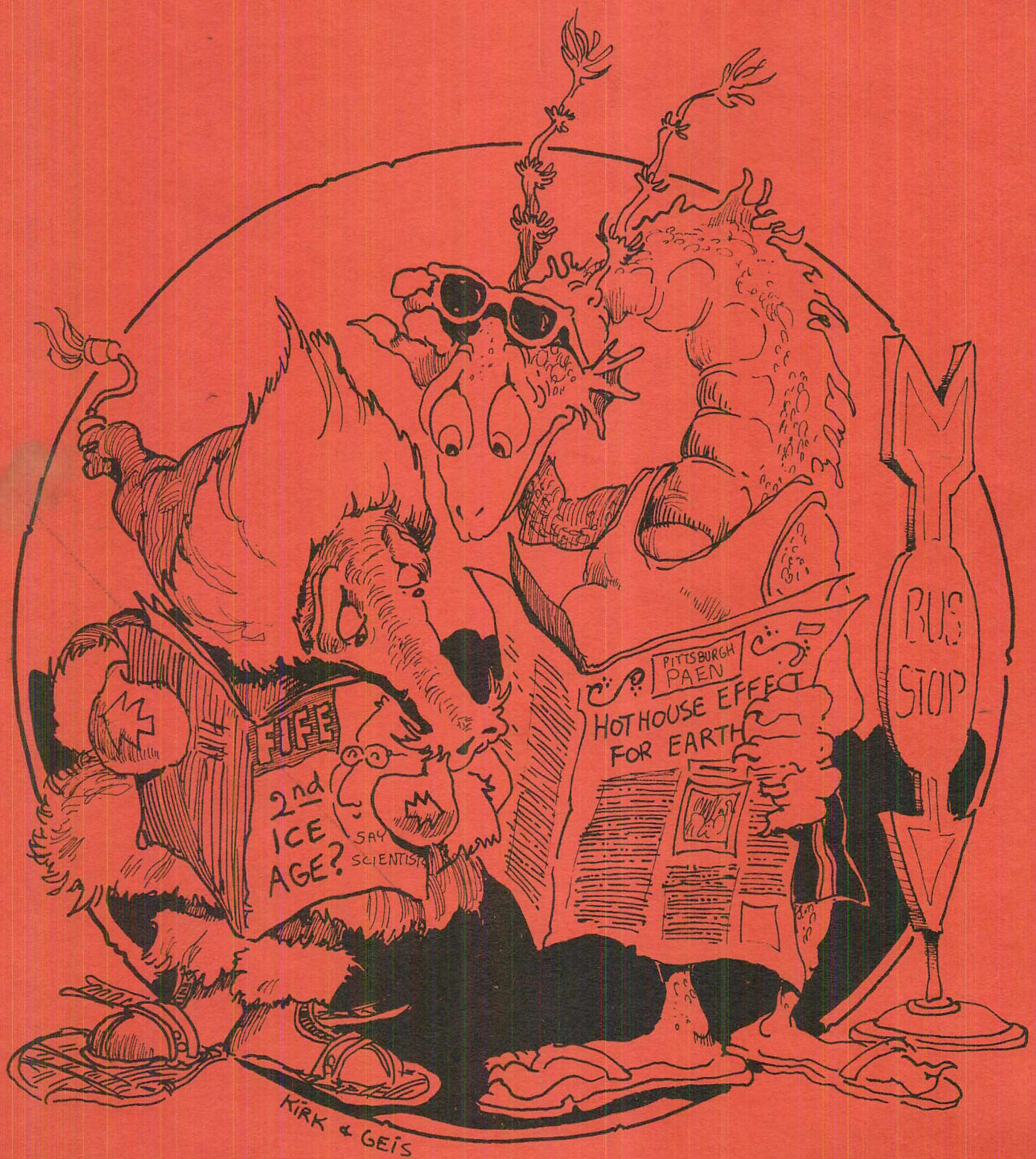


SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

42



SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

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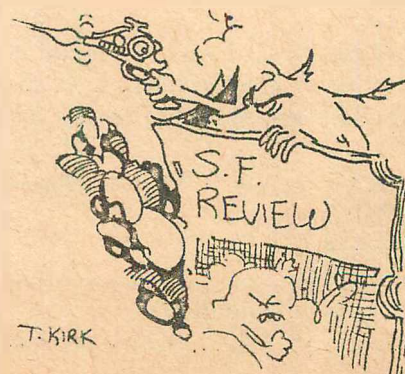
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T. KIRK



Yaaaaawn "Geis...what are you doing up so damned early?"

"This is the day we finish stenciling SFR 42, Alter-Ego. This is the day we do our Dialog and I do the Monolog, and——"

"And then we have to sweat over that clunkety-wunking, ink-guzzling, paper-chewing mimeo for four days! I tell you, Geis——!"

"Two more issues, Alter, then, I swear, SFR will switch to photo-offset."

"You been promising that for months. I'll believe it when I see it. Can I go back to sleep?"

"No. You have to help comment on the Hugo nominations."

"Is it that time again? Seems like every year..."

"I have here the Hugo recommendations of Ted Pauls, Richard Delap and Fred Patten. Plus, of course, my own thoughts on last year's Best."

"Can I at least have some hot tea first? Thanks. *Ssluuuurp* Ahhhh..."

"Can't you drink that a bit noisier? The neighbors can't quite hear it."

"Don't bug me, Geis. I have few enough pleasures as it is. A small collection of used synapses, a penchant for pistaschio nut ice cream...and when do we buy another half gallon, by the way?"

"When we get back down to 170 lbs. Now——"

Sluuuurp

"Now can we——"

Sluuuuuurp

"Oh, God, give me strength!"

Sluuuuuuuurp "Geis, why are you dancing around like

that?"

"If only I could get rid of you!"

"No way. I'm your better half. Now, you have my permission to begin with your Hugo business."

"Thank you. To begin: Ted Pauls wrote, 'Your request for my choices for Hugo nominations inspired me to about an hour's worth of heavy thinking, but unfortunately produced no useful result. As you recall last year I confined myself to the "Best Novel" category... As I said in my recent LOCUS column, however, the pickings have been so slim this year in the area of novels that I really can't imagine what competition The Year of the Quiet Sun is going to have.'"

"Geis, he can't have read——"

"Ted had more to say: 'Otherwise, about all I'll say about the Hugos is that SFR should of course win for "Best Fanzine" and I am once again plugging the Dillons in the artist category (and Alicia Austin as "Best Fan Artist").'"

"Geis, he can't have seen——"

"We will not denigrate the finest choices of our invited guests, Alter."

"Anything you say, boss."

"Next is Richard Delap's letter. He wrote: 'The only novel I can even recommend is D. G. Compton's Chronocules, an excellent book by an excellent author. But poor Compton is alone on the novel list as I've not read a single other book which could even qualify for award status...unless one of those books stacked in the corner is a hidden gem.'"

"Geis, he can't have read Rinqworld by Larry Niven."

"He did, Alter, and he said, in another letter, that he didn't like it."

Uurrgg!

"Stop choking, Alter. Richard Delap is a law unto himself. He has recommendations in some other categories: 'Best Novellas: Joanna Russ' "The Second Inquisition" (Orbit 6)

Gordon R. Dickson's "Jean Dupres" (Nova 1)

Fritz Leiber's "The Snow Women" (AMAZING, April)

Thomas M. Disch's "The Alien Shore" (Orbit 6)"

"I have the thought, Geis, that somebody should find out if those stories are all over 17,500 words. If below, they belong in the Short Story category."

"I'm sure someone will certify the stories on the final ballot. Richard Delap's nominations for Best Short Story are:

R. A. Lafferty's "Entire and Perfect Chrysolite"

(Orbit 6)

Hilary Bailey's "Dogman of Islington" (Quark/1)

James Sallis' "The Creation of Bennie Good" (Orbit 6)

Edward Wellen's "These Our Actors" (Infinity One)."

"Seems Orbit 6 was chock full of goodies. We should read it, Geis. We——"

"Delap has a bit more to say: 'In the snort stories, I'd head the list with Joanna Russ' "The View From This Window" but can't decide if it really is sf or fantasy. Also, Lafferty has published about 5 or 6 stories which could easily qualify for this list. Some good stories in 1970, but not nearly enough, and a real bust year for novels. I wouldn't chalk it up as a year to remember.'"

"Grotchy as ever, isn't he?"

"Look who's talking. We now pass on to Fred Patten's choices for the Hugo. He——"

"When do we give our own choices, Geis? You keep me here to make transitional remarks and twiddle my synapses when I'd rather be tinkering with the thalamus controls."

"Yes, about that tinkering, Alter—"

"Attend to Fred's choices, Geis."

"Very well. Fred Patten's Hugo nominations are:

- 'Best Novel — Ringworld by Larry Niven (Ballantine)
- Best Novella — "The Snow Women" by Fritz Leiber (FANTASTIC, April)
- Best Short Story — "For Services Rendered" by Stephen Goldin (MAGAZINE OF HORROR #31, Feb.)
- Best Prozone — F&SF
- Best Dramatic — I can't think of anything.
- Best Pro Artist — Kelly Freas, covers & interiors in ANALOG, covers on Ace books.
- Best Fanzine — LOCUS
- Best Fan Artist — Alicia Austin

"I picked Best Short Story by looking over the prozines' tables of contents until I came to a title to which I could remember the story, and remember enjoying it while I read it. Is it significant of anything besides my reading tastes that I had to get down to MOH before I found anything? I had a lot of alternate choices in the Novella category, though. For Best Prozone, my next choice would be ANALOG. For Best Fanzine, next SFR again. LOCUS and SFR are both such good fanzines in such different ways, it's a shame you have to compete. Best Pro Artist is where I was really faced with a lot of alternate choices, all of whom I liked. My next alternates would be Gervasio Gallardo, for his covers on the Ballantine Adult Fantasy books, and Ronald Walotsky, for covers for Ballantine, F&SF, and others.

"Gee, I forgot Best Fan Writer. Hmm... Terry Carr."

"No, Geis, did you notice that Delap credited Fritz's "The Snow Women" to the April AMAZING, while Fred credits the story to the April FANTASTIC?"

"Yes, I did. Delap goofed. There was no April 1970 AMAZING."

"Now we hear from Paul Walker, I imagine."

"No, Paul declined to nominate this year. We can go now to OUR choices."

"Fine. Now, for Best Novel, Geis, I think Ringworld by Larry Niven is the winner. It has adventure, mind-boggling concepts, it inspires that elusive, almost legendary 'Sense of Wonder' in the reader, has well-rounded characterization, alien as well as human...."

"I have to agree, Alter. It is the best traditional sf I've read in years, and the best all-around novel this year."

"I will permit you to name a second or third choice, if you so desire."

"I'm whelmed at your generosity. Chronocules by D. G. Compton is a fine, if convoluted story, in the main a superior piece of writing. A very close second in my mind. Third place goes to Philip K. Dick's A Maze of Death."

"Do you have any preferences in the Novella category?"

"No, I'll pass this time. You?"

"I/we didn't read enough magazine or pb short fiction last year to have an opinion. We will go on to—"

"The Best Professional Magazine. GALAXY improved during the year, as did AMAZING and FANTASTIC, and VISION OF TOMORROW

deserves a mention; its last issues were lovely—fine package and good fiction. But as we are basing our judgement on an overall, yearlong view...it comes down to ANALOG and F&SF. Both excellently edited, both attractive, highly professional magazines. F&SF has better fiction but ANALOG has those controversial and thought-provoking editorials and other departments. By a whisker—ANALOG."

"I'll go along with that. Now, can you think of anything noteworthy in the Best Dramatic category?"

"THE FORBIN PROJECT comes to mind as a mention, strictly from heresay and a few reviews—I didn't get to see it, alas."

"Well, then, on to the Best Professional Artist category. Your thoughts, Geis, in twenty-five words or less?"

"The Dillons, for their continued excellent work in the Ace Specials. They catch the mood and theme of the novel their cover depicts almost always, and always effectively."

"A second choice?"

"Jeff Jones."

"Now, Geis, we come to the real toughies. Let's consider the Best Fan Artist choice. If I may sum up—the same names as last year present themselves: Tim Kirk, Alicia Austin, Steve Fabian and Bill Rotsler, with Grant Canfield lurking in the wings as a fine newcomer. How say you?"

"Tim Kirk has continued to appear frequently with both straight artwork and cartoons of fine Kirk-level quality, and he is qualified to win again. Alicia Austin's delicate "Beardsley" style is best known to fans, but a few will recall that she has a more heavy, "masculine" style, too. Many fans feel it is "her turn" to get a Hugo."

"By that same reasoning, Geis, Steve Fabian deserves one."

"Surely. His work this past year on covers and interiors for the better fanzines has been outstanding."

"And then there is Bill Rotsler."

"Always. The artist most shamefully ignored at award time, and the one turned to for covers and interior illos and cartoons most frequently. His credits range in the hundreds every year, and he is too much taken for granted—good old Bill, always giving when asked, sending out literally reams of drawings and cartoons..."

"Stop, Geis...I'm beginning to c-cry."

"Mock not. Bill Rotsler has a Hugo coming. He is my choice for Best Fan Artist."

"And your choice for Best Fan Writer?"

"Names come to mind—Liz Fishman, Ted Pauls, Terry Carr, Paul Walker, Harry Warner, Jr., and even (dare I say it?) Richard E. Geis."

"Surely, Geis, SURELY, your choice is not—"

"For very funny and engrossing personal experiences in a fanzine—Liz Fishman."

"Aha. But she doesn't talk about fans or sf!"

"A point to be taken into consideration."

"Quick, we are into the last lines! Which is the Best Fanzine?"

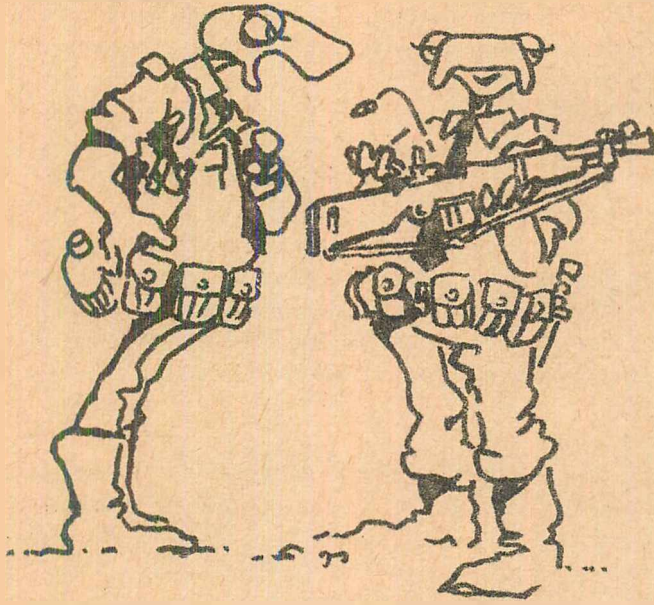
"Well—*blush* I know it is a race between SFR and LOCUS; we were one-two at Heicon last year. But I would like to win a record-breaking third Hugo and then withdraw from further Hugo award nominations after this year. It is a modest desire."

"Rotsa ruck!"



NOW WHAT
THA CHRIST
DID YA' DO
THAT FOR?!

SCIENCE FICTION in an



EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is the outline Robert Silverberg used in giving his Guest of Honor Speech at the 28th World Science Fiction Convention in Heidelberg, Germany, last year.

This is the muscle and skeleton of his speech and is the outline that was translated into German and distributed at the Heicon.

The text below is from Bob's personal copy of the outline, and includes his hand-written additions and notes.

I. THE NATURE OF THE REVOLUTION

1) Racial polarities

2) Sexual conflict: repression versus liberation, male vs female.

Kennedy assas. a triggering factor—symbolic—Sara-jevo ((handwritten addition)).

3) Political: a revolution of bizarre rhetoric, Orwellian phenomena of bombing in the name of freedom (by the United States) leading to the equally Orwellian phenomenon of bombing in the name of love, harmony, and freedom (by the New Left). A massive social convulsion triggered in the United States, perhaps, by revulsion against the most transparently immoral war of modern times. In Europe perhaps a revulsion against older mistakes, or possibly simply a contagion of hysteria brought on by contemporary news-dissemination techniques.

4) Artistic — the continuing disintegration of forms,

a process begun by Joyce, Schoenberg, Picasso, Eliot & others as the collapse of the old civilization began in 1914; accelerated disintegration as society's complexity increases through entropic speedup; search for new forms becoming desperate and chaotic.

entropy in art—decrease of redundancy—randomization of patterns ((handwritten))

II. BUT HOW HAS S-F RESPONDED?

1) Basically a primitive commercial fiction-genre read by conservative (in social, not political sense) American introverts having, if any, a purely technical education. Perhaps adventurous-minded in childhood but their souls have fossilized from undue consumption of the pap of writers who themselves are culturally deprived. Thus the naivete of much of pre-1960 sf and the vehemence with which its admirers attack what has succeeded it.

2) Now into s-f come writers more closely attuned to their own contemporary world, and also more highly educated, more familiar with the wide range of options literature offers. But of course their output is regarded with shock and scorn by those who don't share their view of s-f as a branch of adult literature. Only in last few years has a young and appreciative audience for modern s-f evolved. Even so, there are reactionary "movements" — 2nd Foundation, Philosophic Corps, etc. — determined to prevent, by polemics, the infiltration of such decadent manifestations of our times as literary skill & artistic vision.

3) What about the content of s-f in these times? Much of the New Wave is a stylistic revolution (and long overdue). But at the St. Louis convention Harlan Ellison called for s-f to become a radical-revolutionary propagandistic literature. (Not shown in Ellison's own work, the best of which is dadaistic, surrealistic, devoid of obvious "relevance." Should s-f attempt to lead the revolution, as Ellison insists? Should it become, in his term, "Street fiction," providing handy ideas for provos and the SDS?

Some thoughts on art as propaganda:

Hayden Carruth, American poet —

"I doubt that politics needs art, certainly not for its immediate ends. Propaganda and art have no real points of contact; and if art sometimes becomes politically effective, as happens more often than many people think, so much the better. But art needs politics, just as it needs the other elements of life — sex, metaphysics, the natural world, and so on. Art without politics is a lie, in bad faith with itself. But this has an important corollary. Many poets today are going around saying the need of the times is for this or that kind of art; we must all become more and more radicalized, we must fracture tradition, form, even language. But this is just the kind of prescriptive

By
ROBERT SILVERBERG

AGE OF REVOLUTION

criticism I deplore. Let each poet speak for himself, let him say what his poetry needs, not mine. Art may not be autonomous, as the New Critics tried to make it, but it is autochthonous: it inhabits its own territory. Art needs life, all life; but as servant, not master; as material, not exemplary form.... Art which shapes itself to the needs of the times may turn out to be no art at all."

Karl Marx —

"The writer on no account looks on his work as a means. It is an end in itself, and so little a means that if necessary he sacrifices his entire existence to the existence of the work."

Michael Kustow, director of London's Institute of Contemporary Arts —

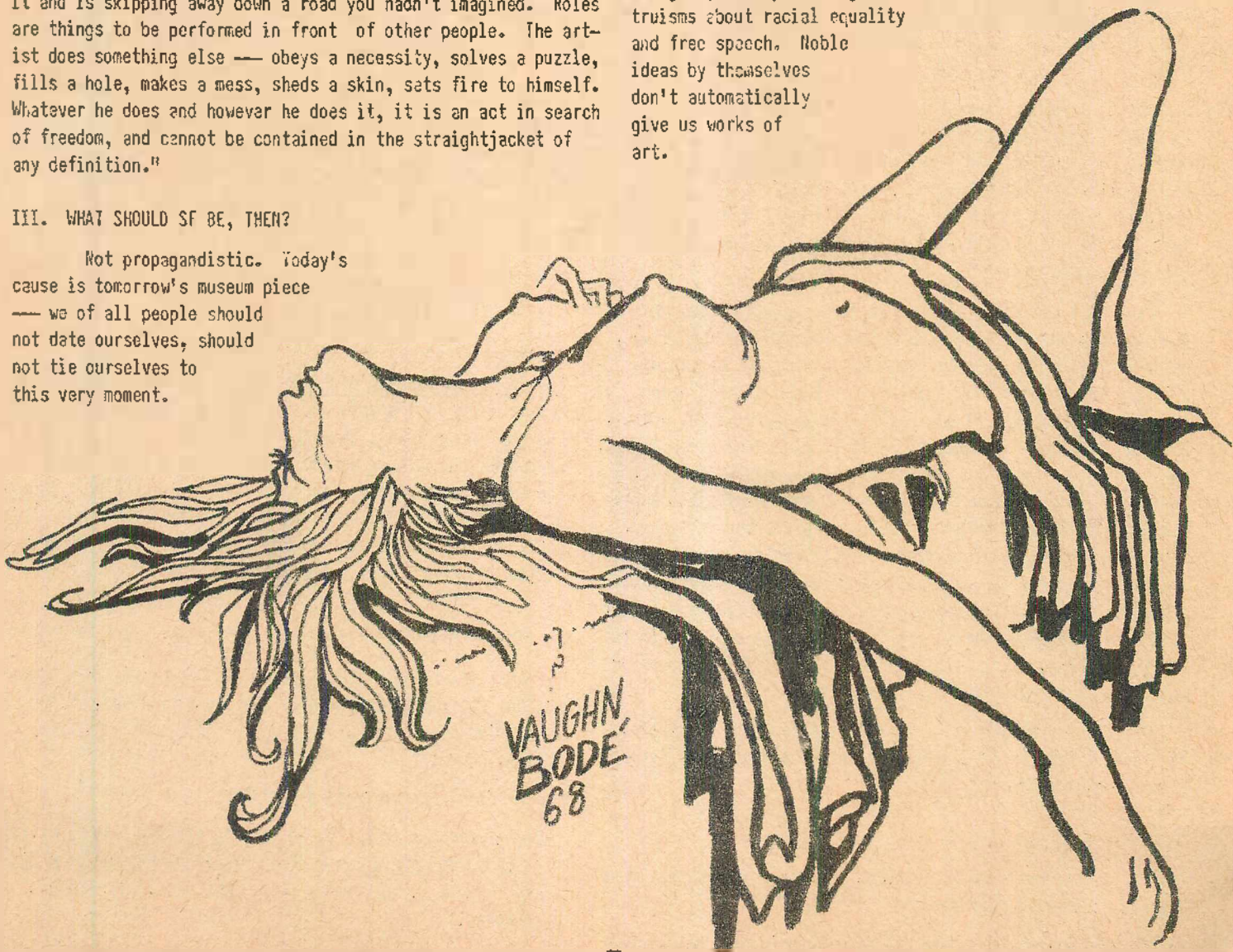
"Every sentence that begins, 'The role of the artist is...' is untrue as soon as spoken. Professors have roles, politicians have roles, speakers in debates have roles. No sooner do you clothe an artist in a role than he slips out of it and is skipping away down a road you hadn't imagined. Roles are things to be performed in front of other people. The artist does something else — obeys a necessity, solves a puzzle, fills a hole, makes a mess, sheds a skin, sets fire to himself. Whatever he does and however he does it, it is an act in search of freedom, and cannot be contained in the straightjacket of any definition."

III. WHAT SHOULD SF BE, THEN?

Not propagandistic. Today's cause is tomorrow's museum piece — we of all people should not date ourselves, should not tie ourselves to this very moment.

Nor should we try to impose a common ideological content & purpose on all our authors. Of course, we should jettison clichés, such as the racist-colonialist concepts so common in s-f — the square-jawed Earthmen running the lives of the alien breeds for their own good — because such ideas have been shown to be worthless in our own time, and so it doesn't make much sense to prescribe them for future eras. (If we are to use such material in the light of all we now know about colonialism, we had better take a critical view of such systems.) But we must not ask of an artist, whether he be radical or reactionary, that he confine himself to giving us ideological tracts. In that lies the death of art & the sterility of Socialist Realism.

2) What can we do? We can absorb the upheavals of our time and transmute crisis into art — our special art, our visionary art of s-f. We can do it by interpreting events, not by advocating policies. We can do it by arriving at individual insights, not by hawking stale truisms about racial equality and free speech. Noble ideas by themselves don't automatically give us works of art.



We must follow a personal vision, seek a personal style. Pushing ourselves to the limits of art. Somewhere between didactic "street-fiction" of the kind Ellison would have us write, and total escapist irrelevance, lies the real stuff of fiction.

Not the writer's business to change the world — only to see the world clearly and present it on paper, refracted through his unique sensibility. If others are so outraged by the world-as-shown that they feel they must reform it, okay; but that's not the writer's main business. He is a maker of verbal objects, not a scribbler of inflammatory pamphlets. He is concerned with style, with form, with character, with dialog, with incident — with content too, yes, content — but all his energy is bent toward attaining perception & making it available for others. He's a communicator, not a revolutionary; he's a visionary, not a planner.

In s-f, of course, not all of us try to reach the highest levels of art. All right: we don't all have to be James Joyce or William Faulkner. The audience is a fragmented one, and we all find our readers, from Edgar Rice Burroughs to Wm. Burroughs. We can write for whatever segment of the audience we find most congenial. So far as my tastes as reader go, I'd rather read those writers whose aim is highest — it's a finite life, there's little time for junk — but I recognize the right of others to consume or produce as much trash as they wish.

But as s-f goes through its own revolution, one of artistic level rather than of ideology, it's essential that those who try to transcend the level of past s-f should not meet with hostility. Ignore us, yes, read X or Y or Z if you can't stand the work of A or B or C, but don't draw us into polemics that consume the vital creative energies. Too much shouting. Too much confusion.

Much talk about the new s-f as "depressing." Advocates of the old ask: who wants to read depressing stories? Downbeat, defeatist? But real art is never depressing, no matter how grim its content. It represents the triumph of mind over chaos — the conquest of entropy — the victory of the artist. Looking to fiction for cheery uplift is ridiculous and puerile. What one gets from a work of art is vision, style, insight, a new way of understanding — not a confirmation of one's existing beliefs, or a round of applause for pluck and gallantry. A man can show you a nightmare and still excite you and stir you and change you through the intensity of his vision. Only those who go to fiction looking for explicit moralizing or for light and trivial amusement are "depressed" by a view into the blazing inferno. It is the triumph of art to turn depressing material into a celebration of the spirit.

What is depressing is the cheap, the foolish, the empty, the false. Even if it does show mankind defeating the Purple Peril despite impossible odds.

SUMMARY

1) The world is in trouble. (Nothing new, except that the troubles are bigger ones.)

2) Nevertheless, the artist shouldn't sell his birth-

right for a pot of message. Art that tries to be propagandistic ends up being worthless both as art and propaganda. Where are all the proletarian novels of thirty years ago? Who could bear to read them? If we cherish "Guernica" today, it's because Picasso is a genius, not because we despise the deeds of Generalissimo Franco.

narratives of 17th Century voyages vs. Hakluyt's pamphlets urging such voyages — one is art, one is not. Content must be creative. ((handwritten))

3) S-F, emerging now out of subliteracy, has its own revolution to wage — a revolution against coarseness of thought and language, against dullness of vision, against the pulp-magazine heritage we still carry about. It is not our business to be pamphleteers; it is our business to be artists, to strive to purify and strengthen our art, so that we may move and transform our readers with the intensity of what we see. No form of literature has greater possibilities for liberating the imagination. Let us not listen to those who would shackle s-f by imposing ideological content on its authors — those who call for denunciations of the status quo, those who call for glorifications of the scientific method, those who call for this and that and that. I listen only to the inner voice, and transcribe what I hear. Thank you.

note: the foregoing is merely a rough outline of the speech, which will be delivered extemporaneously at the convention. Nothing on the previous pages is meant to stand as a fully polished and final statement of any of the ideas expressed.

R.S.



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Robert A.W. Lowndes

Dear Dick:

You asked me if I'd care to contribute an article or an editorial to SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW centering around a series of questions, but everything considered, I believe that this is the best way to do it. A formal essay would require more energy and time than I'd care to expend unless I were assured of handsome payment, and besides, those who seem to appreciate my comments are used to an informal, sprawling format.

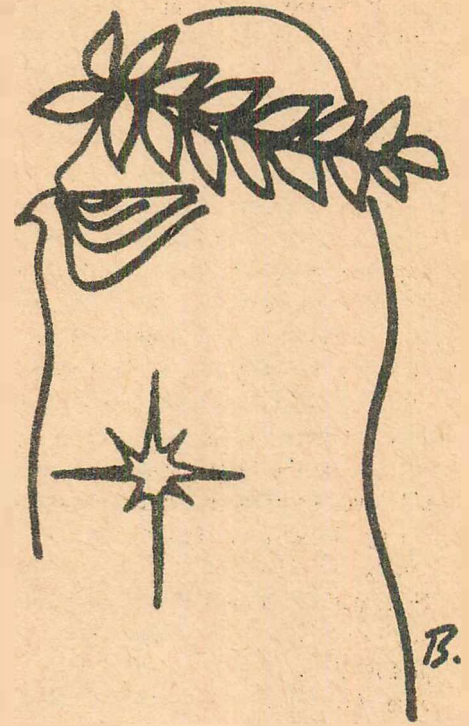
You ask about my thoughts on the future of the prozines, in reference to the comments that Ted White has presented both in his printed editorials, and in talks such as he gave at the 1970 Lunacon. I am by no means as close to facts and figures as Ted is, but what he has had to say has indeed confirmed my own experiences and observations.

There seems to be greater, certainly broader, interest in science fiction these days than ever before; yet we all know that, with the possible exception of ANALOG, none of the science fiction magazines are doing anywhere near so well as they ought to be doing, under the circumstances.

Unless the New York-New Jersey, Connecticut and Rhode Island areas (which I see, in part at least) are misleadingly atypical, then the chances are good that you will usually see at least one soft cover science fiction title even on small newsstands where only a few pocketbooks can be displayed. In larger displays, such as you may find in drug stores, supermarkets, and walk-in newsstores, science fiction titles can nearly always be found. And with a bookstore of any size, there is likely to be a fairly large section dedicated to science fiction and fantasy titles. There is almost sure to be one in the all-softcover book store. Turnover (meaning changes of items as well as sales) seems to be analogous to the turnover of pocket size magazines on the newsstands, in that if you see a title today, and decide to buy it next week, you might find it gone by then — and not necessarily because all the copies were sold. In many places I frequent, the science fiction layout compares very favorably in size with the mystery-detective fiction layout. All this says to me that science fiction and fantasy have a larger market today than at any time in the past.

Yet, we know that the overlap between the magazine and the softcover buyers cannot be very large. It would seem that while a reasonable percentage of the magazine buyers go in to the bookstores looking for science fiction, it doesn't work that way in reverse; apparently only a very small percentage of people who buy science fiction and fantasy in soft cover either go looking for more of the same in magazines, or pay any attention to such sources, even when the magazines are in plain sight on a newsstand they frequent.

This sounds rather gloomy, so far as the continued existence of the magazines is concerned; and I believe that this non-overlapping factor would continue even were the conditions under which magazines have to exist (if they can) were to improve considerably — if good (not superb, but just reasonably good) distribution



and display could be attained for the magazines.

My reason for believing this is a very simple one: we are constantly getting letters from all parts of the country, at Acme News, complaining that the reader cannot find MAGAZINE OF HORROR, STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES, etc. at his local newsstands. We are constantly getting letters saying that the reader had just come across a copy of one of the titles, loved it, and was enclosing a subscription or an order for back issues — and the back issue orders are usually sizeable ones. Then there are the complaints that the dealer used to get the magazines, but suddenly stopped receiving them. And in a number of instances, where I have inquired of a dealer, seeing no copies of any of my titles on display, he has replied that he does get them; they sell out in a day or two; people come to ask him for them — but he hasn't been able to get any more.

OPEN LETTER

Of course, Dick, this is a complaint that publishers have had against wholesalers and distributors for at least the thirty years that I've been in the editorial business. But throughout those thirty years I've seen the inadequacies and delinquencies increase to the point where title after title was put out of business simply because it could not obtain adequate display. In some instances, perhaps the magazine might not have made much money—perhaps it would have failed later on, anyway—but good distribution would have given it a chance. I am sure, for example, that FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION would have done better with good distribution. I really don't know whether it was decidedly more slighted than MAGAZINE OF HORROR and STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES, which have made no fortune for anyone, but have done well enough to retain. Perhaps the market for FSF wasn't large enough, and good distribution still wouldn't have resulted in its paying expenses (low as the costs on all my titles are, compared to the regular science fiction titles). It's painful to lose a child, to realize that while thousands of readers love a magazine, they aren't enough to maintain it, so what seemed like a good idea isn't a paying proposition. I have to admit that this might have been the case with FSF — but it hasn't been proved.

So the way I see it: unless there is a change in conditions, I predict that the science fiction magazines will have disappeared entirely by 1980. I do not see indications that there will be any change except more of the same — continued rising production costs and deteriorating distribution. (Things seemed bad ten years ago; by comparison, that time looks almost good. You have to experience the worse to appreciate the bad.) Increased prices of the magazines have been needful just in order to keep going at all.

You ask me about my view of science fiction today. First of all, I'm not nearly so well qualified as you, and many readers of SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, are to speak on this subject. I became a steady reader of science fiction in 1930, and an increasingly active fan a few years later. Up to around 1940, science fiction and fantasy was what I read more of than anything else; but by 1940, there were more magazines than I could keep up with. The sort of science fiction I loved most was less to be seen, and I had acquired other interests in reading matter, anyway. From that time on, it became a sporadic thing. There would be long stretches where I not only didn't read science fiction, I didn't even buy the magazines — and books were still expensive enough so that I preferred to invest in "classics", etc., and try to fill in at least part of the education in literature that I never received formally. Then the bug would hit me again, and I'd try to find the issues I missed and start a catching-up spree. (Well, I see now that I've always been somewhat schizoid in relation to science fiction, alter-

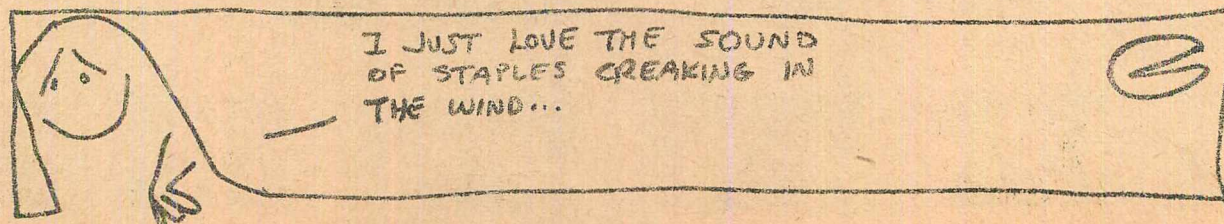
nating between love and hate; since I realized this, some years back, I've tried earnestly not to speak publicly or write on the subject, when I was feeling bitter about it. Usually, when I had a science fiction magazine to edit the way I wanted to, love was triumphant.)

So there are big gaps. I'd have liked to have retained my nearly-complete set of ASTOUNDING-ANALOG (missing only January 1930) when I moved from Suffern — but there wasn't room for more than a small fraction of the magazine library I'd built up while I had a good-sized house there. I took the Clayton-Tremaine issues (February 1930 to February 1937) and let the rest go, although I did manage to salt away a stack of more recent ones at the office; so now I have at home a complete run from March 1962 to the present. GALAXY, IF, AMAZING STORIES, and FANTASTIC STORIES I do buy each issue and read just about everything in the latter two — less in the former two. MAGAZINE OF FANTASY may be splendid, but I grew so weary of its artiness a few years back that I haven't felt the urge to try it again since; anyway, my reading time for science fiction is considerably limited due to the fact that I have a greater interest in English literature and vast areas there yet to be explored.

So I'm just a sampler; I try to follow the serials and an occasional soft-cover novel which has been especially recommended by someone whose judgement I've found reliable in the past. And I do a lot of re-reading of the old material of the 20s and 30s.

This may astonish you, Dick; but from my samples (and they include the entire range of material today, even if some tones of it are neglected) I'd say that science fiction is potentially in a better state than ever before. No matter what kind of science fiction I might be in the mood to read (including a lot of stuff I'd consider mis-labelled, however excellent for what it actually is), I can find it either on the newsstands in magazines, or in the softcover displays. I have the old Gernsback-Sloane AMAZINGS, the Gernsback WONDERS, the Clayton and Tremaine ASTOUNDINGS — and it's true that there is not very much of this sort of material around today; but unless my memory has deserted me entirely, there's nearly always some on hand. I believe every period in the Campbell ASTOUNDING-ANALOG era is represented. The experimental material is represented — and the best of it (well, let's say what I like of it) is worth having. I approve of this situation entirely; in fact, I think it's wonderful: a science fiction fan's dream come true. At any time, there's far, far more science fiction, of all varieties, available than I could read even if I could manage to read as much as I did between 1930-1940.

Actually, this isn't what you were really asking, is it?



You're interested in the critical angle, perhaps the sociological, "significance" angle; by the standards of what is considered "relevant" these days, what is my view of science fiction today — isn't that what you were asking?

I promised to do as well as I could with the questions, but I didn't promise to give satisfying answers, and I don't think you'll care for my answer to this one, which is akin to Clark Gable's classic exit line to Vivian Leigh in *GONE WITH THE WIND*: "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn." Not that I don't give a damn about current and day-to-day issues I have to live through just like anyone else; what I don't give a damn about is whether these issues are made the core of science fiction written now. In fact, I'd go farther: I'm opposed to immediacy in art. The "now" story is usually a crashing bore and about as ephemeral as you can get; and transposing "now" into the umpteenth century for the purpose of instant message guarantees shabby work. There is an art of propaganda to be sure, but this is anti-literature.

In the past, I've tried to make pronouncements about what is and what is not science fiction, about what science fiction should or should not be, or should or should not try to do — well, I've repented, and, I hope, amended. Nonetheless I have not foresworn talking about what sort of science fiction I most prefer to read.

I'd say there are several paradigms relating to science fiction: the phenomenal, the romantic, the satiric. You rarely find a story which is of the pure type, nor is that important. Generally, a given story will be more heavily weighted toward one of these three than the other two.

The phenomenal paradigm is most closely achieved in some of the novels of Jules Verne, some of the short stories of H. G. Wells, and not a few magazine tales, of which I cite The Colour Out of Space, by H. P. Lovecraft as an outstanding example. Here the phenomena are the true protagonist; the human characters are spear-carriers and are characterized only insofar as needful to communicate the feelings of strangeness, wonder, horror, etc., that the phenomena evoke. Gernsback's ideal in science fiction was actually a perversion of phenomenal science fiction, although I doubt that he realized. (Nor did I at the time.) What Uncle Hugo wanted to do was to make instruction the core of science fiction, sugar coated pills of science for the layman or the young person. It's true, of course, that many of Jules Verne's tales abound with discussions of science, but I do not believe that this was Verne's primary concern.

Phenomenal science fiction is still my favorite sort, but "favorite" is not to be confused with "exclusive". The pure product has always been rather rare, if for no other reason than that the necessary combination of scientist or well grounded student of science and artist in story telling is rare. Usually, the qualities needed for one element excluded the other, and this sort of science fiction is a hybrid art, at best — much like opera (which is neither entirely music or entirely play).

Romantic science fiction abounded long before the advent of *AMAZING STORIES*; it includes phenomena and fascinating sci-



entific speculation in its best examples, but is plot and character centered. In general, the romantic science fiction author did not start with pages of calculation or scientific speculation, and then look for a story to carry these along, but started with a story and then worked scientific extrapolations in. That's an oversimplification, but I do not believe it gives a false impression. Doubtless some authors of romantic science fiction with a lot of science started on both aspects simultaneously, and it didn't really matter too much which came first. My guess is that E.E. Smith worked out his science first but had a story in his mind running along with it, while the Campbell Arcott-Wade-Morey stories are just barely plotted, and at least two of them are embarrassingly indebted in plot outline to Smith. And I'd say that John Jaine's novels are of the romantic sort, even though they're filled with scientific extrapolations. On the other hand, story-telling is always predominant in Burroughs, and the science in A. Merritt is hard to find. Nonetheless, this is my next favorite sort of science fiction.

The satiric paradigm is the least akin to science fiction, for my taste, as indeed it has to be. A satire is essentially a projection of the author's personal feelings about the present; and in our field, these are projected into the past or the future or onto a imaginary world. Nothing new about that, and some satires in science fiction have been either fascinating phenomenal stories and/or fine romances as well. Some of the examples that science fictionists have claimed for science fiction, such as Huxley's Brave New World are nothing more than captives. Huxley certainly had no intention of writing science fiction; on the other hand, Stanton A. Coblentz usually did set out to do just that. There have always been good examples of satire outside of science fiction, not a few of them (like Huxley's) in fantastic or futuristic settings, but I feel that it is misleading to label some of them science fiction at all. Satires are not necessarily funny in the belly-laugh sense, and I'd include a good deal of the new wave material in this category. My own feeling is that the best examples — the most effective — are those done as humorous stories, as with Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee, which nonetheless includes much bitter and biting material.

The trend — or rather, a trend — for some time, as we well know, has been to eliminate the science altogether. I have no objection to satires projected into the future or in other worlds as such; I have lots of objection to some such works being labelled and marketed as science fiction. And I

object even more strongly when notably ignorant academicians proclaim something like Ballard's Crystal World as great science fiction, as the only kind of science fiction that is worth an intelligent reader's attention, etc. I'll want to say a little more about this novel later on, but will just mention now that I've come to see the injustice of my comments on it in WARHOON a few years back.

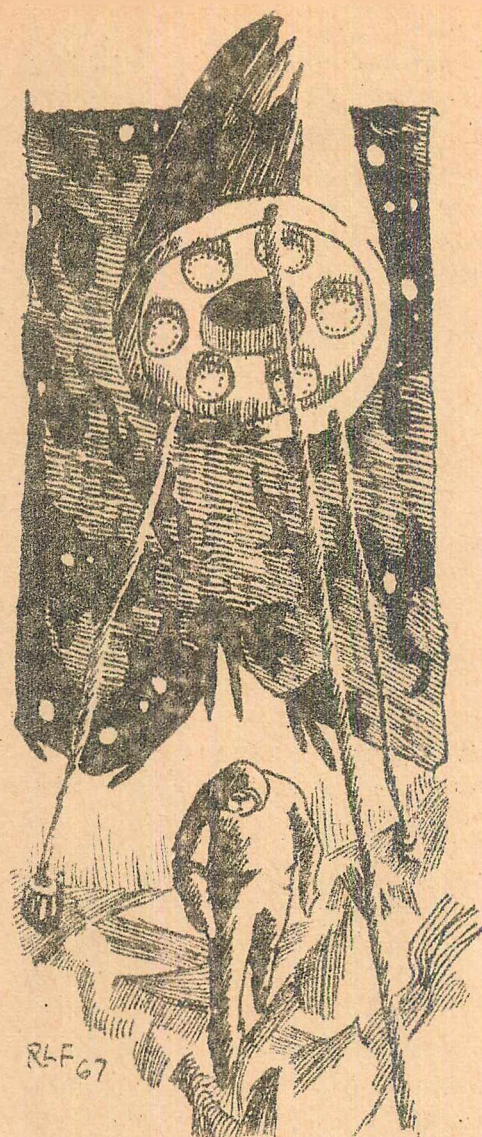
I've come to see something which was obscure to me until very recently (since I started the first draft of this letter), and I take off my hat to Alexei Panshin who really nailed it down for me — in the sense that what he said stimulated me to thinking in a way I just hadn't thought before.

I've said that my favorite science fiction has been science fiction closely related to the paradigms noted above. Yet, consider: I've read numerous reports of the content of Soviet science fiction available here in translations for some years now. If these are to be believed (and my confidence in the judgement of the persons writing some of these reports lead me to accept them as probably valid), then here is the sort of science fiction I ought to enjoy. Yet I've never had the slightest urge to pick any of them up. This fact just occurred to me recently and it tells me something about my real feelings that I had not thought of before.

The science fiction I fell in love with, back in the late 20's, and began to devour voraciously in the 30's when it was possible for me to obtain it, was very largely based upon an outlook which has disappeared from the Western world: the 17th — 18th century outlook of science as a world of wonder which could (and by the 19th century, it was felt would) transform the world into a world of wonder filled with beautiful people. The authors who were writing for Gernsback, etc., in those days had grown up in this atmosphere, and I myself was too young to comprehend the revolt against this feeling even had I encountered the general bitterness and disillusion of the post-1914 period when I was approaching my teens.

But from what I have been able to gather about the general morale of the Soviet people, there is nothing like this measure of over-all disillusion with science there. The element may exist among the intellectuals, and possibly is growing among the younger generation — but doesn't the popularity of this old kind of science fiction there (which, true, includes social criticism, which romantic and satiric science fiction did to a certain extent even in my early days of reading it) suggest that the populace in general still has a large measure of faith in the role of science in making a better world, such as we young fans shared way back then? I think it does.

But I can't take this orientation seriously, and I suspect that is why I have very little desire to read new stories based upon it even though I can enjoy visits to the past by re-reading some of the old tales now. It's all pretend, just like re-reading Dracula or trying a well done vampire story today is pretend. And I can see thus why the present day upcoming writers of science fiction, who never experienced this "science is wonderful" atmosphere, often cannot enjoy the old material and certainly consider what I prefer to call "science fiction" as obsolete.



I wish the term science fiction could be confined to this older variety and the sort of creative fantasy or speculative fiction that is being written today would be labelled either creative fantasy or speculative fiction. However, the wish is a vain one, fatuous in fact, and I'm going to try to put it aside along with family pride.

So now that you ask my opinion as to whether science fiction is getting better these days, or just changing, I'll take you at what is labelled "science fiction" and say, to some extent both is happening. The bulk of it probably is, as Panshin describes the older variety, filled with "melodrama, triviality, narrowness of vision, confusion of identity, and bad writing" — but this is a weakness of other fiction, too; and the weaknesses are expressed in today's terms in the new variety — but are not so often recognized for what they are. Much of the present crop seems better simply because it does not express these elements the way they are so clearly expressed in the stories of the 20's, 30's, 40's, etc. And one reason why the faults are not seen is that the bulk of readers are persons afflicted with the same ills that Panshin describes.

Just the same, I repeat my assertion at the beginning that there is a wider potential for excellent material today than

ever before, and some of my favorites include many of the elements that I enjoy in the older material. Certainly The Left Hand of Darkness gave me an awful lot of the same sort of pleasure that I used to receive from the old magazines — but expressed in a manner more appropriate to such development that I've experienced personally since 1930. And I'd call this science fiction, where I still have to grind my teeth somewhat when I see Bug Jack Barron labelled science fiction, for all my appreciation of that story. (I might add that my one complaint about the Le Guin book is my feeling that it should have been considerably longer; but what was there won my enthusiastic vote for the Nebula and the Hugo.)

Just one more thing before I close; I wanted to make amends to Ballard. The Crystal World has sections of haunting beauty in it — the entire episode which was originally published as a novelet, "The Illuminated Man." I had originally assumed, before a re-reading of the Panshin article in FANTASIC, October 1970, led me to thought, that what I disliked about it was the nihilistic underflavor of the entire story. But I'm no longer sure of this; I do not object to rather similar nihilistic underflavor in Dostoyevsky, although it is true that my interest and taste for this sort of fiction is rather easily satiated. Rather, I'd say that the Ballard novel, for me, brought up comparisons with Dostoyevsky, and they were rather cruel to Ballard because The Crystal World strikes me as pretty shallow. Nonetheless I may yet re-read it for its fruits of imagination which cannot be found in other works sharing a more or less similar philosophic base. (For more, though, I'll tackle novels by Feodor that I haven't gotten to yet.)

I agree with Lester del Rey very largely as to why so much of the current material is as it is — particularly why so few new writers either came out of the 1969 World Science Fiction Convention or were spurred on to more and better things by it, as was the case with the 1939 convention — but I do not agree with any statement or implication that hard work and hard study of the art of writing is a bad thing in itself. I entirely go along with his point that too much so-called instruction today is the blind leading the blind, on the so-called "democratic" assumption that if you add enough zeroes together (throw enough ignorant people into a discussion) you'll come up with some positive wisdom. You can only learn about the art of writing from study of the masters and hard work, which includes widening your own horizons in every way that is suitable for you — for you, not necessarily the next fellow.

So, Dick, I'll continue to read some new science fiction and find some of it good, perhaps even great, but I won't be reading nearly so much as in former years. And I'll continue to feel good about an over-all situation which allows me to find just about every variety I might want to read, and which permits the publication of novels which would have been rejected everywhere ten years ago — and not necessarily because taboos were shattered; in many instances it could well have been because sales departments were not convinced that the book would sell.



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OFF THE DEEP END



I have bandied the term "hack" about a bit, but I must confess I remain unclear on its precise definition or application. Perhaps every writer feels that the term does not apply to him, but does to others; thus the naming of names is fraught with blivets.

Well, to the big dictionary: my 1913, 3,000 FUNK & WAGNALLS (Published somewhat before I was born, so it can't be accused of taking sides) says: hack², n. 1. A horse kept for hire... 2. (U.S.) A carriage kept for hire... 3. A drudge, especially a literary drudge. "With all his reputation he was a literary hack, whose income varied as the amount of writing he could execute in a certain time." E.C. Stedman Victorian Poets, Hood. 4. A prostitute; a procuress. 5. A hackney-carriage.

There we seem to have it: a usable definition in a context that buttresses the wider meaning: hired horse, prostitute...say, I just realized one reason the latter is called the former! (I'm a slow learner—though I understand there are similar associations in Spanish and perhaps other languages.)

Very well. Are there hacks among us? Here in our little SF ghetto, I mean; naturally we all concede there are hacks in other fields: western, mystery, romance, literary, sex—but let them wipe their own posteriors. What SF names come to mind? Mack Reynolds? Lin Carter? Dean Koontz? Robert Silverberg? Harlan Ellison? Keith Laumer? Richard Geis? I've had brushes with the last half dozen or so, and must admit their attitudes don't seem hack to me. Each has his area of genuine concern that he does for love rather than money, and several turn out enough of what the market demands to build a cushion of lucre so that they can then afford to do their own type of thing. I do that myself; it is better than starving. It is a sad commentary on the state of the art that the artless finds the most ready market—but let's not blame the victims of that system!

Actually, just about all SF magazine fiction is paid for by the word, and the income of the magazine writers does vary as the amount of this fixed-rate material they turn out. And even the novels—in practice most paperbacks do not earn out their advances, so they are really flat-fee works. So isn't the novelist whose income varies as the number of items he markets in a given period as much a hack as the rest?

Consider this too: substitute entertainment for money, and you get the hack reader. He gets little more out of a given work than he puts into it; to a hack-level mind, all books will be hack regardless of their quality. And we have hack fans, who no longer read any science fiction but content themselves with fanzines and conventions. Drudges all, in their fashion. But just try to point out any specific one,

and watch the indignation!

Yet all this begs the relevant question: what is wrong with hack? If the hack writers please the hack publishers and in turn the hack readers and give the hack fans something to gripe about, who is anyone else to cry nay? So some writers cater to the creative minds, others to the noncreative—why the hell not? No one has to read what doesn't appeal to him.

Which seems to make the only crime one of classification. The average writer does not like to be called "hack" or "new wave" or even "average." I don't know why this is and don't care—so long as nobody insults me with any of those appellations!

Let's set up a definition of hack writing along legalistic lines. To wit: 1. The work when taken as a whole appeals to the nonproductive interest. 2. Craftsmanship is inferior. 3. It is utterly without redeeming social value. (As has been pointed out: why set standards for porno that other literature can't meet?)

Who among us can qualify by these definitions as a True Hack?

One name comes to mind: Richard Shaver. But I don't know whether the man is still alive, or even how much of him was Ray Palmer, who disappeared into Saucerism about a decade ago. I understand Shaver holds the world's SF record for pseudonyms with something like 44, and that about exhausts my information. Richard Shaver, are you there? Ray Palmer? Sigh. Let's try again.

How about L. Ron Hubbard? Isn't Dianetics about as close as you can come to hack psychiatry? I suspect Dianetics destroyed A. E. van Vogt as an effective writer—a man who, at his best, was as good as any. So much for the "redeeming social value" criterion. I understand Hubbard now cruises the Mediterranean, living off the \$140,000 per week Scientology provides him. But of course we should judge

a column

By PIERS ANTHONY

Hubbard by his fiction. (Dianetics etc. is presented as fact.)

How about Robert Moore Williams? Now there we have a reputation to conjure with. Whenever hack is mentioned, his name comes most frequently to the fore. Even editors use him as an example. I once had a novel bounced as being so bad it approached the abysmal depths of Robert Moore Williams! (Oh yes, I sold it elsewhere, for total American and British advances of over \$3,000. I can't name the title because the publisher means to change it; but when you read a novel of mine that is that bad, that's it.)

Yes. This brings me to the piece of resistance (pardon my French) for this column: a comparison of fear by L. Ron Hubbard, and Love is Forever—We Are for Tonight (henceforth referred to as Love) by Robert Moore Williams. Both are short novels relating to the devious mechanisms of man's mind, and the covers have thematic similarity: human face, vague, portion circled. It would be reasonable to assume at the newsstand that the contents were similar.

The authors are both old-timers. Hubbard was born in 1911 and his first SF story appeared in ASF in 1938; Williams was born in 1907 and made his debut in the same magazine a year earlier, as "Robert Moore." Hubbard published about a dozen SF novels, several as "Rene Lafayette," before going on into Dianetics; Williams has over twenty and is still going strong.

Here the similarities fade. Hubbard, despite my use of his name in this context, is a far cry from hack, while Williams...well, he calls it "pulp" writing, and as far as I know he has never received any serious nominations for fictive merit. Surely his writings are without redeeming social value. Surely only a sadist would make a serious comparison of the sort I am about to make. Yes.

Fear was published back in 1940 in UNKNOWN, and has now been republished by Berkley. No credit is given for any interim edition, but I know there was one because I read it when I was in the Army in 1958. Paperback, as I recall (I could not afford hardcover on private's pay); I remember this fascinating tale of a man going down some steps into the ground, unable to retreat though they horrified him. (Tom Disch evidently read it too; his later presentation of a similar notion in short-story form was hailed as "new wave.") I got about 3/4 through the book when another trooper asked to borrow it. So I loaned it...sigh. Finagle's Law.

Thus I was passing glad to see it from Berkley. I reread it with the cynicism of another dozen years of life and writing experience, knowing that few 1940 vintage efforts can stand up in 1970. And I concluded that the Hubbard of 1940 was a master story-teller. Oh, there are little grammatical lapses—but overall this is as good a piece of writing as you can find today. It is reminiscent of the work of Philip K. Dick—

you know, the warp and woof of reality constantly pulled out from under your clutching feet—only Hubbard was there first.

Fear is a classic. It really is.

Now the cover blurb on Love says: "Inside a man's head—a fantastic journey beyond all imagination." That neatly describes fear. What gluttonous aspiration!

How, then, does Hack Williams stand up to Classic Hubbard?

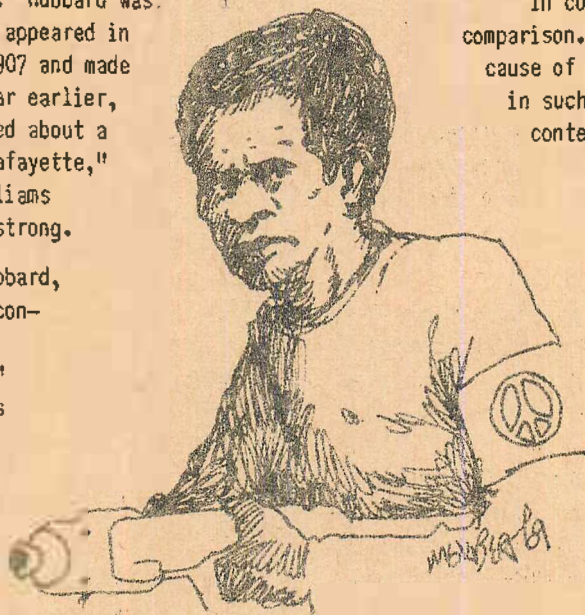
In straight literary craftsmanship I have to give the nod to Hubbard. The actual grammatical level is similar; but Hubbard has a way with words, a perception of detail that is morbidly charming. Everything is organized for an effective denouement; he knows what he is doing and leads the reader by his psyche until the damnation of the end. Williams is not so clever; he lacks the sheer art of expression, the compulsiveness of presentation. Fear is difficult to put down, and wrenching to lose incomplete—as well I know! Love can be read at leisure, and portions are slow.

In content and theme we have a more devious comparison. I lump these two aspects together because of the nature of these books: when you deal in such permutations of the mind and soul, your content is your theme.

Fear is downbeat; it starts well and grinds down to its bloody hamburger of a conclusion. Love is upbeat; it begins with a cloud of gnats and ends with the words "Stretch, soul, stretch!" The titles are apt: fear is a destroyer, love is a creator. These books rather nicely complement each other.

When I read the portion of Fear in 1958 I did not pay proper attention to the author's note at the beginning: "This story is wholly logical, for all that will appear to the contrary." I thought the steps into the depths were merely fantasy, or at least a device to present fantastic material. Now I know they are more than that: there is a specific, logical rationale behind that imagery. Likewise the desperate scream the protagonist hears near the outset. And the hangman who pursues him. And the lost four hours and missing hat. In fact, this story is so devastatingly logical that it is only marginally fantasy—that margin being the brother and sister demons who theoretically organize the calamity because our hero doesn't believe in them. They are only notions, superficial dressing for an unsuperficial psychological study.

There are great numbers of allusions and images that I don't connect—but the ones that I do fathom are so apt that I must accept the remainder on faith. I would dearly like to run them all down, so as to appreciate the phenomenal network of fear in its entirety. Certainly the book speaks to me, taking me back to the ravages my own mind has felt in the past; it must speak to many others similarly.



Now that I have finished fear, I can see some of its possible influences on the field and on literature itself. Geis has a digest of its climax in his sex-novel, Ravished, for example. And years ago I saw a television play that could have been adapted from the same source: there the protagonist's missing hours stemmed from an alcoholic blackout, but the manner he used them and the manner he discovered them were the same.

I repeat: a classic.

Love is frankly autobiographical, and like Fear it has fantastic episodes (in the sense of "unusual" not "ridiculous") that have their own substantial logic. And like Fear the allusions are not always easily fathomed, but can reward the reader's effort.

I am reminded, in one way or another, of several other writers, though I doubt Williams had these in mind. Thomas De Quincey—1785-1859, English essayist and critic, who ate opium and wrote of his mind-stretching and sometimes nightmarish experiences. Toward the end of his life he could appall visitors by discoursing intelligently on literary matters, then launching into some petty and personal grievance entirely below his stature. (Hell, I can do that!) Dylan Thomas—1914-1953, savage Welsh poet: "And you, my father, there on the sad height, / Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray. / Do not go gentle into that good night. / Rage, rage against the dying of the light." Even so does Williams, the age of my own father, rage; even so, is he driven by love. James Drought, who could not get his books published, so set up his own hardcover publishing company to print his own material, which was then highly successful. Avon subsequently bought his novel The Secret for \$30,000. But Drought's "secret" is not as profound as Williams'. Vardis Fisher, who felt that his present circumstances was so complex that it was necessary to explore the entire history of the species in order to comprehend that present, and did so in his monumental Testament of Man series. Williams wrestles with a similar search for identity—as do we all. Giants, each, in their several fashions. But these are not referenced in love; they are merely the memories it evoked in me.

The "hack" label begins to wear thin.

I could summarize the "plot" but that is the province of hack reviewers. Here instead is Williams speaking for himself: "...true I transferred to my wife my early love for my mother, equally true I transferred this love for my wife to (my) daughter..." Don't we all?

"Not for what happens to us but for what we do about it,

for this we are responsible."

"Fear is the lash that forces us to find a path into tomorrow."

"Only those who are still alive, or partly alive, can feel the pain of new growth."

"Astrologically, I am a Gemini. The old charts show us as being twins. One twin has a club over his shoulder, the other carries a harp. Part of the time my imagination seems to belong to the twin that has the harp...at other times...the club..." As those who have dealt with the author know....

"In Colorado Springs, Dianetics worked just as well for me as it had worked in St. Louis, that is to say, not at all."

"If there is a path into tomorrow, it must include love. But not love alone. Love blended with wisdom!"

"I am one of those who doubt that the Good Lord really said 'Let there be light.' What He actually said was 'Let there be girls!'"

"I quite agree with Freud that dreams are the royal road to the unconscious, but I expand the meaning of the word unconscious to mean everything in all the starry skies of Great Space, everything that ever has been, that is, that perhaps will be. Dunne had interesting ideas about precognition in dreams, and books have been written about events foreseen in dreams which later come true in whole or in part. Dreams may include all of this and in addition may add a multitude of confusing grace notes devised by our own freewheeling creative mechanism, much wishful thinking, much release of sexual drives, and much release of hidden fears and hates."

Freud should need no elucidation here, but possibly Dunne is less familiar. An Experiment With Time was published in England in 1927; I have the Faber & Faber edition, which makes me feel at home since that was my first British publisher. Experiment is a phenomenal text I do not claim to comprehend (in fact when I read it as a child I couldn't finish it: too complex). Let me only say that it is no sensationalistic entertainment, but a solid and rather technical discourse on the nature of time that could hardly be of interest to the hack researcher.

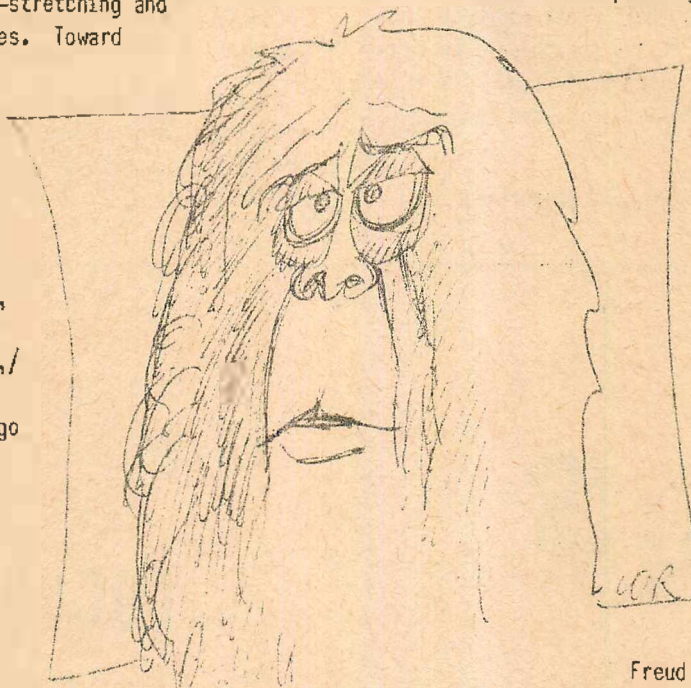
"You have no idea how difficult it is to get one woman to admit so simple a fact that some man has had his fingers up her vagina."

"...I am both ape and angel...I can either whang my harp in the choir of heaven or I can whang my club over the heads of apes."

"It is not bad to be an ape. What is bad is to think there is nothing better."

"(the critics) seem reluctant to understand how much we live by fiction, how little by fact, even in our daily lives."

And more, as he tries to fathom the pains of existence



through a medium, research, observation, revelation, LSD as well as the disciplines already mentioned here, writing his mental The Book of IS. He can't have left many significant avenues unexplored.

Hubbard's downbeat Fear, a masterful portrayal of what insecurity and suspicion can do to the mind of man. Williams' upbeat Love, suggesting that fear is only a stimulus, that love is more important. Complementary books, necessary ones. I deem Fear superior as fiction; Love as philosophy. The reader who wants to be thrilled, shocked, entertained should read the first; the reader who prefers to think and feel and wonder, the second.

But anyone can preach sundry philosophies without honoring them in his own life; this is hack living. What of Williams' own practice?

Many people express their grienvances only out of sight and hearing of the offending party; that's hack courage. Williams sends blunt letters directly to the source—to publishers, to writers, to SFWA officers. This costs him contacts and markets and he reaps a vindictive harvest...seldom to his own face. Undaunted, he carries on.

Consider the Ultimate case. While SFWA temporized pusil-

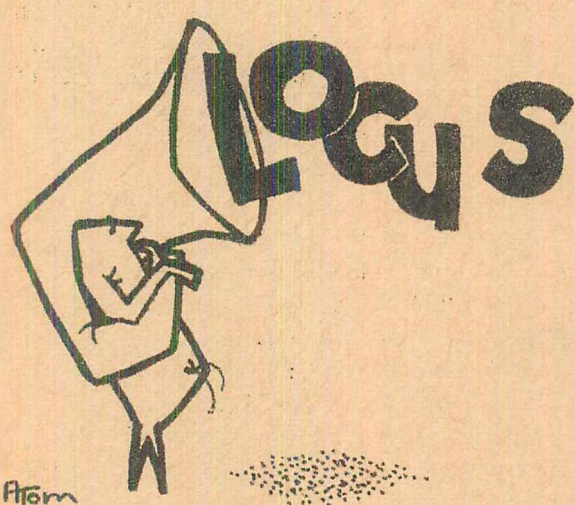
lanimously, letting its members get stung all the while, Williams marched in—and obtained the evidence that may presently put the reprint pirate out of business.

"Assholes talking from the inside out," he says in print. Sounds like a sick mind (not to mention bowel), doesn't it? Certainly this is the ape in him—but suppose there really are nether apertures polluting the field with their effluents? Then who is sick, and who the Emperor without clothing? (You can see the assholes better when the clothing is illusory...) Why not call an ass a hole?

There are those in Parnassus who, given some technical grievance against a given writer (such as his publicizing their failure to pay enough or to pay at all for what they print), will attempt to undermine his livelihood by slighting his talent. Is this the wind of divinity—or merely flatulence?

Yet by my personal literary definitions, much of Williams' production is indeed hack. Why should I defend him here?

Because there are in our midst too many competent writers and fans with hack values in their personal dealings. Robert Moore Williams, whatever else you may believe about him, is not a hack man.



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My continuous interest in science-fiction began with the reading of the November 1949 issue of *ASTOUNDING*, a now-defunct monthly which some older readers may remember. This was a good issue with which to start.

About a year earlier a reader named Richard Hoen had written in to predict the contents of the November 1949 issue, naming both authors and their stories.

Editor John W. Campbell, now a minor figure in the *Gobineau Revival*, obliged Hoen by rounding up most of the predicted stories.

This made the issue an all-star anthology, with fiction by Heinlein, Asimov, del Rey, Sturgeon, and van Vogt. But despite this competition the story that stuck in my mind as the most vividly told was a short story by L. Sprague de Camp entitled "Finished."

It related the adventures of two Earthmen in foiling the attempts by the natives of the planet with a 15th-century technology to smuggle scientific devices and texts through a technological blockade imposed by Earth.

I quickly sought out an earlier work in this series, de Camp's novel, *The Queen of Zamba*, which had been serialized in the August and September issues. (This later appeared as *Cosmic Manhunt* in half of an Ace Double.)

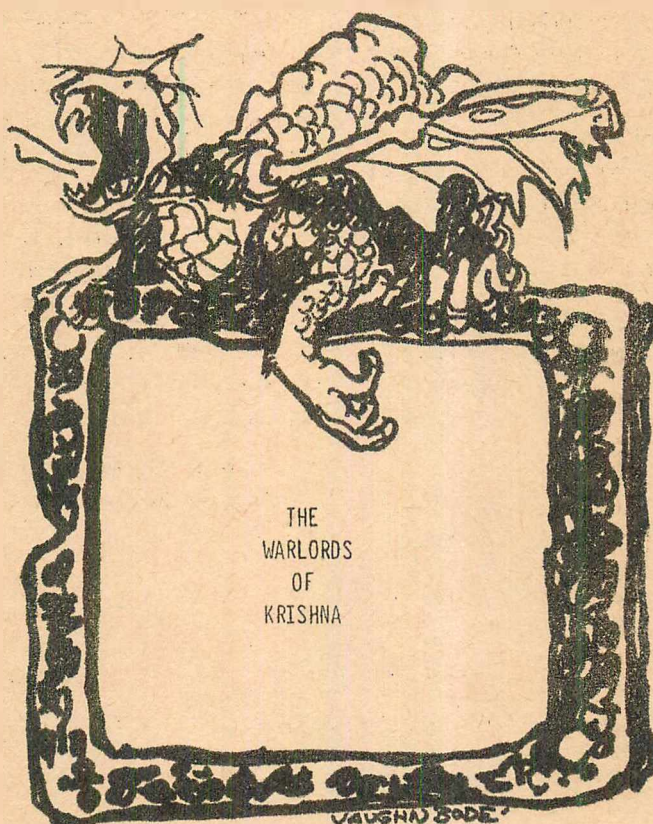
The novel lived up to the promise of the short story, and described a planet full of feudal tyrants, six-legged monsters, beautiful princesses, and other opportunities for adventure.

In fact, de Camp had created not just a planet, but a complete ambience. Inspired by the Burroughs stories set on "Barsoom" (roughly, the Mars described in Percival Lowell's popularized writings on astronomy) he had created on which stray Earthmen could have adventures full of swordplay and other Barsoomian derring-do.

By analogy with our own planetary system, whose components have names from Greco-Roman mythology, Krishna is located in a solar system whose planets Earthmen have named after the Hindu gods: Krishna is Earth-like, while Vishnu is the steaming jungle that Venus was once imagined to be, and Ganesha resembles Mars.

In *The Queen of Zamba* these planets circle Alpha Centauri, but later de Camp moved them to Tau Ceti. This was a sensible choice. Alpha Centauri is a triple star system in which plan-

John Boardman



ets, if possible at all, would have weird orbits. Tau Ceti is a single orange star, about 12 light years from the Sun and with about 45% of its luminosity. The author further assumes that by the 22nd century, in which these stories take place, Earth will have a single planetary federal government and that Brazil will be the leading nation within it. As a consequence, Portuguese is a major world language, and most of the personnel of the publicly owned space travel corporation Viagens Interplanetarias happen to be Brazilians.

Other technologically sophisticated species are also exploring space. The dinosaurian Osirians, the androgynous monkey-rats of Thoth, and the elephantine Isidians come from planets of Procyon which have been named by Earthmen after Egyptian deities.

The most technologically advanced inhabitants of Krishna live around the Triple Seas region in their planets northern hemisphere. Unlike Earth, the surface of Krishna is mostly land, which means that it must be mostly desert.

The planet has a lighter gravity than Earth's, meaning that Earthmen are relatively stronger and more agile here than at home. The lighter gravity also makes the natives taller and rangier.

The Krishnans are so nearly human that Earthmen can disguise themselves and go traveling *incognito*. Krishnans have green hair, and a slightly greenish cast to their skins, though their blood is brown. Olfactory antennas rise from their brows, and their ears are pointed. Like all the four-limbed mammals of their planet, they are oviparous. There are also numerous six-limbed creatures which give live birth; these range from the equine aya which serves as the most common means of transportation, to such fearsome carnivores as the yeki (a mink the size of a tiger), the reptilian shan, and the shan's polar cousin the pudamef. Some of the six-leggers have modified one pair of legs into wings, and occupy the ecological niche that belongs here to birds.

When the Earthmen contact Krishna and establish an enclave at Novorecife, they and the other space-traveling species realize that precipitating Krishna from the Dark Age to the Space Age will not only drastically upset the planet's social and economic structure but will also turn loose in space a species with the outlook of a gang of medieval knights and mercen-

aries. They therefore establish and rigorously enforce a technological blockade, letting into Krishna only such innovations as printing. A few missionaries get through, too—spreading such post-World War III faiths as Cosmotheism and Ecumenical Monotheism as well as Christianity and its offshoots. (In one story appears briefly a Krishnan devotee of a cult of Earthly origin called "Krishnan Science".)

The technological blockade neatly answers a question which de Camp must have posed to himself upon beginning his pastiche of Barsoom. Insofar as Burroughs thought seriously about science, he seems to have been anti-scientific, but de Camp's background as an engineer rules this out.

(De Camp, virtually alone among science-fiction authors, has never written a story in which anybody travels faster than light. Space travelers' life-spans are extended in strict conformity with the Lorenz transformation and the Fitzgerald effect.)

So, since travel to Krishna in a trance state is also ruled out, how else do you get somebody to a distant planet by space ship and then have him leave space age technology behind, arm himself with a sword, and go out on a back in a medieval culture?

Not only is Krishna technologically consistent, it is sociologically reasonable. Many science-fiction authors feel that their responsibility to the "science" half of the genre's name is satisfied if they explain along proper scientific lines how the spaceship or the mutation operates. But "science" also includes the social sciences.

The author who shows chattel slavery existing in an atomic-powered civilization, or gives radium-powered rifles to Tharks and then has them fight their foes with swords, makes as gross a blunder as his colleague who introduces flying monsters in blatant violation of the square-cube law.

But the societies of the Varasto-speaking peoples around Novorecife are consistent with a late-medieval technology. To the North lies the Empire of Gozashtand, with appropriate feudal subdivisions and internal tensions.

On the southern side of the Pichide River is the Republic of Mikardand, ruled by the knightly Order of Qarar—and here de Camp avenges the millions of students who have been required to study the sophistries of Plato and act as if they represented great philosophy. For the Order of Qarar is nothing but the Guardians of Plato's Republic, and Mikardand staggers along about as one might expect, once it is brought out of the pages of philosophy and into the realm of real people.

Other forms of government are also examined with the cynical eye of a man who has seen and been unmoved by all the fine new experiments in government which have characterized our century.

Madjbur, which is probably where the author would settle down if he had to live on his own planet, is a mercantile

Free City like Venice or Novgorod.

Qirib is a matriarchy with customs straight out of The Golden Bough—until a wandering Earthman meets up with the heiress apparent in The Hand of Zei.

Balhib has even stranger marriage customs: a union exists until terminated by mutual agreement, but a woman lives not with her mate but with her brother, who brings up her children. (Something of the sort has been observed in the South Pacific.)

As with government, so with religion. Gozashtand's state religion is astrology—until the Earthmen upset things by informing the Krishnans what the planets really are.

The Qiribuma, of course, worship a mother goddess, while the mercantile Majburuma and the warlike folk of Balhib have appropriate tutelary deities.

Further off, the Krishnans of the ice-bound south polar regions worship geometrical figures.

Earthly sects are also active; the Dour of Suria and the Kamuran of Dhaukia are converted to different branches of Christianity, force their people to do likewise, and wind up in a holy war that eventually leads to the conquest of both nations by a third power that remains in blissful paganism.

De Camp has created detailed and consistent societies against which his Earthmen can act and react.

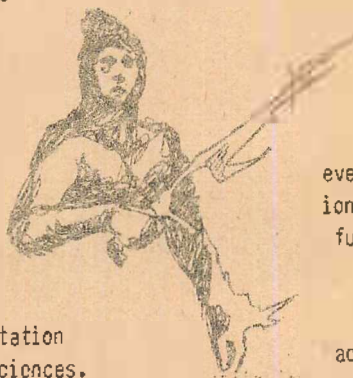
And he brings a most diverse lot of Earthmen to Krishna—detectives in search of stolen girls or guns (The Queen of Zamba), or confidence men out to swindle the Platonic Guardians of Mikardand ("Perpetual Motion," FUTURE, August 1950 & the anthology The Continent Makers), the technological blockade ("Finished"), or the warrior race of Balhib (The Tower of Zanid), or even explorers on legitimate business (The Hand of Zei).

Most of these tales (four novels, two novellas, and nine short stories) have been published two or even three times. In the course of these appearances, a few things have been changed in a curious fashion.

For example, The Queen of Zamba has two detectives working in tandem: Victor Hasselborg, searching for the missing daughter of a Syrian industrialist, and Chuen Ligo-dz, looking for some stolen guns with which the daughter's partner in crime hopes to conquer Gozashtand. By the time Ace got to the book, Chuen Ligo-dz of Gweilin becomes K. Yano of Nafa, Okinawa—probably because China and things Chinese had been rendered less than popular by the outbreak of the Korean War.

Other emendations have been made to cut out expressions of the author's erudition, which editors may have considered unnecessary to the plots and boring to the readers.

Things cropped for these reasons include explanations of



Qiribo philology, the glorious military history of Balhib, and scandalous episodes out of the past of Anthony Fallon, a remittance man on Krishna who hatched The Queen of Zamba scheme and was then thriftily employed by de Camp some years later as the protagonist of The Tower of Zanid.

This last novel has suffered most seriously from cutting, and the reader is strongly urged to seek out the original magazine publication of the serial rather than read the gutted book versions of the tale.

Some publishers still seem to believe that science fiction is a chiefly juvenile market. This means that, while authors may describe in great detail sword-fights, battles, tortures, or how to run a grift, sexual activity gets a blue pencil.

In the Tower of Zanid which gives its name to the last Krishna novel, a slave-girl is first raped and then tortured to death as part of a religious rite. The rite is censored in the book version so that the sex is left out, but the torture is apparently still considered appropriate for young minds. (Also, in the magazine serial the ceremony was called a "Wass." That went, too.)

Although The Rogue Queen was the greater critical and financial success, I prefer The Hand of Zei. Though thoroughly justifying the use of the term "science-fiction," this novel was a blood-and-thunder adventure in the grand tradition. Since nothing like the mythical "Sargasso Sea" exists on Earth, de Camp has located this tangle of seaweed in Krishna's largest ocean, peopled its derelict ships with pirates and drug-runners, and then obligates an Earthman of shy and retiring disposition to enter it, rescue a compatriot, stop the drug racket, and get 50,000 meters of film depicting all this while using a camera disguised as a ring to get around the purpose of the technological blockade. The hero, a writer named Barnevelt, not only accomplishes these wonders but also solves most of his own psychological problems including a difficulty in dealing with women.

As for the women—well, there are frequent liaisons between Earthmen and Krishnan women, and even one of the opposite pairing in "The Virgin of Zesh." But, unlike Burroughs, de Camp knows enough biology to keep from introducing hybrids into the stories.

At this point one might cavil about the possibility of mutually pleasureable sexual activity between the genera Homo and Krishnanthropus.

The Krishnans lay eggs.

This means that their young cannot possibly be as well-developed on hatching as earthly young are at birth, since anything in an egg is limited to the contents of the egg for nourishment. Also, since the egg is less flexible than a human fetus at term, the passage through which it emerges would have to be larger. I should think that any sexual commerce between Earthmen and Krishnan women would give rise to unflattering remarks about toothpicks, feathers, or matchsticks.

In an article in Norman Metcalf's now-defunct fanzine, NEW FRONTIERS (Dec. 1959), de Camp discusses the background of the Viagens Interplanetarias stories. (The article includes a map of Krishna, which will shortly be published in the anthology of fantasy maps which J.B. Post is now compiling.) In this article, the author states that further adventures on Krishna are unlikely. Though he enjoyed doing them, and pure adventure science-fiction is now more popular than it was when they were written, magazine rates for this kind of fiction are too low to make it worthwhile.

TABLE I.

INHABITED PLANETS OF THE "VIAGENS INTERPLANETARIAS" STORIES

PRIMARY	PLANET	INHABITANTS
Sun	Earth	Earthmen
	Mars	Insect-like beings mentioned only peripherally in VI stories.
Tau Ceti	Vishnu	Romeli—six-legged ape-like tribesmen. Ozleri—centauroid tribesmen at almost continual war with Romeli.
	Krishna	Krishnans as described; also more primitive long-tailed and short-tailed species in remote or inhospitable regions.
	Ganesha	No native sentient beings mentioned.
	Indra	No native sentient beings mentioned.
Procyon	Osiris	Sha'akhfa—intelligent tyrannosaur-like beings some 7 feet tall with high-strung emotions, reptilian powers of pseudo-hypnosis, and a capitalist economy that would warm Ayn Rand's heart.
	Thoth	Small, agile 7-fingered "monkey-rats" with well-deserved reputations as sharp dealers. Since Thoth is mostly ocean, they are superb swimmers.
	Isis	Elephant-like beings with trunks but no hands.
Sirius	Sirius IX	Ant-like creatures with a communistic economy
not named, unless perhaps Epsilon Eridani	Thor	"Ostrich-men" with foghorn voices. One continent was colonized by Earthmen, a source of much Thorian annoyance.
Lalande 21185	Ormazd	Avtini—tall, pink-skinned humanoids who mature sexually only on a meat diet. Arshuul—a species closely related to the Avtini and at war with them.

TABLE II.

"VIAGENS INTERPLANETARIAS" STORIES CLASSIFIED BY PLANET OF LOCATION LOCATION

PLANET	TITLE & MAGAZINE PUBLICATION (if any)	BOOK PUBLICATION (if any)	FICTIVE DATE(S)
Earth	"The Inspector's Teeth," ASTOUNDING, Apr. 1950	The Continent Makers (Twayne, 1953)	2054-88
	"The Colorful Character," THRILLING WONDER, Dec. 1949	Sprague de Camp's New Anthology (Hamilton,)	2117
	"The Continent Makers," THRILLING WONDER, Apr. 1951	The Continent Makers	2153
Krishna	"Finished," ASTOUNDING, Nov. 1949	The Continent Makers	2114-40
	"Getaway on Krishna," TEN STORY FANTASY Spring, 1951	(as "Calories") Sprague de Camp's New Anthology	2122
	"Perpetual Motion," FUTURE, Aug. 1950	The Continent Makers	2137
	"The Queen of Zamba," ASTOUNDING, Aug.-Sept. 1949	(as Cosmic Manhunt Ace, 1954)	2138
	"The Hand of Zei," ASTOUNDING, Oct. 1950-- Jan. 1951	(as The Search for Zei and The Hand of Zei, Bouregy, & Ace 1962 & 1963)	2143
	"The Virgin of Zesh," THRILLING WONDER, Feb. 1953		2150
	"The Tower of Zanid," SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, May-Aug. 1958	The Tower of Zanid (Bouregy, 1958, & Airmont, 1963)	2168
Vishnu	"The Galton Whistle," FUTURE, July 1951	The Continent Makers	2117
	"The Animal Cracker Plot," ASTOUNDING, July 1949	The Continent Makers	2120
Osiris	"Summer Wear," STARTLING, May 1950	The Continent Makers	2115
	"Git Along," ASTOUNDING, Aug. 1950	The Continent Makers	2147
Ormazd		The Rogue Queen (Doubleday, 1951; Dell, 1951)	?

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+ ALAN E. NOURSE mentioned: "Yes Harper this winter has published the Christopher Priest novel entitled Indoctrinaire, and a new historical analysis of science fiction written by Don Wollheim called The Universe Makers, which I thought to be an exceptionally rational and informative book when I saw the advance galleys."

+ JOHN BOARDMAN sent along a copy of a Brooklyn College science examination. Problems 15-20 are STAR TREK oriented. Thus:

"15. The star ship Enterprise and a Klingon cruiser pass the planet Mudd. An observer on Mudd sees that they are going in opposite directions, each with a velocity .8c. How fast would each space-ship be traveling, as seen from the other? (You may leave the numerical answer in the form of a fraction.)"

+ G.P. COSSATO noted: "A major decision was taken during the HEICON by the European fandom, i.e. : the first Eurocon will take place in Trieste, during the SF Film Festival (last two days plus following Sunday) in 1972. Pre-supporting fee (and I believe supporting too) is \$2.00. So far more than 100 people have registered (among whom: Forry Ackerman, James Blish, Bob Silverberg, John Brunner, Anthony Lewis (who has promised to act as agent), Walter Ernsing, etc.) which is not a bad beginning. All moneys to: CCSF, Casella Postale 423, 30121 Venezia, ITALY."

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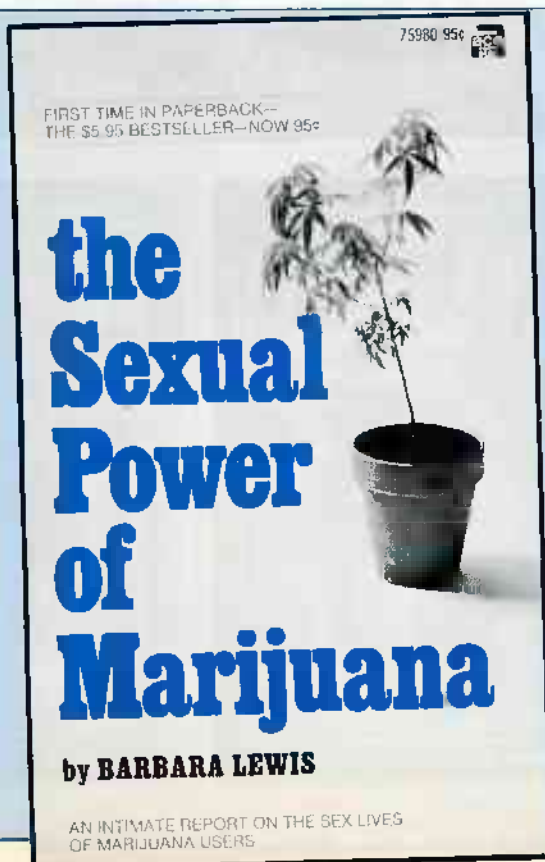
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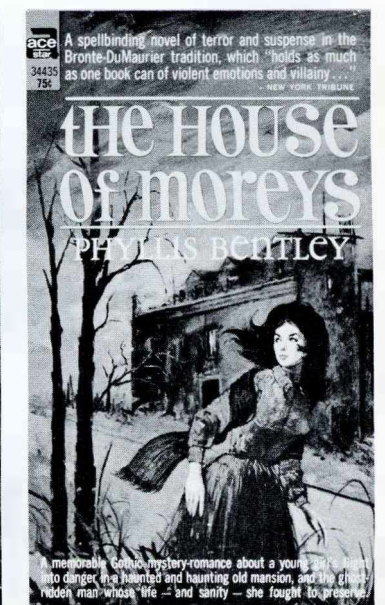
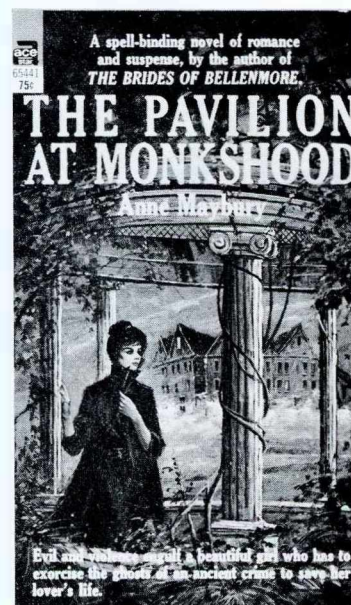
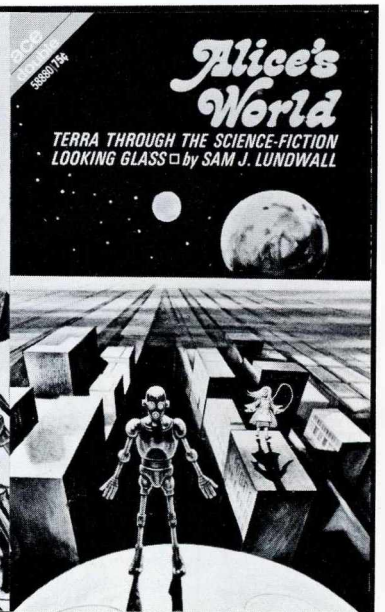
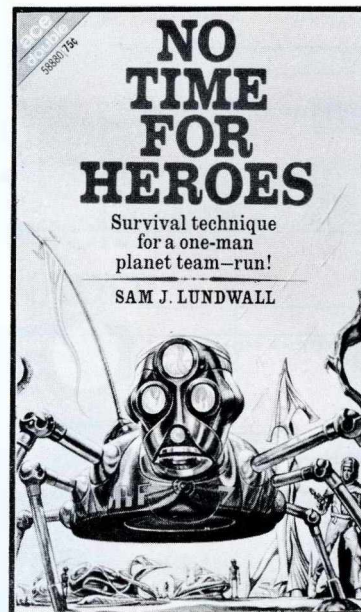
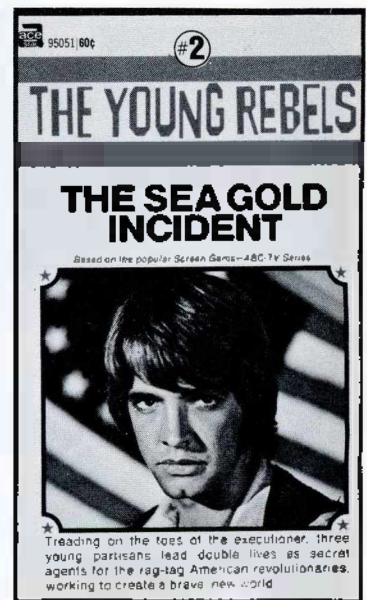
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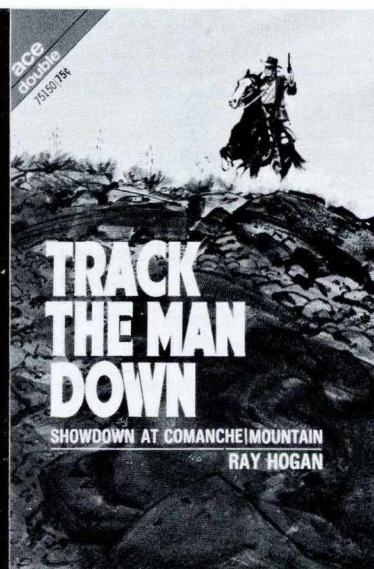
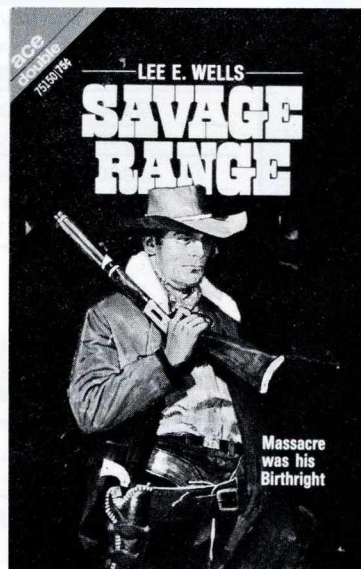
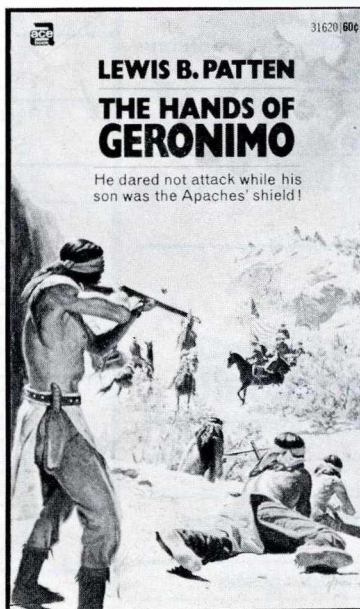
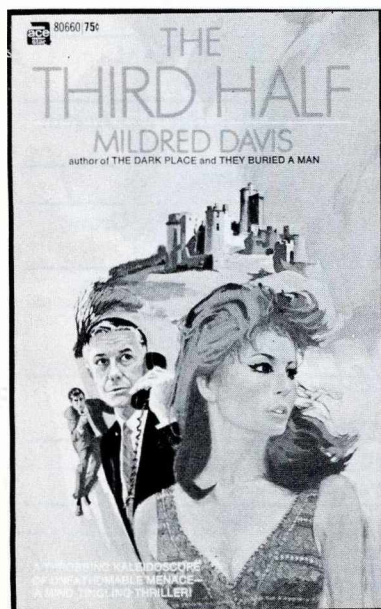
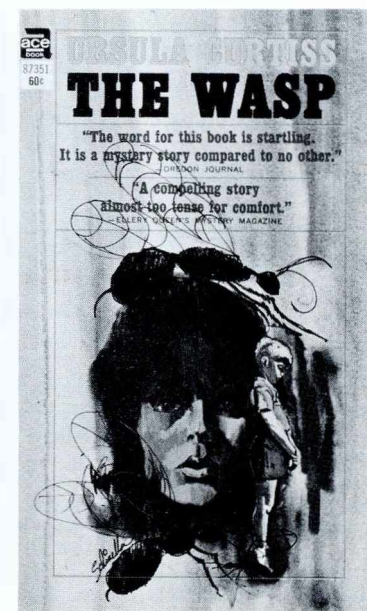
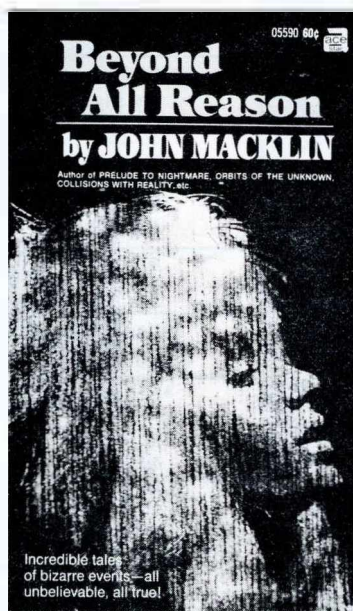
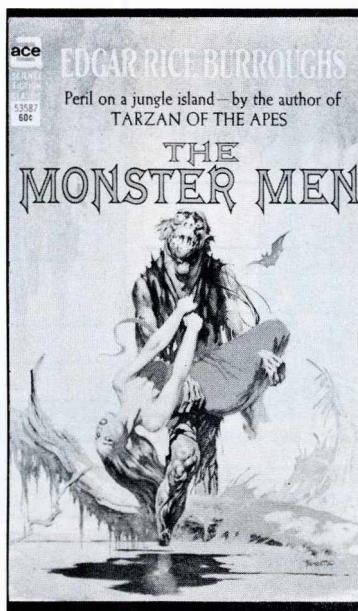
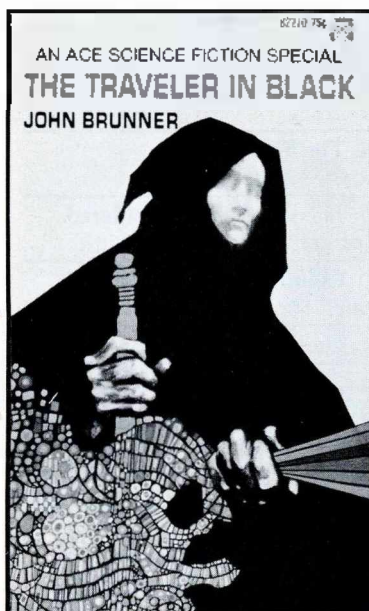
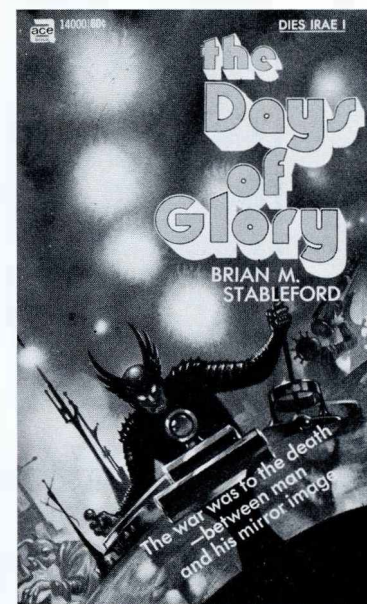
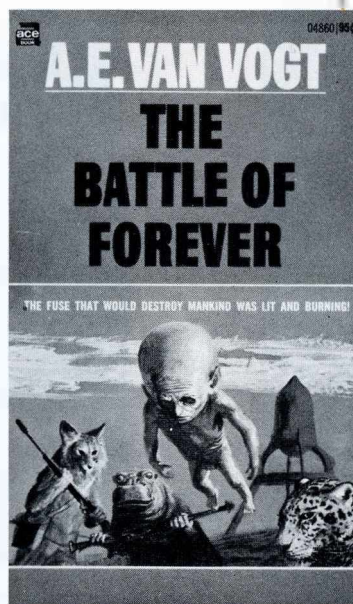
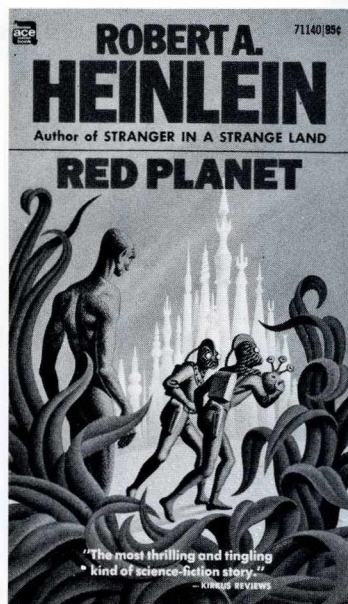
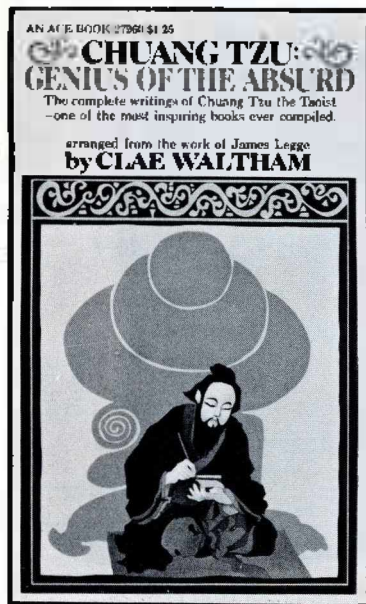
34435 **THE HOUSE OF MOREYS** by Phyllis Bentley Gothic 75c

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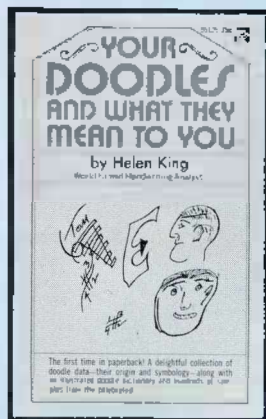
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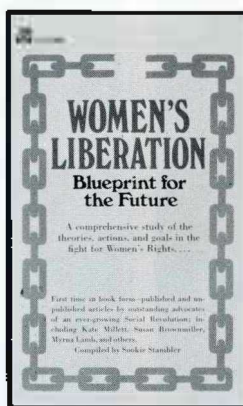
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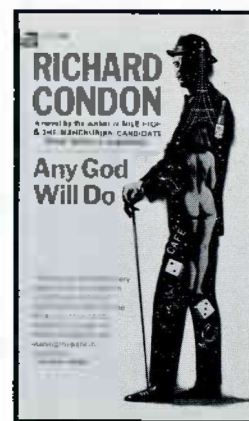
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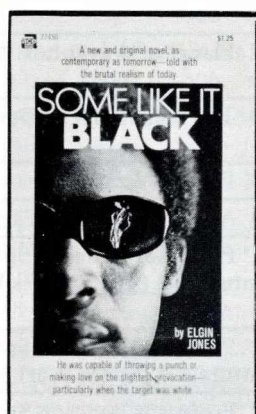
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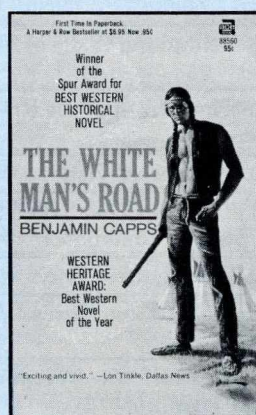


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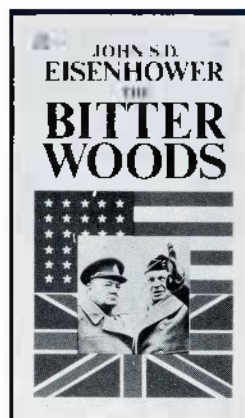
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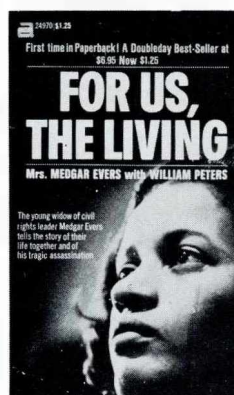
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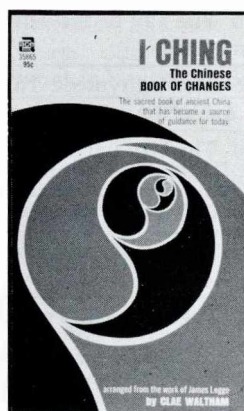
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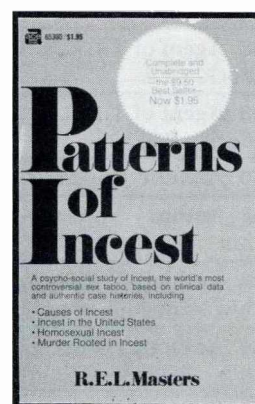
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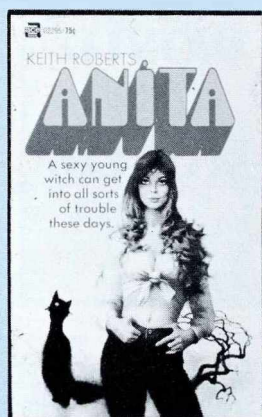
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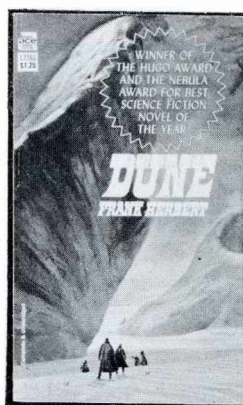
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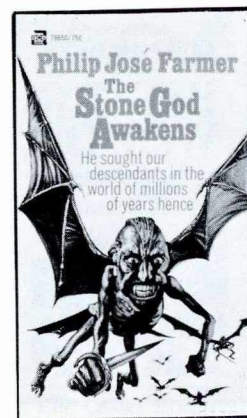
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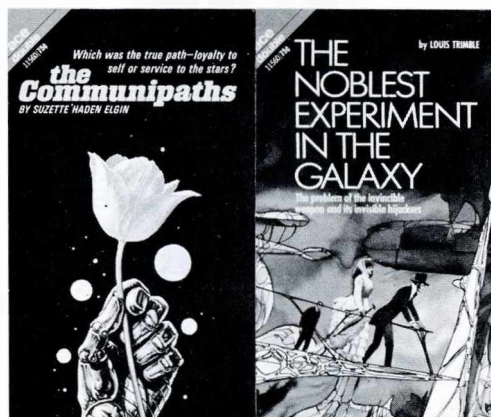
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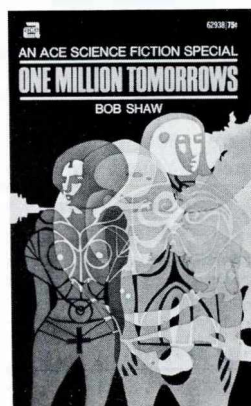
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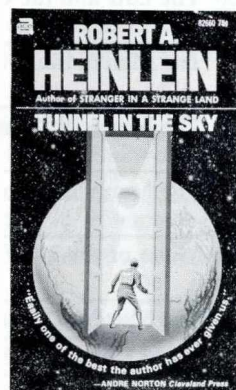
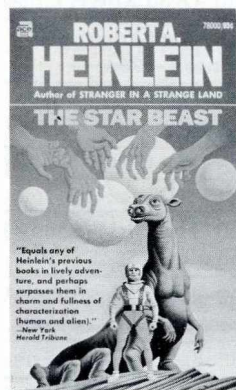
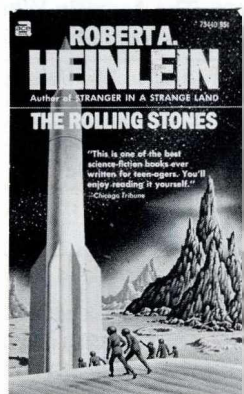
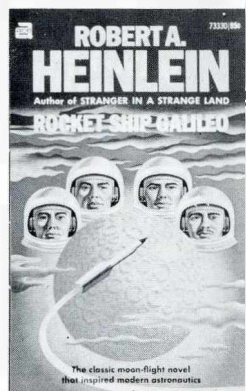
76500 **The Silkie** 60c

*84580 **The Universe Maker** 50c

*87180 **The War Against the Rull** 75c

*87855 **The Weapon Shops of Isher**
60c

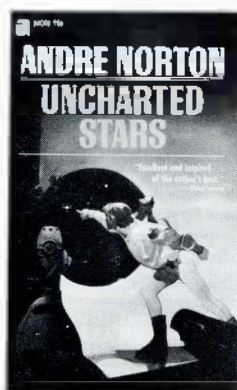
ROBERT A. HEINLEIN



Stock
Order

- 73330 Rocket Ship Galileo 95c
- 73440 The Rolling Stones 95c
- 78000 The Star Beast 95c
- 82660 Tunnel in the Sky 95c
- *91501 The Worlds of Robert A. Heinlein Heinlein 60c

ANDRE NORTON



Stock
Order

- 84000 Uncharted Stars 75c
- 05160 Beast Master 50c
- 09265 Catseye 50c
- 12311 The Crossroads of Time 60c
- *13795 Dark Piper 60c
- *13991 Daybreak 2250 A.D. 60c
- *14231 Defiant Agents 60c
- *27225 Galactic Derelict 40c
- 33700 High Sorcery 60c
- 35421 Huon of the Horn 60c
- 41550 Judgement on Janus 50c
- *43671 Key Out of Time 60c
- 47161 The Last Planet 60c
- *54100 Moon of Three Rings 60c
- 57751 Night of Masks 60c
- 63410 Operation Time Search 60c
- *63821 Ordeal In Otherwhere 60c
- *66831 Plague Ship 60c
- 69681 Quest Crosstime 60c
- 75830 Secret of the Lost Race 60c
- 75990 Shadow Hawk 50c
- 76801 The Sioux Spaceman 60c
- 77550 Sorceress of Witch World 60c
- 78191 Star Hunter & Voodoo Planet 60c
- *78430 The Stars are Ours 45c
- *78741 Storm over Warlock 60c
- 80800 Three Against the Witch World 50c
- *81251 The Time Traders 60c
- *86320 Victory on Janus 50c
- 87319 Warlock of the Witch World 60c
- 87870 Web of the Witch World 50c
- 89701 Witch World 60c
- *92550 The X Factor 50c
- 94251 Year of the Unicorn 60c
- *95961 The Zero Stone 75c

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

- 03321 At the Earth's Core 60c
- 04631 Back to The Stone Age 60c
- 05651 Beyond The Farthest Star 60c
- 09201 Carson of Venus 60c
- 09281 Cave Girl 60c
- *18770 Edgar Rice Burroughs: Master of Adventure Lupoff 95c
- 21561 Escape on Venus 60c
- *21801 The Eternal Savage 60c
- 46996 The Land of Terror 60c
- 47011 The Land of Hidden Men 60c
- 47020 The Land Time Forgot 60c
- *49291 The Lost Continent 60c
- *51401 The Mad King 60c
- *53701 The Moon Maid 60c
- *53751 The Moon Men 60c
- 64481 Out of Times Abyss 60c
- *64510 The Outlaw of Torn 75c
- 65851 Pellucidar 60c
- 65941 The People Time Forgot 60c
- 66501 The Pirates of Venus 60c
- 75131 Savage Pellucidar 60c
- 79791 Tanar of Pellucidar 60c
- 79851 Tarzan at The Earth's Core 60c
- 90190 The Wizard of Venus 60c



- *05350 The Begums Fortune 60c
- *09160 Carpathian Castle 60c
- *10650 City in the Sahara 60c
- *14253 Demon of Cawnpore 60c
- *24800 For the Flag 60c
- *35250 The Hunt for the Meteor 60c
- *37110 Into Niger Bend 60c
- *80900 Tigers and Traitors 60c
- *86440 The Village in the Tree Tops 60c
- *94490 Yesterday and Tomorrow 60c

Occult World

- *02265 Anatomy of a Phenomenon
Vallee 60c
- *02300 Another Look At Atlantis
Ley 75c
- 06715 The Blood Cults
LeFebure 60c
- *07061 Book of the Damned
Fort 75c
- *10210 Challenge to Reality
Macklin 60c
- *10250 Challenge to Science
Vallee 60c
- *11520 Collision with Reality
Macklin 60c
- 14710 Dialogue With the Dead
Robson 60c
- 14256 Letters on Demonology and
Witchcraft Sir Walter Scott 75c
- *17500 Dwellers in Darkness
Macklin 60c
- *20680 The Enigma of Reincarnation
Steiger 50c
- *24415 The Flying Saucer Vision
Michell 60c
- 24430 Flying Saucers on the Attack
Wilkins 75c
- *24850 For Your Information: On
Earth And in the Sky Ley 60c
- 25165 Fraternity of the Weird
Hervey 60c
- 28590 The Ghost Who Danced With
Kim Novak Kleiner 60c
- *28596 Ghosts and Hauntings
Marden 60c
- *40700 Journey Beyond the Grave
Macklin 60c
- *48861 Lo! Fort 95c
- *49025 A Look Through Secret Doors
Macklin 60c
- *57160 New Lands Fort 60c
- *60681 The Occult World of John
Pendragon Steiger 60c
- 61480 The Official Guide to UFOs
75c
- *63750 Orbits of the Unknown
Macklin 75c
- *65250 Passport to the Unknown
Macklin 60c
- 67400 Pocket Guide to the
Supernatural Buckland 60c
- *67700 Prelude to Nightmare
Macklin 60c
- 71400 Report on Unidentified Flying
Objects Ruppelt 75c
- *75958 Sex and Satanism Steiger 95c
- 78800 Strange and Miraculous
Cures Smith 60c

- *78820 The Strange and the Uncanny
Macklin 50c
- *78880 Strange Encounters
Macklin 50c
- *78901 Strange Guests Steiger 60c
- 78960 Strange Powers of Unusual
People House 50c
- 78981 Strange Prophecies That
Came True Robb 50c
- 80580 They Walk By Night
Hervey 50c
- 88700 Widespread Psychic Wonders
Smith 75c
- 90050 Witness to Witchcraft
Lefebure 75c
- *91700 The World's Strangest
Mysteries Furneaux 50c
- *95200 Your Hidden Powers
Phillips 60c

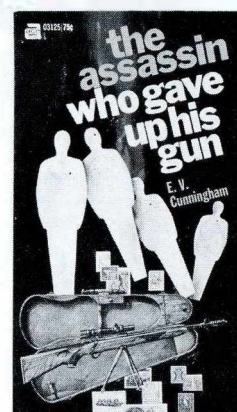
Hans Holzer

- *22325 ESP and You 60c
- 28570 Ghost Hunter 60c
- *28605 Ghosts I've Met 60c
- *48530 Lively Ghosts of Ireland 60c
- *93951 Yankee Ghosts 60c

Occult Fiction

- 07300 Bride of Darkness
Lawrence 50c
- *08200 Bromstick in the Hall
Blackmore 75c
- 12595 The Cup of Thanatos
Hune 60c
- 14286 The Devil On Lammas
Night Howatch 60c
- 14293 The Devil Vicar
Coffman 75c
- 28850 The Gilded Sarcophagus
Hunt 60c
- *31705 Hangsaman Jackson 75c
- *34425 House of Illusion Devon 60c
- 49545 The Lotus Vellum Hunt 75c
- 52100 Masque by Gaslight
Coffman 75c
- *52435 Memory of Megan Lovell 60c
- *65989 Perturbing Spirit Caird 60c
- *73470 The Room Upstairs
Dickens 50c
- *79100 The Sundial Jackson 60c
- *86020 The Vampyre of Moura
Coffman 75c
- *89900 The Witching Hour
Randall 75c

Mysteries



Stock
Order

03125 The Assassin Who Gave Up
His Gun Cunningham 75c

- *02272 And to My Beloved Husband
Loraine 60c
- *02273 And Hope to Die
Charbonneau 60c
- *02276 The Angel of Death
Loraine 75c
- *07890 The Break in the Circle
Loraine 75c
- *12200 The Crimson Madness of
Little Doom McShane 60c
- *14150 Dead Ringer Chase 60c
- *14155 The Old English Peep Show
Dickinson 75c
- 22680 Fallout for a Spy
Hershatter 60c
- *24975 The Fox Valley Murders
Vance 60c
- *28920 The Girl Nobody Knows
McShane 75c
- *28960 The Glass-Sided Ant's Nest
Dickinson 75c
- *47055 The Last Best Friend Sims 60c
- 50500 The Lute and the Glove
Eyre 50c
- *51890 The Man in the Tricorn Hat
Ames 60c
- *51920 The Man with 3 Jaguars
Ames 60c
- *51935 The Man with Three Chins
Ames 60c
- *54000 Moon of the Wolf
Whitten 60c
- 54710 The Murder League Fish 75c
- *57950 Night Climber White 75c
- *58000 Nightmare in Dublin
Loraine 75c
- 62936 The One-Faced Girl
Armstrong 60c
- *63100 The Only Good Secretary
Potts 50c
- 65225 The Passenger on the U
Aveline 95c

- *67095 **The Plastic Nightmare**
Neely 60c
- *67110 **The Pleasant Grove Murders**
Vance 60c
- *68300 **Progeny of the Adder**
Whitten 60c
- 75750 **The Secret of Holm Peel**
Rohmer 60c
- 76085 **The Shannon Terror**
Dubois 50c
- 77480 **Something Blue**
Armstrong 60c
- 77855 **The Spy Who Hated Fudge**
Hershatter 60c
- 86490 **The Virgin Huntress**
Holding 50c
- 87015 **W.I.L. One to Curtis**
Loraine 60c
- *88290 **While Love Lay Sleeping**
Neely 60c
- *90000 **With Murder in Mind**
Roffman 60c

CORNELL WOOLRICH

- *06505 **The Black Angel** 75c
- *06550 **The Black Curtain** 60c
- *06640 **The Black Path of Fear** 60c
- *07921 **The Bride Wore Black** 60c
- *14153 **Deadline at Dawn** 75c
- 66050 **Phantom Lady** 75c
- *71360 **Rendezvous in Black** 60c

MARGARET ERSKINE

- *09223 **A Case With Three Husbands**
60c
- *22200 **The Ewe Lamb** 60c
- *22741 **The Family at Tammerton**
60c
- *59300 **No. 9 Belmont Square** 50c
- *62200 **Old Mrs. Ommanney Is Dead**
50c
- *76630 **The Silver Ladies** 50c
- *77050 **Sleep No More** 50c
- *90801 **The Woman at Belguardo**
60c

Gothic Mysteries

- 01695 **All Your Lovely Words Are Spoken** Roby 60c
- *03150 **Ashes in an Urn** Roffman 50c
- *05230 **Beauty That Must Die**
James 50c
- *05520 **Beware of the Bouquet**
Aiken 50c
- 09060 **Call in the Night**
Howatch 50c
- 10300 **Chateau Chaumand**
Delmonico 50c
- *10680 **City of Forever**
Blackborn 50c
- 11220 **Cloud Over Malverton**
Buckingham 50c
- *12420 **The Crystal Crow**
Aiken 75c
- *13680 **Dangerous Enchantment**
Garrett 50c
- *13760 **The Dark Between the Stars**
Blackmore 50c
- 13821 **The Dark Shore**
Howatch 75c
- *13840 **The Dark Summer**
Buckingham 50c
- *14190 **Death in a Mist** Salter 60c
- 14200 **Deed of Innocence**
Blackmore 50c
- 22435 **Eyrie of An Eagle**
Delmonico 75c
- *22541 **Face of an Angel**
Paradise 60c
- *22570 **Falconridge** Marlow 60c
- *23120 **Fear of a Stranger** Foley 50c
- *23375 **A Few Days in Endel**
Gordon 60c
- *29815 **Goodbye** Gillian Burke 60c
- *30250 **Grave of Green Water**
Roffman 60c
- 31780 **Harlequin House** Hayes 50c
- *34360 **The Hour Before Moonrise**
Buckingham 50c
- *34380 **The House in the Woods**
Lance 60c
- 34390 **House of Athena**
Bennett 60c
- *34450 **House of the Pines**
Tempest 60c
- *37040 **In a Glass Darkly** Caird 60c
- *45120 **Knight's Keep** Randall 60c
- 46898 **The Lady of Lyon House**
Marlow 75c
- 51625 **Malverne Hall**
Payes 60c

54231 **Morgan's Castle** Hilliard 75c

57851 **Night of the Stranger**
Blackmore 75c

*47760 **The Least of all Evils**
Arvonen 60c

*47920 **The Legend of Baverstock Manor** Buckingham 50c

52120 **The Master of Montroff Hall** O'Grady 50c

*52200 **Matravers Hall** Kellier 50c

*52430 **A Memory of Darkness**
Summerton 60c

*53560 **Monk's Hollow** Marsh 75c

*54380 **Moura** Coffman 60c

*54560 **Murder** Scholastic Caird 75c

*57975 **Nightingale at Noon**
Summerton 60c

*62780 **Once Upon a Tombstone**
Salter 50c

*65895 **Mask of Words** Roffman 60c

66380 **Pilgrim's End** McNamara 50c

71330 **Remember With Tears**
Arvonen 50c

*72680 **Ring of Mischief**
Summerton 50c

75180 **Saverstall Vicary** 50c

75670 **Sea House** Summerton 50c

*75720 **The Second Mally Lee**
Kyle 50c

*75950 **Seven Days from Midnight**
Randall 50c

76070 **Shadow of a Witch**
Paradise 50c

76200 **Shroud of Fog** Roberts 75c

76290 **Shrouded Walls** Howatch 50c

76400 **The Silent Place** Payes 50c

*78700 **Storm in the Mountains**
Buckingham 50c

*81540 **To the Castle** Malm 60c

*86090 **The Velvet Trap**
Blackmore 60c

*87100 **Walk Into My Parlor**
Randall 50c

*87125 **Walk Into Yesterday**
Davis 60c

*88095 **When Emmalyn Remembers**
Marlow 60c

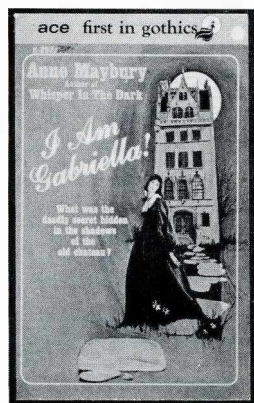
*89100 **The Will to Survive**
Salter 50c

89000 **The Willow Herb**
Randall 60c

Stock
Order

Stock
Order

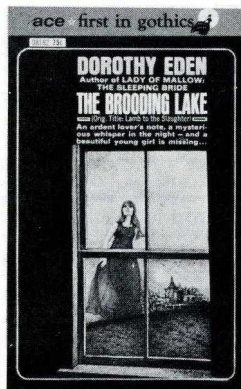
Anne Maybury



Stock
Order

- *35831 I Am Gabriella! 75c
- *07946 The Brides of Bellenmore 60c
- *22580 Falcon's Shadow 50c
- 30281 Green Fire 75c
- *57700 The Night My Enemy 50c
- *76020 Shadow of a Stranger Maybury 50c
- 78550 Stay Until Tomorrow 50c
- 88426 Whisper In the Dark 75c
- *89420 The Winds of Night 50c

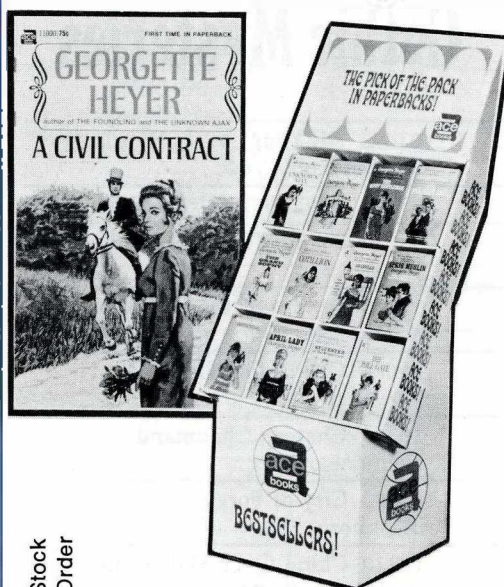
DOROTHY EDEN



Stock
Order

- *08182 The Brooding Lake 75c
- *07972 Bridge of Fear 75c
- *09255 Cat's Prey 75c
- *12352 Crow Hollow 75c
- *13881 The Daughters of Ardmore Hall 75c
- *14180 The Deadly Travellers 60c
- *14191 Death is a Red Rose 75c
- *47402 The Laughing Ghost 75c
- *48475 Listen to Danger 60c
- *57802 The Night of the Letter 75c
- *67852 The Pretty Ones 75c
- *76970 Sleep in the Woods 60c
- *77122 The Sleeping Bride 75c
- *86600 The Voice of the Dolls 75c
- *88555 Whistle for the Crows 50c
- 94390 Yellow is for Fear 75c

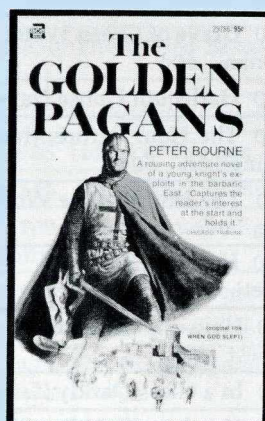
Georgette Heyer



Stock
Order

- *11000 A Civil Contract 75c
- *02601 April Lady 75c
- *02891 Arabella 75c
- *11771 Cotillion 75c
- *24825 The Foundling 75c
- *25300 Friday's Child 75c
- *30241 The Grand Sophy 75c
- *69891 The Quiet Gentleman 75c
- *71301 The Reluctant Widow 75c
- *77832 Sprig Muslin 75c
- *79351 Sylvester Or, the Wicked Uncle 75c
- *81640 The Toll Gate 75c
- *84665 The Unknown Ajax 75c
- *86111 Venetia 75c

Historical Novels



Stock
Order

- 29786 The Golden Pagans Bourne 95c
- 02900 Arena Scotland 95c

Nurse Romance Novels

Stock
Order

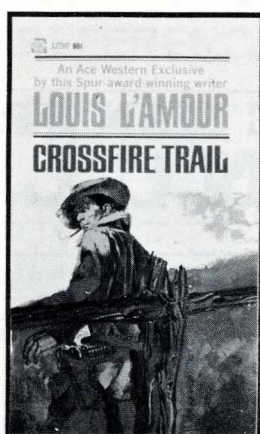
- 12240 Cross Country Nurse Roberts 45c
- 12293 Crossroads for Nurse Cathy Hale 60c
- 15730 Doctor's Daughter Hale 50c
- 16300 Down East Nurse Lloyd 45c
- 20500 Emergency Call Hale 50c
- *47720 Leap In The Dark Randall 50c
- 49560 The Love Gift Eden 60c
- 51550 The Magic of Dr. Farrar McElfresh 60c
- *52410 Meet Nurse Lucinda Dorian 60c
- 55180 My Favorite Nurse Everett 50c
- *57305 New Yorker Nurse Fletcher 50c
- 57205 New Nurse at Dorn Memorial McElfresh 60c
- 59400 Nurse at Moorcroft Manor Heath 45c
- 59425 Nurse at Cliff End Heath 60c



Stock
Order

- 59535 Nurse Jean's Strange Case Hale 60c
- *59600 Nurse Missing Kellier 50c
- 59825 Nurse to Remember Holloway 60c
- *60980 The Odds Against Nurse Pat Dorian 50c
- 62700 Once A Nurse Roberts 40c
- *65350 The Patient at Tonesburry Manor Kellier 45c
- 70400 Rangeland Nurse Roberts 40c
- 79109 The Sunshine Nurse Heath 60c
- 83400 Two Loves of Nurse Ellen McElfresh 50c
- 84640 University Nurse Hale 50c
- *87400 Waynestown Hospital Kellier 50c

Western



Stock
Order

12280 Crossfire Trail L'Amour 60c

*06330 Bitter Grass Olsen 50c

07800 Brand of the Gun
Wynne 50c

07830 Bucko Farrell 50c

08360 Bucking for Boot Hill
West 60c

*08380 The Buffalo Runners
Grove 60c

*14950 The Disturbing Death of
Jenkin Delaney Bonner 50c

30400 Gringo Nye 60c

30750 Gundown Wynne 60c

30800 Guns Along the Jicarilla
Hogan 60c

32600 Hell for Leather Jones
Shelley 50c

32725 Hellbound for Ballarat
Nye 60c

*32880 A Hero for Henry Purdom 60c

47951 The Legend of Blackjack Sam
Hoffman 60c

*52050 Mascarada Pass
Macdonald 40c

62730 Once An Outlaw
Kincaid 60c

*65200 A Partnership With Death
Adams 50c

68560 The Proud Riders Wynne 45c

70000 A Quintet of Sixes
Wollheim 60c

*71150 The Red Sabbath Patten 60c

72300 Rider on the Roan Nyle 50c

*72435 Rogues Legacy Foreman 60c

76015 The Shadow Maker
McCaig 60c

*76170 Shorty Adams 50c

76840 Six Ways of Dying
Patten 60c

77950 The Star and the Gun
Patten 50c

80400 The Texas Gun Nye 60c

*82120 The Trail of Lost Skulls
Nye 45c

*85901 The Valdez Horses
Hoffman 60c

*87260 The War on Charity Ross
Bickham 50c

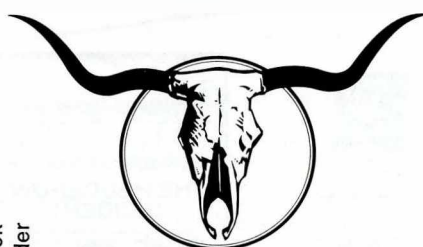
*88040 Wenatchee Bend Cheshire 50c

88800 Wild Bill Hickok
O'Connor 75c

89600 Wolftrap Nye 50c

*95000 The Youngerman Guns
Patten 60c

Double Westerns



Stock
Order

00320 The Action at Redstone Creek
Constiner 50c
A Time to Shoot it Out Booth

*04680 A Badge for a Badman
Wynne 50c
Devil's Butte Hogan

04750 Bandit Brand West 50c
Ride for Vengeance Callahan

06760 The Bloodrock Valley War
Hogan 60c
The Killing of Hallie Jones Thompson

08150 Bronc Jones 50c
The Vengeance Ghost Sullivan

*09135 Canyon War Reynold 60c
The Hooded Gun Bowie

10665 The Challenger Lutz
The Phantom Pistoleer West 75c

11530 Colt Wages Hardin 75c
The Lonesome Mountains Trimble

11785 The Cougar Basin War
Ketchum 60c
Trouble Valley Trimble

12275 Crossfire at Barbed M West
50c The Race at Crazyhorse Vance

14130 Dead Man's Gold
Hoffman 50c
The Silver Concho Jenison

14193 Death Valley Slim Nye 60c
The Kid From Lincoln County Nye

14195 Death Waits at Dakins
Station Constiner 60c
Ransome's Debt Hollingshead

14265 Desperado Doublecross West
75c The Plunderers Daniels

17000 The Dry Fork Incident
Stevens 60c
Deadly Deputy Sullivan

17250 Duel in Lagrima Valley
Ringold 75c
South to New Range Jenison

18600 Echo of a Texas Rifle
Hollingshead 50c
Standoff At Massacre Buttes Trimble

22520 Faces Behind the Mask
West 50c
Marshal of Sangaree Trimble

*24925 The Fourth Gunman
Constiner 60c
Slick on the Draw West

27250 Gallows Ghost Cord 50c
Room to Swing a Loop Payne

*30850 The Guns of Sonora
Smith 60c
Black Buzzards at Bueno West

31680 Hangrope Heritage
West 50c
Stage to Durango Stevens

38920 Jernigan Callahan 50c
West to the Pecos Trimble

44460 Kincaid Callahan 50c
The Ox Bow Deed Hardin

47200 Last Stand Mesa
Foreman 60c
Mad Morgan's Hoard Ketchum

48850 Lone Star Roundup
Owen 50c
Write His Name in Gunsmoke West

48950 The Long Wire Cord 50c
Killers Corral Constiner

50450 The Lusty Breed Wynne 50c
The Siege of Gunhammer Shelley

52035 Marshal from Whiskey Smith
Allen 60c
Impostors in Mesquite Tuttle

53450 Mr. Sixgun Wynne
75c The Wolf Slayer Vance

*58600 No Man's Brand Vance 50c
Two Pistols South of Deadwood
Constiner

65500 The Paxman Feud Hardin 50c
Showdown at Serano West

70350 Rafe Nye 60c
Hideout Mountain Nye

71372 Renegade Roundup West 60c
The Hostile Peaks Trimble

71780 Return to Gunpoint Lee 50c
The Killers from Owl Creek Stevens

75520 Scorpion Showdown
West 60c
Reckoning in Fire Valley Ringold

75968 The Seven Six-Gunners 75c
Bancroft's Banco Nye

76900 The Skull Riders Owen 60c
The Man Who Shot "The Kid"
Constiner

79040 Stranger in Rampart
Stevens 50c
Hanging at Whiskey Smith Stevens

Stock
Order

Double Westerns

(Continued)

- *82080 Tracks of the Hunter
Callahan 50c
Return to Rio Fuego Ringold
- 82101 Trail Drive Garfield 75c
Trouble at Gunsight Trimble
- *82440 Trouble At Tenkiller Hogan
50c The Franklin Raid Hollingshead
- 82455 The Trouble Borrower
Sullivan 50c
Ambush Reckoning Hardin
- 83360 Two Graves for a Gunman
Cord 60c
The Deadly Amigos Cord
- 86465 Zero Hour at Black Butte
Jenison 60c
Sheriff of Sentinel Hardin
- 89590 Wolf Brand 75c
Smoky Pass Holmes

WAR STORIES

- 04870 The Battle for North Africa
Strawson 95c
- 06800 The Bloody Jungle
Runyon 50c
- *24200 Flying Fury McCudden 95c
- 30253 The Great Adventure
Fredericks 50c
- 31510 H-Bomb Over America
Sutton 60c
- *44360 A Killing for the Hawks
Smith 75c
- 49000 Look of the Eagle Scott 60c
- *52440 The Men of Bastogne
MacKenzie 75c
- *54260 Moscow Plievier 60c
- 87801 We Die Alone Howarth 60c
- *89225 Wind in the Wires
Grinnell-Milne 75c

Stock
Order

MOVIE TIE-INS

- 10470 Chisum Bowie 60c
- 27300 Games Ellison 60c
- *47300 The Late Boy Wonder
(Up In The Cellar) Hall 60c
- 87370 Watermelon Man
Raucher 75c
- *76340 The Sidelong Glances of a
Pigeon Kicker Boyer 60c
- *88050 Whatever Happened to Aunt
Alice? (The Forbidden Garden)
Curtiss 60c

TV TIE-INS



Stock
Order

99550 95 Copy TV-Tie-In Display

32335 The Young Rebels #1
(The Hedgerow Incident)
Johnston 60c

37598 It Takes a Thief #1
Brewer 60c

37599 It Takes a Thief #2
Brewer 60c

37600 It Takes a Thief #3
Brewer 60c

67900 The Prisoner #1 Disch 60c

67901 The Prisoner #2
McDaniel 60c

67902 The Prisoner #3 Stine 60c

18785 Edge of Night Slesar 60c

*24296 The Flying Nun #1 Miracle
at San Tanco 50c

24300 The Flying Nun #3 Mother
of Invention 50c

*24301 The Flying Nun #4 The Little
Green Men 60c

24302 The Flying Nun #5
The Underground Picnic
Johnston 60c

51938 Marcus Welby, M.D.
Rock a Cradle Empty Cassiday 75c

51939 Marcus Welby, M.D. #2
(The Acid Test) Cassiday 75c

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

51669 #1 The Thousand Coffins
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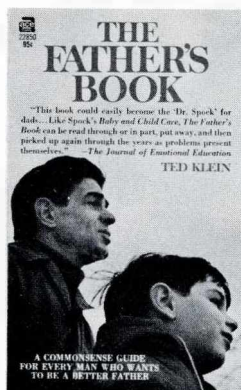
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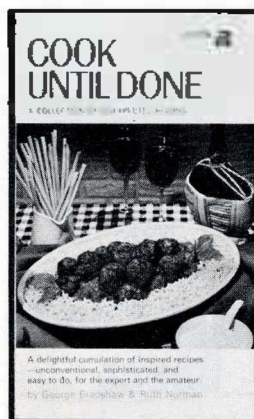
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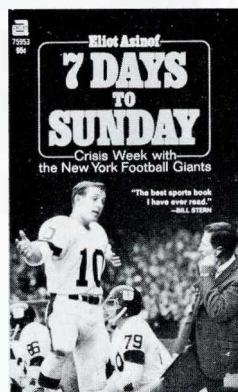
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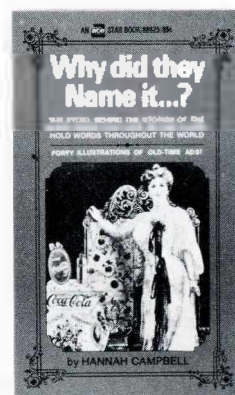
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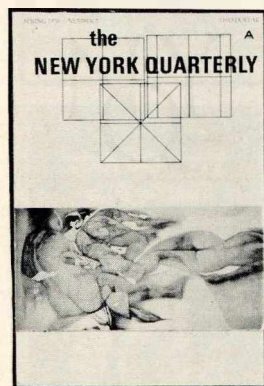
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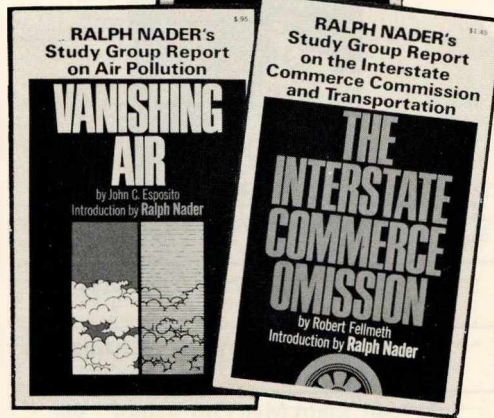
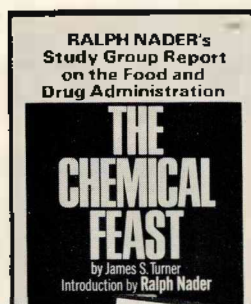
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"Meanwhile, back at the newsstand..."

Spread before me are the last two issues of each prozine published in the US and a letter from Dick Geis saying that, since I object to the vacuum of systematic prozine coverage in SFR, "I'll flang the problem right back at you—YOU WRITE A PROZINE COLUMN!" Consider me flanged. Could you pass up the chance to immortalize your views on your favorite subject in SFR, to be read by all the leading fans and pros and ghod-knows—who at the Minneapolis Public Library?

I am a prozine addict. I duck into newsstands every day to search for new prozines—even when none are due for weeks. I look anyway. I have to buy them, every one of them, to hold, to touch, to possess. #Help me#

The only rational excuse I will offer for presenting my views is that I am a professional Editor (Writers and Readers hiss here) with experience in both production and copy, principally on magazines.

As for real credentials, I've been around fandom's giddy doings since 1959, but not much. I was at Chicon in '62 and St. Louiscon in '69, but you didn't see me. I've been the lurker on the threshold, silent, observing. Now after 11 years the Secret Master of sf and fandom has flanged me. From 2000 miles away Geis has flushed me, like the Godfather: "I'll make him an offer he can't refuse."

My approach will be both general and specific, offering both across-the-field evaluations of just about everything and also focusing on individual stories that seem notably significant (or conversely, notably insignificant). Thus I will be able to benefit or infuriate both the editors and the many writers (not all beginners) who appear only in the prozines, not yet having produced a book to be worked over elsewhere. Sadly, I wield neither lash nor rapier, but I hope you'll get something out of this column anyway.

* * * * *

I began reading "Never Cry Human" by Sterling E. Lanier in the Jan-Feb 1971 IF (The Magazines of Alternatives) with growing amazement. This "novelette" is an example of the disservice an editor can do a writer by buying an amateurish effort—to say nothing of the readers who are then confronted by it.

William Powers (a believable name of the far future? a friend of the author?) and his partner, a seven-foot bipedal Vegan reptile, are field agents of the Survey and Contact Bureau sent to investigate the lack of reports from a new colony on a planet otherwise inhabited by seemingly peaceful wolf-like humanoids of stone-age culture. They find that the wolfmen have turned hostile and attacked the settlement, con-

veniently smashing the radio before being repelled. The two agents flit off into the night to see what's going on among the enemy, their flier is conveniently stomped by a largebeast, they are captured by the wolfmen, stripped, and let loose in a deep canyon to face some Awful Doom.

It is here that the story actually opens, all the above being told in clumsy flashbacks. The first half of the story as presented is devoted to the agents running for their lives down the canyon with the Awful Doom, a ten-foot blue scorpion, coming after. Just as the monster is upon them they find a perfect spot for an ambush and destroy it with the stone in Powers' ring, an "Osmium wrecker bomb" he had all the time.

This panting adventure is superfluous to the actual story of the colony's predicament, which is solved when the Vegan recalls Konrad Lorenz's work on animal behavior back in the 20th century and the colonists go out and assume the submission postures of immature wolves. The wolfmen are psychologically inhibited from attacking, urinate on the colonists, and all ends well with the two agents using the last three pages to explain it all to each other.

Structurally, the story is deformed by the wad of irrelevant "action" that takes up the entire first half. It is also a straight costume piece. Substitute Pilgrims for colonists, Indians for wolfmen, a bear for the giant scorpion, Indian cultural behavior for that of wolves, and what have you got?

More seriously, phoney suspense supports most of the story. It is perfectly justifiable to keep an important factor unknown to the reader, if it is unknown to the viewpoint characters as well. But the protagonists know the nature of their powerful weapon all during the chase episode. They also understand their plan for dealing with the wolfmen and have explained it to the colonists, but it is not revealed to the reader until after their strange actions unfold. This is straight out of The Lone Ranger: "Now, Tonto, here's my plan..." (fade out). If suspense is to be justified, the mystery of a locked-room murder cannot be told from the murderer's viewpoint.

Lanier glimpsed the great possibilities for a story in the work of ethologists on genetically determined behavior patterns, a subject I recommend to writers for serious investigation. Properly structured and better written, this is the sort of thing that Campbell pays a lot better money for. But Lanier has grasped only enough of the subject to send him off in wrong directions. Urination, for example, is a territorial scent marker, not a dominance gesture. Dominance/submission is often expressed sexually—the humanoid wolfmen would have been much more likely to symbolically mount their submissive opponents. But that the Lupus-faced aliens responded at all to

a column by David B. Williams

Earth-norm stimuli is pure Deus ex machina.

A simple error that imperils the author's thesis is the statement that the wolf is ancestral to "all dogs and dog-like things" that humans have domesticated. Most dog breeds are jackel-blooded.

I place the responsibility for stories like this fully on the editors. They can't be authorities on every subject writers toss at them—research is a writer's responsibility and errors that escape the editor's general knowledge will also pass by the average reader—but this story's defects in structure and plot device are more than enough to bounce it.

What makes this story so painfully embarrassing is the fact that Sterling E. Lanier (I assume the same, though after "Never Cry Human" it's hard to believe) is the author of the Brigadier Ffellowes stories that have been running in F&SF since August '68. These fantasies are near-gems of skillfully evoked settings and moods. I've read each at least twice and they are just as prickly-haunting the second time through. I'd like to see more.

The rest of this issue of IF isn't all that bad, but it is apparent that IF is aimed at the unsophisticated reader. Polished styles, subtle insights, and clever turns of phrase are largely lacking. A number of stories are "about something" but treatment is generally simplistic and transparent.

Strangely, two stories—Hayden Howard's "To Grab Power" and Lee Harding's "The Immortal"—have strikingly similar protagonist fixations on weapons. Deadly instruments are fondled, carried, and generally lusted over to the point of becoming masturbatory fetishes. The effect is mildly nauseating.

I don't see any Hugos in the current IF's future. For that matter, I'm not sure why it ever won several—but since it did, why doesn't someone nominate the Ace Doubles for a collective award? Both IF and the Ace Doubles have rendered yeoman service in introducing raw readers and virgin writers to the field.

* * * * *

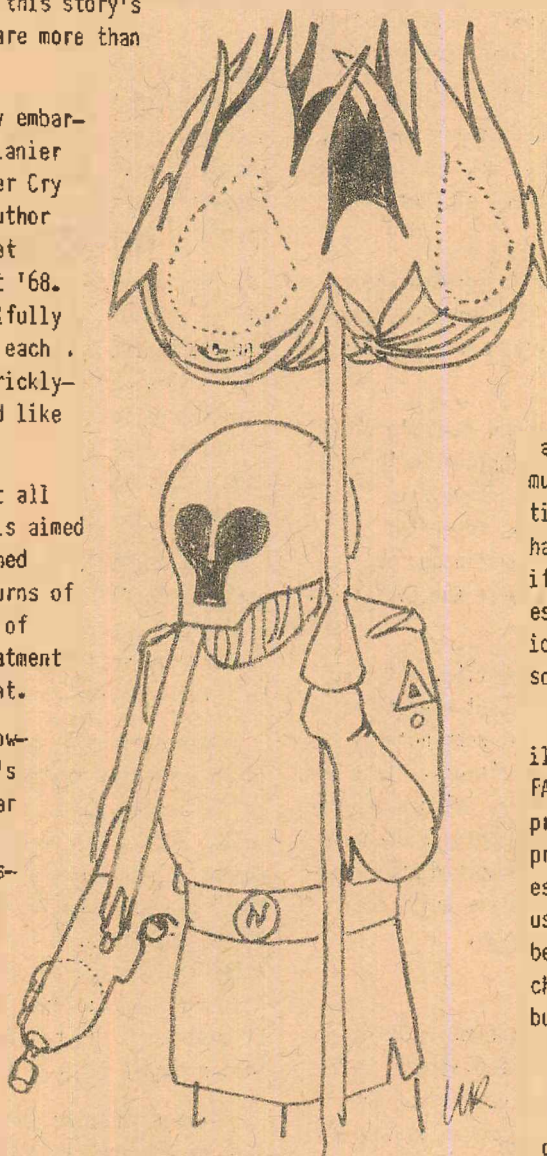
A few months ago George Price was showing Heicon slides to the fan gathering he regularly hosts, and one slide featured a gothic cathedral. Someone chimed in with "Look! A Kelly Freas spaceship!" and the remark was so appropriate that everyone had to laugh. Freas does have a tendency to be cute, and this style can complement perfectly the occasional tongue-in-cheek romp that Campbell has a taste for. For other stories,

it can be singularly inappropriate. Freas is not a one-style man, however, and recently he has been using a wider variety of techniques than straight pen and ink sketching—a lot more scratchboard, wash, white-on-black and variations of line widths is showing up in his work. Freas is either into a new period of development or ANALOG's budget or lead-time is allowing him to put more effort into his work. Of particular note for unorthodoxy is the bluejay cover for Dec. '70. Only Freas could have done this, and only Campbell would have used it.

The prozines' other utility man, Jack Gaughan, has so many styles and works in so many media that he can do all the illustrations and covers for UPD's four books—GALAXY, IF, WORLDS OF TOMORROW, and WORLDS OF FANTASY. Gaughan at his best is inspired, but for my taste he is just as often rededistrian. The unfinished quality of much of his work is surely intentional, but I don't think that many of his gray pencil or charcoal sketches that have to be reproduced as halftones successfully balance the stark black and white of adjacent print, and when they do they are muddy. Except in combination with a story title, I feel that an illustration must have at least three distinct borders (even if only implied by the way figures and lines fill the space) and a significant portion of solid black to stand up well against squared-off bodies of type.

In this sense, the one-vertical-column illustrations used throughout AMAZING and FANTASTIC are a viable solution to the problem of illustrating magazines on an improvised production schedule. The art comes in standard, plug-in units that can be used, dropped, and easily allowed for, even before done. The rigid format occasionally challenges the artist's sense of design, but also gives the magazines a certain visual unity. Dick Geis apparently doesn't like the department heads, but I think they do have style, and the horizontal designs complement the vertical story illustrations. The last thing Mike Hinge can be accused of lacking is style—you may not like it, but it's certainly there.

As for stylists, Jeff Jones has got to be an order of magnitude above any painter in the field. His covers for AMAZING and FANTASTIC have been dulled by execrable printing quality and excessive overprinting of blurbs, but this kid has got the feel for the genuine article—check the cover of Leiber's Swords Against Death from Ace. I bought the book for no other reason (but I did read it and developed a taste for Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser in small doses as a bonus).



THE AUTHOR IN SEARCH OF A PUBLISHER

Science Fiction fandom is changing. New faces, new fanzines, new problems. For me this isn't much trouble; I've been in fandom since 1955, but I'm still not over 30 now so I can be trusted. I'm flexible. For older fans it's not so easy. I went to the Little Men meeting last week and Mike McInerney and Earl Evers were there. I could see Alva Rogers' features contort as he struggled with the concept that the Little Men might turn into a gathering place for fannish heads. It's the sort of thing that makes you think.

But as I said, I'm flexible. When it became obvious that the fans of my generation were all turning pro, I decided to follow their lead. Run with the pack, you know. Write an UNCLE book, edit a magazine, maybe. But those things were hard so I didn't try. After all, I shouldn't have to go up the ladder the hard way. I had friends at the top. They all recognize my name. So I mentioned my plans for a book to Terry Carr at the Nycon.

"Sure," he said. "Bring it around sometime." He blinked at me owlishly.

"Well, gee, thanks, Terry," I said. "I don't want to trade on my name alone, of course, but it still helps—"

"Yes, yes," he said urbanely. "By the way, what is your name?"

About this time the new wave was washing in so I decided the way to quick success was a good experimental short story. I tried to read up on the field but didn't get very far because about that time I began to go blind from reading underground newspapers. Gradually the plot began to take form in my mind. Not a short story—only a novelette or novella would give me scope to treat this idea. I needed room. So I called Andy Porter, who is becoming a big time cigar-smoking editor at F&SF. "It's a great concept, Andy," I said.

"Shoot, kid, I haven't much time."

"Look, it's got everything. War, romance, intrigue, famine, death. It's about the royal family on a colony planet—"

"Yeah, yeah, but what's new wave about it?"

"Well, I've decided to tell the story from the viewpoint of a minor character."

"Something like a servant, you mean?"

"That's it! You're close. Actually, the story is told from the point of view of a refrigerator in the kitchen of one of the stable boys."



Silence. "Andy? You there? I know it's experimental—" "Refrigerator? Really?"

"Well, yes. It would give me a good chance to use background detail. I could get Ted White to help me with that. You remember how Melville had every other chapter about whaling and all that in Moby Dick? I could ring in a lot of stuff from Ted, you know, about frozen foods, maybe do some hard science about freon and cycle changes—"

"Refrigerator? Really?"

"Okay, look, maybe that's a little too experimental. I've been talking it over with some fans around here and some of them feel the stove is a more central figure— Hello? Andy?"

So it was with great pleasure and anticipation that I greeted the news that Ted White was now editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC. I got a cover assignment from him for only a minor kickback arrangement. The cover I was to build a story around showed a negro against a strange sfnal background of rocket ships and what looked like machine gunners out of World War I aeroplanes. A difficult theme. I decided to zero in on the negro. The race problem is big these days; what will it be like in the future?

"Hey, Ted," I said over the phone. (Phone bills are tax deductible for pros like us, you know.) "I've got just the plot for this story. It'll rock the sf world. Even Harlan would be afraid to touch it."

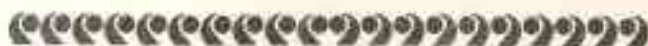
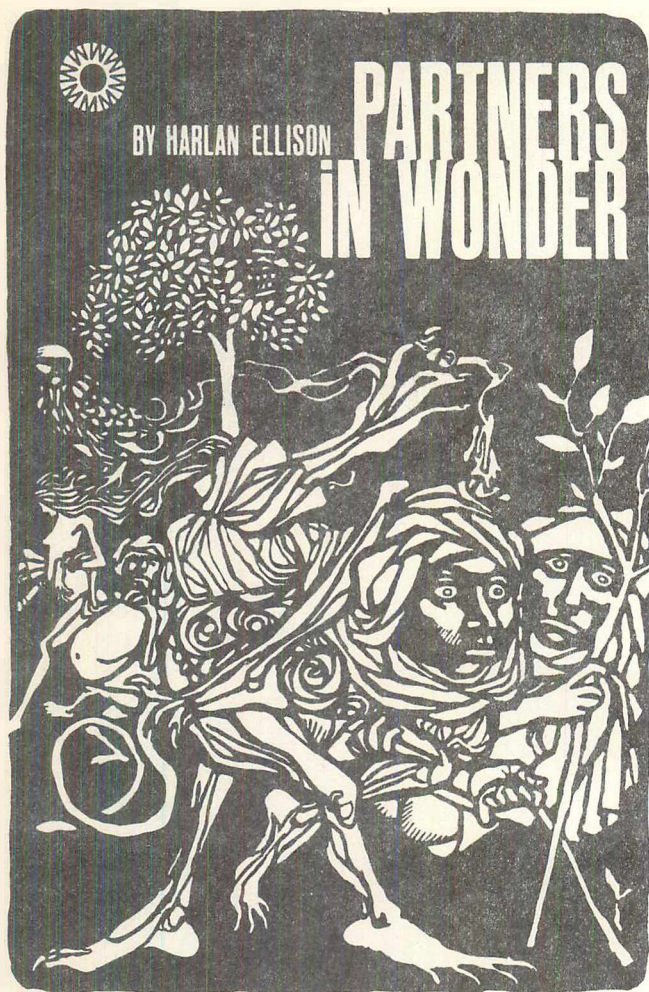
"Shoot, kid, I'm busy."

"The guy on the cover is black, right? Looks a little mean. Tough. There are a lot of stars and stuff in the background—"

"Yeah, okay, what's the title?"

"I'm going to call it Honkies of Venus, Ted, and— Ted? Ted?"

— greg benford



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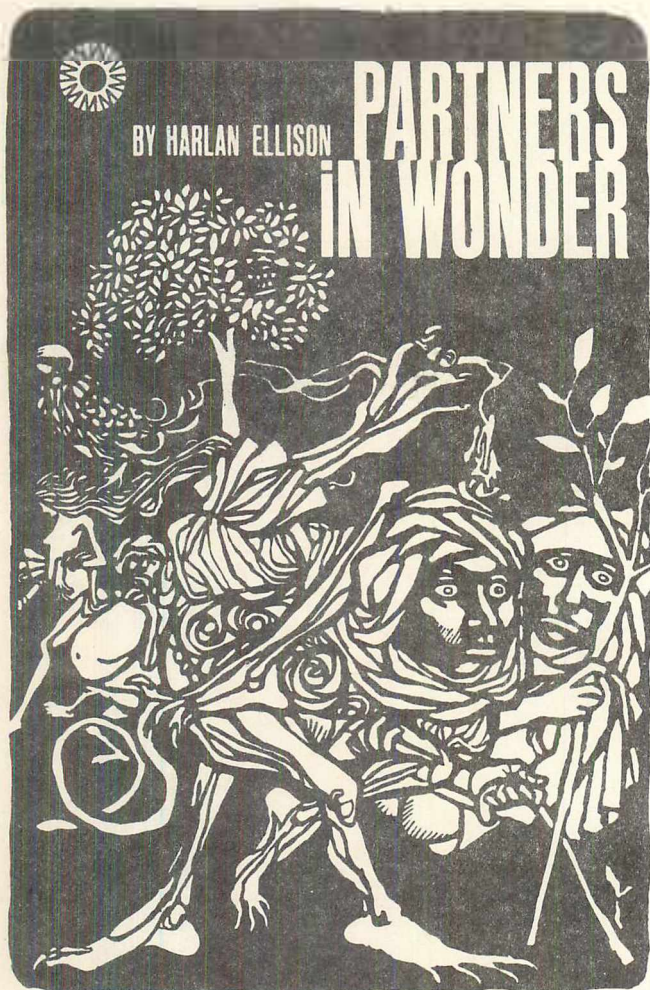
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••BOOK REVIEWS••

PARTNERS IN WONDER by Harlan Ellison, in collaboration with: Robert Bloch, Ben Bova, Algis Budrys, Avram Davidson, Samuel R. Delany, Joe L. Hensley, Keith Laumer, William Rotsler, Robert Sheckley, Robert Silverberg, Henry Slesar, Theodore Sturgeon, A.E. Van Vogt and Roger Zelazny—Walker, \$8.95

Reviewed by Norman Spinrad

This book will probably tell you more about the various ways in which science fiction stories get written, sold and published, about the sort of men who write them, and about how these cantankerous personalities interact with each other than anything since Dangerous Visions.

In Harlan Ellison's collections of his own stories, his introductions give the reader personal insights into the work that Ellison naturally knows most intimately—his own—and thus give the non-writer an inside look at the life, times, methods, and crochets of one particular writer not to be easily obtained elsewhere. In Dangerous Visions, Ellison gave the same anecdotal personal treatment to the lives and times of thirty-one other writers; albeit of necessity from a slightly more detached viewpoint.

Partners in Wonder, being a collection (anthology?) of collaborations between Ellison, thirteen other writers, and one artist, along with Ellison's introduction to each story, and in a few cases an introduction by the collaborator as well, ends up combining the range of Dangerous Visions with the intimacy of Ellison's collections of his own stories.

Personally, I generally find the notion of literary collaboration incomprehensible. I know that a lot of other people do it, and therefore it must be possible, but with two exceptions—a screenplay on which I did a first draft and my collaborator a second, and a programmed piece in which we both collaborated with a scheme—I've never collaborated with anyone, don't want to, and really don't see any advantage in it.

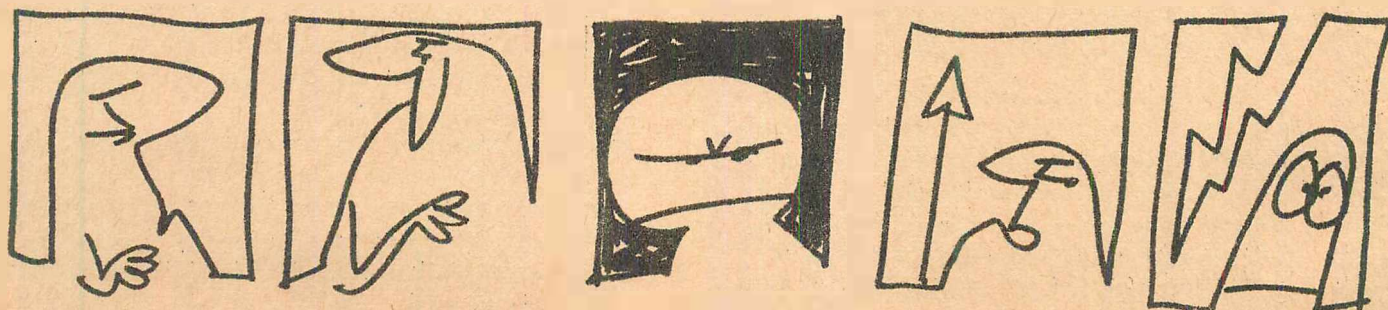
However, I must admit that after reading Partners in Wonder, I at least have a fairly firm understanding of how and why other people have engaged in this practice, of the nine and sixty ways of collaborating on tribal lays; like faggotry, I now have an abstract appreciation of what some people get out of it without really being further tempted to try it myself.

For make no mistake about it, Partners in Wonder will tell you just about all there is to know about literary collaboration, at least in the sf field. Ellison has been incredibly painstaking about it. The introductions tell you his personal relationship with each of his collaborators. In a few cases, notably that of Avram Davidson, the collaborator gets to tell you his side too. The introductions also detail the genesis of each story idea, the physical circumstances of the collaboration, how long it took to write the story, and in many cases, amazingly enough, precisely who wrote what.

And there are more ways of collaborating than were dreamt of at least in my philosophies. Laumer and Ellison sat in a room in the Tom Quick Hotel in Milford and wrote alternate sections of "Street Scene" looking over each other's shoulders. Sheckley and Ellison wrote "I See A Man..." in like manner in the Ellison manse in Los Angeles. But the collaboration with Zelazny was conducted entirely through the mails. Ellison gave Van Vogt a title and Van Vogt then wrote an opening section for "The Human Operators" and then alternated outline and story for the remainder of the tale, which Ellison then went over and filled in. Robert Bloch's classic "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper" moved Ellison to suggest that he write "A Toy For Juliette" for Dangerous Visions. Ellison then wrote "The Prowler In the City At The Edge of the World" as a sequel to "A Toy For Juliette," so that the Bloch-Ellison collaboration consists of a Bloch-written sequel to a Bloch story suggested by Ellison plus an Ellison-written sequel to Bloch's sequel to his own story.

Clearly then, the possible methods of collaboration are at least as varied as the writing methods and habits of the fourteen writers involved.

In general though, it can be said of most of the pieces in this book (and perhaps of collaborations in general) that they were written in a kind of gaming spirit. Budrys writes Ellison into an improbable world in "Wonderbird" and challenges him to make sense of it. Laumer and Ellison sit around playing CAN YOU TOP THIS? and the result is "Street Scene." Rotsler and Ellison sit around at a party matching captions and cartoons and come up with The Kong Papers. Bloch and Ellison bat Jack the Ripper stories back and forth and come up with a strange sort of trilogy, only two-thirds of which

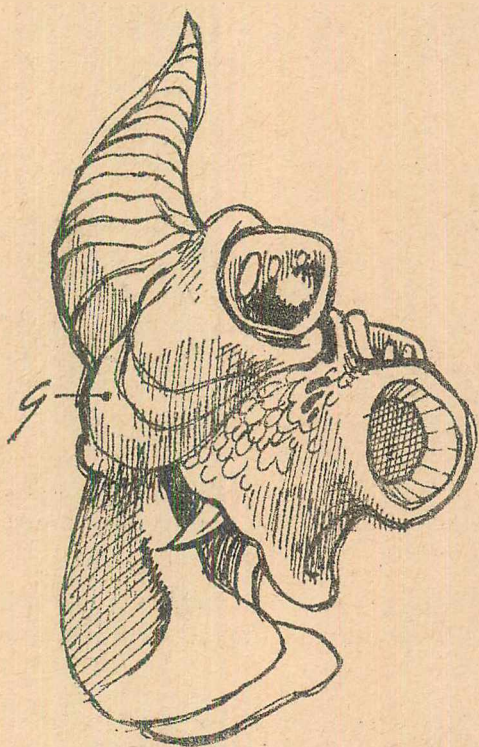


appears in this book.

It seems as if the creative process involved in a collaborative story is quite different from the art of solo storytelling. Most often, neither collaborator conceives of the story as a whole; the tale emerges not as a transcription of a flash of gestalt insight, but as the linear product of an ongoing mutual feedback process.

What sort of stories result from this seemingly somewhat limiting literary game?

Strangely enough, a constellation of stories that spreads itself pretty widely across the full spectrum of science fiction. A hard science story from ANALOG, "Brillo," written with Ben Bova. The indescribable doilery of the Ellison-Davidson story, "Up Christopher To Madness." The broader slapstick of "Street Scene," the mania of "I See A Man...." The quiet hor-



or of "Rodney Parish For Hire" and the screaming horror of "Juliette"-cum-"Prowler." The good-old-fashioned stuff of "The Human Operators." The sheer silliness of "Wonderbird." The tale of paranoia, "Runesmith," by Ellison and Theodore Sturgeon. The perfect little snap-ender, "Survivor No. 1," written with Henry Slesar. The internally focused human concern of "Come To Me Not In Winter's White" and "The Song The Zombie Sang," written with Roger Zelazny and Robert Silverberg respectively. The hoary planetary exploration story of "The Power of the Nail" written with Samuel R. Delany.

Further, it surprises me in the light of my dubious feelings about the virtues of collaboration that there are so many really good stories in this book and so few real stinkers. "Up Christopher To Madness," with its surrounding explanatory gingerbread, is my personal favorite, a piece of total insanity written in the densest and most convoluted comic prose imaginable. In "Brillo," Bova and Ellison have combined nicely

to write a conventional ANALOG story with a certain existential bite. "I See A Man Sitting On A Chair And The Chair Is Biting His Leg" (the kind of title I categorically refuse to type completely more than once in a review) combines the expected Sheckley grotesque humor with a certain Ellisonian nastiness in seamless fashion. "The Human Operators" is probably one of the dozen or so best stories Van Vogt has had a hand in. "Rodney Parish For Hire," written with Joe L. Hensley foreshadows Hensley's superb "Lord Randy, My Son" in Dangerous Visions, and serves as a nice little demonstration of how one collaboration apparently influenced a later piece of solo work.

There is only one really dreadful story in the book, the Budrys-Ellison collaboration, "Wonderbird," and that one is so outrageously idiotic that you are moved to a certain admiration for the sheer chutzpah involved in two men actually sitting down to put the thing into print.

Finally, there is little doubt that Partners In Wonder will remain a completely unique book for a long time to come. Quite a bit of collaboration gets done in the science fiction field, but, but mostly by tightly-knit teams like Pohl-Kornbluth, Pohl-Williamson, Kuttner-Moore, Pratt-de Camp, or Davidson-Moore. I can think of no other science fiction writer who has collaborated with as many of his colleagues as Harlan Ellison; certainly no one is going to produce a 125,000 collection of stories written in collaboration with a broad spectrum of other writers for a long, long time, if ever.

If you're interested in the techniques and products of literary collaboration, this is the book to read. It is possible to say without inaccuracy or exaggeration that Partners In Wonder is in a category by itself.



PERILS OF THE PEACEFUL ATOM by Richard Curtis and Elizabeth Hogan—Ballantine 01893, \$1.25

Reviewed by Paul Walker

This book draws the following conclusions: "...continued effort to develop a safe atomic power program is not worth the risk to humanity."

Briefly, their reasons for this are:

1. Nuclear reactors are unsafe.

- a. Despite propaganda to the contrary, since their inception, there have been hundreds of accidents. A few almost disastrous.
- b. Despite propaganda that the chance of a catastrophic accident is slight, such an accident could kill thousands and result in billions of dollars in damages, against which there are few hospital facilities and no adequate insurance.
- c. Despite propaganda that the Atomic Energy Commission has recommended that nuclear plants be located a distance from populated areas, this has not been done. Suburbia is everywhere. And, even if it were not, contamination from an accident could affect 150 miles of territory.

- d. Despite propaganda that nuclear power is the "answer" to air pollution, reactors require enormous amounts of water to cool them, which are then run back into streams at high temperatures, providing thermal death for countless fish. Also, the nature of their operations permits limited amounts of radioactive substances to escape into soil and air.
 - e. Despite propaganda that reactors use little fuel, this fuel must be transported great distances over public roads, creating considerable danger. State police and local hospitals are not equipped to handle accidents resulting from leaking carrier trucks.
 - f. Despite propaganda that reactor plants are built to withstand environmental hazards, they remain as vulnerable as any structure to earthquakes, floods and hurricanes.
2. Nuclear power is simply not economical.
 - a. Despite propaganda that nuclear power is cheap, the many safeguards necessary for secure operation are quite costly.
 - b. Despite propaganda that nuclear plants require little fuel, transporting the fuel, and removing the wastes, thousands of miles, is even more costly.
 - c. Despite the alleged interest of private industry, most of those involved built their facilities to prevent Washington from assuming permanent operation of nuclear plants.
 3. Nuclear power, being neither economical nor safe, will be stopped, anyway. But if it is not stopped within the next thirty years, it may be too late to prevent irreversible damage of our planet and ourselves.

On the other hand, Curtis and Hogan do admit:

1. The odds for a nuclear disaster are 1 in 100,000.
2. Though there have been many accidents, and near disasters, none has occurred. In each case the problem was handled easily.
3. The main obstacles to economical nuclear power are the safeguards, many of which may not be necessary.
4. Though reactors do cause some air and thermal pollution of waterways, these problems can be remedied.
5. Accidents involving radioactive carriers have occurred without catastrophe.
6. Accidents involving environmental hazards have occurred and been dealt with easily.
7. And the AEC has instituted and encouraged training programs in most states for police and firemen to cope with nuclear emergencies.

But pros and cons aside, vital questions remain to be answered:

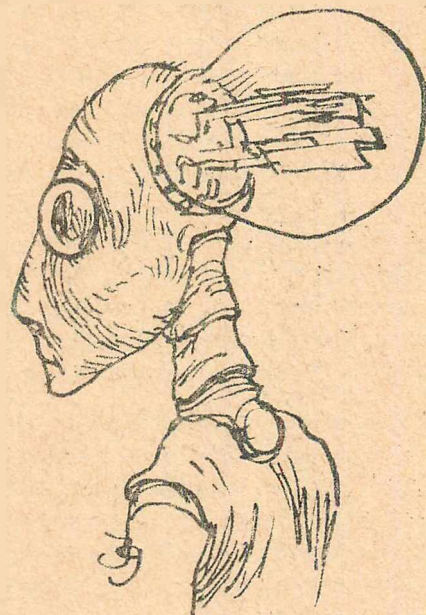
1. Is it possible for the Atomic Energy Commission, virtually a monopoly, to conduct itself efficiently as both policeman in the public interest and promoter of cheap atomic power?
2. Is it possible for industry, whose existence depends on its profits, to conduct its operations at a near-, or absolute, loss indefinitely, without taking perilous shortcuts?
 - a. Is it possible for industry to maintain adequate

safeguards with the possibility of labor unrest?

3. Is it possible that the tons of highly radioactive materials processed in these plants, transported to and from by truck, train, ship and plane, will not contaminate the environment?

This brief outline of Curtis and Hogan's major reservations does not do justice to their exhaustive research. It is an engrossing book. An honest one. They are frightened of something they do not understand, and even more frightened of those who claim to understand but later admit otherwise.

I do not believe Curtis and Hogan are right. As they themselves admit, we do not know enough about the effects of radioactivity on man and the environment nor of the possibilities of nuclear accidents to speak of them with anything but prejudice. Most of all Curtis and Hogan's reservations could be termed "negative thinking" arising out of superstition. Nevertheless, theirs is a book that deserves careful reading and consideration. I promise you that you will not be bored!



WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1970, edited by Donald A. Wollheim and Terry Carr—Ace 91357, 95¢.

Reviewed by Richard Delap

The sixth volume of what has become the most respected yearly anthology, WBSF: 1970 is not the best of this series, yet, equally important, is a telling comment on the state of the genre.

While novels have been garnering everything from ecstatic praise to vociferous damns (quite often for the same book), short stories seem yearly to be less and less noticed; even when collected for an anthology of original stories, individual entries seem to get lost in the shuffle of describing the volume as good or bad.

Oddly enough, or maybe not so oddly, the stories that do get mentioned are the exploiters which boil up the juices of sex or politics or other "revolutionary" topics in that familiar old blackened pot. A couple of these are included here. Meanwhile, several of the quietly good, sometimes excellent, stories slip quietly by and are not heard from again (until

years from now some dedicated anthologist culls them from the oceans of waste and brings them to light as undiscovered classics). Some of these are included too.

As such things go, then, the editors are to be commended for showing both extremes along with many points in between. It was surely a tough job, for 1969 was not particularly a year to remember, and if their efforts do not literally live up to the book's title, their results will give readers a chance to sit back and take notice of the field as a whole, giving us clues as to where we wish to place our money, hopefully insuring a healthy and wonder-full future for science fiction. A high overall quality may not be as important as the all-seeing overview, and from this view WBSF: 1970 is invaluable both for a current stand and for future reference.

The highlights of American fiction include:

"One Sunday in Neptune," Alexei Panshin's very short, very amusing story of the first two men "in" Neptune, both of whom are among the most engaging characters you'll find this side of a full-length novel; Larry Niven's "Death by Ecstasy" (published as "The Organleggers" in GALAXY), a "flatlander" story with smugglers, transplant organs, and a very clever murder mystery wrapped up in sparkling dialogue and slam-bang pacing; "A Man Spekith" by Richard Wilson, both funny and frightening, a Last Man story that posits a shuddery version of loneliness balanced (imbalanced?) with the campy running paraphrases of a wacky computer; and Fritz Leiber's "Ship of Shadows" which takes you to a moon-orbiting, post-holocaust world of vampires and werewolves in a grotesquerie of wonders, sex and horror magically blended as it seems only Leiber can do with such success.

The "exploiters" I mentioned come from those comrades-in-arms—or have you already guessed?—Harlan Ellison and Norman Spinrad. Ellison, a fantastically good writer with the cultural taste of a toad, tells the story of "A Boy and His Dog," a Grove Press version of afterdoomsday stupidly equating shock value with relevancy and poor taste with shock value. Vapid and transparent, it reads as if it were plotted with one of those do-it-all writer's kits. Spinrad's "The Big Flash" slops together a mudpie mixture of business politics, hard rock and the cattle impulses of the American public; but the needed discretionary measures are totally missing and the story preys on the values it professes to despise.

Two stories mark their first U.S. appearances:

Keith Roberts' "Therapy 2000" is a vision of the future hell, a disturbing, surreal view of several of today's annoyances carried to a too reasonable extreme—especially the inability of the individual to cut himself off from surrounding influences, in this case, excessive sound. The world he depicts is created largely by inference and the method works very well here as it is inextricably entwined with one sheltered man's agonizing search for relief. Relief, however, denotes destruction of some kind, even in dreams...and what are dreams but projections of our inner reality fed by our senses. Roberts is one of the best of the newer writers; this story shows why.

In postulating a telepathic future, Michael G. Coney's

"Sixth Sense" does not range far from convention either in setting (a seaside resort) or characters (the proprietor reacts in an expected way to his assortment of affluent guests). There are, though, some nice touches, including a quite startling version of telepathic adultery and a moody, well-described thunderstorm resulting in a careful, resourceful climax. If the basic situation is wooden, it is never milked for more than it can supply, and the just-barely believable story remains very readable.

Fill-in stories are supplied by both familiar and newer names—Robert Silverberg, Suzette Haden Elgin, James Tiptree, Jr., Bruce McAllister and Ursula K. LeGuin, Miss LeGuin's tale being the only one of more than routine interest.

I might make note here that Ace has reissued the first four volumes of this series, all of which will some day be collector's items and all of which you should own. In spite of—no, because of the varying quality of each year's collection, World's Best Science Fiction is the most accurate reflection of where science fiction has been...and where it is leading us.



KAR KABALLA by George H. Smith —Ace 42900, 75¢
TOWER OF MEDUSA by Lin Carter

THE JESTER AT SCAR by E. C. Tubb —Ace 81610, 75¢
TO VENUS! TO VENUS! by David Grinnell

THE WINGS OF DARKOVER by Marion Z. Bradley —Ace 90250, 75¢
THE ANYTHING TREE by John Rakham

POSITIVE CHARGE by Walt and Leigh Richmond —Ace 27235, 75¢
GALLAGHER'S GLACIER

Reviewed by Paul Walker

Friend, are you suffering from TIRED WAVE? Does the minor pain of Ellison, Anthony and Spinrad keep you awake nights? If so, friend, may I suggest the fast, sure pain-reliever: George H. Smith's Kar Kaballa. Taken as directed, it is guaranteed to blow your bird!

Kar Kaballa is a classic. A modest classic, perhaps. A classic, nevertheless. You may read it as Sword & Sorcery, or a satire on S&S, or take it straight as an adventure fable with wit and whimsy. Or you may simply take it as George H. Smith

ladles it out——wild.

It would be unfair and misleading if I were to tell you the plot. The story is less the point of the book than how Smith tells the story. Unfortunately, I cannot quote enough of it to do it justice. I will settle for this: it is hilariously funny, yet escapes being farce; it is edge-of-the-seat exciting, yet so beautifully drawn and dramatic that it escapes the usual shoot-em-up nonsense; and it is crammed with delicious details and twists, none of which are irrelevant, yet it has none of the pretentiousness of the artsy-craftsy set. In short, it is a fine novel.

I must add that Smith's ability with dialogue may be unsurpassed in the field. And, also, that John Schoenherr's cover does one level of the novel complete justice.

E.C. Tubb's fifth Dumerest novel is a lesser delight—but a delight, anyway. Dumerest left Earth as a boy on a starship that traded with the now-legendary planet. He decided to return, but now no one believes there ever was an Earth nor can anyone tell him how to find it. So he wanders. His universe is a quaint mixture of far future and Medieval ways, filled with intriguing robber barons and Machiavellian princes; with adventure-laden worlds of natural dangers and barbarian menace. But Dumerest is the equal of it all. A hard-boiled pragmatist, straight out of the wild west, only lacking the oppressive righteousness, and with empathy for others.

There is vastness to Tubb's universe. There is the gut-knowledge that it is there and even Dumerest could be swallowed up in it. His worlds are tangible to the mind's eye. His pain hurts. His loneliness moves. There is a complexity to hero and villain lacking in most space opera. Tubb likes his villains. Their villainy has a reason for being. There is a subtlety, an unpredictability underlying The Jester at Scar.

Dumerest is prospecting for gold spores on a fungi-dominated world. He becomes a pawn in a regal game of marital blitz between the Lord of the planet Jest and the barbarian princess who plots his assassination. The plot is a bit attenuated by sub-plotting, but the whole is worth sinking your teeth into.

An interesting side dish is John Rackham, an Englishman who works in a boiler factory where he cooks up plots about alien worlds. His last, The Treasure of Tau Ceti was a considerable improvement over his early books and The Anything Tree (with a superb cover by John Schoenherr) is an improvement over that. The plot is so-so. It is Rackham's ecology that is fascinating. He has an oddly cold style, but his characters are warm-blooded and real. He also has a tin-ear for dialogue, but his overall competence is so impressive that his faults do not matter.

(I might add that Rackham, whether he knows it or not, is a feminist. No, I do not mean "effeminate". Read him and see what I mean.

A lesser—far, far lesser—morsel is Walt and Leigh Richmond's Ace Double Gallagher's Glacier and Positive Charge. Strictly for ANALOG-at-its-very-worst fans.

The same may also be said for David Grinnell's To Venus! To Venus! with a slight apology. This is the story of a handful of Astronauts who try to beat the Russians to Venus and find themselves stranded. Its use of new Venusian data mitigates its faults. Grinnell impresses me as competently awful-rotten.

Under no circumstances could I recommend Lin Carter's Tower of Medusa. It is a book not even a mother could love. The blurb itself is unreadable.

And, finally, we reach the depths of Marion Zimmer Bradley's The Winds of Darkover, for which I have no words, so I will let the wench speak for herself:

The stars were mirrored on the shore,
Dark was the dark enchanted moor,
Silent as cloud or wave or stone,
Robardin's daughter walked alone.
A web of gold between her hands.
On shining spindle burning bright,
Deserted lay the mortal lands
When Hastur left the realms of light.
Then, singing like a hidden bird...



POSTMARKED THE STARS by Andre Norton—Harcourt, Brace & World
1969, \$4.50

Reviewed by Fred Patten

If the "Solar Queen" is one of the Galaxy's more fortunate Free Traders, I pity the crews of the others. Dane Thorson's life seems to be a study in apc wrecks and/or forced landings, long marches over miserable terrain, and battles with hideous unknown monsters or drug-crazed criminals. After four books this is beginning to run a bit too much towards formula even for me, and I don't care if the miserable terrain is snowbound tundra this time instead of tropical jungle or radiation-mutated venomous forests or arid badlands.

Postmarked the Stars takes up the story of the "Queen"'s exile to an outworld mail run, where they'd ended up in Plague Ship. (Voodoo Planet was an interlude on their way to the mail run.) No sooner do they set up for their first run than Dane is waylaid and drugged, his place is taken by a double who's found dead in his bunk, the animals in the agricultural shipment begin mutating strangely (and their mail contract demands delivery in perfect unchanged condition, of course), and our friends discover that they are unsuspecting pawns of a powerful criminal organization trying to gain control of a frontier planet.

From here on it's the usual struggle to stay out of jail and clear the "Queen"'s name despite everything that the law, the criminals, nature, and monsters can throw at them. It's a good book if you haven't read all the others in the series, or if you're an Andre Norton fan, or if you just want some light, fast action reading...though in the latter case you're not going to want to pay \$4.50 for a hardcover for your permanent library. Ace will get around to a paperback edition in a year or so.



THE LEAGUE OF GREY-EYED WOMEN by Julius Fast—Lippincott, \$5.95
Reviewed by Paul Walker

The most I can tell you, and not spoil things, is that the book is not about a man dying from cancer. That is merely the springboard. A long one, unfortunately.

It is about what happens to Jack Freeman after he learns he is dying from cancer and seeks treatment in a Montreal laboratory. And, unless you are a damn fool, you will not read the blurb or inquire further, so the shock value of the book isn't wasted. And there is much of that rare quality.

Julius Fast is a medical journalist. Also the author of such books as The Beatles and What You Should Know About the Human Sexual Response. His name is vaguely familiar to me, but this may be his first excursion into SF, which is what makes the book work.

It is "science-fantasy." An odd blend some swear is unworkable. I remember a debate about it years ago, and apparently the opposition won because I've seen no such creature, again. But Fast swings it. His science is tolerably detailed; his "wild happenings" stoutly defended.

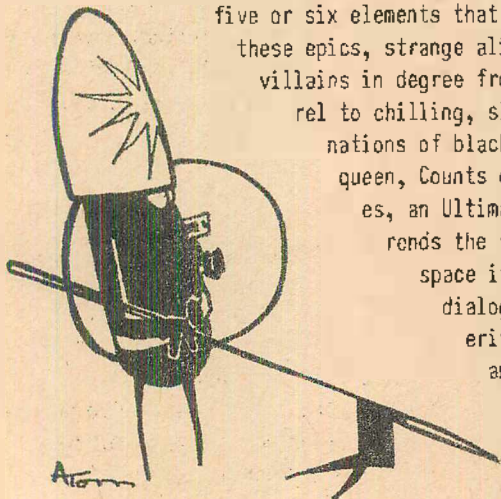
What adds to this is fine characterization and genuinely interesting developments of plot. A very human story becomes a bizarre one, with touches of nightmare and effective suspense; but the humanity is not lost. Granted, this is a "poor man's Rosemary's Baby" (which is giving nothing away), but it is one helluva good read!



RETURN TO THE STARS by Edmond Hamilton—Lancer 74612, 75¢
Reviewed by Ted Pauls

This is the first publication in book form of a novel rewritten from several stories that appeared in AMAZING and FANTASTIC in the pre-Ted White era.

It is typical Edmond Hamilton space opera, a type of SF that has not changed significantly in four decades. It features gigantic space battles, star kings, a hero snatched from 20th Century America into a world 200,000 years in the future that is exactly like our world except for the five or six elements that usually appear in these epics, strange alien life-forms, villains in degree from likeable scoundrel to chilling, slimy, unhuman incarnations of black evil, a beautiful queen, Counts of the Space Marches, an Ultimate Weapon that rends the very fabric of space itself, insipid dialogue, wooden characterization where there's any at all, several rescues of the queen in the nick of time, and the eventual



triumph of good over evil and they lived happily ever after.

It's pretty bad. Not only Return to the Stars specifically but the whole four decades worth of the same story under its countless titles and by its countless authors. Still, it's always been a lot of fun when done with the proper flair, and even in this more sophisticated age Edmond Hamilton's flair makes it fun to read.



LUD-IN-THE-MIST by Hope Mirrlees—Ballantine 01880-X, 95¢
Reviewed by Paul Walker

IT IS TIME THE TREACHERY OF LIN CARTER IS EXPOSED. No one has taken his own fantasy very seriously (except the nuts who go for that sort of thing). And, when he began this Ballantine "Adult Fantasy" series, everyone naturally assumed it was only another fast-buck cashing-in on LOTR (except for the nuts who go for this sort of thing). But since its inception, its failure to nauseate Those Of Us Who Know has become a threat to our status as arbiters of significance and good taste.

Now I have read Hope Mirrlees's Lud-in-the-Mist. It took me quite a while to believe there was a book titled Lud (LUD, mind you!) -in-the-Mist. And the attractive, but hardly provocative cover by Gervasio Gallardo did not reassure me. I was fascinated.

This is a neo-romantic novel published in 1926. Its story concerns an imaginary land called Dorimare, specifically the city of Lud-in-the-Mist, whose mayor, Nathaniel Chanticleer, is the anti-hero.

To the west of Dorimare lies Fairyland, which is forbidden to all. In fact, the very mention of "fairies" is an obscenity. (This was 1926).

Chanticleer is a sane man. A man of the law and reason. When his son is stricken with mental illness, he learns the "terrible truth": the boy has eaten "fairy fruit." This innocuous looking fruit is being smuggled into Lud-in-the-Mist despite all precautions and its effect on the unsuspecting populace is frightening. People see visions of dancing fairies; the dead rising. They hear strange music and dance to forbidden tunes. And, worse, they inevitably run off to the Debatable Hills, through the Elven Marshes, to Fairyland and are never heard from again.

Nathaniel Chanticleer is aroused to action. And the novel becomes a mystery, with considerable suspense. A host of sinister characters lurk about. There are endless clues of unholy goings on under the very noses of the authorities. And more than one innocent Ludute falls prey to the fairy fruit and vanishes.

Chanticleer realizes the forces of fairyland regard him as their worst enemy; and they do bring about his downfall. But doggedly he pursues clue upon clue to find the secret of Lud-in-the-Mist, and finds it in a spine-tingling adventure in fairyland itself.

If this sounds tediously melodramatic, it is not so under



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N1923	†TWENTY YEARS OF THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION ed. by Edward L. Ferman and Robert P. Mills	95c
S1956	†THE STARSEEKERS Dav Garnett	75c
S1957*	HOUR OF THE HORDE Gordon Dickson	75c
Science Fiction by A. E. van Vogt		
S1802	†THE WORLD OF NULL-A	75c
S1912*	†DESTINATION: UNIVERSE!	75c
S1930	†SLAN	75c
S1946*	†THE WINGED MAN A. E. van Vogt and E. Mayne Hull	75c
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F1255*	‡THE WAR OF THE WORLDS	50c
F1256*	‡THE INVISIBLE MAN	50c
F1361*	‡THE TIME MACHINE	50c
F1363*	‡THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU	50c
F1398*	‡THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON	50c
X1407*	‡THE FOOD OF THE GODS	60c
X1440*	‡IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET	60c
Science Fiction by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle		
X1826*	‡THE LOST WORLD	60c
X1827*	‡THE POISON BELT	60c
Science Fiction by Frank Herbert Author of "Dune"		
S1615	†THE SANTAROGA BARRIER	75c
N1847	†DUNE MESSIAH	95c
S1864	†DESTINATION: VOID	75c
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S1909	WHIPPING STAR	75c
Science Fiction by Keith Laumer		
F1273*	†CATASTROPHE PLANET	50c
X1340	†THE MONITORS	60c
X1514	GREYLORN	60c
X1588	†PLANET RUN Keith Laumer & Gordon Dickson	60c
X1596*	†ASSIGNMENT IN NOWHERE	60c
X1641	†IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD GALAXY	60c
X1659	†NINE BY LAUMER	60c

Hope Mirrlee's artistry. Once the book is underway her poetry and imagination command our complete attention. Every aspect of the characters and the locale is brilliantly realized. And the thematic content is impressively disturbing.

The book does not hide its theme. Men need illusion to live. But it does not present it simplistically. The conflict between the Ludites and their disdain of illusion; between the city and fairyland are startlingly similar to today's drug problem and the "generation gap." And Miss Mirrlee is no Milne in depicting that conflict. Lud-in-the-Mist is a deadly serious work.

On one level it is an attack on "psychoanalytic realism" that was a rampant fad during the Twenties. Miss Mirrlee is saying that the root of madness lies in the fear of it, not in madness itself. Man may cultivate madness to create beauty. And the disdain of illusion, which often manifests itself as a persecution of the young, is what drives young people to seek it and often die in the attempt.

"Reality" is a presumption. "Sanity," "The World of Law," is a myth. Well, perhaps it isn't, but who can say? Certainly Nathaniel Chanticleer, whose life is Reason, doubts it by the end of the book; and he suspected it long before, and feared his own doubts. In resisting illusion (fairyland) men have invited its eviler aspects to war on themselves. Fanaticism and murder are a consequence.

Even if you loathe fantasy, this is a book worth considering.



IN MEMORIAM: ANTHONY BOUCHER

SPECIAL WONDER Edited by J. Francis McComas—Random House;
CRIMES AND MISFORTUNES Edited by J. Francis McComas—Random House, both books \$7.95.

Reviewed by J.R. Christopher

The subtitles of these volumes give the point: the first is "The Anthony Boucher Memorial Anthology of Fantasy and Science Fiction"; the second is identical with the substitution of "Mysteries" for "Fantasy and Science Fiction."

Each volume is dedicated to Boucher and introduced by McComas—in Special Wonder he tells the background of the founding of F&SF (the original notion was ELLERY QUEEN'S FANTASY MAGAZINE). Further, the respective volumes are SFWA and MWA anthologies, with the organizations receiving the profits.

The special gimmick of these anthologies is that each author introduces his story with a paragraph stating his relationship to Boucher and/or his reason for selecting that particular story (again, presumably in relationship to Boucher). Over all, the SF writers come out ahead in these introductions, for nineteen out of the twenty-nine stories in Special Wonder are from F&SF during Boucher's editorship—this gives a fairly obvious peg to hang an introduction on.

The mystery writers were related to Boucher mainly by his reviewing of "Criminals at Large" in the New York TIMES. This

led five of the authors to variants of "I think this is the sort of story Boucher would have praised." Others of the mystery writers tend toward impersonal comments. Ellery Queen, for example, quotes an anecdote about Arthur Conan Doyle's tact and kindness, and then suggests Boucher was also tactful and kind. Why this impersonality I don't know. Frederic Dannay, one half of the Queen team, was a personal friend of Boucher and presumably could have supplied an anecdote directly about him, but didn't. (Probably the best of the introductions in Crimes and Misfortunes is by Rex Stout, which isn't surprising—his Nero Wolfe novels are more often based on personality than puzzle.)

But enough of the introductions: let's consider some of the stories. Six authors appear in both anthologies:

Poul Anderson: "Journey's End" and (with Karen Anderson) "Dead Phone"

R. Bretnor: "The Gnurrs Come from the Voodvork Out" (also a feghoot by Grandel Briarton) and "Donogogan's Wife"

Fredric Brown: "Puppet Show" and "Town Wanted"

Miriam Allen de Ford: "The Apotheosis of Ki" and "The Moors Murder" (true crime)

Richard Deming: "The Shape of Things That Came" and "The Competitors"

Howard Schoenfeld: "Built Up Logically" and "All of God's Children Got Shoes"

Poul Anderson's "Journeys End" appeared in F&SF in February, 1957 (despite Special Wonder's date of 1956), one of the short stories Anderson was writing for Boucher in those days which upset traditional views of SF topics. (Remember "Backwardness" in the March 1958 issue, where the invading Galactic Emissaries had an average IQ of 75?) "Journeys End" picks its title from the Shakespearean song, "Journeys end in lovers' meeting." The story is about the meeting of two telepaths, he and she, and the psychological problems which complete intimacy poses. Interestingly, Anderson, not known for his experimentation in style, uses nearly unpunctuated paragraphs with no capital letters, set between an opening and closing dash, to suggest the telepathic messages. The mystery story is far more conventional, one of Anderson's stories about Trygve Yamamura, a private detective in San Francisco. I'm not certain how many stories Anderson has written about him (with or without his wife's help): three novels (I have read the first two) and at least three other stories in THE SAINT MYSTERY MAGAZINE:

Perish by the Sword (1959)

Murder in Black Letter (1960)

Murder Bound (1962)

"Pythagorean Romaji"

(December 1959)

"Stab in the Back"

(March 1960)

"The Gentle Way"

(August 1960)

"Dead Phone", if the copyright page can be believed, appeared in the same magazine in 1965. The basic situation is a



murder which looks like a suicide, and the clues which tell Yamamura the truth about the death. The title refers to a moment of ESP which takes the detective to the scene of death (the phone was dead, so he could not have received the call he thought in his confused awakening that he had received): but this ESP is just an additional fillip to the tale, not essential to its detective formula. I must admit to great fondness for detective stories, but in this case, despite the motive for murder, the SF story reveals far more about human psychology than the detective story. (I assume such knowledge is one of the reasons we read fiction.)

Another example of one author in both volumes (and I shall drop my bibliographic quibbles): R. Bretnor. His fantasy is "The Gnurr's Come from the Woodvork Out," typical of the humorous stories which Boucher ran in F&SF, usually one per issue. (Schoenfeld's "Built Up Logically" may be more typical of the type of plotless humor usually chosen.) I suppose humor is an uncertain thing, but I find the emphasis on dialect and pants being eaten off rather dull. The story had a good reception, however. "Donoghan's Wife," in Crimes and Misfortunes, seems to be published for the first time. It is not a tale of detection but of sexual jealousy, hatred, and murder. The lower middle-class setting, mainly an antique shop, is well realized; the characters, several of foreign extraction, are realistically depicted—especially the love of one of the women for her own physical beauty; and the murder, the killing by Mathilde Donoghan of her husband's mistress's teen-age son, is psychologically valid. Of course, to compare a creampuff and a rare steak is pointless, but the juxtaposition of these stories by Bretnor balances that of Anderson's stories and also reveals Bretnor's ability in several modes.

To skip to the authors who appear only in one volume, I shall stick with Special Wonder. Ray Bradbury offers "The Fire Balloons," with the comment that F&SF's publisher wouldn't allow it to appear back when he wrote the story and Boucher liked it. I have to confess to a certain irritation which I have often felt about Bradbury's plot in which some Episcopal priests discover the true Martians, living balls of energy, and decide that they must be sinless since they don't have bodies. Boucher was put off by Blish's depiction of a Jesuit priest in A Case of Conscience, as he commented in his review; as an Episcopalian, I must say that the Church has always taught that pride is the chief of the deadly sins—and pride is an intellectual sin, not a physical one. But Bradbury has always been more of a humanist than a theologian, and as a depiction of the Manichean beliefs of our over-30 society, in which the only sins are physical ones, the story has a certain symbolic validity.

Two of the writers are definitely post-Boucher's F&SF editorship: John Brunner, with "Puzzle for Spacemen," and Harlan Ellison, with "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes." Brunner, despite publications as early as 1955, didn't sell F&SF until 1962; Boucher resigned as editor in 1958. Ellison, I believe, started selling to professional SF magazines in 1956, but he also didn't appear in F&SF until 1962. (A previously unpublished story, Jon DeCles' "Cruelty," is also by a post-Boucher writer, but I think I'll pass over it.)

Brunner's story is a matter of proving an apparent suicide of a space pilot was a murder—somewhat like Anderson's detective story. The tale, more a how-solve-it than a whodunit, is fairly clued. Certainly Boucher, who produced such combinations of SF and mysteries as "Elsewhen" and "Public Eye," is appropriately memorialized by "Puzzle for Spacemen." Ellison, on the other hand, offers a fantasy—a fantasy, under its polished and experimental technique, about a haunted slotmachine. Off hand, one would think that such a topic would be fit only for humor, but Ellison manages to write a serious story. (My only quibble is about Maggie's mother, a full-blood Cherokee, living in Arizona; it's possible, but Cherokees are mainly in Oklahoma and points east; Arizona is Navajo territory.) Again, Boucher wrote some ghost stories—if fact, his first published fiction, "Ye Goode Olde Ghoste Storie" (WEIRD TALES, January 1927), as well as a better known later work, "Ghost of Me"; however Boucher's ghosts are humorous rather than Ellisonian serious.

All in all, these two anthologies are nicely balanced collections and thematically fitting offerings to the memory of Boucher. Both the seventeen stories which I have mentioned or discussed and the thirty-nine stories (and two poems) which I have not are generally appropriate memorials. Even the story I passed over two paragraphs back, DeCles' "Cruelty," has a background of opera—and Boucher reviewed San Francisco productions for OPERA NEWS from 1961 to 1968. And the nineteen stories in Special Wonder from F&SF make a particular memorial of Boucher's editorship.

I know of few fans with sixteen dollars, less a dime, for two volumes—even if they contain fifty-six stories; but I suggest you pester your local librarian until he buys the set.



Edited by Robert Silverberg:
GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF SCIENCE FICTION—Ballantine 01960, 1970, 95¢; ALPHA ONE—Ballantine 02014, 1970, 95¢

Reviewed by Richard Delap

Silverberg seems to have become science fiction's jack of all trades, straddling both Old and New Wave with his unpredictable fiction and recently building up a line of anthologies which he insists he wishes to fill the shoes left empty since the loss of the indefatigable Greff Conklin. Like his predecessor, Silverberg's collections are nearly always good, intelligently diverse but nicely balanced; unlike Conklin, he has not yet produced those volumes which stand for years as the epitomes of the field. The important thing, however, is that Silverberg seems to have the right idea in mind, and, if he continues, will amply fill those empty shoes.

Picking up what Conklin initiated a dozen or so years ago, Great Short Novels of SF once again presents that sf rarity, a book of novellas, stories too long to fit into most anthologies yet too short to stand alone. It's a good, healthy cross-section of types and styles which brings back to print some surprisingly strong, unfamiliar bellringers.

A. Bertram Chandler's "Giant Killer" fulfills the editor's

assertion that this "is almost certainly his best work." It is, anyway, the best I've read by Chandler (this from one who shudders at the very thought of another Rim World story!). Dating from 1945, this story of Shriek, an outcast from his Tribe for being born one of the "Different Ones," has a strangely mordant, depressing but moving tone quite unlike anything this author has since done. Dealing rationally with themes of genocide, cannibalism and (inferentially) incest, the story is even more remarkable in the fact that it has dated not a whit. The characters are vital, the plot imaginative and logical within its framework, and most readers should find it quite satisfying.

In "Second Game" by Charles V. DeVet and Katherine MacLean, the first game is a game of tact: a human spy on the planet Velda finds the entire planet of humanlike aliens, who have mysteriously destroyed the previous emissary ships sent to visit them, are addicts of the Game, both in life and on a pleasure-pastime gameboard. The spy is discovered and the second game begins: can he survive long enough to convince the Veldians that they cannot defeat the humans' Ten Thousand Worlds, or will he capitulate to the creeping suggestion that Velda has the power to defy all of humanity? It's an intelligent, subtle and shifting tour de force—the editor calls it an "intellectual puzzle-story"—which like a clever mystery leaves all its clues in plain sight and defies the reader to stay one step ahead. Again, quite satisfying.

Best of all is Wyman Guin's classic "Beyond Bedlam," a story of destruction—on a quite personal level for several

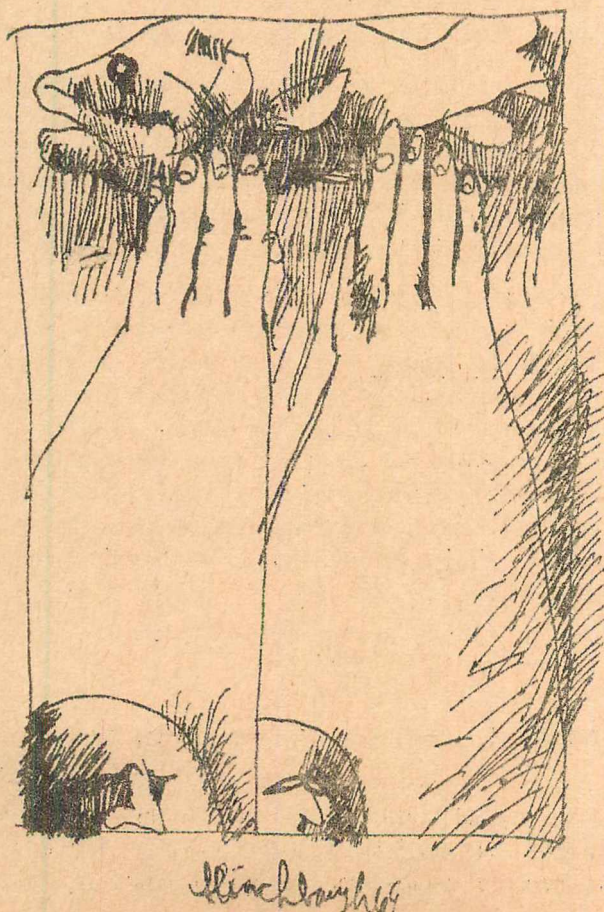
fascinating characters as well as a larger scale to accommodate the disintegrative weaknesses in the social fabric of the future. Interestingly, Guin's 20 year-old extrapolation of a drug-controlled, intentionally schizophrenic society seems to have successfully preceded some of the more raging issues of today. The plot is concerned with one family—actually "two" families, since each of the three people involved has two distinct and separate lives and personalities—which reflects in full force the horror of living out of step with one's surroundings. The descriptions of human emotion struggling to surface through the iron-gloved repression are dramatically sound and exceptionally vivid, yet the author is discriminatory and never finds it necessary to stoop to cheap or tawdry emotionalism to achieve his desired effects. A masterful closeup of the human condition.

Silverberg thinks that Roger Zelazny's "The Graveyard Heart" has "generally been neglected," but I believe it has gained little and has possibly even lost something in the six years since it was first published. It tells of a futuristic Jet Set, people who are knowing pawns in a shallow spectacle, reviving from a cold sleep every few years to give the public a brief, exciting glimpse of frivolous pseudo-immortals. The mechanics of this set-up produce a convincing, bleak prediction on the many aspects of sensation seeking, yet in the mighty attempt to circumvent a melodramatic crush of characters, the people become victims of actions which are more funny than tragically enmeshing. But there are also distinct threads of satire throughout the story, so perhaps the climactic frenzy of triple murder is also satire...through a milk-glass, darkly. You never really know with Zelazny. Perhaps not really satisfying, it still has some good moments and may be worth the time for those unfamiliar with the backlog of Zelazny's work.

The final two stories are less appealing. Like Dick's The Man in the High Castle, C.M. Kornbluth's final story, "Two Dooms," deals with an America divided between the Germans and the Japanese in an alternate future. After a very silly opening—the hero gets to this world with the help of a Hopi medicine man and some black mushrooms—the story levels off very low. The hero has little if any personality and emerges only as a mouthpiece of explanation; the mood hovers indistinctly between humor and horror and eventually succumbs to an equally indistinct preachiness; and worst of all, after fifty pages of essentially directionless writing the damned thing turns out to be essentially directionless. Kornbluth will (fortunately) be remembered for much better than this.

Even Jack Vance's proven talent for creating strange and convincing cultures does little but add extraneous color to "Telek," an otherwise routine story of the underpowered vs. the telekinetic humans of the future. From the beginning there is the threat of a catastrophic climax which finally emerges as a generally tame duel between representatives of the opposing forces. The thin, halfway plot does not merit the length to which it is carried.

I'm sure there will be those who, like the editor, are able to overlook the shortcomings of those final two stories; but even if you can't, the rest are enough to make this book



worth reading and keeping...sigh, a book which would be nice to have in permanent covers...are you listening, SF Book Club?

*

Alpha One, "the first of an intended series," is meant to "center on no particular theme except that of literary quality."

Of course it all boils down to how one assesses "quality," and I for one do not think Silverberg's compilation even begins to approach the "quality" of such lasting works as Boucher's two-volume set or the staple Adventures In Time and Space (both of which, granted, made room for longer works).

Which is not to say that this is not a good book. Of fourteen stories, at least six have merits that would welcome them into any collection of lasting science fiction; the rest—with the minor exception of J.G. Ballard's "Terminal Beach," which I didn't like six years ago and still don't—are good, readable works that suffer no shame in comparison but are more easily arguable regarding "quality."

Most of the better stories have been collected here and there, but it's nice to have several of them together under one cover. Among my personal favorites is Alfred Bester's delightful "The Pi Man," which uses clever typography to a purpose which serves the story rather than as an attempted cover of weakness (something we get far too much of nowadays). Roger Zelazny's excellent "For a Breath I Tarry" is surely this author's most underrated story, likely because it challenges both science (read: technology) and superstition (read: religion) by mixing them together so inextricably that they simply can no longer be separated. And although neither James Blish's "Testament of Andros" nor C.M. Kornbluth's "The Last Man Left in the Bar" can be easily explained, each is a powerfully constructed, intricate profundity headed for a common target from distinctly opposite directions.

The remaining stories are all good reading, from Charles L. Harness' mind-bending "Time Trap" to Ted Thomas' dramatic "The Doctor," with contributions from all points inbetween by Brian W. Aldiss, Jack Vance, Poul Anderson, R.A. Lafferty, Barry Malzberg, Larry Eisenberg and Fritz Leiber.

Whether Silverberg has achieved the "quality" he wants is relatively unimportant. Buy it, read it, enjoy it—that's what counts.



Editor's Note: Paul Walker also reviewed Great Short Novels of Science Fiction. His review was a rave; each story was praised. He called the book a gem and considered it a steal at the price—75¢.



THE ETERNAL CHAMPION by Michael Moorcock—Dell 2383 (1970), 60¢
Reviewed by Fred Patten

The Eternal Champion, or the personification of eternal battle and death? This is what Erekoš the Champion wonders

as he trains the warriors of a united Humanity at the twilight of creation to follow him into the final war to crush evil, in the form of mankind's most implacable enemy, the monstrously inhuman Eldren. But it's not this way at all, really.

In The Eternal Champion, Moorcock condenses and crystallizes the philosophies of all that he has written to date. Erekoš is the personification at this time and place of the trans-migrating soul of Moorcock's hero, met in various previous volumes as Elric of Melniboné, Karl Glogauer, Jerry Cornelius, Dorian Hawkmoor...the list is long. He has been summoned from the astral plane during a period of discorporation to be reborn as Erekoš, the invulnerable champion of an age past, to lead Humanity against its current enemy. There is a noble king, a beautiful princess, a pure cause; bright banners, flashing swords, and brave warriors enough to fulfill the battle plans of any worthy Champion.

But Erekoš is not the Eternal Champion as much as he is the Eternal Soldier, the man who has been fighting the final war to bring lasting peace since time began. He has heard all the platitudes over and over, seen that the utterly vile enemy is seldom any different than one's own people, experienced the forgetting and dishonoring of all the noble pledges and goals, and found that Humanity is its own worst enemy. In short, he thinks too much for his calling.

Moorcock's cynicism and pessimism are refined here and the result is possibly the best book of this sort he's written to date. Instead of producing another middling sword-&-sorcery epic in which the philosophy serves only to color the somber background, in The Eternal Champion he employs the battle scenes to reinforce his philosophical points, spattering the dark blotches to mar the shining canvas of nobility and purity.

As Moorcock is better at arguing his philosophical point than at creating convincing battle action, the changed emphasis is for the better. His empires and political structures have never been more than shallow fronts, but as that's exactly what he's trying to imply here it becomes an asset rather than a liability to the mood.

Readers familiar with Moorcock's earlier novels may be able to get a bit more out of his references than those unfamiliar with them, but The Eternal Champion stands up so well on its own merits that it would be the book I'd pick if I had to recommend any one of his works to a new reader. It only says what he's been saying all along, but suddenly the words and action seem to have come together to present a coherent argument, one with which the reader may disagree but which he will not be able to dismiss out of hand. If you haven't cared for Moorcock up to now, try this one.



TIMESTOP! by Philip Jose Farmer—Lancer 74616, 75¢

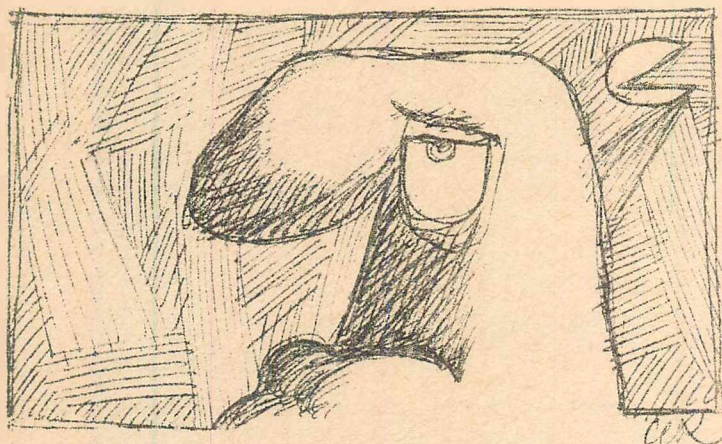
Reviewed by Ted Pauls

The Sam Moskowitz blurb on the cover of this new edition of a novel originally published by GALAXY in 1957 describes it as a "fast-moving cloak-and-dagger novel of the future", and for

once Sam cannot be accused of exaggerating. It is decidedly fast-moving. The story is set in a future where the Earth is divided between the totalitarian Haijac Union and several independent states and federations attempting to avoid absorption into that empire. Its principal character, Dr. Leif Barker, is a top level secret agent working within the Haijac Union to subvert and destroy it, and from the first to the last page Timestop is a fast-paced story of his efforts to remain one step ahead of the Haijac authorities.

The Haijac Union is a theocratic dictatorship, dominated by the hierarchy of the Sturch, the institutional body of a "scientific religion" founded some generations earlier by one Isaac Sigmen, who is supposedly traveling through time and is scheduled to manifest himself on the occasion of Timestop and reward his faithful followers. (One of the avenues by means of which Barker's espionage network is undermining Haijac society involves the propagation of rumors that Timestop is imminent.)

The religion is provided with an Anti-Christ in the person of one Jude Changer, who is also able to travel through time and is engaged in sowing evil and undoing the work of



the holy Sigmen. The initials J.C. which appear frequently as graffiti, often at the scene of some serious mischief, are suspected to refer to Jude Changer. They might also, however, be the initials of Jacques Cuze, allegedly the leader of a (literal) French underground headquartered in the ancient sewers and subways of Paris. Or J.C. might refer to Jikiza Chandu, the founder and prophet of the Bantu church. All of these elements, in any event, form opposition to the Haijac Union.

Leif Barker's difficulties begin when the mauled body of Halla Dannto is rushed to the hospital where Dr. Barker and his "wife", Ava, work. The extraordinarily beautiful Halla is the wife of a high Sturch official and, more important, an agent of the same intelligence bureau as Barker. His orders are that, if Halla Dannto is dead, he is to conceal the fact until her identical twin sister can be substituted for her. This he does, in an environment where everybody is suspicious of everybody else, and with the added difficulties of a passionate husband and a cold, cunning, ultra-suspicious secret police official haunting the hospital corridors. He also man-

ages to complicate things further by falling in love with the counterfeit Halla, disobeying the instructions of his own superiors and getting involved with a group of Bantus living a shadowy existence in the abandoned Paris subway tunnels. Ultimately, Barker manages to escape with Halla to Bantuland, and there, presumably, they live more or less happily ever after.

Beyond this fairly conventional plot, Farmer offers a couple of (for him) characteristic touches: a sexual theme, and a few analytical pot-shots at religious intolerance. Halla and her sister have a surgically-implanted organ in their abdomens which generates a stimulating electric shock during intercourse. In an oppressive society of sexually frustrated men—made that way to render them easier to control—a woman capable of thus turning on a man is an invaluable agent. The antithesis of that society is the Bantu community-family, which functions like a Hippie commune with the additional bond of telepathy. There is one scene in which they are practicing a ritual of love, which, I am quite certain, but for the time and place in which it was written, would have culminated in something very like the giant daisy chain of Blown.

Farmer does a good job of depicting a rather unpleasant future society, and the writing is technically sound without being either beautiful or brilliant. Characterization is generally sharp, but the author goes a little overboard in portraying Barker as a somewhat pompous figure.

Timestop is worth reading if you hadn't read it in its earlier incarnation as A Woman A Day. Or, for that matter, even if you had.



THIS PERFECT DAY by Ira Levin—Random House, \$6.95

Reviewed by Paul Walker

Well, here is another one to inflame the egos of SF's hard-working pros. That "novelist" is back again with a potential hit, and it is all early 50's science-fiction. You remember the computer that runs the world, that turns men into automatons, that is finally given its comeuppance by that spunky young punk kid? Yup, this is it.

Skillful, often suspenseful. Very well drawn. Believable characters acting more believably than usual. Nice sex play. Nice action. Few surprises, really. In this one, unlike his others, Ira Levin fails to build toward a single climax. Instead, there are three or four climaxes, and six or seven smaller ones, that dilute the effect. Of course, Levin can sustain interest marvelously. I don't think this idea has ever been done better.

What bothers me about this novel is its arrogant presumption that "freedom" is the absolute definition of a man; that without complete freedom of choice, without freedom to accept the burden of responsibility for his actions, a man is incapable of being truly human. Superficially, this would seem to be a truism, but I think freedom and humanity are a bit more complicated than that.

For one thing, the United States is considered by most of

its saner critics to be the "freest" nation on Earth. And whenever they say that they immediately qualify it for pages. Those who disagree assure us that the nation which legalizes pot is much freer. While others favor those that shoot landlords. In short, a country is free in proportion to how much you, personally, can get away with. If you are a homicidal paranoid, then it is already 1984!

Ira Levin's computer-dominated world may come to pass. But if it does, I would believe it happened because the great majority of mankind wished it to happen. Granted, Levin's world excludes much of what I admire; but it is a world of peace and prosperity for its "robots." It is a light-hearted, leisurely world without discrimination or brute oppression.

I feel that if I lived in such a world and, if it stifled me as it does Levin's hero, I would have to conclude that it was my problem—that if I wished to live apart, then I would have to take all the risks and suffer all the inconveniences, but I would not resort to the wholesale destruction revelled in by his hero. I would not kill thousands (possibly a million or more), then walk away beating my chest, bursting with self-righteousness.

You would?

Every tyrant begins with the conviction that he alone is right, that his "struggle" is for the good of man. And millions die before he is proved an ass. If the herd is the future of man, as in Levin's world, then I have more sympathy for his ingenious computer than for his egomaniacal hero.



WHIPPING STAR by Frank Herbert—Putnam, \$4.95; Berkley \$1.99, 75¢
Reviewed by Ted Pauls

This is a strange novel. It's no Dune—he said by way of understatement—but it is a couple of hours of worthwhile entertainment.

In Whipping Star, Herbert does his thing, which is the creation of alien life-forms and societies, but he does it purely for fun. I suspect that the expression on the author's face in the photograph on the dust jacket is an excellent indicator of the spirit in which this novel was written, and certainly of the spirit in which it ought to be read.

Herbert has postulated a double handful of weird people, institutions and life-forms with little attempt to justify background. For example, the hero, Jorj X. McKie, is a field agent for the Bureau of Sabotage, a powerful private organization dedicated to the useful task of preventing the government from becoming efficient. The Bureau and the government both function throughout a widespread empire encompassing many hundreds of planets and a good many exotic sentient species. Communication within this multiracial interstellar civilization is handled by Taprisiots, officious creatures somewhat resembling stunted pine trees who have the ability to facilitate instantaneous communication between sentient minds over interstellar distances. Travel from one world to another is also instantaneous, by means of "jumpdoors", passages which make use

of another dimension to permit travel between any two points in the continuum. These latter are under the control of the mysterious Calebans, creatures from another dimension who manifest themselves on the human plane of existence as, among other things, stars.

The problem is that the Calebans are disappearing, and it is discovered belatedly that when the last one departs this continuum, every human being who has at one time or another used a jumpdoor—which is practically every person alive—will flick out of existence. McKie is dispatched to confer with the last known Calaban, incongruously named Fanny Mae, and figure out how to avert this disaster. Communication is something of a problem: Fanny Mae is an alien mentality, with an alien perspective, a not entirely flawless grasp of English and a computer's penchant for literal-mindedness. The Calaban is also slowly being killed—the more or less physical manifestation of her being is being flogged by the minions of the ultra-wealthy and more than a little nifty Miss Abnethe, who is operating from her base on a non-existent planet circling a non-existent star. The Bureau can't stop her because it can't find her; besides, the Calaban is allowing itself to be flogged under a legal contract with which it is not desperately unhappy and which it is honor bound to obey.

Needless to say, McKie does manage to save humanity in the end, though it's hairy for a while. The novel is, as I said, a lot of fun, particularly when it concentrates (as it does for a good many pages) on the attempts of the other sentients to establish meaningful communication with the Calaban. It is a minor work, compared to Dune, but at least it is entertaining.



MASTER OF THE DARK GATE by John Jakes—Lancer 75113-95 (1970) 95¢
Reviewed by Fred Patten

This is formula writing of the close-the-dimensional-gate-way-before-the-invaders-pour-through school, but competently handled and one of Jakes' better books.

Earth is the key focus of an endless chain of Earths, with a psionically advanced Earth Prime in front of it and a tyrannically oppressive, backward Earth Three behind it. Earth Three is about to go on a war of conquest, and the government of Prime, which scorns anything as primitive as physical combat itself, forces Gavin Black, a cynical soldier-of-fortune of our world, to become its pawn in undertaking a simple demolition task to Earth Three to destroy the gateway mechanism. Naturally, it turns out to be anything but simple, and Black is soon up to his loincloth and animal-tooth necklace in barbarian warriors, perverted despots, psionic duels, battles with monsters, beautiful women, pagan sacrifices, and the physical ordeals de rigueur to the Conan stereotype. The tyrant's court seems a trifle anachronistically primitive for a culture that's on the verge of conquering two more advanced worlds, and Jakes doesn't explain the discrepancy adequately simply by having Black consciously wonder about it.

But the characters are well fleshed out, and realistic emotional motivation is established for the twists of the action even when it doesn't make logical sense. (The tyrant is a sad-

istic pervert, after all, and Black is pretty blood-thirsty himself.) Jakes neatly wraps up all his loose ends but three, apparently left to avoid an improbably happy ending and to provide an easy step to the logical sequel if he cares to write it. I hope he does; he seems to know what he's doing with this cast.



SFR SUBSCRIBERS——
IF THE NUMBER IN THE TOP
RIGHT CORNER OF YOUR MAIL-
ING LABEL IS "42" IT IS
TIME TO RENEW!

AND THEN I READ...

Book Reviews
By Richard E. Geis

Things are a bit hectic around The Disaster Area nowadays as I try to finish writing a book as I stencil this issue and read books for review...

I did recently finish Ted White's BY FURIES POSSESSED (Signet T4275, 75¢ 1970). Ted is a conscientious, solid, science fiction novelist. In this book he might easily be said to be New Wave (which might raise his eyebrows) since he has written an interesting, at times exciting sf novel that appears to be a reworking of the old aliens-taking-over-the-brains-of-humans theme, with the hero, at times seemingly paranoid, fighting singlehandedly to save the world from the spreading menace. He discovers in the course of true formula toward the end that even his superiors have been Taken Over. There is one last chance to get to the bottom of the mystery..

But that's Old Wave? Sorry; the formula is a tool to carry the story in a suspense-excitement bag. The basic movement is character change.

The entire novel, upon close examination, is a long revelation of character and personality, as deep as most novels can go. And the formula dissolves at the end into a self-realization and undistorted reality.

Which might be called New Wave.

Ted has constructed an integrated, cohesive future for Earth, with vivid, convincing detail; he makes overpopulation, the spread and merging of cities, the resulting impact on culture and society and people very real...it's lived-in and in a process of change, of entropy, not frozen-for-easy-writing as in so many sf novels by less talented or less careful and skilled writers. Ted doesn't scamp on his background.

Nor does he cheat on characterization, though in this area he doesn't have the magic talent of the perfect detail, of word and gesture and action which can cut a personality from granite and stick him in your mind to stay. But very few writers do.

Ted has his characterization all worked out and he builds it up a bit at a time until the whole, solid structure is visible and understood.

He comes into a bit of trouble at the end in his trying to justify the first-person recounting of the story by the hero—it seems awkward at best and unnecessary. Obtrusively coping with the question of how-come-the-"I"—is-writing-all-this-down is a mistake, I think. Almost all rationales by the "author" of first-person novels are incredible and shouldn't even be attempted. The reader isn't fooled, but is only made more aware of a manipulative writer behind the facade.

Ted also played the amusing game of Tuckerizing his book: using the names of known writers and fans as characters in his story. Tucker Himself is used, as is Jim Benford, "Bjohn", Linebarger... I've forgotten any others I noticed.

By Furies Possessed is a far better than average sf novel and worth its money and your attention.

NOTE: I used the term "The Disaster Area" at the beginning of this column. I meant it to mean my apartment, not the column itself...though it would make a good title for a book review column.

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Lancer has used a fine commercial title on a mediocre sword & sorcery novel: Lord of Blood by Dave Van Arnam (Lancer 74688, 75¢).

It is an open-ended sequel to Van Arnam's first book, Star Barbarian (74509, 75¢). Lord of Blood continues the adventures of barbarian hero Valzar who is rescued-into-slavery from a raft adrift at sea with his bond-slave Lynor.

Lynor had been cursed by evil magicians so that he would die horribly if separated by more than a few hundred yards from Valzar, which complicates the plot somewhat as Valzar rises quickly in the kingdom of Khaldir from slave to Captain of a company of free mercenary soldiers. Several Free Companies are in the employ of Khaldir's king, Athandur, Lord of Blood, who adroitly wars against neighboring kingdoms named Dalvar, Vraltor, Xindurbil, Yuunn, Ruldoun, Chaitor Zun, and Olnar, to create larger Khaldir so that ever more complicated Machiavellian schemes of conquest and treachery with the Tharets, Septaphesh, Telemarnar, Adranarpha and Belcammaron can go forward within the area known as the Flanage, a Balkanized "civilized" part of one continent named Kathram on the planet Morkath, one of the Barbary Stars, formerly part of an interstellar human civilization which flourished 3000 years before, of which there are a few artifacts on Morkath—the Forbidden Temple wherein resides Iznu the sentient computer which has given Valzar special subconscious information and provided him with a 3000 year old stun-blastor gun which he had had taken from him.... (deep breath)

The basic elements of this background and novel are worthy of exploitation but Van Arnam doesn't do them justice. Much of the novel is little more than plot narrative to show Valzar's career and skill, and the author skimps on good fight scenes.

I am bemused by the sword and sorcery convention that requires a writing style imitating Dumas to indicate a time of swords and sceptors and bronze-to-iron age civilization.

I am also appalled at the myriads of nonsense-syllabled names for people and places in sword and sorcery novels, to

to show Differentness and Distance of time and space. Each new s&s author must think up a new set of such names and to avoid duplication each new set inevitably is more multi-syllabled and hard to pronounce and remember. Oh, well...them's the hazards of reading...and writing.

+++

It would probably be unfair to reveal the exact ending of Barrier World by Louis Charbonneau (Lancer 74687, 75¢), but it is a variation of the "Universe" theme and ends tragically.

The story follows Technician Cory through his contrived exposure to the Clockworld's encapsulated, rigid, four-class society. He begins as a full-time exercizer, is punished by being sent into the manual labor ranks of the intellectuals, is secreted into the social whirl of the faddists and is manipulated by the Authority Figures. Finally, a proven, unsalvageable, labeled Revolutionary, he is sent into the hell of Reprocessing. There he solves the puzzle of the frozen, distorted society and is killed for his trouble.

Charbonneau is a hack, obviously, reworking old themes in not-too-original ways. He has five or six other books listed to his credit. And, there is a subtle awkwardness to his writing which makes me think he may not be native to English.

+++

Michael Kurland's Transmission Error (Pyramid 515-2379, 75¢) is lightweight reading, with vaguely Runyonesque dialog and a mercifully fast pace.

Framed for murder, Dan Godfrey is sentenced to a colony planet for life. While being transported there via a long-distance matter transmitter, there is a one-in-a-zillion foul-up, and he and his two fellow prisoners in the shuffle are "received" on an Earth-like planet inhabited by under-civilized humans. The planet is prohibited for exploitation by Earth or colony.

Well, one slavery and narrow escape leads to another, one colorful and exotic culture and society leads to another as Earth humans seek the trio to protect their unlawful activities.

There are pirates who use dirigibles, a psi Princess, a moving city which has been under siege for sixty years....

It's incredible but mild fun. In the end Dan is able to defeat the evil corporation which was exploiting the planet under cover of a priesthood, and solve the murder which co-incidentally was committed by agents of the evil corporation.

Formula, ah yes, formula, and not to be taken seriously. Certainly Kurland didn't, to his credit.

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At great risk of being accused of still clutching a double standard to my bosom, I have to say that Nightmare Baby (Belmont 8-75-2058, 75¢) by Linda Du Breuil, is a novel written with the young housewife in mind as a potential reader. It is written in the pulp love story style with a strong soap opera influence.

It is the story of Amy, who claims that her husband, Mark,

made love to her hours after he had died in a plane crash thousands of miles away. She learned of his death the next day upon awakening.

It is also the story of Remember, an immortal, supernatural entity who enjoys taking over the bodies of female infants and living a mortal life. Remember has been inhabiting the first daughters of Amy's family for generations, and Remember is not squeamish about arranging "accidents" for those in the family or out who become suspicious and/or who are psychic or sensitive to her existence.

And so the story goes from black moment to black moment, ever deeper in crisis, with the evil Remember influencing and killing to make sure her existence is not exposed and that Amy's first girl child is brought to full term. But Remember is in for a surprise. After birth, after Remember has inhabited the infant:

No, it didn't move like a baby at all. It turned over on its tiny side and clenched its little fists until they shook. Then it opened the tiny rosebud mouth and said in a very adult sounding voice, "Get me to a hospital quickly. I have a heart defect."

During the story, of course, there are forces of Good working to defeat Remember, and Amy meets a nice young man, and there is a happy ending...with Remember, again disembodied, hovering in the vicinity, waiting for Amy to become pregnant again and deliver another inhabitable girl child.

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Bob Shaw, recently, has shown signs of getting it all together, to use an overworked phrase. His style is immensely readable; highly professional, lucid, clean. And his mastery of writing technique is obvious. He's right on the edge of that select group of The Finest SF Writers.

But he's had a little trouble with his plots. Most fan reviewers had trouble with his shift midway through The Palace of Eternity from alien-invasion adventure to a more abstract and philosophical story.

And now, in One Million Tomorrows, while telling a linear story that is engrossing and absorbing, and without breaks, he is guilty of hewing too closely to a standard mystery-suspense formula.

Let me make one thing perfectly clear: One Million Tomorrows is a very good, commercial novel. It's more than worth your time and money. The problem is that Bob's talent and skill is too much for his formula plot and I, for one, was disappointed that the ending was so trite, even though well done...even though the last, climactic chapter was rewritten at Terry Carr's suggestion, and improved from the version that appeared in serial form in AMAZING.



The story is about Will Carewe and immortality. In this near future immortality (barring extremely fatal accidents) is possible by means of a series of injections, provided the shots are taken before artery damage is too far along—usually around 40 for men. The process is called "tying off" because there is a catch, a penalty: men lose the ability to make love. And Will is married to a lovely woman who will probably leave him if he cannot continue to satisfy her. He is at the borderline age when he must decide.

But then his bosses tell him they have developed a new drug, one that gives immortality while permitting continued sexual ability. They wish him to be the first human recipient. But it is all ultra top secret and he cannot even tell his wife at first, they say.

He is injected. And abruptly, inevitably, his marriage falls apart because he has to pretend to have tied off. He takes a dangerous job in Africa—and attempts are made to kill him "accidentally."

He survives and begins to unravel the "why", and to win back his wife, who is kidnapped... The formula shows its skeleton openly at this point.

One grouch: Bob isn't explicit about the sex angle. One would think that the only way to make love to and satisfy a woman was by direct intercourse—a curiously Puritan ethic for this context and background. And he is not clear as to whether a man loses the ability (erections) or also the desire for intercourse/sex. In one scene Will is thought to be having a homosexual affair with one of his tied off bosses, and homosexuality is extant in this future society..but how? It is all irritatingly vague. Women, Bob says, often must turn to a saphic society which features the use of dildoes. No doubt only used in the missionary position.

The author was not true to his story in this respect and was excessively cautious.

One compliment: the fight scene between Will and the assassin in the frictionless ball bearing manufacturing plant was brilliantly evocative: I could feel those tiny steel balls seeking entrance to my body, in my mouth, nose, sinuses... lungs! after Will and the shorter man fell into the deep bin full of bearings.

Bob evokes horror, too, as the assassin is too short to reach air and is writhing and struggling in that terrible death.

I'll remember that scene all my life.

In sum, by all means buy and read One Million Tomorrows and at the end hope that Bob Shaw, next book, will be a bit less commercial, a bit more daring, and will find a story worthy of his talent and skill. (Ace 62938, 75¢)

American sf readers have had a first look at the leading Polish sf writer, Stanislaw Lem, with Walker's edition of Solaris. (\$4.95)

The novel was translated from the French by Joanna Kilmar-

in and Steve Cox. How it got into French from the, presumably, Polish, I don't know. I wrote Lem on this point but have not had a reply yet. I asked if the book was written in Polish and then translated into French, and then into English, because of some awkwardness in the wording and dialogue. There seemed to be an exaggeration of emotion, a kind of "over-acting" by the characters.

But that is an essentially minor point. The book is strong enough to withstand anything as long as the basic theme is presented—the determination of Man to conquer and to understand the universe on his own terms, through the lens of his own existence.

Solaris is a planet circling a distant sun, and it is covered by what seems to be a sentient ocean. Men have been studying it, probing it, experimenting with it, trying always to communicate with it, while never being quite sure it is conscious and aware. This has been going on for generations. Libraries have been filled with books about Solaris.

And there is a good chance that Solaris has been studying Man, in its fashion.

The novel concerns Kris Kelvin from the time he arrives by shuttle from a spaceship whose destination is another star; Solaris is no longer a prime interest to Earth or Man, the research station is staffed by only three men...two of which are alive, but warped and haunted, when Kris arrives by means of automatic devices. The third scientist is dead—a recent suicide.

And there are Others in the station—creations of the ocean from its gleanings of the emotions and memories of the men—which are flesh and blood and which resist any separation from their objects, the men. The men hide their creatures from Kris, ashamed and guilty.

And then Kris finds he has one, too...a recreation of his dead wife, who killed herself when he rejected her years before. Now he is faced with a renewed emotional turmoil, a maddening striving to get rid of this lovely thing, to kill it, and also to know it, to understand it, and to understand the mystery of Solaris.

Kris does end with a partial understanding, a partial peace within himself, but the astonishing, immense, enigma that is the ocean-brain still surges and puts on its fantastic "shows" and...is.

You might call this thinking man's sf.

Almost at the other end of the science fiction spectrum is The Stainless Steel Rat's Revenge, also published by Walker (\$4.95), in which Harry Harrison's adroit ex-thief and con man, Slippery Jim diGriz, is sent on a damned difficult and dangerous mission of espionage.

The action is fast, the dialogue crisp, the futuristic James Bondish gimmicks and devices intriguing, amazing, and proposterous as usual. Good fun. Don't look too closely at the plot structure, though—it'll collapse at second glance.

HAVE YOU A

DALLASCOM

IN YOUR CITY?



by Gene Wolfe.

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THE CASE FOR ASTROLOGY by John Anthony West and Jan Gerhard Toonder is essentially a restatement of the material covered in The Cosmic Clocks by Michel Gauquelin...that the subtle chemical make-up of the fluids in our bodies and hence affect our glands and brain, are influenced by the minute (and not so minute) electro-gravitational influences of the planets, the moon, sun, Earth. To the extent of influencing and/or causing behavior, tending to accentuate certain talents and traits (depending on date of conception and birth), and even the time and kind of death.

Interesting, provocative and more than a little believable. (Coward-McCann, \$6.95)

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Fawcett has brought out a paperback edition of Isaac Asimov's Doubleday book Nightfall and Other Stories (M1486, 95¢). 350 pages.

Ted Pauls reviewed this a while back and found Dr. Asimov's writing style and techniques wanting...and got a lot of flack for his pains. "Nightfall" is indisputably a classic. The other stories: "Green Patches," "Hostess," "Breeds There a Man...?" "C-Chute," "In a Good Cause—" "What If—" "Sally," "Flies," "Nobody Here But—" "It's Such a Beautiful Day," "Strikebreaker," "Insert Knob A in Hole B," "The Up-To-Date Sorcerer," "Unto the Fourth Generation," "What Is This Thing Called Love," "The Machine That Won the War," "My Son, the Physicist," "Eyes Do More Than See," and "Segregationist."

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Robert A. Heinlein's The Rolling Stones, a sf juvenile, has been reprinted by Ace (73440, 95¢)

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Ballantine has brought out a third printing of Lester del Rey's Nerves. (D2069-3-075, 75¢) A gripping story of a runaway atomic pile and the men who must fight it. Originally published in 1956. A near-classic.

+++

Nebula Award Stories Four, edited by Poul Anderson, has been published in paperback by Pocket Books (75646, 75¢). Originally published by Doubleday in 1969, this volume presents the Nebula Award winners (given by the Science Fiction Writers of America) for 1969.

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I was sent a copy of Let's Drink to That (see ad this issue) and I find it verrrry interesting. It is a listing of important events (sf and fantasy) on every day of the year.

What are some of these important events, you naturally ask? Well, on Jan. 1:

- 1879 E.M. Forster born
- 1889 Seabury Quinn born
- 1921 Production begun on THE ADVENTURES OF TARZAN
- 1923 AROUND THE WORLD IN 18 DAYS (serial) released
- 1928 First air conditioned office building in the world opens.
- 1948 The Spectator Club formed

And, picking my way through the pages: Jan 2, 1920—Isaac Asimov born in Petrovichi, Russia; April 7, 1945—Article explaining how fans coin words published in the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE; July 19, 1952—Hal Clement married Mary Elizabeth Myers; October 31, 1952—First atomic fusion bomb detonated at Marshall Islands.

I'll drink to that!

+++

Richard Delap gave a generally favorable review to the Putnam hardcover of Orbit 7 in SFR 41. It is now out in paperback (Berkley S1900, 75¢) These are all original stories and the series is edited by Damon Knight.

- The stories: "April Fool's Day Forever" by Kate Wilhelm
 "Eyebeam" by Gene Wolfe
 "Continued on Next Rock" by R. A. Lafferty
 "To Sport With Amaryllis" by Richard Hill
 "In the Queue" by Keith Laumer
 "The Living End" by Sonya Dorman
 "A Dream At Noonday" by Gardner M. Dozois
 "Woman Waiting" by Carol Emshwiller
 "Old Foot Forgot" by R. A. Lafferty
 "Jim and Mary G" by James Sallis
 "The Pressure of Time" by Thomas M. Disch
 "The Island of Doctor Death and Other Stories"

The Winners: "Mother To the World" by Richard Wilson

"The Planners" by Kate Wilhelm

"Dragonrider" by Anne McCaffrey

The runners-up chosen to be included:

"The Listeners" by James Gunn

"The Dance of the Changer and the Three" by
Terry Carr

"Sword Game" by H.H. Hollis

The Nebula Award novel, Ursula LeGuin's Left Hand of Darkness was not included (the Nobel winners never are in this series) because of space limitations.

Poul Anderson in an Introduction, and Willis E. McNelly in a Foreword discuss the sf scene of 1969 and 1968.

L. Sprague de Camp has published a collection of his fantasy stories—The Reluctant Shaman (Pyramid T2347, 75¢). These appeared in magazines in the forties, mainly, and appear here for the first time in book form.

They are: "The Reluctant Shaman," "The Hardwood Pile," "Nothing in the Rules," "The Ghost of Melvin Pye," "The Wisdom of the East," "Mr. Arson," and "Ka the Appalling."

The Tomb and other tales of H.P. Lovecraft has been published by Beagle Books (95032, 95¢). These stories were originally published as part of the collection Dagon and Other Macabre Tales by Arkham House in 1965.

There are three sections. The first contains: "The Tomb," "The Festival," "Imprisoned With the Pharaohs," "He," "The Horror at Red Hook," "The Strange High House in the Mist," "In the Walls of Eryx," and "The Evil Clergyman."

The second section, Early Tales, includes: "The Beast in the Cave," "The Alchemist," "Poetry and the Gods," "The Street," "The Transition of Juan Romero."

The third section is titled Fragments and lists: "Azathoth," "The Descendant," "The Book," "The Thing in the Moonlight."

There is also a complete chronology of Lovecraft's work, created by the author himself.

There is a new, far more accurate, definitive translation of Jules Verne's Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, by Walter James Miller of New York University. Previous translations were "slashed and slapdash versions rushed into print in the 1870's and re-issued ever since as 'standard' editions." (Washington Square Press 46557, 75¢) This has an Afterword by Damon Knight.

Washington Square Press is a division of Simon & Shuster.

I am reading Poul Anderson's Satan's World,

and Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth by R. Buckminster Fuller. Soon to be read is The Great Brain Robbery by James B. Fisher.

NOTED: Doc Savage #56 The Giggling Ghosts (Bantam H5705, 60¢)
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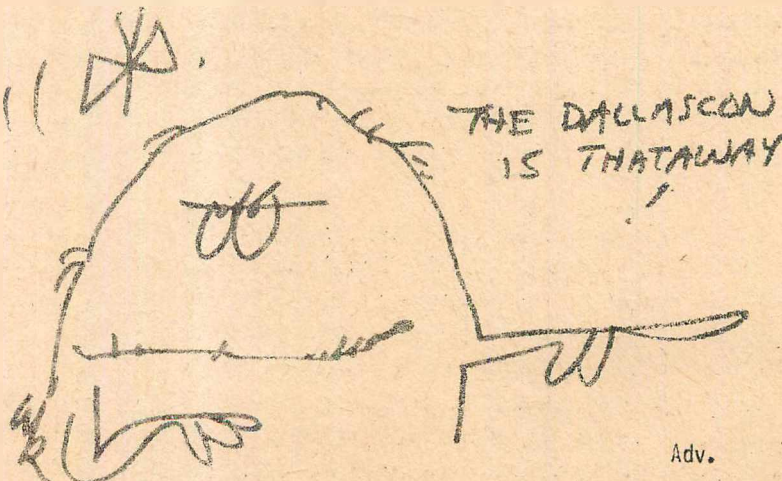
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BOX
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I preface this letter by saying that I rarely read fanzines any more and almost never comment on them, so that if I make some appalling

booboo, it's because I am really not au courant with the scene any more. I do read science fiction because I have somehow gotten on a lot of free lists and receive free books which I couldn't afford to buy. I've spent the last year at what all women are supposed, now, to want as an alternative to housework—namely an "exciting, challenging full-time job", and have just quit it because I found that it turned my writing off like a faucet. Housework is dull enough to bore me into writing, and no woman alive could spend more than 4 hours a day on housework unless she had to carry all her own water from a spring 100 yards away. I now understand why many writers prefer to spend their time, before successes and between successes, at manual labor—then writing is a pleasant change and an escape. The "challenging job" meant that everything I did had to be subordinated to my beloved incubus, the Job. Here is one woman who escaped the world of "fulfillment" and escaped back to her dishpan in order to keep her mind free for the next book.

Or, to put it more simply, in future I will sell the work of my hands to buy eating money while I write, but I will never sell the work of my brain again—my brain is strictly for writing from now on. The writing may be good, bad or indifferent, but it's what my brain is for, such as it is.

Ursula LeGuin has put into words something I learned years ago; that male writers who liked me usually said I wrote like a man (except Tony Boucher, God rest him) and female writers

who liked me bragged that I wrote like a woman. Conversely, male writers who disliked me said I wrote like a woman, and females who disliked me said I wrote too much like a man. All of which, as far as I was concerned, said much more about them and their sexual stereotypes than me and mine.

Like every writer (female) since Charlotte Bronte, I've had to contend with this peculiar problem. And I learned to—well, not to ignore it, but not to let it affect me. The odd sob of misunderstood frustration doesn't matter. I personally think I write like a human being, since because, like every woman with imagination enough to see over the rim of the dishpan I was talking about a little while ago, I have lived in fantasy as a woman of every kind, from the farm-girl-schoolteacher-housewife-musician-carnival performer I am, to the courtesan-welfare-client-drug-addict-alcoholic-professional-woman-genius which I might have been; I have also lived in fantasy as a man, and a man of all kinds, from one concocted by Raphael Sabatini to one invented by William Burroughs. Possibly a woman could not image herself as a male in days when women were truly ignorant of masculine sexuality, psychology and emotion, but no woman who is simulataneously an omnivorous reader, a student of psychology, and a keen observer need say that now.

I do know a couple of women who do write gutsy-buttsty; they usually did it under male pen names back in them there days when magazines refused to buy pulp stuff under female names. I know male writers who write soapily, usually for confessions and anonymously. All it takes is a little imagination and mastering the cliches of each. I know men who write soupy girly love stories, and women who write hard core porno, though admittedly women sicken on it sooner.

Writing, you see, is both a craft and an art, and limiting any form of it to any one gender is as silly as saying that women are not biologically equipped to drive automobiles. My grandfather, a brilliant man, once made a very good case for that in my hearing. I thought it was drivel then, although respect for the fifty years difference in our ages kept me from saying so; I think it drivel now. I also think that it's drivel to say that women are specially equipped to be kindergarten teachers; I know good male ones.

Imagination knows no gender.

I won't comment on Spinrad and fandom, since Norm is really a latecomer and doesn't know where it's at. Basically, fandom was the bookish and intellectual adolescent's answer to the socially-adjusted schools of the forties, which insisted that Real Life was out there on the dance floor and the football field, and if you liked to read and study you were socially maladjusted. Most bookish kids in the forties had few friends, so they wrote letters instead, and the luckier ones got into one or the other of the fandoms; mine started out as amateur-printing-press fandom and veered to science fiction when I discovered the latter, and found that there were boys and even girls who didn't think I was wasting my life studying biology and counseling psychology from any other angle than Dating Sociology and Rudimentary Sexual Experimentation. Most fans have similar experiences—it was simply the Reading Adolescent's peer group, the one which the high schools of the late thirties, forties, and early fifties couldn't give him.

I like Norm. His DOOMSDAY MACHINE is for my taste one of the six or eight good scripts which justified the whole expensive mess of STAR TREK. But he came in long after fandom as we knew it was dead, surveyed the corpse and tried to deduce the habits of the living animal. Fandom today is no more like the fandom of my day than 2001 AD is like the original radio version of THE LONE RANGER.

Fandom then kept people like me, Juanita Coulson, Rick Sneary, etc., from being lost and friendless. Fandom now is just—I don't know what it is; I'll be charitable and call it a mixture of commercial exploitation and name-dropping.

Looks like I commented on Spinrad and fandom after all. His fandom and my fandom are years and worlds apart.

The nearest thing today to old fandom seems to be some of the pro things like BEABOHEMA, where writers wrangle and tell each other what great people they are, but nevertheless feel Accepted. I seldom contribute much because all too much of it, especially in SFMA, consists of "You're another, and my last book was too the greatest thing this year," or somebody sounding off on how the Nebula is a joke but nevertheless if there is going to be such a thing it's a cruel miscarriage of justice that the writer of the letter in question didn't get one.

As Ted White said, when he tried to share his misgivings tactfully with Dean Koontz, all he got in return was a screed about what a great writer Dean Koontz was.

Back when I started writing there was a sort of unwritten law that you didn't praise your own work. You might say, relaxing among friends, that "Well, when I read over my last book, it didn't feel too bad," or you might even write in mild euphoria (but only to your wife, husband, mother or best friend) something like "Ooohhh God I've got the most wonderful idea, if only I can do it justice."

But most professionals (as with singers hearing their own records) reading over their work in print, usually die a little. Because the finished product is so far from the Impossible Dream. (Read Somerset Maugham on that subject some day. He once said he had never read over any of his work once it was set

in type. I am not quite that exacting....I sometimes, when I want to start a new book, read over an old one, just to remind myself that if something I now regard as so far outgrown actually made it into a magazine or a paperback, maybe this new and better idea will have a faint chance.)

And so I was naively incredulous when I saw writers who actually called themselves professionals, actually writing, and not in jest, that "I'll stake my book So-and-So against anything written this year..."

My old rule of thumb used to be; most professionals think of themselves as bad writers trying hard to be slightly better writers. Amateurs alone are ever happy with their own work.

I think of myself as probably a poor artist, although a craftsman competent enough to earn my bread. (I have sold about 9/10ths of what I have written. I've had exactly two novels turned down in s-f in the past twelve years.) I love my books, as I love my children, but like any sane mother I realize that their great beauties are all in my maternal eye. I am always happy and grateful to hear them praised, but except for a feeling that I have done my best, I have honestly never felt that my work was even as good as my fans think it; I just happened to share their own personal daydreams and so we could talk the same language.

When I was a kid—not so long ago at that—there was a saying "self-praise goes but a little ways." Was it Harlan Ellison who made it fashionable to praise your own work loud and long in hopes that if he told everyone how good it was, they'd be too insecure to question his judgement?

Not that I think Harlan isn't a good writer. Good, hell, he's probably the nearest thing we have to a great writer in this field...but I would prefer to hear it from other lips than his. I automatically discount his praise of his own works as I discount my praise of my own. I hate to see younger writers, with less talent than Harlan, imitating the Sammy Glick theory which says Blow your own horn loud and long, and people will believe it.

But then I am, even spiritually, over thirty (Harlan may be, physically; not spiritually) and thus (Discounting the fact that, like all women, I am also forever eleven, seventeen, and sixty-five) I am The Enemy....

Ted Pauls learned recently what I learned long ago; reviewing is a mug's game. It's like fighting with a smaller guy, as Pogo said; if you win you're a bully and if you lose you're a dope. In reviewing, if you give a good review you're too stupid to see the bad points; if you give a bad review you're too stupid to see the good ones; and either way the author writes in and says that the book you reviewed wasn't the book he wrote.

((Add one more Game to the games people play—reviewing. A masochist's passtime. No wonder good reviewers are so hard to find.))



JOE PUMILIA
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Arthur Jean Cox, SFR 40)) Of course we knew it all the time, but just the same it isn't wise to speak dirty about the Old Ones. After all, ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah-nagl fhtagn.

((Oh, yeah? The same to you, fella!))



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SFR #40 was most enjoyable—
all the way up to John Campbell's
letter. I may be taking it more
seriously than I should, but as

one who does try to vote scrupulously on merit for the Hugos, I object to the accusation that the fans vote only for personal pals or because a clique has decided that a particular artist should or shouldn't get the award.

I may be taking this personally because Campbell says that John Schoenherr "got only one Hugo—because he didn't pal around and make friends at the conventions.", and I'm one fan who's never voted for Schoenherr. My reason is that there's always been at least one other artist nominated whose work I've liked better. Intellectually, I can appreciate that Schoenherr is a fine artist, just as Pablo Picasso is a fine artist, but the style of neither impresses me as much as do those of Kelly Freas or Gray Morrow or other artists in the s-f field who are also fine in their way. This is a matter of personal taste, and it wouldn't change any if I had met Schoenherr at a Con or heard that fandom had somehow decided to launch a "proSchoenherr movement". There've been years in which I've been disappointed that Freas didn't win, but I'd like to think it was because the majority of the voters really did prefer the work of whoever won, rather than conspiring together to make sure that a more deserving Freas was cheated of his just due. Since the work of such fine artists as Morrow, or Gaughan has never appeared in ANALOG (and there was very little Emsh during the years when he was illustrating for the field), are we to assume that they weren't personal pals of Campbell's or that he has some kind of "anti-" grudge against them, rather than simply not liking their styles of art?

Campbell's plaint for awards based on merit sounds simple enough, but what do you mean by 'merit'? Compare Freas' cover to the October 1970 ANALOG with da Vinci's "Mona Lisa". Which is the better painting? Intellectually, I feel as though I should answer, "The 'Mona Lisa', naturally." Emotionally, I prefer Freas'. If by 'better' I'm to pick the one that pleases me more, then the one that merits my honest answer is Freas'. When I vote for the Hugo, in a sense I do play favorites—I vote for the artist whose work during the given year pleased me most, and whose work I want to encourage to keep appearing in the coming years. I don't stop to consider whether, intellectually, I shouldn't be voting for Schoenherr instead because I know that Campbell and READER'S DIGEST and a number of professional artists think more highly of his work. Does Campbell

select the stories for ANALOG on the basis of an abstract 'merit' rather than personal taste? Then why has he published virtually nothing by such authors as Ray Bradbury, Frederik Pohl, Philip K. Dick, or Philip Jose Farmer, considering some of the absolutely forgettable stories that he's accepted for his pages in their stead?

Actually, I think the Hugo category for Best Professional Artist is misplaced, or misnamed. In all other professional categories (except prozine), the voter is asked to select a specific work as being the best of the year in its class. In the Best Artist category, the voter is asked to select the best creator, judging from the totality of his work during the given year. 'Best'? 'Most Popular' might be a more apt wording.

Several months ago I drew up a tentative plan for a new series of awards to do for s-f artwork what the Hugo does for the literature. It would be presented to an artist for excellence for specific pieces of art, rather than for the best overall average record in each category. This would help eliminate the tendency of fans to consider an artist for his record over a considerable period of time, rather than for the one year technically under consideration. If it worked out well enough, it might replace the two Best Artist categories in the Hugo awards to the extent that they could be dropped as no longer necessary. I asked several fans for their opinions and criticism, and their unanimous comment was, "Oh God, not more awards!", usually followed by a complaint that the Worldcon banquets were too long as it was. (They wouldn't have to be given out there.) It might be interesting to see if anybody else thinks there's merit in this idea.

Since I envisioned this as a set of awards to parallel the Hugoes, I copied its basic structure closely. The awards were tentatively titled "Science Fiction Art Achievement Awards", the word 'Art' being the only addition to the formal title of the Hugo itself. They would be nicknamed the Pauls, after Frank R. Paul, naturally. He not only did the first artwork for the first s-f magazine, he's generally recognized as the first great artist, and a genuinely great artist in the terms of the s-f field, that science fiction produced. The only alternative nickname that I considered in the same class was the Boks. (At this point, I felt a moral qualm: what's the socially proper manner for appropriating a respected person's name for an award when the person's permission cannot be obtained? Considering what I've heard about Bok's opinion of fans sponging off the pros, I can't say I think he'd be pleased if he knew his name was being used by fans to give prestige to another of their awards. Come to think of it, did anybody ever ask Gernsback's permission before tagging the S-F Achievement Awards the 'Hugo'? I assume he was pleased with the honor or he'd have objected, but did anybody ever ask him in advance or did he find out only after the awards started being handed out?)

The categories presented more of a problem, and I drew up several sets of alternates. You could divide them by place of publication. Best Prozone Art, Best Paperback Art, Best Hardcover Art; with color and black-&-white subdivisions for each. You'd need color vs. b&w divisions for the prozines, or inter-

ior illustrations would never have a chance over the covers. Some paperbacks (mostly Ace) publish interior sketches, and it'd be nice to encourage more. As to hardcovers, many books have beautiful dust jackets that've been virtually ignored by fans in consideration of awards up to now, and some still have interior illustrations, too.

You could divide them by type of subject matter. Astronomical, for the work of a Bonestell, a Hunter, or a Dollens. Science-fiction adventure, for the work of a Freas, a Morrow, or others who draw realistic illustrations of futuristic scenes. Heroic fantasy adventure, for the work of a Frazetta, a Jones, or a Steranko. Symbolic/Abstract, for the work of a Gaughan, a Savage, a Walotsky, or the Dillons. Straight fantasy, for the work of a Gallardo or a Jacques. And of course most artists do paintings in more than one of these subject fields.

You could divide them by type of art. Realistic illustration. Cartoon, both humorous and serious. (Cartier and Bode are illustrators whose work I'd class as cartoon rather than realistic or abstract, whether humorous or serious.) Abstract/Symbolic again. (Can anyone come up with a clear distinction between the two? I'm not sure that such diverse styles as the Dillons' and Steele Savage's deserve to be judged in the same category.) Photomontage, I suppose, though this is little used. (Except for those abominations on the Curtis paperbacks. The Art Director of Curtis Books should be shot as a service to s-f. The Art Director of Macfadden-Bartell, too.)

Form of award: a Perma-Plaquet certificate, as the World-Con Art Show is now giving out; possibly with a reproduction of the winning piece of art included in it.

Selection: voting by fans, similar to the Hugo system. I like the idea, suggested for the Hugoes, of allowing one or two selections to be added to the nominations made by the fans, by a sort of panel of experts if they should feel that there is any particularly excellent piece of work that was published in too obscure a place to obtain a fair consideration by the nominating fans.

Management: some kind of board of directors &/or experts. The WorldCon Committees don't need more work, and, with the sorry record the Hugoes have gotten after having been tampered with by one ConCom after another, I wouldn't care to trust the Pauls to them. The problem is to get a board that'd be active, competent, impartial, and not subject to conflicts of interest. How many members? (I suggest 7.) How selected? How maintained and renewed? Answerable to fandom or only to itself? How financed?

These and other questions can be answered if there's enough interest in the idea to make it worth the consideration. The main advantage of the Pauls is that they'd be awards for specific merit in science-fiction and fantasy illustration, rather than popularity awards for one particular artist over all others. In fact, an award could go to an anonymous piece of work; some paperback publishers still aren't identifying their artists, some of whom do fine work. I'll be interested in seeing what response, if any, this idea gets—which set of categories most people would prefer—how they think the awards should be managed—and so on.

((I like the 'Pauls' name best; 'Boks' is too...exotic. Obviously, if the WorldCon Committee is not to handle the award a permanent committee would have to exist to ensure continuity. Nominations and voting by fans, with some options for the committee, is best and most flexible. Depending on the cost of the Perma-Plaquet certificates and other overhead, I'd say \$1 per nomination and/or vote would be fair as a price for participation. Place of publication seems the best category system, with an award for b&w interiors separate from covers. You may have to seek permission from Frank R. Paul's estate or heirs re the use of his name, though I don't think you would have any problem.

Readers wishing to express their views on these proposals —please send them to Fred.))



DONALD R. BENSON
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A slightly querulous footnote to Spinrad's piece on fandom in SFR 41: he is off when he says that the former Big Name fans and Old Timers are "largely in control of the Power Structure (the science fiction magazines and publishing houses)." Of the magazines, ANALOG is run by the Old Timer of Them All, and AMAZING and FANTASTIC by a noted fan—though I don't think Ted White is quite the SaM kind of BNF Spinrad is talking about, "reacting hysterically against the Young Writers..." Jakobsson has been in magazines and pulps a long time, but is new to SF, and certainly hospitable to Young Writers (both caps and l.c.); and Ed Ferman's first workouts in the SF world were as editor of his magazine. And in books, once you count Don Wollheim, Terry Carr (reactionary BNF that he is), and Hans Santesson, who was ever heard of in fandom before editing SF for his firm? Not me, certainly, nor the editors for Doubleday, Putnam and Berkley, Ballantine, Dell, Avon, NAL, Bantam, Pyramid, Lancer, Paperback, Pocket... There are probably some SF publishers I've omitted, but I don't think their editors are BNFs or Old Timers either. Whatever the sins of editorial taste the Power Structure manifests are, they don't arise from the one-sided fannish makeup of its people.



DAVID B. WILLIAMS
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Every point made by Norman Spinrad is worthy of consideration, though I think that the particular conclusions he draws are simplistic. However, one paragraph leaped from the page and seized me by the lapels. "Suspension of disbelief is a state of mind that you must take to the reading of fantasy....Science fiction, however, does not demand suspension of disbelief; if well done, it produces suspension of disbelief." Has Norm stumbled on a clue to that Grail for which all fan quest, an all-encompassing definition of sf? No clumsy rules about science content, human problems, etc., but a look from the other direction: what effect does a story have on a reader and what attitude must he bring to it?

Can someone out there polish this diamond in the rough?

I just finished O.G. Compton's Chronocules (what an uninspired title) before your review arrived, and while reading it I suddenly realized how far sf has come in the eleven years since I started silently lurking in fandom's quiet byways. This book has passing references to farting, shit, getting sucked off, etc., and yet there is not one cover blurb proclaiming that it is "bold", "shocking", etc. The current F&SF features an Ellison-van Vogt story in which the protagonist is graphically instructed in how to copulate, and then does. Back in 1959, Farmer's "The Lovers" was still being heralded as a breakthrough. My Ghod, thought I, somewhere along the line we've passed the point everyone was talking about; ordinary and extraordinary bodily functions are now just another part of the background, characterization, dialog. In this light, I had to chuckle when I finished I Will Fear No Evil in GALAXY. The penultimate line, "It's so great to be fucked..." was rendered as "f—ed". This coyness completely destroyed the reader's immersion in the story and jerked him out of empathy at the very point the entire book had been building toward (whatever its literary failings). I suppose, as Sour Bill Atheling once complained, the prozines are still "family magazines". It's a strange world. Everyone knows what "f—" means; so why not say "fuck"?

((There are still a lot of hysterical adults around who project a lot; they fear if adolescents see four letter "dirty" words the kids will go ape and do it! The dashes are a curious, hypocritical evasion, a kind of emotional/intellectual double-think. Don't blame the GALAXY editors too much—they have to take these hysterics into consideration.))



JACK CHALKER
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All thanks for SFR 41. The Quinn's still expected any day now, but thanks to the US Post Office screwing up the cold type on the Foster, he didn't get it until 2 months after we mailed it—and

remained it (the USPOD even got through plywood packing) and so instead of January 1 it's more like April 1 for the Guide To Middle-earth. We still hope to get a minimum 4-6 titles out next year, including one we just bought and didn't mention last time, Neil Goble's Asimov Analyzed, a study of Asimov's fiction and non-fiction.

I see where Norman Spinrad is rationalizing the bad reviews again. Oh, well, I can see his point. After all, anyone who disagrees with his article may be pleasantly classified as a FIAWOL fan of the worst order and, poor thing, compassionately ignored.

Actually, Norman was doing rather well there until he started doing psychoanalysis. I hadn't myself realized the similarity between sports fans and SF fans until then. However, in trying to find the "why" he argues himself into circles. His thesis is that early SF was written by hacks (mostly true), and that fandom grew up to admire them and they encouraged it

by liking being admired. This is hardly a decent "why" as to fandom. He never once answers his question. Those same hacks wrote, as he points out, every damned type of fiction under the sun—Will "Murray Leinster" Jenkins (not always a hack) even wrote whole issues of true confessions magazines—so his point is not well taken. The same thing applies to any of the others, and certainly they sold to larger audiences. I'm afraid the "why" of science fiction fandom is not in any way answered by him, and I'm sorry.

((Tucker and Bloch invented fandom so they could be Elder Ghods. Everybody know that.))



JACK GAUGHAN
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I see Ted White has attacked me ((SFR 41)) in his (one is tempted to say in his usual inept) way. I shall enter into no diatribes nor name calling...would that Ted had the wit or good taste to do likewise. As associate A.D.((of GALAXY)) I have never bought, nor thought of buying, nor have the POWER to buy or make deals with Bode or anybody. Not never. Never ever. Bode's strip was run over my objections which makes Ted's remarks about my turning my back on Mad. Ave. shallow, nasty, and fortunately ridiculous. That strip was bought editorially...a function in which I have no hand. I fill up empty pages. Period. I have never entered into a deal nor backed out of a deal or DEALT with Vaughn Bode. I had lunch with him once in a greasy hamburger place. Hardly compromising. I have neither the authority nor the desire to deal in editorial functions. Ted has been lied to or is (one is tempted to say as usual) going off not even half cocked. I wouldn't dirty-deal Ted or Hitler. I ain't good...just lazy. I must therefore ask for a retraction of Ted's statements from either himself or Bode (who may have given him false info). I repeat...I DO NOT DEAL IN CONTRACTS OR PRICES nor have I ever dealt with Bode in relation to GALAXY and I repeat again and again that altho I like Vaughn that strip was run by the editor over my Rumpelstiltskinian objections. To illustrate the influence I have on editorial matters you will notice that the strip WAS RUN. OBSCENITY, Ted!



TED WHITE
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Thanks for the opportunity to see Jack's letter before publication. After reading Jack's letter I re-read what I had originally written. I wish Jack would do the same. I called Jack no names, and I don't see what I wrote as a "diatribe", although Jack obviously did.

From internal evidence (such as the reference to the covers I was doing for the magazines) I gather I wrote that item almost a year ago. When I wrote it, I had no reason to believe it untrue—and I'm still not convinced it is.

My information—as Jack correctly guesses—came from the source: Vaughn Bode. In my original letter, I said, "I got a call from Vaughn, who was very apologetic, but he'd mentioned to Jack Gaughan that he was doing the strip for me, and Jack

offered him more money..." This is exactly as Vaughn put it to me on the phone.

I didn't see Vaughn again until after GALAXY had dropped the strip. (GALAXY had Vaughn tied up in a remarkable contract that denied him the right to sell paintings, illustrations or strips to any other sf magazine.) He then went into considerable detail about his dealings with GALAXY, the money they offered him, in increasingly large amounts, to sign that contract, the changes they made in his strip, etc.

It became obvious to me that Jack had offered him no money—and I don't suppose I ever really thought he had. But it remains that Jack was the agent whereby GALAXY "bought" Bode away from me—and also from Ed Ferman, who was also dickering with him at the same time. I don't care if they had lunch in "a greasy hamburger place" or The Cattlemen. As near as I can establish, this was the starting place for GALAXY's maneuvers.

I had no quarrel with Vaughn working the entire field, and I'm sure Ed Ferman didn't care either. We had no interest in exclusive contracts. Inasmuch as Jack doesn't set GALAXY's policies, I doubt he does either.

But Jack's name goes on GALAXY's masthead, and his was the name Bode initially mentioned. So I think my pique over the entire incident was justified—and that Jack is overreacting... perhaps even protesting a bit much, hey Jack?

The point remains this, personalities aside: an editor has dealings with an author or artist, and the word gets to another editor, who immediately horns in and attempts to cut the first editor out—successfully in this case, unsuccessfully in others (and there have been others, involving a novel we were buying, a columnist of ours, etc.). I think that ours is a field in which this sort of back-knifing is inappropriate. And when I see it going on—when I'm victimized by it—I'm more likely than some to say so. Out loud. If this makes me a "Hitler" in Jack Gaughan's book, so be it. That's his problem; not mine.

((I don't think Jack meant to equate you with Hitler, Ted. And it would seem you have as much cause to be angry at Bode, who was willing to sell to the highest bidder or renege on an agreement with you, depending on how firm your understanding was with him.))

SFR #41 here...

Billy Pettit's letter and your reply are a double-barrelled slam, and one I am not sure I should fully reply to. An editor's taste, after all, is what he has and that's that. My taste says that most of the stories ANALOG publishes are ill-written drivel. If Pettit finds them "far more enjoyable because they are aimed at a much more larger and more intelligent /sic/ audience," then I can only say our tastes differ. (But if he reads stories primarily because they're aimed at a larger audience, what is he doing reading sf in the first place?) I don't regard every story I've published as a deathless classic (and some are stories I inherited with the magazines), but by and large I'm proud of the stories in AMAZING and FANTASTIC, and I seem to have achieved a reputation in some quarters as a discerning editor. Pettit obviously lives in

other quarters. Perhaps he is in the majority. I don't know. But I suspect that the bulk of the people who buy sf are impervious to "quality" as we understand and use the term—and I base this statement on a number of conversations with such people—infuriating (for me) because their stated likes and dislikes are based on such irrelevancies as the color of the heroine's eyes or somesuch.

((Perhaps the key word there is 'stated'—most people are far less articulate and introspective than editors and writers, or even aware fans...and probably cannot say why they like a given story since they don't analyze themselves or the fiction they read; they just "know what they like" by guts and by golly. If an editor strays into experimental stuff and away from age-old story values he will sooner or later lose most of his readers...and his job. Not that I am accusing you of that. My criticism is not with your selection of stories; in that area I think you've done an excellent job.))

Well, what to do about it? Some editors, grown cynical from their encounters with their public, have pandered to them. Howard Browne was one, and so, by his own admission, was Ray Palmer when he was AMAZING's editor. Assuming that the public taste was juvenile in the worst sense of that term, these men sold a lot of copies of AMAZING—and contributed to a reputation it has yet to live down. (Yet, I know of at least one fan—Burnett Joskey—who thinks the Don Wilcox, et al., stories of the forties are deathless gems...) Would Pettit have me follow this course? I wonder.

I regard the stories we publish as intended for an intelligent readership. I think they can be enjoyed regardless of one's interest in the features. But those features are not solely fan-oriented. Greg Benford's science column is, I think, the best ever to appear in a prozine—and ought to be read by every sf pro, as well as any sf reader. Alex Panshin's column in FANTASTIC is one with which I don't always agree, but it has drawn more letters than anything else we've published. Etc. And a letter column is for all readers—and ours have been used by a broad and diverse lot, from left wing nuts to right wing nuts, with some pretty sensible people scattered inbetween. I try to publish a broad spectrum of letters—including comments on the stories and art as well as arguments with editorials, etc. I publish all replies to criticism by those who have been criticized, as you, Dick, are well aware.

This talk about what the "buying public wants" is so generalized as to be meaningless. Is Pettit suggesting that the best course open to Ed Ferman, Jacobsson and myself would be to put out imitation ANALOGs? Does the "buying public" want more such magazines? I really doubt it. But that's just my opinion.

What is not my opinion is this solid fact: when sales of AMAZING and FANTASTIC dropped, so also the sales of Ultimate's reprint magazines dropped—by about the same amount. These magazines represent (variously) the editorial tastes of Cele Goldsmith Lalli and Ray Palmer. If what Pettit says is true, the sales of these magazines should not have reflected the same changes as the sales of AMAZING and FANTASTIC. The editorial content and approach are in no way similar. The only

thing they have in common is their distribution.

(But let's not go into that again, huh? I wouldn't want to seem a "crybaby" again...)

Your own comments—on the January, 1971 AMAZING—again reflect a divergence of taste. Oddly enough, that cover has drawn a number of compliments, both from casual readers and from people in the industry. It was deliberately designed as an experiment. My publisher had been pointing to the covers of recent paperbacks and their integration of large amounts of type with a small illustrative design. I decided to give him such a cover, to see what the result might be on sales. Personally, I like covers like the one on the February FANTASTIC much better, but I think the Jan. AMAZING was successful within its own aims. A digest-sized magazine is, after all, such a small object on a large newsstand. To a browser standing perhaps six feet away most covers on sf magazines are vague blurs. That AMAZING cover is not. (The object in Jeff's painting may not be readily obvious—but I think it too has visual impact. It's a spaceship approaching a galaxy-cluster, of course. And if you think that's abstract, wait till you see his May cover, of a ship close to the sun...)

Therefore, I don't agree with you that the cover is "a dud." Neither, I suspect, do a lot of other people. And yes, I did indeed pick and design the cover.

Well, to continue: you don't like the new logo. Okay, most people seem to. Did you like the old one? You describe the new logo as "subtly crude and amateurish"—why? You say the M slants. I say that's an optical illusion; it does not. The logo was not "ldone by hand," if by that you mean hand-lettered. It was set from type and the type was aligned on a fine-grid graph paper, by which I can be reasonably certain none of the letters "slant."

((The M leans to the right, Ted; anybody can put a straight edge to it and prove it. I think about 1/16th of an inch out of true at the bottom of the cover. It is discernible to the eye and gives an impression, almost subliminally, of amateurishness—carelessness. Perhaps your ex-printer did it (with all the other things he did wrong). The type style is okay by me, but its similarity to the ANALOG logo is unfortunate and lends itself to the suspicion of "copycat," even if it isn't true, as you mention in the March issue. Did you think of using the Amelia type? That would have been dramatic and modern.

But this is all second-guessing and essentially fruitless. I imagine you're taking a lot of flack that should be flying around Mr. Cohen's head.))

I'd agree that the contents page is functional at best, but it's not under my control. The department headings, on the other hand, don't strike me at all as "no style or class." And your dislike for the illos is not one I share, either. In sum, then, your criticisms strike me as pretty far off base.

((Well, I look at the drawing for the editorial, and it strikes me as rather crude and amateurish, almost childish. The same primitive style is used in the other department headings, too. There is a juvenile aura to them. I thought you wanted to leave behind the pulp image?))

However, and more important, I think it is pretty easy to tell one issue of AMAZING or FANTASTIC from another. I sometimes have to check out the date or the books reviewed or some such in a GALAXY, IF or ANALOG to be sure a new issue is a new issue. (F&SF usually avoids this problem); there is a sameness of cover paintings, colors and designs from one issue to the next. I try to use a variety of paintings, designs and colors on AMAZING and FANTASTIC to achieve a diversity of appearance.

What effect has this had thus far? It's too early to tell, but early figures indicate a rise in sales. I hope this bears out.

I won't comment again on Norman Spinrad's article—I'm glad you've republished it for those who were curious about it and couldn't find the original version....but I think it has no place in any science fiction magazine and it turns me off 100%.

You know, sometimes I wonder why some nouveau-pros find it so necessary to build a platform for themselves by attacking fandom. It's happened too often to put it down to the aberrance of any one person: it seems to be a minor-league disease. The funny thing is that those who resort to it most often are usually those who have also exploited fandom for all the personal gain they could get. Who, for instance, would have known or cared about Bug Jack Barron and its publishing problems, were it not for the fan press?



JOHN BOARDMAN
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Brooklyn, NY 11226

I had a few choice views on I Will
Write No Good, but you have already printed a few very good ones indeed from science-fiction's leading Heinlein dissector. Does the publication of one review of a book in SFR automatically preclude others?

((Usually. As it is I don't have room enough for one of each.))

I suppose that the title I Will Fear No Evil is supposed to call to mind the words that immediately precede it: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death."—but, throughout the story I kept thinking of those that follow it: "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."



JOHN BOSTON, Apt. 4
2109 Blakemore Av.
Nashville, Tenn. 37212

Alex Panshin's review of I Will
Fear No Evil is dead on, I think, except for the praise of the "neatly and cleverly extrapolated" background. To me, this was the greatest disappointment of the book, since I no longer expect much of Heinlein's characters or themes. Heinlein's settings have always carried a sense of unity and continuity in the past: each element is worked out in detail, and each detail fits the whole, and we get some idea of how things got that way—a sense of history, I guess. There is always the feeling that things make sense. This is not present

in I Will Fear No Evil; all we get is newspaper headlines consisting of everything Heinlein dislikes, amplified a little (or a lot). By contrast, Stand on Zanzibar presents equally diverse materials but attempts to integrate them, relating politics and sex and drugs and economics...not altogether successfully, but at least Brunner's world had some depth and texture to it.

Heinlein's future does not hang together or come alive. I suspect he has given up on trying to make sense out of the world and no longer believes that it hangs together. This is not unique; it is a preoccupation of many sf writers, and Dick in particular is obsessed with such themes. But Heinlein defaults by failing to come to grips with the absurdity he perceives. The book is a 400-page escape, and not only from death. The settings of most of the action (the hospital, Johann's mansion); the dialogues and trilogues within Johann's head; emigration to the moon—these are all variants of the book's basic motif: good people getting together and shutting out the evil world. More briefly, "a plague on both your houses." (I can't help thinking of "The Masque of the Red Death.") The book seems antithetical to the concerns of traditional sf; I wonder what the Old Wave advocates will make of it.

((('good people getting together and shutting out the evil world' is an apt description of the theme—when you realize that Heinlein is all the good people himself. I was struck by the unmistakable solipsism of the book; a magical withdrawal, a rejection of the outside world, the creation of a private ego-world which becomes all that matters, and finally the magical possession of the infant's brain/body at childbirth by Johann and his "family"...thus assuring immortality—with wealth...a perfect solipsistic evasion of death/reality.

I don't quarrel with the theme but with the magic; Heinlein didn't offer a shred of explanation of the "afterlife" of the personnas who joined Johann in his new body's brain.))

By the way, Heinlein just made TIME magazine, which claims that Stranger is the bible of the counter culture and The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress is that of the new student right. (Or maybe they used different cliché labels.)

Two people in the Vanderbilt sociology department are conducting a study of student political attitudes and activities by means of a mailed questionnaire. They threw in a question on reading preferences; science fiction was one of the categories. I'll try to get a look at their data and let you know if sf reading relates to anything.

((Right on!))



HARRY WARNER, JR.
423 Summit Av.
Hagerstown, MD 21740

Something tells me that I'll never read I Will Fear No Evil. Nobody seems completely satisfied with it, and the summaries of its plot and the reactions to its quality don't cause me to think I'd find any sympathy with it. But I hope that Alexei Panshin is wrong when he assumes it to be Heinlein's last book. This assumption derives from Heinlein's poor health, I suppose, rather than any suggest-

ion that Heinlein himself will be too discouraged by the quality of the novel to have gumption enough to continue to write. I don't think there's been a steady decline in Heinlein's fiction during the past ten or twelve years, although some of us may not be satisfied with the directions it has been taken. Some of Heinlein's earliest short stories are among his least impressive fiction, and if he'd hidden them away all these years and just released them, we'd undoubtedly seize upon them as evidence that he is written out. I'm not among those who feel that a writer's immature and senile and most hackish works should be destroyed and omitted from his collected output. I can't see how duds alter the quality of the good stuff, sometimes the poor works provide some insights into the writer that aren't available elsewhere, and we can always remember a few examples of literature that wasn't appreciated very much until it was a century or two old, so we could be wrong about even this novel, too.

One very minor suggestion: some means of indicating when a reprint is under consideration in the discussions of new books. I'm pretty sure that The Unknown is a new edition of an anthology that first came out several years ago. Isn't it possible that a few SFR readers are so agitated by any UNKNOWN revivals that they'll send Pyramid 85¢ without even taking the time to read the list of stories which would remind them they'd already purchased the same paperback a while ago?

((Reprints should be noted, of course. I have been casual in this respect too often, and will be more careful in the future. As much as possible, the printing history of a book should be mentioned in a review. I am going to try to pay more attention to new anthologies and new novels, with shorter "reminder" reviews of the reprints. The sheer volume of new and old sf being published and republished imposes a system of priorities.))

Philip Harbottle's letter reminds me all over again of my crazy notion that science fiction magazines might get along without distributors if they could work out some system of shipping quantities of copies directly to the campuses of a hundred or so of the nation's largest universities. Thirty or fifty thousand people of science fiction-reading age at a state university consume vast quantities of soft drinks and cigarettes from vending machines, and I suspect that they would buy hundreds of copies of each prozine if the magazines were as easy to find and buy as candy bars. Aren't there such things as business managers of yearbooks or people in charge of college bookstores who would take on the bookkeeping in return for a cut in the profits?

((The problem is in getting the copies to the college and university bookstores. Without a specialized distributor to do the job, the individual magazines would have to staff a shipping department and set up a separate bookkeeping system. Probably it would not be worth the effort.))

I was all ready to launch into an appreciation of Grant Canfield's front cover as an artistic parable of The Tempest, with a latter-day Prospero attempting to keep this Caliban under control while Miranda is in such a vulnerable situation, and to link this to the modern confrontation between knowledge

and power and beauty, and then you went and spoiled it all by explaining that the whole thing is a takeoff on old bem covers on the pulps. At least you saved me the embarrassment of explaining the green paper, which I couldn't quite fit into my reasoning. Inside, all the Rotsler sketches were marvelous. I'd hate to be the fan who will someday decide to publish a big collection of Rotsler's best work, and must decide which hundred or so small sketches to include from among the thousands and thousands that must have appeared in fanzines by now.



L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP
278 Hothorpe Lane
Villanova, PA 19085

Thank you for printing, in SFR 41, my inquiry about some missing letters by H.P. Lovecraft. May I, in addition, make a similar inquiry about a similar

collection of letters from Robert E. Howard? This collection once consisted of about 500 pages of letters, most or all of them to H. P. Lovecraft. It passed through the hands of Dr. Isaac Howard, E. Hoffman Price, and Francis T. Laney before it dropped from sight.



CHARLES PLATT, Apt. 4
165 West 82nd. St.
New York, NY 10024

I don't know whether you have been told the full details of the new NEW WORLDS set-up. Berkley are going to publish it in the USA,

quarterly, with illustrations, but the size of a standard paperback book. Sphere will publish it in England. Rates of payment are approximately four times what we used to be able to pay, so that it is now on a competitive basis with most US science fiction magazines. This information is all very much for publication, since the magazine is looking very actively for material at the moment—particularly that with a strong science fiction bias. Because of the magazine's former policy, there is something of a surplus of 'experimental' material on hand now.

The editorial address is 87 Ladbroke Grove, London W.11., England.



J.B. COLVIN
c/o NEW WORLDS
271 Portobello Road
London W.11., England

How nice to see a new name in SFR. For all he tries to obscure the fact under some ponderous humour J. Anthony Pierce's style betrays all the usual evidence of a repressed, neurotic

personality. He really does not believe in a female conspiracy against him, doesn't he? He must be terrified the ladies will find out his real identity and punish him for exposing their plot. I've no idea who he could be, that's for certain. Indeed, I often wonder what sort of person writes these pieces. I suppose they're writers of small talent and unremarkable accomplishments who put their lack of critical recognition down to the fault of others (lady anthologists for instance) who re-

fuse to recognise a work of art when they see one. And sometimes they are second-rate pedants who have carefully read their way through a few good novels or listened soberly to the odd concert or absorbed a few unoriginal observations on books and music and now feel qualified to play at being critics in fanzines and sf magazines. Like many sf fans or writers they enjoy the safe clubby company of third-raters (in whose company they may shine) to the big world where words like 'posit' and 'concept' seem faintly ludicrous. Others probably go even further and seek the cosy refuge of some dull, dreadful English country town. Or maybe they're bitter at having, say, to justify writing poor 'novelisations' of bad TV series by adding pretentious introductions claiming virtues for them which no-one else has noticed? Perhaps they are poor little dried up bitches of writers so desperate for praise they must brainwash their wives into thinking them brilliant, or even praise themselves or, failing that, applaud only bad writers (like themselves) in the hope of reciprocal applause, giving vent to their spleen by finding fault with their betters. Perhaps they are all of these. Hard to believe, though, isn't it? One thing's for sure, if we ladies ever do find out who he is, he'll be as dead as me.

((The above letter is in reference to "Inside Conspiracy" by J. Anthony Pierce. Pierce is a pseudonym for a well-known sf writer. For that matter, I'm not sure J.B. Colvin is real. Would you care to comment, Mr. Pierce?))

((NOTE: "Inside Conspiracy" appeared in SFR 40. That issue is now SOLD OUT. Sorry.))



R. JANET HALL, MD
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New York, NY 10021

I enjoyed numbers 38-40 of SFR which I read cover to cover last night—my first contact with fanzines in which I found out Things I Always Wanted To Know. Other than subscribing to all the prozines which I have been doing for years, I have wondered if I could do anything as an individual reader to affect the ongoing availability of good new science fiction. I was distressed to see VENTURE suspend publication and only since reading SFR have I understood the precarious nature of its short but happy life.

I practice psychiatry. I have also wondered if my medical or psychiatric knowledge might be useful to writers or editors concerning accuracy or plausibility of story content or in some other way. I can be contacted at: 1440 York Av. (P-4), New York, NY 10021.

((Well, see, Doc, (let me get comfortable) I have this alter-ego....))



RON GRAHAM
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Australia

I feel as the publisher concerned that I should say a few words to supplement Ken Bulmer's letter in SFR #40.

VISION OF TOMORROW failed, in my opinion, because of inadequate distribution. It was a failure cost-

ing me somewhere in the vicinity of \$60,000.00 Australian (\$66,500 US approx.).

No better distribution could be guaranteed for SWORD AND SORCERY in spite of its apparent excellence and I faced the loss of some \$5,000 per issue. In view of the VISION OF TOMORROW losses it seemed to me to be throwing good money after bad so I decided to halt the presses irrespective of the amount I had already invested in the projected magazine.

I am at a loss to understand Ken's statement regarding time spent on SWORD AND SORCERY and of a financial loss incurred by him!

He gave me a fixed price to purchase stories, artwork and to perform editorial functions for each issue. I did not quibble about the price but paid him his nominated fee for the first two issues. If therefore he lost money it was because of bad estimating on his part and not attributable to me for he would not have received one penny more had the magazines actually appeared in print. I paid in full for the stories, artwork and editorial services for the first two issues.

As regards the paperback series Ken's remarks are factual. The distributors retained the right to nominate the titles we could print. This offends my conception of a publisher's rights and if I could not select the titles I wish to publish I'd prefer not to be involved. I suspect that this is the 'temperament' Ken mentions.

My ideas were to publish forgotten masterpieces of sf such as Erle Cox's "Out of the Silence", Francis H. Sibson's "The Survivors" and similar stories but was told that the distributor would "not touch these with a forty foot pole."

Rather than publish the stories nominated by the distributors - which were already readily available - I decided to retire from the contest.

((Thank you for the further background information. Most sf fans and readers do not realize the power of the distributor in the editorial and publishing areas nowadays. Your letter and others are an education.))



RICHARD ELLINGTON
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Oakland, CA 94609

I'm thinking of going on strike. This business of spending all my time working for the boss isn't leaving me any time for my own projects.

You'll pardon if the many pages of reviews don't stir oodles of comment from me. I must say I have got into the habit of reading them and they do have some weight in my choice of what little science fiction I read.

For instance, I hadn't heard at all of Baxter's Science Fiction in the Cinema and probably wouldn't have bought it but for Patten's review. From what he says, it sounds delightful. Certainly the thesis that cinematic s-f is more closely related to the comic strip than to literary s-f is valid as hell as far as I'm concerned. Certainly I've seen only a couple of films that were (a) s-f and (b) cinema as such. All the rest are pure gar-

bage not even worth considering in any discussion of cinema....

Platt's comments about selling some magazines by subscription only is actually sounder than you might think. Lyle Stuart for instance, never would place the INDEPENDENT on any newsstand, no matter what the inducement and I doubt there are many people around who are sharper about magazine circulation and distribution than he is.



RICHARD DELAP
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Wichita, Kans. 67211

I find I must object to Patten's appraisal of Baxter's Science Fiction in the Cinema. He says the "book is designed for the literary fan with a casual interest in S-F cinema," but I believe the exact opposite is more likely true. As a long-time film-buff, I can only say I found the book most unsatisfactory. Its failure does not really lie in the fact that it is a surprisingly negative book, but in that Baxter is too inclined to emphasize what he thinks is important, with little thought given to a rational, objective or (even) a popular viewpoint. He almost entirely ignores characterization and the values of human motives in his judgments, and I think he is barking down an empty tunnel with flat statements such as "The two fields of sf and cinema do not mesh." His writing is often clumsy and his 'facts' tend to get bunched into boring stretches, though most of them are correct as far as I can detect. (The one error I caught was in labeling the British film, THE MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH, as a 1949 release, when in actuality it is ten years newer than that.)

The idea that I'm under fire again in this issue ((#41)) should make me sit up and take notice, I suppose. *sigh* Jeff Smith accuses me of failing to see "more than one level of anti-thing," and this seems to be a pretty typical assessment of much of my criticism. But when an author accentuates that one level, I assume that the reviewer should take this as a purpose. Smith seems to believe that Farmer's sex novel was a multi-leveled work. Perhaps it was, perhaps not. I worry over Smith's level of judgement when he states within a single sentence: "But Farmer had a real story underneath the foolishness, and while the plot itself was pure hockum it was adventurous fun" (italics mine). I think someone's got his 'levels' confused.

But at least Smith seems to be trying to express himself with some degree of conviction; Dean Koontz, on the other hand, merely sounds stupid. He not only misunderstands my intentions, he quotes me out-of-context to support his own opinion.

1: Re Zelazny's Damnation Alley, I did not label Hell Tanner a "degenerate" — I said he had a background of degenerate violence, a fact the author reveals at the very beginning. 2: True, I was "confused" by changes in Hell's character (because they were poorly motivated or not motivated at all), but Koontz wants to think I "would prefer Tanner not to change at all." Who's putting words in who's mouth? 3: Koontz accuses me of exhibiting my "ignorance of literature" but supports his claim only by pointing out a minor grammatical error, missing the fact that my entire review was one sentence in length and the remark about Zelazny's similar technique was pure and simple irony.

As you, Geis, say elsewhere, "Irony is a treacherous technique for a reviewer; it is all too often taken literally." Koontz's following remark regarding Joyce and Dos Passos now sounds as ludicrous as it is; and, to satisfy his burning curiosity, yes, I've read them both and the fact that he can refer to them by name doesn't impress me in the slightest. 4: Finally, Koontz seems extremely uptight that I can't see the "parallel" in his own story, "Nightmare Gang". He claims it was "not an updating of those old WEIRD TALES stories; I've never even seen the magazine," and that "it is not about a man trapped in devilish horrors, for the hero likes what he is in the end." The first is irrelevant and merely displays Koontz's ignorant conception of criticism; the second assumes that the horrors aren't horrors anymore because the hero likes them, and I suppose that the reader is supposed to agree. This has a sado-masochism smell to it that doesn't strike me as any too healthy, and I'm sorry I couldn't oblige Koontz by falling in with such idiocy. Koontz thinks my opinions hint that I live in the quiet Mid-West; I'd hate to have to say what I might guess from his opinions.

((You play the role of Tough, Uncompromising Critic very well, Richard. Very nice cuts with the cleaver. And of course Dean and others slice back, aiming for the ego.

Don't miss the next issue, folks!))



N*O*W FOR THE SHORT QUOTES (FAIR AND UNFAIR), SUMMARIZED LETTERS AND EDITORIAL LICENSE.

BOB TOOMEY, who wrote the interview with Mike Moorcock that appeared in SFR 33 (SOLD OUT!) writes to correct the impression that he was excessively admiring in his introduction to the piece as Ted White and Charles Platt think in comments in SFR 41. His intent was like this: "The introduction was meant to be an introduction to the man Michael Moorcock, the writer Moorcock, and the editor Moorcock. Nothing more. It was meant to acquaint those of your readers who didn't know who Moorcock was with the person who happened to be the subject of the interview that followed. When I wrote it, I thought it was mildly sardonic and mildly skeptical. It did not intentionally constitute an endorsement of Moorcock in any sense except as someone worth interviewing. The reason I chose him to interview was threefold: He was interesting; he was willing; he lived next door to me."

JOSEPH WRZOS subscribed, then in an afterthought said: "Some of your readers might want to know that (according to Murray McCain, Managing Editor at Bantam Books) the next two SHADOW novels, tentatively scheduled for 1971, will be The Silent Seven and The Crime Cult. However, since the earlier seven titles in the series didn't rack up encouraging sales, if these next two reprints don't do better, Bantam may discontinue the line."

SHARON M. ALBERT wanted to know if Norman Spinrad's picture of fandom in his "Fiawol" in SFR 41 was an accurate one.

No. It was distorted by a lack of knowledge of the subject and an outsider's viewpoint.

I said in SFR 41 that I had a letter from ANDY OFFUTT that I would publish in this issue. And right now Andy is furious that I didn't. The letter makes the point that progress is so swift that several recent sf "inventions" of his in novels have been developed already—one is a powerful chemical aphrodisiac and the other was his idea of corner "oxybooths" for pedestrians in smog-heavy cities.

Sorry, Andy.

CY CHAUVIN wouldn't mind seeing the sf magazines change format to the pb size and distribution pattern, but would hope that the variety of contents and personality of sf zines would be maintained.

He also had long paragraphs of disagreement with Kate Wilhelm's statements in her speech, "Labels and Such" which appeared in SFR 40. I am forwarding the letter to her.

This brings me to a comment on The Egoboo Bonus—the policy of clipping comments from letters-not-printed and forwarding them to those concerned. I have been promising a mailing of the Bonus for months and months, but the terrible press of deadlines, professional and fannish, has simply eaten up all the time...with no letup in sight. It is unrealistic to keep on promising and getting guiltier and guiltier. So, alas, the Bonus is declared a dead letter. When I receive a letter, such as Cy's which is almost entirely directed to one contributor and which I cannot publish or decide not to publish for one reason or another, I will forward that letter.

As a substitute for the Bonus I will try to summarize the comments on the previous issue in this part of the letter column.

Onward.

THOMAS IZBICKI wrote: "As a long time fantasy reader, I found the recent reviews of Zothique and At the Edge of the World amusing. Somehow two sets of standards have been applied to two authors sharing the same flaw—pompous verbosity. Dunsany's reputation allows him to escape condemnation for passing off prose poems as short stories. (I must admit I have read better Dunsany.) Smith deserves criticism, but he did organize a few of his offerings and include some action.

"In re: Zelazny: I find his works annoying for virtually the same reason. He often seems to concern himself too much with his prose and not enough with the actual story. I agree with Delap; you do treat Zelazny like a 'sacred cow.'"

JOHN E. FRENTZ complained: "Mr. Walker, in reviewing Asimov's Nine Tomorrows, might have checked the copyright date. It is 1959. The stories contained therein are from 1956-1958. They reflect the tastes and trends of that time. They should be viewed and judged accordingly."

They were—for today's readers.

WAYNE CONNELLY typed: "By the way, Ring of Violence, the British book I reviewed in SFR 41, had found an American publisher. It's an Avon Original \$3.99. It came out in 1969. If it didn't sell, however, I'm not surprised: the cover illustration shows a near-naked muscle man beating off six villains, while a bikini-clad redhead clings to his thigh. You can add this one to the cover of Spacepaw in my vendetta against illustrators."

Art Directors should be your prime target. Especially those who take the Easy Way.

Pity poor Paul Walker as CHARLES PLATT stabs him with: "The review of England Swings SF: I wish your reviewer could depersonalize himself a little more, to become more informative and less obsessed with the importance of his own gut-responses. It would be informative, for instance, to mention in his review that the book was first published many years ago, when a lot of the younger writers in it were producing their very first stories. It would be fair to mention that the collection is of formative work; a beginning, rather than a polished end-product. I am making no apologies for it; my own story in the book is mediocre. I am just suggesting that the inclusion of a few pertinent facts would help to balance the self-obsessed reviewer-reactions that spoil your reviews section. Virulent disgust should be reserved for the letters section."

DOUG ROBILIARD says John Berry made an ass of himself when he 'attacked' me in AMAZING. Doug thinks SFR is a fine fanzine. He also liked Arthur Jean Cox's amusing article in #40: "a clever rationalization of the Cthulhu Mythos..."

DAVID HULVEY wrote a New Wave letter of comment: "Those mainliners who succumb to FIAWOL are on a trip that fucks reality. Now, I fear, fandom is the opium of the few, as opposed to the SF reading masses. Perhaps that is good for those who count security above creativity. However, I dig the New Wave experiments more than any tradition or way-it's-always-been-done. We have nothing to lose except our fugghead reactionaries."

"Ted White, you are the New Wave's 'Whistler's Grandpa' in that your tune is carried away by the wind; but the wind doesn't hear, it can't hear."

"Creative editing' is what THE GREAT WHITE HOPE does to others, yet hates to have done to himself. Shunk'n Mistour White, why aren't you editing a SF zine? I mean, put in your stories which are crud, still Dean Koontz must follow the Perpendicular and Marrow of the super-fanzine tastes exhibited by FANTASTIC!? I doubt By Furies Possessed will outlive The Crimson Witch in the annals of fan legend, so I must feel very dejected by your subjectivity. Your HOPE for a successful mag is fully shared by me, so quit writing editorial after editorial about the ever-approaching always rededding demise of AMAZING AND FANTASTIC. Gripe a little less, work a little more on being an ed, not a BNF who owes it to us callow neos to make the microcosm safe for only "good" authors, as defined by you, of course. Fully, Mr. White, you are a Good Guy, but your white hat is a mite stained, just a little, not little enough, though."

JERRY LAPIDUS wrote a four page single-spaced l.o.c. which I will try to compress. He discusses SFR's regularity and format, contrasting it to the uncertainty and irregularity of other quality fanzines, with the thought that the anticipation and suspense of waiting/hoping for the appearance of the others makes them more interesting when they finally arrive.

He talks of I Will Fear No Evil and objects to the repetition of similar scenes and lack of action and explanation. He fears the book will be nominated and will win a Hugo.

He read Larry Niven's Ringworld and thought it the most enthralling novel of the year. He wishes there were more discussion of Silverberg's Tower of Glass in the fan press.

He has to agree with me, right on down the line, about the art in and on recent AMAZINGS and FANTASTICS.

And Jerry makes the point that it is the custom to consider first American publication of a story the governing appearance in Hugo qualification, even if the rule says otherwise.

Well, that wasn't a fair summation of his letter, I'm afraid, but I have no room left in which to quote extensively.

PHILIP M. COHEN said: "Ringworld is certainly stunning; I don't think anything in SF, including EESmith's books, has ever given me such a sense of Hugeness." He judged the cover of SFR 41 was fair, the Rotsler cartoons better than usual, Lovenstein outstanding, and the Tim Kirk full-pager was sorely missed. Phil further writes: "RMWilliams is the sort of letter-writer who is generally pretty pleasant, sounds like a nice person to meet...yet grates...on my nerves worse than even the frothiest Wave fights. Perry Chapdelaine's another."

ROBERT WHITAKER asserts that the L.A. Con Committee should consider giving Hugos to both Ray Bradbury and Theodore Sturgeon because both live in L.A., both deserve one, both have never gotten one.

JEFFREY MAY views Paul Walker with alarm: "Maybe it's his habit of issuing off-the-cuff condemnations of books...without trying to explain why." "...he popped up about six issues back and he's been around ever since. So, just who the hell is Paul Walker, and just what the hell makes him so great?"

To answer: Paul is a reviewer I noticed in another fanzine, liked, and invited to appear in SFR. He does yeoman work for SFR, has a highly readable style, and is getting an education in The Reviewer's Lot the hard way.

Jeff goes on: "I've noticed that some of the people who are most heavily connected with what I still call the 'New Wave' — 'people' being Spinrad, Platt, Moorcock, and Ellison — either actively hate fandom (Spinrad and Platt), or regard it as harmful to sf (Moorcock), or don't think it helps any and want to be free of it (Ellison). I wonder if this negative attitude is engendered because fans have the most reason to zap the faults of the 'New Wave', and the best ability to make themselves heard by the above four. In which case all their rumblings 'gainst fandom become only an inability to accept criticism from those best equipped to give it."

On an emotional or intellectual level?

JEFF CLARK takes me to task for asserting off-handedly, that I think Roger Zelazny is primarily an entertainer in his stories. Jeff points to subtleties of style and technique and says there's nothing simple about Zelazny's stuff.

Granted. I don't see where simple is inherent in entertainment. Basic intent is what I referred to.

Jeff PSed: "Greg Benford's observations were ver-r-ry astute, and I'm glad someone finally made them."

I would have made them first, but he kicked me away from her window.

BOB TOOMEY (in a short letter) thinks my reviewers are a dull lot, but he likes me reviews. Actually, I get a lot of that kind of comment. Am I really that good? REALLY? Tell me more.

CHUCK ADAMEK asked how come no more Banks Mebane prozine commentary. Well, Banks refuses to make any more deposits despite the usual floggings, soft queries and threats of legal

action. David B. Williams has taken his place.

DAVID STEVER thinks Spinrad, in writing "Fiawol", was "just snickering at us to turn a quick buck on the outside world."

On Panshin's review of I Will Fear No Evil, Dave said he sent an unpublishable letter to Jakobsson in July saying Heinlein was writing "for the audience or their pocketbook, that is."

And "On Ted White on Dean Koontz on The Crimson Witch. The way White snipped the story, I figured that the thing was a sequel to something, and I wrote a LOC to White under that impression. The ending, well, it's like White says..."

MIKE GLYER deplored my characterization of his comment as 'fumed.' He also deplored amateur psychiatry and concluded that people want to know why they act as they do and if "a pseudo-scientific explanation is more popular than a religious explanation, that is the only difference."

He also noticed that the print run for this issue will be 1500 and asked, "Hot damn! Where do they all come from?"

From the Gestetner 466.

Come on, folks, these are the jokes! Laugh it up!

ALEX EISENSTEIN liked Grant Canfield's cover on SFR 41, and reports that TRUMPETS #11 and 12 "should be out by early next year ((1971)) and the gargantuan size of #12 should in part make up for the previous long lack of publication."

GEORGE SCITHERS thought: Canfield's cover was effective; Tim Kirk's contents page spot illo expresses the feeling of SFR quite well; didn't like the Canfield on pg. 5; thought the Kinney on page 6 was fun at first glance; appreciated Rotsler's technique in page 7 drawing of oriental; reacted emotionally to Kirk on page 8; appreciated Rotsler's economy of line of page 10; and again on page 12; and was "afraid to stare at WR on p13 too hard."; was happy to see Atom used and commented "there's a cheerful bloodthirstiness and happily outrageous militarism in much of Atom's work..."; p16. WR again, suggests Bill do a series someday on just how to draw expressive eyes; p.19, see previous comment on p.16; p20—should the old harridan have such well-uplifted breasts?; re the Gilbert p.21, "is that a band-aid on the young lady's hip, or an off-on switch?"; liked Gilbert's horror on black-rob's face; p23, Lovenstein—critter's tail should have been pointed; p24. Bill R, of old school with "Zot!"—younger cartoonists would have done it "Zot!" after Hart in B.C.; Lovenstein on p27, cartoonist/artist's joke—self portrait?; Gilbert, p28, effective BEM, note particularly the reversed beak of the mouth; Lovenstein, p30, don't get the joke; Bode "is the most overrated artist in or out of fandom; his obsession with violence is sick rather than perceptive or satirical. This illo, however, isn't bad, provided we can forget that the next scene, Bode-style, will be the soldier with half his head blasted away in lovingly rendered detail."; "Barr, p32, fooled me...symbols of underwater grace beautifully combined here."; WR, p35—?; WR, p39 depends on the caption; Gilbert, p41: "mere violence, untempered with a touch of the wry or the humorous..."; Kirk, p55, lovely expression.

I have doubts about this kind of loc. I can't do it justice or quote it all.

To be candid, I weary of this summary punishment. But... BILL BOWERS, editor of OUTWORLDS, comments on photo-offset prices and says: "to do what I want to do, I have to keep under 500 ((circulation)) or come up with at least 5,000 subbers—the in-between amounts are a bit too much work for a hobby, and too insignificant for even a part-time business."

That's me—trapped!

Bill mentioned that OUTWORLDS VI is in the mill; should be finished over Christmas and mailed shortly after the 1st.

ANITA KOVALIK...or KOVALICK...wrote a letter full of good quotes. Choose one, Geis. She thought "Fiawol" was fantastic (good) and wonders what really started fandom. She mentioned: "The Kirk cartoon on page 8 was super, fantastic, adorable and my Trekky sister did not appreciate it." And she wonders why everyone underestimates the 14 year old of America—she read most of the 'classic' sf by the time she was 12. She likes the reviews and is guided by them.

ED CAGLE has a list in his mind of authors who write tirades against reviewers and he buys no books by that author. Ed is down on pretentious writers. He likes writers who write with him, the reader, in mind.

ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS sent a letter of comment on my comment on his comment on my review of his book Love is For Forever—We Are For Tonight. But it's about time to let that end, I think, since it is repetitive.

DONALD G. KELLER objected to Glen Cook's review of Zothique by Clark Ashton Smith, and tried to justify Smith's dense, overdone prose. He says: "Archaic and heightened writing is much more rich and expressive than 'simple' prose, as well as more difficult to write."

Which is why few can write it well.

JOHN ERVIN liked SFR 40 but found "Labels and Such" by Kate Wilhelm to be a "study in incoherency and faulty logic."

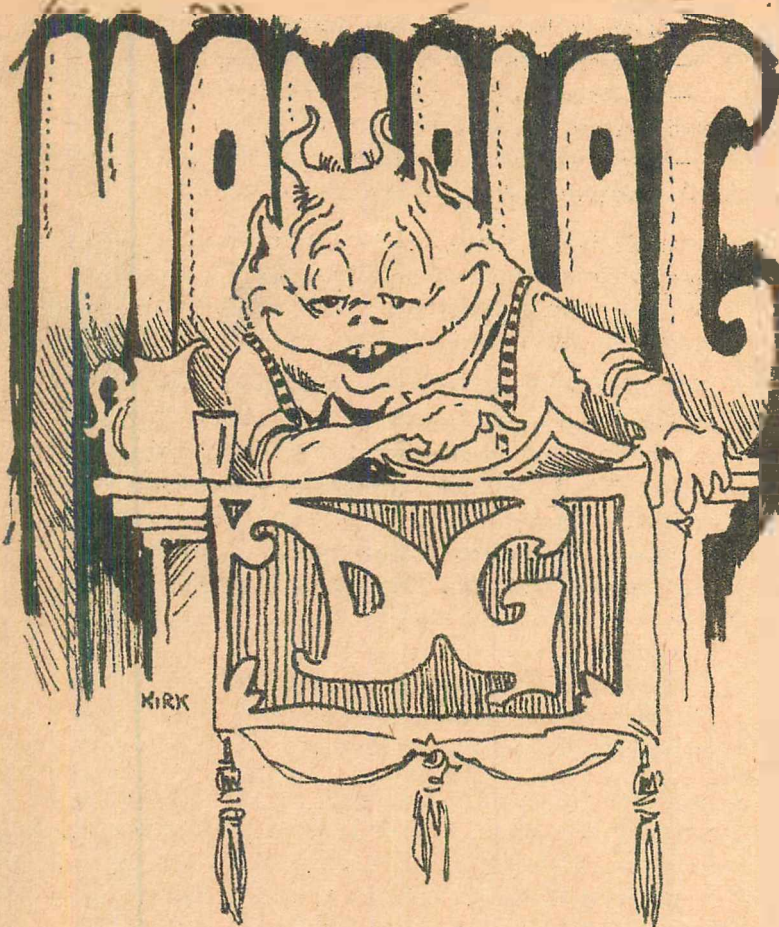
JOHN INGHAM, after finding fault with Gilbert's "Box 3116" illo for SFR 40, and after not liking too much Kirk's bcover, thought the Rotsler illos bracketing Kate Wilhelm's "Labels and Such" to be two of the most enjoyable cartoons he has seen of late.

Gray Boak has a kind word for Paul Walker: "Paul Walker is really a find. He has so much enthusiasm, so much 'bounce'."

Of Charles Platt, Gray says: "So America is now experiencing the pleasures and apin of a Charles Platt experience. He has managed to set nearly all British Fandom at his throat. Perhaps fortunately, he never turned his attention on to little me, so I don't seem to share the general relief at his going. British Fandom will be that much duller (if more peaceful!) for his loss. But I see that you are already experiencing the strains."

STEPHEN COMPTON proves that he, too, noticed that Vonnegut's Slaughterhouse-Five is really a justification of war instead of just a protest against it. He presents a review he wrote for the DAILY CALIFORNIAN of April 17, 1969.

My God, another page gone. ENOUGH. Sorry I can't quote more. Keep writing those letters!



+ THE HAND OF BLOCH, Hholy as it is, was misguided. Last issue in this space I mentioned that I had come upon a circular concerning a Gestetner collating machine, and I thought it fortuitous, since I was discouraged at the high cost of switching to photo-offset. I ascribed the circular's timely appearance to the guiding Hhand of my deity. Well now, I bought that collating machine, yes I did. And it was a mistake, because I did not give it a thorough enough test. The stations could only take about 75 sheets of paper each, the feeding mechanisms can only be described as primitive, and the result is that you spend more time loading it, fooling with it, checking to see you have gathered the right number of pages, without clots of duplicates and occasional misses, than you save by doing it all by hand, more slowly but surely. So I gave it back to Gestetner and they gave me a cash credit for a lot of ink.

So SFR this issue and next is collated by hand again.

+ A letter from Bob Toomey, arrived today 1-14-71, is interesting for this bit of information: "My agent, Henry Morrison, tells me the science fiction field is showing an overall slump. This can be seen from the writer's end more easily than from the reader's. Books will keep coming out, but most publishers are overstocked. The amount of possible markets for novel length material is decreasing. I might end up writing porno to survive (oh, wrap those golden thighs around my head and let me bury my face in your honey, honey) or worse yet, Serious Novels. Bring me my pipe and smoking jacket and lay me out by the fire. Sigh "

+ Robert A. W. Lowndes reports in LUNA 19 that "The price on all our books has risen to 75¢ per issue. Subscriptions are now being accepted on all four: EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN, MAGAZINE OF HORROR, STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES and BIZARRE FANTASY TALES; at \$4.00 for six issues (foreign \$4.50). All are now bi-monthly."

+ BOSKONE VIII will be held March 12-14, 1971 in Andover, Mass. This con will differ from previous ones because the average Con-goer can participate in the various programs being set up. The overall program will include a continuous closed circuit TV hookup showing old SF movies, TV shows, replays of Con activities and other pleasantries; 2 film programs; a "Reprise and Fly-by" for anyone wishing to view the Con from the air; a contest known as "My World and Welcome To It", in which anyone wishing to may illustrate an aspect of Larry Niven's Known Universe series (such as a character or scene) in any creative manner to be judged by Larry according to which creation best represents Larry's idea when he wrote the book, and another prize will be awarded to the creator who creates the work Larry likes best; an Art Slide show known as the Kinetic Katalog; The Claude Lawrence Degler Cosmic Memorial Suite, a room creating an alien environment; discussion groups centered around the works of several authors, different themes of SF and non-literary activities will be held by any interested volunteers. There will also be an opportunity for people to set up their own groups. Informal writing groups and workshops will be held; Conferences with authors will be set up.

For membership please send \$3.00 to Jill Trugman.

If you wish to lead a discussion group write to Jean Berman. Entry blanks and info on My World & Welcome To It can be obtained by writing to Karen Blank. For any other details write to Selina Lovett.

All C/O NESFA, Box G MIT BRANCH STATION, Cambridge, Mass. 02139

+ From PUBLISHERS WEEKLY: "Before its November 5 pub date, Robert Heinlein's new novel, I Will Fear No Evil (Putnam) went into a second printing making it 22,500 in print."

+ From Emil Petaja: "BOKANALIA has ready now a wonderful 10 print portfolio of Hannes Bok, containing many of his finest paintings, all hitherto unpublished. It is 4-color, on heavy fine art stock, 8x10 actual size on 11x14, and marvelous! There will be a brochure on slick paper, printed, with unpublished pic of Hannes on the cover. We have flyers to go out, but they are not ready yet. The portfolio will sell for \$12.50 p.p. complete.

"A man named Tom Collins in Berkeley has jumped the gun by offering the same thing for \$17.50 — that is to say, he seemingly intends to buy them from us for \$12.50 (or less) and resell them. There is nothing unethical about this, actually, but I don't like to see fans paying \$5 more than they should in their eagerness to get the Bok folio."

Bokanalia Memorial Foundation, P.O. Box 14126, San Francisco, CA 94114.

+ NEWS FROM SFR'S ACE REPORTER, DARRELL SCHWEITZER: "Lin Carter sez that Ballantine's Adult Fantasy Series will be doing three (count 'em 3) unpublished books by Evangeline Walton,

authoress of The Isles of the Mighty and Witch House (Arkham). He also says he's changed the titles on all three.

"He told (about 150 people so I assume I can quote this) a curious tale of how Isles was actually pirated by Ballantine due to a mistake on the part of the copyright bureau. It was fully protected and they said it wasn't. It could have been a sticky situation, but fortunately Miss Walton was so flattered that someone would remember her book after all these years, that she didn't get mad and offered the three above-mentioned cobwebbed manuscripts off her shelf."

"Put in a little plug for me, will you? J.J. Pierce is trying to find out where "War No. 81-Q" by Paul Linebarger ("Cordwainer Smith") was published. The year was 1928 but Sam Moskowitz can't even find it, and Mrs. Linebarger doesn't even know. It was pubbed under the pseudonym of "Anthony Bearden" and since Linebarger was in China at the time he never got a copy.

"J.J. also says that there are something like three unpublished Linebarger stories in existence. He's read them in mss. and doesn't seem to think they're very good, but some editor might be interested in the fact of their existence."

"Aha! A bit of news! The editor of Ballantine said on one of the panels ((Philcon)) that they're increasing their output to 2 books a month in SF."

"Hmm. Somewhere I heard that Lin Carter was going to publish another Dunsany book."

+ ARTHUR C. CLARKE APPEARED on CAMERA THREE (CBS, Jan. 3, 1971). He had a conversation with a film critic whose name I didn't catch. The following points were brought out about the making of 2001:

—Some special effects took one year to complete and held up the final version of the film.

—(Clarke has a desk computer in his home in Ceylon which he calls HAL Jr. and which he considers "a good friend.")

—The relationship of HAL to IBM (H/I - A/B - L/M) was a coincidence.

—Kubrick deliberately set out to create a myth in 2001; he studied myth structure.

—On the collaboration between Clarke and Kubrick: they talked and talked and talked first...walked and talked about the film. Then they wrote a novel and a screenplay simultaneously. They had two-thirds of a script and changed the ending.

—Many special effects did not work as planned—were not good enough, etc.

—One defect in the film not noticed by the film critics: (Clarke said) on the lunar base—in the conference room—the men walked normally (Earth weight).

—One criticism of the film was the blandness of the characters. It was deliberate, Clarke said; strong characters might have overwhelmed the theme...the story. It was not a people story.

—They had planned a narration at the end of the film to explain the ending, but Kubrick decided no—keep the mystery.

—A three-sided pyramid was tried first as the shape of the monolith. Also tried a translucent slab of lucite before going to a black slab.

—Kubrick put in "Hints of magic."

—Clarke feels the aliens were trying to help mankind.

—"Only carnivores can develop intelligence."

—They tried creating aliens for the film but they only looked like monsters, were not good enough.

—Many of the "symbolic" scenes in the film were spontaneously created by Kubrick, or were wholly accidental.

+ LANCER IS issuing Arther C. Clarke's 1947 novel, Prelude To Space in April, with a post-Apollo preface by the author. The cover stock is covered with silver foil! You'll be able to spot the book right away.

+ FRANK STODOLKA, President of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, wrote to mention the society's audio-tape book project to record sf for the blind. Write either Frank at 1325 W. 27th St, Apt. 214, Minneapolis, Minn. 55408, or Nate Bucklin, 190 N. Saratoga, St. Paul, Minn. 55104 for more information. The project is being done in conjunction with the Library of Congress. They intend to compile a complete list of SF available in tape and braille. Anyone interested in helping?

The society has also published a short guide to science fiction fandom. I assume it is free if you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope...to Frank.

+ The GHOMOCLOVE is the SF Convention for fans and interested persons in Tennessee. It will be at the Hotel Andrew Johnson in Knoxville, Tenn. June 11-13, 1971. KELLY FREAS will be the Guest of Honor. Write Irvin Koch for further information. Apt. 45, 614 Hill Ave. SW., Knoxville, Tenn. 37902

+ In the letter section of SFR 41 I commented on a letter by Richard Speer by saying: "I'm waiting for the first feminine viewpoint sword-&-sorcery novel. Something like, Thuria and the Nasty Snake Priests. Please, don't anyone tell me it's been done."

Whereupon, in subsequent weeks, at least four readers have written on that point and given names and titles. "It has been done, Gois," they cried gleefully.

Damnit! I asked you not to tell me that!

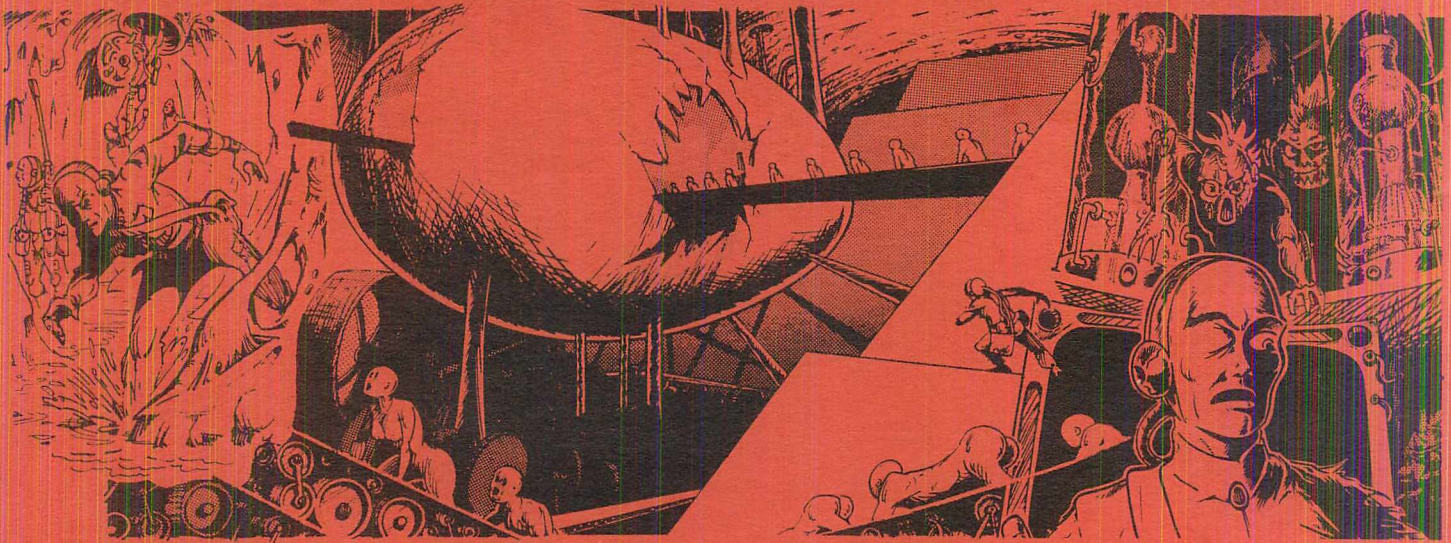
+ GEORGE HAY writes from London: "The SF FOUNDATION is pretty well tied up now—they've actually shown me the roughs for the letterheads! With God's help, the releases should go out within a month to six weeks; you'll get one of course. Meanwhile, I'm making advance statements of a generalised nature (aims and objects, etc.) to the media.

Also of interest is the fact that as of next Saturday, 11.15 a.m. December 5th—with a repeat later in the week—I introduce the first of a monthly half-hour sf radio programme on London's local radio station, B.B.C./RADIO LONDON. This is entitled (not by me, for heaven's sake!) THE STARGAZERS, and will consist of talks and gossip, etc., by London-tied sf bods—this can be stretched pretty elastic—I mean, as long as the guy has actually been in town at the time of the interview. I mention this for the benefit of visiting American or other firemen. The first session features James Blish, Ken Bulmer, Philip Strick and Bram Stoker."

And George also subsequently sent along a xerox copy of a story about the show that appeared in the RADIO TIMES.

MONOLOG CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE 13



GEORGE METZGER'S MAL-IG one of the most extraordinary science fiction stories ever written

WHEN WE PUBLISHED his first story, "Master Tyme and Mobius Tripp," in our seventh issue, we believed George Metzger was the most original and gifted science fiction writer to come along in twenty years -- in any medium. The stories he has published since then, "Mind Blast," "Kaleidasmith," and "Moondog," and the works-in-progress that near completion, have confirmed our belief. With each new story, he has grown as a writer and as an illustrator and as a graphic storyteller. "Mal-ig" is his newest story, brilliant and unique. If it could be told in words alone, we believe it would receive a Hugo award. It is a story you will never forget.

ADAM LINK'S VENGEANCE

by EANDO BINDER & D. BRUCE BERRY

ADAM LINK, THE WORLD'S FIRST THINKING ROBOT, WAS DYING, ENDING HIS OWN LONELY existence -- and then he was recalled mysteriously to life... This graphic story adaptation of Eando Binder's famous novela, drawn by D. Bruce Berry, achieves a depth and power unequalled by any other version. "You are pioneering into a new frontier," the author wrote. Published complete in this issue.

a new science fiction story by BOB FOSTER

WAR MACHINE

and... "AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN SEVERIN" John Benson talks with a leading graphic story and comic book creator, whose career has spanned the years from EC Comics to Marvel and Cracked. John Severin has illustrated many of the finest western, adventure, fantasy, and war stories published in comic books, and worked with some of the most notable artists, writers, and editors in the field. :: "NAME GAMES," by Hames Ware, a fascinating study in comic book pseudonyms. :: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR :: A full-color cover painting by D. Bruce Berry. 64 pages of stories and features.

coming...

GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE 14 will conclude our two-issue Basil Wolverton numbers, and feature at least four never-before-published stories--two comedy yarns (one, the final "Powerhouse Pepper") and two serious graphic stories unlike anything Wolverton has done in comic books. There'll also be an exceptional interview with the artist by Dick Voll, the conclusion of Henry Steele's definitive survey of Wolverton's stories, and lots more wild Wolverton art. STILL AVAILABLE: A few copies of GSM 12, the first incredible Wolverton issue.

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