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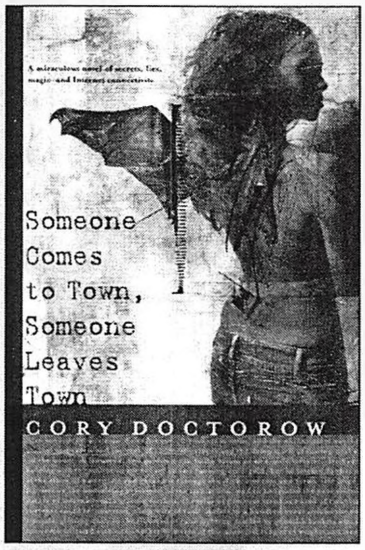

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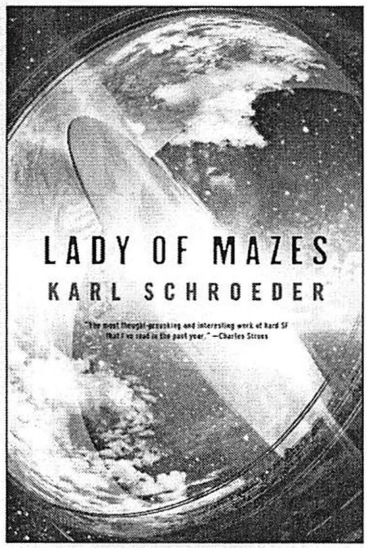

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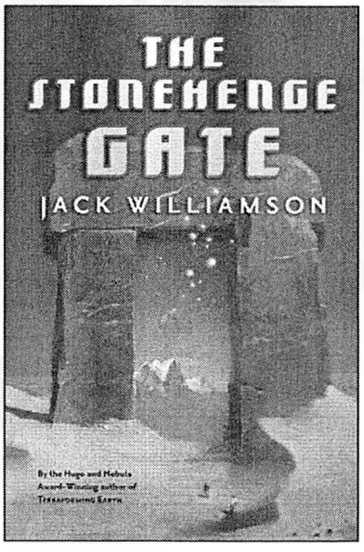

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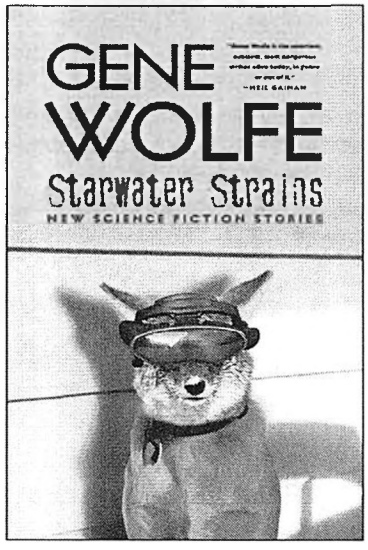

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—*Booklist* on *Innocents Aboard*

The Summer of '76

By James Patrick Kelly

It's often the case that program book appreciations dwell on madcap anecdotes of bathtubs filled with lime jello or inappropriate use of Silly String. But I'd actually like to appreciate two writers who had a profound effect on my career. To do it, I need to scoot you back in time to the Ford Administration, before iPods and cell phones and Paris Hilton. I was an aspiring writer back then, and like many other young wannabes, my thoughts turned to the Clarion Writers Workshop at Michigan State University. Clarion, for those who just fell off the avocado truck, is something like science fiction boot camp, six weeks of intensive writing, reading and critiquing with some of the best teaching writers in the business. The faculty in 1976 was Robin Scott Wilson, Thomas Disch, Joe Haldeman, Joanna Russ, the immortal Damon Knight, and Kate Wilhelm. Some of my classmates that year who went on to publish were Eileen Gunn, Leslie What, Cynthia Felice, and Robert Morales.

That much is public knowledge—you could look it up. But I want to take you behind the scenes, even though every workshopper pledges that what happens at Clarion, stays at Clarion (Wait, maybe that was Vegas. Or David Hartwell's room, I forget.) In any event, here's how two of our very best writers made an impression on a young James Kelly, who was so green that he hadn't grown a "Patrick" yet.

The week that Joe and Gay Haldeman came was toward the middle of the workshop, third if memory serves, right after Tom Disch. The first thing that struck me about Joe (and Gay) was that they were young, actually not that much older than I was. This was very encouraging, because I had been reading some of the other Clarion faculty since high school—or in Damon's case, since I was a sprout. The presence of the Haldemans indicated that they might still be taking on raw apprentices like me at Science Fiction, Inc. I have two very clear memories about advice I got from Joe and Gay. One was a talk they both gave about how we could set ourselves up in the business of writing. They talked about what we might want in a home office, how to keep records, strategies for establishing a line of credit and the like. This was all very gratifying; Joe and Gay seemed to be assuming that we would all inevitably publish and thus would need to know how to count paper clips and massage our 1040s. But something Joe said about craft struck a far deeper resonance. Just a few months before, he had won a Nebula for his now-classic *The Forever War* and we talked about the pros and cons of writing the fix-up novel. Excuse me, but mostly what I heard were the pros. I was then and am now a relatively slow writer and it occurred to me that my already low profile might collapse into a black hole if I took a year or more to write nothing but a novel. So when I look at my brag shelf at *Freedom Beach*, which I wrote with John Kessel, *Look Into The Sun*, and *Wildlife*, I see Joe's advice embodied in print.

We awaited the arrival of Damon and Kate with great anticipation. There is a tradition at Clarion East that the last two weeks are taught by a pair of writers, the anchors. They were the ultimate Clarion anchor team. During those last two weeks, a kind of desperate wackiness rules the workshop, as the students realize that they're about to be exiled forever from their literary Eden. I remember squirt gun fights and killer Frisbee wars, although oddly enough, none of them ever seemed to touch Kate, who was able to project a force field of calm dignity that was proof against flying super balls. Toward the end of the workshop Damon took a Polaroid picture of me to prove to me that I existed. At that time, the question seemed to me to be in doubt. I still have it, so I suppose he was right. But it was Kate's story doctoring that I remember best. I had needed to pull an all-nighter to finish a story which was workshopped on the last day of Clarion '76. It involved a woman scientist who, against her better judgment, participates in an unspeakable experiment. In the process she nearly wrecks her marriage. After much techno-mayhem, she alone is left of the research team; the experiment has succeeded but at a horrific cost. At the denouement, she retreats in a daze to her office, where she finds a dozen roses from her estranged husband—a peace offering. In the version I workshopped, she decides impulsively to take the bouquet, go to him and leave everything else behind. It was the bland conclusion to a There-Are-Some-Things-We-Are-Not-Meant-To-Know story. In her critique, Kate Wilhelm taught me the importance of the denouement, and in the process launched my career. After reading my manuscript, she suggested a change: what if my heroine tossed all but a single flower out, stuck that one into a bud vase and sat down to write up the experiment? All it took was two sentences and one red rose to transform the piece into a chilling and powerful Scientist-Loses-Her-Soul story. Ed Ferman bought "Death Therapy" with Kate's ending for *F&SF*, which was in itself a major accomplishment—but then the late, great Terry Carr picked it up for his *Best Science Fiction Of The Year* anthology. It was my second published story. Do I sell that story to *F&SF* with the original Kelly ending? Maybe yes, probably no. Do I sell it to Terry with my flat ending? No way! That *Best* sale carried me through some very lean times in the years that followed. I owe it to Kate.

In the years since I've returned to Clarion as a teacher and have observed for myself how some offhand comment I made in workshop or at lunch has been transformed into Words To Live By. So it may be that my two dear mentors may have had no idea of how much I owe them.

Until now.

Kate Wilhelm: An Appreciation

by Gordon Van Gelder

As if it's a violation of client/lawyer confidentiality, people generally consider it bad form for editors to write appreciations of the writers they edit. State secrets might be revealed, mistakes made; working relationships can get damaged.

However, since Kate Wilhelm's photograph has appeared under the definition of professionalism in my book—and has been fixed there for more than a decade—I made an exception. In fact, I'd been hankering to run a special Kate Wilhelm issue and to write a piece about Kate from the time I first interviewed for the job of *F&SF* editor in 1996.

Since I worked at Bluejay Books and then at St. Martin's Press before *F&SF*, I've been in a unique position of reading all the reviews for Kate's books, of hearing many people's thoughts on the woman and her works—so I think I've got an inkling of just how much her work has meant to people.

I've taken the phone calls from writers who say they owe it all to Kate. I've lunched with editors who complained that the new Kate Wilhelm novel isn't in their favorite series (and by the way, this one editor doesn't really see herself in Barbara Holloway's relationship with her father). I've had top-rank writers ask me *sotto voce* what strings we need to pull to get SFWA to name her a Grand Master. I've had several writers quote me verbatim the words Kate used when she touched on the key element in their writing while critiquing their work. And I've shared moments with other professionals when they've put aside any suave facades and admitted that one story of Kate's or another brought us to tears.

I like to think this gives me some authority in calling Kate Wilhelm well-loved.

Let me start by confessing that I have not read every work of Ms. Wilhelm's. My hunt for her elusive[1] third novel *The Nevermore Affair* only recently bore fruit. Other books have sat patiently on the shelf, abiding. There is a strong sense in Kate's work that things have their proper times and places; it does not do to rush, so I do not rush. *Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang* I have not reread; the fourteen-year-old kid who found it at a garage sale in Norwood, New Jersey, expects that it will be better on the next reading, but I can't help feeling that some djinn of my youth might fly away when this particular bottle is unstopped. The proper time will come.

The stories I have read—two dozen novels out of three, perhaps eighty of a hundred stories—say a lot about Kate Wilhelm. Her women are not afraid of being smart, not afraid of being themselves, but often they find life kaleidoscoping uncontrollably around them. Her men are strong enough to show their love. Heroes rarely need to use force; villains tend to be people who aren't honest with themselves. Human behavior and the physical world both pose mysteries worth solving. One need not span the globe to find good stories. Kate's characters generally prefer to dig their fingers into the soil they call home, and they like the feel of dirt and hard work. Good food should be savored, life need not be led in quiet desperation, at the highest level of heaven awaits a fresh pot of coffee.

Perhaps you'd like a cup now?

Katie G. Meredith was born in Toledo in 1928 and to her credit, I've never seen her make an attempt to hide this date. She and her brothers and sister grew up in Kentucky. She married fairly young, had two sons before her first marriage fell apart. Here's her author bio from 1962, when her first novel was published:

> Kate Wilhelm wrote this novel between the hours of 9 P.M. and midnight, when her two children were in bed. Cleveland born, [sic] she has spent most of her life in Kentucky. She has been an insurance underwriter, long-distance telephone operator and professional model. Her interests include astronomy, spelunking, hypnotism, lapidary work and fishing. At present she lives in Milford, Pennsylvania, where she is at work on her second novel.

The accompanying photo shows a dark-haired woman with startlingly clear eyes looking off-camera with a gaze that might be termed visionary and a trace of a smile on her lips to make Mona Lisa jealous.

You'll note the author bio mentions that she lived in Milford at the time. As many readers of this magazine already know, her home there was a big Victorian house called the Anchorage with her second husband, a writer and critic by the name of Damon Knight.

The reason so many readers are aware of this fact is because Kate and Damon hosted many, many writing workshops there. I can't recall for certain if they met at a workshop, but as far as the history of science fiction is concerned, they might as well have. By way of writing groups in Milford, Clarion, and eventually in Eugene, Oregon (their home for the past three decades), Kate and Damon have consistently surrounded themselves with vibrant literary communities—they've practically raised contemporary American science fiction.

The Milford days in particular have attained a status approaching myth: the players include most of sf's leading lights (Judith Merril, Virginia Kidd, Ted Sturgeon, *etcetera* and *et cetera*). The stories and anecdotes, such as the group-mind incident (recounted by Damon in *The Futurians*) that inspired *More Than Human* loom larger than life. Recently I had the privilege of viewing a short film that Ed Emshwiller made in Milford entitled *The Monster from Back Issues*. The spoof starred Damon, Algis Budrys, and Ted Cogswell, among others. Viewing it at David Hartwell's house with Emily Pohl-Weary (Judy and Fred's granddaughter) gave me the extra

1 A book dealer once told Kate that several of her books were too scarce to qualify as "rare".

sense of watching an old film of the collective science fiction family.

A few more words about the writing workshops are in order here. In *A Pocketful of Stars* Kate wrote about her first workshop experience: she turned in an ambitious story and had it shredded. The man sitting next to her turned in some trivial fluff and got gentle, kid-glove critiques. After the workshop drubbing, Kate went down to the nearby stream and threw rocks at the water as hard as she could, until she realized her fellow workshoppers treated her story firmly because they respected her and felt the story had potential. I recount this incident every time I'm in a workshop and almost every time I speak with someone who has been in a workshop. In fifty years, the anecdote may well be a twentieth-century tale of Hera's entry to Olympus.

Since that first workshop, Kate has hosted hundreds. She and Damon helped Robin Wilson found the Clarion workshops and for more than twenty years they taught the final two weeks. I saw Kate in action once, about ten years ago, and marveled at her ability to analyze a story and gently but firmly bring out the weaknesses in a constructive manner. It is no wonder that writers can quote her twenty years later. It is no wonder that the roster of writers she helped foster includes such luminaries as Kim Stanley Robinson, George Alec Effinger, Nina Kiriki Hoffman, Robert Crais, Nicola Griffith, Lucius Shepard, and dozens more. In the year 2000, all four winners of the Nebula Award for fiction were former students of Kate's.

But a great teacher is not necessarily a great writer and it's rare to find both skills in one person. Kate is a lifelong student of the craft of fiction, which probably helps explains the path of her career. She began selling stories to the sf magazines in the mid-1950s and, as the accompanying bibliography shows, was selling rather steadily to a variety of sf magazines. Her first novel, *More Bitter Than Death*, was a mystery. Clayton Rawson, her editor, said that if she stuck to one genre, Kate would become a bestseller... but Kate told me, "I couldn't do it." Those many interests in her bio notes (which, in truth, only scratched the surface) would take her in too many directions.

Having come to the early work late, I have to admit that I haven't found it as engaging as the joys to come. I was struck by John Campbell's comments to Kate in a 1957 letter:

> You have an easy, pleasing and readable style, one that would, moreover, be a marked change in science fiction. However, your stories have rather hazy, gentle motivating forces behind them—which, while that too is somewhat different in science fiction, is not quite so desirable a difference.

Ah, I thought when I encountered this letter in the first volume of Campbell's letters. Here at once is what she brought to the field initially, and perhaps a reason why the early work doesn't compel me.

With history to show, it's easy to say now that Kate's work didn't blossom until the mid-1960s, when the New Wave opened up the sf field to more experimentation. In particular, an anthology series known as *Orbit*, edited by none other than Damon Knight, gave her a place to experiment. (I think the fact that many of Kate's stories feature scientists with experiments gone wrong—or right—reflects her own interest in testing out new approaches to storytelling.) Kate went on to publish a score of stories in *Orbit*, including masterpieces like "The Infinity Box," "The Encounter," and the original novella of "Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang," firmly establishing herself as a top-flight writer. Her novels in this period moved away from the more conventional sf elements and began exploring new psychological territory—books like *Margaret and I* (pity that John Campbell never got to experience the motivating forces in this one) and *Fault Lines* moved wherever the story took them, regardless of genre conventions.

"The problem with labels," wrote Kate in 1975, introducing *The Infinity Box*, "is that they all too quickly become eroded; they cannot cope with borderline cases." The borderline

cases tend to be the ones that interest Kate, and the deception of appearances is a consistent theme in her books, especially the Barbara Holloway novels.

By the mid-1980s, when I first got to work with her, Kate had started writing the Constance and Charlie mysteries along with romantic comedies such as *Oh, Susannah!* and *Crazy Time*. In 1990, she blended chaos theory with the legal thriller in *Death Qualified* and had her biggest commercial success to date. (State secrets revealed? Here's one: during the negotiations for *Death Qualified*, Kate said the reason she'd parted ways with her previous publishers had always been because she wrote a book the editor simply didn't get. I ask you, what's not to get in a novel that's partly a whodunit, partly a courtroom thriller, partly a science fiction novel about chaos? Labels do indeed erode.)

Never one to repeat herself or write the same book over again, Kate surprised everyone when she found that Barbara Holloway, the lawyer heroine of *Death Qualified*, offered her the best way to tell another story. Here's how Kate described it in 1994:

> I was convinced that I had finished with my character Barbara Holloway when I completed the novel *Death Qualified*, and I was surprised when she kept coming to mind in various scenes for which I had no story. I wasn't even trying to imagine her in a real situation much less a novel again, but there she was, a presence in my mind. One image of her in particular was maddening in its persistence: she was standing on a cliff overlooking a small cove, speaking to the ocean. But I didn't know what she was saying.
>
> Then, while on vacation, I met a young woman who began to talk about her problems with a younger brother who was mistreating her, hitting and slapping her. She had an answer for every suggestion I offered. She can't defend herself; he is much bigger than she is. She can't complain to her parents; they take his side and the attacks become more vicious. She can't leave; her brother and her father would make her mother suffer the consequences. Then she said her father had brutalized her mother for as long as she could remember, and her mother is stuck because she has no place to go, no one she can turn to, and she has no skills to earn a living by herself.

In four months, Kate wrote *The Best Defense*. That anger that sparked the book does not typify all of Kate's work, but I mention it because it represents the passion that goes into her fiction. People frequently dub Kate Wilhelm a feminist writer because her books often feature strong women characters and often deal with women's issues, but I've never seen Kate as writing to any particular ism. She writes about the things that are important to her; be the subject the over-medication of the mentally ill, a woman's right to choose, or something as "simple" as the matter of love, she brings wisdom and passion to bear in depicting it.

There is also extraordinary intelligence at work in her fiction. One of Kate's mystery novels hinges on the use of the "morning after" abortion drug, RU-486. Half a decade later, I was in an editorial meeting in which a mystery using the same plot element was being touted as the next big commercial thing, and I realized once again how often Kate grasps a new concept, turns it over and around, and holds its flaws up to light before most people have even recognized it for what it is. Small wonder her stories seem to be ahead of their time so frequently—twenty-five years before "Survivor" hit the TV screens, she practically predicted it in "Ladies and Gentlemen, This Is Your Crisis."

Before I get carried away and leave myself with nothing to say on panels, I'll restrain myself to a few more points:

• The role of family in Kate Wilhelm's work is an essay in itself (if not an entire book)—her portraits and studies of siblings, married couples, and children are assured and perceptive. One critic told me he saw Constance Leidl and Charlie Meiklejohn as stand-ins for Kate and Damon, but I find the resemblances superficial. It's definitely true, however, that family plays a big role in Kate's life as well as in her fiction—in fact, she collaborated with her son Richard on one book.

• Another state secret: the last part of a story Kate usually writes is the title. People in the sales department at St. Martin's didn't like the title "Death Qualified" and threatened to rename the book "The Butterfly Effect." (These included some of the same people who felt that "The Silence of the Lambs" was a weak title.) Kate's working title for the novella in the *Fantasy & Science Fiction* special Kate Wilhelm issue (Sept. 2001) was "What Color Were Leif Ericson's Underpants?".

• In high school, Kate took an employment aptitude test that told her she was meant to be an architect. Before you laugh, think of how prominent a role buildings play in novels such as *Smart House*, *The Good Children*, and *Cambio Bay*. If you ever get the feeling that you could find your way around one of the houses in Kate's books, that might be because she draws maps of the major locales for her books while she's working on them.

• At one point, I found myself hard-pressed to identify what literary traditions fostered her fiction—for someone who is so very widely read, Kate Wilhelm's work strikes me as being very independent. Then I sat on a panel at an sf convention in Ohio in which we discussed what (if anything) characterizes Ohioan fiction. Maureen McHugh and the others (including Ron Sarti and Juanita Coulson) very eloquently summed up the characteristics of what Maureen dubbed "heartland" fiction—modest, independent, suburban fiction that's far more interested in average folks than in supermen. I cited Leigh Brackett and *The Long Tomorrow* as a prime example... and I find that Kate Wilhelm's work fits in this tradition. Somewhat. Hers is not fiction that can be pigeonholed easily.

In that mordant way of his, Barry Malzberg said that he went through a period of reading lots of writers' biographies until he realized they all follow the same pattern: early struggles, followed by a big success, after which there's the long slow descent into despair and substance abuse. There's plenty of truth to this observation, but let's remember too that this romantic model sells books far better than does the story of someone who devotes herself to craft, who favors nurturing to self-destruction, whose drug of choice is caffeine, and who manages to spin out yarns year after year that amuse, enlighten, entertain, and entrance. Such writers might not get the obsessive fascination that belongs to the live-fast-die-young victims, but every now and then, at times like this, we can try to tell writers like Kate Wilhelm just how grateful we are for all the joy they've given us and how much we look forward to the stories yet to come... and we can hope that's enough.

Picture Books and Nebulous Shapes

An Appreciation of Kate Wilhelm

by Leslie What

Kate Wilhelm has been overheard praising the novella, but when asked straight out if she favors one fictional form over another, her expression changes from the serene beauty captured by her cover photographs to one of faux shock, as if she's been asked to rate her children according to who she likes best.

Kate doesn't do that.

You could know her a long time and never quite figure out the complex social and genetic relationships of the people in her household. There are stepchildren and children and spouses and grandchildren, some of whom are no relation, but Kate and her late husband Damon Knight have always considered them all family. Even cats brought into the household soon share equal footing in her sprawling ranch home, and the sign outside the living room window that informs firefighters of the number of pets inside needs frequent updating.

Does she have a favorite piece of writing? "If I write a short story and I'm pleased with it, then I like short story best. Same goes for novels and novellas." But novellas, Kate admits when she is pressed, provide a special challenge. It didn't help that she was told early in her career that "you can't publish novellas." Kate Wilhelm has never been someone who likes following rules (See Nina Kiriki Hoffman's tell-all exposé of Kate's checkered work history). Try to do this woman a favor, tell her she'll have trouble publishing her novellas, and she writes them anyway, even sells a couple to Redbook. So much for listening to reason. "I surprised my agent," Kate recalls. "I'm known to be stubborn."

Persistent might be a better word. Driven. Inspired. Even tireless. She's still hosting the invitational writing workshop that began in Eugene in 1976, when Kate and Damon opened their home to newer writers. At the April 2005 meeting, when this interview was conducted, her half-acre yard is awash with color and early blooms. The unruly weeds would scare off all but the most serious of gardeners. Seedlings, ready for transplanting, have staged an occupation of her greenhouse. Houseplants, even orchids, thrive under her care. She has transformed her pool room into a garden room and in the place of deep water, a Meyer lemon and other exotic (for Oregon) plants swim in dirt.

Years ago, when Kate discovered how many chemicals were present in commercially processed soap, she decided to create her own. This was before the resurgence of boutique soaps, at a time when quality ingredients were expensive and difficult to find. The chemist in Kate enjoys experimenting with different combinations of coconut and olive and palm oils. Ask her and she'll explain the process of saponification. The experimental side of Kate enjoys combining delicate scents, like chocolate and lavender, creating art soap. She makes enough soap to supply her family for the year, and even a bar or two to give as gifts to the writers who show up at her December workshop. She's not the kind of woman who would tell you to your face that it's time to clean up your act. She's much more subtle, much more deceptively devious.

A number of current and former students have survived the experience of having Damon Knight mark a "Red Line of Death" on their manuscripts. The RLoD brands the precise moment in our immortals works of genius when an editor would stop reading and toss the page. The closer the red line to the title, the more it stings. Trust me on this. How shocked we all were to realize that this effective concept, this teachable moment, originated with Kate — and not Damon — as we had all believed.

Kate's influence as a teacher is impossible to measure. You could get a rough estimate by counting up the published books her students have mailed to her over the years, perhaps to prove that she and Damon did not waste their time. It might help to count up the number of awards won by those writers privileged enough to know Kate as their teacher. Kate confides that she's proud of us all, but in her usual modest way, she does not take credit for our accomplishments.

The truth is that Kate is a marvelous teacher and an amazing woman and her students revere the woman as much as we revere her work. This statement may embarrass her, but she's just going to have to deal with it. For many writers, Kate has proved to be an ideal reader. She still gets manuscripts from Clarion students from years past. She still encourages writers with honest, insightful comments.

She's an astute, analytic critic and an intuitive writer. Kate's writing process may have developed in response to the challenges of raising a family. When the kids were young and her primary responsibility was caring for family and home, Kate thought about her stories during the day. It wasn't until after everyone was asleep that she sat down to write them. Even today, when she's working on a project, she will write late into the night. Writers who attend her monthly workshop are surprised to learn that after we leave, which is sometimes as late as 1:00 or 2:00 AM, Kate goes into her office to write. She's still putting the kids to bed before getting on with the important task of writing.

"I start with a vision of a scene before I know what form the idea will take," says Kate. The original image is always very sharp. "Where that comes from, I have no idea. I have always seen things in my head. I learned to hold my tongue early on and never talk about things. I lived in such a non-literary family and community, there would have been no one to talk to. No one would have understood a word I said."

She told stories to herself and to her brothers. She told stories to her children and grandchildren. Throughout her life, the process of storytelling has remained consistent. It's a mystical process. She thinks therefore she writes. "It doesn't occur to me to think about structure while writing."

The structure of a Kate Wilhelm story or novel begins with a nebulous shape, but as the story takes form, "The nebu-

lous shape is filled in and I know it's time to write. I don't write with words. I don't think of individual words when I'm writing." Her fingers, she says, are mechanical things that transmit words to paper, but she never takes the intermediate step of thinking up the words that represent the story in her mind. The story takes shape the moment she writes it down. "I hear the people talking, hear the conversations, see what they're doing." Kate sees the protagonist through different viewpoints as well as envisioning scenes through different viewpoints. Her work is complex, the characters multi-dimensional. The opening image, she says, "is one extensive scene that develops into the full story as I start adding to it." The process is a little like making a movie, with a few significant differences. "I am a director. I write my own script. I play all the parts and I'm also the set designer." Because she's done so much of the work prior to transcribing her fiction to her computer, Kate's work doesn't need major revisions. That's a good thing. "I hate revising," Kate says. She changes words and corrects spelling, but seldom anything more.

Like most writers, Kate cannot always completely control her material. Now and then, a story slips by, transforming from her initial concept into something bigger. "Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang" and "The Winter Beach" both began as a novellas before their later reincarnations as novels ("The Winter Beach" formed the basis of *Welcome, Chaos*). Kate suspected—after she had begun to write—that both novellas could be expanded, but they worked so well at novella length, she was reluctant to follow-through on her intuition. "Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang", originally published in *Orbit 15*, won a Hugo in book form.

It's interesting to note that six of Kate's fifteen Nebula nominations were for the novella, a form she says she's never tried to define. "For much of fiction, the novella is the ideal form. It is one continuing thread that is developed as it follows people who are associated with that thread. All these parts can be developed." A very short story has one short, sharp thing—one illumination or revelation that is the point of the story. The novella has an idea that is fuller than that, something that's explored more deeply and is rewarding in other ways. "You won't have that same impact," Kate says, but she insists that no matter what she's writing, it's important to let the story take its own form.

As for future projects? "I just finished a novel and I'm through." She threatens never to write again. "I'm tired," Kate explains, adding that there's no further need, nothing left to explore, no big ideas saved up for later. "I feel completed." Has she ever said this before? "Many times," she says with a devious, charming laugh.

Kate Wilhelm: Employment History

by Nina Kiriki Hoffman

Kate Wilhelm has been telling stories all her life. At first no one could understand her; she had a speech defect called clatter, the opposite of stuttering. She spoke quickly and ran all her words together. All the stories she spoke then she told to herself.

In kindergarten, she saw a speech therapist who made her pronounce every syllable very slowly and think ahead about what she was going to say. After that, she started sharing stories with her two younger brothers—she is the fourth of six children.

Kate was born in 1928 and grew up in Louisville, Kentucky. Her father was a millwright, who became ill when Kate was eleven and was a semi-invalid the rest of his life, plunging his family into poverty. Kate's mother, a country girl who had never worked until that time, got a job in a laundry. During the war years, Kate's mother got a government job at a medical depot, where she worked until she retired. Kate greatly admired her mother. "She had a lot of courage and was really strong."

At fourteen, Kate got her first job. By the time she was eighteen, she retired.

Kate clerked and stocked in a neighborhood department store in Louisville. She worked after school until six, when, as a minor, she had to punch out, and then she worked two more hours off the clock. She also worked on Saturdays. For this job, she got twenty-five cents an hour, and her wages bought her clothes, roller-skates, and other things. Kate was a figure skater in a roller-skating club that put on performances and benefits.

One day after Kate had worked at the store for a year, her boss came down from his office and found many of the older female workers chatting. He stormed around and yelled at everyone, even Kate, who wasn't in on the gossip. She felt this was unjust, and she quit.

"You can't quit," her boss told her.

"I quit," she said. "You bawled me out for nothing." She left.

Her boss called her mother. "Kate can't quit. She's a good worker," he said.

"I can't do anything with her," said Kate's mother.

Next, Kate volunteered as a candy striper in a hospital, where her duties were limited to changing bedpans. She felt sorry for the patients, who kept asking her for things she wasn't authorized to do. She was so frustrated that she went home and cried after work. Finally her mother told her she had to quit for peace of mind.

Kate then worked as a long distance telephone operator. She was a terrible operator, she said. She couldn't remember the set phrases she was supposed to answer the phone with, and would improvise. She often felt an admonitory tap on the shoulder from her supervisor.

Forty miles from Louisville was Fort Knox. Love-struck young G.I.s living there would call their girlfriends back home on pay phones. Kate would clock them out, but let them keep talking long after their nickel had expired. Also, she was busy listening in—gathering stories. "Everybody listened in on calls during the slow times," she said.

The supervisor tapped on her shoulder again.

Kate quit the phone company over the holidays because, as a junior employee, she was scheduled to work on Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Eve and Day. She had a boyfriend in the merchant marines during the waning years of World War II, and she wanted to spend at least one holiday with him before he shipped out. The phone company wouldn't listen to reason, so Kate left.

History repeated itself. Her boss called her mother. "She can't just quit."

Kate thought, why not? I'm a lousy operator.

Even though Kate was making good money at the phone company, she didn't go back.

She got a job working in the umbrella department of an upscale department store. She worked across from the candy department, where she made a friend. "The candy clerk and I ate our way through the stock."

Department store work suited Kate. She could get good clothes at a discount and knew ahead of time about sales. She had nice clothes for the first time.

She began her modeling career while she worked at the department store. At first it was just clothing shows in the store. She was taught how to sit and walk, and told never to make eye contact with the customers. The models were all size seven, and the customers were size sixteen, eighteen, and up. The older women hated the skinny young models. "There was a lot of hostility," Kate said.

Kate was too short for high fashion, but she modeled sports clothes—shorts, swimsuits, blazers, shirts—and college girl clothes. She got work as a photographer's model and did magazine and newspaper work. They did shoots at the airport, at car dealerships, various places around Louisville.

Once a period-piece movie opened in Louisville, and as part of the promotion for it, Kate and another model dressed in antebellum clothes and were driven through town in a horse-drawn carriage behind a black driver in full livery.

As a model, Kate made five dollars an hour, extremely good money at that time. It wasn't a steady job, though. The calls were infrequent. Still, it kept her wardrobe in style.

While she was working and skating, she was still in high school. She graduated at seventeen with a grade of 97.8 and earned a full general scholarship for scholastic excellence at the University of Kentucky at Louisville. She signed up for a lot of classes, but returning G.I.s got preferential treatment, and Kate didn't get a single class she wanted. Instead of a romance language, she was assigned to a class in Russian. In fact, she suspected she was being put on track to become a spy, not a career she aspired to. For P.E., square dancing was mandatory. "Square dancing was the last straw," said opera-loving Kate. She quit college and never went back.

Kate's next job was at an industrial insurance company. This was a company where salesmen went door to door and signed up anyone but a corpse in a box. People would pay a dollar a week for their policies, and then in hard times, wouldn't be able to pay, so the insurance would lapse. The salesmen got a commission on every policy they sold, so they didn't mind going around and signing people up again.

Kate had worked at the company for four months when the man who evaluated the policies had a heart attack. Kate got a promotion to insurance evaluator. She had very few guidelines. If someone's blood pressure was 220 over 120, or if the person was dead, she denied them insurance.

She stayed at this job a year, about the longest she ever held a job. It was her last job, although she later applied for others.

At eighteen, Kate married Joseph Wilhelm, a carpenter. She ran the household and had two children. She thought about stories between tasks. When she had them worked out in her head, she wrote them down, usually after the kids were in bed.

She rented a typewriter to type "The Mile-Long Spaceship," the first story she ever sent out. When John W. Campbell, Jr., bought the story, she used the check from the sale to buy the typewriter. She had found an outlet for her stories, and she hasn't stopped writing them down since.

The Real Stuff: *A Sense of Shadow*

by Ray Vukcevich

What you get in Kate Wilhelm's novels and stories is psychological authenticity—from "The Mile-Long Spaceship" to the latest adventures of Barbara Holloway, Kate's people are real and completely drawn, vivid and interesting, and the situations they are in are interesting, and the combination of interesting people and situations always comes to something. When the story ends, you know that what you've read means something that matters. You know more about what it means to be human.

So, how in the world does she do that?

Kate's stories are almost always about how people actually work, what makes them tick, but there is one book where those concerns are right out in the open. Maybe the secret of authentic writing is to be found in that book. I'm talking about Kate Wilhelm's *A Sense of Shadow*, and I've spent a lot of time trying to figure it out.

I first read the novel in the early eighties. I was already a big fan. I had probably read everything Kate had published at the time. I knew I would have a good time before I even opened the book. I didn't know I would spend quite so much time with it over the years. You see, as soon as I finished the book, I needed to know how she did it. So, I sat down and typed the entire novel into my computer, which in those days was a pretty futuristic thing to do. The disks holding the book were eight inches square, and it took a number of them to do the job. I still have one of those disks around here somewhere, but since it is not labeled, and I have no machine that can read it, I don't know if part of Kate's book is on it. It would be a conversation piece if I could find it and put it out on display where people could see it and maybe have conversations about it.

A Sense of Shadow is about what people are really doing when they are busy being human. It's about psychology and brains and ghosts and possession. It's full of insights. I read it again just before writing this, and I was delighted to run into stuff that is part of my experience on Earth that I'd forgotten came from this book. For example, at one point the psychologist Hugh is thinking about how he had not been very good at counseling, about how he so disliked it. What he thinks I have often thought (especially in the context of raising a teenager). He thinks about how he was always so impatient with the students who came to him for counseling because their problems always seemed to be so easy to solve. "Stop seeing him. Give her up. Study harder. Don't smoke dope." Then one day his mentor, Dr. Fields, turns it around on him. Dr. Fields tells him to "... stop counseling, and he had laughed out loud. So simple." Perfect.

A Sense of Shadow is like a brain. There are techniques that function like thoughts or dreams. There are beautiful transitions in time and space and mind and viewpoint. It is a story about many minds and one mind. It's about what people do to one another and to themselves.

When I finally met Kate, she and her husband Damon Knight had been hosting a workshop in their home for many years. I was like, you know, totally awed by these two people whose work I had read and admired for so long. I simply did not have the nerve to tell Kate I had typed in one of her books.

Several years later when I did tell her, she just asked if I'd learned anything. I didn't know how to answer that. Everything I'd learned from her work in general and from being in the workshop and from conversations with her all blurred together with the typing of the book. But then I took a deep breath. No, I said, I didn't figure out how her novel achieved its effects by typing it. In fact, I would not recommend the exercise aside from maybe an aid to a close and careful reading. We got to talking about fiction techniques, and then it was time for everyone at the workshop to argue about where to go to dinner... I leave it to other reporters to describe the workshop. As for me, I'm thinking that back before I was born and still living on Omicron 4 as some kind of sea slug, wouldn't it have seemed like dying and going to heaven to live in a small college town and every month attend a workshop with Kate Wilhelm? A wise and patient teacher, Kate is not only one of my favorite writers, she is also one of my favorite people, and I still don't know how she does it.

A Brief History of Literature

by Kate Wilhelm

When the first hominids left the trees, they found that there was a need for communicating something more than a shriek of warning or despair. A bright young person invented words, and communication through language was born. No doubt oral exchanges of ideas, thoughts, sources of food, mating games followed. It was found that this was too transient, with no lasting record; what if the bringer of news or teller of stories was waylaid by a saber tooth tiger?

Cave art was invented. Imagine the scene, deep cave, fearful audience, torchlight, figures adance on the wall, a shaman in full sway; thus came the first illustrated narrative, perhaps the first motion pictures. Or possibly the first comic books.

Then someone realized that cave art was fine in its place, a deep cave, but it was not very good for counting how many hectares of grain one grew, and how much of it was owed to the IRS. Grocery lists, love letters? Hieroglyphs came into being. Pictograms. The first icons. Now people could keep track of relationships, relate marvelous historical incidents, and tall tales were invented. And they could create new tales, new records, and still keep the old ones. Archives and backlists were born. And not just on stone. Papyrus. Linen. Silk. Rocks. Copper, bronze, silver, gold.

But hieroglyphs were still too cumbersome for daily records, and too grounded in reality for abstractions, like fiction, poetry, theology, the note passed in social studies class. The Phoenicians decided they needed an alphabet, and all you have to do is consider how they spell their own name to grasp instantly the headaches they bequeathed to the following generations. But the alphabet freed the imagination of nascent writers, to say nothing of their egos; now they could express their innermost feelings, and preserve them. They could tell real stories about gods and goddesses, heroes and monsters; mythology was born.

Hand-copied scrolls and books came into being, illuminated books, and carpal tunnel was discovered. Umberto Eco invented the library to house the books. The Forest Service accidentally burned down the Alexandrian Library and Gutenburg said this will not do. The only copies of many first editions were gone forever; collectors were furious, and the copyists were on sick leave with their arms in slings. He invented the printing press. The crawl of progress became a march, and then a race. From caves to deserts, dark ages to renaissance, the pace quickened.

Shakespeare invented a million cliches that are still in use today. Madam LeFarge invented a new method of keeping records, knitting needles. Edgar Allen Poe invented murder mysteries. He also invented the short story and O. Henry perfected it. Tolstoy and Dostoevsky killed it again with help from Proust.

Charles Dickens invented serials, and serial characters and serial killers followed.

Mozart wrote about a magic flute, set to music. Wagner wrote about a magic ring set to a week's worth of music. Tolkein rewrote it without the music, and print fantasy was invented. Mary Shelley invented monsters; Jules Verne invented the submarine; H.G. Wells invented Martians.

Paperback books were invented and hardcover books died.

Pulp magazines were invented and literature was killed.

Madam Curie invented the radio and was killed by her own monster. Radio plays followed — Lights Out, The Inner Sanctum, Arch Oboler. Horror was invented and print fiction was killed.

H.G.'s brother, Orson, rediscovered Martians and reality broadcasting was invented.

Talking pictures replaced silent films; directors were invented and writers were killed.

Television was invented with live TV drama; radio drama was killed, along with movies and print fiction.

Sitcoms and laugh tracks were invented, and TV drama was killed, along with sanity, literacy and print fiction.

William Shatner invented a starship and spinoffs, and rack space for other novels was killed.

Spielberg invented special effects and narrative was killed.

Niches were invented. Barbara Cartland invented romance novels and blue covers; Grace Metalious invented graphic sex; Faulkner invented the South; LeCarre invented spies; Norman Mailer invented misogyny; Dashiell Hammett invented dialogue; Thomas Harris invented cannibalism; Jean Auel invented the ice pick; Bill Gibson invented cyberpunk; Gabriel Garcia Marquez invented magical realism; Toni Morrison invented African-American culture; John Updike invented the *New Yorker Magazine* story; politicians invented spin doctors ... Four thousand writers simultaneously invented angst-driven memoirs.

Then there are the niches within niches. The fantasy niche includes the subcategories of urban fantasy, high fantasy and presumably low fantasy. A single book was not enough to tell the fabulous tales; the trilogy was invented, swiftly followed by the multi-volume trilogy. And in the mystery field: the police procedural; the cozy; suspense; psychological mystery; serial killers; the series detective, amateur detectives, courtroom, or at least legal, mysteries. There are techno thrillers; black urban novels; medical, on and on. Romances are further subdivided also: historical romance, science fiction, fantasy, Christian, mystery....

Niches aren't only for genre fiction. There are political novels, urban novels, university novels, gangster novels, the drug scene, Hollywood novels, biographical novels, family sagas, on-the-road novels. Historical novels get sub-subcategorized all the time. Which period? Which country? A straight historical? Historical romance, or mystery? There is a catch phrase for everything written.

There's a reason. The editor who acquired the work has to sell it to an editorial committee, none of whom has read it,

and to the sales force who have not read it and, due to mass illiteracy, can't. They in turn have to sell it to the book sellers. And it's like the Hollywood high concept theory: if it can't be summarized in less than twenty five words, forget it. So we have niches, and niches within niches.

There are several problems with niches: they all have their own rules that the writer is expected to know. No explicit sex in a soft porn novel; no extramarital sex in a religious one; no blood and gore on stage in a cozy mystery; no bug-eyed monsters in a family saga... Exceptions: if you make millions for the publisher, you become like the elephant who can walk where it wants to. And there is the rare book that breaks the rules and still becomes a best seller. A caveat: there are many more rule-breaking unpublished books than published ones. However, if you've been nailed down in one niche, people get upset if you wander off into another one. By people I mean editors, sales reps, reviewers, and booksellers. You are known by the company you keep.

Also, publishing was busy reinventing the industry itself in the twentieth century. Oprah invented book clubs; Time/Warner invented integrated publishing; Bertlesmen invented international conglomerates; independent publishers were killed. Barnes and Noble and Borders vanquished the independent bookstores. Various publishers colluded in inventing MBAs who replaced editors. Masters degrees in English died. Gates invented the computer, word processing, and printers, and professional typists were killed. A Phoenician teacher invented the spell checker and copy editors were killed.

With the approach of the millennium, as the twentieth century was winding down and dust jacketing itself to go to the great Bookmark in the Sky, two of the biggest, the most earth-shattering inventions of all came along. Al Gore invented the Internet and the Wide World Web. And Jeffrey Bezos moved from New York to Gatesville and invented Amazon dot com.

Many corpses remain unidentified. Some of them don't realize they are dead yet, and, whimpering, continue to move, but feebly, feebly.

Today we have books on demand, digitized text on disks, ready to print at the reader's pleasure. Do it yourself anthologies. What will that do to print runs? Why print more than the number ordered? Any text can be scanned, downloaded on your own private computer in the privacy of your home. The plain brown cover died. Why browse a bookstore with a paltry 80,000 titles when you can browse the web with an infinite number?

Anyone can publish anything. Digitize it, publish it on the Internet, become a published professional writer. Who will read it is a separate question. How will anyone know about it is yet another question. But anyone can do it; we may all have to change our names to Stephen King. Writer/publisher may be the wave of the future.

Companies are inviting writers to do just that, sometimes with a stiff fee attached. Virtual vanity publishing. Get rid of the middle men—publishers, distributors, reviewers, bookstores... It's just you and me. I write, you buy. Money goes from your pocket to my pocket.

Publishers are not happy with this development. When publishers become sad, they call in the contract department lawyers and tell them to fix things, to make things right again. As a result, we have contract clauses that were not there ten years ago, sometimes not there ten days ago, or even ten minutes ago. New interpretations of old contracts, new clauses they claim are retroactive are being argued; retroactive clauses are being added. Everyone has a net out to catch and keep the elusive electronic rights to everything. No one knows their worth yet, but everyone is determined to grab them. The courts are striking the grabbers down as fast as they surface, but the lawyers are wily; they keep coming up with new approaches. They want those rights. If the publisher no longer has to print X number of copies, ship them, warehouse them, deal with distributors, maintain a return policy, what will be his role? To provide editorial guidance? There are free-lance editors popping up all over the landscape like prairie dogs. And what is a fair compensation to the writer? Today we are laying the groundwork for an equitable tomorrow, but no one knows the rules, which keep getting rewritten. Expectations are wrapped in mist and fog and promises. And, ominously, we are no longer writers, but content providers. The medium is the message.

What does this mean? I don't know, and no one else does either. Will book warehouses vanish? Will libraries become no more than web sites, allowing the reader to browse online, and order online? Will there be a backlist, except on disk available only online? Will books ever go out of print? And what does that mean to the author who will not get any reversion of rights if that is so? How will readers pay, and whom will they pay to read a novel by a relatively unknown writer? What happens to copyright if a book or story can be digitized, downloaded, and then passed on to countless others, possibly even with alterations? So you could do this with Xeroxing, but not while sitting at your own computer, and with a single finger on a key. Not without time and expense and a trip to the post office and books at hand to be copied. Do you really want to Xerox ten copies of a novel and mail them off to others?

Will fiction become interactive? Write your own ending, your own solution to the puzzle, your own scenic background. Anna Karenina and Count Vronsky stroll hand in hand into the sunset, and the train was late anyway. Graphics libraries will furnish whatever background scenery is required—mountains, Manhattan, a beach, Mars. Name it, find it, download it, presto, an illustrated book.

So don't worry. Your books will be in print forever. What machine will be able to read them is a separate question. But don't worry. Save, backup, save. Like the Commodore 64 disks you carefully saved, your disks will be available. So what if the computer you ordered yesterday is obsolete by the time it's delivered? The new one is better, better, better!

The Gutenberg press introduced a major revolution in the printed word; the world paradigm shifted. Junk mail and Lutherans followed. We are on the doorstep of a revolution as big as that. Dragons breathe fire behind you; an unknown world awaits you, and you can't not move. That's the problem. There are still writers who say they don't have a computer, wouldn't write on one, won't have anything to do with

the electronic revolution, but the Gutenberg press paid little heed to the most artful copyist and illuminator. When the tide changes, everything at sea gets carried by it.

And notice a curious and wonderful thing that's happening: small presses are staging a resurgence. Targeting their audiences, printing smaller runs and selling them, they are thumbing their noses at the major publishing houses who seem to want only the multi-million dollar deals, that most often lose money, written by best selling authors or notorious celebrities.

And yet... and yet. Here we are celebrating the written word as if unaware that it's a dinosaur in the age of mammals.

When all's said and done, it's still the lone writer that matters. The child within everyone still says tell me a story, and the writer still says I have a story to tell you.

A Kate Wilhelm Bibliography

by William G. Contento

Based on the bibliography prepared for *F&SF*, Sept. 2001, updated by Michael Matthew

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includes "The Unattended," "The Unheard," and "The Unwinged"
International Conference on the Fantastic Program Book, 1983

"Strangeness, Charm and Spin"
Light Years and Dark, 1984

"O Homo, O Femina, O Tempora"
Omni, May 1985

"The Gorgon Field"
Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine, Aug. 1985

"The Dragon Seed"
Omni, Dec. 1985

"Never Tell Anyone"
vt "The Great Doors of Silence"
Redbook, July 1986

"The Girl Who Fell into the Sky"
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"Forever Yours, Anna"
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"The Disassembler"
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"Reforming Ellie"
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"I Know What You're Thinking"
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"All for One"
A Flush of Shadows, 1995

"Torch Song"
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"Christ's Tears"
Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, Apr. 1996

"Forget Luck"
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"Merry Widow"
Mary Higgins Clark Mystery Magazine #1, 1996

"The Haunting House"
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"The Happiest Day of Her Life"
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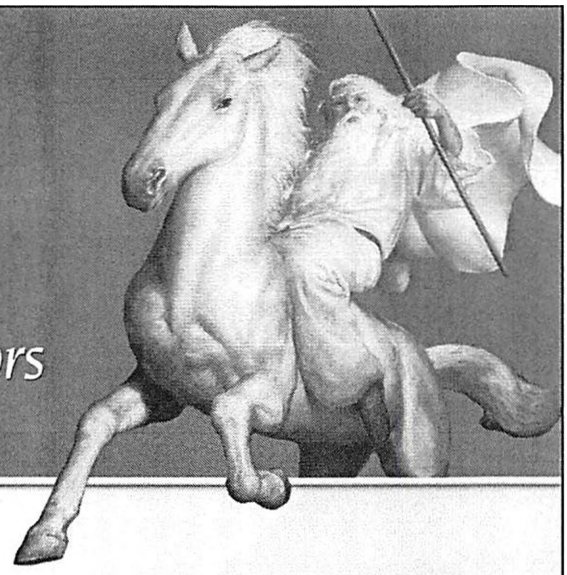

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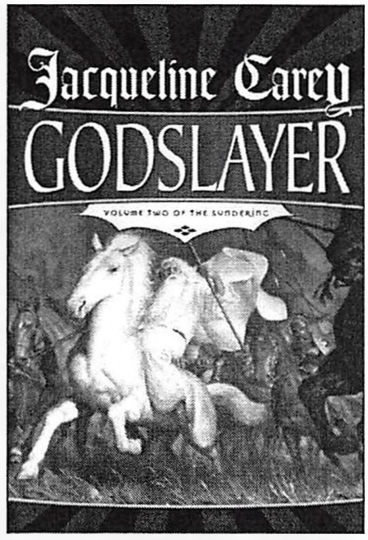

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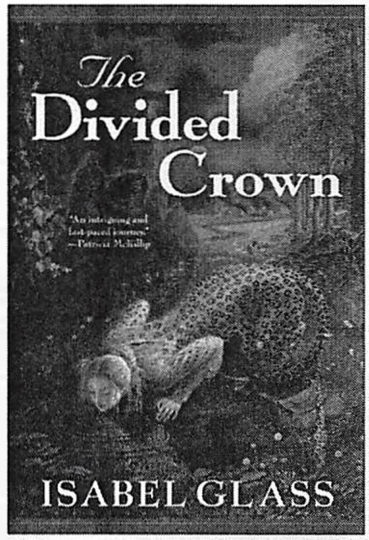

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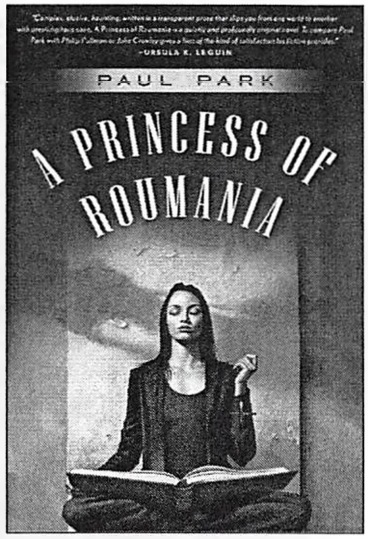

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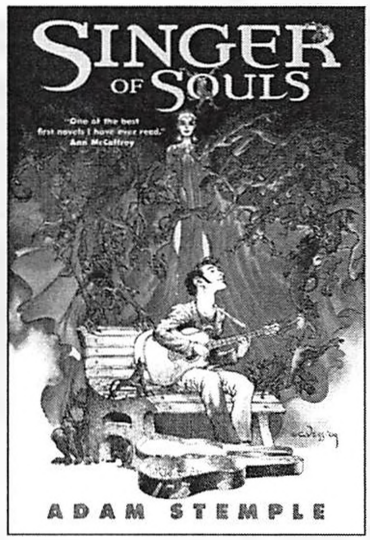

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Introducing ... Herman Hamagafaque

by Jack Dann

Yeah, okay, I'll cop to it: the title is a hook.

So you may ask, who the hell is Herman Hamagafaque?

Well, if there *were* a writer by the name of Herman Hamagafaque (there isn't, except in the depths of my benumbed and distorting imagination), he would be a hell of a lot easier to introduce than Joe Haldeman.

Ah, you breathe and sigh ... Joe Haldeman. I know *him*!

That's the point. Of course you know Joe Haldeman. He's famous! He's written the classic novel *The Forever War*, which won twelve gazillion awards and was bought by Boss Films for a *lot* of money in 1997.

The Forever War won the Hugo, Nebula, and Ditmar Awards as Best Science Fiction Novel of 1975.

That was just the beginning.

Joe's short story "Tricentennial" won the Hugo Award. *Mindbridge* won the Galaxy Award. "Saul's Death" won the Rhysling Award. "The Hemingway Hoax" novella won the Hugo and Nebula Awards. *The Hemingway Hoax* novel won the Italian "Futuro Remoto" Award. "Eighteen Years Old, October 11th" won the Rhysling Award for 1990 and ...

It just goes on, folks! It might require some research, but I don't think anyone else has won the Hugo/Nebula combination for novels with twenty-two years between titles (*Forever War* and *Forever Peace*). That does bespeak staying power. If you want to find out about the *rest* of his awards and all the books he's written, you'll have to go his web site: home.earthlink.net/~haldeman.

When you do so, you'll see the problem: Anyone trying to introduce Mr. Joe Haldeman could get lost in all this stuff. And then there is a tonnage of quotes from famous people and well-respected journals ....

"Haldeman writes with wit, grace, and ease. If there was a Fort Knox for science fiction writers who really matter, we'd have to lock Haldeman up there." That from none other than Stephen King. Peter Straub wrote: "Haldeman has long been one of our most aware, comprehensive, and necessary writers. He speaks from a place deep within the collective psyche and, more importantly, his own. His mastery is informed with a survivor's hard-won wisdom." And this from *The Los Angeles Times Book Review*: "Along with readability, artistic integrity has been a Haldeman trademark."

After all that, what can I say in praise of Joe Haldeman without sounding like a quote whore? If I was introducing the venerable Herman Hamagafaque, I could tell you about his brilliant ideas, clean muscular style, and his importance as a writer. If I tell you that Joe Haldeman is a major American writer, who transcends genres, you'll think I'm trying to suck up and outdo Stephen King, Peter Straub, and *The LA Times Book Review*. And, on the other hand, if I tell you nasty personal stories about Joe Haldeman, you'll all stiffen (not that way!) and come to his defense:

"Oh, no, Joe Haldeman wouldn't jump into a bath filled with lime jello!"

"Oh, no, Joe Haldeman wouldn't have his own squad of beautiful science fiction fans who wore tee shirts emblazoned with HALDEMAN SEX COMMANDOS!"

King, Straub, and *The LA Times Book Review* got it right: Joe is a real writer, a serious writer, a writer who has melded his life with his craft. There are many writers I love as people, and there are a very few I respect as that rare breed: the artist. Joe is an artist in the best sense, and like Ernest Hemingway, he lives hard and full out. He lives the writers' dream.

This, from one of Joe's postcards: "Just got back from a week in Paris and Brussels promoting the graphic novel trilogy of *Forever Free*. No time for sightseeing; interviews and autographs 9-5 each day, dinners with friends at night. Whirlwind but gratifying. I'm doing better in France than the U.S.—*1968* came out while we were there (I saw the first copy during a radio interview), which means I have four novels on the stands, and eight graphic novels."

I should also mention, lest you think I'm biased, that I've known Joe for thirty years ... and I love him.

That said, I should probably mention that Joe has a discriminating talent for finding filthy postcards. Whenever he travels to distant and exotic places (which is often!), I become the fortunate beneficiary of a new pornographic postcard. It's become rather a tradition with us. My most recent postcard, which sits proudly on my desk in my studio, is from Belgium. On the front is a photograph of an extremely well-endowed woman and the words "*Kikke ... Dikke ... Küssen!!! Chasse Gardee!!! Küschen ... Küshen ...* !!!" On the back, Joe wrote: "Dear Jack, this is my poor under-endowed sister. She can't stop talking about that night you spent together at the public toilet in Antwerp. Love, Henrietta H."

When I write him, I use the pseudonym "Hilda D."

After all ... tradition is important.

So now that we're starting to get to the truth, to the nitty-gritty ontological stuff about the venerable Joe W. Haldeman, permit me to tell you about my first meeting with this latter-day Hemingway. Now you, gentle reader, might well think that I'm desecrating an icon. Well, let's just consider it tit for tat! When Joe edited the anthology *Nebula Award Stories 17*, he introduced *me* as follows: "When I first met Jack Dann, he had one arm in a cast and a pretty woman, feebly protesting, slung over the other shoulder, and what can one say? No one else at the party seemed surprised that he should show up that way."

Now all of you who know me know better than to believe such piffle. I've got gray hair. I'm a respected member of the community.

"Oh, no, Jack Dann wouldn't do anything like that."

So permit me to end this encomium by setting the record straight. I met Joe Haldeman at a convention in 1972 or thereabouts. I was hanging around in a hallway with Gardner Dozois, who is now the editor emeritus of *Asimov's Magazine*, but who was then a skinny, long haired, hippy looking fellow

who was considered to be a writer of promise. It was about 4:00am, and Gardner and I had been searching the convention hotel for *the* party, the quintessential party where all the good booze and beautiful women and famous writers could be found. (It took Gardner and me years of searching for that secret party—which we were sure Joe had always found—before we discovered that all of us were at the secret party all along; but that's another story.)

So there I was, hanging out with Gardner in the wee hours, searching for some action, when the elevator doors beside us opened. (At four o'clock in the morning, this was considered an event.) A good looking, muscular man with sideburns and mustaches stepped out, fell face first onto the floor, and scrabbled around for his pack of cigarettes, which had fallen just beyond his reach.

Gardner walked over to the prone body and with great spirit said, "Jack, I'd like you to meet Joe W. Haldeman."

Joe was, by then, asleep.

Now I certainly don't expect you to believe *that* story.

Or the postcard story.

After all, we're talking about Joe Haldeman.

Not Henrietta H. or Herman Hamagafaque!

Soldier's Home

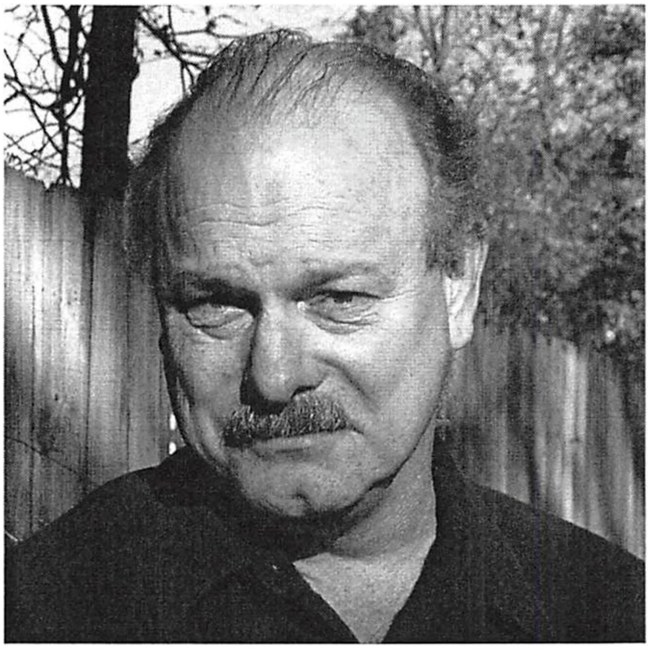
by Barry N. Malzberg

Hemingway's Suitcase, a novel by MacDonald Harris, appeared in the same year (1990) as Haldeman's novel *The Hemingway Hoax*; both dealt with Hemingway's famous misfortune in the early 1920's... a valise containing all copies of his manuscripts was being taken from their old quarters to new quarters; Hadley lost the valise on the railroad and it was never recovred. Hemingway lost all of his early work except for one short story, "My Old Man" which he had in his possession for revision. He was compelled to start his career anew. (As a gesture of sympathy Edward O'Brien included the previously unpublished "My Old Man" in his *Best American Short Stories* annual.)

Harris's novel is glum, well backgrounded, sketches the Parisian expatriate colony and the corridors of Hemingway's increasingly troubled first marriage neatly, ends with its subject on the cusp of predictable achievment. Haldeman's novel frames the situation as the quest of a mysterious stranger and the protagonist for those missing manuscripts, soon occasions alien intervention, alternate circumstances, strange fires and lights. It is to that glum Harris novel as *The Forever War* is to its antecedent *Starship Troopers*.

Both the famous Heinlein novel and Haldeman's deal with endless war in space, coeducational Earth troops, heavy ordnance; *Starship Troopers* is uninflected reportage, detail-ridden and valueless. Haldeman's novel, perceiving the circumstances of *Starship Troopers* through the refraction of Vietnam is satirical, surreal, poised, painful in its immediacy. It can be seen as a truer version of the Heinlein's essential falsification: sex is escape here and the pain is the pain of war without ideology or ideological rationale. A remarkable performance which like *Starship Troopers* won a Hugo for best novel. (Won the Nebula too.)

That's Joe Haldeman... beats a good mainstream writer on his own terrain, beats a great science fiction writer on his own terrain. Then there is *1968*, a realistic novel set in that year in the USA and Vietnam, and which is probably the best realization—documentary or in fiction—of its subject. That is Haldeman too... beats the Todd Gitlins, the "social historians" at their own game. A remarkable writer.



He's been publishing consistently for over three and a half decades, has won all of science fiction's awards (the Tiptree this year) again and again and is probably the best of all the writers of his approximate generation (b. 1943) in science fiction. Still, something of an anomalous instance; for a writer who has won all of the awards and has been Guest of Honor at the World Convention, Haldeman still seems somehow underrated, in the canon certainly but somehow not seen as the towering figure he has become. There are similarities in this regard—and in some others as well; rigorous intelligence, deep understanding of the military—to the late Gordon Dickson and Poul Anderson, great writers both and yet somehow consensually ranked at the second level, below the pole stars of this category. Nothing to be done by such misjudgment Gordon Dickson said in an interview over 20 years ago but to do your own work and live in the faith that in the long, long run it will come out all right.

It will come out all right: in the tempestuous night, in the blaze of noon the work shudders with life; is its own firmament. We are lucky to have him: he is a figure at least as large as Hemingway and considerably less self-inflicted, self-deluded. He knows who he is; he knows who we are.

A Traveler Through Life

by Rick Wilber

Not long ago I sat at the dining room table in the comfortable Haldeman house in Gainesville, Florida. Across from me was Harry Harrison (yes, *that* Harry Harrison, in town for a visit). Standing at the head of the table was Gay Haldeman, known globally, I suppose, as the Nicest Person in Science Fiction.

And next to Gay was her husband, Joe, who was telling us all a war story: It's Vietnam and we're on patrol and coming out of the jungle and into a deadly clearing and there's the North Vietnamese Regular Army and an interpreter for the Americans (nicknamed a Kit Carson) and there's a dumb lieutenant, some unhappy grunts, some dead NVAs, a visit from Puff the Magic Dragon, a temporary truce to evacuate the wounded and more. Some of it is darkly comic. Some of it is powerfully tragic. All of it is mesmerizing.

It dawned on me as I listened that I have traveled in the Caribbean and Europe on several different occasions with Joe and Gay, I've met them at what seems like a hundred cons and conferences, I've been to their Gainesville house any number of times over the course of 15 years, and I've never heard this story before.

How the hell does he do that? How does he keep coming up with fresh stories to tell? And how come they all continue to have such power? The novels, the short stories, the poetry, even those silly-but-great-fun filksongs he sings: they all bear the Haldeman mark. They are all interesting and literate (yes, even the filking is literate, darn it) and just a powerful joy to encounter.

And the point is, he's been telling these stories of various kinds for about thirty-five years now and he still has new things to say, in new ways, with new characters in new settings with new plots. It's downright amazing.

You can find a few thematic threads, of course, that run through a lot of them, and that's where the bio comes in. Joe has been telling war stories, for instance, since novel number one: the very mainstream short novel, *War Year*, in 1972, which he wrote following his tour in Vietnam from a few years before. That novel helped get him into the prestigious Iowa Writers' Workshop at the University of Iowa, where the glitterati there (Raymond Carver, John Cheever, Stanley Elkin and others) thought science-fiction was pretty worthless stuff but let him get away with writing one of those silly sci-fi novels for his master's thesis. You've heard of that thesis: it's *The Forever War*.

There are other threads you can find in a lot of Joe's work. There's honor in the midst of absurdity, perseverance against the decline of a chaotic universe, solidarity with your mates and trust in your self and a truer kind of love than most writers can deal with: all of those and more, told each time in new and honest and seductive ways in story after novel after poem.

How does he do it? How can he keep it coming and always keep it fresh? Well, for one thing, Joe's been a traveler all his life and he's used to seeing The New in life no matter how many years go by. In his youth it was his father's work as a veteran's administration doctor that kept the family moving, from Joe's birthplace in Oklahoma to Puerto Rico, Alaska and Washington, D.C. Then Joe paused in his travels long enough to get an astronomy degree at the University of Maryland, after which he might have kept up with that as a career if the toughest trip of them all, a tour of duty in Vietnam, hadn't intervened. There, standing guard with the rest of his demolitions squad over an ammunition dump, he got blown to hell (the shrapnel is still there in various parts of his body as a reminder of just what soldiering was like) but finally came home.

Then came that stint in Iowa, where the success of his master's thesis turned him pretty rapidly from graduate student into Famous Writer, which is the role most readers know him by, but hardly begins to explain who he really is.

Joe, you see, has interests and talents all over the place. Sure, there are the couple of dozen novels, the dozens of short stories and poems, and the Nebulas and Hugos and movie options that follow from a long, successful career in writing.

But there's also his painting, with his watercolors being my favorite medium but heck, you pick your own, maybe pencil or pen-and-ink drawing. Like a lot of people, I find his skills in this area interesting and enduring, so much so that I begged him to let me use a watercolor of a ruined medieval Irish watchtower as the cover of my little short-story collection, *To Leuchars* (Wildside press). And recently a gallery in his hometown of Gainesville had a show of Joe's work. I wonder if any of those wise art connoisseurs who bought his work knew that certain of us think of him as a writer?

And then there's his astronomy, a science he's kept up nicely as an avocation, in the great tradition of amateur astronomy that marks that most outward-looking of fields. Joe's reputation as an astronomer is well deserved. He once served briefly as the editor of *Astronomy* magazine, and he's armed with several high-priced telescopes. A year or so ago I was one of the lucky few to lie on my back on a cot in the Haldeman backyard and watch the stars fall from the sky during the Leonids. To entertain us, he cranked up the telescope and we looked at the Jovian moons and Saturn's rings while waiting for the meteors to shower down.

And then there's his music, where his taste (and skills) runs to classic Florida folksongs and a good sprinkling of the blues and his guitar picking ain't half bad.

And then there are his travels with Gay. The two have been all over Europe in too many trips to count. They've been to Australia and New Zealand, Canada, Mexico, all over the Caribbean, through Central and South America, Asia, Africa, the Arctic, and several South Pacific islands. It would be exhausting, I suppose, if they weren't so completely adjusted to the regular blur of time zones and if they didn't have so many friends giving them such warm welcomes everywhere from Japan to Key West.

And then there's his cooking, which reflects his global travels with Gay and is deliciously excellent enough that its

potential extra poundage must help explain his passion for bicycling, which he does so often and so well, as a matter of fact, that I remember somewhat painfully how in the Netherlands and Ireland I could barely keep up. He cycles almost daily and thinks nothing of a ten-mile jaunt to a local favorite Mexican restaurant in Gainesville where the food is so much the real thing, if you know what I mean, that it would give a lesser man pause as to the reasonableness of climbing back onto a bicycle for the long pedal home. Joe loves cycling so much, in fact, that he and Gay got on their bikes a couple of years ago and, in several sections, rode them all the way across the southern tier of the whole country, from Florida to California, with friend Rusty Hevelin driving the occasionally necessary sag wagon.

And then there's his teaching. He has, since 1983, spent each fall semester teaching science-fiction writing at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which is, once you think about it some, a perfectly reasonable and useful thing to do, opening up the right side of the brain for at least a lucky few of the nation's best and brightest young engineers.

I haven't mentioned all of Joe's interests and talents. He's won a professional poker tournament and I've been in a cruise-ship casino and watched him win enough at blackjack to pay for the cruise. Heck, I've snorkeled with him in the Bahamas and cycled with him in the Black Valley of County Kerry in Ireland and sat next to him in the tiny front bubble of a deep-diving submersible as we slipped down the dark wall of the Cayman trench to the wreck of the Kirk Pride more than eight-hundred feet down.

And I'm just one of the dozens of close friends that he and Gay have, so you get the idea. Joe Haldeman is one busy and curious fellow, and I mean that in several interesting ways.

It's that curiosity, of course, that keeps him fresh – what you get when you read some Haldeman is the sense of youthful wonder filtered through experiences of all kinds, some of them pretty damn terrific and others pretty damn horrific. These experiences have informed his writing since he's been writing, beginning with those war novels that began it all about thirty years ago now, most especially the Hugo and Nebula and Ditmar-winning *Forever War*.

And here's the most wonderful thing for all of us who read his stories. *Forever War* came out in 1975 and became in short order one of those rare books that wins all the available awards, has gratifyingly large sales, stays in print forever, gets optioned for Hollywood and gets made into a tv miniseries and a play and even a graphic novel.

But it never trapped Joe. He moved on right on to other stories and more awards and never had to look back at *Forever War* with anything more than fond memories of how it was at the start of things.

How has he managed that? How does he stay so firmly on top of his writerly game?

Well, here's the Actual Real Secret to Joe Haldeman's success: He's The Writer Who Never Sleeps. For many years, he's been getting up at three-thirty or four in the morning and getting the work done. It doesn't matter where he is in travels, real or metaphoric. He's a writer and he writes, just about every day. He's written parts of novels or stories in pensions in Spain and bed-and-breakfasts in Ireland and hotels in Australia and tents in the middle of nowhere. It's hard work, and he knows it, and he does it, day after week after month after year, turning out a novel every year-and-a-half or so, writing a few poems a month, keeping the short fiction coming and getting all the promotional work done that writers have to do to make a living in this post-literate age of modern America. It's a daily grind, and he's very, very good at it.

Lucky for Joe, he has Gay to handle the real work of the Haldeman Empire. She's the bookkeeper, the scheduler, the organizer, the typist, the cycling companion, the hardy traveler, the loving companion. They've been married now for nearly forty years and she is, no question about it, the power behind the throne.

> But it's Joe who gets the words onto paper, usually longhand, usually with a fountain pen in a blank bound book, maybe sitting in the near-dark of his Florida porch, or on the beach in Grand Cayman's Rum Point, or in a tourist hut in Fiji, or their apartment in Boston, or god knows where. No matter the time zone, it's morning and it's early and it's time to write, so that's what Joe does. From *War Year* in 1972 to *Camouflage* in 2004, that's what Joe does.

For which we are all thankful. Gay organizes and Joe writes and they live their complicated traveling lives and we are the lucky ones, you and I, because we can go the store and buy those stories and be, happy us, his readers, lost once again

Sf Joe Zen: Crossing Mud-3 With Joe Haldeman

by Tim Blackmore

Before I knew Joe Haldeman I met him three times. Once was in the pages of a book of Zen writings he had recommended. It turned out we both fell for the same story, which goes like this:

> Tanzan and Ekido were once traveling together down a muddy road. A heavy rain was still falling.
>
> Coming around the bend, they met a lovely girl in a silk kimono and sash, unable to cross the intersection.
>
> "Come on, girl," said Tanzan at once. Lifting her in his arms, he carried her over the mud.
>
> Ekido did not speak again until that night when they reached the lodging temple. Then he could no longer restrain himself. "We monks don't go near females," he told Tanzan, "especially not young and lovely ones. It is dangerous. Why did you do that?"
>
> "I left the girl there," said Tanzan. "Are you still carrying her?" (*Zen Flesh, Zen Bones*)

I came to learn that part of what made this story so good in Joe's mind was that it was funny. It has that "You idiot" sort of clear-headedness to it, although Joe wouldn't say that kind of thing. There is a knowing quality in Tanzan's actions, the enlightened one who understands his place in the universe. Joe has a lot of Tanzan's qualities.

Another time I met Joe Haldeman, it was because I was hiding. I was working at some chores, and picked up my sister's copy of *Mindbridge*. I started by glancing at the page she'd marked. Then I went back to the beginning and read the whole thing. Somewhere in there I must have closed the door to my room so that nobody would bother me. I'm not just reading, I would have said, I'm meeting someone, this Lefavre fellow. Then I stepped painfully through *The Forever War* minefield: I was so afraid for Mandella that I could only read about 20 minutes a day. It took me years to accept he had survived, and when I finally did I wondered if that survival had been such a good thing. By then I was looking for everything—even the Attar books, the Star Trek novels. I read *Infinite Dreams* with what I learned was to be my constant reaction to Joe's work: horror, pity, and a good deal of awe. When I read Aristotle, I knew what he meant by catharsis—but at the time I just loved the stories. As a graphic artist I needed practice setting type; I took a section from "Summer's Lease," one of the most remarkable, heartbreaking, savory, and bitter stories I had ever read, and set it and reset it, slowly and carefully, in type. I think about that when I hear people talk about imprinting (not Konrad Lorenz's geese, mind you).

Let me go back a minute: part of the first meeting where we exchanged Zen humor occurred because we wrote to each other, or rather, I bombarded the Haldeman household with reams of paper, and Joe and Gay did their best to be good to me (as they have to so many of us, showing their incredible generosity and thoughtfulness). In those early letters, always thinking this would be the last I heard from him, I wrote exclaiming about Milton. The discussion tipped over a wheelbarrow of correspondence about literature, language, writing character, understanding texts. In Milton's Satan, with his forlorn "Me miserable!... Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell" I recognized the grim fate of Otto McGavin, poor bastard extraordinaire from *All My Sins Remembered*. I once asked Joe about McGavin's life and death (he's unplugged by the state after he's gone insane from his job as their assassin); I mentioned that Spider Robinson had dumped on the book because it had a brutal ending. Joe only laughed: "I guess Spider came to like Otto, and wanted something better for him. Well I liked Otto too. But his purpose in the novel was to be liked, in spite of his actions." When I read Satan's sudden creative insight that "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven," I pondered Leonard Shays from "A Mind of His Own," who rapidly made a Hell of his memory, selling it off as quickly as he could so as to be left in peace. The more parallels I found, the more I pestered Joe, and the more amused he became. It was a good correspondence, and we never did agree.

The final time I met Joe Haldeman before I knew him it was to hear him read from *Worlds Apart*. It was an odd venue and the people sharing the stage and the audience were a somewhat blue-blood crowd, a little frosty with their own importance. They recoiled in horror when Joe squinted up his eyes and bemoaned the fact that the main attraction of the cover painting of O'Hara was how huge her tits were, a fact he found especially galling since she was wearing a space-suit at the time and is determinedly flat-chested in the series. The physics of it was all too improbable, except for people in marketing. At the bemused agony and the word "tits" I guffawed out loud, deep into one of those dead-drop silences that occur when one burps at a funeral or farts in a packed elevator. It was just as terrible and wonderful to hear O'Hara brought to life as I'd hoped and feared, and I still feel the chill rising off the prose.

From these three meetings I learned only some of who Joe Haldeman is, what kind of human being he has made of himself. Over the time we went on writing back and forth, and then sitting and chatting, I came to know the astronomer, the artist, musician, cook, poker ace, and crossword killer. When you're up at 3 a.m. to look at stars in the hot night sky, the unalloyed sense of exhaustion is compensated for by the

leap outward, the realization that what you see out there really is, a Kantian thing-in-itself, and that everything you've piled up in SF paperbacks is based on an actual universe. It's a big galaxy in a bigger universe this small planet swims in. Nothing brings fiction home as well as standing at a telescope eyepiece and having to move the scope because the picture keeps disappearing.

Me: Why is it disappearing?

Joe: Because the planet is turning.

Me: Whoa nelly. You actually can see it?!

("You idiot," I thought as soon as the words shot gazelle-like out of my mouth; but Joe is a teacher, and he went on to explain the celestial mechanics of it.)

Joe really does stargaze, really does draw life from the universe. I thought that was only something that happened to people like, well, Galileo, or 19th century amateur scientists. Joe is both Whitman and Whitman's "learn'd astronomer" (although never boring) and often,

rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

After the tea-drinking, the star-gazing, the painting, the music, the good food, I went back to reread, and began to organize the writings into three overlapping sheets, like colossal vellum maps.

The first lays out the territory for the books of rage. Here is the work that Hemingway, Dos Passos, Robert Graves, and Joseph Heller would recognize. They're tough, ironic, mordantly funny, smart books about the brutalization the state lavishes on people, all people. Joe saw into gender politics, cybernetic connections, the onset of a globalization geared for perpetual war. He knew that we would have congress people and senators from multinational corporations, and that power would come to lie elsewhere—not in our hands. He was on to them, he knew, and he told us about it. *The Forever War*, *Mindbridge*, *All My Sins Remembered*, were tempered by the charming humor of "All the Universe in a Mason Jar" and "The Mazel Tov Revolution," then later "A Tangled Web." The purity of such writing seized readers by the throat and shook us, made us think, refused us the pleasures of the genre as we once knew it. They were books that made us grow, and forced the world of SF to expand its vocabulary, to learn about global politics and local inaction.

Then came the books of exploration. In the *Worlds* trilogy, Joe forced the universe apart. O'Hara's trip through rape, war, plague, and repeated loss took us back to Daniel Defoe, master of the arm's length but increasingly driving account of terror upon terror. In O'Hara's journey first across the planet and then the universe, we had to confront our fears—of biological warfare and the end of our current civilization, of arbitrary violence, of chaos. In seeking answers we considered line marriages, cloned children, artificial intelligences that replicate us, then develop into their own beings. O'Hara's refusal to quit, her stubborn foraging nature, showed us how to survive severe trauma. There was moral territory, too, that needed exploration. We dropped into the deeply troubling *Tool of the Trade*, where power and madness were made to sit together, uncomfortably, and sweat together. There would be no easy answers there. The specter of mortality would be laid out on the autopsy table in the unique, poetic *Long Habit of Living*, retitled *Buying Time* in a publisher's apparent mistaken belief that people can no longer understand complex ideas. There the action hero Dallas Barr is eclipsed by the new breed of human, Maria Marconi, the moral center of love and life. Through these books and their companion short fictions (particularly the picture of human vanity in "Seasons," a wonderful mesmerizing nightmare), poems and songs, Joe moved himself away from the war. *The Hemingway Hoax* shattered not only narrative and form, but nicely undid the past and prepared for what O'Hara, from New New York, would recognize as a New New Future.

The most recent map, the chart of a mind walking forward, has been sketched by a staggering output of philosophical novels that seek transcendence, even as they continue to accept violence and chaos. Joe returned to Viet Nam in *1968* and found there the broken pieces of a culture and its lives, which he kissed farewell and then quietly incinerated. Huck was right: it was time to "light out for the Territory ahead of the rest," because it had all become too civilized (read, "barbaric") and like e. e. cummings, if there was a "hell of a good universe next door," then it would be just dumb to refuse the gleeful cry: "let's go." Joe took us there, to a place of enforced quiet (*Forever Peace*, *The Coming*), or the final orphaning of the human race (*Forever Free*), and then to worlds of love (*Guardian*, *Camouflage*). At the edge of this map, we seem to be poised for the next voyage. It's been a transcendental time, as mythic and compelling as Melville's late Pierre and Billy Budd, or Poe's *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket*, where the darkness hasn't so much been pushed back as illuminated by the author's mind.

Readers, I think, often make the mistake of hoping a writer will reproduce earlier works, will go back for the sake of us who remember the shock of those stories. We wait and hope that the next book will be just like the one that shook us in 1975 or 1995, or last year.

When I think about this I imagine Joe's wry smile and his question: "I left those ideas there—are you still carrying them?"

Ad astra Joe Haldeman. Thanks for the keys to the universe next door.

About Joe: In Six Verses

by Jane Yolen

As writer

He talks of chains
from fifty years ago,
the gains he made
in getting to know
a father, a brother,
a white-knuckled life,
john-wayning through,
a long loving wife.
Informed by war,
he wears the scars,
bares the bones
of an Asian war.
Hundreds of editors,
admirers, friends
wonder where Joe begins,
where the war ends.

As painter

The nude descending,
the female form,
the worm in the brain,
he gets it down on paper,
and sighs, wishing
he were better,
wanting to be an eagle,
not content to be
a hummingbird.

As biker

He is a century
or more
in the saddle,
a perfect
fit.
He has decorated
more pavement
than even
he
will admit.

As cook

Cosmic, atomic,
blasting through the spheres,
riding an herbal explosion,
garlic, spices, meat, beans
nothing precooked, pre-frozen.
He will try anything
once
serve anything
twice
after that you are on your own.
Mouth on fire?
Bring ice.

As musician

He is a great writer,
a fine poet,
a good chef.
He calls down stars
from the sky
by their names.
Fair warning:
just be sure you're drinking
with him when he starts to play,
and sing louder than he does.

As friend

He will hate this poem,
secretly eviscerate it,
quietly mutilate it,
But one night,
after too many beers
or a good bottle
of wine,
he will put his arm
around me
and, smiling, suggest
the perfect line.

Always Something New

Tom Easton

Joe Haldeman has long been one of our more thoughtful and interesting writers. Perhaps because he is thoughtful, he has resisted the trap many writers fall into, that of forever extending and/or imitating the early grand success. For Joe, that early success was *The Forever War* (1974), rooted in his Vietnam experience (still earlier captured in *War Year* [1972]). A sequel came eventually, but not until a quarter century later, with *Forever Free.* Meanwhile, he wrote many other novels, nine of which I was able to cover in my *Analog* column.

The no-sequels pattern was broken only by the *Worlds* trilogy, a fairly classic kid-grows-up story, set against a fairly standard holocaustic background. The rest of his work has stood alone. He has not avoided traditional SF themes such as save-the-world and immortality and alternate worlds, but to a large extent each novel has represented a fresh start, has brought fresh insight to the theme, and has given readers a fresh experience.

My own favorites are *The Hemingway Hoax* and *Guardian.* Both depart from normal SF. *Hoax* is an existential romp predicated on an attempt to pass off a fake "lost" Hemingway manuscript as the real thing. When a hyperdimensional referee kills the plotter, Haldeman leaps to a parallel Earth to pick up the con, complete with "alternate world" reality shifts, until the ref intervenes again. Clever, absurd, and delicious, and whenever I manage to stop doing all my reading for my reviewing, I want to reread it. *Guardian* posits a guardian spirit—and something of a referee as well—that is, of all things, a quothing raven. The heroine illustrates one (among many) of Joe's great strengths: characters so genuine and appealing the reader would like to meet and know them.

Writers who try endlessly to repeat early success are far too predictable. Writers who avoid that trap may nevertheless write novel after novel of the same type, whether space opera, comedy, mock-epic (with or without dragons), or you-name-it. They too are predictable. But Joe's muse knows few bounds; the only predictable thing about him is that his next book will be good. And it will probably be different.

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by Jack Williamson

I feel a profound regard for Joe Haldeman. He's a man of many gifts, a serious scholar and certainly a gentleman. If we counted Renaissance men today, he would rank high among them. He writes fine novels, fine short stories, and fine verse. He's a great talker, with rich experience, a penetrating wit, and warm human sympathies. An amateur astronomer, he likes to travel with his own telescope. He has coached a fencing team, taught classical guitar, worked as a computer programmer, and been editor of *Astronomy.* He won a poker tournament in Nassau in 1989. A dedicated educator, he teaches writing at MIT.

He was born in Oklahoma City in 1943, grew up in Anchorage, Alaska, Puerto Rico, New Orleans, and Bethesda. He holds a B. S. in astronomy and was doing graduate work in math and computer science until he dropped out to write. He married Mary Gay Potter in 1965. They have done well together.

Drafted for Viet Nam, he fought in the Central Highland as a combat engineer and came home with a Purple Heart. When I first knew him, early in his writing career, he was still recovering from wounds both psychic and physical, still in the traumatic shadow of the war. Gay, I think, was the sunshine that lit his way back to what he is. It took a generation for him to find the perspective on the war to write 1968, the novel based on his combat experience and troubled times here at home.

Their lives today look to me almost ideal. They spend the fall semesters at MIT, the rest of the year at their home in Gainesville, Florida, or traveling the globe. They have ridden their bicycles coast to coast. They've been honored at cons all over the world, and most welcome guests a number of times at our annual lectureship right here in Portales.

Old Twentieth: a century full of years

a rhymed double sestina

by Joe Haldeman

1914

two brass footprints mark where the century began
in Sarajevo madman kills a prince in rage
starts three decades of dying no such marker can
show where the century would end this fractured age
sputters out here and there in less than eighty years
Sarajevo Moscow Berlin Beijing power
of empire sapped by war by wealth by loss of fear
Marx decades dead this year Hitler soldiers his hour
coming Churchill births the first air corps and the gods
of murder smile Stalin flees Nixon one year old
sharing America with Ho Chi Minh some odd
equations worry Einstein as that prince grows cold

1945

in a B-29 grinding through the thin cold
air above Japan the Atomic Age began
to some remote placid future it will seem odd
that war-strong America vented atom rage
on two cities full of children women the old
it seemed good odds at the time apologists can
claim it saved millions of us and them but the gods
of murder smiled at microsecond deaths the Age
of the Atom could yield more corpses in one hour
than all the Caesars piled up in twelve hundred years
to simple death disfigurement loss add new fears
apocalypse all life wiped out by this new power

1929

margin-bought house of cards collapses men in power
Teapot Dome to Wall Street look down toward the cold
pavement while others look up to the sky in fear
Graf Zeppelin orbits the planet planes began
midair refueling instrument flight fly all year
with their bombs and guns some shrug and against all odds
lay bricks for the Empire State Building not the hour
of tolerance Arabs kill Jews Satchmo rages
Black and Blue Himmler smiles apartheid comes of age
Farewell to Arms Good-bye to All That damn the old
war pregnant with its daughter amusing the gods
of massacre the first Mickey Mouse in the can

1957

Ike is president Elvis is King but you can
call it One Big Year to conquer space all that power
locked in a beeping Russian grapefruit and the gods
of murder caper ICBMs heat the Cold
War Britain gets the Bomb we get bomb shelters the old
order changes not fast in Little Rock white fears
bring paratroopers vets move into middle age
amd power in Europe a future age began
with the Common Market while Ginsberg's howl of rage
wakes beatniks at least proto-hippies whose hour years
will come around soon to perplex polarize our
country the odd normal versus the normal odd

1933

King Kong Jekyll & Hyde preside over the odd
movie year Hitlerjunge Quex is big we can
trace much of the century's horror back to one hour
the first camp Dachau opens Hitler's total power
consecrated by law affirmed by vote a bad year
for Jew gypsy commie queer at the ovens the gods
of murder grin Stalin starves millions in our rage
we resume trade with him Byrd fights antarctic cold
the positron television two who began
the Atomic Age win Nobels Ulysses and old
books and books by Jews feed bonfires this is an Age
with a simple name unspoken the Age of Fear

1939

by September all the world would be slave to fear
but it was a good movie year the sweetly odd
Wizard Gone With the Wind Stagecoach starts the micro-
Age
of John Wayne Goodbye Mr. Chips books no one can
quite understand Finnegans Wake Mein Kampf the old
the youthful gods of murder gird for their finest hour
the tidal wave of blood those brass footprints began
a quarter-century back Hitler overpowers
Poland and countries less pronounceable in cold
Finland and Poland Red allies for a bad year
then except for some few the world explodes in rage
God will smile on the last one standing but which God

1918

the age of four the century has well served the gods
of war but flu kills three times as many the fear
of plague cleans streets locks doors Billy Graham born to
rage
all century long Ulysses burns in Germany odd-
ness from the ashes art and science it's the year
of Dada quantum mechanics opens an age
of paradox Bolsheviks come in from the cold
and the gods of war clink cups of vodka who can
see Marx twisting into Stalin's bloody power
trip or the Cold War its seeds nurtured in the old
blood of the Tsar and his family many plagues began
this year but this one had by far the longest hour

1968

guns and grief King and Kennedy shot down while our
side and theirs lose Tet television wins the gods
of murder grin King was triumphant Prague Spring
began
Kennedy announced Charlie Company mad with fear
and rage kills a village in secret young against old
Paris Tokyo Mexico Prague students vent rage
and some die in the Olympics fists of Black Power
defy whites in Chicago mounted cops club odd-
ball hippies and Nixon oozes in no one can
see a great slow door easing shut this brutal year
fades out with a prayer for peace from the black and cold
of space no one says it's the end of a long age

1969

footprints more permanent than brass begin the Age
of Space as two men tramp the moondust a few hours
salute the stiff flag in vacuum colder than cold
Ireland 'Nam Jerusalem Manson make the gods
of murder smile but they'll remember ten thousand years
from now that this short century this year began
our crawl from the cradle of gravity we can
now allow ourselves truly cosmic hopes and fears
on top of the old ones also this year the odd
and short Age of Aquarius 'twixt young and old
Woodstock Oh! Calcutta! Easy Rider flower power
sex & dope & peace & love & harmony & rage

1963

in a pub Ed Sullivan finds four long-hairs the rage
for some decades Frieden Tereshkova a new age
for women best-seller list orbit Black Power
riots troops a King in Jail Freedom March divides our
people unites some Pop Art snickers at the old
standards The Birds and Dr. Strangelove attack the cold
Moscow winter Texan failure produce an odd
embittered man who hides a cheap rifle the gods
of murder bask in Dallas sun rage and fear
hope blowin' in the wind this test ban treaty year
a shattered staggered year believe it if you can
flower children this is how your sixties began

1974

the sixties ended chaotic as they began
loping inflation Nixon's Watergate outrage
tape and paper evidence hard enough to can
a canny president were the sixties an age
of innocence then innocence lies dead this year
fed by bland bald cynical abuse of power
Chinatown the Gulag movies books about fear
of power while Mercury Venus Mars feel our
touch Selassi resigns Ali is champ the gods
of terror love Ireland streaking is in the old
boys together in a huddle juggle the odds
pardon Nixon but let deserters in from the cold

1989

as the century ends Voyager breaks through the cold
solar system edge while those systems that began
with Marx Lenin collapse all over Europe odd
mixture euphoria confusion pride hope rage
but try it in China and die laugh at the old
imams and get a price on your head still we can
celebrate our side's victory over some gods
of murder but we also start to show our age
underneath the cheering the question of the hour
how will the world deal with us this next hundred-year
age however long love or scorn or hate or fear
America one uncertain superpower

envoi

in some future manunkind proves that it can age
gracefully some children's children need not fear our
own humanity now that we know the odds cold
certainty we have to abandon the old god
of murder war who kept madmen in power year
after year in the century that rage began

Joe Haldeman Interview

Norwescon, Seattle, April 10, 2004

by Ken Rand

In the mid-1960s, on his way to becoming a scientist-astronaut with NASA, Joe Haldeman turned left at fandom and became a science fiction writer. "I had an offer from the Naval Observatory," he says, "to help run a small astrometric observatory in South America. I would work up there for 80 hours a week and then go down to the base of the mountain for the next week—in other words, I'd be paid for two 40-hour weeks, government work, but one week of the two, I would sit in a house and write. That sounded like a pretty good deal. But then I was drafted. When I got back, the job was no longer available."

Haldeman started selling stories while in graduate school, and he took a semester half-time to write a novel. "I sold the novel," he says, "and I quit school, partly because I wanted to write fulltime, partly because the course that was central to my investigations wasn't being given by the professor. He had left, and a graduate student was going to try to keep one chapter ahead of us, reading the notes. That didn't sound like a lot of fun.

"I sold my novel and never went back to the sciences."

Before he sold fiction, Haldeman wrote thousands of poems. "Poetry is a great training ground for a fiction writer," he says, "to get total control of the language. Story-telling is natural for most people."

Haldeman used his G.I Bill to get his MFA in writing from the Iowa Writer's Workshop in 1975. He says the Workshop is "partly a place to go where they can give you a little bit of money while you write. I had a research assistantship. In essence, that was a teaching assistantship as well. It made enough for Gay and me to live on as graduate students, and it was a good introduction to college teaching too, because I got paid for three semesters without doing anything.

"In the fourth semester, I had to take a full teaching load, as I taught one graduate-level course and two bonehead English courses, each with an auditorium full of marginal students. That was valuable because it showed me how much work it was. Both that training and the degree, which I had thought was just a useless thing, got me my job at MIT years later. I never planned to be a teacher, but now I've been doing it part-time for 19 years."

Wife Gay aids Haldeman's creative life as more than a sounding board—she sleeps. "I work from about three in the morning until about eight or nine," Haldeman says, "and she sleeps till nine, so I've had virtually my entire creative career while she was asleep. And she takes care of all the business things, the travel arrangements, which are extensive, and deals with agents, and basically handles the money—all of our complex retirement incomes, and this and that."

The Haldemans fly a lot, but he'd prefer to travel by bike. "What I like to do," he says, "is get on a bicycle and maybe go a hundred miles. What I hate is getting on an airplane and going someplace I've been to before, which is what most of our travel is, because we've been almost everywhere. I like traveling for fun, but little of what we do is for fun."

Haldeman believes it's harder to start a science fiction writing career these days because the genre is crowded. "There must be over 1500 members of the Science Fiction Writers of America," he says. "When I joined, there were about a hundred and fifty. The number of people making a living writing without having another income is pretty small."

Now, Haldeman does have a non-writing job. He teaches writing at MIT in Cambridge, Massachusetts. But he doesn't need it—not for money, anyway. He enjoys it. "I love Cambridge in the fall," he says. "It's a good change from Florida (where he and Gay live). After I taught at MIT for ten years, I found that I had written the same number of novels that I had written the previous ten years."

"I came to see that going three and a half months of the year (He only teaches in the fall semester) without writing on a novel is beneficial. I write other things—short stories, poetry, think pieces and this and that."

Haldeman loves Boston, but if he had his druthers, he'd "probably live in a cabin out in country, if it was just me. Gay likes the activities. I'd live out in a cabin in the country and then go to New York for a month out of the year, or a couple of weeks a couple times a year. Get my city fix."

Haldeman is a combat vet (he was wounded), which he says "gives you an easy story to tell for your first novel. I didn't have to make things up—just remember them."

Which brings us to Haldeman's much lauded *The Forever War* (St. Martin's, 1975) and *Forever Peace* (Berkley, 1997). *Peace*, he declares, was not a sequel to *War*. "I was 20 years older when I wrote *Forever Peace*," he says, "and war had changed. *The Forever War* is about Vietnam. *Forever Peace* is about the little brushfire wars we get into now, and the Powell Doctrine mentality we bring to it—spending a lot of money and protecting our soldiers at any cost."

"It used to be that you just threw a lot of soldiers at the enemy and you knew that a lot of them would die. That's a lot more economical way to fight a war. So, this way is good for the soldiers. They stay alive. But it's horrific on the enemy because you have to go in there with a lot of overkill. And the overkill causes a lot of collateral casualties, especially in the kind of wars we're doing now. Who's a civilian anymore?"

Credit Robert Silverberg, who edited *Legends*, for the sequel to *The Forever War*. Haldeman recalls: "He asked people who had done famous series to make up another story that had to do with their series. I started writing one that was in essence a sequel to *The Forever War*. I'd often said that I wanted to write a novelette that carried on their story to explain what it was like where they were on the planet Middle Finger."

"I got about halfway through, and I saw it was not going to be a novelette—it was the first part of a novel. So I wrote Bob and said, 'You don't mind if I go ahead and make this into

a novel?' He said, 'I don't mind, but it can't come out till three years after the book comes out.' I said, 'Thanks a lot, Bob.'"

"I wrote him a different novelette, which told what happened to Mary Jay, the female character, in the last part of *The Forever War*, and I called it 'A Separate War.'"

The Forever War was about middle-aged people who were the veterans of a war 25 years earlier. They had grown children, had normal life concerns, and they were trying to cope with post traumatic stress disorder the way a lot of us were.""

Gary Wolfe notes that *The Forever War* and *Forever Peace*, plus *1968* (Hodder & Stoughton, UK, 1994; William Morrow, Inc., 1995) form a thematic trilogy. Haldeman says he didn't realize this until Wolfe pointed it out. "They were all concerned with people reconciling love with the conduct of war," he says. "A war novel that is just guys fighting is an incomplete story, because most men's lives are about women as much as anything else. Even in Vietnam, all they talked about was women, even though we didn't see very many of them. Almost everybody had a wife at home."

The Haldemans discovered fandom in 1963, before they married (in 1965). He saw an ad in *Analog* magazine, he recalls, about a convention in Washington, DC. "We lived in Bethesda, Maryland, so we went down, not knowing what to expect, and the first thing we saw was L. Sprague deCamp and Isaac Asimov fencing in the hotel lobby with broadswords—in business suits. We had a lot of fun. But we got through the whole convention—and even got dressed up and went in the masquerade show—and came out knowing nothing at all about fandom."

"The next year, I was taking a course in government and politics at summer school at the University of Maryland. This was the year when *Analog* was the large-sized magazine. The first day of class, I was reading it and a woman walked up and said, 'Oh, you read science fiction. Are you a fan?'"

"I said, 'What's a fan?' and she said, 'Oh, people who belong to a science fiction club.' I said, 'Is there a science fiction club?' and she said, 'Oh, yeah,' and she gave me the directions to go to a meeting. Two nights later, we went to this ancient house in suburban Maryland. The woman, Alice, became my brother Jay's first wife."

"We became totally immersed in fandom. There were a lot of East Coast conventions, from Boston to Washington. We went to a lot, and we met writers and fans and I started thinking about writing science fiction, but I went off to college and didn't have time for it."

"My last semester in college, I only had to take one course to finish my degree, so I took a course in writing, for the fun of it. I wrote three stories, two of them science fiction, and I sold both the science fiction ones. My life was ruined from then on."

Haldeman's take on history is worth noting: he calls history a branch of fiction. Inspired by Michael Reynolds, a friend and Hemingway scholar, Haldeman says, "Anything that's written down is fiction. Even a grocery list is fiction because you don't know what you're going to buy, they may not have what you want, you may change your mind, and by the time the list becomes a historical document, it may not reflect anything about what you bought at the store and brought home. You don't write down the new things on the list. Even if you did, you might be wrong."

His take on Vernor Vinge's "singularity" concept (that the acceleration of technological progress will lead to "superhuman intelligence" within 30 years): "I wouldn't be surprised if it happens. I think we're headed for basic changes in the nature of the human experience. Once death is an option rather than an inevitability, human nature has to change. I don't think we're more than a generation or so away from that."

The phenomenon will have an impact on storytelling. "We probably won't tell stories as such," Haldeman says, "because the structure of stories is built around the inevitability of death. Beginning, middle, and end is basically what a life is, and if there's no end then there's no paradigm to follow.""

Haldeman says storytelling is "the natural way to tell another creature what you've learned. A set of trigonometric axioms, and actions on those axioms to come up with a proof, is a story. It's got a beginning, a middle, and an end. The same with proofs in physics and chemistry and so forth."

"The whole thing goes back to Og, the caveman, sitting around the fire, after he'd killed the iguana, telling how he did it so that other people can use sharpened sticks to do it too. That becomes the paradigm for a universe of human activity. Storytelling is one of the most direct answers to that."

Haldeman believes that, artistically, the genre is healthy. "It probably will remain so," he says, "except that fewer people will be able to make a living doing science fiction. The tail is wagging the dog.""

For example? "You can't write a serious science fiction novel based on aliens," he answers, "because aliens are so easy to do now. They've become comedy elements. The use of an alien in the traditional science fiction way—as a metaphorical vehicle for comment on human nature—is lost in the public image of the silly aliens of *Mars Attacks* and *Men in Black*."

"I was told flat out by a movie producer—they wanted to do a movie, or a mini-series, based on my book *All My Sins Remembered* (St. Martin's, 1977)—'But you've got to get all the aliens out.'"

His take on the electronic revolution: "The beneficial part of it will be the re-creation of a backlist," he says, "and no book will go out of print. That's also a down side of it, because if no book goes out of print, you can't resell it to another publisher. Normally, what you do is, after a book is no longer on the stands, you have the publisher give you a letter saying that they no longer have it in stock, and then you're free to market it to another publisher to bring out a new edition. But if they had it in print-on-demand, or an e-book, then it's never out of print because all they have to do is push a button to give their customer a copy."

Good for readers, bad for writers, he says. "Writers have to step back too and say 'Why am I writing?' For those who do it for other than making a living, it's valuable, because it means a thousand years after you're dead, if somebody is interested in your work, they can find a copy of everything you wrote."

Haldeman says that's both humbling and reassuring. "I've made a good living from my writing, but I don't think I got into it originally with the expectation of making a living at it."

So, why does he do it? "I'm not sure. I've always written, since I was a little boy. I wrote poems. I did novel-length cartoons that my mother would bind together with thread, and when I started seriously writing, I didn't have any disappointments. I just kept selling. Nothing else seemed attractive."

What can fans look forward to? *Guardian* (Penguin Putnam) should be out about now in hardback, and in paperback (Ace) next year. "Most of it is set in the 19th century," Haldeman says. "In a way, it's a historical novel, and in a way, it's a feminist novel. The protagonist leaves a bad family situation with her son, trying to flee a powerful and evil husband. They go up to Dodge City, they go up to Skagway, and they see a large part of the last decade of the 19th century from an interesting perspective. Then she goes into outer space. Sort of an 1898 alien abduction tale, although it's not exactly that. She goes on a kind of *Gulliver's Travels* through the galaxy."

Haldeman suspects he'll be remembered a hundred years from now by those who specialize in 20th century science fiction "as one of the talents that helped change it. I've changed the ways people look at things. But I won't get any credit for it, any more than a woman who raises a child who becomes the mother of someone who raises a child who becomes a Nobel Prize winner gets any credit for him winning the Nobel Prize, but she did sort of start it all."

Haldeman's Website: home.earthlink.net/~haldeman.

A Joe Haldeman Bibliography

Courtesy Joe and Gay Haldeman.

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Henry Kuttner (1915–1958) and C L Moore (1911–1987)

by John Clute

Chesterbelloc was a good joke. Any of us who are lucky enough to still read them today can still imagine G K Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc like two fat Kings huggermugger in a deck of cards, Tweedledum's head right way up and Tweedledee's head haranguing at us bottoms up. They were famous for having bonded, in other words, regardless of the time they actually spent in each other's company. They shared a taste for hearty beer and vittles. They shared opinions: both were argumentative Roman Catholics, both were right-wing, both subjected early twentieth century Britain to spasms of ill-judged vituperation, both were anti-Semitic, both fought with George Bernard Shaw and H G Wells—though in all these shared attributes it was almost always Chesterton who came upright in our hearts in the end like a buoy, and it was almost always Belloc who went too far, who sank like stone into sour fixities of doctrine and despite (he died there). And there was one more bonding, which should maybe be the most important of all for us now: Chesterton memorably illustrated most of Belloc's now unjustly forgotten novels, several of them sf or fantasy. So they were the Chesterbelloc, and it was right (as far as tags go) that they were.

But they had nothing on Kuttner and Moore, who were Henry Kuttner, and C L Moore, and Lewis Padgett, and Lawrence O'Donnell, and Hudson Hastings, and several other seemingly individual seemingly male writers as well. It was always known that they collaborated from the date of their marriage in 1940 until Kuttner died, of a massive heart attack, in early 1958; it was not perhaps known very well how very close and extensive that collaboration was. Nor who was boss writer of the two. C L Moore began to write earlier than Kuttner, and was much better known in the 1930s than her husband to be, but under a mask typical of the times. Her full name was Catherine Lucille Moore, but she always signed with her initials only, and many of her early readers (including Kuttner for a while) thought she was a man. After their marriage, it was assumed for many years that Kuttner was the senior collaborator—a "natural" assumption in the 1940s and 1950s, a period we now properly regard as sexist in its understanding of these things (not that Kuttner/Moore weren't guilty of importing into their own work some equally time-bound assumptions about what real men do but the little woman doesn't). After Kuttner's death, the pendulum of assumption swung the other way, and Moore is now thought—it is a "natural" assumption, given our constantly deepening understanding of the fractal intensities of distortion and disguise women were (and are) subject to, and to which they sometimes subjected themselves (and still do)—to have been the senior partner.

I don't myself think the truth lies plumb between these two extremes. I think Moore was almost certainly the heavier mind. Work that is indisputably by her alone (like her great first story, "Shambleau" 1933 *Weird Tales*) ranks among the best work "any" of them put a name to; Kuttner's pre-1940 work (his first story was "The Graveyard Rats" 1936 *Weird Tales*) is less distinguished. And the very best stories at one time identified as by Henry Kuttner alone (like "Mimsy Were the Borogoves" 1943 *Astounding* as by Lewis Padgett) have an air of dislocating melancholy, an air of having been felt deeply but having been (at the same time) told from some ineradicable distance, that seems to me a pure fingerprint of C L Moore. "Mimsy" begins like a Slick Fantasy; turns into a satire of the social sciences typical of the era, but somehow we don't find ourselves feeling superior to the psychologist who spies something very strange in the two children who have had their minds altered by an educational toy from the future; and then becomes a family tragedy, all the more wrenching for its almost jokey facility at shifting genre gears, which now tend to grate on us like yesterday's newspaper. (For readers in 2005, Kuttner's work suffers more visibly from this "genre grate" than Moore's—perhaps precisely because he was so good at working those gears.)

In the end, though, who's to know who did exactly what? What is so much more intimate about them than anything one could say about the Chesterbelloc is that—according to claims they made themselves, and according to the witness of others—it was pretty well impossible to know just who had written what of anything they published during their fifteen years of pomp. The story is often told (or was, when we were all impossibly young) that one of them would work on a story until he or she was tired, and would leave a half-finished page of the tale in the typewriter for the other to pick up on, in mid sentence. Over and above the magic of human chemistry, there is of course one overarching explanation for a collaboration this interwoven: that, given the rare enabling chemistry, it is easier to collaborate on something you can learn, on something you can become an expert at, than to attempt collaboratively to impart that threatening extremis that marks great works of art. Collaborators do not normally stress to the uttermost the chains of perception; nor do Kuttner and Moore. They were consummate (and at times innovative) experts of genre writing during those years (from 1930 or so until the end of the 1950s) when sf and fantasy were instrumentalities. Kuttner and Moore played their instrumentalities like very great pros. They were a masterclass in instrumentalities.

This all worked better in short forms than long. The early novel, *Judgment Night* (1943 *Astounding*; as title story in coll 1952; 1965 solo), which seems to be more Moore than Kuttner, is probably a better book than *Fury* (1947 *Astounding* as by Lawrence O'Donnell; 1950 as by Henry Kuttner), whose latter pages have some of the peephole deliriousness of the better fixups but which seems to have been written in one piece as a sequel to the earlier *Clash By Night* (1943 *Astounding*; 1952 chap. Australia). (There is no doubt that the

novel is collaborative; my own copy, for instance, was inscribed by C L Moore at an unknown date.) But although *Fury* may be a weaker novel than *Judgment Night* or Moore's *Doomsday Morning*, though it may be a tale of realpolitik and sex and betrayal whose underlying savagery seems to have been vitiated by genre constraints, it is still about as interesting as anything either of them ever wrote; and I rather wonder if Alfred Bester would have come up with *The Demolished Man* (1951 *Galaxy*, 1953), or even *Tiger! Tiger!* (1956 UK; vt *The Stars My Destination* 1957 US) without the example of *Fury* to leap over. I do know one much later writer who has taken *Fury* to heart—Hugh Nissenson uses the term Keep, in his superb *The Song of Earth* (2001), to designate the near-future evolution in America of the gated community into a self-sufficient enclave safe from the ozone gap, viral infestations, untermenschen; in the text he explicitly credits Kuttner/Moore, who had adapted this medieval term to describe the heavily armoured underseas cities that house the humans of Venus in *Fury*.

These Keeps are controlled by Families of near-immortals, who live high but act responsibly, according to their lights: 600 years after Earth has been destroyed by nuclear war, their double imperative is to sustain humanity without taking undue risks with these surviving remnants of the species, while at the same time—by limiting change—maintaining the status quo they dominate. This is a traditional sf social structure—while being on the whole pretty suspicious of the "mob," which is to say democracy, traditional sf was equally suspicious of stasis imposed from above; the usual solution seems to have been Bismarckian: socialism (or whatever) from above. Entirely in accordance with this pattern, Kuttner/Moore immediately introduce into the Keeps Ben Harker, a member of the Families who has been mutilated at birth by his mad immortal father, and who grows up stocky (rather than tall and elegant like a true immortal) and ignorant of his heritage, though being displaced from his rightful place has generated an unconscious rage in the man, an amoral fury that drives him into crime and politics, that drives him eventually to save Venus.

In outline, this could be Kuttner alone, writing on automatic; but we do not remember the novel for what is automatic in its structure. We remember Fury for a kind of magic undertow—a synergy between its authors (pretty certainly) and (absolutely) between the surface formularies of the tale and an underlying abandon which hits you where you dream. Given its furtiveness (throughout one whole highly erotized long scene between Ben Harker, and the look-alike daughter of a beautiful immortal woman he has been sleeping with intermittently for decades, it is never directly stated that she is—as in context she must be—stark naked from the getgo), this abandon is very hard to pin down. There is something of the Interplanetary Romance Erotic in some of the more highly perfumed passages; and the vines which love you to death (highly reminiscent of Shambleau herself) are almost explicit enough to pin down; and the high-stakes gaming with eros whenever Ben and a woman are in the same room together: but somehow none of this is ever quite mentioned. As we read, and as the plot more and more resembles something A E Van Vogt might have dreamt on spiked pemmican, we get glimpses of something deeply alluring and pretty frightening as well: it is not flashes of decadent piquancy that allure us, but something harsher: maybe the World Well Lost, maybe pure Decadence itself: a sense that the authors were at the verge of telling a truth about the instrumentalities of genre, any genre at all, the truth that genres were poppycock, laid over an abyss. But here in Fury Kuttner/Moore say more than that. They say that the abyss is tasty. They hint that they would love to shake the conventions cart into smithereens, and commit some tropical liebstod in the middle of *Astounding*.

It doesn't happen, of course; *Fury* segues into its *Once and Future King* ending, with Ben Harker, his Bismarckian role exhausted, drugged into indefinite slumber under the Hill: "Darkness and silence brimmed the buried room. Here the Man Underground slept at last, rooted deep, waiting." There is perhaps too much of the daylight in *Fury* as it has come down to us; but I think the "true" *Fury* can be sensed, and recuperated, by any reader in 2005 with a mind to spelunk. I think that that reader will find, in the caves beneath, that two expert trawlers stirred their waters deeper than they needed to, that the surface of *Fury* bears pale stigmata of something benthic that was Not Wanted On Journey: something perhaps forever inchoate, but tasty. A hint of some nectar from these lovers conjoined now forever.

Kuttner-Moore: An Appeciation, a Savage Attack, a Loving Menoir

by William Tenn (Philip Klass)

All right, if I'm to be completely honest, I have to say that I was never particularly excited by either C. L. Moore or Henry Kuttner. I read them, I liked them, along with the other this-and-thats who wrote science fiction back in my teens and early twenties, but that was pretty much as far as it went.

Oh, I was impressed with C. L. Moore's color and sweep, and what she did with words in the pages of Farnsworth Wright's *Weird Tales* frequently made me pause and say "Ah-ha!," but she never scared me silly or knocked me on my back as H. P. Lovecraft or Seabury Quinn or Robert Howard did. And while I felt that Henry Kuttner added much delicious seasoning to *Startling* and *Thrilling Wonder Stories*—his Hollywood-on-the-Moon tales were enormous fun, and the Hogben mountain superfolk made me giggle for five or ten minutes at a time—his stuff was not the reason I read science fiction at all, at all.

No, for the real vintage, the true Valerian, I preferred to go to others, to A. E. Van Vogt and Murray Leinster, even the space operateers, Edmond Hamilton and E. E. Smith. They—how shall I say it?—they bent my mind all the way back, and then released it to soar.

All this, of course, was when I was a precocious youngster, an excited and terribly near-sighted kid, a demanding and concept-hungry fan. I wanted so very much to be a writer, but I knew I could never write science fiction, I knew I just didn't have what it took to appear on the same pages as a Heinlein, a Sturgeon, a Fredric Brown. I knew my mind could never leap that high or twist so much coming down. No, my literary models, ambitious as they were, were more on the order of Thomas Mann or William Makepeace Thackeray, and—because I was a fervent young Marxist—John Steinbeck and Mikhail Sholokhov.

As I later told my writing classes at Penn State, I have always believed that the best way to become a writer was to follow in the footsteps of people a few centuries ago who wanted to be painters: apprentice yourself to someone who was much like what you wanted to become, sweep his floors, mix his paints, study his brushstrokes. We no longer had an apprentice system, I would say, but you could still do pretty much the equivalent by finding the artist or writer you accepted as a master, reading everything he or she had written, rereading it and rereading it and rereading it, until you felt the artist's wrist movements in your own hands, saw the things as the artist saw them on every molecule of your own retina.

But to do that, I knew, there had to be some sort of basic kinship with the master, some correspondence between his personality, complex as it was, and yours—no matter how great the gulf at the beginning between his achievements and your pathetic ambitions.

There was nobody in this strange new field of science fiction of whom that was true for me. I just didn't think like that. I knew I could never write like that. No way.

And then I began reading the work of a brand-new science-fiction writer named Lewis Padgett. "Wow!" I said to myself. There was, suddenly, a chance.

I had found my master.

Nor was that all. There was another new writer, Lawrence O'Donnell, just as good, just as unexpected, just as wild of mind. And even more aware of the possible mutations of history.

Migod. Two Masters!

All right. Please don't smile; don't giggle or chuckle at my ignorance. I went away to the Second World War in 1942 (England, France, Belgium, Germany) and didn't get my discharge until late in 1945. Then there were about two years as a junior officer in the Maritime Service (the Netherlands, Belgium, Italy, the East Coast of the United States)—with science-fiction magazines a most occasional thing and any fan contacts absolutely nonexistent.

Somewhere along the line, somewhere near the end of that time of uniforms and shooting and saluting and exploding mine fields, I seemed to have learned the identity of the master under whom I had been studying how to write science fiction. I may have been told by Ted Sturgeon, who had become my agent-mentor in the field, or it may have been John Campbell himself who blabbed in one of his editorials (whenever I could find a beaten-up copy of *Astounding*, I read Campbell's editorials even more assiduously than I did the stories).

But, in some way, at some time, I finally learned that the pretty fair writer, Henry Kuttner, and the reasonably fine writer, C. L. Moore, had met, married, and combined to form that very great pair of writers, Lewis Padgett and Lawrence O'Donnell.

That pair to whom I now owed a lot—and among that lot, most of the work of William Tenn, my very existence as a science-fiction writer myself.

The hours I had spent reading and rereading and analyzing the brilliant, funny, always unexpected Gallegher stories, the countless numbers of times I had taken apart stories like "Vintage Season," and "Mimsy Were the Borogoves"! Nobody, just nobody, could be that good, I had always felt, and I had been dead right. It had taken two bodies, of two different sexes, to make a Lewis Padgett or a Lawrence O'Donnell.

Nor was that all, I now discovered. There were other writers, with other names, from Hank Kuttner on out. There was C. H. Liddell and Scott Morgan and Will Garth and Woodrow Wilson Smith, to name but a few, pen names which had once resulted in the prolific Kuttner's being known as "Hack" Kuttner up and down the pulp magazine world, but which since the jeweled marriage to Catherine in 1940 had become valuable names, brilliant names, the names of very, very good writers.

And the secret ingredient, again and again, in every case was C. L. Moore. Just as the secret ingredient in every piece of fiction that Moore now wrote was the sparkle, the verve, of Kuttner. The collaboration that was Kuttner-Moore.

"Collaboration?" Bruce Elliott once told me, speaking of his long-time collaboration with Horace Gold on radio scripts, Doc Savage novelettes, and comic-book adventures. "Collaboration? Real collaboration between two writers just doesn't exist. It's bullshit, it's never happened. Let me tell you why.

"The whole question," he went on, "that has to be decided at the very beginning of every collaboration is just this: Who sits at the typewriter and actually types? And who walks up and down the room, waving his hands in the air, pulling at the hair on his head, imagining the story going this way or that way, thinking up great changes in the agreed-upon plot, conceptualizing to beat hell, conceptualizing, conceptualizing, conceptualizing? I tell you from my own wounded experience, that they may call it a collaboration, but there's really only one writer in the room—the guy who's sitting at the typewriter and actually writing out the piece. The other guy, no matter what people think he contributes, is a no-good, talkative, exploitative son of a bitch. Tell me who sits at the typewriter most or all of the time and I'll tell you who's the one and only writer in any so-called collaboration."

So much for Bruce Elliott (the author of *Asylum Earth*, 1952, and *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck*, 1970) on the subject of collaboration and the exploitation of one writer by another.

Well. On the basis of my own limited experience, I regret to say that I couldn't agree more. Elliott was absolutely right.

So how did Kuttner and Moore do it? Who actually wrote, and who walked up and down, waving hands? Who exploited whom?

Sam Moskowitz, in *Explorers of the Infinite* (Meridian Books, the World Publishing Company, © 1963), in speaking of "newcomers" to Campbell's *Astounding*, says this:

> Kuttner was a retiring little man with a tremendous sense of humor. Previously his writing career had been undistinguished. He had been versatile and prolific, but largely imitative. Under the Padgett disguise he perfected writing skills that were the envy of his contemporaries and, though his most successful work was based on adapting the methods of John Collier's fantasies to science fiction, he added enough novelty to win a loyal following.
>
> To what degree his wife deserves credit for his transformation from a second-line hack to a top-drawer pro may never be completely resolved, since they wrote in relays, each taking over where the other left off.

Those relays! I have had them described to me by two men, Anthony Boucher and Ted Sturgeon, who actually saw the relays. The picture they gave was of Moore and Kuttner discussing an idea one of them had had, and then that one, perhaps the next morning, sitting down and writing a few pages of the piece until, growing tired, or bored, or running out of enthusiasm, getting up from the typewriter and wandering off, perhaps to go for a walk, perhaps to go to sleep. Sooner or later, the other, Kuttner or Moore, would come in, slide into the chair facing the typewriter table and read what there was of the manuscript—and then, hands on keys, almost immediately, continue the piece in the same style and mood and pacing as the part that had been written, possibly taking it in a new direction, possibly keeping it in exactly the same line as the beforehand discussion.

And—after a while—also growing tired or bored or unenthusiastic, getting up and wandering off, to be eventually replaced by the other, Moore or Kuttner, who would come up, read, and continue writing, as if there had been only one single, uninterrupted mind working there in the first place.

Now considering the fine, the utterly fine science fiction produced—and I haven't even mentioned works like *Fury* and the Baldy stories and *The Fairy Chessmen*! —I must ask, is this a marriage or a collaboration or what? Is this, to bring the Bible and the wedding ceremony into the discussion, a man and a woman cleaving to each other and becoming one flesh, one brain, one talent?

Whatever it is, or was, it is certainly something for which every reader of this peculiarly twentieth-century literature must be forever grateful. There may well never be another one like it, this perfect literary mating, this utterly seamless, seamless collaboration.

Two Fantasies

(Originally published in *The Vagabond*, Indiana University, April 1931)

by Catherine Moore

(A legend they tell of the notorious Duchess of Penyra says that once in her childhood she saw the Sea Maid. Segramar includes a highly ambiguous account of it in his *Dark Ladies*.)

Down at the edge of the sea two children were playing. A little girl, a little boy. The tropical sun beating down on their bare heads made blue highlights on the black hair of the boy, but the girl's bright curls blazed defiance in the face of the sun, and every sparkle was a glint of red gold. Under the burning of it her eyes were stormy, dark, and her face and her beautiful little golden body gave promise already of the turbulent years to come.

Now she wore a single torn garment, and her feet were bare and her hair a mop of ragged glory. Save for that ominous brightness there was no way to tell her rank from that of her playmate; no one could have guessed that here by the sea a Duchess sat digging in the sand.

The children were absorbed in their sport, and they did not see the tall lady who came walking along the edge of the sea—walking like a queen in her long green gown. She must have been down at the water's edge, for the trailing hem of her dress left little pools of brine along the beach, and every footprint that she made filled up with sea water. She came to the children playing together in the sand and stood for a moment bending above them, quietly. At her presence the boy looked up, startled. Whatever he saw in the deep eyes above him, he scrambled to his feet and fled.

The little girl sat still, very still, and her eyes traveled slowly up the green skirts—the hems dripping brine—up very slowly to the bending face above her. She looked deep into green seas... fathomless waters... ice and amber and the echo of a Song....

She sat very still. She did not feel the lady's hand—her foam-white hand—that stretched out above her head, hovering over it, touching with infinite lightness the burning gold of her curls. She felt sea wind in her hair... she saw the shifting tides and sank fathoms deep through green seas. For so long as the lady stood there, as if she were warming her hands at the bright-blazing hair, the child did not stir.

Then the tall woman straightened. She looked down at the little girl, deep-eyed, silent. She did not smile, she did not speak; she only gazed at her, long, and with all the green seas in her eyes. The she turned away and went off along the sand, walking like a queen. In the footprints behind her salt water

welled slowly up, and her long skirt-hems trailed brine behind her as she walked.

* * *

Yellow Brian Doom swung his sword to the frosty stars. The wind was in his hair, and his horse's mane tossing, and his cloak flowed out behind him. Over his shoulder he called eternally to his vanished legions. Yellow Brian in bronze bestrode his rearing horse under the winter stars, and the wind wailed eerily about him down the Square—Yellow Brian, shouting with upflung sword. Brian Doom, King of Gradenborg. His voice was in the wind. The tramp of his legions sounded down the storms. Yellow Brian, surnamed the Damned.

Brian Doom, with his yellow hair and his yellow lion's eyes, had ridden into Gradenborg a hundred years ago, the wind in his cloak and his horse stepping high, singing as he came. Yellow Brian was king, and his hands were red and the steps to the throne slippery, but he sat there with the crown on his head and defied the world to take it off. He ruled stormily for seven years, and died with the taste of blood in his mouth.

Yellow Brian was twenty-five when he came to the throne, six feet three, muscled like a bull, ruthless and blithe. He had a cruel, ugly face and eyes like yellow jewels and a harsh mouth and a charming smile. Women were fascinated by him—splendid and ugly and gentle, and he loved no one and no thing, and yet.... There is a story of Brian Doom and the Princess Margaret, and it is a strange, wild, tender tale, but it ends half-finished in a whirlwind of steel and shouts, with a young man lying face down on the cobbles, his cheek against a lady's velvet shoes and the taste of blood in his mouth.

There was never any happiness about him. He brought black ruin to his friends and red ruin to his enemies, and something more to the lady he might have loved; and he stole a throne and ruined a kingdom and died on the cobbles with blood on his tongue.

They say he swaggers through Hell merrily, his stolen crown over one ear—Yellow Brian the Damned.

Semira

by Catherine Moore

(For the past ten years I have been a Deity, omnipotent over the population of an island group located, at present, somewhere indeterminately southward in the Pacific. Its people, irrational and inconsistent as the whims of its Creator, are constantly involving themselves in characteristic disaster, as the following chapter from a recent history shows.)

Lorain the Tenth had seven sons... Malne, and Faris, Gregore, Alange, Gionel and Alvar and Ardel. It was a good time to be born that they chose, revolution behind, prosperity ahead, with just enough promise of strife to give life the spice of danger it needed when the Fifteenth Century was young. Malne was born in 1424, and he was ten years old when his seventh brother, Ardel, came in with a spring storm. There were no girls in the royal family, and the place was a very masculine place when the seven tall sons of the King came home from school, one by one, a year or two apart.

Lorain felt very patriarchal in the midst of his sons. They bore the unmistakable family resemblance... they were all Lorains from the soles of their riding boots to the crowns of their curly dark heads, and all the six-feet-odd between. From young Ardel of eighteen to Prince Malne at twenty-seven they were alike. It would have been difficult for a stranger to distinguish between their ages, for Ardel had a royal poise that added to his stripling eighteen, and Malne's twenty-seven years sat very lightly on the head that was soon to wear the Dragon Crown. They were all tall and dark and light-hearted.

For a while life went very gaily at the palace... very tumultuously, sometimes. The young Lorains scuffled down the halls, leaped their horses over the marble balustrades of the courts, rode with high dignity behind their father through cheering crowds. They laughed and quarrelled and fought and made love as arrogantly as Lorains have always done, and the people hated them neither more nor less than they have always hated Lorains... feared them and hated them and cheered them down the streets.

And then Semira came to court. She was very beautiful, very hot-headed, very ambitious. She had something of what Trojan Helen had, and Cleopatra. She came with a fixed determination and a driving ambition and a lovely face; and scruple and pride had no part in her plans. Semira had come to the capital for wealth and power and all her beauty deserved, and she meant to have it. She came to court, and Faris, the second of seven, fell hopelessly in love at first sight of her white and scarlet beauty. She preened herself with delight and bent a languid ear to his adoration. And then the gods laughed, and she met Malne.

He came into her careful plans in a whirlwind, trampling them under his spurred boots, tall and black and laughing. Semira tossed her wits to the west wind and flung herself at the booted feet, and he laughed and stepped figuratively across her and went on.

In the interval of her despair the King died. Churchbells tolled, and the cities darkened for the year's mourning, the spring storms came on, and the nation wept with the weeping Semira, nursing her broken heart. And Malne's irresponsible head wore the Dragon Crown, tilted slightly over one ear.

But after a while, being a sensible woman, Semira brushed off her knees and arose, wiping her eyes and gathering her scattered wits again. For weeks she brewed subtle feminine magics and prayed to her nameless gods. In the end the young King cast a casual eye in her direction and lifted her into the dazzle of his favor.

For a week she basked in the high sunlight, and then a honey-haired Greek from the slave-markets caught Malne's roving eye, and Semira's hot Island blood caught fire with jealousy. She went mad. One morning they found the King sleeping very soundly indeed, with a smile on his mouth and a knife hilt-deep in his breast.

The matter was hushed up with supreme skill. The King was extremely ill of a fever. Two days later he died of it, and those who suspected otherwise vanished with breath-taking swiftness.

But th six brothers swore the old oath anew—who spills the high blood of Lorain must die.

And then Faris did a characteristic thing. He was the quietest of the family. His eyes were nearly blue, and his hair was brown instead of black, and his temper had a tranquility that astonished his brothers; but he was a Lorain to the fingertips, and Lorains sometimes do cataclysmal things and then carry them out stubbornly to the end. Fairs, loving Semira with a fathomless adoration, married her one summer morning and rocked the nation to its foundations. Politics tangled into furious knots, Diplomacy swooned in her tracks, powerful nobles all over the Islands licked their lips, and the Lorains of two nations tottered on their thrones. Young Faris reaped his whirlwind with set jaw. He would not divorce his queen, he would not annul the marriage, and he swore that if Semira died suddenly, he would hang every noble in the Island and enter a monastery himself.

Gradually, after he first shock had somewhat abated, they began to see the humor of it. The brothers roared with laughter and added their Lorain stubbornness to his. Faris should keep his outrageous queen and they, the Lorains, would see that he did... for a while. There were reasons then why Semira should meet no harm. Faris vowed by everything that was holy and much that was not that if Semira died he would never marry again, and the succession to the throne is a perilous matter even when the line is direct, and appallingly dangerous when there is any question at all; and the revolution was not so far behind that the Lorains could risk a political upheaval.

But even in the midst of the whirlwind, it was not Semira that the brothers were defending. It was the principle of the matter; the Lorain prerogative of doing outrageous things was at stake. Malne was dead, with a knife in his breast, and not one of them forgot it for a moment. They looked at Semira with hot, sidelong glances, as hungry hounds eye the cat they may not touch... yet.

It was an odd situation... Faris loved her with all his soul, had married her in a moment of insane recklessness, and because his love was such as should be given only to a queen. Yet he must have known that her hands were red with his brother's blood, and Lorains from the time of Ilu and Ildrinil have put pride before everything. And the others... they gave him their riotous aid; they swore he should do as he pleased... but they eyed Semira hungrily, hands twitching at their dagger-hilts as she passed.

What would have happened can only be conjectured. Faris, having risked the very kingship of his thousand-year-old line to make her queen, would never have let his brothers wreak the old vengeance, spill her blood to pay for the murdered Lorain's. The brothers, being five to one, and having loved Malne greatly, would never have spared the queen. Faris himself would not, constitutionally could not, have left Malne's death unavenged. As the next of line it was his duty to carry out the traditional vengeance. He could not have done it, and he could not have left it undone. It was one of the most finely deadlocked situations in history. For once in their thousand-odd years of quixotic inconsistency the Lorains had got themselves into such an incredible tangle that even they looked at each other with appalled grey eyes and admitted that they did not know what was going to happen next. Fortunately, the matter was taken out of their hands.

It must have been a strange life they led at the royal palace. Young Faris, sick at heart, with pride and love, each stronger than the other, struggling in his head, going about his business with set teeth and utter misery in his eyes. And the brothers, torn between love for Faris and love for Malne, duty to their dead brother and duty to their living king... pacing the castle with their panther tread, passing Semira and scorching her with their hot grey eyes.

As for her, she was in complete misery. Her love for Malne had not died with him, had not diminished though he had died by her hand. She lived in the castle where she had been so happy with him, among his brothers, who were so like him that it wrung her heart. Her very husband had a likeness to him that was mockery and torture to her. for it was Malne's tenderness he had, none of the black fire and arrogance that had driven her to murder, but his rare gentleness, even the little turns of phrasing that were Malne's and Faris' alike, and the bitterest irony in the world for Semira was that they should come back to haunt her from the man she loved to the husband she despised.

She passed his brothers in the halls, and they went by softly on cats' feet, with green lights in their eyes and fingers hovering over their knife-hilts. She went cold with terror whenever she saw Gregore or Alange, or the stripling Ardel with his pitiless gaze. In her imagination she could feel the cold steel driving in under her heart, and she feared no less, and with a nameless, freezing fear, the thought of the cold steel eyes behind the knife blade. She knew her immunity, and she knew it shortening with every hour, and her heart shook with fear of the merciless Lorains so that she dared not meet their eyes.

Semira's plans had succeeded beyond her wildest dreams, and the success had broken her heart, until her only further ambition was to thwart these hungry-eyed brothers and die before they could reach her when her immunity was over.

The wish was granted. Semira became the mother of a King, and died. Something like a sigh of relief went up when the news of her death reached the nation. For months the diplomats of two countries had gone in daily fear of civil strife between Lorain and Lorain, brother and brothers. The need for it was over: the disgraceful queen was dead, the succession to the throne was assured, and life became sweet again for the first time since Malne's death.

A Kuttner and Moore Bibliography

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Redacted by Michael Matthew. Only first appearance is noted for most stories; first collection is noted for some. In cases where series were written by multiple authors, only Kuttner/Moore contributions are noted. For some stories, date but not location of first publication is available. In these cases, and where first location is very obscure, the next earliest, or a more readily available, publication is noted.

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Serial: *Astounding Science Fiction*, Jan. 47; Feb. 47

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A Million Years to Conquer (Complete Novel) (1940) *Startling Stories*, Nov. 1940 [HK]

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The Proud Robot (London: Hamlyn, 1983)

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The Startling Worlds of Henry Kuttner (Warner, 1987)

Book of Iod (Chaosium, 1995) [HK] (with stories by Lin Carter, Robert Bloch and Robert M. Price)

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Short Fiction

Lewis Padgett stories were written by Kuttner and Moore, except where noted.
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Thrilling Wonder Stories, Oct. 1937

"We Are the Dead"
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"Raider of the Spaceways"
Weird Tales, July 1937

"Quest of the Starstone"
Weird Tales, Nov. 1937 with C. L. Moore

"The Jest of Droom-Avista"
Weird Tales, Aug. 1937

"I, the Vampire"
Weird Tales, Feb. 1937

"The Eater of Souls"
Weird Tales, Jan. 1937

"The Case of Herbert Thorp"
Weird Tales, Nov. 1937

"The Bloodless Peril"
Thrilling Wonder Stories, Dec. 1937 [as Will Garth]

"World's End"
Weird Tales, Feb. 1938

"The Time Trap"
Marvel Science Stories, Nov. 1938

"The Spawn of Dagon"
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"The Shadow on the Screen"
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"The Disinherited"
Astounding Science Fiction, Aug. 1938

"Hands Across the Void"
Thrilling Wonder Stories, Dec. 1938 [as Will Garth]

"The Watcher at the Door"
Weird Tales, May 1939

"The Transgressor"
Weird Tales, Feb. 1939

"Towers of Death"
Weird Tales, Nov. 1939

"Suicide Squad"
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"No Man's World"
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"The Elixir of Invisibility"
Fantastic Adventures, Oct. 1940

"Dr. Cyclops"
Thrilling Wonder Stories, June 1940

"Beauty and the Beast"
Thrilling Wonder Stories, Apr. 1940

"All Is Illusion"
Unknown, Apr. 1940

"50 Miles Down"
Fantastic Adventures, May 1940 [as Peter Horn]

"Tube to Nowhere"
Thrilling Wonder Stories, June 1941

"Remember Tomorrow"
Thrilling Wonder Stories, Jan. 1941

"Red Gem of Mercury"
Super Science Stories, Nov. 1941

"The Land of Time to Come"
Thrilling Wonder Stories, Apr. 1941

"The Devil We Know"
Unknown, Aug. 1941

"Chameleon Man"
Weird Tales, Nov. 1941

"A Gnome There Was"
Unknown, Oct. 1941 [as Lewis Padgett]

"We Guard the Black Planet!"
Super Science Stories, Nov. 1942

"War-Gods of the Void"
Planet Stories, Fall 1942

"Too Many Cooks"
Thrilling Wonder Stories, Dec. 1942

"Thunder in the Void"
Super Science Stories (Canadian), Feb. 1942

"Silent Eden"
Startling Stories, Mar. 1942

"Secret of the Earth Star"
Amazing Stories, Aug. 1942

"Masquerade"
Weird Tales, May 1942

"Later Than You Think"
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"The Infinite Moment"
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"False Dawn"
Thrilling Wonder Stories, June 1942

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"The Crystal Circe"
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"The Twonky"
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"Under Your Spell"
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"Soldiers of Space"
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"Nothing But Gingerbread Left"
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Thrilling Wonder Stories, Winter 1944

"The Eyes of Thar"
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"The Black Sun Rises"
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"Trophy"
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"The Little Things"
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"I Am Eden"
Thrilling Wonder Stories, December 1946

"The Dark World"
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"The Dark Angel"
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"Dream's End"
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"Dark Dawn"
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"The Big Night"
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"Happy Ending"
Thrilling Wonder Stories, Aug. 1948

"Don't Look Now"
Startling Stories, March 1948

"The Time Axis"
Startling Stories, Jan. 1949

"Private Eye"
Astounding Science Fiction, Jan. 1949 [as Lewis Padgett]

"The Prisoner in the Skull"
Astounding Science Fiction, Feb. 1949 [as Lewis Padgett]

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Startling Stories, Sept. 1949 [as Henry Kuttner] Henry Kuttner and C. L. Moore

"The Voice of the Lobster"
Thrilling Wonder Stories, Feb. 1950

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"The Sky Is Falling"
Planet Stories, Fall 1950 [as C. H. Liddell] Henry Kuttner and C. L. Moore

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(1952) *Ahead of Time,* Ballantine, 1953

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"Satan Sends Flowers"
Fantastic, Jan./Feb. 1953

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"Home Is the Hunter"
Galaxy Science Fiction, July 1953 C. L. Moore and Henry Kuttner

"De Profundis"
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"The Visitors"
Science Fiction Quarterly, May 1953 [as C. H. Liddell] Henry Kuttner and C. L. Moore

"Two-Handed Engine"
F&SF, Aug. 1955, C. L. Moore and Henry Kuttner

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No Boundaries, Ballantine, 1955, C. L. Moore and Henry Kuttner

"Rite of Passage"
F&SF, May 1956, with C. L. Moore

"Valley of the Flame"
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"Near Miss"
(1958) *SF: '58: The Year's Greatest Science Fiction and Fantasy,* Judith Merril, ed. Gnome Press, 1958

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(1958) *Star Fourteen,* Frederik Pohl, ed., London: Whiting and Wheaton, 1966

Bridging Material in *Mutant*
(1968) *Mutant*, Ballantine, 1968 by Lewis Padgett

"The Grab Bag"
Weird Tales, Spring 1991 with Robert Bloch

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(1936) *The Best from Operation: Phantasy,* Donald A. Wollheim, ed., Rego Park: Phantagraph Press, 1967

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Man Drowning
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Perma Books, 1956

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Permabooks, 1956

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Permabooks, 1957

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Catherine Lucille Moore Fiction Bibliography

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Series

Northwest Smith:
"Shambleau"
Weird Tales, Nov. 1933

"Scarlet Dream"
Weird Tales, May 1934

"Dust of Gods"
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"Black Thirst"
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"Julhi"
Weird Tales, Mar. 1935

"The Cold Gray God"
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"The Tree of Life"
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"Lost Paradise"
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(1957) London: World Distributors, 1960

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Serials

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Collections

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Shambleau and Others
Gnome Press, 1953

Northwest of Earth
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Galaxy Novels, 1958

Jirel of Joiry
Paperback Library, 1969

The Best of C. L. Moore
Ballantine, 1975

Short Fiction

"The Bright Illusion"
Astounding Science Fiction, Oct. 1934

"Black God's Shadow"
Weird Tales, Dec. 1934

"Black God's Kiss"
Weird Tales, Oct. 1934

"Nymph of Darkness"
Weird Tales, Dec. 1939 with Forrest J. Ackerman

"Jirel Meets Magic"
Weird Tales, July 1935

"Greater Glories"
Astounding Science Fiction, Sept. 1935

"The Challenge from Beyond"
(1935) with H. P. Lovecraft and A. Merritt and Robert E. Howard and Frank Belknap Long

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Astounding Science Fiction, Dec. 1936

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"Hellsgarde"
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"Greater Than Gods"
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"Fruit of Knowledge"
Unknown Fantasy Fiction, Oct. 1940

"There Shall Be Darkness"
Astounding Science Fiction, Feb. 1942

"Doorway Into Time"
Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Sept. 1943

"No Woman Born"
Astounding Science Fiction, Dec. 1944

"The Code"
Astounding Science Fiction, July 1945 [as Lawrence O'Donnell]

"Daemon"
Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Oct. 1946

"Promised Land"
Astounding Science Fiction, Feb. 1950 [as Lawrence O'Donnell]

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"Heir Apparent"
Astounding Science Fiction, July 1950 [as Lawrence O'Donnell]

The Cordwainer Smith Rediscovey Award

by John Clute

Perhaps the best way to describe the Cordwainer Smith Rediscovery Award might be to say that the ideal winner of the Cordwainer Smith Rediscovery Award is Cordwainer Smith. He was a respected author of sf, but the field as a whole—its writers, its editors, its reviewers, its readers—never quite got a focus on the man or his work. He died young (at 53) in the middle of the life project of that work, which was highly respected but hard to focus on. After his death in 1966 he was never forgotten, but his name never quite burned in the collective memory of genre readers (a memory which is quite extraordinarily attentive, compared to the collective memory of readers in general): he should have been an ineradicable part of the genre through time, but he did not quite feel ineradicable. That none of this is exactly tragic—that his name and works have not exactly been deepsixed—also contributes to the sense that he would have been an ideal recipient of the award that has been given in his name for the past half decade: because the Cordwainer Smith Rediscovery Award is designed to recognize authors, not to exhume them. The authors celebrated to date are still names we conjure with. The Award is designed to remind us to keep it so.

Cordwainer Smith (his real name was Paul M A Linebarger, 1913-1966) was lucky in his family, which has been active over over the years in keeping his work in print—Gollancz in the UK and The NESFA Press in the USA have between them managed to keep almost everything he wrote as Cordwainer Smith readily available. In the year 2000, one of his daughters, Rosana Linebarger Hart, created the Cordwainer Smith Foundation to formalize the family efforts. On 1 June 2001, inspired by initiatives from Alan C Elms and Ralph Benko, the Foundation announced the establishment of an annual Cordwainer Smith Rediscovery Award, designed specifically to commemorate "a science fiction or fantasy writer whose work deserves renewed attention or 'Rediscovery'." It was to be a juried award; the founding jurors, who have all continued to serve, were John Clute, Gardner Dozois, Scott Edelman and Robert Silverberg.

By the nature of things, the Award has to date been posthumous. The ceremonies have been brief but intense, and until this year have been staged at successive WorldCons, where its genuine importance as a form of recognition has tended to be muffled; though there have been some moments of high intensity. The first Award was announced at the 2001 Hugo Ceremony during Millennium Philcon; after that moment had passed, it was very moving to experience the joy felt by Olaf Stapledon's family in Liverpool when I formally conveyed the first Award to his son in a ceremony attended by a substantial audience. From 2005, we have found a congenial home here at Readercon, where the heart of real sf continues to beat.

Here are the winners so far:

2001: Olaf Stapledon
2002: R A Lafferty
2003: Edgar Pangborn
2004: Henry Kuttner and C L Moore

Except for Stapledon, who worked earlier and far away, these writers flourished during the years when sf was a kind of quasi-entity you could almost visualize, a kind of Arcimboldo Body Politic or ABP. They weren't exactly the kings and dukes and dauphins of the ABP (like Heinlein or Dick or Bradbury) but consiglieri (like Kuttner and Moore), or court jesters (like Lafferty), or unmarryable moon-dafts (like Pangborn). But now—now that years have passed—the roles fade away, and the works remain. In the end, all we have is what was done. Which means we have a great deal. The Cordwainer Smith Rediscovery Award celebrates all these treasures we have in store.

Hal's Worlds: Remembering Hal Clement

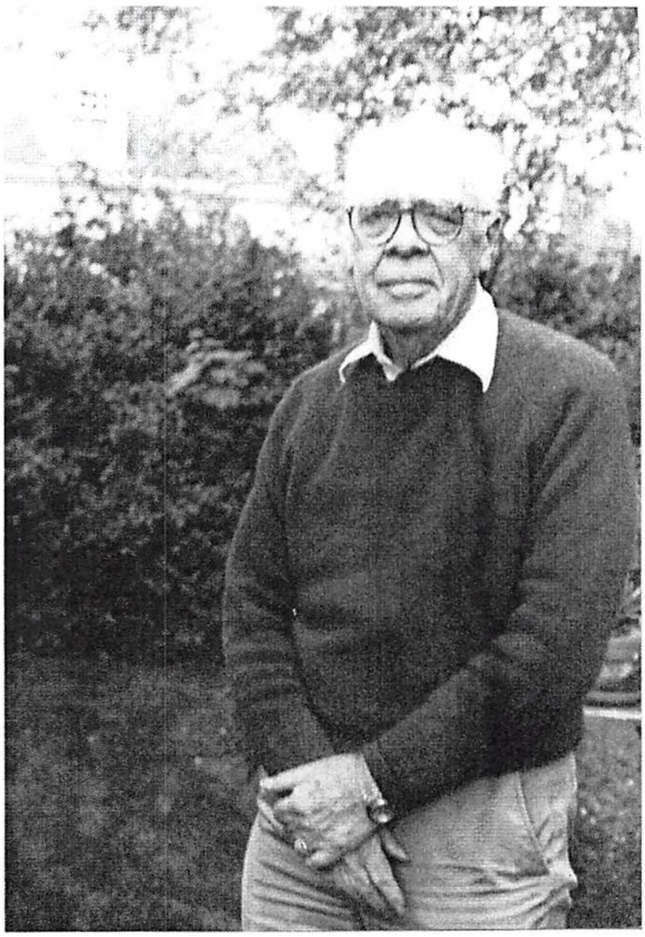
by Shane Tourtellotte

There will be a void at Readercon this year, in the space that the late Hal Clement regularly held. The time since he died in October of 2003 may have lessened the pain, but we still feel the need to fill that hollow. Some of us set out to do that, for ourselves and hopefully for others.

Hal's Worlds: Stories and Essays in Memory of Hal Clement, published by Wildside Press, will make its debut at this year's Readercon. This memorial book was the brainchild of the writers' group he fostered for many years, and has brought together a wide array of SF names to recall and honor him. That list includes myself, as editor of the volume.

The book is full of remembrances of Hal from leading writers who run, if not the full gamut from A to Z, at least a very respectable B to W. (Ben Bova to Jack Williamson.) Many names will be very familiar as frequent attendees of Readercon, like Allen Steele, Michael Burstein, Tony Lewis—and one of this year's Guests of Honor, Joe Haldeman.

Several writers contributed reprint stories to *Hal's Worlds* that were inspired in some way by him, including Michael Swanwick's Hugo-winning "Slow Life". Others were moved to write original stories, seen for the first time here. Walter Hunt gives us a look back into the past of his *Dark Wing* saga, while David Gerrold makes what he says is his deepest foray ever into hard SF, in honor of the man who typified the genre.



The book also gives us Hal Clement in his own words: a lengthy and fascinating interview with Darrell Schweitzer; his never-before-printed acceptance speech for the SFWA Grand Master Award he received in 1999—along with the introductory speech by none other than J. Michael Straczynski—and a reprint of one of his late novellas, available in no other collection.

The foundation of *Hal's Worlds* is Hal's Pals, the writers' group he headed for two decades. Its members probably knew Hal better than anyone else in the science fiction community, and it was their determination that brought this book into existence. Aptly, Hal's Pals has a strong connection to Readercon. In a sense, they came into existence here—not back in the early eighties, when the group first formed, but in 1999.

The group had no name until that time, but an encounter with Harlan Ellison, Guest of Honor that year, changed that. Meeting several of them, all female, he briefly took to calling them Harry's Harem. Out of consideration for Hal's wife, Mary, that didn't last long. He settled on Hal's Gals, which soon mutated into the more inclusive Hal's Pals.

This is where I enter the story, because unless my memory is playing tricks, I coined the name "Hal's Pals". I was attending my first Readercon that year, just a new writer showing up a lot in *Analog* lately. I got to speaking with several of Hal's Gals, while waiting for a Harlan speech, and we hit it off immediately. (A shared affinity for Sherlock Holmes was part of the formula.) Before long, they had informally adopted me into Hal's Gals—and I, brilliantly sensing that this didn't *quite* fit me, suggesting changing that one letter. And the name stuck.

(At least, that's how I remember it. Harlan, if you have an alternative version of that day, I am all attention.)

They have been part of my circle of con-going friends, and vice versa, since that evening. So when Hal's Pals decided they wanted to produce a memorial volume on Hal Clement's behalf, that's how they came to have me in mind as editor. It was a weighty prospect, and I talk about that more in the book itself, but there was really no way I could turn them down. Not for this; not for him.

The Hal's Pals section is the core of *Hal's Worlds,* coming from people who may have been closer to him than anyone but his family. They learned from a master for years, and not just about writing.

And even with Hal Clement gone, the writers' group endures. Hal's Pals still meet monthly, now with Tom Easton at the head—a fact which gives me the chance to acknowledge all the work he did behind the scenes with *Hal's Worlds.* He may have declined to have his name on the cover, but it belongs there. Thank you, Tom.

No writer appearing in this book, including myself, the editor, is receiving royalties for it. All of these proceeds are go-

ing to charities. Mary Stubbs, Harry's widow (Harry Stubbs was his real name, for those who did not know), has chosen two causes close to Harry's heart, for sales of this book to support in equal amounts.

The recipients are Milton Academy, the school where Harry taught science for thirty-eight years, and Joslin Diabetes Center, important to Harry because he lived with the ailment. Buying the book will add to the money they receive, but we want to make it that much easier to support them in his memory.

Milton Academy's website address is http://www.milton.edu. The site has a secure online form for donations. There is a button to direct a donation somewhere other than general funds, e.g., to the Science Department, and a comments section where one can mention Harry/Hal. For more old-fashioned giving, checks made out to "Milton Academy" should go to:

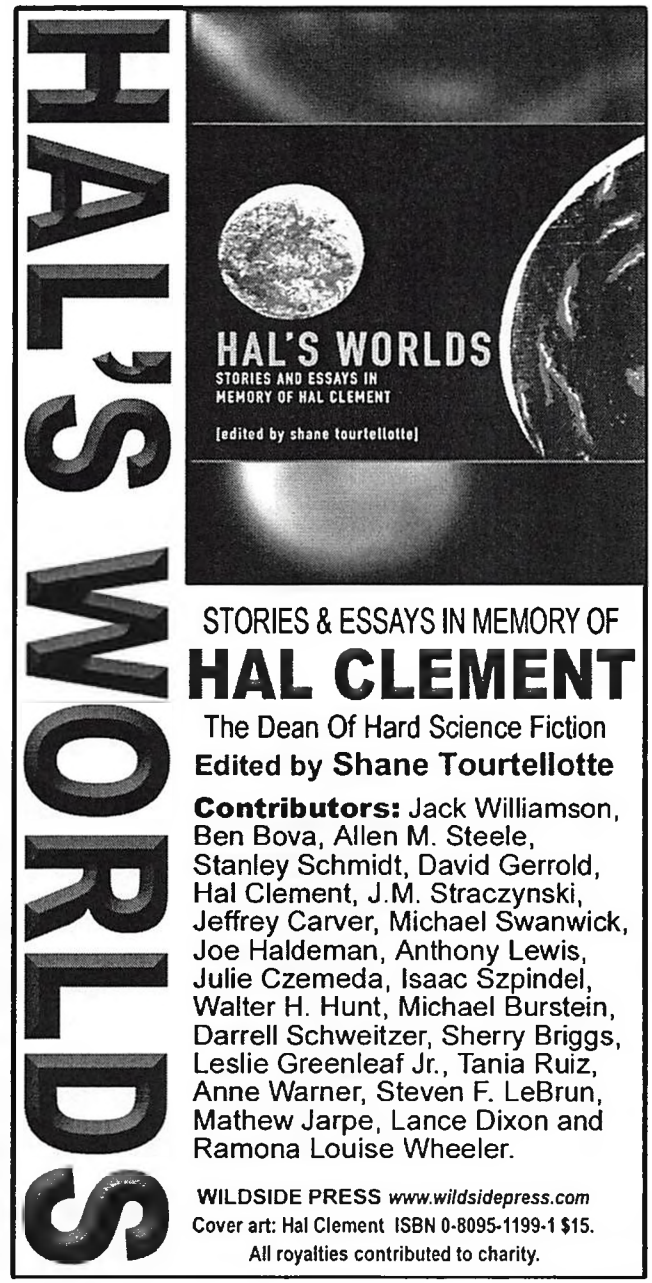
Milton Academy
Attn: Development Office
170 Centre Street
Milton, MA 02186

Joslin Diabetes Center's website address is http://www.joslin.org. Joslin also has a secure online donation form, as well as specific ways to donate in someone's memory. Their mailing address is:

Joslin Diabetes Center
One Joslin Place
Boston, MA 02215

Hal's Worlds is not just for the hard-core fan of Hal Clement who owns all his books. Just as much, it is for people who knew him from the occasional short story or appearance on a convention panel, who knew his name and maybe his reputation but didn't wholly appreciate how important and beloved he was to our field. It doesn't give exhaustive reviews of all his work, but a look from many angles at the remarkable man who was able to create that work, and more.

This book will help those who knew Hal to remember him, and those who didn't to learn about him. As Hal Clement was always a teacher, in and out of his science fiction, he would have thought the second at least as important as the first. So do we.



Any Additions or Corrections?

by Tony Lewis

Any Additions or Corrections to the Minutes of the Previous Meeting?" That's the third item for each NESFA business meeting following the Call to Order and Reading of the Proxies as it is at most organizations. However, for the past few decades at NESFA it was "Any additions or corrections, George?" It wasn't that George was a pedant—we have plenty of them in Fandom—he wanted records to be right. So, he pulled out his list and carefully read the mistakes that the Clerk had almost perpetrated. Of course, George would carefully check the next issue of *Instant Message* to make sure his corrections had been entered.

He was already ready with a pertinent dry quip and was usually clever enough to avoid paying pun fines at the NESFA Business Meetings. In the heat of debate he never raised his voice nor resorted to the kind of *ad hominem* arguments that are so prevalent in Fandom.

George was an invaluable part of NESFA Press, working on over 150 books, helping to make NESFA Press' reputation; he was not only a great proofreader but the best copy editor in our small press universe. "In this quote from Goethe, he used an em-dash; you have a semicolon—which one do you really want?" He was recognized as the premier proofreader in the field—not just by fans and small presses, but by editors of the professional trade publishers. Yes, his job was as a copy editor and proofreader, but that was work—this was love.

George was extremely active in both fanzine and convention fandom. He was a regular contributor to *APA:NESFA*, among others. He co-chaired Ditto 11, the 1998 fanzine-oriented convention at Newport, Rhode Island. He served as Treasurer of MCFI during the 1980 Worldcon and handled the mail room for Noreascon 3 in 1989. He served as NESFA's liaison to the M.I.T. Science Fiction Society and the Worldcon. He was well-known at the Worldcon Business Meetings.

He was an avid record keeper; he specialized in Boskone and Worldcon memberships as a function of time and in Hugo voting trends. Some of his analyses can be found at www.nesfa.org/fanzines. Take a look to see just what we have lost.

In 1978—the second election after its founding—George was elected a Fellow of NESFA. The Fellowship was created to honor those people who have made a significant contribution to NESFA and to the furtherance of its aims. The Fellowship is modeled after academic fellowships and Fellows are awarded the privilege of the postnominal abbreviation **FN**. New Fellows are installed at an annual banquet each fall. If you saw the FN on his namebadge, that's what it meant. It meant his fellow club members recognized and appreciated his contributions.

George died a month before Noreascon 4, the 2004 Worldcon—a convention he helped to bring to Boston. I kept thinking I saw him there. It will be a while before his loss sinks in.

Yes, we remember him for these contributions but we really miss him as a private, quiet, non-contentious, gentle, completely trustworthy fellow who was a pleasure to know.

This article was not proofread by George, so blame Tony Lewis or Jim Mann for any errata.

George Flynn and Readercon

by Michael Matthew

Readercon was only a small part of George's many fannish activities. That he was a vital part of Readercon is a measure of how extensive those activities were. George attended most general committee meetings, providing valuable advice on how the con might run better. He served during those frantic, understaffed hours at the con. His was a quiet voice, but one we always listed to. He is much missed.

The Readercon 16 Committee

Ellen Brody is a gradual student.

Bob Colby has two hopes:
1) Time to do a decent entry next time
2) To see many entries from new committee members on this page next time.

Though not the program chair this time around, **Richard Duffy** has been exhaustively absorbed in being part of its legs and back. In a few spare moments between Readerconniving tasks, he was fascinated to learn a quite explicit choicelessly defined uncountable proper subfield of the reals—a result sadly not yet applicable to the Multi-Author Scheduling Problem.

Merryl Gross: by day, mild mannered User Interface Designer and wrangler of software developers. By night, mighty-thewed hero in the monster-infested depths of Azeroth. Weekends and occasional evenings, Readercon publications and other events. Isn't sleep a completely inadequate substitute for caffeine?

Dawn Jones-Low wandered into the first Readercon and asked how she could help. She had such a blast that she dragged **Thom** to the second Readercon. They've both been helping in some capacity ever since. When not slaving, er working, at Readercon they live on their horse farm in Vermont with an assortment of dogs, cats, and an ever expanding herd of horses—and one donkey

B. Diane Martin is a founder of a high-tech startup company that develops large-scale applications for nanothechnology (nanometer-sized devices, not the terrifying sf "gray goo"). Her experience working at small and large scales has been useful at home, where she raises a small boy and a larger husband.

Michael Matthew has been on the committee since Readercon 9; half of all Readercons, but he's still a relative newcomer there. He is pleased and amazed that the number of new books he wants to read increases almost every year. He nervously eyes the piles of unread books he already has and wonders if he'll live long enough... then thinks there are worse problems to have.

Now that **David G. Shaw** has converted his entire music library to bits (31,500 songs, 2,360 albums, 99.2 days, 172 GB), he will start assembling the world's largest remix.

Miles Martin Shaw has attended six Readercons (five *ex utero*). He still loves trains and dinosaurs, and books about trains, dinosaurs, and pigeons.

Eric Van: http://www.boston.com/news/globe/living/articles/2005/06/23/his_numbers_are_in_the_ballpark/
(If this link is now broken, ask somebody about it.)
"He harbors dreams of becoming—a novelist."

No truth to the rumor that *Imaginary* (now 3,000 words of pivotal scenes and 41,000 words of outline, plus 30,000 words of recent notes unincorporated into same) will be published entirely as a series of Meet-the-Pros(e) Party quotes.

Robert van der Heide was abducted by aliens several years ago and replaced with an identical copy. If you see the copy please try to treat him as if he were the original, because he doesn't think anybody knows.

Joan Waugh has the dread misfortune of being the sister of some other committee member. The poor woman gets dragged around to all kinds of places and is talked into all manner of deeds by this sister. Luckily Joan manages to have a bit of fun despite all this. She really likes Readercon and had been to *nearly* every one even before she joined the committee!

Louise J. Waugh: I was dragged, kicking, screaming, and frothing at the mouth, onto the committee about four years ago. Don't tell them I said that or they'll force me to be con chair next year. Please help me! Actually, it's not really as bad as you might think. I have the Honor and Privilege of working with some of the most intelligent, dedicated, interesting and fun people on the planet, to help them put together a Science Fiction convention of substance, with an intellectually passionate atmosphere that somehow manages to create a mood of relaxation and fun. I am proud to be a part of Readercon and plan to continue to contribute in whatever way I can for as long as both Readercon and I exist.
I do get sappy! Let us speak of this no further.

When last we left **Karl R. Wurst**, he was rushing to complete his Ph.D. dissertation before applying for tenure so he could keep his job. In a hair's-breadth escape he defended his dissertation one week before his tenure hearing! Not only did he keep his job, but he was promoted and elected head of his department (condolences gratefully accepted)! Add to that the purchase of his first home just last month and it looks like more hair-raising adventures ahead. Putting together the Program Guide in the three days before the con looks easy by comparison.

Held indefinitely at Guantanamo:
Adina Adler, Diane Kurilecz, J. Spencer Love, David Walrath