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*R*EADERCON 4
SOUVENIR BOOK

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I NTRODUCTION

by Robert Colby

Hi (or hi again, depending). When you signed in, you received this Souvenir Book and a Program Guide. We started separating the standard Program Book into these two sections last year to better accommodate the way people actually use this stuff. For the most part, you used the Program Guide to answer the questions you had about Readercon 4 as it happened.

Why was the last sentence in the past tense? Because for most of you this book is the one you read after the con, the one that will, I hope, put what you've experienced into some kind of context. (Then again maybe not, but everybody who writes has some assumptions about the conditions they're going to be read in; these are mine.) And so I'll be trying to provide some of that in these intros.

For four years now (Readercon 1 was in June 1987, and our irregular schedule has finally circled the calendar, plus a month) I've been using these pages as a way to explain who and what we are, and aren't, and what we're trying to accomplish here. I've spelled out our focus on literature and in creating an environment where people who are serious about it can explore it on an adult level, and I've tried to explain the ways in which we want to be more than just the book-related parts of your typical big con (without any unnecessary hostility towards people whose concept of science fiction has more to do with big-budget special effects and the chance to play make-believe). Because so many of you are new each time, this needs to be restated (and maybe rethought) periodically. But I think it's finally time to compare our announced goals to the results so far.

First, the general atmosphere. Here we have accomplished our mission. Almost all of you that I've met genuinely care about this literature as a form of literature, and that's reflected in the grown-up (but rarely stuffy) tone of the proceedings. People who come here know that they're going to get a fair dose of cranium-stretching during the day, but still get to unwind later on (Kirk Poland, plus parties if we can get more of you to throw them).

Second, intimacy and community. As stated above, we want to be more than just the book-related part of a typical con. That involves departing from the three-ring "extravaganza" model that dominates said

gatherings, and substituting a more intense and focused program, one that creates more of a real community by bringing more of you together more of the time. Here our results have been mixed. Readercons 1 and 2 were well matched with their small attendance and one main track. Readercon 3, I now feel, was somewhat seduced by its own success into flirting with the *status quo*, and fractioning you into too many pieces. The next few years will see if we can balance size and community.

Third, a wider view of what constitutes speculative and imaginative literature. We've tried to direct your attention to works of non-realist literature (many of which fall under the heading of "magical realism") that don't get sold in the SF/Fantasy section of the bookstore. Though we have no way to know whether this has inspired many people to venture into the general fiction section, we intend to keep it up, and attract some of the authors who produce what Bruce Sterling has referred to as 'slipstream' here to discuss it. And maybe some of their readers, too.

Fourth, support for alternatives to the mass market (specifically the small press). At this point, we are about where we want to be with the Small Press Awards, at least in terms of getting the procedures together and laying the groundwork for its gradual increase in stature. We are still in the beginning stages of two related efforts; the Readercon Small Press Review, and becoming the conference of choice for small press people in this field.

All in all though, it looks like we got more-or-less what we wanted when we first started kicking this idea around in 1985. But then again, that's only my viewpoint, which is bound to be more than a bit subjective. I've talked a lot about community these last few years. So it's time I found out just what kind of community we've put together. What does Readercon mean to you? What do you get from it that you don't get from anything else? Next year, the Chair's Introduction will be supplemented (or even replaced) with guest introductions from at least one program participant, and at least one reader as well. The readers whose intros are printed in full will have their memberships comped. Next year's PR1 will have full details, but start thinking about it soon. And we'll see you in '92! ■ ■ ■

MAALZBERG



Giant Among Midgets

by Mike Resnick

“He tried to make the world the kind of place it might have been. It drove him mad.”

—Justin Playfair
They Might Be Giants

Barry Malzberg tried to make science fiction the kind of field it might have been. It didn't drive him mad, but it has occasionally made him more morose than he might otherwise be.

It will be to science fiction's everlasting shame that he failed to elevate it, for there has been no finer exemplar of what we could have become than Barry himself.

Writing is an egomaniac's sport. You must believe you are the best, or there is simply no reason to continue pushing nouns up against verbs in the wee small hours when the rest of the world is sleeping the sleep of the innocent. You may be properly modest in public, but during those long nights of the soul, when it is just you and the keyboard and the story that is trying to get out, you have to convince yourself that you're writing the best story or the best book ever put to paper, or there is simply no reason to endure the psychic strain and frustration required to keep working on it. Therefore, I hope you will realize what an enormous admission it is when I tell you that I will happily settle for being the second best writer alive, behind Barry Malzberg.

I first made contact with him after doing a radio interview, back in 1980. The host pulled a question from out of left field, asking me what I thought were the two best novels of the past decade. I considered my answer during the ensuing commercial, and realized that it wasn't even close: the two best novels of

the 1970's, by far, were *Galaxies* and *Herovit's World*, both by Barry Malzberg.

So I wrote Barry a postcard and told him what I had said. His answer was brief and to the point: “Where were you when I needed you?”

I wrote back, he wrote back, we met for brunch a month later in Manhattan, and we have occasionally gotten together, frequently corresponded, and have spoken on the phone literally a thousand times during the past ten years. During this time he has become my closest friend in the field of science fiction, as well as remaining one of my very few literary heroes.

One of the things you will find when you finally meet Barry is that he is a gentleman, in the true sense of the word. He is gentle, decent, well-mannered, thoughtful, considerate, self-effacing, and witty—all those traits one demands in a Boy Scout but, once exposed to the field, never really expects to find in a science fiction writer.

He is also a man of prodigious intellect and erudition. The average man—and this includes the average science fiction writer—speaks in sentence fragments, à la Richard Nixon and his hired guns. Barry, on the other hand, speaks in exquisitely constructed paragraphs, and when you listen to him expound on any of the things that are near and dear to him—and they cover an enormous range from writing and science fiction to classical music and horse racing—you will find that his knowledge of his subjects is, in a word, profound.

He remains the most misunderstood and misinterpreted writer of his time, which has always been a mystery to me, since his method of attacking a story, while never less than eloquent, has always been straightforward and comprehensible, unlike some of the pretenders who climbed aboard his bandwagon or

clung to his coat-tails in the late 1960's and early 1970's.

One of the things about his work that is never mentioned, for example, is his absolutely brilliant sense of humor. For those who doubt this, let me direct you to such books as *Dwellers In The Deep* and *Gather In The Hall Of The Planets*, biting but hilarious satires of the fan and pro communities, respectively, or to such short stories as "A Delightful Comedic Premise" or "A Matter of Slant". It's humor with a bite—and as it turned out, a lot of fans, pros, and critics objected to being bitten. Me, I figure that's their shortcoming, not Barry's.

Another thing that seemed to bother the Establishment was the sheer quantity of outstanding work that he was able to produce. After all, they claimed, no writer can turn out five or six excellent and ambitious novels in a year, right? Well, no writer should be able to, but Barry was always the exception to the rule — and out they flowed, in quantity and in quality: *Underlay*, *Overlay*, *Beyond Apollo*, *The Gamesman*, *The Last Transaction*, *The Destruction Of The Temple*, *In The Enclosure*, *The Sodom And Gomorrah Business*, *Tactics Of Conquest*, *Guernica Night*, *Galaxies*, *Herovit's World*, and a host of others (along with 20 to 35 short stories a year)—each of them challenging, each written at the highest level of literary ambition, each filled with honest passion, each crafted with consummate skill, traits that were always his hallmark.

For example, back in the 1960's a lot of sf writers found that there was easy money to be made in the sex field, and started grinding out "adult novels" to supplement our incomes. There was Silverberg, and me, and far more of your current heroes than you might care to think about. But only one of us attacked these books with the same high level of skill and ambition reserved for our more serious work; only one of us signed his true name to them; only one of us produced books such as *Screen* and *The Spread* which, if marketed differently, would have been considered major works of mainstream fiction. Guess who?

Even though he stopped writing full-time more than a decade ago, Barry continues to turn out a flow of absolutely top-quality literature that, for any normal writer, would very nearly constitute full-time production. His Hugo-nominated collection of essays, *The Engines Of The Night*, stands head and shoulders above all other works of science fiction criticism—and just to prove he hadn't lost the touch, he added a short story, "Corridors", to the 35 essays; it was immediately nominated for a Nebula.

He picks his shots a bit more carefully these days, but he has lost none of his skills. Perhaps the most heralded original anthology of the 1980's was *In*

The Fields Of Fire. Barry contributed a story entitled "The Queen of Lower Saigon", that was easily the best science fiction story of the year, probably the best ever written about the Vietnam experience, and was in fact so good that, for me at least, it ruined the rest of the book by making the other stories, all of them by writers of note and talent, seem simplistic and shallow by comparison.

This is a good and decent and honorable man, this Malzberg, possessed of an awesome talent that should be honored and cherished far more than it has been to date. I am delighted to see Readercon begin to make amends for past oversights, for writers—or men—of Barry Malzberg's ilk don't pass our way very often.



Missing Malzberg

by Allen Steele

I have several regrets about having to bail out of this year's Readercon, after initially agreeing to be here; among them is the fact that I've blown a good chance to meet Barry Malzberg.

Since I don't have my run of late-60's-to-early-70's back issues of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* handy—they're all stashed in the attic of my mother's house in Nashville, Tennessee, along with the rest of my life-collection of science fiction and fantasy—I'm unequipped to produce the titles of all the short stories and novelettes written under the Malzberg byline. At least let it be said that, for quite some time, a new story in *F&SF* by Barry Malzberg got my first attention when a new issue arrived in the mail. His short fiction was a staple in my formative reading years. It also seems to me that, with inverse proportion to the acclaim that his novels have received, his short fiction has been neglected. Somebody should do something to even that particular score.

Beyond Apollo and its companion novel, *The Falling Astronauts*, still strike me as two of the best novels yet written about near-future space exploration—they treat the subject with dead-shot realism, and both books are written with terrible, truthful beauty. Unfortunately, since *The Falling Astronauts* dealt with the NASA Apollo program—itsself now largely a matter for the history books—it has never been reprinted since its first Ace edition; even *Beyond Apollo* was out of print for ten years despite winning a major award. These novels may now be dated; however, their evocation of the awesome loneliness of space remain as pertinent as ever.

And I'm deeply jealous of Malzberg in one regard: *Herovit's World*.

For several years now, one of my unfulfilled desires has been to write an extrospective, cutting-edge "mainstream" novel about the science fiction genre and sf fandom. Not the usual burlesque, in-

jokey, pun-laden stuff we sometimes see crawling out of the fanzines, where the murdered Guest of Honor is an alien and the culprit is a time-traveller (or somesuch variation) and everyone is an unoffensive caricature of another writer or fan... not this, but an honest look at the weird and sometimes threatening world of science fiction, as seen through the eyes of a practitioner.

I've suggested this story, as both fiction and non-fiction, to a number of editors; although all are happy to receive more of my hard-sf work, none are willing to consider this particular story. I've also mentioned this story to a number of fellow writers. They've heard me out, nodded and listened, and almost always they've looked up at me and asked, "You mean... something like *Herovit's World*?"

And I've reluctantly nodded my head, remembering how I was both frightened and scarred by Barry Malzberg's novel. He not only did it first, but also—probably—did it the best. As long as *Herovit's World* lingers in the collective memory of this field, no one else will be able to write about sf as honestly as he did. Who can top that act? One 20,000-volt shock up the asshole per twenty years seems to be all that readers can take.

It too, has been long out of print—seventeen years now.

Since no publishing house appears to be willing to divert the presses from churning out another sword-n-pony potboiler to publish new editions of these classics, it falls upon the reader to seek out these novels in libraries, sf con huckster rooms, and used books stores. If you haven't found them already, you owe it to yourself to do so.

And consider yourselves lucky, my fellow readers. You have an opportunity to meet Barry Malzberg this weekend. I've never met the man, but judging from his work, I wish I could.



From Tranquility to Baghdad

By Carter Scholz

This essay first appeared in a very different and less concentrated form in 1983, the year before we all had to start applying the phrase "Star Wars" to the real world. Barry's writing career today seems less terminal than it did then. Recently he told me he was writing "a little"—twenty stories in fourteen months he calls "a little"—and this can only be good news for us, if not for him. But I have retained the mortuary tone of the piece, not because I believe now, nor did I then, that Barry or his work are in any sense dead, but because most science fiction written since has yet to come to terms with this body of work, which, though uneven in quality, is of large importance.

Those engines of the night that Reagan Inc. hoped to put into orbit as SDI still infest, in one form or another, every corner of our waning century, most recently in the shameful, needless, and cynically-motivated war against Iraq. So my tone remains dark because Malzberg's lessons have not been learned, and every science fiction story written with the glamour of hardware in its prose is another hard shove down the slope of the pit.

What happened to Barry N. Malzberg lies between tragedy and farce. It is of course material for a Malzberg novel. Nothing is funnier than a genre writer trying to assert his dignity in the pages of *Amazing Stories*. Nothing sadder than the sight of talent ground down by the contingencies of the market. Nothing more farcical than to see that talent knowingly abet its own destruction. An intelligent man who apprenticed in a major literary agency, Malzberg seems despite that foresight to

have entered the science fiction field with two contradictory delusions: 1) that he could do work of high literary ambition in science fiction, and 2) that he had to tailor that work to the market. He also insisted on making his living from writing. The combination was heroic in its insanity.

Malzberg rose and fell in eight years, 1968-76, writing in that time more than 30 books in the science fiction genre, as many outside it, and a few hundred short stories. What a flood of work. A story in an hour. A novel in three days. Fifteen novels in a year. Much of it was mediocre, but none of it was aimless; every word was charged with a moral force or personal outrage. As late as 1974 he claimed, in an introduction, never to have let his personal voice untransmuted through the professional mask, but the exhaustion that followed showed how wrong he was about that.

He was capable of imposing for no discernible reason the architecture of Nabokov's *Pale Fire* on a slight 2,000 word story. He was also capable of drawing from a sterile and sophistic premise ("the future cannot by definition be portrayed; it will require a terminology and ethos which do not yet exist") the brilliant novella "A Galaxy Called Rome".

A better general might have captured more territory with fewer troops. But few writers are good generals with their talent, and like most of us Malzberg is most interesting in his contradictions. His instinct—and it is sound, it is perhaps the only proper course for a decent artist in these bad times—has been to set himself against every established power, every vested interest, to offend every comfortable sensibility, the too-hip equally with the retrograde, the mandarin no less than the lowbrow. Along

with that instinct, however, lived his damnable ambition—"to remake science fiction" as he once put it. What is such ambition but the drive to supplant those very powers one deploras?

These contradictions define the Malzberg territory. His self-image has him hitting the typewriter till it smokes, chumming with the shades of Kuttner and Kornbluth, vying with the Silverberg of the 1950s for sheer prolificacy, yet tossing off cut and polished gems of Nabokovian complexity as if that, too, were all in a day's work.

"Corridors" and "The Prose Bowl" and the "Writer's Heaven" stories mark out the territory. *Herovit's World* and *Gather in the Hall of the Planets* and *Dwellers of the Deep* (and on different subjects *Oracle of the Thousand Hands* and *Screen* and *Underlay*) are funnier and more accomplished and it is this Malzberg in motley, the kvetcher about science fiction, who is probably best known. But the Malzberg that haunts me is the Malzberg of *Revelations*, *The Falling Astronauts*, *Beyond Apollo*, "The Sense of the Fire," "Final War," "Still-Life," and of dozens of other works in which obsessive themes, characters, and plots seem to replicate and devour themselves like so many passages from William S. Burroughs, as if they are all parallel instances of one endless hallucinatory vision, rich in implication but poor in focus, parceled into stories and novels by arbitrary forces beyond the writer's control.

Within a few years after that brilliant arc, it was all out of print. And remains so. Why? Rushed writing, repetition, and blurred focus have seldom injured a science fiction writer's reputation. No, what hurt Malzberg was his message: that Man is unalterably vile and the universe malign. His characteristic utterance, "To kill. To kill again. To save the machines from the men," could not have been more offensive to science fiction readers, who on the whole see technology as transcendence, lifting them from the Earth, from mortality, from consequence. The heart of science fiction is transcendence: read *More Than Human*; read the Emerson headquote to Asimov's "Nightfall" (though the story itself is as dark, as awash in futility, as anything of Malzberg's); read the last scene of *Neuromancer*. Even the grimmest Silverberg says, *I accept. I accept.* Not Malzberg. For him the roots of science fiction are Gothic, not Transcendental. There is never a moment of comfort in his work. There is nothing but consequence. *Give the world a nod of assent and next time it will clean you out in an alley.*

His perception of this Gothic strain is laid out in *The Engines of the Night*, which along with Knight and Blish is one of the few indispensable works of SF criticism. *Engines* doesn't provide much textual analysis (though where it does, as in the essay "Wrong

Rabbit", it is revelatory); it is instead a study of science fiction's contradictions, small and large. A first reading might make you feel that Malzberg, so at odds with so many of the genre's dearest assumptions, wandered in by mistake and would have been much happier somewhere else. But given his concerns, impatience, and moral tone, where could he have gone? As Malzberg comments in *Engines*, mainstream readers "wanted no part of the possibility that technology had appropriated the sense or the control within their lives."

Nor, of course, did science fiction readers. But Malzberg was destined for the genre not only because he understood its linguistic codes and knew its history, but because his concerns went to its core. Malzberg and the common wisdom of the genre may have disagreed violently on the meaning of Apollo, but they agreed that it was important. To Updike, the touchdown in the Sea of Tranquility was something that happened in the background on a bar TV. Thus Malzberg's meanings were bound inextricably to genre hardware and conventions, though he was relentless, in a way that John W. Campbell should have understood, in going after the deepest implications of an idea, not the cleverest execution. And the deepest of his implications, like a jagged black line looping through all the work, is perhaps this: that technology is politics, and politics is founded on oppression, violence, and death. That technology is pornography, and removes us from reality.

Hugo Gernsback's intent, when he all but invented science fiction in 1926, was to interest adolescent boys in engineering careers. Campbell continued in this vein. It is impossible not to see their impact, from NASA to LLNL. The past decade especially has seen an unabashed acknowledgement of science fiction in the ranks of technologists. Gibson's "cyberspace" was enough to create, or at least galvanize, a small industry ("virtual reality"). What's interesting is that a successful science fiction notion like cyberspace is by definition light on details. The whole art of the SF writer is to put his premise across with minimum exposition. Whereas the engineer can take nothing for granted, must prove out every last detail of an implementation. Yet some researchers have found that the rhetoric of science fiction can be more persuasive in some situations than rigorous engineering. (I am thinking of Edward Teller and SDI, Marvin Minsky and artificial intelligence, K. Eric Drexler and nanotechnology, Hans Moravec and robotics.) In short, science fiction has become an effective sales technique for high technology entrepreneurs. Which should surprise no one who has read Malzberg.

Thus, science fiction has a particular culpability

in the modern world. If we want the transcendence of Apollo, Malzberg has said over and over, we must also expect orbiting war hardware, smart bombs, nuclear waste, depleted ozone, and the debasement of feeling and reality into controlled news and jargon like "collateral damage" (surely the title of a Malzberg story).

The engines of the night have run through our literature, through the deathless horrific dreams of Irving, the night visions of Poe, the dark fauns of Hawthorne, the crazed thunder of Melville, Twain's wicked grin, the blood rituals of Lawrence, the mad fallen saints of Faulkner, the lush obsessions of Hawkes, the fragmentary scatology of Burroughs. On they run in Dick, in Kornbluth, in Kuttner, in Ballard, and yes, in Heinlein ("Universe") and Asimov ("Nightfall").

But now the engines are no longer in the mind's night. They have left the page, they are at our sides. They are born at MIT and CalTech and Carnegie-Mellon, at GE and Hughes and Dupont and IG Farben and Genentech and Raytheon. They rumble in Houston, in Livermore, in Chernobyl, in Bhopal, in Baghdad, in the thinning sky over Antarctica. These are science fiction's unacknowledged progeny. These are the prodigals that the writers and readers of these dreams must, as Malzberg has insisted for 25 years, at last claim.



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A Barry N. Malzberg Bibliography: A First Pass

by Sheila Lightsey
and Eric M. Van

I. Books By Barry N. Malzberg

Here is a list of books by Barry N. Malzberg, together with a listing (perhaps incomplete) of all their known editions.

Our source for first editions through 1977 is L. W. Currey's *Science Fiction and Fantasy Authors: A Bibliography of First Printings of Their Fiction*. Our source for subsequent first editions is *Locus*.

Our basic source for reprint editions of sf books through 1977 is Stuart Wells' *The Science Fiction and Heroic Fantasy Author Index*. Our basic source for books subsequent is again *Locus*. There is a serious weakness in these sources, of course—Wells lists no British editions while *Locus*'s coverage was erratic until the mid-80's.

All sources were augmented mightily by the extraordinary library of the MIT Science Fiction Society (MITSFS) and the personal libraries of Kurt Baty and Willie Siros of the Whole Science Fiction Database and of Barry and Joyce Malzberg.

For short story collections and fix-up novels, rather than listing contents by title we have cross-referenced them to the Short Fiction Bibliography which follows. In the case of fix-ups and other unusual cases, there are further details in the individual story listings (q.v.). We have provided a general description of each book's contents (which generally demonstrate that Malzberg's primary story collections function quite well as a chronological overview of his career through 1979); references to "sf stories" and "mystery stories" in these summaries refer to the markets in which they were first published and not, of course, necessarily to their content.

The books are listed chronologically by nominal month of publication; books for which no publication month is available are listed at the beginning of each year's listings, alphabetically by title (except when we have evidence to do otherwise, such as publisher's catalog numbers). All editions are paperbacks except where noted.

We have followed the listing of Malzberg's

primary work with a separate listing of books published under pseudonyms other than K. M. O'Donnell.

1. *Screen*. Erotic literary.
Hardcover. The Olympia Press. 1968. \$3.95 180pp
Hardcover. Olympia London. SBN700.40010.9 32s. 188pp.
The Olympia Press OPS-8, September, 1970. \$1.95. 180pp.
2. *Oracle Of A Thousand Hands*. Erotic literary.
Hardcover. The Olympia Press. 1968. \$3.95. 216pp.
3. *The Empty People*. As by K. M. O'Donnell. SF.
Lancer 74-546, 1969. \$.75. 159pp.
4. *Final War and Other Fantasies*. As by K. M. O'Donnell. Collects eleven of the thirteen sf stories BNM published through 10/69 (stories # 1, 3, 6-12, 15, 16).
Ace Double 23775, 1969. \$.75. 118pp. Bound with *Treasure of Tau Ceti* by John Rackham.
5. *Dwellers Of The Deep*. As by K. M. O'Donnell. SF.
Ace Double 27400, 1970. \$.75. 111pp. Bound with *The Gates of Time* by Neil Barrett, Jr.
Included in *Malzberg at Large* (see # 41 below)
6. *Confessions of Westchester County*. Erotic literary.
The Olympia Press OPS-29, 1971. \$1.95.
7. *The Falling Astronauts*. SF.
Ace 22690, 1971. \$.75. 191pp.
Arrow (UK). ISBN 0.09.910950.6, 1975. 40p. 191pp.
8. *Gather in the Hall of the Planets. Being a Novelized Version of the Remarkable Interplanetary Events that Took Place at the World Science Fiction Convention of 1974*. As by K. M. O'Donnell. SF.
Ace Double 27415, 1971. \$.75. 121pp. Bound with *In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories* by O'Donnell.
9. *In the Pocket And Other S-F Stories*. As by K. M. O'Donnell. Collects fifteen stories: all but one of BNM's short sf stories published between 12/69 and 3/71 and not incorporated into *Universe Day* (# 17, 18, 21, 25, 26, 29, 38, 40), together with one alternate version from *Universe Day* (# 20), one somewhat earlier (# 14) and five previously unpublished stories (# 30-34).
Ace Double 27415, 1971. \$.75. 132pp. Bound with *Gather In the Hall of the Planets* by O'Donnell.
10. *In My Parents' Bedroom*. Erotic literary.
The Olympia Press OPS-17, 1971. \$1.25.
11. *The Spread*. Erotic literary.
Belmont B75-2167, 1971. \$.75.
Belmont. ISBN 0-8439-1068-2, March, 1982. \$1.25. 157pp.
12. *Universe Day*. As by K. M. O'Donnell. SF. About two-thirds new material; the balance consists of alternate versions of seven short stories (# 10, 15, 20, 22, 24, 36, 39; see these entries for details). Copyright notice mistakenly credits *Galaxy*, 1971 and fails to credit

- New Dimensions*, 1971, where "Conquest" (# 36) appeared, and overgenerously credits *Nova 1* (see # 52). A version of "Still Life" (# 48) was part of the original ms. but does not appear here.
Avon V2394, April, 1971. \$.75.
13. *Horizontal Woman*. Erotic literary. Originally scheduled by Belmont books as *The Case for Elizabeth Moore*.
Leisure LB 124 ZK, 1972. \$1.25.
Leisure LB 511 DK, 1977. \$1.50. As *The Social Worker*.
14. *Overlay*. SF. Chapter I is an alternate version of the story "Notes Just Prior to the Fall" (#25).
Lancer 75345, 1972. \$.95. 189pp.
NEL (UK). SBN 4500.2555.1, December 1975. 40p. 141pp.
15. *Beyond Apollo*. SF. Winner of the first John W. Campbell Award as the year's best novel.
Hardcover. Random House. ISBN 0-394-47923-8, June, 1972.
Pocket. SBN 671-77687-8, January, 1974. \$.95. 156pp.
Hardcover. Farber & Farber (UK). ISBN 0.571.10510.6, 1974. £1.95. 138pp.
Hardcover. Reader's Union Ltd. Edition of same, 1975.
Orbit (UK). ISBN 0.8600.7872.8. 50p 138pp.
Pocket. ISBN 0-671-82847-9, June, 1979. \$1.75. 156pp.
Carroll & Graf. ISBN 0-88184-551-5, October, 1989. \$3.50.
16. *The Masochist*. Erotic literary.
Belmont/Tower 50261, August, 1972. \$1.25.
17. *Revelations: A Paranoid Novel of Suspense*. SF.
Warner Paperback Library 64-947, October, 1972. \$.75. 141pp.
Avon (Equinox) 31716, March, 1977. \$2.25. Adds "Afterword: April 1976" by Malzberg.
18. *In The Enclosure*. SF.
Avon 15073, May, 1973. \$.95. 190pp.
(First) hardcover. Robert Hale & Company (UK). 1976.
19. *Herovii's World*. Slipstream.
Hardcover. Random House. ISBN 0-394-48141-0, June, 1973. \$4.95. 209pp.
Pocket. SBN 671-77753-X, September, 1974. LCC #72-11447. \$.95. 160pp.
Arrow (UK). ISBN 0.09.912920.5, 1976. 60p. 209pp.
20. *The Men Inside*. SF. Final treatment of material used earlier in "In the Pocket" (#21) and "The Men Inside" (# 50) / "The Man in the Pocket" (# 149).
Lancer 75486, June, 1973. \$0.95. 175pp.
Magnum 75486.
Arrow (UK). ISBN 0.09.912820.9, 1976. 45p. 175pp.
21. *Phase IV*. Novelization, from a story and screenplay by Mayo Simon.
Pocket. SBN 671-77710-6, November, 1973. \$.95. 160pp.
Pan (UK). ISBN 0.330.23844.2, November, 1973. 25p. 127pp.
22. *Underlay*. Mainstream. Prepublication title was *The Season of Changes*.
Avon 17939, 1974. \$1.50.
International Polytonics. ISBN 0-930330-41-2, May, 1986. \$4.95. 255pp.
23. *Guernica Night*. SF. Nebula finalist.
Hardcover. Bobbs-Merrill. ISBN 0-672-51991-7, January, 1974. LCC #73-22672. \$6.95. 126pp.
Hardcover. NEL (UK). ISBN 0.4500.3063.6, 1978. £4.05. 127pp.
NEL (UK). ISBN 0.4500.3556.5, October 1979 75p 127pp.
24. *The Destruction of the Temple*. SF. Chapters I-IV and VI-VII are an alternate version of the short story "City Lights, City Nights (# 71)."
Pocket. SBN 671-77696-7, February, 1974. \$.95. 159pp.
NEL (UK). SBN 4500.2415.6, August 1975 40p 143pp.
25. *Tactics Of Conquest*. SF. Uses same materials as the short story "Closed Sicilian" (# 90).
Pyramid. ISBN 0-515-03330-3, February, 1974. LCC #73-21332. \$.95. 172pp.
Second printing of same, November, 1975.
26. *The Day Of The Burning*. SF.
Ace 13902, October, 1974. \$.95. 166pp.
27. *On A Planet Alien*. SF.
Pocket. SBN 671-77766-1, October, 1974. \$.95. 144pp.
- NEL (UK). ISBN 4500.2909.3, January, 1977. 60 p. 160pp.
28. *Out From Ganymede*. BNM's third collection, 21 stories, reprints nearly two-thirds of his sf and half his mysteries published from 5/71 to 3/73 (# 41-43, 46, 48, 51-4, 57, 58, 60-2, 77, 80), with one quite earlier (# 4), two somewhat earlier (# 28, 37), one later (# 86) and one previously unpublished story (# 128).
Warner Paperback Library 76-538, December, 1974. \$1.25. 188pp.
29. *The Sodom And Gomorrah Business*. SF.
Pocket. SBN 671-77789-0, December, 1974. \$.95. 126pp.
Arrow (UK). ISBN 0.09.914590.1, 1979 85p 126pp.
30. *Conversations*. SF young adult. Expanded version of the short story "Conversations at Lothar's."
Hardcover. Bobbs-Merrill. ISBN 0-627-52043-5, 1975. LCC #74-17686. \$4.95.
31. *The Many Worlds Of Barry Malzberg*. Reprints two stories from *Final War* (# 6, 7), and one from *Out From Ganymede* (# 77), together with two older (# 44, 47) and two fairly recent (# 84, 90) sf stories, plus four previously unpublished (# 133-6).
Popular Library 445-00298, 1975. \$1.25. 159pp.
32. *Galaxies*. SF. Expanded version of the novelette "A Galaxy Called Rome" (# 144). Selected by David Pringle for *Science Fiction: The 100 Best Novels*.
Pyramid. ISBN 0-515-03734-6, August, 1975. LCC #75-16918. \$1.25. 128pp.
(First) hardcover. Gregg Press. ISBN 0-8398-2548-X, May, 1980. \$12.50. 128pp With new introductions by BNM and Marita Randall.
Carroll & Graf. ISBN 0-88184-491-8, April, 1989. \$2.95. 128pp.
33. *The Gamesman*. SF.
Pocket. SBN 671-80174-0, December, 1975. \$1.25. 188pp.
34. *The Running Of Beasts*. With Bill Pronzini. Suspense.
Hardcover. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1976.
Fawcett Crest ISBN 0-449-23061-9, 1976. \$1.75. 319pp.
Black Lizard ISBN 0-88739-076-5, 1988. \$4.95. 316pp
35. *The Best Of Barry N. Malzberg*. Not really a retrospective but rather the fourth of BNM's primary collections; the title thus refers to BNM's extraordinary output during this period. Three of the 38 stories have appeared in previous collections (# 53, 80 in *Out From Ganymede*, # 90 in *The Many Worlds of BNM*). Contains nearly two-thirds of BNM's sf published from 3/73 - 9/74 (# 66-76, 78, 81, 83, 88, 92-4, 97, 106-9, 117, 119, 120, 122-4), together with one older (# 45), two newer (# 130, 131) and two previously unpublished stories (# 148, 150), and (# 149) the full version of an older story (# 50) cut for its original appearance.
Pocket. SBN 671-80256-9, January, 1976. \$1.95. 398pp.
36. *Scop*. SF.
Pyramid V3895, April, 1976. LCC #76-1259. \$1.25. 128pp.
37. *Down Here In the Dream Quarter*. Collection of 23 stories; nearly two-thirds of BNM's sf stories from 11/74 - 4/76 (# 95, 127, 129, 132, 137, 137-140, 142, 144, 145, 151, 152) plus seven more from the period covered by *The Best of BNM* (# 65, 82, 85, 87, 111, 112, 118), together with one older (#56, one newer #155) and one previously unpublished story (# 161).
Hardcover. Doubleday. ISBN 0-385-12268-3, December, 1976. LCC #76-14706. \$6.95. 194pp.
38. *Acts of Mercy*. With Bill Pronzini. Suspense. Pre-publication title was *Ride the Tiger*.
Hardcover. G. P. Putnam's Sons. ISBN 0-399-11996-5, 1977. \$8.95. 251pp.
Tower. ISBN 0-505-51617-9. \$2.25 247pp.
Leisure. ISBN 0-8439-2219-2, \$2.95 247pp.
39. *The Last Transaction*. SF.
Pinnacle. ISBN 0-52340-174-4, November, 1977. \$1.75. 163pp.
40. *Chorale*. SF.
Hardcover. Doubleday. ISBN 0-385-13138-0, September, 1978. LCC #77-82765. \$7.95. 184pp.
41. *Night Screams*. with Bill Pronzini. Suspense.
Hardcover. Playboy Press. ISBN 0-872-23525-4, 1979. \$9.95. 262pp.
Playboy Press. ISBN 0-872-16788-7, 1981. \$2.95.

42. *Malzberg at Large*. Reprints *Dwellers of the Deep* (# 5 above) together with five of his most anthologized early stories: two from *Final War* (# 6, 7) and three from *In The Pocket* (# 25, 38, 40).
Acc. ISBN 0-441-51650-5, September, 1979. \$.95. 259pp.
43. *Prose Bowl*. With Bill Pronzini. SF. Expanded from the novelette of the same name (#200).
St. Martin's Press. ISBN 0-312-65194-5, 1980. \$.95. 180pp.
44. *The Man Who Loved the Midnight Lady*. Collection of 28 stories; over two-thirds of his sf published from 4/76 - 5/79 and a third of his mysteries (# 153, 154, 158, 163, 170-2, 175-7, 180, 181, 183-7, 192, 195, 197, 198), together with two older stories (# 55, 89), one newer (# 203), and four previously unpublished (# 204-7).
Hardcover. Doubleday. ISBN 0-385-15020-2, April, 1980. LCC #78-22618. \$10.00. 201pp.
45. *Engines Of The Night*. SF criticism and essays, with one story (# 229). Hugo finalist, Best Non-Fiction.
Hardcover. Doubleday. ISBN 0-385-17541-8, February, 1982. LCC #81-43148. \$10.95. 199pp.
Bluejay. ISBN 0-312-94141-2, January, 1985. \$.65. 199pp.
46. *The Cross of Fire*. SF. Expanded version of the novelette "Le Croix (The Cross)" (#209).
Acc. ISBN 0-441-12266-3, May, 1982. \$2.50. 168pp.
47. *The Remaking Of Sigmund Freud*. SF. Alternate versions of several chapters appeared earlier as short stories (# 207, 216, 217, 243). Nebula and Philip K. Dick Award finalist.
Del Rey. ISBN 0-345-31861-7, July, 1985. LCC #85-90650. \$2.95. 275pp.

More Books By Barry N. Malzberg

1. *Love Doll*. As by Mel Johnson.
Soft Cover Library B1076N K, 1967. \$.95.
2. *I, Lesbian*. As by M. L. Johnson.
Midwood 34-943, 1968. \$.75.
3. *Just Ask*. As by Mel Johnson.
Midwood 35-983, 1968. \$.95.
4. *Instant Sex*. As by Mel Johnson.
Midwood 34-994, 1968. \$.75.
5. *Chained*. As by Mel Johnson.
Midwood 37-157, 1968. \$1.25.
6. *Kiss And Run*. As by Mel Johnson.
Midwood 37-179, 1968. \$1.25.
7. *Nympho Nurse*. As by Mel Johnson.
Midwood 37-199, 1969. \$1.25.
8. *The Sadist*. As by Mel Johnson.
Midwood 35-200, 1969. \$.95.
9. *Diary Of A Parisian Chambermaid*. As by Claudine Dumas.
Midwood (Collectors Classic Series) 37-206, 1969. \$1.25.
10. *Do It To Me*. As by Mel Johnson.
Midwood 35-227, 1969. \$.95.
11. *Born To Give*. As by Mel Johnson.
Midwood 37-232, 1969. \$1.25.
12. *Campus Doll*. As by Mel Johnson.
Midwood 35-241, 1969. \$.95.
13. *The Box*. As by Mel Johnson.
Oracle 88-603, 1969. \$1.25.
14. *A Way With All Maidens*. As by Mel Johnson.
Oracle 88-605, 1969. \$1.25.
15. *The Circle*. As by Francine Di Natale.
The Traveller's Companion Series TC-444, 1969. \$1.75.
16. *Southern Comfort*. As by Gerrold Watkins.
The Traveller's Companion Series TC-460, 1969. \$1.75.
17. *A Bed Of Money*. As by Gerrold Watkins.
The Traveller's Companion Series TC-474, 1970. \$1.95.
18. *A Satyr's Romance*. As by Gerrold Watkins.
The Traveller's Companion Series TC-476, 1970. \$1.95.

19. *Giving It Away*. As by Gerrold Watkins.
The Traveller's Companion Series TC-479, 1970. \$1.95.
20. *The Art Of The Fugue*. As by Gerrold Watkins.
The Traveller's Companion Series TC-483, 1970. \$1.95.
21. *Night Raider (The Lone Wolf #1)*. As by Mike Barry.
Berkeley Medallion 425-02429, October, 1973. \$.95.
22. *Bay Prowler (The Lone Wolf #2)*. As by Mike Barry.
Berkeley Medallion 425-02430, October, 1973. \$.95.
23. *Boston Avenger (The Lone Wolf #3)*. As by Mike Barry.
Berkeley Medallion 425-02431, October, 1973. \$.95.
24. *Way Of The Tiger. The Sign Of The Dragon*. As by Howard Lee (house name).
Warner Paperback Library 76-464, October, 1973. \$1.25.
25. *Desert Stalker (The Lone Wolf #4)*. As by Mike Barry.
Berkeley Medallion 425-02204, January, 1974. \$.95.
26. *Havana Hit (The Lone Wolf)*. As by Mike Barry.
Berkeley Medallion 425-02527, March, 1974. \$.95.
27. *Chicago Slaughter (The Lone Wolf #6)*. As by Mike Barry.
Berkeley Medallion 425-02555, May, 1974. \$.95.
28. *Peruvian Nightmare (The Lone Wolf #7)*. As by Mike Barry.
Berkeley Medallion 425-02624, July, 1974. \$.95.
29. *Los Angeles Holocaust (The Lone Wolf #8)*. As by Mike Barry.
Berkeley Medallion N2665, September, 1974. \$.95.
30. *Miami Marauder (The Lone Wolf)*. As by Mike Barry.
Berkeley Medallion N2715, December, 1974. \$.95.
31. *Harlem Showdown (The Lone Wolf #10)*. As by Mike Barry.
Berkeley Medallion N2761, February, 1975. \$.95.
32. *Detroit Massacre (The Lone Wolf #11)*. As by Mike Barry.
Berkeley Medallion N2793, April, 1975. \$.95.
33. *Phoenix Inferno (The Lone Wolf)*. As by Mike Barry.
Berkeley Medallion N2858, June, 1975. \$.95.
34. *The Killing Run (The Lone Wolf #13)*. As by Mike Barry.
Berkeley Medallion N2920, August, 1975. \$.95.
35. *Philadelphia Blowup (The Lone Wolf)*. As by Mike Barry.
Berkeley Medallion N2960, October, 1975. \$.95.
36. *Lady of A Thousand Sorrows*. As by Lee W. Mason.
Playboy Press Paperbacks 16362, 1977. \$1.95. ?



II. Stories by Barry N. Malzberg

Here are, we believe, all the stories Barry N. Malzberg has published in sf and mystery markets. We have furthermore attempted to list every appearance of every story, subject to the sole limitation that anthologies that are themselves reprinted have been listed only once.

Our sources for sf stories appearing in magazines and original anthologies are the indices prepared by NESFA for 1969-1983, and Charles N. Brown and William Contento for 1984-1989. While we may have missed an entry from these, we believe we have them all; what's more, thanks to MITSFS, the vast majority of these were verified by examining the original magazine or book (all but a half dozen or so of the sf stories, somewhat more of the horror/suspense). In the same way, we also believe we have all the magazine appearances for 1990-1991.

Appearances in anthologies for 1990 and 1991

are problematical, however, since no listing of contents is available yet. We have done our best by simply examining every such anthology we could find.

Our source for appearances in sf reprint anthologies are the two volumes prepared by Contento (through 1983) and the annual Contento/Brown indices. (It is unclear how thorough these have been with British anthologies.) Most of these have been checked against the actual volumes (with a number of corrections to book titles resulting). We regret not listing the names of publishers of anthologies.

Our source for all appearances in mystery markets is Kenneth Johnson, to whom we are enormously indebted (both for providing these and for general counsel).

Except for the handful of stories later reprinted in sf markets, we have not included any stories published in other markets, most notably the "men's magazines."

All stories are short-story length unless otherwise noted. They are listed chronologically by nominal month of publication; stories published in books or magazines for which no publication month is available are listed at the beginning of each year's listings, alphabetically by source and title. While we have noted even the most minor variations in story titles, we plead guilty to having generally ignored capitalization (a perhaps not unreasonable choice considering the frequent use of all-capitals in magazine titles and content pages); we have instead just followed standard practice.

We hope to someday publish a second edition of this bibliography, expanded, corrected, and completed. We hope to add an index of books and magazines edited by Malzberg, as well as one of his very large body of criticism and other non-fiction. And we of course hope to correct all the shortcomings already noted.

A further goal would be to arrange all of this material in the order it was written.

Please send all corrections and comments to the authors, c/o Readercon, P.O. Box 6138, Boston MA 02209.

The authors wish to thank again their sources, bound both in cloth and flesh and blood: Contento, Wells, Stuart, Brown, nameless NESFAns; Johnson, Baty, Siros and especially Joyce Malzberg who provided information on many British editions we would otherwise have missed. And we wish to thank most especially Barry N. Malzberg, although with somewhat mixed feelings; we would have finished much sooner had we not kept on stopping to read the stuff.

1. "We're Coming Through the Window." *Galaxy*, 8/67. As by K. M. O'Donnell (hereafter KMO).
Final War and Other Fantasies, 1969. As by KMO.
2. "No Grace Period." *Man From U.N.C.L.E. Magazine*, 11/67.
3. "Cop-Out." *Escapade*, 1968. As by KMO.
Final War and Other Fantasies, 1971. As by KMO.
The Far-Out People (Robert Hoskins, ed., July, 1971). As by KMO.
4. "The Sense of the Fire." Novelette. *Escapade*, 1/68.
Out From Ganymede, December, 1974.
5. "Disorderly." *Man From U.N.C.L.E. Magazine*, 1/68.
6. "Final War." Novelette. *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* (hereafter *F&SF*), 4/68. As by KMO.
Nebula finalist.
The Best From Fantasy and Science Fiction 18th Series (Edward L. Ferman, ed., 1969). As by KMO.
Best SF: 1968 (Harry Harrison and Brian W. Aldiss, eds., September, 1969). As by KMO.
Final War and Other Fantasies, 1971. As by KMO.
The Many Worlds of Barry Malzberg, 1975.
The Future Now: Saving Tomorrow (Robert Hoskins, ed., June, 1977).
Malzberg At Large, September, 1979.
7. "Death to the Keeper." Novelette. *F&SF*, 9/68. As by KMO.
Final War and Other Fantasies, 1971. As by KMO.
The Many Worlds of Barry Malzberg, 1975.
Malzberg At Large, September, 1979.
8. "Oaten." *Fantastic Stories*, 10/68. As by KMO.
Final War and Other Fantasies, 1971. As by KMO.
9. "The Market in Aliens." *Galaxy*, 11/68. As by KMO.
First Step Outward (Robert Hoskins, ed., August, 1969). As by KMO.
Final War and Other Fantasies, 1971. As by KMO.
10. "How I Take Their Measure." *F&SF*, 1/69. As by KMO.
Final War and Other Fantasies, 1971. As by KMO.
Alternate version appears in *Universe Day* (April, 1971) as "Interview With an Astronaut, 2008" (part of chapter XIV).
Social Problems Through Science Fiction (Martin H. Greenberg, John W. Milstead, Joseph D. Olander and Patricia Warrick, eds., 1975).
101 Science Fiction Stories (Martin H. Greenberg, Charles G. Waugh and Jenny-Lynn Waugh, eds., June, 1986).
11. "The Major Incitement to Riot." *Fantastic Stories*, 2/69. As by KMO.
Final War and Other Fantasies, 1971. As by KMO.
12. "The Ascension." *Fantastic Stories*, 4/69. As by KMO.
Final War and Other Fantasies, 1971. As by KMO.
13. "The Brain Surgeon." *Fantastic Stories*, 4/69. As by Robin Schaeffer.
14. "July 24, 1970." *Venture SF*, 5/69. As by KMO.
In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories, 1971. As by KMO.
15. "A Triptych." *F&SF*, 7/69.
Alpha One (Robert Silverberg, ed., September, 1970).
Final War and Other Fantasies, 1971. As by KMO.
Alternate version appears in *Universe Day* (April, 1971) as Chapter II, "Some Headlines in the Void 1968."
16. "By Right of Succession." *If*, 10/69.
Final War and Other Stories, 1971. As by KMO.
17. "The Falcon and the Falconeer." *F&SF*, 12/69.
SF: Authors Choice 3 (Harry Harrison, ed., 1971).
In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories, 1971. As by KMO.
Wondermakers 2 (Robert Hoskins, ed., February, 1974).
Christmas On Ganymede And Other Stories (Martin H. Greenberg, ed., June, 1990).
18. "What Time Was That?." *If*, 12/69.
In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories, 1971. As by KMO.
19. "Dwellers of the Deep." Novella. *Ace Double* 27400, 1970 (see the books bibliography). As by KMO.
Malzberg At Large, September, 1979.
20. "Pacem Est." As by KMO with Kris Neville. *Infinity One* (Robert

- Hoskins, ed., 1970).
In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories, 1971. As by KMO with Kris Neville.
Best SF: 1970 (Harry Harrison and Brian W. Aldiss, eds., 1971). As by KMO with Kris Neville.
 Alternate version appears in *Universe Day* (April, 1971) as chapter X, "The Martian Campaign 2124" (as by KMO).
21. "In the Pocket." *Nova I* (Harry Harrison, ed., January, 1970). As by KMO.
 Later treatments of the same material are the novella "The Man in the Pocket" (first published in abridged form as the novelette "The Men Inside;" see nos. 149 and 50 respectively) and the novel *The Men Inside* (June, 1973).
In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories, 1971. As by KMO.
22. "Terminus Est." *Nova I* (Harry Harrison, ed., January, 1970).
 Alternate version appears in *Universe Day* (April, 1971) as Chapter VII, "An Interval in the Adventure, 1999."
23. "Watching Apollo." Verse. *F&SF*, 2/70.
24. "Making Titan." *F&SF*, 7/70.
 Alternate version appears in *Universe Day* (April, 1971) as chapter I, "Making Titan, 2500."
25. "Notes Just Prior to the Fall." *F&SF*, 10/70.
In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories, 1971. As by KMO.
 Alternate version appears as chapter I of *Overlay* (1972).
The Best From Fantasy and Science Fiction 19th Series (Edward L. Ferman, ed., February, 1973).
Malzberg At Large, September, 1979.
26. "As Between Generations." *Fantastic Stories*, 10/70.
In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories, 1971. As by KMO.
27. "A Small Respectful Gesture." *Mike Shayne's Mystery Magazine*, 10/70.
28. "Beyond Sleep." *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, 11/70.
Out From Ganymede, December, 1974.
29. "The New Rappacini." *Fantastic Stories*, 12/70.
In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories, 1971. As by KMO.
30. "Addendum." *In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories*, 1971. As by KMO.
31. "Ah, Fair Uranus." *In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories*, 1971. As by KMO.
32. "Bat." *In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories*, 1971. As by KMO.
33. "The Idea." *In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories*, 1971. As by KMO.
 TV: 2000 (Isaac Asimov, Charles G. Waugh and Martin H. Greenberg, eds., March, 1982).
34. "A Question of Slant." *In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories*, 1971. As by KMO.
35. "Exploration." *Mars. We Love You* (Jane Hipolito and Willis E. McNelly, eds., 1971).
36. "Conquest." *New Dimensions I* (Robert Silverberg, ed., January, 1971).
 Alternate version appears in *Universe Day* (April, 1971) as chapter VI, "The Conquest of Conquistadores 2423." The *Universe Day* copyright notice mistakenly credits *Galaxy*, 1971, rather than *New Dimensions*.
Best SF 71 (Harry Harrison and Brian W. Aldiss, eds., November, 1972).
37. "Notes for a Novel About the First Ship Ever to Venus." *Universe I* (Terry Carr, ed., January, 1971).
Out From Ganymede, December, 1974.
38. "A Soulsong to the Sad, Silly, Soaring Sixties." *Fantastic Stories*, 2/71.
 As "A Soul Song to the Sad, Silly, Soaring Sixties."
In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories, 1971. As by KMO.
Malzberg At Large, September, 1979.
39. "Elephants." *Infinity Two* (Robert Hoskins, ed., February, 1971). As by KMO.
 Alternate version appears in *Universe Day* (April, 1971) as chapter XIII, "After Titan, 2500+."
The Edge of Never: Classic and Contemporary Tales of the Supernatural (Robert Hoskins, ed., June, 1973).
40. "Gehenna." *Galaxy*, 3/71.
In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories, 1971. As by KMO.
1972 World's Best SF (Donald A. Wollheim, ed., 1972).
Best SF 71 (Harry Harrison and Brian W. Aldiss, eds., November, 1972).
Malzberg At Large, September, 1979.
The Arbor House Treasury of Science Fiction Masterpieces (Robert Silverberg, ed., April, 1982).
Great Tales of Science Fiction (Robert Silverberg, ed., 1986).
41. "Yearbook." *F&SF*, 5/71.
Out From Ganymede, December, 1974.
42. "Agony Column." *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, 12/71.
Alfred Hitchcock Presents: Stories to Be Read With the Lights On (anonymous, ed., 1973).
Out From Ganymede, December, 1974.
Arbor House Treasury of Mystery and Suspense (Bill Pronzini, Martin H. Greenberg and Barry N. Malzberg, eds., 1981).
Great Tales of Mystery and Suspense (Bill Pronzini, Martin H. Greenberg and Barry N. Malzberg, eds., 1986).
43. "Causation." *F&SF*, 12/71.
Out From Ganymede, December, 1974.
44. "Chronicles of a Comer." *And Walk Now Gently Through the Fire* (Roger Elwood, ed., 1972). As by KMO.
Chronicles of a Comer and Other Religious Science Fiction Stories (Roger Elwood, ed., 1974). As by KMO.
The Many Worlds of Barry Malzberg, 1975.
45. "Making It Through." *And Walk Now Gently Through the Fire* (Roger Elwood, ed., 1972).
The Best of Barry N. Malzberg, January, 1976.
46. "The Art of Fiction." *Mike Shayne's Mystery Magazine Annual 1972*, 1972.
Out From Ganymede, December, 1974.
47. "In the Cup." *Signs and Wonders* (Roger Elwood, ed., 1972).
The Many Worlds of Barry Malzberg, 1975.
48. "Still Life." *Again, Dangerous Visions* (Harlan Ellison, ed., February, 1972). As by KMO.
 Originally included in *Universe Day*, but withdrawn when publication of *Again, Dangerous Visions* (an all-original anthology) was delayed.
Out From Ganymede, December, 1974.
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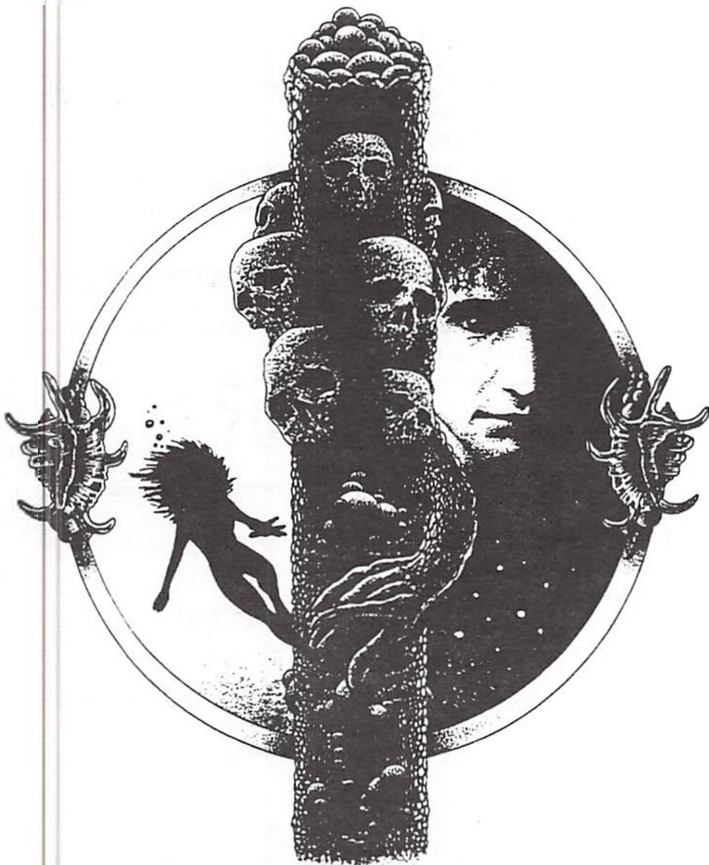
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Notes For "The High Purpose"

by Barry N. Malzberg

Most of us who are at all prolific have a story (or several) like this buried in history; a work which is as close to us as anything we've done but which has not achieved due recognition. Popularity can be a curse, of course—Sturgeon felt shackled by "Microcosmic God" and "Thunder And Roses;" Jerry Bixby, whatever his merits, will always be known as a one-story writer—but so can what seems to be unjustifiable obscurity. "The High Purpose" is my favorite story just as *Underlay* (Avon, 1974) is my favorite novel and yet no one seems to have taken due notice.

I can say this—speak unashamedly of the great virtues of this novelette—because I had a collaborator, and the work which Carter Scholz did to my clumsy first draft was of such exquisite moment as to have me noting ever since that he put all of the good parts in. And I can say this as well because "The High Purpose," unlike most of my fiction, deals with a very large subject, is not inflated, meets profound metaphysics on its own terms. Perhaps part of the reason for the obscurity of this story (which has never until this moment been reprinted anywhere) has to do with the fact that it reads, superficially, like genre noir crime fiction of the most bizarre sort, circumvents the apprehension of the science fiction audience. (This might have been better placed then in a mystery magazine but Ellery Queen's didn't want it as either original or reprint, and I think that the audience for genre mysteries would have found the premise of this work unacceptable.)

In fact, on a first reading, "The High Purpose" may not look like fantasy at all, it may read like the kind of literal reconstruction exemplified by Meyer Levin's *Compulsion*; an editor who doesn't know otherwise might think that Hammett and Chandler did indeed take off for the East Coast forever, and this is merely a fictionalized transcription of their journey. (In fact, one distinguished science fiction editor did indeed reject the story for precisely that reason, "I see no fantasy in it," the editor said. I wanted to patiently explain that Hammett and Chandler never undertook this journey and had met only once in their lives, briefly and at a party for *Black Mask*, but one gets nowhere arguing with editors and perhaps I should have taken the rejection and its acceptance of the premise as a great compliment.)

In any event, Guests of Honor have their tiny prerogatives just as subway beggars in New York had (for a brief time anyway) the shelter of the First Amendment: here is "The High Purpose," my favorite story of all time, with the byline shared by Carter Scholz, a great writer (*The Ninth Symphony Of Ludwig Van Beethoven And Other Lost Songs, Amadeus, Palimpsests*) of whom we should all hear more. I drafted this story on July 5, 1984, a day or two after the death of Lillian Hellman whose vaunted expiration had, I felt, at last released the Hammett estate as if with a great sigh to the public speculations of so many of us; I would not have written this story in her lifetime nor do I think would Ed Ferman have published it. I think it's just great and if I had never done anything else in my life, if I had lived or died in obscurity (shades of Sacco's speech here), if I had been such a man, the collaboration on "The High Purpose" alone would have lent some justification to my miserable rounds.

—6 June 1991: New York

The High Purpose

By Barry N. Malzberg
and Carter Scholz

Passing Youngstown, Ohio, its steel mills flaming beyond an unseen horizon, Hammett said, "They're behind us."

Chandler's reaction, he noted with disgust, was to take his foot off the gas. The Cadillac Sedan de Ville wallowed, began to slide, and Chandler had to fight the wheel to straighten it.

"Son of a bitch," said Chandler. "Dirty son of a bitch."

"Your choice," Hammett said. Chandler had picked out the car in the lot, had even argued for it, until Hammett had reluctantly gone along. What did he know about cars, anyway? The best part of his experience had been on foot, peering into warehouses and protecting scabs. Whereas Chandler was part of the gentry; he went everywhere on wheels, or so he said. Goddamned Englishman.

"How long?" Chandler asked.

"Till what?"

"I mean how long have they been back there, for Christ's sake? And what the hell do they want?"

Hammett hated it when the Englishman cursed. It sounded like something he'd practiced. So he said, "I don't know." He knew all right, or at least had a good idea, but if Chandler couldn't figure it out for himself, Hammett couldn't tell him.

Chandler pressed the accelerator again, and the overpowered car lurched ahead, spilling into the shoulder.

"Take it easy," Hammett said. "Don't let them know we've seen them." He was certain that their pursuers already knew that. If nothing else, Chandler's erratic driving just then had told them. But he wanted to calm Chandler down. He was an inept driver at best. Hammett should have been driving, but there was no time to make the switch, and in any case he hadn't been behind the wheel for six

years, since that incident in Juarez. So they were stuck.

"How far back?" said Chandler.

"A mile or more. Don't worry about it." Hammett looked at the gas gauge. They had filled up outside Cleveland, and now there was three-quarters of a tank left. He didn't know if they'd have time to stop again.

Hammett didn't want to think about how they had gotten into it. But retrospection seemed obligatory; the turnpike offered nothing but trucks shuddering past them on both sides, or Chandler occasionally making an insane lunge up between a couple of barreling monsters. If he had been writing this situation instead of living it, this would have been the time to drop in exposition, cast his mind back to reveal the reasons for the flight with Raymond Chandler in a Cadillac from a bunch of professionals who wanted to kill them. But he did not want to think about it. You simply had to keep moving forward, and pick up the pieces later, if at all. This was about the worst time he'd ever had, but then again, it had been bad before and he had gotten out.

At fifty-six your life should have leveled out; the unpredictable or menacing might come from an affair or from bad news at the annual physical, but it should not connect to chases in cars, frantic evasive maneuvers, and a panicky Englishman at the wheel who would rather be sipping tea in La Jolla. I should not have gotten into this, Hammett thought, and he had to smile at that: his whole life was a matter of situations he should not have gotten into.

He leaned back in the seat, closed his eyes. Let Chandler run the car up the tail pipe of a semi. He was so tired of it all. Yet he felt the skittering of his heart, and with one ear kept alert to Chandler's

panic. Chandler seemed to be murmuring. Praying, perhaps.

Chandler was not praying. He was recalling when Hammett had proposed the idea to him. Hammett had been reasonable; the idea itself had seemed sensible. They would simply get away. Away from the circumstantial grinding down of their essence that had entrapped them both. Why not? They could afford it. They were not rich, but their work had made them comfortable. Why not use the profits from the work to get away from the work, and the life connected to it?

The difference was that Chandler was still working, and Hammett had given up long ago. He was obviously never going to write again. He made noises about a mainstream novel, and had even told Chandler the title one drunken night in Nebraska—*Tulip*—and when Chandler wrinkled his nose at that, gave the title his professional scorn, Hammett had simply shrugged and upended the bourbon bottle into his mouth. No, the man was burned out, gone. *Tulip* (unbelievable that he was so far gone as to even consider such a title!) would be discovered as a jumble of notes after his death, and Hellman or some other executor would have a hell of a time trying to put it into publishable shape.

But Chandler was working, despite everything. Wasn't he? *The Long Goodbye* no longer seemed like a joke or a mockery. After countless evasions, he had finally sat down to it with some of the old dedication to getting the job done. And the work came. It was good. It would be longer than anything he had done before, and possibly the best thing he had ever done. And despite that, Chandler had not been able to stand up against Hammett when he had proposed the idea.

The two men had met just once before, at a 1936 West Coast get-together for *Black Mask* contributors. Chandler still had the photograph. He was looking across at Hammett with a certain measured resentment in his features, and Hammett was returning the look. He doubted that Dashiell remembered. After all, Hammett was through writing by then, had come just for the booze, and Chandler had scarcely started. He had not seen the man again until he came to Chandler with the idea.

The high purpose, Hammett had called it. To Chandler, writing had always been the high purpose: writing against the grain of things, of manners, of the literary snobs, of the genteel English mystery novelists. Death is real, murder is not a hobby of the upper class. The streets are mean, and someone must walk then and say so. But Hammett was persuasive. "Come on, Ray," he had said. "You don't believe all that crap, do you?" And for the moment at

least, Chandler had to admit, yes, it *was* crap, it was all made up, he had never even seen a corpse; Marlowe was as estranged from him as Sam Spade was from Dashiell, whose Pinkerton days were spent mostly patrolling warehouses and protecting scabs.

Perhaps it was that Dashiell had been there first. Hammett would always be regarded as his predecessor. It wasn't fair; the man was actually younger than he, had not even much wanted to be a writer—yet in Chandler's mind (and probably Hammett's, though Chandler had never been able to draw him out on this), he was always going to be regarded as an imitator. No, it wasn't fair. Hammett's "experience" as a detective had been of no use to his writing (though it helped his career); of far more use had been his reading of Hemingway. At least Chandler had had the taste not to imitate that. Yet it was true that Chandler had learned from Hammett. And therefore, he had gone along with the scheme. Had even suggested going East, had bought the car, had collaborated in every way. Had put himself in this situation.

Son of a bitch, Chandler thought. Who is there to blame? Hammett seemed to be asleep. If the trucks flanking them moved together, Hammett would not even note the transition from life to death. He had always been that kind of man. And maybe that was the source of his strength; that he did not give a damn, seemed to have internalized death to the point where everything in life came easy. That could be why he had stopped writing. Chandler did not know. His hands were damp on the wheel, and he wished he were back in L.A., bringing Cissy her tea, even working on some piece of shit screenplay, drunk and in despair—anything but this. But there was no way to stop now, no way until the very end.

Outside Pittsburgh, two men stretched themselves under the mercury-vapor lamps of a Cities Service gas station while an attendant in a pressed uniform filled the tank of their Ford.

"They're getting ahead, you know," said the man named Smith.

"Let them," said Jones. "Where can they go?"

To Hammett, it had seemed easy at the time. The plan had elegance and economy. When it came to him, its elegance and economy reminded him first of how he felt working on the early stories in San Francisco. And second, of his more recent moments of despair, which were not always drunken. Despair, he wanted to go back and tell the kid on Eddy Street at the borrowed typewriter, has a clarity all its own. What do you think you are after here? Words on paper are not it. You will end up at your destination whether or not you do this.

The kid would occasionally glance up at him,

not quite seeing him, a look of puzzlement on his keen face that might have been a recognition of the shifted air in the cheap room, or simply a plot point or adjective that needed work. No way to tell.

The thing was, he could not do it alone. He wrote exclusively about loners, but he was not one. The unfinished *Tulip* proved that, if his "visits" to the kid did not. You are talking to yourself, he wanted to tell the kid, because you want company. It's pathetic.

So he had sought out Chandler.

What a mistake, he thought now.

Perhaps he'd been drunken and sentimental when he made the decision. Wouldn't surprise him. He'd thought of Chandler as a peer because, of all the people who'd written in the genre, they were the two best. How was he to know that Chandler was as troubled as he and even less capable of coping with the paraphernalia of existence? In the clarity of despair, it had seemed easy: get away, just the two of them, abdicate, cultivate some kind of exile, find a new world. Away from the committees, the politicians, the pressures, the scriptwriters, the critics, the Communists, away from everything. Even Lillian. Oh, yes, Lillian was part of it, all right.

He came full awake as the Cadillac's horn bleated faintly against the roar of wind. The speedometer, in green, showed eighty-five. Chandler leaned out the open driver's window to shout at a truck he was passing on the right. At the end of the downgrade, the car bottomed out, and Hammett felt his stomach bounce in sympathy as the machine lazily adjusted on its springs to the accumulated inertia. We have no chance, Hammett thought.

The pursuers picked them up again slightly past Harrisburg. Hammett was beginning to worry. It was as if they would not wait for the end of the line, would not follow the neat strictures of a well-made plot, would instead blow them off the road in a gesture of anarchy without even the clarity of despair, or the requiem of a curt denouement. He had not expected this, but he felt now, emanating from the headlights behind them, a feral hunger beyond anything in the world he lived in. He recognized it: it was the hunger beneath the surface of what he had written. It was something he had flirted with, in the solipsism of creation, something he had acknowledged without endorsing, something he had denied without mastering. Something real. Something just coming of age now in 1951, something with a face bland as the face of Elisha Cook, who'd played the gunsel in Huston's film of *The Maltese Falcon*, but with a chill scent of machinery beneath it. Something like the screenplay that fellow Shulman had lately told him about, *Rebel Without A Cause*, something new entirely, yet something he could have,

should have foreseen.

Chandler felt it, too. His driving improved. He ceased to fiddle with the dash controls, the radio, but put all his attention on the road. Hammett's respect for him renewed somewhat. Yes, Chandler had felt that whiff of the beyond, the thing without a face that lurked at the edge of implication of all their work. He felt it now, and applied himself to the craft of outrunning it. At the wheel, at the typewriter—no difference. The unpredictable line of the road, the unpredictable turns of a plot, the nuance of a curve or a line of dialogue—he was again glad that he had company, and almost glad that it was Chandler. The man was not one of the worst.

"Raymond," said Hammett. How strange: he was feeling loquacious. "It doesn't matter, you know. None of it matters. The work, the money, the critics—nothing. Only this. Keeping ahead of them."

Chandler said nothing. The road unwound beneath the headlights.

Smith said, "What is it about, exactly?"

Jones sighed. It had been a mistake to go with Smith, but that was the best he could do. He had found the man hanging out in the lobby of a hotel. The desk clerk had been eyeing Smith suspiciously. At that point Jones had been none too clear on his own motivations, so he had moved by instinct, had steered Smith outside, and had talked with him.

He must have been persuasive. For Smith had gone along with it. Get a car, find their quarry, follow them, kill them. That simple. For a reason they both somehow understood, but had not yet articulated.

"Go to sleep, Smith," said Jones. "What it's about doesn't matter. If we knew what it was about, *exactly*, would we do it?"

"I know what I want," muttered Smith. "I want them dead."

"Why, *exactly*? Why do you want that, Smith?" He was pressing things. Trying to find a limit. But Smith was not interested in that. Not yet.

Suddenly Hammett said, "Pull off here."

Chandler's hands responded first. His brain was half asleep.

"We'll switch now," said Hammett, getting out of the car.

Chandler was still sitting slumped at the wheel when Hammett reached the driver's door.

"Give it a rest, Ray. I know this place."

Chandler got out and went around to the passenger side. Hammett drove a leisurely quarter mile, and turned up a smaller road. They followed this in silence for a half hour. Chandler dozed fitfully, could not help himself, and came out of it feeling that he'd fallen asleep at the wheel. Then he'd turn, frantic, to

look at the dark void behind him, scanning for the glow of headlights behind the last rise.

They stopped in front of a dark farmhouse.

"Sid Perelman's place," said Hammett. "You know Sid? Pep West's brother-in-law. Pep put me up at the Sutton Club Hotel after I skipped the Pierre in '32. I was broke and I had to finish *Falcon*. Pep moved out here for a while after that."

"Is Perelman here?" Chandler asked.

"I doubt it. I doubt it very much."

Suddenly Hammett put the car in gear and drove it over grass to a spot behind a carriage house. He doused the lights and left the car. He walked briskly back over the grass, scuffing it with his shoes, and bending to brush it with his hand. He looked up. Headlights approached from behind a hill. He returned to the car.

It would be a hell of a way to die. Somehow he had expected Sid to be here. The natty attire, the unfailing good humor, the wit that didn't grate on him the way wit usually did. He had even thought Pep might be here. But Pep had been dead for ten years.

He said nothing about the headlights to Chandler. Instead he said, "Christmas 1940 was awfully merry, wasn't it?"

"What's it about?"

"You remember—Scott Fitzgerald, and the day after that Pep West. Two of the best. Dead within a day of each other."

Yes, Chandler remembered. They had all been in Hollywood. He had just finished *Farewell, My Lovely*, and there seemed a chance that the movie rights would go.

Then Chandler heard the motor.

"Don't move," Hammett said. "Don't make a sound." A hell of a way to die. In a car. In a car that he had driven into a blind alley, expecting some sort of supernal grace to descend on him. A last visit to Sid and Pep, to old times, maybe a way out of the whole rotten mess of the past twenty years, a way out of the bad way out he'd talked Chandler into. He had honestly thought that their pursuers would pass the place without a thought. He'd underestimated them. Chandler was panicked again. Hammett wondered if he'd have to slug the Englishman.

The motor stopped. Steps came up the gravel. A flashlight beam played in the grass past where they were parked behind the carriage house. Hammett felt the first tickle of a coughing fit snake up his lungs. He swallowed hard.

Hammett shut his eyes. A few minutes later he heard low voices, the crunch of gravel again. The motor started. The other car drove off.

"Jesus!" Chandler whispered.

Hammett was shaking and did not trust his

voice. He got out and let Chandler take the wheel.

Chandler insisted on having literary discussions. Mostly Hammett pretended to be asleep. It was pathetic, the way Chandler harped on what Charles Morton had said about him in the *Atlantic*, and how the English regarded him as a literary writer. Hammett had had far too much of that shit. When he'd first met Lillian, he was a pulp writer. Soon enough he was a celebrity. Gertrude Stein had put him in a novel; he'd met her once at a party in Beverly Hills. Chaplin was there, too; he recalled nothing else except passing out drunk. Lillian's connections. God, it was awful, and to hear Chandler going on about this kind of culture, sometimes in awe, still like a fifth-former who'd once met Yeats, it was nauseous.

Chandler was the older man; that was the odd thing. Not one reader in a hundred knew this, because Chandler had started to write much later in life than Hammett, had started to write in fact after Hammett had finished. And because he had chosen to write in Hammett's genre, inevitably he seemed a follower. Whose fault was that? Hammett wondered. Not his. In a way he was gratified that Chandler had done it. It vindicated him. For one thing, he no longer had to do it himself.

But it also annoyed him. Chandler had seen the strong bones of Hammett's work—give him that—and had known enough to use what was usable. But he had fleshed out the skeleton with his own evasions and preciousness. And that Hammett didn't like. It was theft and fakery. Well, who was he to complain? If he called that theft, then Hemingway had a case against him.

At least Hemingway and I could tell the real from the literary, he thought. Better than this one, anyway. He glanced over at Chandler's pinched face as a light swept past overhead.

He was tired of thinking. Face it, he couldn't tell the real any better than the rest of them. If he could, he wouldn't be in this situation. He had no right to rag Chandler. Hadn't his own first sale been to Mencken at *Smart Set*? Hadn't he loved the parties Lillian took him to, at first? What crap. And Mencken bought *Black Mask*—slumming, it turned out, just using it and *Saucy Stories* to fund his tony journals. So Hammett had written for *Black Mask*, but by then Mencken was gone and he had "Cap" Shaw to deal with.

But that wasn't quite it. It was more that he had written *too* well, had gotten close enough to the real to bring things into being. As had Chandler. You were hagridden by the real before you started, and it only got worse and worse. He'd put something into *The Thin Man* (and Jesus, how he hated Nick

and Nora by now), a two-thousand-word quote about cannibalism from *Celebrated Criminal Cases In America*, just dropped it into the middle of a scene, wrecking the whole dramatic flow. It was the only thing he still liked about the book.

"Ray," he said, "it is the beginning of the end when you discover you have style."

"If I had been driving, this wouldn't have happened," Smith said. "I could have caught them. I'm a better driver than you. I used to do the Ventura Highway for fun."

Jones had a headache. Ever since they'd lost the pair outside Erwinna, Pennsylvania, Smith had been ragging him. And Smith didn't yet have the faintest idea of what was at stake.

True, Jones had blundered. He should have checked the farm more closely. He hadn't because it had smelled strange. Now he felt certain that they had been there. But it didn't matter. They couldn't get away.

"I mean it, Jones. Once, ten years ago, I drove from Chicago to L.A.—that's over two thousand miles—in a day. No sleep, just stops for gas. And I was still fresh at the end."

"Ten years ago. Good for you, Smith."

"You think I'm some kind of nut," Smith said. "You don't respect me, you think I'm a fool, you think because you can sit there and say nothing, you're somehow stronger or better than I am, but that's not true. You don't know me, Jones. You don't know what I've been through."

"All right," said Jones. He thought: Tell me about it, tell me about what true is.

"Those guys," said Smith. "They know nothing of it. It's dirt, all if it, but bright dirt. They think they know it. They write it up, they sound tough, they make it seem real. But it's just words. They don't know what a heel in the gut feels like. They never got shot." He paused, looked at the gun in his hand. "I want them to know pain. Just once I want them to feel what it's like. Can you understand that, Jones?"

Yes, Jones thought, I can understand that. But he said nothing.

"One shot for each. That's not too much to ask."

That's not what we're here for, Jones thought. You're getting personal again. We're not here to get personal. But he said nothing. There was absolutely nothing to say.

"If we lose them, Jones, if you lose them"—and Smith's voice was slightly different now, as deep and as slow as the voice Jones had tried to cultivate over the years—"if it happens that way, I'm going to kill you. I just want you to know that."

Jones said, "And then what?"

"And then we'll see. But it won't matter to you."

No, it won't, Jones thought. I believe him.

"You still think I'm a clown?"

"No," Jones said, "I don't think you're a clown."

As they passed through the strange dead towns of west Jersey, Chandler tried to imagine what he had ever seen in the plan. He had left his work, just when he was getting back to it; had left Cissy, who needed him now more than ever; had just walked out of his life. It was utterly out of character. He wasn't a roving bum like Hammett. And it was not just the strength of the man's character — true, going along seemed a way to make something up to Hammett, to cancel for once and all the claims of imitation. If he did this for Hammett, he wouldn't owe the man a thing, ever again.

But he had his own reasons for wanting to get away. He was sixty-two now. Cissy, his wife, was eighty, and dying by half-inches. He couldn't stand it. Perhaps it was foolish to have married her, but he'd been only thirty then, and she was beautiful at forty-eight: bright, full of life, a fighter. It tore him up to live with those memories now, day in and out, getting the meals, doing the shopping. He remembered how it had been last year when they'd had to put their black cat, Taki, to sleep. A shot of Nembutal in the leg, and two seconds later she wasn't there. The vet gave another shot straight to the heart to make sure. Why, when you were ready to give up, did it have to be any harder than that?

Oh, yes, he could still see the attraction in the plan. But he had known after an hour on the road that it was impossible. All Hammett wanted to do was drink and abuse Chandler for not really understanding his material, how painful life really was. All he wanted to do, really, was to abuse Chandler, call him an effete Englishman who was slumming by writing for *Black Mask*. Chandler painstakingly pointed out that he was born in Chicago, that his British naturalization had never been legal (he was having tax problems over that one), and that he had never looked down on the mystery, only on bad writing. Hammett said he had never heard such shit. Chandler, driving, had watched Hammett get drunker and drunker and had begun drinking himself, probably just to prove that he could not be intimidated in that way, and after that the trip had become a nightmare, a disaster. He had nearly killed them both outside Chicago. He had cut out the drinking then (Hammett's capacity was unmatched, in any case), and even Hammett had sobered up slightly.

The two assassins must have picked them up about then, although Hammett thought that it was far earlier. That they had been trailed from the very beginning. Chandler wondered if this was some

beginning. Chandler wondered if this was some Communist or FBI scenario that Hammett had per-
versely involved him in, but in his heart he knew it
wasn't. He knew the assassins were after him just as
much as Hammett. And for the same reasons.

And he had admired this man. Well, it was over
now. Especially after that business at the farm. He
was tempted to try something like it himself: cut the
engine, pull over, throw the keys, and wait for them
to close in. It would be a proper and fitting ending to
the whole mess.

But he knew he did not have the courage. So he
kept driving, kept on the strange dark west Jersey
roads watching for a glimmer of pursuit in the mirror,
hating Hammett, hating himself, hating everything
that was represented everywhere.

They had turned onto Route 9W in Nyack, New
York. The assassins had picked them up again.
Hammett risked turning in the seat, saw fog and
darkness. Little fumes seemed to be coming up from
the center of the road, dark clouds of poison. He had
thought California ugly, but this was worse. In the
distance behind him he saw the headlights, cutting
through the fog.

"Half mile back," he said. "Maybe less."

Chandler nodded grimly, gripping the wheel.
His face was twisted in boyish frustration. "It isn't
fair," he said. He pounded the wheel once, abruptly,
jiggled the gas pedal, then had to brake sharply as
the car entered a curve. "Isn't fair," he said again.
"We can't outrun them."

"You picked the car," said Hammett.

"Damn it!" Chandler said. "I know I picked the
car! Why do you have to keep telling me that? It's all
my fault, all right? We're going to die on this road,
and the last thing I'll hear is you telling me it was my
decision."

"All right," Hammett said.

"You went along with it. You —"

"I know that," Hammett said. He turned in the
seat again. The lights were the size now of an ani-
mal's eyes, brighter now in the fog. "They're gaining
on us. You'd better try something."

"Like what? It was your choice, too, your god-
damned plan. This is no time to put it all on me —"

"I said it's *all right*," Hammett said sharply.
Chandler yanked the wheel left, then right. The car
went almost out of control. He's going to kill us,
thought Hammett. They won't even have to catch us.
"Just drive," he said quietly. "If we can get to the
bridge, we have a chance."

"No chance," said Chandler hopelessly. "No
chance from the very beginning."

Hammett sighed. The man was right. But at
the mention of the bridge, Chandler pumped the gas.

Perhaps he could be given hope, Hammett thought.
Hold him together somehow. It couldn't be more than
five miles now; they were into Jersey again, had just
passed Tenafly; if they could get into New York City,
they might be able to lose them in the streets.

The assassins, after the almost desultory pur-
suit from Pennsylvania, seemed to sense this, too.
They knew far less about Manhattan than Hammett
did, of course; he had only once written about New
York, though he had lived there, on and off, for over
twenty years. And Chandler had never written about
it.

They came from a deep curve on the treacher-
ous highway. Chandler pumped the gas. "Maybe
there is a chance," Chandler said.

Hammett said nothing. He watched the road.
The poisonous fog whipped past them.

Smith said, "This is it. We've got to catch them
soon. We've got to stop them before they carry this on
any further."

Jones shrugged, but something in the younger
man's tone made him uneasy. "Don't know," he said.

"We can't permit it," Smith looked at the Colt
.45 in his hand. "Our mission is clear. Sometimes
you have to draw a line."

Jones worked the heater. He didn't like the
road, he didn't like the fog, and he increasingly didn't
like Smith. He wondered if he had been like this on
his first job. Probably; he remembered shooting the
middle-aged fat ex-dick who'd been his partner. Left
him by the side of a road outside Seattle. Never knew
his name.

No, thought Jones. This line of thought is not
reassuring.

In the far distance he could see the ghost of the
Cadillac's taillights, but Chandler had opened the dis-
tance in the past few miles.

"Don't they understand?" said Smith. "It can't
go on and on. There had to be an end to it." He
looked at the gun. "I don't want to be here. I never
wanted to be here. Nobody wants to be here, but
there's a job and there has to be a man to do it."

If only the silly son of a bitch would shut up,
thought Jones. I don't want to hear the messages he's
getting. I've heard them too often. Maybe I've done
this too often. What year is it, anyway?

"We're not going to make it, are we?" Smith
said.

"I don't know. It's close." Had he ever made it?
Had he ever, once, in all the chases, actually made it?
He could see Hammett's thin face laughing at the
question. He jammed the accelerator to the floor.

"Let me drive," said Smith.

"No. No time to switch."

"They're going to make it, aren't they?" Smith

said. "They're going to get over the bridge and into the streets and we'll lose them, and it will all be like this never was. That's what's going to happen, isn't it, Jones?"

"I don't know," Jones said. "It's possible." And went on driving.

With the bridge in sight now, Chandler pulled a maneuver. He hit the brakes and drifted toward a closed Texaco station, its lights out, its pumps covered by cloth.

"No," Hammett said, suddenly going cold. He didn't like the scene, not a bit; it seemed too familiar.

"Don't do it."

"Don't do what?"

"Don't stop."

"Look, Dash, we can wait them out —"

"You stupid bastard," Hammett said, and for the first time on this drive, he felt himself losing his temper, as he had not even at the hotel in Chicago where Chandler had gotten drunk and gone around the dining room telling everyone that they were in the presence of two of the major writers of the century. "We can't wait anybody out. We're running for our lives now. They're not going to make that mistake at the farm twice."

"Listen, Dash..."

"No, *you* listen. It's just words for you. This is not another plot, not some made-up fantasy; those guys are serious, they're here to kill us. And they will if you don't show some control." He kicked Chandler in the calf. "Drive."

They were rolling slowly towards the Texaco's entrance. Chandler pulled back to the left, accelerated past the closed station. "They're coming up on us again," he said.

"Of course they're coming up on us: you lost us time."

"Listen, Dash. This was your idea. Remember that. If we're here at all it's because of you. I didn't start this, you did —"

Always, Hammett thought. It always comes to this. Even at the end he will deny it, will put it all on me. But maybe he is right. It is all my fault. It did originate with me. Even though he brought it to this.

"We have a chance if you push it," Hammett said.

"All my life I pushed it," said Chandler. "Maybe it's time to stop pushing. Maybe I should go back to England. Maybe —"

"Will you shut up." Hammett felt an almost murderous rage.

"I left Cissy back there. I left her." Chandler was almost crying now. "Everything I did or wrote was just a fire for her to warm her hands by."

The miserable fucked-up bastard, Hammett

thought. He said, "And I had a dog once, but it died."

Chandler turned to him with the look of a maniac. Behind the round glasses his eyes were berserk. Then he suddenly laughed. The car lurched as it went into the shoulder, and Chandler wrestled it back, breathing through his teeth.

Smith said, "They're going to make it. They're two hundred yards short of the toll booths, that's all."

Jones was not too upset. In the wake of the motels and fast-food joints in the past mile, in the spatter of light from the bridge, he had gained visibility and was closing ground. At the booths it might be a dead heat. It would not be as neat as it would have been if Chandler had pulled off into the Texaco, but he thought he could improvise.

"I won't let them make it" Smith said. "When they stop to pay the toll, I'll shoot them. We'll come up fast behind them and have a shot."

"Sure," Jones said. "And every attendant and Port Authority cop will be on us in thirty seconds. Why not just shoot the both of us and be done with it?"

"They can't get away with this," Smith said. "It's our lives, too."

Jones watched the Cadillac take the last curve, begin to move up the ramp. It was about 4 A.M. There were a few cars scattered in the space between them and the booths, but not enough to make a difference. Jones wondered who they all were, what they were doing out at this hour, at the edge of that great city built of real steel around a core of fantasy. A collaborative fantasy, he realized. Of course. Not just Smith and me out here with our mission; not just the dark roads and the fog and the mean streets and the blood; not just the victims of some arbitrary creation, but collaborators in it. We have collaborated with those two bastards up ahead in our victimization. That's it, he thought. We can't take them because we didn't realize that from the start. We went along with it. How repellent, he thought, and how true.

Smith seemed to have some sense of it, too, as the unreality of the dark roads yielded the day-bright mercury lamps all around them. "We might have another chance yet," Smith said. "We're supposed to get rid of them, remember?" Isn't that what we're supposed to do?"

"I don't know," Jones said. "I honestly don't know."

"Let me take over," Smith begged. "Let me do it."

"I don't know," Jones said. "I don't think I care anymore." And maybe that was it. How could you care? Halfway into the century, knowing what he knew, having lived through what he had done, was it possible to care anymore? He could feel the fog seep-

ing through the windows, getting into his skin. He could feel the future dissolving him.

"Do what you have to," he said to Smith. "It's your life. It's my life. It's their lives, too."

As they neared the booths, Hammett saw Chandler think about running them. He put his hand, holding a quarter, on top of Chandler's right hand on the wheel, squeezing it.

"No," he said. "We don't attract attention. We don't give them a chance at a scene. We pay the toll like good citizens. Roll down the window."

"They're coming up fast, Dash,"

"What happened in the last scene of *The Lady in the Lake*?"

Chandler looked over at him. It was the first direct acknowledgment he had that Hammett had read any of his stuff. In that last scene the heavy runs a sentry post on a dam. Shortly after, at the bottom of the dam, is the wreck of a car and something that had been a man.

"You think we have a chance?"

"We pay the toll," said Hammett, withdrawing his hand. Chandler took the quarter and put it between his teeth.

"I wanted to be a serious writer, Dash," said Chandler between his clenched teeth. "I wasn't really writing mysteries, I thought I was writing literature."

"I figured that out," Hammett said, thinking, now he's going to go confessional on me. We're going to make it, and I'm going to end up living with this lunatic.

Chandler took the coin out of his mouth, started to roll down the window. "Maybe I was wrong, maybe I shouldn't have looked down on the mystery. I didn't really...."

Yes, Hammett thought, and maybe you should have thought that a bullet in the heart is a bullet in the heart and not a thing learned out of books. That a corpse is no symbol. Now that we're closing in on you from behind and you're starting to think for the first time, but it's a little goddamned late, isn't it, Ray? A little late in the day for all that to occur to you — and don't tell me better late than never.

Chandler extended his left arm to the attendant. His head lolled back, as if awaiting the bullet.

Now you understand, Hammett thought. Now, when it's too late, as it's too late for all of us, now you finally see what it all really means.

The attendant was ignoring them. "I was wrong, Dash. But that doesn't make it all my fault, does it?"

You poor bastard, Hammett thought. You still don't understand that implication is universal and that we take the shroud the moment we open our eyes.

The attendant looked up, took the toll from Chandler. Directly behind them, almost touching their bumper, was the other car.

Smith sat holding the gun in his lap while Jones idled the engine and then cut it, stopping the car in the far right emergency lane just past the booths.

"I couldn't do it," he said, trembling.

"I know," Jones said.

"Right up to the last minute. But then I couldn't."

"Don't think about it." Jones didn't want to talk. He just wanted to continue over the bridge, then bear left all the way around the terminal and come back out. Back into the darkness.

"Why couldn't I? I know all about them. I knew they had to die. I knew it was up to me. There was no other way. But I couldn't. Why, Jones?"

"You're not the first."

"What?"

"A lot of us find that out. More than you would think. It isn't the same when you have to do it."

"I've killed before. I know what death is."

Jones leaned forward and started the engine. It took awhile. The Ford seemed to have given up also.

"Really," Smith said. "I really have. That's the truth."

"Sure," Jones said. "You know the truth about everything." He got the car moving. He stayed in the far right lane, doing thirty.

"I didn't see you pulling any gun."

"I didn't expect to."

"Then why did you tell me —"

I didn't tell you anything. I didn't tell you anything at all. We each live our own lives within an abyss. That's all I know. That's all the truth there is."

Smith wiped at his eyes. "I hate this," he said, "I hate it."

"We all do," Jones said. "But we keep doing it, don't we?"

At the Fifty-sixth Street exit on the West Side Highway, Chandler finally said, "I think we lost them."

"All right," Hammett said.

"I don't think they crossed the bridge."

"I think that's right," said Hammett.

"Why? Why did they give up?"

"I don't know," Hammett said. He thought that he did know, but it was nothing to discuss. "We'll take a room somewhere. The Sutton Club is long gone, but there's a cheap place near Times Square, the Dixie. Jam-packed with hookers. In the morning we'll figure out our next move."

"You think we got away for good?"

"We have to act like we did. Otherwise, what's the point?"

"Why would they let us go like that?"

"I don't know," Hammett said. "Maybe your sensational driving scared them off."

Chandler looked at him sidelong. "You think I'm stupid."

"I didn't say that."

"We were dead meat back there. But they let us go."

"Apparently."

"Why do you think so?"

Hammett shrugged. "Maybe they understood. Maybe it's that."

"Understood what?"

"What they had to. And no more."

First Chandler would unpack the good whiskey he had been saving in his valise since leaving the Coast. Then he would call the bellhop for some ice and have a drink. Then he would have another drink and try to figure his next move. Maybe he would work on *The Long Goodbye*. Maybe he could convince Hammett to do some work, even on that damned *Tulip*, but probably not. It didn't matter now.

"Dash," he would say.

Hammett would look at him. "What now?"

"Do you think it might be any different since we got away? That it might be a fresh start or something?"

"No," Hammett would say. "You never get away."

■ ■ ■



Books To Cherish

J.F. Rivkin

I was embarrassed to realize that most of my favorite books are famous, but here are some lesser-known fantasies I'm particularly fond of: *The Venetian Glass Nephew*, a short novel by Elinor Wylie (better known for her poetry). While visiting Venice in 1782, the virtuous Cardinal Peter Innocent Bon commissions a magician and a glassblower to make him a nephew of fine Venetian glass. The story concerns the love of the man of glass for a woman of flesh and blood. Beautifully written, witty and elegant.

I don't know why Shirley Jackson's novel *The Sundial* isn't as well known as some of her others. The story of twelve eccentric characters who become convinced that the end of the world is at hand (and maybe it is), it's as well written as anything by Jackson, and screamingly funny.

Two plays: Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not For Burning*, and Cocteau's *The Knights of the Round Table* (translated from the French by W.H. Auden). The former is a comedy in blank verse of superlative wit and charm, set "more or less" in the 15th century. Thomas Mendip, an ex-soldier disillusioned with life, insists that he's the devil and wants to be executed. Jennet Jourdemayne, daughter of an alchemist, insists that she's not a witch and does not want to be executed. A favorite quote:

JENNET: And by what right, will you tell me, // Do your long ears come moralizing in // Like Perseus to Andromeda? Pause a moment // And consider.

THOMAS: Madam, if I were Herod in the middle // Of the massacre of the innocents, I'd pause // Just to consider the confusion of your imagery.

Jean Cocteau's play *The Knights of the Round Table* is a strange, dreamlike drama about an intoxicating spell that descends on Camelot, creating both delightful enchantments and wicked deceptions. Is it better to have bewitching illusions or cruel realities? This haunting, highly imaginative work tries hard not to answer this question. Cocteau claimed that the entire story came to him in a sort of delirium while he was ill, and that does seem appropriate.



Darrell Schweitzer recommends:

The complete Furseys by Mervyn Wall. (Wolfhound Press, 1985.) An omnibus reprint of two delicious fantasies, *The Unfortunate Furseys* (1946) and *The Return of Furseys* (1947) by the Irish T.H. White. I know of no better humorous/sad/tragic tales than these two, concerning a bumbling lay-brother in an early medieval Irish monastery who accidentally becomes an equally bumbling sorcerer. Rich, humane, wickedly satirical, these are among the very best fantasy novels in English.

St. Fidgette and Other Parodies by John Bellairs. (Macmillan, 1962.) Catholic humor by the author of *The Face in the Frost*. St. Fidgetta is the patron saint of unmanageable children. She was sent to a pagan grammar school and fidgetted so much during morning idolatry sessions that the irate teacher slapped her to death. Great stuff. Who can forget "The apotheosis of St. Fidgetta by Rubens" or the Byzantine icon of LBJ? Perplexing questions answered: if a Martini doesn't break the Lenten fast, what about the olive? It's all here.

The Seven Who Fled by Frederic Prokosch. (Harpers, 1937.) Vivid, lyrical, realistic (but often so strange it seems hallucinatory) novel of seven people fleeing across Asia from a Chinese. Just awesomely good. Harlan Ellison turned me on to this at a Clarion 16 years ago.

Magic and Mystery in Tibet by Alexandra David-Neel. (Available as a Dover reprint. Originally published in French, 1929, English, 1932.) Mme. David-Neel was an amazing lady. Shortly before the first World War she entered the still-forbidden land of Tibet, converted to Buddhism, met the Dalai Lama, hob-nobbed with hermits high in the Himalayas, gathered vast amounts of lore, and had numerous strange experiences. Truth can be more fantastic than fiction.

Buried Caesars by Vincent Starrett. (Covici-McGe, Inc., 1923.) Essays of literary appreciation by one of the best literary appreciators of all time. Several, on Machen, Middleton, and Ambrose Bierce (whose reputation was hardly secure in 1923) influenced the fantasy field considerably. But Starrett

ranges widely. Contains an early study of Stephen Crane and the complete, final, absolutely last word on the famous pirate song, "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest." I wish someone would reprint this. The original edition is very flimsy & I've never been able to find a sound copy.

Digging the Weans by Robert Nathan. (Knopf, 1960.) The Weans inhabited the Great West or Salt Continent 5000 years ago. They called their country US, hence the name Weans. Their capital was at Pound Laundry (perhaps more accurately translated as Washing Ton), though archeologists are uncertain what, if anything, was ever washed there. Every decade or so some writer attempts an archeological excavation of the present, ranging from *The Last American* (1888) to *Motel of the Mysteries* (1979). Nathan did it best.

Thou Shalt Not Suffer a Witch and other Stories by Dorothy K. Haynes. (Methuen, 1949.) Lovely, gripping, nightmarish tales, not all of them fantastic, but great reading. Illustrated by Mervyn Peake.

The Well of St. Claire by Anatole France. (First English translation, 1908.) Essentially religious fiction but hardly doctrinaire, with several outright fantasies. Beautiful, sometimes slyly satirical tales of the progress of Christianity from late Classical times up to the time of Napoleon Bonaparte. I particularly like the one about the satyr who was converted to Christianity and later canonized. Look for this in the illustrated edition, beautifully done by Frank C. Pape.

Grand Right & Left by Stoddard King. (Doran, 1927.) Light verse and short, humorous prose pieces by a writer who deserves to rank with Thurber, Ogden Nash, and Don Marquis, and (I think) somewhat higher than Robert Benchley. You'll never forget the poem of Robbie's rabid rabbit and the two rabbits, and the "It's a Hard World for Poets" section adds a cautionary note: "William Wordsworth wandered lonely as a cloud. Later, he told reporters that it was a tall man and a short man, and that several hundred dollars in bills in an inside pocket had been overlooked." I have discovered two other equally good collections by King, *What the Queen Said* (1926) and *The Raspberry Tree* (1930).



David A. Smith

John Dickson Carr, *The Three Coffins*. From the master of the locked-room mystery, his most baffling and satisfying novel, where Doctor Gideon Fell solves three simultaneous interwoven impossible murders. A novel for those who want to wallow in puzzlemaking at its finest.

Lawrence Durrell, *The Alexandria Quartet*. A

four-book exploration of modern love which covers the same events from many different perspectives. But forget the plot; what matters is the language, the miasma of sophistication, rot, heat and sensuality that hangs over Durrell's conception of modern Alexandria, Egypt. The novels are like a steam-bath—erotic, misty, draining.

Donald Hamilton, *Death of a Citizen*. The first Matt Helm novel (written in 1953) and the only one to stand as literature, it tells of a wartime assassin for the OSS who has retired to New Mexico to be a journalist and photographer. Until one night when a girl he'd known and killed with walks into the middle of a suburban cocktail party... An absorbing and chilling story of the Mister Hyde in all of us, and how he can be awakened.

Frank Herbert, *The Dragon in the Sea*. Herbert's best novel by far, this tells the wartime story of a four-man submarine on a journey into Russian waters to steal oil at the source. A brilliant exploration of Freudian psychology and the effects of confinement and stress on men, far deeper, more adult than *Dune* or anything else Herbert ever wrote.

Alexander Jablokov, *The Man Who Carved the Sky* (unpublished). Readers may know Alex from his brilliant stories, mainly in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. In this, his first novel, he takes us on a quest from Earth to the Asteroid Belt, along the way giving us such treats as a museum of humanity in the Himalayas and a boar hunt on the Moon. The best first novel in twenty years, this is the most opulent reveling in the future's vairety since Varley's Ophiuchi Hotline, and I can only hope that some publisher has the intelligence to grab it and promote it as it deserves. Watch for it!

Milorad Pavic, *A Dictionary of the Khazars*. This Yugoslavian novel is arrayed as a dictionary compilation of every scrap of information about the Khazars, a mysterious vanished central European tribe. Pavic's genius storytelling produces, from this seemingly impossible structure, three simultaneous tales across eight hundred years, and draws them together in both male and female editions, totally alike except for one crucial paragraph which changes the climax's meaning totally.

Mervyn Peake, *Titus Groan*. The story of the Seventy-Seventh Earl of Groan, this novel chronicles the first two years in the life of Titus, growing up in the massive enclosed castle of Gormenghast. An extraordinary work; lavish grotesque language, profoundly bizarre but human characters, an almost palpable sense of cultural expression.

Anthony Powell, *A Dance to the Music of Time*. This twelve-volume novel follows eighty (!) characters from 1919 through 1975. The most marvelous, beautiful sustained work of literature in English, it starts

with almost infuriating slowness, but if you give the language time to work its magic, you will be transported. Utterly brilliant.

Maj Stowall and Per Wahloo, *Roseanna*. The first of the Martin Beck books, this 1965 mystery novel begins with a young woman's nude body washed up in a Swedish canal. From that seemingly impossible lead Martin Beck establishes the girl's identity and probes into her past until eventually he finds her killer. More than a police procedural, this novel shows us a society in transition. The nine other Martin Beck books which followed were planned by this husband-and-wife team as a means of chronicling the effects of modernity on Swedish society. They should be read in order, as a set.

Ross Thomas, *The Fools in Town Are on Our Side*. From the master of the complex con game, this novel starts where Mark Twain's "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg" ends. Our hero is retained by the elders of a rotten Southern town to rid them of their dishonest city government, and thus begins a scheme where, "to get better, things are going to have to get much worse." A nonstop rollercoaster ride with a bangup finish that you can't possibly see coming.

Books are listed alphabetically by author.



Favorite Books/Stan Leventhal

84, *Charing Cross Road* by Helene Hanff. A beautiful book—about books—for people who love books.

Why We Never Danced the Charleston by Harlan Greene. A haunting tale, southern and gothic, about doomed love.

Tar Baby by Toni Morrison. Tough as steel, soft as lace, deeply moving.

Women of the Left Bank by Shari Benstock. Everything you've always wanted to know about most of the great women writers of this century.

Memoirs of a Bastard Angel by Harold Norse. Everything you've always wanted to know about most of the great male writers of this century.

Elements of a Coffee Service by Robert Gluck. The most fluid blend of narrative and poetry I've ever read.

Easy Travel to Other Planets by Ted Mooney. It looks like SF but it's realist and it's fascinating.

Another Mother Tongue by Judy Grahn. Insightful meditations on language, mythology and culture.

Saul's Book by Paul T. Rogers. The seamless transformation of the sordid to the sublime.

Parnassus on Wheels by Christopher Morley. Another beautiful book—about books—for people who love books.

I know I'm supposed to list only ten but my con-

science demands that I also mention: *Moby Dick* by Herman Melville, *The Miracle of the Roses* by Jean Genet, *Love, Death and the Changing of the Seasons* by Marilyn Hacker, *The Book of Nods* by Jim Carroll and *Our Mutual Friend* by Charles Dickens.



Obscure Books I Like, by Susan Palwick

I'm doing this in haste and don't have all volumes available to me, so I can't give complete bibliographic data, but here are some titles, at least. They aren't all really obscure, but they aren't exactly on the beaten SF track, either. (Note: I'm cribbing some of this from my December 1989 NYRSF "Read This.") *Dance of the Dwarves*, by Geoffrey Household (published in paperback by Penguin, I think)—One of the most genuinely scary books I've ever read, this is a horror novel about misuse of the scientific method, in which a biologist living in a remote South American outpost discovers the rational truth behind local superstition. The wonderful thing about the novel is that it doesn't rely on supernatural aids to create an atmosphere of terror; the local superstitions really do have a completely rational basis, but Our Hero fails to remember that sometimes known quantities can be dangerous too. The novel has some narrative problems, and G.H. is something of a sexist pig, but I still recommend the book highly.

Hawksmoor, by Peter Ackroyd (Perennial Library, 1985)—A psychological horror novel about architecture and time travel (sort of), with the sections narrated by the eighteenth-century architect written in true eighteenth-century style. Dark, fascinating and perverse.

"The Horses," by Edwin Muir—As I said in my recent NYRSF "Read This," this is a beautiful post-holocaust poem, conveniently and deservedly collected in several Norton anthologies.

The Way of All Flesh, by Samuel Butler—A witty and biting book that's gotten a bad rap because it was required reading in schools for too many years. This novel, by the way, is where T.H. White got that bizarre quotation, the one that opens the last section of *The Once and Future King*: "I have found the Zoological Gardens of service to many of my patients. I should prescribe for Mr. Pontifex a course of the larger mammals." If you still think Victorian novels are boring, read this.

Back to Methuselah, by George Bernard Shaw—A cycle of five plays about evolution, in which Shaw proposes his own theories. Like so many attempts to create a Utopia, this project ends in suffocating stasis (see John Crowley's "Great Work of Time" for a more recent treatment of this theme), but that doesn't happen until the fifth play, and getting there is half the fun.



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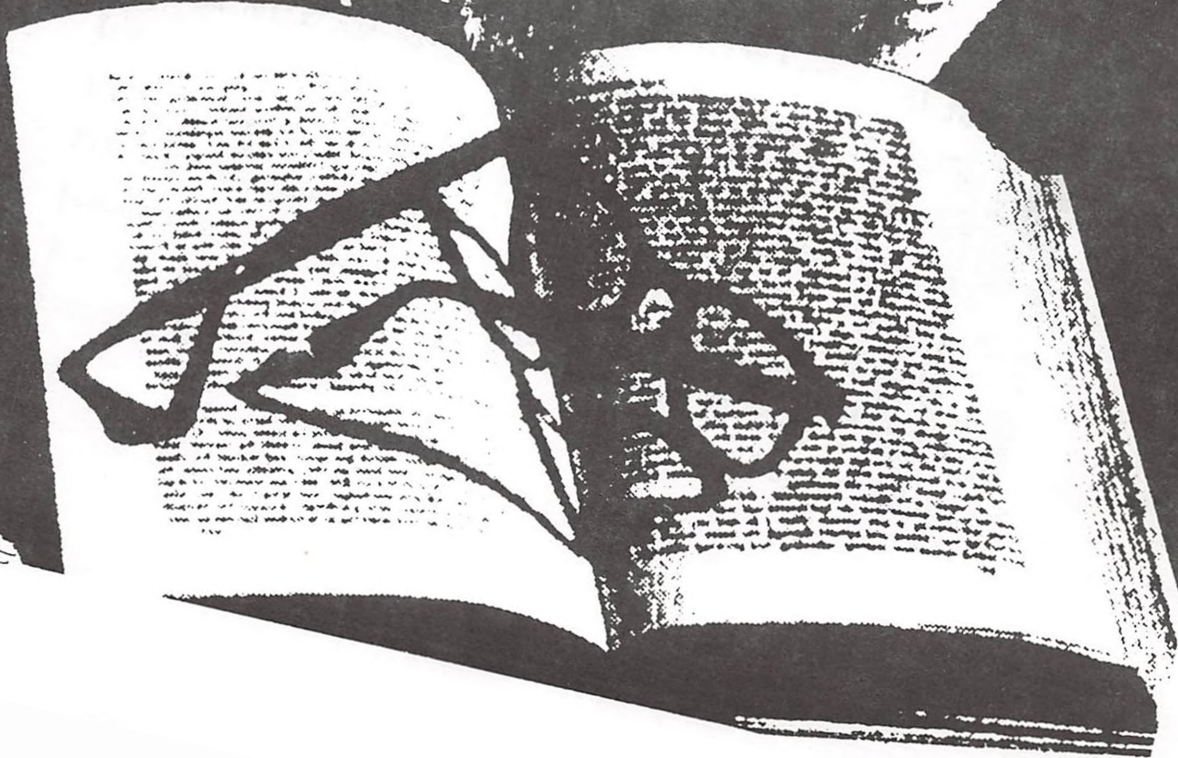
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ICLUTE

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On Being Criticized

by John Clute

There was a novel I published one time. One time only. This was in 1977. I'd been reviewing books myself for 15 years, and I thought I was pretty well prepared to read whatever reviews this one garnered, good or bad or misprision. I thought the good ones would be nectar, the bad ones gall, and the misprision irrelevant. I couldn't have been more wrong.

But let me define *misprision*, because what it means is central. Misprision, says the OED, can be defined 1) as "a wrong action of omission" in law, 2) as "an offense or misdemeanour akin to treason or felony," 3) the same as 2, but transferred into popular use, 4) wrongful capture, 5) "the mistaking of one thing, word, etc., for another; a misunderstanding; a mistake," 6) "a clerical error," 7) "a malformation," 8) "unjust suspicion." Misprision, in other words, is what happens when a critic talks about a book. What I would like to suggest is not only that misprision is inevitable, but that misprision is the right stuff.

My novel came out. It was called *The Disinheriting Party*. It received some reviews in the U.K. and Canada, none that I recall in the U.S.A., but I've lost most of them and can't check. Some of these reviews were positive; one at least was slashingly negative. I remember little of the praise or the cursing; but one review does stick in the mind. The author of this review liked the novel well enough to think about it, though I don't remember if he thought it was strikingly successful. The important thing is that his review got the book wrong. *The Disinheriting Party*, it said, clearly owed a great deal to Latin American models, and was specifically indebted to the magic realist mode. Every page demonstrated the extent of the debt.

This was pure misprision, unjust suspicion, mistake, wrongful capture. In the 1970's I was a lot more ignorant than I should have been; the only Latin American author I could remember reading was Jorge

Amado, for a book review, and it was pretty clear that it wasn't Amado who was on the reviewer's mind. He was thinking of writers like Gabriel Garcia Marquez, writers I'd maybe heard of but had certainly never encountered. So it was misprision. The critic had seen something that looked like truth, and he had imposed this "truth" on a text, he had "interpreted" my precious novel, pummelled it into a shape of his own devising. He had re-created the book. Was I glad?

I was. This reviewer's misprision is the only comment on the book I can recollect in any detail. It is the only review which represents a wrestling of the reader with the text, the only one which taught me a thing. By recreating *The Disinheriting Party*, the reviewer allowed me to look at it again, to see the thing as an autonomous text, no longer mine, no longer tied to me by umbilicals and conceit and oneirisms of the creative heart. (Oneirism, by the way, is a neologism. I have made it up. I use it now and again. It is a portmanteau term made up from oneiric and aneurism. It means a loaded dream which gives the brain a stroke.) My book, in other words, had been given a second creation, smaller and colder perhaps than the first, but no parasitic *Pale Sun*, no *Kinbote*; my book was in the world now, and another maker had gone down into it; and in doing so had committed misprision upon the Dad. The book had left home. Tch. Nothing had happened that was any more alien to the workings of the world than a beloved son or daughter's first fuck.

I'm dodging a few issues here, sure. The misprision in question was, not unsubtly, flattering. The book was not derogated thereby. And the reviewer was, in any case, literally in error, because the provenance, as he phrased it, was false (though it was certainly the case that even a false provenance—by showing how a book *seems*—can teach an author

much more than ample praise, which merely confirms a dream). So let me go to something less congenial. In 1988 I published a book of reviews and essays which I called *Strokes* and which, like the earlier novel, got reviewed here and there. Some reviews were good, some were not; and one review, published by Robert Latham in *Journal of the Fantastic in the Arts* under the title "Snobbery, Seasoned with Bile, Clute Is," was hilariously devastating. It's very long, and rather hard to quote from, and although Latham makes the occasional tactical blunder (at one point, when he observes that "for a journalist commentator, [Clute's] repertory of shrewd barbs and liberal complaints is well above average," he displays a snobbery just as unappealing as anything he imputes to me) the flow of his animus, as he assembles his argument, is refreshingly stinging: he mentions "wild rhetoric," he points out "obfuscatory smoke blowing," he mocks "fumbles," he deplores "sentences that skitter and swerve like demented ostriches" "in a critical void," he concludes that the "book is deeply disappointing as criticism." Most of this seems to be good honest fun, the sort of thing a reviewer does if s/he's on a roll: anybody who's reviewed a book knows what I mean, knows the feel of the thrum of the slap as you get your teeth into cursing. It is the feeling Latham—who eschews rant, mainly—may have felt, this flow of contumely, this conative/cognitive come, this masquerade around the shape of the thing being put in its place: you throw mud, it sticks. It's a misprision, too.

But it's not the real-stuff misprision that makes a critic into a co-creator. Co-creation through epithet merely parodies the thing abused. The misprision I'm interested in—and that I wish to be capable of committing upon the next book I review—is not a parody of the thing misprisioned, but what Dr. Frankenstein thought he was doing; it is a form of *redemption*: because until a text is properly pronged—properly violated—it's dead meat. The words the author has given birth to are dead until they're read, until they're re-created by the critic (who is somebody writing a review, or somebody reading a book in bed, or somebody telling somebody else about something s/he's just finished, who is anybody doing the job). So it wasn't until he began to screw me properly that Latham's piece was able to revitalize my dead meat. "Clute's arguments skip and/or limp along from review to review, and the reader is forced to piece them together. (Perhaps this is fixup at the level of criticism.)" (Right on.) Clute "ultimately naively seconds the hermeneutic strategies of classic bourgeois narration, its preemption of options, its suturing and cloture of the self." (Not, perhaps, uncomically put: but he's saying something here about the unthought-through conventions that arguably fuel my green shoot.) "The only broadly animating focus I could

divine" in the entire book, he continues, "was... a vague sort of modernism..." But today "one requires a fairly comprehensive command of recent (postmodern) theory, the only framework capable of resolving all the paradoxes spawned by the binary logic of Clute's modernist humanism." But the man is still "hampered by an exhausted, martyred modernism that demands a haughty, superior stance..." while at the same time his "own critical practice has largely remained tied to the immediate, short-term concerns of generic production."

I began to understand what it meant to be *understood*. To be misprisioned in the daylight of another mind. I could chuckle at Latham's inspired (thought, one guesses, hardly conscious) imitations of the stylistic blunders I fell into in the more egregious flights of autodidactic BigThinking to which I was, and remain, so embarrassingly prone; but at the same time I felt that the strange scarecrow bumpkin of a book he saw in his mind's eye did indeed have its own objective reality. I might object to his trashing an assemblage of unconnected pieces for failing to accomplish something they were not written to accomplish—because these pieces were written over a 20-year period, occasionally, for fees, and couched in a variety of registers designed to affront and chivy and pleasure a wide variety of audiences, it was unlikely that they would, on being brought together, "articulate an *immanent* locus for critique." On the other hand, it was clear that I *sounded* as though an agenda of that sort were being muffed. The very fact that a number of pieces by one writer was assembled in one place argued for agenda; and if no agenda was visible to analysis, then there was imposture afoot. The heart of Latham's misprision is that I was an imposter.

As misprisings go, this seems fair enough. It is a sustainable reading of *Strokes*. In accomplishing this dismantling, Latham is, after all, performing the critic's task: that of unmasking the being of the book, re-creating that being, freeing the book from the author of the book. Because the author's claim that s/he has any final authority is a deficient claim; when it is allowed, a false privilege is granted. The author's true privilege is to be misunderstood (how many of us get the chance?) and the critic's true function is to make misunderstanding into a door of perception. With Latham's help, I open the door. I see how the book can be seen. There's some fucking going on, but that's life. And I can see that, in turn, I shape the books I review into monsters their parents might well weep to recognize. Those monsters, I know, wear my face. I give them my disease. Reviewing is rape. In the end, all we can do is beg forgiveness.



John Clute: An Appreciation

by Rachel Pollack

In the early 1970's, when *New Worlds* was luring me back to science fiction, I waited, each issue, to read the stories. First, always, came the critical review by John Clute. What verve the man had, what grand gestures. Here he is, in *New Worlds Quarterly* 6, bringing us James Blish: "Stately, anfractuous James Blish comes down from Fabers bearing a bowl of scholium on which two novels and a best of him lie crossed." And now here he is, some twenty years later: "typical novels soon begin to lose that spanking military jaunt, to shrink into familiar dying-fall litanies of kinesis-boast, and the pages pass like years, like the sere and yellow leaf, like shrill molasses (which is the sound of a thin self stuck in its story)." For now, when *Interzone* comes, I put aside the stories and read first, always, John Clute. Few serious critics have made book reviews their main forum. Clute has done so by a mixture of craft and audacity. He sculpts his reviews with a sense of their wholeness. And he is always coherent, despite his trademark use of unfamiliar words. Above all else, he knows science fiction, its history, its conventions, its possibilities. I first met Clute at a Milford Writers' Conference. The rules of Milford forbid discussing a story before its official round-robin examination. All that week, however, people joked or professed amazement at one story—not for its complex structure, but simply for its vocabulary. Initiates would smile at someone sitting with a manuscript in their hands and a dictionary in their laps. Neil Gaiman even circulated an (admiring) parody. To me, the strange words didn't matter. The story fascinated with its shifts of character, its movements in time, its daring images. And I knew I could trust that every word was used, not just correctly, but usefully. Clute never simply shows off. Getting to know Clute allowed me to experience a side of him beyond his brilliance: his (and his wife Judith's) uncommon generosity. I was living in Amsterdam at the time, and the Clutes made it possible for me to stay in touch with British sf by opening their flat to me several times a year. The only restriction seemed to be whether some other visitor, usually from North America, had scheduled the spare room ahead of me. In the flat, I witnessed the energy Clute gave to his friendships. Young writers brought their manuscripts to him, old friends their problems. In a time of crisis in my own life, Clute knew when to listen, when to analyze, when to penetrate pain with a joke. John Clute works on friendship the way he works on writing, with care and precision.

Clute on Clute

Clute, John (Frederick) (1940-). Canadian novelist, sf critic; in England from 1969. His first sf story, "A Man Must Die," was published in *New Worlds*, where much of his earlier criticism also appeared; further criticism and reviews have appeared in *F&SF*, *The Washington Post*, the *Times Literary Supplement*, the *New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Observer*, and elsewhere. A selection from this work appears in *Strokes: Essays and Reviews 1966-1986* (coll 1988) [Serconia Press; winner of the Readercon Small Press Award for Best Non-fiction—ed.]. He was reviews editor of *Foundation* 1980-90, and was a founder of *Interzone* in 1982, of which he remains an Advisory Editor, and to which he has contributed a review column from issue 17 in 1986. JC's criticism, despite some studiously flamboyant obscurities, remains essentially practical, and has mostly appeared in the form of reviews, some of considerable length. He was the Associate Editor of the first edition of this Encyclopedia and is Co-Editor of the current [forthcoming] version. A novel, *The Disinheriting Party* (1973, *New Worlds*; expanded 1977), is not sf.

Other works, as Editor: *The Aspen Poetry Handbill* (portfolio 1965 chap USA), associational; *Interzone: The 1st Anthology* (with Colin Greenland and David Pringle), 1985; *Interzone: The 2nd Anthology* (with Colin Greenland and David Pringle), 1987; *Interzone: The 3rd Anthology* (with David Pringle and Simon Ounsley), 1988; *Interzone: The 4th Anthology* (with David Pringle and Simon Ounsley), 1989; *Interzone: The 5th Anthology* (with David Pringle), 1991. See also: Definitions of SF.

—John Clute, for the forthcoming (and eagerly awaited) second edition of the *Science Fiction Encyclopedia*, Peter Nicholls and John Clute, eds

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eadercn, Inc.:

A Chronology.

September 3-6, 1971: At Noreascon 1, Robert Colby meets Assistant Treasurer Kathei Logue. He joins NESFA and is a regular attendee of meetings and Boskones for the next few years. With the collapse of the New Wave he stops reading the stuff in '74; by '75 he stops attending cons.

April 7, 1976: Colby and Eric M. Van quite by accident choose adjacent seats in the second row of Tufts' Cohen Auditorium for a triple bill of Willie Alexander's Loco Boom-Boom Concert Band, Fox Pass, and The Atlantics. They meet.

1977-1978. Colby publishes and edits two issues of *Frenzy!*, the Boston scene's first punk/new wave semiprozine. Van writes the bulk of both issues; it is a critical success and (due to virtually no distribution whatsoever) a commercial failure.

Summer 1979. Logue enlists Van and Colby as writers for her classic punk fanzine *Killer Children*.

1983. At Van's urging Colby begins to read sf again, specifically Gene Wolfe's *Book of the New Sun*.

1984. The New Ace Specials further rekindle Colby's interest.

Feb. 15-17, 1985. Colby attends Boskone XXII, his first Boskone in ten years. Things have changed. As he writes in the Foreword to *Monochrome: The Readercon Anthology* (Bryan Cholfin, ed., Broken Mirrors Press, 1990), "The Company of Words: Some Notes on the Ostensible Subject," he has difficulty meeting readers who share his interests among the "hordes who seemed more interested in a combination of bad movies and trite trinkets. . . . Being painfully shy and bone-lazy to boot, I figured it had to be easier

to bring all those people to me." He invents *ReaderCon* (sic), aiming to produce ReaderCon 1 in the late summer of 1987.

April, 1985. Colby begins announcing his intentions in a series of letters to various small press figures Mark Ziesing, *Interzone*, The Philip K. Dick Society, Scott Edelman.

May 23, 1985. First committee meeting at Elsie's in Harvard Square. Colby enlists Van as Program Chair and Science Fantasy Bookstore owner Spike MacPhee as Logistics Head, as well as Logue as Advisor. Colby begins publicizing the Con in a short-lived apazine, *Unseen Voice*.

June 22, 1985. Committee decides, as a first radical step, that ReaderCon 1 should have a Publisher GoH in addition to a Writer GoH. Mark V. Ziesing is the only name nominated; he is invited on July 2 and accepts ("Wow wow and double wow!") on the 16th. While Gene Wolfe is the obvious choice as Writer GoH, it is agreed that someone with a non-zero chance of accepting the invitation should be asked instead. Debate continues.

August 29, 1985. The first flyer for Readercon 1, "the sercon without shame," is produced, and distributed at MacPhee and Ziesing's stores. Although a first draft of the program already exists, the date, place, and Writer GoH are all TBA, so only \$5.00 supporting memberships are accepted.

September 8, 1985. Harvard undergrad Timothy P. Fitzgibbons becomes the first paying member; artist Joey Zone (Joe Shea) volunteers to design a logo and do other artwork.

September 12, 1985. ReaderCon blurb appears in NESFA's *Instant Message*.

September 20, 1985. The con receives its third membership, from one Gene Wolfe of Barrington, Illinois ("NESFA told me. Good on you!")

October 1, 1985. "What have we got to lose? All he can do is turn us down." The committee agrees to invite Wolfe. Van, who has met him several times at past cons, writes the letter on October 11; Wolfe accepts on October 22. Attendance projections for Readercons 1-4 are thrown out.

October 14, 1985. Janice M. Eisen volunteers to join the committee, another first (although rock 'n' roll buddy Robert Ingria has been coming to meetings as Speaker to Usenet and eventually drifts into a full-time position). Like the original three active members, neither has ever so much as volunteered at a con.

November, 1985. Tentative agreement reached to hold ReaderCon 1 at the Hotel Bradford in Boston, June 27-28, 1987. New flyers are sent to the membership of the PKDS (who are offered a \$5 attending membership. And gas was 32 cents a gallon, wasn't it?).

January 1986. Progress Report 1 reports that the imminent sale of the Bradford has been delayed or worse, throwing our venue into question.

Early 1986. New hotel: Holiday Inn of Boston (in Brookline, MA). And we mean "new"; it's currently a Travellodge, but will be remodelled by January, 1987. Hotel contract also offers us Brooklyn Bridge if we make twelve room-nights.

May 1987. We perhaps set another interesting precedent by including descriptions of planned panels in our fourth Progress Report (which is actually called PR3). The hotel is still under construction.

JUNE 27-28, 1987. Readercon 1, The Holiday Inn of Boston, Brookline, Mass. Gene Wolfe, Writer Guest of Honor. Mark V. Ziesing, Publisher Guest of Honor.

There are nearly 300 attendees, including 33 program participants (29 professional guests); the committee numbers 13. Highlights of the one-and-two-halves track program (one of panels, one of readings, one of panel continuations) include interviews with the GoHs, a panel on Wolfe's fiction, and three or four recommending various sorts of obscure books. Wolfe gives his superb Guest of Honor speech (later

reprinted in *Horrorstruck*, Nov/Dec. 1987). Geary Gravel wins the first Kirk Poland Memorial Bad Prose Competition, besting the audience, Darrell Schweitzer and moderator Craig Shaw Gardner (in that order); Gardner immortalizes the immortal Lin Carter quote "it took them so long to die. Long after his sword had cut through their cold flesh, the heads were sinking their tusks in his boot-heels." Due to our swell hotel deal (it's *still* under construction—the swimming pool isn't ready), the convention is losing a considerable sum of money; Mark Ziesing learns this and asks for a hat to be passed. The large sum collected cuts our losses considerably.

A 3:00 PM Sunday discussion group on the works of Philip K. Dick is reconvened at the con's 5:00 PM close and continues well into the night, inspiring the concept of a "Past Master" (Dead Guest of Honor) at future Readercons.

Readercon 2 is announced for September 23-25, 1988, 'somewhere within Route 128.'

The Readercon 1 Program Book runs sixteen pages. There is a cover and full-page portraits of Wolfe and Ziesing by Joey Zone. Half a dozen pages explain the program. Wolfe's introductory essay, "Where Castle?", is reprinted from PR2; there's an introduction from Chairman Robert Colby, an appreciation of Wolfe by Colby (a copy of which Rosemary Wolfe keeps in her purse to this day), and a brief Wolfe bibliography (plans for a full one are waylaid by the Program Chair's imminent wedding). Limited quantities are available from Readercon for \$2.00; Wolfe completists take note.

January 30, 1988. The Second Kirk Poland Memorial Bad Prose Competition is provided to Boskone XXV "in exchange for promotional considerations" (co-moderator Eric Van is sporting a brand-new Joey Zone-designed Readercon t-shirt). Geary Gravel successfully defends his title, besting the audience, Darrell Schweitzer, Ellen Kushner, and Craig Shaw Gardner, who eloquently delivers Lin Carter's phrase ". . . like a wall of stinking jelly. One swung his axe, slicing through quivering, fatty flesh which oozed fetid, colorless ichor."

NOVEMBER 18-20, 1988. Readercon 2 at the Lowell Hilton, Lowell, Mass. Samuel R. Delany, Guest of Honor; Theodore Sturgeon, Past Master (Memorial GoH).

There are 300 attendees, including 51 program participants (44 of them pros); the committee numbers 14. The program gets off on a loud wrong note when the first item is delayed and the second can-

celled, but after that things run nearly exactly as advertised. The program is reduced to one-and-a-half tracks (one of panels, one of readings) by the accidental misplacing of the Continuation Room. Friday night special events include a presentation on the opera VALIS by its composer, Tod Machover, and a talk, "Neither the Beginning Nor the End of Structuralism, Post-Structuralism, Semiotics, or Deconstruction for SF Readers: An Introduction" by Delany (requested in place of a traditional GoH speech), later published in *The New York Review of Science Fiction* (issues # 6-8, February-April 1989). Saturday features a dramatic reading of Sturgeon's "Slow Sculpture" by Anita Dobbs Van, and the Third Kirk Poland Memorial, won once again by Geary Gravel, despite a furious late rush by James Patrick Kelly (who also finishes ahead of the audience); Kushner and Gardner again bring up the rear. Piers Anthony's immortal ". . . in a union the like of which the description 'sex' seems hardly to do justice" is the phrase most heard.

One popular innovation is a four-page (tiny type) "Field Guide to the Program Participants," which attempts to list every book by every guest (with first and most recent publisher and date), all their uncollected anthology appearances, all their award nominations, etc. It is surprisingly complete.

Readercon 2 finishes several hundred dollars in the black.

Readercon 3 is announced for April 27-29, once again at the Hilton.

The Readercon 2 Program Book runs 20 pages and features a cover and Delany portrait by Mark Bilokur, and a Sturgeon portrait by Anita Dobbs Van. There's a Chairman's Introduction and his appreciation of Delany, and a three-plus page Delany Chrono-bibliography, which although not complete or wholly accurate (in terms of variant editions and appearances) includes dates of composition for all his works, published and unpublished—many of them appearing here for the first time—and much commentary by Delany. The Sturgeon section features an appreciation by Delany and a brief four-page bibliography (first appearances of all stories, dates of novels, dates and contents of story collections). There are three pages of panel descriptions, one on future Readercon plans, and one of brief biographies of the committee. Available from Readercon for \$2.50, and a must-have for serious Delany fans.

September 2, 1989. The first Readercon Small Press Awards, for 1988 imaginative literature small press books and magazines, are presented at Noreascon 3.

The entire panel of judges (Algis Budrys, David G. Hartwell, Terri Windling, Arthur Hlavaty, Mark Ziesing and Joey Zone) are present, as are a number of nominees.

The Fourth Kirk Poland Memorial Competition is provided to Noreascon that evening. Geary Gravel wins handily, followed by James Patrick Kelly, the audience, Gene Wolfe, and Craig Shaw Gardner. The late Lin Carter returns as phrasemonger ("by the weird science magic of his helm, a mental focusing and projecting device of uncanny power.")

MARCH 30-APRIL 1, 1990. Readercon 3, at the Lowell Hilton, Lowell, Mass. John Crowley, Guest of Honor. T. H. White, Past Master. Thomas M. Disch, Special Guest (in anticipation of his GoH role at Readercon 4).

Attendance reaches 450, including 79 program participants (71 pros); the committee, continuing at its previous growth rate, now numbers 15. Due to the large number of pro guests we have gone to two main tracks of programming; unfortunately, we experiment with staggered starting times (we had to find out, we had to) and nearly no one likes them. To further complicate things, Friday and Sunday add two tracks of readings and one of discussion groups or workshops, while Saturday adds one of each. Overload.

The second annual Readercon Small Press Awards are presented Saturday evening, with judges Disch, Kathryn Cramer, Paul Chadwick, Greg Ketter, and Evelyn Leeper present at the ceremony. Winners are on hand for six of the eleven awards presented: four to Mark V. Ziesing and two to Stephen P. Brown. John Crowley reads a chapter from the forthcoming second volume of *Aegypt*; when the guest-and-committee dinner encounters the inevitable *Service From Hell*, his Q & A session is postponed until Sunday morning.

In a stunning upset, Rosemary Kirstein takes the Kirk Poland crown from Geary Gravel (with the audience, James Morrow, and Craig Shaw Gardner completing the field). We prove that we are equal-opportunity offenders by choosing absent Small Press Awards judge John Shirley's "and all that was left for me was to throw up" as this year's mantra, although it is our own Craig Gardner's "Twinkies of terror, Ho-Hos from Hell" that many cannot forget (still others have a fond spot for Robert Moore Williams' "Cousin molecule, where is mother?"). The evening ends with, of all things, the showing of a film, "World of Tomorrow," under the new Readercon policy of showing movies as long as they are written by a Guest of Honor.

Readercon 3 finishes considerably in the black, more than enough to offset the losses of Readercon 1; the committee plans to make exact figures known as

soon as it knows them itself.

Although the Hilton has proven to a superb venue, it is clear that we will outgrow it before another year is past. Readercon 4 is thus announced for July 12-14, at the Worcester, Marriott, in Worcester, Mass, with Thomas M. Disch and others TBA as Guests of Honor. If you've been taking notes, you'll have noticed that none of our initial announcements regarding time and place have proven to be correct. So this time we are breaking with precedent: the hotel deal is already done (we even announce Readercon 5 for July 10-12, 1992). On the other hand... while Barry N. Malzberg and critic John Clute are soon named as other Guests of Honor, Disch withdraws for personal reasons in late April of 1991.

The Readercon 3 Souvenir Book runs 44 pages in length, with Rich Schindler providing a cover, Crowley portrait and illustration of White's Once and Future King. A new feature is introduced: four pages of Books to Cherish, mini-essays on five or ten favorite obscure books by Readercon guests. Jack Dann leads it off by mentioning forty; there are longer pieces by Lucius Shepard and John Kessel and shorter ones by M. J. Engh, Robert Frazier, and Marjorie Bradley Kellogg. There are four pages of background information on Readercon, Inc. (though nothing specifically about Readercon 3—see below for that) and, as always, an introduction by the Chair.

But the heart of the book is the hugely expanded GoH section. Thomas M. Disch contributes a brief personal appreciation of Crowley the man; Crowley provides a three-page essay on T. H. White (which we supplement with a basic White bibliography). A virtually complete Crowley bibliography fills two pages. And there is a previously unpublished seventeen page interview with Crowley (dating from just after the publication of *Little, Big*) together with a two-page critical appreciation by co-interviewer Eric Van that doubles as an explanation of the interview's origins. An absolute must-have for anyone who has enjoyed even one of Crowley's books (the five 'spoilers' in the interview are clearly marked). Available from Readercon for \$3.50.

All the material that con-goers need to use at the con is separated into a 33-page Program Guide. The guest bio-bibliographies now fill nine pages; the Small Press Award nominees fill four; a full description of the program ten; five pages emulate the separate pocket program. There's even the ever-popular index of every guest's appearances.

JULY 12-14, 1991. Readercon 4, The Worcester Marriott, Worcester, Mass. Barry N. Malzberg, Guest of Honor, John Clute, critic Guest of Honor.

JULY 10-12, 1992. Readercon 5, The Worcester Marriott, Worcester, Mass. Writer Guests of Honor to be Announced. Richard Powers, Artist Guest of Honor.





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eaderccon, Inc.:

An Agenda.

Readercon, Inc. does more than run the annual convention of the same name. We see our mission as stretching beyond the con itself to embrace a range of literary services (though this is, in fact, mandated by our status as a 501(c)3 non-profit organization, we'd do it in any case). The first of these, the Readercon Small Press Awards, is very much a reality; the others are in various stages of development.

The Readercon Small Press Awards

We have devised The Readercon Small Press Awards to recognize the work of small publishers in the field of imaginative literature, by which we mean science fiction, fantasy, horror, magic realism, and post-modernist fabulation. With the increasing trend of absorption of larger publishers into multi-national conglomerates (who then proceed to eat each other), there may soon come a time when small presses are the only ones that will treat their books as something more than bars of soap.

We feel that serious readers need to start making the acquaintance of the better small presses in this field, and we have designed these awards as an aid to both reader and publisher in establishing that relationship.

This year's model.

The judges for the our third Awards, for books and magazines published in 1990, are editor and publisher Stephen P. Brown, critic John Clute, writer and critic Richard Lupoff, bookseller and publisher Chris Drumm, editor Ellen Datlow, and reader Dwight Brown. Artist art spiegelman had been a member of the jury, but had to withdraw for personal reasons.

Stephen Brown's Science Fiction Eye was a two-

category winner at last year's awards, while Clute and Drumm were winners the previous year.

How it all works

Awards are presented both to the publishers and the creators of works. They consist of a handsome framed certificate, and, for the publishers, a free half-page ad in an upcoming Readercon Souvenir Book.

If you're curious, we pick the judges this way. There are seven categories: writer, artist, editor, publisher, critic, bookseller, and reader. We ask the previous year's judges to suggest new ones, and then everyone on the committee adds as many names as they can think of. Each of us then ranks the nominees in each category, and the results are tabulated by the New Zealand (i.e., pseudo-Australian) ballot. We discuss the results, and after tweaking them for various balances, we come up with a slate of judges (and backup choices should folks need to turn us down) that we can approve by a majority vote.

We use Locus's "Books Received" and "Magazines Received" columns to compile a list of eligible items; the publishers are notified and asked to send review copies to the jury. Judges may nominate as many items in each category as they like. All nominated items go out on a preliminary ballot; the top four vote-getters (or more, if there are ties) in each category make the final ballot. Australian balloting is used throughout.

Some notes on eligibility

- Awards to magazines are based on the entire year's run.
- Books published as limited editions ancillary to a concurrent or forthcoming edition from a major press

are eligible only for the Value in Bookcraft (which honors the publisher of the book which provides the most aesthetic pleasure per dollar of cover price) and Illustration Awards.

— Judges are ineligible to nominate their own works or to vote in categories in which they have been nominated; in the latter case, they may choose instead to withdraw the work from consideration.

The Readercon Small Press Review

Of our other projects, this is the furthest along. Designed for a companion piece for the Readercon Small Press Awards, this journal, edited by Bryan Cholfin of Broken Mirrors Press, will offer the public (and other small publishers) an in-depth look at the various alternatives to mass-market publishing in this field. In its ideal state it will contain listings, reviews, opinion pieces, publisher profiles, news and other stuff we haven't thought of yet. We had hoped to publish at least one issue in 1990 and slowly gear up to quarterly publication thereafter. Our current plans call for our first issue to appear soon after Readercon 4; we are, as always, understaffed, and Readercon members who would have liked to contribute have been busy preparing the conference (and editor Cholfin has been administrating the Small Press Awards—two heavy hats for a lone head to handle). The more new faces we see at committee meetings, the faster the Small Press Review will become a reality.

Readercon Speakers Series

This one's the easiest to explain: Since we're certain there's a large segment of the public interested in imaginative literature who don't yet have the time or courage to devote an entire weekend to our conference, we hope to arrange for our favorite writers, both local and out-of-town, to speak in the Boston area (most likely at libraries). Look for this to begin, on a quarterly basis, this fall; we dream of a monthly series someday. (Of course, we said the same thing last year.)

Computerized Sf Text Archive (by Bob Ingria)

We intend to investigate the possibility of creating a centralized archive for machine-readable sf/fantasy texts for the use of the science fiction research community. We believe that the availability of such an archive will allow researchers to perform activities such as concordances, frequency counts, and various types of statistical and stylistic analysis more easily. For the near term, we intend to explore the following necessary preconditions to any such project:

(1) locating an academic institution that would be willing to serve as the actual repository of the archive;

(2) determining ways of making this project attractive to publishers, so that they would be willing to allow their texts to be available in such an archive. (One possibility would be to convert the typesetting tapes into a standard format, such as SGML (Standard Generalized Markup Language), and to return them to the publishers in this form, for possible future electronic publication.)

Readers' Lobby

There are some 250 million Americans. Somewhere in that mass there are sure to be enough people with ambitious reading tastes to provide an appreciative and substantial audience for books in this field that are both written for and marketed towards intelligent adults. But genre publishers don't appear to think so, preferring to treat us as consumers, rather than as aficionados. What if we decided to start changing their minds? Most people in publishing really do love good books, and would probably enjoy their jobs a lot more if they could sell the bean-counters on the feasibility of acquiring and promoting more art (and less product). To make this happen, readers who want more from this month's books than a slight variation on last month's need to start acting in concert.

How? We've just begun thinking about it. We had a discussion group on this at Readercon 3, where myriad ideas ranging from the mild and practical to the wild and difficult were proposed. We're still mulling this over; it may be wisest to let the conference's natural growth (we hope / fear that we'll reach our design limit of 750-800 attendees by 1994 or 1995) provide some momentum (and a higher profile) before we try some of our more radical ideas.

Readercon BBS

With all the changes and developments happening around here, it would be nice if we could get regularly updated news to you modern owners out there. While we're at it, a discussion forum and opinion pieces would be nice, too. This one would be fun to do and relatively easy to start; the fear, of course, is that it could become a huge time sink (the more so the better it gets).

We look forward to the day that the Readercon committee will be large enough to do all these things (and whatever else we think of in the interim). If you'd like to speed that day—whether you live in the Boston area or not—write or call us.

The 1990 Readercon Small Press Award Winners

Best Novel: No Award.

Best Short Work: *A Dozen Tough Jobs*, Howard Waldrop
(Mark V. Ziesing).

Best Collection: *Richard Matheson: Collected Stories*, Richard Matheson
(Scream/Press)

Best Anthology: *What Did Miss Darrington See?: An Anthology of Feminist
Supernatural Fiction*, Jessica Amanda Salmonson, editor (Feminist Press)

Best Non-Fiction: *The Dark-Haired Girl*, Philip K. Dick
(Mark V. Ziesing)

Best Reference / Bibliography: No Award.

Best Reprint: *The Anubis Gates*, Tim Powers
(Mark V. Ziesing)

Best Jacket Illustration: *The Anubis Gates*, J. K. Potter
(Mark V. Ziesing)

Best Interior Illustration: *S. Peterson's Field Guide to Creatures of the Dreamlands*,
Mark Ferrari and Tom Sullivan (Chaosium)

Best Value in Bookcraft: *Richard Matheson: Collected Stories*, Richard Matheson
(Scream/Press)

Best Magazine—Fiction: *Interzone*, David Pringle, ed.

Best magazine—Criticism: *Science Fiction Eye*,
Stephen P. Brown and Daniel J. Steffan, editors

Best Magazine—Design: *Science Fiction Eye*,
Stephen P. Brown and Daniel J. Steffan, editors

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