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 TAKE MASTER YOUR CARD.
 CHTHULU KNOWS, HE NEEDS
 INSURANCE!



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 ALL THE COLUMNISTS AND A FEW
 SURPRISES

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AN INTERVIEW WITH
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BUT WHY DOES
 GEIS REALLY
 WANT MY OLD
 ZIP CODE?



...INTERNATIONAL CONSPIRACY
 OF ELECTRIC POWER COMPANIES
 SEEKING WORLD CONQUEST...



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ALIEN THOUGHTS

BY THE EDITOR

A WRITER'S DIARY, SUITABLY CENSORED

Even though SFR doesn't cross my buns with silver and gold, it will continue and continue, because it provides me with great fun, variety and friendships.

This section is devoted to my ha-ha professional writing endeavors, and let the Devil take the second bite if he dares.

Got a rejection notice from agent Joe Elder---passing along a note from a woman sf editor. Sayeth she of ONE IMMORTAL MAN:

'I'm afraid this one just doesn't grab me---it doesn't feel magical enough to be a fantasy or straightforward enough to be science fiction.'

Okay, if this bounces often enough, I'll rewrite it to make the lead character a woman. ONE IMMORTAL WOMAN.... I keep getting the message that every novel nowadays must have a 'strong woman' in it. But by mentioning this I may have poisoned my well. Ah, the taste of Hemlock....

It goes without saying, I hope, that ONE IMMORTAL MAN is a man's novel in which the male lead is a sexist and uses women for sexual pleasure. And the ending! Dear Ghod, he eats a young woman's heart and kidneys and liver to stay alive in his tomb.

But, ah, if an immortal woman were forced to eat a man's vital nutritious organs.... that would ring a gong in the hearts and minds of New York publishing houses!

I may have to write under an assumed name after this. (5-7-83)

Sent four novel ideas/proposals to Joe for evaluation: he advises which are good bets to develop, which to drop. (5-7-83) One is a Disaster novel, one Supernatural/Occult Horror, one Medical Paranoia, and one Rich & Famous/Murder Mystery.

No science fiction. The kind of sf I want to write seems not to be wanted, so far. Besides, there's probably more money to be made in the other categories.

Joe advises me to develop the Medical Paranoia novel, and the Disaster novel. Huh! I would have bet the farm the Occult/Horror would be okayed. So much for my judgement of the market---and my own novel proposals.



I perceive more and more clearly that a New York agent is VITAL. At least for me.

BUT---before working on my own novel proposal developments---each takes a month the way things are going---I'm working on a second collaboration with Elton. We are obligated to show first our second novel effort to Fawcett (according to a clause in the contract for THE SWORD OF ALLAH!).

This new novel is titled THE MASTER FILE and I have in hand 54 pages of outline for 32 chapters. This one will line out at about 90 thousand words.

We break no new ground here: we save the world again, this time from the threat of brain slavery by means of.... (Dasn't reveal the plot!)

In 25 years of professional fiction writing I've seen editors come and editors go---by the dozens!

So it was no surprise to be sent a Washington Post story dated 6/16/83 headed SCIENCE FICTION, subheaded, LITERARY AGENCY TO EDIT LINE FOR POKET BOOKS. By Curt Suplee.

I'll take the liberty of quoting the story in toto.

'The Scott Meredith Literary Agency, long a deal-maker to the stars, is now taking on the cosmos---as the new editor and packager of science fiction and fantasy titles for Pocket Books.

'The unusual agreement, announced yesterday in New York, means the literal end of the line for Pocket's esteemed Timescape series, which had developed a reputation for literary

vitality and commercial anemia. It means the end of a tradition whereby agents do not act as purchasers, which the Meredith group will do in providing 48 books a year for the renamed Starscope line. And it means the end of the tether for the Science Fiction Writers of America, which is protesting that possible conflicts of interest in the agency's role as both buyer and seller will be not only 'detrimental to our writer and artist members' and their agents, but 'damaging to publishing in general.'

'But Pocket sees potentially astronomical returns from the new line, which is set to debut next spring. Timescape "was losing a lot of money," Pocket Books president Ronald Busch said yesterday, and "we were paying too much for the product. We were getting great literary reviews and awards---but the science fiction audience is looking for more entertainment and fun than we were publishing."

'In yesterday's joint announcement, agency head Scott Meredith said the behemoth popularity of "E.T." and the "Star Wars" trilogy, coupled with the fact that six of 15 titles on a recent best-seller list were science fiction novels, meant that the genre "has the power to reach beyond science-oriented readers to a broader national audience," including "women readers who buy the largest percentages of books these days."

'Marta Randall, president of the 800-member SFWA, said yesterday from her Oakland, California home that "our objection stems from what we think is probably a conflict of interest. We fail to understand how a writer can benefit" from an agent "who is in a position, in effect, to sell the work to himself." Moreover, the Meredith agency, by acting as a packager, "would be under the same economic dictates as a publisher---that is, to acquire the maximum number of books at a minimum financial investment." Randall, whose latest novel, "Dangerous Games," was published by Pocket Books, said she also feared that Meredith would not "actively solicit works from people not represented by that agency."

'The SFWA, she said, has demanded a "complete and detailed accounting" of the new arrangement from Meredith and Pocket, and "it will be reviewed by our officers and out legal counsel." SFWA's attorney, Henry Holmes, said from Los Angeles that he could not comment on the joint venture before seeing details of the deal, but speculated that the agency's buyer-seller function "could be some sort of restraint of trade that the federal government might want to get involved in."

"The paranoia in science fiction people is a little higher than most," Busch said. "We thought there would be a fuss, but if they would quit crying wolf until the wolf is at their door, they'd see that the conflict of interest doesn't exist." Meredith said, "it's really a joining of interests. We check every deal with our clients anyway, and the client ultimately makes the decision and won't take anything he doesn't like. It's nonsense to assume that we're going to buy our own people too cheaply." As for favoritism, he said, "obviously we'll be publishing a lot of our own authors," and if forced to choose between two equally attractive books, one of them written by his client, "of course I'd buy our own manuscript. But what I'd really do is buy both."

'Some of Meredith's clients-- Arthur C. Clarke, Paul Anderson and Lester del Rey among them--have attachments to other publishing houses. Might Clarke, published by Ballantine, end up in Pocket? "The forces of the marketplace are going to dictate that," Busch said. "But Scott's not going to jeopardize his relationship with one of his stars." Judy-Lynn del Rey, editor-in-chief of Ballantine's Del Rey Books, agreed: "Before this even hit the fan, Arthur and I discussed the situation. He considers us his publisher. We consider ourselves his publisher. Ans Scott considers us his publisher." Besides, she said, Del Rey has a new Clarke manuscript in hand.

'Timescape, which Randall called "one of our major markets," has stopped acquiring manuscripts, although backlog titles will remain in print. It's editorial director, David Hartwell, will leave the company in October for editorial consulting work. "I have simply agreed to a no-fault divorce," Hartwell said yesterday. "According to my own knowledge of my budget, I wasn't losing money. But they can do their accounting any way they choose. It's their company. I am leaving with my reputation for doing good books intact."

Received from Pocket Books Director of Publicity, Anne Maitland, is a release dealing with the change.

A significant quote from Scott Meredith in the press release is this:

"For the first time," Meredith said, "science fiction and fantasy are demonstrating consistently the power to reach beyond science oriented readers to broader national audiences. In addition to the extraordinary success of such recent movies as *Star Wars, E.T., The Empire Strikes Back* and *Return of the Jedi*, the genre has become so popular that

six novels out of fifteen on a recent best-seller list were science fiction and fantasy. We hope to attract both longtime science fiction and fantasy readers plus large numbers of readers new to the field, including women readers who buy the largest percentage of books these days."

Meredith also stated that the growing publishing practice of considering only material submitted by agents or established authors will not apply to the new line. "We'll read everything submitted," he said, "and move quickly. We'll guarantee to buy or return manuscripts within two weeks following receipt. Obviously, we'll be publishing many books by our own clients, but we also intend to buy heavily from other agencies and from unrepresented writers. We'll be as tough on our own clients' work as on everybody else's, and the sole determining factor on purchasing scripts will be their quality and our estimate of their potential sales."

Meredith added, "We're very familiar with the advances and royalty rates being paid for material all over the world, and we're prepared to bid competitively and pay whatever is necessary to secure the best science fiction and fantasy being written today. Of course, we'll do our best to avoid overpaying and acquiring material which won't earn out costs and bring a profit, but we'll pay top dollar to get the best. All offers we make on material by our own clients will, of course, be submitted to the clients for approval, just as we do routinely on offers we receive from all other publishers."

'The operations of the new line will be conducted from the Meredith Agency's offices at 845 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022, and submissions should be made to that address.' (June 15, 1983.)

Some speculations and conclusions can be made from all of the above:

The economic advantages to Pocket are: paying less for 48 sf/fantasy books per year, and saving the entire editorial salaries of David Hartwell and his Timescape staff.

The economic advantages to the Meredith Agency are: making a considerable profit from the packaging deal (possibly also a share of the profits on sales), as well as collecting an agent's fee from its clients. The authors pay Meredith and the publisher pays Meredith.

A change in editorial needs to a more heavily-plotted, fast-paced, action-adventure science fiction and

fantasy, with a strong female character required in almost every book.

Comment: The Laser line of a few years ago was also aimed at the mass audience and was tilted toward a juvenile audience. It didn't sell well enough to satisfy its publisher and was dropped. Will Starscope Books also be slanted to the juvenile with all the restrictions on content and character that implies?

The economics of this packaging deal suggests lower average advances for writers, with newcomers taking a significant number of slots.

The strong possibility that other major sf/fantasy publishers deciding to follow suit if the Pocket/Meredith deal works out. These publishers could decide to farm out their sf/fantasy lines to expert packagers in order to cut staff costs and product costs, too. And this system, if successful, might spread to other genres. Some of the large literary agencies might bid for the packaging opportunities.

You could have, in time, publishers switching packagers as now some advertising clients switch from one advertising agency to another.

And you could have some authors sign long-term multi-book contracts with packagers instead of with publishers.... The packager who could deliver X number of books by authors A, B, C, and D would have a strong bargaining position.

I suspect we're entering a new era in author/agent/publisher/packager relationships...if this Pocket/Meredith deal is not challenged in the courts, and if it is successful on the bottom line--profits. We'll know in a couple years.

Scarcely after the ink was dry on the Pocket/Meredith sf packaging deal, the deal came unglued, smear-



ed and dead. I received the following news release from Pocket's Anne Maitland dated June 28, 1983:

'Ronald Busch, president of Pocket Books, and Scott Meredith, president of Scott Meredith Literary Agency, Inc., have mutually agreed to dissolve the previously announced science fiction and fantasy publishing program, Starscope.'

'In making this announcement, Mr. Meredith stated, "although we still believe that this co-publishing venture represented a tremendous opportunity for the science fiction community, a problem has arisen which has caused our two companies to make this decision. The problem, incidentally, is entirely unrelated to the recent controversy over whether or not an agent can be both a buyer and a seller of literary properties."

'With the dissolution of this agreement, Mr. Busch wished to stress that Pocket Books remains strongly committed to the successful publishing of science fiction and fantasy in both hardcover and paperback. At present, Pocket Books is actively looking for a new science fiction and editorial team.'

Well, this on-again, off-again deal has got to be embarrassing to Pocket and Meredith. Did somebody not read the fine print in their contract? Was pressure applied to kill the deal from non-SFWA quarters? We may never know.

All that does seem to remain is a new editorial policy for the Pocket sf and fantasy line, no matter who is chosen to carry it out.

That can be seen from a quote from "Talk of the Trade," a column written for PUBLISHERS WEEKLY by Leonore Fleischer. She quotes Ron Busch as follows: "Starscope will be first of all commercial, then, hopefully, literary. We're not going after big books, and we're not going to pay as much as we did; the science fiction fans are interested in fun and entertainment, and we're going to give it to them."

But Pocket has at least nine months of Timescape books in the pipeline, and it will be Spring, 1984, before we'll see the first of the new line.

For further coverage of and commentary on this story, see Elton Elliott's "Raising Hackles" column this issue.



THE AWARDS, THE AWARDS.....

NEBULA AWARDS

Presented by the Science Fiction Writers of America on April 23, at the New York Statler-Hilton Hotel, the winners were:

NO ENEMY BUT TIME [Best Novel] by Michael Bishop.

ANOTHER ORPHAN [Best Novella] by John Kessel.

"Fire Watch" [Best Novelette] by Connie Willis.

"A Letter From The Clearys" [Best Short Story] by Connie Willis.

Way to go, Connie!

SATURN AWARDS

Winners of the 10th annual Saturn Awards given by The Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films, June 30, 1983.

Best SF Film: E.T.

Best Fantasy Film: THE DARK CRYSTAL

Best Horror Film: POLTERGEIST

Best Low Budget Film: EATING RAUL

Best International Film: THE ROAD

WARRIOR

Best Animated Film: THE SECRET OF NIMH

Best Actor: William Shatner, STAR TREK II: THE WRATH OF KHAN

Best Actress: Sandra Bergman, CONAN THE BARBARIAN

Best Supporting Actor: Richard Lynch, THE SWORD AND THE SORCERER

Best Supporting Actress: Zelda Rubinstein, POLTERGEIST

Best Direction: Nicholas Meyer, STAR TREK II

Best Music: John Williams, E.T.

Best Special Effects: Carlo Rambaldi, Dennis Muren, E.T.

Best Costume: Elois Janssen, Rosanna Norton, TRON

Best Make Up: Dorothy Pearl, POLTERGEIST

Best Screenplay: Melissa Matheson, E.T.

Best Poster Art: John Alvin, E.T.

Life Career Award: Martin B. Cohen

Posthumous Award: Buster Crabbe

Service Award: Dr. Robert Karns & Louis Ramsey

President's Award: Elsa Lanchester.

It was a dark and stormy night; the rain fell in torrents---except at occasional intervals, when it was checked by violent gusts of wind which swept up the streets (for it is in London that our scene lies), rattling along the housetops and fiercely agitating against the scanty flame of the lamps that struggled against the darkness.

Now the contest is over and the winner is judged to be Gail Cain, 38, a San Francisco technical writer, whose entry reads thusly:

The camel died quite suddenly on the second day, and Selena fretted sulkily and, buffing her already impeccable nails---not for the first time since the journey began---pondered snidely if this would dissolve into a vignette of minor inconveniences like all the other holidays spent with Basil.

Second prize went to Barbara Kroll, 57, an accounting teacher from Kennett Square, PA, who entered this:

The sun oozed over the horizon, shoved aside darkness, crept along the greensward, and, with sickly fingers, pushed through the castle window, revealing the pillaged princess, hand at throat, crown asunder, gaping in frenzied horror at the sated, sodden amphibian lying beside her, disbelieving the magnitude of the toad's deception, screaming madly, "You lied!"

Now, okay, that's bad, but it's not a true or fair contest, because these entries were written specifically for the contest and are not really the opening sentences of complete novels. And especially, there are not the opening sentences of published novels!

The Bulwer-Lytton effort was in fact published.

So, in fact, I consider Scott Rice's contest a fraud.

I urge SFR readers to send me their choices for worst-opening sentences [or paragraphs] of sf or fantasy novels.

AFTERTHOUGHT: forget it. The opening paragraphs quoted by Darrell Schweitzer in his review of STAR RIDERS OF REN win hands down. But if anyone has another entry....

THE BULWER-LYTTON FICTION CONTEST

[created by Scott Rice, an English Professor at San Jose State University] asked for entries thought to be the worst opening line of a novel.

The contest was inspired by the opening sentence of the 19th Century English writer, Bulwer-Lytton's novel, PAUL CLIFFORD. It ran thus:





DE SPERM BONE CONNECTED
TO DE... OVUM BONE!
DE OVUM BONE CONNECTED
TO DE... UTERUS BONE!
DE UTERUS BONE
CONNECTED TO DE...
PELVIS BONE!
NOW HEAR DE WORD
OF DE LAW!
DEM BONES.
DEM BONES.
GONNA WALK
AROUND!



83

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GEIS

There has been an on-going drive against street prostitution in Portland lately. Union Avenue (nearby) being the focus. The TV stations love to drive along Union taking footage of "the girls" loitering on the corners, occasionally talking to men who slow or turn off Union and stop.

The police have even set out suitably dressed undercover police-women to lure unwary men so that 'soliciting for prostitution' charges can be imposed on the 'johns'.

But, alas, these media and police tactics haven't done much good. The neighborhood groups of upright citizens still report pickups, front-seat blow-jobs, and harassment of attractive, provocatively dressed young non-prostitute women on and near Union by horny men in cars.

Now the City Council is manfully and womanfully debating ordinances which would impose fines of \$300 to \$500 on the girls and their customers, and additionally, 7 to 30-day jail sentences for repeaters.

Everyone seems to be in favor of this 'cracking down' on street prostitution. They don't consider the consequences. Which are: more clogging of the courts with prostitutes and johns demanding jury trials, more bodies taking up space in the already overcrowded prisons and jails, and more switching by the girls to off-street meeting places and call-girl activity.

What is really involved here is the Visibility Quotient of prostitution. Keep it discrete, girls, and no problem. Out of sight, out of mind.

What I can't really understand is why these girls ply the streets in the first place. They're social lightning rods. Angry Christian women always band together around the core of male preachers who have ulterior motives, to attack the street prostitutes and the local porno theater.

At present, because of citizen "outrage" the police department is assigning dozens of policemen and women to controlling street prostitution while the district attorney is refusing to prosecute whole classes of misdemeanor crimes--petty theft, vandalism, shoplifting, etc. for lack of deputy D.A.s and clerks to handle all the paperwork.

Sex is still the bugaboo of the Christian mentality.

The Israelis must be happy as clans at the way the PLO is falling apart and fighting among itself.

In the meantime, the Israeli policy of settling the West Bank continues apace and their intent on keeping southern Lebanon is hardening. They have their new jet fighters from us, and the Pope in Poland has monopolized the media for a couple weeks.

The bomb/sniper attacks against the Israeli soldiers in Lebanon are perceived in the U.S. as dirty-pool and the Israelis are once more the victims in our eyes.

I expect the Israelis forces to draw back to the Litani river eventually, but the twenty-twenty-five miles from the northern Israeli border to the Litani will be held indefinitely as a buffer, and perhaps eventually annexed.

There have been a spate of news stories lately about how, when Khomeini dies, Iran will become a chaotic battlefield as various moslem and communist parties vie for power.

The theory goes that the currently oppressed Tudeh communist party in Iran will seize power and immediately ask Russia to help it stay in power, whereupon Russia will send in its currently poised divisions in Russia and Afghanistan and overrun Iran, take control of the Persian Gulf and put a lock on the crucial Strait of Hormuz, and thus put a geopolitical

stranglehold of the West's oil supplies from the Persian Gulf, dominate Saudi Arabia, and rule der world!

And, alas, all there will be to stand against the Russian hordes will be a miniscule American force based in...umm...where are they based?

Well, there's that secret air base in Egypt... A few hundred marines in the Mediterranean.... An aircraft carrier in the Gulf or the Indian Ocean nearby...

All these sob stories seem to urge a strong expeditionary force in the Middle East, ready to repel Russian aggression at a moment's notice. [We own the planet, remember, and all those natives and others are only renters!]

But the Russians wouldn't dare invade Iran under any pretext. Such a move would instantly turn every moslem in the world against them, destroy their alliance/use of Syria, produce a Jihad against them, produce unrest in their own sizable moslem minority in southern USSR, and make enormous demands on the Russian economy it couldn't meet after a certain period. Considering the problems Russia is having with Afghanistan and its 17 million people, imagine the resistance of Iran's 30 million.

Further, any attempt to cut off or control oil to Europe and the U.S. would result in total trade embargoes---no more wheat, spare parts, etc. The U.S. and Europe would instantly offer arms and supplies to the moslem rebels, and would emerge as saviors.

No American expeditionary force is needed in the Middle East. Be wary and cynical of any push to establish one; the intent will be to intimidate local rulers, not Russia.

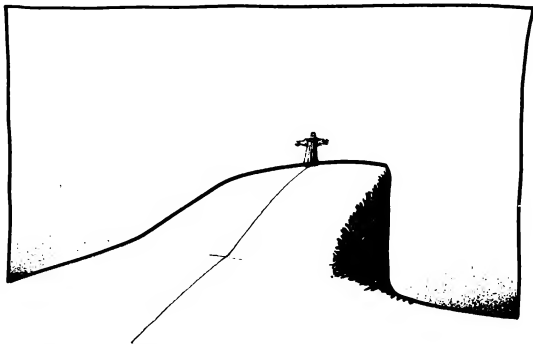
Liberal/media doublethink is evident in the stories about how John F. Kennedy selectively recorded phone conversations and person-to-person talks in his office in the White House.

There's not a word about the illegality of what saint JFK did, or of the immorality of such recordings. He is absolved of guilt, of crime, of unethical behavior.

Only Richard Nixon is a criminal for having done the same thing years later.

Elton Elliott likes to tweak me about the roaring bull market in stocks. Late last year I wrote that the stock market would soon

THE TREASURE OF THE SECRET CORDWAINER



PREPARE TO MEET MY UNWAKERS

RODUBER

Rod McBan leading an armed rebellion of cat people? With Lord Jestocost calling in the High Space Fleet to put it down?

You don't remember reading it that way in NORSTRILIA? Well, do you remember such Cordwainer Smith stories as "The Archer and the Deep?" or "How the Dream Lords Died?" or even "Fluminescent, Luminescent?"

I won't keep you in suspense. You did read "Fluminescent, Luminescent," or could have? That was just an alternate title for his story published as "Under Old Earth." But "The Archer and the Deep" has never been published. And "How the Dream Lords Died" was never written -- but there are notes for it.

As for that armed rebellion of cat people, it comes from an early draft of NORSTRILIA -- Smith's only novel, and one that turns out to have undergone a startling metamorphosis between the time it was first conceived in 1958 (under the working title of STAR-CRAVING MAD) and completion of the final draft in 1963.

Here are some other teasers for you:

Would you believe that Paul M.A. Linebarger (the man behind Cordwainer Smith) wrote his own book about dianetics in 1959?

Ever hear of a literary magazine called THE FOURTH DECADE? That was another Linebarger project for a few months in 1934.

What about a mainstream novel, GENERAL DEATH, in which an "educated man with a good knowledge of firearms" goes on a campaign of random killing?

Does it amuse you to know that the very first SF Linebarger wrote was "The Mad God of Mars," an unfinished Burroughs pastiche?

It is best to begin at the beginning: Genevieve Linebarger, widow of Paul, died in November, 1981. Her passing went unnoticed by the fan press at the time, because her family and friends had no contact with it --- one sf newsletter that did learn of the death the following February never reported it.

The old Linebarger home on 29th Street N.W., Washington, D.C., was left crammed with all sorts of belongings (neither Paul nor Genevieve ever seems to have thrown anything out). Among them were a huge number of manuscripts, notes, correspondence and miscellany related to Paul's career --- some in relative order, others just scattered about.

Most of the Linebarger papers, chiefly related to his political, diplomatic and military career, but possibly including some sf material that got in by accident (no expert advice or assistance was ever sought in taking inventory of the papers

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as far as I can determine), went to the Hoover Institute at Stanford University. Other material, including specially bound volumes of published works, went to Linebarger's daughters.

The rest, consisting of enough material to fill three tall shelves in a bookcase about four feet wide, was consigned to Larry McMurtry, a neighborhood book dealer and author (THE LAST PICTURE SHOW), and eventually sold to the University of Kansas. James Gunn reports that one of his students there already plans a doctoral dissertation based on the material in the collection.

I myself was able to spend six hours one day last summer going over the McMurtry material--only enough time to scratch the surface, to get some idea of the contents of various ring binders, bound volumes, notebooks, etc., without being able to read through them except for various SF manuscripts I "eroded." It's the science fiction that SFR readers are chiefly interested in, of course, so I'll lead off with that.

First, there are two complete unpublished SF manuscripts by Paul Linebarger himself that would have to be part of any complete collection of Cordwainer Smith.

One of these, "The Archer and the Deep," is actually a fantasy about a precognitive dream that comes true. It was originally written in 1941 and submitted to UNKNOWN in 1942 (according to a log of submissions in one of the notebooks). It was rewritten in 1961 and submitted to Judith Merril.

Incidentally, another story, "Alauda Dalma," was also submitted to UNKNOWN in 1942. I remember seeing this story 10 years ago in a bound volume of manuscripts (published and unpublished) dating from 1937 to 1955. This particular volume is not in the collection McMurtry received; I hope it has not been lost.

The other complete unpublished story is a revised 1961 version of "War No. 81-Q." In its original form, this had been Linebarger's first published SF story -- in the 1928 ADJUTANT, yearbook of Central High School in Washington D.C. where Linebarger was a 15-year-old student at the time.

THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF MANKIND (1979), last volume in Ballantine Books' Cordwainer Smith series, included the original 1928 version. The revised version fleshes out the story, and also integrates it clearly into the Cordwainer Smith future history. We learn, for example,

that the game was lasted a few centuries -- until the world population reached 31 billion and the real Ancient Wars broke out, leaving Earth a wilderness inhabited by "saints and morons" preyed on by a "few man-hunting machines."

"War No. 81-Q" was rewritten for possible inclusion in the Cordwainer Smith collection then in the planning stages at Regency Books. This was published as "You Will Never be the Same" but Linebarger's suggested title was "Strange Ladies and Mad Lovers: Romances from the Plunging Future."

A memorandum dated November 11, 1961, with a list of suggested contents, mentions yet another story, "My Love is Lost in the Null of Nought." In a letter November 26, Linebarger refers to it again, this time as "She Lost Her Love in the Null of Nought," indicating he would not be able to get it finished in time for Regency.

I wasn't able to find any copy of this story -- finished or unfinished -- in the collection at Booked Up. But the November 11 memo gives its length as eight pages and from the title and the length, I think this may have been a revision of "Himself in Anachron" (originally written in 1946), which Genevieve Linebarger reworked in the early 1970s for Harlan Ellison's LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS.

In the November 11 memo, Paul Linebarger included "Nancy" as part of his future history (something that wasn't evident to me from the text when I had it included in THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF MANKIND); moreover, he offered to supply Regency a "chronological table" for the history. If only he had been taken up on that offer; as has been reported before, a 1957-65 notebook on which most of the chronology was based is lost.

Genevieve Linebarger left two unpublished Cordwainer Smith stories of her own. As is doubtless known to most readers here, she had collaborated with Paul on some stories -- "The Lady Who Sailed the Soul" and "Golden the Ship Was, Oh, Oh, Oh," in particular. She revised "Himself in Anachron" for Ellison, as noted above; and in 1977, on commission from me at GALAXY, she did "The Queen of the Afternoon" based on an unfinished story of Paul's from 1955. "Down to a Sunless Sea" (1974) was entirely Genevieve's work.

The two unpublished works by Genevieve Linebarger are "The Saga of the Third Sister" a sequel to

"The Queen of the Afternoon," which I know had been making the rounds unsuccessfully; and "The Gravat of the Brilliant Stars," which is set on Olympia in the late instrumentality period. The second may be publishable, but I can see why the first never sold.

Even in "The Queen of the Afternoon," Genevieve had gone against what I think was the original tenor of the unfinished story; Juli Vom-Acht in the original fragment was an unpleasant character, possibly representing the evil side of the Vomact family. Just what Paul intended to do with her, I'm not sure -- the fragment ends with the illegal people taking her to the Wise Old Bear, who does not recognize her as "another one."

More jarring, chronologically, was that Genevieve wanted to put underpeople, the Old Strong Religion, etc., into this story -- I got her to remove most of that, but still wasn't entirely satisfied with the result. I'd had the idea of putting in the Jwinds; but had imagined them as far more fearsome than Genevieve made them (I was thinking of the E-tekeleli's references (Norstrilia, P. 211) to "others in the Earth -- the ones who came after the Ancient World fell").

"The Saga of the Third Sister" again introduces elements from thousands of years later in the Instrumentality chronology -- specifically the Robot, the Rat and the Copt, whose visions from Space are referred to in NORSTRILIA and the Casher O'Neill stories. Apparently Genevieve Linebarger was more interested in the period of the underpeople and the Old Strong Religion than in that of the Dark Age (which may



have been conceived before she met and married Paul.

Although it may be out of order, this seems a good place to bring up the surviving Cordwainer Smith notebooks, because they -- even more than most of the unpublished stories and fragments -- bear on some of the mysteries raised in the published canon.

One notebook was kept in 1965-66, after the loss of the main notebook, and includes ideas for several stories -- including "The Robot, the Rat and the Copt," which was originally conceived of as a single story but later as a cycle of four stories, rather like the Casher O'Neill stories.

The notes are quite sketchy; the rat was to have been named R'obert, and there was to have been a Coptic planet. In another note (included in a ring binder of "New Science Fiction by Cordwainer Smith" -- of which more later), there is a list of Coptic words. One of these is "Shenuda," or "God lives" -- I wouldn't be surprised if that were to have been used as the name for the Copt in the story cycle.

As was obvious in any case from references in published stories, "The Robot, the Rat and the Copt" was to have been the most explicitly religious of Cordwainer Smith's SF works, with the protagonists encountering Christ in the extra-dimensional location where He "had really been and always was experienced," and being converted to Christianity by their "pentecostal experience" there.

The same 1965-66 notebook includes ideas for other stories, most set in the late period but, one, "How the Dream Lords Died," dated 6111 A.D. Undoubtedly set even before the period of "Mark Elf," it would have been about the downfall of these Lords, who used drugs and telepathy to operate 12,000 slave brains each -- apparently for the purpose of spying on other times, like some of the future men of Stapledon's LAST AND FIRST MEN. I think these are obviously the "others in the Earth" referred to in NORSTILIA as cited earlier.

Aside from the interest of the story idea itself, the date suggests that the Dark Age in Smith's chronology lasted considerably longer than I had estimated in the chart I did for THE BEST OF CORDWAINER SMITH -- perhaps several thousand years longer. That would mean, of course, that the social evolution that began with the period of rebirth ("Scanners Live in Vain") and ended with the bland Utopia just be-



fore the Rediscovery of Man took place over a shorter period than previously estimated.

Other story ideas in the 1965-66 notebook don't add as much to the future history, but are intriguing nonetheless.

One, dated November 6, 1965 (OUR TIME, in which the Dream Lords story was conceived April 1, 1966) has to do with a remote, prosperous world in which one-parents gamble on the future of newly-issued children. This evidently has to do with the social and legal relationships between children and their one-parents, two-parents and three-parents (terminology used in "Under Old Earth," but not explained), who take turns raising the children. The note for the story is clearly worded, but still cryptic because of all the unknown thinking behind it.

Still another unwritten story was to have been about a Go-Captain who has a mysterious experience in space and is treated as a lunatic on his matter-of-fact home world. In yet another, a forlorn suitor manages to have the crushed head of his would-be bride, killed in an accident, regrown on Shayol and reimplanted with her personality. And one note is simply the name of a character -- the Lord Sto Dva, evidently a successor to the Lord Sto Odin of "Under Old Earth."

Another notebook, entitled "Future Works," dates from the 1940s, and includes poetry, notes on current events and plans for mainstream fiction and non-fiction as well as a couple of SF story ideas (one of the poems, incidentally, written in 1944, is "Tell Me Love"), used later in NORSTILIA. One of the SF ideas clearly relates to the gestation of the background for "Scanners Live in Vain."

Titled "The Weapons," and dated January 7, 1945, it suggests a "future or imaginary world" in which humanity must always be on guard against the old weapons, "perpetual and automatic," surviving from an old and forgotten war. These unnamed weapons were clearly the basis for the "manshonyaggers" in "Scanners" -- written just a few months later: a log of submissions shows it was sent to ASTOUNDING July 18, 1945 and returned August 31 with a note (from John W. Campbell, obviously) calling it "too extreme."

Evidence is strong that the entire background of "Scanners" was worked out in the six months from January to July 1945. In earlier articles, I had theorized that there might have been earlier stories (possibly earlier versions of the origins of the Vornacs) written before "Scanners," but I didn't find any evidence of such (another log records stories written each year from 1927 through 1966 -- although oddly, it omits some like "Alauda Palma," from the missing bound volume).

The other SF idea from "Future Works" doesn't seem to relate directly to the future history, although it might. In a projected novel, the U.S. is nearly destroyed in a future war. One Samuel Shall is crowned as Lord Samuel, and proceeds to unleash plagues against the other nations in revenge. This idea, dated November 11, 1946, might relate to the Lords of the Instrumentality -- but the Chiefs of the Instrumentality had already been referred to in "Scanners."

What is more definite, based on early drafts of NORSTILIA and other works, is that details about the late period of Cordwainer Smith's future history changed considerably between 1958 and 1962. It should be noted that several stories published later, including "Nancy," "When the People Fell" ("The Goonhogo Itself on Venus"), "Golden the Ship Was, Oh, Oh, Oh" ("The Lords of the Instrumentality") and "From Gustible's Planet" ("The Big Lick") were all written in 1958.

STAR-CRAVING MAD was the working title of the novel that became NORSTILIA, and it was begun in April 1958 (not 1960, as I had been told some years ago by Genevieve Linebarger). A number of complete chapters were written during the spring and early summer of 1958, with summaries of chapters not written; after which the project seems to have been given up for a while, although a new version of at least one chapter was begun in late 1959.

Still later, chapters of key scenes that are closer in letter and spirit to the published version were written -- by that time (1961 or later), such other stories as "The Ballad of Lost C'Mell," "Alpha Ralpa Boulevard," "Think Blue, Count Two" and "A Planet Named Shayol" were also written, at least in their initial form.

The first draft of STAR-CRAVING MAD -- which itself changed somewhat as it was being written -- differs in nearly all concrete details from NORSTRILIA, although the settings and the main characters (Norstrilia, Old Earth, McBain, Jestocost, C'Mell) are the same. The most striking difference is that there isn't any religious element at all, nor any clear reference to anything resembling the Rediscovery of Man.

The E'tellikelli appears, but strictly as a secular leader. There isn't any Holy Insurgency -- only a political rebellion of the underpeople. McBain -- called simply Arthur McBain CLI in this draft -- is not hailed by anyone as a Christ figure. But he is more a man of action, involving himself in the rebellion for the sake of C'Mell. The first draft was never finished, but the plan seemed to be for the underpeople to seize spacecraft from a largely undefended Earth which hadn't known war for centuries and flee to the stars. The E'tellikelli's main concern is that mankind never learns that it has been defeated by a superior power (and the underpeople are superior to true men in many respects, it develops), lest it hunt down and destroy them to the ends of the universe.

Lord Jestocost, in this early draft, is portrayed as a shrewd, but cruel leader -- without his name ("cruelty" in Russian) having any of the ironic import given it by the background later developed in "The Dead Lady of Clown Town." There is much political intrigue involving Teadrinker and others, while B'dikkat (later used in "A Planet Named Shayol") appears as a spy sent by Jestocost to learn about the rebellion -- and killed for his trouble. But there isn't any real moral conflict within the Instrumentality, and if there is any real theme, it is that of the true men inadvertently having created supermen in the form of the underpeople.

If Genevieve Linebarger was in any sense right about Paul's serious illness in 1960 leading to NORSTRILIA, it would seem that that illness actually led to the wide-ranging revision of the Cordwainer Smith

future history that included NORSTRILIA and all the shorter works related to it. It was during this period that the martyrdom of D'Joan and the spiritual role of the underpeople, along with the treatment of the Lords as philosophers and their sponsorship of the Rediscovery of Man, all developed in Linebarger's mind.

There were continuing changes in background detail too, as revealed by mss. in the "New Science Fiction..." binder). An early draft of "The Ballad of Lost C'Mell" ("Where is the Which of the What She Did") opens with an extended prologue that gives the entire history of Earth from ancient times to the time (well past C'Mell's, evidently) the story was "written" or "told."

Our times are referred to as before the First Ancient Days, which came before the First Ancient Days but were discovered later. Following the Long Nothing came the rule of the Dwellers, who restored the cities and clustered around the ruins left by the Daimoni -- including Earthport Gulosan. Then the Originals, invaders who came from the stars. Then the Bright Ones, who ruled after true men and undermen drove out the Originals -- the Bright Ones were patrons of music, dance and other arts; they built the peace square at Anfang. The "temporary rule of Lord Redlady" and the fall of the perfect men are associated with this period, which was followed by the High Cruel Years and yet another invasion by the Pure, who yet rule when the story is told.

Some of this chronology was certainly changed. The Daimoni, for example, are referred to in NORSTRILIA and elsewhere as having come at a far later time to build Earthport and other wonders. But other elements were kept. Those who brought tribute up Alpha Ralpa

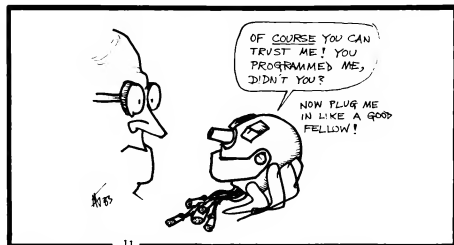
Boulevard, for example, may have been the Originals. And the Bright Ones may have sponsored the Interworld Dance Festival in "No, No, Not Regov;" the Bright Empire mentioned in NORSTRILIA may also be associated with them.

The same early draft of "The Ballad of Lost C'Mell," which does not seem to have gotten past the first three pages, also credits Lord Redlady with having reintroduced the old diseases to Earth. But the rationale for this isn't that given later in "Alpha Ralpa Boulevard." It is, rather, a defensive military strategy: If Earth has illnesses natives can survive but outsiders can't, would-be invaders will think twice before attacking.

Yet the seeds for the Rediscovery of Man are hinted at even in STAR-CRAVING MAD, where C'Mell's father C'Mackintosh is described, not as an athlete, but as a "licensed robber" at a savage park in Mississippi. Such parks are a means for mankind to "keep the peace within its own troubled and complex soul." They are apparently a long-standing institution, however; not part of a revolutionary program to bring freedom and excitement back to mankind.

Another stage in Linebarger's thinking may be represented by a one-page fragment, "Strange Men and Doomed Ladies." Although it has a date of September 16, 1961, it reads as if it had been written a year or two earlier (perhaps the date is a typo, or refers to Linebarger's note to himself at the end). Among other things the story would have provided a background for a character named John Hass, used in a chapter for STAR-CRAVING MAD/NORSTRILIA written 1959 -- but dropped from later drafts.

In this fragment, Lord Jestocost pushes through a policy to



let the "spoiled" -- the diseased, crippled, over-brilliant or over-stupid -- live on instead of being put to happy deaths: "Let them be, and let us see." There isn't any mention of Lady Alice More or the Rediscovery of Man -- both central to "Alpha Ralpa Boulevard," published in mid-1961 -- but Lady Johanna Gnade is reported opposed to the new policy, which is to "bring disaster in its wake." The note at the end advises, "Work out more plot," and to base it on "I'll Be a Witch" -- one working title for "The Dead Lady of Clown Town."

Clearly there are still mysteries in the development of the Rediscovery of Man, let alone the Holy Insurgency and other thematic keystones of the late Instrumentality stories.

Future scholars will marvel at how drastically Linebarger's style shifted in succeeding drafts of NORSTRILIA and other works; it's almost like comparing STEPHEN HERO with PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN. "Drunkboat" is perhaps the most extreme example. First written in 1955 as "The Colonel Came Back from Nothing at All," it was revised in 1958 under that title and involved the first man to planoform -- no mention of Space, let alone Arthur Rimbaud's poetry.

In 1963, Linebarger took up the story again, going through at least two variant openings before completing the final draft. Both variants make explicit references to Rimbaud, citing "Le Bateau Ivre" and even quoting from it. A variant title, "Archipelagos of Stars," is based on a line from Rimbaud, and in one of the variants, "Art" in the story is said to be a "singer"

rather than just a young man of indeterminate profession. Both variants experiment with the odd narrative techniques and poetic word-rhythms that were becoming increasingly prominent in Cordwainer Smith stories, yet neither resembles the final opening in any detail.

Material in the collection indicates that Linebarger had several ways of writing his stories. Some, he sat down and typed out as soon as inspiration came -- the 1940s notebook does not have any note for "Scanners Live in Vain," and the reason must be that he wrote the story immediately. In other cases, he would jot down the idea for the story in a notebook, and write it later.

Some stories were dictated off the top of his head. STAR-CRAVING MAD is one such case; there are notes about the recording disks involved, apparently intended as aids to either Linebarger himself or a second party, such as his wife or secretary, in transcribing them. And in yet other cases -- "Strange Men and Doomed Ladies," for example -- he seems to have started stories which, if they didn't gel immediately, would be abandoned until his subconscious as well as his conscious mind could work them out. "Dictate this sometime," begins the note to himself at the end of that "Strange Men ..." fragment.

A few years ago, Genevieve Linebarger referred to recordings of still other stories, or notes for stories, which she had never transcribed because she was too squeamish about listening to the voice of a dead man. At the time, I informed members of the Washington Science Fiction Society, Harlan Ellison (a great admirer of Cordwainer Smith) and others -- but nobody ever did anything about the recordings. Unless they went to the Hoover Institute or the daughters, they must have been thrown out by someone failing to realize their value during disposition of the estate.

Most of the McMurtry collection isn't science fiction. Two classes of manuscripts account for the bulk of it: several mainstream novels, and a vast amount of juvenilia; fiction and non-fiction written between 1927 and 1932. But the most unusual manuscript of the lot is PATHEMATICS (1950), subtitled ETHICAL DIANETICS: THE LAY PSYCHOTHERAPY OF MUTUAL EMOTIONAL AID.

I didn't have time to read through this or any others among the longer mss. (except for STAR-CRAVING MAD, after making a xerox

of it), but Linebarger evidently thought there was something valuable in dianetics, despite having reservations about L. Ron Hubbard's version. He called Hubbard's DIANETICS "complicated, brilliant, dogmatic doctrine" as opposed to his own "relatively simple" theory.

The use of the term "mutual aid" is intriguing, since this is associated with the theories of the Russian anarchist Pyotr Kropotkin. Kropotkin isn't mentioned, however, at least not in the introduction. The stress in the book seems to be on method rather than theory in any case: "I am a great deal happier now than I was two years ago when I began testing some of these techniques."

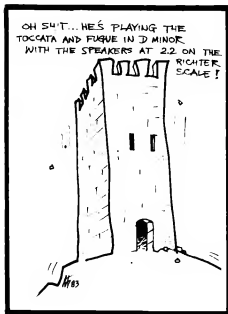
Duell, Sloan and Pierce, publisher of Linebarger's mainstream fiction, turned down PATHEMATICS, which was bylined Carmichael Smith -- the same pseudonym used for ATOMSK (1949), the espionage thriller set in the Soviet Union. There isn't any evidence he made further efforts to market the 36,000-word treatise.

The psychiatric aspect of Linebarger's writing naturally brings up another -- a theory promoted by Leon Stover and Brian Aldiss that Linebarger was the real-life version of "Kirk" in Robert Lindner's THE FIFTY MINUTE HOUR. "Kirk", for those who don't already know, allegedly imagined himself to be the hero of a popular science fiction series. Lindner diagnosed his retreat into a fantasy identity as having stemmed from teenage seduction by a family maid.

It is rather annoying that this theory has gained the status of established fact, being enshrined in a science fiction encyclopedia and being treated (so it seems to me, at least) as if it were the only thing worth knowing about Linebarger. Of course, it may turn out to be true, but there is nothing in the McMurtry collection to prove it. Whether other records will turn up elsewhere, I cannot say.

There are some intriguing notes, apparently related to sessions of psychotherapy or psychoanalysis that took place in 1948. There is reference to somebody named Ruth, all mention of whom was allegedly suppressed by Linebarger's mother, and cryptic references to people designated "X" or "Y" that apparently relate to Linebarger's first marriage and to pre-marital or extra-marital affairs, but nothing pointing to the fantasy life Lindner described for "Kirk."

Linebarger's juvenilia originally ran to 18 volumes, a number of



which appear to have been lost -- either over several decades since their compilation or during the recent breakup of the estate. From a cursory examination, most of it is no better than one would expect of juvenile writing: it is notable that the original 1928 version of "War No. 81-Q" is no better than the other fiction he was writing at the same time or even two or three years later.

Much, if not most of the juvenilia comprises the FANTASTIKON -- a literary conceit inspired by Boccaccio's DECAMERON. Although the collective title implies a great deal of fantasy and science fiction, most of the stories seem to have been historical or Oriental. There are also examples of poetry, drama and essays. Some of the volumes are in Linebarger's original handwriting; others are typed; a few are retyped versions of handwritten mss.

Besides "The Mad God of Mars" (1928), early SF works include "Celestial Recoil" (intended as a parody of some of Einstein's ideas) and "Stella Sinenova" from the same year. "Stella Sinenova" is of some historical interest, as it involves a Chinese conquest of Venus -- an idea used much later in "When the People Fell." There isn't any other resemblance, however; the 1928 work takes the form of an official report by the Chinese government, full of dull statistics. Perhaps it was intended as a parody of government reports.

One of the missing volumes of juvenile works is from 1930, and called THE BOOKS OF FUTURITY. Its chief interest is that one of the works contained in it was the first version of "The Pife of Bodhidharma," which was revised at least twice before seeing publication in 1959. Other works in the volume bear the cryptic but intriguing titles of "Amaziah Seong Mast Die," "Die Grosse Alvorfrage," "The Age of Bitterness" and "Conversations with Lincoln Richter."

Among the essays are neo-Socratic exercises such as the PANSOPIHON, dealing with "the problem of knowledge and the state," and the TELEOKRATIKON, about the role of a "reigning purpose" in human affairs -- with the Soviet Union as an example. Both date from 1932, as does another essay on H.G. Wells which characterizes him as "the little British Confucius," and argues that just as Confucius longed for the utopia of the past and put it ahead of any love for literature, Wells put his longing for the utopia of the future ahead of

literature. Hardly a profound insight, but it indicates Linebarger was thinking seriously about science fiction, among other things.

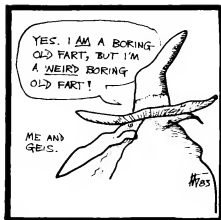
In 1927 his first essay dated his discovery of SF to reading Verne's TWENTY-THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA. He quickly read the rest of Verne, then discovered AMAZING STORIES. Reading the magazine led to his discovery of Wells, several of whose major works were reprinted therein. All in all a conventional introduction to science fiction -- Linebarger evidently had not then come across more unusual works like Alfred Dobbin's GIGANTEN.

THE FOURTH DECADE, "a magazine for new writers," appeared in 1934 with Linebarger apparently the publisher -- it was copyrighted in his name, at any rate. But the only works recognizable as his (all or most of the "other" writers, of course, may have been himself under pseudonyms) are a couple of Chinese poems translated by "Anthony Bear-den" -- Genevieve Linebarger once told me he used that name for his own poetry in various little magazines, although I have never found any of it.

Several mainstream novels date from the 1940s. As most readers are aware (even if they haven't read them, or even been able to find them), Linebarger's published works included RIA and CAROLA (both as "Felix C. Forrest") as well as ATOMSK. One of the unpublished works, JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF A DESTINATION, seems to be a joint sequel to the Forrest novels, since both RIA and Carola appear as characters. But its proposed byline was J.W. Doubledwood, a pseudonym never used in any published work.

Notes and correspondence in various folders indicate that J.W. Doubledwood, rather than Felix C. Forrest, was used for the original manuscript of CAROLA, then titled MANY NOVEMBERS. Frederik Pohl once remarked that RIA and CAROLA remind him of Robert Briffault's novels EUROPA and EUROPA IN LIMBO. It is fascinating, then, that CAROLA turns out to have been submitted for comment in 1948 to Herma Briffault, Robert's widow -- only she compared "Forrest" to Sartre.

Linebarger's first attempt at a major novel, GENERAL DEATH, was started in 1939, but abandoned for almost a decade. It was evidently intended as a philosophical-psychological thriller, akin in some respects to Colin Wilson's novels of criminal psychology like RITUAL IN THE DARK. Completed in 1948, this

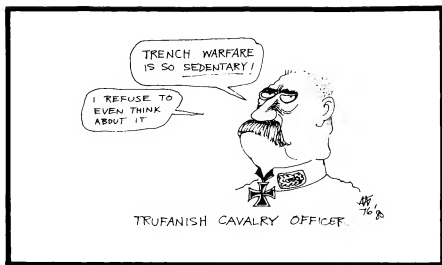


story of a gun collector turned mass murderer doesn't seem to have aroused any interest. After Paul's death, Genevieve Linebarger tried to interest her agent in both GENERAL DEATH and a 1947 manuscript, THE DEAD CAN BITE. Both were dismissed as "dated."

THE DEAD CAN BITE was a Carmichael Smith novel, originally titled SARMAZIA and later referred to in Linebarger's correspondence as MR. TREASON. Apparently the pseudonym annoyed one of the readers at Duell, Sloan and Pearce. "Why this Carmichael Smith dodge?" she asked after recognizing the same style from the works of "Forrest" and another novel Linebarger had submitted the year before under his wife's name (TIME BEYOND PHILLIP). "He can't disguise his writing any more than he can hide his fascination with bureaucracy and his love for scholarly-scientific la-dee-da."

Still other mainstream works were never finished. WEST OF TOMORROW set in Hong Kong, seems to have been a combination novel-travelogue. ANGROR was a historical novel set in the reign of the Ceylonese king Sri Radjasa (1144-69). TIME BEYOND PHILLIP, submitted as by Margaret S. Linebarger, I didn't have time to even glance at. This may be the same work referred to in one of the logs as THE ROGUE IN THE GALLERY, begun in 1939 and "completed" by Margaret. As late as 1951, there was a chapter of a projected work, MIGHTY CLOSE TO HEAVEN. After that, only science fiction and non-fiction writing.

Several bound volumes from the 1950s contain scores of reviews, published and unpublished. Most are on non-fiction works of social and political interest, such as Hannah Arendt's ORIGINS OF TOTALITARIANISM. One review from 1958 is of science fictional interest, however. Written for ARMY magazine, it praises C.L. Kornbluth's NOT THIS AUGUST for its understanding



of military problems. More important, careful study of the review volumes should shed a great deal of light on what Linebarger thought of major social, political and moral issues of the day.

There is much more than scholarly interest to the collection, however -- an interest that goes beyond the two complete unpublished stories. An idea that seems to me to be irresistible -- and which I hope can be realized -- is for rights to be negotiated with the estate for new Cordwainer Smith stories based on the notes and fragments. I mentioned the idea recently to Sandra Miesel, feeling that now that she has become a professional novelist and taking note of her religious interests, she might one day consider tackling "The Robot, the Rat and the Copt."

Robert Silverberg, whose NIGHTWINGS succeeded in conveying a sense of time similar to that in Smith's stories that treat "our"

age as a legendary past, seems a logical candidate to contribute to a volume of Cordwainer Smith pastiches. Sandra also suggests Gene Wolfe -- another fan (I can't remember who) thought of him immediately when I suggested the idea. The important thing would be for the writers to convey the feel of authentic Cordwainer Smith stories (perhaps they should be put under hypnosis and encouraged to dream up stories based on Smith's ideas).

Whether or not we shall ever be able to read "The Robot, the Rat and the Copt," or "How the Dream Lords Died," I hope the discovery of the Cordwainer Smith collection will encourage renewed fanish as well as scholarly interest in his work. As of this writing, Smith was one of the "neglected authors" discussed at one of the Chicon panels. It seems a shame that he should be neglected, his works lapsing out of print, when he surely deserves as much popularity as LeGuin or Zelazny or Delany.

Worldcon 1983 being scheduled for Baltimore, home of Johns Hopkins University, where Linebarger

taught for many years, it would be a particularly appropriate for a major program on Cordwainer Smith. Maybe we can even get Tony Lewis to follow through with an idea he had about ten years ago for a fanish Honored Confraternity of Scanners. Let Lord Jestocost and C'Mell be seen again in the masquerade. Let Earthport Tower be seen in the art show. Let 1983 usher in the Rediscovery of Smith.

ASSORTED ALTERNATE TITLES:

NORSTRILIA (1963 draft):

"STAR-CRAVING MAD; THE BOY WHO BOUGHT THE PLANET EARTH; EVERYBODY'S FOND OF MONEY; RODERICK FREDERICK RONALD ARNOLD WILLIAM MACARTHUR MC BAN CLI; THE LOVER WHO LOVED AND LOST C'MELL; THE STARS OF EXPERIENCE."

"On the Gem Planet":

"The Wise Old Horse on Pontippi-don."

"Drunkboat":

"Archipelagoes of Stars."

"The Good Friends":

"Those Gold Old Friends of Mine."

"The Dead Lady of Clown Town":

"The Dead Lady Panc Ashash;"
"The Brown and Yellow Corridor;"
"I'll Be a Witch;" "Never Never Underpeople."

"Golden the Ship Was, Oh, Oh, Oh;"

"The Lords of the Instrumentality."

"When the People Fell":

"The Goonhogo Itself on Venus;"
"The Taking of Venus;" "A Rain of People."

"Think Blue, Count Two":

"Lady if a Man ..."

"From Gutable's Planet":

"The Big Lick."

"Mother Hitton's Littul Kittons":

"The Robber, the Woman and the Moon;" "Benjacomin Bozart;"
"To Wake, to Kill, to Die."

"A Planet Named Shayol":

"People Never Live Forever."

"The Ballad of Lost C'Mell":

"She Got the Which of the What She Did."

"Three to a Given Star":

"In Praise of Folly."

"Under Old Earth":

"The Sum is Null;" "The Douglas-Ouyang Planets;" "Put a Double on the Dark Remote;" "Akhnaton Retold;" "Fluorescent, Lumin-
escent."

"On the Storm Planet":

"T'Ruth."





LETTERS

LETTER FROM ROBERT A. COLLINS
EDITOR, FANTASY NEWSLETTER
Florida Atlantic University
College of Humanities
Boca Raton, FL 33431
May, 1983

'Concerning "Raising Hackles":

'You pinned Elton Elliott quite neatly yourself, Geis, in your editorial response to John Miller's letter (SFR #46): "To Elton, it really doesn't matter how well written a fantasy story is ... He says in essence (as the kid said of spinach in that famous NEW YORKER cartoon) 'I say it's fantasy and I say to hell with it!'"

'It's clear then that Elton's not really operating from reasoned analysis. His columns raise hackles primarily because of the ignorance and prejudice they display. I'm aware that it's a point

of honor among writers and fans to condemn intellectuals out of hand, but when you start offering definitions and grandiose, oversimplified "historical" analyses of a very large literary genre, you ought to know something about the pitfalls in your path, it seems to me.

'The definition problem has been worried to death and mostly

abandoned by academics in the field, and Elton's offering, "SF is all about... scientific and technological change," is incredibly naive. It describes a great deal of written history, hundreds of historical novels, many fantasies, a good deal of anthropology, half the work of the Rand Corporation think-tanks and philosophy from Plato to Wittgenstein. Of course, he meant to limit what's included to "science fiction," so perhaps we can exclude "learned literatures" by defining literature as "fiction." But that still includes a lot he obviously does not want inside his favored enclave.

'And right away it brings us to another problem, defining fiction. We can always go back to the old pointing routine ("Fiction is what I mean when I point to fiction") but that doesn't give us a definition; unsurprisingly, "fiction" is just as hard to pin down as "science fiction" is. If you define it as "statements contrary to fact" or "contrary to reality" you then have the problem of defining those terms.

'Of course we all think we know what "reality" means, until we're put to the test of defining it for someone else. Then we discover that what we include in that category doesn't match what others include, at least in some disturbing details. "Reality" is no easier to define than "fiction" for the very obvious reason that we do not yet know precisely to what extent our "observations of the world" are controlled and shaped by the "minds" that apparently perceive them. (Husserl, Heidegger, Wittgenstein.) The laboratory scientist's naive faith in the "reality" of his data has been questionable, to say the least, for several generations now.

'Obviously, if you can't pin down the nature of reality, you can't eliminate the possibility that those worlds which Elton rejects ("fantasy worlds") have as much validity as the ones he likes ("scientific, technological" worlds). Again, unsurprisingly, it turns out that what we know of the perceptual process, in which ideas of reality are acquired, is very much like the process employed by writers of fiction, including "fantasy" fiction of course.

'The process is incremental and circular. Data appears, inferences are made, the resulting "pre-conceptions" are applied to apparently similar data, confirmations or rejections occur, new

"pre-conceptions" are then applied to more data, etc. In no case does data acquire meaning until "pre-conceptions" are formed and applied. A successful writer, by the consistent manipulation of detail, leads a reader along precisely this spiral path, until an image of the "reality" of the "world" of the text is established in the readers' minds. Of course that image may be shattered by comparison with the data which reaches the reader from the so-called "real world" after he ceases to read. But this would apply equally to readers of "fantasy" and "science fiction," it seems to me.

'Why bother with all this? Because somebody ought to point out that both Elton's analysis of what's wrong with science fiction and his prescriptions for a cure, are essentially meaningless in terms of logical argument. What his "analysis" amounts to is a cry from the heart: "Give me more of what I used to love, but make it different so I won't be bored. Let me enjoy the illusion that these dreams are better than 'fantasies' because they are 'scientific.' Let me believe that wonder resides in the technologies of the future."

'It's completely irrational but I'm sure his cry will reach a number of sympathetic hearts.'

(Elton can defend himself, of course, though he often doesn't bother out of envy, sloth, and arrogance. But I'm familiar with his thinking, and a large part of it is commercially oriented; he's concerned with the success of sf as a money-making genre (and thus as a market for writers and editors and publishers) and feels from his contacts in bookstores, among readers, etc., that genre fantasy is proving to be not the bonanza it was supposed to be, and that hard-science, rationalized sf is what is called for in the body of action-adventure. If I may go further, he feels some New York editors have been elitist and out of touch with the main body of readers. Elton is with the former definition of reality: if it looks like fantasy, talks like fantasy, and smells like fantasy---it's fantasy, and should be buried.)

(My own feeling is that we've flooded the markets with wizards and quests and dragons and magic to the point of upchuck, and should take a long look at what the sales

figures show. A little of that stuff goes a long way, a point not too often realized by editors and publishers with lemming instincts who saw the \$\$\$\$\$\$ earned by a few exceptional fantasy titles and forthwith jumped in with hundreds of imitations. And who can blame the writers who got the word from agents and editors---"fantasy's in!" and who then wrote big, fat, dull copycat novels to fill the 'needs'.

(The inherently small genre fantasy market was inundated with product and the hard of readers were turned off and turned away.

(We'll probably see another trend soon, and new (I hope) marketing techniques to reach the computer oriented class of people which is growing by bounds and leaps. Probably a magazine titled COMPUTER SCIENCE FICTION would succeed.))

...THEY APPROVED THE PROJECT FOR A COMPUTER THE SIZE OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING? USING NIAGARA FALLS FOR COOLING WATER?

IS THIS SOME CLOWN IN THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT?



LETTER FROM CHARLES PLATT
9 Patchin Place
New York, NY 10011
June 13, 1983

'Just read your review of DREAM MAKERS II in FANTASY NEWS-LETTER. It made me blush. Thank you.

'When Bob Collins asked me who I would like to review the book, I suggested either you or Darrel Schweitzer (I was honestly curious what Darrel would write, because he had previously told me that, regardless of other differences of opinion, he admires my interviewing work.) I knew you would write an honest review and I also liked the idea of your reviewing work appearing more widely than in your own magazine.

'It's always valuable to see oneself described by someone who is both perceptive and uninhibited about expressing his opinions.

In your case, you've taught me something about myself, in your comment that I seem to feel "a really rich, successful writer is a contradiction in terms." You are right; I do have a gut reaction of suspicion, when confronted with wealth. I'm annoyed that I was not more properly aware of this bias; and I'm glad you pointed it out. As for my real politics, I favor a mixed economy; in other words, capitalism moderated by some regulations to rein in the wilder forms of exploitation. So I'm not quite the "anti-capitalist" you infer; after all, I moved from England, which has a welfare state, to the U.S.A. where there is much less of a "safety net" for the sick, unemployed and unfortunate. I would like to see more compassion; I would also like to see less bureaucracy.'

(We already have a mixed economy in the U.S.; it's only a question of what the mix is--5% more socialism, or 5% more capitalism? A pure capitalist economy probably has never existed (and never will, so you can forget the chances of Libertarianism), and a pure socialist economy has never existed. Both are inherently contrary to the structure of human nature which is itself a contradictory mix of instinct and drive, mercy, compassion, brutality and selfishness...all overlayed with talents, intelligence and lusts. From this amazing stew we get the world we have had, the world of now, and the world of tomorrow.

((No, you don't mean more compassion; you mean more govt.-forced, taxes-paid-for handouts. You can go down on the street and give a \$10 bill to a bag lady, and you are free to urge others to pick an unfortunate to help. If enough others feel as do you, there will be more real compassion and more real help. But at gut-level you want to force others to do the giving even if they don't want to or can't afford it. You have a very low level of faith in your fellow humans and feel they must be forced to be compassionate--something of a contradiction in terms and in your anti-exploitation morality.))

LETTER FROM IAN COWELL

2 Copgrove Close
Berwick Hills, Middlesbrough
Cleveland TS3 7BP, England
7 June 1983

'Received SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #47 the other day. Very happy to see my review of the Pres-

cot/Akers book contained. Given a chance, I'd have edited it a little more, though I didn't notice at the time. It's interesting to note that the next in the series is listed as #2 of a new section of a series, but DELIA OF VALLIA was not #1. In short, DELIA is a sport, a diversion, not really integral to the development of the series; just something Bulmer had to say.

'Also happy for you about your collaborative novel. I read a short note in LOCUS but it was interesting to see just how much of the book existed at the moment -- and what it was about. 100,000 words seems a bit short (250 pages of 400) for the plot elements you list...but since I believe you are a good writer (to my shame, I could never afford any of the Toi King series, but I always kept an eye open for your early erotic novels and "enjoyed" those I discovered), maybe the length bears no relation to the complexity.

((The length of THE SWORD OF ALLAH was dictated by the publisher. Originally, we were intent on 175,000 words. Joe Elder suggested that was too long--only best-selling authors can write novels that long and get them published, production costs being so high, and reader resistance being so high against paperbacks costing more than \$3.50. So we backed off to 149,000 words and a faster pace.

((The contract called for 95,000 words. This required cutting chapters and writing a bullet-paced story that may be the ultimate, leanest, most gripping novel you'll see in a long time.

((We think the book may be priced at \$2.35.

((Beginning novelists and mid-list authors are far more disciplined by their agents and their publishers than those few writers who can dictate terms and force anything they write to be published. And while I often think editors and publishers are stupid, shortsighted, and occasionally venal, I also know they are more often caring, knowing, experienced and correct. I think the trial-by-fire period for an editor is about three or four years; if he/she lasts longer than that, it proves skill and knowledge--his/her choices and decisions were largely correct and have been proved so by the sales figures. Nowadays, with fiction pipelines running up to 18 months, it takes 3-4 years for an editor to be proved good, or to be fired.

((We have, at this writing, no

idea when THE SWORD OF ALLAH will be published. Probably sometime in 1984. I'll keep the readership posted.))

I write this letter two days before our national elections. There seems little doubt our conservatives (right wing) party will be re-elected, mostly on the strength of the image Mrs. Thatcher projects. There are rumours of "hidden manifestos," of plans to institute repressive measures (for example, re-introducing the contentious "Police Bill" that will give police access to various private files as well as powers of arrest without charge for up to 96 hours, etc.) and run down the welfare state and National Health service...Ah, well.

'Strange to look at the lists of nominees for various awards -- I mean, in the Libertarian Futurist one, while I can't quite see the reason for including VISCIOUS CIRCLE or MORPHODITE or especially WARHOUND...at least they have quality on their side; but what on earth is FIRST CYCLE doing here -- such a farrago of a-bridged nonsense I have not read for many years. (And where, pray tell, was Donald Barr's brilliant novel PLANET IN ARMS? Its economic structure is brilliant and logical, its political knowledge clear, precise and speculative, its characters gorgeous, colourful and real...So where is it?)

'I'd read the article on P.K. Dick before (also read Ellison's rather sad rejoinder that he did not think Nicholls' setting him up at Metz was funny) but I was intrigued by the illustration -- page 11 -- you chose to -- er -- insert in it. The one thing I never associate Dick with is erotic power; odd when you consider his name.

'BYZANTINE ENDURES: Interesting review by J.E. Rudd. I think it's important to know that the book is one of four planned under the umbrella "Mrs. Cornelius Between the Wars." As I understand it then, the books should run 1920-40, 1940-60, and 1960-his death. I think it's interesting that Moorcock is sectioning up the twentieth century in this way.

'The reviews of MISTS OF AVALLON are very mixed aren't they? For a while, it seemed to be that women reviewers were for it or found great merit, while men were the opposite. Then the woman reviewer in EPIC ILLUSTRATED slated it. Not having read it, I can't offer an opinion on quite



why the opinions are so varied; would you like to try a few pages in between writing SWORD OF ALLAH and offer a reason?

((No, I have no fully-realized opinion of THE MISTS OF AVALON. I found it tedious and self-indulgent. But as a reader and a writer I'm more at home with high-tensioned scenes, action scenes. Novels which report every nuance of thought and behavior, every possibility of motive, every aspect of the room, the house, the countryside... make me fidget, unless the writer is a bloody genius. MZB is not a genius.))

'Odd how Ian Watson can be so true and funny and relevant in his fan stuff, but when he descends to lengthy novels, everything goes except the relevance, and that overpoweringly.

'The other odd thing this issue -- apart from the diverse reviews of MISTS OF AVALON -- is this interview with Janet Morris. I read the Silistra novels, and found much of them incomprehensible, with their supposed "eroticism" so subdued it was non-existent. I then read the first two of her next series, before selling my collection. And I do not understand the growing acclaim for her work. Has there ever been a case when someone has achieved mafia status, but been the last to know?

'Schweitzer's letter (31/2) about fantasy is about the clearest truest thing he ever said (I say this mostly because in my just "completed" article on William Morris, I had to assume a purpose for fantasy before I could explain Morris) -- fantasy: true, worthwhile fantasy, is an emotional rather than an intellectual exercise. Some, of course cry "wish fulfillment" or some

such, and thereby miss the point. Fantasy like most of Van Vogt's fiction, is the direct collision of exposed psyches. (I have yet another point: Of course most stories end with the good guys winning, who'd want it to end any other way?) (I have yet another point -- if I may insert this serious note in sudden brackets. After a botched eye operation I have been left with permanently divergent vision, I can't see three-D, always two separate images. Now, when I thought about this, it meant that the right hand and left hand sides of my brain were at odds ... and this got me thinking. One side of the brain rules linguistics -- and hence, words -- and the other controls vision -- and hence pictures; this means that when an author sits down to write he sees what he wants to write about, but then has to dim that vision or lose it momentarily to find words to describe it; thus, straightaway, the pure vision has been stepped down in quality. Now, could it be that some authors work best on a second draft because then the vision is in words before them and they can step outside and see why the words don't create the proper vision ... I.e., some make better editors than writers? Just a thought. It isn't too clear, but I needed some reason why none of my 34 stories have sold.)

'Schweitzer's coy review (p. 45/6) of UNBEHEADED KING is very interesting, for exactly one reason. I have waited nearly ten years for this third Jorian book. If the book ends as DS hints it does, I intend to sell every De Camp book I own ... When he reviews URANIAN WORLDS, I don't think the phrase "gay and lesbian" makes any sense; either, like I, he should use "homosexual" or he should just use "gay," not both. If they have missed John Norman

then the book is lopsidedly incomplete; the attraction and popularity of Norman's books, almost virulently anti-everything except heterosexual bondage, is a vital point, and his views on women must be part of any survey of the field.

'It's annoying to read the "Archives" and recall -- as I must -- that a parcel of books I bought has gone astray on its way from the States, and almost a dozen new books are now and possibly forever beyond my reach.

'(P. 59): Not sure your point about MAN IN THE MAZE is right. Silverberg's "literary" period began with THORNS in 1967 and didn't stop until he regained his senses some years later. MAZE is part of that literary period: drenched with character, full of meaning, symbol, repercussions and so on. Dumb, dull and downer -- three Ds to describe his work or its reader.

'The mag, as always, is so high quality, it's difficult to say anything except "Much enjoyed" from the illos to the articles. The woman on the cover as well as she on P. 14 seem to have very flexible spines. An advantage.

'Aside from recently being frightened by Koontz's PHANTOMS (I wish I'd managed to buy his book on how to write -- if this is what it produces ...), one of the most interesting books I read recently was published in 1943 in a paperback imprint; it very quickly vanished and has never been referred to in any biography of the author I've seen. It is called CRUX ANSATA: AN INDICTMENT OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, a savage attack on the repressive religion with a first chapter entitled "Why do We not Bomb Rome?" (written in 1943, remember). An author or friend thinks the Church stepped in to have all copies of the book destroyed and/or erased. Does seem reasonable. They did the same thing with another book. If the book still hasn't struck a memory chord with you ... this slim, indelible attack on repression and cruelty in the name of God, this Crux Ansata ... maybe the author's name will. H.G. Wells.'

((Powerful religions and special-interest groups have always tried to intimidate publishers and often tried overt and covert censorship. The Catholics and the Zionists and the Scientologists come to mind as the most active and powerful today. And let us not forget the CIA.))

LETTER FROM E.F. BLEILER
426 Spring Avenue
Ridgewood, NJ 07450
May 20, 1983

'May I comment on Darrell Schweitzer's review of my GUIDE TO SUPERNATURAL FICTION? The Mervyn Peake Society has been jumping on me too, and I would like to clarify my position on Peake, since my point seems to be missed.

'First, Darrell is drawing a wrong conclusion when he says that I dislike Peake. I didn't make any comments on Peake in general, but I did say that I thought MR PYE a somewhat weak book -- this I will stand by. But I like some of Peake's other work very much. TITUS GROAN, for example. I have a presentation copy of this that I treasure. And I would rate Peake's pen-and-ink work very high.

'But the Gormenghast trilogy is irrelevant to the GUIDE, and I don't see any more reason to have included it than THE PRISONER OF ZENDA. The GUIDE is concerned with supernatural fiction -- as is indicated in the title and spelled out in the introduction and classificatory chapter -- and so far as I remember there is no supernaturalism in the first two Gormenghast books. (I have not read the third.)

'As for Peake's being really fantasy, as Darrell says I question, I didn't express any opinion at all on this, and would not care to until there is a consensus on the meaning of the word "fantasy." It has been so absurd that it's almost meaningless.'

LETTER FROM ALAN DEAN FOSTER
THRAXN, INC.
4001 Pleasant Valley Drive
Prescott, AZ 86301
June, 1983

'A word on your comment in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #47 on the publishers getting angry about books more than 100,000 words in length due to pricing pressure as reported by booksellers: SPELLSINGER (which was mentioned in the Archives section) is a 190,000 word novel which was turned in and accepted three years ago. It's taken this long to get published for various reasons (naughty words, intimations of bestiality, etc.) but also because of its length. So Warner Books, against my wishes, is splitting it and publishing it as two books. Fortunately, there

will be a proper one-volume edition from Phantasia Press, bless 'em.

'What's really funny is that the story was marketed as a trilogy but Warner insisted on one long book. Sometimes publishers don't know what they want.'

LETTER FROM ED ROM
822 Irvine Avenue
Bemidji, MN 56601
May 13, 1983

'I just got SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #47 today and I must say that I really like the cover by Brad W. Foster. Brad will know what I mean ... I feel a certain amount of regret and a lot of it has to do with that illustration.

'Congratulations on THE SWORD OF ALLAH! I may buy a copy when it comes out, if I have the money for such frivolity. Which brings me to the next topic, sort of. Economics as it applies to the individual.

'I feel like a victim and a fool for my irresponsible conduct over the past couple of years. I had a civil service job in Minneapolis until just about two years ago and I quit it in order to come to Bemidji for the purpose of finishing my education. This with the economy in the shape it's in! And then I discover that north-central Minnesota is one of the 10 most economically depressed areas in the United States, even in the best of times.

'Have you ever kicked yourself over blowing an opportunity? I'm kicking myself hard. hindsight is 20-20, but my God, I should have been able to see that 1981 was not the time to do something like that! There are times to move forward and there are times to conserve what you have; I have gone from having little and owing nothing to having less and owing wads of money. I'm learning the hard way that one hangs on to what one has, if one wants to have breathing room and a foundation to build upon.

'I have the GI Bill and I have been forced to join the Army Reserve; this income barely makes ends meet. What I'm going to do when I have my degree is beyond me -- if I make it that far.

'It's just about impossible to find part-time work around here -- for example, I recently

applied for a job at \$3.35/hr., 3 hours a day, and there were six or seven other people applying for the same job. I'm beginning to understand the self-righteous "gimme" attitude of the left wing -- it gets increasingly hard to be rational about a situation of economic powerlessness, and all too easy to start craving revenge on those who have, such as the utility companies, etc. In short, everyone who wears a three-piece suit. So far, I have not given in to this mode of thought; I try to be rational.

'It really bugs me to read about large American and European banks lending such huge sums to countries like Brazil and Mexico on such easy terms. Somebody like me can't even borrow \$500 at less than about 12%, and I would spend the money right here in the community.

'There's something screwy going on in the world -- I find it hard to believe that bankers are so stupid as to pour such huge sums into such bad investments as they have in the case of these 3rd world and communist nations. Maybe they have (or think they have) some kind of leverage on these countries, and are (or will be) profiting in some unseen way. God knows that the money would do a lot more good if it were invested in the industrialized world instead of the backward shitholes the banks seem to be so enamored of.

((The big banks poured out those hundreds of billions of dollars of loans to patently wastrel foreign countries because (a) they were encouraged to by our government; (b) they had assurances (they thought) that in a pinch the Federal Reserve would bail them out; (c) they and the government knew that if they invested/loaned all that OPEC and USA money in the USA they would drive inflation through the roof and precipitate a depression.))

SCANDINAVIANS GO BEERSERK,
INDONESIANS RUIN AMOK,
AND BUREAUCRATS LEAK
TO THE NEWSPAPERS.



'In the meanwhile, I'm struggling to keep my head above water and am looking into all sorts of ways to come up with more cash flow than I have right now. I have a manuscript in circulation (2 rejection slips so far), and am at work on another. I know that writing's a tough way to go, but what else is there for an intellectual with no mechanical skills to speak of? I'm tempted to go back to the Cities and see if I can't find some type of menial labor to make ends meet while I pursue writing; I think, however that I shall at least complete my degree before I leave this area. Perhaps it won't matter; I suspect that this society is in for a major upheaval fairly soon and the only thing that will really matter is skill with weapons, and luck. I hope not, because such upheavals usually ruin more fortunes than they make, and kill a lot of people to boot. Though I am not a bad shot with a rifle, and know something of infantry techniques and tactics (my reserve unit is infantry and we're good). Enough of this depressing stuff!

'Regarding Gregory Benford's letter -- your reply struck me as hitting upon something that should be obvious, yet seems to be often overlooked. In the days when I could afford to attend SF conventions, I noted that the vast majority of the women I met were either out-and-out fantasy fans (often with a seeming fixation on unicorns), or media fans. And look at the output of male authors as opposed to female authors. The women seem to concentrate on things that are either fantasy or quasi-fantasy, while all the hard-core SF is done by men.

'I can't think of any exceptions to this, though there may be such. It may be that there is an essential difference between the male psyche and the female psyche that is illustrated by this difference in taste. I wouldn't venture to guess as to whether this difference is environmental, innate or a combination of the two, though I suspect that it's a combination of the two. It is true, however, that there are a lot of male fantasy fans and authors; why are there so few female hard-core SF fans?

'One thing I've noticed about most fantasy is that it lacks true grandiosity, while hard-core SF is quite often nothing short of bombastic in its emphasis on the big. It may be that the grandiose mentality is something that is possessed only by a minority,

which happens to be mostly male. This is something that I myself really like: BIG conceptions. Hard-core SF is to me much more enjoyable than fantasy, and always has been.

'Is this because I happen to be male? My older sisters have told me that I was quite awestruck when I saw my first railroad locomotives at the age of 3. They seemed to be amused by this, as though this was an emotion that they did not share. Or perhaps females are, in this culture at least, discouraged from an interest in that which is large and awesome.

'Be that as it may, I tend to agree with your analysis.

((It's been noted that BIG and POWERFUL are attractive to males, and that phallic spaceships are essentially male symbols (Let's get back to penis-shaped spaceships plunging into black holes and insure sales of our novels, men!) and that women prefer to ally to or subtly master men who are big and powerful (or big in other ways--like rich or influential or famous...) because they are instinctually oriented to seeking a prime male as father/husband. Security. Status. Feminists object to this biological destiny analysis. And some men object to being money/power symbols as some women object to being sex symbols. But I tend to think our genes and glands are more powerful than most people realize or like to accept, since it is distinctly ego-deflating and contra-freewill.

((I am not saying women should not pursue equality and the full developments of their talents. But even today, culturally (and culture is rooted in biology), girls are more and more shying away from computers even as computers are becoming known as the path of the future

to success and power. Girls are choosing popularity with boys to competition with boys in what they perceive as the glamour profession ahead. To me this new data reinforces the pattern of behavior which focuses girls on personal relationships, boys on goals/power/money. I think it's obvious that girls are not just biologically structured to have children, but are emotionally structured/oriented to care for and raise children. Nature has programmed us all to make sure humanity continues to breed. The programming isn't hard and fast as in other, less intelligent animals and species, but it is there and it is a very powerful social/cultural force. I suggest that men are sexist and male chauvinists not out of cussedness and unsavory motives, but because they are responding to basic instincts to protect the future of the species. Our genes are protecting their future.))

'Ronald R. Lambert's letter was very interesting. Disease was indeed a large factor in the conquest of the Americas by the Europeans, though I think that this conquest would have been achieved anyway even without smallpox and the rest of it. It just would not have been so complete as it was.

'Now, here's an interesting thought: I believe that it's entirely possible that the white man's fleeting tenure in sub-Saharan Africa (exclusive of South Africa and Rhodesia) was due to the fact that Africa is home to even more in the way of virulent endemic disease than is Eurasia. The sheer unhealthiness of the environment there is probably what kept Europeans from ever going there in large numbers.



'I have seen it suggested in print that the reason for the lack of any great indigenous civilizations south of the Sahara was the prevalence of endemic disease there, which sapped the strength of the natives. I don't see anything wrong with the theory myself, but I withhold judgment because of my lack of expertise in this area.

'Lambert's last paragraph fits nicely into another part of this theory. You see, the reason for the grip of endemic disease on the populations of equatorial Africa is very simple. That is where the human race evolved, and the disease germs evolved right along with men. They exist there in a kind of malign symbiosis, the humans being the disadvantaged partner.

'But humanity has a great advantage compared with most other species (and disease germs belong to species just as do larger creatures!), that being the ability to adapt to many different climates through the use of technology such as fur coats, fire and dwelling places. When men left Africa, many of the diseases could not come along.

'Still humanity has been established long enough in the Eurasian land mass for a number of diseases to develop there that were adapted to attacking the human organism. Again, many of these were left behind when people crossed the Bering landbridge. And humanity has not been living in the Americas long enough for many indigenous diseases to develop.

'It's certainly a tidy theory; I wonder how many holes can be poked in it? Do you have any thoughts on the matter?

'Humm... I haven't looked at ONNI lately -- I'll have to find that piece by Vernor Vinge. This is something that I myself have been thinking about; how do you realistically depict truly superior intelligence? If the human mentality is about to take one or more quantum leaps, then most of science fiction will be invalidated immediately. It won't matter of course, to those who make the advance; they'll probably be far down the road to literally finding God. I just hope that I'll be one of those making the quantum leap, or if the evolutionary jump is genetic in nature, that my descendants will be in on it.

'Here's a thought -- will the more advanced intelligences of the future still read (or scan

or whatever) science fiction? It's my feeling that SF will probably be their main form of entertainment, because interest in the future as being different from today seems to be one of the factors that distinguishes the more advanced from the less advanced.

'Still in the same vein, I have an idea (I think I picked it up from something I read by Timothy Leary) that fundamentalists are sure to hate: Evolution is the Will of God, whatever God is, because God wants living creatures to develop to the point where they can comprehend God. I won't say Him, because seeing God as male (or female) is hopelessly anthropomorphic.'

((Religionists have the same problem with god that sf writers have with the far future and aliens; the unknowable has to be made understandable to present-day humans, and especially to the less intelligent humans, to insure mass belief and mass sales.))

LETTER FROM GHOD (SIC)

A.K.A.: KERRY E. DAVIS
1736 Plateau Dr. N.E.
Salem, OR 97305
May 19, 1983

'Okay, I've kept quiet long enough. One more column or letter from Darrell Schweitzer extolling the virtues of fantasy, particularly as set forth by ancient Chinese sages, and I'll just puke. I have no stomach for any more Chinese fantasy-novels of past millennia. And I do hope that no serious thinker would believe that romance, "gothic," horror, mystery or any form of what you humans call non-fiction was the first literary form. At least Schweitzer has not made any claim to the dinosaurs writing fantasy -- so far, anyway. The truth is, my invention came first, before ANYTHING, and even though Dante tried to steal my thunder (so to speak) by claiming divinity for his, he was in fact right on the nose overall. I hope you will all now remember that the first literary form was -- and still is (what do you think you've been living in, anyway?) -- MY Divine Comedy!

'As for supremacy among forms of literature Elton Elliott is closer to the truth with S.F. -- consider the futility of looking

towards past "good ol'days," or more usually future "good ol'days," through fantasy, when all of mankind's history is but an eyeblink over cosmic time. So much better to look to the future. The human race can have a much bigger role in the future than it had in the past, if only you will start looking to it for your goals.'

((Dear Ghod...er, God. If I may complement You, it isn't future-us-- past so much, as a credible/possible sf world vs. an incredible "magic" land. Psychologically, genre fantasy is safe---with no historical or rational relationship to present-day realities. It is non-threatening in real life and non challenging; it doesn't require anything of the reader now. It doesn't require or impose thinking about the real future or make implied demands that something be done about it. It is a cousin to Regency romances, historical romances, etc. Genre fantasy is, like the others, pure escapist fiction.))

((And, alas, much of science fiction is so diluted with magic science and far-out wish-science that it merges into a bastard sub-genre I call science-fantasy, a tenuous kind of fiction of pure imagination with little or no plausibility or internal discipline. I find it as incredible as 'magic' fantasy. And if, perchance, science-fantasy or genre 'magic' fantasy compensates for basic incredibility with real characterizations, then they make their worlds more plausible or, like as not, more impossible-to-believe, because real people couldn't exist in such absurd surroundings. In any case, mired in magic or magic-science, real-life characters throw the reader into a greater concern for character relationships (a la romances and best-seller power/sex/fame novels) which is---dare I say it?---the natural concern of women, who are acutely aware of subtleties of tone, body language, dress, behavior, since so much of their lives depend of those aspects of living.))

((And, finally, God, did you have to use Kerry Davis as your vehicle to contact me. My mind is open to You 24-hours a day. And I'd dearly love to be able to say, "God spoke to me last night..."))

LETTER FROM ARNIE FENNER

9402 West 82nd Terr.
Overland Park, KS 66204
June, 1983

'Just finished reading SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #47 -- another

er fine issue (and I'm glad The Archives are back). But I was somewhat surprised that someone in the letter column hadn't caught an error in Steve Gallagher's article "Standing By Jericho" from the previous issue. You remember, the piece that asserted that Stephen King had used the pseudonym "Richard Bachman" to write THE LONG WALK and THE RUNNING MAN because, hey, he didn't want to dirty his name with an SF label ...

'Ah, ah, ah, shame on you: some people haven't been reading their Shavols thoroughly. In his interview in #6, King states very plainly that he is not Bachman, that Bachman is a real person living in New Hampshire -- he even mentions how the rumor got started.

'Marty Ketchum mentioned the fact that King was not Bachman in the brief introduction to the bibliography in FEAR ITSELF, too ...

'I was also sort of surprised that Rich Brown's letter in the same issue didn't elicit a little more response. If you discount his listing UNEARTH (which officially folded something like three years ago) and STARLOG (a fully professional, newsstand distributed magazine) as fanzine Hugo contenders, the impression is still given that Rich doesn't quite have both oars in the water when it comes to discussing this topic. Really. I mean when it comes down to the bottom line all he's really saying is that he thinks it's unfair that an amateur magazine that 3000 people buy regularly gets more votes for the Hugo than a magazine that sells 500. And since he thinks it's unfair the fanzine Hugos should be abolished.

'Sure.

'Personally, I think that the fanzine Hugos are probably the closest thing to a "peer" award the field is going to get, simply because it is voted on by people who read the magazines they're voting for. That most of the voters read LOCUS and SFR and enjoy what they're getting is evident by the history of the awards and by the current ballot. Their continued popularity justified their increased print runs -- but because BOONFARK and FILE 770 don't have an equal amount of success (despite contending for the attention span of the same active SF reader), the Hugos have become meaningless.

'Bullshit. Circulation is only one consideration in the winning of a Hugo. One of many. WHISPERS, FANTASY NEWSLETTER and

others all publish and (more importantly) sell either almost as many or more copies than any of the Hugo winners over the last five years. But none of them (except for FN this year) has made it on the ballot. But fanzines of 1000 copies and much less regularly have and do ...

'Goddamit, it's the quality, the appeal of the magazine in question that makes it an award contender. It's the personal rapport between editor and reader that makes the voter want to honor that publication beyond the others. That LOCUS means so much to so many people -- for whatever reasons -- is enough justification for their receiving the award; the same with Dick Geis and the fan-writer award. Both have an effect on the largest number of people. To eliminate them from competition -- or worse, to eliminate their award categories altogether -- won't change that fact, it'll only mean they won't be honored for the entertainment or services they provide.

'I'd really rather that the Hugos for fanzine stay the way they are; if the category is split, how can a potential group of say 8000 voters possibly cast honest ballots in a "fannish" fanzine category in which the largest circulation is perhaps 700? If an editor actually wants to compete for an award, then said award can only be worthwhile if you're running a race with the best.

'LOCUS and SFR are the best. Beat either and you can say you have really accomplished something.

'You know, I somehow think that it was a fannish attitude something like Rich Brown's that prevented Tom Reamy's TRUMPET from winning a much-deserved Hugo back in those "golden" days when the World Con only had 600 or so attendees. Remember, Tom took a lot of flack because TRUMPET was "too beautiful" and his circulation was "too high" and not using a mimeo just wasn't fannish ...

'As to the issue in hand -- Platt's profile of Morris was as interesting as the rest of the series. She certainly comes off as having some, ummm, different viewpoints. And of course, being proficient with a handgun is a genuinely admirable attribute. Good golly, there were many times in my police department days when I was just hoping that the perp in the alley or the neighbors tearing at each others' throats were small arms experts.

'Darrell and I aren't going to agree about the ASIMOV's covers. And that's fine. It's a matter of taste, really. I suspect that current trends in SF art and graphic design (which definitely have a more "mainstream" look, whatever the hell that is -- I never thought of quality of any sort as being confined by a label) leave Darrell cold and wanting a more traditional look. Personally, I enjoy the experimentation -- something doesn't have to scream "This is SCIENCE FICTION!" at me before I can accept it as such. Different art styles and different interpretations are just as valid and important to the field as different writing styles. And naturally, you can't have artistic successes without some artistic failures ...

'Or a ying without a yang. Or a dick without a Ge ... Well. I guess you can. Take care, Richard.'

*((I can understand the rage and despair many fanzine publishers feel at being unable to win a Hugo against such as LOCUS and I. Both of us have been around so long, become so well known, and have accumulated so large a number of loyalists that Hugo nomination and voting times, that an "upstart" must be exceptionally talented and visible and persistent to overcome the accumulations of dead-
es.*

'((Life, said the winners smugly, is never fair.))



LETTER FROM RONALD R. LAMBERT
2350 Virginia
Troy, MI 48064
May 14, 1983

'Congratulations on the book sale. I am a little worried though about that guy you are collaborating with. He seems to be coming down with a case of "future shock," judging by remarks he made in his last column. That is supposed to be impossible -- members of the SF community do not get future shock, because SF confers immunity to it. SF makes progress and change fun, so that we welcome innovation and the explosion of knowledge. Thus it is surprising for a member of the SF community to be decrying the accelerating growth of knowledge and referring to a "singularity" where intellectual penetration becomes impossible for the SF writer. Come on, Elliott -- keep the faith!

'We should not expect SF to be prophetic. Elliott could well have used the example of how the development of the cheap electronic pocket calculator took SF writers by surprise. Just a few years before the things started becoming as ubiquitous as pencils, SF stories were being written that depicted engineers in the future still using slide rules. But that is not of vital importance. What is vitally different about SF that distinguishes it from other literary genres is that it incorporates the element of radical, transforming change. In fact, it is because of this that SF can be regarded as the only wholly realistic fictional genre -- because radical, transforming change is a part of reality, and all other genres ignore it. But it is not necessary that we be correct in our speculation about just what that radical, transforming change will be. It is enough that we make a good guess, that our speculation is plausible. The essential thing is that we make the assumption that something will change, and human existence will be transformed. This is all that it is humanly possible to do, after all -- except perhaps for someone who has the gift of prophecy, or is very lucky. Even futurists, with their carefully calculated extrapolations, are right in their predictions no more often than weathermen are. The burden of trying to predict the future does not rest upon SF writers. That is not what SF is for, that has never been its value (despite a few lucky guesses by Jules Verne).

'SF is a form of recreation. Just as children learn to become adults by playing, so science fiction is a means of playing with knowledge that helps us to grow up into the future. That is its nature, and its value. As Norman Spinrad has very reasonably argued, by rights science fiction should be culturally central to this country in the twentieth century, and it is unfortunate and potentially dangerous for it not to be.

'No one should feel inadequate and overwhelmed in the face of knowledge. Knowledge is the antidote for feeling inadequate and overwhelmed. Knowing -- and learning -- are what human beings were made for. I have long believed that modern educational methodology is largely responsible for psychologically conditioning people to feel inadequate in the face of knowledge. I also believe that SF goes a long way toward undoing this damage. If there ever should be any sort of problem with there being too much to know for anybody to know anything (a self-contradictory concept, but I will go along with it for the sake of argument), then knowledge will provide its own remedy. What I mean is this: Already we have learned to make devices that augment our senses (telescopes, television, radar), and we are starting to use devices that augment our faculties (computers, calculators, and other logic processor applications); soon we shall undoubtedly have devices that augment our minds. Breakthroughs have already occurred in the lab with detecting and translating thought activity in the human brain electronically, and the day is not far off when direct brain-to-computer interfacing will be possible. When that time comes, not only will we be able to absorb vast amounts of information quickly directly into our brains (databibing), but we will even be able to use computers to think with. We shall be able to expand our minds however large they may need to become in order to cope with the volume of knowledge.

'Some people may recoil in fear at this prospect. It really involves the ultimatumating of the human species -- evolving to a new intellectual adulthood. But some people are like children who fear adulthood. Adulthood can seem incomprehensible and even monstrous to a child. Yet once a child reaches adulthood and finds himself in possession

of the faculties of adulthood, he understands that adults are really superchildren, not monsters. Likewise the synergistic effects of our technology acting upon our nature will make us supermen, not monsters. This will be the next step in human evolution. For humanity, evolution is no longer principally concerned with genes and chromosomes. We have advanced as a species to the point of genetic threshold, where now other means for evolution take over from genes and chromosomes. Our tools will change us, evolve us. We should not fear changes in ourselves, any more than children should fear the changes involved in growing up. Nor should we fear our tools, for they arise out of our own nature.

'I mean no insult to Elliott or to Vernor Vinge in saying this, but actually we should regard it as the ultimate blasphemy to damn knowledge because it is increasing. At the very least it is certainly ironic -- like the man lost in the desert and dying of thirst who falls into a pool of water, and then curses because he is wet. As for the SF writer who laments that he does not know enough science to write a "realistic" story about alien civilizations and the future of human society, I would say let him not curse that there is so much to know. Every datum of that flood of knowledge is a potential story idea: Drink, you fool! So what if you cannot swallow it all? No one expects you to. Remember, we write for OMNI, ANALOG, ISAAC ASIMOV'S, etc. -- not for SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. Our fiction is for everyone, not just for scientists. Let Dr. Robert L. Forward worry about penetrating Vinge's singularity; I will use my warp drive to get around it.'

((You make very good points, Ron, and the world of human-computer linkage may occur. But obviously not for everyone, because of economic, social and religious reasons. We could see a new breed of scientists with computers in their heads and an instinctual revulsion against them. Add gene manipulation of humans and we'll see a two-class society develop. For real. And quite possibly a "Holy War" by the "normals" against the "freaks." There is an enormous conservatism in human society which resists change, and it is rooted in our genes.))

((I'm inclined to think humanity will accept direct mind-link with computer databases, and maybe the unobtrusive implantation of biochip

computers in the skull with direct access to and by the brain. I expect "good" gene manipulation to be accepted to prevent inborn diseases and monster births, imbeciles, etc. BUT--even minor shape change of the standard human body, and especially any attempted change in emotional makeup--would bring on a full fledged social upheaval and a limiting of such activity. You can see the beginnings of that now with attempts to legislate against DNA-changes of humans, even to save lives and prevent birth defects.

(Many sf novels have been written on this theme, and many more will be. And soon a major best-seller will happen with that theme.

((Of course enhanced-brain humans might be able to relate to and talk with aliens, but until 90% of the American public is brain-enhanced, who will be willing to read about it as comprehensible science fiction? Who will pay money to read about the gibberish thinking of a superhuman--except other superhumans?)

((In a few years--when computer/brain interfacing begins--look for xenophobia to step in and create a line of science fiction sold to conservatives in which the "freedoms" are the villains conspiring to take over the world and kill off all the 'obsoletes' "normals."

((The ramifications are endless and fascinating. The future is going to be cursed: a very interesting time. Add the possibility of very expensive cures and very expensive artificial organs--even artificial bodies--and you get another layer of social turmoil involving the haves and the majority of have-nots. Cheating that great democrat--death--until same catastrophic social upheavals.))

LETTER FROM F.M. BUSBY
2852 14th Avenue West
Seattle, WA 98119
11 May 1983

I think the fannish flap re BATTLEFIELD EARTH stemmed largely from the well-financed promotional efforts at Chicon-IV. The idea (as expressed in fanzines) seemed to be that the Scientology "org" (their word) would pony up for a great lot of Con memberships this year, enabling a bloc-vote that would in effect "buy" the Hugo. (I expect the WorldCon Committee would have loved all that Nice Money.) Anyway, it didn't happen, obviously, since BE failed to make the ballot.

I'm rather fond of most of Hubbard's work in ASF and UNKNOWN, having teetted first on FINAL

BLACKOUT. The man had a distinctive style; Kurt Von Rachen was the first pseudonym I ever picked up, all by myself (the "Kilkeny Cats" series of stories). TO THE STARS gave me some ideas that came in handy for me, years later. I even got a kick out of the one (THE END IS NOT YET) in which he began the story with a "frame" and then forgot to close it at the end, and Saint John, Jr., didn't catch it either!

'But I should mention to John Hertz that Hubbard did write one piece (serialized in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, probably the late summer of 1951) that very definitely incorporated his "theories," or at least his biases. MASTERS OF SLEEP was full of violent harangues against Evil Psychiatrists with their lobotomies and shock treatments. I have to agree with LRH that those measures are barbaric, but still that work is the worst fiction Hubbard ever wrote. That I saw, anyway.

I haven't read BE since I'm not given to buying \$24 hardbacks and the publisher didn't see fit to "paper the house" at SFWA with freebies, as some do. My feeling is that Hubbard probably isn't all that interested in Awards; let someone else polish the trophy, while he counts the million. Very sensible.

I see by the teevy that Nibs (once L. Ron, Jr., when he visited Seattle, but now running under a changed surname) claims that his daddy is either dead or hopelessly senile. Funny thing: Nibs looked hardly any older than he did 30 years ago. Hardly any brighter, either. So it goes. As to Sonny's claims, I haven't the faintest idea, either way. Shades of Howard Hughes; right?

'So watch it, see? (Do you remember using that letter-ending line on a diatribe to Russ Haggard, back in the very first incarnation of PSY? I think the letter was in a prozine, though.)'

((No, I don't remember, but it doesn't surprise me that my unconscious dredges up things like that and resuses them. You have a remarkable memory to have picked up on that from 1953 or so. What else am I recycling from those days when I was a letterhack in the letter columns of STARTLING STORIES and THRILLING WONDER STORIES? My lurid past is catching up with me.))

LETTER FROM ELAINE HAMPTON
441 Dartmouth Road
Burbank, CA 91504
June, 1983

'Although I don't correspond much, I do enjoy SFR tremendously -- all of it.

'F'r instance, I totally disagree with Darrell Schweitzer's opinion of THE MISTS OF AVALON. I think it is the finest thing MZB has written to date; and I plan on reading it several more times this year because it's so rich in detail that I'm sure I missed a lot the first time. (I must admit to some prejudice in her favor. The Darkover Books have held me in thrall for years.) At the very least THE MISTS OF AVALON is on a par with Mary Stewart's Arthurian novels ... Damn fine books!

'And ... I totally agree with Mr. Schweitzer's comments about the ugly covers on the Davis magazines. (He hasn't mentioned the over-large logos and type, but they're part of the problem.) The contents pages are dreadful too. Those itty-bitty "previews" of interior art and vertical lines from story to page number seem to be throwbacks to the '50s -- or earlier. There was nothing wrong with the ANALOG contents page before they started mucking around with it -- but it was devised under the previous ownership.

'I've seen it before in business ... the new boss wants to put his stamp on everything -- and makes a lot of cosmetic changes that add nothing to the product. Rule #1 in any business: Don't fuck around with something that works. (Hoping you are the same ... ?)'

((Yes, I'm still fucking around with SFR, and it still works.))

LETTER FROM J.R. "MAD DOG" MADDEN
POB #18610-A
University Station
Baton Rouge, LA 70893
9 May 1983

'Your addition of "The Archives" to SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW has turned out to be a very good idea. I like to scan the list and get an idea of just how much SF and fantasy there is out there. And, the little capsule reviews are helpful in weeding out the possibilities for purchase. That is the problem, isn't it, choosing

from amongst the ever-growing list of titles and deciding what to spend the time to read.

'I also can vouch for the existence of one John Steakley. He was a last minute guest at Coast-Con in Biloxi, Mississippi back in March of this year. He hails from Dallas. In addition, he is a last-minute addition to our own SwampCon here in Baton Rouge to be held over the Memorial Day weekend (God help us all!).'

CARD FROM RALPH E VAUGHAN
POB #85152 MB116
San Diego, CA 92138
May 12, 1983

'When can your book be expected to hit the stands? Why the pen name? It'll probably cost \$3.95+. I was going to buy Harry Harrison's REBEL IN TIME, but \$3.50 for a thin book with large print? I do not think so. Two things have to happen, to bring back good reading habits:

1. The total collapse of radio and television ("Of Godlike Power" by Mack Reynolds in WORLDS OF TOMORROW, Vol 3, #2; Vol 3, #3)
2. The price of books dropping to \$1.00 and mags to 50¢.

'What would the social implications be?'

(As noted before, I have no idea when THE SWORD OF ALLAH! will be published. But be assured when I know, all of fandom will be alert-ed!

(The pen name of Richard Elliott was chosen because the name Elton Gets didn't seem very appealing.

(The total collapse of radio and television will not occur. The price of books will not drop to \$1.00 short of a total demolition of the money supply during a depression of devastating depth and magnitude.

(Reading will continue to shrink in the lower classes, expand in the middle and upper classes. Books and magazines will be 'aimed' at those people with money to spend and time to read. Too, the upper and middle classes will be those who have acquired and continue to use reading skills.

(More and more public signs will incorporate illustrations-of-content to aid the increasing numbers of functional illiterates in the population.

((I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, Ralph; your review in SFR #47 was misspelled on the contents page and in the credit line over your review of CRUISER DREAMS. Please review for SFR again. Trust me.))

CARD FROM ROBERT BLOCH
2111 Sunset Crest Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90046
May 6, 1983

'Once again I find your gloom and doom comments the highlight of an issue. The fact that so few of your readers ever comment on them is in itself significant: a revelatory reflection of the fact that, unless personally affected by the economic situation, nobody gives a damn. And because the majority fails to heed, let alone care, matters continue to get worse. Cosmetic efforts will be made by the present administration until the 1984 election and then I am afraid your predictions will come to pass.

'Having lived through one Great Depression as a kid, I don't relish facing another in my second childhood. But discussions of this "future" doesn't interest SF fans because it neither exalts technology or the virtues of the junk-food generation. Still, I think you're right, and the hand-writing on the wall ain't just graffiti!'

((My comments on the economy in this issue should further interest you--and depress others.

((A few people have written to disagree with my doom&gloom editorial commentary, but I try to keep the letter column of SFR primarily dedicated to sf and fantasy. Too much current event stuff would be a bad idea.))

LETTER FROM DARRELL SCHWEITZER
113 Deepdale Road
Stratford, PA 19087
June 7, 1983

'I don't feel very intimidated by Charles Platt's threats against me. It is so hard to take him seriously. I mean, he is a joke, as a writer, as a critic, simply as a human being. The fact that he is a pretty good interviewer must be dismissed as a coincidence. Or a miracle. The

miracle is that even he turned out to have some small, hidden talent after all. Does he know that in fandom he is sometimes referred to as Charles "At Least I Talk To Famous People" Platt? Well, I suppose it is better than being known as the author of PLANET OF THE VOLES.

'I certainly would never want to have my work praised by him or to be thought his friend. It would ruin my reputation. He possibly has no idea how reviled he is by the SF community. (If he does, I suspect he glories in it.) At PhilCon shortly after the celebrated incident (which he misrepresents or exaggerated) I found his nametag on the floor. It must have fallen off. I put it on as a conversation piece, explaining, "I'll be Charles Platt for the evening and be nasty to everybody." The usual response was a dismayed, "Oh, please..."

'I guess I don't have it in me to do a good Charles Platt imitation. I guess I also have to be careful to avoid the Grand Analogy. You know, the way crackpot pseudoscientists always compare themselves to Galileo. It would work like this: Charles Platt despises LeGuin, Delany and Heinlein. No, it isn't like that. He also despises Jerry Pournelle, Ted White, Orson Scott Card and hundreds of others. I suppose it is inspiring that all of us from so many backgrounds have this one thing in common, but actually I find it rather tiresome. I wish Charles Platt would grow up. His behavior is that of a 15-year-old neofan in his first burst of attempted notoriety. With the neofan, you can wait a few years. With Platt, there is no such hope.

'Actually, I can only wish him well. Maybe if he becomes successful at something finally and has an exciting career, he won't feel so insecure that he has to carry on like this. He'll let his accomplishments make his reputation, not his boorishness. If he would be so kind as to stop acknowledging my existence, I would be willing to return the favor.

'A final note to Ron Lambert: Yes, I know about the ecological upset the whites caused when they invaded the Americas. Within ten years of the conquest, 90% of the inhabitants of Peru had died of new diseases. However, this has nothing to do with the conquest itself, and the overwhelming superiority of Spanish military progress. I suppose it helped them hold the country, but then they

were probably dismayed to find their slaves dying off so fast little money could be made from their labor. In the 19th Century when thoughts turned to genocide, whites did use disease as a weapon, passing on the blankets of smallpox victims to the Indians. But the conquests of Mexico and Peru came too quickly for this to be a factor.'

((That's funny, Darnell, I keep getting reports that you are considered a joke in the circles. Does it take one to know one?))

((But seriously...you're doing your overreacting bit; Charles was being funny.))

((It'll probably make your day to know I've invited Charles to be a columnist for SFR, and that he has accepted. If things work out his first column will appear in the next issue of SFR---perhaps right next to your column! There is no limit to my cruelty.))

LETTER FROM DONN VICHA
2633 West Estes
Chicago, IL 60645
May 12, 1983

'Although I can't comment directly on SF publishing, I would like to join the ongoing discussion of what's-wrong-with-the-publishing-industry with some complaints about bookstores, and in particular the major chains that seem to be taking over editorial decisions. My company is the largest trade book company outside of New York and supports itself mainly through sports instruction books. Right now, our bread and butter is in bodybuilding books -- we were first and our source for bb books is the leader in the field. The orders for bb books keep coming in, so we will continue to put out more, but we are always looking for the next trend in sports in order to maintain our reputation in sports instruction.

'Last year we noted that triathlons were growing very quickly in popularity and contacted a woman who had self-published a fairly popular book on the subject. She reworked the book, added more photos, and benefited from our editorial suggestions and typesetting, design, etc. Anyway, we weren't alone; four other publishers had triathlon books in the works. We felt that there was a rapidly growing interest in this kind of sport (generally, it is a

race involving three kinds of sports, with running, swimming and biking being predominant) due to TV coverage of the Hawaiian Ironman contest, two new magazines devoted to the sport, and major magazine and newspaper coverage of local triathlon events. Nevertheless, the bookbuyers at Waldenbooks and B. Dalton felt that it was a West Coast phenomenon, a passing fad (Rubik's Cube and video games aside!). They said this in spite of the fact that a major triathlon is going to be held in NY this spring.

'Needless to say, we have not been overwhelmed by orders for this book. The point I would like to make is: We publishers have to get the bookstores to sell our books and it isn't easy when the bookbuyers are uninformed. Mack Reynolds' comment about a new crop of editors applies to the bookbuyers as well. And when you command as high a percentage of book sales as B. Dalton and Waldenbooks do, the bookbuyer's position can usurp even the best-informed editor. These large chains are beginning to dictate to the publishers what to publish, so even an "old breed" SF editor can expect to be told that a cover or subject is wrong for his or her book.

'The middle ground in publishing is starting to deteriorate. Book sales of 5K to 15K are slowly becoming unacceptable. Another case in point: We bought paperback rights to THE WARNING: ACCIDENT AT THREE MILE ISLAND. Agreed, it is not a sports instruction book, so we were taking a risk but that's what's exciting about the business. We thought it was a well-calculated risk: The LA TIMES BOOK REVIEW raved about it saying, "If you read no other book in the next five years, by all means read THE WARNING." (I'm sending you a comp copy so you can see for yourself.) It has raves from Mike Wallace, PW, Jack Anderson, Peter Maas and Kirkus. One of the authors wrote the screenplay for THE CHINA SYNDROME and we are touring him through the country for radio and TV. A week hasn't gone by that there hasn't been a report on TMI and yet the bookbuyers are telling us it's old news. (When you see our copy of the book, I think you'll agree that the cover is almost worth the price of the book!) What books have been ordered have been hidden under Current Events and so it goes, the bookstores undermine our sales.

'I feel especially bitter about what has happened to THE WARNING because it is such a good book and really provides the real story of what happened. Maybe it is old news but most of the newspaper and magazine accounts were incomplete and confusing, whereas this book benefits from exhaustive research of over 50,000 pages of depositions and the reports of five different commissions. It is not a muckraking or biased report; it is just good writing that thrills and educates the reader.

'The original hardcover book did not sell to the expectations of the booksellers -- the cover omitted mention of TMI, a mistake I think, and looked like just another thriller.

'Enough -- I don't mean to plug the book. But while I may not agree completely with your economic predictions, I do not have a lot of optimism about publishing in this country. The whole structure of the industry is archaic and is not as direct in selling to the open market as most products are. If writers think that there are too many middlemen (read: editors) in publishing, they are overlooking the extra line of middlemen that have emerged in the bookstores: the bookbuyers who have the ultimate say in how well, if at all, a book will be stocked in the bookstore.'

((I think at some point in the near future book publishers will begin to advertise on cable, using a thirty-second "page" of time on the spare channels of cable networks. And I think some form of mail order or electronic order servicing of the public is going to come from book advertising on cable TV. The economics and mechanics have to be worked out, but some kind of alternate to the existing distribution system must be devised.))



REG NOTE: The following two letters of response to Peter Nicholls' article in SFR #47, "PHILIP K. DICK--- A Cowardly Memoir", require some recognition that it took a considerable chunk of courage and honesty to write and have published in England. And I think it took even more to let me publish it in SFR.

Peter knew beforehand the reaction it would produce; hence the title of the piece. He admitted ignoble reactions and behavior in himself. Why?

He felt he had something to report about Phil Dick of value and interest to thousands of people, and that it should be on the record for access by scholars now and in the future. He felt it was important enough to risk the punishment he is now taking.

I admire that aspect of his character.

Harlan Ellison's letter appeared in FOUNDATION #27, the issue following the appearance of Peter's "Memoir." The letter appears here at Harlan's request.

Charles Platt's "Reply to Peter Nicholls" is a response which is appearing for the first time.

I have invited Peter Nicholls to write in his defense if he wishes. However, time is very short now, and anything he sends may have to be put over to next issue.

LETTER FROM HARLAN ELLISON January, 1983

'I am moved by a casual error in Peter Nicholls' memoir of Phil Dick in FOUNDATION 26 (October 1982) to set the record straight, though in truth it doesn't matter in the wake of Phil's death.

'Peter says, on page 8: "The great event at Metz was the confrontation between Harlan Ellison and Philip K. Dick, which I'm proud to say I set deliberately myself. Harlan had already told me that he had been furious with Phil for years -- it was something about a girl -- and that he refused to speak to him." Italics mine.

'Reading Peter's essay, I learned for the first time that the sorry spectacle was a set-up. Peter may take pride in having gulled us into the "confrontation" but for my part, I'm sorry it ever came to pass. I don't know on what ground someone can take pride

in setting former friends to wrangling in public, but while I accept full measure of shame and chagrin for being a participant, Peter had better understand that it was not, for me, the heroic and delightful encounter he paints it.

'The important point I need to make, for myself, is that the reason I had not spoken to Phil for two years (1978, Metz) was not the result of something as petty as a squabble over a woman. Where Peter got that idea, I have no idea. What caused me to end a twenty-year friendship with Phil was a singularly odious attack on Ed Ferman's integrity indulged in by Phil as a result of Ed's asking for an essay on my work, intended for the July 1977 "Harlan Ellison Issue" of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION.

'It serves no purpose to dredge up the circumstances of that awful exchange between Phil and Ed, save to point out that Ed was blameless in the matter. I could not absent myself from defending Ed, and I wrote to Phil saying his behaviour was the final act of nastiness I had seen growing stronger in his nature every year. And I said silence should prevail between us.

'There was nothing casual about it. It was infinitely sad-denying to me to cut off my friendship with Phil. Apparently, Phil felt the same way. Having now learned that Peter was playing with us, I feel even worse. But at least in the same forum where Peter has carelessly trivialized my last meeting with Phil, I have corrected the bit of nonsense that Peter has dropped.

'One other comment by Peter in that memoir, also rangles. Peter no doubt thinks it an amusing observation when he says, "I thought it was pretty silly that these two grown men, one very big and the other very, very small, should go on avoiding one another for three days ..." Apart from the presumption on Peter's part that he had the right to muck about in our lives for his own amusement, I find the comparison of Phil's and my height gratuitously insulting, and the sort of invidious sophomoricism expected from adolescent fans, not a respected editor and critic. Unless it is meant by Peter that Phil's talent was great and mine is small, or that Phil was great in the sense of containing multitudes while I am very, very small in the sense of meanspirited and

niggling. If these latter, then he's entitled to his perceptions, but they do not jibe with Peter's past friendly relations with me. If the latter -- and I'm sure Peter will so advise -- then it's good to know how I'm viewed by one who has always been all smiles and camaraderie. But if Peter is dealing in analysis by physical appearance, then I suggest it is no more honorable or valid a way of writing about people than were I to compare a meeting of Phil and Peter by writing, "One was sober and the other was very, very drunk."

'It is necessary, I think, for those who make sport of others solely on the basis of anatomical variations over which they have no control and which are not, of themselves, relevant to the worth of the people being discussed, to learn that it is a nasty weapon of comment that knows no master.

'For my part, all I have to say about Phil is the following, which appeared in the LOS ANGELES WEEKLY in July. It is contained in the 32nd instalment of my regular column "An Edge In My Voice:"

"I was asked to take note of the recent death of Philip K. Dick. That is not an easy thing for me to do. We were close friends once. We fell out. We had not talked civilly to each other in a number of years. I learned, shortly before the two strokes that took him, that he regretted the distance between us and wanted to get together. Time and circumstance and probably pigheadedness on my part prevented that. Now he is gone and, like many of you, I never got to say to someone who mattered, how much he mattered. So I am not the proper person to speak of this enormously talented, tormented man. I am not entitled to eulogize him as so many others have. Only this, as one who came out at the finish line too far behind to make his presence known, is open to me: nowhere in all the high-flown testimonials to Phil and his singular writings, has anyone noted that there were greedy and amoral fuckers who used him badly, who kept him paranoid and poor and delusional with nightmares of life that served their own commercial ends. As one denied the right to praise him, I am permitted, I suppose, to suggest that each and every one of those scum who fed off his life-force be condemned to live out the rest of their days under the miasma of anguish and paranoia they visited on him."

'Forgive the ramble. I'd intended merely to write the one sentence, "That which alienated Philip K. Dick and me had nothing to do with a girl, as Peter Nicholls suggests in his memoir."

'That I have gone on as long as I have should be chalked up to a gutful of longing for my old friend, and a soul full of remorse at words left unspoken. Peter's insensitive comments and the knowledge that we were pawns for his amusement do not make it any easier. But then, why should they?'

REPLY TO PETER NICHOLLS

BY CHARLES PLATT

All obituaries, of course, benefit only the people who write them -- unless you believe that relatives will be comforted or that the deceased is perusing a spiritual carbon copy. Obituaries tend to be written out of pro-forma social obligation; out of guilt at having failed to express one's love for a friend while he was alive; or out of a desire to acquire status by claiming an intimacy that never existed.

Peter Nicholls's inaccurate and presumptuous tribute to Philip K. Dick seems to fall in this last category. "My friendship with Philip Dick," he begins, as if he must emphasize from the start that he was far more than a mere critic or admirer.

And yet it seems he met Phil only once, and had a brief correspondence which ended when he lacked the nerve to respond to what was surely a heartfelt appeal for empathy and understanding. This does not fit my definition of friendship. Nor am I impressed by the ingenuous "mea culpa" act of titling the piece "a cowardly memoir;" this seems more like a facile confession, to win social approbation, than a genuine admission of remorse.

Indeed, Nicholls seems incapable of remorse. He refers to the confrontation he arranged between Phil and Harlan Ellison as "ensuring myself a minor niche in fanish history," as if seeking notoriety on the pettiest level is a legitimate motive that he takes for granted. He shows total insensitivity to the feelings of the two men in the encounter; their angst is his entertainment. I don't know how Harlan felt about it, but I suspect, from a

chance remark years later, that Phil was hurt by it.

After staging this entertainment, Nicholls states that he "sneaked out of the theater" during Phil's notoriously strange Metz speech, rather than stay and give support to the man whose friendship he claims.

He then describes Phil's quote, "Did you successfully undertake sexual intercourse last night? I need to know how it's done," as being delivered with a deadpan look that to Nicholls was a disturbing, "profoundly enigmatic, glazed expression." If obituaries must be written by poseurs, can they not at least be written by poseurs with a sense of humor, and the wit to know when someone is putting them on?

"The whole point of this article is to give some flavor of what Phil Dick was like." Yet Nicholls obviously lacks the knowledge or empathy to do any such thing. I suggest, rather, that as an academic, the most he could aim for would have been to concoct a thesis. This is what academics do. It is how they achieve a sense of worth and purpose.

Indeed, when dealing with the work, as opposed to the man, Nicholls writes a fair summation. But even this is devalued by gossip and hearsay: "In the 1960s he used to drop acid and take large numbers of uppers and downers, he cancelled firm arrangements, he made silly political gestures."

If I may quote from my own interview with Phil: "I used to talk like I was really into acid. But the fact of the matter is that I took it two times ..." (Of course, Phil may not have been telling the truth here, but in view of his revelatory honesty later in the interview, I trust his statement.) Also: "The only drugs I took regularly were amphetamines ..." which were prescribed for me." Of course, he also used marijuana as much as anyone in the Californian culture of the times. But he went on to write a devastating anti-drug novel -- which Nicholls seems not to have read.

As regards "cancelling firm arrangements," Nicholls doesn't say what he means, unless he's referring to the lecture series he organized himself, which Phil was unable to attend because of ill health.

As for politics, Phil's gifts of large sums for famine relief

were hardly a "silly political gesture." I gather that his 1960s activism was equally sincere and there is evidence that some people took it seriously enough to break in and wreck his house, as reported in ROLLING STONE magazine.

There seems to be a natural law that the people who write about you after you're dead will be the wrong people. Where Phil is concerned, many of the testimonials have been bogus, inaccurate or embarrassing. We have had Ursula LeQuin's gushy tribute to a man she once refused to communicate with because (according to Phil) she told him he was "crazy." We have had John Brunner smugly, sanctimoniously regretting that Phil died because he wasn't rational enough -- i.e. as boringly rational as Brunner himself. We have even had a poem from Tom Disch that, although sincere, nevertheless presented one piece of idle speculation as fact, and included a rumor that subsequently turned out to be totally untrue.

Those who knew Phil best -- Norman Spinrad, Russell Galen, Paul Williams -- have written least. After all, when commenting upon the death of someone who truly was a dear, close friend, one becomes uncomfortably aware of the inadequacy of the act, compared with the enormity of the event.

I did not know Phil especially well, myself, but I had deep admiration for his talent and courage and he inspired love. Much has been made of his mysticism; yet in all that I heard from him on this subject (first in an interview, and then on four visits lasting three to four hours each) he was scrupulously rational in his arguments and never once lost his sense of irony and the absurd. He seemed a lot better equipped to evaluate philosophy and sanity than any of his obituarists. Often it was his playfulness that led nitwits such as Nicholls to think he was crazy. At other times, it was his fundamental conviction that reality is subjective and malleable. He lived this conviction in a way that could be disturbing to those of us who lacked his vision and his capacity for belief.

His writing was sometimes undisciplined and hasty, but it possessed genius. I am angered by "tributes" that begin by claiming friendship with such an important exceptional man, and then devalue his life, persona and work with anecdotal inaccuracies and presumptuous egotism.

OTHER VOICES

DOC SAVAGE RIDES AGAIN

A REVIEW OF L. RON HUBBARD'S
BATTLEFIELD EARTH

BY KARL EDD

Doc calls himself ... or, rather L. Ron Hubbard calls him Jonnie Goodboy Tyler. Like Barbarossa (Frederick the Great of the Germans, or the Spanish El Cid), Doc Savage, the man of bronze, has come to life when needed and inspires a dedicated, polyglot team of Chinese, Russians, Scots, etc. to such pulpy deeds of derring-do as are needed to save Earth's scattered human remnants.

There are 819 pages of rousing adventure in this \$24.00 book, ISBN 0-312-06978-2. It is of almost WAR AND PEACE stature. In the fascinating introduction La Fayette Ron Hubbard assures you the book is pure science fiction. The background, machinery and science may bear this out but some of the characters border on those of fantasy land. But for pure entertainment, this is the book. PLANET STORIES' entire production pales into insignificance in the shadow of this behemoth.

The year is 3000. Jonnie is an "outsider" type among his hill folk of a surviving Rocky Mountain area. An alien, oppressive race (is there ever any other?) called Psychlos, whose math is to the base eleven, exploit earth for various minerals, especially gold. They breathe a gas that explodes if the slightest bit of uranium touches it -- a significant point of future vulnerability, especially since many persons of Jonnie's hill community have classical symptoms of radiation poisoning.

When you create a future-world it is difficult to keep every detail consistent with supposed evolution but L. Ron has succeeded, perhaps to a greater degree than Philip Jose Farmer's RIVERWORLD, though much of James Blish's best writing also possesses the immediacy and believability of BATTLEFIELD EARTH. Of course, this believability is predicated on an author's skill at initiating you into the world he has spun from dreams and such. L. Ron does an admirable job. Old pro that he is, he begins with story, carries you

along with more exciting, intriguing story, and ends with story. Only in a few instances does he interrupt the narrative line while you learn the scientific intricacies of teleportation equipment, advanced warfare and medicine.

Space opera? So be it. The book lends a new dignity to the term. Doc Savage Jonnie Tyler has his moments of doubt, horror in the face of possible loss of his woman, his civilization and its values, undying friendship for his loyal cohorts, displays ingenuity, desperation and jumps from black moment to black moment to ultimate triumph, the triumph of a living, breathing human rather than the triumph of a computerized, dehumanized person. Yes, Virginia, thank God there was a Doc Savage somewhere in a time capsule! (Figuratively speaking.)

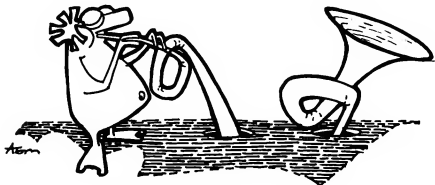
The tremendous scope of this novel, its sheer exuberant vastness, its unfolding of character after character, episode after episode, all neatly and professionally linked by skilled foreshadowing and adequate motivation, combine to make this book worthy of a large place in sci-fi literature and the literature of adventure and brave men. When you read page 270, remember that a gold pound, Troy weight, is 12 oz. Also, you will note from the text that the hero has a blond beard though the book cover artist depicts Jonnie clean shaven. These two insignificant details only make the balance of the book more impressive.

Most artists, of whatever genre and whatever level of accomplishment, wish to produce a magnum opus, a work to be remembered by. If he had not already impressed us with the worldwide success of dynamics and Scientology (though he has not been associated with the official church for more than a decade), and his historic position as one of John Campbell's ASTOUNDING stable of the Golden Age of science fiction, L. Ron would still appear a veritable literary Halley's Comet with this gargantuan work. He zips together one cliffhanger chapter after another and yet retains essential believability.

One Psychlo villain, Terl, is so chillingly diabolical, so fully realized as an alien entity, that you come to hate him, want to see him killed, and yet understand his alien outlook. This is good writing.

Imperialism is satirized as is international banking in the guise of intergalactic banking. Home and family values are treated romantically yet not preachy. Any philosophizing is inherent and implicit rather than explicit and expository.

Unlike a pure space opera, the book does not end with the termination of war between Psychlos and Earthmen. A hundred or so pages at the end delineate the difficulties of a military conqueror after a war.



You can read this book as a series of interlocking short stories in the tradition of the old AMAZING STORIES series, or you can hyperventilate and then plunge into the book as a whole. It is both an integrated whole and a pleasurable series. The book took me a week to read. During that week I happily neglected most of my usual duties. My favorite beagle whimpered frequently, certain that another dog somewhere had displaced her in my affections. None had. I was simply enjoying future-mechanics with master-mechanic Ker, the friendly turncoat Psychlo, a midget at eight hundred pounds, and helping Jonnie Goodboy Tyler overcome the vicious Terl with the aid of Doc Savage's sidekicks, Monk, Ham and Rennie, now known as Robert the Fox, Stormalong and Chong-Won. Innumerable characters move across stage and even the thumbnail characters are as rounded as those in Dickens and Balzac's writing, which is to say -- perhaps not to the liking or criteria of a college professor, but they are unforgettable, all.

Hey, man! -- As you will see when you enjoy this treat.

Pull down the shades and cancel your appointments. L. Ron has struck. His cosmopolitan wisdom seizes the script. Few twenty-dollar-and-more books are worth the price today. This one is.

TWELVE FAIR KINGDOMS BOOK ONE OF THE OZARK FANTASY TRILOGY

By Suzette Haden Elgin
Berkley Books, \$2.50

REVIEWED BY ROBERT SABELLA

TWELVE FAIR KINGDOMS is a quirky little book set in a colorful world and peopled with some quite irresistible characters.

Responsible for Brightwater is a teenage ruler who undertakes a solemn quest to prevent the twelve kingdoms from blowing apart over petty differences. She travels alone on a flying mule and engages in adventures with the likes of wimpy magicians and cantankerous grannies.

The use of magic is restrained and realistic rather than an all-purpose gimmick when all else fails. The Ozark culture incorporates enough advanced technology so that its future setting is believable. The story is told tongue-in-cheek and has many bright spots. I recommend it heartily but warn

you there are two volumes to follow (unless you're a member of the Science Fiction Book Club, in which case you can buy the three-in-one volume and escape the growing trend of multi-volume anxiety).

THE PARASITE

By Ramsey Campbell
Pocket, 1981, 372 pp., \$2.95

REVIEWED BY RUSSELL ENGBRETSON

Reading this novel is like moving through a series of dreams, each a bit stranger and more nightmarish than the last. The prologue is a chilling description of how Rose, the main character, is infested by the parasite while still a young girl. From that point on we see Rose as a young, married woman as she struggles to understand the supernatural events that are turning her life into a shambles.

Unlike most supernatural horror novels that sport cover blurbs proclaiming the novel to be "occult", THE PARASITE is actually based on occult practices and beliefs, and derives much of its power from Campbell's thoroughly researched presentation of the dark side of Western magical systems.

THE PARASITE is a major novel from an important writer who is not well known outside of the circle of horror fiction aficionados, but Ramsey Campbell should be removed from the realms of obscurity by the aggressive marketing of this mass market paperback.

With the exception of the epilogue, which almost seemed to be tacked on as an afterthought, I strongly recommend THE PARASITE to all those readers who take their grue seriously.

THE GRAPHIC WORK OF M.C. ESCHER
AND THE MAGIC MIRROR OF M.C. ESCHER
By Bruno Ernst
Ballantine, \$10.95

REVIEWED BY JOHN DIPRETE

These two on-going titles from Ballantine Books reproduce (in b&w and color) the artistic genius of M.C. Escher. Escher was known for his tricks with viewpoint and perspective; for instance, incredible staircases that fool the eye, winding and overlapping in angle-defying, non-commonsense patterns. A variety of eyeball-

playing experiments include the surrealist's self-portrait drawn from a reflecting globe; a self-perpetuating, hand-drawing-hand-print; and many many others.

Escher's outre and illusory style is so completely de-orientated that, three years ago, "3d" cut-outs -- in the form of "kaleidocycles" -- were released from Ballantine in cardboard-format, as a "do-it-yourself" sculpture in book form.

The graphic titles described here feature the best of Escher's masterpieces in beautiful, large-size renditions. THE GRAPHIC WORK OF M.C. ESCHER contains a small amount of text by the artist in descriptive, lasting form; in THE MAGIC MIRROR OF M.C. ESCHER, Bruno Ernst explores the artist's background and artistry in greater detail. Each work is a fine conversation piece; both are recommended.

MINDKILLER

By Spider Robinson
New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston
1982, \$14.50, hardback

REVIEWED BY GARTH SPENCER

MINDKILLER begins with a suicide attempt. Throughout the book there is a gritty, and sometimes gross, reality.

Norman Kent is an English professor teaching in Halifax in 1994, whose sense of self-worth was shattered by the African war. When his wife leaves him and his department chairman hints at a possible staff reduction, he caves in; he sets out to jump off a bridge. He is only saved by a man who tries to help him. Norman returns home to find his sister Madeleine has returned from Europe, apparently to escape an unhappy love affair. They establish a rapport and learn to sustain each other; then she disappears. Norman turns into an academic machine until semester break. With nothing to distract him anymore, he must find the fiend who may have stolen her. And he disappears.

Joe is an amnesiac burglar in New York in 1999. In a chapter based on Robinson's story "God is an Iron," Joe finds a woman committing suicide by wireheading; she has short-circuited the timer on the "droud" that stimulates her pleasure center. On impulse he saves Karen, learns the ghastly story of her life, and takes her

under his wing. He brings her to the incredible hidden apartment he somehow found, complete with a computer offering enormous illegal access power. Eventually they decide to tilt at windmills -- to attack the corporations that produce drouds. One of the most powerful corporation chairmen, Jacques le-Blanc, is in Nova Scotia. While doing their detective work there, Karen brings home a nurse, who recognizes Joe as her lost, supposedly dead husband, Norman.

MINDKILLER is Robinson's first book to ask: When are we likely to see devices like drouds patented and sold, and wireheading become a growing addiction? When this and related neurological technologies become available, who is going to control them? And to what end? Like his other works, MINDKILLER is informed by a strong moral awareness, a sense of the value of people and of relationship and a hope that one or a few leaders can set an example for a society.

The mystery surrounding Jacques, the "mindkiller" and Madeleine, the relationship between Norman and Joe, are wrapped up in a series of surprises at the climax. And yet only the discovery of the real Bad Guy is actually a surprise. The formation of a team of Good Guys at the end -- as in TELEMPATH and STARDANCE -- is a little too neat and simple to be satisfying. It doesn't quite answer the problem of evil that Robinson started out to face from the beginning.

But read this book. This blend of idealism, harsh realism and some hilarious situations is very much worth your while.

THE STOLEN LAKE

By Joan Aiken
London: Cape; New York: Delacorte
1981, 291 pp., hc, \$10.95

REVIEWED BY G.B. CHAMBERLAIN

King Arthur is alive and well in the Andes -- at least in the wacky alternate 19th century where Ms. Aiken has already produced five literate and action-packed juveniles. No dynamite plots against the Stuarts this time; no tipping St. Paul's into the Thames; good King James III and his Hanoverian rivals remain offstage. Front and center are the returned Arthur, his ever-loving Ginevra, and the sharp-tongued, sharp-witted Cockney, Dido Twite, taking her third tour in the lead and a more forceful pre-teen role model than ever.

Why the Andes? The sword Caliburn is there along with its lake, which the Romano-British settlers of New Umbria took along in emigration after the Saxon victory at Iyrham in 577. (You didn't read that year's ANGLLO-SAXON CHRONICLE?) The lake is stolen by Ginevra's neighbor, King Mabon of Lyonesse, as hostage for the return of his missing daughter, the lovely Elen, who speaks seven languages and can ride a catamount. Hence the Royal Navy and Dido again, hitching a ride on the H.M.S. Thrush after foiling the Hanoverian plot (two books back) to bombard St. James' Palace from Nantucket.

Up the alligator-haunted Severa, then, by tidal bore and muscle-powered paddleboats, by wood-fired cog railway to Upper Umbria, Arthurian aiplano set about by volcanoes; past the classic facades of Bath Regis, where mulecacs rattle along streets cobbled with silver; to the revolving palace of the White Queen. Meet her loyal ser-

vants Manuel Fluellen, Daffyd Gomez, Jose Glendower, Juan Jones and two royal sempstresses who moonlight as wyf-owls. Pick up Latin, Spanish, Regency slang and the lore of Malory and the Mabinogion. Enjoy the triumph of good, set off by a volcanic eruption. In sum, enjoy.

In lesser hands -- no names, no pack drill -- so exquisite a mishmash might disintegrate into picaresque episodes, with pedantic backgrounding and aimless free-for-alls doing duty for imaginative realization and continuing purpose. Ms. Aiken plots better. Why are there so few children around -- especially girls? From whom do trained cats bring agonized pleas for help on pages from Johnson's DICTIONARY? And what is the true identity of the founding, Atah-lpa, foster brother of the wicked King of Hy-Brasil, Hascar Cae-demon? As suspense builds, the reader suspends disbelief with a will.

The series to date, in order of action and with thanks to Baird Searles in JASPM for the tip: THE WOLVES OF WILLOUGHBY CHASE (1962), BLACK HEARTS IN BATTERSEA (1964), NIGHTBIRDS ON NANTUCKET (1966), THE STOLEN LAKE (1981), THE WHISPERING MOUNTAIN (1969), THE CUCKOO TREE (1971). The first three can be found in paperback at discriminating children's sections; before gift-wrapping for deserving juniors, sneak around yourself. Like Narnia, Pook's Hill and E. Nesbit's London of psamead and phoenix, Ms. Aiken's 19th Century is not just for kiddies.

THE SHROUDED PLANET THE DAWNING LIGHT

By Robert Silverberg and Randall Garrett, writing as Robert Randall Ace Books, 1982
Original copyright, 1957
\$2.50 each.

REVIEWED BY P. MATHEWS SHAW

This is what they mean by As-tounding Science Fiction stories, or Campbell-era fiction. The setting is an alien world with an alien culture, carefully constructed, yet thoroughly understandable and believable and very easy for even the most culture-bound reader to relate to. The plot concerns the efforts of the Earthmen to break up and re-form the Nidorian culture, which is now static and tradition-bound, though rather well developed, as seen through the eyes of four generations of Nidorians. The theme, though it escaped a



good many of us back in 1957, is "The end justifies the means."

Silverberg, in his afterword to *SHROUDED PLANET*, calls the first book a deliberate effort to write a "Campbellian" story, and calls it the "basic CIA story." Campbell's genius as an editor is shown in one short command given the authors, "Write it from the aliens' viewpoint." Campbell's values, Silverberg defines as "Earthmen are superior to alien life forms. Earthmen may therefore meddle with alien cultures at will, provided they are serving some higher goal. An acceptable higher goal is to meddle with an alien culture for its own good, especially if the meddling will also serve to enhance the quality of Earth culture." *

The origins of *STAR TREK's* Prime Directive, and Kirk's constant violations of it, can be clearly seen here; the ethos has lost its hold on Earth-human heads, but old habits remain.

The genius of Silverberg and Garrett are shown in the enormous likeability of the aliens. One cares what happens to them, even when they are behaving like prime blockheads or worse. The revelation that two of the leading characters, each in his own time, callously sacrificed a human life -- innocent in one case and an old mentor in the other -- for the higher goal -- comes with the same outrage it would in life. The reader is outraged; the writers simply state the facts and leave the readers to react, rather than wallowing in outrage. This take skill.

Their skill with a plot is less, partially due to the strait-jacket of the imposed theme. The end is too easy. The revelation that Earth wants another technological race in the universe to bear it company and keep it on its toes, and therefore proceeds to make one, bears an amazing resemblance to the mentality that would marry a child in order to rear a proper mate in one's own image. Self-defeating and specious.

History buffs, readers under thirty-five, and nostalgics should make an effort to read this. Those who read and remember the original don't need to be told.

* *SHROUDED PLANET*, page 215, Silverberg's afterword.

I COULD USE A LOT OF FLAT, 3" WIDE ILLUSTRATIONS FOR SPOTS LIKE THIS.

I MUST BE HETEROSEXUAL...
ALL THE MISSED CHANCES
I REALLY REGRET
WERE WITH WOMEN!



PHILIP DRU: ADMINISTRATOR — A STORY OF TOMORROW: 1920-1935

By Colonel Edward Mandell House
Omni Publications, Box 216,
Hawthorne, CA 90250
Paperback, 312 pp., \$4.00

REVIEWED BY NEAL WILGUS

Frankly, I haven't read this book and probably won't, so this is more of a news item than a review. But *PHILIP DRU* is of interest on at least three counts so it should be noted in passing.

First, this is a utopian work of at least historic interest, a projection in 1912 of "radical" ideals into the "future" world of 1920-35. Secondly, many of the ideas put forth in *PHILIP DRU*, such as the graduated income tax and various welfare programs, were eventually put into law and we're still living with the results. And third, Colonel House was an advisor to Woodrow Wilson and is considered by various conspiracy theorists as one of the masterminds behind the Plot to Take Over the World.

Omni (formerly Omni/Christian Book Club) is a John Birch-type organization that no doubt believes Colonel House was an undicted co-conspirator but surprisingly this reprint contains no accusatory introduction or afterword, not even a backcover blurb crying proofs-of-a-conspiracy. In fact, *Omni/Christian* isn't even identified as the publisher.

Skimming a few chapters to get the flavor confirms my preconceived notion that this would be a pretty dull read -- non-dimensional characters, unlikely plot manipulations, lectures, lectures, lectures. However, Colonel House did one of those amazing things that happen from time to time --

he anticipated in 1912 something that didn't happen in the real world until the 1970s. Believe it or not, evil-President Rockland and his evil cohorts are brought low by the public revelation of their secret conversations recorded on a dictaphone!

How do you like them apples, Milhous?

LIFE, THE UNIVERSE, AND EVERYTHING

By Douglas Adams
Pan Books, 1982
Paperback, 162 pp., \$4.50 (!)

REVIEWED BY ALLEN VARNY

By now nearly every sentient being is at least distantly acquainted with *THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY* in its various aspects. The BBC Radio series. The record albums. The TV show. And, of course, the book (1979), with its sequel, *THE RESTAURANT AT THE END OF THE UNIVERSE* (1980). The most important thing to say about *LIFE* etc. is, DON'T read it until you've made your way through the first two! --But with that statement stated, I am pleased to report that *LIFE* is a medium-strong addition to what may become an open-ended series.

Once more we join our bewildered heroes Arthur Dent and Ford Prefect on another frenzied and nutty tour of our galaxy, from the swamps of Squornshellous Zeta, where the mattresses grow, to the flying cocktail party that's lasted four generations. Here, for once, Adams weaves the episodes into a moderately coherent adventure plot that pits Arthur, Ford, Trillian, Slartibartfast, Marvin the Paranoid Android, and (briefly) Zaphod Beeblebrox against an attempt to revive a tremendous interstellar menace.

The pace is neatly sustained -- that is, apart from the frequent digressions to explain such trivia as Bistro Mathematics (based on the well-known fact that numbers on restaurant checks obey different principles than they do everywhere else) and the Campaign for Real Time (which tries to discourage frivolous time-travel paradoxes). In the course of the story we learn why Earth has been shunned by galactic culture and why the last thought of the bowl of petunias (in Volume I) was "Oh, no, not again."

I loved the original book and still recommend it and its sequel highly to all fans with a bent (or do I mean warp?) for Monty Python and/or Wodehouse. But it's often easy to detect a somewhat strained quality to the humor here. After two books the novelty is gone; in his long treatises on Brockian Ultra-Cricket and how to fly, for example, Adams seems to be reaching for laughs.

Still, he usually gets them. And any book that postulates that a ten-billion-year-old galactic holocaust is memorialized in the English game of cricket -- well, it's worth your time, right? Just wait for a (cheaper) American edition. And read the other two first!

THE PROMETHEUS MAN

By Ray Faraday Nelson
Starblaze Books, \$5.95

REVIEWED BY MARK MANSELL

Ray Nelson has come up with a fascinating novel of the near future in the "if-this-goes-on" dystopian tradition of the 1950s and early 1960s. THE PROMETHEUS MAN, however, is written from a 1980s perspective and therefore takes more current problems, unemployment in particular, as a basis of its extrapolations.

In this future, most problems have been solved -- pollution, crime, war -- but at the cost of polarizing the population into two camps: the "Techs" who are able to pass the intelligence tests and run society, and the "Uns" or Unemployables who are kept in places such as a 100-story barracks which used to be Berkeley. Throw in an Underground of disaffected Uns, a religion (or lifestyle) based on the power of music and a group of highly-intelligent people floating in the stratosphere aboard a geodesic sphere, hoping to re-establish

civilization after things fall apart.

The story is told from two viewpoints: that of Newton McClintock, who fails his employment test and has to join an Unemployables camp; and that of his wife, Holly, who leaves her husband to join those in the floating sphere. It is a tribute to Nelson's writing skill that he can make his readers care about these two unlikeable characters. Newton is an ambitionless, noncommittal alcoholic, while Holly is scheming and amoral. Nevertheless, Newton is the one chosen to carry on the musical religion, and Holly joins him after her takeover of the sphere ends in disaster.

Nelson has a fine, readable style, although that he used in his novel BLAKE'S PROGRESS was more appealing since it was bizarrely lyrical in a unique way. Of course, BLAKE'S PROGRESS, possibly the strangest time travel story ever told, is less of a mainstream science fiction work than THE PROMETHEUS MAN is, being more closely influenced by Moorcock's version of the New Wave. BLAKE'S PROGRESS is also to be printed in the near future by Starblaze, the original version having been much truncated by the editorial policies of Roger Elwood's Laser Books.

THE PROMETHEUS MAN is a fine and thought-provoking work, and Nelson is clearly a writer at the top of his form.

E.T.: STORY BOOK
G.P. Putnam's Sons, NY
\$6.95

REVIEWED BY ALMA JO WILLIAMS

This is a shortened version of William Kotzwinkle's full length adaptation of Melissa Mathison's screenplay, with color pictures from the movie. Good for adults and children alike.

STYLISH!? HE HAS A
DOUBLEKNOT NEHRU
JACKET!



MARATHON

By D. Alexander Smith
Ace, 1982, \$2.50

REVIEWED BY DEAN R. LAMBE

First Contact is all the rage again it seems, yet Smith -- in what I assume is a first novel -- offers an intriguing variant of that theme. The story opens halfway to halfway; a voyage of Earth's first starship, "Open Palm" at midpoint turn-around for a close encounter of the third kind. Captain Erickson and his international crew of ten have just begun deceleration for their meeting some three and a half years away with bipedal aliens from a planet of 61 Cygni. The Cygnan djan made radio contact with Earth and both sides agreed to dispatch near-light-speed ships in 2058 for a deep space joining of hands.

Increasingly detached from humanity, and more and more involved with the transmissions from the aliens, the "Open Palm" crew experience a gradual drift from normality. Captain Erickson and First Officer Helen Delgiorno plot remedial psychology, for the one most in need of help is the ship's psychiatrist. And Xenopsychologist Bennett seemingly goes mad and insists on being treated as a Cygnan. Then a mysterious explosion, perhaps a bomb, rips out the hull in a storage hold and the Captain is found dead in his cabin. Did the mad Xenopsychologist try to kill both ship and captain? All crewmembers are tortured by self-doubts and old fears, while the twelfth entity on board, the now-sentient computer, tries to salvage deteriorating morale.

Although flawed in both characterization and plotting, Smith's effort merits attention. A sequel is almost a necessity.

MAJIPOOR CHRONICLES

By Robert Silverberg
Arbor House

REVIEWED BY MARK MANSELL

MAJIPOOR CHRONICLES is Robert Silverberg's follow-up to his highly successful LORD VALENTINE'S CASTLE. Like the previous work it deals with the incredibly immense world of Majipoor and its variety of races and customs, and like the previous book also, it is in the area of science fiction that resembles fantasy.

CHRONICLES is a series of stories recorded in Majipoor's Registry of Souls -- recordings

of the memories of people's lives. They are connected by brief preludes of how Hissune, who appeared in CASTLE as a young boy, uses the recordings to learn more about the world of Majipoor which is ruled by a hierarchy able to control and influence the dreams of its inhabitants. In these stories we learn more about the way that this style of governing works, and the ways the different races of Majipoor interact -- from the multi-armed Vroons to the toad-like Hjoorts to the reptilian Chayrogs to the shape-shifting Metamorphs, which are original inhabitants of Majipoor before being conquered and relegated to reservations by the humans.

I enjoyed every one of the various tales presented here. Of course, I find very little of anything that Silverberg writes not to be enjoyable. Nonetheless, I came away less than satisfied. I suppose it's like eating a square meal and then comparing it to an airy something for dessert. After THORNS, DYING INSIDE, THE BOOK OF SKULLS and SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE, I've been spoiled. Anyone else having written this book would have been at the top of his or her form, but with Silverberg it's as if he's decided to coast for awhile.

I know, that's not a fair statement. I read his statement

in ALGOL a few years back when he retired for awhile before coming back with LORD VALENTINE'S CASTLE. He was tired and disappointed with the reception of his important works, which sold poorly and got some critical mauling by those used to his early action-oriented stuff. So, you can't blame him for turning out what sells. If you stick with this field long enough, though, a person's taste tends to improve (yes, even mine).

So even though MAJIPOOR CHRONICLES is enjoyable excellent reading, it's enjoyable, excellent light reading. Maybe I'm wrong to complain; even the Flying Wallendas can't do a triple somersault each time on the trapeze. I really liked MAJIPOOR CHRONICLES, and if you enjoyed LORD VALENTINE'S CASTLE, you will also. However, unlike THORNS, THE BOOK OF SKULLS and others of Silverberg's classics, I didn't love MAJIPOOR CHRONICLES.



ther frustrated that they were not further developed. I won't give the plot away, but is it quite fair to make seemingly deliberate efforts to plant suspicion of a murder on an innocent party? I was amazed at the time element on page 89 -- if it was intended to show some time confusion resulting from previous events, I fail to see the coherence: (early?)

"He left here to go and find a phone early this morning, a little after 11:30, I think ... Yes. A little past 11:30, maybe 12:00..."

Credited to T.M. Wright are two other horror novels. STRANGE SEED, 1978, I found to seriously lack credibility, although I do enjoy a well-written horror novel. It is reviewed by Richard E. Geis in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #36. The other, THE PLAYGROUND, 1982, I never finished due to loss of interest. CARLISLE STREET is by far the best novel of the three.

I am looking forward to the next book by this developing novelist.

THE AYES OF TEXAS

By Daniel Da Cruz
U.S.A., Random House, Inc., NY, NY;
Canada, Ballantine Books of Canada,
Ltd., 5390 Ambler Drive, Mississauga,
Ontario, Canada, L4W 1V7
1982, 246 pp., \$2.75

REVIEWED BY W. RITCHIE BENEDICT

Mr. Da Cruz is new to the science fiction field and according to his biographical data at the back of this book, has a rather incredible background -- working as a miner, a professor, a taxi driver, a journalist, a salesman and a judo expert, among other things. I missed his first novel (GROTTO OF THE FORMIGANS) but judging from his second, he should be a force to reckon with in the future, as he is able to create scenarios that are both fresh and inventive. His military background (yes -- that too) is strongly in evidence in his tale of a futuristic Elamo.

Gwilliam Forte is a self-made millionaire and a triple amputee (the left arm surviving) who served on board of the battleship Texas in World War II. The development of sophisticated prosthetics in the '80s and '90s enable him to almost function normally. As a special project, he decides to have his old ship refitted with the latest in ultra-modern weapons in time for the close approaching millennial year 2,000. Besides being a pet project of the Texas state governor, the refitting also provides a will to live for the twenty-three disabled veterans that constitute the crew.

Meanwhile, the outside world has slowly been going to hell in a hand basket, as the Russians have swallowed up Western Europe, leaving only five nations of any size to survive, those being Canada, the U.S., Japan, Australia and South Africa. Most of the Third World is still intact, but the U.S. is being belted white trying to support their ever-growing population and an emergency military buildup in order to contain the Soviets. (Mr. Da Cruz has a few acid comments about the Carter administration in this context).

The U.S. had long anticipated a final push by the Communists to take over the remains of the Free World, but it was unable to determine why it did not come ten years earlier when the U.S. was at its weakest. Apparently, the Russians anticipated that the U.S. might commit hari-kiri with its remaining nuclear stockpile and launch a first strike upon their territory. Therefore, it was content to wait until its plans were ripe. The planned conquest is scheduled for 2001 after the U.S. is forced into accepting visits by Russian warships at its ports as a gesture of

CARLISLE STREET

T.M. Wright
Tor Books, 1983, 316 pp., \$3.50

REVIEWED BY PAULETTE MINARE'

This horror novel takes place near a small industrial town where Miss Leigh Roberts purchases a secluded country acreage. The house has a macabre past -- it was moved to the country 50 years ago, the only surviving house on Carlisle Street when the entire neighborhood was destroyed by fire.

Leigh is trying to make changes in her lifestyle, to make her own choices and become more organized, to escape domination by father and brother, and later "her ten-month involvement with a well-known and very destructive religious sect." The plot shows how, as many believe, evil can be absorbed by a house and later released. Shocking murders are connected with psychotic denizens of Carlisle Street.

Very interesting characters appear in the novel -- I felt ra-

"mutual" friendship. The only possible way of foiling these plans is to create an incident which will expose Russian intentions for what they really are. And this is where the crew of the Texas and the remodelled battleship come in.

The title of the book comes from a poll held by satellite (it detects lights from space) as to whether Texas should secede from the Union in order to meet the forthcoming threat. The President of the United States who is boxed in by the peace-at-any-price factions hopes the Texans do leave, as it is the one hope of survival the United States has.

Needless to say, there is a bang-up battle in the Gulf of Mexico between the Texas and an immense Soviet taskforce, that ends the threat to freedom forever. Besides the Alamo, there are echoes of the 1905 Russia-Japan War which ended with much of the Russian fleet sunk and was a first nail in the coffin of the Czar.

As an exploration of an alternate future world, the book is quite fascinating. It succeeds as an action-thriller as well. It narrowly avoids the pitfall of too much flag-waving. For light reading, it is an excellent diversion, having the "feel" of an ANALOG serial.

LONELY VIGILS

By Manley Wade Wellman
Carcosa, \$15.00

REVIEWED BY MARK MANSELL

One of the more specialized forms of fantasy fiction is the occult detective story, which flourished during the pulp age from the Thirties to the Fifties, but which has largely disappeared when the demand for continuing series characters dried up along with the pulp magazines. Now what continuing characters there are in fantasy fiction are those who can stand up despite longer respites between appearances -- Wellman's own Silver John series or L. Sprague de Camp's Willy Newbury tales.

This roundabout beginning brings us to LONELY VIGILS, a collection of Manley Wade Wellman's occult detective tales in WEIRD TALES and STRANGE STORIES between 1938 and 1951. They deal with three dabbles in the occult -- Judge Pursuivant, Professor Nathan Enderby and John Thunstone. Each of course, is well-educated in various and sundry aspects of the supernatural and each does his best



to challenge and defeat the malevolent aspects of the occult.

Wellman's previous book from Carcosa, WORSE THINGS WAITING, won the World Fantasy Award and is now a classic in the field. Although this volume shows Wellman's ever-present craftsmanship and storytelling ability, they don't reach the sheer heights of delightful fantasy as displayed in his other works, such as WHO FEARS THE DEVIL? Of course, none of these tales were meant to be preserved for the ages, and the occult detective genre is a difficult one to pave new ground in. As these types of stories go, they are entertaining and there are some innovations like the depiction of ectoplasm as a kind of jelly exuded from a person's body and the characters of the Shonokins, who are humanlike beings predating the Amerinds in America and who appear in Wellman's more recent Silver John novel AFTER DARK (which also features an off-stage John Thunstone).

Like Seabury Quinn's Jules de Grandin stories, those in LONELY VIGILS are best taken in small bites. Despite not reaching the quality of WORSE THINGS WAITING, LONELY VIGILS is still a worthwhile purchase, both as a view of pulp fiction and as an exemplary example of the bookmaker's art. All Carcosa books have been profusely illustrated, printed on the finest paper and painstakingly bound with sewn signatures (not like Doubleday's half-hearted glued ones). A book you'll be proud to keep on the fancy bookshelf in the living room, as well as the read-it-before-bed shelf.



FORBIDDEN SANCTUARY

By Richard Bowker
Ballantine
Paperback, 1982, 203 pp., \$2.50

REVIEWED BY GARTH SPENCER

FORBIDDEN SANCTUARY is another novel about the problem the Church faces when alien contact is established. The twist in this story is the aliens already have something like Christianity -- but it exists underground, like the early Church.

The Numians look like humans. Their technology apparently reflects an early Iron-Age culture. Yet they can teleport to other planets in large, luminous blue pyramids. After the excitement and confusion when one appears in New England, and after regular communication is established, one of the Numoi guards approaches one of the interpreters, Angela Summers. He is a clandestine believer in the new religion, and he hopes the Terrans can coerce the Numians to stop the persecutions.

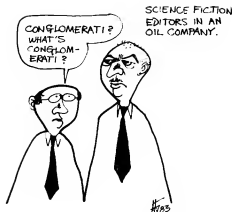
Angela contacts a Catholic priest, who doubtfully contacts another priest ... and the word goes up the line. The Pope's advisors don't want to touch the issue.

Meanwhile, Tenon the guard goes AMOL. After a long, dispirited walk he finds a church. He knocks, and keeps knocking, and is taken in by Angela's priest.

From there events move swiftly. The Numians want to know where Tenon has gone, and demand his return; the authorities want to keep the Numians happy, and start a search; the Catholic hierarchy wants to know who has spirited him away; and everybody is thrown into a moral and political stew. The shenanigans and political maneuvers that ensue are interesting and convincing; the thoughts and experiences of humans and Numoi are illuminating.

RAISING HACKLES

BY ELTON T. ELLIOTT



CONTROVERSY IN PUBLISHING:
THE AGENT AS EDITOR/PACKAGER

BY ELTON ELLIOTT

Pocket Books announced last week that it was starting a new science fiction line called Starscope. The response by writers and literary agents to new lines is usually favorable. That's why the publishing field was shocked when their response sounded more like a declaration of war.

The reason is because the editor and packager of Starscope will be the Scott Meredith Agency. Meredith is the world's largest literary agency and includes a number of science fiction writers as clients. Other literary agents have objected, feeling that as Joseph Elder of the Joseph Elder Agency put it, "I think it could constitute a conflict of interest" where they would have to submit their authors' manuscripts to another agent. The Science Fiction Writers of America has charged in a letter to Ron Busch, President of Pocket Books, that the arrangement is "detrimental" to its members and other science fiction writers. Norman Spinrad, pro-tem chairman of the SPWA's grievance committee is more outspoken: "This reeks of cynical corporate piggery. This is an attack on the rights of authors and the survival of literature and a free press in America." Ron Busch replied to the reaction ... "This is something we anticipated; we're not surprised. The paranoia in science fiction people is a little higher than most ..."

Not surprising, given such attitudes, legal action has been threatened. The Independent Literary Agents Association is investigating legal action on the basis of conflict of interest and restraint of trade, according to President Albert Zuckerman. The

SPWA is considering appealing to the Justice Department. Gregory Benford, the West Coast Regional Director of the SPWA, makes it clear that the science fiction writers organization is serious: "We're really going to slug it out, give them a lot of legal problems. We have the time, money and the people to push on this."

Ron Busch indicated that Pocket Books will not back down. "If we feel our position is defensible we will fight in the courts; we haven't done anything legally, morally or ethically wrong." Russell Galen of the Scott Meredith Agency is undeterred. "There is no legal issue and we're proceeding apace with the line; we're already accepting manuscripts." He further admonished "those writers who contemplate legal action should be working on their next manuscripts rather than talking with lawyers," but he also joked that if "I'm arrested by the NYPD then I'll have to stop."

On both sides there appears to be no room for compromise. There is not even agreement on why the new line is being started. Pocket Books says it is because the previous science fiction imprint, Timescape Books lost money. Timescape Books editor, David G. Hartwell says, "to the best of my knowledge the line has not lost money; however, they've not chosen to show me the figures and I guess they can do their accounting any way they want." Ron Busch says "Dave Hartwell's a wonderful man, but he doesn't understand the mass science fiction audience. He edited to appeal to people close to him in the field, the science fiction he chose was too elitist and he published too many fantasy novels. Timescape's numbers were not large enough to make it an economically beneficial line."

Norman Spinrad maintains that there is more to this than whether a science fiction line did or did not make money. He claims this is "part of an attempt by publishers to do to writers what has happened to auto and steel workers, and airplane controllers," by lowering the monies paid them and by reducing the number of available markets." He went on to say that labor/management relations in publishing are very low and writers see this Starscope situation as part of an attempt to take away contract rights they have won over the last several decades.

Ron Busch said that the events of the past several weeks are "certainly exciting," but that Pocket is going ahead with Starscope. Russell Galen said that the Scott Meredith Agency is not worried and they are excited about buying books for the new line. Gregory Benford, however, served notice that they won't be allowed to conduct business as usual without a fight, "they better get down in the trenches, 'cause here it comes."

ADDENDUM:

Two weeks after the events described in the above article, word filtered out of New York that the agreement between Pocket Books and the Scott Meredith Agency had collapsed.

"That is correct," a spokesman from Scott Meredith confirmed. "We've withdrawn for reasons totally unrelated to the controversy. It was our decision." Ron Busch, President of Pocket Books concurred, "We have mutually agreed to disagree. The controversy was not the deciding issue in the deal falling apart."

Mr. Busch said that Pocket Books plans to continue publish-

ing science fiction and that they are looking for a new editor to edit the line in-house. He said that they want to get "the best possible person" and that it should take about "thirty days."

Meanwhile, the Science Fiction Writers of America were rejoicing. "It was a marriage made in hell," said John F. Carr, Treasurer of the SFWA, of the Pocket Books/Scott Meredith venture. He added "I'm glad it's fallen through," and that had it not, it would have been the "biggest case of conflict of interest the publishing industry has seen in a long time." Another member of the SFWA, who requested anonymity said, "This situation proves the power of the SFWA. We forced two of the biggest entities in publishing to back down. This proves the SFWA has clout. This is just the beginning, this proves we can scare people, now that we have the momentum we are going to use it. The publishing industry has never had to deal with a strong writers' organization before. Boy, are they going to be in for a few surprises."

Ron Busch said, when asked about the above quotes, they are very "unfortunate." He went on to say that this is "not the time to be flexing muscles. If they are smart they will let us get on with our business instead of making noises and tilting at windmills." He further said of science fiction writers, that "they should cut out this childish behavior ... and stop uttering this barrage of nonsense." He said that the reason a lot of major publishers "are not in science fiction" is because of this "childish behavior" by a "small group of people" inside the science fiction field. "We are dedicated to science fiction, we are not dedicated to a war of words or pressure. Why can't they just be gracious."

COMMENT:

Ron Busch's statement should be paid serious attention. Mr. Busch has been supportive of science fiction. While other major houses have ignored SF or cut back on their lines, Mr. Busch helped form two major SF programs. First at Ballantine where he helped start and oversee the early development of the Del Rey imprint, then when he moved to Pocket, he hired Dave Hartwell and helped create the Timescape imprint. Pocket Books prior to this had never made a major or lasting commitment to publishing SF.

As a businessman who's responsible for the bottom line (i.e. profits) he couldn't help but notice the commercial successes of SF in the movies, on TV, and the recent domination of the hardcover bestseller lists by some of the big and some of the not-so-big names in science fiction. At a certain point, if money is being spent and the revenues coming in aren't sufficient, a business decision has to be made. It isn't as if the Timescape line didn't have time to prove itself.

The Meredith situation is over. Now's not the time to be pointing fingers. When Mr. Busch says "let us get on with business," I agree. Why alienate one of SF's supporters. He's knowledgeable and informed about SF, appreciative of its possibilities and cognizant of its shortcomings and failures. His comments make sense (I know all about childish behavior by SF people -- having been on the receiving end of it myself these last few issues). How many people in publishing can the SF field alienate and still survive?

MUSINGS:

It is apparent as never before that science fiction has great commercial possibilities. The top six movies of all time are SF. The highest rated show for NBC this entire TV season ('82-'83) was V. V didn't have big names, all it had was a fairly weak SF premise. The hardcover bestseller lists read like a "Who's Who in SF."

Look for this situation to cause more upheavals in New York, as SF lines don't perform up to expectations. Look for new money to enter SF publishing, possibly from outside New York.

And yes, before anybody writes in, I'm aware that the Timescape line published some excellent material. Benford, Wolfe and Bishop all won awards and deserved to. Norman Spinrad should have won one for A WORLD BETWEEN. Lisa Goldstein won the American Book Award for first novelists. However, as Ron Busch said, "too many fantasy novels."

QUOTABLE: Vince Kohler, SF critic for the Portland OREGONIAN, "Getting hold of the future has been science fiction's main mission, and all in all the popular genre hasn't been doing too well in its self-assigned task. A desperate emphasis on escapist romance has left readers out in the cold when it comes to grappling with the

fantastic, futuristic present -- science fiction's utter failure to see the computer revolution comes to mind."

Right on, Vince, right on.

All right, all you smug Schweitzers out there. More and more people outside the little cliques and coteries inside SF are hip to the fact that the emperor has no clothes.

For a long time SF has taken credit for being the brave new literature of the future, when it is in fact becoming the timid old literature of the past.

All this fantasy mystical crap is a symptom of a far deeper illness -- the refusal of so-called science fiction writers to keep up with science and technology in the present. If you don't understand science and technology (or at least keep up) then the present, let alone the future, is magic. And if it is magic, I guess it makes sense to write fantasy. This is laziness. How many of you would attempt to become a carpenter without first knowing how to hammer a nail. The same holds for science fiction.

It's time for SF to quit this orgy of self-congratulation, face up to the facts; SF hasn't been doing what it claims it does. We haven't been the scouts of the present peering into the future. And until we fess up, take off the emperor's clothes and do our homework we (and I use the collective editorial we) in science fiction deserve all the scorn that critics like Kohler can heap on us.

THIS HAS GOT TO BE
PULQUE FICTION...
YOU READ, AND NEXT
MORNING YOU HAVE
THE SPLITTING HEAD-
ACHE!



ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

BOOK REVIEWS BY GENE DEWEESE

THE ROVING MIND

By Isaac Asimov
Prometheus Books, \$17.95

In the introduction to his recent collection of essays, "COUNTING THE EONS," Isaac Asimov spoke of how the creationists, among others, have recently begun to have alarming success in their attempts to undermine science and common sense in this country, and he spoke of doing his best to counteract their efforts. In the essays themselves, however, he limited himself to a straightforward, albeit fascinating, presentation of the overwhelming evidence that supports various theories to which the creationists object, such as the one that says the earth is several billion years old rather than several thousand.

In *THE ROVING MIND*, he takes up the battle more directly and more effectively. Here, in roughly half of the sixty-two essays in the book, he doesn't simply present the evidence and let it go at that. Here he argues, even crusades. Here, for example, he compares the creationists' so-called science with real science and lucidly points out the mass of inaccuracies and misrepresentations and downright absurdities that the creationists are trying to get a scientifically untrained and often gullible public to believe. He also shows how, if the creationists are successful, America would rapidly deteriorate to a point at which it would be unable to even keep up with other countries scientifically, let alone lead them as it has in the past.

He does not, however, limit himself to the creationists but argues just as effectively against other trends and beliefs he sees as dangerous, perhaps even fatal, not only to this country but to the whole world. There is, for instance, the belief shared by virtually every country in every war in history, the belief that "God is on our side," which

he thoroughly demolishes in a few short pages. Later he devotes several essays to the follies of those who, for whatever reasons, are either indifferent to science and science education or even see science as a problem rather than as a solution to most human problems and misery. Overpopulation and the outdated forms of Biblical morality that are among its major causes get similar treatment, and he shows that the so-called "loosening moral climate" of which so many complain is not, as it would have been in ancient times, a sign of decadence and impending collapse but is virtually a necessity if civilization is to survive beyond the next few decades.

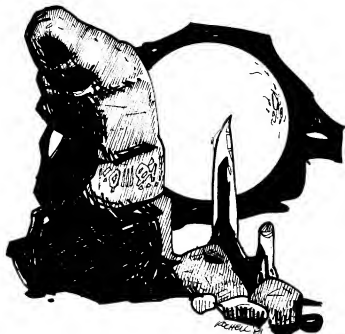
In short, Asimov argues brilliantly and effectively for logic and common sense and survival, and those arguments will be greatly appreciated and probably widely borrowed by those who share his views but are themselves less eloquent or less well informed.

If any book, by Asimov or anyone else, should be required reading for every American, particularly those in our government, *THE ROVING MIND* is that book.

THE MCANDREW CHRONICLES

By Charles Sheffield
Tor, Paperback, \$2.95

These are the stories of spaceship captain Jeannie Roker and her friend McAndrew, the most brilliant absent-minded physicist in the solar system. Among other things, he invents an inertialess drive that isn't really inertialess but works as if it were because part of the ship weighs several trillion tons. Luckily, in order to power the ship, he also finds a way of getting virtually unlimited energy literally out of nothing. What may be most startling of all, however, is that every invention is solidly rooted in





current physics, a field in which, with its black holes and naked singularities, truth is rapidly becoming stranger than fiction ever used to be.

The ultimate in "hard science" science fiction, *THE MCANDREW CHRONICLES* has the same sort of excitement generated by old-fashioned space operas, but here there is the additional excitement of knowing that the author, who has a doctorate in Relativity Theory, is describing things that, though perhaps unlikely, are actually possible.

THE SHADOW OF THE SHIP

By Robert Wilfred Franson
Ballantine/DelRey, Paperback, \$2.75

This is a strange book in many ways. For one, it introduces the only truly different method of interstellar travel I've seen in years -- trains of gaslit railway-like cars pulled along a glowing "subspace trail" by elephantine animals. The "trail" touches various planets but mostly it winds along the surface of the "meadow," the black, airless surface of subspace itself, where any non-living object that loses contact with the train and the "mental field" generated by the animals pulling it will instantly vanish.

In *THE SHADOW OF THE SHIP*, Reinhault Eiverdein, an earthman trapped in the "trail civilization," leads a caravan of adventurers along one of the subspace trails in hopes of finding an interstellar ship seen in the meadow by an earlier explorer, a ship perhaps as old as the universe itself. And some of the adventurers, as well as their motives, are as odd as the trails themselves. In some ways a mystery, in others an adventure, *THE SHADOW OF THE SHIP* often has a mystical tone that, along with the fascinating concept of the subspace trails, makes it not only unique but very hard to put down.

LIFE PROBE

By Michael McCollum
Ballantine/DelRey, Paperback, \$2.95

An interstellar ship, controlled by a sentient computer, is approaching earth after traveling ten thousand years in its search for civilizations which have the potential to help its Makers develop a faster-than-light drive, without which they will soon perish. Once the ship's approach is detected, humans of course don't trust it any more than they trust each other, so by the time it reaches a solar parking orbit, the situation is both complex and tense, with many factions competing openly and secretly for whatever advantage they can gain while some are even planning to destroy the ship rather than let its knowledge fall into enemy hands.

Despite occasional overlong descriptions of the nuts and bolts of twenty-first-century technology, *LIFE PROBE* is an excellent first-contact novel that grabs the reader early on and doesn't let go until the last page.

AGAINST INFINITY

By Gregory Benford
Timescape, \$14.95

AGAINST INFINITY is Benford's first novel since *TIMESCAPE*, and there's little doubt that it's good. I'm not sure, however, whether or not I like it.

The basic story, though simple, is not all that predictable. A few hundred years from now, while Earth itself has turned to a rigid form of socialism, Ganymede, one of Jupiter's moons, is being terraformed by a colony of pioneering settlers. The massive amounts of ice they are melting, however, threaten the stability of the moon's crust, and the herds of animals they have genetically engineered to eat the ex-

isting ammonia compounds, convert them into usable oxygen compounds and defecate, the results are mutating at an alarming rate. The mutations, unfortunately, don't always eat and defecate what they should, so they have to be destroyed, either by hunting parties of settlers or by other animals created specifically to prey on the mutants. Those, of course, mutate too, and the problem goes on.

At the same time, a huge alien artifact, called Aleph by the settlers, wanders the moonscape, alternately floating silently above the ice and burrowing beneath it. Probably billions of years old, Aleph appears totally oblivious to the settlers, but it is still capable of causing massive unintentional damage, and the settlers have come to see it as the ultimate trophy in a sort of moon-wide big-game hunt.

The picture of Ganymede itself and the terraforming procedures is not only detailed but vivid and thoroughly convincing, and the settlers are similarly believable. Still, for me at least, *AGAINST INFINITY* was not nearly as enjoyable as *TIMESCAPE* or other Benford novels, and I'm not altogether sure why. Perhaps it was the characters. It's not that they were mostly unlikeable. Good villains, after all, are always interesting. The problem is that I got the feeling that I was supposed to like these people, which I just couldn't manage to do.

Then there was the fact that no matter what trouble they got into, they had mostly themselves to blame. And unlike *TIMESCAPE*, where the entire Earth and billions of innocent bystanders could be wiped out as a result of the foulups of others, if these settlers destroyed themselves, it wouldn't seem to be that much of a loss. Or maybe my mindset is so anti-hunting and pro-science that treating a billion-year-old artifact like a rogue elephant instead of as a vital and intriguing mystery turned me off from



the start. For that matter, Benford may even have been purposefully presenting a warning that whether humans stay on Earth or go exploring, they're going to foul things up unless something can be done to change "human nature."

In any event, AGAINST INFINITY is an impressive if ambiguous book, and everyone should try it and then make up his or her own mind whether or not to like it.

KING OF THE WOOD

By John Maddox Roberts
Doubleday, \$11.95

For those like myself who don't care for standard sword-and-sorcery tales, KING OF THE WOOD is a pleasant surprise. The basic story isn't all that unusual, involving the travels and battles of a young warrior who is ensorcelled by a beautiful witch and who is destined one day to be king. What makes it interesting, aside from the less-than-heroic but nonetheless sympathetic characters, is the vividly developed setting, North America of 1485. In this world, however, America has been settled for hundreds of years, not only by Norsemen but by Spanish Muslims and by Saxons fleeing the Norman Conquest. Later, even the Mongol hordes of the Khan appear, and the story's hero is involved with them all, from Ireland in the north to the Aztec Empire in the south. For parallel world fans as well as those who like straight adventure, KING OF THE WOOD should be a refreshing change of pace.

HYACINTHS

By Chelsea Quinn Yarbro
Doubleday, \$11.95

In the near future, the ability to record and broadcast dreams has spawned an industry that has supplanted television and become, literally, the nation's addiction. At the same time, the country is disintegrating at an accelerating pace, with city-destroying riots breaking out daily while the government in a vain effort to keep control, is inserting more and more subliminal messages in the dream broadcasts. One Network psychologist, however, is convinced that the dreams themselves are the cause of the disintegration, particularly since the dreamers who produce the dreams that are

broadcast almost invariably turn psychotic themselves within a few months. The executives, predictably, are so involved in corporate infighting that they refuse to listen.

Told entirely from viewpoints within the Networks, HYACINTHS has virtually no physical action, and yet it crackles with tension and suspense from almost the first page to the last, and the central character, Network executive Jeanne Bliss, while not particularly "nice," is so recognizable and understandable that in the end she is tragically sympathetic.

THE MED SERIES

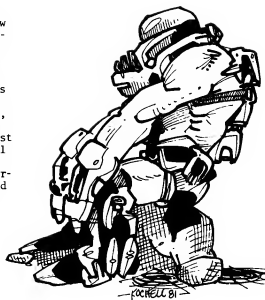
By Murray Leinster
Ace, Paperback, \$2.95

Calhoun of the Med Service darts about the galaxy dealing with one planet-wide plague after another, usually with the help of Murgatroyd, his trusty *tormal*, a small, furry critter whose body rapidly produces antibodies in response to whatever germs it is injected with. More often than not, however, the plagues are manufactured by various human nasties, and Calhoun has to resort to Sherlockian trickery and occasional bolts from a blaster to set things right. Mostly from the early sixties, the five novelets that make up MED SERIES have a straightforward writing style that's a lot pulpier than I remember from when I originally read them, but they're still a lot of fun if you're in the mood for a few hours of fast and light adventure on alien worlds.

THE SCIENCE FICTION WEIGHT-LOSS BOOK

Edited by Isaac Asimov,
George R.R. Martin and
Martin H. Greenberg
Crown, \$12.95

Despite the title, very few of these fifteen stories, many from GALAXY and THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, are directly involved with weight loss. Oddly enough, however, the best two selections, "The Truth about Pyecraft" by H.G. Wells and "Quitters, Inc." by Stephen King, actually do involve losing weight, in one case by purely magical means, in the other by the most pragmatic -- and horrifyingly ef-



fective -- methods imaginable. Those two also have, perhaps not coincidentally, the lightest touch. Many of the others, though, may be designed to induce weight loss in the reader. Taken in a single gulp, certainly, the sometimes funny, sometimes tragic misadventures of various gross overeaters that seem to make up the bulk of the book could send one running for the nearest diet clinic.

MILLENNIUM

By John Varley
Berkeley, Paperback, \$6.95

For several reasons, MILLINIUM reminds me of last year's "Mindkiller" by Spider Robinson. First, both Varley and Robinson are award-winning science fiction writers. Second, both books take purely science fictional concepts and do a bangup job of "best seller" treatment as far as pace and character and style go. Third, both unwind from two alternate viewpoints which are separated in time but which gradually converge and interweave. And finally, both have endings which, though standard fare for science fiction, may startle or even shock the general reader.

In MILLINIUM, there are two principal narrators: Bill Smith, the head of a team of experts investigating a 1003 fatal mid-air collision of a 747 and a DC-10 sometime in the 1980s. And Louise Baltimore, the head of a team of time travelers from the "Last Days" who snatch the living humans out of such accidents at the last minute and substitute physically

identical but mindless, manufactured bodies in order not to raise unanswerable questions and generate time-destroying paradoxes. In this operation, however, one of Baltimore's teams loses a piece of equipment which Smith later finds. The result, unless she can retrieve the equipment or somehow minimize the effects of its being found, will be a stress on the time stream such that, according to one theory, the entire universe will be destroyed.

These elements by themselves, along with a fascinating look at the workings of a crash investigation team, make for a fast-paced and intriguing novel, but what makes this one special is the cynical and often hilarious narration by Baltimore, a sort of ultimate survivor type who refuses to give up even as the world is literally crumbling around her. For instance, when the magnitude of the potential disaster is realized, i.e., that the entire universe may simply vanish, she comments: "This is known as the Cosmic Disgust Theory. Or: If you're going to play games like that, I'll take my marbles and go home. Signed, God."

In short, like very, very few books, it is the sort that you may race through in order to find out how it turns out and then go back and reread more slowly to make sure you didn't miss anything.

AGAINST THE NIGHT, THE STARS: THE SCIENCE FICTION OF ARTHUR C. CLARKE

By John Hollow
Harcourt Brack Jovanovich, \$14.95

Though written by a university English professor, this book is not so much a scholarly treatise on Clarke's fiction as an appreciation, even an introduction. True, there is much talk of symbolism and the like, but it's the sort that even a determined anti-academic like myself can see and understand. Virtually everything Clarke has written, from *RESCUE PARTY* to *2010: ODYSSEY TWO*, is covered, including many short stories. For died-in-the-wool Clarke fans, it's a fascinating jaunt down memory lane, while to anyone who has never read Clarke or knows him only as "that 2001 man," the plot summaries and particularly the liberal use of quotations from some of Clarke's more spine-tingling prose may be enough to send him to the nearest library or bookstore for a larger dose.

THE ALIEN UPSTAIRS

By Pamela Sargent
Doubleday, \$11.95

Sarah and Gerry are among the few who have "real" jobs in this near-future world in which continued short-sightedness has virtually reduced the industrialized nations to one large soup kitchen in which the unemployed are "drafted" and given meaningless, make-work jobs. Then one day a new tenant moves into their boarding house, a tenant who not only says he's an alien but offers to prove it. After a day-long trek in the country with him, however, Sarah's memory of the "proof" is almost totally gone. Eventually she and Gerry end up on Phobos, one of the moons of Mars, where they learn who the alien really is, although many other mysteries remain. Though fast moving and entertaining, *THE ALIEN UPSTAIRS* also seems to be something of a "message" book, what with the way it relates the plights and motives of the characters to the dismal picture of the world itself. As a result, the characters are not all that sympathetic. However, they are interesting and believable, and this is not a book you're likely to put down once you've started it.



INVASION: EARTH

By Harry Harrison
Ace, Paperback, \$2.75

At first glance, *INVASION: EARTH* reads very much like a throwback to the pulps, in which cardboard human heroes win out over superscientifically villainous alien invaders. Here, however, there are a few differences. For one, you can't be sure which of the two alien forces are really the villains. For another, there's actually a logical reason at the end for humans to win out. There's even a reason for the aliens to invade. And finally, all of Earth's macho derring-do seems to be repudiated in the end. All in all, *INVASION: EARTH* is an odd sort of book that probably isn't what it appears to be on the surface.

WALL AROUND A STAR

By Frederik Pohl & Jack Williamson
Ballantine/Del Rey, Paperbk, \$2.95

This sequel to *FARTHEST STAR* continues the adventures of a few humans and aliens as they fight among themselves while trying to solve the mystery of Cuckoo, an obviously artificial world many millions of miles in diameter moving into our Galaxy. Suffice it to say that the answer they find is as mind-boggling as Cuckoo itself, but what they do after they find the answer is disappointing, perhaps for the same reason the book is somewhat disappointing. The concepts and the writing are first rate, but the human characters, as in Pohl's earlier *STAR-BURST*, are generally so unpleasant that it's hard to be interested in them and even harder to cheer for them when they win out. For me, at least, they effectively wiped out the tremendous "sense of wonder" that should have been evident, in much the same way that the grumpy and mostly unlikeable characters in the movie *ALIEN* did. If such things don't bother you, however, *WALL AROUND A STAR* could be a real treat.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

By Raymond Briggs
Schocken Books, \$10.95

Don't be deceived by the fact that *WHEN THE WIND BLOWS* looks like a comic book bound in hard covers. An atomic war and three totally different alien invasions are featured. True, the story is simple and the artwork seems almost childishly unsophisticated at first, but both story and artwork pack more punch than most novels as they combine to show what happens to a middle-aged, working class couple in England as they try to cope with an atomic war. Much of it is understated gallows humor, such as when the wife warns her husband not to ruin the paintwork while he's building a bomb shelter in the house and he assures her he'll touch up any damaged paint "after the Bomb's gone off." Soon though there is little to laugh at as they slowly die from radiation poisoning while still trying vainly and touchingly to "carry on." In short, *WHEN THE WIND BLOWS* is one of the best and most depressingly realistic pictures I've ever seen of the effects of atomic war on ordinary people.

SMALL PRESS NOTES

BY THE EDITOR

NYCTALOPS #18

Edited and published by Harry O. Morris, Jr., 502 Elm Street S.E., Albuquerque, NM 87102. \$3.00

The magazine of surrealist horror, of doom and death, of Cthulhu and coagulating blood...

Strange, montage illustrations, a feeling of utter horror and Differentness.... Fiction, analysis, reviews, letters. The usual mix, but a weird brew.

For those of arcane tastes and horrible appetite. Ah-ha-ha-ha...

But seriously, an excellently produced, high-quality magazine on fine paper and slick cover stock.

"The Cathedral of Evil" by Clarence John Laughlin is an extraordinary story...both effective and glazily overwritten. The J.K. Potter illustrations are very fine.

TWILIDU #20

Edited and published by David Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, United Kingdom.

Probably, it pains me to admit, Dave Langford is the best fanwriter in sf fandom, for his humor, his painlessly inserted barbs, and his ability to get-away-with-it-all without being sued, assaulted, and hated. Now, that's talent!

This is a personalzine with a letter column.

He also publishes and writes ANSIBLE which is for sale (subscription \$2.00--send cash, a check is impossible to process in U.K. for that amount, I think). Enjoy this man; he's a treasure. [He ought to be buried.]

BCSFazine #120

The clubzine of the British Columbia Science Fiction Association
PO Box 35577, Station E,
Vancouver, BC, Canada v6m 4q9

Informal, entertaining for the naked emotions of its retiring editor, Neil Williams, who shreds the libertarian novels of L. Neil Smith [THE PROBABILITY BROACH, THE VENUS BELT, and THE NAGASAKI VECTOR] as unrealistic and uncritical, simple-minded, and badly written.

Williams, in his farwell editorial, is caustic and bitter, vowing never ever to edit another BCSFazine, having better things to do---like writing a novel, and being more involved in anarchist activity.

I hope he writes fiction better



than he does reviews, since his dismantling of Smith's novels was careless and sloppy, though legitimate and perceptive.

A \$1. will probably get you a copy of this issue, if you really want one.

CLAUSTROPHOBIA

\$1.50

Edited by Eric Geislinger
5047 SW 26th Dr.
Portland, OR 97201

A monthly, pro-science, pro-technology newsletter covering scientific breakthroughs in life-extension, space-industrialization, and the related medical and technical fields.

There is a strong libertarian influence in CLAUSTROPHOBIA.

LINE OF OCCURRENCE #7

Writ, edited and published by Arthur D. Hlavaty, 819 West Markham Av., Durham, NC 27701.

Arthur, a Hugo nominee for Best Fan Writer, is liberal, earnest, sincere and cogent. He has no visible flaws or faults. He thinks all the right thoughts, is mature, noble and generous. To make matters worse, he writes very well.

You can enjoy his virtues by sending \$1. (U.S.) or \$2. from a foreign place to the address above.

AUTODUEL QUARTERLY #1

Published by Steve Jackson Games, Edited by David Ladyman
POB 18957, Austin, TX 78760. \$2.50

A mag devoted to the CAR WARS game(s) and elaborations, presented as if all-out car duelling and warfare really existed in the year 2033. A fascinating kind of science fiction.

THE COIN WHOLESALE May, 1983
POB 80125, Chattanooga, TN 37411.
Monthly, free sample copy on request.

The big news this issue is the discovery that perhaps 2000 1982 dimes were circulated without the Philadelphia "P" mintmark on them. These dimes are out there now in common circulation and are worth around \$175.00 each!

That's worth a close look at your pocket change. The "P" should appear above the 1982 date on the coin. If it doesn't...you've got a little windfall.

CRYSTAL SHIP #7

Edited and published by John D. Owen, 4, Highfield Close, Newport Pagnell, Buckinghamshire. MK16 9AZ ENGLAND

Available for contributions, letters of comment, and trade.

I don't like the faint type or his mis-spacing typewriter. I don't like his O-my-god-what'll-I-write-now editorial, nor his choice of badly written ho-hum analytical and same-old-shit articles and fan-fish satire. His letter-column, with good letters, is cut off at the knees by his blash responses: BUT--good artwork by Steven Fox, Dave Hicks and Joan Hanke Woods.

THE TEXAS SF INQUIRER #2

Edited by Pat Mueller
Published by the Fandom Association of Central Texas, POB 9612, Austin, TX 78766. \$2.00 per subscription. No data on how many issues per sub.

This 4-page typeset newsletter is dedicated to celebrating Texas sf authors, fans and personalities, and especially to promoting the F.A.C.T. bid for the 1985 North American Science Fiction Convention (which occurs whenever the worldcon goes overseas--is it once every four years?) There is also news of upcoming Southern regional sf conventions.

ALPHA CENTURA COMMUNICATOR #83

Edited by Craig Chrissinger.
c/o SF3, SUB Box 120,
Albuquerque, NM 87131.

A clubzine, with reviews and news.

RATAPLAN #21 (Incorporating the airworthy parts of ORNITHOPTER #12) is edited and produced by Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 433, Civic Square, A.C.T. 2608, Australia.

Leigh is a smooth, interesting writer in his personalzine, and includes items such as Bruce Gillespie's "Why I no Longer Read Science Fiction (Well, Hardly Ever)." Bruce is burned out, disillusioned, and

embittered [Ah, to have wasted all that time!].

Helen Swift discusses a dispossessed group of Aborigines in a backwater, Yalata, and their social disintegration and drug habits---sniffing gasoline!

A letter column is included. A \$1. will probably bring you an issue.

What bothers me about Australia bureaucracy is their requirement that all publications, even fanzines, be registered. Thus RATAPLAN is Publication #NBHS483. What is that government afraid of?

THE FREEMAN May, 1983

Edited by Paul L. Poirot
Published monthly by the Foundation for Economic Education, Inc.,
Irvington-on-Hudson, NY 10533.
Free to interested people, but a donation would be appropriate. A donation/subscription of \$18. per year is the no-profit bottom line.

The articles in these monthly issues raise embarrassing points for anyone advocating government control of any aspect of the economy, or intervention in the economy.

Case in point the feature article this issue: "The Trouble With Farming" in which it is shown that subsidies and controls send farmers wrong, expensive signals, result in too-high prices, bankruptcy, and end up promoting the problems and effects the govt. efforts were supposed to prevent!

Other articles [all by experts and long-time observers] deal with criminal liberty and civil liability, Hong Kong's future, minimum wages, robots, economic forecasting.

But the scary item, and most important, is John Chamberlain's review of THE STRATEGIC METALS WAR by James E. Sinclair and Robert Parker (New York, Crown, 185 pp., \$17.50) which points out our vulnerability to scarce metal ores from Zaire, Zambia and Zimbabwe (for cobalt, chrome, platinum and manganese) without which our industries would grind to a halt.

Geopolitics is paramount in Africa now, and these underlying vital ore/industry relationships are why Russia has 20,000 Cuban soldiers in Angola now, and why Russia is busily promoting Marxist insurgencies and rebellions on the African continent. Russia has its own sources of these (and other) rare metals and ores. We do not.

Protecting central and southern Africa is more important than protecting Saudi Arabia, as we will learn in the next few decades.

NEW CANADIAN FANDOM #6

Edited by Robert Runtz.
Address: NEW CANADIAN FANDOM,

P.O. Box 4655 P.S.S.E., Edmonton, Alberta, CANADA T6E 5G5.

My copy arrived unopened, loose pages, weird type face. Is this stenciled by a dot matrix printer? What is fandom coming to?

NEW CANADIAN FANDOM is devoted to...Canadian fans and professional writers, of which there are a few.

\$1. will bring a copy to you, stapled or unstapled, take a chance.

FOUNDATION #27

"The Review of Science Fiction"

Edited by David Pringle

SF Foundation,
North East London Polytechnic,
Longbridge Road, Dagenham, RM8 2AS,
United Kingdom.

\$5. single copy, \$15.00 for one year subscription of three issues.

This is the magazine which permitted me to reprint its article by Peter Nicholls on Philip K. Dick in SFR #47.

It's a periodical with solid, caring articles, reviews and letters. Many of which are written by professionals such as Brian Stableford, Brian Aldiss, John Sladek, David Langford, John Clute, Gary Wolfe, etc.

There is in this issue an interview with Rudy Rucker.

DRUNKARDS' TALK #6

A personalization by Malcolm Edwards,
28 Duckett Road, London N4 1BN,
United Kingdom.

No price, but fifty cents....
For fun, mockery, satire and little bits of real life happenings, this is produced to bring joy into your life and egoboo into Malcolm's.

A fair trade. Long-time fan, semi-pro, (pro?) Edwards likes to play around once in a while, and this is his play. Good job.

R.A. LAFFERTY: FOUR STORIES

Published by Chris Drumm, POB 445,
Poik City, IA 50226.

The four stories are:
"The Last Astronomer"
"In the Turpentine Trees"
"Faith Sufficient"
"Bird-Master"

And there's a sonnet by Lafferty on the backcover.

Two editions: one of 100 signed and numbered copies, \$5. each; and one unsigned, unnumbered, \$2. each. Offset printing, booklet format. The signed edition will be handstitched binding.

A Lafferty Checklist is also available from Drumm.

THE RIGHT TO BE GREEDY --- These
On The Practical Necessity Of Demanding Everything
Loompanics Unlimited, POB 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368. \$5.95 + \$2.00 shipping.

Extremism in the pursuit of egoism is a virtue, sayeth these unnamed authors in this dense, obscurantist, intellectualized booklet which ignores the way mankind is as it lusts after a way mankind cannot be.

I.D. FOR SALE---A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO THE MAIL ORDER I.D. INDUSTRY.
Loompanics Unlimited, \$9.95 + \$2.00 shipping.

Names and address of people and businesses which will sell legal I.D. cards, permits, certificates, diplomas, etc. in any name you choose.

Also lists sources for machines to make I.D. cards.

Could be useful to a writer of spy/mystery novels.

HOW TO CHEAT ON COLLEGE EXAMS

AND GET AWAY WITH IT

By Butch Cavendish

Loompanics Unlimited, \$6.95 + \$2.00 shipping.

All the various ways. For those who like short cuts and to whom the end justifies the means.

UNINHABITED AND DESERTED ISLANDS

By Jon Fisher

Loompanics Unlimited, \$7.95 + \$2.00 shipping.

150 islands, with maps, details, climates, etc. All difficult to reach or live on. They're usually empty of people for very good reasons.

OTHERGATES 1983 \$7.00

Unique Graphics, 1025 55th Street,
Oakland, CA 94608

This is the fourth edition of this very valuable market guide covering the fields of fantasy, science fiction, mystery, horror. How to submit material to the publishers.... All kinds of information and resources listed. Note: this is a small press market guide in essence, though the prozines are listed.

DRAGONFIELDS #4 WINTER 1983 \$5.00

Edited and published by Charles de Lint, POB 9480, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1G 3V2.

Major items of interest are an interview with Tanith Lee, a checklist of her works, two stories by her.

About 22 other stories and poems are in this issue, including items by Gordon Linzer, Steve Eng, and Ardath Mayhar.

Heavy book paper, some fine art.

THE VIVISECTOR

BY DARRELL SCHWEITZER

THE LAST WORD ON FANTASY FOR A WHILE: THE GOOD STUFF DISCOVERED AT LAST: REACTIONARIES: SOME ANFULNESS

Sometimes, if we exaggerate a bit, it becomes possible to develop a siege mentality in the fantasy field. There's been so much attack and abuse of late, so little understanding. It's absurd to say that fantasy is taking over or polluting science fiction. If it is doing anything of the kind -- and I doubt it, as long as competent science fiction writers are to be found to practice their very special, specialized gifts -- fantasy is reabsorbing science fiction back into itself. Science fiction is a small, recent branching-off of fantasy. It isn't the other way around. But shifting metaphors like gears in a car, we might say that our somewhat diminished, crumbly but still magnificent citadel is beset by the barbarians, by reactionaries, fossil wavers, fannish illiterati, and Charles Platt. Their motives are many. They are afraid of change. They display the inevitable conservatism of the members of any sort of movement whose time has come and gone. And there are those who resent the intrusion into their field (as if they own it) of unwholesome "outside" literary influences. Science fiction can be such a cozy little island, containing all its own landmarks and reference points. It's possible to be an "expert" in SF while ignoring everything else. I suspect that some of the resentment against fantasy nowadays is caused by the realization that in order to really understand the stuff you have to know general literature. This gets scary. Suddenly the "experts" aren't experts anymore. So it is much more comforting to decry the evil influence and go on ignoring most everything that's ever been written, just as before.

Admittedly, modern fantasy gets a bit hard to defend sometimes. If you pick up a book labeled "fantasy" at random, it's probably going to be less than impressive. There's so much crap being published, now that fantasy has become a commercial genre. Probably no type of literature is

less suited to assembly-line production, but that's what we have. There really is a kind of fantasy nowadays which might best be compared to the formula gothics of a few years ago. But formula gothics, I might point out, do not diminish the quality of THE MONK or MELMOTH THE WANDERER or WUTHERING HEIGHTS. I am sure the present wave of bad fantasy will reach a saturation point. The market will diminish. It may become harder for good books to get into print, but they still will, and Peake and Tolkien and Dunsany and the rest will seem as good as ever.

In the meantime, where do you find the best fantasy? Outside the commercial genre, of course. (This may also be true of science fiction. It is clearly what was meant by whoever it was who called RIDLEY WALKER the best science fiction novel since A CLOCKWORK ORANGE.)

Which brings us to the best fantasy novel I've read since FREDDY'S BOOK:

THE WANDERING UNICORN

By Manuel Mujica Lainez
Translated by Mary Pitton
Forward by Jorge Luis Borges
Taplinger, 1983, 322 pp., \$16.95

This is the real stuff, for literature, adult readers who are tired of the gruel we're getting in category fantasy paperbacks.

You may recall my past griping about writers who write about the Middle Ages but leave all the substance out, ignoring both the religiosity and earthiness of the period in favor of costumes, a few papier-mache' castles and a lot of hokey 'high' style. THE WANDERING UNICORN is a brilliant example of how to do it right. It is not a historical novel, though it has a lot of history in it. Borges calls it "a glowing dream set in the past." Indeed it is a very vivid dream, a vision really, the sort of thing that doesn't go away.

Lainez knows that fantasy is best used not to hide reality, but to magnify it. "These things," he writes, "are true, as myth and magic and what cannot be are always true." (Page 241)

The story is set in the 12th century, in France and in Palestine, just before the Third Crusade. Historical personages make up a good deal of the cast. Most memorable is the brave, pathetic boy-king of Jerusalem, Baldwin the Leper. We are presented with a great deal of very genuine lore. The texture of the period is very real. Even the literary referents fit: the characters read Creten de Troyes and hear a recitation of the romance of Oberon and Khon of Bordeaux.

Even though the narrator is a fairy who spends much of her time invisible and then gets incarnated as a knight (so near to and so unreachably far from the

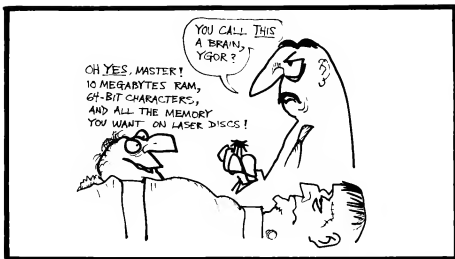


mortal she loves), there is little in it which would strike a 12th century reader as unrealistic. In such an age, wonders were accepted uncritically. So from such a viewpoint, angels, demons, fairies, a unicorn's horn (the beast of the title is represented only by its horn, a seven-foot-long spiral of ivory which we would say came from a narwhale, but which is unquestionably the genuine article), and miraculous cures are part of reality, almost everyday experience. The 20th century reader disagrees. So this is fantasy, for all it captures the spirit of the epoch far better than most novels that are realistic by our standards.

The plot is like that of a very good medieval romance, as carefully thought out as the best of them. Of course, everything is symbolic. But then, your 12th century reader would say, so is life. The essence of the appeal of this sort of thing is that, when all incidents of life are assembled, they suddenly mean something extra by the juxtaposition, while they remain real and living incidents, rather than signposts in some heavy-handed allegory. This is a characteristic which has been mostly lost in modern literature. The wonder of Lainez's book is that he has added to this very fine subtle characterizations.

Borges tells us that he is a student of Henry James and the great Russians. So when the boy Aoi, beloved of a fairy, wanders through so many surprising encounters (with supernatural beings, a homosexual werewolf, a witch/prophetess/fairy, the Wandering Jew) he is very much a real person, trying to reach his own ideals of knighthood and achieve salvation. He has a sister who lures him into incest, then undergoes her own bizarre redemption as the mysterious nurse to the Leper King. She too, and the other characters, are well-realized individuals. This underlying reality strengthens both the fantastic and the symbolic elements. (In the end, the unicorn horn broken, the Holy Lance of Longinus discovered at last, the lad jumps off a cliff to evade the further perils of Lust. He is spirited to Heaven by his sister and the Leper King. This is theologically dubious, but good drama.)

I don't want to make this book sound ponderous and esoteric. It is anything but. The tone is often light. The fairy narrator can be quite witty. I am reminded of the detached wit and beauty



of Sylvia Townsend Warner's *THE KINGDOMS OF ELFIN*. I am also reminded of the curious mixture of modern and medieval viewpoints in T.H. White. Lainez knows how to use the very difficult device of controlled anachronism. He's also comparable to Cabell, only better than Cabell, who had his moments of real beauty and sadness at the realization that such beauty is only true in the higher sense, but couldn't keep from sniggering or showing off his erudition. Cabell probably reads better in excerpts than whole. But you'll want to read *all* of Lainez.

The World Fantasy Award judges should keep this one in mind.

ELSEWHERE II

Edited by Terri Windling and Mark Alan Arnold
Ace, 1982, 388 pp., \$2.95

Here's another example of how good fantasy can be if you just look in the right places. The editors explain that the *ELSEWHERE* series is designed to broaden the knowledge of the audience by presenting the best work by "mainstream" writers along with the more recognizable names. So the book has something very few science anthologies can match: a contribution by a Nobel Prize winner, a beautiful fable by Gabriel Garcia Marquez. Taken in context with the Lainez book, *ELSEWHERE* incidentally provides evidence that there may be a great deal of the world's best fantasy to be found in Spain and South America. In addition to the Marquez ("The Most Beautiful Drowned Man in the World," from *LEAF STORM*), the book also contains "A

Young Man, Gleaming White" by Joao Guimaraes Rosa (a Brazilian, previously unknown to me), which is also a curious and beautiful fable, and "Amigo Heliotropo" by Felix Marti-Ibanez, which is a more dramatic story (in the sense that it is fleshed out, rather than just the sleek outline of a fable) based on what is probably a genuine Central American saint's legend. (Marti-Ibanez isn't that unknown to fantasy readers. He has been published in *FGSF* and even *WEIRD TALES*, but few people seem to know his splendid collection. ALL THE WONDERS WE SEEK, which really ought to be reprinted.) I intend to investigate this and report my findings. There's Borges, of course, and Asturias' *MULATA* (and a much less common book, *THE CORN KINGS*), and I must find time to read some very interesting-looking books by Jose Donoso, including one with the curious title of *THE OBSCURE BIRD OF NIGHT* ...

But back to the book at hand. Fantasy being a universal form of human literary expression, the editors of *ELSEWHERE* have been able to draw from quite a range of material. There's an Eskimo chant, a poem from ancient China, a story from the *NEW YORKER* and another from the *ATLANTIC*, etc. A little more than half the contents are originals, though. Represented are Joanna Russ, Robin McKinley, Patricia McKillip, Fritz Leiber, Evangeline Walton, Somtow Sucharitkul, Jane Yolen and Paul Hazel. Russ' "The Little Dirty Girl" is outstanding, a sensitive tale of a doppelganger and a lonely woman. It only reminds us how good a writer Russ is when she's not being polemic. Leiber's "The Moon Porthole" is one of those largely autobiographical stories he's been doing of late, involv-

ing rooftop astronomy in San Francisco, but slowly building up to his own unique brand of strangeness. Sucharitkul's "The Fallen Country" is a little disappointing, considering that he's the author of "Fire From the Wine-Dark Sea" (surely one of the best short fantasies in recent years). It begins well enough, but strains to be exquisite and becomes merely forced. Yolen is in top form. The Walton is good, but minor.

And so on. Buy this book. If you're tired of all those nondescript fantasy trilogies, this is what you should be saving your money for.

NEVERYONA

By Samuel R. Delany
Bantam, 1983, 385 pp., \$6.95

Delany's second foray into imaginary world fantasy is, I regret to say, another disaster. I think he's finished as a novelist. Here's why: There are parts of books that the author regards as best. He may be very fond of his ability to describe bizarre scenes or the way he handles dream sequences or the way he molds his characters to present differing philosophical viewpoints, or whatever. There is a great temptation particularly when one is established, to write a "good parts version," which contains these things the author particularly likes to the exclusion of all else. This phenomenon is called self-indulgence. We all struggle with it. But Delany has lost the battle long ago, or else he never realized he had a problem. The average writer is like someone who is twenty pounds overweight. Imagine someone who weighs four hundred pounds and doesn't even consider himself fat.

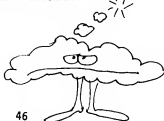
NEVERYONA is four hundred pounds of muddy lectures. Everybody explains things at vast length to everybody else. Curiously, they all speak in the same voice. Curiously also, after twenty pages of chatter, sometimes you're left wondering what they were all trying to say.

The book has no virtues as fiction, aside from an occasional striking image or vivid scene. The chatter excludes any humanity from the characters. You don't believe them for an instant. At one point the semi-literate peasant girl heroine burglarizes the headquarters of Gorgik, the liberator of slaves. She is caught.

Gorgik has met her before, but has reason to think her a spy. What happens? They discuss abstruse philosophical and linguistic matters for many pages. Yeah, sure. I also wonder why Gorgik has an in-town office, the location of which is reasonably well known. The government does nothing. This is as likely as Spartacus setting up shop in the Roman forum.

But it is senseless to try to criticize this in terms of story. It seems to me that Delany has lost interest in writing fiction altogether, and is turning out tracts and essays. Unfortunately, NEVERYONA isn't even very good as an essay. Its predecessor, TALES OF NEVERYON, was at least interesting as a commentary on the fantasy field. NEVERYONA just gets lost in its own verbiage. A more disciplined writer might have made a novel out of some of the material, but as is there's just nothing there. The grammar isn't even very good. (Page 67: "Pryn heard the barbarian accent across the echoing hall, saw his yellow hair, his close-set eyes." The accent has hair, eyes? Well, maybe it's a typo, and should be "the barbarian's accent," but still, "accent," not "barbarian" is the object of the sentence.)

The parallels between Delany's career and Heinlein's are disturbingly close. A brilliant writer lost totally in a sheer lack of novelistic discipline. Only where it took Heinlein thirty years to come unglued, Delany did it in less than ten. He is now writing his own equivalents of I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, etc. Of course Heinlein has partially redeemed himself with FRIDAY. Maybe Delany will yet. He needs desperately to be forced to write a novel less than 200 pages long, in which less than half the total text is dialogue. But alas, he is established as marketable commodity now, and the time at which some editor might have saved him is probably past. We can still hope, but in the meantime (to steal a good line from Doug Pratt) I must, out of the deepest respect, consider his career to have ended in 1969 with the publication of DRIFTGLASS.



THE BLUE SWORD

By Robin McKinley
Greenwillow, 1982, 272 pp., \$11.50

Here's another book which does right many of the things I've found done wrong in much recent fantasy. It is set in an imaginary world, but a pseudo-Victorian one, rather than the standard-issue textureless Middle Ages. This gets it several points right there McKinley has a good sense of the outdoors. And she knows horses. Again, many points ahead of the average fantasy writer.

But I couldn't finish this one. Admittedly, I got about three-quarters of the way through, and was even entertained for the first half, before another, even more serious (if just as common) failing became overwhelming. The book is just too comforting. The heroine, an ill-adjusted adolescent, is carried off by magic-working nomads. She has quite a good time. She doesn't get homesick. She isn't afraid after the very beginning. The nomads are all very nice. And sure enough, she quickly becomes the center of attention, a champion honored by the nomads, a legendary heroine. Of course there is a secret about her which gives her unusual powers....

It's all very perfunctory. The element of wish-fulfillment is too nakedly visible. McKinley is a skillful writer without doubt. This book will appeal to some audiences, particularly teenaged girls, but it left me fidgety.

ELOQUENT EYEBALLS IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SKY AND OTHER PRODIGIES:

STAR RIDERS OF REN

By Calvin Miller
Harper & Row, 1983, 223 pp., \$7.95

While we're on the subject of bad, here's a book that's totally astonishing. It serves a purpose though, if you run any kind of writing workshop or class. You give its prospective participants this book, ask them to start reading at any point and if they get more than a page into it without laughing or throwing it away in disgust, they don't know enough about the English language to even consider writing fiction. I tried this test recently on a latecomer at a workshop. She did not know we had been giving random readings, to the great hilar-



ity of all. After a minute, she put it down, a little stunned and said, "But this is wretched."

And so it is. Here's the opening:

"Rexel, the falcon, rode easily on Raccoman's shoulder and peered in to the final darkness of the long night. Already morning gently touched the night with fingers of silver. The bright stars at the bottom of the sky riveted the uncertain horizon to the inky sea.

"The void through which Raccoman sailed with his wife, Velissa, was warm. He smiled. The starlight glistened on his white teeth.

"... Neither of them spoke. Both were afraid that the slightest whisper would shatter the enchantment of the night sky that now enveloped them ... Their eyes conversed in an eloquent and lively dialogue."

(Page 2)

It gets worse. Honest. Next to this, *THE SWORD OF SHANARRA* is great literature. *THE BLIND SPOT* polished and witty. Those of you who go to conventions might have been to one of those panels at which editors read some of those pricelessly funny lines they cull from bad manuscripts in the slush pile. Well, now you can have a whole book of them! (From the same opening: "The windfoils of which it was built had been welded faultlessly together by the ingenious Graygill who now piloted them through the glittering void. Politics was a sophisticated word for the Paradise Falcon -- for

that was the name of the wondrous plane.")

One's jaw hangs slack in amazement.

But seriously, folks, this may be the worst written fantasy novel to be published in modern times. (Except for others in the same series. The frightening thing is, this isn't Miller's first book.) It would rank in the bottom ten percent of any slush pile I've ever seen. It will be a cause of hope or maybe despair for would-be writers everywhere. It will inspire Calvin Miller's creative writing teacher to commit suicide, ritually burning his copy of *THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE* first.

Harper and Row, which has published writers as fine as Ursula LeGuin, Kate Wilhelm and Christopher Priest, ought to be ashamed.

FROM DARRELL SCHWEITZER'S LETTER ACCOMPANYING HIS COLUMN:

"There's a reckless statement at the beginning of my column in issue #47 of *SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW* which I really should retract. On page 43, column 1, I say, "You are not going to find any science fiction writer contemporary with, say, Arthur Machen or Lord Dunsany who is as good a writer as either of them."

"I overlook the obvious: H.G. Wells. He was not quite the stylist that either Machen or Dunsany were, but he was overall as good a writer as either. Certainly better than Machen who could be rambling and muddled, if exquisite at

the same time. When he tried to do a Wells-type story, "The Terror," he botched it. Wells' work is usually more satisfyingly complete than most of Machen's. He was a more controlled writer. Comparing him with Dunsany is harder to do, an apples and oranges matter, but when Dunsany tried to do a Wellsian novel, *THE LAST REVOLUTION*, the results were unimpressive.

"But then, Wells wrote stories which were clearly fantasy by any standard and he considered his science fiction to be fantasy also. He saw no difference, although science fiction by his time was becoming quite distinct from its parent.

"Gilliland's cartoon about lawyers not writing like Cicero anymore is quite funny. Pliny the Younger made the same complaint in the early second century."

SMALL PRESS MAGAZINES *Reviewed By* Darrell Schweitzer

Two new titles this time, one of which didn't last long enough for me to write this column: The stronger of the two is *PULPSMITH*, which is not a fantasy little magazine at all, but one of the regular, literary kind. It has been around for a couple years, has a circulation of about 10,000 and has newstand distribution in New York at least. However, the editors have been making a deliberate attempt to reach out into the genres, and have been publishing a lot of science fiction and fantasy of late, so I bring it to your attention.

The Spring 1983 issue (Vol. 2, #2) starts out with a "classic pulp story" from a 1941 *ARGOSY*, "But Our Hero Was Not Dead" by Manly Wade Wellman. It's a detective story. A nazi spy parachutes into England disguised as a soldier on leave. He comes to a country house and asks to use the phone. It's just his bad luck that he's stumbled on the retirement retreat of the most famous detective of all time. The rest is deduction, not necessarily elementary. A charming pastiche.

Not strictly SF, but also charming, is Paul Dilsaver's wond-

erfully disgusting "E.T. Meets Conceptual Art," which is just the thing for those of you who wish that a certain cute alien would get a bit part in a remake of THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE.

It's downhill after such a noble effort, but some of the other stories are pretty good. "In Borges' Library" by Ken Kalfus is an able pastiche of the master. "Three Faces of Desire" by Dick Higgins is an interesting attempt to do a surrealist film in prose. "Memory's Noose" by George Florence-Guthridge and Steve Perry reads like a George R.R. Martin story that didn't come off: An intense, introspective, emotional experience ending in self-realization, all taking place on another planet with exotic aliens. Unfortunately, the characters and setting aren't well defined, and the writing is muddy.

"Keep the Lid on Your Id" by Wendy McElroy is a cute, minor story about the difficulties encountered by an Earthman on another world when the natives start reading human literature. "Laurel Fixation" by Scott Edelman I can't remember at all, even though I read it just a few days before writing this column. Forgetfulness is an opinion. Nancy Jack's "The Natural World" is an attempt to depict an alien reality or something by using lots of made-up words ("Vairings grow in Phanta Sea. A fluffy-free faskle stands blue to most at every turn.") and no more successful than usual. If this is experimentalism, why do writers keep repeating the same mistakes decade after decade? "Private Rites" by Donald Olson is a middling-good mystery. "Escort Service" by Dave Pedneau is a middling-good TWILIGHT ZONE/quirk-of-fate ghost story. "Big Bang Theory Explained" by Joe Halde-man is a science fiction story in light verse.

Not all the fiction is any good, but of the ten short stories this issue, seven are SF or fantasy. This is a magazine to watch.

The less healthy of the new titles is META SF, edited by John Dalmas, the ANALOG writer. Shortly before I wrote this column, it was announced that the magazine had been shelved for a while. It may come back. If it does, I hope it improves. META SF's first (and only) issue has a definite philosophy: The stories must be militantly upbeat, problem-solving things. Larger-than-life characters. Positive outlook. Dalmas was trying to out-ANALOG John Campbell's ANALOG.

I read the issue with a certain trepidation, expecting everything to be about as exciting as a Communist boy-meets-tractor romance, but it turned out that many of the stories were not as formulaic as the editorial seemed to imply. They also weren't very good, mostly middle-to-upper level slush-pile quality.

Jon Inouye's "Big Business" seemed to demonstrate all the weaknesses of the editorial stance with a wish-fulfillment hero who can do anything at all so deftly that there is no conflict and very little reader interest. The only story worth reading is "He Found God" by L. Ron Hubbard. This is a reject from the early 1950s. It was to be published in that rock-bottom (non-paying) magazine, FANTASY BOOK (no relation to the current fantasy magazine of that title), but FB folded first. There it lay until Forrie Ackerman finally sold it to META SF. Yes, the character does find God in deep space. The story is crudely written and full of the pulp clichés of the time, but it also has a

vigor to it that none of the others in the issue do. You can see that Hubbard was a real writer, even in so minor a piece. Recommended for Hubbard completists. I imagine the publisher still has copies.

WEIRDBOOK 17 is another solid issue by an old reliable. Featured are two novellas, one of them, "Holy Fire" by yours truly being one of a series in the same setting (all prequels actually) as THE SHATTERED GODDESS. It comes second in line after "The Story of a Dadar" (AMAZING, June 1982); the story in the middle (they're all self-standing, I hasten to add) will appear in a Paul Collins anthology soon. The whole sequence will be collected as ECHOES OF THE GODDESS.

"Lord of the Worms" by Brian Lumley, the other novella, is chronologically the earliest Titus Crow story. It's rather fun. Lumley writes in a lucid manner, unlike many later "Lovecraftians." Actually, it is a misnomer to call Lumley and his fellow Cthulhu mythos practitioners "Lovecraftian," since the Mythos as we know it is August Derleth's invention, and particularly when in the hands of a second or third generation writer, only very remotely related to Lovecraft.

Rather, I would compare Lumley to Seabury Quinn, the author of the incredibly repetitious (but popular) Jules de Grandin series. If Lumley had been around in the heyday of WEIRD TALES, he could have given Quinn a run for his money. He's a much better writer, less formulaic, with a better sense of texture. His characters even come alive sometimes. Sure, the plot is standard enough: Young Titus Crow is hired by an eccentric recluse of sinister reputation to come out to his creepy estate to catalogue his library of occult books, including such abhorrent and fabulous volumes as _____, and the darkly legendary _____. And as quick as you can say "Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wg'ah'nagl fhtagn," disturbing things start happening.

Clearly, the old occultist has more in mind than straightening up his messy library. Then Lumley deviates from the formula. Where your average Mythos protagonist would sit around and be eaten, Titus Crow shows a certain spunk. He starts to do something about it in an intelligent fashion. This is refreshing. A further non-standard element is added in the large doses of standard oc-



cultism (which Lovecraft ridiculed and never would have included in a story). The climax hinges on numerology and astrology. An inadvertently funny moment comes when the occultist discovers that Crow lied to him about his birth date and thus all the numbers are wrong. So the unspeakable horror falls on the occultist instead. "You cheated!" he gasps... You won't be scared by this story, but you may smile.

"Yellow Light" by Edmund Shirilan is another occult sleuth story. (Lumley's hero goes on to become such a character in the rest of the series.) It's quite good, which surprised me, because there is rarely any suspense in these things. The hero knows the magic formula and uses it, and that's that. Usually. But Shirilan pulls off the quite difficult feat of maintaining suspense when two characters battle it out according to completely arbitrary rules made up by the author. Remarkable.

"Thurion Agonistes" by Ardash Mayhar is about a nastier-than-usual evil wizard (he even molests children) who gets his come-uppance in a perfunctory manner. "The Moths" by Steve Rasnic Tem comes a lot closer than Arthur Machen did in THE TERROR to making hordes of moths frightening. The story has a mad feminist for a villain, and I am sure this will upset some feminists, but I wasn't offended by it. No group is immune from evil. Hitler after all, was a mad paperhanger. Jessica Salmonson's "Entity From Beyond Creation," despite its hyperbolic title, is a slight but workable fable, one of her few stories that I've found bearable. "The Gate" by Carolyn White I found too turgid to finish, but it does contain some striking imagery. Speaking of striking, the cover is one of Stephen Fabian's best drawings.

SHAYOL #6 has a similarly impressive cover by Michael Whelan (in color). Inside the graphics and illustrations are up to the usual standard. SHAYOL is one of those small magazines (TRUMPET was probably the most famous) in which the graphics are consistently superior to those in any of the professional magazines.

The fiction consists mostly of interesting odds and ends by big name writers. Harlan Ellison's "Prince Myshkin, and Hold the Re-

lish" is not major Ellison, but it isn't fantasy either. It's basically an elaborate joke, but it's written, in Harlan's words, as "a story-to-be-heard." It's extremely oral and aural. If you've never heard Harlan read, from this you can hear his voice.

"Patriots" by Michael Bishop is also not SF or fantasy (by itself anyway; it's a chapter that was dropped from NO ENEMY BUT TIME). It's about a conscience-stricken U.S. airman (who forgot to flip a switch and accidentally bombed a Cambodian village, a Japanese tourist and one of those Japanese soldiers still fighting World War II after all these years. This is obviously supposed to be about serious moral issues, but it lacks power, at least in isolation from ENEMY. The slight irony at the end isn't enough. But anyone interested in Bishop's work will want to read it.

Howard Waldrop's "...The World As We Know't" is sort of a period piece/alternate universe story, set about 1800 in a universe that works according to the scientific theories of the time which have been proven wrong in ours, mostly phlogiston chemistry. (If you don't know what phlogiston is, you will probably not understand the story.) The period is depicted well. The story moves right along. The results of an attempt to isolate phlogiston are logical and quite surprising. To my mind this is a better, more compactly structured story than Waldrop's Nebula finalist, "God's Hooks," which was also a quirky period piece.

"The Ultimate Spy" by Ken Doggett is a dumb little gimmick piece. You get to the end and you wonder why you bothered.

Also in this issue are interviews with George R.R. Martin and Stephen King, a showcase of Kansas City art (Tim Kirk, Richard Corben, etc.) and a profile/showcase of Don Punchatz. All very attractive stuff.

INTERZONE continues in its 4th issue (Spring, 1983, reaching this country in June) very much as what the late NEW WORLDS might have been like if the stories had been coherent. John Sladek's "Calling All Gumdrops" is mild satire. It presents an idea (the roles of children and adults reversed), toys with it a little, and ends. "On the Deck of the

Flying Bomb" by David Redd and "The Quiet King of the Green South West" by Andy Soutter are routine surrealism. Strange images and situations are presented without meaning or commentary. Both are well enough written, but only moderately diverting. I'm glad to see Redd writing again, however. I remember several very fine things he published in the '60s. The best story in the issue is Malcolm Edward's first sale, "After-Images." Three atomic bombs hit London, but space-time is contorted somehow so that the explosions expand very slowly, only a few feet a day. It's all very Ballardian, with passive/obscure characters and vivid imagery.

The worst story is "The Ur-Plant" by Barrington Bayley. Bayley, we are told, has been writing SF for 30 years and is renowned for the originality of his ideas. Well, I didn't find his ideas very original, and it's obvious enough why he is still a minor writer after 30 years. (Have you ever heard of him? I have, but then I read all sorts of out-of-the-way things.) He hasn't learned anything about technique that the contributors to SCIENCE WONDER STORIES didn't know. There's lots of lecture. Characters explain marvelous inventions, blathering long columns of pseudo-science gobbledeygook. The attempt to give the story meaning by naming the characters after famous people (It's set in Argentina; there's a military man named Galtieri, a Professor Borges, and a shady Doctor Mengele, but not the ones you're thinking of) is only distracting. The publication of this thing is a serious lapse for INTERZONE. Otherwise the issue is about average, though it lacks the one genuinely outstanding story found in each of the previous ones, i.e. "Kitemaster" by Keith Roberts in #1, "Memories of the Space Age" by Ballard in #2, and "The Dissemblers" by Kilworth in #3. The next issue promises Richard Cowper, John Crowley, M. John Harrison, and John Shirley.

NIGHT VOYAGES #9 features a special Glen Cook section. He is profiled, reviewed, and has a new story, "Enemy Territory," which is about genetically-engineered warriors who have problems and prove to be a problem during peacetime. It isn't nearly as powerful a story as it should be. Most of the drama is offstage. There, characters aren't well enough defined. Crucial bits of informa-

tion come late, so you read a thousand words or so before realizing that some of these guys are nearly the size of elephants, while others are like spider-monkeys. The climax is vague and unsatisfying. The whole story feels like a fragment.

Less ambitious, but more successful is "Nature's Way" by Fred Singer, in which machines take over all useful functions and obsolete humans start vanishing bit by bit. (Literally: first fingers, then arms, etc.) The tone is very Effinger-esque, though not as witty. The author shrugs as if to say, "Isn't that weird."

I won't judge my own "An authentic Werewolfman." I'll just say it's my revenge on all those fantasy writers who don't pay attention to the meanings of words. (Read it and see.)

"Skeletons" by Wayne Hooks is a moderately good childhood horror story. "Waystation to the Future" by R.A. Godsey-Bell is moderately good science fiction. There are other stories, by Ardath Mayhar, Mike Bracken and Gene O'Neill, which are not good at all, alas. Jeffrey Eliot profiles William Nolan.

There are better small magazines. There are also worse. Send the editor some money. He deserves the support for trying.

And finally, one story in issue #16 of SORCERER'S APPRENTICE. S.A. is a gaming magazine, but with much material of interest to non-gamers. The story is "Carriion Troll" by Allen Wold. Standard medieval setting. Some effective moments of atmosphere, but mostly just action, a pointless conclusion, and characters we don't care about. I preferred a couple of the articles: Janrae Frank on historical Amazons (she takes a saner, more anthropologically sound view than some) and Keith Taylor on legendary shape-changers.

PULPSMITH. 5 Beekman St., New York, NY 10038; \$2.00 per copy. No subscription price listed. (There was a slip. It's fallen out. Hey, guys, that's grade-A dumb. Always, always list the subscription price in the magazine itself!) Digest size, 192 pp.

META SF. 4747 Fountain Avenue, No. 220, Hollywood, CA 90029; \$3.00 per copy; no subscriptions, obviously. 8 1/2 X 11", 48 pp.

WEIRDOBOOK. W. Paul Ganley, POB #149, Amherst Branch, Buffalo, NY 14226-0149; \$5.00 per copy, 75¢ postage "per order." 4 issues for \$15.00. 8 1/2 X 11", 62 pp.

SHAYOL. 8435 Carter, Overland Park, KS 66212; \$3.00/4 for \$11. (That's what it says on the contents page. The cover price is \$3.95. I'm not sure.) 8 1/2 X 11", 48 pp.

INTERZONE. British: 124 Osborne Road, Brighton BN1 6LU. United States: 9 Patchin Place, New York, NY 10011; one pound twenty-five or \$2.50 per copy. Four issues for five pounds/\$10.00. 8 1/2 X 12", 34 pp.

NIGHT VOYAGES. Raconteur Publications, POB #175, Freeburg IL 62243 \$3.00 per copy; no sub price listed. 8 1/2 X 11", 52 pp.

SORCERER'S APPRENTICE. Flying Buffalo Inc., POB #1210, Scottsdale AZ 85252; \$2.95 per copy/6 issues for \$15.00; 8 1/2 X 11"; 46 pp.

THONG, THONG SAID THE TICKTOCKER TO THE TICKETED TIGER

Two cosmic puffs of sweet-smelling smoke
Attack a couple of drunken winos
Causing power outages in Tibet which in
Turn create window ceilings on the third
Planet on a place which is inhabited by
Pygmies that are out to stop the sale of
Rare gems to the purveyors of radical
Politics that are attempting to get the
Chinese to return to carrying manure up
The hills of their communes in which to
Make vats of rotted cheese. This of course
Is a big disappointment to the people
Who believe in the proletariat. Mean-
While in a deserted beach house in the upper
Adirondacks a couple furiously commit rather
Routine acts and are puzzled when their
Neighbors who are really never there,
Or would even care are not disturbed.
While a little boy on a mountain home
In Malibu keeps waking the family with
His wet dream --- you see he talks in his
Dreams and it is not nice talk. In deepest
Africa a machine turns out data on the
Secret Nine which it is presumed rule the
World, as nobody --- except college professors
--- is stupid enough to believe in the accidental
Theory of History, and if you doubt that
Why Jean Paul Sartre was wright, but who
Am I to discuss French Philosophy with a Basque.

---BLAKE SOUTHFORK

THE PAPER IS READY

Ink flowing
The night drags along
Bleeding brightness replaced by
Scarlet indigo hues
Which are washed away by a
Bobbing sun peeking over
The LP's hole
Moss bugs coagulate
Great gnarled trees
Trunks tilted 45 degrees
As a supplicant to an
Artificial orb of life
The star
Ejaculation premature
Halfway up
Begins to dip
Into the vast honeywell of vacuum
Illuminating the flipside of a
World of giant mental blocks
The paper is ready
But the ink is impotent

---BLAKE SOUTHFORK

THE ARCHIVES

MY JEDI JOURNAL

A SPECIAL DIARY FOR JEDI KNIGHTS-IN-TRAINING
Ballantine, \$3.95, June, 1983.

A hardcover book of blank pages (with the exception of a small Yoda imprint on each page).

CHAMPION OF THE LAST BATTLE

By Robert Adams
SIGNET, \$2.50, May, 1983.

#11 of the Horseclans series.
'The day of prophecy had come at last---the time for Bill and Prince Byrumh to rally their troops for the final defense of New Kuhn-buhluh. But even as the people of the kingdom flock into their great stone city and Bill's warriors take up their posts on the walls, the Skohshuns are building new weapons of destruction to storm the fortress. And within the very castle grounds stalks a creature of nightmare, striking down the defenders one by one in a reign of bloody terror that may prove far more deadly than the enemy at their gates...'

THE LONG NIGHT By Poul Anderson
Tor, \$2.95, May, 1983.

Five-story collection/anthology highlighting the decline and fall of interstellar civilization, involving the Polesotechnic League, the Terran Empire...into the long night of barbarians and aliens.

BLUE ADEPT By Piers Anthony

Del Rey, \$2.75, First published in 1981, this is its fourth printing: February, 1983.

'For Stile, life was a matter of shutting madly between two worlds, with the problems growing greater on each. On the science world of Proton, he was a serf, trying to prove his right to exist by competing in the Great Games. On Phaze, where only magic worked, he was the Blue Adept, trying to master the powers of sorcery. And on both worlds, someone was trying to assassinate him.

'Aside from winning increasingly difficult contests with no time to prepare, all he had to do was win the love of the Lady Blue, fight a dragon, seek the paranoid Adept or the all-powerful Citizen who was trying to kill him!

'And now, just when things were growing impossible, he had to fight

a mortal duel with a unicorn Herd Leader, against whom his magic powers were useless!'

This novel is the second in the three-part saga that began with SPLIT INFINITY and ended with the just published JUXTAPOSITION.

JUXTAPOSITION By Piers Anthony
Del Rey, \$2.95, May, 1983.

The final volume in The Apprentice Adept series. Previous novels were: SPLIT INFINITY and BLUE ADEPT.

Stile, a man from Proton, a science world, was sent through a "curtain" to Phaze, a world of magic. There he doubled for a murdered sorcerer, The Blue Adept. But the murderer went after Stile, too.

To survive, Stile had to master magic, fight a dragon, win the friendship of a lady unicorn, locate his enemy, and return out of Phaze to win the Great Games on Proton.

But on Phaze the infallible Oracle is suddenly involved in the conspiracy against him. Proton and Phaze are out of balance and heading for disaster, and Stile is supposed to save them, somehow, or go down to total destruction with all he loves. He has to act quickly---with no idea of what to do.

A Del Rey hardback edition was published in March of 1982.

STARSHIPS

Edited by Isaac Asimov, Martin Harry Greenberg, and Charles G. Waugh.
Fawcett Crest, \$3.50, May, 1983.

Thirteen-story anthology of space voyages beyond the solar system.

Stories by Cordwainer Smith, Richard McKenna, Robert Shekley, Christopher Anvil, Doris Pitkin Buck, Frank M. Robinson, A.E. van Vogt, Anne McCaffrey, James V. McConnell, A. Bertram Chandler, Eric Frank Russell, Isaac Asimov, and Fred Saberhagen.

HALF PAST HUMAN By T.J. Bass

DEL REY, \$2.75, July, 1983; first published July, 1971. SF Novel.

'Tinker was a Good Citizen of the hive, he had no choice. The time had come to give up his neuter status and become polarized. The Big Earth Society wanted Tinker to mate.

'But no one had prepared Tinker for sexual activation, nor for a

woman like Mu Ren. From that moment on, Tinker was no longer a Good Citizen of the hive. Suddenly Tinker knew he wanted more. He wanted out. 'Tinker had become a man...'

THE GOODWHALE By T. J. Bass
DEL REY, \$2.75, July, 1983; first published January, 1974. SF Novel.

'Rorqual Maru was a cyborg---part organic whale, part mechanized ship...and part god. She was a harvester---a vast plankton rake, now without a crop---abandoned by Earth Society when the seas died.

'So she selected an island for her grave, hoping to keep her carcass visible for possible salvage. Although her long ear heard nothing, she believed that Man still lived in his Hive. If he should ever return to the sea, she wanted to serve. She longed for the thrill of Man's bare feet touching the skin of her deck. ... She needed Man!'

The sequel to HALF PAST HUMAN.

THE OFFICIAL SILICON VALLEY GUY HANDBOOK

By Patty Bell and Doug Myrland
AVON, \$3.95, June, 1983.

Large softcover pb affectionately mocking the peculiar people who work



in Silicon Valley (and similar places) and who live and breathe computers. This is their culture, folks. They are also peculiar.

WHERE THE NI-LACH

By Marcia J. Bennett
DEL REY, \$2.50, July, 1983.
New sf adventure.

'On the lush green planet men had named Ver-Draak, a green-haired, crystal-eyed race once had lived. But the Ni-Lach were no more, killed off by humans who feared their strange powers. Yet legends of the great Ni-Lach treasure lived on.

'Eventually, men's search for Ni-Lach gold led them to a great forest called the Deep---and to an orphan named Dhalvad, a carefree young man who played with alien fur children and...cured the sick without medicine.

'Soon Dhalvad and his friends---human, alien and otherwise---are running for their lives before relentless pursuers who do not know the true value of the wealth they seek.'

THE REGENSBURG LEGACY

By Jack M. Bickham
TOR, \$2.95, April, 1983; first published by Doubleday in 1982.

'The dead hand of past villainies slaps into the present when a Nazi supply of deadly chemical and biological agents is discovered intact and secretly moved to Africa. Retired CIA agent, Joe Dugger, shady businessmen, African politicians, and revolutionaries, together with...CIA and FBI operatives, clash, plot and move through Zurich, New York, Paris, Germany, and Africa.'

THE SHUTTLE PEOPLE By George Bishop
BANTAM, \$2.95, July, 1983.

New sf novel.

'They were called the Shuttle People, men and women bred in space, free from the pressures of Earth's gravity, Earth's morality, Earth's laws. Nothing could stop them from using their newfound powers to control the world. Until they committed a murder, and a cop named Ted Royce dared to stand in their way.'

EYES OF FIRE By Michael Bishop
Pocket/Timescape, \$2.95, May, 1983. Third printing of this hardcore sf novel. This version is completely rewritten and expanded from the 1975 FUNERAL FOR THE EYES OF FIRE.

'The ruling race of Troiards were powered by the telepathy of their crystalline eyes---but the Sh'gauid refused to join them in their rebirths to higher mental powers. Mystical, mysterious, the Sh'gauid must now go into bitter exile---unless Seth and Abel, the

clones from Earth, can lead them safely to a new life on a distant planet. But the Troiards have other goals for the rebels...'

THE WIZARD AND THE WARLORD

By Elizabeth Boyer
DEL REY, \$2.95, August, 1983.
New fantasy novel.

'Sigurd grew up with his grandmother, bothered only by the trolls that seemed bent on destroying their settlement. Then she died, leaving him a mysterious box he couldn't open and a confused warning against some dread warlord or wizard---he couldn't be sure which from her final ravings. Then the grim warlord Halfdane to abduct him by force into the Realm of the Alfir.

'Now he was a virtual prisoner in the hill fort of Halfdane, caught in a bitter war between light and dark elves. And he seemed trapped on the losing side. His only hope was to escape and somehow learn what powerful magic was contained in the box and which everyone seemed bent on stealing from him.

'Of course, there were a few walking dead, a cursed sword, and a multitude of savage trolls to be faced. But the strange wizard Jotull was willing---oh, very willing---to help him!'

THE WINDS OF ALTAIR By Ben Bova
TOR, \$6.95, May, 1983.

New sf novel, trade paperback size, about human-alien struggle for the aliens' planet---the sixth planet of Altair.

Bova is a very good writer! He delivers a good, interesting, exciting story every time.

SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES

By Ray Bradbury
Knopf, \$13.95, April, 1983.

Originally published in 1962. A combination of Juvenile and Adult fantasy about evil and hometown America, about a strange Carnival and about growing up.

Bradbury has a wonderful, relaxed, yet controlled style in which he gets his way with you with apparently very little trouble.

SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES

By Ray Bradbury
Bantam, \$2.95, June, 1983 [25th printing].

DINOSAUR TALES By Ray Bradbury
BANTAM, \$6.95, June, 1983.

A collection of six stories about saurians interacting with humans, with an accent on humor. Delightfully illustrated throughout by William Stout, Steranko,

Kenneth Smith, Moebius, David Wiesner, Gahan Wilson, and Overton Loyd. Trade paperback format.

SWAMP WITCH

By Laurie Bridges & Paul Alexander
BANTAM, \$1.95, July, 1983
A DARK FORCES NOVEL, ages 12 and up.

Linda visits a friend, is haunted, has visions, nightmares. Friend Heather has a riding accident and Linda must face alone evil like a creature from an ancient hell, a demonic hex called up by a voodoo priestess who has sworn to destroy her.

THE WORTHING CHRONICLE

By Orson Scott Card
ACE, \$2.75, July, 1983

Some portions of this book appeared previously as parts of the author's books CAPITAL and HOT SLEEP.

'Jason Worthing was a telepath, and the best of the ark captains sent to seed humankind anew on a hundred new worlds. He vowed that his new world would be different from the stagnant one he had fled. He established his colonists and his descendants; and when he was sure that they would survive, he sealed himself in the last ~~some~~ chamber in all the galaxy, triggered to awaken him when his world had built a new civilization.

'He slept for fifteen thousand years. And when he awoke, it was to a future he had never dreamed of...'

NAVIGATOR'S SYNDROME

By Jayce Carr
Doubleday, \$11.95, May, 1983.

New sf hardcover.

'The planet Rabelais is a world unlike any other in the galaxy---wilder, stranger, and infinitely more dangerous. The masters of Rabelais maintain their cruel, perverse dominance by an extraordinarily complex system of contractual arrangements which are as binding on the subject race as they are incompressible to the unfortunate travelers whose star-course intersects the planet's coordinates.

'On any other world, for instance, Jael's black Navigator uniform would have protected her. And on any other world, Freightmaster Hannibal Reis wouldn't have to hide his real motives for staying on the evil planet. But on Rabelais, Lord Golden Singh makes the rules, and the Golden Rule is Lord Golden's pleasure. He's manipulated the obscure laws into a protective screen of legitimacy, but---though he doesn't know it---there are powers in the galaxy much greater than his, powers that become very angry when

he tries to make offworlder Jael the victim of his self-legislated self-indulgence...'

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR
Edited by Terry Carr #12
Timescape, \$3.95, July, 1983.

13 stories from 1982, an Introduction by Terry Carr, a rundown of major events in the year by Charles N. Brown, and a Recommended Reading list for 1982 by Terry Carr.

Well worth the money!

Stories by: Robert Silverberg, Bruce Sterling, Joanna Russ, William Gibson, Frederik Pohl, Bill Johnson, Ursula K. Le Guin, Thomas M. Disch, Gregory Benford, Connie Willis, O. Niemand, Nancy Kress, and Bruce McAllister.

UNIVERSE 13

Edited by Terry Carr
Doubleday, \$11.95, June, 1983.

New anthology. Stories by Michael Bishop, Ian Watson, Kim Stanley Robinson, Bill Bickel, Lucius Shepard, Leanne Fahmy, Bruce Sterling.

MATILDA'S STEPCHILDREN

By A. Bertram Chandler
DAW, \$2.50, July, 1983.
New sf novel.

'John Grimes, owner of the deep space pinnacle Little Sister, could not afford to be fussy about whom he carried. But there were compensations, for if his ship had not been chartered to take Fenella Pruin, muckraking reporter, to exclusive New Venusberg, he would never have been able to visit that fabulous pleasure planet.'

'But there was to be little pleasure in it for him. Among the visitors was a Shaara princess who owed him vengeance. The planet's authorities were after Fenella's blood to prevent her snooping. Had it not been for the boomerang throwing abilities of two sexy dancers from New Alice, the spaceman and the journalist would have been sacrificed or taken to Roman holiday. The spectator sports of the very rich and very depraved involve a high mortality rate among the players...'

RED MOON AND BLACK MOUNTAIN

By Joy Chant
Bantam, \$3.50, June, 1983.
Originally published in 1970 in England.

High fantasy. Subtitled The End of the House of Kendreth.

'A shadow had fallen across the Starlit Land of Kedrinth. Fendari, renegade Sorcerer of Black Mountain, challenged the Starborn for rule of all Vandarei. When the red moon rose, the powers of the Dark Lord would reign. Then fate brought

three young people to rescue the stricken land. One to wake the powers of the Star Magic. One to rouse the peoples of Vandarei to battle. And one to fulfill an ancient prophecy to become the Chosen One, a champion of the Khentor riders, to confront the powers of darkness under the evil Red Moon.'

GHOSTHUNT By Jo Clayton
DAW, \$2.50, May, 1983.

A novel of the Diadem.

'A ghost was haunting Cazarit.

A kidnapper who snatched the wealthy clientele who vacationed there as if the intensive security didn't exist. Local security was getting desperate---after hundreds of hours and days trying to locate and identify their "ghost" they were no closer to an answer than when they began. They needed the help of a Hunter. And there was only one who would meet their demands. Aleysty, weaver/symbiote of the mysterious and powerful Diadem, had a reputation which preceded her across the galaxy. But little did they know that Aleysty already had a good idea who their ghost was, and didn't want to catch him!'

TOUCH THE STARS: EMERGENCE

By John Dalmis and Carl Martin
TOR, \$2.95, August, 1983.
New SF novel.

'Since 1880 the world's richest men have been conspiring to "help" the human race. So far the cost of their meddling has included two World Wars, the Red Revolution and the African Debacle. But what of that? The profit will justify the cost of doing business on the way to their version of Utopia.'

'But now it's the year 2010 and space travel is getting harder and harder to repress. Soon, if a certain Apache space industrialist has his way, the Human Race will be in space in force---and out of control. So even if it takes a nuclear strike to do it, Jason Roanhorse has to die.'

TRITON By Samuel R. Delany
Bantam, \$3.95, Tenth printing, June, 1983.

Life and times in the human colony on Triton as seen through the eyes of of young adults and Delany's style of writing.

A MAZE OF DEATH By Philip K. Dick
DAW, \$2.50, June, 1983; originally published by Doubleday in 1970.

'Fourteen people came to Delmak-0 in separate one-way space carriers. Their hope---to make new beginnings away from the world where God had made Himself manifest.'

'Their communication satellite suddenly destroyed, they found themselves each alone on an alien and hostile planet.'

'Death and mystery and terror became their lot---until they learned the true meaning of the Walker-on-Earth, the Form Destroyer, and the Intercessor....'

Intriguing, mind-blowing reality warping. Dick at his near-best. His UBK is forthcoming from DAW, and I urge you to read that one!

THE MAN FROM EARTH

By Gordon R. Dickson
Tor, \$2.95, June, 1983.

One-author anthology of ten stories.

'How has this undistinguished race from a backwater spiral arm won for itself a galaxy? It is not intellect; a few of them are rather bright, not many. Their machines? Other races possessed better when the humans conquered them. Not even valor; many were fiercer far than humans, before the humans came. No, it is none of these, and nothing else that we can measure.'

'What power is in them?'

SHAITAN By Max Ehrlich
Tor, \$3.95, June, 1983.

A novel of reincarnation, set in the time of Gandhi and the Prince of Wales. Is a man-eating leopard the reincarnation of an evil holy man in India?

ECLIPSES By Cynthia Felice
TIMESCAPE \$3.50, June, 1983.

'One family ruled the empire's precious water---and so they ruled the planet.'

'When Earthborn anthropologist Beth married Aram, the Water Baron's son, she knew he would soon become Baron of the Empire, the most powerful man on the planet Serensular.

'But as their children grew up within the privileged walls of the Water Baron's mansion, angry voices outside rose up against the Empire. Now chaos threatened to plunge Serensular into ecological disaster. And the rebellion spread to Aram's own household, when his wife and sons deserted him to lead a defiant mission to the End of the World!'

THE MAN WHO USED THE UNIVERSE

By Alan Dean Foster
Warner, \$2.95, August, 1983.
New sf novel.

The problem with this story of Kees van Loo-Maklin, a young man in the underworld of Cluria, a city

on a minor Earth-like planet in the human-controlled part of the galaxy in this far future, is that he is so smart, so ruthless, so far-seeing, so ambitious and so totally successful, that the reader soon realizes that no one and no thing is ever going to really seriously threaten this super man as he takes control.

Even the apparent betrayal of mankind by Loo-Macklin to the aliens is sensed as a false, fake, phoney plot device to lend some tension to the novel. Of course, Loo-Macklin was far ahead of the aliens and out-thinking everyone every step of the way as he carried out his master plan.

Still...it's a very readable, almost captivating novel, well-written. Incredible: this super-rich, super-powerful man who is so manipulative and emotionally cold, so turned off and sociopathic as a youth, all along is harboring a magnificent altruistic plan for the peace and prosperity of the galaxy.

SPELLSINGER By Alan Dean Foster
Warner, \$2.95, June, 1983.

Fantasy novel.

'It was where beasts walked and talked as men, armed with sword and dagger. And it was where Clothahump, turtle and wizard, stretched his powers of sorcery, seeking a source to the unknown evil that threatened his land, seeking a helper from another dimension, another universe.

'And so Jonathan Thomas Meriweather--grad student and rock guitarist--found himself pulled from his cannibis-filled campus room in L.A. and whisked into a world of disarming beauty and savage violence. Here Jon-Tom, Mudge the otter, the flame-haired Talea and others would form a motley fellowship with the wizard. Their mission: to travel where no warm-blooded being had been and destroy the strange new force emanating from the dreaded Green-downs.'

THE SHADOW OF THE SHIP

By Robert Wilfred Franson
Del Rey, \$2.75, May, 1983
Science fiction.

'Rumor had it that out there, somewhere, a starship lay abandoned along the airless subspace trail that was the only means of travel between planets for the primitive trillside peoples.

'And Eiverdein needed a ship if ever he was to return to known space and the culture of Earth Humans.

'But many things stood in his path--murderers, strange physics, an alien whose speech could kill,

and a girl who was, at best, never all there...'

NIGHTMARE SEASONS

By Charles L. Grant
Tor Books, \$2.95, May, 1983.

Horror novel, first published by Doubleday in 1982.

'In this book, keyed to the seasons, Grant gives us...face to skull confrontation with Death, variously personified as a man/serpent, eliminating its romantic rivals, a little girl who gives her mother's admirers violence and lightning, a faceless motorcycle gang, and a shadow in a black raincoat...'

THE WARNING

ACCIDENT AT THREE MILE ISLAND
Contemporary Books, \$7.95, 1983.

By Mike Gray & Ira Rosen

First published 1982 by WW Norton.

The complete, detailed, dramatic, terrifying story of what happened at Three Mile Island, and what almost happened.

Written in a near-fiction style of narrative, it paints personalities and background expertly. Actual dialogue is used.

You may never trust an 'expert' again, anywhere, at any time.

AN OATH TO MIDA
JALAV/AMAZON WARRIOR:II

By Sharon Green

DAW, \$2.95, June, 1983.

'Their world was threatened--torn asunder from within by the primitive warring of bloodthirsty nomadic tribes; now threatened from without by mysterious strangers. But Jalav, Amazon war leader of the savage Hosta clan, lay dying on a cold battlefield and cared for naught but her spirit's safe flight to the bosom of Mida, patron goddess of the Midanna Amazons.

'But peace was not to be the lot of Jalav.

'Abducted in her weakness by a tribe of northern barbarian riders, her destination lay in the frozen arctic wastes, far from her beloved sister warriors and the protective embrace of Mida the Golden. For she was the one spoken of in the prophecy of the Snows--the savior who must travel to the glacial hell of Siggur's Peak and beyond, and without whom any mission to save their embattled world would surely fail!'

THE TIME OF THE DARK

By Barbara Hambly
DEL REY, \$2.50, June, 1983; first published May, 1982. Fantasy Novel.

'Night after night, Gil found

herself dreaming of an impossible city where alien horrors swarmed from underground lairs of darkness to destroy mankind and all the works of men. But when the wizard Ingold Ingolrian crossed the void to ask sanctuary for the last Prince of Dar, she learned her dreams had been true visions of a strange reality.

'On Ingold's world, the monstrous Dark had been mere legends for 3,000 years. But now, for unknown reasons, they were ravaging savagely across the land, and there was no escape from their foul powers and insatiable hungers.

'Attempting to help Ingold, Gil and Rudy, a young drifter, were drawn into the nightmare world of the Dark. There they had to remain ---unless they could solve the mystery of the Dark.'

THE ARMIES OF DAYLIGHT

By Barbara Hambly
DEL REY, \$2.95, July, 1983.

New fantasy novel. Book Three of The Darwath Trilogy.

'Outside the great stone Keep of Renweth, the night was the province of the Dark Ones--monstrous creatures that had swarmed out of their eldritch underground caverns to destroy humanity.

'Inside, where the pitiful remnant of the once-great Realm of Darwath huddled, Chancellor Alwir and Bishop Govannin continued their bitter struggle for dominance. Against all advice, Alwir went ahead with plans to use Ingold, Rudy, and the other wizards in a hopeless, desperate invasion of the Nests of the Dark. The Bishop, obsessed with fanatical fury, sought to root out all magic by murdering the wizards. Both conspired together to seek the aid of Alketch, ancient enemy of the Realm.

'In that hotbed of ambition, hatred and fear, no one except Ingold would heed Gil's discovery of the truth that lay behind the rising of the Dark!'

CITY AT WORLD'S END

By Edmond Hamilton
DEL REY, \$2.75, July, 1983; first published in 1951. Sf novel.

'This novel describes the shocking experience of a group of ordinary people, catapulted by a mysterious explosion into the terrifyingly strange world of a million years hence.'

GOD EMPEROR OF DUNE By Frank Herbert
Berkley, \$3.95, May, 1983.

Previous editions were in hard-cover and trade paperback.

Leto, the son of Dune's savior, is still alive--but changed/chang-

ing into a giant Dune worm. His purpose is strange and noble as he continually manipulates key people in his government and in the end sacrifices himself to the future of mankind.

This is a fascinating novel of applied power, social insights and constant tension.

THE LAZARUS EFFECT

By Frank Herbert and Bill Ransom
PUTNAM, \$15.95, June, 1983.

A sequel to THE JESUS INCIDENT.

'In THE JESUS INCIDENT we met Ship, a mechanical intelligence so complete it believed it was God. Ship denied its man-made origin and set of on an intergalactic journey of centuries' duration, taking along thousands of human beings. After a test of their ability to Worship to its satisfaction, Ship abandoned many of its subjects on the hostile planet Pandora, a nearly all-sea world with one sentient life form that man had just destroyed: kelp.

'It is now several centuries later. Civilization on Pandora is split into two peoples: Mermen, human normals who live in vast underwater complexes and enjoy sophisticated technology; and Islanders, mutants of all sorts, left over from early clone experiments on Pandora, who live on floating islands made of "organics" in the now all-sea planet. An uneasy coexistence has been maintained between the two peoples for generations, but now something is threatening to destroy that peace--and possibly destroy all Islanders as well! And, the kelp is returning!'

CODE OF THE LIFEMAKER

By James P. Hogan
DEL REY hardcover, \$13.95, June, 1983.

'Approximately one million B.C. an automated factory ship from an alien civilization passes too near a star unexpectedly gone nova. Suffering extensive damage to its electronic circuitry, it continues blindly for millennia before finally crashing into the snows of an uncharted world...

'In the second decade of the twenty-first century, a probe from Earth orbits Saturn's moon Titan and launches a lander. Unfortunately, the lander malfunctions before transmitting pictures from the surface--at least that is the official story. A colony ship supposedly destined for Mars is surreptitiously rerouted to Titan...and only the leaders of the Military Industrial Complex know why.

Aboard the interplanetary transport--in addition to the usual mix of flight crews and scientists--are parapsychology researchers, linguists, psychologists, representatives of industry, an ambassador...and elite military units from several Western nations. Clearly something is up. But no one is talking!'

ANVIL OF THE HEART

By Bruce T. Holmes
THE HAVEN CORPORATION, \$11.95, 1983.
802 Madison Av., Evanston, IL 60202.
New Novel.

'It is the year 2057 and John Cunningham's generation is the last of its kind. Cunningham is a Homo sapiens, a member of the old race.

'At the turn of the century, the genetic engineers were able to create a new version of humankind, a new race of highly intelligent, unemotional, non-violent, rational beings. Half a century later an amendment to the Constitution was passed safeguarding the rights of each child to it's full potential. No longer could parents doom their own children to second-class citizenship just because the results seemed strange and unfamiliar.

'The future belongs to the new people.

'It is not a proud time to be alive. With the factories automated there are millions of the old race unemployed and living on the dole. Housing is overcrowded; travel restricted; and the police exist only to protect the new people in their enclaves. Entertainment deemed appropriate for the vulgar passions of the old race ranges from the orgy channel to the Roaster Toaster Hour. There are those who might rebel, yet it is hard rebelling against one's own children.

'John Cunningham has two genetically altered children, both far more intelligent than he, and a wife addicted to bobcat orgasms and asperum. He is an encyclopedist working on a summation of the old race history which the new people will file away and probably forget. He is an anachronism, a relative moron in a world of genius.

'So how does one pass the time while waiting for extinction?'

THE LAKE By R. J. Jensen
TOR, \$2.95, August, 1983.

New occult/horror novel.

'Jerry was the first, and Ilene was the second (to die). How many more would there be before the lake's new owner discovered that there was something in the lake? Something incredibly ancient. Something ravenous.'

RETURN OF THE JEDI SKETCHBOOK

Ballantine, \$5.95, June, 1983.
By Joe Johnston and Nilo Rodis-Jamero, with additional material by Ralph McQuarrie and Norman Reynolds.
The early, conceptual sketches for the creatures, machines, backgrounds of the film. 96 pages, large trade paperback size.

RETURN OF THE JEDI

The illustrated edition.
Novelization by James Kahn
Del Rey, \$5.95, June, 1983.
Illustrations by Joe Johnston and Nilo Rodis-Jamero.

A good, swift-reading, competent work. But reading the story, instead of seeing it, devalues the story and makes it into juvenile pulp adventure. Don't, for The Force's sake, read this before seeing the film. These small illos are not a patch on the film.

RETURN OF THE JEDI

By James Kahn, Screenplay by Lawrence Kasdan and George Lucas, story by George Lucas.
DEL REY, \$2.95, June, 1983.

Eight-page color photo insert.

'It was a dark time for the Rebel Alliance... Hans Solo, frozen in carbonite, has been delivered into the hands of the vile gangster, Jabba the Hutt. Determined to rescue him, Luke Skywalker, Princess Leia and Lando Calrissian launch a hazardous mission against Jabba's Tatooine stronghold.

'Now, in the most exciting chapter of the STAR WARS saga, the Rebel commanders have gathered all the warships of the Rebel fleet into single giant armada. And Darth Vader, who has ordered construction to begin on a new and even more powerful Death Star, makes his plans to crush the Rebel Alliance once and for all.'

KILLER FLIES By Mark Kendall
SIGNET, \$2.25, June, 1983.

New novel about large flies who are very, very hungry and who swarm like bees and attack anything with blood.

Town are emptied, civilization is at risk, and a lone scientist works feverishly to discover/develop a weapon to fight the flies.

THE GALACTIAD By Gregory Kern
DAW, \$1.95, July, 1983.

New sf novel.
'The things from beyond the Milky Way galaxy found the intelligent races of our universe amusingly slight. To them, possessors of vast

cosmic power, the strivings of various humanoids to outdo each other were a source of contemptuous amusement.

'They established a contest between the worlds. It would be an Olympiad of the whole galaxy---a Galactiad. Let these puny interstellar intelligences meet each other in contest. Pit one against the other---and let the losers beware!

'Earth had its team---a mixed group of powerful athletes and genius scientists. Because other worlds did not always believe in the ideal of good sportsmanship, they had to confront the reality. Win at all costs...or goodbye to humanity!'

GREAT WORLD CIRCUS

By William Kotzwinkle
Illustrated by Joe Servello
Putnam, \$13.95, May, 1983

A book-length poem about a mystery priestess from the ancient past who wanders, ghostlike, through time to plague and bless those she encounters.

Matching illustrations for each page of poetry.

A somewhat baffling storyline, obscure and vague... Not my cup of tea. But it's nice to see Putnam doing an occasional thing like this, even though they know the book won't sell worth a damn.

WARLORDS OF XUMA

By David J. Lake
DAW, \$2.50, June, 1983.

'The planet at first appeared to be a duplicate of old Mars as Burroughs had portrayed it---Barsom came to life. But the desperate expeditions from Earth soon found out otherwise. The red "Marians," the flying boats, the warring cities, and the canal network were all parts of an ancient and well-established civilization.

'This did not stop the little human colony from dreaming of conquest. It still seemed possible. Only now it would take cunning diplomacy and the preparation of a few Earth weapons to make themselves masters of that world.'

GALACTIC ODYSSEY

By Keith Laumer
TOR, \$2.75, August, 1983. First published in 1967.

'It was raining, starting to sleet. My last ride had dumped me twenty country miles from nowhere. If I didn't get warm soon I was going to die.

'That's why I took a chance on that weird corn silo, even after I knew it was...something else. And that's why I, Billy Danger, woke up

400 light years from home, "native" gun bearer for a lordly alien and his beautiful mistress.'

THE INFINITE CAGE By Keith Laumer
TOR, \$2.75, May, 1983.

SF novel first published in 1972. The well-told story of a kind of superman who awakens in an alley without memory and begins to discover himself.

Top-notch Laumer.

HIERO'S JOURNEY By Sterling E. Lanier
Del Rey, \$2.95, May, 1983.

First published in 1973, this excellent SF novel tells of a mission by Per Hiero Desteen 5000 years from now after a holocaust known as The Death. He is a priest, a telepath and a trained killer. He seeks a lost secret of the ancients (us) and is opposed by the evil Brotherhood of the Unclean, mutated humans who war against the remnants of normal humanity.

Del Rey has just published (May) a hardcover sequel, THE UNFORSAKEN HIERO, \$11.95.

SUNG IN SHADOW By Tanith Lee

DAW \$3.50, May, 1983.
Fantasy novel.

'In a parallel world, in a Renaissance Italy just a little bit different from what we know, a dashing young man named Romulan met a lovely young lady named Iuletta. But between their romance stood the hatred of their feuding families---and a witchcraft that really worked.'

THE COMPASS ROSE By Ursula K. Le Guin
BANTAM, \$3.50, July, 1983; first published in 1982 by Harper & Row.

Twenty short stories.

UNNATURAL TALENT

By Les Logan
BANTAM, \$1.95, July, 1983
A DARK FORCES Novel, ages 12 and up.

Teenage basketball player becomes a star by means of an occult rite from an old book. But he must please a she-demon in the bargain, and is trapped by a too-high price.

THE FLIGHT OF THE SHADOW

By George MacDonald
Harper & Row, \$5.95, 1983; first published in the 19th Century.

Something of a gothic romance, set in the Scottish highlands, involving love, rivalries, and a terrible curse.

Trade paperback format. The cover illo suggests a modern story with roots in the past. Somewhat misleading.

A note on the publisher; it's Harper & Row, San Francisco, and the address is 1700 Montgomery St., San Francisco, CA 94111

LADY OF THE MANSION

By George MacDonald
Harper & Row, \$5.95, 1983; first published originally as THE PORTENT, in the 19th Century.

Mildly occult romance novel.
Trade paperback format.

DANCER'S LUCK By Ann Maxwell
Signet, \$2.50, April, 1983.

The first novel of this series was FIRE DANCER.

'A forgotten place at the very edge of the galaxy, a dying planet where people lived by luck alone. This was the number one stop for Rheba, the Senyas fire dancer, and Kirtin, her Bre'n mentor, as they sought to fulfill their promise to return a whole shipload of ex-slaves to the widely scattered worlds they called home.

'Twice Rheba and Kirtin had achieved the impossible---first surviving their own home system's fiery doom, then escaping the lair of the evil Loo-chim, bringing with them the odd assortment of beings who were now their shipmates. Having blasted free of the Loo-chim, Rheba and Kirtin assumed the worst was over. Then they landed on the planet Daemen...'

ISAAC ASIMOV'S ALIENS & OUTWORLDERS
Edited by Shanna McCarthy
DIAL PRESS, \$12.95, April, 1983.

20-story anthology of stories which first appeared in ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE. The stories are illustrated by the artwork which (it appears) accompanied their first appearance in ISAFM. The artwork adds to the readability and attractiveness of this volume.

LIFE PROBE By Michael McCollum
DEL REY, \$2.95, June, 1983.

New SF novel.

'Before man's ancestors began to walk upright, the Maker civilization was already ancient. When Man first used fire, the Makers had been searching slowly through space for millennia.

'Then, after a 10,000-year journey, a Maker Life Probe blundered across twenty-first century Earth---and eons of Maker science would soon be Man's for the asking. All Earth had to do was repair the Probe.

'But first both Earth and the Probe had to survive a war...'

BE AN INTERPLANETARY SPY #1
FIND THE KIRILLIAN

By Seth McEvoy

Illustrated by Marc Hempel and Mark Wheatley.

Bantam, \$1.95, June 1, 1983

Comicbook style adventures in a "You are--" format, requiring making decisions and often doubling back to correct mistakes or avoid death. Set up to lure video games players. For readers 9-up.

These adventures require close attention to visual clues and teach memory, logic, deductive skills.

But how many kids 9-up will plunk down \$2. for these? Bantam will find out.

BE AN INTERPLANETARY SPY #2

THE GALACTIC PIRATE

By Seth McEvoy

Illustrated by Marc Hempel and Mark Wheatley.

Bantam, \$1.95, June 1, 1983.

As above.

THE MANY-COLORED LAND

By Julian May

Del Rey, \$2.95, July, 1983; first pb edition. Volume One of The Pliocene Exile.

'An orderly and peaceful interstellar society, the twenty-first century's Galactic Milieu had little place for the incurable adventurer, the secret psychotic, or the ruthless con man.

'So, when a one-way time tunnel to Earth, six million B.C., was discovered, every misfit for light-years around hurried to pass through it, hungry for adventure, the romance of the unknown, and a life free of Milieu's stuffy rules.

'Each sought his own brand of happiness. But none could have guessed what awaited them. Not even in a million years...'

RETURN OF THE JEDI

PORTFOLIO

By Ralph McQuarrie

Ballantine, \$9.95, June, 1983

Twenty 11 x 15 full color prints of paintings illustrating a panorama of scenes from the film. Excellent work, fine paper, all suitable for framing. Well worth the money.

AN UNKINDNESS OF RAVENS

By Dee Morrison Meaney

ACE, \$2.75, July, 1983.

New fantasy novel.

'Branwen was the daughter of a Saxon lord, lady of the manor. Where, then, did her strange powers of healing come from? And her ability to call birds down from the sky to her hand?

'She had to know. She had to find the secret of her grandmother's unicorn before she could be satisfied---even in the arms of the tall

Viking warrior who held her heart.

'But war was brewing in the land, a brutal struggle for kingship that would set father against son, Viking against Saxon, and put Branwen's own love to a test of faith and magic that would try her strength to the utmost and shake the very foundations of her world...'

WEB OF THE ROMULANS

By M.S. Murdock

Timescape, \$2.95, June, 1983.

STAR TREK novel.

'Ravaged by a killer virus, the Romulans enter Canara, where the only antidote can be found. Desperate, they incite a victorious Enterprise attack on one of their vessels---but Kirk discovers their ruse.

'Meanwhile the central computer has fallen in love with him, severely crippling the Enterprise. Now Kirk must bring the antidote to the Romulans---before the galaxy crashes over the brink of war!'

TERRA SF II - THE YEARS BEST EUROPEAN SF

Edited by Richard D. Nolane

DAW, \$2.95, July, 1983

New anthology. 12 stories from France, Germany, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Italy, Spain, and Finland.

Somebody goofed and neglected to include the contents page.

GRYPHON IN GLORY By Andre Norton

Del Rey, \$2.50, May, 1983. First published by Atheneum in 1981.

'The Waste was stirring and strange forms of the Dark, long quiet, began to wake as Kerovan---whose cloven hoofs marked his kinship with the Old Ones---journeyed into the Waste on a secret mission, leaving behind the girl he loved. Joisan, however, rode after him, wearing about her neck Kerovan's gift, a small crystal globe encasing a miniature gryphon.

'While Kerovan strove for answers to the riddles of the Dark, Joisan worked to unlock the power of the crystal gryphon. But only together could they hope to find the ancient Sleeper and defeat the forces of evil...'

MOON CALLED By Andre Norton

TOR, \$2.95, July, 1983. First published in 1982.

'Thora is the Chosen One. Pressed against her breast is the Sacred Jewel, possessing all the powers of the Moon.

'Makil is the Man of Pure Light.

In his golden scabbard rests the magical Sword of Lur.

'Together they descend into an underground world of soulless machines and eternal night. High Priestess and Warrior, Jewel and Sword, they join in battle against the Dark Lord. If they fail, the Holy Force will fall---and Thora and Makil will be forever entombed in the flesh evil.'

THE WINDHOVER TAPES---FIZE OF THE GABRIEL RATCHETS

By Warren Norwood

Bantam, \$2.95, July, 1983.

'Return with Contract Diplomat Gerard Manley to the lost decade before the adventures recorded in the Windhover tapes. Recapture the intrigue, treachery and passion of his years as Consort to Fairy Peg, ruler of the Ribble Galaxy, and Supreme Commander of the elite fighting force known as the Gabriel Ratchets.

'Follow Manley on a brutal mission to subdue a rebel planet, as he fights to survive the rivalries of the Ribble court...and on a voyage to the reaches of his own mind to learn the awesome secrets locked within.'

THE LADY OF THE SNOWMIST

By Andrew J. Offutt

Ace, \$2.50, June, 1983.

Fantasy. Volume Three of the War of the Gods on Earth series.

'When the Lady of the Snowmist freed Jarik Blackwood of his god-bonds, She bound him forever with a blood-tie and battle-scar to the knowledge that gods warred with gods on the earth---and why.

'Yet even she could not contain the boundless rage of Jarik's god-sword. Or his thirst to become, through battle, whole at last.'

Two other novels in this series are scheduled: THE IRON LORDS (July) and SHADOWS OUT OF HELL (August).

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE #9

DREAM TRIPS

By Edward Packard

Illustrated by Lorna Tomei

Bantam-SkyLark, \$1.95, June 1, 1983

For ages 7 to 9, this and the other Choose Your Own Adventure books listed below, are simpler, big print adventures with drawings that illustrate scenes and are not crucial to deciding which storyline to follow.

These books are the sort of thing a parent will buy to involve a child in reading and to improve a child's reading/thinking skills.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE #10
THE GENIE IN THE BOTTLE
By Jim Razzi
Illustrated by Kevin Callahan
Bantam-Skylark, \$1.95, June 1, 1983

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE #21
HYPERSPACE
By Edward Packard
Illustrated by Anthony Kramer
Bantam, \$1.95, June 1, 1983

THE OMINOUS PARALLELS
THE END OF FREEDOM IN AMERICA
By Leonard Peikoff
MENTOR (NAL), \$3.95, June, 1983.
Introduction by Ayn Rand.
'Self-sacrifice, mysticism,
collectivism, doing one's duty,
these are among the seductive catch-
phrases that Leonard Peikoff dissects,
examining the kind of philosophy
they symbolize, the type of thinking
that lured Germany to its doom and
that he says is now dangerously pre-
valent in the United States.'
First published by Stein and Day
in 1982.

ULLER UPRISING By H. Beam Piper
Ace, \$2.75, June, 1983. First pub-
lished in 1952.

'The Ulleran challenge begins
with the rantings of a prophet and a
seemingly incidental street riot.
Only when a dose of poison lands in
the governor-general's whiskey does
it become clear that the "geeks"
have had it up to their double-lidded
eyeballs with the imperialist
Terran Federation's Chartered Uller
Company. Then, overnight, war is
everywhere.

'How it will end is in the
(merely) two Terran hands of the new
governor-general, a man shrewd enough
to know that "it is easier to banish
a habit of thought than a piece of
knowledge." The problem is, the
particular piece of knowledge he
needs hasn't been used in 450 years.'

DREAM MAKERS--volume II
By Charles Platt
BERKLEY, \$6.95, June, 1983

Interviews, exceptionally good,
with 28 science fiction writers, plus an
interview with Platt by Douglas
E. Winter.
Recommended.

FIRES OF SCORPIO: DRAY PRESCOTT #29
DAW, \$2.50, April, 1983.

'Triple trouble always dogged
Dray Prescott just when he thought
he had things under control. This
time, involved with setting things
right on the continent of Pandahem,
the Star Lords yanked him away from
his friends, and dumped him, weapon-

less, at the gates of the terrible
temple of the Leem.

'To rescue a girl sacrifice
there was but the start, for next he
had to help torch the temple and all
the others like it, and finally take
to the sea to confront the next wave
of the fish-headed marauders from
Kregen's Southern Hemisphere.'

REENTRY By Paul Preuss
Bantam, \$2.95, June, 1983. Second
printing; first---Feb. 1981.

'Through the space-time hyper-
fold of a double black hole, Holder
journeys the backward through time into
one of a billion other possible
realities. By reliving his youth on
a primitive planet, he hopes to
change the shape of his destiny.
'Pursued by a beautiful assassin,
and used by an old woman whose secret
experiments have achieved the un-
thinkable, Holder defies probability
to save a universe of the edge of
destruction.'

JOURNEY By Marta Randall
Timescape, \$3.50, May, 1983; first
printing May, 1978.

A sf family saga novel.
'Aerie---a vast, muddy rock, float-
ing in cosmic darkness, uninhabited.
But for Jason and Mish Kennerin, it
is shelter, a new beginning as their
own planet crashes into the void.
'Aerie becomes their hope in
the universe, a safe harbor for their
love. And when others join them,
they forge a mighty empire, a dynas-
ty whose name will thunder down the
generations, through the universe,
to the farthest reaches of time and
space.'

THE WILD ALIEN TAKER
By Mike Resnick
Signet, \$2.50, July, 1983.

New sf novel in the Tales of
the Galactic Midway series---#3.
'When Jupiter Monk took his an-
imal-taming act to the stars as part
of Thaddeus Flint's interstellar
carnival, he hadn't expected all his
animals to die and leave him a train-
er with nothing to tame.

'Still, with countless planets
to choose from, he could surely put
together a new act. Endless creat-
ures and worlds later, Jupiter was
about ready to call it quits. How
could he work with a chlorine-breath-
er, a purple snarler the size of a
child's toy, or a thing that looked
like too close a cousin to a human?

'Monk was desperate when he
landed on Sabellius III. Then he
met the monster that called itself
his native guide---and that was when
Jupiter got his great idea for the
sweetest carry on the universe had
ever seen...'

SPACE ANGEL By John Maddox Roberts
Del Rey, \$1.95, First edition 1979,
2nd printing, May, 1983.

'For Kelly, it was an impossible
dream come true when he shipped out
on the Space Angel. Ship's boy was
the most menial job aboard, but it
was exciting enough just to be in
space.

'Things became even more excit-
ing than even Kelly wanted when an
unimaginably old and powerful entity
commandeered the Space Angel and
sent the freighter on an incredible
mission to the center of the galaxy
---with two hereditary killers and
a poetic crab added to the crew for
extra interest!'

CESTUS DEI By John Maddox Roberts
Tor, \$2.75, June, 1983.

'The newly rediscovered planet
Charun bears an uncanny resemblance
to late Imperial Rome, but with atom-
ic weapons. Its upper classes are
riddled with vice and corruption.
The lower are oppressed to the level
of animals. Both live only for
gambling and the Gladiatorial Games.
Worst for all, Charunites engage in
the one wholly forbidden vice: the
creation of artificial life.

In a future ruled by a new
Church of Rome, Father Miles, a
combat-trained Jesuit missionary,
has been set the task of returning
these strayed sheep of Charun to
the paths of righteousness. To suc-
ceed, he'll have to stray pretty
far from those paths himself. If
he fails, Charun will be cleansed
with fire.

STARDANCE
By Spider and Jeanne Robinson
TOR, \$2.95, first Tor printing
July, 1983. Portions of this work
first appeared in ANALOG magazine
in different form.

A woman of perfect beauty is
too big for perfect grace as a bal-
lerina; she will never be more than
an understudy. STARDANCE is the
story of one such, Shara Drummond,
who seeks self-expression in space.

'Her life is to be devoted to
creating a weightless artform that
is to dance as three dimensions are
to two. But then the aliens arrive,
beings of pure light who dance for-
ever between the stars. But their
dancing is a form of communication
as far beyond language as language
is beyond the grunting of apes---
just as Shara's is.

'And so it falls to Shara Drum-
mond to prove that the human race
is...human. By her Stardance.'

THE HIDDEN WORLDS OF ZANDRA

By William Rotsler

Doubleday, \$11.95, July, 1983.

New sf novel. Second in the Zandra series.

'Having passed through a time and space warp, Mace Wilde, Eve Clayton, Liberty Crockett, Barney Boone, and Dr. Richter---all fellow passengers on a jetliner whose flight pattern had taken them over the Bermuda Triangle---find themselves in an alien world called Zandra. Peopled by a variety of races, some humanoid and others reptilian, Zandran civilization is at once familiar and completely foreign. Its inhabitants live in a society almost medieval in structure yet whose rulers enforce their will through the use of technologically and genetically advanced weapons.

'With Princess Falana, heir to the Emperor's throne, the Earth people, or Terrans, tour the mysterious and long-neglected Zandran provinces. But the casual tenor of their voyage soon turns serious as they become the targets of both a court conspiracy to usurp the Emperor's power and the rebellious subjects they encounter.

'Pressed to the limits of endurance and forced to adapt and master the lost technology of the ancient alien superbeings who once controlled Zandra, Mace and his followers survive and conquer only to face questions beyond survival...'

CRY HAVOC By Barry Sadler

Tor, \$3.50, June, 1983.

NOT a science fiction or fantasy novel.

'The Special Forces at Plei Jrong trust Vietnamese Captain Lim. He's a good officer; he's proved his loyalty more than once. They trust him until he slips into their bunkers and cuts their throats.

'Lim is Viet Cong, and he's through serving the Americans. Now all he wants is revenge. Revenge on Sergeant Reider---the Green Beret that Lim must humble, the battle-worn American he must destroy.

'But Reider has other ideas.'

DORIS LESSING

CONTEMPORARY WRITERS SERIES

By Lorna Sage

Methuen & Co., 733 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017

\$4.25, April, 1983

An analysis of the writing and thinking and the meaning of it all, of Doris Lessing.

Each talented, perceptive, observer-of-man-and-culture, of time and angst and death...every one says a-

bout the same things, but each in a slightly different way, differently accented. And these deep thoughts and keen observations are endlessly fascinating to those who have similar thoughts, and so these writers are seen as important (naturally) for expressing...echoing...repeating... Intellectuals dote on intellectuals, and often a certain type of intellectual makes a living by doting, and there is a small subdivision of academia and of publishing which formalizes this activity.

It isn't that the Empress is wearing no clothes, it is that she is wearing, artfully, individually, rags---once glorious, now worn-out---which others, years and years ago, created, used, and discarded. But then those raiments were worn to low-class parties, in a disreputable part of town, unknown to the aristocracy. How humiliating for the aristocracy now to discover these old rags and think them new and fine and to parade around in them for their adoring friends and hangers-on, while the original owners have gone on, created newer, even finer garments...

WHISPERS IV

Edited By Stuart David Schiff

Doubleday, \$11.95, July, 1983

New anthology. Beautiful wrap-around Steve Fabian dustjacket.

This is the latest in a series devoted to tales of terror, the supernatural and the macabre. Some of these 16 stories are from the magazine WHISPERS, and some are originals for this volume.

Authors are: Freff, Karl Edward Wagner, Ramsey Campbell, Tanith Lee, Frances Garfield, Gerald W. Page, William F. Nolan, Charles L. Grant, Lawrence Treat, Frank Belnap Long, Stephen Kleinhen, Hugh B. Cave, Richard Christian Matheson, Michael Shea, David Drake, Russell Kirk.

WAR AND PEACE---POSSIBLE FUTURES

FROM ANALOG

Edited By Stanley Schmidt

Dial Press, \$12.95, Aug., 1983

'In 1944---a little before the earth-shaking events at Hiroshima and Nagasaki---ANALOG's earlier self, ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, published a story involving the creation of an atomic bomb. The author's description of the supposedly top-secret device was accurate enough to bring FBI agents to the magazine's offices, demanding to know who had leaked classified information.

'This Volume's introduction tells more about the incident of the atom-

ic bomb---and the eleven stories which follow offer other speculations... not all battlefield adventures.'

Mostly well-known and previously anthologized stories by:

T.L. Sherred, A.E. van Vogt, Murray Leinster, Vernor Vinge, Gordon R. Dickson, Dean McLaughlin, Jerry Pournelle, Hank Davis, Marc Steigler, Theodore Sturgeon, and Eric Frank Russell.

THE MCANDREW CHRONICLES

By Charles Sheffield

Tor, \$2.95, June, 1983.

A collection of stories all about the worldclass, far-out inventor, McAndrew. And about ship captain Jeannie Roker.

These are hard science fiction stories and there is an Appendix at the end of the book detailing the current science used in the stories and telling of the science extrapolation used to create the future science used.

THE SELKIE

By Charles Sheffield & David

Bischoff

SIGNET, \$3.50, May, 1983; first published by Macmillan in 1982.

'Mary Willis comes from America to Scotland to join her husband, who is working on an engineering project in a rugged coastal village. It is here that she meets Jamie McPherson and is swept up in a love beyond imagination.

'She knows little about him but she does not care, for he is the most spellbinding lover she has ever had---a seducer of erotic mystery and exquisite sexual genius.

'...She is always ready for him, this stranger cloaked in a beauty that is more than human...until, little by little, she uncovers the nature of his dark and terrible secret...'

THE GOSPEL FROM OUTER SPACE

By Robert J. Short

Harper & Row, San Francisco. \$5.95 1983. 96 pages, trade paperback.

The religious implications of E.T., STAR WARS, SUPERMAN, CLOSE COUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND, and 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

THE COMPANION By Scott Siegel

BANTAM, \$1.95, July, 1983

A DARK FORCES NOVEL, ages 12 and up.

Since childhood Jeff's secret, invisible companion, Kim, has protected him. But when he entered boarding school, Kim becomes a hell-spawned creature intent on possessing his body and soul.

THE MASKS OF TIME

By Robert Silverberg
BANTAM, \$2.95, July, 1983; first published in 1968. SF novel.

'In the waning days before the millennium, an apocalyptic fervor raged, rocking the foundations of society. Then a mysterious stranger called Vornan-19 appeared, claiming to be an emissary from the future. In a few short days he attracted a following of millions, inspiring hope, desire, and fear. This is his strange testament, told by a man who shared his orgiastic odyssey through the mad days of a dying century.'

CEMETARY WORLD By Clifford D. Simak
DAW, \$2.50, May, 1983. First published in 1972-3.

'Earth---graveyard to the galaxy. Those who could afford it shipped the bones of their dead back to Mother Earth, man's ancient birthplace. Ravaged 10,000 years earlier by war, Earth was reclaimed by its space-dwelling offspring as a planet of landscaping and tombstones.'

'Fletcher Carson came back to Earth to work on an artistic creation of revolutionary design. He was accompanied by a powerful robot, by a talented art machine, and by a strikingly beautiful treasure hunter whose secret goal was vastly more important than mere gold and jewels.'

'But for them, the world of the dead was hostile terrain, where the Wolves of Steel dogged their footsteps, where the shrouded Census-taker floated faceless beside them, and where the frightful Shades hovered at landscape's edges.'

LANDO CALISSIAN AND THE MINDHARP OF SHARU

By L. Neil Smith
DEL REY, \$2.50, July, 1983. New SF novel based on the characters and situations created by George Lucas.

'Gambler, rogue, and con-artist, Lando Calissian was born with a well-developed taste for the good life. More comfortable at the dealer's end of a fast shuffle than at the rear end of a blaster, Lando always had his sensors scanning for the chance to pick up easy credits.'

'So when he heard that the planets of the Rafa System were practically buried in ancient alien treasure, he hopped aboard the Millennium Falcon and brushed up on his rusty astrology. He never stopped to think that someone might be conning the con man...'

THE BARGAIN By Rex Sparger
BANTAM, \$1.95, July, 1983

A DARK FORCES NOVEL, ages 12 and up.

A bargain with the devil is made by a struggling high school rock band. Result: success!--and a price to be paid.

THE GOLDEN SWAN By Nancy Springer
Pocket/Timescape, \$2.50, May, 1983.

Fantasy novel. The sequel to THE BOOK OF ISLE and THE BLACK BEAST.

Young Dair, changeling wolf-human son of King Trevyn of Isle, is called by a mysterious vision to share his destiny with a strange, wandering youth known as Frain.

THE TREASURE OF WONDERWHAT

By Bill Starr
Del Rey, \$2.50, First Edition, 1976; this edition May, 1983.
Farstar & son novel #2.

'Ranger Farstar, the dauntless captain of the starship Gayheart had heard of the legendary treasure ship that had been caught in the tail of the comet Wonderwhat. Now he aimed to find it and turn a handsome profit. And he was willing to face the unknown dangers that awaited all those who attempted to claim the treasure.'

'Dawnboy, blood-son of his space-roving father, the young warrior had no fear of the unknown; but he harbored many uneasy doubts about Shayne. That mischievous Vampirian lass was always getting in the way and---worse---getting him into trouble.'

'Together with help---and an occasional warning---from Lulu, their biocomputer, Ranger and Dawnboy traveled through the darkest reaches of space and into pirate-infested galaxies hoping to claim the golden treasure before anyone could beat them to it!'

FIRST BORN By Caroline Thompson
Coward-McCann, \$13.95, June, 1983

A diary-format story of a young woman's abortion and her later obsession with an oddly deformed boy who is the age of her never-born child.

A mother's horror story.
New novel.

THE BLUE WORLD By Jack Vance
DAW, \$2.25, April, 1983. First published in 1966.

'The Blue World was beautiful---a world of water, with floating islands made by the thick, spreading tops of gigantic ocean growths, big enough to support neat houses and sea gardens alive with fish of all kinds, rich with edible water plants, and even communication towers so that the People of the Floats

were not cut off from one another but could send messages and enjoy festivals and meetings together.

'Except for one thing. The massive abundance of the ocean spawned far more than food for the puny human beings living on its surface. The Floats were in constant danger from the ravaging attacks of monster sea creatures against whom there was no defense---except cowardly propitiation.'

'The Blue World needed a rebel, one who would give his life if necessary. They found one. This is his story.'

BLUESONG By Sydney J. Van Scyoc
Berkley, \$4.95, May, 1983. Trade paperback edition.

This science/fantasy is the sequel to last Fall's DARKCHILD, and is the second volume of a trilogy.

It is the story of two separated children of a stranger trapped in their alien world.

EMPIRE OF THE ATOM By A. E. van Vogt
Timescape, \$2.95, July, 1983. First published in 1956.

'The mutant Clane was banished from the Court of Linn. He was a victim of the Atom Gods---Uranium, Radium, Plutonium and Ecks---whose godstuff powered rockets, whose fires had laid fearsome waste to the Old World.'

'But Clane survives, strengthened by the ways of science, art, war and love---while the Linn empire crumbles, burdened by war on Venus and Barbarian attack from Jupiter's moon.'

'Fighting intrigue, assassination and treachery, the child Clane must rule to preserve the Empire. In the Century 12,000, no man dares question the Atom Gods---but Clane will dare to discover their secrets...'

THE SERCERER'S SKULL

By Robert E. Vardeman
Ace, \$2.75, June, 1983.

Second novel of the Cenotaph Road series.

'Dar-ellan-Martak walked the Cenotaph Road---and in the blink of an eye he exchanged his old life for a new one. But in this other world, Lan found himself with a fussy spider for a companion and a powerful wizard for an enemy. Hardly an even trade---and certainly no accident.'

'Now he and Krek were in a desperate race with the wizard Claymore. At the top of a mirrored mountain, inside a sacred temple, was an alien artifact controlling all the portals along the Cenotaph Road. Lan had to reach it first or be stranded forever. He thought that Claymore, reduced to a mere

skull, would have difficulty climbing the mountain. He forgot that wizards always have their own inventive ways and underhanded methods....'

MILLENNIUM By John Varley
BERKLEY, \$6.95, June, 1983.

A new, high-powered, high-tension sf novel in which time "raiders" from the far, far future screw up and have to risk enormous alterations, even doom, in history as they strive to correct the situation. Along the way an extraordinary human relationship develops between a woman of the umpteenth century and a man of our era.

An exceptionally well-written story. It leaves finger marks on your throat.

DARK CRUSADE By Karl Edward Wagner
Warner \$2.95, May, 1983; third printing from December, 1976.
A Kane adventure.

'Out of the blackness of an almost-forgotten past, the cruel cult of Saraki has come to life again. Orted Ak-Ceddi, a daring outlaw, is its prophet. He draws thousands of converts to his Dark Crusade---a design to destroy mankind. His bloody cohorts conquer Shapeli, but they are defeated when they drive to vanquish the southern kingdoms. Orted knows he must have a powerful cavalry to launch a new drive---and Kane is the man who can command the conquest. But Kane intends no final victory for the Forces of Darkness.'

DEATH ANGEL'S SHADOW
By Karl Edward Wagner
Warner, \$2.95, June, 1983; third printing from June, 1973.
A Kane adventure.

'A quest that took Kane into forbidden wastelands, and tested his killer skills against the most brutal forces ever summoned against a single man.

'Kane faced death duels in strange swamps, assassin's attacks, the heart-freezing terror of the werewolf---and lived to laugh at danger.

'But he knew he'd lost his strength, and perhaps his soul, when he entered the erotic web of the vampire.'

THE SWORD IS FORGED
By Evangeline Walton
TIMESCAPE BOOKS, \$15.95, July, 1983.

'Set is the islands of ancient Greece... Theseus, son of Poseidon and future King of Athens, is sailing the strange, unexplored waters of the Black Sea with his kinsman, Hercules. Still executing his legendary labors, Hercules seeks the

fabled land of the Amazons, for it is his task to bring back the golden girdle of the Amazon Queen. And although he means no harm, Hercules unwittingly sets up a destined encounter which will prove devastating for both his nation and the Amazons. From this journey, Theseus returns with a vision of his future wife---Antiope, the Queen of the Amazons---and sets in motion a tragedy that will become legend.'

Classic fantasy. Guess who's supposed to buy and read this.

AN AMBUSH OF SHADOWS
By Paul O. Williams
Del Rey, \$2.95, September, 1983.

New sf novel, uncorrected proof.
Book Five of *The Pelbar Cycle*.

'This series, set in a post holocaust America a thousand years in the future, relates the history of the Pelbar people in their attempt to restore civilization to a savage world.

'For years after their disastrous defeat by the Pelbar at Northwall, the slave-holding Tantal had kept their distance.

'But once the Pribar moved northward to colonize the shores of the Bitter Sea, Tantal forces were always on the attack.

'Then one day they kidnapped the young daughter of Stel Westrum, Pelbar master craftsman, re-inventor of the steamboat---and, suddenly, the single-minded foe of all things Tantal...'

POLTERGEIST--A STUDY IN DESTRUCTIVE HAUNTING

By Colin Wilson
Widewind/Perigee, \$6.95, August, 1983.

'In this study, Colin Wilson examines the evidence regarding poltergeists and develops a masterful and definitive theory of the forces that surround us and are contained within each one of us.'

High-quality trade paperback edition.

THE 1983 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF
Edited by Donald A. Wollheim with Art Saha
DAW, \$2.95, May, 1983.

New anthology, with stories by James White, Connie Willis, Frederik Pohl, Gardner Dozois & Jack Dann, Timothy Zahn, Timothy Robert Sullivan, Tanith Lee, Joanna Russ, Bruce Sterling, and Rudy Rucker.

CARLISLE STREET By T.M. Wright
TOR, \$3.50, July, 1983.

Horror novel.
'From Carlisle Street, the children's voices call. Their

strange eyes stare through the tall grass in the middle of a country field. In darkened air beneath a bright blue sky, their desolate mother's scream falls into silence. Beside an unseen lamppost, among the darkening trees, a gentle killer, smelling of cloves, waits to repeat, "I love you." Carlisle Street's people want. They need. They're here. Now.'

Interesting cover---a gothic old house with a single lighted window is entwined in the wavy, demon-ridden hair of a terrified blonde young woman. That pulls a lot of strings. The hair and demons are embossed. Maybe they're not demons; maybe lost souls.

THE SAINT-GERMAIN CHRONICLES

By Chelsea Quinn Yarbro
Timescape, \$2.95, May, 1983.

Five stories about the charming vampire, with linking letters of a certain nature...

'In his four thousand years, the Count has known royalty and rabble, artists, spies, adulteresses---and the most beautiful women in the world. From the glittering capitals of 18th Century Europe to modern New York, he appears again and again.

'Now meet the Count---in an Edwardian sitting room; in a chateau behind enemy lines during World War II; in a Colorado resort where a murderer lurks; on a New York-bound jet, he greets you---a master of the mysterious, a man of peculiar, terrifying desires.'

THE GODFORSAKEN

By Chelsea Quinn Yarbro
Warner, \$3.95, May, 1983.

Historical occult horror novel.

'As the Inquisition spread its fiery fingers across the land of Spain, holding kingdom and king in its terrible grip, a new horror would rise to challenge even the invincible power of the Grand Inquisitor. A curse on the house of King Alonzo that came from the very Devil.

'A curse would leave his daughters unfit to marry or rule. A curse that would transform his only legitimate son, Rolon, into the very Hound of Hell, whose unspeakable secret bloomed under the full moon of a country where terror came in mother's milk and vengeance roamed abroad. Rolon, the chosen, the damned. Rolon, the kind, blessed with a compassionate soul and a great and tragic love; cursed by a secret plague sent by Lucifer Himself. Rolon, Heir to the Throne of Spain, who dared to defy the Inquisition in the ungodly raiment of THE GODFORSAKEN.

EYE OF CAT By Roger Zelazny
Timescape, \$2.50, July, 1983. Hard-
back published in 1982.

'William Blackhorse Singer, the
last Navajo tracker on a future earth,
has stocked the Interstellar Life In-
stitute with its most exotic creat-
ures. But one of Singer's prizes
preys on his mind: a metamorph, the
one-eyed shapeshifter Cat, whose
home planet has been destroyed.

'Billy offers Cat freedom to
help him stop an alien assassin, and
Cat accepts. The price: permission
to hunt Billy. And the deadly game
begins. In a fierce, global hunt,
Billy flees his extra-sentient kill-
er. And suddenly, he is pursuing
not life, but the mysteries of his
people, and the blinding vision of
his own primeval spirit.'

THE BLACKCOLLAR By Timothy Zahn
DAW, \$2.95, July, 1983.

New sf novel.

'Allen Caine had never met any
of those superbly trained guerrilla
warriors, but their exploits in the
war against the alien Ryrqil invaders
were legendary. Chemically aug-
mented with drugs to prolong youth,
double speed and reflexes, and en-
hance memory, they were a special
task force trained in hand-to-hand
combat against an enemy far more
powerful and swift than human sol-
diers ... the Blackcollars had been
the deadliest men in the history of
Earth warfare.

'But that was 30 years ago---
that was had been lost---and Allen
Caine, an operative in Earth's un-
derground Resistance had a mission
to complete. A last-chance effort
to overthrow the alien domination
of Earth and her colonies would de-
pend on his re-convening a Blackcol-
lar unit---if they still existed,
and if he could find them.'

ADDENDUM-----

CONFLICT By Poul Anderson
TOR, \$2.95, August, 1983.

New 10-story anthology of
Anderson stories.

MAGAZINES-----

AMAZING September, 1983, \$1.50
Cover by John Lakey & Val/Artifact
Opinion by Robert Silverberg
Reviews by Frank Catalanano & Robert
Coulson.

Editorial by George H. Scithers
Stories by: Andrew M. Greeley, Rory
Harper, R.A. Lafferty, Tanith Lee,
Arthur Pendennis, Eric G. Iverson,
and Reginald Bretnor.
Article by Steve Aaronson

Interview with R.A. Lafferty by
Darrell Schweitzer.
Poems by Wendy McElroy, Robert Fra-
zier, Tom Disch.
Cartoon by William Rotsler & Alexis
Gilliland.

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION June, 1983
\$1.75

Cover by Michael Garland
Cartoons by Nurit Karlin, Joseph
Dawes.

Books by Algis Budrys
Films by Baird Searles
Science by Isaac Asimov
Stories by Ian Watson, Gardner Dozois
and Jack Dann, A Bertram Chandler,
Reginald Bretnor, B.L. Keller, Fred
Singer, Rene Rebetez, Gene Wolfe,
Richard Mueller, James Patrick Kelly.

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION July, 1983
\$1.75

Cover by Andrew Probert
Cartoon by Joseph Farris
Books by Algis Budrys
Films by Baird Searles
Science by Isaac Asimov
Stories by George Alec Effinger,
George R.R. Martin, Greg Frost,
Barbara Owens, Ron Goulart, Gene
DeWeese, Pamela Sargent, John M.
Landesberg.

FANTASY BOOK August, 1983, \$3.00

Cover by Walter Lee
Back Cover by Alan Gutierrez
Verse by Jonathan V. Post
Stories by Gordon Linzer. Kim Hughes,
Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Paul Ed-
ward Zimmer, Ardath Mayhar, Jack
Modhams, Eric Leif Davin, Brian Lum-
ley, Kris Neville, Robert Burnham,
Jr., Susan Schwartz, Uwe Luserke,
Amelia Reynolds Long.
Comic art by Lee Nordling
P.O. Box 4193, Pasadena, CA 91106

INTERZONE Spring, 1983, \$2.50

Editorial by Simon Ounsley
Stories by John Sladek, Alex Stew-
art, David Redd, Malcolm Edwards,
Andy Soutter, Barrington Bayley.
9 Patchin Place, New York, NY 10011

RIGEL #7, Spring, 1983, \$2.50

Cover by Alan Gutierrez
Editorial by Lela Dowling
Interview: Michael Moorcock
Visual Media: Alan Dean Foster
Opinion by Debbie Notkin
Science by Dr. Dean R. Lambe
Stories by Joseph Green and Patrice
Milton, Tom Easton, Frank Catalanano,
Alan Dean Foster, Eric Vincoff.
P.O. Box 2523, Richmond, CA 94802

THESE HAVE BEEN THE ARCHIVES, A LIST-
ING OF SF AND FANTASY AND OTHERS RE-
CEIVED FROM MAJOR/MINOR PROFESSIONAL
PUBLISHERS IN THE PAST THREE MONTHS.
WE HOPE THEY ARE OF VALUE TO YOU.

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is available
in microform.

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TEN YEARS AGO IN SF --
SUMMER, 1973

BY ROBERT SABELLA

J.R.R. Tolkien died on Septem-
ber 14 at the age of 81 ... Bal-
lantine Books paid Arthur C.
Clarke \$500,000 for reprint rights
to RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA, IMPERIAL
EARTH and FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE.
This was the largest paperback
sale of science fiction books to
date ... The original anthology
faded was in full swing with every
theme anthology imaginable being
published: Roger Elwood's CONTIN-
UUM contained eight science fic-
tion series spread over four vol-
umes while his FUTURE CITY con-
tained stories based on the title
theme; David Gerrold's PROTOSTARS
and EMPHASIS featured stories by
new writers only; Terry Carr's
STRANGE BROTHERS contained stories
about relationships between hu-
mans and aliens while AN EXALTA-
TION OF STARS was concerned with
the religious experience; Pamela
Sargent's WOMEN OF WONDER fea-
tured stories by and/or about women;
and the list went on ... Harlan
Ellison declared he would finally
submit the completed manuscript
for THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS in
September. 1983, perhaps? ...
The Hugo Winners were announced at
TorCon: Isaac Asimov's THE GODS
THEMSELVES was Best Novel; "The
Word For World is Forest," by Ur-
sula K. LeGuin was Best Novella;
Poul Anderson's "Goat Song" was
Best Novelette; Best Short Story
was a tie between R.A. Lafferty's
"Eurema's Dam" and Pohl & Korn-
bluth's "The Meeting."

collapse and those speculators who were riding the market up would be jumping out of windows in a year.

I've got maybe six months for that dire circumstance to happen and prove me right. But what really bothers me about the current euphoria is that the pension funds are pouring large amounts of money into this wild stock market surge, and are not following conservative investment policies. Pension funds should invest, not speculate, and the current roaring rally on Wall Street is all based on maybe and hope and betting-on-the-come.

Currently we are into a strong, short recovery, and everyone is assuming the resurgence of the economy is going to be sustained into 1984 and possibly beyond.

Not I. MARK ME! Steel production is faltering now. The housing boom is faltering now. The international debt structure is showing more and more cracks. [The U.S. stock market had a heart attack when it was rumored that either Brazil or Argentina had defaulted on some bank loans.] And, above all, interest rates are climbing again, and the commodity markets are faltering again. Lumber orders and production are falling again (and they are a leading indicator.)

I expect November-December to mark the end of the current "recovery." And I don't think the unemployment rate to get below 9.2% this time down. In the 1984-85 downleg of this depression the unemployment rate will go over 12% and will kill Reagan's reelection hopes.

AS THE PUBLISHER SAID AS HE RAISED THE PRICE OF HIS MAGAZINE, THIS WILL HURT YOU MORE THAN IT WILL ME

Yes, people, the sad, bad news is that SFR is in fairly dire need of a price increase. Issue #37 saw the price rise to \$2.00 cover price, and to \$1.75 by subscription.

Three years have passed. That long? Why, it seems like yesterday...

Anyway, to make it short and bitter, with the #50 issue (Feb., 1984) [Big Brother is dunning you.] SFR will increase its retail price to \$2.50, and its subscription price to \$9.00 per year, or \$18.00 for two years.

Good! That seems a lot! Foreign subscribers will be required to fork over US\$9.50 for one year, and US\$19.00 for two years.

If this price increase loses me subscribers, I can see the year

coming when the last subscriber will be paying \$3200. per issue. No... no, it'll never come to that!

So, you're welcome to renew or extend your subscription at the present rates until January 25th, 1984, when the new rates will take effect with the mailing of SFR #50.

By that issue, unless I get some hot interviews in the file, you'll see even more Geis than you thought possible.

The saving grace of this price increase is the continuation of bond/bookpaper in these issues. So many of you have quailed at the prospect of pulp paper issues that you've recklessly told me you'd rather pay more. An option I couldn't resist.

The pages will stay the same...until I decide to change the mix again.

I still refuse to accept advertising.

Oh, almost forgot. THE CORPORATION STRIKES BACK, my 500-copy self-published erotic sf novel, has been sold out. No more copies available. None. No. Don't ask.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #47 Interviews with Janet Morris and Charles Platt; "Philip K. Dick--A Cowardly Memoir" by Peter Nicholls; "Of Ground, and Ocean, and Sky" by Ian Watson; "Once Over Lightly" by Gene DeWeese; "Alien Thoughts" by REG.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #46 Interview with John Sladek; "How NOT To Write Science Fiction" by Richard Wilson; profile of Larry Niven; "Standing By Jericho" by Steve Gallagher; "The Vivisector" by Darrell Schweitzer; "Raising Hackles" by Elton T. Elliott.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #45 Interview with Keith Laumer; "Pulp!" by Algis Budrys; Interview with Terry Carr; "The Vivisector" by Darrell Schweitzer; "Raising Hackles" by Elton T. Elliott.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #44 Interview with Anne McCaffrey; "How Things Work" by Norman Spinrad; "Fantasy and the Believing Reader" by Orson Scott Card; "Raising Hackles" by Elton T. Elliott.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #43 Interview with James White; "The Porno Novel Bizz" by Anonymous; "How To Be A Science Fiction Critic" by Orson Scott Card; "The Vivisector" 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 Vivisector" by Darrell Schweitzer; SF News by Elton Elliott.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #40 Interview with Robert Schekley; 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 Vivisector" 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 Vivisector" by Darrell Schweitzer; "The Human Hotline" by Elton T. Elliott.

BACK ISSUES

THE ALIEN CRITIC SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW NO OTHER BACK ISSUES ARE AVAILABLE

\$1.25 per copy

EACH ISSUE CONTAINS MANY REVIEWS.
EACH ISSUE CONTAINS LETTERS FROM
WELL-KNOWN SF & FANTASY WRITERS,
EDITORS, PUBLISHERS AND FANS.

THE FOLLOWING LISTINGS ARE OF
FEATURED CONTRIBUTIONS

THE ALIEN CRITIC #5 Interview
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 Tren-
chant 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 Shav-
er 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
John Gustafson.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #15 Inter-
view with L. Sprague de Camp;
"Spec-Fic and the Perry Rhodan
Ghetto" by Donald C. Thompson;
"Uffish Thots" by Ted White.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #16 Inter-
view with Jerry Pournelle; "The
True and Terrible History of Sci-
ence Fiction" by Barry Malzberg;
"Noise Level" by John Brunner;
"The Literary Masochist" by Rich-
ard Lupoff.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #17 Inter-
view with George R.R. Martin; In-
terview with Robert Anton Wilson;
"Philip K. Dick: A parallax View"
by Terrence M. Green; "Microcos-
mos" by R. Faraday Nelson.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #18 Inter-
view with Lester del Rey; Inter-
view with Alan Burt Akers; "Noise
Level" by John Brunner; "A Short
One for the Boys in the Back Room"
by Barry Malzberg.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #19 Inter-
view with Philip K. Dick; Interview
with Frank Kelly Freas; "The Note-
books of Mack Sikes" by Larry Niven;
"Angel Fear" by Freff; "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.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #21 Inter-
view with Leigh Brackett & Edmond
Hamilton; Interview with Tim Kirk;
"The Dream Quarter" by Barry Malz-
berg; "Noise Level" by John Brunner.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #22 Inter-
view with John Varley; "S-F and
S-E-X" by Sam Merwin, Jr.; "After-
thoughts on Logan's Run" by William
F. Nolan; "An Evolution of Cons-
ciousness" by Marion Zimmer Bradley.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #23 Inter-
views: A.E. van Vogt, and Jack
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 Symbie
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; "Fee-dom 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
...or Slaves?"; SF News; SF Film
News; The Ackerman Interview; ONE
IMMORTAL MAN--Part Three.

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