

power to take away the division between past and present. All knowledge, of course, is discovery, but nowhere more directly so than in archaeology: it is this strange combination of learning and action that gives it much of its special excitement. To say that Mr Jessup's book is the story of an adventure is to praise it not just for its scholarship, but also for its enthusiasm, patience and vitality. Mr Jessup has the best qualities of an ideal teacher.

'Ronald Jessup has made a miracle of compression readable and entertaining. Other archaeologists are successful authors, but few could cover such a field without making it read like a catalogue.

'The tale of a spike used on a farm for years before it was found to be a Bronze Age rapier is typical of scores in his chapter on discoveries by chance, followed by others which take us from John Leland in the sixteenth century to Mr Rahtz's recent discovery of Alfred's palace at Cheddar. . . . I am moved to admiration by Mr Jessup's diligence, shown in his account of recent discoveries. It covers all periods and nothing seems to have escaped his eye. . . . The illustrations are excellent.'

Daily Telegraph.

214 pages. 44 plates.

Michael Joseph 25s; SFBC 13s, post free



Camonica Valley

by Emmanuel Anati

(*The June Additional*)

Camonica Valley was given an excellent review in the *Listener*, and we should like to quote it for you:

'The Val Camonica begins a little north of Milan and Brescia and stretches almost to the point where Italy, Switzerland and Austria converge. Overlooked on all sides by high ranges, it owes to a geological fault the secrecy in which a lost civilization has been preserved over the centuries. Its rocks constitute what must be one of the vastest picture books in the world, depicting scenes from the daily life of a curious Shangri-La. Only in recent years have these been patiently uncovered and transcribed by archaeologists, so far do they lie off the beaten track. Yet the valley was once a lay-by on a great trade route between Scandinavia and the Eastern Mediterranean. Amber found in tombs at Knossos came this way from Jutland. And along the road between the Baltic and the Adriatic passed much else, in both directions. It is therefore not surprising to find that so many of these petroglyphs closely resemble others in Norway and Sweden; or that some of the figures and the artefacts they portray have equally unmistakable affinities with Mycenaean, Anatolian and even Mesopotamian counterparts.

'Dr Anati has no room here to pursue such comparisons, for the material he has to display is vast and various enough. . . . The book contains a generous selection from the 1,500 glyphs copied, an account of the fieldwork done, analyses by subject, style and stratigraphy, an approximate chronology, and his own speculation on the conclusions to be drawn from the drawings about Camunian society, its arts, crafts, religious beliefs, organization and economy. All this is clearly spelt out, with the requisite maps and plans, for the general reader.

'The Val Camonica drawings must, I think, cause a good many popular assumptions to be modified. Dr Anati stresses particularly the homogeneity of the culture they display. . . . The old division between prehistory and history goes the way of other fictions once thought to be convenient. We see a settled people which sets nets and traps, ploughs land, sows crops, weaves cloth, builds houses and temples and villages, worships the sun and the bull and the reindeer and an ancestral god, forges and mines its metals and is always armed to the teeth with the latest weapons. . . . As for the motives which inspired the *graffiti*, one must assume, surely, that they were very mixed. Dr Anati's guesses are doubtless the fruit of great experience in his own fields, in other parts of western Europe and Israel. He recognizes that what we have here is sometimes a picture, or a symbol or a strip cartoon, but also often the first stages of an ideographic script.

Unique to the Val Camonica, however, is the so-called—and plainly misnamed—"paddle" sign. Never found in water scenes, among boats or fishing, it appears like a postmark stamped no fewer than 1,400 times among the rocks, often in stag-hunting, fighting or sacrificial contexts, and twice, specifically, with looms. The mystery of the "paddle" is not the least fascinating of the conundrums presented by what may for many readers seem to be the most exciting report on archaeological discovery to see print for many a year.'

261 pages. Drawings, maps and charts.

Cape 45s; SFBC 27s, post free

THE APRIL SPECIAL (OPTIONAL) IS
FRINGE MEDICINE by Brian Inglis
(*Faber 30s; SFBC 19s, post free*)

THE APRIL EXTRA (OPTIONAL) IS
GAUGUIN by Henri Perruchot
(*Michael Joseph 42s; SFBC 25s, post free*)

THE MAY SPECIAL (OPTIONAL) IS
VANISHED CIVILIZATIONS
edited by Edward Bacon
(*Thames & Hudson £8 8s; SFBC 88s, post free*)

THE MAY ADDITIONAL (OPTIONAL) IS
ARABIA FELIX by Thorkild Hansen
(*Collins 30s; SFBC 18s 9d, post free*)

science fiction news

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THE PROGRAMME May–October 1965

The May Choice

WAY STATION

by Clifford Simak

ENOCH WALLACE led a solitary life. He left his house only to collect his letters or to take an occasional walk; his two acquaintances were the postman and a deaf-mute girl. His neighbours in the hills of Wisconsin may have thought it strange that he never seemed to grow older, but if they did, they never spoke of it.

Enoch Wallace was the keeper of Way Station 18327. When he agreed to manage the station, he did not know that he was being considered for a greater role—Earth's sole representative to the Inter-Galactic Council. For more than a century he carried out his duties perfectly, growing accustomed to the strange and wonderful creatures passing through his materializer, spending many nights listening to the stories told by travellers from the farthest reaches of space.

At last the outside world threatened to destroy the Way Station and with it man's last hope of avoiding self-annihilation. The Intelligence Service suddenly became interested in an American Civil War veteran who looked less than thirty, and a house whose windows could not be broken with an axe.

It need not be asserted that Clifford Simak is one of the leading writers of sf. *Way Station* is an exciting story, but it is also critical—critical of man, of his present state of barbarity—and because of this it has a curious, frightening sadness.

210 pages.

Gollancz 15s; SFBC 6s

June

COUNTERFEIT WORLD

by Daniel F. Galouye (author of *Dark Universe*, already issued in SFBC)

Worlds within worlds within worlds . . . Scientists have evolved a 'total environment simulator'—a vast electronic brain system that will faithfully reproduce in miniature a human community, with all its hopes, fears, desires and eccentricities. The egos created by the machine will not know that they are merely electronic impulses; to themselves they will be alive and real. When stimuli are applied to the machine, to see how the 'people' react, the answers can be discovered by an observer from the 'real' world, specially equipped to become an inhabitant of the machine.

As the simulator nears completion, it seems that someone, or something, is working to prevent its being used. A scientist is electrocuted; a security officer disappears; one of the inventors suffers from mysterious black-outs; and there is battle, too, behind the scenes between the scientists, who want the simulator to be used to improve the life of mankind, and the financier sponsoring the development, who sees the machine as a means to assume leadership of the world.

Then the most frightening thing of all happens: it is discovered that one of the 'minds' from the simulated world has taken over the body of the 'real' observer and has blurted out the truth: that the electric impulses *know* what they are. Is the 'real' world itself another simulated world? Has the sabotage been engineered by masters determined that their puppets shall not make puppets of their own? If all this is true, then the 'real' world can be switched off at any moment.

'Mr Galouye is thoroughly successful with the disorientation and regrouping of assumptions that sf occasionally affords . . . neatly reopens discussion of a point going back at least to Plato: Am I dreaming you or are you dreaming me? The narrator does well in the classic situation of the man who for the sake of his sanity clings to the belief, against all the apparent evidence, that he alone sees the truth.' *New Statesman*.

159 pages.

Gollancz 15s; SFBC 6s

July

REVOLT IN 2100

by Robert Heinlein

A novel and two stories. In the novel, 'If This Goes On', the time is 2100 and America is ruled by a corrupt religious dictator, maintaining his power through the use of advanced psychological techniques and a dedicated military caste. But a steadily growing number of people see the need for change, for freedom of thought and action, and for the pursuit of knowledge. This rebellion is expressed chiefly through one character—Legate John Lyle, one of the officers of the guard in the dictator's temple; the rule of his life is a severe, monastic one, and his love for one of the temple virgins is punished harshly. At last he escapes and joins the Cabal, the underground movement, and sees the revolution come to success.

'Coventry', the next story in the collection, takes place after the revolution. The new system of government, the Covenant, allows complete freedom to the individual, provided that this does not curtail the freedom of anyone else. Those breaking the Covenant are offered the choice of either brain surgery or expulsion to Coventry, an area of country which can only be penetrated from the outside. One transgressor chooses to go there, thinking that it would be a place without laws, a place where he could live entirely as he desired. But he was very wrong. . . .

Libby, in the final story, 'Misfit', is a mathematical genius. He had little formal education, but he can visualize mathematical relationships, and his gift is invaluable to the commander of a space ship when the electronic computer breaks down: invaluable but also dangerous.

305 pages.

Gollancz 16s; SFBC 6s