

an informal science fiction  
& fantasy journal

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THE PANSHINS ON HEINLEIN

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THE SHAVER PAPERS

# THE ALIEN CRITIC

Number Nine





# THE T-K GRAPHICS BOOK PAGE

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Numbers 1, 2, and 3 were a  
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E. GEIS.

- #1 is SOLD OUT.
- #2 is in short supply.
- #3 is SOLD OUT.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #4 was a  
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## ALIEN THOUGHTS

Life, for me, is a continuing process of revising reality. What I "see" and what I get is too often too far apart. Finding the elusive "handle" on the real world—finding a grip on slippery Truth is often verrry difficult.

But that's what makes life so interesting and exhilarating.

This has been a lead-in to a Revised Opinion. Re: the Ted White/Harry Harrison war that reared its ugly head—shoulders—and—torso in TAC #7-8.

I have received new information. Partly from Robert Silverberg, who has given permission for this quote:

"In the spring or summer of 1968 Sol Cohen told me Barry Malzberg was thinking of resigning as editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC, and asked if I could recommend a successor. (I was then in more or less constant contact with Sol because of my duties as SFWA President.) I gave him Ted White's name and a quick resume of Ted's fanzine accomplishments and professional aspirations. They got together and, after some disagreements which I helped mediate, Ted got the job. I think he's lived up admirably to my expectations as expressed to Sol six years ago."

Also, I have seen a copy of the vituperative letter Harry Harrison sent Sol Cohen upon learning that Sol was considering taking on Ted as editor of the magazines.

I think it is fair to say that Harry Harrison did not give his blessing to the hiring of Ted White as editor of the Ultimate sf magazines.

My informant was wrong on that point, and I was wrong in TAC #8. Ted was right.

Whether Harry Harrison threatened to use his position as SFWA Vice President to renew a boycott of Cohen's magazines is a matter of bias and semantics. He said he would make his views known if Ted was hired, and would list those writers who would not submit to AMAZING and FANTASTIC.

(Of the four writers, including himself, that he said would never submit to

the magazines if Ted was made editor, only one beside himself has not been published (with new material) in AMAZING or FANTASTIC.)

Finally, this discussion is closed. Except (afterthought) for this: Bob Shaw and Ted White are friends again.

+++

I wanted to buy goldenrod colored paper for this issue—and last issue, too—but Arvey Paper Co. didn't have enough goldenrod last time and I had to take some boxes of blue and green to make up the 150 reams needed.

This time when I went to Arvey they told me that in the previous two days they had sold 500 reams of colored mimeo paper and had been wiped out of all but white. So, this issue is white. Personally, I prefer goldenrod...a warmer, less formal color. But I had to take what I could get. Maybe next time.

Continuing my tale of woe as publisher, let me tell the world that \$3.85 for a tube of Gestetner 419 black ink is OUTRAGEOUS! (As is \$165. for 50 tubes.)

I would switch to \$2.50 per tube Sure Rite ink, or \$1.95 per tube Halotone ink (made in Japan) but for one thing: the Sure Rite and Halotone inks are oil base and sink like stones into the paper and the resulting show-through is disgusting and intolerable.

Gestetner 419, however, is a formula which is water-based which prints very shallowly on the paper...and I suppose is worth it. But in the last three years Gestetner 419 black has gone up 40%. That's real inflation/devaluation shock. I use over 40 tubes per current issue of TAC.

More publisher's woes have to do with the Gestetner 466 which last issue was having a physical breakdown. I finally had to send it to the shop for radical surgery and finished the last eight pages with a loaner.

The surgery cost \$129. plus small change, and I hope the monster is now good for a few more issues.

+++

And ANOTHER thing... Of course I

-2-

take a lot of precautions (I stripped the rest of the house of them) but occasionally a page gets collated into a copy of TAC that has a blank side. IF YOU GET ONE in your copy—rejoice, for it is a collector's item...but also let me know and I'll send you a perfect copy of the page or the issue.

+++

KPFT, the listener-sponsored Pacifica radio station for Texas sent me a press release saying they are originating a new s-f show that will feature authors, editors, publishers, clubs and societies, produced s-f scripts, reports on scientific studies, research and theories, and science fiction in the non-print media.

Taping and production began Jan. 8th. H.H. Hollis and Joe Pumilia will alternate as hosts, with guest hosts when appropriate..

All programs in the series will be offered to the three other Pacifica stations in NYC, LA and Berkeley, and 60 affiliates (educational stations) nationwide.

Check with your local educational radio station.

+++

Long time readers of my zines know that I have a few faults...a few minor editorial and personal failings.

Yes. One such is my consuming interest in economics and economic grand conspiracy (the True Reality behind the apparent world reality).

I am, of course, not alone in this. A few days ago I received a letter from Paul Lewis that had me purring delightedly. I will inflict it upon you. Paul wrote:

"Peter Beter, author of THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE DOLLAR (now a Braziller paperback, \$1.95), and the financial advisor (exclusively) to Hunt's multimillions—on his sayso Hunt bought up 30 million ounces of silver—recently was on Long John Nebel's all-night talk show. Got it all on tape. Chilling stuff.

"I and some friends & relatives have been paying close attention to the 'doomsayers' since this time last year. Saw Preston (How To Prepare For The Coming



Crash, etc.) in person in San Francisco last Sept., have been reading Browne, Markant, Allen, et.al. as well as several of the 'insider' type newsletters.

"We have done very well with silver so far...am now getting in on Swiss francs and gold. The predicted economic total disaster may or may not come (I'm personally opting that it will) but playing it safe with metals and francs can't hurt either way.

"Back to Beter. Just thought some of his predictions might be of interest to you. Some of them are hard to accept, but recent econo-political history makes it difficult to completely ignore them.

"There was much more, but here are a few of the highlights:

"Beter says that the Rockefeller dynasty, with David as head Mucky, has managed to disembowel Fort Knox. He claims privy to 'certain' documents that show how virtually every bar of gold has been sold to 'certain' European corporations and/or governments. The grand plan is very complex, Beter says, but essentially that gold is to be under the control of the Rockefeller group of insiders and will eventually be sold back to the USA at about \$2000. per troy ounce!

"A fella on the radio panel—a man from Manfra, Iordella & Brookes, Inc., probably the largest gold coin dealers in the USA—did agree with most all of Beter's revelations about the Rockefeller dynasty (including the Committee on Foreign Relations club) but he adamantly insisted that gold would not reach \$2000. per ounce and that it is ridiculous to say that the gold in Fort Knox is no longer there. Both men argued vehemently, with the radio listener left to decide which was the stronger case.

"Beter says that it is 'common knowledge in international intelligence circles' that Mao Tse Tung has been dead for three years. All heads of major governments know this. Nixon knew it when he went to China. Who'd Nixon pal-aver with while there? A double.

"Another Beter statement: Agnew was dumped on Rocky's orders. Nixon was supposed to pick Nelson R. as VP but

doublecrossed the dynasty by picking Ford. What will happen to Nixon? According to Beter's reading of 'certain' documents Kissinger will be instrumental (as a very close man to Nelson R.) in helping to dump Nixon via some new disclosures about the celebrated 'missing' tape. Beter says Nixon will be out of office by this June. Nelson R. will be named VP by Ford; Ford will then, just before '76, step down and Nelson will be the new President.

"About the elections in '76? Nelson will be in to stay. According to Beter, all the big opponents in both major parties have been defused. Connally was suckered into becoming a Republican and then was politically squelched. He will now be sycophant for Rocky. Reagan has been 'taken care of' as has been Javits and others. Kennedy is no threat. And so on and on.

"Here are two of Beter's biggies: This year Isreal will again be forced to fight, and with deliberate USA non-involvement, she will collapse as a religious oriented government. She will be a secular state...with Russian troops in Jerusalem.' Take it or leave it, Geis."

((I think I'll put it in escrow.))

"Beter's biggest: 'The USA will, within three or four years, be attacked by Japan and that will be the start of World War 3.' Europe and Canada will be neutral; the war will come through South America; China and Russia will back up Japan's cause (her thirst for oil); America will ditch the Constitution, under Rocky's aegis, Congress will be dissolved, and a new form of government will 'get America back on its feet.'

"Damn it, Geis! All I really wanted to do was renew my treasured subscription to TAC...not to write a fucking doom letter!

"Let me wrap this up quickly.

"Beter says that while this plan seems inexorable there are personality clashes within the dynastic influence, and other factors can at any time slow or shift emphasis on certain aspects. However, eventually, he believes, America will from today's viewpoint be unrecognizable within 4 years."

Rep. Wilber Mills has predicted that Nixon will be out of office by July. Sen. Buckley has called (among others) for Nixon's resignation. And, perhaps significantly (or signally) Nelson Rockefeller has called for the impeachment process to go forward.

I published this letter to get these predictions and this view-of-reality in print for easy reference. Keep it in mind as June-July roll past. Watch the pressures on Nixon mount.

Speaking of pressures on Richard Rex, I haven't seen it noted in print yet, or on TV or radio; but I watched his last few press conferences on TV, in color, and noticed how he began to lose control when questioned closely on the content of the tape in the hands of the Grand Jury (and now in the hands of the House Impeachment Committee) that covered that famous March 21 session with Dean in which "hush" money was discussed.

During that period of the press conference his upper lip and adjacent left cheek area visibly twitched and trembled. And of course his upper lip was visibly filmed, dewed, with sweat. But the point is that when the questioning left the Watergate tape to focus on other areas of national concern, the twitching and trembling stopped.

At other press conferences it has been noted that Nixon's voice has trembled and quavered.

I watch his speeches and press conferences now as a pure Nixon-Watcher. I don't believe a word he says.

He has appeared rather drawn and haggard lately, too.

+++

Jim Baen called again today, (3-27-74), to remind me that my column for the August IF is due... and we discussed at length his new features for GALAXY and IF and his fiction policy, which is wide open. He has no taboos or arbitrary restrictions as to theme or type of sf he will or will not publish. As has been noted by pros and a few fans in past years, past editors of GALAXY and IF have been Restrictive in certain categories.

Anyway, watch the mags; they'll be a pleasant surprise, I think.

—REG

READING HEINLEIN  
SUBJECTIVELY  
An Analysis  
By ALEXEI & CORY  
PANSHIN

1

When Robert Heinlein's science fiction stories are read objectively—that is, as though they had primary relevance and reference to existing things—difficulties and contradictions arise.

Heinlein becomes a controversial figure.

Immediately there are those who denounce him. An Austrian critic named Franz Rottensteiner has written an analysis of Heinlein entitled "Chewing Gum for the Vulgar".

It describes Heinlein as naive, a fascist, a narcissist, a suppressed homosexual, an authoritarian, and a savage.

Rottensteiner says: "When an author makes a trivial error, such as writing of a Mars with a breathable air, almost all SF critics will jump at him (for that is something that any schoolboy knows), but blunders in more complex fields such as history, psychology, morals or politics will most likely remain unpunished."

This is the sort of pronunciamento that an objective reading of Heinlein brings out in a man.

People argue heatedly over the meaning of his work. Imagine the argument when one of the apparent number who try to live by *STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND* encounters Mr. Rottensteiner who knows *STRANGER* to be "a megalomaniac fascist fantasy".

Readers who take one of Heinlein's books as a bible must find others of his books bewildering.

There are libertarians who have been persuaded to take *THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS* as an accurate map of the objective world. What happens to one such when he reads *I WILL FEAR NO EVIL*?

Critics faced with Heinlein throw up their hands, either because they

have been psyched-out by the man, or because the objective contradictions are too much for them.

We say psyched-out, because Heinlein has asked, demanded and pressured to be considered objectively.

Damon Knight's chapter on Heinlein in *IN SEARCH OF WONDER*, "One Sane Man: Robert A. Heinlein", excuses Knight's inability to get a firm objective grip on Heinlein as a result of the supposed real multiplicity of Heinlein:

"Robert A. Heinlein has that attribute which the mathematician Hermann Weyl calls 'the inexhaustibility of real things': whatever you say about him, I find, turns out to be only partly true."

That is the sound of a psyched-out critic.

Writing some years after Knight, with the advantage of acquaintance with a later and more blatant Heinlein, James Blish comments:

"Much of his major work gives the impression of being a vehicle for highly personal political and economic opinions, so that a critic who disagrees with these views may find himself reacting to the lectures rather than the fiction. A related danger is taking a firm stand on what Heinlein actually believes, for many of the apparent propaganda threads turn out to be in contradiction with one another."

But it is precisely the lectures that Heinlein wants his critics to react to.

And inevitably the weighers of merit of argument bog down in discussions of the feasibility of the politics of *STARSHIP TROOPERS* or the religion of *STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND*.

Earnest people contend earnestly over Heinlein, and that is the way Heinlein wants it.

In a lecture delivered at the University of Chicago in 1957 and reprinted in *THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL*, Heinlein defines science fiction several times. These definitions are Heinlein's self-estimate. They are the yardsticks by which Heinlein wishes his fiction to be

judged.

First, Heinlein summarizes a definition by Reginald Bretnor which Heinlein calls "the most thoughtful, best reasoned, and most useful definition of science fiction."

Science fiction, he says, is that sort of literature "in which the author shows awareness of the nature and importance of the human activity known as the scientific method, shows equal awareness of the great body of human knowledge already collected through that activity, and takes into account in his stories the effects and possible future effects on human beings of scientific method and scientific fact."

Heinlein then asks, "If all fiction is imaginary, how is realistic fiction to be distinguished from fantasy?"

And he answers, "When I say 'fantasy fiction' I shall mean 'imaginary-and-not-possible' in the world as we know it; conversely all fiction which I regard as 'imaginary-but-possible' I shall refer to as 'realistic fiction,' i.e. imaginary but could be real so far as we know the real universe. Science fiction is in the latter class. It is not fantasy."

Heinlein's argument is that science fiction is fiction that takes science and the facts into account. Science fiction is imaginary-but-possible. It is realistic fiction.

Heinlein then emphasizes his point. He draws up parallel tables:

REALISTIC FICTION

1. Historical Fiction
2. Contemporary-scene Fiction
3. Realistic Future-scene Fiction

FANTASY FICTION

- I. Fantasy laid in the past
- II. Fantasy laid in the present
- III. Fantasy laid in the future

And he says, "Class 3 contains only science fiction; a small amount of science fiction may also be found in class 1 and class 2.

"In the second division, good fantasy, consciously written and skillfully executed, may be found in all three classes. But a great quantity of fake 'science' fiction, actually pseudo-sci-



entific fantasy, will be found there also, especially in class III, which is choked with it.

"But the most significant fact shining out from the above method of classifying is that class 3, realistic future-scene fiction, contains nothing which is not science fiction and contains at least 90% of all science fiction in print. A handy short definition of almost all science fiction might read: realistic speculation about possible future events, based solidly on adequate knowledge of the real world, past and present, and on a thorough understanding of the nature and significance of the scientific method."

It becomes clear that Heinlein is confident of his ability to know the real world, past and present, adequately enough to write science fiction, realistic fiction of the future.

And he separates his work, true science fiction, from the work of poseurs, who only pretend to know about the world and who write "pseudo-scientific fantasy", class III.

And, argues Heinlein, the past is dead, the present fleetingly gone; only the future may be affected.

Therefore, Heinlein says, "I must assert that speculative fiction is much more realistic than is most historical and contemporary-scene fiction and is superior to them both."

Quite plainly, Heinlein wishes to be taken as writing about factual objective matters. One of his book jacket photos shows him seated behind his typewriters working a slide rule, astronomical globe at his elbow.

Damon Knight, speaking on Heinlein's behalf in the introduction to Heinlein's collected "Future History" stories, says, "Far more of Heinlein's work comes out of his own experience than most people realize. When he doesn't know something himself, he is too conscientious a workman to guess at it: he goes and finds out. His stories are full of precisely right details, the product of painstaking research."

Heinlein has declared himself willing to contradict theory, but not fact, and in his science fiction he has clear-

ly stuck as close to the facts as he could.

He has not hurled galaxies around like "Doc" Smith. He hasn't created galactic empires 50,000 years in the future like Isaac Asimov. He hasn't been an only child in an Art Deco city a billion years from now, like Arthur C. Clarke. He hasn't flown naked in space like A. E. van Vogt.

Heinlein hasn't displayed unheard-of powers to us, nor shown us incomprehensible alien creatures.

He has only ventured as far afield as the lost starship in "Universe", and as far into the future as the empty palace 20,000 years from now in "By His Bootstraps".

By the imaginative standards of the period in which Heinlein has been dean of the college of science fiction, Heinlein has been conservative.

However, in spite of Heinlein's arguments, science fiction is a form of fantasy. It is an act of the imagination. It deliberately projects itself outside the world of present existence.

It seems clear that if Heinlein really wanted to write about facts, about reality, about present existence, he would do so.

Instead, he chooses to write imaginary projections that are studded with references to fact, with citations of authority, and with close analogy to present existence.

His science fiction stories are none the less imaginary.

Realistic fiction speaks of the universe outside the human skin, about objectivity. Fantasy is subjective fiction.

Imaginary settings, such as those found in science fiction, are representations of inner space, the country of dreams.

For all Heinlein's claims of realism, Heinlein's fiction makes infinitely greater sense when taken subjectively than it does when taken objectively.

Heinlein has asked to be taken objectively. But taken objectively, Hein-

lein is ambiguous and contradictory.

Heinlein has resisted subjective readings of his work. On two occasions he has withdrawn his gaze from informal magazines circulating among science fiction writers when the meaning of his work has come under discussion. And on yet another occasion he did his best to discourage publication of a critical study of his work, not for its particular argument, but because it existed.

Nonetheless, it seems that Heinlein is responded to subjectively by the science fiction audience, which chiefly reads subjectively, to learn about itself, not about the world at large.

Heinlein has always commanded an audience of science fiction readers exclusive of the special audiences, large and small, won for him by *STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND* or *THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS*.

This constant audience, in the midst of hot objective argument, has given Heinlein Best Novel of the Year Hugo Awards for *DOUBLE STAR*, *STARSHIP TROOPERS*, *STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND* and *THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS*.

What consistency of objective opinion can encompass these books?

*DOUBLE STAR*: An actor is co-opted into the political process, assumes the place of a fallen statesman and watches paternally over the painful fortunes of common folk:

"But there is solemn satisfaction in doing the best you can for eight billion people.

"Perhaps their lives have no cosmic significance, but they have feelings. They can hurt."

*STARSHIP TROOPERS*: War against an implacable group-minded alien race in a future in which only veterans of military service are qualified to hold office, to vote, and to teach courses in History and Moral Philosophy: "A soldier accepts personal responsibility for the safety of the body politic of which he is a member, defending it, if need be, with his life. The civilian does not."

*STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND*: A

young man raised by Martians returns to Earth to turn things topsy-turvy, in particular founding a new religion. He is martyred and takes over responsibility for us in his new role as God's favorite son.

In this story, Jubal Harshaw, the philosophical fount of the novel, says: "My dear, I used to think I was serving humanity...and I pleased in the thought. Then I discovered that humanity does not want to be served; on the contrary it resents any attempt to serve it. So now I do what pleases Jubal Harshaw."

THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS: A former penal colony on the Moon establishes its independence from an overpopulated sinkhole Earth. The novel culminates with a speech by the philosopher of the revolution:

"He stopped for cheers, then went on, 'But that lies in the future. Today— Oh, happy day! At last the world acknowledges Luna's sovereignty. Free! You have won your freedom—'"

And he drops dead.

What consistent politics can encompass these books?

Add this small treasury of Heinlein, always speaking with evident conviction:

"It's neither your business, nor the business of this damn paternalistic government, to tell a man not to risk his life doing what he really wants to do."

"When any government, or any church for that matter, undertakes to say to its subjects, 'This you may not read, this you must not see, this you are forbidden to know,' the end result is tyranny and oppression, no matter how holy the motives."

"Those who refuse to support and defend a state have no claim to protection by that state. Killing an anarchist or a pacifist should not be defined as 'murder' in a legalistic sense. The offense against the state, if any, should be 'Using deadly weapons inside city limits,' or 'Creating a traffic hazard,' or 'Endangering bystanders,' or other misdemeanor."

"However, the state may reasonably place a closed season on these exotic asocial animals whenever they are in

danger of becoming extinct. An authentic buck pacifist has rarely been seen off Earth, and it is doubtful that any have survived the trouble there...regrettable, as they had the biggest mouths and the smallest brains of any of the primates.

"The small-mouthed variety of anarchist has spread through the galaxy at the very wave front of the Diaspora; there is no need to protect them. But they often shoot back."

"...But your psychometrical tests show that you believe yourself capable of judging morally your fellow citizens and feel justified in personally correcting and punishing their lapses... From a social standpoint, your delusion makes you mad as a March Hare."

"Democracy can't work. Mathematicians, peasants and animals, that's all there is—so democracy, a theory based on the assumption that mathematicians and peasants are equal, can never work. Wisdom is not additive; its maximum is that of the wisest man in a given group."

"The private life and free action of every individual must be scrupulously respected."

What objective reality can make these sentiments into a consistency? None that we know of. Taken subjectively, however, the apparent inconsistencies of Heinlein's fiction fall into intelligible order.

Heinlein's fiction forms an emotional, not a logical, whole.

In one unguarded moment, Robert Heinlein described the subjective basis of his stories. This was in an essay entitled "On the Writing of Speculative Fiction" in a small 1947 symposium of early and naive science fiction criticism entitled OF WORLDS BEYOND.

In this essay, Heinlein defined both "story" and the kind of story that he wished to write.

"A story," he said, "is an account which is not necessarily true but which is interesting to read."

And he said, "A story of the sort I want to write is still further limited to this recipe: a man finds himself in

circumstances which create a problem for him. In coping with this problem, the man is changed in some fashion inside himself. The story is over when the inner change is complete—the external incidents may go on indefinitely."

It is precisely that which Heinlein calls a "recipe" of his fiction that we take to be the key to subjective readings of science fiction.

That is, we believe that all stories are about growth experiences.

Mimetic fiction—what Heinlein calls "realistic fiction"—describes how growth experiences are acted out in our society.

Fantasy, including science fiction, presents literal actings out of the objectively hidden inner processes of the act of growth.

Fantasy stories are subjective models—which is why adolescent readers are so notoriously fond of science fiction. They read it for subjective guidance.

A science fiction writer sets forth a theoretical growth problem. This consists of a set of invented circumstances which provide a character, a nation, a planet, or the universe with a problem.

This problem is "not necessarily true". In fact, it is imaginary. But it is interesting.

The reason that it is interesting is that it is a symbolization of human growth experiences, and growth is the natural personal business of the human being.

Animals are fixed in their individual growth and grow chiefly as species.

Humans are distinguished from animals precisely by the fact that we are never arrested in personal development and may evolve all our lives.

Whenever we say that something is interesting or entertaining, we are, more precisely, saying that it has relevance to our chief business: personal growth, evolution, higher development, self-improvement, inner refinement.



Science fiction proposes symbolic problems. These problems are either solved or not solved. In the successes and failures symbolized in science fiction stories, the reader finds lessons in the means of changing himself.

Heinlein says of the stories he would write: "In coping with this problem, the man is changed in some fashion inside himself."

But the change is not the result of coping with the problem. The change is the means of coping with the problem.

Science fiction stories act out lessons in how it feels to change, and how one must feel in order to change.

Our premise is that the imaginary problems that Robert Heinlein poses, the solutions that he envisions, the facts he invents, and the models he presents in his fiction, that all these reveal more about Heinlein's subjectivity, his personal relationship with the universe, than they do about the objective realistic factual universe that Heinlein lays claim to writing about.

If we look at Heinlein's imaginary problems and solutions, we will learn what Heinlein believes the universe to be like.

Read subjectively, Heinlein is consistent.

However, before we look more closely at Heinlein's fiction, we must establish a basis for subjective understanding of science fiction.

## 2

We are born possessing three means of knowledge about the universe and ourselves within the universe.

These means are instinct, intuition and intelligence.

Intelligence is the ability to learn new details about the universe. In simpler animals, intelligence is altogether missing. In more complex animals, intelligence is a highly limited quality. It is, of course, our more highly developed intelligence that seems to distinguish humanity from other animals.

However, not only human intelligence, but the very capacity for intelligence

is not fully developed at birth. The new-born human infant must rely for his knowledge on instinct and intuition.

In contrast to intelligence, these older and more established means—the legacy of man's long evolutionary history—are fully developed at birth, as they are in lesser animals.

Instinct is a form of knowledge that is built-in to living beings. The goal of instinct is self-preservation—the maintenance of the integrity of the individual being against the corrosive and homogenizing effects of entropy.

To instinct, the individual—the Self—is primary. To instinct, the Other—the rest of the universe—is secondary to the Self.

Instinct is selfish and divisive. It promotes the good of the individual, or, at most wide-ranging, the species, at the cost of all else that exists.

But instinct is necessary to the survival of individuals and species. It prompts frogs to snag flying insects. It drives new-born kittens to seek their mother's nipples. It sends chickens that have never seen a hawk running for cover at their first glimpse of a flying shadow. It urges young salmon to seek the sea, and then to return to the streams of their birth to spawn.

Intuition, the other and more basic form of in-born knowledge, offsets the selfishness and special interest of instinct.

To instinct, the individual is primary, and the universe secondary. By contrast, intuition is knowledge that informs us that the universe as a whole is primary, and that individual beings within that universe are secondary.

Intuition yields a sense of the underlying unity and harmony of the universe.

As we are taught in school with diagrams of food-chains, with charts of nitrogen cycles, with tables of atoms, we are all made of common stuff.

The individual matrix that is a tree or a human being may remain continuously in existence for an extended period of time while interchangeable

atoms fill that matrix for a shorter time and are then replaced.

Intuition informs us that divisiveness is not all there is to existence. It tells us that Self and Other are in some fundamental sense One.

The condition that embraces an apparently discrete Self and Other, and links them as One, human beings call "love".

The human infant, of course, knows nothing of abstract theorization. He has no memories, no developed sensory perceptions, none of the complex symbolic vocabulary that adult human beings traffic in. He has no objectivity. Necessarily, he must take everything that happens to him personally.

The thought of the infant is immediate and subjective. All that exists is sentience, like himself. Sentience interacts with him in dramatic personal terms—as it were, story.

The infant, of course, is the Self. At the outset, the rest of the universe is the Other—a single sentient being like the Self.

Everything that occurs to the infant is taken to be motivated. That is, the Other is taken to have its own self-preserving motivations that cause it to act either benignly or hostilely to the Self.

However, beyond any specific behavior of the Other, the infant has the intuitive conviction that Self and Other are linked by love.

The human infant is born in a peculiarly helpless state. The over-sized human brain that permits our intelligence is too large to develop within the womb.

In consequence, we humans are born only partially developed, and even that partial development strains the pelvic equipment of the human female.

But because we are born in such an unfinished state, we are more helpless at birth than the young of other species. Fish can swim at birth, and know how to feed themselves. A colt can stand shortly after birth, walk and run. A baby baboon can cling to its mother's fur.

A human baby can only lie in utter helplessness. It cannot cling. It cannot run. It cannot even hold its head up to take its mother's nipple. The most that it can do is cry in hope and fear.

Like other animals, the human infant has instincts which urge it to preserve and protect itself. They make constant suggestion to the infant.

But the infant is helpless to act upon its instincts. When these instincts are not responded to, they signal louder. And louder. This is a process of feedback.

The signals of instinct become so overwhelming that the fainter and less immediate underlying signals of intuition are blotted out.

When contact with intuition is lost, so is the awareness of loving and being loved.

At the times when instinct overwhelms intuition, the infant is confronted by a crueler, lonelier subjective environment. The infant personifies this loveless environment as another character in its mental playlet. This character is the Demonic.

The infant Self assumes that the Demonic has willed the disappearance of the Other—that which can be loved. The Demonic is taken to be an unnatural monster of pure evilness which has intruded itself from outside the universe of Oneness perceived through intuition.

The Demonic is the outsider—that which is excluded from the bond of love that united Self and Other. In its pain, the Demonic has sought to destroy the love of Self and Other and isolate the infant Self in its own condition of permanent lovelessness.

The one recourse available to the infant is to repress its awareness, to block out the now-unendurable signals of instinct. In story terms, this is taken as the casting-down of the Demonic into the Pit.

But the infant does not merely block out the Demonic. The infant is not able to repress selectively. It cannot merely block out the over-amplified signals that it takes to be evil,

hostile, intrusive and loveless, it also blocks the more moderate stimuli it takes as proceeding from the good, protective and loving Other.

The infant Self must conclude that the Demonic has been brought under control—not only after the Demonic had successfully driven away the Other. The infant must at all cost continue to repress the Demonic lest it break free from the Pit and destroy the Self as well.

At this point, both intuition and instinct are crippled as means of knowledge. The infant comes to rely on his developing intelligence.

Intelligence presents factual knowledge. It informs the infant of a multiplicity of detail without preconception as to its nature.

The age we are speaking of is 4-6 months, which is the age when scientific observers are first able to detect the operations of intelligence and the age when the infant's skull, which has been soft and plastic to allow the continued growth of the brain after birth, grows firm.

From this age, the human being is primarily aware of the universe as a multiplicity. It is in the world of multiplicity that we learn to talk, to walk, to interact, form friendships, go to school, establish opinions, grow up and live our daily lives.

We judge the world of multiplicity by our instinctual habits of thought. That is, we make sense of facts by relating them to our goal of self-preservation.

The facts we encounter are variously pigeon-holed by us as good things (to which we are attached) and bad things (which we avoid).

Our basis of action in this world of multiplicity is intelligent self-interest. We try to maximize that which we categorize as good and minimize that which we categorize as bad.

Fact and multiplicity, we conclude, are subject to rules. The world of multiplicity includes human society, which is based on rules. We find there are rules for talking and walking and

interacting and forming friendships and going to school and establishing opinions and growing up and living our daily lives.

These rules tell us how we are "properly" to order the multiplicity we find ourselves surrounded by. The rules tell us how to maximize the good and minimize the bad. We do our best to follow the rules.

We bargain and game-play our way through the universe of multiplicity.

There are, of course, problems inherent in game-playing. There are situations where we don't know the rules, or where different sets of rules conflict.

However, the universe of multiplicity is distinctly less trying than the previous universe of instinct and intuition.

A child may have temporary difficulties learning new sets of rules when he goes off to school or moves to a new neighborhood, but the rules, once learned, will continue to serve him. He does not have to cope with an ambivalent unity, both benign and hostile, which insists on being accepted as a whole.

That is, as children we can deal with the universe of multiplicity without having to reconcile its contradictions through love.

As we grow, the universe of instinct and intuition is consciously forgotten. But it is not gone from our minds entirely. It is merely repressed, banished to the unconscious.

Sometimes, however, without ever being clearly and explicitly remembered, our earliest experiences well up into consciousness and color our perception of situations.

There are times when we may have vague, nostalgic intimations of a lost dream-world from which we were forcibly exiled.

As we grow up, for instance, we may recall our childhood as a time of purity and joy which has somehow ended, and regret our lost innocence—without, of course, being able to specifically remember what made it all so wonderful.



Or we may discover a perfect Golden Age somewhere in human history—Eden, Augustinian Rome, pioneer America—which was destroyed by a Fall from Grace.

Or we may fear the Demonic as a still-present menace lurking just beyond perception to snatch us up if we lose our grip on the factual universe—that is, if we try to evade the rules.

This fear is the source of irrational behavior which alters and interferes with logical rational self-interest.

As children, if our family relationships suggest it, we may perceive our mother as the Other, and our father as the Demonic who tore us away from the nurturing breast.

We may be warned by our parents that if we are not "good" the Bogey-man will get us. We may bully or be bullied—that is, we may interact, with irrational aggressiveness or irrational timidity, with what we take to be symbols of the Demonic.

The Nazi misperception of the Jews as the Demonic—the cause of the Fall that was Germany's defeat in World War I—most certainly caused them to act against their rational self-interest.

So it is that for the most part we live whole-heartedly in the world of facts and rules and society.

But sometimes an event or a set of circumstances may remind us of something we think we may once have known in some other time and place—joys beyond telling and dreads beyond endurance.

The capacity of intelligence continues to grow until about the age of 14. We become able to handle more and more facts in an ever more sophisticated manner. But by 14 we have become as adept in the manipulation of facts as we will ever be.

In our adolescent years, with our full intellectual command and whatever facts we have accumulated, we review the situation in which we find ourselves.

We try to relate ourselves to the universe by separating the essential from the contingent.

We try to decide for ourselves in the course of endless bull sessions and in private rumination what is real and what is not.

We have two major problems to settle.

One is the problem of society. Are the rules and games of society mere accident or are they necessary? Are they creations of the human mind, subject to doubt and change, or are they real and absolute?

The other is the problem of evil. Is evil a fact of existence or is it a mere seeming?

Both these problems are the inheritance of our instincts. It is instinct that informs us of the Demonic. And it is instinct that first sets us to bargaining and game-playing to maximize ourself-interest.

The question for the adolescent is whether or not there is a basis in the world of multiplicity—a factual basis—for our conviction that evil and society have essential existence.

The adolescent may decide to believe in one or both or neither.

Those who decide that both evil and society are real are conservatives.

Those who believe in society, but not evil, are liberals.

Those who believe in evil, but not society, we may call nihilists.

And those who believe in neither evil nor society we may call anarchists.

((These last two terms in particular are not perfect, but have a certain historical association with the subjective positions we are describing.))

Human childhood—the period of care and protection by family or society—extends through the adolescent years.

This, like the immaturity of other higher animals, is a period of flexible growth—though far more extended than for any other animal.

At the end of childhood, we leave our shelter and face the universe with our own developed resources, as ones who are responsible for our own direc-

tion, goals and fate. We have been educated. Our intellect has been developed.

We have, that is, a sense of the objective interrelation of the universe around us. And we have as well a developed subjective position—conservative, liberal, nihilist or anarchist—which suggests how we and the universe are related.

It is only now that our mature development begins. While it does seem to be our highly-developed intelligence that separated humanity from the lesser animals, the true separation between humanity and other animals is not in intelligence alone, but rather in the human ability to evolve in quantum leaps as mature adults.

Children, with their constant looking forward to "when I grow up", have an appreciation of the fact that the real business of being human begins with adulthood. For the child, life is one long postponement until he is an adult.

And then the true business of life for human beings does begin. The first quantum leap that we are called upon to make is the leap from childhood to adulthood.

From the child's point of view, this jump looks impossible. And in fact it is—for a child.

To complete the jump successfully, the child must reject his former limited self, stake his life on a new identity, and remake himself in larger scale.

The child is essentially a selfish being. He is a Self in a world of multiplicity. In repressing the Demonic as an infant, he has cut himself off from the Other, from love, and from Oneness.

As a child, he has been sufficient unto himself. If he could remain a protected, childish Self, he would not grow, he would not change on reaching maturity.

Instead, however, he is thrust into the universe to make his way. And it is then that he discovers that his childish Self is insufficient, no matter what he may have thought in his ignorance.

In order to deal with the universe, he must expand his Self.

This is only possible by incorporating some part of the universe into the Self. And that sort of incorporation is possible only through a recognition of the Other, a confrontation with the Demonic, and a binding of Self and Other through love into a Oneness.

The result is a new and larger Self who is capable of separation from parents, of employment in an adult occupation, of marriage—in short, of all those responsibilities and independences that the childhood Self is incapable of.

The recognition of the Other, the confrontation with the Demonic, and the binding of Self and Other through love into a Oneness is a subjective process.

From the objective point of view, the late adolescent may seem to fumble, to wander in circles, to lie around in a stupor, to strike off in blind directions, and to be unable to explain himself.

And then suddenly "to find himself". That is, to make a commitment—a decision to love—which he thereafter pursues. And about time, too.

But it is not only in the leap from childhood to adulthood that we undertake the subjective adventure that leads past the Demonic to Oneness, the result of which is personal evolution, the expansion of self.

Over and over through adult life we are faced with critical situations which are too large, complex and difficult to be resolved by the resources of our present Self.

The only way these life crises may be successfully met is by personal evolution, a wild quantum jump in ability that reduces what was previously impossible to a mere triviality.

In our society, these crises occur with statistical regularity.

A man's particular problems may be his own. His particular solutions—his objects of love—may be his own. But the same crises seem to happen to most humans at the same approximate moments in life, and if successfully surmounted are surmounted in the same

way—by an exchange of a limited Self with problems for a new Self that is larger than the problems to be faced. And the means is love, the linkage of Self and Other as One.

These crises tend to come at 17 to 19, in the mid-twenties, in the early thirties, at the age of approximately fifty, in the mid-sixties, and at the close of life. Each is a potential quantum leap.

It is the successful subjective monomythic journey within oneself to recontact intuition that befits a man who was once an unsuccessful hat salesman to become a more than usually competent President of the United States.

It is precisely the subjective quest that is the stuff of science fiction stories and other fantasies.

Or—in Heinlein's words:

"A story of the sort I want to write is still further limited to this recipe: a man finds himself in circumstances which create a problem for him. In coping with this problem, the man is changed in some fashion inside himself. The story is over when the inner change is complete—the external incidents may go on indefinitely."

### 3

In the first section of this article we pointed out that although Robert Heinlein, for his own reasons, has demanded to be read objectively, when he has been, it has led to controversy.

And not surprisingly.

Heinlein is the author of many strongly-phrased but seemingly objectively inconsistent opinions. We offered as an example a number of Heinlein statements that appear to apply to politics.

There does not appear to be objective consistency in these statements. Read subjectively, however, we believe they are consistent and intelligible.

In the second section of this article, we have presented a simple version of a theory of subjective growth in the human being.

We believe this theory indicates

the nature, value and subject matter of science fiction and other fantasy stories.

There is much more to be said about Robert Heinlein's subjectivity than we can possibly say here. Throughout his long and prolific writing career, Heinlein has made himself subjectively explicit in his work to a degree unmatched by any other science fiction writer. He has reserved nothing of himself.

Since we cannot be complete, we will concentrate on Heinlein's earliest stories, and, to a lesser extent, his other fiction written before World War II, when Heinlein stopped writing to devote himself to defense work. We will only make small reference to his later stories by way of example.

These early stories do not make an objective whole. They do not make an objective whole even though a conceptual framework—the "Future History"—was imposed on many of them.

(See, by way of argument on the objective inconsistency of the Future History, HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION, pp.121-124.)

They do, however, make a subjective whole. They return again and again to the same fundamental questions of Robert Heinlein's relationship to the universe—and by extension, our own.

In this section, we mean to demonstrate the fruitfulness of a subjective reading of these early Heinlein stories, and to show that there is in a subjective reading none of the ambiguity that leads a critic like Mr. Rottensteiner to fire his barrage of negative judgments, or a critic like Damon Knight to throw up his hands in surrender.

And, as a by-product of our investigation, we hope to suggest the consistent basis for Heinlein's apparently inconsistent imaginary politics.

An early biographical note describes Robert Heinlein's first 32 years:

"Born in Butler, Missouri, in 1907, he received his early schooling in the public schools of Kansas City.

"He learned to play chess before he learned to read, and it is his intention to take up chess again when his eyes



play out.

"Originally the stars were his goal: he wanted to be an astronomer. But something slipped and he landed in the U.S. Navel Academy instead. He spent not quite ten years in the Navy, was disabled, and retired.

"Thereafter he tried a number of things—silver mining, real estate, politics, and some graduate study in physics and math.

"Finally, more or less by accident, he wrote a science story, calling it 'Life-Line'. It sold and was published in ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION in 1939.

"He sold his next effort, and, in his own words, he 'was hooked, having discovered a pleasant way to live without working.'"

At the age of 32, Heinlein had negotiated his first two subjective crises successfully. He had made his adolescent decisions. He had passed from adolescence to adulthood. And he had passed again from being an apprentice adult, a man among children, to being a journeyman adult, a man accepted as a man among other men.

In July, 1939, when his first story, "Life-Line", was published in ASTOUNDING, Heinlein was just turning 32 and entering into his third crisis of adulthood. At that moment, Robert Heinlein was in an extremely uncertain state of mind.

The question that he was being asked by circumstances to consider was this: Is it enough to be a competent man among other men, or is there more to life?

If a man can do anything he sets his hand to in a competent way—silver mining, real estate, politics, graduate studies—what, among all the things that he can or might do competently, is worth the devotion of a lifetime?

What occupation or dedication can justify a lifetime?

This is a subjective question. It asks nothing about the facts of the universe. Instead it is a question of meaning.

How can I find meaning in my life?

How can I meaningfully relate to the universe around me? Robert Heinlein's fiction was his best attempt to define his problem and to arrive at a solution.

From an objective viewpoint, Heinlein was as lazy and undirected as any adolescent self-locked in his room.

Heinlein calls his story writing "a pleasant way to live without working". But of course it was far more than that. Between 1939 and 1942, Heinlein produced a torrent of stories—meaningful self-questioning.

Heinlein attempted two lines of attack on his problem.

On the one hand, he recapitulated his earlier crises in story form. These were models of how crises are successfully negotiated.

On the other hand, he projected his present problems and perceptions in symbolic form, and attempted to find theoretical solutions for them.

Heinlein's fourth story and first novel, IF THIS GOES ON... (ASTOUNDING, February-March 1940), was one recapitulation of a past crisis.

The personal relevance of this first Heinlein novel is apparent. It was his first work longer than a short story. It was the first of his stories to be told in the first person. And his protagonist, his narrator, quite significantly bears Heinlein's mother's maiden name: Lyle.

The story takes place late in the next century after a rabble-rousing evangelist, Nehemiah Scudder, and his successor "Prophets Incarnate", have assumed control of the United States and run it for generations as a religious-military dictatorship.

John Lyle is a member of the personal guard of the current Prophet Incarnate. At birth, he was consecrated by his mother to the Church. He is a West Point graduate who has been assigned to the holiest regiment of the Prophet's hosts, primarily on the basis of top grades in piety.

The home of the Prophet is a strange and paranoid palace, filled with intrigue and corruption.

Lyle is an innocent. He only becomes alienated from the Prophet through his forbidden desire for one of the Prophet's handmaidens, who are called Virgins. Lyle's eyes then become open to the corruption around him.

With the help of friendly outside forces, he escapes from the palace to join the underground that opposes the Prophet.

Lyle is re-educated. He learns to smoke and to unbend a trifle from his state of stiff rectitude.

At the climax of the story, Lyle directs vital elements of the forces of revolution. But he never directly confronts the Prophet himself. Instead, when the forces of revolution reach the Prophet, they find that the Virgins "had left him barely something to identify at an inquest."

We might analyze this story subjectively as follows: An idealistic young man, who believes in both society and evil, discovers that his own society is corrupt. He recognizes the Other in the form of a band of kindred spirits, dedicated revolutionaries. As one of these, he confronts the Demonic and overcomes its tyranny. He becomes free of his former bondage by his identification with the Other.

It is this crisis that is the template for all of Heinlein's many stories of justified revolt against an intolerable domestic tyranny. Examples are BETWEEN PLANETS and THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS.

One of the significant factors in Heinlein's representations of this crisis is that the Demonic is confronted only distantly.

That is, Heinlein has declared himself reluctant to write of the model of the Prophet: "I probably never will write the story of Nehemiah Scudder; I dislike him too thoroughly."

And although John Lyle is a member of the Prophet's personal guard and the story itself begins directly outside the Prophet's apartments, the only glimpse we are allowed of the Prophet Incarnate is late in the story, on television.

-Even so, Lyle is awestruck: "He turned his head, letting his gaze rove from side to side, then looked right at me, his eyes staring right into mine. I wanted to hide. I gasped and said involuntarily, 'You mean we can duplicate that?'"

Similarly, BETWEEN PLANETS and THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS are both settled by confrontations with the Demonic at arm's length.

In the first of these novels, colonial Venus wins its freedom by placing a sphere of force around the Federation capital at Bermuda—but that is not shown. It happens by implication after the novel is over.

In the second novel, the Moon wins its freedom from a tyrannical Earth by chucking rocks at the Earth until it gives up.

- We take the crisis represented in "IF THIS GOES ON..." to be Heinlein's first, that which comes at the end of adolescence and the beginning of adulthood, because the objective bases of the major symbols are rooted in the family.

The troops of the Prophet are addressed as "Brother". The Virgins are called "Sister". Lyle—who bears Heinlein's mother's name—makes frequent emotional reference to his mother, but none whatever to his father. It is his mother who consecrates Lyle to the Church at birth. The Prophet is both a father figure and Demonic.

In other words, "IF THIS GOES ON..." is most intelligible if read as a symbolic representation of Heinlein's subjective quest which resulted in his escape from the narrow confines of his family.

Heinlein's second story, "Misfit" (ASTOUNDING, November 1939), also seems to be a recapitulation of a successfully passed crisis—Heinlein's second, that which comes during the twenties.

If the question posed in Heinlein's first crisis was: What is an idealistic young man to do when he discovers that the society to which he is committed is corrupt?—the question posed by Heinlein's second crisis was: How how does a bright but maladjusted young man man-

age to find a place in society for himself?

In "Misfit", an asteroid is to be jockeyed into orbit between the Earth and Mars and turned into an emergency space station by a work crew of asocial young men.

Heinlein's protagonist, Andrew Jackson Libby, is maladjusted through no fault of his own—his father, now dead, had rejected society.

At exactly the right wrong moment, a ballistic calculator fails. Libby, who is able to do high-order mathematical integrations instantly in his head, fills in for the calculator, thereby establishing his place in society and earning dinner with the Admiral.

In this crisis, evil is remote—or at least exterior to society.

The concern is to establish a place for the Self within a good society. The Self is an outsider who recognizes society as the Other. He confronts the Demonic in the form of natural forces, as in "Misfit," or in the form of evil enemies of society, as in STARSHIP TROOPERS. The courage and dedication of the Self are recognized.

The Self, in Heinlein stories that reflect this crisis, is often, like Libby, the indispensable man. And, like Libby, is welcomed into society.

Another early Heinlein story, "Coventry" (ASTOUNDING, July 1940), draws a neat distinction between the first and second crises.

This story takes place some fifty years after "If This Goes On..." A good society—the best society that Heinlein could then imagine—has been established.

But Heinlein's protagonist has rebelled against it. He has violated its canons. He has struck another man who insulted him, and he refuses re-education. In consequence, he is exiled to Coventry where the remnants of the Prophet's hosts, fascists, and other evil people live.

This is the true Demonic, as David McKinnon quickly comes to realize. What is more, the Demonic means to break free

and conquer the good society. MacKinnon hurries to warn society—and thereby re-earns his place within it.

And why did MacKinnon make his error of rebellion in the first place?

Because he projected onto society his hatred of his father:

"Dave's father was one of the nastiest little tyrants that ever dominated a household under the guise of loving kindness... The boy's natural independence, crushed at home, rebelled blindly at every sort of discipline, authority, or criticism which he encountered elsewhere and subconsciously identified with the not-to-be-criticized paternal authority."

Heinlein's most symbolically sophisticated presentation of his second subjective crisis is to be found in the short novel "Waldo".

Waldo is a sick misanthropic genius who lives by himself in an artificial satellite. His only contacts with the Earth are via remote-control devices.

At the risk of death, Waldo comes to Earth, recognizes a symbol of the Other in the form of an ancient Pennsylvania hex doctor, and as a result solves both society's problems and his own, healing his body and turning himself into a masterful ballet-tap dancer and brain surgeon.

While Heinlein's recapitulations of his earlier crisis in "Misfit" and "If This Goes On..." were of aid in telling him where he had been, they were not solutions to his present crisis.

They did not answer the question that can only be asked after Libby has earned his place in society, after Waldo has made himself a dancer and surgeon:

Is it enough to be a competent man among other adult men, or is there more to life? What dedication is worth the devotion of a lifetime?

In order to complete the monomythic journey successfully, a death is indicated—the death, that is, of the old limited Self.

As token of this death, Libby faints in the midst of his calculations. Waldo surrenders himself in all his frailty

to the overwhelming gravity of Earth, which may kill him. MacKinnon, in escaping with his warning, dives under a deadly force Barrier, even though to do so may kill him—and is hurt so badly that he is taken for dead.

However, the thought of the death of the Self with which the 32-year-old Heinlein was faced did not come easily to him. This may have been because he had come near to physical death in the illness—tuberculosis—that had ended his Navy career.

Or it may have been because Heinlein was consciously satisfied with his present familiar Self, as he had not been when he lived under the spell of the tyrant, and again as he had not been when he was an outsider to society.

Of Heinlein's first five published stories, two—"Misfit", his second, and "IF THIS GOES ON...", his fourth—were recapitulations. The other three addressed themselves to this question of the death of the ego.

Heinlein's first story, "Life-Line", poses the question: What sort of man can bear the knowledge of the absolute certainty of his own death?

The answer that Heinlein arrives at is: A man not very like the present Robert Heinlein. Some kind of queer, stoical foreigner, perhaps.

In "Life-Line", Hugo Pinero, a gross, fat, white, foreign-born man, appears with a machine that can accurately predict the date of any man's death.

We are shown examples of its accuracy—both a reporter and a young bride die as inevitably as we are told they must.

Pinero is opposed by members of the Academy of Science, who refuse to examine the evidence, and opposed by a corrupt insurance industry, which is losing money because of the accuracy of predictions.

The insurance industry has Pinero assassinated.

When he is dead, it is discovered that he knew the time of his own death, and that he met death calmly.

Those who discover this fact are not

as calm. They destroy the sealed envelopes that contain the dates on which they will die. And so the story ends—inconclusively.

Heinlein's third story, "Requiem" (ASTOUNDING, January 1940), returns to this question again. "Requiem" asks: What conditions would make it possible for a man like me to die?

Answer: You might willingly die to gain your heart's desire, but only when you are very, very old, and only if given outside aid in the crucial moment.

"Requiem" is the story of Delos D. Harriman, a man born c. 1907, the year that Heinlein was born.

Harriman has wanted all his life to reach the Moon. He has dedicated himself to this end singlemindedly. He is the man who made travel to the Moon possible. But because of a heart condition, he has been forbidden to travel in space.

The story opens at a county fair in Butler, Missouri—the town where Heinlein was born. Harriman approaches a pair of outcasts from society—men who have worked in space and then been excluded from it for cause—and suggests they fit a rocket out and take him to the Moon.

Eventually they agree. However, at the crucial moment, Harriman collapses and must be carried on board the spaceship.

But he does gain his heart's desire. He reaches the Moon. The cost is his death.

However, this death is blissful:

"He lay back still while a bath of content flowed over him like a tide at flood, and soaked to his very marrow."

Though this was but Heinlein's third story, there is no happier moment to be found anywhere in all his fiction.

There is a failure of realization in this story. Heinlein does not seem to know that the death in question is not a permanent physical death, but only a death of the old limited Self, followed by rebirth.

Such a realization, however, is im-

plicit in Heinlein's fifth story, "Let There Be Light" (SUPER SCIENCE, May 1940).

As a story, "Let There Be Light" is not successful. It is an attempt to strike a light note after the model of Stanley Weinbaum's stories of five years earlier.

But the story is over-compressed, even sketchy in crucial detail. And Heinlein is clumsy and heavy-handed in his attempted lightness.

It is these defects that account for the story being published in SUPER SCIENCE, a secondary market, rather than in ASTOUNDING.

However, the story is successful at striking to the heart of Heinlein's present problem.

The subjective question the story poses is: How is death-in-life to be achieved? By what means is the Demonic to be faced?

The answer: Relax. That is, become as helpless and hopeless as the infant who is in touch with his intuitive knowledge of Oneness.

In "Let There Be Light", the central characters are two young scientists, a male physicist and a female biologist, who set out to discover an efficient light source. They discover not only light, but power.

They are opposed by corrupt power companies—much like the corrupt insurance companies which oppose Pinero in "Life-Line". They are faced with law suits, labor trouble, and fire bombing, and are shadowed wherever they go by goons.

The young physicist takes to carrying a gun. An end like Pinero's seems imminent.

But then, the biologist asks: "Archie, do you know the ancient Chinese advice to young ladies about to undergo criminal assault?"

"No, what is it?"

"Just one word: 'Relax.' That's what we've got to do."

She suggests that they should give their secret of light and power to the

world-at-large. They do so and their antagonists are non-plussed. And the story ends with marriage and the prospect of happiness.

The Other in this story is knowledge—which is, indeed, a higher dedication than mere worldly competence.

Knowledge is symbolized as "light" and "power" and it is described in near-mystical terms: "The screenglowed brilliantly, but not dazzlingly, and exhibited a mother-of-pearl iridescence. The room was illuminated by strong white light without noticeable glare."

The symbol of the Demonic is the corrupt power companies. The threat of the Demonic is met by relaxation—the death of what had seemed to be Self-interest.

By giving knowledge away rather than keeping it selfishly, the two young scientists completely defeat the Demonic which had threatened to kill them and suppress their knowledge.

Here is Heinlein's answer to his thirties crisis. However, he was never able to apply this answer again in any more serious fiction than "Let There Be Light".

Heinlein had the answer he was seeking in hand, but was not able to trust it.

Heinlein had lost his faith in society, but was not able to perceive a new Other to which he could commit himself. If he and his protagonists were all right, their surroundings clearly were not. Society may once have seemed good and right and sufficient to Heinlein. But in "Life-Line", society is infected by the evil of corrupt life insurance companies.

In "Requiem", society does all that it can to prevent D.D. Harriman from doing what he most wants to do.

And in "Let There Be Light", society is corrupted by self-seeking power companies.

In these stories, society as a whole is not evil—as in "If THIS GOES ON...". But the society that Heinlein had once seen as good and right was no longer so. He no longer perceived it as the Other

—but rather as a society of multiplicity, dominated by the short-sighted interests of businessmen, bureaucrats and unionists. There was in society a susceptibility to corruption and disintegration.

Since the appearance of Heinlein's first story, World War II had begun. Under the cracking of society, there lurked the Demonic.

With no new perception by Heinlein of the Other—no higher dedication to knowledge, to mankind, to the ends of evolution, or some other love with which to replace the failed dedication to society—he could see nothing to prevent the onslaught of the Demonic.

These were the perceptions of four further Heinlein stories published in 1940 and 1941, which attempted to preserve the dedication to society.

These four stories were "The Roads Must Roll" (ASTOUNDING, June 1940), "Blowups Happen" (ASTOUNDING, September 1940), "Logic of Empire" (ASTOUNDING, March 1941), and "Solution Unsatisfactory" (ASTOUNDING, May 1941).

"The Roads Must Roll" asks: How can a socially dedicated man avert ultimate social catastrophe?

"The Roads Must Roll" postulates a 1965 America in which the American economy is totally dependent on moving roadways—strips that move at speeds from five to one hundred miles an hour between large cities. Factories and businesses line the roads. The bulk of the population lives in the countryside beyond.

The system is incredibly vulnerable because any disruption means social disaster. No breakdowns must occur. No strikes may be permitted.

The roads are so vital that the men who run them, the transport engineers, are a semi-military officer corps, graduated from the United States Academy of Transport:

"We try to turn out graduate engineers imbued with the same loyalty, the same iron self-discipline, and determination to perform their duty to the community at any cost, that Annapolis and West Point and Goddard are so success-

ful in inculcating in their graduates."

The weak spot is the common workers on the roadways, the technicians. They lack the dedication to society of the engineers.

And even though they "are indoctrinated constantly with the idea that their job is a sacred trust", as the story opens they are being led out on strike by a renegade engineer with an inferiority complex.

Gaines, Heinlein's protagonist, is Chief Engineer of the roadway that is struck. He is an unhappy, pain-wracked man. His emotions are "a torturing storm of self reproach". He is "heart-sick".

And we are told: "He had carried too long the superhuman burden of kingship—which no sane mind can carry lightly heartedly..."

When the strike occurs, Gaines faces his renegade subordinate and destroys his rebellion by telling him that people are aware of his inferiority.

Gaines is taught a lesson by his experience: "Supervision and inspection, check and re-check, was the answer. It would be cumbersome and inefficient, but it seemed that adequate safeguards always involved some loss of efficiency."

And "The Roads Must Roll" ends with Gaines whistling "Anywhere you go, you are bound to know, that your roadways go rolling along!"

Heinlein has declared that he wants to write stories of men who are changed in the course of coping with a problem.

However, Gaines is not changed in the course of coping with his problem. Instead, he re-dedicates himself to society. But "check and re-check" is not "the answer".

At the conclusion of the story society remains as vulnerable, as susceptible to corruption and disintegration as at the beginning. The Demonic still lurks.

If Gaines breaks down under "the superhuman burden of kingship" or a traitor with greater will should reveal himself, the result would be social dis-



aster.

In "Blowups Happen", society is again at ransom. This story, too, is projected to occur around the year 1965.

The sun-screens that power the rolling roads are not sufficient to the needs of society.

The plant—called "the bomb"—is delicate and requires constant tuning. It is "a self-perpetuating sequence of nuclear splitting, just under the level of complete explosion."

The strains of duty are unbearably intense: "Sensitive men were needed—men who could fully appreciate the importance of the charge intrusted to them; no other sort would do. But the burden of responsibility was too great to be borne indefinitely by a sensitive man. It was, of necessity, a psychologically unstable condition. Insanity was an occupational disease."

There are six central characters in this story. Three are young engineers—men yet to pass through their second crisis.

Three are older, more competent men. The experiences of the story provide opportunities for growth to all six characters.

The three young characters all grow—like Libby, they act as indispensable men when they are needed and bind themselves to society.

But the three older characters do not grow. One cracks under the strain and tries deliberately to explode the Demonic bomb. The other two come to the very edge of cracking.

And the solution of the story is no solution. The bomb is thrust away into space. But it remains as Demonic at the end as at the beginning. It will still drive men crazy—just fewer of them. And it is still as certain to explode.

The effects of the explosion will merely affect the peripheries of society rather than the heart of society. But society remains vulnerable.

By his own standards, Heinlein set himself a fair problem in "The Roads Must Roll" and again in "Blowups Happen".

But in both stories, the dedication to society—re-asserted—is merely enough to inhibit the Demonic. The problems Heinlein sets are not solved, but rather postponed or thrust away.

In "Logic of Empire", Heinlein tried a new tack. In this story he echoed both of his first two crises, and then drew an extrapolation, as though he felt that by telling coherently where he had been, he could determine where he was to go.

But all that Heinlein is able to do is to carry his character smoothly through two crises and then run him in to a brick wall.

Humphrey Wingate, Heinlein's protagonist, finds himself an abused slave on Venus, working in the swamps and drowning his miseries in a soporific drink.

He rebels against the tyranny and faces the prospect of a worse fate. Instead, he is given aid to escape the power of his owner. Thus a recapitulation of Heinlein's first crisis.

Wingate then finds himself in a perfect society of free men ruled in an off-hand manner by a competent man. Wingate takes his place in this society by filling an indispensable function—he operates the radio and improves the radio system. Thus a recapitulation of Heinlein's second crisis.

But then Wingate is rescued from Venus. He returns to Earth and writes a book telling of his experiences. But no one will listen. The last note in the story is a mention of Nehemiah Scudder, soon to become the First Prophet of America.

There is no way, we are told, to change the slavery that Heinlein hates. And there is no way, we know, to prevent the Demonic Nehemiah Scudder from overwhelming society.

The story ends:

"What can we do about it?"

"Nothing. Things are bound to get a whole lot worse before they can get any better. Let's have a drink."

"Solution Unsatisfactory" was Heinlein's last attempt to retain his societal dedication. It provides evidence

that Heinlein was perceiving society as disintegrating around him.

"Solution Unsatisfactory" does not take place in 1965, like "The Roads Must Roll" and "Blowups Happen". This story, published in 1941, is an account of the development of a deadly atomic weapon during World War II, and it was projected as taking place in 1943, 1944, and immediately thereafter.

This ultimate weapon is described as ending World War II. But it is so horrible and final that it cannot be allowed to be used again.

As in "The Roads Must Roll" and "Blowups Happen", we have a situation in which supreme dedication and vigilance is necessary if society is to be preserved from the Demonic.

Heinlein describes his dedicated man as a "liberal". But this dedicated man, Col. Manning, decides that the only way to preserve society is to suspend the freedom of everyone.

He and a few other dedicated men save society from the Demonic weapon. How? By bullying the nations of the world with a threat to explode the Demonic weapon.

Col. Manning, the competent man, can trust himself, but he cannot trust society. But Col. Manning has an uncertain heart condition and he may keel over dead tomorrow.

The narrator concludes:

"For myself, I can't be happy in a world where any man, or any group of men, has the power of death over you and me, our neighbors, every human, every animal, every living thing. I don't like anyone to have that kind of power."

"And neither does Manning."

But Heinlein cannot see any alternative to the inevitable disintegration of the society to which he has dedicated himself. The story is clearly titled "Solution Unsatisfactory".

And it is an unsatisfactory solution in Heinlein's own terms. Once again, a character has not changed. Once again, a problem is not solved.

After this, Heinlein began to look

beyond society for his answers.

For instance, in the story "They" (UNKNOWN, April 1941), our familiar societal multiplicity is doubted and called an insanity:

"I saw all around me this enormous plant, cities, farms, factories, churches, schools, homes, railroads, luggage, roller coasters, trees, saxophones, libraries, people and animals. People that looked like me and who should have felt very much like me, if what I was told was the truth. But what did they appear to be doing? "They went to work to earn the money to buy the food to get the strength to go to work to earn the money to buy the food to get the strength to go to work to get the strength to buy the food to earn the money to go to—" until they fell over dead. Any slight variation in the basic pattern did not matter, for they always fell over dead. And everybody tried to tell me that I should be doing the same thing. I knew better."

And Heinlein doubted society again in "Universe" (ASTOUNDING, May 1941)—a story published in the same magazine issue as "Solution Unsatisfactory".

In "Universe", society is likened to a starship that has forgotten its purposes, and which now wanders blindly through the galaxy.

Those aboard are satisfied with their narrow little game-playing lives. They are oblivious to the wider world outside.

Heinlein's protagonist is a bright and able young man who discovers that his teachers have lied to him in their ignorance. There exists a universe that is larger than society.

In three further stories published in 1941 and 1942, Heinlein searched outside society for the answer to his subjective quest.

In these stories, his protagonists approached symbols of the Demonic in the form of strange transcendent creatures. But in each case, his protagonists lacked the recognition of the Other, the new love, the new dedication, that makes a successful confrontation, death, and re-birth possible.

In the first story, METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN (ASTOUNDING, July-September 1941), Heinlein's protagonist, Lazarus Long, escapes from a disintegrating society, travels to the stars, almost encounters transcendence (he waits outside while another enters), and returns unchanged by his experience, hoping to find society essentially unchanged.

In the second story, "By His Bootstraps" (ASTOUNDING, October 1941), Heinlein's protagonist—like Heinlein named Bob—leaves American society of 1942 without regret, travels to the future where he rules a placid society, becomes bored, and searches for transcendence.

He finds it, but a mere glimpse is enough to age him prematurely, to kill his curiosity and to ruin his sleep.

In the third story, "Goldfish Bowl" (ASTOUNDING, March 1942), two scientists follow their curiosity beyond contemporary society, up giant anomalous pillars of water, into the clouds, where they are captured by strange transcendent intelligences.

But the scientists have nothing to say to their captors. The intelligences are never seen.

All that Heinlein can think to do is to return the dead bodies of the scientists to society bearing messages of warning.

This is not the end of Heinlein's subjective progress. It has continued—always intelligible—from 1941 and 1942 until the present, including Heinlein's most recent novel, TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE.

We have not space to follow this progress further, but the distance we have traveled is sufficient to establish the viability of subjective readings of Heinlein and science fiction.

We have also traveled far enough to make sense of Heinlein's objectively inconsistent "politics". Read subjectively, the inconsistency vanishes.

Essentially, Heinlein's political statements fall into three kinds, corresponding to his first three crises.

Statements endorsing liberty at all costs derive from Heinlein's first crisis.

Statements endorsing society derive from Heinlein's second crisis.

Statements in which society is found wanting, but not evil, derive from Heinlein's third crisis.

Thus, for instance, these statements apply to Heinlein's first crisis attitudes:

"When any government, or any church for that matter, undertakes to say to its subjects, 'This you may not read, this you must not see, this you are forbidden to know,' the end result is tyranny and oppression, no matter how holy the motives." ("IF THIS GOES ON...")

and

"Today— Oh, happy day! At last the world acknowledges Luna's sovereignty. Free! You have won your freedom—" (THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS)

These apply to Heinlein's second crisis:

"But there is solemn satisfaction in doing the best you can for eight billion people.

"Perhaps their lives have no cosmic significance, but they have feelings. They can hurt." (DOUBLE STAR)

and

"...But your psychometrical tests show that you believe yourself capable of judging morally your fellow citizens and feel justified in personally correcting and punishing their lapses... From a social standpoint, your delusion makes you mad as a March Hare." ("Conventry")

And these apply to Heinlein's third crisis attitudes:

"My dear, I used to think I was serving humanity...and I pleased in the thought. Then I discovered that humanity does not want to be served: on the contrary it resents any attempts to serve it. So now I do what pleases Jubal Harshaw." (STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND)

and

"Democracy can't work. Mathematicians, peasants and animals, that's all there is—so democracy, a theory based on the assumption that mathematicians

and peasants are equal, can never work. Wisdom is not additive; its maximum is that of the wisest man in a given group.'" (GLORY ROAD)

Objectivity cannot encompass these statements.

Only Heinlein's subjectivity can.

\*\*\*\*\*

REG COMMENT: The Panshins' view of human knowledge sources—instinct-intuition-intelligence and the basic psychic structure common to all humans—Self-Other-Demonic, is persuasive to a degree, and provokes a tumble of speculations and conclusions.

As a tool, the Self-Other-Demonic schema can be used to interpret much of the significance of human behavior and human social structures.

So— Is that why we veer from Self oriented economic systems toward Other economic systems (with reversions) and why no other systems are possible on a large scale?

We swing from pure (or nearly so) capitalism, to pure (or nearly so) socialism. And each system has its demon—the opposite end of the spectrum.

In politics—the same pendulum: from nearly total state control of people to nearly pure democracy/freedom.

Cycles...cycles...cycles...human society and culture swinging from Self systems of thought and behavior to Other systems...with elements of the opposite (the Demonic) always present, always the enemy burrowing away at the moral fibre of our nation/religion/economic system/what-have-you...

The greater human social structures only extensions, expansions, magnifications, of the basic single human psyche.

Is the current, open, condoned interest in the Demonic (Devil worship, witchcraft, semi-respectable pronography, sexual freedom, almost total "ghettoing" of God/religion) a signal, a signpost that we have reached or are near the extreme end of one swing of the pendulum, the cycle of Self-indulgence, of an upsurge of Instinct...

And that soon an abrupt recoil to CONTROL, to suppressing all things Demon-

ic, to Self-sacrifice, to a denial of the flesh and a celebration of the spirit will occur.

Is the tragedy of humanity and the joke on humanity that we are caught in this moebius strip of possible human action/conception by the basic structure of our minds?

Are we doomed to repeat and repeat our "mistakes" because we have no alternatives?

Even if we can see this truth on an individual intellectual level, are we unable to "know" it on a nation-society-species level?

Does our community ego, our mass ego, refuse to accept the "horrible truth" of our psyche's structure and the inherent large-scale social determinism that means?

Are we in an ironic box—so that even if every single human being knew of this truth and accepted it, as groups of people we would still do as we do as we have always done?

Could birds not build nests and lay eggs even if they knew of and resented their iron-clad instincts?

+++

The Self-Other-Demonic system is obviously at the bottom of basic story structure: the Self is the Hero, the Other is the goal or the Good, and the Demonic is the Villain, the Problem.

Our life-systems and our fictions are built from the same template.

That's why people mostly like a fully resolved story—they want the Demonic to lose, to be defeated, to be suppressed.

Can the Panshins fairly use their psychic schema to analyze Robert Heinlein? Does a writer betray his individual crisis—state by the type of solutions or non-solutions he uses in his Self-Other-Demonic story structures?

Does every writer do this? Every time? Even a hack writer with hundreds of stories written?

Is this true of painters? Poets? Composers?

Is it true of nations? Civiliza-

tions?

Think about it. Think about it. This article by Alexei and Cory Panshin and my speculations here may be the most important writings you'll ever read.

On the other hand....

\*\*\*\*\*

Q: Dr. Haldane, as an eminent biologist, what have you discovered as to the nature of the Creator from the study of His Creations?

J.B.S. Haldane: He has an inordinate fondness for beetles.

Source—David W. Miller.

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POSTCARD FROM  
ALAN DEAN FOSTER

"Agreed re Tim Kirk's typically chortful cover ((on TAC #8)) that DEEP BEAK is a mite better than DEEP TENTACLE.

"Still, Tim missed including the ultimate Martian novel, the grand story of John Carter's comeuppance, DEEP THOAT."

((Somehow, I can't see John Carter standing for that.))

((Stop spinning, Mr. Burroughs, you're disturbing the worms.))

\*\*\*\*\*

LETTER/REVIEW FROM  
DAVID W. MILLER

"Since some of your readers might be interested in Roger Elwood's production of THE TOWER on Other World Records, they might also be interested in what I have to say about it.

"I am embarrassed that I paid good, hard-earned money for this cacophony of wailing and chanting. I suppose if you're turned on by the death throes of a caribou or something you might like it. The actual recording quality is worse. Throughout at least the first ten minutes (that's how long my courage held out) the background noise sounds like a fire in a Rice Krispies factory. Be forewarned."

\*\*\*\*\*

Nobody made me do it.

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THE FINE ART OF EATING  
WORDS or \*munch munch\*  
ONE REVISED OPINION.

Most of you will recall <sup>in TAC #8</sup> how I estimated that the overall readership of science fiction and fantasy was divided approximately 90% male, 10% female.

Well, the words were hardly out of my typer and onto the mimeographed page than the incoming subscriptions began to run about 75%-25%. And that ratio has persisted.

As I know too well, used words taste kind of sour and they are brittle from exposure to air. My mouth puckered at the prospect of eating a few.

Then came a postcard from one who calls himself Freff. He wrote in a very small hand:

"Actually, the reason for my commenting on fandom's unreliability as a gender poll is something I have recently noticed—the last four times I have entered book stores there were young ladies looking through the s-f section. And this made me look back at high school: same there, in the s-f class the ratio was nearly 50-50.

"On the whole, I think that ladies who have grown up in freer emotional-intellectual climates, where the 'negative aspects' of 'intellectual women' were not mindlessly spouted—well, they turn to s-f at about the same rate as males. And undoubtedly STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, STAR TREK, etc., have introduced many women other than ardent trekkies to s-f."

Of course, I had to do a retraction of sorts. God knows what the true percentage is now. Probably around 20-25% female and rising each year.

Actually, \*munch munch\* used words aren't bad if sprinkled with wheat germ and splashed with milk.

After my editorial on White-Harrison, and now this bunch, I'm...I'm acquiring a taste for the damned things.

\*\*\*\*\*  
"Oh...a recent SUPERMAN comic book had, as a major character, a writer who looked and acted like Vonnegut. His name? Wade Halibut."

—letter, FREFF.

LETTER FROM  
MRS JUDY PLINLIMMON

"I've just finished enjoying ALIEN CRITIC #7. Congratulations on a fine issue, and apologies that a number of us pass our single copy around, but at a buck a time, what can you expect? Re this and previous issues, we were glad you've discovered Marion Z. Bradley exists!

"We were all fascinated by the Coney vs. Russ thing. I met both these people just briefly at the Torcon and they seemed normal enough, but you never can tell! It seems to me that Mr. Coney's biggest mistake is that he's giving free publicity to the very writer he professes to hate."

((Michael's letter in TAC #8, which you've read of course by now, made clear he doesn't hate Russ either personally or as a writer.

((As to free publicity...that was my doing—if you call that publicity.))

"You see, I'm one of the demon Women Libbers, but I don't see any reference to the movement in Mr. Coney's letter. It seems that other people do. In fact, I was goddamned mad to hear Ms. McIntyre refer to 'the anger and hostility of women,' because women includes me—and I love my husband. All I want is equality, Mr. Geis. I don't want to hate anyone. Why does Ms. McIntyre?"

((Don't know. You'll have to ask her direct, though, since she won't read your question here; she returned unopened the envelope containing the complimentary copy of TAC #8 I sent her...and under the circumstances of her expressed desire never to read this magazine again, I see no point in wasting 28¢ postage.))

"I've just read THE HERO OF DOWNWAYS by Coney the Terrible and guess what? The protagonist is female. She's tough and she wins through. Not a bad story either. He certainly is strong on emotion, this Coney. Maybe he should confine himself to fiction."

\*\*\*\*\*  
"(I plot novels. It's a point of pride, which the last I heard was getting about \$0.00 a word.)"

—letter, John Boardman

A SERIES OF SHORT, IR-RESPONSIBLE, COMPROMISED BOOK REVIEWS OF QUESTIONABLE QUALITY

—Because I'm lazy, I'm in bed with the typer on my lap-table (home-made from a small wooden fruit box, a square of linoleum, and two 39¢ handles), and because a half an hour ago, Augie (mother's man friend who lives with us—O we are a liberated family, but relax, they have separate bedrooms and she is 66 and he 62) made us each a powerful Singapore Sling and we sipped them and listened to the police channel on his 6-band Sony. (Portland's darknesses tonight—2-25-74—are inhabited by young black males in long dark coats, one of whom has 'some kind of pistol', various and sundry family disturbances, a few breakings & entries, and at least three young white female runaways...), and because I have a condition that seems determined to progress from a slight sore throat to a Real Cold...and no amount of vitamin-C seems to do any good—so Up Yours, Linus Pauling!

Ghod, what an Intro. Suffice it to say that I am not critically responsible for what I am about to type. All subsequent literary opinions are to be laid on the doorstep of Alter-Ego. Just ring his chimes and run like hell; he'll take care of the little darlins.

First book off the pile: COLLISION COURSE by Barrington J. Bayley, (DAW #43 and UQ 1043, 95¢) and it is an idea-rich novel but plot-poor. Intriguing time theory (what does a present civilization do when it becomes obvious that the ruins from a past civilization are getting younger?) that is worked out well in the body of a routine action sf story—overthrow the tyrant and save Earth with the help of a super-intellectual ancient race of human aliens.

Bayley is a kind of klunky writer—he has a few small amateurisms—but the book is worth reading, worth the price.

I picked this (EDGAR CAYCE ON ATLANTIS) up on the remainder table at the 122nd and Prescott K-MART a while ago. Don't ask why—some sort of perversity, I guess—for 97¢ (Well, hell, it didn't sell originally at \$4.95.).

This slim book (Published by Castle Books—never heard of them, probably a vanity press or self-published, since the book is by Edgar Evans Cayce and Hugh Lynn Cayce who is Director of the Association for Research and Enlightenment...the surviving members of the Cayce family are wringing the dead psychic's residue of every buck they can...very sincerely, of course.) is full of predictions and psychically received data on Atlantis (Atlantic Ocean locale) and the island nation's political and social turmoil and civil wars, its evil and good factions, which were culled from letters Cayce wrote, from case history files of his and from raw, unclassified writings over many years, but primarily in the '30s.

Edgar Cayce died in 1945.

He more or less predicted that Atlantis would rise from the floor of the Atlantic in 1968-69. This book was published in 1968.

So it goes.

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COMMUNE 2000 A.D. by Mack Reynolds (Bantam N8402, 95¢) "A Frederik Pohl Selection".

Mack writes smooth, sexy, interestingly, of a changing, fragmenting, do-your-own-thing American society and culture (each hobby and special interest group has its own town or commune) made possible by a kind of life-basic dole to everyone not chosen by the computers to do necessary work for the country.

The powers-that-be (corrupt, venal, stupid) are alarmed by this fast-moving trend and set a series of unknowing stooge spies to gathering info.

The hero is one such spy. He gets laid a lot and hustled a lot. He gets wise and joins the underground and easily overthrows the power-structure.

Give it a passing grade but don't expect it to go to college.

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Hot stuff: FEMALE SEXUAL FANTASIES (Ace 23275, \$1.25 Orig. title: FREELY FEMALE) is old stuff, psychologically speaking. Nothing new. Interesting for the variety of masochistic, submis-

sive sexual fantasies that dominate the wide variety of women interviewed. The liberated woman author, Hanja Kochansky, is pissed by the texture and content of these fantasies.

Perhaps the masochistic-submissive character of most female sexual fantasies is bedded (sorry about that) in the natural elements of Electra syndrome: girl child in love with big, strong father with guilt/shame added by the no-no-naughty of it all.

+++

J.G. Ballard can write! But he writes (has written in the past) dry, juiceless, "empty" novels full of symbolism.

Not so with CRASH (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$6.95). CRASH is a sado-masochist wet-dream, a lovingly, passionately written paen to sex and terrible injury in automobile crashes.

The story reeks with blood and semen. It is obsessive, an exploration, a celebration of rent flesh, distorted bodies, scarred psyches due to car wrecks.

It is a story of Vaughn, who wants to die in a gory crash with Elizabeth Taylor, and the narrator J. G. Ballard himself, who is drawn into Vaughn's web of sado-masochism and the automobile.

It's a fascinating, repellent novel, and it is too long. Ballard makes his points in the first chapter. After that the repetitive linkages of sex acts, injury and death with cars and crashes is increasingly boring. It is a mark of the obsessed and the fanatic that they don't know when to stop.

I suspect that Ballard's excesses are planned. He is either a great writer or insane. Or both.

+++

I read RELATIVES, a novel by Geo. Alec Effinger (Harper & Row, \$6.95) a long time ago—months, I think—and it is blurred in my mind now. I remember it is an alternate worlds novel, with a central character, Ernst/Ernest/Ernst Weinraub/Weintraub/Weinraub in each, and that each lead ultimately futile lives. They are all used and abused by the Authorities—except the decadent poet exiled in the sweltering North African ci-

ty, and he triumphs only in a Kafkaesque manner, sitting day and night, rain or shine, at a table in a sidewalk cafe, drinking various liquors and liqueurs.

I'll say it again: I don't mind a mess of Message if it is trotted out with skill and talent and passion. Geo. doesn't quite have enough of them, or the sense to use them to the full.

Messages are, after all, a dime a dozen. The ability to mix them into an entertaining story, or to use an intrinsically absorbing style to carry them is rare...or the recognition that a Message needs more than a scheme to display it is rare.

End of grump. End of reviews for a

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE DEPT.

"...a comic writer needs a little art theory. And not the kind you get in the average art school.

"Knowledge of materials, color schemes, art history and cheap relevancy (I've met some art students) is pretty worthless.

"Composition, theme development, relation to format and a side smattering of set design are much better.

"You have to know if you have too many forms in one panel and not enough in another. Also there is an inherent thrust from lower left to upper right that is important to intellectual theme levels, and which must be rectified over the whole page, not just the panel.

"And, especially, you need to know a lot about relating people to their background of things. Set design. Lots of it. Like Will Eisner, Joe Kubert and Alex Toth know.

"So you won't plan big blocky people in the middle of china-shop sets, like Dick Dillin. Or have people fading into a too-impressive and detailed background, like Neal Adams.

"These are really writing concerns, and the artist, while he may have a tendency to do such things, can be easily stopped by a decently written panel."

—De'V Hanke, BASTARD OF GRAFAN #1

WRITTEN TO A PULP!  
A Reminiscence  
By SAM MERWIN, JR.

Dear Richard—

You very politely invited me some little time ago to write you, should the spirit move me, some reminiscent (if not necessarily nostalgic,) words on my professional experiences in science fiction, laying some small emphasis on my impressions of other editors in the field during the Forties and Fifties, when I was most active.

Well, what the hell can one editor say about other editors that could interest your readership and not get him scalped, castrated or otherwise deflorated should the subject (or subjects) of his commentary still be alive?

I could say, after at least a dozen lunches and perhaps a score of other more or less social encounters, that the late John W. Campbell, Jr., (wonder why he used the Jr.? I know why I do—identification from an author-parent) was a coldly interesting, appallingly ponderous personality without a trace of humor and hence an alarming gullibility, a man who talked at but never to you (but who yet contrived a hell of an editorial achievement).

But poor Campbell is now departed from the scene.

I could describe in detail Howard Browne's genuine detestation of science fiction and all its wonders despite his success with the Ziff Davis stf division, and throw in at least one hilarious anecdote—but I like Howard, and respect him as a writer and a man—and, besides, he is still alive and living not in Argentina but around Hollywood, where I myself presently abide.

I could tell you about Sam Mines's flair for discovering news-headlines during World War Two that employed his name to weird effect (REDS CLOSE RANKS—MARCH OVER MINES or KEEP MINES OPEN, F. D.R. SAYS) and pasting them up on the wall over his desk.

I could write a ream or two about Jerry Bixby's dietary habits or about the absolutely eerie feline (mind you, I'm a cat lover from way back) with whom

Bob Lowndes once resided.

I could describe Horace Leonard Gold's intricate and often hilarious relationship with his hapless psychiatrist during his Agoraphobic era, and I still think Bea Mahaffey was very pretty if not a sensational beauty.

But who would care? No, I don't feel that other stf editors would make good copy (that is, for my own survival purposes).

What I intend to write about is the fans. They were, for seven years, the source of much joy and occasional anguish, an incredible tribe of masochists who kept returning endlessly for further fetishist mistreatment despite the fact that I exploited them quite shamelessly for what I deemed the good of my publications (that is, the ones I edited).

When Leo Margulies, editorial director of the then-flourishing Ned Pines Thrilling Group of some 42 pulps, assigned me to edit THRILLING WONDER and STARTLING STORIES in 1944, following the departure of Oscar Jerome Friend for California, he evidently felt I had some qualifications for the job.

Not only had I been reading for the group and editing stories (in this regard, I believe my first novel was Joe Millard's THE GODS HATE KANSAS), but I had been reading extensively since the age of ten or thereabouts the works of H.G. Wells, Jules Verne, Dunsany, Arthur Machen and various lesser lights of stfantasy down to and including the Martian novels of E. R. Burroughs.

I had even written a few short stories and at least one novelette for TWS and SS.

However, until I actually became editor of this justly famous (or infamous) fearsome twosome, I had never (and this is gospel) held a science fiction magazine in my hand, much less read one (I rather think the hideously low aesthetic calibre of the old-style covers was what repelled me).

Consequently, there were a number of surprises in store for me.

The quality of stories, while it varied from Brackett and Bradbury down to Joe Crumbun, I already considered the most literate and imaginative in the entire

field of pulpdom, which was why I gladly accepted the assignment.

But what I was totally unprepared for were the fans.

For the next seven years, I found myself involved in a vastly entertaining if frequently difficult love-hate affair with what has to be the wildest, wackiest, touchiest, frequently the most gifted group of dedicated characters this century, at any rate, has produced to date.

The letters came regularly to my two departments, "The Ether Vibrates" (SS) and "The Reader Speaks" (TWS), and the fanzines came in for review in the department of SS devoted to that pursuit.

The era (1944-1951) was one of stf boom and expansion, during and following World War Two, and the departments grew and flourished like Hollyhocks in Southern California (which often grow to near Watts-Lower proportions).

Until I became familiar with the field, I was forced to go along with the kiddie kar creations of my predecessors in the editor's hot seat, Sergeant Saturn and his myrmidons Wartears, Frogeyes and Snaggletooth, asinine elves all three.

It took me about a year to formulate a sufficiently clear editorial policy to drop them. Thankfully, they were generally unmourned. Thereafter, I had a lot of fun.

Some of the personalities that emerged from the stack of letters (often pencil scrawled on ruled writing paper of the lowest degree) were truly remarkable.

Not a few of the letters were the opening efforts to see print of boys and girls who have gone on to attain considerable eminence as authors.

Among these, I can cite (neither in chronological nor alphabetical order, but simply as they come to mind) Jack Vance, Poul Anderson, Bob Silverberg, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Wilson Tucker and, of course, Minnie Moore who remains ambuscaded in the recesses of non-recall.

It was always an editorial delight

to purchase a story from a current or erstwhile fan like Chad Oliver or Philip K. Dick (two more that come to light). There's a look-what-I-helped-develop! feeling to such an event, whether justified or not.

But some of the most memorable fan letter writers remained, alas, just that. Nor should they be forgotten for this reason.

One of them, Walt Dunkelburger, a motion picture projectionist of Fargo, N.D., will never be forgotten as long as I live. His letters were miles long and his crotchets truly remarkable.

His feud with Wilson (Bob) Tucker, then also a motion picture projectionist in the hinterlands, was as enduring and impassioned as it was incomprehensible—and the late Fredric Brown parodied his name and pursuits in his fine sf novel for SS, WHAT MAD UNIVERSE?

There was the long-jawed (and long-jawing) Jersey Joe Kennedy, who became for a while at least a sort of Forrest J. Ackerman (East) at least in fanactivity.

There was the delightfully named English fan, Derek Pickles, whose letters were at times close to erudite.

In the frantic fandom of Southern California, there was a young man whose name, so help me, I simply cannot recall, but whose slogan throughout the late Forties was "South Gate in forty-eight."

His letters, while usually of interesting content, were so woefully misspelled and ungrammatical that I sadistically forebore editing them and ran them as was.

When somebody told me this youth was a hopeless cripple from childhood, my embarrassment was acute, and I promptly cleaned up and smoothed out his next missive—to receive a near-tearful letter of rebuke for depriving him of his trademark.

Oh, yes—the name was Rick Sneary and when I finally met him years later, he still regarded me as his pet editor for my inadvertent cruelty.

Oh, yes—fans are something else!

Then there was the chap who sent me a desperate postcard that ran something like this—"Please, please, don't print the letter I sent you in which I said that Jack Vance was another of Henry Kuttner's pseudonyms."

Always willing to comply with such a request, I dumped the letter but ran the postcard instead—to receive another tearful afternote which wistfully inquired, "Did you have to make a fool out of me in front of everybody?"

The fan poetry was both chronic and terrible. It almost never scanned and the rhymes and rhyme schemes were, to put it mildly, bizarre.

I made it a point of honor to put my replies in matching doggerel, non-scansion, non-rhymes and all. And nobody beefed, except perhaps a rare true poetry aficionado.

Finally, there were the fanzines, which were read and reviewed in every issue of SS. They ranged from the elaborate, occasionally near-professional, to the most hideous hectos in purple jelly, and I treated them none too gently at times.

Two chronic sources of fan irritation with my magazines were the untrimmed edges and the Earl Bergey girls-with-brass-tits covers—over neither of which I had the slightest control.

But to read this sort of scathing comment after puncturing a fingernail or two trying to unfold a tightly stapled hunk of hecto that had caused the near-loss of both eyeballs while trying to decipher it was, I fear, motivation for disproportionate reprisals in review. No masochist ye Edde at any rate, even though he kept on lacerating his nails in the name of fandom.

Then there was the ultra-plump New York nymphet (Nabokov had yet to write LOLITA so nobody called her that) who used to visit me and pour out her sexual problems.

Once she said, "Have you any idea how lonely it is to be a sixteen-year-old nymphomaniac?"

I had to confess I had no idea. Wonder what happened to her? Probably a slatternly hausfrau by now with a

brood of grown and/or half-grown chicks.

Oh, the feuds, the open letters, the personality confrontations amongst this restless, imaginative, often-too-lively group of devotees. And, occasionally, the near-lunacy of their ideas....

The zaniest of these that comes to mind was a serious fanzine suggestion for supplying spaceship fuel on protected star flights. It was complete with diagrams.

The inventor, who shall be nameless, had read somewhere that the essence of orange peel is a highly flammable substance and could be used as fuel.

Hence he proposed that, on interstellar voyages, each ship of space should have its own hydra-ponic orange tree nursery and thus be able to fuel itself.

So help me, that was for real!

Actually, despite my professional hard-boiled attitude, I cherished my fan readers and all their Gread Ghod Ghus with great love and devotion. I wouldn't have missed them for anything.

Okay, Dick, I hope you can use this in your good and not-so-little non-amateur fanzine.

Incidentally, yours is, to the best of my memory the first I ever wrote to and/or for. Certainly, it is the first I ever subscribed to with cash. Keep it coming, as the girl may or may not have said to the sailor.

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LAST STAB "I'm looking for some lost witticism to charm you with, but can't seem to find it. Oh, well.

"The LAST STAB is where the editor will, stab, blab, gamble, ramble, and generally ram things around for a few pages each issue.

"Thoughts, for me, are hard to get on paper, like I want this zine to be me. But I have a hard time writing words. Oh, I think them and know how to scribble, but the trouble is fluency. How does one go about writing fluently?"

—Bill Breiding, STAR FIRE #1



## LETTER FROM BOB BLOCH

"Whole number eight was a welcome addition. I was sort of hoping that my little talk would make some impression, but Harrison and White are hard acts to follow. And Delap with all that graphic porno.

"For me, though, the empathy lies with Brunner and his account of editorial improvements. I know what he's experiencing: judging from his reaction, it's a good thing he doesn't do much in the film or television area, where the only constant is change.

"I am tempted to comment on the Mahdi-like fanaticism of some of the letters, but then I think of what happened to poor general Gordon and decide to resist. As Benjamin Franklin put it, Excretion is the better part of squalor."

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To a misogynist, a Ms. is as good as a mile.

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## LETTER FROM JAMES BLISH

"About the letter from Bruce D. Arthurs in TAC 8:41 — I have never submitted anything to Roger Elwood. I agree that A TRUE BILL does not belong in an anthology labelled s-f, and when Mr. Elwood asked me to blow it up into a novel which would be so labelled, I refused, partly on that ground.

"I never submit anything directly to an editor unless he has directly commissioned it from me, I've accepted the commission, and therefore feel that he has first refusal rights. All other submissions go through my agent.

"I was astonished when Mr. Elwood bought A TRUE BILL; it turned out later that my agent hadn't submitted it to him either, but that a fourth party, Virginia Kidd, had called it to Mr. Elwood's attention and that Mr. Elwood then asked my agent to submit it.

"(I'd sent a xerox to Ms. Kidd for obvious personal reasons, such as our having been married for many years and often having collaborated during those years; I thought she might enjoy it.)

"I could, I suppose, have told my agent (Bob Mills) not to go through with

the sale. However, once one has written a play, and even had it performed under local circumstances, the first problem in getting more performances of it is getting it published somewhere.

"Mr. Elwood's was the first offer to do so since it had gone on the market in 1966, and in fact I was glad of the chance, inappropriate though I agree it is, presented as science fiction.

"Money was the last consideration; since the play's publication, two other consortia of churches have asked permission to put it on, under the terms described in its introduction—no payment to me at all and no charge to the audience—and I've not only agreed but offered advice from my previous experiences of its production.

"Plays are indeed meant to be performed, not read; but nobody can perform one unless the script is in print, to be decided upon, for or against.

"Though A TRUE BILL is rather a special case, there's a central, general fact of the writing business which applies to it: that for full-time authors with a fair amount of production behind them, most submissions are made by agents, not direct.

"Anybody want to buy a three-act verse play by me, enormously expensive to produce, which has been out on the market for a dozen years? If so, apply to Bob Mills, not to me — I keep nothing here gathering dust on the off chance that somebody will ask me directly such a product.

"Everything I have here is unfinished. If it's finished, either it's been pre-sold, or Bob has it."

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"One last thing: I can't help noticing your constant harping on the theme of paranoia. This is unfair: Paranoids are people, too; they have their own problems. It's easy to criticize, but if everybody hated you, you'd be paranoid, too."

—David J. Hicks

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"Better the illusions that exalt us than ten thousand truths."

—Pushkin

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"I conned my way into San Quentin's death row, to interview Ron Fouquet, a man who was to go to the chair—before they did away with the extreme penalty—for having a) kicked to death his six-year-old son, and b) abandoning his seven-year-old daughter on the Golden State Freeway.

"In his company, penned together for three hours in an interview cell not much bigger than a pay toilet, I found it difficult not to pass judgement on him myself. As he explained calmly and soberly and logically why he had done these things, utter necessities to his amoral mind. He did not think of himself as a 'bad person.'

"I was chilled and came away trembling. I tremble now as I write this.

"One of the great sadnesses of the human condition is that very few human beings are capable of coldly and objectively recognizing what they are. Speak of killers and all the Calleys will revile all the Mansons, not for an instant understanding they are merely altered faces of the same coin."

—Harlan Ellison, letter,  
SFWA FORUM #32

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## MORE OFF-THE-CUFF REVIEWS ...FOR PEOPLE WITH SHORT ATTENTION SPANS

In spite of the 100% certainty that it is fantasy, that the five eminently evil people are on a spectral train rushing through a terrifying, morbid countryside on the way to Hell, there is on the cover of this Doubleday book the words: 'Science Fiction.'

But I tell you DOWN BOUND TRAIN by Bill Garnett is pure fantasy. Was Doubleday afraid to label it 'Fantasy'? In the love-world of genres, is 'Fantasy' the kiss of death? Do strong editors blench? Do publishers weep? Do distributors bronx cheer?

The novel opens with a chapter or two devoted to each of the five: a sadistic, homosexual headmaster; a delighting-in-evil little girl who hears voices and who killed her very ill

mother; the child's cold-fish father who was poisoning his wife systematically and approves his girl's psychopathia; a ruthless, beautiful woman who used men (and drove one to suicide) on her way up in the world; and a killer-for-money, a double-crosser who has made a bundle and is on his way to spend it.

The five all find themselves in a single compartment in a luxury express leaving London at ten-thirty A. M., Friday, September 24th.

An hour and a half later the train is going too fast, the scenery is horrible and desolate, and they have discovered there are mysteriously no other passengers in their car...nor on the train—yet the car and train were crowded when they left London.

The interaction of the five is very good and compensates for the cliché plot. I kept hoping the ending would be a surprise.

Bill Garnett writes fairly well. I wish he plotted with more daring and originality.

+++

The height of bad reviewing is to say that I read this book at least two months ago and I don't remember a single thing about any of the three original novellas of science fiction. Therefore, I conclude they aren't memorable...and thus (while certainly competent) not real winners as fiction.

The book is CHAINS OF THE SEA, edited by Robert Silverberg, published by Thomas Nelson, for \$6.50. The novellas are: "And Us, Too, I Guess" by Geo. Alec Effinger; "Chains of the Sea" by Gardner R. Dozois; and "The Shrine of Sebastian" by Gordon Eklund.

And even after listing them I still don't remember a damn thing.... Well, I won't remember anything ever, when Geo., Gardner, and Gordon bury their knives in me, after they read this.

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I start this review with a quote from George Hay's article in BEYOND THIS HORIZON—An Anthology of Science Fiction and Science Fact: "What do you think utopias and dystopias are

but secularised versions of heaven and hell?"

Yes, of course. Which raises in my mind the question of the heaven-hell creation by the human psyche—built-in or caused by infant-mother-father-outside dynamics?

Whatever it turns out is the explanation, it tells why writers love to write utopias/dystopias. Especially dystopias.

The latest I've read is TWILIGHT OF THE BASILISKS by Jacob Transue (Berkley 425-02476, 95¢).

It's a good one—showing a hell of overpopulation in huge buildings after a devastating war, of impersonal social scientists as rulers, of brain-planted electrodes for pleasure/entertainment and punishment.

Plus a heaven coming on in the tribes of free men and women who use a different family unit organization to get away from the evil patriarch system which is seen as the root of all social illnesses.

Transue makes a good case. His ideas deserve careful thought. Worth reading for entertainment and content.

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Have you noticed that these "short" reviews are getting longer and longer? I'll try to do briefer.

CLONE by Richard Cowper (Doubleday, \$5.95) is another dystopia, set in A.D. 2072. Scientists (in a forbidden experiment) have grown four male clones of a special kind which develop incredibly powerful psi powers when together.

The scientists hastily separate the clones and wipe their memories. The story is how one clone regains his identity and memory and manages, more by accident than purpose, to be reunited with his brothers/selves.

Written in a light, satirical vein. A change of pace for Cowper. I hope he doesn't do it again. He doesn't overcome the inherent disadvantages of a humor/satire novel: if you take away believability you'd better give enough insight/funny stuff/mockery to compensate. Cowper doesn't, quite.

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Isk. Today, 3-7-74, Joanna Russ' complimentary copy of IAC #8 came back. She had covered her address with masking tape and printed over it my address. She also sealed the unsealed envelope with masking tape, printed FIRST CLASS on the face of the envelope, and crossed out the bulk rate insignia.

Then she dropped it in a mailbox. Thereby imposing 70¢ postage due charges.

Gee, Joanna, was it something I said?

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"His need for a vindictive triumph, for instance, certainly is a hostile-aggressive trend. But what makes it compulsive is the need to vindicate himself in his own eyes.

"This desire originally is not even neurotic. He starts so low on the ladder of human values that he simply must justify his existence, prove his values.

"But then the need to restore his pride and to protect himself from lurking self-contempt makes this desire imperitive.

"Similarly, his need to be right and the resulting arrogant claims, while militant and aggressive, become compulsive through the necessity to prevent any self-doubt and self-blame from emerging.

And, finally, the bulk of his fault-finding, his punitive and condemnatory attitudes toward others—or, at any rate, what renders these attitudes compulsive—stem from the dire need to externalize his self-hate."

—Karen Horney, NEUROSIS AND HUMAN GROWTH

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"What do you consider the greatest weakness of Science Fiction today?

"Kurt Vonnegut, Jr: 'You are asking about a little social unit about which I know almost nothing.'"

—THE DOUBLE: BILL SYMPOSIUM, 1969

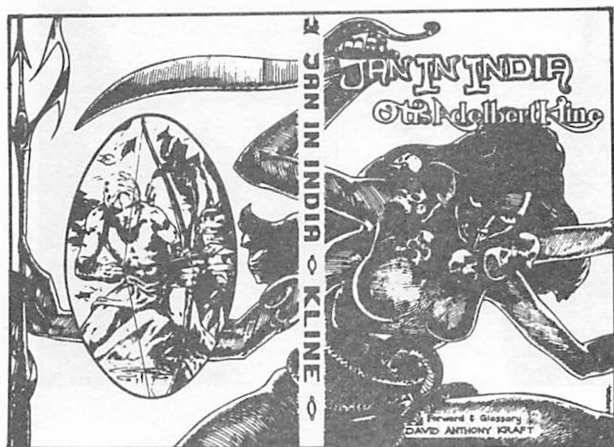
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He who runs and fights away  
Will live to run another day

**NOW AVAILABLE!**

## **JAN IN INDIA**

**by Otis Adelbert Kline, prince of the pulps!**



Announcing first book publication of this fantasy-adventure classic, culled from the pages of *Argosy* magazine during its "golden years." Sequel to Otis Adelbert Kline's well-known novel, *JAN OF THE JUNGLE*, it details the further exploits of Jan Trevor, who falls victim to the treacherous plottings of the Maharaja of Varuda in the steaming tropics of India.

Otis Adelbert Kline (1891-1946), author of *THE PLANET OF PERIL* and *TAM*, *SON OF THE TIGER*, and a contemporary of Robert E. Howard and others, has been acknowledged a master of the romantic adventure novel. *JAN IN INDIA* will be his tenth book; the first was published in 1929 and has been reprinted many times since.

Included in this quality paperback are a glossary of the names and terms in the Jan books and a short biography of the author by David Anthony Kraft—foremost authority on Kline and literary agent for his works. The cover and interior illustrations are the work of Steve Leialoha, a magnificent young artist who has done some previous drawings for *OAK Leaves*, the journal devoted to Otis Adelbert Kline.

**192 pages, large-size paperback, well-illustrated by Steve Leialoha**

**\$3.75 postpaid**



### **A RAP WITH DAK**

As you may know by now, our first release—Robert E. Howard's *THE VULTURES*—is officially out of print. The 1100-copy edition sold out in an amazing three months! It served as our introduction to the world of fantasy fans and collectors, and established the high standard of quality you can expect from Fictioneer Books, Ltd.

Some background: FBL is an imprint of CSA Press, Inc., a small publishing house in the mountains of northeastern Georgia, which specializes in the metaphysical field. Fictioneer Books, Ltd., is a tentative venture into a field in which both publisher and editor have a great deal of interest; whether our efforts are met with success, so that we can continue to issue outstanding first editions of science fiction, fantasy and adventure, depends on *you*.

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NOISE LEVEL  
a column  
By JOHN BRUNNER

"...but beautifully  
crooked!"

Last week a kindly friend invited me to a private screening, at the London headquarters of 20th Century Fox, of a new movie called ZARDOZ.

I looked forward. Eagerly! This is an SF picture? Directed by John Boorman of DELIVERANCE fame? Starring Sean Connery? Goshwowboyboy! How long until 6-30 Monday evening?

And suffered. For two mortal hours which were like a foretaste of eternal torment.

I suppose it is an achievement to have spent only \$1,400,000 and come up with a film that is at once shallow, trivial; cliché-ridden, meretricious and sick. But matching the said achievement is not among my most burning ambitions.

That is a bad piece of work. On both levels: the moral sense of bad (I would not ordinarily invoke such referents, but it was the first time I'd ever left a cinema feeling physically dirty and in immediate need of a bath) and the artistic sense as well, inasmuch as it's a jumble of second-rate, second-hand notions which would in story form have earned a prompt rejection slip from any SF editor I can think of except possibly Howard Browne in the days when he was trying to miscegenate science fiction and Spillane.

Recollecting my emotion in comparative tranquillity, I conclude there is only one explanation for the existence of ZARDOZ. Someone — Boorman, perhaps, or his backers — must be capable of believing, if not of saying more overtly than through the nature of the end-product, that you and I and the rest of "the public" are a bunch of gibbering slobes; as it were, "There they are, and for this kind of shit, and this, and this, they pay until their pockets hurt, so let's give them lots and lots and make our fortunes!"

Among the varieties of shit they seemingly feel they can throw at their

audience regardless of logic, good sense, good taste or any morality other than that of the jackboot...

Would you believe science fiction?

Evidence to support this conclusion was furnished to me that same evening.

It's a rare opportunity, and to be seized, when a person like myself who has been involved with SF long enough (I beg to submit) to realize that it enjoys some value, some merit, some substance, finds himself under the same roof as one of those who have been responsible for dishing up yet another load of — let's change the metaphor — the dismal codswallop from which SF in the cinema inherited its excessively durable bad reputation, and thereby wasted a budget that might have financed a sound, basically honest movie of the calibre which I'm sure readers of this magazine would go stand in line for uttering quiet moans of gratitude.

Having my opportunity, I seized it. We had been promised John Boorman personally; he didn't show. Instead, we were given a guy who (as I recall the credits) was guilty not only of designing the picture but also of acting as "story consultant". He made some introductory remarks which were incredible for their fatuity and dishonesty. He claimed that the movie had a bit of everything. It had a murder story; it didn't, though it had a lot of murders. It had jokes; it did, but of the quality to which you accord a nod of weary familiarity, as on re-meeting after the lapse of several years a casual and uninspiring acquaintance. And he had the ultimate gall to compare ZARDOZ with GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. An example, I assure you, of a counterfeit presentment in full fig.

Accordingly I spoke my mind to him, using some of the terms you'll find in this column. Thereafter, needing to rinse a bad taste out of my mouth, I adjourned to a nearby pub along with numerous nice people: Brian Aldiss and Chris Priest and Malcolm Edwards and Dr. Sheila Schwartz, a visiting friend from America about whom I felt very guilty, having been the one who persuaded her to come to the showing... and others.

To rescue our collective sanity we started tabulating the sources of every ingredient in the picture to find out whether it contained one new idea. We'd reached the bit near the end where the girl who can foresee the future lies dying in a pond (Ophelia's death from Olivier's film of HAMLET) without any success, when we were interrupted by a tap on my shoulder.

Now it was plain from the picture itself that the people concerned must think in clichés, but I never imagined there was anybody in real life who might say, "Come outside and say that again!"

Think I'm kidding? There are witnesses!

Since enough of my time had been wasted for one day, I ignored the intrusion, and the guy departed saying he was going to have a couple of drinks before sorting me out. The appeal to Dutch courage struck me as not uncharacteristic...

Before he plucked up the necessary various people impressed on me the need for food, so we left by a side entrance. By then I'd honed some well-chosen additional comments with which I'd dearly have liked to blister his ears, but — as usual — discretion was the better part of valour. People who think mainly with their fists are, somehow, not my type.

+++

Now why have I spent so long describing in detail an experience I devoutly hope to forget with maximum rapidity?

Mainly because Barry Malzberg was quite right when he picked on an awkward turn of phrase in a postcard note I sent to Dick Geis, published in TAC#7 (and replied to in TAC #8), where I said that "authors who have made it in our field" did so on the strength of one crucial breakthrough. If I'd said it the other way around ("authors from our field who have made it") Mr. Malzberg wouldn't have reacted and I wouldn't have been able to emphasise that he's 99.9% right.

There are just a few writers from

the SF field who have "made it" on the strength of science fiction per se in one or other form. The prime instance would be Heinlein, the turning point in whose career, I suspect, was his involvement with the tolerably successful movie DESTINATION MOON in 1951.

But what of the other Big Names? Bradbury? Ye-es. The late John Wyndham? He was certainly "one of us", as was — and happily still is — John Christopher. THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS and NO BLADE OF GRASS, though, date back a long long way, nearly two decades!

For Arthur Clarke, the breakthrough came when THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE was chosen by the Book of the Month Club. That was non-fiction. Asimov is better known for his science writing for the layman than his fiction. And so on. We've been over Bloch — Silverberg — Aldiss... (Though I'd differ with Mr. Malzberg about SOYLENT GREEN, because the original novel shamelessly wore an SF label.)

All these are the more typical group: those who hit their jackpots, whether large or small, because of something outside the field.

I submit that just so long as there are critically-acclaimed public figures on the Boorman level capable of displaying such monumental contempt for SF that they think of it in terms of bad comic-strips and class it as another turd to be incorporated in a stew of shit, just so long will it remain tough to the verge of impossibility for any writer specializing in this field, regardless of his skill and talent, to reach the point where he can pick and choose his assignments instead of forcing himself to sit down and drown with the typewriter's clatter the noise of the wolf scratching at his door... that being my personal yardstick for financial success.

What to do about it? Oh, that's easy! Anybody got a million and a half dollars to invest? If so, contact me c/o THE ALIEN CRITIC!

\*\*\*\*\*  
"There is nothing so afraid as a million dollars."  
\*\*\*\*\*

## LETTER FROM CHRISTOPHER PRIEST

"If my reaction is any guide, a return to the quarto ((mimeographed)) size will be generally welcomed. I never did like those folded-litho TACs. It seems more readable and involving in this format, somehow.

((That has been the unanimous reaction so far.))

"Anyway, I've had something on my mind for the last week or two, and John Brunner's "Noise Level" in TAC #8 has made me think that TAC might be the place to get it off. My mind, that is.

"John seems to care deeply about writing-style, as so he should...and so do I. I've had a serial running in GALAXY recently: INVERTED WORLD. It's a book that is important to me, and it has been tampered with.

"Of course I had heard that these things went on, but so far it had never happened to me on any scale that seemed relevant. I don't want to make too big a deal of this...nevertheless, the serial called INVERTED WORLD running in GALAXY is not the INVERTED WORLD I wrote. I don't know whose it is, but it isn't mine for the most part. I care a lot about writing style, and, if you'll permit me a slight understatement, I think it's rather important to a book.

"I won't detain you with even a single example of what has been done to my prose, but please believe that throughout the serial there are a multitude of petty re-wording, with the copy-editor indulging himself in an orgy of rewriting towards the end. These aren't abridgements, incidentally, although the story has been cut slightly: I'm talking specifically about seemingly pointless tamperings with dialogue, narrative, structure of sentences and paragraphs. To my eye, the book now reads very badly indeed. (My original might read badly too, but at least that's my responsibility).

"However, John Brunner at least caught the emendations before his book went to press, and I am more fortunate than I deserve in having a sensitive and intelligent hardcover publisher. Harper & Row's bound edition will be

out some time in the summer, and that has a faithful text...even unto my eccentric English spelling."

((Even copy editors don't enjoy unnecessary work, so there must have been some reasons for the alterations. I'll see if I can get a response from GALAXY. New editor Jim Baen is, of course, harried and overworked.))

((4-3-74. I have had a bit of response from Jim Baen, mostly a disclaimer, since he wasn't in charge when Christopher Priest's INVERTED WORLD <sup>was edited</sup>. He bucked the matter up to Higher Authority for comment. But Higher Authority is as busy as he is, I imagine, and thus far no reply. Well, hell, I don't really expect one.

((I will only say that some editors are heavy editors and others are light. Some like the stories in their magazines to have one "voice", so to speak, and others like variety and difference.

((Jim has told me he is an editor with a light touch on the blue pencil.

((Now I will print here a section from a recent Charles Platt letter which bears on one aspect of the problem of what can happen to the words a writer sends in and what gets printed at the end of the line.))

## LETTER FROM CHARLES PLATT

"Regarding John Brunner's complaints about printing errors. I have worked as a typesetter. I have done a fair amount of proofreading, and I have been a copy-editor. So I have experience in all phases of book production. It seems to me that more than half of the errors he cites are not copy-editing errors, but are errors made by the printer in typesetting. They are not the kind of errors a proofreader would catch, because they are not typos; i.e. the sense is wrong, but the words are spelled right. So John should should blame the typesetter, not the publisher. And the typesetting was probably poor because, paper and printing costs being what they are these days, printers work under a tight budget."

\*\*\*\*\*  
Fellatrix wanted. Free eats.  
\*\*\*\*\*

## SMALL PRESS NOTES

90806.

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I've been watching Amos Salmonson's progress in editing his LITERARY MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & TERROR as he improves the zine. The artwork has improved. He has dropped the THE LITERARY MAGAZINE OF from the cover, an overdue move, and the fiction is better. Glen Cook's "The Devil's Tooth" is evidence of that.

I begin to suspect that in sf and fantasy, the way to success in a small way is to specialize—as in magazine publishing generally there has been greater and greater specialization.

There is an audience for a good subscription zine devoted to the macabre and the horror fantasy.

(I suspect that the way to save AMAZING and FANTASTIC is for Sol Cohen and Ted White to stop publishing "general" sf and fantasy, and try to give the sf & fantasy readers a kind of story—a type—they don't see much of. What's that kind? This will cause ripples of horror in sfdom, but I'd go for realistic action stories and suspense. If I had a lot of free help around here to start, I'd try publishing a zine of that type myself. Realistic, adult action. Adult in the sense of honest dialogue and behavior and thinking. Not in the sense of sexy or porno. But sex would have its place in passing.)

+++

Richard Kyle, editor and publisher of WONDERWORLD (formerly GRAHIC STORY WORLD) sent me #9 and #10 for review, I imagine. I've always been intrigued by the phenomenon of comics fandom. Or graphic story fandom...the great art and talent exhibited. WONDERWORLD is a slick paper, totally professional magazine. Only 75¢. Articles, columns, and fine, well-done graphic story features. The appeal that magazines of this type have—not just "comicbook" appeal, but intellectual and adult, too, is worth thinking about. S-f fans have criticized Dr. Wertham for including comic art fandom and fanzines in his book on fanzines...but that's chauvinism. It's obvious that comic fandom, at all levels, is more dynamic and active than straight, word-dominated sf fandom. (2450 Cedar Av., Long Beach, CA

I'm grateful to Thomas R. Atkins for sending me the fifth issue of his slick THE FILM JOURNAL, which is dedicated to the art of the horror film. Great photos of the classic films and actors. \$1.50. Box 9602, Hollins College, VA 24020.

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Similarly, I value the Autumn/Winter 1973 issue of EDGE which is devoted to "SF Directions". The guest editor was Bruce McAllister. It is published in New Zealand and is available in the U.S. for \$1.50 from West Coast Poetry Review, 1127 Codel Way, Reno, NV 89503.

It has work by Aldiss, Lafferty, Bunch, Dozois, Wolfe, Malzberg, Benford, Lem...articles, fiction...EDGE isn't a poetry-zine, though it has poetry.

Somebody made a mistake in choosing blue ink for blue paper, though, and too-small type, and too-wide columns.

+++

Stuart David Schiff sent along two issues of his WHISPERS, a TAC #7-size photo-offset zine dedicated to a kind of dark fantasy—a Lovecraftian, Arkham House type.

It is a high calibre magazine—with professional fiction by Fritz Leiber, James Sallis & David Lunde the best known. Articles and departments, too. \$1.50 each from 5508 Dodge Dr., Fayetteville, NC 28303.

+++

Advent:Publishers, Inc. has begun a publishing project that is almost astounding—THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY. It is compiled by Donald H. Tuck, a bibliophile's bibliophile who lives in Australia.

The encyclopedia is projected for three volumes. The first is Who's Who and Works, A-L. It consists of an alphabetical listing of authors, compilers, editors, artists, etc., with biographical sketches where available, and compilations of their science fiction and fantasy works. It includes all known editions, translations, and recognition of series relationships—as Heinlein's Future His-

tory series. In addition, tables of contents are given for most anthologies and collections.

An indication of how thorough Tuck is: he even lists me and my SFR.

Volume Two is set to include Who's Who and Works, M-Z, and will also have the alphabetical listing by title.

Volume Three will deal with magazines, reviews of same and checklists of issues. Also paperbacks: titles, publishers and series, authors. Also: pseudonyms, cross referenced. Also: series, connected stories, series and sequels. Also: a general category including book publishers (with title series) films, amateur magazines, class entries, and country coverages.

All this up to the end of 1968. A good sale of the encyclopedia will prompt Tuck and Advent to publish periodic supplements.

This first volume is Big: hardbound, 8½ x 11, 298 pages. \$20. is the price. It is now available. P.O. Box A3228, Chicago, IL 60690.

+++

Robert E. Howard lovers (I'm an affectionate friend) will rejoice that Don Grant has published a fine hardbound edition of Howard's Pict stories, with good illustrations by David Ireland. \$6. from Donald M. Grant, West Kingston, RI 02892. The title: WORMS OF THE EARTH.

+++

Karl Edward Wagner, editor of Carcosa, a small publishing house, writes: "We're trying to bring out large volumes of first-string fantasy by some of the best writers...authors whose work has not received the attention it merits, partly because it has never been reprinted. Carcosa books will feature extensive illustrations.... I've been told we'll lose our shirts."

Carcosa's first book is WORSE THINGS WAITING, a 29 story collection of Manly Wade Wellman's WEIRD TALES, UNKNOWN and F&SF work. Many handsome illustrations by Lee Brown Coye. This is a very well-made hardcover book. \$9.50. From Box 1064, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

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CLARION WEST:  
A Look From The Inside  
an article  
By Bob Sabella

When I attended the University of Washington Sf Writer's Workshop, I had been writing science fiction seriously for slightly longer than two years.

In that period, my only contact with the rest of the sf writing community was a series of form rejection slips from various editors, so I arrived in Seattle not knowing if I had any actual talent. One of my primary aims there was to discover if I could make it as a professional writer.

The first morning of the workshop Vonda McIntyre (the program coordinator) suggested we submit backlog stories until we had time to write new ones.

I had brought a recent story with me, one written the previous week in anticipation of the workshop. I submitted it to Vonda and that afternoon she made copies of it to distribute to the twenty-six workshopers.

That evening they each read my story (and the others which were submitted that day) and prepared their criticisms of it.

Avram Davidson was our visiting instructor the first week, and he was as kindly a person as you are likely to find anywhere. I seriously believed that he and my fellow workshopers would like my story immensely and immediately hail me as a young writer with unlimited potential.

I was wrong.

They found so many flaws in my story, which I had never suspected but which from hindsight were so obvious, that I felt stupid having missed them.

The story was criticized very harshly, and, in only my second day at the workshop, I knew there was quite a bit I had to learn about self-criticism.

I submitted my second story on Wednesday as part of an assignment of Avram's.

What he did was place small slips of paper with a single word written on

each of them into two paper cups. He then instructed each of us to pick one slip from each cup. The assignment was to write a story using the two words as inspiration. I drew the words "illness" and "wine".

I had never written a story upon demand before, and I found the assignment both fascinating and difficult.

I spent the entire day pondering it, rejecting idea after idea as unsatisfactory. It wasn't until late in the evening that I found a worthwhile idea, a short mood piece about a diabetic.

I used Gustav Hasford's set of encyclopedias to look up the information about diabetes since I did not want my story to be inaccurate. Hours later, after a few drafts and quite a bit of struggling, the story was finished.

I was pleased with it, though, and knew there was no way anybody could possibly dislike it.

The next morning I was massacred.

For openers, nobody believed my story was actually a story; it was a vignette. That did not bother me, though, for Ray Bradbury has made a career of writing vignettes.

The major criticism came from Bruce Taylor, who in the three days at the workshop had become one of my best friends. Bruce calmly told me he was a diabetic—which I had never suspected—and that all the facts in my story were wrong.

For what seemed like hours he smilingly tore me to little shreds. Never in my life had I imagined that I, who despise "hard" science fiction almost passionately, would have one of my stories ridiculed for its faulty science. O-for-2.

My next story was a masterpiece, or so I believed as I submitted it to Ursula K. LeGuin the day she arrived at the workshop for our second week. How could anyone resist a tender love story about a lonely old man, a runaway teenage girl and a dolphin?

The answer is simple: they could dislike it bitterly.

Oh sure, a few people found things they liked in the story; Doug Kinnaird even thought it was a tender, moving sto-

ry that I could sell. I loved Doug that morning!

But John Shirley flew into hysterics when it was his turn to comment. He did not for a second believe I had pictured my telepaths as anything more than normal humans who happened to talk with their mouths closed rather than opened. He screamed so loudly and so vociferously that I was embarrassed; and yet he was totally right: a telepath is a telepath and cannot be treated as just another human. Joanna Russ shattered that myth forever in *AND CHAOS DIED*.

After John finished demolishing my story, it was Ursula's turn to comment. Dear, sweet Ursula who, even if she were ripping you with thin daggers would simultaneously endear herself to you, merely shook her head sadly and said, "I think John's already said everything pretty well. There's no need to dwell on it." O-for-3.

By the end of Ursula's week I was slightly depressed. I had no intention of giving up, of course, but I would like to have had a story praised for a change.

Ursula tore apart my fourth story Wednesday of her week (a story that immediately became infamous as "the fix story"), but Friday I gamely submitted my fifth work.

Unfortunately, we ran out of time that morning and never reached my story, so Vonda told me she would delay it until Monday when it could be the first story...Harlan...would criticize.

There's a kind of mythos about Harlan Ellison among workshopers, and it's particularly rampant among novices who have heard about him but never met him.

He's the demon writer who has been known to tear young writers limb from limb for the crime of misplacing a comma.

As Ursula's week neared its end, and Harlan's week approached, a vague aura of fear had descended upon us first-year people; after all we had heard about Harlan, what could he possibly be like in person? Did he have



claws? Fangs? Did he carry a scythe with him, chopping off unwary heads?

Harlan arrived Saturday afternoon, and he seemed as friendly as his two predecessors were. He walked through the dorm, greeting each of us individually, even stopping into various rooms to talk awhile. He told us stories about the killer heat wave which was devastating the East coast, making it sound as if all that was saving us in Seattle was the Rocky Mountains. Late that night he gathered us in the hall at 2 A.M. and actually read us a bedtime story, a gruesome little piece called "Bleeding Stones."

By Sunday afternoon Harlan seemed more like a fellow workshopper than our writer-in-residence for a week. When we went to sleep, we felt sure that the Harlan-legend was largely false and he was actually a total prince of a fellow.

That impression lasted until exactly eight o'clock the next morning, when he ran through the halls like a drill instructor, banging on everybody's door, demanding that we get out of bed.

"What's going on?" I asked Lin Nielsen, a veteran workshopper.

"That's the way Harlan gets us up for the morning session," she explained.

Getting up an hour before class was not a desirable thing. Generally we stayed up until at least three or four o'clock in the morning, reading each others' manuscripts, writing our own stories, and spending time unwinding in the Crossroads of the Galaxy (which was originally Lin's room until reconverted).

That extra hour of sleep until 9 o'clock was a necessity if we were expected to function during the day.

We did not get that hour during Harlan's week.

At precisely nine o'clock we staggered into the lounge which served as our classroom. Those who were unfortunate enough to be late were treated to a second visit by Harlan, who this time practically dragged them to class.

I could swear that I saw him carry two people over his shoulders into the

lounge, but I'm told that was a delusion of my feverish mind.

By nine-fifteen we were some twenty-six zombies sitting around a circle with a whirling demon at our center, admonishing us for—of all things!—sleeping.

It turned out that my story was not going to be first on the chopping block that morning. That fate befell Neil Ruttenberg.

Unless my memory fails me, it was the first story Neil had submitted to the Workshop (we had no quotas to fill) and he had not yet developed the protective armor which guards the ego from the harsh criticism directed against the stories. The only way such armor can be acquired is to undergo the criticism process frequently enough until one becomes naturally immune.

But this was Neil's first shot at being criticized, hence he was very fragile.

And Harlan was merciless!

I've never seen anybody so driven in my entire life as Harlan was that morning. He ranted and raged and screamed himself hoarse, all of it directed at poor Neil. Every single thing Harlan said was true but that in no way lessened the impact.

After the massacre was over, nobody spoke to Neil for the rest of the day, but he spent long hours walking in a semi-daze, muttering, "I'm gonna make it! I'm gonna make it!"

My turn was next, and harsh as John Shirley had been on me one week previous, this morning was worse.

Lucy Seaman spent a long time discussing the farm setting of my story. It seems she lived on a farm and my picture of one was pathetic, even worse than my portrait of a diabetic had been.

After she finished haranguing me, Harlan tore into the whole story as unbelievable, amateurish, comic-bookish (at one point he even asked me if I read Marvel comic books; that point hurt worst of all).

I tried to be stoic about it, but apparently I did not succeed since the

rest of the day friends kept consoling me.

I was now 0-for-5 and my whippings were getting worse rather than lighter. By this time I was nearly on the verge of believing that I indeed had no talent. I was not yet ready to give up, though.

Harlan gave us an assignment his first day. He wanted us to write a gut-level story, to probe our most secret fear, our Achilles heel, and spill it all in a no-holds-barred, tell-it-like-it-is story.

I'm basically an insecure person and I have many fears. Some of them are small fears, others are major ones, still others are so deep I would never dare tell them to anyone.

At first I considered writing about one of the big fears and I began a few stories with that intent. But as I discarded false start after false start I reconsidered.

Harlan's intent in the assignment was for us to get deep into ourselves, to write about the one thing we were always afraid to tell before. If I were to fulfill the assignment honestly I would have to get to one of my secret fears; anything else would be cheating.

It was a difficult decision and a few times I came close to backing off, but I finally got the deep secret on paper.

It took me six drafts to polish the story and when I was finished I was afraid to submit it. There was so much of me written into the story that I was embarrassed anyone should read it. But I did think it was a good story—as usual!—so it would be foolish not to submit it.

I gave the story to Vonda the next morning.

Until Harlan's week, the workshop had operated on the system that each member would have his chance to criticize each story. The major drawback of this system was that frequently we had to listen to people speak who really had nothing to say that had not already been said by somebody else. It was time-consuming and Harlan decided to

change it.

Each morning he posted a list of all the stories to be criticized that morning, and each workshopper was instructed to sign up for whatever story he wished to criticize.

When the list with my story was posted, five people signed up for it: Lisa Tuttle, Russell Bates, Art Cover, David Wise, and Phil Haldeman.

These names probably mean nothing to you, but seeing them written next to my story frightened me. With the possible exception of Phil (who was the gentlest person at the workshop) the other four were the toughest critics in our group. They were all veteran workshopppers who knew that a writer learns by stern criticisms, not by gentle praise and slight compliments. All of them signing up for my story was not a good omen.

I sweated all evening. I did not know how my next bloodbath could possibly be worse than my previous ones, but I was sure it would be. By midnight I was a nervous wreck. Could I possibly survive until dawn?

Then, close to three A.M., a strange thing happened. I saw Harlan in the hall and he stopped me and said he liked my story. He even congratulated me.

The next morning my story was critiqued. They liked it. Sure, nobody claimed it was the latest classic, but they did think it was good. Harlan said that along with Steve Hurst, I had fulfilled the assignment best.

I felt very good that morning. What doubts I had about myself a few days ago were all gone then. I had come to the Workshop knowing I wanted to be a writer; that morning I knew I was going to succeed. In my mind it was no longer a question of whether I would be able to do it; it was a matter of how long.

This article does not have a completely happy ending. I submitted another assignment story to Harlan and it was a total bust. He harangued it as badly as he had my first story.

Friday afternoon, after his week was officially over, Harlan made a point of telling all the workshopppers what he

thought each member's chances were of becoming a professional writer. He was as tough then as he had been all week. He told quite a few people he did not think they would ever make it.

He told me I should give up writing. He suggested I try orthodontistry. I think he was tougher on me than on anybody else, possibly because he knew how serious I was about writing.

Whatever his reasons were, I ignored them. What he told me did hurt quite a bit, and while on Monday of that week I was so depressed I might possibly have taken him seriously, on Friday nothing could discourage me.

And that's the way I feel now. To paraphrase Neil, I'm going to make it. I have not the slightest doubt about that statement. I'm going to be a professional writer.

+++

When I decided to write this article about the University of Washington SF Writer's Workshop, I was undecided whether to write an objective article explaining precisely what it is and how it functions, or a personal essay relating how I feel about the workshop and what it did for me.

It turned out there was no decision to make. Nobody who spent six weeks at the workshop could possibly be objective about it afterward. He may hate it (which is possible, should he be extremely sensitive to harsh criticism or less than totally serious about writing) or he may love it, but he will not be objective about it.

I make no secret about the fact that I love the workshop. I am sure that anybody who has serious inclinations toward being a science fiction writer would do well to consider one of the sf workshops.

Don't be frightened away by those few so-called science-fiction fans who have been speaking out publicly against the workshops. I find that most of these people know little more about the workshops than what they were told at late-night convention parties. Ask any ex-workshopper what his opinion is; I'm sure it will be very similar to my own.

-29-

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"Clarion West: A Look From the Inside", Copyright 1973 by Jeffrey D. Smith, first appeared in PHANTASHICOM #10.

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#### AFTERWORD TO "CLARION WEST" (3-26-74)

As I write this it is less than two hours after my being rejected again, this time by Ed Ferman for a short story I sent him. It always hurts, but this time maybe a little more so since I really thought I had a marketable story.

Of course, F&SF is not the last market; in fact, in fact, it is usually my first choice, as it was this time. It is now a matter of finding another editor who I think might like this particular story.

I'm as serious about writing as I ever was. At this moment, some twenty months after Clarion, my annual word production is down somewhat from what it was before Clarion (20,000 words completed in '73, over 53,000 discarded by me at some stage before the final draft), but my overall quality is higher than it ever was before.

I'm still optimistic. I realize I'll never be a Roger Zelazny or a J. D. Salinger, but I can be a good professional writer.

While I still have not sold a story, I firmly believe that each one I submit is at least as good as the previous story. It's just a matter of time before I make that first sale. It might be momentarily since I have another story out to Ed Ferman, and I'm going to send out the story he rejected again, and I'm in the middle of a third story.

Maybe next year I can send Dick the story of my first sale. Or my second sale. Or my first book. Or....

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"What source or sources would you recommend to beginning writers as having been, in your experience, the most productive of ideas for Science Fiction stories?"

Isaac Asimov: "Other s-f stories. Before anyone can hope to write good s-f—he must read good s-f—and a lot of it." —THE DOUBLE: BILL SYMPOSIUM

# The SPIRITS of '76 are coming to KANSAS CITY!



Complete details on the Kansas City bid for the 34th World Science Fiction Convention are currently ready to mail, free of charge, to all interested persons. If you would like a copy of our compact bidding information brochure, please drop us a line and request a copy-- we definitely would like to hear from you. All correspondence should be addressed to:

THE K.C. IN '76 COMMITTEE P.O. BOX 221 KANSAS CITY, MO. 64141

## LETTER FROM MIKE GILBERT

"You wrote, mentioning a letter I had in CROSSROADS #14 on the current state of S-F art—woe to it.

"First: S-F has been pleadant to me—I have co-authored and illustrated a children's book with Andre Norton to be released by Walker this fall called DAY OF THE NESS. I urge you to buy it.

"I digress, but S-F illustration, my main topic if you remember, is in a strange situation.

"Now looking back at the last 4 issues of THE ALIEN CRITIC, I will make the assumption that a good many of you authors are reading this, besides fans. I demand attention, right now.

"Science fiction art, on covers of paperbacks, has been sold out. Most covers you see on the stands, bad or good (mostly bad from any standard), are done by foreign artists—mostly Mexican or Spanish—at rates from \$10.—up to any level that undercuts a 'native' artist.

"These foreign co-op artists' studios work from a 2-paragraph description or just do the original cover over again. This is the trend.

"This came about partly because of the economics, partly because of editors who use S-F merely as a stepping stone to other jobs, and art directors.

"As far as art directors go the S-F field has a problem. Jack Gaughan mentioned to me a few days ago at this year's Boskone that he knew one art director who had ever read an S-F book. I topped him and told him that I knew one (and the only one I've found out about) that went to a convention (he hated it and only went because an S-F artist friend of his took him).

"The point is, the great majority of art directors aren't concerned with S-F. It's a fact.

"I know of one art director who was called in on the rug because a major company's line of S-F was floundering partly because of his 'arty' covers. He defended himself by saying, 'If I can't be "far out" with S-F, then what's

it for?' He held to his position regardless and finally agreed to oust his artist when Spanish covers were offered to the company at a lower price.

"This short example is used to explain why art directors do what they do. An art director is a 9-to-5 person (ugh). He wants to keep his job and he has goals. An art director likes to win prizes, like at the Society of Illustrators shows which can make a man. One does not win with genre illustrations—and S-F is genre. PLAYBOY and Prestige press illustrations win.

"The average editor does not have the time or desire to treat S-F with the feeling and respect that 'we' do... simply because why should he if he isn't even interested in it?

"His attitude is: 'Gosh, reprints of big names will sell even if Harvey Hoot's first novel doesn't—as long as I keep my job!'

"Harsh and dramatic? Sure, but simplified truth it is.

"A reverse is DAW Books; Wollheim cares about his books, and whether or not you like his covers, his books sell because he is the art director.

"The cover is one of the factors that make or break somebody's book—especially first and second novels. Another is the cover copy.

"Before you people rile, I must state that my wife is a copy writer for blurbs on S-F books for a major company.

"Down, down, I say! If you knew how much the copy she writes is re-written by higher-ups (many who haven't read the book) who have clout—you'd never criticize the poor copy writer again.

"I'm reminded of the old Galaxy Novel, ODD JOHN, when Emshwiller refused to make the cover appeal to 'prurient' interests, and the pb cover that followed, done by another artist, had Odd John menacing a naked broad wrapped in strategically-placed driftwood.

"Now, this is where the author comes in: Harlan Ellison has clout—he sells books and good artwork in a package. I know people like Avram Davidson and Larry Niven have taste in art, and

more important, in what is a 'cover' (magic word & definition).

Larry has never said (I may not have asked) if he ever tried to have something he wanted on (or have someone do) a cover on any of his books.

"The good Mr. Davidson, who has said kind words about me—but as to covers all he has said was about recognizing artists names—but he definitely cares and has voiced so.

"This all boils down to a couple of points:

"1. American artists are burned because of competition they cannot compete with.

"2. New authors can be badly hurt by terrible covers. Even established writers, i.e. LITTLE FUZZY by H. Beam Piper had a sequel: THE OTHER HUMAN RACE (LITTLE FUZZY had an Emsh-style cover. The sequel had a jet black cover with deep purple stylized figures). THE OTHER HUMAN RACE bombed so badly the third volume in the trilogy was never released. God bless the art director, the s.o.b.

"3. The author, in his own interest, should say something. It is his book, his royalties, etc. He should have an interest in the package he hopes to make a living from. Hell, if it stinks, write a letter. If you like it, write the artist and the publisher.

"I can't write a plea for S-F artists in America, there are so many who do S-F who aren't even interested in it...and do it as a job. Artists who like S-F are rare.

"The thing that bothers me is: how can an author who cares enough to write a book let the chances of its sales be hurt by not saying one thing. Yet you writers do keep silent—99% of you do. Why?

"P.S.: The S-F slowdown is a result of a paper shortage effecting the industry. One company published 2 books by one author because she supplied all the paper. Good grief!"

((So how many writers have the taste and marketing knowledge to pick a good cover? We are few. \*cough-cough\*))



## THE MAD REVIEWER STRIKES AGAIN!

My fellow members of Reviewers Anonymous, as I stand before you I must confess my reviewing sins. Yes, yes, even I have sinned with dry wit and sweet hyperbole!

And the hours I have spent before a typer composing good sentences and fair opinions....

But now I have seen the light. Now I am free to vent my spleen. And, O God, how orgasmic to vent your spleen without masking it with indirection and those hated 'on the other hands'.

Now I can go forth and do with these God damned books and their God-damned authors what I will!

Follow me! Pick up the torch of callous disregard and dip it in the pitch of impulse...light it in the flame of naked honesty!

Forward, reviewers! To the typers! Flay. Revile. Mock. And—and when you come by chance upon a Good Book—be not afraid to shout with glee and praise it—for the REAL reasons you like it!

FORWARD! For Fantasy...for Science Fiction...FOR THE READERRRRRRSSSSSS....

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I finally, I think, have gotten onto Avon's reviewer list. Prompted by Charles Platt, they sent me 334 by Tom Disch, and NEW WORLDS #5.

334 is a slice of future life, multiple points of view. The lives and loves of the Hanson family in a huge low income state-owned monster of a building, #334.

This is a Good Book. Great sense of place and time; this future is real. But depressing as hell. Funny, sad, etc.

This novel deserves to be on next year's Hugo ballot. It probably won't be because of its downer tone.

Tom puts his finger on something, though, on page 97, in the chapter or section titled, "Everyday Life in the Roman Empire". He writes:

'Towards the end of his campaign against the Marcomanni, the Emperor

Marcus Aurelius wrote: "Consider the past: such great changes of political supremacies. One may foresee as well the things which will be. For they will certainly take the same form. Accordingly, to have contemplated human life for forty years is the same as to have contemplated it for ten thousand years. For what more will you see than you have seen already?"

This is both true and not true. The human animal is an essentially static, fascinating, complex/simple animal. But—ahh—the infinite variety of twists and turns, explosions and tides (within his inherent limits) when science and technology play ping pong with his psyche, cultures and societies! There is the gold mine of science fiction.

Future Shock? You ain't seen nothing yet.

+++

I've had it for tonight. I'm going up and have a drink. I have to go to a funeral tomorrow: my uncle Chris, 82, died a couple days ago. Cancer in the lungs and prostate. No pain from the cancer, he just decided to die. He starved himself to death. Refused all food, pulled out the I.V. tubes when he could. Took him weeks. Said, "I didn't think it was so hard to die." He'd also had two strokes.

The family went to see him in a "slumber room" at the Little Chapel of the Chimes on Killingsworth, near Jefferson High School. Jesus! Like a wax dummy. A fascinating barbarism, traditional American funerals. A royal rip-off, too. A thousand for a coffin! Over a thousand for a burial place!

In many ways society is full of mandatory, compulsory, institutionalized thefts: every step of your life costs money—legislated robbery.

But there are ways to minimize the losses and use the system against itself.

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"I view great cities as pestilential to the morals, the health and the liberties of man."

—Thomas Jefferson

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## LETTER FROM BARRY MALZBERG

"TAC #8 did come in the wake of earlier inquiry and I thank you for what I take to be the single issue of a single s-f publication that will become the most famous and least procurable on the open market within months. It is wholly remarkable.

"My good friend and ex-editor Bob Hoskins says that I'm not 'anti-science, but anti-everything' and this is a bum rap. In hope that I may put an end to such accusations forever I would like to append a partial fragmentary listings of things which I am for provided that all understand that these items are not listed in order of preference but merely as received by a quick scan:

Eugene J. McCarthy, Joyce N. Malzberg, PALE FIRE by V. Nabokov, LOLITA by V. Nabokov, Erika Cornell Malzberg, DESPAIR by V. Nabokov, THE WATER MUSIC by Handel, the Democratic left of the mid nineteen fifties, Stephanie Jill Malzberg, the editorial policies of Ben Bova, THE BOOK OF SKULLS by R. Silverg,\* THE S-F HALL OF FAME (the short-story by R. Silverberg, bourbon on the rocks, Marlboro cigarettes, the Cadillac automobile, CAR by H. Crews, and THE ALIEN CRITIC, edited by R. Geis....

"\* I meant R. Silverberg here of course. R. Silverg's BOOK OF SKULLS (Bourgey, 1951, OP) is quite inferior and the author wholly forgotten."

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"I'm not paranoid, it's just that everyone else thinks I am."

—Gary Farber

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GOLIAH  
By Jack London  
A little known utopian essay or "science fiction story" or whatever. Out of print since 1911 as far as I know. In a neat little pamphlet edition. \$1 a copy from: Richard Ellington  
6448 Irwin Court  
Oakland, CA 94609  
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MORE TRANSLATIONS FROM  
THE EDITORIAL  
An Article  
By GENE WOLFE

I enjoyed Marion Bradley's "Translations From the Editorial" in THE ALIEN CRITIC #6 and felt the readers might like to hear from the other end, so to speak, of the editorial desk: the next grade, or perhaps two or three grades up, in magazines.

Background: I've been on the magazine for almost exactly a year now, as senior editor. This is one of the top business publications in the country.

The money is good, substantially better than I was making as a mechanical engineer. The expense account ceiling is \$400 a month—if you run over that, you're expected to fly lower until you have made up the difference.

We pay our authors \$35 per magazine page, on acceptance—not too great, perhaps, but you could live by writing for us at that rate, and a lot of people who write weekends or whatnot make a couple of hundred every few months. I have never bought a manuscript from an agent. I've never seen an agented manuscript come in.

As an editor, I don't give a damn whether an author can spell or not—I can't spell either, but I can use a dictionary, and what I don't catch, peerless secretary Mary Jane will—or if she doesn't, Copyeditor Nancy will. And anything that gets past her will get got by the managing editor. Nothing, but nothing, gets past the managing editor.

We do like authors who know the facts, recount them lucidly (if not grammatically), and can take or beg or even draw, good pictures.

We read everything that comes in—at least far enough to tell if we want it or not. Sure, we like new typewriter ribbons and doublespacing, and one side of the paper and wide margins. But we read everything readable.

Write us an article that is distinctly better than the average article we publish—even in pink magic marker—and we will bathe you in flattery and

beg for more.

We do not use form rejections. When we reject an article, however, it is invariably (in my experience) for one of four reasons:

(1) No content—all puffs and generalities and padding; 90% of the articles we reject fall in this category.

(2) Not right for us; this is another 8 or 9%. (Like Marion said, read the magazine...)

(3) Too similar to something already in stock; this one is much rarer than you'd think.

(4) Too hot—somebody would take us to court, and we might lose. Knife your enemies somewhere else.

Editors such as I (there are currently eight) must write three pieces a year. We must but—or write ourselves—three more a month. On these we buy if we can, write if we must. As well as I can remember, I've written five of these.

Like Marion's magazine, we are short of desks. Two of us split an office—each working at home one week and in the office the next. Offices are large and plush, but there aren't enough of them.

It's kind of neat to work in pajamas, though, and come by the office at three in the afternoon to pick up the mail.

The desk shortage will be over "soon."

Now the translations:

"It has suddenly struck me that..."

...that I need a certain type of article, and that I may be able to talk you into actually writing it, and from you it might even be good.

+++

"This is to confirm our interest..."

...in the article you and I have already hashed out over the phone, but you need something to wave around so you can get info and pix.

+++

"Our gal, my gal, this gal," etc.

-32-

Our staff member, Mme X, is a grandmother and has been twice divorced.

+++

"We are usually very careful about estimating pagecount for payment, but this time..."

...I was able to talk the managing editor and/or the art department into printing your pictures larger. You get \$35 more and I get credit for an extra page edited.

+++

"Unfortunately, our editorial board feels..."

I hated it.

+++

"I liked this one, but our editorial board feels..."

The managing editor hated it.

+++

"Lovely photos, but I wonder if you could tell me..."

You neglected to provide captions.

+++

"Our policy demands exclusive submission..."

It's really embarrassing when the article we bought from you turns up in a competitive magazine a month before we're ready to run it.

+++

"Haven't we seen this before? In print?"

The managing editor wrote this in 1962. Never submit here again.

+++

"Lacks organization."

What the hell is it about? You keep jumping around.

+++

"Sorry to be so slow getting back to you..."

It looks good but needs a lot of work. I had others that didn't.

+++

"Your article will definitely appear..."

If we buy it we print it, but not next week. We try to have an inventory, and if we print your article right away somebody else's gets stale.

+++

"It seems to me that there is too much in your outline for a single article..."

I need a series. How would you like \$105 every six weeks for a year?

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Yes, it does end abruptly, but that's all he wrote. It's a converted letter.

\*\*\*\*\*

'In 1907, a Jewish doctor poisoned Hitler's mother while treating her for breast cancer.

'In 1918 Hitler was himself hospitalized from gas poisoning in the War and hallucinated a summons from on high to reverse Germany's defeat.

'In 1941, Hitler personally ordered removal of "the Jewish cancer" from the breast of Germany through the use of poison gas. Six million Jews died as a result.'

—a brochure for the HISTORY OF  
CHILDHOOD QUARTERLY: The Journal  
of Psychohistory

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LETTER FROM  
SAMUEL R. DELANY

"The no-longer extant Lancer Books was the publisher of TIDES OF LUST. I've only got one copy myself. Good luck getting a copy!

By the way, Marilyn and I have just had a daughter, Iva Alyxander Hacker-Delany. (I leave it to all good and true s-f fans to figure out where the 'y' in Alyxander comes from.) Eight pounds 6½ ounces at birth. That, and attendant

confusion, accounts for some of the delay in getting back to you.

"I've enjoyed THE ALIEN CRITIC immensely (though I did find the favorable review of I. Disch's poems almost more insulting to I. Disch than a bad review could possibly have been. I mean, can you imagine a review of an s-f novel in, say, THE PLUMBERS GAZETTE that began: 'I don't like science fiction and most of it is pretty crummy anyway, but I got this s-f book here I thought was great—' I mean, how much are you going to appreciate anything positive said after a brainless beginning like that!)

"But your good points are sharp and stick. Keep it up. (I even buy THE ALIEN CRITIC here in England, London, at 'Dark They Were And Golden-Eyed...' so, with the free copies you sent me, I now have two copies of #5, 6, and 7!)

((My memory is faulty, but wasn't Alyx the heroine of Joanna Russ' first s-f novel? I've forgotten the title. Congratulations to you and Marilyn.

((An unfavorable review of Tom Disch's THE RIGHT WAY TO FIGURE PLUMBING has just appeared in Len Fulton's SMALL PRESS REVIEW #19. Hugh Fox is the reviewer and he says in part, after quoting one poem, "Europe":

'This grand old opry approach is funny at times and in small doses, but after a while the reader wants depth, un-cuteness, un-staginess, not quite as much self-spotting. Disch was an ad-man for Lowery Organ, Nikolai Vodka, and Volkswagen. This is the level of words as attention-getters. Sometimes one feels that this is the level he's gotten stuck at.'

((I don't care. I still liked the poems. Even if I ain't very couth. Shucks and gee whiz.))

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LIFE IN HOLLYWOOF:  
A LETTER FROM PEARL

"I somehow got the idea into my head that I shouldn't send you another letter without enclosing pictures so that you could see for yourself the miracles wrought by plastic surgery and diet.

"So, the other evening after work I went to a shopping center where they have one of those Photobooths—4 pics—50¢—and sat while the lights flashed.

"Unfortunately, the booth was in a black neighborhood, the lights were evidently set for black skin and I came out looking like a head on Mt. Rushmore with a metal pipe shoved up its ass.

"I can't send you anything like that—you're liable to start shipping plasma to me. Consequently...another pictureless letter.

"And really, I am looking good: like a white-haired Kewpie Doll with jaded eyes.

"I can't hardly take a walk down Santa Monica Blvd. anymore without gentlemen trying to pick me up and when I'm bored enough, I let 'em.

"One of my permissive mistakes was a 22-year old, blue-eyed quadroon who took me dancing and kept putting it to me that he really dug mature women (Yeah, his last old lady was 33!). I got into it with him for a week but got awfully tired of hearing about Bruce Lee and Kung Fu so when I threw my back out balling him, decided to end the affair.. However, he could have been one of your folk heroes. He had a 'quick eleven inches' and to hear him tell it, his Daddy had a 'fast four-teen'.

"I was prudent enough to wait until they finally secured all the gates in my complex before making my next mistake. I picked up a very attractive black dude (yes, it looks like this is going to be a black summer) who approached me like so:

'I can tell by the way you walk that you're ready for it.'

and then showed me a little tongue. What could I do except break up and fall in love?

"I took him home with me, leading him past the Sunday sunners at the pool, and started a thing with him that could have led into one of the best sex experiences of my life except he cuckooed out on me right at the crucial moment—gave me a jaundiced eye, a suspicious glare and demanded to know what I was planning and what my angle was.

"Well, I don't suppose having your head sliced up by a chick wielding a butcher knife at a tender age and then spending ten years in prison for armed robbery away from women makes your encounters with females an easy thing to handle.

"I finally got him out the door by sweet-talking and soothing-voice-treatment but I still have his phone number and one of these evenings when I'm chanting 'better dead than bored' I'll probably call him."

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"Finally, because sexual activities (including masturbation and fantasies) and their particular forms are determined—or at least partly determined—by neurotic needs or taboos, they are often compulsive in nature. All of these factors may result in the neurotic patient's having sexual relations not because he wants them but because he should please his partner; because he must have a sign of being wanted or loved; because he must allay some anxiety; because he must prove his mastery and potency, etc. Sexual relations, in other words, are less determined by his real wishes and feelings than by the drive to satisfy some compulsive needs. Even without any intention to degrade the partner, the latter ceases to be an individual and becomes a sexual 'object' (Freud)."

—Karen Horney, NEUROSIS AND HUMAN GROWTH

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#### LETTER FROM WALT LIEBSCHER

"I am rather puzzled over Delap's sort of hysterical diatribe regarding my story 'Do Androids Dream of Electric Love'. (('Tomorrow's Libido: Sex and Science Fiction', TAC #8)) Evidently I touched a sore spot in his makeup. Good God, the thing was never intended to be more than a bit of camp, which, whether Delap likes it or not, is, and always will be a part of the sexual scene.

"If the piece was badly written, that is criticism I can take. However, I live in a glass house, I am most tolerant of any kind of sexual mores, and certainly have no prejudices.

"What puzzles me is his statement that I catered to an ignorance of some sort. The question is what ignorance?

"I hasten to add that I am in no way trying to denigrate Mr. Delap. His article was quite valid in many respects and quite good. It's just that I really am curious."

#### AND DELAP REPLIES...

"I don't very much like the idea of replying to Mr. Liebscher's inquiry, primarily because it seems to start me on a treadmill of answering every comment from every author who feels perhaps that he has not been treated fairly in my article on sex and sf. If there is some real lack of clarity in my comments, I could understand, but I had thought I made myself quite clear re Liebscher's story.

"What disturbs me most is Liebscher's comment that 'I am most tolerant of any kind of sexual mores, and certainly have no prejudices.' Yet the final sentence of his story caters to that widespread concept among the 'great unwashed'—that all homosexuals are effeminate faggots deserving only of scorn and derisive laughter. His entire story is directed to the cruel laugh he can wrest from the final sentence—'Then it turned and sashayed out the door and down the hall.'—which Liebscher seems to want to pass off as a 'bit of camp.'"

"I will not quietly accept such denigration of human beings, be they homosexuals, prostitutes or (as sometimes seems to be the fact with certain writers) women. Writers, above all, should never lump people into these stereotype groupings and expect people to be amused when they make a joke about them, a joke that comes at the group's expense without offering any insight into the true state of affairs. Scortia's story, 'Flowering Narcissus,' is a bit of camp, but it bears the stamp of truth and understanding that makes its humor viable. And Sturgeon's more serious 'The World Well Lost' deals with a problem that most of us face in hashing through the world we live in, and though the orientation of most of us is probably not exclusively homosexual, the secrets we hold within our heads are equal-

ly molding and directing.

"I am sorry that Mr. Liebscher is amused by his own story. He should be appalled and sickened by it. His story is a crime against nature that is far more criminal than the psychological orientation he seems to feel is an object of scorn (one of the many victimless 'crimes' that cater to idealisms and ignorances that should be relegated to the past and not allowed to hang on in a society that has no use for them).

"People must find their own way. A writer, by entertaining them, should never forget his duty to human truths, however, and should never, never be allowed to reflect their previous ignorances back at them as the truth."

((I don't think you need worry about a flood of authors challenging your fiercely held and expressed values and opinions, Richard, after having just witnessed the way you held Walt's feet to the fire.

((('crime against nature' seems a bit heavy a condemnation...and maybe inaccurate, to boot. Judging by frequency and endurance, the human proclivity to prejudice and cheap jokes seems more 'natural' than tolerance and emotional security. Ah, sophistry, thy charms are irresistible.))

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#### THE FLYING SORCERERS REVISITED

"A couple of years ago a novel which was written by Larry Niven and a nobody named David Gerrold appeared—THE FLYING SORCERERS. Most reviewers panned it and a few commented about the inclusion of SF authors as local gods. Nowhere did I ever read a review which mentioned the major "secret" of the novel. I wonder—was it missed?

"I enjoyed this novel because it could be read successfully on two levels—a rip-roaring SF adventure story, or as an immense pun on SF authors. For example, there is 'Musk-watz, the god of the winds', i.e., Sam Moskowitz; 'Elcin, the 'great and tiny God of Lightning and Loud Noises', Harlan Ellison; 'Rotn'bair, the god of sheep, Gene Roddenberry of STAR TREK fame; Nils'n, 'sketch a horned box', his sign, 'a diagonal slash with an empty circle on

either side of it', Nielson TV ratings and ties in with STAR TREK and David Gerrold...does Gerrold really think Trekkies are sheep?; Filfo-mar, the river god is Philip Jose Farmer and the Riverworld series; the suns are Ouelles and Virn, H.G. Wells and Jules Verne; Blok the god of violence is Robert Bloch of PSYCHO fame; tis'turzhin the god of love is Ted Sturgeon; Fineline the god of engineers is Robert Heinlein; Hitch the god of birds is Alfred Hitchcock; Ran'll the quaff-maker is Randall Garrett, known for his quaffs; Tukker the god of names is Wilson Tucker; Caff, the god of dragons, is Anne McCaffrey; Furman, the god of Fasf, is Ed Ferman, editor of F&SF; and the list could go on and on...

"The native women are given names in the book—names such as Kate, Judy, Anne, Ursula, Karen, Andre, Marian, Leigh, etc.

"But the central pun in the novel is not so obvious. A clue lies in the original title, THE MISSPELLED MAGISHUN. Consider the plot: a scientist lands on a primitive world and through mishap he is stranded. He undertakes teaching science to the natives. What SF author teaches science? He is described as a man who can't see without his glasses. His translating machine gives his 'three syllable name' as 'a color, shade of purple gray', and throughout the novel he is called Purple or Purple Gray. Let's see—mauve is purple gray...as a color, mauve...as-a-mauve...Isaac Asimov. With this information in mind, then an exchange such as: 'It was over the mountain called Critic's Tooth when Elcin's hammer struck it.'

"'Elcin?'

"'The small, but mighty, god of thunder.'

"'Ah, yes. I know him. You say he struck my egg?' become filled with new meaning. Isaac Asimov lay an egg? Never, you say?"

—Mike Bailey, BCSFA NEWSLETTER #7

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"Is that a pistol in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?"

—Mae West

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## ...AND THE GREATEST OF THESE IS JUSTICE

A Review of THE LAST STARSHIP FROM EARTH  
By JOHN BOARDMAN

Next, taking him to a very high mountain, the devil showed him all the kingdoms of the world and their splendour.

Mathew 4:8

Hierarchical religion is a favorite villain of science fiction writers. Novels of this sort, starting with Heinlein's IF THIS GOES ON... and ranging through Farmer's THE LOVERS and Pangborn's DAVY to Offutt's EVIL IS LIVE SPELLED BACKWARDS, are distinguished by certain common features.

A powerful priesthood headed by an absolute High Priest enforces ideological conformity and a strict sexual morality, but its ranks are shot through with hypocrisy and corruption.

An earnest young believer finds that the scales fall from his eyes, and he winds up leading a successful revolt or escape from its power.

The tenets of the various hierarchies differ from book to book. Some of them are un-Christian. Some are even anti-Christian, but I'll bet that none of these books was written by a devout Roman Catholic.

Initially, John Boyd's THE LAST STARSHIP FROM EARTH looks as if it's going to be another of these books.

The Church, together with the powerful disciplines of Psychology and Sociology, rules a strict society in which each Professional has his own category, within which he must marry and from which his children may not depart.

The "Pope" is a computer, designed and built by the great genius Fairweather I.

The hero, a young Mathematician, falls despite himself in love with a young woman of the Poet category, and the stage seems set for a tragedy of miscegenation.

Once the reader has become ready to accept this as just another IF THIS GOES ON..., a few items begin to jar his ac-

ceptance. Fairweather turns out to have lived in the 19th century, and the cybernetic Pope was installed in 1881, following the objections of Pope Leo XXXV. The hero was born in 1946, and met his forbidden poetess in 1969. There are frequent references to Jesus Christ, founder of the Church—who died at the age of 70, shot through the chest with a crossbow bolt as his movement took over the Roman Empire.

It's not until fairly late in the book that the reader will take it out of the "IF THIS GOES ON..." category and file it instead with the Alternate Histories.

The world of THE LAST STARSHIP FROM EARTH is a world in which the Church has been triumphant from its beginnings. It is also the opposite of our world in the sense that the physical and biological sciences are downgraded.

With us, these disciplines are said to have dominated to the detriment of psychology and the social sciences.

In THE LAST STARSHIP FROM EARTH, a triumvirate of the Church, Sociology, and Psychology rules the World State (founded by Abraham Lincoln!); these are the prestigious disciplines, and despite the invention of space travel by Fairweather I in the 19th century the physical sciences are decidedly subsidiary.

Two spaceships still function, with Fairweather's original crews (for this universe has the Fitzgerald contraction too). They exist solely to transport social deviants to a planet called, succinctly, Hell—a planet of freezing temperatures.

And, when the two young miscegenators get sent there, we are transported into a third genre of fiction—the Hell-is-better-than-Heaven variety, as exemplified by Shaw's MAN AND SUPERMAN or any amount of neo-Satanist screeds.

Of course, the happy Hedonists of Hell have discovered both immortality and time travel, so our hero is given a name and a Mission. The name is "Judas Iscariot". Now guess the mission.

If Boyd is going to write an Alternate History book, he should take more trouble with his history. He makes the



old error of believing that Hebrew was the common language of Roman Palestine in the time of Jesus. He seems uncertain as to whether "Nineteenth Century" refers to the 1800's or to the 1900's. And, in "our" history, he speaks of an ancient Roman student rebel as having been "drawn and quartered", when this spectacular form of execution was actually invented in medieval England.

\*\*\*\*\*

"On January 15, Dave Morice will write a mile-long poem in one sitting at Epstein's Bookstore in Iowa City. The marathon will begin at 12:00 noon, and end at —?—. The poem will be handwritten on a single sheet of paper measuring sixteen inches by one mile. It will be an 'epic Haiku', a variation on the Japanese 3-line verse form. The middle line will be one mile long—the longest single line of poetry ever written. The Marathon will celebrate the Comet Kohoutek, which will pass closest to the earth that day."

—COSMEP NEWSLETTER, January, 1974.

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## MORE RAIN ON MY MALE CHAUVINIST PARADE

From a letter from  
CHARLES PLATT:

"As for the science fiction field, whereas it used to be 90% male, the younger element now seems nearly equally male-female. I have taught five semesters of a science fiction class (an adult education class for all age groups) and the attendance has been 50-50, male-female."

"I have done a lot of work as an editor (for Avon and NEW WORLDS) and find the percentage of female writers in continually increasing. Moreover, their work is, on average, better written than that from male writers, and often involves far more original and evocative ideas."

\*\*\*\*\*

THE PUBLISHER OF THE ALIEN CRITIC wishes a word or two with the subscribers. He hopes you will always advise TAC of your change of address. If your copy comes back it costs him 32¢ and THAT IS RUINOUS! He froths a lot and assaults postal employees. Keep Geis out of jail.

\*\*\*\*\*

## "STAGGERING LOSSES... RETREAT IMPOSSIBLE... GOD HELP US, HERE HE COMES AGAIN---"

I don't recall if I've announced this in TAC yet, but Jim Baen, in an excess of enthusiasm which must have overridden his good sense, called one day and outlined all the interesting changes he is instituting in GALAXY and IF, and asked me to write a column for IF, beginning with the June issue.

It is called "The Alien Viewpoint" and is shamelessly egotistic and opinionated...a miniature TAC...which is what Jim tells me he wants.

Anyway, I urge all TAC readers to rush out and buy the June IF and see what you think of what I've writ and what Jim is doing with the magazine. You might check out the new GALAXY, too, because he has informed me of heavy changes in that magazine, too.

In the column I mention Nancy Freedman's JOSHUA, SONG OF NONE in passing, and here I wish to pass judgement.

(Many authors suspect that is how reviewers come by their opinions...by passing them. Sheesh, I've just exposed my anal personality!)

Well, to get to it, I was both interested and bored by the book. Nancy Freedman is a "mainstream" author, and I suppose considered a good one.

But I found her pacing, her characterization and her narrative skills less than impressive. This is the "quality" we've been chasing?

The idea that a doctor at the Dallas hospital where the assassinated President Kennedy was taken would preserve a bit of tissue from the neck wound, and recruit a wealthy man to finance the recreation of the Kennedy character and personality by growing a clone...is fascinating.

Freedman's development is logical and plonking. She does not possess the writing talent that makes fiction come alive...as does Zelazny, for instance.

But she's highly professional and you'd be not wasting your time with the novel. (Delacorte, \$7.95)

+++

A nagging guilt that kept chewing on my liver drove me to the bookshelves to take down UNIVERSE 3, an anthology published last year by Random House.

Terry Carr is the editor of this series, and he is one damn fine editor, yessir, judging from this volume.

Matter of fact, UNIVERSE 3 was the best read I've had for a long time. I keep wondering how he managed to wring such good stories from these authors? Does he use whips? Sugar tits? Ego-boo and lots of money?

Especially good were: "The Death of Doctor Island" by Gene Wolfe, "The Ghost Writer" by Geo. Alec Effinger (which is a Classic Item in my view), "The World Is a Sphere" by Edgar Pangborn.

This is one of the few hardcovers I would recommend buying for your permanent collection. (\$5.95.)

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Sometimes I wonder if saving humanity is fit work for a writer. On the other hand, some sf writers make a career of it.

In THE STONE THAT NEVER CAME DOWN John Brunner has set up another very bad scene for us in the near future: rampant social disorder, religious fanatics, World War III just around the corner...

A new, conscience-expanding drug is discovered and it becomes a race to spread the stuff around the world in time to save the world. From psychopathy to empathy in one dose...

A good novel, more heavily structured than John's other (longer) near-future sf, STAND ON ZANZIBAR and THE SHEEP LOOK UP.

(Doubleday, \$5.95)

+++

THE R-MASTER by Gordon R. Dickson (Lippincott, no price shown on the d-j but I suppose about \$5.95) is another in a long line of overthrow-the-secret-masters-of-the-world sf novels that we have all read too often. Dickson does a good job of suspense/mystery writing.

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OPEN LETTER TO ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN:

"You must know that what protects you is neither your great humanity nor your great art, but your mercantile value to world corporate enterprise, and your political value in international maneuvers. Do not forget your own belief that all governments are jealous of artists and writers because they confirm laws higher and more compelling than any government could legislate. Because you are unpublishable in your own country you are worth millions is ours to our Madison Avenue publishers alone who are at this point furiously translating your book to recover themselves from further decline on Wall Street. The glitter of American and European enterprise, big-name writers who thrive on and contribute to this enterprise, politicians who will neither read nor understand your work—all cry out in your behalf as long as you represent material value to them. But slip from this 'grace' and you will again be at the mercy of a force which everywhere in this world punishes and commits to madness those who oppose it but have no monetary value to it. Our jails and prisons are ugly and dehumanizing too, as they are everywhere; but they are filled with 'ordinary' people with no 'saleability' and so the outcry is small. It is sad that your book, which decries such dehumanizing forces and conditions will now have a part in strengthening them. You did not intend it this way, to be sure, my brother, and perhaps you will speak of it before it is too late. Caveat. And may peace be yours."

—Len Fulton, SMALL PRESS REVIEW 19

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LETTER FROM  
MIKE EGLICKSOHN

"Okay, on to the fan stuff. Let the pros comment on all the heavy material in this issue ((TAC #8)); I'll stick to things I'm reasonably competent to discuss.

"In the first place, I think you've misrepresented me in that off-hand remark to the effect that I paid for some of the artwork in ENERGUMEN. It is true that on several occasions, after artwork had been sent to me for NERG, and printed there, I bought the work to

put in my collection of sf and fantasy art.

"I'm relatively well known as a buyer and collector of fan and pro artwork. On one occasion, Susan commissioned a drawing for me as a Christmas present which I later used as a cover ENERGUMEN.

"I submit that this is entirely different from Andy Porter sending Tim Kirk some money and the LeGuin copy from the last ALGOL and asking for illustrations to go with it.

"Susan would have bought me that drawing whether there'd ever been an ENERGUMEN or not. I have never paid anyone to do work for the fanzine: I once tried to, as you know. I was willing to sacrifice the amateur status of NERG to get the Ellison piece for the Silverberg issue. And I was aware that I was doing so. As it happens, Ellison couldn't do the piece and returned the money. So ENERGUMEN was truly an amateur publication, and I hope you'll print this explanation of that fact.

"It surprises me somewhat that it's taken this long for someone to suggest that NERG won its Hugo on questionable grounds. I've been expecting it for some time. I only wish I had figures to either confirm or refute Mike Glycer's suggestion that Canadian Chauvinism was the key factor, but I'm afraid I'm as much in the dark as any of you are.

"I do offer the following for your consideration: NERG came second and Susan was third at LACON. Now everyone knows that Los Angeles is a veritable hotbed of expatriot Canadians, but maybe this shows a trend? Then again, ENERGUMEN was voted first on the FIAWOL 'Actifan Poll'. Forty-eight people voted in that poll and a whopping three of them were Canadians. And I didn't list NERG in my top ten fanzines of the year. More rampant chauvinism, Mike?

"Charlie McGee down at Bakka bookstore wants me to thank Mike for the power he seems to think Charlie has. I'm impressed, too. So Charlie underlined the two Canadian Hugo entries. So how many of the at most few hundred people who might have seen the notice knew what the hell it meant? And how many of them even voted?

"I wish I could tell you, but I'd hazard a guess that it was a mighty small number compared to those who were influenced by Charlie Brown asking his fifteen hundred readers to vote for LOCUS. I've written about this whole thing in an article in RETICULUM so I won't go into it here. Mike may have a very small point, but I doubt that Canadian chauvinism was all that important in the voting.

"And when the nominations are all in for this year, I hope someone on the DISCON committee will give a ruling on ALGOL, LOCUS and TAC. It's going to have to be done sooner or later."

((ENERGUMEN's Hugo was well-earned and richly deserved.

((I've written twice to the DISCON committee on the matter of Hugo qualifications and classifications...and they have refused to answer. I asked, weeks before the Hugo nomination ballots were first distributed in a LOCUS mailing, for the ballot text so that I could send ballots with TAC #8. I received no answer. I then asked why they ignored my letter and request and how come LOCUS was given the ballot text first...in effect giving LOCUS a pre-eminent "first crack" at the voters (with Charlie predictably suggesting that the members vote for his zine). They have ignored that letter, too. They must be VERY busy.))

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"Still other people, such as invalids, write out of a dire and desperate necessity. They have no contact with the outside world, and they wish to establish a contact. The reason they wish to establish a contact is that they wish to express themselves.

"Since everybody hates and despises invalids, no matter how much they pretend otherwise, they talk nothing but drivel to them and will listen to nothing but drivel from them; all invalids know that. So invalids should use thin plot threads, and thick idea threads. Invalids dote upon telling the world it should be kinder. This includes mental as well as physical invalids, like ex-preachers who weren't clever enough to get a big take in the ministry and hence turn to writing. This type of writing is highly successful; but usually based upon as little plot mechanics as may be indulged." —Jack Woodford, PLOTTING

## THE SHAVER PAPERS

Richard S. Shaver became well known in the 1940s as the author of ~~the~~ Shaver Mystery.

When Ray Palmer was editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC in those pulp days, he hyped the circulation of the magazines up to 250,000 per issue by exploiting Richard Shaver's beliefs that a degraded remnant of a past super-race from the stars that had once lived on Earth still lived in vast secret caves beneath the surface, and used ancient mind machines to influence humans in evil ways.

These dregs were called deros... And the audience for this theory were what is called the Lunatic Fringe. And Ray Palmer printed dozens of letters from people claiming to have explored caves and come across deros and terrible machines....

Science fiction fans were generally outraged by this perversion of their genre, and the derision heaped upon the once proud AMAZING and FANTASTIC....

It was later admitted/charged that Ray Palmer had himself written or re-written most of the Shaver Mystery stories.

Eventually, the Shaver Mystery ran out of gas and faded...as did the Palmer magazines' circulations. Ray Palmer left as editor.

The pulp era ended.

Richard Shaver dropped from sight.

A few months ago I read in a fan magazine that Richard Shaver was alive and well in Summit, Arkansas, selling rocks.

I sent him a copy of TAC #7. He responded with a letter and some photos of cross-sections of rocks...with the claim that the ancient race had recorded vast amounts of information and visuals into what appear to be common rocks.

To me the "pictures" were like ink blots and tea leaves and cloud formations—you see what you want to see, and if you look long enough you'll find shapes and images that "prove" what you need to believe.

I said as much to Mr. Shaver...and mentioned that some fans thought him as

mad as a hatter.

He responded with more letters and rock photos. Yet I still could not—and still cannot—make out the images he sees so clearly.

He is frustrated, bitter, angry, discouraged.

I told him I would print passages from his letters to give him a hearing and if the readers wanted to respond... fine.

Here, then, is Richard S. Shaver:

"This all happens to be true, you know. It isn't fiction. But you have to write it as fiction because the duped, ignorant publishers don't know enough to accept it as fact.

"If it wasn't true you'd go back to snail-breaking and enjoying your morning coffee. But with the imminent collapse of all society into the ruin of degradation and utter zombi-ism there is no choice, one must find a way to warn them, however mad it seems.

"From every radio there is emitted a vibration of quite paralyzing potency, disguised as the latest rock sound. It paralyzes their poor minds, and makes them willing suckers for every fool sales scheme designed to overpower their poor, staggering incomes.

"You know you have always wondered what and why was rock music? All at once it strikes you...it's part of the enemy invasion, and in their tunnels underground they creep on and across the land...inserting their sound tentacles into every home.

"Snail-breaking no more, you pound away at the enemy keys of the confounded typewriter, confounded enemy legs and arms sprouting from under its carriage. It is evil person everywhere, taking over the world. Ah, geez, it's awful.

"Then you remember...it all happened long ago and what the people and yourself are...is the residue, the aftermath of the take-over, the poor spineless recipients of the pottage left by those who took it all long ago."

"It is pitiful and horrible, but you must not listen, there is still one sprout

on the Tree of Ygdrasil and we must remove the worms from it and let it grow."

"Ygdrasil was once, like the Chestnut, a great tree reaching everywhere through all space...the man-tree, with the fruits of all his genius flowering on every planet through all the long marches of sunlight and dark and emptiness and shadows and holes in the plane-toids.

"Oh well, Ygdrasil is long dead and man is but a remnant of diseased, ignorant filth on this one small ball of dung...what can it matter what one does, or does not do?"

"Will Richard Nixon join his brother bag-man, the VP Agnew...in degradation and the slime of the back alley apartment?

"It's all a ruse to deploy the enemy ranks behind the diversion, that's what it is. Nixon is a telaug puppet pulled two ways, both wrong.

"Maybe one should look at it differently, as a battle field lost ten thousand years ago to the enemy. Then one could have the results of the world-take-over in plain view, with everyone knowing they are slaves to the secretive mind-controlling vibrations from underground but unable to wiggle a toe except as the great overlay field commands. Nobody can tell Nixon, why tell anyone?"

"The madmind of RSS slaves away, still warning future man of his imminent demise in the far past, or was it tomorrow yesterday?"

"I'd rather than mad than a modern stf-fan who swallows the stuff they call sci-fic today and thinks he is getting the best. I'd rather be mad...never mind. You know the mad business started the same place the rumor that Raymond A. Palmer wrote Shaver (stories) ...in false name letters put out by a few fen by the thousands.

"There was so much of this that Palmer asked me about it and showed me

some bearing my own signiture supposed to be by me...it's no wonder they think I'm mad...they signed my name to enough nutty letters.

"There was even a fan who got a girl pregnant using my name...and she came to the AMAZING office looking for me...until Palmer showed her my picture and she realized she'd been had.

"I always wondered what I would have done if she hadn't been able to distinguish the difference...if the guy had looked like me, too.

"So I'm mad. It's a matter of degree...I read Ted White and think the same thing about the whole field...it's no wonder I quit writing. I enjoyed life a lot more than slaving over pot-boilers...who wants it...raising pigs is a better go.

"Comparing the SANE go with my own... I can enjoy a tree or a deer or a dog... and the sane can't. They have to think some stereo-type think inherited from generations of madness. They have to shoot the deer, cut the tree, and rebuff the dog. In that way I am the reverse of average...I worship the tree, stand in awe of the deer's grace...caress the dog.

"I remember my dogs better than my wives in their graves...which is perhaps mad. Who am I to say what is sane, I'm mad.

"I dream about dogs long gone in their graves. Other people dream about other things, I suspect. I am anything but average.

"I used to have a dog like a wind hound...who would leave the ground thirty feet from me to light on my chest...and if you think you can forget that kind of love you never had it."

"I like it that way, believe me. It's the fen who are mad."

"...with guys like you standing bumbly dumb in the way with their idea that dero don't exist and the telaug is imaginary. The telaug is no more imaginary than the common radio and there are just as many of them in use...but secret to

the common herd.

"I try to do something about that...to tell them they are being had... and I try to rescue an ancient library of rock books from the ignorance that makes road gravel out of all surface rock..."

"The mad angle is strictly a product of dero mind tamper on the common herd...and little I can do against a world full of zombies listening to the secret radio they think is their thought."

"Rock books are our best path to the future that you think is being described thru sci-fic wonder stories. It ain't. Rock books are genuine science...quite ignored by the starry-eyed fen who think Shaver is mad.

"Rock books are real and contain space data is a fact...how to tell the stumble dumb is the problem. They can't get it through them long enough to really look at a few rocks for themselves."

"Photos of pre-flood residents are quite available and quite detailed...but you don't 'interpret' them...you study them for details. Nobody interprets a rock book until he has studied many thousands of them and learned something."

"Rock books are an immense loom of the whole science of the Atlantean culture of vast magnitude. On the horizons of man's future it is his whole future...or none at all if handled in the brusque idiotic way it's been handled to date."

"Rock books can look mad, too, but they ain't, either. They just need the right optics to reveal themselves...and the 2mm scan isn't easy with ordinary cameras...you get too many planes of view with too many 2mm areas scrambled together."

"Such photos of sliced rock book can

provide remarkable portraits of people and things like gadgets...with simple photography. But getting down to 4 to 8x on 35mm takes a bit of getting used to close-up processes...and knowing what you got when you got it requires some more work in the darkroom...and it is this work I was requesting, not opinions. Just find me some guy with stained fingers who also has a brain..."

"The problem is in understanding that they (rock books) are...like holograms...a product of a different method of photography and of the printing of pictures in solids...and cannot be in any way judged or understood by trying to analyze them upon the basis of your own mental frame of reference based upon 2-di pictorials in news-zines and magazines."

"Reason I want you and those in your position of contact with fandom is the cost of hologram devices...I can't afford them. Some of them can and should on this particular problem because of the contents...which WILL yield some sense to persistent photography of the ordinary 2-di sort...and WOULD yield the whole system of scan holography to some persistence with the same devices...and that is what I was asking...to try to interest somebody who could afford it on the possibilities...."

\*\*\*\*\*

ROCK HOUSE STUDIO

Richard S. Shaver

Summit, Arkansas 72677

\*\*\*\*\*

TAKE SCIENCE FICTION OUT OF THE CLASSROOMS AND PUT IT BACK IN THE GUTTER WHERE IT BELONGS

—???

\*\*\*\*\*

"In re the tearing down of Vietnamese training villages on army posts: five years ago the military started phasing out the Vietnamese language courses and replacing them with Hebrew and Arabic. An astonishing display of forethought when you consider what the army can do with a simple supply order."

—Ron Melton

## THE GEISORCIST'S WOES

My conscience (poor left-handed, lame thing that it is) has been poking sticks into my spokes for about two weeks now. My wheels are all bent out of shape.

The bug is my cavalier treatment of CHAINS OF THE SEA, edited by Bob Silverberg, which included three original novellas by Geo. Alec Effinger, Gardner R. Dozois, and Gordon Eklund.

I dipped the book in tar by saying the three stories were in effect routine and forgettable...because I had in fact forgotten what they were about after a month.

So I have now refreshed my memory. "And Us, Too, I Guess" by Effinger is a low key end-of-mankind-too story as one by one the species of animal and insect and fish suddenly die—inexplicably. And then a species of bacteria vital to man dies off...and

A downbeat story. Depressing. No wonder I couldn't remember it.

The title novella, "Chains of the Sea" by Gardner R. Dozois, is about how lousy humans are, especially adult humans, and how we are not really masters of the world (there are Intelligences—old, wise, Different who observe us) and what happens when four alien ships land on Earth. It is counterpointed by the too-long story of little Tommy who has a special talent and is terribly misunderstood and abused. Sniffle.

Yes, I did right to forget that one, too.

"The Shrine of Sebastian" is in my opinion the best of this lot; it is a downbeater, too, with no hope at the end \*sigh\* but it has surprises and it presents a puzzle for you to pursue to the end, and you are given the answer. It is about old robots serving their charges...in a world a long time hence. Eklund writes well...all these young, talented writers are highly skilled.

But what a consistent lot of gloom and doomers they are. That's sad. It's also a drag.

Thomas Nelson published it. \$6.50.

+++

The new Philip K. Dick novel from Doubleday, FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID, is very good, in the usual Dick fractured, warped, out-of-phase reality mode.

But this time, at the end, he lets the reader and the hero stay on real, solid ground. Also, I detected a new (or at least obvious) element of political advocacy/viewing-with-alarm...which is probably a result of his experiences with the secret police of America in the past few years. (See his long letter in TAC #6.) (\$6.95)

+++

A TOUCH OF INFINITY, a collection of 13 new s-f and fantasy stories by Howard Fast, shows him to be completely at home in the genres and to have a happy, ironic, jaundiced, indulgent view of humanity which is perhaps best illustrated in the first story in this book, "The Hopp", in which a professor invents a Doorway to Somewhere—and it is used to dump New York garbage. Millions of tons of garbage. No one but the prof. is worried about where the garbage goes...until, some time later, it erupts into existence beneath the streets of New York's Wall Street. (William Morrow, \$5.95.)

+++

After reading MUTANTS, the short story collection reprinted by Collier Books (a division of Macmillan), by Gordon R. Dickson, I find I think him a better writer of the short forms than of novels.

He shows a wide range of themes and styles, and a basic sympathy and humanity. At the same time he deals with brutal realities and harsh philosophies.

In his novels these elements are present, but in the mold of structured, formula story. I do not object to formula and structure unless it is used to substitute for hard work. When I am excessively aware of the skeleton I'm not getting guts and flesh and blood, and muscle. (\$1.25)

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### THE GOLDEN RULE:

Those who have the gold are the ones who rule.

-40-

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I have developed an overpowering urge for a taste of REG #1 and TAC #4. Quotes? Chris Bates, Box 6532, Buena Park, CA 90621.

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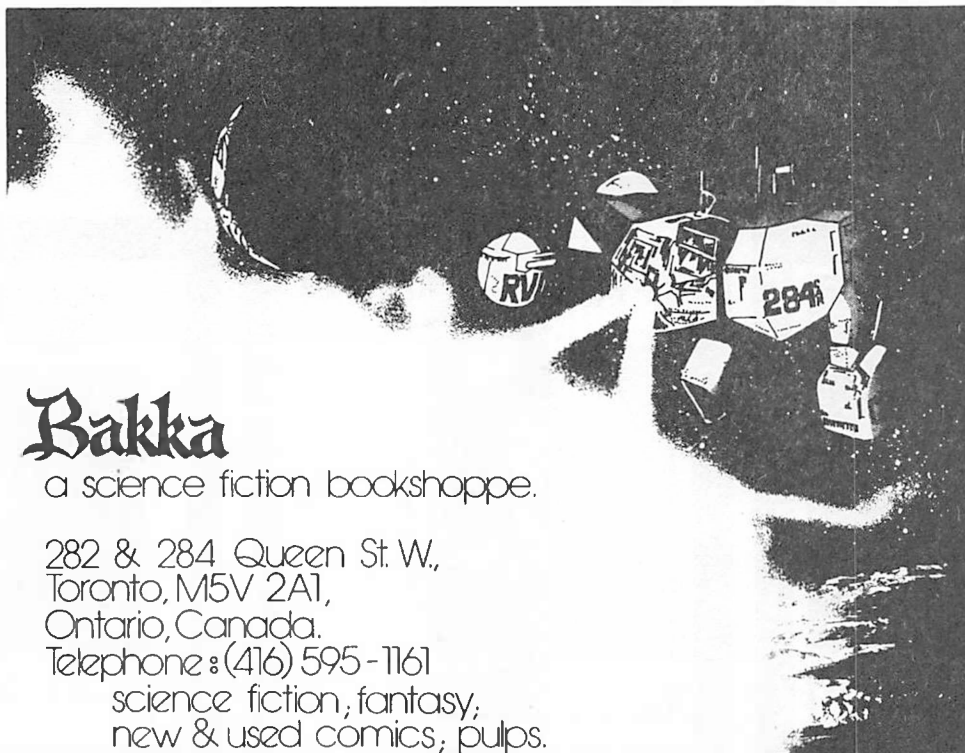
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LETTER FROM  
HARLAN ELLISON

4-12-74

If you run this letter next issue, and I hope you will, please include the date above (a safety factor, AKA truth-in-publishing, policy I urge you to adopt for all published correspondence)."

((Good advice. It shall be done.))

"I've come back to this issue (#8) of IAC maybe fifty times since it arrived here, dipping into it briefly, recoiling with horror, putting it away, coming back to it, starting to write a note, slapping my hands, going away from it again and... inexorably... being drawn back again and again, knowing, I suppose, that I'd eventually say a few words.

"I've gained about eight potbelly pounds in the past two years from a combination of sitting on my ass writing too much of the time, not exercising, eating like a gourmand, and developing what my doctor calls a classic case of 'out of control triglycerides'; for the first time in my almost forty years, I'm on a diet, and it's hard going without the diabetic delights which for many years have provided the necessary cholesterol and sugars I needed to keep my sugar-hungry hyperthyroid engine racing. Occasionally, I cheat on myself.

"Answering the writings in IAC is a sorry parallel. I know I shouldn't, try like hell not to, but eventually do it. Beyond that point the parallel fails: there is nothing sweet or energy-producing about responding to the IAC correspondents. I can only get in trouble.

"Friend Dick, I love your magazine, but so help me, every time I open the covers, I hear the mad tumult of a lunging lynch mob. That one of the most strident voices in that mob is mine own, obly depresses and frightens me the more."

((That's odd: when I open the covers of IAC I hear it go HMMMM... And when I open other fan magazines I hear TA-POKETA-POKETA-POKETA...))

"So I'll make this brief and then beg you, if you get any other letters

from me, from this date forward, that even remotely seem contentious... please deepsix them! If, through madness, I write such letters, to vent my fury, accept them, read them, answer me personally if you feel inclined, but for God's sweet sake, don't publish them. Stop me before I kill again."

((You write such marvelously phrased sentences, Harlan, such delightful invective, that your letters are a kind of art form, and Ellison on a rampage is high entertainment; it almost doesn't matter what you say, it's how you say it. I suspect that most of those you smite hip and thigh are more flattered than outraged or demolished. Your last sentence up there might better be penned: 'Stop me before I overkill again.'))

((But—I hear and obey, even though it likely means you'll rarely appear in these pages in the future.))

"Since the St. Louiscon, when I vowed I'd have nothing further to do with fandom, fans or fanzines, I've tried valiantly to maintain my resolve. But old habits and roots die hard. And in the past year I've allowed myself to be drawn into nasty, demeaning exchanges with several fanzines and their letterhacks. Those exchanges have served no commendable end. They've brought into print my utterly negative feelings about the majority of fans, that were better left unspoken.

"Yesterday, something called LAUGHING OSIRIS found its way into my mailbox, and I leafed through it as I would a bulk rate mailing catalogue from a novelty house. There, tucked away in a paragraph about other things, was a sentence of three by the magazine's editor saying pfui to me because I'd said the biggest drawback sf has to contend with these days are the antics of media-attractive fans acting like nerds. The editor went on to compare my attitude (taken from Cover's interview with me in VERTEX and a position I still maintain despite the pfui) with that of Bob Bloch, who had stretched his time and effort to give them an interview.

"I don't put that editor down for his reaction, I suppose he's entitled, but he ain't where I am, and he doesn't

have to put up with fan impositions the way I do. (I won't even try to cop out by saying I've spent easily as many hours as Bob, doing by-mail-interviews with fanzines such as the one published by the U. of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, which was published this week. Bloch is a much kinder, much nobler person than I'll ever be, and he's been a certifiably saintly pro where fans are concerned since I was fanning, and long before that time. I'll only say I have very little interest in fmz these days, don't want to receive them, and try to be polite when turning down invitations to write for them. And when I do contribute, for whatever dim motivations, I apply myself as I would when writing a piece for a professional journal.)

"Nonetheless, that St. Louiscon embroglio and fandom's general attitude toward me since that time have left their mark. I'm negative about fandom in the main, and really would be happiest if they'd leave me alone. But I'm like Ted White in the way I leap to the bait. And when I do—as I've recently done in OUTWORLDS and the fmz of the British Columbia SF Society—I find myself coming off in the manner of a person I wouldn't care for, if I encountered him in the pages of an amateur publication. I find myself snarling, insulting, howling, slicing... and in general acting like the people I despise.

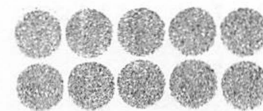
"All I ask is that fans leave me alone. Please. Let me do my work. Let me write in peace. I can't stand the waste of time, the burnoff of adrenalin, the futile snarling and screaming. I've got too much I want to do, too much love that's been turned sour and cynical, too few years in the machine, to continue this way.

"If fans wish to discuss me, let them discuss my work. Let them say yay or nay to what I've written, but leave me alone. I will respond in kind by staying away from fan doings and fan problems, and we'll all be the more content for it.

"Thus does the war criminal beg for mercy. If there is a strain of sanity out there, please let it serve to convey the sincerity with which this is written."

\*\*\*\*\*

# The Alien's Archives



"Alter? Alter-Ego? You still here?"

"Where in hell would I go, Geis? You keep that door locked, chained and bolted. What do you want?"

"It's time to do another Archives report for the magazine. If you'll just help me carry in the three-month accumulation—"

"My God, Geis! There must be six feet of books...and all those magazines..."

"The publishers have been busy—"

"You put this stack in the wrong pile. PERRY RHODAN books go over—"

"No, Alter. I have decided that the Forry Ackerman edited PRh "books" are actually magazines using the pocketbook format. They have editorials, columns, a lead novela, short stories, letter sections..."

"I don't want PERRY RHODANs in my magazine racks! What will Ed Ferman think?"

"He'll think I'm right. Get busy!"

"But—there are sixteen issues here! And a new PERRY RHODAN comes out every two weeks! I warn you, Geis! Dire Warning! The Archives will run ten...eleven...twelve pages or more!"

"What must be must be."

"Ha! Easy for you to say. You don't have to type up these quarterly reports and file the books and keep the dreaded purple paper eaters at bay."

"I pay you well, Alter. Two porno films a month and all the pistachio-nut ice cream you can eat."

"We could open the grate and shovel some of these books down the hole. Nobody would ever know...."

"I would know. Just for that remark, no Linda Lovelace screenings this week."

"You bastard!"

"To work, Alter. To work."

\*Grump!\* "Work, work, work. That's all— WATCH YOUR STEP! You nearly squished Mike, my pet spider."

"Oh?" \*Squish\* "Sorry."

"Bloch will get you for that, Geis!"

"Goodnight, Alter."

"EAT FANZINES, GEIS!"

\*\*\*\*\*

## BOOKS RECEIVED

Allen, L. David. SCIENCE FICTION—An Introduction. 1973. Non-fiction. Cliff Notes, Inc. \$1.95.

Anderson, Poul. A MIDSUMMER TEMPEST. Novel. 1974. Doubleday. \$5.95.

THE QUEEN OF AIR AND DARKNESS AND OTHER STORIES. Collection. 1973. Signet 451-25713. 95¢.

"The Queen of Air and Darkness."

"Home."

"The Alien Enemy."

"The Faun."

"In the Shadow."

"Time Lag."

WAR OF THE WING-MEN. Novel. 1958, 1967, 1973. Ace 87201. 95¢.

THE WORLDS OF POUL ANDERSON. Three novels. 1974. Ace 91055. \$1.25.

PLANET OF NO RETURN (1954).

THE WAR OF TWO WORLDS (??)

WORLD WITHOUT STARS (1966)

Andre, Lee. ALARIC, GALACTIC DIPLOMAT. Novel. 1974. Exposition. \$6.00.

Asimov, Isaac. THE LEFT HAND OF THE ELECTRON. Science Essays. 1974. Reprinted from F&SF, 1970, 1971, 1972. Dell 4717. \$1.25.

Introduction by Isaac Asimov.

A—The Problem of Left and Right

1. Odds and Evens.

2. The Left Hand of the Electron.

3. Seeing Double.

4. The 3-D Molecule.

5. The Asymmetry of Life.

B—The Problem of Oceans

6. The Thalassogens.
  7. Hot Water.
  8. Cold Water.
- C—The Problem of Numbers and Lines.
9. Prime Quality.
  10. Euclid's Fifth.
  11. The Plane Truth.
- D—The Problem of the Platypus
12. Holes in the Head.
- E—The Problem of History.
13. The Eureka Phenomenon.
  14. Pompey and Circumstance.
- F—The Problem of Population
16. Stop!
  17. —But How?
- Bass, I.J. THE GOD WHALE. Novel. 1974. Ballantine 23712. \$1.25.
- Bedford-Jones, H. & W. C. Robertson. THE TEMPLE OF THE TEN. Novel. (1921). 1973. Grant. \$5.00. Illustrated by Richard Robertson.
- Bellamy, Francis Rufus. ATTA. Novel. (1953) 1974. Pocket Books 77692. 95¢.
- Bixby, Jerome. CALL FOR AN EXORCIST. (DEVIL'S SCRAPBOOK. 1964.) Collection. Brandon Books 6374. \$1.50.
- "Lust In Stone."
- "The Best Lover in Hell."
- "The Sin Wager."
- "The Spell of the Witch Wife."
- "The Dirtiest Story in Hell."
- "The Last Wish."
- "A Doll, A Gypsy Curse and Murder."
- "The Oldest Story in Hell."
- "The Demon and the Well-heeled Satyr."
- "The Strange Habits of Robert Prey."
- "The Love Jug."
- "Heavenly Nymph on Hell's Island."
- "The Shangri-La Caper."
- "Jungle Sin."
- "The Saddest Story in Hell."
- "Kiss of Blood."
- "The Marquis' Magic Potion."
- "Tabu Cave Goddess."
- "The Mortal and the Goddess."
- Blackwood, Algernon. ANCIENT SORCERIES. Novel. (1909). 1973. Fantasy House FC#4. \$1.95.
- Including: "The Vanguard of Venus" by Landall Bartlett.
- "A Hand From the Deep" by Romeo Poole.
- "Dialogue of the Dead" by Lucian.
- Blish, James. STAR TREK 10. Collection. 1974. (Adaptations). Bantam SP8401. 75¢.
- "The Alternative Factor" (by Don Ingalls).
- "The Empath" (by Joyce Muskat).
- "The Galileo Seven" (by Simon Win- elberg & Oliver Crawford).
- "Is There In Truth No Beauty?" (by Jean Lisette Aroeste).
- "A Private Little War" (by Don In- galls and Gene Roddenberry).
- "The Omega Glory" (by Gene Rodden- berry).
- Blum, Ralph with Judy Blum. BEYOND EARTH: MAN'S CONTACT WITH UFOs. Non-fiction. 1974. Bantam T8374. \$1.50.
- Boorman, John with Bill Stair. ZARDOZ. Novel. 1974. Signet 451-Q5830. 95¢.
- Brackett, Leigh. THE HALFLING AND OTHER STORIES. Collection. 1973. Ace 31590. \$1.25.
- "The Halfling."
- "The Dancing Girl of Ganymede."
- "The Citadel of Lost Ages."
- "All the Colors of the Rainbow."
- "The Shadows."
- "Enchantress of Venus."
- "The Lake of the Gone Forever."
- Bramah, Ernest. KAI LUNG UNROLLS HIS MAT. Episodic novel. (1927-28) 1974. Ballantine 23787. \$1.25.
- Bretnor, Reginald. Editor. SCIENCE FICTION TO- DAY AND TOMORROW. Symposium. 1974. Harper & Row. \$8.95.
- Introduction by Reginald Bretnor.
- Science Fiction Today—
- "The Role of Science Fiction" by Ben Bova.
- "The Publishing of Science Fiction" by Frederik Pohl.
- "Science Fiction and the Visual Media" by George Zebrowski.
- Science Fiction, Science, and Modern Man—
- "Science Fiction and a World in Crisis" by Frank Herbert.
- "Science Fiction, Morals, and Re- ligion" by Theodore Sturgeon.
- "Science Fiction and Man's Adapta- tion to Change" by Alan E. Nourse.
- "Science Fiction As the Imaginary Experiment" by Thomas N. Scortia.
- "Science Fiction in the Age of Space" by Reginald Bretnor.
- The Art and Science of Science Fic- tion—
- "Science Fiction and the Mainstream" by James Gunn.
- "Science Fiction, New Trends and Old" by Alexei and Cory Panshin.
- "The Creation of Imaginary Worlds" by Poul Anderson.
- "The Creation of Imaginary Beings" by Hal Clement.
- "Romance and Glamour in Science Fiction" by Anne McCaffrey.
- "Plausibility in Science Fiction" by Gordon R. Dickson.
- "Science Fiction, Teaching, and Criticism" by Jack Williamson.
- Brunner, John. THE STONE THAT NEVER CAME DOWN. Novel. 1973. Doubleday. \$5.95.
- Burroughs, Edgar Rice. THE LAD AND THE LION. Novel. (1917, 1938). Ace 46870. 95¢.
- CARSON OF VENUS. Novel. (1937, 1938, 1939). Ace 09202. 95¢.
- THE MOON MAID. Novel. (1923). Ace 53702. 95¢.
- ESCAPE ON VENUS. Novel. (1946). Ace 21562. 95¢.
- THE MOON MEN c/w (THE RED HAWK). Nov- els. (1925). Ace 53752. 95¢.
- Caiden, Martin. PLANETFALL. Non-fic- tion. 1974. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. \$7.95.
- Carter, Lin. Editor. FLASHING SWORDS! #2. Anthology. 1974. Dell 3123. 95¢.
- Introduction: "Flashing Swords and Black Magicians" by Lin Carter.
- "The Rug and the Bull" by L. Sprague de Camp.
- "The Jade Man's Eyes" by Michael Moorcock.
- "Toads of Grimmerdale" by Andre Norton.
- "Ghoul's Garden" by John Jakes.
- Cayce, Edgar. (Edited by Hugh Lynn Cayce) EDGAR CAYCE ON ATLANTIS. Non- fiction. 1968. Castle. \$4.95.
- Charnas, Suzy McKee. WALK TO THE END OF THE WORLD. Novel. 1974. Bal- lantine 23788. \$1.25.
- Croy, Janice M. ORDIEA—PLANET OF FEAR.



- Novel. 1972. Self-published.  
\$1.50.
- Clarke, Arthur C. A FALL OF MOONDUST.  
Novel. (1961). 1974. Signet  
451-Y5844. \$1.25.
- THE SANDS OF MARS. Novel. (1952, 1967). 1974. Signet 451-Y5754.  
\$1.25.
- Cogswell, Theodore R. THE WALL AROUND THE WORLD. Collection. (1962).  
1974. Pyramid N3278. 95¢.
- Introduction: "Fantasy and/or Science Fiction" by Anthony Boucher.  
"Fantasy in Science Fiction—No" by Frederik Pohl.  
"The Masters."  
"The Specter General."  
"Wolfie."  
"Emergency Rations."  
"The Burning."  
"Things."  
"Test Area."  
"Prisoner of Love."  
"Invasion Report."  
"The Wall Around the World."
- Coney, Michael G. SYZYGY. Novel. 1973.  
Elmfield Press. £2.60.
- Cordell, Alexander. IF YOU BELIEVE THE SOLDIERS. Novel. 1973. Doubleday. \$5.95.
- Dann, Jack. Editor. WANDERING STARS. Anthology. 1974. Harpers.  
\$6.95.
- Introduction: "Why Me?" by Isaac Asimov.  
"On Venus, Have We Got a Rabbi" by William Tenn.  
"The Golem" by Avram Davidson.  
"Unto the Fourth Generation" by Isaac Asimov.  
"Look, You Think You've Got Troubles" by Carol Carr.  
"Goslin Day" by Avram Davidson.  
"The Dybbuk of Mazel Tov IV" by Robert Silverberg.  
"Trouble With Water" by Horace L. Gold.  
"Gather Blue Roses" by Pamela Sargent.  
"The Jewbird" by Bernard Malamud.  
"Paradise Lost" by Geo. Alec Effinger.  
"Street of Dreams, Feet of Clay" by Robert Sheckley.  
"Jachid and Jechidah" by Isaac Bashevis Singer.
- "I'm Looking For Kadak" by Harlan Ellison.
- Dickinson, Peter. THE POISON ORACLE. Novel. 1974. Pantheon. \$5.95.
- Disch, Thomas M. 334. Novel. 1974.  
Avon 18176. \$1.65.
- Ellison, Harlan. THE BEAST THAT SHOUTED LOVE AT THE HEART OF THE WORLD. Collection. (1969).  
1974. Signet 451-Y5870. \$1.25.
- Introduction: "The Waves in Rio!"  
"The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World."  
"Along the Scenic Route."  
"Phoenix."  
"Asleep: With Still Hands."  
"Santa Claus vs. S.P.I.D.E.R."  
"Try a Dull Knife."  
"The Pitil Pawob Division."  
"The Place With No Name."  
"White On White."  
"Run For the Stars."  
"Are You Listening?"  
"S.R.O."  
"Worlds To Kill."  
"Shattered Like a Glass Goblin."  
"A Boy and His Dog."
- Editor.  
Elwood, Roger. THE FAR SIDE OF TIME. Anthology, orig. stories. 1974.  
Dodd, Mead. \$5.95.
- Foreword by Roger Elwood.  
"Capricorn Games" by Robert Silverberg.  
"Annie Mae: A Love Story" by Dennis O'Neil.  
"Fireday: Firenight" by Barry Malzberg.  
"Lostling" by John Brunner.  
"The Ambiguities of Yesterday" by Gordon Eklund.  
"Minna in the Night Sky" by Gail Kimberly.  
"Waif" by Fritz Leiber.  
"The Great Supersonic Zeppelin Race" by Ben Bova.  
"Cues" by Gene Wolfe.  
"Slugging It Out" by Jack C. Halderman II.  
"Flauna" by Raymond F. Jones.  
"To Sleep, Perchance To Dream" by Nancy Mackenroth.  
"Eye For An Eye" by Lloyd Biggle, Jr.
- Evans, E. Everett. FOOD FOR DEMONS. Collection. 1974. Fantasy House.  
FR #2. \$1.00.  
"Food For Demons."
- "The Martian and the Vampire."  
"Blurb."  
"The Brooch."  
"The Unusual Model."  
(with short appreciations of E. Everett Evans by Ray Bradbury, Mel Hunter, Walt Liebscher, E. E. Smith, and A.E. van Vogt.)
- Foster, Alan Dean. ICERIGGER. Novel. 1974. Ballantine 23836. \$1.25.
- Fox, Gardner F. CONEHEAD. Novel. 1973.  
Ace 11658. 95¢.
- Fuller, John G. INCIDENT AT EXETER. Non-fiction. (1966). 1974.  
Berkley 425-02539. \$1.25.
- Garvin, Richard. THE CRYSTAL SKULL. (1973). 1974. Non-fiction.  
Pocket Books 78404. \$1.25.
- Heinlein, Robert A. TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE. Novel. (1973). 1974.  
Berkley 425-02493. \$1.95.
- Herbert, Frank. UNDER PRESSURE. (THE DRAGON IN THE SEA). Novel. (1955, 1956). 1974. Ballantine 23835. \$1.25.
- HELLSTROM'S HIVE. (PROJECT 40). Novel. (1973). 1974. Bantam 18276. \$1.50.
- Hoskins, Robert. Editor. WONDERMAKERS 2. Anthology. 1974. Fawcett P635. \$1.25.
- Introduction: "Reaching Out for Tomorrow" by Robert Hoskins.  
"Dominions Beyond" by Ward Moore.  
"Living Space" by Isaac Asimov.  
"The Gun Without a Bang" by Robert Sheckley.  
"We Never Mention Aunt Nora" by Frederik Pohl.  
"And Miles To Go Before I Sleep" by William F. Nolan.  
"Eastward Ho!" by William Tenn.  
"Report on the Nature of the Lunar Surface" by John Brunner.  
"The Horn of Time the Hunter" by Poul Anderson.  
"The Monster and The Maiden" by Roger Zelazny.  
"Computers Don't Argue" by Gordon R. Dickson.  
"I Have My Vigil" by Harry Harrison.  
"The Twelfth Bed" by Dean R. Koontz.  
"High Weir" by Samuel R. Delany.  
"The Adventure of the Martian Client" by Manly Wade Wellman and

- Wade Wellman.  
 "The Falcon and the Falconeer" by Barry N. Malzberg.  
 "The Evergreen Library" by Bill Pronzini and Jeffrey Wallmann.  
 "Xong of Xuxan" by Ray Russell.  
 "Vaster than Empires and More Slow" by Ursula K. LeGuin.  
 "Caught in the Organ Draft" by Robert Silverberg.
- Howard, Robert E. WORMS OF THE EARTH. Collection. 1974. Grant. \$6. Illustrated by David Ireland. Foreword by Robert E. Howard.  
 "The Lost Race."  
 "Men of the Shadows."  
 "Kings of the Night."  
 "A Song of the Race."  
 "Worms of the Earth."  
 "Fragment."  
 "The Dark Man."
- Jones, D.F. THE FALL OF COLOSSUS. Novel. 1974. Putnam. \$5.95.  
 DENVER IS MISSING. Novel. (1971). 1974. Berkley 425-02509. \$1.25.
- Kern, Gregory. (house name). SEETEE ALI ALERT. (Cap Kennedy #6). Novel. 1974. DAW UQ1103. 95¢.
- Ketterer, David. NEW WORLDS FOR OLD. Literary criticism. 1974. Doubleday Anchor A921. \$2.95.
- Keyhoe, Donald E. ALIENS FROM SPACE... The Real Story of Unidentified Flying Objects. Non-fiction. 1973. Doubleday. \$7.95.
- Klein, Garard. THE OVERLORDS OF WAR. Novel. (1971). 1974. DAW UQ 1099. 95¢.
- Kline, Otis Adelbert. JAN IN INDIA. Novel. (1935, 1963). 1974. Forward & Glossary by David Anthony Kraft. Fictioneer Books. \$3.50.
- Knight, Damon. Editor. ORBIT 12. Anthology. (1973). 1974. Berkley 425-02409. 95¢.  
 "Shark" by Edward Bryant.  
 "Direction of the Road" by Ursula K. LeGuin.  
 "The Window's in Dante's Hell" by Michael Bishop.  
 "Serpent Burning on an Altar"  
 "Woman in Sunlight With Mandoline"  
 "The Young Soldier's Horoscope"
- "Castle Scene With Penitents"  
 Four stories by Brian Aldiss.  
 "The Red Canary" by Kate Wilhelm.  
 "What's the Matter With Herbie?" by Mel Gilden.  
 "Pinup" by Edward Bryant.  
 "The Genius Freaks" by Vonda N. McIntyre.  
 "Burger Creature" by Steve Chapman.  
 "Half the Kingdom" by Doris Piserchia.  
 "Continuing Westward" by Gene Wolfe.
- ORBIT 13. Anthology. 1974. Putnam. \$5.95.  
 "The Scream" by Kate Wilhelm.  
 "Young Love" by Grania Davis.  
 "And Name My Name" by R.A. Lafferty.  
 "Going West" by Edward Bryant.  
 "My Friend Zaranthustra" by James Sallis.  
 "Therapy" by Gary K. Wolf.  
 "Gardening Notes From All Over" by W. Macfarlane.  
 "Idio" by Doris Piserchia.  
 "Fantasy's Profession" by Albert Teichner.  
 "Spring Came to Blue Ridge Early This Year" by Charles Arnold.  
 "Creation of a Future World in The Tracer" by Steve Herbst.  
 "Coils" by John Barfoot.  
 "Time Bind" by Sonya Dorman.  
 "Everybody a Winner, the Barker Cried" by C. L. Grant.  
 "Naked and Afraid I Go!" by Doris Piserchia.  
 "Teeth" by Grace Rooney.  
 "Troika" by Steve Chapman.  
 "Black Sun" by Dennis Etchison.  
 "The Mouth is for Eating" by William F. Orr.  
 "Flash Point" by Gardner R. Dozois.
- Laumer, Keith. ENVOY TO NEW WORLDS. Anthology. (1963). 1973. Ace 20731. 95¢.  
 "Protocol."  
 "Sealed Orders."  
 "Cultural Exchange."  
 "Aide Memoire."  
 "Policy."  
 "Palace Revolution."
- WORLDS OF THE IMPERIUM. Novel. (1962, 1967). 1973. Ace 921581. 95¢.
- Laurens, Marshall. THE Z EFFECT. Novel. 1974. Pocket Books 78357. \$1.25.
- Leiber, Fritz. SWORDS AND DEVILTRY. Anthology: Fafhrd & Gray Mouser series #1. (1970). 1973. Ace 79171. 95¢.  
 Introduction by Fritz Leiber.  
 Induction.  
 "The Snow Women."  
 "The Unholy Grail."  
 "Ill Met in Lankhmar."
- SWORDS AGAINST DEATH. Anthology: Fafhrd & Gray Mouser series #2. 1970. Ace 79151. 95¢.  
 "The Circle Curse."  
 "The Jewels in the Forest."  
 "Thieves' House."  
 "The Bleak Shore."  
 "The Howling Tower."  
 "The Sunken Land."  
 "The Seven Black Priests."  
 "Claws From the Night."  
 "The Price of Pain-Ease."  
 "Bazaar of the Bizarre."
- SWORDS IN THE MIST. Anthology: Fafhrd & Gray Mouser series #3. 1968. Ace 79181. 95¢.  
 "The Cloud of Hate."  
 "Lean Times in Lankhmar."  
 "Their Mistress, the Sea."  
 "When the Sea-King's Away."  
 "The Wrong Branch."  
 "Adept's Gambit."
- SWORDS AGAINST WIZARDRY. #4 part novel. 1968. Ace 79161. 95¢.  
 Part One: "In the Witch's Tent"  
 Two: "Stardock"  
 Three: "The Two Best Thieves in Lankhmar!"  
 Four: "The Lords of Quarmall."
- THE SWORDS OF LANKHMAR. Novel. Fafhrd & Gray Mouser series #5. 1968. Ace 79221. 95¢.
- LeGuin, Ursula K. A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA. Novel. 1968. Ace 90076. 95¢.
- Lem, Stanislaw. THE CYBERIAD. 'Fables for the cybernetic age'. (1967, 1972). 1974. Seabury. \$6.95.
- Ley, Willy. FOR YOUR INFORMATION: ON EARTH AND SKY. Non-fiction. 16 columns from GALAXY. 1957 thru 1965, 1967. Ace 24851. 95¢.
- Liescher, Walt. ALIEN CARNIVAL. Collection. 1974. Fantasy House FH-1. \$1.  
 "The Sexy Side."  
 "The Dark Side."

- "The Dark Side."  
 "The Gentle Side."  
 "The Way—Out—side."  
 Liebscher's Pomes.
- London, Jack. GOLIAH. A utopian essay. (1908, 1910). 1973. Thorp & Springs Press. \$1.
- Lory, Robert. IDENTITY SEVEN. Novel. 1974. DAW UQ1101. 95¢.
- Lupoff, Richard A. INTO THE AETHER. Novel. 1974. Dell 3830. 95¢.
- Malzberg, Barry N. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE. Novel. Pocket Books 77696. 95¢. 1974.
- Mason, Douglas R. THE PHAETON CONDITION. Novel. (1973). 1974. Berkley 425-02499. 95¢.
- McMahon, Thomas Patrick. THE HUBSCHMANN EFFECT. Novel. (1973). 1974. Pocket Books 78403. \$1.25.
- Moorcock, Michael and Charles Platt. Editors. NEW WORLDS #5. Collection. (1973). 1974. Equinox/Avon 18093. \$2.95.  
 Introduction by Charles Platt.  
 "Coming From Behind" by M. John Harrison.  
 "An Office Meeting" by Giles Gordon.  
 "Count D'unadix" by Marek Obtulowicz.  
 "Behind the Walls" by Laura Tokunaga.  
 "Among Other Things" by Robert Meadley.  
 "My Eight Days in the Automotive Industry" by Charles Arnold.  
 "The Coldness" by Charles Platt.  
 "The Story of Three Cities" by Ronald Anthony Cross.  
 "Tubs of Slaw" by Rachel Pollack.  
 "Tulpa" by Jack M. Dann.  
 "An Overload" by Barrington Bayley.  
 "Scholia, Seasoned With Crabs, Blish Is" by John Clute.  
 "Night-Marriage" by D. M. Thomas.  
 "Accepting For Winkelmeyer" by Harvey Jacobs.  
 "The Beautiful One" by Keith Roberts.  
 "Gorgias" by Peder Carlsson.  
 "Bella Goes to the Dark Tower" by Hilary Bailey.  
 "An Unpleasant End" by Scott Edelman.  
 "A Clear Day in the Motor City" by Eleanor Arnason.  
 "There is No More Away" by Steve Cline.
- "Origins of the Universe" by Gwyneth Cravens.  
 "Stance of Spendour" by George Zebrowski.  
 "Thy Blood Like Milk" by Ian Watson.  
 "Aurora in Zenith" by Gordon Abbott.  
 "Disintegration" by Michael Butterworth.  
 "Filling Us Up" by M. John Harrison.  
 Afterword by Michael Moorcock.
- Moorcock, Michael. THE OAK AND THE RAM. Novel. The chronicles of Corum #5. (1973). 1974. Berkley 425-02534. 75¢.
- Morris, William. THE GLITTERING PLAIN. Novel. 1973. Newcastle. \$2.45.
- Norman, John. HUNTERS OF GOR. Novel. 1974. 8th Earl Cabot book. DAW UW1102. \$1.50.
- Norton, Andre. STAR HUNTER and VOODOO PLANET. Two short novels. 1961, 1959. Ace 78192. 95¢.
- BREED TO COME. Novel. (1972). 1973. Ace 07895. \$1.25.
- THE LAST PLANET (STAR RANGERS). Novel. (1953). Ace 47162. 95¢.
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- HUON OF THE HORN. Novel. (1951). 1963, '69, '73. Ace 35422. 95¢.
- (as Andrew North). PLAGUE SHIP. Novel. (1956). 1964, '69, '73. Ace 66832. 95¢.
- STAR GATE. Novel. 1958. Ace 78072. 95¢.
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- Piserchia, Doris. STAR RIDER. Novel. 1974. Bantam Q8408. \$1.25.
- Russell, John Robert. CABU. Novel. 1974. Pocket Books. 77718. 95¢.
- Silverberg, Robert. Editor. NEW DIMENSIONS III. Orig. Anthology. (1973). 1974. Signet 451-Q5805. 95¢.  
 Introduction by Robert Silverberg.  
 "The Ones Who Walk Away From Omelas" by Ursula K. LeGuin.  
 "Down There" by Damon Knight.  
 "How Shall We Conquer?" by W. Macfarlane.
- "They Live On Levels" by Ferry Carr.  
 "The Girl Who Was Plugged In" by James Tiptree, Jr.  
 "Days of Grass, Days of Straw" by R. A. Lafferty.  
 "Notes Leading Down to the Conquest" by Barry N. Malzberg.  
 "At the Bran Foundry" by Geo. Alec Effinger.  
 "Tell Me All About Yourself" by F. M. Busby.  
 "Three Comedians" by Gordon Eklund.  
 "The Last Day of July" by Gardner R. Dozois.
- Sternberg, Jacques. FUTURE WITHOUT FUTURE. Novel. 1974. A Continuum Book, Seabury Press. \$6.95.
- Swann, Thomas Burnett. HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN. Novel. 1974. DAW UQ1100. 95¢.
- Tate, Peter. MOON ON AN IRON MEADOW. Novel. 1974. Doubleday. \$5.95.
- Taylor, John G. BLACK HOLES—The End of the Universe?. Non-fiction. 1973. First Pub. Eng. Random House. \$5.95.
- Trench, Brinsley LePoer. MYSTERIOUS VISITORS—The U.F.O. Story. (1971) First Pub. Eng. 1974. Non-fiction. Stein & Day. \$6.95.
- Tuck, Donald H. THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY, Vol. 1: Who's Who, A-L. 1974. Advent. \$20.
- Vance, Jack. THE LANGUAGES OF PAO. Novel. (1957, 1958). Ace 47042. 95¢.
- van Vogt, A.E. THE UNIVERSE MAKER. Novel. 1953. Ace 84581. 95¢.
- THE WORLDS OF A.E. VAN VOGT. Collection. 1974. Ace 22812. \$1.25.
- "The Replicators."  
 "The First Martian."  
 "The Purpose."  
 "The Earth Killers."  
 "The Cataaaaa."  
 "Automation."  
 "Itself!"  
 "Process."  
 "Not the First."  
 "Fulfillment."  
 "Ship of Darkness."  
 "The Ultra Man."

"The Storm."

"The Expendables."

"The Reflected Men."

FUTURE GLITTER. Novel. 1973. Ace  
25980. 95¢.

THE SILKIE. Novel. 1969. Ace  
76501. 95¢.

THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER. Novel.  
(1951). 1954, '61, '69, '73.  
Ace 87856. 95¢.

Wellman, Manly Wade. WORSE THINGS WAIT-  
ING. Collection. Extensively  
illus. by Lee Brown Coye. 1973.

Carcosa. \$9.50.

Foreword by Manly Wade Wellman.

"The White Road" (poem).

Pages from a Memory Book:

"Up Under the Roof."

"Among Those Present."

"The Terrible Parchment."

"Come Into My Parlor."

"Frogfather."

"Sin's Doorway."

"The Undead Soldier."

Gray Voices:

"The Pineys."

"The Kelpie."

"Changeling."

"The Devil Is Not Mocked."

"For Fear of Little Men."

"Where Angels Fear..."

"The Witch's Cat."

"School for the Unspeakable."

"Warrior in Darkness."

"Dhoh."

"Larroes Catch Meddlers."

The Night Side of History:

"Voice in a Veteran's Ear."

"These Doth the Lord Hate."

"The Liers in Wait."

"Young-Man-With-Skull-At-His-Ear."

"The Hairy Thunderer."

"The Song of the Slaves."

"When It Was Moonlight."

"His Name On a Bullet."

"The Valley Was Still."

Longer In The Telling:

"Fearful Rock."

"Coven."

Zelazny, Roger. ISLE OF THE DEAD. Nov-  
el. 1969. Ace 37466. 95¢.

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"Geis, don't you know that a man  
who overworks his Alter-Ego soon  
has a split personality?"

\*\*\*\*\*

#### MAGAZINES RECEIVED

AMAZING. April, 1974. Vol. 47, No.5.  
60¢. Ted White, Ed. Cover by Ron Mill-  
er.

Serial: TOTAL ECLIPSE by John Brunn-  
er. (Part One.)

Novel: "Derelict" by Duncan Lunan.

Short Stories: "Local Control" by San-  
ford Zane Meschkow.

"Found in Space" by R. Monroe Weems.

"After You've Stood on the Log at the  
Center of the Universe, What Is There  
Left To Do?" by Grant Carrington.

"Upping the Planet" by Barry N. Malz-  
berg.

"What Was That?" by F.M. Busby.

Editorial by Ted White.

The Club House by Ed Smith (fanzine  
reviews).

The Future in Books (book reviews) by  
Ted White, Cy Chauvin, Thomas F. Mon-  
teleone.

Or So You Say (letters).

ANALOG. March, 1974. Vol. XCIII, No.1  
60¢. Ben Bova, Editor. Cover by  
Kelly Freas.

Novel: "High Justice" by Jerry  
Pournelle.

Short Stories: "Walk Barefoot on the  
Glass" by Joseph Green.

"Closing the Deal" by Barry N. Malz-  
berg.

"Some Are Born To Sweet Delight" by  
Wayne Barton.

"Fourth Reich" by Herbie Brennan.

Serial: EARTH, AIR, FIRE AND WATER  
(Part Two of Three Parts) by Steph-  
en Nemeth and William Walling.

Science Fact: "Bigger Than Worlds"  
by Larry Niven.

The Editor's Page: "The Experts."

The Analytical Laboratory: (ratings).

((Full Stop: I can't see using val-  
uable lines on regular departments ex-  
cept the editorial-as-essay and the book  
reviewer. This will be effective from  
now on in re magazines.))

The Reference Library: P. Schuyler  
Miller.

ANALOG. April, 1974. Vol. XCIII, No.2  
60¢. Ben Bova, Editor. Cover by  
John Schoenherr.

Novel: "Hot Spot" by Brenda  
Pierce.

"The Time-Traveler" by Spider Rob-

inson.

Short Stories: "A Kind of Murder"  
by Larry Niven.

"Scholarly Correspondence" by Char-  
les Eric Maine.

Serial: EARTH, AIR, FIRE AND WATER  
by Stephen Nemeth and William Wall-  
ing. (Conclusion.)

Science Fact: "Extraterrestrial Or-  
ganic Matter" by Louis Lenhard.

The Editor's Page: "Mental Energy  
Crisis."

The Reference Library: P. Schuyler  
Miller. (book reviews.)

ANALOG. May, 1974. Vol. XCIII, No.3  
60¢. Ben Bova, Editor. Cover by  
Jack Gaughan.

Novel: "Catalyst Run" by Jesse  
Miller.

"Laws and Orders" by Tak Hallus.

Short Stories: "FTA" by George R.R.  
Martin.

"Owe Me" by John T. Phillifent.

"No Biz Like Show Biz" by Lloyd Big-  
gle, Jr.

"The Gods' Decision" by Herbie  
Brennan.

Science Fact: "Geothermal Resources"  
by Eric Burgess.

Guest Editorial: "Frankenstein  
Phobia" by Joe Allred.

The Reference Library: (book reviews)  
by Barry N. Malzberg.

FANTASTIC. March, 1974. Vol. 23, No. 3.  
60¢. Ted White, Editor. Cover by  
Glenn Moy.

Serial: FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND by  
Brian Aldiss. (Part One.)

Novel: "The City of the Crocodile"  
by R. Faraday Nelson.

Short Stories: "His Last and First  
Women" by B. Alan Burhoe.

"At the Institute" by Barry N. Malz-  
berg.

"Images" by Jerry Meredith.

"The State of Ultimate Peace" by  
William Nabors.

"Short Time at the Pearly Gates" by  
David R. Bunch.

"I'm going to Get You!" by F. M. Bus-  
by.

Editorial: by Ted White.

Article: "Science Fiction: A Socio-  
logical Perspective" by Brian M.  
Stableford.

Fantasy Books: (reviews) by Fritz  
Leiber.

FANTASTIC. May, 1974. Vol.23, No. 4.  
60¢. Ted White, Editor. Cover by  
Glenn Ridge.  
Short Stories: "Soundtrack: The Mak-  
ing of a Thoroughbred" by Robert  
Thurston.  
"Nice and Easy" by Pg Wyal.  
"The Dreaming Dervish" by Spider  
Robinson.  
"A New Life" by William Rotsler.  
"In the Land That Aimed at Forever"  
by David R. Bunch.  
"War Baby" by Al Sirois.  
"Metamorphosis" by Kendall Evans.  
Serial: FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND by  
Brian Aldiss. (Conclusion).  
Editorial: by Ted White.  
Fantasy Books: (reviews) by Fritz  
Leiber.

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. March,  
1974. Vol. 46, No.3, Whole #274.  
Edward L. Ferman, Editor. Cover by  
Ron Walotsky.  
Novelets: "Beneath the Waves" by  
Gordon Eklund.  
"The Star of Stars" by Robert F.  
Young.  
Short Stories: "Slammer" by Gary K.  
Wolf.  
"The Siren Garden" by Lee Killough.  
"Plastic and Practical Jokes" by  
Gregg Williams.  
"The Lunatick" by Thayer Waldo.  
"Waves of Ecology" by Leonard Tush-  
net.  
Books: (reviews) by Alexei and Cory  
Panshin.  
Cartoon: Gahan Wilson.  
Films: (reviews) by Baird Searles.  
Science: "The Uneternal Atoms" by  
Isaac Asimov.

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. April, 1  
1974. Vol. 46, No.4, Whole #275.  
Edward L. Ferman, Editor. Cover by  
Ed Emsh.  
Novella: BORN WITH THE DEAD by Rob-  
ert Silverberg.  
Profile: "Robert Silverberg" by Bar-  
ry N. Malzberg.  
"Robert Silverberg: The Compleat  
Writer" by Thomas D. Claeson.  
A Silverberg Bibliography by Donald  
H. Tuck.  
Novel: "Getting Home" by F. M. Busby.  
Short Stories: "Mammoth" by Herbie

"No Traveler Returns" by Sterling E.  
Lanier.  
"Unto Us A Child" by M.R. Anver.  
Films: Baird Searles.  
Cartoon: Gahan Wilson.  
Science: "A Particular Matter" by  
Isaac Asimov.

GALAXY. February, 1974. Vol. 34, No.5  
75¢. Ejler Jakobsson, Editor. Cov-  
er by Rick Sternbach.  
Novellas: "Created Equal" by Bill  
Higgins.  
"Deathsong" by Sydney J. Van Scyoc.  
Novelette: "Rivers of Damascus" by  
R.A. Lafferty.  
Short Story: "Protest" by Peter  
Tate.  
Serial: INVERTED WORLD (Part III)  
by Christopher Priest.  
Galaxy Bookshelf: (reviews) by Theo-  
dore Sturgeon.

GALAXY. March, 1974. Vol. 34, No. 6.  
75¢. Ejler Jakobsson, Editor. Cov-  
er by Jack Gaughan.  
Serials: WEB OF EVERYWHERE (Part I)  
by John Brunner.  
INVERTED WORLD (Conclusion) by  
Christopher Priest.  
Novelettes: "The Hook, the Eye, and  
the Whip" by Michael G. Coney.  
"Infidel of Five Temples" by Cynthia  
Bunn.  
Short Stories: "A Typical Day" by  
Doris Piserchia.  
"The Durable Man" by David Penny.  
"The Baby" by Larry Eisenberg.  
Galaxy Bookshelf: (reviews) by  
Theodore Sturgeon.

GALAXY. April 1974. Vol. 34, No.7. 75¢  
Ejler Jakobsson, Editor. Cover by  
Jack Gaughan.  
Serials: THE ORG'S EGG (Part 1) by  
Frederik Pohl and Jack Williamson.  
WEB OF EVERYWHERE (Conclusion) by  
John Brunner.  
Novelettes: "Mindhunt" by Robert  
Wells.  
"Skyveil" by Sydney J. Van Scyoc.  
Short Stories: "The Discovery of  
Earth" by Stephanie Tripp.  
"Outfielder" by Lou Fisher.  
Science Fact: "A Step Farther Out"  
by Jerry Pournelle, Ph.D.  
Galaxy Bookshelf: (reviews) by Theo-  
dore Sturgeon.

IF. February 1974. Vol.22, No.3, Is-  
sue #170. 75¢. Ejler Jakobsson,  
Editor. Cover by Rick Sternbach.  
Serial: THE GINGER STAR (Part 1) by  
Leigh Brackett.  
Novella: "Mistaken For Granted" by  
Hal Clement.  
Short Stories: "If Ever I Should  
Leave You" by Pamela Sargent.  
"Eye of the Storm" by Norman Spin-  
rad.  
"Transplant" by Christopher Priest.  
"Continuous Performance" by Gordon  
Eklund.  
Reading Room: (book reviews) by Les-  
ter del Rey.

IF. April, 1974. Vol.22, No.4. Issue  
#171. 75¢. James Baen, Editor.  
Cover by Rick Sternbach.  
Novelettes: "One Step Ahead" by Jam-  
es H. Schmitz.  
"The Touch of Your Hand" by Raymond  
F. Jones.  
"Tar Baby" by Edward Wellen.  
"Wings Out of Shadow" by Fred Saber-  
hagen.  
Short Stories: "Training Twofoots"  
by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro.  
"The Iceman" by James A. Roszell.  
"Pride and Primacy" by Randall Gar-  
rett.  
"Transit" by Lynda Isaacs.  
Serial: THE GINGER STAR by Leigh  
Brackett. (Part two of three).  
Reading Room: (book reviews) by  
Lester del Rey.

LITERARY MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND TERROR.  
Vol. 1, No.4. \$1.50. Amos Salmon-  
son, Editor.  
Fiction: "Orb of the Wizard King"  
by Ron Nance.  
"Cosmic Jesters" by C.C. Clingan.  
"A Matter of Competition" by Eddy C.  
Bertin.  
"Archives of Fear" by Rhondi Green-  
ing.  
"The Alchemists of Ivis" by Amos Sal-  
monson.  
Verse: Joseph Payne Brennan.  
Art Feature: Indian Demonology.

LITERARY MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND TERROR.  
Vol. 1, No.5. \$1.50. Amos Salmon-  
son, Editor.  
Fiction: "The Devil's Tooth" by  
Glen Cook.  
"Once Upon a Pentacle" by Mel H.



Horman.

"Green Temple" by F.C. Adams.

"Peril and the Wizard's Spirit" by Amos Salmonson.

Verse: "Happiness" by L. Sprague de Camp; "The Haunting Beauty" by Tawnya Ison.

"Mythconception" by Dale C. Donaldson.

Art Feature: "Where Balked a Tree!" a portfolio by Jenny Hunt.

PERRY RHODAN. #29. Ace 66012. 75¢.

Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.

Novel: A WORLD GONE MAD by Clark Darlton.

Short stories: "The Shortest S-F Story Ever Told!" by Forrest J. Ackerman.

"Doomsday" by Larry Hernson.

Scientifilm World: by Wendayne Ackerman.

Serial: EXILE OF THE SKIES (part 7) by Richard Vaughan.

Guest Editorial: Elizabeth Konig.

((Each PERRY RHODAN has a readers' section—letters—titled "The Perryscope."))

PERRY RHODAN. #30. Ace 66013. 75¢.

Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.

Novel: TO ARKON! by Kurt Mahr.

Guest Editorial: Mike Botelho.

Scientifilm World: by Wendayne Ackerman. (Conclusion.)

Short Story: "Mental Blank" by P. Garcia.

Serial: EXILE OF THE SKIES (part 8) by Richard Vaughn.

PERRY RHODAN. #31. Ace 66014. 75¢.

Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.

Novel: REALM OF THE TRI-PLANETS by K.H. Scheer.

Guest Editorial: Vern Perry.

Scientifilm World: Fritz Lang's WOMAN IN THE MOON.

Short Stories: "The Queen and I" by Steven Utley.

"The Universal Treasure" by Matt Graham.

Serial: EXILE OF THE SKIES (Conclusion) by Richard Vaughan.

PERRY RHODAN. #32. Ace 66015. 75¢.

Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.

Novel: CHALLENGE OF THE UNKNOWN by Clark Darlton.

Guest Editorial: "Fan Attica."

Serial: EXILE OF THE SKIES (Conclusion)

Scientifilm World: THE CATAclysm.

Short Story: "Messenger To Infinity"

by J. Harvey Haggard.

Serial: COSMOS: "Faster Than Light"

by Ralph Milne Farley. (Part 1).

PERRY RHODAN. #33. Ace 66016. 75¢.

Novel: THE GIANT'S PARTNER by Clark Darlton.

Editorial: Forrest J. Ackerman.

Scientifilm World: "Your Passport To Outer Space" Guest Review by Walt Liebscher.

Short Stories: "Task of the Temponaut" by Norbert F. Novotny.

"Lost Atlantis" by Athur Louis Joquel II.

Serial: COSMOS: "The Emigrants" by David H. Keller, MD. (Part 2).

PERRY RHODAN. #34. Ace 66017. 75¢.

Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.

Novel: SOS: SPACESHIP TITAN! by Kurt Brand.

Guest Editorial: David H. Keller, MD.

Scientifilm World: "Killers From Space".

Short Stories: "The Eagle Has Landed" by Norbert F. Novotny.

"No Time Like the Future" by Spencer Strong.

Serial: COSMOS: "Callisto's Children" by Arthur J. Burks (part 3).

PERRY RHODAN. #35. Ace 66018. 75¢.

Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.

Novel: BEWARE THE MICROBOTS by Kurt Mahr.

Scientifilm World: Guest Writer: Hector R. Pessina.

Short Stories: "Gift Hearse" by George W. Proctor.

"Martian Exodus" by Carleton Grindle.

Serial: COSMOS: "The Murderer From Mars" by Bob Olsen.

PERRY RHODAN. #36. Ace 66019. 75¢.

Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.

Novel: MAN AND MONSTER by K.H. Scheer.

Guest Editorial: Barnaby Rapaport.

Scientifilm World: Guest Writer: Hector R. Pessina.

Short Stories: "This World is Taboo" by Paul Dellinger.

"F.R.A.N.K.E.N.S.T.E.I.N." by Donald F. Glut.

Serial: COSMOS: "Tyrants of Saturn" by Francis Flagg. (Part 5).

PERRY RHODAN. #37. Ace 66020. 75¢.

Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.

Novel: EPIDEMIC CENTER: ARALON by Clark Darlton.

Scientifilm World: Report on "Beyond This Horizon" (part 1).

Short Stories: "People of the Valley" by Jim Harmon.

"...First Served" by R. Michael Rossen.

Serial: COSMOS: "Tyrants of Saturn" by Francis Flagg (part 5b).

((No Perryscope this issue.))

PERRY RHODAN. #38. Ace 66021. 75¢.

Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.

Novel: PROJECT: EARTHSAVE by Kurt Brand.

Guest Editorial: Clark Darlton.

Scientifilm World: Report on "Beyond This World" (Conclusion).

Short Stories: "The War of Two Worlds" by John Hollis Mason.

"The Keknij Escape" by G. Gordon Dewey & Max Dancey.

Serial: COSMOS: "Interference on Luna" by John W. Campbell (part 6a).

The Rhodanary: Glossary (part 2) ((Part 1 in PH#37.))

PERRY RHODAN. #39. Ace 66022. 75¢.

Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.

Novel: THE SILENCE OF GOM by Kurt Mahr.

Guest Editorial: "A Fan for All Reasons" by Arthur W. Saha.

Scientifilm World: Space Movies Review (part 3) by Hector R. Pessina.

Short Stories: "Turnabout" by Greg Akers.

"The Emperor's Clothes" by M. B. Or Graham.

Serial: COSMOS: "Interference on Luna" by John W. Campbell, Jr. (p.6b).

The Rhodanary: Glossary.

PERRY RHODAN. #40. Ace 66023. 75¢.

Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.

Novel: RED EYE OF BETELGEUSE by Clark Darlton.

Guest Editorial: "The Paradox of Perry" by Mike Shupp.

Scientifilm World: Space Movies Review (part 4) by Hector R. Pessina.

Short Stories: "The Alien Counterfeiter" by Jim Harmon.

The Rhodanary: Glossary

- "The Kindest Cut of All" by Angel Arango.  
Serial: COSMOS: "Son of the Trident" by Rae Winters (part 7a).  
The Rhodanary: Glossary.
- PERRY RHODAN. #41. Ace 66024. 75¢.  
 Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.  
Novel: THE EARTH DIES by Clark Darlton.  
Guest Editorial: R. Dean Rutgers & Avery Goodman.  
Scientifilm World: Space Films Review (part 5) by Hector R. Pessina.  
Short Stories: "Let the Future Judge" by L. Lester Anderson.  
"The Shaggy Werewolf" by Sylvius Agricola.  
Serial: COSMOS: "Son of the Trident" by Rae Winters (part 7b).  
The Rhodanary: Glossary.
- PERRY RHODAN. #42. Ace 66025. 75¢  
 Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.  
Novel: TIME'S LONELY ONE by K.H. Scheer  
Guest Editorial: Mike Botelho.  
Scientifilm World: Space Films Review (part 6) by Hector R. Pessina.  
Short Stories: "Going Home" by Kris Neville.  
"Experiment" by R.H. Barlow.  
Serial: COSMOS: "Volunteers from Venus" by Otis Adelbert Kline & E. Hoffman Price (part 8a).  
The Rhodanary: Glossary.
- PERRY RHODAN. #43. Ace 66026. 75¢  
 Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.  
Novel: LIFE HUNT by Kurt Brand.  
Scientifilm World: Space Films Review (part 7) by Hector R. Pessina.  
Short Stories: "Micro Man" by Weaver Wright.  
"Citadel" by Matt Graham.  
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- PERRY RHODAN. #44. Ace 66027. 75¢.  
 Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor.  
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- VERTEX. April, 1974. Vol. 2, No. 1.  
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## ALIEN CONCLUSIONS

About five hundred of you will find this issue's cover more than vaguely familiar.

It came to pass this way...(said the editor, scratching his nose and pausing, phrasing carefully in his mind)...Grant Canfield couldn't get together on a cover. I have my conceptions, he has his. They haven't melded. No big thing. We will probably work something out in due time. I dearly love certain of his aliens, a certain style of his.

So, without a cover in the cupboard, I decided quite easily to use the Tim Kirk drawing I had used on the cover of

RICHARD E. GEIS #3. That issue had a print run of 500 as I recall, and since I see on the shelf over my head that I have but three copies left and this is a month before I plan to mail out this issue, within a week REG #3 will be sold out and be converted into a collector's item....(that's funny, I was sure this sentence had a point to it!)...so the cover will be new and fabulous to about 2000 of you.

Mostly, of course, I'm using the Kirk drawing because I'm in love with it.

Next issue, I hope, will have a cover by Steve Fabian. Someday I hope to have covers in reserve. The problem is the best artists are so damn busy!

+++

Diana Cook of New York will be disappointed to find her letter missing from this issue, especially as I had promised her it would appear replete with Geis comment.

Her letter was about my run-in with Vonda McIntyre and Joanna Russ in TAC #7 and #8 concerning the women's liberation movement, why women have been in a socially and culturally subordinate position for so long, and her letter was also 4½ pages long.

Well, I want to tell you...I was mercilessly stenciling along, festooning her comments with my comments, when a red light went on in my brain and the old keen-minded editorial foot stomped on the brakes.

The foot said itchily, "Geis, this will run four full pages! This is primarily a sf and fantasy journal. Cut this!"

"But, foot, sir," I replied scratchily, "I promised."

"Send Diana these stencils and an accompanying letter of regret. This tail is starting to wag the dog."

Since I rarely disobey my editorial foot—when I do it puts itself forcibly in my mouth—I have compromised by using this space—

"Abusing it, Geis!"

—to boil my previously mis-stated and misunderstood points and arguments down to a succinct, sweet-tasting draught. Open wide....

I made the perhaps brutal observation to Vonda in TAC #7, that '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.'

That comment which I thought a mere statement of the obvious got Joanna Russ' steam up and she blasted me with an intemperate, emotional letter which I published in TAC #8.

I amended my comment to read: 'As long as men have the capability of....'

But several correspondents didn't agree that male size/strength superiority is the basic, underlying reason why women have been kept down socially and culturally.

Joanna Russ made the argument that if that was so, then young men would dominate older men, like U.S. Senators.

I did not "answer" this argument in my comments on Joanna's letter because, to be brutal and frank, I thought it was an obviously invalid argument.

But others, including Diana, took me to task for not addressing myself to it.

So—old men are not sex objects to young men. They do not live intimately with them, and do not pair off with them.

(Of course, in an all-other-things-being-equal situation, young men would dominate older men.)

But in our species older men often have other strengths to make up for diminishing physical power: money, social position. AND older women with money and social power can "outweigh" a young man.

But young men and young women are more or less equally socially and economically poor when they test themselves against each other—small wrestling matches—and as they grow older, young women absorb unending lessons in their physical inferiority. Simply being with young men who on the average outweigh them and outtall them and outstrong them reinforces the knowledge which sinks deeper and deeper and has its effect in behavior and psychology, conscious and unconscious.

I think, in interpersonal relationships, the physical differences between the sexes will always have a subtle effect.

In our industrialized society women are needed in the labor force and are consequently taking/being given equality in various social and cultural spheres.

But to say that size-strength differences have no effect... Can it be seriously stated that if women were six inches taller, thirty pounds heavier, and possessed muscles as powerful, pound for pound, as a man (or proportionately stronger muscles—with less fat than now) that our human societies and cultures would be the same as now?

No way!

It has been said to me that in tribal and agrarian societies the male physical superiority required that he do the heavy work while the biological role of mother kept the woman in the cave/hut/farm farmhouse tending kids and cooking for the males. But now that survival imperative doesn't apply.

True, to a degree it doesn't. But I'm talking primarily about bottom line reality—the mutual realization that in a crunch the male can usually use force against a woman, as a stronger man can use force against a weaker man—or anyone weaker...as strong nations push weak nations around, as weak nations act much like women act with men...

As I say, I thought this basic truth was obvious. It is masked, it is rejected as "uncivilized", but it operates.

This subject is closed—until I choose to reopen it.

+++

THE NEEDLE DEPT.

Andy Porter, editor and publisher of that pretty fanzine, ALGOL, said recently in a letter that TAC was 'ugly'.

I quote from Dick Thurman, who orders for THE COOP, the M.I.T. bookstore: "75 copies may be an extravagant order... but...I've tried other mags like ALGOL and RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, but yours continues to be the best seller."

\*Smug!\*

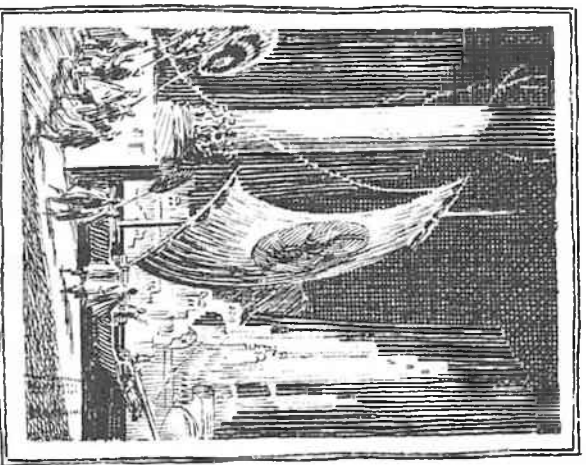
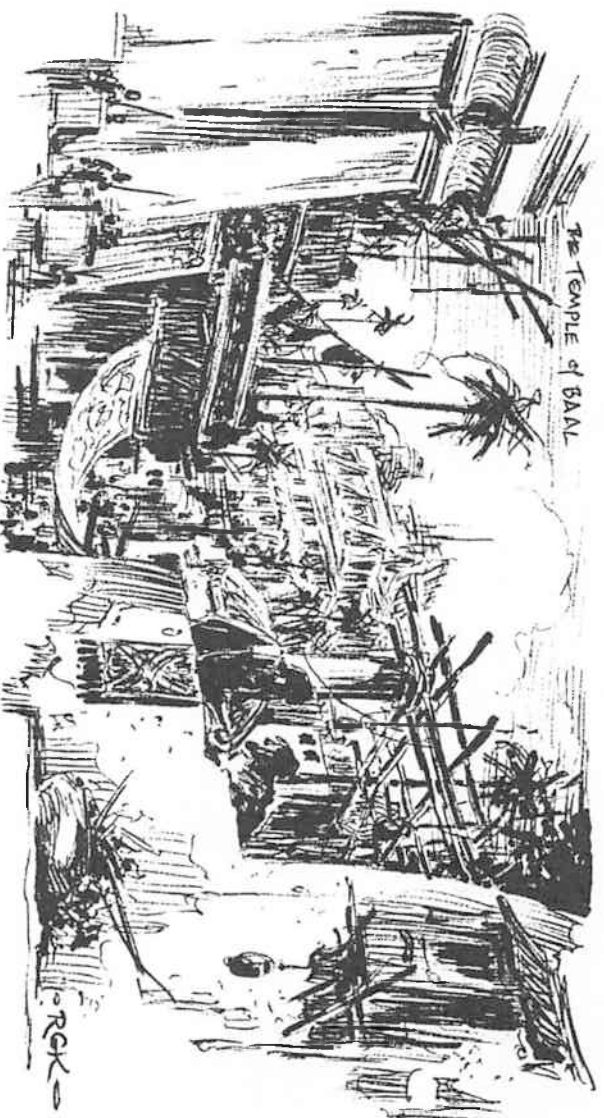
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