vector 61

Contents:

Lead-In
The Arts in Science Fiction
(The Pygmalions)
Book Reviews
An Interview with Peter Tate
(The Mail-Borne (Letters)
The News Department
(Archie Mercer)

Vector 61 is edited, typed, laid-out
and generally sleved over by
Malcolm Edwards
73a Harrow View
Harrow
Middlesex
HA1 3FF
U.K.

The News Department is edited by Archie
Mercer, and any material intended for
Inclusion should be sent to him at:
21 Treaclethick Park
Helston
Cornwall

Vector is the official journal of
the British Science Fiction
Association Ltd. (Chairman: John Brunner)

BSFA Officers:
Vice-Chairman: Keith Freeman
Treasurer: Mr. C. A. Adams (54 Cobden Ave, Bitterne Park, Southampton
SO2 8FL)
Publicity/Advertising: Roger G. Wayten
(131 Gilliehurst Rd, Harborne, Birmingham, B17 8BU)
Membership Secretary: Mr. D. H. Addington
(25 Temple Erica, Coventry, CV2 5FP, Warwick)
Company Secretary: Graham H. Nisbet

Vector costs 30p. In the U.K. it is
only available on a regular basis to
members of the B.S.F.A. (annual
subscription £1.50)

Rates elsewhere are:
U.S.A. & Canada: single copy 60c
10 issues $5.50
Australia: single copy 60c
10 issues $5.50

(Australian agent: Bruce Gillaspie
70 Box 519/8A
Hobart
Victoria 3001
Australia)

In Peter Roberts' Convention report last
issue, he referred in passing to the
auction saying: "A mass of fanzines were
to be sold, part of the BSFA collection
which had been rotting away unseen for
many years (despite the gallant efforts
of Charlie Winstone)." This brought a
swift and rather heated reply from BSFA
Vice-Chairman Keith Freeman, who had
interpreted what Peter said as a direct
attack on the BSFA. I'll quote part of
Keith's letter:

"When I took over the Vice-Chairmanshipe
there were many aspects of the BSFA
that I knew little of...in a handwritten
written just previous to my taking over
you'll see no mention of the BSFA FF.

"On the 29th Nov I received a letter
from Archie Mercer with part of a letter
from Mike Kearns:

'I was interested to hear Peter
Buchan say...at Forest con that the
BSFA fannic foundation was under
a bad way, or words to that effect.'

"Archie's letter also said that the
FF was last heard of by Charlie
Winstone and needed something doing about
it. The same day I wrote to Mike and
offered him custodianship of the FF —
giving his Charlie Winstone's last
(address) to me.

"I got a letter back from Mike on the
4th Dec and the next day I wrote to
Charlie Winstone. Nothing more heard of
that..."

"Neither before the Eastercon (though
I can find nothing in a quick glance
through the files) or certainly at the
Con another name cropped up as the
current holder of the FF. Mike Kearns
was found and told this and arranged to go
over and collect the fanzines. This
name escapes me at the moment so I'll
call him 'John' as I think that's cor-
correct.

"I was dragged out of a meeting (or
bar I can't remember which) to be told
that they were auctioning off the FF.
I went to the auction where I found that
the true state of affairs was that Peter
Winstone recognised the fanzines being
just ready as being the FF. I inspected
a sample of these but could find no
indication on them that they were from
the FF (e.g. all books and magazines
in the BSFA libraries and magazine chain
have stickers and/or overprinting 'BSFA'
on them). Nevertheless "John" was found.
He admitted that he'd got a lot of fifan-
inec from Charlie Winstone (who'd appar-
ently said 'I'll read them to everybody in
the BSFA Council but never had a reply) had
stated that the fanzines being auctioned
were from the BSFA FF but were second,
third and even fourth copies. In
every case, he said, he'd kept the best
copy — and best two copies in the case of
the rare issues.

"Mike, it was agreed, would still go
over and collect the FF from 'John'.
With this agreed I could do no more —
it was Peter Neaston’s word against John’s.

On the 7th June I had a letter from John. He is not convinced that the PP was auctioned off at Chester, but HADN’T TRIED TO SEE JOHN. He also sent me the text of an editorial he’s going to publish which is faintly libellous — but beaver is of no concern here.

"Can you see why Peter Roberts’ words (despite the gallant efforts of Charlie Clunstone) made my blood curdle?"

So far, so confused. It seems impossible to say anything with absolute certainty at this juncture just what has occurred, and if the BFPA does still have a fannine collection. In an attempt to clarify, the position somewhat I’d like to quote two of the other principals in the affair, Mike Heas and Pete Neaston.

Firstly, an extract from the aforementioned Mike Heas editorial (this was to have been a News Department item; I’ve moved it here as it seems more relevant): "The Fannine Foundation is dead. It died at Chester during the Labour week-end, and the various parts of its dismembered body have been carried off to various parts of the fannish world, even to America. There seems to be no firm foundation that they are allowed to happen, but it seems to me that a combination of reluctance to intervene by the BFPA officials in a position to do so, something together with a concomitant of pariah status — I don’t intend to name names; the guilty one discovered those very rare items among boxes of fannines which were to be sold unsorted as job lots, and how he recognised them as the Fannine Foundation, which he had helped found."

"And this is a statement which I have been unable to check but is true, it makes me wish that I had given the things away!"

Now all of this raises a good many questions, and answers very few of them. I make no apology for taking up rather a lot of space with these accounts of the affair: I do not want the truth, perhaps must be as concerned as I am that none of its more valuable possessions can be so easily lost — or, perhaps worse, that nobody knows enough to say for sure whether it has been lost or not. This may not be the fault of the current Council members — and in any case I’m not bothered about it. I lay the blame at anyone’s door in particular — but I think it does display lamentable negligence somewhere along the line.

What can be done? Well, Archie Herner commented that it’s just a bit taken off the PP, but it would be nice to know what action, if any, is being taken to recover it, or find it. Obviously there are basic facts to be obtained. Of either Charlie Clunstone or John Huir have any items of the PP in their possession, John Huir is said to have left to have bad in his possession one or two copies of all the valuable items sold at Chester. Does he? Where did the fannines sold at Chester come from, if not from the PP, and where did the proceeds of the auction go?

The story degenerates from fable into hearsay. When I protested to the BFPA Chairman (Pete means Vice-Chairman) at Chester that the fannines about to be auctioned appeared to belong to the PP, at least in my opinion, he evidently confronted John Huir who ‘explained’ that there were only duplicates and/or parts of his own collection which had been sold to him by Charlie Clunstone.

"That’s all right then — or is it? Doesn’t it sound pretty thin to you? I mean, Charlie as a 1963-fan, like me, never built upon much of a collection himself and I can’t see how he could pass on many 1940’s fannines to John Huir. Things like Acolyte, Treasure, the Zombie, early point-one, Farter Fantasy, and complete run of Jefery just don’t grow on trees."

But the salient point is that the BFPA believed John Huir, and so instructed me to proceed with the auctioning. . . . here is the joke, however. After the Con I heard by word-of-mouth (which may be incorrect but don’t forget) that John Huir had not donated his (?) fannines to CHESFAN after all. Oh no. He had offered them for auction on the understanding that the Connoisseurs kept 25% of the proceeds, the rest going to him. This is a statement which I have been unable to check but is true, it makes me wish that I had given the things away!"

I was asked to discuss the arts in science fiction. I saw a bit puzzled at first as to whether or not I was here confronted with a non-subject — this, of course, partly because I was raised in the pulp era, then the arts were interesting in any of those non-constructing one cliff-hanger after another, and if possible keeping the story moving by dialogue rather than anything else, because we had no faith in the reader’s ability to follow more than three sentences of description. But this, of course, is not a question of art at all; it is simply a question of minor technique. Actually the subject has several sub-divisions: one of them being the role of the arts in sf; then the effects of the arts on sf; and finally — though this may really be a non-subject in truth — the influence of sf on the arts.

The fact of the matter is that until very recently few of the arts were mentioned in sf, and certainly not in commercial sf. It’s quite commonplace in mainstream fiction to find references to painting, to other people’s writing to music, and so on; in sf there is a tremendous dearth of this, with one exception (and probably not really to Kingsley Amis’s surprise) — there has been quite a lot of writing about jazz in sf. And it’s still going on; I’ve just received the most recent issue of FANT, one devoted to sf in the universities, which contains a rather extended comparison between jazz and sf by Philip Kline (who you probably know as the author who writes under the name of William Tenn). Kingsley Amis made a similar comparison in New Maps of Hell; and in a number of different stories Theodore Sturgeon has described, or attempted to describe, the effects of jazz.

But when you try to survey the field as a whole since, say, 1956 (when magazine began) you really don’t find very little reference to the arts at all, and when you do something very curious crops up — you find that the artistic tastes of the future are decided worse than our own. I realise this sounds like a vast hyperbole, but when you read some of these descriptions it astonishes how stomach-turning they are. One of my favourite examples of this is, in fact, a Sturgeon novel called Venus Plus X (which I hope most of you have read) a thoroughly experimental novel, done in a series of silicons, or alternate tales. The alternate silicons are pictures of contemporary suburban family life in the United States, each of them designed to show the blurring of the traditional roles of the sexes in modern America. We have now seen that taking on a rather revolutionary colour, but at the time...
through the omniscient Nobel Harshaw, makes it very plain that for Heinlein the absolute epitome of any art-form is the narrative, or storytelling, art. This means that he had nowhere for an abstract, not only in fiction and poetry, but also in music and painting. He recognized that a story tells a story, an artist creates an artist, an author constructs an author. The same is true of art, and it is this very fact that makes Rodin's "Fallen Caryatid" a typic-case of the perfect work of art. The poor girl, you will recall, had been trying to hold up the corner of a Greek building for two thousand years, and finally it has been too much for her, and she has fallen down. But she has become by being the story of how to hold up the corner of a building. This, to Heinlein, is a perfect piece of storytelling, and just exactly what he was trying to do in this book. Similarly when he treats of music you will find that all the music is Heinlein doing in this and other books is to be found in his music. He doesn't know very much about that either. Nevertheless, a general bias is for narrative; no other kind of art appealed to Heinlein. So he goes on, in discussing the graphic artist, to repeat the old canard that abstract artists paint the way they do because they never learned to draw. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; it's also a very little thing of knowledge — of the early histories of some abstract painters, including some of the most famous — Picasso in particular — would show how they began by being very good draughtmen indeed, and only those who speak of as Primitives, or whatever, become abstract artists by having a good deal of preliminary training or skill in this field. This has been an wonder if Heinlein would carry this analogy over into music as well. Let us assume, for instance, that you were taught to play the violin, and you couldn't carry a tune? In any case, the bias is there, and it is very strong.

Again, this is not limited to Heinlein. I have an example here from a good many years before the book was written. The Strangers in a Strange Land will do very nicely as an example. Among the many other theories that are included — or advanced as fact — is that there are two sexes. The Strangers in a Strange Land is a considerable switch of the static theory. And Heinlein, in the course of telling you what he prefers, makes it very
clear that this too is programmatic music; it is, as a fact of life it appears to be a kind of course of events, and you are one tribe triumphed over another and how beautiful towers rose therefrom. All this comes very clearly to the hero's mind in the course of events. It is the most sophisticated Terrrestrial music lover, encountering a piece of Terrrestrial program music for the first time, who can really tell you whether he or she desires it as a love or a love affair. I have seen this expression of music as a piece of Strauss composition, and to a fresh audience which had never encountered it before and knew not of its reputation, the result of incident or listened didn't even detect that it was intended as comic, let alone what the insidents were that were supposed to be going on in it. Now our hero, listening to a piece of musical composition whose artistic conventions are utterly and completely alien to his, can wonder a piece of elaborate tribal history out of this thing in a mystery to me. It's true that the mystery was to Wilson too. The first thing is that we pay attention, to the arts that we have had to become accustomed to until very recently.

There are some honourable exceptions here. There are many - not those of the bad kind, but you see, as a matter of social convention: what mask you were presented to you to society and what you were expected to be taken as. If you were the wrong kind of mask, or if you behaved in a way which was inconsistent with the mask you were wearing, you might very well find yourself involved in a duel, or dumped in the river, or asked to do something for which you had no training whatever. There is a set of expectations/ it is a set of expectations. I suppose the most famous example is George Orwell's invention of novel-writing machines, and to me, at least, they are a kind of art. The invention of these, of course, just makes you wonder what the story, you may recall, first appeared with her am a thing, simply because she had been taught one of these machines, as in the case of the kind, had come loose and run around and had broken her arm. I know there are a few computer technicians reading this who would love to know how to exploit the novel-writing machine to have a writing machine, or of anything of that kind! Finally, Orwell didn't care. But there is a good possibility that books could be written by machines. There has already been a certain amount of work done in this, some of which makes a certain amount of sense. I was a little surprised that Orwell did not indeed have machine-writ- ing machines, for instance, is the time that he was composing 1984 music was being written by machines — as I'm not talking about computers, either. During World War II, there was a great deal of work apparently done on the American market of a slide-rule-like

This novel was written it was more or less written in one of the earliest times when it was written. The idea of utopia is that all of its inhabitants are born inhabitants of heaven, and therefore have all the powers of heaven. Everybody can have both male and female at the same time, and playing both roles. I didn't think it came off, but I was never sure which I was supposed to play in my present discussion. What is interesting, it seems to me, in that she in describing his utopia Sturgeon can not make points in the way that he'd like, and it consisted of variously aged children doing folk dances, statues in the quad-heraldic style, buildings apparently designed on the same order (except that those were only public buildings) everywhere else appeared to live in huts of some kind, out in the forest, eating nuts and making pottery — I couldn't figure out if they had re-invented the potter's wheel or what, and if they had a rather dated quality to me, as the kind of art Sturgeon was pushing in this ostensibly future utopia was the kind of thing that hagaped the Southern Agrarian had been pushing back in about 1925 — purely quite unadulterated utopia. So trying to tell what things had back- slid a great deal by the time his utopia came up; and I've said to say I don't think that's what he meant. The gimmick of the novel is that the utopia is also in the present. It is just geographic isolation from the rest of the world, and these hagapee to remain isolated by the laws of surgery; so perhaps it isn't at all surprising that their artistic taste doesn't appear as advanced as that of the people who were living in the present. I suppose that I'm not prepared to say what the artistic taste of a utopia ought to be, but I do not think I would like it very much if it was still what the Southern Agrarian or Socialist Realism, and this peculiar combination is what Sturgeon gave us in this novel.

This is not an unusual sort of blind spot in art. You see, in Heinlein's Strange Land it will do very nicely as an example. Among the many other theories that are included — or advanced as fact — is that there are two sexes. The Strangers in a Strange Land is a considerable switch of the static theory. And Heinlein, in the course of telling you what he prefers
device with four wheels on it. It was made of pastelboard and operated by hand, and enabled anybody who could read one stave of music — just a simple melody, in other words — to compose an indefatigable number of popular songs. I was informed (from the not-always-reliable "Time" magazine) that a great number of these things were sold, and one grateful customer wrote in to "Time" some weeks later and said, on the recommendation of his story: I bought one of these machines; and, so far, I've sold the first song I wrote on it! It is much more likely, in other words, that music could be composed by machine than a novel or a poem. But I suppose that will eventually be done. Just as they do with modern novels lately which look as if they've been written on such machines.

So, as I say, there are a few notable exceptions; but in general the arts of the future, as they are depicted in sf, very much resemble the terrestrial arts of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. They are what I might term very generally late-narrative; that is to say, the Holman Hunt/Richard Strauss type of thing. Occasionally you may hear of, for instance, performed symphonies, but although something like that is sometimes mentioned casually, little attention is generally paid to it. I once became interested enough in this to try to make a collection of stories about the future of the arts, a book called New Dreams This Morning. It has never been published in England, and, as a matter of fact, that is because of the rather horrible death in the United States, due partly to the fact that the printer, in sending out the proofs, missed one at the head of each story, told them on to the preceding story — which made the volume, to say the least, rather more puzzling than it would have been otherwise. It made rather slim sale anyway; as a matter of fact I was forced to include two of my own stories — which I did not do with any great reluctance, I will add — because it was so hard to find anything in science fiction that dealt with the arts in a responsible way and showed any real knowledge of them.

The arts involved are themselves interesting. There was an Asimov story about the art of dream-composition, which, although I have no particular sort of art, we have had stories about recorded dreams which go all the way back to Fletcher Pratt's "City of the Living Dead" in 1958 — in which everybody got trapped in the Hall of the Dreamer and the lazy attendants even stopped changing the records, so that they were all dreaming the same dreams over and over again. The story is a very simple one, but, of course, it is not simply about the recording of dreams, but about the composition of dreams. This has become a creative art-form quite recently, I believe, and I recommend it. It was first available in one or other of Mr. Asimov's 150 books. It turns out to be not only a remarkable piece of innovation, but to contain quite a good code for the arts as a whole, and for the essential loneliness and privacy of the artist. As to how the invention is actually used, the story actually contains in this department is a remarkable musical writer. People have been evolving one of these things for years now, and as far as I know one still doesn't exist, but you must admit that it is a pretty minor innovation. One element of the story that seems most radical was the composition of musical soundtracks by drawing on the soundtracks beside the film. No instrumentals are involved; the film is providing the only intonation and melody; but the man who does this has become a sufficiently superb sound technician that he can make sound waves on the contact, just as music and radio put out sound waves as he wants it to sound. I don't know that this has been perfected either, but at the time I was writing the story this was experimenting with this and producing a certain amount of noise (no doubt) noise. Again, what I was discussing was not music and in this I think that while the whole nature of the creative process. The art-form which is, as it turns out, more central to the story, is one of which I can only speak in the general terms. I don't recall seeing it proposed anywhere else before. This is the creation, for aesthetic purposes, of artificial personali-
have only seen that done once before, in
Thomas Mann’s Doctor Faustus, which is
about the life of a composer. Mann has
during the duration of many of his major
compositions, and with several of them
I still retain the impression that I have
heard the music as I went through it—
that being Kornbluth, who soon repub-
lished it. Nevertheless, this thrill of
the immediate, which has with it the
reality that being Kornbluth, who soon repub-
lished it. Nevertheless, this thrill of
the immediate, which has with it the
reality of Utopia—or at best the mechanisa-
tion of art—is very, very common in
most of our times: so common that it is
in the very nature of an artist to
make a comment on the future of the
arts.

As I said, I think there is a second
reason. Every period, with few excep-
tions, believes it on the edge
of artistic anarchy. The one major
exception I can think of was during the
heart of the eighteenth century—the old
generation of Bayad and the whole life of Mozart.
Musical words that were settled that
nobody really felt were any sort of
revolution going on. Everybody
understood the music that was being produced;
that was up to the time. I call your
attention to the replacement there is among
conservative composers, who now know as
belonging to the Classical Age, were
revolutionary music of their time. Their
really upstart the Baroque generation who
preceded them—such as Bach and Telemann,
who were the last of their line in that
of the Baroque. There are certainly
arch-revolutionaries to the
Classical composers—Beethoven’s
music was regarded as a vast mass of
chaosophony by uniformity producers
with another reason why the volume fell.
I couldn’t find anywhere in the vast mass
of sf that I have read since 1951
which is when I first heard any story
which was truly knowledgeable about an
arts—a form and dealt with its future
which was not sentimental. And I began
to wonder why this was. I think there are
two reasons: they are very disparate
and probably have no connection with
other others whatever.

One of them is obvious. It is—or
was—a result of ideval/ism. Marxism
that art was essentially an aberr-
aton of the social maladjusted.
individual who had in his
evels and the satisfactions which he
would not find in the society that was
grinding him down; and that when Utopia
did arrive, which it still
stainless for us now would be satisfied in
reality by perfect social conditions,
and that art would therefore no longer
serve even a psychological purpose.
Of course one of the main
themes of my story This Month
(I do not know all of
them personally, but do know most of
them) is that any one who had any
reason to feel that
a generation of Kornbluth, who soon repub-
lished it. Nevertheless, this thrill of
the immediate, which has with it the
reality of Utopia—or at best the mechanisa-
tion of art—is very, very common in
most of our times: so common that it is
in the very nature of an artist to
make a comment on the future of the
arts.

As I said, I think there is a second
reason. Every period, with few excep-
tions, believes it on the edge
of artistic anarchy. The one major
exception I can think of was during the
heart of the eighteenth century—the old
generation of Bayad and the whole life of Mozart.
Musical words that were settled that
nobody really felt were any sort of
revolution going on. Everybody
understood the music that was being produced;
that was up to the time. I call your
attention to the replacement there is among
conservative composers, who now know as
belonging to the Classical Age, were
revolutionary music of their time. Their
really upstart the Baroque generation who
preceded them—such as Bach and Telemann,
who were the last of their line in that
of the Baroque. There are certainly
arch-revolutionaries to the
Classical composers—Beethoven’s
music was regarded as a vast mass of
chaosophony by uniformity producers
with another reason why the volume fell.
I couldn’t find anywhere in the vast mass
of sf that I have read since 1951
which is when I first heard any story
which was truly knowledgeable about an
arts—a form and dealt with its future
which was not sentimental. And I began
to wonder why this was. I think there are
two reasons: they are very disparate
and probably have no connection with
other others whatever.

One of them is obvious. It is—or
was—a result of ideval/ism. Marxism
that art was essentially an aberr-
aton of the social maladjusted.
individual who had in his
evels and the satisfactions which he
would not find in the society that was
grinding him down; and that when Utopia
did arrive, which it still
stainless for us now would be satisfied in
reality by perfect social conditions,
Nothing more. Everything is done by implication. There is no plot; it just sits. It may be that what little plot there is will be清华大学, not because of publisher's interference. But it is an interesting combination: late Victorian painting and the French avant-garde; music and prose as an essay, as in Ulysses. Brian assimilated this technique and used it in the novel to his own purpose, and it worked out very well.

Mooreock is one man who has adopted some of Dos Passos' techniques, particularly in the Jolly Cornellus stories; and several other people have written their novels in the same manner, among them James Sallis, and several of the New Worlds crowd. I have mentioned Burgess and Aldiss in connection with Joyce, and there is also Farmer, who has shown a strong affinity for Ulysses. Aldiss, you will recall, wrote an anti-novel which started out to be a perfectly straight anti-novel, but turned out to be another sandwich novel: alternate episodes of anti-novel and straightforward novel; and it is called Probability A. I think it was an interesting experiment, although in some respects a failed one. The most interesting thing about it is that it shows the most recent literary influence I have yet detected in sf. There are all those other people employing Dos Passos, and Burgess, and Aldiss, but the French anti-novel is, after all, quite a recent development and here it is showing up. Just to show that he is not immune to the same prejudices as the rest of us, however, Aldiss is also very much hooked on narrative art, and in his new novel he has gone right back to the eighteenth-century, particularly Holman Hunt, and has had quite an obvious influence. A Holman Hunt painting, "The Stirring Shepherd", plays a part in the book. But those of you who haven't seen it (it appears on the cover of the Faber edition) it is a highly symbolic affair in which a young girl stands beside her father, looking out of her eyes from her sheep by capturing for her a butterfly. The pattern on the butterfly's wing makes a death's head. It is a very typical painting, the kind of thing which presents a suspended moment of a story that makes you want to say "Yes", and what happened next?" One can see how a plot-driven novel would lead one to be interested in that kind of painting as well, because the anti-novel just sits there.

The whole thing went on to be that one of the rather big changes we see taking place in sf now is an increased consciousness of the existence of other arts besides pulp narrative, and what that is going on in contemporary art is not necessarily chaos and is not necessarily to be looked upon with pessimism. If it is to be a little while to catch up with the Thirties so far as technique is concerned, well, please bear in mind what they were doing in the Thirties: there was a whole structure of horror, "The Revolt of the Machines", "Hell's Dimension", "The Exile of Tom". I could go on forever if I were to abandon myself to it. They were paying no attention to Joyce and Dos Passos and those people at the time that they were working on the very kind of thing for which they were being paid and what Horace Gold once described as "microscopic fragments of a cent, payable by the pound", and they had absolutely no time, or inclination, to keep up with what the literary giants of the period were doing; and furthermore, had they done so they would only have said just what almost everybody else was saying at the time: this is utter chaos; literature can break down no further than this, and so on. The case is this: I remember at that time reading a book by an American called Doctor Looks at Judaism, which had a chapter in it on Ulysses beginning: I'm probably the only man in the world to have read Ulysses through twice." The rest of the book has nothing to do with Ulysses, but he feels just as it was that Ulysses represented the absolute breakdown of all form and control on the novel, and that from now on we could expect absolutely nothing of the novel. Forget it — the form was dead. Now, of course, we know that Ulysses, that most over-controlled novels ever written, so there is here.

At the time, I am quite sure that had we only looked at Ulysses, much less to Finnegans Wake, we would have immediately come to mind. As Sturgeon quite frequently attempted to describe the effects of Joyce's novel on younger people of the Ellison-Spinrad group talking, quite a lot about the effects, emotional or otherwise, of rock. I must confess that it does not happen to me; but people are allowed to younger people, so I obviously have a tin ear in that department.

Now comes the most interesting part, it seems to me, and that is the influence of sf on the arts — and there is some. I have already mentioned Burgess, who has certainly been influenced by having read quite a lot of sf. The Argentines and most of the Spanish and the French have read a lot of the stuff and been influenced by it. His work shows it very strongly (and not that's beginning to feed back, by the way) to this day, he says, John Barth, an American novelist, has written one sf novel, Gilead Boat Boy, and it would not surprise me at all to see him break out another. Another American novelist named Thomas Pynchon, who I recommend highly to you if you have not encountered him, has written a massive encyclopedia novel, in size, if not in structure rather reminiscent of Ulysses, which is quite science fiction. Moreover, a very short novel, The Crying of Lot 49, which is a Van Vogtian conspiracy story from the ground up, very funny and very ingenious. There has been a lot of sf influence on music, certainly, as you have probably know, in rock. Rock groups have given themselves science-fictional titles; they have written songs with sf lyrics. It is quite possible that there is a viable influence on what I suppose we must still consider as serious music. There now exists an sf opera called Aspirin. It takes place
entirely aboard a spaceship which has been derailed, so to speak, and is on a long journey to nowhere. Musically, it is a thoroughly eclectic opera; mostly twelve-tone, but also containing some neo-Romantic music, some musique concrete, some taped music of electronic sounds—all of which, however, are beautifully integrated.

The poem is by Harry Martinson, who in one of Sweden's greatest poets; it was adapted from a long epic poem. The opera has been highly successful, not only in Sweden but almost everywhere else it has been played. If you have not encountered it there used to exist, and I think still does, a complete recording of it, which I encourage people to look up. The copy that I got suddenly disappeared from my bookshelf, and I am still trying to run one down. All I have is a general outline of the plot, but even so I found it very interesting.

When it comes to painting I should defer to my wife, who is the expert in the family. But I have seen myself—little attention though I pay to this art, quite a bit of it would have been reproduced in magazines if suddenly a tidal wave of interest in modern painting were to come. I cannot exactly tell which. A fair amount of modern painting that I have been reproducing in magazines is suddenly full of astronomical symbols, usually of pretty good accuracy. It is as though Chasen Bonelli, at his advanced age, has suddenly crept into the forefront of at least some part of modern painting. This is an interesting phenomenon, and one which, I suspect, will continue to develop as we go further into space and find other things than we have ever dreamed of on the covers of pulp magazines—such as what we have recently discovered on Mars. Artists may seize upon this material for imagery, and may also draw more and more from the stories themselves, now that the audience for the medium is spreading.

So on the whole, though I thought that what I had been was a non-subject, as I said at the beginning, there does actually seem to be quite a bit to be said about it—and, what is probably a great deal more important, quite a bit to be watched for. We are standing attentively at the beginning of the invasion of sf by the arts, and the invasion of the arts by sf—these are two complementary processes. Where it will all go only God knows, but I think it is an extremely interesting process, and it is something that I am watching with great fascination.

—James Blish, 1972

Continued from p.4

There are other, more obscure questions. Both Peter Weston and Keith Patten say that John Kuir claimed it was O.K. to mention him in a letter to the publisher of fannish magazine. Another, contrary, point: It doesn't make much sense to me, if it's true that Mr. Kuir kept most of the auction proceeds. I would have thought it would be a safe purchase for him to sell them for the BFAK's collection. Another, contrary, point: It doesn't make much sense to me, if it's true that for money he kept most of the auction proceeds, for him to send them for sale in jumbled-up packages, so that the valuable material might have gone unnoticed had it not been for the vigilance of Wexler, Pyrland and Roberts. Anyway, whatever emerges it would be nice to know that someone, somewhere, is collecting and keeping this material. If it's true that the BFAK is doing something about this, it would be nice to know that someone, somewhere, is collecting and keeping this material. If it's true that the BFAK is doing something about this, it would be nice to know that someone, somewhere, is collecting and keeping this material.

On one surprise offshoot of this job came the news of an invitation to an illustrated lecture to be published in The Challenge of the Store, a new book by Patrick Moore and David Hardy, published by Mitchell Beasly in association with Sidgewick & Jackson. The gimmick of the lecture was that it was a look back from the year 2000 over the past 30 years' developments in space travel, with David Hardy's paintings being shown as if they were photos. Patrick Moore was rather different in

Peter Roberts
The Fannish Inquisition

Four fannish books have been nominated for a Hugo Award, to be presented at the Los Angeles World Convention in September this year and, since these should represent the best of the best, we might be more than ready to take advantage of this opportunity to examine the contents of this column.

There is a mixed bunch of contenders this year; two are published in the United States, Granfalcon and last year's winner, Locus; while one comes from Canada, namely Starfleets; and one from Australia, SF Commentary. Between them they represent a good cross-section of fanzine material, from the fanciful to the scrupulous, and a variety of format, from the small newsletter to the plush quarterly. The only point they have in common is the large circulation, an unfortunate necessity for any fannish publisher who has hopes of gaining Hugo votes. (Perhaps I should note that in fannish terms a large circulation probably means around 400 copies, which is, I believe, about what SF Commentary prints. There are exceptions, of course, such as the late SF Review and, as Peter mentions below, Locus, MAG.)

Previous years have seen a further and much wider tendency whereby the final results of voting parallel the circulation figures of each fannish; should this happen this year, Locus will once again be a Hugo winner.

Locus itself is a fortnightly newsletter which has emerged as the forerunner of its kind in America. It's in the fifth year of publication and the latest issue I have is the 114th, so regularity and persistence are two contributing factors to its success. In the early days it faced stiff competition from Starfleets and in the middle period from Starfleets and from Locus, which has now established itself as a permanent fixture. But nowadays it has no competition, apart from small scale local newsletters, and its circulation has increased fantastically, so that the editor, Charlie Brown, is now printing 1000 copies of each issue. The contents are largely items of science-fictional news, a point of criticism to the more fannish fans who remember the earlier Hugo winner, Terry Carr's Panics, with its nostalgic delight. A fair amount of fan news does, however, appear, and a typical issue, such as this 114th, contains a cover report (Disclave 72), lists of new books, contents of forthcoming magazines, reviews of the latest magazines and books, and some general notes. The average size is ten pages and Locus often contains fliers and columns by such as Bob Tucker, Harry Warner, Jr., and Jack Gaughan. Cartoons are liberally sprinkled throughout and are consid-
erably more fanzine than might be expected. Generally, therefore, I have no complaints about Fonz. I might prefer a more fanzine newsiness, but Charlie is publishing what both he and the majority of his readers want, which is of course entirely fair enough. A more specific complaint might be directed at the sourcennery way in which Fonz is run; but as I was not one in under any compulsion to subscribe.

32 Commentary, published by Bruce

Gillenmus, is undoubtedly the foremost magazine of sf criticism currently being produced. The only other contender might be Speculation, but Pete Weston's schedule has been extremely erratic of late whilst Bruce has been publishing with some regularity. The 24th issue is fairly typical of Fonz, since it contains equal amounts of reviews, articles, and letters, all firmly based on the serious aspects of science fiction, rather than the fanzine. Curiously enough, however, Bruce softens up in his editorial and includes several pages of fanzine chatter dealing with the activities of fans in Melbourne and in Australia generally; this too seems to be typical of Fonz and also, incidentally, of Speculation - a sort of backbiting attempt to convince you that the editors really are human. The greater part of SF 25 is nevertheless summarised by the words 'of criticism' it's slightly biased towards certain authors and certain modes (the inevitable 'New Wave', or shall we say 'literary', science fiction in particular of stories collected in anthologies which just about prove that the 'Golden

of stories collected in anthologies which just about prove that the 'Golden

...
speculation is one of the world's foremost science fiction magazines, the kind that is so special in discussing and critiquing science fiction itself, rather than science fiction fandom. Pete Weston has outlined most of his rivals in the field; Dick Bergon's American Fandom seems moribund at the moment; Dick Cline's double Hugo-winning ANS has folded again (he'll probably revive it again in another ten years); John Sagan's fine Australian SF Review has changed names and forsaken straight sf; and the many minor rivals have disappeared or mutated. Only SF Commentary, reviewed earlier, presents a serious challenge; Riverside Quarterly has long since disappeared down apeman-inhabited jungle tracks.

Somehow, however, I think ANS will win. Pete has long had severe attacks of fandom, unbecoming to the strict science fiction publisher (an Erice Gilpin will tell you), and it's beginning to show in Speculation. Most of us will rejoice; but I rather think the science-fiction people will leave a sinking ship and flee to SFW or some new, as yet unknown, publication. Perhaps Pete will convert them, though? Certainly he's a good funny writer and in Speculation he's got a long editorial in which he rambles well and intelligently through a few topics, even managing to squeeze in a con report and a fanzine review (and before none of you cry 'sacriligious', remember that Pete used to do fannish reviews for this magazine under the pseudonym of - which is his own name). Also included are four good photo pages of the Easter SF Convention at Chester, assembled by Pete Weston though also visible in some other fandies which shared costs with him.

The science-fiction side is not neglected, however, and there are some particularly fine items within, namely Philip Stein on Heinlein (from his Speculation-II talk) and John Brunner talking about the writing of sf once again (from the former person). Both are transcribed well and are concluded with comments and questions from the audience. The other main items are Bob Rickard analyzing Elric and Mark Aldred considering sf and the business world. Reviews are by Cris Thorne, Pat Bulmer, Tom Shippey and Tony Syderby and are some of the better examples of their kind; they are fairly intelligent, open for argument, and what I consider particularly important, deal with books that are worth investigating, rather than space operas and lowbrow epics. The letter column, finally, is well edited and interesting and the general presentation of the magazine is clear, though hardly glamorous. Speculation has improved considerably over the last few issues so that even I, never well-known as a serious sf fan, have greeted its arrival with glad cries — so much so that this issue even contains a letter from me. This alone makes Speculation a collector's item and one that's well worth getting.

Bakunin is 75p from Mike and Susan Gilchrist, 32 Hayward Ave, 205, Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada.

Grantholm is 60p from Linda & Ron Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park, Pennsylvania 19076, U.S.A.

Locus is 1/8 or £1.75 from Charlie & Don Brown, 3400 Uxton St., San Francisco, California 94116, U.S.A.

SF Commentary is 9/3 from Bruce Gilpin, 675 Box 55958, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia (Malcolm Edwards is UK agent — 9/1/50) and Speculation is 20p from Pete Weston, 11 Pinewall Ave, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30.

All except Locus are also available for contributions and loans, plus arranged trades.

— Peter Roberts, 1972

Purge for a Darkening Island

by Christopher Priest

Faber & Faber; £1.35; 147pp

Reviewed by Vic Mallett

When I read Indoctrinaire I felt that Christopher Priest should have continued the book in the style of his opening section, but that he seemed to have got stuck and weakened the book. Here there are no such problems: he had an idea for a story; he had an idea for a narrative form; and he has written a cold, pessimistic and powerful novel.

Britain has an extreme right-wing government and has also become the target for African refugees fleeing from a nuclear war. Conflict is inevitable, and the result is a three-way civil war with United Nations intervention. This is tolerable if you are committed, but if you are like Alan Whitman, intelligent but trying not to get involved, then you have problems — no one wants you on their side for any length of time. Whitman finds himself homeless, trying to protect a wife and daughter as well as simply trying to survive in the war-ridden countryside. When the two females are captured by Africans, he finds that he has to take sides and decisions.

A breakdown of society novel, other-wise known as a disaster novel — yes, the book is that; but it is not about the disaster, it is about commitment. Whitman (I am not sure if the name is allegorical or not) is on the fringes of events but never begins to be able to effect them. He is neither a hero nor an anti-hero; he is simply the central character, the man who can argue but never does very much, the man with the right attitudes who finds that they don't help him. The whole book leads to the final paragraph, with its decisive action.

The idea of the conflict obviously arose from some of Emo Powell's utterances; and it does not matter if the situation is still valid or no — the main point will always be valid. The style is unusual but it is the most effective one for this book. It is nonlinear; events are taken from various chronological points of Whitman's life so one gets a series of snapshots. This comes Christopher Priest to be precise in his writing; it causes the reader to concentrate on each episode; and the whole picture builds up piece by piece over a wide canvas. The writing is so clear, with not a wasted word in the book, that there is never any confusion in the reader's mind, and many episodes take on a power they might otherwise lack.

Towards the end Whitman finds himself in a South Coast town which is trying to carry on as though nothing had happened.
The Patterns of Chaos
by Colin Kapp
Gollancz: £1.90; 222pp
Reviewed by Tony Judt

A book, despite the appearance of non-oommitment, is certain charming, and no-oommitment, with a story about a historical novel which uses many of the narrative techniques of science fiction. The story of the people already there. At this point the reader is aware of a great deal more than the author intended. Perhaps the least thing that can happen is that this novel offers; don't you want to read the book? Well, don't bother; you'd do better to write it yourself. Not a single one of these possibilities is taken up by Colin Kapp. This is only one example from many, the whole of The Patterns of Chaos is a heartrending succession of missed opportunities. Any moderately competent storyteller could have made a very enjoyable read out of Mr Kapp's basic materials, which include a strong plot and a number of very nice ideas; to somehow repair his material and manage to make the story boring. If you persevere to the end you'll be rewarded with a good conclusion; personally I had lost all interest by then.

Perhaps The Patterns of Chaos could be useful to someone, try writing something a bit more like dialogue to replace the stuff Mr Kapp has put between inverted commas.

Stonehenge
by Leon Stover and Barry Harrison
Peter Davies: £2.10; 252pp
Reviewed by Vic Hallatt

The authors have a theory about Stonehenge, and they have chosen to present it to a wide audience in the form of a historical novel which uses many of the narrative techniques of science fiction. A roman a clef, a narrative about the people already there. At this point the reader is aware of a great deal more than the author intended. Perhaps the least thing that can happen is that this novel offers; don't you want to read the book? Well, don't bother; you'd do better to write it yourself. Not a single one of these possibilities is taken up by Colin Kapp. This is only one example from many, the whole of The Patterns of Chaos is a heartrending succession of missed opportunities. Any moderately competent storyteller could have made a very enjoyable read out of Mr Kapp's basic materials, which include a strong plot and a number of very nice ideas; to somehow repair his material and manage to make the story boring. If you persevere to the end you'll be rewarded with a good conclusion; personally I had lost all interest by then.

The Committed Man
by M. John Harrison
New Australia Ltd: £1.75; 182pp
Reviewed by Malcolm Edwards

This novel is rather late in appearing; the book was published more than a year ago. Better late than never, though, especially since it appeared under a non-fiction label and many of you may have missed it; and it would be a pity if this were to happen to one of the best books of the year.

M. John Harrison has been closely associated with science fiction and "New Worlds" - he is the magazine's Literary Editor, and he has contributed a number of stories (including some of his best work), to the genre. On the other hand, his work has been described as "the most brilliant, and that of D. J. Ballard in particular. It is far from being merely derivative, however; he does not simply repeat the style he offers that is original and individual.

Like practically every British novel of its kind (it seems), The Committed Man is a disaster novel: radiation levels rise, society collapses, the pathetic remnants, riddled with skin cancer,
The Tombs of Atuan
by Ursula Le Guin
Gollancz: £1.50; 160pp
Reviewed by John Bowles

Some critics who had better remain nameless, such as George Hay and Ted White, have suggested that this sequel to A Wizard of Earthsea is a minor work in comparison to its predecessor. I would disagree with this assessment. The Tombs of Atuan is both the broad narrative sweep of A Wizard of Earthsea, being much shorter in scope, but it is no less finely realized.

Ged, the hero of A Wizard of Earthsea, plays a much smaller part — though an important one — in this book. In fact, he is not identified until the book is more than halfway through. This is the story of Tenar, who at the age of six is taken from her parents to the Place of the Tombs of Atuan, where she is renamed Alanna, the Patra One, the Priestess of the Nameless Ones — powerful ancient spirits whose influence pervades the Labyrinth beneath the Tombs. Like a succession of priests and priestesses before her, she is supposed to be the reincarnation of the original priestess (when one dies, a girl born at the same time is sought out as her successor — like the succession of Balai Lama). She leads out this rather disjointed existence, until the day when she finds an stranger in the Labyrinth (which is forbidden territory). She traps him, but instead of having killed her curiosity impels her to keep him alive. The stranger, of course, is Ged, searching for the missing half of the King of Erthe-Ake (one half of which is already in his possession.

The story then follows the gradual awakening under Ged’s gentle guidance and their escape together from the Labyrinth and the evil power of the Nameless Ones.

That sets this novel apart from the usual run of fantasy is the quality of Mrs Le Guin’s writing, and the understanding which she shows of her characters. The prose is unspectacular but always excellent — calm, measured, evocative. The story is full of drama without ever being overly dramatic. I would think that action for its own sake. The book is, of course, primarily for children, but all good children’s books can be read and enjoyed by adults; it is in no way ‘written down.’ The Tombs of Atuan can only add to Mrs Le Guin’s already considerable reputation.

The Universe Unifies
by Donald A. Wollheim
Gollancz: £1.50; 122pp
Reviewed by Malcolm Edwards

For many years Donald Wollheim has been identified with the Ace line of science fiction, an affiliation of the old slogan ‘Panorama is a Way of Life’ — and an unabashedly survey of the sf field.

I always find it difficult to assess a book about science fiction because I enjoy reading all of it. I suspect this partly because the existence of such a book is in a way off-putting in that it is not just one of my peculiarities. If you subscribe to this line of thinking, whatever its cause, than only the purest of science fiction can succeed, is to let you know there’s another one, if you didn’t know already. However, I can’t help noticing a few things wrong with this book.

Firstly, Wollheim writes horribly. It’s a sort of ponderous American non-style, where instead of passing to find the right word he uses half the page down the wrong one regardless and then finds some way of cobbling the sentence into a fair approximation of what he meant to say. Overall I would say that the writing of Van Vogt: ‘It is not an accident that his first fame-makinsg novel was the World of Null-A....’ This is a typical example, but not one chosen at random. It illustrates, as it happens, the one factual error I could find. Wollheim states that World of Null-A preceded Sian, which is where Sian appeared in either 1940 or 41, while World-A didn’t come out until 1945. Even I know that, and I wasn’t even born!

Then there is the general slant of the book. Wollheim has a rather sour approach to ‘low base of Hall and complains that ‘it’s all sf reading through having been given “a guided and selected tour through one particular publisher’s smll” (presumably he means Ballantine). This may be a fair point — but that Wollheim’s own survey of of devotes a lot of space to books which many people would not consider landmarks, books such as Andre Norton’s Wayside and Philip Jose Farmer’s ‘world of绷’s novels, books which, as it happens, were all published by Ace.

There are other old judgments, such as Wollheim’s opinion that Kindlutch was so warped and ethenized that the universe could not bear the responsibility any one — in this new book; in fact, he is not identified until the book is more than halfway through. This is the story of Tenar, who at the age of six is taken from her parents to the Place of the Tombs of Atuan, where she is renamed Alanna, the Patra One, the Priestess of the Nameless Ones — powerful ancient spirits whose influence pervades the Labyrinth beneath the Tombs.

As a succession of priests and priestesses before her, she is supposed to be the reincarnation of the original priestess (when one dies, a girl born at the same time is sought out as her successor — like the succession of Balai Lama). She leads out this rather disjointed existence, until the day when she finds an stranger in the Labyrinth (which is forbidden territory). She traps him, but instead of having killed her curiosity impels her to keep him alive. The stranger, of course, is Ged, searching for the missing half of the King of Erthe-Ake (one half of which is already in his possession.

The story then follows the gradual awakening under Ged’s gentle guidance and their escape together from the Labyrinth and the evil power of the Nameless Ones.

Books received (may be reviewed in future issues)
From Gollancz: The Gods Themselves — Isaac Asimov (£1.80); Or Time and Stars — Michael Shaiken (£1.25); The Wind from the Sun — Arthur C. Clarke (75p); A Bookful of Stars — Damon Knight, ed. (75p); android at Area 51 — Andre Norton (£1.60); Other Eyes, Other More — Bob Shaw (£1.80)
From Peter & Peter: Best of Stories of Brian Waiding (paper covered ed. 80p); Best of — Manpul O’Riain, ed. (paper covered ed. 60p)
From Sidgwick & Jackson: Possible Tomorrow — Dror Conkin, ed. (75p); The Book of All-A — A.J. Van Vogt (10p)
From Sphere: Mephisto — Pierre Anthony (£1.50) — this appears to be a substantially revised version of the book, and is very much shorter than the A.C. Press edition); Lovers of the Starship — Jack S. Eaton (30p). This is undoubtedly one of the worst novels of recent years, although for some reason it seems to have attracted many admirers. Year’s Best of S.F. — Brian Waiding & Brian Hutton, ed. (15p); The Ice Johkson — Michael Hooper (30p); Neutron Star — Larry Niven (75p); The Pawns of Null-A — A.J. Van Vogt (10p)
From Pan/Ballantine: The Pollinations of Eden — John Boyd (10p); The Island of the Mighty & The Children of Lyr — Evangeline Walton (20p each); 22 Days, 40 Hours — Brian Waiding (75p)
From Arrow: A Case of Conscience — Jason Blub (30p); The Year of the Silent Sun — Billson Dodds (10p)
Mark Alda: An Interview

MA: I'm always painfully intrigued about how people discovered sf. Case histories such as Brunner's (his grandfather's Heineman edition of War of the Worlds dropped in the nursery, his father's landlady's GI boyfriends "Amazing" left around on the fare) fill me with an amazement jealousy of people who were so fortunate so young. So let's begin by asking how and when you discovered sf.

PT: Like Dylan Ailes, I discovered sf in Woolworth's. I'd passed through the American comic stage and was now looking at American works, supplementing "Detective Tales" with "Texas Rangers", "G-8 and His Battle Aces", "Weird Tales" and "Thrilling Wonder", mostly courtesy of Street & Smith. My parents were a little perturbed by the sudden influx of bikini-clad blondes in golden book holsters, but they didn't disapprove of careful questioning that I was more interested in the hardware than the software, they allowed me to keep reading.

Introduction to my first name as author — Ray Bradbury — was by word-of-mouth recommendation in the first form at the grammar school. From Brian's Roosevelt, Fredric Brown, Heinlein, read in anthologies rather than by any particular design. When I started noting the names, many of the works were already familiar. My sf interest was spasmatic, just a part of the general growing literary awareness which took in Dennis Wheatley, Hemingway, Leslie Charteris, John Steinbeck, William Saroyan, James T. Farrell, with regular returns to Bradbury.

MA: Can you say anything about your first attempts at writing fiction? I don't necessarily mean your first published stories.

PT: My first attempts at writing sf were heavily influenced by Bradbury — in fact, quite late in life (I had left my teens well behind). For that, I blame my occupation of journalism, which took all my creativity for a very transient kind of return. It was only when I stopped writing and started supervising as a newspaper sub-editor that I found things beginning to work for me.


PT: "Tom". But my first writing success was nothing to do with this. I entered a story for the British Argosy Magazine's competition to mark the quatercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, and gained a "Highly Recommended". It meant that at least I was beginning to produce stuff worth taking seriously. The Miss was stirring restlessly. I still didn't consider myself big-time enough for the US magazines (having had my Bradbury pastiche of some years before rejected by them all). So I cast around for a UK publication. That was "New Worlds" — and Michael Moorcock was extremely patient and understanding kind. My Shakespeare story, a parallel universe theory, became "Fifth Person Singular", published third in NW (and reprinted in F&SF) after "The Post-Korton People" (written third) and "The Gloom Pattern", a Bradbury-ish thing which, said Moorcock, was better than Bradbury because Ray always had such happy endings. I applied my new maturity to one of the old rejected tales and it became "Mars Pastoral", or "I'm Bertie, Said Peter" (SW 1956), took another one and do-Broadway-ised it and it became "The Bay the Wind Died" (SW1957, April 1959). In the meantime, Joe Scan of "Fantastic" had expressed an interest in "The Thinking Seat" (the short story which sparked the novel).

MA: And what about work since then?

PT: "Fantastic" published another, "Same Autumn In A Different Season", Judy Merrill took "Post-Korton People" for her F&SF and "Same Autumn" for her England Prime. April Holland had taken "The First of the New Martyrs" (which is of the same kind that Allende's "A Monument to His Profession" is to Bradbury) in F&SF.

The Thinking Seat came out in novel form by Doubleday in October 1959 and Faber in April 1970. Gardening One To Five was published by Doubleday in March 1971 and Faber in April 1971. Doubleday will publish the latest novel, Country Love and Pulson Rain, shortly. UK publishing arrangements have not been finalised, but Faber will not be involved. Current work in progress is a piece intriguing even to me by the directions it seems to take and of its own volition, and the title is Ornithological Basket or Something Higher This Way Comes.

I haven't written a short story since "Mainchance", for Anne McCaffrey's Alchemy and Arcana collection, and the reasons are domestic — my wife's father has had a collapsed heart and is in a hospital and her mother, very dear to both of us, was nursed through terminal cancer. Little time for writing then, and that taken up with the novels.

MA: Will you write more shorts?

PT: Well, I hope so. One I have to write for an sf writers' workshop at Kirkcudbright, Scotland, in October. Perhaps that will get me back into the habit.

MA: The personal tone of your fiction doesn't consort very harmoniously with the perusal nature of much New Wave writing, and it seems slightly odd that Moorcock should have godfathered your first published stories. Perhaps although Moorcock was in the saddle, "New Worlds" was just that time still trotting on the route plotted by Carroll?

PT: You talk of a moral tone in my work. I suppose there is, less much as I do not concede the need for science fiction (or any fiction) to use sex to sell it. I don't write permissive fiction because I don't want to be associated with it. People, I hope, will appreciate my work for a strong story line or interesting characters, and not for the coupling on page 57. Does a writer have to change with the times? That depends on him. Ideally, I want to be able to write the way I can't — not such a rare piece of vanity among us — who transcend trends and anachronies. Why Mike found my work interesting? I'd like to think it was because he saw something that was good despite the lack of codical obscenities. I can't agree he was following the course plotted by Carroll.

In fact, the opposite was true. Mike was anxious to produce a magazine in his own image and Compact Books, who published NW at that time, were also publishing Bank Janson, so that sex in print was no novelty to them.

MA: I should say that the heart of The Thinking Seat, and the source of its inspiration, is the philosophising of Simeon. What would you say the essence of his message is?

PT: The message of The Thinking Seat? Basically it was ecological but a lot of Simeon's writing, I suppose, were my own (just as Latimer's actions sprays in my own) and his search for expression a chronicity of my futility.

MA: In your second novel, Gardening One To Five, I was particularly struck for writing than, and that taken up with the novels.
by the stylistic device of a naturalistic
story line (the Scurllati episodes)
interacting scenes of a symbolic nature
(the de Jonge deaths and so on).
Here again the novel seems to be
influenced by a species of controlled
anger that this planet makes such a
mess of ordering its affairs.

PT: A while ago I spoke of journalism
as a setback. At that stage it was,
today, an involvement with the
not an essential for my style of work.
I think you want to ask me later about
my being in Jehovah's Witness — yes
this touches on that, too, because it
gives me a millenial outlook that is,
not a blind acceptance of dogma, but a
recognition of present events and con-
tions as having a religious signifi-
cance. It is not unusual in any
Christian faith to believe that man
cannot make his own salvation — what
makes my particular persuasion so vital
today is the abundance of secular
forces to verify that belief.

Re Gardens: when the League of Na-
tion (Inter Nation) was formed in 1923, a group of American
clergymen described it as "the expression
of God's will on earth." This must
rank as one of the greatest arrogances,
particularly in the light of subsequent
violations of humanity by the said sac-
red assembly. By writing Gardens, I
wasn't encouraging. The novel
means only the legal guidance of the
U.S. Constitution — and nobody can say
that sitting Ulster, the Middle East,
the Congo, is pertinent. And whatever
else I write will be first of all com-
mentary on the world situation as I see
it, secondly pure fiction, and only
occasionally incidents of my own.
Gardens is not about my beliefs. I'm careful not to thrust my
views down people's throats under the
guide of legit, but I am not dis-
penced to make a secret of those views,
either.

MA: I'm sure that's right. I wouldn't
have guessed at your particular
beliefs from your fiction. I would
simply have said that you were an
impressively moral person, like an
example of a high moral viewpoint. It
was Judy Blish who first told me that you were a
Johovah's Witness. I solemnly assured her that you weren't, without myself
really knowing what I meant. And
Caroline Edwards is most consistent that I
should say Jehovah's Witness. The
Witnesses have been with you all
your life. Is there any conflict?

PT: My viewpoint makes me favour
the more realistic approach to sf —
scientifically feasible rather than un-
briddled imagination — and that makes
stories of alien beings and alien planet-
ary views less likely from me, though not
impossible as symbols, since even the
scriptures are such beings as symbols.
If anything, the standpoint makes pro-
ducing more of a challenge, since I
have to seek a denouement which stands
up to the cold light of day. I strive
to be convincing and I am not brave
enough to suggest to people that they look at things in a
certain way. That is not being dog-
matist — it is the sort of writer's
trick than the most honest of writer
pulls: that of inviting the audience to
participate in the vision.

MA: Your third novel will be published
shortly in the States. Can you
tell us any more about it, and give us
any news of your future plans?

PT: Country Love and Palace Pain is to
do with chemical warfare, and rather
more practical intrigue than straight
forward sf — though, so I say, the
device in fiction and the situation sci-
extific. It is also a study of patriotism
— its different meanings to the differ-
ent characters involved. Osawa Nisakato
is about germ warfare and at such an
experimental stage presently that any
more speculation might well turn
out to be contradictory if not downright
inaccurate. After that comes a harder
case novel for my own, hard fact testimony,
titled The Man Who Talked With Earth-
stones, and another experimental place
set in the African city of Zimbabwes and
focusing on guerrilla warfare 1960s-
style.

MA: And finally, can I put forward the
hardy personal: what do you think
is going to happen to sf — hard v.
soft, v. inner, genre v. mainstream,
Aristotelian v. Platonic, or whatever
you want?

PT: If will not go, the way I want it
to go or the way you want it to go
or the way an any of us want it to go —
only the way we all make it go. If
that sounds trite, I'm sorry. The
words may be tired but the truth of
them is inevitable.

MA: Sure. But at the recent Specu-
lation Conference, for example,
Geoff Doherty made the point that tech-
nological innovation is now so abundant in
the 1960s, that the old hard
style of sf is boring. I think of such
things as Tom Godwin's "Mother of In-
vvention," a typical "Armstrong" tale of
the early 30s, which consists of
almost entirely of imaginary technical

Continued from p.14

the flash from what I had expected:
very short and very broad, so that one
could feel it occupying the same area
of space as the shocker paddle could
considerably

As a lecturer, he'd make a
good tobacco-auctioneer — his delivery
speed was about 500 words a minute,
at least. His pupils were in no doubt
that when I was sitting near the back; I
bore those further forward. The audience
themselves were genuinely impressed, and
I would have been nice if the publisher had completed
their publicity work by sending us a
review copy of the book. However, taking
in the free drink afterwards, I was looking through a copy
of the book with Philip Stirk, and
another of us was much impressed with the
paintings as reproduced therein. They
seemed very flat in comparison
with the slides; nevertheless, the book
was worth a look, and is very reasonably
called (I'm being vague here because
I can't remember exactly how much it
was; I think it was £1.75 thou).

A few words about this issue of Vector.
Firstly, it may not have at-

ticed that it is nearly a month later
than was hoped. This can't be helped;
with part-time work to do as well as
my full-time job, Vector has to be
slotted in to the limited time remain-
ing. Having to first transcribe the
James Blish talk before I could start
writing the review, was a considerable

terly, I can see now why very few people
give a monthly fanzine. The equipment
being used — an Olivetti portable — I'm not
happy with the results; it doesn't type
in a sharp enough, blank
enough page to get the best results
from photo-offset reproduction, so if some of
this issue comes out faint, as some of
the last did, it's probably not all the
printer's fault. If there is anyone out
there with a decent typewriter (ideally an
IBM, because of the lack of space),
I'd be delighted to hear from him.

I was a little stung by a review of
Vector 60 in Locus, which praised the
contents but criticized the layout, although
I recognize that parts of it
were sloppy, there were other parts (such
as the heading for the John Brunner
article) with which I was not pleased
This time, I've standardized it com-
pletely, to see how it looks. I would
appreciate any more comments and suggestions
about the physical appearance of Vector
as I certainly do not claim to be a
brilliant graphic designer.

The cover for this issue and all the
interior illustrations are the work of
the mail response

Kenneth Barker Guisborough

Dear Mr Edwards It was considered of Dan Morgan to hope that I was not a member of the BIPSA, so that I could be spared from reading Pamela Bulmer's review of my novel, The Flowers of Feb-

uary, in Vector 59 - but just for the record, I am a member (though a somewhat silent one) and I did read the review.

Dan happens to be the first published writer I ever met in 1954, I think; so let me reassure him — though I'm sure he must realise that by now I am sufficiently aware of, if not hardened to, the eccentricities of the writing world not to be put off by one solitary review. Still, I take his point that such criticism could certainly deflate someone who is fortunate enough to get a book published soon after embarking into this literary business without appreciating the ups and downs involved.

When I read Vector 59, I refrained from comment. It isn't my intention to take up swords or sparri with Pamela Bulmer, for one thing. I don't believe it is a good policy for a writer to start commenting on reviews of his own work — out of considerations of ethics, diplomacy, or what have you. He should be the last to attempt any final assessment, in case he is accused of delusions that he has written a masterpiece.

Secondly, if he is more than just a doubler at writing, he should regard arguing with reviewers as a waste of time anyway when he can be getting on with more creative writing. Writers should be more interested in construction than destruction.

So, on reading Vector 59, and finding that Dan Morgan has quite voluntarily spoken part of my mind for me, I felt I should at least acknowledge his remarks — if only to save him the effort of restating the con- 

versation in other directions next time we happen to meet and be talking so my not-bad but human hand.

I think perhaps this is the time to address a few remarks to the aspiring writer — and I am sure there must be many in the BIPSA — on what his attitude should be to reviews.

Reviewers, like people, come in all categories and a review is only one person's opinion. The chances are that whatever attitude it takes — whether it praises or criticises — someone somewhere will think differently. It is the privilege of a reviewer to adopt an aggressive viewpoint if he feels like it, but it is still a writer's duty to himself to at least have faith in what

be written. To consider any sensible advice he can find, but still to stamp his work with his own style.

One of the hazardous consequences of being published is that a writer is offering himself and his work not just as something which might or might not be liked, but as a potential target for scrounging attack. All budding of writers should bear this in mind.

Nevertheless, when a writer reads a review of his own work, he does owe it a sort of duty too — to see if he can gain anything worthwhile from it, regardless of its attitude. I don't say this will be easy, for he wouldn't be human (or humanoid, for that matter) if he wasn't put out by a review which sways through him like a demolition party. But he also wouldn't be a writer worthy of his intentions if he hadn't the gumption to put things into some sort of perspective. This means he must recover his cool, not allow himself to be unduly moved by the reviewer, and try to look upon the situation from a logical viewpoint rather than an emotional one. He must tell himself that no one can establish absolute standards of what is good or bad in any literary work (or otherwise) — if only because literary tastes change so sure and the Universe is in a state of flux.

The chances are he will be able to do this if he has been hardened by the adversities of his previous writing experiences.

Firstly, he may have tolerated many rejection slips before having any of his work accepted in a paying magazine. He might also have faced the dishonouring situation of having work accepted, then later returned before publication because the magazine was either going bankrupt or changing its policy. And he might have had to wait even longer before someone takes sufficient notice of any published novel to decide to review it. So whatever the tone of the review, he has already been initiated.

Furthermore, if he is a sincere writer he should be capable of accepting the merits of a review as the reviewer claims to be judging the writer's work — if only because during perhaps years of apprenticeship he has received many helpful comments from editors and publishers. And even if he assesses the useful content to be far less than he expected, he should still have more brains than to start arguing with the reviewer — if only because some reviewers might be as dogmatic on what is good and bad in the printed word as a flat-earther might be on the shape of the Galaxy.

Likewise, he will regard any suggestion that he should stop writing because the reviewer did not like his book, as laughable. Publication is still a matter of contract between the publisher and the writer. And reviewers who delude themselves into thinking they have a duty to protect the public would do all better as publisher's readers (or table-thumping on a censorship board or something), where they might be in a better position to obfuscate before they ever get published.

Briefly then, a writer's attitude should be this. If the review praises him, he should regard it (naturally enough) as encouragement to get on with further writing. If it knocks him, he should get on with his writing anyway, in order to forget the review.

I read somewhere recently — I think it was Ken Barker — that a destructive review is a licence used by writers whose toes have been trodden on. This struck me as a neat and fair assessment; but one might also add that a destructive review is the reviewer's exhibitionistic way of saying he's not in love with the book, and he's determined, Regardless of the reviewer, it is up to the writer to cultivate protective thickoat; and if he is persistent, he will do this, even if he can only sell a small part of what he writes. I like to think my tone armour is pretty sturdy after some twenty years linked with the writing game, especially after witnessing how something like four typed drafts of inventive ideas to produce The Flowers of February.

Dan Morgan Spalding

Dear Baldwin Yes, you did detect a note of sarcasm which may have been a mistake on my part in dealing with writer of such serious concerns. Your other com-

ments are, however, very off target. I
certainly didn't say that I found criticism of my work of no help to me. There have been occasions when I have been very grateful for criticisms and suggestions made upon my novels, and in each case I have acted on such advice to the year upon whose advice I acted. I am talking of course of the kind of criticism which has any real value to the writer — criticism by a professional editor who is putting his or her money where his mouth is.

Criticism of a book after it has been published is pointless. The author is in any case a good man over anything from the year upon whose advice he is putting his or her advice. He is a professional and he has a book by the great sable door of criticism may close the stable door against the emergence of another stable of similar breed, but this isn't true either. If I have learned anything in 20 years of fiction writing it is that each book is a one-off project, with its own particular problems and — delights.

Come to think of it I may have learned one other thing. The Spaniards put it this way: 'Tonto al que niega al satan.' Mientras hay camino adelante al que muere no mueren. Which being (very) freely translated means: 'Don't sit around brooding about your last book — get on with the next one!'

++ Year after year I have had to walk along, with the Lone Ranger guarding your rear. Excuse me. +++)

Incidentally, what is this accurate criticism you speak of? Until we have computers writing books and computers critiquing them, I do believe such a thing is manifestly impossible. There are no right answers in the writing of fiction, just a sea of solutions, and it is a choice. And nobody can tell you how to do it. I admire books on technique, but in the long run a writer — any artist in fact — is alone, doing his own thing for better or for worse.

Well, Dan. It's very easy if I misinterpreted you, but you did say: 'I question very seriously Pam's... suggestion that criticism is of some help to the writer.' Obviously you were referring to reviewing-type criticisms rather than editorial-type; but then, so was I. You may now:

Graham Charnock
Willesden Regis

Dear Falzon. Of course I haven't read Pierrot, but I have read, with a kind of macabre delight, Mrs Dalloway's contribution to the same. It's splendidly simplistic. Why does it smack so much of a child's view in criticism? The school' is trying to impress upon slightly turbulent children the basic rules of critical appreciation? I'm afraid I know the level of her audience, know the standard of literature they consume, know the quality of criticism the field can expect. And, as is evidenced by her article, is prepared to give it.

So, it's a shallower article; to poke at it perhaps gives it more stature than it deserves. But I shall be generous and poke away. "The prime object of reading fiction is enjoyment" is a statement that seems to beg a good many questions, not only in the direction of the term 'enjoyable', which Fan halfway answers, but in that of 'prime'. Can't fiction be written and read as education, as the folly of the fool inside, as a way of meaninglessness, as sweetly enjoyable as a shot of junk? Okay, accept enjoyment as one of many motives equally valid and primal for reading the stuff. "Good analysis criticism can help to enhance this enjoyment for the reader by sharpening his awareness." No, love, only good writing can do that, else awareness is not awareness but a kind of parrotry. Does father holding child's hand and leading him to the top of the hill make the honest beautiful or the child aware of its beauty?

Ah, and you speak of style, Dan, and how, 'The sf writer has, after all, an extra dimension to convey to his readers which cannot therefore afford to waste a single word.' Could that you had wasted a few yourself to explain this mystery of the language that appears to make more demands on the sf writer than the mainstream writer?

It is perhaps mean to point out that she "waved like a gazelle", the first of Fan's examples of metaphor, is in fact a symbol of no such thing, and I'm not sure her second, "the bed was made for charity and early rising", is metaphor in her own terms either; there the selective comparison! It certainly seems no better or worse an image than Barker's poor "the hardwires were going insane."

As for criticism, I think a lot of criticism is disrespectful, throwing being upon those who have retained a sense of humility and of the essentially absurd. Readers and critics are basically the same breed, they live in submarines. Critics are so many enough to have found the periscopes and hence some small sense of location. Perhaps they can't see them because their less-sighted fellows suffer the same blindness and nonsense of entrapment, perhaps they can't make the sameswagger as a little more oratory. However much they want for Fan's delight in dissecting a very good book, the easiest task in the world for the poorest critic. No, it won't do, it won't do. All hands to the hatches. I look forward to reading Fan's first novel.
Franz Rottensteiner
Austria

Dear Malcolm,
I would be grateful if you would correct a few errors in my piece (in "Vector 59") that Lem called to my attention. He wasn't decorated for his activities during WWII -- the decorations were given to him by his military. He published essays on test psychology in Zyklus, not in "Vector 59." And other than Twardovsky, Tvardovsky was the late editor of "Novy Mir." I fear Bruce Gilson's is very unrealistic in his letter to you, although he has made points I am writing about Lem in the fanzines, but this is closely connected to what I am writing for the fanzines at all, or indeed anywhere. The same is true of those who claim they enjoy doing it, work. And finally, I am not convinced that writing in The Listener or these Literary Supplement would have had any more effect than writing in SF Commentary (which have close to none) besides being that much more difficult to achieve. I am not sure what much fiction is being reviewed in, say, TLS and how much fiction in a foreign language? Even if I had succeeded in placing one photo in each of these papers, does Bruce consider how much fiction is being reviewed in, say, TLS and how much fiction in a foreign language? Even if I had succeeded in placing one photo in each of these papers, does Bruce think they would have accepted a 2nd? And what is the real effect of one short review? (Yes, I know it can add one to what length is of being reviewed in TLS.)

I fear Bruce's sentence "If the literary world of New York ignores Lem, then I would have to blame France for not having Lem in the business ofიორუტ-ი, and theirs alone; if they or Lem had to depend upon my efforts in New York, they already would be lost. I have no monopoly on Lem, and nobody has a monopoly on his qualities of any writer; and if it were necessary to think Lem great, then he would not deserve to be translated at all. I have been thinking of this lately, and possibly deserve just to teach fashion how to spell Lem's name. There is only one thing that matters, and in which I am completely foolish in making it too clear to the outside world, that the reason why I have not written any fanzine criticism is because the cause for which I am working is beyond all, and I don't intend to proceed with it any longer. I have found my place and I don't intend to proceed with it any longer."

Tony Sudbery
York

Dear Malcolm
I hope I'm not too late to react to your two articles on Stanislaw Lem, and to register a dissenting opinion. I've always admired Professor Rottensteiner's criticism; his knocking voice is a refreshing element in the critical scene. So I'm disappointed to find that now he's found something to be enthusiastic about he's lost his head as completely as one of the fans he's always knocking. All I've got to say to you is that Prof. Rottensteiner has put this forward as one of the four books on which he bases his case for Lem, and to my mind Solaris utterly fails to support the claim he makes.

Let's take these claims one by one. "Lem is a highly original writer." Not in Solaris, he isn't. A great deal of Solaris seems to me to be derived directly from Carl Stefan; you might almost say it is an attempt to write a later Macbeth with a later Hamlet. In particular, the long descriptive essays that you find so striking in your review are an example of a technique that Stefan used thirty years ago. In my opinion Stefan is by far the better writer; Lem is certainly his inferior intellectually.

"Which brings me to another of Rottensteiner's claims: 'Lem is a deep and profound thinker. There is nothing of the fuzzy thinking... That more of the work of the people we are talking about as itself profound, as itself the work of a great thinker. A small example is Lem's statement of the 'doneness view' that the planet 'was built on itself' and that 'it is the construction and the destruction'."

"In my opinion Stefan is by far the better writer; Lem is certainly his inferior intellectually."
raised the mystery. For example, the "Little Apocalypse", the book which Gibson refers to in his posthumous note to Kelvin and which gives descriptions of alien races which are not accepted by most sociologists. This is introduced as a significant clue by Max, but lower these phenomena are described as well-known, and the Little Apocalypse is forgotten. Like many of the other inconsistencies, this makes me suspect that Max is being purely vindictive, so I want to sit down on a potsherd of mystery, and can't be bothered to do it fairly.

Still, I can't deny that Solare is a remarkable novel, but I would be very sorry to see it hailed as a masterpiece while genuine works of art, like "Star Maker" and "marble", remain little known. I'll come back to the point about Kelvin's delusion. In fact I noticed this weakness of the novel almost from the beginning, and I can't help feeling that it is a matter of debate what determines the centre of his interest, and the scientists who favour the nonsensical explanation in accordance with the laws of mechanism are those who regard the above purely intangible and therefore seek an explanation for its motion which will not conflict with the way it seems to us. In fact, the book is a fairly conventional mystery-novel, although as I pointed out, Max is not shown as introducing the odd new-hushing.

Time for a few last-Boar-Pressed - with the emphasis on 'first'. The response to Kelvin's letter has been as to how... Still, I have hopes that it will pick up (and if all the people who more faithfully than they were supposed to have been, but had done so, it couldn't have been so bad). Anyway, I also heard from The Toly, who liked the contents well enough but found the small type held on his eye. Sorry, Tol! - I know it is rather microcosmic but the reason, as you probably realize, is because we have to get as much potential as possible into the available space, by reducing the type-size, or it would be completely unworkable to have had printed. Chris P. has coaxed about having to buy postage due on Vector 96 in a letter which he sent without any stamp at all... Tanya Evans, who enjoyed John Brumner's How to Always write well - in fact I doubt whether he can write badly. I'm sure anyone would be interested to see if there is anything better on this line. Lae James wondered if "John Brumner may have one day rethink his 'destructive obsolete principles' since every such seems to be a relative rather than a complete figure. Perhaps..." - I hope so, because she is a great reader and writer. And last but not least (to drag in another of my vastly reverent of alien) Andrew Price's latest foraying G-G-M evenings was a bit of a bore - used to find space. Both he and Chris Murray mention the small size of the news department, as if it was my doing. Not necessarily, because, as Arnie said, they followed fairly close on the last duplicated Bulletin and there just wasn't much news - much more this time as you can see. And that will have to be all. Please write.

news department

edited by archie mercer

This IT'S NOT MY FAULT. Several months ago, here had to pay 2p "postage due" to receive their Vector 90. Please don't ask about distribution issues - the blame lies with some unknown servant of the Post Office at Highbury Park N.5 for telling us that the postage was 2p instead of 3½p. Nevertheless, we are very sorry that this should have happened.

FURTHER SWOOP? If any member can read either Danish or Swedish and would like to see a fanzine in that language, I have one of each which you would be welcome to peruse and to pass on to anyone else interested. SAE to Audrey Wilson (address on contents page).

AN IRELAND WRITES IN THE NEWS. "The response to the last issue was a deadly shock apart from a letter from John Brumner, this despite my appeal therein for material. How can one run a forum for writers if the writers don't have anything to say? John's letter is very interesting as always, but apart from that I would have to write the entire issue myself, which is a pretty pointless operation, more or less like carrying on oneself."

This being so, unless something drastic happens, I can't see there being another Writer's Bulletin. Maybe, but there it is.

GLOBE Hotel: Sensation It is generally known that fans and professionals of SF and fantasy have since time immemorial (well, at least since the 1920s) been used to foregather on the evening of the first Thursday in every month at a certain London tavern night "Globe". A certain amount of doubt, however, appears recently to have crept into the precise identity of the "Globe" in question. I recently heard tell of one unfortunate who sought it in vain in a quick and dirty Fleet Street, whilst I have just seen a plug for it (on a Novacon 2 progress report) locating it in Gray's Inn - wrongly spelt "Gray's", at that! So one and all please take note - the "Globe" Tavern, Hatton Garden, is the only true Globe! all others lack the necessary authenticity and, what is worse, lack the at-oriented company that one seeks: (Underground to Cheapside Lane or bus to where Charing Cross used to be, then ask for Hatton Garden.) (To locate it accurately, it is on the corner of Hatton Garden and Great St., despite what everyone tells you Farringdon is the nearest Tube station, though there's not a lot in it. - ME).

LITERARY NEWS The recent referendum produced an overwhelming majority in favour of the Association's book-library being loaned on a long-term lease to the Foundation at the North East London Polytechnic and
the arrangement is now being proceeded with. The books will, naturally, still be available to borrow — as, in the meantime, they still are at Elaine Nash’s address. (The magazine library, containing some issues of more current interest, is now closed.) I am sorry to think of them, especially in the case of Joe Bowman, of Balloine, Argyll, Ross- shire, Scotland, who is too well and too well pleased to loan them on the Institution’s behalf. To a certain extent, he can of course also give guidance on what can be found elsewhere.

**TYPOGRAPHY BUREAU**

The Association is happy to announce that Mr. Alan Kyer, who teaches at a grammar school in Wigan, has joined the Bureau. He will be very pleased to deal with any queries in that field. (As usual, all queries for the Information Bureau should be sent in the first instance to Audrey Walton — address on contents page. A stamped addressed envelope for the reply would be appreciated.)

**CORRESPONDENTS WANTED**

**John Gordon Cole (26)**: Hill End Rd, St. Leonard’s on Sea, Sussex. Other interests: Wargaming, chess, astronomy. Prefer correspondence from: USA, Canada, Australia.

**Barry Deacon (23)**: 32 Haven Lane, Salisbury, Wiltshire. Playing in a jazz band, Marx Bros., social work, travel, anywhere.


**Brian Robinson (20)**: 26 Marlow St, Westcott St, Hull, HU6 8RR Reading, science, life. USA, Australia, Canada. (Not to be confused with the Brian Robinson, of Manchester!)

**Valerie J. Humphrey (Miss) (20)**: Hollywood, Billesley Lane, Portway, Alvechurch, near Birmingham. Astronomy, art, reading, writing. UK, USA, Australia, Canada, Spain.

**Brian J. Hewitt (21)**: 20 The Stables, Daventry, Northants. Drawing, painting, natural history, fencing. USA, Canada.

**Robert J. Hursey (20)**: 59 Burlington Rd, Anfield, Widnes. Old sewing machines and typesetters. Philosophy, bibliography, astrology; very interested in bibliography & is thinking of doing some checklists. USA, Canada, Brasil.

Gordon Larkin (20): 36 Victoria St, Ditton, Kent. British songs and poetry, physics, gypsy guitar and drums. USA, John Melville (35): 6 Earview Grn, Del- kirk, Scottish Borders. Literature, Latin, science. (Embarks may be interested to learn that he heard about us from the BP.)


**FORTHCOMING CONVENTIONS**

**NOVACON 2 (Birmingham, 4th/5th November 1972)** has issued its Progress Report. The event is shaping up nicely from all indications, rates at the official hotel (the Imperial Centre) range from £150 per night (+ 15% service charge) for a single, proportionately cheaper for a double. Alan Barker (of whom all readers of *Vortex* must surely, have heard!) is still at large. At present the programme, though still under discussion by the Guest of Honour, looks excellent as it’s going to be fun.

Registration (which brings full details of the Con) is £1:00 in advance from: Con Chair, c/o Geoffrey H. Hooker, 52, Holmiew Way, Birmingham, B3 2RU. Cheques, postal orders etc. should be payable to NOVACON.

**ORCON 11** is the title of the 1972 UK Wargaming Convention, to be held as usual over the Easter weekend. The 1972 Convention announced a hotel — found that the announcement was meant to suit some place and a substitute elsewhere — and settled finally on a third somewhere else again. ORCon is playing it easy at the moment, and is making a report, "OMAGRESS" which will only commit itself to saying that the two favourite locations this time are both in Bristol. However, under the chairmanship of Ken Chalpin of Stourbridge, it is in good hands. Registration fee is 50p. Secretary-Treasurer is Fred Bennings, 22 Devon Rd, Reading, Bucks. SP 3NR.

**PACIFICON 1 (Trieste, Italy) is now over. This Pacificon was attended by 780, with 372 attendees from 24 countries. Particularly encouraging was the representation from East Europe, with such countries as East Germany, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, while a representative from East Germany had to drop out at the last moment because of illness. The European awards went as follows: *Artwork : Carl Thoms (Italy): Professional Artist: Toshi Arai (Japan); Non-Specialised Magazine : Victoria Romagnano (Rumania); Amateur Magazine : Appellation (England); and Congratulations to Peter Venturelli, who won the Palme D’Or of the Comics - Long Lunch (France). The awards were made through a mixed system of popular vote and a jury constituted by representatives of RPAC.**

The main award at the RPAC Festival which preceded the convention was the American comic *Simpson* (USA), which should get its UK premiere shortly. Bezo 2 will be held in Brussels in 1973. The award was a work by RPAC chairman Gian Paolo Consolo which appeared in the *Indispensable Locus*.

**Tolkien Society Meeting**

The Tolkien Society of America, for which Archie Mercer used to be British Agent, has now been merged into the Kypothus Society, for which Archie Mercer is in no way responsible. Queries concerning existing T.S.A. subscriptions to members of the Kypothus Society itself, should be addressed directly to the Society at Box 3459, Los Angeles, CA 90009, USA.

This of course makes no difference to our own-borne Tolkien Society, for which Archie Mercer (address on contents page) remains President (£1.00 for four issues of *The Mallorn*, plus any intermediate publications). Professor J.R.R. Tolkien himself has recently been elected to be the Society’s Honorary President (after all, it is really his fault). He has recently returned to Oxford and is settling down to his office, College, and is greatly distressed by some ill-named person having stolen his K.N.B.S. medal, as well as some of his late wife’s jewellery — you should have been a bit more careful! (must have been a bit more careful!)

**OBITUARY**

William B. Linton died peacefully on April 21st 1972. His mother writes: "His father, sister and myself wish to thank you for the great pleasure he found in your publications given to him. He was a writer, actually saw his first installment of his children’s story in print before he died, of which we were greatly pleased. His work can be read under the pseudonym of W. B. Linton and he took untold courage and determination on his part to do what he did. He always took great interest in all your writings and was a person you would all have been proud to know. His hobbies were astrology, stamp-collecting, chess-playing, was very interested in tape recordings, reading, but his true vocation was to be a writer. He truly wish you all the best in your endeavours in your work and hope you can continue to give to many, many more people as you have to our son. God bless you all."

**LEAKERS SMALL ADS**

- **PHILIP PETERS**, 15 Wilmslow Road, Epsom, for any letters unanswered or fanzines unlocated, but he is in America and will not be returning until early June.

- **RECENTLY REALISED**

  *Dog Strange* No. 1 (May of 1972) - Killing Machine - Various (Berkley sc.): *Book of Lists* (250 Million Years AD) - Van Vogt; *The cucumber tree* - Don Marquis; Roger Saleesy (Ace editions); a few Ace books, especially "D"s. Write listing titles, condition and price required to F.G. Payne, 52 Neville Rd, BIRMINGHAM, B3 1TN.

- **MODELS EXHIBIT FOR 1972 CONVENTION**

  Here is a chance for all sculptors and model makers to exhibit their work at the next SF Convention. (Ken Førde, of d4 Charles Bragg, Hammersmith, London, NL 7 ORU) as willing to organise a collective exhibit of Convention members’ work. Will all those BPA members (and other fans) write to me who are interested in constructing models of S.F.S. and various other creatures, or those who would like to help them? I am willing to give them advice, or offer them service on materials, and size of models, as well as on methods of model making. Any subject (even Pringe SF/Fantasy/astrological) is welcome. If people would write giving some idea of what they have in mind. Small models (and those already made and hanging around) would also be considered. This collective exhibit will (I propose) be run and organised by me in the distribution. Anybody else who is willing to make models for exhibition.

**HELP YOUR FRIENDLY VECTOR EDITOR**

Entering my second childhood without ever having proper returns, I am writing to locate copies (to buy, or just to borrow) of John Leas in *The Dragon* and *The Death of Neil*, both by Donald Sadowy. I would
HOE
also
postally
weeks,
but
among
are
included
vived
for
Stone,
being
Poets
and
once
on
vance,-8
So
on
vance.
Again,
early
Pay
away
away
the
be
of
of
Mr
of
the
of
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
or
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,
and
have
pseudonymous
or
pseudonymously,
but
pseudonymously,