

who combines the attractions of Cleopatra with the drive of a Beaverbrook. She it is who organises a research group on a large scale centred round Punch's discovery of a new atomic fuel, "based on fusion, not fission." Operation Snowball, as it is prophetically named, results in the launching of the SS.1, an artificial satellite, wonderful enough, but of the earth earthy compared with the mysterious visitant, the *Snowflake* itself, which ranges as far out in time as 2065 and casts back the glacial light of an infinitely refracted future upon these three lives and on that of Paula's unborn child.

January/February, 1958

EARTHMAN, COME HOME

by James Blish

(Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.; SFBC, 5s. 6d.)

Once gravity-neutralization became an engineering reality the day of the space-ship was over. Fitted with 'spindizzies'—polarity generators deriving ultimately from the Blackett-Dirac equations—whole cities could be moved bodily; could be sent hurtling across the galaxies to replenish Earth's resources, to prospect for fresh supplies of the anti-agathics which made an end of death, to smash for ever the space-wide tyranny of Vega.

But very few returned. Nomads, wanderers, itinerant journey-men, most drifted further and further into Space. Earth-laws still survived; in the space-ways Earth-police still exercised a shadowy jurisdiction; but Earth itself dimmed gradually in men's minds to a memory, a legend, a green myth in a forgotten corner of the universe. The cities reverted one by one to the laws of Earth's jungles—to the laws of force and rapine and conquest. And Earth represented only the last frail threat, the last tenuous limitation, to their power.

Eventually, inevitably, they came together to destroy it; and streamed across the Universe, an outlaw army intent on matricide, to where a small, almost deserted planet slumbered in the mild rays of that unimportant star which man, millennia ago, had called 'the sun.' In the path of the rebel army one city stood alone; a city with a proud name and a proud history but ageing now and far from warlike. This is the story of how two men at its controls, John Amalfi and Mark Hazleton, between them saved the universe; and brought back their proud metropolis to its proper heritage and home.

George Over Limited, Market Place, Rugby



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NEW FACES

Once again it is our pleasure to introduce three writers new to the Science Fiction Book Club. Author of the September/October choice, *The Twenty-Seventh Day*, is John Mantley—a newcomer who arrives like a millionaire, dazzling us by his easy wealth of imagination and invention. The film of his book is now in the making.

With *Further Outlook* (November/December) the distinguished physiologist Dr. W. Grey Walter enters the sf field—and who more qualified to do so. Head of the Department of Neurology, Burden Neurological Institute, Bristol, he has pioneered most of the developments in electroencephalography in Great Britain during the last twenty years. He is an editor of the International EEG Journal, and a world-famous figure in this growing branch of medical science, which he described in his first book *The Living Brain* (Duckworth, 1953). Some members may have seen him demonstrating on television and elsewhere a variety of electrical robots and self-regulating toys designed by himself. Those who know how close Dr. Grey Walter's work on brain physiology has brought him to the very stuff of human personality will be heartened to find in this novel that he takes, by and large, a sanguine view of the world's future; and so easy and vivid is his style that we can read with enjoyment the details