ALGOL

THE MAGAZINE ABOUT SCIENCE FICTION

SPRING 1978

$2.25

A. BERTRAM CHANDLER

GORDON R. DICKSON

FREDERIK POHL

SUSAN WOOD

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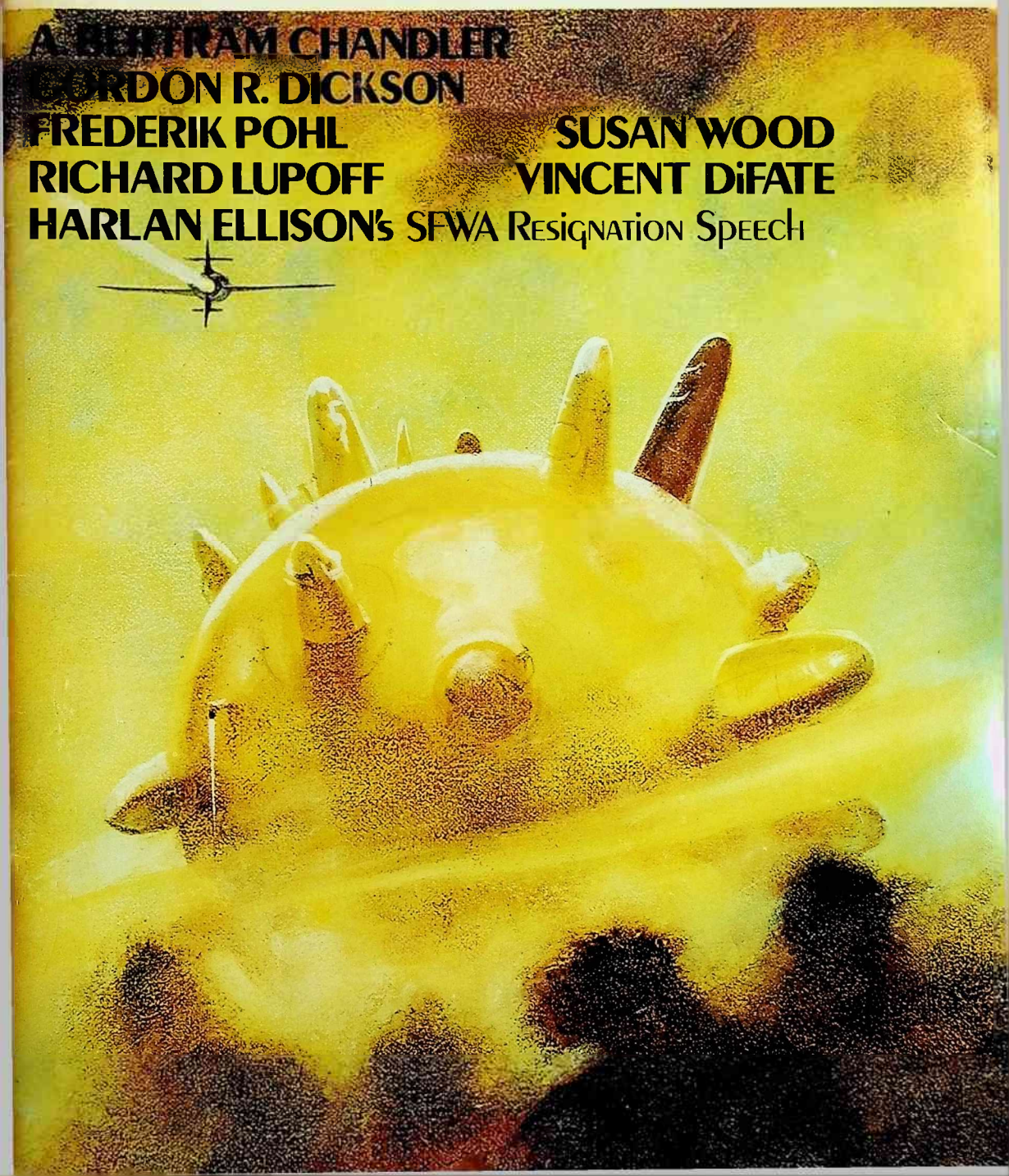
VINCENT DiFATE

HARLAN ELLISON's SFWA Resignation Speech



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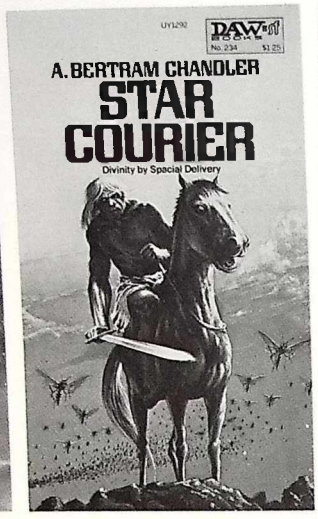

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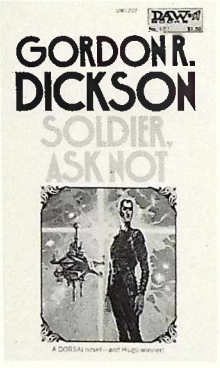

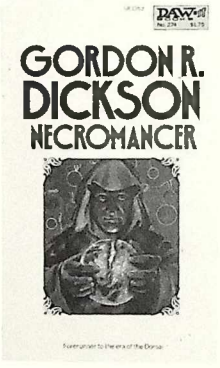

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ALGOL

15th Anniversary Year

THE MAGAZINE ABOUT SCIENCE FICTION

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ARTWORK

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MONEY: The retail price of ALGOL goes to $2.25, effective this issue, up 30¢. That's somewhat less than the cost of a can of Pepsi Light around here. Inflation, rising paper costs (see below), etc. Also a consideration: ALGOL still doesn't support me, and I think I'm entitled to a wage, living or otherwise, from my labors. ALGOL *is* beginning to sell well in bookstores; this is the next great barrier I have to break, and I hope to double bookstore sales in the coming months. Look for ads in *Publishers Weekly* and your humble editor in attendance at the American Booksellers Association convention Memorial Day Weekend in Atlanta. Y'all come see me, y'hea?

One reader asked me howcum I charge so much for ALGOL? To answer him again, and those of you who've just come into the fold, my total circulation is only a few thousand, and all the good stuff like color covers and typesetting and decent paper costs thousands of dollars per issue. You get what you pay for. If I had the circulation of *F&SF*, for example, I'd be much more secure financially, and the cost per copy would be lots lower.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: They'll remain at current price levels for now, but will go up next issue. That makes subscribing or renewing your subscription a very good thing right now. In effect you get one issue free when you subscribe for one year. Or subscribe at First Class Rates and you'll still save 45¢ over the cost of three issues bought in the store. Subscribe for two years and save $6.00. Lotsa savings, all over the place. I recommend the First Class Sub, based on Post Office antics.

Last issue came out a week late, and on the advice of Dick Witter I held off mailing until just after Christmas. Delivery time wasn't as bad this time: the issue took only about 14-19 days to reach subscribers (#29 took a minimum of 21 days). However, beginning this issue I plan to have the printer mail copies from Pennsylvania. That'll mean they'll go through some other bulk mail facility than the one in northern New Jersey. That's the one that installed millions of dollars of automated equipment that shreds packages, tears magazine covers off, and destroys mail. All, of course, at a much greater speed and efficiency than mere mortals could...

On other fronts, as I type these words in early February the first letters on the August issue have come in from England. Owell... I just got a fanzine mailed from Australia 5 months ago. In New York, the Magazine Publishers Association ran a symposium on alternatives to the Post Office for delivery of magazines. Right now alternative systems deliver 1,700,000 copies of magazines a month, at a profit, with rates less than those of the USPOD.

CONSERVATION: A bill before Congress proposes a tax on paper products to get rid of errant candy wrappers and six-pack cartons. The tax would pay for recycling the stuff and getting it out of the landfills and back into the economic cycle. The people who stand to lose the most are book publishers, whose products usually don't get tossed into garbage cans. I also suspect not too many people who buy ALGOL toss it out after reading. If the bill passes this year, you'll see a rise in price of most paper products including newspapers, books, paperbacks, and nearly all things that use paper. Thought you'd like to know why so many publishers will be considering further price increases this year.

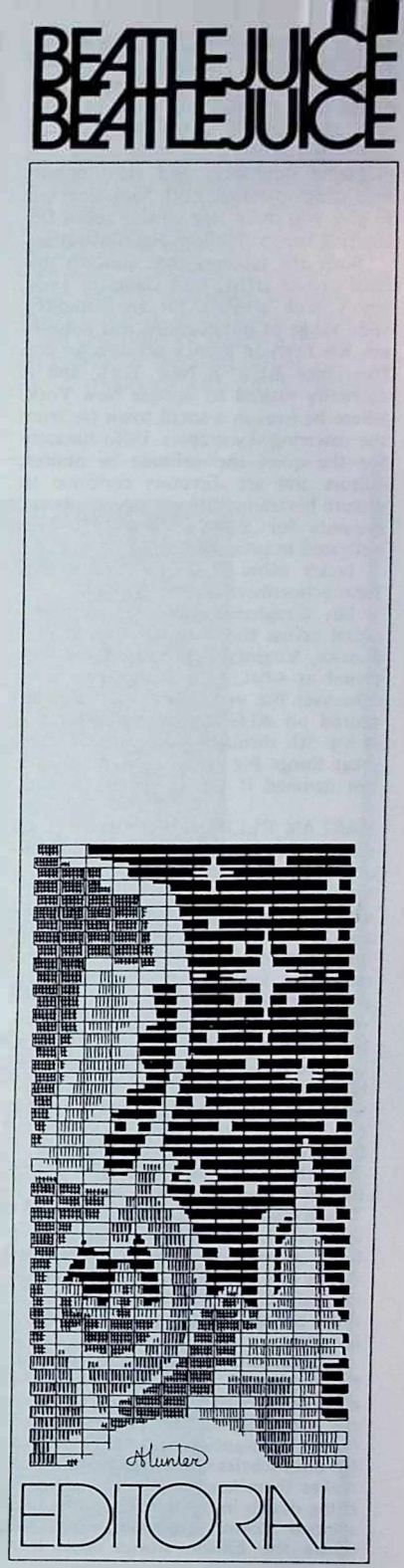
THE ISSUE: Continuing the 15th anniversary celebration, this is going to be another powerful issue. A current picture of A. Bertram Chandler isn't available to go with his autobiography this issue. Much of Chandler's writing gets down nowadays in the nudist colony he frequents, and there are impressionable minds (and bodies) in ALGOL's readership. Besides, who wants to see a picture of a naked typewriter?

Harlan Ellison, who certainly needs no introduction—but gets one anyway further along in this editorial—has a definitive statement on why the members of SFWA are blowing their chances to make both money and Raquel Welch. The loss is definitely theirs. Harlan has been writing, both in SF and in Hollywood, for quite some time, and whatever you think of him, he knows of what he speaks. And he speaks in his usual forceful way in this issue.

Gordon R. Dickson is in the spotlight in the ALGOL interview. Sandra Miesel does the questioning with some very interesting results. Sandra is just as forceful as Harlan, in many ways, and hides a highly intelligent brain inside a body known for exquisite costumes at regional and world conventions. Her background includes graduate work in biochemistry and medieval history; she lives in Indianapolis with husband John, a chemist and well known fan in his own right, and three children who are just becoming teenagers. And John told me he thought the problem years were over.

Gordon R. Dickson lives in Minneapolis and collects his mail at the airport. Besides writing a lot of good stories—including *Time Storm*, certain to be a Hugo nominee—he's known for his filk singing and, I've heard, gourmet cooking.

Susan Wood and Vincent DiFate, bowing to pleas that the issue was per-



haps a little too long, have shorter columns than usual this issue. Susan, who is very busy teaching engineers and others how to read and write in Canadian, and Vincent, very busy producing covers and artwork for major book and magazine publishers and giant power-mad conglomerates, both took time out to give you more fine writing about fascinating topics: fandom and illustration.

Both are subjects that concern this issue's cover artist, Jack Gaughan. Jack, who's done artwork for an incredibly wide range of publications and publishers, has been an agency art director and free lance artist in New York, and is currently retired to upstate New York, where he lives in a small town far from the towering skyscrapers. Unfortunately for the quiet and solitude he desires, editors and art directors continue to disturb his tranquility with demands and requests for artwork, and Jack feels obligated to help them.

Jack's other claim to fame is that John Schoenherr gave his dog ticks.

Mr. Gaughan, who once painted a mural across the mess hall wall at Fort Eustice, Virginia, is I'm sure rather surprised at what ALGOL has developed into over the years. His first cover appeared on ALGOL back in 1965; this is his 5th through the years. I predict great things for Jack in the future, but I'm damned if I know what they are.

HARLAN ELLISON STORIES: I was talking with Harlan recently about various subjects including this issue, and the genre of "Harlan Ellison Story" came up. After so many conventions and so many years—Harlan certainly isn't that loudmouthed brash kid any more—the subject has become a subgenre of convention stories, in there with the house-detective-who-breaks-up-the-best-party-at-the-convention; the lousy-service-in-the-coffee-shop; the hostile-hotel-management; the waitress-who-reads-SF (one waitress at Boskone put up with the inanities of a dozen fans and got a $15 tip after the meal)... The stories are endless. The Harlan Ellison stories sometimes seem endless. This is because Harlan will not suffer a fool in silence, and there are a lot of fools at conventions who've heard the stories and automatically attack a moving target. Harlan, unfortunately for those people, fights back. And the stories go on.

Harlan stirs a love/hate reaction that few other SF writers have with their audiences. Harlan treats masses of people, especially at banquets and in overheated convention halls *as* audiences. He does schticks, he entertains them, he makes them laugh and cry. They are as rising dough in his hands, waiting to be slapped down. They love it. That's where the Ellison stories come from, from the mass meetings at conventions.

But there's another side to Harlan Ellison: the personal side. This is where Harlan is most true to life. It's his best side, this side of his personality that depends not on clever phrases uttered to thousands, or biting rebukes to fugg-headed remarks, but rather the interaction with one or two people.

There are no Harlan Ellison stories about the writers he helps with time and care and food and hospitality. When you sit there quietly talking with Harlan, you discover that the legend is a man. A true human being whom it's a pleasure to talk with, to sit with, to see at a convention. One of the strongest reasons for going to conventions is to see people. After your tenth Editors Panel, with the same editors saying the same things, you begin to understand the fannish emphasis on personal contact. Good conventions develop a gestalt, a feeling of community that you can share for a day or a week. And surely one of the best things about any small community is talking with your friends.

This is the Harlan Ellison I know: the community leader who it's good to sit and talk with.

TEN YEARS LATER: It's coming up on exactly ten years since *2001: A Space Odyssey* first premiered, and it's interesting to note how much of the movie is still with us in daily life. One person who probably isn't aware of the influences is Arthur C. Clarke, a rare visitor to North America. I suspect not much of current TV reaches the man, living as he does in Columbo, Sri Lanka. Perhaps reading these words—he's perhaps ALGOL's most remote subscriber—he'll realize that for those of us exposed to TV, radio and other media, the film and the memories are still very much alive.

For instance, a current ad shows this monolith floating in space with the *2001* theme in the background. The monolith comes close, turns, and reveals itself as a Hotel Bar Butter package. Or the opening for the ABC Special, which uses the split screen effect to show the eye traveling through vast fields of ABC logos, one set above, one below, both approaching from infinity. Or the Ford Futura commercials that use the *2001* theme *and* a spaceship reminiscent of something out of *Star Wars*... Or all the visual effects that have passed out of use, like the 1969 CBS coverage of Apollo that used the sun, moon and earth lined up in a file and could have been taken from the movie itself. It's interesting to note that all this is still around while media swipes of *Star Wars*—like the car commercial that pictures a complex electronic/mechanical surface against a background of stars, then pulls the camera back to reveal it's actually the bottom of a car—have faded away, less than a year after that film first appeared.

MEET THE PUBLISHER: If you're interested in meeting me, I go to several conventions throughout the year. I, frankly, am interested in meeting you—especially those people who buy every issue but aren't inclined to write letters of comment. You can catch me in the coming months at conventions including MarCon in Columbus, Ohio; DeepSouthCon in Atlanta; MidwestCon in Cincinnati, and the World SF Convention in Phoenix. Come by my Huckster's Table, or catch me in the Program. I'd love to talk with you all.

RIGHTS FOR ARTISTS (Part 4): I've received more examples of artists and publishing companies being ripped off by editors and/or publishers of the current wave of artbooks on SF, but this issue I'm not going to name names and wave facts in the air. I have evidence that to do so only antagonizes advertisers and costs me money, while the people getting ripped off maintain their silence. Instead, I'm going to pass the buck to the recently formed Association of SF Artists (ASFA). These are the people who should be most concerned with these practices: they're the ones whose artwork is appearing, frequently without their or their publishers' permissions—or payments of any sort—in everything from directories to national magazines. I'll continue to look out for the rights of artists and authors published in ALGOL—guarding the home fires, so to speak—but the rest of these people must band together under the (hopefully) protective wings of ASFA to protect their own rights.

Has anyone ever noticed how seldom writers rights are ever really violated? When Priory Press ripped off members of the SFWA, that organization got together with the Department of State and the Israeli government to put Priory out of business. Think about it.

COPYRIGHTS EXPLAINED?: To be honest, I don't understand the new laws, and even the copyright office doesn't fully understand them. In fact, in a number of areas, they've asked for comment from publishing groups. These comments may or may not be integrated into the laws later this year. *Publishers Weekly* ran a two part review of the new laws, and now I'm more confused than ever. For instance, the copyright notice. That's the thing that says, "Copyright (C) 1978 by ALGOL Magazine; all rights reserved." The copyright office hasn't decided exactly *where* on the work or publication this notice should go. Comments and pro-

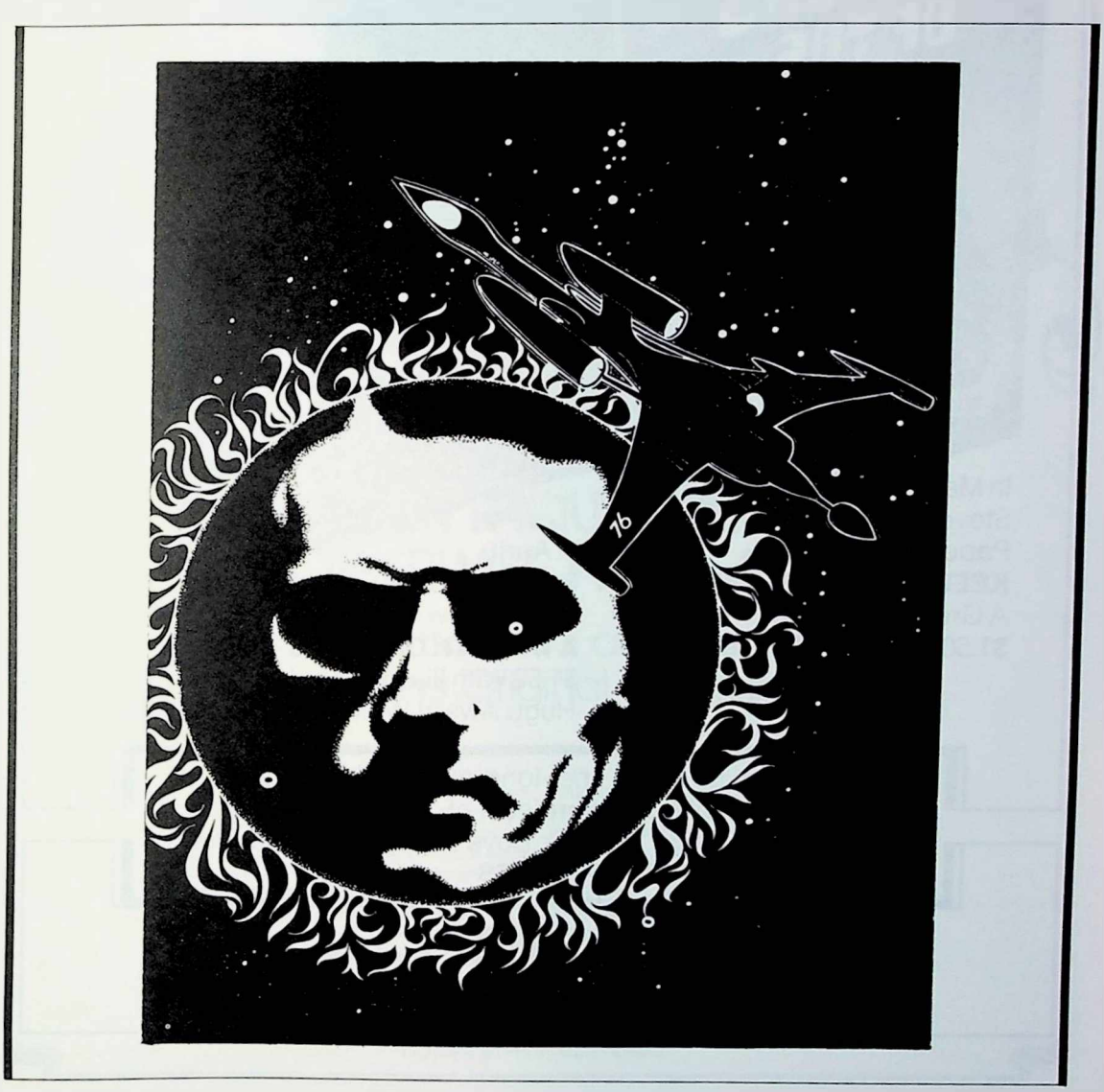
posals closed on January 20th, 1978, and as soon as a concensus is reached, the copyright office will announce their decision.

Or how about date of publication? Is it when the completed manuscript rolls out of an author's typewriter? Or when a couple of copies of the book are available in galley form? How about when bound galleys are sent out to reviewers? Or when the book is officially published? Again, no official policy. The copyright office *suggests* that publication occurs when one or more copies go to people with no restriction against disclosure of contents. Maybe that means when galleys go from the publisher to the author. To quote the legal counsel for the Authors League, writing in *Publishers Weekly*, "We are not sure when notice is required. We want to find out."

I'd like to find out too. If the people running the show in Washington don't know when something is copyrighted, how should the rest of us? More details on this confused topic next issue, when the waters will have perhaps cleared somewhat.

NEXT ISSUE: Will appear in the balmy days of August, which I hope will be cooler than the August just past. Who can forget the steam rising from the pavement, the food spoiling in the refrigerator because the power's been off for 28 hours, the paste-ups for ALGOL buckling because of the humidity? Maybe this is the year I get air conditioning for ALGOL and myself. Right now, surveying that distant August issue from the cool perspective of a snowy February, I see an interesting long article on writing SF by Poul Anderson; an interview with Fritz Lieber, articles by James Gunn and Joe Haldeman, and some surprises (for both of us, I hope), plus the Usual Contributors. Deadline for the letter column of that issue is June 1st. □

—Andrew Porter, Editor/Publisher



EXCLUSIVE! · FIRST PUBLICATION!

The Complete Text of Harlan Ellison's Resignation Speech from the Science Fiction Writers of America

NEW YORK CITY: APRIL 1977

HOW YOU STUPIDLY BLEW FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS A WEEK, AVOIDED HAVING AN ADENOID-SHAPED SWIMMING POOL IN YOUR BACK YARD, MISSED THE OPPORTUNITY TO HAVE A MUTUALLY DESTRUCTIVE LOVE AFFAIR WITH CLINT EASTWOOD AND/OR RAQUEL WELCH, AND OTHERWISE PISSED ME OFF

Specially Expanded and Corrected from the Original Transcript

As this is a significant position statement for me, and has some import for SFWA, I'm really delighted to see such a nice spotty crowd. The title of my talk is *not* "Hollywood" as it appears in the program, courtesy of the timorous management. It is a somewhat longer title and was intended to raise sufficient wrath and ire, with the feeble hope that the room would be crowded. No such luck; typical SFWA non-interest; they're all in the bar.

No matter. I intend to say a number of things people will not enjoy hearing today, and it's best most of them don't hear it; I don't want to disturb their long sleep. I hope to raise a lynch tenor in the mob. Sort of social work among the somnolent.

The actual title of my talk is "*How You Stupidly Blew Fifteen Million Dollars a Week, Avoided Having an Adenoid-Shaped Swimming Pool in Your Backyard, Missed the Opportunity to Have a Mutually Destructive Love Affair with Clint Eastwood and/or Raquel Welch, and Otherwise Pissed Me Off.*" *That* is the title. Tom Purdom says it's

not an appropriate title for the program book. I hadn't realized we were taking ourselves so seriously these days, but then, one can expect little better from SFWA.

This may be a bit disparate because a number of things are coming together; but I'll try to get to it in a fairly coherent manner...if I can get past my anger.

Over the last few years I've been extremely concerned about the way the drama category of the Nebulas has been handled, and I went so far as to suggest a way in which it could be handled more propitiously. You may recall seeing the article in the SFWA Bulletin. (See Addenda: *"Defeating The Green Slime"*) But with this slavish dedication to preserving the rights of the common man, people said no, no, we cannot remove the wonderfulness of the drama category from the hands of the membership (who don't know shit from Shinola anyhow, but what does that matter) and we must continue to let them vote on things they neither understand or care about.

Thus, we have continued awarding the drama Nebula, that wonderful, expensive Nebula...to people who frankly could not care less. They don't know SFWA exists, they think of us (when informed we exist) as another group of self-serving amateurs. They don't show up at the banquet; they don't give a damn, and it's not their fault. They think SF is "sci-fi." And they do not care about SFWA. To them, if we impinge at all, in their minds we are a bunch of pishers. The persistence of their attitude is to me another indication of the sophomoric and amateurish way in which this organization is run; that such an attitude continues to prevail unchecked in the film industry says much about us.

Now, I would say this to our recently-reelected President, Mr. Offutt, but he, I think, is down in the bar again; at least he passed me heading in that direction about five minutes ago, as I was entering this room to begin speaking, which is all to the good, I suspect.

But. Let me start with an apocryphal story.

A couple or three or four years ago, Damon Knight had a Milford conference in Madeira Beach, Florida, and he invited a number of us to come down. Madeira Beach was going through, I think, 120° heat with sand fleas and ugliness and a lot of rancid tourists from Kankakee and places of that nature, and there were fifteen motels in Madeira Beach, all of which had air conditioning. One did *not* have air conditioning. But it was $2.00 less per day than all the others. Guess which one Damon booked us into? Gordy Dickson and the others who got there first managed to flee for their lives and got into the air conditioning. I, unfortunately, was condemned to Gehenna.

Now, what this meant to me was that Damon, who had grown up as a poor fan, though he now had money, and he had a home, and he was married to Kate Wilhelm—which is enough joy for any one human being—Damon was *still* thinking like a poor fan. No malevolence, just amteurishness. And he thought saving $2.00 for each of us was more important than our comfort. Therefore, Andre Norton had a cardiac arrest and fell down half-dead. Burt Filer only survived by staying stoned. Gene Wolfe began speaking in tongues. I lost about twelve pounds, and couldn't sleep at night; and everyone was bitter and vicious to one another and damned near had to stay drunk to stay sane through the entire conference. Unfortunately, I don't drink. Damon *meant* well, but by extension this was indicative of much of the thinking that goes down in SFWA. It is a provincial, insular, hidebound, cocoon kind of thinking that goes back to 1926, when science fiction readers had to hide their copy of *Amazing Stories* inside the *National Geographic* for fear someone would laugh at them.

Those days is gone, friends. We are very much legitimate now. Serious reviews, college courses in SF, academic studies...and Hollywood. In the last year, the last fiscal twelve months, by precise count on my calendar, I have received 51 calls from members of SFWA asking me to assist them with some matter that involves the film or TV industry in Hollywood. Would I find them an agent...here is a book that somebody has made a bid on....what can I tell them about this producer or that... somebody is offering $1.26 in Blue Chip stamps for a year's option...what should they do...would I mind just kinda looking into it for them? All of that good stuff. I unfailingly helped, not because I am a noble and wonderful human being, but because it seems to me that with all the schleppers who are writing science fiction out there, a few of *our* people should have a chance.

But every single time it happens, our people don't know how to act. They don't know how to make a deal. They don't know what an agent is for. They have absolutely no conception of what it's all about on The Coast. They are constantly being ripped off. The classic story is Robert Bloch selling *Psycho* for something like $700, because a stalking-horse intermediary was employed, instead of Alfred Hitchcock's people at Universal dealing directly.

It goes on and on and on; and I say to myself, "Well, you know, they don't really care. They don't look at Hollywood in a rational way: it's something alien to them, and they don't want any part of it."

As witness: what goes down with the drama category, which now, in case you haven't read your latest *Forum*, has been permanently killed, by enlightened vote of the membership in Kankakee.

You have now gotten rid of that odious, troublesome drama category. I bring to your attention, however, the current edition of *The Third Degree*, which is the newsletter of the Mystery Writers of America. They have their nominations for the 1977 Edgar Allan Poe Awards in here, and they have the usual categories: best novel, best first novel, best paperback, best short story.

They *also* have best motion picture, best teleplay, and a couple of other categories involving the visual media.

They understand. They understand that out on that far Coast there are an infinite number of clowns who have come out of mailrooms, publicity sinecures, advertising agencies, their mother's wombs...directly into ownership of production companies or studios. *And these people like to steal properties.* They don't understand that they are not allowed to steal properties. They just *do* it!

I had a meeting with a producer, and he wanted me to do a giant ant movie. And I said that's a dumb movie; I don't want to do that. He said, well, if you don't like *that* one I've got a lot of other ideas. I said, oh yeah? And he pointed to a stack of old *pulp* magazines. And he said, yeah, I just poke through there and I pick out whatever I like.

Fred Pohl tells a similar story; maybe about the same guy, I don't know.

They don't know that you exist. They don't know that you *own* those properties. Therefore, when *The Man Who Fell To Earth* is made, and they ripoff Walter Tevis again, as they did with *The Hustler*, so that he winds up in an alcoholic ward someplace in Ohio, for the second time, I get a call within a month of the release of that film and its huge box office returns, from two different networks and three unrelated independent production companies, wanting to do, specifically, ripoffs of *The Man Who Fell To Earth*. And I, being the ethical lad that I am, say I'm sorry. I cannot rip off my friends. I will come in and think up another idea for you, equally as original and sensational as an alien falling to Earth. But I won't be party to screwing Walter Tevis. Let's talk about something else science fictional. No, they say, we don't want science fiction, we want *The Man Who Fell To Earth!* We want to do *that*. And so, friends, next season there will be a TV series that is a direct ripoff of *The Man Who Fell To Earth*. But Walt Tevis won't see a dime, nor will any of *you* ever see a dime when they rip off *your* books and stories.

But do you, does SFWA, have any concern about this ongoing loss of mil-

lions of dollars? Fuck, no! You're too busy worrying about a lousy 5¢ a word, while living in a sophomore's fantasy about EEE-vil Hollywood.

I stand before you today, with considerable rage. I'm up for the drama award this year, for an album that Roy and Shelley Torgeson produced on Alternate World Records. There's no doubt in my mind that I will lose; I simply will not win that award. Understand: much of what I say to you is out of pique at knowing upfront, in my bones, that I'm not going to win. But neither of the movies on the ballot will win, either. *Logan's Run* and *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, put on the ballot, arbitrarily, are not going to win either. "No Award" will win, friends. Mark my words.*

It is the final indictment of this organization. Because you people do not seem to understand that a penny a word, 2¢ a word, 5¢ a word is not Valhalla, for Christ's sake. Shamelessly, with nasty pleasure, I will brag at you; not from Cloud-Coocoo-Land, but from the World of Reality. I just made a deal for a TV movie sequel to *A Boy And His Dog*. It's going to be a two hour television pilot in January. We go on the air with the series next year. They paid me $35,000 to write it. It's six weeks work. $35,000, friends, will give me nine free months this year to write whatevever I please, for whatever market I please. I can write as many stories for Ed Ferman, and for Dave Hartwell and for *Midnight Sun* with its modest budget as I choose. I can indulge myself. I am free. Television and films are patrons of the art. They are the Pope. They will let me paint my Sistine Chapel's ceiling any way I damn well choose.

But this organization still maintains that crazed, East Coast mythology that what goes on in Hollywood is madness. That if you wind up out there you're either going to die like Nathanael West or Scott Fitzgerald, or wind up face-down in Gloria Swanson's swimming pool like William Holden. Monsters, you think. Ghouls, you think.

You'll fall off the end of the flat Earth, you think.

Simply stated, that is provincial thinking, pure bullshit; it purely is not the case. There are writers out there who have managed to make enormous sums of money, who continue writing their books and continue producing work that has enriched all of us. Consider: Bloch, Matheson, Nolan, Bradbury, Gerrold, Niven, myself; and to lesser note, because of personal problems and who they are...Sturgeon, Bixby, Russell, even Silverberg, who lobbied against the Drama Nebula.

But there are people who are stealing out of your pockets, and you are being *dumb* about it. I'm sorry I can't be more polite, but the lemming-like urge of this organization to destroy that category, not to handle it in an intelligent and financially enriching manner, to present the award in places where it can do us some good, get us some P.R. value, is to me absolutely blind and ridiculous. I will open this up to questions at any point. Anybody has anything to say or an insult to fling, please fling it. I'm extremely angry. But I'm feeling strong and secure in my position.

(NORMAN SPINRAD asked the first question; or rather, made the first audience comment.)

NORMAN SPINRAD: You know we *did* try. You know I was one of the people behind getting the damn category installed when there was a lot of resistance to it to begin with. But the first year that we did it in the Century Plaza out there, we contacted all the studios, we told MGM they were going to win long in advance, and what they did for us was fuck us.*

ELLISON: Okay. Let me deal with that for a moment. First of all, they don't even know SFWA exists at MGM.

SPINRAD: We told them.

ELLISON: We told them. Terrific! A guy calls them up; a guy calls a producer and says "Hey, we exist, and we really want you to come to this banquet." They get five thousand of those a day. Every halfwit group in America has some worthless award that doesn't mean a dime at the box office. The P.R. simply didn't cut it; that's why we were dismissed by MGM.

Recently a thug named Jack Laird at Universal sent out a brochure, a questionnaire, to something like two hundred members of SFWA saying, "Project X...we're thinking about maybe doing it. And we want to do a thing about science fiction and we don't really know, but would you mind answering these few simple questions?" Thereupon followed five pages of the most detailed kinds of questions about how to build a society. Clifford Simak could have done 15 novels off the answers to those questions. What did our people do? They answered them. Instead of telling Laird he was a thief, or suggesting he pay for this special knowledge, or advising him to shove it, many of our people sent him pages of answers. David Gerrold knew what to do, Silverberg knew what to do, Bova and I knew what to do, Dorothy Fontana knew what to do: we immediately called The Writers Guild and said, "This man wants spec writing. This man is trying to bleed our minds." But what else happened? Larry Niven, flattered to death that someone in the Industry would write him, filled it out. Filled it out! So did a dozen others I know about. I don't know—how many of you others got that one? How many of you filled it out and sent it back?

JOE L. HENSLEY: I put down "up yours" and sent it back!

ELLISON: Good. That's showing him! Joe's an attorney; *he* understands.

I called the Writers Guild and complained about it. I advised the officers of SFWA. But nobody seemed to really understand the seriousness of that hype. Nobody seemed to care. They sent him all the material he could use! And that series is going to get done, no doubt. If he got only five of those questionnaires back, he's got enough stuff to cobble up a series, and nobody in SFWA is going to get a dime. And who are the writers who'll get the assignments to write segments of that series? Not Niven or Herbert or Asimov or any of *you*! It's going to be creative typists who sit there in their palatial homes in LA and write this shit night and day for television. You aren't going to see a dime of it. You're going to continue living in palatial *squallor* and then come together at circle-jerk gatherings like this one and stroke each other, or at fan conventions, lying to each other about the humble majesty of writing that holy literature, "sci-fi;" while George Lucas gets fat off *Star Wars!* Consider Fritz Leiber.

I mean, how do I do this politely?

Fuck it! I don't do it politely.

*The only item in the drama category that garnered enough actual members' votes to legitimately win a place on the 1976 Nebula finalists ballot was *HARLAN! Ellison Reads Ellison* (Alternate World Recordings AWR 6922). Fearing embarrassment either to Science Fiction Writers of America, or to Ellison, several of the officers of the organization arbitrarily added the films *Logan's Run* and *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. Their resoning was that because the membership was so disinterested in the category, the Ellison album would appear on the ballot challenged only by "No Award." But even with the addition of the films, SFWA's voters opted for "No Award." Ellison's prediction that neither the sound recording nor the films would win the Nebula was hardly a self-fulfilling prophecy; it was based on simple observation of SFWA and its voting patterns on the Nebulas over many years. But not even Ellison could have foreseen what happened at the Nebula Awards banquet on the evening of the day he delivered this impassioned lecture.

Word having been passed to SFWA President Andrew J. Offutt, and to Nebula banquet coordinator Thomas Purdom, of the content of Ellison's presentation that afternoon, they assumed the moment of "No Award" winning in the Dramatic Presentation category would provide a setting in which Ellison might well cause an embarrassing scene. So they did not even announce the nominees in the category, as had been the policy every year before. Ellison had no intention of making a scene; he had said what he wanted to say, and had taken all the action he intended to take, that afternoon. Nonetheless, those present at both Ellison's lecture, and the Awards presentation, recognized that he had been gifted with yet another indignity by the timorous governing body of SFWA.

*(This is a reference to MGM's promising Charlton Heston would accept the Nebula on behalf of *Soylent Green*, but instead sent only a minor production official to the banquet.)

Look, I self-advertise and I'm pillaried for it. Fine. I do not seek the approbation of monkeys. I've been poor and I don't like it. Okay? I make between seventy and a hundred and twenty-five grand a year. A lot of it comes out of TV. Most of the stuff I do never gets on the tube. And that's dynamite. I sit there and write it with clean hands and composure, the same level of craft at which I do a story. They don't understand it—it goes on the shelf. I don't have to worry about looking bad on TV. Dynamite! So they pay me handsomely and I don't have to worry about some slope-browed incompetent fucking it up on the tube; and eventually I put the script in a book...and I've got all that time left to write for myself. So what's that got to do with Fritz? Well, I said this would be angrily, randomly diffuse, but here comes the link-up.

Fritz Leiber has been writing for 40 years, and few of us in this room are fit to carry Fritz's pencil case. There isn't one of us in this room who hasn't learned from that man; he's one of the finest writers this country has ever produced...of any kind...in any genre. Fritz Leiber ought to be feted and honored, considered a national treasure, but is he? Hell, no! Fritz Leiber lives in a one-room garret, for Christ's sake, in San Francisco. And when he wants to write he has to put his typewriter on a kitchen chair and sit on the edge of his bed.*

Why? Because he has had the "nobility" and the "wonder" and the "honor" of being a *science fiction writer* all his life. (Mark the note of irony in my voice.) And he's been writing for peanuts.

That is the situation with many of our genre "giants." They come to the conventions like princes from a far land, and people look at them as if they are talk-show idols. And then those idols go back, in too damned many cases, to live lives of incredible squallor, for Christ's sake. I could name writer after writer who lives like that. So could you. Some of you here today *are* those writers, those damned idols.

But you need not have that. Pay attention: here's the sermon.

We live in a mixed-media society. For good or bad, television and films are with us for keeps. Tragically, the illiterates keep multiplying, and the audience for books *must* be kept alive! To be financially able to keep writing books—if one hasn't a career as a science teacher or as a used car salesman—one can subsidize the books by writing TV and films because—like it or not—that's where the action is. Take it or leave it: a show biz world. I am not saying desert books. Books are *my* first interest, books should be *your* first interest. They count. But the way to *support* the writing of your books is to get some of that film and TV money. To live comfortably. It's no sin!

And if *you* don't get it, they're going to give it to the turkeys. And by staying stupid about it, by refusing to understand what goes down in that town, by refusing to take some action and have a drama category that is marketed properly to these people, you are slicing your own wrists.

Now, you say *how?* There are any number of ways. One of the ways is you spend a little money hiring a P.R. person. It can be done very inexpensively. A *professional* public relations company, not some friend of the family, some amateur helping us out in his or her spare time, but a solid, professional outfit that knows how to get into the studios. Somebody who works with the Motion Picture Producers' Association can be hired for a stipend. There are many of them who are science fiction fans who would love to be associated with us, who in exchange for a few bucks and a dinner with Bradbury would happily do all the P.R. work for us.

These people and the more knowledgeable people in production, the younger people, are dying to meet you. Your names are legend to them, for Christ's sake. Your books inform and delight their days and nights. They think of you as Gods on far mountaintops. It's the entrenched old tigers who are unaware you exist. So go through the awe-struck young turks. And here you sit in your strange little places, eating Rice-A-Roni. How can you be so out of touch with reality?!? What does it take to destroy these outmoded myths? What does it take? *What does it take?*

JOE L. HENSLEY: Harlan, last night at the Mystery Writers of America banquet it was the same thing. Nobody shows up to accept the awards in the categories. There were some people there from ABC and CBS. But the movie things and so forth were accepted by yucks that nobody ever heard of, or people that had been designated out of the awards committee, and that sort of thing. Same thing.

ELLISON: Yeah, it happens. But the difference is that on the Coast detective novels are not ripped off. They *know* M.W.A. exists.

CLIFFORD SIMAK: But, several times a year I get an offer from the West Coast from the visual media. They want to pay me peanuts. I say to hell with that and then nothing happens. How do you go from there?

ELLISON: Okay, good question, I'll give you an example. Oddly enough, it's Damon Knight again. Damon called me about two weeks ago. He had had an offer from someone...it's a nibble. They all nibble, they love to buy up properties. They like to take options and hope they can blue-sky it somewhere. Even if you've signed the biggest stars in the world, without a property you've got nothing. First came the word. They know that. Banks won't give them a dime. But they want to blue-sky it. They want to try to build it into something. So they've got to get hold of a property. The name of the game is "Hustle a Cheap Option." So they send off a letter and say, "we're interested in such and such." They don't know where to write you. They write your publisher; they write the Author's League; they write to some magazine in which your story appeared (which usually loses the letter for six months); maybe they find a clue to where or who you are and they write to your agent...if you're very lucky. Or they find you in the telephone book.

So you get an offer from somebody you never heard of (and with all due respect to Joe's point, you probably never heard of them, even if they're big-time and strictly legit, because you all stay totally unknowledgeable about who's who in the film industry; another example of Terminal Provincialism; you know the name of every two-bit editorial twit at semi-moribund magazine markets that can pay you in peanuts, three months after publication, but you're blissfully ignorant of the names of people who could pay off your mortgage or send your kids to college). But, anyhow, you get a letter or a phone call, from a stranger, who says, "We would like to take a two-year option, a 36 month option, a five year option, whatever, on your book, *Don't Step on My Hand,* and we'll offer... whatever." Call it $500. "We'll offer $500." Okay, now Damon calls me and he says he had an offer for...God, I don't remember what it was—*The Rithian Terror* or something like that. And these people had been nibbling around him for about a year but nothing was firm. He wanted to read me their offer. So I said read me their offer. And he read me their offer and it was ridiculous. I put him in touch with my agent, Martin Shapiro. Marty called these guys, as a favor to me. He checked them out first with the Motion Picture Producers Association, found out they were legit, but were kind of shakey. Then he called them up and he said here is what an acceptable option deal would be. And they realized they weren't playing mumbledy-peg with some amateur, that this was a writer with a knowledgeable Hollywood agent, and they started dealing. The last I heard, Marty got Damon a deal where Damon is getting

*Since this lecture was delivered, in part because of Ellison's angry remarks, both spoken and published, about the way in which Putnam publishers was treating Fritz Leiber, there have been considerable changes in Fritz's life; and many who were not aware of the facts have rallied to Fritz because of just such outraged howls as Ellison's.

$3000 for a six-month option on the material. If they can move it in six months, fine. If not, they lose it, or have to renegotiate and renew, otherwise Damon's made three grand gravy money and he'll get the property back, to option somewhere else. Nothing's lost and he's made the bread.

All of this is very standard, yet somehow it seems bewildering to most of you who otherwise manage your business admirably. How odd! You spend all of your time worrying about the nits and clauses in paperback contracts where you're getting $1500, but when there's a marketplace offering you *hundreds* of thousands you don't take the time to learn about it. And it's so damned easy! There are copies of the Writers Guild Minimum Basic Agreement that you can get by simply writing to the Writers Guild in Los Angeles. They'll send it to you for free, or maybe a couple of bucks. And if you read it, you'll understand what your rights are; it's that easy. It may not make you an instant millionaire, but at least you'll have the real data on what kind of money is being spent out there.

And getting *into* the Writers Guild is the easiest thing in the world. It's a very inexpensive guild to belong to and it protects you in a thousand essential ways.

I promise you, people, you will *all*, at one time or another...if you have any talent at *all*...be approached by Hollywood.

How many of you in this room have been approached in some way for television or movies? 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. Okay, that's eleven of us right here, right now, in a room that's only got thirty or forty people in it.

Almost half of us here, right now; doesn't that tell you that Hollywood's maw is wide open. They're *voracious* out there. They're buying *everything.**

Coming up this next TV season, there will be something like thirteen hours of prime-time science fiction and fantasy television programmed.

Who will write those segments?

Well, it's not going to be members of Science Fiction Writers of America because *you people* simply don't know what's going on! You don't pay attention; you don't look at the world around you pragmatically; you believe the myths and the bullshit and you refuse to train yourselves to work productively in the real world; you don't take the time and trouble to find out how to write a script. So if somebody *does* get in touch with you...you wind up settling for peanuts, for option money, and they give the script assignment to some halfwitted script hack out there, and he gets the big money, and you spend the next twenty years of your life bitching about how lousy the movie version was, pissing and moaning about Hollywood and passing on more sour grapes mythology to other inept shmucks.

JOE HALDEMAN: Harlan, is it myth-bullshit that we have to live out there in order to get in on all this, or is it true?

ELLISON: It's myth *and* reality. If you want to spend any substantial part of your year doing that kind of work, you have to live out there or you have to commute. Or you have to have a dynamite, aggressive Hollywood agent. Henry Slesar comes out for three months, gets all the work he wants and goes away. Larry McMurtry does the same thing. There are any number of writers who do that. They frequently establish a social relationship in Los Angeles so they can stay in somebody's house for a week or two, or they find an inexpensive place to live, and they go around during pilot season when the new shows are handing out assignments.

And you make yourself known, you get yourself an agent. It's work. But the payoff, in terms of freedom, is fabulous. The payoff, in terms of buying time to write the books, is incredible. People out there who have done it are doing very, very well at it. It is an area of this business you dare not continue to ignore.

TOM MONTELEONE: When is the

*This was prior to the release of *Star Wars*, and Ellison's position on Hollywood's insatiable hunger for SF product can be considered not only justified, but conservative.

best time of the year? What's the pilot season?

ELLISON: Pilot season: they give assignments along about May, June, July, August. Up to July is about right. They show the new pilots along about February, March, April, May. That's when there's nothing being bought. Then the pilots that are scuttled fall out. But during the Spring they firm up the schedules and start making series assignments. Some scripts don't come through, they bomb out and those have to be assigned again...like in July, August, even as late as early September.

Now, of course, it's a different ball game in TV than it's ever been before. It's open season all the time...because they've got a *Second* Season, they've got a *Third* Season. Something dies, they kill it in two weeks, not two months as formerly, and they put in somehting else. Which means that there are deals going constantly. There are productions being put into work all the time. And movies for TV. And pilots. The dumbest ideas: they love them! They don't know from anything! They want to do shit like *The Man From Atlantis.* You can't believe how moronically uninformed they can be. But I'll give you a classic example:

A guy calls and he's the head of development at CBS. He calls me up and he says come over the Beverly Hills Hotel and let's have breakfast or cocktails. I don't drink, but I say I'll have a cuppa coffee because I like to look at the hookers at the Beverly Hills Hotel who are the most elegant hookers in the world. And so I go over there and I sit and I listen to his shtumie, and he says "We got us a great idea and we want *you* to write it. It's going to be a Saturday morning series but there's a lot of bread in it and we want you to do it." Already my eyeballs are rolling in my head, but it gets worse; I mean, he hasn't even told me the idea yet! I find out first that the basic concept was devised by Larry Harmon. If you don't know who Larry Harmon is, he's the man who plays Bozo the Clown on television. Actually, it turns out that it wasn't even quite Larry Harmon himself who thought it up. It was Larry Harmon's seven-year-old *son* who came up with the idea. This CBS buffoon tells me it's a *terrific* idea. "The network *loves* it," he assures me, "and they want to go with it. The idea is, there's this family, see: mother, father, two kids and a dog." I say, "I think I know that series." He says, "Now this family goes out in their backyard and they discover a black hole, and they fall into it, and they find a new universe."

And I sit there for a few minutes: I'm too stunned to speak. But then I start giggling at him. And he says, "What are you laughing at?" And I say, "I don't want this to come as a shock to your nervous system, but a black hole *ain't* a black *hole.*" He says, "What?" I say, "It's not a black hole. It's a sun whose matter has collapsed so much that light cannot escape from it, therefore it *looks* like a hole. It swallows everything its immense gravitational pull can affect and crushes it to nothing. If these people walk out into their backyard and find a black hole it will probably swallow *them*, their backyard, the house, the street, the neighborhood, the town, the planet and possibly half the known universe, Nielsen ratings, network and all." He says, "Well, the network likes it. Isn't there some way we can do it? No one will know the difference." So I walk.

That is the level of thinking at which these people work. *You* know what they need to know. In five seconds any one of you, the worst of you, could come up with a dozen acceptable alternatives to that stupidity I just recounted. You could say: *We have multiple universes and they cross each other and someone falls right through. It's like a tapestry and there's a hole in it.* "Oh, a tapestry, a...like in a cloth...yeah, yeah...that's terrific, very original..."

They are so easily conned, it is unfuckingbelievable! You people are smart enough and clever enough, and need not mumble, "Well, gee whiz, gosh golly, Harlan, *you* can do that sorta thing because you can talk to people. I'm a shmuck, I'm not charismatic." Okay, you have to *get* charismatic or resign yourself to playing in the bush leagues for Sol Cohen's pennies.

If you want to continue writing for Ted White for the rest of your natural life, terrific! You've got the right to stay stupid. You should live and be well. But don't call *me* up in the dead of night and want me to save your ass when someone makes you an offer. Which brings me to my final point, and then I'll answer any other questions you may have.

For the last few years now I've been watching this go down. And I have watched this organization do virtually nothing for its members of any commercial value. It does silly things for its members. It spends its time in sophomoric arguments, nitpicking bullshit about membership requirements, dues hikes, whether or not Stanislaw Lem is a creep, whether or not there should be an SFWA tie, SFWA membership cards, a secret SFWA handshake, and it elects to high office idiots who think they're Napoleon. But that was just amateurish silliness and I *did* help found this organization, so I stayed on.

But I no longer feel that I can be part of an organization that clearly has a deathwish this strong.

Therefore, I am resigning from SFWA.

Don't call me no more, 'cause I ain't your "Hollywood liaison" no more. I'm going to pack it in, happily, where SFWA is concerned, and I'm going to do my number out there where no dream is too large or unattainable, and I'm going to get famous and I'm going to get rich, and I'm going to go to England twice a year to see Mike Moorcock, who already knows what I've been saying here.* And the *rest* of you people are going to continue writing for peanuts, and being brutalized, and paying adolescent lip-service to "the sense of wonder" while you continue wearing 1940's clothes and deluding yourselves that you're living in Valhalla because you go to a convention and terminal acne cases come and stroke you.

My resignation will be in the mail, and I will expect a refund on the balance of my dues. This is the last time I will attend an SFWA function. I don't want the stench of failure on my expensive clothes. □

–Harlan Ellison

* In October of 1977, Michael Moorcock also resigned from SFWA, considerably more politely than Ellison, but indicating in his resignation letter that much the same feeling as expressed by Ellison prompted his leave-taking.

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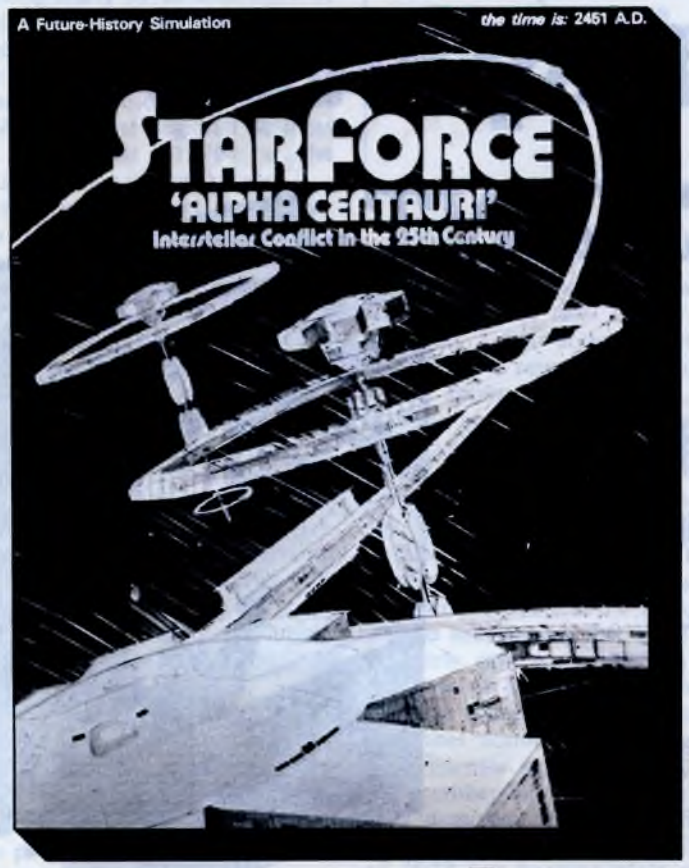

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Defeating the green slime (A Modest Propo-al)

Harlan Ellison

Did you ever have the nervous feeling that the next letter you opened would contain a dehydrated boa constrictor that would spring to life on contact with the air and squeeze you to death? Writing this little piece, on request of SFWA President Fred Pohl, gives me precisely that feeling.

So before I set it all out as simply and softly as I can possibly make it, *please* believe, on the sacred memories of my father, Gernsback, Socrates and Diogenes, I have no vested interest in this matter. It is a subject that has been raised among many of us who work in films and television over the past few years, and due to an apparently incurable case of foot-in-mouth disease, I'm the schmuck who voiced it publicly at the SFWA West Coast Regional Business Meeting last August [1976] at the NASFIC convention in Los Angeles.

It is a topic to *discuss*, not an attempt to logroll, nest-feather, secretly govern or in any way pollute the integrity and/or precious bodily fluids of the SFWA. I make this introductory statement in the interests of sanity and calm discussion. Our membership has a lovable tendency to exercise itself unduly about some of the most insignificant questions, and there are those of us in the film/tv arena who would like to see this one thought out gently, easily, without loud voices or special interests being served. I think that can best be accomplished by just stating the problem, throwing it open for comment, and then working out a solution. There's no need to get too stimulated over this.

And I'd like to be kept out of it as much as possible.

The Nebula(e) for Best Dramatic Presentation could perhaps be selected in a more propitious fashion.

That is the form of the resolution.

Historically, in SFWA, we've voted on the Drama Nebula in precisely the same way the print media Nebulae were nominated and awarded. We haven't been quite as concerned with the Drama Nebulae as with the more familiar categories, chiefly because a comparatively small percentage of our membership has been employed in the areas that Nebula touches, and so it has been something of an illegitimate offspring. But SF films and tv shows and stage productions and SF-affiliated record albums reach a much wider audience than even our most popular novels and stories. And to a large degree the public image of SF is conditioned by these mass-market presentations. So if we issue a Nebula to a film such as *Soylent Green*, and put our stamp on it as the best filmed SF of a given year, *that* is SF for a great many uninformed observers.

So far, I don't think I've said anything to offend anyone.

Putting aside, for the moment, our affection for Harry Harrison and *Make Room! Make Room!* (from which *Soylent Green* was *very* loosely adapted), that was a film about which many of us had grave reservations. Not so much as an action-adventure film, but as a stalking horse for SF in general. In the same year *Soylent Green* was on the ballot, it ran against Michael Crichton's *Westworld*, a theatrical feature; Bruce Jay Friedman's *Steambath*, a stage production done as a film for the Public Broadcasting System; and Brian Moore's *Catholics*, a made-for-TV film. I have no way to substantiate this, but I think I'm on fairly safe grounds when I suggest that *one* of the reasons *Soylent Green* won the Nebula was that at least two of the other nominees were never seen by a sufficiently representative segment of our membership to win them the votes they deserved. *Soylent Green* may well have been the best dramatic SF offering of 1973 but because a) it was highly publicized, b) it was open and available nationwide, c) it was in local theaters during the time nominations were open and could be seen at leisure, and d) was written by "one of our people" and based on an accepted SF work...it had a far better chance to cop the votes.

I am suggesting that these may not be the most salutary conditions for selecting something as specialized as a Drama Nebula.

Books and stories are always there. If something gets ten or fifteen recommendations, most of us who give a damn about choosing *the best* will seek out that item and read it. Such is not always the case with a film, a play or a staged happening that may be available only in Los Angeles or New York or Chicago or San Francisco. There's really no need for me to go into this aspect of the problem. Think on it for a moment and you'll come up with the same unhappy truths I find prevalent in the dilemma of the availab lity of "art" throughout non-urban areas of the United States.

Superlative art films such as the Czech animated film *Le Planete Sauvage* or the briefly-seen Broadway production of *Warp* simply don't make it to many small towns or even to many large cities. Distribution and other problems are at the core of the thing, but that's not our concern.

What *is* our concern, it seems to me, is making sure that the *best* dramatic presentation wins that block of lucite each year.

What has been suggested, not only by me, but by others, is that a special rotating blue-ribbon panel of writers directly concerned with the visual media select the winner.

Now the screams begin.

But please hold your peace for a moment.

I'll try to make this as painless as possible.

We have an excellent group of members who have worked in these areas. Not just Robert Bloch and John Jakes and Dorothy Fontana and Norman Spinrad, but George Zebrowski, Leigh Brackett, Russell Bates, Forrest Ackerman, Jerry Bixby, Ralph Blum, Ben Bova, Ray Bradbury, Larry Brody, Ed Bryant, Arthur Clarke, Richard Delap, Robert Silverberg, Richard Lupoff, Chip Delany, Phil Farmer, Larry Niven, David Gerrold, Dick Geis, Ron Goulart, Jim Gunn, Harry Harrison, Frank Herbert, A. E. Van Vogt, Fritz Leiber, Baird Searles, Joanna Russ, Mike Moorcock, Fred Pohl, Gene Roddenberry, Bill Rotsler, Tom Scortia, Frank Robinson, Henry Slesar, Jerry Sohl, Ted Sturgeon, Bob Tucker, and David Wise have all been involved with film/tv or criticism of same in varying degrees of committment for years. (I've no doubt missed

a batch of names. These are the ones that memory and the 1975 Directory brought to my mind first. Apologies to the others who are qualified for such a blue ribbon panel, whom I've overlooked.)

Mechanics for such a panel would, of course, have to be worked out. But apart from the obvious elements—a small group that would overlap a few members from year to year but which would be replaced *in toto* every two or three years...members whose work was eligible being dropped during that period...nominations accepted from anyone, anywhere during the open eligibility period—it doesn't seem too difficult.

The only objection I can foresee to such a proposal would be that it removes from the open membership control of one Nebula award. But that control has been removed *de facto* as the system now works, anyhow.

On the plus side, I suggest that truly deserving works that are missed entirely by the membership at large would be brought to all our attentions...the judgment as to who *exactly* deserves the physical award would be simplified, thus eliminating the expense and embarassment of proliferating Nebulae given to three producers, a director, a scenarist and the creator of the source material...the presently unfair edge given to big box-office smashes would be eliminated...regional drama (such as in Dayton, St. Louis, Chicago and centers of way-off-off-Broadway production) would be considered...radio dramas, educational tv offerings, foreign films, record albums, art exhibits could all be considered.

Well, that's it.

Two small final comments, however.

First, I'm aware of a kind of snobbishness on the part of some of our older, more print-oriented members toward film and tv. I suggest to them that while they may think the only good SF is that which comes writ in lines on paper, that to several succeeding generations, the visual interpretations of imaginative fiction are equally as potent. We are a film literature, whether we care to admit it or not. And it's perhaps about time we started to pay some serious attention to that truth. Everyone else seems to understand the power of film/tv. SFWA doesn't. This proposal, and the calm, reasoned discussion I hope it engenders ought to open the question for examination.

And second, and last, I suggest that those who are not familiar with script, or film, or the problems of judging visual presentations, hold off their comments till the writers working in the field have opened this all up a bit. What I'm suggesting is that Bob Bloch and John Jakes and Norman Spinrad and Leigh Brackett and David Gerrold and a few others who deal with this kind of thing regularly dash off your thoughts at once, just to present some other aspects of the question from a fully-informed point of view, before the less-concerned elements of the membership begin running amuck.

And if at all possible, let's try to remember that we all present ourselves as honest men and women, without private axes to hone. If we hold to that belief, we may be able to deal with this thing without someone suggesting all of us slimey Hollywood hacks want to build our stock with the gullible studios.

Was that soft enough, Fred? □

The Whimper of Whipped Dogs: 3 Film Variations ◇

Harlan Ellison

On September 9th, 1977, I left for Paris to begin work with director William Friedkin on a theatrical feature based on my short story, "The Whimper of Whipped Dogs." The story, winner of a Mystery Writers of America Edgar Allan Poe award as best short story of 1974, was to have starred Jeanne Moreau. Because of film industry problems pursuant to the trade unions' contract raises due early in 1978, it was contractually imperative that I have the script completed by the end of October. I was not able to meet that deadline.

The production entity that had bankrolled Friedkin's deal with me, put me in breach; standard operating procedure. The film therefore, would not be made. At least not with me as scenarist. No one's fault but mine... and time. With which I've had problems before.

While in Paris, I wrote three visual openings for the film. They are sequences intended to set the tone for the film, a fantasy about violence in big cities. If you know the short story (it appears in *Deathbird Stories*), then the subliminal thrust of these openings will link for you.

They are three very different openings, yet each one goes to the thematic core of the story. I have arranged them in order of preference, from least desirable to most appealing. They are offered as examples of the way in which a writer of books and stories can adapt him- or herself to writing for motion pictures.

It's a matter of thinking visually.

It ties in with what I had to say in my resignation from Science Fiction Writers of America. They are offered as examples of how the imaginative eye can be developed by writers of fantastic literature.

ONE

FADE IN:

1. RED FRAME—IN MAGMA POOL
Around the CAMERA molten lava bubbles and seethes. No sound. High contrast. CAMERA BEGINS TO RISE up through the maelstrom. It does not tilt, but RISES VERTICALLY. It reaches the surface of the magma pool, breaks the tension and we see across the leaping, spitting surface. CAMERA CONTINUES RISING through steam in the chamber above the lava. To the dendritic stone of the cavern ceiling. CAMERA PASSES THROUGH, STILL RISING.

DISSOLVE THRU:

2. CAMERA RISING THRU ROCK—EFFECT
Varying levels of light and dark, indicating stratification of rock. Through iron, mica schist, diato-

maceous earth, layers of roiling oil, feldspar, marble, sparkling levels of gold, diamonds, phosphates, solid granite, up and up.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

3. CAMERA IN SOIL—EFFECT
RISING SMOOTHLY as we view it in the manner of someone in an elevator sees floor after floor dropping past. Up through rock and soil to empty spaces, through and up to hard-packed sub-soil, concrete slabbing, coils and snakes of cable, electrical conduit, pipes. Up past them through metal sheathing, into flowing water—a sewer system. CAMERA RISES to feature a metal ladder used by maintenance crews. Up the ladder to a grating above us as we

DISSOLVE THRU:

4. STREET—NIGHT
CAMERA RISES up out of the sewer grating to HOLD for a beat the silent night street of New York. SHOOT THE LENGTH of the street in fog and rain. CAMERA CONTINUES to RISE after beat; TILT CAMERA UP to feature the huge and silent monoliths of incredibly tall buildings that close in overhead.
HOLD the ominous leaning structures as the clouds tear apart for a moment and the single white eye of the Moon is seen. In the b.g. DISTANCE we HEAR the SOUND of dogs crying, as though they are being beaten. Not loud. We may not hear it at all. Then the clouds close over again, the Moon is gone, and the fog swirls in to FILL FRAME.

FRAME TO BLACK.

TWO

FADE IN:

1. SHOT ACROSS WATER—NIGHT
Dark, slick water. Oily. CAMERA MOVES IN just above the softly undulating surface. An occasional silvered flash across a gentle swell, as of moonlight skimming into darkness. Fog rolls across the lens. CAMERA IN STEADILY toward a massive throw of land that rises up in b.g. We can make out nothing but the gray shape coming toward us.
SLOW STEADY MOVE IN across the water till we perceive we are beaching on an island. Fog rolls up the naked beach. CAMERA IN to climb the beach and MOVES IN through darkness across low dunes. Now something rises up through the darkness. Tall. CAMERA KEEPS MOVING in on the shape. It is an Easter Island menhir. One of the great stone faces of antiquity. Silence.
CAMERA ANGLES SMOOTHLY AROUND the statue and goes past. Across the dead island to another head. And past to another. And another. To the largest of them. CAMERA TILTS DOWN and MOVES IN for EXTREME CLOSEUP through the roiling fog of the ashy ground.
HOLD EXTREME CLOSEUP of a bright, clean very modern knife lying in the sandy ash at the foot of the menhir. Again, a brief flash of silver light, this time across the blade—as if the moon had hurled one single beam through the clouds and the fog.
Then a drop of water strikes the knife blade. Then a drop of water dimples the sand beside it. Then another. Then it begins to rain steadily. The knife sinks slowly into the rain-soaked absorbent ash and sand, and as its haft goes under, the fog closes down, swirls and FILLS FRAME.
CAMERA HOLDS on fog as we HEAR in the b.g. DISTANCE the SOUND of a ululating siren: an ambulance, a police car perhaps, a truck carrying people to ovens; we cannot quite place it. It recedes and SILENCE resumes.

FRAME TO BLACK.

THREE

FADE IN:

1. NEW YORK STREET—NIGHT
Chill and damp. The pavements look as though they're coated with fever-sweat. Fog and mist silently swirl and hang like torn lace in the air. An upper West Side sort of street with ancient light stanchions that cast dull illumination, fog-shrouded light, just enough to see vaguely, with halations around them.
CAMERA MOVES STEADILY down the street at waist height. Past withering brownstones, battered garbage cans that are chained by their lids to iron fences, flaking stone stoops, steps leading down to basement apartments, huge plastic bags of refuse at the curbs, cars parked almost one atop another. And all of it swathed in obscuring fog. CAMERA PANS LEFT as it CONTINUES MOVE IN and we see down a short throw of steps into a sub-street cul-de-sac entrance to an apartment. A man in shapeless clothes lies unmoving with his feet and legs aimed toward us. His head and shoulders below. Upside-down. One arm outflung. Head twisted at and unnatural angle. As though he fell backward down the stairs. Clearly dead, though we cannot see his face.
CAMERA SWINGS BACK and CONTINUES MOVING down the street with a smooth, casual movement. A woman lies dead in the gutter, face toward the curb so we cannot see her features, one arm bent up and lying on the sidewalk above her. CAMERA does not linger.
As CAMERA MOVES DOWN STREET toward the park and the river, seen vaguely through the trembling mist, we find ourselves looking for more bodies, but we cannot be certain if those two huddled shapes in the VW at the curb are dead; they are slumped forward on the dash but hey might be just sleeping; that pile of rags at the mouth of the alley might be an old man with a battered hat jammed down on his dead face, but it could be just trash; and as we enter the small park abutting the drop to the Hudson River we see what could be a woman's naked arm protruding from under a bush, but it might be only a dead branch. It might be.
But we know for certain that the man sitting on the bench is dead. His head hangs back as only a head with its throat cut can hang. At that awkward angle, arms out to the sides, legs spread, body braced against the bench. CAMERA SWINGS PAST and PASSES ON to HOLD the silent river, fog rising and tumbling. Then, out on the River, lonely and desperate, we HEAR the SOUND of a tug heading for the Narrows. Once, twice, distantly. Then silence again. The city is silent.

FADE TO BLACK
and
FADE OUT. □

Around The World In 23,741 Days

If anybody cares to do his sums he will discover that this opening paragraph is being written on my 65th birthday and that when I made my own calculations Leap Years were taken into account. Sixty five is, I think, as good an age as any for an autobiographical exercise. It is supposed to be retiring age—although the Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand retires its people at the age of sixty three and writers, of course, never retire. Come to that, I seem to have been on the Company's pay roll for quite long periods each year since I was turned out to grass. Still, sixty five is a good vantage point from which to look backwards over the years and the miles. Such a lot has happened in the last six and a half decades and so much of it has been of absorbing interest to a science fictioneer. And so much of it all has been incorporated into my own writings.

My quite notorious unrequited love affair with airships, for example...

One very early—but remarkably vivid—memory I have is of a Zeppelin raid on London during World War I. I can still see the probing searchlights, like the questing antennae of giant insects and, sailing serenely overhead, high in the night sky, that slim, silvery cigar. I can't remember any bombs; I suppose that none fell anywhere near where I was. It is worth remarking that in those distant days, with aerial warfare in its infancy, civilians had not yet learned to run for cover on the approach of raiders but stood in the streets, with their children, to watch the show.

I remember, too, the British dirigibles R33 and R34 which, in the years immediately after the (so-called) Great War were almost permanent features of the overhead scenery; the country town in which I spent most of my childhood—Beccles, in Suffolk—was not far from the airship base at Mildenhall. A little later, after I had commenced my seafaring apprenticeship, I saw *Graf Zeppelin*, then maintaining her regular

A. Bertram Chandler

trans-Atlantic service, a few times.

I have other aviation memories too. As a very, very small child I watched from my perambulator the British military aeroplanes—the old "flying birdcages"—exercising on and over (not very far over!) Salisbury Plain. That was just prior to World War I. During World War II, home on leave, I watched fleets of heavy bombers streaming east to hammer German targets. Also, while on leave, I once again experienced air raids on London—including, towards the end of hostilities, those by the V1s, the flying bombs, and by the V2s. Quite a few people were inclined to get hostile when I was enthusiastic rather than otherwise about these latter weapons, claiming that they were, after all, no more (and no less) than working models of moon rockets.

War rockets—much smaller ones, of course—were among my toys during a long spell as Armaments Officer of a troopship. I liked them, of course, but they never liked me. Whenever I had occasion to use them the most horrid things would happen but never to the enemy...

But autobiographies should start at the beginning.

I was born on March 28, 1912 in the Military Hospital in Aldershot, England. If anybody should ask what a seaman was doing being born in an Army Hospital I can only reply that I wanted to be near my mother. My father, as a matter of fact, was a soldier in the Regular Army. He was one of the first of the many killed in the First World War. I have no memory of him. Nonetheless, as the inheritor of his genes, I owe very much to him. Had he lived in a slightly later period he would certainly have been a fan, possibly a science fiction writer himself. I still recall my discovery, in the attic of his parents' house in a village called Brampton, in Huntingdonshire, of a trunk full of his books. Without exception these were all early science fiction and fantasy—the old, yellow-covered Hodder & Stoughton paperback editions of Rider Haggard, the *Strand Magazines* with serialised Wells and Doyle and another long-defunct periodical called *The Boys' Own Paper* with SF serials by lesser but still readable authors.

My father was a professional soldier and I became a professional seaman but, had he survived that utterly stupid clash between rival imperialisms, we should have had very much in common.

After my father's death in action my mother, with my younger brother and myself, went to live with her parents in Beccles, a small, quiet town on the River Waveney. I was exposed to education there and some of it must have caught—a smattering of mathematics sufficient to enable me to navigate a ship, a rough working knowledge of the principles of English grammar. Even now I feel slightly guilty when I, knowing full well what crimes I am committing, split an infinitive, start a sentence with a conjunction or finish one with a preposition.

My first school was the Peddars Lane Elementary School. In those days the free schools in England did little more than to prepare their pupils for entry into the lower echelons of the work force at the age of 14 and to teach them to fear God and honour the King. Fortunately it was possible to win a scholarship to an establishment operating on a somewhat higher level. This I did, gaining entry to the Sir John Leman Secondary School. In the 1920s the secondary schools did not quite have the same status as grammar schools which, in their turn, were socially several notches below the private schools and the "public" schools. The class system of the England of those days was rigidly stratified. Nonetheless the Sir John Lemanites did tend to put on dog, considering themselves a cut above the students at the local grammar school. After all, *our* swotshop had been founded way back in the days of Good Queen Bess by one of her merchant knights...

But I've said before—and I say again—that those who say that their schooldays were the happiest days of their lives either are bloody liars or have very short memories. Still, as most of us do, I got by. I was a dud at sports and, to this day, regard the sports pages of the daily and Sunday newspapers only as convenient wrapping for the garbage and save on the electricity bill whenever any sporting event—even cricket!—is shown on television. Luckily, too, the Sir John Leman School, although it had its football* and cricket elevens, never took sport seriously, It was known as a "swot school," the accent being on education.

My pet subjects were English, in which I always came top in examinations despite my vile handwriting, Chemistry, in which I always came top in the Practical examinations and Second—because of my vile handwriting—in the Theoretical ones, Mathematics, Geography and History, in all three of which I made consistently high scores. In those days there was no Biology and Physics was no more than instruction in such abstruse subjects as Mechanical Advantage. I was always bottom in Scripture—schoolboy gropings towards an agnostic viewpoint were not encouraged—and very near the bottom in French. (To this day I have an intense dislike for that language.) However my consistently good marks in English and the various sciences ensured my steady upward progress.

Almost my final memory of the Sir John Leman School is that of a crucial point in my life. *If* I had not been brainwashed by my reading of English school stories, in which the myth of schoolboy honour was always perpetuated, *if* I had not assumed that Miss Deeley, the Science Mistress, would do the right thing by her teacher's pet, my subsequent career would have been entirely different. I should not, at this moment of time, be sitting in my caravan on the premises of a nudist club on the outskirts of Sydney writing this. I should never have experienced the very real joys and the occasional terrifying responsiblities of sea-going command. My World War II service would have been entirely different; should I have been a soldier, an airman, a back room boy? Probably I should have become a writer, a science fiction writer, but the Rim Worlds would never have been shown on the star charts of our mythology and Commodore Grimes, that Twentieth Century Anglo-Australian shipmaster displaced in Time and Space, would never have inflicted his prejudices upon readers in just about every country from Japan to the Soviet Union, the long way around the world. There might have been a Doctor or Professor Grimes, a chemical engineer of the far future turning base metals into gold or water into wine or whatever...

But to return to Miss Deeley and my first—but not my last—Big Black Mark...

There was a very important examination. Those who passed would move up one form to sit for Matriculation the following year—and with Matriculation there would be the chance of a university scholarship. Those who failed to make the grade would have to stay put for another twelve months, to try again. I *knew* that I should make my usual poor showing in French and Scripture. I *knew* that I should do well enough in my good subjects to achieve promotion. Unfortunately (fortunately?) I was not yet wise in the ways of the wicked world.

(Am I now? Mphm?)

As I've already said, Chemistry came in two parts: Theoretical and Practical. Theoretical Chemistry examinations consisted of the working out of complicated (for those days) equations. Practical Chemistry was much more fun. Each candidate was issued with his own vial, jar or dish of some fluid, goo or powder and was required to carry out standard analytical procedure to determine the composition of the test specimen. Acid or alkaline? Soluble or insoluble? Flammable or nonflammable? And so on and so on and so on.

In the laboratory were the usual

**It was* real *football, Association (Soccer), not Rugby. I maintain that the notorious Rugby schoolboy who started the absurd game bearing the name of his scholastic institution by breaking the rules of the sport, picking up the ball and running with it, must have been none other but Flashman. It was just the sort of thing he would have done!*

benches, each with its two sinks, its pair of Bunsen burners, its duplicated vessels and instruments. During the examination, presided over by the Science Mistress, there was to be no, repeat, underscore and capitalize NO, talking.

We all collected our specimens and took them to our benches, lit up our Bunsen burners. I was just about to apply heat to a small sample of the goo that I had been given when my benchmate—a rather dim lout called George Martin—looked apprehensively at the dish of blue powder that he was supposed to analyse and whispered, "What do I do with this?"

No, I didn't make the obvious rejoinder. I merely whispered back, "Shut up, you bloody fool!"

Miss Deeley—as I recall her she was a bespectacled, dried-up, spinster schoolmarm—pricked up her ears and demanded, "Were you talking, Chandler?"

I admitted that I had been, thinking that the clot Martin would at once confess (a) that he had initiated the conversation and (b) that I had given him no advice as to what to do with his specimen. But he remained silent. So much for schoolboy honour. Nonetheless I was not worried. I knew that Miss Deeley knew that I was the form's star chemistry student and would not be asking anybody's advice on how to carry out a simple task of analysis.

I had a shock coming. Oh, I was top in Practical Chemistry as always but all my marks were stripped from me because I had broken the No Talking rule. This meant that owing to my extremely poor showing in my two unfavourite subjects—Scripture and French—I should not be moving up a grade but would be obliged to mark time for another year.

Looking back on it all, putting it down on paper, I have suddenly realised that for many years I have thought of Miss Deeley—when I have thought of her—with unjustified harshness. I remember how more than once, as a subordinate, I have had *my* decisions overruled by superiors and how, as master, I have, at times, overruled my officers. Had Miss Deeley been in a position of overall command she would doubtless have conducted an enquiry and ascertained who said what to whom, and why. I think now that she was not allowed to do so and that it was the Headmaster, "Daddy" Watson, who was the author of my downfall. As well as acting in a supervisory capacity he conducted the Scripture classes and, furthermore, took them seriously. I must have been his *bete noir.* And then he was presented, on a silver tray, garnished with parsley, the Heaven-sent opportunity to smite the youthful infidel hip and thigh. He took it.

Not for the first time I say, with heartfelt conviction, "Thank God I'm an agnostic!"

Digressing slightly, now and again I argue with Susan, my second wife, about religion. She is an atheist. She accuses me of being, in my heart of hearts, religious in spite of my professed agnosticism.

I suppose that I am, really. I admit to being a Mobrist. MOBR is an acronym: My Own Bloody Religion. Take Swinburne's "Holy Spirit of Man," add Wells' "Race Spirit," flavour with infusions of Darwinism, Marxism and Buddhism, put into the blender, switch on and leave well alone except for, now and again, adding other ingredients such as Forteanism. And, even, Vonnegutism. So it goes.

Picking up the main thread once more—I did not matriculate. So I did not get the chance to sit for a university scholarship. So I did not become—as otherwise I probably should have done—an industrial chemist.

The prospect of having to seek for employment in a small country town in the England of the late 1920s did not appeal to me. Had I been in the possession of at least the Matriculation certificate things would have been a lot easier; as it was my smatterings of education fitted me only for a job as an office boy or something similar. The only avenue of escape from the town—and from that stratum of society into which God had seen fit to place me—was the sea. So it was that shortly after my sixteenth birthday I was apprenticed to the Sun Shipping Company—called by its maritime personnel the Bum Shipping Company—of London.

Pause for the filling and lighting of my pipe and for reflection. Is this, I ask myself, the autobiography of a writer or a seaman? But the sea has been my life for so long and, as the late and great John W. Campbell once told me, my stories are "costume sea stories" rather than real science fiction. If I had not become a ship's officer and, eventually, master there would have been no John Grimes. If I had not served on some of the less pleasant trades of the Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand there would have been no Rim Worlds.

When I first went to sea I was not yet a writer although I had become an avid reader of science fiction. I had discovered Wells in the school library. There were my father's books. There were the cheap Woolworth's editions of Jules Verne. There was Hugo Gernsback's *Science And Invention* with its Ray Cummings and A. Merritt serials and then, when Gernsback realised that a lot of readers were buying his first magazine only for the fiction, there was his new venture, the amazingly durable *Amazing Stories.*

I was hooked, from my early teens onwards, but it would be quite some time before my own private vision of the future would include a picture of myself as a science fiction writer. The pinnacle of my ambition—one never attained—was the captaincy of a Big Ship. I have served in such as an officer but have commanded only relatively small vessels.

In the Nineteen Twenties—and the procedure is probably much the same today—entry into the British Merchant Navy could be made through a variety of channels. If your family was well-to-do you went to one of the posh pre-sea training schools: HMS CONWAY, HMS WORCESTER or the land-based Nautical Academy at Pangbourne. The big liner companies recruited their cadets from these. If your family was not well-to-do application was made to the Shipping Federation and if that body was satisfied that you had attained a reasonably good standard of education you were apprenticed to some tramp company as an STS—straight to sea—officer candidate. You could, of course, start your seafaring career on the lower deck, beginning as deck boy, rising to ordinary seaman and then to A.B. (able bodied seaman) and then, once you had completed the mandatory four years' sea service, sitting for the Certificate of Proficiency as Second Mate of a Foreign Going Steamship. Even though the Merchant Navy is far less class conscious than the Royal Navy the percentage of officers who have "come up through the hawsepipe" must be about the same in both services.

My first ship was *Cape St. Andrew,* a coal burning tramp steamer of about eight thousand tons deadweight capacity. Her owners named their vessels after headlands around the coast of South Africa, in which part of the world they had commercial interests not directly connected with shipping. They owned coal mines in Natal; whenever possible we bunkered with the Company's coal. They owned a crayfish canning factory, but this delicacy was far too good for the likes of us. They owned, too, a jam factory in England, and their canned conserves and preserves, definitely not in the luxury class, were always to be found in the storerooms of their ships.

Somehow I've gotten on to the subject of food so I'll stay on it for a while. Today's seamen take for granted things that, in my early days, would have been regarded as the wildest luxuries. Very few tramp steamers were equipped, in the Twenties and Thirties, with domestic refrigeration. They had, instead, a huge icebox on the poop which, prior to departure from a port, was stocked with blocks of ice and with fresh meat, fish and vegetables. For the first week the

food would be quite edible. By the end of the second week it wouldn't be so good. During the third week people would be ignoring the meat and making do on boiled potatoes. Eventually the master—those old tramp captains really had their owners' interests at heart!—would reluctantly order that the remaining contents of the ice box be sent to feed the sharks and that the preserved foodstuffs be broken out. At first the canned meats and fishes would be, relatively speaking, gourmet fare but, before long, everything would taste of tin.

Other delicacies would be salt horse straight from the harness cask (salt beef, actually, pickled in brine) and dried, salted cod. These were not as bad as they sound. I am always disappointed by the sea pie cooked and served in modern ships in which *fresh* meat is used. A *real* sea pie consists of layers of salt meat, sliced potatoes and sliced onion encased and cooked in a suet dough—a sort of savoury steamed pudding, actually. It is *good*. And the salt cod, which is procurable even now, I still enjoy.

Then there was "gallery." This was marmalade. The legend was that the marmalade supplied to ships—to tramp ships especially—was made from the sweepings of orange peels from the galleries of theatres and music halls. It may well have been true.

But it wasn't the nicknames that, at first, put the apprentices off their food. In that ship we messed with the officers, at the foot of the long saloon table. The Master sat at the head, of course, and carved the joint. I still haven't made up my mind regarding Captain Puzey. Was he a seaman who owned a farm (run during his absences by his wife) to supplement his salary or was he a farmer who came to sea to make the money to save his farm from bankruptcy? He rarely wore uniform and, whilst the ship was in temperate waters, clad himself in a sort of Farmer Giles outfit in rough tweed, complete with leather gaiters. And how did he (at first) put us off our tucker? Easily. Whilst carving the joint he would discourse learnedly upon the many and various diseases to which whatever animal it was that we were supposed to be eating was susceptible.

The vessels of the Sun Shipping Company carried lascar crews, recruited in Calcutta. As a result of this I acquired a taste for curry that persists still.

But life at sea isn't one long Cook's Tour unless you're a cook yourself. (Or Captain Cook.) I was supposed to be learning the seaman's trade, not eating my head off. It has been said (probably it is still being said) that tramp steamer apprentices are no more than cheap labour; legally speaking they are (or they were, in my early days) apprentice seamen, not apprentice officers. Nonetheless, as well as chipping and scraping rust, washing paintwork, polishing brass, cleaning bilges and all the rest of it they are trained in the real seamanlike arts such as rope and wire splicing (this latter very much a lost art these decadent days!). They are required to study navigation, signalling, meteorology and all the rest of it.

One thing still sticks in my memory, still slightly rankles. As I have said, the vessels of the Sun Shipping Company carried lascar crews who were, of course, Moslems. If we were in any Asiatic port during a Moslem public holiday we, the apprentices, would rank as officers, not crew. If we were in any port during a Christian public holiday we would rank as crew, not officers. On the other hand the Chinese carpenter, who was a follower of Confucius, got *all* the holidays...

Oh, well, old Chippy was worth a damn' sight more to the ship than we were. A fascinating character who claimed—truthfully, I think—to have been a pirate in his youth. (Piracy on the China Coast persisted until the Communists brought their own brand of law and order to China.) And he was certainly a bigamist in his later years with one wife in Canton and another in the Chinese enclave in Calcutta.

Cape St. Andrew was a round-the-world tramp rarely returning to England. Calcutta was not officially her home port but she seemed to be there more often than anywhere else. Her main employment was the Calcutta coal trade—black diamonds from the Bengal mines to the small ports on the West Coast of India, to Colombo in Ceylon (as it was then called), to Madras, on the East Coast, and further afield to Hong Kong and Whampoa, which was an anchorage port half way up the Pearl River to Canton. (Attempts at piracy were still quite common on the Pearl River but nobody bothered us.) During my apprenticeship I was only in Australia once; we loaded a cargo of grain in Fremantle for Calcutta. I was only in the U.S.A. once; we loaded jute in Calcutta for New Orleans, then cotton in Houston, Texas, for Kobe, Osaka and Shanghai. (This, to date, has been my only visit to Japan but, as my Japanese fans are promising a Rim-Con in my honour I shall probably revisit that country, as an author rather than as a seaman.) Even though we seemed to steer clear of Japanese ports we were frequent visitors to Shanghai, usually with cargoes of sugar from Java. It was on one of these voyages that I was under fire for the second time in my life. (The first time, of course, was during that Zeppelin raid on London in World War I.) The Sino-Japanese War had broken out. (Or it may have been one of the preliminary skirmishes.) We were proceeding down river. There was an artillery duel between Japanese cruisers and the forts at Woosung. We had to pass between the combatants. The ships courteously ceased fire until we were clear, the forts did not. The trajectory of the projectiles was high enough so that there was no real danger but it wasn't a very pleasant sensation to hear those shells whistling overhead. (The next time that I was under fire I was aboard the vessel actually being shot at, but that was many years later.)

There were voyages to Rangoon and other ports in Burma to load rice for Java. There was a voyage to Odessa, in the Black Sea, to load or to discharge something or other; I forget now. My main memories are the bitter cold—it was midwinter—and of the International Seamen's Club where, bribed with music, rye bread and sausage and excellent heavy Ukrainian beer we listened to the usual Marxist propaganda spiels. Actually it was all just the same as the Church of England's Missions to Seamen with alcoholic beverages served instead of tea.

It was in winter, too, that we were in Trieste, in the Adriatic. The main memory is of the *bora*, the bitterly cold wind that sweeps down from the Italian Alps. A lazy wind, somebody said. It's too tired to go round you so it goes through you.

As well as the Calcutta Coal Trade there was the Calcutta Salt Trade. Salt, manufactured from sea water, was loaded either in Aden, at the entrance to the Red Sea, or Port Okha, on the North West Coast of India. Loading completed, the hatches would be sealed by the Customs. Discharge was at the Salt Moorings, river berths in Calcutta. Every ounce of the precious commodity would be weighed and tallied out under Customs supervision and, at the close of each day's work , the hatches would be resealed. The rate of discharge depended upon the briskness or otherwise of the salt market. The reason for all this red tape was that in those days, the last years of the British Raj, salt was the one thing that everybody, no matter how poverty stricken, had to have and the customs duty on salt was the only way to ensure that the entire population contributed to the upkeep of the British administration and military forces in India.

So my apprenticehip went on. Apart from being shot at (well, over, actually) in other people's wars and the occasional China Sea typhoon it was a relatively quiet life. Finally, our time having been served, the other three brats and myself were shipped home as passengers from Calcutta in one of Harrison's cargo liners. (The Harrison Line was one of the companies maintaining a regular service between London and Calcutta.)

With others in the same age group but from varying backgrounds—tramps,

liners, oil tankers—I attended the King Edward VII Nautical School, which also had boarding facilities, to complete my studies for the Second Mate's Certificate of Competency and managed to convince the examiners that I was a fit and proper person to hold such a qualification. Shortly thereafter I re-entered the service of the Sun Shipping Company as Third Officer.

I was still reading all the science fiction that I could lay my hands on but never dreamed that I would one day be writing the stuff.

My new (?) ship was *Saint Dunstan*. Actually she was owned by the Saint Line, which was a subsidiary of the Sun Shipping Company. She was old, old and scruffy. (*Cape St. Andrew*, a new ship when I joined her, was by comparison a luxury liner.) She didn't get round as much as *Cape St. Andrew* did and, as I recall it, spent practically all her time on the Calcutta Coal and Salt Trades. I swotted hard and passed, in Calcutta, for my First Mate's Certificate of Competency without having to go to school first. (Actually the "First Mate's Ticket" was little more than a recapitulation of Second Mate's work with the addition of Ship Stability, applied hydrodynamics.

It was while I was in *Saint Dunstan* that I somehow got bitten by the writing bug and, in Calcutta, purchased my first typewriter, an ancient but serviceable Remington portable which lasted me for many years. (I got bitten by other bugs, too. I sat down on a wicker-seated chair in the shop to try the machine out before buying it and the bed bugs in the wicker work had a real feast on the backs of my legs; it was during the Hot Weather and I was wearing shorts.) And yet I had no burning desire to become a science fiction writer, or any kind of fiction writer. My ambition—a weird one, I admit now—was to become a free lance journalist. I did succeed in selling short articles and occasional light verse to newspapers and to the British *Nautical Magazine*. None of this output has, so far as I know, survived. This is no great loss.

When the term of the ship's Articles of Agreement ran out I was among those officers who had no desire to sign on for another three years. I returned to the U.K. from Calcutta in a Brocklebank liner and, the times being what they were, found it hard to obtain suitable employment after I had taken a holiday. Nonetheless I did not regret leaving *Saint Dunstan*. In my career I have served in three outstandingly scruffy ships. *Saint Dunstan* was the first. Then there was the Shaw Savill Line's *Raranga*, one of the last of that company's coal burners, of which vessel I was Second Officer during the latter part of the Second World War. (But *Raranga* I rather liked. Apart from anything else she gave me the inspiration for *Giant Killer*.) Finally there was the Union Steam Ship Company's *Kaimanawa*, of which I held command. Although she was oil-fired she was one of the last of the company's steam—as opposed to motor—ships. She had been built during World War II and looked as though she had been built during World War I. Her accommodation was primitive. Her hatches leaked. Her steam winches were so noisy as to make thought—let alone speech!—impossible during cargo handling operations.

To return to the period immediately after my return to England from the Indian Coast... Times, although improving, were not yet good. For a while I, with two other shipless officers, was a tally clerk at Ford's Dagenham plant in Essex. Then, my mother and brother having moved to that island, I was a kennelman in Jersey. (The British Channel Island, not the American state.) I must have learned quite a lot. In later years, when I was Chief Officer in the Shaw Savill Line, people shipping small animals out from England to Australasia would try to get them on to whichever ship I was in at the time.

Then Shaw Savill were wanting officers. First they were asking for people with Master's certificates who were from either Conway, Worcester or Pangbourne. They lowered their sights a

little when none were forthcoming and asked for Master's Certificates only. They lowered their sights still more, their new requirements being First Mate's Certificates and Conway, Worcester or Pangbourne. Then it got down to First Mate's Certificates only. So it was that I signed on the old *Pakeha's* books as Fourth Officer.

After *Pakeha* there was the relatively new motor vessel *Karamea*. In those days the Shaw Savill Line, like the Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand, favoured Maori names for its vessels although the "ics" (*Coptic*, I think, was the first) were beginning to creep in. It was while serving in her that I married for the first time. And it was in her that I was under fire for the third time, this being shortly after the outbreak of World War II.

War was declared shortly after we sailed from Wellington, New Zealand for England with a cargo of refrigerated foodstuffs. Immediately we, although a merchant vessel, came under the orders of the British Admiralty and were told to continue our voyage to the U.K., via the Panama Canal but to put into Kingston, Jamaica to be equipped with guns and for convoy assembly. We put into Kingston, waited there for some time for our armament, which we never got, and eventually sailed as part of a small, unescorted for most of the time, unarmed convoy.

There was the Royal Mail cargo liner, *Loch Avon*. Her master was a Captain in the Royal Naval Reserve (Retired) so was Convoy Commodore. *Karamea's* master, Teddy Grayston, was a Commander R.N.R. (Rtd.) so was appointed Vice Commodore. There was a Union Steam Ship Company's vessel (I forget her name; she was with us only until we were clear of the Caribbean then proceeded to Canadian ports independently). There were two French ships: *Bretagne*, an old, twin-funneled passenger liner and *Oregon*, a modern motor vessel similar to *Loch Avon* and ourselves.

Whilst still in West Indian waters we had our first scare but were very relieved when the submarine sighted turned out to be an American one. We were, of course, listening to every news broadcast and it seemed that the first outburst of German submarine activity was over. We dared to hope for a quiet voyage home.

Meanwhile, Teddy had us on a war footing. Normally in merchant vessels the Fourth Officer keeps the Chief Officer's watch for him but I was put on day work as navigator, signals officer, black-out king and anything else that needed doing. There were four cadets; three of these were junior watchkeepers and the other one was my sidekick.

The convoy steamed steadily east, in line abeam, *Karamea* leading the port (but non-existent) column, then *Loch Avon*, then *Bretagne*, then *Oregon* to starboard. Still there was no word of enemy submarine activity. But it was too good to last.

First there was a message from the British tramp steamer *Stonepool*. I remember it well for its *chutzpah*. It wasn't a plaintive squeal for help. It read: "Am engaging enemy submarine." But *Stonepool* had guns. None of us did. *Stonepool*, as a matter of fact, won her little battle.

The next message received by our Sparks was even more frightening. *Emil Miguet*, a large French oil tanker, had been torpedoed and abandoned by her crew. Furthermore, this had happened directly ahead of us on the course that we were making. The Commodore ressoned, as I think that anybody in his position would have done, that the German submarine would, by now, be well away from the scene of the crime. He did not order any deviation from the convoy course. During the remaining hours of daylight, however, we carried out a heavy zig-zag and were ordered to resume this at first light the following morning.

At about 0200 hrs. we passed the still-burning wreckage of *Emil Miguet*. I didn't see it myself as I had turned in on completion of the day's duties, leaving word to be called at 0500 hrs. so that I could obtain a morning star fix. I was called much earlier, by the Second Officer. "Wake up, Four Oh! A position, quick, for Sparks! *Loch Avon's* been torpedoed!"

Loch Avon, I learned later, had used an unshielded, all-round Morse lamp to make a signal to the other ships of the convoy regarding resumption of zig-zag, thereby attracting the attention of the officer-of-the-watch of the surfaced U-Boat which, actually, was directly ahead of *Karamea*. She positioned herself to fire a torpedo, successfully, and then, fortunately (for her) saw us bearing down upon her and put on a burst of speed. Our Chief Officer saw the submarine making off to starboard. His peacetime reaction was to alter course to port, to avoid, not to go hard-a-starboard to ram. It was indeed fortunate that he did alter course (although an alteration to starboard would have been better) as a torpedo hurriedly fired from a stern tube missed our stem by inches.

It was quite some time, however, before we were able to hold any sort of post mortem on the morning's disasters. My first job was to run up a dead reckoning position and take it down to Sparks in the radio office. I returned to the bridge to find that the Old Man, in his capacity as Vice Commodore, had ordered the convoy to scatter. We maintained course as we were heading for the rendevous position with a promised destroyer escort. *Oregon* cleared away to the south'ard and, we finally learned, made it safely to port. *Bretagne*, that poor old coal burner, plodded along behind us, sparks cascading from her twin funnels, dropping slowly astern.

Daylight came in slowly. The horizon was hard enough for me to get sights of suitable stars and to calculate our position. After Sparks had sent this off I returned to the bridge and was pottering around in the chartroom when the Chief Officer called, "Hoy! Four Oh! Signals! *Bretagne's* using a daylight Morse lamp!" Then, as I picked up my binoculars and stepped outside, "No, by Christ! It's shellfire!"

Shellfire it was: pale flashes all around the bridge of the old, grey ship,

and then the slowly climbing column of water and smoke as a torpedo hit her amidships. There was another flash—orange—from a low, dark, almost invisible shape and a shellburst well short of us.

Teddy Grayston altered course to put the submarine right astern and ordered our engineers to give us maximum speed. The U-Boat fired again, and again, correcting the range. All that her gunnery officer had to do to score a hit was bracket—and all that Teddy had to do to bugger the bracketing was to alter course towards each fall of shot. Meanwhile the Second and Third Officers were in charge on deck, getting the boats swung out and stocked with extra blankets and provisions, getting some cases of gold bullion that were among our cargo out of the strong room and putting these in the boats, even placing the two little dogs that were also part of the cargo into the lifecraft. These tasks completed all they had to do was to keep all hands under cover.

By this time the sun was well up and, as chance would have it, directly on the port beam. I got out my sextant and took two good shots. It was an old but very good instrument, and heavy. When you are taking sights under fire a heavy instrument is advantageous rather than otherwise. The shaking of the hands is minimised. By sheer good luck we were steaming directly along a position line, which meant that any help steaming or flying along this same line would be sure to find us. (For some reason we, on the bridge, were sure that our rescuers would be Coastal Command's Sunderland flying boats; we were well within their range.)

I gave the new message form to Sparks then returned to the bridge. The shelling was continuing, with every miss a very near one. But there were other smells beside the acridity of exploding lyddite. The cooks were busy making steak and egg and bacon sandwiches—and nobody thought of sending any up to the people who were doing all the work.

My readers will know that Grimes is, now and again, referred to as Gutsy Grimes, the nickname derived from his appetite rather than his courage. There is, I suppose, something of me in Grimes. Any how, during a slight lull in the shelling, I asked the Old Man, "Do you think I might make some tea and toast for us all, sir?"

"Excellent idea, Chandler!"

I went down to the saloon pantry, switched on the boiler and the toaster. I found the largest teapot, some loaves of bread. There were five hungry mouths to feed—Teddy, the Chief Officer, two cadets and myself. I made an enormous pile of toast and was generous with the butter and the anchovy paste. I brewed the tea. I loaded everything, including cups and spoons and milk and sugar, on to a big tray. All the time I had been conscious that there was only a thin sheet of steel between me and the German projectiles; I had been much less unhappy when I could see what was going on.

During my return up top with the loaded tray I had to come out on to the lower bridge. The wind scooped the toast off the dish and on to the deck. I thought, *If we're going to die a bit of dirty toast won't kill us.* I gathered up the toast, put it back in the tray and completed my journey without further mishap. (Later I told the story, in confidence, to the Second Officer. He told the Old Man. Teddy took me severely to task about it.)

Shortly after we had finished our delayed breakfast the Third Officer wandered up to the bridge. He said cheerfully to Teddy, "We're being followed, sir."

Teddy accorded him a laser-like glare from his monocle and snapped, "A blinding glimpse of the obvious, Owen!"

"Look astern, sir."

Until now we had been scanning the sky ahead through our glasses, searching for the Coastal Command flying boats that must, surely, be on the way. Now we looked aft. There was the U-

Boat, still slowly gaining on us. And, hull down, three grey pyramids, the upperworks of destroyers. Like ourselves the submarine's people had not been keeping a look-out astern. Had she dived in time she would have escaped. She did dive eventually and almost immediately was surrounded by a pattern of depth charges. She surfaced and surrendered.

When the shooting was over the Chief Steward came up to the bridge and addressed the Captain. "Splice the main brace, sir?"

"Of course, Mr. Davis."

"Scotch, sir?"

There was another laser-like glare from Teddy's monocle. "*Scotch*, Mr. Davis? What are you thinking of? Nelson's blood!" he thundered. "Nelson's blood!"

So rum it was.

The Third Officer took over the watch and the rest of us went down to the officers' smoking room for our main brace splicing. Mr. Moffatt, the Chief Officer, a few years previously had been Second Officer of the old *Mamari* when she hit an iceberg off Cape Horn during his watch, in the small hours of the morning. He had seen it—there was some moonlight, I believe—but had assumed, until it was too late, that it was low cloud. Anyhow, Mr. Moffatt was tending to pat himself on the back for having saved *Karamea* by going hard-a-port as soon as he saw the submarine, even though he did not learn that a torpedo had been fired at us until well afterward.

Teddy brought his monocle to bear. (I've often wondered why that thing never melted.) "It's a bloody pity, Moffatt," he drawled, "that you aren't as good at ramming submarines as you are at ramming icebergs!"

And that's about all, I think, that I shall be writing about World War II. Oh, I could tell the tale of how I missed the wreck of the old *Matakana* by being landed in Panama, on the homeward passage, with chickenpox, which infantile ailment I must have caught from my current girlfriend in Wellington, who was a schoolmistress. And there was the time in the notorious *Raranga* when we were trapped in the ice, in Buzzard's Bay, and almost drifted on to the Hen and Chicken Shoal. Also in *Raranga* was a Night to Remember: a Western Ocean convoy slamming at full speed through an icefield in thick fog. In theory the escorting destroyers were picking up the bergs on their radar and laying calcium flares at the base of each one; in practice it didn't work out too well. Ice is a very poor radar target. There was my spell as Armaments Officer in the troopship *Mataroa* and the way in which my rocket weapons invariably failed to reciprocate my affection for them. And vivid in my memory is the occasion when the Bo's'n of the same ship almost wiped out the entire crew of the six inch gun—and myself!—with a point thirty stripped Savage Lewis. And there was that event-crowded morning when the Admiral took off his cap, threw it down on the deck and jumped on it...

Nonetheless World War II as well as providing me with experience and material, as it did so many other writers, also got me into the right place at the right time. In days of peace New York just isn't among Shaw Savill's ports of call. In war time the ships of the Shaw Savill Line—like the ships of every other company—were required to go anywhere and everywhere.

Astounding Science Fiction had long been my favourite magazine. On one visit to New York I decided that I would like to meet the Great Man who edited the great periodical. I visited the editorial offices of Street & Smith and, having made my request to the receptionist, was ushered into the Presence. John received me cordially. We talked. He complained that as most of his writers were now in the armed forces of the U.S.A. he was very short of material. Perhaps I, as a Faithful Reader of very long standing, would care to contribute... I didn't take his suggestion seriously.

But...

Why not? I must have asked myself.

It was shortly after this that I left *Mataroa* to sit for my Certificate of Competency as Master of a Foreign Going Steamship. I had to go to school for this; I could have passed an examination in gunnery easily but, over quite a long period, had not been able to spare the time to continue my studies of navigation, seamanship, maritime law and all the rest of it. I passed and, shortly thereafter, was appointed as Second Officer to the old *Raranga,* a big, coal-burning, twin-screwed steamship. She had been torpedoed during World War I but had survived. She got through World War II unscathed although she once distinguished herself by shooting down a German bomber and a British fighter in the same action.

She was infested with rats. We kept a .22 rifle on the bridge so that, on moonlit nights, the officer of the watch could amuse himself sniping at the brutes. (The use of heavier armament, such as the 20mm machine guns, would have been frowned upon.)

Anyhow, the first time that I came into New York in *Raranga* I had my first short story ready for personal delivery to John Campbell. It was 4,000 words long and had taken me all of a fortnight to peck out on the ancient Remington. (Today that would be little more than a forenoon's work.) It was called "This Means War." It was about the captain of a Venusian spaceship who, making a landing on one of Earth's seas, is shot at by *everybody* and assumes that all this hostile fire is directed at him personally. The period, of course, is during World War II.

I handed this masterpiece to John and said that I'd better leave return postage with it. John assured me that there was no need for me to do so and that he would send it back. *Raranga* made her way to England in a very slow convoy. Awaiting me was a letter from Street & Smith. In it was a cheque.

Raranga was a frequent visitor to New York, sometimes calling there for bunkers on her homeward voyages from Australasia, sometimes loading refrigerated cargo there for the U.K. I became one of the Campbells' regular weekend guests, others being Lester del Rey, Theodore Sturgeon and George O. Smith. I became, too, one of Campbell's regular writers during the remainder of the war years. John always asked that members of his team use pseudonyms when peddling his rejects to other magazines. I had two: George Whitley, for use in the U.S.A. and, a little later, in the U.K. and Andrew Dunstan for use in Australia. Later, when John relaxed his house rules, it was not unusual for me to have two stories, under different by-lines, in the same issue of a magazine. It made my day, once, when I read a letter in somebody's correspondence column saying that Whitley was a better writer than Chandler...

It was while I was in *Raranga* that I wrote what many people regard, still, as my best story—"Giant Killer." It was those rats that gave me the idea. The first version was written from the viewpoint of the crew of a spaceship who find this derelict adrift in some cockeyed orbit. Boarding her, they are attacked by the ferocious mutated rodents. John read it then said, "No. It won't do. Try it from the viewpoint of the original crew of the derelict." (That first version did sell to a projected English sf magazine that, however, never got off the ground due to the paper shortage.)

Version No. 2 was a real beaut. I'm still sorry that it never saw print. It was called "The Rejected," the title coming from the first verse of *The Internationale.* The spaceship was a Russian one, with brass samovars bubbling on the bulkheads and portraits of the Little Red Father decorating every crew space. She had a mixed crew. The navigator was having an affaire with the catering officer, who was also the captain's wife. The amount of vodka consumed by one and all would have fuelled a rocket to Far Centaurus. And, of course, I heavily stressed the irony of this mess of mutinous mutants seething under the comrades' feet.

John read it. He looked at me more

in sorrow than in anger. He said, "I would point out that *Astounding Science Fiction* is neither *Thrilling Romances* nor a monthly edition of *The Daily Worker*. Take it away—and do it again from the viewpoint of the rats!"

"*What?*"

"You heard me."

The next time in New York I had the first two thousand words completed. I took it out to one of the Campbells' weekend house parties. John read it, passed it to Ted Sturgeon. He read it, passed it to George O. Smith. He read it. They all demanded, "Where's the rest of it?"

I said, "There ain't going to be no rest unless John promises to buy it."

Peace broke out shortly thereafter. Until my promotion to Chief Officer I remained a very prolific short story writer, contributing to magazines in the U.S.A. (there were so many of them!) the U.K. and Australia. Gradually the George Whitley and Andrew Dunstan by-lines were phased out, the former, however, being used for quite some time for stories that did not fall into the typical Chandler space opera pattern.

When I got my penultimate rise in the world I had far less time for writing although I was, by this time, toying with the idea of making the switch from short stories to novels. One such was, in fact, written during my final years with Shaw Savill: *Glory Planet* (*my* title was *Glory Shore*), eventually published by Avalon, some years after its completion. When I wrote it very little was known about Venus. When finally it was published far too much was known. Impossible as it has turned out to be I still feel affection for the story locale that I created—a colony strung out along the banks of a long, long river, the people living in towns given the names of Terran riparian conurbations, travelling back and forth by sternwheel paddle steamers...

My first ship after World War II was *Coptic*, running for a time on charter to the U.S. Navy. Then there was *Tamaroa*, sister ship to *Mataroa*, running alternately as a peacetime troop transport and as a civilian passenger ship. Then *Empire Deben*, one of the spoils of war. A onetime German passenger liner—*Thuringia*, on the Western Ocean trade, *General San Martin* on the South American trade—she had spent the war years as a U-Boat depot ship. Under the British flag she was a peacetime troopship, owned by the Ministry of Sea Transport (all such vessels were named after British rivers) and managed by Shaw Savill.

Then there was *Cufic*, my first ship as Chief Officer. She was an American-built Liberty Ship. After *Cufic* there was *Doric*, which vessel I joined for her maiden voyage. She should have been a fine ship but she was not, mainly due to the appallingly low standard of workmanship in the yard where she was built.

My last ship in the Shaw Savill Line was *Waiwera*, in which I sailed for quite some time. She represents another crucial point in my life. If I had not served in that particular vessel it is highly probable that there would never have been any Rim Worlds or any Commodore Grimes to be a pain in the arse to the rulers of that far flung confederation.

It was while I was serving in *Waiwera* that I met the lady who became my second wife. She was travelling out as passenger from England to Australia but had no fixed intention of settling in that country. She was at my table in the dining saloon and, during the meal time conversations, and at other times, we discovered that we had a great deal in common. But this is not *Thrilling Romances*. Suffice it to say that I resigned from the service of the Shaw Savill line, emigrated to Australia and, after seeing what the various Australian shipping companies had to offer, joined the Union Steam Ship Company of New

Zealand as Third Officer.

USSCo, although its Head Office was (and still is) in Wellington, New Zealand, in those days owned quite a large fleet of small vessels under the Australian flag. What made the Company attractive to me was that the majority of officers were, like myself, refugees from the big English companies: Shaw Savill, the Blue Funnel Line, the Port Line, the Royal Mail, even Cunard. Our Marine Superintendent in Sydney had started life, as a seafarer, in the P & O. To American readers all the above may seem to be without great significance but the old established English shipping lines, before industrialisation replaced the now outmoded ideals of service, were practically private navies.

It was not long before I was back in my old rank, as Chief Officer. I served on Australian coastal trades, on the Bass Strait passenger ferry service, on the New Zealand coast, on the Pacific Islands trade, on the trans-Tasman service. I became used to and came to love relatively small ships. Relatively small? Some were *bloody* small, by anybody's standards.

And I started writing hard again, short stories and novelets at first. A spell on the Strahan Trade—back and forth between Strahan, a small port on the wild West Coast of Tasmania and Yarraville, a grimly and gimily industrial suburb of Melbourne—somehow gave me the idea for the Rim Worlds and for their major shipping company, Rim Runners, with a fleet officered by refugees from the big Terran spacelines. Rim Runners had to have an Astronautical Superintendent just as today's shipping companies have Marine Superintendents. That vacancy was filled by Captain (later Commodore) Grimes. At first Grimes was only a background character.

The Great Magazine Market Crash came just when I had nicely re-established myself as a short story writer. One of the reasons was the proliferation of paperback novels. So, like many others, I had to make the switch from short to long material. That was when the never-ending Grimes saga really got off the ground. It was some time, however, before he had a novel all to himself. My protagonist *should* have been one Derek Calver—but he was last seen heading in the general direction of the next galaxy but three and hasn't been heard from since.

Finally, having attained sufficient Union Steam Ship Company seniority, I was appointed to command. Somehow, when I made the transition from "Mr." to "Captain," Grimes made his from "Captain" to "Commodore." Much later, when I was a sort of honorary Commodore, being the senior (but only) captain in a one-ship company (actually one of USSCo's subsidiaries) Grimes became an honorary Admiral of one of the surface navies on Tharn, a Rim Worlds planet.

When Commodore Grimes was firmly established as a series character I took a leaf from the book of the late C. S. Forester and started to tell the story of Grimes' early life just as Hornblower's creator did regarding him. The first book was *The Road To The Rim*, dedicated to Hornblower. For quite a while two series were running concurrently: the somewhat elderly and cantankerous Commodore Grimes of Rim Runners, and the Rim Worlds Naval Reserve and the young Mr.—eventually Commander—Grimes of the Federation Survey Service. There were novels, some of which were serialised in *If*. There were short stories, appearing in *If*, *Galaxy* and *Analog*, which later came out in book form.

All the time I was hinting that there was some Big Black Mark in Grimes' career, some crime or colossal blunder as a result of which he had been obliged to resign his commission in the Survey Service and emigrate to the Rim Worlds.

At last I decided to write the book that would fill the gap between his two careers. I didn't even have to think up a plot; there was one readymade. All that I did, essentially, was to retell the story of Bligh and the *Bounty*. The only real difference between real life and fiction was that Bligh survived *his* mutiny and went on to become, in the fullness of of time, a Rear Admiral in the Royal Navy. Grimes—considerably less vindictive in his dealings with the mutineers than Bligh was— was obliged to make a fresh start.

I thought that I had filled the gap with *The Big Black Mark* but readers were not slow to tell me that I had done nothing of the kind. And not only readers... If anybody is to be blamed for the third Grimes series—Grimes, Survey Service drop-out, yachtmaster, owner-master, still to make his way to the Rim Worlds—it is Hayakawa Publishing of Tokyo. A few years back that company purchased Japanese paperback rights to all the Rim Worlds novels then in-print. They had the bright idea of publishing these in the correct order insofar as Grimes' biography was concerned, starting off with *The Road To The Rim*. Before they got around to printing *The Big Black Mark* they were demanding a direct follow-up to this book.

For various reasons the sequence in the U.S.A. has, once again, gotten out of order. *Star Courier* has been published by DAW before *The Far Traveller* (the novel, that is, not the *Analog* novelette). At the moment of writing I can report that *To Keep The Ship*, the follow-up to *Star Courier*, has been purchased by DAW and Hayakawa but not yet by my usual publishers in London.

Then there is the *Kitty And The Commodore* series, the first episode of which will be appearing in *Isaac Asimov's*. In this the somewhat elderly Commodore Grimes tells stories of his misspent youth to one Kitty Kelly who produces a programme called Kitty's Korner for Station Yorick, on Elsinore. Other episodes will be written between novels.

Looking over the above few paragraphs I realised that I made the transition from shipmaster and part-time writer to full-time writer. But the transition still is not complete. I would class myself now as part-time shipmaster and full-time writer. Since my retirement I seem to have been spending quite a lot of my time in charge of laid-up ships and have been referred to as the Union Steam Ship Company's Commodore Baby Sitter. These last pages, as a matter of fact, are being written aboard an out of commission vessel.

So far—like Grimes—I have been lucky. The first baby sitting job ended just before the Aussiecon, the second shortly prior to my trip to the U.S.A. to attend the Expo-That-Wasn't, the third immediately before the QCon in Brisbane. All being well I should be free to make a trip to Japan to meet my publishers and readers later this year.

Looking back over the decades and the miles I feel that I have very little cause for complaint. Things might not always have been for the best in the best of all possible worlds but they could have been a damn' sight worse. And in my earlier life, at least, there has been the element of unpredictability that helped to make things interesting. I recall a rather amusing incident from my youth, shortly after my first, round-the-world-a-couple-or-three-times in *Cape St. Andrew*. I was home on leave. It was during what passes for summer in England. With a couple of friends I went to spend the day at Great Yarmouth, a seaside resort on the east coast. On the beach there was the tent of a gipsy fortune teller. I had my fortune told. The lady assured me that I should never travel. Not so oddly I did not believe her prognostications. But if she had told me that I should finish up as an Australian shipmaster *and* an internationally know science fiction writer I should have been incredulous.

It would have been much neater if my second wife had been to see *her* fortune teller at exactly the same time, but it must have been quite a few years later. She, a girl raised in an entirely land-locked country, was told that she would one day marry a sea captain...

I'm glad that the second fortune teller—*her* fortune teller—was right. Apart from anything else, three of the four Ditmars that I have been awarded should really have gone to Susan.

The other one should have gone to Grimes.

Or Bligh. □

ALGOL INTERVIEW:

GORDON R. DICKSON

Fred Haskell

INTERVIEWED BY

Sandra Miesel

ALGOL: You started college majoring in creative writing. What turned you toward a writing career rather than academe since you obviously have a natural gift for teaching?

DICKSON: But all writers are natural teachers. Once they're good writers, fine teaching comes as automatically to them as breathing because essentially in their stories—if their stories are good—they're telling people things. Teaching goes to the same creative well as writing. There's a great deal of satisfaction in teaching which is why most people don't seem to be able to write and teach at the same time. And when you look right at it, you're talking to a much larger audience, much more effectively through the blinking books anyway. You just don't get the feedback.

ALGOL: You're one of the few people in SF who's been a full-time writer from the beginning of your career.

DICKSON: The more I look back on it, the more convinced I become that I was a fully formed writer long before I got my degree which is the reason the writing courses didn't scuttle me the way they often do people. In other words, I had enough mass and momentum along the road I wanted to travel so that I couldn't be jolted off. I've literally been a writer all my life, as far back as I can remember.

ALGOL: You had a long association with John Campbell. Do you think your interaction was different because you didn't have the hard science orientation his 'school' of writers had?

DICKSON: No, it's amazing how little or how much of these things you use. John, in spite of his own degree in physics, wasn't a hard science writer either. What John really loved wasn't science fiction but idea-fiction, and that's my territory.

ALGOL: Have you ever felt an impulse to write non-fiction, popular history, or anything of that kind?

DICKSON: Yes, I've thought of things I'd like to do but they're far down the list of wants. Let me mention something I'd enjoy and will get around to doing. I promise that certain things are going to happen by the turn of the century. One is the Neo-Puritan revolution and another is long narrative poetry and the essay coming back. I very much love the elegance of the classical essay, the nineteenth century essay, people like Carlyle and Ruskin—particularly Ruskin—beautiful. It's an elegant way of making a point and I can have a lot of fun with that. They aren't quite back yet but they will come. You have to have people who can appreciate the elegance before it can happen.

ALGOL: Since we're going to be talking about the Childe Cycle, would you state briefly what it is and where it's going in terms of structure?

DICKSON: The Childe Cycle basically is one large novel consisting of twelve smaller novels. As one large novel, it is what I call a 'consciously-thematic' novel. It is also a novel built on the pattern of a science fiction story in which we first establish the real-life basis on which the possible future is going to be laid and extrapolate rigorously from it. In this case, I'm going to be extrapolating from the three historical novels and the three contemporary novels into the six science fiction novels. Of the twelve, four on the science fiction end have been published: *Necromancer, Tactics of Mistake, Dorsai!,* and *Soldier, Ask Not.* The fifth is in the process of writing right now—that's *The Final Encyclopedia. The Final Encyclopedia* and *Childe* are actually prequel and sequel, in other words, they make up one big novel by themselves.

ALGOL: Let's not forget the illuminations—"Warrior" and "Brothers." And you've promised others as well. The Cycle has been an intensely important part of your writing career for almost twenty years.

DICKSON: It's my showpiece for the consciously-thematic novel.

ALGOL: It's also a vehicle for the philosophy you were talking about really before you had the idea for the Cycle—the evolutionary philosophy. It even shows up in such early work as *Time to Teleport,* in 1955, and in *Mankind on the Run,* another novel of the same era. Many of the same ideas, like man taking a role in his own evolution and the need for reconciliation between different aspects of the human personality—the conscious/progressive and unconscious/conservative halves—are in *The Space Swimmers* and *The Pritcher Mass.* So even when you are not within the Cycle, you are still exploring the same themes.

DICKSON: Essentially, yes.

ALGOL: Therefore, one concludes that these themes are personally quite important to you.

DICKSON: Absolutely. I am a galloping optimist. It's an argument for the fact that man's future is onward and upward.

ALGOL: I think it would be more the unconscious/conservative half of the argument.

DICKSON: How can you argue with two million well-reasoned words, which is what we're going to have at the end of it?

ALGOL: However, philosophy delivered in the form of adventure novels may not be recognized as such without additional cueing. When you finally rewrite it in the polished, perfected form, I assume this is going to be made a little more explicit.

DICKSON: I'm at the curious necessity of having to rough draft large sections of a two million word novel. Only after I've rough-drafted will I know exactly what I've got. Then I can go back and sharpen it up. Now again, because of the exegencies of time, space...

ALGOL: and publishers' schedules...

DICKSON: ...and finances, I am rough-drafting it in sections and not even chronological sections. Each one of these sections has to fulfill two very strong strictures. One is that they be adequate entertainment apart from their place in the Cycle. The second being that they are consciously-thematic novels, that their message is not an accidental or a blurred thing, but a clear statement for those who will look for it.

ALGOL: Ah, that's the key word, for those who are willing to *look* for it. Don't you have a problem of an awful lot of people only reading them as space operas? You are so consistently underrated. This fills me with messianic zeal. I want to collar people and tell them the Truth.

DICKSON: Right. Pick them up by the ears and shake them.

ALGOL: And I can do it, too. How anybody could say that *Soldier, Ask Not* is a space opera!

DICKSON: They certainly said it about *Dorsai!*. One of the things that led them astray was that it appeared as an Ace Double which was strictly adventure science fiction.

ALGOL: Samuel R. Delany first appeared in an Ace Double, too.

DICKSON: Depends on where you put your philosophy—on top or underneath.

ALGOL: I had been reading your stories since I was thirteen and enjoyed them, but until I actually read *Dorsai!*, the full emotional impact did not hit me. It was rather like the experience C. S. Lewis records in his autobiography on the first time he encountered Norse mythology. He was suddenly made aware of something 'cold, pale, remote, and immense.' And that is exactly how it hit me: these huge, pale, cloudless skies with rocky cliffs and mountains against them. Once having perceived it, I was eager to read the Cycle in order and begin to study it—as I have been doing for the past two years.

Since you had the ideas for the Cycle and produced the first leg, *Dorsai!*, before you had the actual structure in mind, how did you come to devise it?

DICKSON: I wanted to do two things. What every writer wants to do is write the books that he would like to read himself. I wanted to write things that were enjoyable to read—great, powerful, actionful things. At the same time I wanted to do something more, I wanted to plow new ground, open up new territory. Now, I was unconsciously searching for a way to do it in the '40s and I had a novel called *The Pikeman* started. Then I came to my senses, realized I didn't want to teach—I was in graduate school at the time—broke out and went into writing science fiction, which was magazine fiction, to stay alive. And for some time didn't think of a novel because I thought I would starve to death during the investment of time. However, I ended up writing a few of these earlier Ace books. And then I got around to writing *Dorsai!*.

Only after I'd written it did I realize I'd used a lot of the material, the idea, the thematic content that would have gone into *Pikeman*. What was behind *The Pikeman* was literally a thematic novel. I wanted to show a particular type of Renaissance character, a completely unempathic intellectual through the clean eyes of a young Swiss pikeman, one of the levies that had been hired south in the 15th century. And so the concept of the adventure story that was done for a purpose was already there. Then when I'd discovered I'd done it and essentially done it successfully in *Dorsai!*, it began to cook.

So it had been brewing for more than a year before I got to the 1960 Milford Conference and was up there, couldn't sleep that one night, and went 'Eureka!' I had it! Got up the next morning and spent three hours trying to tell Richard MacKenna about it, which was actually a process by which I sorted it out in my own mind. The essential structure was born full-blown in that moment and has stayed the same.

ALGOL: It's interesting that it was MacKenna you talked to. Was that an accident?

DICKSON: No, Mac was the one person there whom I could conceivably bounce this off of for a number of reasons. In the first place he was also a thematic writer, although not a conscious one in the particular, specialized sense in which I'm using that word. Secondly, and most importantly, he was a storyteller. We were both strongly derivative of Kipling as a lot of people are in the science fiction field. In fact, it's freakish to see how much the hand of Kipling has influenced generations of science fiction writers at first, second, or even third hand. But more important, he had done (or was doing?) *The Sand Pebbles*. It, too, was a big project and essentially revealed history through the medium of characters in action affected by that history.

And he did what a good pro writer does, he bounced things back off me without either trying to grasp it too quickly—that is, he waited to get the whole thing—and without trying to turn it into his story, rather than mine. It is an instinct when one carpenter speaks to another to say, 'Well the trouble with your adze is...' and talk about the way *he* would use an adze. It's quite all right to do it as long as you understand, as most professionals do, that your suggestions are never going to be used. Their purpose is merely to give the questioning writer something to work off of.

ALGOL: In this moment of inspiration it is quite extraordinary that you hit upon basic and universal symbols so that you could continue to use them unaltered afterwards.

DICKSON: I think the symbols were there originally.

ALGOL: Thus you have a means of reaching readers who are only, who *think* they are only, reading an adventure story. They don't have to know anything about mythology to get the benefit of the symbols. They're responding to these symbols at a subconscious, emotional level.

DICKSON: Actually, that would be counter to my purpose. The whole point about the new ground I want to plow in literature is to move one step closer to having the reader experience it for himself. Now bear in mind I was not deliberately charting these symbols. I was, however, conscious that I was writing philosophy. Or rather, rendering philosophy. And in the attempt to render philosophy you invariably go to symbol-resonant materials. But I wanted this to work way down underground on the subconscious level. For one thing, I wanted to write something that wasn't teachable per se. It would be very hard to have a literature course in which you study the Cycle.

ALGOL: Lester del Rey must be so proud of you.

DICKSON: That's the point: they can hardly pound it into the heads of tenth graders.

ALGOL: We certainly don't want to frighten the readers, yet the structure and the meaning are so tightly organized and skilfully intertwined in the Cycle that to explicate the background is not just an empty exercise. The form carries the function. The symbols and the allusions are never merely decorative. They push the story forward.

DICKSON: Something important: you see, I'm not really writing for the person who will dig in and find these things out. I am writing something that I hope the average, wanting-to-be-enter-

tained reader will pick up and absorb. That's the whole point of the consciously-thematic novel. It's a way of making a philosophical statement that the reader sort of swallows without having realized that they've swallowed it, and only later realizes it's in there. The propagandistic novel gives you no chance but to accept or reject the statement. The consciously-thematic novel makes the statement available to you but does not require you to do either one. You can simply ignore it.

ALGOL: Would it be going too far to say that if you complete the Cycle the way you envision it and everything goes well, you will in a very small way have contributed to the actualization of the developments you're talking about in fiction?

DICKSON: That essentially is the aim. I'm literally saying we've got to move forward and this would be a good direction to go in and I recommend it highly. It's amazing, the feedback I've gotten. There are individuals who come up to me and say: 'Wouldn't it be nice if the future held worlds like this?'

ALGOL: If we look far enough in the future, who knows? Maybe the Childe Cycle will turn up on some 30th century list of Ten Books That Changed the Universe.

DICKSON: And what are the other nine? An artist has to have two things: he has to have, somewhere tucked away, a tremendous ego, the feeling that he is the best painter or writer that ever came down the pike, never in the history of the world, never before and never again... On the other hand, he has to have a secret little gnawing, wizened doubt that comes out and bites him in the heel and says: 'But did you do it right? Is it really art?' and so forth. The reason he has to have these two things is, when the world's brass bands march around him or her and banners are hung from the wall, to keep him from becoming a victim of his or her own adulation, this little doubt will creep out and say: 'But ah, yes, we know, don't we? You're a fake.' And consequently at the other end of the spectrum, when the world says it's absolutely no good, this 'best thing that ever came down the pike' attitude keeps him or her alive and working. So you bobble back and forth between Scylla and Carybdis.

ALGOL: You have engaged in a number of collaborations with other writers. How did those work?

DICKSON: It's just that I never intended to do any of them. My theory was that I wouldn't write under a pseudonym and that I wouldn't collaborate. On the other hand, I'd already collaborated with Poul Anderson, only they weren't really collaborations, he'd done all the writing. We'd simply talked the thing over and so the Hokas were a natural.

ALGOL: It must have been very easy writing the Hoka stories—being a Hoka yourself.

DICKSON: Quite right! That's what people say. In the Hoka stories, I do the first draft, Poul does the second. In the case of the collaboration with Ben Bova, *Gremlins, Go Home*, we were supposed to do alternate chapters. He ended up doing about ten and I did two. In the case of *Lifeship*, Harry Harrison did a 30,000 word piece, sort of a strange bastardly cross between a novelette and an extended outline and I took it from there. Really, it isn't a good way to write. I know of no instance of a superior collaboration—no, maybe Nordoff and Hall is an exception—but they're a case of collaborators who never wrote anything much alone.

ALGOL: But what about Pohl and Kornbluth?

DICKSON: Possibly. Maybe that's right. Kornbluth was a marvelous idea man and Pohl was the worker, in truth.

ALGOL: One can guess some of your particular personal interests from things that show up in your stories like history, traditional forms of literature, arts, military sciences, things of that kind. I would suspect you must be interested in behavioral psychology. You do all these things with animal psychology and alien psychology deduced from animal behavior, such as in *The Alien*

Way and *None But Man*.

DICKSON: I tend to gestalt things, you know. I see humans and animals as illuminating one another by what they do and also humans and animals illuminating aliens and vice versa.

ALGOL: You're the only writer I can think of who provides the journal article reference for source materials so that the reader could conceivably look it up if his interests lay in that direction.

DICKSON: That's the doggone thematic thing. I'm kind of hoping they *will* go look it up.

ALGOL: But back to your sometime partner Poul Anderson. It annoys me no end to hear you and him regarded as members of the same school when you are as unlike as any pair of people in the field.

DICKSON: Hear! Hear!

ALGOL: It seems to me that the grand underlying theme in all your works is the indomitable will. It is as though you turn the famous lines from the *Battle of Maldon* around so that: 'hearts will be bolder, wills will be stronger as our strength *waxes.*'

DICKSON: Well, I see the human being as certainly improvable, if not perfectible. Perfectible is a little too good to be true. Improvable, tremendously improvable. And by his or her own strength.

ALGOL: Your characters are going to remake heaven and earth by force of will and it's very fashionable to accuse you of being a radical individualist, and yet you have many occasions where the hero is the symbol of a larger group and it's really a corporate enterprise with everybody contributing something.

DICKSON: What I see in this is essentially what the Childe Cycle says. You look at human beings from a completely non-partisan point of view and you see they really aren't very good, but, on the other hand, they come up with all these great things. And how do you explain this? They are by definition wildly egocentric with all the sins and failings, individually egocentric and mutually antagonistic yet they flock together in groups and do violence to their own instinctive reactions in order to get along together. Really, the human animal is a fascinating contradiction all the way along the line.

ALGOL: As C. S. Lewis put it, 'Akin on the one hand to angels and on the other to tomcats.'

DICKSON: Right. The only key I've found to it is in the creative area. I've hypothesized that there's a great deal of creativity locked up, either culturally or simply because we haven't evolved far enough.

ALGOL: Creativity—building things—is the proper work of human beings. This is the most advanced, the most liberating thing they can do.

Your stories also dramatize the ability of human beings to act out of free will which is an unfashionable idea at this time. You have people triumphing over various biological and cultural imperatives. For instance, it seems to me that it was harder for Jamethon Black in *Soldier, Ask Not* to be a saint than for most people precisely because his culture was so religious.

DICKSON: Jamethon Black, he's the saint side of the Janus face. I'd already shown the fanatic side which is much easier to get across. Jamethon can only be what he is by acting as an individual in a highly non-individualistic culture and this is his real triumph.

ALGOL: Your environments have always seemed to me to be extremely austere places colored in clean, cold pastels or monochrome hues.

Now the schematic structures and the recapitulation, the macro-universe against the micro-universe, your habit of turning every detail toward the principal theme, gives your work an archetechtonic quality that is most impressive. One is always aware that every story is a 'made thing.'

DICKSON: Aware? Uncomfortably aware?

ALGOL: No, just that you do bring to the reader's attention this is not naturalistic fiction. Eventually, I assume that the finished science fictional leg of the Cycle will have not a wheel out of place, not a gear unmeshed.

DICKSON: Hopefully. That's a lot to ask. That's going to be three-quarters of a million words long.

ALGOL: We have faith in you. But by leaving out spontaneity and randomness, you achieve a feeling of terrible relentlessness.

DICKSON: I'm glad to hear that.

ALGOL: This is probably more evident in the short fiction than in your novels. You have fate and destiny making evolutionary progress across human history like very cold mountain streams racing through deep channels.

DICKSON: That's the kind of sentence you could put in a popular statement on the Cycle. The readers can follow metaphor and on the basis of metaphor they'll take your word for everything else.

ALGOL: I've already mentioned that the conflicts in your stories center on men alone, that while you do the fraternal and paternal relationships beautifully, the women are never sufficiently important to balance off the men because all the major polarities are male-male. In general, your universes are not ones in which I myself would feel at home because they're *too* uncompromisingly masculine. There is no psychological or mythological space for the Goddess. I much prefer the company of men, but there's no place for me to exist in this masculine universe of yours. I come in as an outside observer, as a tourist.

DICKSON: That's a problem. In the last few years I've come around to changing my attitude and in fact, I've been working with it. This is a collapsed area of the continuum that I have to expand.

ALGOL: So far the theory and the practice of writing heroines has not been adequate to convey what you eventually want them to represent. How much feedback have you ever gotten on that—responsible feedback?

DICKSON: Quite a lot. From way back.

ALGOL: When I was studying Robert Silverberg I came to the conclusion that his women characters fail by being female without being feminine. Yours, on the other hand, are feminine without being female—they're not musky, they're not vividly sensuous enough. This comes across in literary techniques, not simply in the position of the characters. You have beautiful ways with thumbnail descriptions from which the reader is supposed to conclude something about the character's personality. But with the females, you tell her character and leave the description vague. You have imposed an interpretation on the reader which is contrary to your theory of literary art. But *The Dragon And The George* is much, much better in this respect than anything hitherto. Danielle is the first Dicksonian heroine who is completely described in face, body, and clothing. Too often you have said: 'She wore a dress.' Women readers find this lack of detail obnoxious.

As far as the rest of the stories go, it's difficult to understand what your supermen with their marvelous gifts can possibly see in these pallid, plastic ingenues who do nothing but misunderstand them. This is particularly true in *Tactics Of Mistake.* Melissa Khan is the absolute nadir of nitwittery. You have to apply better characterization techniques to the women in your stories.

DICKSON: I just didn't get around to it. That won't be any problem. All I had to do is know that it was going on.

ALGOL: On another topic, it is very interesting that your heroes, however much alienated by circumstances and set apart from other people by their special talents, still feel a solidarity with the rest of the human race—for which I applaud you. It's terrible to see you tarred with the Heinlein brush.

DICKSON: It doesn't matter.

ALGOL: It isn't right. It isn't true.

DICKSON: In the end it'll all come out.

ALGOL: 'Error has no right to exist.' That's the motto of the Inquisition.

DICKSON: That's right: off with his head!

ALGOL: Take the last scene in *The Pritcher Mass* where all the living beings are awakening, all their powers are uni-

ting, and the clouds roll back—that is a lovely image of the corporate nature of life. The highest does not stand without the lowest and every part contributes to the final triumph over evil. It is also remarkable throughout your works (particularly *Soldier, Ask Not*) that you insist on the moral use of talent, that power alone without character is inevitably corrupted. Heinlein says if it prevails, it is the right. You say that if it is the right it will prevail. That is a very positive and wholesome attitude for which you get damn little credit.

Why have you so consistently put down science—which ought to be the Dumezilian third function, completing the set with the Exotics, Friendlies, and Dorsai?

DICKSON: The trouble with science in the Cycle is two things: first I wanted to get away from using science in the foreground.

ALGOL: You're reversing one of the great SF myths, the old, old notion of the infinite perfection of science. But I don't think you give the scientists enough credit for creativity and as for cerebral activity, it's made to appear a defect in their case.

DICKSON: Another problem is that scientific creativity doesn't render for my purposes. I was spotlighting human evolution and giving the human animal more and better tools begs the question of what I was after.

ALGOL: That's an answer. It also happens to reflect that you weren't trained in science.

DICKSON: Yes.

ALGOL: Because you are multitalented, you can appreciate other kinds of creativity besides writing. But you have not experienced scientific creativity or developed enough of a feel for the mental language of science.

DICKSON: But I don't know if I made my point. Science doesn't 'play' in the sense that an actor will say, 'This line doesn't read.' I mean it would 'play' in a different literary vehicle but in the vehicle I've set up in the Cycle, it can be there, but it isn't dramatic. Also, to a certain extent, I'm concerned with breaking away from something we still have—a worship of science.

Look on all of history of science as being the equivalent of science fiction from the 30's until now with the recent period in which science has been so damned useful as the equivalent of the New Wave. There never was a New Wave in the sense of something standing alone. But what came of it—a small bit of metal was in the ore—it did direct the attention of a lot of writers to the fact that we weren't paying enough attention to certain areas as we should. But it's back where it always was in the first place, which is a concern with literature as storytelling, the way literature has always been expressed.

In the same way, the scientific explosion—I'm talking about the hard science explosion—was an exercise or an adventure which (unlike the New Wave) actually did turn up a lot of things. But now they're being integrated back in so that hopefully in a hundred years or even less, there won't be the sharp divisions between the scientist and the humanist.

When humans, as a race or as individuals, come up with something, they immediately say, 'And not only that, it'll cure warts,' and so on.

ALGOL: The human race has been through this once before. Mircea Eliade has a book called *The Forge And The Crucible* which is about myths of technology, having to do with the transition from Paleolithic to Neolithic, the discovery of metals, elaborations of myths of metalworking, and the uses of tools. Some cultures went one way and said that the smith was a supremely gifted man. You get this in Finnish and Central Asian mythology.

DICKSON: Oh yes, Vainamoinen.

ALGOL: The Wondersmith. They said the smith has magic powers and mastery over fire, and tied him into shamanism. Other cultures said the smith is a dangerous man, we must lame him lest he do something or run away. And you have Wayland and Volund and Hephaestus and so forth. It's a very interesting book because what it implies is, the modern age is going to have to work out myths of modern technology, particularly communications technology and come to terms with it symbolically before we can fully use it.

DICKSON: That's exactly right. Hopefully, the rewrite of the total Cycle—Good Lord I haven't even finished it and here I'm talking about the rewrite! It's way down the pike, ten or twelve years away. By that time I may be able to get a statement in on that end of it.

ALGOL: You know, it might have been easier if you had attempted to write a pop psychology best seller?

DICKSON: I probably would have made more money that way and had more time to do other things.

ALGOL: And become an overnight sensation.

DICKSON: The trouble is, if I'd have done something like that...

ALGOL: It would have been a misuse of your talent.

DICKSON: Yes. If you want to train yourself to throw *shuriken* Zen style where you think them into the target, and you take the time off to do it in a side show where you deliberately miss to build up the expectation of the audience, when you go back to thinking at the targets you find you'll have a hell of a time. And this is truer than a lot of creative writers and others think. A painter who grinds out illustrations without doing his best on them, a hack who cranks things out spend the rest of their lives getting over it.

ALGOL: That's like the theory of magic. If you misuse the Power, the Power will desert you.

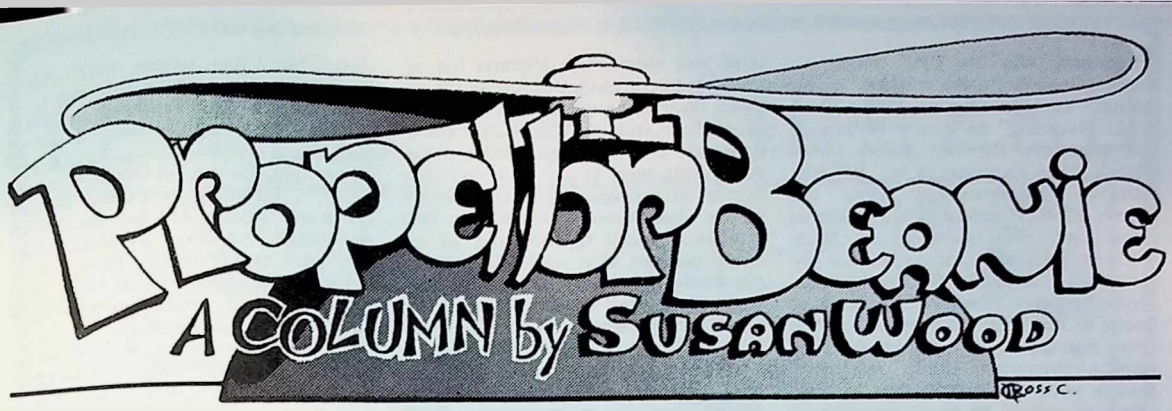
DICKSON: I think that theory of magic came out of actual human experience.

ALGOL: But isn't it terribly arrogant to do exactly what one wishes and expect to be rewarded for it?

DICKSON: I've spent my whole life operating on the principle that exactly that should happen.

ALGOL: But it doesn't happen.

DICKSON: Oh, yes it does. Keep going and it happens. Let's use the Cycle as a horrible example. Here I started out writing something that nobody understood and largely misunderstood and was consequently put down as a writer totally unlike what I actually am. And what is the end result, ten or twenty years later? I'm surrounded by friends, people are starting to pick it up, life is good, you know, the future is bright, and so forth. Now how did I get there? Just by simply going ahead anyway and lo and behold... Try it. □



Andy Porter, the man who introduced me to bagels, called me on Christmas night. I was in Ottawa at the time, somewhat closer to New York than I am now, but it was still a Nice Thing To Do, Longdistance. After exchanging greetings and felicitations, Andy got down to business.

"About your column..."

"Yes, Andy. I meant to do it the weekend before I left, but, well, on that Friday I did administration, marked some late papers, set up an 8-week Canadian film festival for the English department, had a long discussion with my M.A. student, drew up a 3-page proposal for a new graduate class in Canadian Lit., supervised my second-year class's exam, and stayed in my office from 6 pm til 11, marking part of the exam. On Saturday, I cleaned the house, did the laundry, and finished my marking; then Eli and I went out to celebrate the end of term. On Sunday, I actually had time to visit with my weekend houseguest, then I wrote half a dozen or so urgent letters, wrapped my Christmas presents, and packed to go East. On Monday, I marked a 48-page handwritten draft of an honours thesis from one of my students, supervised another exam, saw students, did a whole lot more administration, handed in my grades, and caught the plane that afternoon. I'll get the column done as soon as I go home, really."

DIGRESSION: the above Typical Weekend (it's *real*, people, and typical) has been described for the benefit of readers who may be wondering why I haven't answered their letters. From September to May, I'm a full-time teacher and sometimes writer. Any mail which isn't urgent and personal tends to get put in successive layers into the large cardboard box on my desk, in which... following my New Year's resolution to Catch Up... I have just worked my way down to a stratum dating from February, 1977. Eeep... In the summer, I'm writing, travelling, preparing courses, supervising graduate work, administering, ordering textbooks, helping with conventions, hosting fans, or any combination of the above. My first set of 1978 termpapers comes in two days from now; if I haven't answered YOUR letter about how to start a genzine, forgive me, please? We now end the digression, and return you to our conversation in progress...

"Um," said Andy. "Yes. Well, if you're too *busy*, I mean, you don't *have* to write a column." He sounded relieved. I reassured him I'd have something done by the deadline. He ummed and ahhed a little more until I finally let him off the hook by asking if he really wanted a "Propellor" installment.

"Uh... well, I guess. I mean, *yes*, of *course*. It's just that, well, the next issue has turned into an Ellish, I have 50,000 words at least from Harlan, and all sorts of ads, and..."

"Yes, Andy. I understand. You want it short."

"*Yes*. Merry Christmas."

Instead of discussing the individual, separate, created-with-love contents of the 32-cm.-high stack of fan publications here, I'm going to look at two digests, for this digest-sized column. The idea of creating a "fanthology" isn't new; there have been numerous anthologies of specific writers' works (Burbee, Carr, Tucker, etc. and etc.) as well as theme-collections like *A Sense of FAPA*, selections from the Fantasy Amateur Press Association mailings. My friend Bill Gibson recently found a fanthology of "the best of 1956" in a used bookstore, for $3.00. He described it as "pretty bad... full of bad artwork by people who've since become famous, but not as artists. Most of it was terrible, but there was a piece by Bloch, and one by Eric Bentcliffe..." Alas for immortality, it was printed in multi-coloured ditto, with the headings, by-lines and much artwork faded to indistinguishable shadows, and the text vanishing. Ditto is not a medium which endures for the ages, which is why it's sometimes cynically recommended for new faneds, to save them potential embarrassment 20 years later.*

The fanthology concept is all part of fandom's love affair with itself, or its sense of history and identity, depending on your viewpoint this particular rainy morning. Certainly, there is a good deal of interesting writing produced in those ephemeral, poorly-distributed fanzines; and, recently, new impetus has been given to the fanthology tradition which tries to sift out the semi-precious from the dross in a year's writing, preserve it a little longer, and distribute it a little more widely.

Fanthology '75, edited by Bruce D. Arthurs, is unpaged, nearly a centimetre thick, and ideosynchratic. Bruce introduces it as a collection "of some of my favorite pieces of fanwriting from 1975... My favorite pieces of fanwriting, the ones that stick in my memory, tend to be humorous, particularly in the personal-experience school of fanwriting... There are no book reviews or literary studies in this collection... My choices are highly subjective ones, and I never hope to pretend otherwise."

Fanthology '75, then, is a "fannish" collection: in content (21 pieces, plus 2 cartoon strips and Bruce's introduction and "recommended reading" lists), and presentation (mimeo on twiltone, with simple, basic layout.) It's enhanced by Alexis Gilliland's cartoons, cleverly illustrating/commenting on specific pieces—a nice touch. As to the contents, well, Bruce's sense of humour isn't mine. I found several pieces unfunny, and two (John Kusske's "Secretary's Report..." and "Dave Jenrette's Practical Guide to the Male Anatomy") downright offensive. On the other hand, I enjoyed a high proportion of the assembled work even more the second time around: Dainis Bisenieks' "The Truthful Distorting Mirror" on cartoonists, Mike Glicksohn's "The Voice of the Turtle," (and how is Hilary?), Jeff Schalles'

*[Your not-so-humble editor hastens to add that this is not necessarily true. He has dittoed fanzines from more than 35 years ago which are still bright and readable. In ditto, the print fades with the addition of sunlight; in mimeo, the words remain clear while the paper crumbles to dust. At least with ditto you can re-use the paper... Ed.]

"Orgonomy and the Cat," Bloch on Tucker, Gene Wolfe as a chicken, "Book Revues" by Mike O'Brien, "Why There is No Wyoming" by Henry Holtzman, and especially the last piece, James White's "The Exorcists of If." Bill (the Galactic) Fesselmeyer's "How the Grinch Stole Worldcon" is a potential classic, not only summing up large-worldcon problems for future fan historians, but revealing the trend of convention progress reports and programme books to turn into fanzines, these days. (Any non-attending members get their Suncon programme books yet?) (No, they're with the Hugo ballots and site-selection ballots we didn't get either...)

Besides, Bruce reprints an article of mine, plus one I originally published ("Citizen David vs the Northwest Mounted," by David Miller) so I can't criticize his taste too much, can I? I wish he'd reprinted one of Grant Canfield's pieces from the "recommended" list, though. Or Bob Tucker's Aussiecon trip report. And I remember that "James Tiptree" has a travel piece in one of Jeff Smith's fanzines in 1975 or 76 that deserves wider circulation, as does, indeed, much of the more serious material that Smith has published. And... and... how about some British and/or Australian material... and... and...

Fanthology '75 is representative, then, of only one aspect of writing in the SF amateur press: North-American-published fannishness. Nevertheless, I did find it entertaining, certainly worth the $2.00 Bruce is charging for this labour of love.

Victoria Vayne's *Fanthology 76* is something else again: an elaborate package, a monument to a year, justifying, perhaps, Harry Warner's claim that by 1976 "fandom had become one of the fine arts," increasingly "baroque," diverse and specialized. Victoria has attempted to encapsulate not only the extreme diversity, but also the technological sophistication and graphic complexity of the contemporary fanzine scene. As a result, what you're likely to notice first is the *package*. Impeccable mimeography. Lavish use of electrostencilled artwork. Careful layouts, and an extreme concern with visual style: hand-cut fancy numbers on each of the 98 pages, boxes and borders, an elaborate table of contents page, fancy press-type headings—the works. Simple, clean cover on lovely cover stock, 24-pound blue paper inside. (Why do Canadian fanzines use blue mimeo paper?) Quality, fans. There's no doubt about it; Victoria is a good graphic designer, and a painstaking printer.

Fanthology 76 involved Victoria in a lot of work, and a lot of expense. (Once costs are covered, any profits are to go to fan funds: TAFF, DUFF, and the FAAN awards.) Fancy graphics and repro are Victoria's fannish craft, and she's certainly done a beautiful job. But: but: I don't think the contents meet the high standards of the packaging, though I'm not sure why. Maybe 1976 was a rather dull year?

Certainly Victoria tries to cover the full range of fanzine material: humour, personal writing, serious discussion of SF and film, fan history and artwork... the reproduced artwork, especially for Grant Canfield's marvellous "Report from Point 30" (Canfield for Best Fan *Writer* as well as Fan Artist!) is her most notable contribution to the fanthology genre. There's British material. The quality of writing, to be expected from the likes of Harry Warner Jr., Bob Shaw, Mae Strelkov, Tom Perry and Bob Tucker, is high. The only piece I actively object to is David Emerson's fanzine review, "Crudnet." I agree that it's clever, but I have serious moral objections to reviewers whose sole aim is to show how clever and superior they are, at some fan's expense—even a sitting duck like a crudzine editor. Particularly memorable, for me, on second reading, were "A Travelling Jiant Calls" by Lee Hoffman; "History and Biology in Poul Anderson's *Fire Time*" by Mark Keller (though I can think of other, shorter serious pieces which might have been more effective), and "Conversational Fannish" by Aljo Svoboda.

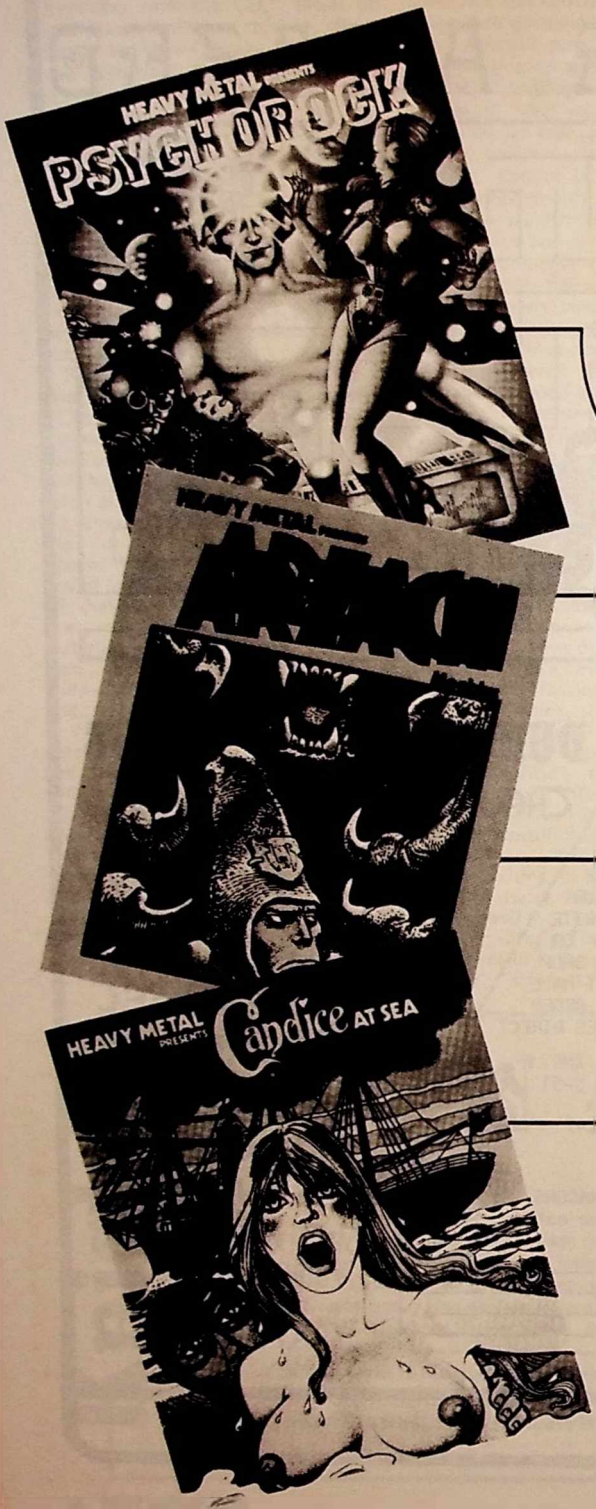
In conclusion, I found *Fanthology '75* enjoyable to re-read, and *Fanthology 76* awe-inspiring as a project and as a package. (Victoria's inclusion of year-in-review material, such as Hugo, Nebula, Ditmar and FAAN award winners, in little boxes to fill empty spaces, is a particularly useful touch, as well as a neat layout trick.) If you're new to fanzine fandom, both would be good introductions, with the 1976 volume covering a wider range of material. Both certainly prove that fandom these days is huge and diverse, and becoming more so; but that it also continues to attract extremely skilled and devoted people who pour a lot of love and effort into amateur publications. If you can sense why these anthologies came to be... then you're a fan.

Fanthology '75: $2.00 from Bruce D. Arthurs, 4522 E. Bowker, Phoenix, AZ 85040.

Fanthology 76: $3.00 US, $3.50 overseas, from Victoria Vayne, P.O. Box 156, Station D, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6P 3J8.

Fanzines for review: Susan Wood, Department of English, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6T 1W5. □

—Susan Wood



6 FROM

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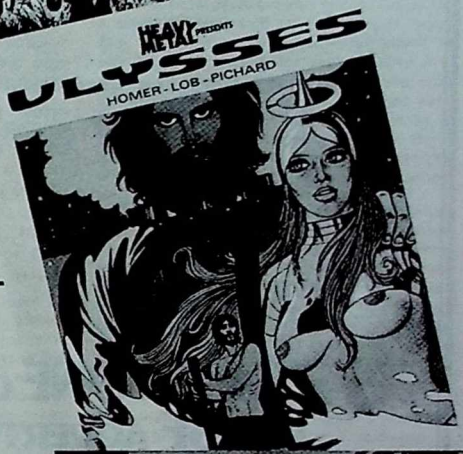

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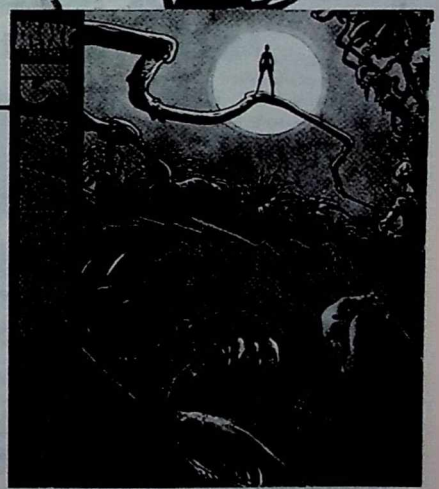

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SKETCHES: VINCENT DIFATE

Andy Porter informs me that I must keep this installment of *Sketches* "tight" in order to accomodate the Harlan Ellison piece. Inasmuch as I am in agreement with Harlan's views and also painfully aware that he is considerably better at saying what's on his mind than I, I am happy to give up a portion of the space normally reserved for this column. With this in mind, I thought I might take the opportunity to tie up some loose ends.

First of all, let me thank you once again for being so conscientious about responding to the column; all letters of comment regardless of content are greatly appreciated and *do* influence the selection of subject material for *Sketches*. Unfortunately, being an active art professional with very little spare time I cannot answer all letters that are sent in, but I earnestly hope that this will not deter you from continuing to respond. The most relevant of these letters will warrant some mention in these pages. And now to specifics.

To Jessica Salmonson, one of ALGOL's more vocal readers, who finds comparisons of Richard Powers to Hieronymous Bosch absurd, might I say that her criticism is well taken, but that no such comparison is made. Bosch is mentioned purely to introduce the surrealist concept to the reader, and no mention is made in a comparative sense of the technical aspects of his work. I do, however, say the following: "Perhaps, like Bosch, [Powers] taps a mutual anxiety we share about the future, or perhaps his work touches us in a way too deeply buried in the common memory of man to be recalled." Surely, in this respect, Bosch shares an affinity with all surrealists. Yet, if compelled to look objectively for comparisons, I would have to confess that there are many similarities in the works of Powers and Bosch. But then, I won't be excessively dense sheerly for the sake of argument. Jessica is quite astute in perceiving the principal differences in the work of the two artists, for it is this difference which separates the two major aspects of surrealist painting. On one hand we have Magritte, for instance, who might have superimposed a gnarled tree root over the face of a man to make a statement of surrealistic inference, whereas a shape painter such as Tanguy or Matta might present us merely with a shape suggestive of numerous possibilities but to which we are utterly powerless to assign an identity.

My thanks to Don Ayres for his praise of Breughel's allegorical art. True, Pieter Breughel the Elder (as distinguished from his two sons, Pieter the Younger and Jan the Elder and his two grandsons, Jan the Younger and Ambrose—confusing isn't it?) is best remembered for his magnificent landscapes and paintings of Flemish peasants, yet his works of demonic substance are quite highly regarded. If asked to render an opinion, I would have to admit a considerable personal preference for Breughel, while hastening to concede that the very works in question were fashioned in homage to Bosch. In fact, Breughel derived several concepts from Bosch, most notable of which was the distributing of many small figures over an immense landscape. Yet Bosch is acknowledged by most art historians as the greatest painter of bizarre subject matter to come out of the early Renaissance. Certainly he was the first, or at least among the first (Breughel was born nine years after Bosch's death) to paint such unusual works, and is therefore commonly considered the forerunner of surrealist painting.

Mike Dunn wrote me some months ago with a fascinating response to my first column on surrealism in SF art. Unfortunately, because of the great length of his remarks I am compelled to quote him somewhat out of context, but I thought his remarks would be of considerable interest at this time. He writes:

"...The importance of dreaming is clouded by our own ignorance of the process. The known facts are impressive, however, and bear mentioning. (A) In the course of exhaustive (no pun intended) dream-deprivation experiments, it has been found that the process of dreaming is somehow essential to the maintenance of one's orientation in reality, perhaps serving as a holistic information-sorting mechanism. (B) Modern psychology has at least tenuously established a relationship between the content of dreams and the personal symbols of crisis, identity, conflict and fear. (C) History is replete with cases of great creative crystalizations manifesting themselves as dreams (e.g., the visualization of the benzine ring and the illumination of Buddha). In sum, the dream process seems tightly linked with the centers of consciousness, particularly the imaginative faculties. One might even consider dreaming to be a form of metaphorical communication between the various levels of consciousness.

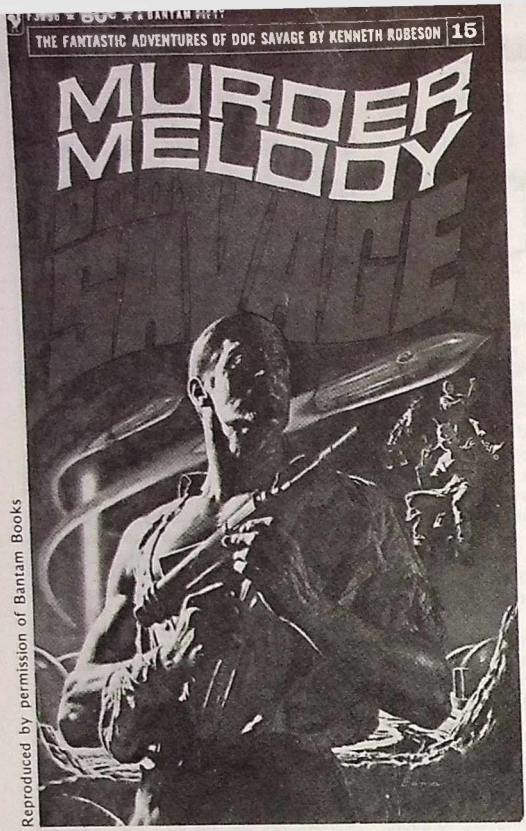
"...In youth, before one grows ingrained with orthodox thought, it is relatively easier to think freely, even wildly, in search of a solution [to a problem]. Maturity, with the discipline of orthodoxy...permits this ability to fall lax, unexercised and rusty...Perhaps these limitations can be accepted in individual affairs, but when the challenging problems acquire names like "overpopulation," "resource depletion" and "thermo-nuclear warfare" then the importance of investigating *all* options becomes severe... Unlimited creative thought, the ability to abandon orthodoxy and start from scratch with the plastic cosmos of one's own perceptions—this is what is indispensible to discovering the avenues of free will leading out of the box canyon of sterile orthodoxy. To do this, one must be willing to *trust dreaming* and be willing to accept *the reality* of a dream in order to trace out the figure of an *alternate* reality: the solution, the way out of the maze.

"...So, what the hell has this to do with SF? Or would I be too ingenuous to propose that SF is essentially a literary dream of potential realities, of potential worlds-to-be, or yet-unshaped futures? Too much has been said of the manner in which SF has anticipated technological development, for instance. Not enough has been said of the far more important elightenment that has come about by exposing xenophobia for the stupidity it is, or by illustrating the intellectual and emotional pressures that can be imagined for a future time. SF is not and should not be regarded as a problem-solving medium. But it is and should be regarded as an art form that will stimulate those faculties that are essential to *finding a way out*.

"...Years ago, SF was little more than adventurous melodrama, fit mainly for amusement and the entertainment of young mentalities. Today, it has grown to an exploration of depth and breadth, sustaining a serious intensity, and demanding much of the reader's intellect and reflection. This is not the end by a long shot. Our conception of the immensity of the universe is in proportion to our ignorance; as we learn more, we grow aware how little we really know of the whole—and pass into the wings of a profound awe. This awe—this glimpse of God—can be the substance that will elevate SF into a splendor we have yet to experience."

Thank you, Mike, for saying with such eloquence what I have always strongly believed, but have been powerless to say. I suspect we shall shortly be hearing from Al Ackerman in regard to this matter.

To Laurel, whoever you are, many thanks for your wonderful and unusual letter. *Cavellini's Ten Commandments*, which I promptly pasted to my forehead upon receipt, has shamed me deeply. Just this morning I melted down the crown and burned the robes I had intended to wear once I'd declared myself the Supreme Ruler of the Universe (actually I'm a trifle too tall for the job anyway). I will set about educating myself in the matter of Ray Palmer's contributions to the development of SF art (I do know that he was a great admirer of J. Allen St. John's) as soon as my



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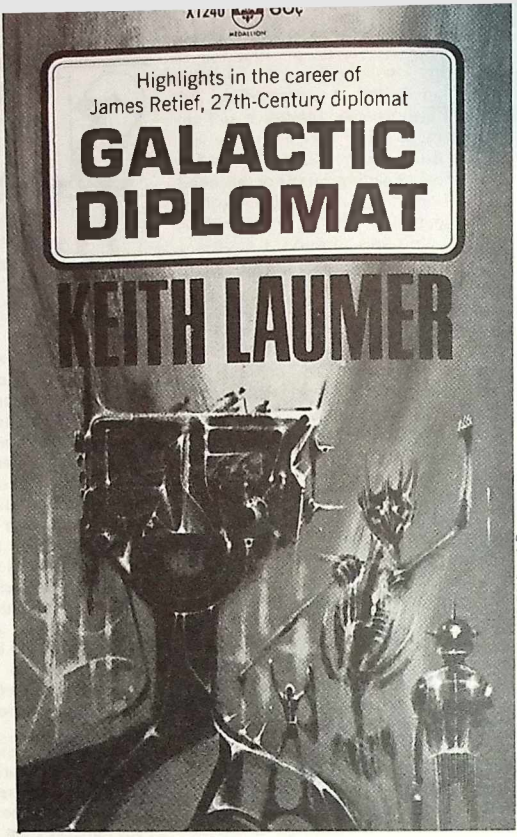

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Two strikingly dissimilar approaches to what is essentially the same pictorial concept. On the left, James Bama renders with painstaking detail and remarkable craft, an action scene from the Doc Savage novel, Murder Melody. Bama was widely known for his photo-realistic approach and was the exclusive illustrator, with but a few exceptions, for the Doc Savage series until his retirement from commercial art several years ago. He has since devoted his efforts to western painting and has embarked on a quite successful career in "fine" art. Powers (right), in his typically flamboyant style, utilizes the large foreground figure to confront the viewer with a startling and unrecognizable shape. Beyond that the similarity to the Bama painting ends and even such considerations as perspective and background detail, so integral to the success of the Doc Savage cover, cease to be of importance in this instance.

work schedule permits. And, by the way, do send me a small parcel of whatever it is that you've been smoking, won't you?

As for the two part interview with Richard Powers, I'd like to extend my sincere apologies to Andy Porter who got saddled with the awesome task of editing endless pages of recording transcripts when I became too busy to edit the interviews myself. While I must concede that the final product was not without its defects, Andy, I feel, should receive considerable praise for his efforts. Powers, on the other hand, after two lengthy interviews, remains as elusive as his art. Despite my attempts to draw out certain information, a true and satisfying understanding of the artist lies just beyond my grasp. In this instance the fault is unquestionably mine, not Powers', for lacking the assertiveness to pursue more direct answers to my questions. Yet, I feel that my patience will someday be rewarded.

An aspect of Powers' artistic attitudes toward SF which, much to my surprise, was not recorded on tape, might help to explain the omission of Kelly Freas from Powers' comments concerning admirable painters. First, without thrusting myself into the vortex of a controversy which has been raging for the past two thousand years, let me state simply that there are some basic differences between "fine" art and illustration. For the sake of simplicity, let us say that one of the major differences is that illustration is usually done for a specific purpose (such as selling a book or visualizing a particular concept conceived by an author). Shape painting or abstract art, on the other hand, was never intended for such use and would generally not fit into the function of selling especially when one considers that most books are purchased by "impulse" buyers. It is generally believed in the publishing industry that representational works are more quickly assimilated during this transient period (say, in a rush to pick up something to read before catching a train or bus) and are therefore considered to be better suited for commercial purposes.

In the case of interior illustration, and particularly with respect to SF, again the art is tailored to a specific purpose, such as helping the reader to visualize an abstract concept or to introduce him to elements which might be beyond his frame of reference in order to allow him to accept the "reality" of the author's story. In both of these cases, the art is so integral to these functions and so dependent upon the supportive literary material that, when considered out of context, the art may often appear to be without sense or

meaning. Ideally, the illustrator attempts to satisfy the commercial prerequisites while yet giving his work sufficient substance to allow the art to stand on its own.

In much the same way that, say, Ray Bradbury might go about assembling the various sounds, colors and scents of a place in order to make that place seem real to us, so Powers manipulates the hue, chroma, value and shape of things to create the "mood" of a technological environment, without revealing it in explicit detail. The relevance of his art to the material it illustrates is invariably a subjective matter. It would seem that his brand of illustration would not be well suited to the commercial market, yet more than twenty-five years of being among the most prolific commercial artists in the business belies this. It is the fact that he is such an enigma, that makes him all the more remarkable.

For Powers, the only other approach which warrants serious consideration is the straightforward gadget painting which earnestly attempts to depict future technology from an informed scientific viewpoint, such as the art of Chelsey Bonestell. This, of course, would exclude from consideration many of the works of not only Kelly Freas, but Emshwiller, Rogers, Cartier, Brown and scores of others including myself (I don't delude myself into believing that Powers' kind remarks about my work were anything other than idle patronage). Yet, Powers is a gentleman in the truest sense and I prefer to believe that he considers us with ambivalence rather than disdain. How I envy his ability to avoid making his opinions known. I hope that I have done a fair job of explaining Powers' viewpoint in regard to this matter (I would not care to put words into his mouth) and can't say that I ever recall his making an uncharitable remark about any of his colleagues, while in my company.

As for Richard Garrison's incredulity at the omission of Kelly from the Powers' "list," I rather suspect that this was indirectly intended for me; and I must confess that I have unintentionally excluded mention of Kelly in several instances. When compelled to reconsider these omissions, I cannot account for them other than to point up the fact that one's work can be so much in evidence that we sometimes lose our awareness of it. I have known and loved Kelly's work; respected his immense craftsmanship and professionalism for so long that I made the mistake of believing that surely everyone knew of him. I have known and cared for him as a friend for nearly ten years now and am embarrassed by my lack of insight. I will make every effort to correct this when I deal with yet another facet of SF art, the character painters, among whom Kelly is one of the truly outstanding talents.

For next issue, I'll put history aside for a moment to consider the step by step evolution of a paperback cover painting, fully illustrated with photographs and sketches to show the progressive stages of development. Following that we'll return with a brief survey of some of the remaining surrealist/SF artists and an interview accompanied by a cover painting by artist John Schoenherr. □

—Vincent DiFate

CAVELLINI'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

I. Thou shalt not self-historify thyself.
II. Thou shalt not make unto thee Manifestoes nor Postage Stamps for thy centennial celebrations.
III. Thou shalt not arrange for livingroom exhibitions in the homes of the populace.
IV. Thou shalt not burn, nor destroy, nor disembowel thy unsuccessful works; nor shalt thou modify, reconsider and re-exhibit them; thou shalt not slice apart the works of famous artists.
V. Thou shalt not in the course of thy life publish the book of thy memoirs and relics.
VI. Thou shalt not write letters of thanks to the Great Men of all times who have seen fit to dedicate their works to thee.
VII. Thou shalt not write letters to the famous artists of the past.
VIII. Thou shalt not compile lists that include thy Movement among those that have contributed to the regeneration of modern art.
IX. Thou shalt not display standards of they great retrospective exhibitions at the entrance of the museums.
X. Thou shalt not publish the story of thy past, present, and future history; nor shalt thou write it in diverse and sundry places such as thy personal clothing, other human bodies, bolts of cloth, columns, and so forth.

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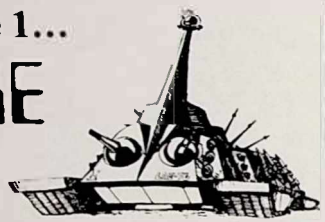

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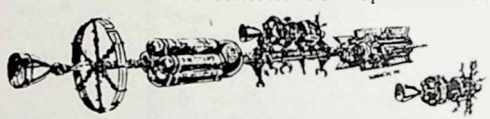

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Academe Revisited

My head is all in a flurry, dear friends, because over the last couple weeks I have participated in a couple of university seminars and have been reading the proceedings of two others—all on different subjects. I have OD'd on academia. All in all, I expect I am a better person for it, because I have learned some interesting things. (Did you know that one of the most plausible theories of hypnosis is the dramaturgic? I.e., that both hypnotist and subject are assigning themselves roles in an improvisation and acting them out?) But, oh, the pain! The statement was interesting, but tough.

I am now working toward a taxonomy of academic debate. Major phyla are emerging, to which I have assigned the following tentative classifications:

I: Closely reasoned arguments on the wrong point; this is called "the Miss Emily Litella".

II: The "Irwin Corey", characterized by terms like "semiotics", "prismatic possibilities" and "apotheotic" and diagnosed by the response, "He must be pretty smart because I don't understand a flicking word he said."

III: Arguments in which all the words are clear, but turn out to be employed in new and arbitrary meanings; this is the "Humpty Dumpty".

IV: The "Conan", characterized by mistrust of all abstract thought: "Screw all this bullshit, we got to get back to what people really *do*."

V: The "Stoned", characterized by the same mistrust, but on different grounds: "We got to get down, man, to what people really *feel*, you know?"

As it happens, none of the recent clutch of symposia were about science fiction (or at least they weren't supposed to be), but they color my reflections and sharpen my senses. I perceive a lot of Emily Litella and the others in some of the things that have been said about SF recently. And maybe I see a little of Conan in me...

Nevertheless, let's talk some more about teaching SF. For openers, what stories should one teach in a basic course on science fiction?

You would be surprised at some of the selections I have seen. Sometimes the criterion is respectability, and we get Ray Bradbury, H. G. Wells and *Brave New World.* Sometimes trendiness: *Dhalgren*, Vonnegut, Lem. I visited one class, at a Catholic academy in New Jersey, where the teaching brother showed me his entire science-fiction library with pride: all the Gregg Press reprints of 19th-century American proto-science fiction, plus the complete works of Sam Moskowitz. What that man thought he was selecting for I cannot imagine. Unless it was stodge.

There is nothing seriously wrong with the above. I've read them all, and am glad I did. But, put them all together, and you still haven't got the basics of what science fiction is all about. All of those teachers are wandering around in the outfield of science fiction. What is missing is home base.

"Where is home base?" you ask. I'll tell you. It is in the science-fiction pulps of the 30s, 40s, 50s and 60s. It is in the stories that defined science fiction; the stories on which most of its current major practitioners fed as they were growing up; the stories which collectively provided the literary core on which most of what we see was built.

Of course, there are many stories older than this core, and many which were written outside of it. There are significant writers who owe little to it. There may even be one or two, somewhere, who owe nothing at all. But if you point to the place where science fiction was, the places you point to are *Astounding* and *Amazing* and *Wonder* and *Galaxy* and *Planet.* A lot of the stories are trivial. Quite a few are really bad. But among them are *Nightfall* and *Nerves* and *A Martian Odyssey* and *Flowers for Algernon*—et cetera indefinitely— If you don't teach them at all, you aren't teaching science fiction.

So for a first course, I would choose any of the big old SF anthologies: Any of the volumes of the SFWA's *Science Fiction Hall of Fame*, the Healy-McComas *Adventures in Space and Time*, perhaps one of the early Groff Conklin collections. If I were going to teach out of one of my own anthologies, the one I would pick is *Star of Stars.* (With Marty Greenberg and Joe Olander, I am now putting together two major retrospective anthologies, one for *Galaxy* and one for *If.* I would choose them in a hot minute, except that they don't exist yet.)

Then, depending on the attention span of my students, I would assign some of the stories for reading. For high-school seniors, maybe six stories for the semester. For junior high, or for most college undergraduates, somewhat less. Assuming I were an English teacher, I would talk about plot, style and character. But I would also talk about what the stories were *about.*

In fact, I would require every student for homework to write a one-paragraph statement of what the stories were about, and I would have them read them in class, and discuss them. And to the extent that the stories touched on reality (faster-than-light travel, time machines, cloning, ESP, whatever) I would encourage the class to do some outside reading and come back and tell us what parts were state-of-the-art, what parts were reasonable projections and what was garbage.

That's basics. But, as you may remember from last column, I have this Conan-like conviction that teaching SF should not be left to English departments exclusively.

That's not the same as wishing no English teachers ever taught it. Obviously SF is a kind of literary work. It is entitled to, and is at risk from, the same sorts of scholarship and pedagogy as, say, Melville or Pynchon. Style counts. Depth of characterization counts. SF

novels, like any other novels, speak of the human condition, and that's what humanists are for on faculties.

But science fiction says more things than Melville and Pynchon do, and needs to be examined on its content as much as on its form. It is not just the literary aspects of SF that I would like to see taught but also, when they exist, its scientific, technological, societal, cultural, psychological, economic and logical aspects. And for that what I would really like to see is team-teaching.

The SF course I would really like to help teach runs a full semester, requires a lot of reading and independent study and uses resources from half a dozen faculties of a university.

It starts by assigning three novels. If I were doing it, I would make it easy on myself by picking three I know pretty well because I published two of them and wrote the other: Robert A. Heinlein's *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress*, Samuel R. Delany's *Triton* and my own *Gateway*. There are at least fifty others that would do as well, of course.

All the teachers on the team are equal, but the English teacher is primus inter pares, and so he starts off. He devotes a session to each of the three novels in the time-honored fashion of the English Lit teacher. Style: does Heinlein *have* one? What is it? Characterization: What do you know about the characters that is not made explicit, and how do you know it? Experimentation: Do the sidebars in *Gateway* work? And what do they do; and how much, if anything, do they owe to John Dos Passos and *Time* magazine? Et cetera.

By the end of that time, hopefully a lot of the students will have read at least a reasonable fraction of the three books; and then I would set them the same task as in the basic course above: Say in a few words what each novel is about, and discuss it in class.

I would also ask them to rate each book for excellence, on a scale of 1 to 10. That's not so much for their benefit as to satisfy my own curiosities as a teacher; and I would keep those ratings on file.

Then comes the rest of the team. Each takes up his own specialty, and how many there are depends on the books and the cooperation I could get from other faculties. But it might be like this:

Sociology. What would Heinlein's "line marriage" do to the family? Would that be good or bad? Are there precedents on Earth now? That broadens into what is a family for, and what other kinds of family structures have existed in history, and how have they worked out? Delany: What sort of family structure is possible when sexes can be changed arbitrarily? Contrast the two changes in life style. Do they have implications for other social structures?

Computer science. Contrast Heinlein's Mike with *Gateway's* Sigfrid von Shrink. Is artificial intelligence possible? What *is* intelligence? Is the Weisenbaum computer-psychoanalysis program real therapy or only another kind of computer Star Trek game?

Psychology. Same questions as for computer science, from the other point of view. Plus: Traumas, what would be the effect of being raised in an environment like *Triton*, where sex roles were freely variable? Does Freud apply?

Resource development. Are lunar agriculture and the food mines reasonable prospects? Does it make sense to colonize Triton, the Moon or an asteroid? Why?

Economics. Is the Gateway Corporation a reasonable strategy for encouraging exploitation of a resource in an unfavorable environment? Contrast with the East India Company, the 1849 Gold Rush, etc. What supports the population in *Triton?*

Mathematics. Does *Triton* give a reasonable picture of catastrophe theory? Is catastrophe theory valid? Is Heinlein's ballistics valid, and can products be thus shipped to Earth?

Art. Draw a picture of a Heechee. Draw the city described in *Triton.*

Draw Mike.

Astronomy. Is the surface and subsurface of the Moon as Heinlein describes it? Is Triton as Delany describes it? Are black holes, etc., as described in *Gateway?*

Urban planning. Given the physical features of the places described, do the kinds of communities the authors have invented follow logically? What are the alternatives? Contrast the Triton and *Gateway's* New York domes. Are they the same in function? Are they feasible?

Political science. Would Heinlein's strategy for secession work? Would secession be desirable/inevitable/possible? Has Delany provided a reasonable governmental structure for Triton?

Medicine and biology. Is easy sex-change likely to become available in the future? What medical problems would it present, and how might they be solved? Is the medical plan in *Gateway* probable? Are there alternatives? What would be the medical implications of being born and growing up on the Moon? on Triton?

And many more; and, as a sort of universal follow-up question to all of the above: has the author considered all of these implications and dealt with them satisfactorily?

As a final step, I would take a session or two for a wrap-up discussion on all three novels. Then I would ask the class to rate them again.

Why? Because I am curious in my own mind about whether understanding what the author is really talking about contributes significantly to the enjoyment of science fiction, or whether the beautiful buzz-words just roll off with their meaning uncaptured.

If it turned out that the post-study ratings were much different than the earlier ones, I would discuss the differences in class. (And then I would write it up for ALGOL or the SFRA.)

If you've read this far, you're probably really interested in teaching SF, so let me add a couple of notes on resources available.

There are two annual graduate-level courses *for* teachers of SF.

University of Kansas runs July 10-28, 1978. Besides the faculty of the university, instructors are Theodore Sturgeon, Gordon R. Dickson and myself. For information: James Gunn, U. of Kansas, English Dept., Lawrence KS 66045.

Eastern Michigan University is in April, over a weekend. (This year, April 7-9.) Marshall B. Tymn, English Dept., E.M.U., Ypsilanti MI 48197.

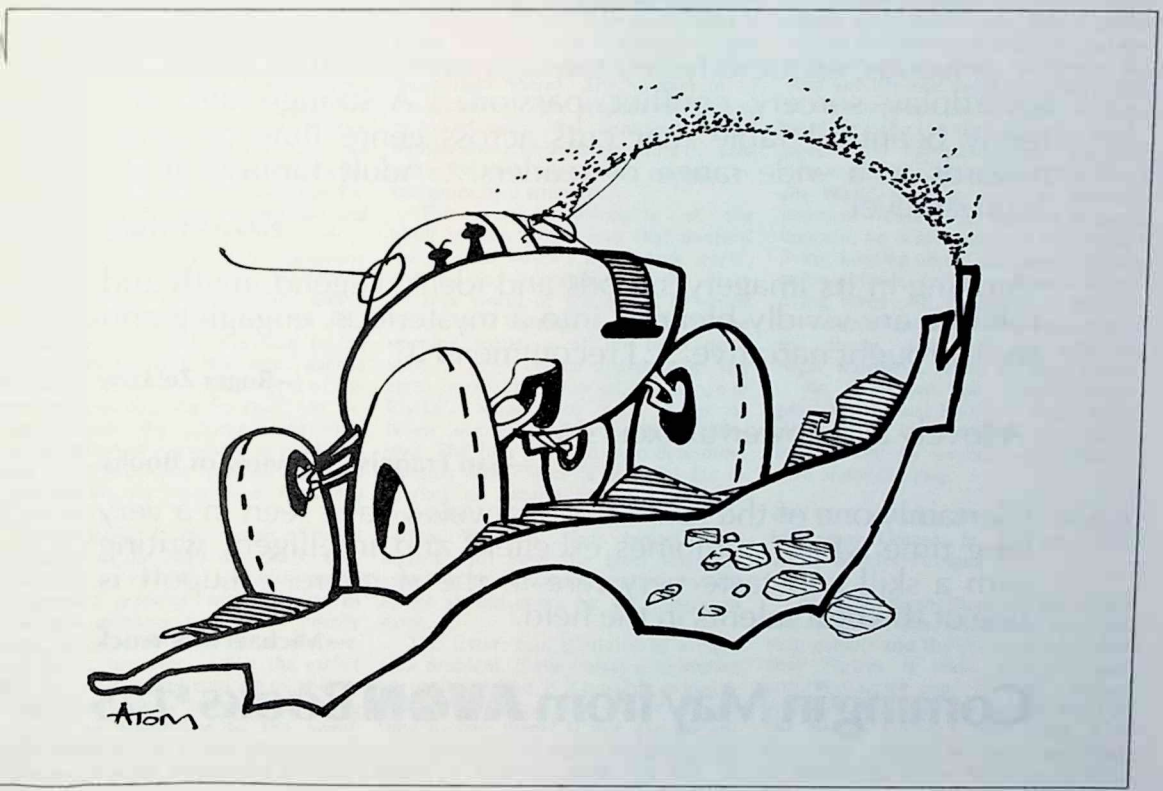
The holding company for teachers and other persons with a scholarly interest in SF is the Science Fiction Research Association, which publishes a directory and a newsletter and sponsors conferences. Marshall B. Tymn is treasurer, address above.

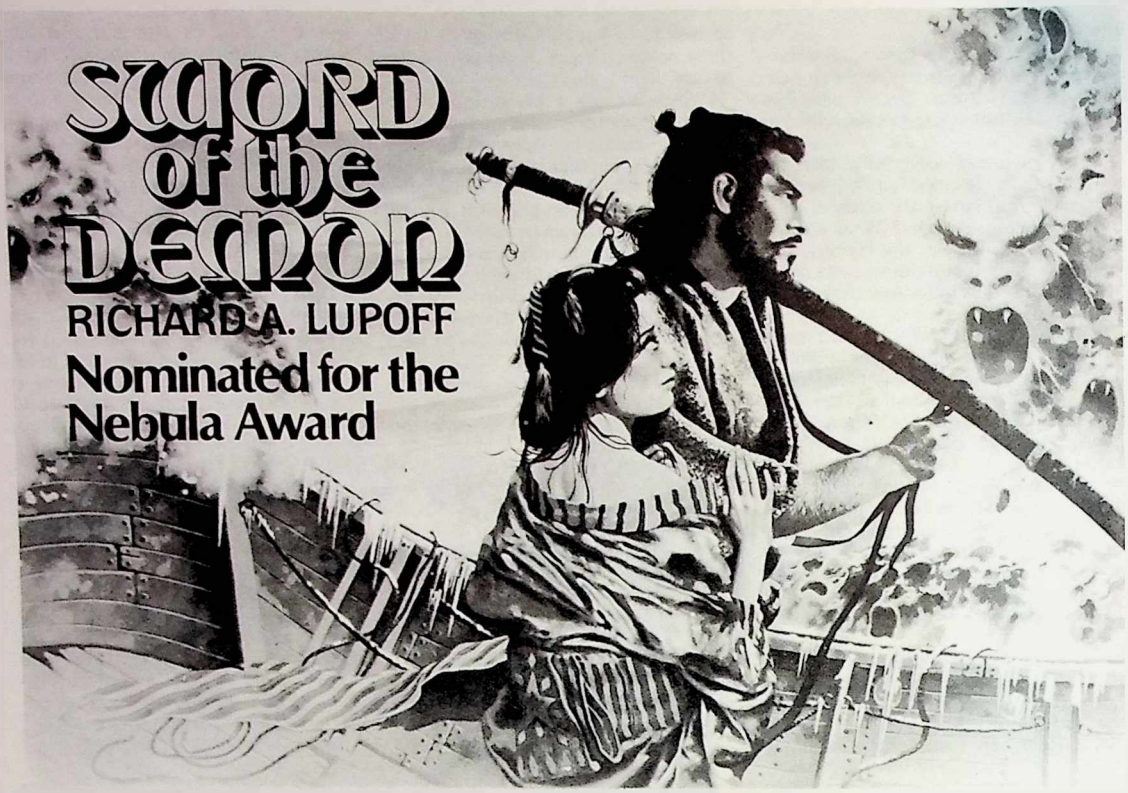
For persons interested in audio materials (providing, borrowing or acting as a depository for): Science Fiction Oral History Association. To join, send $3. New officers are being elected as I write, but can be reached by writing SFOHA, c/o Lloyd Biggle, 569 Dubie, Ypsilanti MI 48197.

And the worldwide organization for all persons professionally involved in SF in any capacity at all, anywhere, is World Science Fiction. Its first world convention will be in Dublin, Ireland, June 23-25 1978. For provisional membership and all information send $2 to Elizabeth Ann Hull, Ph.D., 1502 Seven Pines Road, Schaumburg IL 60193.

Finally, if you are a professional SF writer, or wish you were and are willing to join as an associate, there's hoary old Science Fiction Writers of America. (They also publish, and sell, a directory of members if you need to get in touch with SF writers from time to time and want addresses.) Peter D. Pautz, Executive Secretary, SFWA, 68 Countryside Apartments, Hackettstown NJ 07840.

God speed your steps. □





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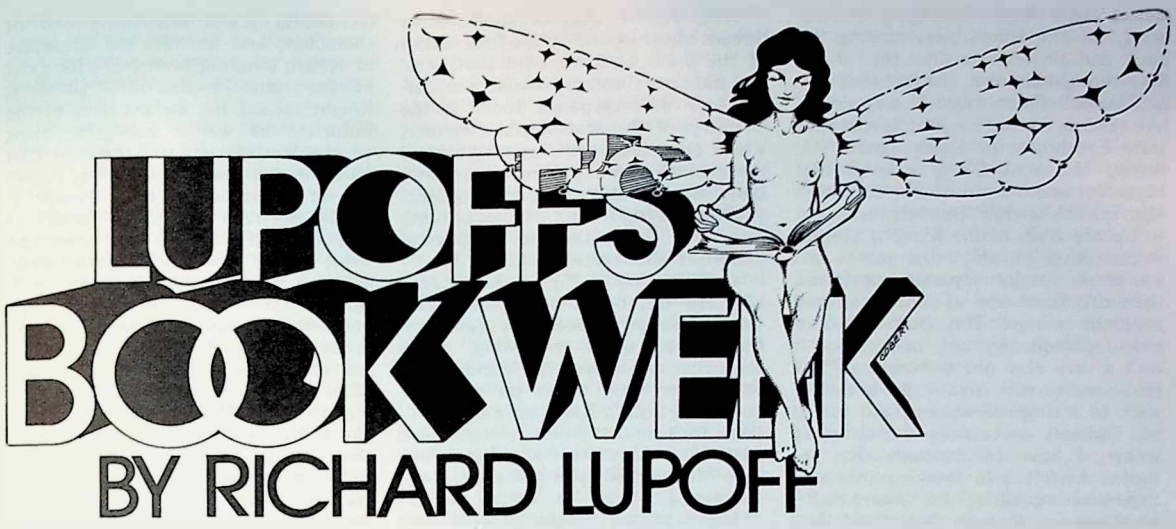


LUPOFF'S BOOK WEEK

BY RICHARD LUPOFF

IN THE OCEAN OF NIGHT, by Gregory Benford. 333 pp. $8.95. 1977. Quantum Science Fiction/The Dial Press/James Wade.

It's slightly surprising to look at the list of other books by the same author, and discover that *In the Ocean of Night* is only Greg Benford's fourth. Further, the other three don't provide a dreadfully impressive credential: the first *(Deeper than the Darkness)* was an interesting but badly misshapen hard-science space opera; the second *(Jupiter Project)*, a rather weak imitation Heinlein juvie; and the third *(If the Stars are Gods)*, a cobbling-together of a series of novelets written with Gordon Eklund, consistenly high in ambition and low in achievement.

In the Ocean of Night is a quantum-leap (sorry 'bout that, folks) over anything Benford has done before, and is surely one of the best three or four science fiction novels I've read in the past couple of years. It's "real" science fiction, close to the classic form of the best 'thirties and 'forties stuff, yet executed with the courage, maturity, and openness of expression so hard-won (and so hysterically resisted in some quarters) via the "new wave" brouhaha of the 'sixties.

Structurally, *In the Ocean of Night* resembles *If the Stars are Gods*. Benford uses an episodic approach, as his protagonist grapples with a series of problems spanning a period of twenty years, from 1999 to 2019. In the present book, however, unlike the earlier one, the various problems are ingeniously and convincingly interrelated, giving a sense of legitimacy to the novel. Nigel Walmsley is a fully-dimensioned character, not the stereotyped amalgam of courage and intellect one half-expects in such a book but a complete man with hopes, fears, worries, a sex-life, a boyhood behind him (and even parents!), tragedy in his life, foibles and virtues...

For the first time in a Benford novel there are even *women*. I don't mean the cardboard "wife" of *Darkness* or the providentially bovine "mom" of *Jupiter Project* (and if there were *any* females in *If the Stars are Gods* I've totally forgot them by now, which tells you something right there). The women in *In the Ocean of Night* are *also* real people, endowed with full complements of human characteristics including the capacity for love, resentment, courage, intelligence, and strength.

The multi-dimensionality of the book appears in the way that Benford has worked out his near-future world, and the way he extrapolates the effect on that world of the events in which Walmsley is involved. For instance, the opening sequence of the book deals with a large object approaching the earth from outside our solar system, *a la* Clarke's *Rendezvous with Rama* or Niven and Pournelle's *Lucifer's Hammer*. The first problem is to determine whether the object is artificial (as in Clarke) or natural (as in Niven and Pournelle). Once this question is resolved, Walmsley finds himself concerned with *both* the great scientific aspect of the discovery *and* its physical effect should there be an impact on earth.

The latter, too, is shown as a complex problem. If the object is to impact on occupied land, is it possible to evacuate everyone from the impact area in time to save them? If not, can the impact point be changed by giving the object a "shove" while it's still in space? If this is possible, then what would result from, say, a mid-ocean impact? In *immediate* effect, millions of lives will be saved. But what about tidal waves created by the strike? And, beyond these, what effect on global ecology from the delivery of a huge bundle of heat energy in mid-ocean?

Complexity upon complexity, implication upon implication, this is indicative of the seiousness and thoroughness with which the book is thought out. And yet Benford keeps bringing it back to a human scale. As Sturgeon reminded us all in "The Hurkle is a Happy Beast," people still carried on their mundane lives during the Three Days That Shook the World. And so, even as Walmsley concerns himself with matters of broad concern, *he* is still involved in earning a living, keeping up his position in bureaucratic politics, worrying about a slowly-dying loved one, dealing with pestiferous religious nuts, deciding what to have for dinner, and...find out who he, Nigel Walmsley, really is, deep inside.

An altogether fine, mature, intelligent, and honest book. A credit to its author and its publisher, to science fiction, and to anyone who reads it with understanding. □

UP THE WALLS OF THE WORLD, by James Tiptree, Jr. 320 pp. 1978. $8.95. Berkley/Putnam.

After all those short stories, Hugos and Nebulas, the whole coy mystery-man gambit and the dramatic revelation that Tiptree is really a middle-aged anthropologist and ex-WAC named Alice Sheldon, we have *Up the Walls of the World*, Tiptree's first novel. It is *extremely* difficult to make any kind of assessment of the book on its own

merits—there kept impinging on my mind, all the time I was reading the book and all the time since then that I have thought about it, the fact that *This Is Tiptree's First Novel.* It was almost like reading a novel by John Lindsey, or John Erlichman, or Spiro Agnew. (Or Benito Mussolini. Did you know that Mussolini wrote a novel? *The Cardinal's Mistress.* It's terrible. But I digress.)

Up the Walls of the World is a multi-thread novel in which the author sets up three totally separate narratives, then cuts from one to another as they gradually merge. This isn't a brand-new technique by any means, but it isn't a very easy one to handle well. A first-novelist will usually do better to stick to a single viewpoint, and for all of Tiptree's success as a short-story writer, I have to conclude that she fooled herself into thinking that that experience qualified her more highly as a novelist than in fact it did. In a word, I think that Tiptree bit off more than she could chew, in this novel, and the result is a rather disappointing performance.

Not that the book is a complete dud, by any means. In fact, at least two of the three separate threads are very nicely executed for a good portion of the book. One of them—earthbound at the beginning of the novel—deals with a military-sponsored esp research project. A group of supposed telepaths are divided into "sending" and "receiving" teams; the senders are placed on board a submarine and sent to sea; the receivers are taken to a remote southwestern military base and set up with the usual military environment of barracks, mess hall, etc.

I found the characters generally interesting and fairly well rendered, but—again, characteristic of the short-story writer rather than the novelist—rather one-dimensional. Most of them do come across as caricatures, the worst being Major Fearing, the security man. Major Fearing—that kind of naming was used up around 1900, I thought—is, of course, hostile, paranoid, willful, destructive, etc. A bad job. Still, it makes for rather interesting story-telling.

A second thread describes the lives and the struggle for survival by an intelligent, *very* non-humanoid race dwelling on a remote planet. Here Tiptree truly shines. The aliens are wholly believable, their society is realized to the point where the reader really *feels* that this civilization exists and is imperilled. This section contains some of the best writing Tiptree has ever done, and is a superb job.

The third thread is the progress of an intelligent, quasi-living spaceship (rather like the one in Benford's *In the Ocean of Night*). Unfortunately, I found this part of the book obtuse and irritating.

Well, Tiptree does bring the three threads together, and by the final section of the book we have both the aliens' and the espers' consciousnesses transferred from their corporeal bodies to the circuitry of the spaceship's computer, where everybody goes zooming around like a bunch of kids playing blind-man's-bluff in an amusement park funhouse. It's hard to follow and does *not*, in my judgement, justify the effort it takes to make out what's really going on.

I think that if Tiptree had stayed with her earthbound espers, developed their characters more fully (some of them were quite interesting, albeit somewhat one-dimensional), and worked out her story within the given circumstances, she'd have had a successful book of a modest but very respectable sort. If she'd stayed with her flying-jellyfish aliens (they're just a trifle reminiscent of those in Conan Doyle's "Horror of the Heights") she'd have faced a tougher challenge. But if she'd met it successfully she'd have had a *tour-de-force.* As for her self-aware spaceship...I think it would have been better left to others with more of a feeling for hardware than Tiptree has demonstrated to date.

But the three-books-in-one don't quite jell, and we are left with badly unsatisfied expectations. A worthwhile and certainly intriguing experiment; a book worth reading despite its ultimate failure. I do hope that Tiptree writes more novels. □

THE FUTURIANS, by Damon Knight. 276 pp. 1977. $10.95. John Day.

There never was a phenomenon quite like the old Futurians, and there never will be again, Damon Knight contends in this memoir; and while he's wrong about that it's an interesting claim, and his book about the Futurians makes for utterly enchanting reading. The original Futurians were a science-fiction club in New York, in the early 1940s, and it produced an astonishing number of science-fiction writers, editors, critics, and agents. (Also at least one artist—Knight himself—although he abandoned that aspect of his career early on.)

The Futurians were all young—either teen-agers or people in their early 20s. They were bright, ambitious, mostly poor. A large proportion of them were Jewish. They all *loved* science fiction. Most of them were leftishly-inclined in their politics, and some played at being Communists in the era (late-Depression/Grand Alliance) when it was very faddish to be a Communist.

Knight traces the entry of the various members of this group into the circle, describes the evolution of their careers and of their relationships with one another, and tells us, as a good story-teller, "what happened later on." Of course it's a fascinating cast of characters, and we have the advantage of Knight's having *been* there for most of the time he describes. (In fact, Knight missed the earliest days of the Futurians—he was a youngster living on the West Coast, and travelled East after the group was functioning, to join as a sort of provisional/junior member.)

His portraits of Isaac Asimov (a very shy, self-conscious sort of mama's boy), Cyril Kornbluth (a cynical, dour, even vicious person even from the start), Don Wollheim (older than the others, both more sophisticated than they and in his own way puritanical), and the rest are compellingly readable. His story of how the Futurians virtually took over the SF pulp field around 1941 reads like a Don Westlake caper yarn. Within short order Fred Pohl was editing *Astonishing* and *Super Science Stories*, Wollheim was editing *Stirring Science* and *Cosmic Stories*, and Doc Lowndes, through a Futurian-engineered coup, had got poor Charlie Hornig ousted from the Silberkleit magazines and was installed at *Future, Science Fiction Stories*, and *Science Fiction Quarterly*.

Now, if you've read most of the stories in those early magazines (I have) you're aware that most of them are *terrible* stories, little if any better than the run-of-the-mill *fan* fiction of other eras and certainly not good pulp story-telling no less good literature. If you've ever wondered how that stuff got published, here's the answer! Pohl sold to Lowndes, Wollheim sold to Pohl, Lowndes sold to Wollheim, and every other combination available, under their own names, singly, in collaboration, under pseudonyms, under house names. They bought from other Futurians. As a last resort, stories that they couldn't even foist off on one another they sold to *themselves* (under other than their real names). The rates were of course microscopic, and in the case of Wollheim's magazines there was no payment at all—Wollheim's publisher was so cash-short that he got the authors to *give* him stories "now," against bonus rates later, but of course before "later" ever arrived the publisher had disappeared like a thief in the night.

The Futurians is an intensely personal book, and this, I believe, both gives it its irresistable fascination and renders it a bad book. Knight goes into the home lives of the people in the group (most of whom shared digs with one another in various combinations at various times). How much personal data is appropriate and how much is mere gossip-mongering is debatable, of course. Knight devotes an entire chapter to Judy Merril's sex life, naming every bed-partner she had over a period of years, describing the date, occasion, and circumstances of the incident, and stopping barely short of describing

erotic positions utilized. (I suppose he omits the last because he doesn't have that information and is an honest if tasteless reporter, declining to manufacture data.)

He devotes a similar chapter to Virginia Kidd's sex life, and, not to be sexist, provides a third on Frederik Pohl.

Well, folks, I'm as much a sucker for a good scandal-mongering gossip-columnist as the next reader; I won't pretend I skipped the juicy parts. But really, Damon!

Parts of the book are touching, and parts simply deadening to the sensitivities. Knight's description of the last days of Harry Dockweiler (a.k.a. "Dirk Wylie") could almost make you weep, but when Knight comes to the death of John Michel he descends into utter bathos. Further, he manages to trivialize and denigrate, it seems to me, everybody in the book. His final assessment of Michel, that "all his depth was in shallow places," is very glib, very striking, rather funny—and utterly unfair. It trivializes Michel, dismisses him with an epigram, and quite ignores the fact that he was a serious and a tragic figure.

Knight does this for just about everybody in his book. Most of his "victims" are still alive, and they are certainly free to respond if and as they choose, or to remain silent. But some, like James Blish, are deceased, and I do feel very bad about Knight's spattering of Blish. To whatever extent anybody ever taught me to write, it was Blish. I was searching old files this past week and came across a letter I had quite forgot about in the eleven years since it was written. It was a lengthy, detailed, perceptive, and very apt letter that Blish had sent me, about the first three chapters of my first novel. That was all that I'd written at that moment, and I'd sent the chapters to Blish hoping for an encouraging little pat-on-the-head. Instead, I received a serious and thorough analysis.

Not only because he was my friend, but because he was a highly intelligent and serious intellectual, a man with passionately held views on important issues, and at times a briliant writer, I can't sit by without protesting Knight's portrait of Blish. As for other people in the book, Knight seems to give the same treatment to most if not all of them.

Why?

If you read the book closely you can't help noticing the detailed recollections and strongly held feelings that Knight holds of those old Futurian days of his. He still holds every detail of that time in 1943 when he wanted to go along to the movies but the other, older Futurians made him stay home and wash the dishes. He's getting his own back for the slights of thirty-odd years ago!

In portraying the other Futurians as pygmies, Knight merely reveals his own true stature.

At the outset of this review I mentioned that Knight's assertion of uniqueness for the old Futurians is inaccurate. Let me provide a couple of bits of supporting detail for that statement. For one, even in the 1940s the New York Futurians were not unique—there was a Futurian group in Los Angeles, headed by Alva Rogers, and there has also been a Golden Gate Futurian Society in the San Francisco area.

But what Knight utterly overlooks is the 1960s Futurian revival in New York. James Blish, Algis Budrys, and Larry Shaw were still around, providing a continuity with the old Futurians. After a couple of years the Futurians metamorphosed into the Fanoclasts, and *this* group, in the 1960s, included the following writers, artists, editors and publishers (in addition to Blish, Shaw and Budrys): Bob Silverberg, Lee Hoffman, Bob Shea, Steve Stiles, Ted White, Joe Staton, Jack Gaughan, Larry Ivie, bhob Stewart, Terry Carr, Carol Carr, Andy Porter, Chris Steinbrunner, Lin Carter, Dave Van Arnam...and I expect a few others who've slipped my mind.

Nor is that the end. In the late 1960s and early 70s, one of those periodical waves of emigration hit the New York science fiction community, and most of those people I mentioned above either moved from New York or dropped out of active participation in the Futurians/Fanoclasts. But there's always a new generation coming in behind the old, and at last report the Fanoclasts were doing just fine, and included such people as Andy Porter, Jim Frenkel (science fiction editor for Dell Publishing Company), Ross Chamberlain and Stu Shiffman (illustrator-cartoonists), plus any number of prominent fans.

I suppose that Damon Knight loved the original Futurians, and like any lover he thinks that his love was unique.

Twarnt. □

THE CHRONICLES OF THOMAS COVENANT THE UNBELIEVER: VOLUME I, LORD FOUL'S BANE, by Stephen R. Donaldson. 369 pp. 1977. $10. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

There's a sub-title here, "An Epic Fantasy," and the work lives up to the appellation—there are three volumes, cast very much in the Tolkienian mold. We've had *Sword of Shanara*, *Circle of Light*, *Astra and Flondrix*, and now Mr. Donaldson's long story. I don't suppose the end is in sight.

Lord Foul's Bane starts most encouragingly. Following an old principle brought to my attention first by Lin Carter, he opens his book in familiar surroundings and then moves, after the reader has become comfortable with the protagonist, to more exotic places. Thomas Covenant himself is an interesting and sympathetic person (although I can't say I like the name much—Thomas Covenant, meet Major Fearing). He's a bright young man, a successful novelist with a wife and child, and then he discovers that he has leprosy!

Donaldson knows a good deal about leprosy, and he makes the reader feel Thomas's shock and emotional agony, his problems with society and with his family, once his illness is diagnosed. Donaldson gives us three chapters of what can be considered a realistic novel, and I for one found it rivetting. Then—wham!—he transports Thomas to a Tolkienian fantasy world, and the whole nature of the book changes.

In this other world, we encounter the full, customary paraphernalia of the Tolkienade: beautiful non-industrial countryside, nicely-develped local culture, impending confrontation of cap-gee Good and cap-ee Evil, Ring of Power, magical sword, monsters, odd forest folk, etc.

Thomas Covenant isn't quite sure what he's really *doing* here—he got thwacked by a police car back there on Main Street in Middletown, Connecticut (or wherever), and suddenly he's just *here*...Is it all an hallucination? Or—what?

But he's a good sport, and anyhow his leprosy seems to be undergoing a spontaneous remission hereabouts, so Tom good-naturedly (or not-so-good-naturedly) settles into the role of Hero of Prophecy, and shortly finds himself engaged in a lengthy cross-country trek. And here's where the great problem with the book rears its head.

For while Donaldson writes beautifully on the sentence level—his prose is lyrical, rhythmical, his images are startling and beautiful—his pacing is atrocious. If you can call it pacing. The way he writes that walk across country reminds me of some comments of Sprague de Camp's. Thomas takes a step. And then he takes another step. And then he takes another step. And then he takes another step.

Ten pages later he's still walking.

Twenty pages later he's still walking.

Thirty pages later he's still walking.

And so, on and on.

Finally he comes to a stream, encounters a skiff and boatman (actually a Giant) and they start up the stream. And they go up the stream. And they go up the stream. And they go up the stream. And they go up the stream. And they go up the stream. And they go up the stream.

And in the middle of page 167 of this stuff, Stephen Donaldson wrote the last line that I have read, of his:

"Oh, bloody hell! Covenant groaned. Do I have to put up with this?"

I don't know whether Covenant had to put up with it or not, folks, but with a loud slapping sound I snapped the book shut, having applied the question to myself and decided that, in any case, *I* didn't have to put up with this.

Now, reviewers have been attacked for reviewing books after reading only partway through them, and of course there is a good deal to be said for thoroughness. But I submit that it is not required that one wade through 369 pages of this stuff (and that's only Volume One out of three!) to see that the author doesn't know how to tell a story! I don't know who bought this trilogy for Holt, Rinehart & Winston. (Could each of them have bought one volume?)

But whoever the responsible editor was ought to have his or her wrist slapped. Because Donaldson is potentially a *good* writer. What he's done in the present book (or in the first 167 pages of it) *is* sorely lacking in originality; but he creates characters well, he handles the language admirably, he creates very effective settings and incidents. I have a feeling that the thousand pages of *The Chronicles*, if they'd been whittled down to *one* volume of three-hundred-and-some pages, would have made one dilly of a book!

But as the work stands... Well, I'm just not going to subject myself to the hours of struggling through he-took-another-step, and I suggest that you don't bother with it either.

Boo, hiss, boo! □

ROCKETSHIP, by Robert Malone with J. C. Suares. $6.95. 128 pp. 1977. Harper & Row.

This is a very unusual book, a sort of primarily-pictorial scrapbook of images of the spaceship as imagined by people for centuries, as actually constructed for the German military effort of World War II (and even earlier experimental rockets of Goddard and Tsiolkovsky), by the US and Soviet space administrations, and as envisioned for the future, both by science fiction writers and illustrators and by serious planners.

The book is visually delightful. Designed in a large horizontal format, it shows just about everything you could think of: Flash Gordon's space outfit as compared to an actual astronaut's outfit, Buck Rogers' rocket fleet, German World War II fighters and V bombs, a complete 1950s EC comic story by Al Williamson, pictures by Frank R. Paul, stills from *2001: A Space Odyssey*, Bonestell paintings, astronomical photographs taken from earth and from the surface of the moon (and from the vicinity of other planets) old covers from *Startling Stories* (Howard Brown) and *Fantastic Stories* (Alex Schomberg), stills from *When Worlds Collide* and *Things to Come*, and so on and on and on.

The book is all in black-and-white (except for the cover, which has some color overlays in the design), and interior color would have perked it up hugely. But then I suppose that costs is costs, and today's book prices are somewhat breathtaking as it is. Still, I just wish...

Another, and more serious, gripe is that the text is nowhere near the quality of the art. The writing is superficial and skimpy, the research woefully incomplete and often inaccurate. Malone and Suares can't even be consistent with themselves, no less accurate! A couple of examples: On page 11, Sputnik I weighed 23 pounds; by page 21, it's up to 84 pounds. On page 30, the first moon landing is dated July 16 1969. On the same page (! ! !) is a facsimile newspaper dated July *21*, reporting on the landing that had taken place late the preceding day. Malone and Suares give an explanation of the principle of the laser that is straight out of Professor Thintwhistle; they even get the distance from the earth to the sun wrong by a few million miles!

I don't know why such a nicely assembled and produced book—from the pictorial viewpoint—is provided with such a slapdash text, unless the people involved were totally oriented to the visual and had only contempt for mere words. But in this case Harper & Row might have gone out and hired virtually any science fiction fan off the floor of the Lunacon and got a better job of text for the book than that provided. Or they might simply have published it as a picture book—let the reader provide his own captions.

As it is, I can't recommend the book as a total entity because of the almost insultingly poor text. But the pictures are great!

Caveat emptor! □

[Editor's note: for another review of this book from a different viewpoint, see the editorial in the last issue.]

MURGUNSTRUMM AND OTHERS, by Hugh B. Cave. $15. 475 pp. 1977. Carcosa. (P.O. Box 1064, Chapel Hill, NC, 27514.)

The book is a compendium of some 26 stories by Hugh B. Cave, one of the grand old pulp writers of forty years ago, ranging in length from a couple of vignettes up through two novellas (which I'm sure the original publishers would have ballyhooed as Complete Book Length Novels). There's no beautiful prose here to compare with Donaldson's elegant and arty English—just plain declarative sentences and exclamations, punctuated with the usual explosive vocabulary of the pulps.

You know, the hero doesn't duck to avoid a volley of bullets. He crashes to the floorboards as a horde of deadly hornets screech murderously overhead...

Cave was a master at that sort of stuff, and wrote pulp for decades and then graduated to the slick magazines, where he's still at work turning out smooth, professionally crafted fiction.

But these 26 stories... The oldest of them was written in 1930, and most of them appeared between '31 and 1942, although a scattering are more recent, including one from 1976. As Cave says in an introduction to the collection, he likes to do one of the old-style yarns now and then, just for fun. These are horror stories; they appeared in magazines like *Weird Tales, Strange Tales, Ghost Stories,* and *Spicy Mystery Stories;* most were under Cave's name, others (the more lit'ry ones) were by "Lincoln Hoffman," and the "spicies" were by "Justin Case." Lovely by-line.

There's no solid science fiction here, but a good spectrum of horror stories including a number of technical fantasies. The range is from vampires to ghost to family curses to maniacs, haunted houses, pictures and sculptures coming alive, and so on. With the sprinkling of stories from the "spicies" there's a touch of sado-masochism, and a bit of what might have passed for daring sexuality in its day but is nowadays so very soft, soft core, that it just looks silly.

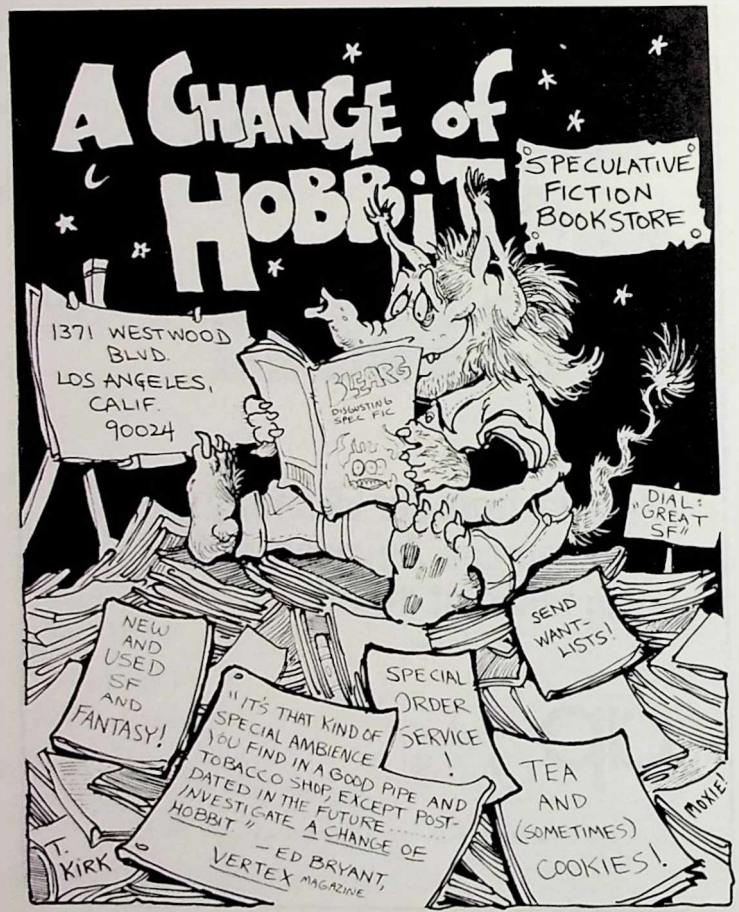
There seem to have been a few key phrases for the spicies—or at least, for the Justin Case stories. Soft, white breasts quiver and throb. Long, smooth legs flow. And people actually kiss each other, right there on the printed page. It's kind of touching.

Most of Cave's stories treat classic horror themes in pretty standard ways. The title story of the book is a straight-out vampire yarn, complete right down to a Van Helsing figure (Cave calls him Von Heller). There are a couple of Cthulhu-related Lovecraft-type stories, and elsewhere one detects the influence of Poe, Stoker, and others of their ilk.

The book is *full* of good, honestly crafted stories replete with the traditional beginnings, middles and ends. I don't think anybody is likely to sit down and read this whole book from end to end, but it's grand fun to read one or two of the stories, then turn to other matters, then come back for another shot, and so on. A good job—and a good value, despite the somewhat alarming price. You're getting nearly 500 rather densely set pages, a whole pack of illustrations by Lee Brown Coye, and a guaranteed collector's item that's virtually certain to increase in value over the years.

I do want to take a moment to praise Karl Edward Wagner, the proprietor and editor of Carcosa. (Yes, he's the same Wagner who's been writing those heroic fantasies for Warner Books and others.) Wagner's philosophy is that a few cult figures of the pulp SF and fantasy fields have been getting a huge amount of attention from publishers. If your name was Burroughs, Howard, Lovecraft, Smith (either Doc or Clark Ashton), they'll reprint everything from your novels and short stories to your fanzine articles, notebooks, and letters-home-to-mom.

That's okay in itself—certainly a treat for dedicated acolytes, fans and collectors, and a bonanza for scholars who'd



have one devil of a time getting the stuff otherwise.

But what about all of the hundreds of pulp writers whose names don't happen to be Burroughs, Howard, Lovecraft or Smith? Wagner is making it his business to gather up selected works of *other* deserving pulpsters, and get them out in huge, lavish, early-Arkham type volumes. Carcosa has done three to date—*Worse Things Waiting* by Manly Wade Wellman, *Far Lands Other Days* by E. Hoffmann Price, and now *Murgunstrumm and Others* by Cave. If you don't have all three you really ought to look into getting copies before they go out of print and the prices start to rocket.

As for what Carcosa will do in the future, I don't really know. I'd personally recommend a book of stories by Paul Ernst, who wrote the "Doctor Satan" stories for *Weird Tales*, and who was "Kenneth Robeson" and wrote the Avenger stories for the pulp of that name. (There was, of course, another "Kenneth Robeson" for the Doc Savage series—he was Lester Dent most of the time. And more recently, Ron Goulart has been "Robeson," and produced some *new* Avenger paperbacks.)

But whatever Carcosa does in the future, Wagner deserves praise for what Carcosa has done already. □

VIRGIL FINLAY IN THE AMERICAN WEEKLY (a portfolio), 1977, $10, Nova Press (P.O. Box 5402, San Francisco CA 94101).

In the seven years since Virgil Finlay's death there has been a significant increase in interest in his work. Don Grant published two hardbound volumes of color plates and black-and-white drawings; Gerry de la Ree produced a handsome book of reproductions, which received a larger circulation as an Avon Flare paperback.

Now Nova Press (Russell Swanson and Tim Underwood) has issued a most admirable folio of Finlay drawings, most of which were new to me. The reason, as the title indicates, is that these drawings originally appeared in *The American Weekly*, the old Hearst Sunday supplement edited for so many years by fantasy writer A. Merritt. Finlay's work in the SF and fantasy pulps is, if not quite readily available, at least familiar in retrospect to oldtime fans and available in collections to modern researchers. His work for the astrology magazines is less familiar, and provided the material for one of Grant's books.

But his Sunday supplement work is

Use Order Form On Page 81.

largely unknown, and Underwood and Swanson are to be commended for researching it and reproducing it in this very handsome oversize (10" X 13") format.

The pictures themselves are splendid. There is only one drawing that must be considered science fictional: a rendering of the suppositional natives of the planet Mercury. The remainder of the drawings summon up images of the kind of high adventure, exotic romantic fantasies associated with H. Rider Haggard, Talbot Mundy, and of course Merritt himself. There are a series of lovely plates that Swanson informs me illustrate a group of stories by H. Bedford-Jones, another practitioner of that sort of tale. In each we see a vignetted drawing of an archetypal professor and his beautiful ward gazing into a jewel which reveals a scene of ancient Babylon, Machu Picchu, Crete, Angkor Wat...

What we see is unabashed romanticism carried to its uttermost extreme extreme. It may be simply too much for some eyes, but for mine it is a delicious treat. The drawings are sumptuously reproduced on heavy, opaque, slightly off-white paper and bound in a two-color cover on even heavier, deckled stock. There is a very brief prefatory note by the publishers and a warm and informative introduction by Beverly Finlay, the artist's widow. My only complaint with this lovely portfolio is that I would have liked to read specific bibliographic citations and explanations of the origin of each drawing. I have been told by Swanson that he and Underwood hope to produce a large book of Finaly art at some later time, which book will contain extensive text giving just such data. But with this single small quibble, I recommend the present portfolio most highly.

It was produced in an edition of only 600 copies; of these, 400 were distributed through retail outlets and the rest are available directly from the publishers.

BRIEFLY NOTED

The old *Weird Tales* magazine presented an incredible array of science fiction and fantasy during its thirty years of life. The famous "Big Three" of the magazine were of course Lovecraft, Howard, and Clark Ashton Smith. But beyond these the roll-call of the great and the near-great of pulp fantasy is astonishing: Edmond Hamilton, Jack Williamson, Catherine Moore, Henry Kuttner, Ray Bradbury, Robert Bloch, Theodore Sturgeon, Frank Belknap Long, Vincent Starrett, Otis Kline, and so on and on and on.

Despite the honor roll of great names, the most prolific and most popular of all *Weird Tales* authors was none of these, but the late Seabury Quinn, whose name and works have fallen into relative obscurity since the demise of the magazine. Popular Library issued six volumes of his incredibly popular (and numerous!) Jules de Grandin stories a year or two ago, and Arkham House and Mirage each did one Quinn collection.

Now Oswald Train has published *Alien Flesh*, the only non-de Grandin novel that I know of Quinn's having written, and it is a very, very, very strange book. A beautiful, mysterious woman with an unspecified Egyptian connection turns up at an American museum. After a brief romantic interlude we learn her background, and the bulk of the book is taken up with one very long flashback.

An American in Cairo accidentally kills an Egyptian girl in 1947. He is imprisoned by the girl's father; through magic his soul (i.e., his consciousness and vital force) is transferred to the girl's body, and reanimates it. From here on out we get the adventures and problems of the hero/heroine in dealing with the situation.

Quinn's writing was quite pleasant (although a bit florid by present standards), and while the book is not one that I would call good by conventional literary standards, it is intensely readable: colorful, atmospheric, suspenseful, fast-moving. A set of plates by Stephen Fabian further enhance the book: they are perfectly in tune with the prose.

According to Train, Quinn himself turned the manuscript over to the old Prime Press, a small Philadelphia-based publisher, in the 1950s. The book was scheduled and typesetting had even commenced when Prime Press went out of business. But Train rescued the manuscript, and after all these years (and nearly a decade after Quinn's death) the novel appears for the first time.

Certainly an odd and heavily erotic sport of the pulp era's last days. And by erotic, I don't mean the ritual throbbing breast and flowing leg of *Spicy Mystery Stories*. No, *Alien Flesh* is infused with and powered by a *real* erotic drive. But a very strange and strangely directed one. One of these days somebody should do a bibliography of transsexualism in science fiction and fantasy. Quinn's story is surely not the first: Thorne Smith did a marvelous trick in *Turnabout* back in the 20s, and Baum had a prince turn to a princess in Oz back around the turn of the century. More recently Dave Van Arnam did it with a brain transplant in *Star Mind*, and a few years later Heinlein did the same in *I Shall Fear No Evil*. Hmmm.

Anyway, I recommend the Quinn book as a very offbeat—and readable—fantasy. Also, it's going to be a collector's item: Train only produced 1500 copies, and there must be that many Quinn collectors out there. So if you want to get the book without paying out-of-print premium, don't delay!

(The book is *very* nicely produced at $10 from Oswald Train, P. O. Box 1891, Philadelphia PA 19105.)

Donald M. Grant has concentrated in recent years on Robert E. Howard material. By so doing he's certainly pleased a certain market, and assured the economic survival of his press. But I am always pleased to see him branch out with other material such as his Virgil Finlay and George Barr pictorial volumes, or his recent William Hope Hodgson edition.

Now Grant has produced two most interesting books. My favorite is *Black God's Shadow*, the collected "Jirel of Joiry" stories by C. L. Moore. These originated in *Weird Tales* in the 1930s, and were collected by Gnome Press in the 1950s. But in the Gnome editions the Jirel stories were intermixed with Moore's Northwest Smith stories, so we had two volumes of alternating medieval fantasy and futuristic space fiction. A very disconcerting mix!

The Grant edition corrects this: *Black God's Shadow* is wholly given over to Jirel. The stories are excellent—Moore could write rings around most sword-and-sorcery authors, for my money—and the production job is beautiful, with attractive type, tinted stock and excellent full-color illustrations by Alicia Austin. My only question for Don Grant is, When do we get a Compleat Northwest Smith volume to match the Jirel book?

Matching *Black God's Shadow* is another Grant volume, *The Three Palladins* by Harold Lamb with illustrations by Cathy Hill. Lamb was a pulp writer who specialized in high adventure, exotic and historical fiction that almost always bordered on fantasy but almost never crossed into its realm. *The Three Palladins* is a novel of Temujin—Genghis Khan. Lamb wrote an excellent biography of Temujin as well as the novel, so the latter is full of accurate and colorful detail as well as being a grand sweeping adventure yarn. It dates from 1923, and I believe had a magazine version but was never before published as a book.

(The Lamb book is $12 and the Moore, $15, and both are beautiful editions worth the price. There was also a super-deluxe version of the Moore, at $35, but it's my understanding that it sold out prior to publication, so forget it. But you might want to be placed on Grant's mailing list for future publications. Donald M. Grant, West Kingston, Rhode Island, 02892.)

A new specialty publisher is The Mysterious Press, and as its name indicates, this is not quite a fantasy or science fiction house. But two volumes

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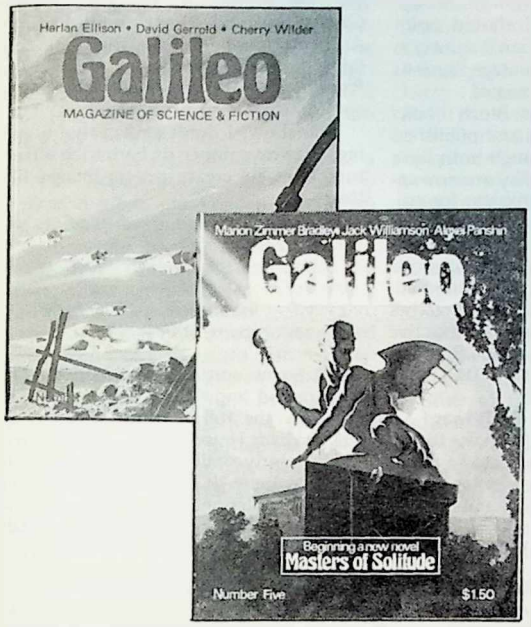

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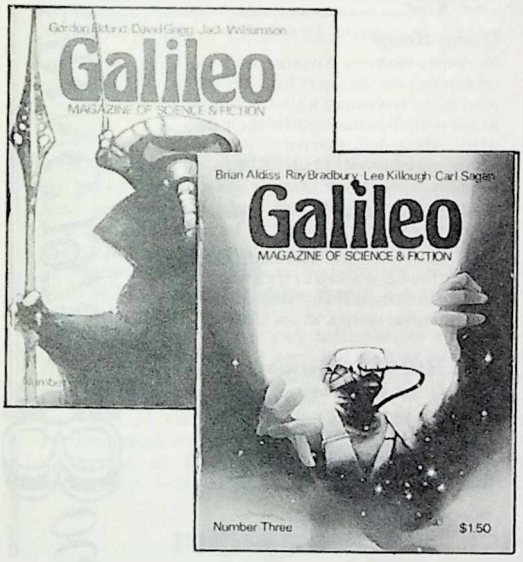

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from The Mysterious Press are of distinct interest to SF and fantasy readers.

The King of Terrors is a collection of fourteen "tales of madness and death" by Robert Bloch. They are gathered from such sources as *Ellery Queen's* and *Alfred Hitchcock's* as well as some *very* obscure periodicals of the 1950s and 60s. I remember *Manhunt* as an excellent magazine but I haven't seen a copy in years; I don't think I ever so much as *saw* a copy of *Keyhole* or *Fury* or *Bestseller Mystery*...

These are a mixture of psychological horror and mundane mystery; there's no fantasy or science fiction...but the stories are good Bloch, all of them otherwise out-of-print, and they're good reading. The book is also a "collectable."

The other Mysterious Press book is far more interesting to me, as a publishing phenomenon (I am not considering it on the basis of literary merit). It's *Norgil the Magician*, a set of continuity hero adventures resurrected from the pages of *Crime Busters/Mystery Magazine*, a Street & Smith pulp circa 1937-1940. Norgil was of course an imaginary figure, but he was whomped up of characteristics (and used tricks copped from) any number of *actual* stage magicians of his era.

The author is "Maxwell Grant," i.e., Walter B. Gibson, the man who created the Shadow and wrote literally hundreds of Shadow novels, radio plays, and comic book scripts—as well as editing several magazines including a short-lived SF magazine in the 50s, and writing reams of other fiction and non-fiction for magazine and book publishers.

This makes *Norgil* certainly associational to SF—although I should point out that all of the magician's stunts, as described in the book, are stage illusions rather than supernatural magic.

Both the Gibson and Bloch books are attractively produced and published in limited editions, although both have proved so popular that they are now into second printings—a problem for collectors who are first edition purists, although just as good as the "firsts" for anyone else. Each book appears in a trade edition for $10 and a limited edition for $20; The Mysterious Press has planned a number of other attractive items for the near future. (P.O. Box 334 East Station, Yonkers NY 10704.)

Speaking of Robert E. Howard, as I was a few pages ago... I have to say that I'm not as wildly dedicated a fan of Howard's barbarian heroes as many people are. Conan and Kull and their ilk tend to leave me quite cold, as a matter of fact. But some of Howard's other creations are more to my liking—I value the adventures of the Puritan Solomon Kane, and treasure the exploits of Howard's comic cowboy Breckinridge Elkins.

And to my astonishment, I have found Howard's poetry to be very striking and enjoyable. Thus I welcome the new edition of Howard's *Always Comes Evening*. First published by Arkham House in 1957, the book contains poetry from *Weird Tales*, *The Phantograph*, *Modern American Poetry* and some other surprising sources.

Somehow, I don't expect that brawling, brawny spinner of barbarian adventure tales to create poetic images like this:

> *I followed, then in waves of*
> *spectral light*
> *Mounted the shimmery ladders*
> *of my soul,*
> *Where moon-pale spiders, huge*
> *as dragons, stole—*

This new edition, published by Tim Underwood and Chuck Miller, contains not only the full contents of the original Arkham House edition, but a poem inadvertently omitted from the Arkham House volume. It is strikingly illustrated by Keiko Nelson, and is a bargain at $10. (There's also a deluxe boxed edition of this, for $31; I don't imagine

there's a chance to get one of these, but you might inquire of the publisher. Address is Chuck Miller, 239 North Fourth Street, Columbia PA 17512.)

Dragon Press is operated by Lloyd Currey, a specialist book dealer, and David Hartwell whose editing credentials include Berkley Publishing Company, Gregg Press, and *Cosmos* magazine. Together they have produced *The Jewel-Hinged Jaw*, a collection of essays by Samuel R. Delany gathered from a variety of sources (some new) and dating as far back as 1966.

Delany has had an odd career as a science fiction author: a combination *enfant terrible* and Golden Boy when he emerged in the early 60s, he seemed (to some) to be wandering off into a realm of self-indulgence and effete artiness, while to others he was carrying SF into new areas of maturity and sophistication. Then he virtually disappeared for several years, to return with the even more controversial *Dhalgren* and *Triton*.

Whatever your opinion of Delany, it cannot be denied that he is one of the more interesting and influential writers to enter the field in the past fifteen years. And his editorial and critical judgements have proved more valid in the long run than in the short. Consider the book-magazine *Quark* which Delany co-edited with poet Marilyn Hacker. *Quark* began publication in 1970 and barely staggered through four issues, a dismal commerecial failure—but today issues of it sell for premium prices and a complete set is a collector's prize. The magazine contained works by Thomas Disch, R. A. Lafferty, Ursula Le Guin, Joanna Russ, Ed Bryant, Gardner Dozois, John Brunner, Fritz Leiber, Carol Emshwiller, Philip Jose Farmer, James Sallis, Kate Wilhelm, Larry Niven, Charles Platt, Vonda McIntyre, Avram Davidson... Incredible!

Well, not to labor the point, Delany's essays are triply worth reading: first, because of Delany's own stature as a writer/editor/critic; second, because they are gracefully written essays, rewarding examples of their own form; third, because he says many stimulating, intelligent, and controversial things in them.

The Jewel-Hinged Jaw is a beautifully made book. I don't have the price at hand, but I believe it's $12.95, with another of those special-limited-edition deals at $25. (Dragon Press, Elisabethtown NY 12932.)

And a post script: with all of the scholarly facsimile publishing going on nowadays, a facsimile edition of those four issues of *Quark* might be worth someone's trouble.

MAGAZINES

Still keeping one eye on the science fiction magazine situation, and the scene continues to be most intriguing. Of the newer crop of magazines, all but one seem to be surviving, even prospering.

Galileo continues its policy of holding to relatively small editions, bookstore rather than newsstand distribution—and its publishers claim that this policy has made each issue a sellout sooner or later. Newsstand returns are of course the bane of magazine publishers, and if *Galileo* has found a way to circumvent this problem, the magazine may thrive for a long time.

UnEarth continues *its* policy of emphasizing new writers, although the magazine has tacitly recognized the importance of bigger names by instituting a number of other features—a science column by Hal Clement, commentary on writing by Harlan Ellison, and a series of reprints of major authors' first sales. Each issue of *UnEarth* has shown visible progress, and after a year of publication this magazine, too, looks as if it's going to survive.

Isaac Asimov's has increased its frequency of issue from quarterly to bimonthly, has improved its cover designs (switching from portraits of Isaac to real

SF illustrations), and has in general shown that a good, old-line, competently-edited magazine that provides plenty of stories for varied readers' tastes, can still make a go of it.

Cosmos, on the other hand, has been suspended and will probably not resume publication, and the reason for this event is tragically ironic. The magazine was the most ambitious of the new crop from the viewpoint of physical design *and* literary content. And according to its editor David Hartwell the sales of its four issues were almost exactly on target, with all curves moving in the right direction.

However, *Cosmos* was financially linked with *Bijou*, a cinema magazine produced by a different staff but issued by the same publisher. *Bijou* failed badly, leaving behind a sheaf of unpaid bills, and to keep the parent corporation from being dragged under altogether, the magazine group—*Bijou* and *Cosmos*—had to be scuttled.

So—no more *Cosmos*. Five or ten years from now, readers and collectors may look back at it as we do today at *Quark!*

Any number of new magazines have appeared that emphasize SF but that do so through primarily pictorial means—movie stills or comic strips or both—and are thus beyond the purview of what one normally considers "science fiction magazines." Among these, the most ambitious to date is *Heavy Metal*, a very plush monthly produced by the staff and with the facilities of *National Lampoon*. *Heavy Metal* consists mainly of beautifully executed comics, many of them reprinted from the French magazine *Metal Hurlant*.

But each issue carries one text piece as well, either an excerpt from a forthcoming novel or an original short story. The magazine pays top rates, and has run material by Ellison, Sturgeon, Tiptree and others (including myself). It seems to me that a collection of short stories from *Heavy Metal* would be a winner. □

RECORDS

As interest in science fiction as a recorded audio medium increases, a battle seems to be developing along classic David-and-Goliath lines. David is Alternate World Recordings, a tiny, New York-based company run by Roy Torgeson. Goliath is Caedmon Records, certainly no giant in comparison to the general recording companies like Warners or Columbia, but in the smaller realm of the recorded word, by far the largest (and oldest) operation.

I have received the entire AWR catalog, and find the general quality to range from good through excellent. Roy Torgeson has obtained the services of the authors involved, whenever possible; these include Fritz Leiber, Theodore Sturgeon, Ursula Le Guin, Harlan Ellison, Joanna Russ, and Robert Bloch. For AWR's recording of Robert E. Howard's material, Ugo Toppo (a "professional voice") was used. And for AWR's recording of Brian Aldiss's *Frankenstein Unbound* the highly ambitious BBC production of the novel was used in specially edited form, with Aldiss himself as narrator.

Caedmon has followed a somewhat similar line, with "author's own" readings by Frank Herbert, Le Guin (not the same material as is on her AWR album), Vonnegut, and some earlier Tolkien material rescued from obscurity through the preservation of some old home-recorder tapes. Caedmon is bringing out a *series* of albums based on Isaac Asimov's Foundation trilogy; the first in the series features the voice of actor William Shatner; the second, that of Asimov himself. Other Caedmon "professional voice" releases include *Frankenstein* read by James Mason, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* read by Anthony Quayle, and—great favorites of mine—H. P. Lovecraft's *The Dunwich Horror* and *The Rats in the Walls*, both read by David McCallum.

Now the basic problem here is that an actor is obviously going to give a more polished, more dramatic, more effective *performance* of a work—but the *author* is the one best qualified to give his or her *interpretation* of the work. Someitmes you can get both in one—Joanna Russ holds a degree in drama and gives a superb reading of her material on her AWR album; Fritz Leiber is of course a trained Shakespearean whose performance is magnificent. And some people in our field—Bloch and Ellison both come to mind—have so honed their talents on the talk-show and rubber-chicken circuits that one can hardly ask for better. (In passing, AWR has announced a special cassette release of an Ellison "live" show, complete with guest appearances, audience responses, the works. The tape is not yet available as I write this column, but surely will be by the time you read it.)

On the other hand, I'd like to quote a friend who works at a local radio station and was auditioning a stack of these albums recently, and commented that "Isaac Asimov sounds like a kid from a candy store in the Bronx, and Frank Herbert sounds like he just wants to get this over with and get out of there." My own response to Kurt Vonnegut's reading was one of disappointment. And as an experiment, I taped myself recently reading a short story, "Venus—ah, Venus," at a local club meeting. When I played the tape back it sounded *terrible*. I swallowed words, missed emphases, ran fast and slow, and in general (thanks to a minor but chronic problem with nasal polyps) sounded like somebody suffering through the worst stages of a biserable toad id the dose. If somebody had tried to sell *me* a record like that, I'd never have bought it!

In all honesty, I'm still undecided. I *love* McCallum's readings of Lovecraft, for instance—have listened to 'em any number of times at home, and even (via cassette) when driving. But what if somebody invented a sort of temporal-audio-scanner-recorder and made it possible to have a tape or disk of HPL *himself* reading those stories!

Wow!

(Hey, you budding authors out there, don't try and rip off my idea. Long before this sees print in ALGOL I will have done up such a story myself.)

I can only suggest that you try and get access to copies of the records and audition them for yourself before deciding which ones to buy (unless you can afford to get 'em all, of course, purely as collectors' items—which ain't a bad idea at all, either!).

Alternate World Recordings is at 148 East 74th Street, New York NY 10021.

Caedmon Records is at 505 Eighth Avenue, New York NY 10018.

I know that other companies are dipping their toes into the pond of recorded SF as well, but most have not sent albums for review. I don't wish to make this sound like a racket of any sort, but it is obviously a financial impossiblity for me to go out and buy all of the books and records and magazines issued in the science fiction field. Hence I usually limit my reviews to those provided by publishers. As Judith Merril has pointed out, sending a promotional copy to a reviewer does not guarantee that you will be reviewed (there are problems of space and time, too!), but withholding promotional copies almost guarantees that you won't receive a review—since the reviewer can hardly evaluate a book/record that he or she has never read or heard.

Twentieth Century-Fox Records *has* kindly furnished a promotional copy of *The Story of Star Wars*. This is not a reading of the Lucas/Foster novel, but an actual condensation of the motion picture sound track, complete with extensive dialogue and sound effects, and with additional narration by Roscoe Lee Browne. Don't confuse this "Story" album with the actual *musical* sound track, which I've seen available in both its original orchestration on 20th, in a synthesizer version on another label, and in a disco version on a third. If you're a *Star Wars* addict you'll probably find the "story" album indispensible; otherwise, you'll get along very nicely without it, I'm sure.

As for those *other* "other" SF and fantasy albums that I mentioned, none have found their way to my turntable, and I don't really know any production details or mailing addresses. But I believe that Ray Bradbury has recorded several albums of his own works, and that other productions–some of readings, some of full-scale, old-fashioned Golden Age of Radio type audio dramatizations–have been issued of additional works of Howard and of Lovecraft, among others. But any further comments just now would be idle specualtion on my part. □

–Dick Lupoff

John Robert Colombo. MOSTLY MONSTERS. Toronto: Hounslow Press, 1977 (124 Parkview Avenue Toronto Ontario M2N 3Y5 Canada). 126 pp. $2.95.

Why review a book of poetry in ALGOL? you might ask. My first answer is that I am positive that many readers out there who 'don't read that stuff' will nevertheless *love* this book. For *Mostly Monsters* is a collection of 'found poems' concerning almost all the famous creatures (heroic and evil) we have come to know through books, pulp magazines, comics, radio shows, films and TV. Everyone, from "Antinea of Antlantida," through "The Body Snatchers," "Flash Gordon," "The Man of Steel," "The Werewolf," to a "Zombi" makes an appearance in these pages.

"Found poetry" is a form of what is often called "conceptual art." John Robert Colombo is Canada's master of the form. A found poem is usually somebody else's prose rearranged in poetic lines, often to reveal inherent ironies not apparent to the original author. In *Mostly Monsters*, Colombo has caught the figures which haunt his (and our) imagination "at their moments of epiphany"–those speeches, statements or acts which reveal these creatures in their brightest, most (arche)typical stances. But to simply take a number of prose fragments and arrange them as 'poetry' wouldn't be all that interesting in itself. No, what makes *Mostly Monsters* such a compelling entertainment is Colombo's superb sense of juxtaposition. This 'magpie of Canadian letters' manages to both have his ironic cake and eat it. He obviously loves all this stuff (and is definitely appealing to the same nostalgic love in his readers) and he is fully aware that speeches like that of Ming the Merciless are now funny because so out of date; but many of his 'discoveries' can still frighten us, like Fritz Leiber's 'The Girl with the Hungry Eyes.' What really works, however, making this a book to read from the first page to the last in order, is his careful juxtapositioning of horrible and beneficial monstrosities from one page to the next, a seeming jumble which in fact is the exact opposite, a scintillating sub-text commenting on his and his readers' media dominated imaginations and thus providing what can only be called a philosophical *frisson:* the fears he has us laughing at are still real at some level of subconscious feeling and belief.

Robert Fulford, a well-known Canadian editor and critic, says that 'leafing through *Mostly Monsters* is like touring, with an amiable and concerned guide, the subterranean passages of the modern imagination.' This is true, if we keep in mind that 'the modern imagination' is both sophisticated as all hell *and* given to a variety of nameless fears for which most of Colombo's carefully chosen heroes and monsters (and both heroes and monsters are somehow monstrous as envisioned in the careful patterning of this book) provide a metaphoric handle. So many of the descriptive or hortatory passages Colombo turns into 'verse' are overwrought melodrama–which his presentation ironically highlights–and yet, beneath the obvious comedy of his rendering, the excitement (the terror, etc.–however cliched its expression) which we felt as children is still there. In the final 8 page poem, 'Epithets,' Columbo artfully juxtaposes phrases and sentences from an incredible variety of sources. To read this long poem–beginning with 'For me, it all started last Thursday' and ending with 'Keep watching the sky!'–is to hear your own memory speak what it has heard and read innumerable times since you were very young. Colombo's art is to arrange all these phrases from so many disparate sources into an appallingly funny yet somehow frighteningly believable statement of Everyman's unexpressed and inchoate desires and fears. Yet, let me say once more that *Mostly Monsters*, though it triumphs as an act of the imagination precisely because it provokes such a thoughtful response, is a marvelously funny entertainment first and foremost, and one which any fan of SF and horror will find delightful from start to finish. I love it. □

–Douglas Barbour

Farmer's Lupoff Week

PHILIP JOSE FARMER

CHRYSALIS, ed. by Roy Torgeson. 270 pp. $1.95. 1977. Zebra Books.

"...ALL ORIGINAL...ALL UNFORGETABLE..."

"NEW WORLDS UNFOLD FROM THE PENS OF THE MOST TALENTED SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS OF THIS GENERATION"

Over the years, pressure, fueled by irritation and sometimes anger, has been building up in my boiler. So, though this is supposed to be a review of, not a critical article about, *Chrysalis*, I'm taking this opportunity to vent a little steam. Not about the anthology but about blurbs and covers.

The stories herein have not been printed before. No argument there. But are they all unforgettable? That, I think, depends upon whether or not the reader has a photographic or Asimovian memory. If you're of the lesser breed, you will soon forget some of the works, though I hasten to add that they're all excellent.

Are these tales really from the pens or typewriters of *the most talented science fiction writers of this generation?* The contributors are all talented. But the blurb states the stories are by the *most* talented SF writers. So, where are Lafferty, Le Guin, Lem, Aldiss, Ballard, Heinlein, and a slew of others?

It's the omission of "some of" just before *the most* that irks me. Where is the truth in advertising?

And what does *this generation* mean? Ted Sturgeon has been writing SF fantasy since 1939. Lupoff and Ellison, though not hoary old men, have been around a long ime, the latter since the 50's.

Blurb writers get me down and send me up. For instance, the inner dust jacket of a recent novel of mine states that Leslie Fiedler has called me "the greatest writer of science fiction." That makes me cringe and blush. Fiedler never said or even intimated such a thing nor does he believe that. Nor would I commend such a statement if it had been made. It seems that every time I pick up an SF book it's been written by the greatest SF writer. Hyperbole, thy name is Blurbwretch.

The cover art for *Chrysalis* is adequate: I've nothing against it. But I've seen so many illustrations that have nothing to do with the story. I'm not talking about symbolic art. But why do the illustrators of so many naturalistic

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DELAP'S *F&SF* REVIEW

3rd BIG YEAR OF

STEELY-EYED ANALYSIS
BIBLIOGRAPHIC PRECISION
OUTRAGEOUS OPINION

FEATURING
THE DIVERSE (AND SOMETIMES DIVISIVE) TALENTS OF A STAR-STUDDED CREW
WITH THE NEW(EST) MAPS OF HELL:

George Barr
Neil Barron
Russell Bates
Ruth Berman
Michael Bishop
Masse Bloomfield
Marion Zimmer Bradley
Richard Bready
James K. Burk
Martin Cantor
Steve Carper
Robert Chilson
Elizabeth Cummins Cogell
Arthur Byron Cover
John Curlovich
Don D'Ammassa
Richard Delap
Frank Denton
Thomas M. Egan
Harlan Ellison
Jeff Frane
Beverly Friend
Jack Gaughan
Mike Glyer
Mary Kay Jackson
Fritz Leiber
Wallace Macfarlane
Clifford McMurray
Michael Moorcock
Frederick Patten
Charles Platt
Christopher Priest
Carol Pugner
Tom Reamy
Allan Rothstein
Joe Sanders
Lisa Tuttle
Steven Utley
Howard Waldrop
Bill Warren
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City _____ Zip _____ State/Province _____

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or realistic covers depict scenes not in the text? Why, when the writer has gone to such pains to describe the characters, the artifacts, the situations, does the illustrator ignore these and make up his own?

Why put birds on and a moon above a planet which the text clearly says does not have them? Why give the hero a moustache when it's been stated that he's clean-shaven? Why a cover depicting the hero leading a horse on which the heroine rides when there are no horses in the story and, in fact, one of the premises is that no horses exist in the maritime empire? Why, if the author describes one as a rigid, one as a semi-rigid, and one as a blimp, does the artist draw three rigids on the cover? None of which look like the ships described in any detail.

These three examples are from three books of mine. There are many other examples from my books and mucho from works by others.

Having gotten some gripes out of the way (admirably restraining myself), on to the text.

"Discovery of the Ghooric Zone—March 15, 2337" by Richard Lupoff is a satire on Lovecraft and various forms of purple-prose fantasy/SF. It's also much more. Though it doesn't have the impact, the socko, which unforgettable stories are supposed to have, it is very clever and, in a way, unforgettable. It's so curious that a reader may remember it years from now.

Spider Robinson's "The Magnificent Conspiracy" is a very warm and human story, up to his usual high level. It should stick in my memory, and it's my favorite of the anthology. Read. Enjoy.

Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's "Allies" and Thomas Monteleone's "The Curandeiro" would distinguish any anthology. Both have the trappings of hardcore SF but are human-oriented psychological stories. Yarbro's has a gimmick which is interesting but irrelevant to her tale. It's written so that the reader won't know the sex of the characters. If the editor hadn't told me about it, I'd never have noticed.

Here's Sturgeon's first new story in five years, according to the editor, the poignant "Harry's Note." It's an intellectually stimulating but emotionally saddening story about the unknown, possibly dying because unused, potentiality of the human brain. A recurring Sturgeon theme. Ted means it to be optimistic, but I don't come to the same conclusions he does.

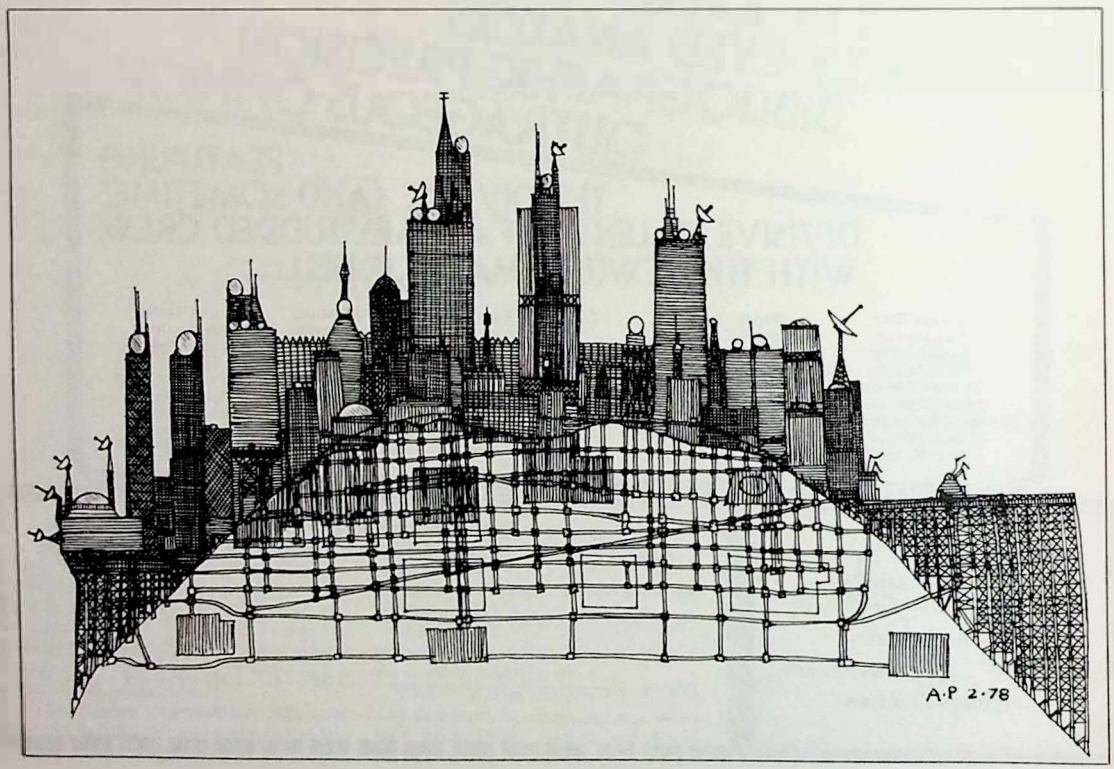
Elizabeth A. Lynn, a fine and up-and-coming writer, is represented by two very short works, "Mindseye" and "The Man Who Was Pregnant." If *The New Yorker* took SF, it might buy these.

"The Dark of Legends, The Light of Lies" by Charles L. Grant is about the tyranny and waste of rigid conformity and its legalized enforcement. It's also about writers. It's told very well, but Grant has written better. (I shouldn't have said that but must. After all, is every story of a writer expected to be his best? Hopefully, yes, but it just ain't possible. Should writers write only when their biorhythm charts tell them it's O.K.? Nonsense. Some of the greatest stories have come from writers who, at the time of writing, were feeling sad, lonely, angry, bitter, generally down.)

Last on the list is Harlan Ellison's "How's the Night Life on Cissalda?" Ellison is among the ten top writers in SF, in my list at least, but this offering is a finger exercise. It really isn't fair to compare it to "The Deathbird" or "Pretty Maggie Moneyes." It's amusing, and it's not the weakest in the book. But a more judicious editor shouldn't have made it the final story, not if he wanted the book to end on a strong, perhaps even unforgettable, note.

Though I'm a book collector, I'm not a magpie. If I don't intend to reread a book, I give it away. *Chrysalis*, however will stay on my shelves. □

—Philip Jose Farmer



ALGOL READER SURVEY

THIS IS THE SECOND ALGOL READER SURVEY. Its purpose is to find out exactly who ALGOL's readers are -- interests, occupations, ages, and other questions of interest both to myself and potential advertisers. This information is essential to ALGOL's continued growth. Please take the few minutes necessary to fill out this survey, and send this sheet (or a photocopy if you're hesitant about tearing out this page) to ALGOL by JUNE FIRST. All information received will remain strictly confidential. Your name on the form is optional.

- Name_____ Age_____ Sex_____
- Principal occupation_____
- Marital Status: [ ]Single [ ]Married [ ]Widowed [ ]Divorced
- [ ]Live with relatives [ ]Rent Apartment [ ]Rent House [ ]Own House
  [ ]Own Cooperative [ ]Own Condominium [ ]Share House [ ]Share Apartment
- Annual Income: [ ]$0-5999 [ ]$6000-9,999 [ ]$10,000-14,999 [ ]$15,000-19,999 [ ]$20,000-29,999 [ ]$30,000 and over
- If a college student, list major and highest grade currently_____
- If not a college student, list highest level of education_____
- How much money do you spend on new SF hardcovers per year?_____
- How much money do you spend on new SF paperbacks per year?_____
- How much money do you spend on used SF per year?_____
- What percentage of your purchasing is done in the following places:

  _____Bookstores; _____Mail Order; _____Conventions; _____Other Retail Stores
- How long have you been reading SF?_____
- Do you nominate [ ] ...and vote [ ] for the Hugo Awards?
- Do you nominate [ ] ...and vote [ ] for the Nebula Awards?
- Are you a member of an SF club? If so, which ones?_____

  _____
- How many local or regional SF conventions have you attended?_____
- How many World SF Conventions have you attended?_____
- Which of these magazines do you read regularly: [ ]Amazing [ ]Fantastic
  [ ]Analog [ ]Galaxy [ ]Fantasy & Science Fiction [ ]Isaac Asimov's SF
  [ ]Galileo [ ]UnEarth [ ]Locus [ ]Science Fiction Review [ ]Delap's

- Do you live in a city[ ] or suburbs[ ] or in a rural area[ ]? If a city, is the population [ ]under 100,000; [ ]between 100,000 and 1,000,000 [ ]over 1,000,000.

- If you own any of the following, please check the box: [ ]Car [ ]Stereo phono [ ]Tape equipment [ ]Typewriter [ ]Duplicator [ ]Black & White TV [ ]Color TV [ ]Camera Equipment [ ]Motorcycle [ ]Movie Camera
- Do you smoke [ ]Cigarettes [ ]Pipe [ ]Other
- Do you drink alcohol? If so, what kind (beer, rum, etc)_____

_____

- Ever taken a course in SF?_____ Ever taught a course?_____
- How did you find out about ALGOL: [ ]Mention in Locus; [ ]Mention in SF Review; [ ]Mention in other magazine; [ ]In bookstore; [ ]Review in fanzine; [ ]Sample copy; [ ]At a convention; [ ]Through advertisement; [ ]Word of mouth; [ ]Local club; [ ]Publishers Weekly; [ ]Ad in Galaxy; [ ]Ad in F&SF; [ ]Ad in other publications.
- Giving a rating of One to the material you like the least, and Ten to the material you like the most, rate the following parts of ALGOL:

Covers_____	Advertising_____	Layout_____
Editorials_____	Main Articles_____	Interior Art_____
Interviews_____	Pohlemic_____	Propellor Beanie_____
Fiction_____	Sketches_____	Lupoff's Book Week_____
Letter column_____	Derek Carter_____	Conlog_____

- Which of the following subjects are you interested in: [ ]Star Wars [ ]Star Trek [ ]Close Encounters [ ]SF Films [ ]Horror Films [ ]Comics [ ]Sword & Sorcery [ ]Weird Fiction [ ]Children's Fantasy [ ]Edgar Rice Burroughs [ ]Tolkien [ ]Heroic Fantasy in general [ ]Old Radio [ ]Pulp Magazines [ ]Feminist SF [ ]The Gor Books
- How many other people read your copy of ALGOL? [ ]None [ ]One person [ ]Two people [ ]Three people [ ]Four people [ ]More than four people
- If you have any other comments or feel there's something not covered here, this is the place for it:

_____

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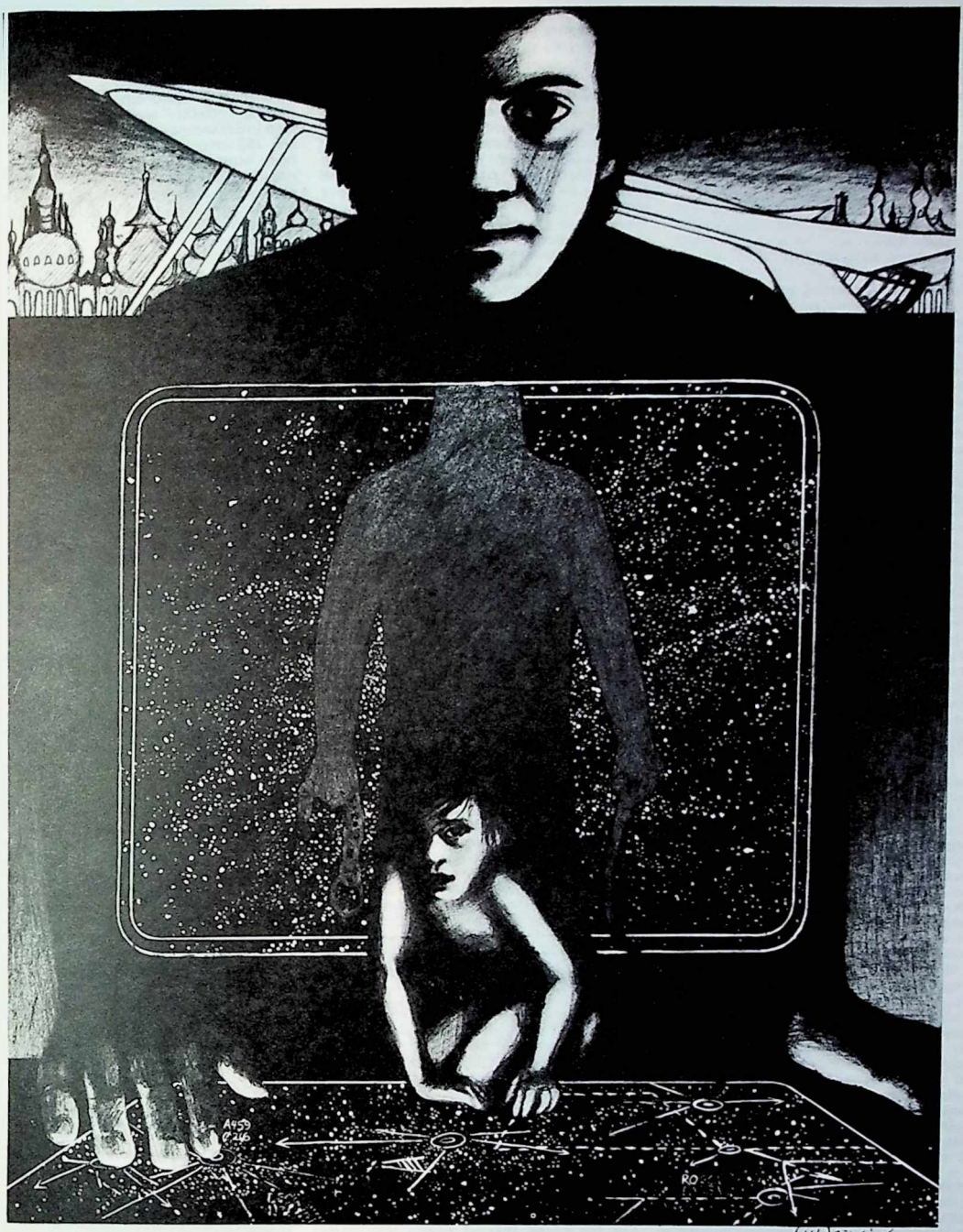
- Please remove this sheet from ALGOL (or make a photocopy of it) and mail it by JUNE FIRST, 1978, to: ALGOL READER SURVEY, P.O.BOX 4175, NEW YORK NY 10017.



Random Factors
LETTERS

The lettercolumn this issue is abubble and awash with comments on last issue. Darrell Schweitzer pushed enough buttons for a major missile strike and the old fans and tired came from the woodwork out to respond. On the other hand, a lot of people agreed with Darrell's comments. Some good letters here. Everyone get their thinking caps out–there they are, nestled between the propellor beanies and the Aussie hats–and let's get on with this steak and potatoes letter column.

Charles E. Danowski
Debbie Lane
Cross River, N.Y. 10518

Your recent editorials and commenting letters concerning copyright questions of art work in magazines are illuminating. There is no doubt that artists must be made more aware of their rights with respect to their creations, and that publishers must exercise a greater sense of responsibility in the reproduction aspect of artists' color covers and black/white illustrations. I hope you share a concern for esthetic violations, as well as legal transgressions–in particular, the diminished appreciation of color covers by logos, over-printing, mark sense rectangles, and mailing labels.

Artists should be aware of the logo configuration of the magazine commissioning their cover art. Most artists design to that logo. An artist also should be aware that the titles of stories and/or authors' names will be emblazoned on other parts of the painting–although rarely will the artist's name be so honored. While several science fiction magazines have experimented previously with different layout designs, only *Galaxy* currently varies from the motif of most magazines and paperbacks to reproduce paintings with overprinting. Difficulties of designing the space of the cover of digest magazines to eliminate over-printing without making the cover painting too small, coupled with the retail need to attract buyers with the announcing of particular authors' names has led to the current status.

Most recently, however, two blatent violations have been added–the mark sense rectangle to register sales, and the mailing label carelessly glued to the cover. Especially loathesome is the mucilage which takes off a part of the cover when you try to remove the mailing label. Placing both the mark sense rectangle and the mailing label on the back cover would eliminate the problem of further defacing the covers.

However, if there is some Federal law or regulation mandating front cover placement of the mark sense (one might ask, "Why?"), then a bottom border could easily accommodate both mark sense and mailing label. Further, the names of the authors could appear in this bottom border to be covered up by the mailing label. You need not be sold by cover mention of authors if you are already subscribing to the magazine.

In any event, I, too, call for greater integrity in the reproduction of art work–both legally and esthetically.

[I think you'll find that the cover painting this issue takes into account the need to place names and logo above the artwork in the form of a large expanse of empty space above the actual painting. The use of a wrapper or envelope or placing the label right on the magazine is an economic decision. ALGOL, *mailing in an envelope, avoids this problem. No publisher will put the names of authors on the bottom of the cover, as the bottom 2/3rds of the cover is covered up in a retail sales situation, and only the logo and top third of the magazine cover are ever displayed.* Penthouse, Time, *etc., don't have this problem, but most magazines do. In my case, I have many more bookstore sales than subscribers, and the names and artwork on the cover are very important.*

You won't get the label and the other material on the back cover, either. The back cover ties with the inside front cover in ALGOL *as the most expensive advertising position, and this is true in most magazines. On the other hand,* ALGOL *probably never will be sold in supermarkets, and having the sense label anywhere in the issue isn't something I worry about.]*

Brian Aldiss
11 Charlbury Rd.
Oxford OX2 6UT
United Kingdom

You publish an interesting letter from Fred Patten explaining the difficulty that exists regarding copyrights on current artwork; the situation with regard to past artwork is even more difficult. Part of the trouble is that the law in the U.S. and U.K. goes by a democratic principle of 'fair dealing', which has proved more and more open to abuse. The Continental Europeans by and large acknowledge a principle of 'moral rights', which is in many respects more effective; and of course, in more lassez-faire days artists were lucky if they had any rights at all. Once those rights are lost, they never return.

One of my objectives in *Science Fiction Art*, designed in part as a tailpiece to *Billion Year Spree*, was to show that the artists in our field did good work which can be related to other things going on elsewhere in the realms of science and art. The master-stroke, to my mind, was to print Howard V. Brown's cover for *Astounding Stories*, April 1934, in juxtaposition with Max Ernst's 'The Elephant of Celebes', 1921 (maybe in some happier alternative world the dates are reversed, and Ernst copied Brown!). I grouped the artists' work under their names (writ large), and tried to show what merits were individual to each of them. In this way, commercial artists may be accorded rather belated respect. Only when they are respected will they manage to gain proper legal protection. In fact, I took considerable time and pains to clear copyrights, and to pay something to men whose work I respected–*despite the fact that my publishers advised me it was not necessary.*

As Fred Patten says, it is difficult to determine one's responsiblities in the tangle of laws, particularly across international copyright conventions. The Berne Convention sometimes allows writers and artists better protection than the Universal Copyright Convention; but it states, for instance, that legislation 'permits the reproduction...in certain special cases, provided that such reproduction of the work does not conflict with a normal exploitation of the work and does not unreasonably prejudice the legitimate interests of the author'. This would apply to *Science Fiction Art*, where the artwork is mainly vintage and is employed to enhance the reputation (i.e. the 'legitimate interests') of the artist. Indeed, some artists have produced new artwork and found new energy and employment as a result of featuring in the book.

To these considerations must be added the fact that owners of copyrights in the artwork are generally not the artists. Their benefit has to be that of having their names drawn afresh to the attention of the public (from which financial benefit may accrue). However, as I say, despite these factors and grey areas, I made all legitimate efforts to push through proper acknowledgement and payment.

In some cases, it was easy to locate owners of copyright; I refer to magazines like *Galaxy*, *New Worlds*, or *Analog*, which still continue. There I paid what was asked. You may like to speculate on whether any of that money went to the artists whose work I was buying. In other cases, I was able to trace individuals or companies who had apparently bought up rights of old magazines and magazine chains. You know as well as I do that they would not pass on the cash; nor were they under legal obligation to do so. And in other cases, the magazines, the editors, and the artists seem just to have folded up their tents and stolen silently away. (One example: the Scottish magazine *Nebula*. I reproduced four James Stark covers. If anyone knows of James Stark, I would be glad to hear from him.)

Although you refer to *Science Fiction Art* as gorgeous, you fail to recognise that anybody who attempts to compile an art book is letting himself down into a maze from which no-one knows the way out. I suppose that in the end I never managed to sort matters out completely–the haste of my publishers overtook me, for one thing–but I am no rip-off artist. Currently, I should imagine I do as much for my fellows as any writer. I am Chairman of the Committee of Management of the Society of Authors (a body with over 3,000 members which includes most of Britain's best-known writers from J.B. Priestley and Graham Greene down); I am now about to sit on the Literature Panel of the Arts Council; and I work on committees for writers and artists, such as John Wolfenden's steering committee for copyright and reprography. My record is not one of parasitism.

[I may have implied that you personally were at fault for violations of the manufacturing clause in the US copyright law. Far from it. The law, as amended this January, states "certain works must now be manufactured in the US to have copyright protection here. The new Act would terminate this requirement completely after July 1, 1982. For the period between January 1, 1978 and July 1, 1982, it makes several modifications that will narrow the coverage of the manufacturing clause, will permit the importation of 2,000 copies manufactured abroad instead of the present limit of 1,500 copies, and will equate manufacture in Canada with manufacture in the United States." Incidentally, the new forms require both the names of the typesetters, plate-makers, printers and binderies, and their addresses. In cases where all processes, including typesetting, take place outside the US and Canada, this provision is applicable. Rather than having an effect on the artwork in the books involved, it would have an effect on the textual matter. So a publisher who has a selling title on his hands may not only throw the artwork *into a grey area, but the* text *as well. Very confusing situation.]*

Ann Weiser
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The latest ALGOL is fantastic! Wonderful! stupendous! ...and I'd better stop before I run out of superlatives. Anyway, I like it. I've been carrying it around proudly to show to friends of mine who only read SF. (As opposed to reading about it, or going to cons, or any of That Stuff.) For one thing, the cover is gorgeous. For another thing, the articles are so intelligent but at the same time moving and/or amusing, that I figure anybody reading them would be instantly converted. Of course, most of all I wish I could take my friends to the State of SF. They might wonder, though, why there are so *many* tombs of past Sefwuh Presidents. Are they, perhaps, unusually subject to assassination for some reason? Or did all of them perish in some common disaster, perhaps a fire confined to the penthouse of a con hotel?

I alternately laughed and cried through the lead article by Marion Zimmer Bradley, and I'm presently trying to find the words with which to write her and tell her I'm madly in love with her. I'm not sure why...I can't say it's because I've had similar feelings of alienation. I grew up reading SF out of my father's bookshelves, and whenever I felt the need of someone who shared my tastes, someone was there. But like Marion I've had, and yearned to have again, that feeling which is the opposite of alienation—the feeling of being part of a group of people united by a magical bond, where everyone is in love with everyone else, and time stops, because there's nothing better to hope for.

Judith Weiss did a fine job on "The Song of the Dragon's Daughter." I'd like to see more of her here.

I'm vastly entertained by the way Richard Lupoff writes. What he has to say is another story. I suspect, especially in the case of *Cirque*, that his cynicism is putting a bind on his sensawonder. I suspect this, but I can't be sure, because I can't afford to buy SF until it gets to paperback. (In thin months, *used* paperback.) It all seems unfair somehow, like when I realized today that I couldn't afford to buy Tab in bottles instead of cans, even though it's cheaper, because I couldn't scrape up the deposit. I hope ALGOL is doing well enough so that *you* are not reduced to this degrading condition.

And keep on improving at this rate and we'll have to name a street in the SF State after you, or at *least* a park bench.

Terry Carr
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I once swore a mighty oath never to argue with reviewers of my work, so I won't comment on Dick Lupoff's words about *Cirque;* but corrections of fact are a different matter and since Dick chooses to nitpick about whether or not the book is really my first novel I'd like to say a few words about that. To start with a *real* nitpick, Dick claims that when *Warlord of Kor* was published as half an Ace double they included the words "A science fiction novel" on it. To be precise, what they said was "Complete Novel." Which was even more misleading, of course, because in truth the thing ran to 33,000 words, no more, and that's a novella under anyone's definition.

Oddly, Dick turns around and goes the other way by saying that *Cirque* is "short." No it isn't: it's 70,000 words, which is *longer* than the average science fiction novel.

Nan Lambert
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The most fascinating article was Marion Zimmer Bradley's. I, too, live in a small Texas town (3 gas stations, 2 grocery stores, only 4 churches). And I know too well what she means when she says her writing seemed an "antisocial disease," and when she speaks of the sense of difference she had always felt. Fantasy and SF have always been the only things with which I've felt "at home." I haven't escaped yet, like she did, but I'm sure as hell working on it. And the knowledge that someone so very much like me has made it out of here will help me keep going until I do.

That article alone was worth much more to me than the cost of a year's subscription. Thank you.

Robert Bloch
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I do want to thank you for an exceptional issue—highlighted as it is by the contributions of Aldiss and Marion Zimmer Bradley. You know, the more I read her recent articles on the state of the *genre*, the more impressed I become with her insight—and as for personal reminiscences like this one, they're a sheer delight. I do hope someone will have the perspicacity (did I spell that korrectly?) to gather these pieces together in a book.

It will be interesting to see—and hear—how First Fandom will respond to Darrell Schweitzer's evaluation of Hugo Gernsback. I must say I agree that he doesn't deserve to have an award named after him, but then, who does? I mean, when you come right down to it, what did Irving Nebula ever do for science fiction?

There ain't no justice.

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Mr. Schweitzer certainly should be commended for making some original and interesting observations on the historic effect of Hugo Gernsback in his article "Keeper of the Flame".

But I feel he fails to take into account the fact that it was Gernsback who *singlehandedly* made science fiction a *new* and *separate* field of literature. True, there were many such fantastic stories before Gernsback, and readers unknowingly enjoyed them within the recognized mainstream of literature. But within these confines—without specialized magazines, "fandom", conventions, and "fanzines"—I doubt that science fiction would have developed into a highly specialized field. It was Gernsback's love for science fiction which led to his being so effective in making it a separate literary field that the entire world today gives it instant recognition as one of our most popular and thoughtful literary forms.

The Gernsback *Amazing* was at times gaudy, juvenile, and of dubious literary value. But at the same time it was a glorious harbinger of the better days to come. *Somebody* had to be first! Is it fair to say the designers of the 1978 Cadillac deserve greater recognition than their forebearers of 1904 because the modern car is better? The former have over a half-century of developmental work by others to draw upon. Gernsback, in the days when practically no one recognized the existence, let alone the possiblities, of science fiction, dared in 1926 to begin a new magazine devoted solely to this unusual theme. It was good that he early attracted a host of young, new (if grossly underpaid), writers who were not handicapped by trying to please the current literary establishment. I feel the Gernsback *Amazing* was as good as it could have been in those primitive days, and by being so innovative and unusual it attracted a cult following who made science fiction what it is today.

Without *Amazing Stories* and Gernsback's "tinnest ear" it might never have dawned upon Clayton Publishing Company in 1929 to begin another specialized publication which we all know led to *Astounding Stories* and the eventual inspired editorship of John W. Campbell. Without Gernsback the emergence of science fiction as a separate field might have been delayed for decades, finally to appear in an emasculated condition. The saviorship of modern science fiction has been that it developed in a separate ghetto-like existence; and that when it finally did emerge, it was robust enough to face the world on its own terms.

I'm sure that Gernsback was everything Mr. Schweitzer says of him, and then some. But I don't mind my idols having feet of clay. And I like to give recognition where it is due. The HUGO award is justly named for the man who truly made the field, the wonderful Mr. Gernsback!

Dirk Trtek
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Darrell Schweitzer's "Keeper of the Flame" was far wordier than it had to be. The many unnecessary detours wasted space and let the reader's mind wander from the principal thrust of the essay. Moreover, I don't believe that he established beyond doubt two of his supporting arguments.

First, the presence of science fictional stories in general circulation magazines before 1926 does not in itself prove that SF was in any sense "respectable literature" on an equal footing with the "mainstream" of its day. Such pieces may have been looked at by editors and readers alike as mildly amusing, perhaps innocuous filler material. The fact that such stories appeared at all is significant, to be sure, but it does not tell us for certain the attitude with which they were received. This is like giving the U.S. Constitution a once-over and then claiming to be able to divine the inner thoughts of James Madison. If in fact SF was respectable in 1887, 1897, or 1917, then what did the critics and reviewers of the day say about it? Were there any pieces written about the works of Percy Greg, George A. England, or Garret Serviss? Did anyone ever comment about those occasional "peculiar stories" that appeared in some gen-

eral circulation magazines? If so, they would be interesting to discover and read. Perhaps then we would know what people's attitudes toward them were. Unless and until we do, it really can't be claimed that SF was respectable back then.

Second, Schweitzer discounts the argument that many early SF pulp stories were bad because the writers were learning their trade. This is untrue, he claims, because all those earlier SF-type stories had been written for Munsey et al. But were they written by the same authors? Some were; Leinster comes immediately to mind. But of the pulp stories written before, say, 1934, were the vast majority written by authors who had not sold to Munsey or others? Or, if these writers had not sold SF previously, did they at least read the earlier stories? It is those answers that will determine whether Schweitzer is correct in his assertion that the "first-generation author" theory is false. Again, it would be nice to know.

As for the basic point of the article and its tone, I don't see that it was in any real sense a revisionist view of Gernsback, as Schweitzer seemed to claim. No one ever says Gernsback invented SF, except an occasional misinformed journalist. No one would call Gernsback a good writer, or much of a writer, period. And though the term "Golden Age" may mean many things to many people, I'm sure there are very few if any who would equate it with the period 1926-29. In any event, I see no point in Schweitzer's half-serious wish to change the name of the Hugos. If two continents can be named for Amerigo Vespucci, the SF ghetto awards can retain their current label.

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Darrell Schweitzer's article "Keeper of the Flame" could safely have been truncated into a few sentences saying that he doesn't like Hugo Gernsback and doesn't think the Hugos should be nick-named after him. Well, I'm sorry for Schweitzer but 25 years of usage has established the Hugo and little that Schweitzer can do will change it. However, seldom have I seen an article containing such a farrago of mistakes and ill-conceived conjectures.

Hugo Gernsback is more properly called "The Father of Magazine Science Fiction" and that's what his Hugo and his First Fandom awards should read. For the man who founded the first seven science fiction magazines in the United States of America and first used the phrase "science fiction" in the June 1929 *Science Wonder Stories*, this doesn't seem an unwarranted honor. That Hugo Gernsback may not have had high moral standards, I submit that the ethics and morality of many noted persons in the SF field today are just as bad, if not worse. Let us separate a person's accomplishments from his character.

I submit that *Blue Book* published Balmer and Wylie's *When Worlds Collide* beginning with their Sep. 1932 issue and the sequel *After Worlds Collide* beginning with the November 1933 issue and both stories were published as books. It is a conceit of academics that no SF books were published until 1946 and after. How then was it possible for the *Checklist of Fantastic Literature*, coming out in 1948, to contain over 5,000 titles? They weren't all published before 1926 and after 1936.

The faults of early magazine science fiction may have been many but it satisfied a lot of people who still remember those days. Schweitzer's contention that today is the golden age of science fiction might not be agreed to by all. I know that if I came to the modern material as I came to *Amazing* in 1936 I might today be the world's greatest reader of mystery stories, since I consider much of the modern product totally unreadable.

Let me say that Gernsback with his story contests, SF week, SF movie week, formation of the *Science Fiction League*, taking a 17 year old fan and making him editor of *Wonder*, etc., certainly did more to shape and advance the cause of science fiction than any person that could be named. Campbell was a great writer and the greatest editor the field has seen but he was not a publisher. Does anyone think ol' Hugo would get involved in Dianetics and psionics? The Hugos are well named for a man who was a giant for the first decade of magazine science fiction.

DEREK CARTER'S

THE BUMAVENGER: During the Boer War a misguided military adviser was of the belief that the Canadian naval forces, such as they were, lacked an essential and vital component that would be necessary to achieve victory. Therefore, with little further ado, this eminent personnage, without consulting anyone or anything, proposed that the navy acquire this brainchild, a new naval craft called a balloon carrier.

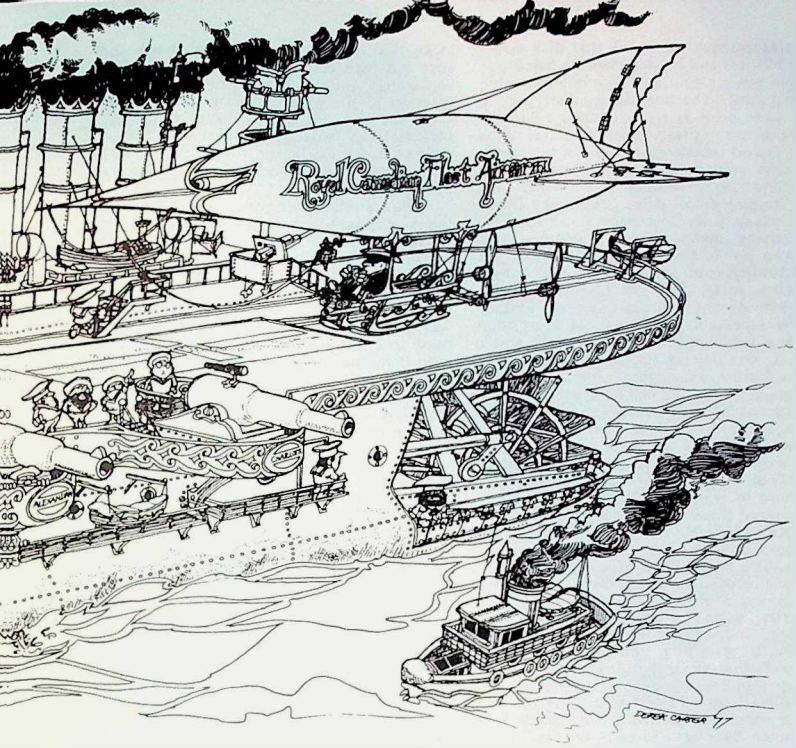
This craft was designed to perform a dual role. She would be able to observe Boer military activity in the coastal regions while, as a pure fighting unit, strengthening the blockade. Canadian intelligence reports indicated that the Boers were building a battleship but where and from what no one appeared to know.

As the designer and originator of this incredible project was a government military adviser his ideas were accepted without question and earned the full support of the government which duly authorised the building (and spending of various monies) of the balloon carrier "BUMAVENGER."

With remarkable dispatch and after considerable planning by a board of notable experts this venerable battlewagon was slung together in a few days and launched on Lake Ontario.

On its maiden voyage it showed an incredible disposition to travel in circles. Naval authorities said, "Of *course* it travels in circles. *How else* can it make a round trip?" Another defect came to light when attempts were made to land the first balloon on board. The flight deck was too short.

Following slight but curiously costly modifications the "Bumavenger" once more set forth, this time to undergo sea trials. But it was found that her incredibly large bulk could not navigate the incredibly small St. Lawrence River.



CANADIAN HISTORY

After some deliberation and three Royal commissions it was decided to dismantle the craft and transport it overland to an Atlantic seaport and re-assemble it there for the trials. However, once at the Atlantic coast another problem arose. There was no Canadian port large enough to accomodate the "Bumavenger."

Naturally anxious to see their beautiful dodo in action the Government authorised the building of a port. The carrier was then speedily rebuilt, along with newly authorised modifications and rapidly put to sea.

She rapidly returned, having nearly sunk after shipping heavy seas, therefore requiring further modifications. Also, some bright ingenious governmental spark had seen fit to redesign the balloons. These being smaller, the original flight deck could now be used.

By the time the "Bumavenger" left for South Africa—a journey she did in the record time of one year—she had been dubbed 'Old Hodge Podge' by the crew. She at long last began her mission but was thwarted by a seeming lack of any contact whatsoever with the enemy. This state of affairs would have continued had it not been for the arrival of a British frigate in the "Bumavenger's" patrol waters in May, 1904. The frigate asked the Canadian craft what she thought she was doing. "Hunting Boers," came the reply.

"Good luck. You'll need it," replied the frigate. "The war's been over for three years, you've been lost for four, and we're here to escort you home to the scrapyard."

And so, while the saga of the "Bumavenger" came to an end, the beginning of a great Canadian naval tradition, the scrapyard, had arrived. □

—Derek Carter

On another matter Dick Lupoff is referring to Bill Austin the Seattle book dealer in his review of the Frank & Torgeson magazine checklist and price guide. A pity Lupoff didn't ask some dealers and collectors what they think of it. I might add that Julius Unger, the dealer of the 40s in matters science fictional, set forth some guidelines not only on magazines but fan magazines. His suggestions were ignored. The comic book people might follow guides but I think the SF dealers will follow the market.

I shall not expound upon *A Wealth Of Fable* as I would like to. Siclari was responsible for getting out an index to *AWOF* and it is a lesson to fans that one can get over-involved in projects—getting married, moving twice, etc. Putting out *AWOF* and working on SUNCON is enough to tire out a whole club much less one or two fans. Harry's book deserves better than it has received.

Henry Morrison
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I was particularly interested in Darrell Schweitzer's thesis about Uncle Hugo. He may be right, but I think that he's not taking into consideration that fiction publishing, as with many other businesses, goes through cycles. In the 19th century there were magazines that "specialized", and then more magazines became broader-based, and in the 20s began the march toward specialization again. We had very broad based, big circulation magazines in the 40s and 50s, and we're now seeing another period of very specialized magazines becoming very successful.

John Boston
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Darrell Schweitzer's trashing of Gernsback is probably correct as far as it goes, but that's not very far. Schweitzer is trying to explain the prolonged lack of respectability of science fiction by the existence of a sub-literary specialty market (the pulps and the comics) during the '20s and the '30s. It doesn't hold water. There was conspicuously trashy science fiction around long before Gernsback and it has persisted long after him. The dime novels—the archetype of non-respectability—featured a heavy admixture of proto-science fiction beginning in the late nineteenth century. Bushels of worthless science fiction continued to be published during the '40s, the '50s, and through to the present day; only the form has changed, from pulps to films and paperbacks. To single out a particular period in this history of garbage accounts for nothing. Schweitzer is trying to explain a variable with what is very nearly a constant.

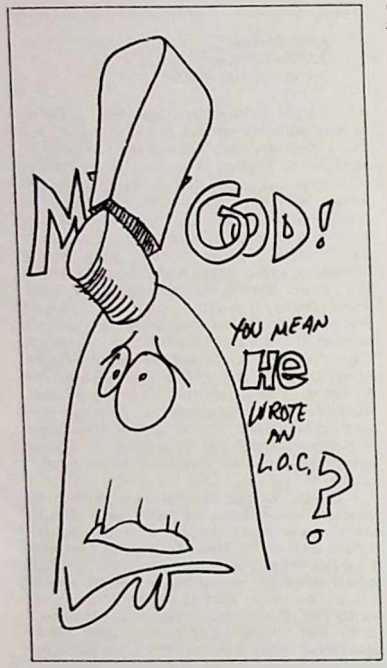
If you look at the nature of SF's new respectability, it becomes pretty clear that it doesn't have much to do with the actual literary level of the field. To be sure, Le Guin is a good writer and is paid attention to. But serious attention is also being paid to books that are no better than their counterparts of twenty or thirty years ago, like *Imperial Earth*, *The Dosadi Experiment*, and *Time Enough for Love*, none of which are actually much better, in literary or conceptual terms, than *The Deep Range*, *Under Pressure*, or *Double Star*. Retrospective criticism presents the same picture. The last book about SF I bought is Paul Carter's *The Creation of Tomorrow*, published by the Columbia University Press, no less. This volume is dedicated not to the nuances of Le Guin and Aldiss or even Malzberg, but to magazine SF, with heaviest emphasis on the '30s and '40s. Thomas Clareson's recent anthology *Voices for the Future* contains articles on Williamson, Simak, Asimov, Heinlein, Kuttner and Moore, and Clarke as well as Stapledon, Bradbury and Vonnegut.

There's no doubt that SF is better now than it was twenty or forty years ago, but that fact only partly accounts for its increased respectability. I think there has been a significant change in cultural outlook toward the materials and approaches of the field. The two major premises of SF—that Technology Matters and The Future Will Be Different (for better or worse, in both cases) are now viewed as legitimate concerns of decent people and not as a sort of conceptual pornography. (It's no accident that the only SF writer who got any critical play in the '50s—Ray Bradbury—was the most nostalgic and anti-scienti-

fic one in sight).

It seems to me that explaining this change—and more important, explaining why technology and change were viewed for decades as improper concerns for literary exploration— is the most important and interesting (and difficult) task facing students and historians of science fiction. When the question is framed that way, what Schweitzer takes as explanation—the low quality of the field during a particular period—becomes part of the question. Why, for so long, did established writers avoid even the occasional use of speculative themes? Why were gifted writers so seldom attracted to the possiblilities of the field? And why did critics and academicians refuse even to investigate a field whose themes of change and technology so closely mirrored the dominant concerns of American society?

I'm damned if I know. I wish somebody would figure it out.



Patrick McGuire
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When I had read the first few lines of Schweitzer's "Keeper of the Flame," my reaction was, "Oh, lord, not another anti-Gernsback diatribe! Are there any pro-Gernsback people left anywhere to be shocked by it?" Now that I've read it, my reaction is much more positive. This is certainly the most intelligent, well documented, and concise statement of the case against Gernsback that I've seen, and it was well worth writing. But I still think Schweitzer should have recognized that the frame of mind he is attacking is fifteen years or more out of date even among those with relatively conservative tastes in SF. Now the fight isn't about Gernsback, but about whether we start sometime in mid-19th-century with Verne et al., or else let Mary Shelley in.

My own opinion is that the influence of Gernsback, for good or evil, on the development of science fiction has been considerably exaggerated. Does Schweitzer, do indeed all the anti-Gernsbackians, think that slick magazine publishers and book publishers cared one whit one way or another about one miserable pulp magazine? The fate of the mystery story in the same years is clear contrary evidence. The many trashy mystery and detective pulps of the period (counterbalanced on the magazine racks only by *Black Mask*, which as I understand from secondary accounts was fairly literate) didn't drive people like Dorothy Sayers or G.K. Chesterton (both English, but deriving much of their income from American publication) out of the field. My understanding from secondary sources is that the weird fantasy in *Weird Tales* was in general pretty decent—but did this make fantasy a more respectable field in those years than SF? The publication record certainly won't show it. Or look at the situation overseas. Science fiction was slightly more respectable in England, true. But not by much. And did its respectability lead to a great outpouring of brilliant work? It did not. Wells voluntarily *stopped* writing SF in these years, and the only major British talent was Stapledon, who for all his wealth of ideas is an unsufferable bore to read. And also the purveyor of an ideology three or four times as repugnant as anything Heinlein ever put forward, though in Stapledon's case it never seems to bother critics. The heavy hand of Gernsback could not have reached very effectively into France or Germany or Russia, but if we turn to those countries, what do we find? Nothing very brilliant, and chiefly works which parallel Gernsback in relying either on all science and no fiction or vapid pulp-adventure plots. (I understand that German SF was suppressed by the Nazis, and I know that Soviet SF was almost wiped out by Stalin, but I speak here of the late twenties and early thirties, before these political phenomena had intervened.) Is Schweitzer going to tell me that Gernsback reached across five thousand miles and three or four different language barriers to do all this?

...No, something went on in these years which is not yet well understood—or at least I don't understand it. For one reason or another, mimetic fiction (as Panshin calls it) suddenly became the one really respectable sort everywhere in the Western world. The trend was noticable at least as early as the close of World War I, and by ten years later had virtually triumphed worldwide. Gernsback didn't take SF out of the slicks—the slicks *threw out* SF, which then found shelter wherever it could, especially in the pulps. It can perhaps be argued that Gernsback should have taken better care of the orphan, but he would then reply with some justification that at least he was doing *something*. In the U.S., science fiction ended up in the pulps. In the Soviet Union it appeared there too until Stalin abolished the Russian pulps in about 1930, and was then "adopted" by scientists and children's literature specialists. Neither sort of nurture produced a very healthy child, but at least the kid came through it alive. Literary historians such as Schweitzer would do well to pay less attention to poor Hugo, who was doing his incompetent best, and more to the slick editors who abandoned SF to such hands—and to the counterparts of these slick editors everywhere in the world, who did much the same.

One thing about printing schedules is that they allow lots of time for passions to cool. I wrote that Haldeman piece about a year ago, and by now feel no inner need to defend its every word. Re Jeff Frane's comments: While I was writing, I was indeed aware of the fact critics are not mind readers, and that is reflected in frequent use of "seems" in the article in question. What I'm really talking about is not what may or may not have been going on in Haldeman's mind, but the resonances that his books strike in my own head. If I had it to do over again, I'd make that clearer. Much of Haldeman's audience has read Heinlein, whether or not Haldeman has, and this is going to influence their reaction to his work. A book means what it says, not what its author meant it to say, a fact that the language of most criticism and reviews obscures. In the future I'll try to be even more careful about keeping the two things distinct.

But a related question comes up here—the extent to which it is legitimate to complain about authorial repetition from book to book, or about the extent to which his work is derivative. This seems an area in which the judgment of contemporaries and of history could well diverge. I'm told Sir Walter Scott was pretty good about not repeating from book to book. But he could have gotten away with it by me, since the only novel of his I've read is *Ivanhoe*. In the case of most prolific authors, a few books—Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues*—are adjudged to be the best, and are read much more widely than other similar works by the same author. I think this will probably happen to Poul Anderson. Barring drastic cultural upheaval, I would expect to find maybe five or ten of his works to be in print, or at least easily accessible in libraries, fifty years from now, and the rest the province only of enthusiasts. And except for a guess at one or two titles (*Brain Wave*, *The Broken Sword*), I couldn't predict which works will survive. Many are good, but similar. I don't think the future reader will by and large see any point to reading all of them. (In the case of Dumas, *The Three Musketeers* and *The Man in the Iron Mask* are the survivors of a similar winnowing.) And the same future reader is also going to be a lot less concerned than I am with imitation, simply because he'll only read the best (or most available), whether they come from the first, second, or third go-around of the same idea or plot.

Which is all very well for the future reader, but I'm not him. My pleasures and pains are of a different sort. I have read damn near the complete corpus of a number of writers such as Heinlein or Anderson. I derive a conoisseur's pleasure from watching all the details of a vast future history like Anderson's fit together, or from watching the development of the same idea from work to work and from author to author. But I also start feeling claustrophobic when I encounter a work which doesn't seem to have enough originality to justify its existence, and (perhaps unlike the future reader) unless a new performance is markedly better than an old one, I'm likely to assume the old one has more right to exist.

The fact that Heinlein has publically admitted having non-white ancestors would seem at the least to strongly suggest that he isn't a racist. *Farnham's Freehold* shows a world which is the inverse of our world in the nineteenth century—the "colored" peoples are on the top instead of the bottom. What's racist about that? It's a perfectly good story gambit. Heinlein even makes the point that the "race" of the ruling class is as much a myth as was the Nazi's Aryan "race"—in *Freehold* the Indian Caucasians, for instance, are officially black people. Surely one of the morals of the story is that racism is a bad thing, no matter what race is on the top and what is on the bottom.

...There's a larger question lurking here, though. Heinlein has repeatedly taken a traditional idea—the Black Peril here, the Yellow Peril in *Sixth Column*, the Theocratic Peril in "If This Goes On...," etc.—has reworked it to remove most of its offensiveness (to my satisfaction at least, if not to that of all readers) and put it back into circulation. Thus in *Sixth Column* (at least in *The Day After Tomorrow*, the book version, which is all I've read) it is shown that the Pan-Asians are the

acists, that they are particularly eager to wipe out Oriental Americans because they are living refutations of Pan-Asian racist theories. There are also scenes inserted to make the specific point that the Great God Mota gambit is accepted by Protestant and Catholic clergy as a legitimate ruse. Similarly, in "If This Goes On..." most of the opponents of the theocracy aren't rational humanists as are the leaders of the "Witchcraft" in Leiber's *Gather, Darkness!* The organization we follow is derrived from the Masons, with the religious elements of Freemasonry much emphasized, and parallel Catholic and Mormon undergrounds are specifically mentioned... In all these cases I'm not sure whether Heinlein is just being realistic, or whether he's bending over backward not to offend anyone for commercial reasons, or whether he's making the point that tolerance should extend to anyone who's willing to give it to others, or what, but it's interesting.

I admire Judith Weiss's caligraphy as much as Le Guin's poem. More, in that I already knew Le Guin could write, while this example of Weiss's art seems *much* improved over previous work of hers that I've seen. I am impressed.

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I'd thought (and hoped) that Darrell Schweitzer had outgrown his Gernsback assassination program, but I see I'm wrong. I don't know Darrell myself, but Don Keller has described his enviable collection of early prozines and I know that Darrell has read far more of this material than I. There remain, however, gaps which I think Schweitzer highlights in this article.

While Schweitzer is quite content to refer to Moskowitz and *SF By Gaslight* in illustrating the acceptability of SF in the early magazines (*The War Of The Worlds* and the concluding installments of *Captains Courageous* ran concurrently in *Pearson's*), he fails to glean Moskowitz's lesson on the effects of WWI on magazine fiction in general: not just SF, but on virtually all of what we now regard as genre fiction. How common were SF, Mystery, Horror, Gothic, Adventure, Western, or the other varieties which Koontz has usefully described as popular fiction in those major magazines in 1919? Schweitzer mentions the Wells' *In The Days Of The Comet* appearance in the 1906 *Cosmopolitan*, but he fails to note what an anachronism it seems even then in relation to the contents of the rest of the journal; the magazine has an entirely different feel to it than it did little more than a decade earlier, when it ran *The War Of The Worlds* (the U.S. serialization; the aforementioned *Pearson's* was the British). Though I've had little opportunity for research, I suspect that the truth is that SF was dead in the prestigeous magazines—along with all genre literature—before *Amazing* arrived on the scene. And only "The Dream" (1923) postdates WWI in the list offered of pre-Gernsback big-time successses.

Schweitzer suggests that the mystery pulps weren't branded with a bad reputation on account of "Dick Tracy" because they also featured Chandler and Hammett...but isn't the truth of this that it was the hardcover publication of those two authors (and we ought not to forget Doyle, whose Holmes was a popular stage piece as well) that preserved the mysteries? Film probably rescued the western, but it was never a critically popular form anyway. SF transcended the film limitations of the day and basically wasn't published in book form. So much for respectability. The new vogues critically about this time were stream-of-consciousness, realism, and Hemingway's rediscovery of the simple declarative sentence; anything that had anything so sophisticated as a plot was obviously in critical disdain, if not hot-water.

But, AH-HA! our lit-teacher misleads us again, for these were indeed in vogue. They were NOT the standards of their time, but the *avant-garde;* Richard Strauss' "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel" were considered shocking and Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps" and Nielsen's "Symphony no.5" both caused public riots; all but the Nielsen are regarded as standard repertoire. In short, each decade suffers from Monday Morning Quarterbacking. The real point to be made here is not mine, but Harry Warner's, who pointed out that E.E. Smith's writing was quite in stylistic keeping with most writers of his day—the *avant-garde* now regarded as 'typical' 20th Century writers excepted, of course. Values change, as I hope Schweitzer has sense enough to know, but I think that genre fiction clung to the old values of the Greek Tragic tradition and rather deliberately rejected the values of the *avant-garde.*

The conclusion is that, before Schweitzer finishes crucifying Gernsback, more facts are in order. From all reports, he did have an audience, even if Schweitzer would rather imagine otherwise, and he did manage to stay in business for a number of years against competition which I believe Schweitzer feels superior to anything Gernsback ever offered.

Schweitzer concludes that the only good thing Gernsback did for us is to establish a category. But he here reveals how little he understands taxonomy, for only something that is dead can be satisfactorily described; the living creature can evolve to transcend those bounds and is thus a poor subject.

I suggest, on the one hand, that this is NOT how SF lost its respectability and on the other that most of the best writers "... grind out streams of hastily written (sic) material just to stay alive." (Dickens and Wells are good examples, though numerous others

could be made). As Schweitzer will discover, art is contingent upon other things, such as Whine, Shong, and Whomen/Mhen (as your taste dictates); not to mention Bheer. All of these fine things require a certain capital, which is best obtained by grinding out streams of hastily-written material on any topic at all that someone will buy. As the old dictim has it, "Publish your good stuff; publish your bad stuff; publish your toilet paper; but publish!"

Aldiss' witty piece was enjoyable of itself, but the most significant paragraph was the last one. It reminds me of the line in "The Third Man" where Harry Lime points out that "the centuries of civil strife in Italy produced Michaelangelo, da Vinci, and the Rennaissance; the Swiss enjoyed hundred years of peace and gave us the coocoo-clock." There seems an element of stasis in self-satisfaction which is to the detriment of the arts and sciences.

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ALGOL 30 was another excellent job which, by the way, was enjoyed by most of the family. Lois wandered off with it for a while and Leah (age 3) was fascinated by the pictures—especially Paul Bucciarelli's creature on page 55. Only Jolyn (5 months) didn't get into the act—we were afraid she'd *eat* it.

Darrell Schweitzer's thesis on Hugo Gernsback is bound to stir up a large nest of angry hornets. From my very limited reading of early SF, it sounds reasonable, but I wonder if there will ever be anyone masochistic enough to wade through all the dreck in and outside of the SF magazines in that era to measure the relative quality (or lack thereof). Certainly not I!

It's interesting to note, though, that in Europe there were at least two significant literary figures working in SF—even though it wasn't called that—Olaf Stapledon and Karel Capek. Were there pulp SF magazines in Europe in the 20s and 30s? And if so what were they like? Another potential influence in the U.S. might have been the Edgar Rice Burroughs generation of pulp writers—was there a parallel group in Europe? I don't know the answers, but I think some comparison could tell a lot about the impact of Gernsback's editorial tin ear.

Brian Aldiss's SF State was fascinating, particularly for the poles he draws. Among other things, three of them are defined by three of my favorite writers, Simak, Stapledon and Lem, and Aldiss himself is another one. I think he errs, however, in limiting the number of dimensional boundaries. There are, for example, the hard science of Hal Clement and the elaborate fantasy of, let's say, Tolkien.

Some of his phraseology, however, is marvelous: the "nomadic tribes who wander throughout the State plundering as they go and often spreading disease; they are called academics." More, please, more!

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Brian Aldiss's final statement in 'The SF State,' 'I wish SF to continue to flourish by being protean, which means that rivalries and dissensions must continue,' highly appropriate to what I will take to be a carefully organized issue. Aldiss's piece is of course a delight, his usual wit shining through everywhere in the 'fairy tale,' but it's the way in which the first 3 pieces bounce off each other that so richly displays the truth of Aldiss's comment. Bradley is both engaging and somewhat offputting as she tells us all what SF has meant to her. Fannish superiority complexes strike again as she tells how she knew she was different (meaning superior—to whom?). Her reference to E.E. Smith as 'God!' truly places her fandom, her allegiances within the SF state. But having given us this often moving exercise in nostalgia you immediately offer us Darrell Schweitzer's 'Keeper of the Flame' on ol' Hugo. Although I tend to disagree more often than not with Schweitzer's critical opinions, I am forced to admit that here he is dead on.

Moorcock's perception of the editor's function helps explain why New Worlds was perceived by the Arts Council as a literary magazine; for his approach is that of an artist as opposed to a mere professional. Perhaps not so 'mere' either, I admit. Fred Pohl is just one of a number of professional SF writers who have moved closer and closer to artistry while remaining true to SF as a genre. Speaking of Fred Pohl, his comments on how he'd like to be taught—and by extension how SF should he thinks be taught—are as is usual with his 'Pohlemic' thoughtful and to the point. As a professor of english I do feel that SF must be taught first as a branch of literature, but I recognize the validity of his claims that much SF is more important for its ideas than its style. If I were teaching Pohl's recent novels—both of which are superb examples of sociological SF—I would want to find some entrances to it via other disciplines than literature.

I'll merely say that Pohl's example is well chosen, his points clear, and that even if a teacher can't arrange to have experts from other disciplines come in s/he should try to direct attention to the thought of those disciplines where it applies.

The continuing interview with Richard Powers was fascinating. I'm not sure about Ursula K. Le Guin's poem but am certain Judith Weiss's calligraphy etc is brilliant. Dick Lupoff as usual is great fun to read. He's absolutely right about the lowness of publishing *The Sword Of Shannara*, but it needs to be pointed out more strongly than an aside can do that Brooks's prose is not merely leaden, but dead, along with his shabbily borrowed mythos, for of course he does steal everything from Tolkien except the major point of Tolkien's narrative—a quest *to get rid of*, not gain a weapon. His lesson concerning Clint Hartung was a delight.

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Dear Mr. Lupoff: I don't want to debate the merits of Joanna Russ with you; but as for your methods of critiquing her work in the review of her new Alternate World record—come off it! Your need to support your opinions on men-and-women with the sanction of "a very good friend...—a woman" is ridiculous, especially when you've just criticized Spider Robinson's "vapid, late-1960's" sentiments in the same column: yes, yes, human liberation and all that, but please, *please* don't pull the old "some of my best friends are..." routine! If you wish to criticize Russ, or any woman writer, using your own social and literary erudition, please do; but don't call in as a supporting witness one "good friend...who considers herself a modern, free woman." Bigots can consider themselves to be the souls of liberty; modern, free women are capable of thinking for themselves; and, more important, of expressing their own opinions, which are as varied as modern free men's. I am sorry that the publicity this fact has lately gotten has frightened people like you into the bonds of tokenism. Please express your own opinions in your reviews; if we modern, free women don't like them, we will be sure to let you know!

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Richard Lupoff's warmly welcoming a pulp price checklist is akin to a Sequoia Tree environmentalist welcoming advances in buzz saw technology. That this analogy is valid can be easily proven true by taking a look at comic fandom, comic book prices, and Bob Overstreet's Comic Book Price Guide.

I write comic books for a living now, but once my interest in comics was solely fannish. I read them all, bought all the fanzines, went to all the conventions, and cultivated fannish friends. There was a special indescribable something in comic fandom then, a feeling of brotherhood I will not attempt to paint a picture of, especially so soon after reading Marion Zimmer Bradley's description of the Chicago Worldcon of '62, and shedding a tear. A tear not only for her imagery, but for my own personal emotional memories of comics fandom that it conjured up. A tear perhaps for what is dead, because that particular comics fandom is gone forever, never to return.

Why?

Price has replaced Pride in fandom, and the Price Guide is the embodiment of all that is now wrong within her. Perhaps the Price Guide was but the last of many nails in the coffin of true fandom, but to me it will always represent a stake through its heart.

Go to a comic convention. If you never went to one before the early seventies, perhaps you'll be able to walk through the dealer's room without feeling twinges of agony. It used to be that dealers were fans who needed some extra cash to complete other parts of their collections, or were at least people who could see beyond the money to the magic between the covers. Today it seems that all dealers are interested in are their bank accounts. (Prophet Lupoff says some comics even go for one thousand smackers. Sure... but you have to multiply that price by seven or eight to approach the present price of *Action* no. 1.) Today, most dealers sell at Price Guide price or above. Every dealer has a copy—you can't buy a comic without them referring to it.

By having a Price Guide, people interested only in profit were convinced that there was a place for them in comics. It helped build the false belief in the existence of an inflationary spiral, one which didn't always exist in the yearly percentages which accrue now. I've seen dealers who were tremendously disappointed that prices didn't rise enough in the Guide at the same time fans were moaning

that only J. Paul Getty could now afford a complete set of mint Marvels.

I'm sorry to have to say this, but if the Pulp Price Guide gets off the ground, it will bring on the end of true pulp fandom.

So, Trufans—wise up!

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What Richard Lupoff says about the predisposing effect of good book packaging applies as well to ALGOL: each issue is so strikingly designed that I just know in advance of reading it that I'm going to like everything it contains—even if, in retrospect, as much of the contents disappointed as pleased me.

No, I'm not slyly implying that ALGOL is a triumph of design over content—not when you publish items such as Marion Zimmer Bradley's memoir. This kind of intensely felt reflection on the meaning of SF & fantasy in her life is a welcome contrast to the self-advertising that has proliferated in SF during the last decade. Bradley's account is outstanding and of lasting value because it takes us inside her struggle to grow. Instead of trying to sell herself, she communicates the experiences and insights of a career in SF. I'll never forget her mother burning that box of *Weird Tales* for fear they'd give Marion nightmares. In one vivid, telling detail Bradley shows us the fear and misunderstanding so many people feel toward the unfettered power of imagination. One point Bradley makes I especially like: the best of SF offers a continuing, expanding conversation of ideas and visions. Of course the same is true of naturalistic fiction. There's no reason the conversation of both realms, even if it is conducted in different languages (so to speak), should not mix and flow together. We would have to expand our vocabularies, perhaps, but we really need the entire canvas of artistic communication to stretch our imaginations and sympathies.

Was it accident, or a fine sense of juxtaposition, that presented the Bradley memoir and Darrell Schweitzer's view of Hugo Gernsback back to back? I ask because two radically contrasting views of science fiction emerge from them, Bradley's being a tribute to the psychological value of SF, whereas Gernsback seems to have intended SF to be hardly more than an advertising tool for the glories of science. Nevertheless, it seems to me Schweitzer advances a rather simplistic explanation of science fiction's descent into the slough of bad writing. All right, Hugo instigated the SF ghetto and its low standards. But why did his demand for SF-lectures squeeze out the writing and marketing of good SF, when respectable magazines and publishers had been printing the quality article since 1818? I *speculate* that the growth and gradual ascendancy of the modern movement in 20th Century literature, with its rejection of the romantic elements of fiction that have characterized much SF, was just as instrumental, if not more so, in dealing SF a severely damaging blow as Gernsback and his pulp abominations.

A word of encouragement to Lupoff, whose reviews never fail to amuse and absorb me, even when I disagree with him. The middle route he takes between the mindlessness of mass-market mediocrity and the deadening hand of academic criticism is very refreshing.

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As usual, a superb issue. I'm not acquainted with Ms. Healy's art, but I'd like to see more. What I'm getting at is: the cover was very attractive, as is *all* the art in your zine, *every* time. (Cartoons are nice, but are more fitting for 'fanzines', not a prozine like ALGOL. And thanks for coming out of the fan closet. You won't win a Hugo award for a few years for 'Best Prozine', but your attitude is honest and I wish you the best of luck.)

The times are few when I can applaud Darrell Schweitzer. His interviews are banal and, after reading quite a few of them, I'd venture to say that he has a cardfile of 'All-Around-Good-Questions' from which he picks 10 to 20 for any given interview. His book reviews which appear in *SFR* are so ill-sighted and wrong-headed that I wish he were the subject of a vivisection. But this time, I can only agree with him: SF would probably have been better off without Hugo Gernsback. There was *SF* before him and after him there was *sci-fi*. Sure, there were stories that were very good that may not have been published without him, but the impression (maybe stigma is a better word) he left on science fiction is still with us today. Personally, I think that the attitude of the 'mundane public' toward science fiction is, to a very large extent, the product of the influence of today's publishing establishment. (On second thought, let's include distributors in the group at the whipping post.) Look at the recording industry: many or most of today's most popular albums and groups show evidence of the impact of SF or fantasy. There is no segregation which would separate recordings which pertain to SF or traditional (or even new) ideas found in the SF of today from any other records. The influence of SF on the recording industry is especially evident on the covers of albums. Just a few days ago, I saw paintings by Frazetta and the Brothers Hildebrandt gracing the covers of a couple of popular albums. (Nazareth's *Expect No Mercy* bears the Frazetta.) One group especially influenced by SF is Pink Floyd, and one mustn't overlook the big splash made recently by the group Klaatu, who were thought to be the Beatles reunited-in-disguise (alas, incorrect). But back to my earlier point: Ellison can't get *anything* into mass-audience view without being the victim of the established publishing-distributing establishment, so he tries to get as fair a treatment as possible by getting cover-art control and the elimination of any reference to SF from the outside cover of his books. I can only say 'bravo', but he has only tackled half the problem. To illustrate the hurdle he has yet to jump, let me just say that I've seen, in more than one bookstore, James Baldwin's books in the SF shelves. Why would stories and essays on what it means to be a black man in America be in the SF section? Because he once wrote a book called *The Invisible Man*. The marching morons who stock the shelves have long memories and I seriously doubt that Ellison's works will be mixed with the mainstream books while there exists in the same store a special place for science fiction. Ellison, among others, is doing what he can, but I wonder how much a handful of writers, no matter how talented or vocal, who are from

an already looked-down-upon genre are going to influence attitudes which have existed for a little over 50 years now. To them, I tip my hat and send my fondest wishes. Though most syndromes are descriptive of the phenomenon rather than the creator, let me wish them good luck in battling the "Gernsback Syndrome."

I wish the Moorcock interview were bigger, though it was quite good as it was, and the Powers interview was also very interesting. (Sooner or later, you're bound to stop interviewing my favorite writers and artist and get down to the real trash.) But seriously, I'm so glad that ALGOL is giving Richard Powers the recognition he deserves. Too many times I've seen his work degraded and called shit while other illustrators works were lauded to the stars. When comparing artists, Powers wins hands-down. I suppose his style is so radically different that I literally drool when I see a new one. And thanks for the Powers cover some time back. Can't we have another one soon?! Please continue the art review column. One of my fantasies is to own a Powers original. Someday.

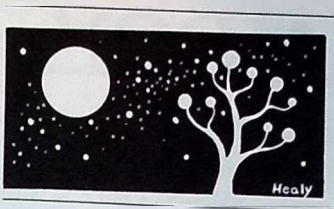
"Pohlemic" is a great column, and in this issue, especially, he says what I've always thought was pretty obvious, but I was glad to see it in print, anyway. The only problem is that for a teacher to be qualified in lots of disciplines (what college can spare an instructor from each department, or can find one from each department that is interested and qualified?) he'd have to constantly be learning and/or in school, and with that kind of load, who's got time to read SF?

"The Dragon's Daughter" was set in such odd type that I was almost unable to read it at first (though I immediately wanted a print for my wall) but, upon later re-examination, I was quite pleased.

As usual, Lupoff's Book Week is probably the best written revew column in any zine (rivaling Budrys' in *F&SF*). We may not always agree, but his points are valid and his recommendations are useful.

SHORT COMMENTS: Brian Earl Brown: "The C. Lee Healy cover was very pretty. *Galileo* ought to have you design and lay out their magazine. It looks so dingy now." Brian Lockhart: "Many of us would grieve deeply if pulp collecting were to come to the sorry 'title-number-$$$$$' pass that comics collecting is today." Barry Malzberg: "Marion Zimmer Bradley's moving essay strikes me as being just about right." Brian Aldiss: "Glad to see my piece on The SF State – the plan of the Capitol City is jolly, with some nice in-jokes. I looked for Damnation Alley and Glory Road but couldn't find them..." Gary Alan Ruse: "James Odbert's artwork is super! Hope to see more of it, and would be receptive to a portfolio of his black and white art." How about a whole book? Gordon R. Dickson's first book for the new quality paperback line being published by Ace has more than 100 Odbert illustrations. Should be an ad this issue for it. Fred Jakobic: "I was not too familiar with Powers but the DiFate interview helped. DiFate helps to increase my knowledge of SF art." Jim Huang: "I really think I'd prefer a more frequent

ALGOL to a thicker ALGOL. Is this possible? I very much like ALGOL, but have thought all along that it should come out more frequently." Yes, I agree. Perhaps by the end of this year I'll have something to announce. We shall see. Bill Bridget: "I know [Fred Pohl] is sincere when he says that teachers of SF are not awful...the one in Denver wasn't bad at all, indeed she had a great body. And Fred has a terrific way with a guitar at a filksing." Lee G. Hill: "I loved the reviews by Dick Lupoff (even though I detest his fiction); it's always nice to see a critic with a workable, individual style and personality." Susan Wood: "Judith Weiss' calligraphy for Ursula's poem was stunning. Print her address so we can order from her?" Bob Frazier: "A sad note is Tom Reamy's passing, lost in the wind before his song was sung. Though the Nebula winner was proficient at long prose, no novel, a definite loss to the field." I understand there was a novel, submitted to Berkley/Putnam and accepted shortly before Tom's death. Also, a collection of shorter stories will be appearing.



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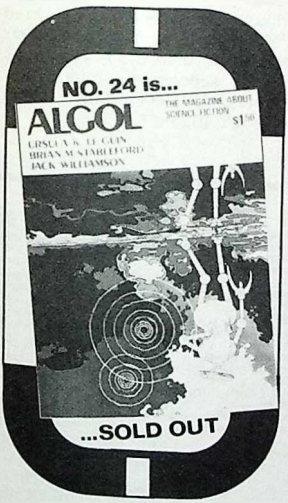

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COLIN WILSON "Beyond The Outsider" Houghton, 1965 1st Printing, 236p. $6.50 per copy. Walker Chapman "The Golden Dream" Seekers of El Dorado. Bobbs Merrill, 1967 1st Prtng., 437p. $4.50 per copy. J.G. Amedeo, Box 522, Wyckoff Hgts. Sta., Brooklyn NY 11237.

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May 5-7. KUBLA KHAN SEX. Quality Inn Parkway, Nashville TN. GoH: Theodore Sturgeon. Fan GoH: Andy Offutt. Registration: $7.50, $8 at the door. Write: Ken Moore, 647 Devon Dr., Nashville TN 37220.

May 19-21. NUTRIA CON. Grand Hotel, New Orleans LA. GoH: George Alec Effinger, Don Markstein. Registration: $6.50 to April 20, then $8. Write: Tom Longo, Nutria Con, 6221 Wadsworth, New Orleans LA 70122.

May 26-28. V-CON VI. Gage Residence, UBC, Vancouver BC. GoH: A.E. Van Vogt. Fan GoH: Susan Wood. Registration: $8. Write: V-Con VI, Box 48701 Bentall Sta., Vancouver BC Canada V7X 1A6.

May 26-28. DISCLAVE. Sheraton-Park Hotel, Washington DC. Write: Alexis Gilliland, 4030 8th Street S., Arlington VA 22204.

Jun 2-4. X-CON. Holiday Inn Central, Milwaukee WI. GoH: Anne McCaffrey. Registration: $8. Write: X-Con, 2739 North Booth St., Milwaukee WI 53212.

Jun 2-4. DEEPSOUTHCON 16. Riviera Hyatt House, Atlanta GA. GoH: Clifford Simak, Gahan Wilson. MC: Kelly Freas. Registration: $7.50 to 6/1, then $10. Write: Heritage Press, Box 721, Forest Park GA 30050.

Jun 9-11. PRUNECON. Lord Simcoe Hotel, Toronto ONT. GoH: Alexei & Cory Panshin. Fan GoH: Ed Meskys. Registration $6, $8 at the door. Write: P.O. Box 324 Station Z, Toronto ONT Canada M5N 2Z5.

Jun 23-25. WORLD SF WRITERS CONFERENCE II. Royal Marine Hotel, Dublin Ireland. Registration $6. Write: SF Horizons, 10 FitzWilliam Sq. Dublin 2, Ireland.

Jun 25-27. MIDWESTCON 29. Holiday Inn North, Cincinnati OH. Registration: $4 at the door. Write: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. John's Terrace, Cincinnati OH 45236.

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 $20 attending to 7/1; then $25. 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 8OJ, UK.

Aug 30-Sep 3. NORTHAMERICON. Galt House, Louisville KY. GoH: Frederik Pohl. Fan GoH: George Scithers. Registration: $10 to 6/30; $15 to 12/31/78, $7 supporting. Information: NorthAmericon, P.O. Box 58009, Louisville KY 40258.

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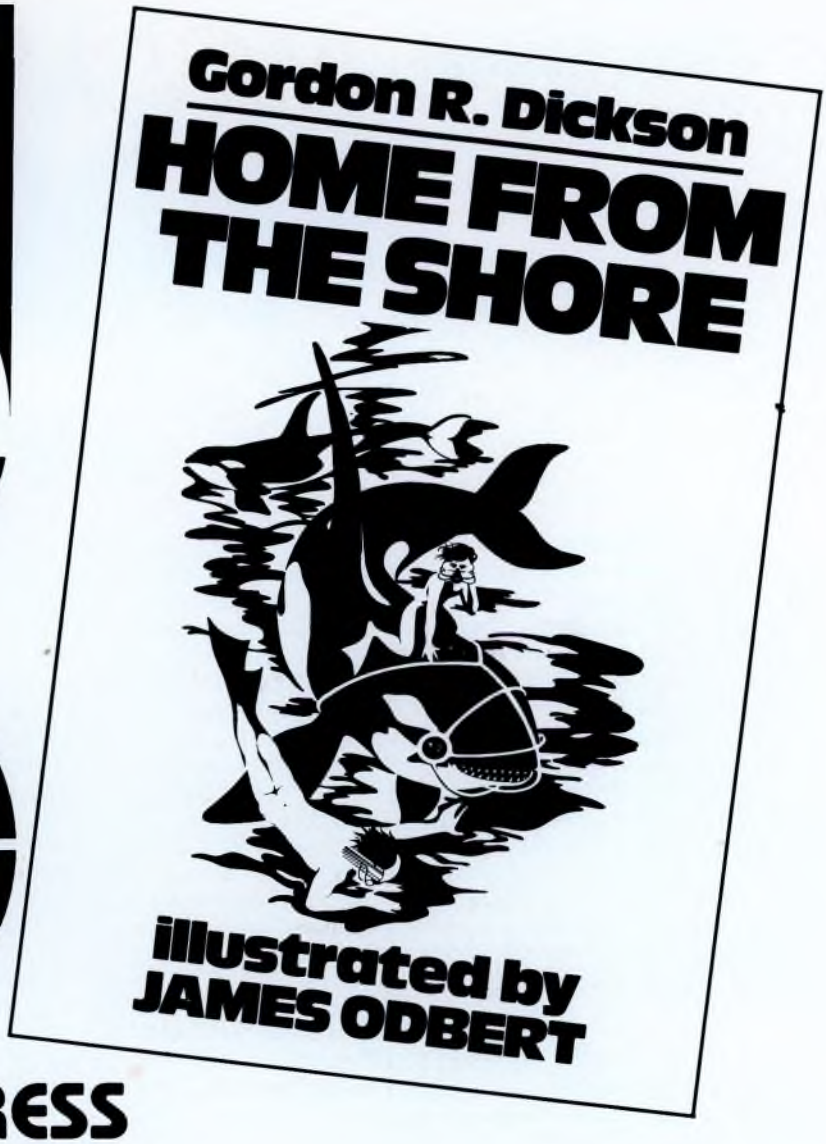

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