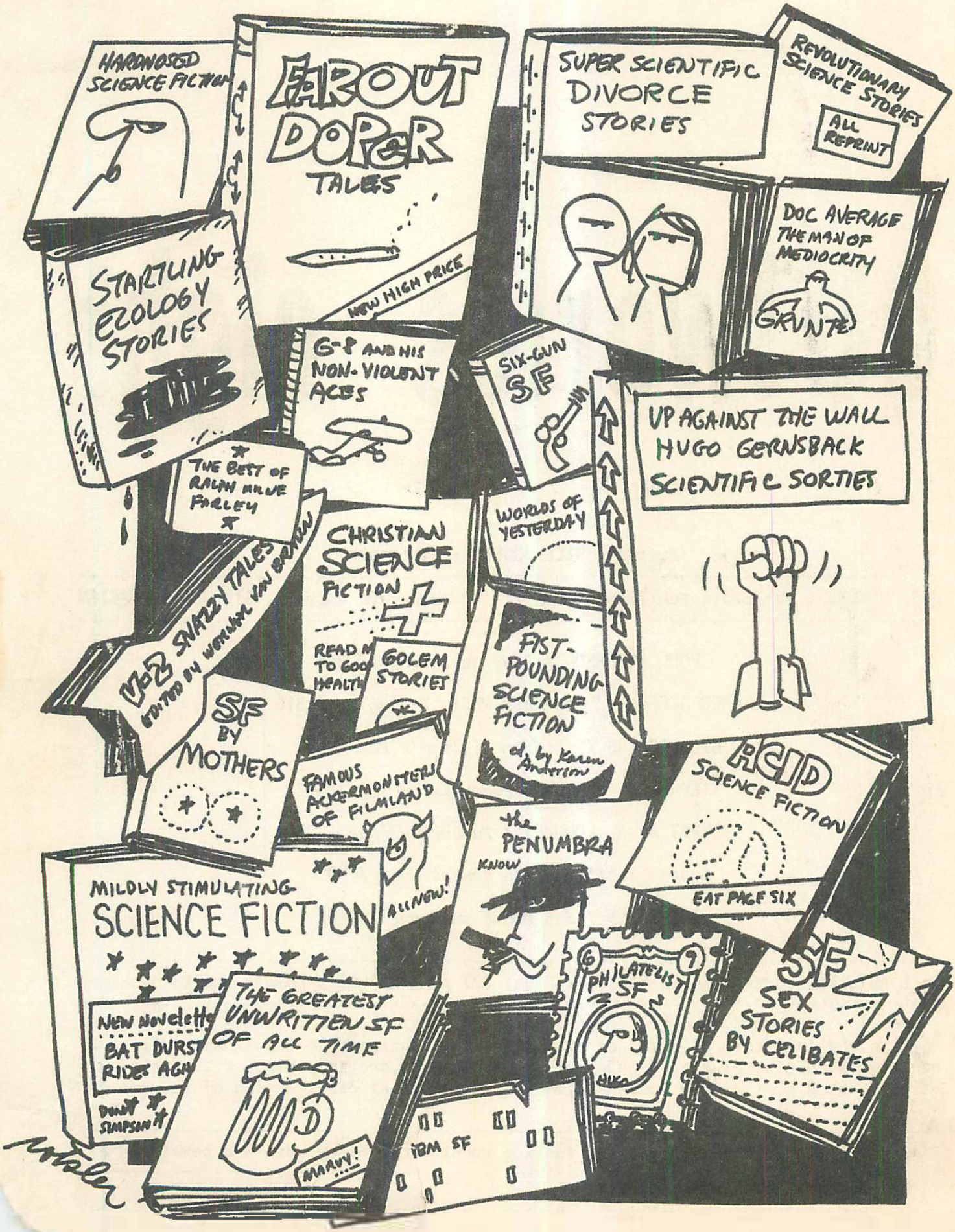
HARDNOSED SCIENCE FICTION
FAROUT DOPER TALES
HOW HIGH PRICE
SUPER SCIENTIFIC DIVORCE STORIES
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GRUNT
STARTLING ECOLOGY STORIES
G-8 AND HIS NON-VIOLENT ACES
SIX-GUN SF
UP AGAINST THE WALL HUGO GERNSBACK SCIENTIFIC SORTIES
THE BEST OF RALPH MILNE FARLEY
WORLDS OF YESTERDAY
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE FICTION
READ M TO GOO HEALTH
GOLEM STORIES
SWAZZY TALES EDITED BY NORMAN VAN BRUNT
SF BY MOTHERS
FAMOUS ACKERMONSTERS OF FILMLAND
FIST-POUNDING SCIENCE FICTION
ed by Karen Anderson
ACID SCIENCE FICTION
EAT PAGE SIX
the PENUMBRA
KNOW
MILDLY STIMULATING SCIENCE FICTION
ALL NEW!
NEW NOVELETTE
BAT DURST RIDES AGH
DON'T SIMPSON IT
THE GREATEST UNWRITTEN SF OF ALL TIME
MD
MMMM!
PHILATELIST SF
HUGO
SF SEX STORIES BY CELIBATES
IBM SF

OUTworlds eight

EDITOR : BILL BOWERS : PUBLISHER

JOAN BOWERS : *Associate Publisher* *Associate Editor* : STEPHEN E. FABIAN

This is the 'all-column' issue of *Outworlds*--the fanzine Mike Glicksohn admires. It contains 40 pages, plus a 14 page letter supplement, and is published in early June of 1971, as a postmailing to FAPA #135, with an initial distribution of 235 copies.

I'm delirious. I've got essence of fanzine running out of my ears and navel. -- *Paj*

...FROM WILLIAM'S PEN

BILL BOWERS

*

One of the major advantages of utilizing a Post Office Box (along with not having to send out COAs when you move two blocks -- and getting mail on Sundays and holidays) is being able to pick up a portion of the day's missives on the way into work, in the A.M. ...now Mail, as we all know, is a fan editor's prime source of nourishment...and a 'Do Not Fold' package from Steve Fabian -- at a time when I am ruefully swearing that I'll *never* stay up and watch Cavett again--is indeed breakfast supreme. It's true, that on such all-too-rare occasions, little work gets done in the token radical's sector of the snake-pit; but then, I no longer make even a pretension of actively enjoying the vocation which gives substance to myself, my wife, and my obsession--this assembly of pages and bits of people's lifes that you hold in your hands.

Besides, being mildly sadistic by nature--but gently so--it *is* rather fun, to ring up Joan at nine or ten and casually mention, in the course of conversation, "Oh, by the way... We got some beauties from Steve today!" --and let her fume until noon. But then, she was forewarned as to what fan-wife-life would be like--and so I crush all feelings of sympathy...

...so it was that one morning a couple of months ago (that long? damn!) -- April 8th, by any other name--a particularly large collection of the assorted items I dig arrived all at once. But two items made a rather deep impression: A letter from the Noreascon, and *Locus 79*.

I naturally assumed that the letter was merely another form with ad rates for the progress reports, or somesuch. It wasn't. It was something entirely unexpected, something not actively sought after, something all the more delightful for the surprise element: The offical notification that *Outworlds* was one of the magic 5. D:B had been there twice--I think...but *that* was different. This time--stunned, I believe, depicts the correct reaction.

For once looking at things realistically, my first reaction was to thank all the wonderful people who put Ow there...and then suggest that they 'throw' the votes to either *Speculation* or the Canadian entry... But my Joan talked me out of that notion; as she pointed out, this would be a put-down of the ones who thought enough of the thing to list it in the first place. And I'll be damned if I'll put-down people who appreciate greatness!

So...we'll put it this way: I don't live and breath the word 'Hugo' every waking moment. Why...I've never even had a dream involving one! I don't worship the Olds-takeoff; I don't put *them* down. They're nice as a symbol of recognition for something you work at, something you do with pride and just a wee bit of pretension -- and I'd like one (eventually), but I'm not going to fade quietly away if I don't get one this year, or next, or ever. It simply ain't worth getting that worked-up--for that; after all, I couldn't possibly *publish* it! In the meantime, in spite of myself, I can't help but be rather proud of the nomination for the first year's efforts--and the three of us (Joan, I, and the-about-to-be-paid-off Selectric) thank you all, very much. You're good people, and you got good taste.

...and, as I told Joan in my phone call that particular morn: "Just *where* could we put one, anyway? We don't have a mantel, or a trophy case..." No, I didn't make her wait till noon that time; I told her how it was...

*

That issue of *Locus* I mentioned before (you may remember) contained the lists of Nebula winners and Hugo nominees, the results of the *Locus* Poll (putting Ow a notch ahead of my-apprentice-in-Toronto)--and my first word of SFR's demise... This last item, in some ways had more effect than the rest, coming as it did when I was going through a rather agonizing reapprasial of just where I was going, and how I was getting there with MY fanzine... As a result, I have before me about 4 pages of rough-draft, rather emotional, and not too coherent, on the subject. But I'm not going to inflict the whole on you--an editor has some obligations, and has to provide his own self-control. So--I gave myself 4 pages total, dummying up the material before and after this section, and left about 33 lines to do the job in...

Dick Geis isn't/wasn't the only faned with ambitions; God knows I have a few too many of my own. ...and Ow plays a commanding role therein. But, and this is the most important 'but' I know of in fanpubbing...it took me damn near 10 years to learn ... you've got to learn to pace yourself, doing what you can with what you've got at any given time -- in terms of material, cash, and most importantly time. The first two, you can work around, in various ways; the last goes, and having gone, is not easily replacable.

There are three types of fanzines, crossing the fannish/sercon camps, and none of which is necessarily inferior to the other two; those that are simply a by-product of a hobby, those that are potential or hoped-for small-time businesses and those that are Dreams, for lack of a better word. *Outworlds*, naturally, is a dream; and a dream that entails too much of the mundane becomes a nightmare and sours and even the dreamer looses it. My Goal-in-Life includes a self-employed status, with a small publishing house, graphic-and-ad work, and writing-for-both-profit-and-soul. Ow, the dream, is a vital part of the goal -- and *eventually* (knowing all the odds against it), in four or five years, will be aimed for semi-pro status. (...anything I do, outside of Ow, from here on out, will be designed and priced to break-even at minimum.) In the meantime, Ow is too important to me to get bogged down in a large-circulation with hand-collating and other horrible things involved. So for the next couple of years, I'm not letting more than 250 copies of an issue go out. It's not going to be easy to get...for that reason. *Not* because I'm mean and ornery, Roger!

*

I'm unabashedly proud of this particular issue--at least in the stencilled stage. It is, obviously, a 'trick' issue, featuring my proliferating columnists--in a fanzine that started with none, they sure do breed! But they breed excellently, and in fine variety.

Greg Benford, and Tod Pauls, you already know; they were the first--their columns started in #5. Steve Fabian's word-pages started, a little shakely perhaps, last issue; this second installment I found fascinating, and an excellent forerunner of things to come. andy offutt is here, also; but he's only half the story. He ...or Jodie--will be represented in each issue, under the loose heading of *offutt's pages*; perhaps, if we're lucky, occasional issues will represent both halfs of the Funny Farm people. It will undoubtedly be the 'loosest' of the columns in that most anything is likely to develop.

Then we have the bonanza from SFR: Poul Anderson's *Beer Mutterings* are a direct continuation of his column there, and under the same arrangement; they will appear whenever he, Poul, feels like it. I'll undoubtedly agree less with Poul on some matters, than the other column-people--but I don't completely agree with anyone, including myself, either. RAWL's epic-length entry here...has an almost equally-long history: According to the ms, it was *The Editor's Page* for *Bizarre Fantasy Tales #3*; after that it was scheduled for one of the never-to-be SFR's. Dick Geis suggested that I ask for it, which I did--sometimes asking *does* provide exceptional and rewarding results. RAWL mentioned that his other outlets have dried up--and if I would be interested in his writing's on a regular basis? No hesitation...yes!

Steve Fabian's *Page* returns...Paj's *Komix* make their debut; both are continuing serieses, and will prove to be both delightful and unexpected in the future. I'm not about to claim Bill Rotsler as 'mine'; he belongs to all fandom. But there has yet to be an issue without at least one Rotsler-work, and I have no plans for producing such an issue in the future. Trend-setting and innovative though it might be...it would also be damn stupid. Some things are not meant to be messed with.

As I said up there, I'm rather proud of (but humbled also) by this issue; the magazine is beginning to 'pay off' the sweat that has gone into it, for me at least. I think that once some of you get over the shock of the lack of much artwork --you'll enjoy it also... [...that artwork? Stay tuned for next issue!]

*

...those who follow such things, will have already noticed a change in the 'billing' on the masthead. Such changes are not lightly made; nor are they particularly easy to explain. For instance, Joan's apparent demotion is just that--apparent. At first, when we started this thing, I tried to coerce her into DOING THINGS so she wouldn't feel left out. And she tried doing things because she felt that I expected it of her...that it would make me happier. We've since worked it out that Joan, while she enjoys getting and reading fanzines just as much as I do, is content to do just that: Read them. She simply hasn't the drive, the need that I have to do this type thing. So I create Ow, but Joan is a full partner in the running-off, and does the lion's share of collating. Without her, it wouldn't be possible.

We used to have this 'staff' hang-up with D:B; it's something I was going to firmly avoid when restarting Ow. But we *are* flexible... Steve Fabian has been getting a lot of undeserved bad raps lately; he also takes them, I think, a bit too seriously--but I think I know why. And Steve's done a lot of things for me that you wouldn't know about--based on what's actually been in the magazine; and *that* being not an inconsiderable amount. I've never met Steve...and since we won't be making the Worldcon, it'll probably be some time in the future before I do... But, with no slights intended toward anyone, he is one of the few persons in fandom I consider a firm friend. He understands what I'm trying to do, as I like to think I understand where he's going. He's an artist who's going to go places, continuing to grow all the way; I've watched with something approaching awe the growth and development of

the man's work over the past three years, and I freely admit being selfish enough, to want to be along for the ride for the next 3 and more. So this is Steve's home, as long as he wants it that way. I'm still boss, 'u understand, but he needn't know that, eh?

*

As you may have gathered previously, collating is not my favorite way of passing the time of day. Still, although help has often been available for the asking, until recently it's been me and Joan. Quite honestly, it's been mostly Joan. ...other's won't take the care in doing, that you will for something that's bearing your name--but why should they? I wouldn't if the situation were reversed, and it's not that there's anything malicious or intentional in the lack of care -- it's just that way. (How many faneds do you know who have their wife go through each run-off page looking for cruds; collate fairly carefully, and then thumb thru each copy before sending it out? Do you wonder that the offset issues were a breath of relief?) ...however, the last couple of issues, in my continuing campaign to train the young and future fanzine publishers of the world in the Right Way (read: *my* way) of doing these things, we've graciously consented to let a young and rather neoish troop OJT with us. Or so we thought; it was more like clutching a viper to our hearts...

But this person, this innocent-looking kid that I invite into my home, my place of publication, the place where I hang the hat I don't wear... I invite him here to give him the benefit of my many years (HOW many, Kaufman?) in the biz...and what does he do but turn right around, biting the hand that feeds his developing mind. (I ALWAYS give the benefit of the doubt...)

You see...Roger Bryant (who simply refuses to go out and get a job like us honest, God-fearing, law-abiding folks have to) is a low-down conniving spy for a certain disreputable Toronto fanpublisher (who also, methinks, is similarly free from gainful employment). Now I don't make these accusations lightly; and there is certainly nothing wrong with a youngster attempting to learn from his betters. But the methods employed -- even now I shudder...

The evidence is unmistakable; the first issue Roger helped us with was #6, in January... And now...now the whole fan world is abuzz with rumors and wonderings over the sudden, and entirely unexpected, improvement in recent issues put out by a fellow who shall remain nameless -- but his initials are Boy Wonder. No wonder, is all I have to say, as I'm sure you will, now that you know the reason why...

Yes, folks, Roger revealed my patented secret, the phrase by which I persuade my not-so-enchanted duplicator to produce the magnificant repro Ow is rightly noted for ... the very words I intone over each and every ream of otherwise mundane paper I must employ to carry The Word.

Damn you, anyway, Roger Bryant--you don't know how long it took me...what price I shamelessly paid to get that magic phrase from Leland Sapiro! If I wasn't a man of my word, I'd be tempted to reveal to Glicksohn how you gave to *me* his secret for getting those BLACK blacks on his illos... But I won't.

It's hard, yes, to figure out a suitable punishment for such a nefarious trafficker in the Secrets of publishing a Hugo-nominated fanzine, but...by Jove!, I think I've got it: Roger Bryant, may you spend the rest of eternity babysitting the Webbert's kids! Ha!

----------BILL BOWERS----------

BEER MUTTERINGS

POUL ANDERSON

Bill Bowers has kindly, and rashly, offered this column house room now that Science Fiction Review is departed. For the benefit of those who have not seen it before, if "benefit" is the word I want, let me explain its policy. It has no policy. It consists of a few brief items at a time, dealing with whatever I feel like. Occasionally this includes science fiction. Its appearances are irregular, and the reader must decide for himself how much truth, seriousness, and/or significance is in a given piece. Often there is none.

Science fiction has only one absolute master of dialogue, Avram Davidson. Theodore Sturgeon probably comes second, especially when his characters are being affectionate or witty; or perhaps this rank belongs to L. Sprague de Camp. But even these men lack Avram's ear for the uniqueness of *every* individual's speech. The rest of us range from fairly good to terrible, most, of course, being somewhere in between. Needless to say, this is no reflection on anyone's talents. Nobody is top-notch at everything, and all the leading writers have their own strengths. I am the first to admit that dialogue is not one of mine.

Still, a chap keeps trying to improve, and meanwhile is irked, not by fair criticism but by the ignorant kind. For instance, it is true that my characters sometimes deliver monologues -- "lectures", the fans call them. It is not true that real people don't talk that way. I know a fair number who do. In fact, I avoid making uninterrupted fictional speeches more than half as long as many that I hear in life. Furthermore, the supply of persons who will tell me common knowledge in the worst Gernsbackian tradition is distressingly large.

The literary function of the lecture is to convey a solid block of information--which sf has frequent need to do -- without invoking the omniscient author. (It does no good to maintain that the information can be woven in subtly, a piece at a time throughout the narrative. This is possible for some material, not all. In most instances, that subtlety would leave the reader--who, let's face it, is nearly always a casual reader--wondering rather disgustedly just what the hell is supposed to be going on.) Other methods exist, such as the invented epigraph which Jack Vance in particular has made skillful use of. But the monologue or the engineered dialogue is often indispensable. What's good enough for Plato is good enough for me.

Besides, why should anybody object? Fictional speech is never identical with real speech. It would be unreadable if it were. At best, it creates an illusion of realism, and does so by being essentially nonrealistic, for the simple reason that a reader (or an auditor, if the story is being read aloud) does not function the way a person actually in the situation of the story would function.

What we use to create this illusion is a set of conventions, and these change with time. Hamlet is still considered one of the most thoroughly developed characters in literature; yet the Elizabethans didn't speak in blank verse. (And hoo boy, do Shakespeare's people indulge in monologues!) In like manner, the Victorians scarcely sounded like the figures in Dickens or Conan Doyle, though these men have given us the best portraits we shall ever have of their era. American's of the 1920's and '30's did not talk in Hemingway style. We are still so much under the Hemingway influence that that last statement may seem outrageous. I can only suggest to doubters that they spend a while listening carefully, not just to their educated and articulate friends but to such Hemingway types as they may meet. They will find, for example, that live human beings don't speak anywhere near that compactly.

The great dialogue writers are those who, without stretching contemporary conventions to the point where the reader is put off, can skirt real language close enough that we imagine we actually are seeing a transcription. I envy them that ability. But I suspect they would agree that dialogue in fiction is always a means to an end, never an end in itself.

* * *

"Hey, a great idea for an essay!" exclaimed the lady. "A sure-fire attention-getter. Come out against God, motherhood, and apple pie, and in favor of sin and the man-eating shark."

"That's new?" answered the gentleman. "You must have a different angle--"

"I'll think of one. For instance, motherhood increases population pressure and the man-eating shark reduces it. Didn't you see George O.'s letter in *Analog*?"

"Yes. Really, though, darling, these days the position you want to take is dismally conventional. Much more effective to decalre in favor of God, motherhood, and apple pie, and against sin and the man-eating shark."

"Won't work. People would only say, 'That's him again, on his back-to-McKinley kick.'"

"You prefer Nixon? Having barely survived Johnson and Kennedy? But anyhow, brighteyes, I'm well aware that these days it is not necessary and certainly not sufficient to argue from fact and logic. Your grounds must be fashionable."

"Okay, let's hear."

"Snuggle closer, hm? Now let me think -- Ah, yes.

"God. Well, after all, without God there wouldn't be churches, would there? And without churches, there wouldn't be any Social Gospel or Fathers Berrigan and

Groppi or many other delightful features of our mod world. And besides, you know, God is real groovy. Like in *Playboy* a little while back, remember, they had this article proving what a swinger Jesus was. And man has to find Meaning -- he has to get away from Dehumanizing Science -- and, sure, you can find Meaning if you say Om often enough, but you can find it in First Corinthians too; and Christianity draws from so many different religions that it has more to offer than its predecessors, whose temple rites, shamans, and gods were generally pretty brutal; in other words, Christianity can drive you a lot crazier than ziggurats and witches and vile, vile Rimmon.

"Next--don't bother me, I'm trying to think--motherhood. You must realize that the concept involves more than simply farrowing. The image of Mother requires a child already in the world--a whole family, in fact, of which she is the serene, benign, tender but infinitely strong and patient center -- to which she devotes her entire life, considering herself happy if, in the end when she is old, her children kiss her work-worn hands before they set her little grandchildren on her lap that she may cuddle and care for these too.... Yes. Let's by all means associate reproduction with motherhood; let's get this fixed in every female heart and soul. The population curve will nosedive!

"Apple pie.... Don't bother me, I said.... Well, if you want to bother me *that* way --

"Ah, yes. Apple pie. Good old-fashioned American apple pie. None of these frozen imitations, produced by impersonal machines in some atmosphere-polluting factory. No, people should do for themselves, expressing their individuality in arts and crafts and apple pies. In fact, they ought to raise their own apples--and wheat, which they can personally plant, harvest, thresh, and mill--thereby helping the environment, since green leaves revitalize the air.... And having baked several extra pies, you can trade them to your neighbor for some wool off the sheep he keeps, which you can wash, card, spin, and weave with your own individual hands."

The gentleman stopped for breath. "What about the negative side?" asked the lady. "You're supposed to be against--"

"Sin. I know," he replied. "The kinds of sin being legion, let's stay by the nineteenth-century equation of it with fornication and see if we can convince enlightened modern youth of the virtue of chastity. Hm-m-m....

"One doesn't ordinarily get positive results by saying, when first introduced to a girl, 'How do you do? Shall we fornicate?' At least, I never did, though I admit being too chicken to try. A certain amount of courtship is involved. And even after they have bedded, a couple must find things to do outside of this, or the relationship will perish of boredom and thus the fornication will stop.

"Therefore sinning takes time that could better be spent in demonstrating, rioting, and other socially conscious activities. It induces people to buy gifts for each other, making more profits for the corrupt establishment. They tend to drive around in automobiles, befouling the atmosphere. The mechanical contraceptives they throw away are not very bio-degradable. Or, if they use pills, these are produced in factories whose effluents doubtless go into the rivers.

"Obviously, the only way to be with it nowadays is to stay celibate."

"Really?" she murmured.

"I'm a hopeless reactionary," he reminded her.

"You haven't finished," she said. "You've still got the man-eating shark."

"Forget it. It's not a shark that I want right now--Oh, all right. Simple. If man-eating sharks are around, people avoid swimming. This has several bad effects. For one, they don't get close to nature in that particular fashion. Instead, they stay in town, going to a movie or drinking in a bar or otherwise helping support the corrupt establishment. Furthermore, if they don't swim, they're less aware of the extent to which the water is polluted and thus less likely to get active in the struggle to save our environment. And finally, when a shark does eat a man, it converts him to ordure, and too much untreated human waste is already being dumped into the oceans.

"Are you satisfied?"

"Not yet," she said.

"Same here," he agreed. "Let's stop talking and develop a meaningful relationship."

"Can't we just have fun?" she asked.

* * *

Some months ago in SFR I announced a contest. First prize was to be a fifth of Glenlivet, or else its price as marked in my friendly fair-traded liquor store. ("Fair trade" is a code phrase meaning that corporations, chambers of commerce, and other stout defenders of free enterprise have lobbied the state government into prohibiting competition.) Second and third prizes would be awarded at whim. The object was to, quote, "Write a scenario for a television commercial which will be more stupid, vulgar, saccharine, vicious, or otherwise disgusting than what we see on our screens."

I have gotten some noble responses, or ignoble, depending on how you look at it. Frankly, I am not sure how you *do* look at it. Do you really want such things in these hitherto decorous pages? I have subtler ways of giving offense. Let's have your wishes, and only if a majority so desires will we print the winners in a duly marked-off section.*

As for the results: Dishonorable mention goes to Barry N. Malzberg, and Vonda McIntyre (dear me, that sweet and innocent-looking girl). Alexei and Cory Panshin need special comment, since they missed the mark completely; their entry was sad, funny, beautifully written, in short, not the least disgusting. Third place was taken by Ed Cagle's automobile ad, second prize goes to G. C. Edmondson for his unique use of LOX, and the ultimate odium was achieved by Darrell Schweitzer in re toilet tissue.

Observe that we have here one old-time writer and several younger. It is good to know that the future of science fiction rests in hands like these. Or is it?

----------POUL ANDERSON----------

* *...for the final disposition of the 'results', see the eighth 'Flyer'.* ----- BILL

offutt's pages: from Jodie's husband...

AN HONEST HYPE

andrew j offutt

Kentuckian James Still is one of those Accepted writers. He has published consistently in places such as *Harper's* and *Saturday Review*, and Viking publishes his books, which you'll find in most college libraries. He has more stories in textbooks than Asimov has in sf anthologies. In '69 and early '70, when Jim was still writer-in-residence at Morehead State University and I was guest "lecturing" his classes and making radio tapes (*The Writer Speaks*, and ain't that original), Jim spent a lot of time urging me to write a Regional. I spent a lot of time urging him to write in an attempt to change the world, rather than reflect it.

So I wrote a Cassandra novel, a let's-change-the-world novel, that is also a Regional. (My region is the feethills of Appalachia, where bootleggers accept food stamps.) It's called THE CASTLE KEEPS, and you can read it as soon as someone with a little guts agrees to publish it.*

I don't know if Still ever tried writing a sf or not, dangim.

Jim also kept sort of pushing Jesse Stuart at me. I have never read any of the books of my fellow Kentuckian Stuart, who lives about 70 miles up the road and still teaches. Or maybe he Principals; I forget. Never could understand a man who likes to write, and *can*, but who does something else for a liven. Stuart's done a lot of books and stories about us'ns, one of which was TAPS FOR PRIVATE TUSSY. Thatun made him a few shillings. He is Accepted too, meaning he is reviewed in the 'proper' places and in lots of textbooks.

I was always going to read Stuart some day, and meet him too, although he strikes me as a professional hillbilly. (If you don't know what that means, think of Ernie Ford and Jim Nabors. It gets to be a pose, after awhile, and so profitable that the *poseur* dassent give it up. Unfortunate; Ernie Ford, like Judy Canova, trained for opera.)

One day my son Chris, who is a super-bright (hell, he's *mine*) pre-juvenile, brought home a Stuart book from the library. Chris *loved* it. At about the same time I saw Jesse Stuart on the telly one night, for a half-hour. That settled it. Any man who talks like *that*, and writes a supposedly-adult book that my 12-year-old grooves on, ain't for me. So I won't be reading any Jesse Stuart. To do so now, with interest and curiosity gone, would be either Ky-chauvinism or charity, and I eschew both as being too unfair to too many and not worthy of the race in whose image god was created.

Berkley just did: Summer, 1971.

That was interesting, but what's the point?

This is not to say that I don't still love, say, E.R. Burroughs; my Dell novel parodying his Mars/Venus/Pellucidar books is, honestly, a work of love. I bought the three ERB-copies Moorcock wrote as Edward P. Bradbury, and passed them on to Chris--after enjoying them. I *tried* THONGOR, too, and passed it on, but Chris and I draw the line at incompetence. John Jakes' BRAK, too, is for both of us. They are for manboys and boymen, as Conan Doyle almost said in a little quatrain. The Heinlein juveniles are swell, but I don't care for the one he wrote as 'Alexei Panshin'.

All of which brings us to:

One day in 1968 I bought an Ace paperback because it had a Jeff Jones cover. I do love Jeff Jones covers. It was a reprint of THE MOON OF GOMRATH, by Alan Garner, first published in 1963. The NY *Times* compared it to Tolkien, but I read it anyhow.

It's a charmer. Susan and Colin are a couple of likable British youngsters who get themselves involved with a very old wizard named Cadogan, and with Uthcar, a sort of dwarf, and the elf-lord Atlendor, in a time-out-of-mind scheme of the (exiled from this coil) evil ones to seize this, the world of men. They want to Come Through. The book is not written at anything approaching c (the speed, for instance, at which Ellison and Spinrad write, and which I love), and yet it drags nowhere. The book begins nicely:

'At dawn one still October day in the long ago of the world, across the hill of Alderley, a farmer from Nobberley was riding to Macclesfield fair.' He meets a wizard. I liked that, and what came after, too, and the ending:

'The horsemen climbed from the hillside to the air, growing vast in the sky, and to meet them came nine women, their hair like wind. And away they rode together across the night, over the waves, and beyond the isles, and the Old Magic was free forever, and the moon was new.'

It's a lovely and well told fantasy, *almost* in the old style, but without its teedjusness. I read it and passed it on to Chris (who has by the way appeared in one of my *If* stories as Sirch). And a year and a half passed in the turning of the world of men, and here was I sitting down one Sunday to watch that insane final game the Reds argued-I-mean-played with Montreal on August 30. And there beside my chair lay a library book Jeff had been reading (he was in that story, too, as Fejj. His sisters were also in it; can you tell me their names?). THE WEIRDSTONE OF BRISINGAMEN, by Alan Garner (Henry Z. Walck, 1969, 253 pp, $4.50). This edition of a 1960 book is obviously published for libraries, with reproducible library card on the copyright page.

It's a juvenile! It SAYS so! And -- so's THE MOON OF GOMRATH!

It's Colin and Susan again, and the old problem: elves, sorcery, banished evil whatnots trying to arrange a big breakthrough into our world. Again, the writing is lovely. Colin and Susan look out over 'fields of white; wind-smoothed, and as empty of life as a polar shore. No svart or lyblac stained the snow; no gaunt figure lay close by; the pillar of Clulow was bare. Away to the south a black cloud rolled. There was joy, and many tears.'

I like that passage. It's so well and simply told that even the semicolons failed to put me off; the sentences are readable structured, for a' that.

That's interesting, but where's the Hype?

I am in love with this language, and with words, and with pretty sounds, and there are some lovely ones in this book as there are in COMRATH. There are Cadellin and Fenodyree and Llyn-dhu (a 'place garlanded with mosses and mean dwellings') and Durathror and Dyrnwyn and Gondeman; there are the svarts and a kestrel (a bird named Windhover; nice). These well-turned names are distributed like bright gems amid the duller but fascinating and romantic British/Welsh sounds of Redesmere, and St Mary's Clyffe, and Wilmslow, and then there are Black Lake and Castle Rock.

I love 'em all. Even a fair book can intrigue me if the names are good, and this is more than a fair book. It's interesting, and I like the superbly lucid and superbly unstrained writing; Mister Garner is a *writer*. I always make a point of that, because so many of Our People are not.

'They walked up the path to Stormy Point. All was quiet; just the gray rocks, and the moonlight. When they passed the dark slit of the Devil's Grave Colin and Susan instinctively huddled closer to the wizard, but nothing stirred within the blackness of the caves.

'"Do svarts live in all the mines?" asked Susan.

'"They do [Cadellin the wizard said]. They have their own warrens, but when men dug here they followed, hoping that Fundindelve would be revealed; and when the men departed they swarmed freely...."'

Now when a man piles up names such as Stormy Point and Devil's Grave on me, and tells me the caves are black, and there are thingies named svarts lurking about in there...I *feel* it. I am not about to quit and go to bed, or to the typewriter, or even to my favorite writer, John Brunner. And how simply Alan Garner built that feeling; how cleverly he hooked me!

(What might one expect from a man who claims to live in a restored derelict house named Toad Hall in a place called Blackden-cum-Goostrey in Cheshire? Maybe Jodie and I *shouldn't* have named our place Funny Farm!)

I've spent quite a bit of time telling you that I am inconsistent in my attitudes toward juvenile-pleasers, and that I think these books measure up to my criterion: They're good, well-written fantasies that are worth the time of fans of the same. That's a hype, but it's an honest and softspoken hype.

I recommend that you buy them, or borrow them from the library -- for your children, of course.

If you don't have any children, buy them for your nephew (or niece) for his next birthday. Buy them early, and use thin bookmarks, so they won't look read when you wrap them.

endit

----------andrew j offutt----------

PAPERVISION TWO

STEPHEN E. FABIAN

Cheap Talk

What one fan artist likes or dislikes is not a matter of great importance. One man's "genius" is another man's "bum". I think that NO man is responsive to every kind of artistic beauty; each of us is probably blind to whole categories of art and literature. An honest man admits his blindness.

All art is not for the enjoyment of all men any more than it is for the creation of one artist. A good drawing has little to do with the fashions of the day. I do not agree that all men are required to pioneer new frontiers or follow the contemporary trends like sheep after a piper. And while it IS proper for the body of mankind to strive for progress, I am not convinced that I or any of the critics in fandom can clearly and so surely recognize or define what and where this progress is unfolding. The history of art is full of experts who cried "onward" and preached contempt for the artists of the day; didn't recognize, and even condemned the geniuses, the makers of real progress, passing in front of their eyes.

No, I'm afraid talk is cheap, and a man's dexterity with art terms is no indication of his wisdom. Critics such as Gaughan and Miller look down at artists such as I. They call me an "anachronism" and deny me a place in SF. I'm a man of the "dark ages", a fan artist who isn't part of the big throb of progress. Well, the truth of my progress is in MY keeping. I develop myself at MY pace. I sensitize myself to the nature of art in My way for MY reasons. I serve no "leaders" or "movements". I serve MY needs and those of fan editors who encourage me to continue --and who ask me for contributions to their zines.

> "If you can work for food, love a woman, fight all your troubles, and then have something left over, something unused, something that you have to put to work, then you are an artist -- maybe." ---------- *Szukalski*

Soul

I am reminded of a story. A man came into ownership of a silver filigreed flowerpot....

..."Well, that flowerpot ruined the finest romance I ever had. I was in the interior trying to run down the Boxer leader who had taken to the hills, and I met a Chinese princess in a sort of fairy tale palace far away from everywhere. A wonderful girl. I fell in love with her and wanted to marry her. Never saw any woman as beautiful before or since. But I had to get back to Peking. I gave her the silver filigreed flowerpot as a present and told her I'd be back.

"A week later a messenger arrived in Peking. He handed me a box and a note in Chinese. The flowerpot was in the box. The note said I was never to appear before the princess again. She hated me for the joke I had played on her. She had accepted the flowerpot on good faith--but when she had pissed in it she had discovered it was full of holes and had ruined a good carpet. There was no sense in trying to tell her it was a flowerpot NOT a piss pot. She had already been shamed, and I knew the Chinese soul."

Don't laugh, because I think that story suits me. Some of you are pissing into my flowerpots....

The Road Ahead

I do not feel qualified to teach art, nor do I have the inclination to impress you with whatever art-knowledge I have accumulated, to date. Any decent bookstore has the works of masters to supply you with details. Besides, others in fandom have taken up the task of pointing out the importance of correctly juxtapositioning chromas and hues. I doubt you need another.

In *Papervision One* I said I would concentrate on "ideas" in this series. I'd like to modify that. I believe that people as they are, the world as it is, is far more worth knowing than any fancy pictures, and that real appreciation of art includes the knowing of the artists behind the art. So, I will write here of what I find of interest to me, in the world of artists, writers, sculptors and whatnots. I'm hoping it will be of interest to you and that you will help feed the pot.

Anatomy

About four years ago, at the start of my fan-art "career", Alex Eisenstein sent me a letter pointing out some faulty fingers I had drawn on the hand of one of my female creations. I had made the three segments in one finger, equal in length. The truth of the finger segments is that they get progressively shorter towards the tips. Everybody knows that, right? Believe it or not, I was surprised. I had never even thought about it. Alex said all I had to do was look at my own hand to see this truth. Now, while I could have argued that aliens need not be subjected to this truth, I would really have been concealing my ignorance. Right then I knew that if I really intended to learn to draw well I'd have to start building a foundation of art knowledge. Alex had reminded me that a good deal of it will be in front of my nose if I would just look for it.

There are several ways to learn anatomy. From books, self inspection, etc. -- but I also came across another method. I don't think I'll try it... It follows:

Szukalski Revisited

There was a Polish sculptor and painter who was a master at anatomy. He lived for much of his life in America in obscurity, in the early part of this century. The word is, he put Michaelangelo in his pocket. Someone once asked where he learned his anatomy.

"I used to go walking every Sunday with my father," he said. "We would meet in the park in the morning and walk together all day. I loved my father very much, more than anybody in the world. He was a fine man. One Sunday morning I came to the park where he is supposed to be every time. He is not there. Down the road there is a crowd. I go look and it is my father. He has been killed by an automo-

bile. I drive the crowd away and I pick up my father's body. I carry it on my shoulders a long time. We go to the county morgue. I tell them this is my father and I ask them this thing which they did allow. My father is given to me and I dissect his body. I study him carefully. You ask me where I learned anatomy?"

With pride Szukalski said, "My father taught me."

Jack in the Box

Somehow I find myself looking at three witches named Galaxy, If and Worlds of Tomorrow. I don't know how I know their names, but I do. It is very dark and they are huddled around a table in the center of which is a box similar in size and shape to a hatbox. It has no lid on, and from within, a kind of radiance is emanating up and into the wrinkled faces of the three cronies. They are waving their bony hands and screeching things like "faster, faster", and "deadlines, deadlines", and other modern day incentives. They are not aware of me. Inside the box is a miniature Jack Gaughan surrounded by art media and tools of all kinds related to his craft. With unbelievable frenzy he's turning out pictures to keep up with the demands of the witches. He pauses a moment to catch his breath and is prodded back to work by a claw-like finger.

I think (what the hell is all this?).

I must have said it aloud, for suddenly the witches turn in my direction, and POOF...they vanish.

For a long time nothing happens. I keep looking at Gaughan. He seems confused...the witches are gone...what does it mean...

After another long time he picks up a clean canvas and places it on an easel. For a few moments he just stands there... and somehow I know, this is it. This is the time, this is the place. It will happen and I will see it...

He begins. I watch in amazement as the paints and brushes come alive in his hands. I can SEE the flow of life from his heart to arm to brush to paint to canvas. It's magic for sure. The beauty of it....cannot be put into words.

I feel panic. I'm the only one seeing this picture, where IS everybody?? ...they can't miss--

BBBBrrrriiiiiNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGod damned alarm clock. WHAM. DAMNED alarm clock. Quick, close your eyes. Yes, the picture, it's still there. It's still as clear as a bell....

"It's snowing, hon," my wife says.

"Yea, yea" (gotta get up for work). I lay there a moment thinking. This noon hour I'll run over to the drug store and look over the magazine rack and the witches will be there, with Jack-in-the-box, trapped.

I close my eyes again, and the picture is still there. I'm depressed because I know it will never happen, not in this world, not under these conditions...

(The reps from Sikorsky are coming today...)

Imagine, a SF world which boasts of the highest level of creativety, fosters witches who turn artists into machines...while industrial and automobile magazines turn "machine" men into artists...

"No, no more coffee, Dot. Gotta go. I'd like to do some drawing tonight, made a lot of promises to Bowers and Geis..."

"You're bowling tonight."

"Geez, I gotta get something done by this weekend..." Don't seem right, three magazines diluting an artist to death...

(Damned contracts department. I KNOW Sikorsky isn't going to give an inch on those specs.)

Dillons are fired by Ace. Perhaps Gaughan will be thinned out some more to fill the gaps...Artists. What are they anyway? They don't sell, you discard them... Sales figures demand it...

What a picture...I can still see it. What a dream.

(I hope the snowplow trucks are out.)

so long babe... *[3/1/71]*

----------STEPHEN E. FABIAN----------

EST MODUS IN REBUS

TED PAULS

*

Labels and definitions are more often at the heart of literary (and other) controversies than matters of substance, and in our field of course the fundamental question of the definitions of "science fiction" and "fantasy" has been in dispute since the very beginning. Terry Carr, in compiling and introducing NEW WORLDS OF FANTASY #2 [ACE 57271, 75¢], makes it clear that the definition of fantasy fiction to which he adheres is the broad one that includes in one of its sweeping arms all that we generally call "science fiction". In general, I am inclined to the narrower and more specific definition, which reserves the label "fantasy" to a few very particular types of fantastic literature. Admittedly, so defining the term places one on dangerously mushy ground, because it is a lot easier to pojnt to examples of what you mean than to promulgate a pithy definition of the distinction (e.g., A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA is obviously fantasy, whereas THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS is science fiction; and the brilliant PAVANE is a fantasy novel that was slightly weakened by being transformed into science fiction by the addition of a gratuitous *coda*). But it's the definition I prefer, nonetheless.

Perhaps that is why this anthology, despite a high standard of fiction, does not genuinely impress me. Containing some stories that I consider SF, some that I consider fantasy and one that is totally devoid of any SF or fantasy element -- NEW WORLDS OF FANTASY #2 suffers from a looseness, a lack of cohesiveness, that prevents it from equalling as an anthology the sum of its component parts. A pity, too, because some of those parts are extremely worthwhile.

There are eighteen stories (never mind the back cover blurb that claims there are fifteen...). Robert Sheckley leads off with a clever but superficial tale entitled *The Petrified World*, in which the author does an excellent job of portraying an alternate universe in which every physical law changes frequently and arbitrarily, but mortally wounds his story by making no attempt to explain how a complex (20th Century USA equivalent) society can function in such a world. Possibly Sheckley believes that if you call a story "fantasy" you are relieved from the burden of having to make such things believable. He's wrong. *The Scarlet Lady*, by Keith Roberts, is a nicely done novelette with a beautiful ending that utilizes the fairly venerable fantasy theme of an automobile with sentience. *They Loved He In Utica*, by Avram Davidson, is an extremely clever one-punch piece that left me grinning from ear to ear. Jorge Luis Borges' *The Library of Babel* is a fascinating treatment on a universe that consists of an infinite (or presumably infinite) library. Most of the "story" is implied rather than told. It is greatly reminiscent of Lin Carter's little gem, *A Guide to the City* (*Fantastic*; October, 1969).

B.J. Bayley's *The Ship of Disaster* seems a good place to begin a new paragraph, because it is a fantasy story even in the narrowest possible definition. While slightly over-written, it is nevertheless an excellent story of the declining days of the domination of Earth by the elves and trolls who, according to this saga of modern mythology, enjoyed a prosperous civilization when men were still scratching around in the dirt and in their own ignorance. It contains by far the most effective writing I've seen by Bayley. *Window Dressing*, by Joanna Russ, is a top-notch and somewhat original treatment of a very familiar theme, the store-window--mannequin-comes-to-life theme. Harry Harrison's *By the Falls* is a horror story, though not one involving any of the traditional horror elements, and as such is a strikingly effective piece of work. Kris Neville skates close to the brink of *schmaltz* with *The Night of the Nickel Beer*, with a familiar theme (a middle-aged man suddenly finds himself in a twilight zone in which things are as they were in his youth) that often results in second-rate stories. Neville, however, manages to avoid the pitfalls, and through sheer writing ability produces an excellent and sensitive short story. David Redd's *A Quiet Kind of Madness* is, as Terry says in his brief introduction, "haunting". Again superb writing, here combined with a marvelous sense of tone and undertone. Redd's contribution is one of the stars of this anthology.

Piffle is the only term to describe *A Museum Piece*, written by, surprisingly, Roger Zelazny. It is unusual for Roger to provide an interregnum of empty fluff in a collection of mostly worthwhile stories, but in this instance he manages to do it. Editor Carr follows this with his own *The Old Man of the Mountains*, a rather nicely done low-key story that is not objectionable on any literary ground but requires a small exclamation on the matter of classification: It is in no way either science fiction or fantasy. Britt Schweitzer's *En Passant* is an avant-garde story that surprised me by its appearance, since I still recalled it from its original publication in Bill Donaho's fanzine a decade ago. *Backward, Turn Backward* is a conventional back-to-childhood story by Wilmar Shiras, skillfully told but still pedestrian.

Thomas M. Disch contributes *His Own Kind*, an extremely droll werewolf story narrated by a rather pedantic hamadryad. This is followed by a marvelous vignette by Katherine MacLean, *Perchance to Dream*, which implies a long novelette's worth of ideas and content in a little over two pages. I suspect that this appearance of the story (which is a new one) will be only the first of many over the coming years. *Lazarus*, by Leonid Andreyeff, was first published in English in *Weird Tales* during the 1920's. It strikes the modern reader(or at least this modern reader) as being a bit overlong, but certainly in any case worth reading. R.A. Lafferty offers *The Ugly Sea*, one of his patented tales (I use that term advisedly in preference to either "stories" or "pieces of fiction", since these tales of Lafferty's are the sort that would be appropriately related around a fire to a close circle of friends). The man has a tremendous talent for the fascinating and perverse, and *The Ugly Sea* incorporates both qualities. It is a love story, of sorts, about Moysha, a moneylender's son who hates the sea but becomes a sailor, and Bonny, who plays the piano badly and doesn't know why she is mean. Finally, there is *The Movie People*, a story in which Robert Bloch confronts the same pitfalls that Kris Neville avoided in his selection. Bloch falls in, unfortunately. This story about movie extras whose lives continue on cellulose after they die is the sort of fantasy that you might expect to read in *Ladies Home Journal*. There is a repelling cloying quality about it, despite highly competent writing.

So, NEW WORLDS OF FANTASY #2 ... something of a hodge-podge, but a hodge-podge containing a heavy proportion of extremely good stories.

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LEST DARKNESS FALL, by L. Sprague de Camp [Pyramid X-2056; 60¢], deservedly considered a classic in the field, was originally published in *Unknown Worlds* in 1939, and in the three decades and more since it has been so thoroughly discussed and analyzed that little is left for the contemporary reviewer to say. It is a remarkably modern-reading novel; but for the copyright information, the reader encountering LEST DARKNESS FALL for the first time in this Pyramid edition would never realize that it was written in the late 1930's.

Briefly, the plot concerns an archaeologist named Martin Padway who, while walking through the Piazza del Pantheon in Rome, is transported by some fluke into an alternate universe or time-line where it is the Sixth Century AD. Adjusting himself rather rapidly to his new situation, Padway--now Martinus Paduei--sets out to singlehandedly prevent the Dark Ages from occurring on this particular time-line. He does so by introducing such inventions and techniques as he is capable of grafting onto the technological base at hand, principally in the area of communications. He designs and has built a primitive printing press, and begins publishing books and a regular newspaper. He also has constructed a system of semaphore telegraph towers, as in PAVANE (and indeed it is highly probable that Keith Roberts got the idea from LEST DARKNESS FALL). Almost incidentally, he becomes involved in politics and warfare, as he discovers that in order to be free to publish his newspaper, spread his telegraph system and introduce other implements of progress, he requires a friendly, stable government that is able to protect Italy from foreign incursions. Using his knowledge of the history of the era, and the reputation he has acquired as a sorcerer, he manages to become the grey eminence behind the Italo-Gothic throne. By the end of his first year and a half in the Sixth Century, Padway can gaze upon the world with reasonable confidence that darkness will not fall, and that while a lifetime of work lies ahead, the innovations he has already introduced will generate their own momentum from that point on. On this note, the novel ends.

The basic concept underlying LEST DARKNESS FALL has been used with some regularity in speculative fiction ever since A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT. What makes this novel a classic is that de Camp does it better than anybody else before or since. What Martin Padway accomplishes in the Sixth Century is made believable in every detail; he does nothing that is outside the realm of probability in terms of available materials and the knowledge he could reasonably be expected to have. He is unable to make a clock because neither he nor the workmen he employs can make an escapement-wheel. He finds that he cannot make gunpowder, even though he knows the ingredients. He has a devil of a time producing paper and ink for his newspaper, and ends up with second-rate ink and third-rate paper. Padway as an individual is more human than heroic: When he manages to kill an opponent in a sword fight--only because the elementary thrust is unknown in this era--his immediate reaction is to throw up.

LEST DARKNESS FALL is written in a smooth and comfortable style, and is nicely plotted. Characterization is better than average, though by far the most memorable character in the book is not the hero but the charming and amusing Thomasus the moneylender. The novel is historically accurate in every respect, as one would expect from Sprague de Camp, and displays the author's rather sardonic sense of humor in places. In short, a highly recommended experience to any of you who have missed it in its previous printings.

*

In 1969, a book appeared called THREE FOR TOMORROW which was created by having Arthur C. Clarke write a short essay outlining any theme of his choice for an SF story, and then commissioning three authors--Robert Silverberg, Roger Zelazny and James Blish--to write novellas on the theme without consulting each other. The result was a highly successful book, one of whose component novellas (Blish's *We All Die Naked*) received a Hugo nomination.

The volume at hand, FIVE FATES, by Poul Anderson, Frank Herbert, Gordon R. Dickson, Harlan Ellison and Keith Laumer [Doubleday; $4.95], represents an extension and further refinement of the same basic idea. Here, instead of an essay, the foundation for the novellas is a story snippet which constitutes the prologue to FIVE FATES -- a less than one-page opening in which, at some undetermined date in Earth's future, one William Bailey walks into a voluntary Euthanasia Center, is injected with a fast-acting poison, laid on a slab, and apparently dies.

Anderson, Herbert, Dickson, Ellison and Laumer pick up the story from that point, and if anyone in the audience had the slightest doubt about the vigor and fertility of contemporary SF, the next 240 pages dispel it neatly. For from an apparent dead end (no pun intended), the five writers construct five valid but vastly different story lines.

Poul Anderson, in *The Fatal Fulfillment*, employs the obvious gimmick of making Bailey's demise in the Euthanasia Center a figment of Bailey's imagination. In his novella, William Bailey is a sociologist who, employing a revolutionary technique of human/computer link-up to create a super-mind, is experiencing via hallucination the extrapolated consequences of various social experiments. Anderson uses the story as a vehicle for his anti-utopian views, which are familiar to most of us by this time, but it is a first-rate novella which in a sense incorporates, through the "dream" sequences, several well-done and interesting stories. In *Murder Will In*, Frank Herbert passes lightly over the person of William Bailey. His story envisions Bailey as the temporary host of an extra-galactic composite intelligence named Tagas/Bacit, which desperately seeks a suitable new host while Bailey is dy-

ing on the slab in the Euthanasia Center. The new host is acquired under suspicious circumstances, and the rest of *Murder Will In* is concerned with the alien mentality's struggle to avoid exposure and its eventual conclusion that in the long run its security can only be maintained by taking over the totalitarian Earth government of the time. This, again, is an excellent story, with some extremely tight and effective writing.

Gordon R. Dickson goes yet another route. His Bailey ingests an antidote to the poison, because he is investigating the mysterious disappearance of corpses from the Euthanasia Center. They are disappearing, it develops, because they are being removed through a Portal to a world many light years from Earth inhabited by winged humanoids. Bailey--i.e., the Bailey mentality/personality -- ends up in the body of one of these winged men and being mistaken for yet another. There is an identity-switch gimmick so complicated that Dickson requires charts to demonstrate what occurred. This story, *Maverick*, depicts an interesting alien society and contains some nice action, but it is mortally damaged by a *deus ex machina*, let's-hurry-up-and-tie-everything-together ending. It's one of those endings where the hero is summing up and disposing of loose ends, and keeps coming up with "Here's another thing I didn't tell you" devices to wind up everything in the shortest possible time. Dickson should be ashamed of that ending.

Harlan Ellison's *The Region Between* is spectacular, spectacular in its typography and spectacular in the burning power of some of the prose. In this story -- as Bailey dies in the Euthanasia Center--his soul is snatched by the Succubus, a god-like being who deals in replacement souls for those being snatched out of the Succubus' universe by some mysterious force beyond. The Bailey soul is assigned to several beings in succession, but Bailey remains resolutely himself and keeps upsetting the schemes of the alien societies into which he is thrust. Ultimately, Bailey confronts and defeats the Succubus, becomes God himself, and destroys the universe. It is a superbly executed novella, with a kind of evocation of alienness and eternity that only Ellison could achieve within the limits of the English language. In a word, brilliant.

Finally, there is *Of Death What Dreams*, by Keith Laumer, in which William Bailey awakens to find himself alive, lying in the alley behind the Euthanasia Center, and driven to accomplish a strange mission. Laumer is a writer in whom I am frequently disappointed, but he does a first-class job with this novella. *Of Death What Dreams* offers a valid and believable picture of an incredibly rigid class structure, the almost offhanded presentation of a whole new glossary of underworld slang, an extremely well-done portrayal of the social forms and manners of the upper class society, and a high level of technical competence throughout.

FIVE FATES is an excellent book, and I sincerely hope that the idea which gave birth to it will continue to be exploited. I would like to see, for example, a prologue broadly describing the ecology of a planet on which Terran explorers have just landed given to four or five authors for similar treatment; or a "first contact" scene, in which the nature of the aliens and the current state of human society is outlined...the possibilities are almost unlimited. There is hardly a plot in the history of SF the treatment of which in this manner by five competent authors would not result in a book greater than the sum of its individual parts.

Meanwhile, buy and read FIVE FATES, one of the better books this reviewer read in 1970.

----------TED PAULS----------

THOUGHTS WHILE TYPING...

GREG BENFORD

I got off the bus, fumes swirling 'round my head, and turned down the street, moving away from the people who had gotten off behind me. Ah, the city of light. Ah, freedom.

Something caught my eye. A paperback book, lying on the sidewalk, silent message from one soul to another, now discarded. I picked it up. Turned it over. *A revolution in taste!* it shouted in red type. *All America Loves This Story.* Millions of copies in print. Soon to be a major motion picture.

LOVE STORY. I thumbed the pages of this revolutionary tract.

"Oh," a woman's voice said next to me. She was about fifty, carrying a shopping bag, not my type, no. "That's a wonderful book. Have you read it yet?"

"No," I said, though the pages were dogeared.

"You are about to have a truly rewarding experience. I envy you." She moved on.

So that's what it was like to hold a revolution in taste in your hand, I thought. But she was right, yes. At the next corner, relishing the moment, I threw the book in a trash can.

* * *

Dick Lupoff and I watched intently as the firemen sprayed tongues of water into the burning Bank of America building. It was only three blocks from Dick's house in Berkeley, so we had walked over when we heard the bomb go off. When in Rome, etc.

"Good thing I don't have an account in that bank," Dick said. He thought a moment. "There are sometimes advantages to not having any money."

"Revolution," I mused. I didn't know what to make of it all. When in doubt, usually I ask myself, What would Mick Jagger do now? But this time I wasn't sure.

"Boy, lookit those flames," Dick said. The crowd near us stirred and murmured, caught by the animal love of fire. The firemen retreated as a plate glass window burst outward from the heat.

"There's a lot of very interesting physics in fire," I said nonsequiturely.

"Oh, yeah?" Dick said, losing interest in one more burning bank. After all, this was Berkeley, where one can, Lincoln-like, read his schoolbooks by the light of the revolutionary incinerations. No need to strain an entrail about one more. "Say, that reminds me, I liked that last science column you had in *Amazing*. It must be nice to have all that stuff in your head."

I blushed furiously and stubbed my toe at the ground, and went on to tell him how it was in the science biz. You can even make money at it, though not as much as salesmen, disk jockeys and science fiction writers named Robert A. Heinlein. Dick looked properly appreciative. Encouraged, and growing bored with the fire myself, I went on. "It's pretty simple, basically. Science is composed of a lot of common sense abstracted and codified until it doesn't appear to be as true as a lot of things you already know are probably wrong. For instance--" gesturing "--fire is a liquid. You didn't know that, did you?" I smiled, because I like to throw traces of intellectual fare like this into my conversations.

"No, I didn't. Hmmmm. Well, say, what's all this stuff about multivalued logic? I don't understand that."

"Dick!" I said accusingly. "Have you been reading van Vogt again?"

"Just a *little*, not enough to hurt. All that null-A stuff, what a mess. 'The proposition is A or not-A, true or not true.' Good ol' linear Aristotle. That is what science uses, isn't it?"

"Oh no. Really multivalued logic is very *in* these days, Dick. All the young, activist scientists are using it. Just last week I read a paper that proved that logomathematical systems with denumerable mesh points yet infinite complexity are very useful--nay, essential! -- in physics. That is, we use logics that have A and not-A, but also P and not-P and even maybe-P, and sometimes-P, and P a week from Thursday, and--"

"Tell me the part about fire again," he said.

* * *

Overheard conversation, amidst another revolution:

"A baby draws no distinction between himself, other people, inanimate objects, the whole universe..."

"Yes, from the age of six months or so he learns that there are boundaries, here he ends and the external world begins..."

"...twenty years later he drops acid and realizes that he was right in the first place."

* * *

We're Going to Find the Fellow Who is Yellow and Beat Him till He's Red, White and Blue. ---*World War II song*

* * *

On Telegraph Avenue.

I: Street's pretty messed up.

He: Yeah, lost a lot of windows yesterday. Hey, where you been?

I: Oh, around, you know. Lot of windows boarded up. Looks like somebody started a fire over there.

He: Yeah, guy I know tossed a cocktail at some pigs and missed and the building caught fire.

I: Uh huh. Too bad I didn't get down here in time. Heard about it over the radio.

He: Man, it was somethin'! Mustabeen a humnert pigs, gas, rocks, busted 'bout a dozen street people.

I: What was it about?

He: Somethin' about the university. They threw us out of Sproul or wouldn't let us march, I dunno. It doesn't matter that much anyway, man, it's all the same. Same revolution. They push us, we push them, we get a little stronger, they get a little weaker. Jus' gettin' it together.

I: Basic life rhythm. Music of the spheres.

He: Right, man! Synthesis and antithesis--I used to know all that, majored in philosophy. Right on that line. It's comin', man, better believe it. We're gonna bust on through, you know it.

I: Yeah, well. Look, I got to move on.

He: Right. Stay clean in yer vibe. See you 'roun.

So I trucked on down Telegraph and turned right and went into Leopold's Records. Fooled around for a while and then bought the Airplane *Revolution* LP. Used my Bank of America credit card.

* * *

Handbill thrust at me on campus:

Anarchists are opposed to violence!

SMASH VIOLENCE !!!

* * *

I liked the first issue of *Extrapolation* I got from the Modern Language Association Seminar on Science Fiction. "I don't know much about science," I wrote the editor, Thomas Clareson, "but I know what I like." And for a while it was fun to see John Brunner doing a and-then-I-wrote about STAND ON ZANZIBAR, or Jack Williamson ruminating on the Hugo Gernsback *he* knew. But eventually I tired of it.

Why? Well, friends, maybe because this, too, is another arm of the revolution. Only this time we're being invaded by nearsighted Assistant Professors of English, armed with footnotes and *op. cit.*'s. I'm not really sure these people are going to do me any good, either as an sf fan or as a writer. If you think the usual sort of fan book reviews that turn up in fanzines are deadly dull and clogged with pretension, try the efforts of the second-string hair-splitters who inhabit the world of the state colleges. They hunt down influences and references and allusions, metaphors and similies with the ruthless, earnest gaze of men who will never see the charm and beauty of the things they study. I say this with a goodly lot of experience with the scholarly impulses I've found among physicists, and a fair amount of contact with English departments in several major universities. I'm not saying nothing good can come from these efforts, only that the amount will probably be small and unworthy of the effort.

Literature should not be dissected in universities the way the job is done nowadays. There is no life, no style to their approach. I doubt that the people who do it are qualified, because most of the things one learns about writing are gotten only by doing a fair amount of it yourself. A first rate critic (such as Edmund Wilson) got that way because he is also a damned good writer; he understands the way words go together. I don't think it's an accident that no major American author has emerged from our gigantic university system. The institutions themselves do not nuture the type of sensitivity that makes for great literature.

Even aside from these biases, which I'm perfectly willing to grant may be overdrawn, I don't think the attitude of *Extrapolation* and its contributors can be of much help. Sf has been lovingly studied by the people who really give a damn about it, but as likely as not those people are *fans*...and that automatically counts them out, in the eyes of the Modern Language Association. Fans were here long before Professor X discovered STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, and now ol' X is pontificating on STRANGER and holding up to the light things we all knew in 1963. (Look back at those issues of *Warhoon*, sometime.)

The latest issue of *Extrapolation* [Vol. 12, #1], carries a portion of the large bibliography the MLA is compiling, dealing with sf criticism. In it are breathless pieces from *English Journal*, *Saturday Review* and even *Life* and *Newsweek*. But this "revolution from the campuses", as Chip Delany once called it, carries not one word about Boggs' *Skyhook*, or *Inside*, *Warhoon*, *Habakkuk* or *Speculation*. Dick Lupoff is in there, with a market report on sf magazines he wrote for *The Writer* in 1956. But the fans are absent. Even James Blish's work is not mentioned if he published it in a lowly fanzine and it hasn't been reprinted by Advent yet.

Oh, one mistake: There *is* one fanzine mentioned. It's *Riverside Quarterly*. Of course.

* * *

If the Revolution doesn't look so good from here, these days the other side is managing to seem even worse.

I went to a small meeting recently at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory where I work; the title of the talk was "Elastic Defense". That means having a varied response, being able to counter several types of nuclear strategic threats at once, etc. This covers everything from the ABM to brush-fire wars to Vietnam.

I didn't think much of the presentation. At the Laboratory the theoretical physicists (like me) are rather like the high priests of old, called upon to pass judgments on the schemes of lesser beings; so we are led to believe. Anyway, most of the physicists I know accept the assumptions of Kahn-type game theory: That if side A gains an advantage, it will immediately exploit that advantage to the full, ignoring social or other constraints. Also, there is an attitude of certainty attached to the guesses our strategists make that lends credence to their proposals. But I, for one, think that most of the estimates made about what will happen in a nuclear war are pure fantasy.

Ten years ago there existed a simple nuclear standoff. Now we have layers of influence, zones of defense, etc. and a sizable number of holes in our "posture." The USA is particularly vulnerable to smuggled atomic bombs, for one thing, and no amount of hard-nosed thinking can predict how well, say, the Chinese can plant nuclear weapons in our cities. Most guesses are that no more than a dozen or so cities could be so mined. But that's a hell of a chunk of our population that would be immediately snuffed out, before the war had even begun. Are there measures to stop such mining? No. No practical policing scheme exists. Yet the Russians and Chinese aren't nearly as liable to such an attack.

Take biological warfare. If agents could sneak bombs into cities, they could just as easily bring in diseases of incredible virulence and release them with no announcement, no warning. How long would it take us to be convinced that a war was under way -- after half the population was dead?

Yet no game plans can cover instances like this. There are just too many variables. So the theorists continue to pummel straw men like "total nuclear engagement" -- which means, throw everything you have in the first strike--instead of trying to deal with the world as it might actually be when the dark days come.

To be sure, there is much show of listening-to-the-inhouse-dissidents, but the gulf between theory and reality remains. There are a lot of McNamara minds at the top of the breaucracies, men who believe that statistics and analysis can mirror all the world, that a page of extracted and arrayed data studied in an office is better than getting involved in the rough, multicolored reality of the world as it is. These men have a certainity about them, an air of competence, because after all, the approach has worked for automobile production and federal hiring, so why not for foreign policy?

It's often said that the military learns the lessons of the last war and never those of the present. I'm wondering if the essential lesson of WWII and after is that systems thinking -- as started by Marshall and exemplified by Eisenhower -- applies to every situation, so it can be used even in the face of common sense. If that is our error, it's deeply ingrained, and I truly wonder whether anything short of a peaceful but resolved revolution can rid us of it.

----------GREG BENFORD----------

...as for the title of the department: Let's make it "Understandings". While I'm not entirely devoid of interest in a certain level of material wealth, and do not scorn a reasonable amount of fame, and certainly want love, to understand is the want that will be driving me for the rest of my stay in this aching carcass. We should have some sort of brief explanatory paragraph to the burden that the title does not represent a claim to wisdom on my part, but rather my ambition; I understand myself and others a little better for making the effort to write out where my thoughts and feelings on various subjects are at the time of writing. And if this results in something of value having been shared with one other person, then the effort has not been wasted; for no one can understand in a vacuum all by his lonely self.

UNDERSTANDINGS

ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES

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On October 22, 1970, I received from Harper & Row a set of uncorrected proofs of THE UNIVERSE MAKERS, by Donald A. Wollheim; subtitle: "Science Fiction Today". A letter from the publisher, dated October 9, had alerted me to the fact that they were sending me these proofs, inviting my comment, and the implication was that a few words of mine might possibly appear on the back jacket of the finished book. Subsequently a few did.

What such an invitation calls for, of course, is a brief panegyric (after all, if the invitee writes back saying that he considers the book worthless, that is not going to be quoted on the back jacket), but in this case there was no difficulty. What I wrote to Mr. Wyeth of Harper & Row was entirely sincere:

Thank you for sending me proofs of THE UNIVERSE MAKERS, by Donald A. Wollheim, for my comment. I have read it through twice with much interest.

Having seen many previous so-called surveys and analyses of science fiction and its meaning, it is a temptation to say that this book is the best of the lot; but to say this would be to do violence to language: 'best' implies the existence of something 'good' and something else 'better', while THE UNIVERSE MAKERS is the first *good* book of its kind that I have read.

A good survey and analysis of science fiction from its beginnings to today requires of the author breadth of experience in reading science fiction over many years, depth of analytical penetration into the constant and the ephemeral or minor elements to be found in its history, and a sense of proportion in seeing what elements have been consistently popular and meaningful to science fiction readers and why. Mr. Wollheim is the first to have fulfilled all the requirements at the proper length, and this present book is worthy of being a standard text for many years to come. The person who reads and absorbs THE UNIVERSE MAKERS will not thereafter have to unlearn anything important about the essential nature and meaning of science fiction.

This could pass for a review in light of what one frequently sees--but, of course, it is far from an adequate one; and it is not criticism at all. Criticism would have to include *why* I consider the requirements cited essential, and should certainly include mention of where I disagree with the author, even though, in the end, I am satisfied this does not impair the value of the book.

This is a critical work of the Spingarnian or interpretative variety, wherein (as James Blish noted in his Guest of Honor speech in London, 1970) the personality of the critic and his or her convictions cannot but come between the reader and the work under discussion. The principal weakness of Spingarnian criticism is that so much can depend upon the personality expressed. If you do not find this personality pleasing, then you may not be able to get anything of value from the criticism. On the other hand, the reward can be very great if you do find yourself in empathy (even if not always in sympathy) with the critic. And one further thing: While Wollheim includes analyses of specific writers and specific works, THE UNIVERSE MAKERS is a survey, first and last, and my comments to Harper & Row deal entirely with my views on the qualifications necessary for a person to write a good survey; they are not to be considered as altogether necessary in order to write good criticism of any particular stories or authors.

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Let's get to definitions first. Back in 1935, Wollheim wrote a short article for a fan magazine, in which he set forth his own definitions of three classifictions of adult fantasy; he quotes it:

Science fiction is that branch of fantasy, which, while disproved by present-day knowledge, is rendered plausible by the reader's recognition of the scientific possibilities of it being possible at some future date or at some uncertain period in the past.

> Weird fiction is that branch of fantasy dealing with supernatural or occult subjects, which is rendered plausible by the reader's recognition of the fact that there are people somewhere who at present, or in the past, did believe, or do believe in the truth of the ideas therein and is therefore willing to concede the truth of these things for the period in which he is reading the story.
>
> Pure fantasy is that branch of fantasy which, dealing with subjects recognizable as nonexistent and entirely imaginary, is rendered plausible by the reader's desire to accept it during the period of reading.

And the author adds: "As you see, these definitions are based upon the reader's voluntary will to believe. Plausibility is the necessary factor in all reading, mainstream as well as fantasy. To make a fantastic premise plausible one must utilize one of these three approaches. Depending upon which one you use, the classification must follow inevitably."

This brings to mind Theodore Sturgeon's comment to the effect that a science fiction story is one which would be impossible were the science in it to be taken out entirely. I assume that Sturgeon did not mean by "impossible" that, were the science to be removed entirely, we would just have an impossible story, but rather that we would not have a story at all -- only extended fragments which do not add up to a story with beginning, middle, and end.

All definitions of science fiction that I have seen are debatable (if they were not, then we would have a standard definition upon which everyone who looked at science fiction in an intelligent manner could agree); all present difficulties to me, and very possibly to everyone else. No matter whether you or I accept Wollheim's definition, Sturgeon's definition, or someone else's, there are going to be borderline cases where somehow you feel that this or that story *should* be considered science fiction -- and yet it cannot be quite science fiction according to the definition you espouse. And there will be other cases where the story *does* seem to fit the definition, and yet you feel that it should not be considered science fiction after all. Lord knows, I've tried for years to work out a definition which would eliminate this sort of thing; I've finally put aside the project. I don't say that such a definition is or will be forever impossible; I only say that I have never been able to come up with one which I find entirely satisfactory. A combination of Wollheim and Sturgeon comes close.

However, Wollheim's definitions above have two very solid virtues: (1) They are clear in themselves; no literate reader can be in doubt what the author means; (2) They are useful, as the rest of the book proves. When thereafter, the author designates a particular story you have read in one or another of his three categories, you will at once be able to see why. I should say that the chief weakness in the definition of "science fiction" is an omission: It does not allow for a case like Ray Cummings (discussed at length in Chapter 5), whose stories were indeed classifiable as science fiction when he wrote them, but now no longer fit the definition. Due to discoveries about the fundamental nature of the atom, for example (and leaving the reducing and enlarging drugs aside), there is no scientific basis for *The Girl in the Golden Atom* becoming possible at some future time. And this must be said of innumerable other tales, good, bad, and indifferent, which may have satisfied Wollheim's definition at the time they were written.

There is the problem of purity, but this is less important. Many science fiction tales have at least some elements of the weird, as defined; many also have elements of pure fantasy. Nonetheless, in most instances, the balance in one direction is heavy enough so that this particular story belongs in the science fiction, rather than the weird or pure fantasy category. There will always be cases which range from difficult to unresolvable in any universal sense of definition. The individual reader or critic will have to decide for himself, and the verity of the example's being a true borderline case will be proved by the fact that persuasive arguments can be made on either side of the border. The author makes a good case for his judgment of the splendid trilogy by C. S. Lewis: OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET, PERELANDRA, and THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH; he considers the first of the three as science fiction, but not the other two. That I cannot accept this judgment as final, continuing to consider all three science fiction, is irrelevant. (I do so on the basis of a much broader interpretation of the word "science" than Wollheim accepts; however, the odds are that you, and most other readers, would agree with him.)

One must also suspend disbelief (or non-acceptance) of a critic's definitions, at times, in order to obtain the value to be found in the critic's explorations and insights. For the purpose of criticism is not to label this work good or that work bad or the other work somewhere in between, but primarily, through showing why the critic applies the particular judgment, to offer the reader an opportunity to discover values or defects that he might not have seen by himself. And, secondarily, if you have not read the work being criticised, such a discussion can help you to decide whether you want to read it. This may go either way; you may find the criticism rewarding even if, at the end, you are not moved to read the work criticised -- or positively turned against reading it.

Interpretations are moot, however interesting. I have found some high value in reading critical interpretations that I considered wrong, or even outright nonsensical. The most useful criticism, however, as C. S. Lewis notes from his own experience, is what is commonly called "dry-as-dust" criticism. Mr. Dry-as-Dust does no more than to draw your attention minutely to what is there on the page, so that once you turn to the work, there it is--and you may have read the work before and not noticed it. Here, interpretation is left entirely up to the reader; the critic does not place his own feelings about worth and meaning between the reader and the work under analysis. Dry-as-Dust is concerned with meaning only in the literal sense, in what is actually said on the page.

I enjoy Spingarnian criticism, under the restrictions that Blish notes, but I agree with both him and Lewis that, in the long run, this is the least valuable sort. Nonetheless, my favorite criticism is a synthesis of Dry-as-Dust and Spingarnian elements, and this is what you will find in THE UNIVERSE MAKERS. Such Dry-as-Dust elements as are there are reliable; that is, upon reading what Wollheim said was there on the page of stories that I have read and clearly remember, I find him accurate. On this foundation, I trust the author to be reliable when he tells me what is there on the page of stories I have not read. And on the basis of my own experience of reading science fiction for somewhat over 40 years, I find his account of the history of science fiction reliable.

Science fiction builds on science fiction--this is one of Wollheim's principal points -- and both his examples and my own reading prove it. (It is true of every other form of fiction, too, as well as most--if not all--of the other arts.) It is not to be dismissed as a truism, however -- it needs to be said frequently --

because the specific difference between science fiction and other forms of fiction can tend to obscure this fact. There have been a main stream and a subsidiary stream in science fiction from the beginning, but perhaps we'd better drop this analogy because of events in the course of science fiction history which strain the metaphor too greatly. When the Missouri joins the Mississippi, you cannot distinguish the waters from either source after a very short period, if they can be distinguished at all beyond the moment of confluence, while the main and subsidiary elements of science fiction remain discernible.

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Let's get back now to the point I raised in my brief letter to Harper & Row: The qualifications that an author must have in order to write a *good* survey and analysis of science fiction from its beginnings to today.

Various persons have written on science fiction, some of them with large names in the literary field, and with much critical insight. Basil Davenport's INQUIRY INTO SCIENCE FICTION (Longmans, Green and Co., 1955) is not to be despised at all; there is no doubt that Mr. Davenport had read a great deal of science fiction over a period of time, had much respect and liking for what he considered the best examples of it, and was a writer of insight and charm. This was a book I greeted with joy at a time when the general approach to writing about science fiction was that of selecting some "name" author in the mainstream who was as ignorant of science fiction as possible (but nonetheless "knew" that science fiction was unmitigated trash), who would grit his teeth and read a few of the worst stories to be found in the pulps and then write a learned discourse (perhaps including some sort of Freudian analysis of the person who reads science fiction and finds it good), on how easy it is to prove that science fiction is not worth any well-balanced person's consideration. I cannot be sure now that Mr. Davenport was the first author of a book on science fiction up to the time of writing to break this mould, but he was the first to come to my attention.

Some worthy material has also appeared in books dealing with the problems of writing good science fiction, such as L. Sprague de Camp's SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK (Hermitage House, 1953); THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL (Advent, 1959); MODERN SCIENCE FICTION (Coward-McCann, 1953), edited by Reginald Bretnor; and OF WORLDS BEYOND (Advent, 1964), edited by Lloyd Arthur Eshbach. These all have merit, so far as they go, but, like Mr. Davenport's little book, they lack height and lose sight of the forest for trees; and aside from the de Camp manual they are in the nature of symposia and do not present a coherent survey.

A Johnny-come-lately to the field cannot meet the requirements, whatever his virtues otherwise, if for no other reason than that it takes many years of reading science fiction of all sorts, and noting the currents in the stream that presented themselves at the time, as they did at the time, in order to trace the main stream of science fiction--or, perhaps, to be aware that there has been such a thing in the first place. And one must have some measure of affection for the literature; some of the Johnny-come-lately's have, while others clearly have not. Of the latter, some have not-too-disguisedly detested it, while others were simply out for a fast buck and an easy way to a "name" as critics.

One must have been steeped in science fiction at an age (chronological or emotional or both) when it was possible to absorb vast quantities of the material, both old and new. The person who started after 1940 had to have the interest (and a minimum amount of affection) to go back to the material of the 30's and 20's and earlier. The person who started in the 50's and 60's, had a harder task. And if (as

is the ideal case) one started at an imprinting age, the later one started, the more difficult to see that the significant examples of earlier material were not so different from the (possibly) superior present-day product as might be assumed at first.

Since we are human beings, not ducklings, it is possible for us to rise above early imprintings and decide whether some of them have any present value--and why. The late enthusiast, whatever his other virtues, simply has not had the time to reach the necessary height. This, combined with the fact that only in recent times has there been any chance of a book like THE UNIVERSE MAKERS being published at all (let alone a "name" publisher like Harper & Row), means that only a very few writers could qualify for the task--those few who were hooked early and stayed with it. A number of writers who were hooked as young and about as long ago as Donald A. Wollheim, and who have shown ability to write with intelligence and insight on the subject, would nonetheless be disqualified on the same grounds that I am disqualified myself: They dropped out for long periods, and never caught up with the missing sessions.

Let me repeat, I am talking about the requirements for writing a worthwhile over-all survey of science fiction, *not* the requirements for writing good criticism of any one era or aspect of science fiction. That is a different proposition, and we have some excellent work of this nature from Damon Knight (who was the first) in his two editions of IN SEARCH OF WONDER, and from James Blish (under the alias of William Atheling) in THE ISSUE AT HAND and MORE ISSUES AT HAND. All of these can be obtained from Advent: Publishers and are worth obtaining. But none of them attempt to do what Wollheim has done, and cannot be compared outside of the matter of personal agreement or liking, etc.

The discerning reader has long since realized that what I am doing here is a synthesis of Dry-as-Dust and Spingarnian criticism, with the latter predominant. I am not temperamentally suited for the former in any exclusive sense, and lack the scholarly apparatus for it.

The finest works of survey and analysis, of all forms of criticism, of any sort of literature have come from men and women to whom literature was virtually a way of life. They started out as avid readers, and remained readers even as they worked out their own contributions to the art. At first, they may have specialized in some form of fiction, or some period of fiction, as did Wollheim and myself. In this respect, "Fandom is a Way of Life" (hereafter called FIAWOL), referring to the professional in science fiction who, in some essential ways, has never ceased to be a fan, is not a silly slogan. Certainly FIAWOL can be overdone (is there anything which can't?), and there are aspects of fannishness which may not be good for the person who yearns to become a practitioner of the art of science fiction or a worthwhile critic of science fiction.

But FIAWOL, as Wollheim uses it, does not mean that the person involved reads *nothing except* science fiction, even though he or she very likely did go through a period of some years when this was true, to the extent that the author notes in his own case, and which was true of mine, as well. (We should add fan magazines and writing about science fiction to that "nothing except", of course.) But a person who remains exclusively devoted to science fiction in fiction reading is indeed, as Blish noted, a non-reader; and is in the same general condition as the person who reads no fiction except detective stories, or western stories, etc. Both the Dry-as-Dust and the Spingarnian approaches to criticism will reveal the empti-

ness of the science fiction writer who is in such a state. They will also reveal the emptiness of the so-called critic who may imagine himself or herself an expert on science fiction, but is actually in this state. (Criticism is an art in itself, and is as subject to criticism as anything else; the critic is a public performer, and--however he or she may pretend otherwise--is as fair a target as are the works or acts upon which the critic performs.)

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As C. S. Lewis notes in his seminal work, AN EXPERIMENT IN CRITICISM, most readers are not what he defines as "literary persons". I have neither the space nor the inclination here to spell this definition out in detail (if you're interested, there is a well-made softcover edition of the book from Cambridge University Press, 1965, and I paid $1.65 for my copy; the price may have gone up since then), but I'll give one element: The non-literary person cannot see why anyone should ever want to read the same story twice. So not only science fiction, but all fiction which can be called "literary" is for the minority. And of that minority, only a minority are attracted to science fiction.

This is something to bear in mind when you come across arguments in favor of changing science fiction in order to get it accepted by larger numbers of people. Nearly all the proposals can be boiled down to the slogan: "Let's take the science out of science fiction, and then we'll be respected." Now I won't argue about whether some works labelled "science fiction", but devoid of science, may not get respect from persons who generally denounce science fiction. Not only is this possible, but it has happened all too often. I say only that such products are *not* science fiction.

Science is the one element which *cannot* be missing from a work labelled "science fiction" without fraud. It is true that the absence of various other elements will mean that this or that or the other element is a bad story, or at best a poor one. But the notion of eliminating the science from a story to be labelled "science fiction" is as imbecilic as labelling a tale where everything takes place in the Gulf of Tonkien a "western" story.

Any *good* story will present to you some aspects of the timeless (and thus far unchanged) human condition and human behavior; science is one aspect of human behavior. Outside of science fiction, you will find many stories which, in some way, may be considered to be *about* science -- but science fiction is not *about* science. It is, and ever must be, so fundamentally some sort of extrapolation upon some aspect of science--some projection from what is considered "known" to science at the time the author wrote into the unknown or not-yet-possible--that there will be no story at all if this element is cut out. And this requirement is no less fundamental to the Wellsian stream of science fiction than it is to the Vernian stream.

I myself started with Vernian science fiction -- in fact, Jules Verne himself with 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA. I no longer consider the pure Vernian variety in itself the best kind of science fiction, but it remains my favorite. I'm not going to waste my time or yours defending that statement, but merely say that this is the way I am. How do I know? Very simple: I find that I can go back and reread Vernian type science fiction tales in the old Gernsback *Amazing Stories*, etc., and enjoy them, even while I am aware (as I was not, for the most part, back in the 20's and 30's) of their--at best -- modest literary merits. On the other hand, I'm far more critical of Wellsian science fiction, and there's far less of it that I'll bother with a second time. (Favorite Vernian examples have been read far more frequently and some have not yet been exhausted for me.)

Wollheim differentiates between the two types very clearly in Chapter 4: "Verne or Wells?" Vernian, or what I call phenomena science fiction is that type wherein the imaginary voyage, or the future prediction, or the remarkable invention, or the strange phenomenon is the real hero, and characters at best are little more than spear carriers. It is the spectacle, not the cast, that makes the show. (Now and then you will find a vivid caricature, such as Captain Nemo or Professor Challenger, but most of the characters in this type of fiction are eminently forgettable, even by name; what happens to them is what is memorable.)

For pure examples which also have literary merit, I would cite *The Star*, by H. G. Wells and *The Colour Out of Space*, by H. P. Lovecraft.

Actually, most examples of Vernian science fiction (and particularly the ones you find today) are contaminated by other elements, but are nonetheless recognizable as Vernian or phenomena science fiction. The Gernsback approach was actually a distortion of Vernian science fiction, although Mr. Gernsback was, I am sure, unaware of it. The Verne material must, of necessity, lean heavily upon scientific descriptions, technicalities, etc., but these (even if they take the form of outright little lectures to the reader) are not the hard core of the story. The story is the main thing (the wonderful or fearful occurrences and phenomena) and the explanations are there to give the effect of plausibility. But Gernsback's ideal for science fiction was fiction where instruction to the reader was the core element; one started with some aspect of science considered sound at the time, and one speculated upon possibilities. However, it was the lecture to the reader, telling him this and that elementary series of facts about science, that was the crucial, the indispensable item. The extrapolations, which lead to wonderful and fearful phenomena, etc., were the sugar coating on the pill.

What I call the romantic paradigm in science fiction certainly has phenomena elements in it. It must, if we call it science fiction at all; but now plot and characters -- whether the simple characters of the pulps or more complicated ones, such as you find in Wells -- vie for attention.

The phenomenon *is* the story in Lovecraft's *The Colour Out of Space*, while the readers' attention and interests are divided between the phenomenon and the characters and adventure plot in *White Lily*, by John Taine. I haven't made a survey, and I'm not likely to, but my guess would be that, even in the old days there was far more romantic than pure phenomena science fiction.

Whether pure phenomena science fiction could be written today, or whether it would be worth writing, is another matter. I'd have to see some examples before I could make up my mind--and oddly enough, as I noted in an *Open Letter* to *Science Fiction Review* [#42], I'm not at all sure I am much interested in reading new examples, outside of Verne stories I haven't read as yet. The reason why I say this is that there is some contemporary science fiction which, according to reports I find believable, is close to the old-fashioned kind upon which I became addicted first; and that is current translations of Soviet science fiction.

I believe that one indispensable element in the Soviet sphere is something which is no longer prevalent in Western society: The belief (or at least the hope) that science alone is the key to a wonderful new world, filled with beautiful people. The 19th century was the highwater period of this orientation; and as the work of Sam Moskowitz and others has shown, it pervades the general popular literature of the time to the extent that stories for which the label "science fiction" had not yet been invented were to be found in almost any issue of innumerable popular

magazines. It didn't start with Hugo Gernsback; it didn't start with Munsey or Edgar Rice Burroughs.

This general atmosphere of optimism, this feeling of never-ending progress toward something at least relatively utopian, was poisoned by the Great War--1914-1918--and the effects were irreversible. However, the resultant bitterness and dispair, leading toward more sceptical views on science and its role as messiah or genie leading to relative utopia, did not saturate Western society immediately. To an extent, popular enthusiams grew, as with the aviation fad that followed 1918, so that Charles Lindbergh was not just a momentary hero, whose exploit in 1927 was soon forgotten. (It was because he had been regarded as something of a national monument that he was rejected with such venom later on, when his political views clashed with those prevailing.) So in 1927/28 youngsters like myself, growing up in small towns or cities, in families which, while literate, were not especially literary, were ready to respond to the Gospel of Verne according to Gernsback. Our bitterness or scepticism toward science, as we had imagined it, would come later.

But in the U.S.S.R. the Revolution (so far as slogans go) is rooted in science; the situation, so far as the general populace is concerned, seems to be very much like that of optimistic late Victorian and Edwardian England. Therefore, it is entirely believable that Soviet science fiction would seem like relics of the past brought into the present to Western readers.

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It is my third paradigmatic form of science fiction, satirical science fiction, which has proved to be the main stream, and this is well-named Wellsian in Wollheim's study. It does not matter whether Wells was the first to write this sort of story, or whether phenomena science fiction pre-dating Verne can be found; these two authors were the first to make their particular approaches popular the world over, and their stories are still read today.

Satirical science fiction is not necessarily funny, and there is humor of a sort in many of Jules Verne's stories. Satire, in science fiction, is a projection of the author's feelings about the present, and the human condition, and possible human futures, into a story laid in the future, or in an imaginary world coexisting with the present, or even in the past. Mark Twain's CONNECTICUT YANKEE goes back to King Arthur's England--an England that never was, yet which has decided resemblence to a society which did exist once; but what we find satirized there is as much a projection of the author's feelings about 19th century America and the rest of the world as about historical fact. Whether in any particular satirical science fiction tale there is a great deal of the phenomena element (although there must be some, otherwise why call it science fiction at all?) tends to fade in importance beside something else which you do not find in Verne at all. It is a matter of extrapolation upon the possible future evolution or devolution of society, of social "sciences" such as government, economics, etc., and of man himself. Sociology certainly isn't a "science" now; but might it not be in the future? Neither is history a science now; yet one of the finest series of science fiction tales ever written--the perennially popular "Foundation" series by Isaac Asimov -- is an extrapolation upon the possibility that there may be a true science of history in the future. In any event, satirical science fiction really started in earnest with H. G. Wells' first novel, THE TIME MACHINE.

And we see here another reason why science fiction, of both sorts, will remain a minority branch of fiction, however the actual numbers of readers may increase: It is essentially subversive. I do not mean necessarily subversive in the

political sense, though any given work might be. It can be subversive without challenging the fundamental economic order at all, as John Campbell's *Analog* is, with its constant thrusts at the invidious air of infallibility presented to the public by the scientific establishment, scientific hierarchies, etc.

I disagree with Wollheim in that I cannot see *Analog* as strictly Vernian as he does; however, even though I feel that he exaggerates, he does not give a false impression. *Analog* is far more concerned in general with depicting economic and social projections, than the other magazines now current. And in this sense, Campbell's magazine is more along the tributary than the main stream of science fiction.

For the main stream has been Wellsian from the start. To risk a reduction, I'd say that Wellsian science fiction is fiction about the world or humanity changed by science -- that is, through the intelligent and moral use of science for enriching human life and living conditions. We must remember that there are two ways of approaching this theme: The how-to-do-it and the how-not-to-do-it; thus both the utopian and the dystopian approaches can be Wellsian.

Fletcher Pratt was entirely correct when he noted that, in one sense, Verne's use of science was more moral than Wells'. Verne refused to work up any projection which he did not feel was at least possible in the light of science known to him -- which is why, for example, the explorers do not land on the moon in AROUND THE MOON; Verne said once that he would have loved to have them do so, but there was no known way of getting them back. On the other hand, Wells' science is often flummery -- a device to get someone where he wants to get them, or to produce an effect, the possible social results of which he wants to explore. The rocket principle was sound when Verne wrote FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON, even if he had to take poetic license with his Columbiad and the shell which would contain its passengers. While Wells' *cavourite*, with its gravity-screening properties, providing the means of the characters' becoming THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON, is not based upon any established scientific knowledge of the time. (On the other hand, unless my recollections are awry, the Lunar civilization was logically worked out from principles of entomology.)

The justification for such poetic license as Wells took whenever it suited his purposes is that secondary assumptions were worked out carefully, as well as by-products, granting the initial fantastic premise. (Oddly enough, it was in the secondary assumptions and by-products that Verne took his quota of poetic license. He was quite aware of the flaws in his Columbiad -- and interestingly enough, he cites them, through the opposition character of Colonel McNicholl.)

By "Wellsian", Wollheim makes clear, we do not mean fiction rooted in H.G. Wells' particular, vague form of Socialism. The term refers to the unlimited ground rules. In the Verne type of story, any form of science was open to speculation--including any present certainties about the truth of current theory -- but the effect of the remarkable discoveries, etc., upon then present social, governmental, and psychological, etc., situation was not considered. Verne thought deeply about science and engineering, and labored to get his facts straight, but his fiction does not show any thought about social changes that might result from his wonderful inventions or discoveries. It is not so much a case of being *for* the Establishment as it is a case of not taking it into account at all, as something (proved by past history) subject to change. Verne's stories project the social present, as is, into the otherwise changed situation.

Wellsian science fiction is not so necessarily anti-Establishment (although some examples, of course, are very much so) as it is a matter of speculating about possible alternates, both those the author may feel desirable and those he may not like at all. Where the Verne type of science fiction cannot but stimulate the reader to speculate on what scientists may discover, and the engineering consequences, the Wells type is more concerned about where this may lead us, where we are going, etc.

In this respect, Wollheim is correct in his judgment that *Analog* is the closest native thing we have to Vernian science fiction today. It is not pure phenomena science fiction, and it is not without satiric elements, and again the editor does not discourage stories with more developed characters in them than you will ever find in Verne or Lovecraft; nor again is present society in all its social aspects always projected entire into the various futures. Nonetheless there are certain elements in our present social-economic setup which are simply not to be rejected; if questioned, then the story shows in the end that they are the true laws of the universe and prevail over all attempts to alter them (as indeed would be the case were contemporary American ideas about economics absolutely in accord with the fundamental laws of the universe). It's almost as if staunch supporters of Charles I had written innumerable stories, back in the early 17th century, depicting democratic revolutions of all sorts, but each one ending with either a catastrophe or another revolution which proved that his majesty's notion about the divine right of kings was the inexorable truth that could not but prevail.

The fact that I, myself, find *Analog* more consistently enjoyable than any of the other present science fiction titles, despite frequent better stories and often better writing in the others, is irrelevant. I'm grateful to Wollheim for helping me see *why* I like *Analog* better. To repeat: Accuse me not of confusing favorite" with "best" -- besides, I enjoyed Heinlein's I WILL FEAR NO EVIL far more than Clement's STARLIGHT.

*

The thumbnail sketches of some of the outstanding personalities (authors and editors) are all reasonable, and the author makes a definite effort to deal fairly with some with whom he is not in harmony. I don't consider the comments on John W. Campbell just, but those on Robert A. Heinlein seem to be more nearly so; and, interestingly, they reveal why Wollheim can't go quite so far toward Campbell. Yet the fact remains that Campbell is doing very much the same sort of thing in many of his deliberately outrageous editorials that Heinlein has done consistently in his novels. (The provocation in the essays on slavery, for example, is to stir the reader to *think* about the various aspects of slavery, instead of thoughtlessly reacting -- and whether the reader agrees with any argument Campbell puts forth in the process is unimportant. As John himself mentioned to me, he really doesn't care whether the readers agree with him, but he hopes some of them will really examine the matter, whatever it is, instead of just assuming that this or that is absolutely good, or absolutely evil, as the case may be.)

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An interesting thought which came to me upon re-reading THE UNIVERSE MAKERS related to Wollheim's comments upon Cyril Kornbluth, not only as a person but as an attitude in science fiction. It occurred to me that, in a number of ways, Harlan Ellison seems to have become the author that Cyril might have been. Both write in a very black manner, but with Cyril the negative elements overcame him almost from the start, while there is a positive, life-affirming and life-desiring quality in Harlan; Wollheim's excerpts from Ellison pinpoint it splendidly. And

while I can't share Wollheim's exact line of mystic speculation (I have my own), I do feel that Kornbluth would not have died so young had he really wanted to live.

We live in dark days now, but it's very easy to forget that the days seemed very dark to us back in the 30's, when we were eager fans. Even if some of us preached the Gospel According to Marx, we were still radical in our individual, rather than collective, ways; and worried about a world conquered by National Socialists from without, or an analogous group from within. We were children of the Great Depression, and we did not see any danger on the left. But then, neither did innumerable others supposedly wiser and more balanced than we. For those to whom history--or long past history--is a bore: Marxism has proved since the last century the same thing that Islam proved back in the 7th and following centuries: That an idea, a philosophy, a creed, or a science does not have to be either correct or true in order to be effective, and to endanger the rest of the world. And, as Wollheim notes, Marxism has also proved to be no science at all: In no branch of it have the supposed expert practitioners been able to make valid predictions and thus avoid the blunders, etc., that beset the so-called "unscientific" non-Marxists.

We didn't know that then, back in the 30's; and those fans who made loud, leftist noises were those who had been stirred by Wellsian science fiction and imagined that Marxian politics, etc., were the sure means of bringing some of the most desirable science fiction futures into actuality. Then as now, good science fiction is a literature of discontent, or rebellion, and of revolt -- though this does not mean, by any means, that good science fiction calls for overt revolution, violence, anarchy, etc. In fact, I'd say that no *good* science fiction does, simply because the notion that blowing up or burning down the present society, with all its hideous faults, will solve our problems is anything but a scientific one. There is no science of history as yet, but certainly there is a vast reservoir of historical facts to consult; and these alone indicate that such a means of "improving" the society does not improve it -- it merely destroys what was best about the present, wrecks any chances of genuine improvment and evolution, and necessitates a more repressive and gruesome tyranny than the one that was overthrown.

The appeal of Wellsian science fiction is to persons with imagination and hope. That is why much of the so-called "new wave" material of the 60's was not so much bad science fiction as it was not science fiction at all -- fraudulant science fiction. (Though the authors may not always have been responsible for the labelling of it.) The appeal here was to dispair and to the closing up, not the opening up, of imagination. It was far too poverty-stricken in spirit to be called tragedy. (Wollheim is surely right in his estimation of Stapledon, who shows in LAST AND FIRST MEN and STAR-MAKER an awareness of what science fiction tragedy is -- among many other virtues.)

So I am entirely in agreement with THE UNIVERSE MAKERS' contention that some form of Wellsian science fiction will continue to be popular so long as science fiction is available at all, and that this has, indeed, been the main stream of science fiction. It will continue to have the same effect upon young imaginarions as it had from the start, as it had upon us, as it had upon many of you who read this; and here and there, persons will be touched by it for life, as we were.

But most of all, I applaud the final page of this book, even if Don and I come to the same conclusion from very different directions.

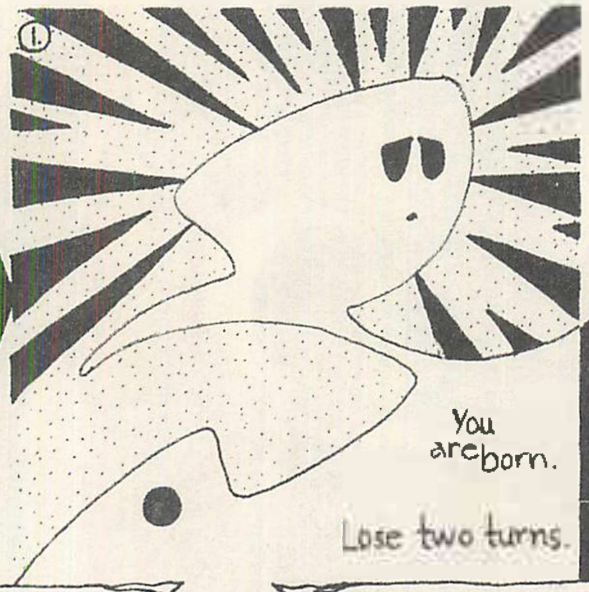
----------ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES----------


SF

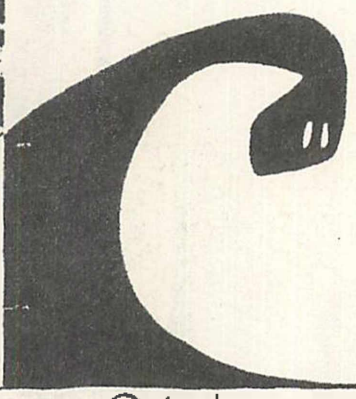
Hang Onto Your Hats, Gang! It's Time Once Again For:

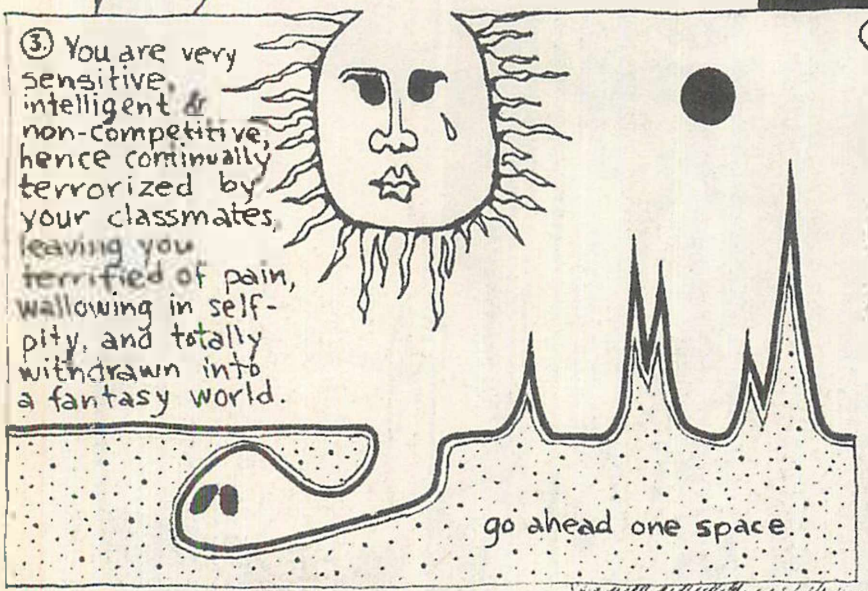
THIS IS YOUR LIFE!

START



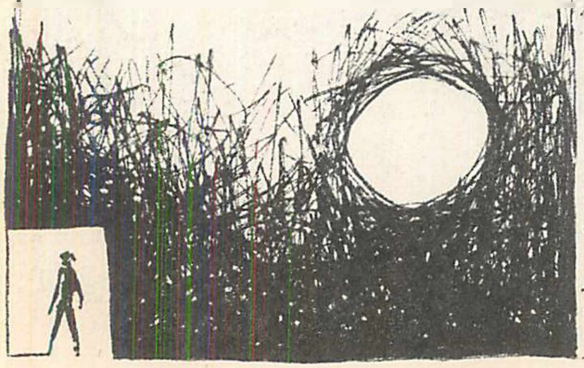
2. Your parents are up on the latest child psychology, leaving you a permanent emotional cripple. Lose one turn.

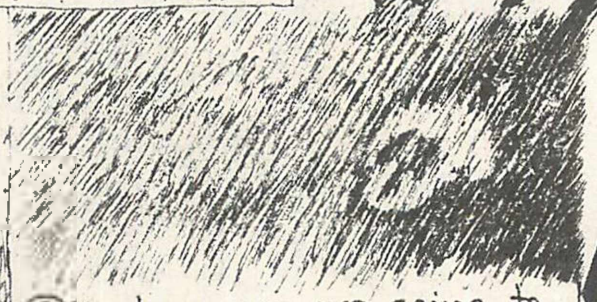




4. You have an affair with a beautiful individual but find yourself oddly cut off from emotional response. When you finally learn how to love, your lover is raped and shot by thugs. Lose one turn.

5. Your government sends you abroad to save a foreign nation by dropping liquid fire on its citizens – you return sans both legs, both arms, one lung, half your face, and your genitals. Move ahead one space.





START

6. You learn you are going to die. you are terrified, but no one else really gives a shit. you die. it turns out to be nothing particularly exciting or even interesting. after a long boring silence you awake from your dream. you are a human fetus floating. hang onto your hats, gang! it's

R.

26 May 1971