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CONTENTS

- Welcome from the Chairs
- HARLAN ELLISON**
- 4 Harlan Ellison—The True Story
Norman Spinrad
- 6 The Man Who Rowed Science
Fiction Ashore
Scott Edelman
- 7 Harlan
Gene Wolfe
- 8 Harlan Ellison and Penn Jillette
Should Be Friends
Penn Jillette
- 8 Harlan Ellison
Robert Sheckley
- 9 Appreciating Mr. Ellison
Bruce Sterling
- 11 Ellison Tribute
Paul Di Filippo
- 12 Banging the Drum for Harlan
Ellison
Neil Gaiman
- 13 Inhaling Elf Dust
William Kotzwinkle
- 15 Prince Myshkin, and Hold the
Relish
Harlan Ellison
- 18 Harlan Ellison Bibliography
Leslie Kay Swigart
- ELLEN DATLOW**
- 24 My Pal Datlow, The Big “D”
her chum Ellison, the little “e”
- 27 Ellen Datlow
Jack Womack
- 28 That’s Ms. Datlow, to You . . .
Howard Waldrop
- 29 Ellen Datlow Bibliography
Bob Ingria
- GERALD KERSH**
- 34 Kersh, I Said
Harlan Ellison
- 35 Gerald Kersh: The Lazarus Man
Paul Duncan
- 42 “Feverish Country, This”
James Sallis
- 46 Crooked Bone
Gerald Kersh
- 56 Gerald Kersh Bibliography
Paul Duncan
- ENDS**
- 61 Understanding Entropy
Barry N. Malzberg
- 63 The Readercon Committee

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WELCOME FROM THE CHAIRS

Whether you are an old friend or attending for the first time, on behalf of the Readercon Committee, let us welcome you to Readercon 11.

This year has been one filled with big changes for Readercon and its committee. We’ve changed hotels. Committee members have moved, finished grad school, started grad school, or changed jobs while working on Readercon. And we’ve continued to grow our own readers. But many things are still the same. We still have awesome programming. We still have killer guests and panelists. We still have an incredible bookshop. You’ll still have a good time.

The reason why Readercon is so different from other organizations is that we don’t have a paying membership. We are a not-for-profit volunteer organization. We don’t sit through meetings governed by Robert’s Rules of Order. We encourage people to volunteer for positions they want to work in. The committee is made up of people who have worked long and hard to bring everything together, and without their work, or the help of our staff and volunteers, Readercon couldn’t happen. Many thanks go out to Readercon’s committee, staff, volunteers, panelists, and attendees. Enjoy!

The Readermoms
Diane Martin & Amy West

You can hardly have an extended conversation anywhere on this planet (and probably on several others) without someone suddenly breaking into a “Harlan Ellison story.”

Nor is it easy to tell the true tales from the apocryphal. I was present at some of these events and remember them quite differently. Harlan himself was present at some (but not all) of these events and may not remember them at all. Neither of us were present at some of them but we remember them anyway. To make matters more confusing, for a certain period many people believed that I was really Harlan Ellison, and lately I’ve been running into people who believe Harlan is me.

Andy Warhol said that everyone would get to be famous for fifteen minutes, someone else defined “celebrity” as being famous for being famous, but “Harlan Ellison” has become a legend, which is something else again.

A legend is famous for a lot longer than fifteen minutes. A legend is famous for both things he really has done and things that he hasn’t. And after a while, no one knows which is which.

So this, then, will be an attempt to set the record straight, to separate the *real* Harlan Ellison from the legend.

THE LEGEND

Harlan Ellison was born near Cleveland, Ohio, in 1934, and was a major fan writer and editor before he was out of his teens. In the middle 1950s, he moved to New York City and began his first career, writing fiction for a diversity of magazines under a diversity of names, including “Harlan Ellison.”

Some of these stories were science fiction, some were what in retrospect might be called “street fiction,” or, from a 1930s point of view, “proletarian fiction.”

In the latter incarnation, he ran with a street gang in Brooklyn as research for his first novel, *Rumble*, which landed him in jail for a short vacation that turned into the “non-fiction” book *Memos from Purgatory*.

After a somewhat less than stellar involuntary career in the US Army, he moved to Chicago to edit *Rogue* magazine, and later Regency Books.

By the early 1960s, he had moved permanently to Los Angeles to write scripts for films—one of which, *The Oscar*, was made, but did not come within a light-year of winning one—and for television series such as *The Outer Limits*, *The Man from*

Uncle, Star Trek, which won him major awards—Hugos, Writers’ Guild Awards—and at least one minor lawsuit.

In 1967, he published, as editor, the landmark original anthology *Dangerous Visions*, one of the sigil works of the New Wave, and probably the single most literarily influential science fiction anthology of all time.

In 1973, he created the less-than-monumentally-successful television series *Starlost*—by muttering the title en passant to a couple of producers looking to cash in on *Star Trek* and *Lost in Space* and bullshitting the format on the

spot when they grabbed him by the collar and screamed “Yes! What’s it about?”

He also wrote film criticism, record reviews, and television criticism, the TV criticism collected in *The Glass Teat* and *The Other Glass Teat*, as well as the occasional rubber check that I was constrained to cover.

He made a series of TV commercials for the Geo automobile. He was active in civil rights marches and politics. He was the host of the science fiction radio show *Hour 25* after the death of its founder, Michael Hodel. He wrote comic book scenarios. He lectured extensively.

All of this, however, was peripheral, at least in a non-economic sense, to his first and continuing literary love, the short stories and particularly novellas that have always been his main metier and that have garnered him so many Hugos and Nebulas that he has had to convert his garage into a Vehicle Assembly Building to accommodate them.

These unique works of fiction, and there are over three hundred of them at last count, have been collected in many, many volumes, one of the more recent, and perhaps the most definitive, being *The Essential Ellison*.

Ellison was one of the four key figures in the creation of the New Wave, and, in retrospect, one of the key literary progenitors of the cyberpunk movement as well, and virtually invented modern urban fantasy, of which he remains the master.

That is the legend. . . .

THE TRUE STORY

“**H**arlan Ellison’s” real name is Cordwainer Bird. (No relation, contrary to popular belief, to either Cordwainer Smith or Charlie Parker.) He was born in Gotham City, ran away from home to join a Mouse Circus at the age of two, made a wrong turn outside Paynesville, Ohio, and ended up in New

HARLAN ELLISON—THE TRUE STORY by Norman Spinrad

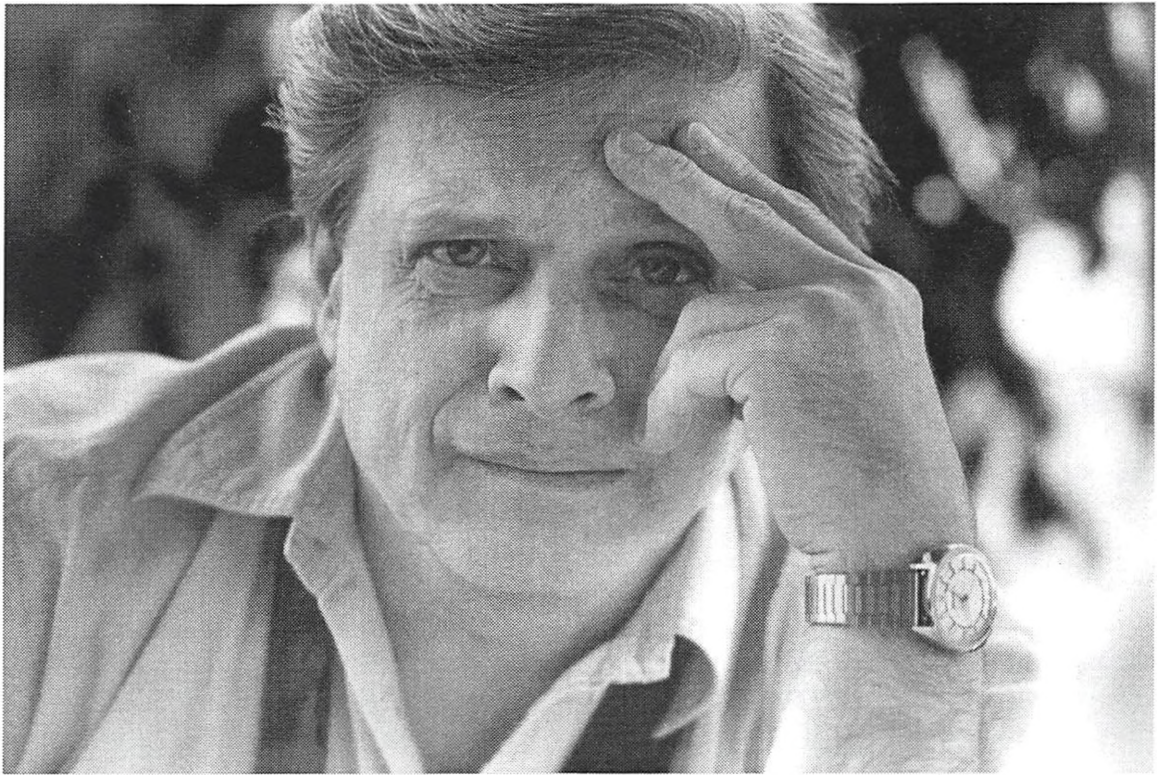


PHOTO © CHRISTER AKERBERG/SWEDEN

York, where he was raised to a form of adulthood by a secret tribe of albino sewer alligators cunningly disguised as a Brooklyn street gang.

Arrested for possession of *Tales from the Crypt* in violation of the comics code (which has never been deciphered), he escaped from jail with the aid of Lamont Cranston, changed his name to "Harlan Ellison," and began his writing career ghostwriting scripts for Dr. Irwin Corey.

He soon began writing for the science fiction magazines at a penny a word, supplementing this penurious existence hacking out novels under such pseudonyms as "Thomas Pynchon," "J. D. Salinger," and "B. Traven."

Lured to Hollywood by dreams of joining F. Scott Fitzgerald (pseudonym of Robert Silverberg) and William Faulkner (pseudonym of F. Scott Fitzgerald) at the legendary Garden of Allah, he found himself instead occupying a room at the La Fonda Motel next door to Theodore

Sturgeon (pseudonym of Theodore Sturgeon).

Encountering difficulties finding work as a screenwriter, he worked as a producer of sci-fi series and B movies under such pseudonyms as "Roger Corman," "Gene L. Coon," and "Irwin Allen."

All the while, Ellison continued to write science fiction, fantasy, and contemporary fiction, under his own name as well as such pseudonyms as "Christopher Priest" and "Charles Platt," as well as occasional criticism under the name of "Gregory Feeley."

Meanwhile, he bought five thousand stories from a diversity of writers including many of his own pseudonyms, for the landmark original anthology *The Last Dangerous Visions*. When the publisher objected to the length of the tome and finality of the title, a portion of the book was published as *Dangerous Visions*.

After the success of that book, Ellison delivered the remainder of the stories in a self-driven 16-wheeler, upon which the

publisher groaned, "Oy, not again!" and published an excerpt as *Again, Dangerous Visions*.

Unable to find a publisher with a sufficient paper supply to print the rest of the stories, Ellison cunningly libeled himself under the pseudonyms of "Priest," "Platt," and "Feeley," becoming wealthy on the kickbacks from the armies of lawyers handling the suits and countersuits, as well as from the dues of an organization calling itself "Enemies of Harlan Ellison."

Today, Ellison still writes stories under his own name and a popular novel series under the pseudonym "William Shatner" as well as directing films as "Roman Polanski." He regularly appears as an armed guard on the *Jerry Springer Show* and has sold the film rights to his life story, to star Robin Williams, and to be written by Cordwainer Bird under the pseudonym "Harlan Ellison."

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First of all, pay no heed to that story you may have heard about the severed chandelier chain, or the one about the fan in the elevator shaft, or even the oft-mangled fable about that hotel altercation in New York. Ignore the endlessly-recounted rumors of prop-swinging at TV producers, typewriter-snatching from deadbeat publishers, and even the mailing of dead rodents across state lines. And most definitely, don't pay any attention to what you may have heard about the lightning appearance at last year's Readercon.

Cleanse your mind of these purported events. They matter not a piffle when taking the true measure of Harlan Ellison.

Set aside for a moment the record-breaking number of awards the man has won. Discount, if you can, his courageous participation in the March 1965 Freedom March on Montgomery, Alabama, facing down riot dogs and shotguns. Deny, if you wish, his walking the walk and not just talking the talk by living out of a camper when appearing as Guest of Honor at the 1978 Worldcon in Phoenix because he did not want to spend money in a state that wasn't behind the Equal Rights Amendment.

These accomplishments, though impressive, are also far from the core of what we come here to celebrate.

What matters most about Harlan, the only truths with which you should concern yourself, are the legendary literary art facts that bear titles such as "Jeffy is Five," "A Boy and His Dog," "One Life, Furnished in Early Poverty," "Repent, Harlequin! Said the Ticktockman," and "The Man Who Rowed Christopher Columbus Ashore."

It's been over three decades since I first discovered Harlan Ellison, the writer, in "The Region Between," a uniquely designed story I first read in 1970 when I was but a few months shy of my fifteenth birthday. The text was designed to sometimes run in spiral shape about the page, which opened my eyes to the unbordered possibilities of prose and caused my fellow junior high school cafeteria tablemates to wonder, as I kept turning that copy of *Galaxy* around and around, if my unexplained behavior was one of the gruesome side effects of my science fiction fanaticism.

It's been a quarter of a century, give or take a few weeks, since I first encountered Harlan Ellison, the myth, as he and Isaac Asimov stood on tables at the opposite ends of a ballroom at the

1974 Worldcon in Washington, D.C., and entertained the audience with an exchange of insults worthy of Oscar Wilde.

And though these two creatures, the exacting wordsmith and the mythic showman, have always fed off each other far more explosively and intimately than within any other writer, it is imperative that we the readers never forget which persona is paramount when it comes to celebrating Harlan Ellison.

That is the great paradox when it comes to conventions. It is a dichotomy that teases us with every author, but never creating as great a conundrum as with Harlan Ellison, one of the few authors who has built a

reputation as impressive as his bibliography. Many will visit Readercon this year to uncover the titan behind the typefonts, to breathe his air, listen to his wit, and carry home an anecdote that will sustain them through late-night con suite conversation for years to come.

"You won't believe what Harlan Ellison said!"

And yet, even as we are entertained this weekend by a man whose stage presence makes Robin Williams seem as wooden as Al Gore by comparison, we must remember that none of that truly matters. And here's the reason why:

I have heard it said that the difference between a minor poet and a major poet is that a minor poet has only been struck by lightning once in his or her life while a major poet has had the luck to be struck two or three times. What is one then to make of Harlan Ellison, whose list of memorable stories exceeds that of any other writer? He has been struck by lightning so many times that it is a wonder that when you meet him his hair does not stand on end. For Harlan, the lightning has been inexhaustible.

So press his flesh and look into his eyes, and enjoy the convention experience, but when you go back home, take with you more than just the memory of his vital and entertaining physical presence. What's most important to meeting him is that it should cause you to return to what really matters—not the ephemera, but rather the memories of classic stories that will last long after the man himself is gone. The legend is less important than the stories left behind. Don't let any distraction invade your mind that would come between you and the page. He has successfully created SF masterpieces on a scale such as no other writer has done before, not only those that I have listed above, but also "The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World," "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream," "The

THE MAN WHO ROWED SCIENCE FICTION ASHORE *by Scott Edelman*

Deathbird," "The Whimper of Whipped Dogs," "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes," "Shattered Like a Glass Goblin," and more than I have room to list. No one else can claim more of our field's most important stories in his body of work.

The fun you have at the three-ring circus that is Harlan Ellison the man and the myth should not blind you to the fact that in the center ring stands the greatest ringmaster of words we have ever known, the man who rowed science fiction ashore.

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HARLAN

by Gene Wolfe

We met at the first Milford Conference I attended. He was a strikingly handsome man in his early thirties, a foul-mouthed man of daemonic energy who took exactly no crap at all from anyone, including me. As soon as I realized that his hatred was all for sham and not for persons, that he loved good writing—anyone's good writing—as some men love their countries, I liked him. I have liked him ever since.

Soon after he and Susan were married, we met at a World Fantasy Con. It was the first time we had seen each other in years, and his usual wit deserted him. He insulted me openly, and he was obscene, graceless, malevolent, malign, malignant, malicious, truculent (this is a really good thesaurus!), cold-blooded, savage, and feeble. I replied truthfully and with restraint, having learned the best way of dealing with him long ago. Some committee person informed him that he was due on a panel, and was ignored. Harlan continued to respond with a sort of desperate obtuseness to each of my well-considered evaluations of his person, until the committeewoman carried him away kicking and screaming, leaving poor Susan to stare at me open-mouthed.

"Don't worry," I told her, "we're not really about to kill each other."

"It's just that I didn't realize he knew you that well!"

Harlan is one of the finest American short-story writers of this or any other century. Get your picture taken with him, and put it away in a very safe place. A hundred years from today your family will have vast enlargements made of it as proof that *their ancestor* was on friendly terms with someone whose name is linked to Twain's and Hemingway's. If you don't believe me, buy every Ellison collection in the huckster room and read those stories, one each night, with an open mind and the television turned off. Read "Prince Myshkin, and Hold the Relish." Read "Demon with a Glass Hand." Read them all.

As a small boy, he was cruelly tormented by larger boys; that sort of treatment will make ninety-nine out of a hundred cruel themselves, but it seems to have soured Harlan on cruelty forever. He's a fighter's fighter as well as a writer's writer, yet in all the years we have been friends, I've never seen him do a mean thing. He's in his sixties now, and has undergone a quadruple bypass. He remains the most exciting person I know.



HARLAN ELLISON AND PENN JILLETTE SHOULD BE FRIENDS

by Penn Jillette

Harlan Ellison and I want to be friends. We've tried to be friends. We've called each other on the phone. We've argued with each other publicly on the radio and then stayed on the phone and off the air to agree. He's seen my show and I've read his books. He's told me his "White Wiz" story on the phone (he swears it's true, he swears it's true. It still seems too perfect, but he swears it's true). He's invited me over to his house. I've invited him over to see great close-up magic. I got busy. He got busy. We have never spent an evening together. But, we're going to. Yup, we're going to. Why wouldn't we? He's a creep. I'm a creep. He has secret rooms in his house. I have secret rooms in my house. He's outspoken, loud and aggressive. I'm, well, I'm often right and others won't listen to a simple quiet argument. His stuff gives me shivers and makes me laugh. That pleases me. He hates being called a science fiction writer and I hate being called a magician. We're both trying to crawl out of garbage entertainment forms.

He suggested that Teller and I play the funniest men in the universe on *Babylon 5*. It seems I owe him dinner, doesn't it? I'm going to buy him dinner. We're going to hang out together. I have no visual memory, and I'm a bit deaf, so when I bumped into him

in a screening line for some Clive Barker thang, I didn't know it was he. If I had known that guy was Harlan, we would have hung out, but we didn't because I'm stupid (and a little deaf). He called me and asked me for some videotapes from Comedy Central. I don't remember if it was *MST3K* or *South Park* (it's always one or the other), and I don't know if I ever got the tapes for him, but I promised I would. I think he's an atheist. I'm an atheist. He's a great writer. I'm an atheist.

So, if you see Harlan, make sure you get him to tell you the "White Wiz" story and see if you believe it. He sells it. He really sells it. He has details. Too many details? Maybe. He sells it. It seems too good to be true, but he seems like an honest man. Have him tell the "White Wiz" story to you, see what you think. Let me know.

Keep this in mind: Harlan Ellison and Penn Jillette are going to be friends. I just know we are. I don't know why we aren't now. I guess I do know why we aren't now; we're not friends now because it's a random universe full of pain.

And we both know that. That's why we're going to be friends.
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HARLAN ELLISON *by Robert Sheckley*

Harlan Ellison is an original even in a field of originals. As such, he baffles definition. Harlan is brilliant, scrappy, opinionated, one of a kind, a fast-talking creative genius who has been there and done that in spades, doubled and redoubled, and goes on to define new games, new gambits. He's an uncanny writer, always touching the raw nerve or the unexplored sensibility. In person, this man of infinite wiles is direct. As they said of Leo Durocher, he shoots from the lip. And Harlan has the fastest lip in Hollywood, a town not noted for reticence. Harlan invents forms for the promulgation of his genius. He's a tightrope dancer on the catenaries of his own nerves. Either you love Harlan very much or you hate his guts. I love Harlan very much.

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As is well-known, I am a refined litterateur of a dreamy, Dunsanian temperament. My life is all cricket pitches, crumpets, and amateur theatricals. Normally I would suavely duck a gig like writing an “appreciation” of Harlan Ellison. For what can I gain by this? Mr. Ellison is the kind of gentleman who trades rabbit punches in grimy alleys with juvenile delinquents.

However: it was Mr. Ellison’s morbid taste for slumming, his determined effort to seek amusement in the world’s least-promising arenas, that first caused me to meet him. Since I write these words on April 14, 1999, that meeting was twenty-five years ago to this day. It’s only proper that I commemorate it now.

We met in 1974, at a regional science fiction convention at a Texas university. In those hallowed days, I was a proud and unashamed sci-fi fanboy. I used to hang out with people who were wannabe SF writers, not because I really thought it was my metier, but because it seemed like a really cool thing for a college sophomore to do. It was a social gambit in my Texan fan circles, basically; trying to write marked you as being two notches above a Trekkie and somewhat more coherent than the career acidheads.

So we were all sitting there at this little writer’s conclave at Texas A&M, about a dozen of us, reading one another’s sorry, turkey-like little stories, and trying to find something kind to say about them. Then my story came up for comment. Oddly, my fellow critics said exactly what critics still say twenty-five years later—that my work had too many ideas in it and the plot was all over the place. Ellison, however, would not settle for any gambit so elementary. He loudly declared that the too-many ideas were all *great* ideas. He gave me a much better plot for my story, on the spot. He told me I had talent. He further declared that I ought to go to Clarion (where he was teaching), and learn how to write like a professional.

So, thus encouraged, I went to Clarion. I couldn’t help but learn some stuff there—much of it from him. At Clarion, Mr. Ellison pondered more of my work and declared that I ought to write a novel. More to the point, he commissioned a novel from me for his Discovery series.

The resultant book saw print. It had plenty of ideas in it. Mr. Ellison helped me fix the plot. Not content with these acts of stunning generosity, he later arranged for the publication of my second novel, too.

Sales-wise, my first two novels tumbled down a well, but that was only justice. The first 100,000 words are practice. By that

time, I had a career. I knew perfectly well what I wanted, and more or less what I was doing.

Harlan Ellison was my literary mentor.

I knew at the time that this was a good break, but I didn’t fully realize what a rare good fortune that was. Twenty-five years later, I’ve come to know dozens, maybe hundreds of science fiction writers. I have met science fiction writers in every clime and culture. I now know that most of my colleagues are inherently decent guys and gals. They might look and dress a little odd, but they’re basically harmless, even benign. Science fiction writers do have

naturally inventive casts of mind, and are often amusing and clever. Most science fiction writers, the vast majority of us, are gently glowing bags of marsh gas, who are ardently hoping that someone will mistake us for a UFO.

Mr. Ellison, by stark contrast, is not of this common kind. He is not some lantern-eyed genre will-of-the-wisp. By his nature, he is a welding torch. He can spew brilliance, melt very hard stuff, jam unlikely things together permanently, and yes, if you are careless, he can burn your sorry ass.

Mr. Ellison is not one of your shrinking-violet artistes. Tentative half-measures are not in his behavioral vocabulary. Time may have mellowed him a bit, but when I knew him in his roaring heyday, he was a hands-on Tasmanian devil who would mix it up big-time with anyone and anything in his path. He is a man of extravagant generosity and much large-scale spontaneity.

Take food for instance: stricken by appetite, Ellison will get on the phone, call up some pals, rap out a machine-gun proposal. Let’s go to that Bolivian place, the Straits Chinese joint, the Jamaican jerk-barbecue tent. There will be no halfway about it: let’s slam those Burmese monkey-brains onto the trestle table, let’s see those waiters hopping around like they mean it, we came here to EAT, we wanna dig in with some GUSTO here!

If you’re dropping by Ellison’s house, you are not in Ellison’s house, you are *of* Ellison’s house. In a car with Ellison, you are not lolling in tepid indifference, you are clutching the dashboard and taking every other corner with a loud rubber shriek.

Many writers have literary enemies. This is hard to avoid. If you’re writing for a living and nobody ever gets upset about what you say, you’re not saying anything that matters. Mr. Ellison doesn’t have theoretical disagreements. He has feuds and crusades. He has passionate causes, political enemies, and heavy-duty lawyers who sue and win.

APPRECIATING MR. ELLISON *by Bruce Sterling*

Mr. Ellison doesn't have a "cult following." He has great big stacks of popular awards. He doesn't ask permission from his publishers to test time-honored genre limits: he writes mysteries, horror, TV scripts, movies, criticism, all kinds of you-name-it things.

Many writers are fussy about the creative process. They produce their deathless prose only under painfully defined conditions: they have to wear a certain athletic sweater on backwards, they have to hold a coconut macaroon in their mouth.... Ellison writes stories at big loud parties. He writes them publicly in department store windows. I'm pretty sure he could dictate one upside down while straitjacketed in a Houdini water tank.

So, although I proudly claim Harlan Ellison as my direct literary ancestor, I can't really claim to be much like him. I'm simply not up to the job. Compared to him, I'm a slow-moving, hay-chewing, rural yokel, a quiet family man, a yawning cyberpunk sluggard who pathetically insists on sleeping more than three hours a night.

However: I was not at his knee for nothing. The greatest single thing I learned from Harlan Ellison is that when you are trying to establish a goddamned new wave in science fiction, you don't want to snivel and backpedal and do it halfway. On the contrary: *toujours l'audace*, brother. It is of vital and absolute importance to be often wrong but never in doubt. You want to take that war right to the enemy, with no fixed position but a fixed bayonet. When a changing world around you screams that it's time to go, don't apologize, don't ask permission, don't hesitate: seize the day, *go*.

His anthology *Dangerous Visions* was one of the most important books I ever read. I must have been all of fourteen. I was frankly shocked. That book blew my mind and set fire to the remnants.

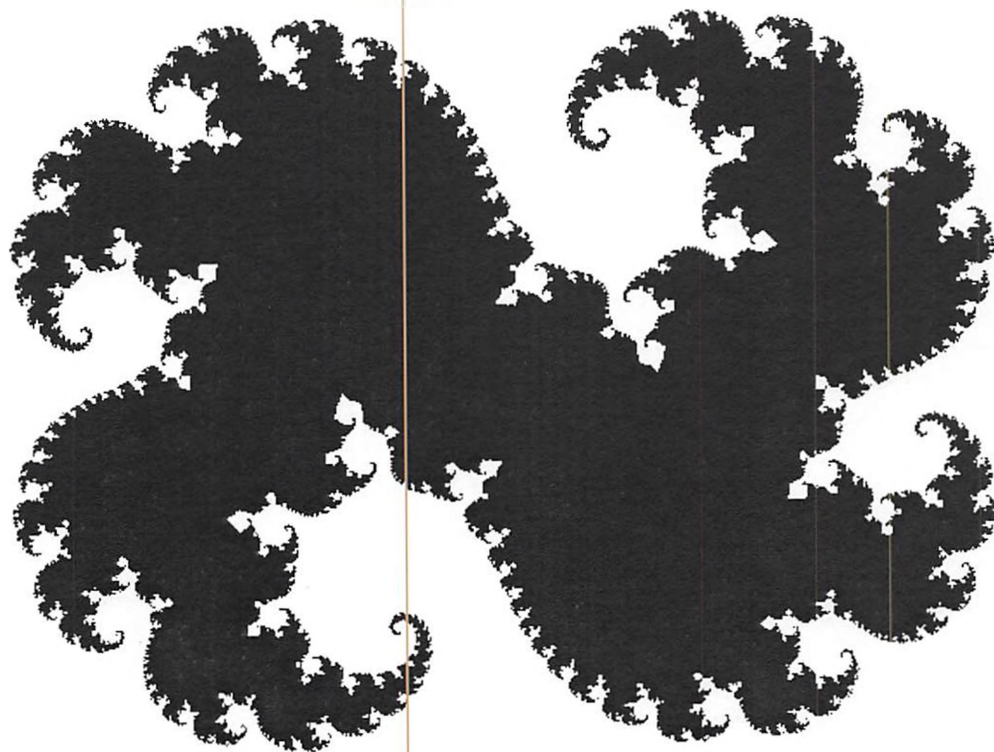
It took me repeated efforts to plough through the whole anthology. When I finally had the thing metabolized, I understood on a cellular level that it was possible to write serious, honest, dead-real science fiction about the worst and weirdest feelings you had ever had. I

understood that a rusty switchblade in the gutter is absolutely as much a "technological artifact" as any shiny von Braun rocketship. I further understood that a lot of the stuff I'd been eagerly sopping up off the wire rack was lame, disconnected, and out-of-date. It might be fantastic: but it was fantastically clueless.

Today, I turn forty-five years old. I have kindly feelings for young writers. I get a lot of fan mail from wannabes and I try to say supportive things. I'm sincerely interested in the thoughts and feelings of the coming generation, just like Mr. Ellison was in 1974. But alas, I've never done anything for a younger writer that remotely compares to what Harlan Ellison did for me. Yeah, I write manifestos, I have colleagues and collaborators, but I never have disciples and protegés. Mr. Ellison had more of them than I can count. He can do that, I can't; it was one of his great gifts, it's among my failings.

Yes, there were giants in those days.

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Let me tell you what kind of writer Harlan Ellison is. Oh, not one more critic's opinion—I offer here no learned exegesis on his immense body of distinguished work, for you'll surely be hearing plenty of that at Readercon 11—but rather a personal estimation of his unflagging creative nature, admittedly based on a single incident:

Harlan Ellison paid me money out of his own pocket to objectively dissect his work.

About a year after the publication of his latest collection, *Slippage*, I got a phone call from Harlan. He was concerned about his book, bothered that it hadn't received as much critical attention as he could have wished, and that what attention it did receive merely restated obvious platitudes about him and his work. None of this was useful to him as a writer. How could he improve his craft, if intelligent feedback was unforthcoming?

He was calling to ask me if I'd take on a curious assignment: to read and review *Slippage*, and pass my written findings on to him. He'd pay me for it, and impose no constraints on eventual publication of the review either, sight unseen.

My reaction to this offer (unique, I daresay, in the annals of SF), you can well imagine. Pride, humility, and trepidation all warred within me. But putting aside my own irrelevant feelings for the moment, I'd like to examine what this move says about Harlan Ellison.

Obviously, such an offer bespeaks an immense esteem for one's own writing. Bad enough to suffer the slings and arrows that inescapably accompany publication. But no one invites an extra critical vivisection like this unless he or she feels the fiction under the scalpel is worthy of analysis and able to vitally bounce back from intense scrutiny. Harlan Ellison stands by what he

writes. He is not wasting his own time with crap, and has no intention of wasting yours.

Ignorant, envious, grudge-toting folks would stop here, with a warped restatement of my point: "Oh, Harlan's on another ego-trip, paying someone to read his stuff." But consider further:

Harlan Ellison, winner of innumerable awards, author of enough titles to stock his own branch of Barnes and Noble, possessor of all the material attributes of worldly success, still wants a friend to clap a hand on his shoulder and say, "Harlan, man,

this story is a little kludgy, this one's competent but uninspired, and this one's a gift from the muses. I don't buy this character, this scene's genius, but this climax leaves me cold. Right here the action flows like mercury, this patch of dialogue's unbelievable, and this title stinks."

The desire to hear this kind of honest reaction from a fellow writer/critic/reader, to spill the sackful of gems out on the table, have the buyer/peer/inspector finger the various jewels and say, "This merits the guild's highest honors, but the cutting on this one is ham-handed and intended to trick the eye," well, such a sincere desire could only arise from a fertile soul that has never stopped growing, despite all the accolades, setbacks, and dark-of-the-night self-assurances.

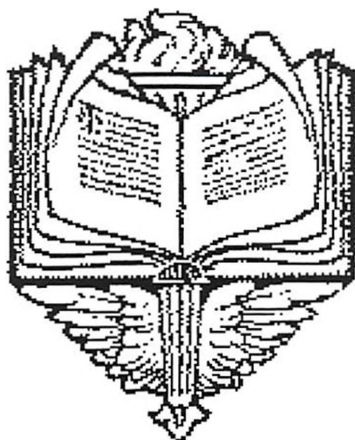
I never did publish my "review" of *Slippage*. A long follow-up phone call with Harlan convinced me that I wanted in several cases to revise my first judgments, and of course in the press of events, I never found time to do so. I assume, since Harlan and I are still friends, that he felt he got his money's worth, and learned at least one or two useful things about his evolving prose.

I know I sure as hell learned *a lot*, and continue to have a lingering suspicion that I should have paid *him!*

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ELLISON TRIBUTE

by Paul Di Filippo



Harlan Ellison, sir? Lor' bless you. Of course I remember Harlan Ellison. Why, if it wasn't for Harlan Ellison, I doubt I'd even be in this line of work.

I first met Harlan Ellison in Paris in 1927. Gertrude Stein introduced us at one of her parties. "You boys will get on," she said. "Harlan's a writer. Not a great writer, like I am. But I hear he makes up stories."

Harlan looked her in the eye, and told her exactly what he thought of her writing. It took him fifteen minutes and he never repeated himself once. When he finished, the whole room applauded. Gertie got Alice B. Toklas to throw us out into the rain, and we stumbled around Paris, clutching a couple of wet baguettes and a half-a-bottle of an indifferent Bordeaux.

"Where are the snows of yesteryear?" I asked Harlan.

He pulled out a map from an inside pocket and showed me.

"I would never have guessed that was where they end up," I told him.

"Nobody does," he said.

Harlan knew all kinds of stuff like that. He was braver than lions, wiser than owls, and he taught me a trick with three cards which, he said, would prove an infallible method of making money if I was down on my luck.

The next time I saw Harlan Ellison was in London, in 1932. I was working in the music halls, which were still going fairly strong, though they weren't what they used to be. I had worked up a mentalist's act, in a small way. I wasn't exactly bottom of the bill—that was Señor Moon and his Amazing Performing Budgerigar—but I was down there. That was until Harlan came along. He found me at the Hackney Empire vainly trying to intuit the serial number on a temperance crusader's ten-shilling note. "Give up this mentalism nonsense and stick with me, kiddo," he said. "You've got a drummer's hands, and I'm a man needs a drummer. Together we'll go places."

We went to Goole and Stoke Poges and Ackrington and Bournemouth. We went to Eastbourne and Southsea and Penzance and Torquay. We were doing literature: dramatic storytelling on the seafront to move and entertain the ice-cream-licking multitudes, wooing them away from the baggy-trousered clowns and the can-can girls, the minstrel shows and the photographer's monkey.

We were the hit of the season wherever we went. I'd bang my drum to gather the people around, and Harlan would get up there and tell them one of his stories—there was one about a

fellow who was the Paladin of the Lost Hour, another about a man who rowed Christopher Columbus ashore. Afterwards I would pass the hat around, or simply take the money from the hands of the stunned holidaymakers, who would tend simply to stand there when Harlan had finished, their mouths agape, until the arrival of the Punch-and-Judy man would send them fleeing to the wheelk stall in confusion.

One evening, in a fish and chip shop in Blackpool, Harlan confided his plans to me. "I'm going to go to America," he told me. "That's where they'll appreciate me."

"But Harlan," I told him, "we've got a great career here, performing on the seafronts. That new dramatic monologue of yours about the chappie who had no mouth but had to scream anyway—there was almost thirty bob in the hat after that!"

"America," said Harlan. "That's where it's at, Neil."

"You'll have to find someone else to work the seafronts of America with, then," I told him. "Anyway, what's America got you won't find in Skegness, or Margate, or Brighton? They're all in a hurry in America. They'll not stand still long enough for you to tell them one of your stories. That one about the mind-reading fellow in the prison, why, it must have taken you almost two hours to tell."

"That," said Harlan, "is the simplicity of my plan. Instead of going from town to town, I shall write down my stories, for people to read. All across America they'll be reading my stories. America first, and then the world."

I must have looked a little dubious, for he picked up a battered saveloy from my plate and used it to draw a map of America with little arrows coming out of it on the table, using the vinegary tomato catsup as paint.

"Besides," asked Harlan, "where else am I likely to find true love?"

"Glasgow?" I suggested bravely (for I "died" once as a mentalist at the Glasgow Empire), but he was obviously no longer listening.

He ate my battered saveloy and we headed back to the streets of Blackpool. When we got to the seafront I banged my little drum until we had gathered together a small crowd, and Harlan proceeded to tell them a story about a week in the life of a man who accidentally telephoned his own house, and he answered the telephone.

There was almost fifty shillings in the hat at the end of that story. We split the proceeds, and Harlan caught the next train to Liverpool, where he said he thought he could work his passage on

BANGING THE DRUM FOR HARLAN ELLISON *by Neil Gaiman*

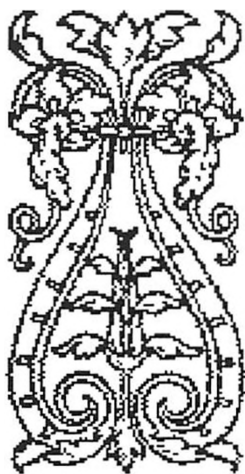
a steamer, telling stories to the people on board. There was one about a boy and his dog he thought would go over particularly well.

I hear he's doing all right in the New World. Well, here's to him. And as an occasional toiler in the fields of literature myself, I often have cause to remember, with pleasure, all the things I learned back then from Harlan Ellison.

I'm still using them now.

Anyway, sir. Three cards. Round and round and round they go, and where they stop, nobody knows. Are you feeling lucky, today? D'you think you can find the lady?

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INHALING ELF DUST

by William Kotzwinkle

I once saw a display of lightning over the ocean so powerful that I was thrown back into Homeric layers of the unconscious; for an instant I saw the old gods walking in the sky. Harlan does the same thing to me. He sets the old gods walking.

I've never known anyone who carries around the charge of intensity that Harlan does. He recently told me that as a child he was sure he'd be dead at fourteen. He knew way back then that lightning in your pocket burns you down. But luckily for him and for us, the elves who equipped him with lightning in his cradle also slipped in an incredible sensitivity to language. Call it poetry, for I think of him as a poet, in everything he does. His lightning attaches to words for their charms, and a sentence by Harlan comes out like a force of nature, searing everything in its way. He chooses words quickly, for their magic. He doesn't deliberate, doesn't have to. He is riding a primal current, and connections come fast. Anyone who's watched him write a story in a bookseller's window knows what I'm talking about. He takes subjects given to him at random by strangers. Then he reaches into the elf's golden quiver, pulls out one of those golden arrows they gave him, and fires it. Words accumulate on it, thoughts arrange themselves, characters appear, a wild plot twist occurs, and *thwock*, with a hundred people watching he drives that arrow into his target, and it vibrates there, you can see the energy trembling on it as it comes to rest in our dimension.

Imagine what an argument with Harlan is like. Then he is more like a

knife-thrower in a carnival, outlining your body with ornate blades. I have seen him at work on his enemies.

I have been around when Harlan opened his mail in the morning. His running commentary on everything that has arrived, as he tosses it, files it, fumes at it, rips it in half, calls for a candy bar, is hilarious, profound, amazing. *He is constantly manifesting stories.* Little stories, big stories, teeny-weeny fairy stories, characters dancing off his tongue, disappearing, flying away back to other realms, having come just for a brief appearance. The sense I always have is—Harlan actually resides in another dimension, and all these elementals, these flaming words, these streams of invective, these torrents of ideas, are the inner landscape of a jinn.

I keep Harlan's books on my desk. I can feel the elemental energy churning inside the covers. I catch sight of ectoplasmic lizards slipping out of them. I feel the glittering effusion of the alien. Harlan has ridden the current into some of the weirdest spaces imaginable and brought back souvenirs. His books, containing these adventures of his, are little museums of the fabulous. You read them with the sense that a troll is turning the pages for you. Not a cute little troll, but a formidable entity. It is partly compounded of rhythm. Harlan is locked on the beat, it's in everything he writes, you can read him for that alone, if your brain is tired and you need to jump-start it. Harlan has the certainty of the beat to keep him from getting tangled up in old spiderwebs and other traps of the magic lands. The elves gave him that too, the

nimble step of the fairies. Not cute little fairies on a New Age greeting card, but the kind who carry human children away. That's what makes Harlan so interesting, the knowledge you have that he is sneaking up on the pond where they keep dreamers who disappeared, that he has watched toads conversing about the suggestibility of the human soul. Harlan makes these suggestions every time he writes a story. He's spent a lifetime trying to wake us up to the fact that childhood is linked to the serpent of knowledge. Early in life, he traveled on radio waves. I don't mean simply his affection for the stories of

'40s radio; he was hooked on the arcane principle behind it, of transmitting spectral material along invisible corridors. He was a specialist in that by the time he was ten. The experience, a subtle one, never left him. He's a 1940s radio in the atmosphere, with the dial moving slowly, from station to station. *That's how he tunes himself*, he just goes back to that early magic, and he's got what he needs to write one of his great stories. The story is the surface of a primal exercise, the attunement of the soul to its interdimensional reality. He's got other devices besides the radio. His house is

filled with old games and toys; though they are certainly beautiful, they are not merely decorative. To see Harlan at the controls of one of these venerable mechanical items is to see an alchemist dealing with his familiar. He speaks to it, he orders it, and the order is always the same—*take me back*. And the game takes him back, by way of little mechanical doors, tiny hammers, metal dogs turning, and if you watch him carefully you see that he has shrunk himself down to toy size and is circling around on the tin track. Toys can be deceitful, he knows this. When he leads me on down the hallway to the next toy, it is with a certain anxiousness. The toys, in their wisdom, exact a price. If you don't go to them with respect, they will pinch you in their gears.

I have slept at his house. The guest room was arrived at through a secret door in the library. A wall of books swings open and you enter a grotto. There is volcanic rock on the walls. Who would do such a thing? No one but a jinn, you see, that's the point. And the dreams I've had there still trouble my sleep. Harlan's house is churning with charms and spells and

tiny females riding newts. You wake up exhausted. You feel

lucky to have gotten back. And this is where Harlan lives all the time. I don't mean just the house, I mean the state of mind behind it. The last time I visited him, I drove up and found him on the curbstone eating chocolate Necco wafers. "Have one," he said, with that distant look in his eye. He was time-traveling, of course, and I took one, and away we went. "I have a *source*," he said, as we sat down in a ghostly movie theater that travels around like the pleasure dome of Kubla Khan. Harlan knows how to get to these places. He'll take you there if you let him.

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KOTZWINKLE



I t's not *only* that Pink's has the best hot dogs in what we have come to accept as the civilized world (and that includes Nathan's, the original stand out at Coney Island, not those fast-shuffle mickey-mouse surrogates they've opened up from time to time all the way from Broadway to the San Fernando Valley, which, in a less enlightened era, I thought was the dispenser of the *ne plus ultra* of frankfurters), it is also that Michael, who works at Pink's, is one of the best conversationalists on the subject of Dostoevsky in what we have come to accept as the civilized world (and that includes the academic-turned-screenwriter from New York who did a sorta kinda Dostoevskian film about an academic-turned-gambler, back in 1974).

Which double incentive explains why I was down there at 711 N. La Brea Avenue, almost at the corner of Melrose, at Pink's, founded in 1939 by Paul Pink with a pushcart at that very same location where a heavensent hot dog cost a decent 10¢, what now sets one back a hefty dollar-and-a-quarter punch under the heart, even if the quality of dog has not diminished one iota, or even a random scintilla . . . quality and Michael Bernstein who knows what there is to know about the Fabulous Fyodor were the double incentives to drag me out at dead midnight.

Because I had been lying there in my bed, all the way out on the top of the Santa Monica Mountains in the middle of the Mulholland Scenic Corridor, overlooking the twinkling lights of the bedroom communities of the San Fernando Valley which, I have been led to believe, each one represents a broken heart that couldn't make it to Broadway, unable to sleep, tossing and turning, turning and tossing, widdershins and tormented, backing and filling in my lightly starched bedsheets, and of a sudden visions, not of sugar plums, but of dancing hot dogs, fandango'ing frankfurters, waltzing wienies, gavotted through my restless head. Eleven-thirty, for god's sake, and all I could think about was sinking my fangs into a Pink's hot dog and discussing a little Karamazov hostility with this Israeli savant who ladles up chili dogs on the graveyard shift behind the steam table. Go figure it. Facts are definitely facts.

So at midnight I'm pulling into the parking spaces beside Pink's, right next door to that shoe store that sells funny Italian disco shoes the heels of which fall off if you spin too quickly on the misguided belief that you are the reincarnation of Valentino or merely just the latest Travoltanoid to turn female heads, and I'm slouching up to the counter, and Michael sees me coming even before I'm out of the car and he's got a hot one working,

ready to hand me as I lean up against the clean but battered stainless steel counter.

Just a dog, light on the mustard, hold the relish. No chili, yuchhh the chili; I'm a purist.

And as the front four sink into that strictly kosher nifty, Michael opens with the following: "It wasn't his fault he was so mean to women. Dostoevsky was a man swayed by passions. Two of these, his lamentable love for Paulina Suslova and his obsession for gambling, overlapped."

I'm halfway finished with the first frank as Michael is building the second, and I respond, "You see

how you are? You, like everyone else, are ready to condemn a genius simply because he was a liar, a cheat, a pathological gambler who borrowed from his friends and never paid them back, a man who deserted his wife and children, an epileptic existentialist who merely wrote at least half a dozen of the greatest works of fiction the world has ever seen. If he brutalized women it was simply another manifestation of his tormented soul and give me another dog, light on the mustard, hold the relish."

Having now defined the parameters of our evening's discussion, we could settle down to arguing the tiniest, most obscure points; as long as the heartburn didn't start and the hungry hookers and junkies coming in for sustenance didn't distract Michael too much.

"Ha!" Michael shouted, aiming his tongs at my head. "Ha! and Ha again! You fall into the trap of accepted cliché. You mythologize the Russian soul, several thousand years' retroactive angst. When the simple truth that *every man in Dostoevsky's novels treats women monstrously* invalidates your position. The canon itself says you are wrong!

"Name one exception of substance. Not a minor character, a major one; a moving force, an image, an icon . . . name one!"

I licked my fingers, nodded for my third sally of the night and said, with the offensive smugness of one who has lured his worthy opponent hipdeep into quicksand, "Prince Myshkin."

Michael was shaken. I could tell, shaken: he slathered too much mustard onto the dog. Shaken, he wiped off the excess with a paper napkin and, shaken, he handed it across to me. "Well . . . yes . . . of course, *Myshkin* . . ." he said slowly, devastated and groping for intellectual balance. "Yes, of course, *he* treated women decently. . . . but he was an *idiot!*"

And the six-foot-two pimp with the five working girls at the far end of the counter started screaming about sleazy kike honkie muthuhfuckuh countermen who let their Zionist hatred of Third

PRINCE MYSHKIN, AND HOLD THE RELISH by Harlan Ellison

World peoples interfere with the speedy performance of their duties. "But ... the image of the brutalizer of women was the one with which Dostoevsky identified ... He started toward the other end of the counter where black fists were pounding on stainless steel.

"Myshkin was his model," I called after him. "Some men are *good* for women ..."

He held up a chili-stained finger for me to hold that place in the discussion, and rushed away to quell the lynch tenor in the mob.

As I stood there, I looked across La Brea Avenue. The street was well-lit and I saw this guy standing at the curb right in front of the Federated Stereo outlet, all dressed up around midnight in a vanilla-flavored ice cream suit as pale and wan as the check of a paperback heroine, his face ratty and furtive under a spectacular Borsalino hat that cast a shadow across his left eye. Natty and spiffy, but something twitchoid and on the move about him. And as I stood there, waiting for Michael to come back so I could tell him how good some men are for some women, this ashen specter comes off the curb, looking smartly left and right up and down La Brea, watching for cars but also watching for typhoons, sou'westers, siroccos, monsoons, khamsins, Santa Anas and the fall of heavy objects. And as I stood there, he came straight across the avenue and onto the sidewalk there at the front of Pink's, and he slouched to a halt right beside me, and leaned up close with one elbow on the counter just touching my sleeve, and he thumbed back the Borsalino so I could see both of his strange dark little eyes, set high in his feral, attractive, strange dark little face, and this is what he said to me:

"Okay. This is it. Now listen up.

"The first girl I ever fell in love with was this raven-tressed little beauty who lived down the block from me when I was in high school in Conshohocken, Pennsylvania. She was sixteen, I was seventeen, and her father owned an apple orchard. Big deal, I said; big fucking deal. An apple orchard. We're not talking here

SO I'M LEFT WITH THE LEASE
ON A FOUR-ROOM APARTMENT
IN SAN FRANCISCO, YOU
MIGHT THINK THAT'S A NEAT
THING TO HAVE, WHAT WITH
THE HOUSING SHORTAGE,
BUT I'M TELLING YOU FRIEND,
WITHOUT LOVE EVEN THE TAJ
MAHAL IS A COLD WATER
FLAT. SO I CAN'T TAKE IT, I'M
WHIPPED, REALLY
DOWNTRODDEN, SORROWFUL
AND IN MISERY.

the Sudetenland. Nonetheless, he thought he was landed gentry, my old man worked with his hands over in Kutztown. So we ran away. Got all the way to Eunice, New Mexico, walking, hitching, slipping and sliding, sleeping out in the rain, she comes down with pneumonia and dies at a lying-in hospital over at Carlsbad.

"I'm shook. I'm ruined. What I'm sayin' here, I was distraught.

"Next thing I know I'm signed up with the Merch Marine, shipped out to Kowloon. Twenty minutes in town on shore leave I fall across this little transistor girl named Orange Blossom. I don't ask questions. Maybe her name was Sun Yung Sing, how'm I to know? She likes me, I like her, we go off hand in hand to make a little rice music, if you catch my drift. Sweet, this was sweet, two young kids, okay so it's miscegenation, a little intermingling of the Occidental with the Oriental, so what? It was purely sweet, and we're talking here about cleaning up some bad leftover feelings. I treat her good, she has respect for an innocent young man, everything's going only terrific until we're walking up Three Jade Lacquer Box Road looking for this swell little dimsum joint that's been recommended to us, when some nut case off a harbor junk that caught fire and killed his wife and three kids comes running down the street brandishing a kukri, this large knife used for hunting and combat purposes by the Nepalese Gurkhas, and he sticks it right through this sweet little kid possibly named Orange Blossom, and the next thing I know she's lying in a pool of it, right at my feet as this maniac goes screaming up Three Jade Lacquer Box Road.

"Well, let me tell you. I'm devastated. Freaked out of my mind. I'm down on my knees wailin' and cryin', what else was there to do?

"So I get myself shipped back home to recuperate, try to blow it all away, try to forget my sorrow, they put me up in a VA hospital even though I'm not a vet, they figure, you know, the Merch Marine's as good as the service. Well, I'm not in the hospital three days when I meet this

terrific candy striper name of Henrietta. Blonde hair, blue eyes, petite little figure, a warm and winning personality.

"She takes a real fancy to me, sees I'm in need of extensive chicken soup therapy, slips in late at night when the ward's quiet and gets under the covers with me. We fall desperately in love, I'm on the mend, we go out to lightweight pizza dinners and G-rated movies. Move in with me, she says, when my time is up at the hospital. Move in with me and we'll whistle a jaunty tune forevermore. Okay, says I, okay you got it. So I move in all my worldly possessions, I'm not there three weeks when she slips boarding a number 10 uptown bus, the doors close on her left foot and she's dragged half a city block before the driver realizes the thumping sound is her head hitting the street.

"So I'm left with the lease on a four-room apartment in San Francisco, you might think that's a neat thing to have, what with the housing shortage, but I'm telling you friend, without love even the Taj Mahal is a cold water flat. So I can't take it, I'm whipped, really downtrodden, sorrowful and in misery.

"I know I shouldn't, but I get involved with this older woman on the rebound. She's sixty-one, I'm twenty, and all she can do is do for me. All right, I admit it, this wasn't such straight thinking, but I'm crippled, you know what I mean? I'm a fledgling bird with a crippled wing. I need some taking care of, some bringing out of myself. She's good medicine, maybe a little on the wrinkled side but who the hell says a sixty-one-year-old woman ain't entitled to a little affection, too?

"Everything's going great, strictly great; I move in with her on Nob Hill, we go for long walks, take in Bizet operas, Hungarian goulash in Ghirardelli Square, open and frank discussions about clitoral stimulation and the Panama Canal. All good, all fine, until one night we go a little too deeply into the Kama Sutra and she

has this overwhelming uplifted celestial experience which culminates in massive cardiac infarction, so I'm adrift again, all alone on the tides of life, trying to find a soul mate with whom I can traverse the desert of loneliness.

"Then in rapid succession I meet Rosalinda, who gets polio and refuses to see me because she's going to be an invalid the rest of her life; Norma, whose father kills her because she's black and I'm white and he's disappointed she'd rather be just a housewife for some white guy than the world's first black female heart transplant specialist; Charmaine, who was very high on me till she got hit by a cinderblock dropped from a scaffold on a construction job where she was architect in training, working during her summer college session toward a degree in building stuff; Olive, who was a stewardess who got along fine with me even though our political orientation was very different, until her dinner flight to Tucson came in a little too low and they sent me what was left of her in a very nice imitation Sung dynasty vase from the Federal Aeronautics Administration; and then Fernanda and Erwina and Corinne, all of whom wound up in destructive relationships with married men; and finally I meet Theresa, we'll call her Terry, she preferred Terry, I meet her at the track, and we're both on the same horse, a nice little two-year-old name of Leo Rising, and we get to the window at the same time and I ask her what's her sign, because I overhear what horse she's betting, and she says Virgo, and I say I'm a Virgo, and I ask her what's her rising sign and she says, of course Leo, and I say so's mine, and the next thing I know we're dating heavily, and she's gifted me with a sterling silver ID bracelet with my name on the front and WITH LOVE FROM TERRY on the reverse, and I've gifted her with a swell couple strands genuine natural simulated pearls, and we name the date, and we post the bands

whatever that means, and I meet her family and she can't meet mine because I haven't seen mine in about twenty years, and everything is going just swell when she's out in Beverly Hills going to select her silver pattern, something simple but eloquent in Gorham, and they left a manhole cover off a sewer thing, and she slips and falls in and breaks her back in eleven places, her neck, and both arms.

"Sweet kid never comes out of the coma, they keep her on the machine nine months, one night her father slips in there on all fours and chews off the plug on the electrical connection, she goes to a much-needed peace.

"So that's it. That's the long and the short of it. Here I am, deeply distressed, not at all settled in my mind, at sixes and sevens, dulled and quite a bit diminished, gloomy, apathetic, awash in tribulation and misery, confused and once more barefoot on the road of life.

"Now what do you think of that?"

And he looks at me.

I look back at him.

"Hmmpf," he snorts. "Try and find a little human compassion."

And he walks off, crosses La Brea at the corner, turns left onto Melrose, and disappears.

I'm still standing there, staring at where he'd been, when Michael comes over, having served the pimp and his staff. It had been three minutes; three minutes tops.

"What was that all about?" he asks.

I think I focused on him.

"On the other hand," I say, "there are *some* guys who are strictly *no god damned good for a woman.*"

Michael nods with satisfaction and hands me a frankfurter. Light on the mustard, pleasantly devoid of relish.

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1958 (as *Rumble*)

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First US edition: Ace Books, Inc.,
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Published as an Ace Double
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Also called *The Sound of a Scythe*,
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First US edition: Gold
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Rockabilly)

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Muller, 1963

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First US edition: Belmont, 1967
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First US edition: Fawcett, 1975
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HARLAN ELLISON

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First US edition: Dark Horse
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*Harlan Ellison's Dream Corridor,
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First US edition: Dark Horse
Comics, 1995

*Harlan Ellison's Dream Corridor,
vol. 1, #2*

First US edition: Dark Horse
Comics, 1995

*Harlan Ellison's Dream Corridor,
vol. 1, #3*

First US edition: Dark Horse
Comics, 1995

*Harlan Ellison's Dream Corridor,
vol. 1, #4*

First US edition: Dark Horse
Comics, 1995

*Harlan Ellison's Dream Corridor,
vol. 1, #5*

First US edition: Milwaukee,
Dark Horse Comics, 1995

*Harlan Ellison's Dream Corridor
Quarterly, vol. 2, #1*

First US edition: Dark Horse
Comics, 1996

The Illustrated Harlan Ellison (Ed.
by Byron Preiss)

First US edition: Byron Preiss
Visual Publications/Baronet,
1978

First UK edition: Big O, n.d.
Distribution of first US edition

with UK sticker on front cover
With illustrations by Steranko,

Ralph Reese, Thomas Sutton,
Wayne McLoughlin, Leo &
Diane Dillon, Overton Loyd,
William Stout, Alfredo Alcalá,
Stephen Oliff

NONFICTION

Memos from Purgatory: Two

Journeys of Our Times

First US edition: Regency Books,
1961

*The Glass Teat: Essays of Opinion
on the Subject of Television*

First US edition: Ace, 1970

First UK edition: Savoy, 1978

Columns appeared in the *Los
Angeles Free Press*, 4-10 October
1968 through 30 January-4
February 1970

The Other Glass Teat: Further

Essays of Opinion on Television

First US edition: Pyramid, 1975

Columns appeared in:

the *Los Angeles Free Press*, 13-19
February 1970 through 26
March-8 April 1971; and the *Los
Angeles Flyer* (part of *Rolling
Stone*), 11 May 1972 and 25 May
1972

*Sleepless Nights in the Procrustean
Bed* (Ed. by Marty Clark)

First US edition: Borgo, 1984

An Edge In My Voice

First US edition:

Donning, 1985

Columns appeared in:
Future Life, August 1980
through 31 December
1981; *L. A. Weekly*, 15-
21 January 1982
through 14-20 January
1983; and *The Comics
Journal*, October 1982
through September 1984
Harlan Ellison's Watching
First US edition:
Underwood-Miller, 1989

Columns from the Harlan
Ellison's Watching series in *The
Magazine of Fantasy and Science
Fiction* from August 1984
through May 1989; from the
Screening Room columns in *The
Los Angeles Staff*, 19 January
1973 through 23 March 1973;
and miscellaneous essays from
various sources

The Book of Ellison Edited by
Andrew Porter

First US edition: Algol, 1978
Essay collection with story

The Harlan Ellison Hornbook

First US edition: Mirage, 1990
Columns from:

the *Los Angeles Free Press*, 27
October-5 November 1972
through 20-30 July 1973 (except
for the Harlan Ellison's Movie
installments); from the *Los
Angeles Weekly News*, 10-17
August 1973 through 21-28
December 1973, the *Saint Louis
Literary Supplement*, November
1973 through June-July 1977;
and miscellaneous essays from
various sources

Edgeworks 3

First US edition: White Wolf,
1997

An omnibus of *The Harlan
Ellison Hornbook* and *Harlan
Ellison's Movie*

SHORT STORY
COLLECTIONS

The Deadly Streets

First US edition: Ace Books, Inc.,
1958

First UK edition: Brown,
Watson, Ltd., 1958

Sex Gang (as by Paul Merchant)

First US edition: Nightstand
Books, 1959

- A Touch of Infinity*
First US edition: Ace Books, Inc., 1960
Published as an Ace Double, with Ellison's *The Man with Nine Lives*.
- The Juvies*
First US edition: Ace Books, Inc., 1961
Also called *Children of the Streets*, Ellison's preferred title
- Gentleman Junkie and Other Stories of the Hung-Up Generation*
First US edition: Regency Books, 1961
- Ellison Wonderland*
First US edition: Paperback Library, 1962
First UK edition: London: Thorpe and Porter, n.d.
Distribution of first US edition with UK sticker on front cover
Newton Abbot: Readers Union Group of Book Clubs, 1979
Also published as *Earthman, Go Home*
- Paingod and Other Delusions*
First US edition: Pyramid, 1965
- I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream*
First US edition: Pyramid, 1967
- From the Land of Fear*
First US edition: Belmont, 1967
First UK edition: Flamingo, 1974 (?)
- Love Ain't Nothing But Sex Misspelled; Twenty-two Stories*
First US edition: Trident, 1968
- The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World*
First US edition: Avon, 1969
First UK edition: Millington, 1976
- Over the Edge: Stories from Somewhere Else. Story Collection.*
First US edition: Belmont, 1970
- Alone Against Tomorrow: Stories of Alienation in Speculative Fiction*
First US edition: Macmillan, 1971
First UK edition: Panther, 1973
First half, as: *All the Sounds of Fear* Panther, 1974
Second half, as: *The Time of the Eye*
- Partners in Wonder*
First US edition: Walker, 1971
By Harlan Ellison in collaboration with Robert Bloch, Ben Bova, Algis Budrys, Avram Davidson, Samuel R. Delany, Joe L. Hensley, Keith Laumer, William Rotsler, Robert Sheckley, Robert Silverberg, Henry Slesar, Theodore Sturgeon, A. E. Van Vogt, Roger Zelazny, and unassisted
- De helden van de highway*
First Dutch/Flemish edition: A. W. Bruna, 1973
- Approaching Oblivion: Road Signs on the Treadmill Toward Tomorrow; Eleven Uncollected Stories*
First US edition: Walker, 1974
First UK edition: Millington, 1976
- Deathbird Stories: A Pantheon of Modern Gods*
First US edition: Harper & Row, 1975
First UK edition: Millington, 1978
- No Doors, No Windows*
First US edition: Pyramid, 1975
- Hoe kan ik schreeuwen zonder mond*
First Dutch/Flemish edition: A. W. Bruna, 1977
- Strange Wine: Fifteen New Stories from the Nightside of the World*
First US edition: Harper & Row, 1978
- The Fantasies of Harlan Ellison*
First US edition: Gregg Press, 1979
An omnibus of *Paingod and Other Delusions* and *I Have No Mouth & I Must Scream*
- Shatterday*
First US edition: Houghton Mifflin, 1980
First UK edition: Hutchinson, 1982
- Stalking the Nightmare*
First US edition: Phantasia Press, 1982
- The Essential Ellison: A 35-Year Retrospective* (ed by Terry Dowling with Richard Delap and Gil Lamont)
First US edition: Nemo, 1987
Story and Essay Collection
- Angry Candy*
First US edition: Easton, 1988
- Ensamvark*
First Swedish edition: Wiken, 1992
Contents selected from *The Essential Ellison*
- Dreams with Sharp Teeth*
First US edition: Quality Paperback Book Club, 1991
An omnibus of *I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream*, *Deathbird Stories*, and *Shatterday*
- Mind Fields: 33 Stories Inspired by the Art of Jacek Yerka*
First US edition: Morpheus International, 1994
With Artwork by Jacek Yerka
- Jokes Without Punchlines*
First US edition: White Wolf, 1995
- Edgeworks 1*
First US edition: White Wolf, 1996
An omnibus of *Over the Edge* and *An Edge in My Voice*
- Edgeworks 2*
First US edition: White Wolf, 1996
An omnibus of *Spider Kiss* and *Stalking the Nightmare*
- Edgeworks 4*
First US edition: White Wolf, 1997
An omnibus of *Love Ain't Nothing But Sex Misspelled* and *The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World*
- Slippage: Precariously Poised, Previously Uncollected Stories*
First US edition: Mark V. Ziesing, 1997
- EDITED COLLECTIONS
- Dangerous Visions: 33 Original Stories*
First US edition: Doubleday, 1967
First UK edition: David Bruce & Watson, 1970
With illustrations by Leo and Diane Dillon
- Nightshade & Damnations* by Gerald Kersh
First US edition: Fawcett, 1968
First UK edition: Hodder Fawcett, 1969
- Again, Dangerous Visions: 46 Original Stories*
First US edition: Doubleday, 1972
First UK edition: Millington, 1976
With illustrations by Leo and Diane Dillon
- Medea: Harlan's World*
First US edition: Phantasia, 1985
With Jack Williamson, Larry Niven, Harlan Ellison, Frederik Pohl, Hal Clement, Thomas M. Disch, Frank Herbert, Poul Anderson, Kate Wilhelm, Theodore Sturgeon, Robert Silverberg; with illustrations by Kelly Freas, and cartography by Diane Duane
- EDITED SERIES
- Stormtrack* By James Sutherland (novel)
First US edition: Pyramid, 1974
Series: The Harlan Ellison Discovery Series: #1
- Autumn Angels* By Arthur Byron Cover (novel)
First US edition: Pyramid, 1975
Series: The Harlan Ellison Discovery Series: #2
- The Light at the End of the Universe* By Terry Carr (collection)
First US edition: Pyramid, 1976
Series: The Harlan Ellison Discovery Series: #3
- Islands* By Marra Randall (novel)
First US edition: Pyramid, 1977
This was intended to appear in the H.E. Discovery Series, but was not so published
- Involution Ocean* By Bruce Sterling (novel)
First US edition: Jove, 1977
Series: The Harlan Ellison Discovery Series: #4
First UK edition: London: New English Library, 1980
- SHORT STORIES AND NOVELLAS
- Each story is given with its first publication. Those stories that have been collected are also followed by the name(s) of the collection(s) in which they appear. Where identified with an asterisk (*) after a book abbreviation, the particular piece does not appear in all versions of that collection.
- AAT = *Alone Against Tomorrow*
See also: *All the Sounds of Fear*
See also: *The Time of the Eye*
- AC = *Angry Candy*
- AtL = *All the Lies That Are My Life*

- AO = *Approaching Oblivion*
 AtSoF = *All the Sounds of Fear*
 BoE = *The Book of Ellison*
 BtSL = *The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World*
 DbS = *Deathbird Stories*
 DGH = *Demon With a Glass Hand*
 Doom = *Doomsman*
 DSt = *The Deadly Streets*
 Dw/ST = *Dreams with Sharp Teeth*
 Edge1 = *Edgeworks 1*
 Edge2 = *Edgeworks 2*
 Edge3 = *Edgeworks 3*
 Edge4 = *Edgeworks 4*
 EE = *The Essential Ellison*
 Ens = *Ensamvark*
 EW = *Ellison Wonderland*
 FA2Z = *From A to Z in the Chocolate Alphabet*
 FHE = *The Fantasies of Harlan Ellison*
 FLF = *From the Land of Fear*
 Foot = *Footsteps*
 GJ = *Gentleman Junkie*
 GT = *The Glass Teat*
 HECEF = *Harlan Ellison's The City on the Edge of Forever*
 HEDC1.1 = *Harlan Ellison's Dream Corridor, vol. 1, #1*
 HEDC1.2 = *Harlan Ellison's Dream Corridor, vol. 1, #2*
 HEDC1.3 = *Harlan Ellison's Dream Corridor, vol. 1, #3*
 HEDC1.4 = *Harlan Ellison's Dream Corridor, vol. 1, #4*
 HEDC1.5 = *Harlan Ellison's Dream Corridor, vol. 1, #5*
 HEDCQ2.1 = *Harlan Ellison's Dream Corridor Quarterly, vol. 2, #1*
 HEDCS = *Harlan Ellison's Dream Corridor Special #1*
 HEM = *Harlan Ellison's Movie*
 HKIS = *Hoe kan ik schreeuwen zonder mond*
 HvdH = *De helden van de highway*
 IHE = *The Illustrated Harlan Ellison*
 IHNM = *I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream*
 IR = *I, Robot: The Illustrated Screenplay*
 Juv = *The Juvies*
 Jw/oP = *Jokes Without Punchlines*
 LAN = *Love Ain't Nothing But Sex Misspelled*
 MEDEA = *Medea: Harlan's World*
 MF = *Mind Fields*
 MiO = *Mefisto in Onyx*
 Mw/9L = *The Man with Nine Lives*
 OtE = *Over the Edge*
- Pg = *Paingod and Other Delusions*
 PiW = *Partners in Wonder*
 RftS = *Run for the Stars*
 RH = *"Repent, Harlequin!" Said the Ticktockman*
 Sday = *Shatterday*
 SG = *Sex Gang*
 SK = *Spider Kiss*
 Slip = *Slippage*
 StN = *Stalking the Nightmare*
 SW = *Strange Wine*
 Tol = *A Touch of Infinity*
 TotE = *The Time of the Eye*
 VaB = *Vic and Blood: The Chronicles of a Boy and His Dog*
 [fmz] indicates a fanzine.
Sundial was an Ohio State University publication
Rabbit Hole is the Newsletter of the Harlan Ellison Record Collection
 (apa:) or "also published as" after the story title indicates that the story has been published in English under alternative titles, either in the first or a subsequent publication.
- 1949
 The Sword of Parmagon
 Five-part serial story in The Rangers column of *The News*, Cleveland, Ohio
 Chapter 1: The City, 7 June 1949
 Chapter 2: Glowing Discovery, 10 June 1949
 Chapter 3: Plan for War, 14 June 1949
 Chapter 4: The Long Fuse, 17 June 1949
 Chapter 5: The Plunge, 21 June 1949
 EE
- The Gloconda
 Seven-part serial story in The Rangers column of *The News*, Cleveland, Ohio
 Chapter 1: Safari, 26 July 1949
 Chapter 2: Sinking Doom, 28 July 1949
 Chapter 3: Magic Garment, 30 July 1949
 Chapter 4: Lair of the Devil Snake, 2 August 1949
 Chapter 5: Smoke Out, 4 August 1949
 Chapter 6: Starvation Ahead, 6 August 1949
 Chapter 7: Mirage, 9 August 1949
 EE
- 1952
 Mealtime (apa: Green Denouement; Upheaval!; A Case of Promaine; The Price of Doom)
The Bulletin of the Cleveland Science Fiction Society [fmz] 16 March 1952
 EW, HvdH
 "My plates are killing me!" By H. Ellison & [Ray] Gibson
Imagination Stories of Science and Fantasy July, 1952
 Cartoon
- 1953
 Situation Scarlet
Eclipse [fmz] 1(4), August [1953?]
- 1954
 The Attack on Alcidi El Boal; Beau Geste Revisited (As by Sheik Harlan Ben Ellison)
Sundial March, 1954
 Come Back, Little Birdbath . . . a tragedy.
Sundial October, 1954
 Play
 The Little Boy Who Loved Cats (apa: Cats)
Sundial April, 1954
 My Gun Is Rusty (As by Harlan Blood and Guts Ellison)
Sundial January, 1954
 Saboteur: Symbiote (As by H.E.)
Mad (combined with *A La Space*) [fmz] September, 1954
 Swamp Dust
Abstract [fmz] [Conish 1954]
 A Tale of Three Galaxies
SF [fmz] 1954?
 Ballad
 Vista
Deviant [fmz] December, 1954
 Where Was I? Non-fictional fantasy
BEM: Bradford's Exquisite Magazine [UK fmz] April, 1954
- 1955
 Gnomebody
Nite Cry [fmz] #10 ["Oklacon Issue" 1955]
 EW, HEDCQ2.1
 Hardcover
Inside and Science Fiction Advertiser [fmz] May, 1955
 BoE
 Night Vigil (apa: Yellow Streak Hero)
Peon [fmz] May, 1955
 OtE, AAT, TotE
- On the Garbage Front (As by Harlison)
Sundial January, 1955
 In: A Tribute to Mahlon Brendo Parody
 Parasite
Zip [fmz] #7 August(?), 1955
 Reminiscences (As by Shep Tulley)
Sundial January, 1955
 In: Fine Fervent Phenomena for Self-Made Sadists; a special section for psychopaths [sic] II
 The Saga of Machine Gun Joe
Sundial January, 1955
 In: Fine Fervent Phenomena for Self-Made Sadists; a special section for psychopaths [sic] I
 EE
 Star Route
Infinity [fmz] October, 1955
 Up the Down Escalator
Science Fiction Review [fmz] October-November, 1955
 A Walk Around the Block
Abstract [fmz] #[9] [January, 1955]
 BoE
 The Wilder One (As by Ellon)
Sundial January, 1955
 In: A Tribute to Mahlon Brendo Parody
 EE
- 1956
 Blind Lighting
Fantastic Universe June, 1956
 ToI, OtE, AAT, AtSoF
 Both Ends of the Candle
The Dude November, 1956
 But Who Wilts the Lettuce?
Amazing Stories September, 1956
 Clobber Me, Moogoo (As by Harlan Ellison, translator) (apa: The Mating of Moogoo)
The Gent December, 1956
 The Crackpots
If June, 1956
 Pg, FHE
 Glowworm (apa: Glow Worm)
Infinity Science Fiction February, 1956
 EE
 Goodbye, Eadie (apa: One Sexy Husband; Goodbye, Edie!)
Mr. Magazine July, 1956
 Hadj
New York Post: Weekend Magazine, 26 October 1956
 EW; HvdH
 Homicidal Maniac
Trapped Detective Story Magazine October, 1956

- I'll Bet You a Death
Trapped Detective Story Magazine
December, 1956
DSt
- Jeanie with the Bedroom Eyes
(apa: Girl with the Bedroom Eyes)
Rogue December, 1956
SG
- Johnny Slice's Stoolie (apa: I Never Squealed!)
Guilty Detective Story Magazine
July, 1956
DSt
- Killer in the Can
Trapped Detective Story Magazine
August, 1956
- Life Hutch
If April, 1956
ToI, FLF, AAT, TotE, EE, NatE
- Made in Heaven (As by Ellis Hart)
(apa: The Big Rumble)
Trapped Detective Story Magazine
August, 1956
DSt
- Nissassa; Part 1 (As by Nalrah Nosille)
Science-Fiction Five-Yearly [fmz] #2 1956
[Story in four parts; for subsequent parts, see 1961, 1966, and 1971]
- No Fourth Commandment (apa: Wandering Killer; A Gift for a Warrior)
Murder December, 1956
GJ
- Psycho at Midpoint
Super-Science Fiction December, 1956
- Rain, Rain, Go Away
Science-Fantasy [UK] December, 1956
EW
- Rat Hater
Manhunt August, 1956
DSt, HEDCS
- Riff (apa: Riff Tune)
Suspect June, 1956
- The Rough Boys
Guilty Detective Story Magazine
November, 1956
Juv, HEDC1.3
- The Silver Corridor
Infinity Science Fiction October, 1956
EW, AAT, AtSoF, HKIS
- Stand Still and Die!
Guilty Detective Story Magazine
September, 1956
Juv
- Students of the Assassin
Hunted #12 October, 1956
DSt
- Ten Years without a Woman (As by Ellis Hart)
Trapped Detective Story Magazine
December, 1956
- Tracking Level
Amazing Stories December, 1956
StN, Edge2
- Trojan Hearse
Infinity Science Fiction August, 1956
NatE
- White Trash Don't Exist (apa: Murder Bait)
Mantrap October, 1956
NDNW
- 1957
- Assassin! (apa: Travelogues Two: The Second Year: In Delpheron's Armada)
Science Fiction Adventures
February, 1957
Mw/9L
- Backlash!
Sure Fire Detective Stories April, 1957
- The Big Trance
Dream World August, 1957
- Black Money (As by Sley Harson)
(apa: Too Anxious to Murder)
Sure Fire Detective Stories April, 1957
- Blank . . .
Infinity Science Fiction June, 1957
OtE, StN, Edge2
- Blind Date (As by Ellis Hart)
Guilty Detective Story Magazine
March, 1957
- The Bohemia of Arthur Archer
(apa: Bohemia for Christie)
The Dude January, 1957
SG
- Boss of the Big House!
Sure Fire Detective Stories August, 1957
- A Bucketful of Diamonds
Dream World February, 1957
- Burn My Killers
Trapped Detective Story Magazine
February, 1957
- Buy Me That Blade (As by Ellis Hart) (apa: Buy Me That Knife!)
Sure Fire Detective Stories
December, 1957
DSt
- The Cave of Miracles
Fantastic September, 1957
- Children of Chaos (As by Ivar Jorgensen)
Amazing Stories November, 1957
- Commuter's Problem
Fantastic Universe June, 1957
EW
- Conversation Pieces
Caper March, 1957
- Damn the Metal Moon (As by Ellis Hart)
Fantastic September, 1957
- The Dead Shot
Trapped Detective Story Magazine
April, 1957
DSt
- Dead Wives Don't Cheat (As by John Magnus)
Crime and Justice Detective Story Magazine #4 March, 1957
- Death Climb (apa: From a Great Height)
True Men Stories February, 1957
OtE, Edge1
- Deeper Than the Darkness
Infinity Science Fiction April, 1957
Pg, AAT, AtSoF, IHE, FHE
- Don't Mind the Maid
Guilty Detective Story Magazine
July, 1957
- Drive a Girl to Kill (apa: You Are Evil!)
Sure Fire Detective Stories
December, 1957
- Escape Route (As by Lee Archer)
Amazing Stories March, 1957
- Farewell to Glory (As by Ellis Hart)
Amazing Stories October, 1957
- The Final Push
Famous Western July, 1957
- Final Trophy
Super-Science Fiction June, 1957
ToI, OtE, StN, Edge2
- Forbidden Cargo
Science Fiction Adventures August, 1957
- Gang Girl
Terror Detective Story Magazine
#3 February, 1957
Juv
- The Glass Brain
Amazing Stories September, 1957
- God Bless the Ugly Virgin (apa: The Ugly Virgin)
The Dude March, 1957
SG
- The Golden Virgin
Crime and Justice Detective Story Magazine January, 1957
- Hell's Holocaust (As by Ellis Hart)
Sure Fire Detective Stories April, 1957
- Her Name Was Death (As by Ellis Hart)
Trapped Detective Story Magazine
June, 1957
- Hit and Run (As by Landon Ellis)
Trapped Detective Story Magazine
June, 1957
- Hunchback (As by Ellis Hart)
Guilty Detective Story Magazine
January, 1957
- If This Be Utopia (As by E. K. Jarvis)
Fantastic December, 1957
HEDCS
- Invasion
Fantastic Universe February, 1957
- Invasion Footnote (As by Cortwainer [sic, Cordwainer] Bird)
Super-Science Fiction August, 1957
StN, Edge2
- Invulnerable
Super-Science Fiction April, 1957
- Kid Killer
Guilty Detective Story Magazine
March, 1957
DSt
- Kill Joy (As by Jay Charby) (apa: Murder Makes a Pickup!)
Sure Fire Detective Stories
December, 1957
- The Kissing Dead! By Jay Charby [HE] and Henry Sleasar
Sure Fire Detective Stories April, 1957
- Look Me in the Eye, Boy! By Ellis Hart
Guilty Detective Story Magazine
May, 1957
DSt
- Machine Silent, Machine Yearning
Caper June, 1957
- Mad Dog (As by Jay Charby [HE] and Henry Sleasar)
Sure Fire Detective Stories August, 1957
- March of the Yellow Death (As by Ellis Hart)
Fantastic October, 1957
- Mission: Hypnosis
Super-Science Fiction February, 1957
- The Moon-Stealers (As by E. K. Jarvis)
Fantastic October, 1957
- Nedra at f:5.6 (apa: The Hungry One; The Lustful One)
The Gent February, 1957
SG, NDNW

- No Way Out (apa: Gutter Gang; Chapter two: Friday Morning) *Guilty Detective Story Magazine* September, 1957 WofC, Juv
- Opposites Attract (apa: Mad Bomber) *Caper* November, 1957 NDNW, HEDCQ2.1
- Ormond Always Pays His Bills (apa: Moonlighting) *Pursued* July, 1957 NDNW, Edge4
- Passport (apa: The Music Man) *Rogue* May, 1957 Edge4
- Phoenix Treatment *Fantastic* August, 1957
- The Plague Bearers *Amazing Stories* August, 1957
- Port-Luck Genii (As by Ellis Hart) *Fantastic* December, 1957
- RFD #2 (With Henry Slesar) (apa: For Services Rendered) *Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine* May, 1957 GJ
- Run for the Stars *Science Fiction Adventures* June, 1957 ToI, BtSL, HvdH, NatE, RftS, Edge4
- S.R.O (As by Ellis Hart) *Amazing Stories* March, 1957 BtSL, EE, HEDC1.2, Edge4
- Satan Is My Ally *Fantastic* May, 1957
- The Savage Swarm *Amazing Stories* March, 1957
- School for Killers (apa: High School Kid Gang) *Guilty Detective Story Magazine* January, 1957 Juv
- Scum Town *Fast-Action Detective and Mystery Stories* August, 1957
- Shadow Play (apa: Revolt of the Shadows) *Fantastic* December, 1957 Edge1
- Ship-Shape Pay-Off (With Robert Silverberg) (apa: Pay Up or Else) *Murder* March, 1957 DSt
- The Silence of Infidelity (apa: Sin Time) *Caper* May, 1957 SG, GJ
- Sob Story (With Henry Slesar, writing as Sley Harson) (apa: He Disappeared!) *Guilty Detective Story Magazine* March, 1957 DST
- Soldier (apa: Soldier from Tomorrow) *Fantastic Universe* October, 1957 FLF, EE
- Song of Death (As by C. [sic, Cordwainer] Bird) *Fantastic Universe* July, 1957
- The Steel Napoleon *Amazing Stories* June, 1957
- Thirty Miles to Death Junction (apa: A Woman So Evil) *Trapped Detective Story Magazine* June, 1957
- Tiny Ally *Saturn* October, 1957 OrE, StN, Edge2
- Toe the Line *Saint Detective Magazine* June, 1957 NDNW
- The Untouchable Adolescents (As by Ellis Hart) *Super-Science Fiction* February, 1957 NatE
- Wanted in Surgery *If* August, 1957 Pg, FHE
- "We Mourn for Anyone ..." By Ellis Hart (apa: Mourners for Hire) *Fantastic* May, 1957 FLF, HvdH
- We Take Care of Our Dead *Guilty Detective Story Magazine* May, 1957 DSt
- The Wife Factory (As by Clyde Mitchell) *Fantastic* November, 1957
- The Wind Beyond the Mountains (apa: Savage Wind) *Amazing Stories* January, 1957 EW
- The Women in the House (As by Ellis Hart) (apa: The Need to Die) *Sure Fire Detective Stories* August, 1957
- Wonderbird (With Algis Budrys) *Infinity Science Fiction* September, 1957 PiW
- World of Women *Fantastic* February, 1957
- 1958
- Are You Listening? (apa: The Forces that Crush) *Amazing Science Fiction Stories* December, 1958 EW, BtSL, AAT, TotE, Edge4
- The Assassin *Imagination Science Fiction* October, 1958 Doom
- Back to the Drawing Boards *Fantastic Universe* August, 1958 ToI, FLF, EW
- Battlefield (apa: His First Day at War) *Space Travel* November, 1958 EW, HvdH
- Big Sam Was My Friend *Science Fiction Adventures* March, 1958 IHNM, FHE, Dw/ST
- Blood By Transit *Super-Science Fiction* October, 1958
- A Blue Note for Bayou Betty (As by Derry Tiger) (apa: Bayou Sex Cat; A Blue Note for Bayou Sex Cat) *Mermaid* 1(6) 1958 SG
- The Children's Hour (As by Wallace Edmondson) *Fantastic Universe* July, 1958 NDNW
- Creature From Space *Super-Science Fiction* December, 1958
- The End of the Time of Leinard (apa: The End of the Time of Frank Leinard) *Famous Western* April, 1958 HEDCS, Edge1
- Fool's Mate *Crifanac* [fmz] #6 [February, 1958?]
- Free With This Box! *Saint Detective Magazine* March, 1958 GJ, EE
- A Furnace for Your Foe (As by Ellis Hart) *Fantastic* January, 1958
- The Girl with the Horizontal Mind (As by Price Curtis) (apa: The Gal with the Horizontal Mind) *Mermaid* 1(6) 1958 SG
- Glug *Imagination Science Fiction* August, 1958
- The Island of Tyooah (apa: Across the Silent Days) *Exotic Adventures* 1(2) [1958?]
- Joy Ride DS
- Matinee Idyll (apa: Rock and Roll—and Murder; Chapter 16/SK) *Trapped Detective Story Magazine* December, 1958 Juv, SK, Edge2
- My Brother Paulie *Satellite Science Fiction* December, 1958 FLF
- No Planet Is Safe *Super-Science Fiction* June, 1958
- Nothing for My Noon Meal *Nebula Science Fiction* [UK] #30 May, 1958 EW, AAT, TotE
- Situation on Sapella Six *Super-Science Fiction* April, 1958
- The Sky Is Burning *If* August, 1958 ToI, EW, FLF, EE, Dw/ST
- Status Quo at Troyden's *Saint Mystery Magazine* November, 1958 NDNW
- Suicide World *Fantastic* October, 1958
- Thicker Than Blood *Mike Shayne Mystery Magazine* February, 1958 NDNW
- Transcending Destiny (As by Ellis Hart) (apa: School for Assassins) *Amazing Stories* January, 1958 StN, Edge2
- The Vengeance of Galaxy 5 *Amazing Stories* February, 1958
- The Very Last Day of a Good Woman (apa: The Last Day) *Rogue* November, 1958 EW, AAT, TotE, EE, Ens
- With a Knife in Her Hand *Guilty Detective Story Magazine* January, 1958 DSt
- 1959
- The Discarded (apa: The Abnormals) *Fantastic* April, 1959 Pg, AAT, AtSoF, IHE, FHE
- An Episode of Sunbathers (apa: The Pied Piper of Love; The Pied Piper of Sex) *Knave Magazine* March, 1959 SG

- Eyes of Dust
Rogue December, 1959
IHNM, AAT, TotE, FHE,
Dw/ST
- Find One Cuckaboo
The Saint Mystery Library Ed.
Leslie Charteris. Saint Mystery
Library Books, 1959
- A Friend to Man
Fantastic Universe October, 1959
FLF, Dw/ST
- The Hangman
Rogue July, 1959
- Have Coolth
Rogue June, 1959
GJ
- In Lonely Lands
Fantastic Universe January, 1959
EW, AAT, TotE, HvdH, EE
- May We Also Speak? . . . four
statements from the not-so-bear
generation
Rogue September, 1959
With: Now You're In The Box!;
The Rocks of Gogroth; Payment
Returned, Unopened; The Truth
GJ
- No Game for Children
Rogue May, 1959
Juv, GJ
- Portrait of the Artist as a Zilch
Writer (apa: The Lady Had
Zilch)
SG
- Sally in Our Alley
Knave Magazine December, 1959
GJ
- Sex Gang
SG
- The Sound of the Scythe
Amazing Science Fiction Stories
October, 1959
Mw/9L
- Survivor #1 (With Henry Slesar)
(apa: Man with the Green Nose)
Knave Magazine September,
1959
PiW
- There's One on Every Campus
Rogue November, 1959
GJ
- This Is Jackie Spinning
Rogue August, 1959
GJ
- The Time of the Eye
The Saint Mystery Magazine May,
1959
GJ, FLF, AAT, TotE, EE
- Visionary (With J. L. Hensley)
Amazing Science Fiction Stories
May, 1959
StN, Edge2
- Wanted: Two Trollpops
SG
- 1960
- Coloring Book for Rogues
Rogue June, 1960
- Deal from the Bottom
Rogue January, 1960
EW
- The Face of Helene Bournouw
Collage [Chicago, IL] October-
November, 1960
LAN, HvdH, DbS, Dw/ST
- Final Shrick
Rogue August, 1960
GJ, LAN, EE
- Gentleman Junkie (apa: Night
Fix)
Rogue April, 1960
GJ
- The Honor in the Dying
The Saint Mystery Magazine
April, 1960
- Memory of a Muted Trumpet
Rogue March, 1960
Juv, GJ
- Only Death Can Stop It
Tightrope! June, 1960
- Someone is Hungrier (As by Pat
Roeder)
Rogue March, 1960
GJ
- They Killed My Kid!
Tightrope! April, 1960
- 1961
- At the Mountains of Blindness
The Saint Mystery Magazine [UK
edition] March, 1961
GJ
- Daniel White for the Greater
Good
Rogue March, 1961
GJ, LAN, EE
- Do-It-Yourself (With Joe L.
Hensley)
Rogue February, 1961
EW
- Enter the Fanatic, Stage Center
GJ, OtE, HEDC1.2
- High Dice
GJ
- The Horror of It All . . . (As by
Ellis Hart)
Hi-Life January, 1961
Movie stills, with captions
- Lady Bug, Lady Bug (apa:
Ladybug, Ladybug)
Rogue June, 1961
GJ
- The Late, Great Arnie Draper
GJ
- The Man With the Golden
Tongue
The Saint Mystery Magazine [UK
edition] June, 1961
DS
- The Night of Delicate Terrors
The Paper: A Chicago Weekly 8
April 1961
GJ, LAN, EE
- !Nissassa; part II (As by Nalrah
Nosille)
Science-Fiction Five-Yearly [fmz]
#3 1961
[Story in four parts; for previous
and subsequent parts, see 1956,
1966, and 1971]
- Riding the Dark Train Out
Rogue May, 1961
LAN, IHE, Edge4
- A Tiger at Nightfall (apa: A
Corpse Can Hate)
*Saturn Web Detective Story
Magazine* September, 1961
Juv
- 1962
- All the Sounds of Fear
The Saint Mystery Magazine [UK
edition] July, 1962
EW, LAN, AAT, AtSoF
- G.B.K.—A Many-Flavored Bird
Rogue June, 1962
In: Trio
LAN, Edge4
- Mona at Her Windows
Rogue June, 1962
LAN, Edge4
- Paulie Charmed the Sleeping
Woman
*The Magazine of Fantasy and
Science Fiction* August, 1962
AO
- Rodney Parish For Hire (With Joe
L. Hensley)
Swank May, 1962
PiW
- The Universe of Robert Blake
(apa: Robert Blake's Universe)
Rogue June, 1962
In: Trio
LAN, Edge4
- 1963
- Blind Bird, Blind Bird, Go Away
From Me!
Knight Magazine
- A Girl Named Marni (As by Jay
Solo)
Adam Magazine #12 c1963
- Mac's Girl (As by Jay Solo) (apa:
The Big Needle)
Nightcap 2(4) [cover: 3(1)] c1963
- The Man on the Juice Wagon (As
by Cordwainer Bird)
Adam Bedside Reader 1(14) 1963
NDNW
- The Music of Our Affair
Topper July, 1963
- A Path Through the Darkness
(apa: The Destroyers)
Fling v.11 January, 1963
LAN, HKIS, Edge4
- 1964
- As Another Sees Us (apa: World of
the Myth; As Another Sees Us)
Knight Magazine August, 1964
IHNM, FHE, Dw/ST
- Battle Without Banners
Taboo Ed. Paul Niemark. Classics
House, 1964
FLF, LAN, Edge4
- The Girl in the Red Room (As by
Jon Doyle)
Pix Magazine 1(4) c1964
- Lonelyache
Knight Magazine July, 1964
IHNM, LAN*, AAT, TotE, FHE,
EE, Dw/ST, Ens
- Neither Your Jenny nor Mine
Knight Magazine April, 1964
LAN, EE, Ens, Edge4
- Paingod
Fantastic June, 1964
Pg, DbS, FHE, Dw/ST
- Walk the High Steel (As by
Cordwainer Bird)
Adam 1965 Yearbook c1964
Edge1
- What I Did on My Vacation This
Summer, by Little Bobby
Hirshhorn, Age 27 (apa: What I
Did on My Vacation This
Summer, by Little Bobby
Hirshhorn, Age 21)
Knight Magazine November,
1964
LAN, Edge4
- 1965
- Bright Eyes
Fantastic April, 1965
Pg, AAT, AtSoF, FHE
- "Repent, Harlequin!" Said the
Ticktockman
Galaxy December, 1965
Pg, AAT, AtSoF, HKIS, IHE,
FHE, EE, Ens, RH
- The Steep Road to the Gutter (As
by Jay Solo)
Pix Magazine 1(10) c1965

- Two Inches in Tomorrow's Column (As by Ellis Hart)
Adam Bedside Reader 1(21) c1965
NDNW
- Up Christopher to Madness (With Avram Davidson)
Knight Magazine November, 1965
PiW
- 1966
- Delusion for a Dragon-Slayer
Knight Magazine September, 1966
IHNM, LAN*, DbS, FHE, Dw/ST, Edge4
- !Nissassa; part 3 (As by Nalrah Nossille)
Science-Fiction Five-Yearly [fmz] #4 November, 1966
[Story in four parts; for previous and subsequent parts, see 1965, 1961, and 1971]
- A Prayer for No One's Enemy
Cad Magazine March [c1966]
LAN, EE, Ens, Edge4
- Pride in the Profession
Adam Magazine August, 1966
NDNW, HEDC1.3
- Punky & the Yale Men
Knight Magazine January, 1966
LAN, EE, Ens, Edge4
- Tramp (As by Cordwainer Bird)
Adam Bedside Reader #24 c1966
- Turnpike
Adam Bedside Reader December, 1966
GJ*, HEDC1.1
- 1967
- Again, the Car Prowls (As by Jay Solo)
Adam Bedside Reader October, 1967
- Down in the Dark (As by Ellis Hart)
Adam Beside Reader August, 1967
NDNW
- Girl at Gunpoint (As by Jay Solo)
Adam 1968 Yearbook c1967
- The Goddess in the Ice (As by Ellis Hart)
Adam Bedside Reader December, 1967
StN, Edge2
- I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream
If March, 1967
IHNM, AAT, ArSoF, HKIS, FHE, EE, Dw/ST, HEDC1.1, HEDC1.2, HEDC1.3, HEDC1.4
- Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes
Knight Magazine May, 1967
IHNM, LAN*, HvdH, DbS, FHE, EE, Dw/ST, Ens
- The Prowler in the City at the Edge of the World
Dangerous Visions Ed. Harlan Ellison. Doubleday, 1967
OrE*, PiW, EE
- Soldier
FLF
Teleplay
- Taxi Dancer (As by Jay Solo)
Adam Bedside Reader August, 1967
- The Teaser with the Knife (As by Ellis Hart)
Adam Bedside Reader April, 1967
- The Voice in the Garden
Lighthouse [fmz] #15 August, 1967
FLF, EE, HEDCQ2.1
- Would You Do It for a Penny? (With Haskell Barkin)
Playboy October, 1967
Sday, Dw/ST
- 1968
- Asleep: With Still Hands (apa: The Sleeper with Still Hands)
If July, 1968
BtSL, HKIS, Edge4
- The Beast that Shouted Love at the Heart of the World (apa: The Beast that Shouted Love)
Galaxy June, 1968
BtSL, Edge4
- Demon With a Glass Hand
Harlan Ellison: The Man-The Writer Ed. [Howard] DeVore, [?] Griffis & [Hal] Shapiro. Bloodstone Press, 1968
Excerpt from a novel-in-progress
- Ernest and the Machine God
Knight Magazine January, 1968
LAN*, OrE, DbS, HKIS, Dw/ST, Edge1
- Five Dooms to Save Tomorrow
Comic Art [graphic story fmz] #7 1968
- The Avengers July, 1972
Graphic story synopsis; graphic story
- The Hippie-Slayer
Adam Bedside Reader September, 1968
DS*
- I See a Man Sitting on a Chair, and the Chair Is Biting His Leg (With Robert Sheckley)
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction January, 1968
PiW
- Knife/Death (As by Jay Solo)
Adam Bedside Reader February, 1968
- McManus's Mental Mistress (As by Jay Solo)
Pix Magazine August, 1968
- O Ye of Little Faith
LAN*, AAT, TotE, DbS, Dw/ST
- The Pitl Pawob Division (apa: The Pawob Division)
If December, 1968
BtSL, Edge4
- The Power of the Nail (With Samuel R. Delany)
Amazing Stories November, 1968
PiW
- The Resurgence of Miss Ankle-Strap Wedgie
LAN, EE, Ens, Edge4
- Shattered Like a Glass Goblin
Orbit 4 Ed. Damon Knight. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1968
BtSL*, DbS, IHE, EE, Dw/ST, Ens, Edge4
- !!!The!!Teddy!Crazy!!Show!!!
Adam Magazine October, 1968
OrE*, StN, Edge2
- Try a Dull Knife
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction October, 1968
BtSL, AAT, TotE, Edge4
- White on White
Knight Magazine November, 1968
BtSL, Edge4
- Willie Just Won't Kick Off
Adam Bedside Reader December, 1968
- Worlds to Kill
If March, 1968
BtSL, Edge4
- 1969
- Along the Scenic Route (apa: Dogfight on 101)
Adam Magazine August, 1969
BtSL*, HvdH, DbS, EE, Dw/ST, Ens, Edge4
- A Boy and His Dog
New Worlds [UK] April, 1969
BtSL, EE, Ens, VaB, Edge4
- Come to Me Not in Winter's White (With Roger Zelazny)
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction October, 1969
PiW
- The Glass Tear
Los Angeles Free Press 7-13 November 1969
GT
- The Kong Papers (With William Rotsler)
[Booklet] [Saint Louis, MO] c1969
Cartoons
PiW
- Pennies, Off a Dead Man's Eyes
Galaxy November, 1969
OrE, AAT, TotE, Edge1
- Phoenix (apa: Phoenix Land)
If March, 1969
BtSL, HvdH, Edge4
- The Place With No Name
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction July, 1969
BtSL*, DbS, Dw/ST, Edge4
- Promises of Laughter
Adam Magazine November, 1969
NDNW
- Rock God
Coven 13 November, 1969
OrE, DbS, Dw/ST, Edge1, HEDCQ2.1
- The Saddest Lot of All
Tomorrow and . . . [fmz] January, 1969
- Santa Claus vs. S.P.I.D.E.R
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction January, 1969
BtSL, HKIS, Edge4
- Street Scene (With Keith Laumer) (apa: Dunderbird)
Galaxy January, 1969
[This story has two different endings—one by Ellison, the other by Laumer]
PiW
- Visitation on Thursday
Tomorrow and . . . [fmz] January, 1969
- 1970
- Brillo (With Ben Bova)
Analog August, 1970
PiW
- In the Grip of Syklop (apa: The Hulk in the Grip of Syklop; The Summons of Psyklop; The Brute That Shouted Love at the Heart of the Atom!; Monster World!; Something Green This Way Comes)
Marvelmania Monthly Magazine [graphic story fmz] #4 1970 [as a graphic story synopsis]
The Avengers 1(88) May, 1971 [as: Part One of the graphic story]
The Incredible Hulk 1(140) June, 1971 [as: Part Two of the graphic story]

- One Life, Furnished in Early Poverty
Orbit 8 Ed. Damon Knight. G. P Putnam's Sons, 1970
AO, EE, Ens, HEDCQ2.1
The Region Between (apa: The Fourth Fate: The Region Between)
Galaxy March, 1970
AC
- Runesmith (With Theodore Sturgeon)
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction May, 1970
PiW
- The Song the Zombie Sang (With Robert Silverberg)
Cosmopolitan December, 1970
PiW, EE
- 1971
- At the Mouse Circus
New Dimensions 1 Ed. Robert Silverberg. Doubleday, 1971
DbS, EE, Dw/ST
- Erotophobia
Penthouse August, 1971
AO, EE
- The Human Operators (With A. E. Van Vogt)
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction January, 1971
PiW
- !Nissassa; the fourth part of an exciting four-part serial (As by Nalrah Nosille)
Science-Fiction Five-Yearly [fmz] #5 November, 1971
[Story in four parts. For previous parts, see 1956, 1961, and 1966]
- Silent in Gehenna
The Many Worlds of Science Fiction Ed. Ben Bova. Dutton, 1971
AO
- 1972
- Basilisk
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction August, 1972
DbS, Dw/ST
- Corpse
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction January, 1972
DbS, EE, Dw/ST
- Kiss of Fire
Halcyon [William Rainey Harper College] [#2] 1972
[Typographically mangled, with some lines dropped]
Two Views of Wonder Ed. Thomas N. Scortia and Chelsea Quinn Yarbro. Ballantine, 1973
[Complete version]
AO
- On the Downhill Side
Universe 2 Ed. Terry Carr. Ace, 1972
DbS, Dw/ST
- Snake in the Crypt
Knight Magazine December, 1972
[Unrevised first draft version of The Deathbird; see 1973]
- 1973
- Bleeding Stones
Vertex Magazine April, 1973
DbS, Dw/ST
- Cold Friend
Galaxy October, 1973
AO, HEDC1.4
- The Deathbird (apa: Ahbhu [excerpt])
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction March, 1973
DbS, EE, Ens, Dw/ST
- Harlan Ellison's Movie
Los Angeles Free Press 12-22 January 1973 - 16-26 March 1973
Film Script
HEM, Edge3
- Hindsight: 480 Seconds
Future City Ed. Roger Elwood. Trident, 1973
AO
- Neon
The Haunt of Horror 1(1) June, 1973
[Incorrect printing]
The Haunt of Horror 1(2) August, 1973
[Corrected printing]
DbS, Dw/ST
- The Whimper of Whipped Dogs
Bad Moon Rising Ed. Thomas M. Disch. Harper & Row, 1973
DbS, NDNW, EE, Dw/ST, Ens
[Untitled entry, in: F & SF Competition 4 (The Year's Worst Fantasy and SF)]
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction April, 1973
EE
- 1974
- Adrift Just Off the Islets of Langerhans: Latitude 38° 54' N, Longitude 77° 13' W
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction October, 1974
DbS, EE, Dw/ST
- Catman
Final Stage Ed. Edward L. Ferman and Barry N. Malzberg. Charterhouse, 1974
AO, HEDC1.4, HEDC1.5
- Ecawareness
Venice SideShow [Venice, CA] #1 September, 1974
AO, EE
- I'm Looking for Kadak
Wandering Stars Ed. Jack Dann. New York: Harper & Row, 1974
AO, IHE
- Knox
Crawdaddy March, 1974
AO, EE, HEDC1.1
- Sleeping Dogs
Analog October, 1974
Pg, FHE, NatE
- 1975
- The Boulevard of Broken Dreams
The Los Angeles Review 1975
SW
- Croatoan
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction May, 1975
SW, IHE
- Eddie, You're My Friend
Knight Magazine November, 1975
NDNW
- In Fear of K
Vertex Magazine June, 1975
SW
- The New York Review of Bird
Weird Heroes: Volume 2 Ed. Bryon Preiss. Pyramid, 1975
SW
- Shatterday
Science Fiction Monthly [UK] 2(8) [August] 1975
Sday, Dw/ST
- Tired Old Man
Mike Shayne Mystery Magazine January, 1976
NDNW, EE
- 1976
- The City on the Edge of Forever
Six Science Fiction Plays Ed. Roger Elwood. Pocket Books, 1976
Teleplay
HECEF
- From A to Z in the Chocolate Alphabet (apa: L is for Loup-Garou [excerpt]; E is for Elevator People [excerpt]; H is for Hamadryad [excerpt]; Z is for Zombie [excerpt])
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction October, 1976
SW, FA2Z
- I Curse the Lesson and Bless the Knowledge
LAN*, Edge4
- Killing Bernstein
Mystery Monthly June, 1976
SW
- Lonely Women Are the Vessels of Time
MidAmeriCon Program Book [Ed. Tom Reamy] Kansas City: MidAmeriCon: The 34th World Science Fiction Convention, 1976
SW
- Mom
Silver Foxes August, 1976
SW, EE
- Secing
Andromeda 1 Ed. Peter Weston. Futura, 1976
SW
- Strange Wine
Amazing June, 1976
SW, EE
- The Wine Has Been Left Open Too Long and the Memory Has Gone Flat
Universe 6 Ed. Terry Carr. Doubleday, 1976
SW
- 1977
- Alive and Well and On a Friendless Voyage
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction July, 1977
Sday, EE, Dw/ST, Ens
- The Diagnosis of Dr. D'ArqueAngel (apa: Doctor D'ArqueAngel)
Viva January, 1977
SW
- Eggsucker
Ariel: The Book of Fantasy, Volume Two Ed. Thomas Durwood. Morning Star Press, 1977
VaB
- Emissary from Hamelin
2076: The American Tricentennial Ed. Edward Bryant. Pyramid, 1977
SW

- Hitler Painted Roses
Penthouse April, 1977
SW
- How's the Night Life on Cissalda?
Chrysalis Ed. Roy Torgeson.
Kensington, 1977
Sday, Dw/ST, HEDC1.5
- Jeffy Is Five
The Red and Black [University of Georgia, Athens], 19 January 1977 [An excerpt only]
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction July, 1977
Sday, EE, Dw/ST, Ens
- The Other Eye of Polyphemus
Cosmos November, 1977
Sday, EE, Dw/ST
- Shoppc Keeper
The Arts and Beyond Ed. Thomas F. Monteleone. Doubleday, 1977
Sday, Dw/ST
- Working with the Little People
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction July, 1977
SW
- 1978
- Count the Clock That Tells the Time
Omni December, 1978
Sday, Dw/ST
- Django
Galileo January, 1978
Sday, Dw/ST
- The Executioner of the Malformed Children
Iguanacon Program Book: The 36th World Science Fiction Convention Ed. Bill Patterson and Tim Kyger. Phoenix: Arizona Convention Phandom, 1978
Sday, Dw/ST
- The Man Who Was Heavily Into Revenge
Analog August, 1978
Sday, EE, Dw/ST, Ens
- Opium
Shayol [fmz] #2 February, 1978
Sday, Dw/ST
- 1979
- All the Birds Come Home to Roost
Playboy March, 1979
Sday, EE, Ens
- Flop Sweat
Heavy Metal March, 1979
Sday, Dw/ST
- In the Fourth Year of the War
Midnight Sun [semi-prozine] #5 1979
Sday
- Unwinding (With Rachel Susan Caron)
Unearth Winter 1979
- 1980
- All the Lies that Are My Life
AtL., Sday
- Footsteps
Gallery December, 1980
AC, Foot
- Run, Spot, Run
Mediascene Prevue
September/October, 1980
VaB
- [Untitled runner-up, in: F & SF Competition: Report on Competition 23]
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction February, 1980
EE
- 1981
- Broken Glass
Boston: Avenue Victor Hugo, 1981 [Limited edition broadside]
AC
[Contributor of the character "The Silver Fog" to:] *Dial "H" for Hero*.
Graphic story
Adventure Comics 47(479)
March, 1981
- Grail
Rod Serling's The Twilight Zone Magazine April, 1981
Stn, EE, Ens, Edge2
- If You Really Loved Me You'd Turn Off the Law of Gravity
Rabbit Hole 1(1) Summer 1981
Story excerpted from a work-in-progress
- Night of Black Glass
[East Lansing, MI: For the benefit of the Clarion Writers Workshop], 1981 [Limited edition broadside]
Stn, Edge2
- On the Slab
Omni October, 1981
AC, HEDCS
- The Other Place
The Comics Journal Spring, 1981
Treatment for a television pilot
- 1982
- The Cheese Stands Alone
Amazing March, 1982
StN, Jw/oP, Edge2
- Djinn, No Chaser
Rod Serling's The Twilight Zone Magazine April, 1982
StN, Edge2
- The Hour That Stretches
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction October, 1982
StN, Edge2
- I Want to Be a Ted White—Why Can't I Be a Ted White? Other People Get to Be Ted White!"
Gambit [fmz] #56 16 August 1982
[cartoon caption, dated 1960; published in 1960?]
- The Outpost Undiscovered by Tourists
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction January, 1982
StN, EE, Edge2
- Prince Myshkin, and Hold the Relish
[Recording] Beverly Hills, CA: The Harlan Ellison Record Collection, 1982
[First print publication] *Shayol* [fmz] Winter 1982
AC
- Stuffing
Gallery July, 1982
AC
- When Auld's Acquaintance Is Forgotten
Omni April, 1982
AC
- 1983
- Chained to the Fast Lane in the Red Queen's Race
The Best of Omni Science Fiction No. 6 Ed. Don Myrus. *Omni Publications International*, 1983
AC
- Escapegoat
Omni November, 1983
AC
- 1984
- The Deadliest Night of My Life! (With Arthur Byron Cover)
Daredevil 1(208) July, 1984
Graphic story
- Laugh Track
Weird Tales Fall, 1984
AC
- Pet
Rabbit Hole 2(1) Summer 1984
Excerpt from a work-in-progress
- 1985
- Mefisto in Onyx
[Treatment for teleplay version] *Albacon 85 Programme Book: 10th Glasgow Science Fiction Convention Glasgow: Albacon 85, 1985*
[Story version] *Omni* October, 1993
MiO, Slip
- Paladin of the Lost Hour
Universe 15 Ed. Terry Carr. Doubleday, 1985
AC
- Quicktime
Omni October, 1985
AC, HEDCS
- With Virgil Oddum at the East Pole
Omni January, 1985
Medea, AC
- [Untitled graphic story]
Heroes for Hope Starring the X-Men 1(1) 1985
1986
- Demon with a Glass Hand
DGH
- The Night of Thanks, But No Thanks!
Comics Buyer's Guide 11 July, 1986
[Story synopsis]
[Graphic story]
Detective Comics #567 October, 1986
- [Runner-up, in: F & SF Competition: Report on Competition 39]
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction March, 1986
EE
- 1987
- Flintlock: An Unproduced Teleplay
EE
- I, Robot: The Movie*
Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine November, 1987 [Part One of Three]
Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine December, 1987 [Part Two of Three]
Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine Mid-December, 1987 [Conclusion]
Unproduced film script
IR
- Nackles
Rod Serling's The Twilight Zone Magazine February, 1987
Unproduced teleplay
Slip

- Soft Monkey
The Black Lizard Anthology of Crime Fiction Ed. Edward Gorman. Black Lizard, 1987
AC
- 1988
The Avenger of Death
Omni January, 1988
AC
Eidolons
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction July, 1988
AC
The Few, The Proud
NatE*, Slip
The Function of Dream Sleep
Midnight Graffiti June, 1988
AC
The Reelee Big Shewww. By Harlan Ellison (a reelee big author)
Rabbit Hole 3(1) Winter 1988
[Originally written in 1956, but never sold]
She's a Young Thing and Cannot Leave Her Mother
Pulphouse Fall, 1988
Slip
- 1989
Crazy as a Soup Sandwich
Pulphouse Spring, 1989
Teleplay
Slip
- 1990
Darkness Upon the Face of the Deep
Comics Buyer's Guide 5 October 1990
Slip
Jane Doe #112
Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine December, 1990
Slip
Scartaris, June 28th. 1990
Borderlands: An Anthology of Imaginative Fiction, Volume One
Ed. Thomas F. Monteleone. Maclay & Associates, 1990
Slip
- 1991
The Man Who Rowed
Christopher Columbus Ashore
The 1991 World Fantasy Convention [Program Book]
Tucson, AZ: World Fantasy Convention, 1991
Slip
- 1992
Where I Shall Dwell in the Next World (includes: Necro Waiters, Mark, The Last Will An Testicle of Trees Rabelais)
Eidolon Fall, 1992
Slip
- 1993
Eruption
Science Fiction Age November, 1993
MF
Susan
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction December, 1993
MF
- 1994
Afternoon with the Bros. Grimm
MF
The Agitators
MF
Ammonite
MF
Amok Harvest
MF
Attack at Dawn
MF
Back to Nature
MF
Base
MF
Beneath the Dunes
MF
Between Heaven and Hell
MF
The Cosmic Barnyard
MF
The Creation of Water
MF
Darkness Falls on the River
MF
Ellison Wonderland
MF
Europe
MF
Express Delivery
MF
Fever
MF
Foraging in the Field
MF
In the Oligocenskie Gardens
MF
The Inquisition
MF
Internal Inspection
MF
Metropolis II
MF
- 1995
The Pale Silver Dollar of the Moon Pays Its Way and Makes Change [version 1]
Ten Tales Ed. James Cahill. James Cahill Publishing, 1994
Slip
The Pale Silver Dollar of the Moon Pays Its Way and Makes Change [version 2]
The King Is Dead: Tales of Elvis Post-Mortem Ed. Paul M. Sammon. Delta, 1994
Slip*
Paradise
MF
Please Don't Slam the Door
MF
Sensible City
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction
October/November, 1994
Jw/op
Shed of Rebellion
MF
The Silence
MF
Theory of Tension
MF
To Each His Own
MF
Traffic Prohibited
MF
Truancy at the Pond
MF
Twilight in the Cupboard
MF
Under the Landscape
MF
- 1995
Chatting with Anubis Lore
Summer 1995
HEDC1.4, Slip
The Dragon on the Bookshelf (With Robert Silverberg)
The Ultimate Dragon Ed. Byron Preiss, John Betancourt, and Keith R. A. DeCandido. Dell, 1995
Slip
Keyboard
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction January, 1995
Slip
Midnight in the Sunken Cathedral
Eidolon Winter 1995
HEDCS, HEDC1.1, Slip
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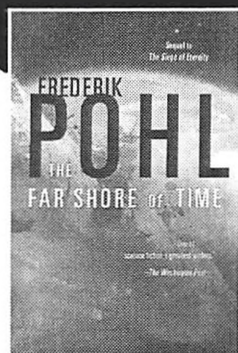
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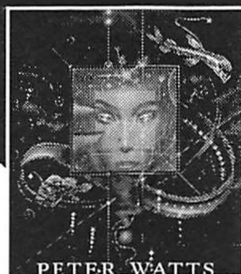


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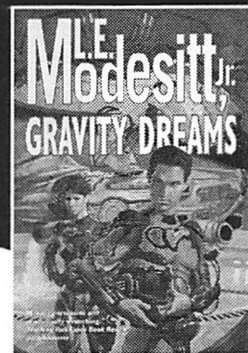
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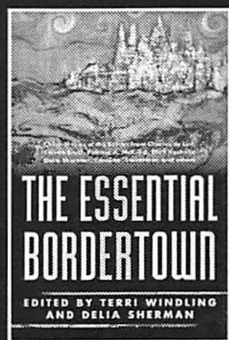
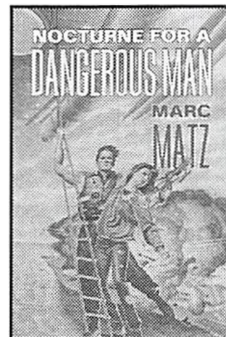
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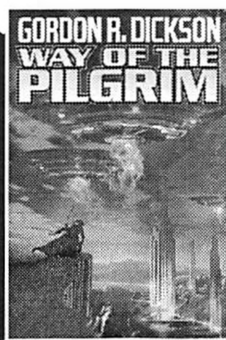
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Ellen Datlow and I have never had sex. Together, that is. Tastefully, it is my feeling that I ought to get *that* out of the way from the outset. We are buddies, very different, completely unlike in lifestyle, don't see each other as often as we ought to, hate most of the same people, are extremely fond of—but are usually exasperated with—each other, and have known each other for donkey's years.

She is cleverer than I, because *she* managed to slip out of the onerous chore of writing encomia for *me*, while I—big idiot—blithely accepted the assignment to do a short piece about *her* ... without trying to weasel an escape clause.

This is how we met. More or less. It was 1974. Barry Malzberg and Ed Ferman had gotten me to write a story for *Final Stage*, a collection of originals they had subtitled “the ultimate science fiction anthology” because each story was to have been the last word on its subject: Kit Reed's was the last word on immortality, Harry Harrison's was the ultimate space opera yarn, James Tiptree, Jr.'s was Alice dear now-long-gone oh-how-we-miss-you-Allie Sheldon's take on the After the Holocaust scenario, Phil Dick's was the ultimate time travel thingee, and mine was the last word on Future Sex, la dee dah. It was a story called “Catman.”

So I'm in New York, sometime in the early middle of '74, and I go up to Charterhouse, the publisher, where the editor was Carol Rinzler, who is now recently dead and no one seems to know what took her away, and I am there to cadge a copy or two of the hardcover for my files.

(What I do not know, what I only find out later, when I return to Los Angeles and have the time to peruse the book, is that some vacuous, pimple-brained, spastic demento self-anointed literary maven of an editorial paramecium has taken it upon her/himself to *refucking*write most of the stories in the book! This drooling coprophage had had the nerve, the gall, the chutzpah, the temerity to take all our manuscripts home to the midden whereat it resided, and alter, gut, change, excise, rewrite and otherwise

hock large green loogies all over the moderately inspired verbiage of such as Brian Aldiss, Joanna Russ, Robert Silverberg, Isaac Asimov and ... is no one safe ... mine own self me!)

(This I do not know at the time I am going up to Charterhouse. This I learn only later, back in Ellay, at which moment I begin ripping furrows in the floorboards with my toenails. When Ed and Barry discover what has happened, the three of us enter into a deadly triumvirate of legal activity that culminates in the editorial troll being eviscerated, slow-baked, and the parts sold to Kentucky Colonel for shit-nuggets [with mashed potatoes, gravy, biscuits and a Coke, \$1.95]. The publisher was enjoined from releasing the book until and unless it was set to rights, but somehow there wasn't a restored text till the following year, in the Penguin paperback reprint. I know none of what was to come, as I have said twice already, as I enter Charterhouse to cadge my contributors' copies.)

Datlow was working for Carol Rinzler. We met. I barely remember it. If Ellen hadn't refreshed my memory, I'd have had to do a dainty rigadon about how our first encounter was senselessly flushed away with other valuable memories. But when I called her this afternoon to excoriate her for getting out of the job of doing a little sketch about *me*, while I am forced to sit here on a perfectly sunny April Sunday extolling *her* virtue—and you'll notice that word is served up in the singular—she launched into a panegyric about bow we met, and don't you remember how impressed I was to meet you, and how you got the books from me but you didn't know how screwed up they were, and thank god you didn't know because you might have eviscerated and slow-baked and sold my chicken parts if you'd known, and then we met again when I was working for Bob Sheckley, when he was fiction editor at *Omni*, and I came to that party that was thrown for you in some Greenwich Village loft by someone I can't remember who, and I was with a girl friend but I can't remember who it might have been, I don't think it was Alice Turner, but it might have been ... and on and on

MY PAL DATLOW,

THE BIG “D”

by her chum Ellison, the little “e”



PHOTO © E.LILLEY/SFREUVU.COM

Till my ears began to bleed, and I interrupted the tsunami flow and told her sentient artichokes were eating my carport, and I had to go.

So, here's what it is about me and Datlow. This is a very good editor, when she picks my stories for her publications, or she accepts my judgment on the stories of others; and she ain't so sharp when she rejects my stuff. It is only right and fair that I say this. She insists I cannot point out that she is one of

the three top gossips in all the world of science fiction, unless I also cop to being a gossip. It is to laugh. As much as I enjoy dishing the dirt with the rest of the girls, I am a mere Salieri to her Amadeus. Were I to struggle with Chinese Whispers gallantly and forcefully, from now till next Tisha'bob, the best I could hope for would be the bronze. Datlow is the gold *and* the silver! Not to mention the rhodium and the velcro.

She is funny, she is cute, she is witty, she is smart. She is talented, she is decent, she is loving, she is an imperial strength pain in the ass. She is my friend, and she is a terrific editor (which is why you're honoring her), and may she live ten thousand years. But *yucchhh* those damned cats of hers.

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I would say that Ellen Datlow has been like a mother to me except that such a comparison would be terribly unfair to Ellen. She has, all the same, served *in loco parentis* for quite a number of contemporary science fiction, fantasy, and horror writers during the past two decades; and some of these characters would be at a loss not merely to know how to tie their shoes, but what in fact those things on their feet were, if not for her smooth application of the velvety glove, and occasional thump of the iron fist. Name your own names; you know who you are.

Looking back (as I seem to be doing a lot, lately) I remember the first time I met Delightful Datlow. It was at the annual SFWA party in New York at the old Warwick Hotel, not long before Thanksgiving 1989. The weekend before, I'd been lured by some who will here go unnamed to that year's Philcon, the first science fiction convention I ever attended. While I met a number of people there who have since become quite good friends of mine, the sight of so many filkers, ur-Lone Gunmen, spin-art paintings of teddy bears in space helmets, and individuals dressed in the fashion of Porthos who managed nonetheless to convey the spirit of bathos had untoward effects on me. I was, shall we say, on my guard.

Within instants of our being introduced Ellen was, for all intents and purposes, holding me upside-down by my feet and shaking vigorously to see what might come loose. "I really want you to write a story for me for either *Omni* or one of my anthologies!" she said, not loosing a steely, almost Gor-like grip (Philcon, remember, was fresh in my mind). Her capable associate and longtime majordomo Rob Killheffer looked on, emitting sinister chuckles. He'd surely seen this technique applied more than once. "What kind of story do you want?" I asked. "Something *good*," Delightful said. It worked, of course.

Conveniently, not long afterward, I went through a series of psychological traumas which, as they often do with writers, produced quality fiction. I shortly had a couple of stories to send Ellen, both of which she bought—one appeared in an anthology, and the other in *Omni*. (To this day I'm not sure how the latter qualified as genre, but as per Ellen: "Well *I* think it is, so that's all I need.") She had very few questions or inquiries, but those she did have were right on the mark. I noticed she missed absolutely nothing, however small; in one story she had me change the design of a pair of bathing trunks, but then her fashion sense is quite keen. (In this instance I'm not certain that sartorial proprieties were uppermost in her editorial mind.)

Ellen Datlow is the best because she is the most instinctual editor with whom I have ever worked. I can't explain her unerring knack for knowing what works and what doesn't any more than she can, and I've asked her more than once. "How do *I* know? I just know," she says, and she's right. Leave it at that. Anyone who has ever worked with Ellen knows this to be the case, even if they don't take her criticisms or advice with such aplomb as do I (but most do, if they know what's good for them).

She and I became friends fairly quickly and we've come to know each other pretty well over the years. One reason, I think, that she

is such a good editor is that Ellen is incapable of not saying what she believes. There are no subtexts, no connivings, no hidden agendas. I appreciate that as a writer, and even more to the point, I appreciate it as a friend. In her off-duty life (though Ellen, like a cop, is truly never off duty), she, as everyone who knows her knows, loves to shop, loves to eat, loves to travel—loves life, in other words. She has a lovely little apartment in the Village which is vaguely unsettling at first, because almost everything she owns has a face, and those faces tend to look at you. She has two cats, little monsters both, though don't let her hear you call them that ("They're *my* little monsters, I'll call them what I want!") Thanks to Ellen's persistent publicity skills, I have seen several of New Jersey's most remarkable malls. Thanks to Ellen's canny bargaining skills, I paid less than half of the original price for the notorious Roman, the Remarkable Learned Dog. Thanks to Ellen, many more people have read my work than they otherwise would have, I believe.

As we all know, Ellen's heart (as well as her head) is where it should be. She has stood by me in sickness and in health, not least of all when she thought she had tuberculosis, and it turned out instead that I did. ("*Look* at all these goddamned pills.") Once she's on your side, she will fight for you till the bitter end; and best of all, she nearly always wins.

I'm sorry not to be at Readercon this year, but am happy to be able to write this for your Editor Guest of Honor. No one's more deserving, and I know she's roaring and ready to go to town. Let's hear it for Delightful, the den mother of us all. L'Haim!
Love,
Jack W.

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ELLEN DATLOW by Jack Womack

She grew up in the Bronx. Some of her earliest memories were of being pulled around the Grand Concourse in a toboggan by her father (when it snowed, that is...).

Ellen entered publishing after college, first in the book field, and then as assistant fiction editor to Robert Sheckley at the new *Omni* magazine, when Sheckley became fiction editor after Ben Bova moved up to become executive editor, in one of those editor roulette moves standard in magazine publishing. And then *suddinkly* (as Popeye would say) in October 1981, she found herself fiction editor of a magazine, with a circulation more than a million, just in time to start buying stories from *me*.

Enough biography. What do you say about a lady editor whose career catapulted her from the Bronx, *more than five miles*, to the heart of NYC?

Well, you could say that working with Ellen Datlow has been a joy (one of the few in *my* life) and, even when circumstances have made it maddening, it's been a maddening joy.

For instance: *Omni* used to have a habit of selling ads after the contents of the issues were set, a very good commercial habit for the publishers; not so swell for the people who had to put the issue together, or the writers involved. I'd usually get a call from Ellen once the story had been set and scheduled (in those days I *had* a phone), and we'd get rid of all the widows—those pesky one-word holdovers at the end of a paragraph—or get it all on the page as opposed to “cont on page 22” and turning there and getting half a paragraph at the bottom of a condom ad ... (and I always restored anything I did in later reprintings, and all my stuff from *Omni* had plenty of reprints.) The worst thing, we both remember, is once the ad people sold a 3/4 page ad for whiskey *in the middle of the page*, and part of my story had to be reset around it, in a big, open rectangular “0”. But Ellen never touched any of my copy—even stuff other editors would have (and should have) silently corrected, without talking to me about it.

That's the accepted, typeset stories of course. I'm not talking about the submissions themselves—the pleading, cajoling, goading, and the arguments. Arguments—of course we had arguments about the stories themselves. I thought I'd written a *subtle* story once. She said, subtle? It's rarified. I gave it to a writer-friend to read, something I rarely do, and told him what Ellen had said, after he finished it. In his best Monty Python

voice he said “She's right, you know ...” End of argument with Ellen, back to the typewriter.

For a college girl, she was on to *all* my tricks. I had a story with these made-up play excerpts in it. “The play portions seem too long,” she said. Fine. I retyped those parts of the story with wider margins. “You've widened the margins,” she said, without even the earlier version to compare it to. Mind like a steel trap.

I'm making it sound worse than it was. We've been doing this for sixteen years. Mostly she just bought my stuff (for more money than I ever thought existed) and published it pretty much like I'd written it, and *claimed* she liked it.

In those years she also began editing, with Terri Windling, the

Year's Best Fantasy and Horror anthologies, damn thick definitive square doorstops that they are, and Ellen, such a sweet-looking girl, does the horror part. She also put together those creepy-crawly . . . uh, unsettling is the word, books *Blood Is Not Enough*, *Whisper of Blood*, *Alien Sex*, and also with Windling, the modern fairy-tale retelling anthologies (*Snow White*, *Blood Red*; *Black Thorn*, *White Rose*; there'll be six of them by 2000 AD! I'm in the last one.)

Speaking of last ones, what's the last piece of fiction in *Omni Online*? “Mr. Goober's Show” by me, that's what! Ellen put it up on March 28, 1998 and they pulled the plug April 1. (I told her not to do it. She insisted, even knowing stories of mine have killed a dozen venues in this genre....)

Since then, she's been fiction editor of *Event Horizon*, the online magazine of the *Omni fugitivos*, has two or three more anthologies in the works, and the continual, not monkey but 1,000 lb. gorilla, that is the *Year's Best Fantasy and Horror* anthologies.

For a New York City person she sure loves the southwestern U.S., and used to hit Shepler's in Austin and that place in Denver, and dude herself up in all that root-ranch stuff people in Austin spent their *lives* trying to get away from; but on her, it looked *good*. Her ideal at one time was a place in Arizona with some *sky* she could look at.

You're lucky to have her as a guest at Readercon. The rest of us will just have to settle with having had her editing at *Omni*, and all those neat anthologies and at *Event Horizon*.

And just as a *real person* and a friend for all those years.

“We love you Ellen, oh yes we do ...”

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THAT'S MS. DATLOW, TO YOU ... by Howard Waldrop

EDITED
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- The Year's Best Fantasy and Horror: Tenth Annual Collection* (with Terri Windling)
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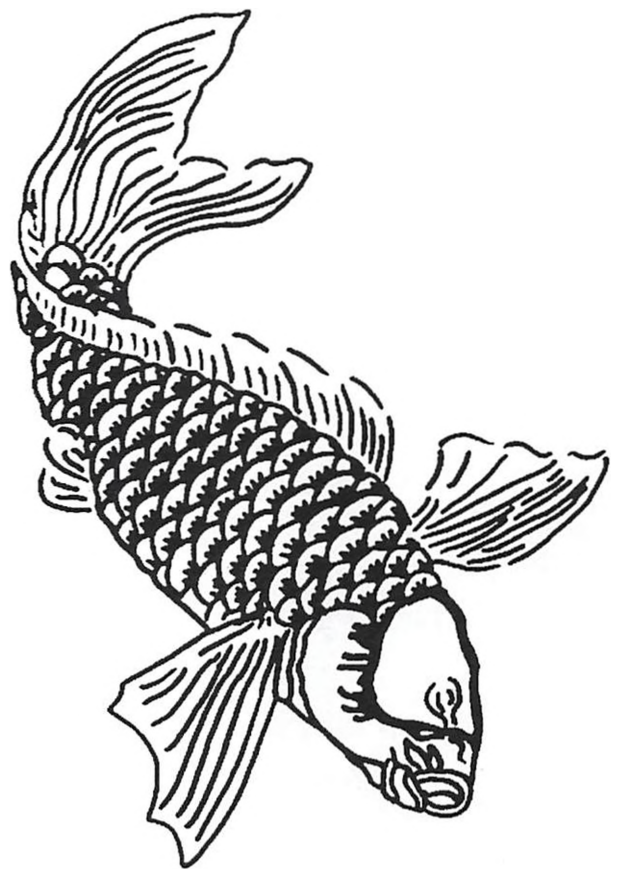
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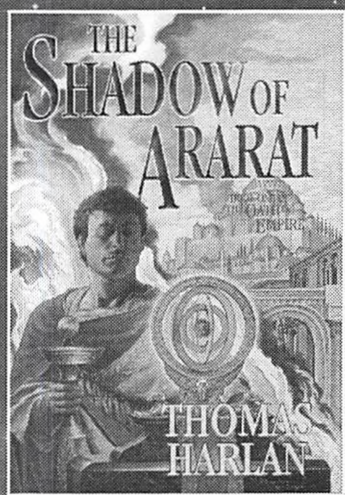
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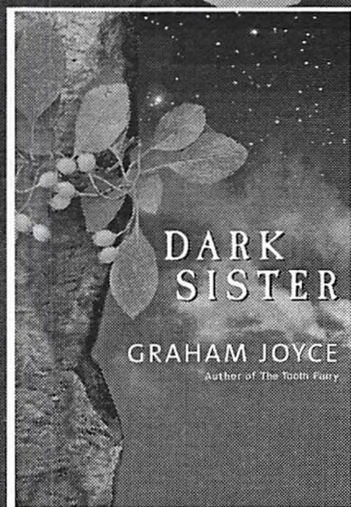
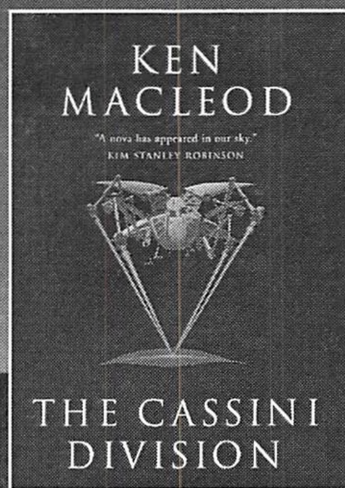
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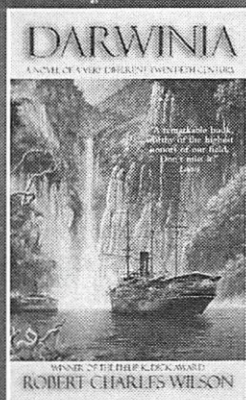
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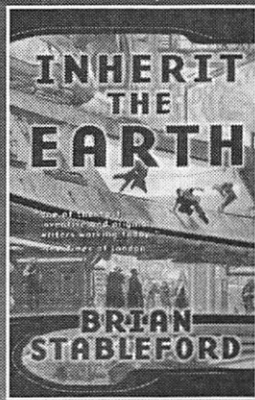


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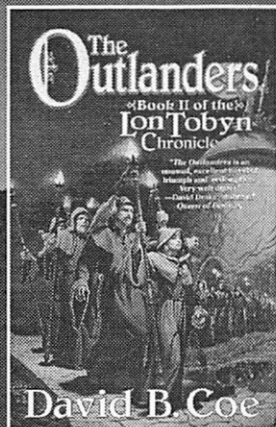
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KERSH, I SAID

by Harlan Ellison

When the Readercon's own invested Sanhedrin advised me that one of the responsibilities of the Writer Guest of Honor was to select a "Past Master" writer as posthumous GoH, my response was instantaneous. Kersh, I said. There was virtually no momentary lub-dub, barely a systole-diastole, a transparent instant of hesitation: Kersh, I said.

Gerald Kersh. Oh, my friends, what a wonder, what a wit, and what an angel of a writer. He is, in fact, with that holy trinity of Borges, Poe, and Kafka . . . the pinnacle of my aspirations as a writer. As we both know, I do humility with excruciating ineptitude. Yet I advise you that on not one, but on *hundreds* of occasions in my forty-plus years of career, I have actually said out loud, "I wish I could write just *half* as well as Kersh did!" Unlike many currently toiling in the fens and fields of storytelling, I know how flawed I—and too often my work—can be; and I struggle constantly to learn the craft more perfectly. And so, one must have high, noble goals toward which one climbs.

For me, Kersh has always been one of those far Shangri-La eyries. You do me honor at Readercon, to be your Writer Guest of Honor; but you do yourself even *greater* honor by paying homage to a master of the fantastic now long-gone.

Dip into him, try him sweetly, discover how he transcends. And as I said, when asked, *you* will say: Kersh. Again: Kersh!

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For every successful author, there are a thousand others struggling to get in print. Gerald Kersh was one of those word hustlers who haunted all-night coffee bars in London's Soho, writing on stolen toilet paper, making a mug last until daybreak. And when he made it, when he became one of England's highest paid wordsmiths, fate and circumstance cruelly ganged up to throw him back in the gutter.

The fruit of a life either bears fruit itself or, as in the case of the work of Gerald Kersh, it simply returns to dust. To find his work you must rake through the dust of old bookshops and flea markets. To find his life is even more of a task. Although a best-selling author of his day, and a well-known personality and raconteur in his own right, there is painfully little of substance written about him. But there are clues. . . .

And it is by pursuing these scraps of information, by stitching them together with records and hearsay, that I have managed to sow a threadbare blanket covering those years between the swaddling clothes and the shroud. Sure, there are holes and patches sown in from other cloth but, hopefully, there is enough to comfort you during this journey through the life of Gerald Kersh.

Born on 26 August 1911 in Teddington-On-Thames, Gerald Kersh grew up in a Jewish family full of "characters" who were to provide a rich and painful source of literary material in future years.

Kersh was a bit of a character himself. At the age of two, pretty little Gerald became very ill. His mother sat up with him for ten days without sleep, and then his heart stopped beating. The doctor pronounced him dead of lung congestion, measles and whooping cough. Suddenly, he sat up and screamed the place down.

At the age of eight, Gerald started writing, publishing his school prize-winning work "Tom And Tilly Tadpole" in a limited edition of one, bound in his father's brocade waistcoat. His father forgave, but never forgot. At thirteen, he won a scholarship and attended the Regent Street Polytechnic, eventually leaving to

make his own way in the world. He knew what he wanted to be: a writer.

Kersh wrote to Edgar Wallace. His five-page letter reproached Wallace for his success, challenged him to read the enclosed short story which, Kersh claimed, was a better story than Wallace could ever write and, in the same breath, asked him for advice. Edgar Wallace replied politely, if briefly, through his secretary.

Whilst learning how to write, Kersh took on jobs to earn a living: manager of a fleapit cinema (he once found a woman bleeding to death—she snagged her leg on a

rusty nail—too embarrassed to shout for help because she had sneaked into the expensive seats), bodyguard, debt collector, fish & chip cook, travelling salesman (selling everything from sausages to electric lights), French teacher and all-in-wrestler (3 bouts—1 win, 1 loss, 1 draw). But it wasn't all plain sailing—there were often nights where Kersh would sneak into Regent's Park to sleep on their lovely benches.

Kersh was always getting into fights of one sort or another. One time, in 1931, a man tried to liquidate him with a sixpenny hatchet. Kersh sidestepped, escaped with a small gash on his forehead and a bit of concussion, retaliated with a little marble-top table and won on a technical knockout. However, the man succeeded in jolting a nerve which, for more than fifteen years, consistently gave Kersh a sore head and kept him awake nights. He bore other trophies—a knife wound on his left wrist and tooth marks on the knuckles of his right hand.

The publication of his first novel *Jews without Jehovah* (Wishart 1934) garnered Kersh good reviews. It was the story of the trials and tribulations of a Jewish family in London, a tradition to be continued by writers like Brian Glanville and Bernard Kops in the 1960s. There is lots of talk, feuding, scams that go disastrously wrong, the fight of the artist against the pragmatic family. It is uncannily autobiographic. Unfortunately, three uncles and a cousin recognised derogatory sketches of themselves in it and promptly filed criminal libel suits. A few weeks later, Kersh was involved in a car accident—he was run over by one of his uncles, the car bought on the proceeds of the libel case. Years later, both sides expressed their regrets, but the

GERALD KERSH: THE LAZARUS MAN by Paul Duncan

PAUL DUNCAN, IS CO-FOUNDER OF CRIME TIME MAGAZINE, EDITED THE THIRD DEGREE: CRIME WRITERS IN CONVERSATION, PUBLISHED ARK: THE COMICS MAGAZINE FOR TEN YEARS, AND HAS CONTRIBUTED TO MYSTERY SCENE, SHOTS, MEAN STREETS, HARDBOILED, SPEAKING OF MURDER, DEADLY WOMEN AND THE BIG BOOK OF NOIR. HE HAS WRITTEN GRAPHIC NOVELS (SECOND CITY, OVERLOAD, BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE) AND SOME OF HIS MYSTERY FICTION IS ABOUT TO BE PUBLISHED IN VARIOUS ANTHOLOGIES. PAUL HAS WRITTEN A BIOGRAPHY OF GERALD KERSH, AND IS PRESENTLY WRITING BOOKS ON ALFRED HITCHCOCK AND STANLEY KUBRICK.

tension remained at weddings and funerals. Consequently, only a few copies of *Jews without Jehovah* were sold before it was withdrawn from sale after half a day.

Later in life, Kersh was a little embarrassed by his second book, *Men Are So Ardent* (Wishart 1935), perhaps because it belongs so much of its time—a satire of both the sixpenny romances and pretentious art set novels. It even features a futurist play full of allegorical meaning. It is not a great book, but it is surprisingly frank, the dialogue is spot on, and it is peopled with memorable characters from all walks of life.

Much more successful was his savage and disgusting story of lowlife ponce (pimp) Harry Fabian: *Night and the City* (Michael Joseph 1938). Of all Kersh's novels, it is the one where you most feel the fetid stink of the city, and the worthless lives of the people in it. As one reviewer put it, "This novel of the London underworld has something of the realism of a Hogarth picture and the satire of a Swift. Pimps, prostitutes, panderers, petty crooks and odd characters move about in low joints and night clubs, fleecing and being fleeced by each other." Set in London's Soho, Harry Fabian is a man who tries to look and sound like an American gangster, but he can't hide the fact that he's a loser. The more money he gets hold of, the quicker it falls through his fingers. He'll do anything for money, and eventually turns white slave trader. Harry is already at the bottom, but there are other men and women on the verge of falling into the pit. Kersh shows how easy it is for people to fall (morally), but oh how difficult it is for them to climb back up, to regain their integrity and dignity. He suggests that his characters need an iron will to propel themselves upwards. The book is as much about their lives, and the way that self-deception turns initial revulsion into apathetic acceptance. Kersh has an

extremely moral standpoint, but he recognises that immorality exists and presents it wearing its true face. In this, as in many of his novels, Kersh has an artistic alter-ego who remains pure throughout and, in the end, leaves his sullied friends and lovers behind.

When Kersh sold the film rights in 1945 for \$40,000, Famous Artists had all the important aspects of the book removed. In one version of the script, Fabian was a ghost! Kersh joked that he was the highest paid writer in history because they paid him \$10,000 a word—for the title. After receiving the script, he suggested that they perforate it and hang it on a nail. The property was sold on and was eventually filmed in 1950 by Jules Dassin, starring Richard Widmark. The more recent Robert De Niro version, directed by Irwin Winkler and set in New York, was based on the Dassin film and moves even further away from the ideas of Mr. Kersh.

As well as the novels, Kersh was a prolific writer of short stories for magazines like *Courier* and *John O'London's Weekly* and was well-known in Fleet Street. Articles and short stories littered the *Daily Mirror* and *London Evening Standard* newspapers. Eventually, some of the short stories were collected in *I Got References* (Michael Joseph 1939), which also includes character sketches of people Kersh met over the years. It is a wholly entertaining collection of autobiography, anecdote and tall tale telling, and probably comes closest to the experience of actually meeting Kersh, dashing from one story and emotion to another.

Gerald volunteered during the Second World War, and joined the Coldstream Guards in 1940, becoming Guardsman Gerald Kersh 2663141. He was a good shot, winning 100 cigarettes in the company shoot. Kersh wrote at night, in

long hand, after lights out. He got a manuscript half finished then took his first leave during the London Blitz. Both he and the manuscript were buried alive by a bomb. Kersh survived, but the manuscript didn't. After the bomb, Kersh's knees kept locking so he had a cartilage removed, which he kept for good luck and later swapped with an American for a Zippo lighter.

The injury got Kersh transferred to special duties where the War Office asked Kersh to write a pamphlet about infantry training. After three months the War Office rejected his efforts, so he finished it and called it *They Die with Their Boots Clean* (Heinemann 1941). It is the story of how a bunch of raw recruits are immersed into the cauldron that is basic training before being hammered into Guards. They learn about the proud history of the Guards, a history they must live up to. Perhaps the construction is a little clichéd now, but the dialogue and characters are spot on—it was one of the first books to have authentic regional accents in it. It is entertaining, and its immense humanity helps it to rise above its propaganda origins. It was also one of the best-selling books of the war. Kersh had arrived.

The sequel came a mere seven months later—*The Nine Lives of Bill Nelson* (Heinemann July 1942) is a far more successful book. Sgt. Nelson, the archetypal drill sergeant, is buried during an air raid. Upon hearing of his death, the soldiers in his barracks tell stories about him all night, turning him into a mythic character. In America, both books were collected into *Sergeant Nelson of the Guards* (John C. Winston 1945), which includes a helpful glossary of army slang.

Kersh was a true multimedia writer. He was in correspondence with the BBC from 1936, and wrote comedy shows for the radio as well as an adaptation of *They Die with Their Boots Clean*, which was

banned on the say-so of a Colonel True—reason unknown. Kersh wrote scripts and narration for the Army Film Unit. Once or sometimes three times a week there was his anonymous “Private Life of a Private” column in the Daily Herald, and then there were articles for *London Calling* and *John Bull*.

Kersh wrote as Piers England for *The People* from 1941, and became the chief feature writer and war correspondent in 1943. The influence of his propaganda writing should not be underestimated—*The People* was the largest selling Sunday newspaper during the war, five and half million copies per week, and the media often took their lead from Piers England. Many of his columns were copied verbatim by the Army and dropped on enemy territory as propaganda. Hitler put a price on Kersh’s head.

Kersh was always getting letters asking him to feature soldier’s poetry in the column, so he wrote a poem of his own, “A Solider, His Prayer” and said the writer was unknown. A solider, two old ladies and a parson claimed authorship and asked him to forward moneys to them, ranging from half a guinea to £500. General Montgomery later used an extract from this poem in his D-Day address to the troops, and the chaplain at the Normandy landings distributed copies of the poem to the soldiers.

His blackest war novel, *The Dead Look On* (Heinemann 1943), was picked out by the *Times Literary Supplement* and others as the first true literature to come out of the war. This was Kersh’s reconstruction of the Lidice atrocity, where a whole town was looted, levelled and massacred by the Germans in retaliation for the assassination of a German officer. Unlike many of his other books, this is coldly described, slickly plotted with pace and incident, leaving you physically and emotionally drained by the end. And

extremely angry. It still retains that power today.

Never one to waste an idea, Kersh turned a rejected radio play proposal into *A Brain and Ten Fingers* (Heinemann 1943), an allegorical novel detailing the frenetic flight of Yugoslav guerrillas who have to put aside their local differences and build a bridge to freedom. It is especially poignant now, considering the present situation in Bosnia, Serbia, and Croatia, and just goes to show how little the world has learned over the past fifty years.

In Britain, *Faces in a Dusty Picture* (Heinemann 1944), which is about a forced march through the Western desert, won praise from officers for its realism even though the nearest Kersh had ever been to a desert was Southend beach. It was not Kersh’s greatest book, but it was later to win him an inordinate amount of praise and scorn in America. Praise because it was so well written, and scorn because critics accused him of stealing the idea from Harry Brown’s *A Walk in the Sun*. This was unfortunate for Kersh because it turns out to be untrue. The fact is, the story was originally written as a film script for Alexander Korda called *Proud and Angry Dust*, which automatically went to the London OWI unit where Harry Brown was working. He saw it, therefore, well before *Faces* was published in Britain, and appeared a year later in America. Interestingly, the present tense style of *Faces*, a direct result of being adapted from a film script, later became the standard style of war books.

Kersh was fighting his war behind a typewriter—writing over two million words in four years—but he had trained to fight on the front line. He wanted to participate in the war, but everything was against him. He acted improperly. An American Colonel Krum got Kersh accredited as an American war

correspondent. Kersh put on a uniform, talked to a man with a plane, and flew to France. How many people can claim they deserted the army to go to the battle front? In France, Kersh ended up at the liberation of Paris. Whilst there, he found some of his uncle’s family still living—he stole food from the army mess to give to them. He discovered that several members of his family had disappeared. Two of them, he established, had been taken away in one of the death trains.

Back in England, Kersh somehow got away with his desertion. It was a sombre period. He saw all the film taken of the death camps and wrote a screenplay for it, but the project was shelved because it was considered too demoralising. He saw the slow death, from cancer, of his close friend and fellow writer Carl Olsson, a war hero from the First World War. He also co-wrote the screenplay to *The True Glory*, a documentary film by Garson Kanin and Carol Reed about the victory in Europe—it won an Oscar.

As soon as the war ended, Kersh released his cynical satire of the cinema, *An Ape, a Dog and a Serpent* (Heinemann 1945), and *The Weak and the Strong* (Heinemann 1945), a clichéd Hemingwayesque people-trapped-in-a-cave novel. They both sold well, but didn’t do him much good with the critics, who were getting tired of his loud, racy and rude stories and wished he’d get on with something serious. Kersh was making serious money. Because of paper rationing, readers complained they couldn’t get his books, and there was a six month waiting list at the lending libraries. His publisher, Heinemann, said that if they had the paper, Kersh would have been a millionaire.

The fact of the matter is that throughout the war Kersh had written so many books (one every six months), articles, poems, film and radio scripts, and short stories, that he only slept two hours

a night, if he slept at all. He collapsed regularly. Dr. Hickling gave him two years before a complete physical and mental breakdown—as it happened, it took Kersh four years.

Immediately after the war, Kersh visited America regularly and managed to “crack” the prestigious and high-paying magazines of the day like *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Esquire*, *Playboy* and *Collier's*. If Kersh is remembered for anything, it is for his short stories. A staple of his work from the beginning, they are reminiscent of Guy De Maupassant or H. G. Wells in that Kersh wrote equally well in every genre. The invention and variety is staggering. Such is the conviction of his storytelling, that it blurs the line between fact and fiction. One story in *The Saturday Evening Post*, about a pilot who flies so fast he goes back in time, regresses to a baby, then crashes, was actually broadcast by Walter Winchell as news. Another, where it is explained that the Mona Lisa kept her mouth shut because she had bad teeth, is often quoted as fact.

Kersh was one of the few writers in America who could make a living from writing short stories. His regular characters included: the master raconteur Karmesin (either the world's greatest criminal or most outrageous liar, the format involved Kersh talking to this old rogue in various cafés and bars around London. As Karmesin told his tales of robbery, blackmail, deceit, and murder, he would off-handedly borrow cigarettes off Kersh or surreptitiously fill his pockets with sachets of sugar. Written from as early as 1936, only three of the seventeen stories have been collected in Kersh anthologies.); Vara, the Demon Tailor of Columbus Avenue; and Bella Barlay, an ageing grand dame of vaudeville. It is interesting to note that there were many

excellent short story collections published in the UK. These contain some of Kersh's best work, yet were never published in America.

Just after World War II, Kersh wrote his most thoughtful novels, but their inherent quality were woefully ignored by the reviewers of the day. *Prelude to a Certain Midnight* (Doubleday 1947), is

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about the hunt for a child-murderer in Soho. Technically, it is a critique of the whole crime and mystery genre. There is the Laura Ashley school of crime writing in the presence of the formidable dog-gooder Miss Asta Thundersley, who pokes her nose into the case of a murdered little girl. She gathers everyone she suspects at a party, and the only thing she learns is how to mix punch. The police procedural is in the hands of Detective-Inspector Turpin, whose hands find nothing but walls as each clue leads to a dead end. The innocent in fear of her life is Catchy, the woman who knows everything. She is one

of life's natural victims who gave the murderer confidence because she took all the abuse he could give. Catchy was his training ground, and she has to live with that. The little girl's family, the Sabitinis, were effectively destroyed by the murder. They never recover. Emotionally, the book is about the realisation that life is not always what you want it to be, that there are many losers for every winner. And in this story, the only winner is the murderer. I always recommend people to read this Kersh novel first.

The Song of the Flea (Reginald Saunders, 1948), a loose sequel to *Night and the City* also set in seedy London, explores the bad luck and degradation that a writer will endure in order to make the time and money to write something of integrity. It is a testament to the optimism and sheer perseverance of the writer that even though he is foiled at every step, he continues bravely to the bitter end.

The Thousand Deaths of Mr. Small (Doubleday 1950) examines the life of a man falling into the abyss of a nervous breakdown. Mr. Small wants to live a life, but he is prevented by the behaviour he learnt as a child. He blames his parents: his mother's domineering presence, his father's meek surrender. Stopped at every turn from doing anything, Mr. Small is reduced to lying still on his bed. Kersh shows great understanding and sympathy for his people, and is not afraid of showing both the humour and horror of living. Honestly, sometimes you don't know whether to laugh or cry. Kersh's reputation could easily stand on these three novels alone.

The Thousand Deaths of Mr. Small could have applied to Kersh himself. The long-predicted breakdown came in 1949, and it haunted him for the rest of his life. Illness began to overtake the body of

Kersh. He suffered from malaria, pneumonia, liver infections, diseased cancerous tissue and God knows what else—the result of his travels and, no doubt, his overwork. Most of all he suffered at the hands of his greatest love, his second wife Lee.

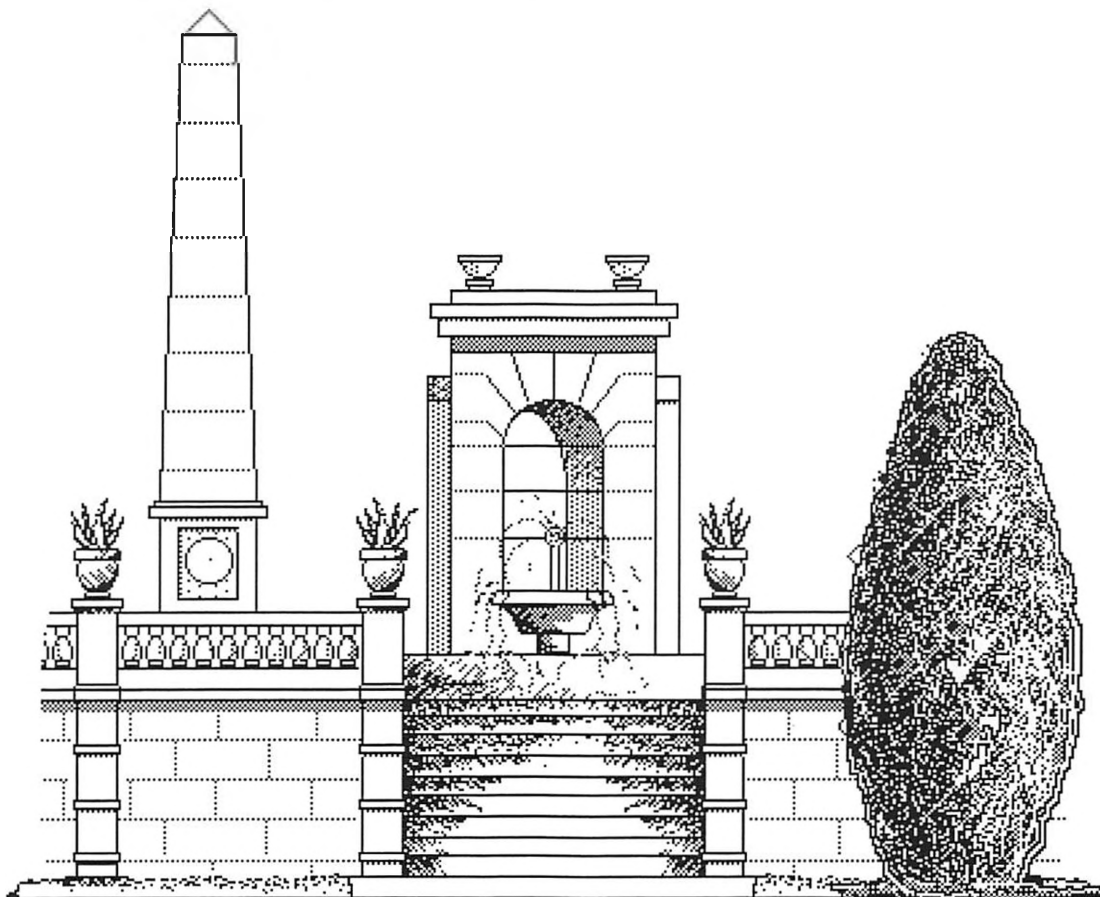
Kersh had met Lee, a stunning Canadian newspaper woman, in 1939, and soon left his first wife for her. When Kersh found success in 1941, Lee managed all their business and housekeeping affairs, to let Kersh spend his time writing. It was a great arrangement, allowing Lee to indulge her fashion and social whims, and Kersh's imagination the freedom to roam. They moved into progressively bigger suites of rooms in London's exclusive Dolphin Square. Then they travelled the world—Lee was in search of a place to live. Increasingly, they began to quarrel, Lee saying she was bored, Kersh becoming sicker, culminating in the burning-down

of their new \$20,000 uninsured home in Barbados, and Lee asking Kersh to leave her alone. Back in New York, Kersh lying ill and near to death in a slum flat, Lee, over the next few years systematically fleeced him of all his money; incurred enormous debts for Kersh to pay; made contractual agreements for Kersh and took the advances; stole his antiques, his library of 5,000 first editions, and his manuscripts; took a succession of lovers; then sued for divorce and won the case.

After an operation in Philadelphia, before which Kersh wrote good-bye letters to all his friends and family, Kersh dictated a humorous novelette in two days and sold it to the *Saturday Evening Post* "to help pay his funeral expenses." He didn't die that time. Books and short stories flowed from Kersh in an effort to pay all his debts. He wrote crime, romance, war, humour, horror and even SF. His only SF novel is *The Great Wash* (Heinemann 1953), which pivots on the plans of a group of scientists

who want to take over the world by melting the polar ice caps, hence flooding most of the world's population. The plot is structured like a Edgar Wallace or Sax Rohmer thriller. As enjoyable as this book was, Kersh lost favour with the critics, who were lauding writers more concerned with experimental techniques than storytelling. From this time on, sales of Kersh's books would fall and copies are sometimes hard to find. Always in financial difficulty, his lodgings became more shabby—credit was no longer extended.

It was no longer easy for Kersh to sell his work. Novels were rejected. Short stories returned. Always, the editors and readers would commend him, saying it was one of the best things they had read by him but it wasn't "quite our thing." Both physically and mentally, Kersh was taxed to the limit.



Kersh soon re-married, to Florence Sochis—the woman who essentially saved his life from the time he lay dying in New York—and settled in various, remote areas of New York State where he could spot a creditor at ten miles. He left Britain in 1955, disgusted by the “justice” he had received there, and was never to return. From this adversity arose a book which Anthony Burgess described as “One of the best comic novels of the century, with Sam Yudenow as superb a creation (almost) as Falstaff.” The novel is *Fowlers End* (Simon & Shuster 1957). The central figure is the cinema proprietor, Sam Yudenow, a sly, cruel, greedy man with the most infectious dialogue you are likely to read in a book—by the end of the book, I began talking like him.

Having written so many stories covering such a wide range of subjects and styles, Kersh liked to occasionally spice up his writing assignments by making bets with his editors. One time, when berated by his editor for using the word valetudinarian and for being over fond of long words, Gerald bet £50 that he could write a short story in monosyllables, allowing him a dozen polysyllables for adverbs, necessary nouns and such. Judging the story entirely on its merit, the editor took the story, paid for it, and then handed over the £50 bet on top. Another time, he was with the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* who said that no foreigner could write solid and convincing Americana. Rising to the challenge, Kersh wrote *The Mystery of the Bottle*, which gave an eerie account behind the disappearance of writer Ambrose Bierce—it won an Edgar Allan Poe award from the Mystery Writers Of America.

Clawing his way out of debt and depression, Kersh worked day in, day out

on *The Implacable Hunter* (Heinemann 1961). One of the strengths of Kersh's writing is the way he makes you understand the people he's writing about. And when you understand people, it doesn't matter whether the story is set in the present, the future, or the past—you'll respond to them as people. When reading his short stories, I'm always surprised by

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the historical or biblical tales because they seem so fresh, so contemporary in feel. So it was a very pleasant surprise indeed when I read *The Implacable Hunter*, a book I was initially reluctant to read because of its subject matter—the conversion of St. Paul. It's told from the point of view of Diomed, Roman prefect in Tarsus, who sends out his best friend Paulus to eradicate the followers of Jesus of Nazareth, and knows the motivation which makes Paulus the ideal murderer of Nazarenes.

The Implacable Hunter was not published in the US. It was rejected by at least five publishers. The reason given was basically that they were afraid of what the Christian and religious groups would say about the book in the US and they didn't want to take any flak. It was published in the UK by Heinemann on June 5, 1961. Whilst *Fowlers End* was cruelly ignored by the critics, praise without end was heaped upon Kersh's story of the life and emotion of Paulus, the hunter of Christians. Favourable comparison was made to the Claudius books of Robert Graves. Anthony Burgess thought Kersh at the height of his powers.

However, critical success did not equal financial rewards, especially when he was being taxed both in the UK and the US for the same income. He got a £1000 advance for *The Implacable Hunter*, which took a year to write, and the Inland Revenue took £900 of it. The remainder went to his agent. The Inland Revenue advised him to write short stories because he could make more money that way, and hence pay more to the Inland Revenue. Kersh was not amused by this suggestion.

Kersh was finding it hard to get work. He was subject to many personal slurs within the industry which branded him both Communist and Fascist, and even an anti-Semite (even though he was Jewish). His outspoken views on politics, religion and sport got him labelled a troublemaker. His second wife Lee would occasionally visit the US and this coincided with incidents like Kersh's possessions being stolen, or Kersh being beaten up on the street.

The completed novel *The Dabchick* was rejected everywhere. His book of reminiscences *Gum, Green Vitriol and*

Gall, suffered a similar fate. *The Hand of Glory*, a proposed book about novelist's Henry Fielding's amazing life as the magistrate who cleaned up Blood Alley in London, was researched but no publisher would touch it. Noone wanted any more of Sam Yudenow in a sequel to *Fowlers End*.

Getting desperate, Kersh decided to plan *The Potboiler* a book designed to make him a lot of money. If possible, he wanted to start a series with a female reporter as the central character and, in this way, generate some regular income. Unfortunately, the crime screwball comedy *A Long Cool Day in Hell* (Heinemann 1965), was not very successful in the UK and couldn't find an American publisher.

Then a series of operations. His rib was removed—he proudly displayed it on his mantelpiece. Next, cancer of the throat meant that his larynx had to be removed. The great raconteur silenced? Never! He discovered that you don't need your larynx to swear, and then learned how to speak by burping through the hole in his throat. He taught other sufferers to speak. Doctors praised him as a model patient. His enthusiasm and energy was infectious. The Lazarus man was back again.

Recovering, Kersh spent his precious energy on *The Angel and the Cuckoo* (New American Library 1966), an enormous cornucopia of people who revolve around the café of the title. In many ways, it is superior to his other Soho novels *Prelude to a Certain Midnight* and *Fowlers End*,

being a culmination of ideas and characters, of situations and plots, that have a richness of texture and resonance rarely found in any fiction of any age. It is a pure joy to lie back and immerse yourself in the mind of a master storyteller. The tragedy is that trouble at the publishers caused this book to be released without any backing or promotion. It didn't have a chance, so it floundered unnoticed.

Kersh died on 5 November 1968, suffering from a secondary cancer—an experimental procedure failed to save him. He left one recently finished manuscript, *Brock* (Heinemann 1969), a spy novel and love story with science fiction overtones involving the ultimate explosive. Its main theme seemed to be the treachery within personal relationships—a theme that runs throughout Kersh's work. It's also interesting to look for all the personal references—the people and places Kersh knew are liberally sprinkled throughout the novel, as are references to ideas and short stories Kersh had previously written about. Although not a great novel, it retains the vivacity which is Kersh's hallmark.

So what of Kersh now? What is his legacy? In Britain, the veterans of World War II still look for copies of his war books which, because of strict paper rationing, they could not find during the war. Mystery fans still rave about *Night and the City* and *Prelude to a Certain Midnight*—they cannot get the books out of their minds. In America, he is best known for

horror and supernatural stories like "The Extraordinarily Horrible Dummy" and "Whatever Happened to Corporal Cuckoo?" Some *Saturday Evening Post* readers are still unsure whether "Note on Danger B" was truth or fiction.

Kersh may be out of print, but he is not out of mind. A groundswell has begun over the past five years. The prices of his books are rising. A biography will be published soon. Publishers are now interested in reprinting his books, half of which have never been published in America. Soon, Kersh will be back.

The audience is there—during my research I have learnt there is a sizeable number of people who think that they are the only ones who read Kersh. You can always spot a Kersh reader—they have this inner light, this twinkle in their eye, that says "If only you knew what I know." They know about Kersh. It's their secret. The world is foolish and chooses to ignore him. Bad luck for the world. Good luck for us.

Soon, the Lazarus man will be back.
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We are saddened by the news that Gerald Kersh's widow, Florence, has passed away just this June.



In *I Got References*, the collection of stories, sketches, and autobiographical snippets that Paul Duncan says may be the closest we'll ever come as readers to sitting down for a chat with its author, Gerald Kersh writes of his devil-take-the-hindmost childhood. "I achieved notoriety on account of my destructive tendencies. Once, when a tramcar fell over near Acton, I was seized and chastised, as it were absent-mindedly, as soon as the crash was heard."

This shows, I think, something both of the man's intense egoism and of his native skill as raconteur. In many ways Kersh continued all his life to be the bad boy of literature. Born early into the new century, some eight years before (as Virginia Woolf has it) human nature changed utterly, he rode in on the last hurrahs of several grand British literary traditions, freelancing articles and sketches to the *Daily Mirror* and *London Evening Standard* in Fleet Street, publishing short stories in the many newspapers and magazines for which they were then a mainstay.

This was the heyday of the short story, in fact, and high-circulation, high-profile magazines like *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post* and their counterparts in the UK could provide a fine living. Demand, both there and at lower-paying markets such as *John O'London's Weekly* or the pulps that specialized in various forms of romance and adventure, was high; many writers specialized, turning out stories by the dozen and little else. Modernism might have been busily kicking over the traces elsewhere, but here standards remained deeply rooted in nineteenth-century notions of popular literature and the well-made story. Nor, again as in nineteenth-century writing, had "unnatural" elements been purged, as shortly they would be, in favor of a thoroughgoing realism. Magazines offered up heady blends of exoticism, sea adventures, Wellsian science fiction and moral tales, ghost stories, and crime stories.

Here in the States, it's mostly for his stories, of which he wrote several hundred, that Kersh is remembered when he is known at all. Many of these, though generally given his distinctive stamp, were staple fare for magazine writers of the time: ventriloquist's dummy stories ("The Extraordinarily Horrible Dummy"), Siamese twins stories ("The Sympathetic

Souse"), cursed-jewel stories ("Seed of Destruction"), circus- or carnival-folk stories ("The Queen of Pig Island"), stories of possession ("The Eye" and, again, "The Extraordinarily Horrible Dummy"). These might in fact more properly be called tales. The majority have elements of the fantastic; if not of the fantastic, then of the grotesque. Many are built around some central

gimmick—what if one Siamese twin were a drunk, the other a teetotaler, for instance—and have a trick or reverse ending, some final revelation that snaps the tale into new focus.

They share, too, another strategy common to older work. Many are framed, i.e., presented to the reader as true stories garnered from obscure documents (the last days of Ambrose Bierce in "The Oxoxoco Bottle"), come upon in journals (a Japanese man thrown back in time by detonation of the bomb over Hiroshima in "The Brighton Monster"), or overheard from others (the truly nightmarish creatures of "Men without Bones"). Kersh from time to time even steps directly into the doorway of the story, presenting himself under his own name as interlocutor. This convention has the dual purpose of lending formal credibility to a story's events and, by placing fantastical or highly charged events at a remove, of softening and safening them—taming the story's savage heart.

History, the shadow of great events, also looms over Kersh's stories—Hiroshima in "The Brighton Monster," the Cold War in "Prophet without Honor," the Balkans in "Reflections in a Tablespoon," slavery in "Fantasy of a Hunted Man"—perhaps as another way of cranking up wattage, raising the game's stakes. Kersh was, after all, competing vigorously and continuously with hundreds of others for the reader's (and editor's) attention.

As a short story writer Kersh largely belongs to that group of writers Anthony Burgess characterized as making literature from the intrusion of fantasy or horror into a real world closely observed. Their tales more often suggest fable or a sort of grand guignol than the plodding naturalism of much modern work, Burgess notes. They are likely to ransack traditions but not to belong, themselves, to any tradition. And while themselves quite "literary," they play no part in the development of literature: even the most comprehensive histories of English-language literature have no room at the inn for the likes of Saki, John Collier,

"FEVERISH COUNTRY, THIS"

by James Sallis

JAMES SALLIS HAS PUBLISHED OVER TWENTY BOOKS, INCLUDING THE ACCLAIMED LEW GRIFFIN MYSTERIES. ONE-TIME EDITOR OF NEW WORLDS, HE PUBLISHES STORIES, POEMS, TRANSLATIONS AND ESSAYS WIDELY IN LITERARY AND POPULAR MAGAZINES, REVIEWS NEW BOOKS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST, BOSTON REVIEW AND NEW YORK TIMES, AND WRITES A REVIEW COLUMN FOR F&SF. HIS NOVEL BLUEBOTTLE CAME OUT EARLY IN THE YEAR; HE'S JUST DELIVERED A MAJOR BIOGRAPHY OF CHESTER HIMES.

Mervyn Peake, or Gerald Kersh. This is a type of writer rarely seen today—a type already fading during Kersh's time.

If Kersh's approach at times could be indirect or sidling ("I had this curious story from a gentlemen in the Paradise Bar . . ."), his engagement with the material was not. One early critic termed his stories "frontal assaults." Not uncommonly do we come upon such arresting descriptions as that of the wasted, drunken beauty whose eyes have become like "a couple of cockroaches desperately swimming in two saucers of boiled rhubarb," or of the divan whose springs protrude "like the entrails of a disembowelled horse." Nor are Kersh's people often of the nicest sort; he himself spoke of them as having been "quarried" rather than born.

Yet Burgess proclaimed Sam Yudenow from *Fowlers End* a comic character on the order of Falstaff. In *The Thousand Deaths of Mr. Small*, another reviewer asserted, Kersh had created "a character capable of standing on its own feet beside Wilkins Micawber." Harry Fabian of *Night and the City* intrigues us still, sixty years after he first swam into our ken, as do the *va-et-vients* and divagations of Busto's rooming-house in *The Song of the Flea*. And if at first we read for the outrageous stories and sometimes still more outrageous characters, we re-read (and Kersh readers one and all, I have found, are veteran re-readers) for quite different reasons: marvelous evocations of down-and-out London; discursions that springboard off some passing observation and continue on marvelously for page after page, pushing all else for the moment aside; startling felicities of language that seem to appear fullblown from nowhere, as though the sentences themselves had burst into flame.

Harlan Ellison, in his introduction to *Nightshades and Damnations*, offered up a few notes from Kersh's Greatest Hits.

We hang about the necks of our tomorrows like hungry harlots about the necks of penniless sailors.

A storm broke, and at every clap of thunder the whole black sky splintered like a window struck by a bullet—starred and cracked in ten thousand directions letting in flashes of dazzling light . . .

. . . there are men whom one hates until a certain moment when one sees, through a chink in their armor, the writhing of something nailed down and in torment.

Harlan and I alike admire Kersh's description of a man so characterless as to be all but nonexistent, whose tic is "patterned with dots like confetti trodden into the dust" and whose "oddmoment of limp brownish mustache resembled a cigarette-butt, disintegrating shred by shred in a tea-saucer."

Kersh is a master of metaphor in a manner rare among novelists, lashing whole chapters, the creation of entire characters and vibrant scenes, to the scaffolding of what are essentially extended metaphors. Here, for example, is his stunning portrait of a married couple in *Fowlers End*, that sinkhole purlieu of London you find by "going northward, step by step, into the neighborhoods that most strongly repel you."

He was a quick, hideously ugly little man, cold and viscous about the hands, with a gecko's knack of sticking to plane surfaces. Once, when I went into his shop to buy a handkerchief, Godbolt, telling me that he didn't have much call for that kind of thing nowadays but thought he had a few in stock, went to get one from a high shelf. It may have been the effect of the fog but I will swear I saw him run up the wall. He had a black-cotton fly of a wife who

was always buzzing at him from a distance; she never came within less than five feet of him—for fear, presumably, that he might thrust out a glutinous green tongue and catch her. He was always watching her out of the corners of his horny-lidded, protruberant eyes.

I've slipped here, you'll note, from speaking of Kersh as a short story writer to speaking of him as a novelist. There's a considerable divorce between the two, and for all his facility as a story writer, for all his touches of the grotesque and fantastic therein, it's in the novel, and as a realist, that his specific genius found full force and strength. Stories often seem to have been taken up rather lightheartedly, perhaps chiefly as a means to pay rent or provide passage for yet another relocation, turned out quickly, one suspects, and sent off virtually as the last page emerged from the typewriter. The novels he appears to have taken more seriously. Again, it is nineteenth-century models, Kipling early on, Dickens a bit later, to which they invite comparison.

While publication of his third novel, *Night and the City*, in 1938 brought major attention, it was as a war novelist that Kersh first began earning significant money from his writing and became well known. In these novels he showed a naturalistic, almost taxidermic slant quite in contrast to the exoticism and fantastic elements of his short stories.

1942 *They Die with Their Boots Clean*
1942 *The Nine Lives of Bill Nelson*
1943 *The Dead Look On*
1943 *A Brain and Ten Fingers*
1944 *Faces in a Dusty Picture*

Of the last a reviewer for the *Times Literary Supplement* noted: "Once more Mr Kersh's specialty is the plain, coarse, lively, everyday speeches of the troops, and again there is much to admire in the

vigour and skill of his dialogue and in the assurance with which he draws from it an impression of English character or of English idiosyncracies." Telling dialogue, the manner in which Kersh caught up the usages and rhythms of those about him and in re-creating them used them to illuminate caste, milieu, and character, was forever his greatest strength. For Kersh, it's not character, but the way in which one uses language, that is fate.

Like birds that never stray over a mile past their birth tree, some writers pass their entire professional lives working the same territory, circling central themes again and again, grinding the meal down ever finer. Others, generally not to their benefit in this ever-increasingly specialized world (for most publishers, booksellers and readers want to be able to say just what kind of sausage it is they are buying), are all over the place. Beginning with *Night and the City*, a mystery novel in the American vein unlike any other written before, and with a firm reputation for war books, Kersh went on to turn out *Prelude to a Certain Midnight*, a mystery novel unlike any other written before or since, before going on to produce intense psychological portraits (*The Thousand Deaths of Mr. Small*), masculine fiction in the Hemingway mold (*The Weak and the Strong*), Huxleyian satire (*An Ape, a Dog and a Serpent*), pulp science fiction (*The Great Wash*, in the U.S. *The Secret Masters*), an outstanding historical novel about Saul's conversion (*The Implacable Hunter*), and demotic, Dickensian comedies (*Fowlers End*).

"I'm sorry, sir, it's just not done that way," British bureaucrats and clerks will tell you when you fail to follow form. And so publishers must have said something of the sort to Gerald Kersh; certainly

reviewers said it of him. A general, progressive shrinking of literary boundaries was taking place at the time, a kind of degentrification of the profession. The writer could no longer hope to have it all, to be all things to all men, to write across borders; he was expected to settle down at home and cultivate his garden. He must, to start with, for instance, be either a serious writer or a commercial one.

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STORY."

Kersh, like many of us since, failed to see or admit the distinction.

But surely one did not sit down to write a mystery novel and instead stock it with such darting, solid characters as, in a kind of gentle mutiny, to take over the book entirely? And (as if that were not enough) why on earth or in heaven should one choose to employ with great care all the traditional forms of the genre to the express purpose of calling into question the very meaning and significances of that genre? (Care for a game of tennis? But first, let's have these nets down ...)

Observed from afar, Kersh's career indeed might be seen as one long career from genre to genre, each shelter in turn blown over by high winds. I've used the word facility above. And I wonder if that, with the changing role of the writer, is not another key on the chain.

Someone said of singer George Jones that it all came too easy to him, that distinctive sound, the phrasing, song interpretation. What others had to work to develop and achieve, he had at his fingertips. Something of the same might be said of Gerald Kersh. Kersh had from the first a terrible facility. He could do anything, it seemed: bring characters to life with one quick phrase, open up their hearts to our view with what they said or avoided saying to one another, show the pettiness, cruelty and wayward kindness aswarm in the anthills of each of us. He could write beautifully, in ways that all but stopped the reader's breath. And he could write knowingly—he was, after all, a soldier—of true ugliness, real horror, of despair that has no past, no future.

Kersh was also a writer of great energy and ambition. Paul Duncan tells us that he often worked night and day with only a couple of hours of sleep, and that eventually this took its toll in regular collapses. One suspects that as time went on Kersh may have leaned a bit heavily on both that energy and on his native facility, expecting them to carry him. "Abundant energy," "exuberance," "imaginative intensity," "pounding creative energy"—these are the sort of phrases one encounters again in contemporary reviews of Kersh's work, just as one encounters, invariably, mention of his prolificacy. And in fact critical opinion seems rather early on to have cast itself and hardened about those notions.

"Just why is Mr. Kersh such an infuriating writer?" the *Sunday Times* asked upon publication of Kersh's collection *Men without Bones*.

Because ... we have all been charmed or surprised or shocked at one time or another ... by Mr. Kersh's energy and expertness; but with each book there has been less of the writer whose promise we hallooed and more of the casually professional huckster of trinkets and tricks.... There was a time when he looked to have the chance of becoming a Kipling or a Huxley; all we have now is a kind of poor man's Orson Welles of the short story.

Phrases such as "ingenuous and tortuous brilliance" or "a brilliant mess" appear ever more frequently. Anthony Boucher spoke for many, critics as well as readers, in his review of Kersh's effort at a science fiction thriller (*The Secret Masters*):

The relatively quiet but incisive and suspenseful opening portions of the book are first-rate Kersh, richly peopled with the odd bit roles he sketches so well and written with style and individuality. The large scale melodrama which develops later is as banal and dated as it is overwritten and incredible.

One of the most thoughtful assessments, speaking to Kersh's many strengths as to his weaknesses, came via the *Times Literary Supplement* upon publication of *The Song of the Flea* in 1948.

Mr. Kersh is at once the delight and despair of his admirers. He is their delight because he is one of the comparatively few living novelists in this country who write with energy and originality and whose ideas are not drawn from a residuum of novels that have been written before; he is

their despair because the lack of restraint which makes him such a welcome relief in one direction leads him to all sorts of imperfections in another.

Anthony Burgess, however, rather famously in his 1961 review of *The Implacable Hunter*, took to task the sad and arbitrary state of Kersh's reputation.

Too many critics affect to mourn a dead talent in Gerald Kersh, a gift that died with his boots clean; there has been a tendency to ignore or disparage his later work, patronise, sigh, and pretend to nostalgia for the tremendous Nelson.

I can't see why. I read *Fowlers End* in darkest Bomeo, at a time when it was hard to laugh, and considered it to be one of the best comic novels of the century, with Sam Yudenow as superb a creation (almost) as Falstaff.

Many total and partial rereadings have strengthened this conviction. We may adjudge Mr. Kersh, after reading *The Implacable Hunter*, to be now at the height of his powers.

It's impossible to say to what degree Kersh's difficulties in later years were in fact precipitated by changing literary tides, to what degree by editorial preconceptions regarding his work and resistance to it on the part of American publishers, to what degree by his egoism and stubborn insistence upon doing things his way. We know, at any rate, from Paul's biographical sketch, that Kersh had a hard time of it.

Some artists thrive on instability. Hemingway, it was said, required a new woman for each new novel. Others set themselves intricate emotional traps in order to fuel their work. Kersh, instability seems slowly, though progressively, to have undone. To the ever-present fault lines and uncertainties of the freelance life, to

market changes and a general decline in the professional's position within publishing, have to be adduced, first, Kersh's failure of health, then a horrendously debilitating marriage, his spendthrift nature, a long series of financial setbacks and unrecoupable losses. It was not that Kersh ever stopped writing. *Fowlers End* came out in 1957, when his problems were well underway, *The Implacable Hunter* in 1961. New stories tumbled from him. But fewer and fewer choices remained open. Profligate with his talents from the first, now he sensed their squander. With books such as *The Great Wash* and *A Long Cool Day in Hell* he was casting about for firm ground, any firm ground.

For me, "The Queen of Pig Island" will always be a central story in Kersh's work. This tale of Lalouette, born without arms and legs, and of Gargantua the Horror who cares for her, and of Tick and Tack the Tiny Twins, all of them shipwrecked on an island, manages to compress into just over a dozen pages everything that our civilization and our being human entails. "The Queen of Pig Island" is about love, about treachery, about what society is in its deepest heart and about what men choose to be in theirs. I wonder sometimes if in his final months Gerald Kersh might not have thought back to this story, thought again of Lalouette stranded there so far from the civilization she loved, Lalouette who on that island witnessed the worst and best of which her fellow men were capable, Lalouette arduously, painstakingly scratching on paper with the pencil held in her teeth, working to make a record, to get it all down in the last minutes before, forsaken and utterly alone, she dies.

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The old commandant had his failings, and was apt to be irritable every so often, when he had to drink a bottle or two of rum in case of fever, but he was a likable man in sonic ways. "What can't be cured must be endured," he would say. He was a great joker—he would always make the new arrivals welcome with, "Greetings, my friends, and distinguished salutations! I am the humble servant of the Government. You are the Government's guests, so consider me as yours to command. My house is yours; make yourselves at home. Feel free to come and go as you please.

"To students of topography arid natural history, our countryside is fraught with interest. The curious mountain shaped like a three-pronged tooth, which you will observe if you give yourselves the trouble of half turning your heads to the left, is, as the wisps of vapour at the summit will inform you, a volcano. It is called Cerberus, after—as I am sure it is redundant to state—the three-headed dog that guarded the entrance to the pagans' hell. Down here it is hot—up there it is hotter, without benefit of the constant humidity with which we are blessed. Dry as death! Beyond, jungle. Upon the slopes of Cerberus some of you will amuse yourselves studying geology, collecting interesting specimens of pumice stone and sulphur. In basketfuls.

"Behind you, gentlemen"—he put on the voice of a tourists' guide, and every head turned to where lie pointed—"behind you, a curiosity of nature which I beg you to consider yourselves welcome to examine at your own risk: the Raton Swamp, a salt quicksand alleged to be bottomless, leading to Sharkskin Reef, all coral and a mile wide. . . ." Remember that I heard this speech four times a year for more than twenty years, and could repeat it in my sleep. "After the reef, the surf. After the surf, five hundred miles of deep sea between the reef and the islands. Some of us may improve our knowledge of chemistry panning salt at the edge of the swamp. Thirsty work; but the air is so full of moisture that one scarcely needs to pause to drink. Between sulphur and saline, and a low diet, a veritable health resort, a spa, bless my soul! Rich invalids pay cash for less.

"Now, the good God Himself," he would go on, "can't please everybody, arid there will be some restless spirits among you that might grow weary of the pleasures we have to offer, and feel homesick for the great outside world. Well, my friends, the only way out of our little settlement is the same as the way in—over the river Raton, which you have just crossed in a barge. It is shallow, and I do not insult the guests of the Government by setting guards there. But I recommend anybody who has a regard

for his health not to try it. Have the kindness, gentlemen, to follow me. . . ."

The guards herd the prisoners to the riverbank, and the commandant says, "In the first place, this piece of water is alive with that species of crocodile called the cayman. The cayman is a virtuous reptile—he is perpetually hungry, and yet never loses

faith in man nor gives up hope, and is always vigilant. Worse than the cayman is the ratfish. We are rather proud of our ratfish. he is related to the shark and ray Ahoy, there! Bring the goat!"

Two guards drag up a goat.

They pick it up by the feet. "In with it," says the commandant, and they heave the goat out into the stream. The poor creature tries to come back, but all of a sudden the water seems to boil. The goat screams and raises first one leg and then another; and everybody can see that these legs are skeleton legs now stripped white. It falls, struggles up again. Half the flesh is gone from its head. And now a rotten log comes to life and splits in two halves full of green teeth. There is a snap, and the water is quiet. A million flies come down over the bloodstains, and that is that.

The commandant concludes, "Zoologically interesting, no more. But of ethnological interest are the Raton Indians, who live in the jungle beyond. Consider how difficult it must be to get a livelihood in that jungle, where even the gristly flesh of poor convicts is esteemed as a delicacy! They are clever at making masks out of human skin. They like white men because they have beards—to skin and mount, as well as to eat, I mean—and have found that the human head peels better when the victim is still alive. But if the Indians don't flay and devour the lost traveller in these parts, the *tigres* will; and if he has the phenomenal good luck to escape both of these, he won't in any circumstances escape the snakes, leeches, and insects.

"So go cheerfully to your allotted tasks, be grateful to the Government for having abolished capital punishment and given you a chance to rehabilitate yourselves, and be thankful for your lot. As you will find out, this place is run on humane modern military lines, as they call them: no flogging for insubordination or idleness—only Field Punishment Number One, or Two, or Three, and so on.

"In Number One they just tie your hands behind your back and trice you up so that you are standing on tiptoe hanging from a beam, and you are left without water for twenty-four hours. No bloodshed, except what the flies draw. Number Two is simply burnishing a big sheet of rusty corrugated iron. You're on half rations until it shines like a mirror; only, the climate being what it

CROOKED BONE

by *Gerald Kersh*

is, the metal begins to rust in two hours, so that the job is impossible—like Number Three, which is to dig a dry trench four feet deep. Since you strike water three feet down, it can't be done. After a week or two, sentence is not cancelled out but suspended, renewable at the sergeant's discretion. Number Four is solitary confinement in an underground cell that keeps filling up with water; if you don't want to drown, you pump, day and night, twenty minutes in every hour.

"So I warn you to take things as they come, live from day to day, be philosophical, and just let time pass. Remember that you're here to have your spirit broken—but don't let it happen Carry on, Sergeant, march the scum away."

I took it hard at first, working on the jungle road. That was twenty years ago; we cut the undergrowth from dawn to dark, but almost as fast as we cut it, it grew back. And we are still chopping that same brush, and still there is no road, and not likely ever to be, the thought of which drives some men mad. It is the same with pumice quarrying; we have cut and powdered mountains of the stuff, which, there being no road to carry it out by, the rains simply wash away.

You must not take it to heart, but learn to laugh at it. Just be calm. As for the guards, they are to be pitied rather than hated. Consider: For you this is purgatory, and wherever you are sent, dead or alive, after this will be paradise compared to it; but *they* are here of their own free choice, and this is the best they could do for themselves!

I have been luckier than most. A long time ago I happened to notice that certain grasses growing on the edges of the swamp are good for weaving. This having been my trade, I picked some and prepared them, and passed spare time making myself a hat—such a hat as only a man in

love or a man in prison would think of taking the trouble to make for himself.

It caught the old commandant's eye, and he asked me, "How long did it take you to make that?"

"A half-hour here, a half-hour there—altogether a month, your excellency."

"How long would it take you, working full time at it?"

"A day and a half, two days, your excellency."

"How long are you here for?"

"Life, your excellency."

"Then you have all the time in the world at your disposal, you lucky man. What duty are you on?"

"The road, your excellency."

"Sergeant," he said, "take this fellow off the road and let him make hats."

So it was my good luck that I was allowed to build a hut of my own for a workshop, and make a lamp so that I could work after sundown. I wove five hats a week, and also some little grass dolls, which the commandant sold to a trader. I think he got a good price for them, for although he was not bound to give me anything, he made a practice of throwing me a few small coins for tobacco money from time to time, most of which the sergeant took away from me. But I still managed to hide away a copper here and a copper there—it all mounts up.

In twenty years I got together over thirty dollars, which I hid in a hole in the ground, along with certain other treasures which I will tell you about presently. I might have done a lot worse. For instance, I set lines for the big white mudfish that live under the banks and made very good eating, for all they are not very pretty to look at; and sometimes I swapped a fresh fish for some dried vegetables, so that I was seldom without something tasty for my evening meal. I could have trapped birds, if there had been any to trap; but they avoided our settlement, for there was

nothing for them to peck up. What is more, I was never without company.

There is no companionship on a gang. Every man is alone, wrapped up in himself, swinging the machete or heaving the dusty shovel or dragging the salt rake, too miserable to care. But, so that I could give all my time to weaving, I was always provided with some sort of assistant to cut, wash, dry, and sort the straw, and cut the little wooden pegs the dolls are woven around. Every man has his story, and out here, after a time, people find in their memories things they never knew were stored away there. Over the years I have had many assistants, some of them—like forgers, unfortunate politicians, perverted schoolteachers, and so forth—well-educated men. I learned a lot from them.

I came here ignorant as dirt, but now I could feel comfortable in any company—not as a talker, but as a listener. Cultivate this habit; it will see you everything.

With stillness and patience you can sleep unharmed among snakes and *tigres*; even the guards won't bother you; the Indians themselves will learn not to distrust you. And believe me, the Ratonos are a very queer race of people, the shyest savages in the world. Even twenty years ago they only very rarely let themselves be seen; now it may be years before you catch a glimpse of one.

They are little and quick, and ever so quiet, and they live where the jungle is thickest; they paint themselves grey and green and yellow in spots and stripes, to blend with the leaves, so that they can make themselves more invisible than a stick insect, and can simply disappear—melt away—even as you look at them. They make their tools and weapons out of quartz and other hard rock from the volcano, and I have seen a Raton knife chipped out of rock crystal that was sharper than any razor. But of course iron is better, and so we used to trade with them, in the old commandant's day.

We would leave an ax or a machete on the opposite bank of the river, and go away. Soon, out of nowhere, there would appear beside it a heap of fruit and nuts, the carcass of a wild pig or an antelope. Try as you might, you could never see them leaving the stuff. You would watch and watch, and see nothing. Then, getting tired, you would turn your head, or close your eyes to yawn—and there were their trade goods. If you were satisfied, you took them away, and later they would take the machete or the ax. If not, you waited, and they added to the pile until the trade was complete.

The stuff they brought was for the officers and the guards, of course. The old commandant dealt quite fairly with the Indians—almost generously, I may say—and did his best to get on friendly terms with them. He was, in his way, a very intelligent man, and his patience was remarkable. He had picked up rumours of gold in these parts, and hoped that if there were gold the Raton might lead him to it. It was told that it took him five long years to get on speaking terms with one of them, moving slower than the hour hand of a clock, a hundredth of a hair's-breadth at a time, and a present every inch of the way!

But there was no gold; only roots and berries and some spices and a little fresh meat. All he got worth selling was a few finely made stone spear- and axheads, for the muscums; not even some of their dried heads, which nothing in this world would induce them to part with. So the commandant lost interest, and trade fell off. But the Raton liked our machetes, and took to creeping into the settlement to steal them. They had no boats, and nobody knew how they crossed the river, which nobody would dare dip so much as a finger into for fear of the ratfish and the caymans. It was said that they had magic powers; a story that gathered strength as time went on, since even the sharpest-

witted guard could never manage to see or hear them, but only smell them.

"This calls for two remedies," says the commandant, "an extra-strong lock on the storeroom, and a pair of nice fierce Cacofuego mastiffs." A Cacofuego mastiff, as you know, is brave enough and fast enough to stand off a charging panther. Two of these fine dogs were brought from Gaudeama at considerable expense. Their offspring guard the storeroom to this day, and very dangerous beasts they are. They have pinned more than one prisoner, after dark, but they have never yet caught an Indian. None dared to come here after they arrived.

The guards almost captured one Raton, though, only a week before the dogs were brought in. He had got entangled in some baling wire, and a corporal managed to catch him by the ankle; but he kicked loose and ran. Half a dozen guns went off, and the air was thicker with buckshot than prisoners' soup is with peas, as the saying goes. They had him hemmed in, but he doubled back. I was working late by the light of a wick floating in fat when he came in, dazed for an instant even by the tiny light. With my thumb over my shoulder I made a gesture toward a heap of newly sorted straw, and he was under it like a snake, just as the corporal came in and said, "I just caught a Raton—I had him by the foot but he slipped away like a fish—sniffing his hand and spitting—"have you seen a Raton?" I shook my head. "Bah! What kind of stinking grease do they smear themselves with?"

I said, stupidly, "Perhaps it makes them invisible."

He went away, and when things were quiet I gave the straw a poke with my foot, blew out the light, and said, "On your way, Indio."

He was the little Indian our commandant had made friends with, and he spoke our language. He said, "You help

Pelototec, Pelototec help you. This bad place. You want go away, I take you. Over river. You come."

I said, "Oh yes, and be eaten up by the caymans and the ratfish and the Ratons. No, thank you."

"You take this," he said, and gave me a carved knucklebone on a thong. "You Pelototec brother, you take this. If Pelototec dead, his sons know. If his sons dead, his sons' sons know, and no hurt, you take this and keep." It was his identity, his private seal, as you might say, and it marked the bearer of it as one with him.

Then he took from round his neck another thong, tied about a fish bladder filled with some waxy-feeling stuff. This, he told me, was Raton medicine against all the things that live in the river. "This make you brother to cayman, so cayman no eat you." Cayman doesn't eat cayman, and the ratfish leave the armour-plated cayman alone; they know its smell and don't break their teeth on it.

What the Raton did was very simple, and not magic at all: They cut the musk sac out of the bull cayman, mixed it with rancid cayman fat and other things, and made of it an ointment with which they rubbed themselves before entering the water. And the longer it was kept in its bag, he said, the stronger the medicine got.

"You come," he said; and all of a sudden he was gone, as quietly as a puff of smoke, leaving behind him nothing but the Raton Indian smell which, now that I come to think of it, was nothing but the stink of crocodiles.

I put the bag and the bone in the same tin box with my money, which I had hidden in a hole. I had been here only ten years at that time, and had twelve dollars. But my heart beat high, because now I could see my way clear to getting away. Twelve dollars was not enough, though; I

needed twenty-five or thirty to get over the border into Contrabono.

But with patience this could be scraped together.

Of patience, thank God, I always had my full share. Patience and a quiet mind. "Pacífico," my companions would say, calling me by my nickname, "how the devil does a fellow like you come to be here? Were you framed?"

And I would always answer, truthfully, "No, I was not framed. I am here for life, for robbery and murder."

"How much was it for, Pacífico?"

"A roll of American money as thick as my wrist."

"Did you have yourself a good time, at least, before they caught you?"

"I had the money in my hand for thirty seconds."

"Poor old Pacífico," my fellow prisoner might say, "you're the sort of mug that goes on the job blind, without making a plan, and gets picked up first time out."

"Thank God, that sort of mug."

"Hunger drove you to it, I suppose?"

"A kind of hunger."

Then I would shut my mouth, because my shameful little story has never seemed to me to be fit to tell. Sometimes I have envied great sinners, and would even have been grateful for that knack some felons have of painting themselves, quite realistically, redder than hellfire and blacker than night.

What might they not make of a story like mine, if they had it to tell, but which I couldn't draw out longer than ten minutes, if I chose to talk of it! I come from Ysor in the Zamaya region. I was not ugly and not handsome; a little better off than most in that I had my skill in my craft, as well as my bit of land. Some men envied me because I was married to a good and very beautiful girl, Dolores, who loved me, and by whom I already had two sons. Was I happy? I was at peace—a little better off than I am now.

It takes a man with the spirit of man that goes upwards to be happy. Mine was the spirit of the beast that goes downward into the earth, and knows neither joy nor sorrow, but only the difference between comfort and discomfort. Then my wife's cousin came to Ysor—Teresa Rojas, a widow from Riego—and she was everything that Dolores was not. Where Dolores was fair and soft as a flower, Teresa was dark and tough as an old saddle; where Dolores was deep and round, Teresa was square and flat. Dolores was clean in her person and sweetened any place she set foot in, while Teresa was a slut who carried with her a musky stink as of wild beasts. Dolores was a happy wife and loving mother, whereas Teresa was insatiable and loveless and barren.

Therefore, when Teresa dug her dirty nails into my neck, made hooks of her hipbones and a cup of her belly, blew her tiger's breath into my face and said, "The Americans are going after oil around Gaudeama. Money will flow like water. A man like you, with golden hands, can make a fortune there. Leave that flabby madonna and come to Gaudeama with me, and let's have fun," did I answer, "What kind of a crazy man do you take me for, that you ask me to leave the likes of Dolores and bed down with a polecat?" No, I left everything to go away with Teresa, and bolts and bars could not have held me!

She was as raw, rank, and suffocating as your first mouthful of rum or tobacco, but God help you once you had got the taste for her!

Alas for my "golden hands"—my little skills—who wanted them in Gaudeama? Such strength as she left me I spent on the splintery derricks, giving her all I earned. She was not even faithful to me, and this, in a way, was a relief to me; I had begun to believe that I must have gone mad, to run off after a creature like this. She wanted

money, always money—what was I to do, I asked her—coin money, print money?

"What use are you to me? Other women have pretty things."

"I give you all I have."

"All you have, all you have! What's the use of all *you* have? Other men walk about with silver buttons on their vests, and their girls in silk and satins."

"What do you want me to do? Go out and knock somebody down for his silver buttons?"

"It would take a man to do that. Don't touch me. Go away. When I think of all I have sacrificed for you, you nobody! Go home, go home to Ysor and weave hats!"

Meanwhile she had more than her share of pretty things, which on her became ugly things; for she attracted the lowest sort of men, and what she asked for she got. I was eaten up with jealousy, but she said, "If you don't like it, get out; I'm sick of the sight of your sheep's face. Or take your knife and fight for me like a man." She loved violence; it excited her.

"I am no more and no less a coward than the next man," I said, "but I have no fight left in me. You have sucked my blood."

"You are a sheep. Go back, for God's sake, to Dolores!"

"I cannot. I am empty."

"You are a fool, without spirit."

"I am sick to the heart."

I had fallen very low, and had already taken to drinking; it was not far, now, to the bottom. Soon I would become a murderer and a thief, and then a convict—which brings me to what happened one night at Perico's.

Gaudeama is a rotten place—loose ends and castoff bits of swamp, rock, and jungle, a kind of rubbish heap of creation—but the prospect of oil had drawn all sorts of people there, and Perico did a roaring trade in his café.

It was a long, low building with a corrugated-iron roof, a room lit by

hurricane lamps and furnished with chairs and tables and two dance floors, one of wood for customers wearing shoes and the other of trodden earth for those who came barefoot. A notice at the entrance, which most people could not read, and those who could read ignored, required clients to leave firearms with the attendant. There was a band, too—of instruments made of burros' jawbones full of loose teeth, hollow logs, gravel in empty gourds, pigs' bladders attached to whistling twigs, dried gut stretched on cane frames that made such music as may not be heard anywhere else this side of hell—to which everybody danced.

I had been drinking a cheap cactus liquor that turns cloudy when you mix it with water, but then a German with a month's pay in his pocket had come to our table and, civilly begging permission to sit with us, bought fizzy sweet wine for Teresa and strong black beer for himself and me.

She was all smiles. I knew what was going to happen, but did not much care. He asked my leave to dance with her. I shrugged my shoulders and said, "With my leave or without it, if she wants to dance she'll dance." They added their shadows to the shadows on the walls, and I felt in all my pockets, knowing that my money was spent; nothing was there but my knife and three little copper coins.

But just in front of me several Americans in whole suits of clothes, businessmen amusing themselves seeing the low life of Gaudeama, were throwing money about in handfuls. As I looked, their leader—a great, broad man with a tremendous voice—having just paid for wine with a banknote and told the waiter to keep the change, carelessly pushed his wallet into his hip pocket; a corner of it stuck out. He wore loose clothes, but the fatness of that wallet stretched his trousers tight. I stared at it. I could not take my eyes off it. All I had to do was reach out and take it and run.

There was enough in that wallet to keep Teresa happy for a long time. My fingers itched, but stayed on the wet table top. If I had just one more drink, I thought, I'd pluck up courage. But I did not have the price of that drink, and it occurred to me that it wasn't courage I wanted, but the will to steal. I was a poor man, but well brought up, and there were two things of which I had always thought myself incapable—begging and thieving.

Oh, damned Teresa! I felt the sweat coming out on my face. To hell with her! I said to myself, I'll go home to Dolores, that woman without stain, and ask forgiveness! I'll go now! But still I stared at that man's swollen hip pocket, thinking that, after all, one of the first saints to sup with Jesus in paradise was a repentant thief.

Then all of a sudden there came out of the cigarette smoke a little, undistinguished man in khaki trousers who, passing in front of me and moving smoothly as a fish, dipped two fingers into the big American's pocket, removed the wallet very swiftly and gracefully, and was gone in an instant. And in the same instant I assured myself that to steal is one thing, but to take loot from a thief is something else again.

Before the thought had even properly formed itself I was out of my chair and slipping through the crowd, making for the door. I caught one glimpse of Teresa, dancing, clinging to the German somewhat as a weasel clings to a rabbit, her mouth just under the ear; and I little knew that this was to be the last time I should ever see her.

Money she wanted? Money she would have!

I saw the thief dodging into the bush, keeping to the black shadows cast by the staring moon, and I smiled. There is no jungle so deep that a Zamaya man can't make his way through it, by day or by night.

My foot touched something hard—an end of rusty iron pipe, half as long as my arm. It was with relief that I picked it up in mid-stride, for I did not want to lay my bare hands on him, and hated the thought of using my knife in the dark; I did not mean to kill him.

From time to time he looked back, but he did not see me. Shortening the distance between us little by little, I crept up on him. Now he felt that he was safe, and stopped to light a cigarette. What kind of sneak thief was this, I wondered, and where did he think he was going?

Most of them dived into the rats' nest of the shantytown that was Gaudeama, and took cover in a bank of blank faces all like their own. This one, all alone, was on the path that led to the Gaudeama River ford. The drink was dying out inside me, and I felt very strange, as in a fever dream. My hands did not belong to me, and the iron pipe seemed light and soft as fur. I came within striking distance at last, after four winding miles, and I was proud of my light-footedness, because he did not know I was there until I said, "Pardon me, friend."

He turned, and even as I struck him down I was pleased to see the blade of his knife in the moonlight—he wasn't unarmed. One blow would have been enough, but as he fell I hit him twice more, backhand and forehand. He lay on his face. Now what I needed was a smoke; but, having no tobacco, I put my hand in his shirt pocket and took his, which he kept in an old medicine tin; I rolled and lit a cigarette, sitting on my heels like an honest man resting between spells of work.

Very tired, then, I felt under his shirt, found the wallet, unfolded it, and saw that it was stuffed with money. Now, somehow, it frightened and disgusted me.

I thought, I'll have another cigarette and then run back to Perico's, find the American, say, "Here is your money,

which I took back off the thief who stole it," and hope for an honest man's reward. I didn't hear the footsteps of men approaching. Suddenly a strong light flashed into my face and something sharp pressed into my side—a little bayonet on the end of a carbine—and there stood a sergeant of carabinieri and two men.

One of the men turned the body over, and said, "He's dead, Sergeant, this one," and another flashlight came on, so that I could see the face all covered with blood and jungle soil, the eyes and mouth wide open.

The sergeant took the wallet from my hand, looked inside, whistled, and said, "When thieves fall out, honest men come into their own." He cocked the revolver. "Run for it," he said to me; but I kept still. He looked into the wallet again, found an identity card, and said, "Oh, hell! This is the property of Mr. Tracy Broadribb, the oilman, and had better be returned to him intact, after all."

The man who had turned the body over said, "Sergeant, this is the one we're looking for—this is Little Geronimo."

"No!" the sergeant cried, bending down to look, while the other man tied my hands behind me, lashing my thumbs together with a cord. "Yes, by God, so it is! I thought Little Geronimo was always a loner, though. You," he said to me, "since when have you been his partner?"

I could only say, "I never saw him before in my life." They laughed at that.

A man said, "Sergeant, shall I remove the head for identification purposes?"

"That's the trouble with the likes of you," the sergeant answered. Science is wasted on you, and you have no idea of progress. Who needs his stinking head for identification? What d'you think the Bureau of Investigation's for? We've got his fingerprints. So simply go through him for papers and what not, and then cut off one thumb. After that, roll him into the bush

and let the dogs and the buzzards and the ants take care of him."

And to show me that there were no hard feelings, he gave me a drink of rum out of a flask, put a cigarette between my lips, and said, "You'll get life. Cheer up—it can't last forever."

I bowed my head in shame and was silent, then and later, when I was tried and sentenced, and afterward while serving my sentence. "A kind of hunger" was the only reason I could give for my act.

I told my pitiful little story to only one other man, and then in very remarkable circumstances, of which I will tell you.

Alvarado was a person of culture; the kindest of friends, the gayest of companions, and the best helper I'd ever been assigned, although he never spoke of himself without disparagement. "About you, Pacifico," he would say, "there is a sort of thunderstruck sanctification." *Aie*, those beautiful rolling words! "You are a consecrated bullock, a sacrificial goat. You are Balaam's ass—to you is vouchsafed a vision of angels. An honest weaver you were and are, and shall remain, come hell or high water. Now, I am a hustler and a bum by inclination, vocation and profession." He had a pleasing laugh and fine white teeth, although he must have been forty-five years old, and his red beard was streaked with grey. "I have a crooked bone in me."

I said, "Who has not?"

He said, "Lots of people have not. You have not. A man with a crooked bone would rather eat the worms out of another man's plate than the beans out of his own—he gets more spiritual nourishment out of stolen shucks than honest corn. Why? Because he has a crooked bone."

"Why, Alvarado?"

"Because! I come of a decent family—respectable, honest yet not poor; my father was a lawyer. What made me enjoy a tortilla rolled in a filthy fist in the marketplace and bought with a copper

coin stolen from the poor box, rather than a well-cooked meal at table in my father's house? Why? At school I could do my studies without effort; why, then, did I prefer to clamber up a pipe, break into a room, steal a sheet of questions, and pass an examination that way? Why? The crooked bone.

"I was kicked out of the seminary, asked to leave the university, paid to go away from home and stay away. I could have been a lawyer, a doctor, an accountant, a priest. But before I was twenty-one I was forger, pitchman, abortionist, blackmailer, con man, cardsharp, and pimp. With my gifts I could as easily have sold honest stocks and shares as false stuff, but—the crooked bone, the crooked bone!"

"*Aie, aie, aie*, Alvarado!"

"Yes, *aie, aie, aie*, Alvarado. Naturally, then, I gravitated to patriotism, philanthropy, the service of my fellow men. I refer, of course, to politics. In politics, as in hell, everything is justifiable, excusable, pardonable, condonable—even laudable. Rob your father and murder your mother, and say, "I did it for the Cause," and all's well. I slipped up there: The way to get on, in politics, is to attach yourself to a minority that will soon become a majority—that way you get to be a hero, and find yourself in on the ground floor where the real pickings are.

"I attached myself to Carrera of the Progressive Liberals, when he was getting sucker money from abroad. According to my calculation, Carrera was a comer. But Carrera seemed to waver and weaken. He went into hiding, over the border. I sold out to the junta, just as Medina came into power, and I thought I was sitting pretty. But then came the so-called "July Resurgence," Carrera's *coup d'état*—he and his men came back out of the cactus like a dust storm—and I was swept away!"

"Poor Alvarado, is that how you lost your arm?" I asked him; for his left arm ended at his elbow.

"No. This"—he touched the stump—"is a misfortune, and yet in a way it is not. Lack of this limb, since I can no longer handle cards or dice to my satisfaction, has made a beggar of me. Yet I don't altogether begrudge the loss of it. Half a pair of arms is better than nothing at all, and I came pretty close to losing arms, legs and everything—my life, I mean."

"Yes, while there's life, there's hope."

"Oh, nonsense!" says Alvarado. "Sentimental gook! As the wireworm and the scorpion, so is Man. There is no hope, no law but the law of the jungle, and no mercy but the mercy of death. It is all a traveller's story. After that comes nothing, and anything is better than that."

And he rolls a cigarette, wonderfully quick, with one snap of the fingers, and goes on, "It was like this. Carrera was in, and I was on the run, wanted "for questioning." So I did not wait to pick up some money I had put by, but made my getaway in my shirt and trousers, with only a handful of small change between me and starvation—a badly wanted man, and quite conspicuous because of my red hair.

"Now, as luck would have it, a swindler named Tracy Broadribb was pretending to drill a nonexistent oilfield at Gaudeama, and selling shares in it. Every rascal in the country was there. So to Gaudeama I fled, sure that I could make a stake there, and so escape to North America by way of Contrabono. And sure enough, first time out in a joint called Perico's, what looked like luck came my way: Tracy Broadribb himself, getting drunk with his friends, and with a wallet thick enough to choke an alligator sticking half out of his hip pocket! I said to myself,

"Oh, Geronimo de Alvarado y Guzman, the devil looks after his own indeed!"

"And I took a swift look about me. Certain things one remembers at times like these, and one thing that stuck in my mind was a certain group of people at a table nearby. There was a skinny, dark, flat-breasted woman with a horrible

YOU HAVE WITNESSED THE
PLEASURE OF A FATHER
WHO SEES HIS SON COME
OUT OF A BURNING FEVER
AND CALL FOR FOOD? SUCH
WAS MY PLEASURE IN
SHARING A GOOD DRINK
WITH ALVARADO AND LETTING
HIM FINISH THE BOTTLE.

curved smile like a cannibal's necklace of human teeth, sitting between two men, and looking just like one of Goya's witches. The man on her left was good-looking, but haggard and empty; the other was fat and pink and full of blood, and it was him she had her eye on.

"It was something like a bad dream, my friend—but then Broadribb leaned back to laugh at something, and his pocket stood open like a satchel. I had the wallet out in an instant, and an instant later was out in the dark and making for the path that led through the bush to the river ford. I was safe, I thought. But then somebody said, "Pardon me"—said it, not casually, but in a tone of voice as if he

really wished to be pardoned for something. As I turned, I caught a glimpse of the pale young man out of the Goya group at Perico's, ghastly in the moonlight, and then there was sunlight, and stars, and pinwheels, and comets and firecrackers as he hit me on the head.

"The strange thing was that I didn't become unconscious—I couldn't move a muscle or a nerve, or even blink an eye, but I was wide awake, as sometimes happens in these circumstances. The pale man took Broadribb's wallet. He helped himself to a pinch of my tobacco and a cigarette paper, but put the tobacco box back in my pocket very punctiliously.

"Then, as he lit a cigarette, out of the bushes came some carabineers. One of them glanced at me and said, "Sergeant, this is the one we're looking for—this is Little Geronimo." They took my papers, and when they cut off the top joint of my thumb for positive identification I fainted in real earnest. It wasn't until the ants stung me awake that I came to, naked in the bush, in great pain from my throbbing hand—for my thumb was festering. Which is how I lost my arm.

"But I was on record, now, as being dead, and was free as the air. And I stayed at liberty for twenty years after that, and the things I did and the things that happened to me were more terrible and amusing than the Saragossa Manuscript and the Tales of Hoffmann rolled into one. So I suppose I ought to be philosophic about getting caught at last, and having to serve ten years in this place; since I have got away with things that would have got me a thousand years in any civilized jail, and a few death sentences into the bargain, and have been living on a sort of borrowed time, after all

... What the devil's the matter with you? Have you gone mad?"

For I had fallen on my knees, clasped him around the waist, and burst into tears. I cried, "For twenty years I have been praying for forgiveness, and for the repose of your soul, but thank God I didn't kill you after all!" Then I told him my story, as I have told you.

He roared with laughter and said that it was the funniest thing he had ever heard in all his life. "And I see the funny side of things, too," he said. "Oh, what a joke it would be to march me up to the commandant, cut my throat before his eyes, and say, 'This is the man I was sentenced for murdering twenty years ago. I can't be tried twice on the same charge. What now, *hombre*? Eh?'"

"Don't even think of such things," I said.

"It is all like a dream," said Alvarado. "And yet, as I was saying, although I ought to be taking things philosophically at this stage, I tell you—rather than spend ten years in this hellhole I swear I'll slit my throat!"

I said, "I thought you said that anything is better than nothing at all." He was about to make some interesting reply, but I told him, "Be calm, dear Alvarado. I'll get you out of here."

I had for him, now, such an affection as I had never felt in all my life before, a great love.

He said, "There are only two ways out of here—by air in the bellies of the buzzards, and by water in the guts of the cayman."

"Not so," I said, and told him of what Pelototec, the Raton Indian, had given me. "I have thirty-two dollars put by," I said. "Be patient a year or so while I get together five more, and we'll make our escape together." This lifted him, at first, into a high heaven of hope, and he embraced me and made me get some rum

to celebrate what he called his "return to life."

You have witnessed the pleasure of a father who sees his son come out of a burning fever and call for food? Such was my pleasure in sharing a good drink with Alvarado and letting him finish the bottle. But then his bright mood clouded over, and it was, "Thirty-two dollars! I paid three times that much for a pair of shoes. Five dollars more—oh, my sweet Redeemer!—I used to tip my barber that much! And a year or so, a year or so! You talk easily of a year or so, you burro of a Pacifico; you are a lifer, resigned to this sort of thing, a hardened jailbird, a calloused soul. Can you understand what a year or so in a place like this means to a man like me?" And, "How do you know that the Indian wasn't lying? And even if he wasn't, how do you know his ointment hasn't lost its strength?"

I said, "An hour ago you were ready to jump into the river and chance it. The medicine gets stronger with age. Have faith."

"But how do you know there's enough of the stuff for two men?"

"A little goes a long way."

"Oh, if I only had my two hands and a pair of dice!"

"I can make you a pair of dice, dear Alvarado, but with whom could you play? From whom could you win what?"

"Let me look at this precious Raton medicine of yours," he said.

"All in good time, friend, all in good time." But then he took to feeling in the thatch of my hut, and in the walls, and I knew what was in his mind. But I persuaded myself that I did not want to know. We belonged to each other!

Then, one day, Alvarado, who never made a false gesture or a clumsy move in spite of his one arm, knocked over the water jar and said, with a laugh, "I am getting old. My reflexes are going."

I said, "Your reflexes are all there, Alvarado, and you are young for your forty-five years in spite of the life you have led. I know that trick." The tears trickled down my face. "Where the water settles, there's where I dug the hole; after all has soaked in, dig in the last place that stays damp. No?"

I was weighed down with terrible loneliness. "Alvarado, listen. There's no need to steal from me. I am your friend. Let me tell you something—a man must live by a tale, a traveller's story told in the dark, a long dream. I have no hope of ever getting away from here. Why? Because, to tell you the truth, I don't want to. I've been here twenty-two years, weaving my fingers to the bone, weaving my eyes out, weaving my life away. I'm not the man I thought I was, once upon a time—I'm afraid of the jungle that closes in, I'm afraid of spaces that open out, I'm afraid of new faces. And do you want to know a secret? When I have a touch of the fever, what wakes me up in a cold sweat is the dream that something drags me through a hole in a wall into bright light on an open road, and somebody says, 'Pacifico, you are free!'"

"But I am an old man lost and all alone in a world of children. Imagine that." I was crying now. "Take what is buried there under the floor. It's yours. I knew in my heart that I'd never use it. I only wanted to keep you with me a little longer . . . or rather, I only wanted to keep myself from facing the most horrible fact of all; that I don't want to be at liberty."

And I covered my face.

He grasped my hand then, and said, with a break in his voice, "Pacifico, I'll stay and keep you company."

"Bless your heart for saying so," I said. "Just for a split second you meant it, and for that little moment God will forgive all your sins at last. But even as the words passed your lips the thought was going through your mind, Why didn't I knock

this fellow on the head like the respectable outlaw that I am, and get him off my mind? Now I'll have to whip up a quarrel with him for my pride's sake, damn his eyes! That's what you said to yourself."

"What puts such a thought into your head, Pacifico?"

"I read you, poor child! Yes, yes, the few dollars and the other stuff are in a hole in the floor where the water has settled. I'll get them out for you—I know the feel of that hole, the way you would know the feel of the doorway to your own home, if you ever had one. Don't work yourself into a rage against me and hate me simply to justify stealing those things from me. I've told you—as far as I'm concerned, it's nothing but a dream. Take them, Alvarado, with my—"

"I know your sort," said Alvarado, through his teeth. "This is a common informer's gimmick, a dirty little lifer's trick to get a bottle of rum and a few sticks of tobacco as a reward for capturing an escaped convict. I run; you give the alarm; they make a public example of me."

"I read you right," I tell him. "You can't accept a gift in good faith. You've got to con and pilfer. Still, I might have plucked up courage to come away with you in a year or so—I doubt it, yet I just might have. As matters stand, go with God. The guards won't be making their rounds for another hour, and by that time you'll be over the river and in the jungle. Don't forget to smear yourself thoroughly—"

"Just as a precautionary measure," says Alvarado, picking up the stick we beat out the straw with.

I saw it coming, but had no time to guard my head.

When I came to, the commandant asked me, "What did he take out of that hole in the floor?"

I replied, "All I had—nothing much."

"There was a strong smell of Indians. Did you see any Indians?"

"No, Commandant."

"He had the luck of the devil—swam right across the river and got over without a scratch. What the Ratoms will do to him is something else again." He was an affable, educated kind of man. "Anthropology is a fascinating study."

"Yes, Commandant."

"Even in the lowest types there is something of the divine spark. The Eskimos of the far north, armed only with bone spears, slay whales. The natives of the African jungles converse over huge distances by means of drums. The debased blackfellows of Australia invented the boomerang, the woomera, and a national language. The North American Indians converse in deaf-and-dumb gestures. The Ratoms, we are told, have a kind of system of diplomatic immunity, and are said to issue *laissez-passers* of carved bone, the lucky possessor of one of which may pass unharmed, even guarded through the most dangerous forests."

"Indeed, Commandant?"

"But I have never seen one of these bones, and neither, to the best of my knowledge, has anybody else. Yet they are believed to exist; and woe betide the foolhardy fellow who tries to get by carrying another man's passport!" He contemplated me again. "He was your friend and comrade, and he robbed you, eh? You shared your rum with him, and he cheated you?"

"No, no, Commandant."

"Your head is confused, I see. Well, no doubt he was working out his destiny. Without a Judas there could have been no Crucifixion."

So five years passed, and whatever money I made I spent, saving nothing. Then somebody discovered that there was a great number of sapodilla trees hereabout. From the sapodilla comes chicle, of which chewing gum is made; and huge sums of money are spent every day on this strange stuff.

Nothing stops civilized men when great matters are at issue. Do we need a level? We abolish a mountain. A canal? We stamp out yellow fever. Chicle gum? Out go the Raton Indians from their forests, and with a vengeance. They could pick us off easily, but when they started shooting their poisoned darts at chicle company men, a major of Rangers came in with a punitive expedition.

And that was a great day for the anthropologists, and other men of science, who accompanied the expedition and had their headquarters in some houses we built for them near our own officers' quarters. Carriers came in bearing baskets full of all sorts of primitive curiosities—weapons, idols, paintings, jewellery, and, most important of all, the Raton tribal treasure of dried heads, some of them hundreds of years old and others quite fresh.

There were also some prisoners, both male and female. Raton women are a curiosity, too, their faces being bound tight at birth so that their noses never grow. The idea of this was to make them undesirable to other tribesmen. But such is the nature of man that before long, this horrible deformity was considered a mark of beauty, and they were doubly sought after.

One day one of our guards came to my hut and said, "The commandant wants to see you. He says there's an old pal of yours there you'll be glad to meet again."

I followed him to the ethnologists' shed, and very strange it looked and smelled, lined now with racks of human heads, masks, and wizards' cloaks, over which some men in glasses were stooping, attaching labels. The commandant was not there, but between two soldiers there squatted on the floor a very old and wizened Raton. Feeble as he was, they had a rope around his waist, of which each soldier kept hold of one end. I knew him at once.

"Pelototec," I said.

"Who say my name?"

"You were in my place long ago," I said. "I hid you under the grass. You gave me some medicine and a little bone."

He said, "No. You say what is not." And he fumbled at a string around his neck and held up that carved knucklebone which I knew so well. As he turned his face toward me, I saw that his eyes were white as milk: He was stone blind. "You no brother to Pelototec. Pelototec make brother to go free . . . many, many, many sleeps away. Make him brother to Raton; one heart, one spirit." He felt the carvings in the knucklebone, smiled faintly, and said, "This me, this my brother."

I lied, he told me—he had been blind many years, but was not easily fooled. He was a chief among his people, and a great doctor. He knew what was what. The man to whom he had given this bone, and the cayman medicine, had been captured in the forest by his young hunters, and brought to Pelototec, who could not see him but knew him at once—for who else could carry that seal?

His name was Pacifico, and he remembered very well everything that happened on the night he helped Pelototec to escape Ah, my little Alvarado—trust you not to miss a trick! I thought. Knowing my story by heart, seeing that the old man was blind, he had saved himself explanations by simply declaring that he was Pacifico, rescuer of Pelototec, brother to the Raton, on the

run and headed for Contrabono and liberty.

"I gave my brother his want," the old man said. "He go free."

Here a gentleman in glasses said to me, "The Raton have no actual word for freedom. They have one word, *uaxot*, which signifies safety, victory, not being hungry, needing no sleep, having sexual gratification, and well-being in general. Pronounced with emphasis on the diphthong *ua*, it means 'death.' With emphasis on the *axo*, it means 'long life.' Emphasize the *ot*, and you say 'me' or 'self.'"

"*Uaxot*," the old man said, touching his breast. "*Uaxot!*"

The gentleman went on, "It is contrary to etiquette to let a stranger go, and against taboo to let him stay. So this old person probably feels that he has done the man he refers to a very special favour, keeping him in the family by drinking the ashes of his heart mixed with that palm wine which induces strange dreams. A sort of savage sacrament."

I stammered, "I understood the commandant to say these bones were, so to speak, a passport to safety."

"In a ghostly sense, so they are."

The commandant came in then, and said, "Ah, Pacifico, here's a friend of yours." He ignored Pelototec, beckoned me to one of the racks, and picked up a dried head by its red hair. "There, my friend—he who laughs last laughs best."

"Oh, poor Alvarado!" I said, and covered my eyes. And I cried, "Good God. I am a simple man; if it was, after all, Your will that I be the instrument of Alvarado's doom, was it merciful or necessary to make such an operation of it?"

The commandant said, "Why, I'd give a year's pay to see a few of my friends' faces on these racks!"

Now I have told you my story. This year the Government declared an amnesty for all prisoners who had served twenty years or more.

The commandant tells me that I am free. I say to him, "Free for what, your excellency? Here I have work, food, drink, tobacco, shelter. Must I go begging on the roads?"

He replies, "My friend, this is not a charitable institution."

So, with all the facts before you, will you have the goodness to help me word an appeal to the governor, asking that in consideration of nearly thirty years of exemplary conduct, and having regard for the fact that I was never guilty of the crime for which I was sentenced in the first place, I be kindly permitted to spend the remainder of my days here?

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GERALD KERSH

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BB = *Brazen Bull*
BM = *The Brighton Monster & Other Stories*
BO = *The Best of Gerald Kersh*
BOTSM = *The Battle of the Singing Men*
CWH = *Clock without Hands*
G = *Guttersnipe: Little Novels*
HD = *The Horrible Dummy and Other Stories*
HOMT = *The Hospitality of Miss Tolliver and Other Stories*
IGR = *I Got References*
MTOUAT = *More Than Once Upon a Time*
MWB = *Men without Bones (UK, 1955)*
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N&D = *Nightshade & Damnations*
NMND = *Neither Man nor Dog*
OAON = *On an Odd Note*
SRTTS = *Sad Road to the Sea*
SS = *Selected Stories*
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- Silent Night; Holy Night (as by
Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, December 27, 1941
- Haunted By a Hat (as by Waldo
Kellar)
John Bull, January 3, 1942
SRTTS
- Unearthly Music (as by Waldo
Kellar)
John Bull, January 10, 1942
- Maria's Christ (as The Mystery of
Maria's Christ, as by Waldo
Kellar)
John Bull, January 17, 1942
NMND
- The Gentleman All in Black (as by
Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, January 24, 1942
NMND, OAON
- Blast!.. (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, January 31, 1942
- The Voice in the Park (as by
Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, February 7, 1942
- Lost and Found (as by Waldo
Kellar)
John Bull, February 21, 1942
- Who Wants a Liver-Coloured
Cat? (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, February 28, 1942
NMND
- The Madman and the Green
Powder (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, March 7, 1942
SRTTS
- Two Gentlemen of Bucharest
John O'London's Weekly, March
13, 1942
SRTTS
- The Old Lady from Bisley (as by
Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, March 14, 1942
- The Man Who Ruined Nations
(as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, March 21, 1942
- A Bang on the Head For Dutoit
(as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, March 28, 1942
NMND
- Ape-Man's Miracle (as by Waldo
Kellar)
John Bull, April 4, 1942
SRTTS
- The Barber of Seville (as by Waldo
Kellar)
John Bull, April 11, 1942
- The King of Double-Crossers (as
by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, April 18, 1942
- The Live Dead Man (as by Waldo
Kellar)
John Bull, April 25, 1942
- The Bitter Seas
Modern Reading No. 5, ed.
Reginald Moore, Staples &
Staples, 1942
SS, HD
- The Mystery of a Perfect Murder
(as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, May 2, 1942
- Fantasy of a Hunted Man (as by
Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, May 16, 1942
NMND, OAON
- Old John's Vision (as by Waldo
Kellar)
John Bull, May 23, 1942
SRTTS
- The Evil Destiny of Dr. Polacek
(as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, June 6, 1942
HD
- The Dream House
John Bull, June 20, 1942
- A Legend of Truth (as by Waldo
Kellar)
John Bull, June 27, 1942
- The Ten Old Tigers
John O'London's Weekly, July 3,
1942
HD

- He Screamed from Boyhood to Reach—What? (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, July 11, 1942
- The Madness of Mr. Smith (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, July 18, 1942
- Crazy Quarrel (as The Craziest Argument, as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, July 25, 1942
SRTTS
- The Ruined Wall
John O'London's Weekly, August 14, 1942
SS, NMND
- Dudelsack
John O'London's Weekly, October 9, 1942
SS, BOTSM, HD
- A Soldier; His Prayer (as by Anon)
The People, November 8, 1942
- The Story of Johnny Boots
The People, November 29, 1942
SRTTS
- A Small and Dirty Dog (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, December 12, 1942
NMND
- Dustin—The Broken Man (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, December 19, 1942
NMND
- Johnny Boots and the Killer
The People, December 27, 1942
- The Conqueror's Ashes (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, January 2, 1943
- Lady Faith (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, January 9, 1943
- Riley Kills Thirty-One Seconds (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, January 23, 1943
SRTTS
- Do You Follow Me? (as "She Couldn't See the 'Joke'" as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, January 30, 1943
SRTTS
- The Pink Slip of Paper (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, February 20, 1943
SRTTS
- The Woman and the Doll (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, February 27, 1943
SRTTS
- The Host
Selected Stories, 1943
SRTTS
- Kannibalsky (Adze)
Selected Stories, 1943
SRTTS
- A Vision of a Lost Child
Selected Stories, 1943
SRTTS
- The Sailor's Farewell to His Horse (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, March 13, 1943
NMND
- Gumboil Jones' One Great Moment (as by George Chickery)
The People, April 4, 1943
- The Man and the Spirit (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, April 10, 1943
MWB
- Mighty Manity (as by George Chickery)
The People, April 18, 1943
- Destiny and the Bullet (as by Waldo Kellar)
John Bull, April 24, 1943
NMND
- The Education of Mr. Dumsday (as by George Chickery)
The People, May 2, 1943
- Irongut and the Brown Mouse
London Calling, May 16-22, 1943
HD
- Mr. Chickery's Happiest Day (as by George Chickery)
The People, May 30, 1943
- Balaban
Courier, Spring, 1943
- Eye in the Sky
Ack-Ack, Beer-Beer, ed. Bill Maclurg, Hutchinson, 1943
- Red Gentleman of Staffordshire
The First Eighteen: Stories By Writers in Uniform, ed. Robert Westerby & P. J. Bruce, Nicholson & Watson, 1943
NMND
- Land of Whispering People
Courier, Summer, 1943
- The Original Hi-De-Hi Sergeant
Lilliput, June, 1943
- The Reformer and the Rake (as by George Chickery)
The People, June 13, 1943
- The Wizard of the Moors (as by George Chickery)
The People, June 27, 1943
- The Men Who Knew Not What They Did
Lilliput, July, 1943
HD
- The Man Who Ate Bricks (as by George Chickery)
The People, July 11, 1943
- The Little Girl in White (as by George Chickery)
The People, July 25, 1943
- A Vienna Adventure (as by George Chickery)
The People, August 8, 1943
- The Mystery of Mr. Musker's Money Box (as by George Chickery)
The People, August 22, 1943
- Sharks
Courier, Autumn, 1943
- Sally Bunn Learns the Secret (as by George Chickery)
The People, September 5, 1943
- The Biting of Mr. Chickery's Ear (as by George Chickery)
The People, September 19, 1943
- Mr. Chickery and the Careful Man (as by George Chickery)
The People, October 3, 1943
- The History of Dancing Oliver
John Bull, October 16, 1943
SRTTS
- The Strange Story of Miss Olivia (as by George Chickery)
The People, October 17, 1943
- All That One Man Remembered
John Bull, October 30, 1943
HD
- Mr. Chickery and the "Holy Terror" (as by George Chickery)
The People, October 31, 1943
- Gratitude
Courier, Winter, 1943
MWB
- Jack Paradise and the Wrath of Heaven (as by George Chickery)
The People, November 14, 1943
- The Memorial
John Bull, November 20, 1943
SRTTS
- A Legend of the Blitz
John Bull, November 27, 1943
- Mr. Poggin and the Ladies (as by George Chickery)
The People, November 28, 1943
- Eleven Ghosts and a Taxi Driver (as by George Chickery)
The People, December 12, 1943
- Midnight in the Haunted House
John Bull, December 25, 1943
- The White Flash
The People, December 26, 1943
HD
- Uncle Kuzma (as by Piers England)
The People, December 26, 1943
NMND
- The Man Who Sold His Head (as by George Chickery)
The People, January 9, 1944
- Romance and the Girl in Green (as by George Chickery)
The People, January 23, 1944
- This Stuff Is Like Cigarette Ash
The People, March 5, 1944
SRTTS
- Larra the Accursed
Courier, Spring, 1944
- The Whispering Singer
The People, May 28, 1944
- Rhapsody Court
The People, June 11, 1944
SRTTS
- The Affair of the Stuffed Head
The People, June 25, 1944
- The Case of the Invisible Dog
The People, July 9, 1944
- The Medico Asked for a Guinea
The People, July 23, 1944
SRTTS
- The Woman and the Fire
The People, October 15, 1944
NMND
- A Bit of a Change
The Horrible Dummy, 1944
- The Woman in the Mud
The Horrible Dummy, 1944
- Inscrutable Providence
The People, December 24, 1944
- Neither Man nor Dog
John O'London's Weekly, January 26, 1945
NMND, BO
- Mr. Pryde and Mr. Mann
Harpers, February, 1945
- In a Room without Walls
Evening Standard, July 11, 1945
NMND, BO, MWB2
- The Terrified Typist
Courier, Autumn, 1945
- Karmesin & the Invisible Millionaire
Courier, Winter, 1945
- Sacred to the Memory
Esquire, January, 1946
SRTTS
- Hero-Worship
John O'London's Weekly, February 22, 1946
NMND
- The Last Battle
Neither Man nor Dog, 1946
- Reflections in a Brown Eye
Neither Man nor Dog, 1946
- Reflections in a Tablespoon
Neither Man nor Dog, 1946
OAON
- An Undistinguished Boy
Neither Man nor Dog, 1946
- The God of the Winged Worm
Esquire, March, 1946
- The Scene of the Crime
Evening News, April 6, 1946
SRTTS
- Between Two Sleeps
The People, April 21, 1946

- Karmesin and the Gorgeous Robes
Courier, May, 1946
- In a Misty Window
Illustrated, September 28, 1946
MWB
- Lest We Should Forget
The People, November 3, 1946
SRTTS
- Some Late Lark Singing
Lilliput, October, 1946, SRTTS
- Clock without Hands
Collier's, October 12-26, 1946
CWH, BO, MWB2
- Johnny Went to Town
Courier, November, 1946
- Chickenfeed for Karmesin
Courier, December, 1946
- Sad Road to the Sea
Argosy (UK), December, 1946
SRTTS
- Miracle of the Winged Rescue
The People, January 5, 1947
BM
- Note on Danger B
Saturday Evening Post, April 5, 1947
BM
- The King Who Collected Clocks
(as the Royal Imposter)
Saturday Evening Post, May 3, 1947
G, BO, N&D
- The Epistle of Simple Simon
Tomorrow, June, 1947
BM, MWB2
- Night and the City (extract)
"Say It Ain't So Joe", ed. T. L. Stix,
Boni & Gaer, 1947
- The Crash of Max Raddish
Sad Road to the Sea, 1947
- Seed of Destruction
Sad Road to the Sea, 1947
OAOB
- Voices in the Dust of Annan
Sad Road to the Sea, 1947
N&D
- Ladies or Clothes
Esquire, December, 1947
BM, MWB2
- Meet Mister Chickery
Bradenton Beachcomber 1,
Christmas, 1947
- The White-Washed Room
Evening Standard?, 1948
MWB, BO
- The Brighton Monster (as the
Monster)
Saturday Evening Post, February
21, 1948
BM, OAOB, BO, N&D
- The Ape and the Mystery (as The
Mysterious Smile of Mona Lisa)
Saturday Evening Post, June 26,
1948
BM, BO, MWB2, N&D
- Victim Unknown
John Bull, November 27, 1948
MWB
- Vermin
Strand, December, 1948
- The Life and Times of the Dog
Basta
Evening Standard, January 11,
1949
MWB
- Death of a Villain
Courier, February, 1949
- The Forbidding Doorway
Saturday Evening Post, February,
19, 1949
BB
- The Queen of Pig Island (also
published as Mistress of
Porcosito)
Strand, March, 1949
BM, OAOB, BO, N&D
- Fairy Gold
Clock without Hands, 1949
- Flight to the World's End
Clock without Hands, 1949
- Judas Forgiven
Tomorrow, July, 1949
BM
- The Copper Dahlia
Argosy (UK), October, 1949
BM
- Jack of Swords
Saturday Evening Post, October 1-
29, 1949
BB
- Intruders for Tea
Saturday Evening Post, December
17, 1949
BB
- Whatever Happened to Corporal
Cuckoo?
Montreal Standard, November ?,
1950
BM, N&D
- One Way of Getting a Hundred
Pound
Treasury of Jewish Humour, ed. N.
Ausubel, Doubleday, 1951
- The Spellbinder
Saturday Evening Post, June 9,
1951, BB
- The Earring
Courier, December, 1951
- Little Black Magician
Courier, March, 1952
- Broken Promise
Saturday Evening Post, April 19,
1952
- Mr. Ypsilanti in the Dark
The Brazen Bull, 1952
- The Unbroken Heart
The Brazen Bull, 1952
- Mine Own Executioner
Courier, June, 1952
- On the Other Hand
Lilliput Aug-Sept, 1952
G
- The Terrible Ride of Colonel
Tessier
Saturday Evening Post, October
11, 1952
G, BO, MWB2
- The Mystery of the Third
Compartment
Saturday Evening Post, November
22-December 20, 1952
- The Violin Maker
London Evening News, December
4, 1952
MWB
- The Dancing Doll
Evening News, February 17, 1953
MWB, MWB2
- Incident in a Tavern
Evening News, May 6, 1953
MWB
- The Crevel Needle
Lilliput, May-June, 1953
G, OAOB, BO
- The Quiet Gentleman
Courier, June, 1953
- The Madwoman
Evening News, July 30, 1953
MWB, MWB2
- Shark Infested Timor Mortis
Courier, July-August, 1953
- Wealth of Nations
The Brighton Monster, 1953
- Guttersnipe
Courier, November, 1953-March,
1954
G
- The Thief Who Played Dead
Saturday Evening Post, February
13, 1954
UFOL
- Last Love
Guttersnipe: Little Novels, 1954
- Thicker Than Water
Guttersnipe: Little Novels, 1954
BO, MWB2
- The Conscience of Karmesin
Lilliput, April, 1954
- Men without Bones
Esquire, August, 1954
MWB, BO, MWB2, N&D
- The Hack
Courier, September, 1954
MWB, MWB2
- The Sympathetic Souse
Lilliput, November, 1954
MWB, OAOB, BO
- Mr. Bottomley's Inferno
Lilliput, March, 1955
UFOL
- The Woman Who Wouldn't Stay
Dead
Saturday Evening Post, March 12,
1955
UFOL
- Memory of a Fight
Argosy (UK), September, 1955
MWB
- The Lincoln Braown Story
Lilliput, October, 1955
- Carnival on the Downs
Men without Bones, 1955
BO
- The End of a Wise Guy
Men without Bones, 1955
- The Charcoal Burner
Men without Bones, 1955
- The Fabulous Fido
Men without Bones, 1955
- Femme Fatale
Men without Bones, 1955
- The Guardian
Men without Bones, 1955
- One Case in a Million
Men without Bones, 1955
- The Ugly Face of Love
Lilliput, December, 1955
UFOL
- Karmesin Takes Pen in Hand (as
Karmesin and the Royalties)
Courier, January, 1956
- The Waitress Thinks of Her
Customers
Courier, May, 1956
- The Murderer's Eye (also
published as The Eye)
Saturday Evening Post, March 2,
1957
OAOB, UFOL
- The Xmas Degenerosity of Sam
Yudenow
New York World Telegram & Sun,
December 5, 1957
- The Oxoxoco Bottle (as The
Secret of the Bottle; also
published as The Mystery of the
Bottle)
Saturday Evening Post, December
7, 1957
UFOL, BO, MWB2
- Received Edgar award from
Mystery Writers of America in
1957 for this short story
- Tamara Prolly
Chatalaine?, 1958
TWF

- River of Riches
Saturday Evening Post, March 8, 1958
UFOL
- The Shady Life of Annibal (as The Imaginary Heir)
Saturday Evening Post, April 18, 1959
UFOL, MWB2
- Prophet without Honor
On an Odd Note, 1958
UFOL
- Apprentice Assassin
Saturday Evening Post, July 19, 1958
UFOL
- A Tale Told in the Twilight (as Duel in the Dusk)
Saturday Evening Post, October 10, 1959
HOMT
- The Incorruptible Tailor (as Immovable Man)
Saturday Evening Post, November 1, 1958
UFOL
- The Terribly Wild Flowers
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, October, 1958
TWF
- The Secret History of a Hero
Nugget, ?, 1959
TWF
- Death Tunnel
Saturday Evening Post, January 31, 1959
TWF
- Karmesin and the Crown Jewels
EQMM (US), Feb, 1959
- Colonel Bowie's Gamble
Saturday Evening Post, May 9, 1959
- The Oracle of the Fish
Nugget, June, 1959
TWF
- Tailor's Secret
Saturday Evening Post, January 16, 1960
TWF
- Honor Among Thieves (as Skate's Eyeball)
Argosy (UK), April, 1960
- A Dog's Best Friend
Suspense (UK), May, 1960
- The Strange Fate of Jonah the Moaner
Lilliput, June, 1960
TWF
- Perfect Camera
Argosy (UK), August, 1960
TWF
- A Deal in Overcoats (as Oalámáoa)
Playboy, December, 1960
MTOUAT
- The Laughing-Stock
Playboy, May, 1961
HOMT
- The Defeat of the Demon Tailor
Playboy, August, 1961
MTOUAT
- The Lady Who Played the Fool
Saturday Evening Post, September 16, 1961
HOMT
- Bored with It All
Saturday Evening Post, October 14, 1961
MTOUAT
- Heartless Heidi
Saturday Evening Post, November 11, 1961
MTOUAT
- A Walk in the Snow
Saturday Evening Post, December 23, 1961
MTOUAT
- Man's Man
Saturday Evening Post, January 6, 1962
MTOUAT
- The Detestable Mr. Rippema
Cavalier, March, 1962
- The Spanish Prisoner
Playboy, February, 1962
MTOUAT
- The Unsafe Deposit Box
Saturday Evening Post, April 14, 1962
MTOUAT
- He Married for Money—198 Times
True, May, 1962
HOMT
- A Lucky Day for the Boar
Playboy, October, 1962
MTOUAT, N&D
- Pride of Profession
Cavalier, October, 1962
- No Matter How You Slice It
Gent, October, 1962
MTOUAT
- The Pug and the Angel
The Terribly Wild Flowers, 1962
- Bone for Debunkers (as The Karmesin Affair)
Saturday Evening Post, December 15, 1962
HOMT, N&D
- Greek Tragedy
Gent, February, 1963
MTOUAT
- Ghost Money
Playboy, April, 1963
HOMT
- What the Wrong Hand Did
Gentleman's Quarterly, April, 1963
- A Bargain with Cashel
Saturday Evening Post, April 27, 1963
HOMT
- The Persian Bedspread (as Fabulous Bargain)
Stars Weekly Magazine, Toronto, June 3, 1963
MTOUAT
- The Man in the Black Hole
Cavalier, August, 1963
- More Than Once Upon a Time
More Than Once Upon a Time, 1964
- The Nimroud Rug
More Than Once Upon a Time, 1964
- Proud Servant
More Than Once Upon a Time, 1964
- High Stakes
Argosy (UK), May, 1964
HOMT
- The Person in Solferino Park
Playboy, June, 1964
HOMT
- Red Hair and Oysters
Argosy (UK), August, 1964
- The Hunters
Playboy, December, 1964
- Somewhere Not Far from Here
Playboy, March, 1965
- The Geometry of the Skirt
EQMM (US), March, 1965
- Two Tales of Bo Raymond
EQMM (US), July, 1965
- And If This Ain't Love, Gorbliney
The Hospitality of Miss Tolliver, 1965
- For a Song
The Hospitality of Miss Tolliver, 1965
- The Hospitality of Miss Tolliver
The Hospitality of Miss Tolliver, 1965
- Kind of Like a Beauty Contest, Sort Of
The Hospitality of Miss Tolliver, 1965
- Nothing Succeeds Like Failure
The Hospitality of Miss Tolliver, 1965
- Old Betsy
The Hospitality of Miss Tolliver, 1965
- The Truth about Orlik
Playboy, December, 1966
- Trip Out on Red Lizzie
Saturday Evening Post, January 27, 1968
- The Ambiguities of Lo Yeing Pai
EQMM (US), June, 1968
- Crooked Bone
Saturday Evening Post, August 10, 1968
- The Pettifer Collection
EQMM (US), November, 1968
- Storm over Stuffed Kishka
Argosy (US), November, 1968
- The Womanthrope
MD, Winter, 1968
- The Dogs Bark, but the Caravan Passes
Best Movie Stories, ed. Guy Slater
Faber & Faber, 1969
- Mr. Tomorrow
EQMM (US), April, 1970
- Hey Ho, the Wind and the Rain
MD, December, 1970
- The Unbelievably Loathsome Frogman
Cavalier, ?

CRITICAL STUDIES AND APPRECIATIONS

- Obituary
New York Times, November 8, 1968
- In Memoriam—Gerald Kersh
Harlan Ellison in *Nebula Award Stories 4*, ed. Poul Anderson, Doubleday, 1969

So I go to Martin Donner's bedside in the room they have staked out for him in Florida, and I ask him the crucial question: If you had known? I say, if you had known that it would end this way, that you would be dying of a hundred wounds, of the tuberculosis, of the pneumocystitis, of the parasites and the kidney breakdown and the hepatitis, the jaundice, the venerium and the shattering of the pancreas, if you had known that five years

UNDERSTANDING ENTROPY

by Barry N. Malzberg

This is the corrected version of the story previously printed in the Readercon 10 Souvenir Book.

after the positive diagnosis and three years after the first episode of the pneumonia you would be lying here, eighty-two pounds, filled with morphine which does not work anymore—oh, nothing works but that isn't quite the point, is it, they are trying—with your lover and your daughters and your wife and the doctors circling in the outer room and coming in now and then to inspect your reeking corpus, some of them weeping, others taking your pulse and monitoring your breathing: if you had known this fifteen years ago, Martin Donner, if you had known everything that would happen to you and that it would end this way, would you have left your wife and children to their lives and your history and gone out to Fire Island, Cherry Groves, the baths and bathhouses and the quick and the scuffed, the long and the grievous affairs full time, no longer sneaking it around? Would you if you had known? Or would you have stayed in your marriage in the suburbs, Martin Donner, and played with your daughters and watched them grow and claimed your wife with closed eyes in the marriage bed and nothing more, *nothing* more because you would never know when the dogs truly came into the basement and snuffled up the stairs? Oh maybe once a year you might let some man tend to you with rubber gloves in a bank vault, but otherwise nothing, nothing, nothing at all? If you could have seen that it would have ended this way, Martin, what would you have done? Tell me the truth now. Do you know the truth? Is there any such thing as the truth? Because I need, I need, I need to know now, it affects my own situation.

He stares at me. He is relatively lucid now, it comes and it goes, in and out, back and forth, the pounding on the chest has loosened the phlegm, the morphine has momentarily quelled the cough, he thinks that he can think, although this is not necessarily the issue, and he thinks, of course, that I am a hallucination. Hallucination is common in this late-life condition, although the dementia has not affected him as fully as it might in a few hours or (if he lasts that long, he probably will not) days. I don't know, he says. His eyes are strangely lustrous,

the only motion, the only thing in his face not quiescent, the rest is dead, bland, sunken, a canvas upon which has been embedded the full and perfect features of the dead, the valley of the dead, the shades and valleys and the small tablelands upon which the dead walk until at last they sleep. Yes, Martin Donner says, yes I do know. I can answer that. He thrashes weakly, the ganglia in his shattered nerves trying to pull into alignment. I wouldn't have

done it, he said. I would not have died this way. It is not worth it. I *thought* it was worth it, that it was worth any price to be what you are, to live expressly and fully, but it is not; this is unbearable, I am sinking, I am sinking in disgrace, I wet myself, I humiliate myself, I see the

with visions and dreams of such inextinguishable horror . . . no, he says *no*, and his voice is momentarily stronger, he screams in the room, *no*, he says, I would not have left them, I would have stayed there and died in a thousand ways, but it is the difference between metaphor and truth, they are *not* the same, once I thought they were but no, no, no, no, no, no, he says uncontrollably, the word ratching uncontrollably, and he sinks into the steaming sheets, his eyes fluttering, closed and the coughing, the moaning, the turgid phlegm passes again through his desiccated and shattered cavities. *No*, he says, and *no*, I think, his answer is no and momentarily there is a kind of settling; I can feel my own realignment and a sense of history colliding with imminence merging with the steaming and impenetrable future, but of course this fusion cannot last and I am in Martin Donner's bedroom fifteen years earlier, the bedroom on the second floor of the suburban colonial in one of the nicest areas of a nicer suburb in these sets of anterooms to the city, and I have put the question again. I have put it to him calmly and without sinister intent and then have used my powers—the powers granted me by the old and terrible antagonist who nonetheless, and this is undeniable, always plays fair, as fairly as Martin did not with his wife and daughters and friends and family through all the years up to this point. I show him the bottles, the tubing, the arc and density of the room, the harsh and desperate light and it is uncommonly vivid; I have placed all my powers in the service of this adumbration. Oh yes, Martin says, seeing it all, oh yes, I see now. Yes, he says, it is worth it. I would do this. I would not be deterred. It is worth it. It is worth anything to expressly enact what you are, what you must be, the full and alarming necessities of the soul. So I do not care, he says. I am going, I am going to leave, if this is my destiny, so be it. His features congeal with

conviction, unlike his face in the room of his death, they recede and pulsate, project and flutter with light, there is light all through him. Worth it, he says, worth it to be what one is. How many years until this happens? he says. Not that it matters. But I want to know.

Seventeen, I say. Seventeen years and not all of them will be happy. Your daughters will weep and one of them will hate you, there will be many betrayals, also other illnesses, earlier illnesses, small and larger betrayals, a terrible bout with hepatitis. Disgraceful venereal conditions. I don't care, he says, seventeen years is a good time. In seventeen years here, lying here, sneaking around, pounding myself into myself, I will be dead, I will have killed myself anyway. No, he says, there is no question, there is no argument. I have made my choice. He closes his eyes, smiles, thinking evidently that he is dreaming. Such dialogues are common inside Martin in this crucial time; he thinks he is constructing a worst case venue but is nonetheless being firm. Yes, he says, I will do this. His breathing, irregular, levels out. As I withdraw, he thinks he is making a passage into dreamless slumber. As he recedes he feels, I know, some kind of imminence, and perhaps it is my question, no less than anything else, which has led him to this resolution. Or perhaps not. It is difficult to work within such difficult and speculative boarders without being overwhelmed by my own relative helplessness and stupor.

But of course this is in only partial quest of verification. I move through the channels of recorded (and possible) time, asking Martin Donner this question at various places within the continuum. I discuss this with him at Cherry Grove in 1978 at a tea dance while he is hanging shyly against the walls, yes, he says, of course it is worth it; I ask him this in 1986

when, thunderously, the implications of the positive diagnosis begin to come through to him and he closes his eyes as I make the forced pictures in his head, showing him what it would be like: I don't know, he says, I don't know, I am in shock, I am in agony here, I can't give you a false or real answer, can take no position, how can I tell? Maybe I shouldn't have done it, I don't know, I don't know. Take the question to him in Chicago two years later; he is attending a class reunion with his lover, partial remission, he feels in control of himself, some benignity, perhaps illusory but the moment can be extended, he feels, as so many other moments have been extended. I would have done it again, he says knowing what I know, I would have wanted it this way still; I would have not treated it differently, I would not exchange these years for anything. Ask him and ask him, up and down the line, sometimes an enthusiastic, desperate yes, other times more tentative, a no at the end and tracking back from that *no* mostly for the six or eight months before this special, spectacular extended agony; his position then is not fixed any more than it might have been twenty, thirty years ago when Martin refused to respond to the messages flicking like trap shots from the basement of his sensibility. Nothing is sure, nothing is firm. Mostly yes, an occasional no, more *no* as the end is approached, but even then at some of the moments in between the moments of the worst anguish, as soft insistent yes. It is not fixed, nothing is fixed, the human condition is not fixed. The price we will pay for not fully expressing what we are does not seem indeterminate then. It resonates, this confusion, against my own uncertainty, and I understand then, staring at and through all of this, that there can be no answers from Martin, none at all. If Martin is the voice and tensor of all

possibility, then there is no possibility, no singularity.

Understand this does not surprise me but fills me with a desperate and irreparable weakness; I would have had it this way, I would have wanted surer answers. Everyone wants answers if not *the* answer, even I. I return to my old antagonist on the desert and hand him the helmet and the simulating device and the other armaments of our translation, our bargain, our possibility. I have wrestled and wrestled, I say, I have wrestled you through all the avenues of this life and I do not know, I am stunned and pinned, dislocated and shattered. Martin is not the answer; he can provide me with no firm basis at all.

Of course, my old antagonist says. His ruddy skin glows with sympathy or perhaps it is only health. Or vindication. You see, he says, you are left with it just as I said, you are left with all of this on your own. You must decide what price to pay and whether that is correct and no one can know. He backs away from me, horns a rapier, fine eyes glints of purpose in the night. *Now* he says, *now* you must decide. *You*, not Martin Donner, who is only a paradox or a metaphor, *you* must make that decision. It is the fortieth day, he says. Soon it will be the fortieth night. You must now turn in the way you must, there will be no returning.

Yes, I say, yes, I understand that. Before me, closing my eyes like Martin in the hallucinatory daze, I see the traps, the sights, the visions of my own circumstances: the donkey, the cobblestones, the crowds, Pilate's smooth and terrible judgment, the hanging and the darkness. I see and I see and I see and in the iron spikes of the sun of Golgotha, alone and under the darkness, I see too the expanding and necessitous heart of God.

THE READERCON COMMITTEE

ELLEN BRODY

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

was born to a family of itinerant silk merchants while they were touring western Honshu. A tragic youthful indiscretion has taught her that one should never allow a drunken sumo wrestler to experience any dimension other than the third, no matter how much dark chocolate is involved.

JULIANNE CHATELAIN'S

SIGN SHOP

ideal Readercon panel will someday relate hypertext to R. A. Lafferty's short stories, the OuLiPo, feminist erotica, and Clute's 'real year' plus the other passions listed at <http://world.std.com/~jchat/>—but this year she mostly made signs.

BOB COLBY

FOUNDER

would write a better bio if trying to simultaneously add a new programming feature to Readercon (the Listening Lounge) while trying to bring something like the concept of fandom to the world of typography (see www.typesociety.org for details) wasn't so . . . umm . . . tiring.

RICHARD DUFFY

PRE-REGISTRATION AND SECRETARY

though not quite as fossilized as a horned ceratopsid, dates back at least as far as the dawn of the Readercon era. Having been sucked into its committee since right after the first convention in 1987, he has only in the last few years been able to attend a decent amount of the program, and finds it so interesting that he's sticking around to stay involved in the process of putting it together. Some people are simply incorrigible.

GEORGE FLYNN

is chief copyeditor/proofreader for NESFA Press, and does much the same thing in the Real World (anything from the Mass. General Hospital directory to Software Testing & Quality Engineering—and once

a Harlan Ellison collection). He is still on too damn many con committees.

BARNABY RAPOPORT

is best known for publishing such controversial zines as Sadie Mae Glutz, Snarkin' Safari, and Zina. His writing has also appeared in Science Fiction Review, Blat!, and two best-of-the-year Fanthologies, and he was Guest of Honor at Corflu 7. He attended the 1996 Odyssey writing workshop.

BOB INGRIDIA

BIBLIOGRAPHY EDITOR AND
SOUND MAN

has become obsessed with objects recently, which either means he has become a rabid materialist or else that he programs in object-oriented languages. (Or, since he works for a high-tech start up, perhaps a bit of both.) Having escaped from PsycheCorp last year, he rescued another committee member from its sound-alike cousin in Texas. Neither of them wears gloves, and both are doing just fine without the shots.

MERRYL GROSS

BANQUET

is currently in recovery from her stint on the Sofa for Readercons 9 and 10. While she is not attempting to be amusing in a committee bio, she spends time designing Web user interfaces, remedying the lack of usability in everyday life, evaluating hotel layouts, chasing after cats, and catching up on her reading. Look for her at a Bookaholics Anonymous meeting near you, since she is again out of shelf space and needs more library maintenance tips.

B. DIANE MARTIN

CON CHAIR

was shocked to discover that while her son Miles did indeed sleep fifteen hours a day it was only in twenty minute increments.

MIKE MATTHEW

INFO DESK

is convinced that one meets the nicest people at Readercon.

DAVID SHAW

PROGRAM CO-CHAIR

is incapable of remembering any of his life before the birth of his son, Miles. Perhaps some sleep will help . . .

MILES MARTIN SHAW

has a mouth and must scream.

DAVID WALRATH

BOOKSHOP

is a refugee from the eighteenth century who nonetheless enjoys the occasional book about spaceships and little green men.

AMY WEST

CON CHAIR

is too busy to write a bio.

KARL WURST

AT-CON REGISTRATION

is the Phantom Registration head.

NICHOLAS WURST

is three years old.

NEVENAH SMITH

SOUVENIR BOOK DESIGN

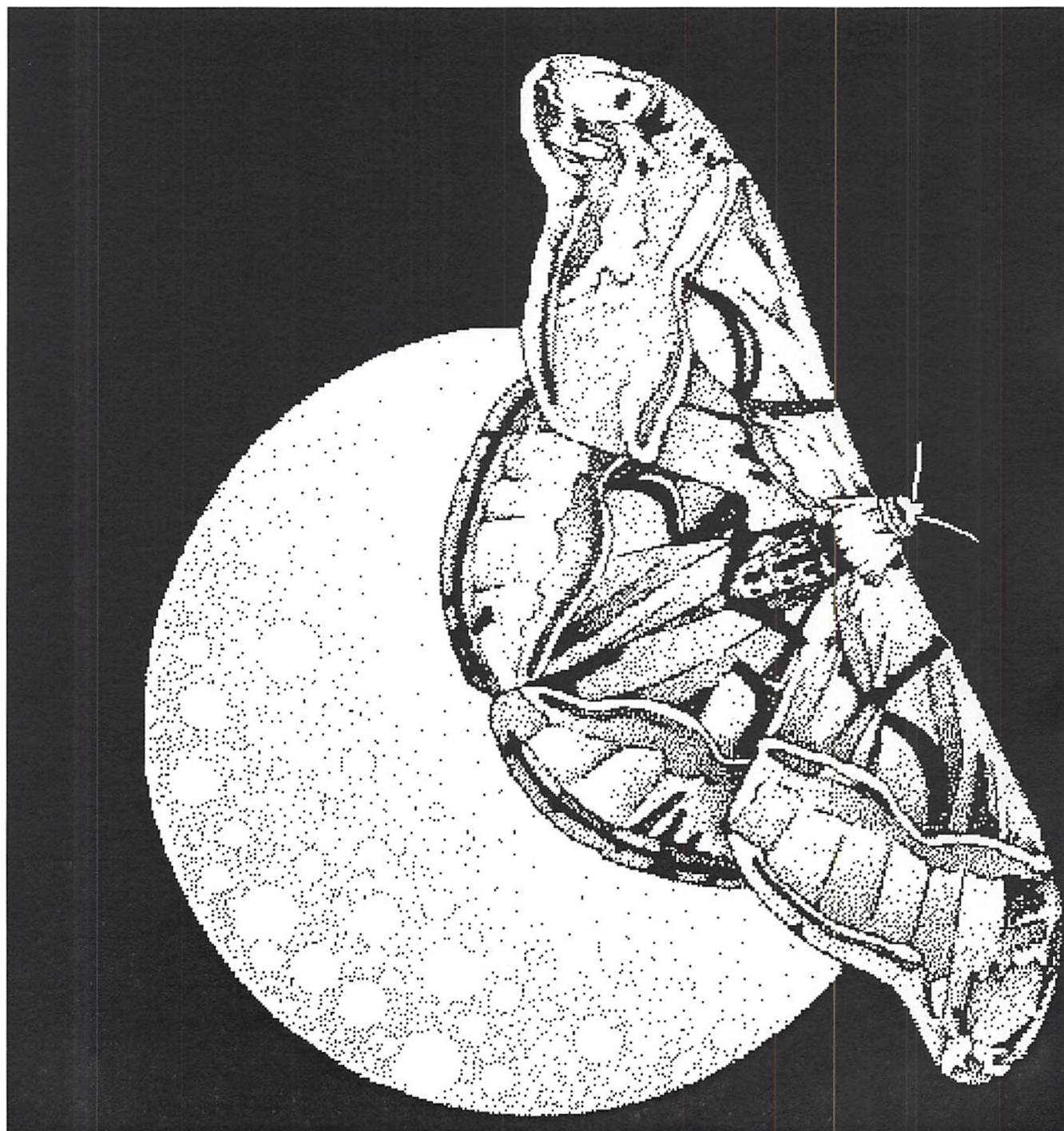
has fled the world of ice and snow for warm winters, hurricanes, and lots of shiny beads. She abridges books for audio tape, etches glass, and has nearly gafiated. She still has her cats and belongs to an APA, so not all hope is lost.

John O'Neil (Progress Reports) and Adina Adler (Publicity) have all joined the Federal Witness Protection Program while the government tracks down the renegade Mad Brain Scientist Eric Van (Program Chair). While O'Neil may be passing himself off as a harmless linguist, he and Adler worked as the nefarious henchmen for Van in carrying out his evil plots.

Sean McDonough reportedly knew all his colors before disappearing with his parents, Craig (Treasurer) and Lesley (Con Suite/ Green Room). Just what would a

Mad Brain Scientist do with a 2-year old?
Stay tuned . . .

Diane Kurilecz (Con Suite/Green
Room and Tiptree Bake Sale) has not been
implicated in any nefarious plots in any
way



REAR WINDOW

