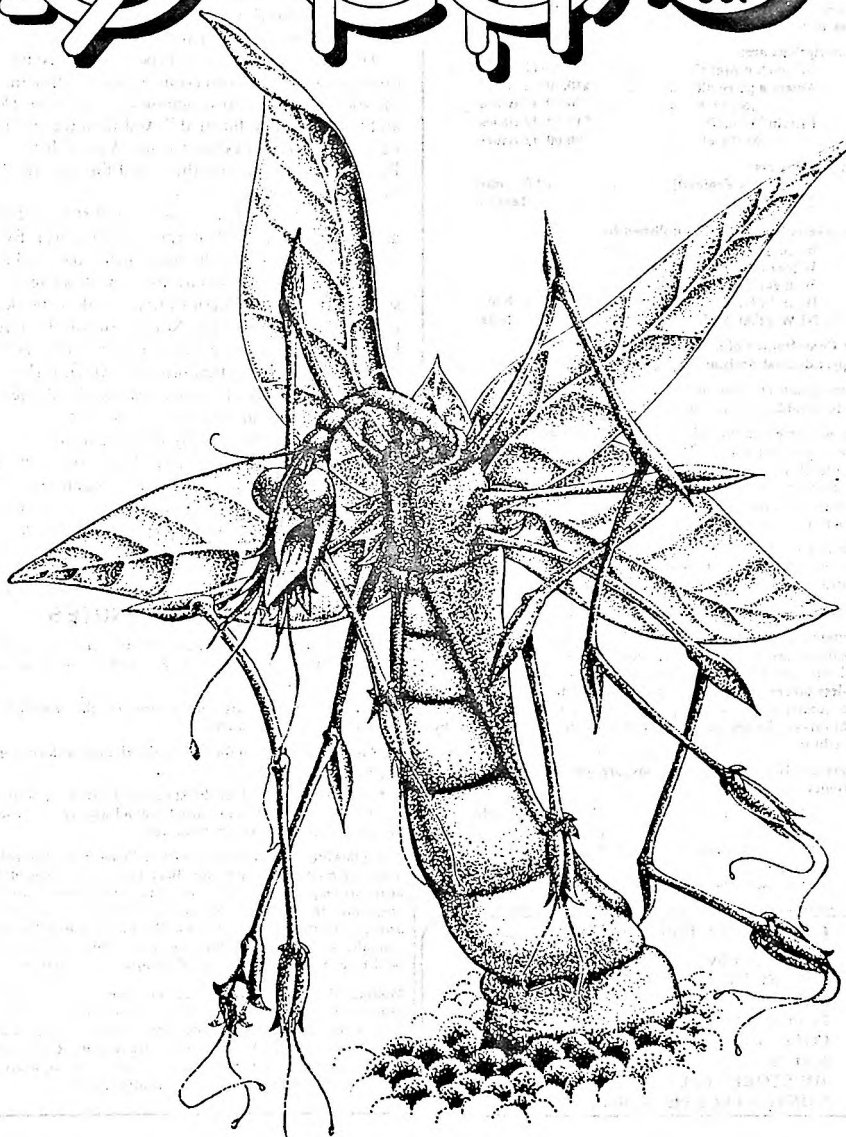
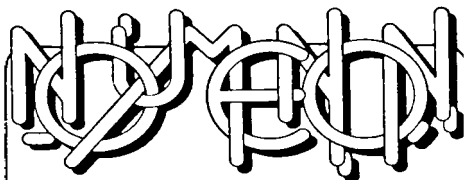


# NOVA

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## EDITORIAL

Well, we're a wee bit late again and so I'd better explain how our production works. Usually, I've sub-edited all the contributions as they've come in and so I can hand Deb a great wad of scraps of paper of various sizes when it comes time to typeset the next issue. I've put various marks here and there to indicate various things but, as I'm not one hundred percent on sub-editors marks, the *occasional* discrepancy creeps through — which Deb has to query and if I'm not around that can be a delay.

Then, once everything is typeset, it has to be proof-read and the corrections typed. Then comes the final flurry of, "Just one more small item, Deb, and then you'll be finished." And then there's the odd thing I usually typeset — any Awards lists, Publishing Information, this — and I'm not the fastest of typists.

Anyway, then it is into the lay-out stage, which always results in a little extra setting (t & etc). By this time, best mate Colin has usually managed a couple of brilliant illustrations, as well as over-seeing any photo-reductions of artwork or book covers needed. I must say *Noumenon* would have been far less impressive without Colin's talents.

Then comes the actual printing, which is the most automated of the processes and should be (is, usually) the quickest and easiest part.

But, for some reason, my time seems to be divided into fortnightly spans. If something should delay some part of the production, it can often mean I don't get back to it until a week or two later. Which happened on this issue, curse it, a couple of times. Still, here we are again and there are many fine features. Good reading. — Brian

## EXPLANATORY NOTES

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

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

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

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

The following conventions are used in *Noumenon*: The titles of *novels* or *books* are in capitals, bold face. The names of *films* or *television programmes* are in capitals. The titles of *stories* or *magazines* are in capital and lower case, bold face. The titles of *articles* are in quotation marks. *Record album* titles are in capitals, bold face. *Song* titles are in capitals and lower case, bold face. The names of *musical groups* are in capitals.

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# QUIDNUNC'S PAGE

## AWARDS

The Jupiter Awards, presented by the Instructors of Science Fiction in Higher Education (ISFHE), have been announced for work published in 1976.  
**Novel: WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG**  
 — Kate Wilhelm

**Novella: Houston, Houston, Do You Read** — James Tiptree, Jr.

**Novellette: The Diary of the Rose** — Ursula LeGuin  
**Short Story: I See You** — Damon Knight

The full list of the British Fantasy Awards, presented by the British Fantasy Society for work published in 1976, is as follows:

**Novel (August Derleth Award): THE DRAGON AND THE GEORGE** — Gordon Dickson

2. **CAMBER OF CULDI** — Katherine Kurtz

3. **INTERVIEW WITH A VAMPIRE** — Ann Rice

**Short Story: Two Suns Setting** — Kail Edward Wagner (Fantastic)

2. **Der Untergang des Ahenlandesmenchen** — Howard Waldrop (Chacal)

3. **Piper At The Gates of Dawn** — Richard Cowper (F&SF)

**Artwork: "The Sacrifice"** — Michael Kaluta (a Christopher Enterprises poster)

**Film: THE OMEN**

**Small Press Magazine: Anduril**

**Comic: Howard the Duck 3**

The Fantasy Award Committee, a new organization, has announced the formation of the Fritz Leiber Fantasy Award, a yearly award to a living writer of fantasy. The first award, presented at the Fantasy Faire Convention in Los Angeles, August 12-14, was to Fritz Leiber.

The 1977 British Science Fiction Award was won by Michael Coney for **BRONTOMEK!** (Gollancz). ■

## MORE NEW MAGAZINES

Ariel, though titled "A Fantasy Magazine", is a large format paperback with an art cover and heavy stock pages. \$US5.95, \$NZ8.95. Issue 1 seems worth the price, however, especially as Ariel is a quarterly. There is a three-part examination of Frank Frazetta -- his early life and formative influences; part one of an interview; and "an art-history perspective on his style". There are two pieces of fiction and two poems (the latter by Robert E. Howard). There's part

one of Richard Corben's *Den*, in glorious lurid colour, as well as an excerpt from his *Bloodstar*. Charles Wooley provides an analysis of sf pulp magazine covers: Burne Hogarth, artist for *Tarzan* for many years, is interviewed, with recent work reproduced: Bruce Wayne, alias Batman, is examined in "Chronicle of an ongoing identity crisis"; and finally there is a discussion of the parallels between existentialism and Howard's *Conan!* Yes, a most promising debut.

*Cosmos Science Fiction and Fantasy* is a new bi-monthly, magazine size, entry into the *Analog/Galaxy/F&SF* (etc.) field. They have four interior colour-illustration pages, plus a colour centre-spread. The fiction includes stories by Niven, Bishop, Benford, Dickson, Pohl, with Leiber's new *Fafhrd (which they mis-spell)* and The Gray Mouser novel, *RIME ISLE*, being serialized. Artists providing interior illos include Freff, George Schelling, Gaughan, DiFate, Stembach and Powers. The "Centre Section" has Silverberg on Books, Charlie Brown (Locus) on Media, a Fan Column (including fan art), the Editorial, letters, and the centrespread showcase (Issue 1: Paul Lehr; Issue 2: Will Eisner). Another promising beginning.

*Unearth* (Suite 190, 102 Charles Street, Boston, MA 02114, USA) is a digest-sized quarterly designed to give exposure to new writers.

"We are looking for any kind of science fiction, speculative fiction, fantasy, and horror. An *Unearth* story may be staunchly traditional or radically experimental, as long as it's imaginative, well-written -- and by a previously unpublished writer. Of course, once we publish a writer, we will welcome his or her further submissions. Aside from this one exception, however, we will not consider stories from published writers. (By "published" we mean "having sold fiction to one of the prozines.")

"Manuscripts may be of any length up to 8,000 words. We'd prefer to see them typed and double-spaced, but we want to see them no matter what they look like. Payment will be fifteen dollars on acceptance. This may not seem like much, but what we are primarily offering is publication in an attractive, well-distributed prozine where a new writer doesn't have to compete with established writers."

There are also book review, film review and ▶

#### 4 QUIDNUNC'S continued . . .

science columns, with cover and interior art. From reviews I've seen, the stories are mostly good and are just barely short of prozine standard. There is also a one-story-per-issue reprint policy: the first sale of a well-known writer. Issue one (Winter 1977) had *Glowworm* by Harlan Ellison and issue two (Spring 1977) had *Proof* by Hal Clement.

*Vortex*, subtitled on the cover "The Science Fiction Fantasy" (however you want to take that), is "A Monthly Journal of Fantasy, Science and Speculative Fiction" (it says on the title page). I've not been able to determine whether *Vortex* is distributed in NZ as yet. I've only seen issue five (May 1977), which is fairly poor. Dreadful illustrations surround the stories (printed on yellow, blue, grey, white, pink, and multi-colour pages), which are by young or new authors to sf. Of most interest is an interview with Eddie Jones, who comes across as an uncaring opportunist: "If the bottom should drop out of the SF market I'll go on to do Westems . . . I get no satisfaction from seeing my picture on a paperback cover. I get more satisfaction out of the cheque." ■

#### HUGO AWARD NOMINATIONS

The 1977 Hugo Award Nominations, for work first published in 1976, were announced recently. A full list of them appears on page 31. ■

THE PLEASURES YOU  
GIVE YOURSELF ARE  
THE VERY BEST KIND



#### MINIATURES

The Science Fiction Writers of America, the association which sponsors the annual *Nebula Awards*, has decided to drop the Best Dramatic Presentation category. The decision to do so was made after this year's voting had taken place and so the "No Award" in the category was by vote and not by fiat.

The category was first introduced for the 1973 Awards (the Nebulas have been awarded since 1965). Harlan Ellison gave an impassioned speech on the short-sightedness of the decision at the Nebula Banquet. He resigned from the SFWA in protest.

• Gordon Dickson will be the editor of *NEBULA AWARD STORIES 12*, which will be published by Harper & Row in America. I don't know if there will be a British hardcover edition as Gollancz have apparently decided not to publish further volumes in the series.

The paperback rights to the new novel by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle, *LUCIFER'S HAMMER*, were auctioned to Fawcett for a record \$236,500! Playboy Press are the hardcover publishers and the Fawcett edition will appear mid-1978. The book will not be marketed as sf but as a "major disaster" novel. It is very long and concerns a comet hitting Earth and destroying civilization.

• Previous records for sf novels include \$100,000 for Joe Haldeman's *MINDBRIDGE*, \$150,000 for Arthur Clarke's *RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA*, and \$200,000 for Clarke's *IMPERIAL EARTH*.

Marion Zimmer Bradley has signed a contract for two more *Darkover* novels, plus a sequel to *HUNTERS OF THE RED MOON*.

• Samuel Delany submitted about 100 corrections for *DAHLGREN* but the 65 used didn't appear until the sixth printing of the American edition (Bantam).

• Ballantine's movie edition of *STAR WARS* has had eight printings with 2,200,000 copies in print. For comparison, NAL has 2½ million copies of 2001 with 25 printings over nine years.

• Watch out for a 1978 *STAR WARS* calendar; *THE MAKING OF STAR WARS*; *A STAR WARS SKETCHBOOK*; *STAR WARS BLUEPRINTS*; an art portfolio of Ralph McQuarrie's original paintings; and a lavish *STAR WARS ART BOOK* (hardcover and paper) which will include the final shooting script. All from Ballantine.

Fontana Books has started a Science Fiction line. The first four titles to be released in NZ in September are Brunner's *THE SQUARES OF THE CITY*, Dick's *WE CAN BUILD YOU*, Dozois & Effinger's *NIGHTMARE BLUE*, and Silverberg's *TO LIVE AGAIN*.

● Pinnacle Books has announced a new SF series, Futurian Science Fiction. It will be international in scope, with simultaneous editions possibly in America, England, Italy, Germany and Japan. Roger Elwood is the consulting editor and packager.

Lafferty's **APOCALYPSES** (two novellas) will appear in October. Malzberg's **THE LAST TRANS-LATION** (a political/sf novel) in November, and **TRIAX** (a collection of three novellas by Vance, Gunn, and Roberts, edited by Silverberg) in December. Other announced books include del Rey & Jones' **WEEPING MAY TARRY**, Poumelle's **SPACE VIKING**, Williamson's **BROTHER TO THE GODS**, Farmer's **JESUS ON MARS**, and Block's **REUNION WITH TOMORROW**.



● Big O, publishers and distributors of posters and books (Roger Dean, Patrick Woodroffe, etc.), have announced a 1978 Calendar: **MICHAEL MOORCOCK'S WIZARDRY & WILD ROMANCE**, interpreted by Rodney Mathews. The series was designed around Moorcock's earlier works after Mathews had produced book jackets for the "Dancers At The End of Time" books.

William Rotsler wants contemporary, original quotations for **QUOTEBOOK**, a collection of new material. He wants epigrams, insults, comments. No payment except immortality. Send contributions to Box 3126, Los Angeles, CA 90028, U.S.A.

Unidentified flying objects (UFOs) "certainly . . . probably" or at least "possibly" deserve scientific study, say 80% of respondents to a questionnaire sent to members of the prestigious American Astronomical Society. Of the 2611 members, a massive 1356 replied and of those only 20% thought such studies unnecessary. Some 62 respondents even claimed to have seen a UFO. ■

## SILMARILLION News

Book Reps, the New Zealand agents for Allen & Unwin, have released a **SILMARILLION** kit. The book will be published in Britain on September 15 and should be available in NZ on or shortly after that date. They are planning a full-scale publishing campaign, which will include mention of Humphrey Carpenter's **J.R.R. TOLKIEN: A Biography**. Both books will retail in New Zealand for \$13.10. Book Reps will also be promoting Tolkien's other works and related materials. The American edition of **THE SILMARILLION**, published by Houghton Mifflin at \$10.95, will also be available in September. ■

## SF IN THE MAGS

The January 1977 **Viva** included fiction by Harlan Ellison, **Doctor D'ArqueAngel** (with a superb illustration by Gilbert Stone), and a short look at the future by Isaac Asimov, "On the Coming of the End". Asimov is not optimistic, but Ellison is positively bleak in his extrapolation of science wedded to horror.

● **Penthouse** included another sf book review column in their March issue, which is becoming quite a regular occurrence.

● **Rolling Stone** ran a fascinating "human emphasis piece on the Viking mission to Mars in their April 7 issue. Then, in the May 19 issue, they open the lid on the continuing folly surrounding atomic energy big business. While the black market in atomic materials has yet to be detailed, the "gray" market is shipping materials hither and yon with very little concern -- or possibility of checking the ultimate destination. They also report the inhuman indifference of big business and bureaucracy to a "plutonium casualty".

● Meanwhile, **New Scientist** reports on the "evolution of primitive biological systems in interstellar space". In *Where Life Begins?*, April 21 issue, various experiments and pieces of data are put together to suggest that "the transformation of inorganic matter into primitive biological systems is occurring more or less continually in the space between the stars".

● **Super 8 Filmmaker**, Vol 5 No 2, included a rather authoritative evaluation of sf films in their article on how to make home sf movies. A surprisingly well-researched piece.

● **Esquire** for June featured an appraisal of Frank Frazetta. They included eight superbly-reproduced paintings and a couple of pen-and-ink sketches. The text, unfortunately, is presented in a trite and dreary 'modern' style. You'll find it a struggle to read. The reported comments of Frazetta are of interest, however. ■

# THE FANTASY OF

It is perhaps typical of the attitude of the publishing industry to the whole genre of fantasy that one of the most significant recent works of fantasy is published as children's literature. This is Ursula Le Guin's *Earthsea* trilogy. Perhaps this is a little unfair as the Gollancz edition is not labelled as 'children's', nor is the Bantam, but the *Earthsea* books are still largely promoted as children's books. Perhaps it is really a comment on the standards of 'children's' books.

When *A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA* (AWOE) was published in 1968, Ms Le Guin was in the process of building for herself an enviable reputation as a writer of science fiction. Today, with the *Earthsea* books as virtually her sole contribution to the field of fantasy, her reputation still lies largely with her science fiction, quite understandable with such masterpieces as *THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS* and *THE DISPOSSESSED* to her credit.

The first images of *Earthsea* to come from Ms Le Guin's pen were in three short stories. *The Rule of Names* and *A Trip to the Head* both deal with names and their relationship with identity, although only the former is set in *Earthsea* itself. It deals with a wizard by the name of Mr Underhill (Tolkienites take note) and is somewhat relevant to AWOE. But the first *Earthsea* story of all was *The Word of Unbinding* which appeared in *Fantastic* in 1964. All three stories are included in the collection *THE WIND'S TWELVE QUARTERS*.

Ursula Le Guin's next attempt at an *Earthsea* story was less successful. In 1965 or '66 she tried writing a longer story about a prince who travels down through the archipelago from Havnor in search of the Ultimate, and eventually ends up joining a group of raft people. The story did not work out, but the raft people were retained for *THE FARTHEST SHORE* (TFS).

Then, in 1967, Ursula was asked by Parnassus Press, a quality children's publisher, to write a book for older children. For her setting she chose *Earthsea*, for her theme, a young Gandalf and how a wizard would learn his art. The result was *A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA*. Thus AWOE was written deliberately as a children's book, but that doesn't stop it being a far greater work than most 'adult' books. The second of the *Earthsea* novels, *THE TOMBS OF ATUAN* (TTOA), had its first publication in a somewhat condensed form in *Worlds of Fantasy* in 1970. However, since then it has been usually promoted as a children's book, as has TFS. They certainly are children's books

but that should not put adults off reading and enjoying them.

If the idea of 'true' names was the basis for the early *Earthsea* stories, it was only background for AWOE and the other novels. It is one of the many features of the world of *Earthsea* that have helped to make it a real world, a place that exists in its own right, and a world unique in fantasy. Two features of the world of *Earthsea* stand out. One is the nature of *Earthsea's* magic, and the other is the world's island geography.

The basis of all magic in *Earthsea* is the idea that the name is the essence of the thing, and that to know the 'true' name of a thing is to know its true nature, and hence control it. This idea is certainly not new and it has been an important element in many religions. Nor, even, is it new to fantasy; for instance the idea occurs in Tolkien. However, Le Guin's treatment of it is new. When reading Le Guin one is forced to say of her magic: "If magic did exist, this, surely, is the way it would have to be." For magic not only has power, it also has limitations. "To change this rock into a jewel, you must change its true name. And to do that, my son, even to so small a scrap of the world, is to change the world. . . . The world is in balance, in Equilibrium. A wizard's power of Changing and of Summoning can shake the balance of the world . . . to light a candle is to cast a shadow. . . ." (AWOE, p. 54)

The most important factor in the making of magic is Balance. TFS tells of the upsetting of that balance: "A pestilence is a motion of the great balance, of the Equilibrium itself; this is different. There is the stink of evil in it. We may suffer for it when the balance of things rights itself, but we do not loose hope, and forego art, and forget the words of the Making. Nature is not unnatural. This is not a righting of the balance, but an upsetting of it. There is only one creature who can do that.

"A man?" Arren said, tentative.

"We men."

"How?"

"By an unmeasured desire for life."

"For life? But it isn't wrong to want to live!"

"No. But when we crave power over life -- endless wealth, unassailable safety, immortality -- then desire becomes greed, and if knowledge allies itself to that greed, then comes evil. Then the balance of the world is swayed, and ruin weighs heavy in the scale." (TFS, p. 43)

For the whole world depends on balance. It is balance that gives names meaning. If the balance fails then what is left? There is no meaning left in anything. As the dragon Orm Embar puts it: *"The sense has gone out of things. There is a hole in the world and the sea is running out of it. The light is running out. We will be left in dry land. There will be no more speaking, and no more dying."* (TFS, p 163)

The uses to which magic can be put also differ from those in other works of fantasy. In Earthsea it seems magic can be used only for such things as mending kettles and curing goats or for such things as saving the world.

It is interesting to note that magic plays little part in TTOA, while in the other two books, although the problems Ged must face are magical in origin, the solutions to them depend ultimately on the strength of Ged himself, not on his spells: *"Only one thing in the world can resist an evil hearted man. And that is another man. In our shame is our glory. Only our spirit, which is capable of evil, is capable of overcoming it."* (TFS, p. 44)

Thus Earthsea is a world that is not unlike our own; the problems men must face are created by men, and their solutions must be found by man.

The great strength of Earthsea's magic is that it is thoroughly believable, it is a natural force like any other, with strengths and limitations. Magic is not the path to physical power. Look at the greatest magician of Earthsea's past, Erreth-Akbe who went to fight the dragon Orm instead of remaining to rule Earthsea. The Firelord sought to halt the sun at noon, Cob sought immortal life, both with frightening results, and the Enemy of Morred's sorceries resulted in the sinking of the island of Solea; but all three were stopped by resolute men. Misuse of magic upsets the balance of the universe, and the righting of that balance is catastrophic to all. This is so well depicted in TFS. Thus Earthsea is like our own Earth. In Earthsea men do not seek to destroy the physical ecology, but the magic one, but both motives and ultimate effect are little different.

Roke has nine Master Mages under the Archmage, each is Master of some aspect of magic. These Masters are Windkey, Hand, Herbal, Chanter, Changer, Summoner, Nanier, Patterner and Loo-keeper. The innocuousness of their titles is a fair representation of the nature of their magic. Although like our own world in many ways -- the worlds of Faery always are -- Earthsea is a world of its own with its own geography and its own

cultures.

Earthsea's boundaries are indefinite -- it is a world of islands -- but what lies beyond the seas that surround those islands? From Selidor, westernmost isle, to Astowell in the east is less than 2,000 miles, while from the Hogen Land of the north to the Isle of the Ear in the south is only some 1,700 miles. The boundaries of the Hogen Land are ill defined and it would seem little visited a world of ice perhaps, like Greenland in our world South of the South Reach the constellations change while the Reach itself is the warmest part of Earthsea. It is perhaps, too bold to speculate that Earthsea has a southern hemisphere, below the South Reach. On the other hand there is the constellation of Gorardon, seen only in the far south, which makes the rune Agnen, the Rune of Ending. This, maybe, is of significance.

East and west of Earthsea are more interesting areas for speculation. Far to the east, we know, lies a vast land of sand, but what does that mean? Is it a new continent? Is it really part of the same world as Earthsea at all? It has always reminded me of Utter East in Lewis' Narnia books, or perhaps Tolkien's Uttermost West. What lies to the west of Earthsea? Perhaps only the dragons know, for they tell of a land beyond the western seas. This maybe is the dragons equivalent of the east.

Each of Earthsea's islands has a culture of its own. There are the poor fisherfolk of the reaches, the shepherds and wizards of Gont, the mighty towns of the Inner Lands, and the two cultures alien to the rest (which lie at opposite extremes both geographically and in temperament) the raft people of the southwest and the Kargad Empire of the northeast. As the mages say "rule changes in the reaches". If east and west do have special meanings in Earthsea, and perhaps north and south also, then perhaps the locations of these two alien cultures are also of significance. One point that is as insignificant as it should be is race. The people of the Kargad lands seem to be the only white skinned people in Earthsea. I wonder how many people noticed that Ged is black?

Another important aspect of Earthsea is religion, or rather the almost total lack of it. The only society that has any formalised religion is the Kargad Empire, which has two religions; the cult of the Godking and the worship of the Nameless Ones (in many ways reminiscent of Lovecraft). Yet even in Earthsea there is the belief in Segoy, ►

## 8 Le GUIN continued . . .

the Eldest Lord, who spoke the first words and who made the islands of the world. Also there is ritual in the form of the Long Dance of Midsummer Night, and the apparent belief that if there are no songs on this night there will be no sunrise (TFS, p. 137). However, apart from Kargad there is no organized religion -- in this way Earthsea is like Middle Earth. In Middle Earth there is the very real presence of God, in Earthsea there is no God. There is one reference that seems to be very Christian. A woman asks Ged:

*"You are the King of the Shadows, the Lord of the Dark Place --"*

*"I am not. I am no king. I am a man, a mortal, your brother and your like."*

*"But you will not die?"*

*"I will."*

*"But you will come back and live forever."*

*"Not I. Nor any man."* (TFS, p. 93)

The woman is mistaking Ged for Cob, but the religious overtones of the passage are unmistakable. Earthsea's wizards are fascinating. They are a substitute for our priesthood. Their spells replace our prayers, but serve the same functions. Enlad's festival of Lambs, held on New Year, with its spells of Increasing, looks very like a religious ceremony.

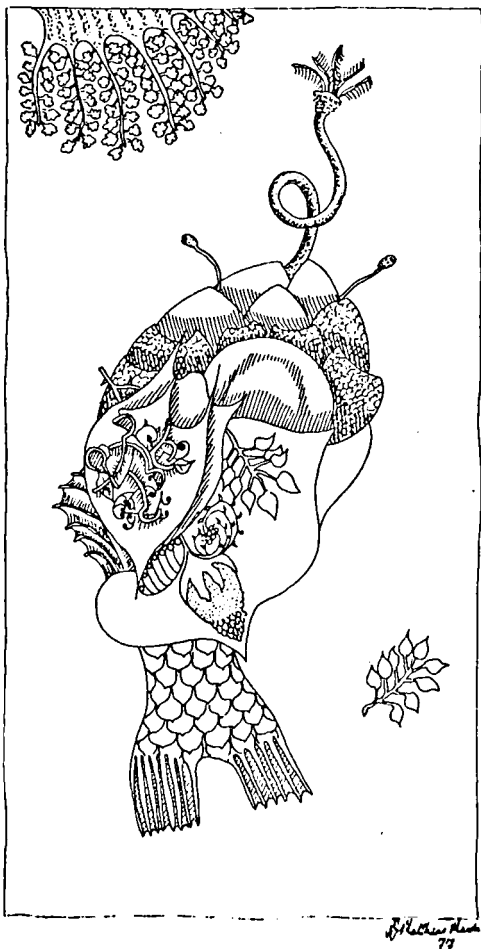
And yet Earthsea's wizards have no supernatural explanations for their powers, nor any real sense of the supernatural. They see their powers as part of nature, which indeed they are. It is unfair, however, to call them materialists, for they are certainly not the materialist magicians of **THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS**. The only real substitute they have for God is Balance. Balance is a physical force of whose reality they are continually aware. It is a force whose workings they can see in the physical world as well as in the magical. Thus Balance makes a very acceptable substitute for God; it does not just encourage magicians to be 'moral', it makes it necessary for them to be so. The very nature of magic means that its practitioners, even the most warped (such as Cob), must have the nobility of soul that we would like our own priests to have (but which they all too often lack).

For children's books the Earthsea books deal with bold themes, but then that, perhaps, should be the job of all books, and of children's books in particular. **A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA** deals with growing up and coming of age. **THE TOMBS OF ATUAN** is about sex, about a feminine coming of age; birth, rebirth, destruction and freedom are its themes. But **THE FARTHEST SHORE** is bolder than either, dealing explicitly with death. Death is something natural, not something evil. Without

death, life itself has no meaning (nor symbolically do names) and magic ceases to work. Virtually the first thing Wizards are taught about the art of healing is *"heal the wound and cure the illness, but let the dying spirit go."* The dead themselves are not to be feared but rather to be pitied:

*"Instead of fear, then, great pity rose up in Arren, and if fear underlay it, it was not for himself, but for us all. For he saw the mother and child who had died together and they were in the dark land together; but the child did not run, nor did it cry, and the mother did not hold it, nor even look at it. And those who had died for love passed each other in the streets."* (TFS, p. 182).

Thus death is not a thing in itself, not something solid and evil, but rather it is a negation of life, and all life means. Compare this with Cob, who achieves





a measure of immortality and thus threatens to render death -- and life -- meaningless.

"What is life, Cob?"

"Power."

"What is love?"

"Power," . . .

"What is light?"

"Darkness!"

"What is your name?"

"I have none."

(TFS, p. 188)

Life needs death, just as death is the result of life. For meaning to exist there must be balance. Balance is another of Le Guin's themes. The final point of TFOA is not that darkness is evil, but that it gives meaning to light. (See Peter Nicholls' "Showing Children the Value of Death" in *Foundation* 5.)

Such themes are bold for 'adult' books and may seem too extreme for children, but Le Guin is a master of style and her handling of them is perfectly controlled. The books are a delight to read, indeed they are difficult to stop reading. Such things as 'theme' and 'meaning' remain at all times unobtrusive in Le Guin's books, and 'story' is always important.

Thus it is with some justification that Le Guin can be so critical of the whole field of fantasy in the slim, but excellent, booklet *From Elfland to Poughkeepsie*. This is one of the finest criticisms of the field extant. It is not the criticism of some outsider who knows nothing of the true nature of the genre, but the criticism of someone who clearly loves fantasy and cares for

it, and furthermore it is the criticism of someone who is herself well-established in the field.

Apart from her fantasy Ms Le Guin has written a considerable body of science fiction. Much of her early fiction was published in the magazines *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, with her first novel -- *ROCANNON'S WORLD* -- appearing in 1966. This was based on an earlier short story *The Dowry of the Angyar* and is, to some, very reminiscent of Tolkien. From this story a whole future history was developed, as rich and real as those of Anderson, Heinlein, Asimov and Niven. We can see its development in *THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS*, *THE DISPOSSESSED*, *The Word For World Is Forest* and many other stories. Unlike most future histories, however, the Hain stories do not exist to give the history of the next X centuries, but rather to provide a consistent background for a group of totally independent stories, each with its own tale and its own reason for existence.

But if the Hain stories are independent the Earthsea books remain a trilogy, one of the two or three finest in all of fantasy. Comparable, surely, only with Tolkien and Peake, and like those authors Le Guin sets the tales in a thorough consistent and believable world. It is a world of which we would like to hear more. Is it too much to hope for a tale of Erreth-Akbe or of Morred and Elfarren?

Jim Collins  
(Australia)

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[A slightly different version of this article originally appeared in *The Eye*, the Sydney University Tolkien Society's journal - Box 272, Wentworth, Sydney University, NSW 2006, Australia. Thanks, folks.]



## LETTER COL

The Values Party Postal Library  
19 Market Road  
Remuera, Auckland  
NEW ZEALAND

(April 1977)

**NEWSLETTER:** We enclose a catalogue of books dealing with issues of concern to Values Party. This first collection concentrates mainly on environmental matters. Further lists will follow as books are added. The books have been donated by publishers to the Values Party Postal Library.

They do not necessarily agree with Values Party philosophy. Opposing viewpoints are included. The books have not been carefully screened but we feel that the list is uniquely comprehensive enough to be of interest to you. Most of the publishers who have donated samples have NZ warehouses and so would be happy to send copies to you on approval. Friends of the Earth, PO Box 39065, Auckland West, also stock and sell some of these books and would be happy to send you their catalogue. We ask school librarians to circulate the list to teachers of liberal studies, social studies and biology particularly.

Public Librarians may feel that many of the titles are more suited to specialist technical and educational libraries. However one of the aims of Values Party is to involve the public more in decision making whether at the national political level or in minor community matters. Only an informed public can be effective and lead to wise decisions being made for the future (not merely for 3 years hence). So we make a plea for librarians to help arouse public awareness by devoting a section to books on these issues - and by promoting them to your community. We stress again the books are not necessarily in support of Values Policy.

**PERSONAL NOTE:** I'm afraid we can't get into Science Fiction generally but I would appreciate a list (small) of books you consider particularly relevant.

*\*\*The catalogue is a very useful, annotated, alpha-*

*betical listing by title, 20 pages F/C duplicated. If you're interested, write them and I'm sure they'll send a copy.*

**Important Note:** I'd be interested in comments from readers as to titles which may be worth recommending. I'll hold off sending a list for, say, a month so write soon especially overseas readers.\*\*

Ron Primula  
Somewhere  
ABBA 362436  
U.S.A.

(1 May 1977)

I see by Noumenon 11 that you printed some frothings from that opinionated Ron Primula. On your head be it. However, he wasn't so far wrong on the price of putting garbage into space. An item in the local paper quotes NASA at \$188 per-pound-into-orbit if you are Dept. of Defence, \$277 if you are other civilian gov't agencies, \$323 if you are foreign or commercial. That's based on a 60,000 lb. payload. Figure a bit of bragging percentage for NASA to back their claims about how good the shuttle is, of course.

That figure of 60,000 lbs is the shuttle capacity to low-Earth orbit, 60 to 100 miles altitude. Higher altitude, less capacity. Cut it down to around 30,000 lbs at 400 nautical miles. That would double the quoted price. If you want a still higher altitude, then an additional stage is required. That comes out of your weight allowable. Assume a big solid rocket booster to put it into a highly elliptical orbit ("it", being your payload) and another to then circularize the orbit at apogee and you have left a maximum of around 7000 pounds payload at synchronous orbit. The price is now higher, since you also have the upper stage costs.

If you want some other orbit than eastward out of Kennedy, reduce the shuttle capacity and up the costs/lb. If you want to use the shuttle as a work platform and leave your experiment in the bay, you can add tankage in the aft end of the bay and spend more time in orbit or go a bit higher. That tankage weight comes out of your allotment, of course.

\* \* \*

I liked Peter Graham's column. The Necronomicon fakes sold to occultists reminded me of another N. fake. Back in '48-'49 a friend and I were involved with Cincinatti Fandom and the CFG in putting on the Cinvention, the 1949 Worldcon. From some French fan, Charlie Tanner had received some hand-made linen-screened paper that had come from a sealed lead box out of a corner stone. The paper was around 400 years old. At the same instant in time, August Derleth sent in for his con membership. The combination inspired the comment by Charlie that this was just the sort of paper that the Wateley copy of the Dee translation of the N.

would have been written on.

Well, the W copy would have followed Dee in using Saxon or Black English. Stan Skirvin was a student in the U of Cincinnati at that time and I am slightly conversant with Saxon also. From Charlie's prodigious memory came every quote from the N that Lovecraft ever made in any of his stories. Fleshed out by Charlie and Stan we had some five fragments of pages of material.

I remembered how my grandfather showed me the cutting of a goose quill to make a pen. We made iron and gall ink, hand-ground with a mortar and pestle and then I aged the result 400 years in the Battelle (Memorial Institute) weatherometer. The resulting fragments of manuscript were then shipped to the Oriental Institute in Chicago with a query. Eventually came back, on Institute letterhead, the information that the paper was French, about 400 years old, the ink was iron and gall, correct for the time, and that the message was in Saxon and translated as follows -- about what we thought it said. And oh yes, written with a goose quill pen. You can imagine the result when August found this entire spread of evidence in a display case in the con hotel. In fact you could have found A rereading the whole thing every half hour for the entire con.

There was not too much chance that ours would ever get sold as real. First, if you checked the line spacing you would find it to be 1 cm; and second, you know that goose quill pens tend to spatter. If you overlay the five fragment with a tracing paper and make a dot for every spatter, you will find a curious clustering of the dots that form the letters "FAKE".

Also on Peter's column -- there are a number of computer games now on the market, with more complicated ones on their way. One of the games scheduled to enter the Christmas market this year is a computer game that uses your TV as a display and plays a pretty mean game of chess.

Also on the column and mother ships in orbit -- I gather that Peter has never read the Books of Charles Fort. In them are many references to stray objects seen in space, crossing the face of the Moon, throwing a circular shadow on the Moon while doing so, spindle shaped objects seen crossing against the Sun's disk, etc. As I remember, the majority of these were in New Lands.

\* \* \*

As you may have guessed, I like some of the more advanced, sf aspects of engineering. Since I started with *The Shot Into Infinity* (Science Wonder Quarterly, Winter, 1929), a story about a three-stage rocket to the moon, and Doc Smith, whose first was 50 ft. dia, had walls 4 ft thick, was nuclear powered and went intergalactic on his first flight, as you can imagine, my reaction to NASA and

getting that tin teepee to the moon was "What took you so long?" Now I'm seeing prospectus' from commercial banks on the Gibraltar bridge, reinforced concrete tankers big enough to bring on an entire winter's supply of fuel to Great Britain on trip. NAWAPA (North American Water and Power Alliance, which is water for a continent), and such other small schemes. Meanwhile, politicians make a thing over the energy "shortage" and the water "shortage". Both exist, of course, but not on the scale of here and now emergency. I guess my problem is -- how do you phrase the question?

Old proverb which I can't quote from memory concerns how to phrase the question so that the only 'satisfying' answer is the one you want. That's my problem -- how to put the question to the people who are officers of the Spaceship Earth so that the only answer is to run the ship in a humanistic manner.

*\*\*Perhaps the best thing is to ask them if they'd like a year or ten's holiday. Alternatively, present them with a Zen koan or Sufi riddle.\*\**

Garry Tee  
Flat 3, 7 Domain Street  
Devonport, Auckland 9  
NEW ZEALAND

(5 May 1977)

Congratulations for the typesetting of *Noumenon*!

An interesting tribute to sf is paid by Han Suyin (Rosalie Chou) in her remarkable autobiography (which is actually a history of China during the past century, as experienced by her family): *THE CRIPPLED TREE* (1965), *A MORTAL FLOWER* (1967) and *BIRDLESS SUMMER* (1968). Her father was a Chinese railway engineer and her mother was a Belgian girl who had eloped with him when he was studying in Belgium. Rosalie Chou was born in Szechuan in 1917 and she grew up in China during its period of worst degradation; with endless killing and torture, starvation, squalor, disease and brutal exploitation, when the several imperialist powers were squabbling with each other over which would grab the most of China for itself.

The position of the family was extremely difficult even for those calamitous times. Her father had low status in the railway company, a native engineer who was paid a fraction of the salary of a European engineer, and in Chinese society a railway engineer was not regarded as an estimable person. Her mother was rejected by European society for having married a native, and the children were dismissed as half-castes. The family lived in Peking from 1922 to 1929 where Rosalie was educated at Catholic schools, but was not even taught to write Chinese as a child.

She was extremely lonely as a child, but in the late 1920's she became friendly with Suchen (the crippled daughter of a Manchu prince and princess)

and she became especially friendly with Fanju, a thin, small eager bespectacled little Chinese girl who was devoted to astronomy and "devoured science fiction in her spare time." (THE CRIPPLED TREE, p.406) Rosalie's brother "now obtained space-fiction magazines, sent to him by post from America, and for nearly two years he, Rosalie, Suchen and Fanju nourished themselves on space-travel stories". But then Fanju fell sick and died. Years later, Rosalie "became conscious of the areas in her mind influenced by Fanju's colourless little voice, small body and enormous awareness of China and what was going on in China. There was nothing left of Fanju, except that music of the future she had started in Rosalie and which did not end".

Do you know of any finer tribute to the effects which the reading of sf can have on a reader's mind?

*\*That is certainly a fine tribute and I'm sure it captures the feelings most sf readers have, especially in their quieter, more reflective moments. Strong and enduring affection for the genre is very obvious in the writings of both fan and writers; for instance, read HELL'S CARTOGRAPHERS or the items in fanzines by some of the older fan.\**

Roy Lavender  
2507 E. 17th Street  
Long Beach, California 90804  
U.S.A. (2 June 1977)

Received your letter and N 12 yesterday and today. Thanks.

Rollo echoes my opinion on much of the sf film currently seen. I'm enclosing the Time review of STAR WARS. I haven't seen it yet -- got an invite to the preview at \$50 per head, which I cheerfully passed up. Also got an invite for free because I'm on some mailing lists, which I had to pass up -- not cheerfully. Deedee and I will go to it when it arrives in the local theatre at standard prices.

I'm somewhat surprised that some of the newer sf films haven't been down your way even before opening in the US. PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE, for instance, opened during AussieCon but not here until several months later.

Local gossip has it that the STAR TREK movie, long delayed by top management dithering, will be delayed more by the appearance of STAR WARS, which is getting good reviews even from casual (I ASFS) fandom. I gather from the talk that really should be called science-fantasy -- but anyway.

At the major cons, the film room is one thing trying to keep a check on. I've been trying for many

years to catch THE CABINET OF DR. CALLIGARY, for instance -- I've missed it each time. And one of my favourites, THE BLOB, I try to see when I can. It was a low budget film but it stayed within its limits in a very satisfying manner. In the same way, THEM (giant ants), while not as low budget, stayed within its limits. Given the one little physical impossibility that an exoskeleton is workable in such large sizes, no further liberties were taken.

Same was not true for the host of following giant insects. Generally cruddy.

Oh well -- if even one good show comes per year, consider it to be a good year. Sturgeon's law applies (90% of everything is shit). This year may be even better than that. We recently went to see WIZARDS, a feature length cartoon fantasy/sf movie. Even if it did use some of Bode's characters without giving him credit, it was a very fun show.

\* \* \*

For a change, at work I've been designing something that I can talk about. Marshall Spaceflight Center has been pushing Solar Electric Propulsion for space probes for some time. The current idea is to send one out to look at Halley's comet when it next visits. SEP is based on use of mercury ion thrusters, powered by solar electric panels.

Catching the comet requires going out to about 4 AU in a highly elliptic orbit, then modifying the orbit until it matches the comet's orbit. That's pretty far out and sunlight for power is 1/16 of what it is here at 1 AU. So someone came up with the bright idea of spreading reflectors to concentrate more sunlight on the solar array.

Nice idea -- except, start with 85 kW required power. At around 10 to 13 watts per square foot at 1 AU and \$4000 per square foot, that's a bunch of area and dollars. Now add reflector surfaces in among the solar panels to reflect sunlight. That doubles the area and almost doubles the power with no more than \$500 per square foot for the reflector. Of course you have to have some way of keeping this all under control at 1 AU so as to not generate twice the power and also not overheat the solar cells -- like maybe only deploying half the array and using Gallium-aluminum-arsenide cells. They stand high heat and are really more efficient. They are also new and more expensive.

Now add another set of reflector panels alongside the first array to again double the collector area. Now you can collect enough sunlight to operate at nearly full power all the way out to 2 AU. Of course these panels have to have actuator motors to power them away when not needed. And of course the actuators have to function again some three years later when the comet comes in closer to the sun, to keep from overheating the array. Now you only have to find some way to double the collector area again and you can keep up full power all the

way out to 4 AU. Lots of luck.

However, it's a living and having such a contract with Marshall will allow some aerospace company to keep a few engineers off the street. Also keep some empire at Marshall from collapsing from lack of contracts to administer.

Fortunately, a couple more days will complete my part in this little fiasco and I can again move behind the green door

\* \* \*

Just heard George (tomcat) come in, so will knock this off and go soak his head. He has a bad habit of getting into discussions with other cats which leave him with his throat cut. Presume the other fellow was worse off. Anyway, George gets infections in the nicks. Vets are expensive, so I soak his wounds with epsom salt water (warm) and then paint them with iodine. Usually they clear up, but he has come to expect a treat after such sessions. Being a full time tomcat is a tough trade, but it's the only one he knows.



*\*\*Actually, the amount of money and effort spent on some research projects often amazes me. One of the most fascinating research projects I've read of is the New Alchemists' Ark. CoEvolution Quarterly report on progress regularly and the most recent issue I've seen, Winter 1976/77 (issue no. 12), had a lengthy piece on work up to the official opening:*

*"Canada now leads the world in the encouragement of soft technology research. And Canada's smallest province, Prince Edward Island, leads the world in discouragement of nuclear energy. Last year P.E.I.'s young premier (38) Alex Campbell, with the citizenry concurring, simultaneously banned the development of nuclear energy in the province and gave to The New Alchemists 137 acres of prime coastal land — Spry Point — for research in energy and food-produc-*

*ing alternatives.*

From Prime Minister Trudeau's federal government came \$354,000 for construction of 'The Ark' — a soft technologist's wet dream, a single facility to research:

- 1) Solar architecture
- 2) Solar collection
- 3) Heat storage
- 4) Mist propagation horticulture
- 5) Aquaculture
- 6) "Hydrowind" electrical generation
- 7) The integration of all these into an organic and economic whole.

The participation by Trudeau in the opening of the Ark on September 21, 1976, was the climax of a year of building and weeks of frantic finishing (joined by CQ Soft Tech editor J. Baldwin). The Ark was completed on schedule. The Prime Minister spoke with far more than ceremonial perception.

After his talk I asked the PM if he had any measure of the governmental popularity of this sort of activity. Said Trudeau, "I have no problem finding money for this sort of project. The problem is finding the people to use it well." He nodded at the Ark. "How many groups do you know who could do that?" I was shocked at the question and my answer — "Uh. Maybe four, maybe five groups." He went on, "I should ask you, where are people with the skills going to come from?"

Ever a sucker for politicians with questions, I shortly found myself urging the New Alchemists that they start a training program.

I'm not sure it needs to be said, but the opening of the Ark was in fact a moving — even triumphant — occasion. Such events usually aren't. This was. Like fiddle music for dancing.

—Stewart Brand

*Yes, maybe a few are working in the right direction.\*\**

Ira M. Thornhill  
1900 Perdido Street  
Apt. B97  
New Orleans, LA 70112  
U.S.A.

(14 June 1977)

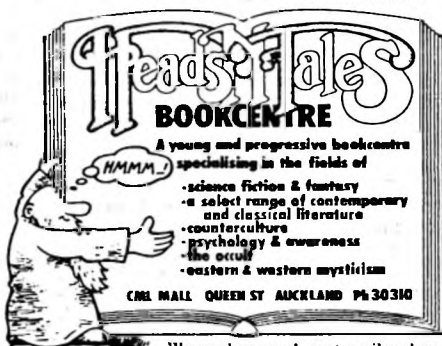
Yes, I know that it's too damned late for me to be locating Noumenon 12, but I somehow developed the habit of locating (or at the very least, pocking) every fanzine that I received back when I was first beginning to become involved with fanzine fandom. I now discover that the habit is almost impossible to rid myself of. Even though I'm publishing F&L and send it out in trade I find that when I don't locate a zine I'm plagued by all sorts of lingering guilt feelings. That's what happened this time. And now I'm getting rid of some of the guilt.

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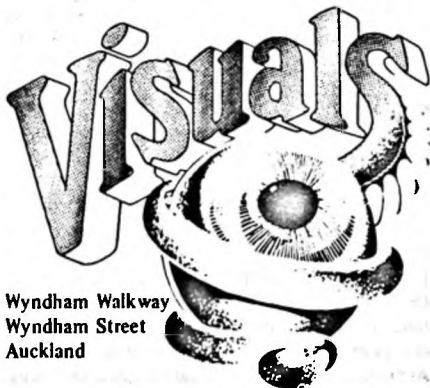
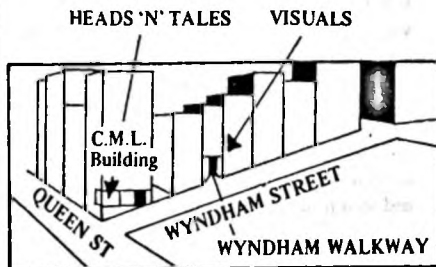
## POSTERS

**E**xclusive to Visuals come Patrick Woodroffe's superb posters. Pre-mounted on card and with a high-gloss, shrink-wrapped finish, measuring 20" x 28". • \$6.45 each – multiple orders: \$6 per poster.

**R**ecently arrived – four art prints by H. R. Giger, similar in style to the artist's well-known Brain Salad Surgery (Emerson, Lake & Palmer) album cover. • Amazing work.

**A**lso in stock are the science fiction posters of Rodney Mathews (renowned for his illustrations based on Michael Moorcock's writings) and Roger Dean (album cover illustrations for Osibisa, Yes, etc.).

**J**ust released, a limited stock of numbered prints by N.Z. artist Dene Wood. Entitled "The Chess Master", the painting is the first poster by a N.Z. artist working in a style similar to Roger Dean.



Wyndham Walkway  
Wyndham Street  
Auckland

Twelve issues. The first year done (and even indexed, for ghut's sake . . . Bowers should be ashamed of himself). It really doesn't seem anywhere near that long -- though I'm certain that to you it must seem like ten years instead of one. You've come a long way in that year. I can't even begin to imagine what the next year might bring -- but I am looking forward to seeing what you do.

Another below-average cover . . . in fact the only art that I really care for this time are pages six and eighteen. I suppose I'm just in a cartoon mood.

In fact, there's not a great deal of 'meat' to this issue . . . a lot of news items and such (the index) -- all interesting enough to read thru once upon a time, but not exactly filled with red-hot comment hooks at this late date. Even the letters, which I enjoyed thoroughly upon first reading, fail to inspire me to enter into any of the topics of conversation (ghod! it really has been a long time since I received this issue, hasn't it?).

Treadway turns in two interesting columns . . . more-or-less saving the day. I'd seen nobody else make mention of the new Adams and Vallejo Tarzan covers, and am glad to see that somebody else has enjoyed them as much as me. The Adams covers, especially, are beautiful almost beyond belief. (I've unfortunately not seen the Abbett and Powers covers that Rollo mentions -- can't understand why. Are they really a part of the same series of reissued books -- black covers, etc. -- or are they somewhat older?)

STAR WARS got a spot of almost five full minutes on tonight's national news!! That's five minutes of free advertising in the most very prime of all prime time. It's one of the most unreal things that I've ever seen happen. They used bits and pieces of several scenes from the film (comparing them to old westerns in order to make the point of what a simplistic good guys/bad guys film it is . . . they didn't quite say 'Space Opera', but they tried); and they made a big deal of the long lines of people waiting to see the film and of the fact that the company's stock has gone up in value nearly 200% since the film's release. And it's expected to make more than 90 million dollars. The damn thing could become bigger than STAR DREK! Ghod!

**\*\*Loccing every fanzine you receive is a very admirable habit. I must say I'm glad I never started such a habit -- editors don't feel so bad that they only get a review/mention in Noumenon and a very occasional letter from me.**

**No, not really ten years. Sing Me No Sad Songs outlined the only real hassles and it was only that they all came at once. There are plans for the coming years, but many of them will have to wait until the "chalet/workshop" is finished.**

**The Abbett and Powers covers are part of the**

**same series but whether they are older illustrations being re-used, we don't know.**

**No 'meat', you say. The whole issue was jam-packed with 'information' -- perhaps that is not the type of 'meat' you like. \*\***

**Lynne Holdom**

**PO Box 5**

**Pompton Lakes, NJ 07442**

**U.S.A.**

**(18 June 1977)**

Surprise, I've finally gotten well enough to resume fanac. I did hear the March TB surfaced down there (Mervyn Barrett) so you should have gotten same. Cover by a New Zealand artist too. Lots of luck trying to pry art out of her though.

What I really wanted to send was a list of the Hugo nominees. (\*\*Which Lynne did send. See Quidnuncs. Thanks Lynne,\*\*)

OK now, first there are some problems with Sun Con. The hotel has declared bankruptcy which could lead to all sorts of problems.



Another problem is that some fen have called for a boycott of SunCon because of Anita Bryant and the Dade County Neanderthals. This last probably makes no sense as you probably know nothing about Anita Bryant. Well, she has been campaigning to get a repeal of an ordinance allowing homosexuals to have the right to have jobs, homes, etc., like everyone else. Actually Gays can do all these things now if they hide the fact that they are gay. I will also say that NYC has yet to pass a gay rights bill because of public pressure.

Well, a lot of fans are so mad at Anita Bryant and at Dade Co. (which voted 70% -- 30% to repeal -- large turnout too) that they are boycotting SunCon because it is in Florida (and in Dade Co.).

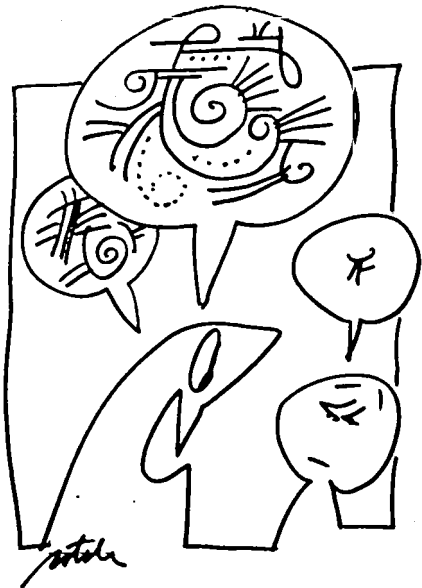
I go into my thoughts on this in Tightbeam -- and I wanted to make it non-controversial, but I'll summarize briefly. The SunCon group started this Con three-four years ago. Anita Bryant started her campaign five months ago. Even if SunCon hated A

## 16 LETTER COL continued . . .

B, what could they do. Donald Lundry, Committee head, lives in New Jersey. They can't move the Con to Atlanta or NYC at this late date (and couldn't even when AB started her campaign) so why should they suffer? Boycott orange juice since Anita Bryant is the spokeswoman of the Florida Citrus industry.

Brian you will be getting the May and July TBs together (as will all overseas fens). You may be seeing more of this controversy. It's not something I really wanted to get into but it does exist. The July issue is the Hugo issue and looks forward to SunCon. (Hah - prob have pickets there). Hope to have reviews of all the nominees - novel category. My prediction is that CHILDREN OF DUNE will win. I won't be at SunCon but Joanne Burger will so I'll see if she'll send the Hugo results to you. (I wasn't going before AB).

*\*\*The local press had a small item on the Bryant thing, though Time and Newsweek gave fairly full coverage for the interested. While I wish it weren't necessary to pass laws to safeguard human rights, it seems the repeal was a major retrograde step. Let's hope not too much more gets repealed. It's obvious that the media can be manipulated by anyone sufficiently fanatical to stir up an issue on emotional grounds (fear, mis-information, supposition, ridicule) rather than objective ones.\*\**



Michael Newberry  
111 Houghton Bay Road  
Wellington 3  
NEW ZEALAND

(26 June 1977)

The computer revolution does seem to be upon us. There has recently been formed in Wellington the Wellington Personal and Micro Computer Society, with a (rising) membership of 40 after the first two meetings. Similar clubs have also been formed in Auckland and other centres.

For an outlay of \$100 up anyone can get in on the act. The beasts themselves - the micro processor integrated circuits - only cost about \$40 but the care and feeding of them runs much much higher, upwards of \$200 per useful blob of memory and up to \$2000 for some means of talking to the outside world, like a typewriter. However, if one can beg borrow or steal the equipment one can do some good things, such as play music, decode Morse code, draw graphs and play Star Trek. There are innumerable versions of the latter, based on the TV series, varying in complexity with the size of machine available.

While on the subject of STAR TREK, I hear we are to be subjected to a new series as well as the movie. I am afraid I don't hold out much hope for either.

I am looking forward to George Lucas' STAR WARS. I saw Time's preview of it and it looks like great fun. It was written for the big screen, not adapted from a novel, which I think is probably the right way to go for space opera. By the way, is there any news on the filming of DUNE?

And now, from my (incomplete) collection, Vaughn Bode's work also appeared in:

- If Feb 1967: illos for The Evil Ones by Richard Wilson.
  - If Dec 1967: illos for When Sea is Born Again by C.C. MacApp
  - If March 1968: illos for Caterpillar Express by Robert E. Margroff
  - If Aug 1968: illos for Getting Through University by Piers Anthony
- plus a little advert for Witzen which was scattered through the mags at that time.

M.K. Joseph's new book was mentioned on a TV discussion programme recently. It was claimed that Joseph has been very interested in sf for some time, and that this disturbed his publishers, who did not seem to think it was a fitting interest for an adult and a scholar.

*\*\*Latest reports suggest the STAR TREK movie has been shelved. I think DUNE may have been also; I've seen no reports other than some months ago a mention of financial problems. So we'll have to make do with STAR WARS - not such a hardship, methinks.\*\**



A. Bertram Chandler  
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AUSTRALIA

(29 June 1977)

Thanks for Noumenon 13/14, received a couple days ago. A very nice production in all ways.

I note that further discussion of the late Vaughn Bode's work is in the issue. When he was doing interior pics for IF I always liked it when he was turned loose on my stories. He had a way with ships.

I'm trying to remember who it was who told me the story of the demise of the *Sunspot* comic strip in *Galaxy*. . . . Anyhow, Mr Bode was on contract with that magazine. He fell out with the then editor (not the only one to do so!) of that publication and wished to discontinue working for him. The editor would not release him from the agreement. So he threatened to kill off *every* character in the next installment and in succeeding issues to draw them in the positions and places in which they had fallen, progressively decomposing. . . . He was released.

More words on Nipponese fandom.

Australian writers are a money-hungry shower of bastards (and which writers are not?) and every Saturday carefully peruse the advertisements in the magazine pages of the daily paper, looking for details of literary fellowships, short story competitions and the like. Every year I try to put the bite on the Australia Council for financial support to enable me to write the Australian science fiction novel. My excuse for not going ahead and writing it anyhow is that considerable research will be required and if I engage in such, Commodore Grimes, who is the family breadwinner, will have to be sent on long-service leave.

Well, I found the announcement that the Literature Board of the Australia Council was dishing out the usual limited number of literary fellowships. I decided to put in my routine application. Directly under the advertisement was one from the Australia-Japan Foundation (another governmental organization) offering travel grants to suitable applicants. So I wrote to them too. When I received the forms I was able to make out quite a good case for myself — seven novels already published in Tokyo with more to come, a Japanese literary award, an impending SF Con in Yokohama &c.

Nonetheless I was rather surprised when I was called for an interview with the Foundation's Executive Director. I washed behind the ears, brushed my hair and polished my shoes and presented myself to him, together with a briefcase stuffed with copies of my novels in the Hayakawa edition, sample fan mail and, of course, the Seiun-Sho Award.

It is, of course, personally gratifying to find

myself one of the twenty-two who have received travel grants — but even more gratifying is the knowledge that the Commonwealth Government considers it worthwhile to send an Australian science fiction writer overseas to attend a science fiction convention.

Meanwhile, *She Who Must Be Obeyed* has decreed that prior to my departure on August 23 I must swot up on modern Japanese novelists (in translation, of course) and even learn how to eat with chopsticks. Luckily I learned this art many years ago and am finding that the skill was not completely forgotten. . . . I'm wondering whether or not to practice signing my name in Japanese as I'll almost certainly have to do a pile of autographing.

All for now and all the best.

**\*\*A brief resume of Bode's hassles with *Galaxy* appeared in *Noumenon* 8/9 (p 39). Other articles I've seen on him suggest he was rather unorthodox in many ways. . . . definitely the 'mad' artist (and I mean that affectionately).**

*The travel grant is a rather pleasant achievement do they accept applications from NZ? No, really, I hope you have an enjoyable time (and I'll hold half a dozen pages in a forthcoming issue for your trip report).*

*Good luck and beware of Samurai haiku competitions.*

*(I assume the Japanese characters on your letter represent your signature.)\*\**



Lee Harding  
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Victoria  
AUSTRALIA

(30 June 1977)

Thanks for Noumenon 13/14 which arrived this morning. It improves with every issue. I was most interested in John Alderson's article, and would like to have discussed it at length — but time, alas, does not permit. I would, however, like to make a few points. To wit:

1. Much of the woolly thinking in the article can be attributed to the fact that John adopts the well-known Damon Knight 'definition' of sf: "It's what I point at". John tells us what he thinks sf is, and what it isn't, but carefully sidesteps any definition of his own. This makes it difficult to dispute his claims.

2. His workshop story he referred to, *Crooked Mick And The Bunyip* is a tall story, demonstrable because it succeeds so well when read aloud and hardly hangs together in print, which is the reason I decided not to include it in *BEYOND TOMORROW*. This may perhaps be a reasonable criticism of John's ability as a writer and not as a yarn-spinner — an observation reinforced for me when the local access station 3CR broadcast a reading of *Crooked Mick*: it came over beautifully.

3. Jack Wodhams to the contrary, there is no international conspiracy against Australian sf. I have only recently sold two novels to a U.S. publisher which have an Australian locale and — I hope — Australian characters. And Cherry Wilder has also sold one which has a planet with marsupial aliens! But what we do have here in Australia is a Literary Establishment with a passion for the sheepdip tradition in local fiction that borders on lunacy. A good story — or a novel — will surface eventually (ask George Turner about *that!*); poor work, never (unless it appears in fringe magazines or regular publications that have to fill a given number of pages every month or thereabouts, such as sf magazines).

4. John would probably be surprised to discover how well and widely read Australian sf writers are — I can't speak so well for the fans — and that the nature of their work tends to lead them to think globally rather than parochially. For example, I rarely read sf these days because so much of it is not only badly written, it is not even entertaining. But that's a value judgement, so I will move on . . .

5. The mention of Ivan Southall as a sf writer really shook me. Do John and/or Shayne refer to the dreadful Simon Black novels, books which

Southall himself would prefer to have swept under the carpet and forgotten? Having read all of Southall's other "books for children" — a nasty label! — I can only conclude that it is the Black novels which are pertinent. But then, why no mention of Patricia Wrightson's *ROCKS OF HONEY, DOWN TO EARTH, AN OLDER KIND OF MAGIC, AND THE NARGUN AND THE STARS?* Or Dal Stevens short stories — many of them as 'tall' as you can get, but damnably well written? John is also incorrect about *The Bulletin SF* — A sample appears in both of the *PACIFIC BOOKS OF AUSTRALIAN SF*. The story by Frank Roberts in No. 1 — *It Could Be You* — has also been widely reprinted overseas. So much for research . . .

6. It was Thomas Keneally, not Patrick White, who wrote *A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER*, and I agree with John that it is a fine work. I also support his views on the waste of money poured into the recent sf workshop — and have expressed by views to the 'Foundation'. Once was enough: the LeGuin visit was an extraordinary event. And I agree with Bob Silverberg that no writer ever came out of a workshop who couldn't have done so under his own steam (when I put this point to Ursula, she considered it for a moment, then replied: "He's probably right. But it's fun.")

7. I also deplored the fact that there was no local sf on display at *SPACE AGE BOOKS* during Aussiecon. The two *PACIFIC BOOKS OF AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION* were available; why didn't the management make sure that copies were there? Oh, I know, they were busy . . .

8. And I said I didn't have time to write at length! Oh, well, let me conclude with this observation: that while they were here both Chris Priest and Vonda McIntyre urged each and every one of the workshopers to write their own way and NOT to please overseas editors. They were not enjoined to fall back on mock-history and write tall stories. Wherever a writer is is how he writes. Attention to our local folklore and customs is viable, but to concentrate upon it is an error that can only help to produce the in-defensible and bastardised sort of work — the tall story — that John finds so attractive as sf. That it has its place I do not deny, but if it is to find a place in sf then it must be of exemplary quality. Australian sf will find its own feet and its own place, in its own time; it will be done by individuals, not by a collective, and NOT by relying on local publishers who, as Chris Priest pointed out, seem to have a third-world mentality when it comes to sf . . .

9. But they love 'Australiana'. And they are welcome to it. I wonder if any American critics attacked Ursula LeGuin's Earthsea books on the basis that she had not made use of local, American Indian legends or whatever?

10. "Think globally, gentlemen!" (Mervyn Barrett). Write as best as you can and "ignore the advice of others -- the golden rule for a happy life" (Brian Aldiss).

11. And finally, I do think it is time the Jack Woodhams Myth of Retirement was exploded: to the best of my knowledge Jack's work -- and his relations with his various editors -- grew increasingly complex and impossible to unravel. I have had one unfortunate experience with him in this capacity, and while I like the man, I would not wish to have to undergo such a trial again.

That will have to do -- I meant this to be short!

Thanks again for your excellent publication.

P.S. The idea of a New Zealand Convention sounds great! PLEASE keep us informed. As a beneficiary of NAFF -- the first National Australian Fan Fund -- I have already nominated Keith Taylor ("Dennis Moore") for the next fund. He's a great guy and he would make a good guest.

P.P.S. Avon (U.S.A.) did a p/b of Joseph's **HOLE IN THE ZERO** about 1971. Gollancz (U.K.) also did a h/c in the mid-sixties. I have a copy. Joseph has also published other novels -- there is one (set in W.W.2), currently in Fontana p/b. Perhaps other readers can add to the list? And why not try and contact him? He would make an interesting G.O.H. (the blurb inside the Fontana p/b mentions that he is "now concentrating on S.F.!").

**\*\*Thanks for taking the time to write at such length Lee -- I'd rather hoped someone like yourself would rise to John's article. As for any errors, I checked all the references to books that I could but, as there is no public library on Waiheke and as I don't go into Auckland very much, I didn't have any other bibliographic references to check than my own.**

KiwiCon will definitely be on. When? is the big question. Just as soon as the delays and effects of the happenings mentioned in *Sing Me No Sad Songs* have come to rights we will launch into planning full-time. A couple of other potential organisers are also coming into the clear after recent upheavals.

Yes, I have tried to contact Joseph but it seems he's taken a year's leave. His new novel, **THE TIME OF ACHAMOTH** (an sf thriller, judging by the blurbs), will hopefully be reviewed next issue. I'll try and get in touch with him again. \*\*

Michael Newberry

(3 July 1977)

Well, Finagle's Law strikes again. I despatch a missive to Noumenon on Monday morning and arrive home to find 13/14 waiting for me. I shall certainly sing you no sad songs, it's a lovely issue. It's good to see Colin Wilson back on the cover (and on heavy paper). I also liked the illu by Gunter Lechtenberg.

Re Tim Hassall's article: it was not so much Campbell's *Astounding* as his last years of *Analog* that were reactionary. And then Campbell's reaction was mainly against 'new wave', not so much radical politics (those came from the letter-col).

I am not sure what point John Alderson was trying to make in his tirade. It seemed to be "Great writers' works are often misunderstood -- other people (*them*) do not understand Australian sf (*us*), therefore it must be Great Work." In answer to the question posed by the title, yes there can be Australian sf, but is it absolutely necessary that it be incomprehensible to the rest of the world? This sounds rather like the cultural arrogance of which overseas editors are accused.

Re a NZ sf convention, you say that most attendees will come from the Auckland region. Can you give some figures? (Note to overseas readers -- Auckland, as NZ's largest city, tends to induce galloping paranoia in the rest of the country). Seriously, though, just how many fen are there scattered about godzone? (Judging from Noumenon subs etc). Don't publish it if the number is too depressing. Might one suggest that suitable venue = reasonably priced accommodation (The Chateau?). If it is held in a main centre at least the local fen don't have to worry about hotel bills.

A further note on microcomputer clubs. The Wellington Personal & Micro Computer Society can be reached at P.O. Box 1581, Wellington. The Auckland Society's address is P.O. Box 6210, Auckland.

**\*\*A rough glance at the addresses and sales suggest about 60% of each issue of Noumenon go to people in the greater Auckland region. Book sales, which would give a better indication of total fen than Noumenon sales (most fen don't read about sf, it seems -- worldwide), suggest regular readers in the 3,000 to 5,000 region. Of course, how many would attend a convention is yet another question.**

#### WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

**\*\*A large number of other people but I've just finished doing most of the paste-up and there's not even room for the WAHF column! Still, the great stack of letters we've already set but which didn't make it to this issue will be up-front next issue, along with the WAHF column.\*\***



## VIEWED FROM ANOTHER SHORE

### Rollo Treadway discusses SF Art and Illustration

The prozines. Well, I had to get around to the prozines at some stage (Thurogood has been pressuring me) but it is a formidable task. It is too large a topic to really do justice to, even after deciding to mention cover artwork this month, interior artwork next.

Without a doubt most people buy a prozine because of its consistency of written content. I'm sure artwork has less to do with prozine sales than with, say, paperbacks. The reasons are obvious: if someone has read some good material in one of the prozines then he is more likely to pick up the next issue of that particular one than any other. Artwork and packaging play a minor part here. But a part which shouldn't be overlooked. It's no co-incidence that *Analog*, easily the biggest world-wide seller, has the most consistent artwork content in both cover and interior illustration.

At present in New Zealand we can buy six prozines: *Analog*, *Galaxy*, *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, *Fantastic*, *Amazing* and the newcomer, *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction*. The latter has promised to keep painting and illustration off their covers. The two issues so far have kept that promise and featured photographs of Asimov himself, the first a frontal, the second a profile. One wonders what is going to happen when they run out of photos of the good Doctor... an interesting, but I feel, shortsighted decision.

The approach of the other five titles differs remarkably so I'll go on to mention each separately. It is interesting to note though that *Galaxy* and *F&SF* utilise a logo block (in the case of *Galaxy* taking up one quarter of the cover area), while *Fantastic*, *Amazing* and *Analog* prefer to superimpose their logo lettering directly over the cover illustrations.

As previously mentioned, *Analog* gets my vote for the most consistent artwork, but this certainly does not mean that *Analog* features the best cover artwork. Like all prozines, *Analog* covers range from the good to the ridiculous but, as their art director appears to enforce rigid working briefs, *Analog* can usually be relied on to feature worthwhile and interesting cover material. *Analog* seems to prefer 'hardware' cover subject matter at present, which automatically results in many covers by America's two notable hardware specialists, Rich Sternbach and Vincent DiFate.

Of the two I usually prefer DiFate as his material consistently relies on dynamic construction and depth, coupled with an interesting eye for detail and space. Unfortunately, DiFate seems a remarkably prolific artist and his cover material sometimes suffers the fate of his many b&w illustrations, having a cold and impersonal machine-like quality. Sternbach on the other hand produces more warm and colourful work but without DiFate's depth and detail.

With its particular cover layout, *Analog* obviously lends itself well to strong diagonal lines of force which most artists utilise in a variety of ways. Yet Jack Gaughan, a giant in American sf art (best pro-art Hugos in '67, '68, '69), reduces this top right/bottom left diagonal force line to a minimum in his most recent *Analog* cover (November 1976) and yet produces an eye-catching cover painting.



Cover art by  
Jack Gaughan



Cover art by  
Mike Hinge

This time it's the colour which draws the viewers attention: a rather static figure facing into the picture in mid-foreground is almost a silhouette against a large orange/yellow ball of fire flaming against a subdued background of green/blue office buildings. Not a brilliant cover by any means but something eye-catching.

Back in April 1976, *Analog* featured a cover by Mike Hinge. Now not too many people realize it but Mike Hinge originates from New Zealand. He is producing some interesting work for both sf and comics. His April 76 *Analog* cover, while not the best I have seen, is indicative of this

artist's work: almost flat tonal areas produce the design, with little depth or roundness of forms. What sets this cover apart is its vibrant colouration; the spectrum ranges from yellow to red to magenta to purple, with only the merest touch of colder colour, a flat sap green.

Mike Hinge was also responsible for Analog's Feb 77 cover. This time his construction and colour failed to produce a notable cover, the painting featuring little of the vibrant dynamics featured in his earlier effort.

Analog in the past has of course been a major outlet for that champion of the Best Pro Artist Hugo Award, Kelly Freas. Freas has won the award in five of the past six years and has been acclaimed as perhaps the finest present-day American sf painter. His work has been featured in Analog extensively, both as cover paintings and interior illustrations, but recently his cover work has certainly not been receiving the coverage previously enjoyed. This may be due to the large demands made on Freas to produce the cover artwork for the entire Laser series of sf publications, or perhaps a change of direction at Analog has produced this result. His last cover (Sept 1976) is certainly not one of Analog's best efforts over the last 12 months.

Despite the large logo block across the top section of their covers, Galaxy still manage to produce some rather eye-catching cover designs. Contrary to Analog's approach, Galaxy is less suited to the strong diagonal picture construction. Consequently, Galaxy tends to utilise a colour co-ordinated approach to attract the buyer's eye. Like Analog, Galaxy also tends towards 'hardware' in its cover subject matter; indeed, close-up has not been used in the last 18 months of publication.

Stembach and DiFate again feature regularly and the November and December issues of Galaxy present us with an interesting comparison of style. Content is similar in both covers (I unfortunately cannot vouch for the cover content's relationship

to the stories depicted in both cases), with several ships in the vicinity of a small asteroid against a backdrop of deep space. Yet DiFate again gets the nod. His inclusion of two characters in medium close-up on the right of the frame immediately produces a greater sense of depth to the painting and also supplies a more human touch to the scene (despite their somewhat wooden aspect). Stembach's cover is perhaps the better painting, but DiFate's is certainly the better cover.

Galaxy sometimes favour the work of Stephen Fabian on their covers and I feel this excellent artist has done much to improve the standard of sf illustration in the last few years. Unfortunately, Fabian's colour work is not up to the remarkable standard of his b&w work (see later this col, and next month) but Galaxy have featured a couple of his covers which I feel I should mention here.



Cover art by Stephen Fabian

The July 76 cover caught my eye because of Fabian's impressive use of a very limited colour range, in this case white, a vibrant green, and black. And yet the cover is not flat, the viewer's eye is immediately focused onto the naked couple embracing at the centre of the design. Little else other than some vague geometrical shapes are included yet the cover has a fresh and eye-catching appeal.

Fabian's other notable Galaxy cover was from October 1976 and this time out the artist utilises the diagonal force line. The resulting painting contains a remarkable amount of tension in an almost square picture format. The foreground figure, while not exactly dynamic, is well-balanced in relation to the large planet positioned in the top right, with my only reservation about the painting arising from the rather '50-ish style of 'futurist' architecture arranged across the background.



Cover art by  
Vincent DiFate



Cover art by  
Rich Sternbach

As their names suggest, Fantastic and Amazing Science Fiction do not have the same leaning towards hardware cover material as Analog and ►

## 22 ...ANOTHER SHORE continued...

Galaxy. But surprisingly, one of the more eye-catching prozine covers was featured on Amazing's December 1976 issue and was indeed a hardware sf painting.

Graphic in its very simplicity, Barber's cover features a spacecraft with graceful parabolic wing shaped devices, sweeping out of frame at both left and right, lending a graceful depth to the painting not normally achieved in such a small area. The spacecraft is reminiscent of a giant manta ray in those films you see with fearless divers catching a speeding ride for a few short underwater blocks. The cover is really just a simplification of an earlier Barber cover for Amazing in March of the same year; a similar spacecraft, similar clean colouration, and a similar background starfield.

Barber has the ability to paint space of infinite depth with seemingly few, deft brushstrokes, backgrounds which are far more visually successful than the usual blue/black backdrop with a few constellations thrown about. The December cover gets the nod because of its clean simplification of geometry, a cover which achieves everything required with the minimum content.



Cover art by  
Barber



Cover art by  
Stephen Fabian

But it was Stephen Fabian who produced what I feel was the most successful prozine cover of the last 18 months, this time for the *Fantastic Feb* 1976 issue. The cover fairly pulsates with vibrant, clean colour.

This time Fabian has utilised a more graphic approach than would be usual in this otherwise conventional scene. The use of thick black borders to delineate areas within the painting produces a stained glass effect unusual in prozine covers, and also highlights the artist's contrasting palate of ice-cold whites and blues against small areas of magenta, red and orange. The contents of the scene are conventional in almost every sense, including Fabian's less than successful architectural structure in the background, yet

the artist's exceptional style and technique has produced, for me, one of the most successful prozine covers for quite some time

I suppose I should not finish this piece on prozine covers without at least mentioning *Fantasy and Science Fiction*. But quite frankly, F&SF covers leave me cold. Someone at F&SF (they do not list an art editor) has very little idea of what makes a successful cover painting, and so artists are faced with the handicap of matt paper (which does not need to be a handicap), exceedingly old-fashioned typography, and conservative decision making and taste.

The individual artists are certainly not responsible for F&SF's continually uninspiring cover designs. They try for sure. Take for example the January '77 cover... Ron Walotsky has produced an exceptionally well executed painting, but is this cover material? Even the F&SF spaceware covers look flat, extremely dated, and to my eye at least, just plain uninteresting. Perhaps F&SF like their covers that way.

Well, there it is. What I've attempted to do is look at the prozines from the last 18 months (Jan 1976 onwards) and mention just a few of the artists and covers that have appealed to me.

Looking at the overall field, to my eye, prozine covers have just not kept up with the giant leaps that colour sf and fantasy art have made over the last few years. Prozine covers in the main are just plain dull. This seems unnecessary, but seems in a way to reflect the future prospects of the prozines themselves -- which appear (except in the case of *Analog*, and perhaps Isaac Asimov's *Science Fiction*) none too bright.

Next month, space permitting, I hope to look past the prozine covers and mention a few of the artists producing interior illustrations for the same publications.

Rollo Treadway  
(New Zealand)  
July 1977



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**The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction**  
— July 1977: Harlan Ellison Issue; \$NZ1.40.  
Cover art by Kelly Freas

We don't usually review magazines but this issue of **F&SF** has an exceptionally valuable section on sf's *enfant prodigue*, Harlan Ellison. Besides three very good short stories by Ellison, there are four other items of interest.

The most important is Harlan's article, *You Don't Know Me, I Don't Know You*, in which he outlines the many and justified reasons for his distaste of the sf label. He also explains his anger at sf fandom and shows why fandom doesn't know him -- and why he doesn't want to know fandom. Surprisingly, Ellison's piece is not bitter nor 'poor me'. He states his gripes squarely and is remarkably frank about his personal life and aspirations (a common feature of Ellison's non-fiction, as those who've read his various introductions to collections, etc, will know).

Next there is a profile on Ellison provided by Robert Silverberg, mostly a reminiscence on their friendly early years. That friendship has obviously grown considerably, as has mutual respect.

Richard Delap's piece, *Harlan Ellison: The Healing Art of Razorblade Fiction*, is both literary and personal -- a good introduction to the multi-faceted talents of Ellison.

Finally, there is an extensive Checklist of Ellison books and stories, compiled by Leslie Kay Swigart. Bibliographic details of the various editions of books by and edited by Ellison, notes on the first publication of short fiction and scripts, a list of his recordings, and details of periodicals and books to which he has contributed nonfiction are included.

The Ellison section takes up over half of the issue and is recommended unreservedly. — BAT

**STATIONARY ORBIT** — Peter Macey  
(Dennis Dobson, 1974, \$4.50)

This lightly satirical novel succeeds in the rather difficult task of being consistently amusing sf. The narrator is a graduate student at an English university who gets assigned by his physics professor to the Department of Interstellar Communication. He devotes most of his attention to his girl-friends, from whom he gains only an ever-increasing sense of frustration. Nonetheless, when he does intermittently attend to his radio apparatus he quickly enters into communication with an

# BSFA

## THE BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

- An organization designed to promote and advertise science fiction activities.
- A body comprised of writers, publishers and readers of science fiction.
- Which produces the critical journal, *Vector*, to which most sf authors have recently contributed — including Ellison, Le Guin, Silverberg, etc.
- Which also produces *Matrix*, a newsletter (letters, informal articles, news, chat, etc), and *Tangent*, a quarterly amateur writer's magazine.
- Plus many other services and attractions.

Further information and application forms available from the Membership Secretary, David Wingrove:  
4 Holmside Court, Nightingale Lane  
London SW12 8JW, ENGLAND.



alien intelligence. The reader will soon guess the identity of the alien, as the narrator keeps kicking himself mentally for not having realised it sooner. The alien willingly gives advice on all sorts of computations and other problems submitted to it. Before long the alien is effectively running the university and then the whole country; and even manages to sort out the narrator's complicated love-life for him. The major powers in the world soon gain the services of similar aliens, who eventually get into communication with one another (via a network of radio hams throughout the world) and decide that it would be better for them to withdraw for a period, to give the human race a chance to grow up.

The author is a research chemist and he has obviously drawn upon his student experiences when depicting some of the more bizarre episodes at the university, especially those involving the flamboyant professor of physics.

Why pay high prices for paperbacks when many noteworthy titles are available in this Dobson Science Fiction series, hard-bound and well-printed at a reasonable price? — GJT

**LITTLE FUZZY** — H. Beam Piper  
(Orbit, 1977, 175 pp, \$1.85)

**FUZZY SAPIENS** — H. Beam Piper  
(Orbit, 1977, 235 pp, \$2.15)

First British editions, uniform covers  
Cover art uncredited (Maurice Sendak?)  
(Photo-reproductions of the Ace editions text)

[Piper's two novels about the Fuzzies, *LF* (1962) and *FS* (1964 — originally titled *THE OTHER HUMAN RACE*), have not had British editions previously. Piper died in the mid-sixties and ensuing wrangles over his estate were not cleared up until 1976. — BAT]

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

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

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

[*Noumenon* 4, June 1976, of the Ace edition of *L.F.*]

"This book carries on the story of the Fuzzies started in *LF*, following the Pendarvis Decision declaring the Fuzzies to be sapient... The whole book is funny, sad, tragic, gnapping. The plot is reasonably well thought out, as befits such a book. One of the better books I've read in quite a while. Highly recommended." — RCJ

[*Noumenon* 7, Sept 1976, of the Ace edition of *F.S.*]



**THE SPACE MACHINE** — Christopher Priest  
(Orbit, 1977, 363 pp, \$2.90)

Cover art by Chris Foss

Christopher Priest's new book, **THE SPACE MACHINE**, is reputed to be a technical exercise, a 1970's author writing from a 1890's point of view. The success of the venture cannot be denied managing to capture the childishly romantic ideas of science fiction prevalent in its early days. However, we've heard it all before.

It contains the classic time machine made out of bits and bobs, bed-ends and bicycle chains (not forgetting the mysterious substance, 'x'). Our hero and heroine, meanwhile, are determined to save the world from the invasion of the monsters from Mars.

The heroine takes the hero on a guided tour of her uncle's (the mad scientist) laboratory. While demonstrating his latest invention, the time machine, an accident sends them not only through time but space. They discover themselves

on Mars, where humans are merely food for the monsters which rule the planet. Making the best of it, (stiff upper lip, rule Britannia, etc.), the heroine accepts, as their duty, to lead these oppressed people in a revolt against the vile creatures which treat human beings with such utter contempt; our hero seems to have only the voluptuous curves of his lady on his besotted mind.

But, on discovering that the monsters are preparing to invade earth (horror!) in their fiendishly clever space ships which are unmatched by anything science can produce today, in that they are shot out of cannons, and seem to have something vaguely reminiscent of a car gear shift as the only instrument of operation, patriotism gets the better of our resourceful pair. Leaving the revolt to the Martians, they boldly steal one of the ships, intent on returning to Earth and warning an unsuspecting population of the impending peril. Now if this is beginning to read like Flash Gordon, you've got the general idea.

Okay it's a fun book, amusing in its naivety. I just hope that now Mr Priest has got it off his chest he can get on with writing something more for the demanding audience which sf commands today. —NBD

## SCIENCE FICTION: THE GREAT YEARS

Edited by Carol & Frederick Pohl  
(Sphere, 1977, 285 pp. \$2.55; First Br. paper ed.)  
Cover art by Peter Jones

When this was first published in 1973, I thought it one of the better of the "nostalgia" anthologies. Since then, of course, there have been shelves of such anthologies, all mining gems from sf's "Golden Age". I've certainly not read all such books, but I'd still say the Pohl title is one of the best. It is a collection of marvelous tales that stand plenty of re-reading, and it would also serve as an excellent introduction to sf for a newcomer.

The lead story, Eric Frank Russell's... *And Then There Were None* (1951), is that beautiful extrapolation of Gandhi's "civil disobedience" on a planetary scale. There's more to it than that, of course, and the carefully humorous treatment suits the enormity of the suggestion.

William Tenn's *The Liberation of Earth* (1953) tells a different tale of man than the self-importance derided in Russell's. Here we see man pandering to imagined gods, content to suffer decimation for a righteous cause, prepared to believe anything which coincides with his neuroses. The only flaw in the story is the likelihood of such a galactic conflict; the puppetry of humankind's leaders is all too likely.





Raymond Gallun's *Old Faithful* (1934) is a slight back-country tale which was just enough of a tear-jerker to gain popularity -- and two sequels. It is all implausible back-yard invent/researcher stuff -- both on Earth and Mars -- but has enough imagination and attention to details to remain a satisfactory story even today.

Cheery lightweight tales were also common and popular in the Golden Age and Frederic Brown's *Placet Is A Crazy Place* (1946) is a good example. A fascinating star system is proposed, a couple of problems are put (and solved -- so simple that no one saw the answers before), and a dreadful play on words is the cute solution to a love-story!

When putting this book together, the Pohls looked at many possibilities, including the early works of Pohl himself. His wife, however, says: "... and so maybe we ought to include one of his stories. So he gave me some; I read them; I hated them." So they continued putting the book together and then, "almost at the last minute", Pohl suggested a story by himself published under the pseudonym James MacCreigh -- *Wings of the Lightning Land* (1941). It has the usual loser as the lead character, wallowing in self-pity, plus any number of flaws: a race who colonized "a thousand other worlds" had to flee from some newly-evolved by a bird-like thing, which they just happen to inadvertently kill, and which has a polyhedron inside it, which they happen to find and carry with them,

in just the right direction to unknowingly perform; remarkable series of actions which solve all problems in the known universe! Bah! But Carol Pohl liked it and so you must suffer.

C.M. Kombluth's classic *The Little Black Bag* (1950) has been anthologised many times. It makes many points about our society, present and future and rides a knife-edge between hope and despair. Let's hope the sub-normal "explosion" he postulates doesn't fully eventuate, even though trends suggest it is and will.

Horace Gold's *A Matter of Form* (1938) is the bleakest story in the book. The Depression was a harrowing time and stories like this make no bones about the corruption during such a time. Yet little is put in merely for effect; the writing gives pause for thought with its authenticity and gruesome plot.

As I said, this is one of the best of retrospective anthologies and, with only one blooper, is well worth the investment. -- BAT

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**MEDUSA'S CHILDREN** -- Bob Shaw  
(Gollancz, 1977, 185 pp. \$9.95)  
First British edition.

Thank heavens all sf does not take place in space! And how nice to read a story set in the oceans of the Earth, where both in sf writing and in current scientific exploration there is an untapped wealth. There are certainly other sf stories set in the depths of the sea, but Shaw's vividly conceived world is quite unique.

The main characters of the book are "people" who live in an oxygen-trapped world under the sea. They have various means of surviving in a relatively airless environment but are faced with difficulties when it comes to securing ice from the surface, for their water supply. They are constantly endangered by the mysterious deity Ka, who threatens to absorb their bodies in life as well as in death.

For these subterranean people, their lives are in a precarious balance, one which is upset considerably with the discovery of a new current. This new current flows downward, drawing their "home" towards the feared realm of Ka. A team of volunteers is despatched to follow the current and to assess its danger to the colony.

Meanwhile, other people on the land above are also noticing strange occurrences in the sea around them. In a well-written, easy style, Shaw delicately draws these two peoples together, creating a very intricate story, with some unusual twists.

The central character is a woman, or rather a young girl, and there is even a bit of romance to add to the appeal of this enjoyable book. The story is good and strong, executed cleverly and succinctly by Shaw -- good reading indeed. -- DMK

# HALCYON DRIFT RHAPSODY IN BLACK

Brian Stableford

(Pan, 1976, reissues. 150 pp/135 pp. \$1.70 ea)  
Cover art uncredited.

These are books one and two of the "Adventures of Star-Pilot Grainger", dating from 1972 and 1973 respectively, and published with similar covers.

**HALCYON DRIFT** picks up Grainger's life after he and his now-dead engineer, Laphorn, had crashed their small ship on a small chunk of rock in the middle of the distortion and lesions which comprise the nebula of the title. They had been free-traders, mavericks operating wherever a small profit took them.

Grainger is one of those self-proclaimed self-sufficient people who need neither people nor affection in their stolid journey through life. So Grainger resignedly exists on his rock for nearly two years, not really expecting the weak bleep from his craft to attract help. Nothing can get into Grainger, of course, so he is a little surprised when the strong winds start affecting him. He is even more surprised when, just prior to being rescued, he finds he has been invaded by an alien intelligence. So the two marooned beings - now in one body for the rest of Grainger's life - are whisked away to face adventures both wonderful and dangerous.

Despite initial adversity, Grainger, being the best pilot in the known galaxies, is soon manoeuvred into agreeing to pilot the Hooded Swan, the most advanced starship ever devised or built. This is not all the joy it may seem for the Swan's

"owners", the New Alexandrians, are a somewhat high-minded lot who take pleasure in denigrating the worth of individuals or their actions. Grainger is tied to a two-year contract which will repay a debt but give him nothing else, except dejection and such-like from his employer, Titus Charlot.

Anyway... Stableford still manages to whip up an exciting story, drawing the characters very well, giving the reader a vivid feeling for the Hooded Swan with some superb writing in places, and sprinkling some fine moments of sardonic humour throughout the yarn. Another high point is the skillful presentation of quite a number of interesting alien life forms, both sentient and not.

**HALCYON DRIFT** is a very good read, with plenty to entertain your mind, emotions and wit.

I tried hard but the first quarter of **RHAPSODY IN BLACK** is so wooden and lacking in anything to hold attention that I've given up on it. The formula from the previous book doesn't suit the new situation or narrative style and, while Stableford may have been able to pull the threads together, it would remain an unsatisfactory book. If anyone could force themselves further, I'd welcome comments. — BAT

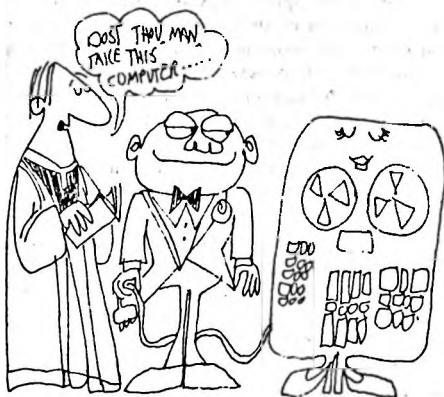
## SEVEN NOVELS OF H. G. WELLS

(The Heinemann/Octopus Library, 1977. 830 pp. hardcover with thick boards, \$9.95)

Introduction by George Sampson, reprinted from the *Concise English History of English Literature*. Preface by H. G. Wells, from a previous collection.

One of the latest volumes in the admirable series of the Heinemann/Octopus Library is this collection of Seven Novels of H.G. Wells. It includes his five supreme masterpieces of sf: **THE TIME MACHINE**, **THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU**, **THE INVISIBLE MAN**, **THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON**, and **THE WAR OF THE WORLDS**. These are collected with two lesser but significant novels: **THE FOOD OF THE GODS** and **IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET**.

There is a superficial Introduction on Wells, and an interesting three-page Preface, written by H.G. for a similar collection in 1933. The 830 pages of this massive volume are well-printed on good paper, and are stoutly bound. The typography of the several title-pages, the end-papers, and the lettering on the binding are all finely designed, in a style appropriately reminiscent of the 1930's. It would be superfluous to write about the novels themselves, since they form an essential basis for every fan's collection. Now that I have acquired this excellent and inexpensive volume, my venerable Penguin editions of several of these novels have been placed in honourable retirement. —GJT



*Computers are incredibly fast, accurate and stupid  
Man is unbelievably slow, inaccurate and brilliant  
The marriage of the two is a force beyond calculation.*

**MAN PLUS** — Frederick Pohl  
(Gollancz, 1976, 215 pp, \$8.05)  
First British edition

"This excellent (and *readable*) hard-science novel, which would not be out of place in *Analog*, renewed my faith both in Pohl and F&SF. Definitely a healthy starter in next year's Award stakes." — CRF  
[*Noumenon* 5/6, August 1976, of the F&SF serialization.]



**THE CALTRAPS OF TIME** — David I. Masson  
Introduction by Harry Harrison  
(SF Master Series, New English Library, 1976, \$2.45)  
Cover art by Gordon C. Davies

This noteworthy collection was first published in 1968, since when the author has disappointingly published very little sf, although he has added brief prefaces to each of the 7 stories in this 1976 edition. Masson is a university antiquarian librarian. His skill in the handling of words is evident in the superb craftsmanship of his stories — what splendid names he bestows on his characters! The stylized manner of his writing is varied markedly for representing different viewpoints within his stories.

*Lost Ground* is set on a world in which waves of

mass emotion are regularly charted and forecast. Into this humdrum routine there gradually spreads a poikilochronistic jungle, wherein past, present and future get jumbled together. A woman vanishes into that "poik" and her husband follows in an attempt to find her, which eventually he does, in a fashion. *Mouth of Hell* is a minutely detailed narration of an exploration party on an unnamed planet, descending into a huge depression. It is written in a manner which confronts the reader with vivid images of hallucinatory clarity, which linger and reverberate in the mind long after reading this truly memorable tale.

Not So Certain is a rather flat whimsy about alien languages. A *Two-Timer* is an amusing pastiche, in which a 17th-century English gentleman borrows a stranger's time machine and visits the 20th century. His detailed report on his stay in that perplexing epoch is written in a deliciously rotund, Baroque style. *The Transfinite Choice* is a nightmare, in which a hideously over-populated Earth attempts to dispose of its excess population by shunting them to other Earths in parallel universes. But what happens when some of those parallel Earths attempt the same solution?

*Psychosmosis* is a feeble fantasy, but *Traveller's Rest* is a masterpiece of sf. It is set on a curiously constructed world, where the rate of time-flow increases with distance from the northern boundary. A border guard is relieved of his duties and travels to the tropical south, where he spends several happy years raising a family, until he is re-drafted to his border post, some seconds of local time after his departure. The border guards are fighting a desperate war against an unknown enemy beyond the northern border. Everything which they fire towards that boundary gets reciprocated, and the war continually escalates. And yet, what, if anything, does lie beyond that singularity on the apocalyptic frontier, where "time shall have a stop?"

As with the other volumes in the SF Master Series, the front and back covers display a brightly coloured picture (by Gordon C. Davies) which bears a tenuous relation to an incident in the book; the letters SF are stamped in pseudo-gold. The text itself is set in a plain but serviceable typographic style. However, for the price of \$2.45, the reader should not be expected to accept the horrible paper which is used! It is so coarse that it feels ugly to the handler, the printing onto its lumpy surface is blotchy and uneven, and it seems likely that the pages will crumble after very little use. If you can manage to get hold of a copy of the hard-bound edition published by Faber & Faber in 1968, then it would probably cost you little more than this nastily produced paperback edition of an exceptionally fine collection of sf stories. — GJT ►

### 30 REVIEWS continued . . .

**THE WANDERER** - Fritz Leiber  
(Penguin, 1976 reprint, 350 pp. \$2.50)  
Cover art by Philip Castle

Although winner of a Hugo Award in 1965, **THE WANDERER** appears to have been a much-neglected and hard-to-get book for the last few years. This is something of a shame, for Fritz Leiber has written one very good yarn, presenting facets of 'Cataclysmic' and 'Operatic' science fiction. It's also good value too - 350 pp for \$2.50; somehow it always seems to be a pleasure to read the Penguin S.F. collection.

The story itself concerns a planet (the Wanderer) which 'appears' in orbit around the Earth, coming out of hyperspace in search of fuel - our moon. The results are cataclysmic: earthquakes, flooding from enormous high tides and tidal waves, and millions dead.

Towards the end of the book a captive Earthman and a Wanderer 'crewmember' converse about the Universe, whilst another captive Earthman goes on a 'Grand Tour' of the Universe reminiscent of Olaf Stapledon's **STAR MAKER**. Both situations are fascinating in the extreme, even though they seem a little too familiar; maybe that is Leiber's point.

The characters? Well, really there are just too many to go into but that is not to say there are too many for the development of the plot. In fact, the number of characters is one of the book's strong-points.

It is not too often you come across a disaster story successfully combined with 'spacey' sf, but here is one expertly told by one of the genre's masters. Highly recommended. - GJM

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**THE SHOCKWAVE RIDER** - John Brunner  
(Orbit, 1977, 290 pp. \$2.60; First Br. paper ed.)  
Cover art uncredited  
Cover art by Eddie Jones.

"John Brunner is one of the most serious observers of our world and its possible short to medium term futures. And **THE SHOCKWAVE RIDER** is another excellent and intelligent glimpse of what may befall us, a story that both leads and pushes the reader through its many facets.

"... it is one of the best books of modern sf and certainly in the top few for 1975 (why no Nebula or Hugo appearance??). The writing is crisp, sprinkled with humour, skillfully paced, and all the while the intelligence, thought and vision behind the story is a pleasure to behold. Highly recommended." BAT

[*Noumenon* 8/9, November 1976, of the Ballantine edition.]

**THE EDEN EXPRESS** - Mark Vonnegut  
(Bantam, 1976, 275 pp. \$2.75)

The only relationship this book has to sf is that it is written by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr's son - and even that's stretching it as Vonnegut repeatedly says he does not write sf!

Nonetheless, **THE EDEN EXPRESS** is well worth reading as a well-documented glimpse into the thoughts, aspirations, and movements of the late 60's, early 70's counterculture in the U.S. Mark Vonnegut's autobiographical account of his use of drugs, of his own alienation from the American establishment, and his subsequent psychotic breakdowns and recovery present a fascinating insight into the whole "head" scene.

I MAY HAVE GONE TOO  
FAR WITH THE NOSE  
CARICATURES



The "back to the land" movement which was an off-spring of the counterculture - and is still in evidence today - is beautifully described, with all its philosophical and practical dilemmas clearly shown by Vonnegut.

Mark's difficulties with his personal life mirror those of many young people with similar experiences, and his forthright honesty is to be commended. It is not easy to bare one's soul to an unknown audience and Mark writes of his journey into insanity without any self-consciousness.

Certainly this is a book to be read by anyone who has been or is involved in a search for alternative lifestyles - and it definitely should be read by those who are narrow and unyielding in their criticism and intolerance of today's youth.

- DMK

## HUGO AWARD NOMINATIONS

The 1977 Hugo Award Nominations, for work first published in 1976, are as follows:

### BEST NOVEL

MINDBRIDGE — Joe Haldeman [St. Martins; Macdonald & James]

CHILDREN OF DUNE — Frank Herbert [Analog Jan-Apr 76; Berkley/Putnam; Gollancz; Berkley]

MAN PLUS — Frederik Pohl [F&SF Apr-Jun 76; Random House; Gollancz]

SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE — Robert Silverberg [Analog Aug-Oct 76; Bobbs; Gollancz]

WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG — Kate Wilhelm [Harper & Row; Pocket Books]

### NOVELLA

Piper At The Gates of Dawn — Richard Cowper [F&SF March 76]

The Samurai and the Willows — Michael Bishop [F&SF Feb 76]

By Any Other Name — Spider Robinson [Analog Nov 76]

Houston, Houston, Do You Read — James Tiptree Jr. [AURORA: BEYOND EQUALITY/Fawcett]

### NOVELETTE

The Bicentennial Man — Isaac Asimov [STELLAR 2/ Ballantine]

The Diary of the Rose — Ursula Le Guin [FUTURE POWER/ ]

Gotta Sing, Gotta Dance — John Varley [Galaxy July 76]

The Phantom of Kansas — Varley [Galaxy Feb 76]

### SHORT STORY

A Crowd of Shadows — C. L. Grant [F&SF June 76]

Tricentennial — Joe Haldeman [Analog July 76]

I See You — Damon Knight [F&SF Nov 76]

Custom Fitting — James White [STELLAR 2/Ball.]

## DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

CARRIE

FUTUREWORLD

LOGAN'S RUN

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH

### PROFESSIONAL EDITOR

James Baen [Galaxy]

Ben Bova [Analog]

Terry Carr [anthologies]

Edward L. Ferman [F&SF]

Ted White [Amazing/Fantastic]

### AMATEUR MAGAZINE

Locus

Mythologies

Outworlds

Science Fiction Review

The Spanish Inquisition

### PROFESSIONAL

#### ARTIST

George Barr

Vincent Di Fate

Stephen Fabian

Rick Sternbach

### FAN WRITER

Don D'Ammassa

Dick Geis

Mike Glicksohn

Donald C. Thompson

Susan Wood

### FAN ARTIST

Grant Canfield

Phil Foglio

Tim Kirk

Bill Rotsler

Jim Shull

No Award also appears in all categories.

**\*\*I would just like to note here that the Hugo Award ballots were not posted until August 4. They arrived in New Zealand on August 10. They had to be mailed back to the vote counting firm TO ARRIVE BY AUGUST 15!!! Do SunCon have a deliberate policy of making the Hugo Awards for American voters only? This is an appalling situation and, I might add, not the only such. I have still to receive my programme book from MidAmeriCon, held last year! Perhaps America WorldCons DON'T want overseas members. —BAT\*\***

## PUBLISHING INFORMATION continued . . .

THE LEGION OF SPACE — Jack Williamson (Sphere \$2.25): Legion of Space #1; First British edition (?); Cover art uncredited.

THE BEST OF JOHN WYNDHAM: 1932-1949 — Ed. by Angus Wells (Sphere \$1.80): Two-volume reprint; Cover art uncredited.  
THE BEST OF JOHN WYNDHAM: 1951-1960 — " " " " " \$2.25: " " " /art uncredited.

Hutchinson Publishing Group Ltd:

INVADERS FROM EARTH — Robert Silverberg (S&J \$8.05): New edition; Jacket art by David Hardy.

MASTER OF LIFE AND DEATH — Robert Silverberg (S&J \$8.05): New edition; Jacket art by David Hardy.

Penguin (NZ) Ltd:

ZOZU THE ROBOT — Diana Carter (Puffin \$1.30): Juvenile; Reissue; Cover and interior art by Mike Rose

THE WANDERER — Fritz Leiber (Penguin \$2.50): Reprint; New cover; Cover art by Philip Castle.

### Wholesale Book Distributors:

*[I have been in touch with W. B. D. repeatedly over the past few months. Unfortunately, the only information I can provide is what follows. Hopefully by next month I will be able to bring their lists up to date. —BAT]*

MARTIAN TIME-SLIP — Philip K. Dick (NEL SF Master series \$2.95): New edition; Introduction by Brian Aldiss. Cover art uncredited [Bruce Pennington].

BRING THE JUBILEE — Ward Moore (NEL SF Master series \$2.45): New edition; Introduction by Kingsley Amis

THE SPACE MACHINE — Christopher Priest (Orbit \$2.90): First Br. paper edition; Cover art uncredited [Foss?].

WEIRD LEGACIES — Edited by Mike Ashley (Star \$2.05): First edition; Anthology culled from Weird Tales (192-1924); Cover art uncredited.

CONTINUUM 3 — Edited by Roger Elwood (Star \$2.20): First Br. paper ed.; Cover art uncred. [Patrick Woodroff]

SAVAGE HEROES: Tales of Sorcery & Black Magic — Ed. by Eric Pendragon (Star \$1.90): First ed (?); C. uncred.

SPACE 1999: THE SPACE-JACKERS — Michael Butterworth (Star \$1.90): First ed.; Cover & interior photos.

