

It is a story of great comings and goings somewhere on earth maybe of creatures who are plainly men (for there is above all a great humanity in the author), yet whose ways constantly make one doubt it, so much does their not-of-this-worldiness separate them from our ways of speaking, feeling and thinking.

For example, though there is indeed much boisterousness in the story, the participants seem gentle people: "they would sit together under the stars, recalling the ages that were gone and all their joys and labours in the world, or holding council concerning the days to come. If any wanderer had chanced to pass, little would he have seen or heard, and it would have seemed to him only that he saw grey figures, carved in stone, memorials of forgotten things now lost in unpeopled lands. For they did not move or speak with mouth, looking from mind to mind; and only their shining eyes stirred and kindled as their thoughts went to and fro."

One cannot refer to Professor Tolkien's work without mentioning his creation within creation—"The Hobbits," a special kind of people whom Miss Clemence Dane described with affection as seeming "a cross between a hamster and a leprechaun."

The second place in the Fantasy Awards went to John Christopher for *The Death of Grass* (published in the Club July/August 1957, Volume 27); the third place being shared by William Golding for *The Lord of the Flies* (Faber) and Frank Herbert for *Dragon in the Sea*, which has yet to be published in this country.

## Sputnik in his eye

The other Saturday morning with our paper (guess which) in our hand we went looking for that fellow in the corner seat, prepared to push him through the floor with the news. But he had got out of earshot and we were only able to make a certain gesture which—for the benefit of those who never saw the film "If I had a Million"—we will describe. In the film a stinkingly rich old codger dies but instead of leaving it to his family picks on some perfect strangers. One of these is a world-weary clerk

played by Charles Laughton. When Charles has the news of his million he gets straight up from his desk, and, expressionless, walks out of the room, turns right along a corridor, in the lift, out of the lift, along another corridor, turns left, turns right, into a general office, barging straight past receptionists and bodyguards right into the acre-sized office of the Great Man seated head-down at a rood of desk. He halts on the threshold, emits a whistle loud enough to stop a lorry on A1, and as the boss looks up, Charles raises his hand with two fingers extended, but not with any patriotic significance—just personal.

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## Going Down

Most of the early issues in the Club are out of print but copies of the following books are available—as seasonal presents to your friends or to make up the gap in your own shelves:

*I, Robot* by Isaac Asimov (6/-); *The Voyage of the Space Beagle* by A. E. Van Vogt (6/-); *Player Piano* by Kurt Vonnegut (6/-); *Old John* by Olaf Stapledon (6/-); *The Demolished Man* by Alfred Bester (6/-); *Great Stories of Science Fiction* edited by Murray Leinster (6/-); *The Kraken Wakes* by John Wyndham (4/6); *Fahrenheit 451* by Ray Bradbury (4/6); *Childhood's End* by Arthur C. Clarke (4/6); *More than Human* by Theodore Sturgeon (4/6); *Fury* by Henry Kuttner (4/6); *The Caves of Steel* by Isaac Asimov (4/6); *Moment Without Time* compiled by Samuel Mines (5/6); *Wild Talent* by Wilson Tucker (5/6); *Alien Dust* by E. C. Tubb (5/6); *A Mirror for Observers* by Edgar Pangborn (5/6); *One in Three Hunched* by J. T. McIntosh (5/6); *Beyond the Barriers of Space and Time* edited by Judith Merril (5/6); *The Long Way Back* by Margot Bennett (5/6); *World of Chance* by Philip K. Dick (5/6); *The Death of Grass* by John Christopher (5/6); *The Twenty-Seventh Day* by John Manley (5/6).

Add postage and packing: 1 book 9d., 2 books 1/3, 3 books 1/5, 4 books 1/8, 5 books 1/11, 6 books 2/1, 7 books 2/3, 8-10 books 2/6. Orders should be sent with cash to Letchworth.