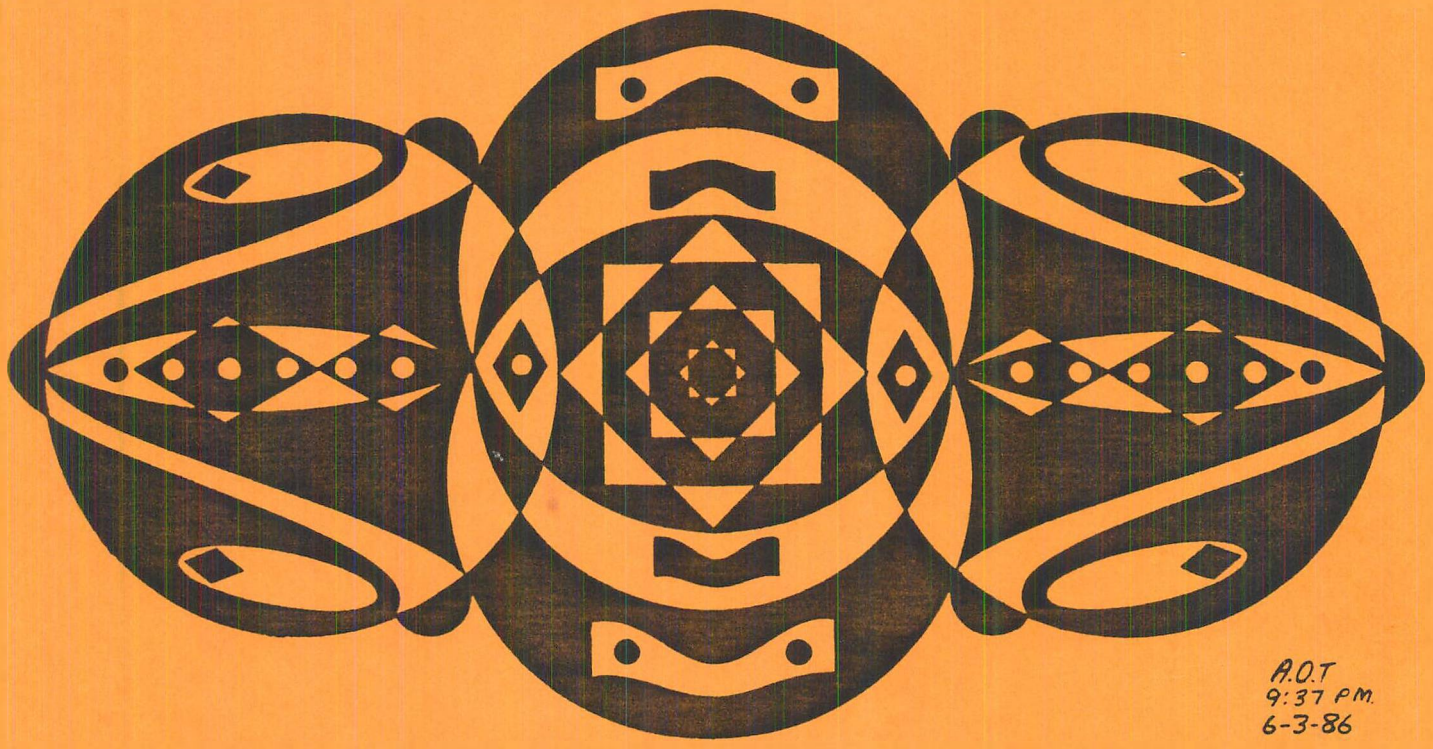
A

# William F. Temple and Lester del Rey

Special




# Lan's Lantern 29

# Lan's Lantern 29

## A William F. Temple and Lester del Rey Special

### Table of Contents



### Table of Artists



**Why You Are Receiving This**

___ You have a contribution (art, article) in this issue.

___ You've sent me a contribution (to be published in a future issue).

___ Loc received (to be published next issue).

___ Trade ✓ You wanted one

___ We're in an apa together.

✓ I would like you to contribute to the next special issues in 1989: Isaac Asimov, Robert A. Heinlein, Fritz Leiber, Ted Sturgeon, A. E. Van Vogt.

___ This is your last issue unless you send me something.


Lan's Lantern #29 is published and edited by George "Lan" Laskowski, 55 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013 USA. Phone: (313) 642-5670. Lan's Lantern is available for articles, art, letters (calls or postcards) of comment, even money (US$2), and the whim of the editor. The opinions expressed are those of the contributors, and may or may not be those of the editor. This is Lantern Publication #15, a division of LanShack Press Unlimited.



**Dedication**

To Maia, as usual,

and

To Lester del Rey
and
William F. Temple
---
long may their stories be read!

# From The Editor:

# A LATE Golden Anniversary Issue

This issue of Lan's Lantern is celebrating the Golden Anniversary of two authors who have been writing for fifty years.

And it's late.

In more ways than one.

When I did the initial research to see who was approacing his or her fiftieth anniversay as a writer from the fields of SF and fantasy, I read that William F. Temple and Lester del Rey both had their first stories published in 1938. I soon found out that both had published earlier.

In the second instance, this SHOULD have been out in 1988 to take advantage of my initial information of their Golden Anniversaries. But that didn't happen. I was going to spend the summer of 1988 working on these special issues, the one you are holding and the other one in the envelop -- on Arthur C. Clarke. But LL #27 was late, and it was a hot summer, and lots of other things happened.

Once school started in the fall, I was swamped with work, and my classes were physically and emotionally draining. I would come home in the evening and not want to do anything except watch TV or read something light and entertaining. There was no desire to work on much else. (The details will appear in LL #30 in my Conreports and Ramblings.)

The end result was that I didn't get much of a push to do the issues until the end of 1988. I push and cajoled some friends to do an article or two, or at least some comments, on Lester del Rey and William F. Temple. I sifted through my art file and tried to find appropriate pieces to ad to the ones I had already commissioned. The final compilation of these efforts is here.

And I didn't get to do all that I wanted to do for these two authors -- but then I've only myself to blame. Still, as I read through the articles and look at the art, it all works.

And these two authors are indeed honored, something that is long overdue them.

About the structure of this Lan's Lantern: Instead of doing the "Ace Double" I did with L. Sprague de Camp and Fred Pohl, I gathered all the articles on each author into a single section. I introduce each section with my own comments, then let the contributors have their say.

I hope you enjoy this, and it compels you to pick up and read one of the books or short stories by these fine authors. Lester del Rey is still active, although he does almost no writing now. William F. Temple is ill from arthritis and several hear attacks; he no longer writes fiction, so his work is more difficult to find. Maybe this issue will spur a revival of some of his stuff.

Anyway, enough of this.

Read on!

# Some Thoughts on Lester del Rey

by Lan

One of the first stories by Lester del Rey that read was "Nerves" in the Healy and McComas collection Adventures in Time and Space. That made a significant impression on me, especially later when I learned more about atomic reactors, and the effects of radiation on people. I also realized how foreward thinking del Rey was when I later looked at the copyright of the story.

"Helen O'Loy" was another story that opened my sense of wonder. A robot with gender, falling in love with a human? He made it work, and I've remembered it ever since I read it.

I can't say that he immediately became by favorite author, because back in those days I collected all the SF I could find and read what I could. I preferred novels and occasionally read short stories. Thus the I didn't look that hard for short story authors but concentrated on those who wrote novels. Since del Rey did write longer fiction, my collection of his works grew, but reading them, along with all the other books I had, didn't always happen.

The one significant novel I recall was Day of the Giants. I got it from the local library on the recommendation of a friend, and read it in a single night. I was so fascinated by the mythological background that I went back to the library and found some books on Norse mythology.

Although I did look for and read del Rey novels, I was unable to keep up with what I bought -- a common problem with any collector. But I pulled a couple of the books off the shelves recently, and my sense of wonder was rekindled.

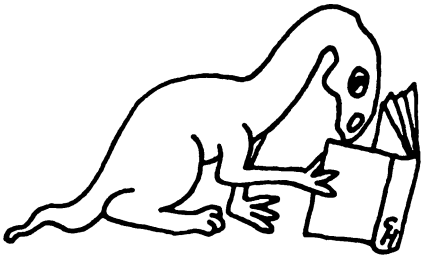
I met Lester del Rey at a MINICON in Minneapolis. I talked with him briefly and with his wife Judy-Lynn. At the time I was preparing an issue of the Lantern that had Alan Dean Foster's GoH speech from the previous MARCON and got their address, figuring that they would be interested in seeing a copy of it.

Lester was on a panel about SF in the classroom. He said that SF was meant to be read and enjoyed, not analyzed. SF stories can be used as a springboard for discussion, but the story itself is basically entertainment. If you ignore that, you've missed the point of the genre.

I've remembered that ever since. I tried to bring that out whenever I taught a SF class. I also emphasized that poor science can detract from the enjoyment of the novel, so the writer has to work hard in making the science accurate. The more believable the characters, the easier it is for the reader to identify with them and get drawn into the story; thus immersed the reader extracts more enjoyment, and is that much more entertained.

In reading through the contributions for Lester del Rey on his Golden Anniversary, I see that many feel the same way about his writing. He's good; he's a story-teller who draws the reader in and keeps him or her entertained. Lester's writing can be disturbing, but that gets you to think which, in itself, is another form of entertainment.

So congratulations to Lester del Rey for giving us more than 50 years of entertainment. I hope to see more of his writing in the future.



# ONE READER'S REMINISCENCE

by Robert Coulson

I first encountered the writings of Ramon Felipe San Juan Mario Silvio Enrico Smith Heathcourt-Brace Sierra y Alvarez-del Rey y de los Verdes -- more generally known as Lester del Rey -- when I read the Healy-McComas anthology, Adventures in Time and Space, in 1947. The story was the novelette "Nerves," concerning a group of men trying to halt what would today be called a meltdown in a nuclear power plant. It had been written in 1942, before I'd ever heard of what was then called atomic power, and even in 1947 it showed a startling future to a rank neofan. It was later expanded into a novel, and it may well be totally outdated now, but it remains perhaps the only time that another author took an identical subject and improved on an early Heinlein story.

I received a copy of ...And Some Were Human as a Christmas present from my grandmother in 1949, and del Rey became entrenched as one of my favorite authors, along with Heinlein, de Camp, Sturgeon, and "Don A. Stuart," which I didn't know then was a pseudonym for John W. Campbell. A lot of the stories I recall are the emotional ones. "The Day is Done," about the last Neanderthal, adrift in a world he doesn't like or understand; the wood nymph who falls in love with a human in "Forsaking All Others"; "The Coppersmith," an elf who finds a new trade in the modern world; and especially "Helen O'Loy," the android who falls in love with her owner. A good bit of the book could be called "gentle fantasy" if that term hadn't been usurped by cutesy unicorns, and I still get it out and re-read it occasionally.

I suppose my favorites among Lester's stories are two later items, though: the novelette "For I Am a Jealous People" and the novel The Eleventh Commandment. Both deal with religion, which is unusual in science fiction. Religious tyrannies and noble priests are both fairly common, but few authors imagine new religious problems or seriously consider religious evolution. The idea of the novelette is that God has become fed up with mankind, broken His covenant with us, and made a deal with the aliens who are invading Earth. The story is mankind's reaction that if we have to fight God, too, then so be it. It appeared in Star Short Novels in 1954; I can't imagine a magazine editor of the time, aside from Ray Palmer, who would have dared to publish it. (And Palmer wasn't known for his generosity in the payment line.)

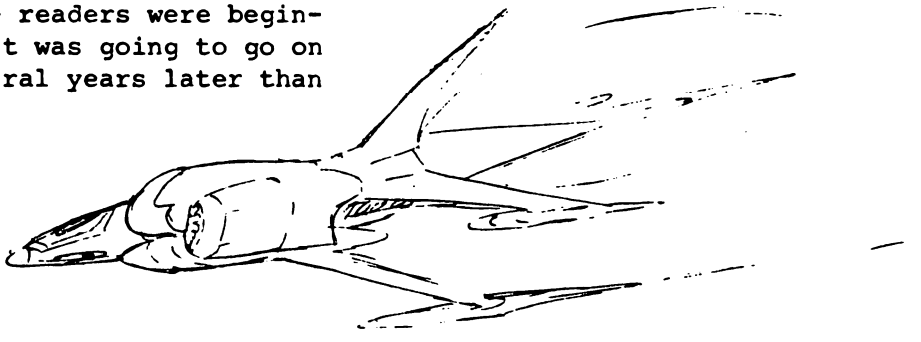
The title of the novel refers to the admonition to "be fruitful and multiply." Del Rey takes his protagonist through a horror of overpopulation, scarcities, mutations, and then provides a fairly logical and totally religious surprise ending. It's not a novel I care to re-read very often, but it's an excellent example of science fiction writing.

In 1952 and 1953, del Rey edited, under his own name and various pseudonyms, four magazines published by John Raymond.* Fantasy Fiction was a digest-size reincarnation of Unknown, with several of the Unknown writers blended with talented newcomers, and the best artists in the field at that time. It lasted four issues, and is one of my favorite publications. Space Science Fiction competed with the leading magazines of the day, Galaxy and Astounding, and published nine issues. It never quite matched the leaders, but it did publish some excellent science fiction, and I re-read some of its stories now and then. Rocket Stories, which lasted only three issues, was an attempt to update the science-adventure fiction magazines, of which Planet Stories is the prime example. It didn't make it, and was the only real failure of the group. Science Fiction Adventures was a throwback to magazines like Startling and Thrilling Wonder Stories; more adventure-oriented than Space, more science and logic than Rocket. It lasted eight issues. (Incidentally, it was a later publication, also titled Science Fiction Adventures, but with no relationship to this one, which became transformed into a British publication. It also wasn't as good as del Rey's SFA.) At least five novels were later made from stories in SFA, which handled longer material than the other mags. One was the story that Juanita dubbed "the greatest name in serials": "Police Your Planet." It was originally announced as a forthcoming novelette. It appeared two issues later as a serial, with no indication of how long it would run. The second installment ended, "To be concluded," but it wasn't actually finished until the end of the fourth installment -- readers were beginning to wonder if it was going to go on forever. It was several years later than word went around that Lester had been writing it as it appeared, and writing just enough to fill the necessary pages of each issue. Despite this unorthodox writing method, it turned out to be a very entertaining space-adventure.

Lester's penchant for writing to order was illustrated in a talk he gave at ST. LOUISCON in 1969, in which he said he'd once added ten thousand words to an author's five-thousand-word story, and nobody could tell the difference between his writing and the author's. Harlan Ellison promptly had a tantrum, and there was much shouting by various people about interfering with an author's creativity. (However, I've never heard that the author in question complained, or even identified himself.)

I assume that the Raymond magazines were under-financed; most of the magazines during that boom period were, and generally didn't last as long as these did. An editor who could fill out an issue by himself was an obvious asset, and helped keep up the quality. In those days, I was reading everything published that I could stomach, and these were good magazines, well above the average if not quite up to the "Big Three" of Astounding, Galaxy, and F&SF. Certainly I reread them more often than I do any other magazines of that period.

On the whole, though, while I admire Lester's editing, I've often wished that he had more time for writing. There are lots of editors who can recognize outstanding stories; there aren't that many writers who can produce them.



* Juanita thinks this might be a del Rey pseudonym. If so, Lester has never admitted it publicly. I tend to doubt it.

# Science Fiction Romantic:

# Lester del Rey

by Dennis Fischer

When I first began reading science fiction, one of the earliest books I picked up was Tunnel through Time which was credited to Lester del Rey. My earliest reading tastes were for books on mythology and dinosaurs, and so this book fit in perfectly and I devoured it eagerly. Not long afterward I read Madeleine L'Engle's A Wrinkle in Time and the collections of Ray Bradbury and that was it. I was hooked on SF for life.

The reason why I wrote "credited to" rather than "written by" Lester del Rey is that according to Brian Stableford in Peter Nicholls' The Science Fiction Encyclopedia, The Tunnel through Time and a few other del Rey juveniles (e.g. The Runaway Robot) were actually written by Paul Fairman (who wrote the stories upon which the films Target Earth! and Invasion of the Saucer Men were based) from extensive outlines by del Rey.

This surprise aside, as I started reading more and more science fiction, I came to recognize that del Rey was one of the major writers of what fans call "The Golden Age of Science Fiction," those early years of the John Campbell-edited Astounding Science Fiction. He was also impossible not to recognize in other ways. Harlan Ellison paid tribute to him for helping Ellison develop as a writer in the famous Dangerous Visions anthology. Del Rey and his late wife Judy Lynn took over editing Ballantine's paperback fantasy and science fiction line, and renamed it Del Rey Books.

Let me take a moment and emphasize the importance of Del Rey Books when it first began. Del Rey resurrected a good number of classic science fiction novels from the 40s to the 60s that had lapsed out of print. The del Reys started the prestigious "Best of" collections which rescued from possible obscurity dozens of well-known and not-so-well-known short stories by science fiction's major authors. Also very important, the looks of science fiction paperbacks changed for the better, largely to the attractive and less abstract covers that the Del Rey books sported. When Star Wars hit the public consciousness, Del Rey Books was there offering a long line of quality science fiction novels and collections, keeping such classics as Bradbury's Fahrenheit 451, Arthur C. Clarke's Childhood's End, and Pohl and Kornbluth's The Space Merchants constantly in print.

Also, they finally put Cordwainer Smith's Norstrilia into print in its full form for the first time. Del Rey authors and John Varley spearheaded a popular movement of science fantasy, in which mythological creatures would pop up in science fiction novels, sometimes with scientific rationales for their being there. (True, Anne McCaffrey and Jack Vance had done this earlier with dragons, but it didn't become a literary movement until the later books that del Rey published). People who admire Tim Powers' The Anubis Gates caught a good glimmer of his talent in the Del Rey book, Drawing of the Dark (which showed that Powers had improved since his Laser Books days). Del Rey also published Barry Hughart's Bridge of Birds, one of the most extraordinary if overlooked fantasy novels ever published. If one might condemn a Tolkien rip-off like Terry Brooks' Sword of Shannara, there was still plenty to be thankful for.

Del Rey also offered a tribute to science fiction and fandom with his book The World of Science FIction: 1926-1976 --The History of a Subculture, celebrating modern science fiction with a levelheaded, straight forward approach. Fred Pohl reports in The Best of del Rey that New York area listeners often had the chance of hearing del Rey's informed opinions on

matters of the day via regular appearances on a radio talk show. Lucky them.

I've never had the opportunity to meet Lester del Rey personally, though I would like to, and primarily I want to call your attention in this article to his accomplishments as a short story writer. Before I begin, it seems worthwhile to have called attention to some of del Rey's relatively recent accomplishments, many of which have literally changed the face of modern science fiction.

Born Ramon Felipe San Juan Mario Silvio Enrico Smith Heathcourt-Brace Sierra y Alvarez de Rey de los Uerdes, according to Sam Moskowitz in Seekers of Tomorrow, del Rey was the son of Francisco Sierra y Alvarez del Rey, a poor dirt farmer who could barely keep his family fed. Moskowitz writes that Francicso del Rey was not well educated but had an excellent library, which included Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire and the works of Shakespeare, Verne and H.G. Wells.

in The Early del Rey, Lester reveals that he was a compulsive reader. He became a science fiction addict after reading Edgar Rice Burroughs and a 1929 copy of Wonder Stories Quarterly. He only attended two years of college at George Washington University before dropping out, never to continue his formal education.

Under the name of Ramon del Rey, Lester began to write lengthy letters of comment to the major science fiction magazines of the day, and he became a well-known science fiction fan as a result. In The Early del Rey, he explains how he first hit upon the idea of becoming a writer:

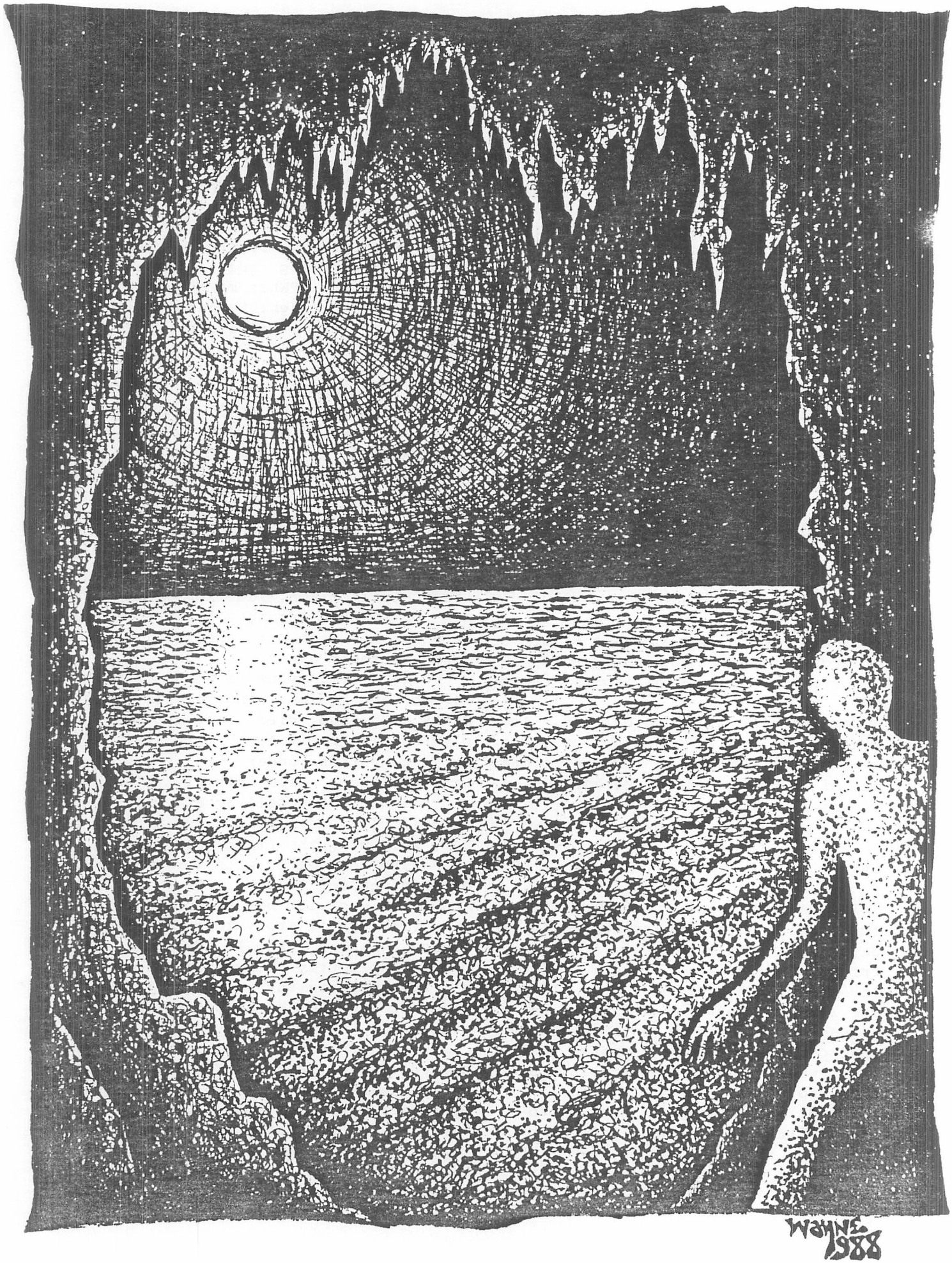
> I was busy reading one of (the science fiction magazines) a few days before Christmas when my girlfriend dropped by to see me. She lived a couple of blocks away, and the landlady knew her and liked her enough to let her go up to my room unannounced. So she appeared just as I was throwing the magazine rather forcibly onto the floor. I still do that sometimes when a story irritates me, though I'm somewhat more tolerant now.
>
> I can't remember why I was so disgusted. The story was one by Manly Wade Wellman, "Pithecanthropus Rejectus," in the January 1938 issue of Astounding Stories, in which normal human beings were unsuccessfully imitated by an ape; I suspect my dislike was at the unsuccessful part of the idea....
>
> Anyhow, my girl friend wanted to know what all the fuss was about, and I responded with a long and overly impassioned diatribe against the story. In return, I got the most irritating question a critic can receive: "What makes you think you have a right to judge writers when you can't write a story yourself?"

Del Rey finally got his girlfriend to settle that if he could get a personal rejection letter from John Campbell, he would win the bet. Del Rey submitted his first story to Campbell, "The Faithful," a sentimental tale in which mankind had almost totally died out and intelligent dogs have taken over dominion of the world. However, the dogs lack hands and are limited in how much they can build up their civilization. Paul Kenyon, the last man on Earth, arranges for them to have intelligent apes at their disposal to serve as their hands.

Del Rey maintains a mood of wistful regret and quiet wonders. Its tone of mankind having died out and been supplanted is reminiscent of Campbell's stories written under the pseudonym of Don A. Stuart (specifically "Twilight" and "Night"). Campbell accepted the story immediately and sent del Rey a check for $40, launching the fledgling's career.

Having succeeded with a simple story, del Rey decided to be more experimental and ambitious with his second, a circuitous time travel story told in the second person. Called "And It Comes Out Here," Campbell promptly bounced it. Years later del Rey rewrote the story and this time sold it to Horace Gold of Galaxy magazine.

He tried Campbell again with a story called "Ice," which in The Early del Rey is described as dealing "with men who mined for water ice under the frozen carbon-dioxide snow of the Martian poles -- replete with tiny Martians and a giant Martian who was a sympathetic menace." Though Campbell complimented del Rey on


WAYNE
1988

his writing style, he rejected this latest novelette as well, which made del Rey decide to give up writing.

Lucky for us Campbell was persistent and wrote him a note telling del Rey that "The Faithful" was well-received by his readers and hoping for a new contribution. Del Rey resolved to check out Writers' Digest to see what Campbell was looking for. In it Campbell emphasized that a hero must have reactions to make him interesting to the reader.

Del Rey decided that the most human thing a person could do was fall in love and so decided to write a story about a female robot that falls in love with her creator. The resulting bathetic retelling of the "Pygmalion" myth was to become del Rey's best known and best-loved short story, "Helen O'Loy."

Of course, what distinguished the story from those of other contemporary science fiction writers was its almost extreme degree of sentimentality. A love story, albeit one with a then very unusual twist, just didn't appear in 30s' science fiction magazines. The closest thing that the pulps tended to offer would have been the Barsoomian tales of Edgar Rice Burroughs where a romantic John Carter was always rescuing the bewitching Dejah Thoris. A scientist might fall in love with an invention, but that invention couldn't be expected to live him in return.

Fitting right in with the cliche of the brilliant scientist who is lost at sea when it comes to love, del Rey's story naturally captured the attention of SF readers of the time who were more used to adventure, invention and wonder than a moving portrait of a unrequited love in science fiction form. The story still delights in its way, even today, and has proven to be one of the most anthologized SF stories of all time.

After succeeding twice with Campbell, del Rey wondered if he could sell to other editors and tried his luck at a weird tale for Weird Tales magazine. The editor, Farnsworth Wright, initially rejected "Cross of Fire," a forgettable story about how lightning in the form of a cross changes a vampire back into a normal man, but del Rey rewrote it and it was accepted and appeared in the April 1939 issue.

However, Weird Tales paid on publication whereas Campbell's Astounding paid on acceptance and usually at a better rate, so del Rey gave up on Weird Tales as a market for his stories. To top it off, Campbell suggested that del Rey write a story about how a Neanderthal man died of frustration after meeting Cro Magnon man, and del Rey quickly put together "The Day Is Done," which Campbell immediately accepted. Once more there was a wistful, emotional tone to the story that del Rey artfully maintained and which seemed to be his hallmark.

Wanting to try something different, del Rey was delighted when Campbell sent him a copy of the first issue of Unknown, probably still the finest straight fantasy magazine that ever existed. Anxious to try his had at straight fantasy, del Rey wrote "A Very Simple Man," about a non-entity whose life is changed by mermaids that Campbell rejected and has since become lost.

A change of pace but not a particularly distinguished one was "The Luck of Ignatz," the story of how a Venusian mascot brings bad luck to a space pilot. Still, it showed that del Rey had a lighter side as well as containing a fairly lengthy sequence that was designed to build suspense. Yet it proves mediocre when compared to similar stories by Weinbaum and Heinlein who gave their characters more personality.

Next del Rey took one of the most sentimental fairy tales of all time, Hans Christian Anderson's "The Little Mermaid," and spun off his own variation about a dryad who wants to consummate her love with a human being. The result, "Forsaking All Others," succeeded in getting del Rey into the pages of Unknown, though his next fantasy story, "The Coppersmith," was far superior.

"The Coppersmith" has a story which can best be described as "quaint," but it works. This time del Rey combined his wistfulness, as a magical elf laments pollution and the lack of copper goods on which to work his magic, with a wry sense of humor as he plays up the elf as a cantankerous draftsman who constantly surprises the townfolk he come in contact with. The story proved popular enough that del Rey even wrote a sequel, "Doubled in Brass," a short time later.

He also used the basic concept to write about a Brownie who inadvertently creates suspicion and mistrust in a small

town by his ability to do "anything" in "Anything." This became the first del Rey story to carry a pseudonym, Philip St. John, and del Rey was to have many others. In fact, he is the only writer I know to have collaborated on a book with himself under another name (Police Your Planet by Lester del Rey and Erik van Lhin).

Caught up in writing fables, del Rey wrote a now-lost story called "Hands of the Gods." He described is as being laid

> ...in the far future, when man has gone off and left his few animals behind. They can talk, and they have breeding vats, but they have to find their own future. And step by step we see most of them sink back to savage wildness, while the ape begins evolving. There were five episodes, each with the elephant somehow helping the man-ape. Finally, questioned by the lion, the elephant says it is because man must be replaced, and the ape alone has the all-important hands of the gods.

Campbell felt accurately that it was too much of a "Just So" story (the Indian fables that Rudyard Kipling made famous) and rejected it while complimenting del Rey on its execution. Del Rey bounced back quickly with another story, albeit a very minor one, for which he earned a bonus.

"Habit" chronicles a space race where a pilot who desperately needs to win succeeds because he gets out of the habit of thinking the routine way and tries to slingshot himself 180 degrees around Jupiter at high speed to win the race. Del Rey admits that he knows today that the science doesn't work out and he didn't take the trouble to figure it out at the time, an almost inexcusable error for a hard science writer. While del Rey is noted for editing books which mix science and fantasy, he most certainly respects the hard sciences and expects other science fiction writers to do so as well.

For those who are struggling to establish themselves as professional writers of fiction, perhaps it will be heartening for them to know that despite several successful sales, del Rey still managed to receive the occasional odd rejection, though he himself notes that it was only after he had written most of his short stories that he began to think of himself as a professional writer rather than someone who was dabbling in writing from time to time. And as good as some of his later work is (and some of it is very good), my favorite del Rey stories come from this "uncertain" period.

Different writers have different methods of approaching writing. Del Rey experimented with attempting to write things on a schedule. There are writers who can set themselves specific goals (e.g. "I will write 1000 or 8000 words today and every day between the hours of 7:00 and 11:00 or 1:00 and 5:00, morning or evening" etc.) and meet those goals regularly, and they include some of the most prolific writers of all time. However, many of them write to a formula and their writing tends to be uninspired at best -- though some very successful and creative writers have used this method. Others have to wait for inspiration to strike, plotting or creating in a blind fury or a blaze of glory. There are almost as many different approaches as there are writers.

When del Rey had another story, also lost, called "Glory" rejected by Campbell for Unknown, del Rey rejected any more attempts to be systematic in his writing habits. Freed from his self-imposed restrictions, he created "The Smallest God," an interesting if odd little tale about a statue of Hermes that comes to life when a scientist fills it with some sort of magical gobbledy-gook. Once more the story hinges on a fairly romantic notion -- Hermes falls in love with the scientist's daughter Tanya -- but the differences in their sizes means that the little man's love must go unrequited. The story is corny but also manages to have some charm as well, perhaps because of the guileless way in which it is written.

Another story, and extremely short one, "Fade-Out," was bounced by Campbell and del Rey finally gave it to Harry Warner Jr. to print in a fanzine. It is the only del Rey story ever published in a fanzine. Del Rey recounts that Campbell in rejecting the story had given him a good piece of advice: Stop trying to write stories with gimmicks and trick plots and concentrate instead on doing characters. He also complained that he

didn't expect to see action stories from del Rey, which made him bound and determined to sell Campbell an action story. He did so immediately with "The Stars Look Down."

Today "The Stars Look Down" seems very much a standard science fiction pulp story as a pair of competitors each hopes to be the first to the moon, with one competitor being unscrupulous and attempting to sabotage the efforts of the other. Del Rey's twist in his hero, Erin Morse, has a bad heart and can't make the trip, so he offers the captain's berth to his long-time arch-rival Gregory Stewart, after Stweart has sent Morse to prison for manslaughter when a test pilot took a joy ride in one of Morse's experimental rockets and died, and later had even attacked Morse's island base. Stewart's own expedition collapses and he agrees to put aside differences and accept the job for the advancement of science and mankind, and because he's the only man fit for the difficult and demanding job that the flight entails. To add a final cornball touch, Erin even compares himself to Moses because he has led his people to the promised land but may never enter it.

In The Early del Rey, Lester mentions tha looking back on the story today, he wishes he had written it the way he meant to originally.

> It was supposed to be a conflict between two men, without all the melodramatics. It should have been. And I wanted to show the usual science fiction idea of two men building a spaceship in a few months was utter rubbish. Engineering such projects must take many years, a lot of money, and a large crew of men.

He also noted with embarrassment the bad cliche portrait of a Chinese character when he should have known better.

The Early del Rey is as interesting for the details that it gives on del Rey's life and what he learns about being a science fiction writer as it is for the stories it contains. Beginning writers can learn from del Rey's mistakes and his acknowledged comments on them as they are often quite common in other writers as well. At this point in his life, writing was more of a profitable hobby for del Rey, and he gave it up temporarily to concentrate on photography for a time, particularly a business of enlarging snapshots.

When del Rey returned to writing, he came up with a couple more clunkers: "Coincidence," about a fortuneteller whose predictions coincidentally come true, and "The Late Henry Smith," a gag story about a reporter who was always late for everything, including being picked up for a trip to the afterlife. Frustrated, del Rey developed writer's block for a time. He turned to writing confession stories, which paid better than science fiction stories and were easier to do. He finally broke the block with the aforementioned sequel to "Coppersmith" called "Doubled in Brass." Though the sequel was all right, it turned del Rey off from doing sequels to his work except when publishers demanded them for his juvenile books.

Del Rey had another gimmick story misfire with "Miracles, Second Class," about an angel who tries to arrange a trip to Earth with economy-class miracles. He connected with "Reincarnate," which was written from a story idea Willy Ley had supplied to John Campbell and finished the story's 11,000 words in one sitting. The story chronicles how an atomic researcher adjusts to having his brain

transplanted into a mechanical, android body after an accident in building an atomic power plant prototype results in the destruction of his original body. The story has an annoying, "cute" tagline about the "pleasures" of smoking and completely ignores the hero's reactions to the effects on his sex life (well, after all, it was written in the 40s).

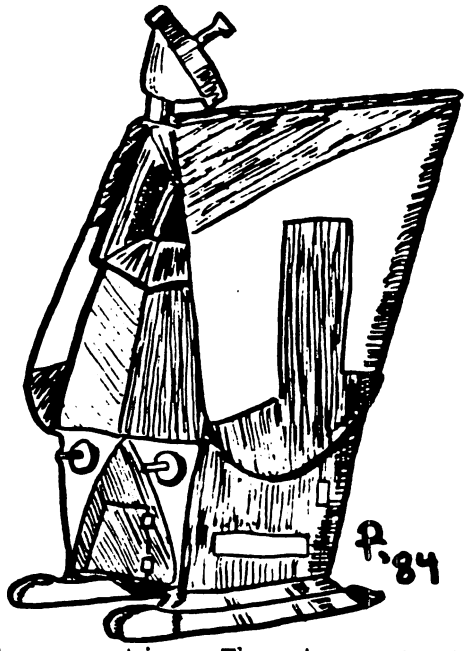
The story, however, pales in comparison with such later treatments of the theme as C. L. Moore's stylishly and movingly written classic "No Woman Born" (available in The Best of C. L. Moore, edited by Lester del Rey) and Fred Pohl's detailed transformation novel Man Plus. Del Rey's story compiles some interesting details that are researched and well thought out, but the plot itself just clunks along to a conclusion.

Also not terribly impressive is "Dark Mission," in which a rocket jockey who avoids contact with other men and who is out to destroy a spaceship proves to be a Martian who wants to prevent Mankind from contracting a plague that is killing off the Martian civilization.

More memorable is "The Pipes of Pan," which appeared in Unknown. Once more del Rey is on sentimental ground as the Greek god Pan loses his last worshipper and becomes a mortal as a result. Pan now feels mortal needs like hunger, and so disguising himself as a human, he goes in search of a job. Eventually he develops a new set of worshipers, the followers of "tin pan alley" who love the wild way he plays the syrinx with a jazz or swing band (del Rey is not clear which). The only thing in the story that hasn't dated well is the music slang that one of the characters employs.

The story does suggest that del Rey was quite concerned with the theme of the lonely outsider looking for his place in society. A great many of del Rey's stories explore this theme over and over in numerous variations. The hero must basically prove himself and find love or acceptance, and he does so by having a special skill he develops that sets him above the ordinary. It is also apparent that del Rey was spending much of his time at this time looking for his own particular niche in society himself.

Next, del Rey collaborated with James Beard on "Carillon of Skulls," a fantasy for which Beard supplied the idea and del



Rey the execution. The story was credited to Philip James, meant to be a combination of Beard's first name and del Rey's psuedonym Philip St. John. The St. John byline was slapped on "Done Without Eagles" when Campbell decided to run two del Rey stories in one issue of Astounding.

"Carillon of Skulls" was written three times, each time from a different viewpoint, as del Rey tried to make the story work. As published, the story still doesn't quite work. It involves a woman who is under a spell of a nis -- a half-man, half-demon -- who uses her to lure men to him so that he can use the humans' skulls as part of a musical instrument he plays in an outre vaudeville house. Del Rey goes for sentimentality when what the story really needed was mood and atmosphere.

"Done Without Eagles" is the story of a blind space pilot with a heart condition who has been grounded and is making his last spaceflight to Mars in the company of his son, a telepathic, superhuman four-armed mutant. The old man maintains his dignity but antagonizes the present captain of his old ship when he is hypercritical about the crew, but redeems himself when the ship loses its instrumentation in a meteor shower and the blind pilot flies the ship to safety without instrumentation. The sentiment is restrained, the characterization is rather dull, and overall it's the type of story that Heinlein managed to do much better. Del Rey also can't resist stereotypes, as witness the story's hard-drinking, pugnacious Scotch engineer.

Following this story, del Rey began writing less fiction for a time. He experimented with another gimmick story called "The Boaster," about a braggart whose every boast miraculously comes true, but he couldn't figure out a satisfactory ending to it. Next came "The Milkstop," about a milquetoast who becomes a hero that was so bad that Campbell dropped it into a wastebasket in front of del Rey to drive the point home. Campbell persuaded Lester that his gift was to get deep down into characters, and at that depth they don't tend to be humorous (most of del Rey's failures had tended to be light, humorous stories written for Unknown). As a result, del Rey gave up writing in a humorous vein.

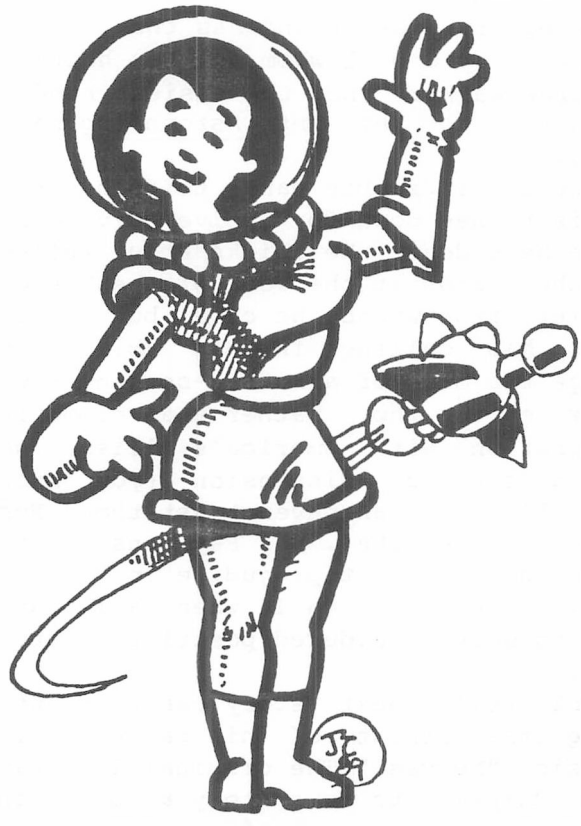
It was almost a year before del Rey tried to write another story for Campbell. Finally, a trip to New York gave him the excuse to present Campbell with something while he was there. The result, "Hereafter, Inc.," is a neatly done fantasy based on the idea that the hereafter could be heaven or hell, depending on one's attitude toward it. (In a way, it is a bit reminiscent of C.S. Lewis' The Great Divorce.)

The story focuses on Phineas Potts, a puritanically minded draughtsman who starts the tale by finding the world subtly altered. Having lived a life of constant denial, he discovers at his old job that he has passed on and he can't adjust to the hereafter which is patterned after the life he had before he died, the people in charge assuming that he would have chosen to make himself as happy and as comfortable as he possibly could while alive. Campbell had presented the idea of heaven not meeting expectations but rather being a continuation of present existence, but only del Rey came up with an acceptable story on the notion.

Soon after, del Rey put together "The Wings of Night," yet another variation on the "last of its kind" story that del Rey had dabbled with since "Day is Done." This time a good portion of the story is told from the point of view of a telepathic, monkey-like alien who lives on the moon. Rather than humor or sentimentality, del Rey decided to use the character as part of the traditional scientific problem story. The alien needs copper to resurrect his Lunar species while some humans who land need to repair their ion rocket. The problem is, how can the alien make the humans understand what he needs. A subtext includes the desire by one of the humans to unmercifully exploit the Lunar race for his personal gain because of his bigoted lack of regard for any species not his own. That touch gives the story a timelessness of a fable, and despite an awkward beginning, the story works fairly well.

Following Pearl Harbor, the United States entered World War II. Del Rey, like many Americans, thought about Adolf Hitler and the horror that he represented. Del Rey decided that he wanted to create a story that would provide a suitable end for the infamous megalomaniac. He wanted to avoid the common pitfalls of making Hitler a buffoon or registering indignation over an imagined depravity. He wanted the story to depict the dictator as he really was and confront del Rey's own perceptions of the man. The result was a 10,000 word novelette for Astounding entitled "My Name Is Legion."

"My Name Is Legion centers around Hitler becoming trapped in a closed time cycle created by a German scientist. The Fuehrer, believing that an army of himself would be invincible, arranges to step into a time machine in which future



versions of himself are sent back in time to live the same two day period, thereby creating an army of 7,000 Hitlers. However, to maintain order (after all, each regards himself as the leader of Nazi Germany), a mental command is implanted in each subsequent and older Hitler to obey the first one and not to harm Karl Meyers, the scientist who built the miraculous time machine.

The story delineates Hitler's overwhelming egotism as the character sets in motion events that he finds he literally can't control. The final twist has the oldest version of Hitler, driven mad by having to repeat the same actions for the 7,000th time, ignoring his mental commands and shooting the original, who then goes back in time to start the 20 year cycle knowing what is to come and powerless to stop it.

The story doesn't contain any deep insights into Hitler's personality and mostly hinges on its clever conceit, but it's not a bad piece of science fiction in the "By His Bootstraps" mode. Patriotism also ran deep in del Rey's next story, "Though the Poppies Grow," in which the restless spirit of a WW I soldier returns to consciousness in Washington, D.C., after the start of WW II. Del Rey does a good job conveying his protagonist's disorientation and has the hero befriended by a girl whom del Rey hints is a streetwalker (not the easiest kind of character to get into Astounding magazine).

The spirit/zombie wants to do his part but is turned down for active service because he's dead. He thinks about relieving the guards at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, from whence he came, but finally finds his calling in his ability to change the mind of a hatred-spewing newspaper editor who, rather than promoting cooperation with America's allies, was sowing seed of dissension (you know, stuff like you can never trust those Russians and the like). Del Rey consistently comes down against prejudice in his stories, even during WW II when racist sentiments were considered positively patriotic.

Del Rey's next story can be counted among the finest of his career -- the classic "Nerves." The original idea came from Campbell to do a story about an industrial atomic plant of the future that has a big accident and is in danger of blowing up. Campbell was looking for the same kind of mood and suspense that had made Willy Ley's novelette "Fog," a portrait of a Communist revolution in America as seen through the eyes of an innocent bystander who only has a hazy view as to what is going on, so popular. (Ley's story was credited to his pseudonym Robert Willey.)

According to The Early del Rey, del Rey had

> ...gotten interested in why some suspense stories work any why others fail. In fact, I'd wasted several weeks on the project, and I had some lovely charts and rules all made out when the idea first reached me. This would be a chance to put my theory into practice--and maybe pay for all the time I'd spent for the sheer fun of figuring it out.
>
> So I did a lot of deliberate work on plot, and laid it all out in six carefully drawn chapter outlines. There was also a tremendous amount of background material I didn't intend to use, but which was necessary to the story in my own head. (I think the mark of a good science fiction story is that the writer always knows ten times as much about it as he is able to use.)

The result was not only a classic of suspense but of science fiction as well. To my tastes, "Nerves" has never been topped as a depiction of the tensions and horrors faced by the possibilities of a melt down. We see the situation through the eyes of people at the plant who are struggling to control the situation, and del Rey makes us feel the sweat on their foreheads as they struggle to avert disaster.

The story was extremely popular with the readers and del Rey later expanded it into a novel, adding another 20,000 words, most of them detailing the character of Jorgenson, who is intensely involved in the tragedy. There's even a sympathetic Japanese scientist, written in an era when the Japanese were being put in internment camps for the duration of the war so that they would not give assistance to coastal invaders.

The novel version of "Nerves" is good, but I prefer the original novella version which is a bit less padded. The original version, however, is only available in Raymond J. Healy and J. Francis McComas' classic SF anthology Adventures in Time and Space or Ben Bova's Science Fiction Hall of Fame, Vol. 2A. With this story, del Rey really arrived as an SF writer.

Ironically, he was to follow his girl friend out to St. Louis shortly after completing it. He calculated that he had made $2100 from writing thus far, an average of less than $10 a week. However, this didn't discourage him from continuing to pursue writing as a career, though it would be another 8 or 9 years before he made it a fill-time one.

A. von Munchausen created a lunar landscape for his only cover for Astounding and John Campbell showed it to del Rey, asking him to write a story around it. Del Rey planned to get around to the story after receiving a stat of the painting, but instead of receiving the stat, he received a phone call from Campbell saying that he needed the story by the end of the week. Del Rey quickly slapped together a 20,000 word story to fit the painting and titled it "Lunar Landing."

Actually, for something completed under a great deal of pressure, "Lunar Landing" is not a bad story. Del Rey does an impressive job in depicting the effects of the lack of gravity upon an individual at the start of the story and he even populates his lunar expedition with a few female characters, unusual for the time. True, the women want a man's shoulder to rest their heads against when they get frightened, but it is encouraging to see that del Rey considered women as being worthy to share the rigorous adventure of space even back in the 40s.

The story of a first landing on the moon had already been done numerous times in science fiction, so to put a new spin on it, del Rey decided to make his expedition a rescue mission, trying to retrieve a previous, ill-fated expedition. However, the problems with the rockets that stranded the first group strikes again and people start disappearing mysteriously.

These elements are worked fairly well and del Rey even includes some alien life on the moon, but he saves his biggest revelation until the end where we find that the primary inhabitants on the moon are Martians who have been waiting for mankind to get over its prejudices and start heading out into space. There is a cover-up until mankind is ready with an indication that the best members of the lunar expedition will guide them there, There is also a surprise revelation of a secret expedition that preceded both of the current ones, which isn't bad, and a surprise revelation about the hero, which is. There is even a budding romance between two nicotine addicts that ends in a joke about cigarettes.

Del Rey followed this with an even more interesting story, one that would look at conscientious objectors, called "Fifth Freedom." Del Rey planned to make to the first story in a series that could be connected together as a novel, and to give the series an identity chose a new pen name, John Alvarez. He never wrote any more stories for that series, but again del Rey shows his independence as a thinker and his hatred of prejudice by depicting how a bright conscientious objector is poorly treated during wartime.

Naturally, during WW II, public sentiment was heavily against conscientious objectors. Del Rey treated the objectors; objections seriously, though he indicates he doesn't agree with their thinking and finally has his protagonist converted to fighting for his side because his side gives people the choice of fighting or not fighting (they still have to contribute to the war effort via work camps) while the other side doesn't, and del Rey's hero thinks that is something worth fighting for. (Well, at least that's a better reason than the modern day cyberpunk hero has, who typically is fighting for his right to get high and party).

Strangely, del Rey followed this story with one of his worst published ones, "Whom the Gods Love," a tiresome war fantasy in which the fates aid a wounded flyer and get back at those dirty Japanese. The story was hastily written in an hour and a half and while it maintains a mood, it doesn't show much evidence of plotting or thinking. Del Rey's stories aren't usually superb pieces of prose, but they are typically well-crafted and well though out. His output was distinguished by his willingness to deal with stories emotionally -- he is a romantic

in the classical sense, however, not because he specialized in love stories, of which he wrote only a few, but by his interest in exploring the characters of his protagonists rather than the problems his protagonists faced, as was typical of the time.

Del Rey only had one more unpublished misstep, a story called "Misdirection" about a lunar inhabitant who visits Earth and finds that the lunar astronomers were very much off-base in their assumptions about the planet. It was the last piece of fiction that del Rey was unable to sell, giving him a mere total of 66,000 words of unpublished fiction -- about the length og the average first novel.

He came up with a Tarzan pastiche, "Renegade," which was credited to Marion Henry, showing that he was influenced by Edgar Rice Burroughs and Rudyard Kipling. A much more interesting response to another writer came with the story "Though Dreamers Die." Del Rey liked a story by Robert Moore Williams entitled "Robots' Return" and he decided to write a "prequel" to it with Moore's permission. (Moore had given up on Astounding because Campbell was too demanding and found an easier market in Amazing Stories.)

"Though Dreamers Die" is one of del Rey's most poignant stories with the del Rey "last of his kind" device in full force. The story is set in a future where a plague has wiped out most of mankind but a few dreamers hope to take some colonists to an uninhabited habitable world to build a utopian colony. Unfortunately, they manage to take their disease with them and all but one have died in hibernation.

Discovering the facts, the sole remaining human, Jorgen, knowing that he too will soon die of the plague, decides that just because the dreamers have died out is not reason to let the dream die with them. He orders five robots to build their own civilization on the to-be-colonized planet and forces them to forget their memories of mankind (the robots developed emotions along with sophisticated thinking and memories of their purpose being to serve mankind would make them despondent and get in the way of accomplishing the dream). The story ends with one of the robots hangin onto a clue regarding mankind's home world so that one day, when the robots are ready, they can travel to Earth and uncover their lost origins.

It's hard to explain why the story is so moving apart from the fact that it is well told. Perhaps because ot represents an undying dream of exploration in the face of adversity that not-too-secretly lies in the heart of every science fiction fan. In del Rey's story, the SF dream isn't ethnocentric -- it suffices that mankind's spawn will go on and continue to seek knowledge even in man's absence.

Lester del Rey has been one of those who has kept the dream alive, and that's why we honor him. While I have covered the start of his career in detail, there are many fine stories that followed which are equally worthy of attention. However, time is short, so I'll just briefly comment on a few more as well as cull a few extra tidbits from The Early del Rey and allow you to discover del Rey's short fiction for yourself. It is primarily available in the volumes The Early del Rey (volumes 1 and 2 in paperback), The Best of Lester del Rey, and three volumes that have been too long out of print: And Some Were Human, Robots and Changelings, and Mortals and Monsters.

"Kindness" is yet another variation on "Day is Done," only this time the species that is about to die out is homo sapiens, which has been replaced with a more intelligent and intuitive species. Del Rey doesn't make this superior species convincing in the story, but he does build up sympathy for the last "normal" man as they do him a last act of "kindness" (by driving him away to an asteroid paradise).

"Fool's Errand" is a time travel story in which a traveller inadvertantly sets up the career of Nostradamus and a rather slight one at that. Far better was "Into They Hands," in which a switched-on robot gets his hands on a bible to explain things to him after mankind has passed away and comes to the conclusion that's he's God, and then mayber that he's Adam. Significantly, the story had to be quickly replotted when Campbell, who was overstocked with fiction at longer lengths, insisted that he couldn't take a story over 7,000 words and del Rey had written 11,000. Del Rey surprised himself by discovering that in adding a sequence he could trim the story down and make it

stronger in the process.

Del Rey has crafted some other interesting tales utilizing religious themes. One particularly memorable one is "For I Am a Jealous People," written as a deliberately controversial story for Fred Pohl's Star Short Novels anthology. In the story, a religious cult finds God not a loving and benevolent supreme being looking out after man's interests, but an adversary. It ends on a memorable sacrilegious note:

> "God has ended the ancient covenants and declared Himself an enemy of all mankind," Amos said, and the chapel seemed to roll with his voice. "I say to you: He has found a worthy opponent."

Del Rey later crafted an allegorical semi-sequel to the story, "Evensong," for Harlan Ellison's Dangerous Visions anthology. In the story, God is finally chased off the planet Earth by the Usurpers. Another interesting religious/philosophical speculation is del Rey's The Eleventh Commandment in which he explores the possible consequences of the Catholic Church's birth control policy as well as setting up an unlikely situation in which the policy would prove to have been a wise one.

The lack of demand for new stories at Astounding meant that del Rey didn't write in 1945 or 1946, though those years were significant to del Rey who left his girl friend and married his first wife Helen in the fall of 1945. Payment for "Nerves" to be reprinted in Adventures in Time and Space spurred del Rey to return to writing again in 1947. The stories he sent to Campbell began to be rejected and he found markets for them elsewhere.

Naturally, the rejections did discourage del Rey, but the story behind his comeback story, "Over the Top," is an interesting one. In 1948, Richard I. Hoen, an enterprising science fiction fan and a biology major in college, sent a letter which was published in the November 1948 issue of Astounding criticizing the contents of a fictitious November 1949 issue. It appealed to Campbell's sense of humor to try to make this fictitious issue a reality, and one of the stories that Hoen reviewed was "Over the Top" by Lester del Rey. With no clues as to what the story should be about, del Rey looked over the stories he'd sold to Campbell and tried to synthesize the elements that Campbell apparently like best. He came up with the tale of a lone pilot stuck on Mars with nothing to help him but a rolling ball of fur which passes for a Martian.

While it was not one of del Rey's finer stories, it did get the ball rolling again as far as del Rey's writing was concerned. An agent talked del Rey into writing a story on auto racing, and soon del Rey branched out into writing detective stories, westerns, and a whole range of sports stories. For the first time in his career, he was a full-fledged writer making his living from writing rather than just dabbling in it frequently.

With 1950, Astounding found itself with two major competitors, Galaxy and The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. Del Rey found he could sell his second story, and endless circle story done in the second person called "And It Comes Out Here," to Horace L. Gold and was soon exploring his new market. Del Rey wrote one of his favorite short stories, "The Monster," as a warm-up to writing "Wind Between the Worlds" for Galaxy. He would later collaborate with Fred Pohl as Edson McCann to write the novel Preferred Risk to win a best new novelist contest Gold was running that had failed to uncover any acceptable takers. Preferred Risk is a variation on The Space Merchants idea, only this time the insurance companies are running civilization.

Del Rey's book career limped off to a poor start with the ill-distributed hardcover It's Your Atomic Age in 1950, but having sold one book, he began to think about doing more.

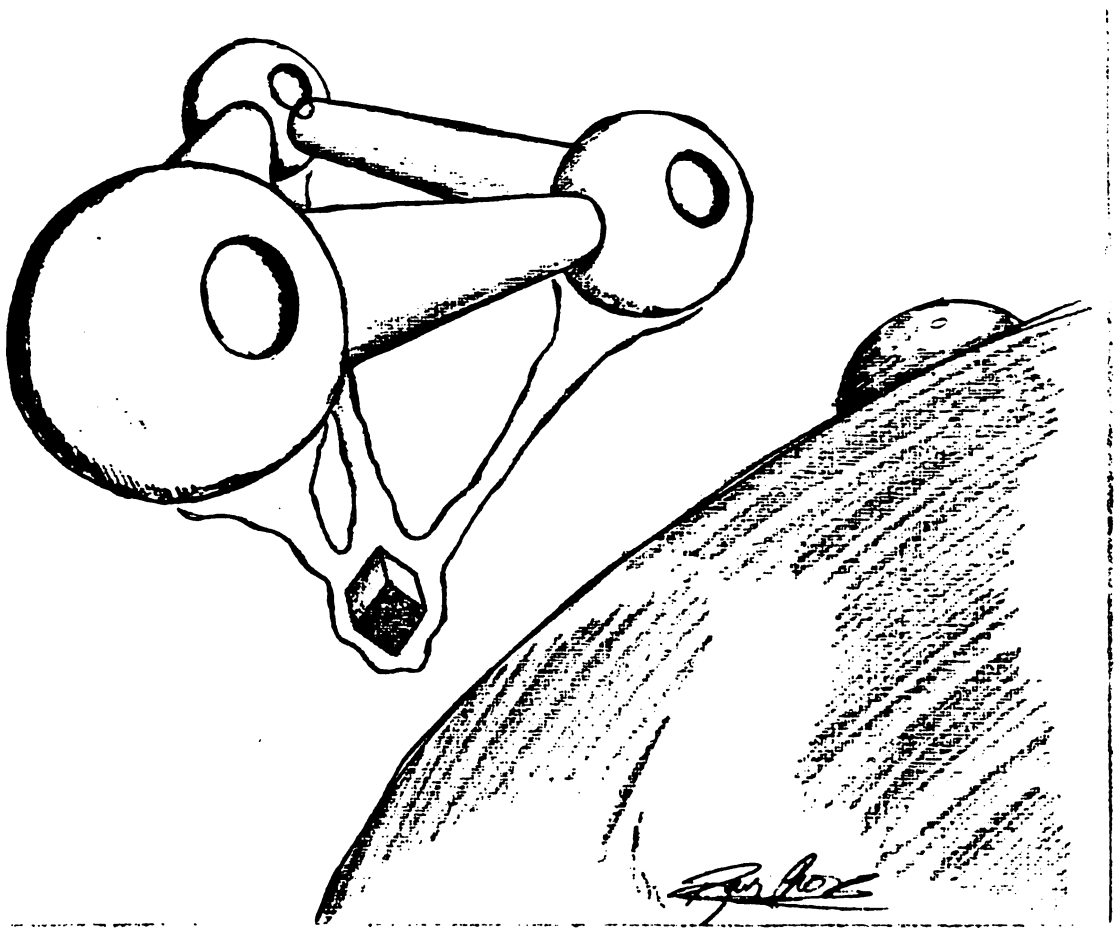
Del Rey's writing career took off, resulting in many books and stories--among the memorable ones not previously mentioned are Police Your Planet about planetary colonization, and Pstalemate about a man who discovers his psionic powers will eventually drive him insane. Del Rey also worked as an editor for a number of obscure publications including Fantasy Magazine, Rocket Stories, Space Science Fiction, and Science Fiction Adventures. However, his most omportant position as editor has been his role as general editor of the SF/Fantasy line of Ballantine

Books since 1977, which he worked on with his now late fourth wife Judy-Lynn del Rey. Among the best books he personally edited are the first five volumes of The Best Science Fiction Stories of the Year, The Best of C. L. Moore, The Best of John W. Campbell, and The Best of Frederik Pohl, He also selected 45 volumes for the Garland Press science fiction reprint series and has shown excellent taste in "Golden Age" science fiction.

As to his qualities as a writer, perhaps Sam Moskowitz said it best in Seekers of Tomorrow when he wrote,

> ...Lester del Rey's stories hold forth hope for the individual and hope for man. His personal hardships appear to have stirred in him deep feeling for, not hatred or resentment toward, the human race.... His rages are directed at patterns of thought which he feels threaten the progress of mankind, but not at individuals or institutions.

He's a science fiction writer who never wrote as much as science fiction fans would have liked him to, but there is no reason to expect that he couldn't provide us with more good work in the future. He has definitely learned the tricks of the craft the hard way and has been in invaluable help to a number of aspiring writers who credit him with helpful tips. Like his hero in "Lunar Landing," he's smart, opinionated, forthright, no-nonsense and takes things on his own terms. As we celebrate his 50th anniversary in the science fiction field, let's remember him as a versatile writer and editor whose contributions have made the field a more interesting place.



# A Lester del Rey Chronology

by Robert Sabella

1917 Born Ramon Felipe San Juan Silvio Enrico Smith Heathcourt-Brace Sierra y Alvarez del Rey de los Verdes on June 2 in Clydesdale, Minnesota.

1931 -33 Attended George Washington University.

1933 Published poetry pseudonymously in Ladies Home Journal and Good Housekeeping.

1935 Became a prolific correspondent to Astounding Stories.

1938 Wrote and sold his first science fiction story, "The Faithful," to Astounding Stories; "Helen O'Loy" appeared in December Astounding Stories.

1942 "Nerves" appeared in September Astounding Stories.

1947 -50 Worked as a literary agent for Scott Meredith Literary Agency.

1948 Founding member of The Hydra Club with Frederick Pohl and Robert W. Lowndes.

1952 -53 Edited Fantasy Magazine, Rocket Stories, Space Science Fiction, and Science Fiction Adventures.

1954 "For I Am a Jealous People!" appeared in Star Short Novels.

1956 Ballantine Books published a paperback expansion of Nerves.

1967 Guest of Honor at Twenty-Fifth World Science Fiction Convention in New York City.

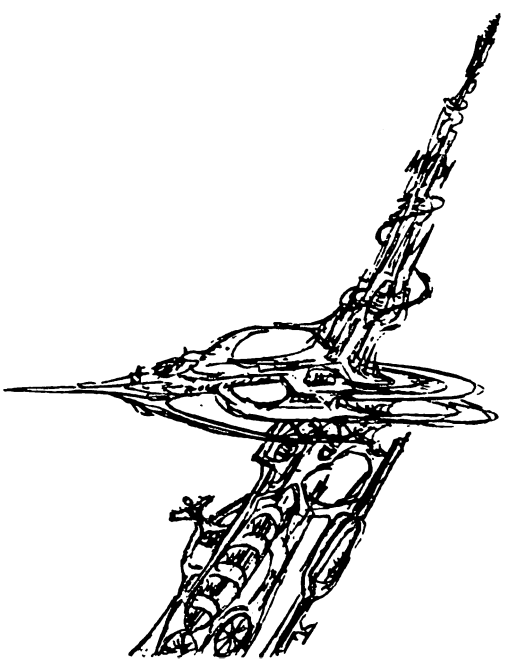
1968 -74 Features editor for Galaxy Magazine and Worlds of If.

1971 Married Judy-Lynn Benjamin

1974 -79 Book Reviewer for Analog (The Reference Library)

1977 Ballantine Books created Del Rey Books with Lester as Fantasy Editor and Judy-Lynn as Science Fiction Editor.

1978 The Best of Lester del Rey published.



# A REALLY SPECIAL EVENT

by Clifton Amsbury

"Write for me," Lan asked. "I've planned a whole list of special issues and you're an Old Timer. You must know all these Oldies-and-Goodies."

"Gee, well, I know most of the names, but, heck, not the people. After all, I'm neither a pro nor a BNF. Let's see."

A. E. van Vogt. I was introduced to him at a couple of WESTERCONs. Aside from that I only knew what everyone else knew: That he wrote each day what he dreamed the night before; that he wrote in more or less uniform-length blocks; that he helped his late wife E. Mayne Hull work out a way to write science fiction without knowing any science.

Theodore Sturgeon. What can you say but: "Read him. He's unique and he's at the top." That's all I know except that we lost him too soon.

Fritz Leiber. Sure, I met him at cons, ar gatherings at Les Anderson's, and even at a Nebula Awards Banquet. He's very impressive. Shakespearean actor, you know.

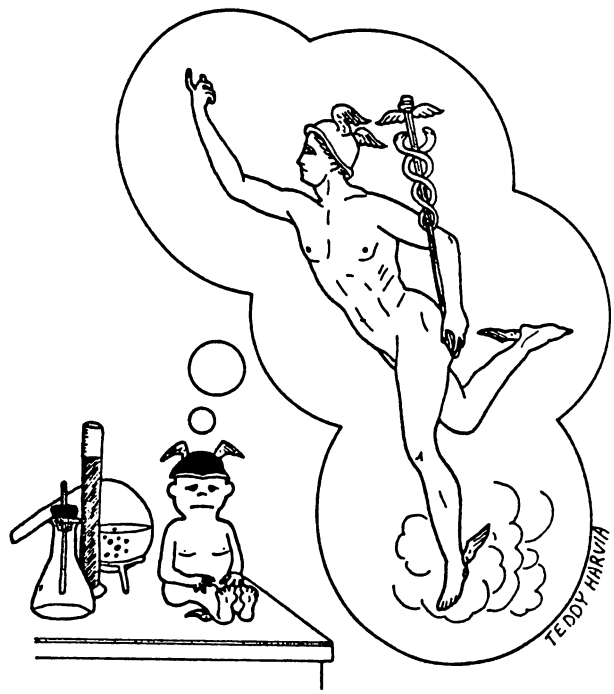
Robert Heinlein, Alfred Bester, Isaac Asimov, Clarke. Well, I've met Heinlein, seen Asimov, did not get autographs, know that Heinlein considered himself a libertarian and was able to describe attitudes he did not endorse in such ways that some people have thought him advocating them.

But Lester del Rey. Now there's someone for whose Special Issue I can write. It has to do with a Special Occasion in my life. So this is for Lester's Special Issue.

Christmas Day, 1938, I got home from Spain. All the way on the bus ride from New York to San Francisco and back across the Bay I had known I'd get home too late for Christmas Dinner, but I dreamed of all those leftovers. (A year and a half of chickpeas can get mighty monotonous, even when they come in gunnysacks labeled "Garbanzos de Sinaloa.") Alas for golden dreams. For the only time I know of, my family ate out that Christmas. That week I went down to the State Relief Administration in Oakland and asked if they wanted me back. They did, but not till January 2. No doubt you've heard the old line, "They said to come back after the first of the year." (One February or March I asked a woman if "they" had said how long after and she blurted out, "No, and they didn't say what year!")

I'd been near a year and a half without science fiction in Spain and the ties had loosened. I read some, but not much during 1939. I was in New York on other business and read about the First Con in the papers the day after it happened.

Relief was a seasonal business. When I was rehired that Fall, it was in Fresno. Fresno is William Saroyan's town. Saroyan could describe things and actions and occupations specifically for the people who knew the things, did the actions and lived the occupations. He wrote one about an elevator operator. Elevator operators went wild over it. I was living a little north and east (a half diagonal-block away) of the Santa Fe station, in the same room I'd had in 1935 and at the same $5 a week. There I read my first Saroyan story. It was about a guy living in Fresno




**THE SMALLEST GOD**

*LESTER DEL REY*

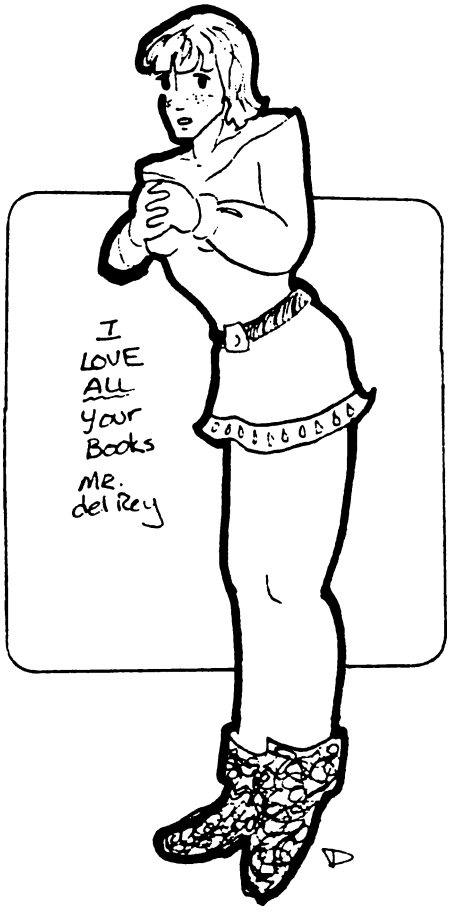
and I swear from the description that he had to be living in my room, looking down at the same scene I looked at from the same angle.

But that's not why this is for the del Rey issue. This is for the del Rey issue because while I'd read some science fiction that year, I intentionally had not "gone back" to it and had not gotten any copy of Astounding. As I recall, it was a rather cold, rainy and foggy winter down in the Great Valley and there just wasn't much to do. Frankly, I was lonely.

So I bought a copy of Astounding. And I read "The Smallest God." And I snapped right back home.

That's why Lester del Rey is a Special Issue for me.

# Short Comments on Lester del Rey




**David Palter**

Lester del Rey has (as we all know) achieved greater distinction as an editor than as a writer. As an editor, his contribution to the genre is inestimable.

**David Thayer**

"The Smallest God" is my favorite Lester del Rey story. In it, he creates an undersized god with both superhuman powers and human frailties that I came to care about as a person. His struggle with life works on multiple levels.

**Larry Nowinski**

I have very little time to do as much reading as I would like, so I asked Lan to recommend one of del Rey's books to read. He loaned me The Best of Lester del Rey, knowing that I could read a couple of short stories between the time I put my two daughters to bed and the time I turned in, or between laundry loads.

It didn't quite turn out that way. I read several stories that night and got only a little sleep. I finished it the next night.

I did recall that del Rey had written "Helen O'Loy," the first story in the collection. But as I read the stories, I remember reading them in other anthologies, and enjoying them. Occasionally while reading an Analog story it would trigger something in memory that I had read before. In going through this book, some of those nibbles became full-blown recollections.

Some of these stories -- "The Day Is Done," the fable "The Coppersmith," "Into Thy Hands," "The Monster," "Little Jimmy," "Seat of Judgement" -- I recall with wonder. "Superstition" held me in thrall and it took me a few hours to recover from the climax of "Vengence is Mine" when I first read it. When I reread the story this time, it nearly had the same effect -- I recovered more quickly, though.

In the end I asked Lan and my brother Tim for more of del Rey's stuff. It's nice to rediscover some gold from the past.

**Timothy Nowinski**

"Write me something about del Rey," Lan asked and I replied that I had not read much by him, though I had several of

his books on my shelves. So I sat down and in the course of a week read The Early del Rey, The Best of Lester del Rey, Gods and Golems, Mortals and Monsters, Mission to the Moon, and Attack from Atlantis.

Wow!

I had forgotten what a good storyteller del Rey was, and even recall borrowing Mortals and Monsters in my freshman year from George (er, Lan -- he was known to me as George back in high school). I am delighted to have become reacquainted with del Rey. Now to sit and (re)read some of his other stuff.

# A First Convention's Remembrance

by John Purcell

The year 1973 was an eventful one for me. It was my first year in college, my first year living away from home (on campus), and also the year of my first convention. I didn't know what to expect from MINICON 6, but without expectations the surprises that came were made more memorable. Of the things that I did know in advance, one was the Guest of Honor list: Gordon R. Dickson, Clifford Simak, Charles de Vet, Lester del Rey.... Hey, wait a minute. Charles de Vet?

I brought enough books by the authors to receive their autographs, and really didn't do anything else except hang around to get their signatures and buy more books.

The first time I tried to get Lester del Rey's autograph I totally forgot to ask for his it. We sat and talked for at least a half hour before I remembered I had a copy of Moon of Mutiny with me. I produced the paperback and handed it to him.

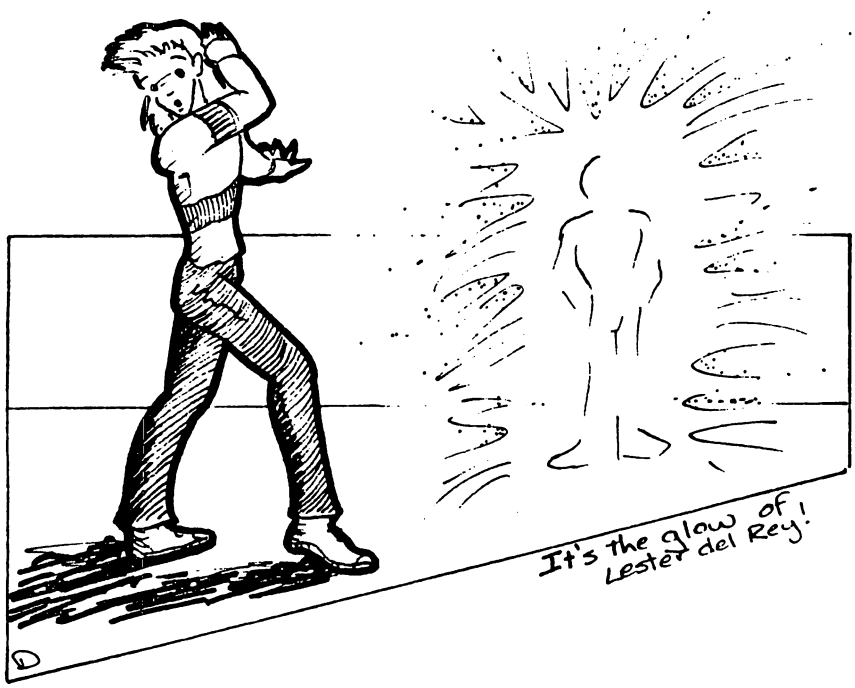
He blinked. "You know," he said slowly, "everybody always asks me to sign Nerves. Nobody ever asks me to sign this book because it is not a very good book! I've written much better than this."

All I could do was shrug. "I'm sorry," I said. "It's the only book of yours in my collection."

Before signing the book del Rey admired the condition of the binding and everything about it. He commented that it looked like I had never read it. I told him I had, and found it a very enjoyable book. So, with a compliment toward my care of books, Lester del Rey scrawled his name across the title page.

Then, while he occasionally paused to sign other books and scraps of paper, we talked about Minnesota, since his wife Judy-Lynn was from Southwest Minnesota.

To this day I have never had the chance to talk to him again. Sure, I've seen him at a few conventions, but only from a distance. But one of these times I want to sit down with him again and chat about something or other. I remember Lester del Rey as an insightful, intelligent, and caring man. It would give me great pleasure to get to know him again.



# Some Thoughts on William F. Temple

by Lan

When I realized that William F. Temple would be celebrating his Golden Anniversary and thus be eligible for a special issue, I got very excited. It's not that I had followed his writing since I started reading SF, nor had I followed his career. And I don't have everything he has written. It was that I recalled something from each of the stories of his that I read. A scene or episode from his novels stuck in my mind.

In The Three Suns of Amara, the star-suns of the planet were of different colors and thus the sky took up different hues depending on which combination of the red, yellow and blue suns were visible at the time.

In The Automated Goliath, the scene where Magellan teaches the men in a prison cell across the corridor how to communicate in Morse code sticks in my mind. Using a handkerchief he covered and uncovered the cell window for the dots and dashes, first in alphabetical order until the other person learned the code. Then he proceeded to signal them how to pick the lock.

In Battle on Venus, the solution to the puzzle why the Earth space ship was attacked and knocked over by automatically controlled weapons, and then defended by those same weapons afterward, has stayed with me since I read the story. Standing up the ship resembled a configuration used by the enemy and thus it was seen as such. Lying down the ship resembled a configuration of their own, and thus was treated as a friend and protected. Then the Earthmen, not knowing this, take steps to raise the ship verticall so they can leave....

I read everything else of Temple's that I had in my library. At Worldcon I looked for stories by him -- the other Martin Magnus books, The Fleshpots of Sansato (his last novel), collections with one of his short stories in it--and didn't find any. But I will keep looking. I found that I like what he's written, and would like to read more.

As soon as Lloyd Biggle, Jr., found out that I was doing a special on Temple, he gave me Bill's address and we started to correspond. The letters I received from Bill Temple were full of wit and charm. He talked about his family. He wrote me a couple of articles for this special. But the letters themselves were so interesting that I decided to include them here, almost in their entirety. They give a wonderful picture of the man, his feelings about a variety of topics, his pride and concern for his family. These letters give one a picture of a man who I am delighted to be corresponding with. I hope you will get the same impression.

As you will find, Bill has suffered from arthritis and the effects of several heart attacks. His writing is in handwritten capitals, and a single letter usually spans several days work. Occasionally he gets side-tracked (see his "Notes on Space Travel"), but he returns to the topic and vacillates between whimsy and seriousness.

His fiction, however, has withstood the elements of time. The stories are universal; Bill used the structure and elements of the classics in writing them. The characters are well defined, the plots strong, and the setting, well, out of this world (literally, in most cases). It is a shame that his works are now out of print. They and he deserve much better than that. When you finish reading what's here, maybe you'll agree.

# William F. Temple

# A Portrait from Sketches by Himself

by Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

In the early 1960s, I became acquainted with Bill Temple by mail, and for many years we were regular correspondents. I cannot remember when or how we came to know each other, and that does indeed seem odd. From 1965-1967, I was the first secretary-treasurer of SFWA, which put me in touch with all of the established writers of science fiction and resulted in some lasting friendships, but Bill and I had been corresponding for several years when SFWA was founded.

I would unhesitatingly call him a great correspondent. His letters are long, detailed, and wide-ranging. They not only reflect the fascinating character and personality of a highly intelligent, knowledgeable, and cultured man, but they also present his own uniquely interesting view of the universe and the people in it. In recent years he has written infrequently because of his health problems, but he still gives a generous measure of himself in every letter. By the time he produced the letters I am about to quote, he was no longer able to typewrite, so he wrote them by hand, filling ruled English-sized pages (eight and a quarter by eleven and three-quarters) with a handwriting that looks almost microscopic at first glance but is actually very clear. He has taken days to write a long letter to me, working a few hours each day. Sometimes he dated his work sessions. One letter that I have before me starts May 1st, 1985, and continues in installments until its conclusion on May 12.

I remember it as the late 1960s when Bill and his wife Joan moved to Folkestone, a place they had selected long before their retirement. Not only is it a lovely setting, but there are occasional references to the rich culture life there.

> Joan when with our next-door neighbor (& old friend) Eve to the final night of Yehudi Menuhin's violin competition here in Folkestone. They had front-row seats. The artistes have to approach the stage from the side-front. Eve and Joan were suddenly aware that Menuhin was standing over them. Their outstretched feet were blocking his way. Hastily they withdrew them. Menuhin gave them a brilliant smile, & bowed, & said "Good evening." That made their day. A few days later his British citizenship came through, & he was able to use the honorary knighthood he already (like Doug. Fairbanks, Jr.) had: SIR Yehudi Menuhin.

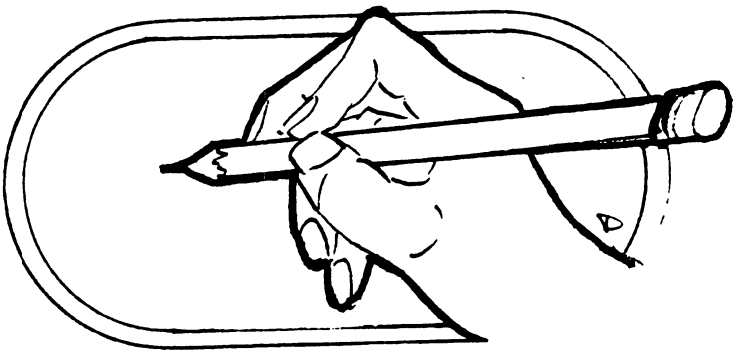
At first they had a house there, and when plans for a tunnel under the English Channel began to be discussed, he wrote (I quote from memory), "Forty years ago, a channel tunnel was only mentioned in science fiction. Now the damned thing is coming up in my garden." Later he moved to a large, comfortable flat in one of those beautiful settings so uniquely English that American visitors quickly fall in love with -- the "square," a large central park; and, facing it, sturdy, comfortably-sized houses from an earlier period.

Here he has lived his retirement. He has a priceless book collection -- first editions of Wells and similar items that would make any fan or bibliophile drool. I was able to visit him for the first time when I was in England in 1984 to research a new Sherlock Holmes novel, now published as The Quallsford Inheritance. He wrote afterward,

> It's a pity you had no real time to browse through my modest library, or you might have detected that I am a Sherlock Holmes fan. On the shelves are not only just about all A. Conan Doyle wrote but also most of the biogs. of him and oddities like Starrett's Private Life of Sherlock Holmes. There's a rare 1st edition of The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes 1892) and 1st editions of The Lost World & The Poison Belt. I've got, too, an audio-tape (made from an early talkie) of Doyle describing how he conceived Holmes. The most detailed examination of the sources, conscious & unconscious, is contained in the enormously lengthy The Quest for Sherlock Holmes, by Owen Dudley Edwards, which I've read but ain't got -- & that deals only with Doyle's life (at a Roman Catholic school, etc.) before he wrote a word about Holmes. (But I did copy from it an amusing guide for aspiring authors.)

He also follows the English motion picture and theatrical scenes closely, and he has an extensive collection of videotapes. He wrote in 1985,

> For my 71st birthday Cliff gave me the video of Fritz Lang's Metropolis. This is almost the last of the great silent films I've coveted. I've wanted this ever since Arthur Clarke and myself projected it at a pre-war con, to our own patchwork of recorded music (Bliss's Things to Come suite & Holst's The Planets figured largely in it, I recall). To date, I've amassed 44 three or four hour video-tapes, containing items ranging in length from 2 minutes to 2 hours. I've just compiled a card index to keep track of them.



Later:

> It still grieves me to remember on your flying visit there was no time for me to show you another classic, Ken Russell's TV film biog. of Elgar, Russell's first film, now over 20 years old, & the best thing he ever did (like Orson Wells with Citizen Kane, he began at the top & worked his way down). Russell became pottier & pottier -- his film bigs became more eccentric, through Debussy & Delius & Wagner, etc., culminating in the crazy Tchaikovsky, in which he had Glenda Jackson rolling around naked on a railroad carriage floor (as if Tchaikovsky would have been interested by that spectacle!) But Russell had this thing common to our modern film directors, that you had to shock the audience (Coppola, etc). He's still at it. Just recently he directed the Vienna State Opera in Gounod's Faust & had Mephistopheles pissing into the baptismal font.

On my next visit to England, I was able to see Bill's videotape of the film biography of Edward Elgar. It is indeed a classic.

Bill's son Cliff, a well-known writer and reporter on the English sports scene and a trainer of long distance runners, lives nearby with his family; Bill's daughter lives in Scotland with her family. His grandchildren are now making careers and rapidly accumulating their own special distinctions which of course figure in his letters.

In the quotations that follow, my occasional amplifying remarks are placed in brackets.

When my daughter (a children's librarian) and I were planning our 1986 visit to England, I asked Bill about Frances Hodgson Burnett's home in Rolvenden, some thirty miles from Folkestone, where she lived in the 1890s. This is the presumed site of the original "Secret Garden" of her celebrated children's novel, though she set the story far to the north in Yorkshire. He sent information about the location and present situation of her home, and then he added;

> Somehow I missed reading The Secret Garden in my childhood, but I remember seeing an excellent British TV serial version of it late last year. My own favourite juvenile authoress (and still far more famous in the U.K. than Burnett...) was E. Nesbit, a great friend of H. G. Wells, who ravished one of her daughters. I still have most of Edith Nesbit's books. Gore Vidal rates her very highly in his essay on her in his Reflections upon a Sinking Ship, which begins, 'After Lewis Carroll, E. Nesbit is the best of the English fabulists who wrote about children (neither wrote for children), & like Carroll she was able to create a world of magic & inverted logic that was entirely her own. Yet Nesbit's books are relatively unknown in the United States. Publishers attribute failure in these parts to a witty & intelligent prose style (something of a demerit in the land of the dull & the home of the literal)...'
>
> Naturally I echo them sentiments! There is no one duller nor more literal (nor more damned ignorant) than a New York Times 'literary' critic.
>
> When I was a kid, E. Nesbit lived only a stone's throw from me in a big old moated Victorian house called **Well Hall**. It was built on the site of the original **Well Hall**, where lived Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More (The Man for All Seasons). And, of course, author of Utopia. According to legend, Maggie brought her pop's head back to **Well Hall**. [After Sir Thomas More was beheaded on Tower Hill, his head was displayed for a time on London Bridge, which was the fashion with Henry VIII's victims. Tradition has it that his daughter was able to claim it when it fell from that display.] According to another legend, his head was hidden in a church in Canterbury, where Joan & I saw it some years ago -- a trifle too decomposed for us to judge whether it's a good likeness! I saw E. Nesbit once or twice with her daughters (legitimate and not). [Nesbit's first husband was a notorious womanizer, and she raised his illegitimate offspring along with her own children.]
>
> I have a couple of biogs of her. Odd that another famous book of H. G. Wells's, besides Tono-Bungay (of which I've plenty to tell you about) was A Modern Utopia, in which H. G. preached the free love that he practiced in the home of the author of the original Utopia. I was only about 5 or 6 when I saw E. Nesbit and hadn't read any of her. Oddly, she moved away then to this vicinity, St. Mary-in-the-Marsh, near Dymchurch. We've visited her grave many times & had a drink in the adjacent **Star Inn**, where Noel Coward, a devoted admirer of E. Nesbit, wrote his first play. Many years later, he died of a heart attack in Jamaica while re-reading (as he often did) one of her imaginative 'children's' novels, The Enchanter Castle.

References to Arthur C. Clarke run like a bright thread through Bill's letters -- for good reason. When they were young, they shared an apartment, and they have been close friends ever since.

> Arthur Clarke phone me at Xmas. Jawed for 15 minutes. I remarked, 'Didn't know you were back in England.' (He'd phoned me several times a couple of months previously from his farm in Somerset.) 'I'm not, you clot,' he said. 'I'm phoning from Sri Lanka.' 'Oh, Gawd --I'd better hang up,' I said. And did.

Also:

Tomorrow (Dec. 7th) Arthur's attending the World Premiere of 2010: Odyssey Two in Los Angeles. But he'll be back in Colombo for Xmas. He's sent me a typical Xmas card a photo of himself!

In an appended note he says: 'Funny -- I don't feel a bit older than I was at 88 Grays Inn Road -- but I couldn't face those stairs again...' He's refering to the flat Joan and I shared with him long ago. It was a top flat with a hell-ova lot of stairs to it -- I know I couldn't face them now, either. But then, I'm 3 years older than he.

And again:

I'd been watching a TV programme about Andrew Crosse, a Somerset scientist of the last century, one of the earliest electric experimenters. (Mary Shelly attended one of his lectures & got the idea of writing Frankenstein.) Arthur was telling me that he was looking for material for a new TV series about occultists & the early scientists, so I mentioned Crosse, who'd been born & lived in Arthur's part of Somerset & was known as 'the Wizard of the Quantocks.' The Quantocks are a range of low hills in Clarkeland. I, of course, had known about Crosse for nigh on half a century, & indeed had published a novelet about him, which started a long friendship with Neil Bell, who'd also published a novel about him (Precious Porcelain).

Arthur procured a video of the TV broadcast, & rang me excitedly about that. The video shows Crosse's grave & inscriptions thereon. And it was only 3 miles from Bishop's Lydeard [Clarke's English address]. Arthur hadn't know of it, & had just returned from visiting it. I suggested he make a film about it & call it The 2 Wizards of the Quantocks.

Several English friends of mine read the manuscript of The Quallsford Inheritance, Bill among them. It takes a certain temerity (which of course I have!) for an American writer to do a book set in Victorian England with an all-English cast. One keeps tripping over little things, and though I exercised every possible precaution, this is not enough because an American simply does not know enough. Having English friends read the manuscript -- with instructions to pounce on any Americanism they encountered -- proved to be a wise precaution. Bill was the only one of my English readers who caught one thoroughly American goof. In bars we are accustomed to ordering "a beer" or "a draft" or calling for a brand of beer. In an English pub, one must specify a pint or a half-pint. That much I knew, of course -- but Bill spotted the fact that every character who ordered beer in my novel asked for a pint! He protested that he was a "pint-man" himself, but a great many Britishers take their beer in half-pints. I altered one or two pints to half-pints to establish a proper balance.

Most of The Quallsford Inheritance is set in the Romney Marsh. This is an area laced with drainage ditches, and none of the roads run straight. They do in fact look as though they had been laid out on a map by an inebriated fly. In response to my comment on that, Bill quoted a poem by G. K. Chesterton, The Rolling English Road:

Before the Roam came to Rye or
out to Severn strode,
The rolling English drunkard made
the rolling English road."

I asked him about the original. (On my next visit he showed it to me; anyone who has had experience of English roads will find it hilarious.) This excerpt is from his next letter:

I don't have a photo-copier or I'd use it to copy that G. K. Chesterton verse you inquire about. I hoped to copy it by hand instead, but it's quite long and my jumpy heart quails at the thought of the foot-poundage of energy needed. It's called The Rolling English Road. I have it in an anthology that doesn't give the prime source. It ends with the oft-quoted lines (at any rate, in England):

But there is good news yet to
hear & fine things to be seen
Before we go to Paradise by way of
Kensel Green.

Kensel Green is a very large cemetery with a sizeable compound for Roman Catholics -- & Chesterton was an R.C., of course. It lies only a few miles from Wembley, where we lived for 26 years. There was an English SF author of Swiss descent, named Maurice Hugi. Oddly, I first met him in Folkestone, where he lived just around the corner from our flat. I was visiting Folkestone on holiday, long before the war, & liked it & vowed to retire here-- & did.

I met him again when he moved to a London suburb, Kensal Rise. He was having a hard time, trying to live by writing s-f. His health was poor. He was trying to support, as well, his aged father, a former Swiss chef. Maurice died suddenly from a heart attack. I had a pitiable letter from his father asking for help -- he'd been left alone in the world, with no living relatives, was semi-senile, stone-deaf, & didn't speak much English, & was totally broke.

So I went & saw him & organized a whip-round from some s-f authors Maurice had known & helped the old chap get on his feet again (another British s-f author, Hal Chibbett, helped too --the errant computer in 2001 was named HAL for him). Hugi, Senior, lived for another 4 years, during which time I visited him almost every week-end or else invited him to tea with Joan & me. When he died, I arranged to have him buried alongside his son, in the R.D. section of Kensal Green cemetery, & had largish, suitably inscribed headstones put over both of them. I remember that even then it was a sad wilderness of a place, one a top-people's last resting place. But it had been badly bombed in the ware, & many of the crosses & angels had been disfigures or overthrown. Nobody seemed to have had the heart to tidy up & restore it. Quite the reverse: it had been vandalised, too, & the neglected paths were overgrown & choked with weeds or wildflowers. By no stretch of the imagination could one now see it as a Gateway to Paradise.

I used to vist Kensel Green periodically & sometimes put flowers on their graves. But one day something odd happened: Hugi Senior's grave disappeared (or rather the headstone -- which was all there was, really -- did). There was Maurice's standing there as usual in the long grass. His Dad's had stood right alongside, but now it was gone. No sign of any scar in the earth where it had been. Only the unkempt grass, thick as ever. I suspected stupid vandalism -- i.e. disturbing old things just for 'kicks' (who can tell what goes on in the mind of a vandal, even presuming that he or it has one?) -- and searched the whole area. No trace of it. Never saw it again.

It reminded me of a yarn I read reprinted in Reader's Digest years ago. A Polish refugee tramp was found dead. He had no papers. He was taken to the morgue. His clothes were burnt. There was no way to trace his identity. No one knew him or had seen him. The author tells us that the register of his birth in an obscure Polish village had been blown to atoms in a German air-raid. The morgue with all its records was obliterated by an earthquake & subsequent fire. There was no way to prove that the man had ever existed. He was very old. All that knew of him were now dead.

So it was with old Hugi. He left no stories, as his son did in crumbling magazines. So far as we know, he exists only because of Joan's and my memory of him & a fading passport photo. What a way to go.

Bill's last science fiction novel, The Fleshpots of Sansato, was published in 1968. It was an enormous disappointment to him. Many young writers think that if they could only get an acceptance on that first book, their troubles would be over. That is when a writer's troubles begin. First the publisher mutilated the book,

making changes without consulting or even informing the author. Then the critics mutilated it. Of course critics always take the author to task for the publisher's mutilations.

This was a culminating frustration. Every writer has experienced many of them, and Bill makes occasional reference to his in his letters.

> I remember, a very long time ago, when I was a struggling beginner, the British mag. Argosy ran a competition to discover a new British writer or off-trail short stories, s-f/fantasy. The 2 conditions of entry were (1) the competitor must be British, & (2) not an established professional. So I entered. And the Winner was announced: "Bianca's Hands," by Theodore Sturgeon. The judges were 'unanimous.' Not a word was admitted about Sturgeon being not only an American but an already-established, even then, professional. Mind you, it was a damned good story, better than mine. Even so...

At one point his agent submitted a collection of Bill's stories to publishers under the proposed title, The Fear-Sided Triangle, which is a take-off on the title of one of Bill's best known stories, The Four-Sided Triangle, which became a motion picture. He wrote about this proposed title,

> These awful puns strike entirely the wrong note, childish, would-be sensational. Whereas the stories themselves are, I maintain, deeply thoughtful and literate. But it has always been my fate to be ridiculously misrepresented by editors, publisher, agents & critics -- even supposing they notice me at all. I'm used to it now, & accept it as the standard reaction.

But one never inures oneself completely. The treatment of The Fleshpots of Sansato was the culmination. At that point, Bill did what many a lesser person has been tempted to do but lacked the resolution. He said the hell with it and wrote nothing more for publication.

But he continued to write letters, and to those privileged to receive them, they were splendid reading -- both a stimulation and an education. I fear that the measure I gave him in return for them was not nearly as generous as the one he gave me. A great letter writer must have a generous endowment of selflessness. A professional writer writing personal letters is comparable to a professional violinist giving concert after concert for an audience of one. Too often the "foot-poundage of energy" this requires is far too little appreciated. I have expressed my admiration elsewhere for William F. Temple, the writer. This is my tribute to Bill Temple, the letter writer -- and appreciation and a thanks for his selflessness over the years.

# William F. Temple

# A Chronology

by Robert Sabella

1914 Born William Frederick Temple on March 9 in London.

1930 Graduated from Woolwich Polytechnic School in London.

1930-50 Head Clerk, London Stock Exchange.

1935 His first published story, "The Kosso," appeared in Thrills.

1938 First published SF story, "Lunar Lilliput," appear in Tales of Wonder.

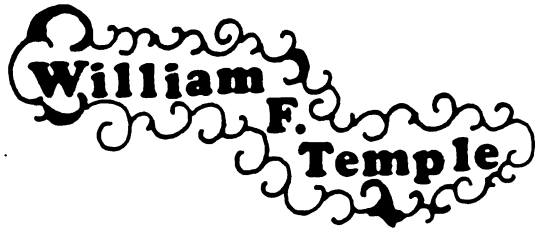
1939 "The Four-Sided Triangle" published in Amazing Stories.

1954-56 Published the Martin Magnus series of SF juveniles.

1966 Shoot at the Moon published

1968 Temple's last novel, The Fleshpots of Sansato published.

# THE FEMALE CHARACTERS OF




## A LIMITED STUDY

by Larry Nowinski

While reading all the books and stories by William F. Temple that Lan has in his library, I was struck by his use of the female character in a few of his works. He attempted to make the female more of an integral part of the action and not just window-dressing. Although I read far more than the five stories I am going to discuss here, many -- like the Martin Magnus series -- had no female characters at all, or weren't important to the story. Remember, also, that I am limited by Lan's library, so I probably have missed many of Temple's pieces which have strong female characters.

Temple's earliest female character was Joan Leeton in "The Four-Sided Triangle" (1939). Two scientists, Will Fredricks and Bill Josephs, are in love with Joan. She accepts Will's proposal of marriage and Bill becomes despondent. Because the nature of their work dealt with duplicating matter, Bill eventually discovers a way to duplicate living matter. Joan agrees to her duplication as Doll, and Bill marries her. Unfortunately, the duplicate has all the memories and feelings that Joan had at the time of duplication, so Doll is really in love with Will. Despite the efforts of Bill and Doll, Doll can't seem to make the relationship work, and becomes despondent.

Joan tries to help and realizes what the problem is and suggests that Bill and Doll come to live with her and Will. This works for a while, but when a lab accident kills Bill, Will finally begins to understand the difficulty that Doll is having. In the end, Joan and Doll come to the same conclusion, and each tries to kill herself by crashing a plane. One lives, but which one?

Among Bill's notes which were charred in the lab accident which killed him were comments on the duplication experiments. A scar had been left on the back of Doll's neck, as part of the method of keeping the duplicate alive until the normal autonomous reactions took over. Will found no such scar on the woman left alive. However, had he looked carfully over some of the other papers Bill had left behind before destroying them, he would have seen an invoice from a plastic surgeon for removing a scar from Doll's neck.

The story is very complex, and in spite of the sparsity of detail and psychological description, this original novelette is packed with ideas, and a tight plot. I can see why Temple would have wanted to expand the story to novel length; just the studies of relationships would have been enough to fill a novel alone. Working out other details would have made it longer, but enjoyable.

For 1939, giving a female character a major role in a science fiction story was extremely unusual. That the plot centered around two of them was almost unheard of. This being one of Temple's first stories, his handling of the psychological aspects were weak, but the high points were made clear. That he did think about the implications of the duplicate's mind being the same as the original, is something that most writers of the time would not have considered. Nowadays, the attempts at describing the psychological difficulties of the women in this story would be considered a little below average, but for

1939 in SF -- as Temple was learning his craft of writing -- this was superb.

Many SF authors use their imaginations to come up with a variety of flora and fauna for the worlds that their humans visit. Temple was no exception, but in his short novel Three Suns of Amara (1962) he also fools around with color. The three suns are of different colors -- blue, yellow and red -- and Amara travels an orbit which does not give it night, but a color change depending on which suns shine at the time.

Indeed, the plants and creatures of the planet are also strange, as is the main female character, Rosala. She is a Petran, one whose existence depends on the presence of a non-Petran. In this case, it is Alexander Sherret, a spaceman in search of a new ship to crew with, who encounters Rosala, and it's his presence in her that keeps her in existence.

In his trek across the continent to find Na-Abiza, Sherret finds many of the strange inhabitants of the planet. When he is "captured" by a Melas Tree, and his mind supplies enough energy for it to replicate and surround him, Sherret is rescued by Rosala, who had been fading from existence since her last lover left. She nurses Sherret back to health, and in the ensuing days and weeks Sherret falls in love with her.

Rosala is sketchily drawn at first, but gains depth as Sherret gets to know her. She herself does not have enough of a draw to keep Sherret with her; instead Sherret sees her attempts to keep him as a trap, and he leaves, searching for Na-Abiza and a ship to take him off-planet.

Soon he realizes that he misses her, and after nearly losing his life in an adventure with another group of strange inhabitants of Amara, decides to stay with her. The novel ends with Sherret saying,

"...we live and learn."

"Isn't that what we're here for?" she asked.

My first reading through the novel made me think that Rosala was just window-dressing in the novel. The second time through I saw that she really was a major force that helped Sherret understand his own feelings, and worked through some of his hostility and resentment toward a stable relationship. Although the interaction between these two characters seems forced, Temple does and says a lot with few words. I wonder, if he were ever to re-write it, how much more feeling and depth he could add.

The Automated Goliath was published at the same time as Three Suns of Amara. (They are backed on the same Ace Double.) The character of Sarah Masters is much better and more carefully drawn, and in doing so, Temple gives the main protagonist, Charles Magellan, more of a reason to fight and eventually defeat the Makkees, the alien race that is trying to conquer earth.

Because of her treatment as a child at the hands of her parents and other children, Sarah realized that she was not loved, nor wanted. She became a fighter, but decided she always wanted to be on the winning side. When the Makkees began their subtle battle against the earthmen by making them dependent upon machines, Sarah threw in with them and worked whole-heartedly for the Makkees. Only after she met Magellan, who was the only person she found who understood her and what she had gone through, did she consider turning against the aliens and trying to help Earth. She died horribly at the hands of the Makkees, her body twisted in pain from the aliens' torture ray.

Again, Temple used sparse language to convey the information and develop the relationship between the two, and the first reading made it seem superficial. But a closer look shows that he did carefully outline her character, and Magellan's, and the relationship that developed made sense. I suspect he wasn't allowed the space to elaborate. As before, Temple probably could have made the story better if he had been given the time and room to do so.

As in Three Suns of Amara, Mara, the main female character in Battle on Venus (1933), is a native of the planet that the earthmen visit. George Starkey and other members of the crew of Earth's first spaceship to land on Venus find themselves in the middle of a war fought by automatically-controlled weapons. In an aerial reconnaissance Starkey encounters a Venusian ship that "sees" him as an enemy, and thus is shot down. He crash-lands near Mara's village, and together

they set off to find the source of the senseless war and hopefully stop it.

Mara herself is less developed than the other females characters Temple has created. She is basically a thief and keeps her mother and herself in food and goods through her craft. After her mother dies, there is nothing left to keep her in the village and she leaves with Starkey. With a "universal translating" device called a Teleo, the two are able to communicate, and during the long journey they get to know each other. Not much time is spent on their developing relationship since Temple seems to be more concerned with the story -- finding the controlling source of the weapons, turning it off, and getting the ship upright so they can leave for Earth.

The best female character that Temple creates is Lou Marley in Shoot at the Moon (1966). Readers raved about the novel when it came out; unfortunately it received the "kiss of death" by getting poor reviews in the New York Times book column. Still, it is his best effort. Lou is slightly schizophrenic, referring to herself in third person when Franz Brunel first meets her. She could be pretty, commented Brunel to himself, but she was largely overweight, and seemed not to care. Like her father, Colonel Marley, she was stubborn, and determined to go on the moon trip with her father and her ex-husband. Lou was also highly educated and had written several papers and books on scientific matters.

Eventually in her determination to make the moon trip, she loses weight, regaining the trim figure she had before she went on an eating binge. Lou decided that she admired Brunel for being a man who stood up to her father, and would get him to fall in love with her. When Brunel meets her next, he is surprised by the change, and their relationship does develop nicely through the rest of the novel, though Lou tries to push it faster.

Temple does a lot on that moon trip to enhance all the characters. Through different conflicts that occur, and just the friction between Lou and the other members of the expedition -- former husband, rival scientist, overbearing father, and new lover Captain Brunel -- bares the

faults, weaknesses and some strengths of all the players. Adding a murder mystery to the plot -- basically "a locked room" pastiche -- puts the characters under stress which reveals that much more about them.

Temple reached a peak in the writing of this novel. Who can say what he would have done had he continued to write. He could use words economically to fill out a character, but did a lot more when given time and room to do so.

I am delighted to have found an author who was concerned with character along with plot and setting. He integrated them very well, and made attempts to develop female characters as more than window dressing or a plot device.

I hope that Lan can find more of his stories so I can read them.

# A Letter from

## William F. Temple

June 14th 88

Dear Lan,

This morning I received from Lloyd Biggle a copy of his article about one William F. Temple (that's me) intended for a proposed special issue about William F. Temple (who he? you may well ask).

But it has spurred me into action (Toby Tortoise style). Hence this.

Yes, I know I never got around to acknowledging the copies of Lan's Lantern you sent, and the special of Fred Pohl and Sprague de Camp.

I had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Fred at a con in the distant past --was it in London or Brighton? I disremember. I disremember so any things nowadays (physical results of 3 strokes, 1 heart attack, advanced age --well into my 75th year-- and long practice at disremembering).

However, I do remember my first published S-F/horror story appeared in a hard-cover collection of uneasy tales called Thrills (Philip Allan, London, 1935). It was about an intelligent but mankilling tree --a sort of early triffid, called "The Kosso." Set in long-forgotten Abyssinia, which became Ethiopia, which became two countries locked in civil war and consequent famine (such is progress).

So my true 50th anniversary was 3 years ago. I'm even later than I thought.

I have read all the issues you sent, although I could write the LOCs only in my partly de-brained head.

"Erudite" was --is, rather-- the fitting word for Sprague de Camp, whose massive biography of Lovecraft I have on my shelves, among some 4,000 other books, mostly mainstream. I recall discussing Shakespeare with Sprague eons ago. Most Americans, especially the women, visiting Stratford make straight for Anne Hathaway's cottage, assuming her to be the little woman behind the man, leaving poor Bill to moulder unnoticed and forgotten in his grave in the parish church. Not Sprague, however.

There in the famed "White Horse" in London, he declaimed for me a Shakespeare sonnet as Bill himself would have recited it in his day, in a rich Warwickshire accent. Arthur Clarke, who was also listening, told me he'd been to the Tower of London that day with Sprague, who'd put the Beefeaters right about the correct way to carry their pikes.

"The most erudite man I've ever met," said Arthur, oblivious, as ever, to the fact that he'd met me (he still is: he wrote me a letter last Xmas (which I've yet to answer) enclosing a photostat of page 16 of Then --a fanzine of fan history edited by Rob Hansen-- dealing with the saga of the once-famous flat at 88 Grays Inn Road, Bloomsbury, London, shared by Arthur C. Clarke, Maurice Hanson, and myself, deaf and blind to the fact that I had supplied most of the information to Rob in the first place.)

He broke it to me that he intended to incorporate this material into an S-F autobiography, Astounding Days. He promised also to make me immortal by mentioning in it that I was the first to feature Andrew Crosse, "the wizard of the Quantocks," in one of my novels. (I wasn't --my late friend, Neil Bell, was.)

Crosse, a contemporary of Faraday's, "created" living insects, which he named "acari," in a pure vacuum. Crosse was born in Somerset, England, 3 miles from Arthur's birthplace (Bishop's Lydeard).

When I met my very first fellow S-F fan, Eric C. Williams (who later also became an S-F author), we collaborated on a novel, which we never finished, woven around and his discoveries. (He --Crosse, not Eric!-- gave Mary Shelley the inspiration for writing Frankenstein.)


That was 52 years ago (1936).

I had yet to meet Arthur --- a year or two later.

Some 50 years afterward, I mentioned in a letter to Arthur (then just about the oldest inhabitant of Sri Lanka) that I'd acquired a video of a TV film documentary about Crosse, etc., and that it included shots of Crosse's bizarre grave.

A few months later I received an excited letter from Arthur to tell me he'd come across a video about Crosse, and that he and his brother Fred had gone searching for the wizard's grave and found it only 3 miles from Bishop's Lydeard.

EEEK!

But Arthur was always slow on the uptake.

I introduced him to Ray Bradbury's work. I had a story in Thrilling Wonder Stories (October 1948) but Ray had a better one in the same issue, and I raved about it to Arthur ("--And the Moon Be Still As Bright").

Soon Arthur was telling everyone about his amazing new discovery, Ray Bradbury.

Oh, well.

Guess I've just been around too long. Seen too many films, e.g. when people ask me if I ever saw the film of The Prisoner of Zenda, I inquire which version: James K. Hackett (1913)? Lewis Stone (1922)? Ronald Colman (1937)? Stewart Grainger (1952)?

Announced as a forthcoming story in (plain) Wonder Stories (as it was then) for February, 1936, was "Another Chance" by William F. Temple. Gernsback was anticipating, by exactly 3 years. I appeared in February, 1939. Same story, but different everything else: title now "Mr. Craddock's Amazing Experience" -- everything was "amazing" for new editor, Ray Palmer, and his Amazing Wonder Stories.

However, again anticipating Americans by 3 years, Hitler's war had broken out in Europe (as forecast by my literary hero, H. G. Wells, in his Things to Come) in that year of 1939, and the Luftwaffe blitzed London (Everytown) bang on prediction date, 1940, including the Clarke/Temple/Hanson flat, and my own house in outer London, to which my wife Joan and our baby daughter had evacuated.

I took off for the next 6 years, hiding in foxholes in Egypt, the western desert, Libya, Tunisia, Tripolitania, Sicily, and the whole of Italy from the toe to the Alps, from the French-Italian

frontier in the west to Venice in the east, scribbling stories and a novel (lost in action again and again), and endless long letters to spouse -- and to S-F fanzines. Notably Forry Ackerman's Voice of the Imagination (VoM).

To what avail?

None.

Early this year, well-known bibliographer, Mike Ashley, sent me an incomplete bibliography of my published works. He asked me to complete it for publication. I declined with thanks. It wasn't merely that more than 40 stories, a couple of books and full-length films were missing, but my name has, like Keats, always been "writ in water." I'm the invisible man of S-F. Like P. G. Wodehouse, who was introduced to Winston Churchill 7 time and was unremembered and unrecognized each time, my name and face just don't register.

A distant relative of my wife's visited us recently. He said he'd borrow my books from his local library. I said, "You won't find any --they've been out of print for many years."

Nevertheless, he tried. The librarian said, "William Temple? Yes, we've several of his books." And returned, beaming, with a whole armful of books by William Temple, the former Archbishop of Canterbury.

30th July '88

You gave until tomorrow to supply material --and I've scarcely begun.

Thank you for your letter of 27 June '88. I had a fotocopy of it done and sent it to Vin¢ Clarke and Rob Hansen, as you'd like them on your mailing list.

Your bit about hoping my health "continues to improve" is comical in the circs. Thanks for the laugh. The farthest I've been able to walk (?) for years now is to the front gate (arthritis is the least of my problems). Luckily, we look out upon a large, green square, containing many venerable trees, mostly dating from the time of King Edward VII, who used to stay just across the square with his paramour, Lily Langtry ("Lily of Laguna," one of the many California towns I've visited, courtesy of Forry Ackerman, who has often stayed with us here).

Our garden is bursting with flowers, despite the wettest, lousiest summer for over 50 years. But you should have seen (being a gardener) the great Olde-World garden (with 5 spreading lawns, fruit trees, grape-vine, rockery, pond, greenhouse, conservatory, etc.) we maintained in our previous big, old Victorian house in Folkestone (as well as 7 cats!).

Anno Domini defeated us in the end.

But it's pleasant to look back upon it through the eye of memory. But the kids left home, and had kids of their own. Currently, we have 8 grandchildren of all ages between 1 and 25, all above average intelligence, all achievers, the 4 eldest graduates of Edinburgh University, one a B.Sc. in electronic engineering with first class honors in maths. (Your American firm of Hewlett-Packard, of whom we approve, has pursued him with the lure of a top job and signed him on --he's 22, and only just beginning.)

His elder brother (25) is an M.A. in Fine Arts, is studying for his doctorate, works for the National Art Gallery of Scotland, personally flies Old Masters from Scottish ancestral homes and castles to USA for exhibition in American museums (e.g. Boston and Philadelphia).

Their sisters are (1) a law student, (2) matron in charge of 3 medical clinics in Edinburgh.

Our son Cliff (father of the other 4, aged 1 to 4) has been a free-lance athletics sports writer on The Sunday Times for 20 years now, author of a dozen books, countless articles, radio and TV broadcaster --we were watching him on London TV only yesterday evening, rabbiting on about the Olympic Games in Seoul, Korea, which will make the 4th successive Olympics he'll have covered for The Times.

He's the soul (Seoul?) of rectitude, and hates phonies and cheaters (it runs in the family), and wages constant war against those who think it "smart" to move the goal-posts or boost performances by artificial drugs.

All grandchildren are currently touring the south of France (Vias Plage), Italy (Padua and Venice) with their mums.

They visited us before they went. BEDLAM!

They'll all be back here end of next week for a wedding in the family, which

I'm fated to attend also, my first outing for years --it'll be in a wheelchair. More bedlam --and how!

Yes, we know Cranbrook.

Bing Crosby loves its golf course and golf club, and was arranging to buy them some years back when suddenly he collapsed and died on another golf course (in Spain). He'd just beaten his opponent when the heart attack hit him. Got over-excited, I guess. But a happy way to end.

Sure, you're welcome to drop in on us next time you hit these shores.

No, the Brits haven't won Wimbledon since Fred Perry over half a century ago. Perry immediately took off for Hollywood, where he became official tennis coach to the stars.

August 4th 88

We're getting rather worried as to what's happened to the Scottish branch of our family.

They've been phoning every night from Italy, keeping us 'au fait' with their adventures. Then they took off for the mountains bordering Yugoslavia to visit the Italian (the Patrizio clan) branch of the family, promising to phone, WITHOUT FAIL, from there --the Patrizios, we know, have a phone.

That was 4 days ago. Not a word has been heard from them since. There must be some explanation. The 4 grandkids speak good French, Italian, and German among them, as well as that Edinburgh burr the Scots call "English." And they've all got tongues in their heads --don't we know?

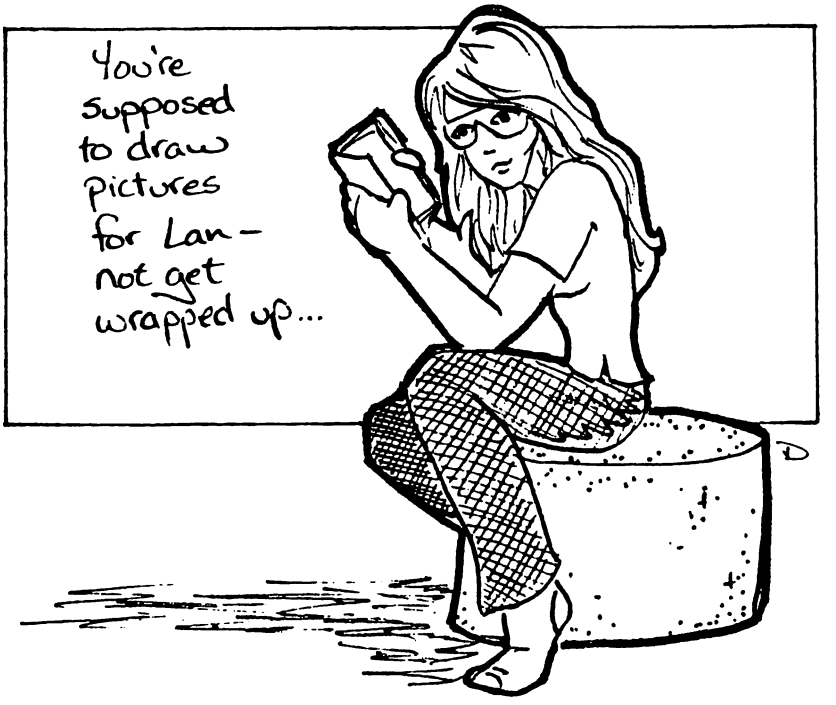
Do you mind if I break off this letter now? I've rambled on for too long, anyhow, and this wretched baby-printing is so damn tiring --and you must be wondering where my promised contribution has gotten to.

I'll try to assemble some of the bits I've done, and mail them. I'm anxious to thank Lloyd Biggle for his piece, too.

But everything keeps happening in a mad avalanche here. Just when I thought I'd reached a haven of peace and quiet at last and could "fade away" as all old soldiers are supposed to be allowed to!

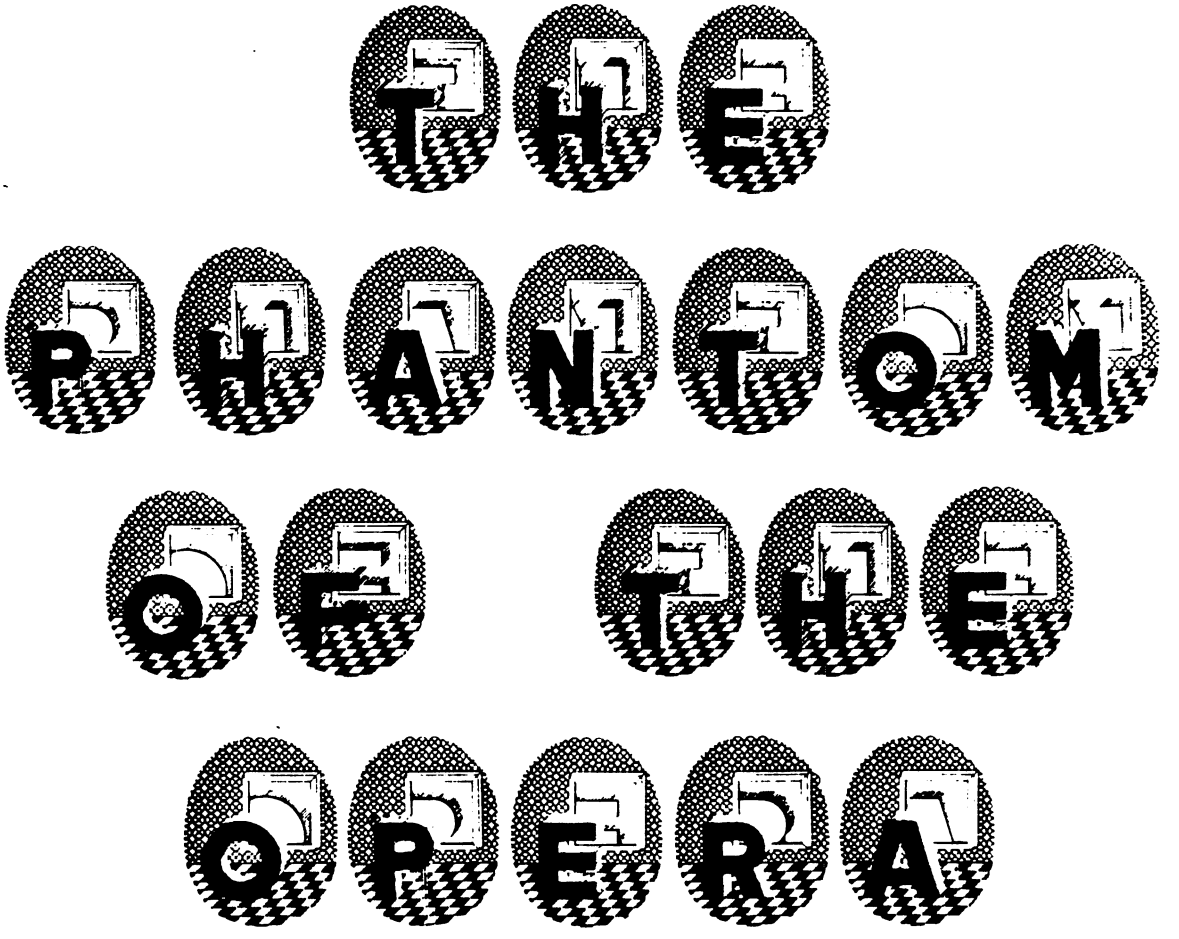
Best regards,

Bill Temple



# Notes on

by William F. Temple




This is a great yarn which (like a number of other great stories, including Metropolis, The Lost World, The First Men in the moon, and The Mark of Zorro) has played a significant and continuing part in my life.

I first read Gaston Leroux's striking novel in the Eltham Public Library when a teen-ager, thanks to Andrew Carnegie, the multi-millionaire steel tycoon, who funded so many public libraries (not to mention Carnegie Halls).

Carnegie was the first (and practically only) benefactor I had in my early life. For there were no books in my sphere of existence and no money to buy any. In recognition, I've visited his lowly birthplace, in Dunfermline, Scotland, and collected details of his life.

He, too, was born poor, educated himself, was ambitious to own the most gracious house, with its own park, in Dunfermline. He did, too --and a helluva lot more, especially in the U.S.A.

But he had no children. Nor, naturally, any grandchildren. So he left his wealth to the under-privileged. Good on yer, cobber!

Back to Leroux -- who did inherit wealth, and gambled it all away, and was forced, poor devil, to write fiction for a living. Luckily, like Jules Verne, he was highly inventive --and innovator. He invented the "locked room murder" mystery with his The Mystery of the Yellow Room (1907), a theme adopted and exploited by John Dickson Carr (official biographer of Conan Doyle) --it became Carr's trademark and success symbol.

But it was Erik the Monster (the Phantom) which was Leroux's original and greatest creation.

I kept borrowing and re-reading that story again and again. I was ecstatic

with anticipation when Universal made a major Lon Chaney film of it (Chaney was already a hero of mine). And so disappointed and angry when the British government banned it totally in these isles that I had a letter published in the leading British journal Film Weekly, protesting.

Actually, our government had been quite justified in so doing. For (a typical Hollywood gimmick) Universal's publicity men had conned it into supply an Army escort for the film when it arrived at Southampton, which guarded it all the way to London.

It remained banned for years. When at last the ban was lifted, the talkies had come. It was premiered at The Dominion Theatre, in London's West End. I can still see in memory the huge cardboard cut-out of Chaney as the masked Phantom blotting out the facade of the Dominion, then the biggest theatre in London. Of course, I had to see the film then and there. A brief talkie interlude had been dubbed in, so that it could be advertised as "part talkie." (That sound track soon disappeared.)

My son-in-law, Joe Patrizio, published a fanzine, Binary, and persuaded me to emerge from retirement and write a couple of articles for it. One was "The 10 Books That Shook the World of William F. Temple." The Phantom figured large in it. Binary went out with the FAPA mailing. No one, not even the editor, made a single comment on either article.

I retired from fandom yet again, invisible as ever. I know my place.

I learned an American company was selling an 8mm print of the Chaney Phantom. Bought it. Sheer delight. Practically wore it out in my Bolex projector.

Then came video. I acquired 2 more full-length prints, one with a hand-coloured sequence of the masked ball.

Then came Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical version, as twice reviewed in Lan's Lantern, issue no. 25, page 41-43. The Temple family had long been fans of Lloyd Webber, and seen all the original London stage productions from Joseph [and the Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat] through Jesus Christ Superstar, Evita, Cats -- we introduced Forry and Wendy Ackerman to the music from Cats one of the times they stayed with us in Folkestone --and Arthur Clarke and his brother Fred waited for us outside the New London Theatre while we saw Cats there and took us on to supper at the restaurant of our choice (they couldn't get tickets for Cats themselves).

Our paths have crossed, rather distantly, with the Webber people before, but no more digressions -- back to the Phantom.

We saw the internationally acclaimed performance by Michael Crawford 18 months ago. Our son Cliff whizzed us from Folkestone to the door of Her Majesty's Theatre in his Porsche --from door to door by car was the only way I could make it to London. It proved to be my last visit to the capital.

My wife Joan wrote Crawford an appreciative letter. He replied, and enclosed a photo autographed to both of us. He was just off for a holiday in the Bahamas, temporarily leaving the show to get up strength to open in The Phantom on Broadway.

He hoped it would be a success. Well, as you must know, it was. The biggest smash hit and money-maker in the whole history of Broadway. Even now, the hottest ticket in town, set, it would seem, to run forever.

Yet, when Lloyd Webber, preparing to write it, tried to buy a copy of Leroux's novel to work from, he couldn't locate one anywhere in this country. Finally, an emissary ran down a copy on a New York used bookstall.

They should have come to me --or Forry Ackerman. It's been among the 4,000 books on my shelves for most of my life.

A new edition, with full tribute to Leroux, has since been brought out, I have it, of course, plus sumptuous illustrated books about the Webber production.

That's not the end of this tale.

Crawford, while triumphing on Broadway, had to be replaced in the London production (still every seat sold until well in 1989) by a notable star. Webber chose Dave Willetts, who scored a great hit as Jean Valjean in Les Miserables, another British show still packing 'em in both on Broadway and in London. Joan and the rest of the Temple gang (except me) have already seen it 3 times. Me, I'm content just to listen to the LP album and re-read Victor Hugo's masterpiece of a novel --all 1,376 pages-- diligently, I assure you.

So Joan, Cliff, Cliff's wife Clare, and soon-to-be-sister-in-law Nicola went to Phantom again to see Willetts' portrayal. It also is great -- Willetts has a fine voice. By the way Nicola was standing in for me, whose theatre-going days are over.

I was sad to miss this performance, especially as Willetts had invited them to visit him in his dressing-room after the show and posed with them for photographs (this was nearly midnight & no other fans had been admitted).

It was Cliff who'd written an appreciative letter this time and had replies.

Now here comes the remarkable coincidence I hinted at in my last letter to you.

A few years back, Cliff wrote a hardcover biography of his friend Dave Moorcroft, a runner who had held the world's 5000-meter record for many years. Dave M. is a real nice guy (we have his signature in our guest-book). Happily married, with 2 small children. He's also a TV athletics commentator. He also still runs and is taking part in the Olympic trials tonight in Birmingham, hoping to qualify for Seoul, which we'll be watching on TV.

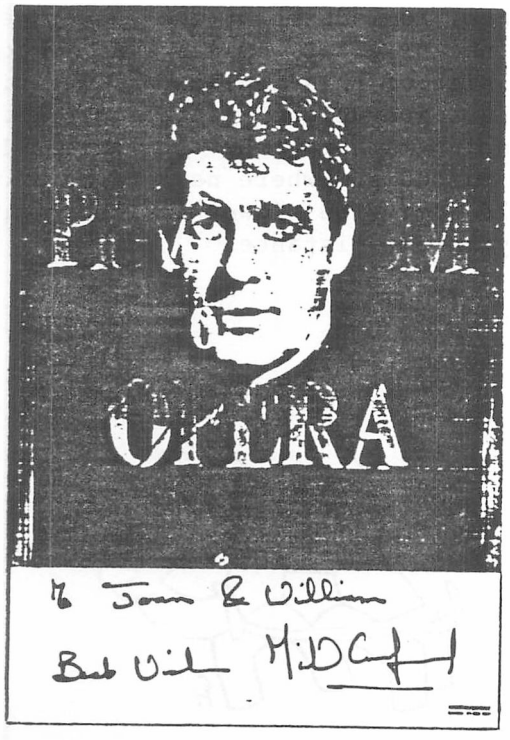
He lives (and always has lived) in Newcastle, England.

Now, Dave Willetts had told Cliff he lived in Newcastle, which is 2 hours' drive from Central London. He loves his wife and kids (he has 2 small daughters) and unwinds after the performance every night by driving all the way home to Newcastle, while listening to taped music "--No, not from THE PHANTOM," he told Cliff.

Dave Willetts is an athletic type and also runs, and is a nice, friendly, open guy --like Dave M.

Cliff was talking to Dave M. the other week. On the spur of the moment he asked, "Does the name 'Willetts' mean anything to you?"

It did. It transpired that they were old friends --indeed, their wives had been schoolmates, which led to the quartet coming together. And --though he'd forgotten it apparently -- Dave M. had




The
PHANTOM
of the
OPERA 14.10.87

Dear Joan,

Thank you very much for your letter and your good wishes. I'm delighted that you and your husband enjoyed the show so much. It certainly is a very exciting role to perform.

I'm enclosing a photo of myself which I hope you'll like - if not, they make great dart-boards! Hope the music continues to bring you pleasure.

Best wishes,

M.D.Crawford

Michael Crawford O.B.E.

Her Majesty's Theatre
Haymarket, London SW1Y 4QL

lent Dave W. Cliff's autobiography to read.

So Dave W. and Cliff autographed another copy dedicated jointly "to Dave Willetts, The Phantom" --Cliff's signing his part "from Cliff Temple, the Phantom Author," alluding to his role as a ghost-writer.

This Phantom saga goes on and on. Stop me when you've had enough...

Joan always wanted to see Paris in the spring. I promised to take her one day. The nearest we got was Le Touquet. Then I became too ill to travel abroad, so she had to go with our daughter Anne instead. That was in April this year (1988). I told them to visit the Paris Opera House (lair of The Phantom) for me, and bring me back the Eiffel Tower. And take a photo of Box 5 (The Phantom's private box).

I had a newspaper photo of Michael Crawford, Andrew Lloyd Webber, and Sara Brightman (Andrew's wife --who played the role of Christine in both London and New York productions) descending the grand staircase arm in arm. The Chaney film featured Lon as a sort of Poe's "Red Death" descending that staircase. They duly brought back these photos, except Box 5, which was in deep shadow, and registered only dimly.

When, as a guest of Forry's I visited Universal Studios, I requested to see the parts of the Phantom set still remaining (particularly Box 5). I was told they'd been dismantled.

Last week there came a fabulous book and a fabulous cost in postage by air mail from Forry Ackerman in L.A., the second of the Ackerman Archives series (the first was a reconstitution of Lon Chaney's "lost" film, which I was lucky enough to see 2 or 3 times before it vanished forever, London after Midnight). This sequel, a reconstruction of Chaney's A Blind Bargain, is equally fascinating, and contains a number of stills from the original Phantom as a bonus, including the grand staircase and Box 5 "as it appears today." (Reckon Universal "mantled" them again pretty damn quick to cash in on the Webber Phantom fever. Joan reports that the Paris Opera House was likewise cashing in on that hype.)

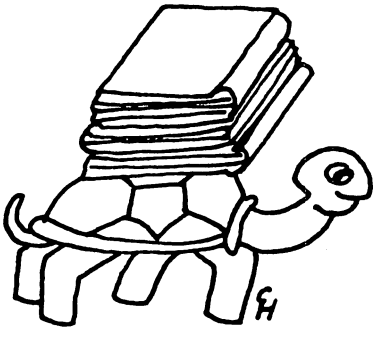
Incidentally, so does Riley's new book --it even features a scene cut from the film but highlighted in the musical, set in the graveyard of Perros. Everyone's making a pile from The Phantom --which is now also the toast of Tokyo -- except the true author and creator, Gaston Leroux, who wrote 63 books, mostly ignored and forgotten, and died ill and poor at the age of 59.

"Lon Chaney shall not die!" has long been Forry's battle cry. A lot of him lives on in Michael Crawford, a sensitive actor, whose balletic movements, grace, and particularly expressive hands and fingers have obviously been inspired by Lon's almost inimitable miming.

Princess Diana mimed a video dance on Her Majesty's Theatre's Phantom set the other day as a birthday present to her husband, Prince Charles, future King of England. She has seen the musical 3 times, to the annoyance of members of the public, who've been waiting 2 years now to get in to see the show.

That we --the Temples-- should be so lucky!

PS: My spouse did bring me back the Eiffel Tower from Paris. A small, but heavy, model, mounted on a marble plinth. Reminds me of the only time I saw the original, miles away, about the size of this replica, now serving as a paperweight -- the troop train bringing me home from the wars in Italy passed somewhere near Paris and I could see the Tower way out there, tiny in the distance.



# William F. Temple

# Anniversary of a Fan-Turned-Pro

by David J. Gorecki

When William Temple picked up some extra cash for the filmization of his novel The Four-Sided Triangle, he'd already earned it by rewriting the novel three times! First written as a novelette and published in Amazing Stories in 1939, it was expanded during the war, and the novelizations were either lost, strayed or stolen. A final version, rewritten from memory, was eventually printed in hardcover in England and America, where it was reprinted as one of the Galaxy novels series. Unfortunately, the novel was longer than the usual Galaxy reprints and was set in a typeface so tiny as to be almost unreadable.

When Hammer Films was attempting to break into the booming SF film market in the early 50s, its first two attempts were taken from novels by British authors who had come up out of British fandom: Temple, with Triangle, and Charles Eric Maine (real name, David McIlwaine) with Spaceways. Both had known each other in the early days of British fandom in the 30s. Temple in those days roomed with another local fan soon to achieve prodom, Arthur C. Clarke.

Temple broke into the professional ranks with "Lunar Lilliput" in the British prozine Tales of Wonder in 1938, and crossed the Atlantic with a number of novelettes for Amazing Stories the following year. The war put an end to his appearances for some time, and it wasn't until the 50s that he resumed regular appearance in American magazines. The boom in the SF market saw him appearing in everything from Analog to Other Worlds.

His book length stories in the 50s were limited to juveniles about a hero named Martin Magnus. A few adult novels began creeping in as the decade turned: The Automated Goliath, The Three Suns of Amara, and Battle on Venus as Ace works; Shoot at the Moon and The Fleshpots of Sansato in hardcover. His output dwindled dramatically after this. In a letter to Amazing in the late 60s, he claimed a lack of interest and enthusiasm in what was currently published as SF.

His reputation rests on the popularity of The Four-Sided Triangle and a few shorter works. The film version was universally panned on its appearance for butchering a thoughtful, mature novel of ideas. Interested fans can now find it on videotape from an outfit called Sinister Cinema, and make up their own minds.

# Notes on SPACE TRAVEL

by William F. Temple

August 5th 88

I still have on my shelves the huge compendium on astronomy, The Splendour of the Heavens. As a boy, I would dream over the splendid photos of the lunar craters as photographed by the 100" reflector at Mount Wilson Observatory.

I longed to visit and climb around on that mountainous moonscape. This book was published by Hutchinson of London, who published other popular scientific tomes appealing to those with a sense of wonder. One was Extinct Monsters, preparing the way for my appreciation of The Lost World, King Kong, and other truly imaginative S-F movies.

I envied the publisher, Hutchinson for his ability to give the world mind-expanding books of this kind. The trusting innocence of youth! Walter Hutchinson, an egomaniac, turned out to have a mind-blighting effect, rather, on the lives of both myself and my friend, Walter Gillings, British pioneer editor of pro-S-F magazine, Tales of Wonder. Wally Gillings' father had been slaughtered in World War I. Understandably, Wally had grown up a pacifist and an idealist.

(Parenthetically, Wally published my first pro-mag short story, "Lunar Lilliput" (ToW no. 2, April '38. We were both members of the British Interplanetary Society then -- Arthur C. Clarke was another.)

The story (pathetically juvenile in style) begins:

> In a room over a public house in the west end of London there used to meet a queer group of people styling themselves the Interplanetary Society. These young men... would sit and discuss over their beer and chips ways and means of reaching the moon.
>
> They were no idle dreamers. They believed in themselves and their objective and went ahead with their research, ignoring the gibes directed at them. They believed the rocket was the ideal vehicle for space travel, experimented with small rockets that fizzed and buzzed, incontinently exploded or did nothing at all, and certainly nothing that was expected of them.

This fictional moon rocket, which I named **The Pioneer**, was, far ahead of its time, fitted with wing-fins, and designed to be launched horizontally, rather like Britisher Alan Bond's revolutionary Hotol Spaceplane, which our prime minister, Thatcher, has just axed completely from our space program, the same old lack of any sort of vision, imagination, or foresight on the part of the British "Establishment" which we Interplanetarians have always struggled against in vain. Thatcher calls herself a scientist. So far as I can tell, she utterly lacks any sense of poetic insight, art, history, music, drama --believes only in economics, which she deludes herself into thinking is an exact science --it isn't.

Anything so human as good-natured humour she lacks totally. Power over people is her obsession, the motive of most politicians.

"You shall have joy or you shall have power," said God. "You shall not have

both." (said that wise American, Emerson).

She has chosen power and obtained it by pure 'chutzpah'. I don't wish to waste more time discussing her -- leave her to heaven. Relentless self-interest will be the undoing of her. Strangled with her own purse-strings.

"Our economy was never in better shape," she trumpets shrilly and continuously, as it heads for disaster.

She rejects scornfully the idea of a United States of Europe, just as she rejects the promise of space travel. She will be swept away by the certain onrush of both, performing frantic U-turns all the time.

FLASH! FLASH! 8th August 88 1:30. PM *** We interrupt this unseemly tirade (not before time) to relay a telephone message just received from Arthur C. Clarke , from somewhere in London, where he's staying for 3 days (having just spent 5 crowded weeks in U.S.A., where he spoke to "just everyone."

Arthur is on his feet again and today for the first time in ages walked freely around the room. His spinal trouble (springing originally from smashing his head against a too-low stone doorway) has now finally been diagnosed as "post-polio syndrome" -- which is a helluva relief, because I'd begun to fear -- as indeed, Arthur himself had begun to fear-- that it might be motor neurone disease, which killed poor David Niven.

Niven, game to the last, used to tell this story against himself: "An old acquaintance called from a passing car, 'How are you?'

"'Well,' I replied, 'I've just learned I've got motor neurone disease.'

"'Oh yes?' said the other chap, blithely. 'I've just bought a new Mercedes myself.' And with that, he drove it away."

Arthur had been discussing (presumably through the sole interpreter) cosmology and space travel with that unique theoretical physicist, Stephen Hawking, author of the current best-seller, A Brief History of Time. Hawking is the most impressive living example of the triumph of mind and will over the treacherous human body.

I sometimes curse my own enfeebled body, which can no longer manipulate typewriter or word-processor, and confines me to the pen, and baby-print at that, which can't keep pace with my thoughts. But if the pen --a scratchy quill- and next to no artificial light were good enough to Bill Shakespeare --anyway, poor Bill's handwriting became almost indecipherable towards the end --possibly from incipient G.P.I. So what's the odds?

I gather Arthur is stealing all the material for his special issue you're publishing from the Ackerman archives using his and Forry's conspiring fax machines. To check up on this technology I pick up yesterday's (7 Aug 88) Sunday Times Colour Magazine (for a future issue, son Cliff spent much of yesterday writing them an article about the Olympic Games) and read any article called "A Matter of Fax," which begins,

> I think it was the famous Sri Lankan sage, Arthur C. Clarke, who said that any sufficiently advanced civilization will seem like magic to us. Well, Arthur C., this all seems magical to me --the equivalent of saying 'beam me up, Scotty,' and there it goes.

For Pete's sake, Arthur, stop butting in upon my life -- clear off, damn you! --You've got your OWN special.

Cliff has got his own fax machine, too, but it works only one way --transmits his articles straight into the Sunday Times fax machine. Have now got to video-record a couple of TV features, Arthur has lost me another day and I'm way past the deadline. Sorry --his fault.

9th August '88

Our daughter Anne's 48th birthday is today. Unbelievable. She has the secret of eternal youth. She still looks like --is often mistaken for a teen-ager. She was staying with us just before leaving for her Italian holiday with her 4 children.

(They all disappeared from human ken during the second week of the holiday -- smitten by nameless bugs. Anne lost her voice altogether. All safely home now and gradually recovering. Indeed, grandson Jonathan --flaunting his new B.Sc. degree -- should be arriving here tomorrow for

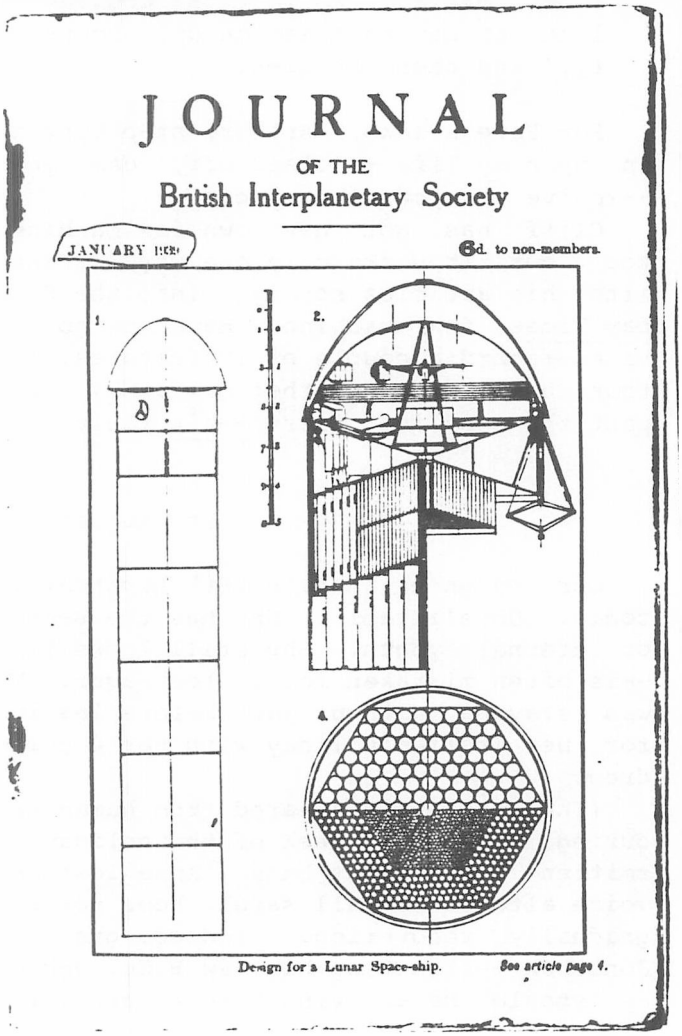
the grand wedding -- people are flocking in from all points of the compass -- and my wife is today throwing me out of my den --which contains a spare bed and therefore will have to serve as a guest-room.)

Regretfully, I have to terminate this contribution now, prematurely, with 9/10 of what I intended to say left unsaid. But it has taken me close upon 75 years to learn about life, in war and peace, poverty and sufficiency, people and their consuming wish to appear "important," dressing up to impress each other (like children dressing up in their parents' clothes and acting out precocious fantasies and "mom" or "pop" --or Rambo's dangerous idiocies. Or the Phantom of the Opera!)

It's all been said before, pre-eminently by real poets, e.g. Housman: "Importance isn't important. Poetry is." And "myriad-minded" Shakespeare --who explored the whole reach of thought and feeling. ("Nothing is good or bad, but thinking makes it so.")

I've studied Conan Doyle's life and writings. An honest, decent character, who was too innocent --he thought everyone was as upright and honest and well-meaning as he was and was taken in by the "smart," glib fakes. He did once acknowledge his debt to Poe and his creation, Dupin, as his true source of inspiration, but persuaded himself it was Dr. Bell of Edinburgh. Nevertheless, he improved on the cold, aloof Dupin, and breathed life into that calculating machine, so successfully that Orson Welles said, memorably, that: "Sherlock Holmes is a man who never lived but who cannot die."

I, too, tried to breathe life into the wooden stereotypes of most early S-F. Most of the best of it was rejected by American editors, publishers, and even one or two dim agents. My fault, no doubt. I tried to bridge the gap between run-of-the-mill S-F (which, I once remarked, seemed to be "written by robots about robots for robots" (which was widely quoted but never acknowledged) and mainstream fiction dealing with the pre-



JOURNAL

OF THE

British Interplanetary Society

JANUARY 1939 6d. to non-members.



Design for a Lunar Space-ship. *See article page 4.*

THE BRITISH INTERPLANETARY SOCIETY

DEVOTED TO THE CONQUEST OF SPACE

"Founded for the stimulation of public interest in the possibility of interplanetary travel, the dissemination of knowledge concerning the problems which the epoch-making achievement of an extra-terrestrial voyage involves, and the co-ordinating of practical research in connection with such problems."

Constitution of the Society.

Headquarter's Address: 8a Graves Inn Road, London, W.C.1
Secretary: 13 Park Avenue, Wood Green, London, N.22

COUNCIL

*President:* Professor A. M. Low, D.Sc.
*Vice Presidents:* P. E. Cleator and L. J. Johnson.
*Hon. General Secretary:* Miss E. Huggett.
*Treasurer:* A. C. Clarke. *Organising Secretary:* R. A. Smith.
*Publicity Director:* W. F. Temple. *Librarian:* A. Janser.
*Research Director:* J. H. Edwards. *Members' Representative:* F. E. Day.

The annual subscription for three classes of membership are: Active Membership, 10/6; Associate Membership, 7/6; Associateship 2/6. Quarterly subscriptions for the former two are taken at 3/- and 2/- respectively. All subscriptions date from time of election to the Society.

All members receive free copies of the Society's publications, as well as such available literature obtainable from other Rocket Societies.

THE RESEARCH FUND

The Research Fund has been established for the purpose of financing rocket and other astronautical research in the British Isles. All contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, and requests for further particulars from the Hon. Secretary.

**Neither the Society as a body nor the Editor hold themselves responsible for the statements made or the opinions expressed by contributors to the *Journal*.**

ON THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE

is a drawing of the B.I.S. space-ship, further details of which are shown on page 7. The scale is in metres; diagrams 2 and 4 are on twice the scale of the others. For description see article on page 4.

*THE JOURNAL*—Published by the British Interplanetary Society, and issued free to all Society members.

dicament of human beings trapped in the confusion between their personas and their true selves.

And fell between the two stools: the infant mind and the emerging adult. Quoted too much poetry (and so was thought "highfalutin'"). But in old age one is conscious of fading into the forgotten past, merging with the memories of mankind's universal, common subconscious (Nirvana?) ("Jung is the only true psychologist," said Aldous Huxley) and becomes a mite impatient with folk who accept mis-apprehensions and pure assumptions as solid truth.

I could put my finger on a thousand instances, but my old enemy, time (lack of), defeats me yet again, and spares you any more of my vaporings.

Must go, in haste,

All the best,
BILL

PS: In this evermore greedy and stupid world, the "glittering prizes" are held to be "a 7-year-old Hollywood film contract" (never mind the small print --the light in Schwab's Drugstore is too bright to read by -- even if you're literate enough to be able to read at all), the magi have become "the 3 Street-wise men of the East," the ultimate is the numbered Swiss bank account --a piece of paper proving that you own a lot of pieces of paper. I'm reminded of that fat, overgrown baby, King Farouk of Egypt, who collected 25 Rolls Royces, 30 that each of his 25 concubines could ride in comfort. What an ambition for the king of an appallingly poverty-stricken land (which I saw with my own eyes some 50 years ago)!

"Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."


# JOURNAL
OF THE
## BRITISH INTERPLANETARY SOCIETY

Edited by WILLIAM F. TEMPLE

No. XI January 1939 Vol. 5. No.1


## EDITORIAL

Let us stand back and take a detached view of the B.I.S. What is this miscellaneous group of people from all walks of life, from the hard-headed engineer and qualified architect to the enthusiastic schoolboy, from the City clerk to the sociological philosopher? What do they want?

There are the "technical" people, the mechanics and chemists, who believe in the future of the rocket motor as a means of swift transport. To them it is a new branch of engineering research, and accordingly must be developed as far as possible. So they join to keep in touch with the latest research, to keep track of the knotty problems as they are unravelled.

There are the idealists, the people who believe that one day man will cross outer space to the planets, and they join the B.I.S. to further that end. Whether or not a rocket will be the Santa Maria of Space they do not care, so long as a spaceship of some design is produced eventually. Generally their enthusiasm is equalled only by their ignorance of technical matters. They are the half-inarticulate lookers-on, eager to help, yet not quite knowing how, and constantly and unnecessarily fearful of a snub for their technical shortcomings.

But the most to be envied are those who are a combination of both: the idealistic practical men, the practical idealists. For they have enough technical knowledge to know that Space can be crossed, and enough idealism to believe it worth while. And it is this group of people who have evolved the space-ship design presented in this Journal.

Space travel is not a dream of the far future, you idealists! And none of the practical problems is insoluble, you technicians! A voyage to the Moon is possible at this moment. If the rest of the B.I.S. had worked as hard as certain members of it have, if but a fraction of the money thrown away on armaments had been devoted to this purpose, the lunar trip would be an historical fact by now. Man would be conquering new worlds instead of destroying his own.

All along, the B.I.S. has been hobbled by lack of finance,



by the narrow conservatism of the specialized scientists, by ridicule, by misunderstanding, by lack of proper workshops and workmen, and largely by lack of time. There are members whose impatience with these obstacles has diverted their enthusiasm to things which give more immediate satisfaction. They have an excuse, for life is overcrowded and uncertain to-day, and people are inclined to gather the rosebuds while they may under the threat of an approaching storm of war.

But Mr. Olaf Stapledon, a member of the B.I.S., said of the hero of one of his novels: "He had already begun to feel an obscure impulse to devote himself to ends beyond private gratification . . . ."

That instinct to serve some cause which will outlast us is part of the make-up of normal man, and he seeks to satisfy it in various ways, through religion, art, patriotism, or social reform. The B.I.S. has chosen exploration, to help in the work of pushing the boundaries of known territory as far as we can, sheer across the universe if possible.

This present civilization may collapse, as several have before it, and as more may after it. But sooner or later man will stand astride worlds, and the part, however small, the B.I.S. plays in achieving that end will have justified its existence.

### THE B.I.S. SPACE-SHIP.
By H. E. ROSS.

The B.I.S. space-ship design, as shown on the cover of this issue, is such a radical departure from all previously conceived ideas of a space-ship that a full explanation is called for.

In designing a space-ship the designer has a completely different problem to that involved in the design of any other means of transport. A motor car, railway train, aeroplane or ship consists basically of a vessel and a fuel tank, in the latter being placed the fuel required for a journey or journeys. The shortest space-ship voyage, however, is the journey to the Moon, and with the most optimistic estimates of the fuel energy and motor efficiency the quantity of fuel required will still be such that the fuel tank would require to be much larger than the rest of the ship. Consequently we must revert to the old system of petrol cans, so designing our ship that the cans can be attached outside the ship and thrown away when empty. The last condition does not mean that the cans are cheap—they are actually precision engineering jobs, and horribly expensive—but the cost of the fuel needed to bring them back would be even greater. We find by careful calculation that with the best fuels and motors that we can afford it will require about 1,000 tonnes (metric*) of fuel to take a 1 tonne

* A metric tonne is roughly equivalent to an English ton.

LATER

Have just re-read this. Whatever became of the promised "Notes on Space Travel"? Swept away by an old fool's garrulity. Here's [a copy of] the B.I.S. Journal, January 1939. Produced by Clarke, Hanson & Temple, at the Bloomsbury flat. The editorial is idealistic, but remains true.

"Idealisation might lead to disappointment, but without ideals there is no life." Arthur Miller, Timebends: A Life (1987)

"Where there is no vision, the people perish." Old Testament: Proverbs 29 (18).

This space-ship design was reproduced as the center-piece of a long article in the Sunday Times Supplement, July 13, 1969, headed Britain's Paper Spaceship. The article ends:

> It was an outstanding advance and in many ways wonderfully close to the realities of spaceflight as we know it today. It is remarkable that a handful of optimistic enthusiasts, working without help, were so right --when so many scientists of that period, flatly denying the possibility of crossing space, were wrong.
>
> The Pioneers enjoy seeing NASA and the Apollo moonship make their predictions come true. But they wonder, sometimes, what Britain's position would be today in the world --and out of it-- if government backing had been given to the ridiculous chaps who, in 1939, declared that they knew how to put a man on the moon."

Mrs. Thatcher, and your hand-picked selection of "educated" upper-crust numbskulls styled "the Establishment," are you still unable to learn? I'm afraid so.

From The Daily Sketch, Thursday, 19 May 1938 (then a leading National Newspaper):

> I read Pamela Frankau's article about the lessening opportunities for exploration with interest.
>
> I agree this globe has few untrodden places left. But it's silly to want to go back a century. Go ahead a century instead, and I prophesy men will be exploring several completely untrodden (by man) worlds --the inner planets.
>
> For idealistic youth today is discovering the practicability of the rocket-ship to travel in outer space. Not a silly dream --sane, hard-headed technical men of the many rocket societies existing could today design a rocket ship that would reach the moon.
>
> William F. Temple
> (member, British Interplanetary Society, Eltham, London, SEA)

I just came across that letter in an old scrapbook.

I was a 24-year-old junior clerk on the staff of the London Stock Exchange the day it appeared. I remember the scene vividly. The old Etonian official assignee of the Stock Exchange, his deputy (also a member), and the head clerk were gathered around the office copy of the paper laughing their heads off.

And I knew what had so amused them.

I said nothing (I knew my place, even then), but made an inward comment: "The laughter of fools is as the crackling of thorns beneath a pot."

Actually, it was I who was wrong. I had under-estimated by half a century.

I notice on the opposite page of the scrapbook is a report on the "Long branch of Flights to the Moon Society," i.e. the B.I.S.

It jeers also, and says,

> Quite another picture is painted by scientists, who deride attempts to 'rocket' to the moon. Such machines, they point out, are propelled by the force of exploding gasses against the atmosphere.
>
> But what will happen, they ask, when one of these machines goes 500 miles into space and there is no atmosphere --nothing, in fact-- for them gasses to strike against?

The total ignorance among newspapermen, politicians, militarists, and the general public concerning the laws of physics was --and remains-horrendous.

Rockets are propelled through space by the exploding gasses thrusting against

the inside of the nose of the rocket. The gasses from the exhaust just stream away freely into space.

(Newton's 3rd Law of Motion: "For every action there's an equal and opposite reaction.")

As someone once said: "When people get an 'idee fixe', it is very difficult to budge them. They won't give up an idea, even if they're wrong."

An otherwise intelligent S-F fan criticized my atomic spaceship in my novel Shoot at the Moon because it didn't hit escape velocity nor was it streamlined. In vain both Joe Patrizio and myself pointed out that as long as a rocket kept up a continuously functioning jet of gas, it could cruise at 2 miles per second and still reach the moon. We even quoted Arthur Clarke at him. No use. He had this 'idee fixe': escape velocity from earth was 7 miles per second.

I got the same sense of frustration arguing with publishers and editors, pointing out that I'd been studying the art and craft of writing since that age of 10, and had learned to be original, to pace the narrative, create living characters, tighten the tension to an explosive climax... and maintain a literary style, with a bonus --impeccable grammar.

I remember Isaac Asimov's arrival on the S-F scene. His British publisher, Sidgwick & Jackson, asked me to write a review of his first novel for them (The Caves of Steel - 1954). I obliged, and praised it highly, because it was praiseworthy. That was the only professional review I've written in my life.

Years afterward, Isaac wrote re my story, "The Green Car," in his collection The 13 Crimes of S-F (Doubleday 1979), "William F. Temple's story is an eerily effective piece which again makes us wonder why his works have been so neglected."

No need to wonder, Isaac. Doubleday themselves had contracted to put out (for a tidy advance) a collection of some of my yarns titled, Along Strange Trails. They were hoping to cash in on the expected big sales of my Shoot at the Moon, about which Scott Meredith had gushed,

> Never have we sold a novel to Simon & Schuster so fast. They raved over it. They found, as our readers did, that once you picked it up, you couldn't put it down. They're going to market it in a big way. It's going to be a hell of a best-seller.

But the book "critics" of The New York Times love to ape Frank Rich, "The Butcher of Broadway." Gives them a like sense of power. One of them, Martin Levin (who?) jeered. Just a would-be raspberry (because the NY Times doesn't approve of the English?). No sense to his abusive comment. Obviously he knew nothing of astronautics and less about complicated human beings.

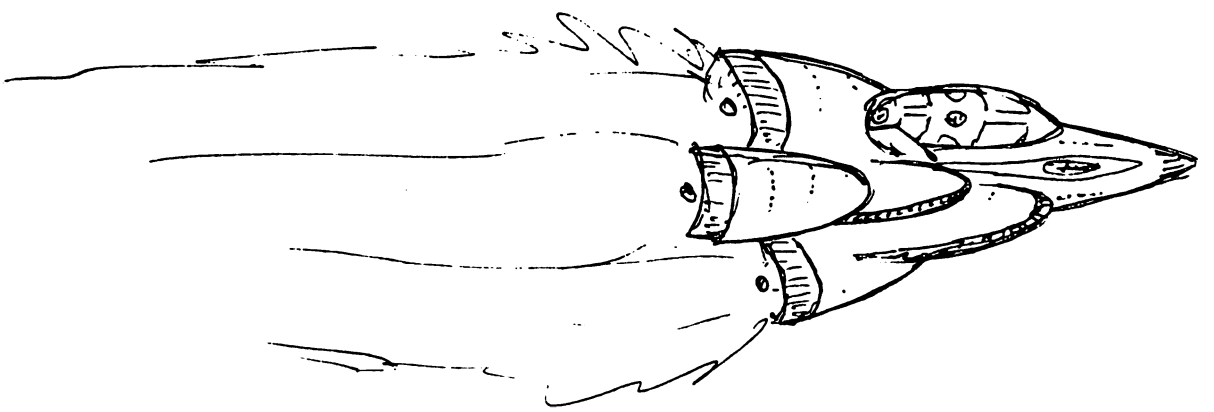
But the infallible NY Times had spoken.

Word got around, the way it does in New York.

The finger was on me. Don't touch Temple. "I had it from the NY Times...." He's a flop, a loser, a leper.

S&S forgot about their rave readers' reports. Somehow Moon had miraculously changed its worth overnight. Cravenly, they withdrew from their promises. No hype. Let's bury the body quietly.

Although Doubleday had signed the contract for the shorts collection and sent it to Meredith to forward to me, they forgot they'd requested it (and praised the collection highly), and asked for it to be returned. Meredith meekly obeyed. Publishers are more "important" than au-



thors (unless the author has more clout than the publisher).

I worked for 20 years among the top-hatted stockbrokers of Throgmorton Street, London, excluding a period of 6 years fighting a shooting war, mainly overseas. Before the war, mainly, too, a decent crowd. "My word is my bond," was the motto of the Stock Exchange, and in general they stuck by it.

Unlike many publishers, be they British or American. "A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's written on," as Sam Goldwyn might have phrased it.

This seems to be turning into beefing. But it's only a statement of verifiable facts. But dangerous territory. So I'll shut up --wisely.

Best,

BILL

--Sorry, left out the saga of Walter Hutchinson, among much else.

# Temple and Clarke

## THE FANS BEHIND THE PROs

by Harry Bond

In common with many another writer of SF in those days, and indeed of today, Arthur C. Clarke and William F. Temple both started as fans. In fact, they began their careers from a common base.

Clarke (whose nickname in those days was "Ego", hence his use of an early pseudonym "E.G. O'Brian") and Bill Temple (whose early amateur fiction bore the distinctly transparent byline of "Temple Williams") were probably the two leading lights of pre-World War II London fandom. Clarke, when he was forced to move due to lack of space (the story runs that there wasn't room in his apartment to wear a double-breasted suit), found that Temple was also looking for accommodations, and suggested moving in together. They found an ideal location; 88 Greys Inn Road, London, was near the hall where early London cons were held, and even nearer to the pub where fans met in those days. The Flat, as it became known, was the first British example of a "slanshack" as is still remembered as an integral part of fannish history.

Sadly the Flat only lasted one year; just after Temple's marriage in 1939 war broke out, and first Clarke and then Temple were conscripted. In a way this was fortunate, for a little later the Flat was demolished by a direct hit from a bomb. The house to which Temple had moved

in Wembley was also hit, but Temple was now serving.

During this period Temple had sold professionally to the only British professional SF magazine, Tales of Wonder, and also to several US magazines (his best known story, The Four-Sided Triangle, appeared in Amazing during 1938). Clarke too sold to Tales of Wonder, but only non-fiction articles.

The war, of course, put paid to their writing: Temple gallantly kept trying to expand The Four-Sided Triangle into a novel, but the manuscript was first lost during a battle in North Africa, and when it was finally completed, the ship on which it was sent home was sunk. He had more success with his fannish contacts, though: in a still-famous letter to Ackerman's VOM he said, "...The fan outlook is my idea of vision...", and when the letter was published in 1944 it led to US fans increasing their contact with British ones, which had lapsed during the War.

When the War was over and Temple and Clarke were demobbed, both began to sell professionally again (to the new British magazines New Worlds and Fantasy), and again formed the nucleus of a revitalized London fandom.

At this time Temple was best known as a fannish comedian, and Clarke as his straight-man. They kept up pretenses of a feud in print, though there were the best of friends still, and despite British fanzines of the day being few and far between, they both managed to kill each other off in various improbable ways in their pages. At conventions too, both were valued as speakers (Temple being considered the fan comedian of the period, and Clarke's scientific knowledge had no equals); and in their speeches references were invariably made to each other.

At one convention, in 1951, Temple gave a speech on "the techniques of writing serials". So the programme said. In fact he extemporized a serial by Arthur C. Clarke about the first space rocket. In this serial the first rocket launched contains Temple and Clarke as crew, and despite a successful takeoff proves a failure; when it leaves the atmosphere it grinds to a halt because it has nothing to push against (a common layman's fallacy of the day). A second attempt is made, in a giant onion which flies on Mitogenic Rays. Appropriately enough, this speech raised tears of laughter.

Clarke was described at the time, by Walt Willis, as having "a dashing manner -- at least every time I saw him he was dashing somewhere. I expect that some day when he is particularly excited he'll reach escape velocity and that's the last we will see of him." Temple, it seems, was "a small dark plumpish chap, very quiet spoken..."; but he was well-known for his humorous remarks. At the close of another convention, which Clarke had been unable to attend because of an American trip, Temple walked out the door with Clarke's brother Fred and saw the moon shining above.

"My God!" cried Temple, "Arthur's left it behind!"

"He's got an American edition," Fred reassured him.

Though their names are best known as professional writers, neither Clarke nor Temple has ever abandoned his fannish contacts. Clarke is only the honorary president of the British Science Fiction Association, but according to Inside Sources he still writes long and constructive letters and tries to keep the somewhat moribund organization going, as best he can from Sri Lanka on the other side of the Earth.

Temple remained a star of the London Circle fan group through the 1960s until it was taken over (bodily) by Michael Moorcock, Charles Platt and the New Wave staff of New Worlds. Unfortunately he recently suffered a stroke which left him unable to type or write except in laboured capitals, but being Temple he still managed to get a laugh from it. In a letter-of-comment he remarked:

> Since I estimate that 50% of my little grey cells were washed away by my brain hemorrhage, I who once had a modest reputation as a wit, can now claim only to be a halfwit.

You can't help but like people like that.

# 10 Books that the World of William F. Temple

(originally published in Binary, Joe Patrizio, ed.)

I'm asked to comment on 10 books that changed my life. Perhaps only one really changed it; others merely affected it. Several s-f authors I've known had their Book of books. books. For John Keir Cross it was Moby Dick. For Peter Phillips, Tristram Shandy. For Arthur Sellings, The Flying Draper. Mine is Wells' The First Men in the Moon.

It introduced me to s-f as a kid. It led to my meeting s-f fans, eventually Joe Patrizio. Had I been spared that meeting, I'd also have been spared having to write this damned article.

It made me fanatical about the concept of men reaching the moon. It brought me into contact with Arthur C. Clarke -- we laboured together in the British Interplanetary Society on plans for a moonship pretty similar to **Apollo 11** a generation later. It made me quit my native London and settle in Folkestone, where Wells wrote the book, and where one night I lay on a couch watching on TV the first men step on to the moon -- in an interval between long interviews with said Arthur Clarke on the same screen.

It would have happened eventually, anyway. But I think it happened a little sooner because of The First Men in the Moon, which had influenced Clarke as much as me -- and many other space-travel pioneers, as I've learned since.

Coincidentally, I've just bought the 1900/1901 volumes of The Strand Magazine, in which it made its first appearance.

The remaining titles are books I've re-read since childhood or youth because they helped awaken my imagination and have become part of my mind-flux.

## Three Men in a Boat
by Jerome K. Jerome

When I was about 10 I found this in my uncle's house. Thought it the funniest thing I'd ever read. It was a first edition, 1889 (I have a first edition myself now) and I didn't know there'd been countless editions since. I thought it was an old forgotten book. I plagiarised it in school essays. The teacher read them to the class and they caused a lot of laughter. I got away with them, no one, not even the teacher, recognising the source. Many of my pre-war fanzine humorous articles were written in Jerome's borrowed style. My own style is probably an amalgam of Wells, Jerome, Doyle, Stevenson, and Harry Leon Wilson -- and, I hope something of myself. As Stevenson said, we all play the sedulous ape.

## The Lost World
by Arthur Conan Doyle

S-f adventure at its best. The atmosphere of the Amazonian forests was so right. Doyle had borrowed it from Darwin,

who'd been there (Voyage of the Beagle). The very chapter titles thrilled me: "Tomorrow We Disappear into the Unknown." "The Outlying Pickets of the New World." "It Was Dreadful in the Forest." "Our Eyes Have Seen Great Wonders."

## Journal in Time
by Amiel

Amiel was the world's greatest procrastinator, apart from Oblomov, who was fictional. Like Hamlet, action was his cross. He would analyse himself and his motives so relentlessly that he would become totally immobilised. He was appalled by possible unfavourable consequences and tried to avoid them by staying put and risking nothing. He talked himself out of marriage and children which he really desired. Self-thwarted, he was often melancholy. He had great spiritual insight -- and great doubts.

He fascinated me because I'm probably the world's second greatest procrastinator -- I've put off writing this article for weeks and weeks. (Arthur Clarke once wrote that if I ever made a film it would be called The Birth of a Procrastination.)

Basically, the trouble is that, like Cassius, you can think too much. Who or what is Man? Who or what put him on this planet? For what? What is he supposed to do? Be fruitful and multiply -- and overpopulate and starve? Use the provided wastebins -- and choke himself with his own refuse? Apart from himself, the solar system is dead. The stars are beyond his lifespan -- or are they? No book of instructions was issued with the game of Life. Neither the Sermon on the Mount nor Moses' 10 Commandments are a viable guide to Life as it really is, red in tooth and claws, organically both fiendishly ingenious and madly sadistic in design... Love the Taste of Thy Neighbour as you eat him.

Does anything matter? I feel another attack of procrastination coming on....

## The Journal of a Disappointed Man
by W. N. P. Barbellion

Another journal of an intelligent and sensitive thinker who, unlike Amiel, but like Mozart, Schubert, Chatterton, Keats, and many other who could have given so much more, died young. It has an introduction by Wells, who talks of Barbellion's "inexplicable fate."

Barbellion (pen-name of Bruce Cummings) was the eager young naturalist who wanted to "follow knowledge like a sinking star." He loved life, was fascinated by the mystery of it. And was smitten by the slow death of disseminated sclerosis and died at 26, protesting.

When I think I've had a raw deal, I remember Barbellion and ask myself what the hell I'm moaning about. Still go on moaning, though. But not quite so loudly.

## Treasure Island
by Robert Louis Stevenson

Like The Lost World, another great adventure yarn. Borrowed from Robinson Crusoe (the island, the parrot, etc.) and Poe ("The Gold Bug") but plus much inventive Stevenson, beginning with the old seaman coming to the Admiral Benbow Inn with his sea-chest, and his stories about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish Main. This is what story-telling is all about and I value a good story-teller above rubies. It's a pity the craft has lately been obscured by those who are unable to shape a world out of chaos and so pretend that to mirror the original chaos is the greater art.

## The Alice Books
by Lewis Carroll

I combine Wonderland and Looking-Glass because they are really one. Alice is a dredged sample from the sea-bottom frontier between life and fantasy, the dream-world, where artforms are shaped and the mad nature of life is apprehended. Not a mirror of chaos ... sanity runs through the Alice books. Relativity is foreshadowed there (The Red Queen) and prevision (The White Queen) and Semantics ("When *I* use a word," Humpty-Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean -- neither more nor less.") And so much more. Politicians, trade-unionists, scientists, the

clergy, should all be compelled to read it, on the remote chance that they might understand some of it. Even if the emotionally immature author himself didn't really understand all that much, being a born medium.

The Phantom of the Opera
by Gaston Leroux

The world's ugliest genius lurking in the womb of the deep cellars below the Paris Opera House. The Outsider, wanting desperately to make contact and find love. Forerunner of all those psychopath stories. Lon Chaney brought some of his own great talent to the only film of the book that was anything like the book. So far as I know, Leroux, unlike the others apart from Carroll, didn't borrow from other authors. This is an original... I think -- unless you count it as another variation on Beauty and the Beast. But a most distinguished variation with no forced happy ending.

She
by H. Rider Haggard

Enthralled me as a kid. My admiration fades somewhat as I grow older and understand more of Haggard's make-up and see his limitations as a writer (that prolixity!). But it's straight from the enduring myth-world and does not die. (Again, like The Phantom of the Opera, only the silent film version approached the original spirit and story.)

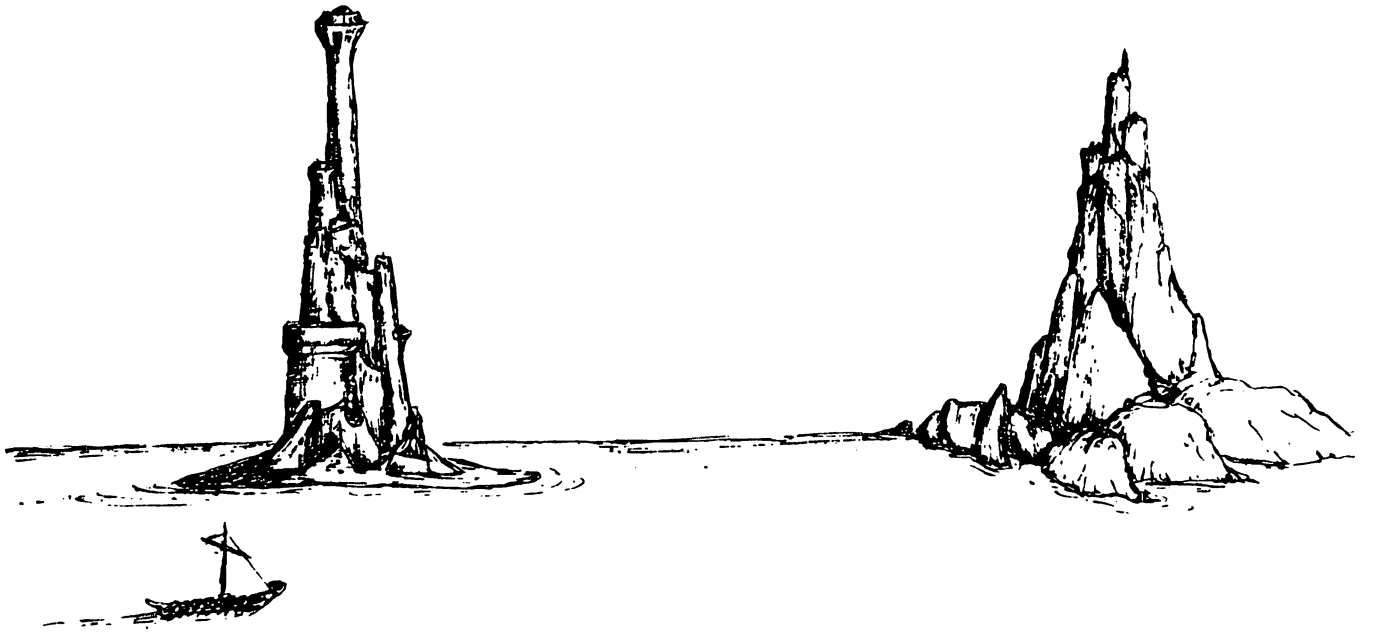
Merton of the Movies
by Harry Leon Wilson

Hollywood in the early 'twenties has always fascinated me, particularly the surrealistic celluloid comedies. They were spawned by the fantastic imagination rampant -- the crazy logic of Carroll in visual form. The laws of nature -- particularly gravity -- became suspect. This is a beautifully written, tolerant, tongue-in-cheek story of those fancy-free days. No black comedy, just warm comedy. I would rather remember that light-hearted world than regard this sneering, greedy, sinister, violent one, which requires no admonition from me to go to hell ... it's already headed in that direction.

W. F. TEMPLE 1972

Whoever wants music instead of noise, joy instead of pleasure, soul instead of gold, creative work instead of business, passion instead of foolery, finds no home in this trivial world of ours."

--Hermann Hesse (Steppenwolf)



# OLD IDEAS WITH A TWIST

Today's science fiction seems to be written for robots by robots about robots.

William F. Temple

by Timothy Nowinski

I wish I could find more stories by William F. Temple. Every one that I have read seems like it was done before, but not in the same way. Temple always seems to add his peculiar twist to the plot, or setting, or characters, to make it different and quite uniquely his own.

Take his first published science fiction story for example (not his first published story -- his first SF story), "Mr. Craddock's Amazing Experience." Craddock is caught in a time loop, destined to repeat his actions. It starts out small repeating a short segment of time, and eventually he breaks out of this first experience by doing something different before the "pivot point." Craddock continues to do this -- getting himself out of repeated actions -- by changing his routine and behavior.

So far, it seems typical. Then Temple throws in his little twist. In the last "loop" Craddock is pushed back to seven months of age, and becomes a child prodigy. This is 1939, before other authors worked out some more advanced ideas about time loops and paradoxes.

In his classic story "The Four-Sided Triangle," Temple used a fairly common SF idea of matter duplication, and applied it to humans. This too was not uncommon, but other authors did not consider the mental and psychological state of the duplicate -- exactly the same as the original at the time of duplication. Thus when Joan Leeton, who was in love with and married to Will Fredericks, is duplicated as Doll as a lover for their good friend Bill Josephs, Doll was also in love with Will.

Temple adds another twist to the tale. After Bill's death, both Joan and Doll decide to make way for the other by committing suicide. One survives, but which one? The reader is still wondering at the end, though Will is certain who has survived.

In the mid-50s, Temple wrote a series of juveniles about a trouble-shooter named Martin Magnus. Unlike most of the "heros" of juveniles, Magnus did have some serious hang-ups. He hated space and loved the small section of London near Charing Cross (for those familiar with Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, this gives the reader a strange feeling of comparison between the two) which he calls home.

In Martin Magnus, Planet Rover (1954), Temple constructs a mystery as a series of separate events that soon become interrelated. Magnus is called in to solve each, and as he jumps from one to the other, he finds two separate alien species (one on the moon and one on Venus). He also solves the puzzles of the attacks on the moon base personnel amd equipment, the strange second ship that arrives with Earth's first Venus probe, the message rod found in the returned Venus probe, and the destruction of the undersea farm equipment in England's coastal waters. In the end Magnus travels to Venus to rescue Ken Page who was kidnapped and taken there.

The action is well paced, and the character of Magnus is carefully developed through a series of personal insights and events. This is a twist from the normal juveniles of the periods --the attempt at real characterization, showing some of Magnus' flaws and prejudices as well as his strong points. Temple also imposes a ban of smoking on ALL space flights (one reason why Magnus hates going into space -- he loves his cigars!).

In 1957 Temple wrote a science fiction mystery called "The Green Car." A white-faced man speeds through a small town on the English coast and kills a little boy. Murdoch who witnessed the crime gets involved in the investigation which becomes stranger as they try to puzzle out who did it. The license number showed that the car belonged to Bert Wolfe who had died in an accident nearly 20 years earlier when he had run off the road into the sea and drowned. Divers found a license uncrusted with the appropriate amount of sea life and corrosion for its time under water, so the car had been in the water.

Could it have been a ghost? But ghost cars don't kill. Or do they? When they follow the tracks of the green car, they disappears over the cliff and into the ocean. Eventually the constables set up a roadblock which stops the car. When the car is opened, seawater pours out and the driver expands because of the change in pressure, and dies. The smell of dead sea life fills the air.

Here was the twist -- dwellers in the ocean depths began to explore the surface world after being "descended upon" by some "ship" from "outer space." These beings had duplicated the car as their vehicle that could move in such a "vacuum." The story ends with the hope that peaceful relations could be establish with our new-found neighbors.

Asimov wrote, in his introduction to this story in The 13 Crimes of Science Fiction, "William F. Temple's story is an eerily effective piece which makes us wonder why his works have been so neglected."

The Automated Goliath (1962) basically is a story about winning Earth independence from an alien aggressor. It seems standard fair, but there are a couple of twists. The hero Magellan is a thief who turns to the better to fight the enemy. There is a Earth woman Sarah Masters who works with the alien Makkees to help in their conquest, and it's her relationship with Magellan that causes both of them to be more concerned for Earth. A second alien, which Magellan names Prospero, gives the Earthmen the means to defeat the Makkees. The final battle is taken to the Makkees' home planet, where it seems that the last fight is between Magellan and the Makkee leader Drahk, and of course Magellan and Earth win.

The story structure is also different. There are two narrators: Magellan and Madden, a military commander who organizes the resistance in England against the Makkees and their Automated Goliath. Although Magellan carries most of the tale's burden, there is a section written from the military mind's point of view.

This could also be viewed as a cautionary tale -- since the reason the Makkees could take over Earth was that they arranged for technological development to occur so that everyone would become dependent on technology -- technology that they could control. That's not an unusual scenario, but the fight for freedom under those circumstances in a SF story is.

Backed on the Ace Double with The Automated Goliath is The Three Suns of Amara. Alexander Sherret wanders about the planet headed for Na-Abiza and a ship that might take him off-planet. He encounters several of the alien flora and fauna that try to prevent him from leaving their presence (and one that tries to send him away), but it seems pretty standard fare. There are two basic twists.

Some of the Amarans need the presence of someone other than their own kind to have continued existence. The energy generated by another species gives them live. Secondly, the planet does not know night. It travels in a strange orbit around three suns (it's in the title), each of a different color -- blue, yellow and red. Depending on which suns are in the sky at the time, the sky changes colors, and Temple uses these changes to set up different moods in the story.

The story is a fable -- we live and learn from our mistakes and the mistakes of others. Sometimes, like Dorothy in The Wizard of Oz, we don't know how well off we are until we nearly lose it, Sherret understands that all he needs is on Amara.

Battle on Venus (1963) tells of the first manned mission to land on Venus--in the middle of a war. Their ship is attacked, brought down, then defended by the attackers. Below the cloud layer is a breathable atmospher, and eventually survivors of the ongoing war are found. The battles themselves are fought by computers and robot-controlled weapons. The person who started it all is the immortal Senilde who did it just because he was bored.

There's not too much of a twist to this one. That Temple considered how boring immortality could be and its effects on a person (Senilde is quite mad) might have been an innovation at the time. But the mystery of why the Earth ship was first attacked, then defended, is...different, and it lends a touch of suspense as George Starkey speeds to the ship in hopes of saving his friends from being destroyed completely.

Shoot at the Moon was probably the best novel Temple has written (well, the best of the ones I read). He does a creditable job of describing real characters, and lays in a marvelous mystery of death on the moon. The secret mission of Colonel Marley, unknown to Captain Brunel on take-off, was to find gold, but they find something more deadly.

One of the strange twists Temple puts in is the rocket that takes off horizontally and cruises into orbit, and then to the moon. Another is the "locked door" type murder mystery. A third is the superb handling of the characters -- the detail and interactions he uses to add depth to the people in the story. Temple is not afraid to quote Shakespeare -- something he has done in many of the above stories, and that adds at least an indication of some sophistication to the character's make-up.

In one of his last stories, Temple uses hypnosis and again the idea of invasion to create an interesting vignette, "The Man Who Wasn't There." Shaw, an independently wealthy (and bored) man takes up hypnotism and mesmerizes his friend Trevor and gives him an order not to see their companion Dale after he "leaves." That happens, but Trevor sees and begins to communicate with someone else whom neither Shaw nor Dale can see or hear. The person is Malak, a Plutonian, one of the beings who has been observing Earthmen for years. Shaw's dabbling in hypnosis removed the blocks set in Trevor's mind not to be aware of their presence -- all humans are hypnotized by the Plutonians to this end.

Trevor dies, but whether by the hand of Malak, or because of his weak heart the reader, or Shaw or Dale, is not sure. But Trevor was working one something that could have put men more efficiently into space....

The twist is nothing specifically new, although aliens not using "invisibility" per se, but a hypnotic suggestion that someone not be aware of another's presence is different. Then there is the odd ending that leaves one with a strange feeling, and the analysis open to interpretation and wonder.

All in all, Temple manages to throw a curve of some sort into his writing that makes it a little different from the regular writers of the time. Of course that is the key to success in writing SF--show the reader something s/he has not seen before. And I echo Asimov's sentiment--I wonder why Temple's writing has been largely ignored. I would like to read more of his work to see what he else he has done in twisting some of those old ideas.

# Another Letter from

# William F. Temple

30th Sept. 88

Dear Lan,

I take and read the glossy, lavish monthly magazine KENT LIFE. I had the enclosed article on Cranbrook School photocopied -- thought it might interest you.

But before I could mail it, the British Post Office went on a total all-out strike. So I've had it by me for a whole month now, very frustrated.

Actually, after a lot of argument, the strike was supposed to have been settled last week. But all of the workers didn't agree to resume work. Now I see the Post Office union (in today's national newspapers) have voted to take "industrial action" (by which they mean "industrial IN-action") yet again. So I'm mailing it, anyway, in desperation.

It may reach you eventually. By Xmas? Or maybe not at all. We understand, from foreign friends, that your own post offices refused to accept mail for England, as they couldn't guarantee delivery --the British Post Office had (and probably still has) an enormous backlog of 150 million letters rotting in sorting offices.

Possibly there may be a note from you stuck frozen and dead somewhere in it? I wouldn't know.

A few short notes have managed to slip through from America between strikes --and dated pre-strike (from Lloyd Biggle and Forry Ackerman, and my brother, and a couple of grandchildren visiting Florida, South Carolina, and New York).

Our son, Cliff, has been in Japan and now in Seoul (Korea) covering the Olympics, for several papers and journals, apart from which a middle-distance female runner he coaches (Shireen Bailey) has reached the final of the 1500 metres, which is to be run tomorrow, and we'll be watching (as we have been for the whole of the games so far on the round-the-clock TV coverage) and listening (Cliff's name, as Shirleen's coach, has already been mentioned by the TV commentators several times).

On gathers the Olympics is something of a switch-off on American TV. Not so over here -- the whole country is spellbound.

I'm afraid I threw together the offerings for the memorial issue in a helluva hurry (watching Wimbledon tennis championships then, I recall) omitting several things (like Cliff's interview with Jeffrey Archer) by carelessness, and other intentionally -- thought there was just too waffling on, and on.

Also my wife, though half-blind with cataracts, had gone to Scotland for a week to attend grandson Jonathan's B.Sc. degree official award, and I was worried about her. (Jonathan shepherded her back to our flat, and stayed on to act as usher at the big family wedding (guests here from corners of England and Scotland).

Then daughter Ann had gone missing in the far mountains of Yugoslavia, together with a couple of the grandchildren. Turned out that on of the children had been very ill with a bug, and Anne had lost her own voice completely and couldn't phone.

I was ill with a series of mild heart attacks (since diagnosed as angina) and now I have to put a tablet of TNT under my tongue when an attack threatens. I will probably blow up one day -- ending with a bang, not a whimper.

The pace of life seems to keep revving up here or hereabouts. Jonathan is very happy in his job with Hewlett-Packard. The whole Scottish clan is coming here again in October. HELP!

# CONTRIBUTORS

Clifton Amsbury
768 Amador St.
Richmond, CA 94805

Paul Anderegg
Address unknown

Bob Barger
108 Thornton Ave
Chattanooga, TN 37411

Lloyd Biggle, Jr
569 Dubie Avenue
Ypsilanti, MI 48198

Sheryl Birkhead
23629 Woodfield Rd.
Gaithersberg, MD 20879

Harry Bond
6 Elizabeth Ave.
Bagshot, Surrey,
ENGLAND GU19 5NX

Pat Byrnes
Address unknown

PL Caruthers-Montgomery
2629 Norwood Ave.
Anniston, AL 36201

Ravi Chopra
Box #531
5115 Margaret Morrison
Pittsburgh, PA 15213

Robert Coulson
2677W - 500N
Hartford City, IN 47348

Wayne Ermatinger
11822 - 78 St.
Edmonton, Alberta
CANADA T5B 2J4

Dennis Fischer
366 N. Spaulding
Los Angeles, CA 90036

Giovanna Fregni
2104 W Juneau
Milwaukee, WI 53233

Alexis Gilliland
4030 8th St. South
Arlington, VA 22204

David Gorecki
9129 W. 167th St.
Orland Hills, IL 60477

Cathy Howard
PO Box 70104
Louisville, KY 40270

Fred Jakobcic
113 W. Ohio, Apt. 4
Marquette, MI 49855

Terry Jeeves
56 Red Scar Drive
Newby
Scarborough YO12 5RQ
ENGLAND

Greg Litchfield
44 Raycroft Ave
Weymouth, MA 02188

Larry Nowinski
Tim Nowinski
Addresses withheld
by request

David Palter
137 Howland Ave.
Toronto, Ontario
CANADA M5R 3B4

Tullio Proni
ISHER ARTIFACTS
530 W. Walnut St.
Kalamazoo, MI 49007

John Purcell
4552 Cinnamon Ridge Trail
Eagan, MN 55122

Robert Sabella
2 Natalie Drive
Budd Lake, NJ 07828

Diana Stein
1325 Key West
Troy, MI 48083

William F. Temple
Flat 1
20 Grimston Gardens
Folkstone,
Kent, CT20 2PU
ENGLAND

David Thayer
7209 DeVille Drive
No. Richland Hills,
Texas 76180

Jim Thompson
3202 Andrea
Dallas, TX 75228

Phil Tortorici
PO Box 57487
West Palm Beach,
Florida 33405