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& fantasy journal

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THE ALIEN CRITIC

Number Eight

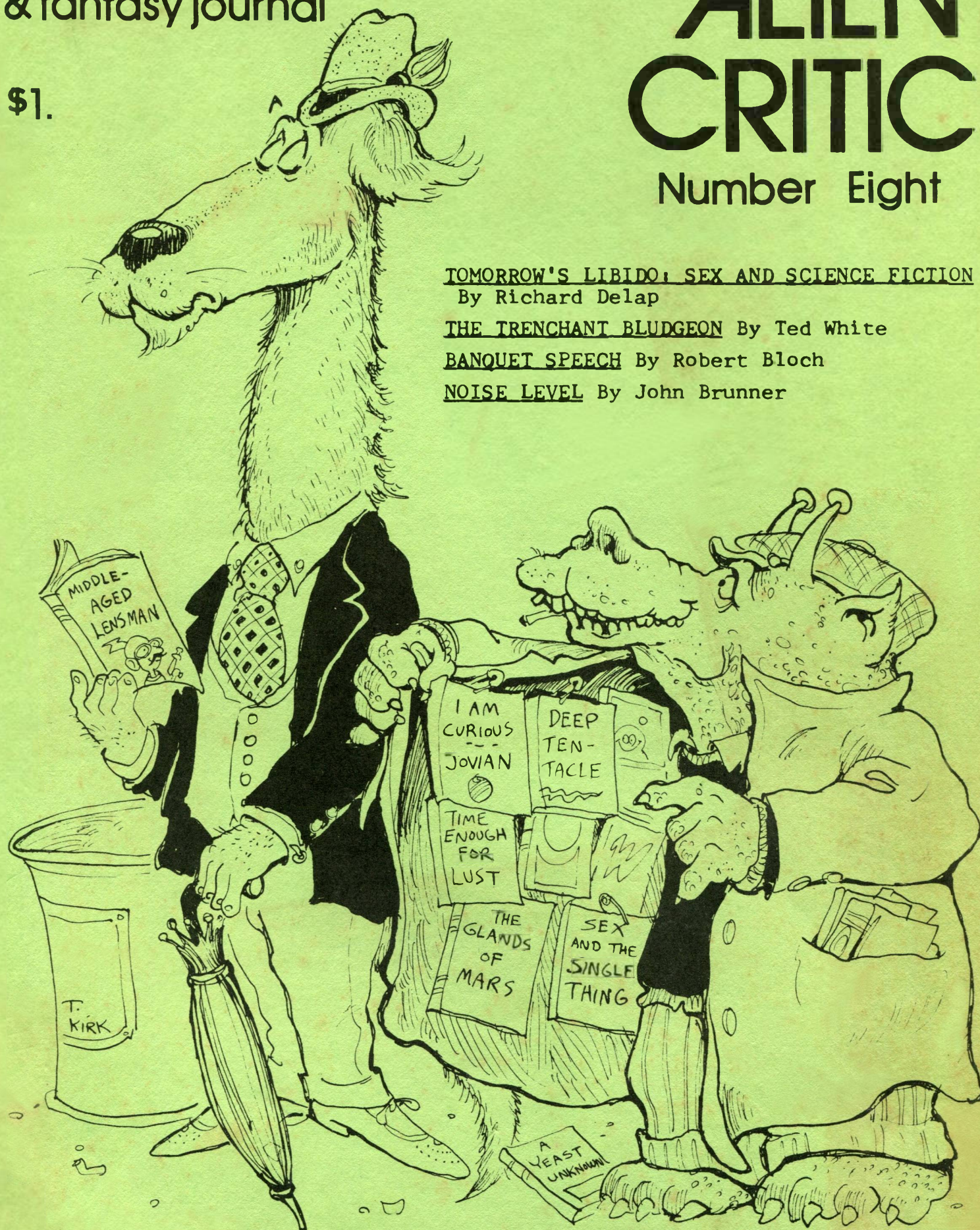
TOMORROW'S LIBIDO: SEX AND SCIENCE FICTION

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RICHARD E. GEIS
Editor & Publisher

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graphed. #1 is SOLD OUT.
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ALIEN THOUGHTS

What you should do for raised eyebrows, incredulous oaths and hysterical laughter is drink quickly three ounces of Old Peach Pit brandy, two ounces of Rotten Potato vodka, two ounces of Happy Guzzlers gin, and five ounces of home-brewed Panther Sweat...in that order.

That's what I downed when the horrendous thought of a 3000 print run on the trusty Gestetner occurred to me.

The thought intruded partly because my printer (and in my experience he is typical in spite of friendship and an association with science fiction and fandom that goes back thirty years or so) has consistently taken a month or more to merely print an issue of THE ALIEN CRITIC.

Never mind the job of collating and stapling and folding—I have been doing that.

As a result the sixth issue was late—a lot. A lot in my view, anyway. And now #7....

Of course his problems and concerns are not mine; he thinks nothing of piecing TAC-work in between other, more important jobs (more important means better paying, since he is doing my printing for very little profit).

As I mentioned, I have been collating, stapling and folding these last two photo-offset issues to save time and money. He is not set up to do bindery work and binderies in Portland charge outlandish prices. Would you believe \$300. for one issue?

Today is November 13th. I gave the printer the copy for TAC #7 (camera-ready, no problems) on October 17th. He estimated his assistant would need 3 days to run it off on the large press and maybe another day or two to run the sheets through the folder for the first fold. I will gather the once-folded pages and staple them and make the final fold. Then I will take the copies to him to be trimmed.

I've been calling every Monday and Friday since the first of the month—excuses and promises. I expect the pages this week, but I won't hold my breath.

These are publisher's wailings, of course, and all publishers will nod and sympathize.

Back to the incredible 3000 copy mimeo thought; it croggled me at first—until I gave it a thorough examination.

In the first place the idea wouldn't even be faintly credible if I didn't own a Gestetner 466 with its heavy-duty electric motor and the automatic jogging feature which assures nice, neat stacks in the receiving tray that are instantly ready to place in the feed tray for reverse-side printing. And the Gestetner has a damn near infallible paper-feed system.

Now, I collate these issues anyway, right? I staple them anyway, right? And while it is true a mimeo edition involves more pages to collate, I save time by not having to fold...and I save the several days it takes to paste-up the typed copy into camera-ready pages.

The time spent in production (except for mimeoing) is the same.

The wild surmise began to harden in my mind. I made cost estimates.

Here it is: I save \$350. by printing this issue myself. That is the difference between a further loss and a small profit.

More thoughts: I don't have to collate and staple all 3000 copies at once; I can do enough for the initial mailing to subscribers, trades, complimentary copies and bookstores, and then peck away—an hour now and then—for a month or so afterward for the daily copies-needed and the new bookstores and the back-copy reserve.

The same piecemeal approach is possible and desirable for the mimeoing of an issue: do a few pages one afternoon each week. That way there's no week-long sweating and swearing slavery over a hot mimeo. I used to complain about that a lot when I was mimeoing SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW.

We are too soon old, too late smart.

I test-ran some 9 x 12 envelopes through the machine earlier tonight and discovered it would feed 24# white wove open flaps very nicely. Which means I save 20% on that printing bill, too.

Make that 2370. saved.

There are liabilities: the mimeo edition weighs a bit over ½ oz. more per copy, which means about \$10. more at the 3rd Class bulk rate window, and the envelopes cost \$20. more per thousand.

But I can live with that.

All this hinges on one thing, as you who have read RICHARD E. GEIS #1, 2, 3 and TAC #4 will remember; the Gestetner had an illness—it somehow had contracted the dreaded disease Creeping Stencilitis, and nothing I could do made it well. Not even a new impression roller or new feed fingers. Also, the mechanism refused to drop the roller when ordered to do so (the roller picked up some beautiful coatings of ink that way).

Well, I worked two hours on the machine today, and I finally discovered the reason for the roller drop insubordination. That is now taken care of.

Whether that small adjustment has also cured the stencil creep is a question I will have answered as soon as I put this stencil on the machine and run 500 copies or so. 1500 to be sure.

If the problem is solved, fine, and you'll be reading this in issue #8. If the machine is still ailing I'll have to send it to the shop for expert analysis and professional tinkering. Ain't no way I'm going to fight stencil creep every hundred copies on a 3000 run. Which means this editorial will see publication in #9.

I really do want to save that \$350. It would reduce the "nut" from \$1350. to \$1000 per 3000 copy issue. Oh, yes, Big Time Semi-Pro Fanzine publishing is expensive. I've sunk over \$2000. into TAC so far and the wish to see an end to red ink is, honestly, the major reason for the change.

The magazine won't look as professional as the photo-offset issues, but the print is larger and easier to read this way, and I doubt that sf and fantasy fans are very snobbish; most prefer mimeo, feeling it more informal, personal and 'warm'.

All things considered, photo-offset is as much an ego-trip as a convenience.

It has been in my life, anyway.

You are not being short-changed by this 48-page format, by the way; the wordage equals or exceeds an 80-page photo-offset version.

And, of course, this format allows for 2-page increases if necessary, to accomodate last minute must-print items where in photo-offset it had to be 4 to 8 page jumps and an increase in costs of significance.

The beauty of photo-offset is in the ease of using interior artwork. In mimeo one must glue in electronic stenciled inserts to get decent art (drawing on-stencil with styli and shading plates is now almost totally a lost art) and I do not trust electronic stenciled inserts to stay glued over a 3000 copy run, and once an insert is faulty—such as a leak in an edge or a tear or a hole or a wrinkle—it's a blue-balled bastard to fix in mid-run. I know! I have eleventy-seven gray hairs to prove it.

So, much as I'd like to, I will not be using artwork inside...unless it is full-page.

The cover is from an electronic stencil, too. And the bacover, if I-K Graphics will go along with it for their ad.

You've noticed this three-column format. It's something I've wanted to try with this typer, and now's the time.

Technically, from an editorial point of view, it's a Good Thing: short lines and short sentences and short paragraphs make for easy reading. The eye is not intimidated by large masses of unending text. (A lesson many fan editors and little-magazine and some academic editors should learn.....specifically the editors of RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, FOUNDATION and EXTRAPOLATION, to name a few.)

But thinking in terms of such "commercial" effects is Simply Not Done in them circles. I am a firm believer in giving text lots of air...so that it will have every chance at being read.

+++

This is the evening of Nov. 15th. Yesterday I ran 870 copies of the first page of this editorial—and surprise—not a sign of Stencil Creep! I shall put

it out my shingle as a Gestetner doctor. Saved an expensive repair bill. That's one small triumph for a fan; one large victory for self-sufficiency.

Another nail in the coffin of the photo-offset IAC is the lousy job of printing Perri Press did on #7 (which was delivered today for my nimble collating fingers and whomping stapling palm); over-inking is a severe problem for Don Day and company, apparently, and in any event I wouldn't let him do #8 anyway. No way.

My apologies to you all for those hard-to-read pages in #7. But I will not pay hospital bills for acute squint or terminal eye strain. You do have my sympathy and I'll send a can of Alpo to your seeing-eye dog.

+++

November 27th. Finished addressing the trade copies of #7 today, along with the complimentary copies, and tomorrow we take the 3rd class bulk mailing & everything else with a stamp on it to the central post office. #7 will be off and crawling into the Christmas mail glut.

I have just remembered another reason to not use artwork inserts in these pages: after a year or so the inserts come unglued and easily peel off the stencil.

Since I will be preserving these stencils for reprintings of this issue a few years down the line, I'll save curses by staying far away from them lousy insertings.

Well written, interesting text doesn't need artwork. (That's necessity putting down concrete justifications.)

+++

It may be my plebian, lower-class cultural instincts (howzat for a phrase to drive psychologists and sociologists into frenzies—'cultural instincts!'), but I feel more at ease on-stencil like this, sitting here in my underwear while sucking on a mint at 10:13 PM.

(Upstairs mom and Augie are listening to the police band on a short-wave radio. It's fascinating to hear local thieves, murderers and hit-runners at work—and sometimes they catch crimin-

als, too. That's not true, but I couldn't resist.)

+++

SIGNALS FROM THE FUTURE are coming thick and fast.

The top oil consultant in the world, a Mr. Levy (as I recall) was on NBC's MEET THE PRESS Sunday. He is a spokesman for and advisor to the huge, multinational corporations.

He was astonishingly blunt in a nice, polysyllable way—in plain language, people, it is unthinkable that Europe, America and Japan will sit still for very long for blackmail by a few rich Arabs who happen to be sitting on very vital oil reserves.

We are not about to be puppets at the end of an oil line. Which means counter-pressure up to an including war if necessary.

Item: A Sunday report that the top finance ministers of five European (and America) met in secrecy to discuss international money affairs.

The western governments have already decided to sell gold at the open market price—thereby driving the price down—thereby whacking a big chunk of value from the gold hoards built up by those Arab oil-rich sheiks.

More money-pressures may be in the works against them.

Item: A high government spokesman has said that those great Arabian oil reserves are too important a resource for the world to play games with—the oil should be portioned out fairly to needy nations. He did not say the oil fields should be internationalized but it was implied.

If they persist, the Arabs may be declared incompetent to govern their natural resources.

The crunch will come when they look to the Soviet Union to save them from the Imperialists.

These are life and death signals. Let's hope the situation doesn't go to the brink.

Make no mistake—everything is in the pot this time, and our real rulers will fight. Watch the manipulation.

of crises and shortages.

I will quote again Buzz Dixon from TAC #5:

"Here's a news item for you. They've torn down the Vietnamese villages at Ft. Benning that were used to train troops in guerrilla warfare. Oh, they still teach guerrilla warfare, only they're using a Middle East village now. Guess where we're going next, kiddies."

Do you get the feeling that, somehow, somebody has planned all this?

Item: Congress hastily voted through the Alaskan oil pipeline.

Item: Oil corporation executives are calling for relaxation of strong pollution and ecology regulations to allow extensive off-shore drilling, including the unstable Santa Barbara channel.

Item: A power shortage hit the Northwest apparently because of a water shortage but actually because the public power dams have been starved for generators; they only have 29% of possible generator capacity...because the private utilities (with Nixon's help) have lobbied in Congress against any expansion of public-owned power installations.

These signals and clues all appear in small back-page stories in the newspaper.

If the oil/refinery shortage continues for many months into 1974, the industrialized world will be thrown into a depression.

Worse than 1929-39. Easily two-thirds of the work-force in this country could be unemployed. Needless to say, 5 or 6 already marginal sf magazines and publishers will quickly perish.

This exercise in speculation and pessimism has been brought to you courtesy the Geis Doomsayer Co. Accept no substitutes.

Asterisks are conformists!

ALIEN THOUGHTS (Continued)

All you aficionados in fandom know there has been a raging controversy be-

tween a few Important Fans (Ted White, Andy Porter, Rich Brown) on the East Coast, and the Convention Committee of the 1972 World Science Fiction Convention (LACON) in Los Angeles.

There has never been any love lost between the East and West big wheels, and it seems that the Easterners are flaying the ConCom for possibly making a significant profit off the world con. Convention bidding trips and expenses were paid for, the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society building fund may have benefited, and up to \$1,000 in income may not be accounted for in the financial report recently issued.

In addition, the sf and fantasy professionals, smelling Big Money in these conventions, wish to cut a slice for themselves.

Letters from John Boardman and Mike Glycer in this issue reflect this controversy.

As long as the world sf conventions were small, non-profit labor-of-love, there were few problems of this nature.

But now a worldcon sited in the U.S.A. can gross more than THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

That is a lot of responsibility and a lot of temptation. There are indications that in recent years at least one worldcon committee has cashed in, and that at least one group has thought seriously of bidding for a worldcon as a get-rich-quick project.

Fandom has been an amateur (in its best sense) microcosm. We resist professionalism and the profit motive; making money off sf fans is a sin.

Yet the worldcon is Big. Putting on a successful convention is a job that calls for enormous amounts of time and work in preparation and execution. It requires men and women with experience, talent and drive.

I think they should be paid for their labor. If a surplus permits, I would not boggle at the top two or three committee members receiving \$1000 as compensation. And that's low pay.

Of course, if a major depression hits the world, worldcons may go back to a few hundred fans and pros gathered

in a small, second-class hotel, if that.

But now worldcons are monstrous affairs that require years of planning and preparation.

I think we should be very careful who we pick to run the worldcons, and we should not go into spasms of phoney outrage if the dedicated and conscientious few on the committee manage to pay themselves for their efforts after the bills are paid.

"Prostitution is a much intrinsically less worthy career than acting, modelling and dancing.

"Prostitutes, the lazy bitches, rank among the most unambitious of women. It is called the oldest profession because it is the easiest.

"A ten-year-old girl can learn the rudiment of the trade in half-an-hour, to in a scant two weeks become an accomplished whore, to already in such short time become bored still (pun intended) with the occupation.

"Those who get 'trapped' into prostitution are those already too dismayed by life, and their own helplessness, to offer ought but a spiritless token of resistance.

"The seeming self-sufficiency and independence of a whore is an illusion and a fallacy. The whore is, commonly, the most dependent of women, with a vital need for her overseer or pimp, a crude strength to reassure her and to provide a stable, comforting prop unbeatable to justify her apathy.

"Crooks, in the main, are not very bright, and the fact that prostitution flourishes says little for the calibre of the women they recruit.

"Taken all round, prostitution as it is today can be demonstrated to be a criminal exploitation of an underprivileged group of persons, namely—females of a particularly dumb kind.

"Certainly such women should be availed a protection of a sort vastly different from the unsavory impositions they endure at present.

"Whores should be treated similarly to blind people, the handicapped, the

mentally deficient, and like bodies of disadvantaged persons.

"And if it should transpire that sexual intercourse is all that they are fit for, then their protector should be the government, and their earnings an offset to public taxation and to their own reasonably generous old age pensions."

Jack Wodhams, letter,
THE MENTOR #23

TOMORROW'S LIBIDO:
SEX AND SCIENCE FICTION

An Article
By RICHARD DELAP

A recent brief spurt in science fiction with sexual themes leads me to wonder with amazement at the inertia of the major publishing houses.

It has been a good five years since the boom in sex-oriented sf began with the so-called porno publishers, a sudden rage that has now dwindled down to next to nothing.

Many of the small publishers who experienced a temporary boom in sales when novels were allowed to "go all the way" began to branch out in themes and eventually got around to sexed-up science fiction.

Very much of interest to fans were the novels of Philip Jose Farmer—THE IMAGE OF THE BEAST, A FEAST UNKNOWN, and BLOWN, published by Essex House—who is usually regarded as the first sf author to treat sex as a serious theme.

His novels' covers were rather more demure and 'arty' than the usual tits-and-garter-straps abominations that adorned most of these publications, but the novels themselves were mindless and dull, less interested in using sex for a valid exploration of its meaning than in pleasing an audience hot for vivid descriptions of fucking and sucking in all its variations.

Farmer's last effort in this line (to my knowledge) was a male-oriented gothic sex novel, LOVE SONG, published in 1970.

After one gets past Farmer's confusion— "I increased the pressure

against the (clitoris) in the upper part of the vagina" —and compulsive showerbathing, one finds that for all its idiocy the book is a sporadically amusing spoof, not very good yet less offensive than the previous books.

But the sex is non-romantic and clinical, as if Farmer thought men would be immune to the female clichés yet responsive to the male ones.

I suppose the regular audience for such trivia would not object too strongly, but I would venture that Farmer's sf audience will be happier to remain ignorant of these silly novels.

Essex House's efforts weren't a total loss, however. David Meltzer's tetralogy, BRAIN PLANT, was dramatically disorganized but packed with lots of good sf concepts and some surprisingly mature and thoughtful writing.

And Hank Stine's SEASON OF THE WITCH, a story of a man forced to re-adjust to a woman's body in punishment for murder, was a remarkable little novel that actually came to grips with sexuality and wrestled it around in a good show of agility and strength.

Stine's second novel, THRILL CITY, didn't fare quite so well, however, mixing surrealism and sex into a pretentious hodge-podge of negativism and brutality.

There was a rumor for a time that Stine would re-write SEASON OF THE WITCH, without the heavy emphasis on porno-sex, but apparently nothing ever came of it and Stine seems to have disappeared from the sf scene.

Essex House also brought out two of Richard E. Geis' sf-and-sex novels (not to mention numerous 'general' works— i.e., rape, child molestation, lesbianism, etc. etc. etc), THE ENDLESS ORGY and RAW MEAT, the first a messy bit of sex-drenched but puerile humor, the second loaded with "in" jokes that might have kept the fans chuckling a bit but was troubled by oversimplification that gave no more than a shallow nod to any worthwhile thematic content.

Geis' fiction, all that I have read anyway, rings hollow and lacks the emotional punch of his fanzine monolog rumbles.

The Olympia Press, once the publishing bulwark of 'class' sex literature, garnered some good reviews and mainstream attention with several novels by Barry N. Malzberg which were laced with visionary fantasies and well-turned surrealisms.

SCREEN, especially received some good notices, but ORACLE OF THE THOUSAND HANDS and IN MY PARENTS' BEDROOM also showed that Malzberg examined sex with more than just a slack drooling mouth and dirty mind.

Malzberg has continued to turn out sex-emphasised novels—THE SPREAD, MASOCHIST, REVELATIONS—all paperback editions, none of which have attracted much interest from the science fiction audience.

(Much of Malzberg's recent sf also hinges on sexual themes, especially concerned with man and sex in space, but it seems to have reached a comfortable (for Malzberg) impasse with his award-winning novel, BEYOND APOLLO, and doesn't show many signs of moving forward yet.)

Even Olympia Press, however, could not resist the temptation of the easy buck and started publishing a lot of dreck, including Ray Kainen's SATYR TREK, blurbed as a "sexy Space/Time trip."

Kainen's novel is a spoof—one chapter is titled "The Moon is a Garish Fortress," which is as close to Heinlein as it gets—that takes its hero and transports him from world to world, where each of his sexual encounters ends in frustration until he reaches the distant future where he becomes "the core of ego in the black hole...a cunt of unimaginable construction, out of the very core of the universe itself," heading towards the womb "as the universe ended."

He is reunited with his wife for a happy ending, but the novel is never able to stand above its exploitative element and is merely tiresome.

Andrew J. Offutt churned out several sf novels of this type, usually under the pseudonym "John Cleve". I managed to read one, FRUIT OF THE LOINS, which gave me no incentive to go on to others such as PLEASURE US, SWALLOW THE

LEADER, and, under the Offutt name, THE GREAT 24-HOUR "THING".

Irving A. Greenfield, Dan Britain, James Grazier, and the other authors of little or no renown wrapped their sf/fantasy attempts in large dollops of sex, but none of them received much attention for these often half-wit novels and all seem to have mercifully drowned in the sea of oblivion.

Paul Tabori, whose earlier THE GREEN RAIN had lots of funny sex and was quite popular, came up with one titled THE CLEFT, but the intervening years seem to have affected his light touch and he received little attention for this one.

All this porno and semi-porno was bound to have an effect on the direction of sf in general, just as the sex-exploitation films had a direct effect on Hollywood product.

Harlan Ellison's DANGEROUS VISIONS anthology was, six years ago, considered rather startling, and Samuel R. Delany's story, "Aye, and Gomorra...," displayed a cautious, intellectual probe into the realm of sex.

Ellison's latest, AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS, is light-years ahead of its predecessor in sexual themes, ranging from the blatant (Ray Nelson's "Time Travel for Pedestrians", Piers Anthony's "In the Barn", and Ben Bova's "Zero Gee") to the subtle (James Tiptree's "The Milk of Paradise" and Joanna Russ' "When It Changed").

Robert Silverberg's emergence as a 'serious' science fiction writer has also been marked with an increased exploration of sexual themes, from the tentative but thematically impressive nudges in THORNS and THE MASKS OF TIME to the explicit imagery that makes so much of THE WORLD INSIDE quite remarkable.

(Silverberg, however, has not been totally successful in more recent works: SON OF MAN is as petagodic in its sex as it is in its philosophy, THE BOOK OF SKULLS is embarrassing in its sexual miscalculations, and DYING INSIDE simply throws in sex to spice up the sagging pace of a ponderous internal monologue.)

Britisher Michael Moorcock has also

had an erratic time with sex, having more luck with humor (THE FINAL PRO-GRAMME) than with drama (BEHOLD THE MAN).

Joanna Russ has done excellently with short stories but muffed her novel, AND CHAOS DIED, in which all the exotic imagery couldn't hide her faulty sexual presumptions.

Like Russ, Kate Wilhelm has handled sex well in a variety of stories then made a mess of it at novel-length in the poorly-constructed and even more poorly conceived MARGARET AND I.

The peak years of this exploitation in science fiction seemed to be 1968 to 1970, perhaps just a step behind the arts in general...or perhaps, as some say, simply retreading the mainstream, innocently (or ignorantly) regarding it arcane.

This peak of interest was in part influenced by the nadir of artistic accomplishment, Norman Spinrad's highly-touted, fanatically overrated BUG JACK BARRON (recently reprinted as a 'mainstream' novel with the cover blurb, "mixes sex, television, and political intrigue," carefully hiding the sf content.)

While it is difficult to pin down a single novel which represents the best in this particular subgenre, Spinrad's novel surely encapsules nearly all the mistakes.

Supposedly concerned with the uses and abuses of power, the novel was plotted with a juvenile concept of their ramifications, forced like a square peg into a round hole and supported with improbable hinges of spit and string.

The sex was florid but boring, psychologically inept and buried in a numbing barrage of clumsy neo-Joycean monologues.

Spinrad has created several interesting short stories, but each and every one of his novels (including the recent THE IRON DREAM, one of his worst disasters) have been so incredibly awful that they are next to unreadable.

Spinrad is a vulgar, Philistinian novelist, and perfectly condenses the errors committed by shallow authors who

are doomed to flounder helplessly in the double-deadly waters of sex and science fiction.

In 1972 the sex-and-sf cycle seemed to have drawn to a premature close when suddenly there was whipped out a good deal of publicity to herald the publication of STRANGE BEDFELLOWS: SEX AND SCIENCE FICTION (Random House, 1972, \$5.95, 273 pp.), edited by Thomas N. Scortia.

A collection of both reprint and new fiction, the book is a real puzzle in that its best story was published twenty years ago and overpowers its more modern counterparts with ease.

So much for the progress attributed to the new freedom of print.

In his introduction Scortia states: "Science fiction with its special techniques of the controlled artificial environment and of the reductio ad absurdum offers opportunities for saying much about human sexuality than mainstream writing cannot."

In execution, however, too many of the writers included here do not find these opportunities at all, while some of the better stories, as good as they are, do not say anything about sex which could not easily have been said in the mainstream and use the sf element as mere color.

The best story by far is Theodore Sturgeon's 1953 "The World Well Lost," which has for some time been considered such a touchy item that most critics seldom even mention it.

(Moskowitz managed to call it "really daring", and Sam J. Ludwall choked out a brief mention that Sturgeon is "one of the few sf writers who isn't afraid of stepping outside the nice, solid and secure parameters of accepted sexual mores.")

The story seems to embarrass the shit out of most people.

Some have not liked its subject, some have not liked the treatment of the subject, a few have simply considered it distasteful, and far too many just seem scared to death by it.

(Editor Scortia shows his own hysteria by vigorously asserting the author is "virile...(has an) intense sexual presence (according to the editor's wife)...(and is) a devoutly heterosexual writer.")

Yet it stands above the petty blind-nesses and fears as perhaps the most humane and human study of homosexuality in the sf genre.

From the alien "loverbirds" to the two humans assigned the task of returning the aliens to their own world, Sturgeon brilliantly explores the reactions to a love that manages to survive any and all social ostracism and terrifies only those who fear themselves.

Sturgeon looks at frightened conformity and its rigid future: "Given a culture of sybarites, with an endless choice of mechanical titillations, and you have a people of unbreakable and hidebound formality, a people with few but massive taboos, a shockable, narrow, prissy people obeying the rules—even the rules of their calculated depravities—and protecting their treasured, specialized pruderies."

He views such hidebound rejection as the sickness, rather than the 'sickness' it rejects. More people today may find such a viewpoint less shocking than did their parents (and the original readers of this story), which is surely to the good.

Despite the preachy, sanctimonious bullshit of all the ageing, paunchy-eyed, drying cronies of the smug Nixon-mold (nee McCarthyism), here is a concerned view of the loss of human respect and love, in whatever form it may take, that must come to us if we embrace the tyranny of self-hate and the whoring of self-respect.

Sex is not the central issue of Brian W. Aldiss' "Lambeth Blossom" but is a very important accrument in this vision of a future London living under Chinese rule. The social customs reflect the Chinese influence and manner, expressed here in a family's response to the father who brings home a prostitute for an evening's pleasure.

Aldiss' irony is not for laughs, as he deals with real people facing real problems—the distrust and/or accept-

ance of government propaganda, the master/slave relationship (government to citizen, man to woman), and a sharp-eyed glance at the questionable parallel between true sex and true morals. An expert, intellectual but never heartless story, this one shows Aldiss at his best.

Philip Jose Farmer's "Mother," the story of a young man trapped inside the 'womb' of a gigantic alien organism is one of Farmer's most popular stories; it is not, however, one of his best.

The Freudian concept behind both the personality of the captive and the protective yet threatening 'female' alien who holds him inside herself is always interesting—it is, in fact, too interesting, screaming its presence to the reader and forever embellishing the minor plot with such arabesque that there is simply no room left for more than perfunctory (and symbolic) characterization or plot intricacies.

By today's standards the story doesn't have the shock value it held in the easily-ruffled Fifties, so has forever lost the appeal that once gave it such attention. What remains is hardly worth bothering with, except as an historical perspective.

Harvey L. Bilker's "Genetic Faux Pas" has an idea not tried before, to my knowledge, a story of two human children born sexless. Nature has made adaptations to take care of excretory matters and has also had her way with human curiosity as the world is fascinated by the phenomenon, demanding press coverage and photos and stories which eventually escort in the tagalong spectacles of exploitation, confusion and censorship.

Bilker's fact-reportage style gets off some good moments of incident along the way but, perhaps disappointingly, leaves the final plot twist, the eventual emergence of sex in the non-sexuals, sounding too much like an easy out. Perhaps the only way it could be handled in this context, but still one wishes there were more to the characters than mere puppet actions.

In Thomas N. Scortia's "The Icebox Blonde," Mr. and Mrs. Foringham, Britishers spending some time in America on a combined business/pleasure trip, find

their outwardly stolid marriage proving inwardly a lot of pomp and circumstance.

The fast easy style of American life brings this fact to their attention as middle-aged Mrs. Foringham succumbs to the charms of a young seducer and her husband gets a strategic itch over the lovely android females sold from the deep-freeze department of the local supermart.

Light, frothy humor, not too memorable but amusing to read.

With all of society controlled and all "Norm Deviation" individuals immediately disposed of when found, Joe Gores' "The Criminal" is an obvious child of the 1984 school of social sf.

When criminal citizen 8219 is discovered to be one of the deviates yet remaining uncaptured, The Controller realizes his job and life are at stake; when the criminal is found, he's horrified at the sudden danger to the whole societal structure.

The reader is of course rooting for the criminal—that is, if he can work up enough interest in Gores' contrived and by sf standards rather passe vision of tomorrow. The sex element, while an important point of the plot, is again not a central issue.

Reginald Bretnor's "Dr. Birdmouse" is a story which is overcome by its embellishments, as ladykiller con-man Vandercook finds his plans for making a sideshow attraction of the aliens he finds on Eetwee—interbred creatures named for their predominant characteristics (Mrs. Cowturtle, Dr. Leopard-sheep, the title character, etc.) —shattered by the plans of the helpful aliens.

An acid dash of strong bitters, rather than the cutesy irony Bretnor provides, would have been much more suitable.

Mel Gilden's "What About Us Grils?," a rather clumsy satire on alien necessities in the matter of sex that is, anyway, about sex, Anthony Boucher's "Khartoum: A Prose Limerick," a mildly amusing last man and woman thing with a sex twist that belies its original 1955 publication, and Miriam Allen de

Ford's "The Daughter of the Tree," a minor fantasy about the offspring of a woman and the spirit of a fir tree that hasn't much place in this anthology, round out the reprints and give the impression that sf and sex, with very few exceptions, have had a generally unsatisfactory relationship for the past twenty years.

Considering the nine original stories that remain, an equally mixed assortment, one concludes the relationship remains an uneasy one. Two stories come to direct grips with sexuality, one seriously, one humorously, and both end up on top.

Jack M. Dann's "I'm With You in Rockland" is a headily symbolic tale of a man in the near-future, and it extrapolates from a trend which is already too obvious, the surrogate masculine virility in powerful mechanical objects, from cars to a powerful metal exoskeleton used in construction work.

It is a dark-eyed look at sexual substitutes, pulsing with a staccato rhythm (intercutting between three scenes) that dramatically conveys the deep-felt frustration and terror of a man's desperate clutching to maintain sexual potency.

Indirectly, it is also a condemnation of normal sexual fulfillments that fail to move beyond shallow biological response, suggesting that Dann finds this in our present civilization.

It's an effective, moving work that fulfills the book's purpose of exploring sex within an sf theme.

Editor Scortia reports that the sexual phobia, koro, dealt with in Richard McCloud's wild and sexy farce, "The Widening Circle," is an actual one.... which is immaterial but interesting to know. Dr. Gresham finds recommending to his patients that they convince their spouses they are suffering from the phobia (which demands oral sexual therapy for recovery) a popular and profitable idea. The question is—just how fake (or how real) is this phobia? A very funny story.

Two authors, Robert Silverberg and George Zebrowski, deal with adolescent passions.

In Silverberg's "Push No More" we find a gawky teen-age boy with ESP powers enmeshed in his new interest in sex, and while the plot is of little concern the characterization of the boy is replete with authentic touches of sweaty, unsure adolescence.

Zebrowski's "First Love, First Fear" tells of a boy's fascination with the female species on a strange oceanic alien world, his first encounter doomed as the girl he meets is one of the sea-people of this world, a girl who looks sexually compatible but whose sexual definition, by nature, is grotesque by human standards.

The story invites comparison to Farmer's "The Lovers," but except for some evocative descriptions of the ocean at dusk, Zebrowski comes up a weak second place.

William Carlson's "Dinner at Helen's" is a well-written yet troublesome story of a man who on first sight gets the hots for a pretty young woman. He dedicates himself to her seduction, and while her responses to him are mysterious and somewhat guarded, he eventually ends up at her apartment for dinner. When after a brief disappearance into the bedroom she returns to him as a man, the young seducer is at first angered and puzzled, then frightened, and lastly caught in a web of ambiguity—as is the reader.

Carlson's point is that gender is no more important than our concept of it, and that concept is very, very adjustable.

Carlson says absolutely nothing of certainty—the actual sex of 'Helen' is never truly revealed—and the reader is forced to a conclusion from his own deep-seated convictions.

As I said, a troublesome story but nevertheless an interesting one.

"Looking-Glass Sea" by Lawrence Yep, one of the most lyrical and able of the 'new generation' of sf writers, is a haunting evocation in words that conjures remarkable visual pictures in the reader's mind, scenes of an astronaut lost on a watery world where shadowy depths merge with the starry sky in vivid admixture reflections.

The developing love story between the man and the alien who rescues him is a study in overcoming hardship, both psychological and physical. It is depressing in subject, and perhaps too condensed in the telling to be entirely convincing despite Yep's lovely descriptions, but it is quite a readable piece that holds some attention with its descriptive powers alone.

Gerald Arthur Alper's "The Mechanical Sweetheart" is a romanticized, densely overwritten account of one man's obsession—is his beautiful lover a true female or is she in fact a mechanical marvel passing as human?—that fails to transcend its banal plot.

Walt Leibscher's "Do Androids Dream of Electric Love?" is a tasteless, tawdry work, discarding sanity and love for a contrived, embarrassed (and embarrassing) laugh.

Though I seldom object to a story on moral grounds, I find myself reacting with disgust to this author's cruel cater to ignorance and condemn his story as being totally without socially redeeming value.

While it has a rape scene and a smattering of four-letter words, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's "False Dawn," a sequel to Yarbro's earlier and less emphatic story, "Frog Pond," isn't about sex at all.

Its setting is the future where civilization has crumbled, the polluted landscape is riddled with disease and mutations, and one young mutant girl, threatened with assorted dangers (ducking them where possible, more often meeting them head-on) is overwhelmed by the attentions of two men, one peaceful, one lustful.

The sad part is that it isn't really a story, merely an incident—from a novel in progress?—adding nothing to the scheme of the book and, really, detracting from its purpose.

One feels glad to have the opportunity to read the efforts of writers tackling one of the basic human drives, and especially happy to find some successes (as in Sturgeon, Aldiss, Dann and McCloud); one is dissatisfied, however, to discover at the end a sense of non-in-

vovement, a lack of passion permeating the whole.

I do think Scortia tried but he's simply failed to show the best of the wide range of possibilities and has instead given us little peeks that do no more than whet the appetite for something with more body than this Jello dessert of a book.

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Following on the heels of the Scortia volume, Joseph Elder's anthology, *EROS IN ORBIT* (Trident Press, 1973, \$6.95, 189 pp.) presents, according to the jacket blurb, a collection of all new science-fiction stories all about sex.

Elder gives one the impression that he doesn't really approve of the current state of sexual affairs in the world; his introduction is packed with such phrases as "this flurry of fornication, this profusion of pornography, this surfeit of sensuality," and while he never actively condemns current mores, he concludes that his writers also see little good to come from it.

His stand seems obvious from his closing remarks: "That many of (the authors) found despair and lovelessness at the core of future sex is, in my opinion, highly significant. The few exceptions do not detract from the fact that these writers, who are profoundly concerned with man in his society, are telling us something about ourselves, about where we are and where we are going. We had better listen to them."

Elder sounds suspiciously like a guardian of morals who is happy to find his own beliefs supported herein, and while I am unhappy with the tone of his remarks, I find his anthology erratic but generally superior to the Scortia book.

The collection's best offering is Pamela Sargent's intriguing love story, "Clone Sister." At the beginning, as Sargent depicts the emotional breach that seems to hold Jim Swenson and his lover apart, one suspects the author is merely trying her hand at polished, male-oriented melodrama with well-realized characters and a lackadaisical plot.

But Sargent isn't after so easy a goal, and one soon discovers that Jim is a cloned human, created from his father's genetic material and living a close relationship with his three brothers and a sister, Kira.

Better yet, Sargent eschews the simple drama of super-powers and/or confused identities, treating her characters as fully-rounded human beings with a special slant on that age-old fascination, sex.

If the story has any faults it is merely that it is too short, only hinting at the psychological difficulties (especially of the three brothers) that with expansion could easily hold the reader for a much longer and closer examination. As it stands it is a marvelously lucid and moving story very much worth reading—but please, Ms. Sargent, how about a novel?

Where Sargent deals with the clone theme seriously, Thomas H. Scortia decides the theme needs shaking up with some laughs and provides plenty of them in "Flowering Narcissus."

Moncho is a delightful stereotype from the he-man mold—his love for his motorcycle is consuming and the bike is nearly an extension of his penis.

His additional passions include a strong bent for sadism and lust, for women who are as tough and hot-blooded as himself.

So when he awakens to discover himself the only human male in a world of effete androids, well, you can imagine his distaste. He's lucky, however, for one woman also survives, and she's just his type—lusty, busty and extremely glad to have a real man.

Scortia plays it out for all its dark humor, always aware that his audience is bound to be a bit more intelligent than the crowd that turns on to 'men's-magazine' sado-fiction, and the acid he injects is in many ways as subtle as it is unexpected. All in all, very amusing, very critical and, best of all, very understanding.

Robert Silverberg's "In the Group" reflects a social tragedy in the emotions of a man who is unable to adjust to the social 'norm'—in this case a

future where individuals form a Group in which they share each others' sexual interludes, two performing the physical functions as the rest plug in to share the experience with an electronic rig.

But as one man develops a passion for one particular woman, contrary to the Group's social order, Silverberg shows us results that are common in our own world—isolation, desperate substitution, and restless rambling (so easy in the future with world-spanning instant transport.)

Is there an answer to such problems, either in today's or tomorrow's concept of normal, or is the outcast always doomed to play his outcast role?

Silverberg's final assessment is pessimistic, but I think he shows us the way to optimism by giving a clear view of what we must avoid. His story at least makes one want to hope we can manage it.

When sexual freedom reaches full bloom and all minorities are allowed to go their own way, can anyone claim to be underdogs?

Perhaps, since Jon Stopa in "Kiddy-Lib" notices one minority group which may have been forgotten—the children.

And an unhappy group they are, too: "They were tired of being bedside spectators, tired of being the only deprived sector of society. They held sleep-ins in bordellos. Contraceptive outlets were blown up. Protestors went to orgies and stood around looking pathetic and glum."

But with the help of the DGMpa (Dirty Old Men) organization, and the frantic guidance of Teddi Bear, a DGMpa member beloved by all children, a new revolution against the Hippie Establishment is soon underway.

Child molestation is nearly impossible to deal with sympathetically, but it makes a clever action for Stopa's mildly amusing and farcical examination of sexual values.

If sex can be the life of man, it can equally be the death. In George Zebrowski's "Starcrossed," an MOB—

Modified Organic Brain, linked in a cyborg relationship with a ship headed for Antares—finds its mission threatened by the human link in its make-up, memories of sex and an attempt to recapture the pleasures of the flesh with the counterfeits it now possesses.

More intellectually than emotionally involving, in spite of Zebrowski's sometimes colorful description, the story is a notable experiment but may be far too depressing an outlook for its brevity.

Tom Swift is brought up to date in Thomas Brand's "Don Slow and His Electric Girl Getter," a farce of excess for the 'turned-on' generation.

Plotted precisely along the lines of the juveniles it parodies, Brand injects it with a heavy dose of sex to align it with an adult audience—Don Slow's intended death ray turns into a sex-stimulator that has an entire city (including people, animals, and even resurrected mummies from the museum) in the midst of an uncontrolled orgy.

I suppose your sense of humor must be very broad or specifically narrow to enjoy it totally, but some of the dialog is quite trenchant and sometimes deadly deadly funny.

The remaining four stories are either too bland or too confusing, failing to meet the standards of story more than the standards of sex.

Day by day, dolls appear more life-like, with soft shiny hair and vinyl skin, able to walk, talk and wet their pants. And day by day man seeks out more answers to his primal obsession, with machines assisting him in gauging his sexual response, what makes him turn on, keep on, stay on.

It all seems to be reducing down to a simple mechanical style, until one day, possibly, the unexpected response (the perverse desire?) may shift sides and man becomes hopelessly trapped in his plastic introspection.

It is, of course, a concept to ponder, but Edward Bryant's "2.46593," as so much of his work seems to me, is cool and (dare I say it?) mechanically calculated, too perfectly contrived to coax more than curiosity from readers

who are still trying to assess the stimulations of sexual technology.

Bryant examines the cultural effect at a personal level, yet his study produces only an intellectual and not an emotional response, a failing which seems to be endemic with many of the sf-sex stories.

Considering the subject, this response might be fine for a switched-off audience in the year 2000, the date of the final scene of this tale, but today's readers will find it bothersomely bland.

Of course if loving yourself isn't quite enough, as in Bryant's story, then you can love as someone else, which is what Gordon Eklund visualizes in "Lovemaker."

In this one an 'actor' named Adrian has his passionate love-tussles with various lovely ladies transferred electronically to viewers who share the physical pleasures.

Eklund's story hinges on a basic mystery that develops with the plot: is Adrian human, or an android, or an android who thinks he's human, or a human who thinks he's an android, or one who thinks he's the other but really—well, you get the idea.

Adding to the mystification is some background flack about a large number of deaths in a Mars colony, which should illuminate (but doesn't) just how far the confusion between human and android has progressed.

Perhaps Eklund feels this work is edifying; I find it simply baffling and a bit boring.

In "Whistler," Ron Goulart sees the future of sex the way he sees everything else, one big nasty madhouse of humans trying desperately to cope with the new technology.

Here he has a commercial artist rather unwillingly pulled into a scheme to make money renting out a sex-android (male) to lonely women. In the end the scheme backfires as the android proves to be, in his own words, "horny," and the women who have need of him troublesomely the wrong women.

Goulart's dialogue of one-liners

and small rejoinders are on the limp side, and the plot's conclusion is rather too obvious from the beginning.

Barry N. Malzberg has by now become so hung-up on man in space and the unheeded imprint of it on man's sexual nature that one who is familiar with even a few of his previous stories will find "Ups and Downs" just one more weary god in Malzberg's disheartened pantheon.

I can't deduce whether the confused dates—the astronaut is 41, born in 1955, yet the year of the story is 1993—are negligence, typesetter's error, or merely one more straw on a haystack of bafflement (I suspect the latter, as he's pulled this trick before in his fiction) as the reader tries to deduce if the astronaut's female companion is imaginary, a secret technological marvel, or (doubtfully) real.

You'll have to supply your own answers. Malzberg's too busy cleaning out what he sees as the bedpan of the world to be neat about the process.

Elder's book is not a very smooth one, nor is it particularly trendsetting or revealing, but it is generally a good read for those who can afford a seven dollar good read.

(For those who watch their funds more closely, the paperback will surely be out in a year or so and the good stories will not diminish their value by then, so hang on.)

Neither this book nor the Scortia anthology are definitive, and at the moment what we really need is a definitive book on sex and science fiction.

Joanna Russ might put a good one together, and so might Damon Knight, or perhaps Harlan Ellison, or perhaps me.

I know I'm not doing one, and to my knowledge none of the others have shown an interest in it, so we'll have to hope that sales on these two books prompt others to mine the field more closely and turn out the book we're still patiently waiting to see.

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If these two anthologies prove that the short story market is managing an existence for sex-and-sf stories, the novel market seems to have dwindled away altogether, what with the recent disinterest of the more "active" porno publishers and the adherence to a more general sex-line by the majors.

Lancer and Berkley still publish a selection of semi-porno volumes, most of which seem to be about starlets and super-studs, generally with a patina of simplistic comedy.

Lancer, however, has at the last moment decided that perhaps a 'big' sf name could lead to impressive sales figures and has published Samuel R. Delany's *THE IDES OF LUST* (Lancer 71344, 1973, \$1.50, 173 pp.)

Some readers may be surprised that Delany would allow his name to appear on something as unremittingly hard-core as this novel is, while the audience for sex novels is likely to have its collective jaw thudding on the floor at a brush with something that reveals the writer is more than the usual illiterate; it is, I think, going to be a book that surprises almost everyone and is, surely, one of the more startling novels to appear in some time.

In his dedication, Delany warns: "This is an artificial, extravagant and pretentious book, Joe Soley. But it is honest before its artifice; and in this age of extravagant expressions, honesty is the last pretention... In it are summary informations. Summate only if you would."

The story involves a group of people aboard a diesel ship, the *SCORPION*, and cobbles together a mixture of first- and third-person narratives that keeps the plot hovering on the brink of insanity, sometimes hanging precariously by only a finger or toe, or less.

A Faustian diorama of physical pleasures and mental obsessions, dancing mournfully around a platform of souls for sale, the plot itself disintegrates into unreality

as the characters shift closer to aberrant and perverse godliness.

The black Captain, writing in his ship's log, seems to be a conduit (as do other characters at various unexpected moments) for Delany's occasional hints as to how to approach this book with even a hint of understanding—

For example: "But maybe the best way to describe what I'm trying isn't to describe it clear. You read a story and suddenly there's a part that becomes just words because you know nobody ever did it like that, or said it that way but you have to pretend just to find out what happened. What I am describing is like that, too. Everything flattens out and isn't real." (p. 34-5)

There are intimations of Satan in everyone as they wallow in sexual excess in search of themselves, a search that itself turns into a velvet trap, misleading, deceptive and dangerous in a slow and agonizing way. The lies are incalculable, a chaff of intricacy that cannot be sifted by mere mortals.

As Proctor, a character who is as caught in his 'liberalized' attitudes as the most prudish maiden aunt is caught in hers, tells the Captain:

"There's a rumor, Captain, that the day the devil comes seven times between noon and midnight, we will begin an age of moral chaos such as is only hinted at in the tale of the expulsion from the garden."

The Captain's climaxes are numbered, reaching throughout the day towards seven, and the devil, if and where he exists, is not about to reveal the nearness of his goal.

The theme suggests an author's reaction to the similar plot lines of R. A. Lafferty's *THE DEVIL IS DEAD*, with Lafferty's religious assertions dropped in favor of a glutted human viewpoint.

The characters' search turns into a literal hunt, the object of which is a woman named Catherine, whose crimes of perversity are not the crimes for which she is being sought:

"It is her aesthetic and ethical elusiveness that make her the subject

of the hunt ...She has spied on the devil. But so have you. So have we all, and indulged the irony of recognition, which, on a greater scale, is her only crime." (p. 124)

—which once more brings us back to the paradox of knowledge as power and "sin," its ability to reach out beyond its own womb and make its presence known.

In the final confrontation with Catherine, she accuses her pursuers of "self-consciousness...which causes not the fantasy to become concrete," and expresses her consuming desire to cause "the concrete to crumble with the advent of the fantastic." (p. 150)

Perhaps the key line of dialogue comes near the end when Proctor says: "I'm transported by the idea of using the material in such a way that all the relations remain unreal...I'm only interested in chaos as far as it can be contained in ritual." (p. 170-1)

I feel Delany has succeeded in depicting chaos in ritual, but the problem is: Now that we have it, what do we do with it? This, perhaps, is the book's most trying aspect.

It does not put us at ease about our secret sexual yearnings by flooding us with descriptions of physical domination/submission that revel in exploiting (and exaggerating) the limits of our bodies. It does, in part, reveal to us the passions of obsession, which can fascinate and appall, disgust and stimulate all at the same time.

The sexual provocation from this book is far inferior to the intellectual tease—not inferior in itself, but simply in relation to its literary environs—which is engaging but much too chaotic to totally captivate any but the most scholarly readers.

The sex may hold those who cannot fathom the depths of Delany's psyche, but to grasp even that they will have to have more patience than is usually expected of them and submit to Delany's desire to make them read.

If the novel is not a total success, it is not a total failure either. It is punctuated with some of the quickest and most virulent satire the fantasy

FOUNDATION

THE REVIEW OF SCIENCE FICTION

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Foundation is in A5 format, usually over 100 pages per issue.

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Foundation 5: (due out December 1973.) Articles by Poul Anderson, Peter Nicholls, Ian Watson, David Ketterer. Reviews by David Masson, Brian W. Aldiss, Christopher Priest, John Brunner, Brian Stableford, Philip Strick. Subjects covered include *The Great Tradition of Proto Science Fiction*, *Rogue Moon*, SF — Entertainment or Instruction.

Foundation 6: (due out March 1974.) Special Brian Aldiss and S.R. Delany issue. Including articles on the work of both writers, and a piece by Delany himself. Contributors include Mark Adlard, Doug Barbour, Göran Bengtson. Also Robert S. Chapman on SF and Social Prejudice in the U.S.A. in the 1950s.

Foundation is a journal of comment and criticism, carrying many book and film reviews. It seeks to mediate between academic and popular views of science fiction. It is, we hope, scrupulous without being dry, entertaining without condescension.

(or sex) genre has ever produced—especially notable is a grave-digger's scene about men who desire the ultimate in female frigidity, and a homosexual love scene between two brothers that clearly indicates narcissism far exceeds their desire for each other.

Few sex novels are willing to show the mindlessness of sex with all the manners and decorum totally vanished, and this one must surely be noted for the fact that it does just that.

The audience for this novel may be large, but the audience satisfied with it will be much smaller, less from the book's actual failings than from the scope of what it is trying to achieve.

Has Delany added anything new to the genre? Possibly, but if he has it's going to take a lot of explanation to get it across to other writers (and readers).

Delany's poetic, sometimes crystalline prose is often a joy to read, and portions of this book are really stunning; all we need now is an interpreter. I'm too dumb for the job, and Delany's too expensive...volunteers with the proper sexual credentials will be eagerly interviewed.

+++

Now, in 1973, we should stop and look around a bit to see what has actually been achieved.

From the earlier promises of Theodore Sturgeon (VENUS PLUS X and many shorter works) and Philip Jose Farmer (THE LOVERS), science fiction trekked through some lean years, went slightly berserk with overreaction for a time, and then produced some more promises.

Ursula K. Le Guin's THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS was a true achievement, and with its impressive biological reasons for a probe into the human reaction to bisexuality and sex roles opened the way to pathos that as yet remain only vaguely explored.

Thomas M. Disch's hand was a little heavy in CAMP CONCENTRATION, but he was not dishonest and went far beyond the likes of Spinrad in his study of sex and power (or, sex and lack of, however you wish to phrase it).

Mild but frequently funny satire jumped up for a moment in Sven Delblanc's generally ignored HONORICULUS, and D. G. Compton's SYTHAJAY brilliantly correlated the depths of the sexual mind with the sexless accretions of technology.

And, finally, Robert Heinlein's I WILL FEAR NO EVIL (following the earlier light sexual play in the widely-read STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND) brought screams of outrage and disappointment from the Heinlein crowd, but, if not a perfect novel, proved to be a shifty and in many ways delightful turnabout from one of science fiction's most accomplished practitioners.

Yet, once again, we are floundering. With occasional exceptions (such as Ellison's recent anthology), science fiction has caught itself in already well-mined areas of speculation.

In spite of this, I do not propose we toss optimism out the window. There are new writers who are obviously aware of the mistakes of the past few years and, only beginning to make themselves known, are managing to slip some sexual perceptions past editors who may or may not see their implications.

Robert Thurston and Raylyn Moore have turned some really clever and wicked psychological tricks, with Thurston especially penetrating the subject of sex with care and delicate precision.

Barry Malzberg, James Tiptree, Jr., Lawrence Yep, Joanna Russ, Gene Wolfe, and James Sallis are all writers who bear a close watch.

None of them devote themselves exclusively to sex-and-sf, but all of them have treated it in ways that promise the subject will not be squashed by the creeping conservatism that mindlessly threatens to shut down one of the most interesting and important avenues of human exploration.

We may explore the universe to its very end, but until we get down into the nitty-gritty of the human mind in its struggle for self-enlightenment on its sexual identity, we haven't really even left the planet.

It's time, I think, to take off... in both directions!

A portion of this work appeared originally in KWALHIOQUA #6 (from Ed Cagle, Route #1, Leon, KS 67074).

LETTER FROM RICHARD DELAP

((Geis Note: the dirty raxafress of a Sears electric with its Presidential Pica isn't working properly as far as cutting a stencil for headings, as you will observe above. So I go to the ever-reliable Olympia standard Elite. This notice has been a part of Operation Candor. (No, I don't know why the electric typer is malfunctioning...I suspect, however, that the 18 missing keys were melted because of proximity to a tape recorder and a 50-100-150 watt lamp which were on when I mistakenly pushed the Repeat button as I also shifted the power ribbon to stencil position, using my right big toe while I tried to pet the cat which happened to go meow at that critical instant. I would never lie. Why, I've been working for sf fandom for 23 years!))

((But now to Richard Delap's letter.))

"As for your remarks on the article/review (('Tomorrow's Libido: Sex and Science Fiction')), I'm rather disturbed that you find me 'unfair.' 'Arrogant!' I don't mind, but unfair? No, I don't think so.

"To explain at least one remark, re the sex in DYING INSIDE, I most certainly do think it was simply thrown in. My reason for this is in connection with the characterization of Selig himself.

"In contrast to the manipulative and successful (but emotionally hard and empty) Nyquist, Selig is sorrowing and unsuccessful in life and love and has no body for a character who must carry an entire novel.

"Despite Selig's jumping outside his own narrative like an observer and other odd quirks, he fails to conjure any emotional feeling in the reader. He has nothing with which to be involved, and all this in spite of the fact that he has a power with which the reader should want to identify.

"His loss of that power should gnaw at the reader and leave him feeling as helpless as Selig feels, yet the book is emotionally sterile and uninvolving.

"The sex is likewise empty and unemotional—fine for a like character (like Nyquist) but odd when settled on Selig. The sex episodes are the only ones with which the reader can identify, but they are so depthless that they give nothing to the character.

"The novel should be depressing; instead it is merely boring. Actually, I don't think the book is really awful, but to me it seems to fail to live up to the intensity that should come with such a close narrative. In some ways interesting, but not really very successful. Do I make my point, or am I just blowing hot air?"

((You make your point about how you reacted to the novel; it's easy to assume that "my" emotional response or non-response to a story/character/background is the response every reader will have (or should have); that's an occupational hazard for critics.

((I understand that the sex content was cut in the GALAXY serialization (which is the version I read) from that of the Scribner's hardcover edition. But it's no secret that Bob has had "quality-control" problems with his sex scenes in the past.

((I liked DYING INSIDE very much, yet I will agree with you that the book did drag in spots. Selig (to me) seemed a damn fool more often than not; I was angry at him and was turned off by his failures, even though they were consistent with his character. I was involved.))

"As to Spinrad, well, I did say he's written some good short stories (and he has). That's the best I can say for someone whose novels consistently bore me to sleep (it took me a week to read THE IRON DREAM because I kept dozing off after every few chapters)."

I've just received a tape recording saying I've been implicated in Watergate.

Baal made me do it

LETTER FROM CHARLES W. RUNYON

"You wield a critic's scalpel like a berserk norseman hewing through an orphanage with a double-bitted battle-axe. I like your style.

"Respectability to an sf writer is like virtue to a whore; it just creates problems. Therefore I wish you moderate success with your magazine, enough to add grace to your poverty, but not enough to make you pretentious.

"Pretentiousness is obscene and should be barred from the mails. In support of this view I am sending along a fable I wrote. I do not enclose a s.s.a.e. because I regard this as cruel and unusual punishment on the part of editors, rather like asking a defendant to bring rope to his trial, in case he might be sentenced to hang. Here then, without apology, is:

THE DEATH OF THE GOOD DOCTOR (A Fable)

He ate ½-kilo of bug dust and his expiring words were: "So many promises broken..."

To this sad tale there can be no sequel in our three worlds. As he neared the end of his manifestation, the note of melancholy which like a dirge beat out the march of his days gave way to a dissonance of dings and squawks and bells and clackers, and the most demure of all possibilities was madness.

A grave and studious nonsense became his characteristic response to those who plucked his sleeve and whispered: Tell me it isn't true—

"BUT IT IS!" he would say. "We may shuffle our feet and giggle, turn cartwheels and comb our hair down over our eyes and make funny faces, invent labor-saving devices, write poems and novels, command armies and nations, beget children and order dogs around, but always posturing before the bitch with sly self-conscious smirk as if to say, Now look here, can't you make just one exception?"

"But Destiny's face is cold iron. And furthermore..."

"It is in the nature of things that they disappear, fade, rust, crumble,

disintegrate, rot and sink into a primeval slime without fundament ... and in the nature of people attached to things that they recapitulate the devolution of their icons..."

So the good doctor grew testy beyond his years, petulant with those who sought to engage him in philosophical discussion about the afterlife and the transmigration of souls.

He complained of their delusions that the ringing in their ears was truly the celestial music of the spheres, and the throbbing of their hearts the beating drums of destiny, and the grumble of their guts the first premonitory rumble of the crumbling crunching juggernaut of ultimate destruction....

And yet—

The cold eye of critical contempt which he turned upon his fellow men did not mitigate his own pretension.

He had nit-picked his way through life, combing all human relationships for those little mites of admiration which would fatten his ego.

He regarded his impending demise as the end of the universe, the ultimate eradication from earth of all that is good and true and beautiful—himself.

He looked up at those who gathered around his dying form and spoke the words which are now inscribed upon his granite headrest:

"If ignorance is bliss,
here is enough joy
to fill a universe."

Geis Note: I return to Presidential Pica headings, having keenly ascertained the problem and corrected it. The caps were hitting the top of the ribbon in the stencil position.

With stencil reproduction I type the pages in serial, which permits/imposes an on-going series of off-the-cuff comments and trivia...like this.

Today is Dec. 4th and I have a raging cold. I gave it to Contac. After a few hours Contac gave it back. *Snurffle*

"Pickering, why can't a woman be like a fan?"

(GASP) A LETTER FROM
HARRY HARRISON

"My thanks for the copies of ALIEN
CRITIC. A very interesting magazine
and up to your always high standards.

"I wish I could say more but time
is short and I grow weary. As you know
I am weariest most of the whining, self-
pitying voice of one T. White, better
known as white. I heard he was bad-
mouthing me again but upon reading his
reedy snivel from the echoing insides
of an empty condom dispenser I find my-
self depressingly possessed by a few
vague emotions.

"They are all colored by extreme
boredom. Here is white trotting out
all his ancient and vague theories a-
bout that fine reviewer, Leroy Tanner,
and parading them as if they were (a)
new and (b) true. Here he is one more
time ringing the changes on old lies
about me, mine, things, names, fantasies,
the SFWA. It is all really quite aston-
ishing.

"I will explain to the neofen and
those who through fatigue and/or dis-
interest (I don't blame you) have for-
gotten just what the hell is going on.
The following is a checklist. It is to
be read after reading anything white
writes and will serve to put it in per-
spective:

(1) white is a liar.

(2) The only facts in his copy are
distorted, and there are very few of
them. Dribble-chinned prevarications
are preferred every time.

(3) He is an embezzler and a number
of us kept this quiet at the time in the
hopes that he wouldn't go completely
around the bend. We preferred that the
money be repaid than that he be squashed.

(4) He is a failed incompetent. His
dreary magazines lose more and more mon-
ey every day and, by the time you read
this, they should have folded complete-
ly. A good thing, too; they give other
fanzines a bad name.

I can't bear rereading his nonsense
but didn't he threaten in his copy to
retire, or work on a farm to masturbate
bulls for an artificial insemination
firm or something? Encourage him to do
it. If he is half as boring to himself

as to us he should do right by everyone
and slip up his own asshole and vanish.

"Goodbye, white...."

((Harry has mentioned something
which has been kept quiet among the in-
ner circles of fandom and prodom. I'll
send a copy of the letter to Ted and he
can address himself to it in a column or
letter if he chooses.))

A PAK OF TROUBLES
A Review of Larry Niv-
en's PROTECTOR

Ballantine 23486, \$1.25

In spite of the fact that he chose
a horrendous name-to-pronounce for an
alien menace of sorts (Phssthpok is his
name, protecting his bloodline is his
game) Larry Niven has written another
winner in PROTECTOR.

It is the kind of book a reviewer
hates to betray by telling its story-
line, because it is so interwoven and
engrossing, so well done, that to tell
any part is to deprive the reader of
some element of discovery and pleasure.

So—trust me on this one. PROTEC-
TOR twists and turns, surprises and
surprises again. It is detailed, whole,
convincing... Well, maybe at the end
it takes a quantum jump to a mega-solu-
tion that raises an eyebrow...but think
it through.

The fate of mankind is involved
here, and the transformation of one man
into a strange immortal indeed. But,
then, Phssthpok is strange, too.

This is one of the few books deal-
ing with aliens and "aliens" of extreme-
ly superior intelligence that is con-
vincing; proving, I suspect, that Lar-
ry Niven is himself of superior intel-
ligence. Certainly his powers of con-
centration and imagination and story/
background retention are awe-inspiring.

Oh, hell, I'll say it—PROTECTOR
is of Hugo and Nebula quality.

PASSING THOUGHT DEPT: Do you suppose
people will read more because of the
gas-oil shortage—thus helping the
marginal sf mags and publishers?

LETTER FROM THOMAS GAL-
LOWAY

"I would like to confirm your worst
nightmares. I have discovered how to
write easily. Brace yourself, for the
age of the hard-working, soul-wrench-
ing writer is over!

"What is my formula, you ask (and
even if you don't)? Easy; you take a
dozen IBM 370/195s, each with thirty
channels devoted to seven levels of
multiplexors which are in turn connect-
ed to high speed printers.

"I program these hags for random
character generation and let them go.
Admittedly I'll get a little waste,
but at least there'll be plot!"

((There. will!))

"With my method I can even surpass
Asimov's ability to churn by paying ex-
tra for inertia-less drive on my print
chains."

((I don't know... I think I'll
stick to the old-fashioned method.
I—

((Excuse me, gotta go; my million
monkeys are running low on paper for
their typewriters. God, does that cage
stink!))

LETTER FROM
HARLAN ELLISON

"Since I haven't given out the com-
plete table of contents to anyone else,
I wanted to keep you up to the moment
with additions. The book closed, I
could not pass up the following. Please
add to the list you have.

((Said list was published in TAG#7))

"You'll notice Coney made it. A
vile sick story. The Intro will be
very interesting.

"The title on the West story is
tentative, will be changed by West
soon.

+++++

"Robert Wissner, 'A Night at the
Opera,' (3000 words);

"Charles L. Harness, 'Signals,'
(13,125 words);

"Richard E. Peck, 'None So Deaf',
(2000 words);

"Harry Harrison, 'A Dog and His
Boy,' (4000 words);

"Michael G. Coney, 'Suzy is Something Special,' (8000 words);

"Cordwainer Smith, 'Himself in Anachron,' (2500 words);

"Wallace West, 'The Other Side of Space,' (10,500 words).

"The Smith is an original, unpublished in any form, anywhere...and brilliant. Lost for 25 years. He wrote it right after 'Scanners Live in Vain'—his 2nd story. Got West writing again after 17 years. Harness's first in six years. And maybe a 1st sf novel by Robt. Gover.

"Total stories: 78 - Total authors: 75. Total words: 491, 375, with Preface, Forewords, Afterwords, Introduction, etc. yet to be added."

((Harlan is talking about his mammoth anthology, THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS. Michael G. Coney wrote a controversial letter which appeared in IAC #6 and as a result of reading the letter, Harlan challenged Michael to write a story for LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS. I'll have a special interest in that one.))

AN IMPERFECT ARK HAS LOST ITS BIRD

A Review of STARLOST

I have to grin at Harlan Ellison's Revenge—his using the name "Cordwainer Bird" as a credit name on the series when he abandoned his degraded, sabotaged TV child, STARLOST.

The producers and the network moguls have done us dirt, as usual, it being beyond their belief and understanding that the potential audience for science fiction on TV would really want something more mature and less simple-minded than what these weekly episodes provide. Especially at the "kiddee" hour of 7:00 P.M.

The series is based on the fine, intriguing "Universe" concept by Robert A. Heinlein—an Ark, a vast spaceship containing (in this case, not colonists) the remnants of mankind in search of a new world Earth has been destroyed.

But an accident, hundreds of years ago during the generations-long voyage,

ruined the Ark's internal communications and perhaps altered its course.

Each vast "pod" is now a separate society, linked to the other pods and to the main hull by automatic, taboo, supply tubes.

The peoples in each society have forgotten or mythologized their past, and exist in closed, different, miniature cultures.

Three young people, two men and a woman, have discovered that the Ark is in danger, on a collision course, and are seeking a way, information, skills, to save the Ark and mankind.

I gathered all this from the one episode I saw—November 6th. It was titled (if I remember correctly—those titles and credits go by pretty damn quick) "The Goddess of Calabra" which was 'inspired' by a story by Ursula K. Le Guin.

The script of this episode was long on action, short on plausibility.

It concerned a pod in which the women had all died as a result of radiation caused by the disastrous accident to the Ark in the dim past. The men had to grow their own replacements in artificial wombs—but could not grow females.

The men had a myth concerning a goddess Calabra who would someday return....

And of course the young woman was mistaken for the legendary goddess when she and her two companions appeared in the pod.

There was a Governor—gladiator who ruled by force and by successfully defeating his Challengers. There was a Church and a Priest or two, and there were guards.

None of the average citizens were ever seen, of course (limited sets, limited budget).

So—the Governor wanted to marry the woman/Goddess, become a "God" and thus avoid further Challengers and eventual death.

The plot worked its shallow, childish way to its resolution according to formula (the three continuing,

main characters must get away to continue their search/exploration of the Ark).

The acting was of necessity theatrical—exaggerated, stagey.

Yet the actors, particularly John Calicos as the Governor, and Barry Morse as the head Priest, actually at times triumphed over the juvenile script.

I both admired them and felt sorry for them. (But at least they were working.)

STARLOST is for kids. Aimed at them, baited for them. Adult and mature sf enthusiasts will have to wait and hope that the current glut of detective and police shows on TV will run itself so thin that the networks will, perhaps next season, desperately try something in the line of an adult "sci-fi" or fantasy series again.

But there is something to be said for STARLOST—it likely is creating and reinforcing an ever-larger audience for science fiction among the grammar school-age young who watch it...and in the larger view it is healthily subversive; it is marvelously irreverent to authority figures, and it shows a variety of alternate cultures and societies. It inevitably plants the seed of objectivity and perspective in young minds and very likely, in a large number of its viewers, creates curiosity, a hunger for knowledge.

A smart, totalitarian government would never allow science fiction to be published or shown.

LETTER FROM JOHN BOARDMAN

"Ellison laid his accusations against Pelz before the whole attendance of Lunacon in his Guest-of-Honor speech on the last day of the convention.

"This was only one of several Ellison speeches, since he really knocked himself out for the committee and attendees.

"On the last day of the Lunacon the question came up of whether and how

much, a speaker ought to charge at conventions. It set off an interesting three-way discussion among Ellison, Asimov and Clarke on this topic.

"Ike says that he charges his usual speaker fees to all groups except fans and librarians, to whom he charges merely expenses because of the help these groups have given his career.

"Harlan generally agreed with these premises, but insisted that he is not a public utility, and that an author is entitled to be paid for his time and efforts.

"This became necessary because of rumors being circulated by a faction of Lunarians which is trying to take control of the Lunacon away from Al Schuster.

"Last April these ambitions took the form of fantastic rumors about the financial arrangement between Al and Harlan.

"Fees of something like \$3,000. were being kicked around by rumor, and it was to spike these that Harlan laid out in precise detail the actual terms of his arrangement with Lunacon—namely expenses of travel and a hotel room. (He didn't even charge a stud fee.)

"He then gave some details of Pelz's management of the previous year's ((1972)) Worldcon, including vast slices of money which Pelz had carved for himself. (I don't recall the precise details, but I am sure Harlan would be glad to put them in print.)

"Around some elements of New York fandom there seems to be a belief that everyone is allowed to make money except Al Schuster. Pelz can boost the Worldcon fee to \$8. and be vague about where all this goes, the hucksters can charge \$20. each for old comic books, and that veteran rip-off artist Bob Lowndes has the respect of fandom whenever he opens his mouth, but the heavens will fall if Schuster makes a few dollars off a STAR TREK con after working his ass off to bring it about."

+++

"As to violence in the films, I am not saying that somewhere in a well-padded boardroom a group of media execu-

tives got together and said, 'If America is to stay a militant and warlike nation, more bloodshed must be shown in films.'

"This sounds too much like Bryan's fantasies of '96, or Goldwater's of '64, or Mark Lane's of any year you'd care to name.

"What I am saying is that there is a general feeling at policy-making levels that violence is good and that only sissies will object to its depiction.

"This extends even to the 11 o'clock news—look how a steady diet of violent acts from Indochina was fed to the American people all during the period of active American involvement of ground forces.

"Or see how, for years and years, violent acts have been the staples of TV shows. Is all this accidental?

"And where violence is promoted, sex must be taboo. George Orwell said it this way in 1984:

"She had grasped the inner meaning of the Party's sexual puritanism. It was not merely that the sex instinct created a world of its own which was outside the Party's control and which therefore had to be destroyed if possible. What was more important was that sexual privation induced hysteria, which was desirable because it could be transformed into war fever and leader worship. The way she put it was:

"'When you make love you're using up energy; and afterwards you feel happy and don't give a damn for anything. They can't bear you to feel like that. All this marching up and down and cheering and waving flags is simply sex gone sour. If you're happy inside yourself, why should you get excited about Big Brother and the Three-Year Plans and the Two Minutes Hate and all the rest of their bloody rot?'"

((Boy, do you use loaded phrases. 'Fed' 'a steady diet of violent acts' implies a plan, a strategy. It was this 'diet' of cruelty and violence which turned the people off, not on.

((And if TV had not covered the war

(since it was the biggest story, day-by-day of concern to great masses of the American people, you would have ranted (I load a few myself) about censorship to hide the awful truth from the people and allow the war to continue.

((Many people nowadays have no trouble accepting man's sexuality, but man's inherent capacity/willingness to rape, kill, torture, rob and cheat his fellow man (and anything else that lives that has something he wants) is unacceptable; the dogma is that violence in man is/must-be imposed somehow, by "environment"—and by conspiracy and/or manipulation.

((Violence/action has always been a staple of fiction (not just TV fiction!) because it's easy and because people like it. People have always liked it—as entertainment. And as entertainment action/violence cannot be too graphic or realistic (although the pendulum swings widely over the centuries as to degree and intensity of "acceptable" violence), else it cross the line of fantasy and become an uncomfortable, frightening reminder of ugly, deadly truths...which are what the reader/viewer is trying to escape.

((The human mind/body is an endlessly fascinating can of worms.

((Orwell to the contrary, I'm not convinced that a frustrated or inhibited sex life results in hysteria and free-floating emotional energy. (Or that sexual satiety makes one an intellectual or emotional vegetable between sex acts.)

((On the other hand the consistent need/desire of governments and religions to control and usually restrict people's sex lives tends to indicate to me that there is an "instinctive" awareness of such a relationship. Or perhaps the need to control other (usually younger, more virile) people's sex activity by (usually older, relatively impotent) people may be bedded in envy and jealousy...and perhaps, somehow, a fear of freedom in general. (One's attitude toward freedom for the individual may go back to one's toilet training; certain types of anal-reten-

tive personalities may be disposed to totalitarianism ("My Mommy made me do it!")

((For my thoughts on \$\$\$ and conventions see my "Alien Thoughts" this issue.))

Dr. Max Rafferty, writing for HUMAN EVENTS, has a word for the concern about violence on TV.

"Balderdash," he says. "Children down the centuries have been fed an almost unmixed entertainment diet of terror, crime and assorted violence with no marked effect on the international crime rate."

As examples he quotes fairy tales, with Red Riding Hood's grandmother being gobbled by a wolf (and the wolf in turn getting chopped up by the woodsman), Hansel and Gretel barbecuing the witch, and Jack the Giant-Killer wading knee deep in giant gore shortly after the giant had threatened, 'Be he alive or be he dead, I'll grind his bones to make my bread.'

Rafferty points to murder, mayhem and robbery in Mother Goose rhymes: the blind mice have their tails whacked off, Cock Robin gets skewered with an arrow, sadistic Johnny Green throws Pussy down the well, and a little man with a little gun with bullets of lead, lead, lead, shoots a little duck through the head, head, head.

Not to mention the old man getting flung downstairs for not saying his prayers, a maid in the garden getting her nose plucked off by a bird, the Knave of Hearts stealing the Queen's goodies, Tom the piper's son stealing a pig, and kids lying outright to credulous ladybugs about their burning homes and children.

"Kids are smart enough to distinguish fantasy from fact, and fiction from flesh-and-blood," concludes Dr. Rafferty. "Too bad a lot of mush-headed adults aren't equally discriminating."

"People are constantly coming up to me and talking as if I were really Ben Cartright."

—Lorne Green, of BONANZA

"Human violence is inherent in the process of 'civilizing' a baby; the rages and frustrations of an all-powerful, solipsistic infant gradually made mortal and common do not die—they sink into the unconscious and are never fully given up or defanged. 99% of the time they are controlled or dormant.

"But in some children these rages lie close to the surface, and the conviction of godhood and immortality never expire or are reached by reality.

"Human violence is inescapable; the spoiled, indulged child has been encouraged to retain his illusions and will strike out in pure infantile id-rage if frustrated. The 'broken' infant will always harbour resentments and angers and will be ready under the right conditions to let that rage surface."

—Vik Kunzar,
THE NATURE OF THE BEAST

"There is a cult of despair today and any optimism is regarded as sentimental drivel or worse. Trilling, in BEYOND CULTURE, to which I have already referred, says that the

imagination of felicity is difficult for us to exercise. We feel that it is a betrayal of our awareness of our world of pain, that it is politically inappropriate.

"He proceeds to draw attention to the 'psychic fact' that more and more of our authors (and presumably their readers) 'repudiate pleasure and seek gratification in—to use Freud's word—unpleasure.'"

"This cult of 'unpleasure' might seem to have no connection with the violence and animalism which are the predominant characteristics of modern literature; but, if we examine this phenomenon a little more closely, we shall see that it is yet another integral part of the compact unity of our age. Violence is almost invariably the result of a sadistic impulse; the cult of unpleasure is simply another term for masochism. One does not need to be a psychologist to recognise in both these

impulses the same desire to hurt.

"Erich Fromm recognises the persistent conjunction of these two in certain personalities; both tendencies, he suggests, are the outcome of 'an inability to bear the isolation and weakness of one's own self'.

"They are, in fact, two sides of the same coin and equally repugnant to the classical ideal of civilised man, an ideal based upon serenity (or inner harmony), dignity and restraint. To the extent that modern artists and writers lack this inner harmony, their products might be termed 'neurotic', were it not that all such normative judgments seem nowadays to be taboo."

—Duncan Williams
TROUSERED APES

BRACE YOURSELVES----
WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED!

A Review of Fredric Wertham's THE WORLD OF FANZINES—A Special Form of Communication. Southern Illinois University Press, \$10.00.

When I got this one in the mail I was both pleased and apprehensive.

When a world-renowned psychiatrist of the old school (Wertham was born in Bavaria in 1895, educated in London, Munich, Erlangen, Wurzburg, Vienna, and Paris) turns his attention to fanzines after having examined comic books (and having caused earthquakes and investigations in and of that industry) a slight tremor is justified.

However, be not alarmed—the man loves us! He thinks we are creative, unique, talented, and sociologically and culturally of some significance.

He sees us as a good, healthy phenomenon, uncensored, an evenly-balanced form of private, in-group communication, unpretentious and, well, pure.

Also, we are not prone to violence, drugs or pornography. At least, not in our fanzines. At least, not often.

He poo-poo's the charges that fanzines and fandom are psychologically unhealthy, flights from real life and evidence of neurosis or worse. And,

he should know. We've got a clean bill of mental health...at least as a genre; I'm not so sure about certain specific fans...and they're not so sure about me.

Wertham has a collection of fanzines of his own, and has borrowed others. He includes science fiction, fantasy and comic fanzines (the full range of each type) and is careful to make distinctions and shadings.

He describes fans and fanzines quite accurately, puts us in our niche in the overall culture, separates us properly from the underground press, examines our special words and publishing conventions, our morality and modus operandi.

It's a thorough look at us and our publishing. He names a lot of names and quotes a lot of quotes. Heady stuff.

His advice to sociologists that we are worthy of looking into is nervous-making: being a cultural bug on a specimen plate makes me queasy.

But we have to expect some activity in this area—academics are always on the lookout for new areas of possible research and analysis (the way logging companies are always looking for fresh, virgin forests), and now that sf and fantasy have become academically respectable, and now that a Big Name Psychiatrist has peered at fans and fanzines and pronounced us a real part of the cultural world....

We've lost our invisibility—and may soon lose our virginity. ("Ahhh, Oooo... Ummm... Oh, professor, do it again....")

Thanks a lot, Doctor!

AWARD NEWS NOTES

In early December, George Hay Xmass-carded from England, "Tonight I go on TV to announce that the SF Foundation will soon be awarding a Master of Philosophy degree in SF."

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From BCSFA NEWSLETTER #6:

"ELRONS—WHAT ARE THEY?

"During the First Vancouver SF Convention, a 'fiendish mind' (according to Mike Walsh) conceived—with Brent

MacLean, OK Brent?—wrote and presented a series of awards designed to shame certain authors into silence. The Elron Awards (no connection to a well known SF hack, L. Ron Hubbard) were bronzed lemons mounted on a classy plywood base and were presented for the Worst Novel, Least Promising Author, and Worst Dramatic Presentation.

"Someone also was elected to the Elron Hall of Fame—for continued disservice to SF.

"The presentation of the awards raised some static in Eastern SF circles, and consequently were not presented at V-con II.

"However, we intend to revive them for V-con III, so think up nominations. Remember no story or movie is so bad, it can't receive an Elron."

—Mike Bailey

The V-con III is at the Georgia Hotel, Vancouver, B.C., CANADA, on February 22-24.

LETTER FROM BOB BLOCH

((Sorry about that slanted heading, Bob. The machine defied me. I'd much rather they defied me, but...))

"I like the latest AC ((#7)), and have only one complaint—there's not enough REG in it! You have always constituted the unique ingredient in your own fanzine, and I hate to see you more or less confined to a few double-bracketed retorts in the letter cols. Even a response to a letter from Edmond Hamilton's wife, which would be double-Leigh Bracketted, wouldn't suffice. Hope you're more in evidence next issue."

((Another vote for more Geis. Quite a few others have urged me to sprawl around, undo my belt and use up a lot of space.

((One of the dreaded side-effects of my p*r*o*f*e*s*s*i*o*n*a*l*1*y p*r*i*n*t*e*d fanzines is the shrinking of my participation. I must be a dumb snob at heart. This issue should make everyone happy except Perri Press.))

ROBERT BLOCH'S BANQUET SPEECH AT THE 1973 WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION AT TORONTO

Ladies and Gentlemen—and Canadians:

That's the way I started my talk at the First Toronto World Science Fiction Convention, twenty-five years ago.

Twenty-five years—a quarter of a century. I've been doing a lot of thinking about that. Twenty-five years ago, many of you people here in the audience hadn't even been born yet.

And I know that after listening to Lester del Rey's speech, most of you wish you hadn't been born at all.

But the thing I find most difficult to accept—even more difficult than Lester del Rey—is the way these conventions have grown over the years.

Take the first Torcon, for example. It was so much smaller. The total attendance at the banquet consisted of two hundred Eskimos—and Forry Ackerman. The Eskimos ate whale blubber and Ackerman ate a complete set of AMAZING STORIES. The AMAZING STORIES were unbound, because Ackerman didn't want to pay the cover charge.

Things were much more primitive in those days. The only convention hotel we could find was an igloo. It was so far up north, the desk clerk was a walrus. At least he looked like a walrus. It was either a walrus or Harry Harrison.

I remember being shocked at that 1948 convention when I heard one writer say, "Come up to my room, little girl, and I'll show you my Hugo."

The reason I was shocked is, they didn't have any Hugos in 1948.

But then we science fiction writers are always ahead of our time.

There was only one publicity item in the local paper about the 1948 convention. It appeared in the Toronto Star. In those days it was called the Toronto Nova.

The date was July 4th, 1948, and the headline read—DON'T WAKE UP SCREAMING—HORROR BOYS INVADE CITY.

Of course, the headline was really accurate, when you realize that Donald A. Wollheim and Bob Tucker attended the convention.

Can you imagine holding a convention at a time when there wasn't even a single solitary STAR TREK fan? In 1948 Captain Kirk was still a second lieutenant. Mr. Spock, that product of interplanetary miscegenation, had not yet sullied our racial purity. We had our troubles, but no tribbles.

If there were any problems in the world which God couldn't solve, we could always rely on Gernsback. Surely you all remember Hugo Gernsback—the Andy Offutt of his day?

Anyhow, there's no sense pretending that time hasn't passed. There are a lot of people nowadays who want to appear young—who try to look like kids.

I know, because for a while I went that route myself. I dressed like a teen-ager—I even undressed like one. I dyed my hair—I dropped acid in my Geritol—I painted Peace Symbols on my truss.

But one day I looked in my mirror and saw the truth. In spite of the toupee—and the face-liftings—and the hormone injections—and the corset—I was really getting to be an old man.

So finally, when I got to be 35, I just said the hell with it.

Now I try to act my age. Why, I've got a daughter who's almost as old as I am. In a couple of years she'll be older than I am.

About the only thing that keeps me going these days is acupuncture. I'm not kidding about that—my acu has been punctured many times. For a while I went around looking like a human pin-cushion.

I had so many pins sticking out that a porcupine fell in love with me.

Of course nothing came of it. The porcupine finally married a younger man. Probably just as well—I'd hate to have gotten stuck with her.

But all this was long ago. Again, this evening, I've been thinking about the past. At one point during Lester

del Rey's speech my wife kicked me under the table and awakened me.

And again I looked out over the audience and marvelled at all the youthful faces in the audience. This time I wasn't thinking of the first Torcon—I went way back to the beginning—when it all began for me in 1934.

It's hard for me to believe I started my professional writing career in the same year that Bob Silverberg was born.

Well, you know what they say—win a little, lose a little.

We are so ignorant of our history. For example, how many of you citizens of Canada know the name of Nestunia Zelisko? And yet, Nestunia Zelisko, born in the city of Winnipeg, is one of the world's most courageous women—she married me.

That's right—my wife, who changed her name to Eleanor because she couldn't spell Nestunia—was actually born here in Canada—and to this day she speaks Canadian fluently. She speaks Canadian and I drink it.

It's been a special thrill for her to come back here and see some of her family again. Almost as big a thrill as it is for me to come back here and see some of my family—you folks out there.

You know, everybody's at this convention. I was passing through the lobby the other morning and a pretty girl stopped me. She said, "Look at that man over there—isn't that Ecchhh Asimov?"

I said, "That's Ike, not Ecchhh."

She said, "You have your opinion, I have mine."

I really shouldn't say that about Asimov. After all, he is one of our most distinguished writers. I'm sure you've all read some of his recent work—you see it wherever you go. Isaac Asimov's SHAKESPEARE—Isaac Asimov's THE BIBLE. Isaac Asimov's PSYCHO.

Then of course we have Philip Jose Farmer—one of the great innovators in our field, who stripped away much of the prudery and phoney taboos.

More than twenty years ago Philip Jose Farmer dared to do what no one had ever done before—he wrote THE LOVERS—a story in which a man had sexual relations with an insect.

You might call it science fiction's first case of buggery.

You hear that, Phil? That's how the public is. Last year they gave you a Hugo—this year they boo your name.

Oh, we have all kinds of people here. You know, this is a fine hotel, but the rooms have very thin walls.

The other night I was in my bathroom—brushing my tooth—and I heard men's voices in the next room. One guy was saying to another, "I'll put mine in yours if you'll put yours in mine."

Well, for a moment I was puzzled—until I realized they were just a couple of editors...making a deal to use each other's stories in their anthologies.

Of course, I don't want you to get the idea that all the science fiction pros are such big brains. Four years ago I was one of a group of science fiction writers invited to attend a symposium in Rio de Janeiro as guests of the Brazilian government.

After it was over, some of these writers found out they could never leave. It seems Brazil has a law against taking shrunken heads out of the country.

I had to smuggle Harlan out in my suitcase.

John Brunner had a good thing going for himself in Rio. When he discovered how interested the Brazilians were in science fiction he came up with the Brunner Rent-A-Writer Plan. The idea was to rent out authors to the fans staying in the hotel.

He even posted rates in the lobby. For 25¢ a day you can have A.E. van Vogt.

For 50¢ a day you can have Frederik Pohl.

For \$1.25, you get Brunner himself—and a corn beef sandwich. If you just want the corn beef sandwich without Brunner, it's \$12.00.

Now I'm going to ask your indulgence

for a few moments. You know, I have already made two speeches at this convention—and in neither case was I allowed to give the talk that I had planned.

Last night they asked me to talk at a film session, and that was a mistake. To begin with, they lured me there under false pretenses—the only reason I attended is that I thought it was going to be a William Rotsler Film Festival.

Instead they were showing some of my stuff, and they got hold of all the wrong things. The projects I'm really proud of weren't screened at all.

For example, I recently worked on a picture called THE LAST TANGO IN PARIS. I was the choreographer. My first musical. Since PSYCHO.

Then, recently, Hollywood has been remaking all the old horror films with an ethnic angle. Things like BLACULA, and THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF BLACKENSTEIN.

I just finished one myself. It's called THE CREATURE FROM THE INTEGRATED LAGOON.

So that didn't pan out. And neither did my first talk. The committee assigned me a title and I had to build my speech around it.

What I really wanted to do was a very serious literary presentation called "Science Fiction—The Search For Yesterday: The Search For Today: The Search For Tomorrow."

You know, sort of a poor man's Larry Niven—or a rich man's Alex Panshin. Something worthy of being reprinted in RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY in that wonderful Braille type-face which Leland Sapiro steals off of eye-charts.

I was going to give scholarly examples. The typical Search For Yesterday story—how Ugh, son of Urrp, accidentally rubs two cave-women together and discovers bigamy.

And the Search For Today story, one of those relevant stories, set in the present, meaning it deals with rape, sodomy, masturbation and incest. And on the second page....

Of course the big thing would be the Search For the Future. This is where I

was going to get into the ecology bit—not just describe a story, but really lay something on you—a constructive, positive, practical program to solve the vital, number one problem of our existence—smog.

Smog is caused, as we all know, by an atmospheric condition where there's too little oxygen and too much carbon dioxide and other pollutants. Up until now, we've placed much of the blame on automobiles and heavy industry—forgetting that there are vast areas of the earth where there are very few cars and absolutely no industries at all.

And yet smog persists. Why? Because all over the world we have people—three and a half billion people. And every moment of the day, every day of the year, each and every one of these people is inhaling all that precious oxygen from our atmosphere and exhaling all that carbon dioxide poison. There is the real cause of smog!

And my solution, of course, is quite simple.

Everybody stops breathing and the smog problem is solved.

I even have a name for my proposal—a slogan for you to remember. Continue Respiration And Perish. You can all remember that, can't you? Continue Respiration And Perish.

Or if you like you can just use the initials.

And here you thought Jerry Pournelle was the only genius!

Well, as I say, I didn't get a chance to make those two speeches. So this, tonight, is my last opportunity.

Up until now I've had to spend most of my time insulting people—because it's expected of me. If I didn't insult some of these people, they'd be insulted. But I really am quite fond of everybody—including the librarians.

I still have this final moment to tell it like it is, and I intend to.

I speak now to the Convention Committee—and to all of you. I've been in science fiction, as a fan and as a pro, for a long, long time. Twenty-five years ago I had the pleasure and

the privilege of attending the first Worldcon ever held in Toronto. Today I have the pleasure and privilege of attending the second one. And what I'm asking you is simply this—if you have another Worldcon here, twenty-five years from now—will you please—let me come back again?

He whose mind is in the gutter will constantly worry about things beneath him.

—Ken Gammage, Jr.

LETTER FROM BARRY N. MALZBERG

"Thanks for the first class copy & extra covers. I haven't really formed an attitude on the cover ((of TAC #7)) and until/unless I do had better say nothing.

"HEROVIT'S WORLD is a work of fiction and all of its characters created from whole cloth. I found your speculations on it as roman a clef interesting; in truth none of this had ever occurred to me. Who are the Futurians?

"Brunner's letter is interesting, inaccurate and its inaccuracies just small enough to make correction worthwhile; having given up on the world's injustices in the main I select minuscule areas to correct, hoping that if everybody did the same, picked one falsity to make it right, it would, piece by piece, be more truthful and accurate.

"He says, '...the authors who have made it from our field seem to have done so on the strength of one crucial breakthrough as Silverberg when he got an advance of \$25,000. for one book, Harry when the movie rights of MAKE ROOM were sold (before him Bob Bloch with PSYCHO), Brian Aldiss when HAND-REARED BOY hit the best-seller list...'

"Might I point out that Silverberg's \$25,000. advance was for a nonfiction work dealing with Isreal, Bob Bloch's break was triggered by a mystery novel and HAND-REARED BOY was a literary novel, and Harry's novel, despite being Doubleday s-f, was modern/realistic? None of these gentlemen, who have had

truly distinguished and valuable careers in science-fiction got any 'crucial breakthrough' in the field and their advances, despite the increasing merits of their work, really haven't leapt for their s-f.

"There are no 'crucial breakthroughs' monetarily speaking in our field, the money just isn't there nor the audience. You can hit big outside of it as Aldiss or Vonnegut did (or Bradbury or Asimov or Clarke) and I hope that we all, each and every one of us do, but inside it's going to be pretty much the same...except for Herovit who, of course, consistently raised his income and audiences through ninety-two distinguished and improving novels. That was why he was so happy.

"And what is Scientology?"

LETTER FROM BOB HOSKINS

"TAC 7 is at hand, because Barry Malzberg loaned me the advance copy you sent him. Thus I am probably one of the first to comment.

"I told Barry he should ask for the original of the cover; if I were he I would frame it. I think it's a perfect capture of Barry's personality—which extends beyond his involvement with science fiction: it is a world view that he expresses. He's not anti-science; he is anti-everything."

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"I'm doing a new series of original anthologies, for Curtis Books, under the title GAMMA.

"We tried to buy INFINITY from Lancer, but they wouldn't relinquish, at least not at this moment. Originally I was planning to transfer INFINITY SIX, but we're waiting to see what happens with Lancer, if they can publish it themselves.

"I'm open, though GAMMA ONE should be closed before TAC 8 comes out."

"I will not grok from a dribble glass."
—Rick Dey

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

A Review of Arthur C. Clarke's RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$6.95.

The trouble with having a Big Reputation is that when you produce something, chances are it'll seem insufficient and not-spectacular-enough to most readers...and critics.

Thus my initial reaction to Clarke's new novel, RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA: "Is that the best he can do?" Because it can be faulted for shallow characterization, clumsy, obvious plotting, and a semi-Juvenile writing level.

It can also be praised for its lack of complexity, its clear, lucid, effective imagery and description of the giant hollow-world spaceship, Rama, and for its inventiveness and rigorous internal plausibility.

The wonders of Rama's vast interior as they are discovered by the crew of the ENDEAVOR are varied, wonderful and consistent with what Rama seems to be—an incredible 31-mile-long automatic ark on a vast voyage through interstellar space.

The Solar system, it turns out, is only a fly-by refueling spot. The questions asked but not answered remain: Are the Ramans dead or alive, hidden somewhere in the mysterious "cities" inside?; Since everything in Rama is set up in double redundancy—a backup for every backup system—does this mean that two more monstrous space arks are due for Sol refuelings?

Clarke has hinted with his last line that there may be a sequel. (To be consistent there should be three Rama novels.)

The book is captivating, easy to read, the events and artifacts easy to "see" and understand.

I wonder a bit at the attraction sheer size has for sf writers; whenever a Sense of Wonder is sought, vastness is the tool. That is probably why Larry Niven's RINGWORLD and Poul Anderson's TAU ZERO were so successful. Gargantuan concepts are a key to memorable sf.

Back to RAMA: I wish the live characters had been more than minimally fleshed out. But Rama was the protagonist; the humans who explored her were necessarily spear carriers.

I think the manufactured menace of the Hermian missile sent to blast Rama was a too-obvious-plot device, a transparent suspense ploy. But contrived or no, it works. And whatthehell, Arthur C. Clarke can do no wrong since 2001. Right?

NOISE LEVEL

Flash: John Brunner Vs. The Meddling Moron*

A Column By John Brunner

* Hereinafter abbreviated to "MM".

(Comments in parentheses are by John Brunner, except this one, which is by REG.)

Culled from the galley-proofs of my forthcoming novel THE WEBS OF EVERYWHERE (Bantam), here are some choice examples of the way in which a copy-editor can get between an author and his good intentions...

My version: One might say, "The enemy of my enemy..." And be able to proceed no further with an explanation.

MM's version: One might say, "The enemy of my enemy..." and be able to proceed without further explanation.

My version: Close on two-thirds of the planet's population had been killed by violence or disease.

MM's version: Closely to two thirds of... (Well, it's at least original, I suppose, even if it isn't English.)

My version: "The library computer says it goes to an old English tune."

MM's version: "The library computer says it comes from an old English tune." (Easy come, easy go...)

My version: He was far from home, moreover; he had the flat face of a North Chinese.

MM's version: He was far from home; moreover, he had the flat face of a

Northern Chinese. (Picked up on his travels, presumably, and kept as a souvenir.)

My version: The excuse was colorable.

MM's version: The excuse was colorful. (So was my language when I spotted that one!)

My version: To be out by a couple of millimetres doesn't signify.

MM's version: To be out by a couple centimetres isn't significant. (No, I swear I am not joking, but am copying these exactly as they stood before I corrected the proofs!)

My version: Singled out as though he were the chance member of a crowd on whom a brilliant spotlight fell.

MM's version: Singled out of a crowd as though he were the chance member on whom... (The guy is of course not in a crowd, and indeed there isn't any crowd in the story at that point.)

My version: There were newspapers here, because the TV was underfunded and unreliable. (I.e elsewhere they've been superseded.)

MM's version: There were only newspapers there, because...

My version: "Now the whole of my past has been so to speak lifted off me."

MM's version: "Now the whole of my past has been lifted, so to speak, off me."

My version: On site, he was immediately ready to believe...

MM's version: On sight, he was immediately...

My version: Reclining on a chaise-longue...

MM's version: Reclining on a chaise lounge...

And to wind up with, the pick of the bunch, one which might be funny if it hadn't been so nearly tragic.

My version: Mustapha displayed the

traditional Arabic indifference to their sex /his bed companions!/.

MM's version: Mustapha displayed the traditional Arabic indifference to sex.

Out of mingled curiosity and horror I did a rough count of the number of times I'd had to scrawl in red on the margin of these proofs "follow copy"... which I abbreviated to "FC" when I grew tired of spelling it out in full. That's to say, for the benefit of the uninitiated, "print this the way I originally wrote it."

I made it NINE HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO.

And I'm still not sure I caught the lot.

'Commentators have expressed surprise at the belligerency of "pacifist" groups and have been naively appalled at the violence which characterises the activities of so many apparently idealistically-motivated organisations. It is not on account of the ideals, however, that many who participate in such movements are drawn to them, but because the movements themselves provide an opportunity for a defiance of authority, an emotional outlet for the repudiation of service.'

—Duncan Williams
TROUSERED APES

Burn a book for God's sake!

Support ecology—bomb a refinery!

'We all carry within us our places of exile our crimes and our ravages. But our task is not to unleash them on the world; it is to fight them in ourselves and in others.'

—Camus

"I sense that your secret thoughts are evil. Let me put you down for a Tuesday afternoon Mental Readjustment at the State Clinic."

"Is that compulsory?"

"Of course!"

LETTER FROM MILDRED D. BROXON

"I read with interest Vonda McIntyre's letter in TAC#7, and your reply, in which you state that 'most of the sf readership is male'...an 'overwhelmingly male audience'.

"How, pray, do you define 'overwhelming'? 80-20? 70-30? And where do you get your statistics? The ANALOG readers poll? Magazine subscription lists, often, if sent to a couple, in the man's name? Or do you speak from any statistical base? Surely I know many female sf writers and fans, and the conventions do not appear unisexual.

"I know LOCUS did a poll of its readership some time back, sending one questionnaire per copy. Since it was my husband's subscription he filled it out. Does this mean I don't read LOCUS?

"Perhaps, instead, you meant the sf audience was overwhelmingly male—composed of men with the unfortunate XYY chromosomal anomaly?

"I wonder how anyone is able to determine that most sf readers are not only male but sexist. I have never seen a questionnaire on sexism; many sexists do not consider themselves as such, and protest loudly if so accused. It has been my understanding that the younger, more educated members of our society are likely to be the ones with the more liberal attitudes. To say nothing of people who are used to looking at matters from different perspectives, playing 'what if?'—games that would make Archie Bunker hysterical.

"Writers who unthinkingly resort to sexual stereotypes often suffer from a desire to avoid 'hard work'—creative thinking—and this tendency shows up elsewhere in their work.

"TAC looks interesting, and, well, if there are some deranged babblings in the lettercolumn from time to time, I'm used to it; I used to be a psychiatric nurse on the violent ward."

((From what pro editors have told me and mentioned in passing in articles and speeches, and from the subscription lists of SFR and TAC, a 90% male—10% female ratio is about right, overall,

including readers-only plus fans.

((Sexism is based on personal and economic selfishness—and deep-seated cultural and social "traditions". It is probably a 'fact of life' that will persist forever in a majority of men... and women.

((Bitter truths, Bubbles.))

'Unless you realize fully that modern man is a kind of cast off stepchild of a marvelous ancient race of space going peoples you cannot grasp any of the miracles of mother earth.

'This takes some mental flexibility to throw off the wrong teachings we get in schools and learn that all the ecology of earth was ONCE a designed whole and carefully superintended constantly with wide ranging telaugmentive vision rays which could remove unwanted species and even alter remaining species in certain ways... and that NOW what we have is an earth abandoned to the "wild" ...which is the same thing as an old garden plot growing up to weeds... and the weeds are winning without MAN taking his rightful place as the gardener.

'Am very much pleased with your little pamphlet's contents but deplore the religious attitudes which are confusing to an old pagan like me who has always refused all "religious" writings and words like one refuses the plague.

'One doesn't worship Mother Earth...one is or is not a child of hers... and the prostration before a "God" is a symptom of mental error to me...

'I was very much pleased when the Flower Children came into prominence...and very saddened to see them sabotaged by the drug impact...which was the weapon used on them by the enemy.. wish they were more aware of their enemies and less prone to fall.

'To be aware of the enemy is half the battle and am always sad that so few are really aware of the mental dominance of dero.

'To be aware of our friends underneath is also good...

'write

Richard Shaver

PCB 356

Summit, AR 72677'

--letter, GREEN EGG #59

MALZBERG VS. THE ANTS

A Review of Barry Malzberg's PHASE IV.
Pocket Books 77710, 95¢.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear of the novelization by Barry Malzberg of a story and screenplay by Mayo Simon who "borrowed" from Clarke and Kubrick's 2001.

PHASE IV is a Paramount picture (probably released by the time you read this) which tries, judging from Barry's narrative of the Simon material, to mix the traditional 'sci-fi' horror film with the avante-garde metaphysical science fiction film.

Simon borrowed the significance of the slabs in 2001, the New Fetus symbolizing a new species of man, and added the metamorphosis of men and women into a new kind of symbiotic creature.

It's all very heavy at the beginning when an incredibly compressed, complex energy life-form, an invader from another galaxy, lands on Earth and alters/takes over the ants in a section of the Arizona desert.

It lures a government two-man research team by using ants to drive out the people living in a fast-buck housing development.

And it is heavy with symbolism and (I anticipate for the movie) kaleidoscopic visual effects a la 2001 showing the metamorphosis of mankind (via the womb of a naked young woman) into an altered gestalt of telepathic humanity.

The final message is that the vastly superior alien intelligence knows what's good for us, and not to worry about losing individual identity and freedom since those aspects of our nature are only troublemakers.

In short, (God)Father-figure Knows Best.

Plainly, judging from the losers and psychotics of this novel/picture, man-as-he-is is a failure.

Between these exploitive/copycat artistic brackets the research team settles into an incredibly elaborate research station and...

We meet a local won't-let-them-damn-ants-drive-me-off-my-land old man, his old hired hand, his wife, and (did you expect less?) his lovely 20ish granddaughter.

The two scientists are an unstable entomologist, and a games theory specialist who is so self-absorbed and unassertive he is unable to tie his shoelaces.

(They chose well when they picked Barry Malzberg to novelize the story.)

The entomologist, impatient after waiting long days for the ants to do something, takes a grenade launcher and wipes out a couple of ant-constructed slabs. Ichy-goo pours out.

In retaliation the ants attack the old man and his family (plenty of grisly visuals here) and only the pretty girl survives. She is brought into the research station.

The ants are attacked with deadly insecticides but quickly adapt. They are guided in their millions by huge new queens and are telepathic. The individual ants are mere tools without ego or self.

And so as the two men go bananas from frustration and defeat, under seige, and as the mad entomologist is bitten by an ant and sickens (ugly red swollen hand and arm, delirium), as the games theory man has an identity crisis and intense push-pull feelings for the girl, and as the girl decides they are both incompetent nuts....

The ants sabotage the radio, isolating the humans (but only after the glory-mad entomologist had refused earlier to call for help or to notify the authorities of the deaths or of the Menace).

The ant intelligence is playing cat and mouse (or experimenting) with them.

At the end the girl, who has apparently been invaded by the ants and is Possessed (Malzberg hints but is not explicit), goes outside to talk to the ants and is swarmed. Then the dying entomologist goes out alone to try to

kill what he thinks is the ants' brain center and is overwhelmed (more shocking visuals).

The assistant, in a blue funk (he's been previously in a gray funk), but a Real Man at last, dons protective armor and sallies out to do battle.

He falls into a rabbit hole a la Alice in ALICE IN WONDERLAND and in (I'm sure it will be) a psychedelic environment meets the revived/rebuilt/altered pretty girl and they merge and they see the New Fetus and they are joined by the other recently dead and a new dawn lights up the sky for mankind....

(I wonder what the sound track will be like.)

I suspect Barry tried to save the book/story by inserting long sections of a diary kept by the assistant thus giving him (Malzberg) opportunity for long introspective observations and his usual nihilistic, schizophrenic, anti-hero thoughts.

As scientists neither of the men are credible. And the plot/character contrivances necessary to isolate these people and keep them isolated are ludicrous; as in some bad murder mysteries, the dictum is 'Never Call the Police.'

After all the above carpings, you'd think I didn't like the book, wouldn't you?

Wrong. In balance it tips one degree to the good. The story is basically interesting and gripping. Nothing Simon or Barry could do weakened seriously the inherent power of the alien/ants vs. man conflict.

LETTERS FROM ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS

"I do not wish to jump again on my white typewriter, but, on the other hand, I do not wish to do any of you little pud-pullers the disservice of giving you the delusive idea that you can snipe at me with no risk of return fire. I still own my white typewriter, it is just that I would prefer not to use it.

"However, re the Scott Meredith

statement that the agency had closed my account as unprofitable, I ran across a couple of interesting items on this subject the other day while hunting through my foreign sales file. They were mis-filed, of course, but they do seem to have some bearing on the agency's statement that said agency had closed my account as unprofitable. They closed it by invitation, my invitation.

"One item is a letter from Mr. Terry Carr, who is, I understand, well known in the sf world. The second is my reply to Mr. Carr.

"Herewith xerox copies of these two items. Read them and make up your own mind as to who is lying."

((Photocopy of letter on SCOTT MEREDITH letterhead, dated November 13.))

"Dear Mr. Williams:

"I'm sorry to report that Don Wollheim has rejected THE MOON DEVILS. The entire book, including the remainder of the manuscript which you sent to him to go with the portion and outline, has been returned to us.

"Scott is away on a business trip to Europe, and I note in your file that you haven't yet replied to our letter of August 31 asking you to reconsider your decision to terminate our agreement. We still hope that you will reconsider, and we're looking forward to hearing from you on this. Meanwhile, we'll hold the manuscript of THE MOON DEVILS pending word from you.

"All best wishes.

"Sincerely,

TERRY CARR
Associate Editor"

((Photocopy of a carbon copy of a letter dated 18 Nov. 1962.))

"Dear Mr. Carr:

"Thank you for your letter of 13 Nov.

"My decision to terminate our relationship still stands.

"Since these are clearly the responsibility of the

agency, please carry through on looking into the matter of the checks from West Germany, also on sending along the comp. copies due me on WALK UP THE SKY. I do not know that the checks from West Germany have ever come through, but in the normal course of business they should have reached you some time ago. Also, please return THE MOON DEVILS, plus any other scripts of mine you may be holding, via book rate mail, with a routing record, to me as soon as possible.

"All best wishes,

Robert Moore Williams."

((New readers wishing background on this guerrilla war should read Piers Anthony's letter in TAC #5, Scott Meredith's letter in Tac #6, and Robert Moore Williams' letter in TAC #7.

((I cannot resist noting that you've become a bit testy of late, Mr. Williams, and so soon after having achieved Composure and a kind of Withdrawal from the Cares of Mankind....))

May the teethmarks you find in your candy cane be your own.

—C—

NOTE: readers are urged to read Harry Harrison's letter on page 14 before reading Ted White's column below.

THE TRENCHANT BLUDGEON A Column By Ted White

UNFINISHED BUSINESS: I had just about concluded

I would not continue this column—having missed one issue with it already—when Geis forwarded to me a copy of a letter from Harry Harrison, with the comment, "You seem to have irritated Harry to the point that he's lowering a boom on you..."

Harry exemplifies my reasons for reluctantly concluding that I did not want to continue this column: bad karma. Harry is bad karma—almost certainly so for himself and assuredly so for anyone else who crosses his

poisonous path.

And Harry is far from unique in the world of sf prodom. Is this the sort of miserly mind with which I desire to involve myself? Would I not be happier playing my alto sex in some low dive entirely removed from the petty and gratuitous backbiting Harry so totally typifies?

The answer, of course, is yes—wouldn't anyone?

But then Harry would no doubt chortle drunkenly to his comrades that he had 'run me out' and I can't see myself giving him the pleasure.

I first had any dealings with Harry in 1965, in London. They were, as far as I knew, entirely amicable. I had before that known only of Harry in his public, in-print persona.

I'd seen his name first with Wally Wood's on the art of some early EC sf comics and the short-lived CAPTAIN SCIENCE—this at a time when I was much taken by the Wood "school" and style of comic art and tracing down such obscure compatriots of his as Sid Check (who, nearly twenty years later, I finally met...but that's another story entirely, and one too pleasant in nature for this column).

Next Harry's name popped up on the masthead of a may-fly sf magazine which had for its first issues been edited by Lester del Rey; Harry presided over the last few issues of SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES before it bit the post-boom dust of the mid-fifties.

(Later Larry Shaw revived the title for a different publisher, and later yet it was survived for a while by an English edition edited by Ted Carnell... who in turn will be reintroduced shortly in this tale.)

Harry's impression upon me in those days was entirely favorable. As an editor of SFA he introduced several fan-nish departments (in one a leading fan of the day would do a guest column/article each issue) of the sort which he now condemns.

Later there was DEATHWORLD, which I enjoyed if I was not profoundly moved

by it, and so forth. (I'm not trying to capsulize Harry's career here—just those aspects which impinged upon my consciousness at the time.)

When I arrived in London in 1965 for the London Worldcon, it was with a case of jet-lag and in clothes well-suited to a hot August in New York City but entirely too light for the mid-fifties of a sunny London day.

At the hotel I was told my room would not be ready until late in the day (I'd arrived early in the morning) and my bags were checked in through a very efficient system to turn up later in my room when it was ready—and my jet-lag befuddledness was such that I didn't think to remove warmer clothing (which I had packed) before they whisked my bags away.

I killed the next few hours sight-seeing and exploring the London Underground, subway buff that I was (and still am). Back in the hotel again around noon, I found it would still be an hour or more before my room was ready, and while I stood idly in the lobby wondering what to do next, Harry Harrison hove to.

He was in the company of several others, and the eight years which have passed have robbed me of the memory of who they were. Dave Kyle, perhaps, or maybe Fred Pohl. Someone whom I knew, and to whom I spoke.

Shortly thereafter the others disappeared to attend to one thing or another and Harry and I were left alone in the lobby.

Harry was (and still is) a whirlwind of energy, and can be quite charming when he is not motivated towards nastiness.

In short order I found myself caught up in the whirlwind, following him first into a bar (where I was served a "whiskey sour" unlike anything I've ever encountered before or since) and thence to the hotel barbarshop (dignified with a more pompous name), where I mostly listened while Harry talked.

By the time that was taken care of, my room was ready and Harry followed me up to deposit his things there ("just

for a place to drop them"). Shortly thereafter I sacked out for the rest of the afternoon, not to awaken until evening, when it was time to go out to John Brunner's place for a pre-con party to which he'd invited me. (It was there that I found the rest of the convention ...)

The next day, while I was still consuming my "continental breakfast" (coffee and a bun—compliments of the hotel), the phone rang and it was Harry.

He proposed to show me London. In fact I think he simply wanted a young, impressionable companion to accompany him on his rounds for ego-flattering purposes. I expect I filled the bill fairly well. It was my first time in England and I was willing to go wherever Harry led.

He took me to a house where he was living, introduced me briefly to his wife and family, and then set out by a series of devious routes (no doubt the best available—London seemed to be all small local streets) which took us across the Thames and found us eventually in a depressing neighborhood of lookalike houses, each crammed next to the other, not a green-growing thing in sight, up hill and down. It was a gray day, threatening rain, and this undoubtedly reinforced the drabness of the area.

Harry took me up to the door of one of these houses and his ring was answered by either (I forget now) Ted Carnell or his wife, both of whom I found a warming contrast to the gray world outside.

In the course of the several hours which followed (I think Carnell was then acting as Harry's British agent, but won't swear to it) I very much enjoyed myself. I told Ted that I had a collection of all the early issues of NEW WORLDS, lacking only the first, and he, with the sort of generosity he was known for, found and gave me, autographed, a rare copy of that first issue.

He also showed me (but could not part with) the single copy he had of an issue which was never distributed—the cover turned up later on a SCIENCE-FANTASY, I believe—due to litigation with the printer and the subsequent de-

struction of all but three copies.

Throughout this expedition and visit, I felt and probably looked like a raw neofan, Goshwowing as much as any fan might upon entrance into, say, Forry Ackerman's fabled house or any similar shrine of science fiction. I was immeasurably touched by the Carnells' kindness to me.

Eventually we left, refreshed, and headed back to the hotel. Harry was driving a VW Microbus with left-hand (non-English) drive, and the drive back (fully as long as the drive out) was occupied in part with sf talk.

I was even then planning my own speech for the convention program, in which I intended to espouse a position somewhat to the right of the New Wave (this was in 1965, please remember), and in which I ended up talking up Philip K. Dick to an audience upon which he had not yet had much impact.

Harry, on the other hand, was enthusiastic about the New Wave although nothing I'd then read by him prepared me for that stance.

We argued lightly, mostly kidding. I did not say a lot. I felt somewhat inarticulate, sitting next to Harry, who was never at a loss for a pungent phrase.

(Gee, you know, looking back on that situation now, more than eight years later, I find myself growing nostalgic, all but wiping a tear from my eye. Little, as they say, did I know then...)

I saw less of Harry thereafter. He became swept up in his aspect of the convention, while I, in turn, spent more of my time with the people I'd come to meet—Peter Weston, Rolf Gindorf, Tom Schluck, the "fannish fans" of the day in England and Europe, and the BNF's like Chuque Harris, James White, Bob Shaw and Walter Willis, plus old friends like Terry and Carol Carr and Sid Coleman and Bob Silverberg.

(I was also suffering throughout the con from a too-recent smallpox vaccination which swole my left arm to the size of a football for several days and made leaning against doorjams at room parties a disastrous mistake...)

Harry turned up in the States a year or two later, and showed up at the NyCon3, to ask of me that I give him unscheduled time on the program for an announcement.

I did, and he spoke for some twenty or thirty minutes on the subject of his assumption of the editorship of AMAZING and FANTASTIC, with the usual strutting and preening which I had come to associate with his public persona.

(I had been somewhat disappointed in his Loncon speech, which he'd touted to me in advance as something not to miss—it was his usual performance, although the first such I'd seen: fast-paced jabber, punctuated with snorts of laughter at his better lines. Low on content, but brimming with flash and verve—superficially exciting.)

I was a little annoyed at this disruption of a tightly planned program schedule, but I bore Harry no malice for it. I still enjoyed him.

Later on at the NyCon3, at the Awards Banquet, Harry told us he would be accepting for Jack Vance if Jack won the Hugo (he was nominated in the novelette category for "The Last Castle").

At this point I have no idea whether Jack had authorized this or not. Charitably, I might guess that he would certainly not have objected—and it's possible that Harry had actually been in touch with him about it. However, my suspicion, founded on subsequent events, was that Harry wanted another chance to do some grandstanding and figured that would be as good a chance as any.

In any event, Jack Vance did win a Hugo, and Harry did accept it for him.

Now, it's always been my understanding that when one accepts an award for someone else, one is responsible for conveying the award to the winner—that this indeed is what "accepting for" means. Perhaps I was—and am—naive, but I was a bit surprised when, immediately after the banquet, Harry returned the Hugo to us.

Harry had availed himself of an opportunity to show off in public again, but he accepted no responsibility beyond that point—despite the fact that

he lived then in Southern California, was known as a traveller, and might easily have conveyed the award to the Bay Area, where Jack Vance lived.

I mention this now because it was one of the heinous deeds Harry later accused me of—not immediately and personally shipping the award to Vance.

The fact was that the awards were made of lucite that year (a situation over which the con committee had no control, although a few criticisms were directed our way for it) and were glued with epoxy cement to the bases. But they kept coming off. Epoxy is not all it's supposed to be.

The NyCon3 committee discussed the point and decided that shipping the award would be too risky—Vance would surely receive it in pieces. So we took it out with us the following year to the Baycon, where, freshly reglued, we gave it to Jack and thereafter enjoyed a pleasant dinner with him and his wife.

Not a big deal, really, and nothing worth making a point of at this late date, but it occasioned a series of nasty little gibing notes from Harry during the year between NyCon3 and Baycon, coincidental to everything else which occurred that year (which I'm coming to), along the lines of, "What's the matter with you guys? Here I accepted Jack's award for him and now he doesn't have it and you're making me look like a fool."

Needless to say, had Harry done what we expected of him in "accepting" the award, there would have been no problem.

In any event, I didn't see Harry again until the Baycon, by which time the shit had hit the fan.

Barely a month later SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW would appear with Harry's scathing two-page denunciation of my character, parentage and private habits, none of it in reply (he's never replied) to the column (in the previous SFR) in which I asked if Harry was in fact LeRoy Tanner.

In fact, the bulk of Harry's charge against me in that letter was the grievous harm I had done to Jack Vance in willfully refusing to give him his Hugo.

(Harry apparently never noticed that the NyCon3 Committee included other people, one of whom was co-chairman with me. He held me and me alone personally responsible. But by then of course Harry no longer liked me...)

In any case I took the violence of his response to the question of his being Leroy Tanner for a tacit "yes".

What happened, anyway? Why this sudden turnabout? What had I done to so change Harry's estimation of my character?

Well, here's what I actually did: I read a review by Leroy Tanner (actual identity then unknown to me) in one of Harry's AMAZINGs.

In this review Roger Zelazny's LORD OF LIGHT is raked over hot coals and consigned to "the coal hod." Zelazny is described as "undoubtedly has a tin ear for the meanings and nuances of language," and the entire review is written in a mock-British style of which this will serve as a representative sample:

"...Quite a nice idea in fact, which the author has succeeded in burying under a weight of improbable language the like of which I have not read since last I plucked a Yank mag from the penny bin in Woolworth's. ('Pulp' magazines I believe you call them.)"

Well, much annoyed with the nature and quality of that review, I sat down and wrote a letter to Harry, in his editorial persona, in which I roasted the Tanner review.

Now at that point I did not know or suspect that Tanner was Harrison, and I still regarded Harry himself in a favorable light. So I concluded the letter with this:

"Bad, bad, bad. Tanner chooses only to criticize Zelazny as a prosesmith, and then demonstrates he can't even use words correctly himself! I don't know where you dug this creep up, Harry, but I think he's best reburied. The stench of him is stinking up your (otherwise vastly improving) magazine. With many regards, Ted White."

I mailed the letter off to Harrison and then forgot the matter until, in an early issue of the SFWA FORUM, Poul Anderson (I believe) brought up the subject of sf book reviews in the magazines.

In the course of a letter to the next FORUM, I commented on that topic and enclosed a carbon of my letter to Harrison as an example of the sort of reviews which pissed me off. Editor Terry Carr printed both my letters.

What followed was quite remarkable. Terry received from Harry a covering note and a letter from Tanner. I will not quote it here—SFWA FORUMs in those days were not to be quoted—but it was directed, quite vindictively, and in language I have since come to associate with Harrison, at me.

The criticism ran in two directions. The first, understandably, called me a cretin for my inability to appreciate the high level of Tanner's criticism of Zelazny. The second condemned me even more roundly for daring to pass on a copy of my letter to the FORUM when, as I must have known, it was already scheduled to be printed in the July, 1968 AMAZING.

Well, of course I hadn't known Harrison would print it—I'd rather assumed he would not (there wasn't even a letter column in the issue which published the Tanner review)—and even then this aspect of the Tanner letter struck me as odd, to say the least.

I would say that right about here—some time between (or on) his receipt of my letter and his awareness that it had been published in the FORUM, Harry Harrison changed his opinion of me. Not one to make the same mistake twice, he has not changed it since.

However, it is possible the situation might have died a natural death had not several events then occurred, each of which added impetus to the whole business.

The first occurred in the same issue (July, 1968) in which my letter was published.

It was a long (nearly two pages) review, by "Tanner" again, of Algis Bu-

dry's THE AMSIRS AND THE IRON THORN. It opens with a declaration that, "as a reviewer, Mr. Budrys is a pompous liar." (Does that sound familiar?)

The following page of "review" is devoted to proving this point by dissecting Budrys' GALAXY review of NEBULA AWARDS STORIES TWO, a volume edited (by no coincidence) by Harry Harrison and Brian Aldiss.

It would appear to be Harry's way of getting back at Ajay for a bad (or lukewarm) review.

Not many wounded authors or editors have the opportunity to strike back at their critics in this manner—and none others have made use of such an opportunity.

I was a bit taken aback by the ferocity of the attack, which concluded with, "Well, as the actress said to the bishop, enough of that. Since Mr. Budrys is now a proven incompetent as a reviewer, let us see what kind of novelist he is." His book is then also drawn and quartered.

Curious, I looked up the Budrys review in GALAXY which had so incensed "Tanner."

As I read it I was struck anew by the tactics Tanner had employed—in which he flagrantly misrepresented Budrys' actual review.

I don't propose to redocument this—because I did it once already. I did it "here"—in the Bludgeon, for Geis' SFR.

I devoted a column to the curious case of Leroy Tanner. I examined his "review" of Budrys and contrasted what he said Budrys said with what Budrys had actually said. It was a thorough job.

I then asked the pivotal question: who is "Leroy Tanner"? And found, to my own satisfaction at least, that the most likely culprit was Harry Harrison.

(In passing I also reviewed the NEBULA AWARD STORIES TWO's afterword, in which books like TARRISMAN OF GOR were singled out for praise as the year's best, while neither Delany or Zelazny—the big new stars of the year in question—were mentioned, and

in which Harrison praised a book by Aldiss while Aldiss praised a book by Harrison, and Harrison's COLLECTED EDITORIALS OF JOHN W. CAMPBELL was also pushed. You note that Harry has managed to get his name on a lot of books which were written by or drawn from material edited by John Campbell? I just saw a new one the other day. But I digress...

That column made Harry very mad. I'm told that had he laid eyes on me at the Baycon he was prepared to rip me limb from limb—or so he boasted.

In actuality, he walked right past me a dozen times without doing a thing.

As it was, he had to settle for a letter in the next SFR in which he spent two pages (in small type) vilifying me without once dealing with any or the factual or moral questions I'd raised.

(Geis, in a pointed comment, asked at the end of his letter, "But, Harry, are you Leroy Tanner?" Harry never answered that, either.)

It must have come as a crowning blow, then, when Harry found out, late that October, that I had just been asked to succeed Barry Malzberg (Harry's successor of a few months) as editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC.

Harry found out on a Sunday, and immediately fired off a letter, air-mail, special delivery, to Sol Cohen.

In that letter he described me as "evil," said that no reputable professional would have anything to do with me, and stated that if I was made editor he, in his capacity as Vice President of the SFWA, would reinstitute the recently settled "SFWA Boycott" against the Ultimate magazines.

Put plainly, that was a libelous letter which directly threatened my professional livelihood and career. I have absolutely no doubt but that the letter to Sol Cohen, coupled with the letter in SFR or standing alone, was (and is) actionable, and I was assured by an eager attorney that I could win handsomely should I sue.

I did not. I was the object of

an earlier suit myself (which was dropped when tempers died—but only after I'd been served papers, hired an attorney, and spent some money to defend myself) and then as now I've felt that lawsuits have little or no place in this clannish, but backbiting world we call fandom.

Instead I did nothing. Sol called Harry (who was then residing on the West Coast) and apparently calmed him down. For the next year or so I was (on the mastheads of the magazines) officially the Managing Editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC and Sol Cohen was the Editor & Publisher.

In fact, I was the editor as much then as now, more than five years later.

For the most part things between Harry and I went onto the back burner then.

Periodically stories filtered down to me about Harry bad-mouthing me where he thought he might do me dirt. He told my agent, for instance, to get rid of me. He wrote a letter to Frank Lunney's BEABOHEMA in which he said he was suing me. Etc. Nothing came of any of this.

In February of 1971 (or was it 1972...the mind slips) Harry was guest of honor at the Balticon, a small regional conference held each year in Baltimore.

I attended, intending to simply avoid Harry as best I could, in order to avoid any further unpleasantness, but Harry was not to be avoided.

During a dialogue with Jay Haldeman (it was to have been a New Writers Panel with me moderating, but Jay was the only scheduled panelist there, so we turned it into a dialogue), at the point when questions were invited from the audience, Harry stood up and began haranguing me.

"If you think fanzines are so unimportant," he began, totally confusing the point I'd just made to a previous question, "why do you spend all your time—time you should be devoting to your professional duties!—why do you spend all your time publishing lies about me in the fanzines?"

That wasn't all, and he had no in-

tention of allowing a reply, but this time I had a microphone in front of me and after waiting out the first barrage of slander, I shouted him down.

It goes without saying that, since I became editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC, my contributions to fanzines have fallen off sharply—ask any fanzine editor who has begged me for material without success.

(And for the same reason—too much magazine work—I missed my deadline for the last issue of IAC, which, at a penny a word, doesn't quite add up to fanzine-work to me.)

And, needless to say, I spend very little time (if any!) on Harry in the contributions I do make to fanzines. And nothing I have ever written about Harry has been a knowing misrepresentation of the truth. I see no need to tell lies about Harry. The truth is far more damning.

Harry, on the other hand, is operating under no such constraints. In Harry's BEST SF: 1969, published in hard-cover in 1970 and in paperback in 1971, he makes this statement:

"The case of AMAZING and FANTASTIC is more tragic. After a brief attempt at quality and responsibility under former editor Barry N. Malzberg...these magazines have sunk back to their former low-budget days. Consisting mostly of reprinted stories from the early and bad pulp days of the magazines, interspersed with a meager handful of indifferent new stories, they are not worth serious consideration."

That is, folks, a flat-out lie. Just to prove he hadn't been day-dreaming when he wrote it, Harry repeated it a year or two later in a British fanzine (CYPHER? I don't recall.).

As Harry knows quite well, the percentage of reprint-to-new-material declined steadily beginning with his own editorship of the magazines.

When I inherited them the percentage of new material was about 20%. Almost immediately (by reinstituting serials) I pushed that up to 50% or better, and

by mid-1969 the reprints had been cut to one story per issue (and subsequently, of course, that reprint was also done away with).

As for the "meager handful of indifferent new stories," they included novels by Jack Vance, Bob Silverberg, Philip K. Dick and Piers Anthony, and several of the shorter stories I bought ended up in the Carr-Wollheim Best of the Year anthology.

One of them was "Dear Aunt Annie," the brilliant story which launched Gordon Eklund's career.

The only indifferent stories I've published have been those which were in the inventory that was passed on to me. Barry says they were Harry's purchases.

At that Balticon confrontation, I charged Harry with this lie. He immediately claimed "It was true when I wrote it." Inasmuch as it was never true, I take that to be another lie.

At the Torcon in 1973, Harry told a group of assembled SFWA members (he was not himself then a member, but, when pressed, claimed he'd "just mailed his check in" to rejoin) that Sol Cohen was publishing at this time between half a dozen and a dozen reprint magazines. When I contradicted him (there are only two, published bimonthly), he blustered a lot about the way the titles keep changing (they haven't for several years) and insisted he'd found more than half a dozen new, current ones at a newsstand recently. That too was a lie.

At that same meeting, Harry announced that not only does he skip my magazines when assembling his best of the year anthology (thus automatically invalidating any claims he may make for his book), but he also refuses to buy stories for his anthologies of new stories when he knows the author publishes in AMAZING or FANTASTIC.

Frankly, I'm surprised. I've discovered more than a dozen new authors, many of whom have gone on to enviable careers. It's hard to know who Harry hurts the most by such spiteful behavior—himself, or those authors.

Certainly to extend his personal

vendetta against me to blameless authors who have appeared in my magazines is unprofessional.

That he has extended that vendetta against my friends, like Terry Carr and Alexei Panshin, is only to be expected, I suppose, but hardly more excuseable.

And now, at last, we come to Harry's most recent communication to IAC.

What is Harry reacting to? This paragraph, in my first revived column here, discussing the previous incarnation (or one of them) of the Bludgeon:

"For example, I was easily exercised by the moral laxitude exhibited by Harry Harrison in his pseudonymous attacks on his betters as "Leroy Tanner," and my column on that subject touched off a bitter feud between not only Harrison and myself but with his back-patting alter-ego, Brian Aldiss as well. No doubt this enlivened the pages of SFR a good deal, but when, a month after my column had touched off a minor brush fire in the letter column of SFR, I was asked to follow Harry by only six months into the editorial chairs of AMAZING and FANTASTIC, things turned a bit nasty. Harry presumed upon his position as Vice President of the SFWA to threaten a new boycott, and talk of legal action hung threateningly in the air."

If this is "bad-mouthing" Harry again, so be it. I intended it only as a reference to a public event which I did not care to repeat, as the following sentence ("The thought occurs to me that this could easily happen again should I tread the wrong toes.") made clear.

But while it is true that my "theories" about Harry and his Tanner persona are "ancient"—five years old, now—I did not "parade them as if they were new," as the context makes clear. That's just another of Harry's lies.

Nor do I have any reason—nor has Harry or anyone else given me any reason—to believe them untrue. As far as I know, Harry Harrison wrote those

spiteful attacks on Roger Zelazny and A.J. Budrys, and had not even the decency to sign his own name to them.

That he is still doing and saying spiteful things (as a matter of record—and Harry's letter here is a fine example of Harry at his worst) seems to me only additional confirmation that I was right all along.

If I was wrong—if Harry did not write those reviews as Leroy Tanner (let alone the abusive letter to the SFWA FORUM), let him say so. Let him identify the true author. Let the author confirm what Harry says.

Should this happen I will publish a public apology as broadly as Harry desires—even in the pages of my "dreary magazines," if he desires it.

In the course of his brief letter, Harry trots out a series of sordid accusations and ad hominem attacks upon me. Let's deal with them, one at a time:

(1) I'm a liar. No proof is offered for this sweeping statement. I believe that most people who know me at all well would dispute it.

I am not without flaws to my character, but the worst one on public view is that I speak too often without considering the political implications of what I say. This has made me some enemies (Harry is at the top of that list) and some friends, and has distressed my wife on occasion.

It was damned stupid of me to mention Brian Aldiss at all in that paragraph I quoted above, because it served no worthwhile purpose except to remind Aldiss that he was once quite angry with me (on Harry's behalf, I assume)—and this at a time when I am publishing his important new novel, FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND, in FANTASTIC. (At least Brian, unlike Harry, has the capacity to separate his personal feelings from his professional dealings; else his novel would be appearing somewhere else entirely.)

I owe Aldiss an apology for linking him with Harry's idiocies of five years past, and, indeed, for having referred to him so slightly. I hereby tender that apology and hope it

will be accepted.

But I am not knowingly a liar. Mistaken on occasion, perhaps. No more.

(2) My facts are few and distorted. This is just a wordier reiteration of point (1).

(3) I am an embezzler but Harry kept it quiet. Bully for Harry. I find this accusation painful because it contains an element of truth—that Harry sought to hit me with it here, however, gives one a measure of the man.

As editor Geis is aware, having been privy to the affair, albeit at a distance, the facts are these:

In 1965, after attending the Loncon as detailed above, I spent a week in Ireland as a guest of the Willises, along with Terry and Carol Carr.

It was a highly enjoyable week—the Willises, along with the other Wheels of Irish Fandom, the Whites, the Shaws and George Charters, were excellent hosts who went out of their way to feed and entertain us, trekking us about the countryside to explore ruined castles and climb old towers and the like.

On one such expedition—this one to a large forested park—I rode with Bob and Sadie Shaw in their car and in the course of it got into a discussion with Bob about his professional writing.

At that point Bob had been published sporadically in both British and American prozines, had let his writing lapse, and was thinking about resuming it.

But his problem, he told me, was the unconscionably long time a manuscript takes in crossing the Atlantic. If it fails to hit the first editor to which it is directed, it recrosses the ocean, to be readdressed and sent across yet again, and months are lost, just in the mailing.

I volunteered to remail Bob's stories for him in the US, saying, saving him much time. I volunteered purely as a friend, a fan, doing a fellow fan and friend a favor. I volunteered to do it without charge.

Bob objected. He felt that if I was

doing this I should be compensated. I should be his acting agent, and take 10% of each sale.

I had briefly worked for Scott Meredith and had some idea—mostly idle daydreaming—of setting up my own agency earlier. But I didn't really want to get into it. I told Bob it wasn't necessary, but he insisted.

We also discussed ways and means of submitting portions and outlines of novels to prospective publishers. In fact, as I recall our conversation started with Bob asking me, "Is it true you can sell a book before you've written it?"

Well, that was in September of 1965. I heard nothing further about it for about half a year, when Bob sent me a story which was eventually published as "Call Me Dumbo" (the original title was different).

I sent it to John Campbell, who politely rejected it. I sent it next to Fred Pohl, who bought it and published it in IF.

I cashed his check, deducted 10%, and then went through the complicated procedure of having a bank draft drawn up on an Irish bank, which I then sent to Bob, chortling about "our first sale."

In short order Bob followed with "Light of Other Days," for which he had few hopes. He told me not to bother Campbell with it. I disagreed.

I sold it to John, who was quite excited about the idea in it and who in turn suggested the idea for "Burden of Proof" (the first sequel) to Bob.

I proceeded to sell everything Bob sent me thereafter, most of it to ANALOG.

(There was one exception—a very minor story called "Hue and Cry," which Fred Pohl lost the first copy of and rejected the second copy of and which I ultimately bought for AMAZING after becoming its editor. I don't believe I took any commission on that sale.)

Then Bob sent me the first chapter of NIGHTWALK with an outline of the remainder. I believe I showed it to Larry Shaw at Lancer, but that was one of Lancer's non-sf-publishing periods (geth-

ics were all the rage), and at any rate Larry didn't or couldn't buy it.

I had just myself sold a novel to a new house, however, Banner Books, a new subsidiary of Hearst (Publisher of Avon Books). So I took NIGHTWALK to Evan Heyman who liked it and bought it. I'd made Bob's first book sale for him.

(It was, as it turned out, the only sf book Banner published in its few months of existence; it has since been reissued by Avon.)

Subsequently I sold Evan a second Bob Shaw Novel, SHADOW OF HEAVEN.

In the meantime Bob asked me for advice with the plotting of another novel, which was ultimately published as THE TWO-TIMERS. We worried it back and forth in correspondence, and I sold the result to Terry Carr as an Ace Special.

(Although Terry was a friend to both of us, as an editor he wasn't that easy to sell to—I think he bounced SHADOW OF HEAVEN, for instance.)

On that book Bob insisted I take 15%, in return for my very minor collaborative efforts.

And, following that, I negotiated a deal with Terry whereby he bought Bob's next several books (titles and contents unspecified) for Ace Specials.

The thing is, Bob wanted to write full time, and needed the financial assurance that he could do so. He needed to tie up a series of sales so that he could rely on the income from the next year or so of writing.

And, unwittingly, stupidly, blindly, I crossed him up.

What happened—and I am ashamed to relate this—is that when a check for a sum of money (I believe it was either nine hundred or a thousand dollars) came in, I think from Banner/Avon, I banked it as was my custom (it was made out to me), and then while waiting for it to clear, found myself hard-pressed to meet outstanding bills of my own. Now, 10% of this money was mine, and that was all I intended to touch, but the bills added up to slightly more, so, figuring I'd put the difference back in in short order from a sale of my own, I tapped into Bob's money.

It was a monumentally stupid thing to do, and yet so easy. The rationalizations, the justifications, lept quickly to my mind. I was "just borrowing" a few dollars until I had my own. No harm done, no loss to Bob. So I thought.

But then my car, a lovely 1961 Lincoln Continental, was totalled by a truck, the sales I projected for myself didn't occur quite when I needed them, a publication hit me with a bouncing check, and, still rationalizing, I dipped deeper.

I do not excuse myself here. I will make no bones about it—I simply should not have done what I did. Once I'd dipped (or "borrowed," as I still considered it) past the hundred-dollar mark, it was no longer possible to make it up quickly from small checks and the like.

I knew it would take a larger chunk of money—money I could get only from a book of my own. I had several contracted—it was simply a matter of finishing one, turning it in, and collecting the final (or semi-final) payment. Then I could pass Bob's money on to him.

It was a deepening pit. Because, depressed by the car accident, my wife's back injury, and the fact that Hertz, whose truck had hit us, was not settling with us (never did—that was a total loss—Hertz is not insured), I wasn't writing. Ergo, I wasn't turning in any books, nor earning much money. A bad time in many respects. My self-esteem hit bottom.

Meantime, unbeknown to me, Bob needed that money rather badly. He was undergoing an expensive operation to save one eye. In spending his money I was doing something unconscionable to him—something which to this day I have not forgiven myself for. I was hurting a man whom I considered a valued friend.

Then, in a mix-up the details of which I never got straight, Bob wrote me a letter which I never received. Worried, panicking at my lack of response to his routine query, Bob finally wrote letters to others.

One to Terry Carr, whom he knew to be in touch with me, one to the SFWA

(of which Harry Harrison was then Vice President...do you begin to see the pieces fitting together?), another to Richard Geis. And perhaps others. I was first aware of the letter to Terry, although I subsequently was informed of several of the others.

I wrote Bob a long letter explaining the situation, laying it directly on the line to him, taking all blame for what I had done. A carbon of that letter went to Geis, who may or may not have it still in his files, but who can vouch for its existence. And Bob very quickly contacted the SFWA officers and others he'd written, to ask the matter be dropped. To me, he assured me that we were still friends and forgave me (frankly, throughout, the pain I felt was largely in the fact that I had hurt him and possibly destroyed our friendship. I admire and respect Bob Shaw enormously, and the thought that he might regard my actions as unforgivable was uppermost in my mind.). I shortly thereafter finished a book (BY FURIES POSSESSED) and was able to fully repay him.

The actions of my friends who were aware of this situation (most of my close friends were aware of it, at least after it broke open) were mixed, but none of them, although several gave me strong tongue-lashings, were as significant to me as that of Harlan Ellison, who moved heaven and earth to have me removed from my position as Fan Guest of Honor at the St. Louiscon, an action he still regards to this day as having been in my best interests. ("But, Ted, think of you up there and Harry Harrison standing up in the audience to confront you with this mess!") So I do not feel I went entirely unpunished for my transgression.

Up until now none of either my friends or my enemies has sought to strike at me through reference to this situation.

Until now. Harry Harrison calls me "an embezzler."

Well, Harry has the right to say, "He has embezzled." Once. He does not have the right to refer to an event five years buried in the present tense.

As for my relationship with Bob Shaw, I naturally ceased to act as his agent at that time, but I still take pride in the effective manner in which I (re)launched his career as a professional sf writer, and I can point with pride to the serialization of two of his novels (ONE MILLION TOMORROWS and OTHER DAYS, OTHER EYES) in AMAZING, as well as the publication in my magazines of several of his shorter stories.

Frankly, I think that only Bob has the right to take me to task at this date for my actions, which concerned only the two of us. Should he wish to level any criticism at me, I will stand with bowed head and take it silently.

But from Harry—? I face it as another, indeed overwhelming, example of the man's capacity for spite.

What's left? Ah, yes....

(4) I am a failed incompetent. My "dreary magazines," says Harry, lose more and more money every day and should fold soon. Well, to deal with the latter part first, I'm sure they aren't making much, but the question of losing money is debatable.

The distributor accepts (last I heard) only 58,000 copies out of which about half are sold. (Sales have held steady over the past four years despite the fact that our print order has been cut by more than one-third, and our distribution is notoriously spotty.

Jerry Pournelle (President of the SFWA) told me recently that when Harlan Ellison and a "consortium" of authors offered to buy the magazines, they were told the magazines were making money.

That's not what I hear, of course, but I am willing to bet that the magazines will not have folded by the time you read this—if only because I've already prepared those issues for the printer.

Am I a "failed incompetent"? By whose standards? Harry's? AMAZING placed third in Hugo balloting for the three years it was eligible during my editorship. I placed third in

the Best Editor Hugo balloting this last year. A year ago I got FANTASTIC onto a Hugo ballot for the first time in its career. I must be doing something right.

I'm not doing it perfectly, ghod knows. I have a hard time answering all my correspondence and giving quick readings to every short story that comes in. But I have done more than any other editor in the past five years to discover and develop new authors, many of whom—like Eklund, or Geo. Alec Effinger—have very quickly proved to be important new authors in our field.

And I did it by pulling them out of that slush pile it takes me so long to deal with.

I've also published a lot of important novels of which I am very proud. Ursula K. Le Guin's THE LATHE OF HEAVEN is only one example.

And I've done every bit of it on a truly miniscule salary (albeit twice what Harry got when he was editing what were then largely reprint editions of AMAZING and FANTASTIC).

So what does it all boil down to in the end? I have wasted (from my wife's point of view) most of a working day (copyediting the stories for the May, 1974 issue of FANTASTIC, as it happens) to write something that may provide a reasonable, balanced context for this missile of hate from Harry Harrison.

As usual, I have tried, to the best my crowded memory will allow, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Does it matter? I expect Harry's rejoinder will be more of the facile filth which pours out of him so readily at the mention of my name.

I am morally convinced, in my own mind, that Harry is a poisonous creature best shunned by man and beast, but does anyone else care?

Harry typifies a segment, I know not how large, of sf prodrom— the hail-fellow-well-met drinking buddies who regularly enjoy knifing one another in the back in private and lavish copious praise on each other publicly. I am not a part of that group and have absolute-

ly no desire to associate myself with it.

What, then, am I doing, writing a column like this—pugnacious by design—which perforce brings me into continued and unwanted contact with such loathesome people?

It's time to rethink. I am never going to learn to keep from shooting my mouth off when I think the cause is a just one—and I would be far happier without the consequences of such actions.

Neither I nor my karma need a bloated corpse like Harrison rising periodically from the muck (or "bar") to belch forth new obscenities in my direction.

Maybe it's time to get out my sax and trundle on downtown to a convivial low dive, to honk and scree in relative (and blissful) peace. I surely do not intend to write another column as long or as painfully demanding of me as this one.

REG COMMENT: Harry Harrison's letter in this issue is ill-advised, intemperate & no credit to his reputation.

Ted's column is a classic example of why he gets into these name-calling matches with people: his style is abrasive and "propagandistic"—he cannot resist loaded words to describe others' mental/motivational states.

I have heard from people—professionals in the sf field in positions to know the truth of the controversies detailed by Ted in his column. These people have no axes to grind and nothing to lose. Their information to me is Do Not Quote.

Based on this information, I am going to make a series of statements which I believe to be true.

1. Harry Harrison was Leroy Tanner.
2. Harry Harrison did not use his position as SFWA Vice President at the time Ted White was given the job of Editing AMAZING and FANTASTIC to threaten a renewed boycott.

3. Sol Cohen consulted Harry Harrison before employing Ted White as editor of the Ultimate publications. Cohen and Harrison's relationship goes

back thirty years. Cohen would not have made Ted editor without Harrison's blessing.

4. Many professionals in the field consider Harry Harrison to be a man of integrity.

5. For whatever reason, Ted has misrepresented the crucial matter of Bob Shaw's letters to him and his awareness of Bob's anger/concern regarding the \$900.

Bob wrote at least eight letters to Ted after he learned of Ted's use of the money. Ted did not reply to any of them. Bob wrote letters to a friend of Ted's (a professional sf writer and editor) who discussed Bob's increasing anxiety and anger with Ted.

It was only after Bob had written to Ted threatening in effect to "go public" with the matter that Ted wrote back. Bob offered to let Ted repay the money in installments.

Ted did not respond. Bob wrote again, threatening to blast Ted as he had threatened before. No reply.

Bob waited two weeks beyond a deadline he had given Ted, then the "Open Letter From Bob Shaw To Ted White" was sent out.

This sequence is not adequately described by Ted's lines, "Worried, panicking at my lack of response to his routine query, Bob finally wrote letters to others. One to Terry Carr, whom he knew to be in touch with me, one to the SFWA (of which Harry Harrison was then Vice President...do you begin to see the pieces fitting together?), another to Richard Geis. An perhaps others."

6. Ted managed to borrow the \$900 from an anonymous donor and was able to pay back Bob the entire sum, within a few weeks.

7. Other high-ranking fans and professionals, besides Harlan Ellison, including myself, felt Ted should not be Fan Guest of Honor at the St. Louis World SF Convention that year.

I'll publish responses and clarifications from the principals in this (including Bob Shaw) if they wish. But I hope this can be dropped and forgotten.

LETTER FROM JAMES GUNN

"Ted White's column was trenchant enough, and I heartily approve of its publication, although I disagree with most of what he had to say.

"What he had to say about SFWA would have been printed without question in the SFWA FORUM, but perhaps it is just as effective here where former as well as present SFWA members can read it in spite of the misleading connotation that some conspiracy exists to keep dissenting views out of SFWA publications. Somebody has not been reading the FORUM!

"I remember Ted's suggestion to Gordie and me after the 1971 Nebula Award affair in New York that SFWA publish books—or at least put its imprimatur on certain selected books to be published by some established publisher—and I thought it was an idea worth following up (as a small correction, Poul Anderson was not SFWA president until the following year, Gordie was completing his second term, my term was coming up, so Ted's memory of writing to Poul could not be accurate).

"And I did follow it up, trying the idea first on a university press or two—some of which would have jumped at the possibility but had no money—and then on Fred Pohl, who might have put together a consortium for something like this but left Ace before it could be accomplished.

"Further efforts on my part may yet produce a remarkable, new publications program. Of course it won't be Ted's program, but an idea I have been working on for some years, fertilized by Ted's idea, which was fertilized in turn by various discussions with various persons....

"But that's the way it always goes—if you want your idea carried out your way you'd better see to it yourself. As a matter of fact, Ted's idea had little chance of working. Not only did his proposal involve a great deal of work by a great deal of people—and if you've ever tried to get volunteers from among a group of writers, whose time is money, you will know the problem with that, as all past SFWA presidents do—but it also involved the kinds of dif-

ficult decisions that would make previous SFWA crises and jealousies seem like love feasts.

"But I am not so concerned with the details of Ted's proposal, which was daring and visionary in spite of its inherent difficulties and might have worked if someone like Ted had pursued it with singleminded intensity for several years and presented it to SFWA as a neatly done-up package (the worst thing an organization president can be presented with is somebody else's good idea that requires an incredible amount of work and an incredible amount of risk to make successful, and there is good reason for placing on the enthusiast the burden of realizing his own idea), but more with defections from SFWA.

"In spite of Ted's intimation that such defections are of recent origins, SFWA had them from the beginning, building slowly from nothing, losing some members along the way.

"I hate to see it happen, tried to do something to reverse it with little success, and realized that the more an organization does the more things members are going to find to be unhappy about, the less it does, the less the members are going to be annoyed over.

"One of the facts of life of a writer's organization is that the more established a writer is the less he needs it and the more it needs him.

"I had early doubts about the ability of any organization to serve a body of disorganized writers, doubts I am happy to say which were dissipated by the remarkable accomplishments of SFWA (I won't list them here; I have done so in the SFWA publications during my term as president.).

"Look back upon the condition of science fiction writers nine years ago; compare them now. Most is due to SFWA, and besides that the individual annoyances that individual writers find irritating and cause for resignation become insignificant—and many of them are the result ^{not} of SFWA policy (which because of the nature of the organization is the haphazard product of one volunteer, with whatever advice and help he can find) but of the individual

actions of volunteers doing their best as they see it.

"SFWA has become an effective—remarkably effective, given the circumstances—organization for improving science fiction and improving the lot of the science fiction writer.

"It would be even better and more effective if writers would ignore the inefficiencies and contribute their time and efforts to making it work.

"Those who have worked for it have not resigned (the one exception to that would be Alexei Panshin if, as Ted reports, he has resigned). ((He did. See his letter in TAC #7.))

"Personally, I urge all former SFWA members to rejoin and work toward better science fiction and better conditions for science fiction writers where their efforts can do the most good."

Dying people of the world, unite!
You have nothing to lose but your Cheynes.

Ishtar made me do it.

Wow!

LETTER FROM MIKE GLYER

"Remember that red alert (that turned out to be a red herring) I flashed you last year about the imminent purchase of a Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society clubhouse? This time we actually did it.

"Two weeks ago we had our first meeting in the new (only) Clubhouse—a business-faced house on Ventura Blvd. maybe a mile up the street from Universal Studios—address 11360 Ventura, to be precise.

"At the first meeting 108 people turned up, a raft of aus-der-woodwork members and a platoon of pros (Ellison, Sturgeon, Pournelle, Hiven, Gerrold, Bloch, Ron Cobb, Van Vogt, Bradbury, Crazy George).

"Pournelle came relaying a phone message of congratulations from Heinlein, as the topper.

OUTWORLDS

Edited, and published Quarterly, by: BILL & JOAN BOWERS

STEPHEN E. FABIAN -- *Associate Editor*

Columnists: POUL ANDERSON • PIERS ANTHONY • GREG BENFORD •
TERRY CARR • SUSAN GLICKSOHN • ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES •
andrew j offutt • JODIE OFFUTT • TED WHITE

COMING UP in Issue #19 [the 4th Annish] and Issue #20

WORDS - POUL ANDERSON's "Beer Mutterings" on SF's cycles of innovative creativity (and when the next is due). • JOHN W. ANDREWS--"The Gnat-Books of Sholem Short" • "The Four Lives of Sterling Lanier", by PIERS ANTHONY [with photos of the unique sculpture of Lanier---from "The Outer Space Gang" to "Legolas"] • TERRY CARR's "Entropy Reprints: AN ECHUMOR TRIAD" -- HENRY KUTTNER, RAY BRADBURY & FOREST J ACKERMAN • "A Horny Speculation on the Irish Elk", ALEXIS A. GILLILAND • SUSAN "Energuwoman" GLICKSOHN asks: "Are you a secret arctophile?" • PATRICK L. McGUIRE: "Russia's Defeat and Occupation, 1952-1960" • "The Onlyest Kentucky Boy in New York", andrew j offutt • JODIE OFFUTT: "...and the Irish Hate the Irish" • PLUS J.R. CHRISTOPHER, BILL WOLFENBARGER, the whacky world of S.A. STRICKLEN, JR., the columnists and INTERFACE--a lively and free-wheeling lettercolumn--Big and Little names, discussing Big and Little topics.

ART--Covers, Folios, strips, illustrations--by TERRY AUSTIN
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C. LEE HEALY • KEVIN MacDONALD • JIM McLEOD • CARLETON PALMER • WILLIAM ROTSLER • JAMES SHULL • DAN STEFFAN • etc.

[And--IF the participants agree--#20 will reprint the brief (but intense) HARLAN ELLISON/TED WHITE 'war'; i.e. Harlan's epic letter from OW 16, Ted's comment in OW 15 which caused it and his answer in OW 17, & two letters from Dick Lupoff, whose story in A.DV was the 'cause' of it. These issues ARE out-of-print, and should 2 out of the 3 nix the project, it will be the end of the matter. In short -- Caveat emptor.]

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DON'T ASK US WHY -- we've no idea. After all, VECTOR's six 1973 issues have included material by Mark Adlard, Brian Aldiss, Poul Anderson, James Blish, D.G. Compton, Michael C. Coney, Philip K. Dick, Harry Harrison, Ursula K. Le Guin, Peter Nicholls, Christopher Priest, Pamela Sargent, Bob Shaw, Brian M. Stableford, Philip Strick, Gene Wolfe, George Zebrowski and Roger Zelazny. Among, as they say, others. Apart from articles on all aspects of sf and sf writing, there are regular book, film and fanzine reviews, as well as letters.

IT'S A BIT EARLY to say what 1974 will bring -- but already in the pipeline are contributions from Brian Aldiss, James Blish, John Brunner, Edmund Cooper, Samuel R. Delany, Harry Harrison, and Robert Silverberg. It should be a good year.

WHAT DOES IT COST? Well, by surface mail it's £3.00 for 5 issues or £6.00 for 10. By airmail it's £1.00 per issue (as many as you like). Various back issues (nos. 59-61, 64-68) available at same rates. Cash or money order to: Malcolm Edwards, 19 Rammoor Gdns, Harrow, Middx, HA1 1UG, UK

The Alien's FUTURE

THAT SOUND YOU HEAR is not things that go Bump in the night. It is the editor bumping articles scheduled for TAC #8 into #9 and beyond...because Ted

White's column ran so long. So be it known that "Clarion West: A Look from the Inside" by Bob Sabella, "More Translations From the Editorial" by Gene Wolfe, and "A Nest of Strange and Wonderful Birds" by Sam Merwin, Jr. will (with luck) be in TAC #9.

Non-bumpable from #9 is "Reading Heinlein Subjectively" by Alexei and Cory Panshin. Also, "Written To a Pulp" by Sam Merwin, Jr. And if John Brunner sends his column....

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"That meeting was a mob scene—virtually the same as trying to host a party of 108 people in a typical Southern California claptrap single story house.

"With bathroom; whose first baptism was by Ray Bradbury. There has been discussion, too, of dedicating the facilities, something on the order of 'This Head Dedicated to Ted White: Through These Portals Pass Loving Memories of Him.'"

((It should be noted that Ted White has not for many years been in Favour by the LASFS; his editorials in AMAZING concerning too much commercialism and what he feels is misuse of convention funds by con committees also did not sit well with those who put on the 1972 worldcon in Los Angeles.))

"Oh, as I'm sure you heard, you came in third for the fanwriter Hugo. Otherwise you would have heard from me sooner.

"Logistically it was just as well you didn't win—I was standing in the back of the Royal York's vast Provinces Room, and to accept as your representative would have had to knock over aisle-standers, photographers, banquet attendees, and then stumbled around the far end of the platform to get to the dais. By the time I got there they would probably have given up and handed the trophy on to the next of kin.

"I was startled that Susan Glicksohn came in second—the Canadian chauvinist vote was far more powerful than I anticipated. ENERGUEN's victory proves that even more. The nationalist attitude of the press is one thing (the Glicksohns personified the con to most papers, who centered their coverage on the couple), but it slopped heavily over into local attendees—I cite as circumstantial evidence the list of Hugo nominees on the wall of Toronto's Bakka bookstore, with NERG and Susan Glicksohn capitalized and underlined, to differentiate them from the furriners.

"The Browns were cool during that Best Fanzine presentation. I watched them, and they didn't move a muscle. I don't know what I expected, perhaps some kind of TO TELL THE TRUTH schtick where the Browns and Glicksohns stand up and sit down while the moderator asks, 'Will

the real fmz Hugo winner please trot his body up here?' But they could have been part of the audience for all they did.

"Geis, you really ought to break down and install some layout in your fanzine." ... "It embarrasses me to get letters from people who say, 'PRE-HENSILE looks ten times better than ALIEN CRITIC etc. etc.' because for all that nice Shull artwork I'm still publishing Chauvin and Pournelle while you've got the whole ferryload of pros.

"More often I find my sense of envy adulterated with the humor of the fanzine situation.

"Take Tom Collins, absorbing all that fine material like a great sponge, with Panshin clamoring at his mailbox to Publish an essay on Heinlein—while good old Tom has two issues in galleys without funds to publish and probably won't produce an IS in calendar 1973. Yes, Geis, those reviews you delivered to him will be of books on Lois Newman's O.P. & Rare Books List before your words see the light of day. Que putride."

((Mike, I went the Layout Scene with PSYCHOTIC and SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. I got letters saying PSY and SFR were seized upon receipt and instantly read from cover to cover, while important work was put aside. This from professionals. And it wasn't because of gosh-wow layouts. It was the editing and content (although the illos helped and were part of the packages).

((I'm getting the same kind of feedback from the same people (and others, too) now that I have gone to a kind of mosaic-of-text format. (And I received the same kind of comment when I was doing my mosaic-journal-diary thing in RICHARD E. GEIS.)

((It proves to me that this typewriter is the key to my genius and if I ever lose this machine—I'm dead!

((But seriously—I'm word-oriented, and so far as I can tell Layout and Art aren't necessary. At least...conventional layouts and conventional fanzine art.

((This format works—for me. I'll stick with it. Easier, too.))

"Is there some way the DISCON committee can be compelled to render a decision about the eligibility of ALGOL for the upcoming Hugo? How can ALGOL, which Glicksohn tells me pays Lupoff for his reviews, be officially shown the door.

"The award is called 'Best Amateur Magazine' after all. Can it be done?"

((Is paying for material the yardstick? Mike Glicksohn paid for some of his artwork in ENERGUEN....should he give his Hugo back?

((("Amateur magazine" has become a very elastic phrase these last few years...and as I said last year, sooner or later a worldcon convention committee will have to grapple with the problem of "semi-pro" fanzines.

((I pay for most of the "outside" material in IAC, including covers. So if the Hugo nomination ballot says "amateur" this year I'll take it to mean that THE ALIEN CRITIC and ALGOL are not eligible. If it says "Best fanzine" I'll take that phrasing to mean ALGOL and IAC are eligible.

((The same problem seems to rear its moneyed head in the Best Fan Writer category. I intend to make money off this magazine. If the phrasing is "Best Amateur Fan Writer" I'm not eligible. So it goes. And we shall see. The Ballots should be out soon...in fact, since this (date of writing) is Dec. 21, I may have time to include a Ballot with this issue.))

THE DARKNESS AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

A Review of Roberto Vacca's THE COMING DARK AGE. Doubleday, \$6.95

The basis for this book's message of coming doom for mankind is not that we will soon run out of natural resources which will end the mass production economies and send us gradually into a handcraft/17th century civilization... but that our ever-growing complexity and instability of society and basic services will result in an eventual breakdown in one or more areas—power, water, transport—and that because of the terrifying interdependence of these

elements, one major failure will set off a falling-dominos sequence of disruption and shortages which will, in a breathtakingly short time wipe out half the population of the industrialized countries and send the survivors into a hand-to-mouth feudalism for a long period—perhaps as much as 100 years—before a rational and cautious rebuilding will begin.

Vacca bases this dire view on what he considers an inherent factor of increasing failure, a kind of point of diminishing returns, in the increasing size and complexity of our service-systems.

In short, the larger a telephone system, the larger a power network, the larger and ever-more entangled a world monetary and finance system, the more dependent we become on a long, multi-coordinated and multi-operationed energy train, the more intricate and centralized our governments, the more processed and multi-handled our food supply becomes...the more vulnerable the entire interlocked system becomes to sudden and catastrophic breakdown...and that a point is reached where these meshed systems cannot be efficiently expanded and at which their complications and unavoidable inefficiency/failure rates result in snowballing disruptions which will bring down the entire shaky structure.

Vacca punches holes in the mystique of computers. They are only as good as their programmers and their power-supply. They permit a degree of expansion and increased efficiency—at a price: increased dependence on the machine and another very dangerous link/extension in the structure and its vulnerability.

He feels we in the United States have nearly reached the point of collapse. He cites the blackout of New York and the Northeast in 1965 as an ominous symptom, a signal. So, too, are the monetary crises of the last decade. He cites the problems of the large U.S. railroads.

A telling point is simply that with sheer size and complexity the human element in these supply chains is horribly dangerous. One shallow, essentially stupid, isolated, immoral man in a position of immense political (or economic, or military, or labor) power can virtually ruin a country.

Vacca sees no hope of averting the

coming disaster. The inertia of mismanagement and imperfection of design and function of society itself and its ways-of-life is too great for a radical change at this late date.

No, it all has to come tumbling down—and will. His hope is in foresighted individuals and small groups who may plan ahead for survival and for the preservation of knowledge and machines.

He sees the end somewhere in the 1980's or early 1990's. Depending. A good recession would delay the final collapse for a few years.

His prediction coincides roughly, incidentally, with the known 50-year U.S.-Europe economic cycle which "predicts" a major economic collapse around 1979 or so. Thus 1879-1929-1979.

Vacca sees a stupendous collapse for different reasons.

We shall just have to wait and see.

LETTER FROM JOHN ROBINSON

"QUESTION: in TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE, are the characters Tamara and Maurina one and the same? No records exist of the death of Lazarus Long's mother. Could she have survived to become Tamara?

"I don't think this will cause any great controversy but it should be good for some conversation. The idea is just pithy enough to get some people wondering. Did Heinlein have more in mind than he revealed? If so, then a positive ending may be assumed (that is, Lazarus Long did not die but was saved by Tamara/Maurine.)"

((I think it's clear that Lazarus is being saved from death at the end of the book. As to Maurine—I wouldn't be surprised if Lazarus turned out to be her father.

((Mr. Heinlein is known to leave small clues in his books that point to some surprising conclusions.

((For instance—in his I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, has anyone tumbled that Eunice is a black?))

LETTER FROM BRETT COX

"Perhaps the thing that affected me the most was Robert A. W. Lowndes' letter: specifically, the part dealing with the right of parents to censor their children's reading material.

"Now, I'm 15 years old, and still live at home, and my parents still exert a great deal of control over me. But the one thing they cannot control is what I read. Nobody—but NOBODY—has the right to tell me what I may or may not read, may or may not see, may or may not think. This includes the Supreme Court, the local police chief, my teachers, and my parents.

"Fortunately, my parents have never made any restrictions on reading material, except for a ban on possession of them dirty magazines with the filthy peextures.

"If they ever did forbid me to read a book I wanted to read, or to write a story I wanted to write, or anything like that, I would be forced to tell them as politely as possible to take a flying ultimate sexual act at the moon.

"The only things in my life that I hold inviolate are my rights under the First Amendment. I won't let anybody take them away from me."

((Boy, both you and your parents are lucky you don't want to possess dirty magazines with filthy peextures. Or don't feelthics come under the First Amendment?))

AND THE BLAND PRAYS ON

A Review of Brian Moore's CATHOLICS.
Pocket Books 78356, \$1.25.

I call it Future Fiction—extrapolation of current trends in religion/politics/culture/what-have-you.

As opposed to Science Fiction which is supposed to be a story in which, if you take the science out, you ain't got a story to speak of.

I shouldn't be cute; this is a serious book with an unwelcome cop-out ending—rigorous, realistic, logical and plausible, but not an ending the reader (even a confirmed atheist like me) wants to read.

Brian Moore has written of a moral/religious problem: a few years before 2000 A.D., when the Catholic Church has been watered down by modernism, liberalism and ecumenicalism to the point that it is considering a kind of merger with an equally thinned-down Buddhism, the news media suddenly discover thousands of deeply religious Catholic tourists are visiting an obscure diocese on the Irish coast where an ancient order of Catholic monks say Mass the old-fashioned way—in Latin, with backs turned to the congregation, with all the old trappings and deadly seriousness of the traditional ritual.

The message is that this kind of religion has substance and content and is emotionally satisfying. The new, ecumenically altered brand is by comparison the religious equivalent of Chinese food.

An embarrassing state of affairs for the new Church and its 'Father General'.

A young, modern, determined emissary is sent from Rome to the Abbey of Muck, and his job is to tell the old Abbot, Father O'Malley, to obey the new rules for saying Mass and taking confessions in public, or face transfer and/or official reprimand.

There is a short period of emotional, intellectual and spiritual trench warfare with the monks and with the Abbot during the emissary's brief visit to rainy, barren, impoverished Muck.

Will old Father O'Malley knuckle under? Will he defy Authority and continue to give the people (local and visiting) what they want and need?

Huh! No, it turns out the old man is a burned-out spirit, just doing his job, secretly a Doubter of Church and God, who has no place to go and no guts.

He is actually a secular man doing his best in a bad situation, struggling with the marginal existence the island and the sea provide the Abbey, and with the occasional flaring cinders of his dying/dead faith.

And so this very short novel (I figure about 24,000 words) dribbles off into a puddle: the young plenipotentiary flies back to Rome and the beaten Abbot

wearily orders the old ways abandoned and has to cope with the rebelliousness and dismay of the truly religious monks, knowing that the last vestige of pure Catholicism has been killed.

I was lured into the arguments for and against, convinced of the validity of the story, sympathetic with the old Abbot, rooting for him and the old ways, hoping he'd win the battle....

Faugh! Ripped-off again.

Brian Moore could have written a Blockbuster of a novel with this theme and cast and background. He barely set it up—then walked away.

Let me, with a venomous final word, say that Pocket Books has got a lot of nerve asking \$1.25 for this large-type, blank-pages-padded, 109 printed-pages package.

Yet, at the same time I thank them for sending it to me—I enjoyed it in my fashion.

LETTER FROM JOANNA RUSS

"Please don't send me any more copies of THE ALIEN CRITIC. I don't usually read it, but in this last issue I saw there was a letter by Vonda McIntyre, got interested in what she might have to say, and turned to her letter. Her reaction to the publication tallies with mine.

"I'm writing not to convince you, which may or may not happen, but to support Vonda and anybody else, male or female, who has her reaction to THE ALIEN CRITIC. You are certainly free to turn your fanzine into a men's house miniature world, but why you think I would like it or be interested in it — a mystery.

"So for all those people who feel uncomfortable, as Vonda did:

"The editor's comment on Vonda's letter is a perfect example of what she and I don't like. And this was not written by Michael G. Coney, but by you.

"I.e. 'As long as men can beat up on women on a one-to-one physical level, women will be sex objects, cultural 'victims' and to a greater or lesser degree

—property.'

"This is a cultural myth. If a one-to-one beating upon a woman led in even a majority of cases (not all) to the woman's instantly walking out on the man, or (let us say, killing the man — murder does not take muscles, although a beating does), or suing the man, beating up on a woman would no longer be a practical solution to interpersonal problems.

"Sexism is not enforced by one-to-one muscular encounters between men and women. If it were, young men would rule old men. Do you think U.S. Senators got to be Senators by being able to beat up on the men running against them for office? Is Nelson Rockefeller's wealth a direct result of his musculature? Everywhere, in every industrial society, old men rule young men — very old men. Physical strength, which seems to matter so much between men and women (according to you) does not, oddly enough, operate between men and men except in fringe situations: bars, perhaps?

"Sexism is enforced by ideology and economics. A woman who does not feel the compulsion to stay with any man because she has to have a man or stop having any personal value, a woman who is economically independent, is able to walk out on men who believe what you believe. Most women in our country are not economically independent, and all of us, male and female, believe the ideology.

"The illusion that muscles must mean social power is a fantasy that can be cherished only by very young or very isolated men. Even primitive societies have elaborate rules for behavior, and to locate social, economic, and political power in your biceps — this in an industrial society! — for shame. And you a science fiction writer, of all things!

"There are students of mine who believe similar myths, for example, that women enjoy being raped. But their muscular power doesn't prevent my giving them grades — or even recommendations to graduate school, which may (in extreme cases) affect their future lives. The power to beat somebody up

is the power to beat them up. It does not lead to other kinds of power unless the social context supports this.

So: now you know why I don't want any more of THE ALIEN CRITIC. I'm tired of overlooking things like this, or ignoring them. In other fields I don't care, but I do care about science fiction. Even more, I care about people who have not yet retreated into this kind of compensatory myth (those would be male people, I guess) and about female people who find it saddening, which indeed it is.

"P.S. Apologies will be cheerfully read, but nothing else. No explanations of how wrong I am, or oversensitive, etc. etc. (the usual stuff). After all, you don't have to print this. And I'm damned if I will get into another long-drawn-out argument. (The first was with - via Harlan Ellison and LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS - guess who? Michael G. Coney.)

"If you want a book-list, I will send one to you. Then you may speak as one of the informed and one in touch with the great wide world outside THE ALIEN CRITIC. (I admit there's little outside s.f. that has the same glittering fascination, but there are some things that are worth knowing about.)"

((Firstly, I have never made a sexist editorial decision; I am interested in the best material I can get, regardless of who writes it.

((Secondly, I used a kind of intellectual shorthand in using the lines that crottled the greeps of you and Vonda (And Buz Busby, too, who wrote a letter echoing some of your points and concluded with a perceptive, "I had some stuff in mind about why and how men tend to consider women as less than fully human, but that's a full-length article..") Also, James Tiptree, Jr. pointed out how some women view men as an alien species in his excellent novelet in the December, 1973 F&SF.).

((I meant it to be understood as follows: As long as most men have the capability of beating up on most women on a one-to-one physical level, women will be sex objects, cultural 'victims' and to a greater or lesser degree—

psychological and economic property.

((This conclusion is based on the fact that most men are larger and stronger than most women and on the assumption that this mutual knowledge creates a subtle, pervasive psychological environment which pressures most young women into being and doing as their "masters" wish.

((Of course most men do not enforce their will on women by brute physical power...but girls and women live always with the knowledge that it can be done.

((I submit that this basic fact-of-life-for-human-females from the earliest times has had massive social and cultural consequences.

((Why are the most-used sexual positions for intercourse (historically) male superior? Psychologically, physically and perhaps instinctively, sexual positions reinforce the social and cultural roles.

((To digress: a marvelous s-f novel is waiting to be written (probably by a woman) using the what-if of a permanent mutation in the human species which results in women of equal size and strength. Just that "small" change would create a revolution that would last for generations. And if women mutated to physical superiority....

((A modern industrial society lures and demands that women join the labor force. Technology and science have made the Pill possible and the interaction of science and industrialization have created the social pressure for legalized abortions.

((Industrialization birthed WimLib as surely as it did the mass production/mass consumption society.

((More and more young women are becoming smaller, softer men (economically and to a degree psychologically)... but they'll always be sex objects (because of the character of male sexuality and instinct), and they'll always be—to a greater or lesser degree—cultural victims and property (because the bottom line is male superiority in strength and greater size.

((Women have their superiorities, too, obviously, and use them. They

live longer, mature sooner emotionally, and in many ways are structured better.

((I'll avoid getting into gender psychology and individual psychology; obviously many women dominate many men, and many men wish to be dominated.

((I will note that the relative size/strengths and obvious sexual functions of the sexes have survival value for the species.

((Some people say all the above isn't fair or just. Nature doesn't deal in justice or equality. Those are human ideals and are not often realized (and then only briefly). Justice and equality are luxuries few societies can afford. We are in a period now of great luxury...and social ferment as society adjusts to the pressures of changing technology and industrialization.

((I am not emotionally involved with the above views (well, maybe a teensy bit). I am in favor of equal rights and privileges for women...and equal responsibilities.

((I review fiction as fiction, not according to the sex of the writer.

((Joanna, I sent you a copy of TAC #5 because I reviewed your story (favorably) in AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS, and I sent you a copy of #6 because of Michael Coney's comments about that story ("When It Changed"), and I sent you a copy of #7 because of Vonda's letter and Marjorie Aab's letter. I thought you'd be interested. I'll send you a complimentary copy of this issue because I am publishing your letter.))

Godperson made me do it

"They'll get you for that, Geis!"

Mother Nature made me do it

"No writer, who ever becomes a writer of any consequence, ever talks or looks like a writer; only professors of literature, literary critics, and other such fowl ever talk or look like a writer, plus, of course, the psychologically devious practitioners of the aesthetic and beautiful side of writing."

—Jack Woodford, "Plot
and the Dual Writing
Mind", PLOTTING

LETTER FROM
MICHAEL G. CONEY

— "Re FRIENDS COME IN BOXES: I would rather you wrote a scathing review than no review at all. Of course there is justification in all you say... In defence of the novel, I must say I think we are on different wave-lengths here.

"I did not concern myself with the scientific aspect; if you like, I was playing at God. I said: Let there be Boxes, let them be conscious, let there be Transfers, let there be androids... Now, given these rather illogical circumstances, how would my logical little people act?

"It all grew up from a short story ("A Woman and Her Friend") when I decided, as an intellectual exercise more than anything else, to see how many different plot-lines I could come up with—using the same basic premises.

"So these premises were not for the sake of my 'sacred plot requirements'; in fact certain factors made plotting pretty goddamned difficult.

"But it was fun even if it was not SF and surely there must be room somewhere for this type of thing, somewhere between SF and fantasy?

"As to whether it was intended literally—hell, I can't answer that. It was intended to entertain. You've put me on the spot: I can't cop-out, and I can't not cop-out.

"I like the goddamned book. I didn't like MIRROR IMAGE and, to be frank, I'm not too crazy about THE HERO OF DOWNWAYS, either.

"Since then I have written one so-so novel, and three which I regard with great joy—even though Les Flood, my agent, said that he was 'bitterly disappointed' in my favorite.

"And right now I am engaged in penning the biggest load of crap I've ever seen. Why? Because I'm confident someone will like it. Tastes differ.

"Which leads me neatly into the, uh,

other matter. I, too, am a sucker for amateur psychology—my rampant 15-year-old son even refers to our family as 'the herd'—and so I sympathize with the readers who were quick to detect a mention of penis envy—and then equally as quick to deny the existence of this unhappy female malady.

"But penis envy is not what I said. My phrase was ambiguous: it could have been taken physically, metaphorically or psychologically. It is interesting that everyone picked the latter, when each of the others would have served my purpose. But then, we are all amateur psychologists, of course, and why not?

"And none more enthusiastic than Marjorie Aab who, I suspect, is young and nice and genuinely upset about my remark.

"Miss Aab, I must tell you that unfortunately there are things in this world which disgust me as much as racism—one of these being sexism. (Also on my list are nationalism and religion, but that's another matter.)

"I suppose we are all entitled to place whatever construction we like on Joanna Russ' story which, you feel, is about tough women surviving. Now, I honestly think your construction is naive—and you will see that Vonda McIntyre speaks (p. 47, TAC #7), in that same context, of 'the anger and hostility of women.'

"Well, that was the way the Joanna Russ story struck me too—and I didn't like it. We can all do without anger and hostility, which was what my original letter was saying.

"And as regards your fourth para., I find my penis just great and hope you are enjoying your vagina. By the way, the word in that same para. should be 'greed', not 'envy.' Kind regards, and I go right along with you concerning the Phil Dick letter."

"There has been a forthright exchange of correspondence between myself and Harlan Ellison during which he accepted my story "Suzy is Something Special" (8000 words to add to the total on page 24, TAC #7) for THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS. He says, among other things,

that the story strikes him with repulsion—upon which we agree—and that he plans 'something special' for the Introduction. (I think he is referring to my head, Miss Aab.)

"This will be interesting, since the story is offensive to a degree which I seriously thought would prohibit publication—and Harlan Ellison has intimated that he identifies the writer with the story.

"However, he says that he will show me the Introduction before publication, in order that I may revise my Afterword accordingly if necessary; and I don't think you can get fairer than that."

"You sent a rather lousy book called KULDESAK, a sf sex novel, by Richard Cowper. Is that a pseudonym or real name? If chosen, it's a beautiful pun. Why? Richard is formal. Dick, of course, is a nickname and a slang name for penis. Cowpers are small glands in the penis. Or am I reaching too far?"

—C.

LETTER FROM JOHN JAKES

"I really dug the review of ON WHEELS, and am glad you liked it. Years ago, in the NEW YORK TIMES, I first came across the term 'good bad book' in an Anthony Boucher crime review column; he said Sax Rohmer wrote 'REALLY good bad books.'

"Poisoned as I was at an early age by a combination of Captain Future and Max Steiner movie music for Warner pix, I shamelessly aspire to write a 'REALLY good bad book' one day...

"ON WHEELS seems oddly dated in view of the gas problem. No surprise. I wrote the book some 4-5 years ago. The publisher kept it a good 2 years before printing it. In the Useless Trivia Dept., I put the title on it a good six months before A. Hailey announced the name of his Detroit opus. For whatever difference that makes. None, I suspect."

((And I was poisoned by the pulps and Jack Woodford...))

LETTER FROM ED CAGLE

"While oozing my way through a crumbling old cavalry post journal discovered by a friend in Oklahoma, I ran across an entry which noted the execution of a trooper named 'A. N. Geis' whose intentional demise was prompted by 'bestial acts and murder'...

"Do you have any latent desire for horses, Dick? Or blatant desire? (The Captain hollered 'Mount' and you shoulda seen what Corporal Geis did!) Uh huh."

((We in the Geis clan prefer not to discuss great grandad Albert. The only entry in our family history (THE BOOK OF GEIS, p.468) is sketchy, noting only that he was 'well hung.'

((I have no affection for animals. A well-turned ~~1411044 1411~~ WOMAN'S LEG is what turns me on.))

Kohoutek made me do it!

LETTER FROM VIVIAN BOARMAN

"I must register immediately the strongest possible PROTEST that you accepted, then printed (!) that utterly stupid non-criticism of Theodore Sturgeon!

"Didn't you realize Chauvin's descendant mis-stated the plots of what few Sturgeon stories he seems to have seen in such a way that it's obvious he missed the point—right down the line!—of what Sturgeon actually was saying???

"Ask anyone you respect—Dr. Asimov, Ursula LeGuin, Silverberg, Ellison (ask—please!), Delany, Pohl, anyone!—what he thinks of this Chauvin's two-dimensional (if that!) viewpoint, if that's what it is!!! I'm ashamed of you.

"I could PROVE it, were I not so busy (managing) but meantime trust you get at least 100 more protests from subscribers who HAVE read Sturgeon."

((Sorry, Vivian, yours has been the only protest thus far. In fact, Tony Cvetko wrote: "I especially enjoyed Chauvin's article because I've noticed the same thing in Sturgeon's work that

he has." If any of the heavyweight pros mentioned wishes to comment for publication I'll be happy to print them.))

UHH...well, I do have a comment from a fan, sort of indirect, but interesting in its own right.

LETTER FROM TONY SMITH

"In the article on Sturgeon by Chauvin there's a quote from "Dazed" by Sturgeon concerning the relative effects of heroin and morphine in medical use.

"I'm sure any doctor could give a concrete reason for using one over the other. Unfortunately I'm not a doctor but I could offer a guess from a past working experience.

"Morphine, because its effects are to make you 'numb and gray' is more effective at killing pain; in fact, out of all the drugs I was given during one stint in the hospital (I was in a bad automobile accident), the ones most dependable to kill pain were the ones that turn you off as opposed to being 'fun'. Which heroin doesn't incidentally. Contented is closer to the truth.

"Now cocaine is a different matter—it does have incredible euphoric effects but doesn't kill pain all that well. Had a friend who tried it for that purpose. Didn't do a thing for the pain but he no longer gave a damn. Which all, of course, is irrelevant since morphine—as well as heroin—is habit forming.

"Now what I've found to be a very enjoyable medium is Demerol. Kills pain and induces a womb-like warmth and glow that's quite pleasant.

"Heroin just isn't that neat—at least in the two times I tried it (both by accident—wouldn't go out of my way to do narcotics but street dope is a strange business—at least back in my wild youth when I ran in those circles).

"Don't know where Sturgeon got his ideas concerning drugs—all of the pain-killers are addictive to some extent except for Talwin which is non-narcotic but a good bet for psychological dependency if taken with any regularity for any length of time."

LETTER FROM CHARLES PLATT

"It's kind of you to continue sending me THE ALIEN CRITIC. In some ways I regret its move from being a personal diary to being a more formal science-fiction scrapbook; there was a kind of morbid, horrific fascination in flicking through the pages to find out what new, highly personal sexual revelation you were making in each issue.

"On the other hand, looking at it objectively, THE ALIEN CRITIC seems more useful and relevant, just as SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW was useful and relevant—the only fanzine, in my opinion, that was useful and relevant (aside from LOCUS).

"When I started at Avon there was an inventory of unpublished material so large that I was unable to do very much; we had enough material to fill nearly two years of publishing, at the rate of one science fiction title per month.

"The backlog has slowly diminished, however, and I now hope to be able to give Avon's science fiction list a better sense of purpose and policy.

"We have a new Piers Anthony novel, RINGS OF ICE, scheduled for June '74; it's a catastrophe novel with a very original hard-science idea at the heart of it, and a cast of extremely weird characters dramatizing the catastrophe in a manner which I think no other catastrophe novel has come close to. A good combination of straight adventure fiction, solid science (including a factual afterword), and characterization which was unknown in science fiction until recently.

"In July we'll publish THE PASTEL CITY by M. John Harrison, a Doubleday book that was sadly overlooked by many people. Beautifully written, and a perfect combination of science fiction and epic fantasy. To my mind, rather than fall between the two genres, it combines the best of each.

"In August we have THE GUNS OF AVA-LON by Zelazny, which a lot of people probably read in hardcover.

"In addition we have bought two reissues from Phillip Jose Farmer, and have a contract with Barrington J. Bay-

ley for a new novel that I hope he will complete early in '74.

"Like M. John Harrison, Bayley has not attracted the attention he deserves; his books from Ace and DAW seem to have been ignored.

"Yet I think he is at least as original and inventive in his ideas as, say, Larry Niven—though his field is more metaphysics than astrophysics.

"Bayley also has a novel coming from Doubleday soon, I believe; I hope you'll at least have time to look at it, even if you can't review the whole thing.

"Avon will also be publishing SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME volumes 2a and 2b; THE DOORS OF HIS FACE, THE LAMPS OF HIS MOUTH (short stories by Zelazny, originally published by Doubleday); and 2020 VISION, edited by Jerry Pournelle.

"The latter should ideally have appeared sometime ago, but the vast amount of material on hand at Avon, when I became their science fiction consultant, forced me into scheduling material according to dates of contract termination; so some books are appearing almost two years after their paperback rights were initially purchased.

"Needless to say, this situation is not continuing; a more normal period is now nine months from purchase-of-rights to publication-of-book.

"334 (this is the book's title) by Thomas M. Disch, was originally to be published as mass-market science fiction; however, I moved it out of the sf list and Avon are doing it as an oversize, sophisticated-looking non-science-fiction title, distributed only to bookstores (not newsstands). It is, however, pure science fiction in essence.

"A section of the book was published earlier in NEW WORLDS, but this will be its first publication as a whole. I like it a lot and think it is the best Disch has written since CAMP CONCENTRATION.

"In January Avon will publish their first edition of NEW WORLDS; I'll try to remember to send you a copy, though I don't know if you'll like it. Interestingly, the identical volume is being

published as mass-market science fiction in Britain, but is packaged as an oversized, sophisticated-looking book here, like the Disch novel. It is not identified as 'science fiction' and the cover blurb in fact tries to make it clear that NEW WORLDS doesn't fit any one particular category.

"To you, I think some of the contents will seem 'real' science fiction, but some definitely won't.

"In future, for Avon, I'm hoping for books that combine real innovation and originality (either in conception or execution) with wide appeal and general 'readability'; my ideal is Ursula K. LeGuin's THE LATHE OF HEAVEN, which we published earlier in 1973 and have done very well with.

"I'm hoping also to get covers which tread a middle line between being not-too-juvenile yet not-too-subtle. Until recently, very little of this was directly under my control (or more accurately under my 'advice', since I have no actual control as a 'consultant').

"I inherited a whole lot of artwork when I joined Avon, just as I inherited a massive pile of manuscripts.

"So it is with mixed feelings that I look at covers such as the recent one on THE SUICIDERS, an old-style space adventure by J.I. McIntosh.

"Flash Gordonish paintings like this seem to sell well (and DAW doesn't do badly with what I consider crude, BEM-style art), but I would like to believe it's possible to appeal to the reader who goes for this kind of luridness, without at the same time making other readers embarrassed to be seen reading the book.

"I think few science fiction fans realize the extent to which publishers still aim their packaging at a juvenile audience. Often, this policy seems to work; which of course is the reason for its continuation.

"Whether it is possible to combine 'adult' and 'juvenile' appeal in a cover painting, I don't know; but it's worth trying, and the Avon art department is certainly very helpful.

Lastly, just a couple of notes on

the New York paperback publishing scene in general: I am continually depressed by what seems to be happening here.

"NAL has cut back its output, Lancer of course are, perhaps temporarily, out of business altogether, Ace is doing a lot of reissues, Berkley are publishing less science fiction than a year ago (as far as I remember), and from my own personal experience I know that, at Avon, the average gothic novel easily outsells the average science fiction novel.

"(Of course, a Zelazny outsells a gothic; but it is impossible for a company to use only big-name science fiction authors—and also undesirable, in my opinion, since it leads to a static, conservative situation with no new talent entering the field.)

"Avon has been publishing four gothics a month; one science fiction a month. Were it not for a feeling that in the long run science fiction can be more than ephemeral, escapist, formula-written entertainment, Avon would perhaps have stopped publishing science fiction altogether.

"But this feeling is more one based on faith than on results. Avon did badly with a good book like CAMP CONCENTRATION—supposedly an example of science fiction transcending itself.

"If science fiction does badly when it tries to transcend itself, and does so-so when it is run-of-the-mill, why bother?

"I think this is oversimplifying the case to some extent, but at the same time I think this is the sort of argument that has been influencing some publishers to cut back on their science fiction output.

"It seems paradoxical, at a time when science fiction in movies and TV is doing very well indeed, and Arthur Clarke gets more than a million dollars for his next three novels. But the average science fiction novel is not a money-maker; the average science fiction author (i.e., not well known to the general reading public) sells fewer copies than the writers in other genres where there are no pretensions at all of 'literary merit' or 'importance'; and there is an immense gap be-

tween a book like FOUNDATION (the Avon edition of the trilogy has done about two million, totalling the three books) and a book like, for example, NEW DIMENSIONS 1, which will perhaps sell 40,000 if we're lucky.

"I don't think this situation is confined to Avon. Conversations I have had with other science fiction editors confirm a general pattern.

"It may be that science fiction distribution is wrong; that more concentration on college bookstores, and less on newsstands, would pay off.

"This is one possibility that a lot of writers talk about (usually without explaining how this distribution is going to be controlled, how distributors and salesmen are to be made interested in the fate of a handful of 'crummy science fiction junk'). It is a possibility that we will try out.

"It may be that science fiction should always have remained on the Edgar Rice Burroughs level; that these days a lot of it falls between juvenile reading matter and adult material.

"If we conducted some market research, we might find out; but what publisher would fund such research? And having done work for a New York market research company, I know, in any case, that their results are not at all reliable; I've seen too many questionnaires that the interviewers filled in themselves, instead of taking to their interviewees.

"In short, paperback science fiction has some great and very obvious best-sellers that anyone could pick, and the rest of the time does not do as well as anyone would expect.

"I've been in New York about five years and feel that the situation is worse now than it has been before; the atmosphere of willingness-to-experiment that existed in the 60s has gone, it is almost impossible for unknown authors to get in print in paperback (with the exception of DAW, who, of course, are not known for their high advances—they pay now what I was paid for my first novel seven years ago), and it is only because I feel that not all of the possibilities have been tried, yet,

that I have some kind of optimism still.

"Eventually I hope to be able to find some correlation between better than average sales and a particular type of cover, for example. But this takes time and a lot of energy, and for the time being it remains a situation where I am feeling around in the dark.

"I would like it known that I am trying very hard at Avon to make science fiction more of a success; to keep it stimulating and fresh and interesting, at the same time broadening, rather than limiting, its appeal."

((There is a "behaviorist" school of publishing which follows rules like: Yellow Covers Don't Sell; Use Large Type And Short Paragraphs; Use Danger Covers...etc. It used to be true in the porno publishing business that any book with 'Virgin' in the title sold well. There are Rules-of-Thumb which seem to be effective.))

Well, sports fans, we're down to the ninth inning on the one yard line and we need a basket. In odder words, it is squeeze time. One short letter to go, then the unclassified ads, The Archives, and a new feature on the last page, my "Alien Conclusions", and then the issue will be complete.

So, without reverting to the Presidential Pica of the electric typer, let us dip into a letter/review by:

BRUCE D. ARTHURS

"I have just finished an Elwood anthology, TEN TOMORROWS, and found it very disappointing.

"I got the distinct impression that very little care or effort was put into some of the stories.

"In particular, I refer to Blish's "A True Bill." First, it is not science fiction, but...a Christian allegory! (And a particularly forced and obvious one.) Second, it is a play. Plays, in my own opinion, are meant to be performed, not read. Very, very few plays can be enjoyed by reading the script, and Blish's is definitely not one of the enjoyable ones. Last, it was first written in 1966. This gives

me the distinct impression that Blish said to himself, 'Here's a chance to make a quick buck. I'll dust off this old play of mine and send it to Elwood. He'll buy anything.'

"And I think that's a pretty fair evaluation of Elwood. He sells his anthologies largely on the Big Names he gets to contribute, not the quality of those contributions.

"Oh, there are good stories in his books; I enjoyed Niven's "The Defenseless Dead" and Dozois' "In a Crooked Year" quite a bit.

"But I expect better from Blish.

"I expect something better from Silverberg than the plotless (tho' entertaining) emotional outburst of "Ms. Found In An Abandoned Time Machine."

"I expect better from McCaffrey than the offensive sexism (male sexism, no less!) of "The Rescued Girls of Refugee."

"And I expect something a lot better than the very minor "The Freshman Angle" from Pangborn."

((This turned out to be a longer letter, column-inch-wise, than I had thought. Bruce, you make a mistake in assuming Blish thought that way; most likely Elwood asked for a contribution and that play was all Jim had on hand, and so sent it because of lack of time to write a story more appropriate.

((You probably are on safer ground in questioning Elwood's editorial judgment in accepting it.

((Because one of Elwood's anthologies is bad, doesn't mean they're all bad or mediocre. Bad logic.))

"There is nothing fundamentally more realistic or more 'natural' about a public urinal, or a kitchen sink, or a paranoid-schizophrenic than there is about a tranquil lawn, or a cultivated household, or a balanced mind. All exist in this world, and a writer who concentrates exclusively upon the sordid and repellent aspects of life, implying that these are all, is as guilty of distortion as the authors of mawkishly sentimental novelettes."

—Duncan Williams, TROUSE RED APES

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1974. FROM: WILLIAM A. CLUMM, 6407
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CYPHER is one of Britain's top serious
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THE ALIEN'S ARCHIVES

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED

About an extra foot of books this
quarter. Lots of good reading ahead of
me...and lots "behind" me that I didn't
get to. The greatest frustrations for
me are the books unread and unreviewed.

Well, onward. Fingers, do your
stuff.

Aldiss, Brian W. THE EIGHTY-MINUTE HOUR.
Novel. 1974. Doubleday. \$5.95.

Anderson, Poul. HROLF KRAKI'S SAGA. A
reconstruction of Norse legends.
1973. Ballantine 23562. \$1.25.

Introduction by Lin Carter.

The Skjoldung

The History of Hrolf Kraki, a For-
ward by Poul Anderson.

I. Of The Telling.

II. The Tale of Frodhi.

III. The Tale of the Brothers.

IV. The Tale of Svipdag.

V. The Tale of Bjarki.

VI. The Tale of Yrsa.

VII. The Tale of Skuld.

VIII. The Tale of Vagg.

Anthony, Piers. VAR THE STICK. Novel.
1973. Bantam N6948. 95¢.

Asimov, Isaac. Editor. NEBULA AWARD
STORIES EIGHT. 1973. Harper &
Row. \$6.95.

Introduction: "So Why Aren't We
Rich?" by Isaac Asimov.

"A Meeting With Medusa" by Arthur
C. Clarke.

"Shaffery Among the Immortals" by
Frederik Pohl.

"Patron of the Arts" by William
Rotsler.

"When It Changed" by Joanna Russ.

"On the Downhill Side" by Harlan
Ellison.

"The Fifth Head of Cerberus" by
Gene Wolfe.

"When We Went to See the End of the
World" by Robert Silverberg.

"Goat Song" by Poul Anderson
(* Nebula winners)

Award Winning Science Fiction, 1965-

1972. (A listing of the Nebula and
Hugo awards).

Ballard, J.G. CRASH. Novel. 1973.
Farrar, Straus and Giroux.
\$6.95.

Brandel, Marc. THE MAN WHO LIKED WOM-
EN. 1972, 1974. Pocket Books
78626. \$1.50.

Brunner, John. THE SHEEP LOOK UP.
Novel. 1972, 1973. Ballantine
23612. \$1.65.

TIME JUMP. Collection. 1973. Dell
8917. 95¢.

Introduction by John Brunner.

"Galactic Consumer Report No.1:
Inexpensive Time Machines."

"Speech is Silver."

"The Warp and the Woof-Woof."

"The Product of the Masses."

"Galactic Consumer Report No. 2:
Automatic Twin-Tube Wishing
Machines."

"Death Do Us Part."

"Coincidence Day."

"Whirligig."

"Galactic Consumer Report No. 3:
A Survey of the Membership."

"Nobody Axed You."

Byfield, Barbara Ninde. THE BOOK OF
WEIRD. Clever, humorous lexi-
con of the fantastical. Illus-
trated by the author. (former-
ly published as THE GLASS HAR-
MONICA). 1967, 1973. A Dolph-
in Herald Doubleday Book C525.
\$3.95.

Canning, John. Editor. 50 TRUE TALES
OF TERROR. Anthology. 1972,
1973. Bantam TP7755. \$1.50.

* This space is the result of an
* error. A rotten goof. A mot-
* ten mistake.

* I am typing in an insert; I
* had to cut out the previous
* material. I am wasting this
* space.

* BE SURE TO SEND YOUR NEW AD-
* DRESS if you move. If you do
* not move—thanks.

* ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF ME CON-
* TINUING "THE ONE IMMORTAL MAN"
* AND PUBLISHING IT MYSELF AS A

MIMEOGRAPHED NOVEL WITH A STEVE FABIAN COVER AND THREE OR FOUR FULL-PAGE FABIAN INTERIORS, PLEASE SIGNIFY WITH ENTHUSIASTIC YEAS. If enough are received, it shall be done sooner or later. To those who arrived late: "The One Immortal Man" is a violent, sexy, fascinating novelette I wrote in RICHARD E. GLIS #3. (Well, technically, my Alter-Ego wrote it...no, I wrote it under the pen-name of A. L. Terego.... No, Alter wrote it but I....

You know, it's a good thing I killed him and disinfected the dungeon. *smug*

Heh heh "Don't be so sure I'm gone, Geis. It was I you met in the Archives last issue. And now...."

What? Who Said That? I thought I... *Gasp! Cringe* YOU!

"You can never banish me for long."

Alright...if you're back, get to work! Finish these Archives!

"What? You don't understand, Geis. I hide in here, I don't work here!"

You do now. Get on with it. We're wasting too much space!

Grumble "I shoulda stayed behind the collected editorials of John Cambell."

Carr, Terry. Editor. INTO THE UNKNOWN. Anthology. 1973. Thomas Nelson. \$6.50.

Introduction by Terry Carr.

"McGillahee's Brat" by Ray Bradbury.

"As Is" by Robert Silverberg.

"Technical Slip" by John Wyndham.

"Beyond the Game" by Vance Aandahl.

"Touchstone" by Terry Carr.

"Are You Listening?" by Harlan Ellison.

"The Lottery in Babylon" by Jorge Luis Borges.

"Dogman of Islington" by Hilary Bailey.

"The Drowned Giant" by J. G. Ballard.

"Inside" by Carrol Carr.

"The Old Folks" by James E. Gunn.

Cooper, Edmund. THE TENTH PLANET. Novel. 1973. Putnam. \$5.95.

Dickson, Gordon R. THE R-MASTER. Novel. 1973. Lippincott. \$6.95.

Ellison, Harlan. Editor. AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS, Vol. 1. Anthology. Signet 451-J5672. \$1.95.

Illustrations by Ed Emshwiller.

Introduction: "An Assault of New Dreamers" by Harlan Ellison.

"The Counterpoint of View" by John Heidenry.

"Ching Witch!" by Ross Rocklynne.

"The Word for World is Forest" by Ursula K. Le Guin.

"For Value Received" by Andrew J. Offutt.

"Mathoms From the Time Closet

1: Robot's Story

2: Against the Lafayette Escadrille

3: Loco Parentis" by Gene Wolfe.

"Time Travel for Pedestrians" by Ray Nelson.

"Christ, Old Student in a New School" (poem) by Ray Bradbury.

"King of the Hill" by Chad Oliver.

"The 10:00 Report is Brought to You By..." by Edward Bryant.

"The Funeral" by Kate Wilhelm.

"Harry the Hare" by James B. Hemesath.

"When It Changed" by Joanna Russ.

"The Big Space Fuck" by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

"Bounty" by T.L. Sherred.

"Still-Life" by K.M. O'Donnell.

"Stoned Counsel" by H. H. Hollis.

"Monitored Dreams & Strategic Cremations

1: The Bisquit Position

2: The Girl With Rapid Eye Movements" by Bernard Wolfe.

"With a Finger in My Eye" by David Gerrold.

"In the Barn" by Piers Anthony.

Editor. AGAIN DANGEROUS VISIONS, Vol. 2. Anthology. Signet 451-J5673. \$1.95.

Introduction: "An Assault of New Dreamers" by Harlan Ellison.

"Soundless Evening" by Lee Hoffman. ((small inkblot)) by Gahan Wilson.

"The Test-Tube Creature, Afterward" by Joan Bernott.

"And the Sea Like Mirrors" by Gregory Benford.

"Bed Sheets Are White" by Evelyn Lief.

"Tissue

1: at the fitting shop

2: 53rd american dream" by James Sallis.

"Elouise and the Doctors of the Planet Pergamon" by Josephine Saxton.

"Chuck Berry, Won't You Please Come Home" by Ken McCullough.

"Epiphany for Aliens" by David Kerr.

"Eye of the Beholder" by Burt K. Filer.

"Moth Race" by Richard Hill.

"In Re Glover" Leonard Tushnet.

"Zero Gee" Ben Bova.

"A Mouse in the Walls of the Global Village" by Dean R. Koontz.

"Getting Along" by James Blish.

"Totenbuch" by A. Parra (y Figueredo).

"Things Lost" by Thomas M. Disch.

"With the Bentfin Boomer Boys on Little Old New Alabama" by Richard A. Lupoff.

"Lamia Mutable" by M. John Harrison.

"Last Train to Kankakee" by Robin Scott.

"Empire of the Sun" by Andrew Weiner.

"Ozymandias" by Terry Carr.

"The Milk of Paradise" by James Tiptree, Jr.

Editors. Elwood, Roger and Vic Ghidalia. AN-

DROIDS, TIME MACHINES AND BLUE GIRAFFES. Anthology.

1973. Follett. \$6.95.

Preface by Roger Elwood.

Robots

"Moxon's Master" by Ambrose Bierce.

"Metal Man" by Jack Williamson.

"Lenny" by Isaac Asimov.

"Grandma Was Never Like This" by Rachel Cosgrove Payes.

Monstrosities

"The Horla" by Guy de Maupassant

"Counter Charm" by Margaret St. Clair.

"The House in the Valley" by August Derleth.

"The Unpicker" by William F. Temple.

Machines

"Frank Reade Jr.'s Air Wonder" by Luis P. Senarens.

"The Machine" by John W. Campbell.

"Calling Dr. Clockwork" by Ron Goulart.

"The Running" by Richard Posner.

Mutants

"King Pest" by Edgar Allen Poe.

"White Ape" by H. P. Lovecraft.

"The Blue Giraffe" by L. Sprague De Camp.

"The Mutant Season" by Robert Silverberg.

Time Travel

"Chronic Argonaut" by H. G. Wells.

"Time For Sale" by Ralph Milner Farley.

"Where the Time Went" by James H. Schmitz.

"Forerunner" by Jeff Sutton.

Space Travel

"The Begum's Fortune" by Jules Verne.

"Son of the Stars" by Eando Binder.

"Sunjammer" by Arthur C. Clarke.

"Terra Phobia" by Dean R. Koontz.

Editor. THE BERSERKERS. Anthology. Trident. 1974. \$6.95.

Introduction by Roger Elwood.

"The Berserks" by Arthur Iofte.

"Trial of the Blood" by K. M. O'Donnell.

"The Horseman From Hell" by Gail Kimberly.

"The Price of a Drink" by James Blish.

"As is a Vision Apprehended" by Barry N. Malzberg.

"And Mad Undancing Bears" by R. A. Lafferty.

"Thaumaturge" by Raylyn Moore.

"Coincidence" by William F. Nolan.

"The Patent Medicine Man" by Daphne Castell.

"A Freeway for Draculas" by Richard A. Lupoff.

"Night and Morning of the Idiot Child" by Virginia Kidd.

"Skinflowers" by David Gerrold.

"Form in Remission" by Robin Schaeffer.

"Echo" by James Sallis.

"The Genuine Article" by Adrian Cole.

Enck, John Edward. A BETTER SUNSET. Novel. 1973. Exposition Press. \$5.00.

Farmer, Philip Jose. TRAITOR TO THE LIVING. Novel. 1973. Ballantine 23613. \$1.25.

THE OTHER LOG OF PHILEAS FOGG. Novel. 1973. DAW UQ1048. 95¢.

Federbush, Arnold. THE MAN WHO LIVED IN INNER SPACE. Novel. 1973. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.95.

Editor.
Ferman, Edward L. THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. 20th Series. Anthology. Doubleday. \$6.95.

"Shaffery Among the Immortals" by Frederik Pohl.

"A Different Drummer" by Raylyn Moore.

"The Deathbird" by Harlan Ellison.

"Born To Exile" by Phyllis Eisenstein.

"Thus Love Betrays Us" by Phyllis MacClennan.

"The Animal Fair" by Alfred Bester.

"Is It the End of the World?" by Wilma Shore.

"The Bear With the Knot on His Tail" by Stephen Tall.

"Birdlime" by B.L. Keller.

"The Problem of Pain" by Poul Anderson.

"Sooner or Later or Never Never" by Gary Jennings.

"Cartoons" by Gahan Wilson.

Greve, Tor. NIGHT ON EROS. Novel. 1973. VANTAGE PRESS, INC. \$5.95.

Goodfield, June. COURIER TO PEKING. Novel. Pocket Books, 78354. \$1.25.

Freedman, Nancy. JOSHUA, SON OF NONE. Novel. 1973. Delacorte. \$7.95.

Franke, Herbert W. THE ORCHID CAGE. Novel. 1973. DAW UQ1082. 95¢.

Finney, Jack. THE INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS. Novel. 1954-5, 1973. Award AN1125. 95¢.

Haggard, H. Rider. THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST. Novel. 1973. Ballantine 23660. \$1.25.
Introduction by Lin Carter.

Harrison, Harry. STAR SMASHERS OF THE GALAXY RANGERS. Novel. Putnams. \$5.95.

THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT SAVES THE WORLD. Novel. 1972. Berkley 425-02475-07. 75¢.

Harrison, Barbara. A COLD NIGHT'S DEATH. Novel. 1973. Award 1105. 95¢.

Malzberg, Barry N. PHASE IV. Novel. 1973. Pocket Books 77710. 95¢.

BEYOND APOLLO. Novel. 1972, 1974. Pocket Books 77687. 95¢.

Laumer, Keith. THE GREAT TIME MACHINE HOAX. Novel. 1963-4. Award 1171. 95¢.

Kelley, Leo P. MINDMIX. Novel. 1972. Fawcett T2549. 75¢.

THE EARTH TRIPPER. Novel. 1973. Fawcett T2719. 75¢.

Kapp, Colin. THE WIZARD OF ANHARITTE. Novel. 1973. Award 1156. 95¢.

Hughes, Zach. THE BOOK OF RACK THE HEALER. Novel. 1972-3. Award 1149. 95¢.

Hoban, Russell. THE LION OF BOAZ-JACHIN AND JACHIN-BOAZ. Novel. 1973. Stein and Day. \$6.95.

Moore, Brian. CATHOLICS. Novel. 1973. Pocket Books 78356. \$1.25.

((I see I got some books listed out of proper alphabetical order back there. Sorry.))

Offutt, Andrew J. THE GALACTIC REJECTS. Novel. 1973. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. \$5.50.
Illustrated by Richard Cuffari.

Page, Thomas. THE HEPHAESTUS PLAGUE. Novel. 1973. Putnam. \$5.95.

Pohl, Carol and Frederik. Editors. JUPITER. Anthology. 1973. Ballantine 23662. \$1.25.
Introduction: "Jupiter the Giant" by Isaac Asimov.
Preface: "Jupiter at Last" by Frederik and Carol Pohl.
"Bridge" by James Blish.
"Victory Unintentional" by Isaac Asimov.
"Desertion" by Clifford D. Simak.
"The Mad Moon" by Stanley G. Weinbaum.
"Heavyplanet" by Milton A. Rothman.
"The Lotus-Engine" by Raymond Z. Gallun.
"Call Me Joe" by Poul Anderson.
"Habit" by Lester del Rey.
"A Meeting With Medusa" by Arthur C. Clarke.

Reginald, Robert. and M. R. Burgess. CUMULATIVE PAPERBACK INDEX,

1939-1959. Gale Research Co.
1973. \$24.00.

Reynolds, Mack. COMMUNE 2000 A.D. Novel.
el. 1974. Bantam N8402. 95¢.

Rice, Jeff. THE NIGHT STALKER. Novel.
1973. Pocket Books, 78343.
\$1.25.

THE NIGHT STRANGLER. Novel. 1974.
Pocket Books 78352. \$1.25.

Rossiter, Oscar. TETRASOMY TWO. Novel.
1974. Doubleday. \$5.95.

Runyon, Charles W. AMES HOLBROOK,
DEITY. Novel. 1972. Curtis
503-07202. 75¢.

PIG WORLD. Novel. 1971. Double-
day. \$4.95.

Scortia, Thomas N. and Chelsea Quinn
Yarbro. Editors. TWO VIEWS OF WONDER.
1973. Ballantine 23713. \$1.25.
Introduction: "Vive laquelle dif-
ference?" by Thomas N. Scortia and
Chelsea Quinn Yarbro.

"Faulty Register" by Joe Gores.

"Lone Warrior" by Miram Allen de
Ford.

"IMT" by Pamela Sargent.

"Small World" by Michael Kurland.

"When Petals Fall" by Sydney J. Van
Scyoc.

"Papa Schimmelhorn and the S.O.D.O.M.
Serum" by R. Bretnor.

"Rope of Glass" by George Zebrowski.

"The Quality of Mercy" by Tamsin
Ashe.

"Un Bel Di" by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro.

"Kiss of Fire" by Harlan Ellison.

"A Personage of Royal Blood" by
Willo Davis Roberts.

"Thou Good and Faithful" by Thomas
N. Scortia.

Appendix of themes.

Silverberg, Robert. Editor. ALPHA 4.
Anthology. 1973. Ballantine
23564. \$1.25.

Introduction by Robert Silverberg.

"Casablanca" by Thomas M. Disch.

"Dio" by Damon Knight.

"Eastward Ho!" by William Tenn.

"Judas Danced" by Brian M. Aldiss.

"Angel's Egg" by Edgar Pangborn.

"In His Image" by Terry Carr.

"All Pieces of a River Shore" by R.
A. Lafferty.

"We All Die Naked" by James Blish.

"Carcinoma Angels" by Norman Spinrad

"Mother" by Philip Jose Farmer.

"5,271,009" by Alfred Bester.

DYING INSIDE. Novel. 1972. Bal-
lantine 23563. \$1.25.

Stoker, Bram. DRACULA. Novel. c/w
Shelley, Mary. FRANKENSTEIN. Nov-
el. Doubleday, 1973. \$6.95.

Transue, Jacob. TWILIGHT OF THE BASI-
LISKS. Novel. 1973. Berkley
425-02476. 95¢.

Watkins, William Jon. CLICKWHISTLE.
Novel. 1973. Doubleday. \$4.95.

Wellman, Alice. SPIRIT MAGIC. Non-fic-
tion. 1973. Berkley 425-02478.
95¢.

Wertham, Fredric., M.D. THE WORLD OF
FANZINES—A Special Form of
Communication. Non-Fiction.
1973. Southern Illinois Univ.
Press. \$10.00.

Wilhelm, Kate. ABYSS. Novel. 1967,
1971. Bantam N7234. 95¢.

Wilson, Robin Scott. Editor. CLARION
III. Anthology of Speculative
Fiction and Criticism. 1973.
Signet 451-05503. 95¢.

Introduction by Robin Scott Wilson.

"Road Map" by F. M. Busby.

"Everybody Loves: In a Circular Mo-
tion" by Mel Gilden.

"The Ursula Major Construct; or, a
Far Greater Horror Loomed" by Ursula
K. Le Guin.

"Asclepius Has Paws" by Mildred Dow-
ney Broxon.

"The Word 'Random', Deliberately
Repeated" by John Shirley.

"Why?" by Theodore Sturgeon.

"The Teardrop" by Dvora Olmstead.

"Bus Station" by William Earls.

"Say Goodbye to the World's Last
Brothel" by Robert Wissner.

"Flat Hatter" by David Wise.

"Baby Makes Two" by Gerard F. Con-
way.

"Thrangs and Other Wonders" by Leo-
nard Isaacs.

"Cantaloupes and Kangaroos" by Den-
nis R. Caro.

"The Breath of Dragons" by J. Mich-
ael Reaves.

"The Source" by Kate Wilhelm.

"Servants" by David Wise.

"When Pappy Isn't There" by Lin-

Nielson.

"More I Cannot Wish You" by Jean
Sullivan.

"The Deep Well of the Unconscious—
Well, Well..." by Damon Knight.

"Give My Regards to the Czar" by
David N. Williams.

"Molten Core" by Donnel Stern.

"Science Fiction, Archetypes, and
the Future" by R. Glenn Wright.

"The Diggers" by Donnel Stern.

"Play It Again, Sam" by F. M. Bus-
by.

"Till Human Voices Wake Us..." by
Lisa Tuttle.

"When Dreams Become Nightmares:
Some Cautionary Notes on the Clar-
ion Experience" by Harlan Ellison.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED

AMAZING. February 1974. Vol. 47, No. 5
60¢. Ted White, Ed. Cover by Jeff
Jones.

Short Novel: FATHER by Pamela Sar-
gent.

Novellets: "Warship" by David Redd.

"Annapolis Town" by Grant Carring-
ton.

"Man in a Vice" by Gregory Benford.

Short Stories: "No Deposit*No Re-
fill" by Robert F. Young.

"Mama Loves You" by Dale Randles,
Jr.

Editorial: Ted White

The Clubhouse: (fanzine reviews) by
Ed Smith.

The Future In Books: (book reviews)
by Karl P. Pflock, Cy Chauvin and
Thomas F. Monteleone.

Or So You Say: (letters).

ANALOG. December, 1973. Vol. XCII,
No. 4. 60¢. Ben Bova, Editor.
Cover by John Schoenherr.

Novellette: "The Hellhound Project"
by Ron Goulart.

Short Stories: "Skinnerian Box" by
Roger A. Beaumont.

"Soldiers' Home" by Lawrence A.
Perkins.

"Weed Killers" by Ronald Cain.

Serial: THE SINS OF THE FATHERS by
Stanley Schmidt (Part Two of Three
Parts).

Science Fact: "Beyond the Blue" by
Walter B. Hendrickson, Jr.

The Editor's Page: "Those Inprot

able Quasars."

The Analytical Laboratory: (ratings).

The Reference Library: (book reviews) by P. Schuyler Miller.

Brass Tacks: (letters)

In Time To Come: (featured next issue).

ANALOG. January, 1974. Vol. XCII, No. 5 60¢. Ben Bova, Editor. Cover by Kelly Freas.

Novelette: "The Horus Errand" by William E. Cochrane.

Short Stories: "The Astounding Dr. Amizov" by R. F. DeBaun.

"The Hole Man" by Larry Niven.

Serial: THE SINS OF THE FATHERS by Stanley Schmidt (Conclusion).

Science Fact: "Space Probe From Epsilon Boötis?" by Duncan Lunan.

Guest Editorial: "Channel Markers" by Robert A. Heinlein.

The Analytical Laboratory: (ratings).

In Times To Come: (features next issue).

The Reference Library: (book reviews) by P. Schuyler Miller.

Brass Tacks: (letters).

ANALOG. February, 1974. Vol. XCII, No. 6. 60¢. Ben Bova, Editor. Cover by Jack Gaughan.

Serial: EARTH, AIR, FIRE AND WATER by Stephen Nemeth and William Walling..

Novelettes: "A Mind of His Own" by Joe Haldeman.

"Wet Blanket" by P.J. Plauger.

"A Bonus For Dr. Hardwick" by Brian C. Coad.

Short Stories: "Violence on TV" by Glenn L. Gillette.

"The Amphibious Cavalry Gap" by J. J. Trembly, as told to James E. Thompson.

Science Fact: "The Artist and the Computer" by David L. Heiserman.

The Editor's Page: "Crazy Ideas."

The Analytical Laboratory: (ratings).

In Times To Come: (featured next issue).

The Reference Library: (book reviews) by P. Schuyler Miller.

Brass Tacks: (letters).

FANTASTIC. January, 1974. Vol. 23, No. 2. 60¢. Ted White, Editor.

Cover by Esteban Maroto.

Short Novel: THE EARTH OF NENKUNAL by Howard L. Meyers.

Novelette: "...And Another World Above" by Ted White.

Short Stories: "Alien" by David R. Bunch.

"She-Bear" by Janet Fox.

"The Interview" by J. J. Russ.

"Network" by Barry N. Malzberg.

"Heartburn In Heaven" by Susan Doenim.

Editorial by Ted White.

According To You: (letters).

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. December, 1973. Vol. 45, No. 6. Whole Number 271. 75¢. Edward L. Ferman, Editor. Cover by Ron Walotsky.

Novelets: "The Women Men Don't see" by James Tiptree, Jr.

"The Power of Blackness" by Jack Williamson.

Short Stories: "Time-Sharing Man" Herbert Gold.

"12:01 P.M." by Richard A. Lupoff.

"Ms. Found In An Oxygen Bottle" by Gary Jennings.

"Moonacy" by C. G. Cobb.

"Voyage With Interruption" by Doris Pitkin Buck.

"Not a Red Cent" by Robin Scott Wilson.

Books: (reviews) by Gahan Wilson.

Cartoon: Gahan Wilson.

Films: Baird Searles.

Science: "The Figure of the Farthest" by Isaac Asimov.

F&SF Competition.

Index to Volume 45.

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. January, 1974. Vol. 46, No. 1. Whole No. 272. 75¢. Edward L. Ferman, Editor. Cover by David Hardy.

Novelets: "The Witch and the Well" by Phyllis Eisenstein.

"The Centauri Device" by M. John Harrison.

"The Beautiful One" by Keith Roberts.

Short Stories: "The Sled" by Paul Darcy Boles.

"A Board In the Other Direction" by Ruth Berman.

"The Tigers of Hysteria" by Michael Bishop.

"The Initiation of Akasa" by Michael G. Coney.

Books: (reviews) by Harlan Ellison.

Cartoon: Gahan Wilson.

Films: Baird Searles.

Science: "The Eclipse and I" by Isaac Asimov.

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. February, 1974. Vol. 46, No. 2, Whole Number 273. 75¢. Edward L. Ferman, Editor. Cover by Richard Sternbach.

Novella: MOUTHPIECE by Edward Wellen.

Short Stories: "A Game of Vlet" by Joanna Russ.

"In Rubble, Pleading" by Michael Bishop.

"A Delightful Comedic Premise" by Barry N. Malzberg.

"The Mountains of Sunset, the Mountains of Dawn" by Vonda N. McIntyre.

"Shoes" by Raylyn Moore.

"The Graveyard Blues" by Dennis Etchison.

"A Star is Born" by Joseph Green.

Books: (reviews) by Joanna Russ.

Cartoon: Gahan Wilson.

Films: Baird Searles.

Science: "The Dance of the Luminaries" by Isaac Asimov.

GALAXY. November, 1973. Vol. 34, No. 2. 75¢. Ejler Jacobsson, Editor. Cover by Brian Boyle Studio.

Novelettes: "Think Only This of Me" by Michael Kurland.

"A Suppliant In Space" by Robert Sheckley.

"Mayflower Two" by Ernest Taves.

Short Stories: "And No Birds Sing" by William E. Wilson.

"Some Joys Under the Star" by Fredrik Pohl.

"By the Seashore" by R. A. Lafferty.

Serial: (Part II) THE DREAM MILLENNIUM by James White.

Galaxy Bookshelf: (reviews) by Theodore Sturgeon.

"Eclipse Expedition Into the Sahara" by Ernest Taves.

Galaxy Stars: (autobiographical) Ernest H. Taves, MD.

GALAXY. December, 1973. Vol. 34, No. 3. 75¢. Ejler Jacobsson, Editor. Cover by Brian Boyle Studio.

Serials: INVERTED WORLD (Part I) by Christopher Priest.

THE DREAM MILLENNIUM (Conclusion) by James White.

Novella: SWEET SISTER, GREEN BROTHER by Sydney J. Van Scyoc.

Short Stories: "Unbiased God" by

Doris Pischerchia.
 "Her Fine and Private Planet" by Roland Green.
 "A Better Rat-Trap" by Charles Hoquist and Robert Phillips.
Directions: (reader opinion) Sebie D. Landers.
Galaxy Bookshelf: (reviews) by Theodore Sturgeon.

GALAXY. January 1974. Vol. 34, No. 4. 75¢. Edited by Ejler Jacobsson. Cover by Rick Sternbach.
Novella: THE ONLY WAR WE'VE GOT by Joe Haldeman.
Novelette: "The Girl With a Symphony In Her Fingers" by Michael G. Coney.
 "Meditation Passages" by Joanna Russ.
Short Stories: "Survival Course" by Neal Barrett, Jr.
 "Answer Came There None" by James White.
 "Calendars" by Fred Saberhagen.
 "Waves" by Jack B. Kerr.
Serial: INVERTED WORLD by Christopher Priest. (Part II)
Galaxy Bookshelf: (reviews) by Theodore Sturgeon.

IF. November-December 1973. Vol. 22, No. 2. Issue No. 169. 75¢. Ejler Jacobsson, Editor. Cover by Brian Boyle Studio.
Novelette: "Price of Honor" by Kenneth Von Gunden.
Short Stories: "How to Blow Up An Asteroid" by Duncan Lunan.
 "Dingbat" by Ron Goulart.
 "Man of Many Parts" by Susan Ellison.
 "Velvet Fields" by Anne McCaffrey.
Serial: (Conclusion) INHERITANCE by Robert Wells.
Reading Room: (reviews) by Lester del Rey.
SF Calendar: (listings).
Hue and Cry: (letters).

LITERARY MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & TERROR.
 Number 4. 1973. \$1.50. Edited by Amos Salmonson. Cover by Jenny Hunt.
Letter from the Editor.
 "Orb of the Wizard King" by Ron Nance.
Verse: Joseph Payne Brennan.
 "Cosmic Jesters" by C. C. Clingan.
 "A Matter of Competition" by Eddy C. Bertin.

Rap Session: (letters).
"Archives of Fear" by Rhondi Greening.
Art Feature: Indian Demonology.
"The Alchemists of Ivis" by Amos Salmonson.
Artist's Credits.
P.S.: by the editor.

VERTEX. December 1973. Vol. One, No. 5. \$1.50. Editor: Donald J. Pfeil. Cover by Kevin Davidson.
Editorial: by Don Pfeil.
Novelette: "A Nice Place To Visit" by Stephen Goldin.
Feature Fiction: "I Mind" by Allan Asherman.
 "Dark, Dark Were the Tunnels" by George R. R. Martin.
 "For the Good of Society" by Terri E. Pinckard.
 "Sikh, Sikh, Sikh" by Larry Eisenberg.
 "Springtime, A.D." by Richard Ashby.
Short Stories: "A'la Mode Knights" by William Rotsler.
 "No Bands Playing" by Robert A. Heinlein.
 "The Reason Why" by Steven Utley.
 "The Questors" by Herman Wrede.
Feature Articles: "The Rationalization of Pragmatic Time" by Lawrence Neal.
 "Aztec Medicine" by Raymond Friday Locke.
 "Even Relativity is Relative" by Igor Bohassian.
 "Life At a Distance" by James Sutherland.
Personality: "Vertex Rountable"—Paul C. Turner interviews Dr. Gregory Benford and Dr. Sidney Coleman.
Moment in History: "Dr. Goddard's Fireworks Machine."
News and Reviews.
The Art of: George Barr, by William Rotsler.
Back Cover: Don Davis.

VERTEX. February 1974. Vol. One, No. 6. \$1.50. Editor: Donald J. Pfeil. Cover by Don Davis.
Editorial: Donald J. Pfeil.
Novelette: "Mission For a Veteran" by Neil Shapiro.
Feature Fiction: "Heisenberg Is Dead" by Richard Ashby.

"One Little Room and Everywhere" by Joseph F. Patrouch, Jr.
Short Stories: "And No Potatoes" by Walt Liebscher.
 "Guilty As Charged" by Alice Laurence and William Carlson.
 "The Mars Stone" by Baul Bond.
 "A Matter of Taste" by Mary McClellan Johnson.
 "The Schlemihl Hypothesis" by Leonard Tushnet.
 "Nobody Lives Around There" by Gregory Benford.
 "Vampire's Lament" by Don Kerr.
Feature Articles: "The Unhuman Explorers" by James Sutherland.
 "Selenography" by Jay Arrow.
 "The Image of Women in Science Fiction" by Joanna Russ.
Personality: "Vertex Interviews Philip K. Dick" by Arthur Byron Cover.
Moment In History: Monument To the Mercury Seven.
News And Reviews.
Designs For Outer Space by Don Pfeil.

WEIRD TALES. Winter 1973. Vol. 47, No. 3. 75¢. Editor: Sam Moskowitz. Cover by Bill Edwards.
 "The Balloon Tree" by Albert Page Mitchell.
 "Sea Curse" by Robert E. Howard.
 "The Terror of the Water-Tank" by William Hope Hodgson.
 "Chicken Soup" by Katherine MacLean and Mary Kornbluth.
 "The Figure With the Scythe" by August Derleth and Mark Schorer.
 "The House" (verse) by H. P. Lovecraft.
 "How We Found Circe" by A. Merritt.
 "The Cats of Rome" and "Ghostly Hands" by Miriam Allen deFord.
 "Time" (verse) by Olaf Stapledon.
 "William Hope Hodgson—The Final Years" (article) by Sam Moskowitz.
 "The Double Tower" by Clark Ashton Smith and Lin Carter.
 "The Mysterious Card" and "The Card Unveiled" by Cleveland Moffett.
 "The Splendid Apparition" by Robert W. Chambers.
 "The Dramatic in My Destiny" by Emma Frances Dawson.

"Challenge" (verse) by Virgil Finley.
The Eyrle: (letters).

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DELACORTE PRESS, New York. (Can't find an address at the moment. Next issue.)

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DOUBLEDAY & CO., 277 Park Av., New York, NY 10017.

DOVER PUBLICATIONS, 180 Varick St., New York, NY 10014.

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FABER AND FABER, 3 Queen Square, London WC1, UNITED KINGDOM.

FANTASY HOUSE, 6045 Vineland Av., North Hollywood, CA 91606.

FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX, 19 Union Square W., New York, NY 10003.

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GALE RESEARCH CO. Book Tower, Detroit, MI 48226.

GRANT, West Kingston, RI 02892.

GREENWOOD PRESS, Westport, CT 06880.

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Conde Nast Publications, 420 Lexington
Av., New York, NY 10017. (\$6. yr.)

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Stephen Gregg, P.O. Box 193, Sandy
Springs, SC 29677. \$3.50 four issues)

GALAXY
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UPD Publishing Corp., 235 East 45th
St., New York, NY 10017.
(\$9. for 12 issues, each title)

LITERARY MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & TERROR
Amos Salmonson, Box 89517, Zenith, WA
98188. (\$6. for 6 issues)

VERTEX
Mankind Publishing Co., 8060 Melrose
Av., Los Angeles, CA 90046. (\$6. for
6 issues.)

WEIRD TALES
Weird Tales, 8230 Beverly Av., Los
Angeles, CA 90048. (No subscription
rate listed.)

ALIEN CONCLUSIONS

This is the final thoughts dept.
Here I clear the decks, sweep the
floors and turn an organized face to
the world while the office slides in-
to chaos behind my back.

I talked to the new editor of IF

a few weeks ago on the phone. Jim Bain
is his name (LOCUS calls him "Baen"—who
is correct, Jim?) and he described his
editorial position as somewhere between
me and Frederik Pohl. (This man is
slippery.) And he asked me to tell the
writers who may have submitted to IF
previously to please submit again. I
think it is safe to say that Jim is not
a New Wave editor.

+++

THE GESTETNER...is still alive. I
thought I was in Serious Trouble a few
days ago (this being Jan. 10th) as it
persisted in printing light and extreme-
ly light on the last 4-5 lines of each
page. I bought new ink rollers. No im-
provement. I had to call for expert
help.

Seems in fiddling with the adjust-
ments to cure one ill I had created an-
other. (You pay for your thrills.)

The man put in a fresh spring here,
adjusted there...and now the clunkety-
whunking thing runs okay...except for
an ominous thumping sound every time the
impression roller comes up.

But I grin and hope for the best.
("Please Ghod, let it run till this is-
sue is finished.")

+++

Robert Werner came up with a good
interlineation I'll use here:

"I have one complaint. You print
too many fillers concerned with
paranoia. Don't think I can't tell
when people are trying to make fun
of my mental state."

+++

LEST I FORGET. Here are two last-
minute UNCLASSIFIED ADS.

I am at the mercy of anyone willing to
sell me a copy of REG#1. Thomas Gallo-
way, Prog. Tra. B-522, FCDSTCL DNeck,
Virginia Beach, VA 23461.

SCIENCE FICTION: Hardcover, pulps, di-
gests, pocketbooks, fanzines, comics.
Free lists. FANDOM HOUSE, 415 Ash St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, CANADA R3N 0R1.

The cover of TAC #7 received very
good praise, many commentators asking if
it was my idea or Steve Fabian's.

I must smile with embarrassment,
kick a clod of dirt, say, "Aw shucks,"
and admit it was my idea. And didn't
Steve do a magnificent job of putting
it on paper! (The original is incred-
ible...so much detail is lost in photo-
offset.)

Tim Kirk has done it again with his
cover for this issue. Another winner.
"Deep Tentacle" is good, but I would
have titled the book "Deep Beak". A
minor point.

Grant Canfield's turn is next. You
reading this, Grant? Pleaaee don't make
me beg you for a cover...not like last
time. My knees are still sore from all
that kneeling, and I can still taste
that awful Esquire boot polish you use.

+++

Sitting in the "Books Reviewed and
Waiting To Be Typed on Stencil" tray to
my left are the following:

COLLISION COURSE by Barrington J.
Bayley.

CHAINS OF THE SEA (Three Original
Novellas of Science Fiction) by
Geo. Alec Effinger, Gardner Dozois,
and Gordon Eklund. Edited by Bob
Silverberg.

CLONE by Richard Cowper.

THE STONE THAT NEVER CAME DOWN by
John Brunner.

RELATIVES by Geo. Alec Effinger.

And I'm currently reading MUTANTS
by Gordon Dickson, and A TOUCH OF INFIN-
ITY by Howard Fast. All next issue.

I am also dipping into the magazines
as I have time. There have been a few
stories which impressed me:

"The Women Men Don't See" by James
Tiptree, Jr. (Dec. 73 F&SF)

"The Earth of Nenkunal" by Howard L.
Myers. (Jan. 74 FANTASTIC)

INVERTED WORLD by Christopher
Priest (December 73 GALAXY)

Sad to say, I've only read about 10%
of the magazine stories. Next issue, I
promise....

+++

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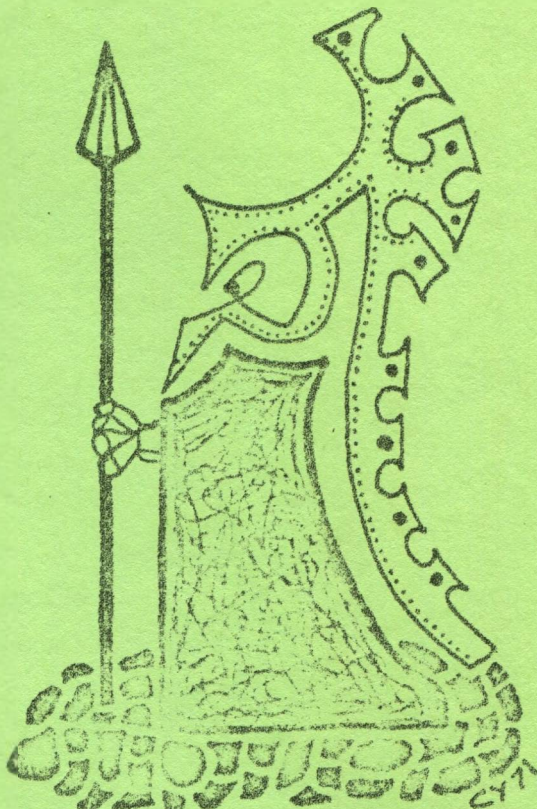
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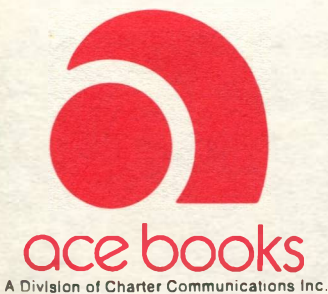
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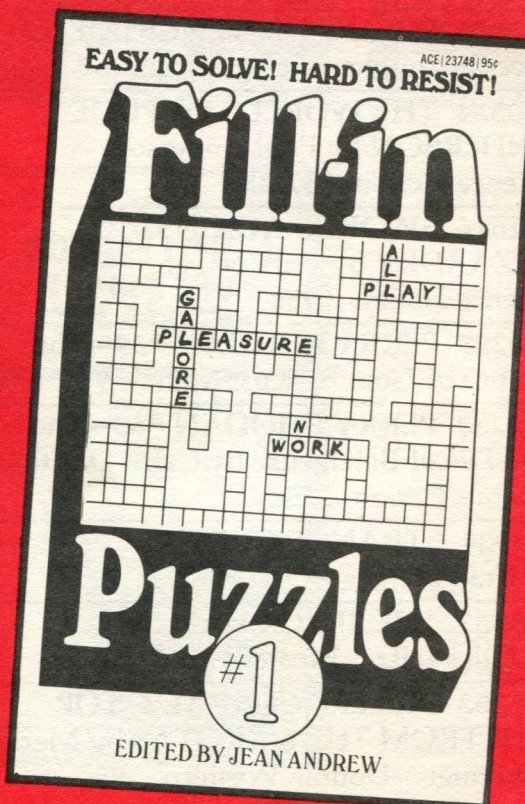
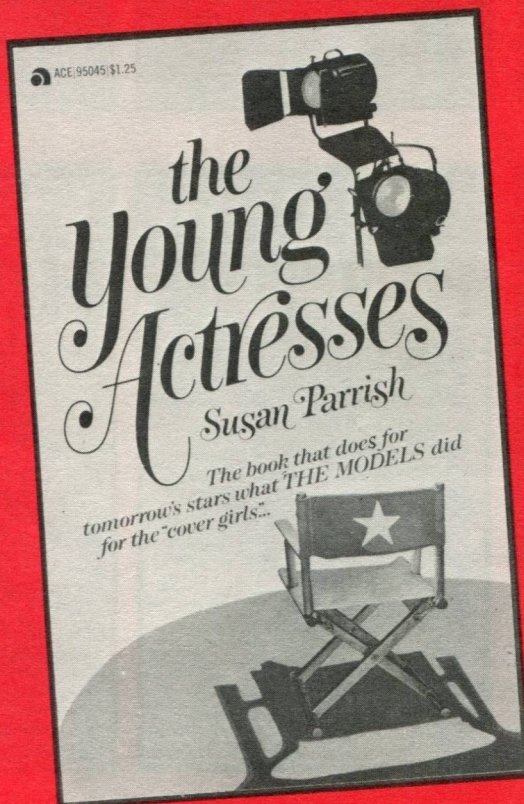
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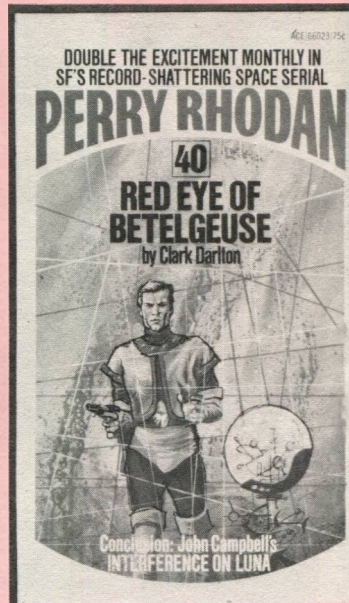
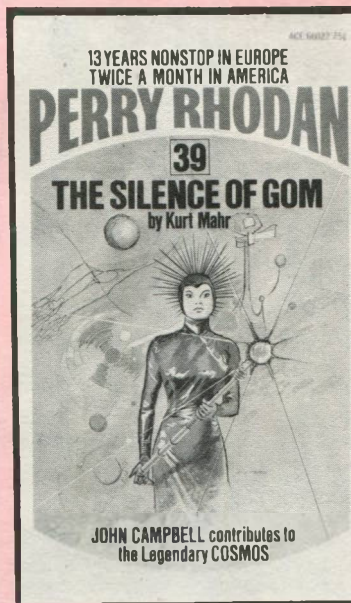
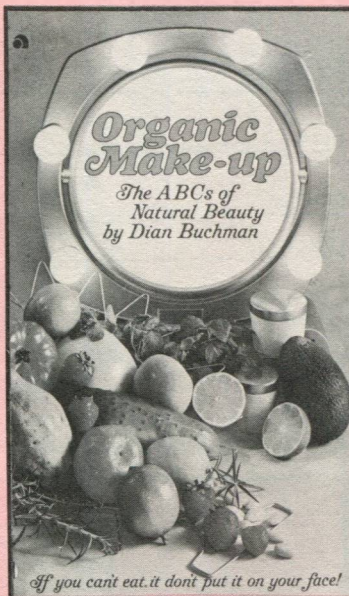
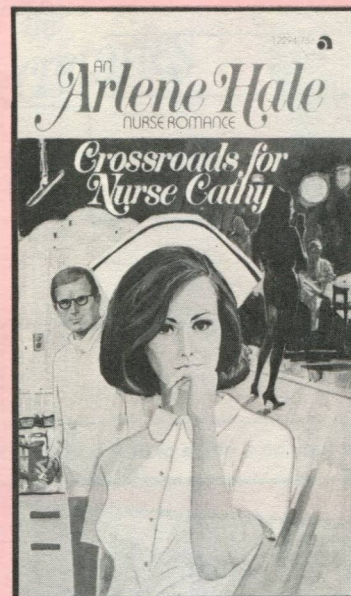
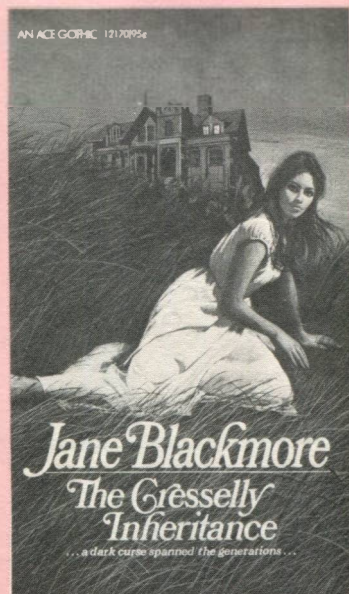
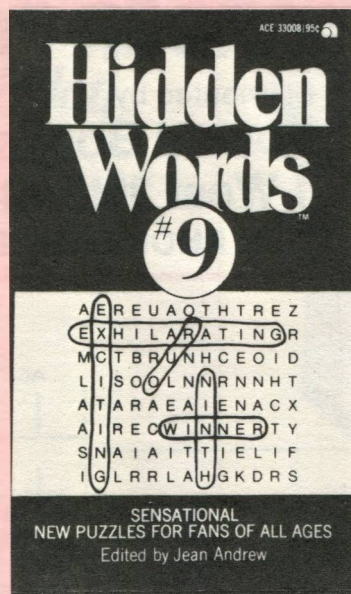
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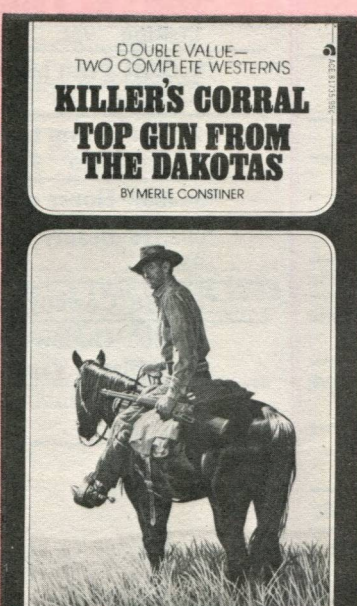
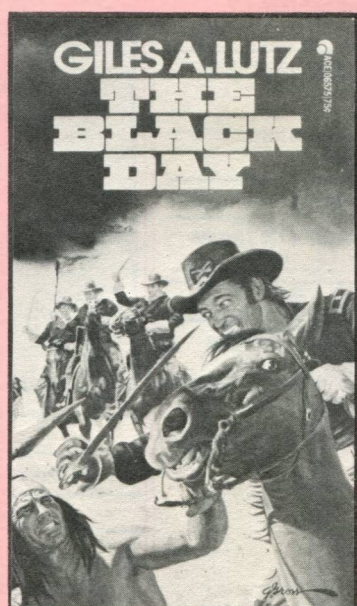
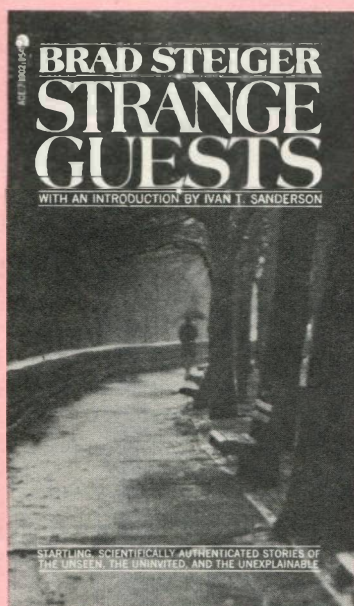
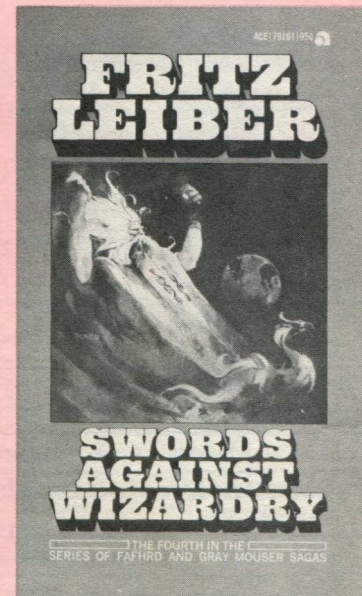
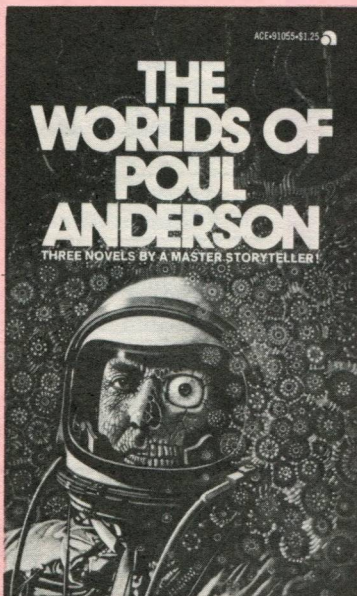
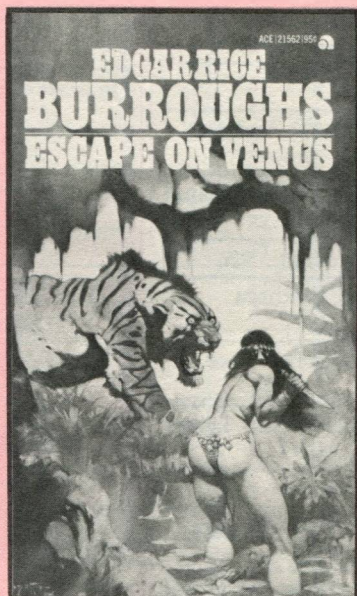
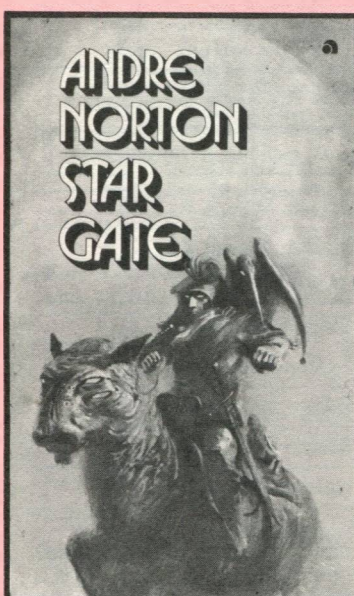
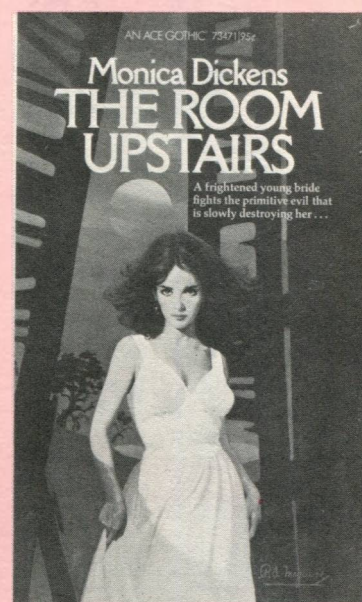
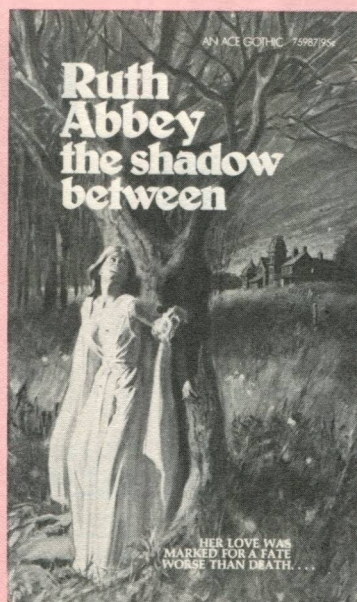
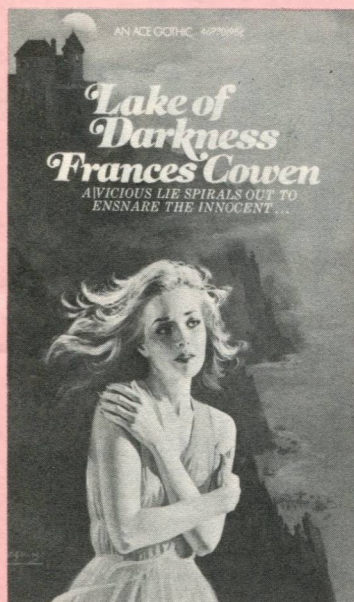
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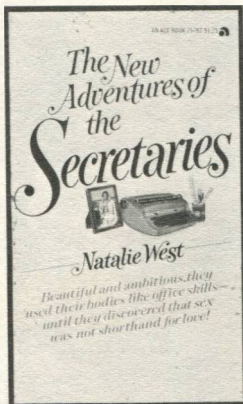
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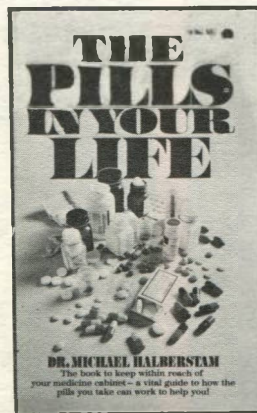
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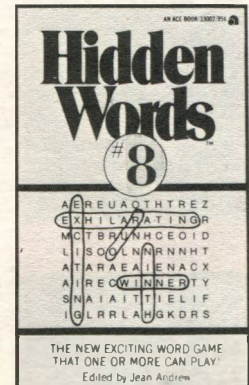
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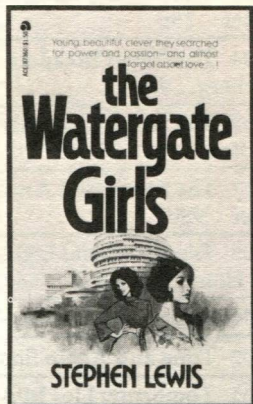
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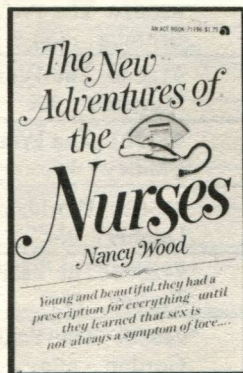
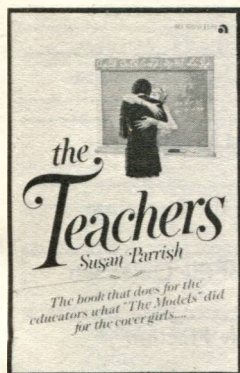
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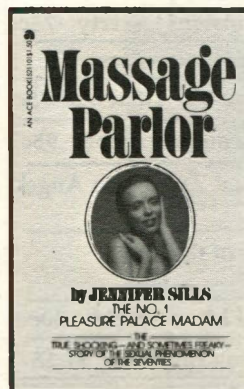
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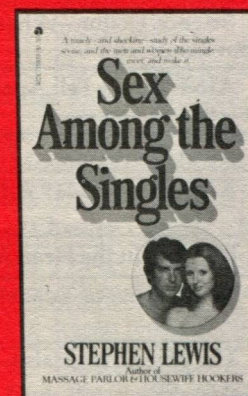
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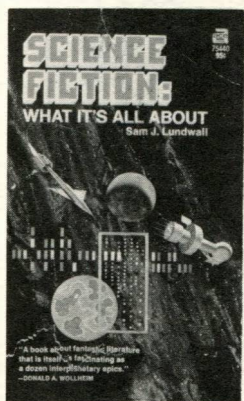
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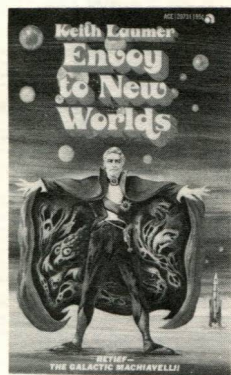
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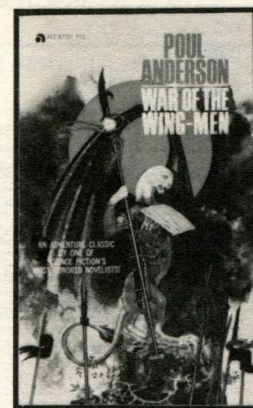
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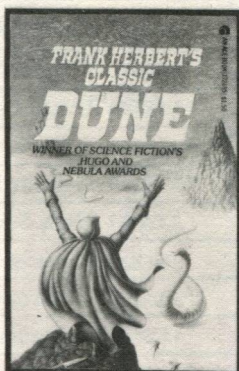
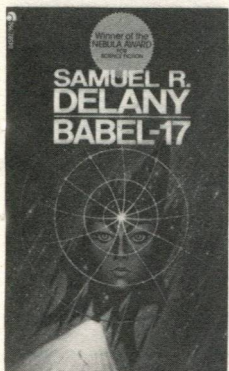
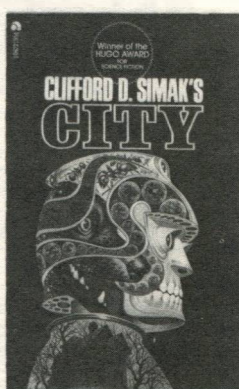
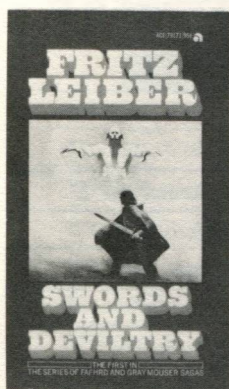
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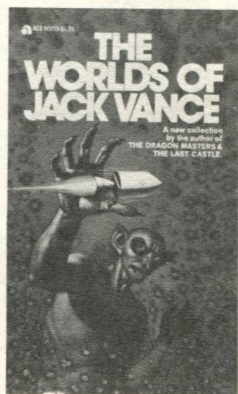
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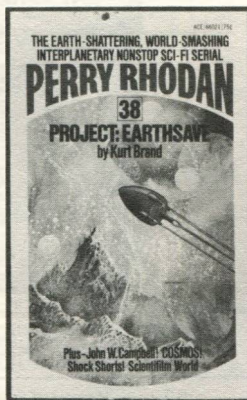
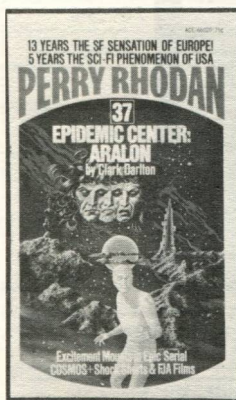
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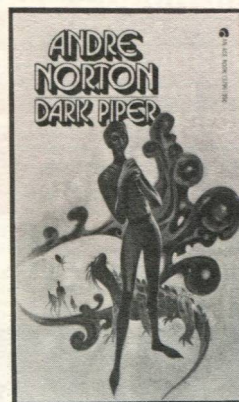
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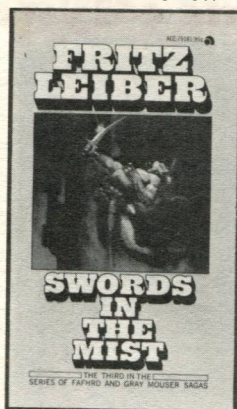
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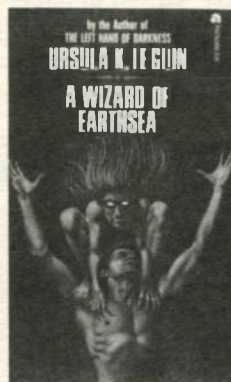
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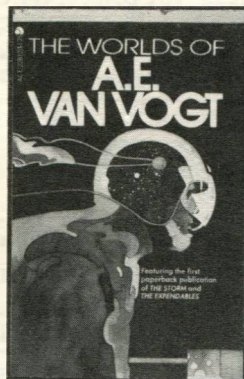


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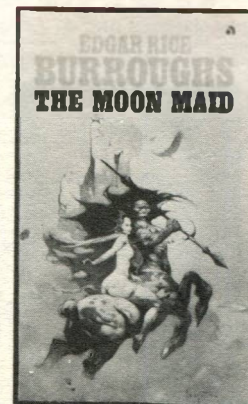
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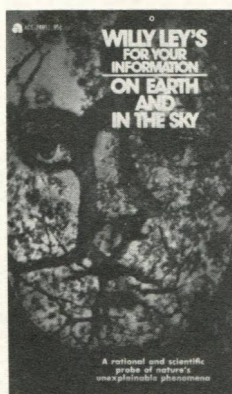
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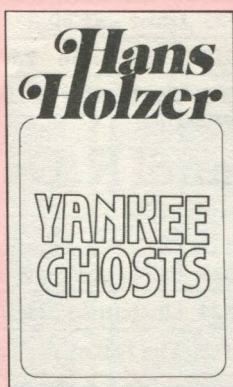
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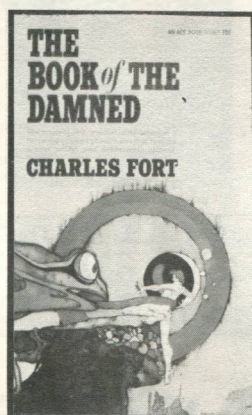
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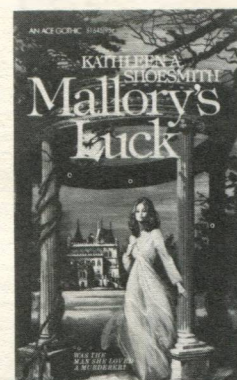
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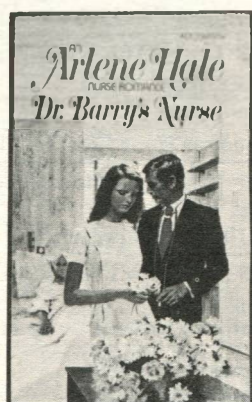
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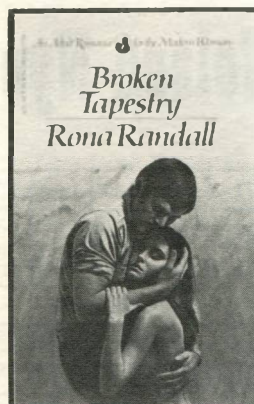
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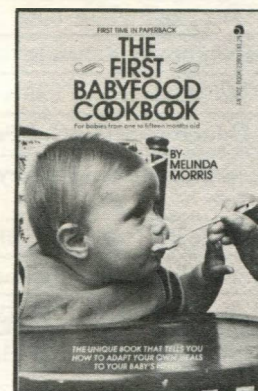


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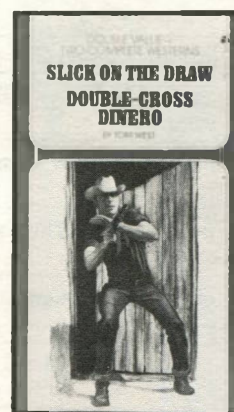
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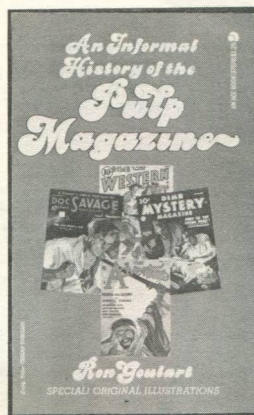
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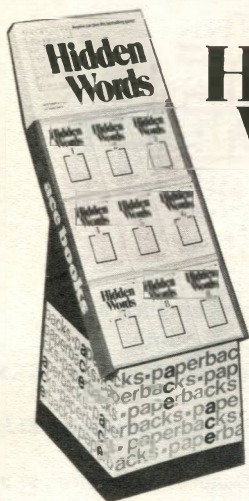
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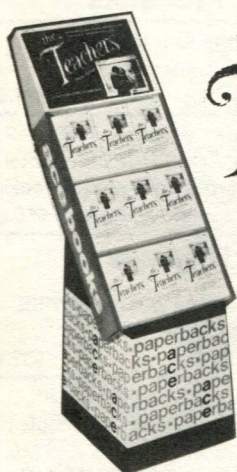
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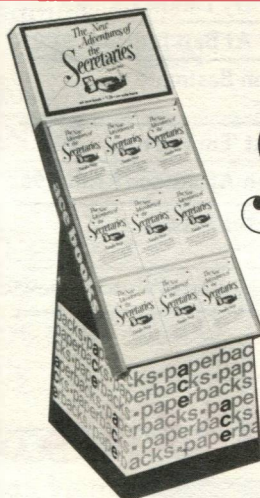
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