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President
EDMUND CRISPIN

Chairman
Roy Kay
91 Craven Street
Birkenhead, Cheshire.

Vice-Chairman
Joe Navin
77 College Road North
Blundellsands
Liverpool 23

Secretary
Mrs. Doreen Parker
38 Millfield Road
Deeping St. James
Peterborough

Treasurer
Charles Winstone
71 George Road
Erdington, Birmingham. 23.

Publications Officer
Roger G. Peyton
77 Grayswood Park Road
Quinton, Birmingham. 32.

Librarian
John Nash
5 Whitehedge Road
Garston, Liverpool. 19.

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Cover: "Landfall" by William K. Aitken

Editor: Roger G. Peyton

Proof-reader: Archie Mercer

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EDITORIAL

Due to the recent upsurge in the membership, the financial state of the BSFA is at a point where the committee feels the Association can afford a professionally printed journal. This has been something that the present and previous committees have strived for since the first issue of VECTOR. One issue, the seventh, was professionally printed, but at the time, the membership was not large enough to carry the cost. Now, we are happy to say, the membership has reached the 350 mark and with a number of advertisements due to appear within the next month or so, that figure could easily pass the 400 mark before the end of the year.

The state of science fiction in general is, I'm pleased to note, improving immensely. Magazine SF particularly. I think that IF will be the main contender for the next Hugo Award for the Best Professional Magazine. This year has seen a tremendous improvement in its presentation and quality. It's a great pity that the British magazines won't be in the running. I feel that they are no longer publishing the type of science fiction that most of us enjoy. While the American magazines, led by IF, ANALOG and WORLDS OF TOMORROW, are publishing good solid science fiction, full of ideas, the British magazines abound in stories that are written for their literary rather than their science fictional content. What is needed in Britain is another magazine with opposing views to those of the editors of NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY. At the present rate of change, it will not be too long before the stories in these magazines are unrecognisable as the science fiction we know. The editors claim that this is the trend and that if science fiction is to 'grow up' it must change. But surely when the majority of us started reading SF, it was for the ideas to be found in the stories rather than the literacy of the authors? By all means be literate - but not at the expense of the ideas!

Rog Peyton

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OUR NEW PRESIDENT

EDMUND CRISPIN

Edmund Crispin is the new President of the British Science Fiction Association, and we are very proud to have him with us.

Today, science fiction is being enjoyed by more and more people. Everywhere SF's popularity is growing and it comes close to topping the mystery-thriller in national sales. With his brilliant BEST SF anthologies for FABER, Edmund Crispin has done much to widen the horizons of speculative fiction. The genre has a greater readership than ever before. Certainly it can be said that the BEST SF series has played an important role in destroying SF's 'monster' image with a large section of the reading public. Perhaps the success of Edmund Crispin's pioneer work in this field has helped encourage other publishers to attempt similar projects - the PENGUIN SF series, for example.

All of us involved with science fiction are confident of the important part the genre will play in the future. I personally feel that SF is on the threshold of its biggest-ever boom. Edmund Crispin is well qualified to represent the BSFA in these exciting months ahead. He is a man who is truly enthusiastic about SF. For several years he has been a member of the BSFA: many of our members will no doubt remember him from the 1963 BSFA Convention where he was Guest of Honour.

The BSFA has ambitious plans for the future and we are happy that Edmund Crispin will now be a part of them.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank sincerely our former President, Brian Aldiss, for the help he has given the BSFA in the past. We know that Edmund Crispin will prove a more than worthy successor and we welcome him as our new President.

Roy Kay
Chairman

THE FANTASIES of JORGE LUIS BORGES

Bob Parkinson

The predominant form in science fiction is that of the short story. The development of modern science fiction has been intimately associated with that of the SF magazine; SF authors made their first sales to AMAZING or NEW WORLDS; and even today more SF is published (word for word) in magazines and anthologies than ever appears in novel form.

There are probably a number of reasons for this phenomenon, but chief among them, I feel, is that science fiction deals primarily with ideas. An idea, to be intelligible, must be expressible in a few words; so that while it may occasionally be possible to extend a story further through a detailed examination of the implications, the effects on the people involved and so forth, generally a quite short narrative will suffice. Indeed, it must be admitted that many of the ideas written about under the heading of science fiction are only worth a few thousand words.

The Argentinian writer Jorge Luis Borges has theorised that this reduction to the ideas alone can be applied to almost any novel. As he points out, the plot and the essential ideas of a novel can be detailed in a few minutes, so why should the author have to spend years more writing a two-volume novel which will achieve little more, but will take longer to read? In his collection FICCIONES, recently translated into English*, Borges has converted this theory into practice, producing a collection of what he hopes will be thought of as 'condensed novels'.

Borges' technique is variable. He may write a critical review of his fictitious novel, or write an obituary notice, or merely present someone talking about what has happened. Always the plot is in summary, the novel formed by the reader's imagination. If you are inclined to dismiss this as mere gimmickry, the fact remains that the results are stories

* Jorge Luis Borges, FICCIONS

(John Calder - Jupiter Books, London, 1965) 6/6d.

readable, intelligent and often intriguing stories of a high standard. If they are based on a gimmick, it is unimportant, for they can be judged as quite satisfactory by conventional standards.

Theoretically, of course, if it is possible to tell a novel 'in review', then it should be equally possible to tell the review of that review, and possibly the review of that review of a review - subsequent reviews being hardly shorter in length than their predecessors, but each quite distinct. Well-informed readers will recognise this as the Quaker Oats box paradox; a series with only one end, infinitely replicating itself. Science fiction has used the theme in time-travel paradoxes; in Borges it is one of a number of mathematical anomalies which he is prone to use, recurring in many disguises - as the author writing about an author, as the infinite repetitions of the Library of Babel, as the man who dreams another into existence...

Because Borges is interested in the philosophical ideas invoked by his medium, and in the ideas of the scientific metaphysics of the twentieth century, it often happens that he is writing science fiction - or, as we might better put it, 'scientific fantasies'. There are no spaceships here, admittedly, but there is the mythical world of Tlön, invented by a group of philosophers in the seventeenth century, and which may or may not now exist. There are no future utopias, but there is a Babylon in which a gargantuan National Lottery has slowly increased its field of action until it controls everything - so that everything is governed by chance and we cannot even be certain any longer that the Lottery exists. And there are no superhuman mutants, but there is Ireneo Funes who can remember every detail of every event that ever happened to him, and so has become lost in the mass of particularities that assails him.

It is interesting to observe that where Borges' stories are not scientific fantasies - concerned with ideas; they are often detective stories - concerned with plot.

But here I am becoming involved in Borges' own techniques. Indeed, if there were no Jorge Luis Borges, no book FICCIONES, then this essay would be an example of Borges' method!

The question that must be raised by Borges' work is whether in fact he is writing 'condensed novels' as he claims, or whether they are still only short stories, albeit of a somewhat curious form. I am not going to define strictly the difference between the two forms, only to accept that it exists. But this question must have a particular relevance for science fiction, for by studying it we may find why an author should spend years writing a 100,000 word novel which can be summarised in half a dozen pages.

One factor emerges, as I have already hinted; this is that when Borges most fulfils his theory he is least concerned with individuals and most concerned with ideas. "The Babylon Lottery" already referred to contains only one character, the narrator, who is there only to recount the history of that fabled country. He does not actually take part in any of the action. On the other hand, when Borges is concerned with people, as in his story "The End", what he writes becomes very like the conventional short story, and in this case is somewhat reminiscent of the brilliant Hemmingway short, "The Killers".

It is possible to argue with some justification that ideas and philosophy are in fact representations of the way people think; that they are as much descriptions of personal character as the way people speak and behave - the normal concern of fiction. But ideas and philosophy are archetypal psychology: they are the things we have in common rather than the things which make us individuals. Herein is a possible distinction between science fiction and other fiction - that science fiction is more concerned with Man and what is common to all of us, while other fiction is concerned rather with men and the idiosyncrasies which separate them. The distinction is rather a bad generalisation, for there is considerable blurring between the two extremes, but it serves to indicate a trend.

As to whether or not Borges' stories are in fact 'condensed novels', my opinion is that they are not. If a novel is a good novel, then the detail of the dramatisation must have a purpose beyond the mere extension of the story. In fact, it seems to me that the manner in which the story is told should be as relevant to the idea of the story as the developments of the plot, and should provide an equal basis for criticism. Science fiction has too long suffered from a uniformity of style that can tell almost anything, but because of that same ubiquity, has relevance to nothing. Only occasionally do we get a writer of the stature of Kurt Vonnegut, who is prepared to make his style relevant to the story he is telling.

Borges' work is immediately relevant in this context, for he has shown that a story that is no more than a plot and a few ideas may be presented in the form of its conception with a little imagination and ability, and that the result need not be failure. He makes concrete the point that everything in a novel that makes it that length should be relevant to the subject; that there must be a reason why a novel should be the length of a novel, and a short story the length of a short story. For too long we have ceased to make this enquiry of writers. Borges' work is, if you like, a liberation of the short story form of fiction.

It is also a liberation of the essays of critical writers, like this one, for if it is possible to write stories as though they were critical reviews, so ought it to be possible to write critical reviews as stories. It is, at least, an interesting thought.

Surprisingly, although Borges is, as yet, practically unknown in this country, he is well known elsewhere in the world, and although this volume of stories has only just been published in this country, none of the stories included appear to have been written later than 1948. Borges is old and famous before the English-speaking public becomes aware of his name!

Bob Parkinson.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Jim Groves

Before anything else, I'll give you the rundown on the 1965 Hugo Awards.

BEST NOVEL

THE WANDERER by Fritz Leiber (Ballantine) - 52 votes.
DAVY by Edgar Pangborn (Ballantine) - 48 votes.
THE PLANET BUYER by Cordwainer Smith (Pyramid) - 34 votes.
THE WHOLE MAN by John Brunner (Ballantine) - 26 votes.
No Award - 14 votes.

BEST SHORT STORY

SOLDIER ASK NOT by Gordon R. Dickson - 60 votes.
ONCE A COP by Rick Raphael - 47 votes.
LITTLE DOG GONE by Robert F. Young - 37 votes.
No Award - 30 votes.

BEST MAGAZINE

ANALOG - 63 votes.	FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION - 34 votes.
IF (WORLDS OF) SF - 35 votes.	GALAXY - 30 votes.
No Award - 12 votes.	

BEST FANZINE

YANDRO - 69 votes.	DOUBLE BILL - 28 votes.
ZENITH - 35 votes.	No Award - 42 votes.

BEST ARTIST

JOHN SCHOENHERR - 58 votes.

FRANK FRAZETTA - 26 votes.

ED EMSHWILLER - 56 votes.

JACK GAUGHAN - 22 votes.

No Award - 12 votes.

BEST PUBLISHER

BALLANTINE BOOKS - 54 votes.

PYRAMID PUBS - 33 votes.

ACE BOOKS - 50 votes.

VICTOR GOLLANCZ LTD - 20 votes.

No Award - 17 votes.

BEST DRAMA

DR. STRANGELOVE - 99 votes.

THE SEVEN FACES OF DR. LAO - 41 votes.

No Award - 33 votes.

Of the 400 or so Convention members eligible to vote, 174 did so. This seems to be a pretty reasonable level of response for this sort of thing.

The first query this time is from T. Jones of Doncaster:- "Can you tell me if Jack Sharkey's serial, "It's Magic, You Dope", from FANTASTIC Nov & Dec 1962 has appeared in book form? If so, can you give information on the book? Can you also tell me if the stories "Scarlet Dawn" and "Scarlet Denial" by Nelson Sherwood (SF ADVENTURES Nos 26 & 28) have appeared together as a book? If so, can you give information on the book? Also, how many mags have appeared called SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, and can you give details on these? Lastly, can you tell me who did the cover painting on the FOUR SQUARE edition of BEACHHEADS IN SPACE edited by August Derleth?"

As far as I am aware, neither the Sharkey nor the Sherwood stories have appeared in book form. Your question on SF ADVENTURES is somewhat ambiguous - I assume that you want to know how many different magazines there were and not how many issues. There were, in fact, three separate magazines with the title SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES. The first was published by Science Fiction Publications Inc. and ran for eight or nine issues starting from Nov 1952. It was first edited by Philip St John (pseudonym of Lester Del Rey) and later by Harry Harrison. The second mag started in Dec 1956 and was published by Royal Publications Inc. The editor was Larry T. Shaw. A British reprint edition of this was started in February 1958 by Nova Publications Ltd. and this ran for five issues until the American edition folded. However, the British magazine carried on, using original material. Edited by John Carnell, this lasted 32 issues (including the five reprint issues) and died a few months before Nova did. The cover of BEACHHEADS IN SPACE was, I believe, a Chesley Bonestell - at least, it bears a remarkable likeness to a Bonestell cover on an ASTOUNDING way back in 1955.

The next query is from D Flavin of London:- "Can you tell me if THE SCIENCE FICTIONAL SHERLOCK HOLMES is available here in Britain? Also do you know if the script

of the film THINGS TO COME by H.G. Wells was ever published in book form? If so, could you please tell me if it is still available?"

No, there has never been a British edition of THE SCIENCE FICTIONAL SHERLOCK HOLMES. Actually, our Treasurer has recently donated a copy of this book to the BSFA Library, so if you want to borrow it, you know where to write. If you want a copy for yourself, though, I suggest that you get in touch with Ken Slater of FANTAST (MEDWAY) LTD., 75 Norfolk Street, Wisbech, Cambs. If he can't get it for you at once he'll want list it for you. The scenario of the Wells film, or a condensed version anyway, was published in 1935 by Cresset Ltd. (and again in 1940 along with "The Man Who Could Work Miracles"). The original book appeared in 1933 as THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME from Hutchinson Ltd. I doubt that there is a version still in print. There's probably a copy in your local library or, if you want your own copy, try the second hand bookshops (or Fantast Ltd.).

In the further information department here's a letter from Mike Houghton of Lancs:- "There is a complete index to Ray Bradbury's works (by William Nolan) as well as two articles/appreciations (Nolan & Judith Merrill) in the special Bradbury issue of FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION (US Edition) dated May 1963. The publishers are advertising this as a collectors' item, by the way, and charging a dollar (US, not S/-!) for it. Cover by Mugnaini and two Bradbury stories.

Re Cordwainer Smith, the Oct 1965 GALAXY has "Three to a Given Star" and mentions "Under Old Earth" as coming up soon. Two of his stories you didn't mention are "Golden the Ship Was, Oh! Oh! Oh!" (AMAZING April 1959) and "Mark Elf". I don't know where this originally appeared, except that it was copyrighted by Candar Publications. These two stories, together with "Alpha Ralpa Boulevard", "No, No, Not Rogov", "Burning of the Brain", "Scanners Live in Vain", "Game of Rat and Dragon" and "The Lady who Sailed the Soul" were published in Smith's first collection YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME published by Regency Books (RB 309, 156 pages, 50¢) in 1963. In SPACE LORDS mention is made of his first SF story being published in 1928 - anybody know under what name?"

The information about the Bradbury item was also sent in by Chris Priest.

Jim Groves.



**general
chuntering
by
ken
slater**

The 23rd World Science Fiction Convention is now a part of history. I'll be quite honest and say that I personally was **not** impressed by the numbers attending - I hoped for a bigger turn-out than the 350 who actually showed up.... if one deducts the visitors from overseas, I doubt if one is left with much more than a couple of hundred, and we've clocked nearly that many for a purely British convention. Other folk elsewhere will doubtless record the details of the activities....in fact, fandom's ace reporter Ron Bennett is already in there with an issue of SKYRACK containing a pretty good coverage. I saw very little of the Convention.....I was somewhat startled to be told by Joyce (my wife) on the Monday, about mid-day, that a couple of folk had just visited the then up-packed book display and had been apparently somewhat disgruntled because, they claimed, it had always been closed through the entire weekend! Actually, it had been open from roughly 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. (with an hour's break about 1.30 p.m. and around 6 p.m. for meals) on the Saturday and Sunday, and from 3 p.m. on Friday until 2 a.m. Saturday, plus a couple of hours on Monday morning. If you find those times and days a bit confusing, so did I. We seemed to be eating three lunches per 24 hours, but no other meals.....

You'll appreciate that I saw little of the programme. I attended no room parties (I was invited to several, but I was so beat when I shut up shop at 2 a.m. that I wouldn't have been good company for anyone!) I did attend, and take part in, the Knights of St Fantasy ceremony but I had to miss their room-party because immediately afterwards I ran an auction. Started off in the garb of knight, half-way through I was barefoot and dressed in just a pair of black trousers and a black tee-shirt. Unfortunately I don't curve in the right places to perform that sort of thing effectively.....

See you all at Great Yarmouth at Easter?

Oh, well, let us look at the news notes, if any.

I'm informed that whilst Doc Savage has been saving the world (America) from various 'orrible dooms, and the Shadow is once more casting gloom over the hearts of the (fictional) underworld of New York, yet another old 'super' hero has been gathering his strength for a return....in the Regency Suspense Novels, the 'Phantom Detective' cruds again,.... THE VAMPIRE MURDERS (CR 101) and THE DANCING DOLL MURDERS (CR 102) both by Robert Wallace and both reprints from the old magazine series. Captain Future, where are you?

Harrison-the-Home-Hunter is looking for something else as well. He had a copy of Eric Linklater's MEN OF NESS (Penguin edition) which has gone the way all books go,...and it is urgent that Harry should have access to another copy....it is out of print....anyone got one they don't want? Several folk have kindly responded to my request for reports of SF yarns appearing in non-SF sources...many thanks....please keep it up! Next request comes from Tom Boardman Jr., publisher of SF HORIZONS - second issue arrived hot off the press on the first day of the Convention - and I need not tell you what the request is, need I? This issue contains an interview with William Burroughs, and items by Brian Aldiss, James Blish, Harry Harrison, C.C. Shackleton and the late C.S. Lewis. Plus reports of Japanese and Italian SF by Okuno Takeo and Francesco Biamonti. Well up to standard, and the plates were etched with vitriol that has clung to the print, in places.....but let us hope that the next one comes around a bit quicker...

One of the best buys in Britain at the moment is Dobson's ANALOG ANTHOLOGY edited by John W. Campbell Jr., which gives me nostalgic recollections of things like THE TREASURY OF SF, and ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE. Let me see, TREASURY was something over the 500 pp mark and ADVENTURES was only three pages short of the thousand, I think. This one weighs in at 797 pp, which puts it a bit above the half-way mark. Priced at 30/- it equates well price-wise. I think TREASURY was originally published at \$3.50, and ADVENTURES at \$3.00 - although back when ADVENTURES came out the exchange rate was close to \$1.00 for 5/-!

Talking of money, GALAXY has revised its overseas sub rate again - the figure quoted is now 12 issues for \$6.00 and 24 issues for \$11.00, 10/- per copy for overseas postage additional. Which makes a 12 issue sub \$7.20 (say 53/-) and a 24 issue sub \$13.40 (say 97/-). This makes the T & P import somewhat cheaper - 12 cost 42/- shop bought, 48/- posted; but unless the time lag decreases I'll keep my sub going. IF starts the first serial about 'Retief' in the October '65 issue - RETIEF'S WAR by Keith Laumer. By the by, in answer to a query someone asked me - ENVOY TO NEW WORLDS (Ace pb) and GALACTIC DIPLOMAT (Double-

day hardcover) are different collections, and all the stories in both collections have appeared in the magazines.

Typist wanted....A.J.L. Durie has compiled a Checklist to GALAXY which includes cross-referencing of the British and American editions. Apart from the fact that there are five articles in the British Reprint Editions which still have to be traced to their original sources (they come from some place outside the American GALAXY: viz: BRE 19 "Salute to Luna" - John Weston; BRE 22 "Bacteria With Brains" - June Lurie; BRE 24 "Turbine Triumph" - Omar Booth; and in BRE 25, two articles "Meteoric Windsock" - Roy Zuber and "Fear is a Flame" - W.R. Chase - any information gladly accepted!) the checklist is ready for final typing. A.J.L. D can't take this on himself, and I've learned from experience that local talent just can't handle the esoteric language of SF....reason why you have to put up with my typos in my catalogues; the ones that other folk make are worse, friends....typing must be for photographic reproduction. Any volunteers? There are about 80 quarto sheets. On the subject of checklists, and like that.....J. Ben Stark tells me that he is taking over the job of producing the 1951 - 1967 Index that Perri Press have dropped (separate financial deal, this) and he only requires among British mags, copies of AUTHENTIC Nos. 18, 34, 68, 69 and 85 and NEBULA Nos. 31, 40 and 41 to complete the check of data filed. Any offers? And of course MIT SF Group are busily feeding information into their computer in the race to beat the human contestants in the field....Man versus Machine in the field of fan-activity is new, uh?

That copy of 200,000,000 AD by A.E. van Vogt (bright yellow jacket) which you will see on British paperback racks, with a 'Star Books' sticker pricing it at 2/6, is the long sought THE BOOK OF PTATH, hard covered copies of which have been changing hands at £5 and up.....so don't scorn it because of its garish cover. It really belongs more to the field of heroic fantasy than SF. Also around is THE DAY THE MACHINES STOPPED by Christopher Anvil, a somewhat trite item which lacks that touch of humour one found in many of his ANALOG stories - and which I think gave them much of their appeal. By the by, you can add these two to that list of titles (five for 10/-) which was circulated with VECTOR 33 and you can still take advantage of the offer if you wish. In the 2/6 section you can add TOWER OF ZANID by L. Sprague de Camp - but all orders to the BSFA Secretary, not me, please.

That will be all for this time round - Your (and My) Editor caught me with one of his hurried postcards again, and I can't find half my notes.....KFS

ALDISS and HEAVEN TOO!

A CON REPORT BY

Charles Winstone

The 23rd World Science Fiction Convention was held at the Mount Royal Hotel, Marble Arch, London over the August Bank Holiday weekend and will be remembered by its attendees for many years to come.

About 350 visitors came, mainly from Britain but with groups from America, Germany and France.

On the Friday afternoon, the Film Show opened, which was attended by a continually growing, though never large, audience. The main feature film was ZOTZ! - a not very successful comedy.

At about 8 p.m. the official opening of the Convention was made by the Convention Chairman, Ella Parker, who then introduced some of the more well-known fans to the audience.

Harry Harrison followed the introductions with an hilarious talk titled "SF - the Salvation of the Modern Novel". There was the inevitable tossing of a meat-pie between Harry and Brian Aldiss, and when Brian had joined Harry on the stage, the talk was constantly interspersed with references to meat-pies. The talk was light-hearted and it certainly got the Convention off to a most auspicious start. This was the only event on Friday and so everyone left to start the room-parties and discussion groups beloved of convention-goers.

Ella Parker again started off with introductions on the Saturday morning which was followed by the formation of a panel to discuss "SF In Europe". This panel consisted of Walter Ernsting, Maxim Jakubowski, Josef Nesvadba, Franz Ettl and Josef Dolnicar, the panel chairman being the Guest of Honour, Brian Aldiss. The panel members each gave a short report on the position of SF in his respective country and each put forward one author who, in his own opinion, should be translated into English.

Geoff Doherty was unable to attend and give his programmed talk so Forrest J. Ackerman stood in for him and talked about SF films old and new.

The fan-panel, "All Things to all Fen", comprised of Irene Boothroyd, Beryl Henley, Doreen Parker, Charles Platt and Dave Busby finished off the morning's programme.

The afternoon started with a quiz, a United States team versus a European team. The European team won with our 'Information' man, Jim Groves, answering the most questions correctly.

The Delta Group then made their first contribution to the activities - an amusing skit on the Monster Movies, called CASTLE OF TERROR. This had a delightful custard-pie sequence, between the various monsters and their maker

After this short spell of humour, the Convention launched into one of its highspots. John Brunner gave a talk under the title "How to get High, Without Going into Orbit". The title gives no indication of the quality of the talk. Brunner started by reading a beautifully descriptive excerpt from EXPLOSION IN A CATHEDRAL (Carpentier - historical). He compared this to a short staccato passage from EARTH ABIDES (Stewart - SF). By comparing these two excerpts, he explained the relationship between Mainstream fiction and SF. This proved to be a most interesting discourse as he went on telling of SF's 'sense of the grandiose' and the 'lure of the exotic'.

The Fancy Dress Party had an excellent turn-out with about twenty people in fancy dress. The onlookers were crowded into one half of the hall and the unfortunates at the back had to crane their necks or stand on chairs and tables in order to see this display of creativity. The winners in each category were:-

Most Beautiful Costume: Jon and Joni Stopa as "The Elementals".

Most Monstrous Costume: Tony Walsh as "The Delegate from Jupiter".

Most Authentic SF Costume: Peter Day as "Nicholas van Rijn".

Most Authentic Heroic Fantasy Costume: Ian and Betty Peters as "John Carter and Dejah Thoris". (This also won the Bob Richardson Memorial Award for the best costume of the convention).

Best Girl under 12: Heather Thomson.

Best Boy under 12: Tod Harrison.

The Con-goers were then permitted to take photographs of the costumes.

"A Robot in the Executive Suite" was the title of the professional panel on Sunday morning which was chaired by Dick Eney. The panel consisted of Judith Merrill,

Poul Anderson, Ken Bulmer, Terry Carr, Robert Silverberg and James White. This was followed by the Star Auction which disposed of many pieces of artwork and original manuscripts.

The Banquet (35/- for a meal!) was a disappointing affair but was livened up afterwards by the speeches. The toast-master, Tom Boardman, introduced the Guest of Honour, Brian Aldiss, who made a brief speech, mainly about his disillusion at the advent of the 'Common Spaceman'. He emphasised this by participating in a little duologue with Harry Harrison....

BA: "Hello, down there...."

HH (as flight control): "...and here is your wife".

BA: "Gee, is that you Mary?"

HH (falsetto): "Yes, dear, this is me".

BA: "How are you, dear?"

HH: "I'm fine dear, how are you?"

BA: "I'm fine Mary, how are the kids?"

HH: "They're fine dear...."

And so, this was (roughly) how Brian Aldiss showed how things had changed from the 1950's as he read out a short passage from a James Gunn story from mid-1950's complete with idealistic prose. Terry Carr made a short speech about the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund and Arthur C. Clarke spoke about his forthcoming film and his new book.

The Mystery Speaker turned out to be Robert Bloch. His speech, if it can be termed such, was a continuous stream of puns and anecdotes, altogether a most hilarious ten minutes. The most memorable item from his too-short spell at the microphone, was an outrageous pun. He remarked that he regretted that the Archbishop of Canterbury had not been present, for then he could have told the audience that they had "Aldiss and Heaven too!"

After the presentation of the Hugo Awards by Robert Silverberg, everyone retired to the Convention hall to see the Delta Group's other presentation, BREATHWORLD - an hilarious skit on Harry Harrison's DEATHWORLD. This proved so popular that it was re-shown later on.

Ted White followed with a talk entitled "How to Plot Your Way Out of a Paper Bag". This was aimed at the current British trend towards writing stories which start nowhere and go nowhere.

The Sunday Evening panel, moderated by John Carnell, was titled "From Cradle to Collector", the panellists being Jack Williamson and Fred Pohl (authors), Douglas Hill

(critic), Chris Priest (reader), Ron Whiting (publisher), John Watson (buyer), and Tony Richardson (editor). They discussed points about reviewing and particularly the poor amount of space given to reviews of SF in newspapers and other general publications.

The Revival Ceremony of the Most Noble and Illustrious Order of St. Fantony was conducted in all seriousness by a number of its members on the Sunday evening. The Legend of St. Fantony was read by Peter Mabey and the following fans were initiated into the Order:- Ken Bulmer, John Carnell, Ken Cheslin, Dick Eney, Ethel Lindsay, Harry Nadler, Phil Rogers, Tom Schllek and Tony Walsh.

At the Official Business Meeting on Monday morning the two bids were made for the site of the next World SF Convention. Dave Kyle spoke on behalf of the Syracuse bid and Ben Jason spoke for TriCon (Cleveland-Cincinnati-Detroit). A vote was taken, the result being a narrow victory for TriCon with 60 votes against Syracuse's 49 votes.

Monday afternoon saw the last official item on the programme which was a panel discussion called "The Man on a White Horse". The panel consisted of John Brunner, John W. Campbell Jr., Rolf Gindorf, Mike Moorcock and Joe Patrizio and was chaired by Charles E. Smith.

Project Art Show had scores of entries which were displayed during the four days of the convention. The four judges - John Brunner, Ted Forsyth, Tom Schllek and Don Wollheim awarded prizes as follows:-

Best SF Illustration: (1) Eddie Jones "At the Tips" (2) Jack Wilson "The Plattner Story" (3) Michel Jakubowicz "The Streets of Ashkelon". Best Fantasy: (1) Joni Stopa "Mermaid" (2) Eddie Jones "The Undead". Honourable mention to Eddie Jones "A Map for Adventure". Best Cartoon: Arthur Thomson's "Ixprl's Acme Repairs". Honourable mention to Yoshio Ikemdril's "Reverse Limbs Primitive Men". Best Astronomical Art: tie between three Eddie Jones paintings. Best Experimental Art: Cynthia Goldstone "The Gillgooneys". Honourable mention to Jean Claude Raoult "Winds" and "Stone Desert". Children's Fantasy: Jim Cawthorn illustrations from stories by Alan Gardner. Honourable mention to Tony Glynn illustrations from "The Wind in the Willows". Most Promising Artist: Michel Jakubowicz. Open Award: William Rotsler's "Warrior" and "Our Hidden Self". Judges' Choice: Eddie Jones "At the Tips".

A really enjoyable weekend for which thanks must go to the Convention Committee - Ella Parker, Ethel Lindsay, Jim Groves, Peter Mabey, Keith Otter and George Scithers.

Charles Winstone.

FICTION, FACT or ANACHRONISM?

David A Sparrow

About 60 years ago, a very clever scientist, Einstein, suggested that time be regarded as a fourth dimension and brought into science a new light on the principle of Newtonian Relativity. He also stated that as one approached the speed of light, time would appear to play tricks and to go backwards. This was after the Michelson-Morley experiment of 1881 which discounted the 'ether' theory and suggested that the speed of light must be constant - but constant to what was never stated. Presumably, the source. As Lincoln Barnett says in *THE UNIVERSE AND DR. EINSTEIN*, "The goal of Aristotelian science was to explain why things happen. Modern science was born when Galileo began trying to explain how things happen.... And right now it is a question whether scientific man is in touch with 'reality' at all - or can ever hope to be." It would therefore appear that science itself has become a fiction, and that SF is merely an advanced science!

Let us try to get away from the unreality of science and consider things as they are and as they appear to be, and also consider the reality of anyone who is moving extremely fast. Light, we are told, moved at the speed of 186,284 miles per second, but when we look at a light chart, we see cosmic rays at one end and long radio waves at the other, and beyond both of these is a mysterious 'unknown'; all of which are supposed to go at the same rate. But this would appear to be contradicted by Einstein's photoelectric effect which shows that the velocity of the electrons leaving a metal plate is altered by the frequency (or colour) of the light hitting it. What we can see is limited between the red light (wavelength .00007 cms) and violet light (.00004 cms), and the frequency of these rays must alter when you are in motion. Say someone at one end of a field was firing peas at you at the rate of one per second: if you remained stationary, you would be hit once every second, but as you run away there is a longer gap after each pea hits you because each pea has also to travel the distance which you had travelled in that past second, and, to you, it would appear that the peas had slowed down. If there had been a volley of peas even before you started to run (not allowing for reduction of speed by air resistance or gravity) as you approached the speed the peas were being shot at you, they would no longer be felt as they would be going at the same speed and, in relation to yourself, would be motionless. As you go faster still, you begin to hit the ones fired before you started to run - and they would hit you in the front instead of the back. As the space-traveller leaves a planet and gathers speed, the light waves reaching his eyes would soon lengthen and turn the Violets and Blues, which he saw before, into what appears to him to be Red; these would soon lengthen to long radio waves and all he would be able to see with his eyes would be the gamma and cosmic rays given off by the planet he left. And from thence into the unknown. If the space-traveller knew where he was going and had, by some form of laser beam, seen the planet of his destiny before he left, say

10 light-years away, he would see what had happened 10 years ago; he reaches his planet in one year, so, for him in relation to that planet, while he is only one year older, eleven years have passed. When he reaches the planet, he would not be able to see himself leaving home for another nine years, so time would indeed appear to go backwards and his life would appear to be lengthened by nine years. Viewing from his home planet, he would not appear to arrive there for another 11 years when they would see him alighting one year older.

Scientists have observed that a sub-atomic particle (a muon: mean lifetime of 0.00000022 secs) appeared to have a longer life when accelerated to the speed of light, when it would travel about 372 yards and, assuming the scientist did not go with it, we would have to allow for the time light took to return to the scientist - it may not sound long, but it's a whole lifetime to a particle! So anyone watching on Earth would indeed think the spaceman had got younger as he was only one year older ten years later, but if he returned after ten years on the far planet (those watchers on Earth are just seeing him arrive) he would be just 12 years older when he arrived back and only 12 years would have passed since he left, for he would have appeared to have aged 10 years during the time of his arrival on the planet and his arrival back on Earth. If the scientist could watch anything as fast as light (or faster) and had the particle coming directly towards him, he might have reached the opposite conclusion - if he was alive to reach any. Continuous motion faster than light in one direction makes a lifetime appear longer, but we must remember that it would also make it appear shorter in the opposite direction.

But science today is no longer concerned with finding out what is, but is merely trying to find out how what is affects us; for example, the speed of light is described as 186,284 m.p.s. because we can only see waves which travel at that speed as light - anything faster or slower does not have the same effect upon our eyes, and so is not light. To a scientist therefore, there can be nothing faster than something he can observe, and if anything was moving away at the speed of light, it would never be seen, so the scientist says that it is not there - and we marvel at the ostrich who sticks his head in the sand! SF, however, provides us with an escape. For those who prefer their fantasy, there are many romances based on the science of today - for those who prefer fact, we have what we have, until now, considered to be fiction. Is everything, then, a fiction? No, but fact is bound by our senses to be an anachronism, or temporally out of place - even if only for a micro-(recurring) second. Who knows, before long 'SF' may be changed to 'AFF' (or Anochronistic Fiction/Fact).

David A. Sparrow.

MAGAZINES

reviewed by

Graham Hall

MAGAZINES REVIEWED

NEW WORLDS	154
(September)	
NEW WORLDS	155
(October)	
SCIENCE FANTASY	76
(September)	
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(October)	

NW 154 is a special Brian Aldiss issue with an over-esoteric non-SF tale, "Girl and Robot with Flowers", and a pre-first sale story, "Old Time's Sake", not showing off the best of Aldiss's talent. The first sets out to show the failure of SF to come to grips with life - and does it quite successfully, although it is rather over-personalised. The second is a 'man' story of the first immortal man.

Harry Harrison's "Bill, the Galactic Hero" continues in its admirable vein, succeeding in almost all its attempts at humour and SF-satire.

A very interesting first story from David Masson, "Traveller's Rest", constructs a very unusual and peculiar world and war where time ratios vary by latitude, considerably. This is well-written for a first story and is one of the most original ideas in recent issues.

James Colvin tries with a very experimental/straight SF piece with characters from history such as Bismarck and Hitler. I can't judge whether "The Pleasure Garden of Felipe Sagittarius" comes off or not, because I don't understand what Mr. Colvin was trying to do.

The issue is completed with a poor vignette from Robert Silverberg, "At the End of Days"; profiles of Brian Aldiss by Edmund Crispin (our new President reviewing the past President) and Peter White; and book reviews of the normal high standard from James Colvin.

All in all, a disappointing issue after some recent ones.

Featured in the October issue is the last third of "Bill, the Galactic Hero" which, after romping along at its crackingly humorous pace, ends quietly and predictably with a heavy

touch of irony.

The benefits of writing allegory are dubious. In this issue editor Moorcock has two allegories - "The Golden Barge" by William Barclay (which may be an excerpt from an early unpublished novel by Moorcock) and "Jake in the Forest" by David Harvey. The first is fairly straightforward but pointless, the second futile through its own incomprehensibility.

Ron Bennett contributes "Heat of the Moment", an old idea with a new twist which is obvious from the third page. Daphne Castell contributes "Emancipation" which, apart from being about eight pages too long, is very fair indeed.

Perhaps the best story in the issue is Bob Shaw's "...And Isles Where Good Men Lie". This is well-written, contains good SF ideas and deals with the human condition, and does it all concisely and comprehensibly.

In SCIENCE FANTASY 76, Keith Roberts ends "The Furies", his catastrophe novel of the days the Earth was taken over by two-foot wasps, and leads one to wonder if there is any satisfactory way to end catastrophe novels short of ending the human race. Wyndham never could, and it seems that Roberts runs into the same problem. Altogether, Mr. Roberts's novel is not as well written as the 'Anita' series, and one hopes he will accumulate more experience before attempting another novel.

Harry Harrison has an amusing terror tale, "At Last, the True Story of Frankenstein", which has a self-explanatory title. This is very much after the style of Robert Bloch, and no-one would have been surprised to see it in WEIRD TALES during its hallowed life.

E.C. Tubb's "Boomerang" deals with crime and punishment in the future - also vengeance. First-rate Tubb.

A.K. Jorgenson's "Coming of Age Day" is rather close to the wind, with references to sexual organs, masturbation, etc. Apart from this attitude, it is a fair story of a new device to help our libido in the future.

"Temptation for the Leader" by R.W. Mackelworth would have been at home in the SF mags of the 1950's - how the President defeated the aliens who wanted to cheat Earth. Bonfiglioli thinks it is absurd to insist on originality of idea. Perhaps it is as absurd to write a story without saying anything new.

The issue is made up with three slight pieces - a vignette from Johnny Byrne titled "The Jobbers", "Sule Skerry" by Rob Sproat and an after-the-bomb story, "Omega and Alpha" by Robert Cheetham.

One of SFY's favourite authors, although I personally don't like his work, is Thomas Burnett Swann, and his fans will no doubt be delighted to see the first half of a new serial by him in the October issue. "The Weirwoods" is in the same style as "The Blue Monkeys" dealing as it does with mythology and fantasy in an Etruscan setting. Swann's flowery, verbose style is well-enough executed, but I find it stodgy and uncaptivating.

A bright note to be found in this issue is that Philip Wordley finally fulfills the promise shown in earlier stories. His "Goodnight, Sweet Prince" makes a mockery of most tired time-travel stories; what author would dare to write half a story in the form of a letter from William Shakespeare to Anne Hathaway? And how many authors could succeed in carrying it off? Coupled with his idea of films taken on time-location, this is one of the best of the new crop of stories. Along with Pippin Graham's "In Reason's Ear" (SFY 73) it is the best that Bonfiglioli has published.

"Green Goblins Yet" by W. Price is an amusing tale, slightly spoilt by its narration by an illiterate teenager. But anyone using the phrase "in a voice all Network Three and rich Abermethy biscuits" deserves to be read.

Pamela Adams contributes a ghost story with an attempted SF twist - rather weary; E.C. Tubb shows his limitations as a writer with a study of a man going slowly insane, and Johnny Byrne produces a story which, for once, deserves printing.

The Wordley story makes this worth buying. SFY tends to have a much wider variation in standard than NEW WORLDS. SFY prints the best and the worst - a pity it can't just print the best.

Graham Hall.

BOOKS

Reviews & Future Releases

THE VIEW FROM THE STARS by Walter M. Miller
Published by COLLANCZ at 16/-, 186 pages

This is a collection of superb stories by a writer whose work has never, despite the 1961 Hugo Award for *A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ*, attracted the attention it deserves. Other, more superficial, authors, peddling second-hand philosophies and very private dreams, have held the limelight while craftsmen like Miller have been neglected.

Not one of these stories is less than eleven years old and yet they are as fresh as tomorrow. There is a beautiful symmetry and completeness about Miller's writing that makes him, for me, a "writer's writer". The science is smoothly integrated in a spectrum of strongly-handled themes, which, while not demanding the gratingly-incisive characterisation of Sturgeon, produce a less bitter view of people.

My own favourites are "The Will" (*FANTASTIC*, 1953), which could easily have been maudlin but wasn't; "I, Dreamer" (*AMAZING*, 1953) - tautly told; and "The Big Hunger" (*ASTOUNDING*, 1952) - sets out the biggest symbol of all in lucid terms that will strike a deep chord in many readers.

Other stories were "Anybody Else Like Me?" (*GALAXY*, 1952); "Big Joe and the Nth Generation" (*IF*, 1952 as "It Takes a Thief"); and three more from *ASTOUNDING* - "Crucifixus Etiam", "Dumb Waiter" and "Blood Bank".

Donald Malcolm.

THE REEFS OF SPACE by Frederik Pohl and Jack Williamson
Published by DOBSON at 15/-, 182 pages

This novel first appeared in *IF* in 1963. The hero, Steve Ryeland, is a 'Risk' - a person who is considered as possibly dangerous to the Plan administered by the Machine which runs Earth. Basically, this story is concerned with his efforts to have his classification

as a Risk altered and to convince the Machine that its Plan is faulty. Also involved is the Planner, who is the chief executive of the Machine, his beautiful daughter, some non-intelligent aliens and the Reefs of Space wherein little animals convert hydrogen by fusion to the heavier elements. Oh, yes - and an inertialess drive.

The plot is tortuous, as if each of the authors had written a dozen or so pages and then handed it over to the other with instructions to make it a bit more complicated. No attempt is made to consider the effects of a paternalistic mechanical dictatorship on humanity and the book ends abruptly with the Machine apparently all set to rule humanity for ever, even if not quite as ruthlessly as at the start.

There are one or two good scenes, such as that in 'Heaven' - a camp on Cuba where people who are a danger to the Plan are kept and used as spare part stores for the rest of humanity until so much of their bodies have been removed that it is no longer economic to keep them alive. Apart from this, the book is a disappointment and is not recommended by this reviewer.

Ian McAulay.

THE DEMONS by Kenneth Bulmer
Published by COMPACT at 3/6. 184 pages

The theme of the microscopic civilisation has always fascinated SF writers despite its technical drawbacks. In THE DEMONS, Ken Bulmer tries his hand at it and avoids the drawbacks quite neatly. His microscopic civilisation is only so by comparison. The Empire of Archon is occupied by full size people even if it does only cover the area of one house!

The book's hero, Stead, is found by the Foragers of the Empire on one of the foraging expeditions. For some never-explained reason he is suffering from amnesia so complete that his mind is as blank as a new-born baby's. This amnesia is necessary not only to conceal the basic plot twist but also to offer a way for the author to give the reader the background to the story. To his credit, Bulmer avoids the obvious pitfall of this plot form, that of the two - or three-page lecture wherein the hero, and the reader, is given the background to the story in one indigestible lump. In fact, he tends towards the other extreme and tantalises one with glimpses of the rationalisations that the Empire's citizens have made to account for their environment - the Theory of Recurring Buildings is one notable example - it sounds fascinating.

This isn't one of Bulmer's best novels - it hasn't the colour or pace of, say, THE MAP COUNTRY. Perhaps it's because the plot is so very obvious from the very start: whatever it is, I'm left unsatisfied - it's all over before I've really got into the swing of the story. It's worth reading the once, though.

Jim Groves.

SOMEWHERE A VOICE by Eric Frank Russell

Published by DOBSON at 16/- 176 pages

Eric Frank Russell has long been one of my favourite authors. He employs no typographical gimmicks, flashy or slushy style, or stream-of-consciousness writing. Instead, his racy, punchy, action-packed style may never produce a classic 'great' (though SINISTER BARRIER wasn't far short) but he can always be relied upon to provide entertaining reading.

This 7-story collection is no exception, boasting four from ASTOUNDING, two from OTHER WORLDS and one from WEIRD TALES. "Seat of Oblivion" is a gimmick story, where a Public Enemy takes over a personality transference machine to enable him to avoid justice. "Somewhere a Voice" is a gripping but schmaltzy account of the individual heroisms of a group of castaways. "U-Turn" is a slow piece concerning the reasons behind legal suicide on a world civilised to the point of boredom. "Tieline" concerns a radio beacon attendant with a 10-year exile and how he finds solace and sanity in the sounds of sea birds. "Displaced Person" is a short piece of nothing about how the Devil has been misrepresented. "Dear Devil" shows a deeper insight in exploring the story of a Martian poet who settles among A-bomb survivors and guides them to a fuller life. More delicate in touch, and reminiscent (in atmosphere only) of the classic "Old Faithful", this one is the best of the bunch. Finally, "I am Nothing", which I seem to remember was based upon a letter written by a child who survived a blitz raid, and details how an iron-hard dictator is softened by a young child.

Not Mr. Russell at his best I'm afraid, but his crop has been picked over so well that not much can remain unanthologised. The mere fact that none of these is actually bad shows what a consistent level he maintains. If you haven't read this particular lot before, I think you'll enjoy them.

Terry Jeeves.

SLEEPING PLANET by William R. Burkett Jr.

Published by GOLLANCZ at 18/-, 297 pages

According to the information on the dust wrapper, Mr. Burkett is believed to be 'our youngest SF author'. With this in mind, one expects something disturbingly original. The younger generation, we are told, are crying out for the New, the Revolutionary, the Different. Authors barely out of school are astounding their seniors with shocking innovations (most of which have not seen the light of day since circa 1925).

If William Burkett really is our youngest SF author, he must still be in the fourth form, for SLEEPING PLANET is, to a large extent, the Mixture-as-Before. There is plenty of action: hunting, shooting and violent death - torture, murder and hair-breadth escapes. It is like a Galactic Western with searguns as well as the more conventional shooting-irons, and orange-skinned Larries instead of red-skinned Sioux.

The story is set in the 25th Century, although most of the dialogue seems to belong to the 20th Century Middle West of America - or perhaps the Wild West.

The Llralan Empire of Four Thousand Suns invades the Terran Federation. Earth, Mars and Venus are attacked by robot ships. Most of the inhabitants are rendered unconscious by a toxic dust. Only a handful of people are unaffected by the dust, among them Bradford Donovan and James Rierson. By a number of novel and ingenious tactics they are able, in nine action-packed months, to defeat the invaders.

If you like reading about warfare, hunting, marvellous gadgets, fake spooks and audacious escapades this is the book for you. It is written in the swift-flowing, colloquial, hard-hitting style one associates with this sort of trigger-finger fiction.

W.T. Webb.

WARRIORS OF MARS)
) by Edward P. Bradbury.

BLADES OF MARS)

Published by COMPACT at 3/6 each, 153 and 152 pages

Since Edgar Rice Burroughs died, there has been a gap in the spectrum of written fantasy which no writer has attempted to fill until now. Mars, that mysterious russet planet, has figured so often in imaginative fiction: yet few authors ever achieved the torrid, exotic settings that characterised ERB's Barsoom. Now, however, an author has duplicated the effect without having to copy ERB.

The Mars of Edward P. Bradbury is removed from us by time as well as space, to lend credibility to the abundance of indigenous life-forms. Bradbury's hero, Michael Kane, is transferred to this land of his destiny by a too-experimental matter-transmitter. Precipitated immediately into the local pot-pourri of political intrigue and international warfare, he succeeds in becoming an important factor in both, due to his attachment for the local queen on the one hand, and a believably-presented proficiency at swordplay on the other.

The plots of both books hinge, mercifully, on action rather than intrigue: however, Michael Kane seems to end every other sentence of narrative with an exclamation mark. This tends to give the script an air of naivety which it could do without. Altogether, I consider the pair certainly worthy of shelf space and I hope there's more to come.

Mike Turner.

FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD by Robert A. Heinlein
Published by DOBSON at 21/- 307 pages

There is a growing tendency for critics to ignore or scorn the work of Robert Heinlein. This trend I deplore and regard as a form of inverted snobbery. Mr. Heinlein remains the most skilful and convincing science fiction author.

Some critics will also insist on reviewing a book according to the philosophies

expressed therein. Such a situation is not only regrettable, it is ludicrous: when two different critics can say of the above book that it is 'evidence of the author's racialism' and that it is 'the author's condemnation of racialism', it is obvious that they are reading what they want to read.

In this brief space I will not attempt to discuss the book's politics, if any. Instead, I will tell you that the book contains some of the most vividly breath-taking writing to appear in science fiction for some time. It contains such a totally different slant on some rather well-worn ideas that you will, beyond a doubt, immediately reread whole passages (if not the whole book).

And you will think, really think, about some of the fascinating ideas therein - at least, I did.

Yes, I did nominate it for the Hugo Award!

Pete Weston.

ALSO RECEIVED

NEW WRITINGS IN SF 5 edited by John Carnell (Dobson 16/-; 184 pages) - contains "Potential" by Donald Malcolm, "The Liberators" by Lee Harding, "Takeover Bid" by John Baxter, "Acclimatization" by David Stringer, "The Expanding Man" by R.W. Mackleworth, "Treasure Hunt" by Joseph Green and "Sunout" by Eric Williams.

PRODIGAL SUN by Philip E. High (Compact F273, 3/6; 186 pages) - an original novel which was published earlier this year in America by Ace Books.

THE TIME FACTOR by Rex Gordon (Panther 1921, 3/6; 121 pages) - first published in America as FIRST THROUGH TIME by Ace Books and published in this country last year in a hardcover edition under the present title.

AMERICAN BOOK RELEASES

AGENT OF THE TERRAN EMPIRE by Poul Anderson (Chilton \$3.95).

FLANDRY OF TERRA by Poul Anderson (Chilton \$3.95).

(The above two books contain all the 'Dominic Flandry' stories).

THE CORRIDORS OF TIME by Poul Anderson (Doubleday \$3.95).

ROGUE SHIP by A.E. van Vogt (\$4.50).

BLACK STAR PASSES by John W. Campbell Jr. (Ace F346, 40¢).

LAST HOPE OF EARTH by Lan Wright (Ace F347, 40¢).
 LORD OF DEATH AND QUEEN OF LIFE by Homer Eon Flint (Ace F345, 40¢).
 MONSTERS IN ORBIT)
 THE WORLD BETWEEN 2 OTHER STORIES) by Jack Vance (Ace M125, 45¢).
 THE TIME AXIS by Henry Kuttner (Ace F356, 40¢).
 THE ALTERNATE MARTIANS)
 EMPRESS OF OUTER SPACE) by A Bertram Chandler (Ace M129, 45¢).
 YEAR OF THE UNICORN by Andre Norton (Ace F357, 40¢).
 THE ILLUSTRATED MAN by Ray Bradbury (Bantam Pathfinder FP127, 50¢).
 13 FRENCH SF STORIES ed by Damon Knight (Bantam F2817, 50¢).
 SPACE TUG by Murray Leinster (Belmont B50-632, 50¢).
 ODD JOHN by Olaf Stapledon (Berkley F1128, 50¢).
 OTHER SIDE OF TIME by Keith Laumer (Berkley F1129, 50¢).
 THE MINDWARPERS by Eric Frank Russell (Lancer 72-942, 50¢).
 NIGHT SLAVES by Jerry Sohl (Gold Medal D1561, 50¢).
 GLADIATOR by Philip Wylie (Lancer 72-937, 50¢).
 TRIPLANETARY by Edward E. Smith (Pyramid R1222, 50¢).

BRITISH BOOK RELEASES

RAIDERS FROM THE RINGS by Alan E. Nourse (Faber 16/-) Sept. 16th.
 ANALOG ANTHOLOGY ed by John W. Campbell Jr. (Dobson 30/-) Sept. 27th.
 THE MENACE FROM EARTH by Robert Heinlein (Dobson)
 NEW WRITINGS IN SF 6 ed by John Carnell (Dobson) Oct.
 NEW WRITINGS IN SF 7 ed by John Carnell (Dobson) Jan. '66.
 THE DARK SIDE edited by Damon Knight (Dobson)
 THE STAR KING by Jack Vance (Dobson)
 THE STAR FOX by Poul Anderson (Gollancz 15/-)
 CLOSE TO CRITICAL by Hal Clement (Gollancz 15/-)
 NIGHT OF MASKS by Andre Norton (Gollancz 15/-)
 BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION: 13th SERIES ed by Avram Davidson
 (Gollancz 21/-)
 PLAGUE FROM SPACE by Harry Harrison (Gollancz 15/-)
 ANYTHING BOX by Zenna Henderson (Gollancz 15/-)
 THE EIGHTH GALAXY READER ed by Fred Pohl (Gollancz 18/-)
 THE WORLDS OF ROBERT F. YOUNG (Gollancz 16/-)
 A SCOURGE OF SCREAMERS by Daniel F. Galouye (Gollancz 16/-) Feb. '66.
 A PLAGUE OF PYTHONS by Frederik Pohl (Gollancz) May '66.
 BRING THE JUBILEE by Ward Moore (Four Square 3/6) Nov '65.
 THE UNFRIENDLY FUTURE ed by Tom Boardman Jr. (Four Square 1347, 3/6) Oct. 7th.

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