at Ella's flat; Flat 43, William Dunbar House, Albert Road, NW.6 (near Queen's Park station). Any B.S.F.A. member who happens to be in London will be made welcome by the gang - there's no need to book an appointment. The more the merrier.

TONY WALSH WAS only the other day looking for two or three more registrations for the 1964 B.S.F.A. Convention to bring the numbers up to a round 100. They've probably passed that point now. The Convention is held over Easter week-end at the Bull Hotel, Peterborough. 5/- to Tony at 36 Saxon Road, Bridgwater, Somerset, will bring you full particulars and further bulletins etc, and counts towards the admission fee for those who attend. See you there.

REVIEWS

The Green Suns by Henry Ward. Panther, 2/6d.

The dust jacket promised better things, but after wading through 30 pages of pseudo-real history designed to establish the reality of the hero (a target never achieved) the promise was never kept.

Green Suns appear simultaneously over the Russian and American stockpiles - each country only having one - and de-activate them both. A third 'Sun' appears over the sea off Colombo (where the Atlanteans left their bombs).

The American spy hero uses a ridiculous 'dun-who-never-was' technique to enter Russia to confirm that their stockpile is kaput. Finding it is, he makes an equally improbable escape. Half way back, and worse to come. At a loose end in Paris, he looks up an old friend, who just happens to have received a letter from a scientist who has been in contact with the 'Green Suns' for thirty years. Hero investigates. By Ypsionic rays, the scientist reveals that a Sub Nuclear Universe is passing through ours, and has deactivated our bombs for safety. The Sub Nuclears happened to have introduced life (of their kind) to our universe on a previous pass, but God interfered and made our life form. Atlantis gets brought in somehow, and then the spy villain arrives and handcuffs the hero. The scientist blows up the lab and kills the spy. The hero escapes (and his handcuffs vanish) and returns to America. No-one believes his story. The Sub Universe passes on, and the Suns disappear, and we can all go to hell in a bucket once more.

As for realism, how do you like 1955 V-2s which carry a 20 ton payload, or light that is given a speed of 185,000 m/p.s. My own favourite was the villain putting half a crown on the bar to pay for his drink...in Colombo.

Recommended for fire lighting...or the smallest room.

T.J.

Pastall Vol 4, No. 1. Nov 1963. Bi-monthly. Edited by Bjo Trishle. 2/- each, 6 for 7/6d, from British agents Brian & Frances Varley, 47 Tolverne Road, Haynes Park, London SW20.

"Project Art Show" is the organisation which puts on the art shows at the annual World SF Conventions, among other activities, and Pastall is its official organ - the VECTOR of the fantasy art world. This issue contains three articles - on reproduction by the silk screen process, on making one's own Christmas cards, and on what it's like to be in charge of a real live art show for the first time - besides a whole slew of official notices, news items etc. Furthermore, being as it is edited by someone who is herself an artist of considerable talent, Pastall is always virtually a work of visual art in its own right, and almost every page is a delight to look at. Highly recommended for anybody at all interested in the world of fantasy art. AM

JOHN RUSSELL Fearn - AN EVALUATION, by Philip Darbotte. 30 pages, foolscap size. 2/- post free from the compiler at 27 Cheshire Gardens, Wallend on Tyne, Northumberland.

This is not a reprint of Phil Darbotte's three-part VECTOR article, but represents a considerable expansion (to the extent that it's essentially a new work) of the Fearn listing that was issued as a supplement with the American fanzine YANDRO some time ago. It is in the form of a copiously annotated listing of all of Fearn's science fictional stories, under whatever pseudonym, that the compiler has been able to uncover, whether in book or magazine form, together with a four-page introduction and associated material. Recommended for those who have bibliographical interests, those who enjoy reading the works of the late J.R. Fearn, and those who have been inspired by the above-mentioned three-part VECTOR article to sample some more of Fearn's stories. AM

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW No. 10, dated January 6, 1964. Edited and published by Robert W. Ernsion. (See P. 18 for addresses of agents and free sample offer).

A fortnightly review, offset-printed on four pages (American quarto size). The front page contains a short article by Paul Anderson on which of his own stories he personally prefers, the remainder is short reviews (c. 75 - 100 words) of recent books and magazine issues, and a few advertisements. The sterling price works out at around 9d per copy, which is well worth it on a fortnightly schedule. AM

THE MAIL RESPONSE ANNEXE

PETER WHITE (Epson) VECTOR 23 was badly invaded by those mutants. Perhaps they were attracted by the fine cover.

Phil Harbottle's article illustrates the nonsense most of writers talk about mutation and evolution. The trouble was that Harbottle himself seemed unaware of the nonsense all around. A mutation is a random genetic variation, not an evolutionary change. Mutations form the stuff of evolution only in that they undergo natural selection that weeds out the poorly adapted mutants. Mutation is very rare, and the 'arrival of the fittest' by mutation is rarer still. And the formation of a new species by the simultaneous appearance of many identical mutants would not happen this side of infinity. Species formation is much more complex, and would seem to involve breeding between the original mutant and the mother stock.

Nor does Harbottle seem to realise the quaintness of the idea, so typical of van Vogt, that old mother nature 'was building for a tremendous effort'.

From the purely factual 'heavy research' angle the article displays (if that is the word) some startling omissions. No mention is made of Wells' early Star Wars nor of Daniel Galouye's memorable Dark Universe (inspired I would guess by Aldiss' Non-Stop, and almost as good). A more serious omission however is that of Aldiss' Bothouse; a work that deliberately takes all the old Cosmic Ray Direct Mutation Mother Nature Evolution of cliches and weaves the whole lot into a subtle and unforgettable story. The 'ne plus ultra' of this kind of thing.

So the next mutations may be fact not fiction; I always thought that they were fact already. We're mutated Pithecanthropus stock ourselves.

How can someone 'well acquainted with' Relativity describe a body as being 'more stationary'?

(Much more of this, and VECTOR will require 'more stationary'. AM)

ARCHIE POTTS (York), saddened by the forthcoming demise of Nova Publications, suggests that VECTOR should fill the gap by the publication of extra issues devoted entirely to fiction - by new writers as well as by the established authors in our ranks. This, he says, would mean that (1) B.S.F.A. members would be assured of an sf magazine, (2) writers would have somewhere to send their stories, and (3) some more of Nova's disappointed readers would probably be tempted to take out memberships. TERRY BULL (Northampton) is unable to place the "great poem on a cat" mentioned by Dr. Paristyle. Rejecting T.S. Eliot and Thomas Gray, he toys with the idea that the "Belhill Airlock" verse on banth might possibly be the one. All I (AM) can think of is Oliver Herford's Subslynt of a Persian Kitten, and I can only remember one stanza of that. AM

MORE NOT-REVIEW

Stanley G. Weinbaum, A MARTIAN ODYSSEY. Lancer, 75s. Contains the title story plus The Adaptive Ultimate, Lotus Eaters, Proteus Island & The Brink of Infinity.

ACCOUNTS FOR THE YEAR 1963

(NOT INCLUDING 1963 CONVENTION)

<u>Receipts</u>		<u>Payments</u>	
Subscriptions	157. 0. 6	Postage	94. 5.10½
Sales	6.17. 9	Sundries	55. 4.11½
Library	66. 9. 6	Stationery	93.16. 6
Mag. Chain	30.12. 3		243. 7. 4
		Surplus	17.12. 8
	<u>£ 261. 0. 0</u>		<u>£ 261. 0. 0</u>

COST ANALYSIS

	<u>General</u>	<u>Publications</u>	<u>Library</u>	<u>Mag. Chain</u>	<u>Totals</u>
Postage	14. 8. 7	30. 8. 4	44. 0. 4	5. 8. 7½	94. 5.10½
Sundries	4. 6. 0	1. 9. 0	31.16.10	17.13. 1½	55. 4.11½
Stationery	20. 7. 7	55. 4.11	15.16. 0	2. 8. 0	93.16. 6
	<u>39. 2. 2</u>	<u>87. 2. 3</u>	<u>91.13. 2</u>	<u>25. 9. 9</u>	<u>243. 7. 4</u>

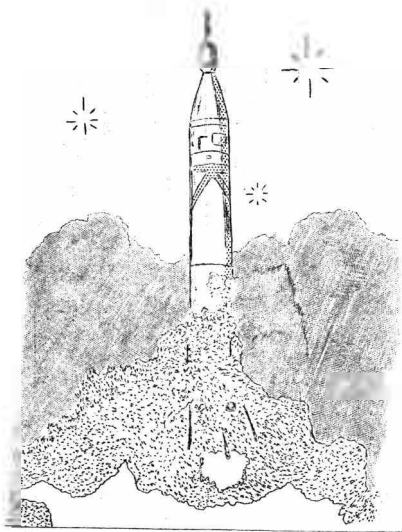
BALANCE SHEET

<u>31. 12. 62</u>		<u>31. 12. 63</u>	
Treasurer	136.18. 1	Treasurer	177.11.11
Library	51.14. 2	Library	26.10. 6
Mag. Chain	16. 1.10	Mag. Chain	21. 4. 4
Convention 1961	1. 0. 0		
	207.14. 1		
Surplus	17.12. 8		
	<u>£ 225. 6. 9</u>		<u>£ 225. 6. 9</u>

Gillian T. Adams
Hon. Treasurer B.S.F.A.

MORE NOT-REVIEWS...

- Bensen, D.R. (ed): The Unknown (Pyramid 192pp 3/6d or 50¢)
11 stories from the old "Unknown", plus introductions by Asimov and Bensen.
- Margulies, Leo (ed): Three in One (Pyramid 40¢) Comprises There Is No Defense by Sturgeon, Galactic Chest by Simak, and West Wind by Leinster.
- Long, Frank Belknap: The Hounds of Tindalos (Belmont 50¢) 9 stories from the original hardcover edition: some weird, some sf, all old.
- Howard, Ivan, (ed): Novellets of Science Fiction (Belmont 50¢)
8 short stories by well-known names.



The Jupiter C launching the first U.S.
Earth Satellite, the Explorer, on
January 31st 1958.

(Drawing by Ian Aldridge)

PICK HOWE IT

