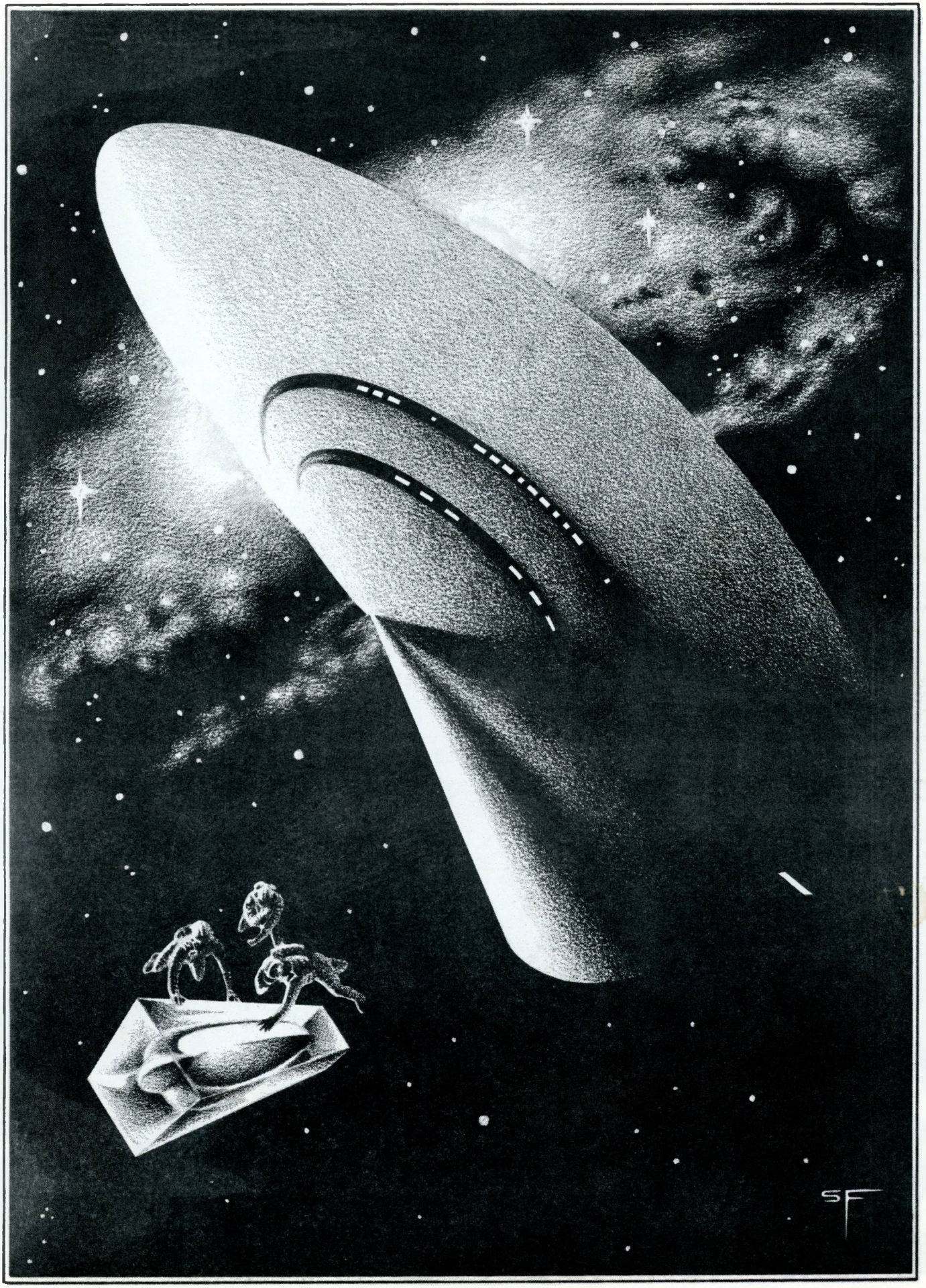
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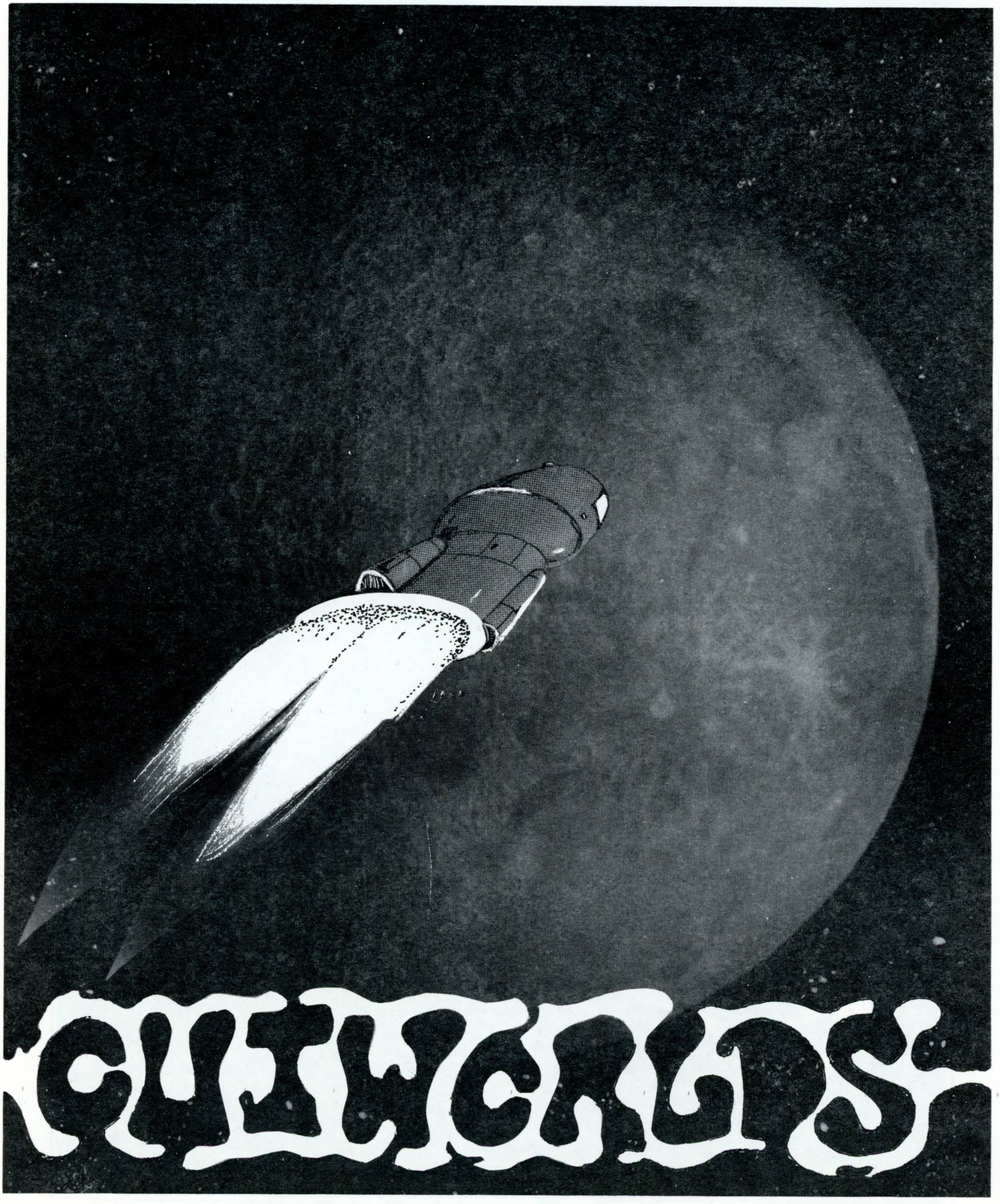
CULTCRAFT

FIFTH / ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

OUTW(23)RLDS

ARTWORLDS

Cover by STEPHEN E. FABIAN . *Inside covers by* BRIAN SULTZER . *Bacover:* GRANT CANFIELD

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LIBRARY SUBSCRIPTIONS: $5.00 for 1975 [Volume 6]; $4.00 for the 1974 issues [Volume 5], while they last.

BACK ISSUES: #19, $1.00; #20, $1.00; #21/22, $1.50. ...or, ALL 3/4 for $3.00 to new subscribers.

COAs: A lot of you haven't noted my new address...please do, as I'll be closing the Wadsworth box soon. Joan's new address is: 16520 Detroit Ave., Apt. 11, Lakewood, Ohio 44107. * MY new phone number is [216] 837-1072. * And the next issue will be out about the time schools let out, so, students, let me know where you want #24 (and, possibly #25) sent. Unnecessary remailings will probably count 1 off subs.

I TRY to answer queries, send out back issues promptly, and all that other Good Stuff. But there's only one of me and 7-800 of you, and I get behind. Just a little bit. Please be patient, and if you need to know something urgently, send a postcard, or self-addressed envelope. That might get you a more prompt response. Or it might not. I have my own set of priorties, and they come first; even they're late!

ATTENTION CONTRIBUTORS, present & future: One thing I get asked for a lot is your addresses. I don't mind, but you might. And it does take time. So, beginning next issue, I will list the addresses of artists and writers, as well as letter-writers, in a given issue. If you'd prefer that I not do so in your case, just let me know, and I'll honor your wishes. Either way is fine by me, but unless I hear from you by early May, I'll assume I have your o.k. To date, Piers Anthony & Sterling Lanier have requested that I not give out their addresses. Hopefully, the New Method will work...

NEXT ISSUE: The Gala (well...) Fanzine Issue, with Sandra's "sensies", Lowndes & Tucker columns on fanzines, Dave Locke's *Please Don't Write Around the Illos*, a Symposium of 25 faneditors, *and* his (new) column...conducted by Mike Gorra, not to mention things promised, not to mention a few (ha!) letters on 21/22, not to mention more Art, not to mention... Where will it all end? Damned if I know...

from William's Pen

BILL BOWERS

...I only work here.

[That, friends--and Michael--is a carry-over from the last phrase on the contents page...]

Obviously, this isn't *quite* the mind-boggling 5th Annish I'd promised, or even planned. I state that not as an excuse, but merely as an observation, and as a lead-in to Bowers Editorial Policy xⁿ...

It's a good solid issue--a little short in the LoColumn, perhaps--and I'm rather pleased at the way it fell together... Not really too bad, for having spent only a little over two weeks on it, eh?

But that's the crux of it: I want to, need to...be able to spend a little more time on the actual "doing" of each issue...than I have been. Every issue since (and including) #19--has that only been a year?--has been in essence a rush job. Part of it is certainly my "fault"; I'm the world's most dedicated procrastinator--I *work* at it--and I've had a few things on my mind this past year.

Part of it is your fault: there's just too damn many of you for me to be able to relate to, to give the attention you deserve...to do that and this, both.

Now then...I have enough experience, "talent", whatever, that I *can* in effect "throw-together" an issue, and have it come out good enough to keep Glicksohn raving for months. I have had, humblely, some very nice things to do my thing with. But they deserve just a bit more time and care than I have been giving...

The basic fact remains that, while there hasn't been an issue that I'm ashamed off, there also hasn't been an issue that I can truthfully say I'm "pleased" with, since January, 1970. That's a piece back along the road...

If this were a year or two ago, I'd probably initiate a new "series" [#6.1?] or otherwise indicate a new direction to these proceedings. But I don't have need of gimmicks like that anymore (if you do, there's always *Xenium*!)...

And besides, I'm not all that sure of which direction to go. You might have noticed. The basic priorties are always the same: it's when it comes down to implementing those things that I become bogged down.

Obviously it's up to me to make the decision, and then get on with it... But maybe this *is* my way of getting on with it...a continual charging ahead, backing up, re-evaluating--changing everything but the name? If you think it's a bit much, then imagine how I feel! You see only the "policies" every three or four months; you have no idea of how many I may (and do) go through *between* issues. Be thankful for such small favors...

I will never be able to settle down and just do a fanzine/whatever, until I a) figure out what I want to do to earn a living the rest of my life; b) find out where I want to do it; and c) do a & b. I (and therefore OW) will remain uneasy and unsettled until I find that place to set down some roots; the one thing that I need is the sense of security in having my own place, and in having at least a fair chance of staying put for a period of time longer than two years. I am not a nomad; I'm a stay-putter by nature.

Some of you old-timers have wondered what those of you who came aboard through the ads, the bookstores...i.e., during the "promotional phase"...might think of this zine. We're about to find out. Despite some early renewals, well over half of the subscriptions expire with this issue. And that is one valid reason I can't make a firm decision on which way to go right at the moment.

I'm not going to try to hype anyone into a resub. Five issues should be time enough for you to have made up your mind, in any event. If you like what I do, and are willing to put up with editorials like this one well enough to invest your money in future issues that's neat. If you don't --and I hope the money previously sent isn't considered wasted--then I'd really rather you didn't resubscribe. The only thing I promise is more of the same...

Until I see where the circulation levels off to--a few more things like the *Library Journal* review (which I haven't seen) and it may never level off--which I hope will become evident by #25 at the latest, I can't be too firm in planning for anything...

A few thoughts: A 1000 copy print run with between 500-600 regular subbers is about the minimum for offset to be economically feasible. It is about, if it isn't above, the maximum that I, as an individual can hope to handle. I'm not saying that I'll never go above that, or that I won't make a "big push" sometime again--every time I've made such limiting statements, I've regretted it. But for the foreseeable future, that's about tops and should initial circulation start nudging it, I'll probably become harder on the freebies, and at a last resort raise the sub price. (But I find it a bit much to charge over a buck for an issue of any fanzine--last issue was, of course, a well-deserved exception.) (That was another one of my problems: every time I raised the price to "help catch up" I'd end up feeling guilty, and put that much and more back into the fanzine. I won't make it as a businessman, if prior experience is any guideline.)

It seems like I spend half my time logging in COAs, sending out back issues, a remailing copies to those who didn't send in COAs. That's a bit of an exaggeration; but not by much. That's the one reason for going to a "subs only" policy for the time being. I can understand someone wanting to see a single copy before subbing, but I've plenty of 19 & 20 left for that purpose. They may a bit older, but they're as good a "typical" issue of OW as any I might do this year...

The aim, then, is to consolidate this year; to publish as much as I can, but to do some of the things I know I can do, if *I* make/take the time to do it right. I'm not going to eliminate advertising OW all the way, but I am going to cut back on that and other promotional thingies considerably. (I could solve a lot of problems by going to a twice-yearly schedule, or something else I could "handle"; but then I can't relate to that infrequent an appearance... I still think bi-monthly is about the ideal schedule for a fanzine other than a news- or personal-zine: someday.)

Of course, next issue, a New Policy...

The choice is this: *Outworlds* as a-work-of-art; or, *Outworlds* as a medium-of-communication. Right now I'm trying for a a blending of the two into one. And I'm not really all that sure it's possible. For me.

Enough. This is the kind of editorial you write on a Sunday evening when the rest of the issue--even the contents page--is done, and you're wondering whether, with "winter storm warnings" out, you'll be able to get it to the printers tomorrow...if it will be back in time to take to Marcon... if the readers will enjoy it...if the many contributors and letter writers in the file will forgive me not getting *their* particular thing in this issue... In other words, status normal.

Since I've had to give up any hope of making Aussiecon--someday I'll make it down under!--I've promised myself a consolation: I hope to make my first Westercon this year and meet some of West Coast people. Maybe Disclave--particularly if I perform a total miracle and get #24 out in May. Midwestcon and Windycon II (the first was enjoyable!), are about as definite as anything is in my life. Wonder what I'll do Labor Day weekend this year...? Probably be telling you why #24 is late!

Speaking of travel...I seem to be in the next TAFF race. (I say "seem" because there's still a couple of weeks left in which to back out...and knowing me...) If it does work out, more details next time. The only other candidate I know of is Roy Tackett--a Good Man--but why is it that you have to "compete" against someone you like and respect? Answer me that Question...and I Ask you Another...

On the home front, I seem to have survived the move, and even got a little bit unpacked before starting in on *this*. I'm still going to school, but not sure just how much longer I can continue playing off the three--work, school, fanzine--against each other. I'm doing none of them to my complete satisfaction, but don't know which of the two on which I have an option, to give up. Other than that, I'm fine! *Bill*

Russia's Defeat and Occupation, 1952–1960

PATRICK L. McGUIRE

ONE OF THE MORE INTERESTING mainstream excursions into the future-war story is the entire October 27, 1951, issue of the now-defunct weekly, *Collier's*. The cover shows a soldier holding a bayoneted rifle, against a background of a map of the European USSR. On the map, the Ukraine and the Baltic States (and that section of the East European satellites which is included) are colored green and marked "OCCUPIED". United Nations flags sprout from this region and from a small green area surrounding Moscow. The city on the Neva, though unoccupied, is marked, "Petrograd (formerly Leningrad)." Below the map is printed in large red type, "PREVIEW OF THE WAR WE DO NOT WANT."

As I. F. Clarke has pointed out, future-war stories have an ancient and venerable history. In fact, the weekly *Le Monde Illustré* anticipated *Collier's* by a half-century, devoting in 1900 an entire issue to a hypothetical war with Britain. But besides having the advantage of the production facilities of a 1950's slick (making possible Chesley Bonestell color renditions of the atomic bombings of Moscow and Washington, and vast numbers of other pictures, maps, and charts), the *Collier's* issue is noteworthy for the number of public figures who were induced to engage in a bit of extrapolation, to reflect from a supposed standpoint of 1960 on the course of World War III. The list includes Edward R. Murrow, Lowell Thomas, Arthur Koestler, Stuart Chase, Walter Reuther, Walter Wichell, J. B. Priestly, Philip Wylie, Margaret Chase Smith, and Bill Maudlin, who contributed the first Willie and Joe cartoons since the Second World War. (Willie and Joe in winter gear, marching in front of two examples of the World War III generation of soldier: "Absolutely no respeck fer th' aged.") These public figures proved so responsive, no doubt, since (at least according to the editors) this issue of *Collier's* was no effort to profit off a war scare, much less to help to bring a war on. Rather, it was supposed to serve the dual purposes of uplifting Western morale, and establishing credible deterrence. It was to do both these things by showing that if Stalin were so foolish as to let things come to war, the West would win it.

A nuclear war in 1951, of course, would have been nothing like a war would be today. (In fact, in looking for this issue in the READER'S GUIDE--a history professor

had shown me a copy about six years ago, but I only recently recalled it--I was baffled until I recalled that in pre-hydrogen-bomb days, it was usually called "*atomic* war".) But the scenario *Collier's* uses seems not too unreasonable for its day: A clash with Stalin in mid-1952 over Yugoslavia leads to a conventional war, which almost immediately escalates to a nuclear war as the US bombs industrial targets (including industrial cities) in the USSR. The Soviets, having neither the bombs nor the delivery systems for extensive bombing, resort to terror bombings of US and European population centers. (Besides the Bonestell paintings, the magazine contains fairly detailed maps indicating the destruction in various cities. The neighborhood in Chicago where I was living "when the bomb hit" in 1953 is just on the edge of the tertiary blast zone.) The terror bombing goads the US finally into a reprisal, and the Air Force bombs Moscow.... Though not, of course, before the population has been warned, though their evil Communist masters will not let them leave. Meanwhile, in late 1952 tactical nuclear weapons have stopped the Soviet advance in Europe, and in 1953 the Soviet stockpile of nuclear weapons is captured and destroyed. By 1955, the Red Army has totally fragmented, and Russia is plunged into chaos. At the assumed viewpoint time of 1960, full order has not yet been restored, though reconstruction agencies under the supervision of the United Nations are making substantial progress.

Conveniently enough, 1951 is one of the years Herman Kahn chooses for his discussion of hypothetical wars in ON THERMONUCLEAR WAR (1960). By comparing Kahn's description, complete with the advantages of hindsight and declassification, with that of the *Collier's* writers, it can be seen that the latter did present a fairly plausible scenario, although a rather optimistic one. Kahn indicates that in 1951, US military planners generally failed to take into account the possibility of increasing the production of fissionable uranium to the point where bombs could be used for military and not simply "terror" targets. Nor, says Kahn, had they given any thought to tactical nuclear weapons. *Collier's* does better than the "military planners" of Kahn in both of these respects. Perhaps simply out of ignorance of the true uranium production figures in 1951, they do give the US (though not the USSR) the capacity for "saturation bombing" in 1952, and they introduce "atomic artillery shells" to counter the overwhelming Soviet superiority of conventional forces in Europe. The US program to develop the hydrogen bomb was started simultaneously with the tactical weapons program (as a result of a compromise between proponents of what had been regarded as *alternate* schemes of defense), but of course this awesome device, which would drastically alter the consequences of any nuclear war, plays no part in the *Collier's* scenario. (The United States in fact tested its first H-bomb late in 1952, and the Soviet Union theirs in 1953, but deliverable weapons did not come until a year or so after that.)

In fact, Kahn even gives approval of a sort to one of the most implausible bits of the *Collier's* scenario: The capture of the Soviet atomic-weapons stockpile. (*I Saw Them Chute into the Urals*, by Lowell Thomas.) The reader --at least the 1975 reader--must be very skeptical of the notion that the Soviets would be such fools as to put all their eggs into one basket, even if a heavily defended one. But whatever the Soviet situation may have been, Kahn informs us, with a vagueness suggesting continuing security restrictions, that in "the late forties or early fifties" the US for one period kept all *its* bombs in one place, and for another period, in only two. He suggests that the Russians could not merely have destroyed these stockpiles, but actually could have landed and stolen the fissionable materials from the bombs! (He also suggests that in 1951, even with their limited supply of atomic bombs, because of the lack of radar or visual warning networks, the Soviets could have caught all of SAC on the ground, conquered Europe, and resupplied themselves with more nuclear weapons in time to meet any renewed American threat--but *that* was hardly the game plan *Collier's* had in mind!)

Considering that Russians are by culture much more suspicious and security-conscious than Americans, one might even wonder if this depiction of Soviet bungling concerning the stockpile was in fact the effort of some junior American official advising *Collier's* to convince his superiors in the *United States* to modify their practice.

When we turn to the magazine's straight fiction contents, we would expect to find some good work. After-the-Great-War stories had been appearing since at least the last half of the nineteenth century, and after-the-*atomic*-war stories date back at least to Wells' THE WORLD SET FREE (1914), which, says Clarke, actually coined the term "atomic bomb". Genre sf had been heavily preoccupied with the theme since Hiroshima. Yet with all this reservoir of experience and tradition to draw on, *Collier's* fails dismally. A spy story by John Savage is set *before* the supposed Third World War, and has nothing much to do with it. A short story by Kathryn Morgan-Ryan could have been a World War II story with a little adjustment. This leaves *Philadelphia Phase*, by Philip Wylie. It too is a failure, but, as one would expect of its author, at least it shows some shreds of imagination. Russian woman locomotive engineer falls in love with American officer as they work on the reconstruction of Philadelphia. American overcomes aristocratic and patriotic scruples and proposes, but Russian, while offering to be his mistress, refuses to marry him on the grounds that injuries from the bomb on Rostov have rendered her sterile. (Thus she exhibits a concept of marriage more Augustinian than St. Augustine's; now if she weren't sterile, and were worried about genetic damage, then there would be at least a speck of plausibility.) Finally she drowns herself to make way for the American's socialite ex-fiancee, who has meanwhile redeemed herself by convincing her Palm Beach friends to plow up their estates for vegetables. Oh, well. Some of the description of reconstruction work in Philadelphia is vivid.

Much more interesting are the "journalistic" articles about postwar Russia. These assume that the US will in general be enlightened and unvindictive in its occupation policies, perhaps not too implausible an assumption in view of the obvious superiority of Western post-World-War-II policies to those of World War I. (On the other hand, the scenario may be unrealistic in the amount of aid the US is assumed to be *able* to give, considering its own need for reconstruction, and more significantly, that of Soviet-overrun Western Europe.) The scenario is heavily internationalist, and places much emphasis on the United Nations. One noticeable lack is that of any mention of genetic damage in heavily-bombed Russia. This hazard may have been over-emphasized by genre sf, however. Kahn points out that in 1960 the rate of major birth defects was already an uncomfortably high 4%, and a war would be unlikely to do more than double that rate. The *Collier's* writers do go into the problems of famine, goods shortages, mobs of homeless children, the psychological difficulties of prisoners released from Stalin's concentration camps. (In the real world, the dictator's successors saved themselves much of this last problem by releasing camp inmates only over a period of years, and by leaving many incarcerated, albeit under somewhat improved conditions.)

Arthur Koestler describes how the first attempts of the occupation authorties to hold democratic elections in one town result in twenty-two competing parties ranging from the "Unified Monarchist Great-Russian Party" to the "Avengers of Trotsky," which last believes that Communism was just fine until Stalin came along. After the elections, over half the ballots turn out either to have x's for all of the parties or to be marked "yes". J. B. Priestly relates how the corporatist insticts of Russian writers cause them to continue to frequent Writer's Clubs even after they are no longer required to clump together. (Of course, the post-liberation atmosphere is supposed to be quite different.)

Erwin Canham traces the first steps of the newly freed press: Fifteen amateurish papers in Moscow alone, fourteen of them "violently opinionated partisan sheets." To fill the need for professional-quality journalism, American and European periodicals are printed in trans-

lation. This conception provides the oportunity for a magazine editor's dream of empire: Color mock-ups of the covers of Russian-language editions of *Newsweek*, *Time*, *Life*, *Reader's Digest*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and of course *Collier's* itself.

Russian terms scattered through all these articles lend an air of realism. For the most part, the Russian seems to be correct, too: The only glaring error is a Russian-language mock-up of *Walter Winchell in Moscow* which transliterates his name in a way no educated Russian would. (A literal re-transliteration being "Uoltèr Uynchel" instead of the more probable "Uolter Uinchell"--if anyone cares.)

The atmosphere created by these articles and their supporting illustrations is strong enough that the advertisements bringing one back to the "real world of 1951 present a serious distraction. (Which is not to say that 1951 is not a strange world in itself for one who was a few weeks short of being two years old when this issue came out. Besides frequent mention of the Korean War, there are headlines like, "Enjoy the wonders of 'Quick-Clean' washing in a General Electric Wringer Washer!"; "More 'eye-opening' reasons why you ought to own the 1951 Kaiser today!"; "Cheap money. . . that's what the Reds would like to see in America"--that last warning from Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corporation.)

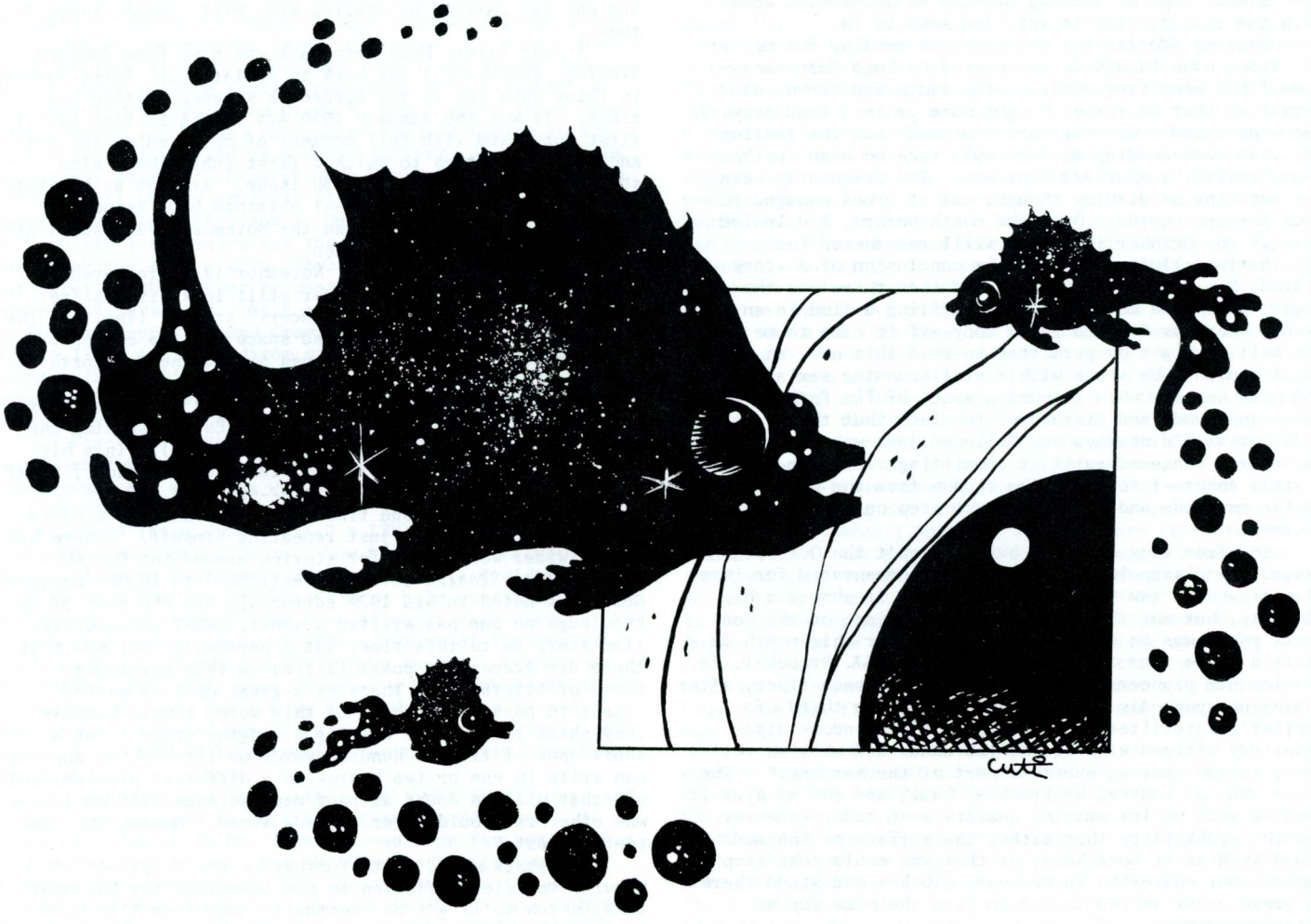
It would of course be difficult to say whether this issue did anything toward increasing American morale or the credibility of deterrence. The Soviets did, according to a later issue of *Collier's*, at least pay enough attention to denounce it on Radio Moscow. (And, if we were to evaluate success in terms more usual for the publishing industry, the same follow-up article reports that the issue sold out.)

The "Preview of the War We Do Not Want" has lost virtually all its topical interest. Weapons systems have gone many generations--and several orders-of-magnitude's worth of horror--beyond those depicted in the issue; and if by some implausible chain of circumstances, Western authorities were given the opportunity to see if they could do better for the Russians than the Russians have done for themselves--or if, more plausibly, we wished to gain insight into Soviet and Western society by considering an Occupation simply as a speculative exercise--the economic and social factors to be considered in the post-Stalin, post-Khrushchev era would differ in many respects from those of 1951.

The issue still retains, however, a certain historical significance. It is worth noting that people as prominent as Margaret Chase Smith and Edward R. Murrow and Walter Winchell and Walter Reuther would contribute to such an undertaking. And this is no simple case of "cold-war hysteria". While optimistic and sometimes a bit naive (as about popular Russian support for Stalin, which in fact was not inconsiderable), the scenario is fairly reasoned and restrained. All things considered, it speaks rather well of the various contributors to the issue.

Finally, this future-war issue retains a certain fascination when considered in the context of sf. It does not portray any future now realizable, and it does not hold interest in the same way that "dark side of Mercury" or "first landing on the Moon" stories do (sometimes): It is far too down-to-earth, too short-range to exert the same half-mysterious appeal as do such "invalidated" long-range speculations. Rather, it is a fascinatingly detailed look into what we might now consider an alternate universe.

Patrick L. McGuire



Understandings

ROBERT A.W. LOWNDES

IT IS LATE OCTOBER, 1974, as I start this reminiscence; this year I have been playing my special October game, which has to do with science fiction magazines published by Hugo Gernsback and dated November.

Why November? That is because it was in October, 1928, when I was leafing through a copy of *The Open Road for Boys* (approved reading for me) in the Stamford, Conn., public library, that I came across a column ad offering a free sample copy of *Amazing Stories* to whomsoever would clip the coupon, fill it out, and send it in.

Amazing Stories was *not* approved reading for me, at the time, even though it was edited by Hugo Gernsback--a name I had seen frequently on the radio and technical magazines that my father bought more or less regularly. I was considered over-imaginative already and the feeling was that such reading matter would take me even further from "reality", whatever that was. I'd frequently seen the magazine on display though, and at times managed to look through copies. Only the month before, I'd leafed through the October issue and still remembered the fascinating illustration for the conclusion of a story titled, *The Skylark of Space*. And then there was the cover, showing a mechanical man battling a lion in an arena. Perhaps I could get a copy--if it came to me in the mail, I might be permitted to read this one, at least. And I wouldn't be stuck with a still-running serial as I had been earlier when I found a stack of *The Pathfinder* (also approved) and discovered too late that the conclusion of a serial I'd started and followed just wasn't there. So, with a sense of guilt at committing vandalism--a crime I still abhor--I tore out the coupon from the library copy of the magazine and took the first step on a years-long journey.

The free copy arrived, but it wasn't the October issue. My disappointment was almost compensated for immediately when I saw the cover, however. It showed a big blue sky, but not the sky of Earth. Inside, on the contents page, was an explanation: "Our cover this month depicts a scene from *The Moon Men*, by Frank J. Breuckel, Jr., showing our pioneers emerging from their space-flyer, after having unexpectedly landed on Ganymede, the third of Jupiter's satellites, and beholding a tremendous disc (Jupiter) striped with broad, red bands and whitish yellow ones, spread over an enormous part of the heavens." The cover was, of course, by Frank R. Paul, and for my eyes it retains much of its amazing quality even today--however low the probability that either the surface of Ganymede would look as it does here, or that you could just step out of your spaceship in ordinary clothes and stand there on green grass as you looked up into the blue sky at titanic Jupiter.

The very first story was the beginning of a two-part serial, *The World at Bay* by B. and Geo. C. Wallis. Two years later, the November *Amazing Stories* would present part one of a two-part serial by Ed Earl Repp, *World of the Living Dead*, which was obviously beholden to the Wallis brothers' tale, much as John W. Campbell's *Invaders from the Infinite* was beholden to Dr. E. E. Smith's *Skylark Three*.

I rarely re-read the stories when I play the October game: just the editorial, blurbs for the stories, and the readers' department. I read all the letters, too, when I had that first issue; of course, the readers were discussing stories, and ideas in stories, that I had never read and (it seemed at the time) would never get a chance to read. But that had its fascinations, too--a touch of psychic masochism, perhaps. One letter touched on a theme that I would later find to be endemic through the years that science fiction magazines were not generally considered respectable: *Amazing Stories* was indeed a worthy publication, wrote Mr. Harold F. Osborn of Baldwin, New York, but both the title and the covers gave the impression of cheap trash! (When, many years later, I obtained a complete set of the Gernsback *Amazing Stories*, I found that Mr. Osborn was by no means the first to raise this point.)

And this issue introduced me to one author who would become a favorite when, a little more than a year later, permission to read Gernsback science fiction was granted: David H. Keller, M.D. Oddly enough, despite the thrill of *The World at Bay* and *The Moon Men*, it was Dr. Keller's *The Psychophonic Nurse* that impressed me most deeply, even though it was the least "amazing" and the most down-to-earth of the lot. It was my introduction to the psychological story; and, also, perhaps it was because Dr. Keller's simple narrative style made his story seem more natural and believable, even to a just-past 12-year-old whose acquanintanceship with literature was close to zero, and who was dazzled by stories with wild, cosmic sweep to them.

A year later, Hugo Gernsback was gone from *Amazing Stories*, and while I got back to AS later, my first loyalty in those days was to the Gernsback science fiction magazines. It was the January 1930 *Air Wonder Stories* that I first purchased with full consent of my parents, and *Science Wonder Stories* to which I first subscribed, also starting with the January 1930 issue. As soon as possible --but that took many months--I obtained back issues of both magazines, so that I had the November 1929 issues of both to return to now and then.

Science Wonder Stories, November 1929, featured a cover-contest, and Paul's cover still looks impressive. No one had heard of "flying saucers" at that time, but the cover shows a huge, disc-shaped space vehicle equipped with tentacles, which are wrapped around the Woolworth building. Down to the lower right, we see another such space ship, which has captured the Eiffel tower; and just below that the disc of a new moon and Earth (showing the North American continent clearly, of course). In a big circle, you saw the words: "$300 for the best short, SHORT Story written around this picture--see page 485."

This was the second time that Gernsback ran a cover contest, but he wasn't just repeating himself. (There had been a wider word limit for stories around the December 1926 *Amazing Stories* cover contest: 5000 to 10,000 words.) Gernsback noted in his 1929 editorial, "To the best of my knowledge no one has written a short, SHORT science-fiction story up to this time; but I personally believe that there are tremendous possibilities in this particular class of literature. There is a great deal of wasted talent in possible authors of this work, simply because they shirk the idea of writing a lengthy story. But a short opus of fifteen hundred words or less--which any one can write in one or two hours--is a different problem, and one that will no doubt attract many science-fiction lovers who otherwise would never write a story. Hence, the present contest."

Gernsback would write further on the "virtues" of brevity in science fiction in his editorial for November 1932, which we'll get to eventually, and then I'll have a comment upon it.

The background of the cover was a deep blue, and the prize-winning story (published in *Science Wonder Stories*, March 1930) took that detail as the most crucial one. *The Color of Space*, by Charles R. Tanner was the debut of an author who Isaac Asimov celebrates among his "golden age" favorites for *Tumithak of the Corridors* and *Tumithak in Shawm* (*Amazing Stories*, January 1932 and June 1933). The 1929 SWS also introduced a new writer, Raymond Z. Gallun, with *The Space Dwellers*. (If you bought SWS the day it appeared, then that would have been the first time you saw Gallun in print; a week later, *Air Wonder Stories* appeared with another Gallun story, *The Crystal Ray*.)

SWS November contained the conclusion of Dr. Keller's three-part serial, *The Human Termites*. I was spared the agony of having to wait months before I could get parts one and two; I bought all three issues at once as back numbers. (I do not now recall how I obtained the money.) Keller was being lambasted in "The Readers' Speak" department by some, and praised by others, but it was Ed Earl Repp who was getting the raves. "I believe that one of your best authors is Ed Earl Repp. His *Radium Pool* is one of the most remarkable stories that it has been my fortune to read," writes Jerome Siegel, of Cleveland, Ohio. The following letter is titled: "Dr. Keller Either a Genius of a Fool."

Keller's *Human Termites* was, perhaps, his wildest story. It's based on Maeterlinck's *Life of the White Ant*, and the straight entomology is sound for its time, and may still be so. Then the Keller imagination cuts loose and, despite characteristic faults, the story remains fascinating today. (He even anticipates Shaver in a sense.)

Air Wonder Stories, November 1929, had a splendid cover by Paul illustrating Edmond Hamilton's two-part serial, *Cities in the Air*--the first flying city story to appear in a regular science fiction magazine. The illustration is impressive even today as a yesterday's world of tomorrow sort of thing, except that it doesn't look as obsolete as you might think--partly because flying cities are still in never-never land. Otherwise ... well, there's a letter from Victor A. Endersby, who would appear later in all three science fiction magazines with literate and interesting stories; from Clyde F. Beck, whose later chapbook, *Hammer and Tongs*, introduced hard criticism to science fiction fans; and from Henry Kuttner, Jr., who needs no further comment. Endersby was arguing with an aeronautical expert on the advisory staff of the magazine (one Major Bevan), and it seems to me that (for all my suspicion of "experts") the major has the better of it. Endersby was quibbling over a word--Bevan's use of the term "vacuum" but later in the letter he uses the term in exactly the sense that Bevan did. Beck questions a scientific detail in Ed Earl Repp's *Beyond Gravity* (*Air Wonder Stories*, August 1929) and the editor explains what Repp really meant. (I haven't bothered to re-read the story to see if Repp really implied what the editor inferred, or whether Beck was correct.) Kuttner writes an amusing fan letter.

A year later, *Wonder Stories* was different. We'd been warned in advance that, starting with the November 1931 issue, the magazine would go to pulp size, 7"x10" (all the Gernsback science fiction publications had been the standard large size: 8 $^1/_2$" x 12") and that was not a pleasing announcement to me. Now *Wonder Stories* would be displayed among the trashy pulp magazines. I did not then realize that *Amazing* and *Wonder were* pulp magazines by definition, relating to the type of paper they used.

That November issue carried a number of letters expressing the readers' delight in the change. "You know, Mr. Editor, you don't have to carry a magazine round as we readers do, you don't have to read it going to and from work in crowded street cars, in overloaded buses and trolleys, in mobbed lunch rooms," writes Morris Glassberg, New York.

I must also add that, after the first few issues, and after I had managed to obtain *Amazing Stories* again, I found the stories in Dr. Sloane's magazine far better than in the "wonder" group. But the Gernsback magazines had livelier departments, and his editorials were far more interesting than Sloane's. (It was in the November 1929 *Amazing Stories* editorial that Dr. Sloane expressed his doubts that interplanetary travel would ever come about, due to the problem of the effects of acceleration on the human body. However, the fans who objected weren't entirely just to Dr. Sloane. It is true that he ended a sentence "...we are inclined to think that interplanetary travel may never be attained." But in the next sentence, he said: "On the other hand, in science, 'never' has proved to be a very dangerous word to employ." And Sloane continued to publish as good interplanetary stories as the writers sent him.

The only really memorable thing about the November 1930 *Wonder Stories* to me, today, is the editorial. It's a comment on a then well-known author of technical books; in *Popular Aviation*, he had written an article proving that *500 Miles per Hour Can't Be Done*. Gernsback agrees that the writer's facts, as stated, are true; then goes on to show why they are irrelevant to the real question. (The author insisted on considering the possibility only in reference to an altitude of 5,000 feet above sea level.) Gernsback reminds readers of the famous "proof" that a building over 600 feet high was impossible--the pressure on the bottom bricks would become so great that the building would collapse. Perfectly correct.

A year later, we welcomed *Wonder Stories* back to its original size, and the November 1931 issue (which also inaugurated a period of printing the magazine on a smooth, higher grade of paper) included excerpts from "but a few of the flood of letters from readers that greeted our announcement of the return to of *Wonder Stories* to the large size." Gernsback had the knack of getting letters of approval for nearly every change he made into the first issue that carried the change.

By this time *Amazing Stories* had slumped badly in quality, and *Wonder Stories* had greatly improved, to my taste. The cover, as all the covers on Gernsback science fiction magazines was by Paul (not one of his best but neither, again, his worst: the giant tetrahedra are quite impressive). It illustrated P. Schuyler Miller's *Tetrahedra of Space*--another of Asimov's "golden age" selections. Miller was first seen in the July 1930 issue of *Wonder Stories*, as first prize winner in the *Air Wonder Stories* (February 1930) cover contest. But he had actually sold a story to *Wonder* before his prize contest entry. *The Red Plague*, was published. That tale, *Dust of Destruction*, copped the cover of the February 1931 *Wonder*, and in the previous issue, which announced the tale as coming next month, the editor said: "P. Schuyler Miller, winner of the *Air Wonder Stories* cover contest, is one of our real 'finds.' He brings to science fiction a freshness of viewpoint and a vivid method of telling a story..." For once, an editorial puff was both accurate and predictive. During the time I've been writing this column, I was saddened to hear that "Schuy" is no longer with us. Even though he apparently abandoned fiction writing many years back, so long as he was around there was the possibility that he might find himself impelled to try just one more...

The November 1931 issue also contained Clark Ashton Smith's sequel to *The City of Singing Flame*, to many other readers as well as myself, the finest story we had seen from CAS. (I had not yet gotten to the excellent ones he had in *Weird Tales*.) When the stories were reprinted by Arkham House, the sequel, *Beyond the Singing Flame*, was combined with the first story and presented as *The City of The Singing Flame*. Whether that extra "the" was supposed to be in the original title or not, we'll never know. Mark Owings chided me when I reprinted the first story in *Famous Science Fiction* for getting the title wrong, as well as not running the two together. But my reprints were from the first published editions and that's how it was then.

We also had a masterpiece of sheer corn (though honesty permits me not to state that it seemed that way to me at the time): Nathan Schacner and Arthur L. Zagat's *Exiles of the Moon*, concluded in the November 1931 *Wonder Stories*. It was only on re-reading it in the 50's or 60's that I realized how unconsciously funny it was, despite some good touches. But what is still generally overlooked (as I reminded Arthur C. Clarke at the 1968 Lunacon) is that it was Sachacner and Zagat in 1931--*not* Stanley G.

Weinbaum in 1935 (*The Red Peri*, *Astounding Stories*, November 1935)--who first showed that a person suddenly plunged into a vacuum would not immediately freeze, burst, or perish from the instantaneous expulsion of all the air in the lungs.

Previously that year (*Wonder Stories*, January 1931), the villain in D. D. Sharp's *The Satellite of Doom*, came to a sticky end thus: Wearing only a jacket, "He opened the door of the rocket and it seemed his chest literally blew open like a rotten tire under too much pressure." Another villain freezes solid and is shattered like glass when his body falls onto the ship. And in Edmond Hamilton's *The Sargasso of Space* (*Astounding Stories*, September 1931) the cover shows spacesuited figures dueling with metal bars. The object is to shatter your opponent's glass helmet, at which point death by freezing is instantaneous.

By the time the November 1931 *Wonder Stories* appeared, the name of Forrest J Ackerman was well known for Forry's reports on science fiction in films and rumors of science fiction movies in the making. Gernsback ran a full page ad in the issue: "Do You Want Science Fiction Movies?" Readers were urged to get five signatures in the ample space allowed at the bottom of the page and send it in to the editor of *Wonder Stories*. The mass petitions would then be shown to the large motion picture companies. It sounded good at the time, but I doubt that any of us realized that anything less than a million such petitions just wouldn't be effective. At any rate, the returns from the ad, which was repeated for an issue or two, were too small to bother with, even under the assumption that "tens of thousands" would be effective. Nothing like tens of thousands of petitions came in.

The change on the November 1932 issue was not announced in advance; there it was, "Now 15¢", and the magazine had dropped from 96 to 70 pages, counting the four covers. Continous pagination through an entire volume (12 issues in the case of *Amazing* and *Wonder*, 6 issues in the case of *Weird Tales*) tended to conceal just how many pages there were in any issue beyond the first number of the volume. The November 1932 issue of *Weird Tales* was 144 pages, but December was 130. January 1933, opening a new volume, was 144 pages again, but then it dropped back to 130 with the February issue. I have the feeling that there was a fluctuation again within that same 1933 volume. And sometimes an issue would appear on somewhat thinner paper than the last one, giving the feeling of fewer pages when there were actually just as many as before.

As a result of the drop in *Wonder Stories*' pages, S. S. Held's *The Death of Iron*, originally planned as a three-part serial, had to be extended to four parts. This was the second time that such a thing had happened in the science fiction magazines of the 20's and 30's--the first time was with Garrett P. Serviss' *The Second Deluge*, part three of which appeared in the January 1927 issue of *Amazing Stories* with the note that it had been extended one more installment. The Held novel, similar in theme to Dr. Keller's *The Metal Doom*, which ran in *Amazing Stories*, May, June, July 1932, was an excellent realistic novel about a disease which attacks and destroys iron. Fletcher Pratt translated the novel, and he asked me once if Gernsback had ever published it. When I said he had, Fletcher added that it was probably cut quite a bit. He grinned and said, "There was a lot of screwing in that story."

I replied that I remembered one line, "Painted prostitutes sold their well-worn bodies," but that was as close to explicit sex as it came, in the magazine version. At that time (late 40's, I believe) I hadn't re-read it. Re-reading it later indicated that Gernsback had left in quite a bit of implicit sex--and it's a fine novel. Civilization has to revert to a non-mechanical basis, but it ends on a note of hope.

Interestingly enough, the first tale in the science fiction magazines about a disease which attacks and destroys metal was *The Great Steel Panic* by Irving Lester and Fletcher Pratt, a short story in the September 1928 *Amazing Stories*. Whether Hugo Gernsback read the French novel in the original and, remembering Pratt's earlier story, invited Fletcher to translate the book, or Fletcher came upon it himself and sold Gernsback on the idea, we're not likely to know. But it certainly must be interesting to translate a book length novel based upon the same theme as a short story you wrote some years back.

In "Readers' Speak", November 1932 *Wonder Stories*, there's a letter from an eager young fan named Charles D. Hornig, who, I'm sure, had no suspicion at the time that he would be managing editor of *Wonder Stories* a year later. During 1933, *Wonder* reverted to the old format and the price went back to a quarter. (There was the usual ploy of readers approving the reversion. However--let's be fair: Gernsback often did take the effort to do market research before he made major changes.) Then in the summer, the magazine shifted to bi-monthly for two issues. In the September-October issue was the announcement that, starting with the November number, *Wonder Stories* would return to monthly publication and that its final format had been decided upon: the pulp one that had been tried earlier.

Before I get to Gernsback's rationalization of the reduction of pages in the November 1932 issue, and tie it in with the comments I quoted in relation to the 1929 cover contest for *Science Wonder Stories*, I want to take the magazine through its final two Novembers (the issue that came out during the month of October). 1934 was the first November issue of *Wonder Stories* wherein there was *no* change in size or format. It was memorable for Stanley Weinbaum's sequel to *A Martian Odyssey*, *Valley of Dreams*--one of the relatively few instances where a sequel was fully as good as the original story. And the new Science Fiction League held my loyalty to WS, even though Tremaine's *Astounding* was running better stories, on the whole.

In October 1935, *Wonder Stories* (which had reduced its price again to 15¢ during the year, but without a reduction in the number of pages) went bi-monthly again. There would be three bi-monthly issues; then, after an attempt to continue the magazine on a mail-order basis only (April 1936 would be the last one you could buy at newsstands), which did not elicit enough pledges, the magazine was sold to Standard Publications and became *Thrilling Wonder Stories*. And November dated issues were no more; December dated issues came out in October. My October game became a complete exercise in nostalgia.

Now let's see what Hugo Gernsback had to say in his explanation of the saddle-stitched, 64-page *Wonder Stories*.

> *While the number of pages have been reduced, the quality of the stories has not suffered; the stories are merely shorter and more to the point.*
>
> *A good author can tell you the same stories in fifteen pages for which a poor one needs twenty-five. Of course, the loss is his because he does not get paid quite as much as he did before. But in the end, he is just as much benefited as you, the reader, because if the stories are short and to the point, the reader will usually like them better than if they are long*

drawn out.

Story writing is a science, the same as any other science. If you read stories which were published even fifty years ago, such as those written by Dickins and other famous authors of the day, you will be amazed at the unwieldy lengths they ran to. If Dickins were living today, he would have to conform to the present and more rapid pace, and cut his stories down to about 25% of what they were then. And, incidentaly, the stories would not suffer thereby.

This idea has been uppermost in our mind, that while presenting you with a magazine of reduced cost, we give you the same value as heretofore. The stories are shortened but not shortened at the cost of quality.

Hugo Gernsback was a man of culture. (He was especially fond of Beethoven, Mozart operas, and Gilbert and Sullivan.) Certainly he appreciated literature, but as a publisher he was primarily a journalist. Good journalism is crisp and clear; it not only does not need, but positively does not want "heavenly lengths"--it wants to get a few simple points over with the greatest economy of means. From the journalist viewpoint, fiction should have no more "scenery" than is absolutely necessary to orient the reader as to where he is; no more philosophy or internal exploration than is needful to distinguish one fictional character from another, and to tell which is the "good" and which the "bad" in a simple plot line--struggle betwen good and evil with good usually winning. (But no drawn-out meditation on what "good" and "evil" is!) Not that fast action must be the whole story, as it often was in the Clayton *Astounding Stories*; descriptions of wonders were certainly desirable, as well as clear explanations of the science involved, however far-fetched or low in probability or deficient in respect to logical side-effects. Randall Garrett dealt with that last in one of the "Richard A. Macklin" articles (for which I supplied the material) on the "science in science fiction." Example: If your protagonist has perfected a device that allows him to walk through walls, you'd better have a plausible explanation of why he doesn't fall through floors.

Getting back to Gernsback's comments in respect to the short-short story (relating to the *Science Wonder Stories* cover contest): The short-short story is actually one of the most difficult fictional forms to do well. Certainly it is the last, not the first, form that a beginner--who hopes to write a story worth re-reading--should attempt. In all forms of art, rhetorical expansion (you will find the essence of it even in the graphic arts) and compression exist as two poles. But unless the practitioner is a "natural"--one of the few who seem to have an inborn, instinctive grasp of the elements of an art, as well as a developed understanding of it--a mastery of the economy of means comes only after long and hard experience.

What we have mostly seen in science fiction short-short stories from newcomers than an editor found acceptable has been cleverness. Charles R. Tanner's *The Color of Space* was a good example. It was a one-punch story that fitted the occasion very neatly, accounting for everything you saw on Paul's cover and surprising the reader who had not noticed it. But for every one that succeeds, a hundred "one-punch" stories fail even to make their single punch solidly, as James Blish notes in his "William Atheling" criticisms. The memorable short-short story with a surprise ending is the one where the surprise is by no means so important as it may seem to be upon first reading, so that re-reading is rewarding even though you know the ending. Best, of course, is the short-short story which does not have a surprise ending at all. One of the Honorable Mention tales in that *Science Wonder Stories* contest, *The Day of Judgment*, by Victor A. Endersby, is the best of the lot. Mr. Endersby was not a beginner. A short story, actually published later but most probably written earlier, *The Gimlet* (*Amazing Stories*, May 1930) showed him to be an accomplished writer. He did not have many science fiction tales published, but all were memorable.

Story writing is *not* a science, although it certainly makes uses of various systems of knowledge (which is one of the definitions of "science"), as does medicine. Such things can be studied and taught, but the art of fiction is entirely unteachable. One either has the talent for writing it or one has not. In the former case, the talent must be nurtured by continual practice. Specific techniques, geared to the market, can be taught. But such gimmicks have little to do with excellence in fiction.

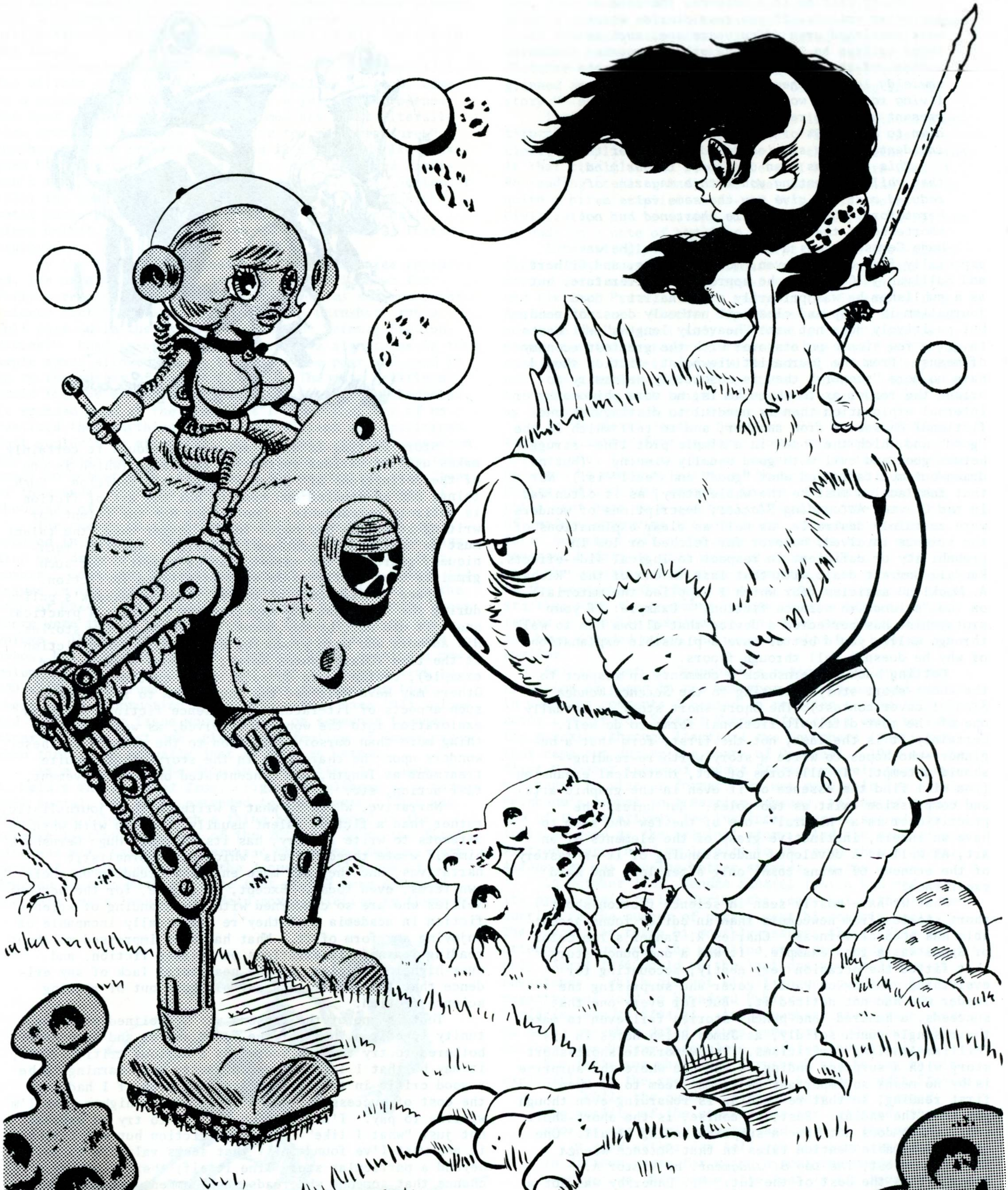
Space limitations, of course, made Gernsback's policy during the time that the magazine was 64 pages a practical one. It did not, by any means, result in better stories. His authors who were producing excellent science fiction at the time (Clark Ashton Smith, Laurence Manning, for example), continued to do so at their customary lengths. Others may have welcomed the invitation to forget about such aspects of literature--in science fiction, detailed exploration into the wonders involved, as well as something more than cursory attention to the effects of these wonders upon the characters in the story--that require treatment at length, and concentrated on quick movement, fast action, etc.

Narrative, which is what a writer with a journalistic, rather than a fiction talent usually comes up with when he attempts to write a story, has its charms. Hugo Gernsback himself wrote three "novels" which are journalistic narratives, and they all make enjoyable reading on their own terms, even today. Except, of course, for the Nervous Nellies who are so concerned with the standing of science fiction in academia that they're practically incapable of enjoying any form of it. What has most impressed me about reading learned dissertations on science fiction, and ever-higher criticism, is the near-total lack of any evidence that the pundit gets any pleasure out of reading science fiction.

That is one of the reasons why I declined an opportunity to edit a "best of the year" series and have never bothered to try to make scores as a serious critic. True, it may be that I lack the perspicacity and learning to be a good critic in the first place--but even if I had it, the cost of success in such a field is far higher than I'm willing to pay. I'm more than willing to try to express not just "what I like" in science fiction but why I like it and what I've found in it that seems valuable to me, beyond a particular story line itself; there's always a chance that someone who reads such comment may go back to the story and discover something of value which he or she hadn't noticed before.

Criticism, for me, is a sharing of pleasure--not a training school for literary wars.

Robert A. W. Lowndes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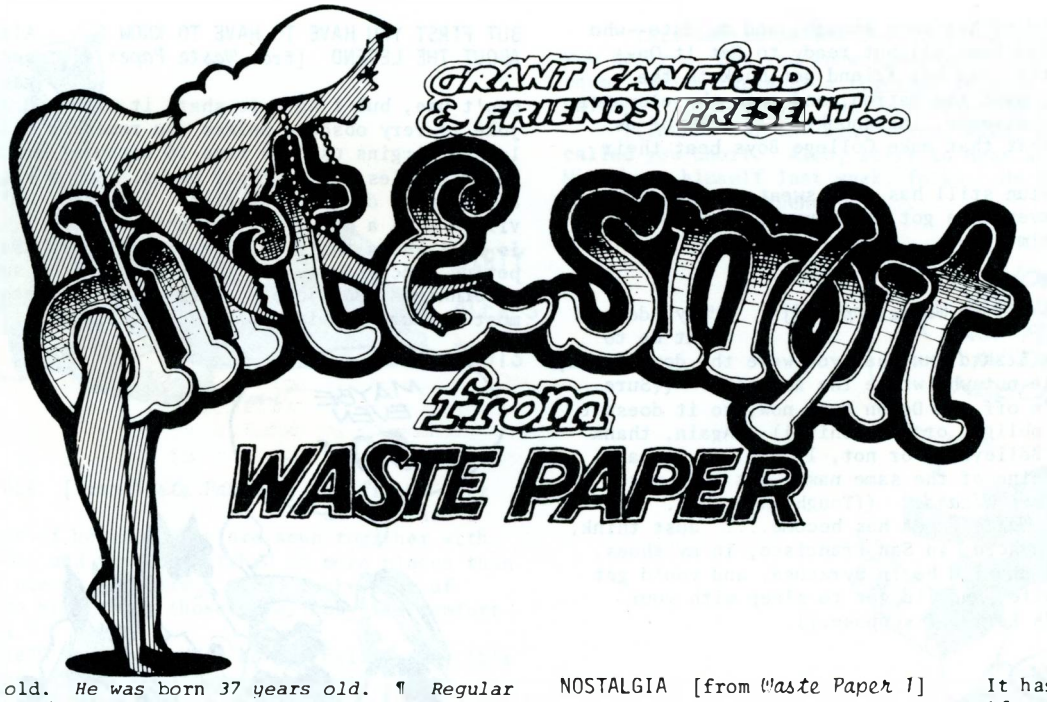


Bill Bowers is old. He was born 37 years old. ¶ Regular readers of Outworlds, The Fanzine of Fuddy-Duddiness, are naturally aware of Mr. Bowers' advanced years, but it's a fact which bears repeating. Occasionally Mr. Bowers' awareness of his age causes him embarrassment in youthful company, with often unfortunate results. ¶ At Torcon, I happened to mention to Mr. Bowers that Linda Bushyager had once censored a fanzine article I had written for Granfalloon. The piece had been written when I was newer to fandom, and didn't know many fans "in the flesh", as it were. About six, in fact. I had written, "The fans I actually know in person could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and maybe my penis. I have five of the former and one of the latter; that makes six." Linda had erased my penis. In Granfalloon, it read, "...could be counted on the fingers of one hand, plus one." ¶ Bill Bowers, wishing to appear "with it" in the company of such young fans as Neal Goldfarb, Dan Steffan, and Ted White, expressed outrage at such editorial emasculation, and declared that he would never ever in any way resort to such censorship, which brings us to the "unfortunate results" I mentioned earlier. Namely, DIRT AND SMUT FROM WASTE PAPER. *¶ Waste Paper was my brief xeroxed personalzine in the summer and fall of 1972. That was before Watergate, before the energy crisis, before the paper shortage, before Torcon, a time so far in the subjective past that Bill Bowers might even have been considered "not-so-old" then, if not actually "young". Waste Paper burned itself out after 7 issues, but was gratifyingly successful during its short life. To me, at any rate, and it was my personalzine so I guess I should know. ¶ An earlier Waste Paper retrospective--the clean parts--entitled* "The Worst from Waste Paper", *appeared in Lesleigh and Hank Luttrell's Starling. For courage and perspicacity in the face of the enemy, if nothing else, they deserve a Hugo nomination for that. ¶ Originally this second retrospective was scheduled for Terry Hughes' Mota. But Mr. Hughes discovered that he preferred the nomadic hippie life of carousing, fornicating, imbibing, and partaking of the Demon Weed to the stern fundamentalist disciplines required of a fan editor, and more or less gafiated. There is no accounting for taste. Terry returned the piece to me, and I began thinking where else I could send it. Then I remembered Mr. Bowers, wearing a peace medallion and smoking hand-rolled Bull Durhams for the sake of appearance, waxing Young Liberal at Torcon, and here we are. Thus will the guilty entrap themselves, or that's karma, or some shit. ¶ Please do not salivate or secrete any other substances on the pages of this fanzine, as this is the only copy Mr. Bowers will send you, on orders of his gerontologist.*

NOSTALGIA [from *Waste Paper 1*] It has been said that if you stand at the corner of Powell and Market in San Francisco, sooner or later you'll see every person you've ever known. I was just walking down the street, minding my own business, when I bumped into JIM DUNSTAN, and Old Friend. Jim and I were fraternity brothers at good old Theta Xi Fraternity at Washington University in St. Louis, way back in 1963. Now he's married and has a son, and is living in Walnut Creek. Although he's an old mellow married man now, I can remember when "Stun" was a pretty wild guy, for an engineer. We had this Purple Passion Party one time, and Stun and I decided to take a couple of Barnes Beasts. (The nurses of Barnes Hospital in St. Louis are not known for their pulchitrude, nor for their sexual reticence.) Stun and I were both working some good trash at the party, to the disgust of the brothers and their more respectable dates, and decided to leave early to catch a little "nookie". However, Stun's date had had a bit too much Purple Passion (grape juice and grain alcohol mixed in a bathtub), and she ruined his entire evening by barfing disgusting purple vomit all over his white Irish sweater.

ME & STUN w/BARNES BEASTS

He couldn't get rid of her soon enough, and my date--who up to that point had been all but ready to Get It On--figured she'd better help her friend get back to the Nurses' Residence, past the matron, and onto the elevator. So: dread Hawaiian disease, lackanooky, for both of us. It's nights like that that make College Boys beat their meat.

I wonder if Stun still has that sweater. I can't imagine he could ever have got that purple stain out. I'll have to ask him.

DAN STEFFAN WRITES [from *Waste Paper* 3] "Say, do you want me to mention in the new *Lizard Inn* that you were the dope fiend, pinko hippie commie nut who wrote the article?" ((Sure, Dan, go ahead. I'm off the Demon Weed now, so it doesn't matter. Noblesse oblige, or some shit.)) "Again, thanx for *Waste Paper*. Believe it or not, I once was gonna publish a personalzine of the same name, but that was about 6 months before *Wizard*." ((Tough shit, Dan. See how Big and Famous *Waste Paper* has become...? Just think, you could have been here, in San Francisco, in my shoes, as an honored BNF, and I'd be in Syracuse, and you'd get to sleep with my wife, and I'd get to sleep with your teddy bear. That's karma, I suppose.))

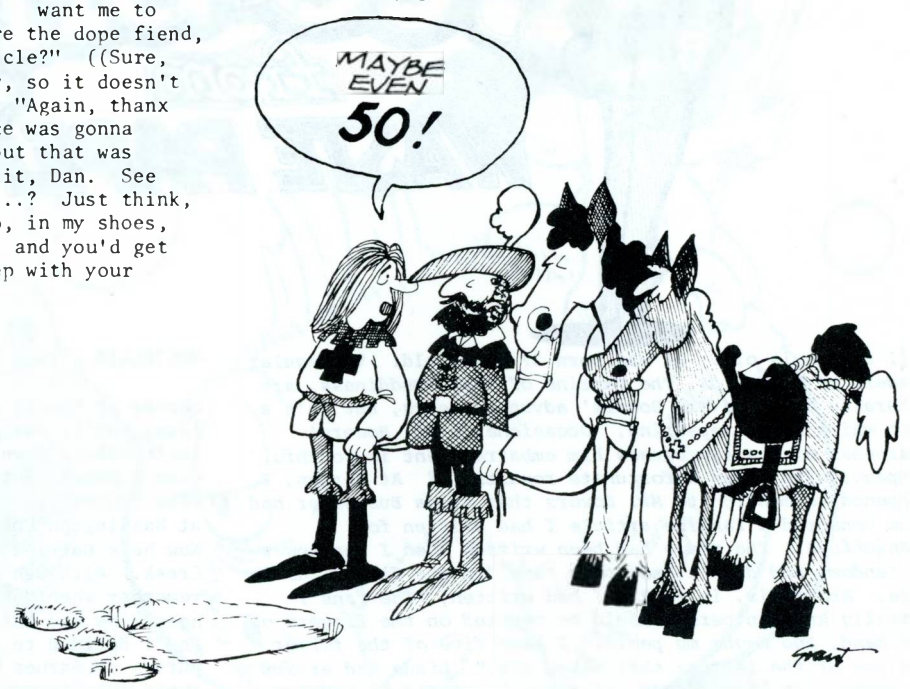
RICK STOOKER PISSES

RICK STOOKER WRITES [from *Waste Paper* 3] "This morning I had to take a piss about 7:30." ((Is that all you have to say on the subject? Was it a good piss? What was the quality and consistency of the stream? Do you have any witnesses? What was the degree of sedimentation in the bowl? Or were you pissing in the bowl? If not, what was the degree of sedimentation in your coffee cup? I'll expect 5000 words on the subject, double-spaced, before the next issue of *Waste Paper*. Nice try: F.))

COLOPHON EXCERPT [from *Waste Paper* 4] For the 4th time in as many minutes, your mailbox and/or your waste basket is cluttered with *Waste Paper*, from Grant Canfield, who types like old people fuck. Mr. Canfield is the fourth-best fan artist in fandom, which is sort of like saying you have the fourth-fastest Nash Rambler on the block.

PORSCHE NEWS [from *Waste Paper* 4] Regular readers of *Waste Paper* will be aware that the Canfields are owners of a silly goddamn Porsche 914, purchased this summer. We recently got our new license plates for the Porsche, enabling us to throw away the embarassing paper ones. Our new license number is *121 GFI*. Consider the possibilities. Gophers Fart Inside? Goofy Family: Incest? Good Food Invigorates? Government Fucks Indians? Girls Forsake Innocence? Give Freely, Inez? Go Fornicate Insects? Any other suggestions? Enough of this, because Grant feels insipid.

BUT FIRST YOU HAVE TO HAVE TO KNOW ABOUT THE LEGEND [from *Waste Paper* 4] Alexis Gilliland sent me a cartoon gag suggestion I can't use, but I have to share it with you anyway. "This joke is very obscure unless you remember that in Medieval legend virgins used to tame (& capture) dragons by putting their girdles around their necks. So: 2 knights examining an enormous dragon footprint. 1st Kt.: 'We'll need a virgin with a 48" waist for this monster.' Actually, it is well known that knights exterminated dragons by competing successfully for the dragon's food supply. This is an ethnic dragon joke." This holds the record for the most obscure gag idea I've yet received.



OBSCURE ALEXIS GILLILAND

SNAKE EGOBOO [from *Waste Paper* 5] Beyond the fun of producing it, *Waste Paper* does provide me with some choice benefits. One of these became manifest last night when I received a phone-call from my Oldest Friend, Robert "Snake" Hays of Detroit. The Snake has been getting *Waste Paper* all along. He says he wrote me a letter, but his wife Ann forgot to mail it. Slap her around a little, Bob. Bob reports that he too is now the proud owner of a Porsche automobile, but he got the 911T, which is a whole lot faster and sportier and *zoomier* than our jive 914 (non-appearance). Besides his beautiful wife Ann, Bob also has a great son, Brian, now three years old. Bob was my roommate at college for 3 years (at the good ole Theta Xi house at good ole Washington University in good ole St. Louis), and I could tell you a lot of stories about him. Suffice it to say he is one of the world's seven skinniest people. Offhand, I can't recall the other six. We used to have a whole catalog of skinny jokes to spring on the Snake at opportune moments. In his honor, I present a few of those here:

Snake is so skinny he has to tie his legs in knots to make knees.

Snake is so skinny he has to pass a place twice to cast a shadow.

Snake is so skinny when he sticks out his tongue and stands sideways he looks like a zipper.

Snake is so skinny his pyjamas only have one stripe.

Snake is so skinny when he takes a shower he looks like a wet hard-on.

Snake is so skinny he uses a garden hose for a water bed.

DIRTY ALEX'S BOOTS

PERVERTED SEX TALK [from *Waste Paper* 5] My friend Alex at work has a beat-to-shit pair of boots. They are sewn together with scraps of rawhide, and they're patched in more places than most boots have places. Really a fine, funky pair of boots. I said to him, "Wow, those sure look like comfortable boots, Alex."

"Comfortable?" he said. "You better believe it. It's just like walking around in a sloppy warm cunt."

"Oh? Does that mean they're fur-lined?"

"No, it just means they're all pink on the inside."

Alex talks like this. We humor him, though naturally it disgusts those of us who are more refined.

Alex has some friends who make porno movies, hard-core. Some of these people appeared in *Hot Circuit*, for example, considered by afficianados of the form to be one of the best erotic movies yet produced. Anyway, Alex tells about his friend Richard, who was signed to do a mutual-oral-sex scene in a Mitchell Brothers hard-core epic. He went down on this chick and she on him. Then Richard decided he really liked this lady, sex aside. So he got her phone number from the producer and called her up that evening. He didn't really know her, understand, so it was like he was going to ask her out for a first date. "Hi, this is Richard," he said on the phone. "Remember me? I'm the guy that came in your mouth this morning."

Wow, what a smooth approach!

Alex also reports that a Mitchell Brothers' hard-core movie called *Behind the Green Door* is fan-fucking-tastic. "This chick is unbelievable, man! She services five guys at once! One guy is *incredibly* hung! This chick throws this massive orgasm--*all over the place!*" Alex got so worked up telling us about it that he called his wife and treated her to her first obscene phone call of the day.

DISGUSTING MAIL [from *Waste Paper* 5] Mike Glicksohn writes, "Where does a pipsqueak like you get off calling me Short? Answer me that, you half-pint. Have you ever seen me when I'm teaching the Chain Rule of Differential Calculus and I rise to a towering 6'-3"? Of course not! You saw me once when I selected a modest 5'-7" so as not to detract from such lesser lights as Ray Bradbury and Robert Bloch. Seriously, Volks, the meaning of your new license plate is crystal-clear to any keen-minded scientist such as myself. As any competent mathematician could tell you, assuming he has his slide rule or desktop calculator with him, 121 is the square of eleven. When it is common fannish knowledge that *Energumen* has featured 11 full-page Grant Canfield drawings to date, the interpretation of the 'GFI' as 'Glicksohn's Finest Issues' is self-evident, my dear Mr. Canfield. Sometimes the limited scope of your imagination apalls me, dear boy.

"I suppose if John 'Derailed' Berry's favorite restaurant was knocked over by some punks, we'd be treated to another fannish Basque-Inn robbing story?"
((Ooooooohhhh...))

"This letter is far too long and far cleverer than you deserve, but you know something? You can really *write*, chum. *Waste Paper is* a together fanzine and damned worth having. I could hate you, you talented bastard!"

((Thanks for the kind words, Mike, and I'm sorry I called you Short. Also, sorry to hear about your accident. Mike hurt himself last week, folks. He fell off a rug.))

heeheeheeheeheehee.....

SHORT MIKE GLICKSOHN

COMPLICATIONS [from *Waste Paper* 6] We got a new kitten. We fell in love with her, but no romance can last forever. In the car, as I drove home and Cathy cuddled the kitty, I heard her suddenly say, "Oooooh, what's *this*?"

Right. Cat shit. On her freshly dry-cleaned coat.

Another complication. Have you ever tried to type with a cat on your lap?

COLOPHON EXCERPT [from *Waste Paper* 7] I am in possession of correspondence from Lesleigh Luttrell, who writes, "Did drawing cartoons for men's magazines change you, or did you always have a dirty mind? You talk like somebody who went to the U. of Mo. at Rolla, instead of a class Washington U. guy."

As I have stated previously, *Waste Paper* is therapy. My psychotherapist, having long since run through his entire collection of obscene ink blots, recommended the regular typing of dirty words as catharsis for a childhood fear of being trapped in a Buick Electra with my nostrils stuffed full of crab salad. That was his fear, not mine. But to humor him, I resort to scatalogical humor, which Calvin Demmon calls "pee-pee ca-ca" humor. So *Waste Paper* is nasty and obscene and low-class. I don't want to publish *Algol*.

So put the kiddies to bed, folks. If you can't dig this, use it as kindling for the Yule Log. Or, as Woody Allen sez, "Eternal nothingness is OK, as long as you're dressed for it."

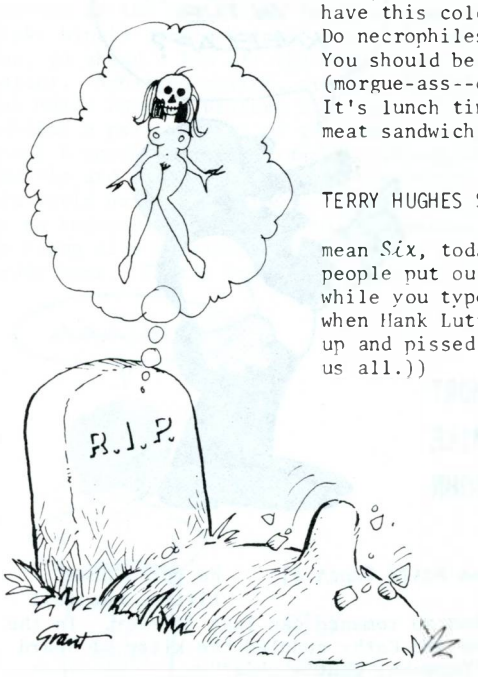
EXCERPT FROM A CARTOON REPORT [from *Waste Paper* 7] *Penthouse*, as many of the male chauvinistic readers of *Waste Paper* will recall, is the high-class glossy tit mag which first introduced pubic hair to the American public. Within a month after this breakthrough, other magazines followed suit, including *Playboy* and *Cavalier* and the other raunchy magazines, like *Nugget, Duke, Jaguar, Sir, Cavalcade, Dapper, Gem, Mr., Modern Man, Stud, Fling*, etc.

Someday I'm going to launch a string of tit mags of my own, with titles like *Box*, *Nipple*, *Snatch*, *Cosmic Crotch*, *Stretch Mark*, *Meat Garden*, and *Pig*. At least I believe in honesty.

NECRO-FILE [from *Waste Paper 7*] Bob Vardeman, fandom's fourth-finest fan writer, wrote me a letter. Here's what he has to say to fandom's fourth-finest fan artist: "Necrophile fandom? Got time for a couple of cold ones, Grant? I tried that once, but my partner was just dead on her feet afterwards. One must adopt a very grave aspect when discussing such things, of course. I'd really like to join you, but I have this cold, see, and I'm sneezin' and coffin a lot. Do necrophiles get tomb-stoned? ((These puns are murder. You should be mort-ified. You're giving me more gas (morgue-ass--ooooohhhh, that's reaching). Enough of this. It's lunch time. Cathy has fixed me--of course--a cold meat sandwich. Ugh.))

TERRY HUGHES SEZ [from *Waste Paper 7*] "I got *Waste Paper Sex*, I mean *Six*, today and I found a crab on it. What kind of people put out this trash? Having a cat sit on your lap while you type is the least of your worries. One time when Hank Luttrell was typing away, his tomcat sauntered up and pissed on his leg." ((And let that be a lesson to us all.))

Grant Canfield



NECRO-FILE BOB VARDEMAN

TYPICAL NAKED LADY

FOUR POEMS

A PROPHET

A prophet appeared
on Central Avenue
and began proclaiming
that Utopia
was not
to be found
in the
distant future,
but here
-- now --
if people would
only realize it.
A crowd gathered
and soon people
began stoning
the stranger.
No one
seemed to notice
that the children
were taking notes.

AFTER THE INVASION

Half way up the hill
we found a stand
of trees,
the only shady spot in miles.
We stopped to rest,
glad for the chance
to take
the unaccustomed rifles
from our backs.
Someone cursed
and pointed.
From here we could see
the whole valley:
the town, the river
and beyond
to where the tiny
black uniformed figures
were unloading
their gigantic spaceships
upon our land.

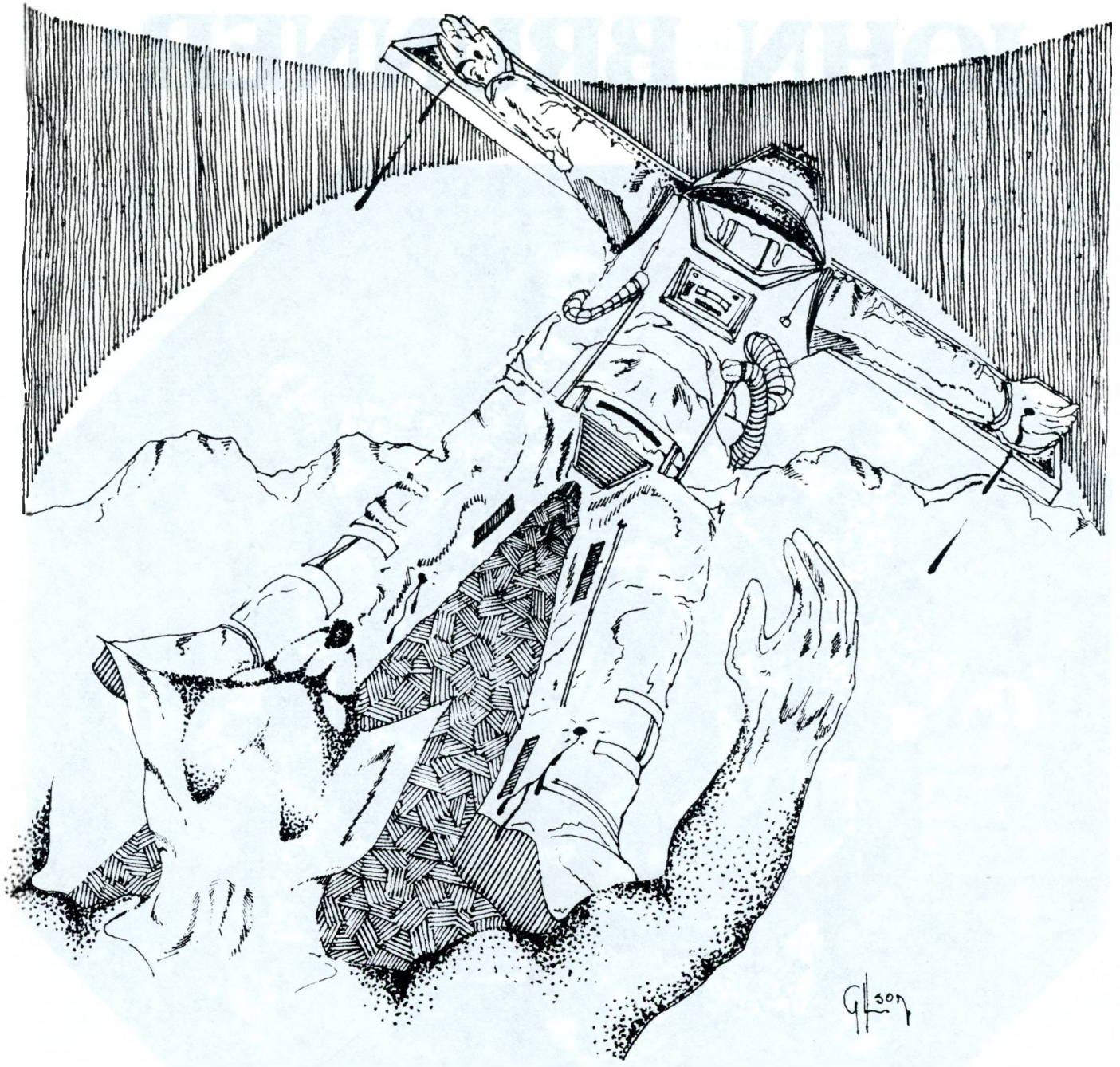
KEEP AN EYE ON SATURN, TOO

"At one time,"
the Vietnamese farmer
told me,
"this field was
the scene of
a large battle
between your people
and mine.
But that was
almost a century ago
and now that
we have a stable
world government
such incidents
are no longer
allowed to happen.
Our concern now, of course,
is keeping
the Martians
in their place."

HEIR APPARENT

When Adolf Hitler
had ruled the world
for 20 years
and passed on
to his eternal reward,
Sigfried Homheltz
came to power.
"What?" he asked
when he was awakened
to hear the news
of his predecessor's passing,
"I'm ruler of the world?
How dreary. That means
I'll have to give up
playing the horses
just to sit in dull meetings.
Tell them we'll
hold elections
as soon as possible.
Now let me sleep."

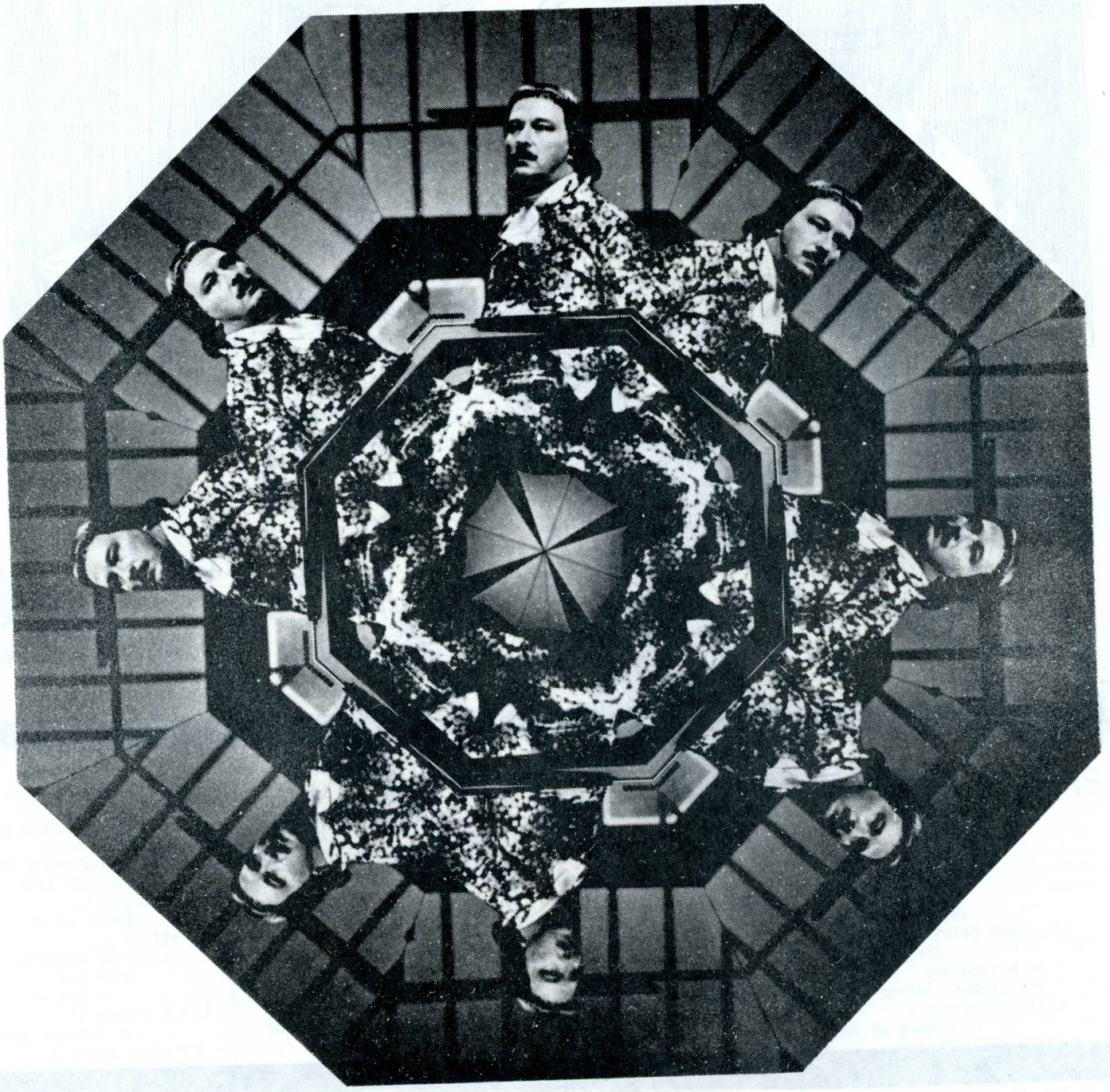
Neal Wilgus



" ... The original idea for the astronaut-crucifixion stemmed from a previously conceived short story concerning the imposition of earthly religion on an alien culture ...and that culture's interpretation of the doctrines to the extent that crucifixion was considered to be an honor and experience symbolic of great ability and strength. ...It was all spurned by the continual barrage of religious fanaticism we apparently are destined to be plagued by ... as long as religion exists. The short story never reached completion out of an inability on my part, but the illo resulted."

Stuart Gilson

JOHN BRUNNER:



the Career

JOE DE BOLT

Origins

JOHN KILIAN HOUSTON BRUNNER was born in Oxfordshire, England, on September 24, 1934, the first child of Anthony and Felicity Brunner.[1] Two sisters followed, but young John, reared in the tradition that a boy's world was different from a girl's, never was very close to them emotionally. Further underscoring this isolation was the socially limiting atmosphere of the Brunner's rural family life. As John Brunner recalls, "My parents had almost literally no friends, never entertained, never held parties and never took me anywhere on holiday." *(The Development of a Science Fiction Writer, p. 7)* It is not surprising, then, that John invented an imaginary playmate when he was about three or four years of age.

Illness, too, marred the whole of his childhood. Not only did John experience the complete repertoire of typical ailments such as whooping cough, mumps, measles, chicken pox, and repeated tonsillitis, he also fell victim to more esoteric and serious diseases. At the age of three he developed dysentery from lettuce that an ignorant gardener had contaminated with raw sewage. Two years later an attack of rheumatic fever went undiagnosed until it was over, followed in a year by an infection stopped just short of the meningeal membrane by one of the new sulfa drugs. As if these weren't enough, there were outbreaks of scarlatina, conjunctivitis, and even cattle ringworm. Despite these occurrences John was anything but a placid child; between bouts with illness, he was always active. But misadventure dogged his explorations, culminating in a fall from a haystack onto a brick threshing floor about his eighth year resulting in a short confinement in a wheelchair.

These disasters have physically marked the adult John Brunner--recurrent digestive trouble from the dysentery, a weak ankle due to the fall, a ringworm scar that dictates, to some extent, how he combs his hair--but their psychological impact on the child may have been of greater significance. The foundations for Brunner's future literary development may have been laid by the nearly continuous illness and isolation of his early years. Children caught in such an environment often turn to fantasy, as John clearly did with his make-believe compánion. Coupled with this was an early passion for reading, a means for further enlarging his imaginative worlds. He was proud of having read completely the unabridged ROBINSON CRUSOE when he was six years old.

It was thereafter, perhaps while recovering from one of his ailments, that the young Brunner discovered a copy of H.G. Wells' WAR OF THE WORLDS in his nursery. The fact that it was a rare first edition owned by his grandfather did not deter the child from sketching on its endpapers his daydreamed fusion of Robinson Crusoe's defense against the cannibals, invading Martians, and the vague "war machine" so much in the news of those World War II days. His fantasy compass had found its north, and, as Brunner has frequently pointed out, this nursery episode was to lead eventually to his life's work--the writing of speculative fiction.

For the next few years John sought out appropriate fodder for his voracious reading appetite. All handy Wells and Verne tumbled into the maw, along with any available pulps, comics, even pop science works--anything that fed the hunger of his imagination--but there was never enough. So, at the age of nine he began his first original story. He soon found that getting "Gloop, the Martian" into trouble was easier than getting him out, and the tale was never finished. The story may have failed, but its young author's resolve had been galvanized: John Brunner would become a writer.

There were two ironic elements in this decision. Writing replaced an earlier childhood ambition, hatched against the background of the Battle of Britain, to be a fighter pilot; Brunner's later military service was to prove the most distasteful experience of his life. Also, his final, firm commitment to writing was unwittingly abetted by his father Anthony, who pointed out the April, 1947, British reprint of *Astounding*, a science fiction magazine, on a Wallingford bookshop counter and said, "that looks like fun"; in hindsight, considering the Brunners' plans for their son, it looked much more like "disaster."

The Brunner family had long been associated with the large chemical company Brunner-Mond Ltd, which had been founded by John's great-grandfather but incorporated in 1927 into the vast conglomerate Imperial Chemical Industries. Although the huge fortunes, and even the titles of nobility, to which the company had given rise were not in John Brunner's branch of the family, it seemed reasonable to expect that any bright young Brunner might find a secure future assured for him in the firm which bore his name. Anthony and Felicity had decided on this course for John and mistook his interest in science for a step in that direction. Following traditional British practice, his own opinions on the matter could be, and probably were, ignored. Once laid, parental plans, buttressed with the appropriate educational institution, formed the mold; the fluid youthful substance need only be poured in and left to cool and harden.

And so, at nine and a half years of age, John was sent off to be appropriately educated in "boys' only" boarding schools, first to a prep school and then to Cheltenham College, to which he was transferred when he was thirteen. It was just as well that he was not interested in pursuing a career in science, for the prep school offered not a single science course outside of elementary nature study. Moreover, at Cheltenham John's "extraordinary ineptitude" in mathematics was pointed out by his senior science master as grounds for keeping his work concentrated in language and letters. Thus, John Brunner, author of scores of science fiction novels and stories, can truthfully say, "I've never had a science lesson in my life." Moreover, although his marks were no problem, he was far from being a tractable student. He describes his relations with his teachers as involving

> *...veiled but genuine mutual hostility. They kept insisting that I read stuff which didn't speak to me. Whereas I was--still am--a voracious reader, I resented having to waste valuable reading time on stuff that was just going to get me through an examination when I wasn't enjoying it, knowing perfectly well that there were things on the library shelves that I would enjoy far more and get considerably more benefit from. This was particularly the case with the so-called classic Victorian novels, things like Hardy's* THE WOODLANDERS, *which I*

[1] Much of the following material on Brunner's life is adapted from *The Development of a Science Fiction Writer*, his major autobiographical statement to date. Additional information was obtained through interviews with Brunner during his visit to Central Michigan University in September, 1973. All non-attributed quotes derive from recordings made at that time.

Excerpted from *An Introduction to John Brunner and His Works which will appear in* The Happening Worlds of John Brunner: Critical Explorations in Science Fiction to be published---Fall of 1975---by Kennikat Press, Port Washington, New York.

had to struggle through very painfully. Hardy simply was not talking to me because his subject matter and his characters were so completely outside my experience. On the other hand, I would read great chunks of Milton for pleasure, he being somewhat unfashionable at that time.

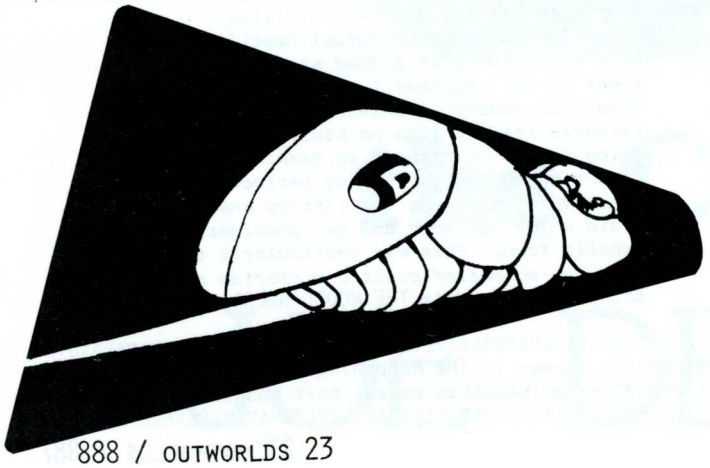
What did speak clearly to him was science fiction, and it told him that he must become a writer. Thus, at thirteen he collected his first rejection slip because the British *Astounding* bought no original material. But just past his seventeenth birthday Brunner made his first paperback novel sale. It was retitled and issued under a house pseudonym by its British publisher, which suited its author very well. The novel's quality was so poor that it remains the only publication which Brunner refuses to acknowledge.

Meanwhile constant pressure was being applied to deflect Brunner from his decision to be a writer. At school housemaster and form-master lectured "on the patent foolishness of such an ambition, warned of the insecurity I would risk and of the utter improbability of my ever making a living that way" *(DSFW, p. 6)*. Similar objections came from home. Actually, such concerns were not entirely unwarranted; both teachers and parents most likely had vivid memories of the Depression and the war, events more than catastrophic enough to make them security minded. Certainly the Brunner family was not opposed to having a writer in the family per se. Anthony's mother had written novels and published them at a vanity press, and he himself had a continuing ambition to be a playwright. Rather, John's parents just didn't believe that their son had the talent needed to write professionally and to support himself wholly from that writing.

This mounting dispute over writing, coupled with a general disenchantment with his formal education, forced Brunner out of school. Knowing that the doors of Oxford had been opened for him in the summer of 1951 as the result of a state scholarship must have heightened his awareness of the seriousness of abandoning the academic track. Yet, it was a decision he claims never to have regretted. "I am still discovering that I was told lies or offered half-truths or a distorted version of the facts from start to finish of my schooling" *(DSFW, p. 7)*. However, this is not the course he would recommend for everybody:

> *There is exactly one good reason for dropping out of school if you have the chance of higher education, and that is you honestly believe you can educate yourself better than it is being done for you. But you'll have to prove it, otherwise you may regret it in later life. I've been very lucky; I happen to have that inquiring cast of mind which has enabled me to go on mortaring up the gaps in my formal education right up to the present day--I still haven't finished.*

And so, just past his seventeenth birthday, John Brunner left Cheltenham and purchased his first typewriter with the money earned from the sale of that first novel -- 27 pounds, 10 shillings.



First Efforts

BRUNNER'S FIRST MAJOR BREAK occurred when John Campbell bought the novelette *Thou Good and Faithful* for *Astounding* --then the world's leading science fiction magazine. This was his first American magazine sale. It appeared in the March, 1953, issue as the lead and the cover-illustrated story. "It's one of the few stories whose genesis I recall with absolute clarity. It stemmed from a passing remark in a novel of Clifford Simak's--a retired robot had run off to homestead a planet. And the rest followed in smooth succession" *(Now Then! p. 10)*. *Thou Good and Faithful* still reads well today. In many ways it can be taken as embodying many of the essential thematic elements Brunner would continue to use in his work up to the 1960s and the end of his "Ace period." But a still insecure Brunner, hedging against the possibility that his family's dire predictions about his ability as an author might be true, had the story appear under the name of "John Loxmith", a pseudonym he never used again.

During this same period Brunner made his first American novel sale. Originally entitled *Duel over Argus*, a literal description of the plot, it was retitled *The Wanton of Argus* and printed in TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE ADVENTURE BOOKS (Summer, 1953). A good swashbuckling yarn that blends elements of sword and sorcery with science fiction, it was to appear again in 1963 as THE SPACE TIME JUGGLER. Writing speculative literature requires boundless imagination, but it is somewhat more finite as a business; so the fact that this first American purchase of a Brunner novel was made by Malcolm Reiss, the man who was to become Brunner's American agent a score of years later, even though a coincidence, was not a great one.

Likewise, it is not surprising to find members of the same family with similar names. The young science fiction author John K. H. Brunner was confronted with a cousin five years his senior named John H. K. Brunner. Moreover, this older cousin was also a writer, a journalist specializing in economic and trade union affairs, and both Johns moved in similar political circles. To avoid the inevitable confusion. Brunner published several of his science fiction works, including *The Wanton of Argus*, under the name of "Kilian Houston Brunner." But this practice was soon ended when a reader quipped in a letter to one of the magazines in which a "Kilian Houston" story had appeared that if he wrote under such a name, he would expect it to fall on him one day and do some damage. The eventual emigration of the other John Brunner (H. K.) to Western Australia at last solved the problem.

Considering the quality of these early, 1953, works, it might seem that Brunner appeared spontaneously as a competent writer. Not so; many other pieces had been written and had failed to sell. Those that saw print were, of course, the best of the lot. This author, like any other, was learning his craft, as evidenced by a growing pile of rejection letters.

There was one letter of acceptance that was far from welcome: Brunner was drafted. Even though he received a commission in the RAF, the young man who as a boy dreamed of being a pilot found his military experience bitter indeed *(DSFW, p. 7)*.

> *My two years of Air Force service were the most futile, empty, and in general wasted period of my life. I was bored by the routine; I was disgusted by the company of professional killers; and I drew from it perhaps only one advantage, a conviction which endures to this day that the military mind constitutes the single greatest handicap under which the human race is condemned to labor, inasmuch as these people without imagination or compassion have been given the power to destroy our species. My detestation of them increases with every passing year, a fact which I suspect could easily be deduced from a study of my writing, as could my distrust of politicians who sacrifice honesty to the exercise of personal power and my loathing of those so-called Christians who bless weapons of war and condone such abominations as the use of atom*

bombs, the napalming of Vietnamese children and the sectarian hatreds afflicting Ulster.

John Brunner the misfit officer fared no better than the earlier obstinate student or incorrigible son. A common denominator is apparent: those institutions or practices which attempted to constrain his will, in effect to own him and channel his actions for the "good" of others rather than for his own self-actualization--either through reward or punishment--were all rejected.

As if further to emphasize his repudiation of the "establishment," Brunner refused a second university scholarship in the winter of 1953. While at recruit training camp, he had received a letter from an uncle offering Imperial Chemical Industries support provided he study those subjects chosen for him by the company. "I was heartily sick of being told what I ought to learn. I had a sneaking suspicion that there were other and more important things from which my attention was meant to be diverted" *(DSFW, p. 7)*. In a strange freak of historic time, Brunner found himself facing the same set of existential dilemmas that American youth would come to know so well. Given the place and times, his own responses were no so different from what theirs would be a decade later.

The Siamese-twin themes of the destruction of one's will and the corrupting power of affluence are woven throughout Brunner's works and probably reach their clearest and most powerful statement in THE DEVIL'S WORK (1970). But in the early 1950s they were issues to be faced and solved by a young and very inexperienced, aspiring writer. A few more sales added courage, and Brunner left his Berkshire home for London in 1955 to begin a career as a freelance writer. "I was damn well going to prove that I was right and they were wrong--and I did." But not immediately.

He earned 4 pounds a week, spent half of it for rent, and ate potatoes frequently. The Nova Publications, *New Worlds* and *Science Fantasy*, Britain's only nonreprint science fiction magazines at the time, were his major market, but their rate was only two guineas per thousand words--about one-sixth of American pay. In an attempt to grind out a living at those rates, he placed multiple stories in many issues, hitting a high of three in the February, 1956, *Science Fantasy*. Nova editor Ted Carnell, facing great difficulty in filling his magazines, invented the names "Keith Woodcott" and, once, "Trevor Staines" for Brunner in an attempt to maintain the illusion of variety on his contents pages.

Not only was Brunner going broke, but the sharpening of his writing skills was difficult under such a load. This condition troubled him increasingly and even appeared to preoccupy him as time went on. Even so, he turned out good stories. *Fair* (1956) is probably the most noteworthy, combining a vision of Cold War anxiety and international idealism with personally innovative and, for science fiction, "avant-garde" writing techniques. Just as a mindless, automatic conveyor belt running in circles tries to toss off the story's protagonist, so the freelance treadmill, requiring Brunner to run ever faster just to stay aboard, threatened to dislodge the story's author. *Fair* won readers' praises, but that was not enough.

After five months of daily work Brunner was ready to admit that he was wrong; he could not make a living writing, and nothing remained but to creep back to his parents' home with his tail between his legs. Then one morning the phone rang. Christopher Samuel Youd (known to science fiction readers as "John Christopher") was on the line and looking for one of Brunner's acquaintances. Youd's boss at the *Bulletin of Industrial Diamond Applications* was ill, and Youd needed a temporary replacement for himself while he filled in for his boss. The acquaintance wasn't to be found, but John Brunner was. He took the job of technical abstracter and bought six more months of time away from home.

For the first time since he had struck out on his own, his pay was adequate. He learned to use the Patent Office Library, a useful aid for a science fiction author. There was time for writing on weekends and in the evening. Still, being employed by another was not the independence Brunner sought, but the alternative, surrender, was more distasteful than the expediency of this temporary truce. It seemed natural, therefore, when the technical abstracter's position was reassumed by Youd, for Brunner to pick up a second job as "an editorial dogsbody" with Books for Pleasure, one of London's big pop publishing houses.

This could have been the first step toward a career in publishing; after all, it was a field that used literary skills, it offered the potential of security and big money, and Brunner could and did continue to write in his spare time. During 1957 and 1958 several Brunner short stories appeared in both British and American magazines, although their combined number was only half the heavy output of the short freelance period in 1956, Brunner's peak year for short story publications. More importantly, he had sold two novels, *Threshold of Eternity* to *New Worlds* (1957-58) and *Earth Is But a Star* to *Science Fantasy* (1958).

Threshold of Eternity is a complex, van Vogt style story of alien invasion and the unified human solar system's defensive war fought through both time and space. Of very different style is *Earth Is But a Star*, a quest story with strong fantasy elements where the protagonist, Creohan, perceiving the forthcoming destruction of Earth by a rogue star, sets out to find others who love the planet at least enough to mourn its demise. Creohan has little luck in those future times of decadence.

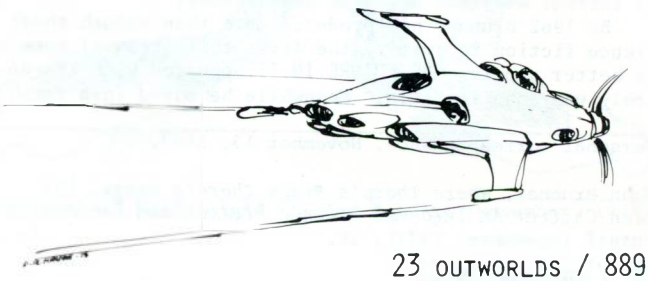
Among Brunner's early novels *Earth Is But a Star* is a particular favorite of mine, and considering its later publishing history, its author must share this sentiment. Ace released it in 1959 as THE HUNDREDTH MILLENNIUM, and again in 1968, after extensive revision and expansion, as CATCH A FALLING STAR. It is the earliest of Brunner's novels to be later revised after initial book publication, a practice Brunner has engaged in eight times to date.

But life was not too enjoyable at Books for Pleasure *(DFSW, p. 8)*:

> *I cannot say that I invested my entire attention in that job; the atmosphere of the company was so whole-heartedly commercial that on one occasion I recall hunting in vain for a copy of a book entitled* PREHISTORIC ANIMALS *in which I'd written elaborate directions to the printers concerning essential corrections--the paintings were marvelous but the text was hopelessly obsolete, so I'd gone to some trouble to revise it for a new edition...and it transpired that it had been sent out by the sales department along with a batch of mint ones. We only got it back because the woman in (I think) Nottingham who had bought it complained about the way it had been scribbled on.*

However, the job did have some advantages: it exposed Brunner to a great many books he hadn't previously known he had an interest in and taught him to read and correct proof to a high standard--both of which were to be future assets, although the proof correcting did drop his reading speed from over one thousand to about three hundred words a minute. But above all, the steady paycheck made it possible for Brunner to remain in London, mix with the science fiction community there, including his own boss, the author John F. Burke, and keep alive his writing ambitions.

It was while Brunner was with Books for Pleasure that he married Marjorie Rosamond Sauer. Having lived together for more than a year, they decided that if it had stuck that long, it was likely to stick indefinitely. The wedding took place on July 12, 1958.



THREE MONTHS LATER, in November, Ace Books bought THRESHOLD OF ETERNITY; this event launched Brunner on a new phase of his career, his Ace period, which would last until the mid-sixties and carry him across the threshold of mature writing. He was in the hospital at the time, having his appendix removed, but after two distasteful years as an editorial assistant, this first American book sale seemed the proper omen. He resigned his job from his hospital bed and returned to freelancing, this time permanently.

The Ace science fiction line, then under the editorship of Donald A. Wollheim, was of particular utility to new writers (*DSFW*, p. 8):

> *I acknowledge as do many SF writers, a debt to the Ace Doubles, where a beginning author like myself could "ride on the back" of a better known personality--I shared sales in my early days with Poul Anderson, A. E. van Vogt, and other famous names--and then in turn serve as a prop to launch further novices. Thanks to this system, I was able to earn my bread-and-butter comfortably by about the age of 25 or 26 [about 1959].*

Further, these paperbacks, printed in lots of nearly a hundred thousand copies, provided the exposure needed to attract a solid readership. As the market shaped the producer, Brunner turned increasingly to longer fiction and wrote twenty novels for Ace between 1958 and 1963. Counting revisions, his total Ace books to date number thirty-five. Another advantage of this system was that novels could first be serialized in magazines and then released in book form, thereby earning more financial return from any given wordage--a general practice among science fiction writers. Finally, Brunner's Ace period provided writing experience needed for further development of his art and craft.

Wollheim, now publisher of DAW books, aptly summarized the significance of these early novels[2]:

> *I only regret that no one seems to be able or have the data to do a real in-depth analysis of Brunner's earlier works, those one might term light space-opera, which I published way back ten, fifteen years ago at Ace Books. Very readable, very enjoyable; in those books too, though written rapidly for a quick turnover, you would find elements of all of Brunner's social themes and crusading attitudes. In spite of light plot movement, those earlier novels carried their morals structured into the texts.*

Freelance writing was still far from lucrative for the Brunners, and Marjorie continued to work for the first few years after that November Rubicon. Her salary, plus the slightly greater amount earned by John through constant writing, produced earnings in 1958-59 of 2,400 pounds.[3] Thus, not for the first time, nor for the last, did Brunner find himself required to be enormously prolific out of economic necessity.

In addition to the Ace novels Brunner began to sell stories to all the major American science fiction magazine markets in this period. Having already appeared in *Astounding*, he made his first sale to *Galaxy* with *Silence* (1959); 1962 found him in the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* with the widely reprinted *Such Stuff*, followed by *Protect Me from My Friends*. *Singleminded* (1963) marked Brunner's debut in *If*, and the inclusion in 1964 of a novel in *Amazing*, *Bridge to Asrael*, and a short story in *Fantastic*, *An Elixir for the Emperor*, rounded out his initial American magazine appearances.

By 1962 Brunner had produced more than enough short science fiction to justify the first collection of some of his better stories: NO FUTURE IN IT appeared with its entirely unprophetic title. Meanwhile he moved into fresh areas of writing: THE BRINK (1959) stands as a solitary outpost of his ventures into contemporary fiction until 1964, when THE CRUTCH OF MEMORY appeared. In 1960 *The Gaudy Shadows*, a mystery story with science fiction overtones, was printed in *Science Fantasy*, the same magazine which carried the fantasy story *Father of Lies* in 1962. However, such excursions merely foreshadowed the diversity that awaited Brunner in the late 1960s and early 1970s.

Amidst all the quantity of Brunner's Ace period, and building upon such previously successful works as *Puzzle for Spacemen* (1955), *Fair* (1956), *Two by Two* (1956), and *Substitute God* (1958), a substantial body of quality science fiction began to develop. First major honors went to the mock-serious *Report on the Nature of the Lunar Surface* (1960), which won a slot in Judith Merril's SIXTH ANNUAL EDITION, THE YEAR'S BEST SF anthology and remains Brunner's most reprinted story. Other works that received recognition include *Badman* (1960), *The Analysts* (1961), *Father of Lies* (1962), *Protect Me from My Friends* (1962), *A Better Mousetrap* (1963), *Singleminded* (1963), *See What I Mean!* (1964), *Coincidence Day* (1965), *Nobody Axed You* (1965), *Speech Is Silver* (1965), and *Wasted on the Young* (1965). Four other stories from this period deserve special mention: *Some Lapse of Time* (1963) was dramatized on the BBC series *Out of the Unknown*, as was *The Last Lonely Man* (1964). This latter work, included in both Judith Merril's and Wollheim and Carr's year's best anthologies, along with *Such Stuff* (1962) and *The Totally Rich* (1963), probably constitutes Brunner's best short fiction published between 1958 and 1966.

A second important group of works from this period consists of story series that were later developed into novels. The earliest and most successful of these was the WHOLE MAN series, consisting of two stories, *The City of the Tiger* and *The Whole Man* (American title *Curative Telepath*), which were published in 1959. The following year *Imprint of Chaos* appeared, the initial episode in the TRAVELER IN BLACK series; although the remaining three stories did not see print until after the end of Brunner's Ace Period, the origins of this excellent fantasy are certainly here. The third and final story series, involving *The Society of Time*, ran throughout 1962 and consisted of *Spoil of Yesterday*, *The Word Not Written*, and *The Fullness of Time*; they were collected that same year as TIMES WITHOUT NUMBER.

These superior works of short fiction stand in sharp contrast to the many undistinguished novels from the same period, especially THE SUPER BARBARIANS (1962), THE SKYNAPPERS (1960), and ECHO IN THE SKULL (1959), although the latter has been substantially improved in a recent enlarged version, GIVE WARNING TO THE WORLD (1974). However, one cannot conclude from this that Brunner, best known today for his novels, was not then producing superior works of larger form; there are three good reasons for this conclusion--THE SQUARES OF THE CITY, MANALIVE (unpublished), and THE WHOLE MAN. SOTC was finished in May, 1960, but not published until 1965. It was his longest and most ambitious novel at the time, and remained so among his published works until STAND ON ZANZIBAR in 1968. As one of his best and most popularly received works in the field of science fiction, SOTC's failure to appear in the early 1960s marked the most serious setback in Brunner's entire career as a writer. Major recognition in the field of speculative literature was unnecessarily delayed for five years. It was my reading of SOTC when it finally did appear, with its contemporary setting in an underdeveloped nation's ultramodern capital and its writing disciplined by the moves of a classic chess game, that first fixed Brunner in my mind as a major science fiction author.

The second major contribution to Brunner's development as a novelist during this period was a setback as well, perhaps an even more serious one. After years of involvement in the British nuclear disarmament movement, Brunner summed up his experience in a massive mainstream novel, MANALIVE. His London agent thought it the best novel of his he had yet read, and Brunner himself considered it "far and away the best thing I'd done" up to that time. Unfortunately, it was "sat on from springtime to November by a famous left-wing publisher in the year

[2] Personal correspondence, November 13, 1973.

[3] John Brunner, *Where There's Brass There's Brass, The Alien Critic: An Informal Science Fiction and Fantasy Journal* (November, 1973), 19.

before the last Aldermaston March," and "the Society of Authors did not get [it] back for me until after its topicality had been destroyed forever."[4] Perhaps an appearance of MANALIVE at the height of international concern over nuclear war would have established Brunner as an economically successful author years earlier, allowing him to polish his work and pick his projects, and would have facilitated an early escape from the ghetto in which science fiction was trapped in those days. He now claims that MANALIVE will never see print.

Throughout his Ace period Brunner continued to work at improving his writing. From his very first sales it was never enough to be merely a writer; he must be the very best writer he could become.[5]

> *I was always conscious [Brunner wrote in 1971] that even the items I was proudest of in those days were nothing more than practice for what I hoped eventually to write . . . what, to be exact, I had already shown I could write in the form of books like* THE SQUARES OF THE CITY *and* MANALIVE. . . . *At least, however, I was getting paid for these quickies, saving like fury to buy myself enough time to tackle major projects on the grand scale.*

Brunner's continuing concern with craft is well illustrated by the development of TWM. Originally conceived in 1958 as a formula for the infinite production of sword-and-sorcery adventures, all set in the mind of a physically deformed telepathic psychiatrist seeking to escape his corporal limitations, the central character, Gerald Howson, became a source of fascination for Brunner. Rather than continuing the series after its first installment as originally planned, the author decided to write Howson's biography instead, and it, combined with the preceding story and a great deal of additional material, became the final book. Thus, a routine adventure series was converted into a study of the character of a crippled but still very human person, who carried his deformity within as well as without. Brunner's involvement with Howson led him to further his concern for character development, a fact displayed in the works following TWM. Meanwhile readers were treated to one of the more sensitive and developed portrayals of character to come out of science fiction in the early 1960s.

This quest for excellence was surely stimulated by the London scene in which the Brunners were deeply involved. Perhaps the most basic of these activities was their role in educating the public to the dangers of nuclear war. The late 1950s and early 1960s found both John and Marjorie Brunner activists in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. His talents as writer and musician led to his composing *The H-Bombs' Thunder* (recorded as Selection JEP 3003), which was dubbed "the national anthem of the British peace movement." Both Brunners pooled their skills to prepare a four-language version of the CND exhibition No Place to Hide and took it on the road to Sweden, Denmark, West Germany, Switzerland, France, Belgium, and Holland. This trip left its mark *(About John Brunner)*:

> *Living night an day with images of horror and destruction stamped permanently on my mind the truth that we inhabit a planet too small to be further shrunk by nationalism, intolerance and prejudice. Those of my future worlds which are not dystopias, "awful warning stories," tend to be unified and pacified--less from wishful thinking than because, writing mainly about the future, I have a vested interest in there being a future for me to write about.*

In 1962 Brunner journeyed to Russia as a CND observer at the Moscow Peace Congress, where he met Yuri Gagarian, the first man in space. "Now that was an awfully nice guy." Back in London the Brunners were on the Russian embassy's guest list and attended parties there; but it wasn't long before Brunner wore out his welcome by getting arrested and fined for sitting-in outside the embassy in protest against Russia's explosion of the 100-megaton bomb. After that they were not invited back. "A shame really--they used to serve beautiful vodka."

The year of his Russian trip Brunner wrote of himself: "I play guitar, recorder and other instruments rather badly. Am a folknik. Have been described as 'the most socially conscious of British science fiction writers.' Suits me."[6] Brunner had known a number of outstanding jazz musicians when he first moved to London. Later he and Marjorie became involved with the London folksong scene, and performers such as members of the Ian Campbell group would gather at their house after closing time and sing and play for hours. Other house guests included Mbiyu Koinage, spokesman for African nationalist Jomo Kenyatta. And then there were conversations with double Nobel Prize winner Linus Pauling, whom they had first met in Stockholm when he had opened the *No Place to Hide* exhibit in July, 1959, and Paul Robeson, another guest at the Russian embassy parties. For vacations the Brunners toured Britain and the continent in their current sportscar. Above all, there were the monthly meetings at the Globe pub of the London SF Circle, a twenty-one-year-long tradition. (Meetings presently continue on the first Thursday of each month at the One Tun, following the Globe's recent demolition.) Besides the regular British crowd of Arthur C. Clarke, William F. Temple, Walter Gillings, E. C. Tubb, and others, visiting American writers frequently dropped in. Such communication, and subsequent cooperation, is prevalent among science fiction writers, perhaps more so than with any other category of authors. Such interaction must have served both as a stimulus and information source for the maturing Brunner.

[4] John Brunner, preface to *Fair*, SF: AUTHORS' CHOICE 4, ed. Harry Harrison (New York: G.P. Putnum's Sons, 1974), p. 19.

[5] John Brunner, published letter, *Tomorrow And...* Number Seven (no month, 1971), 12.

[6] *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* (November, 1972), p. 61.

NINETEEN SIXTY-FOUR marked the end of Brunner's Ace period; the tenative freelancer had become the established pro. Publication of Brunner's major works began that year, starting with TWM which was nominated for the Hugo (the Science Fiction Achievement Award), a new high point in his career. Riding the book's success wave, a more economically secure Brunner made his first visit to the United States, long since the major market for his writings.

The upswing accelerated in 1965; Ballantine finally bought THE SQUARES OF THE CITY ("for what I thought then and still do think was a derisory advance, lower than I was by then receiving for routine SF novels," *DSFW, p. 9*), and it, too, was nominated for the Hugo and ran second in the voting. "It was a great success" *(DSFW, p. 9.)*

Seven other novels were published that year, including the mystery adventure WEAR THE BUTCHER'S MEDAL, along with a collection of novelettes, NOW THEN! and twelve magazine appearances. This output, plus a decade of accumulated work, was making an impact on the consciousness of the science fiction field. In September, 1965, Judith Merril included John Brunner with J. G. Ballard and Brian Aldiss as the "stimulus center for the rather more subjective, perhaps more thoughtful, certainly more literary, direction of British s-f in the mid-sixties." She went on to say, "Of the three, Brunner is probably the most conservative in terms of literary technique and adherence to the 'science fiction conventions.'"[7] Within three years Brunner would completely invalidate this observation.

It was for his general record that Brunner received the first British Fantasy Award, presented by the British Science Fiction Association, on Easter, 1966. But this was also a time to strike out in new directions as well as be honored for past accomplishments. Brunner spent four weeks in the United States, traveling from coast to coast, his longest visit to date. The sights of the tumultuous mid-1960s filled his mind with visions first exorcised in a series of poems, his first major venture into that form, and later in the festering society of SOZ. Meanwhile a wedding of contemporary and speculative fiction was being arranged by Brunner in *The Productions of Time* and their honeymoon suite prepared in QUICKSAND.

It was an era of optimism; great works were being planned, new economic decisions made. Brunner Fact & Fiction Ltd was founded, with codirector Marjorie as the business side. She became responsible for keeping accounts, the filing and analysis of contracts, and the general implementation of the small family business. Formed to administer John's copyrights, the company provides future economic protection of the Brunner estate, present-day tax advantages, and lots of room for expansion.

The optimistic, even romantic, tone rings clearly in Harlan Ellison's DANGEROUS VISIONS where Brunner has himself described as living in Hampstead, driving a Daimler V-8 convertible (successor to a Jensen), having previously visited fourteen countries, and cherishing the ambition of building a villa in Greece to escape the wet English winters. The villa dream was given up when the Greek military took power. Perhaps Brunner took his revenge in GOOD MEN DO NOTHING (1970), a novel that attacks the police state that developed under the Greek colonels.

Final remnants of the past appeared in a third collection, OUT OF MY MIND (1967), the mention of A PLANET OF YOUR OWN (originally *The Long Way to Earth*, 1966) and THE PRODUCTIONS OF TIME (1966) in the first Nebula (Science Fiction Writers of America Award) ballot for 1967, and Brunner's appearance as guest of honor at the British Science Fiction Convention in Bristol. But his career was about to reach a third plateau of achievement, one that would make his past efforts pale. STAND ON ZANZIBAR had been wrapped and mailed to Doubleday on February 5, 1967, and this blockbuster of a book, filled with almost a quarter of a million words, was ready to be tossed into the lap of the unsuspecting science fiction community.

Bringing forth a major classic in speculative literature wasn't easy. In fact, John had faced the toughest writing task of his career.[8] For two or three years he had been thinking about a story set in a world of enforced eugenics legislation, but postponed it time and again under the pressure of producing simpler and faster-income-generating works. Meanwhile a mound of clippings from *New Society* and *New Scientist* accumulated on subjects such as population pressure, urban violence, cell structure, genetics, and new drugs. Given this mountain of data, a second obstacle became apparent--the manner of presentation. How does one go about creating a convincing world with all its supporting elements in which a story of technogenetic breakthrough could be laid?

The convergence of two events in 1965 and 1966 made SOZ a reality. The first was a contract obtained by Brunner's London agent from a British paperback company for two books. Brunner thought, "Now's my chance to write as well as I know how!" His ideas for the two books were accepted, and all of 1966 and early 1967 were occupied by their writing.

The first was QUICKSAND (1967), a fine book in its own right and one of Brunner's best. Was Urchin, the young girl discovered naked in a woods after battling a would-be attacker, simply psychotic or was she a visitor from another time? Rich in characterization, this novel represents Brunner's most successful effort at fusing contemporary and science fiction story elements in a single narrative. Unfortunately, it was practically buried in the SOZ landslide the following year.

Now that time was available in plenty, the problem of form was just as neatly solved. During the farewell party at the British equivalent of the Milford SF Writers' Conference, Brunner had an insight. Why bother inventing a technique for the creation of new worlds--a difficult task at best--when an already existing one, from outside science fiction, could be easily borrowed? After all, Brunner reasoned, many writers had portrayed worlds changed by new technology, political turmoil, and war. Hemingway and Vance Bourjaily came to mind--and especially Dos Passos. The model existed. Add it to McLuhan's observations of the impact of media and the informational milieu of the twentieth century, and it all came together.

The actual writing of SOZ took five full months. The pile of clippings was ignored--Brunner's flypaper memory had already stored the information away where his subconscious had had a good two years to work on it. Breaking with his usual working methods, he filled sixty pages of a school exercise book with notes and began typing. The words formed a torrent.

> *I got to the 120,000 word mark which was the length specified in the contract, and I realized I'd only said about half what I wanted to say, so in a big panic I got on the phone to my, then, London agent and explained the problem and he said, "Oh, not to worry. I was talking to Anthony Blond, the London publisher, and he said his novels sell on the basis of weight regardless of quality," so I went ahead and finished the book.*

In December, 1969, nearly two years after finishing SOZ, a still awed Brunner recalled that creative experience in these words *(The Genesis of* STAND ON ZANZIBAR *and Digressions into the Remainder of its Pentateuch)*:

> *I got high on that book, I walked around six inches off the ground for weeks on end! It was a very tough but also a very rewarding job. And, incidentally, an exhaustive one. I say, deliberately, "exhaustive" rather than "exhausting", because it seems to have drained my entire stock of things I wanted to say about the immediate future (the section in which, as has been rightly said, it behooves us all to be interested because that's where we're going to spend the*

[7] Judith Merril, book review, *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* (January, 1966), 40-41.

[8] For details, see John Brunner, *The Genesis of* STAND ON ZANZIBAR *and Digressions into the Remainder of its Pentateuch*, *Extrapolation* (May, 1970), 34-43.

rest of our lives) to the point where during the past summer I realized with a shock that for the first time since I set up in business as a free-lance writer I had no science fiction awaiting first publication, not even a magazine story.

The euphoria soon ended, and so did the optimism. The publisher that had originally commissioned them, having changed editors, rejected both SOZ and QUICKSAND. Further delay occurred when the publisher sat on QUICKSAND for a longer period of time than it took to write it! Brunner finally "unloaded" both books on Doubleday, to that company's advantage. QUICKSAND outsold every other of the twenty-four science fiction books issued that year by Doubleday, while SOZ, obtained for a mere $1,500 advance, achieved international attention in the field of speculative literature.

But the damage was done. Both books failed to pay their author a full year's income until a long five years later, while their writing had consumed all of John's savings and had bitten into Marjorie's as well. As the accolades started to pour in, a drained Brunner found himself celebrating his greatest triumph by turning out another rush of less satisfactory works. Four earlier novels were revised and published in quick succession: INTO THE SLAVE NEBULA (formerly SLAVERS OF SPACE)(1968); CATCH A FALLING STAR (formerly THE HUNDREDTH MILLENNIUM) (1968); THE AVENGERS OF CARRIG (formerly SECRET AGENT OF TERRA)(1969); TIMES WITHOUT NUMBER (1969). Also, two new light books were written, DOUBLE, DOUBLE (1969) and TIME-SCOOP (1969). Surprisingly, two books of high quality did emerge from this conglomerate, BEDLAM PLANET (1968), Brunner's best space exploration novel, and the intentionally experimental THE JAGGED ORBIT (1969). For a brief while it looked as if the new plateau had become a pinnacle, and a new Ace age lurked on a downhill slope.

But the SOZ explosion had occurred, and the flying pieces could not be put back together again. Reactions began soon after SOZ's September, 1968, appearance. J. B. Post said in *Science Fiction Times*: "Words fail when one has to describe one of the most important, if not *the* most important, pieces of fiction in or out of science fiction, to be published recently."[9] Norman Spinrad in *Science Fiction Review*: "STAND ON ZANZIBAR is a brilliant and dangerous book. Brilliant because with it Brunner has invented a whole new way of writing book-length SF. Dangerous because what he has done looks so damned easy."[10] Judith Merril in the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*:[11]

In a sense, Brunner has written the first true science fiction novel. That is, he has taken a true novel plot, developed it in proper novelistic style, and at the same time extrapolated fully in accordance with all the basic science fiction rules, a future environment whose initial assumptions provide not only the background for the story, but an essential component of its central conflicts.

Professor Dale Mullen put it most strongly: "In my opinion STAND ON ZANZIBAR is the most important work to come out of the science fiction ghetto since it first formed itself in the years following 1926" *(AJB)*. Raves weren't limited to the science fiction audience. In Britain Edmund Cooper wrote in the *Sunday Times*: "Mix a dash of ULYSSES and a splash of BRAVE NEW WORLD into a sprawling television script, then attempt to rewrite some of it as a novel. You might--if you had John Brunner's intensity, imagination and undisciplined creativity--end up with something like STAND ON ZANZIBAR" *(AJB)*. And the Manchester *Evening Times*: "A book that must go into the 'classic' archives of SF" *(AJB)*.

Likewise, in the United States the Dallas *Times-Herald* wisely observed: "A fascinating McLuhan-influenced novel of some considerable merit . . . deserves some literary attention it probably won't get because of its SF label" *(AJB)*. The *Library Journal* described it as "highly recommended for any kind of reader" *(AJB)*.

Later the French were to be even more ecstatic. *Actuel*: "At once twisted like a Borges story, flashy and vivid like the ingeniously frenzied analyses of McLuhan, jerky and baffling like the cut-ups of William Burroughs" *(AJB)*. And *Le Combat*: "Never, perhaps, has science fiction given rise to such a success. This book . . . justifies all by itself the existence of what is becoming less and less a fringe genre" *(AJB)*.

But one can't spend praise; half a year after its publication Brunner had received not a penny outside of the advance for the book. And SOZ's audacity was costing its author in other ways, too. Not everyone found the massive and difficult book to their liking, and the science fiction subculture buzzed with controversy. Charles Platt complained, "Compare the contrived world of STAND ON ZANZIBAR with the horrific vision in William Burroughs' NAKED LUNCH. Everything Brunner talks about Burroughs *feels* in his drugged, terrified guts."[12] Some more traditional critics were also unimpressed; James Blish's first reaction was to call it "a novel of apparatus."[13] Fans complained that it was "laborious," "confusing," "too long," and a burgeoning fight over the value of "new wave" writing in science fiction focused on SOZ. One of the most serious blows was delivered by the influential critic Brian Aldiss, himself an outstanding writer, in an *Oxford Mail* review in which he said, "Still, STAND ON ZANZIBAR is not all dross."[14] A more reasoned summation was offered by Professor Willis McNelly: "It may be a non-novel or an antinovel, it may be the ultimate 'New Worlds' novel, the ULYSSES or FINNEGANS WAKE of the New Wave, but one can hardly be indifferent to it. Indeed, STAND ON ZANZIBAR may be the most important science fiction novel of the last decade. Unfortunately it may also be the most difficult."[15]

Meanwhile the Science Fiction Book Club released SOZ to its members in 1969, Ballantine followed with a paperback edition, and Macdonald and Company brought out a British edition that same year. The awards began. Nineteen sixty-nine saw both Hugo and Nebula nominations, and although SOZ lost the Nebula award to Alexi Panshin's RITE OF PASSAGE, the Twenty-seventh World Science Fiction Convention in St. Louis did award the Hugo for the past year's best novel to John Brunner, the first Englishman to be so honored. He could not, unfortunately, be at the convention, and his trophy was accepted by Gordon Dickson. Although not the equal of Hollywood's Academy Awards in splendor, the Hugos take no back seat in emotional intensity. They are the highest popular honor in speculative literature, a demonstration by the hundreds of fans who vote their preferences.

Spring of 1970 brought the British Science Fiction Award, presented by the British Science Fiction Association at the Royal Hotel in London. Back in the states, Ballantine ran a second printing, followed by a third in 1972 and a fourth in 1973; a British paperback edition finally arrived from Arrow in 1971. SOZ was assured a long run in print, an infrequent situation in the science fiction world of magazines and paperbacks. Meanwhile SOZ began its exposure to non-English audiences with an excellent French translation, TOUS A ZANZIBAR (1972); Swedish and German translations are under way, and Japanese, Portuguese, and Italian rights have been sold. SOZ won its latest award in 1973, the French Prix Apollo. In all, the Zanzibar explosion lasted five years, and its fallout changed John Brunner's career.

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[9]J. B. Post, book review, *Science Fiction Times* (November, 1968), 14.

[10]Norman Spinrad, *New World Coming*, *Science Fiction Review* (January, 1969), 14.

[11]Judith Merril, book review, *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* (February, 1969), 24.

[12]Charles Platt, *New Worlds and After*, *Science Fiction Review* (August, 1969), 18.

[13]James Blish, book review, *Amazing Stories* (September, 1969), 121.

[14]John Brunner, letter to Richard E. Geis, May 14, 1970.

[15]Willis E. McNelly, *The Science Fiction Novel in 1968*, NEBULA AWARD STORIES FOUR, ed. Poul Anderson (Pocket Books, 1971), xv-xvi.

SOZ HAD NOT BROUGHT WEALTH, but it did lead to a new plateau in Brunner's career; it earned him a major reputation in the field, and the critical response to it further sharpened his literary sensibilities and increased his discontent. Following the writing of SOZ Brunner began a period of expansion, setting new and increasingly difficult goals for himself. His restiveness with the narrowness of the science fiction field increased, pulled by his long-standing drive for excellence and pushed by economic necessity. It was not that a totally new Brunner emerged; rather, previously existing tendencies were strengthened. What once had been itching now began to burn.[16]

> *But...God damn it, andy offutt is so right when he says that in out 'millpond' even a biggie doesn't give the author the chance to spend a year on a single book. I wish to heaven it did; I have things simmering in my mind that could be tremendous--I'm sure of it--if only I could devote sufficient time to them.*
>
> *I am seriously thinking of quitting sf altogether. Can you blame me?*

Writing a masterpiece at the age of thirty-two can leave one feeling empty, particularly if the financial rewards are not commensurate. In 1968 Brunner sought a teaching post in the United States, especially in the San Francisco Bay area. He didn't find one. The following year he went to Hollywood and acquired an agent, hoping to find film markets for his work; unfortunately, this didn't work out either.

Meantime there were the frontiers of speculative literature to be widened, an interest of Brunner's for the past several years and one which he had begun to carry out in THE PRODUCTIONS OF TIME and QUICKSAND, where conventional fiction was infused with science fiction elements. His next effort in this direction had been SOZ, which brought mainstream experimental fiction forms to a science fiction story. But neither attempts were the breakthrough to a mode of expression unique to science fiction. Could Brunner be the one to do it? In the fall of 1969 he thought this way:[17]

> *I would, naturally, like to be the through-breaker myself--but my problem is the opposite: I write, and always have written, too much to achieve the lapidary precision the task will clearly call for. If I ever achieve anything spectacularly personal, it will be on the level of that superlative drawing of Picasso's, dashed off in a few minutes on the wall of a landing...*
>
> *I don't mean I'll be a Picasso, baby. I mean it'll be a unitary thing. I'm not an original on the grand scale; I'm a synthesist and a dilettante, and I recombine borrowed elements into a new pattern, rather than inventing per se. I may, though, just possibly, come up one day with a brand-new idea...*
>
> *Wish me luck.*

That winter he carried this theme further in his talk to the science fiction seminar at the Modern Languages Association meetings in Denver. Consider that scene: the thirty-five year old Brunner receiving the full attention of a body of scholars devoting that segment of their professional meeting entirely to one book, STAND ON ZANZIBAR. Brunner gets nervous just speaking before students; he must have been nearly petrified before that audience. But there he stood, urbane as ever, though fortified by a few drinks and tranquilized by chain-smoked cigarettes (an overindulgence characteristic of his trips, so it's little wonder he frequently returns home with throat and respiratory problems). At that time he wore his brown hair to the base of his neck, combed straight back, with the ends forming small curls. This emphasized his hawk-beaked nose and bushy goatee worn at chin point and down the throat. With a medium stature, not an imposing figure. Still, the polished speech would be delivered clearly in a slightly hoarse announcer's voice with a clipped British accent, augmented with frequent digressions and enlivened with sophisticated humor. There's a bit of a Barrymore in this Brunner.

In the talk itself he spoke of accepting the increased challenge involved in writing closer to the present (*GSOZ, p. 40*):

> *. . . I have found that writing about the arbitrarily far future is too damned easy. I said before that I'm a fluent writer, and my chief danger is of becoming glib. It's facile to jump a million years ahead and talk about planets as though they were small towns which one could travel between as if by Greyhound.*
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> ∞ ∞ ∞
>
> *The closer one comes to the present, the more one's material is conditioned by--what can one say?--honesty, perhaps: by the evidence of one's own reason, which is forever struggling (without much success) to make sense of the forces busy altering our environment. The more intractable the material is thereby rendered, the more satisfying is the sense of achievement when one finally has it licked into shape.*
>
> *Therefore, the real challenge for the sf writer is to do precisely what Judy Merril calls projecting the mores and emotional responses of realistic human beings into a realistically different environment. It's very difficult, because to introduce that degree of reality into what is by definition a work of fantasy involves a paradox.*

These statements in 1969 provide the groundwork for Brunner's next major accomplishments in speculative literature.

Beginning with SOZ, Brunner's science fiction has been dominated by the dystopia, or "awful warning" story. This resulted in part from a growing desire on Brunner's part to interpret in fictional form some of his personal opinions. THE JAGGED ORBIT (1969) attempted to do this by examining the institutionalized paranoia present in Western society. The separation of person from person, and therefore race from race, resulted in violence and decay. Likewise the dystopian element is strong in the less successful THE WRONG END OF TIME (1971), where fortress America is locked into a rigid and dangerous "soft" fascism. But THE SHEEP LOOK UP (1972) is the latest, and best, of Brunner's dystopian novels. In it Brunner assumed, fairly accurately, that "ecology" would be just a passing fad, an outcome assured by public apathy, private greed, and governmental stupidity. The resulting unconstrained environmental destruction grows to irreversible proportions.

While Brunner's production of nonnovel fiction remained low, several stories of merit were published in this post-Zanzibar period. Among the best are *The Vitanuls* (1967), *Judas* (1967), *Factsheet Six* (1968), *Out of Mindshot* (1970), *Dread Empire* (1971), *The Inception of the Epoch of Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid* (1971), and *Easy Way Out* (1971), this last story being included in Frederick Pohl's BEST SCIENCE FICTION FOR 1972. With the exception of the fantasy *Dread Empire*, all these stories contain some strong dystopian, or at least socially critical, elements. Themes include consumer fraud, overpopulation, technological domination, and opposition to the Vietnam War. Even *Easy Way Out*, set in the distant future and involving two survivors of a spaceship crash on an uninhabited planet, takes swings at the spoiled super-rich and at mankind's willingness to welcome a pleasant illusion rather htan face a distasteful reality.

Race came center stage in 1969 not only in TJO but in a series of spy thrillers as well. Brunner invented Max Curfew, a Jamaican black, and suspended him between East and West, oppression and freedom. BLACKLASH (1969; British title, A PLAGUE ON BOTH YOUR CAUSES) was followed by GOOD MEN DO NOTHING (1970) and HONKY IN THE WOODPILE (1971). Another novel, combining contemporary fiction, the occult, and race appeared in 1969; BLACK IS THE COLOR (an expansion

[16] John Brunner, published letter, *Tomorrow And... op. cit.*

[17] John Brunner, letter to Richard E. Geis, August 6, 1969.

of *This Rough Magic*) involved race relations in Britain and featured one of the most explicit sexual scenes in Brunner's work up to that time.

Climaxing his most extensive foray into contemporary fiction is THE DEVIL'S WORK (1970), not one of Brunner's better-known novels, but worth taking very seriously. In it he undertook a major exploration of the nature of evil, using elements from his personal experience and many of the writing techniques pioneered in SOZ. In 1970, the year of THE DEVIL'S WORK and GOOD MEN DO NOTHING, Brunner published *no* science fiction novels, the first time since 1956, and only about a half dozen shorter pieces. He might almost have left science fiction altogether.

He turned increasingly to poetry in 1970 and 1971 with the publication of LIFE IN AN EXPLOSION FORMING PRESS and TRIP, which contained the poems written after his 1966 American visit. He stepped up his reading appearances, which included not only shows in London but a 1970 visit to the Dayton, Ohio, Living Arts Center, where he was to return in 1972 as part of an effort to rescue the Center financially. Besides the poetry readings he made frequent appearances on TV and radio in three languages and at least seven countries.

But the pull of speculative literature was strong. Brunner found time to do a word-by-word critique[18] of a draft of *Aye, and Gomorrah* for Samuel Delany and of Tom Disch's *The Asian Shore*, both of which received critical recognition. He continued his contacts with fandom, to whose amateur magazines he had long volunteered letters, by reviving a column, *Noise Level*, which "memorializes, as they say, an amateur magazine which I, myself, used to publish for the 'Off Trail Magazine Publisher's Association' in Britain. This was one of the things which helped to keep me sane while I was in the Air Force." The column ran in Richard Geis's Hugo winning fanzine *Science Fiction Review*, and the first installment was a lengthy defense of SOZ and TJO and Brunner's ambition to transcend the science fiction ghetto. Later it appeared in Bill and Joan Bowers' graphically excellent *Outworlds*. When Geis founded his new magazine *The Alien Critic*, Brunner returned *Noise Level* to it in November, 1973, where it continues to appear.

The Science Fiction Association was another new area of Brunner's involvement. Founded on October 22, 1970, the Foundation is housed in the Department of Applied Philosophy at the North East London Polytechnic and is dedicated to the study and advancement of science fiction. Arthur C. Clarke is its patron and John Brunner, along with authors James Blish and Kenneth Bulmer, are among its vice presidents. The first issue of its journal *Foundation: The Review of Science Fiction* contained an autobiographical sketch of Brunner; and subsequently his work has appeared in its pages many times.

As one might expect in such a period of stocktaking and housecleaning, Brunner changed his American agent in January, 1970. Currently he is represented by Paul R. Reynolds, Inc., in New York and has other agents in London and Hollywood as well. But the end of 1970 seemed to signal the beginning of a more settled time in Brunner's career; the frantic twisting and turning of the post-Zanzibar period was ending and a yet more mature Brunner emerging.

Overlapping this period of personal development and turmoil, and continuing to the present, was a series of professional activities, honors, and accomplishments. Brunner was on the go as never before. He was vice chairman of the Committee of the British Science Fiction Convention in 1969, and traveled to Brazil that same year for the first Rio Symposium on Science Fiction, In 1970 TJO received a Nebula nomination in the United States and took the British Science Fiction Award in 1971, giving Brunner two consecutive wins of this honor.

While the TRAVELER IN BLACK final segment *Dread Empire* was receiving a Hugo nomination in 1972, Brunner was off to Trieste as both guest of honor at the First European Science Fiction Congress and as a member of the jury for the annual Science Fiction Film Festival. Then it was to Stockholm as guest of honor at the Seventeenth Scandanavian Science Fiction Convention. Back at home he became chairman of the British Science Fiction Assoication. Busy 1972 also found Brunner as guest writer in residence at the University of Kansas in Lawrence. In Kansas City he addressed the annual meeting of the Cockefair Chair. Then off to Philadelphia November 17-19 as the guest of honor at the Philadelphia Science Fiction Conference.

TSLU received a Nebula nomination the next year, and Brunner returned to the North American continent, first as a featured speaker at the World Science Fiction Convention in Toronto and then as a visiting Scholar of the School of Arts and Sciences, Central Michigan University. It was guest of honor time again in March, 1974, this in Clermont-Ferrand for the first French National Science Fiction Convention. In May Brunner returned again to the United States to participate in "Science Fiction: Fantasy and Fact," a conference at Kean College, New Jersey. At least in terms of the field of speculative literature, John Brunner, the honored celebrity, was clearly a success.

In 1972 the total sale of Brunner books passed the two-and-a-half-million-copies mark. Income for 1971-72 totaled 6000 pounds, of which 1300 pounds came from British sources. The British portion increased to 1600 pounds in 1972-73, but the Brunners still depended on foreign sales for survival.

When he compared his 1973 income in constant pounds with that of his first year of freelance (1958-59), he did find improvement: an annual increase in purchasing power of just under one and a half percent. Also, in 1958 the Brunners were renting half a house. In 1973 they were purchasing a whole one in a nicer district and had only nineteen years of mortgage payments left. Brunner Fact and Fiction Ltd had grown and occupied three rooms, whereas Brunner once worked in half of a bedroom.

But the economic pinch that followed SOZ was soon to repeat itself. The Brunners were rudely surprised by a tax problem: "The highly reputed firm of accountants whom I hired precisely because I know I'm not businesslike amalgamated with another company, and somewhere we got lost in the shuffle." Taxes for 1969, 1970, and 1971 went partly unpaid, and by the time the 1970 and 1971 taxes were sorted out, the 1972 ones were about due, also:[19]

> *I was only able to pay half of it; the rest had to be spread over the next twelve months . . .*
>
> ∞ ∞ ∞
>
> *Curing this financial malaise, however, is involving me in the writing of about three novels I don't want to write; I don't mean they're bad books--on the contrary, Doubleday fell on the first of the three with cries of joy--but I do mean they're superfluous. They're not in any sense an advance on what I've done before, just competent stories competently told, forced on me to make ends meet at a juncture when I have a couple of really ambitious books in mind, now obligatorily postponed until next year, or the year after.*

Once again John Brunner had to fall back on "routine space-opera," as he had in 1960 after the initial rejection of SOTC and again in 1967 after the original QUICKSAND and SOZ contracts were negated. But being the writer he had now become, THE STONE THAT NEVER CAME DOWN (1973), TOTAL ECLIPSE (1974), and WEB OF EVERYWHERE (1974) are a good deal more than the "routine space-opera" of his Ace period.

The Brunner's Hampstead home was another casualty of the new financial squeeze. In 1973 his mortgage rate was raised to eleven and one-quarter percent. "We decided this is *it*, let's sell up and move to the West Country where we can escape the thumbscrews."[20] They moved to South Petherton, Somerset, in early November. The London scene was rather distant, but the Brunners settled in comfortably:[21]

[18] Such critiques were undertaken only because both authors were friends of Brunner, and much admired by him.

[19] John Brunner, *Where There's Brass There's Brass*, p. 18.

[20] John Brunner, personal correspondence, October 15, 1973.

[21] John Brunner, personal correspondence, December 31, 1973.

We have what originally seem to have been the servants' quarters of a house built some 100-odd years ago by a guy who, having made his pile in Australia, shipped home the timber for a house and proceeded to retire in it. The house is not all timber-built--that went into the roof-tree, the floors, the windows, shutters and so on. It's what they call Ham stone, from Hamden Hill, a few miles away to the south. Great stuff once it mellows, and ours is nicely mellowed after a century.

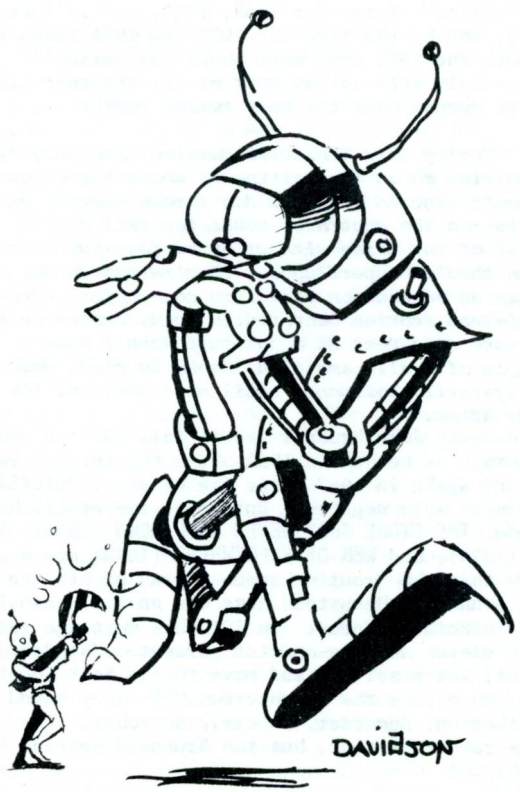
The psychological effects of the economic let-downs were not so easily surmounted.[22]

But the only means I've found to escape from falling behind the explosive rise in the cost of living is one which candidly I don't at all enjoy. I have to shamelessly exploit what's sometimes termed "gall," but in the North of England--where my father was born--is frequently called "brass." That also, incidentally, means "money."

Were it not for the fact that I push myself, hard, into blowing my own trumpet, at the risk of boring people by saying over and over who and what I am, then no matter how excellent my writing I couldn't keep afloat as a freelance. I know this to be true because so many of my colleagues who, in the objective sense, are more talented than I have to depend on external support.

Inevitably, there is resentment: "What I deeply envy in some other writers and haven't acquired is the sense of total financial security needed for me to wrap and mail only--I mean *only*--those items which I truly believe reflect my capability as an author.[23]

Even though accurate, it doesn't help at all when critics observe that he's a very talented writer who is unfortunately caught in the commercial bind and writing four or five times too much stuff for his own good. Talent doesn't spend any better than praise.



[22]John Brunner, *Where There's Brass There's Brass*, p. 19.

[23]John Brunner, personal correspondence, April 22, 1974.

SO WHAT OF BRUNNER TODAY? At forty the same sense of humor is still there, but so is a somberness accentuated by a cool aloofness. The bushy goatee remains, but the hair is now a long page-boy with short bangs edging the high forehead--and perhaps covering a receding hairline. The body is a little more stocky and the bottom buttons of his vest pull tightly. The energy and intensity remain, and the polish, if anything, is even more bright, and there is a tremendous sense of presence--especially during a formal reading when there's just Brunner and the words...

My head's as full of words as a hive of bees,
and they buzz the whole damn time!

He continues to break new ground in his writing. His next major book, THE SHOCKWAVE RIDER, will be released in January, 1975, although it was finished on December 30, 1973. It's large, over 100,000 words, but, as the critics will surely say, not another SOZ. The work grew out of Brunner's concern that society may not be able to adapt to the present rapidly increasing pace of change as described in Alvin Toffler's famous work. "I found FUTURE SHOCK enormously stimulating and provocative, and, almost at once, I could see characters developing logically out of Alvin's suggestions. When I thought about it for a little longer, I discovered that I had the meat of a hell of a strong story." The book should be a success. On April 22, 1974, Alvin and Heidi Toffler drove down from London to lunch with the Brunners. "Al likes THE SHOCKWAVE RIDER and said it was fascinating to see how his ideas were transformed by a different approach."[24] A new collection of his works from DAW, THE BOOK OF BRUNNER (1975), will include, in addition to stories, samples of his original verse, translations, and a number of limericks.

One thing is certain: Brunner is as uncompromising in his principles today as he was as a child defying the career demands of his family and teachers and as a young man acting to prevent nuclear war. This applies to money matters as well: "I would prefer to have a small, but perhaps more sensitive audience and stick absolutely to my principles than to compromise my beliefs for the sake of getting a mass audience." Brunner has held this tenet for some time:[25]

I received, a few years ago, a letter from East Berlin inviting me to submit some of my books for possible publication in the German Democratic Republic--a notion which of course pleased me very much--but also warning me that they would be purged of corrupting and debasing influences. Naturally I wrote back saying I'd be delighted to see my work published in the GDR, but that I was not a purveyor of corrupting and debasing influences and took it as an insult that the guy had assumed I must be.

I heard nothing further, by the way . . .

In 1968, shortly after Martin Luther King's assassination, Brunner founded a memorial literary prize in King's name and he still administers it. He remains on the board of editors of *Sanity*, the journal of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, and on the steering committee of the Family Planning International Campaign, for which he revises and polishes publicity material. From time to time he contributes articles to journals like the *Tribune*, a British weekly with Labour Party ties.

How does Brunner see himself today?[26]

The best way to sum up how I feel about my situation (predicament) as a writer is to quote the title of one of my favorite Child ballads and say, "Lang a-growing!" I have been obliged by

[24]*Ibid.*

[25]John Brunner, *Parallel Worlds*, *Foundation: The Review of Science Fiction* (March, 1973), 7-8.

[26]John Brunner, personal correspondence, April 22, 1974.

force of outside circumstances to attempt--and to my surprise find I could handle--a huge range od styles, themes and formulae I would not a priori have imagined were to my taste. In particular I was astonished and delighted to find that my supreme talent is as a pasticheur, *and that I can put on and take off dozens of literary hats almost at will . . . or at any rate with the reasonable certainity that any which I decide to wear in public will suit me for the purpose I intended.*

But I'm still very much a developing, not a finished writer. Which can't be bad.

Indeed, one of Brunner's major goals is to write a book with which he'll be perfectly satisfied. He believes that it would most likely be in the area of the dramatization of societal problems. For such an effort an economic "breakthrough" would help--perhaps an especially large advance or a film contract; in fact, it is probably a prerequisite if he is to continue *(DSFW, p. 12).*

Does it therefore follow that a science fiction writer with pretensions must inevitably be squeezed out of the field?

I doubt it. On the contrary, my suspicion is that long ago science and its applied counterpart, technology, have so deeply affected our attitudes and our patterns of social behavior that you can't go anywhere and escape them. For a brief while, SF became isolated in what Dr. Dale Mullen has called a "ghetto." But this was an anomaly. There was no wall dividing the readership of THE WAR OF THE WORLDS *from that of* TONO-BUNGAY*; nor that of* THE SIGN OF FOUR *from that of* THE LOST WORLD*; nor that of* BRAVE NEW WORLD *from that of* ANTIC HAY. *Equally today, an admirer of Anthony Burgess accepts without question that this talented author should now and then hit on a science fiction theme and treat it with the same seriousness and conviction as his other novels.*

It makes, in the upshot, no difference from which direction one approaches the central question of our time: will we, or will we not, survive the consequences of our own ingenuity? Both alternatives remain open. Having explored each quite extensively over the past several years, I find I can imagine either coming to pass. So, plainly, can a great many of my colleagues on both sides of the SF fence.

Here we are, then. And tomorrow is another day.

Joe De Bolt

EDITOR'S AFTERWORD:

The preceeding is the first of three sections in Joe De Bolt's introductory chapter to the book he has edited; the remaining two sections--"The Writer" and "The Works"--together approximate the length of this, "The Career" section. The preface to the book is by James Blish; in addition, there are essays by seven others, a concluding essay by Brunner, and an extensive bibliography. It should be quite a book.

The opening photograph will also appear on the dust jacket of the published book. I asked Joe for a credit line--and, being curious, for some data on how the effect was achieved:

> Photo courtesy of *Central Michigan Life*, kaleidoscopic effect by Dave Britten. Dave uses a large kaleidoscope designed in such a way that a photo can be inserted and manipulated at one end, while a camera is mounted at the other. Similar kaleidoscopes have been used in photography before, but Dave's differs in being larger than any others that he or I know of.
>
> By the way, the flashy jacket John is wearing, the same one he wore at the last few worldcon banquets, is of his own design.

I also confessed to not being familiar with the publisher:

> Kennikat is a scholarly press located in Port Washington, New York. It's not a giant of a company, but they had about 125 titles in 1973. They have an extensive reprint line and publish "National University Publications," "Empire State Historical Series" and "Middle Atlantic States Historical Series," as well as distributing for another scholarly publisher, The Dunellen Company. Their chief editor is Cornell Jaray, who is also president of the company, and a fine man he is to work with, indeed.

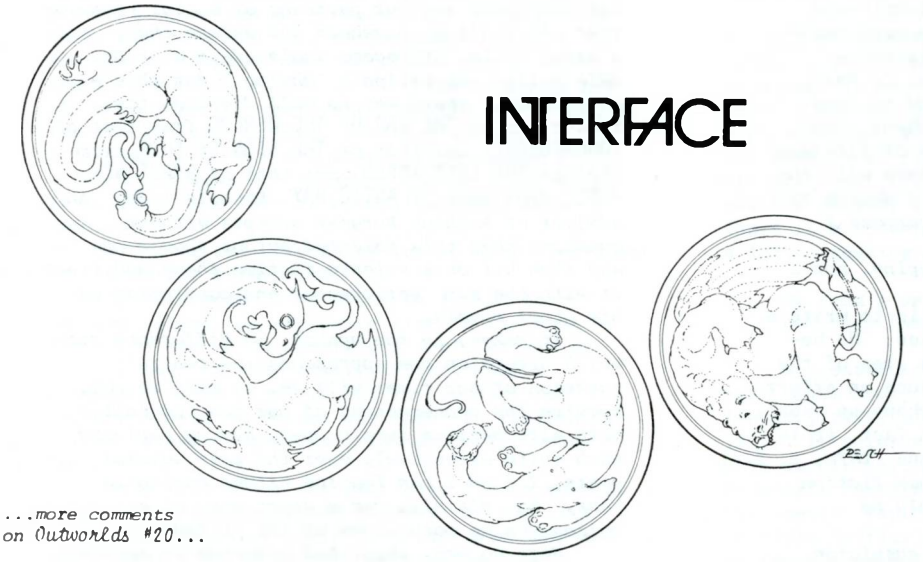
And, for those of you who are curious as to how Bowers landed *this* one: I first met Joe at the 1974 Marcon...and he said some nice things about OW, which not only is nice, but also proves he is obviously a man of Good Taste. Then, in mid-July, he wrote asking about the *Outworlds Noise Level*'s (I'd run two, between the SFR and TAC Geis-ation). And he mentioned the book... So I brashly asked if it might be possible to run an excerpt in OW. Now, logically, if Joe had wanted to get exposure for the book in the fan-press, he might well have gone to one of the more specialized and paying markets, such as TAC or *Algol*...or perhaps one of the more scholarly "fanzines" such as *Extrapolation*. But... and forever what reasons, he replied in mid-August, that he'd "be flattered to have an extract in *Outworlds*, especially after number 20 and Anthony's Lanier piece." At Discon, he told me that the publisher had given his blessing.

Joe has sent me copies of his section, made phone calls, and answered cheerfully the endless stream of questions I end up asking on a "project" of this size. I'm sure (although he's never even indicated such) that both he and the publisher hope that a few more copies of the book will be sold through this appearance. I can't believe that "wrong"; in fact I hope it is the case, if only because it might encourage the publisher to issue similar books on other authors. I suppose I'm somewhat of a SF "groupie", but I enjoy reading about the SF authors almost as much as I enjoy reading the fiction they write; after all, some of "them" are almost as weird as we fans!

If there's a moral to it all, I suppose I should direct it to the one question in Mike Gorra's upcoming Symposium, and to the faneditors who've asked me before: Yes, it does "pay" to ask for material. I don't do it specifically that often, and I've gotten a few "No's"...I do it reluctantly, much prefering unsolicitated material, rather than feeling that I might be imposing. But I'm rather glad I had the nerve to ask this time...

Even my procrastination has paid off this time! In mid-January Joe sent a copy of the "copy-edited" version, which was not only an immense help, but also a valuable lesson in marking up a manuscript for me.

INTERFACE



...more comments on Outworlds #20...

Gene Mierzejewski ... The real crux of my letter ... must deal with Piers Anthony's *The Four Lives of Sterling Lanier* because I feel he was perhaps overly sensitive about its newspaper appearance.

For openers, I'm a reporter on a large weekly newspaper chain so I know for a fact how many papers are run and can extrapolate from circumstances affecting our operation to see conditions at another paper. For such a big newspaper (60-84 pages, 70,000 circulation) we have a small staff--12, to be exact. Every reporter is a jack of all trades here; we edit copy, write headlines, read proofs and assist in actual layout of the stories. Believe it or not, quite a few papers--including dailies--have the same setup, with only the super-huge jobbies with a couple of hundred thousand daily circulation having such "trifles" as copy editors who do no writing and so on (Exception: on small dailies, where much of the copy comes over the wire, there is usually someone whose only chore is to make AP and UPI dispatches printable). Not knowing much about St. Pete, Fla., and being completely ignorant of the *Times*, I can still assume that its operation more resembles ours than the NY *Times*.

As a journalist, I tend to agree with many of the cuts--a newspaper is there to inform its readers as entertainingly as possible, and some of Anthony's copy (I'll call it that since it was for a paper; if it were for another medium, it would be a manuscript, naturally) broke the cardinal rule of the trade--it was unnecessary. The article read better, in fact, after some deletions than it did when unneeded verbiage slowed the narrative.

On the other hand, some of the cuts were amputations, pure and simple. And that's what a reporter learns shortly after his first day on the job: That sometimes when space is tight a story's gonna be butchered even though it's a masterpiece. Advertising space at smaller papers tends to be more important than editorial space, and ads have a habit of streaming in at deadline. Perhaps a late ad had to be squeezed onto a page and the page happened to be the one Anthony's article was on in its entirity. Was the makeup person, with his-her orders for the ad department to find a spot for the piece of tripe, going to say "No, this story's too ggod. Let's cut the ad in size, not the article."? Hell, no, because that person would be canned on the spot. Ads are money, and moola's what makes the world--and 99.99 per cent of the nation's newspapers--go around.

Because such important and interesting details were sliced sliced out of the text, I have to believe it was a last-minute job. Since I'm present when our paper's being made-up, I have some control over the situation, but I've gone into rages when a potentially Pulitzer-Prize winning piece I've written must be chopped up because there's no space. At such times I feel I've been stabbed in the back--even though I do the trimming myself--but my berserker mood passes after I read the story once it's in print. Anthony would have reason for outrage only if a part of the story was published that he didn't think should have been. Using the space-limitation guiderule, Anthony should take one hard look at his article and decide WHERE ELSE was his story to be cut--if it were to appear at all--if not those segments which disappeared?

I will not, however, forgive the *Times* editor for chopping off the final three paragraphs, although even there the chopper may have had an excuse and--to quote some infamous man--"was only following orders." In our paper, there is no such thing as "damn," "hell," "syphilis" and on down the line. Although it is a Neanderthal and puritannical policy, it's the paper's policy, and every reporter must toe the line. Perhaps the *Times* copy cannot use such terms as "pimp" because it's offensive to what the the hierarchy feels are its readers, and so the entire anecdote had to be omitted. So it goes.

My parting word of advice to Piers is to forget newspapers and concentrate on pro- and fan- zines and books, where the satisfaction, as well as the remuneration (except fanzines, of course), is better. Since Lanier is one of my favorite authors, I extend my deep thanks that you, Bill, ran the article in its entirety, redundancies and all. *10/25/74*
[2030 LeBlanc, Lincoln Park, MI 48146]

Rick Stooker You may have already been corrected on this, but in case you haven't...

When he learned that Sol Cohen was considering Ted White for the job of editor, Harry Harrison sent Cohen a letter consisting roughly of these items, in roughly this order:

1. A stream of invective describing Ted in the same general tone and vocabulary he used in that letter in TAC.

2. A smear upon his reputation among the entire fan and professional sf community.

3. The statement that, if Ted were editor, these writers would never submit stories to AMZ or FAN: Harry himself, Brian Aldiss, Barry Malzberg and, I believe, Philip José Farmer. (It's been over eight months since I've seen this letter, and my memory is not photographic.)

4. The statement that, if Ted were editor, Harry would use his influence as Secretary of SFWA to take some kind of action against Ultimate. (He didn't make the threat as an official of SFWA, in SFWA's name, but did use his position as leverage. And at this point in time I can't state for certain whether he threatened action in only a general sense, or whether he used such a specific word as 'boycott'.)

There may be several errors of detail in the above to quibble over (Like I said, my memory is not photographic), but the substance of what I said is true. And, barring actual fanzine publication of the letter (which I doubt Ted will, or should, allow) this is likely to be the best summary you will get.

After receiving this letter (And here the witness is relating hearsay evidence) Sol called Harry up and convinced him not to try to bring SFWA action against Ultimate.

I don't believe that those four items are adequately summed up by the phrase 'certain objections', which Barry Malzberg used in his letter. Evidently he has not seen the letter, and so is honestly mistaken about the degree to which Harry objected to Sol's hiring Ted.

I found most of the 'how to' fanzine articles unintentionally amusing. I've never understood people who take the idea of 'fanzine personality' so seriously. To me, a fanzine is a product of the person who edits it. The outside material he chooses to print is secondary. Thus I'm puzzled by editors who feel they must change the name of their zines every time they become converted to a new type of material, whether fannish or other. To me, a fanzine from Frank Lunney, whether he chooses to call it *Beabohemia* or *Syndrome*. *Outworlds* would still be a fanzine from Bill Bowers, even if you changed the name to *Varghh*, switched to hecto, and published nothing but fan fiction. I'd probably stop getting it, but that's a different matter. *12/18 [403 Henry St., Alton, IL 62002]*

Darrell Schweitzer I was particularly glad to see the article on James Shull. After all the fuss in fanzines a couple years back that the artists were not getting proper recognition, it's about time that someone actually *did* something about this.

The interesting thing about the Shull article is that it makes specific reference to fanzine covers and interiors. I am not quite as active in fanzines as I once was, but I am still one of the more prolific letterhacks, and I have seen *most* of the covers and such referred to. I suspect many of your readers have seen none of them. *Energumen* never got beyond 300 copies, I don't think. I don't think *The Essence* was widely circulated either. I suspect that most of the refernces in the article went over the heads of a large part of the readership.

Which leads us to a curious problem. Remember all those paranoid scenes for having "inner" and "outer" circles of fandom?

Well it seems to be evolving that way without anybody's brilliant idea. Remember Andy Offutt's speech at the Discon banquet and how large segments of the audience seemed bored with it? I suspect the reason was that Andy kept making ingroup fannish references, which might have been understood by 200 people. This didn't go over very well with the remaining 2800 or however many there were.

I will be fascinated to see what kind of response you get for the whole *Grafanedica* section. I suspect that it is too "technical" and ingroupish for large portions of your readership. (Correct me if I'm wrong.) Writing of this sort is of great value, but only to faneds, and if there are 1500 faneds in the world I doubt they're all on your mailing list. Possibly it would be a better idea to publish *Grafanedica* as a seperate fanzine, with a print run of a couple hundred.

This brings us to the question of What Is A Fan? (Pardon me, but linking all this together is a reflex I have developed to thwart *Title*-style LoC chopping.) I suspect this will be the next great Fannish Controversy, a fitting successor to the New Wave and Fannish vs. Sercon flaps. In my more cynical moments I think that MacBeth described fannish controversies magnificently in his "full of sound & fury" speech. However, I have to admit that some good points have been and can be made. Ted White makes a good stab at it this issue, and I must admit it makes better reading than the difficulties he seems to have embroiled himself in in the lettercol. He comes as close as anyone to actually defining what fanac is. There are limitations in his definition though, because fanac doesn't feel the same for everyone. Some people are very serious about it, like the ones who write learned treatises for *Riverside Quarterly* and *Extrapolation*. Is that fanac?

What Ted hints at but doesn't come out and say is fanac is what you mean when you point at it. This venerable definition seems to work here as elsewhere (it also is the only definition of science fiction on which everyone can agree) because no two people have the same ideas on what "fan" activity is. (And the only universally accepted definition of fan is something with blades which goes around & around and keeps you cool in the summer.) Shall we let money be the deciding factor? Suppose you, as editor of *Outworlds*, decided to pay your contributors. You mail a check to Ted for this column. Payment after publication isn't unheard of. Does that mean that this piece of writing, which Ted clearly considers to be fanac is suddenly professional? If you paid him 1¢ a word, which is what his own magazines pay, some people at least would say clearly so. But suppose you paid 1/2¢ a word, 1/4¢ a word, or even 1/10th¢ a word? Does that make it "semi-pro"? You have to consider that in your format a tenth of a cent a word is about a dollar a page, and that wouldn't be an enormous expense. In fact virtually any faned can afford to pay rates like that. There are a whole flurry of fictionzines doing just that of late. The only one that is at all professional is *Weirdbook* (which has had several professional reprintings) but the others are the traditional fictional crudzines. *Paying fanzines*. The writers for these magazines are not professionals, the fiction is not of professional quality, and I suspect it is written with the "feeling" of being fanac. (*Weirdbook* is an exception--it's about half and half.) These magazines are in an altogether different category than such things as *Whispers*, *Fantasy & Terror*, and *Eternity*, which are prozines in everything but distribution. (Again excepting the hybrid *Weirdbook*.)

The point of all this is that we already have magazines which are clearly fanzines, which you would label fanzines and not very good ones at that, unless somebody told you that the editors paid for their material. (Two I can think of right off: *Wyrd* and *Space & Time*.) Suppose *all* fanzines, or a good number of them do this? Suppose *Granfalloon* or *Riverside Quarterly* goes the dollar-a-page route? What if somebody starts paying for fannish columns by Arnie Katz? The *feel* would still be the same, since Arnie would not be writing them for a living.

Come to think of it most of the contributors to the prozines don't write for a living and are in there for the joy of it. (Either that or they're masochists.) You can see how muddled this can get. My solution to the dire problem of Defining Fanac is to forget it. I as a writer am delighted that some "fanzines" such as *Alien Critic* are willing to pay 1¢ a word for material. Why should I give away material that I could get paid for? *Sell* your soul; don't give it away.

I don't consider anything I have sold TAC less "fannish" (whatever that means) than material I have given away to, say, *Riverside Quarterly*. When you get down to it, the Controversy really means "Can Dick Geis and Andy Porter win Hugos?" Considering they both did, the matter should be considered settled. *10/19/74*
[113 Deepdale Rd, Strafford, PA 19087]

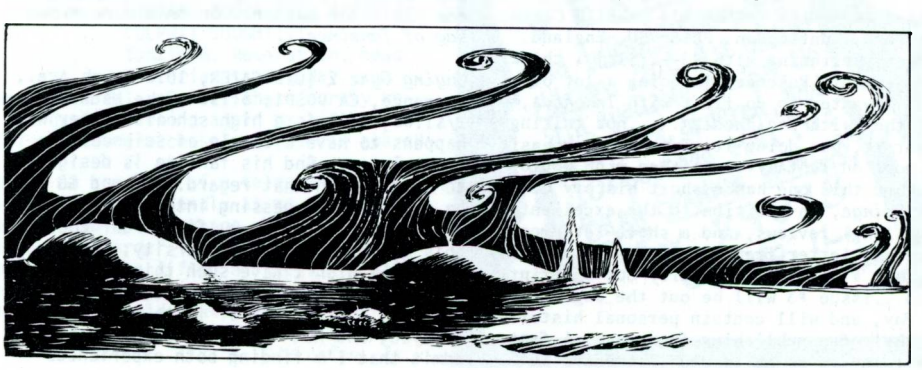
Don Ayres Ted White almost escaped getting into an argument in his column this time. Using something like Mike Glyer's comments as a lead-in is fine, and perhaps the "Reply" section could have been more effective had it referred less to the particular letter and more to the general debate. For the record, I too abhor censorship since it so often boils down to one person/group of persons making a qualitative judgement (of what is fit to be seen, read, heard, etc,) on quantitative grounds (how much breast is showing, how many swear words are present, how many sexual scenes there are, how many violent scenes there are, etc.) for the population as a whole. Hopefully, what our editors are doing is rendering qualitative judgements on qualitative grounds. I neglected another important quantitative factor above, though also a qualitative consideration: how much the philosophy of the author is at variance with that of the editor/publisher/society. This last has suffered considerable abuse. Everywhere.

I seriously wonder if Eric Mayer's editorial writer knows how effective his beloved realists have been in spotting sore areas before all the damn starry-eyed dreamers. Of course, he'd probably claim that they were the realists for seeing the problems while the rest of the age suffered from myopia. Too bad, because he's probably a decent guy very much concerned with the human condition. But an intellectual asshole who places too much importance on pragmatism and short-sightedness. That's his tough luck, but I wish such people would quit running at the mouth. As he no doubt wishes about people like me. It takes all kinds. *1/2/75 [2020 W. Manor Pkwy., Peoria, IL 61604]*

Peter Mandler First, let me make it clear that I am *new* at this business, so anything I say which seems astonishingly naive should be taken with a grain of salt and treated gently. Which leads me to my reaction to Piers Anthony's excellent column on Lanier--how appropriate!, considering his MACROSCOPE was all about (sort of) Sterling's distant relative Sidney. I never connected the two before, but on reflection I find that their writing, although differing in medium, is strangely similar in tone and outlook. Not easy to pin down, of course: something surreal but very up-to-date in both of them. I'd be interested to find out Sterling's political orientation, as I've always thought Sidneys brand of socialistic-whatever (e.g. in his THE SYMPHONY) very modern and even startling in light of his circumstances. In any case, the article was very readable and enlightening, and even would have tempted me to write to Satyricon for a catalogue, 'twere it not for the p-r-i-c-e, a word which seems to invariably send my wallet into apoplexy.

In response to your query on columnists, whatever you do, don't dump Ted White I'm none too happy about his dealings with Farmer/Pournelle/Ellison/Harrison/Lord knows who as *amply* illustrated in your letter column, but nevertheless I feel that his fan writing stands without a doubt among the best, and whether he wants one or not he should be up for the next Hugo; it sure doesn't look like he'll get one as pro editor. I notice that his policy on another award for his mantelpiece agrees with the editorial he's running in the current *Fantastic*, a plea to Monopolists like Kirk and Freas to withdraw themselves from the running next year. He's absolutely right on that count: when will John Schoenherr get his well-deserved turn? Or the A/F artists, like Hinge or Jones? *They* don't even get nominated (on the whole). *12/13/74 [1406 La Jolla Knoll, La Jolla, CA 92037]*

→ We talked at Philcon, and Ted is still, definitely, a columnist.
→ I Also Heard From, on #19, Paul Anderson, and on #20 from: Jake Thomson, Frank Balazs and Tim Kyger. Karen Rockow's...next issue.
→ Also, next time, at least a start on the massive pile responding to 21/22. Who says that offset fanzines don't get response? Somebody forgot to tell my readers! *Bill* ←



INWORLDS 14

...just a small reminder that the voting in the current DUFF race closes May 31, 75. To be eligible to vote you must have been active in fandom at least since 9/1/73. But you can certainly contribute even if you aren't eligible to vote! If you aren't familiar with the goals of DUFF--the Down Under Fan Fund--ask for a copy of the ballot (and include a stamped, self-addressed envelope) from the American Administrator: Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main, Madison, WI 53703.

FANZINES RECEIVED...

...or a few of them: the 'log' reveals that I received a total of 65 of them from 1/1/75 thru 2/28/75. And, as always, that which follows is not intended to be *reviews* --but rather subjective reactions, and plugs for some of the ones I enjoyed.

Karass 10, 11 [LINDA BUSHYAGER, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076; mimeo; the Usual or 4/$1.00] At this point in time, *the* fannish newszine, altho with the art and features, that's a limiting term. I hate to see *Granfalloon* take the "annual" route...but this is a nice substitute. I'd think that if you consider yourself an active fan, you'd already be getting it... but if not, do so.

Checkpoint 57, 58 [DARROLL PARDOE, 24 Othello Close, Hartford, Huntingdon PE18 7SU, England; offset; 10/60p; North America airmail--5/$1.00; free sample on request] I think I'm getting to the point where I don't have to mentally compare Darroll's *Checkpoint* to Peter Robert's *Checkpoint*... The title may be the same, but Darroll has made it his own, and although small, it is a frequent and a valuable newszine.

Fantasiae 21, 22 [THE FANTASY ASSOCIATION, POBox 24560, Los Angeles, CA 90024; offset; monthly; Annual Subscription (including membership in the Association) 12/$4.00] These two issues contain Marion Zimmer Bradley's *My Life on Darkover, or the Series that Growed (Parts II & III)*. Also extensive reviews, news & letters. Well worth getting if you're into fantasy...

...and three fanzines ABOUT fanzines:

Wark 2 [ROSEMARY PARDOE, 24 Othello Close, Hartford, Huntingdon, PE18 7SU, England; offset; beginning with #3--2/$1.] I think I'm jealous; Rosemary is doing a lot of what I wanted to do first with *Inworlds*, and then with *Grafanedica*. ...not talking about it, but doing it. True, her emphasis is more on fantasy zines than mine would be, but this one has a short history of *Les Spinge*, in addition to the excellent (and long) reviews, and a short lettercol. A recent letter from the Pardoe's informs me that #'s 1 & 2 are nearly out-of-print. Also...issue #3 will be out the beginning of May, and will contain personal histories of their fan publishing from several fans. I'm going to do my version, someday, but if you're a genuine fanzine freak, there's no need to wait on me! Recommended highly. *[Incidentally, the Pardoe's will send both of their zines in trade...IF your tradezine is addressed to both Darroll & Rosemary. A very reasonable request, I would think.]*

Fan Publishing Record #1 [ROGER D. SWEEN, 319 Elm St., Kalamazoo, MI 49007; offset; trade 1-for-1; 50¢ sample; 10/$3.00] There are very few fanzines that I sub to instead of or in addition to trading. This is now one of them. The ole pessimist me says that it won't last; the eternal optimist that is my other half really hopes that it does. This issue lists/indexes (the subtitle is "a current awareness listing of the contents of non-commercial science fiction and fantasy publications") 37 fanzines. He does not comment on, or review the fanzines --but instead tells you who & what are in a given issue. I find it valuable, and very much worth supporting. (Roger's only major problem seems to be that he is racing me for the title of "Typo-King"!) If you're not getting enough fanzines now, or if you are getting so many you can't remember what issue of what such-and-such was in... either way, get it!

Fanzine Fanatique [KEITH WALKER, 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd., LANCASTER, Lancs, England; mimeo; tradezine] Keith mentions subs, but doesn't give a U.S. rate... I also have two issues here, but am unable to determine an issue number for either. That's part of the problem; Keith does give his name & address, which puts him one-up on some faneds, but the rest of the vital data for what it is he's publishing and how it's available is well-hidden. The other part of the problem is that he is attempting to put far too many words on a given page--margins are non-existant --to such an extent that it's a chore to read. (I know the problem well, but I don't think even IW #9 was this crowded!) It's a shame because he writes good fmz reviews. A flustrating fanzine, verily.

I should note here that when subscribing to a fanzine from a country other than your own, personal checks just don't make it. Cash or, to be safe, an International Money Order payable in the currency of the country to which you're writing, do the job a lot better. On to a more mixed bag of fanzines...

Guying Gyre 2 [GIL GAIER, 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance, CA 90501; offset; the Usual or 2/$1.00] Gil is a high school teacher who happens to have a couple of science fiction classes. And his fanzine is designed to help him in that regard. I found GG to be of more than passing interest because I'm currently taking *my* first F&SF course this quarter (at the university; they certainly didn't have such things when *I* was in h.s., did they, Kaufman?). I'm still of a mind that sf is to be read and enjoyed, and not "taught", but I must admit that I'm finding both experiences--the class and GG--fascinating. Don't let the subject put you off if you're a strictly "fannish" fan, though; it's a secon zine, yes, but a *human* one--and there is a decided difference between it and say, RQ. GG is enjoyable; it approaches the subject of SF with some seriousness, but it's intelligible to at least this somewhat less than academically-inclined reader. (Beside's, Gil's hooked: He's already went and started a personalzine, *Phosphene 1*-- 3/$1.00. I think we've got him...)

Triode 20 [ERIC BENTCLIFFE, 17 Riverside Crescent, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire CW4 7NR, England; mimeo; the usual; 3/$2.50] This is a throwback, to the late 50's/early 60's, for which Eric shows no shame. The causal pace, the slant of the material, the very effective use of hand-cut artwork (there's not an electro-stencil or page of offset in it...are topped off by Terry Jeeves' touch as a master mimeographer. (Which only goes to show that some of those older British fanzines weren't flukes; that someone who wants to take the time need not take a back-seat to any of us Rich American Fans.) It's a, well...it's a "nice" fanzine, on its own path, and I happen to enjoy it.

The Spanish Inquisition 4 [JERRY KAUFMAN & SUZANNE TOMPKINS, 622 W. 114th St., 52A, New York, NY 10025; mimeo; the Usual; 35¢, or 3/$1.00] ...speaking of excellent mimeowork! Suzle makes some very unnecessary apologies; this is something one Michael Glicksohn might take lessons from. ...and speaking of unnecessary Michael Glicksohns, once one gets past the cover--which I have graciously titled "Much Ado About Nothing", you will find one of those mythical beasts that aren't supposed to exist any more--a well-written, well-done "genzine." You may remember a while back I mentioned some unnamed people who swore that they'd never ever publish a fanzine. Well, one of them is still unnamed, but his initials are Jerry Kaufman. It took Faneds Anonymous a bit longer to get to him than some others, but we've done it now. ...and as much as I hate to admit it, he does it rather well. Obviously all Suzle's doing. Obviously...

...not exactly a fanzine, but...

THE MOFFATT HOUSE ABROAD is "the 1973 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund Trip Report" by LEN & JUNE MOFFATT [Moffatt House, Box 4456 Downey, CA 90241; 78pp mimeo & offset; $2.] The Moffatts are one of another vanishing breed; they've actually done a TAFF-report, and gotten it out in a reasonable amount of time. (You don't hardly find 'em like that any more!) If I might point out the obvious --the proceeds go to a Worthy Cause--then tell you to forget that, and get it anyway, if only for the photo-pages, and the enjoyable experience of re-living their trip with Len & June, you will, won't you? Yes?

...there now, that didn't hurt, did it, ole Mean Bill? Sort of fun, actually. I'm going to have to try it a bit more often...

Sometimes it Takes a Great Ocean

S.A. STRICKLEN, Jr.

ONE COLD JANUARY DAY when I was nothing but a vatful of slimy goo in an unheated chemists shop, my father threw the remains of his last experiment and a couple of chicken bones into me and GLUNK! I was born. Ah, the sweet joy of life! I oozed about a bit and slipped over the edge of the tub and down between the cracks in the floor.

I owe my success and position in life, I believe, to a good early education, for below the lab was a library. Flowing among the books I soon (oh, soon!) learned about life. How I cried when I read INFANT AND CHILD CARE, for there was no dear sweet shouting mother to feed me, and I had to make do with stale binding glue and no love. Perhaps the cockroaches would have caressed me, but alas, when they tried, they just fell in. I don't like cockroaches, their shells cause lumps which last for days. Could it be that I was an orphan and yet barely one day old? I crawled back upstairs to get a good feel of the tub. This, my mother? Alas, 'tis perhaps bearable if the nipples of life be hard and cold, but not, please God, rusty.

No mother then, but what of my father dear? He, surely, unless he had taken my mother in wanton carelessness, would welcome me and embrace me into his manly arms. Fortified with all my readings I saw my duty clear, to seek him out and have him tousle my unkempt slime and throw baseballs into me. GLUNK!

But first my education. One by one I absorbed the nuggets of distilled wisdom and ate the glue. Rounding off my social knowledge with *Playboy*, I was stunned by a perusal of Gray's ANATOMY. Oh, heavens above, I was a monster! The shame of it, the mortification! No wonder my father had abandoned me. I cried and my glistening tears etched the battered wooden floor.

Pretty soon they had etched through it and I went out the hole. Thus emerged I into this world, inexperienced, broken-hearted, abandoned in my youth and deformed. Did ever there be a less auspicious beginning?

Sadly I flowed down the gutter, alone and without even a pocket to put anything in. Naked, alone.

As I sat there in a disconsolate puddle, a passing bus splashed me onto a beautiful damsel, and I knew the touch of loving flesh. I cuddled against her and warmed my heart against the furnace of her flesh. She seemed at first a bit upset, but I passed through the outer garmets and she felt me not and welcomed me with ... well, with ... well, warmly. Not a word said she about my strange appearance, in fact she did not speak at all. Could it be that I, a poor orphan, had found love?

Oh people, she took me home with her! Yes, this was Love! My lonely heart flowed over with feeling! I was no longer alone.

Home I did go with my new-found hope and spent the half-night in ecstasy caressing her and cleansing her body as she lay there. Did you know that lice have longer lasting shells than cockroaches?

But life holds more cruelty than man can plumb and ere the rising of the sun, I was betrayed. A man entered and, shame and disgrace, violated my love with a terrible GLUNK! nor was he rejected. Then my heart did break and I loosed a mournful moan.

"What said you?" said he. She said ... but I heard no more, for I flowed away under the door bitter and hurt and I looked not back.

So once again I was alone, alone, alone. And there was yet more for me to bear. In loud, silent screams, newspaper headlines broadcast:

LIBRARY BOOKS FALL APART!!!
CULPRIT SOUGHT!!!
Tonkin G. Resolution, head
Librarian said today...

But I had no need to read further. I was a criminal. Still, there surely remained my father, so I wearily flowed along the drain, seeking again my birthplace. In aching pain my wretched body flowed up hill and down, a ceaseless gush in search of love.

After many miles of travel, I pooled myself at the base of a telephone pole. A great, beautiful beast of a Collie came and sniffed he friendly at me. Could this be new friendship? Not so good as true human love, maychance, but oh much better than empty loneliness. I'll bet fleas are no harder to eat than lice, and there could be so much more my love could do. The collie lifted his leg, and with a great rushing GLUNK! he emptied the contents of his bladder into me.

Then my very being shattered, and I cried to the world that I could stand no more. Neither could the author. GLUNK!

S. A. Stricklen, Jr.

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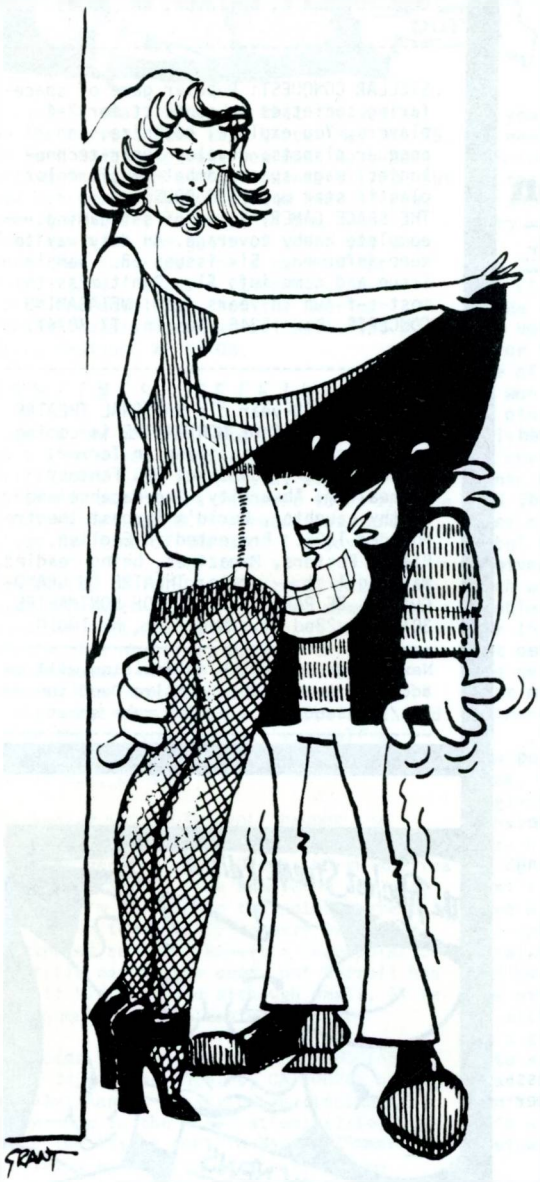

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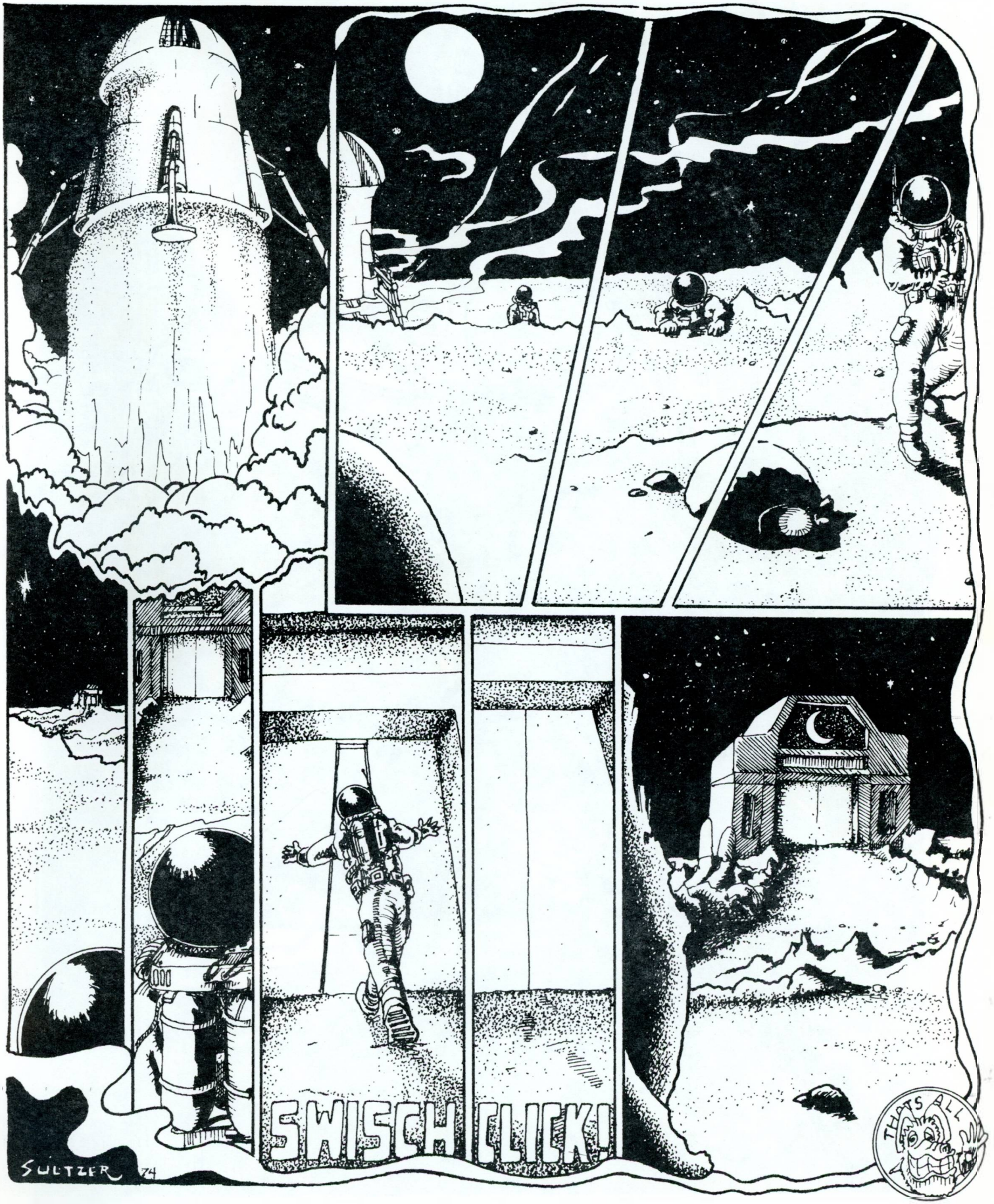
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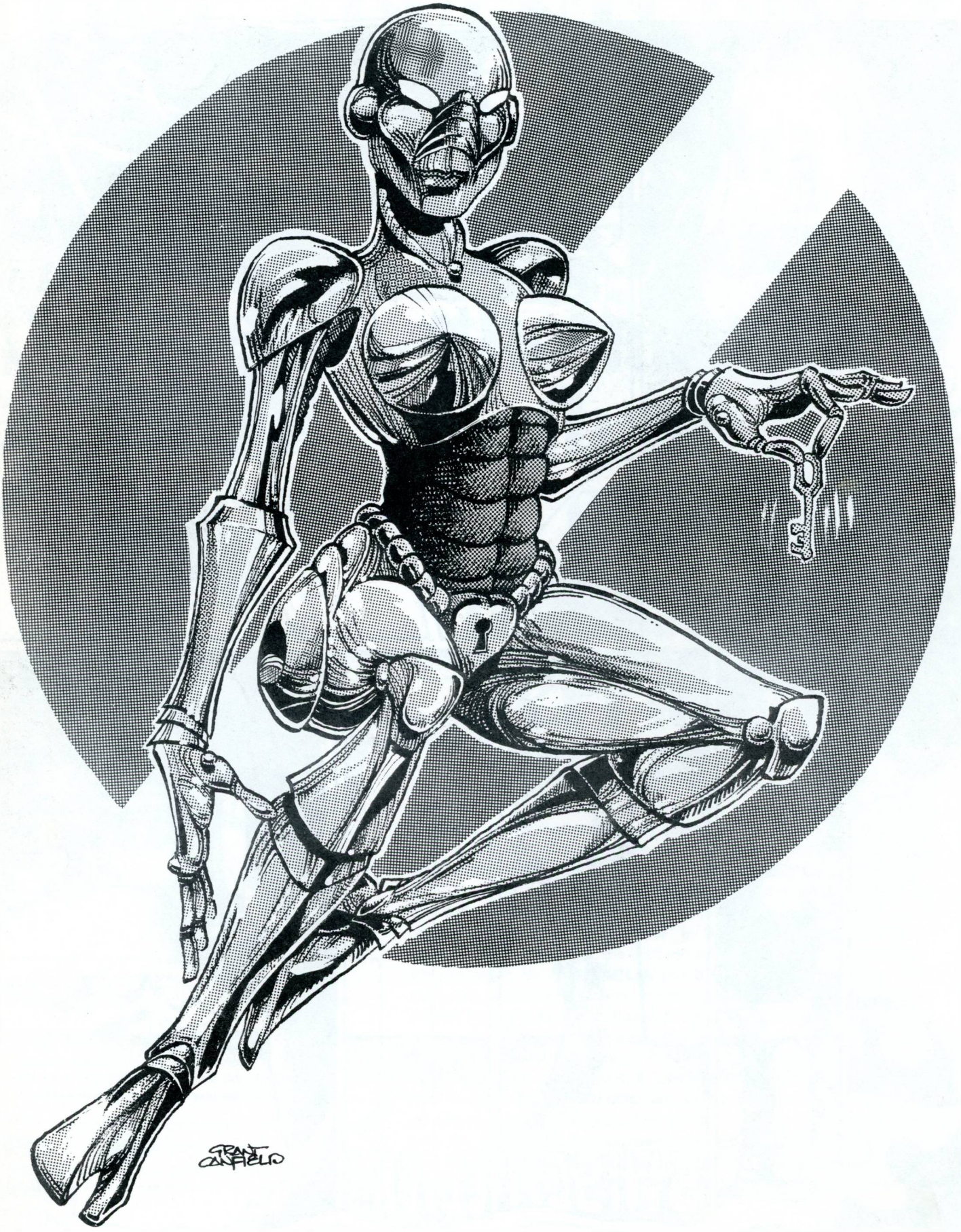
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