



READERCON 6
SOUVENIR BOOK

The New York Review of Science Fiction

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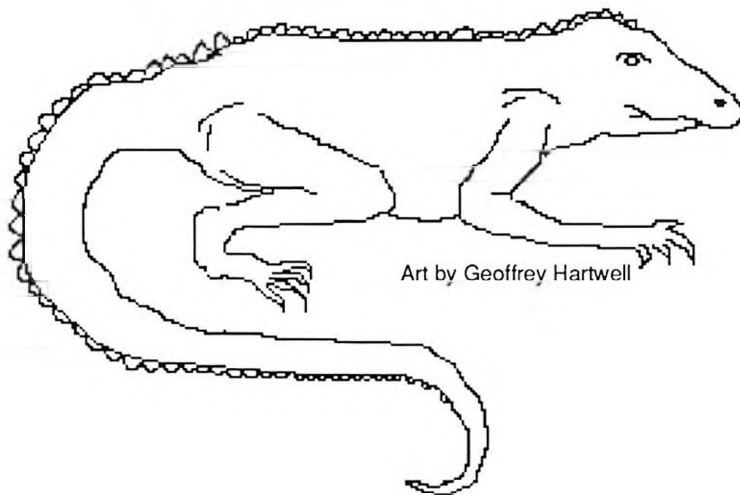
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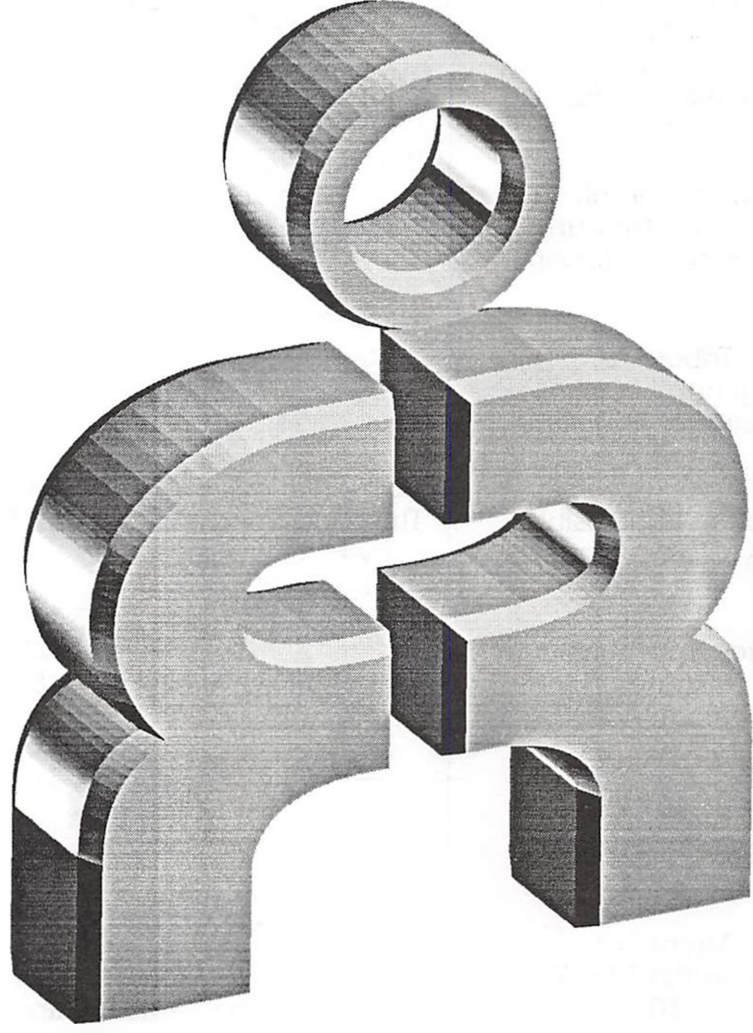


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Introduction

by Barnaby Rapoport

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Brian and Margaret Aldiss on

sofa p 64

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Readercon stands for something. So I concluded. I was thinking about why I had joined the committee a couple of years ago and why I had volunteered to edit this souvenir book when Eric Van and Dave Shaw had to step down. It had never occurred to me to do this kind of thing for other conventions, though I enjoyed them as much.

Readercon stands for something, but what? I couldn't quite put it into words. However, the more I learned about our guests of honor, Judith Merril and Brian Aldiss, the clearer it became.

First, there is their own writing, several decades worth of work like "Dead Center" and *Barefoot in the Head*. On the simplest level, this is explanation enough. Readercon is about SF that is literature, about exciting ambitions exquisitely fulfilled.

This wasn't easy for them to do. It meant difficult new problems to solve and required faith in the form. It also required faith in the audience, because the literary establishments were indifferent and the commercial markets were hostile. They not only did it, they've made it more possible for others to do it: as editors, contributors, and commentators, they've always supported the new and independent.

On a less simple level, there are other qualities implicit in the way they do this. They've always been active, constructive presences in the SF field. Consider the Best SF of the Year series edited by Judith Merril and the later one Brian Aldiss co-edited with Harry Harrison. The Hydra Club and the Milford Writing Workshop, co-founded by Judith Merril, were crucial addi-

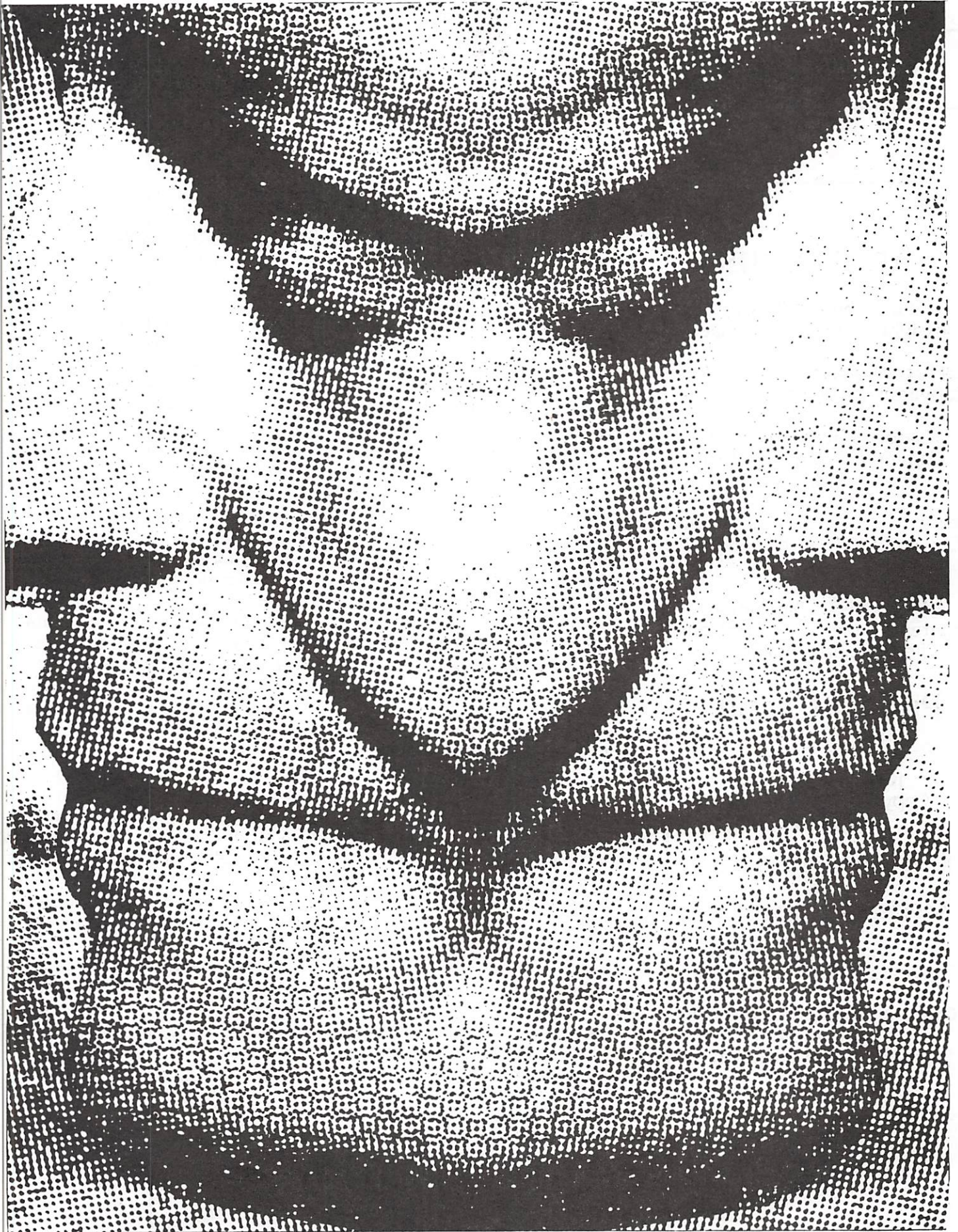
tions to the infrastructure of SF in the '50s. She founded the first SF library, and continues to lead SF workshops to this day. Brian Aldiss's involvement in *New Worlds*, The John Campbell Award, and World SF has been similar. Readercon, with its non-convention initiatives, aims for the same kind of influence.

If you look at their Best of the Year anthologies, you'll see something else. Like Readercon, Merril and Aldiss subvert the artificial boundary between category SF and other imaginative fiction. Their mixture of genre and non-genre writers was unprecedented then, and only Ellen Datlow and Terri Windling's Year's Best Fantasy and Horror series does anything similar now. When Merril was reviewing for *F&SF*, you were as likely to read about John Barth as about Clifford Simak.

You were also as likely to find Clifford Simak as John Barth, in Aldiss and Harrison's collecting as well as Merril's collecting and reviewing. They have affection and respect for SF as it already exists. This shows in Aldiss's sympathetic anthologies of pulp SF, such as *Space Opera* and *Galactic Empires*, and in his history of SF, *Trillion Year Spree*. They've never denigrated these roots, so their belief in literary SF has never degenerated into a search for mere status.

I've never met Judith Merril or Brian Aldiss, and the best part of editing this souvenir book has been getting to know them a little. I hope that over this weekend we'll all get to know them a lot better.





Design by Joey Zone



Judith Merril

When Things Changed—A Little

by *Brian Aldiss*

Every October the International Festival of Authors is held in Toronto by the Harbourfront Centre, a non-profit arts foundation. In 1992 it featured a Tribute to Judith Merrill. They also published a special Judith Merrill issue of their monthly magazine, *Aloud*, where the Brian Aldiss essay following first appeared. This issue also features Margaret Atwood, Phyllis Gotlieb, Elisabeth Vonarburg, Candas Jane Dorsey, Katherine MacLean (on Merrill's impact on the '50s), J.G. Ballard (on her impact on the '60s), Hishashi Asakura (on her years on Japan), Dennis Lee (a detailed account of Rochdale College), Virginia Kidd (on her television career), and others; I could have filled the whole souvenir book with reprints. The Harbourfront Centre's address is, 410 Queens Quay West, Toronto, Ontario, M5V 2Z3, Canada.

The *Spider Robinson* and *Samuel R. Delany* essays following are speeches that were given at the Tribute. This is their first publication.

We shall come to the excellent Judith Merrill by and by. An impatient lady, she can wait for a paragraph or two. First, a look at what she's been involved in for so long, so effectively.

If we regard society as a series of interlocking sub-cultures, we can perceive science fiction as just one more sub-culture, vital, discontented, shifty, subversive, elixir-like. The science fiction sub-culture runs by its own rules, customs, and hierarchies (some of which La Merrill has built, some defied). In fact, these rules and customs are not vastly different from those of many other subcultures—the Watashaw Sewing Circle, for instance. Except that the SF sub-culture bubbles with creativity, as well as worse things.

The very term "sub-culture" implies something missing. It's a sub-division or enclave. A shelter. Also a form of confinement. Judy knows this. I know this. As do a few others.

With rare exceptions, the science fiction worldlet or *umwelt*, to employ a less dated term than sub-culture, is poor. Poor financially, I mean. Also poor in the way it expresses itself, in the way it is represented to the world at large, and in the—what should one say?—in the fairness of its institutions, the sense that we lack those who understand and are impartial. The wise old men of our tribe are so often

plainly certifiable.

But from this poverty arises virtue—indeed a great virtue. Realizing the word "socialism" is unpopular, I'll say there's an equality of endeavor within the science fiction *umwelt*. A willingness to do all kinds of things, some of them creative, without payment but rather for the pleasure of participation in what is seen, often recklessly, as a good cause: organizing a library, for example. With some deplorable exceptions (which I long to name), both readers and writers and those between are united in a goodwill springing from the sense, much in evidence in the Blitz on London in World War Two, that "we're all in this together..."

Thus many of the tasks inherent in ensuring the survival of science fiction are carried forward for no financial gain. Such is fandom—to which we must all admit to belonging if we have a spark of schlock in our veins.

One of the tasks desperately needing doing a generation ago was the raising of critical consciousness regarding science fiction. This Judy carried out to an astonishing extent in the Sixties. There's a rumor that it was she who applied the term "New Wave" to what was happening in Britain in the early Sixties—the revolt into style, the discovery that the future had arrived and was more joyously fucked up than Gernsback had dared imagine. However irritating labels may be, the "New Wave" label—not to mention the quality of the writing so designated—served to raise the profile of SF and remove it from the kindergarten (back into which, at time of writing, it shows an inclination to sink).

But enough of Judy Merrill. To continue with this science fiction sub-culture business. For some, being part of that *umwelt* is not sufficient. I like it, and am familiar with its ramifications



in many countries, from Canada and the USA, its central market place, down to lowly outposts like Singapore and Albania. It's a valued part of my life, and has been ever since I bumped into Judy in a lift in Mayfair, London. But I don't really write for that sub-culture. Okay, I may write science fiction, but that's because it feels like a viable mode of expression. It will remain viable only so long as it does not fossilize into genre writing.

This rather difficult character trait is one, I believe, I share with Judy.

Of course I'm happy when I'm read by science fiction readers, as sometimes happens. Contrariwise, I'm offended when my writing is scarcely read beyond the sub-culture barrier. My books—novels and short stories—are translated and published all round the world in that ready way which many "mainstream" authors would envy. And yet. Wherever its travels, that writing is read only by the local variant of the same sub-culture.

Why should this be? My themes from first book to latest are the traditional themes of love, betrayal, isolation, suffering, sex, death—all those good things not unknown to Tolstoy, Kafka, and Barbara Cartland. So what's so different about science fiction which causes the shutters to go up in the minds of those outside the sub-culture?

One answer is that life is short. After all, we are no more interested in the minutes of the Watshaw Sewing Circle than they in *Locus*. We've no time to immerse ourselves in such matters. The divisions between *umwelts* are there because they developed, evolved under pressure of time; they weren't set there by some kind of malicious *fatwa* pronounced by depraved literary editors of newspapers, or whoever. Judy preached to the unconverted with her "Year's Best SF" series and other means. They

looked up over the fence, smiled, exclaimed "Great!", and went back to their knitting.

Not unanimously, though. A few came over the fence, tempted by Judy to see what the furor was about. Our audience had much enlarged, thanks to those who fight at the barricades. And not just for the tripe. Excellent new writers like Tom Maddox, Geoff Ryman, and David Wingrove also get a look in. When I first went into the BBC to speak on TV programs about science fiction, the question always asked was, in tones of disinterest, "What is science fiction, Mr. Aldiss?" Only the technicians behind the cameras had read your books. All this changed in the Sixties. The world has changed. Nowadays, if they don't know what science fiction is, they keep it to themselves. Science fiction's problems today spring from its being too popular, too comfortable, too acceptable, a lurid vehicle for Arnold Schwartznegger.

Yet it seems there is still a stigma attached to the writing of science fiction. Don't look at me. Ask Judy why.

Writers face up to this problem in different ways. Kurt Vonnegut is a brilliant example of those writers who deny that what they are writing is science fiction. They get on best-seller lists that way, but continue to write science fiction—Vonnegut's *Galapagos* is a good marketing instance.

In the opposite camp are writers who invert normal values and claim that only science fiction has any merit. John W. Campbell propagated that belief. We'll return to him in a minute.

Other writers, perhaps the majority, accept the status quo and write purely for the sub-culture. They represent the common soldiery in our army.

These strategies represent different ways of dealing with the sub-culture problem. Personality and talent determine which strategy individuals opt

for. I've adopted a different ploy over the last thirty years or more. I write science fiction, I don't deny it's science fiction, but I don't write with any science fiction *umwelt* in mind. My cultural references are not centered round either NASA or Tolkien. I've been known to write books, fiction and non-fiction, which are "ordinary" (i.e., non-SF).

The priests of the sub-culture claim this kind of thing is not "proper" science fiction. One of Judy's tricks was to capture this vein of off-center writing and bring it into the fold. I'm eternally grateful to her for the few times (count them on one finger) when she included me in her winning stratagem.

Theology is the science of minute distinctions. Philip K. Dick suffered from problems of non-acceptance. It was his blood-dark vein of humorous pessimism running counter to the prevalent Heinleinian optimism about the future which told against him. Dick's terms of reference were more than what we might term philosophical than technological; it was another score against him. Now, of course, canonization has come, some years after his death. We're more prepared to discuss religious matters nowadays, because we find to our delight the future is more confusing and black than even Dick dared imagine. As Bruce Sterling said, the color of science fiction is *noir*. But even that took a while to sink in.

Judy Merrill always fought against the status quo, embodying as it did what was predominantly complacency. Her arguments took her restlessly to and fro, from the United States to England, from there to Japan, where she made a pilgrimage to Hiroshima, and thence to Canada. I've always admired that trajectory of hers—and any trajectory where a line of argument is followed, no matter what, throughout a lifetime. It needs



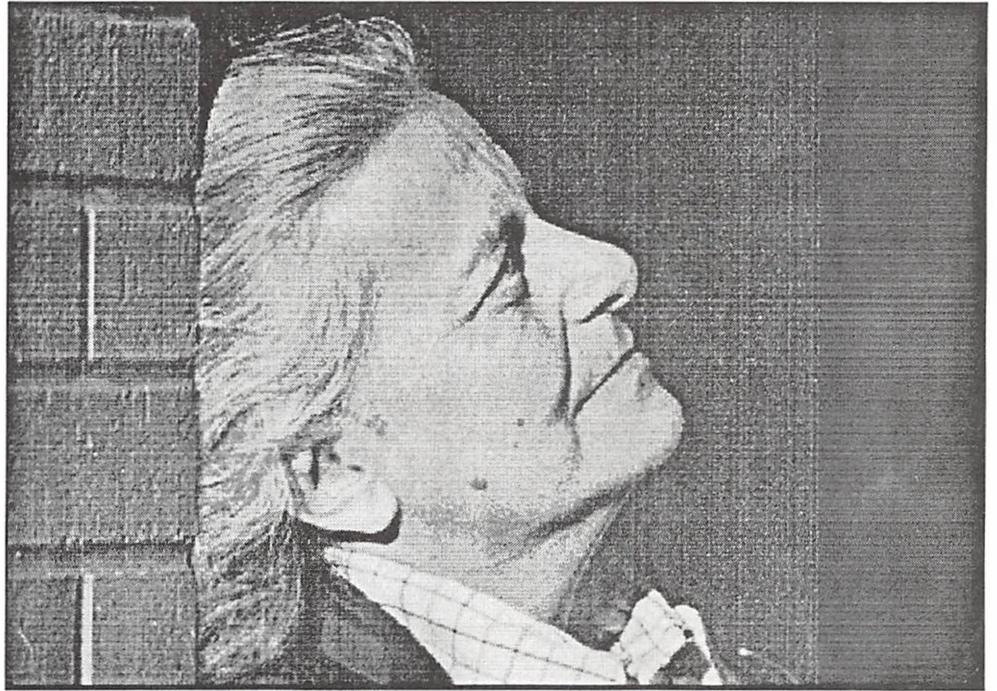
courage, style and wit. All those Judy has in plenty.

This must be said in conclusion. Judy once out-argued John W. Campbell. Campbell worked a spell over the field for many years. He was a good and powerful editor and when he spoke people, in dread, writers in particular, tended to nod assent. Campbell was not a bully; indeed, I found him a good deal of a—to use a dated expression—gentleman. But he held strong opinions and did not care to be gainsaid.

On the public platform, Campbell made a striking impression, shoulders hunched, intermittently stuffing a nasal inhalant up his nostrils by way of emphasis, holding forth about the virtues of technology, and how ordinary literature was only *this*, whereas science fiction was **THIS** big. But when he got to the bit about Homer being a barbarian, Judith Merrill rose from the audience and disagreed.

It was one of those moments. At once to mind came that occasion when *Oliver Twist* dared ask for more, with disastrous results. Some of us feared that Judy might be sold off immediately to work for an undertaker. Campbell paused in mid-stride. He tried to talk Judy down. She answered back, steadily, and with her steely good humor. And in the end she shut him up...Literacy had triumphed.

A whole new wing of the buildings of Heaven was thrown up, and the name MERRIL incised over its main portal. (But she won't like it. She'll go somewhere else...)



Judith Merrill, Planetary Treasure

by Spider Robinson

Listening to some of the things that have been said here tonight about Judith Merrill, I'm reminded powerfully of the recent outpouring of stories about Isaac Asimov from those who loved him...which ran in the issue of *Locus* that carried his obituary. Too often we wait to praise and honor people we love, until they're not around to hear us. My thanks to Greg Gatenby and Harbourfront for organizing this even before its honoree became, in the vernacular, existence-challenged.

Let's start with the publicly available facts:

First, biographical:

Judith Merrill was born in 1923 in Manhattan.

Some authorities say she was born Juliet (which in Latin means "Youthful"), others say Josephine (Hebrew: "She shall increase"), but she preferred the name Judith (Hebrew: "Admired").

Her father Samuel Grossman was the son of a famous Philadelphia rabbi; her mother Ethel Hurwitch immigrated from Russia at age 5, and was raised in Boston. Samuel had been a writer and critic; Ethel was an early suffragette, and a founding member of Hadassah.

When Judith was 13, her mother, by now a widow, moved them back to New York, where Judith discovered the Trotskyist group the Young People's Socialist League, or YPSL, pronounced ypsl. "I was born a Zionist," she said later, "in those golden days of socialist Zionism, and until I was in my early teens at least, knew that my future was in a kibbutz: I was preparing for it, and studied Hebrew until I was about fifteen, by which time I had progressed from social Zionism to socialism to the YPSL, and



no longer knew that my future was in a kibbutz.

"When I was about fifteen, it dawned on me that my mother meant for me to be a writer, and I stopped writing completely, and I didn't start again until after I had a baby and I was in San Francisco and my mother was in New York."

In 1940 she married a YPSL friend named Zissman and moved to Philly. One winter she got a toothache and the grippe at the same time. Too ill to go to a dentist, she fell back on reading to ease the pain. In desperation she opened one of her husband's sf magazines, and in it was an installment of Robert Heinlein's *Methuselah's Children* and another of L. Sprague de Camp's *The Stolen Dormouse*. "I don't remember what else, but that was enough. As soon as I was well, ignoring the dentist, I went down to the magazine store and got some more."

In 1941 they moved to New York,

where their daughter Merrill was born the following year. Judy took her daughter's name as a pseudonym, and later adopted it legally.

When her husband entered the Navy for the war, Judith moved to New York and took an apartment in the Village, and became involved through John Michel with the Futurian Society, the legendary proto-commune of writers, editors, and wannabes which ultimately included Isaac Asimov, James Blish, Cyril Kornbluth, Fred Pohl, Virginia Kidd, Larry Shaw, Donald Wollheim, and Damon Knight. "The Futurians were a very motley crew," she said in 1976, "Callow, or extremely unattractive, or both. I felt I belonged very much in such a group, and I think this was characteristic of everyone there, that each of us regarded ourselves as grotesque, and felt comfortable in a gathering of grotesques."

At the 1947 Worldcon in

Philadelphia (Philcon 47), the 5th Worldcon, and the second since the war, Judith and Fred Pohl connected. "I had met her briefly a year or two earlier." Fred wrote in his autobiography, *The Way the Future Was*. "We had both been married at the time; now neither of us were. Judy had just published 'That Only a Mother,' a brilliant dismaying story about a woman who gives birth to a radiation-damaged child, the sort of story that gets right in among the glands and squeezes pretty basic parts of the psyche, so she was a writer to be respected. She was also a person to be known better, in her mid-twenties, with a small, incredibly beautiful blonde daughter. My friend Jacques LeCroix, arguably the best portrait photographer in Paris at the time, described her as having 'the capacity for great beauty.'"

Judith's recollection of the first meeting is clear: writer-editor Doc Lowndes brought Fred over to her

apartment, and she found him "strange, interesting—not at that point attractive, but interesting, and I wanted the conversation to go on." Unfortunately, Bob Lowndes and Fred got into a vodka-drinking contest—which she claims Fred lost.

She remembers their Philcon 47 meeting as well: "I had meant to go



A Particularly Potent Home Brew by Brian Aldiss



just for the day, but it looked like a pretty good party, and I wanted to stay overnight...and then Fred wandered by, and although I barely knew him...he looked like somebody who had some money, so I tapped him and said, 'Have you got five dollars you can lend me for a hotel room?' And he said 'Sure I do,' and gave it to me, and I got my room. And then that evening was when I got uproariously, joyously, gloriously drunk...the next time I met Fred, at the first meeting of the Hydra Club, I gave him back the five dollars, and then a few days after that he called up and asked me to go out with him. During that evening he said he was fascinated, because when he gave me the five dollars he had expected to sleep with me, and I had gotten so rotten drunk nobody could think about it, but the *last* thing he had expected was that I would give him back the five dollars."

Fred & Lester del Rey formed the Hydra Club (since it began with nine members) in New York. Judith was one of the founding members of the group, which over time included Fletcher Pratt, Willy Ley, L. Jerome Stanton of *Astounding*, William Tenn, George O. Smith, Dave Kyle, Harry Harrison, Arthur Clarke, and just about every science fiction writer in the general area of New York.

"A sociology student named Jean Haynes came into the Hydra Club around that time," Fred writes, "and decided to do her master's thesis on kinship ties in our social microcosm. She spent three months trying to sort out who was married to whom and which had been married to what, not to mention less formal alliances, and gave up in despair. The game was Musical Beds. At its peak it was hard to get a quorum of the Hydra Club to transact business, since so many of its officers were divorcing and remarrying so many others. At the time of the New York convention, however, Judy

and I were pretty solidly married. We had even decided to risk parenthood, and two or three months later, on the 25th of Sept 1950, our daughter Ann was born. (Ann, by the way, made Judith a grandmother in 1973)"

In Spring 1951, Fred & Judith moved (from Judith's basement apartment in the East Village) into a big old house just across the river from Red Bank, New Jersey, a permanent home base, and within three months had decided to get a divorce.

In 1956, Judith and Damon Knight, with help from Jim Blish, organized the first Milford Science Fiction Writers Conference in Milford PA—which attracted some forty people, including Ted Sturgeon, Tony Boucher, Phil Klass, Bob Silverberg, Harlan Ellison, Sprague de Camp, and Forrest J. Ackerman. The Milford Conference became an annual event, prestigious and influential and creatively fruitful.

In the late fifties Judith was married again, to a merchant mariner and union organizer, Daniel Sagrue; last time I asked her, they were still married, though they have been separated for decades.

Now, literary data:

Judith's first story, the famous "That Only a Mother," was published in *Astounding* in 1948; it is arguably the most impressive debut in science fiction history, and has been anthologized numberless times.

She collaborated with Cyril Kornbluth on two novels under the pseudonym Cyril Judd. Then, while living with Fred Pohl, she wrote her first solo novel, *A Shadow on the Hearth*, which was published in 1950, and subsequently televised as *Atomic Attack*.

Her collections include *Daughters of Earth*, *Out of Bounds*, *Survival Ship & Other Stories*, and *The Best of Judith Merril*. She edited her first anthology,

Shot in the Dark, an anthology of sf by mystery writers, in 1951. She followed this with several one-shot anthologies, including *Beyond Human Ken*, *Beyond the Barriers of Time and Space*, *Human?* and *Off the Beaten Orbit*.

But from 1956 to 1968, her legendary annual series of best of the year anthologies, under various titles beginning with *SF: The Year's Greatest Science Fiction and Fantasy* and ending with *SF 12*, single-handedly redefined the science fiction field. Numerous authors including Harlan Ellison and Bob Sheckley have told me of how agonizing—and how creatively inspiring—was their desperate need to have something of theirs included in one of Judith's collections, how significant and delicious was her stamp of literary approval—and how *hard* they had to work to get it. Her anthology series, which heretically included speculative fiction by *nongenre writers*, (heresy in both sf and mainstream circles) helped to bring sf an unprecedented degree of literary respectability, and arguably did more than any other single factor to lead sf out of its literary "ghetto" status. Her 5-year tenure as Book Reviewer for *F&SF* further reinforced her influence on the field.

In 1966-7, she spent a year in England, where she gathered material for her New Wave anthology, *England Swings SF* (obviously given a different title in England), again championing experimental fiction and stylistic innovation. Some say she coined the term New Wave, a term hard to define. I think "sf that causes fistfights at conventions," or "sf that annoys readers enough to get their full attention," come close.

Then she moved to Toronto, to join an experimental college called Rochdale....

As she said in 1977, "I was involved in helping all these draft-dodgers and deserters, and for two or three years I was one of the adult fig-



ures in the counterculture. Rochdale was an eighteen-story high-rise hippie college. It has been in the process of folding since shortly after it began. However, the offshoots from it have permeated the city and various parts of Canada to such an extent that in certain ways it continues regardless...so it either folded a year and a half after it started, or it is now folding, or it didn't fold at all."

She became a successful "documentarist" for CBC radio—choosing a topic, finding people to talk about it, making and editing tapes for CBC broadcast. Her book collection, solicited from her by Harry Campbell, Chief Librarian in Toronto, became the nucleus for what came to be known as the Spaced-Out Library (now the Merrill Collection), the largest sf library in Canada, and possibly the world, presently directed by Lorna Toolis. At this time Judith also began her prodigious input of energy into the Writers Union of Canada, became involved in a schools-curricula project outlining available Canadian science fiction, traveled widely to give readings, workshops, and lectures, and soon perforce became the world's only expert on Canadian science fiction.

In 1972, with Judith's assistance, SOL and McGill co-sponsored SeCon, the Secondary Universe Conference, which brought scholars, critics and teachers of sf together from all across Canada and the world, and a scattering of writers too.

In 1977 Judith came to Halifax to do one of her famous weekend workshops, at the request of Norman Horrocks of the Dalhousie University Library School. The event made so much noise in the local sf community that it was retroactively declared to have been a convention, and named Halcon I. That's where I first met Judith. On my part, the hero-worship with which I approached her melted almost instantly, turning into pro-

found affection; we worked and played hard together for days, and parted old friends.

In 1979 we Haligonians had a second convention to commemorate the first one (we moved slowly in the Maritimes; no sense rushing things), and called it Halcon II. Halcon III, in 1980, is now remembered as the first Cancon, at which, at my suggestion, John Bell, Bob Atkinson, and Sheldon Goodman organized and launched the national Canadian SF&F Award, now the Aurora, and interfaced with fan groups in other Canadian cities so that it could be truly nationally voted.

Judith, as I recall, was only able to attend one or two of the Halcons, but all this led, in the end, to the now-established tradition of a rotating Canadian national science fiction convention and the annual Aurora awards—all Judith's fault, however indirectly. And Halcon—now called Novacon—is still, so far, held every year in Halifax, as is Wolfcon at Acadia University in Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

In 1985, Judith edited her twentieth anthology of science fiction and fantasy, *Tesseract*, for Press Porcpic (now Beach Holme) in Victoria. It was the first-ever anthology of contemporary Canadian Science fiction and fantasy. (John Robert Colombo's equally groundbreaking 1979 anthology, *Other Canadas*, covered a 200-year period, and included sf about Canada; and John Bell and Lesley Choyce's 1981 anthology was limited to Atlantic Canada). The *Tesseract* anthology series is still active today, presently in its third incarnation, still showcasing and supporting Canadian speculative fiction, most recently under the editorship of Candace Jane Dorsey and Gerry Truscott—both of whom were published by Judith in the original *Tesseract*.

There is probably no writer or group or institution involving science

fiction anywhere in Canada that does not bear, somewhere, the mark of Judith Merrill. (Certainly I do: her advice and letters of recommendation have helped my land a number of CC grants without which I might long since have given up sf for something *stable*, like theater or dance or politics...)

I personally find it wondrously, wickedly ironic that Judith numbers herself among the many who feel that science fiction's growing respectability and profitability may have damaged it in subtle and crucial ways...since she had more than anyone living to do with bringing to sf—with *demanding* for sf—that very respectability. As the old saw has it: "Be careful what you wish for: you might get it."

Finally, Judith anecdotes from my own files.

They say you should leave them laughing. I have racked my brains for funny Judith Merrill stories, any hilarious events that occurred when we were both there, any memorable insights she displayed or remarkable behavior she evinced in my presence. Almost nothing surfaces from my memory banks. I have been happily and monogamously married for eighteen years, and refuse to discuss politics at all under any provocation, and so Judith and I have never had anything to quarrel interestingly about. We've had good times, lots of laughs, and done a little business: nothing that makes a good anecdote.

But I do have one anecdote I find worth recounting...even though it is not a funny-type story. It goes back about a decade. Judith had come to Halifax, almost certainly for one of the later Halcons. We invited her out to dinner, and for lack of a sitter were forced to bring along our daughter, then six years old. It was the first time Luanna had ever been to a Japanese restaurant, her introduction to



Japanese food, and she was surly about it. She just knew she was going to hate that stuff. We placed our orders...and then we waited. And waited. And waited. After we had waited well over an hour for food that Luanna knew she was going to hate, her sullenness threatened to give way to open rebellion. Before Jeanne or I could act, Judith took matters in hand: began talking to Lu, involving her in conversation, telling her stories, jolly-ing her along. When the food finally arrived, the kid fell on it with great glee, and pronounced it wonderful. That's all: nothing spectacular, nothing of lasting literary significance—Judith simply displayed an ability to mollify an infuriated six-year-old. And I'm not even really sure why I'm telling you about it...except that Luanna, who has since changed her name to Terri and gone off to college at the University of Victoria, remembers the event, and Judith, with total clarity and fondness. And has no recollection whatsoever of the half-hour birthday conversation she had on the phone, a few months later, with some old guy named Heinlein. (And she still loves Japanese food.)

Last month I was Toastmaster for the 50th—that's right, the 50th!—World Science Fiction Convention, in Orlando. Six thousand people attended—Respectability and Profitability indeed! Among the attendees were most of the surviving members of First Fandom, those who started the whole tradition of Worldcons in 1939, and most of the professionals currently working in the field. Knowing that I would be speaking at this tribute tonight, I spent what little time my Toastmaster duties left me buttonholing pros and Big Name Fans who had been contemporaries of Judith, and asking them for Judith Merrill stories—ideally funny ones.

I received dozens—and to my mild astonishment, 50% of them were

either unflattering or uncomplimentary—or were perceived as such by the teller. Almost no one wanted to be quoted. "Oh, I've got a great story—but you can't use it." I heard enough juicy gossip to curl my hair—and found an interesting pattern emerge.

One story resurfaced a dozen times, for instance. A number of American pros and fans went to Loncon II, the second Worldcon to be held outside the US, in London, England in 1965, and Judith was asked to speak there. Several people told me of the deep embarrassment and anger they felt when she delivered a speech that amounted to an apology for America, and its involvement in Viet Nam.

I began checking, without letting myself be caught at it. None of the people who told me that story *now* believed that the United States should have been in Viet Nam in '65; at this point they probably would have agreed with Judith's speech. Yet they were all still mad at her for having made it then, for embarrassing them and their British hosts. The war itself hadn't embarrassed them, only a sincere apology for it.

Several other recurring stories fit the same mold: angry memories of Judith as a dangerous political radical, for having held and espoused opinions *which the speaker now held*.

And all the other stories that kept recurring, that were not political in nature, were sexual in nature...

Several people, for instance, made snickering reference to a question often asked in sf circles in the 50s and 60s: "Have you been *anthologized* by Judith Merrill yet?"

What these anecdotes all amounted to, I found, was that Judith Merrill was a sexually liberated woman before there was even a name for that. And even though such behavior now not only has a name, but is considered by polite society as acceptable behavior

for a "respectable" woman, most of the people who recounted her exploits of those days to me could not shake their no longer valid but nonetheless longheld distaste for her nerve in doing such things before there was a climate of opinion to accommodate it. Dammit, the woman simply had a helluva nerve, having more fun than I did!

Not all of those who spoke to me were judgmental. Ben Bova, for instance, who came up in sf a generation *after* Judith, told many of the same sorts of stories, but with fondness, humor, and obvious affection. The general trend was this: the younger the writer, the more recent his or her entry into the field, the more likely they were to have warm and flattering things to say about Judith. I wish it were possible to assemble at a single convention all of the *Canadian* sf professionals, and ask them for Judith stories—I am intuitively certain that they all have at least one, and I'm sure a higher percentage would be fondly recalled. It is one of the many ironies about Judith, that in a country which prides itself on rugged individualism, she seems to have established a reputation as *too* ruggedly individual—while here in a society which prizes peace, order, and calm, she has come to be seen as a pillar of the literary establishment, a welcomed enabler for an entire generation of wild-eyed dreamers. Not, mind you, that she has lost any of her gadfly nature, her iconoclasm, or her enormous talent for shit-disturbing—ask any member of the Writers Union of Canada. (Listen, this woman is one of the few people ever to have successfully sued Harlan Ellison!) But she picks her fights, these days, and makes more friends than enemies in the process.

Two of Ben's stories involved his friend and mine, the late Dr. Isaac Asimov, and I will repeat them here

since I find them funny:

Isaac and Judith were both at the same party in New York, and Isaac had, as was his invariant habit, been flirting outrageously with the ladies, boasting loudly and extravagantly of his sexual prowess. Everyone knew that Asimov was the most harmless of wolves and faithful of husbands. He and Judith left separately, but chanced to meet on the street outside the party—whereupon Judith, with a wicked gleam in her eyes, braced him and said, "Well, Isaac, you've been talking big all night: the answer is *yes*. Your place or mine?" and took him by the collar. According to Isaac, he disappeared into the subway so fast he created a sonic boom...

Another time Isaac was sitting at the head table at some convention banquet, and the Toastmaster pointed out to the crowd a famous writer sitting in the audience, who, he said, "had just been anthologized by Judith

Merril." Ben and Isaac knew that Judith and that writer had just concluded a passionate affair—and Isaac, not realizing his mike was live, muttered, "Euphemisms, always euphemisms!" The house came down, and Ben choked on his ice water...

Jay Kay Klein, the photographer of science fiction, is not a notoriously eloquent man; his poetry is expressed with his camera lens. But I will use his words to close this. He was there for the early days of the Futurian Society. I remember him looking down and to the left, the way you do when rummaging through old visual memories, and saying, with an odd wistfulness, "Judith was not pretty. But through sheer force of personality she exuded something, some quality that drew men to her like butterflies to a flower filled with nectar. Twenty-five years before women's liberation, she was a forceful woman on her own. She was the Woman of the Future, twenty-five

years before women, even women who *thought* about the future, thought they had one."

I am honored and proud to be a part of this tribute to the Woman of the Future. She is far more than merely a national treasure. She is a planetary treasure. The one common writer's ailment she has apparently never suffered is carpal tunnel vision. So long as she is loose in the world, with a typewriter and a telephone, no bullshit anywhere is safe. And her typewriter has recently been upgraded with seats and an airbag...

Without her, neither science fiction nor Canadian science fiction nor Canadian literature nor the world at large would exist in their present form. Whatever we may make in the future of the start she gave us, we who care about Canadian fantasy and science fiction may take some small comfort in being able to say that it is, at least to an extent, all *her* fault.



Paper Marriage by Brian Aldiss

Tribute to Judith Merril

by Samuel R. Delany

Traditionally "tribute" is what we pay to those who have conquered. And in the case of art, such conquest is presumed a happy thing.

The first work by Judy I read—and they wholly conquered me—was the Gunner Cade novel she wrote in collaboration with Cyril Kornbluth, under their collaborative pseudonym, Cyril Judd. Brutal and authority-fixated Cade's transformation, as he learns compassion, to understand human rights, and a higher sense of ethics, was as powerful to me as a thirteen-year-old reader as anything I'd read. Then an adolescent friend, more aware of the workings of the science fiction world than I, explained to me that Cyril Judd was, indeed, a shared pen-name. Immediately I hunted up stories by both writers.

I found them.

And I didn't like them—what thirteen-year-old reader would? For both writers, on their own, were working in the front rank of the genre, producing the most mature and measured work—and in Kornbluth's case, the most mordantly satirical work as well—of the day. I was, after all, only thirteen.

When I came back to Merril's stories, however, as a reader on the slightly saner side of twenty-one, I began to see how extraordinary these stories were and how much—especially Merril's, for all their imaginative material—they clung to the

nuance and articulation of the real and recognizable world.

For Merril's science fiction purposely eschewed the luxuriant exotica promising the adolescent mind the longed-for, and often needed, escape for which science fiction is so notorious. Rather, here were a progression of sentences as clean and as balanced as sentences could be in the English of that decade, totally dedicated to the precise evocation of their object. And they were wielded together into deeply wise stories, like "Peeping Tom" (1954), and into the wonderfully moving ones, like "Dead Center" (1954).

"James James Morrison Morrison
Weatherbee George Dupree
Took great care of his mother
though he was only three."

My own mother had read me that A. A. Milne poem many, many times; perhaps there was no way I could fail to identify, then, with six-year-old Toby, the bright, articulate child who views the desperate action around his father, the stranded astronaut, Jock Kruger, and his mother, the engineer, Ruth. But I point out that when it was first published, "Dead Center" was chosen for the prestigious Martha Foley Best Short Stories of 1954 anthology—the only story from the science fiction community to be so honored. I reread the tale last night. Its accuracy and its orchestration sounded out as truly and as tragically as they did in the year of its writing.

Some time later, Merril would begin a glitteringly incisive essay on the SF writer Theodore Sturgeon, with the ringing constative: "The man has style..."

But one need only read a page of that same essay, or, indeed, practically any of her other works to realize (as an English friend of mine put it when, to his delight, I first passed him the

piece): "So has the lady...!"

For Merril was reconquering me—like a general who, having swept the land in one direction, sweeps back, securing this or that stronghold on the way, reinforcing this or that border.

Many people have written about science fiction. But few have written about it as continuously and as intelligently as Merril. Because we are writers, our major life experiences are often caught between the covers of a book. It was my first visit to the Milford Science Fiction Conference (which Merril had helped found, with writers Damon Knight and James Blish). Gracious and generous Kate Wilhelm had let me sleep in one of the empty rooms occupied during the school year by one of her adolescent sons, on the top floor of the cavernous Anchorage where the conferences then met. My first afternoon I had walked into the workshop and found myself confronted by more of my fellow SF practitioners than I'd ever realized could occupy a single room. But now both the workshop and the socializing were over. And I was attempting to get to sleep—and, with the excitement of the day, finding it impossible. That year, Merril was not in attendance at the conference—perhaps the only disappointment for me that extraordinary week. But now I decided, as so many sleepless readers, sleepless writers have done, to step outside and find myself a book.

On the hall shelf, I saw a row of volumes—the Merril Year's Best Science Fiction anthologies, unto the first paperback. I was familiar with them—had read in one or two before. Now I pulled one out at random—then two more—and went back to my room. The Year's Best anthologies were extraordinary. That the selection of the stories was excellent and imaginative goes without saying. But science fiction, in those years, was a



genre with almost no historiography. So Merrill had taken it upon herself to create one. The stories were embedded in commentary, forward and behind. These mini-essays were accounts of current politics, science, and the ways the stories responded to both. And that night, somewhat to my surprise, I—who prided myself on never reading an introduction before I'd read the book—found myself reading along through Merrill's commentary to the tales, first to last.

Then I was back in the hallway to get more volumes. I read no fiction that night. But I read the introductions and the commentary and the conclusions from all eight volumes published till that date. When I'd finished, outside the screen window beyond the maple leaves, the September sky had gone from black to indigo. But as I finally drifted off, I did so with the troubling realization that, before I had gone through this material, even though I had been reading science fiction since I was a child, even though I'd now published a handful of novels in the genre, I simply had not known anything of my genre's history and present reality.

And now I did.

What's more, as I have written many times, and told many students who have come to me to learn about science fiction, and will repeat here: without reading that meticulously wrought, incredibly economic, and brilliantly ranging commentary from those volumes, there is no way to know the genre for those years.

A few years later, when I'd met Judy and we'd become friends, I dropped in on her at the hotel where, with her young then-secretary, James Sallis, she was working on the notes to what would be the last of those anthologies, *SF-12*. There I got some idea of the endless succession of eighteen- and twenty-hour days that went into the commentary to those vol-

umes. Merrill's criticism of the genre has not been collected. And that means we, who still work in that genre, do so more or less blind to a whole aspect of our history and our reality. And I can not say how much I hope that lack will be soon mended.

As a writer, Judy had to struggle under one of the greatest curses that can befall one. From time to time she has balked at it. More often, she's accepted it with humorous good will. But let me interject here that when I was taking the local transport service to Bradley Airport this morning to be here in Toronto tonight, I found myself sitting next to a professor far better known in academia than I shall ever be, who explained during our polite conversation that she was teaching a course on Women and the Body. When, to her friendly inquiry as to what I did, I told her I wrote science fiction, she told me: "We use some science fiction in my course."

"Judith Merrill's 'That Only a Mother'" I asked.

"Why, yes!" she said. "However did you know?"

For despite the critical approbation of Merrill's later works—and the fact that inarguably other stories have outstripped it in art, imaginative strength, and insight—her first sold science fiction tale, "That Only a Mother" (1947), became an instant classic. It was, and probably still is with some readers, her best known piece—though the upsurge of feminist interest during the seventies and eighties has thrown a warm and luminous light over those longer and richer tales such as "Daughters of Earth" and "Shrine of Temptation." And that's something those of us who love her work can only welcome.

Still, the encounter with Professor Daphne Patai this morning stuck me as the fondest of ironies and, at once, only fitting it should take place as I was on my way to this happy, happy

tribute.

As you might gather, I have been deeply lucky in that Judith Merrill, the name on the spine of the anthologies, the name on the early novel and the collection of her own stories, *Shadow on the Hearth* and *The Tomorrow People*, somehow made the transition—one I've found again and again astonishing—to my friend, Judy.

It's my critical position that the best science fiction has import far beyond the borders of the genre—or of the ghetto, as it's sometimes styled—even while a rich and informed reading of it requires a great deal of understanding of what life in the ghetto is all about.

Merrill's fiction is inchoate to the extra-generic import the best science fiction has established, as her criticism sustains the possibility of a sophisticated access to the genre's richness.

Merrill's work after her science fiction and science fiction criticism expanded to an astute exploration throughout society and technology. Two years ago, she came to the University of Massachusetts where she gave the best attended talk in the Comparative Literature Department we had ever sponsored, on the concept of Gaia and world-ecological consciousness.

I am conquered and—yes—happily so.

Judy—thank you!





Mission: Implausible

by Charles Platt

When Judith Merrill came to London in the 1960s, she did so with the strength and purpose of an explorer opening up a primitive continent. She surveyed the terrain and identified the major point of literary interest as London's Notting Hill area, where Michael Moorcock was editing and self-publishing *New Worlds* magazine, and I was doing the production and design. She set up camp in a nice little apartment nearby and she commissioned some scouts to round up the best British science fiction for her annual anthology (which was the most influential in the field) and for an original collection titled (alas) *England Swings SF*.

Thus did she give beads to the natives (many, many beads by our miserable impoverished British standards), and she packed up our humbly crafted native work and shipped it back to the USA, establishing an export market for which British writers such as myself have been grateful ever since.

In fact, she invented the term "New Wave," and she gave it an identity that it never really had before. She alone had the objectivity to see it from the outside, as a defined entity rather than just some uneven, miscellaneous short stories written by a bunch of malcontents.

I was a callow lad in those days, and I remember how cowed I was by her presence. Here was a woman who did things that no British woman in history had ever dared to do. She wore backless

dresses at convention room parties, and she *edited science fiction!*

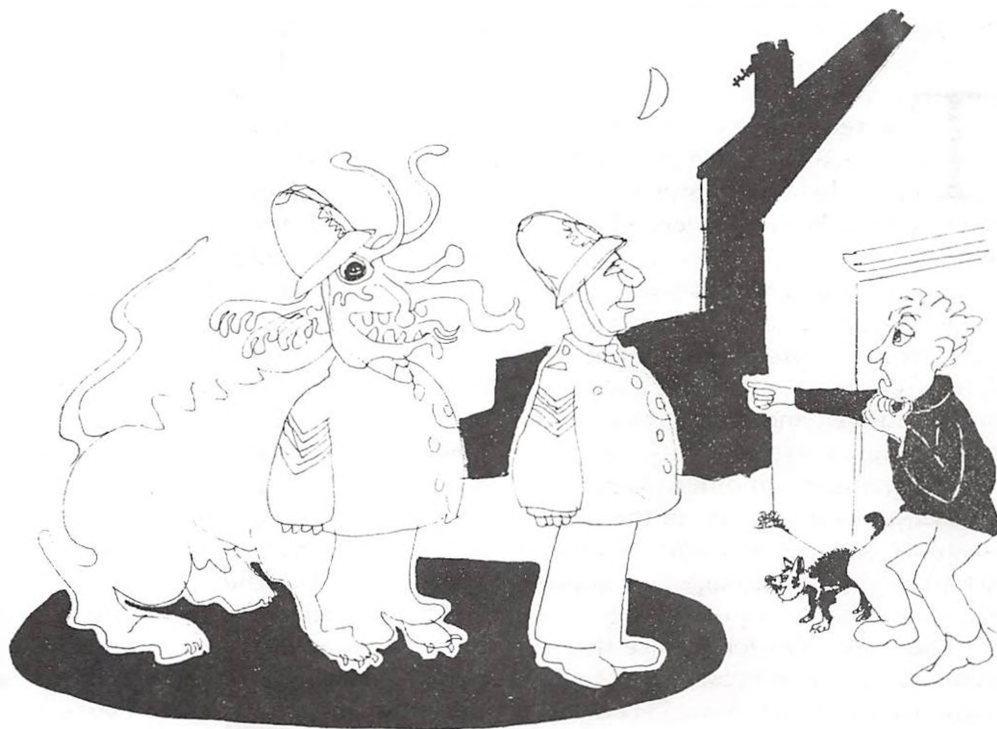
After a while, like any explorer, Judy got restless. She left England and moved to Toronto, where she somehow acquired a key role in a so-called free university. I visited it in 1969 and found that the students had been given unrestricted use of an entire modern high-rise building, as some kind of "social experiment." Outside the building, teenagers smoked the inevitable dope while strumming the inevitable guitars, singing "The Times They Are A-Changin'," surrounding by vast piles of odd-shaped wooden parts which turned out to be from pianos that had been obsessively disassembled by campus speed freaks. Meanwhile, Judy's lovely daughter, Ann, did voluntary work in the busy VD clinic, and Judy herself presided over a science-fiction library.

I was amazed. It seemed bizarre enough that the university had sur-

rendered its building to hordes of drug-crazed, fornicating hippies. But it was even more incredible that Judy had persuaded the authorities to cough up real money for a vast collection of science-fiction books. Nothing like this had ever been done before.

Well, it's the nineties, now, and the free university is long gone. But the Toronto science-fiction library lives on, and of course others like it have been established in various parts of the world. Let us remember that Judy did it first; and from these anecdotes, I hope it becomes clear that she is a formidable woman who has had an amazing capacity to achieve things which other people thought were implausible or even impossible. Moreover, she did it with grace, style, and good humor.

I look forward to finding out what else she's been doing during the last couple of decades. I have a feeling the story won't be dull.



Close Encounters of the Blurred Kind by Brian Aldiss
JUDITH MERRIL



Three Improbable Futures

by Judith Merril

"Tell me," the man said, "about women in the future."

"That's an interesting question," said I.

"What predictions would you make?" he asked.

"None. I have a lot of questions, though. For instance—" I went on, at length.

"You see," he said, "you do have some predictions."

"Speculations," I said. "And questions."

"Then, just write down some speculations—"

The reason I have no predictions is the same reason that people expect me to have them: I am a Woman Science Fiction Writer.

Science fiction writers (we'll get to the woman part later) do occasionally make accurate predictions about the future. We read each other's stories, build on them, and then have to find something different to sell the next story. Given enough different guesses on the same subject, one of them just might be right—especially when they are well-educated, disciplined guessers.

There are rules for science fiction guessing. You don't just say, "Maybe there are people on Mars." You say, "If there are people on Mars, then—"

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Then how did they get there? Are they natives or visitors? What do they breathe? How? What do they eat? Do they have to eat? Do they need water?

When you have asked enough such questions and selected enough guess-answers to make a coherent pattern, you can start thinking about what's happening to those people that would make an interesting story.

On the way you might have to ask, "What's *people*?" A certain shape, a certain chemistry, a certain genetic inheritance, a certain set of behavior patterns? Is an intelligent three-legged, five-antennaed fuzzball "people"? Is a creature born of human woman, but biologically engineered for survival on Mars, "people"?

So what's a "woman"? A human who wears a skirt and has long hair? (Don't laugh. It wasn't so long ago.) A human with breasts and a vagina? (What about sex-change operations?) A human born with double-X chromosomes? (Again: what about sex-change operations?) An adult human capable of conceiving and bearing a child (Me, I'm past the menopause.) Mother? Wife? Daughter? What?

No absolutes. Try a relativistic approach. In any given human society, some people assume certain roles, functions and appearances that identify them as groups. In most human societies, at most times in history, in

most parts of the world, the roles, functions and appearances that have identified women have derived from the expectation that women would serve the survival needs of the society by bearing and nurturing children. The roles, functions and appearances of men have been more varied, since they were determined by the physical environment—that is, by the characteristics needed to protect the women and children from surrounding dangers, and to secure food and supplies that would be difficult for children or childbearing (in belly or on back) women to get for themselves.

Today our society contains few (predictable) physical dangers except those that humans (mostly men) have created in the course of what we once considered the Noble Conquest of Nature. The special characteristics of people able to solve problems of pollution, inequitable distribution, energy consumption, ecological imbalance and so forth, are not readily apparent as masculine traits. The other big problem is overpopulation: so the most feminine of traits, motherhood, is not so noble anymore either.

None of the traditional roles, functions or appearances suits our survival needs today. What does? What will?

In a world where the prime biologic function is no longer the social imperative, what will a "woman" be? How will she look, think, feel, interact? What will she do, make, want?

I have guessed at three of many possible futures. I've called them "improbable," not because anything in any of these futures seems unlikely to me, but because none of the scenarios I dreamed up to get from here to there seems very probable. (Except perhaps for Number Two—and I'd rather not believe that!)

What will *really* happen? Build your own future.



Woman as boss

1 Women will take over the management of public affairs—government, industry, finance, education and science. A few exceptionally talented men will, of course, have distinguished careers in the arts, a few more who learn to “think like women” will achieve good positions in the professions and even in business management. But males will be considered too emotional to be included in top level decision-making processes.

Authoritarian figureheads, feather-preening protocol and military-muscle-flexing will disappear, replaced by study groups, discussion and debate. Polished techniques of tactical trade-off and advantage-accounting will bring bargaining out of the back rooms.

Nation-states will fall before considerations of planetary economy and ecology. All weapons of mass destruction will be destroyed, and armies replaced with a unified and powerful police force. Production priorities will be reoriented toward higher health and safety standards and a more orderly and plentiful distribution of the basic necessities of nurture and shelter. Aggressive consumer education programs will restrict fashions in clothing, housing, entertainment and transportation to more practical and uniform modes.

Privacy, exclusivity, and individualism in lifestyles and living arrangements will become less important than comfortable domestic situations and communicative relationships. Most women will reject permanent mating bonds based on sexual considerations in favor of domestic companionships based on common tastes and congenial divisions of labor with one or more women or men. Those who choose to become mothers will usually elect membership in some sort of mothers' commune or extended family. The nuclear family will virtually disappear.

Research in biology and life science generally will replace the former scientific emphasis on physics and chemistry. Genetics will be the glamour field, leading to techniques of single-sex reproduction, embryo transplants, “test tube babies”, fertility control, or any other approaches to the goal of making both conception and physical child-bearing entirely a matter of choice for each woman.

The central symbols and icons of art, religion and myth will move away from images related to genital sexuality and orgasmic intercourse toward those concerned with fertility, nurture and generalized whole-body sensuality.

Woman as barefoot

2 Women everywhere will resume their historic pre-industrial roles as bearers and sucklers of children, as horticulturalists, healers and herbalists, as spinners and weavers, fire-tenders, quilt-makers, seamstresses and servers.

They will need, seek, and (usually) receive protective custody from men who will accept full responsibility for all dangerous and venturesome encounters with the physical environment (hunting, mining, levelling, exploring), and for securing, or extending, the territory of the family, group, town or tribe.

Women in this society will respect themselves and other women, and be honored by men, in direct proportion to their proven abilities at childbirth, nurturing and warmth-giving. Some of the most fortunately endowed genetically will be able to attain comparative wealth, comfort, idleness, and possibly even influence, by learning the arts and sciences of seduction and sexuality. But most “goodwives” will recognize the value of voluntary chastity as the price of the protection provided for them and their children by proud and jealous men. These women will regard sexuality primarily as a necessary prelude to maternity. They will guard their daughters' virginity zealously to ensure prestigious and powerful protectors for their grandchildren. They will gratify their sensual needs through contact with children and grandchildren, and through the tactile pleasures of the immediate environment: earth, sun, food, flowers, fabrics and furnishings, emollients and essences.

Those few equally well-endowed with intellect, longevity and luck will eventually become recognized and revered (or feared) as Wise Women (or as witches) after menopause. In some regions a priestess caste ministering to a female-principle earth-religion may gradually reassert itself.

Woman as equal

3 Women will be stronger, healthier, handsomer, more self-confident. They will decide on jobs, homes, studies, sports, clothing, hobbies, as well as friends, lovers, mates and children, in accordance with their talents, tastes, and largely self-selected training. They will probably have more formal education, and certainly many more varied and extensive work and leisure skills. Opportunities for advancement, prestige or self-expression will, as ever, be limited by environmental and genetic factors, but not by sex roles.

Those who wish to be employed in paying jobs will work shorter hours and receive equal pay for equal work. A government-guaranteed subsistence plan, through which all basic human services are distributed to *every citizen of any age or sex* will make paid jobs a true option, providing for the pursuit of personal interests or selected luxuries.

There will be fewer and healthier children, since citizenship will be available only for approved childbirths, and child care will be recognized as a prime responsibility of society, a paid job of particular importance requiring special training and high qualifications. Thus, those who undertake the nurture and social education of small children (their “own” or others—children, being free citizens, will not be “owned”) will earn extra economic freedom as well as high esteem. For many people, of course, neither child care nor other paid work will be attractive, and they may choose to make their minimum social contribution as theoretical scientists, gymnasts, housekeepers, computer programmers, farmers, or any other congenial part-time occupation. Most will choose to lead quite varied social, intellectual, esthetic, sexual and domestic lives.

Since adolescents will be free of family conflicts (being citizens entitled to all basic human services), most of the emotional and psychiatric problems familiar today will disappear—as will religions based on Mother or Father images. Adults will be less dependent on, and less competitive with, members of their own sex and less hostile to (or tyrannized by, or submissive to) members of the opposite sex. Since there will be no reason to fear either the authority or responsibility of old people, aging women will for the first time not be alienated from society in any way.

She inherits the earth

1 The conflicts now raging in society remain unresolved. Special interest groups (manufacturers, pensioners, women, unions, youth, native peoples, national governments, religious sects, racists, multinational corporations, consumers, community organizations, environmentalists, business bureaucrats) continue to press for every conceivable advantage. Problems of inflation, recession, population growth, energy shortage, famine, drought, pollution, poverty, and politics are so intermeshed that no super-plan applies to all, and every patch applied in one spot creates a new crack in another.

Buy! Buy! BUY! Ever-more-frantic pressure for economic growth blows up the precarious credit bubble at last. Recession becomes depression. With unemployment at an all-time high, the still predominantly masculine-conservative decision-makers initiate loud media campaigns and quiet legislation to get women out of the labor force and back into their kitchens. It worked after the Second World War, but now there are too many young women who have grown up with a sense of independence and self-sufficiency, and enough older women who have acquired prestige and power too painfully to surrender so easily: women with managerial experience, technical know-how, communications skills and muscular determination.

In Canada, the Women's Party mobilizes the female vote and elects a Women's Government with an overwhelming majority. Most other industrialized countries experience similar overthrows, peaceably or through the use of guns, cooking skewers, and seizure of control centers.

The Women's Governments declare a worldwide state of emergency, and invite properly credentialed female ambassadors of all nations to meet with them to renegotiate international treaties and agreements. Capitalist countries nationalize basic industries and services. In socialist countries, the male bureaucracies of all vital secretariats are purged. Early efforts to include cooperative men at decision-making levels are abandoned when it becomes clear that the vanity and emotionalism of male participants makes sensible discourse in consensus committees impossible.

International terrorism, national bankruptcies, regional famines and resources depletions, plus the manipulations of multinational corporations and the intrigues and intercessions of weakening superpowers finally explode into global warfare, constantly hovering on the brink of nuclear war.

Men fly off to gore and glory and women are "liberated" again, pressed into service in revitalized war industries, with equal pay for equal work—and this time actually equal work, oil drilling, administering, accounting, toolmaking; gaining managerial, technical, financial, communications, and even some military expertise. And this time, when rations get too short and casualty lists too long, the wives and mothers stop signing petitions and join the radical feminists.

In Canada, a coalition that includes IODE, Voice of Women, the Mother-Led Union, the Executive Secretaries' Association, lesbians, consumer groups and students, sweeps out the masculine-militarist government. Similar rebellions occur on all sides of the complex military situation. Predominantly male armed services scattered in combat areas around the world are cut off from their supply bases and soon subdued by (local male) auxiliary police acting under the authority of the Unified Public Force.



She is fruitful and multiplies

2 World population continues to grow unchecked. The 'developed' nations manage to prune their populations, but continue to burn up global supplies of fossil fuels and protein.

Famine and fury around the world result in a DEW Line monitored, nuke-sub patrolled Fortress North America. But when pestilence follows famine, it creeps across the borders (in an inadequately sterilized oil drum, in the intestines of a careless returning military attaché on the winds, in the rain), and even North American medical facilities cannot cope with a plague to which no one on the continent has any acquired immunity.

Certain foreign powers, foreseeing famine and pestilence in their own lands, determine that the desperate gamble of nuclear warfare is the better choice. All over the world, populations are reduced to straggling groups of those who have survived burns, blasts and radiation disease. Even North American civil defense and medical know-how cannot cope.

Back to pioneer or (depending on how much accessible technology has survived) even Stone Age conditions, and the prime directive of scarcity: *Be fruitful and multiply!* Woman's first, holiest and most essential function is to bear children and to rear as many as possible through the perils of infancy and misadventures of childhood. In the inevitable male/female division of labor, the men get muscles, wounds, weapons and sudden glamorous death; the women get bloody, dirty, dragged out, and die of postpuerperal fever. Which side inherits the mythic powers depends mostly on whether male potency or female fertility shows to best advantage in a particular physical environment.



She wastes not, wants not

3 The (Canadian) future is unfolding as it should. Increasing pressures from environmental groups, citizens' organizations, native peoples' and women's movements gradually alter governmental priorities for natural (and human) resources. At the same time, the deteriorating world economic situation makes self-sufficiency more attractive than foreign-trade-oriented development.

The government institutes an official Energy and Resources Budget. Available energy is allocated in accordance with the new "UP" formula—a measurement of utility against pollution. Resources are hoarded in the books and circuits of vast bureaucracies of accountants and computer programmers. Electric toothbrushes, junk foods and automatic-defrost refrigerators are struck from the budget. Licenses for the operation of private automobiles in urban areas are restricted to public service personnel (doctors, plumbers, police, etc); the used car market will supply rural transportation for years to come, and automobile plants retool to produce trolleys, trains and bicycles. Newspapers are cut to half size as advertisers are required to satisfy an UP formula that measures woodpulp-for-newsprint against useful-public-information. New sources of energy may be developed only from renewable non-polluting sources.

The gradual reduction of pollution levels in air, water and soil, together with ERB bans on the production of anti-nutrition food products and many laborsaving conveniences (power mowers, dishwashers, golf carts, etc.) combine to produce an upturn in health and fitness statistics. The Ministries of Health and Welfare, Environment and Education are merged into a computerized Federal Health and Environment Service, that works closely with the ERB, Maintaining medical and other personal development records for all citizens, and monitoring them constantly against environmental statistics and health services in each locality.

Population, of course, is a vital component of the ERB, and one of the first basic human services to be freely distributed by government is birth control assistance. This includes contraceptive devices, sterilization and abortion procedures, along with training in techniques on non-genital sexuality. Within a few years, all basic human needs are brought under the new Basic Human Services program, and an equitable distribution of minimum subsistence requirements is assured to all citizens. BHS industries—food production, transport, water, energy, and health services—are gradually nationalized.

The considerable surplus of natural resources and raw materials in Canada, and of energy as well (after the initial austerity, research, and retooling period), forms a lucrative base for foreign trade. Automated production, combined with the change from consumerism to conserverism, reduces the number of genuinely necessary work hours to a point where only a small part of the total available labor force can be employed, but a variety of public works projects are maintained for those who wish (for psychological or economic reasons) to work at formal paid jobs.

In the third generation of this idyll, when all options described in *Improbable Future Number Three* are fully available to all women and men, the adolescents emerging into adulthood may be sufficiently free of hand-me-down conditioning so that people might begin to find answers to questions like, "What's a woman?"

With total freedom of choice, will most women still find nurturing functions of some kind the most gratifying? (Will most men still need to test themselves some way in combat?) Will limitations on childbirth frustrate women or free them? Is it social conditioning or a genetic tie-up with ovaries and mammaries that makes most women gentler, less authoritarian, more humanly perceptive than most men today? Will full and free participation by women in the halls of power change the structure of those halls?

Tune in next century....

Space is Sparse

by Judith Merrill

S p a c e is sparse
planets are profligate
peripatetic
s p a c e soundless
sad?
separate
perhaps
a planet will have
plants plains palaces plateaus plates plots
perambulators
planets swim in solar s p a c e
soliloquize
plantains pearls pastorales petroleum plums purple
penicillin
palominos
people.
Planets
prop up petrels planes and parachutes
proliferate peasantry protozoa pasturage pestilence
pallbearers
paleontology
people
on planets pop up
past all the panic planet pageantry—
plinths plazas pampas patios palms poles poplars—
pop!
poppoppoppoppopulating
pristine parsecs of sane
silent
sanitary
s p a c e .

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Afterword

by Judith Merril

This is the afterword to Ark of Ice, an anthology of Canadian SF edited by Leslie Choyce.

Once upon a time, in the shining years of the youth movements, the time of turning on and tuning in, the days of draft dodgers and deserters and Fuller domes, first moon landings, and Whole Earth Catalogs, there was a high rise building in Toronto called Rochdale College: a "free university", student-owned and run, dedicated to a concept of education that had everything to do with learning and almost nothing to do with teaching. The elder members, like me—anyone over 35 was an elder—were not Professors, but "Resource Persons". It was a good place to be, for a while; and of course, it lasted only a short while. But for a few years, Rochdale was a moiling boiling collective center for people—artists, social scientists, planners, politicians—trying to create (yes!) a truly new world order, to carve the future to a shape and in a substance better suited to the planet and its humans than the painful present we were experiencing, let alone what we knew of the past.

Most of the people at Rochdale read science fiction.

The Rochdale building is now a senior citizens' residence, and I, for one, am now a senior citizen. The Space Race fell off

the pop charts long before the US-USSR wargames (and the Soviet Union itself) collapsed, and the liberation generation students of the 60s and 70s are now mostly struggling with middle-age middle-class mortgages and migraines. The new youth are addicted to nostalgia instead of novelty, and prefer medieval fantasy to speculative future fiction.

The future seems to be on hold.

I came to Rochdale in 1968 from a fairly cushy spot in the world of US science fiction—a world that was just then in the process of exploding out of a dirty-little-genre ghetto into both literary and commercial respectability. I came to Rochdale, and for that matter to Canada, for the same reason I have invested the largest part of my adult life in speculative fiction: I wanted to change the world.

I still want to change the world. We are supposed to get over that as we "mature." Perhaps I just got old without maturing. (No mortgages, no migraines.) The longer I live, the more urgently, the more thoroughly the world seems to need changing—in wider, deeper and more demanding dimensions. At thirteen, when this lifelong obsession was just seizing upon me, I had sure simplistic/socialist goals of reshaping the political economy, establishing social justice and eliminating war as a game for powerfreaks and hunger as a byproduct of profiteering. At thirty, I was beginning to think it might be at least as urgent to open our eyes and mouths and bodies to sensory awareness and full communication potentials. At sixty, I was no longer willing to indulge in triage politics and sociology: all logic insists that food for the belly



Fritz Leiber and Judith Merril



comes first; yet people still die of hunger for love, dignity, "honor" and simple human contact; still others are killed for refusing to starve, or suppress, their minds.

Now I approach three-score-and-ten, and in the past decade many of us Earthlings have come to understand that all our hungers, honors and ailments may be irrelevant in view of the damage inflicted by humanity on Gaia, the earth, the planet from which our very lives derive, and without which we can not as yet survive.

Somewhere in this progression, I seem to have lost the personal compulsion to make my statement through science fiction. Perhaps it was just the suspicion that any medium both profitable and respectable can hardly be subversive. Perhaps the fancy-dress, the masque, or fiction now seems too frivolous: we are living in truly terrifying times, where utopias become literally inconceivable and the visibility ahead is closing down to zero.

Many—most—of my generation of science fiction writers seem to have succumbed to the same malaise. Some of the best have moved to writing (splendid, and sometimes, some ways, still speculative) mainstream mimetic fiction; others have turned clear around to write (clever, delightful) historical "what-if's." Most, sadly, have acceded to the bottom-line blandishments of mass-market publication and now write endless formularized sequels, sets, and set-in-the-world-of read-alikes.

The future is on hold?

Not quite.

This Ark of Ice has no solutions, few fine visions or vistas; but it is blessedly full of the seeds of discontent, of finely visualized delineations of problems for which we have little or no precedent and small scope for understanding. Some of these stories are simply refinements of by-now "standards" of SF, but many others are probing attempts to expose new realities at the center of life-and-death decisions we must, very soon, find the energy and acumen to deal with.

The questions that come at us here have much to do with biotechnology, the new or imminent ethics and practices that relate to birth and death and sustenance in a changed and changing set of ecological equations. But, equally, they deal

with the technology—both electronic and psychological—of control and decision-making. And, finally, with the act of perception itself: how do we penetrate the multi-veils of illusion (education, media, tradition, authority, sciencism, mysticism, high-tech glitz) so as to perceive the (real?) problems?

If future fiction cannot, or does not, at this juncture show us a way forward, perhaps it can at least illuminate some barriers and byways: point us toward explorations of new paths to hope—or to as-yet-undefined hazards.

Unless we can find and move through or around the obstacles we have set in the paths we already know, the future will no longer be on hold; it will be out of service.



So Passes an Ancient and Powerful Dynasty by Brian Aldiss

JUDITH MERRIL



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Design by Joey Zone



H. G. Wells: A Introduction

by Barnaby Rapoport

His scientific romances were the first ray of his dawning fame—and they would be the last ray of the sunset, if they were in danger of fading. It's hard to imagine now, but at one time he was the most famous and influential writer in the world. His every essay was syndicated in newspapers worldwide. He could initiate and control giant movie projects. *The Outline of History* sold two million copies in hardcover. He travelled around the world lecturing governments. He could interview Roosevelt and Stalin as an equal. You can measure the impact by the fallout: his name is still universally recognized.

It wasn't an accident that H.G. Wells was the cover star of the first issue of *Amazing Stories*, the first science fiction magazine: he had created its audience. But *Amazing* is the start of science fiction's own history of itself, so it's inevitable, however wrong, that he seems prehistoric, an antique up in our dusty attic along with Jules Verne and *The Coming Race*. His influence on sf is still vast, even if we don't perceive the source. As a popularizer of science and history, a mass-media success, an advocate of reason, and an inspiring prophet of the future, he was the obvious role model for Robert A.

Heinlein, Arthur C. Clarke and Isaac Asimov. He may have given Heinlein the idea to write sf: like Heinlein, Wells was forced to quit his chosen profession, teaching, by illness and turned to writing because he was desperate for money. Heinlein himself cited *When the Sleeper Wakes* as the model of what an sf novel should be.

After his initial success with sf, Wells wrote iconoclastic mainstream and non-fiction bestsellers that made him even more popular and, finally, devoted his career to propagating his vision of the future. The politics in science fiction are a history of elaborations on and reactions against this vision, an abundant world-wide socialism made possible by scientific progress and its technological elites, where nation-states and war wouldn't exist and humanity would be emancipated from all taboo and tradition. This is the origin of all those automated societies and ruling councils in

early sf, and the implicit baseline against which are defined all the current disputes in sf, on war and economics, equality and progress. In the same way that so many of sf's archetypes originate in Wells' work, Wells-the-celebrity left many ideas and phrases in the public world, from "The War to End All War" to "The New World Order". They lie around anonymously on the mental landscape, deposited at random by the receding tide of Wells' fame.

Reading his many biographies, it's surprising to recognize how much of a sf person Wells was, in his life-long self-education, his cheerful hedonism, his passion for war games, his feuds with other writers such as Shaw and Belloc. He isn't an ancestor, he's one of us. He should be accepted as such. His career is still the greatest intervention by sf into the outside world.



Tea for Two by Brian Aldiss



Introduction to H.G. Wells' *The Island of Doctor Moreau*

by Brian Aldiss

This is from the forthcoming edition to be published by the Everyman's Library.

On that special bookshelf reserved for tales of people shipwrecked on desert islands, none is more sinister and compelling than H.G. Wells' *The Island of Doctor Moreau*. It competes in abiding interest with other durables on that shelf, Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, and William Golding's *The Lord of the Flies*. Much like its neighbors, *Moreau* is a morality play. Jorge Luis Borges called it "an atrocious miracle."

In the course of a long and controversial career, Herbert George Wells (1866-1946) published over one hundred books. *Moreau* comes very early in the canon. It was published by William Heinemann in 1896, when Wells was thirty years old and in ill health. His wonderful short novel, *The Time Machine*, had appeared in the previous year, and his collection of short stories, *The Stolen Bacillus*. *The Invisible Man* was to follow in the succeeding year, with the novel that would secure his name, *The War of the Worlds*, in 1898.

Moreau was unfavorably received by the critics, as satirical and fantastic novels frequently are. When *Gulliver's Travels* was first published, Swift wrote with glee to Alexander Pope to say that a learned Irish bishop had been overheard remarking that "he

didn't believe a word of it." These days, we are more accustomed to horror stories in real life than perhaps were the late Victorians; *Moreau* has achieved perfect credibility in the days of 'ethnic cleansing'.

Whereas *Robinson Crusoe* tells the story of a solitary man who comes to terms with his solitude through his own resourcefulness and his relationship with God (though other interpretations of Defoe's novel are on offer), *Moreau* is the story of a crowd of beings whose god is the source of all their miseries.

The similarities between Defoe and Wells have seldom been noted. Living almost two centuries apart, both men were the sort of prolific English writer who produces a stream of pamphlets and treatises as well as novels. Both became involved in politics, Wells on a high level. Defoe's great novel exerts an influence on almost any writer who has read him, including Wells. Yet Wells' story is about as original as a story may be without becoming ridiculous, for all the literary tradition behind it. Wells' brilliant conclusion certainly carries a strong flavor of Swift's bitter herb at the end of Gulliver's voyage to the Country of the Houyhnhnms. *Moreau* comes from the prolific and inspired decade in Wells' career, when he was a great assimilator of influences as well as an originator.

And why did he enjoy Swift? One reason is because Swift in some measure seems to give prodromic utterance to those evolutionary themes which Wells pursues in all his scientific romances.

Wells was involved in the great religious-scientific debate which encompassed many of the finest minds of the nineteenth century—a debate still to be concluded. He stood, as it were, as the Candidate for Rationality, that rationality by means of which mankind would divest itself. The time was coming, Wells prophe-

sied, when mankind would break forth from its dirty cities, its pathetic limitations of mentality, its ill condition, to become splendid and to establish Utopia here on Earth—and doubtless elsewhere in the universe. He was the first man to develop a program for the future of the race and broadcast it in popular terms. Wells longed for—and more importantly worked for—the time when there would be—to appropriate one of his titles—*Men Like Gods*.

This optimistic side to Wells' character was in conflict with a darker aspect: what Jung calls the Shadow side. His generation believed, perhaps more fervently than we are able to do, in the disinterested power of knowledge to improve life; but Wells was not unaware of how easy it was to abuse knowledge. His novel, *The Invisible Man*, is a tale of knowledge misused. So, too, is *Moreau*—and also somewhat more complex than such an easy phrase may suggest.

A new kind of knowledge was on the table in Wells' day. He followed his great teacher, Thomas Huxley, in his devotion to the fresh truths and insights which evolution was bringing to human understanding. Nowhere do we see more clearly than in Wells' books the working of a revolution in thought which troubled the second half of Victoria's reign and continues to haunt our century. Evolution seems to bring a terrible light to bear on everyday affairs, not least upon moralities, and not least because it ranked mankind as only quantitatively, not qualitatively, different from the animal kingdom, thus discountenancing the Christian God of previous generations, if not banishing him entirely. We were up from the Ape, not down from the Angels. We carried in our anatomies proof of the ancestral beast.

This new and enlightened view held immense attraction for Wells, and not only for the acuity of the Darwinian argument informing it. It



appealed also to his darker side. Humankind were no great distance from the brutes—as he himself had yet to put distance between himself and his working class origins, with the primitive living conditions described in many of his novels. The education of the poor beasts on Moreau's island, by rote and whip, was not a million miles distant from the 'crammers' to which Wells himself had been subjected.

So Wells pitches his dark fable right in the middle of his own struggles as well as the philosophical struggles of his day. Moreau's island stands as a model for the world and Moreau himself as a model for God the cruel experimental Scientist.

Wells is precise about this, referring to his novel as "a youthful exercise in blasphemy." Moreau is depicted as "a white-faced white-haired man, with calm eyes. Save for his serenity, the touch almost of beauty that resulted from his set tranquillity and from his magnificent build, he might have passed muster among a hundred other comfortable old gentlemen." It is a description of the Old Testament God, as depicted in the illustrations of a million Victorian Bibles.

In the grim world over which Moreau presides, human beings are presented as little more than animals. And those animals are tortured by the cruel randomness of natural selection. "It's a chance, I tell you," says Montgomery, early on. "As everything is in a man's life."

A reader need care little for the scientific background to enjoy the story superficially, as a swift-moving and terrifying tale. But there are concealed elements to *Moreau* which deepen our appreciation of it.

Like Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, *Moreau* tells of the making of human beings by other than natural means.

Dr. Moreau is another irresponsible scientist in the manner of Victor

Frankenstein. And, as in *Frankenstein*, the story opens with a sea voyage.

The protagonist, Edward Prendick, arrives at Moreau's island only after a shipwreck. As if to prove Montgomery's point, it is by chance that the 'Mary Vain' collides with a derelict and sinks. Prendick has to take his chance in a dinghy with two other men. They draw lots to see which shall survive. By luck, Prendick is picked up by a schooner. "Chance, just chance," says his rescuer: not the well-known Hand of God. Natural selection has chosen Prendick.

The drunken captain of the schooner is no less a model for the merciless Moreau to come (just as Captain Walton in *Frankenstein* is a model for Victor Frankenstein, the man he picks up off the ice floe). The captain says, "I am the law here—the law and the prophets," thus giving us a kind of parodic prologue to the main action; here is another petty substitute for God, crudely ruling the world of his ship.

Moreau rules everything on his island. He has the unreliable Montgomery under him. Prendick constitutes the third human. Besides this trio there are only the Beast people, "human in shape, yet human beings with the strangest air about them of some familiar animal." Gradually, we are taken deeper into the mysteries of nature—or what distortions pass for nature on this island.

It is very much part of Wells' intention that Prendick is soon being hunted like an animal, and hides like an animal in the scrub of the island: the boundary lines between men and animals are continually blurred. Is it human, is it beast? Prendick, in an agony of fear, comes to the wrong conclusion, and has to be pursued, hunted down, by Moreau before he understands the truth of what is happening on the island.

Moreau has his reasons. He *is* reason. He rules by remorseless logic.

"To this day I have never troubled about the ethics of the matter. The study of nature makes a man at last as remorseless as nature."

This God proceeds to explain how he has slowly transformed animals into semblances of humans, not without mistakes—evolutionary errors, one might say—which perished miserably on the way. The gorilla is one such mistake, although Moreau taught it a rudimentary sense of shame.

As Moreau explains, he has little problem now with molding a human shape. The difficulty is with the brain. At this juncture, Wells seems almost to be speaking directly about humanity rather than the animal kingdom. Moreau says, "The intelligence is often oddly low, with unaccountable blank ends, unexpected gaps. And least satisfactory of all is something which I cannot touch, somewhere—I cannot determine where—in the seat of the emotions. Cravings, instincts, desires that harm humanity, a strange hidden reservoir to burst suddenly and inundate the whole being of the creature with anger, hate, or fear."

No doubt Wells, like a good storyteller, was here intent on freezing the reader's blood, or at least inducing a state of mental unease (Does he mean me? is a question we often ask when reading Wells); and *Moreau* remains a frightening novel. But it must slightly have strained credulity in the eighteen-nineties to imagine that Dr. Moreau achieved what he did in the way of malign transformation purely with the scalpel. The man is no more than a vivisectionist.

The story has become even more topical these days, and certainly no less prone to freeze the blood, because we can take vivisection as a symbol for various scientific procedures available today which are much more effective and radical in their effect upon human or animal flesh: working not merely superficially but at genetic level. Our powers are infinitely



greater than Moreau's; the power to create new animals which will best suite human purposes is already within our grasp. The spirit of Dr. Moreau is alive and well and living in the late twentieth century. These days, Moreau would be state-funded.

The didacticism of the novel is well-concealed under the sleight-of-hand of an expert story-teller. As so often in Wells, the denouement, or the sound reasoning which will make the denouement undeniable as well as astonishing, is glimpsed early in the story. While Moreau makes his dreadful explanation to Prendick, he complains, much as a medieval theologian might imagine God to complain, "The stubborn beast flesh grows, day by day, back again..."

Just as the most memorable scene in *Robinson Crusoe* is Crusoe's discovery of the alien footprint on the beach, the memorable thing in *Moreau* is the Beast People: those lumbering, slinking parodies of humanity. Wells makes them frightening, dark, depraved, and also pathetic. We grieve for them. Our conscience is involved. The Hyena-Swine, the Dog Man, the Satyr, the Wolf Woman, stay with us.

What divides the Beast People from the animal is less their near-human shape, more their ability to use language. It is in the terrible days of decline, when the beast flesh grows back again, that language slips away from them, reverting to snarls and grunts. "Language, once clear-cut and exact [starts] softening and guttering, losing shape and import, becoming mere lumps of sound again."

"With speech humanity begins," Wells was to say, a few years after writing *Moreau*. With the coming of speech, a boundary was crossed. He speaks of a child acquiring this wonderful instrument marking it off from the animal, likening it to a keyboard with "thirty, forty, or fifty thousand keys," and then plunges into one of

his marvelous images as he outlines what the child may achieve.

"There will come a time when, at the merest touch upon those keys, image will follow image and emotion develop into emotion, when the whole creation, the deeps of space, the minutest beauties of the microscope, cities, armies, passions, splendors, sorrows, will leap out of darkness into the conscious being of thought, when this interwoven net of brief, small sounds will form the center of a web that will hold together in its threads the universe, the All, visible and invisible, material and immaterial, real and imagined, of a human mind."

This comes from a book entitled, significantly, *The Making of Mankind* (1903). Mankind is expressly what the Beast People are not made into by the scalpel, by the fear of Dr. Moreau's House of Pain. They are never able to catch a glimpse of the All. What they are capable of is chanting a litany, a litany that in some aspects at least recalls a psalm that might be sung mindlessly in a Christian church: "His is the lightning-flash: His is the deep salt sea: His are the stars in the sky." The emphasis is on the *His*: none of these things belongs in any way to the Beast People. They are exiled from animal and human happiness alike. "Born under one law, to another bound..."

Moreau is much more than "an exercise in youthful blasphemy." What maintains its interest for us today is that it attacks human pride, much as *The War of the Worlds* does—the idea that evolution has somehow worked especially for our benefit and that we are, in the old phrase current in Victorian times, Lords of Creation. It is this attack on faulty reasoning, and on smugness on general—rather than simply on the smugness of the Church—which keeps the fizz in the Wells bottle.

As Wells said, this short sharp shock of a novel ran counter to the

placid assumption that Evolution was a pro-human force making things better and better for mankind. And he added that "now and then the universe projects itself towards me in a hideous grimace." It was his Shadow side speaking. Many later science fiction writers, following however unconsciously in Wells' footsteps, have been aware of that same contradiction at the heart of things.

Wells' ideas, his many ideas, of utopia involved gardens. Often those gardens contained large tame members of the cat family, weaned of their carnivorous habits. These pussies clearly have sexual significance: the linkage between them and freedom is no coincidence. Such cats appear in Wells' poignant short story, "The Door in the Wall," and in such novels as *Men Like Gods*, *The Shape of Things to Come*, and *The Research Magnificent*. One of the great loves of Wells' active love-life was the novelist Rebecca West; she was "Panther" to him; he was "Jaguar" to her. They could escape into an animal world.

A telling passage in *Moreau*—quoted to indicate something of the strange poetic inversions running through the book—comes when Prendick tracks down the escaped Leopard Man. He finds it "crouched in the smallest possible compass," regarding Prendick over its shoulder.

It may seem a strange contradiction in me—I cannot explain the fact—but now, seeing the creature there in a perfectly animal attitude, with the light gleaming in its eyes, and its imperfectly human face distorted with terror, I realized again the fact of its humanity. In another moment, others of its pursuers would see it, and it would be overpowered and captured, to experience once more the horrible tortures of the enclosure. Abruptly, I slipped out my revolver, aimed between his terror-struck eyes, and fired.



The ending of the novel, with its echoes of Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, is a triumph of construction. Just as the Beast People show the failings of animals, so the humans show human weaknesses. Moreau dies and is assumed to be in heaven, Montgomery takes to drink, Prendick is unable to assert authority. And the Beast People—inevitably they revert to something even more vile than the Beast which was never eradicated within them.

There are many final ironies, which readers must relish on their own account. Dark though the vision of *Moreau* is, it carries an inner light, since it is addressed to us, the readers, in the conviction that we will understand and that we too, conscious of "the universe, the All," will appreciate it not only as a splendid example of story-telling but as one of those cautions we can apply to ourselves, warding off the ever-incipient Beast-flesh.

Guide to Further Reading

H.G. Wells:

The Time Machine (1895)
The War of the Worlds (1897)
The Invisible Man (1897)
Mankind in the Making (1903)

Norman and Jeanne Mackenzie:

The Time Traveller: The Life of H.G. Wells (1973)

Roslynn D. Haynes:

H.G. Wells: Discoverer of the Future: The Influence of Science on his Thought (1980)

Brian W. Aldiss:

Moreau's Other Island (1980)

Brian W. Aldiss and David Wingrove:

Trillion Year Spree: The History of Science Fiction (1986)

Patrick Parrinder and Christopher Rolfe (editors): *H.G. Wells Under Revision* (1990)

Some Critical Responses

The Atheneum: The sufferings of the Beast People had "absolutely no artistic reason." The "disgusting descriptions arouse loathing without any equivalent personal interest."

The Critic: "A more gruesomely grotesque and uncanny tale...it would be hard to imagine."

The Daily Telegraph: "A morbid aberration of scientific curiosity."

Review of Reviews: "Only an extreme instance of the horrible, the weird and the uncanny which characterize all his writings."

Natural Science: "Mr. Wells seems to us to have allowed his imagination too free a run in his new story."

The Critic: "The strong reactionary effect which is produced at the close of the story and the terrible fate is meted out to the impiously daring vivisectionalist are the saving points of the book."

Patrick Parrinder (in *H.G. Wells*, 1970): "The youthful exuberance of these passages is as notable as their pungency. Wells was playing the melodramatic role of *enfant terrible* assaulting the complacency of late Victorian society."

John Huntington (in *The Logic of Fantasy: H.G. Wells and Science Fiction*, 1982): "The novel develops a symmetrical system in which for every symbolic link between human and beast there is a symbolic separation, and often the very terms of union contain within them the seeds of division."

The Island of Doctor Moreau was filmed in 1932 by Paramount, directed by Erle C. Kenton and starring Charles Laughton, under the title *The Island of*

Lost Souls. A re-make, generally considered inferior, entitled *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, appeared in 1977. It was directed by Don Taylor and starred Burt Lancaster and Michael York.

A Personal Reminiscence

by Don Webb

I met Herbert George Wells in 1904 at Marlin, Texas where he had gone to take the waters. I was of course only a wee child then, but I could sense something special about the short and dismal Englishman. For one thing, he was in the habit of preaching socialism, which was a seldom heard thing in Central Texas in those days. He was also (to the horror of the local Methodist minister) an advocate of free love. In the evening when the menfolk would sit on the vast veranda of the Marlin hotel—oh but we had verandas in those days—he would discourse on the fact that with ample screwing we would have no war. Again and again he would point out that if we all had our trousers down at our ankles we would not be able to march into war. You must recall in those days trench warfare had not come into its own—it being a well known fact that you can have your trousers down to your ankles and fight from a trench. Mr. Wells caused quite a local scandal by taking up with a black maid named Jemima Johnson. In those days the color line was quite strict in Central Texas; he was unwilling to commit to the relationship—although he did suggest Jemima begin to market her tasty syrups and pancake batters. The



rest is of course history. Mr. Wells is basically known today for his advocacy of "Aunt" Jemima's products, which led to the first breakfast food empire. Wells did not alas have the courage to actually invest in the products that he so heartily praised and died in poverty on an Australian goat ranch. But today whenever we enjoy a pancake or even a waffle in our homes, we must think on the primary role of the science fiction writer as prophet and realize how much we owe Mr. Wells. Pass the margarine please.

Observations on "The Land Ironclads" by H. G. Wells

by David G. Hartwell

HG. Wells is simply the most important writer to influence both directly, through his works, and indirectly, through the other major writers in his tradition, the course of science fiction in its formative decades. Brian W. Aldiss has called him "the Shakespeare of science fiction." The implications of Darwinian evolution and social criticism are the major themes of his works and his principal novels, *The Time Machine* (1895), *The Island of Dr. Moreau* (1896), *The Invisible Man* (1897), *The War of the Worlds* (1898), *When the Sleeper Wakes* (1899) and *The First Men in the Moon* (1901), together with five collections of short stories later combined as *The Short Stories of H. G. Wells* (1927). He was a popular and influential intellectual throughout the first half of the 20th century, devoted to the idea of human progress.

Although he lived until 1946, he was never personally associated with genre science fiction, nonetheless many of his stories were reprinted in the early years of *Amazing Stories* as paradigms of the new kind of fiction which editor Hugo Gernsback wished to bring forth. He called himself a Scientific Romancer early in his career, and was certainly the pinnacle of that genre that preceded science fiction and existed parallel to it into the 1940s in the works of Olaf Stapledon, Aldous Huxley, E. Zamiatin, Karel Capek, and George Orwell (to name only the five most important writers influenced by Wells' early works). No major writer in the early decades of science fiction was so isolated as to be unaffected by Wells, and it is certainly recognized that Campbell and Heinlein as writers were particularly and enduringly immersed in his intellectual attitudes and literary techniques, and helped bring them into conventional usage in the genre.

"The Land Ironclads" (1903) is a vision of future tank warfare. It is part of a significant tradition of future war fiction that began in the 1870s and flourished between 1890 and 1914 (and continues to this day outside the genre boundaries of science fiction in such works as *The Third World War* (1978) and the recent "techno-thriller" subgenre). One of the hallmarks of this type of fiction is the invention of a new and terrible weapon. It is also, like Kipling's "With the Night Mail," part of the subgenre of "invention fiction" that thrived in the late 19th and early 20th century, the age of wonderful new machines that were transforming the world for better or worse. These two genres were often combined in stories of new war machines or of the invention of "the weapon to end war." But Wells went beyond the normal bounds of invention fiction (as he had in his earlier Scientific Romances) and future war fiction (generally set the day after

tomorrow and devoted to warning the reading public of some imminent political danger in the real world) into a vision of a transformed world, in which young urban engineers conquer pastoral, chivalric warriors through science and technology. This is the story in which Wells could claim to have invented something real (as later, the bazooka was invented in the original Buck Rogers story in *Amazing*). It is specifically notable that Wells was proud of his invention, in the same tone, with the same attitude that Campbell later encouraged in Golden Age writers. In Wells' *Experiment in Autobiography*, he reminisces about visiting the front lines in World War I: "...an old notion of mine, the *Land Ironclads*, was being worked out at that time in the form of the Tanks, and it is absurd that my imagination was not mobilized is scheming the structure and use of these contrivances." He goes on to deplore the use of the tanks "timidly and experimentally," when they were "of immense value as a major surprise that might have ended the war."

Critic John Huntington points out (in *The Logic of Fantasy*, 1982), that "The Land Ironclads" represents a significant transition in Wells' fiction and thought, from the "artistic" (as in the time machine, *Cavorite*, invisibility) to the realistic. Wells here focused on the possible and the practical in his invention and envisions its use with crushing, even inhumane, logic. It solves the problem. The forces of technology win. Huntington faults the fiction in that the land ironclad fails to function symbolically; they are literal, mundane tools, murderously efficient. But in this Wells becomes most significantly a forefather of hard sf. While this story is less aesthetically satisfying than many of his earlier fictions, it is clearly an intellectual model for the hard sf of the 20th century.



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Textbook of Biology, two volumes. London: W.B. Clive, 1893.

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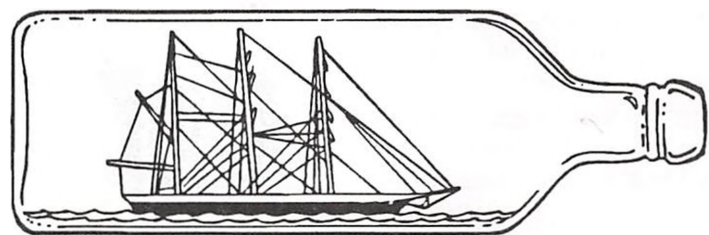
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The New Wave: An Introduction

by Barnaby Rapoport

It's not just that the arguments over it hadn't been settled by the time the New Wave faded—people hadn't even agreed over what it was.

The New Wave is roughly that part of sf that corresponds to "the '60s" in the outside world. It was reacting against the literal-minded, increasingly mundane, formally exhausted sf of the '50s. Its outermost ring was the popular writers who sought to enrich and revitalize traditional sf with myth, symbol, and fantasy, like Roger Zelazny, Ursula K. Le Guin, Robert Silverberg, and Samuel R. Delany. This group has its own factions: some derived their vitality from religion, like R.A. Lafferty and Gene Wolfe; others, like Harlan Ellison, Norman Spinrad, and John Brunner, from politics. This last subgroup moves us inward, because they used unusual, high-impact prose techniques derived from advertising, the mass media, and pop modernism, and because they are transatlantic: the core of the movement was in England, centered in the magazine *New Worlds*, then edited by Michael Moorcock. It included Moorcock, Brian Aldiss, J.G. Ballard, and Thomas Disch. They were an unlikely fusion of Mod London and High Modernism. They weren't interested in jazzing up traditional sf so much as blowing it away and replacing it. When paperbacks of this stuff invaded America, their dark,

richly colored covers glowing with the fantasies of Richard Powers and Paul Lehr, all hell broke loose. What began with "The Terminal Beach" ended with Barry Malzberg's house in New Jersey being shot full of critical bullets until it went up like an SLA hideout.

Still, the ending was inconclusive. It failed commercially, or—a few New Wave novels like *Dhalgren* and *The Female Man* were hits—failed enough to discourage editors, before it had exhausted itself or became irrelevant—before it failed artistically. The New Wave remains unfinished business.

This wasn't necessarily felt at the time; we were distracted and consoled by a new surge of excellent sf, by writers such as George R.R. Martin, James Tiptree, Jr., Vonda McIntyre, Edward Bryant, John Varley, and Joan Vinge. The conventional wisdom of the era was that they had salvaged all that was good in the New Wave and combined it with the best of traditional sf.

The New Wave was redundant; there was nothing in it that could interest us. This needs to be questioned.

Quaint ten years ago, the New Wave looks more prophetic all the time. J.G. Ballard's impacted, non-linear evocations of technology, the media, sex, celebrity, and violence now seem like a premature manifestation of postmodernism. Postmodern: what else can you call the Jerry Cornelius stories, created by Moorcock as a modern myth and manipulated like a brand name by numerous authors, including Aldiss, Spinrad, and James Sallis, always set in a distinctive landscape with the surreal juxtapositions and fast cutting of a video on MTV.

Maybe we'll find new meaning and new inspiration when we look back at the New Wave, or maybe we won't, but we won't know until we look.



Well Balanced Life of Mr. Average by Brian Aldiss



Something in the Air

by Norman Spinrad

The New Wave, whatever it was, seems to have been the result of something in the creative air. To give you an idea of what I mean, four writers must have written four books within about the same 18 months: my own *Bug Jack Baron*, Brian Aldiss's *Barefoot in the Head*, Robert Heinlein's *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress*, and Norman Mailer's *Why Are We in Viet Nam?*

None of us could have been influenced by what any of the others were writing, since we were all working before the other three books were published. I own up to being influenced by Marshall McLuhan and a certain amount of grass. Brian's literary influence was obviously James Joyce, and, *Acid Head Wars* or not, he told me afterwards that the only drug he had experience with was booze. Heinlein I don't know about. I wrote to Mailer out of curiosity, and he owned to being influenced by McLuhan too, but not by any of the other three of us.

Yet all four books were stylistic departures for the writers in question. All four writers had never written such deeply idiosyncratic and experimental prose before, and with the exception of myself (in *The Void Captain's Tale* and *Child of Fortune*) none of them have opted for such a degree of stylistic extremism since.

And all four books, varied influences notwithstanding, kind of go in the same stylistic direction in a musi-

cal sort of way.

Something in the air. Something in the cultural genes. Kind of makes one believe in the concept of the zeitgeist.

Lost Chances of The New Wave

by Michael Swanwick

"The Lamia and Lord Chromis" by M. John Harrison (*New Worlds Quarterly* #1, 1971)

This is a story that should have broken the New Wave into fantasy. Perhaps the most lushly romantic of all Harrison's tales of *Viriconium*, it was written with a spit-in-your-face verve that defied contemporary (and current, for that matter) prejudices of what a fantasy story could and could not contain. It had a protagonist more interested in cultivating a serious dependence on cocaine than in getting on with the plot. It had a brilliant buddy-team of heroes that a lesser fantasist would have spun out into a series, but who die ignominiously and meaninglessly. And it had a monster that was all seductive surface wrapped around a core of anachronistic madness.

"The Lamia and Lord Chromis" was later rigorously rewritten for Harrison's collection *In Viriconium*, but it is the original that is notable for being an opportunity missed, a watershed ignored, a road not traveled, a door opened but not passed through.

As Above, So Below

by Jerry Kaufman

It was the Pamela Zoline story, "The Heat Death of the Universe," that showed me just how far an sf story could go without escaping the limits of sf. She also proved that "As above, so below" was not only a description of a principle of magic, but also a powerful theme for fiction.



Bored to Death by Brian Aldiss



On Brian Aldiss's *Barefoot in the Head*

by Darrell Schweitzer

successes: John Brunner's pastiche of Dos Passos in *Stand on Zanzibar*, Disch's deliberately allegorical *Camp Concentration*, Ballard's surrealism (which had been present even before Michael Moorcock became editor and the Wave officially started) and, most impressively, I think, Brian Aldiss's *Barefoot in the Head*.

I read this book in high school, and was intrigued, for all I didn't understand very much of it. Returning to it more than twenty years later, I am still intrigued, but it seems an entirely different work from what I remember. Easier to understand too, perhaps because this time I've got the complete text (the 1969 Faber edition) rather than the episodes as published in *New Worlds*, not necessarily in the right order.

Barefoot in the Head takes place in what must have been intended to be the near-future. Europe has been bombed into the Stoned Age by, of all possible aggressors, Kuwait, the atmosphere saturated with psychedelic chemicals, so that everybody, even in neutral countries, is on an increasingly intense, unending LSD trip. Our hero, Colin Charteris, a rather obnoxious young Serb with an obsession with all things English, deserts his United Nation relief duties in Italy and motors to England. He has a vision, that everyone is part of an uncertain perceptual "web," and that external reality is a figment of the imagination. This is an incredibly appropriate message for the time, and soon Charteris has taken over someone else's budding cult and become a messiah, he and his followers caroming along the highways of Europe, many perishing in multiple-car pile-ups which evoke an erotic, death-wish fixation prefiguring Ballard's *Crash*. "Miracles" begin to happen, and Charteris, the "self-imagined man," passes into legend.

One of the many puzzles of this book is whether or not everything

after the second episode is the hallucination of a perhaps dying Charteris. He's been having visions of other selves peeling off and crumpling by the roadside. On page 50 the viewpoint Charteris rushes out of a cottage and sees a duplicate of himself driving off in his car. *He* has become a discarded image. But Charteris-the-messiah would doubtless explain that it hardly matters.

Certainly the first thing the *New Worlds* reader would have noticed is that science fiction had never seen prose like this before:

Knee-deep in his groins, thin in his increasing thicket, cult-figure Colin Charteris the Simon Temple of himself makes his own mark in the greylight, emerging like a lion from his lair, his mane of hair all about him. Some of his larger jackals call a greeting, the Burtons, Featherstone-Haugh, little Gloria, think dark Cass, Rubinstein with an early reefer glowing. The hero half-coughs in answer, cans craftily the stoned reigns of the beach, checks to see no great sweet jail trees sprang up there in the constabulary of the night, impoisoning them among writhing branches and the rough unshaven cyanight-marine light in the cell-out. (135-36)

What Aldiss has done here is take the techniques of *Finnegans Wake* and adapt them to his purpose. He lacks Joyce's music, but is a lot easier to read; the exercise being no mere stunt, but an ideal matching of style and content, the book opening up with very restrained, conventional (though richly textured) prose, then getting crazier and crazier as the characters get crazier and crazier. Puns abound, multiple meanings pile up like crashed cars, as the characters' thoughts (and the narrative) are no longer able to stick to one linear path,

Innovations are the common property of all writers. Whenever anybody comes up with a new technique, be it the realistic narratives of Defoe and Richardson, controlled point-of-view as pioneered by Poe and De Maupassant, Joyce's stream-of-consciousness, or even something as elementary as the flashback, this becomes a standard tool which any subsequent writer may take down off the shelf and use, for whatever purpose, to the best of his or her ability.

But there's more than one shelf. Prior to the New Wave, most science fiction writers had found themselves confined to the lower, pulp-magazine shelf. Only once in a great while did some prankster like Alfred Bester snatch something off the mainstream, Real Literature shelf up top.

What the New Wave did was spill the upper shelf, deliberately, as an act of rebellion. As the contents scattered over the floor and everybody scrambled for them, the result was a flurry of "experimental" work, particularly in *New Worlds*. These experiments were nothing new to general literature, but they were *new to science fiction*. Think of the New Wave as remedial catch-up on the culture of the 20th century.

Some of these effusions are downright embarrassing, the sort of thing you'd expect in undergraduate literary magazines, but there were solid



but wander all over the "landskip." At the end of the episode called "Still Trajectories," there is a breathtakingly deft sequence from the viewpoint of a psychotic woman who is "cured" and carried away by Charteris, told in quietly restrained verse. And, since Charteris is a youth-centered, sex-drugs-and-rock-&-roll sort of messiah, we also get a lot of song lyrics, some quite good, but all properly regarded, like the verse in *The Lord of the Rings*, not as poetry by the author but the effusions of his characters. They add to the overall creation, as products of the Acid Head War era.

One of them sums up the messiah's message and impact in the aftermath of his passing:

An ambiguity
 Haunted him haunts
 All men clarity
 Has animal traits

The bombs were only
 In his head
 On his memorial tree
 A joker wrote
 KEEP VIOLENCE IN THE MIND
 WHERE IT BELONGS

But of course we can't keep it there, which is why messiahs usually come to bad ends. Sometimes, at least, their story is as vividly recorded as in *Barefoot in the Head*, the Gospel of Colin Charteris according to Brian Aldiss, a unique and specialized pinnacle to which no one else in science fiction has ever ascended.

370 Words on the New Wave, Retrospectively

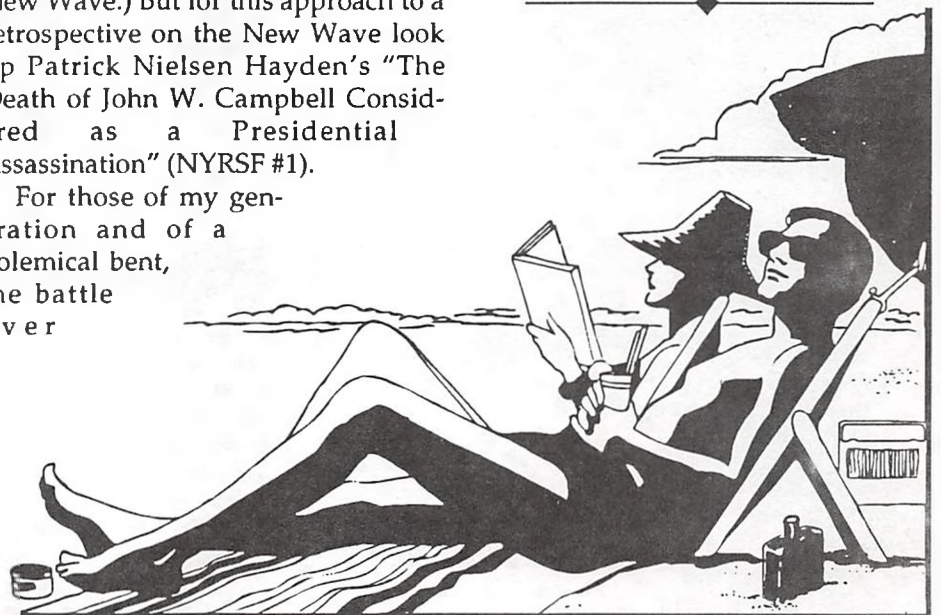
by Kathryn Cramer

Being asked for my thoughts on the New Wave is much like being asked what I was doing when Kennedy was assassinated. Since I was born in 1962, and have been told so often that I wasn't really "there" in the 60s, it is a bit of a strain to rise up and assert an opinion about events of the period. I've had a number of thoughts on how I might approach writing this piece: numbered paragraphs with titles that are the first lines of stories or novels of the New Wave; an account of the events of the New Wave written in the manner of an account of the Johnstown flood. (Ballard is the natural choice to imitate when doing an homage to the New Wave.) But for this approach to a retrospective on the New Wave look up Patrick Nielsen Hayden's "The Death of John W. Campbell Considered as a Presidential Assassination" (NYRSF #1).

For those of my generation and of a polemical bent, the battle over

the New Wave sounds like an awful lot of fun. (People actually cared what you wrote in anthology introductions!) Certain ideas of the New Wave now seem naive and quaint (why would sf want to join the mainstream?), and the fears of the backlash against it—that the New Wave meant the end of science fiction—were clearly unfounded; most of the issues under discussion then are now moot, but one can envy them the heat and passion of the battle.

What science fiction faces today is the cooler courtship of postmodern fiction. While in most ways sf is not about to be "accepted" by the "mainstream," certain literary circles are attempting to blur the distinction between high and low culture, and one of their tactics is to invite low culture (that means us) in to visit. While in one respect this can be seen as sf attaining its post-New Wave destiny, I sometimes wonder whether those who invite sf into the literary fold wouldn't be just as interested if we were making quilts out of old Budweiser cans; what this says about the success or failure of the New Wave, I shall leave as an exercise for the reader.





Design by Joey Zone



Message From a Wilderness Without Typewriters

by Harry Harrison

Dear Readerconers,
It has just been brought to my attention that you lucky people have Brian W. Aldiss as a GoH this year.

Would I but be with you! For in addition to being just about the best SF writer working today—he is a grand companion and drinking mate. We've worked together, socialized together—travelled to some of the strangest places on earth together, for lo—these last thirty years.

If he wishes to tell you of these adventures—listen closely!

But—whatever he chooses to discuss with you—listen closely.

With Brian there you are going to have a *very* good time!

Not About Writing

by Kit Reed

Eric and I were chewing over possible READERCON panels for me to do and I explained my choices by saying "Writers don't like to talk about writing."

It's like being asked to describe your sex life with detailed updates on how it's going. With a close lifelong friend, late at night after many years, maybe. But only maybe.

The late Jean Stafford put a fine point on this. She was old enough to have lived in the Chelsea Hotel at the same time as the even later Sax Rohmer of Fu Manchu fame. "Sure we used to talk about writing. Which kind of typewriter, whether we double or single spaced and whether we used both sides of the paper."

There is a kind of delicacy here that's hard to explain, but Brian will understand why in writing about him, I'm not going to talk about writing.

Without talking about writing, I'll admit I first met Brian in F&SF, *The Saliva Tree*, unless it was in the pages of *Greybeard*. Later he and Harry Harrison bought some of my stuff for their anthology and more than once Brian responded in print to collections of my short stories—generous man, but you know that.

Leaving for a first visit to London, I took his address from Harry: "You have *friends* over there." That was the year Judy Merrill had a sub-basement flat in Paddington and we went to a funky, wonderfully cluttered party with the early Chris Priest and this big bearded guy in a Sergeant Pepper military jacket who turned out to be Michael Moorcock.

So Joe and I went out to Heath House in Oxfordshire expecting—what? Same story? Not what we found. Gracious Georgian country house with a stone nymph out front and an art collection that included, yes, an Alma-Tadema, quality paintings and drawings collected by the perfect English country gentleman who turned out to be the wonderfully witty and wicked Brian. Beautifully matched with Margaret. Am I making up the bronze maquette on the same shelf as the Nebula? We began to know each other at the perfect English

tea and, like Brian's party three years later (Blish, Ballard, the staff of A.P. Watt, Lord Somebody...), the day left memories that shimmer. Brian and Margaret came to dinner at Scarth Road where we were staying that second summer in England and Brian wrote a verse that convinces me that in an alternative universe he would outclass Auden.

We've gone back and forth since then—the Aldisses at Wesleyan, us at Woodlands, riveted by the rough cut of *Frankenstein Unbound*, made from my absolute favorite of Brian's novels. Joe did the art for a birthday festschrift and Brian has bought a couple of Joe's paintings. And the ultimate tribute? When we were last there, Brian said they'd named one of their cats for us. We were in jet lag. We got upstairs. I said to Joe, "What did they say that cat's name was? Joe and Kit?" He gave me a don't-be-stupid look. "Kitten Joe," he said. Right. And if I've named a *character* that...

When Brian and I talk, our conversations are filled with detail—about us, our friends and friendly enemies and hostile friends, family. We talk about movies, painters we liked, cats (his), dogs (mine), books, houses. Ideas. The more eclectic, the better. And the funnier, the happier it makes us.

If everything a writer does when not actually at the keyboard is probably writing, then everything writers talk about probably has something to do with writing.

None of what Brian and I are to each other is about writing. Unless everything is.





A Name To Watch For

by Jeff Hecht

I discovered Brian Aldiss a long, long time ago, when I found a paperback copy of *Galaxies Like Grains of Sand* in the used-book section of an old coin store in the Miami suburbs. I'd only recently discovered SF, and found its sweeping vision of the universe heady stuff, a marvelous stimulus to my teenage imagination. It went beyond the clichés that had gotten me bored with formula fiction even then. Soon I found *Starship* on the same back shelves, and was again

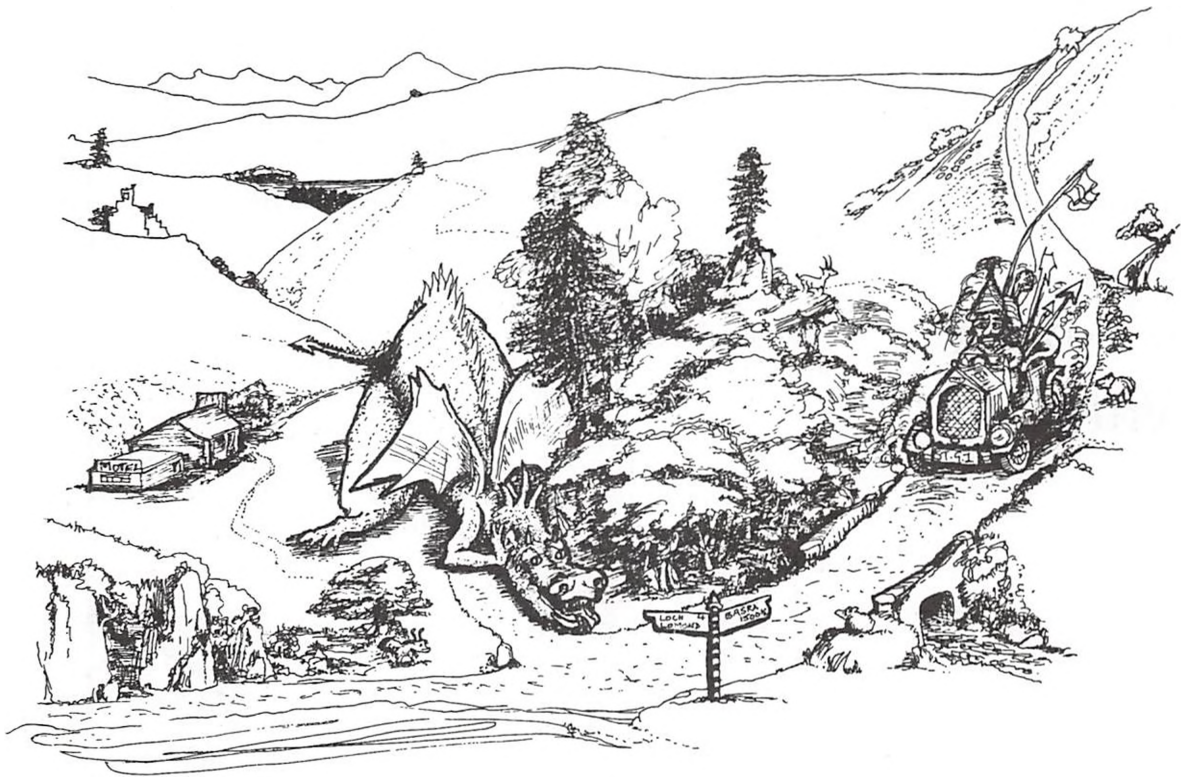
impressed. Brian Aldiss, I decided, was a name to watch for.

Over the years, I found his name on many more books, though I've never kept up with his output. Images stay vividly in my memory: the distant future of the "Hothouse" series in *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, the alienness and alienation of *Report on Probability A*, the pseudo-medieval stasis of *The Malacia Tapestry*. He goes beyond creating worlds to make them come alive. In the Helliconia trilogy, he captures the whole life cycle of a culture over millennia. The opening scenes of the trilogy, where the Helliconians of the dark winter age discover relics of past warm cycles, are marvelously evocative. Who else could sustain the shattered mix of reality and surreality which Joseph Bodenland explores in *Frankenstein Unbound*?

The images are only part of what I treasure. I was first attracted to SF as

a literature of ideas, and that's still what I want from what I read. My standards have risen, and I have come to realize that it is hard to write both "literature" and "ideas." Aldiss blends both into his creations, giving us rich mixtures like *Frankenstein Unbound*, which play with a multitude of concepts. I wish I could write like that.

I stand in awe of Brian Aldiss's versatility. Some of the best SF writers have gotten stuck in ruts, to the point where sometimes each new book seems like just a rehash of the same theme as the last. Not Aldiss. He experiments with theme, style, tone and content, pushing the envelope of possibility and skill. Not all of the experiments work, but they are unfailingly interesting. And still, after 30 years, Brian Aldiss can stimulate my imagination, for which I owe a heartfelt thanks.



England's Last Dragon by Brian Aldiss



The Values of Catharsis

by Charles Platt

I enjoy almost all of Brian Aldiss' work, which is why I'm happy to write this little appreciation.

But wait. What's that weaselly little word "almost," in my first sentence? Readers who are unduly cynical might suspect that it means there are a few Aldiss novels which I'm not quite so thrilled about. And if I should be concerned and compelled to answer this allegation...I suppose I would have to admit that it is so.

Brian's novel *Earthworks*, for instance, was never on my list of favorites. Back in 1965, when the book was published, I was asked to review it for *New Worlds* magazine; and even though I had never written a review for a professional publication in my life, I didn't let incompetence stand in my way.

I opened by cheerfully characterizing the book as "a monotonous diary of a schizoid hypochondriac." The writing, I said, used "a padded, irritating, and unsuccessful first person narrative style." I noted that "a faceless black figure, rather obviously representing the protagonist's Other Self, crops up at intervals throughout the meandering plot, but this tired gimmick can't save a story that just doesn't know what it is or where it is going."

This, of course, is not the kind of review that pleases an author—especially when you bear in mind that *New Worlds* was then Britain's only science-

fiction magazine, and was quite influential despite its small circulation.

Some authors, maligned so publicly by a semi-literate twenty-year-old reviewer, would resolve to excommunicate him or even sabotage his career. However, to his credit, Brian did neither of these things. When I attended a science-fiction convention a few months later and he discovered who I was, he let out an exultant cry, threw me bodily into a wardrobe, locked the door, and tried to turn the wardrobe over on its face.

Of course, I've told this story before; but all of us—writers and reviewers alike—have a lot to learn from it. I received a quick education in the power of my intemperate prose to upset an author (something that had never even occurred to me before), and Brian was able to vent his frustrations swiftly and cathartically—so much so, it was possible for us to become friends afterward.

Moreover, his prompt action had a lasting effect. Ever since that time, I have never dared to write another negative review of an Aldiss book. Of course, one reason for this is that my admiration for Brian's work is almost unqualified—but there's that weaselly little word "almost" again, and I'd better watch my step, because I know there aren't any free-standing wardrobes at the Worcester Marriott, and if Brian is deprived of this outlet, I don't like to speculate on the consequences.

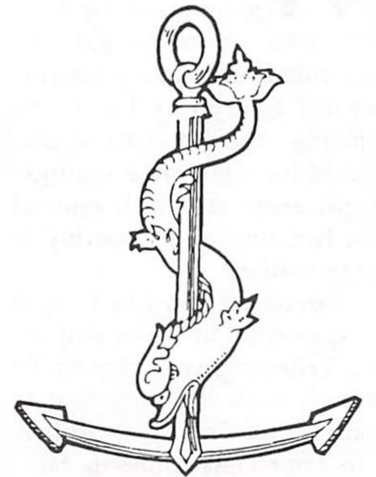
I have good reason for my concern. Consider the scene that transpired at a sedate party hosted by Brian's gentlemanly British publisher in an elegant suite at the world convention in Brighton, England, in 1979. Maddened by dull conversation, Brian cast about for a wardrobe in which to lock the offenders—but found none! In despair, he leaped onto the coffee table and startled the guests by raising his clenched fists, stamping his feet, and shouting "Aargh! Aargh!" until a

kind Swedish woman gently took him by the hand and led him away.

Probably this isn't the kind of thing I should be writing, here. I should be itemizing Aldiss books and shaking my head in admiration over them. But I already did that, when Brian was guest of honor at a Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts a while ago; and I hate to repeat myself. Anyway, I assume that other literati who write Aldiss appreciations will be better at observing the formalities than I am.

In any case, people who attend conventions (even serious ones like Readercon) aren't just interested in the finesse with which a guest of honor hones his prose. On the contrary: I think they want a guest of honor who knows how to have a good time.

This being so, I believe they can feel cheerfully confident in the choice of Brian Aldiss as guest of honor at Readercon in 1993.





In
[a Dizzy Whirl of]
Appreciation of
Brian Aldiss,
Readercon,
Barnaby Rapoport,
Carl Sagan,
Jon Lomborg,
and—Most of
All—Mars

by *Judith Merrill*

Most, or let's say, half of the old SF colleagues of my generation are dead. The other half seem to go on with unbounded, unflagging energy. I am [luckily? Every day I tell myself to Remember the Alternative] caught in the middle: venerable enough to be sought after; decrepit enough so I must function on a severely limited energy budget.

Barnaby tells me he is publishing the Appreciation Brian Aldiss wrote for a Tribute given here in Toronto last fall; both Barnaby and I felt it would be minimally appropriate for me to Appreciate Aldiss. In fact, I do: I admire, enjoy and publicly praise his work, both for conceptual content which has enlivened my intelligence and my imagination, and sensually for his uses of the language; I also recall with much affection and gratitude

both the pleasure of his company and the many favors he did for me when I was in England [not to mention the magnificent curry I ate at his home].

Unfortunately, I cannot, in time for this Souvenir Book, adequately implement or adorn the bare bones of these statements.

Item: [Yes, I know, Brian, it should be imprimus—but who's counting?] For some years now my eyes have been clouding over. For what I must assume are good reasons, since six successive doctors have agreed, ophthalmologists have insisted on deferring the cataract operation to the last possible moment. That moment is now quite close—June 29—and reading is now more pain than pleasure. [The computer screen is much easier than the page, but in this short space I have already had to correct nineteen typos—and who knows how many I've missed?] This is not simply complaint, but explanation: I can write, as I am doing here, off the top of the head, but research or reference-digging are close to impossible. Thus I cannot implement.

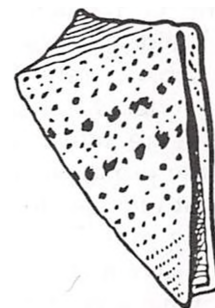
Adornment I might have done, but I'm running on an adornment deficit as well, for reasons that may be almost as exciting to some of you as they are to me.

Item: in the fall of '94, the Russians are sending a lander to Mars. Carl Sagan has proposed to them, and they have agreed, that a CD Rom disc be placed on the lander as a sort of 'time capsule' message to a future human settlement on Mars. The disc is to contain an oversize anthology of Mars stories: a history of SF thinking about life/living on Mars. Jon Lomborg, an extraordinary artist who often works with Sagan, involved me [along with some rather more useful fully-sighted people, including Lorna Toolis, the head librarian at the Spaced Out Library {{I really find it impossible to say "The Merrill Collection"}}] in selecting and annotat-

ing the stories. THEN he found out that the newest-new kind of disc they'll be using can accommodate this trilogy-size anthology in one little corner, so the new plan is to include some video'd introductions. [I mean I am—or at least my voice and face are—going to Mars!] I am supposed to have my three minutes ready for the press conference announcement in New York June 22.

Item: bearing in mind the energy deficit in which all this occurs, not only Readercon stuff but the Memoirs I've been working on, the furnishing of my new apartment, and everything else except preparations for the cataract operation have necessarily taken a back—or at least side—seat for the moment. That the moment happens to be the one for the Souvenir Book deadline is truly too bad. But I will bring more news about all this when I come, including a list of the selections-thus-far—and there will still be time for Readercon people to remind us of stories we've overlooked.

I mean: Brian Aldiss, I love you, but you just can't compete with a trip [however electronic] to Mars.





Shortages

by Brian Aldiss



And My Sphere Is Great

I called. The line that wanted to be circle turned round.

Pull Down the Blind

It was a foggy day. The decapitated man saw nothing ahead.

KOAN

Anything I might say would be super...

Can You Hear Me, Mother?

The problem is, relationships start with relations.

Self-Evident Evidence

A baron on a barren heath,
A parent apparently afar,
Even in the evening looks
Bizarre in a bazaar.

The Grammarian's Funeral

But as soon as I, the pronoun,
have a verb, I'm sentenced.

Perspectives

Close that door—but closer still
that window!

Emergency!

The poor men wore nothing;
The rich men warn no one.

Vino Obsceno

Not anticipating such awful
wine caused anti-sipation.

St. Bernard

Shot twice in the chest, he fell
dying into the gutter. A passing
dog sniffed at him. Summoning
the last of his strength, he bit
the dog's head off.

Reversible Shopping List

sage draws
eat noon teas
war
Degas

Song of a Lonely Shadow

I never get into bed with you.

Oblomov's Paradox

Oblomov; "This much is true: I
lie."

Short Diatribe Against Divorce

Troth is stronger then friction.

Question

Reader, do you read me easily.
Suppose this little sentence is
cleverer than you thick?

*How I Was Finally Received in
Heaven and Presented to Mary, the
Mother of God, Only to Discover
My Flies were Undone.*

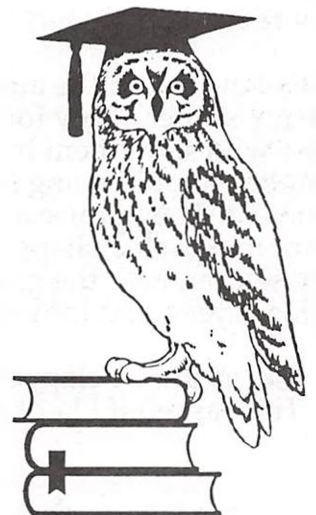
Oh God, cocked it up again...

Prayer

O Lord Almighty, look down in
Thy infinite wisdom, I pray
Thee, not upon me but upon
my neighbor. He did it.

The Everlasting Circe

The painting was of Circe's blue
eye looking at a painting of
Circe's blue eye looking at a
painting of Circe's blue eye
looking at a painting of Circe's
blue...





Short Stories

by Brian Aldiss

When someone in the audience asked how
I saw my short stories, I offered them
Antarctica. The ice shelf grinding
Forward with the century
Carrying freights of fossil Bronze Age snow
Until a thousand flaws united.
Then with huge mammalian groans
The burdened stone thing calved.

You know (I told my listeners, hoping
They might), those icebergs there are frequently
Over a hundred kilometers long—
As big as Monte Carlo. Solemnly
They drift beyond the Weddell Sea
Like Matterhorns breasting the South Atlantic
Riding out gales shaved by the wind and warmth
Heading north for Rio and Capricorn.

But as they're sighting the Malvinas
They suffer the environment
These old cathedrals of the cold
Have shrunk. They'd go into your gin
And tonic. So they're lost to human ken
But for some months they have a real existence
And scientists keep tabs on them.
They're mad and lovely while they last.

That's how (I told the audience)
I see my stories. They formed part of me.
Those who sight them in those desolate
Latitudes of publishing sometimes
Are awed. They praise a color
Or an unexpected shape.
They seldom hear the groans of birth.
A year, a year, and they are gone.

The audience clapped uncertainly
Then asked if I kept office hours.

ALPHABET OF AN AMELIORATING HOPE

by Brian Aldiss

Angelic voices speak of a utopia which will
soon come about once the secret research in
Wisden, Ohio, is completed.

Basically, existence of a 'circumstance-chain'
in human relationships will be established, prov-
ing causality between mental activity and the
external physical world.

'Circumstance-chains' are operative in all
human lives; for instance, the child deprived of
love develops into a being who finds difficulty in
establishing loving relationships in adulthood.

Directly the research is complete, we shall
view the world anew.

Example: terms like 'loser' or 'the guy who
has all the luck' will be seen as labels for those
who are bound, favorably or otherwise, by cir-
cumstance-chains.

For clarity, this revolutionary new aspect of
the human condition will be termed '*transpsychic
reality*'; a new sanity will prevail on earth.

Going mad will no longer be necessary.
Horror will vanish, fear will never strike.
Intellect will never more be scorned.
Joy will visit rich and poor alike.

Keeping faith in love and life will be an easi-
er thing.

Love will not be just a theme that people
sing.

Madge Winterbourne was the hero in
Wisden, Ohio; she had originated the anti-cata-
strophe hypothesis.

No one who met her doubted that she was
the modern equivalent of a seer or saint.

Or Einstein of the female sex.

Plans were hatched to release details of
transpsychic reality to the whole world on the
same day, the first of a new century.

Qualitative tests on volunteers in Wisden
suggest that once people understand the pattern
of their lives, they can be taught to take com-
mand of them.



Reality will then change; those who are malicious will see the root causes of the misery provoking their malice, and be able to expunge it.

Some criminals and power-seekers may prove more difficult to readjust, may indeed form a core of rebellion against the new utopia.

Transpsychic reality will see them gradually phased out.

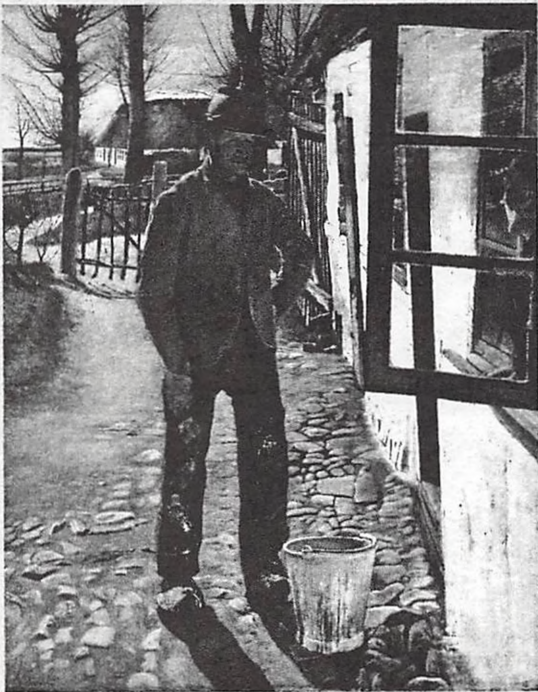
Utopia, once on the move, will prove as irresistible as a glacier.

Very soon, a golden age—long dreamed of in the hearts and minds of men and women—will be established, which the animal kingdom will share with humans.

Wonder will grow like the cedar.
Xenophobia will die without voice.
You too will prevail, dear reader.
Zygotes themselves will rejoice.



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Introduction to 'THERE IS A TIDE'

Like old soldiers, old SF stories never die: they only fade away. "There is a Tide" has certainly faded. My hope is that it has also lapsed into period charm, like "Jane Eyre", "Destination Moon", and the Gettysburg Address.

"There is a Tide" is written about Africa and black Africans taking over control of their continent. I've written short stories set all round the world but, as far as I recall, this is the only one set in Africa. It was composed at a time of optimism and published in the

British magazine, *New Worlds* #44, edited by Ted Carnell, Issue for February 1956—an early story. Later it appeared in my first story collection, *Space, Time and Nathaniel*.

The real life background to the story was the relinquishment of African colonies by Britain and other colonial powers. We were optimistic then, as Union Jacks were lowered for the last time on Ugandan and other flagpoles. We visualized a great future ahead for those rich lands—Nigeria, Zambia, and so forth. I remember thinking how splendid it was that at last these various peoples were to have a fair chance to govern themselves, to prosper and become important emergent nations in the world.

So the narrative discloses that blacks have been on Venus and so on, moving freely about and confronting their own destinies.

Of course some guesses proved

wrong with hindsight, including the optimism and the temperature of Venus. What I got right was, so I believe, an ecological passion before such passion was common coin, with a corresponding skepticism concerning grandiose engineering projects. (The Soviets, you may remember, wished to damn the Bering Straits; instead, they killed the Aral Sea.)

There's still some interest in the story as story. Let's just hope that some of its other imaginings will not be realized in actuality, in South Africa or elsewhere...

Space, Time and Nathaniel has often been reprinted in England. But the story itself has appeared in the States only in the Amis/Conquest anthology *Spectrum II* (Harcourt Brace, 1963) and in Bob Silverberg's *The Infinite Web* anthology (Dial Press, 1977)

—Brian Aldiss, 1993

How infinitely soothing to the heart it was to be home. I began that evening with nothing but peace in me: and the evening itself jellied down over Africa with a mild mother's touch: so that even now I must refuse myself the luxury of claiming any premonition of the disaster for which the scene was already set.

My half-brother, K-Jubal (we had the same father), was in a talkative mood. As we sat at the table on the veranda of his house, his was the major part of the conversation: and this unusual, for I am a poet.

"...because the new dam is now complete," he was saying, "and I shall take my days more easily. I am going to write my life story, Rog. G-Williams on the *World Weekly* has been pressing me for it for some time; it'll be serialized, and then turned into audibook form. I should make a lot of money, eh?"

He smiled as he asked this; in my company he always enjoyed playing the heavy materialist. Generally I encouraged him; this time I said: "Jubal, no man in Congo States, no man in the world possibly, has done more for people

THERE IS A TIDE

by Brian Aldiss

than you. I am the idle singer or an idle day, but you—why, your good works lie about you."

I swept my hand out over the still bright land.

Mokulgu is a rising town on the western fringes of Lake Tanganyika's northern end. Before Jubal and his engineers came here, it was a sleepy market town, and its natives lived in the indolent fashion of their countless forefathers. In ten years, that ancient pattern was awry; in fifteen, shattered completely. If you lived in Mokulgu now, you slept in a bed in a towering nest of flats, you ate food unfouled by flies, and you moved to the sound of whistles and machinery. You had at your black fingertips, in fact, the benefits of what we persist in calling "Western civilization". If you were more hygienic and healthy—so ran the theory—you were happier.

But I begin to sound skeptical. That is my error. I happen to have little love for my fellow men; the thought of the Massacre is always with me, even after all this time. I could not deny that the trend of things at Mokulgu and elsewhere, the constant urbanization, was almost unavoidable. But as a man with some sensibility, I regretted that



human advance should always be over the corpse of Nature. That a counterblast was being prepared even then did not occur to me.

From where we sat over our southern wines, both lake and town were partially visible, the forests in the immediate area having been demolished long ago. The town was already blazing with light, the lake looked already dark, a thing preparing for night. And to our left, standing out with a clarity which suggested yet more rain to come, stretched the rolling jungles of the Congo tributaries.

For at least three hundred miles in that direction, man had not invaded: there lived the pygmies, flourishing without despoiling. That area, the Congo Source land, would be the next to go; Jubal, indeed, was the spearhead of the attack. But for my generation at least that vast tract of primitive beauty would stand, and I was selfishly glad of it. I always gained more pleasure from a tree than population increase statistics.

Jubal caught something of the expression on my face.

"The power we are releasing here will last for ever," he said. "It's already changing—improving—the entire economy of the area. At last, at long last, Africa is realizing her potentialities."

His voice held almost a tremor, and I thought that this passion for Progress was the secret of his strength.

"You cling too much to the past, Rog," he added.

"Why all this digging and tunneling and wrenching up of riverbeds?" I asked. "Would not atomics have been a cheaper and easier answer?"

"No," he said decisively. "This system puts to use idle water; once in operation, everything is entirely self-servicing. Besides, uranium is none too plentiful, water is. Venus has no radioactive materials, I believe?"

This sounded to me like an invitation to change the subject. I accepted it.

"They've found none yet," I assented. "But I can speak with no authority. I went purely as a tourist—and a glorious trip it was."

"It must be wonderful to be so many million miles nearer the sun," he said. It was the sort of plain remark I had often heard him make. On others' lips it might have sounded platitudinous; in his quiet tones I caught a note of sublimity.

"I shall never get to Venus," he said. "There's too much work to be done here. You must have seen some marvels there, Rog!"

"Yes...Yet nothing so strange as an elephant."

"And they'll have a breathable atmosphere in a decade, I hear?"

"So they say. They certainly are doing wonders...You know, Jubal, I shall have to go back then. You see, there's a feeling, er—something, a sort of expectancy. No, not quite that; it's hard to explain—" I don't converse well. I ramble

and mumble when I have something real to say. I could say it to a woman, or I could write it on paper; but Jubal is a man of action, and when I did say it, I deliberately omitted emotional overtones and lost interest in what I said. "It's like courting a woman in armor with the visor closed, on Venus now. You can see it, but you can't touch or smell or breathe it. Always an airtight dome or a space suit between you and actuality. But in ten years' time, you'll be able to run your bare fingers through the sand, feel the breezes on your cheek...Well, you know what I mean, er—sort of feel her undressed."

He was thinking—I saw it in his eye: 'Rog's going to go all poetic on me.' He said: "And you approve of that—the change over of atmospheres?"

"Yes."

"Yet you don't approve of what we're doing here, which is just the same sort of thing?"

He had a point. "You're upsetting a delicate balance here," I said gingerly. "A thousand ecological factors are swept by the board just so that you can grind these waters through your turbines. And the same thing's happened at Owen Falls over on Lake Victoria...But on Venus there's no such balance. It's just a clean page waiting for man to write what he will on it. Under that CO₂ blanket, there's been no spark of life: the mountains are bare of moss, the valleys lie innocent of grass; in the geological strata, no fossils sleep; no amoebae move in the sea. But what you're doing here..."

"People!" he exclaimed. "I've got *people* to consider. Babies need to be born, mouths must be fed. A man must live. Your sort of feelings are all very well—they make good *poems*—but I consider the *people*. I *love* the people. For them I work..."

He waved his hands, overcome by his own grandiose visions. If the passion for Progress was his strength, the fallacy inherent in the idea was his secret weakness. I began to grow warm.

"You get good conditions for these people, they procreate forthwith. Next generation, another benefactor will have to step forward and get good conditions for the children. That's Progress, eh?" I asked maliciously.

"I see you so rarely, Rog; don't let's quarrel," he said meekly. "I just do what I can. I'm only an engineer."

That was how he always won an altercation. Before meekness I have no defence.

The sun had finished another day. With the sudden darkness came chill. Jubal pressed a button, and glass slid round the veranda, enclosing us. Like Venus, I thought; but here you could still smell that spicy, bosomy scent which is the breath of dear Africa herself. On Venus, the smells are imported.

We poured some more wine and talked of family matters. In a short while his wife, Sloe, joined us. I began to



feel at home. The feeling was only partly psychological; my glands were now beginning to adjust fully to normal conditions after their long days in space travel.

J-Casta also appeared. Him I was less pleased to see. He was the boss type, the strong arm man: as Jubal's underling, he pandered wretchedly to him and bullied everyone else on the project. He (and there were many others like him, unfortunately) thought of the Massacre as man's greatest achievement. This evening, in the presence of his superiors, after a preliminary burst of showing off, he was quiet enough.

When they pressed me to, I talked of Venus. As I spoke, back rushed that humbling—but intoxicating—sense of awe to think I had actually lived to stand in full possession of my many faculties on that startling planet. The same feeling had often possessed me on Mars. And (as justifiably) on Earth.

The vision chimed, and an amber light blinked drowsily off and on in Jubal's tank. Even then, no premonition of catastrophe; since then, I can never see that amber heart-beat without anxiety.

Jubal answered it, and a man's face swam up in the tank to greet him. They talked; I could catch no words, but the sudden tension was apparent. Sloe went over and put her arm round Jubal's shoulder.

"Something's up," J-Casta commented.

"Yes," I said.

"That's Chief M-Shawn on the Vision—from Owenstown, over on Lake Victoria."

Then Jubal flashed off and came slowly back to where we were sitting.

"That was M-Shawn," he said. "The level of Lake Victoria has just dropped three inches." He lit a cheroot with clumsy fingers, his eyes staring in mystification far beyond the flame.

"Dam OK, boss?" J-Casta asked.

"Perfectly. They're going to phone us if they find anything..."

"Has this happened before?" I asked, not quite able to understand their worried looks.

"Of course not," my half-brother said scornfully. "Surely you must see the implications of it? Something highly unprecedented has occurred."

"But surely a mere three inches of water..."

At that he laughed briefly. Even J-Casta permitted himself a snort.

"Lake Victoria is an inland sea," Jubal said grimly. "It's as big as Tasmania. Three inches all over that means many thousands of tons of water. Casta, I think we'll get down to Mokulgu; it won't do any harm to alert the first aid services, just in case they're needed. Got your tracer?"

"Yes, boss. I'm coming."

Jubal patted Sloe's arm, nodded to me and left without

relaxing his worried look. He and J-Casta shortly appeared outside. They bundled into a float, soared dangerously close to a giant walnut tree and vanished into the night.

Nervously, Sloe put down her cheroot and did not resume it. She fingered a dial and the windows opaqued.

"There's an ominous waiting quality out there I don't like," she said, to explain our sudden privacy.

"Should I be feeling alarmed?" I asked.

She flashed me a smile. "Quite honestly, yes. You don't live in our world, Rog, or you would guess at once what was happening at Lake Victoria. They've just finished raising the level again; for a long time they've been on about more pressure, and the recent heavy rains gave them their chance to build it up. It seems to have been the last straw."

"And what does this three-inch drop mean? Is there a breach in the dam somewhere?"

"No. They'd have found that. I'm afraid it means the bed of the lake has collapsed somewhere. The water's pouring into subterranean reservoirs."

The extreme seriousness of the matter was now obvious even to me. Lake Victoria is the source of the White Nile; if it ceased to feed the river, millions of people in Uganda and the Sudan would die of drought. And not only people: birds, beasts, fish, insects, plants.

We both grew restless. We took a turn outside in the cool night air, and then decided that we too would go down to the town.

All the way there a picture filled my head: the image of that great dark lake emptying like a wash-basin. Did it drain in sinister silence, or did it gargle as it went? Men of action forget to tell you vital details like that.

That night was an anticlimax, apart from the sight of the full moon sailing over Mount Kangosi. We joined Jubal and his henchman and hung around uneasily until midnight. As if an unknown god had been propitiated by the sacrifice of an hour's sleep, we then felt easier and retired to bed.

The news was bad the next morning. By the time I was dressed Jubal was already back in town; Sloe and I breakfasted alone together. She told me they had been informed that Victoria had now dropped thirteen and a half inches; the rate of fall seemed to be increasing.

I flew into Mokulgu and found Jubal without difficulty. He was just embarking on one of the Dam Authority's survey floats with J-Casta.

"You'd better come, too, Rog," he shouted. "You'll probably enjoy the flight more than we shall."

I did enjoy the flight, despite the circumstances. A disturbance on Lake Tanganyika's eastern fringes had been observed on an earlier survey and we were going to investigate it.

"You're not afraid the bed will collapse here, too, are you?" I asked.



"It's not that," Jubal said. "The two hundred miles between us and Victoria is a faulty region, geologically speaking. I'll show you a map of the strata when we get back. It's more than likely that all that runaway subterranean water may be heading in our direction; that's what I'm afraid of. The possibility has been known for a long while.

"And no precautions taken?"

"What could we do but cross our fingers? The possibility exists that the Moon will spiral to Earth, but we don't all live in shelters because of it."

"Justifying yourself, Jubal?"

"Possibly," he replied, looking away. Again that stupid antagonism.

We flew through a heavy rain shower, which dappled the grey surface of the lake. Then we were over the reported disturbance. A dull brown stain, a blot on a bright new garment, spread over the water, from the steep eastern shore to about half a mile out.

"Put us down, pilot," Jubal ordered.

We sank, and kissed the lake. Several hundred yards away rose the base of Mount Kangosi. I looked with admiration up the slope; great slabs of rock stood out from the verdure; crouching at the bottom of this colossus was a village, part of it forced by the steepness of the incline to stand out on piles into the lake.

"Leave everything to me, boss," J-Casta said, grabbing a hand ascid from the port locker and climbing out on to the float. We followed. It seemed likely that the disturbance was due to a slight subsidence in the side of the lake basin. Such subsidences, Jubal said, were not uncommon, but in this case it might provide a link with Lake Victoria. If they could pinpoint the position of the new fault, frogmen would be sent down to investigate.

"We're going to have company," Jubal remarked to me, waving a hand over the water.

A dozen or so dugouts lay between us and the shore. Each bore two or three shining-skinned fishermen. The two canoes nearest us had swung round and were now being paddled towards our float.

I watched them with more interest than I gave to the ascid sweep. Men like these sturdy fishermen had existed here for countless generations, unchanged: before white men had known of them, before Rome's legions destroyed the vineyards of Carthage, before—who knows if not before the heady uprush of civilization elsewhere?—such men had fished quietly in this great lake. They seem not to have advanced at all, so rapidly does the world move; but perhaps when all other races have fallen away, burnt out and exhausted, these steady villages will come into a kingdom of their own. I would elect to live in that realm.

A man in the leading canoe stood up, raising his hand in greeting. I replied, glancing over his shoulder at the curtain

of green behind him. Something had caught my eye.

Above some yards of bare rock, a hundred feet up the slope, two magnificent Mvules—African teak trees—grew. A china blue bird dipped suddenly from one of the trees and sped far and fast away over the water, fighting to outpace its reflection. And the tree itself began to cant slowly from the vertical into a horizontal position.

Jubal had binoculars round his neck. My curiosity aroused, I reached to borrow them. Even as I did so, I saw a spring of water start from the base of the Mvules. A rock was dislodged. I saw it hurtle down into bush below, starting in turn a trail of earth and stones which fell down almost on to the thatched roofs of the village. The spring began to spurt more freely now. It gleamed in the sun: it looked beautiful but I was alarmed.

"Look!" I pointed.

Both Jubal and the fisherman followed the line of my outstretched arm. J-Casta continued to bend over his metal box.

Even as I pointed, the cliff shuddered. The other Mvule went down. Like an envelope being torn, the rock split horizontally and a tongue of water burst from it. The split widened, the water became a wall, pouring out and down.

The sound of the splitting came clear and hard to our startled ears. Then came the roar of the water, bursting down the hillside. It washed everything before it. I saw trees, bushes and boulders hurried down in it. I saw the original fissure lengthen and lengthen like a cruel smile, cutting through the ground as fast as fire. Other cracks started, running uphill and across: every one of them began to spout water.

The fishermen stood up, shouting as their homes were swept away by the first fury of the flood.

And then the entire lower mountainside began to slip. With a cumulative roar, mud, water and rock rolled down into the lake. Where they had been, a solid torrent cascaded out, one mighty wall of angry water. The escaping flow from Lake Victoria had found its outlet!

Next moment, our calm surface was a furious sea. Jubal slipped and fell on to one knee. I grabbed him, and almost went overboard myself. A series of giant waves plunged outwards from the shore. The first one rocked us, the second one overturned our flimsy craft completely.

I came to the surface coughing and snorting. J-Casta rose at my side. We were just in time to see the float slip completely under: it sank in no time, carrying the pilot with it. I had not even seen his face, poor fellow.

Jubal came up by the fisherman, who had also overturned. But dugouts do not sink. We owe our lives to those hollowed tree trunks. They were righted, and Jubal and his henchman climbed into one, while I climbed into the other. The waves were still fierce, but had attained a sort of regularity which allowed us to cope with them.

The breakthrough was now a quarter of a mile long. Water poured from it with unabated force, a mighty waterfall where land had been before. We skirted it painfully, making a landing as near to it as we dared.

The rest of that day, under its blinding arch of sky, passed in various stages of confusion and fear.

It was two and a half hours before we were taken off the strip of shore. We were not idle in that time, although every few minutes Jubal paused to curse the fact that he was stranded and powerless. Miraculous as it seems, there were some survivors from the obliterated village, women mostly; we helped them get ashore and built fires for them.

Meanwhile, Dam Authority planes began to circle the area. We managed to attract the attention of one, which landed by our party. Jubal changed at once; now that he had a machine and men who, unlike the villagers, were in his command, he worked with a silent purpose allowing of no question.

Over the vision, he ordered the rest of the floats to attend to the villagers' needs. We sped back to Mokulgu.

On the way, Jubal spoke to Owenstown. They took his news almost without comment. They reported that Victoria was still sinking, although the rate had now steadied. A twenty-four-hour a day airlift was about to go into operation, dropping solid blocks of marble on to the lake bed. There, a fault about three miles square had been located; four frogmen had been lost, drowned.

"It's like tossing pennies into the ocean," Jubal said.

I was thinking of the frogmen, sucked irresistibly down the vault. They would be swept through underground waterways, battered and pulped, to be spat out eventually into our lake.

Vision from mokulgu, coming on just before we landed there, reported a breach in the lake banks, some twenty miles north of the town. At a word from Jubal, we switched plans and veered north at once to see just how extensive the damage was.

The break was at a tiny cluster of huts dignified by the name of Ulatuama. Several men, the crew of a Dam Authority patrol boat, were working furiously at a widening gap. The damage had been caused by the very waves which had swamped us, and I learnt that a small, disused lock had stood here, relic of an earlier irrigation scheme: so the weakness had been of man's making. Beyond the lock had been a dried-up channel some twenty yards wide; this was now a swollen, plunging river.

"Is this serious?" I asked Jubal. "Isn't it a good way of getting rid of surplus water?"

He gave me a withering look. "Where are we if we lose control?" He demanded. "If this thing here runs away with us, the combined waters of Victoria and Tanganyika will flood down into the Congo."

Even as he spoke, the bank to the south of the escaping waters crumbled; several years were swept away, their place instantly taken by the current.

We flew back to Mokulgu. Jubal visioned the mayor and got permission to broadcast to the city. I did not hear him speak: reaction had set in, and I had to go and sit quietly at home with Sloe fussing daintily round me. Although you 'know' from a child that Earth is a planet, it is only when you drift towards it from space, seeing in hang round and finite ahead, that you can *realize* the fact. And so, although I had always 'known' man was puny, it was the sight of that vast collapsing slab of mountain which had driven the fact into my marrow.

To guess the sort of sentiments Jubal broadcast to the city was easy. He would talk of 'rallying round in this our time of crisis'. He would speak of the need for 'all hands uniting against our ancient enemy, Nature'. He would come over big on the tanks: he would be big, his fists clenched, his eyes ablaze. He was in touch with the people. And they would do what he said, for Jubal carried conviction. Perhaps I envied my half-brother.

Labor and supplies began to pour north to mend the damaged bank. Jubal, meanwhile, thought up a typically flamboyant scheme. *Tilly*, one of the lake steamers, was pressed into service and loaded full of rock and clay by steam shovel. With Jubal standing on the bridge, it was maneuvered into the center of the danger area and scuttled. Half in and half out of the rushing water, it now formed a base from which a new dam could be built to stem the flood. Watched by a cheering crowd, Jubal and crew skimmed to safety in a motor boat.

"We shall conquer if we have to dam the water with our bodies," he cried. A thousand cheering throats told him how much they liked this idea.

The pitch of crisis which had been engendered was maintained all through the next two days. For most of that time it rained, and men fought to erect their barrier on clinging mud. Jubal's popularity—and consequently his influence—underwent a rapid diminution. The reason for this was two-fold. He quarreled with J-Casta, whose suggestion to throw open the new dam to relieve pressure elsewhere was refused, and he ran into stiff opposition from the Mokulgu Town Council.

This august body, composed of the avariciously successful and the successfully avaricious, was annoyed about *Tilly*. *Tilly* belonged to the local government, and Jubal had, in effect, stolen it. The men from the factories who had downed tools to fight the water were summoned back to work; the Dam Authority must tend its own affairs.

Jubal merely sneered at this dangerous pique and visioned Leopoldville. In the briefest possible time, he had the army helping him.

It was at dawn on the morning of the third day that he



visioned me to go down and see him. I said adieu to Sloe and took a float over to Ulatuama.

Jubal stood alone by the water's edge. The sun was still swathed in mist, and he looked cold and pinched. Behind him, dimly outlined figures moved to and fro, like allegorical figures on a frieze. He surveyed me curiously before speaking.

"The work's nearly done, Rog," he said. He looked as if he needed sleep, but he added energetically, pointing across the lake: "Then we tackle the main job of plugging that waterfall."

I looked across the silent lake. The far shore was invisible, but out of the layers of mist rose Mount Kangosi. Even at this distance, in the early morning hush, came the faint roar of the new waterfall. And there was another sound, intermittent but persistent: beyond the mountain, they were bombing fault lines. That way they hoped to cause a collapse which would plug Victoria's escape routes. So far, they had had no success, but the bombing went on, making a battlefield of what had once been glorious country.

"Sorry I haven't seen anything of you and Sloe," Jubal said. I disliked his tone.

"You've been busy. Sloe called you on the vision."

"Oh that. Come on into my hut, Rog."

We walked over to a temporary structure; the grass was overloaded with dew. In Jubal's hut, J-Casta was dressing, smoking a cheroot as he dexterously pulled on a shirt. He gave me a surly greeting, whose antagonism I sensed was directed through me at Jubal.

As soon as the latter closed the door, he said: "Rog, promise me something."

"Tell me what."

"If anything happens to me, I want you to marry Sloe. She's your sort."

Concealing my irritation, I said: "That's hardly a reasonable request."

"You and she get on well together, don't you?"

"Certainly. But you see my outlook on life is...well, for one thing I like to stay *detached*. An observer, you know, observing. I just want to sample the landscapes and the food and the women of the solar system. I don't want to *marry*, just move on at the right time. Sloe's very nice but—"

My ghastly inability to express the pressure of inner feelings was upon me. In women I like flamboyance, wit and a high spirit, but I tire quickly of it and then have to seek its manifestation elsewhere. Besides, Sloe frankly had had her sensibilities blunted from living with Jubal. He now chose to misunderstand my hesitations.

"Are you standing there trying to tell me that you've already tired of whatever you've been doing behind my back?" he demanded. "You—you—" He called me a dirty name; I forgot to make allowances for the strain he had

been undergoing, and lost my temper.

"Oh, calm down," I snapped. "You've overtired and overwrought, and probably over-sexed too. I've not touched your little woman—I like to drink from pure streams. So you can put the entire notion out of your head."

He rushed at me with his shoulders hunched and fists swinging. It was an embarrassing moment. I am against violence, and believe in the power of words, but I did the only possible thing: spring to one side and catch him a heavy blow over the heart.

Poor Jubal! No doubt, in his frustration against the forces of nature, he was using me only as a safety valve. But with shame, I will now confess what savage pleasure that blow gave me; I was filled with lust to strike him again. I can perceive dimly how atrocities such as the Massacre came about. As Jubal turned on me, I flung myself at him, breaking down his defenses, piling blows into his chest. It was, I suppose, a form of self-expression.

J-Casta stopped it, breaking in between us and thrusting his ugly face into mine, his hand like a clamp round my wrist.

"Pack it up," he said. "I'd gladly do the job myself, but his is not the time."

As he spoke, the hut trembled. We were hard pressed to keep our feet, staggering together like drunken men.

"Now what—" Jubal said, and flung open the door. I caught a rectangular view of trees and mist, men running, and the emergency dam sailing away on a smooth black slide of escaping water. The banks were collapsing!

Glimpsing the scene, Jubal instantly attempted to slam the door shut again. He was too late. The wave struck us, battering the cabin off its flimsy foundations. Jubal cried sharply as he was tossed against a wall. Next moment we were floundering in a hell of flying furniture and water.

Swept along on a giant sluice, the cabin turned over and over like a die. That I was preserved was a merest accident. Through a maze of foam, I saw a heavy bunk crashing towards me, and managed to flounder aside in time. It missed me by a finger's width and broke straight through the boarding wall. I was swept helplessly after it.

When I surfaced, the cabin was out of sight and I was being borne along at a great rate; and the ugly scene in the cabin was something fruitless that happened a million years ago. Nearly wrenching my arm off in the process, I seized a tree which was still standing, and clung on. Once I had recovered my breath, I was able to climb out of the water entirely, wedge myself between two branches and regain my breath.

The scene was one of awesome desolation. I had what in less calamitous circumstances might have been called 'a good view' of it all.

A lake spread all round me, its surface moving smartly



and with apparent purpose. Its forward line, already far away, was marked by a high yellow cascade. In its wake stretched a miscellany of objects, of which only the trees stood out clearly. Most of the trees were eucalyptus: this area had probably been reclaimed marsh.

To the north, the old shore-line of the lake still stood. The ground was higher there and solid rock jutted stolidly into the flood.

To the south, the shore-line was being joyously chewed away. Mokulgu had about half an hour left before it was swamped and obliterated. I wondered how the Mokulgu Town Council were coping with the situation.

Overhead, the sun now shining clear, bars of pink, wispy cloud flecked the blue sky. The pink and blue were of the exact vulgar tints found in two-color prints of the early twentieth century A.D.—that is, a hundred years before the Massacre. I was almost happy to see this lack of taste in the sky matching the lack of stability elsewhere. I was almost happy: but I was weeping.

"They visioned me that one of the floats had picked you up—and not Jubal. Is there any hope for him, Rog, or is that a foolish question?"

"I can't give you a sensible answer. He was a strong swimmer. They may find him yet."

I spoke to Sloe over the heads of a crowd of people. Mokulgu, surely enough, had been washed away. The sur-

vivors, homeless and bereaved, crowded on to high ground. Sloe had generously thrown open most of her house as a sort of rest-camp-cum-soup-kitchen. She superintended everything with a cool authority which suitably concealed her personal feelings. For that I was grateful: Sloe's feelings must be no affair of mine.

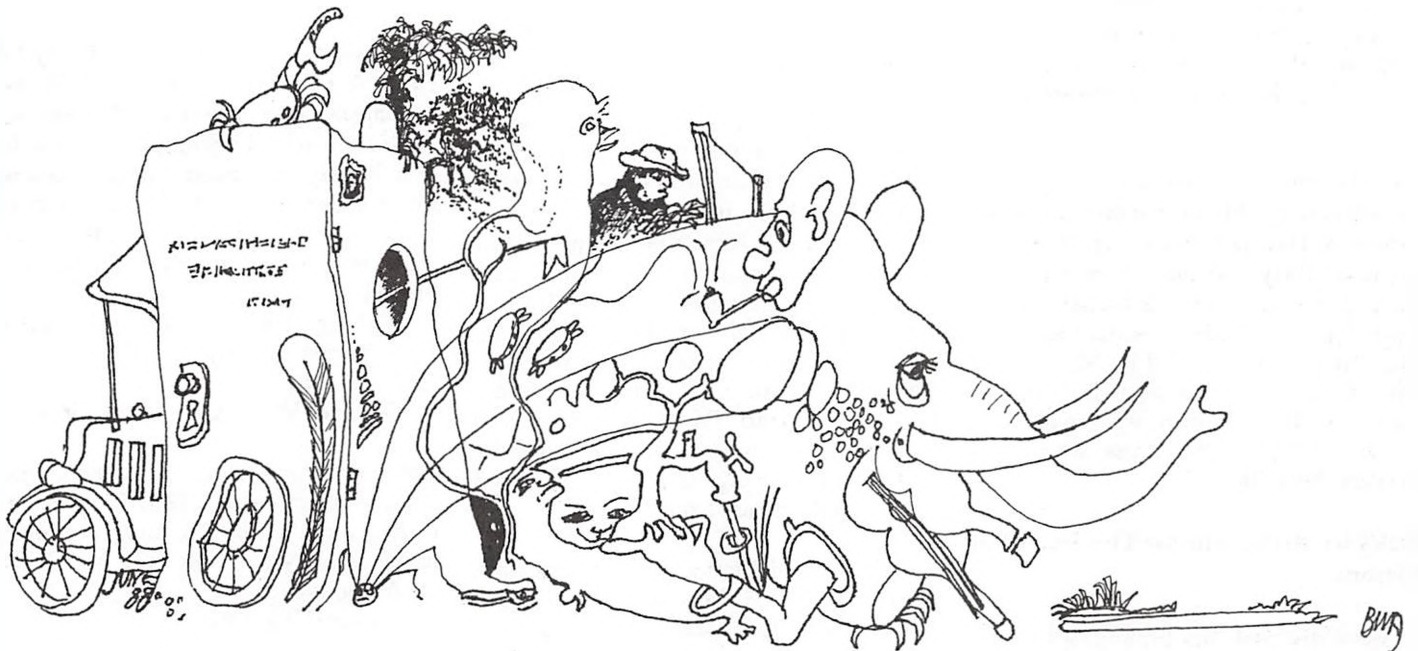
She smiled at me before turning to address someone behind her. Already the light was taking on the intensity of early evening. Above the babble of voices round me came the deep song of speeding water. It would continue for months yet: Africa was ruptured at her very heart, beyond man's mending.

Instead of flowing northward, fertilizing its old valley, Victoria crashed into our lake, adding its burden to the weight of water rolling west. While twenty-one million people perished of drought in Egypt, as many perished of flood and typhoid in the Congo.

I seemed to know what was coming as I stood in the crowded room, knowing Jubal dead, knowing the nation of Africa to be bleeding to death. We were dying of our own wounds.

The ten years to follow would be as terrible as the ten years of the Massacre, when every member of the white race had been slain.

Now we Negroes, in our turn, stood at the bar of history.



Untitled by Brian Aldiss



A Reader's Aldiss Bibliography

by Eric M. Van

I have here before me as I write a book called *The Work of Brian W. Aldiss: An Annotated Bibliography & Guide*, by Margaret Aldiss, published by the Borgo Press of San Bernardino, California. Serious Aldiss-philes are urged to purchase this 360-page volume at once (I hope some of our dealers have the foresight to stock it and some of our readers the foresight to read at least these pages before leaving Worcester). For one thing, it is the only source for the one thing left out of *Trillion Year Spree*: frank critical comments by Aldiss on his own work. Nearly all of what follows is drawn from this book.

But not all. Yes, we have here material you'll find nowhere else. We asked Margaret Aldiss for the dates of composition of all of Aldiss's works, and she was able to respond almost at once with the completion dates of the novels. (The short stories, alas, shall require a research project).

Our other primary source was *Locus*, for recently issued editions; we also consulted Franson & Devore's *History of SF Awards* and Kurt Baty's *Whole Science Fiction Database*. We wish to thank Richard Duffy, Robert Ingria and Eileen McAfee for assistance; Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy for inspiration; and most especially Margaret Aldiss and Dave Fulton, who made this possible, and Brian W. Aldiss, who made it so very desirable.

Books by Brian Aldiss: The Essential Editions.

We have divided this bibliography into four parts. The first lists Aldiss's novels (and novellas published separately) and non-fiction books that are not collections,

arranged chronologically. As long as one remembers that he was producing short pieces, both fiction and criticism, all along the way, it provides the best overview of his career that we can provide. The second section lists all his short fiction, chronologically by published collection, with the as-yet uncollected stories from each period interspersed. The third lists books edited by Aldiss, while the last is a grab-bag of miscellaneous books, including several collections of criticism. We regret that we don't have room to list their contents, or list all the uncollected criticism as well. Then there's the uncollected poetry, and the dramatic efforts, and...did I mention I know a really good book about all this?

I. Novels and Book-Length Nonfiction

Each title here is followed by a description of the book (if none is given, it is a science fiction novel) and its date of completion. Classifying some of Aldiss's work by genre is tricky; we've taken refuge in our favorite catch-all "slipstream" for a number of the novels. We have listed, for each book, the first edition; the most recent American edition; and the most recent UK edition, if later than the American or the most recent paperback. In other words, we have here the single most collectible edition together with those we presume are easiest to find. All first editions are hardcovers (hc) and all reprints paperbacks (pb) unless noted—"tpb" is trade paperback. Reprint editions invariably drop the subtitles. All publishers are American unless noted; for these, we've listed just the imprint we remember being on the spine. We've been more thorough with their British counterparts (a free drink to the first person not named Aldiss who can explain to me the precise difference between Panther, Panther Granada, Granada, Triad Panther, and Triad Granada, and why a Grafton book by Collins Publishing lists "other Panther books" in the inside front cover).

The Brightfount Diaries, fictitious memoir, March 1955. Faber & Faber (UK), November 1955. Based on a serial by "Peter Pica" appearing irregularly in *The Bookseller* from 6/12/54 through 3/4/55. Remploy (UK), 1978, hc.

Non-Stop, May 1957. Faber & Faber (UK), April 1958. Expanded from "Non-Stop" in *Science Fantasy* #17, 2/56 (erroneously dated 2/55).

As *Starship*, Carroll & Graf, May 1989. Roc (UK), March 1993.

The Male Response: A Timely Original Story, slipstream, November 1957. Beacon, 1961, pb.

Panther (UK), 1978.

Vanguard from Alpha, April 1958. Ace Double, July 1959, pb (bound with *The Changeling Worlds*, Kenneth Bulmer). Serialized as "Equator" in *New Worlds* #75-6, September-October, 1958.

As *Equator*, Magnum Books (UK), 1979.

Included, in revised form, in *The Year Before Yesterday* (see below).

The Primal Urge, slipstream, June 1958. Ballantine, 1961, pb.

Panther (UK), 1978.

Bow Down to Nul, May 1959. Ace Double, June 1960, pb (bound with *The Dark Destroyers*, Manly Wade Wellman). Serialized as "X For Exploitation" in *New Worlds* #92-4, March-May, 1960.

Ace, 1966.

As *The Interpreter*, NEL (UK), 1975.

Hothouse: A Science Fiction Novel, July 1961. Faber & Faber (UK), May 1962. Portions first appeared as a series of five stories in *F&SF*, February-December, 1961; the first, "Hothouse," has been anthologized four times subsequently. At *Chicon III* in 1962 *Hothouse* became, in effect, the only sf novel ever to win the Hugo for Best Short Fiction.

Abridged as *The Long Afternoon of Earth*, Signet, January 1962 / 1979.

Baen, 1984.

Gollancz VGSF (UK), March 1990.

Report on Probability A, slipstream, January 1962, revision August 1966. Faber & Faber (UK), April 1968. A shorter version appeared in *New Worlds* #171, March 1967.

Avon, 1980.

Sphere (UK), 1983.

The Dark Light Years: A Science Fiction Novel, July 1962. Faber & Faber (UK),



- January 1964.
Carroll & Graf, June 1990.
- Greybeard*, June 1963. Harcourt, Brace & World, July 1964.
Panther Granada (UK), 1984, with first chapter revised.
Signet, 1987.
- Earthworks: A Science Fiction Novel*, January 1964. Faber & Faber (UK), February 1965. An expansion of the story "Skeleton Crew," in *Science Fantasy* #62, December, 1963.
Avon, 1980.
Methuen (UK), 1988.
- Cities and Stones: A Traveller's Jugoslavia*, travel, June 1965. Faber & Faber (UK), November 1966.
- An Age*, September 1966. Faber & Faber (UK), September 1967. Serialized in *New Worlds* #176-8, October-December 1967.
as *Cryptozoic!*, Avon, 1969.
as *Cryptozoic!*, Gollancz VGSF (UK), February 1989.
- The Hand-Reared Boy*, The Horatio Stubbs Trilogy, Volume 1, mainstream, February 1968. Weidenfeld & Nicolson (UK), January 1970.
Signet, 1971.
in *The Horatio Stubbs Saga*, Panther Granada (UK), 1985.
- Barefoot in the Head: A European Fantasia*, September 1968. Faber & Faber (UK), October 1969. Assembled from seven variously altered stories, all but the first appearing in *New Worlds* from August 1967 to January 1969. A majority of these achieved notoriety of their own: "Multi-Value Motorway" in two *Best of New Worlds* anthologies, "Still Trajectories" in Aldiss's own best and three other anthologies, including Judith Merrill's *England Swings SF*; "Auto-Ancestral Fracture" in Harrison's *Author's Choice 2*; "The Serpent of Kundalini" in the Harrison / Aldiss *Best Of* and a *Best of New Worlds*. The latter two were published as by Aldiss and C. C. Shackleton (an Aldiss pseudonym).
Avon, 1981.
Gollancz (UK), December, 1990.
- The Shape of Further Things: Speculations on Change*, nonfiction pieces, June 1969. Faber & Faber (UK), 1970.
Corgi (UK), 1974.
- A Soldier Erect*, The Horatio Stubbs Trilogy, Volume 2, mainstream, spring 1970. Weidenfeld & Nicolson (UK), January 1971.
in *The Horatio Stubbs Saga*, Panther Granada (UK), 1985.
- Billion Year Spree: The History of Science Fiction*, criticism, July 1972. Weidenfeld & Nicolson (UK), November 1973. British Science Fiction Association (hereafter "BSFA") Special Award.
Schocken, 1974.
Corgi (UK), 1975.
- Frankenstein Unbound*, slipstream, October 1972. Jonathan Cape (UK), September, 1973.
Warner, April 1990.
- The Eighty-Minute Hour: A Space Opera*, October 1972. Doubleday, 1974.
Leisure, 1975.
Triad Panther (UK), 1985 (some text differences).
- Moreau's Other Island: A Novel*, August 1973, revision later. Jonathan Cape (UK), 1980.
as *An Island Called Moreau*, Timescape, 1981.
Triad Granada (UK), 1982 (1985?).
- The Malacia Tapestry*, slipstream, August 1975. Jonathan Cape (UK), July 1976. Four sections appeared in different form in *Orbit 12*, Knight, ed., Putnam's, 1973 (Berkley, 1974, pb). The first, "Serpent Burning on an Altar," was chosen for the 1973 Harrison / Aldiss *Best* and made the preliminary Nebula ballot for 1973 Best Short Story, while the last, "Castle Scene With Penitents," appears in the Aldiss best-of collection *Romance of the Equator* (q.v.).
Harper, July 1990.
- Brothers of the Head*, slipstream novella, April 1976. Pierrrot, December 1977. Illustrated by Ian Pollock. Also simultaneous UK and US trade paperback editions. Expanded from the story "The Bang-Bang" in *A Book of Contemporary Nightmares*, Giles Gordon, ed., Michael Joseph (UK), 1977 (Sphere UK, 1978, pb).
in *Brothers of the Head; and, Where the Lines Converge*, Panther (UK), 1985. For the latter, see section U8 in the story listing.
- Enemies of the System: A Tale of Homo Uniformis*, December 1976. Jonathan Cape (UK), May 1978. Expanded from a story of the same name in *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, June, 1978.
Avon, 1981.
Triad Panther (UK), 1985.
- A Rude Awakening*, The Horatio Stubbs Trilogy, Volume 3, mainstream, September 1977. Weidenfeld & Nicolson (UK), April 1978.
Charter, 1980.
in *The Horatio Stubbs Saga*, Panther Granada (UK), 1985.
- Life in the West*, mainstream, July 1979. Weidenfeld & Nicolson (UK), March 1980. Selected by Anthony Burgess as one of the Best Ninety-Nine Novels published in English since 1939.
Corgi (UK), 1982.
Carroll & Graf, April 1990, hc.
- Ruins*, novella, February 1980, revision January 1986. Century Hutchinson (UK), September 1987.
Arrow (UK), 1988.
- Helliconia Spring*, The Helliconia Trilogy, Volume 1, December 1980. Jonathan Cape (UK), February 1982. John W. Campbell Memorial Award, Best Novel; BSFA Award, Best Novel.
Collier Nucleus, July 1992, tpb.
- Helliconia Summer*, The Helliconia Trilogy, Volume 2, November 1982. Jonathan Cape (UK), November 1983. BSFA finalist, Best Novel
Collier Nucleus, October 1992, tpb.
- Helliconia Winter*, The Helliconia Trilogy, Volume 3, July 1984. Jonathan Cape (UK), April 1985. BSFA Award, Best Novel; Nebula Award finalist, Best Novel.
Collier Nucleus, March 1993, tpb.
- Trillion Year Spree*, with David Wingrove, criticism, revised and greatly enlarged version of *Billion Year Spree*, March 1986.



Gollancz (UK), October 1986. Hugo Award, Best Non-Fiction; Locus Award, Best Non-Fiction.

Avon, 1988, tpb.

Paladin (UK), 1988, tpb, includes some revisions.

The Year Before Yesterday: A Novel in Three Acts, August 1986. Franklin Watts, 1987. Incorporates revised versions of the story "The Impossible Story" and, as "Equator," *Vanguard From Alpha*, within a new metafictional frame.

as *Cracken at Critical: A Novel in Three Acts*, Kerosina (UK), 1987, hc. Specially revised.

St. Martin's, 1988.

as *Cracken at Critical*, NEL, July 1989. Includes the revisions.

The Magic of the Past, novella, October 1986. Kerosina (UK), spring 1987, pb. Also a hardcover edition included with slipcased edition of *Cracken at Critical*.

Bury My Heart at W. H. Smith's: A Writing Life, autobiography, started 1986, completed 1990. Hodder & Stoughton (UK), July 1990. Also a 250-copy limited edition from Avernus (UK), with six extra chapters and an appendix listing 250 unique Aldiss souvenirs, distributed one per copy. Hugo Award finalist, Best Non-Fiction.

Coronet (UK), 1991.

Forgotten Life, mainstream, February 1988. Gollancz, September 1988.

Atheneum, 1989, hc.

Mandarin (UK), December 1989.

Dracula Unbound, slipstream, January 1990. HarperCollins, March 1991.

Harper, April 1992.

Remembrance Day, mainstream, July 1991. HarperCollins (UK), March 1993.

St. Martin's, July 1993, hc.

Burnell's Travels, work in progress.

II. Short Fiction

There is no truth to the rumor that a basic understanding of the publication history of the short fiction of Brian Aldiss requires, at the least, a thorough familiarity with fuzzy logic, Chomsky's govern-

ment and binding framework, the descriptive theory of constructable sets, the decay states of the intermediate vector boson, and the lyrics to the unrecorded middle verse of "A Whiter Shade of Pale" ("She said 'I'm home on shore leave' / when in truth we were at sea . . ."). Simple college-level linear algebra will suffice. It is *my* job to communicate this tangled braid to the lay public.

Consider: Not unlike Beatles albums, four of Aldiss's first five collections were issued separately in the UK and US with different titles and contents. Stories unique to one edition were as likely to pop up in the next overseas edition as to disappear. Then there's *The Best Science Fiction Stories of Brian W. Aldiss*, a very different book from *The Best SF Stories of Brian W. Aldiss*, although the former is the same as *Who Can Replace a Man* and the latter is the same as *Man in His Time*. We won't even mention (yet) the revised edition of the former, or *Best of Aldiss*, which was essentially a new collection.

If you want to be technical, in fact, the average Aldiss collection has just three (median) or three-and-a-half (mean) stories unique to it. No fewer than seven collections have just one or two unique stories. From a practical perspective, however, one can assemble a set of Aldiss collections without much overlap, leaving behind a bunch of variant editions, each typically with one or two fugitive stories. In light of the huge number of Aldiss stories entirely uncollected, this isn't that big a deal.

Aldiss has had three generations of best-of collections, the latter in two volumes. We have chosen not to use precious space to relist the stories they reprint, at the same time forcing you to figure out which collections (if any) they previously appeared in. Instead, we have followed each first listing of a story later anointed as a best-of with a mark or marks indicating which collection it was included in. Stories in Aldiss's first *Best* collection are marked *; in the second, ^; in the third, † for the sf stories (in *Man in His Time*) and ‡ for the fantasies (in *A Romance of the Equator*).

We regret that we have no room to list anthology appearances of stories which have appeared in Aldiss's own collections. What we have done, however, is list the *number* of such appearances after the story

title; thus, "+6" means the story has been anthologized six other times. (and at least; our totals are or more years out of date. Some of these known appearances also represent a judgment call on my part, so don't sue me if you come up with five!) Together with the marks indicating the best-of collections, they give an instant snapshot of the story's stature. The paucity of anthologizations of the later stories is, of course, only a function of time.

But wait, there's more. What about all those Aldiss stories that have never appeared in his own collections that we alluded to a minute ago? Including some he himself has anthologized and quite a few that Judith Merrill, among others, have picked as among the year's best, and at least one that made the final Hugo and Nebula ballots? We've listed them here in what we think is a useful and informative way. Following each new Aldiss collection is the listing of the stories that, essentially, were left out of it—the stories that remain uncollected and that postdate the oldest story in the previous collection and predate the oldest story in the current one (this is much simpler than I have just made it sound.) I have given what I think is the best source or sources for each one of these stories, *and have not necessarily listed the story's first appearance*. The usual prejudices apply: a US paperback is best, a UK hardcover worst; US magazines and *New Worlds* are favored, other UK mags are not. Anthology subtitles have been omitted, and titles of various familiar Best-Of series abbreviated. I have used the "+n" system to denote additional appearances here, as well.

No attempt has been made, alas, to identify novellae and novelettes as distinct from short stories.

One thing this bibliography makes quite clear is the pressing need for some new clean-up collections (one is reminded that the last Sturgeon collection assembled, *The Golden Helix*, was one of his strongest), as a number of stories that *someone* has labeled "Best" are currently hard to come by.

1. *Space, Time and Nathaniel (Presciences)*, March 1956. Faber & Faber (UK), March 1957.

Panther (UK), 1985.



1A. *No Time Like Tomorrow*. Signet, 1959, of #2A.
pb.

Signet, 1976

These two collections share six stories: "T"+2; "Our Kind of Knowledge"; "Psychlops"+2; "Not For an Age"+2; "The Failed Men"+†; and "Outside"+†+3.

#1 includes also "Conviction"; "Criminal Record"; "Supercity"; "There is a Tide"; "Pogsmith"; "Panel Game"; "Dumb Show"+; and "The Shubshub Race."

#1A includes also "Poor Little Warrior!" § †; "Carrion Country"; "Judas Danced" §+3 (orig. "Judas Dancing"); "Gesture of Farewell"; "The New Father Christmas"+ and "Blighted Profile."

U1. The four uncollected stories from this period are "A Book in Time" (*The Bookseller*, 2/3/54); "Breathing Space" (*Science Fantasy* #12, 2/55); "The Great Time Hiccup" (*Nebula* #12, 4/55) and "Tradesman's Exit"+1 (*Pick of Today's Short Stories* 7, Pudney, ed., Putnam (UK), hc).

2. *The Canopy of Time*, October 1958. Faber & Faber (UK), October 1959.

New English Library (UK), 1975.

2A. *Galaxies Like Grains of Sand*, October 1959. Signet, 1960, pb.

Signet, 1986.

Revised ed., Gollancz VGSF (UK), September 1989.

Originally a "chronicle-novel" with the stories revised from their original appearances and linking material added, this has apparently never quite appeared per the author's original intentions. #2 omits the linking material and has been superseded in the UK by a revised version of #2A. Both include the stories "All the World's Tears" †+4; "Who Can Replace a Man?" § †+21 (orig. "But Who Can Replace a Man"); "Oh, Ishrael!" (in #2A as "O Ishrail!"); "Incentive"+1; "Gene-Hive" (orig. "Journey to the Interior"); "Secret of a Mighty City" (orig. "Have Your Hatreds Ready") and "Visiting Amoeba" (orig. "What Triumphs?")—the last seven stories

#2 begins with the story "Three's a Cloud" (orig. "The Unbeaten Track"); #2A begins instead with "Out of Reach." #2 includes "Blighted Profile" and "Judas Danced" between "Who Can Replace a Man" and "Oh, Ishrael!"; these were apparently omitted from #2A due to their premature inclusion in #1A. #2 includes "They Shall Inherit" next to last.

The revised UK version of #2A restores "Blighted Profile."

U2. The twelve uncollected stories from this period are "With Esmond in Mind" (*Science Fantasy* #20, 12/56); "No Gimmick" (*Science Fantasy* #21, 2/57); "Let's Be Frank"+5 (*Isaac Asimov Presents the Great SF Stories* #19 (1957), Asimov & Greenberg, eds., DAW, 1989); "The Flowers of the Forest"+3 (*Tropical Chills*, Sullivan, ed., Avon, 1988); "The Ice Mass Cometh" (*New Worlds* #66, 12/57); "My Pit My Parish"+1 (*New Worlds* #67, 1/58 / *The Best of New Worlds*, Moorcock, ed., Compact (UK), 1965); "Ten-Storey Jigsaw"+1 (*SF: The Year's Greatest*, 4th, Merril, ed., Dell, 1959); "The Carp That Once" (*Science Fantasy* #28, 4/58); "Ninian's Experiences" (*Nebula* #31, 6/58); "Fourth Factor" (*Nebula* #34, 9/58); "Sight of a Silhouette" (*Nebula* #36, 10/58) and "The Arm" (*Nebula* #38, 1/59).

3. *The Airs of Earth: Science Fiction Stories*, December 1962. Faber & Faber (UK), September 1963.

NEL (UK), 1975.

3A. *Starswarm*, February 1963. Signet, January 1964, pb.

Revised ed., Baen, 1985

Revised ed., Gollancz (UK), August 1990.

The UK is a simple collection, the US a chronicle-novel, with linking material, that has since superseded it in the UK. They share the six stories "A Kind of Artistry"+2; "How to Be a Soldier" (orig. "Soldiers Running"), in #3A as "Hearts and Engines"; "Shards" §; "O Moon of My

Delight!" (orig. "Moon of Delight"); "The Game of God" (orig. "Segregation," elsewhere as "Planet of Death") and "Old Hundredth"+ §†+6. #3 includes "Basis for Negotiation"+1 and "The International Smile," while #3A substitutes "The Underprivileged" (orig. "The Under-Privileged") and "Legends of Smith's Burst." The listed reprints add "Intangibles, Inc." (later the title story of #5; q.v.).

U3. The fourteen uncollected stories from this period are "The Lieutenant" (*Nebula* #39, 2/59); "The Towers of San Ampa" (*New Worlds* #80, 2/59); "Are You an Android?" (*Science Fantasy* #34, 4/59); "The Bomb-Proof Bomb" (*The Oxford Times*, 4/10/59); "The Other One" (*New Worlds* #82, 4/59); "Fortune's Fool" (*Science Fantasy* #35, 6/59); "Safety Valve" (*Future* #44, 8/59); "Under an English Heaven" (*New Worlds* #90, 1/60); "Faceless Card"+1 (*Mind in Chains*, Evans, ed., Panther (UK), 1970); "Stage-Struck!" (*Science Fantasy* #41, 6/60); "Original Sinner" (*Science Fiction Adventures* #15, 7/60); "Hen's Eyes"+1 (*Amazing*, 9/61); "Conversation Piece" (*New Worlds* #115, 2/62) and "Tyrant's Territory"+1 (*Amazing*, 3/62).

B1. *Best Science Fiction Stories of Brian W. Aldiss*, January 1965. Faber & Faber (UK), November 1965.

as *Who Can Replace a Man?*, Signet, 1972.

Includes the eleven stories marked * (with "The Failed Men" retitled "Ahead"), plus the newer "The Impossible Star" §+1; "Man on Bridge" § †+2 and "Man in His Time" § †+4 (Hugo finalist, Best Short Story, 1967).

4. *The Saliva Tree and Other Strange Growths*, July 1965. Faber & Faber (UK), 1966

Sphere (UK), 1979.

Gregg Press, 1981, hc.

Includes "The Saliva Tree" †+4 (Nebula Award, Best Novella, 1965);



"Danger: Religion!" +2 (orig. "Matrix"); "The Source" †+1; "The Lonely Habit"; "A Pleasure Shared" +3; "One Role With Relish"; "Legends of Smith's Burst" (repeated from #3A); "The Day of the Doomed King" †; "Paternal Care" and "The Girl and the Robot With Flowers" § † (orig. "Girl and Robot With Flowers").

U4. The fourteen uncollected stories from this period are "The Green Leaves of Space" (*Daily Express Science Annual No. 1*, Daily Express (UK), 1962, hc); "The Thing Under the Glacier" +2 (*Space 2*, Davis, ed., Abelard-Schuman (UK), 1974, hc); "Counter-Feat" (*New Worlds* #139, 2/64); "One-Way Strait" +1 (*New Worlds* #139, 2/64); "Never Let Go Of My Hand" (*New Worlds* #142, 5/64); "Lazarus" (as by Jael Cracken, *Science Fantasy* #65, 6/64); "Pink Plastic Gods" (*Science Fantasy* #65, 6/64); "Unauthorised Persons" (as by John Runciman, *Science Fantasy* #65, 6/64); "Jungle Substitute" +1 (*Galaxy* 8/64 / *The Ninth Galaxy Reader*, Pohl, ed., Pocket, 1967); "No Moon Tonight!" (as by John Runciman, *Science Fantasy* #66, 8/64); "Scarfe's World" +1 (*11th Annual Year's Best SF*, Merril, ed., Dell, 1967); "The Small Betraying Detail" +1 (*New Worlds* #150, 5/65 / *Best SF Stories from New Worlds*, Moorcock, ed., Berkley, 1968); "Old Time's Sake" (*New Worlds* #154, 9/65); "How Are They All on Deneb IV?" +2 (as by C. C. Shackleton, *Perilous Planets*, Aldiss, ed., Avon, 1980)

5. *Intangibles, Inc. and Other Stories: Five Novellas*, October 1967. Faber & Faber (UK), May 1969.

Corgi (UK), 1975

5A. *Neanderthal Planet*. Avon, January 1970, pb.
Avon, 1980.

These share "Neanderthal Planet" (orig. "A Touch of Neanderthal"); "Intangibles, Inc." +1 and "Since the Assassination." #5 includes "Randy's Syndrome" +1 and "Send Her Victorious"; #5A substitutes "Danger: Religion" from #4.

6. *The Moment of Eclipse*, January 1970. Faber & Faber (UK), March 1971. BSFA Award, Best Novel (sic).

as *Moment of Eclipse*, Doubleday, 1972, hc.

Panther Granada (UK), 1985.

A collection apparently selected wholly by the author, and including no material collected previously. The trepidations of the publishing industry to the contrary, there are nevertheless no signs of civil unrest, crop failure, or nuclear meltdown, although disco music does come to popularity within a year or two. Includes "The Moment of Eclipse" § †; "The Day We Embarked For Cythera" †+2; "Orgy of the Living and the Dying" +1; "Super-Toys Last All Summer Long" †; "The Village Swindler" †+1; "Down the Up Escalation" +2; "That Uncomfortable Pause Between Life and Art"; "Confluence" †+2; "Heresies of the Huge God" †+6; "The Circulation of the Blood" +2; "... And the Stagnation of the Heart" +2; "The Worm That Flies" †+1; "Working in the Spaceship Yards" †+1 and "Swastika!" §+1.

U6. The eighteen or nineteen uncollected stories from this period are "Lambeth Blossom" +2 (*Strange Bedfellows*, Scortia, ed., Random House, 1972, hc); "Burning Question" +1 (*F&SF* 10/66); "The Eyes of the Blind King" (*S.F. Impulse* #9, 11/66); "The Dead Immortal" +1 (*Titbits*, 5/20/67 / *Zoom*, 2/69); "A Difficult Age" (*Nova*, 11/67); "Wonder Weapon" (orig. "Ideal Weapon," *Nova*, 11/67); "Two Modern Myths: Reflection on Mars, and Ultimate Construction" (as by C. C. Shackleton; both in *Titbits*, 1967; only the latter in *Best SF:67*, Harrison & Aldiss, eds., Berkley, 1968); "Full Sun" +2 (*Orbit 2*, Knight, ed., Berkley, 1967 / *World's Best SF: 1968* or *Fourth Series*, Wollheim & Carr, eds., Ace, 1968/70); "The Night That All Time Broke Loose/The Night That All Time Broke Out" +1 (*Dangerous Visions*, Ellison, ed., Berkley, 1983); "A Taste for Dostoevsky" +1 (*On Our Way to the Future*, Carr, ed., Ace, 1970); "Total Environment" +3 (*Galaxy* 2/68 /

World's Best SF 1969, Wollheim & Carr, eds, Ace, 1969 / *Alpha Three*, Silverberg, ed., Ballantine, 1972; Hugo and Nebula finalist, Best Novelette, 1969); "Dreamer, Schemer" (*Galaxy* 7/68); "I Dreamed I Was Jung Last Night" +2 (*Fat*, Reed, ed., Bobbs-Merril, 1974, hc / orig. "When I Was Very Jung," *Galaxy* 9/68); "The Tell-Tale Heart Machine" (*Galaxy* 11/68); "Dream of Distance" (non-bylined, *All About Venus*, Aldiss, ed., Dell, 1968); "Greeks Bringing Knee-High Gifts" (*Galaxy* 3/69); "The Firmament Theorem" +1 (a Jerry Cornelius story, *New Worlds* #191, 6/69) and "The Humming Heads" (*Solstice* #8, 6/69).

B2. *Best Science Fiction Stories of Brian W. Aldiss (Revised Edition)*. Faber & Faber (UK), 1971.

Faber & Faber (UK), 1972.

Drops six stories from the original edition and adds eight. Includes all the stories marked §, plus "Still Trajectories" (a story incorporated into *Barefoot in the Head*) and the previously uncollected "Sober Noises of Morning in a Marginal Land" †+2 and "Another Little Boy" +1.

7. *The Book of Brian Aldiss*. DAW, 1972, pb.
As *The Comic Inferno*, NEL (UK), 1973.

In a perhaps too-enthusiastic application of new publishing principles, the British version of this book is kept identical to the American, despite it including a story just printed there. Presumably the inclusion of one story already in print in America as well is in compensation. Included are "Comic Inferno" +2; "The Underprivileged" (repeated from #3A); "Cardiac Arrest"; "In the Arena" +4; "All the World's Tears" †+4; "Amen and Out" +1; "The Soft Predicament" +1; "As for Our Fatal Continuity" +1 (preliminary Nebula ballot, Best Short Story, 1972) and "Send Her Victorious" (repeated from #5).

U7. The three uncollected stories from this brief period are "The Secret of Holman Hunt and the Crude Death Rate" +1 (*New Worlds* #197, 1/70 /



New Worlds #6, Platt and Bailey, eds., Avon, 1975, tpb); "The Weather on Demansky Island" (*Quicksilver*, 12/70) and "The Hunter at His Ease"+2 (*Best SF:1971*, Harrison & Aldiss, eds., Berkley, 1972).

8. *Last Orders and Other Stories*, 1976. Jonathan Cape (UK), November 1977. Carroll & Graf, July 1990.

Another wholly new collection. Includes "Last Orders" †; "Creatures of Apogee" †+1; "Enigma 1: Year By Year the Evil Gains" (orig. "Year By Year the Evil Gains, Three Deadly Enigmas V: Within the Black Circle; Killing Off the Big Animals; What Are You Doing, Why Are You Doing It?"); "Enigma 2: Diagrams for Three Stories" (orig. "Diagrams for Three Enigmatic Stories: The Girl in the Tau Dream; The Immobility Crew; The Cultural Side Effects"); "Live? Our Computers Will Do That for Us"; "Monster of Ingratitude IV" (orig. "The Monsters of Ingratitude IV"); "Enigma 3: The Aperture Moment" (orig. "The Aperture Moment: Waiting For the Universe to Begin; But Without Orifices; Aimez-Vous Holman Hunt?"; preliminary Nebula ballot, Best Short Story, 1975); "Backwater"+1; "Enigma 4: The Eternal Theme of Exile" (orig. "Three Enigmas II: All Those Enduring Old Charms; The Eternal Theme of Exile; Nobody Spoke or Waved Goodbye"); "The Expensive Delicate Ship"; "Enigma 5: Three Coins in Clockwork Fountains" (orig. "Three Coins in Enigmatic Fountains: Carefully Observed Women; The Daffodil Returns the Smile; The Year of the Quiet Computer: Three Enigmas IV"); "An Appearance of Life" †+1; "Wired for Sound"+1 (orig. "Listen With Big Brother") and "Journey to the Heartland."

- U8. The thirteen or fourteen uncollected stories from this period are "The Ergot Show"+1 (*Nova* 2, Harrison, ed., Dell, 1974; preliminary Nebula ballot, Best Short Story, 1972); "Manuscript Found in a Police State"+1 (*The Best of British SF* 2, Ashley, ed., Orbit (UK),

1977); "The Planet at the Bottom of the Garden" (*Edge* # 5/6, 1973); "Three Enigmas: The Enigma of Her Voyage; I Ching, Who You?; The Great Chain of Being What?" (*New Writings in SF-22*, Bulmer, ed., Corgi, 1974); "Strange in a Familiar Way"+1 (*Beyond This Horizon*, Carrell, ed., Ceolfrith (UK), 1973); "Melancholia Has a Plastic Core" (*Science Fiction Monthly* 1, 1/74); "Three Songs For Enigmatic Lovers: A One-Man Expedition Through Life; The Taste of Shrapnel; 40 Million Miles From the Nearest Blonde"+1 (*FF&SF* 11/74); "Three Enigmas III: All in God's Mind; The Unbearableness of Other Lives; The Old Fleeing and Fleeting Image; Looking on the Sunny Side of an Eclipse" (*New Writings in SF* 24, Bulmer, ed., Sidgwick & Jackson (UK), 1974, hc); "Excommunication" (*New Foundation* 1, 1976); "What You Get for Your Dollar" (based on a chapter in *The Shape of Further Things; The New Improved Sun*, Disch, ed., Harper & Row, 1975, hc); "Nipples as an Index of Character"+1 (*Commentary, Journal of the University of Singapore Society* 1, 5/76); "Always Somebody There" (*Tomorrow*, Elwood, ed., Evans (UK), 1976; may not actually have been published); "How Did the Dinosaurs Do It?" (*Citadel*, 1976) and "Where the Lines Converge"+2 (*Galileo*, 4/77 / *Starry Messenger*, Ryan, ed., St. Martin's, 1979, hc; see also *Brothers of the Head* in the first section).

9. *New Arrivals, Old Encounters: Twelve Stories*, March 1978. Jonathan Cape (UK), August 1979. Avon, 1981. Triad Granada (UK), 1985.

Repeats "Amen and Out" and "The Soft Predicament" from #7, and adds "New Arrivals, Old Encounters" (orig. "Horsemen"); "The Small Stones of Tu Fu" †+4; "Three Ways"; "A Spot of Konfrontation"; "Non-Isotropic"+1; "One Blink of the Moon"; "A Space for Reflection"; "Indifference"; "Song of the Silencer" and "The Impossible Puppet-Show" (twenty-three playlets).

- U9. The five uncollected stories from this period are "In the Mist of Life" (*Winter's Tales* 23, Collenette, ed., Macmillan (UK), 1977, hc); "My Lady of the Psychiatric Sorrows"+3 (*Universe* 7, Carr, ed., Popular Library, 1978 / *The Best of Omni SF* #4, Bova & Myrus, eds., Omni, 1982, tpb); "[Title Unknown]" (with Philip Jose Farmer and Sam J. Lundwall, *Unifan*, Pedersen & Dalgaard, eds, Fabula 77 (Denmark), 1978); "Yin Yang and Jung, Three Galactic Enigmas: Some Transitory Characteristics of Matter; What's Happening To Your Lawn This Month; No Happiness For the Happiness-Bringer" (*Vector*, 3/78) and "A Chinese Perspective" (*Anticipations*, Priest, ed., Pan (UK), 1979).

10. *Foreign Bodies: Stories*, December 1980. Chopmen (Singapore), 1981, also simultaneously in trade pb.

Six stories written specially for this volume: "Foreign Bodies"; "Boat Animals"; "Frontiers"; "Back from Java" † (orig. "The Man Who Saw Cliff Richard"); "A Romance of the Equator" † and "The Skeleton."

11. *Best of Aldiss*. Viaduct (UK), 1983. An "issue" of *Bestsellers* (Volume 3, Number 9), magazine format.

Despite its title, really a new collection. Includes "An Appearance of Life" from #8, "The Small Stones of Tu Fu" from #9, and "A Romance of the Equator" from #10, plus the previously uncollected "Oh for a Closer Brush with God" †; "The Game With the Big Heavy Ball" †; "Three Evolutionary Enigmas: The Fall of Species B; In the Halls of the Hereafter; The Ancestral Home of Thought"; "The Blue Background" †; "A Private Whale"; "Consolations of Age" † and "The Girl Who Sang" †+1, plus an Introduction (and a crossword puzzle adapted by others from various Aldiss works).

12. *Seasons in Flight*, 1984. Jonathan Cape (UK), November 1984. Ace, 1988.



Repeats "A Romance of the Equator" from #10, and "The Blue Background," "Consolations of Age" and "The Girl Who Sang" from #11, together with the previously uncollected "The Other Side of the Lake"; "The Gods in Flight" †; "Igur and the Mountain"; "Incident in a Far Country"; "The Plain, The Endless Plain" †; "The O in José"+1 (orig. "The Oh in José") and "Juniper."

U12. The seven or ten uncollected stories from this period are "Modernisation" (*Winter's Tales* 26, Maclean, ed., St. Martin's, 1981, hc); "End Game" (*Asimov's* 12/81); "Parasites of Passion" (*Asimov's* 4/82); "Mini-Sagas: Happiness and Suffering; Another Story on the Theme of the Last Man on Earth; How the Boy Icarus Grew Up and, After a Legendary Disaster, Learnt New Things About Himself; Silence After the Silence" (*Telegraph Sunday Magazine*, 4/25/82, in an introduction to a competition created by Aldiss; the first two also in *The Book of Mini-Sagas*, Sutton (UK), 1985; the first, revised, also, in *The Drabble Project*, Meades and Wake, eds., Becon (UK), hc; the third with an even longer title that we're not crazy enough to print also in *Fifty Extremely SF* Stories*, Bastraw, ed., Niekas, 1982); "Call Yourself a Christian" (*Fifty Extremely SF* Stories*, Bastraw, ed., Niekas, 1982); "The Immortal Storm Strikes Again" (*Novacon 13 Programme*, Summer 1983) and "An Admirer of Einstein" (*The Fiction Magazine* 2, Autumn, 1983).

B3. *Best SF Stories of Brian W. Aldiss*, 1986. Gollancz (UK), April 1988.

as *Man in His Time: The Best Science Fiction Stories of Brian W. Aldiss*, Collier, October, 1990. Includes introduction (first appearing in the Gollancz pb edition).

Includes twenty-two stories: all those marked † above, plus "The Dark Soul of the Night"; "Door Slams in Fourth World"; "My Country 'Tis Not Only of Thee"+1 (orig. "Vietnam Encore"); "Infestation" and "The Difficulties Involved in Photographing Nix

Olympica." "The Failed Men" is revised and returns to its original title.

B4. *A Romance of the Equator: Best Fantasy Stories*, spring 1989. Gollancz (UK), September 1989.

Atheneum, March 1990, hc. tpb edition?

Gollancz (UK), May 1990.

Includes twenty-six stories: all those marked † above, plus "So Far from Prague"; "Castle Scene With Penitents" (a variant portion of *The Malacia Tapestry*); "Journey to the Goat Star" (orig. "The Captain's Analysis"); "You Never Asked My Name"; "Lies"; "North Scarning"+1 (orig. "The Older Evil"); "The Big Question"+1; "The Ascent of Humbelstein" and "How an Inner Door Opened to My Heart." "Back from Java" appears revised as "Just Back from Java"; "Oh For a Closer Brush With God" appears as "Bill Carter Takes Over."

U13. The twenty-five stories appearing by the summer of 1991 and as yet uncollected (though doubtless some will appear in *A Tupolev Too Far*, forthcoming this month in the UK) are "Domestic Catastrophe," "The Greatest Saga of All Time" (as by C. C. Shackleton), and "Possessed By Love" (all *The Book of Mini-Sagas*, Sutton (UK), 1985); "Operation Other Cheek" (*The Words Book*, 1985-1986, Words (UK), 1986, hc); "The Price of Cabbages" (*Other Edens*, Priest & Holdstock, Unwin (UK), 1987); "Tourney" (*Tales From the Forbidden Planet*, Kaveny, ed., Titan (UK), 1987, tpb); "Traveller, Traveller, Seek Your Wife in the Forests of This Life" (*F&SF*, 11/88); "Those Shouting Nights" (*Science Fiction Blues*, q.v.); "Thursday" (*Words International: The Book*, 1987-1988, Words (UK), 1987, hc); "The Hero"+1, "Hess," and "Wordsworth Hallucinates" (all *The Book of Mini-Sagas II*, Sutton (UK), 1988); "Confluence Revisited" (*Other Edens II*, Priest & Holdstock, eds., Unwin (UK), 1988); "Conversation in Progress" (*Science Fiction Blues*); "The Day the Earth Caught Fire" (*The Mail*

on Sunday, 4/23/89); "Days in the Life of a Galactic Empire" (*Zenith*, Garnett, ed., Sphere (UK), 1989); "A Tupolev Too Far" (*Other Edens III*, Evans & Holdstock, eds., Unwin Hyman (UK), 1989, tpb); "Three Degrees Over" (*Dark Fantasies*, Morgan, ed., Legend (UK), 1989); "North of the Abyss"+1 (*F&SF* 11/89 / 1990 *Annual World's Best SF*, Wollheim & Saha, eds., DAW, 1990); "Adventures in the Fur Trade" (*New Pathways* 16, 7/90); "Better Morphosis" (*F&SF*, 6/91); "A Life of Matter and Death"+1 (*Interzone* #38, 8/90 / *Interzone: the 5th Anthology*, Pringle, ed., NEL (UK), 1991); "Going For A Pee" (*New Pathways* forthcoming or recently appeared); "People—Alone—Injury—Artwork" (*New Pathways* 19, 1/91) and "Summertime Was Nearly Over" (*The Ultimate Frankenstein*, Preiss, ed., Dell, 1991). We regret not having the last two years, but we figure all this will hold you for a while.

III. Books Edited By Brain W. Aldiss

Penguin Science Fiction: An Anthology. Penguin (UK), pb, 1961 / 1966.

in *The Penguin Science Fiction Omnibus*, Penguin (UK), 1985.

Best Fantasy Stories. Faber & Faber (UK), 1962.

Faber & Faber (UK), 1970.

More Penguin Science Fiction: An Anthology. Penguin (UK), pb, 1963 / 1968.

in *The Penguin Science Fiction Omnibus*, Penguin (UK), 1985.

Introducing SF: A Science Fiction Anthology. Faber & Faber (UK), 1964

Faber & Faber (UK), 1967.

Yet More Penguin Science Fiction: An Anthology. Penguin (UK), pb, 1964 / 1966.

in *The Penguin Science Fiction Omnibus*, Penguin (UK), 1985.

Nebula Award Stories Two, with Harry Harrison (hereafter "w/HH"). Doubleday, 1967.

Pocket, 1968

Panther (UK), 1970



- Best SF: 1967 (w/HH)*. Berkley, 1968, pb.
- Farewell, Fantastic Venus! A History of the Planet Venus in Fact and Fiction* (assisted by HH), Macdonald (UK), 1968.
Brutally abridged as *All About Venus*, Dell, 1968.
Panther (UK), 1977.
- Best SF: 1968 (w/HH)*. Putnam's, 1969.
Berkley, 1969.
- Best SF: 1969 (w/HH)*. Putnam's, 1970.
Berkley, 1971.
- Best SF: 1970 (w/HH)*. Putnam's, 1971.
Berkley, 1971.
- The Astounding-Analog Reader, Volume One* (w/HH). Doubleday, 1972.
Sphere (UK), 1973, in 2 volumes.
- Best SF: 1971 (w/HH)*. Putnam's, 1972.
Berkley, 1972.
- The Astounding-Analog Reader, Volume Two* (w/HH). Doubleday, 1973.
- Best SF: 1972 (w/HH)*. Putnam's, 1973.
Berkley, 1973.
- Best SF: 1973 (w/HH)*. Putnam's, 1974.
Berkley, 1974.
- Space-Opera: An Anthology of Way-Back-When Futures*, The Space Opera Series, Volume 1. Weidenfeld & Nicolson (UK), 1974.
Futura (UK), 1974.
Doubleday, 1975, hc.
Berkley, 1977. Omits two stories.
- Best SF: 1974 (w/HH)*. Bobbs-Merril, 1975.
as *The Year's Best Science Fiction, No. 8*, Sphere (UK), 1976.
- Decade, the 1940s (w/HH)*, The Decade Series Volume 1. Macmillan (UK), 1975.
Pan (UK), 1977.
St. Martin's, 1978, hc.
- Space Odysseys: An Anthology of Way-Back-When Futures*, The Space Opera Series, Volume 2. Weidenfeld & Nicolson (UK), 1975.
Berkley, 1978.
- Hell's Cartographers: Some Personal Histories of Science Fiction Writers* (w/HH), February 1974. Weidenfeld & Nicolson (UK), 1975.
Harper & Row, 1975, hc.
Orbit (UK), 1976.
- SF Horizons, Volumes 1 and 2* (w/HH). Arno, 1975. Facsimile reproduction of the two issues of this sf critical journal from 1964-5.
- Evil Earths: An Anthology of Way-Back-When Futures*, The Space Opera Series, Volume 3. Weidenfeld & Nicolson (UK), 1975.
Avon, 1979.
- Best SF: 75, the Ninth Annual* (w/HH). Bobbs-Merril, 1976.
as *The Year's Best Science Fiction, No. 9*, Orbit (UK), 1976.
- Decade, the 1950s (w/HH)*, The Decade Series Volume 2. Macmillan (UK), 1976.
Pan (UK), 1977.
St. Martin's, 1978, hc.
- Galactic Empires: An Anthology of Way-Back-When Futures*, The Space Opera Series, Volume 4. Weidenfeld & Nicolson (UK), 1976, in 2 volumes; actually preceded by the Orbit pb.
St. Martin's, 1977, hc, in 2 volumes.
Arrow (UK), 1988, in 1 volume.
- Decade, the 1960s (w/HH)*, The Decade Series Volume 3. Macmillan (UK), 1977.
Pan (UK), 1979.
- Perilous Planets: An Anthology of Way-Back-When Futures*, The Space Opera Series, Volume 5. Weidenfeld & Nicolson (UK), 1978.
Avon, 1980.
- The Penguin World Omnibus of Science Fiction*, with Sam J. Lundwall. Penguin (UK), 1986, pb.
- My Madness: The Selected Writings of Anna Kavan*, edited and with an introduction by Aldiss. Picador (UK), 1990 pb. Includes the novel *Ice*, which you should read next.
- Aldiss was also the General Editor for Penguin Science Fiction from 1963 to 1965, responsible for seven paperbacks, and, w/HH, for the 19 books in the SF Masters Series from NEL between 1976 and 1979 (all pb, 9 also with simultaneous hc).
- #### IV. Miscellaneous Books
- A Brian Aldiss Omnibus, Containing: The Interpreter, The Primal Urge, The Saliva Tree, The Impossible Star, Basis for Negotiation, Man in His Time*. Sidgwick & Jackson (UK), 1969.
- Brian Aldiss Omnibus (2)*. Sidgwick & Jackson (UK), 1971. Contains *Space, Time, and Nathaniel, Non-Stop*, and *The Male Response*.
- Science Fiction Art: The Fantasies of SF* (compiled and introduced by Aldiss, 1974). NEL (UK), 1975, pb.
Bounty, 1975.
- Science Fiction as Science Fiction*, criticism. Bran's Head (UK), 1978, pb. Chapbook.
- Pile: Petals from St. Klaed's Computer*, poem, January 1978. Jonathan Cape (UK), August 1979. Written around illustrations by Mike Wilks.
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1980, hc.
- This World and Nearer Ones: Essays Exploring the Familiar*, essay collection on a wide range of topics, December 1978. Weidenfeld & Nicolson (UK), 1979.
Kent State University, 1981.
- The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.: A Series of his Epistolary Correspondence and Conversations with Many Eminent Persons, Never Before Published*, as edited (actually written) by "Brain Aldiss, Esq." Oxford Polytechnic (UK), 1980, paper (3 pp.); limited to sixty signed and numbered copies.
- Farewell to a Child: 10 Poems*. Priapus Poets (UK), 1982, pb. Limited to 350 copies, including 35 signed and numbered.
- Science Fiction Quiz*, quiz book. Weidenfeld & Nicolson (UK), 1983.
in *The Penguin Master Quiz*, Penguin (UK), 1985.
- The Pale Shadow of Science*, sf criticism collection, November, 1984. Serconia, 1985. Hugo Award finalist, Best Non-Fiction.



... *And the Lurid Glare of the Comet*, companion volume to the preceding, September, 1985. Serconia, 1986.

My Country 'Tis Not Only of Thee, story. Aldiss Appreciation Society, 1987, pb.

Science Fiction Blues, Brian Aldiss, *The Show That Brian Aldiss Took on the Road: A Selection of His Very Best Stories, Poetry, and Speculations: An Evening of Wonder*, edited by Frank Hatherley, collection of miscellaneous pieces (including two stories not available elsewhere; see the story section), 1988. Avernus (UK), October 1988.

The Saliva Tree, novella, Tor Double, 1988, pb (bound with *Born With the Dead*, Robert Silverberg).

Bodily Functions: Four Stories, and a Letter to Sam on the Subject of Bowel Movement, stories, poems, and a letter, for Sam J. Lundwall on his birthday. Avernus (UK), 1991. Limited to 100 copies distributed to friends. Includes the stories "Three Degrees Over"; "A Tupolev Too Far"; "Going For A Pee" and "Better Morphosis."

Journey to the Goat Star story, Pulphouse Short Story pb #22, July 1991.

Kindred Blood in Kensington Gore: Philip K. Dick in the Afterlife: An Imaginary Conversation. playlet. Avernus (UK), March 1992, Pamphlet. Limited to 200 signed copies.

Home Life With Cats, poetry. HarperCollins, October 1992. Illustrated by Karin Van Heerden; introduction by Desmond Morris. Thirty-four poems.

At the Caligula Hotel, poetry. Magazine of Speculative Poetry, out now or momentarily.

No attempt has been made, alas, to identify novellae and novellettes as distinct from short stories. The alphabetical index we hoped to include proved impractical, as well; however, it should be available as an insert after the conference. Write to Readercon Inc., PO Box 381246, Harvard Square Station, Cambridge MA 02238 (or leave your name with Information, should you read this at-con).

Message From the Chair

by Bob Colby

First things first. I am, as you can see, still me (that is, not my anointed successor). That alone is sufficient to make the following the most embarrassing essay I have had to write since Mr. Gray in 5th grade homeroom made me write and deliver a piece on why I liked to do nothing in school all day.

Embarrassing, mostly because I went on at great length and considerable passion last time about Readercon's need to expand the scope of its activities as an organization, and my own need to move on to new challenges (such as developing all those new activities.)

What has happened is that my plans to retire from active con management and concentrate on developing that larger mission for Readercon, Inc. got caught short when pressing commitments led to the retirement of my successor, Terra Witkop, as Chair.

What's also embarrassing (and surprising) has been my discovery, after only a few months away, of just how much I'd missed doing all this, crazy-making as it can be at times.



Brian and Margaret Aldiss



Readercon 6 Committee

Elisabeth Carey was dragged to her first convention (Boskone 9) twenty-two years ago and resisted for years before succumbing to the temptations of conrunning and NESFA membership. She has run information and programming for Boskone and worked on Noreascon 3. This is the second year she has worked on Readercon.

Bob Colby is tired. SO tired. Let me tell you all about this. I'm so. . . where did that keyboard GO? Oh, here. . . wait, that's the phone.

George Flynn is a proofreader (and fallen-away chemist) in the real world, and also copyedits for NESFA Press. He has several times been Secretary of the World Science Fiction Society, a job which is incredibly trivial but looks great on resumes. The last time he administered the Hugos, he was accused of being vile, perverse, arrogant, malicious, and cowardly, so he figures he did something right. And he has been on too damn many con committees.

Connie Hirsch missed Readercon 4 while she was attending Clarion West, but this year she has no excuse. She whiles away her time writing, collecting friendly, encouraging personal rejections, and pursuing her hobbies which include multiple personalities, aerobics, vampires, graphic literature, serial killers and quilting. Her secret identities include fuzzy@athena, Tale Chaser, and Dinosaur Damsel.

Bob Ingria points out that even though he is of Mediterranean extraction, he sometimes has a broken Bohemian heart, on Broadway, no less. He finds himself more and more pondering Gustave Graff's question—"Why are there parents?"—and asking himself: "Are you. . . ill-informed?"

Sheila Lightsey still doesn't know what a biography is.

Edward Lopez is better known to the med-

ical community as Zed. He got this bio in late, which is about par for the course.

Priya Mirkin still prefers to remain anonymous,

B. Diane Martin waits and schemes in anticipation of Readercon 7, which will host the 1994 Tiptree Awards. In the meantime, she and David Shaw plan to continue to amaze all with the number of goodies they will be providing for this year's bake sale.

Barnaby Rapoport is, to fanzine fans, the publisher of Let's Fanac and Sadie Mae Glutz, to Readercon Committee members, the Recording Secretary, and, to Readercon attendees, the editor of this souvenir book. You can meet his pet snark in the fanzine room.

David G. Shaw was found dead face-down on the keyboard of his faithful Macintosh IIsi. The cause of death was believed to be a stroke suffered while attempting to edit the kerning tables in Quark XPress. "I knew he wanted to make Readercon even better, but I never expected him to give his life to it," remarked B. Diane Martin, his executor and former live-in attorney. "now he'll never get all those Brian Aldiss hardcover editions autographed." Mr. Shaw is succeeded by his pet blowfish and a 3000-disc record collection.

Nevenah Smith is a glass artist, a graphic designer, a published poet (and unpublished-as-yet short story writer) and actually gets paid as an Editorial Assistant for James Frenkel at Tor Books. She commutes to New York by phone and fax from Madison, Wisconsin. This is the third consecutive year that she has designed the Readercon Souvenir Book, thus proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that she is a true masochist.

Eric M. Van subscribes to *Audio, Classic CD, Crawdaddy, Byte, Nutrition Action Healthletter, Musician, Diehard, Electronic Musician, Scientific American, USA Today Baseball Weekly, Data Based Advisor, The New York Times Book Review, The Noise, The Audio Critic, Baseball America, The Nation, Strange Plasma, Stereo Review, Radio Free*

PKD, The University of California at Berkeley Wellness Letter, Locus, Consumer Reports, Stereophile, The Skeptical Inquirer, Science Fiction Eye, The Utne Reader, PC Magazine, Science Fiction Age, In These Times, Tomorrow, Newsweek, The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, Harvard, Network Computing, The New York Review of Science Fiction, Free Inquiry, Compuserve, New Pathways, Netware Solutions, Asimov's Science Fiction, PC Computing, The Washington Spectator, Home and Studio Recording, Sports Illustrated, Netware Connection, WGBH, and DBMS, and hopes that by the time this appears he'll have a better idea whether he'll be the subject of a feature story in *The New England Journal of Medicine*. If so, he vows to try his hardest to get really, really famous, so that whatever it is that's deprived him of deep sleep for the last five years (making him so habitually tired that he barely notices his narcolepsy) can be conveniently known as "Eric Van's Disease" rather than the polysyllabic sobriquet medical science will surely hang on it.

David Walrath joined Readercon shortly after attending Readercon 2 (after being coerced into going to a committee meeting by a friend who soon after moved and never became a committee member himself.) A reader of sf before he ever heard of the term, David first became interested in Readercon as a way to improve the quality of books he reads. Whether or not he succeeded, or simply increased his collection of impressive unread books, he stays active coordinating volunteers for Readercon each year.

The following Committee Members could not be reached for comment.

Michael A. DiGenio
Richard Duffy
Janis Fontecchio
Ozzie Fontecchio
Kathe Logue
Laurie Mann
Joe Maraglino
Craig McDonough
Timur Turkdogan
Steve Pasechnick
Joe Rico
LuAnn Vitalis

