

VECTOR

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No. 44

• EDDIE JONES •



VECTOR

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a Cringebinder Publication

PLEASE continue it as quickly as possible and if they are holding any copies, will they please forward them to Keith in order that he can re-organize. It would appear that there are many discrepancies between magazines issued and the magazines that are returned. In the case of Analog, every magazine from November 1964 to January 1966 is still out on the chain, and obviously they should by now have completed the chain and be in the library. Twelve issues of F&SF are missing as well as nine issues of IF. If members have these copies, will they please inform Keith immediately. The chains have now been shortened, in order that Keith can have some idea where hold-ups occur, and 'duplicate' magazines will be purchased in order to speed the chains. I think a Vote of Thanks should be offered to Peter Mabey for his hard work in previous years, and I am sure members will agree with me.

3. ORBITER This has also been reorganized, and I understand that four chains are circulating. If you want constructive criticism on your writing and art write to Robert L. Cooper (see membership list for his address - my card index is at present at Bristol!) for details. (++) perhaps I can help... Robert L. Cooper, Male Staff, Saxondale Hospital, Radcliffe-on-Trent, Nottingham.++) - Ed.)

4. LIBRARY Jean Muggoch is typing the lists. These should be ready in a month. I also have fifty new additions for the library and a list will be attached to the Bulletin (but probably not this one). Some of these additions are review copies but the greater majority have been donated by Roger Peyton, to whom our grateful thanks are tendered.

5. MAGAZINE LIBRARY This is now being run by Joe Bowman, of 'Balinoe', Ardgay, Ross-shire. A further three hundred magazines will be forwarded to Joe by the time you read this, as I have catalogued them and they will be added to the new lists when typed. These magazines are circa 1950. Phil Muldowney will be duplicating both lists when typed, but we will only distribute copies to those members who request them. Please let me know whether you require either or both lists, and I will forward copies when available.

6. OVERSEAS VISITORS Jean Muggoch and Daphne Sewell have offered to be B.S.F.A. representatives in London for overseas visitors, and will be glad to arrange meetings for them with other London fans. Will overseas visitors please contact Jean and Daff direct at Flat 15, Balcombe House, Taunton Place, London N.W.1. Telephone number is AMBassador 0310.

7. MONEY I have been in correspondence with my opposite number in the States, who is rather worried about sterling being smuggled into the U.S.A. It would appear that the greater

majority of members are not aware that it is quite simple to transfer money to the States either through your banks (in which case they would prefer the account payee to be notified so that they can do direct mail transfers) or alternatively through the Post Office. If you go to the post office and ask for an International Money Order - ask for Form no. P2229 G and part (c) on the back applies - if you complete this the Post Office will arrange it for you. I would draw members' attention to the fact that it is against the law to smuggle sterling out of the country, and although it is unlikely that members would be prosecuted for the small amounts involved, it may well be that a 'test case' might arise.

8. PUBLICATIONS I have now received the papers from Steve Oakley, and by the time you read this all TANGENT material should have been returned. I see that some members did subscribe to TANGENT, and it is not clear whether these members' subs have been returned. Will members who have not received their subs back please get in touch with me.

9. FAN GROUPS Would all fan groups in the U.K. please write to me with details of meetings and so on, in order that a list may be prepared for the benefit of those members who wish to participate. A list will appear with a future edition of VECTOR.

Please let me know if there are any other outstanding matters to which my attention should be drawn.

... Doreen Parker

A POSTSCRIPT TO 'WHICH JUST GOES TO SHOW' (VECTOR 43)

Extract from 'DEGLER!' 170 dated February 24th 1967:

"HARLAN ELLISON TO QUIT HOLLYWOOD: Harlan Ellison, who has been active in Hollywood writing screenplays and scripts for Television, has apparently decided to break completely with the Hollywood scene. The details available indicate that Ellison submitted a script to Star Trek which was altered considerably by Gene Roddenberry, executive producer of the show. When Ellison found out about the changes, he fired off a sharp letter to Roddenberry. This resulted in a letter from Roddenberry to Ellison culminating in the announced break in relations between the two. Ellison has, however, announced that he is sick of the Hollywood grind and intends to pull out entirely."

Doubtless Mr Ellison is no longer bothered about those letters he was asking everyone to write...

- Dav Garnett

Knowledge is **POWER**

BY **BRYN FORTEY**

The motto 'knowledge is power' can be seen carved upon many a school building, but it is our ability to use it that sets us apart from the other animals who inhabit this planet of ours.

What is it? Knowledge is the total summation of all we know. It is the reason mankind has survived to rule the earth while such as the brontosaurus faded into extinction, and its accumulation and usage is our inheritance. Whether or not we use it wisely is another matter, and one that I do not feel myself qualified to deal with.

Without a solid basis of general knowledge man would be nothing. Only after that has been attained is it possible to become a specialist, but first the foundation had to be built, and that started with the supposed ape-man, that unproven missing-link.

Let us go back in time some five hundred thousand years, to when primitive man was struggling to survive. The ape-men, uncivilized and brutish, gathered in family groups living in caves or whatever shelter nature provided. They fed upon fish, insects, birds, roots, fruits and small animals. Their lives were full of insecurity and fear.

Knowledge was not their automatic right, but had to be forged generation after generation. They were not capable of thought as we know it, their version being indistinguishable from feelings.

Though usually physically inferior to them, they locked in mortal combat against the ferocious animals of the great forests. Their single advantage lay in the instinctive cunningness that enabled them to survive. It was enough, and in surviving these primitives learnt the lessons of experience. This was knowledge in the making.

So we can see that knowledge dates back to the earliest stage of man, the first form of conscious living in our world. Gradually, taking many generations, this fund of general knowledge slowly expanded and grew.

Many thousands of years later came the discovery of fire and the use of stone and flint to make axe heads. This latter

discovery formed the basis for primitive man's first step towards civilization. Tools and weapons, however rough and simple, were being constructed. Thus a specialized knowledge had evolved, and their place in the general scheme of things, that of hunters, became considerably improved because of it.

Still generations later, again thousands of them, and metal ores were being smelted, and soon came the first faltering steps towards agriculture. Planting and tilling took place, and formerly wild animals were domesticated. Though they still also hunted, a more settled agricultural type of society emerged. With all these gradual steps forward, mankind's fund of knowledge grew and grew, and as it did so, man's mastery over his environment paralleled the growth.

And so it has been throughout the ages. Each successive generation has added its own particular contribution to the overall stockpile. Adversity has often struck, and many a retrograde step been taken, but these things too have added to man's knowledge.

Today our general knowledge is truly immense, and from it springs specialization in many fields and directions. We, of our generation, will add still further to the greater all.

Immense, that was how I described the present accumulation, and so it is, to us. Yet each generation has considered their own in this way. It won't be very long before we are looked back upon as being old fashioned, not particularly well informed, and eventually, quite backward. So it has always been, the natural order of things, and so it will always be.

How the future will use the knowledge they will inherit we do not know, neither can we say with any certainty what they in their turn will add to it. With hope, and nothing more, we can suggest the directions we think will be the best. But it will be up to each succeeding future generation, as in turn they become the present, to use it as they see fit.

The bulk we received, amended - modified - expanded - believed to be improved, we will hand forward. And when we do, resigned to the fact that our small part is played, we will hand over also our responsibility for its use.

'Knowledge is power', but its usage can be for good or evil. Whatever it is going to be used for we have no option but to go on adding to it. It is the function of our species; egotistical man strides ever forward. We can but play our parts and hope that one day, eventually, the knowledge we helped to create will bring not only power, but wisdom, too.

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It is some measure of the effect of this book that on finishing it I found that there were six stories whose plots I couldn't recall, and a further three I had to check back on. There is an advantage in this, in that the book may be read many times over.

Robert Bloch is a writer who, in a purely artistic sense, makes me want to start burning books. He is undoubtedly talented in so far as actual technique is concerned, and ingenious in his ideas or notions. But his stories, or more specifically the stories in this collection, are the product of a writer whose interests seem to be largely commercial. These days, nobody writes with one hundred per cent artistic motivation, but there is a median between this and cynicism.

So a book of this sort may achieve its purpose if a writer has to live, but if a reader buys a book he is not doing so for the sole purpose of paying someone's rent. He wants something in return.

Two of the stories in this collection ("Catnip" and "Hungarian Rhapsody") end on bad puns, and the only conclusion one can draw is that they were written around them. Even Fred Brown had the integrity to keep his howlers to less than five hundred words. "The Dream Makers", as another instance of a let-down, ends with a revelation that is not only unlikely, but betrays the rest of what could have been a good story.

Of course Bloch has his moments, and there are several of them here. I like his manner of associating small observations that are with us all, and relating them to a larger scale of things. One of the examples of this is in "The Hungry House" where reflections in a mirror play a large part in the action:

' A man looks different in a mirror. Not the way he imagines himself to be, knows himself to be. A mirror distorts. That's why men hum and sing and whistle while they shave. To keep their minds off their reflections. Otherwise, they'd go crazy... Women could do it, though. Because women never saw themselves, actually. They saw

an idealization, a vision. Powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara, eye-shadow, brillianine, or merely an emptiness to which these elements must be applied. Women were a little crazy to begin with, anyway.'

And the story I liked best in the book ("That Fall-Sound Train") makes a serious point, although dressing it up in a facetious disguise. In this the hero makes a pact with the devil so that he may stop time whenever he feels he is supremely happy. Of course, happiness is always around the corner and the hero never uses his power. At least, while still alive.

PLEASANT DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES is a book that provides passable entertainment for an undemanding reader. The plots are written strictly to unbendable formula, and the ideas are all variations on pulp-magazine themes. A serious reader will grow increasingly impatient with it, and is warned accordingly.

- Chris Priest

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EARTHWORKS by Brian Aldiss
(Four Square 3s 6d)

This book is one of the very best that Brian Aldiss has yet written. It is not an easy book to like because the world it pictures is so dislikeable; it is, however, a book whose 120 intensely written pages contain more ideas and more sheer good writing than most other science fiction books put together.

Knowle Noland, the narrator, tells us that his intention is to picture the world he lives in, but by doing so tells us a great deal about himself and emerges as one of the most complex characters in the whole of the genre. The whole book is really about what leads him to the act that he is about to perform when the book finishes. We see him first as the nominal captain of the automated freighter 'Trieste Star' and his fateful encounter with a dead man. We see him in flashback as a farm worker, working the thin and poisonous soil to produce food for a vastly overpopulated world. We meet the people who have influenced him, and relive the incidents that have made him what he is. Then we see him caught up in the world of African politics which he only dimly understands.

The world Noland inhabits is full of the sickness of aridity; aridness of the soil, aridness of ideas; and Aldiss' writing skill is such that aridity and sickness are the main feelings generated by this book. That does not mean that the book itself is arid or sick. The writing is superb, and images which linger in the mind abound. It is the humanitarian Aldiss who emerges, although one feels that all the odds are against it.

It is an easy book to read, but not an easy one to accept or assimilate. It is, as I said, one of Aldiss' best. It is one of the best novels of any type I have read during the past year. It is available in most bookshops. Go and buy it.

- Vic Hallett

NOT WITH A BANG by Chapman Pincher
(Four Square 5s)

This is an utterly absorbing first novel by one of Britain's leading political journalists. It tells of the effect on the world of Juvenel, a drug which restores dying cells and, in effect, makes a person ten years younger. If one takes this drug regularly one achieves an approximation of immortality, and Mr. Pincher has given us the novel on this theme that John Wyndham failed to in "Trouble with Lichen."

Slowly and in great detail we are shown the drug's effect on the initially small but ever-growing group of people who come in contact with it, until suddenly it is obtainable to anyone in the whole of the free world; and so begins the end. The end when it arrives is utterly horrible and catches in its net even people who thought they had escaped.

It is Mr. Pincher's skill as a journalist which shines through and he records the decline of civilization with an eye for the small details which makes the whole thing real. The book is too long; some of the love scenes could have been pruned, but it is a good, solid, entertaining story which will make you look at the Press and Parliament a little more carefully afterwards.

- Vic Hallett

THE REVOLVING BOY by Gertrude Friedberg
(Gollancz 18s)

This book is well worth reading. It is written in a quietly matter-of-fact style associated with 'general' fiction rather than the pulp-derived action-adventure style that is more typical of s-f, but is based on an unusual and intriguing theme that I do not recall ever having met elsewhere.

The boy of the title possesses the gift of 'absolute direction.' He can, for instance, point with unthinking accuracy at any spot on the earth's surface, no matter where he happens to be at the time. But above and beyond purely terrestrial matters, he has a basic psychological orientation towards a particular point in the sky. From early childhood his peculiarity manifests itself in a necessity every so often to twist himself round so many times in order to 'unwind' himself from the turns he's been obliged to take in proceeding from one place to another. His parents are none too happy about the situation, but like the boy himself they are intelligent - one of the book's premises is that had they not been so, they could never have had him - and the continual efforts of all three to adjust to the life around them are treated with sympathetic insight leavened with occasional flashes of gentle humour. The gradual revelation first of why the boy is the way he is, afterwards of his consequent importance in the scheme of things, is handled with the same quiet

matter-of-factness as is everything else. By way of bonus, Miss Friedberg has furnished her future with assorted artefacts that have the correct futuristic 'feel' about them. She does not attempt to explain them scientifically, and simply mentions that they're there - and one feels that they belong there.

- Archie Mercer

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THE 'IF' READER OF SCIENCE FICTION
(Whiting and Wheaton 21s)

252 pages, nine stories at 21 shillings, which works out at 2/4 a story; since only two of them are above average, you'd do better with a fistful of pocketbooks. This is a pity, since all nine meet up with my personal standard of having plot, action, climax and ending.

When Time was New A time traveller to the Cretaceous encounters and rescues two Martian children who have been kidnapped and marooned there (Mars has life during the Cretaceous period). He foils the kidnappers but is marooned himself - the kids go back to Mars... AND build a time machine, travel to the dead Mars of their future (our present), get jobs on the time project as the hero's assistant, then come back and rescue him... he marries the girl... gentle sound of retching.

Father of the Stars A man devotes his fortune and all his life to sending out slow interstellar rockets. Before he dies, an FTL drive is invented so he goes to meet the earliest rocket as it makes planet-fall - and then dies. Van Vogt did it better in 'Far Centaurus'.

Life Hater A little gem, where the hero, dying of cancer, volunteers to talk a berserker space battleship into surrender. And you can take the ending two ways.

Old Testament A Sirian foundling on a spaceship is returned to its village with the result that it founds a whole new religion... ho hum.

The Silkie Van Vogt piles impossibility on improbability so fast in this tale of mutated humans versus an alien with great powers, that you don't notice the gaps in the canvas. Quite passable.

Better Mousetrap Another pleasing item about certain valuable meteorites which have a sinister purpose.

Long Day in Court Double-talk, overwordy and improbable (highly) account of a legal paradox in an alien court.

Trick or Treaty A 'Retief' yarn; you either like this rubbish or you don't.

64 Square Madhouse A highly entertaining account of a chess tournament in which a computer participates. Sad to say, it fades away without exploring any s-f byways, and you wonder what it was all about.

If this book is a showcase for 'IF', then the stories which didn't get in must have been downright awful. This lot are on a par with any two issues of any s-f magazine.

- Terry Jeeves

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THE WATERSHED by Arthur Koestler
(Heinemann, in the Science Study Series 6s)

This is not science fiction, but would I think be of interest to science fiction readers. It is the life story of Johannes Kepler (1571 to 1630), one of the 'greats' of astronomy. He stands bridging the gap between the mysticism of the sixteenth century and the awakening science of the seventeenth. Mr Koestler gives a very human picture of a man bumbling his way towards understanding the heavens. One moment casting horoscopes or thinking of the music of the spheres, and the next trying to calculate with scientific accuracy the orbit of Mars. The whole story is full of interest, and contains many colourful characters. There is for instance Tycho de Brahe, who had part of his nose sliced off in a duel, and had replaced it with an alloy of gold and silver. He lived, in the best science fiction tradition, on his Sorcerer's island, "Holding forth on the variations in the eccentricity of Mars, rubbing ointment on his silver nose, and throwing casual tid-bits to his fool, Jepp, who sat at his master's feet under the table." There was also Galileo, famous for throwing weights off the tower of Pisa, which was in fact an experiment his enemies did. Finally, those who like me are duffers at mathematics need have no qualms on that score, as very little mathematical ability is needed.

- Michael Bickerstaffe

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TIME PROBE edited by Arthur C. Clarke
(Gollancz 21s)

This anthology starts with a short but good introduction by Clarke. He also writes an excellent piece about the authors at the beginning of each story, and each story is picked for its particular aspect of science.

Mathematics: And He Built A Crooked House, by Robert Heinlein. An excellent story about a house which collapses into the fourth spatial dimension.

Cybernetics: The Wabblers, by Murray Leinster
This story, with 'First Contact', I think are Leinster's best.

Meteorology: The Weather Man, by Theodore L. Thomas
This story I first read in 'The Analog Anthology' and on its second reading I liked it even more - the proof of a good story.

Archaeology: The Artifact Business, by Robert Silverberg
An average story. That's about all I can say.

Exobiology: Grandpa, by James H. Schmitz
Another good story - very original.

Physics: Not Final, by Isaac Asimov
An excellent story about the threat to earth if the inhabitants of Jupiter ever get off their planet.

Medicine: The Little Black Bag, by C.M. Kornbluth
This story cannot be anthologized enough - it is a beauty.

Astronomy: The Blindness, by Philip Latham
Not bad, but I think you have to be an astronomer to understand half of it.

Physiology: Take a Deep Breath, by Arthur C. Clarke
A short short from 'The Other Side of the Sky'. Good.

Chemistry: The Potters of Firsk, by Jack Vance
A good story with a good (if predictable) ending.

Biology: The Tissue-Culture King, by Julian Huxley
Sorry-, a good idea, but too dated for my taste.

On the whole, a very good collection. One small point I disagree with Clarke over. From the introduction: "It is my hope that these stories, few of which have ever been anthologized before and some of which I am happy to have rescued from near oblivion...". Well, in my modest collection of recent s-f I have all but three of the stories, so if you have many anthologies, don't buy this one.

- Ken Luxford

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THE GENOCIDES by Thomas M. Disch
(Whiting and Wheaton 18s)

Man, the killer, is finally killed by a race of super-farmers, who seed the earth with a peculiarly tough kind of super-tree which grows and grows, and keeps on growing regardless of what is done to it. Civilization collapses, wild life vanishes, the struggle for survival brings out the primitive savage which lurks beneath the cultured veneer. At the end the alien farmers send their machines to harvest the crop, burn the stubble, reseed the planet, and Man takes his last walk into the sunset.

We never see the aliens; we only read a brief report which tells of the burning of habitations. We never know just what the governments have done to ensure survival. The action is based on a small farming community led by a typical bible-punching fanatic who sees the hand of God in every misfortune. And there are inconsistencies.

The book opens with the leader and his two sons, one a halfwit, the other in the role of the prodigal, tending their field of corn.

They drill holes in the trees in order to bleed them of sap to aid in fertilizing the corn. The stated aim is to kill the trees by doing so in order to extend the clearing. So why take such care to fit hard-to-remove bungs in the tap-holes?

The community is small, less than three hundred souls - yet any and all bands of individuals are slaughtered on sight without regard to the loss of potential manpower. Not even the women are spared. All are killed and ground up into sausage-meat and then ceremoniously eaten - well, almost all. A couple are spared. One, a mining engineer for reasons never explained, the other an old nurse.

Surrounded by giant trees they live, in frigid winter, in a hut made of woven leaves, using body-heat to keep warm. All but one of the entire herd of cows, together with the younger son of the leader, are mysteriously destroyed by fire - and no-one bothers to find out the source, or wonder at it. When they are finally burned out of the hut, they run to a cave and learn, to their surprise, that the trees are hollow. They have a lamp with an unexplained source of oil. They crawl down the roots of the tree which seems to have been something like a potato, and live on the tubers they find. The impression of these people crawling about in what must have been Stygian darkness is glossed over - and is it possible for anyone to practically treble their weight so that they weigh four hundred pounds in a matter of a few months? A girl too? And it wasn't the diet - they were all eating the same thing.

And how, after fighting the trees so long, could they be surprised at what they had found?

Irritations apart, this is a good book which tells an entertaining story and tells it well. It is better to be read as an allegory; Man is far from being the master and, as we treat others, so could we be treated.

It isn't nice to think about - but as told by Disch it's enjoyable to read.

- Ted Tubb

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WHY CALL THEM BACK FROM HEAVEN? by Clifford Simak
(Gollancz 18s)

A novel based on the pros and cons of the topical Deep Sleep/Freeze preservation of human bodies for later revival. I found reading this book to be hard work, with very little profit.

- J.P.Rogers

A gadfly book, darting in a bewildering variety of directions. Not Simak at his best.

- R.W.Mortimore

(++ see also Jim Groves' review later in this Vector ++ - Ed)

THE WONDER EFFECT by Frederick Pohl and C.M.Kornbluth
(Gollancz 18s)

Perhaps partly because I have tried to collaborate with a good friend, I found the introduction to this book very poignant, and almost a bonus tenth to the nine actual stories.

The first of these, CRITICAL MASS, certainly captures the random swirl of human particles in the drama of civilian life. The last, THE QUAKER CANNON, builds a picture of the science of the 'War Game' very close to what might be happening now on a different scale. Both, in fact, read so much like detailed accounts of actual happenings that they are, I think, excellent fiction, but not any strain on the imagination.

The others, however, have in varying degrees, the Wonder Effect for me, in so much as they are, like dreams, real when being experienced, and thought-provoking afterwards. I would go so far as to say that if you have never had dreams of your own at least a little like these, you have been missing something. At least two of my own published stories were based strongly on such sleeping experiences.

Although a hardened s-f reader might find it amusing to put a date to the publication of each story, and then turn to the copyright page to see how close each guess is to the fact, I think all the stories well worth reading.

- E.R.James

(letters, continued from page 22)

DAVID ROWE
Barking

I might as well blurt out (with near complete ignorance) what my dear grey matter has conceived of Soviet s-f.

(a) it is extremely Wellsian (b) it is highly optimistic (c) its utopias involve no mention of politics (or policies) and are presumably communistic. Quite a lot, however, was written before the Cold War, and is still representative of Russian s-f; I therefore feel that it has not reached, nor is travelling on, the same lines as in Britain (and America).

A lot of British (and American) s-f relies too much on gimmick or satire, and the actual writing is not 'visual' enough... of course, out come New Worlds 171 and 172 to prove me wrong.

What I mean by America is that they don't experiment enough; if Aldiss and Ballard can go to the extremes and still stay readable, so can a few Americans.

WEALSOHELRDFROM.... and are equally grateful to, JOE BOWMAN and M.J.WATHEN.

For Your Information

Mike Ashley

(++ those comments between double crosses are as usual by your editor, who in this instance has filled in in a few questions where Mike was uncertain ++)

Questions from Darroll Pardoe (== ha! ==)

- (1) I have always thought John Wyndham was a pen-name for John Beynon Harris, but recently I was told the 'Wyndham' part was one of his forenames... so, what is his full name, and if the 'Wyndham' isn't part of it, where did he get it from?

Answer: the full name of this author is John Wyndham Parkes Lucas Beynon Harris, his father being George Beynon Harris, and his mother Gertrude Parkes. Hence not only John Wyndham, but also John Beynon, Lucas Parkes and Wyndham Parkes are all part of his own name. The pseudonym Johnson Harris was used once on an English reprint book.

- (2) What is the true story of NEBULA-42. Was there one, or wasn't there?

Answer: as far as I know NEBULA was suddenly killed after issue 41 had hit the stands in June 1959. In all probability issue 42 was prepared, and perhaps already in the printing stage, but no such issue was ever on sale.

- (3) I've a vague memory of reading a short story version of 'A Canticle for Leibowitz' somewhere, but I can't trace it. Can you help?

Answer: the novel A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ is a combination of three novellettes, namely 'A Canticle for Leibowitz' (April 1955) 'And the Light is Risen' (August 1956) and 'The Last Canticle' (February 1957) all originally appearing in FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION.

- (4) Once, I saw in Ken Slater's catalogue an ACE double novel mentioned... this was by Asimov, and was called SECOND FOUNDATION/GALACTIC EMPIRE. Please... what was the second half of this?

Answer: are you sure this was an Ace double? SECOND FOUNDATION has appeared as: SECOND FOUNDATION: GALACTIC EMPIRE, the latter being just an addition to the title. Not having this version, or seen the actual listing in Ken's catalogue, I can't help further than that.

Questions from Tom Jones

- (5) Can you please give a full list of last year's Hugo winners and nominations?

Answer: (++) I don't have the full list of nominations to hand, but the winners were as follows: Best Magazine, IF. Best Novel, awarded jointly to DUNE (Frank Herbert) and AND CALL ME CONRAD (Roger Zelazny). Best Short Story, REPENT, HARLEQUIN, SAID THE TICKTOCKMAN (Harlan Ellison). Best all-time series, a new award, the FOUNDATION series (Isaac Asimov). Best Artist, FRANK FRAZETTA. Best Fanzine, ERB-DON. ++)

- (6) Have any other books by Stanley G. Weinbaum been published in paperback apart from A MARTIAN ODYSSEY from Lancer?

Answer: In his Author's Works Listing, Don Tuck lists no Weinbaum paperbacks, except one in Australia; as far as I know, "A MARTIAN ODYSSEY" is the only Weinbaum paperback available at the moment.

- (7) What's happened to the checklists that the BSFA were going to bring out?

Answer: (++) the only one I am aware of at present is a checklist of AUTHENTIC, which involved a lot of work by at least three people, including myself, and was finished over a year ago. Other lists of which I have no knowledge at the moment may turn up when the P.O.'s affairs are finally clarified. I have no plans to publish the AUTHENTIC or any other checklist during my six months in office. ++)

Questions from Mary Reed

- (8) What was the first British fanzine, who edited it, and is it still going now?

Answer: Oddly enough, whilst the first US fanzine (which was also the first fanzine) has often been mentioned, little has been said on the first British fanzine. The earliest I can trace is the JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH INTERPLANETARY SOCIETY way back in 1933, which included William F. Temple as Editor for a period. But this was not strictly a fanzine. Other early ones were NOVAE TERRAE, which started in March 1936 with Maurice K. Hanson as editor, and SCIENTIFUNCTION, edited by Walt Gillings from January 1937. None of the early ones still exist, but if Howard Rosenblum ever materializes his claims of reviving FUTURIAN, that could probably claim the record, since it began as the BULLETIN OF THE LEEDS SF LEAGUE in January 1938, and became FUTURIAN in June of that year.

- (9) What's the longest-running British and US fanzine, and who edits it; was it always edited by them?

Answer: I don't think any fanzine can or will equal the record set up by SCIENCE FICTION TIMES, which began as FANTASY TIMES under James Taurasi in September 1941, and is still going. Taurasi no longer edits it, though he kept it for practically twenty years, but it can now be obtained from James Ashe, whose address is R.F.# 1, Freeville, New York 13068. As for the longest-running British Fanzine, the FUTURIAN must claim such honours, despite various lapses - it survived in name from 1958 to 1958 with the same editor, Mike Rosenblum.

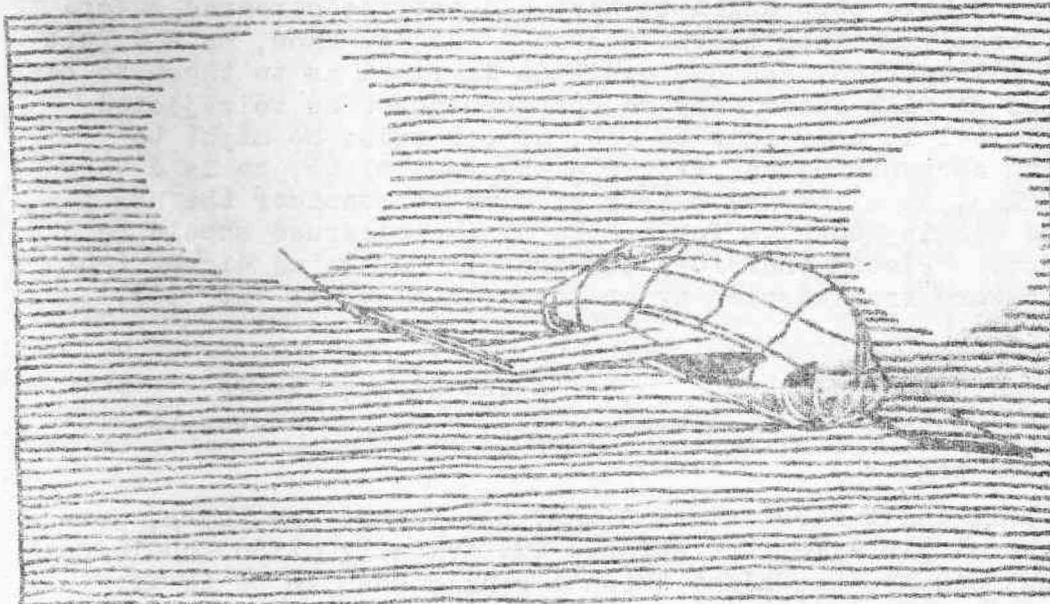
- (10) Who founded the BSFA originally, and what did it do?

Answer: (++) perhaps someone who was in at the beginning can tell us just how it all started. The first issue of VECTOR was dated Summer 1958 and says nothing about the organization or its aims. I gather that it became a cause of concern during the late 1950's that British fandom was shrinking in size, and the attendance at conventions was very small. The BSFA was founded in order to recruit new members for Fandom. ++)

Question from Mic Houghton

- (11) Algys Budrys reviews an anthology in the April 1967 GALAXY which contains an A.E. van Vogt story from 1951 entitled "The First Martians" - have you heard of this?

Answer: (== we don't know. Can anybody help? ==)



ANNOUNCEMENT: THE N3F STORY CONTEST

This is open to members of the BSFA, and the further details I have received are as follows:

1. The contest is open to all amateur writers in the field. We define an amateur as one who has sold no more than two stories to the professional science fiction and fantasy magazines.
2. Stories must be original unpublished work of the entrant, must be less than 5,000 words in length, and must come within the field of science fiction and/or fantasy in the opinion of the final judge, who for 1967 is Frederick Pohl.
3. Stories should be typed on 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 (please note this is neither quarto nor foolscap but a size in between) white paper, double spaced, with the title on every page but the name of the author omitted to ensure impartiality.
4. Contestants may enter any number of stories. Each should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (UK postage please, as the BSFA will pay the postage over and the N3F the postage back for the finalists).

This information has been taken from the N3F magazine, and I would add that I have been asked to have all entries screened before sending off three finalists to the States. As you know, Mr. E.C. Tubb is screening all entries, and his decision is final as to those to be forwarded, and he will enter into no correspondence as to rejected MSS. This I feel is only fair to Ted, as otherwise he might be inundated with correspondence, and like the rest of us, he is a very busy man. Also, to allow Ted plenty of time to consider the MSS I feel that the closing date as far as the UK is concerned should be August the 1st. Please therefore forward all MSS to me direct (not to Ted) for onward transmission by no later than August 1st 1967. Thank you.

--- Doreen Parker

 (continued from page 20)

found is. This isn't first class Simak; the themes are there, nostalgia for the simple life, the strange but friendly alien knowledge and so on, but somehow his heart doesn't really seem to be in it. However, read it, if only for the little touches that Simak is so good at - like the wry comment on computer justice at Chapman's trial.

THE BIRD'S EYE PEOPLE

BY JIM GROVES

As you may have heard, the latest craze/borderline idea to come out of America is the new 'science' of Cryonics - freezing people for posterity. Briefly, the idea is that at death you are frozen to prevent deterioration and preserved until medical science has learnt how to revive you and prevent old age or whatever it is that you died of. It's a variation of an old s-f idea, but now someone has taken it seriously, to the extent that already there is one such frozen body in store, and others are likely to follow. This idea is so fascinating that at this year's open meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association in Newark, outside New York, the subject was cryonics. And Clifford Simak's latest book, "WHY CALL THEM BACK FROM HEAVEN?" (Doubleday, \$3.95) (** In the UK, Gollancz, 18s ** - Ed) is on the same theme. This review is concerned with both these items. First, the ESFA meeting.

Two members of the Cryonics Society of New York turned out to be on a panel with s-f authors Lester del Rey and Fred Pohl to present and discuss the whole idea of cryonics. First the case for cryonics was put by the men from the society. They admitted that they could guarantee nothing as regards future revival and rejuvenation, but as they put it the only other alternative was to accept death as a permanent end. It's a gamble but when you have nothing to lose you grab at any chance that comes along. Providing that you can afford it, that is. They then gave details on the only case to date of such cold storage after death. This was a psychology professor in Los Angeles; his body is now in deep freeze in liquid nitrogen in a vault in Arizona. The attack on the very idea of such freezing was then launched by Lester del Rey. He attacked in a rather emotional fashion on several grounds - that it was a case of saddling our descendants with our problems; that it would impede progress by fouling up the process of change brought about by the passing of one generation to make way for the next; and that it would cause intense population problems as regards living space and so on.

Fred Pohl then countered Lester's arguments by pointing out that we already saddle our descendants with problems, and we already have a population problem; cryonics wouldn't create these, just make them that much more urgent. Questions and comments from the floor covered a variety of ideas. For instance, John Boardman commented

that this wasn't all that much of a new idea, since it was exactly what the ancient Egyptians were intending to do when they embalmed their dead and laid them up in pyramids with all their earthly possessions. And he further speculated that the subsequent history of these burials might give some indication as to what would happen when the 'frozen people' started to accumulate in large numbers. In Egypt tomb-robbing became a major industry, and even the fact that the assets of these frozen people were not buried with them would only be a minor point. At this point somebody called out that this might solve our food problems - frozen 'people-burgers'! A local fan, Christine Moskowitz, a doctor, was asked her opinion of the possible cellular damage, especially in the brain, that might occur in the short interval between death and freezing. She was not optimistic about the chances of avoiding damage or of the possibility of its being repairable once it had occurred. She disclaimed any knowledge of whether or not there would be any further deterioration after freezing, and referred the questioners to her husband about that point. This suggestion evoked a lot of laughter from the audience, since it is well known that Sam Moskowitz edits the trade magazine for the frozen food industry. The general consensus of opinion after the meeting was that it's worth considering if you have \$10,000 to spare, otherwise - forget it.

Simak's book carries the story of this idea carried to its logical conclusions. In the year 2148 A.D. and Forever Center has some ten billion people frozen away. Everyone is working hard to stash away enough money to live on when they are brought back, for although cancer and the other diseases can be cured, nobody has been awakened yet because the scientists are working on immortality for all, including the frozen. Meanwhile, Forever Center administers the trust funds deposited by those ten billion and in the process literally owns the world. Other long term research projects abound - Spacesearch, looking for places to live outside the Solar System; and Timesearch, looking for Time travel in order to provide living space a million years back. The book is an interwoven pattern of stories, of Franklin Chapman who failed to reach a dying woman in time, and is thus charged with criminal negligence in that he did not delay the recovery of the corpse of one Amanda Hackett as to make impossible the preservation of her body, resulting in conclusive death to her total detriment. And then there is Mona Campbell, of Timesearch, who has disappeared after suggesting that she may be on the verge of a breakthrough using some alien mathematics that the Spacesearch team has brought in from another planetary system. There is Daniel Frost, an executive of Forever Center, around whom the whole book moves. And there are the Holies, whose main slogan is the title of the book, and who are opposed to the idea of extending life and dragging people back from the dead. Through intrigue inside Forever Center Frost is branded a traitor to mankind, and sent literally to Coventry - no one will speak to him or help him. Most of the book is his endeavour to find out why he has been framed, where Mona Campbell is, and what is really going on. What he finds is nothing unusual or really unexpected, but what Mona Campbell has

THE MAIL RESPONSE



ALMA HILL
Boston, Mass.

One can only sympathize with Rog Peyton's feelings. He put out such a handsome VECTOR - it must have been a shock to him to see such a change come over it. But perhaps there is such a thing as being too formidably perfect? If the mere rank and file get the impression that their help is neither useful nor helpful, by-and-by the officers find themselves too much alone. You are publishing some very interesting material, and that's the main thing.

It'll be interesting to see how many people are able to renew at the higher rate. It's really no enormous sum. But just at this time of year - and when the membership has been used to seeing princely results at trifling cost and less effort, they aren't ready for emergencies. Fan groups - or any other - should keep in mind the lessons of history, that there are no unsinkable groups as such, because if it gets to a situation of 'chaque pour soi' the original setup is just not very likely to replace itself. I do indeed hope that you find enough individuals who will see you through and put a proper value on the BSFA, what it has accomplished, and what it can do.

About the only suggestion I can offer, though, is a simple thing that you may already know; to reduce typos in club publications, use a cushion-carbon sheet and proofread that yourself, then have someone else proofread it, and make your corrections before the stencil goes on the drum. The exceptionally-clean fanzines usually have family or group co-workers who do that very thing, taking a stitch in time to save nine. If household help isn't available, then a committee will serve, but that takes longer. But as you're amassing a backlog, that may work out too.

(++ your present editor corrects mistakes as made, while the stencil is still in the typewriter. There is no proofreading as such, and so any mistakes that do occur are ones that escaped notice as I was typing the stencil ++)

BRIAN MILL
Perth

I must disagree with Archie and Beryl Mercer about 'THE WATCHERS IN THE GLADE' in the 9th Galaxy Reader.

I found it a most interesting and readable story although the twist ending was rather unnecessary.

I don't know whether it was intentional, but most of the names mentioned in 'Letter of Complaint' seem to be associated with wrestling on I.T.V. -

Space General (Jackie) T.V.Pallo
Controller M. (Nick?) McManus
Four Star Galaxy General R. (Kent?) Walton

Here coincidence?

CHAS. LEGG
Stevenage

The idea of forming a limited company for the BSFA is a good one and it surprises me that no-one thought of it before. However, as under company law I shall have no real say in the affairs (or the liabilities) of the organization, the most that I can do is lend vocal support. Somehow the idea of electing permanent officers seems slightly obnoxious for two reasons; first, it irks me because I feel that any organization needs the possibility of not being re-elected to make sure that its officers work as well as possible, and second because it is possible to get someone in office who cannot be dismissed on any particular grounds yet is a liability to the society. Not only that, but it really gives too much power to the committee, especially if the committee is increased in size.

Please, Mr Edwards, could you give us some fan news of some sort? Admittedly, plugs for the American fanz were a little irksome, but at least they appertained to fandom. If only I'd seen that little list at the time of entering fandom it would have saved me many hours of hard work wondering what someone was on about. Even so, I've found that the greatest communication difficulty arises more with the sort of general slang that fans use, rather than new words. Just one word to Mr. Edwards - support PADsZines, they're British!

Out of all the letters of comment the only thing I can find to argue about is Pete Weston's claim that a life-form needs to be highly developed to be specialized. This simply is not so. One of the most specialized animals on this planet in terms of mode of life is the tapeworm (taenia), but it is also an extremely primitive animal indeed. In the order of classification employed by zoologists, it is placed lower than the worms, the insects and the crustacea, so I defy anyone to call it advanced. Need I say more?

(++ Malcolm Edwards is being awkward at the moment, but it is still hoped to persuade him to continue his column. And with regard to your comments on the BSFA, it is difficult enough, judging by this year's showing, to find anybody to serve on the committee in the first place, so the BSFA has to make do with those folk who are willing to do their time, who are precious few. ++)

(continued on page 14)

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