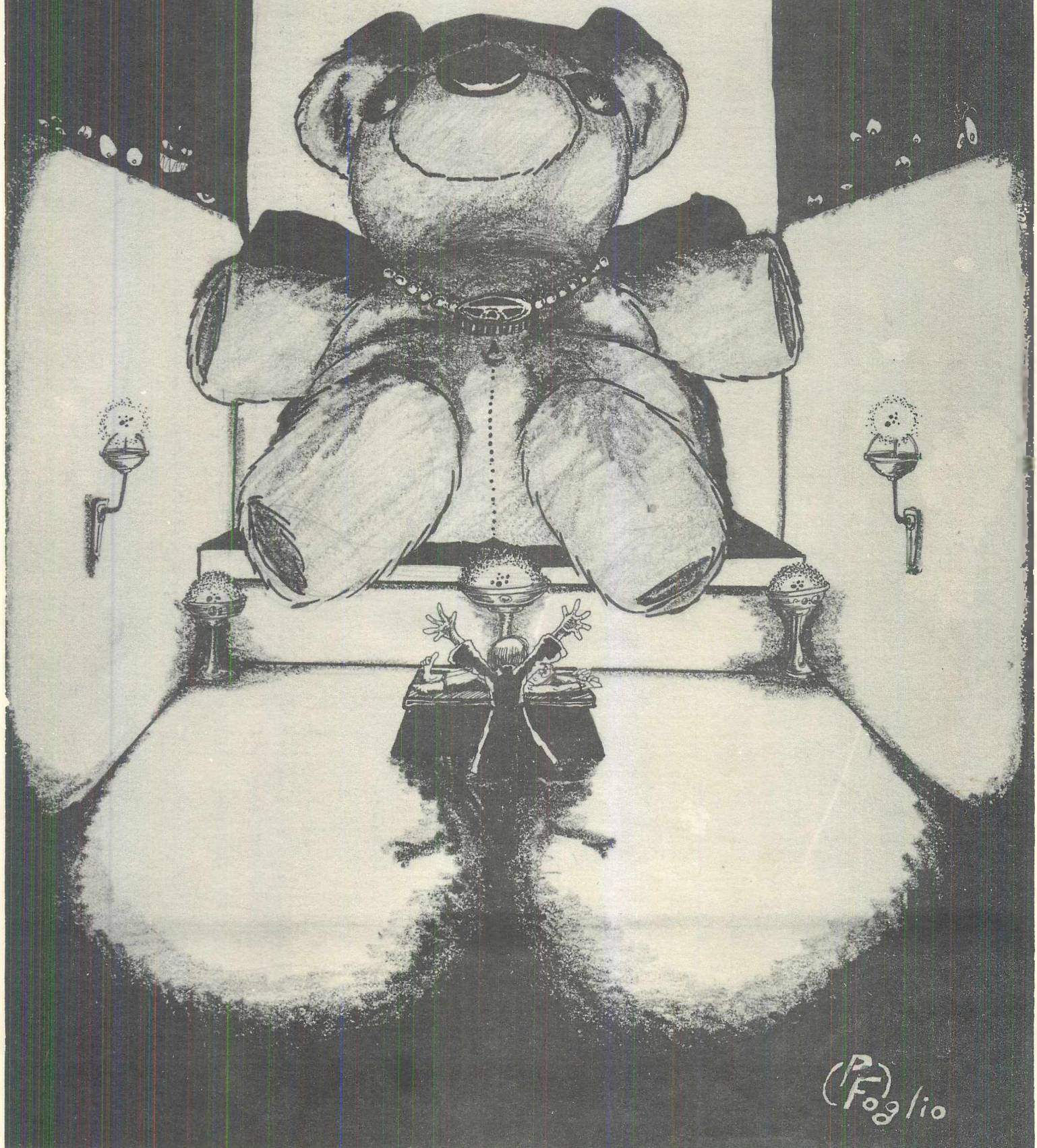
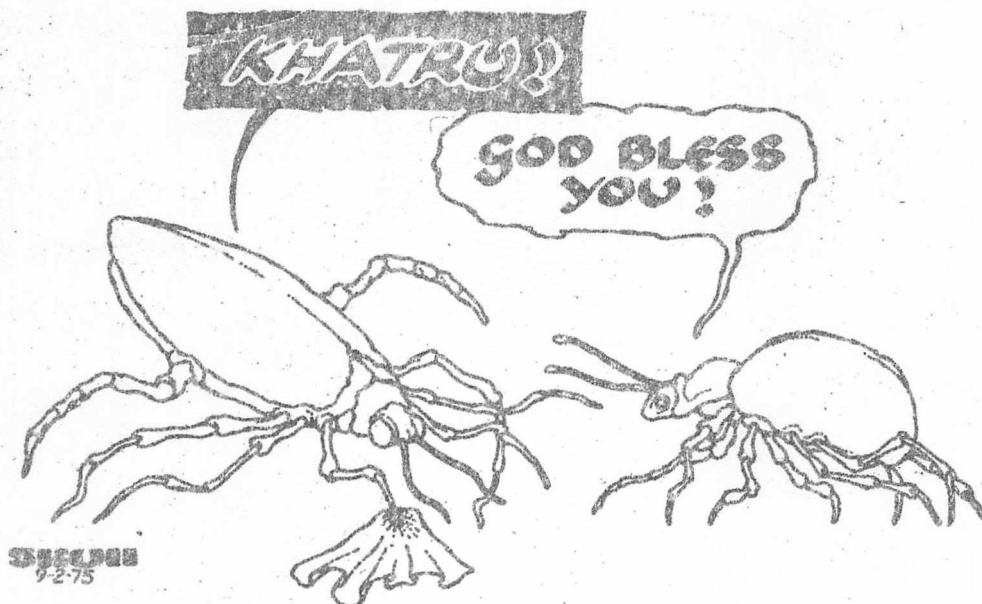


# THEATRUM



(P)  
Foglio





Jeffrey D. Smith  
1339 Weldon Avenue  
Baltimore MD 21211

Jeffrey A. Frane  
Box 1923  
Seattle WA 98111

- 2 PERPETUAL CHANGE : Jeff Smith  
8 THE SHORT HAPPY LIFE OF JAMES TIPTREE, JR. : Jeff Smith  
12 EVERYTHING BUT THE SIGNATURE IS ME : James Tiptree, Jr.  
17 THE LUCKY ONES : Alice Bradley  
23 TIPTREE/SHELDON BIBLIOGRAPHY : Jeff Smith  
26 FROM THE MOMENT I REACHED OUT TO HOLD : Jon Anderson interviewed by Freff  
38 NOUS SOMMES DU SOLEIL  
Jeff Frane : Earthworks  
Gardner Dozois : Best SF Apocrypha  
Steve Brown : Prozone Review  
Robert Sabella : Star Songs of a Young Primate  
Jeff Smith : Lost in Trance of Dances  
52 RELAYER : letters of comment  
Robert E. Blenheim : Neil Kvern : George Hay : Patrick McGuire  
61 WHAT AM I DOING HERE? : Jeff Frane

Art Credits

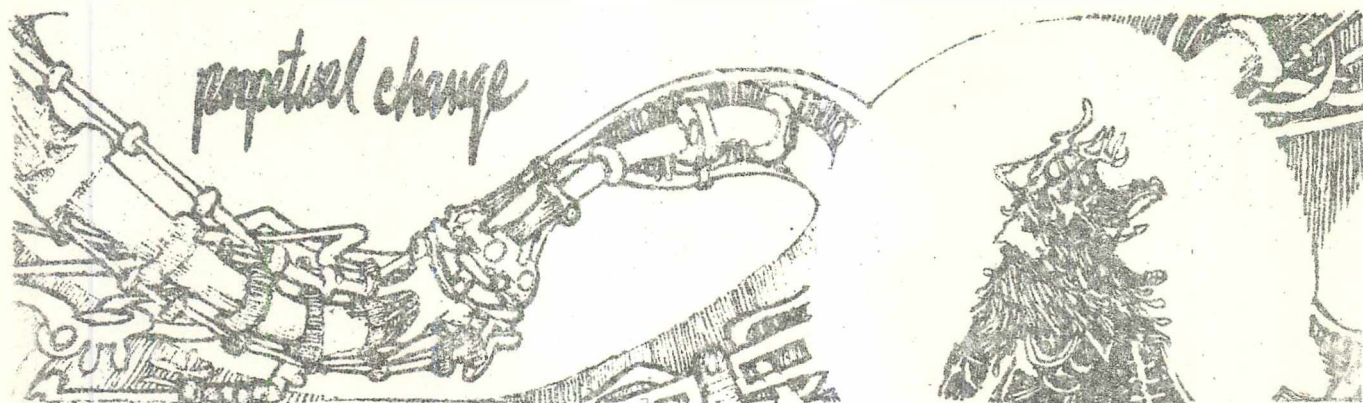
- 54 Grant Canfield Paula Marmor 25  
31 32 35 George Goebel Bill Rotsler 57 61 62  
11 Hank Heath Raccoona Sheldon 18  
2 4 15 38 52 O.M. Kvern James Shull 1  
41 44 Tod Markham R. Pennington Smith 7  
Robert Whitaker 49

© Jeffrey D. Smith and Jeffrey A. Frane 1978  
300 copies. Quarterly

\$1.25, 4/\$4, published contributions, or arranged trades  
all back issues @ \$1.25

Australian agent: Paul Anderson, 21 Mulga Road, Hawthornded SA 5051

"Everything But the Signature Is Me" © James Tiptree, Jr. 1978



When I say "perpetual change," I mean Perpetual Change! Things are so different now that I'm not even going to describe all the processes of change that KHATRU and I have been through since last issue. I killed the magazine repeatedly, resurrecting it only half-heartedly. There may yet be people out there extremely surprised by the existence of this issue, having last heard that there would be no more....

There will be more. In fact, KHATRU is returning to its original concept, what it was planned to be in 1974, when it was going to be BLIND FAITH. BLIND FAITH was going to be edited and published by Dave Gorman and myself, with each of us doing two issues a year. It would have been a good fanzine. But Dave decided it would be too much for him to handle, and gafiated soon thereafter. I tried to keep the project going, as KHATRU, and did get four issues out in 1975, and one more early in 1976. But then I slowed, considerably. Not only was the sixth issue ridiculously late, it is an issue I dislike, despite the fact that it contained a lot of good material.

This issue is ridiculously late, too--but the fact that it exists can be counted a great success. I am currently very enthusiastic about KHATRU's potential, and fully expect four issues this year.

All of this is because I have a new co-editor/publisher, Jeff Frane. (I realize how confusing this could get to be, but I don't think either of us is about to change his name, so we're all stuck with the situation.) Not only will he be able to take some of the work-load off me, but are you ready for this? He still reads science fiction! Won't it be nice to have a KHATRU-editor who actually knows what's going on in the field? (I'll try to do better myself, as well.)

This issue is primarily my work, because I had built up quite a lot of material during KHATRU's inactivity. Jeff sent me a couple items--a review of Disch's GETTING INTO DEATH by Neil Kvern and a quite amusing piece by Ursula Le Guin--that there just wasn't room for. (No room for Ursula Le Guin? Oh, the ghods will strike me down for that one.) Look for them next time, along with articles by Cy Chauvin and Michael Carlson that I've been sitting on for some time ( a long time, in Cy's case),

JEFF SMITH

The reason space was at such a premium this time is because of the long Tiptree section. A year ago, I was planning a special Tiptree Reveals All issue, with a lot of what's in this issue. But I never got around to it, and all the material appeared elsewhere. So this time I figured it might be best to run just the Tiptree/Sheldon article itself, and leave it at that. (Here's where the co-editor stuff comes in.) I presented to Jeff the different combinations of Tip material we had possible, and he felt the various reprints herein would be new to enough people that printing them all would be worthwhile. Since that was what I wanted to believe, I set at once to typing it all up.

"The Short Happy Life of James Tiptree, Jr." was written at Art Saha's request for the SunCon Program Book. Initially I wasn't sure about doing it, because I wanted to save what I had for KHATRU. As KHATRU faded more and more, though, there seemed to be no problem in writing it for SunCon. (I got it in terribly late, though.) It was pretty damn pessimistic about Tip ever writing again, but that was the way I felt--she was even more pessimistic than me. (There are indications that a little optimism may be in order, but at this point it's too early to tell.) The version here is quite a bit different from the original, because I wrote it much more formally than I usually write--while trying to make it look informal, thus having it come out rather stilted. As I was stenciling it for KHATRU, though, I gradually found myself rewriting great gobs of it, trying to make it more interesting. I hope I succeeded.

"Everything but the Signature Is Me" is the one non-reprint in the section. I'm not quite sure why I deserve getting articles like this, but if you won't complain I won't.

"The Lucky Ones" is something unique: a "Tiptree" article from 1946, originally published in THE NEW YORKER. The similarities and differences between this and Tip's current work are fascinating.

And the Bibliography I was going to do for the Special Issue, I ended up doing for Andy Porter's Algol Press. Andy took the Introduction that Gardner Dozois wrote for the Gregg Press reprint of the first Tiptree book, TEN THOUSAND LIGHT YEARS FROM HOME and packaged it into a nice little booklet with my bibliography and a stunning wraparound cover by Judith Weiss illustrating "The Man Who Walked Home." Gardner's introduction is excellent, covering all of Tip's stories through "The Women Men Don't See" in 1973. I don't agree with all of his evaluations (his dismissal of "Love Is the Plan the Plan Is Death" seems far too callous to one who likes that story very much) and I wasn't impressed with his emphasis on which stories had sex and dirty words and which didn't, but minor differences are outweighed by the care Gardner took in searching out theme-threads and literary maturation. If you're into paying \$2.50 for 36-page booklets, this is a good one. (Algol Press/Box 4175/New York NY 10017. Even more of a recommendation is: subscribe to ALGOL magazine--it used to be a fanzine just like this one, folks--\$4.50 for three large issues, and well worth it.)

This issue's bibliography differs from the Algol bibliography in a couple ways: I corrected a couple mistakes Tip herself made in sending additions and corrections to Andy, brought it up to date, and eliminated mention of reprints, since I don't think I know all of them.

Talking about the Bibliography lets me neatly segue into another topic: another project in the works. Jeff Levin, of Pendragon Press in Portland, Oregon and I are putting together a nice-sized volume based on the "Non-Fiction" section of the Bibliography: essays and letters of James Tiptree, Jr. This started as a small booklet: Pendragon was going to publish the letters about the Mayas from KYHEN. I wasn't keen on that idea, because I



was interested in putting everything into a book. But I didn't have the resources. So I called Jeff Levin, and we talked about it for a while, and came to enough agreement that Pendragon and Phantasmicom Presses will work together on the volume. Watch this space for developments.

I am going to have to collaborate with Jeff Clark on something.

Okay, one more project. Where, you ask, is the book version of the "Women in Science Fiction" symposium. Well, I'm afraid there won't be one. I'm very discouraged that it isn't out, but by now I feel it's too late for it to come out. The material is no longer new enough to warrant being published in a new format. I don't want it coming out looking like a historical document.

So what I'll do instead is reprint the fanzine. KHATRU 3&4 is officially out-of-print at this time, but sometime this year that will no longer be true. I'm not about to put myself through all that mimeography again (see KHATRU 5), so it'll have to be offset. Which means ghod alone knows how much it's going to cost per copy. However, to raise capital, I will accept orders now for it @ \$2.50, the normal back-issue cost.

I'm sorry the other way didn't work out (I really thought I'd made a book!), but I'll do what I can to come up with the best compromise possible. And anyway, the Tiptree book will be better, anyhow.

At one point last year, when I was fairly positive I wasn't going to be publishing anymore, and was going to have twelve tons of back issues left lying around, I sent copies of KHATRU 6 to six members of the so-called "New Fanzine Appreciation Society," figuring, whatthehell, might as well give them away as throw them away.

The NFAS sends a sheet of names and addresses (the latest one I got had 17 names on it) and this paragraph:

I want to receive fanzines. Please send me your fanzine and I'll appreciate it. I promise to respond in some way, by sending a letter of comment, contribution, trade or subscription. I have enough time right now to pay attention to fanzines sent me.

Of these six people who promised to respond, two did. Donald Franson, coordinator of NFAS, sent a boring loc, one of the two-sentences-on-each-article kind, but if you're not interested in the material in a fanzine it's difficult to come up with sparking commentary. The one fascinating remark he had was that he could excuse the students for failing the Biology test I ran last issue because "they probably got a lot of their 'knowledge' from lectures—and were inattentive (who isn't?)." He suggested words like "umbilical" be written out for the students on blackboards, so they'd be able to spell them. Thanks, Donald.



The other letter was from John Thiel. This was, I believe, the first thing I'd read by Thiel; I had heard, at conventions, people mentioning his name in deprecating tones of voice, but never bothered asking why. Well, now I know. I hope the guy is affecting a pose, that he has to practice to get his mind working this way, but if so, it's a waste. Maybe someday he'll realize this and do something constructive with his life. Being a professional.

antagonist can become rather wearing, I would imagine.

For now, here's his letter. Please don't comment on it; I'm not interested. And, Messrs. Franson and Thiel, while I'm sending you copies of this issue as a courtesy, you are under no obligation to respond. Thank you.

JOHN THIEL

Pulling KHATRU out of its envelope and looking at it brings at once to mind the thought that the N3F's name for its fanzine bureau, the "New Fanzine Appreciation Dept.," is something of a misnomer. For one thing, the N3F has never appreciated anything, being jealous of it when it's good and improperly motivated toward it when it's bad. The National Fantasy Fan Federation is no place to go for appreciation.

Besides, the only thing I appreciate about KHATRU is having received it, that and the fact that the layout on the cover looks nice, except for those fingerprints. Also that one Rotsler cartoon inside about the girl is funny. But aside from that, KHATRU seems like a long vacuum to me. I suppose the N3F expects me to be hypocritical and avaricious, while secretly trying to put you out of business, but if you want to stay in business that's all right with me, and if I were hypocritical I'd be being that to something which itself looks generally hypocritical, in the modern rather than the older sense, thank you kindly. KHATRU looks to me like a coverup, and one of the things it covers up is what we used to call this field: science fiction. Not detective fiction or espionage fiction fandom, or comic book fandom. We used to have these stories about spaceships. And the Daggy girl on the cover was always attractive. There was a completely different girl on each cover, except for one series of issues, and I still think Merwin was one of the best of editors, if not the most capable. So much for reminiscing; KHATRU and the other zines is what we have now, and I suppose there can be fun concealed there.

The National Fantasy Fan Federation is, anyway, as its name suggests, a fantasy society, and you're at an even further remove from that.

Ever see a watering can full of cyanide? Just a remark on earth-fertility.

Cynaide is occasionally a liquid, although of course it is a gas too.

That back cover you have there, with one white rat looking into the bier of another, is in bad taste. Nobody wants to look at the melancholic spectacle of dead rats. I mean, here, it's not just me, it's everyone. I don't believe I would need to have the statement professionally verified, by insane psychiatrists or anyone else. Only the other day I was down at the zoo watching live white mice being fed to snakes, and nobody even enjoyed that, even though it was an action scene. (One old python wouldn't even look at his white mice.) I guess our zoo scenes are about as arboreal as anything can get...I may try leaving my copy of KHATRU down at the zoo, as it might work even better than dropping dead fish into the pond; if I do maybe I can develop an audience for you that's real. Some people might appreciate the hell out of this. It looks like it was designed for the public, considering the condition they're in these days.

On the whole, I sure didn't enjoy KHATRU, nor did I think I would when I saw your handout for it about a year back. If you don't like my reaction and want to do me a favor, how about trying to get me kicked out of the N3F? Just let people know I didn't appreciate your fanzine. That's supposed to be rather deadly, from all I hear. And if you want to use the N3F as a vehicle for saying you don't like my loc, it will be the only action I have ever gotten out of that tired organization.



-5-

As a last line, if you ever want it to, I do hope that KHATRU develops into something, but at present it isn't anything.

jds back: I guess maybe I'm lucky I only got the two responses. (Although I threw out the list and no longer remember who the other four were. One was Fred Jackson III, who wrote a favorable review for THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN which I just got, and another might have been Joe Napolitano, listed in the WAHFs.)

I'd like to mention a couple of other peoples' projects. One is Bill Rotsler's, a truly major undertaking. He "wants original quotations for QUOTEBOOK, a contemporary collection. No pay but immortality. Any subject, any sort of language (but in English!). I use any length up to 300 words, but prefer the shorter 3-40 word length. Quotes from books, speeches, tv, too--only get it right and give the attribution. Or just send me a book or magazine title with the page number and I'll look it up. Let me make you immortal!" Bill's address is Box 3126, Los Angeles CA 90028. You can also write him for a longer prospectus if you want more information. And remember, besides lines from your favorite books (knowing Bill, he's probably quoting half of John D. MacDonald's Travis McGee books), he's interested in getting your own clever and pithy comments on life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, etc., etc.,

Joyce Scrivner/Apt. AG3-3/Hatfield Village/Hatfield PA 19440 is setting up a series of auctions for the benefit of TAFF, the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. I seldom mention such fannish institutions in KHATRU, but I assume you hear of them elsewhere. TAFF is a fund designed to send American fans to England and Europe, and of course to bring British and European fans to America as well. Money is raised by various means--primarily by voting to see who gets sent where, and charging per vote. But philanthropic fans donate money, publish special fanzines the proceeds of which go into the fund, and generate projects such as Joyce's auctions. She started (or was supposed to; I assume she did) with this year's Boskone, and plans to continue at Disclave, Iguanaccon and Philcon--with the potential for more if response is good. She needs auctionable donations--authors' manuscripts, hard-to-find books, old fanzines, and the like. (I'm trying to arrange giving her some sort of Symposium memorabilia--perhaps a copy of the book manuscript.) Write her for information, and check out the auctions at the cons.

Having two editors/publishers on different coasts presents some...problems...in logistics. Jeff Franc will be publishing the next issue. The question is: do you send letters/articles/art/etc. to him or me? (The ideal would be a copy to us both, but we won't insist.) Frankly, we haven't figured out the answer yet. It may not matter; whoever gets it will have to send a copy to the other anyway. If we find that any one system works better than any other, we'll let you know how it affects you. For subscription renewals, it's probably best to send them to whoever will be the next publisher at the time. He'll need it.

MR. TIPTREE, I PRESUME?

NEWS FLASH: World traveller Alice Bradley Sheldon has found missing science fiction writer James Tiptree, Jr., in Quintana Roo, Mexico. Mr. Tiptree has been writing, and has a substantial sheaf of hand-written story drafts. If Ms. Sheldon can convince him to return to suburban civilization, he may attempt to work these drafts into publishable form.

Film at eleven.

THE  
JAMES TIPTREE  
ALICE SHELDON  
SECTION



Smith  
1970



# THE SHORT HAPPY LIFE OF JAMES TIPTREE, JR.

JEFF  
SMITH

How does one attempt a biography of someone who is more persona than person? When was James Tiptree, Jr. born? Was it 1915, when his alter-ego Alice Sheldon (then Bradley) came into the world? Was it at that childhood date when she discovered science fiction? Was it in 1967, when she began writing sf under the Tiptree name? Or not until March of 1968, when ANALOG published "Birth of a Salesman"?

And how about his death? Did he die in October 1976, or are reports of his demise exaggerated? Alice Sheldon is certainly still alive and kicking. There are still a couple Tiptree stories waiting to be published; two books (UP THE WALLS OF THE WORLD and STAR SONGS OF AN OLD PRIMATE) have just been released; and a collection of essays and letters is forthcoming. So Tip will be at least illusorily active.

But Tip is not active. At best, he is dormant. At worst, he is gone.

For years, no-one even knew that "James Tiptree, Jr." was a pseudonym, much less that "he" was Alice B. Sheldon. The reasons for using a male name? She wanted a nondescript name, so editors would not remember rejecting earlier stories as each new one came in, and women writers tend to stand out because of their relative scarcity. Also, since she was taking a pseudonym anyway, a male one would remove any sexist prejudice. She was primarily aiming for ANALOG at first, and felt that Campbell would give a male by-line a fairer shake. (Using initials might have been better, "A.R. Tiptree, Jr." or something, but that's hindsight.) Later she invented another writer-persona, Raccoona Sheldon, so that she could communicate as a woman at least part of the time, but the Raccoona project never really had time to get off the ground. (For one thing, most of Raccoona's short stories were rejected, until Tip sent along covering letters suggesting that editors might wish to look at this story by his friend....)

So, the name "James Tiptree, Jr." was supposed to be forgettable. As it turned out, the fact that apparently nobody is actually named "Tiptree" made the pseudonym distinctive rather than invisible.

On October 25, 1976, Alli's mother, Mary Hastings Bradley, died. People who knew Tip knew that his mother had been ill for some time--Tip had even written a story about it, "Mother in the Sky with Diamonds" in GALAXY. When Tip wrote his friends to tell them his mother had finally succumbed, Alli had

no idea that this would prove to be the first domino in an unwanted sequence.

On November 8, Tip sent me the following letter, and said it could be used in KYBEN or KHATRU:

Dear Jeff,

Whew.

Mother died last week, leaving me with a new dark strange place in the heart, and flashes of a lively, beautiful, intelligent, adventurous red-haired young woman whom I had once known. We were close, even through those godawful years at the end after Father went, when I could barely stand to look upon the wreckage. "Close" in the sense of empathy; I respected and understood her generous heart and witty mind. And her vulnerability....To give you an idea, she left her instructions on the disposal of her body--cheap and fast--in a very funny light verse.

She left me also with the most horrendous practical problem of properly disposing of the 94 years of accumulated memorabilia of Africa, Old Chicago, assorted literary figures, endless treasures mixed in with junk--letters from Carl Sandburg mixed in with grocery lists, blank stationery, birthday-cards from once-eminences, lace panties, .38 calibre automatics, irreplaceable diaries of treks through Africa, irreplaceable diaries of her life as a war-correspondent (all under her writing name), manuscripts, socks to be mended, mementoes of the visit of the French Navy to Douala in 1935, correspondence with heads of state, unpublished poetry, old curtains, 2000 African moleskins each as big as a postage stamp, unsent letters to me, interminable bequests and codicils, Javanese cloth of gold, more socks to be mended, grocery lists, blank stationery, saved envelopes with obsolete stamps--three rooms full of filing cabinets, one hall and three storerooms (one "secret")--in all 26 rooms of STUFF. Oh, I forgot paintings. And in the middle of it all stands the figure of the Executor, an aged doddering Legal Eminence whom Mother regarded as a young man (he's 83) who has to be shown copies of every arrangement in writing in triplicate, and raises objections such as wanting the appraiser's--one of the appraisers'--curriculum vitae and credentials. Needless to say, appraiser is out of town and has to be tracked down by long-distance. In fact the whole thing is being conducted by long-distance; I was on the phone FOUR HOURS STRAIGHT Friday--pause for writing confirming letters in triplicate--then another TWO HOURS dealing with financial matters. Luckily Mother died well, in her own home, among her things, independent to the last, but it was a close thing financially. That costs \$30,000 a year, and has been going on. I figured that was what Father had accumulated the cash for, and she ran out just before her capital did. (Before Medicare it cost \$50,000 a year for two years just to care for Father, without the 'round-the-clock nursing Mother needed.) ...Yesterday was easy, only two hours on the phone, but this time with the secretary whose aim is to break me down by reading letters to me she has found going thru Mother's papers. I didn't let her know she succeeded. Also notifying Mother's old friends, who have to be told it all in excruciating detail; more break-down.... I now have two museums and two Historical Archives fighting over the spoils, all by long distance, plus innumerable friends going in to choose mementoes Mother left notes about, plus--Oh, Jeff, it's a lesson. NEVER be the last of a line, and never accumulate.

And I still haven't dealt with her personal effects, clothes, furniture, etc. (26 roomsful)--all of which bother the hell out of me. They lived in that place--Father built the building and they



took the whole top, and made the first roof-garden in Chicago--for 64 years. I was born in that fucking bed, the books (10,000) were my earliest companions, I know every chip on every chairleg and every ravel in every rug. And I have to go back and look before the movers roll in, because some of the fucking stuff is valuable.... So you can see my head feels like the Bulgarian Tank Corps is holding maneuvers in it.

If you use this, it'll help me by explaining why Tip'tree isn't writing anything any more for awhile...maybe it'll also be instructive to somebody. You should keep in the money part; people should know what it costs to die in their own beds at age 94. I intend to die alone on the VA wards, in case something overtakes me before I can get the trigger pulled. Leaving NOTHING.

Just as soon as the last essential paper is signed, I intend to take off--on the urgent advice of my doctor--for parts unreachable by mail. You know where. What is laughingly known as my other or real-life work can go screw it, I am not irreplaceable. I better not be.

If you have aging parents you will come to bless Medicare from the bottom of your heart. Jesus god, without it I shudder to think. And so will you.

Well, this is a weird letter.

Let me know how life goes with you, Jeff old friend. Best to Ann.

As ever, yrs

Tip

I wrote Tip that I was worried there might be more information in this than he meant to reveal. In particular, I thought the letter was a roadmap to a newspaper obituary. After sending my response off, and worrying over the problem awhile, I decided to look for the obituary myself. If I found it, no harm would be done; no-one--not even Tip--would have to know I'd looked, much less that I'd found. If I couldn't find it, it would be safe to publish the letter.

So I went down to the library, and the very first issue of the Chicago TRIBUNE I pulled off the rack contained a little piece in the obituary section entitled "Explorer's last right--no rites." There were a couple discrepancies with the letter (the article said she was 92, and had died in Billings Hospital), but there seemed no doubt to me that Mary Hastings Bradley was James Tiptree's mother.

The last line read, "She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Alice Hastings (Mrs. Huntington) Sheldon."

This left me very confused. Sheldon was Raccoona's name, and it never occurred to me that Tip and Raccoona were the same person--I corresponded with Raccoona, too. But if Raccoona was Mary Hastings Bradley's daughter, then why was Tip handling the affairs? And on and on. I could make sense out of no hypothesis.

So, despite my original intentions, I wrote Tip and told him what I had done, and what I had found, and expressed my total bewilderment. I asked him to either tell me the truth or to stop worrying about it. I could accept from Tip a reply of "Patience; all will be revealed in good time," but I couldn't just ignore it on my own.

So that's how I got my first letter from Alice Sheldon.

After revealing herself to me, Alli wrote some of Tip's other friends--some of whom keep secrets better than others. (This is the part of the story that I don't like, and I don't intend to go into it.)

So that's how James Tiptree's secret world died; and without it, could he survive?

Alli Sheldon invited Ann and me down to her home in Virginia. Her first invitation was awkwardly phrased; the way it came out of the typewriter, we were all going to sit around naked and feed cookies to raccoons. She later informed us she wasn't that kinky, but we said we'd go anyway.

She gave us directions to the gas station nearest her, from where we were supposed to call her so she could come out and lead us back through the maze of small roads to her place. When we called, she just told us she'd be coming in a stubby blue car. Several stubby blue cars later a woman got out of one, obviously looking for someone. But, we thought, this woman couldn't possibly be Alli!

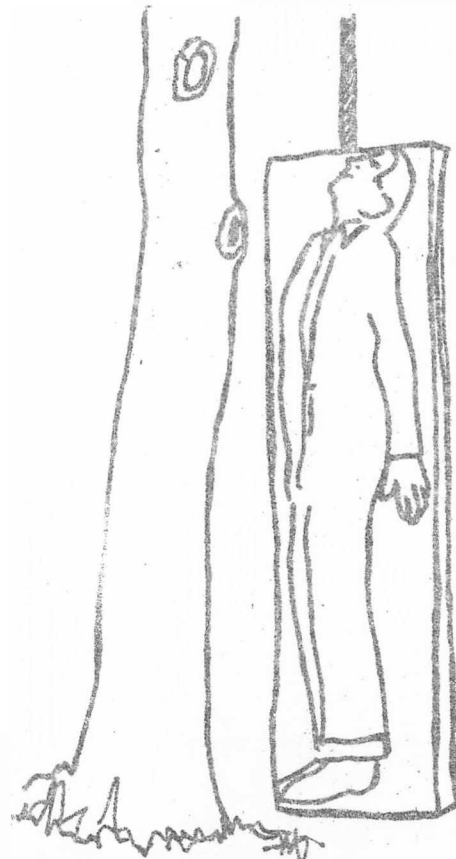
I didn't have any sort of firm mental image of her as an individual, so I suppose I was looking for the stereotypical 60-year-old woman writer--and not at all for the slim, vital, young-looking person that Alice Sheldon is. (I became acutely aware of my flabby belly.) After brief greetings, she hopped back in her car and sped off, getting halfway down the road before I got off the parking lot. But I managed to keep her in sight and wend on back to the house.

She and her husband (a charming, white-bearded man) live back in the woods near CIA headquarters. They cleared the land by hand, and left some trees standing to build the living room around, the truest indoor garden I've ever seen. (They got used to the snakes, lizards and insects that are always coming in via the drainage pipe.) The place seems to be all windows, which was great on the sunny day we were there, but must be less so during gloomy drizzles. It also gets very cold in the winter, which is one of the reasons Tiptree was always sending postcards from Mexico.

While we were there, she was Tiptree often, the raconteur telling stories with little or no provocation, the speculator running with ideas to logical, illogical and evocative conclusions. Sometimes (particularly when she and her husband clattered around the kitchen fixing dinner) she was Raccoons, the rather dotty retired schoolteacher supposedly in Wisconsin. These were unconscious--whenever she thought about who she was, she was Alice Sheldon, the one who doesn't write science fiction.

That's who she is most of the time these days.

Alli is pretty well retired now. She was a world traveller as a child (her mother wrote several travel books, one of which was entitled ALICE IN JUNGLELAND), a painter, art editor of the Chicago SUN, she was in the Army Air Force (where she worked variously as a designer of Christmas cards and in photointelligence), she





was a teacher, a research psychologist, and, eventually, an award-winning science fiction writer.

But, it was James Tiptree who was the science fiction writer, and his life could be over, a ten years' wonder.

Whether Alice Sheldon will be able to recreate him, only time will tell. In Tip's stories, his characters were always searching for home. And the searching was always easier than the finding.

# EVERYTHING BUT THE SIGNATURE IS ME

JAMES  
TIPTREE, JR.

How great. At last it's out.

Yeah. Alice Sheldon. Five ft 8, 62 years, remains of a good-looking girl vaguely visible, grins a lot in a depressed way, very active in spurts. Also, Raccoona.

I live in a kind of big wooden box in the woods like an adult play-pen, full of slightly mangy plants, fireplace, minimal old "modern teak" furniture strewn with papers, hobbies, unidentifiable and unfile-able objects; the tool-room opens off the bedroom, there are six doors to the outside, and it's colder than a brass monkey's brains in winter, except when the sun comes out and shoots through all the glassskylights. We've added on porches (which turned into libraries), other excrescences--as somebody said, all it needs is a windmill on top. Not so ridiculous now. Ting (short for Huntington, my VERY NICE more aged husband of thirty years who doesn't read what I write but is happy I'm having fun) used to raise thousands of orchids before he retired and started travelling; he gave them to the nation, i.e. the National Botanic Gardens, who wanted hybrids. So now in the middle of the living room sticks this big untended greenhouse I am supposed to be growing things in. What I'm growing is mealy-bugs--MUST get at it. We built the place very modestly in 1959, when it was all woods here. Now houses, sub-divisions, are creeping toward us. No more stags on the lawn--real ones. But lots of raccoons. Still private enough so you can sneak out and get the mail or slip a cookie to a raccoon in the buff if you want to.

If you'd asked me any time from age 3 to 26, I'd have told you "I'm a painter." (Note, not "artist"--painter. Snobbism there.) And I was. Oh my, did I draw, sketch, model, smear oils, build gesso, paint--paint--paint. (Age 3 I drew pictures of our bulldog, with lollipop legs.) I worked daily, whether I was supposed to be listening to lectures on Chateaubriand, whether my then-husband was shooting at me (he was a beautiful alcoholic poet), whether the

sheriff was carrying our furniture out, whether Father was having a heart-attack, whatever. And I wasn't too bad; I illustrated a couple of books in my early teens, I had a one-man show at 16, I exhibited in the All-American then at the Corcoran--and the painting, which used me as model, sold. Somewhere my naked form is hanging in a bedroom in North Carolina, if it hasn't been junked. I bought a shotgun, a Fox C-E double-barrel 12-gauge full choke, with the money. (Those were the three years when I was a crazy duck-hunter, before I shot one too many cripple and gave it up never to kill another living thing, bugs excluded.) I believe the Fox is now far more valuable than anything I ever did.

The trouble was, you see, I was just good enough to understand the difference between my talent and that rare thing, REAL ability. It was as though I had climbed the foothills high enough to see the snow-clad peaks beyond, which I could never scale. This doesn't stop some people; it did me. What's the use of adding to the world's scrap-heap? The reason people thought me innovative was that I was good enough to steal mannerisms and tricks they had never climbed high enough to study. But I knew where it was coming from.

And then came the dreadful steady unstoppable rise of Hitler--a great spreading black loin-chop on the map--and I found out something else. There are painters who go on painting when a million voices are screaming in terminal agonies. And there are those who feel they have to Do Something about it, however little.

So I came back to Chicago--I'd been living in San Angel, near Mexico City, mucking around on the fringes of the Diego Rivera/Orozco/Siqueres crowd, and took a job as the Chicago SUN's first art editor, while waiting for the Army to open female enlistments. (I wasn't one of the famous first group of female potential officers; for some reason it was important to me to go in as an ordinary G.I. with women officers.) Besides, I was having a great time discovering that Chicago was full of artists, who had to exhibit in NYC before they could sell to their Chicago neighbors. Chicago then had two art critics; one was a lethal, totally politicalized Marxist (female), and the other was an elderly gent who knew art had died with Cezanne, and whose feet hurt. So when people sent works to Chicago shows they didn't get reviewed--or it was worse when they did. Anyway, I rooted out about forty producing groups, started what was then a new thing, a New Yorker-type calendar, told people interesting things to look for in shows. (One Art Institute guard, coping with a host of people with my "guide" clipped out, demanding to know which was the East room, asked me, "Did you do this?" Nobody had asked him anything but "Where is the toilet?" for twenty years.)

But this was all waiting, while the paper shortage cut me from a page to a half and then to a quarter. And then the great day came, and I trotted down to US Army Recruitment Station Number 27 in three-inch heels and my little chartreuse crêpe-de-chine designer thing by Claire somebody, and my pale fox fur jacket, and found a drunken second lieutenant with his feet on the desk. And when I said I wished to enlist in the Army, he caught an imaginary fly and said, "Ah, hell, you don't want to go in that goddamn thing." And I said if it was all the same to him, I did. And so--but that's another, five-year-long, fairly hilarious story.

People tell me I've had an exciting or glamorous or whatnot life; it didn't feel like much but work and a few adventures. A few, ah oui.... All I write is really from life; even that crazy duck-shooting boy breaking the ice naked at 10° below zero on the Apache reservation was me, once ("Her Smcke Rose Up Forever").

As to science fiction: well, you see, I had all these uncles, who are no

relation at all, but merely stray or bereaved or otherwise unhappy bachelors whom my parents adopted in the course of their wanderings. (That sort of thing happened much more in the old, old days. The fact that Father was an intensely lovable man of bewildering varied capabilities, and that mother was a blazing-blue-eyed redhead of great literacy and gayety didn't hurt, of course; and in their odd way they were both secretly lonesome--having nothing but peculiar me for family.) This particular uncle was what used to be called a Boston Brahmin, dean of a major law-school, and author of a text on torts so densely horrible that I still meet lawyers who shudder at its name. In short, he was dignified and respectable to an extreme--on the surface, as it turned out.

The summer when I was 9 we were up in the woods of Wisconsin as usual, and Uncle Harry returned from an expedition to the metropolis of 1000 souls thirty miles away with his usual collection of the New York TIMES, THE KENYON REVIEW, etc. (There was a funny little bookshop-hole there that ordered things for you.) Out of his bundle slipped a 7 by 9 magazine with a wonderful cover depicting, if I recollect, a large green octopus removing a young lady's golden brassiere. We are stared. The title was WEIRD TALES.

"Ah," said Uncle Harry. "Oh. Oh yes. I, ah, I picked this up for the child."

"Uncle Harry," I said, my eyes bulging, "I am the child. May I have it, please?"

"Uh," said Uncle Harry. And, slowly, handed it over.

And so it all began. He would slip them to me and I would slip them back to him. Lovecraft--oh god. And more and more and more; we soon discovered AMAZING and WONDER STORIES and others that are long forgotten. We never discussed them; it was just Our Secret. But I'll tell you one thing: you haven't read fantasy or sf unless you have retired, with a single candle, to your lonely little cabin in the woods, far from the gaslights of the adult world; and set your candle-stub up in a brass basin and huddled under about sixteen quilts--the nights were cold and drafty, the candle-light jumped and guttered, shadows everywhere. And then, just as you get to where the nameless THING starts to emerge, the last shred of candle gutters out, leaving you in the dark forest. And a screech-owl, who has silently taken up position on the roof above, lets loose with a nerve-curdling shriek.

That's Tales of Wonder as they should be read, man.

Well, of course I was hooked, from then on, permanently. By the time World War II came along, I had about 1300 mags and paperbacks stacked in that cabin alone. (I gave them all to the county library, despite the sneers of the librarian, who doubtless used them for door-stops. Alas, alas; rubies, pearls, emeralds gone to the gravel crusher.)

With the war came a break, after which I started all over again (having discovered the magic of subscriptions). I now have about 40 running feet of them double-stacked, plus head-high shelves bulging in all bathrooms, plus miscellaneous deposits. In addition, there's another 40 feet of philosophy and politics and history, 60 feet of my old professional specialty (Experimental Psychology), 20 feet of math, astronomy and miscellaneous, 20 feet of fiction by dead authors and another 20 of same by live ones (horrible how quickly one seems to have to shift them), 20 feet of Women's Studies and related material, and 20 feet of mostly poetry. And SOMETHING has got to give. (Oh well, who needs DAS KAPITAL anyway?)



The painful part of starting like that is that you read, read, read--with-out, in most cases, noticing dull stuff like the author's name. Until I started to write it myself, of course; then names become acutely important. But I am still in the embarrassing position of not knowing who wrote some fantastic scene that is forever engraved on my liver. And then finding out, Oh my god, yes of course--he or she did that! (Worse yet, finding it out in his or her presence, whether in the flesh or in one of my Victorian correspondences.)



Now maybe this is the best place to lay to rest one last ghost--the business of the anonymity and the male pseudonym. First, the important part: **EVERYTHING I'VE EVER TOLD ANYONE IS TRUE**, with one exception. David Gerrold came looking for me and I told him he was on a different street. If he'd waited before ringing the bell he would have seen through the glass a solitary figure staring at a STAR TREK rerun in the dark, and I'm sure the jig would have been up. Other than that I have never told a lie or modulated my natural voice--I was very careful about pronouns, things like "child" instead of "boy," etc. etc. But it wasn't calculated. (I'm lousy at that.) All my letters have been just first draft typed as fast as I can go with my one finger. I can't help what people think sounds male or female.

You see, when I started, I was in rather a stuffy job atmosphere. A university. And I was something of a maverick; I kept having ideas that didn't jibe with the official academic outlook at my department. And when I started my own research it got worse. ("In this department we do feel rather strongly that recent PhDs do best when their work fits in with or amplifies some of the ongoing lines of research here.") Well, I wasn't about to fit in with or amplify anybody else's line; I had my own long-held desires, and I kept citing research nobody else had read, or had read and dismissed, and with great pain and struggle I set off on a totally independent tack, which had the ill grace, after four agonizing years, to pay off. (I still keep getting requests for it from obscure European universities, or behind the Iron Curtain.) With this background, the news that I was writing--as I said in that long-ago interview--science fiction would have destroyed my last shreds of respectability and relegated me to the freak department, possibly even to the freak-whose-grant-funds-should-be-stopped division; those familiar with older academe will get the picture. Anonymity seemed highly desirable. And besides, I had no idea the stuff would sell. So I just picked a name off a jar of marmalade, adding the "James" as one more bit of cover--and my husband threw in "Jr." for whimsy's sake. And then it all sold and I was stuck with it. What started as a prank dreamed its way into reality.

You have to realize, this never was run as a real clandestine operation with cut-outs and drops and santizing and so on. The only "assets" were one PO Box, a little luck, and the delicacy and decency of some people who decided not to pry.

When Jeff Smith wrote asking for that PHANTASMICOM Interview was the first time I was approached personally by anyone, and I told myself, Dammit, say no. But then this business of really loving the sf world and wanting to

say so welled up, and I thought I could kind of race over the bio bit without telling lies and start waving Hello. You'll note that I put in there about masks.... So that's how it all started.

Then, from about the second year, when things began to get serious, "James" started to feel more and more constrictive. It was as if there were things I wanted to write as me, or at least a woman. (I still don't know exactly what they are, that's the odd part.) Meanwhile Tiptree kept taking on a stronger and stronger life of his own; if I were superstitious I'd say Something was waiting for incarnation there in the Giant Foods import section... maybe I do anyway. This voice would speak up from behind my pancreas somewhere. He insisted on the nickname, he would not be "Jim." And as to "Uncle" Tip--maybe I'm a natural uncle. See, I have no family, nobody ever called me Sis or Mom or even Aunt Alice.

And his persona wasn't too constricting; I wrote as me. Maybe my peculiar upbringing--where values like Don't-be-a-coward and Achieve! and Fight-on-the-underdog's-side and Find-out-how-it-works were stamped in before they got to the You're-a-young-lady stuff (which was awful)--maybe this resulted in a large part of me being kind of generalized human being rather than specifically female. (I am very pro-woman, though; once when dabbling in NY politics I had the opportunity to personally thank one of the original Suffragettes, then a frail but vital 80, for the privilege of the vote. It was a beautiful moment.) But still I wanted to write as a woman. By this point it became obvious that killing Tiptree off, say by drowning him out on the reef here, wasn't going to be that simple. He--we--had all these friends, see. So all I did was rather feebly set up Raccogna Sheldon with a Wisconsin PO Box and bank, and I confess to giving her some of Tip's weaker tales to peddle. (Except for the one called "Your Faces, O My Sisters! Your Faces Filled of Light!" in the anthology AURORA by McIntyre and Anderson. Nobody much mentions that one, but I consider it as good as I can do.) Anyway, the upshot of all this was that where I lived I wasn't, and I didn't live where I was, and things were reaching some kind of crescendo of confusion. Frankly, I had no real plan. So I was really relieved as well as traumatized to have Mother's ghost do Tiptree in. But it left me with an extraordinary eerie empty feeling for awhile; maybe still does.

One problem caused by having a male pseudonym was that there was the desire to rush (by mail) up to many female writers and give them a straight sisterly hug. (And to some male writers, too; especially those I knew were feeling down. I guess I wrote some fairly peculiar letters here and there.) Another problem, that may seem trivial, wasn't to me; people kept saying how lifelike my female characters were, while all the time I was perishing to find out if the male characters were living!

Things like being hooted at in the Symposium really didn't bother me at all, because I doubtless would have done the same myself. And also I am used to being hooted at for unpopular ideas--the struggle I mentioned in the university was just one of a lifelong series. And then, too, I'm a feminist of a far earlier vintage, where we worked through a lot of the first stages all by our lonesomes. There are stages in all revolutions of consciousness where certain things are unsayable, because they sound too much like the enemy's line. Then after some years, when everybody is feeling more secure about unity on the facts and the wrongs, those "unsayable" things can be looked at objectively again, and new insight gained. I refer, of course, to my real interest in why people are mothers. (I just saw an article in PSYCHOLOGY TODAY that triumphantly claims that Fathers Do It Too--but turns out on reading the data that what they "do" is quite different. They play with baby; mother takes care of it.) There were, of course, a lot more things I felt like saying in the Symposium, but I thought that one was safe for Tip. As indeed it was--typical "male" nonsense.

I've been amazed at the warm, kind, friendly reaction I've been getting, even from the most unlikely people. I worried deeply about what had unwittingly become a major deception. I wrote at once to everyone I could think of who might feel I'd let them go out on a cracked limb. They couldn't have been nicer. If someone does feel griped, they haven't gotten it to me. The only problem seems to be that now I'm expected to produce something somehow grander, more insightful, more "real." Well, if I knew how, I would--the trouble is that Tip did all I could in that line. If there is something--other than "Sisters"--which is going to burst forth from my liberated gonads it hasn't peeped yet. In fact, I may be written out for awhile. With each story I dug deeper and deeper into more emotional stuff, and some of it started to hurt pretty bad. "Slow Music" reads like a musical fade-out or coda to Tiptree's group of work. And the story Judy-Lynn just bought is only an old idea finally written up.

Now, I've got one more thing to add to this terrible monolog. In a funny way, I found that as Tip I could be useful to my fellow female writers. There were times when Tiptree (male) queried anthology editors on why nothing from this or that female writer was being used. And as an old gent I may have been more helpful to sisters who were fighting depression than another woman could. They had to brace up and respond to my courtly compliments--Tip was quite a flirt--and they knew somebody quite different valued them. Whereas just another woman coming in with sympathy and admiration tends to dissolve in a mutual embrace of woe.

Now adieu. Outside the Caribbean is in roaring high tide, storms are chasing themselves overhead, the palm-trees lit up olive and white by great bursts of lightning. And the generator is, as usual, failing. May you never be the same.

## THE LUCKY ONES

Reprinted by permission;  
© 1946, 1974 The New  
Yorker Magazine, Inc.


ALICE  
BRADLEY

I went to Germany last year in late September, with several thousand other American soldiers, including my husband, a colonel, who moved in a higher sphere than mine. We all belonged to a big theatre headquarters which was transferred from France to form a permanent occupational command in the American Zone. Before we left France, I had just enough Wac points to go home and my husband had an astronomical total of points, but I was anxious to finish a report I had been working on for some time and he wanted to see his section through a reorganization crisis. So we elected to go to Germany for a short time. In view of our imminent return home, I was granted permission to live with him in a small senior officers' billet in the town we were moving to, along with five or six other colonels from the headquarters.

The prospect intimidated me, as I was a very recent captain, with a marked arm reflex to live colonels (I never did get used to my husband in full regalia). However, I was somewhat comforted when I learned that there would be



one other captain living there, as billeting officer. This was Captain Providence, a bouncing young man who spoke rapid-fire, emotional German, which his war assignments had given him plenty of opportunity to perfect. He turned out to be invaluable, because I was unable to wrench a German verb out of the infinitive, and my husband spoke a form of German good only for indicating desired services and making slow, stately comments on the scenery.



The headquarters town had been a solidly prosperous German spa. It contained what had been only third-class air objectives, but it had had the misfortune to receive one heavy going-over near the end of the war which had reduced about a third of it to ruins. The civilian casualties, however, had been relatively light.

On the afternoon the Colonel and I drove in from France, the last of the headquarters convoys were still rumbling into town. The German winter was moving in, too, with cold, continuous rain. It was a depressing scene. The wet streets were hung with mist and choked with rubble in many places. Low clouds slid through the blackened holes in the roofless shells of gutted buildings. Most of the homes could be described as substantial, but none of them could be called gracious. They were of a somehow monstrous cubic shape and loaded with ornaments--plaster eagles, lion gate posts, fake caryatids, and iron cupids relieving themselves in fountains. The undamaged houses exhaled an air of sullen sculleries and apoplectic parlors. The damaged ones were grotesque without being pathetic.

We passed a small park containing a battered statue of Bismarck, climbed the hill back of town where the officer's billet area was, and drew up at last in front of our house. It belonged to one Herr Doktor Groenecke, whose name plate was on the garden wall. The house was dun-colored, square, and high, and had two turrets.

At the top of the front steps were two doors side by side, one for the family and one for the servants. We entered through the family's door, which was open, and found ourselves in a cheerless vestibule lined with gray tile. From a bead-curtained archway on one side came damp-dishcloth smells and gemütlich laughter. We walked on into the dimness of a large, high-ceilinged living room, illuminated by a cold yellow light from overhead. I looked up, and involuntarily ducked from under a menacing chandelier as big as a summer-house and set with imitation candles. The furniture was ponderous and upholstered in green. On the walls I could make out several acres of oil paintings in heavy gilt frames.

Over in a corner of the room, a huge chair began to move. At first, I could not see what was behind it, then it turned and revealed a small girl, who was sitting on the floor and pushing with her back. She saw us, gasped, got up, tried to curtsy and almost fell over, and then grabbed a mop and pail and fled past us out of the room. She was blond, about the size of an American fourteen-year-old, with a curiously misshapen little figure. Her nose and cheeks were bright pink and her stockings were torn. As she passed me, I smelled perspiration.

We hallooed. Captain Providence rushed in, followed by a pallid little man with a face like an old jockey's. The latter, the Captain explained, was

the German houseman furnished by the Military Government. He took our bags eagerly and started with us upstairs to the two rooms we were to live in.

In the upper hallway, under a vast chitono of heroic ducks in a purple pond, a door stood open, and on each side of it crouched a small, dark-haired girl. They were polishing the big brass knobs and softly humming a song in unison. One was wearing a nondescript blue dress, the other a skirt and torn black sweater. When they saw us, the humming stopped and they bent their heads and polished faster. We continued past them into our quarters.

The other colonels were already in the house, and we joined them at dinner around a long table set with Dr. Groenecke's elaborate china. During the meal, Captain Providence briefed my husband and me on the servants, and his observations were later amplified by my own.

Fritz, the little man who had taken our bags, had been a sergeant in a German artillery unit that had spent two winters in Russia. Then there were Bubi, a beardless, blond table waiter, also lately of the Wehrmacht and once a steward on the Eycopas; a grim gardener, paid by Groenecke; a fat female cook, whose soups invariably had half an inch of grease on top; a tanned, sinuous pantry girl, who complained that our G.I.s were fresh; several unknown and smelly exiles who came in to wash dishes; and an old, thin-faced German woman, who did the laundry. She acted very sad and martyred, and talked in a sharp, obsequious whine, complaining to anyone who would listen that she had never done any menial work before and that she had had six servants herself. She did not mention that she had been quite cordial to the local Nazis.

Besides this constellation of the defeated, there were the three little girls my husband and I had seen. They were D.P.s--Displaced Persons--assigned by the Military Government to work in the house. Their names were Tilli, Hanni, and Sophie. They cleaned the whole house from top to bottom every day, in the old-fashioned manner--on their knees, with big brushes in their small, rough hands. They were from Poland, and only Hanni spoke German. Sophie, the little blonde we had seen downstairs, did not speak even ordinary Polish but a dialect known only to Tilli. They lived over our garage, in what had been a storeroom. The Germans went home every night, because they were not allowed to sleep in the area.

For the next few days, my husband and I were very busy at our respective jobs in the headquarters and were seldom at home. But we did catch occasional glimpses of the small D.P.s, trooping through the dark passageways with great stacks of bedding, swabbing down the stone steps, rolling up the vast carpets to make an island of furniture in the middle of a room while they cleaned the floors, or continuing the interminable polishing of the brassware--always humming a little Polish song. I asked Captain Providence to find out more about them. How old were they? Why were they in Germany? He gave me that I-hope-you're-not-going-to-cause-trouble look which women in the Army get to know well, but a few evenings later he came upstairs with a full account.

The oldest, Tilli, was twenty-two, the youngest nineteen. That was Sophie, who spoke only the dialect. The Germans had taken them away from their homes shortly after the fall of Poland. Tilli came from Lwow, Hanni from some town whose name I couldn't catch, and Sophie from the country south of Warsaw. Sophie had seen her mother and father killed in their garden when she was taken. Tilli's mother was Jewish; both her parents had been taken away and she had not heard of them since. Hanni's mother was a widow, and very old; she had not been molested when the Germans came, but Hanni had not heard from her for four years. The three had met for the first time when the M.G. assigned them to our house.

Where had the Germans taken them first?

Captain Providence looked uneasy, and I realized it was better not to press for an answer. In the case of Tilli and Hanni, it was fairly clear. They both looked very wise and experienced. But Sophie was something different. Looking at her face, one saw a peasant's child, out of the feudal darkness of the sixteenth century. She was no more equipped to meet life than an American child of six. I reflected that five years ago, when she had been taken, she had been fourteen. She must have been a pretty little thing.

Whatever had happened at first, the three had ended as unpaid laborers--as slaves, to be accurate. They had been sent to farms. I remembered seeing the German edict to the owners of foreign labor. It stated in its opening paragraph, "The Polish peasant is an animal." The instructions covered food, shelter, efficient utilization, and death, in the order named.

It was evident that all of our three had been fed less than the great German horses or the fat swine. I suppose they spent the winters in some cold loft or hay barn. That was the instruction--like animals.

Were they getting enough to eat now, I asked. Captain Providence intimated that there had been a little trouble but that it had been vigorously put to rights. Was it necessary that they work so hard? There was, it seemed, no way of stopping them; the work was easy, they insisted, compared to what they had become used to, and they were happy in the warm house. I started looking for spare skirts and sweaters.

The next weeks passed quickly. The Colonel and I were always about to leave and always busier than ever. Our replacements did not arrive. The winter closed down with forty-five consecutive days of solid fog that dripped ice. Coal was short, and the M.G. turned the electricity off all day except at mealtimes. We worked by candlelight. Outside the headquarters, the Germans dug sporadically in the rubble for firewood.

At five o'clock on a pouring black afternoon, there came a scratching on my bedroom door. I called to whoever it was to come in. It was Sophie--but scarcely recognizable. Her face was gray, her eyes and nose swollen, her pale, silky hair hanging in strings. She was wearing a skirt which I had given her a few weeks before. It had been a pretty good fit then, but now it so tight in the waist that she couldn't fasten it.

"Madame!" she whispered. "Madame!" It was a wail, a tiny, hopeless wail. Suddenly, she seized my hand, pressed it to her lips, and went down in a heap on her knees. I got her into a chair and gave her a handkerchief. She was shaking all over, her eyes streaming tears, the soot from her nose running in the tears down her face. I put an arm around her pinched shoulders.

"Madame--Hilf! Hilf, Madame!"

I understood the "Help!"--she must have asked Tilli for the word--but all I could do was hold her and stroke her hair.

Suddenly, she sat up straight, and I saw her lips silently moving, as though she were practicing a speech. Then she spoke again. "Madame, make baby kaput. I die." Suddenly, she realized that she was sitting in a masters' chair and went down on her knees again. But she had spoken. The murmured "kaput" from the child's face had been quite awful.

I held her and said over and over, "Hilf, ja, Sophie, ja," and when she



was shaking only a little, I called Tilli and the two of us got her to bed over the garage.

When Captain Providence came in, we held a trilingual conference around Sophie's bed. The facts were simple. Sophie was five months pregnant by an American soldier. It didn't seem possible we hadn't noticed, but her thin little body was always bent and all three girls were fat in the middle from sudden food. The soldier had gone away almost at once, saying he would come back for her. His name, he had told her, was Smith. Sophie had been sick for several days before coming to see me, and the day before had gone to see the German doctor whom the M.G. had assigned to care for sick D.P.s. This doctor had asked her if the father of the child was a German, and when she had said it was an American, he had sent her out of the office, telling her he could not treat Americans. She had become sicker. She had not eaten for three days.

We did what we could for her that night, and next morning the Sunday churchgoers stared glumly at Captain Providence as he tore around town in a jeep inquiring where a D.P. could have a baby. (He became a celebrity when the joke of "his" D.P. baby went the rounds.) The Army infirmary sent him to the M.G. headquarters, and they sent him to the German town major, who gave him the addresses of the local doctors, and he flew from one to the next, looking for a kind gynecologist. By ten o'clock he had found one, and also a German civilian hospital that satisfied him.

Captain Providence drove Sophie and me to the hospital, with her dingy little possessions tied up in a towel. She drew herself straight and became very still when we came to the big, red, high-school-Gothic building. The lower windows were boarded up, because the glass had been shattered by a bomb. It was very gloomy inside. I felt dubious at first, when I saw the doctor's pince-nez and striped trousers, but when he looked at Sophie, his lower lip went out and his mouth drew down into a tired professional compassion which reassured me. (It should be noted that this man afterward refused any payment.)

After the doctor examined Sophie, he told Captain Providence that the baby was dead. There was no heartbeat. He would try to get Sophie's fever down and then see if he could force labor, to avoid operating. He would keep us informed. We left Sophie tucked into a large bed in a turret room. She had a nurse---a nun with quiet brown eyes, who by a miracle spoke some Polish words that Sophie seemed to know.

For the next three weeks, I kept track of Sophie through Captain Providence's reports. First, she was in labor--that went on for fifty hours. Then the baby was born, and it was dead. Sophie was very sick. Then Sophie was improving. Tilli and Hanni, and even Leni, the pantry siren, went to see her at the hospital every afternoon.

Sophie returned home the day of the first snowfall. There was snow on her hair when she came into my room, quivering like a little dog. She melted and kissed my hands, pouring out unintelligible words. She was radiant.

Christmas was coming. The Germans of the household became very full of the spirit of the season and put up paper streamers in the kitchen. The three D.P.s rose to the occasion in their quiet way. They twined lamps and vases and various ornaments throughout the house with evergreen and little red berries, knotted with tinsel. Every day a new object had its green wreath.

The Colonel and I were determined to get together some sort of presents for the three. By squeezing our clothing ration cards and combing our wardrobes, we collected shoes, galoshes, wool and rayon stockings, a sweater,

coats, battle jackets, and a Wac dress. There wasn't enough of anything to go around evenly, so the Colonel devised a lottery. All the things were to be laid out, and the girls were to write down choices and draw lots. I heard of it with misgivings, but it was a lovely system.

Christmas afternoon, we spread everything out on the floor and Captain Providence summoned the D.P.s. They came in looking expectant but frightened to death. They huddled by the door, in front of the articles on the floor, and when it was explained that these were presents for them, Hanni started to cry, Tilli turned fiery red and seemed to get brighter every second, and Sophie just stood like a little Polish madonna, breathing through her mouth in holy misery. It was obvious that there would be no writing down of choices.

So we simply distributed the stuff to them in rotation, and it went all wrong. Tilli got the only two raincoats and Hanni all the stockings, but they immediately began, with whisperings and pettings, to redistribute the things among them. When the last piece was allotted, we were suddenly in a shower of hand-kissing and curtsies, and Hanni kissed Captain Providence on the cheek. Then they bolted.

Life went back to normal. The evergreen wreaths shed their needles and vanished, and the brass polishing was resumed. Our work was drawing to a close, and replacements started to arrive. Two of our original colonel residents had been replaced, and Captain Providence was packing. It continued to be a miserable winter, cold and raw. And in the coldest week there arose the question of the Polish girls' quitting our household and going to a camp.

It seemed that, technically, all D.P.s were supposed to live in the D.P. camp, and a round-up was in progress. The colonels were grave. Too much responsibility had already been assumed by Captain Providence, it was generally felt, although my husband had spread a majestic wing over the Sophie affair. D.P.s were generally recognized as a questionable quantity, and a rumor had arisen that men were visiting our garage. Get rid of the D.P.s was the prevailing mood.

Captain Providence and I tried to tell the girls, but at the first mention of the camp they turned white. I had never realized what the word "camp" could mean. We tried to reason with them. We explained that we were leaving, and that after we left, they would surely have to go there, and that if they went now, while we were able to stand behind them, as it were, it would be better than going when we had gone--but it was no use. They got whiter and stiller, and then Sophie started to choke with smothered, terrific sobs. We gave up, but higher authority let the girls slip through its clutches for the time being. They stayed in their heatless nook over our garage.

Shortly before we finally left, Sophie came to me.

"Madame," she said, smiling beatifically, "Hanni haff baby!"

It wasn't so bad this time. Hanni was going to have a baby, all right, and it was an American baby, but the American came through. He was at a nearby station, and he declared that he loved Hanni and wanted to marry her. I saw a letter he sent her, addressed simply "For Hanni," and brought by a friend. It enclosed forms for her to sign. The Colonel and I and Captain Providence breathed again.

My husband and I left suddenly and completely, in the Army manner. There remained no connection between us and the three D.P.s. We realized that we

didn't even know their last names. We felt that with luck Hanni had been taken care of but that probably Tilli and Sophie had in the end gone to camp, although we had done what we could to commend them to the incoming officers. Or that, possibly, being so small, they had been overlooked and left to continue their scrubbing and polishing. We never knew.

But this much is certain, that last winter those three had shelter and food and, after a fashion, clothes. Someone knew them. They were not let die --not then, at any rate. Perhaps they are still alive and have a raincoat or a sweater to wear. Perhaps they are being fed, or are able to exchange a coat for food.

Those simple things were not true of all D.P.s in Germany in 1945, despite all efforts official and unofficial. They may be even less true this winter. These were the lucky ones.

10 Dec 76: "The Lucky Ones" was written at a time when our treatment of the DPs--the hordes of miserable people wrenched from their homelands by the Nazis--was a Cause, you know, like Help the Biafrans--only it was a USA problem, what we were doing or not doing. (They cut out the part about the girls having been used as 10-year-old "service facilities" for the German troops.) I didn't write it because I thought I was a writer, but to try to tell people what "DP" really meant. Jesus, it was awful. And one could do so little. We ended by forcibly shipping loads of them back to the Soviets, who promptly shot them...after extracting all possible work. (Because they had been contaminated by seeing the free world, namely us, see.)

# TIPTREE / SHELDON BIBLIOGRAPHY

## JEFF SMITH

### FICTION:

TEN THOUSAND LIGHT-YEARS FROM HOME (Ace 1973) Introduction by Harry Harrison; And I Awoke and Found Me Here on the Cold Hill's Side; The Snows Are Melted, the Snows Are Gone; The Peacefulness of Vivyan; Mamma Come Home; Help; Painwise; Faithful to Thee, Terra, in Our Fashion; The Man Doors Said Hell To; The Man Who Walked Home; Forever to a Hudson Bay Blanket; I'll Be Waiting for You When the Swimming Pool Is Empty; I'm Too Big But I Love to Play; Birth of a Salesman; Mother in the Sky with Diamonds; Beam Us Home

WARM WORLDS AND OTHERWISE (Ballantine 1975) Introduction: Who Is Tiptree, What Is He? by Robert Silverberg; All the Kinds of Yes; The Milk of Paradise; And I Have Come Upon This Place by Lost Ways; The Last Flight of Dr. Ain; Amberjack; Through a Lass Darkly; The Girl Who Was Plugged In; The Night-blooming Saurian; The Women Men Don't See; Fault; Love Is the Plan the Plan Is Death; On the Last Afternoon

STAR SONGS OF AN OLD PRIMATE (Ballantine/Del Rey 1978) Introduction by Ursula K. Le Guin; Your Haploid Heart; And So On, and So On; Her Smoke Rose Up



Forever; A Momentary Taste of Being; Houston, Houston, Do You Read?; The Psychologist Who Wouldn't Do Awful Things to Cats; She Waits for All Men Born

UP THE WALLS OF THE WORLD (Putnam/Berkley 1978) novel

All the Kinds of Yes --- NEW DIMENSIONS II edited by Robert Silverberg (under the title "Filomena & Greg & Rikki-Tikki & Barlow & the Alien") (Doubleday 1972) (WWAO)  
Amberjack --- GENERATION edited by David Gerrold (Dell 1972) (WWAO)  
And I Awoke and Found Me Here on the Cold Hill's Side --- F&SF 3/72 (TTLTFH)  
And I Have Come Upon This Place by Lost Ways --- NOVA 2 edited by Harry Harrison (Walker 1972) (WWAO)  
And Shoooby Dooby Dooby --- see "And So On, and So On"  
And So On, and So On --- PHANTASMICOM 6 (under the title "And Shhoby Dooby Dooby") 6/71 (SSOAOP)  
Angel Pix --- IF 8/74 (by Raccoona Sheldon)  
Beam Us Home --- GALAXY 4/69 (TTLTFH)  
Beaver Tears --- GALAXY 5/76 (by Raccoona Sheldon)  
Birth of a Salesman --- ANALOG 3/68 (TTLTFH)  
A Day Like Any Other --- FOUNDATION 3 3/73  
Faithful to Thee, Terra, in Our Fashion --- GALAXY 1/69 (under the title "Parimutuel Planet") (TTLTFH)  
Fault --- FANTASTIC 8/68 (WWAO)  
Filomena & Greg & Rikki-Tikki & Barlow \* the Alien --- see "All the Kinds of Yes"  
Forever to a Hudson Bay Blanket --- FANTASTIC 8/72 (TTLTFH)  
The Girl Who Was Plugged In --- NEW DIMENSIONS 3 edited by Robert Silverberg (Signet 1974, Science Fiction Book Club 1973) (WWAO)  
Happiness Is a Warm Spaceship --- IF 11/69)  
Help --- IF 10/68 (under the title "Pupa Knows Best") (TTLTFH)  
Her Smoke Rose Up Forever --- FINAL STAGE edited by Edward L. Ferman and Barry N. Malabar (Charterhouse 1974) (SSOAOP)  
Houston, Houston, Do You Read? --- AURORA: BEYOND EQUALITY edited by Susan Janice Anderson and Vonda N. McIntyre (Fawcett 1976) (SSOAOP)  
I'll Be Waiting for You When the Swimming Pool Is Empty --- PROTOSTARS edited by David Gerrold (Ballantine 1971) (TTLTFH)  
I'm Too Big But I Love to Play --- AMAZING 3/70 (TTLTFH)  
The Last Flight of Dr. Ain --- GALAXY 3/69 (WWAO)  
Last Night and Every Night --- WORLDS OF FANTASY 2 1970  
Love Is the Plan the Plan Is Death --- THE ALIEN CONDITION edited by Stephen Goldin (Ballantine 1973) (WWAO)  
Mamma Come Home IF 6/68 (under the title "The Mother Ship") (TTLTFH)  
The Man Doors Said Hello To --- WORLDS OF FANTASY Winter/70 (TTLTFH)  
The Man Who Walked Home --- AMAZING 5/72 (TTLTFH)  
Meet Me at Infinity --- ERIDANI TRIAD III 1972  
The Milk of Paradise --- AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS edited by Harlan Ellison (Doubleday 1972) (WWAO)  
A Momentary Taste of Being --- THE NEW ATLANTIS edited by Robert Silverberg (Hawthorn 1977) (SSOAOP)  
Mother in the Sky with Diamonds --- GALAXY 3/71 (TTLTFH)  
The Mother Ship --- see "Mamma Come Home"  
The Night-Blooming Saurian --- IF 5/70 (WWAO)  
On the Last Afternoon --- AMAZING 11/72 (WWAO)  
Painwise --- F&SF 2/72 (TTLTFH)  
Parimutuel Planet --- see "Faithful to Thee, Terra, in Our Fashion"  
The Peacefulness of Vivyan --- AMAZING 7/71 (TTLTFH)  
Press Until the Bleeding Stops --- KHATRU 1 2/75 (by Raccoona Sheldon)  
The Psychologist Who Wouldn't Do Awful Things to Rats --- NEW DIMENSIONS 6 edited by Robert Silverberg (Harper & Row 1976) (SSOAOP)

Pupa Knows Best -- see "Help"  
The Screwfly Solution -- ANALOG 6/77 (by Raccoona Sheldon)  
She Waits for All Men Born -- FUTURE POWER edited by Jack Dann and Gardner R. Dozois (Random House 1975) (SSOAOP)  
Slow Music -- XL edited by Ursula K. Le Guin and Virginia Kidd (Grosset & Dunlap, forthcoming)  
The Snows Are Melted, the Snows Are Gone -- VENTURE 11/69 (TTLYFH)  
The Star-Death of Margaret Omali -- HEAVY METAL 5/77 (a chapter of UTWOTW)  
Through a Lass Darkly -- GENERATION edited by David Gerrold (Dell 1972) (WWAO)  
Time-Sharing Angel -- F&SF 10/77  
We Who Stole the Dream -- STELLAR 4 (?) edited by Judy-Lynn del Rey (Del Rey forthcoming)  
The Women Men Don't See -- F&SF 12/73 (WWAO)  
Your Faces, O My Sisters! Your Faces Filled of Light! -- AURORA: BEYOND EQUALITY edited by Susan Janice Anderson and Vonda N. McIntyre (Fawcett 1976) (by Raccoona Sheldon)  
Your Haploid Heart -- ANALOG 9/69 (SSOAOP)

NON-FICTION:

If You Can't Laugh at It, What Good Is It? (James Tiptree, Jr., interviewed by Jeffrey D. Smith) -- PHANTASMICOM 6, 6/71  
The 20-Mile Zone (a column)  
Travelog--In the Canadian Rockies; I Saw Him; Spitting Teeth, Our Hero--  
-- PHANTASMICOM 8, 12/71  
Do You Like It Twice? -- PHANTASMICOM 9, 2/72  
Mexico on 5 and 10 Haircuts a Day; The Voice from the Baggie; Maya Maloob  
-- KYEEN 3, 9/72  
untitled letter -- KYEEN 4, 7/73  
untitled letter -- KYEEN 9, 9/74  
untitled letters -- KHATRU 6, 4/77  
Going Gently Down -- PHANTASMICOM 11, 5/74  
Looking Inside Squirmy Authors -- KHATRU 1, 2/75  
With Tiptree Through the Great Sex Muddle -- KHATRU 3&4, 11/75 -- this is an essay written for "Women in Science Fiction: a symposium" edited by Jeffrey D. Smith, which also contains three letters by Tiptree  
How to Have an Absolutely Hilarious Heart Attack -- KHATRU 5, 4/76  
Everything but the Signature Is Me -- KHATRU 7, 2/78  
review of Ursula K. Le Guin's THE LATHE OF HEAVEN -- UNIVERSE SF REVIEW 5, 9-10/75  
afterword to "The Milk of Paradise" -- AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS edited by Earlan Ellison (Doubleday 1972)  
introduction to "The Last Flight of Dr. Ain" -- SF: AUTHOR'S CHOICE 4 edited by Harry Harrison (putnam 1974)  
afterword to "Her Smoke Rose Up Forever" -- FINAL STAGE edited by Edward L. Ferman and Barry N. Malzberg (Charterhouse 1974)  
The Lucky Ones -- THE NEW YORKER 11/16/46 (by Alice Bradley)  
letters in ALGOL, THE ALIEN CRITIC, DYLANOID PERILO, FOUNDATION, GORHETT, OUTWORLDS, PHANTASMICOM, SFWA FORUM, YANDRO, others



# FROM THE MOMENT I REACHED OUT TO HOLD

May and June 1976 were months of Heavy Occurrences. I got married three times (in three different states), survived a murder attempt, moved to the barbaric lands of southeast Alabama, started a major cross-country business trip—and met Yes.

There was lots to think about, in those two months....

Why I got the opportunity to do the latter is easy enough to explain. I rigged it. For over a year I'd been freelance hacking for CELEBRITY magazine, one of the imitators of PEOPLE, using the link to make money by meeting neat people. Getting paid to eat dinner at Carl Sagan's house, for example, is such a surfeit of fortune that you expect the Gods to exact a nasty revenge. So it finally came around that I convinced my editor that a piece on Yes would be good, a few phone calls to people at Atlantic and Premier Talent set things up, and we discovered that my best shot was Huntsville, where they played the Von Braun Civic Center on the first Sunday in June.

I was there early, five-hour drive or no. I waited in the Hilton's lobby, which is three stories tall and sundrenched, feeling an odd mix of nervous anticipation and smug pleasure as I watched the tour personnel start to arrive. Gear was wheeled in, and wheeled out, YES stickers on everything. I recognized a few roadies from tourbook photos. A group of young women passed by carrying plexi-glass bowls of salad and health foods.

The band was scheduled to arrive later on a separate plane. It was just past one when they got in. It was quite a spectacle.

an interview with  
JON ANDERSON  
of



FREE



Steve Howe was first, carrying two guitars in heavy traveling cases. He was dressed for the heat: sunglasses, shorts, a t-shirt a size too small, and slightly silly-looking black shoes and socks. Alan White was next, and except for the fact that his jersey fit and his shoes were track-style, there was nothing to distinguish these two from any tourist wandering the place.

Not so the rest. Chris Squire glided by, tall and lanky and outfitted from toe to neck in a white suit that was so elaborately "casual" it almost



RICK WAKEMAN    JON ANDERSON    ALAN WHITE    STEVE HOWE    CHRIS SQUIRE

hurt to look at him. Jon Anderson came in almost demurely, nodding to people and greeting them in French, wearing white cotton pants and a purple Indian-print shirt. There was a formality to his walk, as though he were an officer on review. And then there was Moraz.

Who gets a paragraph all his own. He wore ridiculously small, tight denim shorts, high-heeled clogs, a glaring orange Jamaican-style shirt knotted at the chest so that it really covered only a little of his back. Rings on all his fingers. Over his shoulder a leather bag that was 98% fringe. And as he walked in he nonchalantly nudged a golfball ahead of him with idle swings of a putter.

Now that's an entrance. He was a tourist, too, but he looked like he had been bodily transplanted from the Riviera. Not only that, but he had pretty good legs.



(S(This seems a fairly useless explanation: Yesfans already know it, and non-Yesfans are skipping this interview. But just in case: Rick Wakeman had been Yes's keyboardist since 1971/72, but quit the band in 1974. Patrick Moraz replaced him, but he and the rest of the band had a parting of the ways late in 1976. His replacement was...Rick Wakeman.)S)

I made my contact with Alex Scott, the group's road manager, while the band settled into their rooms and descended on the organic munchies. Poor Alex looked exhausted, but calmly listened as I explained myself and took the copy of KHATRU 5 I had brought with me, thinking the band (to say nothing of Jeff Smith) might appreciate it. He said he'd get Jon down to see me as soon as possible.

I managed a handshake with Steve Howe and a short talk with Patrick, who was pleased that I liked his shoulderbag. In answer to my question about the way he ended the i album, he said, "I wanted it abrupt, because it was the end of the dream." He also told me that none of his film scores had ever been released on record in Europe, a great disappointment to me.

More time passed, and at last Jon came down. He was tired, too, and between that (he had to regularly clear his throat) and the noise in the lobby, our first attempt to get an interview going was a fiasco. Only the quiet of a room would do, so we repaired upstairs. This is when I discovered that all that serious music had only shown a side of the man. That afternoon I met Jon Anderson, the clown. At his room's door he struggled with the key for a time and then gave up, looked closely at it, and said, "No, that's from Memphis." Pocket-rummaging produced another key, but he didn't even try it. "No. Last night's."

"Be right back, he added, and bounded--literally bounded--down the hall. Thirty seconds later he came back around the corner, dragging a bewildered black maid by the wrist and doing a fair imitation of Groucho Marx's walk.

Once inside the room he showed off a few things before we started the tape rolling. There was the cover artwork for OLLAS OF SUNHILLOW (which hadn't been released yet, and since his tape player had stopped functioning I couldn't hear the cassette he had with him) and a mini-easel that was set up on the room's table. Every morning on this tour he had been relaxing by doing watercolors of whatever was outside his window. The final kick was when I noticed a copy of ORIGINS OF MARVEL SUPER-HEROES in his suitcase. ("I used to be real big into Marvel.") Ironic, because CELEBRITY and Marvel are sister outfits.

Anybody who bounds down hallways I'm at home with. There wasn't much time, so we got started. Here it is.

FREFF: FRAGILE was the first album of yours I ever heard, but I was too young for it. It just didn't strike home. Then someone in Kansas forced me to listen to CLOSE TO THE EDGE over headphones and the thing just nailed me to the floor. I've been a fanatic since. How the hell did you start? How did you get into the music game?

JON: A long time ago, about fourteen years ago, I started in a band and generally just got into the idea of being in a band. It was fun, it was something to be involved in. The heroes of the time were the Beatles so it was always a question of being able to sing like the Beatles. Top Twenty, you know.

FREFF: You just sang, then?

JON: I just sang for about four or five years. I toured England, went to Germany, and various things like that. Got very involved in traveling around, not caring so much as to what I was doing, more as to mustering the most experience one could at that time. The group I was with for five years I decided to leave because I started to realize about that time it takes more than luck to be a good band. You've got to work, and you've got to rehearse and practice. At the time the guys in the band, except for a couple of them, were not very interested in developing. We were a good band--actually I think we were a very good band--but I didn't think we were good enough to go to London. So I left and came back to London about six months later, having gone through my changes. I started to look around for a band to work with, any band really, just to work. Then I met up with Chris at a bar because I was working there and had some friends there, and they helped to get the band together financially. Because in them days it only took about a thousand dollars to get a band on the road, whereas these days it takes about ten or twenty thousand dollars before a band can even set foot anywhere. So a thousand dollars got us on the road and basically we were a well-rehearsed band, and that's how Yes started, really.

FREFF: That seems like a long time ago. You've gone through some pretty violent personnel changes since then.

JON: Yeah, well, it's a kind of very intense situation, all around. I'm not one to rest on laurels.

FREFF: In America they'd call you a workaholic.

JON: Yes, probably. "Energy is eternal delight," as William Blake said.

FREFF: How are you following up the electronic aspect now? When Wakeman joined you the boom started, and the gear the show is carrying is pretty incredible.

JON: At the moment we are kind of...monsterized. We are traveling around with a kind of big, physically demanding monster, in terms of staging and equipment. I think we are seeing it as a kind of omen for later experiences. Speaking of electronics and music: our ears are accustomed to certain sounds and vibrations of sounds, and electronics have been with us for such a short period of time in lifespan that it's still in its birth state. Embryonic. The sounds that are possible via electronics become more and more exciting, more and more...plausible, and more and more acceptable to a lot more people. Electronic music has always been sort of a hidden, avant-garde expression, and only in the last twenty years has it become strong in terms of rock and roll, and stronger in terms of future music. Because electronic music is only just beginning.

FREFF: How do you handle that kind of choice?

JON: It's a response to being involved. If you want to be involved in anything then you are in control.

FREFF: You never feel overwhelmed by the sheer amount of possible choices?

JON: Not really. I can listen to other music and be overwhelmed by that, yeah, but not by what I'm myself involved in because--well, if I were overwhelmed by it I wouldn't be doing it. You are a receptacle for whatever is going to happen, and if it's a sound you like, and you

touch on it and like it and work on it, then that is you as a person at that point of time. That is your ear.

((a phone call interrupts))

Where were we?

FREFF: The hardware; the electronics you are working with in the show.

JON: It's very exciting to us to be able to get down to putting a show together. I've always enjoyed the idea of theatre, of fantasy, so that's where we are heading, what I am moving towards.

FREFF: A tangent. You've all gone off to do solo albums and are now playing together again on tour. What is it like now? Different than before?

JON: Well, we realize a lot more of why we are a band, and what a band can do. This is why it's a good situation. I think that if ever there's a time that we decide to split for awhile I'm sure we'd get back together again. I don't foresee any kind of big breakup for the band because we've shown that we can go away and then come back. At the moment we are going through a kind of trial situation where we are on tour without a new album. We've got this idea of a new album....

FREFF: And what is it going to be like?

JON: Well, it's going to be a very open, kind of exciting album. We all have a very strong feeling towards it. But because we have set our situation to come on the road this summer, to reintroduce ourselves to ourselves, and ourselves to the audience, via Yes music, we are playing older Yes music and getting off on it. I think it's the culmination of a lot of work over the last few years.

FREFF: Last summer I caught two shows, and there was an incredible difference between them. Both good--but the approach varied. Patrick seemed a greater spark than Rick had been.

JON: Patrick is for the band, and that's important. It's when everybody together forms a circle--((makes a ring with his two hands))--that's why they call them bands.

FREFF: What are some of the ideas you are planning for the next album?

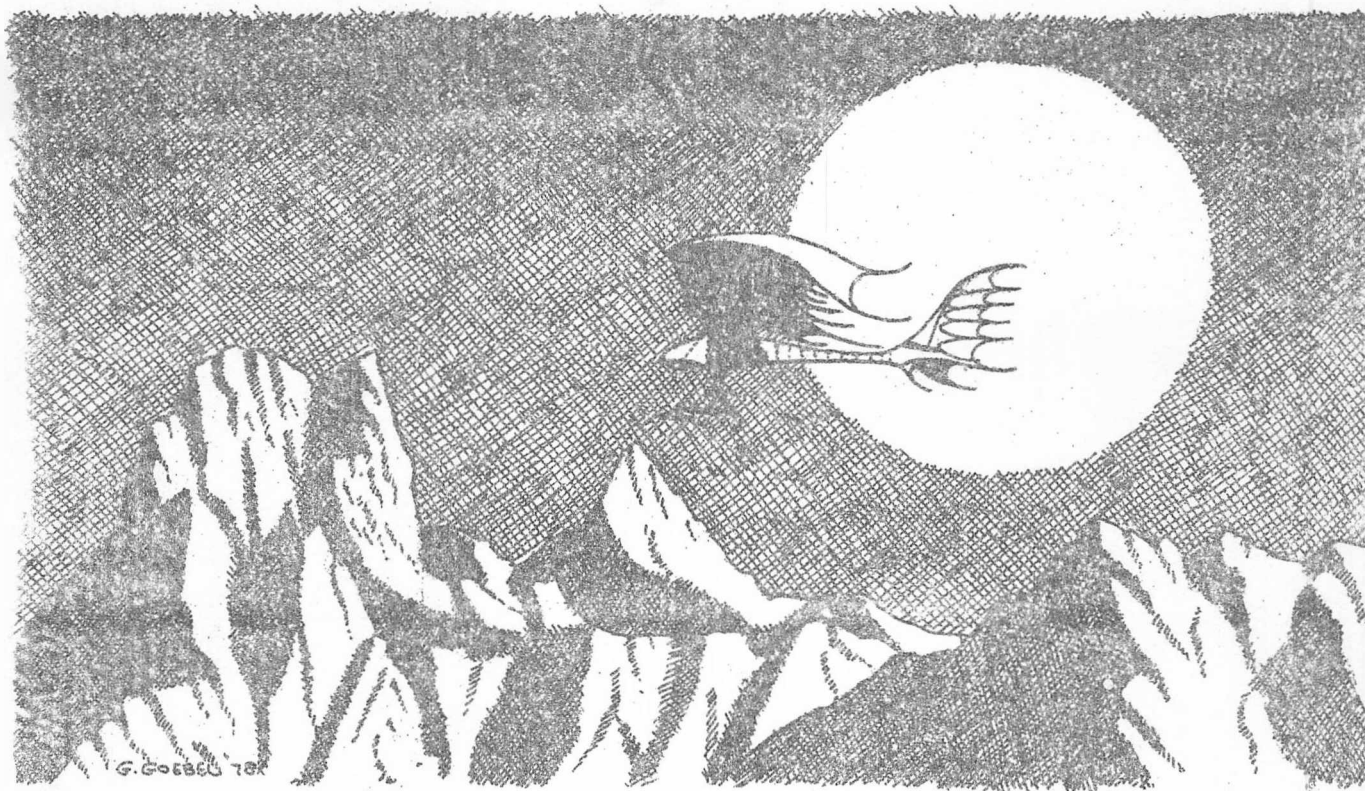
JON: Well, we're very excited about some of the new instruments that have come along. Patrick's polymoog, I'm playing harp...

FREFF: Celtic harp?

JON: Yeah. I'm playing it on stage tonight, just for a couple minutes. You'll see it.

FREFF: That's going to surprise the audience, like when Chris started doing a harmonica break in "And You and I."

JON: Chris has always played harmonica, and he enjoys that sort of thing.... Then there is Steve with his synthesizer and Alan is getting very involved in electronic percussion. Again, it is a new expression. There is a certain amount of thing, and feel, and tightness you can get with a percussion player playing a wider range of sound than with just a drumkit. It's very exciting to be able to open up a new sound. Stepping stones.



FREFF: Are you familiar with Harry Partch's music?

JON: Yeah.

FREFF: There is a striking example of tonal percussion.

JON: Harry Partch is one of the kind of very strong instigators of what Yes is developing into. Of course he didn't have too much melody; he relied on extremities of sound and position in his various marimbas and such. Which I would love to have...

FREFF: Like the marimba eroica?

JON: Oh, yeah,... ((real lust in his voice)) We've got a few glass domes like his cloud-chamber bowls, and such.

FREFF: There is talk that the Smithsonian is going to build exact duplicates of his instruments, for permanant collection.

JON: I don't see why not. I mean, he didn't do anything wrong. In a lot of people's eyes he did...but nobody does wrong in music. It's just that there are these people who decide that certain ways are the only right ways there are.

FREFF: How about other influences? There are parts of RELAYER that sound an awful lot like Indonesian gamelan music. Do you absorb influences like that?

JON: On a very lightweight scale. I'm not musically oriented to study. I'll listen, and enjoy, and be excited.... I was surprised a while back; I was getting my bamboo flute together in this shop, a Chinese instrument shop--you can buy various bells and gongs there--and I saw this record. It had some koto playing and a strange bass kind of



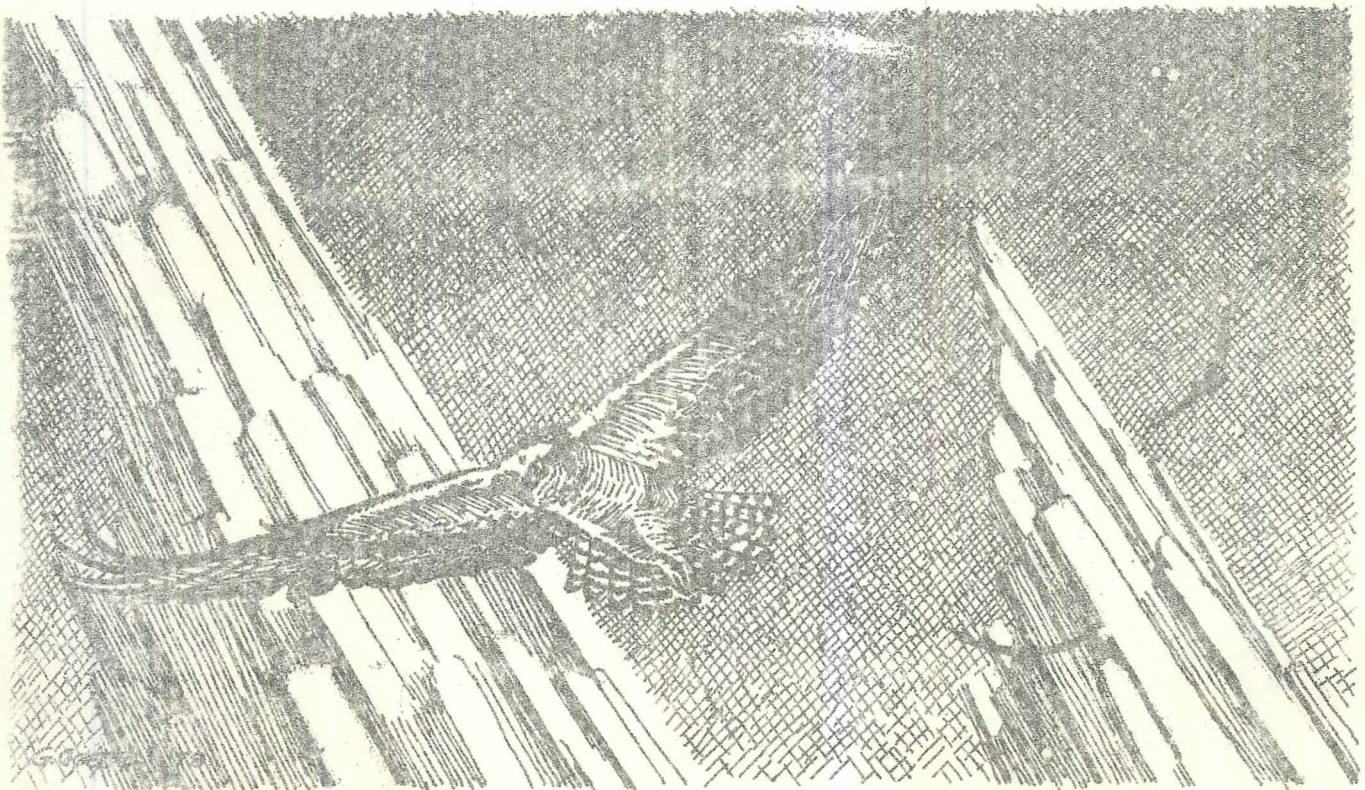
Chinese string instrument, and it was obviously very well-presented music, but it was also very blues-oriented. I mean, you read well-known critics or writers of modern music saying there is so much difference between Chinese, Indian and western musics, but basically there isn't.

PREFE: Except on the obvious tonal surface. I know what you mean about the surprise: I heard a samisen trio once that sounded like they were picking bluegrass, but it was actually Japanese classical.

JON: It's these people who create a slight frustration that musicians always have. The musicians want to reach out and touch as many people as possible...and then they can be stopped by these people who don't listen.

PREFE: Certainly Yes has always had problems with the established critics.

JON: We have had our fair share of battles. I suppose I probably always will have, because although I have a regard for some critics, when you see garbage written about music that has really been worked on...it would be better if that guy hadn't written at all, rather than write nonsense. If he wants to write nonsense he should go to a nonsense paper. There should be a little more concern for the artist. Say a young guy wants to make music: he goes into a studio and gets a lot of money given to him to make an album, and makes one that isn't quite acceptable. Maybe to about 20,000 people it would be, but because it isn't a hit million-seller people call it garbage. Do you know what I mean? And then that guy might say, "Oh, I'll go and become a mechanic then," because he hasn't been given that bit of help or guidance. They are not knowledgable people, most critics, so I suppose I've always had this internal want to reprimand.



FREFF: I feel the same about art critics, book critics, movie critics....

JON: It's the same game.

FREFF: You collect instruments?

JON: I'm playing a lot of instruments these days, and anything which comes along and takes my fancy I will get and try to learn. I'm playing koto now, not too difficult to play once you learn how to get it in tune--actually I should say not too difficult to play because I'm not playing anything too difficult. And I'm learning the bamboo flute. It's good for your breathing. It took me a year to be able to play a flute. And finally I picked one up one day and it made a sound and I was stunned.

((We start passing flutes and recorders and such back and forth, doing little runs. At this point I couldn't make a flute play--something I've learned since, in exactly the same way as Jon--and in the middle of it all Alan White came in: "I was attracted by the flute." We talk instruments and instrument collecting and KHATRU 5, which apparently everyone has looked at and even liked. Gratifying.))

FREFF: There are lots of miscellaneous questions I wanted to get into. Small ones. For example, it has been reported that you all made films recently?

JON: Well, not quite. Everyone did make short movies to promote their albums, worldwide, just little ten-minute things. But I've always been very interested in movies and I know I am going to make some--but when I'll get the time, that's another thing.

FREFF: How about that incomprehensible chant at the end of "To Be Over"?

JON: It's just sounds.

FREFF: Not words?

JON: It isn't words. It was never meant to be any kind of mysterious thing. I did want a sound, like a lot of people doing a little song, but I didn't want any words. It goes "New som du lay sah du rah sah du lay tu sah rah, du sah du lay, sah du rah, tey tu santah." It can be interpreted anyway you want. Have you got an interpretation?

FREFF: Well, not really. Using a graphic equalizer to try and pull it out the best I could get was a batch of sounds that might have been "someday, someone..."

JON: Really?

FREFF: It was very annoying. A conundrum.

JON: It was never meant to be. I think I wrote it down, didn't I?

FREFF: Nope.

JON: That's where it went wrong. I should have done that. It was very simple, really, but instead of going lalala I went du sah du ray, etc. I didn't really want to write any more lyrics at that point.

FREFF: RELAYER had certainly the sparsest set of lyrics yet.



JON: I would think that the lyrical content was strong.

FREFF: "Sound Chaser" is particularly so.

JON: That's basically talking about the band and music, and what the band is up to.

FREFF: The critics slagged your lyrics, as usual.

JON: I don't know. I haven't read any reviews on it.

FREFF: They were quite intelligent--ha! ROLLING STONE even typeset them incorrectly, to make them seem even more confused than the reviewer claimed. In the same review department he said something to the effect that there was more musical invention on 10 CC's THE ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK than on any dozen Yes albums.

JON: Well, that's because he likes 10 CC.

FREFF: Certainly, but 10 CC is just a rock version of Broadway show music, not any kind of real invention.

JON: That critic's argument is like saying cheddar cheese is better than lancaster cheese, or California grapes are better than Mexican grapes. They are all grapes, a grape is a grape. Music is music. His opinion doesn't bother me because I know a lot of people enjoy and get off on the band.

FREFF: You wouldn't pack relatively obscure arenas like this one in Huntsville if that weren't so. But getting back to your lyrics--they are unconventional. No "moon/spoon/June" stuff.

JON: That's basically because I never felt myself to be a good poet. It has taken me a long time to accept that, and now I can write moon, June...loon...and I've written a few little songs that way. I've got an idea I'm going to do, a children's fantasy, maybe a ten-to-fifteen minute song, and I'm going to use that very-eay-to-latch-onto kind of lyric. When you have been brought up with such good lyric songs--and I've always admired Rodgers and Hammerstein, Lerner and Loewe, Hoagy Carmichael, all those characters who had a really strong talent for melodic writing with words--I felt I wasn't very good at it, and I would leave it alone and venture off on another way of expressing what I was thinking. It started to come out on THE YES ALBUM, but it became very strong on TOPOGRAPHIC OCEANS. I found a certain way of writing that just came out. I didn't pre-organize any of my writing; I never have. I just wrote what came at that point.

FREFF: Did the writing come before the music?

JON: Generally the music first, with the writing of the lyrics afterward, or sometimes at the same time. I never sit down and think "I'm going to mesmerize them with this one." I just write what comes. If it's "Cause its time is time in time with your time and his news is captured for the Queen to use," well, that's what came out at that point in time.

FREFF: Whether it makes literal sense or not, it sounds delightful.

JON: Yeah. Good rhythms, good tempo. And obviously in this sort of thing you have to go through a lot of self-development before you can actu-

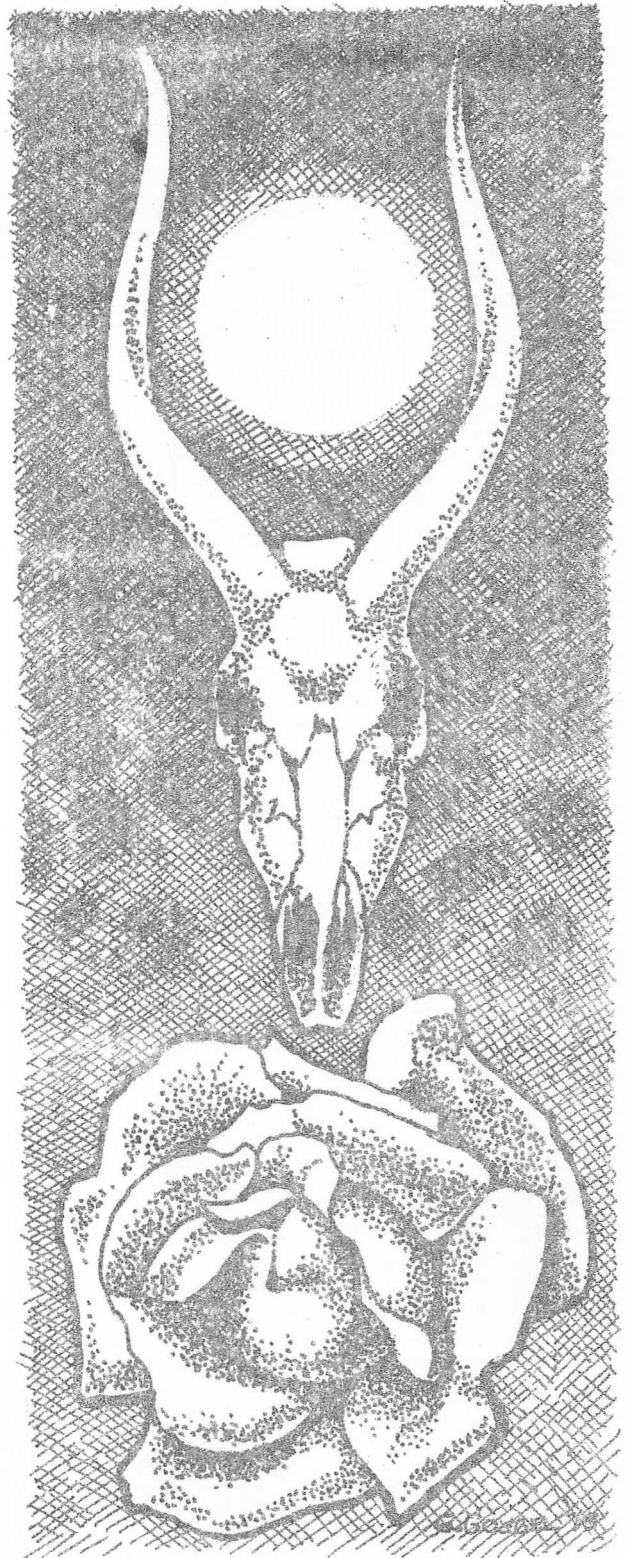
ally state...umm..."the fist will run/grasp metal to gun." And so on. To me the want to say something strong came at that moment. I started to write about what I felt about the heaviness of the future of war, and the past of war, and it became "The Gates of Delerium."

FREFF: That's a very visual piece of music. A very vivid cavalry charge you composed.

JON: Yeah, a cavalry charge and the rise of the victors at the end.

FREFF: That music swaggers so much it is painful. When I hear it I feel uncomfortable.

JON: A lot of people didn't like that. Of late I've found a lot of people who have said it was a very violent album, and I was pleased because that's what I was trying to get out. The subject matter isn't light. Having not been involved in war and probably not being involved in war, ever--this time, anyway--it's my son, our sons, that'll be involved in these things. They'll come and go and come and go. That's your light and shade. I wanted to express something that vivid. I put on records by this guy named Ilhan Mimaroglu, who is extremely heavy. In this case "Wings of the Delerious Demon" --hence "Gates of Delerium." It instilled in me some kind of heavy, revolutionary feeling. Mimaroglu's music is extraordinary to the ear. It is different. It hasn't been heard before and won't be heard again and is very enlightening, I feel. It filled me with this want to express something on record and on stage. "Gates" is a very good stage number. If we could actually put on a mock battle in visuals at the same time...I would like to try it. I would like to frighten an audience. Not to frighten them for that alone, but for the





theatrical part of it. You can go to a good play or film and be frightened, but there just isn't much music like that. One of the most frightening musical experiences I used to go through was Holst's "Mars," because Holst always seemed to capture the incredible thrusting of Mars, the bringer of wars. It really scared the hell out of me.

FREFF: What inspired "Roundabout"? There are some very science-fictional things about it, particularly in connection with the Roger Dean paintings for YESSONGS.

JON: "Roundabout" was and is a song about coming to play for people. We were travelling through Scotland at the time, and we were writing the song, me and Steve, thinking about the amount of time that we play and our days spent totally around the people coming to see the show. It was a way of expressing that we were here, the music was here. The roundabout is us: a sort of central pivot for an idea. You can look around us, in one sense. We play outwards, in another.

FREFF: But what about the line "Mountains come out of the sky and they stand there"? Roger Dean painted that, very literally; did it come after the line, which must have had another inspiration entirely?

JON: When you travel through Scotland from one city to another you are actually besieged by these monstrous hills, mountains really, and because they come out from clouds there doesn't seem to be an end to them.

FREFF: How about the reports of arguments during recording? I understand that when Rick Wakeman ((first)) joined you he was convinced the band was about to fall apart.

JON: Every band has its own way of being together. That Yes's way. If the term "argument" is the right term...it's energy, excitement, expression. It won't come out in other ways, it comes out in a blurt. It's a statement, and if that statement is shouted it isn't through lack of love or respect but because of the want. If the band is intense as musicians then the statements are going to be stronger and be said stronger. What you go through when you work with someone is that you love them; by the time that divorce was happening--when Rick was leaving--it was horrible. Horrendous. And the press loved it.

FREFF: Of course.

JON: But we didn't know what to do. We were lost, a little bit frightened, but we still felt we were doing the right thing by staying a group. Then if a person wants to leave, he is becoming "not part of the group."

FREFF: RELAYER almost got released as a four-man, right?

JON: Yes, but when we got back together as a band it needed to be five because we needed a keyboard player. Patrick wanted in and we wanted him. It became a band again. That whole thing about Rick is sort of an old, old story. The last time I saw Rick we were great friends, really. We see each other as much as we did when he was in the band, which wasn't a great deal when we weren't touring. When we are working together, that's when we are a group. But it was a strange experience to go through, just to change.

\*\*\*\*\*

There wasn't time for more, dammit. He had to go off to the sound check.

We wandered over together, Jon playing with his bamboo flute as if it were a swagger stick. Some Yesfans who recognized him stopped us and asked for some photos. Jon graciously consented. Who they thought I might be, I don't know, or how they explained me when they showed their pictures of Jon to friends. But I kind of wish I could have a print or three.

It was a memorable day.

((Postscript: I got back to Enterprise about six AM, nearly twenty-five hours after I had left, to discover a message. Jon had called me, wanting to clarify a few points and make a request. It seems he really liked the picture I had done for KHATRU's "Relayer" column. Could he have the original?

((By all means.))

---

#### YES ALBUMS

##### YES (1969)

Jon Anderson (lead vocals), Peter Banks (guitar, backing vocals), Bill Bruford (drums, vibes), Tony Kaye (organ, piano), Chris Squire (bass, backing vocals)

##### TIME AND A WORD (1970)

same line-up; engineered by Eddie Offord

##### THE YES ALBUM (1971)

Steve Howe replaces Peter Banks; Tony Kaye reluctantly adds electronic keyboards; Yes and Eddie Offord now co-producers; "Your Move" first hit

##### FRAGILE (1972)

Rick Wakeman replaces Tony Kaye; first Roger Dean cover; "Roundabout"

##### CLOSE TO THE EDGE (1972)

##### Rick Wakeman: THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII (1973)

first solo album by any Yes member; with Bruford, Howe, Squire and White

##### YESSONGS (1973)

three-record live recording; Bruford on two cuts, Alan White on eight

##### TALES FROM TOPOGRAPHIC OCEANS (1973)

two-record studio set, disliked by Wakeman

##### Rick Wakeman: JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH (1974)

successful enough commercially (if not artistically) for him to quit Yes

##### YESTERDAYS (compiled 1974, release delayed until 1975)

two cuts from YES, four from TIME AND A WORD, one left off T&AW, Paul Simon's "America" recorded between FRAGILE and CLOSE TO THE EDGE

##### RELAYER (1974)

Patrick Moraz joins as Wakeman's replacement

##### Steve Howe: BEGINNINGS (1975)

with Bruford, Moraz and White; last Yes album for both Offord and Dean

##### Chris Squire: FISH OUT OF WATER (1975)

with Bruford and Moraz

##### Alan White: RAMSHACKLED (1976)

Anderson and Howe on one cut

##### Patrick Moraz: ♪ (1976)

##### Jon Anderson: OLIVAS OF SUNHILLOW (1976)

totally solo: Anderson sings all voices and plays all instruments

##### GOING FOR THE ONE (1977)

Rick Wakeman now replaces Patrick Moraz

##### RICK WAKEMAN'S CRIMINAL RECORD (1977)

with Squire and White



JEFF FRANE;  
EARTHWORKS

As all good reviewers should, I've got a Theory, and as all good theories should have a Title, I whipped up one of those, henceforth to be known as Frane's Theory of Subjective Rationalization. Like all good titles should (and so rarely do), this one neatly sums up the content. Anytime that anyone—critic, reviewer, or casual reader—sits down and begins to get involved in a book, there is an initial, subjective reaction. That reaction may carry through to the end of the book, or it may change as the author tells the story. The initial reaction is quite simply, "I like this book," or "I don't like this book," in varying degrees ("I like this book a lot" or "It's okay, but..."). From this point (and this is what distinguishes the three types of readers enumerated above), the objectivity begins to enter into the perceptions. It is at this point that the reviewer has to determine what there is about the book that he or she liked; what worked and what didn't; what parts grated. Are there obvious holes in the story's logic? Has the author sacrificed characterization for plot, or vice versa? How does the author's perception of the Universe or human society fit into the reviewer's (and this is something that is becoming more and more important to readers, writers and critics; it is also something that some people deny is of any real importance)?

There are a number of ways that reviewers and critics attempt to deny the existence of this subjectivity. Many of them like to claim that they are judging books on a totally objective level, on the basis of "pure" literary values. What they fail to see in themselves is the ability to rationalize what they feel; the reviewer with a leftist bent is probably going to do some scrambling to prove that the authoritarian book just read is poorly written rather than getting into an outfront attack on the author's politics.

Some reviewers adopt the silent majority approach. Perpetrators of this can be quickly detected by their use of "the reader" rather than "I". "The reader finds himself at a loss to understand what is going on" rather than the admission that "I couldn't make heads or tails of this." This is designed partly, of course, to relieve the reviewer from the stigma of being dense. (Anyone who then reads the book in question and understands it perfectly is going to know that the reviewer is not only dense but likewise afraid to cop to it.) The excuse given for this sort of writing is the old, objective-journalism line beaten into the heads of high school students.

I think it's extremely important for reviewers to acknowledge their prejudices, to explain to their audience what their tastes in fiction are. That allows the audience to determine whether they're getting a Del Rey or a Russ, a Darrell Schweitzer or a Debbie Notkin. And remember, that audience

includes not only potential readers, but the authors of the books in question; it's equally important to them to know whether or not they can discount the criticism aimed at their work. This honesty is something I'm going to attempt to achieve here. Judge me by the extent to which I succeed.

There are some books that I dislike reviewing (and for that matter, reading) because I don't feel they merit the expenditure of time and effort. Sometimes, however, they need to be reviewed, if only because they're going to be receiving the sort of media hype that will succeed in foisting them off on an unsuspecting public. Such a book is LUCIFER'S HAMMER (Playboy Press, \$10.00) by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle, a novel that is destined to be one of those things that people will point to when telling you how much they love "sci-fi."

LUCIFER'S HAMMER succeeds admirably at presenting everything that is bad about science fiction. It's our old friend the end-of-the-world story and nothing new has been added. It's definitely an sf disaster novel, following in the gargantuan footsteps of stories about droughts, floods, plagues, cracks in the Earth's crust, and collisions with heavenly bodies. (The British used to crank out these things with amazing regularity.) There's a formula to writing this sort of book and Niven & Pournelle have gotten it down pat. They spend time building up the suspense, describing the approach of an enormous comet and the slow realization on the part of the world that it is going to smash into the planet. The stage is set by introducing a wide range of characters, all of whom can be described by their labels: Senator, Senator's beautiful daughter, handsome astronaut, dangerous black punk, intrepid reporter, whining bitch, religious fanatic, etc. (This stems from the "Lifeboat" approach--lots of stirred-up emotions.) Sooner or later, all these characters are going to be drawn together somehow, their lives intertwined. This is an approach that can be done masterfully, and enrich the tale of tragedy. (An early example, Leiber's THE WANDERER, springs to mind; it worked there, but Leiber went on to add a further dimension--and a sense of wonder--to this story that is definitely lacking here.) Unfortunately, it is a technique (like the plot itself) that has been done to death, and neither Niven nor Pournelle possesses the stylistic abilities to pull it off.

The next, predictable stage of the novel is the disaster itself. The comet strikes the Earth and blasts everyone back to the Stone Age. But wait! The forces of Order still exist, in the guise of clean-cut politicians and scientists (American, of course; the Russians and Chinese have conveniently killed each other off) who will struggle against Chaos to bring us all safely back into the Nuclear Age. Not surprisingly, the authors take the opportunity to support the techno-paradise viewpoint, glorifying nuclear power and ridiculing the idea that freon gas could destroy the ozone layer (a left-handed shot, totally unrelated to the storyline). Much of what they have to say about the benefits of American technology is valid, but an awful lot is highly debatable.

It is during the final portion of the book--the post-disaster section--that one of the most insidious of science fiction conventions is repeated. Disaster novels are curiously Utopian, almost as though the authors believed things would be better if the slate was wiped clean. In novels like these, the male characters are allowed the opportunity to indulge in all sorts of macho caveman games. Women are reduced to their "proper" role in life: "The only good thing about Hammerfall, women's lib was dead milliseconds after Hammerstrike..." (p. 341). Although women make up the majority of the world's population, they always end up in scarce supply, and as booty, in post-disaster times. This allows the remaining men the opportunity to compete for and protect them. I'm reminded here of Brownmiller's theories on rape and prehistoric role-development.



Post-disaster stories invariably reaffirm the author's basic faith in the evil nature of humankind. While other writers have painted a black picture of the "inevitable" petty dictatorships that crop up, Niven and Pournelle provide a rationale for authoritarianism: the need to protect the remnants of civilization from a marauding pack of religious fanatics that not only seeks to destroy a nuclear power plant, but eats human flesh besides.

And finally, like almost all disaster novels, the development of the new society is cut short by the authors. I suspect that the cause is a lack of imagination, but the result is that we are never given any insight into the long-term changes that will result from the slate-cleaning. We are left with the impression that Mankind Will Prevail!, but there is no real indication of how the new society will survive, whether it will rise out of the new feudalism, whether it will adapt to the drastic changes in weather patterns, none of the real human problems that arise.

The three books that make up the Chronicles of Thomas Covenant: Unbeliever (LORD FOUL'S RANE, THE ILLEARTH WAR, THE POWER THAT PRESERVES, Holt Rinehart Winston, \$10 each; SFBC) are a good source of contrast. While no new fantasy novel of this century is going to be free of comparisons to (or the influence of) Tolkien's work, Stephen Donaldson's secondary world is definitely his own. He has succeeded where few others have done so, in melding the novel of character with the tale of adventure. The adventure does not serve as a vehicle for the characterization, but instead each is an integral part of the other.

Donaldson's work is no more a true trilogy than Tolkien's was; it is one novel published in three volumes, with suitable leads in and out of each to create the illusion of a trilogy. (Trilogies being something of a marketing necessity nowadays; only Le Guin's Earthsea books really meet the definition.) But it is a true novel in the way that few books of science fiction or fantasy are; all the classic elements of plot and character development are here.

Covenant is a leper, ostracized in our world. He is drawn into The Land, where he is greeted as the savior. His wedding ring of white gold is viewed as the talisman that will protect The Land from Lord Foul, the Despiser. Unlike the average fantasy hero, Covenant is unable to accept the reality of the world he has been drawn into, and Donaldson manages to maintain that ambiguity throughout the book. As much as I wanted Covenant to realize that "this is real, you dummy; these people love you and rely on you," I respected Donaldson's unwillingness to sacrifice the realism he established with his protagonist.

I suspect that it may be difficult for some people, particularly feminists, to get far into this book. Shortly after he arrives in The Land, Covenant rapes a young woman who has befriended him. It is not until much, much later that he realizes what he has done--the enormity of his crime. It becomes, at that point, nearly the final straw in his load of guilt. But it is important to realize how much this act reveals of his character. As Donaldson makes clear, Covenant's leprosy has become an integral part of his life. Because of it, he has had to shelter himself from all painful contacts, both emotional and physical. The Land (and the young woman), with its enormous health and physical demands, is like a slap in his face. His response is immediate, resentful and violent.

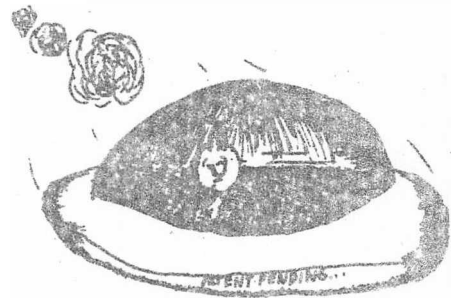
I don't want to scare any potential readers off by implying that this is some brooding, depressing novel of "Realism." The Land is a marvelously rich secondary world, and for the most part Donaldson's language is sufficient to the task of picturing it. The rhadhamaerl have an enormous power over stone, shaping it as a potter does clay, using it for light and cooking, wielding it

as a weapon. The lillianrill possess the same skill with wood. And there are wizards, cave wights, the Floodguard, giants, and elves. And more, much more. The Land is beautifully portrayed, and serves as a fine counterpoint to Covenant's bitterness.

If there is any failure here, it is that some of the most vivid tales happen offstage. All too often, the central characters are told of some great task, adventure or battle, rather than actually participating in them. This failing seems to be a product of the story's emphasis on the character of Thomas Covenant; these incidents happen to others, and the concentration on his point of view subsequently limits the field of action. Alternatively, as in the passage through the forest of Morinmoss, the forces that menace Covenant and those around him are unfulfilled. There seems to be some significance to the fact that the forest marks Covenant's clothing, but we never learn what it might be. And the passage itself is quickly achieved; the threat is apparently imaginary.

Most of the time, Donaldson writes in a colorful, poetic style. Only rarely does he ruin a particularly successful figure of speech by repetition, or slip into clichés like "ichor." He should, however, eschew his songs in the future, and if his characters really "grind their teeth" as much as he describes they're all going to be gumming their alianta before long.

This is apparently Donaldson's first book. If he can continue to write with this quality, and indeed improve, he will be a major writer in the field. I, for one, am green with envy.



If I may be allowed to change stride here, I would like to wax enthusiastic about a few recent art titles. I've had a long love affair going with the work of Edd Cartier, probably the best artist the sf field produced during the so-called "Golden Age." For entirely too long, his work has been almost completely ignored. Now Gerry de la Ree has published EDD CARTIER: THE KNOWN AND THE UNKNOWN (de la Ree, 7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River NJ 07458, \$15.00), a beautifully printed volume that reproduces some of the artist's best work. Drawn mostly for the pages of ASTOUNDING and UNKNOWN, these illustrations reveal the incredible technical skill and humor that make Cartier so endearing. He is most successful, I think, at creating bizarre little aliens and creatures of fantasy. Cartier created the quintessential gnome. His style is marked by being impeccably clean, and his ability to delineate shape simply by varying the thickness of a line is a marvel. While no one could have produced a book that contained all my favorites (I particularly missed the Hokus), de la Ree and editor Dean Cartier have assembled a wonderful book.

Like Cartier, Brian Froud is most successful when creating creatures of fantasy, and injects the same sort of wit into his grotesqueries. THE LAND OF FROUD (Peacock Press, \$7.95) is one of the new volumes of art edited by David Larkin. It contains 46 color plates of Froud's work, a collection of wonder. Unlike Cartier, Froud makes little use of white space, preferring to fill the scene with his subtle tones and fine detail. His work is, in some ways, reminiscent of that of Rackham and Dulac, and draws heavily on Celtic legend

and storybook tales. It is, quite simply, beautiful.

Equally beautiful and totally different is the work of Nancy Ekholm Burkert, whose work has also been collected by Larkin (THE ART OF NANCY EKHOLM BURKERT, Peacock Press, \$7.95). She is, I think, the finest illustrator working in the field of children's books today. I only regret that I do not possess the vocabulary to adequately describe the qualities that make her work so successful. Clearly influenced by the masters of classical art, she brings to the fine art of illustration an eye for detail and realism that is astounding. (For example, in her Snow White and the Seven Dwarves, the dwarves are not just little people—they are dwarves.) It is this realism that makes her fantastic visions so effective. Listen, don't take my word for it. Trot down to the nearest bookstore and pick up a copy, thumb through it—and buy it.

#### BRIEFLY NOTED:

Pohl, Frederik, GATEWAY (St. Martin's, \$7.95)—Probably Pohl's best book, this one may get him the Nebula for best novel two years in a row. I did a longer review of this for Delap's F&SF Review, part of which was excerpted by Pohl in an article in GALAXY. (Delap's may even get around to printing it some day.) One of the best books of the year.

Leiber, Fritz, OUR LADY OF DARKNESS (Putnam, \$7.95)—I'm a hard-core Leiber fan, but found this less accessible than most of his books. It's worth reading, though, particularly in conjunction with his other stories about urban supernatura (e.g. "Smoke Ghost").

McCaffrey, Anne, DRAGONSINGER (Atheneum, \$7.95)—The weakest of the Pern books. Menolly is just too sweet for words, and nothing bad ever seems to happen to her. All of the other little girls are, of course, jealous of her and petty as hell. Borrow someone's paperback when that comes out.

Wilhelm, Kate, FAULT LINES (Harper & Row, \$8.95)—Unquestionably Wilhelm's best work, and no, it's not sf. A rich novel of character, extremely moving and elegantly crafted. Wilhelm succeeds in putting me into the head of an old woman to a degree that I wouldn't have believed possible. You must read this book.

Strugatsky, Arkady & Boris, ROADSIDE PICNIC/TALE OF THE TROIKA (Macmillan, \$8.95)—For those of you who couldn't get into HARD TO BE A GOD, this may be the solution. A beautifully clear and readable translation. Even Del Rey liked the first short novel, although he made it clear that the second (a hilarious farce) went over his head. I reviewed this for Delap's also, and they might print this one too. Outstanding.

Strugatsky, Arkady & Boris, PRISONERS OF POWER (Macmillan, \$8.95)—Essentially good technique, but it's not a rouser of a story. While ROADSIDE PICNIC sparkles and engages, this one slogs along. Worth reading, but probably only to the persistent.

Hoyle, Fred & Geoffrey, THE INCANDESCENT ONES (Harper & Row, \$7.95)—if the expression "stinks on ice" didn't already exist, I'd have to invent it to describe this one. Avoid it as you would the plague.

Wilhelm, Kate (ed.) CLARION SF (Berkley, \$1.25)—a very good collection of new writers, and I'm pleased to report that it's been picked up for another year at least. A vast improvement over earlier Clarion anthologies. Keep an eye out for more stories by Pat Hodgell and Kathleen Sidney.

Bryant, Ed (ed.) TRICENTENNIAL (Pyramid, \$1.95)--Pick this one up if you can find it, if only for Vonda McIntyre's "Aztecs;" it's worth the price.

McCaffrey, Anne, GET OFF THE UNICORN (Del Rey, \$1.75)--The only interesting thing about this one is the way the title was screwed up by the publishers: it's supposed to be "Get of the Unicorn," but apparently the typesetter's grasp of English is slim. Not worth the money.

Gunn, James, KAMPUS (\_\_\_\_\_, \$1.75)--I threw my copy away and can't remember the publisher. Totally without redeeming value of any kind.

Herbert, Frank, THE DOSADI EXPERIMENT (Putnam, \$8.95)--If you liked CHILDREN OF DUNE, you'll love this one. I didn't.

Farmer, Phillip Jose, THE DARK DESIGN (Putnam, \$9.95)--I was afraid Farmer had lost whatever writing ability he once possessed. This confirms it. Not up to the first two Riverworld books by a mile. Lots of self-confession. Phooie.

Tolkien, J.R.R., THE SILMARILLION (Houghton Mifflin, \$10.00)--I dunno, I loved it, but it surely is different from LOTR. A lot of people are going to be disappointed, I think, mainly because they don't understand the oral tradition.

Wolfe, Gene, THE DEVIL IN A FOREST (Ace, \$1.50)--A lot of people, including the publisher, are calling this a fantasy. If it is, I don't see it, but it's a nice book. Quiet.

Preiss, Byron (ed.) WEIRD HEROES, VOLUME EIGHT (Jove, \$1.75)--I loved the two Kamus stories by J. Michael Reaves, and the Bova story wasn't bad. Moorcock's is a stinker reprinted from the early 60's, and Farmer's is typically derivative.

GARDNER DOZOIS:  
BEST SF APOCRYPHA

(S(This piece, which rather obviously I was supposed to have printed last year --and would have, really, had I been publishing at the time--is a section of Gardner's introduction to his BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF THE YEAR anthology, cut from the volume for space reasons. It isn't long, but the version printed in the book is just barely there.)S)

Most of the prominent novels of 1976 seemed to primarily concentrate on professionalism and entertainment values; few of them will last the ages, but almost all of them are worth their cover prices.

Samuel R. Delany's TRITON has hardly been mentioned in either the fan or the professional press this year, and there is something stubborn and sulky about the silence. Delany, I suspect, is having his hand slapped for writing last year's enormous non-novel DHALGREN, a static 879-page tome that became a paperback best seller and cult object (kids were reading it in laundramats, for God's sake, along with JAWS), and aroused within the sf genre the kind of shrill and hysterical vituperation usually associated with the pollution of precious bodily fluids. Actually, TRITON is a pretty good book, as undeniably sf as DHALGREN undeniably wasn't, and I suspect that if it weren't for DHALGREN backlash (if, for instance, TRITON and not DHALGREN had been Delany's long-awaited "next novel" after NOVA) TRITON would be being hailed everywhere as one of the major events of the year. Not, you understand, that TRITON is a masterpiece, or even, on points, Delany's best book--no, parts of TRITON are highly self-indulgent, parts are murky and inexcusably slow, and parts are





self-parody. However, TRITON is also that *rara avis*, a valid sf novel that is also a true novel of character, and the parts of it that are good (the bulk of the novel, happily) are very good indeed. It is plain that Delany's fiction has mutated in the years since NOVA and the DRIFTGLASS stories: gone is the ferocious, headlong narrative drive that was his trademark, gone is the joyous and quite conscious use of a pace opera *sh\*ticks* pushed past even the limits of "cosmic," and the wild Besterian juxtapositions their use engendered--replacing these things is a strongly heightened perception of character, of the connections and interstices of people, and I think it entirely possible that Delany's best work is yet to come.

Arthur C. Clarke's new novel, IMPERIAL EARTH, also got a cold reception within the field, from many of the same critics who raved over his 1974 novel RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA; interestingly, it did much better with mainstream critics, including some who usually don't like sf. IMPERIAL EARTH has been accused of being a travelog of the future rather than a real novel, and was widely criticized for being tensionless and lacking in drama or real human contact. These points are all quite valid, but despite them IMPERIAL EARTH is thoroughly enjoyable in its own low-key Clarksian way; a travelog, yes, but a pleasant and well-made one. It is interesting to compare Clarke's outer-satellite culture with that set forth by Delany in TRITON, and in fact it would be fun to do a lengthy comparative analysis of both books (doctoral candidates take note), as much for the similarities that would emerge as for the differences--similarities that are intriguing in books by two such vastly dissimilar authors writing almost literally a world apart.

Frank Herbert's CHILDREN OF DUNE got an even colder reception from most genre critics, but became a bestselling sf hardcover, a very rare commodity indeed. It is interesting to note that while CHILDREN OF DUNE and IMPERIAL EARTH raised so little enthusiasm within the field that neither of them managed to make the Nebula Final Ballot, they were the very two books most admired by mainstream critics this year, and two of the biggest sellers of all time. What this growing dichotomy bodes for the future of sf, I don't know, but I have the feeling that we are in for interesting times.

My guess for this year's Nebula winner is Frederik Pohl's MAN PLUS, a jazzy and provocative book that manages to survive even the absurdity of its underlying premise (creating the cyborgs is obviously a much harder, more precarious, less effective, and tremendously more expensive way to colonize Mars than the method already in use): sophisticated writing here, bleak and bitter humor, sly insights, and a beautifully delivered kicker at the end to turn everything upsidedown.

Another top contender is Kate Wilhelm's WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG, a slow (sometimes too slow), thoughtful, sensitively-written study of what happens after Things Fall Apart, the cities are reclaimed by trees and silence, and clones inherit the earth from the now-sterile remnants of old-recession humanity. Unlike many sf novels, the vision here is broad and episodic, spanning generations and several sets of finely-drawn characters, and has a powerful cumulative effect--mood and character are as important or more so than concept, and the book is rich enough to repay detailed re-reading.

Larry Niven's A WORLD OUT OF TIME is in many ways an atypical Niven novel, although it is one of his most thoroughly enjoyable: with its vast time scale, cosmic landscaping, ruined civilizations, degenerate superbeings, fights, chases, and court intrigues, A WORLD OUT OF TIME sometimes seems more

like a better-rationalized and updated PLANET STORIES yarn than the type of thing we have come to expect from Niven. Robert Silverberg's SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE, his self-pronounced last novel, is also dissimilar in tone, pacing, and emphasis from much of his previous oeuvre, and strongly reinforces my wish that Silverberg would reconsider his retirement. Also fun is Joe Haldeman's MINDERIDGE; not the instant classic that his THE FOREVER WAR was, perhaps, but still a good sf story stylishly and professionally told.

John Crowley and C.J. Cherryh also established themselves as writers to watch, with, respectively, BEASTS and BROTHERS OF EARTH.

Overlooked novels this year included Kate Wilhelm's THE CLEWISTON TEST (which was published as a mystery, although it is at least as good an sf novel as WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG, and in some respects a better book: more tight, taut, and stark); Pamela Sargent's CLONED LIVES, another thoughtful and well-written clone novel that suffers (to a much greater degree than the Wilhelm) from being too slow and episodic; Michael Bishop's AND STRANGE AT ECBATEN THE TREES, which was much too short to do well as a highpriced hardcover novel (a publisher's misjudgment here--ECBATAN is a novella, not a novel, and should have been published as such);\* and Gene Wolfe's enchanting medieval fantasy, THE DEVIL IN A FOREST, which was so determinedly overlooked that no one else in the field seems ever to have even heard of it.

All in all, not a bad year for novels, although we have had much better years in the past--and 1977 may well shape up as one of those better years too, although speculation, unfortunately, is nowhere near as comfortably precise as hindsight.

STEVE BROWN:  
PROZINE REVIEW

TORPID, vol. 1, no. 1, Fall 1977

The editorial policy of this new prozine can be summed up in the words of a circular sent out by editor Axel Gautier to all sf slush-pile readers (in part):

We at TORPID firmly believe that there is a void in the sf publishing field. There is a large market for truly bad fiction (look at the sales figures for Lin Carter novels); a concept pioneered some years back by the uniform hideousness of ALTERNITIES, an anthology edited by David Gerrold which has become a hard-to-find cult classic. At TORPID we are dedicated to publishing the worst stories available. Don't return those stinkers you xerox and pass around for the amusement of friends, send them to us.

The cover of this first issue is an intriguing Sternbelly, depicting the strenuous mating of two globular clusters (companions of M31) on the rumpled sheets of a large veil nebula.

The issue opens with a long novelette, "Necropilitics" by Weldon Effluence, a story to watch in next year's Nebulous awards. It is a tale of municipal politics in a decaying and uninhabited city of the future, full of intrigue and noxious vapcr-filled rooms. The story is noteworthy for its

---

\*(S(In fact, ECBATEN was sold to Harper & Row as part of a package of three novellas (the other two magazine reprints); but just prior to publication, Harper & Row decided they could probably do better selling the one as a novel than the three as a collection. It certainly made for a slim book.)S)

total lack of character development. A masterful job of bad writing, and on a topic of which there is so little to say.

In "Lay Down and Swim," Sarantha Wickford turns a disturbingly unique story of dolphin domesticity into a monotonous and depressing narrative by means of a skillfully impenetrable interior monologue that comprises ninety per cent of the story. Another story showing a wonderful degree of genuinely poor craftsmanship.

Editor Gautier himself will write the review column. This issue he turns in an admirably dull and rambling essay on the use of Deus Ex Machina in Thomas Monteleone's SEEDS OF CHANGE.

"@" by J. Patrick Sally is yet another retelling of that not-well-worn-enough concept: the "eddy in the flow of Time" that causes a total breakdown in Time's sequential aspect, causing the simultaneous occurrence of all events. The story itself concerns a doomed love affair in which both participants experience the bitter dissolution of their relationship simultaneously with the heady emotional giddiness of the courtship phase. The characterization is satisfyingly shallow and superficial. The main difficulty in the reading of the story, and the reason for its inclusion in TORPID, is a stylistic conceit of the author's; every word is written directly on top of every other word, making the deciphering of the narrative flow a challenging experience.

"The Lizard's Maw" by Rudolph Becklunge is a standard tale of kindly, peace-loving human colonists being brutally oppressed by an indigenous reptilian race. Handled with a pedestrian style ("As I began crossing the street, I and my fellow peace-loving colonists were callously thrown back to the curb by an onrushing stream of serpentine traffic"), the story is hampered by good taste.

Another story to watch is "Pregeneration" by Elmer Wransid, concerning the physiological and psychological difficulties encountered by two gay astronauts, Adam and Earl, as they return from a boring voyage to the least-known moon of Uranus to a devastated Earth and attempt to repopulate the planet. No issue of TORPID will be complete without a variation of this fine old chestnut.

"Random Dispersal" by Ruth C. Avedikian postulates a society where (shortly after the perfection of parthenogenesis) all male humans have been herded into concentration camps and summarily disposed of--and the problems encountered in the filling of such traditionally male societal roles as heavyweight boxing, political corruption, rape, and testosterone generation. The story begins as a satisfactorily shrill polemic, but degenerates toward the end in a walter of compassion.

"Onto the Screen: 2:39 PM, Eastern Standard Time" by Samuel Robust is a disquieting pseudo-Kafkaesque tale of foreboding. A large iridescent insect lands on the window-screen of a disillusioned young screenwriter (cleverly named after the author), and clings there for the remainder of the afternoon, creating a chill air of menace that contrasts vividly with the bright sunny day. The author/protagonist reclines amid a pile of wadded-up paper and contemplates this vision, slowly transforming it into a telling metaphor of the interface between nature and human technology. I can't spoil the ending; suffice to say that when the sun goes down, the story is transformed into a whole new realm of psychological terror. This could have been a pretty bad story, and almost makes it (given the situation), but it is ruined by some fine, affecting writing.

(S(Steve, what about the rumors that these are descriptions of all your old stories, and the "reviews" just the criticisms you got at Clarion?)S)

ROBERT SABELLA:  
STAR SONGS OF A YOUNG PRIMATE

SONGS OF STARS AND SHADOWS

George R.R. Martin

Pocket Books \$1.75 240 pages

In the space of a few years George R.R. Martin has become a very recognizable name in science fiction. He has already won a Hugo Award for "A Song for Lya" as well as nominations for "And Seven Times Never Kill Man" and "With Morning Comes Mistfall," so he deserves to have his newest collection treated as a major book. Alas, it is only a showcase for a young writer whose potential has not yet been reached.

George Martin possesses most of the skills necessary to become a major writer. His writing style is strong. Not only does it not intrude on the story but it carries the reader smoothly and interestingly. His alien worlds are colorful enough to be appealing. While at this stage many of his characters are straw dogs displaying one-sided personalities (notably Johnny in "The Tower of Ashes" and Keith in "...For a Single Yesterday"), occasionally he creates somebody with the potential to be a genuinely multi-faceted person (Winters in "...For a Single Yesterday" and the kid in "Night Shift").

Where Martin's stories ultimately fail is in his use of dramatic conflict. At this stage in his career he is still learning how to plot.

Consider "The Tower of Ashes." This has the potential to be a fine story but, alas, never amounts to much. Its protagonist, Johnny, has isolated himself from humanity because of the hurt felt over his lost lover, Crystal. It is important to realize that Martin is an unabashed romantic. It is, he claims, "a literary/philosophic tradition with a long and honorable history." Mostly he seems to be a disillusioned romantic since his protagonists never experience growing, thriving love affairs. Either they agonize over decaying love or yearn for long-dead remnants. Such is the case with Johnny. Martin obviously cares for him and that feeling is transmitted to the reader, but this feeling is never used as the basis for any dramatic conflict. Rather he expects us to wallow with Johnny in self-pity for twenty pages. Crystal and her current lover find Johnny and try to convince him to return to civilization with them. Instead he tries his damndest to impress her that he is the better man. That is not conflict, only weakness, and it ruins a potentially good story.

More successful is "...For A Single Yesterday." It is also one of the more recent stories in the book, which is a hopeful sign. It takes place after the Blast, during which a small group of survivors try to rebuild their lives from the debris. The exception is Keith, whose sole concern is reliving the love he once knew but which he lost when Sandi died in the Blast. He is another pathetic character with whom the reader naturally empathizes. However, this time Martin provides true dramatic conflict. Keith has a small supply of a drug called chronine which enables him to relive memories from his past, notably memories of being with Sandi. Enter Winters, an ex-soldier who attempts to organize the survivors as well as possible so as to increase their chances of surviving. He determines that the chronine should be used to search all the survivors' lost memories for information to aid their struggle, not as a crutch for Keith's emotions. The other survivors are torn between their own needs (for example, one woman is pregnant while another man's father was a doctor so that he may possess knowledge which could aid in her childbirth) and their love of Keith. It is true conflict which Martin exploits logically and satisfactorily. The story is told from the point-of-view of a narrator who appreciates the concerns of both Keith and Winters so that neither appears as



a villain. This is important if the conflict is to have any gut meaning to the reader and not descend into a good-versus-evil plot. Martin claims this story is "one of my first-rank top-of-his-alleged-form stories." It is indeed.

The other stories all fail, largely from lack of recognizable plot. The story with the most wasted potential is "Men of Greywater Station" (written with Howard Waldrop). It postulates a battle for survival of a group of scientists stranded at Greywater Station, the sole human outpost on an exotic alien planet. They battle against all the planet's lifeforms, which have united into a communal entity whose sole goal is to absorb all life as part of itself. Including, of course, the scientists. The writing is smooth and the characters behave convincingly as real humans in a stress situation. I don't need to tell you how the story ends since the scientists spend most of their time making it clear they expect the alien lifeforms to defeat them. Sadly, Martin and Waldrop do not disappoint them.

There is a flash of hope at the climax of "Men of Greywater Station." The authors attempt to rationalize how expectedly events occurred, but they do so too weakly to justify a thirty-eight page novelette. It comes across as little more than a flimsy gimmick ending. Sadly, it could have been developed into a strong ending with some hard work and extensive re-writing. Instead, the authors took the easy way out and we merely have another story that could-have-been but is not. Too bad.

I should mention "And Seven Times Never Kill Man" since it was an award nominee, but I found it the worst debacle in the book. It abounds with unconvincing alien pseudo-religion, characters speaking in mock-biblical language, quotations from the Book, all unfocussed and rather boring. I wonder what the Hugo nominators saw in this story that I cannot find.

While I cannot recommend SONGS OF STARS AND SHADOWS, neither do I condemn it. Martin's potential is strong and, should he not receive too many undeserved kudos, he may develop into a major writer indeed. The most hopeful sign is his recent ANALOG serial AFTER THE FESTIVAL (which I will not review in its serial form; magazine editors are notorious for butchering novels). (S(It has just been published as DYING OF THE LIGHT by Simon and Schuster.))S Suffice it to say it contains all the basic skills Martin has heretofore demonstrated, and makes a solid attempt at plotting that comes close to succeeding. George Martin's future is promising indeed.

JEFF SMITH:  
LOST IN TRANCE OF DANCES

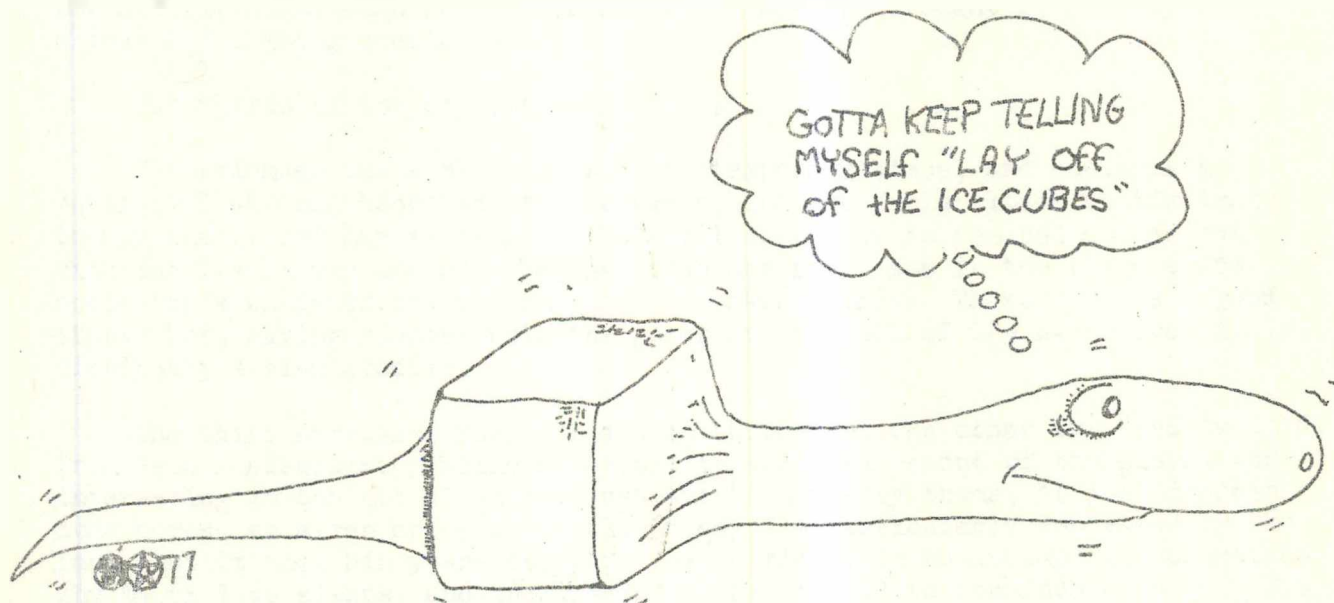
NEW VOICES IN SCIENCE FICTION  
edited by George R.R. Martin  
Macmillan \$8.95 268 pages

I think I've finally realized why I now read mysteries rather than science fiction--I expect much more of sf. Too much. Every moment of insight and literacy I find in a mystery novel is a delightful bonus in a work of escapism. I wasn't looking for it, but it sure was nice to find it! Even in sf, I can get excited over something like Marion Zimmer Bradley's THE FORBIDDEN TOWER, despite its pedestrian and flabby prose, because I'm reading it as a modern-day Planet Story--and there's so much reality and humanity in it, and who looks for such qualities in other-world adventure stories?

But the good stuff, the quiet, vital, competent, literate form of 70s-sf, the child of the New Wave, the type of speculative fiction that is easily equal

to the quiet, vital, competent, literate non-sf of modern times---every flaw hurts. I've become too much of a perfectionist (which is also why I've stopped attempting to write the stuff myself). All the stories in this book---most worthwhile, some exceptional---irked me for reasons large and small as I read them.

I don't really think I want to become a Bitchy Critic---not even under a pseudonym. But we'll just have to put up with me until I work my perfectionist tendencies into something more constructive.



NEW VOICES IN SCIENCE FICTION is the first volume in a series of original anthologies devoted to new writers, those who have been nominated for the John W. Campbell Award presented every year at the Hugo banquet. (Martin started planning this book back in 1974 or maybe even 1973, looking for a publisher and trying to talk a writer who disagreed with the award's concept into participating; it took until 1977 to get the book with the 1973 nominees into print.)

Usually, one cannot tell much about a writer by just one story, no matter how good or representative it may be. So even an anthology reprinting the best of the authors' work, that which earned them their nominations, would be hard-pressed to accurately present them. An original-story anthology series, then, must basically serve as a marketing concept, a sampler designed primarily to give these newer writers some welcome exposure.

I think it's a fine idea.

The first two stories in this first volume are oddly similar: each concerns the effect of one science-fictional personage (an alien and a time-traveller) on a very limited number of people over a long period of years.

"The Family Monkey" by Lisa Tuttle is actually three stories, only one of which is totally satisfying. A humanoid alien crashes in Texas in the early years of this century, is taken home and nursed by a young couple, and lives as a member of the family until, in contemporary times, a rescue party takes him home. All this time he just lives in the guest house, all but unknown to those outside the family. He never speaks, but he can communicate through dreams. Most of the family members, through the generations, like "Pete" (they named him after his only sound, a "ppppp-tttt") without quite knowing why; some are always distinctly ill at ease around him.

Regardless of my nit-picking, though, both of these stories---easily the best two in the book---are fine efforts, and I commend them both to you.

The best part of the story concerns the thirty-two-year-old "spinster" sister of the woman who found Pete. She had left Texas to go to New York and become a teacher and, as her father said contemptuously, "an intellectual." She ran to New York to escape her father, and back to Texas to escape a married man who said he loved her. (Remember when this story is taking place.) Her relationships with her father and with Pete are brought to a sharp climax and numbing conclusion.

Two-thirds of the way into the story.

The remember takes place more in contemporary times, and concerns a young girl who has been "adopted" by Pete, and who feels closer to him than to any human--and her feelings of betrayal when Pete is rescued by his own kind and leaves her behind. Neither fish nor fowl, she is too alien to be comfortable on Earth and too human to be taken "home." This, too, is a good story; but, having nowhere near the power of the bulk of the narrative, it is distinctly anti-climactic.

The third narrative runs off and on throughout the other two, and is told from Pete's viewpoint. While necessary to the advancement of the plots, and interesting in the old alien's-adjustment-to-humanity theme, it just doesn't come across as alien enough. Tuttle tries; I'm particularly impressed by the fact that it took him years to learn how to sleep, in an attempt to understand why Earth life sleeps, and then needed sleep and had to continue with it. But there isn't enough of this.

I don't know how Tuttle might have restructured the story so that she wouldn't have needed the alien viewpoint sections, or have gotten the climax near the end--but both of these aspects marred my enjoyment of the piece.

(It is only fair to say that I have read "The Family Monkey" three times already with great pleasure, and expect to reread it in the future. When it is good, it is very, very good.)

"Kingmakers" by Robert Thurston is of equally high quality, a beautifully conceived and fairly well executed story of time travel. The story is told simultaneously forward and backward in time, and the way it flows is exciting to read. A future historian is interested in a contemporary politician, and gets permission to travel back in time to interview him. As time travel is perfected over the years, he gets to travel farther and farther into the past. Consequently, the earliest time they meet the proto-politician is a teenager and the historian has talked with him three times before. The last chronological time, the politician is an old man well familiar with the historian, who is a young man nervous about his first encounter. Along with this element, there are the well-thought-out histories of the two principles: the politician's life is explicitly described in great detail, while the historian's is implicit and brought out by hints and allusions.

So what's my complaint with this story? Well, there's a small matter of a running joke about "an android at Checkup Center" that doesn't work; there's a larger matter of a long monologue near the end of the story in which the politician describes a major part of his life. This halts the flow of all but one of the ideas Thurston has going for him, whereas the beauty of "Kingmakers" is that for the bulk of it everything is moving at once--each in its own unique direction. This one section could have fit, if it had been written as more of a dialogue, so that the historian could have presented information also; and a very good story would have been even better.

Regardless of my nit-picking, though, both of these stories--easily the best two in the book--are fine efforts, and I commend them both to you.

I was also impressed by George Alec Effinger's "Mom's Differentials," though I'll be damned if I know why. I don't even feel like talking about it. (I did start composing a mini-essay on Effinger's unique style of myth-making; his use of contemporary touchstones similar to the way Lafferty uses more classic mythic material; that his stories often seem difficult because we haven't fully assimilated the materials he uses as background, even though they are common, everyday items like--in this case--highways and muzak. We may be familiar with his materials...but certainly nobody thinks about them the way Effinger does. At any rate, all I know for sure is that I often feel pretty silly when trying to discuss his work, but it sure is interesting to read.)

George R.R. Martin's "The Stone City" seems pretty typical of his better stuff; I can see evidence of a lot of work spent on this story, and there are some attractive ideas presented. But I feel like a disembodied spectre watching the action, with no emotional involvement at all. This is obviously not a critical reaction, and if I dug deeper into the story I might be able to discover the reason for my laissez-faire attitude. On the other hand, since it is laissez-faire....

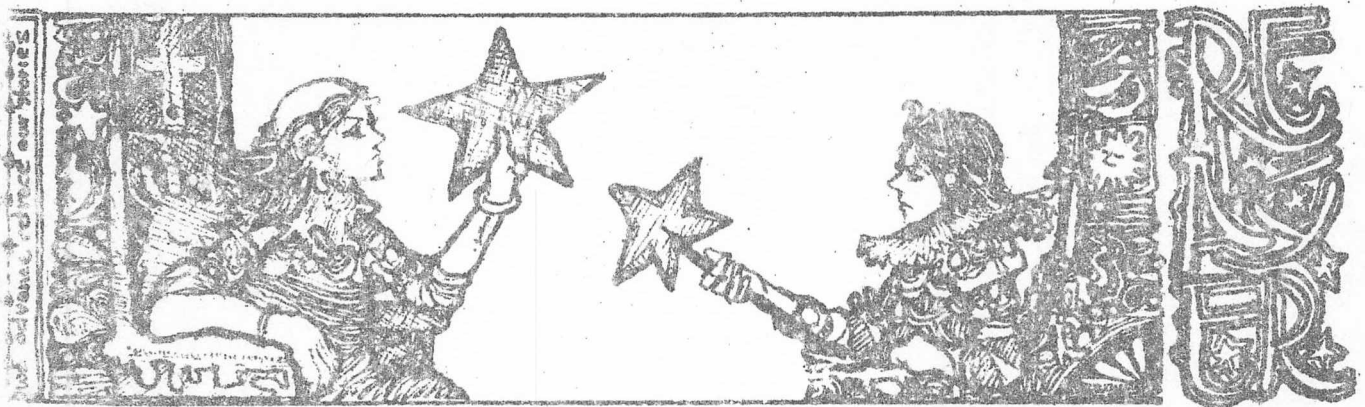
"Silent Leges" by Jerry Pournelle is an exercise in nostalgia: it's as if someone just uncovered a very early Heinlein. The super-naive hero, the journey to the prison world, the initiation into "soldiering," it's all so familiar--and friendly, oddly enough. This story isn't as good as even early Heinlein, but it's very readable and easy to pass time with. (Here's an example of a story that's not good enough to pick nits off of, not good enough to bring out the critic in me, but good enough to read enjoyably: the Double Standard.)

The one story in the book that does not meet any acceptable standards is Ruth Berman's "To Ceremark." This story of two writers who fall into the fictional world they created is full of humorless banter, boring intrigue (it's not even a science-fictional world, but Graustarkian) and two of the dullest protagonists one could possibly imagine. In the only other story I remember reading by Berman, William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy and DeForrest Kelley found themselves transported from Hollywood to the USS Enterprise. While that story was better than this one, I would hope Berman has said all she needs to say on this subject.

Despite "To Ceremark," though, NEW VOICES IN SCIENCE FICTION is quite a worthwhile anthology. Two of the stories are pretty close to being top quality, the Effinger is very good, the Pournelle certainly acceptable and the Martin indeterminate but quite likely pretty good. A very respectable record for an original anthology, and I look forward to the continuation of the series.

I wrote George Martin and asked him about the series' future. He replied: "The hardcover, from Macmillan, sold quite briskly, going into a second printing within a month or two of release, and the reviews were by-and-large excellent. These two factors together helped produce a paperback sale last spring. HBJ/Jove will be doing a softcover version this May. HBJ/Jove will also be doing two additional volumes in the series, probably as paperback originals. NEW VOICES 2 will contain contributions by Spider Robinson, Lisa Tuttle, Guy Snyder, Jesse Miller and Thomas F. Monteleone, plus an introduction by Theodore Sturgeon. I expect publication in late 1978 or early 1979. NEW VOICES 3 will feature P.J. Plauger, John Varley, Suzy McKee Charnas, Felix Gotschalk, Alan Brennart and Brenda Pearce, with an introduction by Isaac Asimov. If all goes well, perhaps we'll be able to contract for additional books in the series. At the moment, though, the plans extend only as far as 3."





ROBERT E. BLENHEIM 7/19/77  
8 Catalpa Lane/Levittown PA 19055

When one who has the pretenses of becoming a modest writer fails to communicate as it seems I have in my letter in KHATRU 5 (responding to the "Women in SF" symposium), then I feel like chucking my typewriter into the trash can. If the letters pubbed are indeed a good cross-section of readers' thoughts about my long letter and Jeff did not suppress the more logical letters (S(I plead innocence)S), I am--without question--in serious trouble.

To prevent this from becoming novel-length, I'm going to re-state in more obvious language the only real basic point I was trying to make, which was somehow seemingly not comprehended: I was annoyed at the lack of logic in the symposium which blamed men directly for the way society has turned out. My reasons for quoting Robert Ardrey were only to point out that history shows that our social problems have resulted from natural evolution, not from a bunch of men getting together and suppressing women. My goodness, what is all this baloney about me saying a woman is individually incapable of artistic creation, or calling them naturally stupid? Due to the deliberate cerebral level of my letter I didn't even state what I thought was the way things SHOULD be; I never articulated my own real opinion on this at all, no matter what anyone may or may not have read between the lines. Can't anyone be philosophic without picky readers attributing things that one is saying EXIST with what one is saying that he'd LIKE to exist?

If you are interested in my opinion here it is, and it in no way is inconsistent with what I said in my KHATRU 5 letter: No (as Jeff Smith brought up), I do NOT believe instincts to be necessarily sacrosanct. Moreover, an anthropological study of the violence in early man shows that we are also inherently violent, but I would certainly expect our race to use its brains to transcend our violence, as well as trying to transcend our evolutionary "roles" for a greater equality, greater justice, and to eliminate all social differences between men and women. And, furthermore, I have always been for women in the arts, that is: women as EQUALS, and in every other respect as well. My letter in no way really conflicts with this. So why are people like Mr. Fergus and Ms. Carol so anxious to call someone an enemy or proclaim him/her "of the other side"? I'm NOT either one, honest to God. My disagreements with Ms. Carol, for example, are mostly for the ways she attacks views I DON'T have. In one way, though, she really hit me below the belt in unfairly echoing back out-of-context my statements as if I had said "women are naturally stupid." I would never EVER mutter such contemptible rubbish. In saying, for example, "...their role, if one of slavery, might have been monumentally correct," I was arguing against Women's Lib's OWN theory that women were held down by

their men while my contention is that they WEREN'T because they WEREN'T THAT STUPID. Come on, Ms. Carol, you know what I meant better than you are pretending. And as for biological predetermination, you know I can't be personally blamed for what happened to our race, so you can't pin that rap on me.

Another thing Ms. Carol does not seem to understand: one can not isolate environment and conditioning from the hereditary aspect, not socially. They're really wound together. Of course, one could take this to the absurd level, but anyone who is "conditioning" anyone else anyway does so because of THEIR hereditary characteristics as well as their environment.

Ms. Carol is unfair to me in another way: she assumes I am saying women are innately incapable of artistic creation. I merely barely nodded in the direction of the facts that show a lack of women in the arts (in the sense of there not being a female Bach) but I carefully enunciated that it is the individual accomplishments that are meaningful. I wouldn't even think if a great book or a great work of music is by a woman or not, I would appreciate it as an artistic accomplishment.

I hope this won't be construed as my own belief NECESSARILY by the readers, but since the pubbing of KHATRU 5, Orson Welles appeared on the Dinah Shore Show. I would love someone to respond with his or her thoughts on the show if anyone else happened to see it, but Welles analyzed the very creation of a work of art, in fact the meaning behind every human endeavor, as (I'm putting it crudely) A MALE'S ATTEMPT TO IMPRESS A FEMALE whom the male believes to be his SUPERIOR, not his inferior! This was a really interesting philosophical idea and fits in with Ardrey's "Territorial Imperative" and in no way considers women "slaves." I wish I were able to quote Welles directly and expound upon his words, but I leave it to some reader if he or she has seen the show. Undeniably, one doesn't have to be a "white supremacist, male chauvinist or a glorifier of war" to admit Welles has a possible point. You see, the mystique of Life DOES involve some kind of "Great Dance" (to borrow from C.S. Lewis) which our piddling arguments don't reach. Male and female are NOT the same; evolution HAS been responsible for where we are; it has NOT been a "conscious choice." Inner goals, inherent "meanings to our daily living, propel us and we aren't aware of what we are. The facts do show men to be more creative IN GENERAL artistically, and anthropology does show the "territorial imperative" to be a major part of our roles. Deny all this if you wish, but it is the TRUTH you are avoiding if you do....

...Which gets me around to Mr. Fergus. He is, I presume, a man quite knowledgeable on the subject, but he seems more interested in proving his knowledge by labelling statements by others "untrue" than from any kind of enlightenment. Half of the things he labels "untrue" seem to me to misinterpret the original statement just so he can call it "untrue;" how conscious this is with him I have not the ability to even guess at. (I'm not saying, though, he doesn't have SOME points.)

I can, though, attest to some real backward-thinking in his letter concerning Robert Ardrey, and even more than a little leg-pulling. One can disagree with Ardrey (although there are less disagreeing every year) and still be competent, so I don't mean to attack Mr. Fergus intentionally for this, but he--at the expense of what he must realize to be reader ignorance--is building up his views on many illogical arguments. I plan to delineate some of them.

(1) Ardrey is NOT, as Fergus says, a "white supremacist" or a "male chauvinist" or a "glorifier of war." The emotional name-calling is low of Mr. Fergus and is NOT FACT.

(2) Fergus says "(Ardrey) has no more training in anthropology than I do."

I don't know the particular training of Mr. Fergus, but his insinuation is that Ardrey is a lay-anthropologist. For the record, Ardrey might have started out that way (he is very candid about this in AFRICAN GENESIS) but he has become without question a world-wide authority on the subject. (S(Yes, here I must speak up in Ardrey's defense: regardless of what he was when he decided to enter anthropology, the fact that he has spent twenty years or so in the discipline must count for something. Frank Boorman may once have been an astronaut, but he is now he is president of Eastern Airlines. Etc.)S) His studies all around the world for many, many years may not have always been in the traditional academic sense but one can safely today label him an "anthropologist" and get no argument from any knowledgeable person. And Fergus says "he took a couple courses in college" as if that were ALL the anthropological training Ardrey had, which would be a blatant lie! There is, however, something which needs to be understood here about Ardrey. It's not fair to criticize an orange for not being a grapefruit, so something should be said as to what Ardrey IS in the field. Contrary to what many say who want to label him a scientist, Ardrey did not INVENT his ideas; his books entail much collecting and summing up of years of study in the field by many scientists, him using modern thinking to examine the nature of man while doing away with superstitious theories. His books crystalize many others' facts into something cohesive which serves as a working outlook and an organized pattern for further delving into the Origin of Man.

(3) Fergus quotes a bunch of anthropologists who are under the influence of the old school for the most part. The field of anthropology in studying man has for decades been influenced by stubborn religious views and superstitions; Ardrey himself takes up this very thing in his books!

(4) Fergus quotes Ardrey's occupation as having been a Hollywood screenwriter before his anthropological work in a very nasty way, attempting to emotionally sway the reader into discrediting him. Ardrey DID write a few scripts, but he hardly qualifies as one who belongs in the "Hollywood factory;" his few scripts turned out as well as one would expect from a respected historian and "lay-anthropologist;" they emphasized history and the nature of mankind and have been acclaimed by many scientists and anthropologists, as well as Artists. (Igor Stravinsky's favorite film was a film written by Robert Ardrey: KHARTOUM.)

(5) To say "Ardrey is 'respected' only by those who are not anthropologists" is a generalization and a blatant lie. It may be that many who are not anthropologists respect Ardrey today (because his books are eminently readable and enlightening to any intelligent reader, contrary to the dull stuff by non-writers who usually write scientific books), but to say ONLY those people respect Ardrey is something Fergus KNOWS is UNTRUE.

(6) Fergus says Ardrey (in THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE) admits his earlier book had "a wrong guess or two." Re-reading this section in his second book, I find that in no way does Ardrey retract the ideas in his first book as Fergus seems to imply. Fergus is lying when he says, "Ardrey... is apparently being forced, bit by bit, to acknowledge his interpretive errors." The minor corrections Ardrey notes in TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE entail more complete data now available since





the publishing of his first book and is almost inconsequential. Ardrey has NOT been backing down from his views (contrary to many people too closed-minded over religious beliefs) and Fergus knows it.

(7) Fergus, true to pattern, resorts to more illogical comments and false information which--without proof--tries to harm Ardrey's credibility. He says "(Ardrey)...simply ignores those species of baboons and macaques whose behavior doesn't fit his theories." Absolute poppycock. Fergus might be able to come up with SOME animal Ardrey didn't happen to mention (there are many, many species, y'know) but his books are notable for taking up the exceptions and the aberrations. In no way does Ardrey omit in order to distort (as Fergus does, for example) and the books are--in a pragmatic way--quite thorough and definitive.

(8) Fergus attempts to show Ardrey has "fallen over his own feet" in how he concluded man had to be an "aggressive, predatory, even cannibalistic hunter in order to survive" by disproving ONE SELECTED ARGUMENT while failing to note Ardrey arrived at his conclusion from many other pieces of evidence as well; Fergus picked one he could attack.

(9) Fergus attempts to disprove that a human baby at birth today has "all of the instincts complete and intact that a baby had at the very beginning of Man" and he fails miserably at this, when Ardrey fully documents this in his books. Fergus' "examples" are irrelevant. How our gills relating to our physical form have relevance to the subject escape me completely! And his bringing up "women differ from ALL other female primates in that they do not undergo a period of sexual 'heat' for a few days each month" is ludicrous because even if such adult behavior related to Ardrey's point (Ardrey's not saying our environment doesn't affect our BEHAVIOR--he has NOT downgraded the importance of environment no matter what you may have heard), it could be that the period of sexual "heat" is there in women but suppressed or re-channelled due to our race's sophistication.

(10) Lastly, the whole section of Fergus' letter against Ardrey is a red herring as to how Ardrey is looked upon scientifically in our immediate time and I'd like to try to correct the false impression he has left.

Ardrey, it is true, has been surrounded by much controversy and some of his detractors have been notoriously outspoken, but the mainstream of this controversy was YEARS ago. Now his books are generally accepted as fact, with the ones who disagree--the minority--the ones outside the generally accepted view. Now, I'm not going to pretend one can't be responsible and disagree with Ardrey, but his detractors have dwindled and are now almost ineffectual. Ardrey's TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE and AFRICAN GENESIS are even being taught in schools, and I mean high schools, not just college (where one can read radical reading in the mainstream of classroom books). I know specific instances where this is so. When someone says "instinct is a debatable concept" or "Ardrey is controversial" he is articulating what is, for the most part, an out-of-date viewpoint.

If you remember Scopes (the "Monkey Trial") you can see that the kind of thinking which would convict a man teaching truth is not extinct in our world today. Once in the Morning does NOT do it: one must fight such superstitions and obstacles to who we are all afternoon and evening. Let's hope we're coming to the dawn of a new day of being unafraid to admit what we are, and then do something about it!

(S(Okay, we've all had our fun. Anyone who wishes to continue any portions of this discussion must, I'm afraid, be required to conduct him- or herself in a responsible manner. Sad but true.)S)



NEIL KVERN 4/16/77  
Box 258/Cataldo ID 83810

Avedon Carol's letter, though singling out one amidst the tumult that you've received and the ones you've printed, typifies the kind of thinking--though most of it is, granted, in parody of what Avedon is defensive about--that I have cultivated a deep and unbridled hatred for. Because, though I have testicles and a penis (and I've always hated the words that name sexual members and so on: "penis," "vagina," "clitoris:" all are harsh-sounding words. Why can't beautiful body-parts have beautiful names?), I'm not Male, I'm Me. I don't see things through a Male's eyes, I see things through My eyes. And the 'My' isn't even capitalized except on paper. So her female superiority, biological superiority thing (though it appeared to be all in fun, or so I thought), offends me not because I'm male, but because I am not one of the people who considers himself Male. Does that make sense? Ms. Carol touches on my idea once, but generally evades what she started to say: "It is Man's...refusal to accept the total reproductive process as Human, rather than Female, that has played the greatest role in the oppression of women."

Okay, Avedon was attacking the Blenheim kind of thinking, not mine. But to go about things in the same manner is ignorant. While I was in high school my hair was quite long because I preferred it that way--I wasn't trying to make any kind of point. If people called me a faggot (meaning a homosexual, not a stick), I wouldn't turn around and break their skulls (which would've been easy, since I stand about 6'1" and used to be a lot more energetic than I am now). Turning around and lashing out against ignorance with ignorance is no way to defeat ignorance, Avedon, you know that. Attacking Blenheim with the "chicken" shit is as ignorant as Blenheim using the male-superiority bullshit with the lions. Trying to say that one sex is superior for physical or biological reasons is rather silly, or, in some cases, sickening. That's what sexual repression is all about. That's why we have wars.

In my experience, which is limited, I've always played games to have fun, not to win and not to lose. If no one plays the game with Blenheim, he can't possibly win. Let's stop competing with sexuality, for sexual supremacy. Let's just enjoy the game.

GEORGE HAY 6/13/76  
38-B Compton Road/London N21/England

I'd like to ask how many of your contributors or correspondents have read Stan Gooch's TOTAL MAN, which I know has been hardbacked and paperbacked in the States as well as over here. The PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY over here seemed to think he is the biggest thing since Jung, and the more I reflect on his thesis, the more I tend to think they were right. I won't attempt to say more here about his thesis other than that it puts an awful lot of both physiological as well as psychological research into what have been to date rather intuitive views as to the feminine and masculine aspects which we all have. For example, he posits that the cerebellum represents the feminine (I oversimplify) and the cerebrum the masculine. What is important about all this is that his thesis meets the Popperian need for testability, and he himself notes how interesting it has been that, in spite of the interest his books (there is now a sequel, PERSONALITY AND EVOLUTION, and a third one is due) have aroused, the response in terms of testing has been almost nil, and this in spite of the fact that tests could be run with a minimum of trouble and expense. I quote Stan Gooch direct on this:

I have not been able to discover what experimental psychologists

themselves make of Jouvet's finding that cats with the cerebral cortex removed continue to dream, or at least give every sign of so doing. This finding would argue that at least some aspects of dreaming are connected with other parts of the brain and therefore, possibly, with the cerebellum. We also know that female animals with the cerebral cortex removed can still perform the sex act without much loss of fineness of response. Male animals so treated cannot perform the sex act at all, even after massive booster doses of hormone. What other part of the brain is then involved in the case of the female?

It was after writing TOTAL MAN that I came across Breuil and Lautier's comment that in Asiatics the cerebellum is not entirely covered by the cerebrum. Already in that first book, however, I had drawn attention to the experimentally established fact that the cerebellum is on average relatively larger in women than in men, and larger in certain ethnic groups such as Negroes. One looks in vain for mention of any of these items in text-books on psychology--much less for any statement that such gross differences in brain structure might be accompanied by gross differences in general behavior.

That women dream more than men and probably sleep more than men is a circumstance one finds grudgingly accepted in an occasional psychology text. I say "grudgingly" because the matter is then never discussed further. These facts of sleep and dreaming may, as I have suggested, be connected with the relatively large cerebellum. (As far as I can ascertain, possible differences in time spent sleeping and dreaming by different ethnic groups have never been investigated.)

On the question of sex differences in general, I pointed out in the earlier book that anyone seeking information of this kind in mainstream psychology is met with a virtual wall of silence. Paper after paper, book after book, contains no breakdown by sex of the matters treated--even in items such as suicide. Where sex differences are occasionally reported...there is no discussion of the possible ramifications of the finding and least of all for personality theory.

I would not want anyone who has not read this writer to think that he is concerned only with physiology and statistics. Far from it; they are used to underpin hypotheses concerning the split self and its potential for healing which cover areas as disparate as the taxonomy of ideas, the works of Schiller, and silk stockings as evolutionary-evolved "releasers." In passing, I would add that they contain potential for enough sf stories to fill an anthology. In fact, I fully intend to get Mr. Gooch into a story collection the first chance I get.



GEORGE HAY 6/19/77

Concerning the Dick Francis section, I'm so stunned I can't say anything. What I will say is that what KHATRU impresses me with is the sheer professionalism that is so present in US fanzines and so absent in British ones--I don't know about the Continental variety, as I hardly ever see them now. I suppose you yourself take this element for granted. If so, I beg you not to. People who take it for granted that they themselves will provide and deliver of their best, and that others will do likewise, can end up sadly surprised and disappointed when they find that others--the next generation perhaps--will do no such thing. An example? I was talking the other day to a publisher who is considering taking me on as advisor on sf reprints. "We have five reps on the road, and of course they'll tell the librarians what fine sf this is. Of course, they probably won't have actually read the books themselves...."

I'd like to comment on the current letters you're carrying on the sexist issue. One of the things about Americans that others find both admirable and infuriating is their willingness to hurl themselves into any new game that presents itself. Yes, I said, game. Not to imply that the sexist issue is not a real or important one, but I can't help feeling that what your correspondents might need is less close involvement and more of a stepping-back to ask: just why are we arguing like this, anyway? An anthropological approach, if you like. This can't be got by looking at the sex issue on its own, but by looking at all the other issues which have come up in the past and with which it could be compared. The color issue, the liberal-versus-right-wing issue, the New Wave versus Old Wave issue. They differ in detail content, of course, but they all have in common the tendency to put one half of the group against the other half. Of course, some people spot this, and certainly one result of the sex discussion is to give members of each sex a greater feeling of empathy for the needs of their opposites. But also it must be said that one result of these to-dos is the generation, to use an old quip, of more heat than light. Looking at many people of a certain age I know over here, I get the feeling that, looking back over their lives, they must have the feeling that most of those lives have been spent enlisting on one side or another of innumerable battles, the results of which may appear to have been of dubious benefit to them as individuals. Not that the battles were not worth fighting, not that any responsible person expects a guarantee of victory before he takes sides--just that one asks, what have they learned, I repeat, as individuals, about their relationship to existence itself, as a result of all these struggles? There is something to be learned, if one wishes, about games, that is quite distinct from anything that one learns about any particular game that one has won or lost. The Zen approach is better, I can't help feeling--an approach that keeps all the zest of battle but also retains the serenity that comes from never letting go of the knowledge that we are talking about games, and not about any particular reality only.

PATRICK McGUIRE 5/27/77  
4262 Ashland Avenue/Cincinnati OH 45212

Seems lately my locs get written under one of two circumstances: either something compels an immediate response or the thing sits around for a long while until I'm not in the mood for anything more serious than loccing. Obviously the second condition obtains here. On the one hand it's hot and I'm slightly ill, but on the other hand I just had two glasses of iced coffee and I feel like doing something. Nothing "useful," mind you, but something. KHATRU 6 is of impressive bulk.

I do get LOCUS, but the issue revealing Tiptree must have gone astray (or else I read it carelessly), for the news was new to me. Perhaps feminists

could make something of the fact that in this liberated day and age a talented author, instead of standing up as a credit to her sex, hides behind a male pseudonym. Seems there's rather less excuse for that than there is for "passing" for white (if any blacks are still into that these days). I think maybe it deserves a tsk tsk. It's certainly been pretty thorough--note touches such as the waiter's "sir" and mention of a flat wallet in the Tiptree travelogue you publish in tha' issue. I gather from the lettercol that in the "women" issue of KHATRU, Tiptree made some rather sexist comments. We are now led to assess whether Tiptree really is an Aunt Thomasina, or whether she was putting us on to further the masquerade. Could well be the former--it's women that have held up the ERA, after all--but if the latter, I don't like it much. (S(Well, it was neither. Tip is a feminist and an honest person. Note that in the travelogue, she never said the waiter called her "sir." And women keep their money in wallets, too.)S)

Re the Maya codexes: As some book on lost languages I read recently pointed out, Mayan is still spoken today by millions of people. If even with that help we can't break the writing system (in the surviving books), it's probably not a full-fledged writing system but rather an elaborate mnemonic system. So cheer up. Anyway, statistics tend easily to get inflated. The alleged three thousand codexes were probably many fewer.

Look, I think the inside copy on the first Norton book I ever read (in maybe 1959) gave Norton's real name. When she started writing adventure sf in the early fifties, the male pseudonym might have seemed a good idea, but it's hardly been a "necessity" for the past two decades. (This to Don D'Ammassa.) Many women writers have male protagonists because a) they like male protagonists, or b) given current social conditions, they think it more likely that males would have the sort of adventures they're interested in. (Patricia Highsmith in WRITING SUSPENSE FICTION--I think that's the title--says much the same thing.)

Re dolls vs. GI Joe. In general I agree that they perform similar functions, but as I think on it, I perceive certain differences. I had a set of teddy bears I used to act out stories and whatnot, but they weren't very "girlish" stories: I have a complete spacesuit for one teddy bear (tucked away in a box somewhere), and others were equipped with more crude Superman capes (handkerchiefs, or better, cowboy bandannas), flying belts, and whatnot. Similarly, my toy soldiers killed each other in manly fashion. Girls' dolls, by contrast, seem usually to engage in more domestic occupations. I think it was sort of understood that all my stuffed animals were on a more or less brotherly footing, and that I stood in the relation of a father or guardian to them, but I certainly never went through any mommy, daddy and baby routine among the stuffed animals. Much more influence from comic books and adventure tv shows. So maybe, on consideration, this social-role-differentiation business works more effectively than I had thought at first myself. (And maybe that, damnit, is why there are so comparatively few females in fandom.) (Thinking of the paces I put my teddy bears through, I am struck by the similarity to Doc Savage--which I had not so much as heard of at the time. Could have been trickle-down through tv and comic books, or some sort of archetypal child fantasy, I suppose.)

There is no doubt that the possibility of undue sexual attraction or of falling in love (different things, of course) does complicate friendship across the sexes. I and another party once got badly burned for that reason, and I'm sure that I must have been frightened away from other potential friends (and they from me) on those grounds, so that I don't even fully know what I've missed. Moreover, I'm not sure whether the complete abolition of sexism would do much about the problem--even without sexism, you would still have sexual attraction and situations where its fulfillment is inappropriate



or incompatible with other desires. But the situation isn't bad enough to deserve Don's complaint that "half the human race is effectively barred to me." To judge by literature, for at least several hundred years the educated strata of the English-speaking world have accepted the possibility of "innocent" cross-sexual friendships. It's just that complications tend to arise. Question: As divorces (or breakups of cohabitators who never married) become more common, does not the perceived threat from a cross-sexual friendship increase? At least in the best of cases, a Victorian wife might know her husband was a man of principle (and vice-versa) and that would be that, at least as far as the ultimate "threat" from such a friendship might go. But now, breakups are a more real possibility. Does this reduce the likelihood of cross-sexual friendships? Seems as if it might. Same also for the death of the extended family. Incest taboos put brothers, uncles (sisters, aunts) and usually even first cousins out of bounds, making them "safe" for friendship. Smaller families, the geographic distance between members, and the decline of the first-cousin taboo have cut badly into this pool.

To continue commenting on things Dor said in April 1976, just what "Christian precept that we can sin unconsciously" is he talking about? Christian ethics, like American law, holds that you can be culpably negligent (persistently ignoring something it's your business not to ignore), but that's the closest instance in post-medieval Christian ethics that I can think of. (Of course, in paganism--Oedipus's punishment for killing his father and marrying his mother, when he didn't know what he was doing--and in early Judaism, you have the idea of "transgressions" committed without intention, and some of this did slip into Christianity. But I don't know of any modern Christian who would defend such a view.) I don't know precisely what species of Christianity Don has in mind, but since he has an apparently Italian name and I have an apparently Irish name, there may be some point in indicating that even in pre-Vatican-II days it was drummed into my childish head that at the very least to do anything seriously wrong you had to know perfectly well what you were doing.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

DOUG BARBOUR: the really hopeful sign, if there is one, is the fact that there are a lot of fine young writers--most of whom are literally aware as the earlier writers of sf for the most part were not--who not only look to the big names of the sixties as to guides but who feel they belong with them, not somehow in another generation. all good artists, i suspect, have felt, on some level, that they belong to the same generation. if that feeling is to be found among the better young writers in sf today, then i take hope.

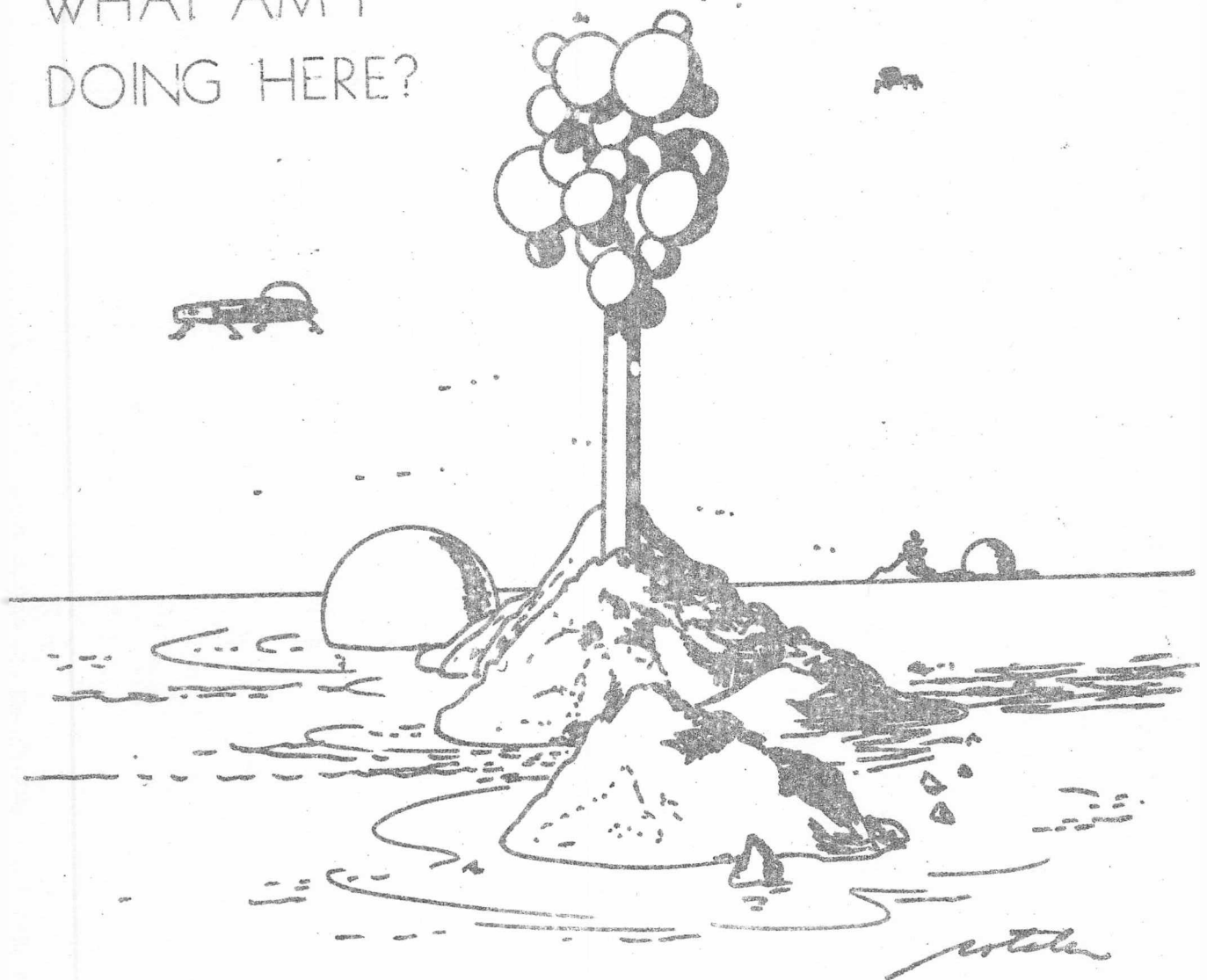
JEFF HECHT: Delany doesn't use his gifts in TRITON. It's a dull grey novel, and the reader gets the impression that there are more interesting things going on in the background than in the foreground.

SHERYL SMITH: Tiptree's "Houston, Houston, etc." is a fine story, but the ending disturbed me exceedingly. Even a society of female clones, it seems, wouldn't be free of the sexual prejudice that men are aggressive and violent but women are not. Insular, self-righteous bunch--BLEAK view of women, perhaps unintentionally so, I don't know....## Dick Francis? My, there are so many people I really don't care to read, but it's always encouraging to find another one.

AND: Robert Bloch, Michael Carlson, Suzy McKee Charnas, Don D'Amassa, Brendan DuBois, Fred Jakobsic, Clay Kimball, Joe Napolitano, A.D. Wallace, Robert Whitaker, Laurine White and Roger Zelazny.

Now that we're going back to more frequent publication, we want to see this letter column built back up. (KHATRU's best "Relayer" was, by far, the one in 3&4--where it was rather obviously overshadowed.)

JEFF FRANE:  
WHAT AM I  
DOING HERE?



What am I doing here? Now that is a good question. I distinctly remember once having a conversation with Lesleigh Luttrell on the virtues and drawbacks of co-editing a fanzine. She and Jeanne Gomoll even conducted a symposium on the subject at Westercon last year. I also distinctly remember expressing the strong opinion that I would never co-edit a fanzine, that I have enough problems getting along with my own ego without getting into confusions with someone else's. Now look at me. Not only am I co-editing and co-publishing a fanzine, but my co-editor lives on the opposite side of the continent. Outside the tip of Florida, in fact, it would be difficult to find a place in the United States farther removed from Seattle, Washington than Baltimore, Maryland (and not just in the matter of miles distant, either).

There are undoubtedly good, solid reasons why a self-confessed sercon fan (we're all very stolid and humorless, you know) should embark on anything quite so weird and ridiculous as a trans-continental fanzine. Give me a minute, and I'll try to come up with some.

(While you're waiting, I would like to offer the opinion that if anyone but Jeff Smith had made the suggestion, for anything but KHATRU, I would have sent off a quick, probably rude, dismissal of the idea. Unfortunately for my sanity, I was flattered enough by the idea to turn the trick. Me? You see, I have this unnatural respect for Jeff and his fanzine--editor and editee. Oh, I think I'm good enough for them; I just didn't think anyone else had noticed. (Modesty, Frane, modesty.) If I had never seen another piece of Smith-edited material after the double-issue symposium on feminism in sf, I would remain convinced. As it is, his fanzines have consistently provided good, solid criticism of sf and fantasy by some of the best people in the field, not to mention the presence of that unique writer "James Tiptree, Jr.")

After MidAmeriCon in 1976, I found myself in the possession of an interview with Kate Wilhelm and the burning desire to publish a fanzine. (Why I would want to do that remains as much a mystery to me today as does the idea of co-editing another.) After some travail, a lot of frustrations, and support from some wonderful people, the first issue of HEDGEHOG appeared. For a long time, it looked as though the first issue would be the last. I had returned to school to take a degree in Visual Communications Technology (emphasis on reprographics) and had managed to accumulate an appalling number of other obligations. I entered what the kind-hearted like to call "a slump." Somewhere at the nadir of this period, Jeff Levin (another Jeff, you see; you've got to pay attention) suggested to Jeff Smith, who was also in a slump, that he get in touch with me about co-editing something. Although Levin mentioned this to me, I remained convinced that nothing would come of it. Well, surprise, surprise--Smith actually wrote. I was immensely flattered, and sat down to list all the reasons why the whole idea was impossible. Somehow, in my youthful enthusiasm I found myself accepting the invitation. I felt like ingenue in a 30's film: "Oh, Jeff, this is all mad, impossible. It will kill your wife." "Yes, yes, it's all wrong." Kiss, kiss, mad passionate embrace, and they go ahead and run away, even though you know they'll come to a bad end.

Then there's that other line: "It's just crazy enough to work."

