



The great Zeiss projector. Weight 2 tons; cost £70,000. It can show the night sky as seen from any place on the earth's surface for any time during the past, present, and future.

Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and Orwell's *1984* are often spoken of in the same breath, but aside from their other differences are in fact separated by the Second World War. Huxley's other novel, *Ape and Essence*, revolting as it is, is much nearer to Orwell.

In recent times we have had some surprises. Among the stories we have read in manuscript was a fine one by the distinguished historical novelist Winifred Bryher. The French writer Jules Romains got bogged down in twin existence and time slips in two stories published under the title *Le Violation des Frontières*, and when the author of *The Caine Mutiny*, Herman Wouk, presented *The Lobo-kome Papers*, a story about the marines and the moon, complete with Bonestell-like illustrations, in *Collier's*, we were prepared for anything.

However, that big, overdue, jackpot SF story hasn't come yet, and when it does it is more likely to come from an outsider rather than from one of the writers already in the SF field. Not because it will be a better story but just because publishing works that way. And if the author does happen to come among us he will almost certainly think that we are, well, odd company!

The London Planetarium

LONDON has a new attraction—a Planetarium—and for people like us, it's a must. When the lights go down in this cinema of the skies we watch time pass from dusk till dawn—stars, planets, and the moon moving along their courses