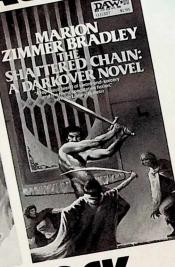




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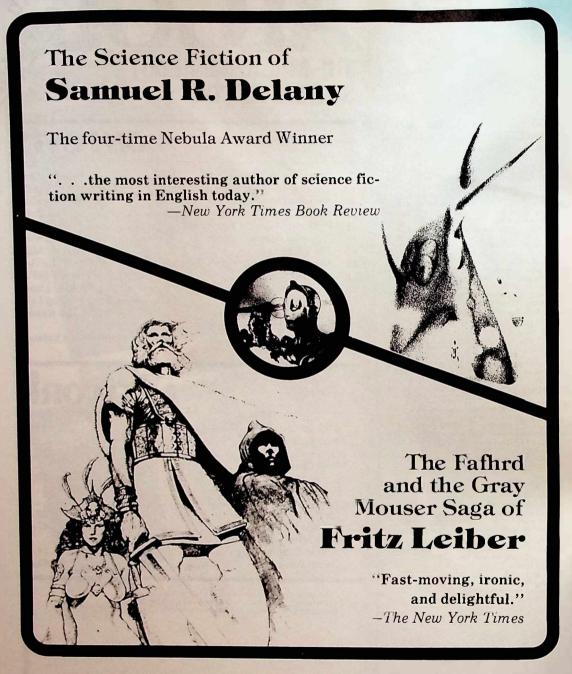
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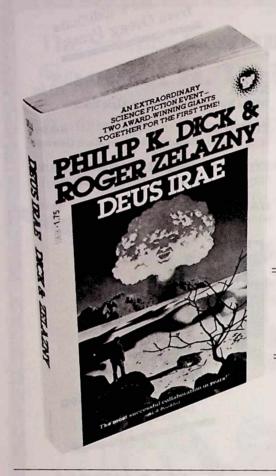
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THE COVER: This issue's cover is by California artist C. Lee Healy, Lee has had artwork in many convention artshows, with an emphasis on the annual Westercons, but this is, to my knowledge, her first published color cover. The cover's theme is repeated in the artwork for the lead article. Lee has had art in every issue but one since May 1972, and I predict her work will soon be gracing paperback and magazine covers.

THE ISSUE: As the banner on the contents page says, this is ALGOL's 15th anniversary year. Rather than doing one Giant special issue, I've decided to spread the wealth around and put out a whole year's worth of extraspecial issues. Every issue will have more than the usual share of articles, plus the regular contents. One reason for the expansion is advertising: this issue is up 6 pages of display advertising over last issue, and in order to accommodate both ads and increased editorial, I've added 16 pages to the issue, ALGOL's modest success-it won't be real success until it's paying all my bills as well as its own-is owed to a very real degree to the good people who advertise in its pages. Like the old pulps used to say. mention ALGOL when you write those people. If you're not enthusiastic about all the extra ads in ALGOL, think of all the good things to read that those ad dollars will buy. Remember, without the ads ALGOL would have to cut back drastically on what it can offer you.

This is the first issue at a new printer, Science Press in Ephrata, PA. Besides a good price, the new printer offers a better printing schedule and the added bonus of being only one day's shipping time away from New York City. The Spring 1977 issue, in contrast, took three weeks to ship to New York.

I said last issue that ALGOL was threatening to go into the next postal class. Well, I've since discovered that the maniacs who run the Post Office are scheduling another increase in second and third class rates for this coming May, and I might as well just sell more ads and increase pages because postage is going up anyway. ALGOL, for those interested, is mailed to subscribers at 3rd class bulk rates. Because it doesn't come out quarterly, but rather thirdly, I can't mail at 2nd class rates, which are Vastly Cheaper than 3rd class. SFR and Locus mail at 2nd class rates, and they save hundreds of dollars every year compared to what I pay. This differential in postage is the reason that I'm going to have to make myself unpopular with Canadian subscribers.

For you Canadian readers, I've got some good news and some bad. First, Derek Carter's Canadian History starts this issue with a tale from the first World War suppressed, with good

reason, by the Borden government. The bad news is that due to the devaluation of the Canadian Dollar, for one, and the insistence of my balance sheet, for another. I'm forced to accept Canadian subscriptions from now on only in U.S. Dollar amounts. Also, because of postage problems-ALGOL's bulk mailing rates are good in the US only, and for foreign and Canadian copies I have to pay single copy printed matter rate-1'm going to have to raise the Canadian rates to the full foreign rate of \$9.36 for two years. As I've stated before, I pay as much in postage for less than 300 outside-the-USA copies of ALGOL as I do for over 1600 copies mailed within the US.

Incidentally, British readers will be glad to know that I'm reinstating Ethel Lindsay as U.K. Agent. My "Stop Press" three issues ago said that I couldn't afford UK subscriptions anymore because of the instability of the Pound As soon as I'd set new, higher rates the value would again drop, outdating them. However, the Pound has now stabilized and prospects for the future are looking a lot brighter, so I welcome back Ethel to the fold.

Subscribers in general should note that the Post Office still plays games with delivery. Two consecutive issues have been delivered to California subscribers before those in New York City have gotten their copies-and the magazine is mailed in New York City!! Because this issue is coming out December first, I'm having the bookstore copies sent out immediately, in order to make the Christmas shopping season, before subscribers copies have gone out. Normally it takes about a week to stuff envelopes, and I have Dick Witter (whose F&SF Book Company is my wholesale distributor) hold off shipping to bookstores until a week after subscription copies go in the mail.

Dick Witter ships by United Parcel Service, which takes less than a week to get to California, overnight for points less than 500 miles away. The result is that although they're shipped out later, copies still go on sale days or weeks before the Post Office bothers to deliver subscription copies.

If you're wondering why Analog doesn't have these problems, it's because it has a natural delay built into its distribution system. The March issue, for example, is printed at the end of December. Subscriber's copies are mailed within a week of printing, at 2nd class rates, and go directly from the printers (Rumford Press in Concord NH) into the mails. The bulk of the copies, though, are shipped so that all local distributors will have copies by the end of January, when the issue simultaneously hits newsstands across the country. It's taken 2 weeks for subscribers to get their copies-and they get



them a week before they go on sale. ALGOL has no such natural delay, and bookstores start selling copies whenever

they get their orders.

To add insult to injury, Canadian copies take twice as long to reach subscribers because all printed matter gets treated as last class mail between the US and Canada. Bookstores get their copies in a week or so, and individual copies sometimes take 6-8 weeks in transit. Finally, the same thing happens with copies sent outside North America, only the delays are worse.

Incidentally, as I type these words in late October all copies of the last issue of ALGOL destined for Europe and the U.K. are sitting on a dock somewhere in the New York area. The Maine-to-Texas dock strike affects only containerships -and that's how the Post Office sends

mail out of the country.

Processing subscriptions and changes of address-fans sure do move a lot!-takes a lot of time and the current setup is just adequate for the job. New readers should realize that ALGOL is a one man operation, and that I do all aspects of the magazine myself, except the typesetting and printing. Everything else is done by Andy Porter, some things a little slower than others. Within a year or so I can foresee the need of a fulfillment house to handle circulation matters. If I can farm out subscriptions/changes of address/mailing label operations, that should allow more time for the important things like thinking up new layouts and getting Mercedes to advertise.

It boils down to the fact that bookstore sales of ALGOL are less costly in time and expense than subscriptions, and in fact bookstore sales passed subscriptions in numbers of ALGOL sold early this year. That's one of the reasons so much expense is lavished on the covers (another good reason is that I like how the covers look): they're so important in making that initial sale to you readers out there.

THE ISSUE, CONCLUDED: Returning to what I wanted to say originally, this should be an interesting issue. Marion Zimmer Bradley's article is an update, in some ways, of the article that appeared in ALGOL #19 (reprinted in the Experiment Perilous chapbook), in that it's a retrospective, from a little further along the road, of her work as a writer and as a person. I think you'll find it fascinating. Brian Aldiss talks about the state of SF, which as we all know actually exists, sandwiched between France and Germany, just over the border from Scotland. I've done a couple of maps for the article as well. The ALGOL Interview this issue is with

Michael Moorcock, whose endearing qualities shine in this dialogue with Ted Butler, Darrell Schweitzer, on the other hand, presents evidence that Hugo Gernsback had feet, legs, and hips of clay. The article's title may be familiar: it's intended to be. Fred Pohl continues his column with some comments on the teaching of SF; Vincent DiFate concludes his interview with Richard Powers; Susan Wood continues her column on the many facets of fandom; Dick Lupoff reviews a whole bunch of books, and tells us more about baseball than we wanted to know (this column is optional reading outside North America). Dick's column has a new logo, designed by Iim Odbert, which will save me endless expense in future issueshaving to do the word "Lupoff" twice, using Letraset, is a pain-and that looks really fine, too.

AND NEXT ISSUE: Two blockbusters in the next issue, out in April. A. Bertram Chandler's autobiographical "Around the World in 23,741 Days" is a truly fascinating look at life by a master seaman and writer. In the same issue is Harlan Ellison's definitive "How SFWA Stupidly Blew \$15 Million a Week, Avoided Having an Adenoid-Shaped Swimming Pool in Your Back Yard. Blew an Opportunity to Have a Mutually Destructive Love Affair with Clint Eastwood and Raquel Welch, and Otherwise Pissed Me off," This is going to be printed on asbestos; you can put it on your shelf next to your limited edition of Fahrenheit 451. Finally, there's an interview with Gordon Dickson by Sandra Miesel, It's going to be another fine issue, part of the 15th anniversary year celebration. Deadline for letters for that issue is February

ARTISTS AND (COPY)RIGHTS: Despite what I said last issue, I'm not going to discuss the new copyright laws in this issue. The revised copyright law, as finally passed, is still being changed as I write these words. This week Publishers Weekly reported that both the Assn. of American Publishers and the Authors League of America are upset about a provision which says that works for hire-for instance, articles in ALGOLmay be copyrighted once by the author and once by the publisher. This is confusing, clouds the issue of who exactly is the definitive owner of the copyright, and is just one of the many aspects of the new law. A very complicated subject: too complicated for me. Next issue I hope to have a report by a lawyer experienced in copyright law.

Meanwhile, you'll find the letter

column has some interesting comments on topics I've raised in previous issues (if you're missing those issues, they're available using the form in the back of the issue). There is one point I want to make: I have no plans to be a one man crusade for the rights of artists and all those in publishing whose toes have been stepped on. Some people have said, "How can you publish ads with photos of covers in them? Where are the permissions of the artists?" The truth of the matter is that the publishers don't care: they rightly view the reproduction of cover artwork as free advertising. It's only when covers are reproduced in a book which is then sold as a completely new work that they start to get upset. And often not even then . . . A current case in point: Rocketship by Robert Malone and I.C. Suares, a Push Pin Press book published/distributed by Harper & Row. This large format quality paperback is mostly artwork and photos illustrating the history of rockets in fact and fiction. The book is poorly researched, captions for pictures wrong or misleading; dirigibles are represented as rocket cabins, a still from When Worlds Collide talks of an ". . . art deco treatment." In 1951? Most insultingly, artwork is not credited to the correct copyright holders, nor presumably was permission asked to reproduce art. Covers for Amazing are credited to NASA; covers are reproduced without permission when the copyright holder is CBS Publishing; one picture is credited to Dave Kyle's history of SF when that book in fact asked no one-including this publisher-for permission to use material. Finally, and most incredibly, artwork is credited to the New York Public Library Picture Collection instead of the original publisher-Popular Publications, still alive and doing business 11 blocks from where this book was put together. If the editors were to reproduce a cover of Time Magazine and credit it to the NYPL Picture Collection, you'd be damned sure that lawsuits would result. Of course, none of the beautiful Artzybasheff covers for Time are reproduced here. I wonder why? Maybe the editors knew they couldn't reproduce covers from Time without a stink being made.

There's a lot more of this going on. I'll continue to cover those examples I see, but I think it's up to the publishing industry to regulate itself, to see that the glaring examples of the rights of individuals being violated become a thing of the past. Otherwise I think that pressure will be brought by interested groups and individuals and the results will satisfy no one.

-Andrew Porter, Editor/Publisher

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you were different. You belonged to the world outside, that sky, that sun; not to the clean quiet world of the Terran Trade

But the dreams faded to memories of dreams and then to memories of mem-ories, You only knew that once you had remembered something different from this. You learned not to ask. .

I wrote that in 1961. It's the preface I wrote that in 1961. It's the preface to a novel, The Bloody Sun, which I now think of as my first mature attempt to write a novel. There had been other novels before it, juvenilia while I was learning my craft; that imitation which is the sincerest form of flattery, that homage which young writers pay to the ones who came before them. But in The Bloody Sun, for the first time, I measured my adult powers.

When I wrote it I was living in Texas,

and going to college. Going back to college; I was just into my thirties, and I had a boy of eleven, and a husband in his sixties, within two years of the compulsory retirement age for the Santa Fe Pailrand

"You can't support a kid, with nothing but a high school diploma," Brad said, "and you can't count on supporting yourself with writing, either, not the kind of writing you do. You'd better, park to college and get you'd

not the kind of writing you do. You'd better go back to college and get yourself that teachning credential."

So I went back to college. I usually did what Brad said, and anyway I preferred a college town, with a library, and concerts, and a choir to sing in, to the little Texas town where I'd spent the last nine years. That town. Three grocery stores, a feed store, a cotton gin, three gas stations, and—I do NOT exaggerate—nine churches. My writing had seemed a self-indulgent hobby. A way

to appear too busy for the sewing circles and prayer meetings and kaffee-klatches. An antisocial disease. The rare checks it brought me were spent on indulgences; toys for the kid, a cheap used car of my very own, rare and occasional trips to science fiction conventions. I was per-

fectly willing to use the money to get myself a college degree.

But now, in order to pay for the college tuition, which wasn't cheap, I found myself writing more than ever. Brad was confused and not pleased. Now, instead confused and not pleased. Now, instead of scribbling for fun and sending off the stories at whim, I had a New York agent, contracts which must be honored, deadlines and mandatory rewrites which left him putting the kid to bed while I sat up to get the book out by the 10:40 mail. The writing was becoming a professional discipline, rather than a whim, a hobby. Once he asked me—when I missed a whole day of classes to cut forty pages out of a book manuscript-"Honey, which is more important? The college, or the writing?" I said "The college, of course," because I knew that was what he wanted to hear. I didn't know until after I'd said it, that I had told him my first lie. It wasn't the last.

After three years of this, I emerged with a B.A. in Education, an Alpha Chi -the small college's answer to Phi Beta Kappa, given to me because in my hunger for learning I completed major requirements in three fields-and a teaching credential. I also emerged a seasoned. professional and self-supporting writer, who had no intention of teaching, in Texas or elsewhere. Brad, I think, had hoped, in sending me to college, to wean me from my obsessive addiction to science fiction and fandom, which had made me such a misfit among railroad wives. Instead I discovered that the science fiction world, which had been my only consolation and escape from the little Texas town, had become a world I could step into, as a professional writer. Science fiction has been called a fiction of escape. It was that, literally,

The marriage didn't survive, of course, either. Although it was still precariously intact when I wrote The Bloody Sun, quoted above. Don Wollheim, of Ace Books, was travelling through the Southwest, and he came a couple of hundred miles out of his way -the nearest stop was Dallas-to see me. He'd printed one of my earlier novels; juvenilia. Don Wollheim is like that. He can see the scrap of talent in an amateur, and encourage her to continue. He did it with Ursula Le Guin's first couple of books, before the blockbuster that swept her, in one year, to fame, a Hugo, and a Nebula. He printed my first few faltering efforts, and came two hundred miles out of his way to see me, and I was flabbergasted. I was still naive, I still thought editors were being awfully nice to me, to print what I wrote. Not till I did a stretch as editor myself did I realize what an editor must do to find talented writers, in an age where fewer and fewer college graduates can put together a literate sentence. So Don Wollheim came to see me, and asked if I had anything more for him, and I gave him a couple of chapters I'd started on a novel I called The Bloody Sun, and about six months later, I was visiting my mother in New York. (The editors lived there. too. I carefully didn't mention that to Brad when I went to visit Mom, but by that time I guess he could see the handwriting on the contracts.)-Anyway, six months later while visiting my mother I dropped in at Don Wollheim's office, and he showed me a few of the books he'd just bought, and the he pointed to the box Bloody Sun was in and said "And we have one by you, we're going to buy it of course," as a casual paren-

thesis before going on to something else he was doing. I've always counted that day as the beginning of my professional career. Of course it started earlier, the first day when instead of crying over a rejection slip I sat down and did a rewrite to editorial order, But that was the first time I took the measure of my own powers, began to believe that writing was a career, a commitment, the major commitment of my life, and anything which interfered with it should be ruthlessly shucked. And it was The Bloody Sun which clarified that commitment and that discipline to me.

And it was in The Bloody Sun that for the first time I stated what science

fiction meant to me:

... You belonged to that world outside, not to this. . .you knew that once you had remembered something different from this.

Ever since I started reading science fiction, this was what I was looking for. An awareness that yes, I was differentand an acknowledgement that it was all right to be different. This was what I had been looking for, all my life; a sense that somewhere, there was something more than this. Inside myself, always, there had been the knowledge of alienation, of difference. Put ten women in a room and I didn't feel like any of them.

Not long ago Jacqueline Lichtenberg -a writer, committed to science fiction. so much that she told me "Finding a copy of your Star of Danger in Tel Aviv. once, damn near saved my sanity." mentioned this difference in a way I think most real science fiction writers would admit to, if they were honest.

"I don't really feel that I'm human," she said, "I feel like a different species. It's why I can get inside Mister Spock, in Star Trek. Because I'm not really all human either. Half human, maybe, just

enough to hurt.'

James/Jan Morris, in the book Conundrum, dealing with his, now her, sense of apartness, told of an insight he had at the age of three, sitting under a piano; that despite being male, he was a girl. Jessamyn West, quoting this, said that she knew "I was born to read and write, and I sat in a corner crying because I couldn't-" I think that in something of the same way, and with equal confusion and despair, people born to give their lives to fantasy and science fiction know they don't belong to the ordinary concerns of their fellow humans. They spend their lives looking.

I knew inside myself that the world was not the cold clean ordinary drudgery that fathers and teachers and maiden aunts tried to tell me it was. I knew. with an obsessive conviction, that life had more than the things a farm girl in the Depression thirties and world-war forties was supposed to want; a new dress, a date for Saturday night, a good education, a good job, a husband and

kids someday.

I didn't know quite what I wanted, but I knew I had to have it. What I wanted was magic. They said it didn't exist outside of my fairy-tale books. But I knew I couldn't live without it, and if it didn't exist I'd damn well have to

As I said; I was a farm girl. I wouldn't have known a Jungian archetype if one of them had risen up from the barn I was cleaning, or the cows I was milking, and bit me. But in the attic of that old farmhouse I found my first hint of what I needed, in a battered old book. I didn't know that the book was a classic of early science-fantasy, or that antiquarians now pay fortunes for rare copies of The King In Yellow. I was allowed to read it because the author, Robert W. Chambers, wrote excellent respectable historical novels and my parents thought this was more of the same. But I read it like a starving man swallows food: I could feel myself changing, becoming real, as I read. To this day I know that after reading it I saw the world for the first time clear, prismatic, real, not through the blurred lenses of whatpeople-told-me. How do you describe a peak experience? You don't; but for the first time I was real to myself.

I had become, by one way of looking

at it, a changeling.

Or-I had come into my heritage. ...While my body sat safe in the cheerful little church, he had been hunt-Ing my soul in the Court of the Dragon. The people faded away, the arches, the vaulted roof vanished, I raised my seared eyes to the fathomless glare and I saw the black stars hanging in the heavens; and the wet winds of the Lake of Hali chilled my face. And now far away, over leagues of tossing cloud-waves, I saw the moon dripping with spray, and, far beyond, the Towers of Carcosa rose behind

the moon. Did I understand these words when I read them as a girl? Probably not; but I drew them in by some kind of osmosis and they became a part of me, completed

Death and the awful abode of lost souls, where my weakness long ago had sent him, had changed him for every eye by mine... Then I sank into the depths and I heard the King in Yellow whisper-Ing to my soul "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

I only knew that these words touched something inside me, fed a hunger I nadn't known I had. I guessed, even then, that I would spend the rest of my life in this perilous addiction, and endless search for something which I can only call the sense of wonder. To this day-35 years after I first read those words, lying flat on my stomach in the attic, surrounded by the dusty sunlight through the farmhouse roof, I can still feel, as I felt then, the hair raising on my forearms.

There were not many books like that. Some of Rider Haggard; some of Sax Rohmer, though the chase and the search for the mysterious Fu Manchu bored me to tears; but I read his Egyptian adventures with an arcane delight. There were occasional stories in Argosy and Blue Book magazine. But I never knew how to feed this particular hunger, reliably, until I was sixteen.

I wasn't allowed to read magazines. My mother once made a bonfire out of a box of old Weird Tales in the attic. "I was afraid they'd give you nightmares," she justified herself to me. My father read Argosy and Blue Book, so these magazines couldn't be completely banned, but I read them with the same guilty flush with which my eleven-yearold daughter dipped into a copy of The Story of O. Innocent as they seemed, I knew they were forbidden. I was allowed to read Life and Reader's Digest; I thought they were permitted because

they were so dismally dull; like school. Sixteen, then. I spent a summer working in the Thousand Islands as what they called a Mother's Helper, which meant I looked after the kids and did anything they couldn't get the maid to do. Never since that summer have I thought of the wealthy with anything but a shrug of contempt; I was unhappy there, lonely and alienated among the children of the rich, but it seemed to me that these pampered pets were no happier than I.

As I was boarding the train for home, my employer-a kindly man, who to this day cannot see the lack of imagination as the pathological condition I knew it, even then, to be-said that he had noticed my loneliness. "I have just what you need," he told me, "I wish somebody had given it to me when I was your age. I'd have been a whole lot happier." He shook my hand and put me on the train with a box of chocolate peppermints and a copy of Dale Carnegie's hymn to extroversion and supersalesmanship, How To Win Friends And

Influence People. I read it. I couldn't then-and I can't now-ignore anything with print on or in it. Halfway through I said to myself-I didn't know the word cynicism then-"It ought to be called, The Art of Faking People Into Thinking You're Something You're Not." Changing trains in Utica, I found a convenient wastebasket for the pious maxims of Mr. Carnegie, and in the first really defiant mood of my life, walked toward the newsstand. I was grown up, I was too big for my mother to tell me what to read, and I was going to buy myself a copy of Weird Tales!

I couldn't find a copy of Weird Tales. Instead I picked up something called Startling Stories, and flipped to the lead novel. I saw such names on the pages as Ganelon, Medea, Llyr-names out of mythology. (I used to play hookey to hang out in the public library and read The Golden Bough. It wasn't quite what I needed, but it helped.) I laid down my quarter, got back on the train, opened the magazine-and stepped back into the world I had discovered in my attic, reading The King In Yellow. This was Henry Kuttner's The Dark World:

To the North, thin smoke made a column against the darkening sky. Again I felt the unreasoning fear, the impulse toward nightmare flight that had been with me for a long time now. .

The train shuddered along the shores of Lake Erie. The red sunlight across the water faded to gold and to darkness. I didn't see it. I was lost.

I was back in my world. Magic. But not all magic. I was a child of the twentieth century, and I couldn't accept witches and ghosts and werewolves. Not quite. But a world where werewolves could be made rational, plausible?

'Part of it is illusion, of course, Matholch is not as wolfish as he seems. Yet he is a shape-changer, and his form does alter ..."

. . .but the bones? Specialized osseous tissue; a physiological structure that could theoretically alter itself to become now wolf, now man. .

Not for years did I hear the phrase "Willful suspension of disbelief." But now I was learning it. I read on and on, enchanted, to the very end, and when I surfaced, with a start and a shudder, I think I knew even then that I was hooked for life. And it was printed in a popular pulp magazine, so there must be other people who reacted this way, who needed this kind of thing. . . how could I find them? I turned to the back pages of this magazine, and there I found my answer.

Letters from the readers. Pages and pages of intelligent discussions of the stories, the authors, the science in the stories, ... and a column of reviews of fanzines. Little magazines published by readers, fans in my new language. Mimeographed or hectographed, like the ones I'd started in junior high school. Does any bright kid, any would-be writer, make it into puberty without starting her very own magazine, buying a hectograph (a gruesome purple-jelly offset device which can print twenty copies or so) or teasing to use the school or church mimeograph? I didn't. But these were about my new world-science fiction! Within a week I had written off for a dozen of the little magazines, within six months I had started my own, and was writing voluminously to fans all over the United States. My pocket money went for magazines-yes, and sometimes my lunch money, too. I took the train to New York City, all by myself on the spur of the moment, called up a fan I'd exchanged letters with, and he took me to a conference where a hundred fans

sat in a room and listened to a group of scientists talk about the possibility of man on the Moon before the year 2000

"Preposterous rubbish," my freshman science teacher said-I was in college by then-"All you kids have been reading too many Flash Gordon comics. Why would any sane man want to go to the Moon?"

And the girls in college said "My God, you actually went somewhere with a boy? Was he cute?'

I couldn't remember. I still don't know. But he drew marvelous vampire cartoons.

And of course I was writing my first science fiction stories. I learned not to submit them to my creative writing teacher. "Look," he told me, "forget all that pulpish stuff, plot and all that, you don't want to write that kind of stuff, do you?" I did, but I didn't say so, and I learned to fake him for an easy A with a lot of nice formless faintly obscene free verse, but I went on writing fiction slanted at the pulps. My real life was haunting bookstores, and snatching the new science fiction magazines off the stands. An empty mailbox spoiled my day; but it didn't happen often.

I grew up and I left college, got married and moved to Texas. In the late forties, marriage was something more than fulfillment; it was a nice legal way to put three thousand miles between yourself and your family. Brad didn't mind my obsession with science fiction. If I wanted mimeograph stencils for my birthday, instead of a new handbag, that was fine with him. He had his own obsession, tangential to science fiction although never part of it; he was a flying saucer fan, and "into" astrology long before it became a fad. He taught me astrology so thoroughly that one year when my science fiction wasn't selling I edited an astrology magazine, but that's another story. And there came a time when, knowing I was a writer, and having grown up too much to print what I wrote in the fanzines, I started sending off stories to professional magazines and novels to publishing houses.

And I started collecting rejection slips. Every writer has his own collection of rejection-slip stories. I know a woman who papered her bathroom with them. I enjoyed ceremoniously burning mine, as if I were torturing the unappreciative editors that way. Fred Pohl wrote once "You write well; you just write too damn much." The late Tony Boucher (who bought my first novelette, Centaurus Changeling, for Fantasy and Science Fiction) grumbled that he would like me better if I used about one-third as many adverbs. And Jerry Bixby, bless him, gave me the best lesson I ever had in writing, scribbled on a form-letter rejection slip. It read something like this -I didn't have the sense to frame it

instead of burning it—"Marion, honey, stop trying to show me how beautifully you can write. I hate 'good writing,' If you want to sell me, learn to plot...and if you can't plot, you can always use the old tried-and-true plot, Joe has his fanny in a bear trap, and his adventures in get-

ting it out."

Finally I made a few sales. Sales to little magazines, who couldn't afford stories by the Robert Heinleins and Henry Kuttners and Leigh Bracketts who were my idols-and models. These magazines admitted frankly that they bought the "least worst of what we find in the slush pile." All editors worth the name read their slush pile carefully: among the trash, the effusions of maiden ladies of either sex, and hopeful adolescents, they sometimes discover their future top sellers. Sometimes the magazines didn't last much longer than the twelve-dollar and twenty-dollar checks I got for the short stories they bought and sometimes even printed. But it was a foot in the door of the professional science fiction world. I got a chance to be on a panel at a big convention, once: a panel of fans who had made it into the pro world. Harlan Ellison was on that panel. So, I think, was Bob Silverberg, who now uses the dozen-or-so Hugo awards he has won for bookends! But we were nobodies, then, just fans who had sold a few stories.

Most of the time. But there was a day at that convention I'll remember all my life. I stepped into an elevator in the convention hotel. A kindly-looking man, rather like a sea-captain, glanced at the name-badge I wore, and said to his wife, as if continuing a sentence he had begun before I got on the elevator, "You see? Here's a little girl who started by writing fan letters to the pulps, and now she's doing some very nice things herself in

the magazines."

I sneaked a look at his name-badge—who the hell did he think he was calling a little girl?—and fell back too flabbergasted to speak. It was God! The man who had recognized my name was E. E. Smith, author of *The Grey Lensman, Skylark of Space*, and about four dozen of the best known science fiction novels ever written!

I even got a chance to be Guest of Honor, myself, at a convention. It was in Dallas, and there weren't many fans in Texas, but there were a few dozen, so they invited Fred Brown, who wrote enormously for the pulps, to come and talk to them-he lived in New Mexico, then, I think-and called it a Southwestercon. About 48 hours before the convention, Fred came down with Tijuana Tummy or Twonk's Disease or something like that, and the convention committee, faced with the problem of calling off the whole thing, suddenly remembered that there was a pro of sorts living in Texas. So they called me up, and a

few hours later I stood before about 100 fans and heard Dale Hart say that Fred Brown was ill, and unable to travel, and instead they had the honor to present—pause for dramatic effect—Marion Zimmer Bradley!

Dead silence. Then about half the fans groaned in audible disappointment. The other half asked, in equally audible confusion, "Marion who?"

I didn't blame them, I wanted to meet Fred Brown, too! But as an introduction

to my life as a convention speaker-well, it wasn't exactly flattering!

They interviewed me on TV, too. I was the only pro writer present! They had to find somebody to interview, covering these crazy Buck Rogers folks! The reporter looked at me nervously, frowning at my blue flowered-chintz peasant dress, and asked "Can't you put on something a little less-less informal?" I gulped and whispered-I was really farouche, then-that this was the only dress I had with me! As a matter of cold sober fact, it was the only dress I had. In my town of 650 people, I mostly went around in blue jeans! There was nowhere to wear a dress except to church, and I didn't go to church!

He interviewed me, anyway, flowered chintz and all. But it was a learning experience. I never go to conventions now, no matter how small or informal, without at least one dark, businesslike street dress in my kitbag! My mundane disguise.

Science fiction became, more and more, my world; and then the moment of truth came. College credentials? Or a permanent commitment to a life as a professional writer? I can't say I didn't hesitate, but I can also say there wasn't any real choice. The real choice wasn't between teaching and writing; it was between Texas-or Berkeley, where I went to live, and where I found a world sympathetic to writing as a career, and a husband who took it for granted that when there was an editor's deadline coming up, the laundry could lie unwashed on the floor, and registered mail for a manuscript wasn't something you had to sneak out of the housekeeping money. He's a writer, too. I sometimes think a woman writer should only marry another writer. Maybe no household can hold two careers, but it's easy to make room for two typewriters.

I've never achieved the kind of collaborative flow, though, that Catherine Moore—a woman writer from the splendid old days in science fiction—achieved with her husband, Henry Kuttner. The Kuttner-Moore team wrote over half of all the science fiction that was written in the fifties, including my beloved Dark World. Catherine told me once over the phone how they did it. "One of us would start a story," she said, "and when that one got stuck, or went to the refrigerator for a beer, the other would sit down, right there, even in the middle of a para-

graph, and take over. Without a hitch, without a minute's intermission."

Walter and I don't collaborate, But I bounce my stories off him, and he can get interested, and remember the names of my characters, and discuss them as if they were real people, which is the way I have to think of them. I don't think many writers do collaborate as husbandand-wife teams; Leigh Brackett was married to another science-fiction writer, Ed Hamilton, and they had separate studies and workrooms. Poul Anderson, too, is married to a science-fiction writer, Karen Anderson. But they don't collaborate either. What Walter does do for me is to proofread my manuscripts. I can't see my own typing errors; I'm too close to them. And once when I was pregnant, and in bed, I dictated a book to him, while he wrote it down; and then he typed it, because nobody alive can read his handwriting when he is in a

Science fiction is the world I live in, still live in. And I have been lucky enough to live through the period when "that crazy Buck Rogers stuff" became, first Sputnik, then NASA, then history. My world was merging into the real world, and the real world was approaching closer and closer to my world. Eight years ago it really hit me in the guts, how much that had happened. I was sitting in a small room in Staten Island, with my two youngest kids, four and three, fretting beside me; but I told them "Watch this, always remember this. Kids, this is the most important thing that you will ever see in your lives. Never forget, you saw it! It hap-

pened in your lifetime!'

The occasion? The Apollo rocket about to blast off for the Moon. And as the countdown went on, with its chatter of "All systems go," I began to have a strange feeling. Perhaps it was the price I paid for living through this moment so often in fantasy, in the film Destination Moon, in daydreams; when it was really happening I couldn't quite believe it. I felt detached, not quite real, as if I had somehow stepped into the pages of a book. As the final reverse countdown began, the inexorable staccato which has become a cliche in science fiction movies-Ten-nine-eight-seven-it hit me, full force. It was real. It was really happening! I was shaking all over, and with the final-three-two-one-zero-Liftoff! We have liftoff!-I sat there crying like a baby. The kids didn't understand. "Mommy, why are you crying?" they asked. How could I tell them about dreams coming true? It was real, it had happened, but nobody else had ever believed in it, except the science fiction nuts like me.

There was a comic strip once. Was it Popeye? It was forty years ago; I can't remember. A crazy invention; someone dreamed, of a steak, a new hat, a Cadillac, then sprayed the pillow and there was your dream, solid and real, to be eaten, worn, drove away. It must have been Popeye; I remember Wimpy dreaming a hamburger. I felt like that, when Neil Armstrong spoke his monumental line about one small step for man "And a giant step for mankind!" Technology had given our dreams to the world, solid and real. But we were the ones who had the dream!

Women have always been the ones to have the dreams. In a group of misfits and dropouts of the nineteenth century, Shelley the atheist, Byron the "mad, bad, and dangerous to know," it was a girl of seventeen-Mary Shelley, wife of the poet-who wrote the first serious piece of science fiction ever, which keyed into the great archetype of the Industrial Revolution. Frankenstein. Dozens of bad movies have blunted the impact of the novel, and few people today can plough through the crude and flowery Victorian prose. But the power of the image she created remains; a warning for man and his machines and technology. The scientist who created a monster he could not control-and the monster who at last turns on his creator.

The new versions of Frankenstein are kiddie-horror shows, with a liberal slice of camp, and quarts of Max Factor 42 sloshed gorily around the set. Or the monster has been sanitized into the Bionic Man of TV, who is much better off with his plastic-and-electronic limbs than he ever was in real life. All this has defused the strength and pathos of the original Frankenstein, concerned not so much with the scientist's attempt to control or destroy his monster, but with the sufferings of the monster himself. And in this Mary Shelley touched the same theme which we all touch sooner or later in science fiction; the great archetype of alienation, of difference.

I am malicious because I am miserable...if any being felt emotions of benevolence toward me, I should return them an hundredfold; for that one creature's sake I would make peace with all of mankind. But if I cannot inspire love I must be content to create mischief.'

It is this sense of alienation from the real world-for Moonshots are few and far between-which leads us all to seek anodyne and consolation in our own world.

There was a time, a few years ago, when I was fed up with science fiction. I had gone to the Boston regional convention, and Anne McCaffrey, a dark dramatically beautiful woman who writes novels about sapient dragons, asked me -as we do-"What are you doing now?"

I don't think she had expected the diatribe she got. In brief I said I was fed up with science fiction; nobody was doing anything good any more. "I'm sick of reading the same damn book over and over, I'm sick of writing the

same damn book over and over. I'm going to finish the book I have on contract, and then I'm going to quit science fiction and write Gothics. They're dumb, but people expect them to be dumb!" And, with a wry face, I used an old cliche about science fiction:

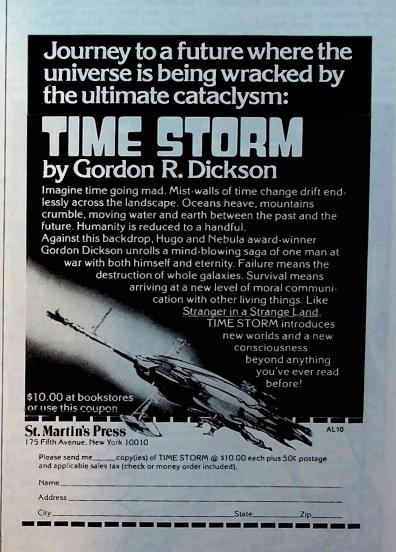
"I guess I've just lost my sense of wonder about it all, and it's time I got out.

"Oh, don't do that," Anne urged, and put her own copy of The Left Hand of Darkness into my pocket. "Read this. Look, I guarantee you'll go crazy about it. As long as anybody can write anything this original, there's a whole world of science fiction left!"

I didn't particularly care to read it.

Ursula Le Guin's first books had impressed me as being strictly routine. Dull. But the quality of Anne's enthusiasm infected me. I respected her, and and book she could talk like that about -I read the book on the plane home from Boston-"home" then was Staten Island. And when I landed and got back to the house, I shook Walter out of a sound sleep and shouted at him "Look, you've got to read this, it's the best thing I've read in years, it's not like anything else I've ever read. . .

The sense of wonder. Again it revived in me that magical sense that something in me had been nourished as I read, that an itch I didn't know I had, had been scratched. I wasn't surprised, later,



when I found that in one year Ursula Le Guin had been swept to instant fame, to the Nebula and the Hugo, but it didn't affect my feeling that here was greatness.

And again it tugged at the same string of anguished alienation; a novel of a representative of mankind who comes as an envoy to a world where everyone can be male and female alternately, so that sex-roles vanish and gender has no meaning...

A friend. What is a friend, in a world where any friend may be a lover at a new phase of the moon. Not I, locked in my virility; no friend to Therem Harth, or any other of his race. Neither man nor woman, neither and both, cyclic, lunar, metamorphosing under the hand's touch, changelings in the human cradle, they were no flesh of mine, no friends; no love between us.

Yet even the most perfect of novels isn't enough any more. Even as I read Left Hand of Darkness, enthralled, at the back of my mind a writer's arrogance was saying, No, no, not quite like that, you didn't exactly deal with...and within a year I had pulled from my "un-

finished" file a story I had begun long ago, based on Gaelic and Norse legends of the faery-folk who can appear to a woman as a man, to man as a beautiful woman... I called it World Wreckers.

This happens all the time in science fiction. Once Lester del Rey stood up at a conference and said that it didn't matter a particle to him if 95% of the human race died out. "As long as enough survive to keep our technology alive," he said, "That's all it needs to take us to the stars. And that's all that matters."

That outraged me. That same day I began a book whose point was precisely in contrary motion to Lester's statement. "Mankind is more than the sum of his technostructures," I had one character say, "Humans could lose all their technology, and they would still be human, and have a viable culture."

This was Darkover Landfall. And, although the point hadn't been terribly important to me, at one point in the book a young woman, who had been an officer of the crashed spaceship caught in the struggle—whether to keep their technology or let it go?—became preg-

nant. Unwilling to bear a child, she was refused an abortion because the colony's survival demanded a high birthrate, and the common good was held more important than the personal convenience of any one woman. And this outraged feminist readers

So now I am told—I haven't read the story yet myself—that Joanna Russ has written a novel where, in similar straights, the women of the colony refuse to bear children at all, on the grounds that a colony based on exploitation of women has no right to survive. Science fiction writers are constantly amending, correcting, embellishing the ideas of their colleagues.

"We cross-pollinate each other," I told a writer's group once, "We're a field of magic flowers who, now and then, turn into honeybees and buzz off to fertilize one another's minds." None of us, I think, could exist in a vacuum.

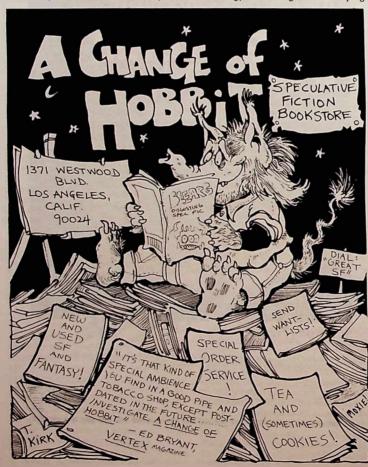
But I don't think it's a process as conscious as this, most of the time. Once in a class on contemporary fiction, in that college I went to when I was learning that writing was more important to me than college, a professor said that during a lifetime, each human accumulates all the forgotten hurt and experience in what she called "the deep well."

"From this well," she said, "comes everything in a writer's work. It can be called the subconscious. Or the collective unconscious. I call it, simply, the deep well."

I didn't believe her. I thought I was deliberately making it all up as I went along, without reference to anything that ever happened to me. Not for years did I begin to realize that the "deep well" exists and that I use it all the time.

For instance: I was living in Texas. Poor, but privileged. White, WASP, forbidden by a million invisible taboos from noticing, far less speaking to any one of the hordes of braceros and blacks who moved slowly down the rows of laden cotton plants, dragging their sacks, came with the harvest and vanished as mysteriously. Even curiosity about them was bad form, their barracks forbidden, no white man went near them, and a thousand times never, any white woman. Aliens by chance or by choice, it crossed my mind briefly that they were in a fortunate position to conceal their doings, they could be men from Mars or aliens come to conquer the world, hiding as members of a despised race and therefore beneath suspicion. From this curiously abortive social insight-I now know-came my first fulllength novel, Seven From The Stars, about the crew of a crashed spaceship who did just that.

More deeply hidden even from myself, the content of my first fantasy novel. It was bad imitation Leigh Brackett, fulls of chases and fights, slam-bang rough-and-tumble adventures. I wrote



from a man's viewpoint; we all did in those days. All of us, the few women who "made it" in the man's world of the pulps. Leigh Brackett spoke for all of us when she said "Domesticity bored the bejesus out of me. Adventure stories were what I liked to read, so they were what I wrote. If I put a woman in any of my stories she was there because she was doing something, not worrying about the price of eggs or who's in love with who!"

But years later, looking past the rough stuff to the essence of the novel, I realized that my male hero, the "I" of my books, was my own inward male persona, the animus. In a later book I was to say "In every man is a hidden woman; in every woman, a hidden man." But without awareness of it, I looked out through the eyes of my own "hidden man" and passed judgment on the heroine. For this book, The Door Through Space, which was actually a rough sketch for my later Darkover novels, I invented the Dry Towns and the city of Shainsa, set at the center of a great alkali plain, a dusty parched city bleached by a million vears, and through the eyes of the hidden man I saw a portrait of my own younger self, trapped and savage in a hopeless marriage; a woman chained.

Her arms were fettered, each wrist bound with a jeweled bracelet, linked

together by a long silver-gilt chain passed through a loop at her walst. . . She was young, the slimness of her shoulders and the narrow chained wrists told me how young she was, but her face had seen weather and storms and her dark eyes had weathered worse psychic storms than this.

Even a little insight made me reject The Door Through Space, to wonder often and loudly "How did I ever come to write anything as sick and strange as this?" But twenty years have taught me the truth about myself and my mutilated "hidden man" who tried, in a key chapter of the book, to free Dallisa from her chains:

I picked up one delicate wrist, then the other, unclasping the heavy bracelets. She let out a stifled cry of dismay as I tossed the heavy chains into a corner. . .but the effort failed:

I said goodbye to her alone, ... she pressed her head against me and whispered "Race, take me with you!"

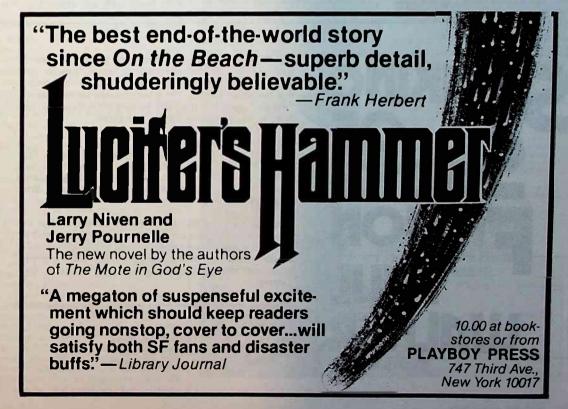
For answer I picked up her narrow wrists and turned them over on my palm. The jeweled bracelets were clasped again. . . and on some self-punishing impulse she had shortened the chains so that she could not even put her arms around me. I lifted the punished wrists to my mouth and kissed them gently.

"You don't want to go, Dallisa.

She would go down with her dying world and have no place in the new one . . . she kissed me and I tasted blood, her thin fettered body straining wildly against me, shaken with tearing, convulsive sobs. Then she turned and fled back into the shadow of the great dark house.

I never saw her again. Not for twenty years did I see that in Dallisa I had created a portrait of myself. dying inside in the bleached and barren lands of the Texas desert; and not for twenty years did I manage to create for myself, in The Shattered Chain, a band of Amazons who rode to the Dry Towns to set a chained woman free.

I didn't believe, either, what somebody said, a long time ago, that writing is a process of self-knowledge. But you can't write science fiction for very long without being aware that you living with, and manipulating, the very stuff of archetypes. Poul Anderson wrote a story which won a Hugo called The Queen Of Air And Darkness. In this novel, he writes of a race of aliens who keep Earthmen in subjection by telepathically getting into their minds and mimicking the great archetypes of all humankind. The book raises a question. on the lips of the character who finally breaks the spell and frees the Earth people from the illusion that they are actu-



ally dwelling in the halls ruled by the Queen of Air and Darkness. "Man cannot live without his great archetypes," he said, "but can he live with them, either?"

I referred to science fiction, once, as a "perilous addiction" because there are times when we do create our own archetypes and try to live inside them. One is a kind of Freemasonry that never existed, I am convinced, among the original Freemasons. Among fans, we are told—and it does happen, more often than not—in a room with a dozen fans you have never set eyes on before, you have a dozen friends.

"Science fiction fandom," I said at the last convention I attended, in Kansas City "is a kind of Brigadoon Village, which rises out of Limbo at every convention, and then sinks into the sea again until next time."

It's true. There are fans, and writers, whom I meet only at conventions—maybe a dozen times in as many years—yet we fly into one another's arms and hug each other like long-parted sisters and brothers.

And sometimes more than that. I remember a room party at the Chicago Worldcon in 1962. It may have been Robert Heinlein's room originally, but I'm not sure, though I know Heinlein was there because at one point I found myself being kissed by him. Isaac Asimov

was there; and Tony Boucher, who bought my first novelette; and H. Beam Piper, who committed suicide a few months later; and Karen and Poul Anderson, and Fritz Leiber, the handsomest man in science fiction, an actor before he bacame a writer, and Ted Sturgeon like a gentle faun, and I could go on dropping names for several pages, but that's not the point, because about half the people there were fans, not writers. The party went on all night, Some of us were drinking, but I don't think any of us were particularly drunk. Not on alcohol, anyway; just on good talk and good company and togetherness. Toward morning we were standing in a ring, hugging and kissing one another, changing places, hugging and kissing the person next to you again, savoring one another's essence. Growing closer. And then across Lake Michigan, outside the windows, the sun was rising, and making a golden pathway across the water. Karen Anderson pointed to the window, saying "There lies the Golden Road to Samarkand..." and then she and Tony Boucher, quietly, in alternate lines, were reciting. .

We are the Pilgrims, Master; we shall go Always a little further; it may be Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow Across that angry or that gimmering sea

White on a throne, or guarded in a

There lives a prophet who can understand

Why men are born; but surely we are brave

Who take the Golden Road to Samarkand.

We travel not for trafficking alone By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned

For lust of knowing what should not be known,

We take the Golden Road to Samarkand.

I don't think there was a dry eye or an un-lumped throat anywhere in the room. The Golden Road to Samarkand, for that hour and time, lay there before us in the sunrise, and we could all see it.

And then I was kissing a stranger, and five minutes later, with less than half a dozen words spoken, we had left the room and we were in bed together. We really knew nothing about one another. We really knew all we needed to know about one another at that moment. It was an overflow, an outpouring of what had been building among us all, all night. I don't think he—call him Frank, it isn't his name—he and I were the only couple to end the night this way. He was surprised as I was.

From the Publishers of LUNA:

SPEAKING OF SCIENCE FICTION PAUL WALKER

ISBN 0-93046-01-7

Paul Walker has conducted dozens of interviews with the leading authors and editors of science fiction. Now thirty of those interviews are gathered together for the first time in this mammoth volume. The book includes an introduction, "Reading Science Fiction and Reading Interviews," by Tom Roberts, and an afterword by Samuel Mines.

The volume includes interviews with:

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This is a very solid, 5½" x 8½" quality paperback, over 375 pages, with a full color cover by Dexter Dickinson, whose art work has recently graced magazines and an increasing number of convention art shows. The book also features interior black and white sketches of authors and editors by Dave Ludwig.

The book may be ordered direct from the publisher for \$6.95 plus 50¢ shipping.

LUNA Publications 655 Orchard Street Oradell, N.J. 07649 I asked later, when we were getting a belated breakfast, "What happened to us?" and his answer said something about the people who share the same archetypes.

'I suddenly knew you, I knew you were someone I could be absolutely straight with."

We have never been to bed again; we probably never will. We have always been friends; we always will. We touched, at a crucial moment. Things like that happen, in the freemasonry of the trip through science fiction. It is an essence of self-giving; the people who share your world are no longer Us and Them, but I and Thou.

It's a way to live close to your own archetypes. Writing for twenty years I have become, a little, aware of just what I am trying to key into, and sometimes I can manipulate my symbols instead of letting them manipulate me. I write a lot about telepathy, ESP, psi power, because it seems to me a powerful metaphor for the search for kinship of minds. In a book which was nominated for a Hugo and a Nebula-it didn't get either one-The Heritage of Hastur, I had one of my characters say this about the closeness of a telepathy circle:

It's closer than the bonds of kin. It's closer than sex, in a way. It's like living with your skin off. It can be beautiful. And terrible. Or both at once.

This is how I feel about the world I live in, as a science fiction writer. There are times, as when I read Left Hand of Darkness, and my discouragement with the whole world of science fiction suddenly left me, when the whole world suddenly opens up in a marvelous way and I feel the one touch of goshwow that makes the whole world kin. I sometimes think it's what keeps me young, and alive, and if I ever lost it, suddenly I'd be an old hag.

For instance, I mentioned how Don Wollheim loves to discover new talent. I had the fun and excitement of reading, in manuscript, badly xeroxed on an old misaligned elite-type typewriter, the very first manuscript of the book by a new English writer, an unknown-a woman! This is one of the new things that's so exciting to me; now, in the freemasonry of the science fiction world. I have not only brothers, but sisters. Women are coming into science fiction. Tanith Lee's first book, The Birthgrave, was an adventure story-and from a woman's point of view!

I had to wait ten years and about a dozen successful novels before, in Winds of Darkover, I wrote of a heroine rather than a hero-and even then I timidly hedged my bets by writing alternate chapters from the point of view of a man! Not till 1976 did I dare write entirely about women, in The Shattered Chain. So you can imagine how exciting it was, to read a passage like this, without any necessary gender-somersault:

I raised the sword in both my hands and I was no longer the faceless woman In her trap of earth. I was the first rider, the charioteer, the archer, the warrlor. Their faces, helmed, masked, empty, sprayed up and away from me. . and the enormous white beast between my thighs danced on their dying. In that whirlwind of hatred and joy I found the beauty of pain, the triumphant cacophony of horror which is music. A vast tidal hymn, the last coitus with darkness, of which the final note is a vast, piercing, orgasmic scream of agony.

We all admire each other. Somebody said at the last convention "Put a dozen science fiction writers in a room, and

every one of 'em will point to someone else and say That's the one, that's the one you ought to read!"

We share each other's dreams, Jacqueline Lichtenberg and I send each other our "dailies" when we're writing a book. She scolded and nagged me into writing The Heritage of Hastur: I was convinced that the idea I had couldn't be written, couldn't be printed if it was written. . . she bullied me into trying it. There have been times when I grow so exasperated with whatever she is doing on her current book that I say "No, no, you aren't get-ting it across. . . I know what you mean but that's not what you're saying." Sometimes one of us will even take a chapter the other has fumbled, and run

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it through her own typewriter. "Like this, nitwit!" The chapters thus rewritten usually get re-rewritten by the original author; it isn't really collaboration. But it's the ability to share our dreams, to live in the other's world.

We all deal in magic, we all share the ability to step into our own archetypes. to nourish one another on our dreams. "Where there is no vision the people perish." While I was working on this article, one of my kids was playing an

old Beatles record, the film score for the fantasy film The Yellow Submarine. And it suddenly came to me that they were talking about the world where we live.

And our friends

are all aboard. Many more of us

live next door. ...

We all live in a vellow submarine, because the yellow submarine is the world of fantasy.

I've never liked the poetry of e e cum-

mings, and right now it's out of fashion. But it winds up my trip through science fiction with a perfect description-yes, and an invitation, too, though I don't know if e e cummings ever heard of science fiction.

"Listen: there's a hell of a good universe next door; Let's go."

-Marion Zimmer Bradley



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EEPER Of The FLAME

A Different View On **Hugo Gernsback**

DARRELL SCHWEITZER

For years science fiction writers and readers have heard the claim that the field consists of nothing but "escapist trash" or "Buck Rogers stuff" or "Star Trek stuff" or "Space 1999 stuff," or whatever the current media whipping boy may be. In vain they have repeated that Buck Rogers has no more to do with SF than Dick Tracy does with mysteries. Only recently has this begun to change, and it has been only within the last few years that science fiction courses have been accepted and commonplace on college campuses.

As a result of this some members of the science fiction community have triumphantly proclaimed that we have "arrived," that SF has come out of the closet at last, while others express fears of the stifling effect of academia, and the loss of popular audience through the Homework Effect (i.e., the way everybody is taught to hate Shakespeare by having it rammed down their throats in high school). Many hint that the ghetto might not be so bad after all.

1 disagree. Let's not rationalise away the past years of underdog status as something good-if the field has really grown up, if it is viable as literature, it will not be strangled by academics. The only wrong thing English Lit. teachers ever do is stuff and embalm some ancient

"classic" which has long since lost its meaning. In order for something to be stuck on a slab in an academic morgue it has to be dead first, and as long as science fiction still speaks to the reader and entertains him, there is nothing to fear from that quarter. Science fiction is respectable, and this is a totally good thing: it translates into money for authors, it means sales to major magazines, reprinting of work in hardcover by major publishers, reviews in mass circulation publications (which means more sales), and it means speaking engagements for writers, by which they can come to campuses everywhere and tell the world about the glories of the field. Which means money, not to mention a boost for the ego. All this extra income means that authors can get better at their art if they want to, because they don't have to grind out endless streams of hastily written material just to stay alive. They have time to write their best, which results in higher quality work, more critical acceptance, and the whole process starts to perpe-

Science fiction is now in a golden age. But let me ask you a question: Why wasn't the past so golden? How did science fiction ever lose its respectability in the first place? While there are

bigots and fools in the academic profession as in any other, it is rather hard to believe that all those English teachers held such a low opinion of science fiction for so long without there being some basis in fact.

In order to answer these questions, it's necessary to take a long hard look at the history of the field. A revisionist has to stand the conventional view of things on end to achieve a new perspective. According to the conventional view, science fiction as we know it got started in 1926 when the first issue of the first science fiction magazine appeared. In the beginning there was darkness and void, an occasional serial in Argosy, a brief spasm of Thrill Book, and then Gernsback said, "Let there be Amazing Stories," and science fiction was. All the crude inadequacies of the science fiction of the twenties and early thirties was due to the fact that the field was in its infancy. The writers were first generation writers, and had no one to learn from.

To this I say no. That's not the way it was at all. Science fiction was easily a century old before Gernsback got ahold of it. While it would be futile to try to identify the first science fiction story ever published (many say it was True Histories by Lucian of Samosata, c. 150 A.D.), I say that Mary Shelley's Frankenstein (1818) is science fiction because it fits Theodore Sturgeon's famous definition stating that a science fiction story is a human story with a problem having a human solution which could not have come about without the scientific (read: speculative scientific) content. Frankenstein's monster is produced by scientific means, and there is no supernatural element in the book, so it is science fiction. Yes, it is related to the Gothic of the late 18th century, and it is a horror story and a moral tract (to some extent), but to this day there are many such which no one denies are science fiction, Frankenstein is the first in a long line of android and man-made monster stories. Science fiction existed in 1818.

By the end of the 19th century enormous amounts of science fiction were published and, since there were no science fiction magazines in those days, SF appeared in places like Cosmopolitan and Harper's. Science fiction was respectable in 1890! It appeared in major magazines and was published in hard-cover by major publishers. (Those who trace SF from the juvenile dime novels of this period are missing the elephant for its tail.)

Now let's jump ahead forty years, to 1930. In 1930 there were five science fiction pulps, Astounding, Amazing, Wonder, and the quarterly companions of the last two. Occasionally science fiction would appear in Weird Tales or

some general pulp like Argosy. That was it. Beyond these few magazines there was virtually no market for science fiction. No science fiction book publishing existed at all. As a result authors lost money. Reprinting of magazine stories was almost unheard of. Authors sold all rights for pitifully low rates. (2c a word was good, 1/2c a word was not uncommon.) The writer most capable of surviving under these conditions was the hack, who could rewrite the same formula over and over again as long as the editors would buy it. The general level of craftsmanship in the field was abysmal. Good writing was all but impossible, simply because few authors had the time to do it, and if they did few editors had the sense to buy it.

This was the period in which science fiction lost the respectability it had enjoyed in the 19th century. This was when it fell out of the mass circulation slicks, away from the book publishers. and into the degraded literary ghetto from which it has only recently emerged. This was when Hugo Gernsback was the leading editor in the field. A simple look at the way things were before Gernsback's reign, during it, and afterwards, and one cannot help but conclude that Hugo Gernsback was not the Father of Science Fiction, as he has so often been dubbed. He didn't found the field; he very nearly killed it. He was a total liability to science fiction as a writer, an editor, and a publisher. On all levels a disaster.

As I said before, you need perspective. Probably the person who has done the most to give us this perspective is Sam Moskowitz, the famed "historian" of science fiction. While Mr. Moskowitz is, ironically, a staunch defender of the pulp tradition, he has done more than anyone else to give us a glimpse of the kind of science fiction that existed before there were any pulps. He has edited many anthologies of pre-Gernsbackian science fiction, notably Science Fiction by Gaslight (Hyperion Press) and a collection of SF stories by a forgotten American writer named Albert Page Mitchell, The Crystal Man Doubleday). He has provided us with easily available sample of literate, intelligently conceived science fiction from the turn of the century, most of it culled from the pages of Harper's, Pearson's, Century, and other major publications of the era

Science fiction was completely respectable in those days, it appeared in the best magazines. C. Cutliffe Hyne could sell his Atlantis novel, The Lost Continent to Pearson's. H.G. Wells appeared frequently, with The War In The Air in Pearson's (1903), In The Days of The Comet in Cosmopolitan (1906), The Dream in Hearst's Interna-

tional (1923) and A World Set Free, the first atom bomb story, in Century (1914). Also it wasn't unusual for Arthur Machen to appear in Century with "The Terror," a fantasy/science fiction novella, in 1917. Of course there were many others, but I'm just naming a few I've actually seen.

Think about it. Who in his right mind would have considered running a science fiction novel or novella in a major magazine in 1930? Nobody, that's who. By then the ghettoization had set in and science fiction was no longer respectable.

Don't try to explain it away, either, by saying that H.G. Wells was a major literary figure, or that the works cited above were exceptionally brilliant. (Much of the SF of the period was not, assure you.) Consider the fact that Wells wasn't always a big name writer. The Time Machine was his first sale. That means an unknown could sell a science fiction novel to a major publisher in the 1890's, a feat totally out of the question in the 1930's after Gernsback had given the field a once over. And then consider that Sturgeon's Law applied then as always, and 90% of the stuff was crud. Most of the science fiction from those days has never been reprinted and is utterly unknown to the modern reader who doesn't collect old magazines.

Sam Moskowitz probably has the largest collection the world, which is where he gets the material for his anthologies. I have nothing approaching his near legendary hoard, but I do have a sampling of the popular magazines of the last century and the early part of this one. Here are a few of the unknown science fiction stories I have discovered:

"The Submarine Destroyer" by Morgan Robertson. A story about a war between the U.S. and Japan in which many (then) futuristic submarines are used. The story itself is mediocre, a problem-solving piece similar to much in Analog. It has no lasting value and is significant only for where it appeared (Everybody's, Sept. 1905) and what that indicates about the publishing of

"The Planet, or, How I Was Induced To Leave The Earth And Become One," published anonymously in Knickerbocker's for July 1853, and bylined "from the diary of a lunatic." This is a wickedly satirical piece, aimed primarily at the Millerites, a prominent religious group (predecessors of the Seventh Day Adventists) which caused a national panic with the announcement that the world would end in the fall of 1844. In this story the world ends by shrinkage. Everyone and everything shrinks except the narrator, who eventually loses his grip and goes into orbit around the sun, becoming the planet of the title. The writing is very good and, though dated,

the tale could be enjoyed by a modern audience. (This story has been reprinted in the Australian prozine Void under the auspices of my alter-ego, T. Butler, who edits a reprint column there, although I have yet to find out how it went over with the readers. It's in the 3rd issue.)

"The Anihilator" by Owen Oliver, Munsey's, August 1910. This is a very poor effort about an inventor who tries to conquer the world with a machine that "sends people away." It is fully bad enough to have appeared in a Gernsback magazine and is quite similar to much run-of-the-mill early genre SF. But you'll notice it wasn't in a sneered-at magazine.

Things were better in 1910.

The Great Stone of Sardis by Frank R. Stockton, Harper's 1897. A ten part serial about an attempt to drill a hole through the world because, it seems, the Earth is really a huge diamond with a dirty crust on it. Admittedly this wouldn't hold up today. But again, an average, not outstanding, science fiction serial in a mass circulation magazine. (Yes, it's the same Stockton who wrote "The Lady or The Tiger?") Like most average science fiction serials of the day, it was promptly reprinted in a hardcover book by a major publisher. (Harper's, naturally.)

I could go on with more, but there's no need. I simply wanted to show that before the creation of the Ghetto science fiction, even mediocre science fiction, could be published in the major magazines. And it was published by regular book publishers. Why, then, was it considered such a tremendous breakthrough when Robert Heinlein sold an interplanetary story to the Saturday Evening Post in 1947? Simple: it meant that the field was well on the way to recovery.

Read some of the Gernsback magazines if you're feeling masochistic or want to get educated. I don't mean the Sol Cohen reprints from them (in his now defunct reprintzines), but the magazines themselves. Read not just the stories, but the editorials and letter column. Compare the quality of the fiction with the magazine science fiction of the preceeding twenty-five years. Now read the lettercolumns and see what kind of readers enjoyed the stuff.

The only conclusion you can reach is that Amazing was a magazine of illiterate amateur drivel aimed at children. The publication was trying desperately to remain respectable, but couldn't make it. Gernsback wanted recognized scientific figures to write the "stories," but they refused. So he had to settle for what he could get. And to complicate the matter he seems to have been an outright crook as an editor, paying as little as possible as slowly as possible. You've no doubt heard how Fletcher Pratt used to collect—translate part of

a foreign novel, let Gernsback set it in type, then refuse to do the conclusion until the debt was paid. But some writers weren't that lucky or that clever, as was evidenced by Gernsback's appalling treatment of H. P. Lovecraft, whose "The Color Out of Space" was certainly the best thing he ever bought. He didn't tell HPL he'd even accepted the thing, so its appearance was a surprise to the author, who eventually managed to wrangle a fifth of a cent a word out of him much later. Thereafter Gernsback is referred to as "Hugo The Rat" or "a veritable Shylock" frequently in HPL's letters.

There was even a New York lawyer

who specialized in collecting bad Gernsback debts. The result of all this was, no doubt that many writers of ability would have nothing to do with *Amazing*, and those who did, did so only because they couldn't sell their work elsewhere.

In theory the magazine was supposed to be "75% science and 25% literature," but even at the outset it fell far short of this. The science was dubious, and the literature never materialized at all. There were in fact no literary standards, other than that the author had to write well enough to be understood. Gernsback probably had the tinnest ear in the history of publishing. Not only did he lack literary ability, but English wasn't



even his native language. As a result, grace, polish, and even grammar were frequently in short supply. As for the content, there were few real stories at all, most of the material being what we would call now a "sugar-coated science lecture" (i.e., an essay with dialogue and description). The purpose of all this was to encourage the readers to study science and become scientists when they grew up and went to highschool and then college; it was not intended to provide an outlet for the best artistic technological fiction available. Gernsback seems to have been delighted whenever a reader wrote to him telling how Amazina Stories had helped him choose a career. The lettercolumns were full of such accounts.

Shortly after Gernsback started his science fiction magazines (in 1929 he lost control of Amazing and started the Wonder group) Clayton began publishing Astounding Stories of Super-Science. Harry Bates was the editor, and he was much more professional than Gernsback. His publisher was a large pulp chain, and he could offer four times what Gernsback paid (2c a word, rather than 1/2c or less, and the authors were actually paid). He had long since learned to pander to what he thought the public wanted, and during his editorship Astounding was a conventional pulp magazine, filled with formula action stories of an already familiar mold, rendered novel by their interplanetary settings. (The Prisoner of Zenda on Mars.) Those that were not set on other planets tended to deal with the perils of a hero and heroine in the clutches of a mad scientist. You know, boy meets girl, girl gets kidnapped and winds up with her brain transplanted into the body of a gorilla, boy dons a similar simian physique (having fallen into similar circumstances) and runs through the jungle after her, they meet, trick the scientist into restoring them to their human forms, defeat him, and live happily ever after. (Don't laugh. I've just synopsized a 1932 Arthur Burks serial.)

The Depression killed the new magazine, simply because many people just didn't have the 25c required to buy the thing, but its contents set the trend in science fiction for years to come. The readers were desperate, and anxious to find any alternative to what Gernsback offered, and at least travesties like this were stories with recognizable plots. When Astounding was revived in late 1933 by Street and Smith, it followed the same formula, but with slightly higher standards, and was a smash success. Gernsback's magazines, and Amazing which was then edited by T. O'Connor Sloane, were soundly supplanted and eventually had to sell out. The standards were still unbelievably low from the viewpoint of the reader of

the 1970's, but under the new editor, F. Orlin Tremaine, things were looking up. This was the period of E. E. "Doc" Smith's massive innovations in science fiction, the most massive of which was the rediscovery of the plot. Smith started in Amazing, but moved to Astounding, everywhere making a hit with his quickmoving but flimsy action plots. The circulation of Astounding jumped 20,000 when the first installment of The Skylark of Valeron appeared in the August 1934 issue, causing the magazine to make a clear profit for the first time in its history. Smith also reintroduced characterization, which seemed to have been lost even as a concept among most of Gernsback's regular writers. He tried to give his characters a little depth, getting as far as the interesting if unbelievable construct of Blackie DuQuesne, who was capable of both evil and indifferent actions, and was thus two-dimensional, rather than a totally wooden pulp automaton. Smith's fiction is certainly ridiculous today, and it would have seemed so in the 1890's, but for its time it was a vast improvement. The field was slowly recovering from the degradation it had suffered under Gernsback, yet the Ghetto remained and perpetuated itself.

Bad writing breeds bad writing, and when editors get used to it they force their writers to produce more bad writing. When the readers hail incompetent works as masterpieces and clamor for more, the editor can only comply if he wants to hold on to his job, and the cycle seems virtually unbreakable. Oftentimes a good writer caught in this won't be able to reach his greatest potential. He's forced to write his worst, not his best.

David H. Keller, M.D. strikes me as such a writer. His stories contained excellent ideas, but they were as lecturefilled and static as anyone else's. One might have assumed that he couldn't write fiction any more than the others could, had not his fantasy material for Weird Tales been always competent and occasionally outstanding. He could write short stories, and if Gernsback had let him he probably could have written science fiction short stories, but he never got the chance. As it came out, only his novels can be read today as fiction, because the Gernsback lecture format breaks down over length, and in the space of 40,000 words literary values inevitably creep in somewhere, Even Gernsback, resisting the impulse as much as possible, succumbed to a little storytelling here and there in his abominable Ralph 124C41+. Keller produced several disaster novels in a manner that foreshadows the John Wyndham/John Christopher school. The Metal Doom is probably the best of them.

Unfortunately most writers of the

Gernsback period were not as good as Keller (who was also literate: he wrote sound, textbook English, but showed no exception flair for prose), who was at least a serious thinker interested in the human side of technology, which his colleagues were not. The average serial in those days was still a pulp-formula story with an enormous amount of gadgets thrown in. Often a great deal of time would be taken to explain everything and the story would be brought to a standstill. An explorer in the Amazon might find a lost city, and then take the next twenty-five pages off to learn how the economy of the place worked before getting on with the melodrama. (I'm thinking of The Lost Colony by Iforget-who, published in Wonder in 1935 by You-Know-Who.)

This should make it clear why so few stories from that period have survived. Only a handful have ever been reprinted. and it's doubtful they deserved it. Most of what appeared in the science fiction magazines of the period was simply trash, of no adult interest, and of very little juvenile interest either. Science fiction was at its all time low period, like the early Dark Ages after the fall of Rome, and to make it worse, whenever quality SF was still being published elsewhere (e.g. Stephen Vincent Benet's "By The Waters of Babylon" in the Saturday Evening Post, 1937) it was not labelled as such. The term "scientific romance" had long since gone out of use, and "science fiction" or "scientifiction" meant that pulp drivel.

To nail the coffin shut for good, this was when Flash Gordon hit the mass media. Thus the public attention was focussed on the very worst and most infantile science fiction, and if an intelligent reader investigated the magazines in search of quality material in, say, 1936, he was sure to be disappointed unless by chance he hit a stray Stanley G. Weinbaum story. Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon were even worse than the average SF magazine fare, although not

by very much.

This, then, is how science fiction lost its respectability, and why its writers have had to struggle for the past thirty years to regain the in status as artists. If only Flash Gordon hadn't come along just when it did, when the genre was at its lowest ebb and totally indefensible against critical attack, things might have been different. Yet we cannot blame comic strips for what happened to the field. Why didn't Dick Tracy render mystery writing a literary ugly duckling also? The reason is that the mystery pulps had writers like Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett working for them. The science fiction pulps, especially during the crucial period in which the public began to identify them with juvenilia, looked pretty shoddy by comparison. The fault lies with Gernsback and a few other people within the SF field. The material they produced was simply without merit, and it predominated.

My conclusion is that American science fiction would have been a lot better off if Hugo Gernsback had never left Luxemborg. Surely, if the demand was there, somebody else would have started the "first" science fiction magazine a few years this side or that of 1926. I doubt anyone else could have been a worse influence on the field. But of course we can't waste time on what didn't happen. Gernsback did what he did, and chances are science fiction would have died out with the general collapse of the pulp magazines, if something hadn't raised it to a much higher level. John Campbell, as editor of

Astounding after Tremaine, ushered in the famous "Golden Age," circa 1938-1950, and almost single-handedly created modern science fiction. As editor he allowed writers to produce intelligent, adult fiction. He insisted on minimum standards of competence in technique. As a writer he wrote the socio-technological story as well as anyone. (During this period Amazing was still wallowing in the dungheap under the auspices of Ray Palmer, and certainly was not a significant force in the development of the field. Thrilling Wonder, the descendant of the Gernsback Wonder, changed from a juvenile to an adult policy in 1947 and made a good showing for itself. Hugo The Rat, fortunately, didn't edit anything during these years.)

Science fiction, we must come to realize, is not the House That Hugo Built, but the house that Hugo knocked

down. John Campbell repaired much of the damage, and Anthony Boucher, H. L. Gold, Frederik Pohl, Harlan Ellison, Edward Ferman, and a host of others have done the rest. Science fiction by recognized science fiction writers has appeared in Playboy, which is the highest paying fiction market, and also in most other slicks. In other words, the patient has fully recovered from the nearly fatal Gernsback-disease, and we're back where we were in 1890, perhaps even a little better off because now we have a category which can compete with regular fiction, and may even survive the demise of regular fiction.

I suppose it's too late now, but I really think the Hugo Awards should be renamed. I see no reason why an award for excellence should be given in the memory of a man who did everything he could to stamp out those qualities.

THE FICTION OF JAMES TIPTREE, JR., by Gardner Dozois.

Cover by Judith Weiss, 37pp., 5½" x 8½", bibliography, paper, \$2.50. ISBN 0-916186-04-0;

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DREAMS MUST EXPLAIN THEMSELVES, by Ursula K. Le Guin.

Cover and illus. by Tim Kirk, 39pp., 5½" x 8½", paper, 2nd pr., \$3.00. ISBN 0-916186-01-6.

The title essay appeared in the 10th anniversary issue of ALGOL, and speaks of writing, children's fantasy, and specifically the Earthsea trilogy. The volume also contains "The Rule of Names," an early story first published in 1964 and one of the first to feature the inhabitants of Earthsea; a map of Earthsea; the author's National Book Award acceptance speech; and an interview with the author by Jonathan Ward of CBS Television.

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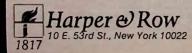
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Interviewer: I saw the Jerry Cornelius movie The Last Days of Man on Earth yesterday morning, and it wasn't as bad as I was led to expect. What were your objections to it?

Moorcock: It was a complete misrepresentation of the character. We've got a word in England, "wanker" which I don't really think has any equivalent here. I thought the character came out as a right little wanker.

Interviewer: How would you have wanted them to do the movie?

Moorcock: In the spirit of the book. The director had done his own script and I'd done mine. The producer approved mine. When it came to shooting the director used his own script. It was as simple as that. Half the film ended on the cutting room floor because the director had reaction shots on every scene. Every line of dialogue had the reaction shot on it. And, he couldn't write.

Interviewer: I noticed the film seemed very choppy.

Moorcock: He can't direct either. He can direct a good commercial, but I've seen a number of his other films and they're all just as bad.

Interviewer: Are you continuing to write the Cornelius series?

Moorcock: I've finished it, just recently. The last book came out in England in January. It's the best book I've ever written and it caps the series. It's called Condition of Muzak.

Interviewer: Where did this character come from to start with? Did you start with an original conception which changed as you went along?

Moorcock: I wanted to do a character that reflected modern mythology and that was able to experience the mythlandscape of the mid-20th century. How about that?

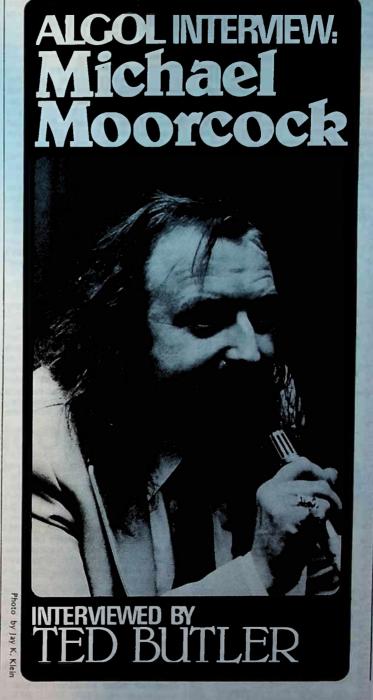
Interviewer: You mentioned in other books that all your series characters are the same. The hero from The Eternal Champion remembers being Jerry Cor-

Moorcock: It's a literary device totally, in order to integrate the themes of the

Interviewer: How do you see the connection between the Elric settings and the myth landscape of the 20th century? Moorcock: Elric's is an old-fashioned Jungian myth landscape and the Jerry Cornelius books are a current one,

Interviewer: I read something you wrote in Speculation to the effect that you didn't like most of what you'd written. Moorcock: At the time I didn't, I was going through a reaction period. But it doesn't mean anything now. I don't care for anything I've written because anything you can do is easy. You always admire what everybody else does.

Interviewer: You seem to have the widest range of styles and types of stories of anybody active today, so what is it you can't do that you admire?



Moorcock: Oh, I don't know. Certain kinds of social novel.

Interviewer: Have you tried this? Moorcock: There are certain aspects of the social novel in the Cornelius books and also in The Chinese Agent.

Interviewer: What recent book do you particularly admire and regard as a model?

Moorcock: George Meredith is my master as far as I'm concerned. I admire him considerably. I admire many other writers but Meredith more than any other.

Interviewer: Was he an influence on you

from the start?

Moorcock: No. It's the old thing of discovering a writer and thinking, "Christ, that's what I'd like to do." He was by no means an influence from the start, Raymond Chandler was an influence. Bertolt Brecht was an influence. Alfred Bester was a definite influence. I'd never read much science fiction. I read The Stars My Destination. I thought, "Wow, if this is science fiction, then science fiction's great." But it's a bit like reading Dashiell Hammett and saying "If this is detective fiction then detective fiction's great." I don't read any detective fiction

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anymore.

Interviewer: Weren't you involved in fandom in the late 1950's?

Moorcock: Yes, I was.

Interviewer: And you managed to do that without reading any science fiction? Moorcock: Yep, because very few fans read science fiction in those days. They used to play poker. I did fanzines, but most of my interest wasn't in that direction, I read Edgar Rice Burroughs, I obviously read some science fiction, but I found most of it disappointing. Charles Harness was another writer I admired a great deal. But for the most part I never really got what I expected from the best of it.

Interviewer: Was this disappointment what led you to turn New Worlds in a

different direction?

Moorcock: (laughs) I always thought Tarzan Adventures, the first magazine 1 ever did, was as far as kids' comics are concerned a radical venture. I just can't leave anything alone. I just get bored. Boredom does it.

Interviewer: You were a great innovator as editor of New Worlds-

Moorcock: You should have seen my work in Tarzan Adventures.

Interviewer: -was this from a dissatisfaction with the field, about 1964 or so? Moorcock: A dissatisfaction, but more a sense of potential. A sense of what could be done. There were a number of literate writers about by then who hadn't been completely wrecked. There have been other literate writers through the generations. Most of them have been completely wrecked,

Interviewer: You mean wrecked by

commercial standards?

Moorcock: Wrecked by commercial standards, by cynicism, all kinds of things, the lot of the pulp writer. They were better than pulp writers, and they couldn't write it, most of them. I won't name names but there were an awful lot of good writers who were writing very well in 1935 and pretty badly by 1945 after John W. Campbell the late great had got hold of them, or anybody else. These editors saying the editor must tell the author what to do, change his plot, and so forth.

Interviewer: You think the job of the editor is simply to recognize good work

and not to direct?

Moorcock: Not merely to recognize the good work but to work with the author and find out what he wants to say. Not to tell him what to say in any way.

Interviewer: As an editor you didn't go

feeding ideas to people?

Moorcock: Never. I wouldn't. It's stupid. Interviewer: How, as a writer, do you avoid editorial attempts to straightjacket you?

Moorcock: I won't deal with the editors who try it. It's very easy. I don't see them anymore. I don't do what Harlan does, which I admire him for doing, but

I'm not tempermentally like that. Or at least I'm very slow to rise, and when I do rise, being rather large, I tend to be very destructive. I'm best kept quiet. I just don't see people if they do it. I say, "All right, fair enough. You'll fuck up no more books."

Interviewer: Did you have problems like this in the British magazines you started in during the late 1950's? Were they

that type?

Moorcock: They were to a degree, but Ted Carnell, although a great literary genius, was a non-editor in many ways. That is he published what he liked. He wouldn't much fuck around with stuff. He did with some. Somebody said about Ted Carnell that he had a unerring capacity to go to the heart of the story, the central idea of the story, and take it out. Interviewer: That sounds like the worst possible thing an editor can do.

Moorcock: Yes, but a lot of the time he didn't do that at all. He was a very kind, nice man. We were working for two pounds a thousand words, and most of us weren't doing it for a living. I made most of my money then as a journalist. Interviewer: How did you become editor

of New Worlds?

Moorcock: Ted recommended me when the new publisher took over.

Interviewer: Did you accomplish what you wanted to with the magazine?

Moorcock: You never do. There's always something new to do. You're never finished. But I got a bit depressed about

Interviewer: It seems that after you left it it began to wobble a great deal and go down very fast.

Moorcock: You mean the large-sized issues?

Interviewer: Yes.

Moorcock: Basically we were running it pretty much as a committee. It was a group of people, all of whom had their say. Art directors had their say. Other editors bought stories, even if I didn't like them. If they liked them, I'd run them. I wanted to keep it as wide as possible, and I knew that I had areas of subjectivity where I couldn't judge. So I was doing that. But I had a nervous breakdown. I lost a lot of money over it. I'm still technically supposed to be paying it back. I haven't had a lawsuit recently so maybe they've forgotten about it. I handed it over to other people I thought could handle it and immediately they started squabbling. I just didn't have the energy at that time. I was completely wiped out,

Interviewer: Can you run a magazine by

committee?

Moorcock: Not by committee, but by people with definite functions. The decisions were left to the individuals and then there was an area of agreement. It was not a committee decision where everybody had a say. I've known magazines where that's gone on and it's never

really worked. You need some strong editor. But it doesn't mean necessarily that the editor tells everybody what to do.

Interviewer: You mean one person bought stories, one person did the artwork, etc.?

Moorcock: More than that. Other people bought stories. You trust somebody's judgment and you might not like what they do when they buy particular stories. That way you keep new blood coming in. You don't get stale.

Interviewer: Were you concerned about the commercial results of what you were doing?

Moorcock: Nope.

Interviewer: It seems to me that as the magazine strayed away from science fection, it probably would have been better to change the title, because science fiction readers would say, "That's a science fiction magazine," then buy it and be alienated, while the other readers would think it's a science fiction magazine and since they don't like science fiction, avoid it.

Moorcock: Half our subscribers didn't know what science fiction was. They just bought the magazine because they liked it. I'm not saying that's good or bad, but that's what happened. New Worlds is a sufficiently broad title, which is why I took it instead of Science Fantasy, which was the other one I was offered. It was loose enough not to

matter.

Interviewer: Did you get angry letters from the readers of the Carnell magazines?

Moorcock: You always get angry letters. I've seen it on magazines all the time. It's known as the Anxious Ownership Syndrome. You get angry letters for six months and everything they see they say is shit. Six months later the same people write in and say, "Well I liked the Ballard story but I didn't like the Harrison story." It's a question of vocabulary either of ideas or techique and if you push it, if you keep going, if you say, "This is it and screw the circulation," eventually people will begin to make for themselves judgments of what they like and what they don't within an area that they see at first as being all the same. For example, you take an area of music that you get into. You after a while get specific tastes. You might not like any of it at first, but then you get a specific taste. The same thing with fiction.

Interviewer: Are you happy with the effect this had on science fiction at the time? Did you like the way it went?

Moorcock: We changed it almost single-

Interviewer: The American field too? Moorcock: The American field picked up on it afterwards. What you do is set aspirations. That's all you do. When I make a speech at a convention, I know

that a lot of people aren't going to pick up on it. But you insist on a standard. If you keep the standards high the aspirations remain high and the writers work to it. If you have a bunch of cynical editors and cynical writers sitting on a panel saying, "Yeah, it's all for money anyway," there are no aspirations to do good work. It's not a question of setting standards, It's a question of setting aspirations. New Worlds might have failed in many ways in what it was actually printing, but it set an aspiration. It said to the writers, "Do your absolute best. It will be recognized." And people like Norman Spinrad, Tom Disch, John Sladek here, and a number of British writers responded to it. It's simple as that. Tom Disch said he'd have never written Camp Concentration as intensely and as well as he did if he hadn't known it was going to be serialized in New Worlds. Mind you, the American "new wave" had nothing to do with the English "new wave." The American "new wave" was largely stylistic where it was anything, and it's still got very strong pulp overtones to it which rather annoy. Chip Delany, for instance, to my mind is just a pulp writer. I can't see him as anything else. His whole method of writing is pulp fiction. Good or bad it's not Tom Disch. It isn't conscious style. It's effect, and there's a great difference between almost typographical effect and very carefully integrated style.

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Interviewer: You mean a novel written as carefully as a sonnet?

Moorcock: Conceived in terms of its prose, not in terms of the effect of that prose. A pulp writer will say "yellow," "star," "jewels," and pow, pow, pow, whereas to my mind a non-pulp writer won't put it that way. He'll integrate the tone of the prose and get his effects yery much differently.

Interviewer: Do you consider yourself

to be a non-pulp writer?

Moorcock: No. I've been a pulp writer. I've done lots of pulp writing.

Interviewer: Have you deliberately turned from it?

Moorcock: You outgrow it. The Beatles grew out of doing "Good Golly Miss Molly." You just grow out of it.

Interviewer: Could you cite some examples of things published in New Worlds which were closest to the aspirations

you had in mind?

Moorcock: Ballard, Disch, Sladek (I don't personally like what he does, but I admire what he does, if that means anything): Those are three sufficiently disparate writers. I liked doing Bug Jack Barron. It wasn't quite in the same area as what we were trying to do. Ed Emshwiller did a visual piece for us, which was one of the nicest things we had.

Interviewer: It seems to me that what you were doing was taking writers like Disch who were already published, and

developing them into major talents— Moorcock: No, I wasn't. I was giving them the opportunity to write what they really wanted.

Interviewer: But a lot of the lesser known writers disappeared.

Moorcock: What happens to a lot of musicians? A lot of them disappear. You give them a chance. That's all you can do. If you're not telling them what to do, and some writers like to be told what to do, then they either do it or they don't. David I. Masson wrote for New Worlds through the period in which I edited it. The minute the magazine stopped, he stopped writing. But the stories he did were very good. Graham Charnock was doing quite a lot of writing, and the minute New Worlds stopped he stopped. It's partly just knowing where your work will appear. I wouldn't write for Playboy, for instance. If I got asked to write for magazines of that ilk, I just wouldn't. I wouldn't go near them because you know that what you write isn't going to be understood and also it's going to be edited. New Worlds supplied a need at the time. There are a lot of good anthologies now. particularly in the States. They're now supplying the same need. What New Worlds did for a lot of editors was give them the muscle to convince the publishers. They could go and say, 'This magazine is doing great in England." It

wasn't. "Hey, look here. This is great. We can do something like that."

Interviewer: You say you wouldn't write for Playboy—do you mean basically the mass circulation slicks of that type?

Moorcock: I wouldn't write for anyone who edits me. I wouldn't write for anything that is cynical in the way it publishes.

Interviewer: Do you worry that much about where a story appears? I would think that the story would speak for itself

Moorcock: I don't worry where it appears. I've written a lot of free stories and a lot of stories for very little money. I usually take something on faith, and if somebody seems okay then I'll do a story for them. I don't worry about the money. I like to be asked to do stories. But most of the science fiction magazines wouldn't want to print the kind of stuff I do, so most of the stuff I do tends to appear outside the science fiction magazines.

Interviewer: If you reach a really massive audience like that of Playboy, you would already have your regular readers, plus a lot of new people, and you would be getting them used to a vocabulary of new ideas—

Moorcock: The thing is, miracles don't work. I mean, I don't give a shit. I'm not insecure.





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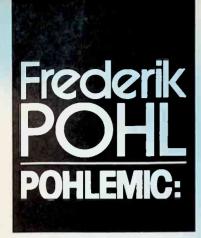
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AVANPAPERBACK



How I'd Like To Be Taught

Tom Clareson tells me that there are something like two thousand college courses in science fiction in America

That's a pretty awesome thought. Partly because there are only something like two thousand colleges in America today, and partly because I do not in my heart believe that there are two thousand people in America competent to teach science fiction to anybody. For a long time I worried about this, because I thought that there were going to be a lot of damn dull SF courses around the country and many potential new readers would be turned off terminally, I'm still not altogether at ease with it. Especially when it becomes personal. A few months ago, at the annual SFRA meeting in Evanston, I had the experience of having Martin Harry Greenberg read a paper on my socio-satirical SF stories of the 1950s for three-quarters of an hour, while for all forty-five of those long minutes I sat in front of a hundred teachers, trying to look objectively interested and free from pain. If I succeeded, I lied. That smarts. I respect Marty's scholarship and value his friendship, but I'm damned if I see what I was doing the same way he does.

When you come right down to it, there is of course no reason why I should. What is important to him is not necessarily what was important to me when I was writing the stories. A teacher's concerns are not the same as a writer's. A science-fiction class is not for the benefit of the writers, but for the students-maybe for the teachers, too. It need have no more concern for the motivations and feelings of the writer than Freshman Biology 101 need have for the feelings of the frog. So, like any other frog in process of becoming a preparation, I accepted that pain ... and then found out, a little later, that there was a still worse pain I had not taken into account. You see, on reflection it turned out that my own attitudes

on what I had written were wrong, Marty's were right.

That statement needs qualification, but let me leave it there for a moment while I tell you a little more history.

Teachers of science fiction, by and large, are not nearly as awful as Ben Boya says they are. They are not even as awful as I used to think. There is an irreducible residue of idiocy in any profession (yes, even ours, brothers of SFWA), but apart from them most teachers of SF really care a lot about whether they are teaching this heterodox and sometimes confusing stuff properly. My old dismal conception of the SF teacher as the low man on the English Department totem pole, called in one day to the dean's office and ordered to switch from Beowulf to science fiction because nobody was showing up for his Beowulf classes any more, is statistically wrong. A fairer picture of the SF teacher is somebody who started out as a science-fiction fan. Then he got through school, acquired a few degrees, wound up teaching in a college and at once set about raising hell with the Curriculum Committee until they gave him an SF course so he could teach something good. *

I have come to this conclusion partly through sitting in on a lot of sciencefiction classes around the world and finding, by gosh, yes, there are a lot of students who never heard of the stuff till they took a course, and have since become devotees. Their teachers must be doing something right. Other bits of evidence have come from the SFRA meetings themselves. For example, this most recent one. It started out with a panel discussion. They got five or six of

*The other thing that is statistically wrong is that the "him" is very often a " but until someone invents a satisfactory genderless equivalent for "him," please bear with my oldfashioned ways.

us writers up in front of the assembled audience of teachers, and invited us to respond to a simple question: "How would you like to be taught?'

None of us gave particularly good answers at the time, I'm afraid. But it

was nice of them to ask. .

And then, next morning in the 1 dropped the soap and startling my roommate. yodeled, L'esprit d'escalier had struck at last. I had finally figured out how I really wanted to be taught in the classroom.

It was too late for the panel, but it's not too late to tell you now. And the more I think of it, the more I think that it is the right and best way for anybody to teach science fiction.

One description of science fiction is that it is a literature of ideas. That does not define it, but it is true as far as it goes. And it carries certain consequences.

For instance: Science fiction is a kind of literature, yes, but it is not just literature. The strictures applied to any kind of literature can be applied to science fiction, and they belong there. Graceless prose, lumpy construction, a tin ear for the sound of words, lifeless characters-they harm a science-fiction

story, and are to be deplored.

But they do not destroy a sciencefiction story, because what is being said is as important as how the author is saying it. Has it taught you something new? Has it led you to think a thought you might never have thought without it? Has it said something seminal, or innovative, or even just clever that nobody ever said to you before? Has it given you an insight into the options we can choose among for the near future? Has it offered you an outside perspective on the world we live in? For any of these qualities one can forgive a lot of bad writing. And it is on these qualities, these thoughts, at least as much as on its literary style, that a science-fiction story

should be judged.

It may be a mistake to confine the teaching of science fiction to English departments. It may be equally a mistake to give it to any other. Perhaps team-teaching is the way to go, someone from English lit and someone from, say, physics or sociology or anthropology to

explore all of the story. I've used loose words like "thoughts" and "qualities," and they are not very satisfying descriptions of what is sometimes a bit of arcane scientific lore, sometimes a projection of identifiable trends to an otherwise unanticipated future quirk, sometimes a retelling of basic concepts in dramatic form, sometimes a synthesis of known data to a new picture of the world. It is easy to distinguish among all these "thoughts." It's just as easy to give high marks to some of them and low to others-this is an act of creation, but that is only a kind of information-transfer. But I think them all important, And all irrelevant to literary style.

It was when I reached that point in this argument that I realized Marty Greenberg was right. To me, the stories I was writing twenty-odd years ago were works of literary creation; I'm a writer. But Marty is a political scientist. He was judging them on their relevancy to political reality, present or potential; and by gosh that was as fair a criterion

as any of mine.

In the same way, I'd like to see someone from linguistics participate in the teaching of lan Watson's *The Embedding*, an astrophysicist in Hal Clement's *Mission of Gravity*, maybe an ROTC instructor in Heinlein's or Joe Haldeman's novels of interstellar war.

A class might go something like this: Subject for today, 2001 versus the Australopithecines. You show the first third of the movie. Then you settle in to talk.

As all of us know, that first section shows the little slope-headed pre-men falling asleep beside a black monolith. They bathe in its beneficent rays, and wake to realize that the bone of an antelope can be a mighty useful thing to kill another creature with. I've never talked to Arthur Clarke about this, but I expect he got that idea from Dr. L.S.B. Leakey, by way of Robert Ardrey's African Genesis, so let's look at what Ardrey has to say on the subject.

He says that there was a time when the Australopithecines had no higher brain-to-body ratio than your average predatory mammal. He offers a theory to explain how the hominid brain was born. Sometime, somewhere, he says, some Australopithecine got attacked by a were-hyena or dire wolf just as he was finishing his own lunch of antelope haunch. Panicked, the Australopithecine struck at the attacker with what

happened to be in his hand, the leg bone of the antelope. Perhaps he killed it, or injured it; maybe he just knocked it off balance, long enough to get away-none of them things he would have been likely to be able to do with just his bare hands. Well, even stupid animals learn. (That is what Pavlovian conditioning shows us even with planarian worms.) So that particular Australopithecine took to carrying an antelope bone around with him all the time. Other Australopithecines perceived that his example was worth following, and followed it. (As Japanese spider monkeys have been observed to learn how to wash their food from the example of one innovator.)

But, says Ardrey/Leakey, there was a consequence. To accommodate to the use of the tool, the hand and wrist needed to develop a more complex musculature. To control the new musculature, the limbs developed a more complex nervous system. Because of the more complex peripheral nervous system, the animals needed (and, over time, through evolutionary selection developed) a more complex central nervous system. I.e., a humanoid brain -not to mention, ultimately, its logical sequelae, the mind, the intellect, and, whatever you call it, the soul. So Ardrey says it isn't exactly correct to say that man invented tools. It is more nearly correct to say that the tools invented

Now, all this is a fascinating and elegant conjecture. It is the kind of thing that makes science in general such a marvelous spectator sport for me. It is emotionally satisfying. It tucks in a lot of loose ends. It is pretty. And, who

knows, it may even be true.

But 2001's retelling of the story is not like that. It pulls in a multiplicated entity in the form of the black monolith, William of Ockham spins in his grave and I personally object. I admire 2001 very much, but that part brings me down. Who needs it? The story is fine as Leakey/Ardrey tell it. The intervention of the black monolith is not only an unnecessary intrusion, but one which destroys the harmonious perfection of the idea.

So if I were teaching 2001, I would like to bring along a paleoanthropologist to teach a little Ardrey too. And I would try to get the students to ponder on such concepts as Occam's Razor (why is it better not to multiply entities? Does Occam's Razor ever go wrong?), and the meaning of "mind" and all sorts of other subjects that would follow from a conceptual, rather than textual, study of what Arthur Clarke was doing.

Science fiction is uniquely valuable in that it encourages thought: and the process of thinking is one of the things I would like to see taught along with it.

Even if it means leaving out the curriculum credit for "penile symbolism in The Lord of the Rings." And that is how I would like to be taught. Not least because I think I might learn something from such a course myself.

On Bigness. Several readers have taken me to task for being too smug and rich and heedless of the lot of the struggling writer in the last couple of columns. I plead "not guilty." Mostly the letters come along with anecdotes about how hard it is for a beginner to make a living and how even some very good writers have never got beyond the poverty level. I don't deny any of that. What I deny is that science-fiction writ-Ing is less rewarding than other kinds.

Writing as a career is chancy, often slow to pay off and usually a lot harder than you would think-so much so that Harlan Ellison was right when he told a group of would-bes, "If you can imagine your life without writing, then don't try to write-it won't be worth it to you. But if you must write, and if you have talent in the first place, science fiction is generally less hostile to the newcomer, more rewarding to all and better received by its audience than any other kind of writing I know anything about. Which is most of them. It wasn't always thus, I know; I was there. I remember when \$490 was a year's income. Even Jack Williamson was pushing forty, and had been writing half that time, before he got much past \$2,000 a year. But that's the way it is now, and if you doubt it just consider the number of writers in other areas who are now inspired to try to crash our field. Some of them will no doubt prove great assets. Others not. But they aren't coming in because they want to live in a ghetto; what draws them is the smell of

"Success," in this case, is spelled M-O-N-E-Y. I would prefer to argue the case on other grounds, because I don't think that that is what writing is all about. But it is what many of the letters

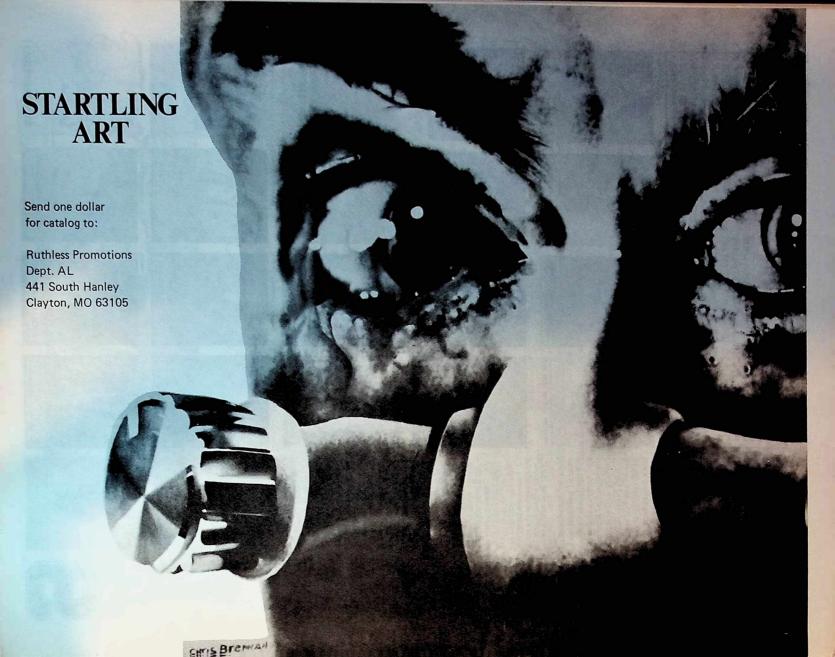
were about.

What I personally think is that anybody who writes for the money is crazy anyway, but that's a whole other discussion.

The best thing about any lecture is the rap session after it. If you have any questions, comments, viewpoints or arguments, on what I've said or, what the hell, anything else relevant to SF, please send them to me: F. Pohl, ALGOL, 386 West Front Street, Red Bank, NJ 07701

The reason for putting "ALGOL" in the address is so that I won't mix your letters up with the general run of correspondence. But don't send anything else for ALGOL to me—please! It

will get lost.





Volume 1 Number 1











Volume 1 Number 2





Volume 3 Number 4



Volume 5 Number 1



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Back in the 1940's, before many of us were born, that small group of oddball talents who were coalescing into science fiction "fandom" began developing traditions. Every society needs them, to define the group and set it apart. The trufannish image of Joe Fann (Tucker's term, modified to Jophan by Willis) was (and still is) one of an adolescent, white male social misfit, who is bright, unconventional, joyfully superior to dull "mundanes." Fans are slans. Fans, starting at Torcon in 1948, carry zanguns. And fans, in their selfimage, wear propellor beanies, as token of their proud, self-congratulatory silliness. Harry Warner Jr. writes in All Our Yesterdays that: "Cartoons...helped to solidify the beanie as a symbol of fandom, always possessed of a propellor at its apex. Ray Nelson purchased the first helicoptor beanie in a dime store at Cadillac, Michigan, and George Young became the first to wear one at a convention when he attended the Torcon. Spacewarp and other Michigan fanzines immediately put helicopter beanies atop all the fans in cartoons, and Cincinnati merchants suffered mightily during the Cinvention next year, as delegates sought for fresh variants and extra-luxuriant models of the headwear for prestige purposes."

The wearing of propellor beanies has gone out of fashion-they, like dime stores, are hard to find-but someone (Bob Tucker?) provided Ursula Le Guin with one for her Guest of Honour speech at Aussiecon. It seemed appropriate to the occasion.

That fannish pride in absurdity, in silliness and light-heartedness, is the most infuriating, endearing "tradition" of this tradition-bound inner circle we call fandom. It seemed an apt title for a column, appearing in a Serious Glossy Magazine About SF, but devoted, not to scholarship or interviews with pros. but to a celebration of fans themselves-ourselves-and our world. What could be sillier and more self-indulgent than a serious discussion of smudgy little magazines, mimeoed for a hundred readers, wherein the editor and friends praise each other, draw in-group cartoons, and become, briefly, the centre of the universe? What could be more gloriously fun?

Fandom is propellor beanies. I wouldn't have it any other way

The most gloriously silly thing of all is the fact that the Harry Warner quotation about helicopter beanies comes from a whole, actual, real book about fandom: All Our Yesterdays, published by Advent, a Chicago specialty press, in 1969. My experience with that book shows my gradual progression from SF reader to trufan. Ten years ago, I discovered other people who read SF: marvellous, a chance to talk seriously about SF books! But what's this "fanzine" full of stuff that has nothing to do with SF? It's a lot of injokes about people I don't know. They're fans? Oh. And they're putting on a World Science Fiction Convention? Oh!

Two years later, I finally attended a worldcon, met some of the people, had a few of the jokes explained. I also discovered, in the Huckster Room, Advent Publishers selling Alex Panshin's book on Heinlein, Damon Knight's book on SF, Harry Warner's book on. . .fandom? Walt Liebscher telling me the "Rosebud" story was one thing; but who could possibly want a whole book full of such. . . family history?

Four years later, I was preparing the All Our Yesterdays Room, a fanhistory display/meeting room for TorCon 2. I was reading Harry's book for the second and third time, admiring the patience with which he'd assembled so much material and the skill with which he'd woven it into a coherent story of fandom's development as a unique subculture. Something else came through, in Harry's dry wit and warm concern for the people and events he described: the importance of fandom to him, his reasons for undertaking this labour of love. It was my tribal history, too, and Harry made it matter to me.

All Our Yesterdays chronicles fandom's development to 1949. In my research for Torcon, I was frequently frustrated because little information was readily available on the Fifties. They were the Golden Years of trufandom. when people were friendlier and writing was wittier-or so nostalgic fans assured those of us doomed to live in the Fallen Age of the 1970's. But what happened? "Oh, nothing much," Ted White told me. "We discovered that Lee Hoffman was a girl. . . "

Many of us were delighted to learn that Harry Warner planned to embark on a second volume of fanhistory, to cover the 1950's. In honor of the Fabulous Fannishness of that decade, it would be called A Wealth of Fable.

Then the project went sour. Harry's research was slowed by illness, and he seemed weary of his self-appointed task. Then Advent raised objections to the completed manuscript, demanding revisions and additions, for example, of more material on regional fandom. A flurry of acrimonious letters between Ed Wood of Advent, and Harry Warner, appeared in the fan press, followed by the announcement that Harry had withdrawn the book and was looking for a fannish publisher. Several months later, Joe D. Siclari announced that he and Karina Girsdansky would bring out the original manuscript in a mimeographed special edition, in the tradition of such fannish projects as Fancyclopedia, The Incompleat Burbee, and A Sense of Fapa.

Joe and Karina typed stencils. We waited. The first volume appeared at MidAmeriCon. Joe and Karina moved twice, got married, and became involved in the programming for Suncon, the 1977 worldcon, somewhere in there. Every so often, those of us who'd paid out our \$8.75 for the complete A Wealth of Fable would get a flier urging patience. I thought of Joe and Karina typing 233 pages (plus introductions), mimeographing and collating 1,000 copies, and waited.

This summer, to my amazement, I actually received volumes 2 and 3 of A Wealth of Fable, "the history of science fiction fandom in the 1950's," by Harry Warner Jr., with an introduction by Wilson Tucker.

It's an impressive-looking publication, nicely produced by Joe and Karina, with Ross Chamberlain covers and illustrations by fandom's leading cartoonists. It's an impressive project to contemplate, too: an enormous compendium of names, facts, dates, about fans, their publications, their conventions.

And that's the problem. A Wealth of Fable is just a collection of facts. Unlike All Our Yesterdays, I don't think it will help you, a reader of SF, to understand the spirit behind such a massive undertaking. It didn't help me, a fan of ten years' standing with an interest in fanhistory, to understand the spirit of the Fabulous Fifties.

Harry's introduction to A Wealth of Fable begins: "Like All Our Yesterdays, this new fan history book is a narrative, not a reference work. It is meant to convey something of the flavor of fandom during the 1950's, it is not intended as a source of eternal verities. Just as in the other book, I have done some antischolarly things in the interest of reading pleasure."

What is the source of my dissatisfaction with this book, whose publication I anticipated so much?

First, it isn't a narrative, Its structure is awkward and confused, moving jerkily between a chronological account of the high points of fannish development in the east, midwest and San Francisco Bay Areas of the United States, and individual accounts of people and events. Thus Chapter 5, "The Audabon of the ld," opens with a focus on Bill Rotsler as a fan artist. It quickly turns into a series of short accounts of Charles Burbee, Redd Boggs, Ray Nelson, Pete Vorzimer, Robert Bloch and others, with no unifying connections, no sense of why these fans belong together, or why they are outstanding or representative fans. You have to already know Burbee's writings, and their importance; Harry just reminds you that he existed. The rest of the chapter contains brief paragraphs on Kuttner, Kornbluth, Laney, Vernon McCain, and E. E. Evans, who are lumped together with some obscure fans just because they all happened to die in 1958-59. Chapter 6 doesn't follow chronologically, but it is more unified, and interesting to the non-50's fan, because Harry does attempt to discuss some specific trends in fan publishing. Yet an account of the origin of the custom of sending a fanzine free in return for a letter of comment begs more questions than it answers. For Harry, it's significant only that no-one knows where the custom began. For me, what's interesting is the fannish spirit represented by the custom, the development of fannish fanzines in this decade, the purpose and meaning of fanzines to the people

who produced them. Instead of pulling back to examine the whole phenomenon, Harry gets bogged down in specifics about individual, and not really representative, fanzines: their cost, frequency, editorship. For example, he mentions, as representative of a "special venture into printing," an elaborate fanzine called Nekromantikon, which focussed on fiction by fannish unknowns. Its five issues "must have approached all-time records for the amount of editorial work that went into them," handset type, half-toned illustrations, and multi-colour covers. We learn that its editor, Manley Bannister, was a 36-year-old war veteran and professional writer, who ran 200 copies of the magazine while estimating he needed to sell 10,000 to break even. He discontinued the magazine when the workload got too heavy, and donated his mimeograph to the 1952 Willis Fund. "It was raffled off, won by Nan Gerding, and she named it the Iron Maiden." Well, I'd have cheerfully sacrificed whole chapters of such essentially meaningless details if only Harry had actually discussed the fan phenomenon which Bannister represented, or had elaborated on Bannister's final comments on Nekromantikon: "It has been fun. It has also been a lot of work. The work and the time required have finally outweighed the fun involved. I have met a lot of mighty nice people since I started this publication. It has, therefore, been worth to me many times its cost in time. labor, and money," Now that comment tells me more about the lure of fandom than all of Harry's painfully-accumulated

And why discuss Nekromantikon and Science Fiction Times in this chapter on fanzines, but not discuss Hyphen, or other fannish fanzines here? Harry says, several times, that fandom of the 1950's "was a happier, friendlier thing, overall, than before or maybe since," that it was characterized by wackiness, fun, and a general tendency towards legend-making. He says things like this, but doesn't prove or even discuss them. Instead, he goes on, for example, to tell us which specific rare prozines were for sale in 1952. I can give a page of examples, of trends which Harry identifies briefly, of generalizations he makes, that aren't followed up or supported as he plunges back into his accumulation of detail. But there's no point in my offering you a list of such specifics; you'll find them, alas-conclusions and generalizations which are too rare, not supported, not developed enough, and not integrated into the mass of detail he offers. What was fandom like in the 1950's? What was its spirit? After 233 pages, I still don't really know; and all the scholarship, in the end, really goes to waste.

A Wealth of Fable is many things; but it isn't a narrative. It doesn't have a natural "plot" as All Our Yesterdays did

in the gradual evolution of fandom; and Harry hasn't been able to find a focus in any of the trends he mentions briefly, such as the growing size of fandom, its influence on prodom, or the fannish spirit which fans remember with such fondness. That last trait, in particular, just isn't developed satisfactorily. Even the chapter on Walt Willis contains as much information about G.M. Carr and her stupid attacks on him as it does about Willis the man, Willis the writer, Willis the legend or the feelings of the fans who organized the landmark 1952 special fund to bring him to North America. And then G.M. Carr's fuggheadedness is dealt with in yet another

This lack of unity and coherence is evident in individual chapters, too. A discussion of Lee Hoffman does identify her as an important example of "the fan who is a fan for the sake of fandom.' Yet then, instead of discussing this concept or LeeH's influence, Harry moves on to this crashingly awkward transition: "Lee was pretty much the same fan at the beginning that she was at the end of the decade. That is one of the many ways in which she differed from another conspicuous fan of the 1950's, Harlan Ellison." And we're into a two-page outline of Harlan's fannish activities-a bare mention of "the Midwestcon Door excitement" for example-which really fails to tell us how he "changed, developed, and was almost as complex a personality

as a fan as he is today as a professional. Such jerky and awkward transitions are typical: between chapters, between sections of chapters, even between sentences. Organization is minimal (LeeH and Harlan are followed by Bob Silverberg as a fellow pro, then by Grennell, Tucker, Bjo Trimble, G.M. Carr and others, with nothing in common except involvement in very different aspects of fandom. Again, there's no development of the fannishness which LeeH epitomized, and which is Harry's ostensible theme.) Moreover, the prose itself is flat and awkward, rarely leavened by Harry's humour. It really seems as if, overwhelmed by his material, he just assembled vast numbers of notes on file cards; propped a card beside his typewriter; typed the information out in more-orless full run-on sentences; and then picked up another filecard full of details. Put down "Hoffman, Lee." Pick up "Ellison, Harlan." Assume your readers will know what Harlan's personality is like. . . l can sense Harry's growing lack of enthusiasm for his monster project in every paragraph break.

If the book isn't engrossing as a narrative, is it useful as a reference work? Could someone use Harry's impressive research, and focus in on those "fabulous" fans of 1950? Here, the book is seriously weakened not only by the lack of organization (material about Willis.

say, crops up all over) but by the lack of an index. Joe and Karina explain that they did not compile one in order to get the book out quickly, but they do plan to publish one "in Fanhistorica 5, due out in Spring, 1977." It's September, 1977, and the second issue of this fanhistory publication hasn't appeared. Meantime, if I want a specific piece of information, I'm reduced to flipping pages, hoping that Harry included it and that I can find it somehow. Or recognize it. A minor irritant is Harry's decision to refer to women fans by the names under which they're known in 1977, without any indication of previous surnames. "In Calgary, the most notable fan was Georgina Clarke, famous far and wide for her fanzines. .. "but if you find one. it's published by Georgina Ellis, "Dutch" Ellis, first Duchess of Canadian fandom. You just might get confused, if you aren't a '50's fan.

Moreover, how reliable is Harry's scholarship? "This book is as accurate as I could make it within human limitations." Interpretations of people and events differ, of course, but matters of fact don't. Yet I opened one of the volumes at random, to discover that Bill Rotsler "scored his first big success as a fiction writer with a novel, Master of the Arts." Well, Bill was nominated in 1973, the year he was Fan Guest of Honour at TorCon 2, for a Hugo for his novelette, "Patron of the Arts," later expanded into a novel... It's only a detail, but how many other details are wrong?

I asked Terry Carr, a Fabulous Fifties Fan who figures prominently in volume 2, how accurate A Wealth of Fable was. On pages 74-75: "I wasn't In the Golden Gate Futurian Society in 1949, so I couldn't withdraw; with Innuendo, I said the time was right for a monthly fanzine, which is different; that's Miriam Knight, not 'Mirian,' he mentions her twice and gets it wrong both times . . ." Between pages 91 and 94, he discovered at least half a dozen errors of fact before breakfast, on a superficial reading, keeping up a running commentary of "No . . . that's wrong . . . I don't know where he got that idea . . . this is all in fanzines I know Harry has

available ... no."

Well, it's trivia. Do you care that Parker L. Schaeffer was not "another Carr-Graham concoction" but an invention of Pete Vorzimer? But trivial details which matter to fans are what A Wealth of Fable is all about, and I want them to be reliable. Still, Joe and Karina published the book in its mimeographed format so that it could be flexible; they ask that fans send corrections for the second edition.

OK. A Wealth of Fable isn't really a narrative, and isn't meant to be a reference work. Frankly, I don't think it succeeds in conveying "something of the

flavor of fandom during the 1950's." Facts, yes. Flavor? Only sometimes, as in the ingroup jokes and traditions of Chapter 10, "The Father of Invention," or the account of Nolacon's Room 770. In part, the project lacks impact because Harry doesn't generalize enough, doesn't pull his mass of details into some sort of meaningful pattern. In part, too, it's weakened by Harry's ambitions and his self-imposed restrictions. It was marginally possible to write a coherent history of fandom in North America to 1949. Fandom in the 1950's was bigger, more diverse. Harry promises an account of one aspect of that fandom the "fabulous" fannish spirit, but then he traps himself by trying to cover too mucheven while admitting he left out many more people and events.

He also left out the personalities. . . the gossip. Harry is limited by his own sense of decency, his decision to leave out "the seamier aspects of fans," the "human faults." Harry Warner is a nice person, who can find something positive to say about every abysmal neofannish crudzine. . .but niceness does not make for an interesting fanhistory

So, gentle reader of ALGOL, bookstore browser, SF reader discovering fandom: A Wealth of Fable is not meant for you. You will learn that Harlan Ellison was once a fan, that Robert Silverberg, Terry Carr, Bob Shaw, Marion Zimmer Bradley and other published undistinguished amateur magazines when they were pubescent. You will not learn the Harlan Ellison Stories which fostered the love-hate relationship between that individual and fandom. You will not learn why Silverberg and Carr to this day publish amateur magazines. at no-cents-a-word, for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. You will not learn how fandom has influenced prodom, influenced what you are given to read today.

(For Gossip and Personalities, fan fueds and emerging prodom, go to Damon Knight's The Futurians, just released by John Day. This account of feuds, affairs, friendships and professional successes in one New York fan group in the 1940's is mostly notable because the community included Cyril Kornbluth, Judith Merril, James Blish, Virginia Kidd, Fred Pohl, Lester del Rey, Knight himself and other novelists, editors and agents. It's also notable because its tone is lively and, frankly, gossipy. It reveals more than discretion would approve about people's affairs, though less than curiosity would demand. What was in Kornbluth's trunk-whips, black lace panties, manuscripts? Why mention it, if you won't tell? The book is meant as a tribute to a time, a place and a group of friends, but you know that's not why Day is publishing it in hardcover. It'll sell because it contains gossip about pros. I'll let Dick Lupoff review it.

though.)

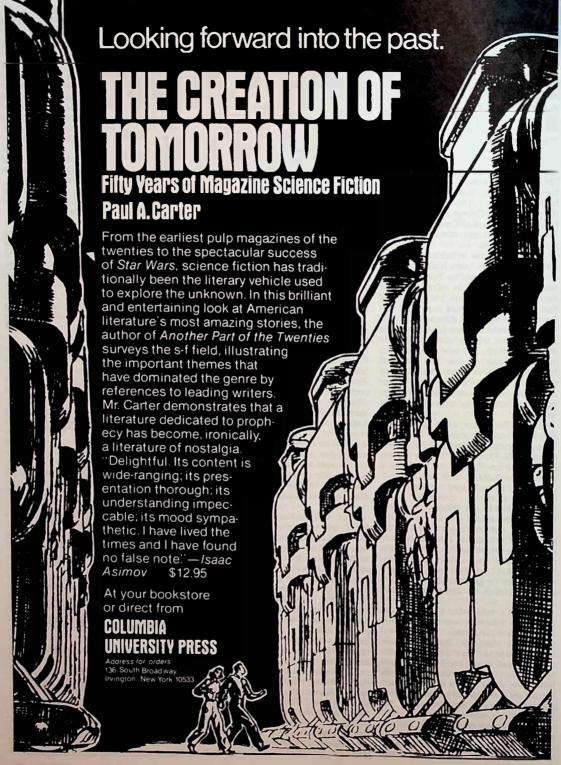
A Wealth of Fable is really for 1950's fans, who'll read it nostalgically look for their names, and write Harry chiding letters correcting his facts. It's also sortof-for convinced (convicted?) fans like me, who'll read it looking for legends. . . but only find, if we're lucky, facts to do our own digging. Perhaps it's for fans like Joe and Karina Siclari, who can use it to trace fannish fanzines, to find articles to reprint in Fanhistorica so that we can experience that golden age glow for ourselves.

In sum, then, A Wealth of Fable is an impressive piece of research by the one person qualified to undertake it. It's not, however, an entertaining or enlightening narrative. In the end, I think the task simply defeated the writer.

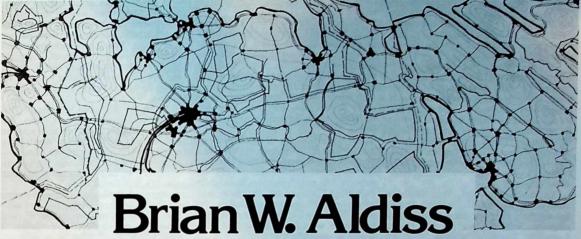
A WEALTH OF FABLE, by Harry Warner, Jr. Published by Joe and Karina Siclari, Fanhistorica Press, 2201 N.E. 45 St., Lighthouse Point, FL 33064. Mimeographed; 3 volumes, 233 pages. Copyrighted 1969, 1977. Originally the book was offered for \$8.75 after publication, but I think the price must have gone up by now; write to the publishers for details.

-Susan Wood, Dept. of English, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6T 1W5





HESESTATE



Despite a greatly enlarged audience, a kind of unity still exists in the SF world. Fandom, in its widest sense, is a remarkable institution. One ambitious fan, anywhere on the globe, can twitch the net, the web of fandom, and get results. I've seen it happen in Denmark, Italy, Japan, Brazil, and elsewhere.

The SF world is a microcosm of the real world. Think of it as a small dusty state, plenty of unworkable land, some ruinous citadels-Wells, Verne-green oases, a lot of guys drilling for oil. The SF State is a land little heard of by the outside world until it is stricken by some terrible natural disaster: an earthquake, a new Ballard novel. Then blankets are sent, there's a US airlift, a team of Swedish doctors, and things go back to normal.

I think that if one writes SF, one should settle for this small dusty state with its own exotic customs, take out naturalization papers. With reservations. By close study of the SF State, one can clearly visualize what the rest of the world is like.

The SF State is often very picturesque. Let me direct your attention to a dramatically posed group of three figures, standing on a lonely mountainside like a group of noble bandits in a Caravaggio canvas, We peer through the chiaroscuro and see Bob Silverberg, a skull tucked under his arm for all the world like the Prince of Denmark, mourning; we see Mike Moorcock, his cloak and guitar wrapped round him; and we see Barry Malzberg, one elbow resting on a ruined pediment, weeping up his sleeve. Silverberg is leaving the SF field because his novels are too good for us; Malzberg is leaving because the pay

is so low: Moorcock is leaving because he never belonged, has always hated SF. has never written it.

Well, this is an inspiring group. We need it and its discontents; it gives voice to the blemishes which certainly exist. I happen to disagree with many of its attitudes. To my mind, it's no bad thing to work at a sort of literature which is generally disliked or despised, provided one does not dislike and despise it oneself. It's no bad thing to make only a little money, provided one places art above much money. It's not even a bad thing to be neglected or misunderstood -there's always a hope that things may change; to be taken up and endlessly discussed can be more destructive, as we see from the fate of Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

Visitors to the SF State often gain the superficial impression that it is Communist. This is not so, though the banners outside every writer's factory in town are often misleading: DEATH TO NEW WAVE REVISIONISM, they say, DOWN WITH ORDINARY BOUR-GEOIS LITERATURE, or, SF FANS OF THE WORLD UNITE - YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR BRAINS. In the main squares of the big cities of the SF State, you will see portraits, not of Marx, Engels and Lenin, but of Gernsback, Campbell, and Heinlein, and it is a capital offense to utter a word in public against these legendary figures.

These disturbing manifestations go only skin deep. The SF State is in fact a feudal economy, comprising only two classes, the nobility and the peasants (or, as we say, the writers and the fans). That's not strictly true, since there are also robber barons, sometimes called

editors or publishers, and outlaws, rather like Robin Hood, called reviewers, who take away praise from the rich writer to give to the poor one. Oh, I should also mention that there are nomadic tribes who wander throughout the State plundering as they go and often spreading disease: they are called academics; despite legislation against them, they are increasing in numbers.

Perhaps these hierarchic divisions sound rigid, yet in practice there is a good deal of mobility up and down the social structure in our State. A peasant may become a member of the nobility simply by writing a few lousy books. Indeed, some of the most powerful nobles, such as the Honourable Lord Pohl Frederik of Red Bank-another misleading Communist reference-began as wretched peasants, condemned to tilling their fief-lord's fields and reading his old copies of Astounding from first light until sunset. Conversely, there have been cases where noble lords, made drowsy by the praises of their peasantry, have sunk back themselves into the squalid end of town, known after the name of its favorite drink as Ace Double.

Despite these lapses, the SF State remains tightly organized, partly because it is surrounded by hostile nations beyond its boundaries. Such is the considered opinion of those who rule the SF State. Paradoxically, nobody is ever sure where the boundaries of the state lie. This question of boundaries is a vexed one, often discussed. Some landmarks are beyond doubt. Far out to the West, taking its ease in the golden prairie twilight, is Sîmakland, a warm romantic place where no harm ever

befalls anyone. Simakland fades gradually into Bradburyland, where the entire popularion consists of dear old grannies living in warm apple-smelling attics and children who remember Edgar Allan Poe,

Then there's the northern frontier. Far on a remote peak surrounded by ice and desolation is the Stapledon beacon, signalling to distant stars. Very few people ever get that far in their lives,

although many have tried. To the East, set among dark uninviting chasms, is the Land of Lem, perhaps the most distant part of the SF State. Indeed, some question whether it is part of the State at all, and not rather an autonomous enemy outpost. Be that as it may, the Land of Lem is a mysterious place, populated with cloaked figures; if you aren't careful, you can get a knife between your ribs as you make your way down Rottensteiner Alley by night.

To the South-well, the South is always terrible and corrupt. There, among the swamps and the ruins of past empires, is the place of No Hope, Lovecraft Territory. You go there at your peril: many readers have visited Lovecraft Territory and never returned.

So much for topography. Of course there are many guide books to the subject. But I want to concentrate on the Central Provinces of SF State, and on the remarkable behavior of the inhabitants. That behavior presents astonishing paradoxes. You may have heard, for instance, that outwardly all these people care about is the future and its glittering totems, especially such hardware as spaceships, robots and cyborg attachments which give you permanent erections, etc. etc. Yet the truth is that the whole population is given over to nostalgia, and archaeology is the favorite hobby. On every hand, you will find shops displaying anthologies stuffed with ancient yellowing stories, themselves stuffed with ancient yellowing plots. The past is all they really care about and only when you have become really and truly dead, like Doc Smith or Edgar Rice Burroughs-or really deadly, like Perry Rhodan-do you become famous.

If this worship of the dead recalls the habits of the ancient Egyptians, I would like to conclude this survey of the SF State by mentioning one custom which, as far as I know, is unique in the world.

Let me remind you that the State is divided into two classes, nobility and peasants. It has been known in other countries-on saints days, for instancefor the nobility to throw feasts for the peasants. In the SF State, the peasants regularly throw feasts for the nobility! Incredible but true . . . These feasts are called conventions, which makes them sound serious, but in fact they are just excuses for everyone to get drunk. (Of

course, in some parts of the State, the cost of living is so high that even the nobility can hardly afford to drink . . .)

In gratitude for this splendidly topsy-turvy state of affairs, I shall now abandon this idiotic fairy tale-but all fairy tales are true-and turn to more serious matters.

No, wait a minute, I like this idea of an SF State, but I want to talk about SF writers. So let's keep the concept of them as merely a privileged class in this microcosm and see what happens, because there's no doubt that SF writers have a particularly close relationship with their readers and critics which other writers lack, for better or worse. In some cases better, in some cases worse.

SF writers in the seventies have to tackle certain problems. They face expanding audiences and they also face the death of Astonishment. Let me explain. The pulp magazines from which popular SF sprang-all the pulp magazines-relied on sensationalism for sales. Not only did their underprivileged audiences want to be astonished: they could be astonished.

World War II, so astonishing in itself, raised the average threshhold of astonishment. Then came the limited space travel of the sixties and the incredible Moon-walks. After that, at least for a few years, nobody could be astonished by anything. So one of the main weapons in the SF armory became obsolete.

SF writers have responded to this situation in many ways. They have changed as the field has changed. Diversification has become the order of the day. However, I think we can now distinguish five main types of SF writer. I have pointed to one group alreadychaps like Silverberg, Malzberg, and Moorcock, who are in the field and want out. They are the dissidents of the SF State, the Jews who yearn for an ideal Israel. When they get there, like Soviet Jews, they will probably be shocked by the corruption they find.

Secondly, you have the group that wants to get in. Chaps like Pynchon, Burgess, Amis, Durrell, who-sensing something lacking in ordinary fiction, or in their own writing-borrow some of SF's techniques, often to the enrichment of the field; though that enrichment is more often transient than permanent. Though I can think of one name in this group whose effect has been permanent: the anthropologist George Stewart, author of Earth Abides,

The third group is in some ways the direct opposite of the first two groups. This group comprises writers like Asimov, Larry Niven, Arthur Clarke, Hal Clement, who enshrine the old hard-core virtues of the field. They don't want in, since they are in, nor do they want out-though they sometimes

talk as if they want all others out, They are a valuable group, the ones who quote scripture to the post-Christian

The fourth group is the largest. This comprises the majority of the writers who do not have great feelings about the SF State, one way or the other. They write SF because it suits them commercially, or because they have a bent for it. The group includes writers we all admire. For instance, I greatly enjoy Robert Sheckley's works. But I see him as a humorist and I believe he could be just as funny writing ordinary

So to the fifth and last group. This group consists of writers who are individualists, yet who do not want to get out of SF. What they want is to extend the boundaries of the materialnot to escape but to enlarge. This group interests me most because I consider myself a member of it.

Notice that I claim no overwhelming merits for any one group, nor do I wish the expulsion or extinction of any group. I am a passionate moderate. I wish SF to flourish by being protean, which means that rivalries and dissentions must continue. The dialectics make the whole state.

CENTRAL SECTION, CAPITOL CITY OF

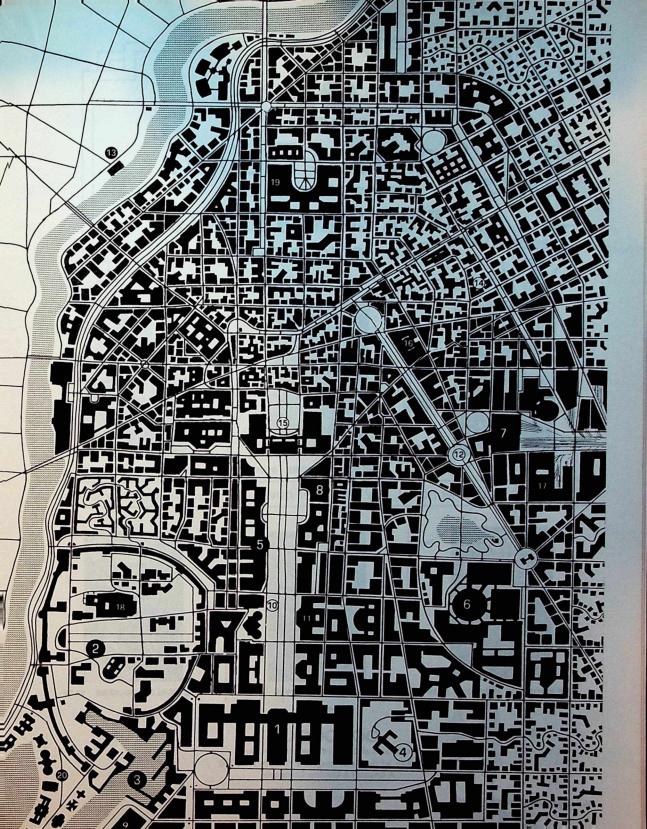
The Capitol City of SF was first founded by field forces of the Verne Empire in the year 1107 Lucian. This first settlement, on what is now the site of the Imperial Arsenals, was abandoned in 1322 Lucian.

Land dreadnoughts of the Wells Republic re-occupied the Capitol City in 1658 Lucian, and the site has been inhabited ever since. The discovery of pulp paper, the steam-driven printing press, and the revolution brought about by the Paulist school brought still more denizens of SF to the City. The broad avenues laid out by the architect DiFate have created a modern ruling city, with directorates and ministries in keeping with the ruling centre of SF. The population of the city is currently in excess of 1,400,000.

A brief directory of principal points of interest follows:

- Parliamentary buildings of the Imperial Sefwuh.
 - Imperial Arsenals.
- Imperial Docks and Warehouses.
- Mansion of the Sefwuh Presidium.
- Ministries of Publishing.
- Imperial Convention Centre.
- Imperial Printing Works. Directorate of Genre Affairs.
- Ministry of Sefwuh Audits. 10. Avenue John Campbell.
- Directorate of Doherty (reconstructed).
- Avenue Ian Ballantine.
- Foreign Mission, Land of Whodunit.
- Ghetto of Westren.
- Central Libraries.
- 16. Selectric Factories.
- 17. Imperial Typesetters.

 18. Ministry of Defense & Copyright.
- 9. Museum of Gernsback & Campbell (closed for renovations and revisions).
- 20. Tombs of the Sefwuh Presidents.





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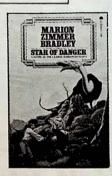
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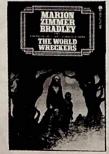
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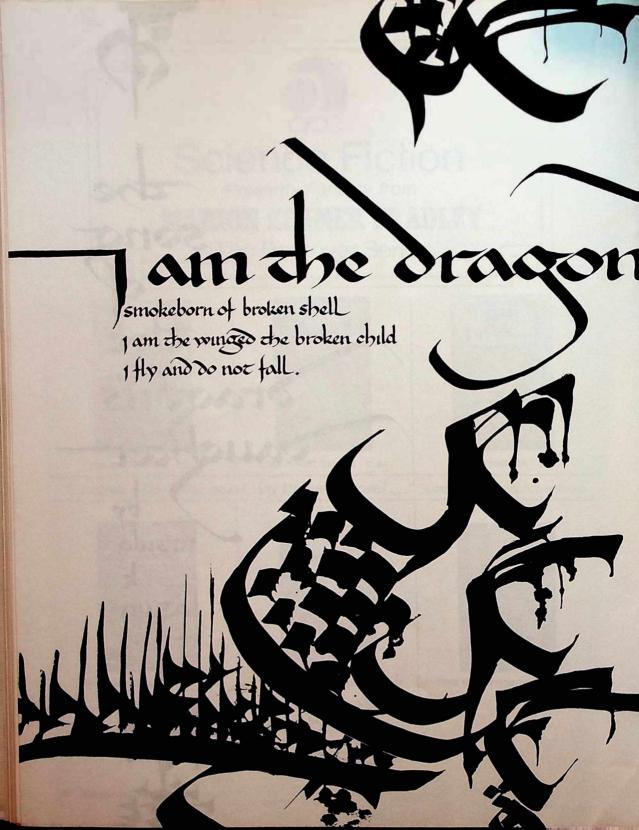


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AN INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD POWERS, PART TWO. Our second meeting took place at the Powers' home in Ridgefield, Connecticut on the afternoon of June 20th. Pulling up to the house I saw a pleasant reminder of Dick's unique sense of humor for at the top of the driveway was the Powers' car, its license plate partially reading XBLND. Not quite so coincidentally, Dick marks paintings in the same manner when he receives them back and cannot recall the title of the book for which the work was done, thus indicating that it is a blind item. After

some preliminary shop talk and a numbingly cold tankard of beer, we settled down to business. By the end of the interview so much about this brilliant and gifted man remained undisclosed that I knew we would have to return to him again if we ever hoped to get a true and accurate picture of his work. The following, then, is the second interview with one of the great, creative, innovative talents at work today in the field of science fiction art. We shall return to him again and again in times -Vincent DiFate to come.

ALGOL: If you remember the interview we conducted at the Playboy SF Convention, you surprised me at one point. You said some very flattering things about the value of science fiction illustration with respect to culture, and its potential in gallery and museum art. Could you repeat that?

POWERS: As I recall, the context was science fiction art as opposed to cowboy and Indian art, the Western, the boy-and-girl art, the romance, the art that's done for mysteries, that sort of thing. Science fiction art very often has a life of its own, not related to the story material. The non-SF material, generally speaking, is pretty transitory. There are very few good Westerns, good mysteries. The art that's done for science fiction, as opposed to the Western, has got a kind of a self sufficient importance to it. If you can categorize science fiction art in general as a surrealist type of art which has got a legitimate place in our history, with the exception of, say, Frederick Remington, the Western cowboy and Indian kind of thing just plain doesn't have any aesthetic value. As a matter of fact even Remington, compared to the art of Delacroix, who also went into big action stuff but didn't concentrate on guns and cowboys, is pretty shallow.

The point that I'm making is, thanks to the nature of the subject matter, which isn't cliche-ridden, the science fiction artist has got an advantage of dealing with a better quality of subject matter to begin with. This is what originally attracted me to working in the genre: you can deal with it in a variety of styles that have got legitimate aesthetic value, and that are accepted

generally as valid museum art.

ALGOL: The major part of your output over the years has really been devoted to science fiction. Do you mind being referred to as an SF artist?

POWERS: Oh no, that doesn't bother me at all. As a matter of fact, I can think of nothing worse than being referred to as a cowboy and Indian artist. I know some of those guys; they're nice guys, but even while you're talking to them, in the back of your mind is that what he does for a living, and has done as an artist since he was about 25 years old (since he's about 50 now) is paint cowboys and Indians. The figure with the outlaw hat, the figure with a feather in his hair, their struggle or their shooting one another . . . This is commercial art. You have to look for something to justify it. In terms of making a living—and there are really repulsive ways of making a living as a commercial artist-the least repulsive, if I put it in those negative terms, is the SF way of doing it. Doing your conventional sadistic erotic mystery cover: that's a hell of a way to make a living. I do some, and they make a nice change. What I try to do to keep from going stale is do a lot of different types of work so I don't ever get to the point where I am sick of doing science fiction. I've always got something else going even though it may be, and very often is, pretty damn dull.

Nevertheless, it's a change of pace. It makes me appreciate the science fiction novel better when I come back to it. ALGOL: In our earlier interview and thus far in this one, you've touched very little on your personal life. I think a large part of what makes you who you

are, and what you are as an artist, is what you are as a person. Would you like to give us some sort of background detail? We've talked about your dreams and nightmares.

POWERS: I think there's no stronger and more urgent motivation to make some kind of success as a science fiction artist, or any other kind of artist, than having a family to feed. If you have people depending on you, it's a really great incentive too. My first wife and I had four kids in fairly rapid succession, so that by the time I was 28 years old I had four kids to support. Under those circumstances you get used to doing a lot of work and you get used to trying to do better and better work because your expenses are mounting all the time. Probably a really expensive heroin addiction would be a better motivation for being a successful commercial artist than having a big family. Of course it's healthier to have a big family than to become an addict. I prefer my motivation. I've met guys who have money of their own, or their wives have money. It's amazing how little they turn out and how shabby the quality is, despite the fact that they have all the time in the world and they can go anyplace, they can work under any circumstances, and they don't have these tortuous deadlines that keep you up nights finishing jobs.

It's amazing how often the working compulsion isn't one so much of volition as it is outside influence, like raising a family, and a very decent mortgage, and educational expenses and all those things. I don't think they get all the credit as factors in the aesthetic impulse but it seems they certainly do it. You find as it goes on it gets progressively worse. By the time your kids get to college, it costs \$15,000 a

year to put them through.

ALGOL: What about your fine arts career? Very few fans are even aware of the fact that you have an active career

in fine arts.

POWERS: Originally, I figured that I'd be doing more of what I would call fine arts painting, in other words uncommissioned painting of exactly the kind that I wanted to do without an art director giving me instructions. I felt that I'd be doing, on a percentile basis, about 60% gallery art and maybe 40% commercial art to finance the whole thing. With the exception of the period while I'm preparing for a show, the reverse is true. I wind up getting 60% or even 70% commercial work to the 30 or 40% of just plain painting.

But it's possible to sustain a long term enthusiasm for science fiction if you do an utterly uncommissioned painting, only motivated by what you want to do on the side. In doing a show, that takes precedence and I work for

sometimes as long as a couple of months without doing much commercial work. That's pure ecstasy when you can do something like that, because you don't worry about anything except what you want to do yourself.

ALGOL: Very early in your career, you had a one man show at the Museum of

Modern Art.

POWERS: I had gotten out of the Army and I was just painting a couple of years. I was lucky enough to be included in a group show of four young artists. We were all in our late 20's, and that is what got me my gallery, that was one of the best things that ever happened to me. The gallery situation is and was at that time a very very tough thing to crack in New York. It was almost impossible to get a decent gallery. It's not too difficult to get in a fly-by-night gallery, one that would exploit the living hell out of you, just rip you off unmercifully. But to get a reputable gallery was then and is even more so now very difficult. As a result of that Modern Museum show I got my affiliation with Rehn Gallery in 1951, which has continued for 25 years now. On the whole, it's been a very good relationship. They haven't made a lot of money and neither have I, but they never told me what to paint, they've given me good exposure. I can count on the fact any show at Rehn is prestigious enough for the critics to come and see it. In terms of that Modern Museum show the negative aspect was that the show was so successful, from the point of view of sales and prestige, that I was briefly, for a period of a couple of years, spoiled rotten. I thought that everything was going to fall into place. I thought I didn't have to worry about sales or anything of the sort. That unfortunately hasn't been true; if I had to live on the proceeds of my painting, it would have been all over a long time ago, and my whole family would have starved to death.

Like any other painter, I'd have loved to have done nothing but exactly what I wanted to do under my own terms at my own speed. The juxtaposition of doing science fiction work, getting paid reasonably well for it over a long period of time, and being able to sustain a parallel career as a gallery painter, worked out quite well. I haven't any complaints about it, except that I would like to be richer. .

ALGOL: I'd like to know special accomplishments over both your fine arts career, and as an illustrator in

special commissions

POWERS: Of course the top achievement the science fiction artist can attain is being interviewed by Vinnie DIFate. You can't go any further than that. As far as the fine arts go, if I'd taken first prize at one of the international

exhibitions in Venice or Paris or Rome, you would have heard about it in my first sentence in this interview. I haven't had any really stupefying achievements but I've had my share of prizes. There are ribbons, which are worth what ribbon is worth,

ALGOL: If I'm not mistaken, you had some things on exhibition in the

Museum in Madrid?

POWERS: Well, yes, but the thing is I'm still angling for my first European show. I've had a quite successful show in Jamaica, but that's as far afield as I've been. My art has been included in United States Information Agency tours that have been abroad, but never on any kind of an individual basis. It's always been as a member of a group show, particularly one drawing show that was on tour for several years. It was on tour for so long that when it finally came back to the gallery here, the director and I hardly recognized it. That's how long since I'd seen it.

The Modern Museum owns a painting of mine, and the Rockefellers bought a couple of paintings from my first shows. That's one of the reasons I thought I was off and running and could coast for the rest of the way. The Rockefellers, having bought a couple, decided they've done enough for me and that was the

end of it.

Paintings have wound up in a number of museums. I get this information from the gallery because they never come to me directly. I hear about it when I get one of my infrequent checks from the gallery; they mention that the University of Indiana Fine Arts Gallery has acquired a painting or something of that sort. None of these are what I would call top level or special accomplishments in the field. I still maintain that the day may come when my paintings will be acquired by bigger and more important collectors, bigger museums, but that's the kind of thing all artists lull themselves to sleep with at night when things aren't going well.

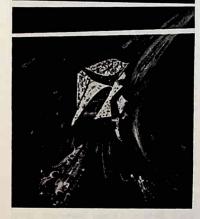
In the meantime we have to satisfy ourselves that we can see a definite improvement in our work and that we're painting better than we were and that the old enthusiasm is still there. It, if anything, increases as our confidence

increases.

ALGOL: I've noticed, as anyone who has ever looked at a range of your work has noticed, that you use a great variety of media. Is there any special thing about your method, about your approach? You use collage, you use more graphic types of representation and more modelled forms at times. We'd briefly discussed your concept of the organic skin.

POWERS: In terms of technique, I date everything before and after acrylics because I was trained in oils and

watercolor. Until the day that some benefactor of humanity brought acrylics, combined with artist's quality pigments out on the market, I never really realized just how flexible a medium could be. I have been doing a lot of out-of-door work ever since the days when I first studied with Jay Connoway on Monhegan Island and in Vermont, I worked for seven years with him right after getting out of the Army, and the big disadvantage of oils is the drying period. The other disadvantage is that if you want to do something quite ambitious, and want the painting to have any stability at all, you've got to break off just in the middle of your enthusiasm and let the damn thing dry until you got a firm skin to work over. However in acrylics you don't have to.



I worked briefly in lacquers. I might have still been working in them except that the one company that was making a nice quality of lacquer-based paint stopped making them. At which point I got myself the old mortar and pestle and started mixing my own colors in a lacquer vehicle. It was just unbearable. The stuff is toxic, and you'd wind up so groggy from having mixed the paints that you were in no shape to do the painting. Lacquer is a strange medium in that it dries very fast, but the vehicle that the pigments are suspended in will not disturb the underlying painting, because it dries water insoluble. But in working with it I found that it was very easy to make glazes. Not just one glaze, but five or six or seven glazes, just build them up and build them up. I got fascinated by the way that I could get a

viscous, glistening kind of over-painting over solid objects. This was, mind you, before I did any science fiction. I found myself building up a kind of an embryonic quality to plain ordinary subject matter. I would take a few things like stones and grass forms, and surround them with a wet kind of skin or an epidermis, full of highlights and back lights, and you got a sense of these forms being imprisoned in not one but several layers of skin. That became characteristic because I enjoyed doing it so much and it seems so pregnant with possibility. Every time that I tried it some new little thing owuld happen. At least it seemed new to me, and the nuances may not have been acceptable to anybody else but they were to me. I kept using this form; sometimes I'd go away from it for a while but I find myself returning to it even now. Even today I'd doing some things that I don't think I've ever done before,

ALGOL: I guess it has a visual elegance to it; it reminds me very much of El Greco. There is a kind of glassiness, especially in the way he handled cloth. POWERS: A painter whose things are more recent and who probably influenced me more than I was aware of at the time is Pavel Tchelitchev whose big Hide and Seek is at the Museum of Modern Art. I had never seen Tchelitchev before and I got a lot of enjoyment out of that painting. At that time I was in the army and stationed in New York, and the Modern Museum was one of my chief amusements. I saw that painting very often, and that has got something of that quality. Tchelitchev has tied a tree and a child right into the same vascular system, so that you get the same essential life force feeding both the tree and the emerging embryonic child-

ALGOL: There's something in the application of this glassiness, this organic skin, that gives an organic living quality to virtually all of the forms that you paint in this way. Have you ever thought, for instance, of the possibility of amalgamating these techniques and forming a literally organic technology? POWERS: I tried to do that, in a couple of cases, not too successfully. I did a painting for a Heinlein book and I had the idea of having a robot and a man meld in such a fashion that you would have seen the transposition right before your eyes. Unfortunately, I bit off more than I could chew and it wasn't all that successful.

I have thought of that, and I've tried to do it on a number of occasions. What I've gotten is a kind of organic artifact-contrasting the soft and vulnerable, almost molecular sort of glistening of an organ, for instance, against the hard gleam of metal and of the various technological devices that man has used

to accomplish what an organism can do better except that it's so highly vulnerable.

ALGOL: You are a very intelligent and articulate person who's been involved in the vanguard of American thought through your paintings, commercial work, and so on. As an intelligent twentieth century man living in and watching the evolution of a whole new technological age, do you have any philosophical attitudes towards man's

psychological future? POWERS: I feel very strongly that man is on a path that I don't think he can detour from. He'll blow the whole damn thing up. In this country we have to remind ourselves occasionally that the kind of life we live here, which is individual oriented, is almost as alien to the life of most of the rest of the world, as it would be if we came from another planet. What I in my lifetime have experienced is really unique. It's only in the last hundred years that this kind of lifestyle has been possible, and only in this particular portion of our planet. I do think that in the short term it's going to come to a very violent end; the magnificent technology that we have developed is going to make an abrupt end. Probably more abrupt than it would have been otherwise, and more

Mankind has battered his head against similar technological developments, with considerable disaster. But since the technology of previous eras was rather limited, the disaster also was rather limited. What we have now is an almost unlimited technology and the prospect, if not the certainty, of unlimited disaster. It seems to me that unless something really cataclysmic happens in the way of metaphysical development-a modifying of the psychological and spiritual states of man-I just don't see how the technology that exists now, let alone the technology that's going to exist fifty years from now (and which is in full swing now with no possibility of curtailing it) will do good for all mankind.

dramatic too.

ALGOL: But as the years go by there are an increasing number of authors who have a diligent attitude toward what they do, and they think of science fiction as a forum for confronting potential problems in the future.

One cannot create a machine to do a certain type of thing without considering all the problems and permutations: depletion of natural resources, thermonuclear warfare, and so forth. Man has a greater responsibility than ever before to think philosophically about his place in the universe. From my viewpoint as a science fiction illustrator, I can associate my work with the genre in the hopes that a more informed, intelligent human

being is going to read SF and consider the problems.

POWERS: In other words, our function as artists is to make the SF attractive so that it will be irresistible to a reader who might possibly not cope with it otherwise. If we can make it visually attractive enough, we may help influence attitudes. The thing is, we may have contained the imminent possibility of thermonuclear war but in so doing and in trying to legitimize the tremendous breakthrough in control of the atom, we may have entered into a phase that's if not worse-nothing could be worse than a thermonuclear war-will embody most of the bad features of a nuclear war, only dragged out over a hell of a long period of time. This has nothing to do with industrial atomic waste. Obviously, the scientists who thought everything else out brilliantly hadn't given this much thought at all.

ALGOL: When Paul Lehr was in town last year, I asked him what he thought of science fiction. He was ambivalent about it; he enjoyed the freedom very much the way you do and enjoyed the opportunity to experiment with different types of things. But he appreciated having science fiction as an outlet for developing his skills, which he wouldn't have done had he been compelled to work in a more representational way. I mentioned one thing of his especially: Paul is very big on the paranoid image. His machines are often insects with leering eyes, tied into a more representational type of surrealistic approach than your work. In some ways, it seems to me that this type of application to science fiction is also warning us of the problems of technology-that our technology could dominate us, that it could change us, that it could make us unpure. unsympathetic creatures. Certainly a great many writers, especially in recent years, have come upon this idea.

But Paul said a very interesting thing to me. He had done a cover for Isaac Asimov's Nine Tomorrows which is a collection of short stories. It shows a large phallic-type of machine with a large leering eye sitting on the horizon, and small shadow figures running in horror. I said, "Gee don't you think it's this sort of thing that makes a statement about science fiction, about our technology through science fiction?" And he said, "No, not really." He said that (and it was very true) the color scheme was decorative, painted yellow, yelloworange; one of his analogous pieces, very atmospheric and effective. He said, "If I really wanted to make a statement of that sort, I would have painted the thing black." Which made a lot of sense to me all of a sudden in expounding the virtues of science fiction art as a teacher, because, let's face it, you go where the words can't. And if you

aren't going to read SF, you're being exposed to it in one form or another by just passing by the book rack and seeing it. I took a look at myself. I had to re-evaluate my thoughts on the subject. What do you think about that?

POWERS: His point, if I take it, is that you still have to keep an eye on the marketplace. It's a point well made, I had a period in which I was doing a hell of a lot of black paintings and fortunately, because it was good financially, I was working for a lot of publishers so that no one publisher was aware I was working all that black until all of a sudden the racks were filled with all black paintings. Black backgrounds are rather gloomy things. I had done a lot of those, and even though I might not have been conscious of it at the time, there was no question that I was making a kind of a statement. As I recall, this was just after my wife died. Without any volition on my part, everything was very dark, heavy, foreboding, doom ridden. Even though the paintings that I was doing at that time had nothing to do with science fiction. Big black seascapes, for instance, where the water and the sea were almost one value; the only thing that distinguished the water from the sea was an agitated, linear, almost mindless agitation in the water area. But the point that I'm making is that once it did become apparent to the various publishers I was working with all that black, why I didn't get a chance to do another black painting for a hell of a long time.

Quite frankly, I still don't feel that there is that much of a stricture or that much of an impediment to doing good work. A month ago I delivered a painting to Berkley and Frank Kozelik, the Art Director, called and said, "I'm going to ask you to do something embarrassing; they switched the schedule and this painting is coming out on the list with another cover that's already been proofed and the color scheme is exactly the same." The other book wasn't a science fiction thing but, nevertheless, they were both going to appear in the same month. He said, "Could you modify the background area and . . ." I won't say that I'm ever happy to do that but it still is nothing for a nervous breakdown. Unless I'm presented with a demand like that, literally as a demand, with a lot of offensive language involved, I'm inclined to just view it as another moderately interesting challenge, to see if I can

bring it off.

But I think this is probably one of the most valuable challenges a commercial artist can have. I would say, particularly in science fiction, one has to view these near-disasters and minitragedies as challenges to see if technically you're able to bring them off

without actually wrecking the artwork completely.

ALGOL: I think what it boils down to is the fact that you're tailoring the painting to commercial purposes. This may be a cop-out on our aesthetic values to some extent, but the challenges that it offers make it a whole different entity. And I think it really adds a lot of value to working as a commercial artist.



One last question: any plans for the future? Anything really colossal on the horizon, hopes, dreams, whatever?

POWERS: In terms of painting for my gallery I've got several projects in mind; one of which I find extremely interesting because it would be a really outrageous damn thing to do. I have been, as many people are unaware, aroused to the point of near paranoia by the number of goddman publicity-hype types that we're involved with. I've collected half a dozen of them, some of whom are fairly obvious, and some not so.

About four or five years ago when Nixon was still riding high, I devoted half of my gallery to as vicious an attack on Nixon as I could launch. Greatest thing in the world from the therapeutic end is this new idea which could add years to my life too. This would be Hugh Hefner, Lennie Bernstein, Jerry Lewis, Norman Mailer, Barbra Streisand, types like that. The most vicious kind of tasteless attack, just do anything to them that I would like to do if I had ultimate political power, but do it in terms of painting and drawing. That's one big plan that I've got.

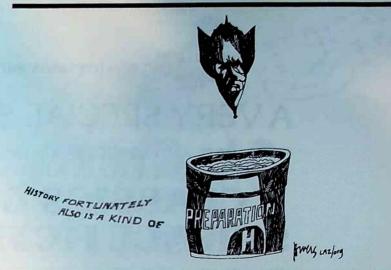
One plan is the same one I had ever since I was about sixteen or seventeen, and that was to become immensely wealthy. As a matter of fact, I promised a friend of mine with whom I made a pact, that if either of us had made \$100,000 by the time we were thirty, we in duo would commit suicide.

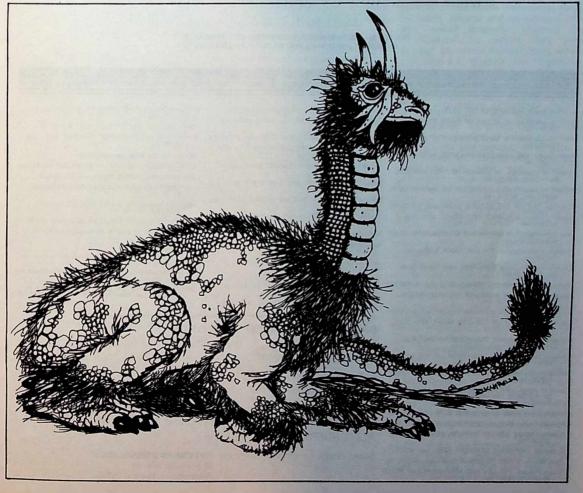
In any case, it sounds as though I don't have a hell of a lot of ambition but quite frankly, I can't think of a better way to get through life than to first of all be an artist, and second of all to have been able to make a decent living in a field that I found interesting;

that is, in science fiction. And to be able to do things on the side and everything that goes with it.

And again, I reiterate, when you look at the common condition of mankind and realize how most people-by most I mean 99% of the people in the world-have to get through life, those that have to earn a living, oh boy, I'm lucky, I'm so fortunate.

So, as far as big schemes, that one that I mentioned, and then the science fiction. We're all constrained by the limits of our talent and of our intelligence. I don't get the impression that there's a chance that I'll ever be doing anything drastically different than what I'm doing now. I do find constant inspiration, constant self entertainment in doing changes and variations on the things that I have been doing. Every once in a while if some new idea gets through, and it gets realized fairly well, and I feel it's been competently done, why that justifies it.







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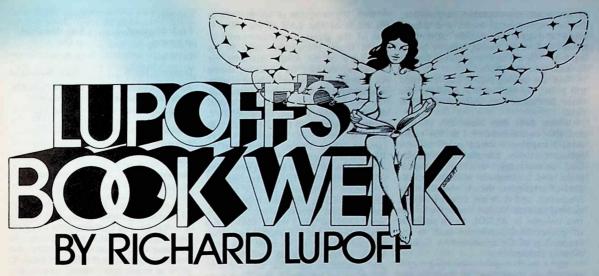
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Some years ago, through a convoluted concatenation of circumstances involving Paul Williams, Chester Anderson and Peter Stafford, I found myself writing a fairly extensive body of popular-music criticism. When I embarked on that odd career (eventually appearing in a dozen or so periodicals including Ramparts, Crawdaddy and the San Francisco Examiner), I was terrified by two aspects of my own ignorance.

First, I didn't know a damn thing about music, or about the technology and commercial practices involved in its propagation. Second, I didn't know a damn thing about how to write about it.

Hoping for a crash course that would educate me in both areas, I sat down with a huge stack of pop-music journals and started ploughing through them. I quickly discovered that hardly any of the writers knew anything about their subject; and, as for the quality (rather than the substance) of the writing, the general level of work, from the viewpoint of clarity, organization, succinctness, discipline or grace, was appalling. Hell, one thing I did know how to write was a sentence. That put me a leg up on most of the rock writers, and as for technique, I had been a journalist-a sports writer, God help me!-back at the outset of my work in the 1950s.

As for technical knowledge, I set out to gain an education. I took music lessons and reached the point after a while of being a sub-mediocre guitarist, a terrible bass-player, an atrocious pianist and a drummer of truly awesome incompetence. I also made it my affair to meet people in every aspect of the music business. In a matter of months I had become thoroughly familiar with flatted fifths, Gibson Stratocasters, sixteen-channel mixing boards and the backstage door-guard at the Fillmore

West.

I also developed a fair number of friendships with a variety of musicians, band managers, technicians, concert promoters and record-company flacks and disc-jockeys.

My record reviews, artist profiles and interviews became increasingly insightful, acute and sophisticated. People in the business began paying attention to them. But as for the music-consuming public. . . . The music-consuming public. . . .

George Frayne, publicly known as Commander Cody, once described a Winterland audience this way: "There are four-thousand 14-year-old kids out there. They're all stoned, some on beer, some on pot, some on speed.'

Was this the audience I was writing for? I read the mail from readers that came to me at Ramparts, and it did seem that I was writing at an inappropriate level. Reading the rock journals, looking at the audiences at various shows, checking out my mail, I gradually evolved Lupoff's Rock-and-Roll Criticism Improvement Plan, which was basically divided into two phases.

The first phase involved the immediate firing of all rock critics and their replacement with randomly-selected 12-year-olds picked off the streets near junior high schools. We might have to institute a written test to remove any kid who knew anything about flatted fifths, Gibson Stratocasters or sixteentrack mixing boards.

The second phase involved the issuance of all records, concert posters and other paraphernalia with blank labels, so there would be no auteur criticism and no halo or pitchfork effect, and the termination of all freebies and other perquisites of the media journalist's trade so there would be no sense of gratitude and no returning of favors.

These devices would guarantee a crew of fair-and-objective but totally ignorant critics whose evaluations would be purely visceral and spontaneous and who would properly represent the constituency for whom they were writing! (A minor complication would arise after a little while. The 12-year-old critics, once they had been at their work for a time, would begin to understand the music they were criticizing. They would accumulate experience factors, and with these, the beginnings of sophistication. To offset this effect we would have to fire all our critics every few months and replace them with a new batch of 12-year-olds-but that would be all right, too. We'd be guaranteed a fresh critical ear.)

Somehow the Lupoff Rock-and-Roll Criticism Improvement Plan never quite got into action, and I wandered out of music journalism myself when I discovered that I could earn better money washing dishes at a luncheonette in Oakland.

But when I survey the situation in the science fiction field I discover that it isn't really very different from that in rock and roll. The best-selling authors are those who offer at best mindless escapism and at worst thinly-disguised fascist propaganda and/or brutal sadomasochistic fantasies. Our most successful "sword-and-sorcery" author was recently quoted by Darrell Schweitzer as saying, "You must have the shallow characterization, stereotyped plots, and florid writing, or else it's not s&s."

Admittedly, sword-and-sorcery isn't quite SF, but it's near enough kin to be published and marketed with SF, and the populations of both authors and readers of the two forms largely overlap.

The editor of one of the major SF book lines has in the past few years virtually destroyed that line as the home of advanced, sophisticated, responsible, and/or experimental work, and substituted a gaggle of shallow adventure novels and media tie-ins, happily boasting that "We are carrying science fiction forward into the 1930s.

And the buying public has rewarded this policy by making that publisher the most profitable and influential in the field!

Where does that leave this column and this commentator? I'm not really sure, I suppose I could go all out for Serious Criticism, complete with specialized terminology, murkily pompous prose and a complete academic apparatus of strategies, theses, and scholarly footnotes, and shift my target from the general science fiction readers who see this column in ALGOL to an audience of professional academics such as the readership of Extrapolation or Science Fiction Studies.

But I think there's something incestuous about those journals, frankly. And besides, I've got this damned habit of lucidity, my customary long sentences notwithstanding. When you learn to write by writing up baseball results, you don't learn how to be turbid. Or turgid either, for that matter.

Maybe I'll have to stay here after all, and make my audience find me, as an old colleague used to say.

THE SWORD OF SHANNARA, by Terry Brooks. 726 pp. \$12.95 hardbound, \$6.95 paperbound. 1977. Random House, Ballantine.

ASTRA AND FLONDRIX, by Seamus Cullen. 186 pp. \$3.95 paperbound. 1977. Pantheon Books.

CIRCLE OF LIGHT I-GREYFAX GRIMWALD, by Neil Hancock. 352 pp. \$1.95. Popular Library.

Don't buy em!

Okay? Just for starters? Unless you already have, of course, in which case there's nothing to be done for it. But if your options are still open, keep 'em that way until you know a good deal more about these books, especially the Brooks. Now. .

The Sword of Shannara was published this past spring with one of the biggest displays of hoopla ever given a fantasy book. Huge ads and publicity giveaways, a special reviewers preview edition of the book itself, extensive coverage in the trade press... The pitch was that Terry Brooks, a totally unknown figure in the literary world (actually a lawyer from Illinois) had been so enchanted by The Lord of the Rings that he had written a huge novel of his own, in the mode of Tolkien's great work, and Random House/Ballantine were proud to present this magnificent, etc., etc., blah, blah, blah. One could do little but sit back and await the book itself.

Well, it's here, and to say that it's in the mode of The Lord of the Rings is one of the grosser understatements of recent times. It's a direct copy of the The Lord of the Rings, character for character, incident for incident, theme for theme. Of course Tolkien's work was not created from sheer aether either -it was a reworking of classic material drawn from Norse saga, Welsh folklore, Germanic legend, so that the whole saga bore a remarkable resemblance to (among other things) the Wagnerian Ring cycle of operas.

But Brooks's book is not a reworking of classic materials, it's a direct ripoff of a specific work by a specific author. This is quite a different matter. One assumes that Brooks wrote his book as a labor of love, not a commercial enterprise; if for no other reason than his being a lawyer, he must have been aware of such things as copyright laws and plagiarism suits. But say, come to think of it, he would also have been aware of the fact that, due to an insidious loophole in US copyright law, The Lord of the Rings is not protected under copyright in this country! Ho ho, one

A far more dedicated Tolkien scholar than I, Richard Wolinsky, has worked up a list of equivalents between Lord and Sword, and has kindly furnished me with a copy of his list. I won't give Wolinsky's complete list here-it's far too long-but here are a few choice equivalents:

smelleth a rat!

Balinor

lock lord

ruined city

Brooks:	Tolkien:
Shea—hero with sword, adopted	Frodo-hero with ring, adopted
Flick	Sam at first, later Merry & Pippin
Allanon	Gandalf
Shady Vale	The Shire
Warlock Lord	Dark Lord
Skull Bearers	Dark Riders
Devouring Ancient Oak	Devouring Old Willow
Old Man of the River	Tom Bombadi
Elfstones	Galadriel's Lig
Mist Wraith	Barrow Wight

Barrow Wight Border Legion Rangers Aragorn Walled city Walled city Tyrsis, ruled by Minas Tirith. madman under ruled by madcontrol of warman under control of dark lord Giant insect in Shelob

Sam disguised Flick disguised as Orc as gnome Gollum Orl Fane Dragon's Teeth Misty Mountains Gandalf's battle Allanon's battle with Skull Bearer with Balrog Fellowship Company Ellesidil Elendil Balinor Balin Durin Durin Buckhannah Brandybuck Eventine Evendim And so it goes-this is only about half

Orcs

Gnomes

of Wolinsky's compilation, and he tells me that his list contains only the most obvious and casually noted items. To compound the abuse, Ballantine has deliberately got up the Brooks book to look as much like Tolkien as possible. Dena Brown pointed out some time ago that the Hildebrand gatefold in Brooks's book is one of the paintings from a Tolkien calendar the Hildebrands did a couple of years ago, flopped left-forright, and rerendered to make a few trivial alterations (such as changing Gandalf's white beard into Allanon's dark beard).

Does this kind of rip-off product and

marketing work?

Obviously it does, as Sword of Shannara sprang onto the bestseller list in Publishers Weekly almost as soon as it hit the bookstores.

I can only express my utter disgust and disdain for the total cynicism of Ballantine Books for producing this travesty, and my pity and dismay at the public's swallowing such tainted stuff.

That whirring sound you hear is poor old Professor Tolkien spinning in his grave!

Astra and Flondrix by Seamus Cullen is another matter. It's published by Pantheon Books, and one notes with cynical amusement that both Pantheon and Ballantine are divisions of Random House. One notes also that The Silmarillion, the long-anticipated "new" book by Tolkien, is due for publication in the fall of 1977. Thus, publishers seem to be scurrying to get their rip-offs into the bookshops before The Silmarillion makes its appearance.

At any rate, Cullen deserves a certain amount of credit for originality, or at least for attempted originality. Pantheon has blurbed his book as "a departure in the field of fantasy fiction; an erotic Tolkien." The book does have a lot of sex in it, much of it pretty kinky. For one thing, Cullen has worked out the reproductive methods of his elves and dwarves, and they're both somewhat different from homo sap's, to the result

that there are some pretty bizarre scenes in the book, some of them very funny, some of them merely grotesque.

There's a good deal of generalized scatology, several instances of assorted bestiality, and even a couple of chickenfucks-I'm not putting you on, Gentle Reader!

There seems to be some sort of underlying plot in the book, a mixture of standard Tolkien-type fantasy with some elements of science fiction with an interstellar theme and even a little time travel impinging on "our" world (or one a good bit like it). The book is not really very good, and I don't especially recommend it, but it is not the morally offensive abomination of Terry Brooks' effort. That may be damning with faint praise or praising with faint damns; in either case you may be wasting your money if you purchase Astra and Flondrix but at least you won't be contributing to a fraud as you will be if you buy Sword of Shannara,

Greyfax Grimwald by Neil Hancock is substantially the best of this poor batch, and is billed as the first volume of a tetralogy known as Circle of Light. It's closer to Tolkien in feel than it is to Cullen, and has a sort of gentle sweetness to it that shows through onto its toopretty cover painting. (The publisher, Popular Library, got Gervaisio Gallardo for the cover. He's done Tolkien art, too.)

The book is a kind of hybrid of Tolkien type fantasy and Richard Adams stuff. There are many talking animals, but also men and dwarves; there's the quest, the struggle of good guys and bad guys, the beneficent wizard and the shrouded, lurking Dark Queen, there's a sort of Gollum-surrogate too. So that the book's origin and source of inspiration is not especially difficult to pin.

But Hancock has a rather pleasant, warm and relaxed style of writing, whereas Cullen's ear is somewhat tinny and Brooks's is utterly leaden. And the feeling one gets from reading Greyfax Grimwald is not that of a rip-off, but of a sincere tribute. If you're going to invest money or time in any of these books, go with Hancock's Greyfax Grimwald. It's the best written of the three and the least offensive from all viewpoints.

But best of all, save your cash and your enthusiasm for The Silmarillion.

THE 1977 SCIENCE FICTION AND **FANTASY MAGAZINE CHECKLIST &** PRICE GUIDE, compiled by Howard Frank and Roy Torgeson. 52 pp. \$8.95. 1977. Science Fiction Resources, 101 Summit Road, Port Washington, NY 11050.

Permit me two anecdotal digressions.

Back when I was a kid science fiction fan in the early 1950s, a proposal was made in the fan press concerning the price of used magazines. The writer (if anyone recalls who it was, I'd be grateful to be told) felt that there was too much profiteering in the market. People were charging as much as \$2, or even \$3, for old Weird Tales and Astoundings!

The proposal was that some sort of fannish commission should be established, to survey the field, set standard prices for any given item (Science Wonder Stories, June 1929, 50c per copy now and forever), and all of fandom would agree neither to charge nor to pay any higher price.

Of course, the plan never got off the

Some years later (in 1960, specifically) I personally published a fanzine article that was somehow instrumental in getting modern comics fandom launched. That's a scarlet letter that I've worn ever since. And with the growth of that fandom has come a growth in collecting old comics, and a spiral of prices. By 1967 a television reporter approached me for an interview, and asked if I thought that the increase of prices for comics was going to continue. Why, some of the things were selling for over a hundred dollars!

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Illustrated by Roy G. Krenkel; color jacket by Ron Miller.

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Not a chance, I told the reporter. This was all a fad. It would soon die out and prices would drop back to a sane level.

So much for Dick Lupoff, Prophet! (A few choice early comics are quoted at well over a thousand dollars now!)

Pulp collecting is a far older and consequently less volatile field than is comic collecting, so there has been little of the really crazy spiralling of prices, but there has been a slow, steady accretion over the years, and the entry of academic libraries into the field in recent days has increased the upward pressure on prices. After all, there are just so many copies of Amazing Stories for April 1926 in existence, and I notice that this magazine, for which the original customer paid 25c, and for which I paid \$1.50 even in 1953, now lists for \$100!

There's no way that that fannish price commission that was once proposed is going to happen, but the establishment of some sort of standard "catalog" prices is possible, and a couple of attempts have been made to create a standard price guide. I have not received a copy, but I understand that Mike Resnick got up such a price guide in 1975 or '6. The Howard Frank-Roy Torgeson version is dated '77, and carries prices for every issue of every (American) science fiction or fantasy magazine published between March 1923 (the first issue of Weird Tales) and the end of 1976.

The prices, Torgeson states, were established by examining all available dealers' catalogs and price quotations, and attempting to find some sort of consensus among them. The *Guide* should thus serve as somewhat of a moderating influence on wild pricing of

It is also a useful checklist, giving the date-of-issue of every magazine in the field. And it is in this area that I would like to see the *Guide* grow. It would be very helpful if a volume-and-number correspondence were set beside the dates, if format notations were added (bedsheet size, pulp size, digest size, side-stitch, saddle-stitch, etc.), if names and changes of editors and publishers were noted, if issues with stories of particular interest were noted, and so on.

But I think I'm mooning over what this book isn't, instead of talking about what it is. In its present form, it is already a useful checklist and guide for collectors and researchers, and its stabilizing effect on prices should be applauded. If future editions can live and grow, all the better.

There is a problem with the price of this first edition. It's a very nicely turned-out little book, printed on good quality paper and bound in the most marvelous montage of men, women and monsters from old pulp covers. (In fact, a framing-size print of that montage would be a joy to own!!!) But \$8.95 is still a mighty stiff price for this rather

modest little book. I don't know what economic considerations prompted the publishers to set the price so high, and I hope that the price doesn't inhibit sales of the book too badly. It's a worthy project and it deserves to live.

MICHAELMAS, by Algis Budrys. 264 pp. \$7.95. 1977. Berkley.

Oh my, what an odd and frustrating book this is! Budrys is one of our better authors, one of our few real critics, a man of intelligence, sensitivity and passion, and a man who writes too few books. His earlier novels The Falling Torch, Who?, and Rogue Moon were all excellent. His more recent The Amsirs and the Iron Thorn is one! could never penetrate, and am hence unqualified to comment on.

And this new one, Michaelmas. . .

Should I say that I was caught up in it from the first sentence and carried away by the warmth and astuteness of the writing, by the depth and understanding of the characterization? For the book is not one of those lightning-paced adventure yarns that SF writers often lean toward. It's a novel of character; Ursula K. LeGuin quotes Virginia Woolf in claiming that the novel of character is the novel, and by this standard Michaelmas rates high.

Michaelmas-the title of the book refers not to the holiday but to the viewpoint character of the novel-is not the steely-eyed, square-jawed hero traditional to so much poplit. He's a middle-aged widowed newsman, one of the most famous and influential in the near-future world of the book. He's made his adjustment to life alone, is somewhat of a gourmet chef; the character and his milieu are lovingly portrayed by Budrys, and some of the subtleties are sheer delights of virtuosity for its own sake. It happens that Michaelmas is left-handed, and it happens that he is an amateur musician as well. How does Budrys indicate Michaelmas's dexterosity? By describing the tuning of his guitar. Only a guitarist would recognize the inverse stringing of the instrument as a giveaway of a lefthanded guitarist, a la the late Jimi Hendrix.

Even more fascinating a character than Michaelmas is his companion and assistant Domino. Domino is a sort of personalized communicator, data-link, and remote access and control device to the world's data-processing, control and communications network. Along with Clarke's HAL in 2001 and Heinlein's Mike in *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*, Budrys's Domino is one of the few intelligent-aware computers ever created (in literature) that are believably both intelligent-aware, and still computers. Almost always, they come across as people-not-machines, for all that the

author tells us they're machines (c. g., the robots of Asimov, Binder, del Rey), or they come across as just hunks of tin.

Budrys brings it off beautifully.

His lesser characters are equally well drawn, although to smaller scale and in lesser detail. Michaelmas's colleagues, his occasional mistress, the scientists and politicians and astronauts who populate the book, all are believable, vivid, and compelling.

The basic question which the book asks involves an American astronaut, tabbed for the command of a joint US-soviet space shot, who is apparently not merely killed but crisped beyond recovery in a disastrous training shot. A world-famous physician claims, later on, to have rescued and revived the astronaut. The story is a sensation, bringing Michaelmas into the action of the novel. But---

But something seems fishy. Michaelmas (and others) have their doubts about the authenticity of this "recovered" astronaut. Is he really the same man? Is he a duplicate, cloned from a bit of recovered tissue? Is he a cyborg, or an outright robot-simulacrum? Or is he a flat-out imposter?

The mystery deepens, the tension builds, there are subplots and little side-trips and the whole book is an absolutely dazzling performance until...

...until the resolution, at which point everything collapses like a house of cards. I won't say anything about the specifics of the *denoument*, but it's terrible. It made me want to throw the book out the window. I could not believe that I was reading what I was reading.

Ajay, how could you? Oh, say it isn't so! Tell me that it was all a dirty trick played on reviewers, that the regular edition of the book has a different resolution. Oh, say anything except that that's what you really meant!

Reader, what can I say to you? Read the book but just skip chapter twelve. Make up your own explanation. Accept any of the options that Budrys builds into the story between chapter one and eleven. Tell yourself that it was all a dream. Anything except that one dreadful chapter.

Except for that one horrendous chapter, *Michaelmas* would surely rate as one of the best science fiction books of 1977 and one of the better ones of recent years. But with it...

VIEWPOINT, by Ben Bova. 114 pp. 1977. The NESFA Press (ordering information from New England Science Fiction Association, Cambridge MA.)

Viewpoint is the latest in the series of special publications produced by the New England Science Fiction Association to celebrate their annual regional convention or Boskone. As

usual, the book is a selection of the writings of their most recent guest of honor, a sort of festschrift-in reverse, This strikes me as a most commendable practice, one which other regional conventions (not to mention world conventions) might emulate.

Most of the material in Viewpoint is selected from Bova's editorials in the first five years of his editorship of Analog -it's hard to realize that John Campbell has been gone for six years now; one suspects that his spirit, while still hovering over Bova's editorial shoulder, is a far fainter presence than it was for those first few years. Bova had the unenviable task, when he took over Analog, of replacing one of the most distinctly "present" (and by far the longest-incumbent) of all science fiction editors. He also inherited the largest and, in its own way, the most conservative readership in the field.

These editorials show him feeling his way, alternately making obeisance to the household gods and revealed doctrines of Campbell's administration (technology is good for you, liberal reforms will lead to a weakened society and a weakened species)...and striking out in new directions, establishing his own identity and propounding his own ideas. For example, in attacking the eminently attack-worthy decision of the State of California to include "Creationism" in public school texts as a theory of merit equal to that of evolution, Bova also takes a crack at the church in which he himself was raised, for some of its own past conduct in attempting to stamp out heterodox ideas, I don't think Campbell would have done that; not that he'd not have felt like it, but rather he'd have chosen to avoid stepping on the toes of possibly influential clerics.

Bova also takes on the poor quality of teaching in science fiction courses, as he perceives them-and has the courage to offer James Gunn equal space for rebuttal.

And so on, through some dozen or so pieces, most from Analog, one from American Film Review, and a couple of new ones...each presented with a new note by Bova and the whole illustrated by John Schoenherr. It's a pleasant and revealing book, indicating a far more open mind than that of Bova's predecessor, and one that deserves to be read. It's also (as are all of these annual NESFA volumes) going to be a nice collector's item once it goes out of print, which will probably not take very long to happen.

FRANKENSTEIN, by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. 348 pp. \$1.95. SBN 671-80413-8. 1976. Pocket Books. (This edition, edited by James Rieger, was previously published in 1974 by Bobbs-Merrill.)

THE CROSS OF FRANKENSTEIN, by

Robert J. Myers. 189 pp. \$1.75. SBN 671-80542-8. 1976. Pocket Books. (Previously issued by J.B. Lippincott, 1975.)

We seem to be increasingly interested in rediscovering our roots, and in the case of science fiction, fantasy-horror, and allied forms like detection, this renewed interest manifests itself in various ways. One is the flood of histories and art-books we've seen this past year; another is direct reissue series like the Gregg Press, Hyperion, Arno and Garland volumes. And then there are the modern sequels and pastiches that have been enjoying new popularity of late: the several competing Sherlock Holmes/Professor Moriarty sequels, the

new books enlarging the Edgar Rice Burroughs canon, the new books added to the Avenger paperback series (reportedly by Ron Goulart), and new interest in the gothick-horror themes of the

By this I do not mean the stereotyped heroine-in-a-white-gown-fleeinga-mansion-with-a-light-in-the-tower "gobut the traditional creepycrawlies that trace their lineage to Frankenstein, Dracula, earlier works like The Castle of Otranto and similar shudder-stuff that last blossomed eerily a generation ago in the pages of Weird Tales magazine and the EC funny books.

Professor Rieger performs a major

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(a partial list)

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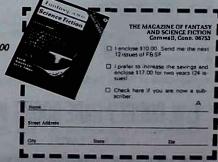
L. Spragua da Camp - a new Willy Newbury story

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service in presenting this edition of Frankenstein. He has collated the first and third editions of the novel (the "second" was not much more than a reprinting of the first, but the third involved significant revisions by the author), so that the Rieger version can be used to examine the changes.

Rieger provides a brief biography of the author, an illuminating introduction to the novel, notes on the contribution of Percy Shelley (apparently substantial -his role approaches that of a minor collaborator) . . . as well as the texts of the stories by Percy Shelley and by Dr. Polidori from the famous "ghost story contest," Mary's entry in which became

the great novel itself.

What is strange about Frankenstein, for the modern reader at least, and especially for one reared on the various adaptations of the famous tale to the screen or the comic-strip format, is the pace and style with which the book is written. While there is plenty of plot in the sense of events transpiring-Frankenstein is replete not only with the creation of the Monster but with murders, abductions, flights, trials and executions, land and sea and ice journeys, the construction and destruction of the Monster's mate . . . all of the stuff we've seen in Universal or Hammer or Dick Briefer versions 10,000 timesthe book is not written the way authors

write books nowadays.

Instead, the events are generally flashed before our eyes so fast that we can hardly perceive them. I had to go back and reread the creation of the Monster three times before I was sure of it-this, one of the key scenes in the development of the fantastic novel! What is dwelled upon at great length is description, reaction, feeling and moralizing. Pages and pages and pages of this, with the actual events of the novel embedded like mustard seeds every few thousand words.

Yet, for all that it's a hard and slow and generally boring book to read, Frankenstein possesses a strange power and subtle fascination all its own. I suppose it is the book's theme, the gigantic questions that it raises, that gives Frankenstein this power. The thought of artificially creating a human being-the moral ambiguities of actually making a person in the laboratoryremain staggering a century and a half after Mary Wollstonecraft proposed them. And with the advances of biological research, they are more relevant today than they have ever been.

I think this is what makes Frankenstein a compelling book, for all that it is an almost unreadable novel!

And, to return briefly to the question of artificial life, unless I have misread the text, there is no mention in

the book of stitching together bits and pieces from corpses to create the monster. This was Hollywood's contribution to the tradition. In the book, Dr. Frankenstein did his work by means not clearly delineated, but apparently, remarkably close to those under experimentation today in terms of truly synthetic life.

Certainly a cornerstone of modern fantastic fiction, a book that deals with huge problems of life and death, one that has been popularized and vulgarized to absurdity. You owe it to yourself to read the original if you've never done so before; I recommend the Rieger edition particularly.

The Cross of Frankenstein by Robert 1. Myers is one of those sequels written in modern times but with a period setting, rather like Nicholas (no relation) Meyer's recent Sherlock Holmes books. Robert Myers is not a novelist but a publisher, founder of Washingtonian magazine and currently publisher of the New Republic.

I'm sorry to say so, but the fact that Myers is not a novelist shows up very clearly in The Cross of Frankenstein. 1 suspect, also, that while he has surely read Mary's original work, his influence is not the original novel but some Hollywood version thereof-maybe Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein,

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or maybe one of the later Hammer versions, about the fourth or fifth in the series when all spiritual connection with the original was gone and there remained only gore and titillation.

We have a later member of the Frankenstein family obsessed with his infamous relative's experiments, doggedly struggling to duplicate them, contacted by a mysterious and sinister stranger with the demand that he restore the strength of the wounded and weakened Monster who has somehow wound up in the mountains of Kentucky or West Virginia or some such place, circa 1855.

Myers uses all the trappings of a bad Hollywood production-the laboratory scenes, the Secret Formula (the Monster's strength comes from his purple blood or some such silliness), the sexy wenches.... There's a small dollop of sex in the book, and for all that I support notions of free literary expression, I have to say that when Myers writes sex scenes they're not artistic, they're just dirty.

Fooey!

The Cross of Frankenstein is supposed to be the opener of a trilogy. Don't bother! It's a cheap, sleazy, tawdry job. If you want to read a modern Frankenstein pastiche, try Brian Aldiss's 1973 Frankenstein Unbound which was at least an honest effort even

if it was unsuccessful. Or, as a curiosity, see if you can lay hand on a copy of Michael Egremont's The Bride of Frankensteln issued in conjunction with the film forty years ago.

Best of all, go back and read Mary Wollstonecraft's book. Whatever you do, avoid Robert J. Myers' ripoff.

STARHIKER, by Jack Dann. 164 pp. \$7.95, 1977, Harper & Row.

TELEMPATH, by Spider Robinson. 223 pp. \$7.95. 1976. Berkley/Putnam. CIRQUE, by Terry Carr. 187 pp. \$8.95. 1977, Bobbs-Merrill.

INHERIT THE STARS, by James P. Hogan. 216 pp. \$1.50. 0-345-25704-9-150. Ballantine.

THE OPHIUCHI HOTLINE, by John Varley. 237 pp. \$8.95. ISBN 0-8037-6120-1. Dial/James Wade.

Hartu	ng, Clinton	Clare	nce ("Hon	do Huri	icane'
Year	Club	Pos	Games	W-L	BA
1947	NY Giants	P-O	34	9-7	.309
1948	,,	P	43	8-8	
1949	"	P	38	9-11	
1950	"	P-I-C	32	3-3	.302
1951	"	0	21		.205
1952	"	0	28		.218
TOTA	LS	H	196	29-29	.212

The above information is largely lifted from the Official Encyclopedia of Baseball by Turkin and Thompson. It represents the major-league career of C.C. "Floppy" Hartung, aka "The Hondo Hurricane." If you're as old as I am, and a baseball fan (or ex-fan), you may remember Clint Hartung of the New York Giants, If not, the records given here tell you all you need to know about Hartung, from a statistical viewpoint. From a human viewpoint-well, let's turn our eyes from Clint for a little while, I shall return to him in a bit.

Right now, let's talk about five science fiction novels. They're all first novels. They all happen to be by male writers, I didn't plan that latter aspect. Next time around-or some time soon, anyway-there should be some very interesting first novels here, by women. I have in mind books by "James Tiptree, Jr." and Elizabeth Lynn. But these are the five that happen to have crossed my desk recently.

lack Dann is a fellow who popped up a few years ago, began writing short stories for the SF magazines and anthologies, and edited several quite excellent anthologies of his own. I had not read his short fiction prior to receiving Starhiker, but had been very impressed with his editing, and opened this novel with some anticipation.

The book starts very gracefully, if in a somewhat static mode. "As Bo Forester gazed at the silvery starships

George Zebrowski

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passing into the moon, he dreamed that he would find his own way to the stars." That's a piece of lovely writing. We have, within 24 words, met the protagonist of the novel; we have been treated to a captivating image ("silvery starships"); been presented with an intriguing puzzle (starships "passing into the moon"—what can that mean?); learned something of Bo's nature (he gazes, he dreams, he does not act); and we have been informed of Bo's major purpose (to "find his own way to the stars").

Bowled over. I was absolutely bowled over by that opening, and settled down for what I hoped would be

a stunning novel.

For a few pages, Dann continues to fill in background without getting much action going. This is a dangerous tactic in the modern novel, especially the genre novel. A hundred years ago readers might have sat still for lengthy exposition at the outset, but in our day it is expected that the novelist start things with a bang, get the action going first thing, and fill in background as he rolls along. But Dann violates the current rule so beautifully that he gets away with it.

We learn that the earth of the future has been subdued by aliens who use it as some sort of way-station for their starships. The aliens don't have much to do with us. They provide some employment in menial positions, they provide nice handouts for anybody who wants 'em, they keep earth's civilization at a kind of bucolic non-industrialized nineteenth century level, and beyond that they pretty well leave us alone.

Bo Forester makes his way in this world by wandering from town to town, acting as a sort of one-man cultural network, picking up news, rumors, stories in one town, carrying them away, telling (or singing) them at the next, living there for a while, then moving along. But he wants to go to the stars, and after a while he stows away on an alien spaceship.

The whole thing has a good deal of the feeling of *Childhood's End* tinctured with a drop of *Odd John*, and the whole thing works beautifully—for a little

while

Trouble is, Bo is very much of a "gazer" and a "dreamer," very little of a doer, and once Dann has set his story up, he doesn't do much with it. Bo keeps going off into fits of gazing and dreaming, gazing and dreaming, solving Universal Deep Problems through almost no action, a good deal of talk, and lots and lots and lots of internalization.

Bo philosophizes, and "gazes," he "dreams" a whole lot, wandering through metaphysical and metaphorical

landscapes, thinking about The Great Cosmic Meaning of it all. I mentioned a Clarke book and a Stapledon above, and gestured toward David R. Bunch; there's also a touch here of David Lindsey, and unfortunately the mix does not-repeat, does not-work. I'm not sure, really, just how things come out at the ending, not because I quit reading before that, but because the substance of the book dissolved away into chunks and fragments and a fine white powder and finally just blew away, leaving nothing there but abstractions of abstractions of abstractions. Dann just lost me somewhere around page 30, and although I ploughed on determinedly through the whole rest of the book, seldom could I spot the narrative thread.

In sum, despite its marvelous opening, the book comes out as pretty close to a total loss. I'm sorry about that, because it seems to be a work of real ambition, and one attempted with real intelligence and sincere effort. Maybe Jack Dann ought to go back and study some of the better pulp writers, people whose works have good, strong plot structures in them, dynamic characters driving purposefully from stimulus to

goa

A novel with serious philosophical flesh affixed to such a strong skeleton of plot, could be a masterpiece. But Starhiker isn't even a piece of good

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As for Clint Hartung-well, let's keep Clint Hartung in reserve a little longer, okay? And look at a couple more books first? I promise I'll get around to Clint in a while.

Spider Robinson is probably the most heralded younger SF writer to appear in the past five years. He won the Campbell award for best new writer, he's the most popular of the newer Analog writers (according to Ben Bova), he's won a Hugo. I had read a fair bit of his work before tackling Telempath-a collection of his short stories called Callahan's Crosstime Saloon (Ace Books) and another short story called "The Magnificent Conspiracy" in Chrysalis (Zebra Books).

Frankly, I was rather put off by his short stories, and wonder at the audience that responds to them so enthusiastically. The "Callahan" stories are all a series of the old tales-told-in-abar turns. Lord knows this has been done often, and sometimes even well. The most famous ones, in science fiction at least, were de Camp's "Gavagan's Bar" and Clarke's "White Hart." (And, yes, should the reader care to point the finger, your faithful reviewer succumbed once himself: "At the Esquire," Dude, November 1968.)

I found the "Callahan" stories very disappointing. Immature, self-indulgent, naively sentimentalized. Reading one was rather like eating a cup of butterscotch custard. Reading nine of 'em was rather like eating nine cups of butterscotch custard. Aside from any weakness in the stories as narratives, there's a dreadful, ear- and mind-deadening preachiness to them, of a kind of vapid, late-1960s peace-lovebrotherhood philosophy. If the music of the Beatles was the musical embodiment of that era and its geist, Robinson's writing is about on the level of the Cowsills.

Further, Robinson seems to be a devoted booster of the teachings of Stephen Gaskin, a latter-day spiritual leader. I don't know how much of Gaskin and his program Robinson really comprehends; I can say that I knew Gaskin during his San Francisco period. The man's philosophy-an eclectic blend of Buddhism, Sufism, proto-communal Christianity, enlightenment-throughdrugs, tantric yoga and badly misunderstood elementary physics-used to waggle more often than the Moscow party line, and has led him ultimately into the position of absolute sovereign of a Tennessee hill theocracy.

Thanks, Spider; I can get my preaching from a preacher.

But with all of this for prologue, I'm afraid that I approached Telempath with something less than unlimited glee.

Actually, it's a better novel than I expected it to be. It has, for one thing, a good honest plot. There's been a worldwide disaster (of a type worthy of the conception of David H. Keller, MD) and people are trying to pick up the pieces of shattered civilization.

The protagonist is a sort of Heinleinjuvie teenager who goes around alternately learning stuff and explaining it to the reader, and most of the other characters are stock Heinlein-juvie folks too: our hero's dad, his teachers, his girl-friend, the nasty mean leader of the bad guys, and so on. There's a sufficiency of chases, fights, captures, escapes, hunts, confrontations, explosions, etc., to keep the book moving most of the time. It's only when it pauses to get its breath, so to speak, that Spider comes onstage and starts his philosophizing, and I start leafing through the book looking for the end of the sermon,

It is rather like being evangelized by the late limmie Joe Jeeter. As long as one remains the indulgent observer, it's kind of fun. ("Ooh, look at that little boy up there. He can hardly reach the pulpit and he's actually preaching!") But if you try to pay attention to his sermon qua sermon, you pretty quickly realize that a five year old doesn't really understand a hell of a lot about life or spirituality, and doesn't really give a very interesting lesson.

Still, for all its spottiness, the book is a lot more readable than the more sophisticated but structureless Starhiker, and may actually be worth a couple of hours for reading. I think Robinson may actually write a good one some time, although Telempath isn't it.

But what about Clint Hartung? Trust me, trust me! Would I let you down?

There's some question as to the legitimacy of Terry Carr's publisher's claim that Cirque is Carr's first novel. When the book arrived and I read the jacket copy making that claim, I phoned Terry and asked him about it.

"What about Invasion from 2500 or whatever that thing was that you did for Monarch Books?"

"That was supposed to be a collaboration with Ted White," Terry explained. "Ted did the first draft, and I was supposed to do the second. But I hardly changed anything. The book was 90% Ted's, so I don't count it as mine."

"Then what about Warlord of Kor that you did for Ace?"

Terry harrumphed a little, then said, "That was half an Ace double, remember, It was really a novella, not a novel."

"It says, 'A science fiction novel'

right on it."

"Commercial puffery, heh-heh."

Well, okay. So Cirque (pronounced "Seerk," not "Sir-Kew" the author says) is a first novel of slightly tarnished credentials. It's short, perhaps as one would expect of a fine short story writer, which Terry Carr is. It takes place in a city of the remote future, with humanity suffering from a kind of collective ennui, an image by Clarke (viz., Against the Fall of Night) as accentuated by Moorcock (Dancers at the End of Time).

Carr introduces a rather diffuse cast of characters, most of whom are ordinary citizens of his future city carrying out their mundane activities; one is a millipede from the stars, come to observe an important event on earth. Communication with the alien is made difficult, but also highly intriguing, by the creature's rather different attitude toward time and causality. The millipede does not conceive past-presentfuture exactly as we do; and as for causality, it seems to have read Alexei Panshin's Anthony Villiers books for Panshin's notions of "convergence of events" as an alternate view to our familiar cause-and-effect.

All of this builds on the framework of a single major event, once more the sign of a short-story writer not fully comfortable in the novel. Specifically, there is a huge pit down which all of the city's wastes have poured for unrecalled years. Nobody really knows what's at the bottom of the pit-maybe there is no bottom-but all of a sudden a giant monster, a sort of huge, white, hairy octopus, has been stirring in the shaft. And if there is one such creature, maybe there are more. And if they ever leave

It's an interesting idea, imagistic rather than solid, and as events move inexorably toward a certain convergence, we discover the monster finally invading a church service where-

BULLETIN/BULLETIN/BULLETIN

The Management wishes to announce that our reviewer is about to give away the denou-ment of the book. Readers who wish to be surprised are advised to skip the next paragraph.

THANK YOU/THANK YOU THANK YOU

-everybody turns toward monster and loves it. And the power of love conquers the power of fear, the power of hatred, the power of revulsion. Of course. Love conquers all. And that horrid beast turns into a giant bouquet of sweet flowers.

Is this meant to be taken literally? If so, forget it. Ain't nobody big enough to spell out the words and read the book gonna believe that. Is it meant to

be taken as metaphor? As allegory?

Is Terry Carr telling us that love does conquer all? That's a beautiful sentiment, and one would like to believe it. But recent years have seen too much of power growing from the barrel of a gun to find the notion more than pretty sentimentality. Spider Robinson has the excuse of boyish naivete; what's Terry Carr's excuse?

A nice, sensitive book, but one fatally marred by limpness of structure and pallidness of tone. It just doesn't have the *oomph* to carry a novel. It would have been a fine novella.

I'm not sure what Clint Hartung is doing nowadays. He was born in 1922, in Hondo, Texas. That puts him only in his mid-50s, so he's probably still alive and active. Coaching baseball at Hondo High? Pumping gas? Tending bar? This topic to be continued.

I've never heard of James P. Hogan, or never had before my agent Henry Morrison recommended that I read Inherit the Stars. Having read the book I'm quite sure that Hogan is British; I'll bet that he's no kid; he's probably done some kind of technical or scientific work. The book doesn't have any author information with it—hardcover houses tend to provide biographical data and sometimes even photos on the dust-jackets. Paperback houses seldom do, and I wish they would!

Anyway, the cover painting of Inherit the Stars tells quite a story. Two spacesuited explorers on a sterile surface of rocks and dust are looking at their find: an ancient spacesuit with a skeleton in it. I think I last saw that scene on the cover of Fantastic Universe around 1956, and first saw it on the cover of Thrilling Wonder Stories around 1936. It's still a grabber!

Here's an intellectual puzzle cum adventure yarn in the grand classic mode! Who is that skeleton? How did it get here? Were there really ancient astronauts? Did they come from earth? Were they human? What killed this one? What happened to their race? Are they still around? If so, where? Etc., etc., etc.

There's a little cover endorsement by Isaac Asimov comparing this book to the works of Arthur Clarke, and I think that's a fair comparison. Hogan shows all of the inventiveness and intellectual suspense of Clarke writing in his Rendezvous with Rama mode. He also shows all of Clarke's faults.

The characters aren't really characters as one would usually think of characters. They have no inner life, no personal life, no real feelings except things like curiosity or ambition. There are no women in the book at all.

I take that back. There is one. She's secretary to two male scientists. They're completely baffled by the contents of

an alien book they've found. The secretary, whose main job seems to be to make coffee (maybe they could hire a chef to type correspondence) wanders over to them, wiggling her cute little ass, and tells them what it is. They tell her to go make some coffee.

Anyway, if you liked the old fashioned intellectual puzzle, real sense-of-wonder kind of story, you'll love Inherit the Stars. If you care anything about depth of characterization, human interaction, social processes, moral or philosophical questions, or anything else but intellectual-puzzle/sense-of-wonder, don't look for it here.

There's a wild chance that Clint Hartung is a science fiction enthusiast. I know a lot of musicians, for some reason, dote on SF. I don't really think it's so popular with athletes, but there's always a chance.

And if, by any wildly unlikely happenstance, Clint Hartung is reading this issue of ALGOL-Clint, somebody remembers, Clint. And somebody cares!

John Varley is still another of those kid-flash types, although at age 30 he's beyond, at least, the callow-kid-flash stage. He too has made some name for himself with magazine and anthology sales over the past few years, and his first novel is also the first release in the much-touted Quantum Science Fiction series from the Dial Press.

It's a large, handsomely made book with a striking jacket, a beautiful binding, and colored end-papers. This isn't going to make the writing any better or worse, I know, but it makes a difference. Believe me, it makes a difference. I don't know why Bobbs-Merrill put a rather crude caricature of Ronald Reagan on the front cover of Cirque but I'm sure that didn't sell any books for Terry Carr, or predispose any readers in Cirque's favor.

Picking up *The Ophiuchi Hotline* one feels that this is going to be something *good*, and predispositions can make a difference.

Varley posits an extensive interplanetary culture in future centuries, a complex and admirably worked-out future in which alien invaders have zapped earth but hard, and have taken over some other parts of the solar system, but have left humankind to limp along on the moon and several of the other planets and asteroids and moons.

The major scientific element in the book, at least the one that Varley examines most, is that of advanced cloning. He does not spend a lot of time on the technical aspects of it; it's given that (a) perfect physical clones can be made pretty much at will, and (b) complete neuroscans can be taken from the clone-donor so that the new

individual can be electronically pumped up with the full personality, memories, and knowledge of the donor. (One notion that Varley does not investigate that might be interesting: overlay a blank clone with the neuroscan of someone other than the clone-donor. Come to think of it, Thorne Smith did that in *Turnabout* forty-odd years ago. Oh well....)

There's much zipping around and interpersonal and interplanetary intrigue. Even during the Five Days that Shook the World people still went about their lives.

Now, on top of this, place the following theme: Radio messages have been arriving for years and years from the direction of Ophiuchus. Not all of 'em have made sense, but enough have been decoded to give us a lot of very useful information. Now the Ophiuchians are demanding payment for services rendered....

It all builds up to a very promising climax, which I have to say that Varley does not bring off well. The ending of the book is nowhere near as good as the rest of it is.

But what the hell, it is one fine, impressive outing. It is a fine, satisfying first novel. It is a tough thing to live up to the kind of ballyhoo that a lot of these first-novelists are getting, and of the five books and five authors here considered, Varley alone delivers every bit of what he's billed to deliver. Flawed, yes, but *The Ophiuchi Hotline* is still an excellent book. Its strengths far, far, far outweigh its shortcomings. It's a book that I will remember with pleasure and that I recommend to you with very little reservation.

They like to puff first novels with lines like, "Be in at the birth of a new star!" In the case of *The Ophiuchi Hotline*, in the case of John Varley, I'd say that that kind of promotional line would be totally justified.

It's a joy to read a first novel that positively radiates with its author's talent and shines with his brilliant future. That's the kind of book *The Ophluchi Hotline* is.

During World War II most of the good major league baseball players wound up in military service, and they wound up being replaced in places like the Polo Grounds, Ebbetts Field, and Shibe Park, by retreads who should have been retired, kids who weren't really ready for the big leagues, and a strange crew of the lame, the halt and the blind (Pete Grey, Lou Brissie, Specs Torpercer if you think I'm making this up) who hardly belonged on a professional baseball diamond.

After the war there was a terrific demand for new stars. Some of the old stars came back-DiMaggio, Williams, Reese-but they'd missed several years

and were headed for retirement. And the various teams, for their own reasons, kept bringing up rookies and touting them as the stars, superstars, and

megastars of tomorrow.

Well, some of these young players just weren't ready for it. Mickey Mantle's career was almost ruined by the pressure of his early publicity. He had to change the number on his shirt to avoid a direct Ruth-DiMag-Mantle succession. He managed to ride out his rookie trials, but it was a near thing.

Not so lucky as Mantle was a youngster the Giants brought up, Clint Hartung, the Hondo Hurricane. Hartung was ballyhooed as the greatest baseball player of all time. He was an ambidextrous pitcher, a switch-hitter, and such a superb all-around ballplayer that he was going to take two turns in the Giants' pitching rotation and play other positions in between just to keep his bat active.

He was going to win 15 games righty and 20 lefty, bat .375 (at least) and hit 40 or 50 or 60 or 70 home runs.

Well, it was just too much.

Hartung came up in 1947; he'd abandoned the double-pitching and switch-hitting part, but he did play outfield between his pitching chores, and he racked up a 9-7 record and batted ,309 in just 34 games, and maybe he was going to be a superstar. In 1948 he decided to concentrate on pitching and went 8-8, not bad for a guy on a losing club. In 1949 he was 9-11.

In 1950 he started experimenting again. He pitched, played first base, and even caught. He went 3-3 but he batted .302. If he couldn't win more than he lost, why not quit pitching and play where his bat would do the most good? So for 1951 he switched to the outfield-and batted only .205. Uh-oh. 1952 was his final year in the majors. Still playing outfield, he got into 28 games, batted .218, and threw in his glove.

It's easy to second-guess the other fellow, but I have a feeling that if Clint hadn't been touted so high, pushed so hard, flattered, idealized, all but deified ... and if he'd had better guidance as to how to apply his skills ... he might have been a great pitcher after all. Or a great hitter. You have to choose. Look at Ruth.

But poor Clint was oversold, and flopped, and disappeared from baseball with a career record of 29 wins, 29 losses, and a batting average of .212.

Hardly anybody remembers him. There's a lesson there.

Robert Anton Wilson is best known to science fiction readers as co-author, with Robert Shea, of the Illuminatus! trilogy (Dell). In case you haven't read

BRIEFLY NOTED

Illuminatus! let me mention that it's a huge novel working out the late-60s consciousness of our culture, using the apparatus of rock festivals, new sexuality, drug-experimentation, and wild conspiracy theories trying to tie the bizarre and chaotic events of that era into some sort of coherent pattern. Earlier books of the sort included Moorcock's The Final Programme and its relatives, Anderson's The Butterfly Kld and its sequels, my own Sacred Locomotive Flies, and Tom Robbins' Another Roadside Attraction.

Wilson has now written Cosmic Trigger, a strange and fascinating book subtitled "Final Secret of the Illuminati." It is labelled and marketed as non-fiction, as Illuminatus! was as fiction, but the distinction often blurs. We have here a bizarre montage in which Aleister Crowley, Timothy Leary, Wilson himself, Shea, UFOs, Uri Geller, Carlos Castaneda and various other odd characters wander on and off stage, various chemicals are ingested, messages are received from the star Sirius, theories of numerology, evolution, mysticism and politics are mixed oddly.

Cosmic Trigger is a strange and fascinating book, funny in places, tragic and touching in others. Very worth-

(From And/Or Press, Box 2246, Berkeley CA 94702; \$4.95.)

The Weird Tales Story by Robert Weinberg is a fascinating study of that grand old pulp from its founding in 1923 to its sad demise in 1954. Weinberg plays a double role in the book, writing much of the history himself, but also calling for essays by several survivors of the magazine: Frank Belknap Long, H. Warner Munn, Edmond Hamilton, Wallace West, Manly Wade Wellman, Carl Jacobi, Robert Bloch, Greye La Spina, Robert Barbour Johnson, Lee Brown Coye and Joseph Payne Brennan. (There's also a brief note by Robert E. Howard, who of course did not survive the magazine but was a major contributor to it in its heyday.)

Perhaps the most useful material in this book is the behind-the-scenes information provided by Weinberg on the workings of WT, the relationships among its longtime publisher J.C. Henneberger, its first editor Edwin Baird, and its longtime and more important editor Farnsworth Wright. There is also a good deal of information about Margaret Brundage, surely one of the most talented of all pulp-era fantasy illustrators, and one too little recognized outside of Weird Tales enthusiasts.

There are literally hundreds of old Weird Tales covers and interior illustrations reproduced in the book-a pity that the covers are not in color. As a writer, Weinberg grapples with the same problem that has stymied so many critic/historians (most notably Alva Rogers in his classic Requiem for Astounding), that of presenting storysynopses versus providing real criticism. There's a need for both, and however the author handles the problem he's going to displease some readers.

For my money, Weinberg provides too many plot synopses, down to the last little she-bit-him-on-the-neck-andthen-he-turned-into-a-shaggy-monster ... and not enough really probing analysis of why and how the really successful stories worked. But that's a

matter of personal preference.

One point on which I take slight issue with Weinberg. He goes into the brief 1973 Weird Tales renewal, under the aegis of Leo Margulies' Renown Publications. Weinberg rather fatalistically suggests that the time had passed for a magazine like Weird Tales, and that the revival by Margulies was a tragic, futile gesture. But looking at those new issues when they appeared, it was obvious that the new WT was badly edited, unattractively produced, and poorly distributed. There was no way it could succeed, but not because there was no market for such a magazine!

The interest in fantasy has been growing for years now, and it is my belief that a revived Weird Tales (or a new magazine of fantasy) creatively edited, attractively packaged, and effectively distributed would be an overwhelming success in the modern market. Of course we may never know (unless somebody actually does it).

(From FAX Collector's Editions, Box E, West Linn, Oregon 97068; \$17.50.)

The Dream of X by William Hope Hodgson is a "mere" oddity as a piece of literature but an absolute masterpiece of the bookmaker's art. Hodgson was a British fantasist who was killed in the first World War; among his strange, mood-driven tales one of the longest, strangest, and most powerful was the novel The Night Land (1912). Because of the copyright practices of the day, Hodgson had to have an American edition or lose protection for the book in the US; no commercial publisher was interested, so the author prepared a condensed version of the book and had it published privately. This is The Dream of X.

Donald Grant has now published a magnificent edition of this incredibly scarce Hodgson item. The book is gorgeously illustrated by Stephen Fabian-many of the illustrations are in color. The typography, the paper stock, the binding, the dust-jacket-all are beautiful. The price is high but for any lover of beautiful books and/or of rare fantasy, The Dream of X is worth it.

(From Donald M. Grant, Publisher,

West Kingston, Rhode Island 02892; \$15.00)

A third beautiful volume fit to stand with the Weinberg and the Hodgson is Queens Walk in the Dusk by Thomas Burnett Swann. Swann was never an author with mass appeal, but until his recent death he had been steadily building a devoted following with his pastel fantasies of fauns and minotaurs and the other forest-folk of classic myth.

Queens Walk in the Dusk was almost certainly Swann's last completed novel, a retelling of the Aeneid. The book has been published on beautiful tinted stock, with eight tipped-in plates and a sensuous rough-cloth binding. There is an essay on Swann and his work by Jerry Page, and a Swann bibliography. Swann is a rather special taste; frankly, rather too pale and sweet for my own preference, but he was an authentic talent and this book is a lovely memorial to him. Definitely worth acquiring for the aficionado.

(From Heritage Press, P.O. Box 721, Forest Park GA 30050; \$15.00 plus \$1 for postage and handling.)

Speaking of the absence of a fantasy magazine, I really should have acknowledged the fact that a number of aficionados have stepped in to fill the gap, at least provisionally, by publishing semi-professional magazines. Joseph Payne Brennan has been issuing Macabre irregularly for more than twenty years; Stuart David Schiff has been issuing Whispers more recently, and achieving a level of material that overlaps (if it does not always fall within) the boundaries of professional quality. Quite a few stories from Whispers have been anthologized professionally, and now Doubleday has issued an anthology selected entirely from back issues of Whispers, and titled, appropriately, Whispers.

The stories tend to be traditional Weird Tales type horror-fantasies, and the bylines would do well by a revived WT or a new magazine of its general type: Fritz Leiber, Robert Bloch, William F. Nolan, Hugh B. Cave, Ray Russell, Robert Aickman, J.P. Brennan and Manly Wade Wellman among others. In some cases I think the works are among the authors' lesser efforts; my suspicion is that an author like Leiber or Nolan will try first for a slick sale, failing that for a traditional SF market like Fantasy & Science Fiction, and failing that will use a semi-pro magazine like Whispers as a salvage market.

Thus the literary quality of Whispers is somewhat spotty. But at its best, it can be very good. And there is a nice feeling to the whole thing-and in the case of the anthology, there is a positively delightful full-color wraparound Kirk dust jacket that puts the

usual Doubleday package to shame. So I'll say, Conditionally Recommended. Not a landmark by any means, but a very pleasant little book.

Among the authors in Whispers, one of the best is the English Robert Aickman. I'd read only two of his stories, one in Schiff's book, the other in Kirby McCauley's excellent anthology Frights last year, and found him very impressive. Scribners has now issued a collection of his tales, Cold Hand in Mine. No guts or gore, but a lot of skillful, atmospheric horror-fantasy writing. A very noteworthy job.

Unfortunately I cannot say the same for Tales of Terror and Mystery by Arthur Conan Doyle. This collection of stories from Doubleday contains thirteen tales by Doyle and a snotty, condescending and uninformative introduction by Nina Conan Doyle Harwood (his daughter? niece? granddaughter?). The stories are very minor, the accompanying drawings rather poor, and the whole book quite a disappointment. For the Doyle completist, I suppose, but hardly worth your money or your while if you don't fall into that

In the previous ALGOL I mentioned the Doc Smith pastiches being written by Stephen Goldin and somewhat dishonestly published as "by E.E. Smith with Stephen Goldin." Orbit Books in England has issued a much more honestly labelled pastiche, New Lensman by William B. Ellern. "The Space Age sequel to E.E. Doc Smith's immortal Lensman series."

Ellern is an LA area fan, I believe, and this sequel, which Smith authorized Ellern to write back in 1965, features a number of Los Angeles fans as characters. The book is a labor of love, and the love clearly flowing through it pulled me through all 191 pages. I don't think I could have made it through 192. It's an item for the Doc Smith fanatic and for the collector of SF curiosa, but I don't recommend it to anyone else.

(Oh, which am I, Doc Smith fanatic or collector of curiosa? Both.)

In a related vein, Avon has been reissuing the works of A. Merritt, and has recently got around to The Fox Woman and Other Stories. This is the only collection of Merritt short fiction and posthumously published fragments. It was assembled by Don Wollheim and issued in 1949, and has been out of print ever since-28 years!

"The Fox Woman" itself appears to be the opening section of a novel. It runs to some fifty pages, and if my recollection is correct Hannes Bok once took that fragment and completed the story. The odd posthumous collaboration was published by Julius Unger but is long out-of-print; those interested may read at least the Merritt fragment

in this Avon edition.

There are eight other items in the book. Some are fragments. One is quite an oddity-"The Last Poet and the Robots" was written as Merritt's chapter in a round-robin serial published in 1936. And some of the stories themselves are very effective: "Through the Dragon Glass" (1917) is a splendid little oriental fantasy and "Three Lines of Old French" (1919) is a powerfully moving ghostly love story.

I will not re-make my case for pulp fiction in the present column. Regular readers have seen my arguments often enough and newcomers are urged to look at some back issues of Algol. Sufficient that I consider the pulps to have been the major outlet for popular fiction in their own day and the ancestor-form of much of even today's pop culture, therefore certainly worthy of examination. The problem is that most copies have long since perished, while survivors are mostly in the hands of highly protective private collectors or are listed at astronomical prices in dealers' lists. Finally, should one get access to a warehouse full of the things (by some miracle)—which ones do you read? Or do you try to wade through all of the millions upon millions of words they contain?

Several publishers have undertaken to alleviate this situation, taking various approaches, all of some degree of merit.

Michael Ashley, an English SF enthusiast and occasional author, is working on The History of the Science Fiction Magazine in five volumes covering the years 1926-35, 36-45, 46-55, 56-65, and 66-75 respectively. Only the first three of Ashley's volumes will thus fall within what is generally agreed to be the true pulp era. But whereas most of the other pulp categories simply went out of business in the 1950s the science fiction magazines managed to survive by mutation. There will be plenty of grist for Ashley's mill.

At present only two volumes have appeared in the United States, reprinted here by Regnery from the original New English Library editions. Regnery was recently renamed Contemporary Books, by the way, and a representative of the company has told me that the third Ashley volume should be available before

the end of 1977.

Ashley opens each volume with a lengthy historic study of its decade (50 pages or so), then proceeds to a reprinting of one story from each year of the decade (each accompanied by another introduction of its own), and finally to a set of appendices giving all sorts of fascinating bibliographic information on the authors, editors, publications and illustrators of the era.

Ashley's own writing is somewhat less than polished (how apt!), but it

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is adequate to the task, and his research is apparently exhaustive. His choice of stories is for the most part most admirable—he manages to avoid both the overly familiar and the deservedly obscure, presenting stories the majority of which I have not previously read (or at least have not encountered for some decades), and which reward the reading with a pleasure that transcends the wearisome recompense of the researcher.

Fine books, and a bargain at their price. NEL, Regnery-Contemporary, and most of all Mike Ashley are to be most highly commended. I look forward to the remaining volumes with great eagerness.

Alternate World Recordings continues to perform a real service by making science fiction available to us in the authors' own voices. In earlier releases, AWR put out albums of Fritz Leiber and Robert Bloch reading their own works, and a Robert E. Howard album done by a professional "voice" for obvious if regrettable reasons.

More recently they've done albums by Ellison, Sturgeon, LeGuin, Joanna Russ, and a couple of oddities-a tworecord set by Bloch and Ellison, and a condensation of the BBC production of Brian Aldiss's Frankenstein Unbound featuring Aldiss himself along with a professional cast. As I've mentioned before, the major point of these albums is that we get the author's own interpretation of his works; thus, Ugo Toppo's reading of Howard's stories, however excellent in its own right, doesn't have the value of the other albums. Similarly, it is Aldiss's own presence on the Unbound album, rather than the altogether admirable BBC production, that gives it its interest.

I think the most successful of the albums is Harlan!, in which Ellison reads two of his stories. "'Repent, Harlequin!' said the Ticktockman" is wild, funny, manic, and every time I hear it and Ellison gets to the phrase "coocoo newness" I positively bounce with joy.

"Shatterday" is another matter altogether. It's a story that works from an old premise, at least as old as Jeckyl and Hyde-what if you were suddenly split into two people?

Ellison's protagonist faces exactly that situation, and in hearing the record repeatedly (these do bear multiple listenings), I'm convinced there's a strongly projected internal dialog coming from Harlan. Okay. What do you do, what would you do, if you were suddenly two?

My immediate response to the notion would be to celebrate. "Wow, Dick," one of me would exclaim, "now we can start catching up on some of those deadlines that keep looming over us," "Right," the other me would say. "Suppose I work on the Putnam novel for the rest of today, will you mow the

lawn and fix the kitchen sink?" "Sure," the other me would say, "and then we can switch off. I'll try and get that book of criticism in shape for a while, and you can run some laundry and maybe take the kids shopping for those new clothes we promised 'em." "Great! Okay, after that, let's sit down and do that proposal that we keep promising Jim Frankel at Dell, and then after we've caught up a bit we can maybe go to the movies like we've been promising ourselves the past six months." Etc.

Well, Harlan's repsonse is completely different from mine. I'm sure it makes a better story, but I am not at all sure that I'd like to trade places with Harlan. Not a bit. But it's a great, compelling piece of story-telling, both as writing and as recitation. I don't want to say more than that, in case you haven't read the story. You ought to hear it!

Almost as interesting is Joanna Russ by Joanna Russ. I didn't know, before I read the liner notes, that Russ had majored in drama. But she did, and her

reading is magnificent.

The material she uses is largely selected from her strongest (and I must believe, deliberately strident) feminist works. She reads "When It Changed," excerpts from The Female Man, and the rather oblique "Gleepsite." I'm afraid that I think that Russ's polemics can be counter-productive. As an example, let me mention that I was listening to this album one afternoon when a very good friend of mine—a woman—walked into the room, listened for a few minutes, and asked what in the world I had on the turntable. I told her and she shook her head and walked away.

Later we discussed the record, and my friend, who considers herself a modern, free woman, said that she had been very turned off by the Russ material. In fact, I felt the same way myself-as a strong proponent of the notion of human liberation-not just women's, blacks', Vietnam's, Czechoslovakia's, or any other particular group's, but humanity's liberation-1 found Russ's presentation offensive. 1 believe that she perceives men as the enemies of women; I perceive oppression as the enemy of men and women. There are oppressors of both sexes; there are victims of both sexes.

I'm afraid that these two attitudes are not merely different from each other, but are ultimately incompatible. I'm sorry about that, because I like and respect Joanna Russ. Does my plumbing set me in a position, vis-a-vis Russ, that nothing short of surgery could alter? Does she really believe that "Anatomy is destiny... destiny is anatomy"?

I very much hope she does not.

Finally, two books that I would like to comment on at length, but will hold for another issue.... The

Silmarillion has appeared with a first edition of something like 345,000 copies, and sold out pre-pub. An astonishing performance for any book, much less a fantasy! I have had time for only a cursory examination of the book, and want to reserve comment until I've had time to read it properly.

The same holds true for In the Ocean of Night by Gregory Benford. This is the second Quantum Science Fiction release, the first being Varley's Ophiuchi Hotline. Benford's book looks like a fitting follow-up to the Varley. I've read bits of it with great pleasure, but will hold any extended comment for now, and say more at a later time.

BARSOOM: Edgar Rice Burroughs and the Martian Vision by Richard A. Lupoff. 161pp. \$7.50. 1976. Mirage Press. Illustrations by Roy Krenkel, jacket by Ron Miller. Bibliography.

A GUIDE TO BARSOOM: The Mars of Edgar Rice Burroughs by John Flint Roy. 200pp. \$1.75. 1976. Ballantine Books. Illustrations by Neal MacDonald.

One of the hallmarks of Edgar Rice Burroughs' writing was his singular disregard for consistency. As Richard Lupoff says in Barsoom: "Because his stories flowed from a natural well, rather than being carefully planned and outlined, they were frequently sloppy in structure, and in particular were marked with the presence of loose ends." Reading Lupoff's book, you can't help feeling that the scholar was (intentionally?) imitating his subject. Barsoom is far less linear than most books of literary criticism, working in a wide range of styles and viewpoints, often at the expense of continuity.

While this unorganized format is often annoying, it may well be the only way that Burroughs can be studied. Certainly, his works will not stand up to rigid academic analysis-nor would he have wished them to. (Many books that do meet such tests, of course, have infinitely less power over their readers.) Lupoff has discarded conventions and chosen to wander somewhat indiscriminately from topic to topic within the Barsoomian 'canon,' treating each in a style which he considers appropriate to itself. Thus, he may discuss the appeal of the green martians, the social structure of the red men, and the place of the black men in Barsoomian religion, without feeling compelled to treat each subject as it applies to each race. He also concerns himself with Burroughs' sources, Burroughs' environment and personality, and the characteristics of the readership.

Clearly, Lupoff is a great fan of the Barsoom books, and his love for these works is not suppressed even when he is offering criticism. He stresses the fact that popular appeal and good story-telling are much more important in this sort of writing than conformity to any critical standard—which is just as well, considering that Burroughs was neither aware of nor concerned with such standards.

The book is lavishly illustrated by Krenkel, whom all Burroughs fans already know and appreciate. The illustrations, oddly enough, have that same quality of not seeming to particularly fit with the text—but they are lovely nonetheless. It is as if author, illustrator and publisher conspired to do the only possible book of academic-type criticism that Burroughs himself might approve of and appreciate. Presumably, Burroughs fans will do the same.

John Flint Roy has written an entirely different type of book. He handles Burroughs' inconsistencies by adopting the convenient fiction (standard in much analysis of fantasy universes) that the canon is revealed truth—all inconsistencies can be resolved, even if one must engage in fancy acrobatics to do so. For example, his contention is "Barsoom and Mars are not one and the same; rather, that the former occupies the same place as the latter, but in another dimension."

Once you assume that the books represent some sort of truth, real analysis becomes irrelevant. Roy's book is effectively a reference book, offering a biographical dictionary, a gazeteer and a glossary, as well as guides to Barsoomian measuring scales, flora and fauna, and so on. The book is remarkably dry. It may perhaps be of interest to people writing articles on Burroughs, or fans so engrossed that they wish to be able to check details without having to resort to Burroughs' books, but it would seem to have no appeal even to most Burroughs readers.

-Debbie Notkin

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TOMREAMY

I've just gotten word that late last week, Tom Reamy died. He was found dead of a heart attack sitting at the keyboard of his IBM computer-composer, on which all of last issue, and much of this one were typeset.

But Tom was much more than a typesetter. His stories were beginning to be published — he won the Campbell Award at MidAmericon — and that convention shows much of his talents. Tom was one of the really fine graphic designers of SF and fandom. His Nickelodeon and especially Trumpet provided a substantial impetus to my decision to go down the long road ALGOL is now traveling. For one example of his graphic skills, note the DAW Books ad on this issue's inside front cover.

I will miss him: for the skills that opened my eyes to the world of graphic design; for his stories; but most especially for himself.

ANDREW PORTER, Editor & Publisher

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Once again I thank people for their letters. Despite slow malls and the fact that much of the last issue is probably still sitting on the New York docks somewhere as you read these words, the Loyal Readership still came through with witty and informative letters. Egoboo! Ah yes, it greases the wheels of progress, smooths the flanks of starships, and drowns me in petunia petals . . . That's better, I knew my facemask was around here somewhere ... never could stand the stench of petunia petals. Be that as It may, here I present the words of readers from across the fanation, which transcends boundaries, loyalties and Integrities. I am always open to befuddling with praise or money, Remember, deadline for both for next Issue is February

Gregory Benford University of California, Irvine Department of Physics Irvine, California 92717

My good friend Dick Lupoff continues to produce interesting informal reviews, but to me at times they resemble a grain of sand caught between one's back teeth. I've felt before that Dick's interest in books as commercial items has both educated and mislead us. Rather than just argue the merits and aspects of some neutral third-party book, I'd like to comment on how-it seems to me-his conventional wisdom of the marketplace can obscure what's going on in the text itself. And I'll talk about a book I do know well: If the Stars Are Gods by Gordon Eklund and myself.

Dick opens his review of Stars with a list of six series stories in earlier SF, as part of a three-paragraph history of how writers make extra bread by writing groups of short stories and then pawning them off as novels. (Somehow SF reviewers pick their examples exclusively from the history of SF; Dick never mentions that this practice is at least a century old.) Then he says, "I guess that's why Benford and Eklund wrote If the Stars Are Gods the way they did."-when he full well knows he had but to pick up the phone and ask Gordon, who lives a few miles from Dick, Or ask either of us, in fact, since we both saw him about 2 days after he read the book.

I make a point of this because that isn't why the book was written that way. First, we wrote it in pieces because we could feel our way through the themes easier that way. Second, breaking a sequence of events from 1992 until 2061 into pieces is a necessity. You can't do a useful treatment of such a span without trying to isolate the essence in a few major events.

But the major point here is our choice to introduce four different approaches to allen life. As Dick puts it, they're "introduced and then not developed."

Right.

Because what Dick means by development, I'm pretty sure, is a set of explanations leaches away whatever alien nature these incidents had.

can only compare this with Citizen of the Galaxy, in which one fascinating future society after another is sketched in, set running, and then abandoned," Dick says. But in Citizen the lead character doesn't change. In our book, the whole point is to show the slow alterations in character of a gradually more obsessed man, aging and groping for something beyond himself. The two books simply don't have the same intentions. (I honestly can't tell whether Dick can sense or not that Stars is a novel about the nature of question, not of solutions to the quest; he calls it a "biography," a neat confusion of literary modes.)

It may seem grumpy to protest a review which uses the terms "brilliant" and "excellent," but my objection rests on a theoretical



issue that extends beyond this particular book and this particular reviewer. There's so much insiders' done masquerading as wisdom in SE reviews that I think we hobble ourselves with the stuff. Time and again I see reviewers talking about books as though there's this way novels are supposed to be written, see, and if a writer strays from this canonical path. well, he must be just too damn thick to see the well-trod earth.

It ain't so. Editors can legitimately take this view, since they often sanctify the usual linear approach to novels. (Judy Lynn del Rey leaps to mind, a loyce scholar who thinks none of the Joycean techniques can be used in commercial fiction, and thus consigns herself forever to a particular patch of the provinces.) But reviewers can't. They have to review what the author was trying to do, not what they think he should've done

One point of If the Stars Are Gods is to link the various episodes with a common purpose: to capture the mystery, the perplexity, the philosophical implications, the chilling feel of alienness. Perhaps Dick would've preferred a book that explains the aliens until they're no different than the Chinese, like The Mote in God's Eye, That approach probably is more commercially successful. But I think it misses something SF should do, lest it blend into a background of action-adventure themes with fancy hardware.

We knew we were taking risks, writing the novel this way. Probably we failed. (Definition: A novel is an extended prose form which has something wrong with it.)

But if conventions are interpreted so rigidly-and it's hard to see why the author of Sword of the Demon seems to want to-SF will become an airless, empty field. We tried, among other things, to make some philosophical points without the familiar SF device of grabbing the reader by the elbow and pointing them out at length. We tried to imply things by the structure of the book itself. The point of experiments is to learn something from them—but you can't learn if you are looking in the wrong direction.



I notice that you have an article forthcoming on SF artwork and copyright. After my experiences with SF Art, I could tell you something about that. It is difficult, sometimes impossible, to establish what the position is with regard to the copyright of individual items. American and British copy-right must be fairly close; the relevant bit of the British Copyright Act (1956), states (

4.3): "... where a person commissions the taking of a photograph, or the painting or drawing of a portrait, or the making of an engraving, and pays or agrees to pay for it in money's worth, and the work is made in pursuance of that commission, the person who so commissioned the work shall be entitled to any copyright subsisting in the work by virtue of this part of the Act." Presumably you know, as I discovered, that this meant that the old magazines bought the artwork outright. The chains to which these magazines belonged then collapsed, and their rights were often bought by other companies. In some cases, these are hona fide companies you can get in touch with, such as Condé Nast and Ultimate, to name the obvious ones. In other cases, you get no answer-that was the case in England as well as addresses I tried in the States. Agents don't seem to care.

I was sad that even when I managed to pay the legal owners of artwork, they were not the ones I regarded as right-that is, the artists themselves. By luck or chance, I was in touch with some artists and paid them direct. If you pay the present holding companies, the artists get nothing. In England, the Whitford Report is just published; it seeks to clarify such copyright anomalies, and to bring English law in this respect more in line with practice in other EEC countries, where policy towards authors and artists is more enlightened in this respect, for instance in W. Germany and France. 1 believe you have similar processes going through Congress. But of course there is no remedy for what went on in the wild and woolly days of the pulps. As far as SF is concerned, maybe a responsible body like the SFRA could help regularise matters.

Congratulations on becoming a professional magazine. A desirable metamorphosis!

3565 Linden Ave # 337 Long Beach CA 90807

There are no two ways about it-and no disputing it-artists are the north of publishing even more than writers. I do both, and I've been racked both ways, and the art side has been the more insane.

To wit: at MidAmeriCon, the publisher of a very pretty very expensive fantasy magazine-the title of which is derived from Shakespeare-approached me with the frank and flattering confession that he loved my work. He wanted to see scads of it in his publication, which was just getting started. He was mentioning buying twenty or more illustrations a year, and I was getting very excited. Then I asked about terms. "Oh, we buy all rights and keep the originals, of course." Ye Gods! I backed away in horror and we then dickered for three quarters of an hour. He was offering something like \$150 per painting, which is below the standard, for his angelically attractive magazine . . . and by the time we finished dickering, we had settled on something like seven years of all rights to him, and I get the original back. Later, I laid down some more restrictions by mail and never heard from him again.

I wasn't very disappointed. The magazine is into two issues now, and would be a fabulous showcase-but by God, I dislike being treated like a lackey, even when praise and ego is laid on thick.

I later learned they're paying writers ten cents a word and buying only non-exclusive serial rights. The Assn. of SF Artists is just getting started, but its major problem so far is the willingness of artists to sell to publishers with patently unfair practices. Strikes against such publishers will be very hard to enforce.

Recently, Galaxy published a package by me-with a mediocre cover, for which I apologize-consisting of story and five illustrations. I practically dominated the issue by sheer bulk, but I wasn't paid until I threatened lawsuit. In that case, I was treated very well-my originals were returned, no claims were made on my future rights-but Gulaxy treats everybody that way, artists and writers. So Galaxy, like death, is SF's great equalizer. Polite but not remunerative-and totally silent.

Since I'm predominantly a writer, my problems are different from those who are primarily artists. My income is meager either way-at the moment-but I have no qualms about leaving the drafting table and walking upstairs to the typewriter when treated unfairly. Others depend on publishers and art directors for food and drink-I don't. I can afford to be less "commercial." more aloof-and for that reason, I may never make the big time as an illustrator.

[I too have had dealings with Publisher X. I have In my files a signed advertising contract for full color ads for the back cover of four consecutive issues of ALGOL. That's all I have-the publisher in question decided not to honor his contract. I must admit that a year later they paid me \$75.00 for the privilege of getting out of the contract.]

Stanford Burns P.O. Box 1381 Glendale CA 91209

While in general I support your position regarding artist's rights, I have a few comments to make regarding photographer's rights. It seems that even those who are aware of artist's rights, and go out of their way to protect them, are among the first in line to exploit photographers. The rights to photos are just as important as the rights to artwork. It takes a great deal of talent to take a good photo, and years to develop that talent. Yet fanzine editors blithely assume they can reproduce photos without giving the photographer credit, paying him for their usage, or even reproducing them the way they were originally taken. I have had photos I took for Gerrold's Trek books "borrowed" any number of times in the past-and the only way I became aware of this was by accidently opening up a magazine or fanzine and finding one of my photos while idly glancing through it. I find this attitude-ranting and raving about artist's rights, while exploiting photographers without a thought, at best suspect, and at worst downright hypocritical.

Jeff Johnston 4512 Haddington Toledo OH 43623

I do some artwork, but I have never been published professionally. I mostly do work for fanzines when I have time. Otherwise I do a few pieces here and there to sell at local art shows. I have noticed in fandom, however (in a number of fandoms, really ... SF fandom, Star Trek fandom, comics fandom ... you name it) that artists' rights are not particularly well looked after. Many editors print artwork irresponsibly, and handle the original art sloppily. Some take it upon themselves to change, correct or even re-draw artwork that for some reason isn't to their liking . . . all without the permission of the artist.

What I, and a few other artists have begun doing is to require signed contracts between the artist and editor/publisher of the fanzine. which state in print how the artwork is to be handled. My own contracts specify that If I do, say a cover piece for a zine, that the art may be used for that zine and all reprints printed later but cannot be used for anything but that zine. For instance, I don't want to find my artwork suddenly appearing on T-shirts for sale at cons unless I give my express permission. I know that has happened to at least one fan artist and probably many others. The contract also specifies that the art is to be returned to me, how it is to be mailed, that the copyright notice must be

printed along with the zine and I also specify that if the art is damaged, it must be pald for.

Now, I don't even know if such a contract would really be legal if it went to court, not unless it had been drawn up and notarized or all that other terrible legalese, but since my artwork only appears in fandom the contract idea still works. Even if it isn't legally binding, I still have the word of the editor/publisher in writing, and since more people know each other in fandom than in the professional field it's possible to pass the signed contract around to everyone else in fandom if the editor/publisher in question renegs on the contract, which would make it pretty difficult for him to ever get any artwork again from anyone knowing of the contract. So . . . the contract idea does help me.

Eric Vinicoff 2538 Durant, Apt. 4 Berkeley CA 94704

In your editorial in # 29 you say that Ace was able to publish its bootleg edition of Lord of the Rings because of a technical violation of the import rule putting it in the public domain. I would be very interested in learning the source for that. My copyright teacher at law school said the case hinged on the fact that the first US hardcover edition of Lord had no copyright notice. I was over at Dick Lupoff's house awhile back, and we checked his copy of the first edition. Yep, no copyright notice. And the Supreme Court hath writ: no copyright notice-public domain. (By the way, this won't be automatically true anymore after the new copyright law goes into effect on January 1,

The way I understand it, sheets printed in the U.K. were brought into the US and bound here. The maximum number of copies of an edition allowed under the Olden Days was 1500; after importing the 1500 copies of LOTR, they sold out, and additional copies were brought in. Thus, technically, the copyright was set aside. Of course, perhaps Don Wollheim might want to have the Final Wood. Word. I

Richard Garrison Heritage Press, Inc. P.O. Box 721 Forest Park, Georgia 30050

Your statement that the importation of 1500 copies or more of a book manufactured outside the United States voids the copyright is not a strictly true statement. Books of foreign manufacture can still enjoy copyright protection if the type is set, or if the plates are made in the United States. Or it is also my understanding that if the book is manu-factured in a foreign land and then bound in the United States, copyright is still protected in the U.S. I have heard that this is the way the large \$60.00 Rockwell book was produced. Perhaps someone knows more of the details of specific foreignly produced books.

Most of the Abrams art books are produced in Japan by Dai Nippon Printing Co. Ltd, Tokyo in such a manner affording copyright protection in the U.S., yet utilizing the quality inexpensive production of the Japanese printing industry.

Your statement on page 7 in the final paragraph is incorrect. The manufacturing "loophole" you refer to is not being eliminated by the new copyright law taking effect January 1, 1978. Public Law 94-553 (90 Stat. 2451) states in Circular R99 that this Manufacturing Clause will be terminated completely after July 1, 1982. For the time period between 1/1/78 and 7/1/82, the clause will be altered to allow 2,000 copies (instead of the current 1500 copies) to be imported and will equate manufacture in Canada with manufacture in the U.S. Of course, if the type, plates or bindery takes place in the United States, you are allowed to import as many copies as you wish and still retain U.S. copyright protection.

The sale of foreign publication rights by American publishers of paperback covers (and presumably other types of illustrations) is not new, nor hardly restrained to Ed Emshwiller.

I can recall several years ago when several illustrators tried banding together against this practice, with little success. One prominent paperback publisher today still indulges in this practice. I have heard that this publisher sells cover rights to European agents for \$50.00 a cover, but that is just rumor.

illustrators Several individual confronted various publishers and called them to task, much the same way Emshwiller did, and the practice is fading quickly.

Personally, I feel the failure rests partially on the artist's shoulders for not having an iron-clad contract stating, among other things, First North American Printing Rights Only rather than anemically printing or stamping it on the back-side of a painting. However, I have been patiently told by many of the illustrators in the field that if they had insisted on such contracts, the art editor/publisher would simply find another artist that

was not so uppity or persnickity.

As a publisher, I make every effort to protect the illustrator. Too long has he been abused and financially insulted. I urge (and challenge!) all other publishers to adopt contracts that spell out all of the conditions in advance of the commissioning of the job. I have a working contract (blank) that I would be happy to share with interested parties.

"Sketches" by Vincent DiFate is excellent. The one question I have though, is how can Richard Powers fail to mention Kelly Freas in his list of admirable painters, Of course, he is entitled to his opinion, but not to mention Freas is to ignore perhaps the most influential and popular science fiction illustrator alive today. I am well known for my admiration and close personal contact with Kelly, to be sure, but I am not that prejudiced, am 1?

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The interview of Powers by DiFate was very well done, though I personally feel DiFate is a better artist than Powers. When will DiFate get around to interviewing Fabian, the mystery man of SF art? You can't say he's just not important enough since he's had covers on Amazing, Galaxy, Fantastic, Whispers, and SFR all at the same time and is the leading contender for artist's Hugo this year. The Sternbach illo for the Saberhagen story was the best interior illo; when is he or Fabian going to do a cover for ALGOL?

The Norton profile was fine, though a bibliography of Ms Norton's works would have been a good ending to it. Me, I'd like the Schweitzer interviews to return, as much as I like the profiles. The Simak speech and

sppreciations were also nice.

I liked "The Berserker Story" and "The Smile" very much. The essay led light to the origins of the Berserker series and to Saberhagen's writing and thinking processes in general. The story was great, an excellent professional quality story worthy of the "new" ALGOL.

The Pohl column was well-written, but didn't say too much except that some writers were making a lot of money, while others weren't. Then he changed the subject to why writers write, before someone reading the article could ask himself why Bantam's SF department that he edits paid so much for Man Plus. But whatever, he is an interesting writer and I look forward to more in future issues.

What can I say about Lupoff except that he's the best book reviewer in SF? His mixture of fiction, nonfiction, Big and Little publishers, along with an interesting anecdote is as entertaining as it is informative. Would Lupoff do a special semi-prozine review column that would review such zines as Whispers, Weirdbook, Chacal, Fantasy Cross-roads, etc? Such a review is long overdue.

|Except for a piece of art in ALGOL in 1971, I've had no contact with Fabian. I don't even know whether he's aware of ALGOL as a market. I do know that Vincent has a planned outline for his columns which will take him through next year, but he's always open to suggestions for future topics.]

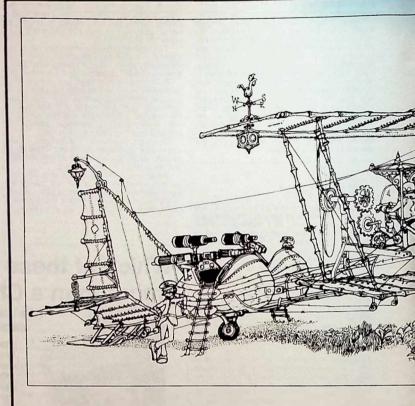
David Bratman P.O. Box 4651 Berkeley CA 94704

Now that a second interview in the profile manner has been published, the whole idea deserves looking over. The Norton profile in particular works well; for, as a highly edited piece of work, It is directed and not rambling around as interviews often do. Essentially It forms a mini-biography. However, perhaps the quotes of the subject's words could be made somewhat more extensive; in particular, paraphrasing should be discouraged, even at the risk of a little cutting-and-pasting. Direct quotes are more interesting and less likely to lead to distortion.

Patrick McGuire's article on Joe Haldeman made some of the most interesting reading in the issue. The subtitle seemed out-of-place: "Haldeman's SF Novels" seems a bit pompous when dealing with an author who has written only two! But the article itself achieves its purpose very well: "Variants" is a perceptive title, that is what Forever War and Mindbridge are, and that is how McGuire capably

compares them.

I found some basic storytelling differences between the books which McGuire does not deal with. The Forever War was both more depressing (e.g. the return to Earth) and more exhilarating (the clever if perhaps over-pat ending) than Mindbridge. Then there is



DEREK CARTERS

The development of the aircraft industry in Canada during World War One was so rapid that it caused various governmental departments to display symptoms of mental aberration as they attempted to cope with the increasing strain of increasing progress.

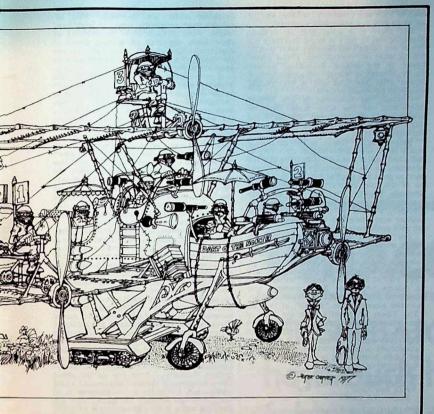
Mental aberrations in government are normal enough but when they produce the aerial monstrosity depicted above, the abnormality of the situation becomes painfully apparent. It began with the supposed need for a long-range bomber. As to whether the fledgling air force was aware of this imposed governmental need is not known nor did the government, a fit of "spending spree" upon it, bother to find out.

The design of the "Dart O'The North" was handled by a team ignorant of both conditions at the front and aviation design. That these facts were ignored was apparent in their first recommendation. Pedal-powered propellers. Those furiously pedalling cyclists would eliminate costly engines and fuel but be able to provide extra observation and gun power reducing the need for fighter plane protection. So the initial design called for two pedal-powered props.

A recommendation for tracked landing gear to deal with hasty landings in muddy or rough terrain delayed the maiden flight. Such a train of insane thought, once started in such august circles, was going to be hard to arrest. In fact not only was it not arrested, it was allowed to roam free through the fevered brains that had

fostered it.

If, the designers argued, "The Dart" was a long range bomber, she might conceivably land in the sea. The solution was to add a boat. On the front of the plane. And turn it into another observation and gun platform. It would incidentally lengthen the fuselage and allow a heavier bombload to be carried. As these modifications in both building and budget continued to expand and soar, someone



CANADIAN HISTORY

pointed out that the craft would now require more lifting power.

"Great Scott!" said a designer and promptly added pedal prop #3 to the upper

The elusive maiden flight of "The Dart" was next delayed when a passing general gazing upon the ungainly mess jokingly wondered how they intended to defend her rear when one considered the great value of her front. Believing true words had been spoken in jest the designers added rear gun platforms and gave the tailplanes a flapping bird-like motion to maintain lift, thereby hoping to overcome the additional weight. Various members of Parliament indicated that the budget for the "Northern Do-do" was not so fortunate.

Finally, after all the struts and framework had been re-built out of bamboo to lessen the payload, it was further decided to ensure that "The Dart" would definitely have the power to fly by adding a pusher prop, #4. She was, at last,

ready to fly. Or so it was fervently hoped.

Once out of the hangar and purring like a strangled cat, "The Dart" rolled slowly along the runway. Begun in 1914 she embodied four years of governmental hopes and fears-hopes that she would fly, fears that she could not. She slowly rose (the runway ran uphill) and the hushed crowd saw a mixture of the hopes and fears come to pass. The upper wing flew off drunkenly by itself. The pusher prop pulled part of the front away as it too pursued a course of its own while the rest rapidly collapsed, dropping its bombload directly underneath the remaining remnants of the plane, causing even more rapid disintegration as she exploded into thousands of little pieces.

"Never mind," said a minister from an obscure office in the Cabinet. "They've

just signed the Armistice so we don't need it after all."

-Derek Carter

MIndbridge's manner of being told, with the format changing every few pages between narrative, transcript, report, and whatever, lending the book an undesirable "choppy" air. Because of these and the sense that the world of Mindbridge was indeed only a "variant" of Forever War's, Mindbridge was to me far the inferior work.

Some people may well complain of McGuire's commenting on Haldeman's arithmetical errors. They will call it nitpicking, and they will be right. But as long as nitpicking does not go on too long, it serves the useful purpose, as McGuire says, of making the reader wonder about other, less easily

checked, calculations.

Susan Wood has written a most amusing account of fanzine-birthing, which may well serve as a primer to those of us with vague aspirations in that direction ourselves. It so happens I have Genre Plot . 1 right here with me, and it is quite as good as Susan's comments would lead one to hope. But she has managed to avoid turning "Propellor Beanie" into half of a mutual admiration society.

The book reviews this issue give me the feeling that Dick Lupoff is now trying to be a professional reviewer, losing just a bit of the "wild" atmosphere which has made his column such a delight in the past. Unfortunately, there is nothing specific to point to, just the general tone. He is certainly still capable of that style, as witness his letter replying to Fred Pohl. Fortunately, the column is still extremely readable.

May I suggest, as a possible 15th anniversary treat, reserving a few pages for the reproduction of all or most of the ALGOL covers since Number One? This would give a very vivid sense of the growth of the magazine over the years. And Vincent DiFate could comment on the cover artists . . .

[The Norton profile was originally submitted at a length of about 2500 words, and was expanded, at my request, with material that had been cut by the author. The trouble with many interviews and profiles I receive for consideration is their length: either too short or too long. Getting about 1100 words per page, It's not viable to buy an interview or profile under 2500, or over 5,000 words. At the same time, you can't cover a person competently under 2500 words. On the other hand, over six or seven thousand words Interviews tend to start rambling.

The trouble with reproducing all of ALGOL's covers-a suggestion other readers have any! Also, you have to keep in mind the fact that ALGOL started publication as the worst that ALGOL started publication as the worst sort of crudzine, and didn't begin to get better until around the 7th Issue. It went offset (from ditto!) with the 16th Issue, and has only had full color covers for the last seven issues. ALGOL's evolution has made it unique in the field. SFR, though it can trace its beginnings back to Gels' dittoed Psychotic of the 1950's, has had so many name and numbering changes that it's last any comprehensive feel for the evolution of a title.]

Richard Lupoff 3208 Claremont Avenue Berkeley CA 94705

Jessica Salmonson misread my warning to readers, concerning H. Warner Munn's Mer-lin's Godson, as an attack on Munn. That's a regrettable misinterpretation. The "attack" (if that's the right word for it)—at least, the negative criticism-was directed at Munn's

negative criticism—was directed at Munn's publisher for misleading packaging.

Merlin's Godson, if you look at the Ballantine edition, appears to be a new sequel to Merlin's Ring by Munn. In fact it is, as jessica says, a "prequel" rather than a sequel; more to the point it is not a new book at all

but a cobbling-together of two old Munn books. This kind of fobbing-off is grossly dishonest, and it was the publisher's dishonesty that I warned of. Munn is guiltless.

Don Ayres 5707 Harold Way * 3 Hollywood, CA 90028

I note Jessica Salmonson takes exception to the "higher intelligence theory" and I agree that one tends to have a higher regard for those who share similar opinions and interests, but I'm surprised to see her bring up the bell-curve ("... every exceptionally bright fan has got to be matched by an exceptionally stupid fan ..."). True, naturally ... except that the bell-curve is not the only type of curve in nature; curves can be skewed, bi-modal, and all sorts of neat things that render the bell-curve utterly useless save for appeasing a dissident class trying to salvage a grade out of a bad test showing (I recall a chemistry prof who considered 25 points out of a 100 on his tests "A" material; it was his way of pruning the Department applicants to the top 5% or so-the non-majors would pass, but hardly because the bell-curve described reality). But we're already talking about a group that's regarded as eccentric in general (if only because enough of them are socially inept in one or more respects)-it strikes me that the last thing I would want to do is assume that a bell-curve described any characteristic of the group ... at least until ! had some sort of hard data to go on. I don't think any of us do.

Another consideration (if my dimly-remembered Warner history is correct in my mind) is that there's been a shift since the earliest expression of the notion that fans were generally higher in intelligence: in those days, most readers of SF were also likely to be fans; now, the proportions of readers to fans is probably much greater. Or is it? I'm beginning to wonder. Comment anyone?

Especially the old-timers.

The Simak speech was interesting enough, though I wonder at what age the title becomes obscure, about the same way McGuire (elt about the origins of the phrase

"Fearless Leader."

The Norton profile read rather nicely, though I might have wished there were a bit more of Norton in it. One thing in particular caught my eye: "... the fossilized footprints of a man that date back to long before any human being was supposed to have walked this earth..."

Though no more information is given, I support that this might be a reference to the alleged "human" footprints from Glen Rose, Texas. I periodically hear about this phenomenon, chiefly from the anti-evolutionists, but the only thing approximating original reports is a very brief section in *The Genesis Flood* which is far from satisfactory; most of the other mentions I've found refer to that source other mentions I've found refer to that source

as authority.

Glen Rose was the location of a spectacular find of sauropod tracks in the mid-40s which subsequently was written up in National Geographic; the specimens found their way to New York for display. The two hydrologists who authored The Genesis Flood as a proof of the scientific accuracy of the Book of Genesis claimed that human footprints were found in the same strata as the dinosaur tracks and that the paleontologists had "covered it up because it upset the time scheme of the evolutionists. Unfortunately, I gather from this sketchy account that all of the "human" tracks had been hewn out of the matrix for sale at a souvenir stand and none left in situ. I also seem to recall that they ran into a creek or river at the site of the 'human' tracks.

The problem is simple, as some paleontologists tell me. Since tracks were not left in situ, they cannot be ascribed to a particular

stratum with any reliability. A fossil washed out of its matrix is essentially worthless.

But there is a great deal of mystery shrouding this affair. I've heard that there is a film of the footprints, but have never seen it. The account in *The Genesis Flood* seems closest to the original publication on the matter, though it would not appear until a decade after the find and is not specific enough to be wholly reliable.

I would be interested in any further information on the Glen Rose claim or anything else of this nature, and ask if the find I described is the same one referred to in

the Norton profile.

Before anyone jumps to the conclusion that I think the paleontologists are trying to pull a fast one, it is equally disturbing that the advocates of the authenticity of these tracks seem to go to the same source—which reminds me of the story of the five Avengers in the Bermuda Triangle. The fact that the anti-evolutionist writers collectively tend to bludgeon a quote to death—particularly an opinion supporting their view—does not instill me with confidence.

For Vincent DiFate; somehow, Bosch never seems to strike me as hard as the demonic Brueghel. For an artist who is forever being credited with peasant drawings, the painter of "The Triumph of Death" and "The Fall of the Rebel Angels" seems to me to deserve better; no Bosch monsters ever struck my biological fancies as much as these. Another example: the "details" of the two 'The Tower of Babel''s belie the physical dimensions of their originals. To return to the present, I personally would appreciate an article dealing with foreign artists who only occasionally appear domestically (Chris Foss and Eddie Jones spring to mind), but run out your historical tack first.

Jeff Frane P.O. Box 1923 Seattle WA 98111

ALGOL is one of the few magazines that I really look forward to getting; although not all the material is of equal interest to me, there is generally something that strongly appeals. The profile of Andre Norton left me with a lot of gaps, there were a lot of things that I would have asked that didn't get answered here, but still it was the first piece about her that I've ever seen. I was one of that vast group that was practically weaned on her science-fantasy, and I still find that she can recapture that glow for me, even on re-reading. She has had a way of riveting my attention with a marvelous atmosphere of magic, and seemed to know exactly what elements would seem the most magical to me. I'm afraid that I've become too cynical to expect her stories about lost civilizations as fact, but it may have been her convictions that made those stories so believable.

Patrick McGuire's examination of the similarities between Haldeman's two SF novels was mildly interesting, but I think he has stuck his neck out a little too far. It is always risky for a critic to make claims about the sources of an author's work without checking with the author. It seems to me that I remember Haldeman saying that he had never read Starship Troopers, at least before he had finished The Forever War. And when McGuire states that an idea "seems to derive from Poul Anderson's old UN-Man series" is really being absurd. (I find the explanation for a Jewish clone-donor to be even more ridiculous.) The problem with this sort of criticism is there seems to be no more point to the article than to prove how clever McGuire is. Without being able to question the author, or examine his/her writings, letters and such, and without having a much larger body of fiction to examine, this "criticism" really adds nothing to an appreciation of the author. McGuire also seems to be operating under the impression that SF authors must constantly come up with new bright, shiny IDEAS. It is the melding of those ideas, the craft of writing, depth of characterization, and all the other elements that make up a good novel, not powered suits or pointless wars.

I was really looking forward to the interview with Powers, if only because I felt he deserved the recognition. I did find it awkward going at times, as though it had not been very carefully edited. For instance, at the bottom of the first column on p.31, Powers is talking about N.C. Wyeth and Mysterious Island and then suddenly begins to talk about an agent coming from lan Ballantine, without any apparent connection and without a paragraph break, at least. I also suspect that Powers' comments about the quality of SF are going to piss a lot of people off. Not that he's wrong, mind you. I would also like to know exactly what Powers meant by saying that he was "bigger" than lan Ballantine, whether he meant that joshingly or was serious.

Although there are certainly times when Dick Lupoff and I part company (e.g. Lovecraft & Burroughs), I more often than not find myself agreeing with him. I always enjoy reading what he has to say about books, and this issue's comments on the ARA convention were particularly entertaining. I would like to add my own deafening applause for lan Ballantine. I think it was a sad day for the field when the Ballantines left their namesake. Speaking of which, in a very round about fashion, I wonder about the ethics of running a review of one of your own publications in your magazine. Certainly there's enough of that questionable practice going on in another magazine, although admittedly you aren't doing the actual reviews. Actually, I have few doubts about Dick's fairness and that certainly wasn't a rave review, but I wonder if the appearance of favoritism isn't enough to harm. After all, anything but a really killer review is a kind of recognition, particularly in a magazine with a good size distribution, such as ALGOL's.

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The Interview with Powers, as I may have mentioned last Issue, was drastically edited from a typed transcript of a tape recording. This involved changing nearly every paragraph of a 48 page manuscript to take out redundancles, speech mannerisms, etc. I think it may be the toughest editing job I've ever had. I say that without having begun work on the second half of the interview.]



Stephen Antell 116 2nd St. Brooklyn, NY 11231

My thanks to you as editor-publisher and Patrick McGuire as writer for having given me "Variants: Joe Haldeman's SF Novels" (in your Summer-Fall 1977 ish). Lots of good insights and analyses therein, and I enjoyed reading it. I admit to a bit of prejudice engendered by McGuire's agreeing with me on certain conclusions which I had already reached independently, not only pertaining to Haldeman's virtues, but to his faults. For example, I, like McGuire, had been distressed by the touch of repetitiveness I found in Haldeman's works, Haldeman has great talent; I hope he doesn't turn out to be just a one-note writer who has already written all he has in him to write.

The bit about babies born on other planets not being subject to the slingshot effect is a brilliant point. I didn't catch it myself when I first read Mindbridge. And if I had, I might have pointed to it as a flaw in the novel. But if, as McGuire claims, Haldeman put it in intentionally to pave the way for the ultimate revelation of life after death, then it's a masterstroke.

I do feel, though, that McGuire does wrong in twitting Haldeman for his neglect of artificial insemination. After all, even Asimov committed the same glossover in The Naked

By now, we're all getting used to seeing in the pages of ALGOL material by people whom we usually associate with those other zines (like Analog and F&SF). Glad to see you're continuing this new tradition with the Fred Saberhagen stuff. Unfortunately, the press of obligations in recent years hasn't left me enough time to read the Berserker stories, but the article and story you published convinced me that I should have made the time. Saberhagen seems to have captured the sense of wonder and the cosmic scope which made us all read SF back in the days when anybody who liked to read it called himself a

There is, however, one small thing wrong with "The Smile." It's not only SF, but mystery, and as such is obliged to live up to a more stringent set of standards than most stories. Here it fails, One of the necessary conditions for the success of a mystery story is that the reader be given a fair chance to solve the mystery for himself. Here, the reader's ability to do so depends on his supposed familiarity with the work of the sculptor Prajapati. If he exists in our future, how many of us know anything about him? Even if the setting of the story is so near in the future that Prajapati is in our past, which doubt, I don't think there are many people living who are authorities on his school of art.

Your lettercol is heavily devoted to discussion of Heinlein, as is only just. In this connection, I must oppose Dr. A.D. Wallace's attack on what he describes as Williamson's esping the author. I know, many people claim that a critic oversteps his bounds when he tries to read an author's mind, but after all, If the critic did not at least attempt to analyze the relationships between an author's intent and his production, then there would hardly be any point to the existence of literary criticism. And Williamson is justified in esping Heinlein through his novels to an even greater degree than most critics are in doing the same for other authors, since no one who has ever read any Heinlein can doubt that his works are explicit statements of his own most sincerely held personal convictions. In fact, if Sam Lundwall is right, Heinlein himself is not only his own narrator, but he appears as a character in each of the books. If you doubt this, go back to the originals and examine the father in his juveniles, Sgt. Zim in Starship Troopers, the old professor in The Moon is a Harsh Mistress, Jubal Harshaw in Stranger In a

Stronge Land, and Farnham in Farnham's Freehold.

Ann Weiser and Clifford McMurray, though differing in details, are both to be congratulated on recognizing the fact that Heinlein was never so sacrosanct as some seem to believe. Anyone with any sense always realized that what a man says has to be distinguished from the way he says it; even those of us who thought that Heinlein was the greatest writer of all time, in any language, had a feeling that as far as his political and social opinions were concerned, he was canted just a hair to starboard. As for the presence (or absence) of racism in his books, I'm almost tempted to wonder whether Patrick McGuire has ever read Farnham's Freehold.

Jeffrey D. Smith 1339 Weldon Avenue Baltimore, Maryland 21211

I enjoyed Dick Lupoff's report on the ABA convention. I got to one once, some years back, when it was in Washington. The "huckster" room is indeed incredible. I came home with a shopping bag full of goodies: a Tarzan poster by Burne Hogarth, some humor books from Grosset & Dunlap, quite a few novels and non-fiction books (my favorite being Marilyn Durham's novel of the west, The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing), I don't remember what-all. It was right after DAW books had been formed, and I recall talking to Don Wollheim about the new line, and how many books he published that I liked. (Many more than I expected, though I didn't say so. He told me he'd had to buy a lot of books to get the series started, including a lot he wouldn't have bought under ideal conditions. Don Keller pointed out to me later that the ones he hadn't really wanted to buy were probably the ones I was most impressed he

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had published. That was probably true. I still seem to buy quite a few DAWs, though.)

Speaking of DAW, am I mistaken in believing that Wollheim's original contract with NAL, his distributor, that every DAW book was supposed to be a first paperback edition? I thought I'd heard that at the time, but I won't swear to it. The reprints of Brunner and Moorcock always seem to have notices all over them that these are authorized by the author, with previously-cut portions restored, new revisions made, etc. To the casual reader, I doubt any difference could be detected, especially with the Moorcocks. John Brunner's Quicksand, though, does not have any mention of "revision," or any new copyright date, or anything else of the sort, on it, and it was published by Bantam years ago. Bantam didn't publish it as SF, though. (A good move, actually; it is basically a mainstream novel. Bantam, though, put a nude woman on the cover and based all their blurbs on the one sex scene in the novel, which was much more of a misrepresentation of the book than any SF packaging would be. It's a damn good book, though, one of Brunner's very best. I think, though, the Doubleday packaging was best, so I'm just as glad that's the edition I have.)

Dick Lupoff-and others-have asked of Alice Sheldon/James Tiptree, "Why did she feel the necessity to take a male-type pseudonym?" The answer that Dick reports, 'that Tiptree felt she'd be discriminated against in the SF marketplace if it were known that she was a woman," is close to the truth-and actually, I suppose, is the only that question. The question, answer to though, is inappropriate; the situation was

much more complex.

The assumption behind that question is that Alice Sheldon decided she needed a male name to get published, so couldn't use her own. In actuality, she needed a pseudonym; because of her ties in government and academia, she did not want to be known as a science fiction writer. (Fiction, and partic-ularly genre fiction, is still not generally considered a worthwhile occupation by academics and upper-echelon civil servants. The past few years have shown many inroads here, but we're talking about ten years ago now.) So the decision to use a pseudonym came first; it was when picking a pseudonym that she figured she might be better off using a male name. "James Tiptree, Jr." was supposed to be an innocuous name, easily forgettable. A female name might have drawn more attention to itself. Using initials, "A.H. Tiptree, Jr." or something, might have solved some problems, but that's hindsight. The whole thing just grew from virtually nothing; there was never any thought of Tip becoming an existing persona. (I suppose I have to take a lot of the blame for that; I was the one who put the squeeze on Tip to relate as many personal details as "he" comfortably could.)

I'm a little upset at all the criticism Alli's gotten for her "deception." But it doesn't matter; she had her secret life, and it made her happy. She was going to kill "Tiptree" off pretty soon, anyway. It's only a shame the discovery of her real identity came when it did. Alli was going to kill off Tip and continue writing as Raccoona Sheldon, as whom she could eventually merge all her

various personae. What is Alli Sheldon really like? Great. And very hard to describe. Maybe the best thing I can say is that, having met Alice Sheldon, I guess now I don't have to meet Katherine Hepburn. They have the same kind of vitality. However, after having read Hepburn's article on John Wayne in *TV Guide*, I can safely report that she's no writer. (On the other hand, I have no idea how well Alli would do on stage-except that she sure fooled us all on paper, didn't she?)
The one thing Dick didn't mention about

the ALGOL Press Tiptree/Dozois booklet was the stunning cover by Judith Weiss, an illustration for "The Man Who Walked Home." I hope that my being a friend of Judith's doesn't invalidate my opinion, but I think she is already one of the best artists working in science fiction and fantasy. All her works are possessed of great power, and I'm almost always moved by them. And I do think this "Man Who Walked Home" is one of her best. Unfortunately, her intensely personal style is not very commercial, publishers are not beating paths to her door. But I love her work, and would like to say so

Douglas Barbour Department of English University of Alberta Edmonton, Alberta Canada T6G 2F1

Having thrown caution to the winds and declared yourself no longer fannish except in spirit and vitality, you have then thrown us a winner. It has that solid feel of a pro/duction about it. A new Berserker story as the fiction content doesn't hurt either. It is interesting to hear all about how the series, the Berserker universe, came to be. I have never been able to track down the first Berserker book but I would like to; there is something indefinable almost, but very satisfying, about large canvasses; and the whole galaxy plus several thousand years as a rough time frame do constitute a rather large canvas. I don't know about everyone, but I think it was just such galactic space/time distances which made SF so exciting to me when I first discovered it. Tolkien has, of course, talked about the importance to mythopoeic fantasy of being able to look into another time with its own vast history; the same feeling attaches to the large future histories of many fine SF writers. I feel that Le Guin's Hainish Universe is perhaps the most complexly satisfying of these, but Saberhagen points out how what created seems to be almost a selfrenewing mine of stories. And because each story can be new yet also familiar, because in that universe both writer and reader don't have to get into tired situations. "The Smile" proves the point.

Vincent DiFate's column is a superior example of the form. The interview with Powers is good partly because DiFate was willing to listen and did not insist on following set questions, but went with the artist as he recalled and thought about his own art and his place, Good stuff. Patrick McGuire had some interesting things to say about Joe Haldeman's two novels yet I somehow felt the piece had a rather non-sequeturish feeling to it. Why, I'm not sure but I kept thinking that there was something in nearly every paragraph that cried out for more development. Patrick was about to say something really interesting in a critical sense but he'd always turn away to something else. Thus I agree with his final comments, yet wish he'd led up to them in a

fuller fashion.

The Simak pieces are worth having more perhaps for their feeling and their historical interest than for any profundity of thought expressed therein. Simak of course is speaking to his friends and colleagues about something that means a great deal to him. To be critical is not the point. The feeling, the commitment to wonder, is something that has obviously sustained him in such a distinguished career within the field. Heinlein's and Williamson's letters are sincere tributes to a man who deserves them. I've been reading-at last! -some good criticism of Simak's work recently and wondering why he was never perceived the way Asimov and Heinlein were. As Heinlein says: to read him is to read SF, and to read an SF that is far more humane and people-centered than Heinlein's, Well, it's

nice Heinlein made the tribute.

Fred's "Pohlemics" continue to provoke thought. He's right to suggest that SF can't be that limited if other writers come to it in order to say what they want to say. I am reminded of what George Woodcock once told me about British writers (apropos of the fact that he enjoyed Le Guin but couldn't get any of his colleagues at UBC-he hadn't met Susan Wood yet-to read her): in Britain and Europe one wrote anything if one was a professional, and no kind of writing was looked down upon as intrinsically valuable than any other. The writer and the writing, not the kind of writing, were what

Roger Schlobin 802 N. Calumet Rd. Chesterton IN 46304

I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoyed Gary Alan Ruse's profile of Andre Norton. The recent Norton activity is in my mind a long overdue tribute to an outstanding storyteller, "bard," and one of the major storyteller, "bard," and one of the major figures in SF. I, also, thought that the publishers' support throughout the issue was heartening and is evidence of the popularity of an author who seems to touch readers of all interests and ages.

Your readers might also be interested to know that I am in the process of finishing the definitive Andre Norton bibliography for G.K. Hall's Masters of Science Fiction and Fantasy Series, ed. by Marshall Tymn. This volume will include everything written by and about Miss Norton. I would certainly appreciate any word that anyone would care share concerning articles about Miss Norton, especially from fanzines! I do, of course, know about everything that has been included in Turner's First Editions of Andre Norton and Helen-Jo Jakusz Hewitt's Norton bibliography in The Book of Andre Norton (revised from The Many Worlds of Andre Norton, ed. Roger Elwood).

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Nan Lambert, Ralph Ashbrook, Ted Koppel, A.D. Wallace, Fred Milano, Alain Chabot, John Bell, Jim Hershberg, Vince Tuzzo, Tom Perry, Scott Hutchinson, Jim Huang, Michael E. Kerpan Thomas Owen, H.J.N. Andruschak, Mike Glicksohn, Ron Gillies, Robert Lovell Jr., Larry Sternig, Bill Bridget, Margaret Cub-berly, Ira Thornhill, Cliff Simak, Ed Krieg, Tom Disch, Hilary Bailey, Peter Nicholls ". I can now state categorically that I do not suffer from syphilis."—that'll teach you to have Mike Moorcock review your book, Neville Angove, Jeff Hecht, Darrell Schweltzer, whose typewriter has the hiccups, and lastly Brian Earl Brown, who wrote a lovely letter in longhand which my eyes refused to try to get through. Handwritten notes are appreciated, but typewritten letters will be published first

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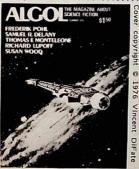
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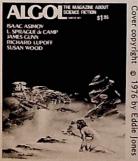
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Mar. 3-5. TOTOCON II. Downtown Ramada Inn, Topeka KS. GoH: John Varley, Fan GoH: Gale Burnick, Registration: \$6 to 2/15, then \$11. Write: Phillip C. Reed, Totocon, P.O. Box 2202, Lawrence KS 66045.

Mar. 17-19. ORANGECON '78. Fla. Centre Howard Johnson's, Orlando FL. Registration: \$7, \$12 at the door. Write: Adrienne L. Hayworth, 6913 Mediterranean, Orlando FL 32807.

Mar. 24-26. BALTICON 12. Hunt Valley Inn, Baltimore MD. GoH: Anne McCaffrey. Write: Kleeo Hondros, P.O. Box 2128, Capitol Plaza, Hyattsville MD 20784.

Mar. 24-27. SKYCON/EASTERCON 29. Heathrow Hotel, London UK. GoH: Robert Sheckley. Registration: 2 Pounds supporting. Write: Skycon, 5 Aston Close, Pangbourne, Berks. RG8 7LG, UK; or Mary Burns, 48 Lou Ave., Kings Park NY 11754.

Mar. 24-27, DANISH SF CON. Write: Dancon 78, Jorgen Minddal, Helsingborggade 18, DK-5000 Odense C, DENMARK.

Apr. 14-16. MARCON XIII. Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge North, Columbus OH. GoH: A. Bertram Chandler. Fan GoH: Larry Smith & Bob Hillis. Registration: \$6 to 3/1, then \$8. Write: Ross Pavlac, 4654 Tamarack Blvd, C-2, Columbus OH 43229.

Apr. 28-30. DUBUOUON. Julien Inn, Dubuque IA, GoH: Algis Budrys. Fan GoH: Ken Keller. Registration: \$5, \$7 at the door. Write: Gale Burnick, 2266 Jackson, Dubuque IA 52001.

Jul. 1-4. WESTERCON 31. Marriott Hotel, Los Angeles, CA. GoH: Poul Anderson. Fan GoH: Don C. Thompson. Registration: \$7 to 6/1/78, then \$10. Write: Westercon 31, P.O. Box 5785, Mission Hills CA 91345.

Jul. 7-9. CONEBULUS 2. Syracuse Hilton, Syracuse NY. GoH: Ben Bova. Fan GoH: Suford & Tony Lewis. Registration: \$6 to 5/31, then \$7.50, \$10 at the door. Write: Carol Gobeyn, 619 Stolp Ave., Syracuse NY 13207.

Aug. 30-Sep. 4, 1978 IGUANACON. 36th World Science Fiction Convention. Hotels Adams and Regency Hyatt and Convention Center, Phoenix AZ. GoH: Harlan Ellison, Fan GoH: Bill Bowers. Toastperson: F.M. Busby. Registration \$15 attending to 12/31/77, \$7 supporting. Write: Iguanacon, P.O. Box 1072, Phoenix AZ 85001.

Aug. 23-27 1979. SEACON '79/37th World Science Fiction Convention. Metropole Hotel, Brighton, UK. GoH: Brian Aldiss (UK), Fritz Leiber (US). Fan GoH: Harry Bell. Registration: \$5 supporting, \$7.50 attending to 3/31/78; then \$7.50 & \$15 to 12/31/78. Write: SeaCon '79, 14 Henrietta St., London WC2E 80J, UK.

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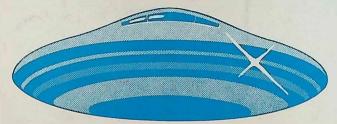
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