

adolescents. We are gradually being compelled to view it, instead, as intelligent anticipation—much more intelligent, in fact, than the expectations of statement."

The fact is that the prestige of sf was never higher than at the present time. This is, of course, a source of pride and it is also a challenge which we have no doubt will be met by writers.

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The programme for the next six months is given in this issue of the News. It was high time Robert Heinlein was represented in the Club and he appears in a double volume containing *The Man who sold the Moon* and *The Green Hills of Earth*. (This extra value is by way of celebrating the Club's fifth birthday.) Alfred Bester's *Tiger! Tiger!*, an inferno of a book—"unput-downable" says Arthur Clarke—and *Christmas Eve* by C. M. Kornbluth (another new name in the Club) are the other two books. Good reading.

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March/April, 1958

TIGER! TIGER!

by Alfred Bester

(Sidgwick & Jackson, 12s. 6d.; SFBC, 5s. 6d.)

This is an inferno of a novel! Its scope is bold, its pace irresistible. Alfred Bester's Twenty-Fifth Century is a complex and real world where spiritual values have gone to the wall, and only the toughest characters survive. One of the toughest is Gully Foyle, who burns through the book like a meteor. Ranged against him are a series of people terrifying in power but delightful in eccentricity: Presteign of Presteign, King of a commercial dynasty; Saul Dagenham, radioactive and remorseless; Y'ang-Yeovil, captain of interplanetary police; Olivia Presteign, who

sees only in the infra-red; Harley Baker, who owns a freak factory; Sigurd Magman, the seventy-year-old baby, Mars' sole full telepath; the man with the goldfish in his artificial glass leg; the killer who longed to be a python. The tremendous vitality of *Tiger! Tiger!* lies not only in its host of strange personalities. Its inventions have a wild logic, its scenes are gaudy and lit with magic, changing rapidly from the Sargasso Asteroid, to Presteign's palace, to the weird subterranean hospital of Gouffre Martel, to Rome—but the fertility of Alfred Bester's imagination cannot adequately be described. He has composed an entire new mythology of the future, complete with original sins!

May/June, 1958

CHRISTMAS EVE

by C. M. Kornbluth

(Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.; SFBC, 5s. 6d.)

C. M. Kornbluth's plots are always exciting; but this new tale has a gravity and also a fidelity to the observed life of our time, new and remarkable in a book of tomorrow. Mr. Kornbluth has no illusions about what has happened in our own century to countries overrun by an enemy. It is also clear that he thinks the public realization is incomplete; so he retells the story, setting it in the future, asking us to imagine that Russia and China have not only conquered the Old World, but are in the process of assimilating the New. The picture he gives us is as convincing as it is shocking. There are no supermen in this story; but through one frightened man, forced into heroism against his will, the American 'Underground' triumphs and the tyranny is ended. This one man's adventures are as exciting as anything that has come out of science fiction, and his final decision, once his goal is reached, is as startling as it is moving. In fact the author thinks that there is a solution, a very old one, for the problems of our day; and in this story of the day after he indicates it impressively.