

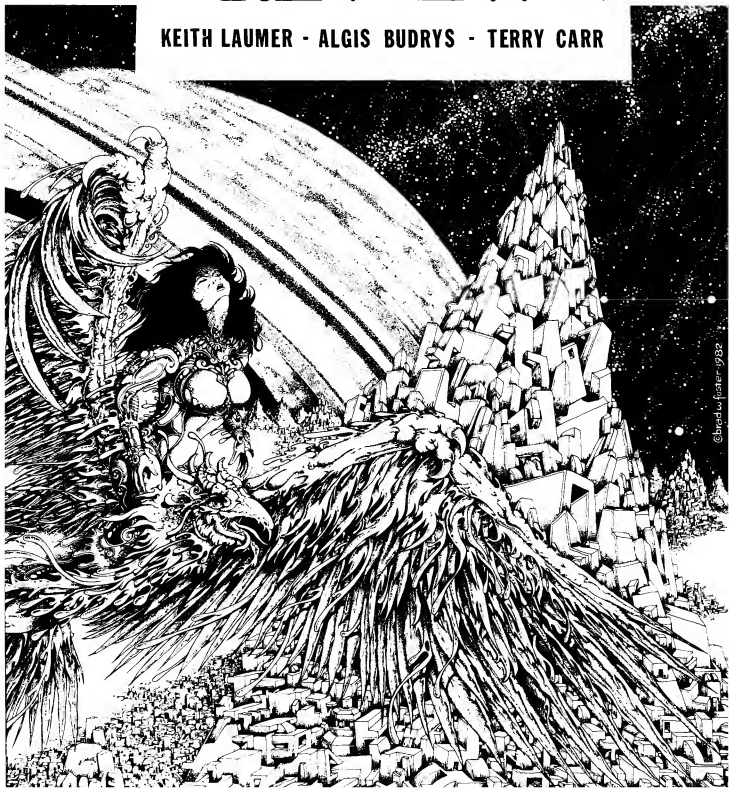
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KEITH LAUMER - ALGIS BUDRYS - TERRY CARR



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RICHARD E. GEIS—EDITOR & PUBLISHER
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 BEFORE THE GAO.



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 Conducted by David Langford

A PROFILE OF LARRY NIVEN
 By Charles Platt

HOW NOT TO WRITE SCIENCE FICTION
 By Richard Wilson

STANDING BY JERICO
 By Steve Gallagher

BUT WHY DOES
 GEIS REALLY
 WANT MY OLD
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ALIEN THOUGHTS BY THE EDITOR

I GO, YOU GO, WE ALL GO FOR A HUGO

The results of the Hugo balloting, counting, and awarding are as follows:

Best Novel: DOWNBELOW STATION

By C.J. Cherryh

Best Novella: THE SATURN GAME

By Poul Anderson

Best Novelette: "Unicorn Variations"

By Roger Zelazny

Best Short Story: "The Pusher"

By John Varley

Best Nonfiction Book: DANSE MACABRE

By Stephen King

Best Dramatic Presentation:

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK

Best Professional Editor:

Edward Ferman

Best Professional Artist:

Michael Whelan

Best Fanzine: LOCUS, Charles Brown,

Editor.

Best Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis

Best Fan Artist: Victoria Poyser

John W. Campbell Award:

Alexis Gilliland

Special Committee Award: Mike Glyer

("For keeping the Fan in Fanzine Publishing.")

First Fandom Award: Bill Crawford

Pat Terry Award: Randall Garrett

Commentary: The good ol' pros took almost all the awards. By this time I think C. J. Cherryh can be added to the old pro group.

LOCUS won again, the first time any fanzine has won the award three times in a row.

It's good to see Victoria Poyser win as Best Fan Artist.

I'm very happy to have won a Best Fan Writer Hugo, and I fervently thank all those who nominated me and voted for me. I presume someday I'll be sent the actual Hugo. I've heard it was given to Marta Randall for transport as far as Oakland... But there has been no official word from the Committee.

There was a vote in the Business Meeting to revise the qualifications for Best Fanzine Hugo. If the next worldcon ratifies the changes there will be a Semiprozine Hugo award, also, with the Best Fanzine award.

These changes [aimed really at LOCUS and SFR] give the smaller circulation zines (under 1,000 copies per issue) a chance at a Hugo.

Fair enough. Though I resent being shoved out of fandom in this

fashion, into the cold, cruel world of a LOCUS-dominated category.

Sob Now I know how Mike Glyer feels.

But at least these changes won't likely come into effect until the nominating and voting in 1984.

See, I keep scheming... If there's some way I can get SFR's circulation under 1000 copies.... Maybe the depression will wither away enough subscribers.... By Ghod, I'll stay a fan and keep on publishing a fanzine till the Worldcons freeze over!

But all this travail and manipulation of the fanzine category is of great moment to only about ten people.

FILE 770, #55 is the effort of Mike Glyer, 5828 Woodman Av., #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401.

Published "about every six weeks", available at 5 issues for \$3. or \$1. per for airmail.

Mike has just published a *Chicon V* Worldcon Report issue, very well done, in his personable, interesting, often humorous style.

Mike is a Trufan who has endured, stayed the course, done it his way, and who truly does deserve a Hugo for Best Fan Writer and/or Best Fanzine.

I had to smile at his wearing a t-shirt which proclaimed "SIX-TIME HUGO LOSER at the Awards Banquet. I could wear one that says "TWELVE-TIME HUGO LOSER"... but who's counting? (You are, Geis!) Who said that?

Anyway, you should give FILE 770 a trial. It's the news/opinionzine of sf fandom.



FORRY ACKERMAN SENDS ME SOME STRANGE things. He opens up corners of publishing I don't know exist. Almost anything in which he appears finds its way to me, and I am usually croggled.

Today he sent a copy of THE INTERNATIONAL COMM LINE, Sept. 1982, in which...well, I'm not sure what he has in this issue---a photo of himself with Gray Levett who wrote a review (favorable, of course) of L. Ron Hubbard's new, monstrously large novel, BATTLEFIELD EARTH: A SAGA OF THE YEAR 3000.

COMM LINE is blatantly a Scientology organ, with a reprint of this issue of L. Ron Hubbard story from 1940, "Just Imagine." Ah, I see---there's a short Foreword by Forry to the story.

Of some interest and value is a glossary of Scientology terms which yields the new word "upstat"---one who has high statistics. New to me, anyway.

I see in the classified ads that used E-Meters are in plentiful supply, from a Mark V model for \$75 to a Mark VI (never used) for \$1,000. Also available are autographed copies of BATTLEFIELD EARTH at \$850 a pop.

Forry also sent a flyer announcing a new book he has edited: THE GERNSBACK AWARDS, Vol.1---selected fiction from 1926 to 1954. A projected 28-volume effort to be published by Triton Books, POB 27934, Los Angeles, CA 90027.

The volumes will cost \$14.95 plus \$1.50 postage. Or \$55 ppd for the first four volumes.

I suppose Forry will be editing all 28 volumes. He's certainly qualified to do it.

I have a copy of BATTLEFIELD EARTH sent for review by St. Martin's Press, and I started reading it. But the mother is too fucking loong! It is written in prime pulp style, perhaps a bit leisurely, as Hubbard knew he could get anything he wrote published, no matter how long. It's too formula-ish and shallow and predictable for my taste. But it is no doubt an endless delight for a 13-year-old who will wallow in the far future, the evil aliens, the young, genius male Earthing who battles a galaxy-wide empire.

God! I wish I was thirteen again!

BORIS VALLEJO FANTASY CALENDAR-1983

A fine, large [the painting reproductions are 12"x12-1/2"] calendar of the picture-above-calendar format which allows framing of the full-color paintings after the year is past. (Or after the month, if you're impatient.)

The paintings are:

"The Red Amazon"
 "Genie"
 "Captive Maiden"
 "Jungle Warriors"
 "Winged Beast"
 "The Island of the Stone Gods"
 "The Brand"
 "Crimson Fury"
 "The Attack of the Gork"
 "The Spider's Web"
 "Riders from the Past"
 "The Slave Merchant"

There is a magnificent centerfold painting, "Dragon's Birth".

Vallejo, as we all know, imparts a near-three-dimensional solidity and realism to his paintings, and most of these feature nude and semi-nude beautiful women and mighty-thewed men.

This calendar is published by Workman Publishing, 1 West 39 St., New York, NY 10018.

There is no price on the calendar [possibly \$5.95] but it should be available at sf bookstores and perhaps other outlets--department stores...

ALIEN THOUGHTS THIS ISSUE IS A STEW of reviews, listings, economics, news, commentary...

Well, for instance, I'll show you what I'll be doing a lot of next issue. But first a rationale: I feel a greater and greater guilt pressure to at least mention all the books and magazines which are received here. They cannot all be read and reviewed, of course. But I believe the readers of SFR should be alerted to the facts of a book's publication, price, author and publisher. There are a wide variety of interests in the readership, and I'm a firm advocate of "Whatever turns you on---" And there is a great utility and need for a magazine where practically everything is given a notice, at least.

There are probably hundreds of small presses out there which need some "bulletin boarding" of their sf, fantasy and related weird cuisines in fiction.

Today we received a ms. copy of a completed occult novel from a professional author who wants an advance review he could possibly send to the publisher. [The novel has already been sold and scheduled for publication.] Happy to see it because he's a damned good writer.

The review will appear in SFR after the book is published. I waste nothing!

SPACE TOYS---A Collector's Guide To Science Fiction and Astronautical Toys. By Crystal and Leland Payton. Published by Collectors Compass, POB 1666, Sedalia, MO 65301.

Cost: \$9.95. With Price Guide, \$13.95.

FOUNDATION'S EDGE A Caedmon recording of Isaac Asimov reading from his new Foundation novel. The dj features a fine Leo and Dianne Dillon painting.

Caedmon TC 1710. No price on the album.

2010: ODYSSEY TWO A Caedmon recording on Arthur C. Clarke reading from his new novel. He reads chapters 1, 9, 11, 16, 30, 51, and the Epilog.

Caedmon TC 1709. No price on the album.

SIDESHOW Tales of the Galactic Midway #1. By Mike Resnick. Signet, \$2.50. Provocative cover showing a three-breasted woman, among other creatures.

CARNIFEX MARDI GRAS By John F. Carr. Pequot Press, POB 122, Northridge, CA 91328.

Profusely illustrated by about 21 full-page Fabian drawings. This novel is set in the 21st Century... a world of "unlimited wealth and unbridled license." Sounds like my kind of book!

Price: Quality hardcover---\$12. Signed and numbered edition---\$20.

PHILOSOPHERS LOOK AT SCIENCE FICTION Edited by Nicholas Smith. Nelson-Hall Publishers, 111 N. Canal Street, Chicago, IL 60606.

Philosophers take some basic sf themes and examine them, speculate.. For professional academics, primarily, and college students. Justin Leiber's examination of his father's [Fritz] fiction is probably the best thing in the book.

Price: Cloth \$20.95, Paper \$10.95

SHADOWS 5 Edited by Charles L. Grant. Doubleday, \$11.95.

11 brand-new stories of the macabre and bizarre by:

Tanith Lee, Steve Rasnick Tem, Alan Ryan, Al Sarrantonio, Avon Swofford, Phyllis Eisenstein, Terry L. Parkinson, Marta Randall, Beverly Evans, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro.

MAGICIAN By Raymond E. Feist. Doubleday, \$19.95.

Medieval sword and sorcery with elements of sf: aliens, a "rift in space". 545 pages---long, but may be good. Main character is a boy.

PROSTITUTION HAS REARED ITS seductive, troublesome head on a major street near here. Union Avenue has become--for about a mile--a display of hookers standing on the street corners from late afternoon on.

I counted 23 one evening as we drove down Union on our way to Sears. A couple years ago there weren't any prostitutes on the street--- they were primarily on parade downtown on Third Avenue, clustered in and around a few bars.

As new, expensive businesses moved into that area---big, corporate businesses---the police pressured the girls out.

Like water, prostitution cannot be compressed---it pops up some-

THE CORPORATION STRIKES BACK

A NEW EROTIC SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL BY RICHARD E. GEIS

THE STAR WHORES SAGA CONTINUES---Toi King, Sex Guild Companion, is kidnapped by the corporation she frustrated in STAR WHORES. Taken to Phallus, the pleasure planet, injected with a new, powerful sex drug, enslaved, she must make her escape and seek a terrible revenge.



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where else.

Now local neighborhood groups are making noises and sounding outraged by the girls and--further north--a porno theatre.

Yet the girls still parade. And the police are saying they are being told not to make too many arrests--because there isn't enough bed space in the jail to hold the girls off the street for long. Result is low bail, speedy processing, and the Ladies are out on Union smiling at men in passing cars.

There are always two problems inherent with prostitution, even if there is a general acceptance of it as a social fact of life: NOBODY WANTS A RED LIGHT DISTRICT in their area, or a bordello next door, and there seem to be a host of crimes associated with concentrated prostitution--mugging, fraud, public drunkenness, dope, and thefts from parked cars.

The police say they haven't the manpower to properly police such an area all the time.

The argument that prostitution should be legalized runs into the same problems.

The "solution" of having the local government set up and supervise warehouses and police the areas while making a profit for the city or county isn't workable because of the vicious anti-sex public morality (as opposed to personal, private morality) espoused by politicians and church groups. The wages of sin might be lowered taxes, but it still won't fly in the United States.



A possible solution to the "where?" problem--in Portland, at least--is to license a string of houseboat brothels tied up on the East side of the Willamette River--now unused, mostly, and let the bonded, closely monitored owners hire private guards to keep order on and in the houses, and in the nearby riverside parking lots.

This option could work. It would be observed by the world as an intriguing attempt to make commercial sex safe and controlled.

If Nevada can handle gambling, why can't Portland (or any large city?) handle street prostitution? [Call girls---for the upper and middle class---are almost never bothered with.]

And who knows, a few decades of honest, safe sex-for-sale might bring into existence a kind of labor union for and by the Ladies and Young Men...a Sex Guild.

TRANSMUTATIONS---A Book of Personal Alchemy. By Alexei Panshin. Elephant Books, Box 999, Dublin, PA 18917.

Price: Limited hardcover edition, 150 copies, numbered and signed, \$20. Trade paperback, cover by Barclay Shaw, \$8.

Alexei and Cory Panshin, IBM Composer in hand, have started a publishing company, Elephant Books---and are open to new kinds of science fiction, art and criticism that goes beyond... Like that. Where has all the wonder gone? They'll try to capture it. Write them for details.

Yes, this one I'll read and review.

FANTASY NEWSLETTER November 1982. Edited by Robert A. Collins.

A handsome, full-size 40-page zine this, with two-color Adkins cover and a full professional writers lineup of contributors. Coverage of the specialty fan presses, the prozines, paperbacks, hardbacks...a fully-rounded news/commentary zine. Good to fine artwork. But there's a chill in the air and a faint presiment that FN may not survive too much longer. The price, \$2.50 per copy, \$18. per year in the U.S., seems too high.

The address: 500 NW 20th Street, Boca Raton, FL 33431.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE DEPRESSION...

The stock markets boomed. Exploded. There has been, as of 8-20-82, a week of panic buying. A week of record volume of sales, a week of record advances. Why, you'd think Happy Days Are Here Again.

And all because interest rates started down, engineered by the Federal Reserve. For months the Fed has been feeding reserves into the banking system, encouraging banks to make more loans, save more companies, keep the financial juice flowing. And then last week, and this week, the Fed had to move swiftly and obviously in a panic itself, to signal easy money and a major rescue.

Fine? About time? Easy money, cheaper debt [credit] is always a boom stimulus, right?

Except that the events which caused the Federal Reserve Board to cut the discount rate [their interest rate on loans they make to U.S. banks] from 13% to 12% to 10% were a string of crucially placed bankruptcies of U.S. government securities brokers in New York, the failure of a big bank in the Midwest, the failure of a huge bank in Italy, and the imminent default/bankruptcy of Mexico which is 80 billion dollars in debt and has what is euphemistically called a "cash flow problem." Further, and not noted by the public, a huge multinational corporation in West Germany is about to go under, endangering a couple large banks in that country. Meanwhile, in Canada, a major oil corporation owing billions (another cash-flow problem, you see) is in the process of going belly up.

The list of major imminent defaults and bankruptcies is increasing, and there are about 1600 "problem" banks and savings & loan institutions in this country teetering on the edge of being forced into closing their doors.

All these desperate situations and their implications are what triggered the Fed easy-money moves.

The implications are that two or three of the largest banks in the world have recently taken staggering losses due to defaults and forced bankruptcies and are taking unpunished torpedoes below the waterline from soured Third World multi-billion dollar loans.

The Eurodollar bond and securities markets could easily collapse. There is so much uninsured, unsecured debt in those Eurodollar markets that it would snowball whole continents into economic oblivion.

Everyone, every government is trapped in no-win corners.

And the frosting on the absurdist cake the stock market speculators are eating is interest-rate guru Henry Kaufman's turnaround on his interest rate predictions: from higher (because a recovery from the recession would put tremendous pressure on the supply of liquidity as the government financed 150 billion dollar deficits, to lower, because he sees no recovery ahead, and maybe even further collapse!)

The wild-eyed speculators on Wall Street, gambling billions of dollars of pension funds, insurance reserves, mutual funds on the expectation that lower interest rates in themselves will fuel more and more borrowing and one-more-recovery-please-God! are ignoring fundamentals in a



sickening lemming-like jump off the cliff.

What are they going to do when they discover that for some strange reason lower interest rates are NOT sparking a surge in new debt? When they see a very weak plateau "recovery" melt away into another slide and ever greater economic troubles?

The reason why interest rates at 10%...8%...6%...won't help this economy or the world economy is the old wet-noodle problem: you can't push a wet noodle---you can only pull it.

Translation: you can't make individuals and lending institutions make consciously bad loans. Nobody will loan out good money knowing or fearing that the borrower will not be able to pay it back with interest.

The Fed can pump (or offer to loan) unlimited billions of dollars to banks---but can't make the banks borrow and lend in a national and international debt collapse environment.

The Mexican moment of truth has been put off three months, till Nov. 20th or so, and the Fed is secretly propping several big, big banks in New York.

But the base is eroding: small and medium-size businesses are failing at horrendous rates. Massive layoffs by major corporations--worldwide--are still continuing, still scheduled.

People are scared, and those that can are saving money--not spending!

After an inflation scare prices will come down---and as it becomes clear that later on prices will be still lower, it will pay to wait! And the ferocious process that worked in inflationary times to encourage spending before prices go up more, will then reverse and prompt people to not buy, to wait, and as a result sales will continue to decline, force prices lower, decline, force desperate price cutting....

That's the self-feeding aspect of deflation. And we are in the beginnings of a deflation cycle now.

There is no way our government and the other governments can run deficits high enough to compensate

for the untold billions of dollars of losses now occurring and continuing to accumulate into a major avalanche of debt collapse.

The economic/financial agony of the present time is THE MAJOR STORY in the world, and only a few of the media editors and publishers have had the guts to follow it. The mass media report only surface day-to-day events and deliberately do not link these events into a coherent whole. Why? If they do show and tell what BUSINESS WEEK and THE WALL STREET JOURNAL have been reporting for the past year or so, the mass public will panic and the collapse will come sooner, rather than later. It is in the interest of the government and giant corporations and banks to not let the public be aware of the true depth and extent of the debt crisis.

The fundamental reason for the worldwide debt crisis is simple: Too many countries, corporations and individuals borrowed too much. They spent the money they borrowed, and now, when they have to pay the money back, they cannot, according to the terms of their debt contracts.

The reason for the depression we are entering is also basically simple: We have enjoyed the boom created and sustained by all that \$750 (estimated) billion debt and now, worldwide, the spending/buying level of past boom years cannot be continued. Mexico is having to cut its purchases of goods and services from the USA by 40% or more. Similar cuts are being made by other debtor countries. Because orders are shrinking or disappearing, manufacturers are cutting back. Unemployment rises and workers cut back, and people with jobs, fearing layoffs, cut back and save more.

Trade shrinks in a down spiral as orders shrink, employment is reduced, bankruptcies rise.

There is a school of thought that says the world's central banks and governments cannot allow this spiral to continue into a 1930s collapse. These people expect the authorities to "reflate" the world economy by pouring out unlimited amounts of credits/debt.

BUT---this is crucial---it is not possible to replace all the spent borrowed money with even more borrowed money. Would Mexico now willingly borrow another 72 billion dollars of added debt? Who would lend it to them? Would the people of this country allow our national debt to be extended an extra trillion dollars in two years time to give "created" credits to insolvent countries and transnational corporations? Who in his right mind would buy those bonds? The spectre of hor-

rendous inflation would prompt people with money to demand unheard-of interest rates, and as all this "new" money was spent it would drive up prices till the cost of living drove everyone to defensive positions---spending all income as quickly as possible before prices rose further. Saving would stop. A credit crunch would develop...a crash would follow.

No way out.

The authorities know all this.

There is going on now what is called a "flight to quality". It proves the old adage that there is nothing so afraid as a million dollars. Money is fleeing into areas of greatest safety: U.S. treasury obligations, the stock market, and top-rated U.S. corporate securities. Billions of dollars are flowing into this country from Latin America, from the Middle-East, and from Europe. These billions of dollars are fueling the stock market rise, in part, and helping to drive down interest rates.

One would think these billions and the 130 billion-rate of U.S. govt. deficit would stimulate our economy into some kind of recovery, wouldn't you? I thought so a few months ago. But the contraction of foreign orders and domestic orders continues, employment shrinks, and fear spreads.

The inflation game is dead. We're in a shrinking pie world, and dog-eat-dog competition for a piece of that pie is beginning to be vicious.

Be aware that the billions of dollars coming into this country is harming the country it leaves, making trade and investment in that country more difficult, resulting in fewer orders for imports....

A self-feeding downward cycle has begun. It will accelerate in the coming several years until it reaches its natural debt cycle end.

Watch the politicos scream and yell and promise the moon. Watch the economists mumble and dodge and talk about surface effects. Watch the horrendous adjustments in society and culture forced by this debt collapse, and try to position yourself to your best personal advantage.

I NEVER TRIED VOODOO ECONOMICS, BUT YOU CAN BET THIS IS ONE SICK ECONOMIST!



KEITH LAUMER

A Profile By Charles Platt

The first time I met Keith Laumer he was tall and strong, a casually capable outdoorsman, with an equally formidable intellect and not a shred of false modesty.

He had traveled widely while in the Air Force and while working for the State Department. He had taught himself something about almost everything, from history to legering to gourmet cooking to engineering to art, and all that he knew was factually accurate, and most of it was fascinating. He showed a small amount of pity and a fair amount of scorn for anyone who was less demanding than he was -- as though he believed that excellence was the only value that truly mattered. He was impatient with people who tolerated weakness or imperfection in themselves.

The second time I met Keith Laumer, one year later, his left side was paralyzed from what doctors had diagnosed as a stroke and he seemed devastated by the frustration of what had been inflicted upon him. Fate was forcing him to accept the unacceptable: a disability which made a mockery of the code he had always lived by.

That was more than ten years ago. As I drive to Laumer's Florida home now, I have no idea what has happened during the intervening decade.

He lives in wild, empty country. Down an unpaved back-road of fine, pale gray dust between stunted trees and swamp grass; the telephone poles carry a single wire and a single lony bird is sitting on it.

I reach his driveway. And here is a strange, enigmatic sight: For some reason, the entrance is marked by two dented 1968 Mercury Cougars, abandoned here on flat tires, with numbers scrawled in black paint on their rusty roofs.

Approaching to his house -- a modern building on a spacious piece of land -- I find more junked Cougars parked at the side of the driveway and more are in the three-car garage; and still more are scattered across the lawn at the back of the house. There must be at least thirty cars altogether, all of the same year and model, all dilapidated and all numbered in black spray-paint.

Keith Laumer greets me at his front door and we walk through his elegant home. He moves slowly, still encumbered with a leg brace, but he no longer has the air of despair that he showed ten years ago. He seems grim and determined now to overcome the catastrophe that almost ruined his life.

He tells me how he came to live out here. His father bought large tracts in Florida very cheaply after World War II and became a real-estate millionaire. When Laumer decided he wanted to build a dream house, his father supplied an idyllic plot surrounded on three sides by a lake, in untouched countryside. Here, on what is virtually an island, Laumer supervised construction according to his own specifications -- he was trained as an architect. Outside every window is water, and beyond that, wilderness.

Ever true to his code of self-sufficiency, he then started making his own furniture, to his own designs in a woodworking shop in his garage.

"When I was out in Rangoon, Burma, in the Diplomatic Service where the beautiful oriental timbers grow, I shipped home a bunch of slabs of three or four different beautiful woods. I was about half way through furnishing the whole house when I was ... temporarily interrupted.

"At first, you know, the medical profession told me, 'The likelihood of any significant recovery is minimal.' In other words, what they were really saying was -- (He clenches his fist on the handle of his cane. He grimaces with rage and raises his

voice to a shout.) -- 'Fuck you, stupid! Assholes like you spend your goddamn lives abusing your fucking bodies sucking on cigarettes and drinking booze and never getting any exercise, and when the goddamn thing finally rots you come crawling in here whining for a miracle. Well you're not going to get one. Do you realize I'm late for the golf course?'

"And then, zap, out the door."

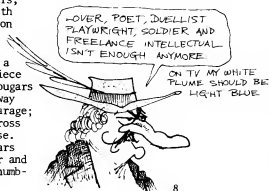
The anger leaves him as abruptly as it came. I realize I'm flinching from him. While he was shouting, the intensity was frightening. But he continues now, once again in a normal, conversational tone.

"Well, the fact is, I always took the best conceivable care of myself. I used to do a five-mile run every day, on trails through the woods. And it's almost as though I had a premonition that something was going to happen to me, because every day when I came in I'd turn around and say, 'All right, you sons of bitches, that's another five miles I took away from you. You can't get that back.'

"I never ate too much or too little. I ate good food and I never did start smoking, so I never had to quit. I enjoy beer or wine, but there isn't any form of hard liquor that I like.

"One day shortly after I got into this horrible state, I was reading an issue of TIME on the subject of CVAs, which means Cerebro-Vascular Accidents, and it had a little checklist there. I scored zero all the way down; nothing applied to me. So I got through and I said, 'Okay, it'll never happen to me. So let me out of here!'

"And actually it didn't happen to me. That actually happened was a curious thing, to which everybody is subject to some degree, starting before you are born, as soon as your intellect becomes aware of itself. Your mother bumps against something and you didn't like that a bit and you make a decision, 'I do not like to be knocked around and I have got to be tough, so that it cannot happen to me any more.' Your body responds to that absolute command by hardening itself, in the form of muscles tightening up.



"Everybody has a tight muscle representing some experience that you subconsciously shunted aside. Say a big black dog comes bounding out onto the lawn when you're three years old. That's too scary, so some part of your mind, way down Jeep, says 'This is too much!' and shunts that emotional energy into some place where it's safe, way down in a muscle next to the bone of your thigh perhaps. And little by little you get an accumulation of these things. And apparently in my case I got an accumulation of them that finally crossed a threshold -- and something said 'Okay, execute Plan A.' And Plan A was to go -- crtrrrkkk. And there I was, all fucked up."

I say that this sounds like the theory of Rolfing.

"The therapy that I'm getting is to Rolfing as champagne is to ditch water. The most visible part of what he does is the massage, using a knuckle or an elbow. He can feel that muscle down there that's harder than rock. When he squeezes out that muscle, it lets go. And I can feel it let go. And the funny thing is that I get the emotion that originally caused it. Either I'm scared shitless or I'm awful sorry for poor little me or I'm so goddam mad I could kill somebody. The emotion comes flooding out, as fresh as the day it happened. And after that the muscle can stay normal.

"And once he gets everything out, which is simply a matter of digging and digging at it, then everything will work freely." Keith Laumer says this with absolute, calm conviction. The therapy he is receiving, twice a week, has lasted four years now; but he knows it will work. Obviously, it has to.

"It hurts horribly, but it's just barely within what I can face. It's at least as bad as surgery without anaesthetic. It's especially bad when he hits a fear pocket, because then you get terror along with the pain. Like when he starts working down in around the throat. You know goddam well you're being choked to death and you're panic stricken and suffering agonies at the same moment.

"If somebody had tried to tell me about this before I got into this state I would have said 'Bullshit.' But when it happens to Number One, you can't deny it.

"When I first got into this state, for five years I didn't write anything. Then I slowly got started, doing a few short stories and then I started writing one of the novels for which I had contracted before. And I have now completed four novels

and half-a-dozen short stories and am just starting a new novel which is due in a few months and I have just signed a contract to do two more.

"I always used to type. Now, I have to do it in longhand. But I have a gal who comes in once a week to tidy up the place and she also types up what I've written. So that works fairly well.

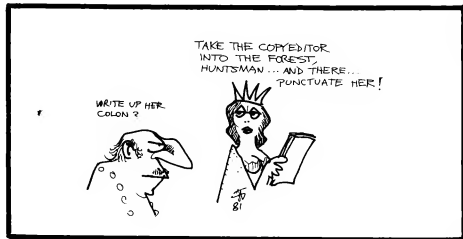
"I just turned in a new Retief novel and before that was THE STAR COLONY and THE ULTIMAX MAN, which came out some months ago from St. Martin's Press."

Retief is Laumer's favorite hero, an interstellar diplomat whose lot in life is to grapple constantly and comically, with a galaxy full of incompetents.

"I always enjoyed doing Retief and I still do. The world is so full of bullshit -- there's always a fresh supply -- and in the Retief stories

Mentioning these positions reminds him of all the publishers who have printed inaccurate biographical notes on his life. And this brings back his rage. One moment he's mild-mannered Keith, with a sly smile and a taste for gentle irony. And then, in a flash, he's Demon Laumer, screaming and swearing in vile fury. It's difficult for me to indicate, in print, how wildly he fluctuates to and fro.

"As a result of my going from the Air Force to the Diplomatic Service, and then back to the Air Force, the -- GOD DAMNED ASS HOLES -- who write blurbs on book jackets, instead of asking me, made up some -- CRAZY BULL SHIT -- about how I was some kind of a 'diplomatic aide' or some goddamned thing. If the -- MOTHERFUCKING ASS HOLES -- had just asked me ... Anybody who knows anything about diplomatic practice would read that and say, 'This guy's a phony because there is no such thing as a 'diplomatic aide.'



I try to puncture some of it. And that's always worth doing."

He started writing the stories as a reaction to his time spent in the Diplomatic Service. I ask how long he was with the State Department.

"I was never with them," he corrects me grimly, "I was employed by them. I was, in fact, against them from the beginning. I was there for about three years; I was a Third Secretary of Embassy of the United States of America in the United States Diplomatic Service and I was a Vice Consul of Career in the United States Consular Service and I was a Foreign Service Officer of Class 7 in the United States Foreign Service. I ranked 'with and after a captain,' which didn't thrill me because I had already been a captain in the Air Force."

"When I go in there and see them and say a bad word, do you think that does any good? No, they put the same GOD DAMNED SHIT on the next book. They make me grind my teeth.

"And then the goddamned editor of IF magazine, when it was running all the Retief stories, constantly got out his god damned editorial pencil and changed the little technical niceties to something that seemed to his god damned brainless mind to be a little closer to Middle American blah, thereby completely destroying the verisimilitude. So anybody who was actually in the Diplomatic Service reading it would say, 'Well this asshole's never been near the Diplomatic Service.' The god damned prick!

"I said, 'Look, when I say the man was a counsellor, I do NOT repeat NOT mean that he was a member of a council.' So will you kindly FUCK OFF changing the spelling to

'councillor?' It AIN'T THAT, see?"

Laumer relaxes back into his chair.

"But do you think he got it? He didn't understand. Perhaps -- perhaps I didn't make it plain enough. Or -- maybe he thought I didn't mean it, because I wasn't emphatic enough." He gives me a faint, ironic smile.

"Little things like that. For some reason unknown to anybody the word 'despatch' in the State Department is spelled with an E. So I spelled it with an E and he changed it to an I. I said, 'Will you FUCKING LAY OFF?' And he said, 'But I looked in the We-ber Dick-en-ary...' So I said, 'Look up your FUCKING ASS-HOLE, jerk! I am the guy who was a full-time professional U.S. diplomat!'"

His anger subsides again and he begins telling me an anecdote.

"One day I had a most interesting letter from somebody at the State Department Foreign Service Institute who asked me if, the next time I was in Washington, I would stop by and address the student body. And he said, 'Personally, I'm sort of a Magnan type myself.'" He chuckles.

"A what type?" I ask, not getting the joke.

"A Magnan type." He sees that my face is still blank. Suddenly, he grabs his cane and slams it against the floor. He lets out a terrifying, full-blooded scream. "You never heard of Magnan! Gaaarrgh! He is Retief's sidekick in every Retief story. Aaarrgh! Nyaaarrgh!"

It's a terrible, frightening sound, like a barbarian war cry. He lets go his cane, grabs a saber in an ornamental sheath, and strikes it fiercely against the couch where he is sitting. He keeps screaming and scowling at me.

"I thought you said 'magnum'," I try to tell him.

"Aaarrgh! Aaarrgh!"

"I'm sorry, Keith, but --"

"Naarrghh! Aaarrgh!" He pauses for breath. "Have I made myself clear?" he asks mildly, replacing the saber in its corner. "You see, I think people ought to know that Magnan is the sidekick of Retief," he goes on matter-of-factly, "and is a weak sister, highly ineffectual and it's pretty funny when this guy put in his letter, 'I'm sort of Magnan type myself.' I thought that was really charming."

"How are you going to transcribe my roars, off the tape?" he asks reflectively. "I suggest: 'A-R-G-G-G-H-H-H-H'."

Feeling slightly dazed at this

point, I manage to agree that that sounds like a fine way to spell it. Hoping to put the conversation on safer ground, I ask why he seems so down on the State Department.

"The United States Department of State," he says carefully, "is as filthy an organization as ever existed on this planet, up to and including the Gestapo."

No, I object, it can't be that bad.

"Morse! It is rotten from the top to the bottom and if anybody gets into it who isn't rotten, he's pounded on till he is rotten, or he gets out."

Really? That bad?

"MORSE! Think of something rotten, and they do it. Nothing as wholesome and decent as simply taking money for selling military secrets to the enemy. I mean, any red-blooded American boy might do that. But not these cocksucking bastards, they go way beyond that. If you've read my novel EMBASSY, which is not science fiction, you'll get some idea of my experiences. I poured my life blood into that book. A testament of two-and-a-half to three horrible fucking years out of my life. And editors said, 'Oh, yes, THE UGLY AMERICAN with sex.' Gaah! It's a horrible thing that that goddamned book THE UGLY AMERICAN, came out when it did. It was a piss-poor book, whereas EMBASSY was a marvelous book, and if THE UGLY AMERICAN hadn't come out right ahead of it, it would have sold twelve zillion copies. It should have been reissued when that thing was going on in Iran, because what went on in my book was the same kind of shit, and it showed exactly how it comes to pass, because of the venality and cowardice of the goddamned bastards who've been running the American Embassies in the United States Department of State."

"If I were placed in charge, I would disband the department, fire anybody who had worked for it in any capacity, and no one who had worked for it would ever be eligible to work for the new Department of Foreign Affairs. Every building that had belonged to that organization would be gotten rid of, every vehicle. That's what it would take to clean it up. Nothing less."

I ask if he feels that bureaucracy is always inherently corrupt and inefficient.

"Of course. It's a concept that has flaws built into it, part of its nature. There are a lot of jokes that embody the truth, like the one: 'In the civil service they promote a man until he reaches a job that he can't do.' It's the fucking truth! Therefore, you have an incompetent occupying every position."

"It is absolutely against the interests of any bureaucrat to cut down in any way on the scope of his duties or the number of people that work for him. Because his pay is based on these things. So you get one bureaucrat fighting to steal some section away from some other bureaucrat so he can have all those people added to his list, so he can get a raise."

"It's analogous to the U.S. legal system, which places a premium on extending litigation. It's not in the interest of lawyers to shorten litigation, but to prolong it as far as possible."

I ask if his dislike for bureaucracy is so strong as to make him a libertarian.

"No -- that's anarchy, and under anarchy the biggest assholes gang up and beat the shit out of everybody else and take everything for themselves, and I'm not interested in that. It's Europe in the Dark Ages."





I mention that Poul Anderson is a libertarian of sorts.

"Well, that simply establishes that Poul Anderson doesn't know shit from wild honey. People who express approval of that kind of thing aren't thinking in terms of, all of a sudden, no more TV, no gas in the gas station, no groceries in the grocery store. All of that is the product of a fantastic network of cooperation. If everybody just said 'Fuck it!' it would all stop. You could take off your clothes, go off into the woods, and start looking for nuts and berries."

Laumer's views on modern science fiction are almost as scathing as his views on the state of modern society.

"I find it very bad and uninteresting. A lot of it is very pretentious. Science fiction started off as a literature that was created for fun and read for pleasure. Now it's become a channel for social and socialistic ideas from writers who are avant-garde and new-wavey and liberal and all those things make me puke, so there's just nothing there for me.

"Personally, I never said 'I am going to write science fiction.' I just decided to write something that pleased me. I never even had the intention of becoming a writer; one day, in Rangoon, I told my wife, 'I'm going to stay home from that goddamned office today and write a story.' And I did and I sold it and all the ones since.

"I went on doing jobs, like going back into the Air Force. It was a long time before it occurred to me that I should quit doing all the other stuff and write full-time. But I finally did, resigned from the Air Force in 1965, came to Florida and built the house and settled down to

live happily ever after. And five years later they tried to kill me. So that has drastically changed the pattern of my life. I've had to devote every waking and sleeping moment to fighting this goddamned plague, to recover my life, which I am doing, and will complete."

During the last part of the conversation, we've been eating steak which he insisted on preparing for me -- a very fine cut of beef, cooked to perfection. He clings stubbornly to his ideas about excellence. He still has detailed plans for the completion of his house: "Everything properly made, and perfectly maintained," seems to be his motto.

And I learn that the dozens of junked Mercury Cougars that he's collected are a strange part of this obsession with perfection. He's vague about how the collection got started but he's quite definite about what he's going to do. He'll repair every last one of them, as soon as he gets his strength back. He'll restore them "to new condition -- or better." He tells me there are thirty-eight cars in all, and shows me some hood emblems and instrument-panel trim that he's already removed and had rechromed. "It gives me something to occupy my mind when I'm not thinking about 'Topic A,'" he says quietly.

To me it seems as if the cars are an externalization of his own condition; they mar the beauty of his land as his illness has marred his life, and he wants to restore their steel bodies as he would heal his own.

He shrugs, and doesn't argue the point.

Before I leave, he shows me pictures of his three daughters, one of

whom lives in London, the other two in Texas, which is also where his ex-wife is located. "After I have completed the total recovery of my health," he says, "I'm going to marry an absolutely first-class young beauty and have another family. And I'll know a lot more about what I'm doing, the next time."

Then he walks outside with me into the warm Florida evening.

I remark that the cruelty of what he has experienced would make me doubt the existence of a god, if I were not already agnostic.

"But it has had exactly the opposite effect on me," he says. Before this happened to me, I was always content, but never happy. Now, I have a whole new view of life. I appreciate life with a depth and scope I would never have imagined. And it cannot be an accident. I believe in God now, and could not have come to this realization any other way. There is some principle, some force, which is active in controlling the universe, and I definitely believe that this applies to the individual."

For now, at least, he seems to have vented all his resentments. He speaks with a strange kind of equanimity.

"I sure wish some of my old friends would stop by," he goes on, as I get in my rented car. "Though I wouldn't ever tell 'em that," he adds gruffly.

I can see why they stay away, of course. No doubt they dread his spasms of rage and the way he stands as a vivid reminder of the shadow under which we all live. Keith Laumer was stricken at age forty-five, in excellent physical shape; obviously then, it could happen to me or you, or anyone. I suppose it's poor form to stress the point; most of us naturally prefer not to dwell on mortality, and so we feel uncomfortable visiting disabled friends or even reading profiles of them. Pretending we're invulnerable is a common enough way of coping with life.

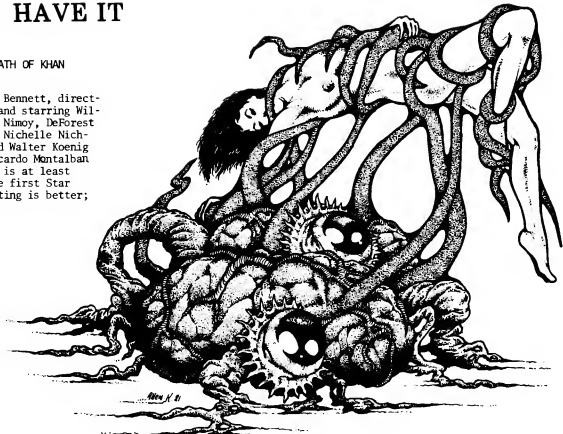
Keith Laumer, of course, currently lacks that option.



THE EYES HAVE IT

STAR TREK II: THE WRATH OF KHAN

Produced by Harve Bennett, directed by Nicholas Meyer and starring William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, James Doohan, Nichelle Nichols, George Takei and Walter Koenig and guest-starring Ricardo Montalban as Khan, *STAR TREK II* is at least more exciting than the first *Star Trek* movie and the acting is better;



the actors seem more sure of themselves and their characters, but the plot has enough holes in it to drive a starship through.

The plot concerns Khan, a eugenically engineered superman from the 1990's whose "sleeper" ship was found by Captain Kirk fifteen years prior to the events in this movie. Kirk left Khan and his followers on a planet, uninhabited by sapient beings, which they could tame, much in the way Australia was first colonized by the British. Khan, however, has escaped, thanks to the stupidity of the plot, and is out after Kirk again. Kirk who has decided to take over a starship from its rightful commander again (in this case, Mr. Spock), just happens to be in position to battle it out with a by-now quite mad Khan.

The supremely silly plot forces the characters into *BATTLESTAR GALACTICA* idiot logic, which in the real world would have the characters drummed out of starfleet at the soonest opportunity. There are plenty of examples: In one, Scotty takes a wounded man to the bridge instead of sick bay, no reason given. This shows sloppiness on the part of the writers, producer and director and bodes ill for any future *Star Trek* movies.

Finally, the actors are all getting old: gracefully, yes, but still old. It's not too bad in *STAR TREK II*, but how about four or five years from now when Shatner begins to push sixty?

It's worth seeing once only, if for nothing else than Montalban's outrageous hamming and overacting as Khan.

THE EXTRA TERRESTRIAL

Directed by Steven Spielberg, written by Melissa Matheson.

Another sweet, cute movie about UFOs and friendly, cutesy aliens from Spielberg. This movie is so sugary it's enough to give a diabetic an insulin attack.

The story is about an alien who is stranded on Earth when his fellows have to make an emergency take-off because the U.S. military (I presume, it is never spelled out in the movie) is after them. The military wants to study them and they don't want to be studied. The alien finds a nice friendly suburban household just waiting to coo over it.

It later turns out the alien has some pretty nifty powers. It's capable of healing with a touch of its finger, can make a communications device out of ordinary household items and can make bicycles fly through the air (thus giving the movie a disturbing similarity to Disney's *THE CAT FROM OUTER SPACE* and *ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN*).

This is such a stupid movie it makes *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS* look intellectual. The alien, despite its powers, stumbles through the movie, presumably because the plot dictates it. The military aren't believable.

A nice movie to take the kids to see, but if you're interested in grown-up material, forget it.

BLADE RUNNER

Directed by Ridley Scott and starring Harrison Ford.

BLADE RUNNER is a rarity, a science fiction movie taken from a science fiction novel (*DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?* by Philip K. Dick). And even rarer, the movie works as both good film and good science fiction. Usually, like *STAR WARS* or *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS*, it's a decent enough film, but awful science fiction.

BLADE RUNNER also captures something on film I thought to be almost impossible -- the near-future claustrophobic paranoid polluted urban landscape so prevalent in most of Dick's more memorable novels.

The plot concerns a group of renegades, manufactured humans called Replicants, who have escaped from an off-world colony. The authorities are concerned they'll wreak havoc on Earth, so Harrison Ford is sent out after them.

The strengths of this movie are the darkly-symbolic lighting and eye-catching innovative visuals present throughout and the tight, efficient acting Scott coaxes from the actors. This is especially true for Harrison Ford, who in the past always seemed to run through minor variations of Han Solo. In this film his laconic attitude at the start (which has been shattered by the end of the movie) is played perfectly. Rutger Hauer gives a dynamic performance as the leader of the Replicants. Hauer, also brilliant recently as Albert Speer in the television mini-series INSIDE THE THIRD REICH, is stunning here. He's human and alien-strange all at the same time. Very impressive.

If you like your movies full of dark symbolism, film noir and moral ambiguity -- and are sick of the Steven Spielberg juvenile sweetness-night approach to SF -- then BLADE RUNNER is for you.

FIREFOX

Produced, directed by and starring Clint Eastwood.

FIREFOX is the story of an ex-Vietnam fighter pilot who suffers from delayed stress syndrome. He is recruited by the U.S. government to slip inside Russia and steal the Russians' new superplane, the Mig-31. About two-thirds of the movie is spent detailing how Eastwood's character gets into Russia and gets near the plane. The rest of the movie is a visual tour-de-force as the special-and-optical-effects team led by John Dykstra (of STAR WARS fame) create dazzling visuals for the movie viewer as Eastwood tries to fly the plane out of Russia to freedom.

This movie is unconvincing from the start. The audience is told that the reason why Eastwood's character, Harry Gant, is chosen is because Gant's mother was Russian and she knows the language. Then in Russia Gant never speaks Russian. This might be because Eastwood can't speak Russian; it's still a mistake. Another flaw -- there's almost no attempt to humanize Gant. Now, this might've worked for Eastwood in HIGH

PLAINS DRIFTER or DIRTY HARRY; it doesn't here. I find it hard to believe the Russians are as lax with their security as this movie makes them out to be. Finally, the cinematography is poor -- too many close-ups, not enough medium shots.

Viewing FIREFOX is tolerable once.

TRON

TRON was written and directed by Steven Lisberger. It is distributed by Disney. It stars Bruce Boxleitner, Jeff Bridges, Cindy Morgan and David Warner.

The story concerns a computer game-creating wizard (Bridges) whose programs are stolen by the executive, Dellinger (Warner), of the company that Bridges works for. Boxleitner and Morgan also work at the company and together with Bridges they try to uncover evidence which would reveal Dellinger's theft. Things are complicated by the fact that Dellinger is aided by a malevolent computer program called the Master Control Program or M.C.P. for short. The M.C.P. program which started out as an innocuous chess program is about to take over control of the Pentagon and Kremlin computers when the story begins.

The program discovers attempts to find out the truth about Dellinger's activities. Realizing such a revelation might endanger the computer's own plans, it forces Bridges into a computer analog of our world, where like the WIZARD OF OZ, people in the real world are represented in the computer world as programs, all except Bridges who is from the real world. Bridges' task is to find the information and somehow get back to the real world.

If the storyline sounds complex and full of holes you are right, it is. The Disney people were banking on the computer-assisted special effects to make the movie into a STAR WARS, E.T. mega-hit. So dependent on the financial success of TRON was Disney that when several market analysts gave the movie a bad preview, Disney stock plummeted on Wall Street. The special effects were different, but effects are never enough to carry a movie saddled with a ho-hum script.



The one semi-original notion in TRON is the computer world. The idea of programs on the computer level being like their creators, is interesting even if TRON treated it in an uninspiring manner. Suffice it to say that TRON does for computers what PHANTASTIA did for animals. And in that sense TRON is in the long tradition of Disney movies and a hell of a lot better than THE BLACK HOLE.

THE SECRET OF NIMH

NIMH was created by a group of animators who used to work for Disney. Disenchanted with current policies at Disney Studios, they decided to show the world how an animated film should be done. And how. THE SECRET OF NIMH is without a doubt one of the most beautiful animated films ever made. It featured a whole cast of excellent and well-known voices such as Peter Strauss, John Carradine, Derek Jacobi and particularly brilliant Dom DeLuise as a manic fumble-footed and winged crow. It was adapted from a children's novel by Robert C. O'Brien.

NIMH stands for the National Institute of Mental Health. As a result of experiments at the Institute a group of rats and mice have developed powerful mental abilities almost rivaling those of humans. The rats and the mice escape and the people from NIMH chase after them. The story picks up when the wife of one of the escaped mice attempts to find a new home for her family. Her husband has been eaten by a cat which lives at the same farm where the rats and mice are hiding. The mouse goes to the rats for help just as the people from NIMH discover the rats' hide-out. Some of the rats want to flee and find a new society, others want to continue to leech off humans (the rats steal some of the farmers' electricity for their own uses, for instance).

The plot is in some ways reminiscent of WATERSHIP DOWN: rats instead of rabbits, and DeLuise's crow is similar to the bird in WATERSHIP. Also at the end it does slightly give way towards wish-fulfillment fantasy (i.e., the author couldn't figure a plausible way out of predicaments he had gotten the characters into so he invented a magic crystal). Despite that, it is still an entertaining show, and if you think as I do that they can't make animation the way they used to, watch THE SECRET OF NIMH. Walt Disney would be proud.

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

THE BLENDER BOOK

By David Ocker and John Steinmetz
Push Poke Prod Press
4313 Finley Avenue, Los Angeles, CA
90027. \$4.50

REVIEWED BY GENE DE WEESE

If you've ever wondered about the Metaphysics of Blenders, this is the booklet for you. There are only six pages of text, but they are packed with such deep and disturbing revelations as, for instance, the fact that one of the newly discovered rings of Saturn is "exactly proportional to that little rubber ring in everybody's Blender", not to mention a theory attributed to "Israeli Theologian David Blend-Gurion". The remaining forty-very-odd pages are Blender cartoons, like the Blender with three buttons, labeled "Loud Noise", "Higher Pitch, Loud Noise", and "Hideous, Unbearable High Scream". I'm not sure it's worth \$4.50, but it's certainly a lot more entertaining than many review books I've gotten recently and worth at least a long look if you can find one in the huckster's room at your next con.

HOUSE OF ANOTHER KIND

By William Fritts
Tower, \$2.25

The basic idea here seems to be taken directly from the conclusion of Simak's 1980 *THE VISITORS*. A mysterious house appears in an inaccessible backwoods location, and indistinct figures are seen inside. Beyond that, however, there's little to recommend here. The house appears. Word leaks out. A nasty politician makes hay by purposely inciting xenophobic riots. No one can stop him but when he pays a P.R. call on the house, the house itself zaps him and shortly thereafter disappears. The supposedly sympathetic main characters -- a cynical, hard-drinking smartaleck who used to be the nasty politician's aide, and a "kooky", honorable and deeply religious third-generation prostitute whose main purpose in life seems to be keeping the ex-aide (now her lover and fiancé) from taking Christ's name in vain --

are neither believable nor likable. The writing and plotting are mediocre at best and the dialogue worse. In fact, if it weren't for the central idea's startling similarity to a small piece of the Simak book, this one wouldn't really deserve mention at all.

STARBURST

By Frederik Pohl
Ballantine/Del Rey, \$12.50

A fanatical scientist dupes the world into sending eight men and women on an expedition to an extra-solar planet he has discovered. During the trip, the eight slowly evolve into various types of superbeings, and when they reach their destination and find there is no planet, they create one and then devise a way to return to Earth to take vengeance on the ones who tricked them. Based on the excellent 1972 novelette, *THE GOLD AT THE STARBOW'S END*, *STARBURST* is itself somewhat disappointing. In this greatly expanded version, there is hardly a sympathetic character left, and most of the sense of wonder is gone, replaced by an emphasis on moderately amusing but heavy-handed satire.

SILICON VALLEY

By Michael Rogers
Simon & Schuster, \$15.50

A few years in the future, a microcomputer company stakes all its chips (literally) on the chance that its experimental computer will be able to pass the Turing Test, in which it must, by its responses, fool a panel of experts into thinking they are talking to a human, not a computer. There are a lot of soap-opera type problems among the people in the company and their competitors, but it all works rather well and does keep you turning pages. It also gives you an excellent idea of just where our present computer revolution may take us in less time than you might think.

WALPURGIS III

By Mike Resnick
Signet, Paperback, \$2.25

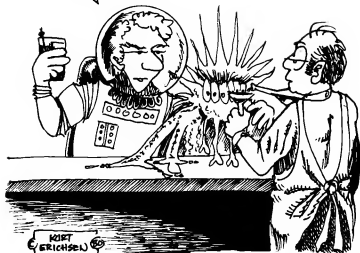
Jericho, the ultimate hired assassin, lands secretly on the witchcraft-dominated planet of Walpurgis III. He is there to find and kill the ultimate mass murderer, Conrad Bland, who has already slaughtered over thirty million people on other planets before the Satanist government of Walpurgis III granted him asylum. Now, however, Bland is proving too much even for them, so they are for the most part cooperating with Jericho. Such cooperation doesn't help a lot, however, since Bland is the sort who totally destroys a city of 200,000 on the off-chance that Jericho will be there at the time of the destruction. All in all, this is a good, fast adventure story with a touch of police procedural here and there, and it's spiced with several fascinating quotes attributed to Conrad Bland, such as, "If you kill one man, you are an assassin. If you kill millions, you are a conqueror. If you kill everyone, you are a god."

WORLDS OF GEORGE O.

By George O. Smith
Bantam, Paperback, \$2.50

Ten old-fashioned stories, including one with two endings and one with a radio adaptation, make up the bulk of this 1946-1967 collection from the author of *VENUS EQUILATERAL*. There's a nice time travel tale, for instance, in which a grandson goes back in time not to kill his grandfather but to make sure he becomes his grandfather. Then there's a Runyonesque exercise in how to fix a horse race in a society of telepaths, a story of the ultimate mouse trap and other equally intriguing items. However, the most interesting segments of the book are the "memoirs" the author (who died shortly after the book was completed) has included. In a pleasantly chatty style, almost as if he were writing a series of friendly letters to the reader, he lets you in on thirty years of his life, both personal and professional, and that's worth the price of the book by itself.

And a crème de methane de buddy here.



THE IDENTITY MATRIX

By Jack L. Chalker
Timescape, Paperback, \$2.95

While backpacking in Alaska, Victor Gonser, a 35-year-old "nebbish" Ph.D. in political science, suddenly finds himself trapped in the body of a 13-year-old Tlingit Indian girl. A little later, about the time he is forced from there in to the spectacularly beautiful body of a depressed 18-year-old blonde, he finds that the switches are all part of a minor skirmish for Earth on the part of not one but two highly advanced alien races who can switch bodies at will. And that is just the beginning. Like many of Chalker's earlier books, this one is almost totally unpredictable and will probably keep you guessing right up to the last page. Not only that, the handling of the male narrator's reactions and adjustments to the female bodies he inhabits seem very real and are certainly superior to anything Heinlein has done along similar lines. You could even say, without giving away too much of the plot, that Chalker has given new meaning, in more ways than one, to the words "character development."

STAR SEED

By David Andreissen
Starblaze, Donning Company,
4659 Virginia Beach Blvd, Norfolk,
VA, 23502
Paperback, \$4.95

In 1914, a handful of humans and dolphins living in and around an un-

derwater Caribbean research station are the only air-breathing survivors of The Dying, and even they are being menaced by sharks whose intelligence has suddenly and inexplicably jumped almost to the level of rats. When the station's oxygen-generating equipment is destroyed, some of the humans set out in a sub on an ON-THE-BEACH search for the source of a persistent radio signal and perhaps to find out what caused The Dying and boosted the sharks' IQ. Part of the answer may seem obvious fairly early on, and you may note occasional touches of THE THING and Larry Niven's WORLD OF PTAVVS, but there are more than enough twists to keep you interested. There is also one of the wildest cliffhanger endings since the old cartoon that showed two half-starved men chained to a dungeon wall several feet above the floor while one says to the other, "Now, here's my plan . . ."

PSYCHO II

By Robert Bloch
Warner, Paperback, \$3.50

Considering the fact that PSYCHO is one of the best and most popular films that Alfred Hitchcock ever made, it is, at the very least, disconcerting to learn that the author of the book from which the movie was made received less than \$10,000 -- before taxes -- for the movie rights. And yet that -- and worse -- is exactly what happened to Robert Bloch, who wrote PSYCHO more than twenty years ago.

Moreover, if you ask the average movie-goer who wrote PSYCHO, those few who have any idea at all will more than likely say "Hitchcock," all of which might help explain why Bloch is always identified on his books as "Author of PSYCHO." He is, to say the least, entitled.

On his latest book, however, that identification had to be augmented. Now he is identified as "Author of the original PSYCHO," which is only logical since the book is "PSYCHO II," the sequel to the "original PSYCHO." It is not your average sequel, however, and bears little resemblance to FRIDAY-THE-13TH-type of sequels, most of which merely retell the original story with only the identity and blood of the victims changed.

As PSYCHO II opens, twenty years have passed, and a schlocky Hollywood producer is trying to make a movie based on the life and times of Norman Bates, the transvestite shower-slasher from PSYCHO. Norman himself is still in the mental hospital he was committed to at the end of the previous book, but he is now the hospital librarian and is virtually cured, or so his psychiatrist, Dr. Claiborne, thinks. Norman quickly disillusion him, however, by killing a visiting nun in the stacks and escaping in her habit. Within a few hours three more bodies turn up, after which things begin to get really interesting. Claiborne, who feels responsible for Norman's having escaped, is sure Norman is headed for Hollywood to wreak havoc among the movie makers, so he flies to Hollywood himself in an effort to warn them. Once there, however, he can't get anyone to take him seriously, and besides, some of the people involved with the movie -- producers, directors, etc. -- almost make Norman seem sane and logical by comparison. In the end -- well, after several jolts and twists liberally sprinkled with Bloch's brand of whimsy and wordplay, things are neatly tied up in a rather surprising sort of knot.

Incidentally, Universal may soon be coming out with a movie called PSYCHO II, but don't be misled. It probably won't have anything to do with Bloch's book. It's not that Universal didn't want to pay Bloch for rights to the story. In fact, since the movie rights deal twenty years ago included free rights to any sequel he ever wrote, they wouldn't have to pay him. According to Bloch, it was just that "they didn't like the idea of my turning Norman Bates loose and sending him to Hollywood." Especially considering all those endearing producers, directors, etc., that Norman would find once he got there.

PULP!

BY ALGIS BUDRYS

"Pulp" once meant a kind of paper, then a kind of magazine and then a kind of writing. Each step of this evolution led out of the last and the history of speculative fiction as we know it is inextricably bound up in it. Today, SF is by far the most prominent of the last bastions of pulp. Because it's a style, now independent of physical format, it seems quite likely that pulp will never disappear. But it is quite true that we've come so far from our earliest days that it's entirely possible to be a pulp writer all your life and never know it; to be a fan of pulp writing while calling it something else and sneering at what you think is "pulp" because it's bad writing.

Pulp writing is neither good nor bad per se; it's a mode. A lot of good writing is pulp. A lot of bad writing would be much improved if it were recast in the pulp mode, and obviously, just being bad enough doesn't make a piece of writing a piece of pulp writing.

The essence of pulp writing is that it must offer a clearcut resolution to a sentimental problem. It differs from "slick" writing in that slick writing must offer a clearcut resolution of a conventionally sentimental problem. For instance, while it's become a matter of course to declare that TV is the modern equivalent of pulp entertainment, the fact is that TV some time ago completed a nearly total transition to forms previously seen only in the weekly "family" magazines once selling in the millions on clay-coated (slick) paper suitable for carrying four-color national advertising.

Slick writing is easier for bland minds to grasp blandly. There is very little true pulp in the AV media today: MASH, BARNEY MILLER and now HILL STREET BLUES are all that immediately come to mind, and two of those, of course, are winding down, while the third is struggling. The day may come when there is no pulp on TV and radio except for some segments on the sports and news broadcasts. Pulp requires too much emotional involvement for the general mass market to bear as a steady thing.

A genuine pulp fan, however, will bear almost unlimited amounts of it.

This fact supported pulp chain publishing in the period peaking in the 1930s. No particular magazine sold anywhere near as many copies as COLLIER'S or THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and advertising revenues were ludicrously incomparable. But every pulp reader tended to buy a great many titles per month and by holding down costs the pulp publishers were able to make fortunes.

Pulp magazines grew out of the nineteenth-century dime novel. Pulp paper is made by crushing wood fiber, slurring it in acid, then crudely and incompletely neutralizing the acid while rolling out the slurry as it is hurriedly dried. The result is a relatively spongy paper that's ridiculously cheap when pine trees are plentiful. This is printed-on in "forms" -- assemblages of the same page printed in multiples of, for instance, four -- and the form sheets in turn are gathered into bundles called "signatures". At some late stage in the process, the signatures are cut apart not with a trimming knife but with a rotating or reciprocating saw, thus producing separate stacks of crosscut signatures, each stack representing one copy of the issue text. This is stapled to bind it, a slick paper cover is glued on and that's your newsstand copy, with one edge made ragged by the saw and the other two outside edges created by the natural edges of the form sheets. Turned out on a high-speed rotating stereotype press and shipped by train as slow freight, this piece of merchandise costs very little per unit to produce and distribute, yet can be made to look as if it were crammed with entertainment at a retail price of fifteen or twenty cents, in early 1900s cents, and even in post-depression cents.

(There were mini-depressions throughout this period, by the way; the one most recently preceding the 1929 "Crash" occurred in 1924, so it's an error to assume that there was any extended period of dollar-value stability during the pulp era.)

Pulp magazines were published and edited by people steeped in the traditions of the dime novel and the serialized novel as published in news-

papers. They had learned both from Ned Buntline and from Charles Dickens. They had very clearcut ideas on what would attract and hold readers at any given level of circulation, and all thinking was based on the selling of units -- merchandise -- rather than providing literature.

Publishing on this level operates within very narrow margins and the complexity of checks-and-balances that conditioned the eventual writing form is too complex for anything less than a very thick book to detail. But what it boiled out to operationally for the writers and artists was that they were dealing with clients who were engaged in an attempt to sell as little artwork and wordage to their customers as possible in return for as high a retail income as possible, given the fact that physical costs had already been driven down to the minimum. However, we do want to bear in mind the fact that any pulp publisher and editor is someone who has chosen not to be a party to slick publishing.

It was found that readers of pulp preferred categories; that they wanted the story to occur under certain circumstances. The drive within the industry was to particularize categories -- to divide westerns into straight westerns and ranch romances, for instance -- and to find new categories. Once a fresh format of this sort had been discovered by one publisher, the tendency was for all others to produce competing titles either modeled directly on the predecessor or attempting to refine the category further.

Thus when Hugo Gernsback for his own reasons produced AMAZING STORIES in 1926, his product was seen as a pulp, and the proliferation of Astoundings, Astonishings, Startlings, and Thrillings was inevitable. These appeared as chain products, side by side with sister magazines devoted to sports, railroading, crime, jungle stories, air war, horror, Fu Manchu derivatives and of course, Westerns, as well as fantasy.

Some of the material appearing in the pulp physical format was not written to be pulp. In some cases, more ambitious publishers found -- as WEIRD TALES found -- that survival in a more expensive format was not likely. In some cases, some of the stories had been written from different orientations but found no other home.

In very few cases were the editors actually ignorant of literature although it was not relevant to their jobs. There was a persistent tendency to nurture or at least shelter writers and material that were pulp-marginal because they tended to be inept at subordinating classical literary considerations to commercial

ones. If their work did not dismay the readers beyond a certain point, it tended to creep in, among the back pages and in low frequency per by-line, as an editorial gesture to things beyond commerce. This is not to say these pieces were necessarily "better"; they were different, to different standards which might or might not be as naive as they were higher-flown.

The pulp story, however, was quickly identified and promulgated as the bread-and-butter of the industry; writers were trained to it and the writer who could produce it in volume and on time was valued because everyone's income, all the way down the line, depended on him.

Almost all of them were men, reflecting mind-set not toward a particular type of intelligence but toward cultural appraisals of the ability to do sweaty work. To say, as was said of some female writers, that "she writes like a man" was not sexism toward content, but a naive compliment founded on the industry notion that women were more apt to miss deadlines and to treat the rules of commerce flightily, since they lacked the roll-up-your-sleeves-and-dig-that-ditch tradition. Any female who could show herself an exception to that general assessment was welcome in the fraternity and outside working hours was treated of course with the elaborate Edwardian courtesies that seemed appropriate.

We want to remember here that at that time there was a newsstand on nearly every corner of every city of any size and a general store at many a rural crossroads, and that each of them, each month or every two weeks, received shipments of eight or twenty pulp titles from eight or fifteen magazine chains of various sizes, plus such wild hares as WEIRD TALES and the old ARGOSEY and its imitators, whereas much of the distribution of slick magazines depended on mailed subscriptions. It was vitally necessary to develop thumb-rules for producing product, and every publishing house strove to refine its particular set into a more successful set within the general rules that prevailed throughout the industry.

Thus the difference between the pulp plot and the pulp formulae. The plot was conditioned by the general rules. The in-house formulae covered all sorts of ground, determining not only the ethnic backgrounds of the characters, the locales, the frequency of action scenes, the censorship or promulgation of certain topics, and so forth, but also the frequency of dialogue, chapter breaks, space breaks within chapters and a host of other strictures which were as much mechanical -- tending to give the page a certain "open" or "closed" appearance -- as they were relevant to content. In a two-page spread, for example, the presence of carefully-placed white space can serve the same purpose as a scatter-

ing of "spot" illustrations and is cheaper.

This system ensures a steady flow of easily-processed material to the liking of the audience. The person at the typewriter is freed from any requirement of inspiration or other form of creativity. All that's needed is the ability to grasp a set of rules, sit down and type.

But that's the minimum requirement, and even in the heyday of the pulps there were very few people who consistently operated exactly at that minimum. When found, they were regarded with a very special sort of respect whose special quality reflects the fact that even among the highly successful pulpsmiths most practitioners were moved by impulses above the minimum. Knowing that it wasn't necessary, they nevertheless found themselves unable to keep from thinking beyond formula.

Most pulp fiction was and is produced under that operational handicap. The handicap no longer presents a critical problem; it's now entirely possible to trade quality for volume; to live for a year on the amount of wordage that would have barely sufficed for a month in the days of pulp magazines. But in those days, most wordage was produced in a compromise condition lying somewhere between those two extremes. And even today, the maximum rewards to maximum wordage; any writer who





FIND THE FAN IN THIS
GROUP OF PROS...

publishes less than a thousand words a day is not even ticking the commercial potential of his market although today's pulp magazine is the paperback rack-sized book, generally indistinguishable in format from reprints or originals of non-pulp or more carefully crafted pulp material.

Let's re-examine the proposition: The essence of pulp writing is that it must offer a clearcut resolution to a sentimental problem. There is nothing in this that dictates a simple solution, simple characters or a melodramatic problem. There is nothing in it that dictates slam-bang action, and in fact the old pulps quailed -- PLANET, STARTLING, THRILLING WONDER, to name the most prominent -- consistently published moody, sometimes evocatively poetic short stories which are today mistakenly called something other than pulp simply because they have no fist-fights in them. PLANET discovered Ray Bradbury, to loud cheers from the audience, and all three of these titles, plus many others, contain a great deal of short material which was praised -- and sometimes damned for its "literary" merit by readers who used that term to mean "non-action" without respect to any actual literary standards.

"Sentimental", too, is something much different from "conventionally sentimental". Needing to decide whether to put a bullet through a blonde's navel is a sentimental problem and on its own emotional terms is as powerful as anything in Aeschylus. Whether it is as "worthy" of that power as some more sophisticated construct is not germane to what it does to its reader's mind. Furthermore, it occurs on a level far more in accord with the sort of life the reader can fantasize himself living and relates much more clearly to such homely analogies as the domestic quarrel. Similarly, the need to recover the idol's eye or the talisman of power analogizes to the pay envelope

and the successful defense of the known universe is essentially the same as knowing what to do about the neighbor who keeps playing his stereo loud at 2:00 a.m.

Pulp intrinsically can -- and sometimes does -- get down to the everyday nitty-gritty with a clarity and power few other literary forms can match. It may not do much for your Freudian interior processes except to temporarily defuse them, but it has everything to do with your next breath and how you draw it. It is the literature not of what you might have thought, but of "I should have said".

It must tell you what you should have said, in words or in louder actions, or it isn't pulp. Forms that propose several alternative solutions to the problem, that never pose the problem clearly, or that trail off enigmatically, are not pulp no matter how much action, wooden dialogue and explosions they contain. Forms that rationalize their characters' actions, as distinguished from showing clearcut motivational evolutions from clearcut beginnings, are not pulp. And forms which propose solutions only in form of intervention by higher authority are not pulp. But any story which eschews these diffusing features is pulp by the definitions worked out by pulp writers in the pulp magazines, no matter what format it appears in.

What you should have said, in words or in louder actions. A physical blow struck in a pulp story is a statement, as distinguished from the decoration it is in other forms. It is struck not for its own sake but to declare a breakpoint in a situation; a definite step in the evolution of the plot. The blow lands not only on the villain but in the reader's emotions; it is a signal that henceforth everything will be different to some extent -- that an

evolving process has clicked irrevocably into the next notch, no matter what abstract judgments might be made on the worthiness of that step; the glass has been crushed, the marriage is made.

That sort of thing can take hold of a creative person and lead to writing that transcends penny-a-word considerations, just as it can lead to irrevocable commitments in a reader. There is nothing in literature as emotionally satisfying as a good pulp story.

What is a good pulp story? A good pulp story is one in which a clearly engaging character has an interesting problem to which he or she proffers attractive solutions which by interacting with these story elements, force tense evolutions leading to an adroit resolution in good time.

In other words, a good pulp story is one which, at the very least does not closely resemble the details of other pulp stories. So there are very few masterpieces in pulp -- no higher a percentage than in any other literature and perhaps a relatively low percentage, since topflight pulp requires enormous amounts of concentrated ingenuity and remorseless discipline. It is easier to do slight variations on characters known to attract readers, and face them with problems whose only variation from other pulp problems lies in their nomenclature; to save one's true ingenuities, if any, for some one element in this structure, and be proud -- rightly so, to some extent -- for having done even that much.

In any given magazine or chain of magazines, the prevalence of good or excellent pulp is a response to the editor's orientation. Darrell Schweitzer, writing a letter in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #43, has given a very good picture of the Ziff-Davis SF magazines when these were published in Chicago, as the bulkiest and largest-selling pulps of the 1940s.

AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, under the editorship of Ray Palmer, were largely written by in-house writers, many of whom rarely appeared in other SF magazines and this situation represents a tightness of editorial control surpassing even that which John W. Campbell, Jr., exercised at ASTOUNDING. And as Schweitzer points out, and despite having several such "in-house" writers of obvious literary ability: David Vern and David Wright O'Brien, to name the two most prominent -- Palmer's magazines rarely contained any work that was the slightest bit memorable on its merits, and very little of it has ever established any demand on the reprint market. What stories are memorable -- from Robert Bloch and Fritz Leiber and Theodore Stur-

geon, for three -- were from writers who did not sit as close to Palmer at his justly notorious poker table.

Nevertheless, Palmer's sales figures regularly topped 100,000 -- several score thousand above the figures being attained by the magazines which today furnish the bulk of the analogized "Golden Years" material. Operating in a new medium -- all the other professional SF publishing was in New York City or near it -- and possessed both of enormous charisma and an inordinate shrewdness -- Palmer was able to pull off the stunt other editors have fruitlessly attempted to emulate. That is, he moved his material out of the center of pulp and out to the fringes where it begins to merge with slick. Precisely to the extent that 1940s AMAZING stories are bland -- that is, conventionally sentimental -- they became more attractive to people who are distressed by writing with impact.

Or impact of a certain sort. Palmer dressed his product in "fact articles" and fillers which spoke of lost civilizations and ancient mysteries tending to make everyday reality less significant and less amenable to mere human modification. His covers and subsidiary artwork, for all their action material on the front and "science supposition" content on the back, were invariably done by a captive cadre of artists specializing in bland, glossy finishes, among them, for example, were Robert Gibson Jones, who for all his rendering skill tended toward fruitiness in his total effect, and H.W. Macaulay, who had been trained in the studio that produced the Coca Cola advertising art of the day. (And was for a long time, in fanciful oral tradition, sparked by Palmer editorial white lies, called "the" man who did the Coke art.) The packaging of AMAZING and its sister points up the difference between one sort of pulp, "escape" and another, slicker kind which is much more the sort of actual escape that chloroform brings.

This trend culminated, with a sales leap to 250,000 in the "Shaver Mystery" stories; these were codified mania, in which real lost races living underground and on other planets were declared to be actually manipulating human affairs via "rays" and other arcane influences, buttressed by a welter of "facts" in the filler material, prefiguring Von Deniken by a generation but owing a palpable amount to de Sade and Sacher-Masoch. This was Palmer's ultimate reach for the audience that finds reality inexplicable via the unguided perceptions, or at least to that relatively small segment of it which responds to this disability in that particular way.

So in many ways, while the Palmer magazines -- which shortly thereafter, perhaps coincidentally, became someone else's magazines -- offer an instructive object of study re pulp history; they represent an aberration from straightline SF pulp history which proceeded somewhat differently back on the East Coast.

Malcolm Reiss, for the major part of his career the managing editor for Love Romances Publishing Co., Inc. and hence supervisor of a score of pulp titles including PLANET STORIES, had evolved a contents formula calling for high-action lead novelettes, quasi-symmetrical, poetastic supporting novelettes and short stories ranging from the snapper-ending gimmick to proto-Bradbury. This proved to be the winning combination, and was quickly adopted by the succession of editors at competing Standard Magazines, whose "Thrilling Group" published CAPTAIN FUTURE, THRILLING WONDER STORIES and STARTLING STORIES, at first supervised by Leo Margulies and Mort Weisinger, and later by others.

While PLANET during this same period ran through a succession of short-lived but excellently Reiss-trained editors -- W.S. Peacock, Chester Whitehorn, Paul Payne and Jerome Bixby, to name the three best -- and frequently found Reiss having to sit back in whenever Love Romances' pay scales lost him his latest young comer -- tenure at Standard proceeded much more evenly in the persons of Oscar J. Friend, Sam Merwin, Jr., and eventually, Samuel Mines assisted part of that time by Jerome Bixby.

Friend was a jolly sort on paper, creating Sergeant Saturn and his alien companions -- a two (?)-fisted lot of Xeno-drinking miscreants -- as personalities in the lively letter-column, and generally editing with a touch that smacks of not taking any of this too seriously. His

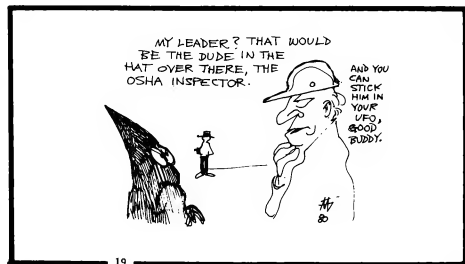
tables of contents tended to all echo the sort of writing one might expect of "Captain Future" tales, written until the War by Edmond Hamilton. Merwin's touch was more serious, for all that his stewardship of Sergeant Saturn often reflected a mordant wit. CAPTAIN FUTURE died, its paper allocated to more successful sister publications after the first few wartime issues, and while THRILLING -- TWS in Fanspeak -- stayed pretty much as it had been, STARTLING began to demonstrate an experimentalism, still within pulp rules, that soon sharply distinguished it from any other Standard magazine, let alone TWS.

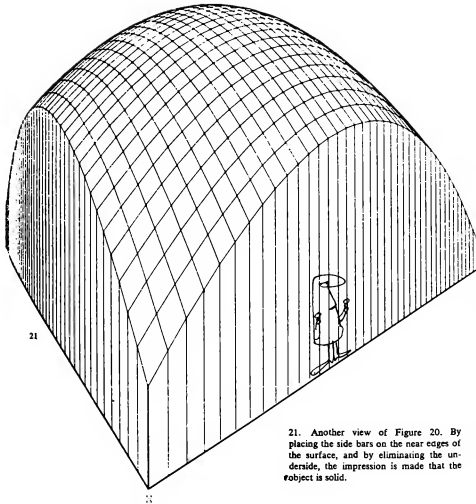
It became rather more like PLANET which at this time was beginning to reach its apotheosis with Paul Payne's discovery of the short stories that would form THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES and Jerome Bixby's decision to contract-out all his lead novelettes to Paul Anderson writing as A.A. Craig.

In this respect, Merwin's tenure almost imperceptibly merges into that of Mines, a man with just as many sensibilities and an even less conformable nature and the zenith of this evolution in STARTLING came with its 1952 publication of THE LOVERS. Philip Jose' Farmer's debut.

At about this point, the sales of STARTLING -- still a pulp, albeit with knife-trimmed edges -- touched 90,000 copies, the best figures achieved by anyone but Palmer, in the face of competition by the nearly sacrosanct ASTOUNDING and the new and fascinating GALAXY and MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, or the completely revamped, New York-based and spendthrift AMAZING and FANTASTIC under Howard Browne, a man very much like Merwin.

By all odds, if any magazine were to survive the catastrophic demise of the pulps in the face of pulp TV, it ought to have been STARTLING: pulp-borne, pulp-edited, pulp to the





21. Another view of Figure 20. By placing the side bars on the near edges of the surface, and by eliminating the underside, the impression is made that the object is solid.

marrow of its staples. But when the chains folded -- no truly chain-published SF magazine survived, except oddly enough, Robert A.W. Lowndes' various titles of the Double Action group, and even so only to the next bad break -- they took STARTLING with them, no one having made a successful bid to buy it as a freestanding title.

This too, I think, was an aberration; without knowing any of the inside facts, I assume Standard Magazines simply couldn't be bothered to investigate the possibility, or wanted the world and all in compensation, or -- Standard being what it was -- both. In a rational world, it would be with us yet, probably with its title changed to ANTILOG.

During its period of arbitrarily truncated health, STARTLING published a great many worthwhile stories, most of them clearly pulp and took a chance on a number of writers who have since paid off: John D. MacDonald, Walter M. Miller, Jr., Jack Vance, Charles Harness and of course Farmer, for openers; L. Ron Hubbard, James Blish, Rutter-Moore, George O.

Smith, and Robert A. Heinlein, Arthur C. Clarke and Theodore Sturgeon for backup. Vance, whose magnum opus of the time was "Big Planet" in a 1952 STARTLING, has rarely written pulp except for his "Magnus Ridolph" series in the same medium, but all the others rarely write anything else, excepting some of the later novels of Heinlein and Clarke but not all of them, and some cases in which G.O. Smith's concentration faltered. STARTLING was in many respects a livelier, wider-ranging, more interesting magazine than anything else on the stands, and it achieved this condition while staying quite well within the bounds of pulp, not pap. Writers who might appear in any issue with above-average work included Leigh Brackett, Murray Leinster and A. Bertram Chandler; pulpsmiths all, and some of them doing the best work they ever did, if memorability counts. GALAXY at the time was enjoying the benefit of a fresher of serializable novels that had been dammed up by increasingly rigid parameters at ASTOUNDING, whereas Standard was adamant about having all its novels

"Complete in This Issue!" -- i.e., butchered -- but other than that, STARTLING had the edge over even that flamboyant competitor and the margin in numbers was the least of that edge.

What's to be learned from 90,000 sales -- and thus a circulation of over a quarter-million -- for a 1952 magazine devoted to pulp and making no bones about looking like a pulp while everyone else was ducking into digest size?

Hard to say. VENTURE SCIENCE FICTION, F&SF's short-lived digest-format sister, instantly attracted the stories and writers who would have stayed with a continuing STARTLING. Talk about your freshets, the problem wasn't filling the issue it was in finding room for all the material submitted by people eager to sell to a medium which, like STARTLING, paid less than top rate. But the long-standing magazine distribution system had recently collapsed, (nor has it yet fully recovered from the abrupt demise of the surreptitiously gutted American News Co.). Despite long agonies within Mercury Press in an attempt to solve the problem, VENTURE today is only a subtitle under F&SF's colophon. And that, except for the eyeblink existence of IASFM's sister adventure magazine, has largely been that.

It may be there's no further need for a magazine specifically proclaimed as an adventure story medium. It may be that proclaiming it "adventure" when what is meant is "pulp" in its full meaning -- or not understanding it wasn't necessarily the adventure that sold pulp -- is counterproductive.

Pulp -- pulp as it really was and is -- is alive and well within all SF media. It's only called pulp when it's full of meaningless hitting, but that's not pulp's fault; it's the fault of a failure of perception in the oral tradition within the community and of scholarship outside it.

I direct your attention to Francon & DeVore's A HISTORY OF THE HUGO, NEBULA, AND INTERNATIONAL FANTASY AWARDS; run your eyes down the lists of winners in every category from Novel on through Short Story. These awards were instituted just as the despised pulps were assertively taking their "worthless" action-dramas to oblivion with them. There's only one problem; whether the awards are given by juries of experts, by the membership of the SFWA or by convention fandom, years since the "death" of pulp, it's non-pulp that's hanging on by the skin of its teeth, and it's pulp that wins.

OTHER VOICES

THE INDIANS WON

By Martin Cruz Smith
Leisure, \$2.50

REVIEWED BY CHARLES R SAUNDERS

Martin Cruz Smith is best known for GORKY PARK, a best-selling novel of Soviet spy intrigue. Before that success, Smith achieved notoriety among horror aficionados with NIGHTWING, a gory yarn about a berserk swarm of vampire bats. NIGHTWING later became a motion picture, as GORKY PARK no doubt will.

With solid success in two of the more lucrative genres of contemporary fiction, Smith was able to sell his long-unpublished first novel, THE INDIANS WON, to Leisure Books. THE INDIANS WON is an exercise in historical speculation, like Canadian Richard Rohmer's SEPARATION and EXONERATION series.

Smith's "what if" is a fascinating one: What if the Indians had managed to check the westward expansion of the American whites following Guster's defeat at Little Big Horn? The key to speculative fiction is the ability to create conditions that make the "what if" plausible; to realistically alter history. In real history, the Indians lost because of disunity within their ranks in the face of the whites' nearly unanimous belief in their "Manifest Destiny" to dominate the North American continent "from sea to shining sea". In this context, Smith's "what if" is simple but effective.

Suppose a man like Canada's Louis Riel had existed in the United States during the Indian Wars. Suppose this American Riel, an adept dancer in the cultural minuets of Indian and white alike, was successful in forging an alliance among Indian leaders as diverse as Sitting Bull and Geronimo. Would not the Indians then have possessed the capability of blunting the momentum of "Manifest Destiny"?

John Sutter, a Mandan Indian with a mission-school education and a middle-class lifestyle, is Smith's Riel -- a pragmatic Riel void of debilitating mysticism. Through a combination of Sitting Bull's guerrilla warfare and Sutter's canny diplomacy, the Indians manage to stall the American juggernaut. In guerrilla warfare, as Vietnam taught us, a stall is as good as a win. The Indians



retain their independence in the face of American industrial expansion.

By the late 20th Century of Smith's parallel Earth, the Indian Nation retains its autonomy despite the nuclear sabre-rattling of the United States and the USSR. The question is: Do the Indians also have The Bomb? Smith's resolution of that dilemma is a classic Indian play worthy of the wisdom of Old Lodge Skins, the savant of the movie LITTLE BIG MAN. To reveal it here would be a disservice to the prospective reader.

As a first novel, THE INDIANS WON reads like an uneven mix of documentary history, cultural anthropology and modern thriller fiction. Smith is of partial Indian descent, and in his Introduction he mentions that the royalties from THE INDIANS WON will go to "American Indian causes". While the novel makes for interesting reading, Smith might have done himself and his cause a favor with at least one rewrite to tighten the connection between the disparate elements of his novel.

Still, this book is must reading for everyone who has ever wondered what would have happened if Tonto had said to the Lone Ranger, "What you mean we, white man?"

THE GOBLIN RESERVATION

By Clifford D. Simak
DAW, 1982 (Reprint of a 1968 work)
160 pp., \$2.25

REVIEWED BY JOHN DIPRETE

This light 'n' lively puff-stuff played strictly for laughs, appeals solely to slapstick fans. The cover-spine says, "DAW SF", but it's pure fantasy; the SF trappings are so sappy and slippery as to blow gustily apart from a ghost. In fact, this has a ghost. And a Neanderthaler. And a talking cat. And ... why go on.

I found this too silly as comedy and too weak as excitement. Simak has written a number of "gag" books; the characters and superficiality of THEY WALKED LIKE MEN and OUT OF THEIR MINDS always struck me as too self-consciously chuckles-oriented to merit laughter. This is Simak's silliest.

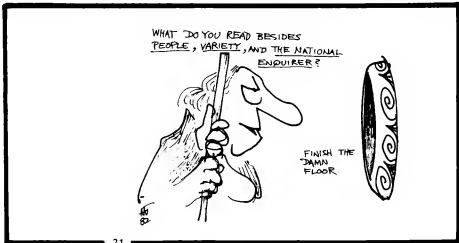
THE PRIDE OF CHANUR

By C.J. Cherryh
DAW Books, 1982, paperback
224 pp., \$2.95

REVIEWED BY PATRICIA SHAW

THE PRIDE OF CHANUR is a starship, an affluent clan of sentient lions, and a rattling good blood-and-guts adventure story. From the minute we see the starved, beaten, furl-less alien running for his life through Meetpoint where all sorts of beings including a frightening and disgusting set of galactic villains come to trade, and realize that Meetpoint is run by a sleazy pack of interstellar cowards, to the point where Captain Pyanfar Chanur must decide what to do about it, to the end, the action never stops.

There are heroes both feline and otherwise, villains, moral choices



to be made, desperate and dangerous action, and politics on both the grand scale and the small. Captain Chanur not only has the fate of an entire new species in her hands, but a totally expected but annoying petty revolt at home and the life of her mate to save, and in the course of saving it, makes a major change in the customs of her people, for the personal and political are intertwined on all levels in this book.

There is a detailed look at what a spacegoing leonine culture would be like, and how furred people of rank would dress for a confrontation with the interstellar powers (colorful and piratical and very impressive), and glimpses at more than a handful of other beings along the way, and the mechanics of this particular interstellar trade network. Terran readers are hooked by the fact that, although the focus is on the leonine heroes, the refugee is Earth-human, and heroic in his own right.

C.J. Cherryh writes fascinating aliens and fast-moving adventure with more than enough depth in forming her writing to make a simple action story into a worthwhile novel. Rating: Three wows and lots of punning.

DREAM PARK

By Larry Niven and Steve Barnes
Ace Books, 16727-6; 430 pp., \$2.95

REVIEWED BY PAUL MC GUIRE

In the next century, Dream Park will be the ultimate amusement park. When a valuable research project is stolen and a man murdered, the head of Park Security joins the suspects incognito to investigate. A most memorable group of fantastic, but in context believable characters, the suspects are all gamers. The vital SF element provides Dream Park the technology to create highly etherealistic fantasy -- adventure games. This one lasts four days. An open-air Dungeons-and-Dragons-type brawl, the game has traps, tragedy, heroism, horror and wonders from a very unusual source. Using the Cargo Quits of Melanesia for its motif, the game is a grueling trek through the jungle, fighting natives, mythological beasts and zombies. But there is always the clever science-fictional reality behind it all, and human interaction in the forefront.

A vigorous novel, in many ways enjoyable, DREAM PARK is great entertainment!

A VISION OF DOOM

By Ambrose Bierce
Edited by Donald Sidney-Fryer
Donald M. Grant, Publisher, West
Kingston, RI.
1980, hardbound, 110 pp., \$12.00

REVIEWED BY NEAL WILGUS

Ambrose Bierce is generally remembered for his war and horror stories and for the acid satire of THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY, but as editor Sidney-Fryer demonstrates in this collection, Bierce was also a first-rate poet whose verse has been sadly neglected these past 70 years since the poet disappeared. According to Sidney-Fryer, Bierce wrote something like 800 poems in his life (including the 200 or so in the DICTIONARY) but the 50 preserved here are the crop's cream and it's no surprise that much of it is concerned with Bierce's twin obsessions, horror and death.

Included here are the bulk of Bierce's two volumes of poetry, BLACK BEETLES IN AMBER (1892) and SHAPES OF CLAY (1903), plus two narrative poems that might well have been lost forever if Sidney-Fryer hadn't retrieved them from their only previous publication in a newspaper called THE CALIFORNIAN (1867). Of these only one, "Basilica," is truly first-rate, but it alone almost makes this volume a collector's item.

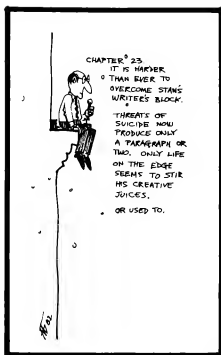
Not everything here is in the fantasy/horror genre, but the bulk of it is and the excellent cover and interior plates by Frank Villano add immensely to the weird flavor of the whole. A long and rambling introduction by Sidney-Fryer gives much fascinating background and relates Bierce to the poetic tradition that includes Poe, George Sterling, Clark Ashton Smith and even mainstream giant Robinson Jeffers. It's too bad that a limited edition such as this will have absolutely no impact on the general appreciation of Bierce's genius, but for lovers of fantasy and the poetry of horror this is a big event that should not be missed. You'll be lucky if you get a copy of this gem before it goes out of print.

THE ANNOTATED TALES OF EDGAR ALLEN POE

Edited by Stephen Peithman
Doubleday Co, 1981, \$35.00
(\$23.85 from Science Fiction Book Club) 684 pages.

REVIEWED BY ALMA JO WILLIAMS

The table of contents for this massive tome (684 pages) lists four



categories of stories: Terror of the Soul, Mysteries, Humor and Satire, Flights and Fancies. Like the average reader (note the word average!), the only Poe stories I had ever read or heard on radio adaptations or on records or in the movies were drawn from the first two categories, and my physical concept of Poe as a person was that of a poverty-stricken pale, necrophilic alcoholic, humorless and hag-ridden. WELL, let me tell you, it ain't so, Buddy! Stephen Peithman has done an overwhelming, superlative job of annotation and the story introductions are a wealth of short story history.

Poe was very widely read and did not hesitate to use current or historical occurrences in the construction of most of his short tales. Because the origins of these stories have their birth in forgotten stories, feuds and the like, the latter-day reader may be put off by those allusions and the liberal sprinkling of French, Greek, Spanish and Italian phraseology which literally pepper the Humor and Fancies sections. Apparently it was de rigueur for the well-read author and reader to be well-versed in these classical languages. Fear not, intrepid reader: This marvellous editor has explanations of almost everything that needs explaining. At times, the annotations are far more interesting and exciting than Mr. Poe's stories. It also appears that Poe was a bit of a plagiarist, and did subtle rewrites of stories which were popular 50 to 100 years previous.

It came as a distinct shock to read the humor, fantasy and satire

that flowed from the pen of America's acknowledged Master of the Macabre. Believe it or don't, the stories, although overwritten, are delightful!

I can see how the styles of Lovecraft and Clark-Ashton Smith were affected, after plowing through the massive, wordy Poe writings. Highly recommended, especially for reworked story lines. (If Poe can do it, why not us!)

THE MYSTERIOUS WORLD: AN ATLAS OF THE UNEXPLAINED

By Francis Hitching
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
Paperback, 256 pp., 1979, \$11.95

ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S MYSTERIOUS WORLD

By Simon Welfare and John Fairley
A&W Publishers, 95 Madison Ave., NY
Hardbound, 1980, 217 pp., \$17.95

REVIEWED BY NEAL WILGUS

Mysteriously, there's a surge of interest in mysteries lately, much of it as shoddy and fake as the mystery business has always been. Two books on the subject that are not shoddy and fake are these volumes with echoing titles and graphic illustrations of the mysterious and unexplained. By mysterious I mean Fortean, of course.

MYSTERIOUS WORLD was originally published in England as THE WORLD ATLAS OF MYSTERIES (1978) and the original title was better, since this large and lavishly illustrated volume (also available in hardcover) is quite geographically oriented with many maps to locate and define the patterns of mysteriousness. CLARKE'S MYSTERIOUS WORLD, based on the British TV series of the same name, is not so lavishly illustrated nor as large and it doesn't use the geographical approach, but it compensates by being somewhat more skeptical and analytical. Both volumes cover such classic mysteries as Stonehenge, Bigfoot, UFOs, the Tunguska explosion, the Loch Ness monster and Fortean phenomena such as those mysterious rains of frogs and whatnot that are still happening.

It should be clearly noted that although it carries his name, his foreword, his introduction and his comments following each chapter, ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S MYSTERIOUS WORLD is not by Arthur C. Clarke, but by two TV documentary makers who worked with Clarke to produce the 13-part TV series and the book. Francis Hitching is the author of MYSTERIOUS WORLD and has also appeared on TV defending "alternative theories of archeology and psychic phenomena". Either of

these books would be a valuable addition to any writer's reference library and together they cover the subject of mysteries as thoroughly as most of us are likely to want.

THE BORRIBLES GO FOR BROKE

By Michael De Larrabeiti
Ace 07024-8; 267 pp., \$2.50
Cover art by Don Maitz

REVIEWED BY PAUL MC GUIRE

Borribles once were children, and aside from their long pointed ears and although they may be ever so old, still look like children. They live in the streets of London, wild and free, and like old deserted buildings, telling stories and being Borribles. Suspicious even of other Borribles, they do not travel much beyond their home base. They support themselves by theft, have their own traditions and legends and seek to win names on quests.

The SBG is a division of the police whose only function is to capture Borribles. They hate the independent ones with a fierce passion. If they can clip a Borrible's ears then he's no Borrible and will grow into a mundane adult and will obey all the rules.

Wendles used to be Borribles. They live in the sewers. Regimented into an army under the tyrannical rule of a monstrous dictator, Wendles have evolved into something on the order of short trolls. Wearing hip waders, orange city-worker rain jackets and helmets made from beer cans, armed with spears and the traditional Borrible weapon, the sling-shot, they are much to be feared.

The second great Borrible adventure is about to begin, and it will take some of them very far from home indeed.

THE BORRIBLES GO FOR BROKE turns London into an alien landscape by focusing on those parts of a city good people never see. At times it is funny, wise, exciting and poetic. The realm of folklore has some new citizens.

MR. MONSTER'S MOVIE GOLD

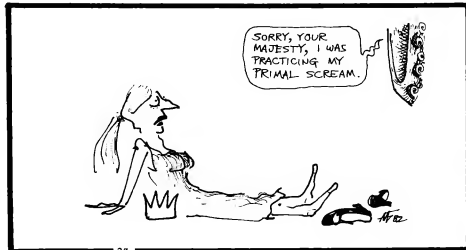
By Forrest J. Ackerman
Introduction by Stephen King
Published by the Donning Co., 1982
206 pp., \$12.95

REVIEWED BY RITCHIE BENEDICT

Forrest J. Ackerman (Forrie to his friends) is the publisher of the magazine FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, and is known as the collector of science fiction and horror movie material in North America, if not the world. Best selling horror author Stephen King is one of his admirers and says in his introduction to this book that although his elders considered it as a form of trash, it inspired him when he was a kid. And who can argue with his success today? I understand that Mr. Ackerman has willed his home and collection (which is a vast compendium of memorabilia) to be a museum after his death.

This book is a mouth-watering collection of rarities -- over 250 vintage still photos, artwork and posters ranging from the early silent era to the 1950s. The author comments on each and remembers some of his reactions to the actors and authors he has met (he is one of the few people still alive to have met H.G. Wells).

Aside from sheer entertainment value, there are a number of items that will fascinate film buffs and historians. One of the famous "lost" films of all time is the 1910 version





of Frankenstein starring Charles Ogle. There is a photograph of Ogle as he really looked sans make-up. There are stills from a 1918 Bela Lugosi version of THE PORTRAIT OF DORIAN GREY as well as a photograph of the first known movie Dracula -- a Hungarian named Charles Takacs who is still alive and living in Hollywood today! There is a 1912 version of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde that somewhat resembles PLANET OF THE APES in its conception.

Trivia buffs will have a field day -- did you know that Rudolf Valentino was in a horror film? Science fiction has its turn at bat too. There is an early movie called DEATH RAY and a film set on Mars in 1922 entitled MARS CALLING. Cynics has been used as a topic -- in a silent film, a dog is revived after being dead for eight minutes. There is an entire section on the legendary Lon Chaney.

The author says he had a tough job in trying to decide what to include in this first volume. He assures us that there definitely will be a second and asks for recommendations from the readers as to what it should contain. It was obviously a labor of love to put it all together. Not all mysteries are solved however, and neatly tied up. Mr. Ackerman admits in several captions that he has photographs in his collection which puzzle him as to their origin and what they depict.

This book will give the lie to anyone who believes that the silent era was thin pickings for science fiction and horror fans with the exception of a few recognized classics. Due to the highly inflammable nature of film stock then, there are many films we only have titles for. Several years ago, a treasure trove of pre-1930 film reels were recovered from beneath a Dawson film rink where they had been preserved by the sub-Arctic cold. Is it too much to expect that some of these films in this book may somehow still turn up? In the meantime, we shall have to make do with whatever can be preserved and I suspect that historians are someday going to be very grateful for a book like this, as it will be the only record of some actors and film that is available. A very fascinating look at the early days -- "Fangs for the Memory", you might say. Don't miss it.

WHERE TIME WINDS BLOW

By Robert Holdstock
Timescape/Pocket Books, 43262-1
260 pp., \$2.95

REVIEWED BY PAUL MC GUIRE

VanderZande's World has a valley where time winds blow, depositing and removing artifacts from the past and future. Investigation teams work the valley between blows, salvaging and studying. There are also surgically and genetically "manchanged" people adapted to life on the planet who live in colonies up in the mountains.

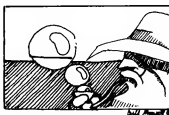
One investigation team consists of Leo Faulcon, Lena Tanoway and Kris Dojaan. Leo and Lena are tough professionals, and lovers. Kris is there seeking to learn about his brother, a victim of the winds. Ensalvion, their commander, is obsessed with finding the time masters he believed he once glimpsed.

After a most promising beginning and despite his skill with words, Mr. Holdstock stops narrating his story. Instead he has characters explain things to each other. In almost every possible pairing, the characters get things off their chests. Then come lectures on a variety of subjects. Finally Lena and Kris are carried into the time winds (in an honest to God scene) and science fiction tradition now requires that Faulcon follow his team.

First Faulcon visits the manchanged. They give him a condensed version of a highschool Introduction to Eastern Philosophy lecture. Despite the simplicity, it has a profound effect upon Faulcon. He vows to enter the winds, but first we are treated to endless soul-searching and debate.

Faulcon, at last, does enter the winds and learns the truth but Mr. Holdstock just has us listen to him tell another character all about it, after the fact.

The novel came alive just often enough to keep me going and did have an imaginative science fiction explanation for all of the mysteries of VanderZande's World. I like to vicariously experience an author's novel, or at least see it; but we only hear about WHERE TIME WINDS BLOW.



AN F. MARION CRAWFORD COMPANION

By John C. Moran
Greenwood Press, Westport, CT
1981, 548 pp., cloth, \$45.00.

REVIEWED BY STEVE ENG

Turn-of-the-century novelist F. Marion Crawford's examples of science fiction are few. IN WITH THE IMMORTALS (1888) some electrical experiments raise the ghosts of Dr. Johnson, Da Vinci and others; in THE WITCH OF PRAGUE (1891) a 107-year-old man is kept alive through death-defying science. But Crawford is better noted in the fantasy field for mystical Mr. ISAACS (1882); the Oriental KHALED (1891); a Bailantine Adult Fantasy Reprint in 1971, the very weird WITCH OF PRAGUE and the famous short stories in WANDERING GHOSTS (1911). Some of the latter are his most popular tales, such as "The Upper Berth", a ghost-at-sea story, "The Dead Smile", "The Screaming Skull" and the vampire classic "For the Blood is the Life". By these often-anthologized tales Crawford is better known than for all of his forty-some novels put together.

This huge reference tome challenges such an imbalance in Crawford's reputation. There are three introductions -- by eclectic Russell Kirk, by famed scholar Edward Wagenknecht and by fantasy poet-critic Donald Sidney-Fryer. Then comes a lengthy study by the author of this romantic novelist's life and works. Crawford almost literally worked in an ivory tower -- a tower made of stone, actually, high above the Mediterranean. The whole Crawford story is absorbing: his father designed the statue on our Capitol dome, his aunt wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and the man himself was a seaman, a literate observer of Buddhism in India and was considered a failure by his family till he began writing virtually a book a year that made him the best-selling American novelist of his time. This latter fact is a well-kept secret in literature classes today, probably because Crawford avoided the parochial "American Dream" and gave his readers escape, adventure, romance, fantasy, horror and authenticity of fact that few "realists" could equal. His Mafia novel CORLBONE (1897) anticipates THE GOD-FATHER, for instance.

To build the case for Crawford, the author has compiled a fascinating bookful of tables, histories, lists and summaries.

A "Crawford Chronology" (23 pp.) is the novelist year-by-year; "The Crawford Circle" (14 pp.) is a Who's Who from Oscar Bernhardt and Henry James to Sarah Wilde; his "Literary



THE CROSS OF FIRE

By Barry N. Malzberg
Ace Books, 168 pp., \$2.50

REVIEWED BY PAUL MC GUIRE

As Moses, Harrold actually does part the Red Sea, but then can't convince his people that it is safe to cross.

In the twenty-third century, the totalitarian state is more than willing to help people to restructure their thoughts and actions into government-approved patterns. It offers the freedom of the zombie, serenity through hopelessness.

On the other hand, Harrold has been acting a little strange lately. The above could be a paranoid delusion of a patient whom the state is sincerely trying to help. We have only Harrold's perception of events, and not even he is crazy enough to put much trust in that.

Futuristic psychological technology is used to control all sensory input and create etherealistic scenarios in the victim's mind. The speculative terrain outside the protagonist merges with the surrealistic inner realm.

Storm-trooper types calmly and politely explain how the liberal rights of mankind gives them the right to persecute and kill if they truly want to suppress freedom and honestly enjoy being ruthless about it. Before executing Harrold, they want him to understand how they are not to blame for any of this. It is always the victim's fault.

Harrold much prefers playing Christ, although the disciples nag him about his image as if they were Roman public relations agents. He has not traveled back to ancient Palestine. Worlds are distorted, warped, anachronistic; Harrold is inventing them as he goes, and his own unconscious is soon in control of his treatments.

There is a nightmarish undercurrent in this poetic novel, often surfacing throughout the journey of a shattered and chaotic persona blindly and painfully searching for a truth, or even a lie it can live with. Harrold is a weary soul. His questioning is disassociated from action. Reality and image; what difference should it make to Harrold? Science-created fantasy-worlds are arenas for the resistance of individual identity, a mental struggle personified, metaphor fleshed out.

As disjointed as this narration can seem, it is in sequence. Well-motivated development is seen in the protagonist as he grows from a harm-

less and cowardly neurotic to a dangerous self-destructive psychotic. On a quest for the symbolic and beautiful, by the time he sinks completely into the delusion, Harrold is looking forward to the crucifixion, and is willing to keep doing it until he gets it right. Self-sacrifice for the hell of it. And even God has his troubles.

This work is not only in the most complimentary way comparable to many novels, but it is a dazzling collage of many types of novels. It is a brilliant science fiction satirical and psychological tour-de-force. Mr. Malzberg provides a feast of ideas and dialogues set within one of his most fascinating and entertaining science fiction novels. A wonderful literary achievement and a whale of a tale.

THE MYRMIDON PROJECT

By Chuck Scarborough and
William Murray
Ace, 1981, \$3.25.

REVIEWED BY DEAN R. LAMBE

When the country's highest-rated TV newsman demands \$10 million a year to keep the American Communications Network on top, ACN's ruthless Chairman of the Board activates a less-expensive option. Anchorman Harvey Grunwald, more popular than Cronkite ever was, loses all his family and close friends in tragic accidents and only Network News President Sarah Anderson knows where Grunwald has gone to mourn. After a few weeks off the air, Grunwald returns to the evening news, and the ratings soar. Video cameraman Jeff Campbell, who became close to Grunwald during their Vietnam War coverage, begins to suspect that Grunwald has changed. Then a fellow cameraman dies from a sniper bullet Campbell knows was meant for him, and even Jeff's girlfriend admits that something rotten is afoot at their Network. Fortunately, Jeff has another friend from 'Nam, a Good Ol' Boy with a penchant for killing and together they launch a counterattack on the Grunwald mystery.

While aimed at a broader audience, this gutsy, action-filled novel is a fine piece of near-future SF. Readers within our genre will have little difficulty in predicting what actually happened to Harvey Grunwald, for accurate discussions of electrophysiological motivation research techniques and methods of computerized image enhancement from the space program clearly presage the final pages. Enjoyment is not lessened in knowing where the story is going,

World" (20 pp.) is a gazetteer of places real and imagined in the fiction -- Crawford's stories range the continents and the centuries; the plot outlines (228 pp.) cover every chapter of every novel; a list of characters (78 pp.) includes "non-human" actors like ghosts and the dog-star Sirius (which affects one character's psyche); the bibliography (63 pp.) covers every known edition in detail; and a compilation of quotations (31 pp.) shows how pithy and readable Crawford still is. Plentiful photos and facsimile title-pages add their period charm.

Obviously so complete a "companion" will delight the enthusiast, answer almost any scholar's question and most vital, will tempt the general reader to this obviously larger realm of a varied, expatriate romantic writer. Like M.P. Shiel, Arthur Machen and Robert W. Chambers, Crawford is immortalized by a few fantasy tales that only obscure his vast, diverse whole. This volume unlocks that greater trove.

The author stands with Crawford's literary position and reminds us why it is important to all fantasy literature. Crawford called himself a romanticist, and opposed the attacks of the so-called realists in his *THE NOVEL -- WHAT IT IS* (1893). Imaginative literature will always be under fire until the false dichotomy between "realism" and romanticism ceases. "The Upper Berth" is a realistic ghost story of the first rank; for instance, Fantastic literature would be further along today if Crawford's cogent and largely correct views had been remembered.

This book itself is written in a lively style as befits its subject, and though a thick volume it is compressed and terse. In appearance, it has none of the stuffy "library market" that scholarly books often have: the cloth is purple stamped in gold, the title page evokes Crawford's own first editions and the type-face and layout is exceptional. It was designed by its author, John Moran, who is also a bibliographer of long experience.

Libraries will want this, as will fantasy scholars. And readers of "The Dead Smile" and KHALED will find what else of F. Marion Crawford they've been missing.

however, as this book may be aptly compared with Paddy Chayefsky's "Network". And, as with "Network", the message is clear, but Scarborough and Murray are preaching to the converted. Those vanishingly-few who still read already know better than to trust all they see on TV and perhaps the only Achilles-heel in THE MYRMIDON PROJECT is the authors' failure to recognize that the dangers they project in computerized TV images are here, now.

BRIGADIER GERARD

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
Jove Books, 172 pp., \$2.25

REVIEWED BY PAUL MC GUIRE

At long last Sir Arthur's third series had reached the United States. Brigadier Gerard was an officer in Napoleon's army. By his own account Gerard was the greatest man in that army, and his adventures go far to prove it. The nine tales covering the years 1806 to 1811 concern captures, plots, secret societies, battles, vengeance, rescues, escapes and all the other little things that make buckles swash. Supporting characters include Tallyrand, Wellington and Napoleon. Locales are Saragossa, Venice, Dartmoor prison and places such as The Castle of Doom.

One problem of the first person narrative used in adventure stories is how to present the virtues and prowess of the hero without making him or her seem to be a bit of a braggart. Doyle solves this by making Gerard unashamedly and overwhelmingly conceited. By adding the tongue-in-cheek quality of having the stories told from the perspective of

Gerard as an old retired soldier in a tavern spinning yarns of his youth in hopes that someone will spring for another bottle of wine, Doyle carries it all off with charm. But the stories' true strength lie in the romantic and exciting adventures this chivalrous but hot-headed young warrior has back and forth across Europe.

There is a second volume, THE RETURN OF GERARD, with six tales from the years 1811 to 1815 and a final tale set in 1821.

THE ANNOTATED FRANKENSTEIN

Introduction & notes by Leonard

Wolf

Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., Publishers
New York, \$14.95.

REVIEWED BY ALMO JO WILLIAMS

Leonard Wolf, of the ANNOTATED DRACULA fame, is an English professor at San Francisco State University. He has done a "neat" job of providing notes, pictures, tables and everything you wanted to know about the Monster but were afraid to ask (thus exposing your ignorance). For this edition he used the original story as Mary Shelly wrote it in 1818. For, as he explains, in 1831, when the second edition was issued, "... she was the respectable widow of Percy Shelly, striving for even more respectability". Then Professor Wolf details the changes, among them the making of Victor Frankenstein into an idealized resemblance of the dead Percy Shelly and the changing of Elizabeth, Victor's ill-fated bride, from first cousin (which smelled of incest) to an aristocratic founding.

On re-reading FRANKENSTEIN, the scientific naivete' of the authoress at the age became apparent. Victor apparently had no problem with either post-mortem autolysis or immuno-rejection when he sewed his creation together -- or else, he worked incredibly fast, considering the lack of sterility (the Germ Theory of Decay of Pasteur had not been formulated yet) and lack of refrigeration!

But Monster was a "fast study" as is shown by his being able to learn to speak and read by merely observing and listening through the crack in the cottage wall and it only took him a few months. It is very reminiscent of Tarzan's self-taught reading methods. So why do our kids have to go through 12 to 16 years of schooling to learn the same thing, one might ask? I marvel at the Monster's skillfully wrought speech to Victor when they meet for

the first time after Victor's utter abandonment of his Creation. I know I sure couldn't have been that articulate. Mary Shelly created more sympathy for the Monster than for Victor in this scene, the Creation being more complex psychologically than his shallow-minded creator.

I had forgotten that the story is told through the medium of letters, a device which Bram Stoker perfected in DRACULA.

The pen-and-ink art of Marcia Huyette is very reminiscent of Sattree's lovely pictures in THE ANNOTATED DRACULA. Professor Wolf also includes a timetable of events in the unfolding story and lists of the various book editions and movie versions of FRANKENSTEIN.

The dust jacket is cobalt blue and will be very complementary next to the scarlet of your copy of THE ANNOTATED DRACULA which should be next to the light blue cover of THE ANNOTATED ALICE IN WONDERLAND by Martin Gardiner and the gold cover of THE ANNOTATED ASIMOV. Highly recommended.

THE SWORDBEARER

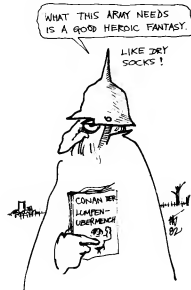
By Glen Cook
Timescape/Pocket Books, 83687-0
239 pp., \$2.75

REVIEWED BY PAUL MC GUIRE

THE SWORDBEARER tells of a bloody, no-quarter, three-way war. Sieges, battles, massacres, strategies, changing allegiances, assassinations and armies on the march are often in the foreground and never far in the background in Mr. Cook's epic tale.

He begins with bickering small kingdoms trying to work together to face a mighty barbarian empire out to unite the world in peace by means of a ruthless conquest. A lame boy gains a magic sword with a will of its own. The sword gives him strength but creates a bond between itself and the youth which the boy cannot break. Whenever it slays, the sword drinks the soul of its unfortunate victim and the swordbearer lives that person's life in an instant, and can later call on those memories, in some cases even "talk" with them. The sword also has a habit of killing those whom its bearer loves. Along with the blade, which it is hinted also exists in other dimensions, comes one basic-issue, bad-tempered dwarf. In other words, we begin with a combination of much of the writings of Michael Moorcock, particularly the Elric and Count Brass series.

There is an ancient evil incarn-



ate persona of vast knowledge and magical power. This being is served by ten forceful warrior-demons whose bodies, ages before in somewhat different form, had belonged to heroes. I guess a little Tolkien never hurts.

What Mr. Cook's novel lacks in originality, it makes up for with craft and energy. And somehow, in the midst of all the rapidly-paced action the author works in a fair amount of characterization.

THE BEST OF OMNI SCIENCE FICTION #3

Edited by Ben Bova & Don Myers
(Omni Society, 1982, £1.95.)

REVIEWED BY ANDREW TIDMARSH

This volume contains 27 items: 20 short stories (including 4 that are "new"), 5 pictorial extracts (from larger works), and 2 essays. It retails at £1.95 (in the USA at \$4.50). A bargain? Yes.

Each story is accompanied by a full-page, full-colour illustration. (I was particularly impressed by that on page 21 by Gervasio Gallardo, reminiscent of the paintings of Rene Magritte.) The pictorial extracts feature the work (the art, indeed) of Robert McCall, Gordon Williams, Vincent DiFate, John Harris and the "Young Artists" collective (incorrectly attributed to Robert Holdstock and Malcolm Edwards) -- awe-inspiring despite the inane commentaries. The essays are by Robert Sheckley and Ben Bova, both ex-editors of OMNI: the first of whom explains "how a pro-writer really writes", the second of whom that "we" (SF "aficionados") are better than "they", because "there are lots of things that we know so well", hence that "we" are more likely to survive the future. (I think not. Those who can, do; those who can't, desert.) A bargain.

No.

Having read that OMNI foresees a world of growing intellectual vitality, expanding dreams and infinite hope. Knowing that it is the field's highest-paying market, I had expected a selection of the finest available short science fiction. That would complement the art of Don Dixon, Ralph McQuarrie and Chris Moore. That would be literate, stylish, vigorously-executed and ambitious. That would, at the very least, stimulate my "sense of wonder". Instead

"The Madagascar Event" by Robert Haisty. That may be broken into three pieces. The first of which

(a third person narrative) introduces the protagonist. The second of which contains his (abbreviated) chronicle (of events during a 300-day period). The third of which indicates that, of a sudden (following the disappearance of Madagascar), all is well. Between which there is little dramatic connection. An incoherent story.

"Oil is Not Gold" by Sam Nicholson. Whose argument is -- to quote Dr. von Reinstad, "a genius with a solution to the energy problem" (cheap energy? Surely not!) -- that "there is no Congress -- only an oil lobby!". An opinion seconded by: Captain Schuster, a loud-mouthed trouble-shooter (though, on "our" side) and Captain Cummings, a "decent young chap ... sober-faced, somewhat inflexible" (but, on "our" side). Opposed by (the subtly unqualified) Mr. Ealing, "an errand boy -- a jackal -- a fixer". Not a balanced fiction. A mite hysterical.

"God Bless Them" by Gordon R. Dickson. In which the author presents a case for a United States-manned Mars Mission. By demonstrating the economic decline of the United States of America following its "refusal to adequately fund its space program". A thinly-disguised polemic.

"Newton's Gift" by John J. Nahin. Made to, not by, Isaac. A pocket calculator. That he rejects because "it is the creation of Lucifer". Nothing is changed. Though Newton's faith (in Christ?) is ridiculed.

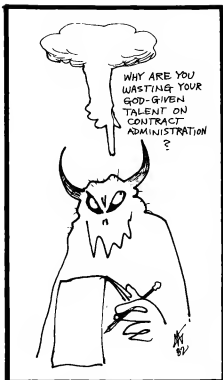
"The Empath and the Savages" by John Morressy. Ourselves observed. We're better than we think. A matter of opinion.

"The Vacuum-Packed Picnic" by Rick Gauger. Taken upon the surface of the moon. By a man and a woman. Who enclose themselves in an airtight tent. To fuck (not a word employed in OMNI). But who were interrupted by an abrupt loss of pressure (in an adjoining tent that contains all their equipment). They will survive. Nevertheless, for a while, the reader might vicariously enjoy their exposure. Gripping stuff. I'd hopes they both might die.

"Message From Earth" by Ian Stewart. Borne by Voyager 1. Having read which "the simurghs sighed a satisfied sigh, licked their lips, and readied the mass-propulsion units". As though invited to eat us.

"Hell Creatures of the Third Planet" by Stephen Robinett. The monologue of a film buff, to describe their coming "out of the night sky like something out of CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND, to shoot on location (a film).

It is ironic that the volume's



strongest story is "The Cure" by Lewis Padgett. A pseudonym behind which hid Henry Kuttner or C.L. Moore. Both of whom are now dead. A classic. That asks: Which is the dream, which the reality? Life on Earth or life ... elsewhere. And that provides an answer. A symbolic fiction. Science Fiction.

WATER WITCH

By Cynthia Felice & Connie Willia Ace, 87579-0, 216 pp., \$2.50

REVIEWED BY PAUL MC GUIRE

The planet Mahali, where nearly everything seems to be fossilized, including the bones of living animals, is a desert (also fossilized) world. Once ruled by witches who could mentally control the underground water networks, ever since the infant princess (last of the true-blood and mystic gift) disappeared, the planet has fallen deep into superstition and poverty. Now an off-world businessman and the ruling (but false) princess are scheming together and planning to betray each other.

Almost every character in this book is involved in plots, has secrets and is playing at least one false role. There is the charming heroine who is a con-woman pretending to be the true princess whom she doesn't know she really is, the prince who is pretending to be a pi-

rate pretending to be a priest and his henchwoman who is really ... and so it goes. The heroine's dead father's spirit has inhabited the bones of a goat and gives her telepathic advice, which in the midst of all this intrigue, she needs despite her overwhelming sexuality and amoral cunning.

The book delivers no surprises to anyone but its characters, but does contain much excitement. Although most of the characters are of stock cardboard, the authors breathe considerable life into the young girl and the old goat.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

By Russel M. Griffin
Pocket Books/Timescape, June, 1982
295 pp., \$2.95, ISBN 0-671-41101-2

REVIEWED BY SUE BECKMAN

Durwood Leffingwell, small-time weatherman for a low-budget TV station in Butler, Massachusetts, discovers Macduff, World's Ugliest Mortal, on display in a two-bit motel room. On the outside, Macduff has tusks and several grotesque, protuberances, one of which resembles an elephant's trunk; on the inside, he has a heart of gold and a wish to locate the mother he never knew. Leff sees past Macduff's monstrous exterior all the way to his potential as the subject of a TV documentary -- and Leff's ticket to fame and a new Mercedes. The story follows his exploitive attempts to unravel Macduff's past and introduce him to the outside world with a succession of humiliating, video-taped disasters.

This is one of the funniest books I've read in a long time. Griffin obviously feels, as his protagonist professes on page 237, that "... jokes (are) acts of love because they (make) light of a world of abominations and chaos." He parades his characters through a series of completely improbable situations but manages to make them high humor, instead of cheap slapstick. The trick is, I think, that the characters take it all very seriously. Life is just one farce after another, but it is no joke to them.

As Macduff passes through the lives of about a dozen people, each is changed for better or worse. Leff's imbecilic, bickering co-workers, his crazy neighbors, his mixed-up wife Claudine and her narcissistic poetry teacher all prove that the real freak show goes on outside the circus tent. But these characters don't elicit hate or disgust, only pity. When Harry, Macduff's former "keeper", receives an injunction

against exhibiting him, he complains, quoting the document's wording, "... 'cruel and inhuman.' Can you beat that? ... Ain't an Elephant Man supposed to be inhuman?" But instead of wreaking vengeance on his creators and tormentors, this gentle monster forgives them -- Christ with the head of an elephant.

The really remarkable thing about this book is the way the humor dances cheek-to-cheek with some very tough questions about religion and the nature of the soul. The concepts of Original Sin and the Virgin Birth take some hard knocks. It's a pleasantly old-fashioned morality tale, full of poetic justice, delivered pink and fresh to the 1980s. Griffin seems to be on intimate terms with a multitude of subjects: TV broadcasting, life in a Catholic orphanage, DNA and cancer research, carnival low life. There's even a great chapter from the point of view of a dog. It's also a first-rate mystery of The Horrible Truth variety.

The explanation for Macduff's condition is what qualifies the story as SF -- but just barely. It's one of those books you can recommend to friends who never touch printed SF. Just be sure to tear off the cover first, so they won't see the Timescape logo. When they tell you how much they enjoyed it, you can astound them with the truth: It was science fiction of the best sort.

THE GARDENS OF DELIGHT

By Ian Watson
Timescape/Pocket Books, 41604-9: 19
191 pp., \$2.50

REVIEWED BY PAUL MC GUIRE

A spaceship lands on a world-wide alchemy experiment which uses people for its base material. Not only that, everything is an accurate living rendition of Hieronymus Bosch's surrealist painting, "The Garden of Earthly Delights", which means the gardens of "Eden" and "Hell" must be represented too. After an initiation orgy, three crew members set off on a quest after knowledge, hunting through a landscape of dream symbol as reality for the alien superbeing responsible who fancies itself God.

If you want to see God, first you have to die.

Hell has torture, horror, humor, paradox, insanity, enlightenment -- everyone questions, wants to know. Hell is a waystation. (The novel's cover is part of Bosch's painting of the gardens of Hell.)

By the time our intrepid trio reaches Eden, as their speculations and explanations are starting to become redundant to the point of being boring, they find God. Both He and the mysterious human who is the key to all this are equally verbose, but on the whole, considering the depth and complexity, THE GARDENS OF DELIGHT is a surprisingly easy read.

This novel takes place in the same universe as other works by Mr. Watson and expands upon their themes. It is a multi-layered novel which can be read as an adventure story. Will the marooned spacemen find a way to escape? It can also be seen as philosophy, psychological mystery, religious allegory or even art criticism. However you look at it, it is a wonder to behold.

THE CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR

By Jean M. Auel
Bantam, 1981, 495 pp., \$3.75

REVIEWED BY P.M. SHAW

CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR is the best-seller about a prehistoric tribe of hunter-gatherers and their adopted child Ayla, the different one.

The tribe is Neanderthal. Ayla, who is Cro-Magnon, is physically different to the point of seeming deformed, even ugly, in the manner of Ichabod Crane. Her greater size leads people to feel she is older than she is, and to expect more, while her slower rate of maturity leads to some stunning paradoxes. At one point, for instance, she is exiled for a month in midwinter for a serious breach of tribal law, and must survive, and does so. Only in the following chapter does the reader remember that this was a pre-adolescent child, nine years old, undergoing this test.





NEVERTHELESS, THIS IS WHERE IT ALL STARTED. 42

The tribe is totally tradition-directed, and in this, is the story's conflict. Ayla is not of their blood and for her earliest years, not reared to their customs, and for all her trying, can sometimes see no sense to them, nor keep them. Her very presence is a source of trouble; her nature, as quickly perceived by Creb, the Holy Man, her foster father, is another; her talents, her skills and her rebelliousness, all form part of the problem the tribe must cope with. In this book we are given an extremely clear picture of just how tradition-directed people deal with change when they want to and when they must.

Creb, the Holy Man, knows the ways of the spirits and he knows all the oldest traditions; when the need arises, he can find a precedent for almost anything. Brun, the chieftain and Creb's brother, is an intelligent conservative whose overwhelming need is the good of the tribe. Iza, the medicine woman, their sister and Ayla's foster mother, has no voice in council, but sticks to pointing out visible facts to her brothers, with very good effect. There are the diehard conservatives; there are those who see no breach of custom because they don't want to; there are those driven by personal liking or personal enmity -- tribal politics in the Clan of the Cave Bear is a universal. That it is in the service of a different set of values and different universe than ours, does not change this.

These are not twentieth-century people in furs. To give one example, all women must obey any man in any thing. This can be a horror, as in

Ayla's relentless harassment by Broud, the chief's son; but for the most part, it is shown as simply an ongoing inconvenience that the women tolerate. Their place in the tribe is secure. The fact that all things are referred back to custom, so that Ayla may have to die for saving the chief's grandson by means contrary to custom, is another example.

Nor are they the brutish, deprived cave people of fiction. These people lead a good, rich, if not easy life. Some of the menus given are mouth-watering. That they communicate largely by gesture, lacking some of our vocal mechanisms, deprives them of music, but they have storytelling, ceremonials, rites of passage and all the usual round of small group life: babies' naming days, matchmaking, work, gossip, family life, friendship, long trips to hunt and fish and gather with other bands, funerals -- each person is buried with the tools of his or her trade -- and pathos, as in the medicine woman's death, at 26, from tuberculosis, a withered old woman whose illness was beyond anybody's power at that time to cure.

There are stunning moments of survival, almost all of which not only show Ayla's character, but the tribe's reaction to it and their very real ambivalence about her.

Finally, at the end, through Ayla's unwitting intervention, old Creb, the tragic figure in this book, is shown a vision of the ending of his people and the possible, faint glimmer of hope in the role Ayla's son and a daughter born to another band might play later on.

This is the kind of book to read and reread and read again and again. Auel has promised that there will be more in her Earth's Children series, of which this is the first. Keep both eyes open for them.

DEATHWIND OF VEDUN

By T.C. Rygel
Zebra Books, 427 pp., \$3.25

REVIEWED BY PAUL MC GUIRE

This is "the first of three new gripping sagas of Goni, the Samurai warrior." (I am unaware of any old sagas about him.) In this book, he is wandering around the Carpathian and Transylvanian Mountains looking for trouble. Battles, intrigue, vampires, wizards and the like give him plenty of rapid-fire episodic action.

The not totally original idea of a Samurai in Europe for horror-fantasy has some fascinating potential. Unfortunately, T.C. Rygel seems unaware of it, and his (?) understanding of writing and the English language in general would place it far out of reach in any case. What emerges is juvenile and clumsy, a comic book in purple prose. Since it is often unintentionally funny, check it out if you have time and money to throw away on a cheap laugh.

HORN CROWN

By Andre Norton
DAW Books, Inc., 1633 Broadway,
New York, NY 10019
1981, 255 pp., \$2.95

REVIEWED BY KENDRA USACK

This novel is the real beginning of the Witchworld series. Here Norton weaves for us the quests of Elron and Gatheia. Elron becomes clanless because he allows his lord's daughter, Lynne, to disappear. However, he chooses to track her through the dangerous wilderness, in order to pay off his last debts to his former lord Gatheia, assistant to the only Wise Woman accompanying the immigrants, also seeks Lynne to reclaim her heritage, which Lynne has taken from her.

At last, Norton introduces the gods and goddesses of her Witchworld -- Gumnora, the second phase of the moon, also part of a three-unit deity, whose powers are those of a traditional fertility goddess and Kurnous, the warrior god-hunter, lover, brother of Gumnora. Their cosmic struggles are interwoven with the destinies of Gatheia and Elron.

This book leaves the reader breathless -- filled with wonder at the awesome strength and beauty of the Witchworld. It is a powerful work -- the characters are well-drawn and the plot moves in a lively fashion, characteristic of Norton's best novels.

This book is indeed a beginning for the Witchworld series and a worthy successor to the WITCH WORLD.

TO SAIL THE CENTURY SEA

By G.C. Edmondson
Ace, 1981, 194 pp., \$2.25

REVIEWED BY RUSSELL ENGBRETSON

The action in TO SAIL THE CENTURY SEA takes place almost ten years after the events in Edmondson's probably most well-known novel, THE SHIP THAT SAILED THE TIME STREAM. The slapstick adventures of Rate and his crew as they bungled their way from one era to another in the first novel have altered the time stream for the worse, much to Rate's distress.

In this novel, the old crew members are reunited by order of the Imperial President and sent on a secret mission back to the time of the Council of Nicaea in an attempt to change the course of history. But things do not happen according to plan.

The plot is a marvelously tangled skein of jack-in-the-box surprises, and the prose is much better than competent; Edmondson infuses his writing with dry wit, intelligence and clarity of detail. He is an underrated writer who deserves a larger audience.

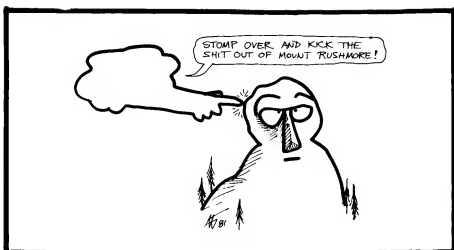
THE WOUNDED LAND

By Stephen R. Donaldson
Del Rey/Ballantine hc and pbk.
SF Book Club, 1980/81

REVIEWED BY MARK WILLARD

This is a major book by almost anyone's standards; as I write this the sequel to this volume, THE ONE TREE, is at the top of even the mainstream best-seller lists. These volumes form two-thirds of "the second chronicles of Thomas Covenant" and his adventures in the Land to which he is transported through a combination of arcane forces and bodily injury.

For ten years (since the conclusion of the first trilogy) Covenant has carved out his somewhat bitter,



lonely life, coping with his leprosy. But the evil that Covenant supposedly destroyed has reached from the Land to this world, trying to draw him back through possession of his ex-wife. Covenant is returned to the Land (possibly mortally wounded in the process) along with Doctor Linden Avery, who has been entangled in Covenant's fate by her attempts to aid him and draw him out of his seclusion.

In the Land four-thousand years have passed since Covenant was last there; Lord Foul is back more powerful than ever and has devastated the Land with a very original, oppressive, constantly fluctuating enslavement called the Sunbane. The Land's wretched inhabitants can use the Sunbane's power for their own ends, but only through the shedding of human blood as a catalyst. Covenant is poisoned by a victim of Foul's, but he and Avery escape from the region under Foul's domination and at this book's conclusion are embarking on a journey to other regions to find the means to combat Foul and his creatures.

This is a worthwhile sequel; the characters, peoples and background from the first trilogy are there in recognizable form but developed, changed and extrapolated from, as well as warped by Foul's malign influence. Linden Avery, with her fresh viewpoint and commitment to the Land, is a welcome and perhaps necessary counterpoint to Covenant's mistrust and reluctance to assume any kind of role; even Covenant's attitudes have developed, though marginally, from those displayed in the prior books.

Some things haven't changed. Covenant still has his aggravating tendencies to refuse to cope (through believing that he is coping with the fact that it's all a hallucination). Sympathetic characters die because Covenant is unable or reluctant to

use the powers he has been shown to carry; he is ungrateful and unsensible about the various aids he is given. This is not how a hero behaves; it is probably much like the way you or I would act in a similar situation, and that's a big part of what the series is about. At best, beyond the inventiveness of Donaldson's settings and his interesting supporting cast, this is a fascinating, poignant, painful drama and spectacle; at worst, the reader is disgusted with Covenant and embarrassed for the surrounding characters who put such faith in him.

Donaldson's impressive vocabulary of obscure, archaic words is likewise still present; every two pages at the most I had to get up and consult a very big dictionary to find out what was going on. As LOCUS reviewer, Faren Miller has aptly noted, Donaldson's fondness for these words is tone-deaf; as used, they don't contribute to the atmosphere or embellish the story, they just make it harder to read. That's only a gripe, not a serious objection to the books. Donaldson's epic uses a superb heroic fantasy setting to challenge all the assumptions of what a heroic fantasy story should consist of. It should be required reading for Conan fans; it's a very worthwhile book for anyone else.

SECOND NATURE

By Cherry Wilder
Timescape, 254 pp., \$2.75

REVIEWED BY PAUL MC GUIRE

I had almost finished this novel before I realized of whom Ms. Wilder's style reminded me. Arthur Hailey (AIRPORT, HOTEL, WHEELS, OVERLOAD, etc.) will take a crisis in a business or institution and reveal its workings by showing the impact on

several characters whose lives intertwine. Ms. Wilder has done this to look at a planet.

Well, I say planet, but actually the human segment covers little ground. 163 years before, a spaceship had crashed. Good-bye high tech. Adaptation. Survival. When the novel starts, the new civilization has reached a point of stability and comfort. Then a second ship crashes providing the catalyst for the events of the book.

Reports and rumors of this crash precipitate drastic change in the normal routine of several people with differing backgrounds, strengths and weaknesses. A young scholar, a rather ordinary-seeming man, is suddenly off on a dangerous trek to the heart of the century's most extraordinary event. The leader of a frontier community, a tough old woman, is suddenly faced with chaos, unless she alone can keep control. Three people who may not be human come out of hiding. Two survivors of the crash, a man and a woman, fight to stay alive and fall in love.

There are many more characters, all presented in depth and we see this adventure not merely through their eyes, but through their experience.

UNDER HEAVEN'S BRIDGE

By Michael Bishop and Ian Watson
Ace SF 84481-2; 1981, originally printed in Great Britain, First Ace printing, April, 1982
198 pp., \$2.50

THE BANE OF LORD CALADON

By Craig Mills
Ballantine/Del Rey, 28972, 1982
First edition, April, 1982
218 pp., \$2.50

THE CYBORG AND THE SORCERERS

By Lawrence Watt-Evans
Ballantine/Del Rey, 30441, First printing June, 1982, 248 pp., \$2.75

REVIEWED BY STEVE LEWIS

Michael Bishop and Ian Watson are both fine exponents of what I tend to think of as "transcendental" science fiction. And in direct correspondence, the science in UNDER HEAVEN'S BRIDGE is more in the line of religious metaphysics than it is anything else, although certainly the harder sciences are well represented, too.

The mystical inhabitants of a newly discovered planet may be organic beings, but the metallic nature of their bodies and their outlook on life indicate that they may also

be a new form of robotic life. They may also be gods, as the worried expedition to the world of the Kybers is forced to consider as a distinct possibility.

This sort of make-believe entertainment is designed to make the reader look inward as well as outward. It's probably not meant for everyone, but all in all, it's an agreeably good example of its type.

And equally so is THE BANE OF LORD CALADON, by Craig Mills, an author new to me, except that its type is purest fantasy. On some alternate Earths, far in the past, perhaps, dragons may indeed be intelligent, living creatures, but on our own, they're still nothing more than the basis for a persistent mythology, one that's never agreed to die.

The present Lord Caladon, unable to remove one of these monsters from his ancestral castle by force, turns instead to a book-long quest to help fulfill the prophecies of a friendly wizard.

The consistent style of the prose, slightly archaic, slightly tinged with a sense of "Gosh! Wow!" but mostly matter-of-fact, fits the story like a well-worn glove. There is a very little difference between this and a Grimm fairy tale, except of course, in the amount of verbiage needed to tell the story.

THE CYBORG AND THE SORCERERS

will lead you to a dash of magical fantasy and the massive amount of science and technology required to merge men and metal into unbeatable fighting machines.

The magic that the cyborg Slant encounters is not fantasy, however, but rather -- well, read the book. Other than that, this sort of confrontation between science and the supernatural is exactly what Lawrence Watt-Evans is up to in his latest work for Del Rey. The science is solid. "Down-to-Earth" is precisely what it is not.

Earth, in fact has been destroyed. Slant, the robotized war-machine has been obsolete for over 300 years, but he's doomed by the computer in his head to keep fighting. Until, that is, he reaches the planet of the sorcerers.

While the story of Slant's problems is predictable enough, and perhaps 50 pages longer than it needed to be, it is all that it's intended

to be, which is to say, an entertaining work of adventure fiction.

If it were a movie, the book would undoubtedly be rated PG -- for the occasionally graphic violence and Slant's eventual submission to the apprentice Anno's charms.

JOURNEY TO THE CENTER

By Brian Stableford
DAW UEL756, 176 pp., \$2.50
Cover art by Ken W. Kelly

REVIEWED BY PAUL MCGUIRE

Before Egypt cracked down on the European destruction of its land's past, vast amounts of loot had been removed in smash-and-run operations leaving archeological sites virtually useless. Mike Rousseau is a scavenger on the planet Asgard where the situation is a bit more complicated. Asgard is a Dyson sphere comprised of ecoclayers which may reach all the way to the center where the millenia-old builders could still be alive. Under an alien government, (Terrians are one of several minorities), only four levels have been reached since Asgard's discovery. For that reason, Mike believes plundering is the best method since it will reach the center considerably faster than the comprehensive and methodical scientific approach. A tongue-in-cheek mystic, he half believes Man may find some ultimate Truth down there. One also makes money much faster his way.

An android arrives on Asgard and then disappears. Mike is framed for murder by an alien criminal conspiracy. The Terrian Star Force arrives and, as the lesser of two evils, Mike agrees to be conscripted. It is learned that a friend of Mike's had found a shaft going deep into Asgard's core. A vicious gangster gives Mike the key to finding it. When the tough-as-nails Star Force Captain learns the android has gone down it, she orders Mike to lead the way after it since her orders are to destroy the android at any and all costs because it is believed this survivor of a brutal space war can somehow threaten all humanity. The criminals have bugged the humans so that when Mike finds the shaft they can stay close behind in hot and nasty pursuit. Mike ends up spending time with both groups, alone, and with the android, but is always playing his own game. The book is written in the first person by Mike, who is tough but practical, and cynical with a very sense of humor. Hard-boiled private-eye ala BLACK MASK, and PLANET STORIES, in mood, the JOURNEY TO THE CENTER is adventure told in high style.

THE STOLEN GODDESS

By Richard Purtill
DAW #415, 159 pp., 1980, \$1.75

This is a Mediterranean fantasy set in Crete shortly after the reign of Minos; Greek gods, Greek factions, and strands of Grecian mythology are woven into an original tale of a young man revisiting the scenes of his ancestors' fabled exploits and stepping straight into romance and exploits of his own.

Purtill has obviously put much thought, research and effort into this book, but the end product is workmanlike, not a bad book, but not a particularly enthralling one either. The story is fine; the faults are stylistic. Everything comes across as rather matter-of-fact, events unfolding steadily at a moderate pace. Purtill tells a great deal and doesn't show nearly enough. An event is broadly foreshadowed... and almost at once happens, with no surprises or complications. Most of the time the characters seem to be talking to the reader -- their speech patterns are neither realistic nor fantasy-melodramatic. There's way too much genealogy, presented in indigestible chunks; the first three pages especially are a trial by fire.

This is Purtill's second book and he's been praised by writers I admire; all I can say is that their enthusiasm for Purtill's milieu seems to outweigh any consideration of the way his story is told. I hope Purtill keeps writing and developing his skills -- I won't read his next book or two, but I will check his output sometime in the future. THE STOLEN GODDESS improved towards the end; hopefully, Purtill's writing as a whole will improve as it continues. The potential is certainly there.



TO CONQUER CHAOS

By John Brunner
DAW #422, 160 pp., 1981, \$1.95

This is a re-release of an earlier Brunner novel, set in a post-catastrophe Earth (not a nuclear catastrophe). Conrad is a peasant youth afflicted by recurring dreamvisions; he lives in a village next to the Barrenland, a huge circular

waste from which a variety of monstrous "things" periodically come wandering to trouble the rustic townspeople who scratch a living at the Barrenlands' edge. Conrad becomes involved with the expedition mounted by a duke from more civilized -- but still somewhat backward -- zones; the duke intends to scout out the Barrenlands' interior, in hopes of interesting loot and "just because it's there".

The title page calls this a revised text, but I couldn't find a word's difference from the 1964 Ace version. It's not a great book, but it is entertaining and a little off-beat and interesting to compare to Brunner's more recent and better-known works. If it has a major flaw, it's that towards the end Brunner explains, in the omniscient third person, most of what's been going on; the reader is left way ahead of the characters at the book's end.

LEGIONS OF ANTARES
ALLIES OF ANTARES

By "Dray Prescot" (Kenneth Bulmer)
DAW #446 & 462, both 1981, \$2.25 ea.

These are volumes 25 and 26 in Bulmer's epic adventure series. Hero Dray Prescot is more than a little superhuman and phenomenally lucky, but the background and events of the tales are several shades closer to realism than is common in this genre (interplanetary sword-and-sorcery) and the multitudinous supporting characters are a convincing and entertaining lot. There is a strong sense that major and minor threads of Prescot's far-flung adventures are weaving together towards an eventual conclusion of the series; at the same time there is the feeling that Bulmer's creation has gotten almost too big for him to handle. In both books the major events that climax the volumes seem glossed-over and short-shrifted compared to the lengthy treatment of minor events that lead up to them. On the other hand those minor events, for me, constitute the redeeming features that keep me reading this series.

Prescot reveals his true identity to a sword-comrade he's adventured with and the man spends a long, tortured night adjusting to the fact that his friend is his nation's foremost enemy. A very minor character introduced several books ago when Prescot saved him from falling off a roof attains something near pivotal status through sheer obstinate pur-

suit of goals he shouldn't even be thinking about (though the resolution of this situation, too, seems a bit too easy and uncomplex). Prescot manages a New Deal with the enigmatic Star Lords who still manipulate him from time to time. Bulmer's saga may not be the most sophisticated on the market, but it's very near the most ambitious. At this point I'd recommend that anyone trying out Prescot/Bulmer for the first time go back to #23, BEASTS OF ANTARES, the first in this four-book cycle; you may be surprised by what you find.

THE LOST AND THE LURKING

By Manley Wade Wellman
Doubleday, hardcover, 179 pp., 1981
\$10.95

This is Wellman's third Silver John novel and the least noteworthy of a rather disappointing trio. Like the previous two, it seems like an inflated short story -- Wellman even runs out of events and has John locked in a prison room where nothing too significant happens until it's time for the climax.

The title opens with wandering balladeer John, who's become known for his brushes with the supernatural in the rural South, being invited by the U.S. government to investigate an isolated Appalachian town with a sinister reputation. This executive commission seems unnecessary, in the light of John's wandering proclivities -- why couldn't he just come across the town himself? -- and his sentiments about the President of the United States make him sound like a simple-ass peon who's never heard of Watergate. The town turns out to be a whole community of devil-worshippers, and it's hinted that it's but one of many worldwide, but this is never followed up. The bunch abruptly abandon their faith when their leader dies at the end; John demonstrates no particular wit or initiative and foils a lot of the magic directed against him evidently just because he's so darn good.

The book does have some interesting characters, lots of background for its supernatural events and themes, and Wellman writes smoothly in a low key. If you've been following Silver John's adventures, as I have, get it from the library (as I did) or wait for the paperback -- no way this is worth eleven bucks. The best Silver John material is still the collection WHO FEARS THE DEVIL, which I highly recommend; this novel comes nowhere near it in inventiveness and execution.

THE VIVISECTOR

BY DARRELL SCHWEITZER

THE OLD MASTER'S RETURN: PART I --
OLD HEINLEIN COLLABORATES WITH NEW
HEINLEIN

FRIDAY

By Robert A. Heinlein
Holt, Rinehart, & Winston
1982, 363 pp., \$14.95

As I think everyone but Spider Robinson will agree, the last three Heinlein novels have been unrelieved disasters, distressingly so, if you've ever admired Heinlein's work, much less, as most science fiction readers under forty have, grown up with it. Doug Fratz probably said it best in his review of *THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST*: "Out of deepest respect, we must consider Robert Heinlein's career to have ended in 1965 with *THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS*."

The alternative view is that I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE, and REAST are logical outgrowths of what went before. That is probably the most devastating thing you can say about Heinlein. It makes one pause and wonder down what dark paths whole generations of readers have been lead. It's enough to make one swear off science fiction.

But ... but ... the real Robert Heinlein has returned at last. I had given up hope. Imagine my surprise and delight when first I heard, then I discovered for myself that *FRIDAY* is not only readable, but good. Imagine the surprise and delight of the thousands who put this book on all the hardcover bestseller lists.

Before I proceed further, I shall bestow on this novel the highest compliment I can for a latter Heinlein book: *FRIDAY* is good enough that if it had been written by John Doe rather than Robert Heinlein, and submitted over the transom, not only would it be published, but it would probably be successful and much acclaimed. (And published by Tor or Del Rey.)

At the same time, to an extent, the awfulness of those last three novels is a logical outgrowth of what went before, in the same sense that cancer cells are a logical outgrowth of normal cells according to certain laws of biology.

I think I can put it all in perspective.

There are two Robert Heinleins. Heinlein #1, the Old Heinlein, began his career with "Life-Line" in 1939, and rapidly developed into a brilliant talent, arguably the best science fiction writer since the early Wells. He was head and shoulders over everyone else for decades. He was a natural storyteller, and endlessly coming up with new angles and insights. There had been stories about flights to the stars before, even about giant space arks, but when Heinlein thought the proposition through, to a depth no one else had achieved, the result was "Universe," a genuinely archetypal story which has touched the careers of virtually everyone since. (I wrote my "Universe" story when I was 16. It was not published professionally. But there are lots of obvious examples that were: Aldiss's *STARSHIP*, Simak's "Spacebred Generations," and even Ballard's "Thirteen to Centaurus." It's a stage of development most writers go through. They also usually write some variations of "By His Bootstraps.")

His technical innovations were extensive. He was the first one to make the reader a resident of the future rather than a tourist. He did away with the long lectures between characters who already know what they're talking about but carry on for the benefit of the reader, and such clumsy devices as the man from the present who travels/

wakes up in the future so everything can be explained to him. Before, this was expected of a writer, and if he didn't include enough exposition, the editor might just add footnotes. Every writer to come after Heinlein is in his debt, simply because he changed the general idea of how a science fiction story should be written.

He put the emphasis on character and on the little details of living which make a time and place distinct. His futures were more richly textured than anyone else's.

One is tempted to say that, in the beginning, there was pulp sludge and in the legacy of Gernsbach science fiction was void and without form and rather tedious, and darkness was on the face of the deep; and Heinlein divided the waters from the waters, calling one type of SF "the gadget story" and the other "the human interest story," had he directed the entire field down the path of the latter. Heinlein #1, the Old Heinlein, was that important.

Heinlein #2, the cancerous growth, became manifest as early as *STARSHIP TROOPERS* in 1959. He had none of the virtues of Heinlein #1. He lectured endlessly in cute dialogue, often blathering completely stupid things. We saw more of him in *STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND*, a novel constructed out of an abandoned draft of something written much earlier than the final version. The corpse came out of the author's trunk covered with fungus or something. It grew.





With *THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS*, the Old Heinlein regained temporary control, but by *WILL FEAR NO EVIL*, the blatherer had taken over completely. It indeed looked like Heinlein #1's career was over.

I think what happened was Heinlein began to take himself entirely too seriously. Instead of telling entertaining stories, even entertaining stories with some didactic purpose, he began to instruct directly. (Worse yet, he did so in the most hideously cutesy manner possible. Some of his bad habits persist to this day. Any editor who ever gets the chance to ride herd on Heinlein in the future should strictly forbid him to use the words "dear" and "darling" and insist that the narrative/dialogue ratio never get above 40% dialogue.) The same thing happened to John Campbell when he began to realize that *ASTOUNDING* was read by a large audience of scientists and technicians. But by then he had stopped writing fiction and funneled this tendency into his editorials, and such silly projects of the Hieronymus Machine and the Dean Drive.* L. Ron Hubbard began to get too serious about his ideas and look what happened. (Whatever you may think of Scientology, I think you'll agree that science fiction benefited by Hubbard's presenting it in a series of non-fiction books, rather than tracts disguised as talky novels.) And A.E. van Vogt began to take Hubbard's ideas too seriously, and it wrecked him. He has never regained even a small fraction of the status he once held in the field.

What I am suggesting is that Heinlein's seeming collapse as a writer may have been caused by some-

* A frightening thought: If Campbell had not been editor and had still developed the same way, think of how bad a fiction writer he would have become.

thing inherent in the circumstances that produced him. The malaise hit several other writers of the same generation. It may be a natural outgrowth of the messianic fervor of early science fiction. It may have been Campbell's fault. Certainly ANALOG in his last years neglected story in the interest of preachments. Then it might have been something in the air. Richard Shaver went the same way immediately, for all that his destruction was no loss. (And the reputation of Ray Palmer, a trufan of the 1930s, with the finest sfml credentials, will never be rehabilitated.) Heinlein is simply the longest-running case of the ailment we have and he is the most gigantic talent brought so low.

But to get to the book at hand: *FRIDAY* reads like a collaboration between the Old Heinlein and the New, with the storyteller keeping tight reign on the blatherer. There are some flaws, which remind us that this may be only a temporary recovery of the Old Heinlein brilliance, but still this is a marvelously entertaining book, presenting a richly textured future which is a believable sociopolitical extrapolation from the here and now. Those of you who are tired of SF (and mostly fantasy) which has absolutely nothing to do with the world we live in, *FRIDAY* is for you. It is decidedly not set in never-never land!

At the same time, the first-person narrator is unconvincingly biased on the subject of a brutal rape. (Feminists will find large parts of this book objectionable on doctrinaire grounds. I doubt Heinlein cares.) Some of the characters come from New Heinlein's central casting agency. They indulge in cute dialogue about/during sex. There's still a visible tit fetish. But Old Heinlein, the storyteller, retains enough control to prevent this stuff from going on for pages and pages.

There are also characters from Old Heinlein's central casting agency, but thematically interesting things are done with them. Friday, the heroine, is an artificially created superwoman, based on genetic material from the two superpersons who starred in the 1949 novel, *"Gulf."* She is the classic Heinlein competent character, who was always a man in the early stories. She is by profession a secret courier for a hush-hush organization. Her boss, commonly known as Boss, is the classic Heinlein father figure, a bit more decrepit than usual.

The world of the story is falling apart at the seams. At one point Friday is made to analyze the situation in great detail. The conclusion is that Earth's planetary culture (our culture) is dying and the new dark ages are nigh.

You would think that these classically superior characters would proceed to do something about that. But no, Boss dies. Friday's grief for him is movingly portrayed. The organization (rather like the one that did save the world in *THE PUPPET MASTERS*) breaks up. The members are scattered and Friday is left looking for a job, her identity, something. The vast forces that are tearing civilization apart cannot be opposed. The best the Good Folks can do is get the hell out. In the end Friday settles down to a happy life in a group marriage on a frontier planet, raising children, chickens, cats, etc. It's a cheerful ending to what is, at the core, a very despairing book. Heinlein doesn't seem to believe that the supremely competent people can do anything but cover their own asses anymore. In this sense *FRIDAY* is linked to *FARNHAM'S FRESHOLD*, which is about the failure of the Competent Man. But in this case the Competent Woman at least keeps her dignity.

What's good about this book? A lot. It moves. You will read it in huge gulps. You may want to read it more than once. As you'd expect from the best of Heinlein #1, there are excellent details, everything from a convincing depiction of police and security procedures in a credit-card society to the new "racial" prejudice that grows up around "artificial persons" like Friday. And, for all the characters are types, Friday and her boss come alive as real personalities. The other characters are at least believable two-dimensional constructs, who move and talk like real people and keep the story going. It's Old Heinlein to a fault, the fault being that the ending is just too pat. Not only do two of the bad guys turn out to be artificial persons willing to defect, but all the heroine's favorite folks just happen to be on the right spaceship, disembarking on the right planet. It's not as glaring as the ending of *ORPHANS OF THE SKY*, but the author does seem to be pulling strings. The actual resolution of Friday's personal situation, however, is not nearly as contrived. These are just added benefits for her.

What more can I say. This is the best Heinlein novel in a long time. It's exciting, entertaining and rich, for all it is not with-

out flaws. It's also a probable Hugo-winner for next year.

Welcome back to Robert Heinlein!

THE OLD MASTER'S RETURN: PART II — ONE GOOD FOUNDATION DESERVES ANOTHER

FOUNDATION'S EDGE

By Isaac Asimov
Doubleday & Co., Inc.
363 pp., \$14.95

After all these years, Isaac Asimov is still clearly a pre-Heinlein science fiction writer. I think it was James Blish who referred to him as the workhorse of science fiction. He is consistent and reliable, his career does not have its wild ups and downs. His first story appeared the same year Heinlein's did, but in all the time since, he has hardly changed at all. He has the same (considerable) virtues and (not very serious, but limiting) faults as ever.

Those of you who were worried that this new Foundation book might be a washout and break up a winning team (said he mixed-metaphorically) may worry no longer. Before reading it, I went back to some of the original stories, and found that, aside from a few obvious crudities, it's exactly like the others. FOUNDATION'S EDGE is 1942 science fiction. Very good 1942 science fiction, mind you, but that's what it is.

The crudities I noticed (mostly in the earliest stories, comprising the book FOUNDATION, mostly have to do with background. Asimov decidedly has not picked up Heinlein's ability to work in little details which make the setting richly textured and extraordinarily convincing. His futures are rather bland. Most of the scenes consist of people sitting in nearly featureless rooms talking about the Big Situation. In the early stories, he might casually let on that, 50,000 years from now in a pan-galactic civilization, the offices still have water coolers and it is still possible for a man to buy a newspaper, sit down on a park bench, and look through the funnies. (And at one point Hari Seldon whips out that marvel of galactic imperial science, the hand-calculator.) In FOUNDATION'S EDGE this sort of thing is avoided, but there is very little sense of place or of societies differing from planet to planet. Sure, Asimov visib-

ly tries, but he hasn't got Heinlein's touch.

Otherwise, it's still 1942, when the first Foundation story appeared in ASTOUNDING. This sameness is all the more remarkable when you consider that EDGE was written under utterly different conditions. In the early to mid-1940s, science fiction books, as a publishing category, did not exist. The Foundation stories were written without any foreseeable prospect of reprinting, let alone collection into book form. A story appeared one month in a magazine, then was gone forever. Therefore, the author of a series could not assume that the reader had read all the previous stories. He couldn't aim for any overall structure, in the sense that the later stories would be incomprehensible without the earlier ones. (Indeed, when I first read the FOUNDATION TRILOGY at age 13 or so, I read the second volume first, then the third, then the first. It was a function of which appeared first in the drugstore paperback rack. I didn't have much trouble following what was going on.) To a limited extent this happened anyway, which may have been one of the reasons why (reportedly) the readers of ASTOUNDING were getting bored with the series toward the end, and it came to a conclusion where it did.

The fact that it turned out to be a trilogy was a coincidence, I suspect, brought about by price-per-pagecount ratios. Had there been a market for fat and expensive science fiction books, when book publication came in the early 1950s, we probably would have gotten just one volume.

Now along comes FOUNDATION'S EDGE, a full 32 years after the final installment of "And Now You Don't" (the last section of SECOND FOUNDATION) in ASTOUNDING for January 1950. It is written with much trepidation on the part of the author, one assumes, since he has been saying for years that he would never write another Foundation book because he didn't want to break up a winning team. (He said that in an interview I did with him in 1976. He was apparently saying it before I was born.) Tremendous amounts of money are waved about. But the biggest difference is that FOUNDATION'S EDGE is designed for book publication. It is a continuous story, 200,000 words long, something which would have been unpublisable in 1942. It is the first true novel in the Foundation series, the other volumes being filled with linked novelettes and novellas.

Aside from structural differences, however, Asimov has been completely successful in recapturing the feel of the earlier books, if he ever lost it.

As before, there is a very high talk-to-action ratio. In fact, while galaxy-shaking events take place, and the ending is Stapledonian in scope, it's all offstage. Onstage it is now 500 years into the interregnum between the First and Second Galactic Empires. This is the time of barbarism, which Hari Seldon hoped to shorten from thirty-thousand years to a single millennium. But under the first guidance of the Foundation, everybody seems comfortable enough, save for Golan Trevise, a Foundation politician who doesn't believe there ever was a Seldon Plan in the first place. He even suggests that the mathematically-predicted solutions to the Seldon Crises have been rigged.

For this heresy, a very Maggie Thatcher-like Mayor of the Foundation exiles him, and sends him on a seemingly pointless search for Earth, in the company of a fusty old scholar. The idea is that he will serve as a "lightning rod" (the working title of the book was, indeed, THE LIGHTNING ROD) to draw the Second Foundation out of hiding, so the original Foundation can wipe it out. Meanwhile, Stor Gendibal, a rising young speaker of the Second Foundation, has an opposite heresy. He suggests the Plan is working too well. Somebody must be guiding it. But for what purpose?

Everybody gets paranoid. They all go looking for Earth, all record of which has been erased on the Trantor library. Everyone converges, including the Mayor; no



one finds Earth, but in the meantime we find out where the Mule came from, a sort of Third Foundation shows up, the destiny of mankind is finagled in such a way that Hari Seldon must be spinning in his grave, and there are ties to everything from the robot novels to THE END OF ETERNITY.

Almost entirely through talk, you understand. There is one quite good dramatic interchange as various Second Foundationers, using advanced mental powers, struggle for political position. But otherwise all the oftentimes considerable excitement is generated by the ideas which get geometrically bigger and bigger the way Doc Smith's spaceships, destructo-weapons and shielding devices used to. I was surprised at how enormously, almost compulsively readable this book was, when it followed none of the usual rules of dramatic storytelling. Asimov is a limited writer in many ways, but he is extremely good within his limits.

His multitudes of fans will not be disappointed. This one will be on the ballot next year too.*

* Along with 2010: ODYSSEY TWO by Arthur Clarke. Lesser lights and mere mortals should abandon any hope of winning with that kind of competition.

AND NOW A WORD ABOUT THE GHOST OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

LANCES OF NENGESDUL

By Keith Taylor
Void Publications/Gory and Collins;
Box #66, St. Kilda, Victoria 3182,
Australia
1982, 196 pp., \$3.95

Paul Collins has been one of the most active SF publishers in Australia for several years now. He started out with a magazine called VOID which published some interesting stories but was a rather crude production, then converted it into a very nice hardcover anthology series, and then expanded Void Publications to include a line of original novels by Australian writers. So far no enterprising American dealer has imported these books in quantity, so you'll probably have to send away to Australia for them. Many of them are quite good. If nothing else, their scarcity will make them collector's items.

This latest volume is by the author of the well-received Bard (Ace Books). He is the same fel-

low who wrote for FANTASTIC as "Dennis More" in the late Ted White era. LANCES OF NENGESDUL, however, is not quite the same sort of fantasy. It is set in an imaginary world, rather than in the quasi-historical past. And the hero is a midgit.

A what? That's right, a midgit, a circus acrobat who is transported by the gods of another world into that world, where he discovers much to his surprise and delight that everyone else is as short as he is. By comparison he is a giant of herculean physique, who is also aided, John Carter-like, by the lesser gravity of the place. (No, he is not the finest swordsmen on two worlds, at least right away. Taylor is a more realistic writer.)

Unfortunately, the rather bizarre situation is quickly forgotten. For all the hero occasional mentions it, his character does not seem to be overwhelmingly affected by it. The novel rapidly falls into the standard sword-and-planet pattern of a civilized man being stranded in a primitive world and being forced to make do. The gods do not reappear. Everything is on a "natural," realistic level. It's a pretty good adventure novel, which should appeal to readers of such works published by DAW Books and others. Taylor is a crisp, even sometimes graceful stylist. He keeps things moving. There are no shrieking coincidences and implausibilities. At the same time, he lacks ERB's wonderful power of image, for which the Master could be forgiven many sins. There is nothing as memorable as the curving horizon of Pellucidar, or the hypnotic Mahars or the dead sea bottoms, fabulous races and flying navies of Barsoom. And the hero's alien sidekick is no Tars Tarkas by any means.



The main story, having to do with the reason the hero was brought to this world, is only getting started at the end. The hero has spent all his time surviving in the wilderness up till that point. The villain of the piece has not yet appeared. This is the first volume of a series, which may get more inventive later on.

It's the kind of book you read in an hour or two, if you read that fast. Fans of Taylor's other writing will want it, just to see him developing in a new direction.

REFERENCE AND NOTED REPRINTS

INDEX TO SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES, 1926-1950

By Donald B. Day
G.K. Hall, 1982, 289 pp., \$48.00

If you're a serious collector of SF pulps and don't have this already, I need only say that the Day INDEX has been reprinted, with corrections, and it is certainly worth the price. For scholars and librarians I will add that this is an essential research tool, covering all the science fiction magazines from the period in which virtually all English language SF was published in magazines. Its one flaw is that it does not index WEIRD TALES (which the sequel, the M.I.T. INDEX for 1951-65 does). It has been out of print for far too long, and this new edition is extremely welcome.

A READER'S GUIDE TO FANTASY

By Baird Searles, Beth Meacham
and Michael Franklin.
Avon, 1982, 217 pp., \$2.95

While this is by no means a balanced history of the fantasy field, it's a pretty good beginner's guide to what is available in book form today, particularly in paperback. Searles, who runs the Science Fiction Shop in New York, has undoubtedly drawn on long experience of pointing out this or that book to his customers, or even trying to explain briefly what the fantasy field is about.

There are the usual bits of sloppiness, as there always are in these things, but no shrieking errors. We're told that August Derleth "finished" works by Lovecraft when in fact he constructed new works using only the slightest fragmentary material or notes. (At no time did Derleth actually complete a story Lovecraft had be-

gun.) Then there's mention of "a couple" of Conan novels by Howard, when in fact there is only one, *CONAN THE CONQUERER*. *DEVIL'S TOR* by David Lindsay is supposedly so obscure that it has never been published (!), which is odd, because I own a copy of the Arno Press reprint, which is a facsimile of the first edition, and is probably still available. George MacDonald wrote three adult fantasies, not two, the third being the admittedly obscure (but also recently reprinted) *THE PORTENT*. *THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD* by William Morris is not the first imaginary world-fantasy novel. *THE GLITTERING PLAIN*, also by Morris, was published three years earlier. (Lin Carter perpetuated this error in the introduction to the Ballantine edition of *WOOD*. Claims that *PLAIN* is a novella do not hold up. It has always been published as a separate book.)

And so on, none of which affects the novice buyer for whom this book is written.

THE SYNDIC

By C.M. Kornbluth
Tor Books, 1982, 156 pp., \$2.75

Frederik Pohl has slightly revised his friend and collaborator's classic novel for this edition. *THE SYNDIC* is a quite good story about a Mafia-run future of the United States, originally published in *SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES* in 1954. The first half, which depicts the society, is somewhat better than the standard adventure of the second half, but very few writers today write with anything near Kornbluth's wit or satirical inventiveness.

I was particularly interested to note from Pohl's preface that

OF COURSE THE CRIME RATE IN NEW YORK IS AWFUL! THE LAST POLITICIAN WHO'D TALK TO ME WAS CARMAINE DESAPIO!



Libertarians seem to have taken this book as a sacred tract, which is ironic, because if the Libertarians ever succeed in stripping the government of all its powers the way they want to, I suspect the second most powerful force in the country will indeed take over -- some combination of the Mob and powerful corporations, which unchecked, will probably be less benevolent than Kornbluth's gangsters. I wonder what a satirist of his calibre would be able to do in a novel about a Libertarian future. He was not the sort of person to believe in easy solutions, or the natural goodness of mankind.

H.L. Gold provides a closeup of Kornbluth in an afterword. Right before he died, Kornbluth accepted a position with *F&SF* and visited Gold (then editor of *GALAXY*) who told him some of the secrets of editing. Here's one which has nothing to do with this review, but is so good I want to pass it on to you:

"...the editor's job is to buy, not reject ... every good magazine is a seller's market, and ... editing is hard on the writer but harder still on the editor, who must encourage, coax, wheedle, use any means to induce the writer to do his best, without losing him -- and not just one writer but as many as he can find." (P. 255)

Now you know why Gold was such a good editor. But why didn't he buy *THE SYNDIC*?

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FRIDAY:

a personal reaction
by rich brown

I suspect that we will have on our horizon more than one review of Robert A. Heinlein's newest book, FRIDAY, if only because people are already touting it by word-of-mouth as Heinlein Back In Control.

Were it not for Robert A. Heinlein, I doubt I would be here doing this now. Robert A. Heinlein profoundly changed my life, although probably not in either a way you might expect or one which Heinlein would totally approve.

I was what they called an abnormally bright kid; my parents taught me to read before I went to school and I made use of the public library from kindergarten onward. My primary interest was any and all sciences. I had been through the kiddie section and was into the junior section by the time I reached second grade. I had narrowed my interest to physics and astronomy at age 10 while still remaining willing to devour any book labeled "science." Yet as I ran out of books in my primary interest, I wanted to move into the adult section -- and my librarian(s) balked.

It's possible they were afraid I might read something on (horror!) biology. I have also theorized that, in some alternate universe, I went on to become a Top Scientist in my field and invented a weapon which almost destroyed the world -- so maybe that future world sent back two time-travel agents, in the form of librarians, to head me off at the pass.

Whatever the reason, these librarians would not let me into the adult section. Instead, one of them wanted to know if I had ever read any science fiction. "Science fiction?" I asked. "But that's a contradiction in terms. Science is fact; fiction is not."

Nonetheless, wishing to show I had an open mind, I let them recommend an SF book to me. I no longer recall the title, only that somewhere in it the protagonists opened the "door" (rather than air lock) of their spaceship, took an experimental breath of the Martian air and proclaimed it to be every bit as good as Earth's. Had the book been my own, I would have thrown it across the room; instead I merely closed it, marched back to the library and told the librarians it was moronic. They urged me to try another; I didn't really want to, but they were adamant and kept appealing to my sense of fair play to give it a decent chance. When I finally agreed, they pressed on me Heinlein's RED PLANET.

So I was hooked. My primary reading interest became science fiction rather than hard science, and I never went on to invent the weapon which almost destroyed the world (although, judging from what has transpired since that time, it appears someone else may have gone ahead and done my work anyway).

Up into the 1960s, I was not only an avid SF fan but an avid Heinlein fan; I frequently couldn't wait for a paperback edition -- which, in my impoverished state, said something about my enthusiasm.

But even then my tastes were changing; I used that as my excuse for finding certain aspects of Heinlein's work to be vaguely -- or sometimes not so vaguely -- distasteful. Still, it took publication of STARSHIP TROOPERS for me to crystallize the faults in my mind. The imperialistic philosophy put forth led me to look at other stories I had read by Heinlein, and other stories I would subsequently read by Heinlein, in a new light; I was surprised, and not a little dismayed, to discover how he had been slipping these ideas over without my previously having noticed it. While I could still appreciate the fine story-telling and Heinlein's unrivaled way of showing rather than telling you about the technology of his future, the expository lumps which interfered with these superior aspects of his stories were becoming more apparent.

It was not, I soon came to realize, merely because my critical acumen was growing, because the expository lumps grew like cancers. Where Heinlein almost always had a tendency to write beyond his endings, he began to tack on whole sections, sometimes almost whole novels (in terms of number of words if not in plot).

I had long been aware of Heinlein's three characters -- the Salty and Crafty Old Man, the Beautiful But Faceless Woman Who Fought and Acted Like a Man and the Young and Somewhat Idealistic Hero Who Looked Up to the Salty and Crafty Old Man and/or Beautiful But Faceless Woman Who Fought and Acted Like a Man. But in earlier works they were involved in a story, facing and dealing with problems; if the SCOM occasionally had Wise Words to pass on to the YSHWJUSCOMBBFWFWM, it was as a result of facing and dealing with these problems -- it was a part of the background. As the years passed, it

became obvious that Heinlein felt the story was the background and the one-sided exchanges between the SCOM and the YSHWJUSCOMBBFWFWM were what people wanted to read, or at least what he wanted to write.

It was still painful, as a long-time Heinlein fan, to have to grab myself by the back of the neck and force myself (like a virgin performing Fallatio for the first time) through I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, to ignore the ineptitude, self-indulgent long-windedness and numerous other foibles of TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE, to realize I simply had no stomach for THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST. Given this, you can perhaps understand why I found FRIDAY to be a relief, why I wanted to see Heinlein Back In Control.

But on sober reflection, I don't think it was very good -- the joy of finding Heinlein telling a story once more, when I'd already given up hope, just punched the "off" button on my critical circuits. So, while I was reading it, and even for a few days after having read it, I enjoyed it. There are at least fewer cases of the main characters sitting around Talking So As To Reveal What Splendid Survival-Types They Are, although this still occurs too frequently for my tastes. And, typical of the Heinlein whose work I had come to dislike in recent years, he searched for an ending, failed to find one and so wrote a stumbling denouement.

The book also ultimately fails because, when you come right down to it, it has no plot -- although this is hard to see at first. In place of a plot it has a series of subplots, which are entertaining enough to hold interest and keep the main character, a female enhanced artificial person and top-notch courier named Friday, moving so Heinlein can paint his picture of this particular future. At points, the book gives the appearance of having a plot -- but each time Heinlein gets to the point where the apparent plot logically should be resolved, things become clouded over or the subplot is shrugged off to be replaced with something else which also appears to be a plot but which is ultimately "resolved" in the same way.

As usual with first-person Heinlein females, I had problems -- although not the usual problem. Most of his first-person females strike me as being too "cutesy"; not so here. It's just that Friday has a number of attitudes which strike me as those Heinlein would like females to have but which I believe few, if any, do.

If only for the "relief" factor, FRIDAY is a good read. Despite my criticisms, Heinlein the story-teller is once more evident. There are some lovely touches -- oblique but nonetheless visible references to "Gulf" and STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. The expository lumps have apparently reacted well to therapy -- they still get in the way of both action and story, but not as badly as in other recent Heinlein books. When the story moves, it moves -- so vividly and so well it's hard to notice the lack of real plot. And if he has once again written beyond his ending, at least it's just for a few pages.

But the more I think about the book's "ending," the phoner and more contrived it appears to be. Since it's necessary to be specific, I'm going to have to reveal more than just a few details. This is by way of warning: if you've not yet read the book, you may want to skip what follows until you do.

There are simply far too many things about the ending of FRIDAY which, upon the slightest examination, don't hold water. After the death of The Boss, her mentor and partial "parent," Friday is hired as a courier to carry the fertilized egg of the heir to the throne of the Realm to The Realm, keeping the matter the secret it deserves to be. (It must not get out that anyone besides the present occupants of the throne had anything to do with bearing the child.) She is supposed to be carrying the fertilized egg in the "pouch" which has long since been surgically implanted in her belly button; the people who hired her, however, have actually placed the fertilized egg in her body so that she is in effect acting as host mother. Why The Realm should send all the way to Earth to have someone to carry the child is never really explained. By implication, it might be possible to infer they didn't have the proper technology -- the world Friday ends up on doesn't have it -- had The Realm not been shown to be rich and as technologically advanced as Earth. It is possible that the necessity for secrecy had something to do with it; the secret might

be easier to keep if someone is sent to Earth to make the arrangements and have them carried out there, rather than doing so on a world of The Realm.

Yet if this is so, it leads to another question: Why did they choose to use Friday, someone who's not only trained to be suspicious but who has the cunning and combat skills which ultimately give her the ability to foil their plot? Three skills would seem to be useful if the secret were compromised or in danger of being compromised -- and yet this demonstrably is not the case. If the secret were compromised, that would be the whole show; there would be no point in the (implied but never shown) opposition trying, at great expense of money and manpower, to capture Friday or to keep her from performing her mission, since it would only be necessary to document the plot. If the secret were only in danger of being compromised, it would only be necessary for the people who employed Friday to hire someone who can either (a) keep a secret or, better, (b) not be told the details of the secret so as not to be able to reveal it. Indeed, it's never clear why they put all their eggs in one basket -- pardon: all their sperm in one egg -- when they could hire a good healthy host mother (or two or six or 93 of them) and put them on different ships. As it stands, the only possible use to which Friday can put her skills is against her employers -- a fact which her employers must know, even if at first Friday does not.

It appears one of Friday's eggs has been used; she is known by her employers to be a genetically enhanced person, whose sterility may be reversed, and her enhancements are clearly of a kind which one might wish to have in an heir to a throne. But when Friday makes good her escape, it turns out her sterility has not been reversed -- Heinlein having already glibly remarked on how an egg might be removed without reversing the sterility and leaving Friday with the "mess," i.e., menstruation. The problem is, the "mess" is the nutrient a fertilized egg lives on. Even leaving this error aside, however, this means if her employers made use of one of her eggs, they (a) had her sterility reversed, (b) obtained one of her eggs, which they then had fertilized, and then, (c) had her sterility restored even though they knew they would have to kill her after she had the child.

This makes no sense whatsoever -- except that, since she is sterile, it's just something else which is going to make her even more than mildly suspicious when she finds out she's pregnant, which in turn

is only another reason for not using her. If this is not bad enough, her employers provide her with enough information to guess the identity of the person she's carrying the "package" for -- she therefore can't help but understand her life will be forfeit after she arrives and fulfills the mission. (This, however, is clearly a red herring. Whether she carries the fertilized egg in her body or in the pouch of her belly-button, it's the fact that she knows who it's for -- not how she's carrying it -- which places her in jeopardy.) This seems especially dopey since she has often gone on missions for The Boss without the particulars -- The Boss forever citing "need to know." Why not tell her -- or the host mothers, if that's what they decide to use -- she's been hired by a wealthy merchant? That way, when she discovers she's pregnant, she might feel she'd been duped and perhaps have reason to be angry but would not know enough to realize she was otherwise in danger. And host mothers -- there are such in this future; Heinlein "quotes" an ad for one earlier in the book -- would know they were pregnant to begin with, and therefore would have no cause to see anything out of line, as Friday must.

At considerable expense, her employers have not only more than one watchdog but the ship's captain assigned to make sure Friday stays on board the ship until she reaches The Realm. Why is the doctor -- the one person in a position to give her the information she needs to shift gears and act -- overlooked as someone to have on their payroll? Or, if this presents an insurmountable problem of logistics, why is someone not assigned to make sure the doctor does not do the thing he does -- namely, conduct tests for Friday in secret and give her the information that she is pregnant? Why did her employers put nothing in her "pouch" so she could so easily verify what the doctor told her? Especially since she might, at any time, simply check the pouch anyway? (And why was her wonder over her being pregnant because she hadn't been doing 'nuttin' w' no one lately, rather than merely because she was sterile?)

I can only conclude that, since these actions were not what people in the situation might reasonably be expected to do, they only did them because Heinlein needed them to do them so he could easily resolve Friday's problems. Coming from someone who's noted for the detail and believability of his backgrounds, character motivations and plots, this is a severe disappointment.

IF I'D GONE IN FOR
SEXUAL REPRODUCTION,
I COULD HAVE BEEN
EXTINCT BY
NOW.

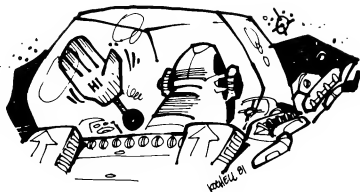


SHOT BY A
JEALOUS HUSBAND.

10/81

TERRY CARR

World Fantasy Con 7
Oakland, CA 1981



SFR: You were a very well-known and highly regarded fan of science fiction in the 1950s and 60s including winning a Hugo with Ron Ellik for *FANAC* and you had sold a number of stories, but I think your recognition as a professional began when you became an assistant editor at *Ace Books* in the 1960s. What sort of work did you do as an assistant editor, as compared with a senior editor?

CARR: I was doing largely what might be called the junkwork, stuff that "somebody has to do", going over manuscripts and checking to make sure that all the commas were in the right places and the words were spelled correctly and correcting them if they weren't. Copyediting, in other words. Proofreading on manuscripts that had been set in type. Writing cover copy or blurbs. Such things as that.

SFR: Editors have traditionally talked about the horrors of wading through the slushpile fiction, the unsolicited manuscripts. Is it really that bad or do the occasional well-written and promising stories make the effort worthwhile?

CARR: Well, obviously, I think the effort is worthwhile because I continue, and I'm not making that much money at it, so, yeah, I must like it somewhat. It does get awfully tiresome at times, but when you do find the really good story that comes in, out of the blue as it were, from someone you never heard of before, that's just terrific. I've had a couple of those just recently in the last year or so. I've never heard of them, and nobody else has. I either buy their first stories or encourage them to send me more soon.

It's really delightful, especially when you find somebody who is not just good enough to sell, but who is very, very good compared to the people who are already selling. That is exciting, when you run into somebody like that.

SFR: What new writers have you found among your unsolicited manuscripts?

CARR: The most recent one I've found is a fellow named Lucius Shepard, of whom you've never heard, because he hasn't been published yet. He's just sold his first story to *NEW DIMENSIONS* #13 or #14, and I have a novel from him which I'm going to buy for the *Ace Science Fiction Specials*.

SFR: Part of your work at *Ace* was co-editing the best-of-the-year anthology with Donald Mollheim, and you have continued your own best-of-the-year anthology since then. What's involved in searching out obscure science fiction stories in obscure sources?

CARR: A lot of legwork and a certain amount of luck. And asking your friends if they've seen something out of the ordinary. Just yesterday in the mail a friend of mine, Bob Lichtman, sent me a copy of *COEVOLUTION QUARTERLY* which has a science fiction story in it, because he figured I might not see it.

SFR: Have you ever belatedly found a story you would have wanted to include in one of your best-of-the-year collections?

CARR: Yes. Not often, but anything is far too often. I try not to think about it. It's always a feeling of chagrin... particularly -- if the story's obscure -- if I didn't find it, then nobody else found it, and I would have loved to be the one to discover it and publish it first.

Reprint it first, at least, and bring it to the attention of most science fiction readers. "sigh" It's so sad.

SFR: Do you ever get sick of reading all that science fiction to find the best of the year?

CARR: I wish I could say no, but yes, I get sick of it. About two or three times a year, I go what I call "science fiction blind", which is a state of mind in which I read two pages of a story and have no idea of what I've just read. I don't know whether this story is set on Earth, in the far future, on Venus, on some other star. I have no idea what's going on. It goes through my eyes and doesn't hit my brain. I have to stop reading at that point and take a week or so off and either not read anything or read mainstream fiction or non-fiction, just get away from science fiction for a while.

SFR: The first series of *Ace Science Fiction Specials* was done under your editorship and a remarkable percentage of them, such as R.A. Lafferty's *PAST MASTER* and Ursula Le Guin's *LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS*, are still regarded as exceptional or classic books in the genre. What factors enabled you to achieve this success?

CARR: Essentially, I was in the right place at the right time. It was a very interesting time in the history of science fiction. There were a lot of very, very good new writers in the field in the Sixties and it wasn't yet a matter of having

to fight with other publishers in terms of the amount of money you were paying. There were other publishers who were paying more money than I was. But not that much more. The spread wasn't up to a hundred-thousand or a million dollars as it is today, so I could compete with most of the publishers.

I was also in a position, through professional contacts and in fandom, in which I was usually aware of who was writing new fiction, short stuff in the magazines or whatever, who looked like a promising newcomer. And also the established names I obviously knew, so I got in touch with as many people as I possibly could and let them know that I was open to, and in fact looking for, adult science fiction, not simply the space-opera adventure fare that was very common then and still is very common.

When you do that, with writers who are serious about writing science fiction, they'll respond. In particular because I was packaging those books with covers that didn't have spaceships and naked girls on them: They had very fine paintings instead, and a tastefully-done package in general, in terms of the logo types and so on.

So it became reasonably easy for me to get good manuscripts submitted to me. After that, it was simply a matter of picking what I wanted -- which isn't really very hard. If you get something like *LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS* submitted to you, it isn't hard to decide to buy it. People say, "Gee, you're so brilliant. You bought *LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS*." And all I can say to that is I would be awfully stupid if I had not bought it.

SFR: Several years ago, Ace Books bought out a second series of Ace Science Fiction Specials under a different editor and they never achieved the amount of critical acclaim they did under your editorship. Since then, Ace has retained you to once again edit the Ace Science Fiction Specials. Can you give us some sort of idea of what works you will be presenting under the renewed series?

CARR: The new series is going to be somewhat different from the original. The original was both new writers and established writers -- John Brunner, James Blish, Roger Zelazny and people like that -- whereas the new series will be essentially a discovery series, finding people who either haven't published before or have published not very much. The most established writer I've bought so far is Howard Waldrop, who's been writing for about ten years but has done only one novel, and that was a col-

laboration. I bought his first solo novel.

The other three books that I have so far are all first novels, by new writers who are very, very good. People like Carter Scholz, Damon Jeffers Junior, and Lucius Shepard, the fellow I mentioned earlier.

SFR: When you left Ace Books in 1973 for a freelancing career, you moved from New York to San Francisco Bay Area. Does the distance between yourself and the house editors and publishers in New York cause any special difficulties or delays in your work?

CARR: No, it doesn't cause any whatever. It does make it a little more difficult to sell an anthology idea or something like that, where I have to work through agents. But I'm in a position now where I'm doing three continuing series -- *BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR*, *FANTASY ANNUAL* and the *UNIVERSE Series* -- and essentially that's all I want to do for now, just those three books a year and then getting back to some more writing on my own. I'm writing a new novel.

SFR: The first two issues of *UNIVERSE*, your original anthology series, were published in paperback by Ace with illustrations by Alicia Austin preceding each story. When *UNIVERSE* moved into hardcover with #3, the illustrations disappeared. Was this voluntary on your part or would you resume having the stories illustrated if possible?

CARR: I didn't stop using illustrations because I wanted to; it was simply because I switched publishers. When I was publishing the first two, I was in New York City, and I was the editor who was handling the production work on *UNIVERSE* #1 and 2. So it was easy for me to arrange to have Alicia Austin do those illustrations. After I moved to California, and I was sending in the manuscripts to Random House, Random House chose not to have interior illustrations, either because they didn't feel they should be there, or it cost too much money, or production problems, or whatever.

Currently, *UNIVERSE* is being published by Doubleday, and I think we could possibly do it, but it would add on a certain amount to the budget on the book. And if that's the case, I think I'd rather add that amount of money to the budget for the authors.

SFR: What is your opinion of the flood of profusely illustrated trade paperbacks that have been coming out in the past several years?

CARR: I'm of two minds about that. When I started the *UNIVERSE* series, as you've mentioned, I had them illustrated by Alicia Austin, an artist whose work I like very much. I also published illustrated editions of Kuttner's *THE MASK OF CIRCE* and London's *BEFORE ADAM*. I was in favor, then, of using good illustrations with good stories, because I thought they complemented each other very nicely. It wasn't being done back then. Almost all books being published then were a lot of type and something on the cover, but no other pictures. I just thought it dressed up a book and made it kind of pretty and more interesting.

But more recently, the trend towards the visual aspect in science fiction has become so strong, so marked, that I'm reacting the other way, against it. I would like to see people forget about the pictures, for God's sake. At least in most cases, because they don't add that much. They really are only window dressing. God, don't tell any artists I said that.

No, really, I think the emphasis should be on the stories themselves. In fact, I see the whole movement toward what I think of these days as "picture books" as a combination juvenile trend -- kids like to have pictures in their books because the words are hard for them -- and a trend which is caused largely by a growing illiteracy in this country and in the world. People just do not read as easily as they used to. That bothers me a lot; I'd like to go against that trend.

SFR: Do you have any particular working method for choosing the stories in *UNIVERSE*? Are the manuscripts from recognized professionals read before unsolicited manuscripts from individuals?

CARR: Yeah, the ones from recognized professionals are read first. I do the same system most people do: You have the professional pile and what's known as the slush pile. With a slight variation: You don't have to be a recognized professional to get out of the slush pile and into the "pro" pile if I've read something by you before and I think you're a pretty good writer, whether or not you've sold anything -- I'll probably remember your name and put your manuscript over onto this pile to be read first.

SFR: Do you try to solicit stories from specific writers?

CARR: I do, yes, definitely.

SFR: Would you rather work through agents or through the writers themselves?

CARR: It doesn't make a great deal of difference. It's a little bit

easier to work with the authors directly, simply because you can talk with them about perhaps an idea for a story, or if it comes to having the story revised then you can simply talk directly with the author. Almost every time that I have dealt through an agent, if it comes down to revisions or something like that, I write directly to the author and send a carbon copy to the agent so the agent knows what's going on. It really doesn't make a great deal of difference.

SFR: When you're compiling one of your reprint anthologies, how are the stories picked for those? Do you rely on your memory, keep a card file on good stories, ask your friends?

CARR: I keep a card file. Whenever I read a story that I think is outstanding in some way, I sit down and do a card on it. I give the number of words, the title, the author and a short synopsis of the story and put that in the card file. At the end of the year, I go through it and pick out the stories that seem to me to be the best.

SFR: How are rights obtained for stories you want to reprint? What happens when an author you want turns out to be dead or vanished?

CARR: That very seldom happens. In fact, I can't recall that it has ever happened to me with the best-of-the-year anthologies.

It has happened in the case of some other anthologies, since I've done anthologies of material going back to, say, the thirties and the forties. Some of those authors have died or have simply disappeared.

There's one author named Burt Filer who was writing in the 1960s. Indeed, I knew him then. He's disappeared completely since then; nobody can find him. Harlan Ellison is looking for him too; Harlan owes him money in royalties on a story that Harlan published. Harlan can't find him. I can't find him. I reprinted a story by him. Since I couldn't find him... one option that we have in the science fiction field is Forrest J. Ackerman, who serves a very valuable function. He's among other things, an authors' agent, and if somebody cannot be found, or he's died and his estate can't be located, Forry acts as a kind of clearinghouse for that; he will accept the money and put it in escrow, as it were, just hold it there, and he'll advertise in writers' magazines and so forth, trying to find these people. Eventually, he usually does.

SFR: One area of science fiction editing you've never done is in the

science fiction magazines. Have you ever had the desire to do so, and if you were editing an sf magazine, what would you do to try and make it a success?

CARR: I've always wanted to edit a science fiction magazine. It's the one thing that I've wanted to do that just hasn't come my way. I've never been in the right place at the right time. Yes, if anybody ever wants a real good science fiction editor for an sf magazine, get in touch with me. I would love to do it, and I could do the job.

What I would do to make it sell is make it good. That is to say, I would make it good in a way that would sell. I'm not the kind of editor who has his head in the clouds and buys a whole lot of literary stories and damn the readers! I never was that kind of editor, though some people have "praised" me in such terms.

Besides, my own tastes, as I've found over the years, coincide very closely to the tastes of the readership at large. Which is very fortunate for me. I don't have to second-guess things. You know -- read a story and say, "Well, I don't like that but I think other people will; I'll buy it." That's a very dangerous way to edit; it means you're guessing all the time. Whereas, particularly in the BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR, every story that I publish is something that I really liked myself, not just something I cynically chose because "I think that's going to win the Hugo" or something. It's worked out very well.

SFR: Your own fiction has been almost entirely in the short story area with only one full-length novel, *CIRQUE*, to date. Is this because of a natural inclination on your part, or a lack of time due to your editing work? If you were to start writing full-time instead of editing, would you tend to write more short stories or move into the longer lengths?

CARR: I'd be doing both. What I most like to write, and what I write most easily, is the short story; that seems to be my natural medium. However, there is a lot more money in novels. I can write novels; I've written one, and it was successful. I am writing another novel now, as I mentioned.

SFR: I've got two final questions: First, if there had been no science fiction, what would have happened to Terry Carr?

CARR: Interesting question. I think Terry Carr would be working in a library somewhere, because that was what I did before I got into science fiction. I worked in a variety of libraries around San Francisco and Berkeley. I'd probably be a librarian.

SFR: Lastly: In what direction do you see the science fiction field heading? What do you feel is the future of the magazines, the original anthologies and the other markets for shorter fiction, as compared to novels?

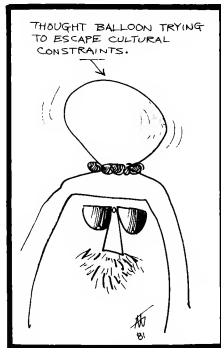
CARR: I wish I knew. Things are in a state of flux right now; it's very difficult to predict things.

Anthologies have never sold as well as novels, of course, and right now there's a countrywide -- worldwide -- recession going. In such a situation, publishers get very conservative and they publish only those things that they know they can make money on. So it's somewhat harder to sell anthologies.

Some of the magazines, as you know, have died -- but there are new magazines coming in. As best I can tell, the future for pure science fiction magazines is questionable. But on the other hand, you have OMNI which is primarily visuals again, and science articles and so forth, with a certain amount of fiction. That can obviously be sold very well; OMNI's been doing it and they have imitators coming out already.

I think that, unfortunately, is where the future may lie. I say unfortunately because I'd like to see more pure science fiction being published.

SFR: Thank you very much, Terry Carr.





LETTERS

CARD FROM ROBERT BLOCH

2111 Sunset Crest Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90046

August 5, 1982

'I can hardly wait to see the fall-out from this ((#44)) issue as the worlds of Schweitzer, Elliott and Card collide in a battle to the death over the status of fantasy. It is, however, a battle I'd just as soon observe from the sidelines, granted the nature of the combatants. Before they annihilate one another completely, I trust they may come to agreement on a definition of fantasy. By so doing, it's possible they may unwittingly resolve some of their differences.

'Card's critique of critics, coupled with Spinrad's assessment of the publishing field, affords cold comfort to the writer. It also illustrates just how far you have come since editing those early

issues of THE ALIEN CRITIC: REG, the SecretMaster of Fanlit! And who else is old enough to recognize your cover art as illustrating the birth of Laura LaPlante?

((Definitions only get in the way.

(No one is the Secret Master of anything, anymore. Why, I am being kicked out of fandom! I have one more year of fanlife before being thrown to the wolves as a dirty old semipro! Pray to Yngvi for me!))

((The fall-out follows.))

**TRUE FANWISHNESS
BEGINS WITH THE
DESIRE TO PUBLISH**

**AND NEVER
STOPS...**



LETTER FROM BOB BARGER

5204 Dayton Blvd, #6
Chattanooga, TN 37415
August 1, 1982

'To comment further on the CONAN movie, I do indeed seem to be in the minority in regard to my reaction to the film. I think this illustrates that different people simply have different concepts of, and reactions to, Howard's original stories. One or two of Howard's stories showed Conan to have a fair amount of intelligence; THE PEOPLE OF THE BLACK CIRCLE springs immediately to mind. For the most part, Conan seems smarter when he isn't the story's major protagonist, but rather merely one of several interesting protagonists. Those stories which feature Conan as the sole protagonist, like for example, THE DEVIL IN IRON, seem to more or less have Conan acting like a horny teenager of relatively low IQ -- thus Conan being a relative dumb-fuck in the movie struck me as being fairly loyal to Howard's original.

'My wife took exception to Elton T. Elliott's statement in "Raising Hackles" (which he mentioned was suggested by you) that the cancerous growth of fantasy in SF is the result of more women editors in SF and more women reading SF. "But, Dear," I replied, "It's a proven scientific fact that women like wimpy fantasy stories

better than they like good old hard SF." Whereupon she threw at me the book she was reading (Robert Forward's DRAGONSTAR, I seem to recall, a book she says she enjoys because of the "degenerate" goings-on of the little neutronium critters in it) and when it missed my head, she grabbed the mop from me and beat me about the head and shoulders with it's large, splinter-ridden wooden handle, stopping only after she belatedly realized I was enjoying it.'

((Having seen the picture of Sandy on your (and her) letterhead, I can only envy you, sort of. I'll address the "women editors like fantasy better" argument after everyone has read her following letter.))

LETTER FROM SANDY PARIS-BARGER
5204 Dayton Blvd, #6
Chattanooga, TN 37415
August 2, 1982

'One of my favorite aspects of SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW is waiting to see how stupid Alexis Gilliland's cartoons will make me feel. Sometimes it takes me a while to decipher his somewhat bizarre/absurd/brilliant sense of humor.

'Your reviews also provide a never-ending source of amusement. I must admit, I don't always agree with you (I liked CONAN too! Ooooooh ... do it, Arnie Babee), but I enjoy hearing your opinions.

'I do, however, beg to differ with my husband's (Bob Barger's) comments upon my reactions to "Raising Hackles" ... I do not "take exception to the statement ... that the cancerous growth of fantasy in SF is the result of more women editors in SF and more women reading SF." I simply think that said statement is utterly ridiculous. There is just as much, possibly more, "wimpy fantasy" perpetrated by men, perhaps because there are so many more men than women writers accepted into the SF/fantasy fields. For myself, I prefer hardcore to wimpy in anything, and I think it highly unfair to imply that women as a whole don't, especially when one is a man. Just because there are women writing and editing wimpy fantasy does not mean that women are buying that, only that, and all of that which gluts the market. Give us a little credit. We women get off on phallic-symbol spaceships, too. I prefer them to dwarves and hobbits anyway ... For my money, I'd like to see a woman approached to do

a series of hardcore SF along the lines of John Cleive's SPACEWAY series ... real SF adventure with lotsa lust and sex, from a woman's point of view....

'Oh ... and the book I was reading (which I did throw) was SPACEWAYS #6 by John Cleive (which, for some strange reason, has a portrait of Andy Offutt on the cover -- did you know that??), which is most definitely hardcore SF and anything but wimpy. Meecowrrrr.

'(My husband is shouting disagreement about women SF writers ... shouting names like Cherry, Lee, James Tiptree, Jr.....)

'Trouble is I can't really say whether or not I agree with Mr. Elliott's article. He makes several lucid points with which I agree, but the whole flavor of the article comes across as rather cobbish. We need wimpy fantasy on the market. If there was none, what would we have for comparison to determine what is good, hard SF?? And if you choose to think of it as a glut on the market, which is somewhat true, then the SF market isn't too terribly different from any other market. That which sells in the first place usually ends up in demand. It's like ADF ... he's a damn good writer but they pay him for movie adaptations.

'And who are you going to blame for the rise of wimpy fantasy in the first place? Tolkien?? Those of us who like real SF will keep on buying and reading it, even if we have to dig a little for it. And the wimpy fantasists will come and go and eventually Stephen R. Donaldson will run out of titles for that series and we'll still have our good old SF.



'The main problem for me with Mr. Elliott's article is that I'm not really sure what solution he is suggesting. Should SF fans as a whole rebel against the fantasy "glut"? I mean, that's a little like the Democrats vs Republicans. Kinda depends which side of the fence you are on. Should publishers stop buying fantasy? Wouldn't that be destructive to SF publishing too? And how can we demand that fantasy only

well, if you don't read the "Dragon" series,
I'm afraid we can't have a meaningful relationship.



etc.oo

be labelled as fantasy and not SF? It's really up to the writer what his work is called, and there's not much we can do about that. As for books being falsely labelled and misleading ... if a reader can't tell by thumbing through and examining a book in the bookstore (which I thought everyone did in today's economy) what said book is generally about, then that reader probably won't know the difference between SF and fantasy and shouldn't have anything to be concerned about in the first place.

'P.S. The lady on page 30 somehow seems familiar, though I can't quite place how

(Mostly, Sandy, upon deep reflection and hasty thought, you're right: In most cases, 95% of the time, the sex of an editor in a major sf/fantasy line doesn't make any difference---the publisher makes basic policy from reading the sales reports, and the effectiveness of the cover may be more influential than any other factor anyway... But I do know from comments made by bookstore clerks and bookstore owners, that the hardcore sf readership (men in their thirties, forties, late twenties, early fifties) recoil from woman-focused fantasy. It's gut reaction: men want to read about men-as-heroes doing dangerous, violent things successfully in a future technological world.

(There has been a relatively brief surge in woman-oriented fantasy, and it has seemed to overwhelm male-oriented sf. But the market has spoken, the new sales figures are in, and hard sf (male-dominated sf, if you will) is back in the...er...saddle. I note the four Tor releases for September are THE SYNDIC by C.M. Kornbluth, ANANIS by Niven & Barnes, WORLDS OF THE IMPERIUM by Laumer, and MORITURI by Barry Sadler. (I note also two are reprints from 20-30 years ago, which speaks to the enduring basic com-

mercial appeal of hardcore sf story elements. And I would make the point again that in buying and editing sf for a hardcore male readership, a male editor is going to do a slightly better job than a woman. There are still (and likely always will be) cultural and biological/instinctual differences which subtly do make a difference. Again, I do not see any males editing the women confession lines.

((I think 'wimpy' fantasy started with the rise of Women's lib; the "social pressure" (imposed, masochistic "guilt") resulted in authors and editors and publishers issuing sf and fantasy novels which featured "strong" women as central characters. This attracted a lot of young women readers---and repelled a lot of male readers. Later, a more "natural" woman's sf and fantasy appeared---the sf and fantasy gothic, and the horror/occult novel in which women were again back in the old role: victims.

((Now, I strongly suspect, the fantasy and the woman-oriented sf novel is fading as basic sales show the male-oriented pulp novel is selling better. (See "Pulp!" by Algis Budrys in this issue for what pulp really means.)

((In any case, over the next year or two, the market will shake out and tell publishers (if it hasn't already) what fundamental elements of sf sell best, which not. There'll always be some fantasy published, some woman-oriented sf, some sf/fantasy gothics, etc., but science fiction will go on as a reaffirmation of the progressive, conquering, winning, technological, moralistic, masculine instinctual values of the core readership. SF gives its readership a new frontier, a new forest in which to hunt food and demonstrate bravery, a new battlefield in which to win wars against alien (not us) enemies.

((That's the heart and soul of

sf, and it isn't a natural ecology for women.))

LETTER FROM ALLEN KOSZOWSKI
217 Barrington Road
Upper Darby, PA 19082
July 30, 1982

'I found Mr. Elliott's column to be right on, and (at the risk of sounding like a male chauvinist -- a charge I will always deny) -- your view, that the fantasy taint to most recent SF can be attributed to the influx of women editors and readers, to be very perceptive. In my view, this is hitting the nail right on the head. Note, I don't say that this is a bad thing -- I only mention that I think you are right.

'Thanks for your nice comment about my piece of art in KADATH #5. I haven't even seen the issue yet.

'Two of the illos that you credited to me on the contents page belong to someone else -- those on pages 12 and 39. Don't know if you caught this yet.

((I suspect those illos are the work of Vic Kostrikin.))

THE SHIVERER IN DARKNESS

There was a Yuggothian chain gang
And torture provided its main bang.

It was so cold on Pluto
That pleasures were pseudo
And, boy, did they relish a pain pang.

-- Neal Wilgus

LETTER FROM ARTHUR D. HLAVATY
819 W. Markham Avenue
Durham, NC 27701
August 7, 1982

'There were two items that seemed particularly noticeable in this issue. Avedon Carol, in her loc, does something that she does often and well -- pointing out that something which Everyone Knows is in fact not the case.

'The same sort of questioning of received truth might be applied to Elton Elliott's column, particularly its assumption that fantasy = medievalism = technophobia.

'It seems to me that there are two kinds of positive approach to the Middle Ages: There are those who wish to go back to the Middle Ages, and those who wish to go forward to the Middle Ages. The back-to-the-Middle-Ages group seems to be fleeing from aspects of the present that they don't care for. Technology is often one of these, but others wish to turn the clock back against democracy, sexual permissiveness, mass culture, etc. These people might like fantasy but my guess would be that their literature of choice would be post-Collapse fiction, with nuclear war, collapse of the debt structure or natural catastrophe acting as a cleansing fire to rid us of those nasty old machines, or of other elements the authors find offensive, from male chauvinism (WALK TO THE END OF THE WORLD) to feminism (LUCIFER'S HAMMER).

'But there seems to me to be another possibility -- the Middle Ages as the future. Many of the aspects of the Middle Ages have a certain charm, but realists note two drawbacks: the prevalence of serfs and thus the likelihood that we ourselves might be serfs, and the appalling lack of sanitation. In a future where technology had yielded its benefits, these could both be eliminated. Contemporary technology has worked wonders in making our lives more sanitary and there is the possibility of a world where the only serfs would be machines.

'I suspect that this will not be the only letter you receive that defends the Middle Ages and is written on a word processor.'

(Dystopian sf novels don't usually sell very well if realistic; a lot of people reject our present society and culture--but want to go onward to a more technological, more controlled-by-man universe, out among the stars.

(Medievalism's appeal is its simplicity, I think. Of course actual Medieval day-to-day life among serfs was lousy, literally and

figuratively. Also short.

((A real medieval future is quite likely, I think, once critical raw materials give out and become gradually too expensive to create artificially or do without. As the chain of mass production breaks down so too will social structures break down--with much struggle and misconception among those involved--and decentralization will set in politically as mass communications and mass movements of freight stop. But I don't expect all that to start for at least another two-three hundred years.

((Once people know in their bones a bright star future is not possible, sf will die. Instead, I imagine historical novels dealing with our present "golden age" will be all the rage.))

rowness of his literary background, from his having come in at a different time. When I came in, the Ballentine Adult Fantasy series was starting up. This wasn't my only source of information, but it accelerated the rapid expansion of my horizons, as I discovered more and more non-pulp, non-genre fantasy writers, going as far in various directions as Anatole France, James Stephens, Charles Finney and, for that matter, Voltaire.

'One of the things I found most appealing about fantasy in that period was that the writing was so much better. After all, fantasy is an older form (indeed, the oldest, predating the "mainstream" novel by millennia), and it has had longer to refine itself. Back before fantasy became a commercial genre, there were



LETTER FROM DARRELL SCHWEITZER
113 Deepdale Road
Strafford, PA 19087
July 30, 1982

'I'm afraid my respect for Elton Elliott, which has never been particularly high, has just dropped several notches. He's certainly proven that it's possible to be a reactionary in regard to fantasy without first being a Fossil Waver (to use Orson Scott Card's wonderful term). I should have known better. After all, Marty Cantor carried on the same shtick in HOLIER THAN THOU, and he did it more entertainingly. All Elton manages to do is come on like an old-time fan who is desperately afraid that outside literary influences will seep through the ghetto walls. The idea that science fiction is innately superior to "mere" fantasy seems to have been typical of the more immature fans of the late 30s.

'Elton's perspective on fantasy may be due, in addition to the nar-

only three types of fantasy books: classics, contemporary masterpieces (like ONCE AND FUTURE KING or THE LAST UNICORN), and unpublished manuscripts. Since very little fantasy was published in this country between about 1930 and the middle of the 1960s, a fantasy novel usually had to be truly extraordinary to get into print.

'What has happened is that a new fantasy category has made room for mediocrity. In short, what is wrong with fantasy today is that it has sunk down to the level of science fiction. It is possible to publish a fantasy novel which is no more creative than a routine space opera. There are fantasy novels no better and produced with no more care than the great mass of undistinguished Ace Doubles.

'But what Elton seems to be saying is that you can "trust" mediocre science fiction more than any fantasy. That is because he is not interested in imaginative writing. He wants the

same safe, familiar stuff re-run over and over.

'Of course there is bad fantasy, but there is very good fantasy too, just like there is science fiction far above the level of routine Ace Doubles. But there are fantasy writers who are simply better writers than any science fiction writers. T.H. White and Mervyn Peake stand out particularly. Lord Dunsany is better than any science fiction writer, but only within the narrow range of a certain type of short story. There are powerful things in his novels, but he was not, overall, a very good novelist. And I do not think any science fiction writer has ever topped "The Masque of the Red Death." (Yes, Poe wrote science fiction, but just you try to read it.)

'More generally, as Elton would know if he were a bit more widely read (but then, considering his blatherings about macho barbarian characters, I'm not sure he is even familiar with contemporary, genre fantasy), it is clear that fantasy is a very basic mode of expression found in virtually all cultures and all eras. I don't just mean the folktales and epics of primitive peoples, although those are, quite universally, fantasy. (And don't give me that crap about it being otherwise because the audience thought this was everyday stuff. The audience of Homer had never seen a cyclops. The hearers of BEOWULF had never seen a dragon.)

'You will find fantasy everywhere in sophisticated cultures. In the later Roman Empire, there was a novel-reading public, and they read fantasy, the best-known survivor being THE GOLDEN ASS of Lucius Apellius. (This was actually quite a literate era. The literacy rate in Egypt, for example, has never reached that level again.) Glancing around at some of the fantasy books I happen to have on nearby shelves, I find MONKEY BY Wu Ch'eng-en, which is a Ming Dynasty (16th Century) Chinese fantasy novel. There is also STRANGE STORIES FROM A CHINESE STUDIO (not original title, obviously), which is a collection of stories by P'u Sung-ling, from the same period. (Ming China was a period of very high culture.) From the European Renaissance, there is ORLANDO FURIOSO by Ariosto, the works of Rabelais and of course, Shakespeare, whose THE TEMPEST quite resembles much modern "high fantasy." Much medieval romance belongs in the category of literary fantasy (as opposed to folk literature). It was produced for a reading public by literary artists who knew perfectly well they weren't producing realistic literature, but had deliberately chosen their particular mode of discourse because of its special properties.

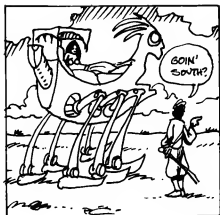
After all, SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT is contemporary with Chaucer. The author knew what he was doing.

'As we move forward a few centuries, we find certain types of satiric fantasy slowly turning into science fiction, as in the case of Jonathan Swift. Voltaire also wrote some almost-SF, though he surely saw no difference of kind between "Micromegas" (SF), "The Princess of Babylon" (fantasy) and CANDIDE (mainstream, well, sort of). H.G. Wells clearly thought of himself as a fantasy writer, and saw no real difference between say, "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" and "The Time Machine", although in his work the branching-off was almost complete. For that matter, Mark Twain would probably have argued that both A CONNETTICUIT YANKEE and "The Mysterious Stranger" were fantasy.

'Elton Elliott, I'm sure, would dismiss the latter as adolescent twaddle. Then again, he would dismiss most of the world's great literature that way. Yep, THE TEMPEST and THE DIVINE COMEDY and GARGANTUA and DOCTOR FAUSTUS are all for adolescents, but James Hogan and E.E. Smith -- now there's adult literature. Actually, few things are more adolescent than making sweeping statements which exclude whole areas of writing, particularly when the one in question is the huge literary continent of which science fiction is a peninsula.

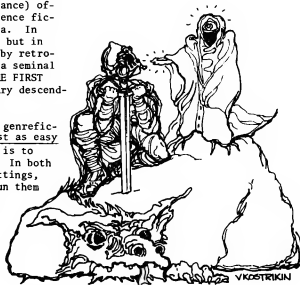
'Is it easier to write good fantasy than good science fiction? I doubt it. I don't think Gregory Benford could write something equal to ONCE AND FUTURE KING. (Whether T.H. White could write something like TIMESCAPE is another matter. He did do a science fiction novel, THE MASTER, but like everything else he did, it is inferior to his one masterpiece.) I suspect that the talents are very different, which is why fantasy writers (Lord Dunsany, for instance) often turn out to be poor science fiction writers, and vice-versa. In Wells the two are combined, but in more ways than one. It is by retrospect that we see Wells as a seminal science fiction writer. THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON is a literary descendant of GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

'I think that now that genre-fication has set in, it is just as easy to write bad fantasy as it is to write bad science fiction. In both cases, you take pre-fab settings, plots and characters and run them through the usual motions. The results are about equally exciting.



'I suspect that what gets reactionaries like Elton Elliott, or for that matter, Charles Platt, Gregory Benford (who, to be fair, was writing in PATCHIN REVIEW about the dangers of trying to structure a science fiction novel around fantasy elements -- a trend I don't care for either -- rather than the evil of fantasy itself), and Norman Spinrad is simply that fantasy does funny things inside their heads which they don't understand and which frightens them. In FROM ELFLAND TO POUGHKEEPSIE, LeGuin compares it to dreaming, to mysticism and even to madness. The mental process of reading fantasy, whether it be Kafka, Peake or White, is just very different from that of science fiction, and to people who don't like their secure little world shaken up, who are not willing to think differently, and who, quite probably, are afraid of the uninhibited emotionalism of much fantasy, this stuff can be very disturbing.

'I might suggest that one of the reasons for the influx of fantasy is that as the walls of the SF ghetto crumble, writers are discovering more



and more of what has been available to writers in the rest of the world. That includes everything from fancy stream-of-consciousness techniques to, you guessed it, fantasy. Writers in the mainstream/literary ghetto are increasingly discovering fantasy too. Since fantasy has been the dominant form of literature throughout most of history, it may be that what we're seeing is literature reverting to normal.

'I suspect this "Fantasy is Evil" business will be the biggest teapot tempest since the New Wave. The crucial difference is that the New Wavers were trying to tell people what they should read. The anti-fantasy reactionaries are trying to tell them what they shouldn't. In both cases, the book-buying public scarcely hears of it, and ignores it. As F. Paul Wilson has pointed out (also in PATCHIN REVIEW), literary Darwinism determines what is published and what is not.

'Editors and publishers don't look at costumes at conventions. They look at sales figures.

'I guess Elton's crack about George Scithers means that he is one of those people for whom IASFM was unforgetably successful. Not only did it publish stories by most of the major writers in the field, it introduced lots of newcomers (who graduated to writing science fiction novels, by the way), topped everybody else in circulation and proved, for the first time in decades, that it was still possible to start a science fiction magazine. I'm sure Elton will find the first Scithers issue unforgetably stocked with big names: It contains a novella by Jack Williamson, novelets by Larry Niven and Robert Silverberg, short stories by Gene Wolfe, Sharon Webb, Nancy Springer (A fantasy! How horrible!), John Ford and several others. The cover by Michael Whelan, is part of a quiet revolution in magazine cover art -- real science fiction paintings, a novelty since the Idiot took over the covers at Davis, and F&SF has gone mostly to first-year art student imitations of Magritte.

'Future damage done by TSR and Scithers include covers by Kelly Freas, a serialised Gregory Benford novel, a new Poul Anderson story (hard science no less, set on Mercury), four Gene Wolfe short-stories, a long novelet by Reginald Bretnor, plus stories by Jack Halldeman, Lisa Tuttle, Alan Dean Foster, Sontow Sucharitkul, Sharon Webb, Judith Ann Lawrence and lots more. Lists like this are very hard to do without the file drawer open in front of me. There are some very strong stories by new writers, including two by Rand B.

Lee, who is as good as (and in some ways similar to) Tom Reamy, and may rise nearly as fast. There won't be quite as many first-sales at first, while the magazine is still bimonthly. IASFM could sometimes discover six new writers per issue. With AMAZING it may be more like one or two for a while. I think we've got our first one. We decided to buy a story the other day by a writer we had never heard of, and I wrote the author to ask her if it was her first sale. No reply yet, as I write this.

'Yes, indeed, when AMAZING (with all due respect to Elinor Mavor) becomes a major magazine again, and maybe even becomes the clear leader of the field, TSR and Scithers will have a lot to answer for. They may even answer by reviving FANTASTIC while they're at it. (I'd like to revive AMAZING QUARTERLY while we're at it, but George doesn't seem convinced.)

'I might mention that what AMAZING needs from the fan community, in addition to subscriptions (they are \$9.00: AMAZING, Box 110, Lake Geneva, WI 53147) is letters of comment. I

GORY DETAILS

An impotent man, Lord of Gor,
Kept pestering Ms. Harlot, a whore.
But she told him to ring up
When he got his thing up
And not a damn minute before.

-- Neal Wilgus

wrote a gag lettercol in the November issue because there were no letters on hand. So far, I haven't seen any that could be put in the January issue either. This ridiculous. Folks, if you want to get published in a prozine, here's your big chance. After all, fandom started in the lettercolumns of AMAZING. There is a tradition to be upheld.

'Also I might point out that a successful AMAZING will not only lead to a revived FANTASTIC, but will have favorable effects on the whole field. It will make distributors more willing to take science fiction magazines. It will bring new readers into the magazine field and I doubt they'll read just one magazine. And it means an expanded short story market, more opportunities for new writers, more money for everybody. AMAZING now pays 6¢ a word for short fiction. As for the range of the fiction, well, the Benford and Anderson are hard science. The Wolfe in the November issue is a section from THE CITADEL OF THE AUTARCH. (The Four Wolves, as we call them, the short-stories, are reminiscent of Bor-

ges.) The Halldeman and Sucharitkul are humorous SF. The Silverberg, which I haven't read as I write this, is set in modern-day Mexico. The Judith Ann Lawrence story, "Some Are Born Great," will surprise you. It may turn out to be the "Riders of the Purple Wage" of the 1980s, only it's a lot better. The technique is probably the most innovative since the latter parts of THE STARS MY DESTINATION -- long sections of stream of consciousness, about a quarter of the story in verse. It's about an African messiah, and is quite extraordinary. It does right and for a constructive purpose all the things that the New Wave writers used to do badly in the interest of showing off. The Nancy Springer story is a fairy-tale/fable. You will find a great variety of material in AMAZING, something for just about anyone, with the core being very solid SF. People keep asking me what an AMAZING story is like. Well, I might say it's like a typical Poul Anderson or Robert Silverberg or Nancy Springer story, or like a typical Benford novel. But then the one by the probably first-timer isn't like any of those.'

((It might be said that science fiction is machine fantasy, and that before the industrial revolution fantasy was about pre-industrial wonders, strange creatures, strange people...))

((You make your old mistake of speaking for your enemy: "Elton Elliott, I'm sure, would dismiss..." ((Fantasy, literally, is chosen more often as a vehicle by superior stylists and pure, superior writers than sf, of course, since sf is still (and probably always will be) viewed as a far more commercial genre. And because the pulp mode is repulsive to literateurs.))

((To the extent that fantasy is challenging and frightening, it is doomed to be a marginal genre and not much published because mass readerships don't want to be shaken up unconsciously, to thrash in invisible quicksand and not know why. You're making a case for fantasy as a superior literature, a literature only for the highly intelligent and emotionally stable, mature. And of course since you like this rare kind of fantasy, that makes you a superior person. Congratulations.))

((The upcoming new AMAZING sounds like a wonder. Any chance of getting a review copy?))



LETTER FROM ED ROM
26005 Calihan Avenue
Bemidji, MN 56601
August 13, 1982

I really enjoyed Elton T. Elliott's column. If he wants to do a column like this, more power to him! I found this to be of vastly more interest than the "Human Hotline" -- think about it, Mr. Geis. There are zines entirely devoted to SF news, and that type of thing -- why should you be so redundant as to go into news, when the title of your zine is SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW? Anyway, that's just a thought that I had, which may or may not be flawed.

'The point that Elliott raises is quite valid. I am sometimes almost at the point of rage as I survey the shelves at the local B. Dalton's. I am sick and tired of looking at pictures of dragons, unicorns, hooded sorcerers gazing at magic rings et cetera ad nauseum on the covers of the paperbacks in the store. And, as Elliott points out, this type of packaging is also applied to books that are bona fide SF, which makes selecting books by new authors a real problem for the reader who prefers science fiction to fantasy.

'Now, don't get me wrong. I read fantasy from time to time. The problem is that most of the fantasy I enjoy was written before 1950 -- so much of this new stuff appears to be formula work. I feel sorry for people who think that this stuff is SF, just because it's in the science fiction section.

'I have an idea as to what the cause of this problem is. With the growth of the audience interested in the fantastic, at least since STAR WARS came out, we have seen a larger amount of material aimed at that audience. The unfortunate part of this is that, I feel most people are not mentally equipped to deal with SF and as a corollary to this, most writers are not capable of handling it either. It is, I think, easier to write fantasy than SF, for the simple reason that all the props are already conceived and part of the common folklore, while in good science fiction, the writer has to invent his own and be logical about it without violating the laws of science as we know them. Note that I mentioned good science fiction -- I know that you can throw in "hyperdrives" and "spacewarps" but that doesn't make it science fiction.

'What I'm saying is that the average American of 1982 AD is more comfortable with magic rings and flying horses than he is with speculation on where society will be in 500 (or for that matter 50) years. In a way, this ties in with what Spinrad had to say in his article. All the

scientific devices which make our life so much more livable are so many magic boxes to the average slob on the street.

'As far as fantasy being more compatible because it looks to the past, I am in whole-hearted concurrence. You can see this phenomenon elsewhere in the popular culture. Take music for instance -- there's been this revival of swing music and if you've been following pop music like I have, you'd note that many of the recent top 40 hits are remakes of tunes that were big in the 1960s. People are not feeling good about the way things are now, so they are subconsciously trying to turn the clock back. As long as this feeling is confined to English professors (parasites, but harmless), I'm not worried. When nostalgia becomes a national obsession, then I'm worried.

'I don't think SF is about to go totally stagnant on us -- after all, the market is still there, and where there is a demand, the supply will meet it. What may happen is that publishers may get wise to the dichotomy between science fiction and fantasy, and we may see separate sections in the bookstores. Face it -- the science fiction reader is a rarer bird than the fantasy reader, and always has been. SF got along for a long time as a strictly minority genre, and as a matter of fact, it still is. Don't let the expanded memberships at conventions etc. fool you -- a lot of these people don't know science fiction from Shinola. This goes double for the booktracks -- I'll bet that the amount of actual science fiction is as large as ever, it's just that the entire science fiction section has been greatly expanded by the addition of fantasy, which makes it harder to dig out the real stuff.

'This is a real problem -- and I'm looking forward to the next SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW to see what Elton Elliott has further to say about it.'

((I put a news column into SFR years ago in order to compete with LOCUS. Now I'm not so sure that was a good idea. I still feel some listing of new books is a good idea, but the format will have to be different. I'll likely try something next issue, either in a greatly expanded "Alien Thoughts" or separately. I've been wrestling with this problem for fifteen years!))

((On the contrary, "hyperdrives" and "spacewarps" do make it science fiction. In 99% of the cases f/f and w/s are the stars occur in the future! They are advanced technology. And that's all that

FOR A
SHILLING
'LL TELL
YOU HOW LONG
I'VE BEEN
COIN-
OPERATED!



matters! That's the vital element. Of course a space drive is a "magic box" to the average slob. So is a TV set. So is a digital watch! In genre fiction the basic orientation, the furniture, is everything! Some readers like tech fantasy, some like magic/supernatural fantasy. That speaks to basic individual character. And perhaps it speaks to instinctual and biological influences.

((It would make things easier if bookstores and supermarkets separated sf and fantasy on the racks and shelves. But they won't. And in a way, the mixing is a good thing: it allows a pure test of the market, a true reading-by-sales of which books sell best, which genre sells best. The problem for us is that sales figures are closely guarded by publishers, and fans can only discover trends and consequences much later--years later--by noticing reprints, writer popularity, bookshelf representation.))

LETTER FROM IAN MC DOWELL
104 South Spencer Dorm
UNC-Greensboro
Greensboro, NC 27412
August, 1982

'I'm beginning to respect Darrell Schweitzer's criticism. It's taken a long time to recover from the bad taste left by my first exposure to his column, the great Malzberg debate of some years back (I'm not overly fond of Malzberg, but I thought Schweitzer behaved disgracefully). In spite of that initial encounter, I now find myself reading the VIVE-SECTOR with more than an occasional nod of agreement. And even when I don't agree with him, I usually detect a perceptive intellect at work. He's dead right about the nascent backlash against fantasy. I'd nev-

er thought of it in terms of the New Wave controversy, but the analogy fits. Take that, you reactionary old farts and anti-fantasy fascists.

*Not that most of the stuff being churned out by the current fantasy boom isn't crap and possibly even detrimental to the field, but when you attempt to tar Tanith Lee and Gene Wolfe with the same brush as Terry Brooks and John Norman, your arguments begin to founder. But that isn't Elton Elliott's only problem. Elliott is seriously hobbled by his own prose style. A real hackle-raiser must have his reader's grudging respect. For instance, Harlan Ellison gets by with being controversial by being witty and inventive: one can't just dismiss him as a crackpot. The would-be gadfly should at least sound tough-minded and aggressive, for belligerent passion can occasionally redeem the tiredest invective. I hate to say this, but the adjective that best describes the tone of RAISING HACKLES is "wimpy."

*Elliott whines "Precious bodily fluids" with a seemingly straight face, as if he were unaware of its satiric connotations (perhaps he's a rabid anti-fluoridationist as well). In the past, you've mentioned having to untangle his spelling and grammar: a similar job needs to be done on his ideas.

*Surely he knows that not all people who read (and write) fantasy are arrested adolescents. Does this description really apply to Fritz Leiber and Poul Anderson? How about Michael Moorcock? Or R.E.G., for that matter. How many times has SF been called escapist, immature, stultified and silly? As far as that goes, haven't mainstream critics used some of these terms to describe suspense thrillers? I think it was Blish that pointed out the adolescent power fantasies that formed the basis of SF's most potent archetypes

and went on to declare that their naked and unashamed manipulation of these fantasies accounted for Heinlein's and Van Vogt's popularity (he said this in admiration, not in scorn). To paraphrase a line from a poem by Tennessee Williams: "Each of us thinks the other is queer/ but in truth we all of us are."

*PS: I've now read the Spinrad piece. Although his views on fantasy are not completely identical with Elliott's, there are certain similarities. Spinrad makes for a perfect example of what I was talking about in my second paragraph. Although I don't agree with him, he writes with such forceful intelligence and muscular enthusiasm that I am forced to read him carefully and seriously consider what he has to say. Unlike Elliott, I can't brush him off with a scornful laugh.'

(Elton's use of "precious bodily fluids" was satirical or ironic.

(So...some people prefer to read about their power fantasies in the past-magic-supernatural worlds of Fantasy, and others prefer their power fantasies set in future technological fantasies. Elton is emotionally invested in the future, in progress, in science.

(May I suggest that your interpretation of his writing tone as "whining" is more subjective than objective?)

(And here's a question: do women have power fantasies? If so, are they different from men's? And if power fantasies explain the core of the sf readership, wouldn't that indicate a natural difference in reading preferences?

(I speak here of the hard-core readership, the visceral decisions made unconsciously to buy/not buy. There is a large soft-core readership, too: those

who like and read good fantasy, too, and who are not limited by deep emotional/instinctual imperatives to sf (or fantasy) only.))

LETTER FROM SUSAN M. SHWARTZ
409 East 88th Street, #5A
New York, NY 10028
August 14, 1982

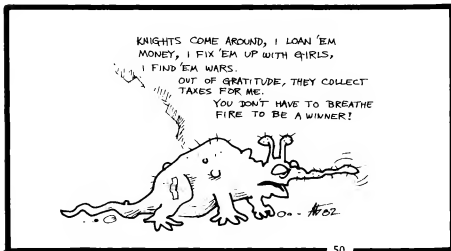
I find the criticism and letters in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW more interesting than a wilderness of tenure-grabbers even at the rowdiest of Modern Language Association meetings.

'As I read it, in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #44, we seem to have several different readings of the fantasy and the SF field, from what I can only call Norman Spinrad's inspired pragmatism to the ongoing duel between Darrell Schweitzer and Orson Scott Card, which Elton Elliott now seems to have entered.

'Polemics to the right of me, polemics to the left of me. Everyone seems to be extremely polemical, and I'm wondering if, as publishing conditions tighten, which may mean fewer fantasy or science fiction novels published at higher and higher prices, everyone is honing his polemics in order to make certain that when the crunch comes, the sort of reading he particularly likes won't be the sort cut. Thus we've got Darrell Schweitzer vivisectioning SF as being as responsive to the needs of readers (carefully categorized) as is much fantasy or science fantasy. Much of his criticism reminds me of Matthew Arnold; I keep waiting for him to come up with his list of "touchstones."

'Then we've got Orson Scott Card -- after the ritual swipes at New Criticism (good grief, that stuff was outmoded ten years ago even at the university which used to be its biggest supporter!) -- going on to play games with spelling, criticize the critic as shaman, for which I bless him, praise participatory reading, again another blessing! and go on to apply a streamlined version of structuralism to fantasy and SF commentary. (He's got me afraid to use the word "criticism" for this paragraph at least.)

'In this, I think he's dead on target. SF, with its complex system of signs, its emphasis not just on text but on context and the exceedingly detailed transmission of ideas from writer to writer over the past fifty years, is a perfect target for structuralist criticism, as people

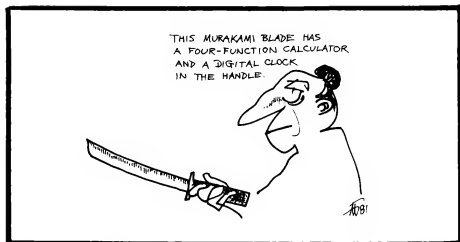


like Robert Scholes have discovered. Unfortunately, as criticism -- along with fiction -- becomes hit more and more by the economy and writers of criticism find it harder and harder to keep their fiscal heads above water, we're seeing more and more bad criticism too. Possibly this is because many academics, driven by a desire for tenure and a need to offer science fiction courses to draw students to their departments, have happened onto the field.

Certainly I'm not talking about the ones who know SF. I'm talking about the ones who are stuck teaching it with little knowledge and less love of it. After all, after studying all those years to become shaman-critics (I do like that term), with all that implies about condemning popular writing, these people find themselves forced for their livelihoods to teach it and, increasingly, to write about it. And to borrow Norman Spinrad's magnificent phrase, such is the mandarinism of letters that what may happen is that they'll take over the writing of such criticism. Which will mean that people without academic titles and positions may find it difficult to get a hearing ... except in magazines like SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. Those of us interested in maintaining the criticism of SF as a lively art in which anyone who dares can participate for as long as he or she can keep up, should take immediate steps to prevent this from happening. Among such steps, bitch like crazy at any signs of sneers about "amateur scholarship" and try to get represented in the "academic" publications. Then there is the mainstream press itself, which does pay for review and review articles -- from the NEW YORK TIMES to one's local paper. Writing such articles and putting "writer of SF" in the credits emphasizes what seems to me to be the main advantage criticism of SF and fantasy has over much other criticism: It's practiced not just by critics, but by writers of fiction who are putting themselves on the line.

When I was in grad school, the suggestion that any one of us who might write dissertations on sonnets, novels, epics, romances or plays, prove our fitness to do so by actually perpetrating a sonnet, novel, etc. ourselves, was dismissed both with horror and the lofty statement that such an exercise wasn't necessary and wouldn't prove anything. Oh, yes, it would ... and I suspect what it would prove is that the critics would find it a lot easier to go on writing criticism. Of course, if they tried writing the stuff they criticize, they might also find their criticism vastly improved.

Statements like that tended to



make life a trifle difficult when I was an academic.

I'm interested in Elton T. Eliott's "Raising Hackles" column. Certainly, he raised a few of mine. Take his statement that fantasy is a cancer "attacking the SF field, drinking away its precious bodily fluids of reason and rationality." (I'll venture that that's a mixed metaphor of peculiar vividness.)

I grew up reading hard SF; what fantasy I read until I was about 18 came in the form of mythology, medieval romances and the like. So my earliest experiences with SF came from stories that -- to a great extent -- were influenced by John Campbell's insistence on science being the effective cause of plot action. And when I work at it, sometimes I can even write that sort of story.

It's difficult for me; like Elton, my training is in English, much of it at the hands of people who might either have been technophobes or who wished it would curl up and blow away. To make matters worse, my training is in medieval English, which has got to be the field most affected by the burgeoning of fantasy novels. There are times when I feel that if I see one more pseudo-Celtic or pseudo-Viking romance, I'm going to scream. There are times when I have.

Good fantasy isn't the cancer, Elton. Bad fantasy is. But then, bad science fiction is pretty much a cancer, in my book too. Benford points out in the PATCHIN REVIEW that good fantasy is easier to write than good science fiction -- a statement I don't want to take issue with for now. I think, however, that he's got it reversed: Bad fantasy is much easier to write than bad science fiction, probably because the elements that make up bad fantasy -- the liberal arts misremembered, crud-

dy archaic diction and promiscuously misrepresented archetypes -- are a lot more accessible than the elements that make up bad fantasy, such as sloppy reasoning and examination of technology (it's easy to reason sloppily, but less easy to come by a logic or science background.)

Elton may not like fantasy. This is his privilege. He certainly does not like bad fantasy. In God's name, who does? However, I think he's misrepresenting things as they are by writing off fantasy-lovers as technophobes, even closet technophobes. He's also revealing his own bias against academics -- who are an accessible-enough scapegoat. And it's a self-aggrandizing misrepresentation to assert that it is intrinsically harder to write SF than fantasy.

Granted, SF requires precision in research, attention to detail, and accuracy. But it should be possible to write fantasy novels (some have been written along these lines) that use the elements of myth, history, art and literature with as much attention to detail and precision as, at least, the social sciences. Such attention to detail will weed out the sort of monstrosities that Ursula LeGuin cites in "From Elfland to Poughkeepsie."

In the meantime, writers of science fiction face -- as they've always faced -- the problem of dealing with technophobes. Doesn't anyone want to reconcile what C.P. Snow calls "the two cultures" anymore?

Now, about Dick Geis's suggestion that more fantasy is being written because more women writers, editors and readers have entered the field ... there's a sort of double indemnity at work here. Most of us have had it dimmed into our ears that there are fewer women engineers, doctors, technicians, yes, and SF readers and writers because women aren't encouraged to read SF, women

aren't encouraged to learn math, women are shunted from technical majors into more "appropriate" -- and coincidentally less well-paying -- fields. This may even be true in some part. But then someone has to turn around and say that because of this, there's problems. All these women, you see. It's fine for them to go into writing or publishing because that's what women do. But not in our field... for the reasons listed above and a few other corollaries: Women don't know the field, they don't love it, they haven't been reading it for twenty years. What women writers, readers and editors are you referring to?

'What this sounds like to me is two things: the double-bind imposed on me when I taught SF, swelled departmental enrollments, but got dresed down because my course wasn't "substantive", and the reasoning of 1950s-type employers that it's pointless to hire women because they're not "serious" about work.

'That analogy suggests another one. In the 1940s and 1950s, there was a concerted and quite successful effort to herd all the opossums (I mean women, I've been reading James Tiptree again) out of the workforce and into their homes. After all, times were rough and men needed jobs. Times are rough now. The market is shrinking. Could it be coincidence that women writers and editors find themselves assailed just now?

'Note, I've asked a question. According to social scientists, this is a speech pattern women favor because it is non-threatening. It undercuts what they want to say, makes it less serious. A question generates a simple answer: Yes, it's coincidence, or even more aggressively, yes, it's coincidence and you're being paranoid. So I'll say that I'm not going to ask for a simple answer, but for proof. Meanwhile, I'll try to keep on writing, editing, reading and reviewing both fantasy and science fiction. I still think both fields are good, after over twenty years in them in some form or other.'

((I suspect that the sf world will little note nor long remember what we say here; the real judges and decision-makers are Out There Deciding Now which sf and fantasy books will live, which authors will eat. What we have now is a shrinking pie, and that usually means more than ever editors and publishers will stick with proven Big Names who command a following, leaving crumbs and dribbles for lesser names and newcomers. Still---Jack Woodford once passed a remark to the effect that editors and publishers love

new, young, good writers the way a Don Juan loves virgins.

((I don't think those who hate and fear science can be reconciled to science or sf; they see technology as a threat to cherished beliefs or ways of life. So be it. I think it funny as hell, for instance, to see them spreading their beliefs by means of TV, satellite, and computers.

((Ah, the crunch question: which editors am I referring to? I refuse to answer because until publishers split their sf and fantasy lines, with different editors for each, naming names is pointless, and besides, I'd have to have access to lists of books chosen exclusively by a given editor, the sales figures for those books...etc. No one but a publisher and the editor involved (and often not even the editor) has that information.

((I have no lust for any New York editor's job, so my arguments are not based on conscious or unconscious economic forces. And isn't it about time men are given editorial jobs in the Romance Novels lines? Is it fair for males to be kept out of those genres? Is there an Old Girl network operating there?))

LETTER FROM WAYNE T. RECTOR
Moorestown, NJ
August 13, 1982

'I was considering a subscription to PATCHIN REVIEW, when I actually read a copy of it. I must be getting old, because I do not find a diet of unmitigated gall to be nourishing. This brings me to the most useful aspect of SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW ... I like the enthusiasms.

'Oh, sure, it is fun to see 'em kick poor Schweitzer around, or jump on Orson Scott Card, but such fun is ultimately shallow. I find it more interesting when the reviewer grabs me by the lapels and shouts "You must read this book!"

'Negative reviews don't affect me if I think I might like the book. I read THE CHANGING LAND despite Mr. Schweitzer (and subsequently I came to agree with him). However, a good review will get me to look at something which I wouldn't see otherwise. Darrell's glowing review of THE BEST OF JOHN SLADEK got me to read that book, and discover a wonderful author I have been missing for years!

'The best example has been my introduction to Daniel Manus Pinkwater. A couple of issues back had a review

of his WORMS OF KUKULIMA in a section entitled "Silly Science Fiction." Pinkwater is great! I have been hunting down his books ever since. But I would never have heard of him except through SFR!

'On the other hand, I won't miss the Archives. Books in print seems a fairly useless occupation for a Quarterly. Besides, a listing is not nearly as interesting as a review. Of course, I do subscribe to the SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE.

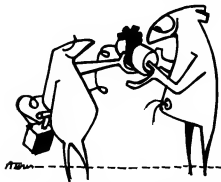
'One minor grunch, I was disappointed by the article in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #43 entitled "The Porno Novel Biz." I read it with hopes of finding out if it is possible to write and sell those things. Instead, the article was a defense of porno. My expectations were rudely dashed by what amounted to a rehash of the old arguments. Cute, but hardly needed.

'I haven't finished #44 yet, so I can't say much. I am interested in finding out what these "Phantasy is Cancer!" people want. I read more science fiction than fantasy, but my favorite tends to be fantasy. However, many are ones I can't quite classify. Is C.S. Lewis's Space Trilogy fantasy or science fiction or what? I really can't wait to read what Elton T. Elliott plans to do as he begins organizing resistance. Bomb a Hobbit?'

LETTER FROM JAMES VAN HISE
10885 Angala Road
San Diego, CA 92126
August 15, 1982

'I just had to write after reading Elton Elliott's diatribe against fantasy. As he points out he's by no means the first to take off after it but I just had to laugh at the underlying premise of the whole thing, that being Fantasy Vs. Science Fiction. Hey, man, in case you hadn't noticed it's all fantasy! I mean spaceships flitting across the universe and time travel and dune planets with sandworms. C'mon now, who are we kidding really? Precious little of it ever has the barest chance of resembling any sort of reality at all so what does that qualify it as? Fantasy. Granted you're talking about dragons and centaurs and elves but most of those stories have a basis in which the beings are the result of genetic engineering (including TIMES DARK LAUGHTER which he dismissed on the basis of a superficial cover blurb). All I look for in a book is that the story be good, imag-

inative, captivating and hopefully more often than not the characters seem like human beings with depth and thought. I'm not so prejudiced that I'll give up because the other chose to use creatures which bear more than a passing resemblance to mythology. Tom Reamy did it in BLIND VOICES and yet that's one of the best SF novels I read in the past few years. I've certainly never considered a love of fantasy to automatically consign the reader to an infatuation with the past. I find the future far more interesting than the past and I guarantee that it'll be lots different than most anyone writing has imagined it to be. Reality tends to play nasty tricks like that but I prefer that to anything offered by the past whether real or imagined.



'Also, the remark that computer people who like fantasy are subconsciously anti-tech is absurd. People who get computers if anything become more immersed in technology as they upgrade their equipment and keep abreast of the latest developments. Making a statement and saying it's so because you feel it's so even though everything points the other way is a poor form of debating and you'd flunk the course real quick that way.

'I want mature adult literature as much as Elton Elliott, but there's not a whole hell of a lot of it in science fiction. I can think of much of Ellison, and several Silverberg's like THORNS, DYING INSIDE and THE MASKS OF TIME and a few other examples, but if E.E. really thinks that SF has a lot of that I wish he'd list it so that I can find it. It's very rare I read a book as rich and wonderful as Marion Zimmer Bradley's THE HERITAGE OF HASTUR and I had to stumble on that on my own. Some people even consider the Darkover series fantasy even though it possesses a science fiction base and intense characterizations. I don't think fantasy is driving anything out. Authors write what they're comfortable writing. There has always been hackwork around including hack science fiction. Why not deal instead with looking for mature treatment of

ideas rather than attacking the fields those ideas wander into? I'm no fan of Tolkein, but that's because I think it's dull and empty of genuine human characterization, not because I have anything against elves or dragons. To attack fantasy is like attacking Westerns because there's so many of them and you don't like Westerns and you wish they'd stop cluttering up the racks with it because it pushes out the good stuff. A story, even a Western, is as good as what the intent of the story is. Whether it's mindless fantasy or mindless SF, one's as bad as the other and whether one type is better than the other isn't really the point. Writing is the point.'

(Come to that, all fiction of every genre is fantasy---from the sugary teen romances to the hard-boiled detective yarns.

(I'm sure we all want good, exciting, well-written fiction. The only trouble is---the good, exciting fiction I found and liked when I was 15 years old isn't what I like now. I've actually met a 15 year old who doted on Perry Rhodan stories. I am far more demanding now, and find fewer and fewer books that excite me now. We all have different values in reading fiction---some want more wonder---ideas---and others more action, or characterization... One reader says WOW! and another says of the same book, "That was done better in 1956."

(Maybe suspension of disbelief has something to do with this sf vs. fantasy controversy---with some readers finding it easier and more comfortable to accept aliens and spaceships and ray guns than elves and magic carpets and death spells.

(I need to believe a story could happen in order to believe the characters are real and in order to commit emotion, to care about them and what happens to them. It requires much more suspension of disbelief to believe fantasy. It requires an extraordinarily good writer to overcome that barrier, in my case. That's probably true for many other readers, too.))

LETTER FROM DEAN R. LAMBE
Route #1, Northlake
Vincent, CA 45784
August 16, 1982

'SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #44 finally arrived last week (I say finally because #44 made it as far as Cin-

cinnati a full eight days ahead of its appearance here, a mere 110 miles further east, as measured by the anguished howl from Mike Resnick). But indeed it was worth the wait, for #44 is one of your very best. I particularly enjoyed the juxtaposition of the Spinrad and Elliott pieces with Schweitzer's usual cant in letter and column. Needless to say, I side with the former two and agree that corporate-think and cancerous offices are killing us.

'Re: Bob Barger's letter and Barger's worries about H. Beam Piper "pastiches" (far too strong a word, I think), no, the next FUZZY novel will not -- was not -- written by William Tuning. GOLDEN DREAM: A FUZZY ODYSSEY by Ardath Mayhew will be out shortly from Ace, complete with major promotion. Ardath has continued the Fuzzy saga from the Fuzzies' viewpoint, and I would expect Barger to be pleasantly surprised at the manner in which she has added to the Piper creation. But Barger is absolutely correct in his concern for the creator of CONAN. The ultimate insult to the memory of Robert E. Howard may have been the movie review of CONAN THE BARBARIAN on the nationally syndicated TV gossip column, "Entertainment Tonight," where it was stated with authority that the movie "... is based on a comic strip popular in Europe, but little known in the U.S." Sigh. That ranks up there with the reviewers who are calling the new animated feature "The Secret of Nim" while that federal agency wherein John B. Calhoun did the research that inspired the children's book on which the film is based has always been called "en-eye-em-aich."

'A final thought on the spread of fantasy: The long-overdue 1982 SFWA Membership Directory is finally out and contains about 15% new names that ring no bells at all. Most, I must assume, are writing fantasy. And what, I wonder, are the kids who are growing up with video games and computers going to write? Recent readership surveys from LOCUS and ANALOG would indicate that the kids aren't reading anything at all. Maybe SF writers can turn the tide with a demographic shift toward more stories with protagonists in their forties. It doesn't seem to be a young person's game anymore.'

(I think the young will turn to reading again when they run out of quarters.))



LETTER FROM STEVE PERRAM
2920 Meridian Street
Bellingham, WA 98225
August 21, 1982

'What is science fiction? Is it a field so broad and versatile as to be just about anything? If so, then just about anything can qualify as SF.

'I'm referring to the practice of publishing works of non-SF as SF and books which are SF as mainstream or general fiction. While I suppose this is nothing new, recently it has become glaringly apparent.

'Timescape Books just published Philip K. Dick's CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST and Ace Books SPIDER KISS by Harlan Ellison. Both are not, or not intended to be SF. But we all know what the Timescape logo represents, and the Ace edition has "science fiction" clearly printed on the spine. TIMESCAPE by Gregory Benford and OATH OF FEALTY by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle, which pass for SF by anyone's test or definition, are published by Pocket Books, not as Timescape editions as one might expect, but as general fiction.

'Since, as you say in issue #44, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW is devoting itself to an opinion-review format, have you any opinions regarding this phenomenon? I myself, don't mind. As long as these books are made available then that's all right with me. However, from a philosophical viewpoint, it is a bit odd.'

August 22, 1982 addition to the first letter:

'I guess I'm not as clever as I thought I was. A few minutes ago I was browsing through my library when I came across my copy of Gregory Benford's TIMESCAPE. While I was correct in pointing out it wasn't a Timescape edition, it was clearly marked "science fiction" on both the spine and cover. Perhaps better examples would have been Walter Tevis' MOCKINGBIRD (Bantam), and Lawrence Sanders' THE TOMORROW FILE (Berkeley Medallion). Both are SF but not labeled as such.'

((Obviously publishers think of it as a good category that will insure a good basic sale if a book is flagged that way. Too, the Dick and Ellison books would be invisible to most of the sf readers if they were marketed as "straight" books and raked in other parts of the paperback forest. Labeled sf, these books will be put in the sf racks and will be noticed by those who would be most likely to buy a non-sf Dick or Ellison book.

((And just as obviously the editors/publishers felt TIMESCAPE and OATH OF FEALTY, as near-future novels, could be chanced as mass appeal novels whose themes deal with present day problems. A lot more money can be made that way.))

LETTER FROM GREGORY BENFORD
1105 Skyline Drive
Laguna Beach, CA 92651
August 9, 1982

'Norman Spinrad's HOW THINGS WORK is a major analysis of the realities we all work under and probably the most unflinching study the field has ever had. We're doubly lucky that it comes at a time of unprecedented rapid change, when the tradeoff between craft and craftiness is most delicate.

'I can testify that indeed there is a vast difference between being top of a monthly SF line and middle of a main-list. Promotion, ads, esprit de corps among the salesmen -- all improve mightily. My first few novels got good critical reception, but TIMESCAPE got me onto TV shows, dozens of newspaper stories and a plush night at the Beverly Hills Hotel, long lunches in the Polo Lounge (with Norman Spinrad, strangely enough), etc.

'I am afraid that the Breakout Book -- our newest writers' holy grail -- will increasingly be turned over to the biggies in the house, rather than left to the managers of the SF line. This will be one more pressure toward making such novels a touch thinner, more approachable by the common man ... You see where it's going, even now.

'But SF writers have much more street smarts than other writers, from my experience. I expect them to survive well. Of course, some will simply cave into the trend Elton Elliott notes in "Fantasy As Cancer". But running with the herd won't wash; that way lies hackdom. The naturals who made the science-fantasy trend, such as Anne McCaffrey and MZB, will always be ahead of the trendies. Elton's analysis of fantasy is supercharged with outrage, and Orson Scott Card's admirable discussion sets matters in proportion without undercutting Elton's points either. (Quite the best article he's written yet, I think.)

'Altogether one of your best issues ever. Congratulations.'

CARD FROM BILL DENHOLM
184 Centre Street, #5
Mtn. View, CA 94041
August 4, 1982

'Oh, shame! To not be able to remember William Marshall, author of SCI-FI and the other Yellowhead Street Mysteries. It is not really an SF convention but an SF and Horror Film Convention. Were there really more typos in #44 or is it just my imagination?

'Most impressed by the Card piece though I don't know how he wrote it. If I had a young daughter (which I don't) I would not want her to read your gloomy projections, too grim, too scary (how about happy, upbeat projections occasionally for a change of pace?)

((Okay! Starting in January the recession will end, unemployment will decline, inflation will be zero, and interest rates will be at 5%. If you believe all of that I have a lovely bridge I'd like to sell you.))

LETTER FROM GEORGE H. SMITH
4113 West 180th Street
Torrance, CA 90504
September 2, 1982

'I really must apologize to John Brunner because in my ignorance I doubted his word about the extreme danger he is in (thank God the Argentines and their Soviet allies didn't take atomic umbrage over being tossed out of the Molinas or we wouldn't be hearing his words of wisdom any more). I was enlightened by a map he sent me (plus a few choice words about my habits of thought). The map was copied from the NEW STATESMAN, a magazine of impeccable wisdom and probity (it falls somewhere between PRAVDA and PEOPLE MAGAZINE). Naturally, I couldn't doubt such an unimpeachable source so I have to agree that, as Brunner says, every single missile on either side of what, embarrassingly, used to be called The Iron Curtain is aimed right at The Square House, Palmer Street, South Peterston, Somerset, England.

'The only excuse I can offer for my unseeing, unfeeling, insensitive and compassionless letter is that Mister Brunner in his agony seems to have missed the main point, which was that I would like to see American troops and missiles withdrawn completely from Europe. You know, like Yankee Come Home! That way poor Brunner could rest in peace without having to fear our aggressiveness that got England into two World Wars and

another set-to in the Falklands, not to mention the Revolution and the necessity of having to invade America and burn Washington in 1814 to teach us how to behave toward lordly Englishmen.'

LETTER FROM POUL ANDERSON
3 Las Palomas
Orinda, CA 94563
9 August 1982

'I must take exception to your theory -- a version of which is received doctrine of the John Birch Society, if you want a case of guilt by association -- that the world has been, or is in the process of being, taken over by the great financial tycoons, who mean to run it for their own benefit. History shows that such people simply aren't bright enough. In fact, their level of competence is probably below that of the average Congressman, and certainly far below that of the average garbage collector.'

((I've been journeying to the same conclusions...as I've watched the multinational banks, led by the Rockefeller's Chase-Manhattan and Citibank rook on their foundations from multibillion dollar loan losses which were visible on the horizon for years and which ordinary caution would have prevented. I'm inclined to think, too, that as power grows, in whatever sphere of human activity, it sows the seeds of its own downfall because of its need to use lesser, greedier employees who inevitably fuck up on a grand scale.))

LETTER FROM CHARLES PLATT
9 Patchin Place
New York, NY 10011
August 4, 1982

'Regarding your editorial, it was very amusing, and I hope to see your philosophy expounded at greater length in future issues, much as Hugh Hefner's was once serialized in PLAYBOY magazine. But, to take your social Darwinism seriously, where do you place yourself on the scale? Any philosopher should be prepared to apply his ethos to himself; in which case, pray tell, in what way is Richard Geis of tangible value to Society morally, intellectually or physically? Welfare mothers give us illegitimate children; Richard Geis gives us porno novels and SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. Granted, the mothers are subsidized, whereas you are not; on the

other hand, there is some slight chance of one of their offspring being a genius who will save the world. Whereas, in your case

'Secondly, I don't see why you balk at the idea that non-whites are intellectually inferior to whites. Are you simply afraid of offending your minority-group readers? Come on, Geis, face facts!'

((You already know I think erotica a social good (most private social enjoyments are not respectable and/or proscribed by establishments) and since I've "assisted" thousands of people to better orgasms through masturbation, relieved tensions, enlightened minds, freed-up emotional hangups, and satisfied private needs, I'd say my life has been of basic value to society. So, too, has SFR done its share of entertaining and serving.

((But do I need to justify myself to the author of the notorious novel, GARBAGE WORLD?

((True, I will not save the world. But then, I don't think the world needs saving, nor that mankind is perfectable, contrary to the views of "genius" Liberals, Socialists, and similar fools such as yourself.

((I'm not convinced non-whites are intellectually inferior to whites, as you seem to be.

((How can we snap and snarl at each other this way, Charles, and still be friends?))

LETTER FROM RICK NORWOOD
Box #1762
Wayne, NJ 07470
August, 1982

'If the world is ruled by a powerful combine of rich industrialists, why do they allow the U.S. government to go so deeply in debt that it is bad for business?

'The terrible truth is: The world is ruled by nobody at all.'

((Most leaders don't look past next year. Or even next week. And the rest know the mistakes they're making, but think they can dodge the bullet.

((Right, there is no one ruler of the world, nor one clique, nor one alliance of self-interests. Time and again history cycles its way through time--nations and empires rise and fall, economies boom and bust--all the while men with what they consider power struggle to increase that power and Do Good or Prevent Evil.

((The best policy for the likes

of us is to be aware of the cycles, the power struggles, and keep the hell out of the meat grinder!))



LETTER FROM RONALD R. LAMBERT
2350 Virginia
Troy, MI 48084
August 8, 1982

'Speculating about the future is the province of science fiction, and Nostradamus' outline of our immediate future as presented in the book described in the accompanying book review is therefore of interest. It is credible and incredible, and in some respects, scary. As you might say, "Woe, woe, Doom, doom, doom." You should love it.

'The meteor Nostradamus predicted would strike Earth in the mid-1980s probably is not Halley's, though that is probably the first one most people will think of as a likely candidate. Halley's is too big. A more likely candidate would be Swift-Tuttle. It is the right size and is due back any time now. Earth's orbit does intersect the orbit of Swift-Tuttle, every August 12. Fragments from the comet produce the annual Perseid meteor shower. Perhaps this time, the comet itself will be there when Earth intersects its orbit. There is an article about this comet in the August issue of OMNI on page 124. If Swift-Tuttle strikes Earth in 1986, then Halley's comet could be visible in the sky at the same time and serve as a harbinger for the other comet. I wonder when some NATIONAL ENQUIRER type psychic is going to come forth and speak the words, "I see death and destruction, coming out of Perseus." (Swift-Tut-

tle will appear to come out of the constellation Perseus.)

'We give Jules Verne credit for predicting the submarine; but I wonder if he may actually have gotten the idea from Nostradamus, who in 1555 wrote about metal containers that carry people beneath the sea and which attack surface ships. (He says this explicitly in the original French.) Verne was surely familiar with this prophecy; very few Frenchmen in the past few hundred years have not read Nostradamus. We in America fail to appreciate how much Nostradamus has influenced French society.

'Jerry Pournelle's concept of the Cōdominium formed of an alliance between Russia and the U.S. was also anticipated by Nostradamus. When you read what he said about these two modern day superpowers and see how unmistakably he identified them, you cannot help but be amazed; particularly when you recall that he wrote his prophecies in 1555, before the U.S. had even been conceived of -- more than 200 years before the American Revolution and when Russia was the most backward and poor region of Europe.

'We will know in the next few years if Nostradamus was right. Sit down with a friend and some popcorn to watch, and keep the gas masks handy.'

((Thanks for the provocative, interesting review. As for a devastating comet hit in 1986---Ted Kennedy will be President then, and God wouldn't ever let anything terrible happen to the U.S. during Teddy's reign. Everybody knows that!))

NOSTRADAMUS PREDICTS THE END OF THE WORLD

By Rene Noorbergen
Research by Joey Jochmans
Pinnacle Books, 1981, 240 pp., \$2.95

REVIEWED BY RONALD R. LAMBERT

The St. Martin's Press edition of this book was more appropriately titled: INVITATION TO A HOLOGAUST: NOSTRADAMUS FORECASTS WORLD WAR III. This book is not about the end of the world; it is about the immediate future, from the mid-1980s through the 1990s. Writing from the viewpoint of the 16th century, the French seer, Michel de Nostradame, outlined a scenario for our future as credible as any that have been imagined by modern SF writers.

Interpreting Nostradamus' deliberately obscured prophecies has been

a beloved scholarly game for four centuries. But Noorbergen and Jochmans have done a creditable job identifying, assembling and decrypting the 265 quatrains of Nostradamus that they feel relate to WW III. Theirs is a clear and cogent explication, which appears reasonable and non-arbitrary.

Briefly, here is our future as Nostradamus/Noorbergen/Jochmans have it:

Two or three years from now, communism will decline in the Soviet Union, the old Stalinist leaders will be removed and Russia will become an ally of the U.S. Nostradamus calls these allies "two brothers of the far North, who hold communication across the Arctic Sea," and "the two great masters of the North."

In the middle of the 1980s, a meteor about one mile in diameter will strike the Indian Ocean, and among the consequences will be the removal of India as a military check against China, thus setting China loose in Asia.

About the same time, a great leader will arise in the area of Syria, Iraq and Jordan, who will unify the Moslem world and lead a jihad against the nations of the West. Alliance with China will supply the Moslems with tactical nuclear weapons and battlefield chemical weapons.

China will release a biological weapon (Nostradamus calls it "a living weapon") over Alaska, spreading disease throughout the far northern latitudes. China will also launch a few strategic nuclear missiles at the U.S. and Russia.

The Moslem jihad will conquer Israel, sweep around the east end of the Mediterranean, conquer the Balkans (aided by the Chinese sweeping through southern Russia to link up with the Moslems), then conquer Italy, forcing the Pope to flee to America. After a particularly bloody campaign,

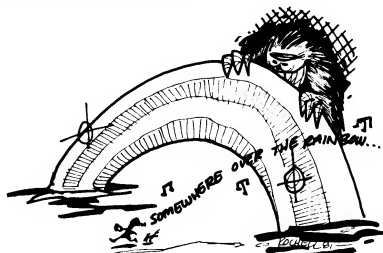
France will fall to the invaders, along with Switzerland, Spain and Germany.

Britain will not be able to help much because about this time England will sink into the sea, leaving little more than the "Isle of Scotland" above sea level. The survivors will be evacuated to Canada and the U.S. Also about this time, New York City will be destroyed by an earthquake.

Finally Russia and the U.S. will get their act together and take the offensive. They will totally obliterate China with A-bombs, then their armed forces will drive the invaders out of Europe, restore the Pope to the Vatican and fight on to ultimate victory.

In the process of relating this series of events, Nostradamus describes submarines and submarine attacks against surface ships (thus preceding Jules Verne by more than three centuries), amphibious marine assaults and "fighting in the air." He even describes the orbital launch platform, 270 miles up, from which China launches its nuclear attack against the U.S. Noorbergen and Jochmans did not fabricate these things out of too-liberal interpretation. Most of these things are explicitly stated in the original French. See for yourself. (The original quatrains in French are included in the book.)

Historically, Nostradamus has not been 100% accurate. Some of his predictions about Hitler proved wrong. Noorbergen says that Nostradamus has been right 86%-91% of the time, "depending on the bias of the interpreter." If he proves right about WW III, let us hope that at least he was also right about who wins.



LETTER FROM TOM STAICAR
1515 Pine Valley Blvd, #2B
Ann Arbor, MI 48104
August 8, 1982

'Sorry I haven't sent any reviews in a while. I am still rather burned out after a big year which included editing THE FEMININE EYE: SF and the women who write it, and CRITICAL ENCOUNTERS II for Ungar, and also writing and revising my non-fiction book about Fritz Leiber.

'I resigned as book reviewer for AMAZING after staying on for one George Scithers issue (coming out next month). He wanted me to stay on and I like and respect him a lot but I was really tired of the pace of reading and reviewing. I decided it was a good time to quit and to begin what I should have been doing all along, namely, writing fiction.

'Thanks as always for the issues of SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. Issue #44 was another good one, as usual.

'It's too bad Elton T. Elliott has ended the "Human Hotline." I enjoyed the column and looked forward to having my books mentioned someday. (Any week now the delayed essay collections from Ungar should be officially published). I still want Ungar to send you copies of the books anyway. Getting published in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW after about four years of reading every issue was a thrill I remember fondly.'

LETTER FROM ALLEN VARNEY

668 College Avenue
Stanford, CA 94306
August 30, 1982

'Another book that you might consider cluing your readers in on is a mystery novel called ARISTOTLE DETECTIVE, by Margaret Doody. First published by Harper & Row in 1980, it is now principally available in a Penguin paperback (1981). It's a "classical murder mystery" as the cover copy has it, with the great philosopher Aristotle investigating a murder in Athens, 332 B.C.

'The book is well done. The mystery itself is not especially interesting (though, to give the author credit, it makes use of evidence that could only be important in her ancient setting). What's fascinating is the way the culture of classical Greece is smoothly revealed in the narrative. Almost every facet of Greek life is portrayed during the unfolding story, as well as a nice introduction for the layman to Aristotelian rhetoric.

'You may say that a book like this has no place in the pages of SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW; and true, it's certainly not science fiction or fantasy, though it might be constructively paired with DeCamp's THE GLORY THAT WAS. But think about it: The novel conveys to the reader a culture 2300 years distant from his own. Isn't this the exact ideal of much current SF? I can think of several writers in the field who would do well to learn from this book.'

((I still remember vividly the alien world of medieval Europe in Jim Blish's DR. MIRABILIS, a civilization/culture which did exist, hence more mindblowing than most sf or fantasy. Thanks for the tip re ARISTOTLE DETECTIVE.))

LETTER FROM ALEXANDER NEDELKOVICH

Professor of English
Zahumska 39, 11050 Belgrade
Yugoslavia (August 30, 1982)

'You may publish that SF fandom in this country is getting off the ground, with 3 - 4 registered clubs. The address of the Belgrade club, of which I am a member, is:

"Lazar Komarčić" SF Club
Narodni Univerzitet Braca Sta;
menkovic

Mitropolita Petra 8
11000 Belgrade, Yugoslavia

or, the Secretary:

'Slobodan Knežević
Secretary of SF Club "Lazar Komarčić"

Pere Segedinca 14, stan 105
11070 Novi Beograd, Yugoslavia

'The club has a bi-monthly magazine (fanzine), EMITOR.'

((Good! I hope you are contacted by fan groups here, as a result of this notice.))

PAVLOV'S BEN

This monster with bugging-out eyes
Sure gave me a great big surprise.

Why, the thing is a bitch --
Watch the tentacles twitch
When I poke this spot here ^{twixt} the thighs.

-- Neal Wilgus

OTHER VOICES ANNEX

STAR TREK II
Photostory
Pocket Science Fiction, \$2.95

REVIEWED BY ALMA JO WILLIAMS

For those who want a complete photobook collection, this will be somewhat of a disappointment as the pictures are in black & white and are not very good quality.

THE LAST INCANTATION

By Clark Ashton Smith
Timescape Pocket Fantasy, \$2.95

REVIEWED BY ALMA JO WILLIAMS

Here is the mate to CITY OF THE SINGING FLAME and the majority of the stories were new to me, i.e. not having been published in the Ballantine Fantasy series. The classifications here are "Atlantis", "Mars", "Hyperborea", "Averoigne" and "California." (Yes, you read correctly -- I personally consider California a fantastic mythical land.) The Mars stories will seem dated, considering the reality of the planet we now know.

Get both books, cheapskates, and enjoy!

THE CITY OF THE SINGING FLAME

By Clark Ashton Smith
Pocket Science Fiction, \$2.95

REVIEWED BY ALMA JO WILLIAMS

At last, at last, I panted, parting with my money and clutching this small maroon colored volume with its lovely Rowena Morrill painting on the cover. The last Clark Ashton Smith stories published were in the Adult Fantasy series of Ballantine Books (correct me if I'm wrong) and many of the stories are reprints from the HYPERBOREA, XICCARP and ZO-THIQUE books. The Averoigne tales never rated a book of their own. And to my great surprise, the title story is one which I read many years ago and have been searching for ever since. Any C.A.S. fans will need no urging to get this little gem and for those who have never read anything by him, I highly urge you to invest. His writing is opulent, his vocabulary superb (you may need a dictionary, but it beats the READER'S DIGEST WORDPOWER series!), his descriptions colorfully visual and breathtaking and the story lines very different. Highly recommended.

SMALL PRESS NOTES

BY THE EDITOR

FANTASY MONGERS #4 is a specialized magazine for collectors of fantasy, sf, horror, supernatural, mystery, detectives, adventure---in book, magazine, even fanzine format.

The featured item in this issue is "The Death Manuscripts" by Joseph Lewandowski, which traces and analyzes the pulphero magazine **DOCTOR DEATH** which lasted three issues from February-April in 1935.

There are many ads from old/rare book/magazine dealers.

FANTASY MONGERS is published by Weirddrump Press, Box 149, Amherst Branch, Buffalo, NY 14226.

If interested, a sample issue can be had for 25¢.

PSYCHO II

By Robert Bloch

is reviewed this issue by Gene DeWeese in his column. The novel is also available from Whispers Press in quality hardback limited editions: the trade edition is \$15. and is available from PFSF Book Co., Inc. Box 415, Staten Island, NY 10302; and a signed/slipcased edition at \$35. is available from Whispers Press, 70 Highland Av., Binghamton, NY 13905.

WHISPERS #17-18 [Double issue] \$5. Edited and published by Stuart David Schiff, 70 Highland Av., Binghamton, NY 13905.

This is the Stephen King issue, and is extraordinary; it features a stunning wraparound cover by John Stewart inspired by King's "Gunslinger" series. It has two new King short stories as well as fiction by well-knowns Robert Chilson, Lisa Tuttle, Richard Lupoff, David Comp-ton, Janet Morris and David Drake.

Also: "On the SHINING and Other Preparations" by Stephen King. And other goodies too numerous to list. The artwork is uniformly superbly macabre and fantastic.

All this on creamy book paper with a full cover cover. Total of 180 pages.

WHISPERS is--I got to say it---



the class act of the fantasy/occult fiction field. Each issue is a collectors item, and each issue is worth its price for the fiction and non-fiction and art.

OMFLIGHT #3 \$3.00

Edited by Millea Kenin

Unique Graphics

1025 55th St., Oakland, CA 94608

Subtitled "Magazine of Science Fiction & Fantasy," it offers flawed stories and bad poetry, good artwork, and a long, interesting interview with A. Bertram Chandler by the highly professional Jeffrey M. Elliot.

Letter-size format, saddle-stitch-binding, 56-pages plus heavy covers.

The best story is "The Unifield Field Manual" by Richard Grant; a rendering of a future time when science is Out, and Magic is In.

This magazine is another example of a vague (or over-ambitious) reach for an audience better served by the prozines.

FANTASY BOOK [November, 1982] \$3.00, has the virtue of knowing what it is and what it wants to do. With 80 pages of letter-size format, heavy coverstock, full-color cover art, front and back, with names like R. A. Lafferty, Kathleen Sky, Steve Rasnic Tem, Nancy Springer, and art by Steve Fabian, Alicia Austin, George Barr and Walter Lee, editor Nick Smith and publisher Dennis Mal-lonee have a goodlooking, value-laden package....for those who want an extra "fix" of fantasy.

Address: P.O. Box 4193, Pasadena, CA 91106.

NEXUS #3 features the continuing graphic story of a young male super-hero in the future whose parents

are dead and who has powerful psi-bio powers which make him and his allies against crime and evil a menace to the space empire.

It's many-layered and good adventure, with symbolisms and subtle messages speckled throughout.

The story by Mike Baron and the artwork of Steve Rude are top professional quality. The publisher, John Davis, promises all-color next issue.

There is included with each copy of this issue a long-play stereo record which is a voice/music rendering of the picture story. The story is enhanced if you listen to the recording while following it in the printed words and drawings. The recording is very good, very professionally done.

NEXUS is available from Capital Comics, POB 908, Madison, WI 53701. The single copy price is \$2.95 [\$3.75 is Canada.]

CARTOONIST SHOWCASE #2, #6, #9

TARZAN THE FEARLESS (GREAT CLASSIC NEWSPAPER COMIC STRIPS #6)

BUCK ROGERS---1931-32

These large softcover books of reprinted famous comic strips [in limited editions] were rescued from the estate of the late Edwin M. Aprill, Jr.

Howard DeVore bought the remaining copies and is offering them to collectors. These books were originally published by Aprill in the late 60's and early 70's. The print runs were in the 500-1000 range.

CARTOONIST SHOWCASE #2 and #6 contain Secret Agent X9 and Tarzan adventures. #9 contains "Octopussy"--a James Bond adventure, plus a Tarzan sequence.

TARZAN THE FEARLESS reprints the strip as it appeared all through 1938.

BUCK ROGERS contains the daily strips from #817 to 1163 as first published in 1931-32.

I'm not sure of the prices for these--having lost Howard's covering letter. A postcard to him should bring a quick response.

The early **TARZAN** and **BUCK ROGERS** are marvelous. I think these are among the first things I read as a child.

The address: Howard DeVore
4705 Weddel St.,
Dearborn Heights,
Michigan 48125



PIONEER--a survivalist/subsistence zine published by Paul Doerr, 225 E. Utah, Fairfield, CA 94533---is almost a classic example of counterproductive effort. He mimeographs 16 pag-

es of single-space border-to-border copy on three-hole mimeo paper [at least, I think it's mimeo paper] and somehow gets away with mailing the 1-3/4 oz. folded, stapled zine for 20¢. So far, fine. A miracle. But he has a bad mimeo and the print is faint and spotty and very hard to read. He doesn't use two columns, so his line of print is 20-words wide, difficult to track.

He prints a wide variety of survivalist/subsistence information and speculation and philosophy---valuable nowadays---but in his no-frills, no concessions-to-readability "purity" he turns off readers and turns away others.

He wants \$2.50 per copy---ridiculous!---or will send a sample of a past issue for \$1.00.

FEVER PITCH #5 is edited and published by Brad W. Foster (otherwise known as Jabberwocky Graphics, 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving, TX 75062) and is a 32-page extravaganza of voluptuous women in picture stories by various artists. There is one piece of text fiction: "Trainee" by Richard E. Geis. It is about Toi King's first practice session with a man. She is a trainee of the Sex Guild in this early period in her life. It is illustrated by a rather fine full-page Bruce Conklin drawing of Toi in the nude. For those Geis-compleatists among you, FP#5 is available for \$3.50 plus \$1.00 for first class postage.

FEVER PITCH also has a very impressive wrap-around cover featuring a girl and a tiger, by Brad Foster. Foster is a fine artist as his cover for this issue of SFR will testify.

RIGEL #5 is a semi-pro (in circulation) sf zine in large [lettersize] format, four-color cover, excellent layouts, art quality as good and in some cases better than the prozines.

The price is \$2.50, published by Asir Press, POB 2523, Richmond, CA 94802.

Edited by Eric Vinicoff.

"Dragon Pax" is the featured story, an exercise in cliché and fantasy science by Timothy Zahn.

"Even Martian Cowgirls Get the Blues" by Karl Hansen is, for all its talk of terraformed Mars, hybrid cows and DNA-altered humans, a simple translation---a cluttered-by-sf-trappings love story that could have been written about an Easterner in the prejudiced rural West.

"The Price" by Tom Easton is about enhanced alien humanoid left by Man on their world to develop and learn. There is a problem with the original breed. It held my interest.

"Getting By" by Lee Gordon is an after-the-bomb story about love

of the land in spite of radioactivity. Well-written but unsatisfying beyond the sentimentality.

"Caster" by Eric Vinicoff is too full of hardworking dialogue. And I didn't like the story told by a newscaster on this war-torn world of Greenworld, flashpoint of alien-human conflicts; the newsmen was Ob-server and didn't have much at stake personally. Too, the story seemed too dense---a novel compacted to about 10,000 words.

RIGEL's non-fiction features, especially "Science & Sense" by Dr. Dean R. Lambe, are better quality.

I have to question the editorial judgement which decided that a cover painting showing a sorcerer controlling dragons by means of an amulet was appropriate for a self-labeled (on the cover!) science fiction magazine.

RIGEL has a mix of stories and features that copies the better-known sf magazines. It doesn't have a focus, a personality, and does not seem to be aiming for or appealing to a specific readership. At \$2.50 a copy [four issues for \$8, by subscription] it must narrow its focus or go broke; five second- and third-rate stories aren't good enough to keep a readership which has **ANALOG**, **ASIMOV's** and **F&SF** also available for its shrinking reading-material dollar.

A semi-pro fictionzine must either offer a kind of fiction not generally available in the larger circulation prozines, or it must offer better fiction.

RIGEL seems doomed.

SCIENCE FICTION BOOK REVIEW INDEX

VOL. 12, 1981 Price: \$5.00
Compiled by Hal W. Hall, 3608 Meadow Oaks, Bryan, TX 77801.

A labor of love, to keep track of sf book reviews in dozens of prozines, fanzines, academic journals, mundane magazines... Hal has done it for 12 years now and will undoubtedly continue.

YEARS OF LIGHT---A Celebration of

LESLIE A. CROUCH. A compilation & a Commentary by John Robert Colombo.

Hounslow Press, 124 Parkview Avenue, Toronto M2N 3Y5, CANADA.

Price: \$9.95. Trade paperback.

Les Crouch was Canada's #1 sf fan. He published a quality fanzine, **LIGHT**, for forty years. He was active as a fan, as a pro writer.

He died in 1969.

There are appendices which detail sf and weird pulp magazines published in Canada, Canadian fanzines, and Canadian fandom to the present.

THE DARKLING By David Kesterton
Arkham House. Sauk City, WI 53583.
Price: \$12.95 Quality Hardcover.

A far-future novel involving new creatures, psi talents, long-dead civilizations, a mission to save the world.

Looks good.

REALITY INSPECTOR by John Caris
Westgate House, 1716 Ocean Ave., Suite 75, San Francisco, CA 94112.
Price: \$3.95 postpaid. [Cal. residents add sales tax]

Government policy is being manipulated by an alien computer program which somehow continues to operate even after it has been expunged from govt. computers. Meanwhile, during the matches of the world chess championship....

This small press novel is another I'm going to read and review for SFR #46.

THE SMOKING LAND by Max Brand
Capra Press, P.O. Box 2068, Santa Barbara, CA 93120. \$5.95.

This trade paperback is a reprint from the original pages of **ARGOSY** magazine in 1937.

Max Brand also wrote some science fiction. This is about a lost race of primitives the hero discovers inside a volcano in the North Pole region. They speak 16th Century English and have a priestess named Sylvia. Also included is a rocketship chase...

Copies of **THE SMOKING LAND** are available in large lots at a 75¢-per-copy price. Details from the publisher.



KIDDING ASIDE... WHAT DO YOU REALLY THINK OF MY ZINE?

RAISING HACKLES

BY ELTON T. ELLIOTT

FANTASY AS CANCER: PART II



In the several months since the publication of "Fantasy as Cancer: Part I", I've received numerous comments and suggestions about the article. Thank you all who made helpful constructive comments.

After reading the letters it became obvious that some people did not understand the major point of "Fantasy as Cancer: Part I" -- let me restate the major thesis:

My argument is not with the genre of fantasy per se -- I don't care to read it; if others do, fine. Many good friends have asked me to acknowledge in print that there is a difference between good fantasy and bad -- okay, I'm sure there are good fantasy works being written today, I just don't want to slog through all the crap to find them. My major concern is the intrusion of fantasy values into science fiction.

For those of us interested in the purity of science fiction, who see the intrusion of fantasy values as a corrupting influence, it behooves us to know how to fight back. The first step is identifying the problem (the usurpation of science fictional values by those of fantasy) and the second step is to specify and elaborate. One cautionary note -- if you want everybody to like you, if you are made upset or nervous by controversy in print or in person (I have been both hailed and hassled at conventions by people who it seems either love what I'm saying on this issue or hate it, like Howard Cosell the topic of fantasy intruding on sf seems to have little middle ground.) I suggest you move on to safer topics.

As some of the letters show, I seemed to have touched very tender nerves; if you tweak people

where they live, you'd be amazed at the personal nature of their responses, but it isn't surprising when you consider what they're defending.

One of the crucial factors underlying all of literature is how the characters deal with reality, whether it's a drug bust in southern Oregon, a ship full of privateers on the Spanish Main, a horde of Huns sacking central Europe, a dragon menacing an English village or the search for asteroids containing stable transuranic elements.

Science Fiction and fantasy approach this crucial factor from two diametrically opposed viewpoints. These different approaches can be summed up in two words, ritual and reason. In fantasy when the character gets into trouble he mutters some ritual incantation and viola a magic genie appears and solves all his problems, or he mutters the correct magical spell and his troubles vanish. In Science Fiction the character enters a new situation and has to extricate himself by dint of reason -- the accumulated knowledge stored up through a lifetime of learning and experience. Grek-Smirk, the Barbarian, mindlessly chants in hope the dragon will vanish; Karin, the Computer Planner, feeds in the equations she has learned through a lifetime of education and the spaceship cruises past the outer layer of a Red Giant star on a perfect hyperbolic orbit.

This division goes far deeper than mere dragons versus aliens trappings, it is at base a completely opposite way of viewing reality itself. We have evidence aplenty of this division in nature and society: right brain versus left brain, ontology vs. epistemology, emotion vs. logic, religion vs. science, irrationality vs. rationality, delusion vs. realism, lack of responsibility vs. responsibility, wish fulfillment vs. cold equations, bleeding hearts vs. the cold hard facts ... FANTASY versus SCIENCE FICTION. In fact, Dick Geis, has suggested that this conflict contains an ever deeper level. A very personal level. He posits that some people are insulated to reality by youth, family, religion or money. Now, it is possible that with computers, space shuttles, and genetic engineering in the present, Science Fiction became too realistic for them.

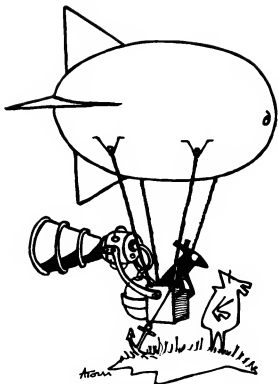
One thing is certain, Science Fiction at its best looks forward to the future, based on present knowledge and extrapolation, always keeping in mind the lessons, examples and experience garnered from the past. Science Fiction tainted by fantasy seems to ignore the future, avoid the present and view the past through nostalgic rose-colored glasses. In essence, science fiction bastardized by fantasy is extremely limited in scope and suffers what I call Nostalgia For Yesterday's Tomorrow at best, Nostalgia For Yesterday's Yesterday at worst. All of the future is open to Science Fiction as well as time travel, alternate presents

or pasts. None of the future is open to bastardized Science Fiction-Fantasy, only glimpses of the present and devolved decadent views of the past. (Bastard SF is also a lot easier to write than straight science fiction.)

In summation Science Fiction poisoned by Fantasy values is left weakened and emasculated unable to deal with the harsh realities of our technological age, not to mention the problems posed by a rapidly shrinking base of literate consumers.

Next issue I begin a series of articles about Science Fiction proper and the external and internal problems that plague the genre. Science Fiction, it seems to me, has entered an era of lowered expectations on the part not only of critics and writers, but also among editors and readers as well. In an era when the future of publishing in America is menaced by growing numbers of illiterate video gamers, Science Fiction approaches its sixth decade as a distinct genre ill defined as to its nature and future.

The title of next issue's column: "Why Science Fiction Committed Suicide: A Literary Autopsy."



"Somewhere, I think you have a principle foul up."

ALIEN THOUGHTS CONTINUED

Depression Update 10-11-82

The stock market is on another frenzied surge, this time firmly past the 1000 mark on the Dow-Jones Industrial Average. 140 million shares traded in one day.

I remember in the late fifties a heavy volume was 5 million shares per day. Average was 3 million.

I note that on this day when the market boomed again, the govt. reported sharply lower housing sales for September. European unemployment is steadily increasing. Canadian unemployment is up.

But the BUY STOCKS madness continues, as the final paroxysm of desperate investment continues. As the flight to quality continues.

[Actually, there isn't that much quality left in the stock market; money managers are buying shares in overpriced, over-indebted, lowering-profits corporations. This insanity is like an infectious disease--a true madness of crowds--a kind of wild euphoria that has seized normally cautious men. They'll be jumping from windows before another year is gone.]

Oh, add Bolivia to the long list of nations which now not even pay interest on its multi-billion dollar debts.

AMAZING CHANGES HAVE OCCURRED

in the magazine. I was sent a review copy of the final Elinor Mavor-edited AMAZING [Sept. 1982], and a few weeks later was sent a copy of the first George Scithers-edited issue [November, 1982].

But some things haven't changed: the digest-size is the same, and the cover logo and format is the same.

The contents page is different, now simple and unconfusing. The line-up is the same with non-fiction items like opinion, reviews, interview, letters all preceeding the fiction.

The November fiction is heavy with names: Williamson, Silverberg, Wolfe, Springer, Niven.

The non-fiction text is presented in two columns, while the fiction is in larger, more readable type and single column--like a book page.

The page count has risen from 134 [September], to 164 in the November issue.

Altogether, a greatly improved magazine. Its sales should improve gradually. Its function for TSR Hobbies (and Gary Gygax, the multi-millionaire owner of TSR and of AMAZING, now) is to promote TSR games and perhaps provide a nice tax write-off.

To be a significant money-maker

AMAZING would have to shift to OMNI size and promotion costs to match. I don't see that happening. Within the hardcore sf magazine readership, AMAZING might, in a year or so, reach the circulation of ASIMOV'S or ANALOG. But even that would be small beer to the owner of TSR.



HAVE A HAPPY HOLLIDAY SEASON
And be careful out there

ALIEN CONCLUSIONS

Before I forget, below is a list of reviews-in-hand or spoken-for which will appear in the next issue. Reviewers, be so guided.

THE NEW VISIONS---A COLLECTION OF MODERN SCIENCE FICTION ART

EARTHCHILD
TRIPLANETARY
FIRST LENS MAN
GALACTIC PATROL
GRAY LENS MAN
SECOND STAGE MENS MAN
CHILDREN OF THE LENS
DIFFERENT SEASONS
PSION: A NOVEL OF THE FUTURE
DREAMERIDER
MERCHANDISER'S LUCK
THE DIMENSIONEERS
SLEEPING BEAUTY
MARATHON
THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR #11
LOST WORLDS
THE PARASITE
THREE TOMORROWS
HAWKIMSTRESS
STAR TREK: THE WRATH OF KHAN
STAR TREK II (PHOTOSTORY)
THE CITY OF THE SINGING FLAME
THE LAST INCANTATION
THE AYES OF TEXAS
TIME'S DARK LAUGHTER
WORLD OF A THOUSAND COLORS
LIFE, THE UNIVERSE, AND EVERYTHING WIRED
A BARNSTORMER IN OZ
BYZANTIUM ENDURES

and there are some more reviews in my "In" basket I haven't looked at yet, from reviewers. It would seem I need about 20 pages per issue to cope with all the Other Voices reviews...at the present rate of incoming. I suspect the reviews multiply in relation to the space available.

All I can do again is urge the reviewers to be brief.

THE ART FILE IS STILL OVERFLOWING its box. I suspect certain of those drawings are Doing It with other drawings---the nudes---and producing multitudes of small illos which I have never seen before!

The word has to remain: please hold off on sending artwork until I work this mass down to manageable size. [Of course I cannot refuse any Gilliland offerings...and one or two other artists are too good to say nay to, but....] *whimper*

I suspect I'm doomed to cope with The Overflowing Box the rest of my life.



DAVE LANGFORD'S INTERVIEW WITH JOHN SLADEK had to be rescheduled for next issue, I'm afraid. It was either that or cut all my own writings. And I am always getting letters commanding, "MORE GEIS!" in SF.

THE CORPORATION STRIKES BACK, my self-published 500-copy limited edition science fiction/erotic novel is almost sold out. I have 31 copies left. For those who have been intending to order it but, forgetting, this is probably your last opportunity for a first edition copy.

Whether there will ever be a second edition depends on a lot of factors. The first *Toi King sf/sex adventure novel*, *STAR WHORES* [of which *CORPORATION* is the sequel] has been sold out for a year, now, and a reprint of that depends on many factors. Eventually I'll get around to trying an ms. copy on some commercial publishers

Mostly I don't want to reprint the novels in order to avoid the extra work, and because I don't want to take the time to market an offset edition to bookstores, etc.

So, if anyone wants to republish *STAR WHORES* and *THE CORPORATION STRIKES BACK*, drop me a line.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #44 Interview with Anne McCaffrey; "How Things Work" by Norman Spinrad; "Fantasy and the Believing Reader" by Orson Scott Card; "Raising Hack-lrs" by Elton T. Elliott.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #43 Interview with James White; "The Porno Novel Biz" by Anonymous; "How To Be A Science Fiction Critic" by Orson Scott Card; "The Visivector" by Darrell Schweitzer; "Once Over Lightly" by Gene DeWeese; SF News by Elton T. Elliott.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #35 Interviews with Fred Saberhagen and Don Wollheim; "The Way It Is" by Barry Malzberg; "Noise Level" by John Brunner; "Coming Apart at the Themes" by Bob Shaw.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #36 Interview with Roger Zelazny; A Profile of Philip K. Dick by Charles Platt; "Outside the Whale" by Christopher Priest; "Science Fiction and Political Economy" by Mack Reynolds; Interview with Robert A. Heinlein; "You Got No Friends in This World" by Orson Scott Card.

\$1.50 per copy from #37 onward

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #37 Interview with Robert Anton Wilson; "We're Coming Through the Window!" by Barry N. Malzberg; "Inside the Whale" by Jack Williamson, Jerry Pournelle, and Jack Chalker; "Unities in Digression" by Orson Scott Card.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #38 Interview with Jack Williamson; "The Engines of the Night" by Barry N. Malzberg; "A String of Days" by Gregory Benford; "The Alien Invasion" by Larry Niven; "Noise Level" by John Brunner; SF News by Elton Elliott.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #39 Interview with Gene Wolfe; "The Engines of the Night"-Part Two by Barry N. Malzberg; "The Nuke Standard" by Ian Watson; "The Visivector" by Darrell Schweitzer; SF News by Elton Elliott.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #40 Interview with Robert Sheckley; 4-way conversation: Arthur C. Clarke, Harlan Ellison, Fritz Leiber & Mark Wells; "The Engines of the Night"-Part Three by Barry N. Malzberg; Darrell Schweitzer; SF News by Elton T. Elliott

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #41 Space Shuttle Report by Clifford R. McMurray; "Chuck's Latest Bucket" by David Gerrold; Interview with Michael Whelan; "The Bloodshot Eye" by Gene DeWeese; "The Visivector" by Darrell Schweitzer; SF News by Elton T. Elliott.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #42 Interview with Ian Watson; "One Writer and the Next War" by John Brunner; "The Visivector" by Darrell Schweitzer; "The Human Hotline" by Elton T. Elliott.

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with Fritz Leiber; "The Literary
Dreamers" by James Blish; "Irvin
Binkin Meets H.P. Lovecraft" by
Jack Chalker.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #6 Interview
with R.A. Lafferty; "The Trenchant
Bludgeon" by Ted White;
"Translations From the Editorial"
by Marion Z. Bradley.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #9 "Reading
Heinlein Subjectively" by Alexei
and Cory Panshin; "Written to a
Pulp!" by Sam Merwin, Jr.; "Noise
Level" by John Brunner; "The Shaver
Papers" by Richard S. Shaver.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #10 Interview
with Stanislaw Lem; "A Nest of
Strange and Wonderful Birds" by
Sam Merwin, Jr.; Robert Bloch's
Guest of Honor speech; The Hein-
lein Reaction.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #14 Inter-
view with Philip Jose Farmer;
"Thoughts on Logan's Run" by Will-
iam F. Nolan; "The Gimlet Eye" by
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ence Fiction" by Barry Malzberg;
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ard Lupoff.

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view with George R.R. Martin; In-
terview with Robert Anton Wilson;
"Philip K. Dick: A Parallax View"
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mos" by R. Faraday Nelson.

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One for the Boys in the Back Room"
by Barry Malzberg.

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view with Philip K. Dick; Interview
with Frank Kelly Freas; "The Note-
books of Mack Sikes" by Larry Niven;
"Angel Fear" by Preff; "The Vivi-
sector" by Darrell Schweitzer.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #20 Inter-
views: Theodore Sturgeon, and Joe
Haldeman; "Noise Level" by John
Brunner; "The Vivisector" by Dar-
rell Schweitzer; "The Gimlet Eye"
by John Gustafson.

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view with Leigh Brackett & Edmond
Hamilton; Interview with Tim Kirk;
"The Dream Quarter" by Barry Malz-
berg; "Noise Level" by John Brunner.

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S-E-X" by Sam Merwin, Jr.; "After-
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Vance, and Piers Anthony; "The
Silverberg That Was" by Robert
Silverberg.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #24 Inter-
views: Bob Shaw, David G. Hartwell
and Algis Budrys; "On Being a Bit
of a Legend" by Algis Budrys.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #25 Inter-
views with George Scithers, Paul
Anderson and Ursula K. Le Guin;
"Flying Saucers and the Styne
Factor" by Ray Palmer; ONE IMMORTAL
MAN--Part One.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #26 Inter-
views with Gordon R. Dickson and
Larry Niven; "Noise Level" by
John Brunner; "Feed-on Road" by
Richard Henry Klump; ONE IMMORTAL
MAN--Part Two.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #27 Inter-
views with Ben Bova and Stephen
Fabian; "Should Writers be Serfs
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News; The Ackerman Interview; ONE
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SF Film News & Reviews.

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views with John Brunner, Michael
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SF Film News & Reviews.

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"The Awards Are Coming" by Orson
Scott Card; SF News; SF Film News
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