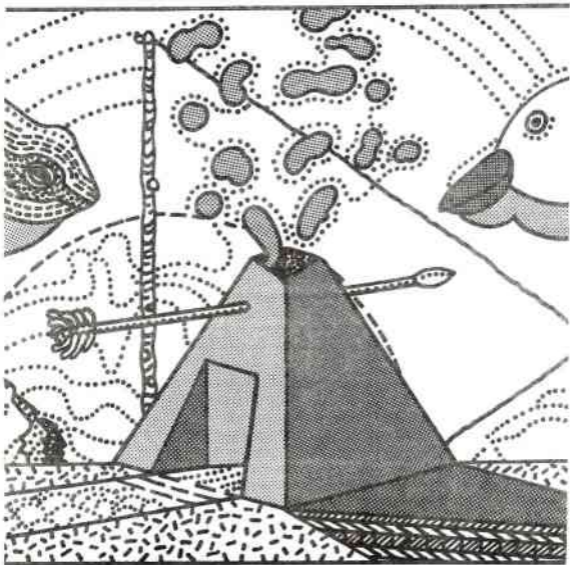


NOUMENON

THE NEW ZEALAND SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE



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THE NEW ZEALAND SCIENCE FICTION
MAGAZINE

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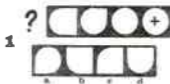
EDITORIAL

As recipients of great good fortune, Deb and I will be visiting America for the month of July. The possible dates of the trip were fairly open but, for various reasons, we decided it was better to go sooner rather than later. We will be returning in the last week of July, just in time to produce *Nooumenon* 5. Stay tuned for that Bicentennial issue!

In the meantime, enjoy this issue's feature - the Jerry Pournelle interview. It is one of the best I have read in recent years and has many, many pertinent points in it concerning both sf and life in general. I hope our trip will enable us to expand on the interview and set wheels in motion for similar features.

While we are away, our 'house sitters' will take good care of mail. However, any necessary replies will need to wait until we return. So until then, may you enjoy good reading.

Brian Thurogood



Explanatory Notes:

sf is the standard abbreviation used for the term *science fiction* throughout this magazine: *SF* is considered unnecessary, and sci-fi undesirable.

fan[s] always means sf fan[s] unless otherwise noted.

WorldCon is the standard abbreviation for the annual World Science Fiction Convention.

GoH is the abbreviation for Guest(s) of Honour at a convention or gathering.

1, *2* (etc) are used as the standard footnote indicators. I feel the asterisk is an under-used symbol and can be used in place of brackets in certain instances.

In the absence of typesetting, the following conventions have been used: The titles of *novels* or *books* are in capitals, underlined. The names of *films* or *television programmes* are in capitals. The titles of *stories* or *magazines* are in capital and lower case, underlined. The titles of *articles* are in quotation marks. *Record album* titles are in capitals, underlined. *Song* titles are in capital and lower case, underlined. The names of *musical groups* are in capitals.

QUIDNUNC'S PAGE

THE 1976 HUGO NOMINATIONS

The following are the 1976 Hugo Award Nominations. If you wish to vote for the Hugos (and every self-respecting fan should), you must be either a 'supporting' or 'attending' member of the appropriate WorldCon - in this instance, MidAmeriCon. Membership (until August 1st) is \$6.00 supporting, \$25.00 attending. Address all mail to: MidAmeriCon, Box 221, Kansas City, Missouri 64141, USA. The deadline for voting for the Awards is July 21st for overseas members.

(All magazine dates are for January - December 1975)

NOVEL

- THE COMPUTER CONNECTION - Alfred Bester (Putnam; Berkley)
This is published as EXTRO in the British commonwealth (Methuen)
- THE FOREVER WAR - Joe Haldeman (St. Martin's; Ballantine; Orbit)
- IN PERPETUUM - Niven & Pournelle (Galaxy, Aug, Sept, Oct; Pocket Books)
- THE STOICISTIC MAN - Robert Silverberg (F&SF, Apr, May, June; Harper & Row)
- DOORWAYS IN THE SAND - Roger Zelazny (Analog, June, July, Aug; Harper & Row)

NOVELLA

- The Silent Eyes of Time - Algis Budrys (F&SF, Nov)
- The Custodians - Richard Cowder (F&SF, Oct)
- The Storms of Windhaven - George Martin & Lisa Tuttle (Analog, May)
- ARM - Larry Niven (EPOCH)
- Home Is The Hangman - Roger Zelazny (Analog, Nov)

NOVELETTE

- The New Atlantis - Ursula LeGuin (THE NEW ATLANTIS)
- ...And Seven Times Never Kill Man - George R. R. Martin (Analog, July)
- The Borderland of Sol - Larry Niven (Analog, Jan)
- Tinker - Jerry Pournelle (Analog)
- San Diego Lightfoot Sue - Tom Reamy (F&SF, Aug)

SHORT STORY

- Doing Lennon - Gregory Benford (Analog, April)
- Rogue Tomato - Michael Bishop (NEW DIMENSIONS 5)
- Croctoon - Harlan Ellison (F&SF, May)
- Catch That Zeppelin - Fritz Leiber (F&SF, March)
- Child of All Ages - P.J. Plauger (Analog, March)
- Sail The Tide of Mourning - Richard Lupoff (NEW DIMENSIONS 5)

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

- A BOY AND HIS DOG
- THE CAPTURE
- DARK STAR
- MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL
- ROLLERBALL

FANZINE

- Algal, Andrew Porter, Editor
- Locus, Charles & Dena Brown, Editors
- Don-O-Saur, Don Thomson, Editor
- Outworlds, Bill Bowers, Editor
- SF Review, Dick Geis, Editor

PRO ARTIST

George Barr; Vincent DiFate; Steve Fabian; Kelly Freas; Rick Sternbach

PRO EDITOR

Jim Baen; Ben Bova; Ed Ferman; Robert Silverberg; Ted White

FAN WRITER

Charlie Brown; Don D'Amassa; Dick Geis; Don C. Thompson; Susan Wood

FAN ARTIST

Grant Canfield; Phil Foglio; Tim Kirk; Bill Rotsler; Jim Shull

The WorldCon Committee also administers two other awards, but which are not Hugos.

GANDALF AWARDS (Awarded to the "Grand Master of Fantasy")
Paul Anderson; L. Sprague de Camp; Ursula K. LeGuin; C.S. Lewis; Andre Norton

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD (Awarded to the Best New Writer)
Arthur Byron Cover; Arsen D'Arnay; Tanith Lee; Tom Reamy; John Varley

(Information courtesy of Locus and John Millard)

LETTER COL

John Knight
4 R.D. Rakaia
Canterbury
NEW ZEALAND

(27 May 1976)

I found the first two issues most interesting. I don't see a fraction of the stuff listed in Publishing Information at my local bookstores. Best I've found in Christchurch is the University Bookshop, but I get the majority of my books either from UK (Fantast) or USA (F & SF Book Co.); it's cheaper and more effective. One point that frequently irritates me is the vast discrepancy between the UK and the NZ price on paperbacks. . . but I'm told this is a long and involved story.

I wasn't too happy about Roderick Scott's article on Lovecraft as I felt that, perhaps in an attempt to cover too much ground in too short a space, several errors crept in. I don't believe it is either accurate or fair to describe HPL as a "melancholy individual...totally withdrawn from reality" or as a "solitary eccentric". Nor do I believe it is accurate to say that Lovecraft believed in a race of cyclopean creatures - postulated for story purposes, yes, but surely not believed. The idea that these pre-human dwellers on earth were expelled by the "Elder Gods" is not a Lovecraft concept; it was later introduced by August Derleth in his stories and his attempt to formalise and delineate the Cthulhu Mythos. In any case the pre-humans were not entirely banished from earth - Cthulhu himself lies beneath the sea (with occasional above-water manifestations) and the race is ready to take possession again. I could go on about the article but I'd probably be nitpicking; however, I feel Lovecraft's writing is too important to be so treated.

I'd be interested in learning about the existence of any group of sf enthusiasts in Christchurch; also in the progress of a sf book club. Anything that would make new US paperbacks available at a fair price and with reasonable postal charges would be a big asset.

**As you get the majority of your books from overseas, do you buy from catalogues? And how do you know what you'll want? Despite comments I've made previously, it seems that British, and therefore New Zealand, publishers are getting titles out quicker. A few tires of late I've read of a new release overseas and it has arrived here in a matter of weeks. Perhaps publishers are finding it worthwhile to look after sf

John D. Berry
1000 15th Avenue East
Seattle, Washington 98112
U.S.A. (4 June 1976)

I meant to write you when the first Noumenon arrived, but of course that intention went the way of most such. I had been meaning to write to you ever since getting back from New Zealand and Australia last summer, anyway, and look at the outcome of that. Now I've got a second issue, although it's down in Seattle and I'm up in Vancouver at the moment, and the only issue I can put my hand on is the first; anyway, I did want to thank you for them, and to say that I think it's an excellent start. The way you're starting, essentially, from scratch, Noumenon seems to be exactly the proper blend of elementary explanation and assertion of common background. How much response have you been getting in New Zealand?

And good for you, for starting off with the admonition that "sci-fi (is) undesirable."

Interesting material on the origins of magazines in your intro to Fanzoo; I didn't know all that. It seems that the art of the fanzine, as it is generally practiced, is really closer to the original concept of a magazine than most publications since then.

**Greetings from the not-so afar.

As mentioned elsewhere, by the time you read this we will be visiting the land of the bare, and the free of the brave said.

As to response, I'd say it has been excellent. Subscribers are coming in almost daily (quite a few from libraries), a fine group of contributors is taking shape, and it looks like the mail order service is very needed.

The occasional, short, overseas perspective would be most welcome - anywhere around 4,000 words would be fine!*

We also heard from:

Kerry Doole (Wellington, NZ)
Leo Hubert (Wellington, NZ)
David Birlor (Hastings, NZ)
Jim McQuade (USA)
Mervyn Barrett (Wellington, NZ)
Peter Graham (Auckland, NZ) *who sent an extremely interesting letter on "extrasolar" worlds, ragnetic field reversals, star charts, and the suggestion of a column on sf and/or futuristic games - let's have more ideas on that last one, especially.*
Jon Gustafson (USA)



AN INTERVIEW WITH JERRY POURNELLE

**The following interview originally appeared in the fanzine Science Fiction Review. It is reprinted, with slight editing, with the permission of both Richard E. Geis (editor of SFR) and Jerry Pournelle.

As I've mentioned in my editorial, it is one of the most interesting and stimulating interviews that I've read in many years. I hope many readers find the same and that it will spark off a number of areas of discussion.

Science Fiction Review, formerly The Alien Critic, is recognised as one of the leading 'zines in the field. In fact, Geis must have a trunk full of Hugos by now: 1969 - Hugo for SFR; 1970 - ditto; 1971 - Hugo for being the "Best Fan Writer"; 1974 - SFR ties with Alcol for "Best Fanzine"; 1975 - Hugos for both Alien Critic and "Best Fan Writer". An excellent track record and one that reflects the care, skill and love that Dick Geis puts into his 'zines.

The interview was recorded during September, October and November, 1975.

EARLY YEARS

Richard E. Geis: Jerry, you seem to have "appeared" on the sf professional scene rather quickly about four years ago. Is that when you first began writing fiction . . . science fiction? What prompted you to turn to writing sf?

POURNELLE: I guess it did look a bit sudden. Actually, I'd been involved in the space business for a long time, and had numerous friends among the writers. I used to pick their brains before writing my own brand of SF, which was our input to the National Space Requirement. It got to be a running joke: I said I wrote SF, but I didn't need characters or plot, just good settings for stories.

Then I'd tried to write SF off and on since my undergraduate days. When I was a student I did manage to sell a few words, but never any science fiction, mostly because in those days the only SF I read was Astounding and I always tried to sell to John Campbell. He kept sending me back those 9-page letters telling me what was wrong with the story and inviting me to try again. But come the late 50's and I hadn't sold anything and after Sputnik instead of scounging up space experiment equipment out of leftovers from bomber weapons tests we had money crammed down our throats and the Generals and GS-15's yelling DO SOMETHING! So, I pretty well gave up trying to write fiction of any kind, and got to work on trying to keep people alive in space and in environments the engineers thought people might face in space. Turns out a lot of the work was not needed for space, although the heat stress adaptation stuff I did may be useful other places; and when we got out of human factors and into systems design we were even busier.

About 1960 or so I began corresponding with a number of SF writers. And in the middle 60's I got a choice given me by the aerospace industry: go into management or take a hefty pay cut. I was the junior man on the scientist list, and they were perfectly fair about it — they couldn't afford what amounted to internal consultants anymore. Up to then it had been a gas. I worked on what I wanted to and didn't have



management problems, there was only one engineer and one secretary working for me directly, the project teams furnished all the other people and all the administration and management work. But when they gave me that choice I got to thinking about it and decided I'm not cut out to be a manager. Not only do I like to get my hands dirty in the labs, but there's this problem — I tend to get people upset without intending to. All of which makes me a pretty poor candidate for management, so when I was offered a professorship I took it.

I'm not really sure why I wrote my first novel. It sure wasn't lack of something to do — I was not only a professor and acting department head, teaching far too many hours a quarter, but I was also the president of the college's research institute, and writing proposals and getting 10-figure grants and directing studies. Maybe it was my subconscious telling me I couldn't keep that up. Anyway I did write a novel, a mystery-adventure thing, and I asked a writer friend to read it and tell me if it ought to go to the wastebasket or what. He sent it off to his agent, which is why I've always had one of the best agents in the business, and after maybe ten publishing houses, the novel sold. I was still professoring in this small college and my characters in this spy story seduced each other and the Dean wouldn't have approved of having one of his people writing like that, so it sold under a pen name.

I still hadn't sold any SF, but I decided to try again, and wrote John Campbell asking if he remembered me — and damned if he didn't continue an argument we'd had twelve years ago, as if not a day had passed. He also reminded me that he'd tried to get some non-fiction out of me back in the days when I was actively working the space business. So I sent him some stories and he told me what was wrong with them, and then one day he didn't send a letter, just a cheque, and after that he bought a lot of my stuff, most of which wasn't published until after he'd died. In fact, there was so much of my stuff in the inventory that Kay Tarrant asked if she could run one series under a pen name. She wasn't buying anything, just making up issues out of what John Campbell had bought, and I had that serial going, so we revived my mystery pen name for the other template. So all of a sudden there was a lot of my stuff published.

As to why I write SF, I like it. I can make more money writing non-fiction, and for a while I used to get an assignment for something like an article on nuclear power plants, write that up for a good fee, and then write a half-dozen SF stories using the research. It was always more fun doing the fiction that the fact article, but fiction pay rates are pretty low, at least for short fiction, and it doesn't much matter whether you're an unknown or a big name, the rates are still low for short fiction.

I think that's a bad situation, by the way. It means that new writers can't really support themselves writing science fiction until they've either written a whole book that's salable, or written and sold enough short fiction that they get a book offer. They can't support themselves out of short fiction sales while they learn their trade. On the other hand, the lower rates for short fiction mean that the old established names get out of the way, and the competition for short length sales isn't as steep as it would be if they paid a lot, so maybe it balances out. But I was talking to Stuart Clote [RAGS OF GLORY, TURNING WHEELS etc] and he told me that when he got paid five thousand dollars for a single short story! In those days you could live a year or more on that much, and live pretty well. Nowadays a five grand advance is pretty hefty for a book.

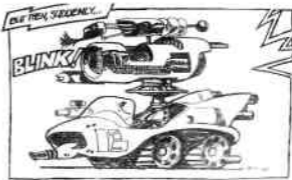
Anyway, I turned to writing because I was getting tired of teaching and writing proposals and bringing in research contracts for other people to have fun with, and somehow things began to click. The key decision was back about 1969 or so, when I was offered a high GS rating and a lot of money to manage some aspects of Army Aviation, and I thought about it and thought about it — they'd gone to a lot of trouble to get the Civil Service Commission to approve a really good offer. And I felt guilty not taking it — but we'd just made some good sales and paid off all the credit card companies, and I'd got some steady assignments doing non-fiction columns and science features, and my wife and I decided we'd try to stick it writing, although we knew that would be the last professional job offer I'd ever get. So we stayed with it, and I'm glad.

REG: Care to reveal that Mystery/SF pen name at this time? In general, do you think it matters if a relative few aficionados and fellow professionals know a given writer's pen names and pseudonyms, so long as the mass of sf readers is unaware? and do you think (especially now with a lot of bibliographic and academic work going on in sf) a writer has an obligation to, at some time or another, reveal that type of information to those interested?

POURNELLE: Oh, there's nothing mysterious about the name. One of the Wade Curtis mystery novels managed to get copyrighted in the name of Jerry Pournelle, so —

I did have fun over that one, though. There was this English professor who wrote in to Analog saying he was going to cancel his subscription because of this idiot Pournelle's serial, SPACESHIP FOR THE KING, but one of his students showed him an absolutely marvellous story about saving the whales and international corporations and such like [A Matter of Sovereignty] by one Wade Curtis so he was renewing his subscription after all. I met the fellow at a convention a few months later, and introduced myself as Curtis. Then he saw my name tag . . .

As I said, I used a pen name because the Dean of my college wouldn't have approved of what I was writing; and after that I was stuck with it. And I'd used pen names earlier, back in my student days, because I wasn't proud of what I was writing (no, not the skin trade; worse. True confessions, and in the 50's at that, when they were particularly dreary; and no, — I'll NEVER tell what name those went under). But the usual reason for pen names is having more than one story in an issue of a magazine, isn't it? I never thought about obligations to reveal. I am damned if I'll ever reveal the name I used to write some of the plummy dreadful stuff I did way back when —



COLLABORATION WITH LARRY NIVEN

REG: I have just received the Pocket Book edition of THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE. Are you happy with that cover? It is dramatic and . . . or . . . eye-catching. Do writers ever, in your knowledge and experience, have any say in covers for their books?

POURNELLE: You saw the Pocket Book edition of MOTE before we did. We'd been assured that the cover was truly ugly, but last night I was presented with a copy to be autographed and maybe it's because everybody told me how ugly it was, but I thought it wasn't bad. Has nothing to do with the book, but if it's eye-catching and might get people to pick the book up — and selling books is after all what we're in business for.

I guess some writers have control over covers, but I never have, and I don't think Larry ever has either. I've always thought editors and publishers knew something about their business. I may be wrong on that — a lot of writers have told me stories that are truly horrible — but I know that I don't know anything about marketing and what makes a cover sell books, so I've always thought it would be silly for me to get involved in that part of the racket.

REG: Your comment that you and Larry Niven discuss matters in enormous detail during collaboration suggests the next question. What are your procedures from beginning to end, in collaboration? Is Larry the only one with whom you've collaborated?

Afterthought: did your procedures vary from **MOTE** to **INFERNO**? You and Larry obviously had a lot of fun with **INFERNO**. Whose idea was it?

POURNELLE: Larry had been toying with the idea of writing a sequel to Dante's **INFERNO** since college lit. days. Somehow he could never bring it off. One night we were discussing something else. **OATH OF FEALTY**. I think — a "straight" SF novel about arcologies and cities in about 1990, one I originated — and got to talking about **INFERNO**. I thought of a couple of ideas, and he ran with them, and then I ran with a couple of ideas he'd had, and the sparks began flying; by morning we'd decided to write **INFERNO** and put the other book aside until we'd done it.

It went very fast. After all, you don't want to spend any more time in Hell than you have to. It was a very painful book to write. We were able to go fast, then, because we got obsessed with the thing, and couldn't work on anything else once we got into it.

It also went fast because we had the basic structure from Dante. We didn't want to change Dante's geography any more than we had to; but we did want to work in C.S. Lewis's theology rather than the rigid and unmerciful cause-and-effect sin-and-suffer theology of Dante. That turned out to be easier than it might at first have appeared.

We did have fun with the book; but not as much as you might think. It's painful to put people in Hell. Some of the scenes were so hard to write that we kept putting them off; and I think my first draft of one scene in there was the worst thing I've ever written in my life. I knew it, too, when I gave it to Larry. Fortunately he was able to rewrite it, not changing the action much at all, and turn it into something effective.

INFERNO went different from **MOTE**, and I guess every book does: the books and their characters take on personalities of their own. I have never done fiction in collaboration with anyone else. Stefan Possony and I wrote **THE STRATEGY OF TECHNOLOGY** together, and a book called **CONGRESS DEBATES VIET NAM** (which was more editing job than writing) and a study privately financed on trends in the US; Possony is at the Hoover Institution at Stanford, and we had big phone bills, and mailed dictation back and forth a lot; it was something like working with Larry except that we didn't get back-and-forth sparks flying that come when Larry and I have late night brandy and coffee sessions.

As to how we do it: well, one of us gets an idea and decides it's a big theme and that for one reason or another we don't want to do alone and the other could help with. We discuss it, and if the sparks start flying and it gets us both excited, we start outlining. After **MOTE** we've sold the books in outline, and so we're committed to writing them.

We'll by then have decided just what must be done in the notes: what problems have to be solved, what engineering data we'll need, what research one or both of us must do. We get that done.

Then we start writing. It's usually obvious which scenes ought to be done by which of us, and which could be done by either. Sometimes Larry will do a whole series of unconnected scenes and I take them and rewrite and weave them into a continuous chapter. Whoever does the first draft, the other rewrites; we do that continuously, passing rewritten parts back and forth with one of us keeping a master copy; every now and then we'll xerox the master and archive the draft material. And the book just keeps growing that way. When I see something Larry's just done it almost always sparks me into thinking of incidents that ought to be added, and Larry does the same thing with my drafts: sometimes that will aim us out to a whole new sub-plot, and we have to get together and decide how that will fit structurally into the book as a whole.

It's all a lot easier than it sounds — easy in the sense that any writing is ever easy, and of course it isn't; all writing is hard work. But I've found that working with Larry is generally easier than working alone, and I think the stuff the two of us do is better than most of what either of us has ever done alone.

We also decide who will have final decision over what for any given book; but that's only so arguments can be settled. Actually neither of us has ever exercised a final authority; we've always convinced each other. I'll generally defer to Larry on literary matters; plot points and how someone or some institution will react are generally decided by me; but there's nothing rigid about that, either. We have so much respect for each other that when there's a disagreement we'll work pretty hard to understand what the other one is saying and why he disagrees; and when we've done that, often as not we'll find something better to write, something new that we both agree with and that incorporates both views.

Eventually, we have a next-to-final draft, and one of us then rewrites the whole thing from the beginning so that the style differences will be washed out; this has worked pretty well, I think. Few people, including ourselves, can find transitions between scenes I did and scenes Larry did. For a while we could keep track of who did what because of type-face, but after several re-writes that vanishes; and then Larry sometimes uses my pen, or makes notes in the ms. for suggestions I've made, and later we'll wonder just whose idea that was. By the time the final draft is done and ready to turn in the book is in one style, and the differences are resolved, and it doesn't look a collaboration at all. Or so we hope.

REG: Will **INFERNO** appear soon as paperback?

POURNELLE: That's a sore subject. We have a contract for **INFERNO** with Simon and Schuster, but they haven't been answering inquiries about when the book will come out. We turned in the ms. over a year ago. They had a change of editorial staff at S&S shortly after they bought **INFERNO**, and it seems to be an orphan there. We recently sold the English rights for a good sum; you'd think the U.S. edition would be out before the English one would.

We've got a lot of favourable comments on **INFERNO** including some from professors of English lit. and one theologian, so we think the book will sell well — if it ever gets into print! The **Galaxy** serialization is fine, of course, but there ought to be a book too.



REG: Jerry, I squaled with outrage at the ending of **INFERNO**. You and Larry went to great pains to constantly ask questions about the nature and intent of Infernalism . . . and then you didn't answer the questions. The **POV** character stays behind (how noble!) and the reader is cheated. What gives? Is there a sequel written and unpublished as yet, or is the ambiguous ending all we'll ever get?

POURNELLE: I'm sorry about your outrage; perhaps you were expecting more — or less — from the story than was in there. I thought the ending was pretty clear. Carpenter has discovered charity — I'd rather use that phrase than nobility — and believes he now knows the purpose of Hell. The novel was an attempt to wed the theology of C.S. Lewis to the geography of Dante. It was purposely ambiguous through most of the work simply because that's the way Carpenter's mind works; but I think he now knows where he is. And isn't his learning charity a requirement of his being able to leave at all? Had it existed **INFERNO** would have been published there instead of **Galaxy**; does that help answer your question?

Sequels: we don't know. **INFERNO** was a very hard book to write. I would rather not live in that world again for a while. Larry and I have toyed with sequel ideas — where is Billy? for example. (Probably a guard at the lake of boiling blood.) Who would Carpenter try for first? That sort of thing. But it wasn't written with a sequel in mind, and if the book is too symbolic for your tastes I guess I can understand that without agreeing. After all, **BLACK EASTER** and such like — and **A CASE OF CONSCIENCE** as well — had ambiguities but I think no one really doubted what the author thought was real. I really am sorry you didn't care for the ending. I liked it a lot.

MAKING PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

REG: The rational action isn't consistent with man's past; we as a species are usually irrational. So the odds are we won't behave as we 'should'. What scenario do you realistically project for the next fifty years?

POURNELLE: If I really knew how to predict the future, I wouldn't write so much. I'd get rich prognosticating. There are so many ways we can go, and things have come to the point where I really believe that accidents, "Fortuna", blind chance, can have decisive effects on history; there are so many irreversible things we can do now. In the past it wasn't so true: even the Franco-German War of 1871, which had a lot of chance in its genesis, wasn't all that decisive over the general trend of the world; but nowadays we can blast ourselves right out of the high-technology civilization we've built.

A book I read a good 20 years ago has stayed with me ever since: Harrison Brown (yes, that one; the man I got to be a keynote speaker at the SFWA banquet) wrote **CHALLENGE OF MAN'S VAST FUTURE** a long time ago, and he points out that if we lose high-technology we can never regain it; the easily mined energy resources, the easily obtained oil and coal, the easily got-at iron ore, is all gone; it takes high technology to get the makings for high technology.

And it's true, and that should be what worries us at least until we've got viable colonies in the asteroids (if you see a similarity to a situation in **MOTE**, I don't have to say...)

But realistically I expect we'll muddle along. We'll survive, but not with much style. We'll get out to space, but it'll take a long time because we'd rather have a bureaucracy protect us from defective lipstick than invest in space. We'd rather have subsidized social workers and "universities" than get out there where we can all get rich. But eventually we'll get there, although it may not be the U.S. of A. that does it; and after that we can't help but have a lot of resources and energy, enough that maybe we can do some industrialization of the "developing" countries without polluting the planet. If you haven't seen Harry Stine's **THIRD INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION** which Putnam's is bringing out as a book, I recommend it as one of the best works on what may — and with any luck will — happen.

I guess I remain a technological optimist and a political pessimist. I fear The Club of Rome and all the other "I've got mine and damnit stop polluting my planet" people, most of them cultured or rich or both. I worry about investment levels. I'm scared of the brand of democracy we have, because with the global village problem the voters don't really get a chance to make decisions: they are presented with a mess of 'facts' spewed out by half-educated editors more concerned with boxoffice than truth; they never meet their legislators or anyone who has control over their lives; and being basically piously good people they put up with being hyped until they finally get something crammed down their throats that they can't take, and they go rampaging off to Do Something. So we have almost the opposite of the kind of government the Framers envisioned. In fact, we've got almost precisely what they were terrified of, so frightened that we nearly had a monarchy here instead of a republic. And that scares me. We've hedged freedom around until we are fast approaching a pocket-money state, where the only economic decisions an individual can make are where he spends his loose change; we're not allowed to blow our wad and take the consequences of it and get rich and keep the riches.

If you're still interested, **Blind Your Sons to Exile** (*a story to appear in a new sf magazine, *Odyssey*, edited by Roger Elwood *BAT) is an attempt to look at what kind of people might be the first to go live on an asteroid; to put up with severe hardships to make Earth a garden again. In **Tinker I** already had the viable Belt Civilization and it wasn't so hard to see why people would go there. **Blind Your Sons to Exile** is an attempt to look at the initial steps. It took a lot of work, because Roger's magazine is supposed to appeal to others besides fans and traditional SF readers, so I had to put in a lot of "Heinlein-type" detail that could have been hinted at in a story for *Analog*; and I had some word limits, so much had to happen off-stage that I'd have preferred to have happen on-stage; and the viewpoint problem is pure hell in that kind of story. How to get across ideas and concepts and things that every character in the story must know and know well? No convenient mid-shipmen to lecture to; no dumb-blonde beautiful scientist's daughter; so how do you explain elementary facts? I think it succeeded, though. At least I liked the story. I would like to have let it run about 3000 more words, but withal it's the kind of thing I'm told I do well, a straight hard-science, no miracles, forced-events future story that I believe really could happen.



By the way, you may have noticed that most of my stuff is that way: if I can't believe the story can happen, I probably can't write it, with some minor exceptions like that "flying saucer" piece in *Vertex* which was humor.

It's a limitation I have. Probably not a very pleasant one, either. But I'm so far pretty nearly stuck with it, and it does at least make my stuff reasonably consistent — readers can expect reasonable realism and won't be surprised by Arcurian octopi landing in the last chapter to resolve all problems...

MAN IN SPACE, AND ON EARTH

REG: I'm not sure I understand how/why mankind will go out into space and 'all get rich'. Isn't the cost of space travel still prohibitive? Doesn't the increased costs of energy make space travel even more unlikely? (Or are you counting on a hydrogen fusion process to unblock the Grim Realities of the Rome bunch and other Doomseers like Harrison Brown?)

POURNELLE: I just wrote a long column for *Galaxy* called "Survival With Style" in which I dealt at length with the problem. We don't NEED fusion to get into space, although it

will help a lot. With present energy methods and lots of big mirrors in space we'll have enough energy to do a great deal of our polluting manufacturing out there; and get our metals there, too. Hell, one minor asteroid contains enough metal to supply THE WORLD with the per-capita metal production now enjoyed by the United States! And that's not counting any breakthroughs. How do we move an asteroid? A couple thousand hydrogen bombs will do the job if nothing else will; and laser triggers for fusion weapons are hinted at by Avlaxion **Week** right now. I suspect, although I don't know, that Defense already has them; certainly they're not impossible to develop. In that sense we HAVE fusion power.



The Rome bunch doesn't really impress me. I know how to manipulate exponential curves, too. But nature doesn't have exponentials. Why should exponentials be a model for predicting the future? I fear that I find Forrester's models not a lot more convincing than observations of the sacred ravens or examination of the entrails of slain sacrificial cattle. It's easy to take the model apart and show what's wrong with it. And it definitely assumes a closed system — yet why assume that? There's all of space out there.

Expense. Sure, space is expensive. But ye gods, Zero Growth is FAR MORE expensive. ZG condemns half the Earth to eternal poverty! Now me, I'd rather give up some of the neat things I amuse myself with, and maybe pay another thousand a year in taxes (I'd hate it, but I'd rather) if that's what it takes to subsidize getting into space. It might even be worth it in esthetics: getting strip mines off my Earth, leaving the condors in Los Padres National Forest alone, letting Death Valley be a Monument and not a strip mine; and in health, getting a lot of gup out of the air I breathe. But even if it's not worth it in purely economic costs, it's got to be worth it in another way: the long-term prospect of Earth, according to the best and most optimistic Club of Rome model, is DOOM. Doom even if we achieve Zero Growth tomorrow and fanatically stick to it! By 2400 A.D. at the latest we run out of non-renewable resources in Forrester's most hopeful Zero-Growth model! Now for God's sake, shouldn't we be trying to do something about it?

I also point out that there are costs and costs. I can show you forecasts by eminent economists proving that air cargo can NEVER be worth the cost, and passenger travel by air MUST be restricted to a very few emergency situations; and those were made in the 20's! One of the major costs of space is investment, and interest on that investment. But you know, you don't really miss interest in your life, because really you don't invest money.

Look. Apollo cost about one to two hundred dollars per head spread out over a ten year period. Now all stacked together that's a lot of money, but at a few bucks each per year it was nothing. The same for a really big space investment program. Let's say 200 billion bucks. That's a thousand dollars a head, or a hundred a year for ten years. For that we get a good leg up on avoiding DOOM. Isn't it worth it? And I mean now 200 billion in hardware and salaries, not charged with interest. Just figure. OK, we're in a mess, and we've got to come up with a hundred bucks each — in my family that's \$700 — a year for ten years to help bail ourselves out. With that investment you can be damned sure that space will start paying off with more of everything for all of us.

So why not go out in space and get rich?

REG: Jerry, you've no doubt read Phil Farmer's view about the imminent 'death' of the oceans, of Costeau's warnings . . . and other environmental doom reports. In your view is the world situation as serious as it is painted?

POURNELLE: No and yes: the situation is reasonably serious, but there's so much that can be done about it that I find the doomier critics counterproductive.

Look, this is the first generation that has both awareness of the environment problem and the technology to do something about it. Half of our environment crises couldn't have been detected fifty years ago. Now we can see the problems coming and DO SOMETHING about them.

Now, God knows I'm no Pollyanna. I can get just as worked up about certain irreversible situations as the next man. I've put off buying a new car — my present one is a '64, so I can hardly be accused of conspicuous consumerism — because I want the Japanese auto and I will not buy anything major from the Japanese until they stop exterminating the whales. If everyone in the US would do that, and send the Japanese Embassy in Washington a postcard telling them they just bought a Taiwanese TV instead of Japanese and they'll go on doing that until Japanese ships stop exterminating the whale, we'd get somewhere. Endangered species have to be looked at one at a time — I can't think we want completely to end evolutionary processes on this planet — but they're a critical and irreversible situation.

On the other hand I can't get all that worked up over some of the headline grabbing horror stories. I'm particularly suspicious when the warning comes from people who oppose all technology. And when the same groups stick their legal ear into every technological remedy we've got — don't just ask for more safety studies on nuclear power plants, but outright want to "end nuclear pollution" — I begin to wonder if they're not the biggest part of the problem.

In fact, nuclear power plants are a good example by the worst reckoning, the "thousand year accident" — the kind that wouldn't happen but once in a thousand years — would kill perhaps thirty thousand people. Disaster, right? Horrible, right? Certainly it is, but last year the National Safety Council was gloriously happy because only forty-five thousand people were killed on the highways. Usually it's more each year. Tell me, if we had cheap electric power for drilling tunnels, and cheap power to run subway trains, would more or less people be killed on highways? And nobody seems to look at the costs of pre-set-day power systems, which probably knock off about ten thousand people a year in this country through air pollution.

It takes energy and technology to keep this planet running with this population. There's an alternative: starve off 75% of the population. I've heard "ecologically aware" people put this forth as a serious proposal! I really wonder if the survivors might not envy the dead.

Yet at the very time when we know we need more energy and technology to clean up the messes we've made, all our R&D is cut back. Not just government funding. Taxes are so high there's not much internal R&D in the big corporations. And it's more than R&D: too: there's huge investment required in power plants. Billions of dollars. Where will that come from? Three quarters of the world lives in poverty because they haven't enough investment capital to buy the technology of the West. A Pakistani engineer knows what his country needs. He's not stupid. He's just helpless because he hasn't got a trillion bucks to sink into development.

So how did the West do it? We saved the investment funds. I should say, flint-hearted capitalists, who lived well themselves, forced a lot of people to live intolerably miserably so the money could be saved. I've often wondered what would have happened if old Sammelweis had come along fifty years after he did. He was the guy who discovered that the reason women died of "childbirth fever" was that physicians didn't wash their hands. He colleagues had him locked up in a madhouse, by the way. But suppose he'd not discovered this (and nobody else had; an unlikely proposition, to be sure) until well after the Industrial Revolution was under way. Labour would have been in very short supply. Immigration and a

capital exportation would have been forced on the industrialists. We'd have had a bigger industrial base all across the world before the population explosion.

It didn't happen that way, though, and we're struck with the result, and I see no way out of our problems without one hell of a lot of capital investment, which means savings — and we're in a political world where "savings" is a dirty word. The government runs a big deficit to finance consumption. Deficits don't cause inflation, they are inflation, and inflation is a tax on savings. Or a fine for saving. Just as when I point my house and fix it up the city fines me for it. (They call it increased property assessments). The city fines me for driving too fast, so I don't. They fine me for fixing up the house, so I don't. And they fine me for saving money, so I don't do that either. So who the hell is going to save the investment capital we need to finish the job of industrialisation? We got where we are by exploiting cheap natural resources. If you like to call that "raping the planet!" I won't even disagree, although I'm not sure what the alternative was. But now we know better; we know how to do it properly; and suddenly in the middle of all this wealth we can't save up the investment capital to buy the technology we have on the shelf. That's scary.

You get me running on — on the original question, about the death of the oceans. Sure, we have to be a bit careful. We also know how to get artificial upwelling to make ocean desert areas bloom — and extract useful power in the bargain! Yet that project gets about a million a year, which sounds like a lot until you realise it's about 30 man-years of effort, enough to pay for studies but no hardware.

I remember a big Costeau program about the horrors of sediments at New Caledonia. It scared the bejesus out of me. Last week I talked to Russell Seitz who'd just come back from New Caledonia — and the polluted area is about 10 square miles out of several thousand miles of coastline; and for that cost they're changing the way of life of a hell of a lot of people who're so primitive they have to talk in languages that have about 500 words. As Russell says, you can get a kind of psycho-linguistic superiority complex down there; those poor buggers can't even express complete ideas. But that's all changing as a result of the mines. Now which is better? Keeping those people "unspoiled" and eating each other, or making a temporary mess out of ten square miles of ocean? Could we get the minerals out without messing up the ten square miles? Sure. Who's going to pay for it? This is all they have to sell — do we now tell them, "Hey, we got rich making a mess out of things, but don't you do it"? I haven't noticed any rash of concerned people to collect the capital to form a non-polluting resource exploitation company, knowing that such a company would have lower profits! I've seen a number of people trying to make somebody else put up the capital.

I don't think realistically any large number of people are going to opt for unpolluted poverty. That suggests to me that we'd better get our arses in gear and invest in the technologies we need to have unpolluted wealth. We could do it. Read Harry Stine's **THIRD INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION**, or some of my **Galaxy** columns. We know how to get out of the box we're in, if we're willing to save the resources to invest in the new technologies.

I'm not so damned sure we will do it. But we could.



BUT WHAT OF POLITICS

REG: In the July 1975 *Galaxy*, Larry Niven described you as standing somewhere to the right of Genghis Khan, and quotes you as saying, "I like to think of myself as a twelfth century liberal."

In terms of present-day orientation I would hazard you as a Libertarian of the first L. Are you an admirer of Ayn Rand's philosophy?

Would you care to write a Diatribe on what is wrong with the American (or world) social/economic systems as of now?

FOURNELLE: I suspect 13th Century Liberal would be a closer description. I am not by the usual definition a Libertarian because I believe freedom is a very important value, but not the ONLY value. I particularly can't accept the total economic view of things. Who speaks for the Grand Canyon? In economic terms the best thing to do with it would be to dam up part of it for power, and put concession stands on more, and build little houses with a view on more yet; I'm sure the government would be able to sell it for a LOT of money, in fact, far more than I suspect the people collectively would be willing to put into an envelope and mail to the Conservation Fund or whatever. Some things, in my judgement, are too damned important to be left to whim and even to majority sentiment; much less to the market place.

As to Rand, no, I have little sympathy for the totality of her views. In **ATLAS SHRUGGED** she has a judge say explicitly that he has a book, a plan, that if published would "save the world" but he is not going to publish it because the world isn't worth saving. Now that's not only a petty sentiment, it's a revealing one. Me, I don't believe any such plan ever could exist; the idea that one book would "save the world" is ludicrous. But if such a book did exist and the author, because he didn't care for the way he'd been treated, refused to publish it —

Whitaker Chambers once reviewed Rand with the following remarks: "Note that there are no children in Rand's books. There cannot be children, because there is no place for them in her scheme. You can't exploit babies, and they have very little economic value. They are to be loved, not marketed."

That's not an exact quote but it's close enough. And I agree with it.

I do think that if Libertarians and Conservatives were the major political parties, this nation would be safe. The Conservatives would continue to argue for certain public measures — remember that the Mine Safety Act was a Conservative measure, opposed bitterly by the Liberals of the last century. The Poor Laws, which provided some relief (on the parish level) for paupers and indigents were Conservative, and repealed by the Liberals at one point. Anti-trust activities are in my judgement a very legitimate government activity. Defense and the administration of justice cannot, in my judgement, be left to the market place.

With all that I'm damned suspicious of government activity. The horror stories are easy to come by: fences built at government expense around rotting equipment to hide it from visiting taxpayers or congressmen; swollen bureaucratic salaries and payrolls at a time when unemployment is rampant — and unemployment is caused in part by lack of investment capital, which has been drained off to pay for useless government activities, making a vicious circle. Of course a lot of investment capital is lost by sheer envy: egalitarianism through taxation. Which is a very silly policy, because it means that either investment is controlled by government — or there isn't any. Either way a bad break for the people who don't earn so very much. Equalization of income won't really help many people: average it out and see the only way large numbers of people get better off is to have a great deal more produced. And historically, a Libertarian economic system has been the most efficient way to expand production and relieve poverty. I'm afraid to tinker with it too much. I know in theory there are a lot of wastes in it; things are made that I think the world might be better off without and I can't see any use for, but when I start dictating that you can't buy expensive platform shoes I give you the right to say I can't buy that crazy Buck Rogers stuff (what good did reading that crap ever do anybody? Let's save on trees by not printing it) . . .

Anyway, I'm reluctant to tinker with economic freedom, but my attachment to libertarian economics is derivative, not primary: I value it because it is useful, not simply for itself. Which makes me Conservative and not Libertarian.

I also think cultures have some right to be themselves. I don't get unhappy about some little Kansas town that wants it to be a crime for people to smoke in public or drink anytime or sell pornography or hold dances or wear miniskirts. If that's what they want for laws, I think they have a right to them. (Hell, they deserve them). Just don't make me live there, and leave me a place where I can have the kind of laws I like. I'm willing to defend Resume Speed, Kansas' right to screw laws if they'll help me defend my right to the kind of laws in my town/state. I grow weary of Philadelphia lawyers who file suit in Federal Court because they don't like the laws in Bent Whistle, Texas, or Dallas, or Oregon, or — well, you get the idea.

I just had my taxes audited. The agent was a very nice fellow who showed me something about investment tax credits I hadn't known, and collected less than a hundred bucks but showed me how to save at least that much on next year's taxes. I think the tax laws in this country are too bloody complicated, and I know damned well the progressive tax in a time of inflation is going to be ruinous to investment, but I can't in conscience say there shouldn't be taxes at all. Adam Smith recognized that there are common goods which benefit everyone but which are so complicated that private enterprise simply can't handle them. This again sets me apart from most of the Libertarians I meet who have no use for any kind of collective action.

I guess I have sympathy with Libertarianism, but I think it's not realistic. Human beings aren't simply machines that operate by economic laws. I know that on sober reflection I'll vote for laws that when I'm faced with them myself I'll rail against. My preference is to keep government action as local as possible: I'm willing to give far more power to cities than to states, and to states than the Federal Government. This is just the opposite of the political trends of the past few years. I'm afraid that when we tell cities that, in the name of freedom, they can't do something, then, if that "freedom" doesn't work out too well, we've invited the national government to step in and Do Something — and the result will be restrictions I can't evade by moving across city lines. I'll betcha we have national censorship in my lifetime, and a main reason will be lifting local censorship. Now let's not get onto censorship as an issue, and whether it's good or bad; my views aren't all that different from yours, I suspect. But as a practical matter, when you tell local communities they can't prohibit sales of something they don't want, you may well be inviting the national government to get in the act unless you can persuade a majority of people in the country at large that we're better with no censorship at all. And I'm not at all confident I can persuade everyone of that, although I am certain I can persuade local majorities in some local areas to think the way I do on the matter.

Enough. You invited both a definition of my views and a diatribe. and I seem to have given you both.

WRITING: NEXT YEAR, NEXT DECADE

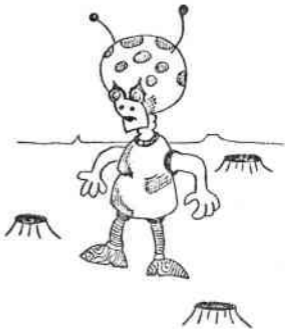
RRG: Jerry, you've been a recent President of the Science Fiction Writers of America and you are now still very much involved in the organization. You are aware of information in re the financial stability of the various magazines and book publishers which is denied most writers and fans. In your view what will be the shape of science fiction published 3, 5 and ten years from now?

POURNELLE: I'm really lousy at making predictions; every time I think I've spotted a market trend, somebody else gets rich writing the kind of story I decided I'd like to do but thought wouldn't sell.

The magazines are in trouble. No question about it. I think myself that if *Galaxy* would sink a bit more money into paying the writers — promptly on acceptance — they'd make the investment back; but profits are low. And it's a vicious circle: name writers can't afford to write for the magazines, whose rates haven't changed in decades; this hurts magazine sales since books don't cost much more and have name writers

in them; and magazines can't stay on the stands as long as books so the distribution costs are higher than for paperbacks. Mail costs are awful, and low circulation means low advertising revenue — *Analog* will survive, staying what John Campbell called it: "It's a gold mine. A little gold mine, mind you, but a gold mine." That's because its circulation is up there above the profit margin point. *F&SF* gather makes a profit, but I suspect that it's a labor of love: if the publisher didn't love the magazine, he'd put the investment into short term Treasury bills and make more money.

Maybe 25 people make a living as full-time SF writers, and another 100 make a significant income from SF. That's up a LOT from the old pulp days. Another big jump in the potential market for SF could bring that up to double or triple what it is now; I doubt there'd be much more. But we do write good escapist literature (or some of us do) and there'll be a market for stories that tell people, hell, things aren't so bad, look at the adventures you might/could have — especially in bad economic times such as we seem to be facing.



But for my guesses: 3 years from now we'll have the beginning effects from the Laser line, and its imitators will start (if Laser does well). That will expand the number of markets for the SF-adventure (*Planet Stories*) type of tale, and contract the market for other stuff. It won't kill the 'quality' market, but it will mean that fewer non-adventure titles will be published. I'll also predict that the magazines will stagger along, possibly one folding and another new one taking its place, that kind of thing, but there won't be any really significant changes in that picture.

Five years: Well, that's contingent on the 3, isn't it? If there's been a real expansion of the market caused by the popular adventure stuff, then I'll predict that there will now be an expansion of the 'quality' market as well; the original crop of adventure SF readers will have "graduated" and want something a bit more complex, a bit more daring, a bit less formula. The adventure market will continue, of course, although perhaps tapered down a bit. Magazine rates will either have gone up a bit, or the magazines will be all newcomers with almost no name authors at all (except for serials; magazine editors are in a buyer's market for novels now and that won't change) — if the magazines have survived at all. (*Analog* will be around forever; don't know about the others). Somebody will have tried paperback magazines, but it's going to take a concerted effort to get some laws changed to make that practical and profitable.

In 10 years we'll either have got the shuttle and started some real space operations, taking newsmen into space and making space a possible career choice for a lot of people — or we'll be in pretty bad shape on this here Earth, and escape literature will be in demand. Either way SF will survive.

REG: Any final thoughts in general about your sf and sf writing philosophy?

POURNELLE: I write adventures, entertainments, and if there's a message in there — and of course I think I have something to say — I don't put big hands pointing to it and shout that this is serious and significant.

I have nothing against the "literary" type of SF, but I don't enjoy it much myself, and I don't think I'll ever write any of it. I don't now if I can write the kind of thing that's heavy with symbols and deep character study.

I also think that most sf is about ideas, and for me at least it's damned tough to both explore the ideas and "develop the characters" as demanded by critics. It's the easiest thing in the world for a critic to say "the characters are cardboard" (don't they ever have any original phrases? and usually that critic will complain about clichés, too!) but in fact most sf that has "well developed characters" generally either bores or appalls me.

Appalls because too often the ideas and the background have been sacrificed to the "characters"; the people are "real enough but the story isn't, or the society isn't, and in particular the law enforcement mechanisms aren't real at all. I can't at all believe in either of Mrs. LeGunn's twin worlds of **THE DISPOSSESSED**, for example. I don't think that the anarchist outfit would work because I think somebody would get tired of starving and put together an outlaw band, requiring that the "government" put together a police force; and from there things would develop fast. Nor do I believe in the soldiers she puts in the commercial nation on the other planet. But that's my hangup, and I wouldn't at all say it wasn't a good novel with good character development and such like. And I've chosen one of the best of that type novel to show what I mean; I could have picked a story that was obviously not so good.

I write to entertain. If my entertainments tell people that there are ways to get places they never thought we could go, and places we might go that they'd rather stay out of, that's great, and not unintentional; but I don't write to preach at people (not even in my columns), and I never thought you could teach anybody much while you bored them. I may work harder at my "sociology" than most sf writers do (after all, I ought to get some use out of my degrees in social science) but I try to keep that from showing. Maybe I try too hard; I guess **MOTE** startled people with the aristocratic society and no long expansion of why I think such things could happen in future; and maybe a bit more preaching would have been better in there. But **MOTE** is selling well, and for everyone who didn't like the book there seem to be a few dozen who did; and I guess you can't please everybody.

REG: Thank you very much, Jerry.

LETTERS FROM POURNELLE

Announcement etc.: Pocket Books has decided to bring out **INFERNO** in April of '76. Largely as a result of comments from the magazine serialization, and your own, Larry and I have scheduled a conference to decide whether we want to make a few changes in the ending. They won't be "substantive" changes, but "explanatory" ones in the sense of nailing down points that we thought were clear, but which seem to be insufficiently so for readers for whom we have respect. I don't guarantee we will make changes, but we're going to spend at least one evening discussing the possibility. And I thank you for your comments, even if I regret that you weren't as happy as you might have been.

LATER IN NOVEMBER: FYI, as a result of your comments, those of my wife, those of an English professor at U of Michigan, and a couple of other people whose opinions we

respect, we're making some minor changes in the ending of **INFERNO**.

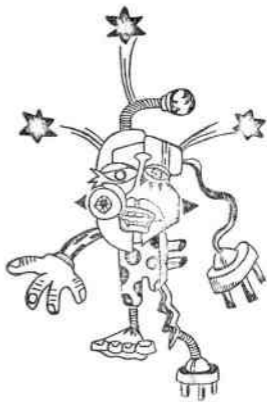
It doesn't change the book, merely amplifies: Carpenter, at the end, is quite convinced that he is in fact in the violent ward for the theologically insane; that this is no Infernal and no fantasy of "builders" but the real live Hell; but it is not quite what the brimstone preachers have tried to make out. It is, as C.S. Lewis tried to say, a place of persuasion.

I trust you did notice something about **INFERNO**: Carpenter wonders about his quiet homosexual neighbors — but doesn't find them in **Inferno** at all. The people he does find in that particular circle are something else again.

Anyway, in the new ending, there's nothing objective happening (our U Mich correspondent suggested that we have a heavenly shout of triumph when Benito mounts the last turn into the world of Purgatorio out of Carpenter's sight; but we did not put that in. There's a reason for this, and I guess if the reason isn't clear, there's not much we can do about it; but we don't believe we are defrauding the reader.

After all, Lewis's **Great Divorce** turned out to be a dream; we haven't done that to the reader.

And we've enough opinion now to show that many readers, once we've made clear what we're trying to do (and a number, including Prof. Aron at U Mich understood perfectly, but were afraid that other wouldn't) are satisfied with the book as it stands).



I'd hope you might change the opinion expressed in **SFR**, because the last thing we want to achieve is to leave readers feeling outraged; but as I say, the best we can do is to make it very clear what Carpenter believes has happened to him at the end of the book — and demonstrate that there's no evidence that his opinion is wrong. But we are not going to step in as omniscient authors and make it any clearer than it is made to Carpenter.

The ending changes amount to about three paragraphs rewritten and two inserted; nothing major; and as I say, the end is clear, that Carpenter, not having adopted any formal religion or religious views, now believes that he is in fact in the violent ward for the theologically insane; that he can escape;

and that he can take others with him when he escapes, provided that they want to go

Beyond that we can't go. I hope it helps.

REG COMMENT: I hope it's clearer in the revised Pocket Books edition than you make it in this letter.

Is he in the violent ward for the (theologically insane in Hell, or in a mental hospital on Earth — and has been hallucinating this version of Hell)?

But, on further thought, I think there is a more fundamental problem with the novel:

Maybe two points. 1. Carpenter is a science fiction writer and his task is to try to make rational what he sees and experiences — he (like me, like most of the readers) cannot accept a real Hell! And he is there to "explain" the phenomena in terms he (we) can live with. And, incidentally to make the novel superficially sf and publishable in an sf magazine, to an sf audience. As a "straight" religious/moral fantasy it might not have found a publisher.

2. Through the journey through Hell, Carpenter boggles at the cruel and extreme and unending punishments exacted for mostly minor sins. And with the final knowledge that this is Hell, and that suffering is real, the reader (me) rejects it. We are not the true believers of Dante's time. In his reality, God is dead for us. We cannot accept those draconian punishments because we are not sure of our free will, we are not sure of determinism... But we are sure we cannot buy a God that inflexible and apparently sadistic. (Of course it is reassuring that we are so important to be worthy of all that attention and effort... but most of us in our hearts don't really think we are that important.) It comes down to this: In this day and age, for most science fiction readers, aliens conducting a strange, mass experiment for unknown reasons are more believable than a real Hell as conceived by Dante and softened by C.S. Lewis.

11
As a coincidental supplement to the interview, I think the following letter provides useful information for concerned NZ fen - BAT

Gary J. Macdonald
13b The Esplanade
Westshore
Napier NZ

You no doubt see that I've plastered → all over the place. Well...

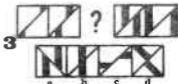


The latest Galaxy (March 1976) has, on the inside back cover, an open letter by Jerry Pournelle about the slaughter of Whales, specifically the Sperm whale (for its oil). My own personal opinion, Brian, is that the killing of Cetaceans is a matter of great concern to all people, but that it is up to forward-thinking people to try to do something about it. I feel SF-ers should, as a group, be the most forward-thinking bunch around.

My point is this: Through (an) editorial(s) you could bring this subject to the notice of quite a number of people. I noticed in Noumenon 2 an editorial on the nuclear ship visits to NZ and I was pleased to see this type of comment on a subject which relates to our future (or possibly our lack of one). But anyway, if you are interested I suggest you contact Mr Ross Guy of Auckland. He is a co-ordinator for Project Jonah. I know he would be really enthusiastic about the idea. His address is:

PO Box 42-071
Orakei, AUCKLAND 5

**I will be very happy to devote space to subjects such as Project Jonah and, in this instance, thought it best to print your letter rather than write something else. I hope your comments, and those of Jerry, will help inform people of this. another issue of vital concern to forward-thinking, in fact, just thinking people.



NEWS FLASH!

Science Fiction Exposition 1976 WEST, is now scheduled to take place in Long Beach, California aboard the QUEEN MARY during the weekend of September 10 through 14. It will be the closest feeling of being aboard an intergalactic space ship yet. Surprises? Certainly! More information will be available soon.

VIEWED FROM ANOTHER SHORE

Rollo Treadway discusses SF Art and Illustration

This month I would like to discuss the artwork of one or two of the more significant artists working in America. Unfortunately for us in New Zealand, we seldom see many American paperback publications and so many US artists and their work are unknown (Prozines excepted). Recently this situation has changed somewhat and now more than the occasional non-British paperback appears in our bookstores. So I feel it is time to look at some of these artists whose work we are likely to be seeing more of in the future.

As with British SF art, the American work divides approximately into two fields: 'software' and 'hardware' (for want of better terms). Whereas the British field at present tends towards the latter (Chris Foss etc.) the US is definitely far more 'software' orientated. This is partially due to the stylistic backwater US 'hardware' artists have worked themselves into of late. Could this be the result of too close an association with the realities of the NASA situation, thereby causing a loss of much of the creative and imaginative elements so finely developed by the Foss 'hardware' school? One of the main reasons is that since the boom period of SF pulp publications in the 40's, the art has traditionally been 'software' orientated. And perhaps the leading American artist in that field is Kelly Freas.

Science Fiction Monthly has again done an excellent job in introducing us to the artist behind the artwork and with Vol.3 No.2 they bring us their first

article(s) on an American artist, and significantly they have chosen to examine Kelly Freas. Unfortunately I personally loathe his work, but this should not stand in the way of some sort of impartial view on the work of this most important artist. . .

SFM provides a wealth of detail on Freas and his work, and it immediately becomes obvious to anyone not already familiar with the artist that he has been working in the field for considerable time; and this may be the reason I find his work unsatisfying. Freas is a traditional SF artist and his work is, at least for me, tremendously old-fashioned, compared to the bulk of modern day technically sophisticated art.

His main interest is the human situation, and this he does very well (if a little humourlessly), but in his pre-occupation with visualising alien beings his work seems a trifle stilted and limiting. And it must be stressed that the detailed account of the Freas work schedule involved in producing a cover painting is the ideal, and definitely not the reality. Unfortunately, with the large increase in SF publishing over the last few years, one of the side effects has been that an artist is very lucky to even see the manuscript involved, much less enter into the operation outlined in the SFY "Artist in His Studio" article on Freas. Ahhh, such luxuries. . .

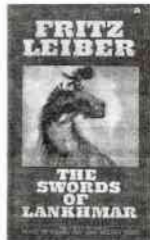
Now, a US artist more to my liking is Frank Frazetta. Brooklyn born, he first came to notice during the 40's, but it was not until 1964 and the Edgar Rice Burroughs boom that he began to get into stride with paperback book covers. After developing through everything from "Li'l Abner" to "Li'l Annie Fannie" (he was responsible for most of the females appearing in the strip at the time), Frazetta brought a



"The Death Dealer"
by Frank Frazetta



"The Apparition"
by Frank Frazetta



Cover illustration
by Jeff Jones

finely developed, almost classical style to sf/fantasy art, and despite an early career almost entirely devoted to black and white comic illustration, his colour and sense of lighting are almost unequaled in sf art today.

Perhaps best known for his "Conan" series covers published by Sphere, Frazetta has had some of his best work published as covers for the Warren family of "Eerie", "Creepy", "Vampi" comics. Unfortunately for us here in N.Z., only the occasional gem reaches us through the Australian reprints of these series.

Frazetta's classical and exceedingly dynamic picture construction (I find his best work intensely alive and vibrant even when the figures and creatures are in repose) and clarity of style and paint application have founded several worthy imitators, especially in the Warren comic stable. I hope to look at some of these artists (and the entire comic field) in a later column.

One of these 'post Frazetta' artists whose work I especially admire is Jeff Jones. His covers for Fritz Leiber's "Faithful And The Grayouser" series (published by Ace) have only just begun to appear in New Zealand. In addition to a style owing much to Frazetta, Jones has an inventive and extremely interesting black and white style utilised to the fullest in his comic strip work.

As with much of the paperback sf from American publishers, the excellent artwork is almost completely negated by ponderous and extremely old fashioned layout and typography techniques. Why US publishers are still designing for the 1950's is a bit of a mystery, and it is about time that these designers took a long look at the layout of modern British paperbacks. Panther, Sphere and NEL utilise very distinctive layout styles in their present day sf ranges, with modern sans-serif typefaces and clean and simple layouts to highlight the cover artwork to the fullest degree. US publishers still insist on 'framing' their cover illustrations with ponderous border designs (which only serve to reduce the size and impact of the artwork) and using some of the most old-fashioned typefaces imaginable.

I only hope that as more American publications appear in New Zealand, we will begin to see some improvement in their cover layout and design. Perhaps even some wrap-around covers. . . but no, I suppose that is a bit too much to hope for!

A column on American sf art wouldn't be complete without some mention of the magazines (Analog etc.) but this field, and the topic of interior illustrations, I hope to go into at greater length in a subsequent column.

- Rollo Treadway
June 1976

MARKET PLACE

WANTED TO BUY OR SWAP

FUTURE GLITTER - A.E. van Vogt.
NEXT OF THE SUN - Edgar Panaborn.
TALES OF THE FLYING MOUNTAINS

- Paul Anderson.

AS ON A DARKLING PLAIN - Ben Bova.
WILD TALENT; GIG UNDER THE SEA;
THE LONG LOUD SILENCE; TO THE TOMBAUGH
SUMMIT - all by Wilson Tucker.

I also would like to obtain a copy of THEY'D RATHER BE RIGHT, but have never seen any reference to it being published in book form. I believe one of the Galaxy reprints of the early '60s titled THE FOREVER MACHINE to be the same novel, but this was available by mail only and the list was discontinued some years ago.

Ian McLachlan, 115 Short Street
Masterton, NEW ZEALAND

CITY UNDER THE SEA is the title of two books, one each by Kenneth Bulmer and Paul Fairran. THE CITY IN THE SEA is the correct title of the Tucker book. - BAT

BOOK CLUB

Letters in response to my notes on a Book Club in Noumeon 2 have been arriving steadily. I'd like to thank all those people who've written in so far, many with excellent suggestions. The few approaches to publishers have been most encouraging, so keep those ideas coming in. We can continue to supply most books mentioned throughout each issue of Noumeon and hope to have special Book Club services and items well before Christmas.

ANNUAL Noumeon POLL

Towards the end of the year we will also be sending out ballots for an annual poll and survey. It will basically cover the year of 1976, so keep a note of good stories and novels, magazines and films, etc., that you read or see. Unless there is an overwhelming response that says we should, we will not run as many categories as, say, those for the Hugo nominations (on page 3).

'ZINES RECEIVED

We have started to receive a number of very good 'zines of different types. Space prevents mentioning them all this issue, but next issue will see the first of a regular 'zine column. While this is a common practice, I do think it will be worthwhile for the many fans in NZ who may not realise the extent of internal discussion and criticism within the sf field.

FACTS TO RIVAL VON DANIKEN

You might be interested to know that, between 1968 and 1974, the following events/facts occurred:

The Sun lost 8,000 million years of its life and will now only survive as a source of energy for about another 8,000 million.

The cluster of galaxies to which our galaxy belongs gained another 11 members.

It now takes our Sun 225 million years to orbit around the centre of our galaxy (the Milky Way System), an increase of 25 million years per orbit.

The Earth-Moon system can now be regarded as a double planet.

The Pleistocene period gained 1 million years; the Pliocene lost 5 million; but the Miocene gained 4 million, only to have the Oligocene period lose 3 million. The Jurassic gained 12 million years, but went backwards in time by about 13 million (that wasn't much of a gain then, was it?); then the Triassic lost 12 million years, but the Permian gained 10 million. Still losing, the Carboniferous lost 15 million, and then the Cambrian lost (a new world record of) 30 million years.

But, stranger than strange, these shiftings of the Earth's geophysical periods did not affect animal life at all! What can be the explanation? Could it be that "visitors" from . . .

Molluscs increased by 20,000 known species.

Some species of bird can now stay "on the wing" for at least 90 hours and perhaps as long as 120. They could only stay up for 30 hours previously. Does this mean the ionosphere. . .

Mammals increased by nearly 1,000 species.

Man gained 2 ape antecedents, but gained 12 hominoid ones. That makes the odds on his ancestry, despite observation that would suggest the contrary, about 4 to 1 in favour of the hominoids.

The world gained a new 'Civilization'. It is situated to the West of Europe and Africa, and to the East of China and Japan. Because it has only been around 5 years, it hasn't been able to establish much of an ancestry. Most of its prehistory is called the "Pre-Columbian Period" and is noticeably lacking in Empires, Kingdoms, Dark Ages, Marauding Hordes, Dynasties, Invasions, and especially cultural, philosophical, and artistic Ages. Perhaps visitors from O*T*A*R S*A*A*E populated the land in recent times! Maybe only some hundreds of years ago! This 'Civilization' also lays claim to some millions (!) of

adherents to a new religion called "Protestantism".

While retaining exactly the same dimensions, the Earth gained 698,386,770,000,000,000,000, tons. Now let's see! the average human weighs. . . ; or perhaps those visitors. . .

The Earth ceased to attract 14.9 tons of cosmic dust annually.

Most of the oceans of the world have become a darker green.

The following continents lost the following amounts of land (Figures in square miles): Africa - 6,000; Antarctica - 150,000; Asia - 92,000; Australia - 3,172; North America - 70,000.

On the other hand, Europe gained 203,300 square miles, and South America 20,000.

"And you know/It makes me wonder/ What's going on/Around here" - (The first 5 correct postcards noting where those lyrics came from, and the actual figure of Net loss of land, will receive 10,000 square miles each).

Most of the highest mountains of the world lost or gained a few feet. For example, Mt. Dhaulagiri (Nepal) lost 165 feet, but Tirich Mir (Pakistan) gained 890. Draw your own conclusions.

If you can still believe it, and don't forget this is during the course of 6 years, the following Oceans and Seas changed; the Yellow Sea lost 319,000 square miles and the East China Sea lost 190,000. And although the Atlantic Ocean gained 214,000, the Indian Ocean lost 3,000,000 square miles. (I'm sorry but the losers in the above mentioned postcard competition will have to forfeit 250,000 square miles of ocean each).

If you haven't already guessed, the above facts and "miraculous" changes were gleaned by poring over the 1968 Reader's Digest Great World Atlas with the new recently available (1974) edition.

What it does make me wonder is whether publishers of books of this type (from general knowledge right through to texts and encyclopedias) should be obliged to publish corrigenda in some way or other. They could be presented on one sheet in many instances, or else in booklet form, and may be free or available for a nominal charge. While librarians or institutions may be able to afford a considerable amount every 4 or 6 years or whatever, I don't think individuals should pay, in the case of this Atlas, \$22.95 (retail) or \$18.83 (from Reader's Digest) for an update. Most of the maps, diagrams, illustrations and photos remain the same from edition to edition, so it should be easy to present the updated information in a very cheap form.

What do readers and publishers think?

REVIEWS

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REVIEWERS: Bruce Ferguson
Alan Freshwater Deborah Knapp
Ray Jackson Roderick Scott

EXTRO - Alfred Bester
(Fethuen 1975 \$2.20)

Those of you who have read **TIGER**, **TIGER**, or **Somebody Up There Likes Me** (**CAMPBELL MEMORIAL ENTOPOLOGY**) will be aware of Bester's unique approach. "Extro" is a computer connected to a global electronic network and in conjunction with 2 immortals it creates a villainous mixture which declares war on the "Group".

The Group is a secret society of immortals who don't age and cannot be poisoned - they can eat, drink and breathe anything. Violent death can befall them, however, and they can also fall victim to a disease - the big "L". These characters blend in perfectly with the other aspects of the book's insanity.

Guig, the story-teller and immortal, presents an interesting theory on immortality that he is trying to prove. His problem to date is that all his prospective candidates for immortality have died. With the Group's help, Guig succeeds in immortalising Dr. Sequoya Guess, unwarily uniting his mind with Extro. Thereafter, the book develops the plot of the conflict between Guess/Extro and the Group, and its resolution.

The merits of the book lie more in presentation than plot. Vast arrays of ideas are presented: Laura, the talking octopus; the excavation(?) and exploitation of the rings of saturn by a construction company; the many comments on education; the fate of the cyronauts; protest marches, for a variety of causes - Honk Liberation was one. Bester's writing follows a line of (logical?) thought. After his recruitment of the compost-eating neanderthal, Guig is travelling back to Earth from Titan: "... and the compost stench made him hungry. I couldn't get any for him - all sealed in the freight hull - and he started eating the most lunatic things: our linen, fire extinguishers, luggage, books, playing cards. We had to keep a constant watch (he ate my watch, by the way) or he might have chewed a hole in the freighter hull."

The book exhibits amazing stamina and proves Bester to be the equal (if not the better) of his more prolific contemporaries - Asimov, Heinlein, van Vogt, etc. To the newcomer it is an excellent introduction to Bester, and those who have read his earlier books will know what to expect.

BWF

THE HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE Parts 1 and 2
Edited by Michael Ashley
(NEL 1974, 1975 \$7.95 \$9.95)

These are the first of a five-book series examining the development of science fiction magazines from their beginning to the present day. Volume One (1926-1935) covers the "Gernsback Era" and the first 52 pages of the book pack in an incredible amount of information. Tracing the rise and fall of some of the lesser known magazines must have taken some research. I thought I was fairly knowledgeable on the subject and was humbled accordingly. This comprehensive information is followed by a selection of 'typical' stories of the era - The Coming of the Ice (GP Wertebaker, 1926) through The Asteroid of Gold (Clifford Simak - yes he was writing in 1932!), to Davy Jones' Ambassador (R.Z. Gallun, 1935). All told, a beautifully concise 10 year history combined with 10 good stories and 21 pages of appendices and author checklists covering that decade. Plus two pages of magazine covers - five in all, from such lost treasures as Wonder Stories, Azazing and Astounding.

Part II (1936-1945) takes up the story after the depression, sees the end of Hugo Gernsback and introduces the "Halcyon Days" of J.W. Campbell. Once again 10 excellent and very typical stories from each year, cover illustrations, and appendices, consisting of: checklist of authors works; summary of magazine issues; glossary of editors; key cover artists.

Incidentally I was amazed at some of the "New" sf that dates from these years, for instance Leiber's 'Sword and Sorcery' tales, published in the mid '40s. These years saw the debuts of most of the new 'classic' authors and the entire collection leaves me waiting for Volume III to learn more of the evolution of science fiction. Basically, the evolution of the sf magazine has been that of sf itself, with the leading editors lighting the way and guiding sf towards the art form it is. These books are a must for any self-respecting fan's shelf.

ARF



LITTLE FUZZY - H. Beam Piper
(Ace Reissue 1976 \$1.60 - original
publication 1962)

Once you meet the Fuzzies, you'll never forget them. They are delightful little creatures who inhabit the planet Zarathustra. . . but maybe the word 'creature' is not such a good one, for there may be more to these little cuties than meets the eye.

How does one define a sapient being? This is the problem faced by the people on Zarathustra. The planet had originally been classified as a Class-III uninhabited planet, that is, with no evidence of intelligent natives. But the appearance of the Fuzzies leads to rather interesting attempts to define 'sapience'.

The chartered Zarathustra Company, which had rights of development, exploitation, and control over the planet without any limitations from the Colonial Government, certainly had vested interests in keeping the planet's uninhabited classification in order to insure its charter and privileges. But others who care to know and love the Fuzzies learned that they were indeed a race of intelligent beings, and hence represented an enormous threat to the autocratic position of the Company.

To protect its interests, the top powers in the Company took to espionage, kidnapping and other underhanded methods in order to discount the sapience of the Fuzzies. They loose, naturally.

The cover illustration is excellent and you'll have no trouble visualizing Fuzzy Sapiens. A charming story with lots of warmth and love.

DMK

SEMI-TIME WORLD - Christopher Priest
(WEL, First paper edition 1976 \$1.40 -
first edition 1964)
Cover by Bruce Pennington

Christopher Priest is rapidly becoming one of my favourite writers. This collection of 10 short stories will set your head spinning as Priest develops some very interesting ideas.

The Introduction provides a brief glimpse behind the scenes, Priest talking about some of the background of a few stories. He says the stories deal with the effects of stress on people, but some are bizarre (The Head and The Hand) and others are amusing (The Breeding Ground). Also included in this captivating collection is The Run, Priest's first published story.

Each story is provocative and well-thought out, qualities which seem to be characteristic of all Priest's writing. Definitely a superior collection.

DMK

GREAT SCIENCE FICTION ABOUT DOCTORS -
Edited by Groff Conklin & Noah D.
Fabricant, M.D.
(Collier Reprint \$.95 - first ed. 1963)

As an example of an accurate, informative cover blurb, the following would be among the better:

"When the medical mind takes off on a flight of fancy (or fantasy), watch out! The results, as these eighteen tales show, can be chillingly plausible or tantalizingly irrational.

"Represented in this anthology are a number of practicing physicians - including Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (M.D.!) - as well as such well-known science fictioneers as Arthur C. Clarke, C.M. Kornbluth, and Murray Leinster, and such classical writers as Poe and Hawthorne.

"Some of the stories (The Man Without an Apoptite and Family Resemblance) are lighthearted. Some (The Little Black Bag and A Matter of Ethics) are biting. Some (Rappacini's Daughter and The Brothers) are ghoulish. All are compelling, and all project a sometimes titillating, sometimes macabre, but always incisive view of the far-out worlds of medicine.

"The editors prescribe this collection for the fun of it: to relax tensions and expand the imagination. But if you come across some provocative, serious ideas, don't be startled - science fiction is full of such intriguing surprises."

A very, very entertaining and wind-stretching book which is full of food for thought. And, there is also GREAT SCIENCE FICTION BY SCIENTISTS. Edited by Groff Conklin (Collier, 1967), which I haven't finished yet, but which promises to be every bit as fascinating as GREAT SCIENCE FICTION ABOUT DOCTORS.

DMK

NON-STOP - Brian Aldiss
(Pan, 1976 \$2.05 - original pub. 1958)

I can still taste the atmosphere of this remarkable book! NON-STOP is Brian Aldiss' first sf novel, and it illustrates clearly his incredible genius. At the risk of sounding trite, I will say that this book is stunning, imaginative, fascinating, and all those other superlatives you use when you read an outstanding story. The plot is highly complex and therefore difficult to summarize. There is also the danger of revealing too much, so I will only say that the ending is quite a surprise.

Aldiss is definitely a master at creating believable, viable worlds - NON-STOP is a strange journey, highly recommended.

DMK

ARMAGEDDON 2419 AD - Philip F. Nowlan
(Panther, 1976 \$1.70)

Cover by Richard Clifton-Day

This is a typical 1920's Space Opera story similar to stories by authors such as E.E. 'Doc' Smith, Capt. SP Meek, and others of that period. Being "The Original Buck Rogers" story, the book is concerned with the exploits of Anthony (later 'Buck') Rogers, his 25th century sweetheart Wilma Deering, and the other citizens of that far-future time. Buck, an early 20th century citizen, starts out exploring reports of a gas leakage in a mine, where he is trapped by a rock-fall, and "frozen" in suspended-animation by the gas, until he re-awakens in the year 2419 AD. The first person he meets on emerging from his erstwhile "to=be" is, of course, his sweetheart-to-be Wilma. He valiantly rescues her from her pursuers, killing 2 of them in the process, and the story proceeds from there.

Apparently the USA had been overrun by the Mongolians in 2109, and the American citizenry reduced to a tribal-dweller existence. They had, of course, managed to make quite incredible scientific discoveries while being harassed by the Hans of Mongolia and having to live in forest clearings.

The book shows a great deal of foresight (written 1926-1927), with bazookas, jet planes, etc. Buck and his friends proceed to decimate the Han dynasty, with some 'glorious' blood-thirsty scenes described in the story. Of course, the 'heroes', after much struggling and bloodshed, manage to obliterate all of the Han cities - Nu Yok, Bos-Ton - and Buck and his mate end up living 'happily thereafter'.

Overall the book is a reasonably good example of the 20's and 30's science fiction. Any "space opera" buff, and most hard-core sf fans would, I think, enjoy reading it.

RCJ

THE FOREVER WAR - Joe Haldeman
(Ballantine/Orbit, 1976 \$2.10/\$2.15)
Cover by Murray Tinkleran (Ballantine)

Fantastic! Maybe not a good way to start a review, but...I had come across the first part of this 200 plus page book before, but where and when, I'm not certain. Parts of the book have been printed in Analog '72-'74, but I could not find it among my copies. However, as the rave reviews on the cover say, this is a very well thought-out book. The story is about war in the future - ranging from 1997 through to 3143, with the lead character being the same throughout. He achieves this by passing through collapsars (collapsed stars?) and travelling at near-light-speed for long periods of his (subjective) lifetime. At the end of the book he is subjectively about 30 years old.

The story traces through the changes in warfare and civilization over the complete period, giving a remarkably refreshing re-hash of the sort of thing Heinlein showed in his 'Future History' series, but with a different slant. The norm changes from heterosexual, to homo, to hetero, etc. with corresponding changes in living styles, until Mandella (the lead) gets very confused (and so does the reader!). It's likened to CATCH 22, a book which I confess I've never been able to read. It gives a very different view of wars from the normal book - the author portrays the stupidity of the army bureaucrats, making it appear very funny, while illustrating the hardships that those in service have to put up with.

As I said at the start, Fantastic. Funny, happy, sad - it's all expressed in this book. A must for hard-core sf fans. And now I think I'll go re-read some of it.

RCJ

THE TRAIL OF CTHULHU - August Derleth
(Panther, 1976; First British paper edition \$2.45)

Cover by Bruce Pennington

August Derleth has succeeded in binding together a good tale relating to the famed Cthulhu Mythos. This is the novel that gives the narratives of five different people. Each gives details of a search for the primal god-thing, Cthulhu, and a scuffle with the Deep Ones.

Derleth captures Lovecraft's mood of brooding horror skillfully. But it is wrong to classify this novel as mainstream horror, because the reader is not so much horrified as overwhelmed by the events that take place.

We have great descriptions of the goings on in the so-called decayed town of Innsmouth. We are informed of the ancient rites performed in the Inca ruins near Yachu Pichu.

The whole novel reads like an article from National Geographic magazine - it appears to be almost factual. There are the usual references to 'forbidden books', fragmented letters and notated events that help to convince the reader that this is not mere fantasy, but blatant fact!

Alas, this book is like its companion novel, THE MASK OF CTHULHU, and will only be appreciated by those who are die-hard followers of the Cthulhu Mythos. I feel that for the average sf reader the book is of minor interest.

RS

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

‡ ‡ SF (AND RELATED) BOOKS PUBLISHED IN NEW ZEALAND - JUNE 1976 ‡ ‡
- Listed under their NZ publishers and distributors

Becket Sterling Ltd:

BRAIN WAVE - Poul Anderson (Ballantine \$1.90); Reprint
RETURN TO THE PLANET OF THE APES No.2 - William Arrow (Ballantine \$1.90); 1st ed.
NERVES - Lester Del Rey (Ballantine \$1.90); Revised edition, first printing
ROM, COME SEE JERUSALEM! - Richard C. Meredith (Ballantine \$1.90); 1st edition
THROUGH THE REALITY WARP - Donald J. Peail (Ballantine \$1.90);
THE BEST OF FREDERICK POHL - Frederik Pohl (Ballantine \$2.45); Reissue
THE GOLD AT THE STARBOW'S END - Frederik Pohl (Ballantine \$1.60); Reprint
THE SPACE MERCHANTS - Frederik Pohl & C.V. Kornbluth (Ballantine \$1.90); Reprint

Wm. Collins (NZ) Ltd:

ARMADA SCI-FI 1 - Edited by Richard Davis (Armada \$1.40); Reprint; Juvenile
ARMADA SCI-FI 3 - Edited by Richard Davis (Armada \$1.40); Juvenile

Gordon & Gotch (NZ) Ltd:

ORBIT UNLIMITED - Poul Anderson (Panther \$1.95); 1st British paper edition
THE TRAIL OF CTHULHU - August Derleth (Panther \$2.45); 1st British paper edition
THE UNHOLY CITY - Charles G. Finney (Panther \$1.70);
STAR TREK LOG 4 - Alan Dean Foster (Corgi \$1.70); 1st British edition
TOWER OF GLASS - Robert Silverberg (Panther \$1.95); 1st British edition
LEMMUS 1; WAITERS ON THE DANCE - Julian Jay Savarin (Corgi \$2.45); 1st Br. paper ed.

Hicks Smith & Sons Ltd:

A SCATTER OF STARDUST - E. C. Tubb (Dobson \$7.70); Collection; 1st British edition
THE BRAINS OF EARTH - Jack Vance (Dobson \$7.70); 1st British edition
THE MOON MOTH - Jack Vance (Dobson \$7.30); Collection; 1st British edition
BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF THE YEAR 4 - Edited by Lester del Rey (Kaye & Ward \$8.00); 1st British edition

Hodder & Stoughton Ltd:

VENOM OF ARGUS 4 - Richard Avery (Coronet \$1.95); "Expendables No. 4"
THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR - Bill S. Ballinger (Star \$1.65)
The prices for the Hodder & Stoughton books listed last month are:
TO RIDE PEGASUS (\$1.80); THE SLEEPER AWAKES (\$1.65); VENUS ON THE HALF SHELL (\$1.65)

Peacock (NZ) Ltd:

THE CRYSTAL GRYPHON - Andre Norton (Peacock \$2.25); 1st British paper edition
NUCLEAR POWER - Walter C. Patterson (Pelican Original \$2.75); Non-fiction

Abbreviations used: NEL - New English Library
Corgi SFCL - Corgi SF Collector's Library

S S J - Sidgwick & Jackson
W & N - Weidenfeld & Nicolson

STOP PRESS:

Hutchinson Publishing Group:

CHRONICLES - D.G.Compton (Arrow \$1.40); New edition of HOT
WIRELESS SETS, ASPIRIN TABLETS, THE SANDPAPER SIDES OF
USED MATCHBOXES, AND SOMETHING THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
CASTOR OIL (Michael Joseph, 1971)
2000 A.D., ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF SCIENCE
FICTION PULPS - Jacques Sadoul (Souvenir \$11.60); 1st Br ed.