

# Alouette

## A Newsletter for Canadian Active Members of SFWA

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## SFWA Unanimously Approves Canadian Region

*Region Established Effective Immediately · All Canadian SFWAns Automatically Part of it*

At the Science-fiction and Fantasy Writers of America business meeting held on April 26, 1992, in Atlanta, Georgia, a formal motion to create a separate Canadian region of SFWA was carried unanimously. A secondary proposal, that the Canadian Regional Director should have a full vote on the SFWA Board of Directors, was also overwhelmingly approved. However, actually giving the Canadian Director a vote has been deferred to the business meeting at the WorldCon in September. (For more on this, see page 2.)

In alphabetical order, the Regions of SFWA are now:

- Canada
- Eastern United States
- Overseas
- South/Central United States
- Western United States

The five regional directors, plus the four SFWA officers (president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer) comprise the corporation's Board of Directors.

All Canadian-resident SFWAns are now automatically members of the Canadian Region. Special thanks go to Robin Bailey, South/Central Regional Director, for first proposing the Canadian Region a year ago and for making the motion in Atlanta to create it. Also a tip of the hat to Eastern Regional Director Ann Crispin, who seconded the motion in Atlanta.

At the request of Directors Bailey and Crispin, I have agreed to be a candidate for Canadian Regional Director. SFWA elections chair T. Jackson King did not seek other candidates for the Canadian directorships. However, there is a provision for a write-in candidate on the ballot. You should have received your ballot by now; please mail it in time to arrive by May 27.

I know almost all Canadian SFWAns are delighted with the creation of our new region. On Monday, April 13, 1992, SFWA President Ben Bova asked me to conduct a survey of opinions of Canadian Active Members who had not yet declared a stance on the issue of a Canadian Region.

In calling coast-to-coast, it was great getting to talk to so many of you (although I wish Ben had volunteered to have SFWA cover the expenses for the survey!). The responses

below were gathered from letters to *Forum* or myself, declarations at the December 1991 Ontario SFWA or April 1992 Ontario Hydra meetings, or from phone calls made by me on April 13 and 14, 1992:

### IN FAVOUR OF A CANADIAN REGION (26):

Colleen Anderson (Vancouver, B.C.)  
 Lynne Armstrong-Jones (London, Ontario)  
 Mary E. Choo (Richmond, B.C.)  
 J. Brian Clarke (Calgary, Alberta)  
 Don H. De Brandt (Vancouver, B.C.)  
 Barbara Delaplace (Vancouver, B.C.)  
 Charles de Lint (Ottawa, Ontario)  
 James Alan Gardner (Waterloo, Ontario)  
 Phyllis Gotlieb (Toronto, Ontario)  
 Terence M. Green (Toronto, Ontario)  
 Sansoucy Kathenor (Greely, Ontario)  
 Eileen Kernaghan [with reservations] (Burnaby, B.C.)  
 Donald Kingsbury (Montreal, Quebec)  
 Shirley Meier (Huntsville, Ontario)  
 John Park (Ottawa, Ontario)  
 Teresa Plowright (Bowen Island, B.C.)  
 Spider Robinson (Vancouver, B.C.)  
 Robin Rowland (Toronto, Ontario)  
 Michelle Sagara (Toronto, Ontario)  
 Robert J. Sawyer (North York, Ontario)  
 Kathryn A. Sinclair (Edmonton, Alberta)  
 S. M. Stirling (Toronto, Ontario)  
 Edo van Belkom (Brampton, Ontario)  
 Karen Wehrstein (Huntsville, Ontario)  
 Andrew Weiner (Toronto, Ontario)  
 Robert Charles Wilson (Nanaimo, B.C.)

### AGAINST (2):

Dave Duncan (Calgary, Alberta)  
 Leslie Gadallah (Winterburn, Alberta)

I'm delighted that the proposal had such overwhelming backing from all regions of Canada. And now, to work!

\*

## CANADIAN DIRECTOR

## A Vote for Canada?

The following has also been submitted to the SFWA Forum:

The April 1992 SFWA business meeting in Atlanta overwhelmingly approved as separate items both the creation of a Canadian Region and the empowering of the Canadian Regional Director with a full vote on SFWA's Board of Directors.

A Canadian Region has indeed now been created, and I'm delighted. However, despite the strong support for it in Atlanta, President Bova has deferred until the SFWA September meeting in Orlando the empowering of the Canadian Regional Director with a vote (although the Canadian Director nonetheless is to be fully involved in Board deliberations as soon as he or she is elected).

Presumably this decision arises from the concern, first voiced by Jerry Pournelle at the SFWA business meeting last year in Chicago, that the Canadian Region, smallest in population of all SFWA regions, should possibly not have a voice equal to that of the Western Region, which is the largest. But comparing those two regions is silly. The appropriate comparison is not between smallest and largest, but between smallest and next-smallest. The next-smallest region is the Overseas, which consists of 57 members (of which 44 are active). The Canadian Region, which suffered three resignations last year over the membership-reform debate, currently stands at 35 members (of which 28 are active).

If 57 members is big enough to warrant a vote on the Board of Directors but 35 is not, what, one must ask, is the magic cut-off number? And once that number is set, is SFWA prepared to remove the Overseas Regional Director's vote should his constituency fall below it? That region, too, was hit by resignations over the reform debate, including Harry Harrison's. Meanwhile, despite the recent resignations, the Canadian Region is still the fastest-growing one in SFWA, and is bigger now than the Overseas Region was when it got the vote. Note, too, that the largest SFWA regions in geographic area are the Overseas and the Canadian. The three American regions are all tiny in comparison.

But the key point being missed in this discussion is that it's not *just* regional directors who have votes. SFWA officers are voting members of the Board, as well. Prior to the creation of the Canadian Region, there were eight members of the SFWA Board of Directors, each of which had one vote: President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and the Western, South/Central, Eastern, and Overseas Regional Directors.

In all of SFWA's history, seven of those eight seats have always been occupied by Americans, making the ratio of American to non-American votes on the Board 7 to 1. The addition of a voting Canadian Director would make that 7 to 2 — hardly enough power for the damn foreigners to overthrow the government.

If one wants to question the weighting of votes on the SFWA Board, perhaps one could begin by asking why, for instance, the secretary has a full vote. Yes, in other organizations, the secretary is responsible for recruitment and keeping the membership rolls — but not in SFWA, where those jobs are taken care of by our one employee, Peter Pautz. No, our elected secretary is just one of many volunteers doing work for the organization. His or her job amounts to little more than printing out in booklet form an already-computerized database

and recording minutes at those meetings he or she happens to attend. Surely any Regional Director, by virtue of being responsible to a specific constituency (regardless of its size), is at least as deserving of a vote.

More: Regional Directors have a history of long-term service on the Board, while officers do not. Pierre Barbet, for instance, has been Overseas Regional Director for as long as I can remember. Surely SFWA benefits from having voting Directors who can bring continuity to the organization's policies.

I'm sure it was inadvertent, but by denying even until September a vote for the Canadian Regional Director, Ben has made second-class members out of the Canadians, for we are now the only ones in all of SFWA to not be represented on the Board by a voting Director. Robin Bailey's original motion to establish a Canadian Region was designed to recognize the significance of the Canadian members of SFWA. By creating a Canadian Region with no vote on the Board of Directors, exactly the opposite has occurred: we Canadians have been stripped of any power in running the organization. I protest this in the strongest possible terms, and trust this injustice will be rectified in Orlando. \*

## CANADIAN REGION BUSINESS

## Annual Meeting

The motion at the Atlanta SFWA business meeting specifically enables the Canadian Regional Director to call *official* SFWA regional meetings. Assuming I am elected, I will establish the principle of having an annual Canadian SFWA meeting at each year's Canadian National SF Convention (the "Convention"). Conventions alternate between eastern and western Canada. This year's is WilfCon VIII at Wilfrid Laurier University, Waterloo, Ontario, June 27 and 28. A Canadian SFWA meeting will be held there, with a report on it appearing in the July issue of *Alouette*. \*

## ONTARIO REGION

## Second Gathering

Ontario members (and any SFWAns who happen to be visiting the province): don't forget that the second gathering of Ontario Members of SFWA will be held Monday, May 11, at 7:00 p.m., at the home of Robert J. Sawyer and Carolyn Clink, 300 Finch Avenue West (at Bathurst Street), Apartment 301. Attendees are asked to kick in three bucks to help defray the cost of wine, beer, soft drinks, and munchies. Call Rob at (416) 221-6842 if you need any more information. \*

## MEMBER NEWS

## de Lint hits a HOMer

Charles de Lint's *The Little Country* has won the ComputeServe Science Fiction & Fantasy Forum's 1992 HOMer Award for Best Fantasy Novel published in the previous year. \*

## MARKET REPORT

# Danger, Will Robinson!

by Edo van Belkom

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The warning lights should have gone up a long time ago, but there are two prospective professional markets that everyone should know about and avoid.

The first is the Canadian magazine *Sepulchre House*; the other, a publishing venture which goes by several names, but is most commonly called DimeNovels or Dime Store Novels.

First of all, *Sepulchre House*. This so-called professional magazine burst onto the scene with market listings like this one in the October 1991 issue of *Scavenger's Newsletter*:

**SEPULCHRE HOUSE:** David Bond, 102-11825 88th St., Edmonton AB T5B 3R9 Phone 403-477-0688 (voice or fax). A new horror magazine with planned print run of 25,000 to be distributed through Coles in Canada, WH Smith in the UK and Walden Books in the US. Issue #1 is to appear September 15. Deadline for #2 with a theme of "Childhood Fears" is October 15. For "Things That Go Bump in the Night" deadline is December 15 and for "Technological Horror" it's February 15. Reprints will be considered.

Sounds good. However, it soon became apparent that the people behind the magazine didn't have a clue as to what they were doing. For example, Ontario Hydra member Nancy Kilpatrick received a telephone call from David Bond telling her that her story had *not* been accepted, and then asked if she'd like her manuscript returned in her SASE.

By November 1991 a warning was issued in the Horror Writers of America *Newsletter* and in January 1992 this update appeared in *Scavenger's*:

... Chet Williamson, vice-president of Horror Writers of America, has looked into dealings at *Sepulchre House* and discovered that so far Editor David Bond has not sent contracts to any of the writers whose stories he's accepted. He did pay two writers whose stuff was taken early on but so far no one else has received a check or contract.

Soon after, cheques began bouncing, calls to the *Sepulchre House* number weren't being returned and neither was letter mail. It was obvious that the people involved with *SH* had put the carriage before the horse and had no experience in what it took financially or otherwise to put together a professional magazine.

Finally, the March 1992 HWA *Newsletter* featured an article entitled "The Saga of *Sepulchre House*" by Phil Nutman, who was to have a regular column in the fledgling magazine. Nutman tells a cautionary tale involving bounced cheques, continual misinformation, and a serious lack of professionalism. He concludes by saying: "Based on this phantom magazine's track record, it would be fair to say it seems extremely unlikely we will ever see this publication, or if we do that it will last longer than three issues."

The other recent publishing fiasco is DimeNovels. This venture's promises seemed so attractive that many took the plunge before thinking twice.

Check out just part of the DimeNovels listing in the November 1991 issue of *Scavenger's*:

**DIMENOVELS:** Editor: Linda Stirling-Warner, 1511 SW Park Ave., Ste 320, Portland OR 97201. A collection of unique pocket-sized paperback novels, generally referred to in the industry as novellas. Each novella contains an original story, never before published, written by a nationally recognized author or a budding new writer. Lengths 20,000 to 21,000 words. Pays US\$500 on acceptance, US\$1,500 on completion plus 2% royalty paid biannually on the retail price ...

Stop right there. That sounds like an awful lot of money to be paying for a brand-new venture in an untried format. DimeNovels promised twelve new titles a month in genres ranging from romance to mystery, horror to SF. However, prospective writers were required to follow a very specific set of guidelines in order to submit.

Something seemed fishy and it didn't take long for DimeNovels to be removed from the HWA market guide and other market listings. The reason: writers wishing to submit to DimeNovels were required to pay US\$18 for a set of submission guidelines. Many sent for guidelines and were shocked by the bad grammar and spelling errors they contained.

Sometime later DimeNovels announced that they had a new set of guidelines and writers were asked to send another \$18 for them. By this time it was obvious that DimeNovels was a scam.

The final chapter came recently when Raymond E. Feist, chairperson of the SFWA contracts committee, posted this bulletin on CompuServe and GENie:

Effective April 2, 1992, SFWA announces that Dime Store Novels, Inc. also known as DimeNovels, Inc., also known as Anytime Pee Wee Novels, Inc., a publishing enterprise in Portland, Oregon, operated by Mr. Randal Byrd, has repeatedly ignored attempts by SFWA to convince this company to cease engaging in practices we feel are detrimental to writers. As a result, we are declaring this company an Unsatisfactory Market. Sales to this company will not count as sales to a professional market for membership purposes. Should this company change its business practices in the future, we will notify the membership of any such changes.

The lesson to be gained from all this is, if it sounds too good to be true it probably is. \*

## SHAMELESS PLUG

# Free Book!

Rob Sawyer's *Far-Seer* comes out this month. *Asimov's* calls it a "tour de force; vastly enjoyable, beautifully realized." If you'd like a free copy, just let Rob know. \*

## THE BUSINESS OF WRITING

## Auctions

by Robert J. Sawyer

In February 1991, two of my Science Fiction novels were auctioned by my agent, Richard Curtis, so I thought I'd share what I learned through the experience.

As you know, under normal circumstances, a manuscript is shown to only one editor at a time. That editor may take an extended period — perhaps two to four months — to make a decision. If he or she says no, then the book is shown to the next editor on the list. But when there's enthusiasm for a particular author or book, an auction may be held. It's quite rare, however, for authors of my rank: my first novel, *Golden Fleece*, was published by Warner in December 1990, so by February 1991 there were no concrete sales figures yet available. A less-well-known agent couldn't have pulled off an auction for someone like me. But four factors came together to make Richard think this was the right time to auction my work.

First, Warner was dragging its heels on making a commitment to my second novel. They kept saying they liked it, they wanted to buy it, and so on, but they never put anything in writing. Well, as with most book contracts, Warner had an *option* on my second book — the right to be the first to see it. But the option clause in my contract only gave them 60 days in which to make up their minds, and that time ran out. It's not unusual for option periods to expire without any action, I'm told. Publishers tend to think you aren't going anywhere.

Second, while Warner was chewing over my option book, I wrote another novel (*Far-Seer*), which Richard was very enthusiastic about, terming it (modest cough) "a masterpiece."

Third, much to my surprise, my first book shot way up the preliminary Nebula Award ballot, coming in at tenth place (out of 653 science fiction, fantasy, and horror novels published in the United States in 1990). That made a few people sit up and take notice, especially since *Golden Fleece* had only been available for eight weeks before the nominating deadline.

And, finally, I was lucky enough to get some glowing reviews, particularly one from Orson Scott Card in the December 1990 issue of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. (There's much debate about the value of the preliminary Nebula ballot and reviews, but Richard says both were instrumental in enabling him to position my next book as, in his words, a "hot property.")

On January 23, 1991, Richard simultaneously submitted my two completed manuscripts to six publishers (Ace, Avon, Bantam, Roc, Tor, and Warner) with the understanding that if any of them wanted the novels, they had to submit written bids within four weeks, by February 20. (Richard omitted DAW because it doesn't have the money to participate in auctions and Del Rey because of its inability to respond quickly.)

The first publisher to bid sets the *floor*, which the agent then communicates to all other participants. Subsequent bids must come in at least 10% above the floor bid, or any later-received higher bids. However, whichever publisher bids first gets *topping privileges*. At the end of the auction, that publisher has the right to top, by at least 10%, the best other bid received so far and thereby acquire the books in question.

For me, the most nerve-racking part of the process was the period between the beginning of the auction and the receipt of the first bid. There's always a possibility that no one will bid

in an auction, and so, in one fell swoop, a book can in essence be rejected by a bunch of potential publishers. A book from a failed auction gets a shopworn feel about it, and may thereafter have great difficulty selling at all.

During this initial period, no end of people thought it was funny to tell me the story of Jack McClelland's first stint at agenting, when he auctioned a book and nobody bid. But, of course, a major agent doesn't hold auctions lightly; after all, the agent's reputation is tied up in the books he or she promotes. Richard phoned me as soon as he had an acceptable floor bid. After that, I was able to relax.

The end result: I've got a new, enthusiastic publisher and a substantial increase in what I'm making per book. Of course, I try to write the best books I can, but the real lesson here is that it pays to have an agent with clout. \*

## LATE-BREAKING NEWS

## Reviewer Update

Chuq Von Rospach has been dismissed as a reviewer for *Amazing Stories*, the glossy SF magazine published by TSR Inc. No word yet on a replacement. \*

## WHAT'S ON

## Upcoming Events

- Monday, May 11, at 7:00 p.m.: **Ontario SFWA** gathering #2, at Rob Sawyer's, 300 Finch West, Apt. 301, Willowdale.
- May 22-24: **CanCon**, "Conference on Canadian Content in Speculative Literature," Market Square Holiday Inn, Ottawa. SF GoH: **Don Kingsbury**. Free memberships for SFWAns! Jim Botte, Box 2-45, Somerset W., Ottawa, Ontario K2P 0H3.
- June 5-7: **Ad Astra 12**, Scarborough, Ont. Chair: SFWAn **Karen Wehrstein**. Box 7276, Station A, Toronto, M5W 1X9.
- June 18-21: 23rd Annual Conference of the **Science Fiction Research Association**, John Abbot College, Montreal. Info: Steven Lehman, 4319 Esplanade St. (2), Montreal, H2W 1T1.
- Saturday, June 20: **Terence M. Green, Michelle Sagara, Robert J. Sawyer, and S. M. Stirling** autograph at Bakka, 282 Queen Street West, Toronto, (416) 596-8161.
- Wednesday, June 24: **Rob Sawyer** reads at Richmond Hill (Ont.) Library, 24 Wright St. Reserve seats: (416) 884-9288.
- June 27-28: **WilfCon 8**, 1992 Convention and first annual Canadian SFWA meeting, Wilfrid Laurier U., Waterloo. GoH **Andrew Weiner**. 6-69 Donald St., Kitchener, N2B 3G6.
- July 17-19: **Conversion 9**, Westin Hotel, Calgary. GoH: **Michael Coney**. Box 1088, Station M, Calgary, T2P 2K9.
- August 14-16: **NonCon 15**, U of British Columbia, Vancouver. GoH: **Robert Charles Wilson**. Box 113, S.U.B., U of Alberta, Edmonton, T6G 2J7. \*

## LETTERS

## Re: Alouette

From SFWA Overseas Director Pierre Barbet (translation follows):

le 1er Avril 1992

Chers amis,

comme vous le pensez, j'applaudis à la naissance de l'ALOUETTE, gentille alouette ... et ce n'est pas un poisson d'Avril.

Peut-être certains d'entre-vous se rapellent-ils de moi puisque j'ai assisté à la Convention Mondiale de Toronto au Royal York, mais les années passent!

N'hésitez pas à vous adresser à moi pour tous renseignements concernant la SF européenne et spécialement la France, puisque je suis aussi vice-président de la Sté francophone de SF, INFINI.

Toutes mes félicitations

Bien amicalement,

Pierre Barbet, Directeur Régional Outremer de SFWA

April 1st, 1992

Dear friends,

As you might expect, I applaud the birth of *ALOUETTE*, *gentille alouette* [to quote the song] ... and this isn't an April Fool's joke.

Perhaps some of you remember me, since I attended the Toronto WorldCon at the Royal York [in 1973], but years fly by!

Don't hesitate to ask me about anything regarding European SF and especially SF in France, as I'm also vice-president of the francophone SF society, INFINI.

My congratulations.

Cordially, Pierre Barbet, Overseas Regional Director, SFWA

...

April 3rd, 1992

Dear Robert:

Thank you for sending me a copy of *Alouette*. Please put me down as a supporter of the Canadian bid for a separate SFWA region. Best regards, C. J. Cherryh, Secretary, SFWA

April 9th, 1992

Dear Robert,

Thanks for the copy of *Alouette*. While I'm still not entirely convinced that Canadian authors who make their living in the States can be best served by a splinter-group of SFWA dealing solely with Canadian concerns (sort of a "distinct society" within SFWA is what I suppose you envision), I'm still interested enough in your proposal to follow the arguments as they're raised.

*Alouette* seems to be a fine forum in which to do so. I enjoyed the profile of Green and the various articles, but feel you are doing a disservice to your endeavour by printing fiction. For all your complaints of amateurism in SF Canada, printing fiction in a newsletter strikes me as more fannish than anything they have done. There are plenty of markets for fiction and if you want *Alouette* and your proposal of splitting Canadian members of SFWA into a separate entity to have any real validity, you might consider dropping that section for future issues. Be that as it may, I'll look forward to seeing how things develop in coming issues.

cheers, Charles de Lint

[I think you're missing a key point, Charles. Indeed, when Jean-Louis Trudel proposed that SF Canada's Communiqué should run previously unpublished fiction, I objected strenuously on exactly the same grounds you have raised. However, the short stories appearing from time to time in *Alouette* are exclusively and without exception reprinted from professional markets. They are in no way fan fiction; rather they are samples of professional work by professional writers, and an attempt to help foster a sense of national community through increased familiarity with each other's work.] \*

## MEMBER PROFILE

## Barbara Delaplace

Barbara Delaplace was born in Vancouver, B.C., and has lived there all her life. She works as a research technologist at the Terry Fox Laboratory for Cancer Research, where she's a division head of the Media Preparation Department. She's also earned a certain amount of notoriety for publishing a *very* informal in-house newsletter.

For three years Barbara was a staffer on CompuServe's Science Fiction/Fantasy Forum, first as a section leader and later as an assistant sysop. She now edits the monthly "Publishing News" electronic news column in Section 5 (Publisher's Corner) of the Forum. Networks are addictive; she's also online on Delphi and GENIE.

Barbara started reading science fiction when she was about eleven years old and grew up on Heinlein, Clarke, Asimov, Moore, Bradbury, Blish, and a whole lot of others. But she didn't start writing SF and fantasy until a couple of years ago, thus fulfilling a fifteen-year dream. She now divides her time between laboratory and computer, and hopes to make the jump to full-time writing in a few more years.

Barbara is eligible this year and next for the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer. Here's a list of her sales to date:

"Legends Never Die" in *The Fantastic Adventures of Robin Hood*, Martin Greenberg, ed., Signet, June 1991

"Wings" in *Horsefantastic*, Martin Greenberg, ed., DAW, December 1991

"Choices" in *Alternate Presidents*, Mike Resnick, ed., Tor, January 1992, to be reprinted in *Pulphouse: A Fiction Magazine*

"Once A Hero" forthcoming in *Science Fiction Review*

"The Hidden Dragon" in *Dragonfantastic*, Martin Greenberg, ed., DAW, May 1992

"Freedom" in *Alternate Kennedys*, Mike Resnick, ed., Tor, July 1992

"Belonging" in *The Crafters, Vol. 2: Blessings and Curses*, Bill Fawcett and Christopher Stasheff, ed., Ace, August 1992

"Lost Lamb" in *Whatdunits*, Mike Resnick, ed., DAW, October 1992

"Trading Up," a collaboration with Mike Resnick, in *Battlestation, Book One*, David Drake and Bill Fawcett, ed., Ace, July 1992

"The Last Sphinx" in *A Christmas Bestiary*, Rosalind M. and Martin Greenberg, ed., DAW, November 1992

"Black Ice" in *Aladdin: Master of the Mystic Lamp*, Mike Resnick and Martin Greenberg, ed., DAW, December 1992 \*

## SFWA NEWS

## Nebula Winners!

SFWA presented its 1991 Nebula Awards on April 25, 1992:

Best Novel: *Stations of the Tide* by Michael Swanwick

Best Novella: "Beggars in Spain" by Nancy Kress

Best Novelette: "Guide Dog" by Mike Conner

Best Short Story: "Ma Qui" by Alan Brennert

Also presented: SFWA's first Ray Bradbury Award for Dramatic Script to James Cameron (a Canadian) and William Wisher for *Terminator II: Judgment Day*. \*

## STATE OF THE ART

## Realism in SF

by Andrew Weiner

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Alouette is pleased to launch "State of the Art," a regular critical column by Andrew Weiner, contributor to F&SF, Asimov's, and Interzone, and author of Station Gehenna (Congdon and Weed) and the collection Distant Signals and Other Stories (Press Porcépic).

The Spring 1990 issue of Quantum: SF & Fantasy in Review contained an article called "Spaced Out" by Ronald Anthony Cross, who argued that, because faster-than-light travel had no legitimate theoretical basis, science fiction, despite its pretensions of rationalism, was really just another form of fantasy. To quote Cross: "science fiction writers usually don't fully realize that they are writing fantasy stories, whereas fantasy writers usually do." Andrew Weiner believes Cross didn't go far enough, as he outlined in his own article in Quantum's Fall 1990/Winter 1991 issue:

Although faster-than-light travel is admittedly the central fantasy of science fiction, it is only one of many equally implausible SF tropes. A list of them would look something like this:

1. FTL travel
2. Time travel
3. Aliens, whether (a) visited by FTL-traveling Earthfolk or (b) visiting Earth by means of FTL
4. Parapsychological ("psi") powers
5. Travel to other "dimensions" or "alternate universes;" visitors from other dimensions
6. Interstellar war conducted via FTL spaceships
7. Immortality
8. Invisibility

Doesn't leave much, does it? Stories of near-space exploration. Political dystopias. Near-future thrillers. Some borderline cases, such as after-the-bomb stories (but not if you accept the theory of nuclear winter) and cyberpunk stuff (but not if you look too closely at the possibilities for true artificial intelligence). Aliens visiting Earth in Rube Goldbergish slower-than-light starships (Gregory Benford has done this quite well). Earthfolk visiting other star systems in near-light speed vessels (it's stretching a point to imagine any such form of propulsion, but what the hell). Alternate histories, if you want to be really generous about it and reduce quantum physics to metaphor.

But all the rest of it — constituting an overwhelming proportion of all the work published in the SF genre — is clearly fantasy. It is fiction with no basis in either contemporary science or any imaginable future science.

I must include in this category even such carefully crafted works of speculation as Greg Bear's *Blood Music* or Bruce Sterling's Shaper/Mechanist series. While such stories may not actively contradict contemporary scientific knowledge, the distance between the two points is so great, and the links between them necessarily so vaguely drawn, that the final product is indistinguishable from fantasy.

Why, then, the peculiar insistence that science fiction is a more "realistic" genre than fantasy? To answer this question, we must look back to the father of us all, H. G. Wells.

"For the writer of fantastic stories to help the reader to play the game properly," Wells wrote in 1934, "he must . . . trick him into an unwary concession to some plausible assumption and get on with his story while the illusion holds. And that is where there was a certain slight novelty in my stories when they first appeared. Hitherto . . . the fantastic element was brought in by magic . . . But by the end of the century it had become difficult to squeeze even a momentary belief out of magic any longer. It occurred to me that instead of the usual

interview with the devil or a magician, an ingenious use of scientific patter might with advantage be substituted. That was no great discovery. I simply brought the fetish stuff up to date and made it as near actual theory as possible." (Quoted in *The H. G. Wells Scrapbook*, Peter Haining, editor).

An ingenious use of scientific patter. Or to put it more bluntly: faking it.

The history of modern science fiction is very largely a history of more or less distinguished fakery. Wells faked his sci/tech fetishes as a means to an end: he used the fantastic both to entertain and to comment on, among other things, the fragility of human culture. For Wells, aliens were a metaphor, just as angels and demons and magicians had served as metaphors for earlier writers of fantastic literature. Time travel was a metaphor. The future itself was a metaphor: a blank slate upon which to write the hopes and fears and dreams of the moment.

Wells's successors for the most part faked it in the service of pure entertainment — very often, as the late James Blish has pointed out, using their increasingly ingenious scientific patter only in the service of "semi-erotic, semi-irresponsible daydreams" and plain "anti-social childishness." Which was okay, too.

But all along, there have been those who missed the point — who got caught up in their own sci/tech fetishes rather than using them as a means to an end.

Jules Verne, Wells's immediate precursor and considerably irked contemporary, was the first great techno-fetishist. "I make use of physics," he complained of Wells. "He fabricates. I go to the moon in a cannon-ball discharged from a gun. There is no fabrication here. He goes to Mars in an airship, which he constructs of a metal that does away with the law of gravitation. That's all very fine, but show me this metal. Let him produce it." (Quoted in *New Maps of Hell* by Kingsley Amis).

In the footsteps of Verne came Hugo Gernsback, prophet of popular mechanix, extrapolator extraordinary, the man who forecast night baseball. And after Gernsback, John W. Campbell, founder of Modern American Science Fiction.

There is no way that I can do justice here to a figure as complex and deeply bizarre as Campbell. But Campbell, clearly, was the key figure in patching together the SF ideology of so-called "realism" that lingers to this day. It was Campbell, more than anyone else, in his editorials and other public pronouncements, who insisted on scientific rigor and technological plausibility.

From this distance in time, it is clear that many, perhaps most, of the stories that Campbell actually published diverged wildly from his agitprop. His favorite authors, like van Vogt, Hubbard, even the sainted Heinlein, piled one implausibility upon the next.

I can well remember my own disorientation in reading Heinlein's acclaimed Golden Age classic "Waldo" — a story beloved by generations of engineers — and watching him plunge into outright magic. Similarly, "All You Zombies," dazzling as it is, can in the end be read only as a piece of unalloyed wish fulfillment, one that any psychoanalyst would have a field day with (as an imagined psychoanalyst does, in passing, in my own short story about time travel, "Klein's Machine").

It can be argued, in fact, that Isaac Asimov was the One True Campbellian — the only truly rational, well-balanced, scientifically-disciplined thinker in the whole Golden Age crew. (But only, of course, if we can get past that nasty business of FTL.) Campbell himself revealed a distinctly non-Campbellian, unrealist streak in his enthusiastic endorsement of pseudo-scientific paraphernalia like Dianetics, parapsychology, and (remember this one?) the Dean Device.

And yet for all the yawning gap between program and action, Campbell's rhetoric had its effect. He succeeded, eventually, in setting a whole generation of writers to work, slaving over their orbital calculations and detailing their exobiologies. He called into being that strange subset of science fiction known as "hard" SF. The end-result can be seen in today's *Analog* — the SF magazine for those who took Campbell at his word. I wonder if even Campbell could bear to read what it has become.

The hard SF writer wants — needs — to be rational and realistic.

But let's face it, kicking around the solar system gets boring after a while. You can do near-FTL travel, maybe: but all the relativity paradoxes have already been done to death. Similarly, who wants to read yet another novel about a strange alien artifact found drifting in intersystem space? No, in the end the hard SF writer must push outwards — and jump through a series of tortuous hoops in the attempt to make “realistic” what is quite plainly irrational and impossible.

If you're a true hard SF writer, you can't simply treat a starship as a magic bus and get on with the voyage. At some point (and perhaps repeatedly) you've got to come up with an explanation, rummaging through your back issues of *Scientific American* to come up with page upon page of bafflegab about wormholes or superstrings or whatever else might be both cosmologically fashionable and utterly impenetrable.

Similarly, you can't see an alien for what it is — a product of your own head, a walking, talking metaphor for whatever might be on your mind right now. No, before you can have aliens, you must first have a sun of a particular type (maybe — why not? — a double sun), a planetary orbit, a particular gravity, an ecology ...

No doubt it's fun working out these details. And clearly a lot of people have fun reading this stuff. But why? Why this drive to make the impossible plausible? I think it's because we have to give ourselves permission — whether as readers or writers — to dream.

There is an apparent continuum here. “Hard” SF writers apply the Protestant work ethic to their dreaming. They have to work up a sweat to give themselves permission to dream at all. It's as if the very process of calculating a planetary orbit can somehow distance them from their own creations. No, they're saying, this alien didn't come from *my* subconscious: it has nothing to do with my childhood memories, my interpersonal relationships, my aggressive and sexual impulses. It's an *alien*, goddammit. It lives on a world orbiting a G2-class star once every 1.9 Earth years, with a gravity of 1.4 Earth ...

High fantasy writers, on the other hand, let their dreams run amuck, conjuring up whole new worlds at the flick of a magical amulet. (One only wishes that they would *stop* dreaming now and again.) And those who work the border zones — whether of “soft” and “humanist” SF, or of modern urban fantasy — fall somewhere in between.

Yes (someone will no doubt point out), some hard science fiction writers also write high fantasy. No real contradiction here. For these writers, high fantasy becomes a much-needed vacation from the rigors of the Campbellian superego. High fantasy, in any case, tends as a genre to be nearly as innocent of its own metaphors as hard SF.

Speaking personally, I find aliens an extremely valuable and useful metaphor. I would hate to live without them, as reader or writer. And if I need FTL to get to them, I'll go with that too. Just don't ask me to design a space drive, or calculate a planetary orbit.

As for time travel — why not? What could be a better device for stories exploring the mysteries of memory, regret, and nostalgia, of free will and determinism, of existential choice? But who needs a wiring diagram? (“Tachyons and so forth,” explained one of my time travelers. Worked for me.)

As a reader, I do not look for scientific or technological realism in science fiction. I look for psychological realism. And by this I do *not* mean “good characterization” (a vastly over-rated concern, recently — and tediously — discovered by Campbell's spiritual children). Clearly-drawn archetypes will suit me just fine, thank you, in most cases. No, I mean realism in terms of how people might actually think and feel and behave when confronted with particular varieties of strangeness.

I look, also, for some element of psychological *truth*. Is this story about anything that could possibly matter to me, or to anyone else? Is it about anything at all, other than the writer's own ingenuity? Was there any good reason to write it, other than the wish to notch up another sale, or to put bread on the table? (I empathize with those writers who must churn out hack work as a means of survival. I just wish they could find some more imaginative way to make a living.)

Finally, of course, I look for that quality that SF provides so well: strangeness, displacement, “cognitive estrangement,” “sense of wonder.” Why else would I read and write this stuff? But I am no

longer much interested in strangeness for its own sake. And I find that a little strangeness can go a long way.

If a story is psychologically real and true and pleasingly strange, I don't much care how the writer goes about justifying it.

Science fiction readers pride themselves on their open-mindedness. But in many ways, the general mainstream readership has been far ahead of us.

Ordinary readers, their heads free of Campbellian clutter, embraced Ray Bradbury's *Martian Chronicles* when so many SF fans were despairing at the ludicrousness of his canals. Ordinary readers related to the poetry in C.S. Lewis's “science fantasy” (a much better generic term, I believe, than “science fiction”) *Out of the Silent Planet*, while literal-minded SF fans were taking offense at its willful scientific ignorance and technophobia. Ordinary readers enjoyed Vonnegut's wacked-out *Cat's Cradle*, with its gimcrack world-destroying “ice-nine,” or Walter Tevis's painful self-portrait of the alcoholic-as-alien in *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, for all its nonsense about a planet “on the other side of the sun,” while most SF readers remained blithely indifferent. Give us realism or give us death. Or anyway, give us some more Larry Niven.

If science fiction, as I have just argued, is largely a fraud and a sham, why do we bother? Why not just embrace straight-ahead fantasy?

I think J. G. Ballard, as usual, said it best, when he pointed out that science fiction is the “folk literature of the 20th Century ... Science fiction represents a popular mythology *inspired* by science, and it isn't necessary for strict scientific accuracy to play a dominant role ... In many ways, *accuracy* is the last refuge of the unimaginative ... Because I think there's something vital about the power of the imagination, and its ability to remake the world.” Rules, Ballard concluded, “have no business in the realm of the imagination.” (*Rolling Stone* interview, November 19, 1987.)

This is as good a working definition of science fiction as any: “folk literature ... inspired by science.” Reasonable, rational and scientifically-minded as we may be, we still hunger for the fantastic. And we meet that hunger in any way that we can. In any way, that is, that resonates with our hopes and fears and dreams.

For me, at least, science fiction meets that need better than unabashed fantasy. Contemporary urban fantasy I'll read and enjoy, as long as it's *knowing*, as long as its writers have something interesting to tell me about their ghosts or their creatures from the id, as long as they're not just crunching bones and splattering blood for the sheer hell of it. King, Straub, TED Klein — these guys are usually working within some psychologically plausible framework, despite the clear ridiculousness of their monstrous creations.

But high fantasy? I just can't summon much interest in wizards, elves, princesses, Amazons, barbarians or magic amulets. I can see how all that stuff might have some sort of therapeutic function. But it doesn't say a lot to me about my own life in the late 20th Century, or anyone else's. And if this attitude is rooted in irrational prejudice and a failure of the imagination, then so be it.

Indeed, in the light of Wells's credo that I quoted earlier, I find it somewhat alarming to think that we have now regressed to a point where so many well-educated and intelligent people actually *prefer* magic to “scientific patter.”

But to each his own. \*

## AURORA AWARDS

# Voting Time!

Accompanying this issue of *Alouette* are final ballots for this year's Aurora Awards, honouring excellence in Canadian science fiction and fantasy. Special thanks to Aurora Awards chair Paul Valcour for faxing us the ballot in time for inclusion.

The voting deadline is very soon, and the awards will be presented at this year's Convention, WilfCon VIII, June 27 and 28, in Waterloo, Ontario. Winners will be reported in *Alouette* #3. \*

## INTERVIEW

## Donald Kingsbury

by Robert J. Sawyer

Excerpted from *Science Fiction Review*, Spring 1984

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**Robert J. Sawyer:** You were born in San Francisco in 1929 and ended up in Montreal, but there was a lot in between, wasn't there?

**Donald Kingsbury:** When I was a year-and-a-half, we moved to a gold-rush town in the interior of New Guinea. My father hired a converted World War One bomber to fly us in. They tell me I stuck my nose right out the window and got a big shock as 100-mile-per-hour winds whipped by. I had Australian nannies and we had 20 Black servants. My mother was a Southerner and she easily fell into the old plantation mode. When the servants chopped wood for the stove — we didn't have electricity — I'd turn up and all the work would stop. They'd teach me about woodcutting. I'd play around with the axe under their careful supervision; they weren't going to let me get hurt. All my early learning was in this manner: interacting with the adults. My two sisters and I were the only children in the town. When I was six, my parents decided it was time we got out of the wilderness and into some proper schools. We spent six months in the Pacific en route to California, traveling around China, Japan, Indonesia, and Hawaii. That's one reason I like to wander around the galaxy on paper: it's easy for me to fall into the traveler mode. We left California when I was in the sixth grade and went to New Mexico for a year. We lived in Tyrone which is an old silver-mining town not far from Alamogordo where the A-bomb went off.

**RJS:** How were these moves reflected in your work?

**DMK:** When you write, you take things and alter them. The character Joesai being a goldsmith in *Courtship Rite* comes from the time we spent in New Guinea. A lot of the semi-desert in New Mexico probably came out when I wrote about the planet Geta in that book. Someone wrote me a letter saying, "That doesn't look like an alien environment to me; it seems just like New Mexico." Well, I thought about it and said, "Yeah, you're right." I wanted Geta to be a harsh planet, so I took Earth and censored the lush parts that I'd come to know. I didn't want to make it uniformly harsh, though. That's often a weakness in SF: they take five square kilometres of the Earth and make a whole planet out of it. In Frank Herbert's *Dune*, it's all desert; in *Star Wars* they've got planets that are all rain forest or all ice. That doesn't strike me as reasonable. Human beings live between the freezing point and the boiling point of water, yet in that small range you can find tremendous climatic variety. In the north of Geta, it's very cold and elsewhere there are forests — admittedly not very lush ones — and there are many, many places where it is harsh, harsh desert. Australia might be a model for it. All the Australians live along the coast; it's pretty uninhabitable in the interior.

**RJS:** What made you choose science fiction as your means of expression?

**DMK:** Science fiction is a testing ground for new ideas about society in a world where conventional ideas are beginning to limp. It's immunization against future shock. The science-fiction reader is quicker on the draw than the TV watcher when challenged by a new reality. If I had been confined to writing a novel about group marriage consummated in contemporary North America, I would have had to deal with jealousy and the interactions of a hostile society. Without the constraint of being stuck in our culture I could ask: How would the sexes distribute family burdens among many members? How would they get along if they saw an addition to their family as a

helpmate rather than a rival? What limitations would such a loyal, close-knit group have?

**RJS:** How did you become interested in science fiction?

**DMK:** When we came back to the States, I discovered *Brick Bradford* comics. I can't remember any of the other comics I read, but I do recall reading *Brick Bradford*. I might have reacted the same way to *Flash Gordon* or *Buck Rogers*, but the newspaper we got didn't have them. *Brick Bradford* was their one science-fiction strip. When I first came across it they were in the middle of an adventure: the States were being invaded by these strange people in big fur caps and long winter coats. They weren't called Russians, but you knew that's what they were meant to be. They were invading in a fleet of zeppelins. *Brick Bradford* got involved with a scientist who managed to put up something like the DEW line, only it wasn't radar: it was a kind of repelling ray that disintegrated the zeppelins. In the next adventure *Brick* got involved with the great Dr. Timmins. They built a sphere that shrank and they went into the eye of a Lincoln penny, finding planets orbiting around atomic-nuclei suns. I used to read that strip carefully, cutting them out and putting them in a scrapbook.

**RJS:** How did you get introduced to *Astounding* magazine?

**DMK:** I'd never heard of it until the War when I was on paper drives, collecting newspapers and the like. We'd pick up these strange books with covers showing bug-eyed monsters carrying off nubile young ladies: *Superscience*, *Astonishing*, *Thrilling Wonder*. I would take these home and read them. There were a couple of *Astoundings* mixed in with the others. I didn't differentiate between them at all at the time. One day in 1944 I noticed a copy of *Astounding* on the newsstand. It had an intriguing cover by Timmins. I bought a few issues, but hadn't been impressed, so I'd skip an issue or two. I always looked and evaluated whether a particular issue was worth a quarter or not. Then I saw the cover for A. E. van Vogt's "Mixed Men" with a guy falling toward a planet. Couldn't resist it; loved the story. The next issue I bought had "Dead Hand" in the Foundation series by Isaac Asimov. "Mixed Men," "Dead Hand," and Murray Leinster's "First Contact" fell practically one right after the other. After those three stories and their lovely illustrations I was hooked. I always found a quarter every month after that.

**RJS:** How did you get started as a writer?

**DMK:** When I was sixteen, back in the days when \$30 a week was a very good wage, anything an editor would have paid you for a story was a lot of money. I always wanted to be a writer; I never stopped to consider if it was a good way to make a living. It said "unsolicited manuscripts must have return postage" on *Astounding's* title page, so I figured someone must be sending these stories in. I set a goal of writing two pages a day. For the first story I wrote, I fulfilled that faithfully, no matter how long it took me. If I got to the bottom of the second page and I was in the middle of a sentence I stopped and went to bed. I had to get the spelling right, which was very painful for me.

**RJS:** What was that first tale about?

**DMK:** It was a simple story about a bunch of guys who built an atomic rocketship and go to the Moon in 1965, get out of the ship, look around at a bleak landscape, pick up some rocks, and head back to Earth. I wasn't into having them find vegetation on the Moon because I didn't believe in that. I was writing SF, not fantasy. I had them finding exactly what *Apollo* really did find.

**RJS:** But it didn't sell.

**DMK:** No. I was dejected. I'd expected to make a sale. I felt obviously someone was going to buy it and give me a hundred dollars so I could take girls to the movies and be a big shot in high school. I took it pretty bad; I cried a lot. But I sat down and wrote another



story. I just kept doing that. Finishing something is a lot of reinforcement in itself. Pick a size you can deal with and work up from there. Don't start with a novel. I know lots of people who tried to begin with a novel and never finished it so today they aren't writers. I turned out 25 short stories before I sold "Ghost Town" to Campbell.

**RJS:** Were you only submitting your work to *Astounding*?

**DMK:** No. If Campbell rejected it, I sent it to *Planet Stories* or *Thrilling Wonder*. There was no *Fantasy & Science Fiction*. One of my stories was rejected by John Campbell because it had sex in it. H.L. Gold rejected it "because we've already done sex to death."

**RJS:** Your published output was quite small in those early years, wasn't it? The only other thing was the article "The Right to Breed."

**DMK:** Campbell kept sending that back for revisions. "No fire," he'd say. "Give me fanaticism!" I re-wrote it but he sent it back again. "Worse. Now you're slyly winking at the reader saying I'm not this fanatic; these aren't my real opinions." So I wrote it the way he wanted and it was a great success. While a student at McGill University in Montreal, I tried to write the Great American Novel. I had a story in my files about a pregnant girl running away to a hot, sandy Venus. My agent said, "What's Venus doing in this story? Put it back on Earth." Well I did and I made a novel out of it. I got lost, disappeared from the SF scene, doing it, but it never sold. I didn't keep up my connections with Campbell. That was a bad, bad mistake.

**RJS:** How did you learn to write?

**DMK:** In the early days, I always kept a copy of Wells's *Seven Famous Novels* and *The World of Null-A* by A.E. van Vogt on my desk, along with some Westerns. Whenever I was having trouble writing a particular passage, I'd look to see how Wells or van Vogt handled something similar. The Westerns were helpful for atmosphere description, landscape and action detail. Van Vogt had this thing about 800-word scenes: shorter than that you may not be saying enough; longer, you may be saying too much. I found that a good guide in trying to pace myself. Van Vogt, by the way, ended up doing a review of *Courtship Rite* for the dust jacket. I was thrilled.

**RJS:** You were once involved in Scientology. Or would you prefer not to talk about that?

**DMK:** Oh, I have no trouble handling the Scientologists. Dianetics, you know, was first presented in *Astounding*. I sent away for the book, actually receiving it before its official publication date, and read it in one sitting. I thought, "That's a very interesting psychotherapy technique; I'll try it out my girlfriend." I went over to her place, had her lie down on the couch, and closed the living-room door. In the middle of the session, her mother broke in. She thought — well, you know what she thought: we were doing something indecent. I later married that girl, though. I spent one week of our honeymoon learning Dianetics from Hubbard; the other week we went to Martha's Vineyard. I began to have reservations about the Scientology organization. I was going to start a group in Montreal, but I found Hubbard very, very, very difficult to work with. I always knew I didn't agree with him on a lot of things. He was impossible to work with if you didn't agree with him and in that way he created scads of heretics.

**RJS:** You were ultimately excommunicated.

**DMK:** I taught my mathematics course at McGill in the same way they taught Scientology: as workshops, a very fast, very effective method. I wrote a report on the application and sent a copy to Hubbard. He sent me back a letter saying I had plagiarized his learning theories. Hubbard built a great apparatus to deal with enemies. In order to have something for the apparatus to do, he goes out and creates enemies. He has a hard time with able people. When he gets able people around him, he excommunicates them. \*

## FICTION SHOWCASE

### Young Person's Guide

Last summer I heard James Alan Gardner read from a new novella at Rhinocon I in London, Ontario. His story, "The Young Person's Guide to the Organism (Variations and Fugue on a Classical Theme)," enthralled, charmed, and moved me. I knew as soon as I heard it that it deserved to be an awards contender. I've already sent in a Nebula recommendation for it.

Jim, winner of both last year's English short-form Aurora Award and a Writers of the Future Grand Prize, sold this story to *Amazing Stories*, the first place he submitted it to. Now, I'm a fan of *Amazing* myself, having been published four times in its pages, but everyone knows how poor *Amazing*'s circulation is and how hard it is to find on newsstands.

So, this time out, we're doing something very special with *Alouette*'s fiction showcase. Instead of running a story as an integral part of the newsletter, I've talked Jim into letting me mail out reprints of his story as a companion to this issue. Read it and enjoy.

The novella "The Young Person's Guide to the Organism" appears in the April 1992 issue of *Amazing Stories*.

Oh, and on a completely different topic, there's a new address for Nebula recommendations which I've been meaning to squeeze into *Alouette*, and since I've got a little blank space left, I'll add it here:

Chuq Von Rospach, NAR  
1072 Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road  
Bldg A107-503  
San José, CA  
U.S.A. 95129

\*

## TRIBUTE

### Isaac Asimov, 1920-1992

Isaac Asimov called himself "The Good Doctor," and referred to his audience as "gentle readers." His death wasn't unexpected. Word of his failing health had been circulating in the SF community for many months. Nonetheless, the actual news that he was gone hit hard. Isaac Asimov, who didn't fly, didn't drive, didn't like to travel at all, has embarked on his final journey.

I met Asimov once. In the summer of 1985, when I was in New York City doing work for CBC Radio, I managed, after considerable wrangling, to get Asimov to agree to be interviewed for one hour. Exactly one hour; more than that he would not countenance away from his writing. Even then, even seven years ago, he knew he had more than he wanted to say than he'd ever have time to commit to paper, and any distraction from that process was resented. I'll never forget that hour, one of the highlights of my life. We sat side by side on his couch in his Manhattan penthouse and talked ...

... talked of the origin of the robot stories; of the genesis of the Three Laws; of his relationship with his mentor, John W. Campbell, Jr.; of his profound belief in rationality, and his absolute pacifism; of his pride in the magazine that bears his name; of the exquisite joy he found in writing.

"If I make myself and my readers happy, in that order, then I'm pleased," he said. He cared not at all that critics often dismissed his work. He knew his audience loved what he was doing, knew that his classic novels including *The Caves of Steel* and *Foundation* and his short works including "Liar!" and "Nightfall" would be remembered and enjoyed for decades to come.

Almost 500 books bear his name; his legacy is greater than that of almost any other 20th-Century writer. Across the entire world, millions of gentle readers mourn the passing of The Good Doctor. \*

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