

children) than you did, from your marriage—and quite enough to give her a horror rather of marrying.

'The marble cross and locket shall be given to dear Alice tomorrow. Papa is much pleased and satisfied with her and so is the Dean. She is a dear, amiable, sensible child, quite grown-up; very pretty and with perfect manners in society, quite ladylike and cerclé extremely well.

'If matters go on smoothly in Italy Bertie will not go to Germany till August—spending June and July in Switzerland. I don't know when Affie will return. Possibly in July—but only of course for a very short time. Should there be war—he must remain—and do his duty like every other officer. I should not wish him to do otherwise.

'About politics dear Papa has I have no doubt written to you fully. Since yesterday evening we are again full of hope! In that case all my fears and anxieties of yesterday would vanish. God grant it! If only Austria is reasonable!

'All you say about Prussia is I am sure very true. But we could never help you with ships; we have not near enough for ourselves!

'Painting in oils, for a little while, certainly does help one's painting in water colours—and with that object you are quite right to do so; only don't let it exclude the other.

'Today is dear Alice's examination. I will telegraph as soon as it is over. Tomorrow at 12—the Confirmation. She feels very much that you cannot be there. She thanks you much for your message.

'With regard to what you say about Shakespeare, I quite agree. You need not be afraid of seeing Faust; I am as bad and shy as anyone, matron as I am, about these things—and it is so beautiful that really one does not feel put out by it. I advise you to see it, dear. Also as regards the French plays—you should go; there are many—indeed quantities of charming little plays—and dear Papa—who you know is any thing but favourable to the French—used to delight in going to the French play—more than to any other, and we used for many years—when we had a good company (we have had none since 54) to go continually and enjoyed it excessively. It is such good practice for the language. So, I hope, dear, you will go. One's dislike to a nation need not prevent one's admiring and being amused by what is good, clever and amusing in it.

'What happiness it will be when we meet again. I am sure, dear, that we shall agree in many things much more than we used to do. Indeed ever since you married I found this to be the case. There is no longer any thing between us which I cannot touch with you—and a married daughter, be she ever so young, is at once on a par with her mother.

'We take the communion on Good Friday at 9.'

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# science fiction news

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Selectors: John Carnell, Dr J. G. Porter

The next (November) issue of *SF News* will be a Programme Number. It will be combined with the Programme issue of *Readers News*, the RU magazine, so that information about forthcoming books for the next six months will be clearly set down in one place for you.

## NEXT MONTH'S CHOICE

### THE UNCENSORED MAN

by Arthur Sellings

'HE HAD never seen a storm over the sea before. He was wet through, but he could get no wetter. And his mind was not on his physical state. Watching this titanic display of nature, it was as if he were a part of it.

'And he was. . . .

'He knew that now. These atoms about him, of earth and rain and sky—these had formed and re-formed through the ages. But he—the forces he commanded—had existed through all time. The Solvers had told him that the memory of the people in that other dimension went back to the birth of mind. They had been wrong . . . no, only partially right. He knew now why he was important—he and whoever might come after him. The Solvers had power in a world which was only of their own fashioning. It was ancient, that power, that memory—as old as their world, which was as old as man. But he had the power in this world, the source world.

'He knew now that his own world was just as much a creation of mind as that other one, but of a far vaster mind. He was in touch, not just with the racial memory—but because of that—in touch with the ultimate memory. The memory of atoms too young to know their own laws, of the first groping cells of what men knew as life. But life was in all, through all. He remembered, as if in a dream, his thoughts as he had walked along the shore that day. He had felt this then. Now he knew it with all his senses—and with others that he had no name for. It was as if the lightning crackled from his own fingertips, speck as he was between quaking sea and sky.

'But, although he knew the touch of titanic powers, saw vast vistas of knowledge open before him, he knew that that knowledge was beyond his capacity to understand—beyond any man's capacity yet. It was like a huge continent on whose shores one man had made a landing. A continent could take centuries to explore, but this—millennia.

'Or was he deluding himself? Not ultimate knowledge, ultimate memory . . . but ultimate delusion? Reality had been so wrenched about him in such a short space of time—a matter of weeks only—that he had to put every facet of it to the test.

'He chose a point not far away, a flat black rock jutting from the sea. He directed his mind upon it.

'One flash of lightning struck, the air crackling along its path. The rock split in two and disappeared under the boiling sea. A clap of thunder exploded over the spot where it had been.

'He found himself trembling from the access of power. He turned, shuddered at the sea, and struggled home to the