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Contents:
A Song in the Depth of the Galaxies/ David Wingrove ............... 4
Confronting Professor Greaten/ Michael G. Coney/ David Wingrove .......... 10
Letters ........................................ 11
The Infinity Box/ Mark Adlard John Clute Chris Evans Brian Griffin Chris Morgan Brian Stableford David Wingrove .......... 16
The Celluloid Dream/ Steve diced Andrew Tidmarsh ............... 21

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A Song In The Depth Of The Galaxies

by David Wingrove

(1) Toward the Distorted Mirror

Music and literature: both of them mirrors of their age. Thus it could once be comfortably said. Both served in the role of social commentary, as historical embellishment, poetic incarnation of the zeitgeist. A careful comparative study of these two forms over the last six hundred years would show clearly this complex relationship and illustrate how effectively they complement each other in this role.

And why state the above if I were not now going to illustrate how this situation no longer exists.

Music, like literature and art, consists of many strata. I state the obvious, but sometimes that is necessary. Within this small (small?) genre of sf there is a diversity unparalleled elsewhere. But what impression does Joe Soak have of it? Doctor Who, Space 1999, Dan Dare, Monsters, Rockets and Robots! The better-informed may even have read some of the stuff - Wells, Orwell, Perry Rhodan! Thus with music. To many the shell is the egg, and they don't bother to look at what is underneath the shell. Pop, light orchestral, trad, jazz - that is the shell of contemporary music. And how does this relate to sf? Aah, I return to my first statement, mirrors of the age, for in sf we have finally a literature that attempts to look beyond its age, to extrapolate and consider alternatives. It is a distorted mirror, if you like, not entirely escaping the limitations of this present, though seeking something else in the reflection, something innovative, some aspect of transition. However, until very recently it was most noticeable that there was no movement within music that paralleled this situation. I can propound several of my own theories as to why this should be so, but they can all be condensed into one simple factor: technology. Until the last ten years there had been very little radical change in musical instrumentation, and within the last decade, as in so many other fields, this has been rectified to the point that one man can take the place of an orchestra, (and play a damn sight louder, too!) one instrument can reproduce every conceivable sound, and a computer can write a "symphony". Words can be shaped stylistically by the human mind; music needs technology to achieve the parallel result. Hence the gap. Hence the absence for so long of an sf-oriented musical form.

And where do we find this form?

Certainly not in the BBC's Radio Workshop, nor (heaven help us!) on a re-issued copy of the Tornados' "Telstar". Grab the headphones and a teaspoon; we'll break the shell and see what's within.

(1) A Satisfactory Medium

Jazz failed to provide a satisfactory medium for sf-orientated music primarily because it was a Dionysian strand of the musical tree; music needs technology to become a spontaneous outpouring. More basically it failed because the bias was upon instrumentation, and its scant lyrical message was existential rather than apocalyptic. It was a prefetch several-times-removed, that finally captured the spirit of the genre; that incorporated the grandiose, with the isolate, the gothic with the absurd, the technological with the fantastic. Contemporary rock music (and I do not mean all rock music, or even more than perhaps 5 - 10% of rock) has adopted the ideas and imagery of sf as its currency and is slowly producing a whole body of music that must be considered alongside the literary, artistic and cinematic offerings when evaluating what sf is at present. Some of the names may be familiar, others completely alien to the average sf fan (and I hope none of you out there are average). One fact is certain, however; most of the musicians serio usly producing these works earn far more than the better-known sf writers. Yet little is known or heard of them within sf circles.

If I utter a few names such as Yes, Pink Floyd, Hawkwind, the Grateful Dead and David Bowie - ah, then you've heard of some of them! But what of Peter Hammill and Amon Duul, Can and Magma, Kao and High Tide. The list is much longer. Rock music is impregnated with sf references to the core. Its semiotics is identical to that of sf (fantasy or fiction). What follows is only a brief summary of a few examples of a far wider range of musical offerings that originate from within sf and are much concerned with topics that are the constant diet of the sf writer.

(11) The Aerosol-Grey Machine

If gothic literature has its counterpart, in music, it is in the work of Peter Hammill, individually or as part of the group, Van Der Graaf Generator. His powerful, insistent themes consistently overlap the concerns of the sf writer and throughout a sequence of masterful albums he has explored numerous aspects of the solitary human adrift in a hostile environment. Much of this consists of personal statements of a contemporary nature - songs of disillusioned love and religious condemnation - and so does not concern us for the purposes of this specialised resume.

The 1970 album The Least We Can Do Is Wave To Each Other contained two songs that are immediately identifiable as sf:

"Flame sucks between the balls of steel; nothing moves, the air itself congeals... Look at the flame if you want to hear the sharp crackle of the fissure, smell the brief vapour of ozone, feel static motion!"

The words are from "What would Robert have said", and the reference is direct (to R. J. Van der Graaf of MIT), but it is the unusual use of instruments and Hammill's distorted vocal style (the distortion
physical and not technical) that complete this vision of a new era of omniscience. The growl and rumble of electric organ and drums beneath a screeching saxophone makes for disturbing listening. The atmosphere is threatening, hinting at overwhelming force, fulling and then bursting into open hostility. And such effects could not have been achieved without the considerable developments in instrumentation of the last decade.

More blatant is "After the Flood" which describes (musically and lyrically) the apocalyptic demise of Mankind as a nuclear war ravages and the polar ice-caps melt (an ingenious effect upon organ). It is blunt. It is simple. But the simplicity marks this down as the ultimate holocaust song. There is even a touch of histrionic humour: "The final man is very small, plunging in for his final bathe..."

Again - and like all of Hammill/VGD's music, it is not easy listening. The central riff, with its stonal basis, has a disorientating effect, followed immediately by Stein's unforgettable prophecy of "total annihilation". It is powerful stuff, capturing the grandeur and overwhelming superiority of nature and emphasising the frailty of Man.

On their third album H To He, Who Am I The Only One, Hammill set out to write a specifically sf piece. The result was "Pioneers Over C", a chilling tale of how the first men to travel in excess of the speed of light cease to exist. I could quote the whole song, for it is a marvellous example of sf poetry. Here is a brief extract:

"I am the lost one, I am the one you fear, I am the lost one. I am the one who went up into space, or stayed where I was, Or didn't exist in the first place..."

The whole conception is perfect. The music emphasises the isolation, the emptiness, the fear, the confusion. Again there are the stonal riffs, a trademark of VGD, and when the music stops there is Hammill's voice alone in the void, intimidating and shrill.

Another album, another song. On Pawn Hearts Hammill presented the track "Lessonings", an examination of the question "What course is there left to die, in search of something we're really not too sure of?" The song is of a future that is already seeded in the present, where the nothingness of our lives is frightening. This stark visualisation of the world as a machine "out of control" is soberingly like the futures visualised by writers such as Brunner. But is it a song with hope:

"Cowards are they who run today, the fight is beginning - no war with knives, fight with our lives, lessonings can teach nothing."

On his solo albums Hammill tends to produce a much richer, if less straightforward, tableau of songs. He creates scenarios that would make fine Hammer movies, and they read like a coalescence of Fritz Leiber and H. P. Lovecraft, the lyrics explicit and loaded with throwaway references. "(In the) Black Room" on the album Chameleon In The Shadow Of The Night is the first of these inner-space operas, pulsing and polgmont, followed by the ever more extreme "A Louse is not a Horse" (with a blatant reference to Aldiss' Barefoot In The Head and the idea of collimation) on the album The Silent Corner And The Empty Stage (which has two tracks which are also sf: "Modern" and "Red Shift"). The third of these powerful solo efforts is "Gog and Magog (In Bromine Chambers)" on the In Camera album, which attempts to relate God to Evil, Good to the Devil and Heaven to Hell. Here I am perhaps straying from direct sf references (i.e. there are no berserk robots, alternate worlds, space ships or little green men). But the wealth of material that Hammill assimilates into his visions necessitates more than a brief mention, and I judge then here much as one would evaluate a marginally sf story by an established sf writer; in terms of its relationship to the genre.

(iv) On A Sailing Ship To Nowhere

An important aspect of the preponderance of the music I am discussing here is its dependence upon the technological advances evidenced in instruments such as the electric bass, the claviorgan, the moog, the tone generator, and other other instruments of distortion and amplification. What was not to be expected however, but which is nevertheless more than apparent, is the technical skill of the musicians making these effects in the first place. VGD are excellent and well-disciplined musicians. So too are Yes, King Crimson, Magma and Pink Floyd. It must therefore be said immediately that without the original situation supplied by these newly-developed instruments, the lyrics could seem rather trite, even banal.

And so I come to Yes, who are, in my opinion, the best of the musicians referred to earlier. They have perhaps the group most deeply interested and involved in sf. In their music this condition of the musical punctuating the lyrical is developed to a fine art:

"Yesterday, a morning came, a smile upon your face. Caesar's palace, morning glory, see the human race. On a sailing ship to nowhere, leaving anywhere. If the summer change to winter, yours is no disgrace."

An excerpt from the post-holocaust song "Yours Is No Disgrace" on their Yes Album. Yes can be obscure lyrically and yet there is never any doubt of the emotional impact. The music lifts the words to a higher level of meaning. Through tracks like "Astoral Traveller", "Yours Is No Disgrace", "Starship Trooper", "Close To The Edge" and "The Gates of Delirium" they have pursued a relentless course, undertaking to illustrate the movement by man towards a higher state, a state of grace. In their philosophy the individual may be frail but never unimportant, the species often in error but never, ultimately, less than sublime. Theirs is an optimistic view in direct contrast to VGD's dystopian visions.

Jon Anderson, their singer and lyricist, admits to the influence of the writer, T. Lobsang Rampa, and the abstruse wording of the last three albums is certainly evidence of this influence. Their pieces inhabit a fantasy realm of the spirit, a mystic wonderland linked tenuously by their imaginations. Their choice of Roger Dean as the illustrator of their albums is only part of the overall pattern (see SPV, vol 1, no 11 and vol 3, no 3 on Dean's work). Of all their songs/pieces, the most directly associated with sf is"Starship Trooper" on The Yes Album. It is a powerful piece of work with several references to Heinlein's book:

"Sister Bugler, flying high above, Shining wings, onward to the sun..."

Its climax, "Wurm", with its gradual, repetitive build-up, convincingly evokes the image of a mile-long spaceship thundering through the void, majestic and Van Vogtian. The heavy bass notes, the forceful, descending organ chords and the slow, regular insistent of the drum produce a spine-tingling crescendo that eventually erupts. Sf's answer to Wagner!

Yes have become more subtle, if no less grandiose, since the time of "Starship Trooper", and their 80-minute work, Tales From Topographic Oceans can as easily be interpreted in sf terms as it can in terms of a spiritual search. It traces Mankind's development from near-literate creature, through war, cities and war, and then extrapolates towards the final man who acknowledges his "source" and admits to the harmony of life. "The Ritual", the fourth and final part of this work, culminates in the magnificent declaration: "Nous sommes du Soleil..." (We are of the sun...) Perhaps Utopias are unpopular in current sf, submerged and submerged beneath the weight of innumerable dystopias, yet the musical presentation of these ideas has made them either more emotional or intellectual appeal. Personally I am
ceptual of Utopia (and wouldn't want one if you gave it to me...) but if they played music of a comparative standard all day and every day I think I could easily succumb.

And Yes are still improving, still exploring their fantastic realms. Replacer, their last album (at time of writing), and its major piece "The Gates Of Delirium", continues this investigation of the dimension of the spirit. As in all important sf they examine an aspect of the mundane world outside of its natural parameters and by stripping it of its secular trappings highlight its failings and its malfunctions:

"Soon, Oh soon the light
Ours to shape for all time, ours the right.
The sun will lead us
Our reason to be here...
"

(v) The Fight's Between The Blue You Once Knew

There is a whole tangential off-shoot of sf-orientated rock at which I have only the time (and inclination - it's a deep diversion) to hint at in this summary, that is: purely instrumental music inspired by and dedicated to the genre. Much of German contemporary music is of this nature, and it is, in itself, a growing sub-culture. Also that the originators of this highly imaginative hybrid are no drierer with us, or, should I say, they are but their interest has waned... the vision has withered and died. Pink Floyd astonished the compliant musical world in 1967 with an album that combined fantastical childhood visions in a magical way. The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn (incidentally a chapter-title from The Wind In The Willows) presented "Astromony Dome", "Interstellar Overdrive", "Matilda Mother" and "Chapter 24". The music was pregnant with the imagery of sf, the hollow thunder of drums and the pulse of bass and organ. Then, in 1968, they produced an even better offering with A Saucerful Of Secrets, less magical but more mystical. Besides the title track there were three other tracks to the Piper's Musi. "Echoes" on Meddle - these were all developments of those early themes. But the impetus slowly drained away, leaving only the lifelessness of technically perfect albums such as Dark Side Of The Moon. There are no concessions to emotion. The visions have clouded over, to be resurrected only at concerts when "the old stuff" is played. The early offerings were genu, and we have them to thank for the ever-widening sub-culture of sf-related instrumentalists, typified by Tangerine Dream, Clearlight Symphion and a host of German rock bands. The first of these deserves a brief mention, being the only performers of this manner of music to have reached a wider, commercial audience.

(vi) Sunrise In The Third System

Tangerine Dream picked up the threads Pink Floyd appeared to have discarded with A Saucerful of Secrets and in 1970 and 1971 produced two crude but interesting albums, Electronic Meditation and Alpha Centauri. Like Stockhausen they "prepared" their music mathematically, writing their compositions as graphical representations, combining electronic music and "natural" haunting texture. Alpha Centauri is heavily biased towards sf. The title track and the two smaller pieces, "Sunrise In The Third System" and "Fly And Collion of Comas Sola" all evoke a futuristic atmosphere of space and distance, of isolation and the vaccum. The climax of Alpha Centauri with its echoed voice (as if relayed from afar), majestic organ chords and wistful choir, is there impressively. The next type of music am can aspire to. Five more albums have appeared to date: Zist (1972), Atem (1973), Phaedra (1974), Rubicon (1975) and Ricochet (1975). With Phaedra they reached a high standard in both performance and composition, blending electronic tones with near perfection. Tangerine Dream, and their many contemporaries and emulators, are producing music which can best be described as "soundtracks for the imagination". The lack of overt human influence and the repetitive nature of much of the music draws one into the music much more than could otherwise be achieved with words. It is beautiful, peaceful and complex; certainly not the pulsing, body-shaking stuff one expects from rock albums these days. Tangerine Dream are the best introduction to this side-alley, but there is a whole wealth of music there if you are willing to seek it out: Lara, Guru Guru, Clusters, Streichfaden, Ebbryo, Thirsty Moon, Kollektiv and the previously-mentioned Clearlight Symphony, not forgetting Klaus Schulze who, since leaving Tangerine Dream have released five albums all tenously linked with sf: Irrlicht, Cyborg, Blackdance, Pianola and more. No doubt I have left out many people and groups who deserve a mention here, but there is a lot of chaff amongst the wheat within this sub-genre.

(vii) A Short Stop At The Transylvanian Brain-Surgery...

And whilst still on the subject of German music, two groups have consistently touched upon themes over a number of years: Amon Duul II and Hans-Joachim Roedelius. The release of Phallus Dei by Amon Duul in 1969 caused no great stir. It was different certainly, rhythmic and aggressive, but rather unspecified and uninspiring. It certainly did not point the way to one of the two offerings, two double albums, Yeti and Dance of the Lemmings. Most of the music was heavy rock, well played and imaginatively written. The lyrics however were replete with images like the best sf poetry, "Archangels Thunderbird" on Yeti is a good example of this:

"Rent a destroyer and sail to Cape U, there lives a man, and they call him love.
There is no other way to do it, but a hole in the sand,
Shocked corridor, standing. People with their eyes in their hands."

It is a covert relationship that is strengthened by their choice of titles and the musical interpretation ("Halluzination Guillotine", "Flesh-coloured anti-aircraft Alarm", "Pale Gallery", "Cerberus"). Dedicated to the Lament of the Lemmings, the two tracks "Echoes of Melody Maker set up and paid attention: "the first fully-integrated album of space rock" was their comment. In particular the track "Restless Skylight Transistor Child", with its assimilation of electronics and subtle movements from sf, to the new synth, offers an admirable, combining the best aspects of Tangerine Dream's school of music and the imagination inherent in the more avant-garde sf poetry. Unfortunately, like Pink Floyd here, their technical limitations began to outweigh the vitality of the vision. After Lemmings they became polished and mellowed. The sf-related tracks still appeared: "Deutscher Nepal", "Wolf City" and "Sleepwalker's Timeless Bridge" on Wolf City (1972). "Apocalyptic Bore" on Vive La Trance (1973). But the spirit was dying and the captivating imagery with it. "Apocalyptic Bore" seems to express it all. When it is all perfect and there is nothing left to achieve, when life gives all and demands nothing, then purpose dies and with it every reason for carrying on. Amon Duul II had seemed to have reached that point with Vive La Trance and their next album Hi-Jack was so mediocre it could hardly be credited that it was the same band. Perhaps it is hard to sustain an intense level of imagery album after album, but Yes and VDGG manage. (And most sf writers also, though their problems are perhaps of a different order. It is difficult to conceive and produce a piece of music where the lyrical content is emphasised by the musical, particularly where the imagery is as external as it is in sf, i.e. not about love, work, and society-as-it-is.)

Can, like Amon Duul II, began by producing a very heavy, rhythmically-based music, but unlike Amon Duul
they have maintained that feel and left harmony as a secondary consideration. Their first album, Monster Movie, released in 1965, was essentially a revolutionary shot from a group who have never ceased to follow their own direction. They are innovators and not emulators and it is for this reason that they have managed to produce a body of music which is constantly surprising and which shows no year of being jaded. Extensions with sf have been borderline for the most part although they have produced pieces that are definitely sf tracks: "Father Cannot Tell" on Monster Movie "Wormwood" on Fog and possibly both their Soon Over Babalunus and Future Days albums. It is cerebral music, tending towards modern jazz, always emphasized by the solid rhytmical foundation given to the music by Jaki Leibzeit on drums and Holger Czukay on bass. The organist, studied under Stockhausen and this training often surfaces in his bizarre use of the instrument. The sound is multi-layered, frequently brutal but often soft and gentle. It is difficult to listen to and much of it will be incomprehensible to the casual listener - but to the curious it will bring its own rewards. This is what sf is in musical terms, far more so than Bowie or the music of Dr. Who:

"When I saw the mushroom head. When I saw the mushroom head, I was born and I was dead. I was born and I was dead."

(viii) Brief Mentions...

The vast majority of sf-orientated rock music has been produced in the last seven or eight years. I have already put forward my pet theory of why this should be so, but it also occurs to me that with the massive expansion of the recording industry in the self-same period the opportunities have been there for the more imaginative (or bizarre, if you like) musicians to put onto record a far wider range of perocussions than ever before. Sf is a literature of change and innovation. Young people welcome change and innovation. The music industry is currently dominated by young people. Put those three factors together and you have another possible explanation for the marvellous phenomenon we are now witnessing in its extreme cases (likeagma, Gong and Hawkwind, whom I shall come to in due course) it can attain cult status, but there are very few musicians it has not touched, even if only briefly. Boxy Music, a commercial band if ever there was one, have produced songs which are good sf besides being vivid descriptions of the more bizarre off-shoots of contemporary life.

A good example is found in the lyrics of "In Every Dream Home A Heartache":

"I bought you mail order, my plain-wrapped baby. Your skin is like vinyl. The perfect companion. De-luxe and de-lightful. Inflatable doll. My role is to serve you. Disposible darling. Can't throw you away now...

Crosby, Stills Nash and Young were affected enough to write "Wooden Ships", a post-holocaust song of poetic beauty, and Neil Young delivered a classic with "After the Goldrush". Man dandled with the genre, but with no real enthusiasm, and produced tracks like "The Future Hides Its Face" and "Back Into The Future", although their spin-off band, The Neutrons, are a better bet with their first album Black Hole Star. The late Jimi Hendrix made use of the field as part of his sexual imagery on tracks like "3rd Stone From The Sun", "Are You Experienced", "1983... (A Man I Should Turn To Be)" and "Night Bird Flying". Electric Ladyland is his grand offering to this vision, where Hendrix uses sf metaphor and his (then) highly innovative musical style in an entertaining and instructive admixture. In 1966 and 67, The Mothers of Invention under the guidance of Frank Zappa were writing lyrics that were more sf than the most outrageous offerings of the most extreme "new wavers". Their albums, Freak Out and We're Only In It For The Money used the sf-angle of extrapolating a situation to its extreme. Songs like "Who are the Brain Police" and "Return of the Son of Monster Magnet" with their deliberately banal renderings succeeded without being didactic. They were fun. They were iconoclastic. They made their points. But again, the inspiration that made early Zappa works like "Let's Make The Water Turn Black" such a joy to listen to, waned rapidly and vanished completely after a very few years.

What the Mothers were doing in America was being achieved with greater refinement and subtlety in England where the Bonzos (The Bonzo Dog Dooodad Band) under the manic influence of Neil Innes (now a cast member of Monty Python) used sf as the means of poking a humorous stick in the eyes of the world. "St. John's The Urban Spaceman" is the well-known example of this, but better instances can be found on the album The Doughnut In Granny's Greenhouse with its two immediately captivating tracks, "We Are Normal" and "Humnoid Boogie".

Less many, but no less banal, is the album Journey To The Centre Of The Eye by Nektar (a British band living in Germany). This is science fiction of the fifties reincarnated with electronic embellishments, easily recognised from its trite words and Perry Rhodan theme. It leaves much to be desired and with the exception of the quieter moments it is just rock music played beneath a superficial garnish of science fiction. (I can't even term it sf, I'm afraid!) But fortunately there are albums like Wide Open N-Way by the Danish group Day of Phoenix. It is less accessible than Journey to the Centre of The Eye both musically and lyrically, but ultimately deeply satisfying. The three pieces that make up the track, "Cellophane" and "Wide open N-Way" are intense and meaningful. The best literary comparison I can give is Maizberg. Day of Phoenix emphasise a duality of external/internal happenings. Occasionally it stretches itself musically, but then the music is complex and they handle it well if imperfectly. It is highly textured and manages to be relaxed and yet forceful. I feel most people will not like this on first hearing, but it grows on you:

"Numberless faces of dumbfounded people That carry the coffin of the size of a matchbox. Their red, bloodshot eyes can't believe what they see... The ground heaves - embraces the casket... You're witnessing your mind's funeral..."

Subtle, almost classical strains lead into boisterous, unsympathetic choral sequences with excellent control. Music and words are one, unlike Nektar's work. I recommend this if you can find it.

Another surprising album is An Electric Storm by White Noise. The concept of White Noise came from a radio-phonic workshop on the BBC and the extraordinary use of electronics is excellent for its time (1969). The psychological thriller, "The Visitaton" renders the more taid efforts of groups such as Black Widow laughable. It is not just electronic noise and there is some excellent music throughout the album. The aforementioned track plays like Walpurgis Night, with lyrics of an "exorcist" nature and chillingly distorted vocals:

"Young girl with roses in her eyes Hugs close the dark and cries The words she hears are weak Her lover's not asleep he's dead.

This is a good example of what the BBC could have produced with a little imagination and a little less catering to the lowest common denominator. Well worth a few listenings.

Another painfully naive offering is Mythos by Mythos. The music is good but the lyrics to the large sf track "Encyclopedia Terra" are poorly copied from Arthur C. Clarke (or one of his imitators - it sounds third hand and lacking inspiration). A slush-pile reject. They are best when they cut out the Perry Rhodontomadra and let the music provide the message.

I have often heard it said that good sf only rates that
"good" appellation if it is also good writing. If the same criteria were to be applied to sf as music, it is probably the least accessible musicians, such as John Cage (the composer for four-minute tapes consisting of silence). The best description of their work would be to call it "scripted anarchy." You have the impression that all five musicians were wearing headphones in the studio, and each had a different song. That is the first impression. Listen closer and there is a manic order here. I explain all this to excuse my inclusion here of The Magic Band's Trout Mask Replica. Easy listening it is not; when it does become harmonic it is almost by accident and doesn't last long. But on a two-record set they manage to put down ten songs that in their own berserk manner are excellent sf: "The Dust Blows Forward And The Dust Blows Back", "Dachau Blues", "Bill's Corps", "My Human Gets Me Blue", "Ant Man Bee", "The Blimp", "Steal Softly Thru Snow" and others. The lyrics verge on pure surrealism at times and at others (as on "Dachau Blues") acutely real. It sounds as if parts of the album were recorded on an old battered tape recorder and the apparent disorganisation emphasises the genuine nature of this effort, unlike the "posing" of Bowie. These are psychotic visions of a present extending without hope into the future as they see it. My favourite is "The Blimp" with its fanatical commentary of a starship landing:

"Children stop your nurses and let's surrender in fun... The mother ship, the mother ship's the one... look up in the sky! There's a starship up ahead!"

They are the exception that proves the rule, but then they sound (and look!) as if they originated on another planet.

High Tide produced an album called Sea Shanties in 1969 which was interesting for what it promised in the future. There was nothing strictly sf on it but it was hardly surprising that with their second album, High Tide, they would make use of sf as their proper medium of expression. The two shorter songs, "Blankman Cries Again" and "The Key" were both heavily indebted, particularly the latter which describes what happens when it becomes illegal to laugh except at the appointed time:

"To laugh before the given time, is his only crime..." pleads the defence lawyer. The single-idea-short-story transferred to record, and one of the best instances. But they tend to be very heavy and over-complex, and after the demise in 1971 so one has to laugh at how they left. One album is not, admittedly, overmuch, but it is worth noting that when High Tide toured with Hawkwind they were considered by far the better band.

My opinion was that it got it right first time and no one was ready for it.

Which is as good an introduction to the Hawk Lords as any...

(ix) This is your captain speaking... your captain is dead...

Ladbrooke Grove has something of a reputation in the sf field as a stoning ground of young "artists" with bizarre ideas to share. In 1968 the British musicians found a focal point in a project called "Hawkwind", playing free concerts and supporting little-known bands. There was a music of fixed, obsessionally rhythmic, overlaid by a decorative layer of electronic sound. It was unusual and innovative. A first album, Hawkwind made an impression and they became a cult-band, specialising in the music of "inner-space" and emphasising personal freedom as against institutionalised progress. With their second offering, In Search Of Space (released in 1971) they produced the first truly "thoroughbred" sf album. Their debut album had stated their intention to "levitate their minds, in a nice way, with honest action and not the vestigial thing". By In Search Of Space they had succeeded. In concert their hypnotic use of rhythm, strobescopic light-

"Master of The Universe", the song from which the above lyrics are taken, became the focal point of their "Space Ritual", the "audio-visual concept" they had set out to create. Musically they were criticised as being naive rock-and-rollers, clinging desperately to a gimmick. The "gimmick" was sf. With In Search Of Space came a literary offering (part of the packaging) called "The Hawkwind Log". It is a thought-provoking document, excellently (and humorously) illustrated, with much of the material presented live by Robert Calvert, their lyricist/vocalist. The log is replete with images of decay and re-birth, throughout toying with time and distance.

Police raids and academic criticism failed to prevent the logical progression of ideas, and the production of a "hit" single by the end of the year - "Bed And Light" and "Time We Left" This World Today". The sleeve notes are humorous pastiche of the New Worlds syndrome, an appropriate act of self-mockery, perhaps, in realisation of the mythological creatures they had become in the eyes of their young followers. And the music was even better, possessing all the best qualities of intelligent escapism, and developing a theotechny comparable to the Jerry Cornelius mythos. Which is where Michael Moorcock comes on the scene.

Space Ritual, the recorded incarnation of the audio-visual experience, drew on Moorcock's imaginative powers for assistance. He wrote two tracks on the double album, "The Black Corridor" and "Goon Attack". The work is a well-balanced presentation of their material, drawing on past songs, pieces linked by commentary (by Moorcock and Calvert) delivered in a doom-laden monotone. The inverted nature of their vision, tempered as it is by good-time "vibes", can be witnessed best on a track like "Orgone Accumulator" on this album:

"I've got an orgone accumulator... it's a social integrator... it's a man in isolation... it's a back-brain stimulator... it's a cerebral vibrator... of orgones..."

And so on, beneath a jaunty beat and prodding drums, the electronic noth-flutterings of the audio generator and Dick Mix's assorted effects. Once again the sleeve notes and cover illustrations are fine additions to the music. This is the album that best serves as an introduction to Hawkwind. None of the songs is as pure as its studio-recorded counterpart, but each is charged with a different level of the experiment throughout. "Born To Co", "Brainstorm" and "Master of the Universe" are all played with a venom and urgency previously lacking.

The next two albums, Hall Of The Mountain Grill and Warriors on the Edge of Time were once again original (within the limitations of Hawkwind's chosen musical style), the former evidencing a slight deviation in their musical direction. There were still tracks like "Psychedelic Warlords" with its insistent beat, but the influence of Simon House (formerly of High Tide) was marked, particularly on the shorter instrumental pieces like "Goon Attack" and "Master Of The Mountain Grill". Perhaps the general feeling of flux that runs throughout this album was a result of Hawkwind's
Confronting Professor Greatrex
Michael G Coney talks to David Wingrove

WR: Your article in Vector 67/8 ("Period of Transition") was a delightful insight into the mind of a reader. It raised the question of how you started writing, and I wonder if you have any other thoughts about why you started writing.

MC: I started writing around ten years ago in order to express my ideas and discovery. I wanted to share my thoughts with others and have them appreciated. I believe that writing is a way of expressing oneself and communicating ideas.

WR: It's interesting to see how you've developed as a writer over the years. I'd be interested to know if you have any advice for aspiring writers.

MC: My advice to aspiring writers is to read widely, to write regularly, and to seek feedback from others. It's important to develop your own voice and style, but also to be open to criticism and to learn from others.

WR: What is your greatest source of inspiration?

MC: My greatest source of inspiration is life itself. I find inspiration in the people I meet, the places I visit, and the experiences I have. Writing is a way of exploring these experiences and capturing them on paper.

WR: What are your current projects?

MC: I am currently working on a novel set in a futuristic world. It's a speculative fiction story that explores themes of identity, power, and ambition. I'm also working on a series of short stories that will be published in the near future.

WR: Thank you for your time and for sharing your insights with us. It's been a pleasure to talk with you.

MC: You're welcome. It was a pleasure to share my thoughts with you. I hope you find my writing interesting and thought-provoking.
I do not mean literary technique but the approach that is adopted. The latter (post WW II) writers did add significantly to the body of knowledge, yet their genre, broadened and new subjects were considered by most of them. It is an interesting, subject matter required a fresh approach (or fresh posing). The approach of the writer allows writers of the af to adopt techniques widespread, yet it suffered from the birth of speculative fiction (SF). It is not clear to what Thomas Mann could approach writing novels (and perhaps identify among traditional SF as a) a desire to copy the approach found in the pulp; b) a desire to imitate the narrative sophistication (not in my opinion) of any other fiction which distinguished the at of, e.g. George Orwell.

I do not fully understand either of these approaches. SF is not, in general, a metaphorical literature. It is a literary fiction.

3. Barry Malzberg is a writer whom I have frequently claimed as a writer I've known, and I do not mean in the same sense that he is a failed writer, that he was a writer who wrote a novel (or novel-like) science fiction in the 1960s, and that the other, literary science fiction previously rare or unknown and that he identifies with, this is the writer who was a writer who has been identified by the literary science fiction community (by whom I mean the group of writers, editors, and reviewers of the Big Three, who are relatively well known in the field of science fiction). I would suggest, adopt an approach which allows me to do so.

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I think that you're doing fine. I think that the fact that VECTOR is beginning to support itself is commendable (since it reduces, after all, the need for outside financial support). It seems ironic to me that Phil Stephen-Payne is complaining about your wasting RIF funding when you were at least willing to supplement them with other revenue.

Though I would be the last to deny that some recent issues of VECTOR have been overloaded with reviews, I am inclined to think that the reviews are necessary and that they add to the value of the magazine. Indeed, without reviews, VECTOR would lose much of its appeal to a wide readership.

I believe that the reviews are necessary because they provide a critical perspective on the books and articles that are being published. They also help to ensure that the editors and readers are aware of the latest developments in the field.

I hope you will continue to support VECTOR in its efforts to provide a forum for the exchange of ideas and opinions.
review an anthology with so many stories as V60 had, but I felt from Dave's summary (and sign) that it was not really a two-volume release. Still, no matter how low at his lowest in all high quality.

Chris also gets off to a good start with a comment on the various anthologies, including a marauding of the current one. He also talks about the book, saying I read it as if it were some thing of a science fiction novel. I did not think that was in fact clearly seen what I had missed. Sadness Chris seems to give up on the book, saying he got a real idea from the review and it was better than he had expected. If he were to show the last two reviews were about right - short and to the point - ideal filler to round off the section.

So on the whole, a very good collection of reviews. Of the seven pages presented, over 20% of the other pages, I present the covers, of course, but the rest of the review always interesting and well written. I hope the quality of the reviews continues to improve.

(Thanks for your very comprehensive comments, Paul. I'm sure you have a good idea of what to have feedback on the review section. Just one point: I'm not sure some of the V60 reviews were pushed by me on the review section, to get the full text of the reviews, which I think it was rather faster than Chris would have liked.)

And in his first letter, the Column Letter: Welcome back old friend, it's good to see you again.

Although I failed to do what I read the first letter of concern. No, as a rule, commenting on the book as it is done in a letter, just for a short while, and there's not much better than that and doesn't need much explanation.

Chris Freid was quite right. A coherent, intelligent and well-sorted letter. As much as, of course, the style of your editorial, which is a factor, but which damaged it so much. It should be made. I would hope that fiction is in general, and science fiction in particular, is sometimes more than a mere letter to the editor of the letter.

Dave Wignone was also excellent in lucidity. The big problem with his comments on reviews is of course that reviews are an ill-defined word, even if they are endless things to many people. For many, this one could cite in particular the recent work of 'sociological' in the US, all man's progress is evolution rather than reading. I don't think very many get the feeling that I have any military are valued of my favourite authors and a quoted a higher position, but read and discuss the book, I would like to see a letter to the editor of the letter.

Phil - the letter-column not keeping appearing in the previous letter. It was only because I wrote to people actually solicitating letters that they have returned. Even though it was just one more time after, I basically was just a note thing done from 3 hours of tape.

We fought a war once, because, among other things, we are dealing with this without representation. I felt the same thing about the V60, we have never tried to deny that you were, and I still do. I believe that the member's little no or non in what say that money is part of the V60. (Matrix raising the question from Dave Lewis) was just casually told it all get spent on something. The most important thing is to share the magazine with the community then and time I think is everyone getting for it - but also vital in the local economy. To put it bluntly, the V60 managed to produce V60 and therefore the V60. I think V60 is in fact an important thing to say that the V60 is not all one-sided and because it is not all one-sided, I felt that the decision should not all be one-sided.

(Tru - you've never seen anything from me as good as V60 prior to the invention with the BPA. But what you haven't seen. We are the V60 through the next time - because they weren't in the V60 change. So if you like that change, you have accepted this policy this issue. A good idea, or see the various books which books got reviewed. I hope the former.

I am fascinated to hear that your policy for and at the last AGM. However, there was no notice related to this. I had not heard any published saying that such an endorse- ment for the V60. It is likely reasonable for you to expect people to know about it.

(Paraphrasing was in the form of the acceptability of my report as Publication and Distribution, and includes my comments on V60 policy. - Ed.)
the INFINITY box

NEUGRA MAKER by Olaf Stapledon; Brain's Head Books; London; 1977; 350, 120 pp.; ISBN 0-00229-06-4

Reviewed by Mark Allard

This is a book of extraordinary interest. It should be read not only by the growing number of people who regard Stapledon as the greatest of all writers in our field, but also by anyone who would like to discover what speculative writing could do when it was entirely free from the genre audience and the magazines.

The text, a product of the 30s, was discovered about a year ago as part of the draft of Star Maker which Stapledon put aside. Just as the Amsterdam variant (published as Last and First Men) was later connected with the story of a Speculative Maker, so this history of the nebule (NEUGRA) can be connected with a speculative, perspective episode in the same book. Or we can regard the "nebule" as being dealt with in an opposite fashion. In any case, it is only a passing reference to the "flames" in Star Maker of 1937 which made a kind of "extension" in one book, he treated the "nebule" in the other. This could be done in the same book (the me aside) gave them only three or four pages more "the supreme moment of the comet".

Harvey Butts, in a concise and admirable introduction, describes the novella as "incompletely written, and therefore unfinished". I should point out, however, that there seems to be as much as, for example, Fitzgerald's The Last Tycoon. At least it's thought that the story is complete without the repetition of phrases that would have been excised: on p. 12 we read that "it (the future comet) was over the world..." and on p. 17 we read again that "it (the comet) was over the world..." It is, indeed, a grandeur of "a minute and glorious pearl quiescent on God's finger". But with one of the two exceptions, which would not be noticed in a review of ordinary detail, the text is polished. It is without gaps or ambiguous or unexplained happenings. Moreover, although the last chapter contains a number of errors, it forms a satisfactory conclusion, and the last chapter without the completely described whole. Nebula Maker can stand without support as both a short story and a full-fledged novel.

Sebul Maker has obvious similarities to Star Maker (1937) which it presumably antedates by a year. Short story of the narrator who, after some "bitterness with a loved one," leaves his planet and becomes a "galactic". He stands on the beach with his beloved and "looks out over the sea..." The biological description of the nebula is impressively resourceful in its portrayal of something alien to our own modes of cognition. Neither language nor the developed system of "symbolic images and implicature gestures", with their (in the case of our own) so-called "simultaneous" is expressed in Stanpaleon's form by "slight differences in the direction of some of the symbols or at different points". Differences in electrical signals in their neighbours convey electromagnetic meanings.

But Stapledon, as always, is more interested in the theory of the story than in the story itself. What emerges from these three facts that these three factors make the nebula completely alien to our own modes of cognition. It is a state of things and are therefore without experimental variation in these events. They are to the economic activities of the "flames" and are essentially constructed in terms of human intelligence and most of these reach maturity without becoming aware of other minds, i.e. each other. Each of these disabilities is as we...
I would, however, place it on the same level as The Plague, to which it is similar in some ways. It is, I think, almost impossible to plan it far above anything we are likely to see for a long time. I think the years that we have lived in the rest of the year, I shall count myself doubly blessed.

I must conclude by saying that the book is nicely produced by this new publisher. We are all of us, I think, rather pleased to see that Harvey Satty who has earned himself a permanent place in the book world is now being given the opportunities of studying even if he never moves another finger.

BRUNO LIPPOTT AND THE DEITIES OF DOOMA

by Robert King Robson; Colins, London; 1971; 329 pp; ISBN 0 00 215714 9

Reviewed by Mark Adair

Somewhere around the twenty-third century a space station of the new kind, is circling earth. The aliens arrive and Interestingly we are one of the familiar kinds - Alistan dogs with such names as Tungsten, who wear shorts and are capable of learning and understanding, and Mab, the robot, who has not lived more than a few days. I remember a creature similar to that on the cover of Space Age, which someone pressured me to show how intellectual the magazine had become.

But don't go away. This is a humorous novel. And one of the interesting laws of life is that you can only attract people where they are not sure enough when they were fresh, and not be carried by the people who are sure enough when they are fresh. Providing your intention is to be witty or satiric.

And so we discover that the aliens are part of an alien war council, third in the order, in the Northern Branch Conversion League, and that they are planning a grand offensive and consequent promotion. Some insight into their religious beliefs, when entering the station, they take down their shorts and recreate a number of chimpanzees, which claims upon me to show how intellectual the magazine had become.


Reviewed by Chris Evans

I experienced one of those Waves of Annoyance so graphically described by Bob Shaw in Foundation 10. Never mind, I told myself, Moorcock is capable of making up for those sort of things.

The manuscript is not responsible for the red jargon of the blue-writer, page to proceed one. Fortunately, this book is not so bad, has the ability to make his characters interact in a way that seems real. The quality of conversations is comparable to the prosthesis of a Delusion of an Illusion, but perfectly suited to the fantastic tone of the book.

The story opens in a cathedral on the planet Mars, the Earth is growing increasingly disillusioned with its religion, attachments, and friendships. Gathering a group of, I think, a girl by a group of mercenaries on the steps outside the church and to confront her parasites, however, the girl drops,
years in the future, when the glacier has retreated and its icebergs melt, a species of stone-age level hunters are skimming through the air, some on jet packs, some on gliders, which is moving north on an expedition of rediscovery; the bees possess weapons which they believe disintegrate the chocolate-ray armor which really knocked them back through time.

And that is as far as the plot goes. The reader may find this all too digressive for his tastes, but, with the novel's minimum of fuss and egocentricity (unlike Mr. Amstotz...).

The Last Word - Chad Oliver and Charles Beeler - October

This is the last time to this writing that is just right for this comic hothead of impossibilities. We are led at the conclusion of this book of at's major themes; irrelevant and excellent amusements. The novel is mild and the style deliberately bland:

"It was good to be on one's own resources and pull one's own lever, and a novel starved female android thrown in for good measure..."

Film of Death - J. Scott Campbell delivered in its own estimated to a convention of scientists (a rather inappropriate means of presenting this story, a scientist tells how two or more men who discovered an unknown space that has not yet been classified as a new planet."

"It was always a dream to have a ship that could serve the one and only purpose of serving as a submarine in service to the tame..."

"The Wound - Howard Fast. written in the streets, it is necessary to note, a glee. A tale of oil-drilling and its extremities..."

The Golden Man - Philip K. Dick. a story from Dick is always welcome, and this is good even by his high standards. In the post-holocaust World the engineer's main interest is in the science."

"Dick individual can lead us through the passage to the past in the middle of the golden man is our anti-thesis in his mental processes. His preoccupation with the past and his sense..."

"Obviously, a man with no past can develop no meaningful life."

"He has the element of choice over a variable set of circumstances to choose the correct survival path. Intelligent or not? Man or not? Dick never gives us an answer until the very end."

"Guest Expert - Allen K. Fong: short, sharp and well, clicked again. An ingestion (or whatever) that incidentally poses a more interesting question: and it is a very effective weapon..."

The Valley - Richard Stockman. the only "truth" in this story is the fictional pre-sence of a mysterious "Valley..."

"(and this is 1910)..."

"This time, a fairly feasible vision. replete with anachronisms: the ships go out and find Earth in Man's only home in the entire Universe..."

Down Among The Dead Men - William Tenn, a gem. The tagline says it all: Silverberg in Tower of Glass; when Man creates intelligence, there are..."

"Is it not a rather remarkable feat..."

"The Shortest Day - R. A. Lafferty. Lafferty's stories take in..."

"On the Horizon - E. E. Smith: the novel where Man is to..."

"Later Than You Think - Fritz Leiber: Earth's..."

"The Time Trap - Harry Kuttner: this was genuinely awful..."

"We are told that 100 years..."

"EVIDENT EARTH" edited by Brian W. Aldiss: Orbit; London; 1978; 495; 322 pp; $5.95 hardcover

First of all I must make quite clear that this book contains little in the way of progressive thought or adventure and a "sense of wrong" are evoked for their own sake. As we end the series "Space Traveler and Space Oper". It may be said, as an excellent job of archiving the strata of ancient.

Mr. Aldiss manages to resurrect at least five "new" novels here. He recently presented a somewhat vestigial story with an original line of thought - the idea of a "negative cur-rosity" and logic (and the laws of nature) exist to conquer the solar system (the same and the end) inhabit the discordant rules of Earth, the latter's illigality being countered by a siege on the environment. The descriptions of natural elements behaving themselves are all well and appropriate. Formal is a credible but surreal landscape. In Vance's tale a change of heart is necessary."

"Heroes of the High God" - Brian W. Aldiss: (also in The Moment of Eclipse) it is frightening how many times scientists in an earthgravity device and finds himself at the end of time. The compressed universe and the effects of his action in between the impotent stars but the image of destiny he has established could not be done on the nuts-and-bolts rather than people. Though it is an interesting eschatological tract. The many years a man has been thinking at that stage didn't exist at the edge of the galaxy."

"If I Forget Thee, Oh Earth" - Arthur C. Clarke a sobering tale of the last cold story on Wankin as a Earth-based old boy to see the phlobborecent Earth. CI people has a hellish vision..."

"Night" - John W. Campbell: from the same moment a Kuttner's tale (late 30s) and yet so little left of the original "anti-gravity" device and finds himself at the end of time. The compressed universe and the effects of his action in between the impotent stars but the image of destiny he has established could not be done on the nuts-and-bolts rather than people. Though it is an interesting eschatological tract. The many years a man has been thinking at that stage didn't exist at the edge of the galaxy."

"Nineteen ninety is a very nice way to point a book for a man by li..."

"are there those excellent contributions from Aldiss Vance, Oliver and Beaumont, Dick and Tenn. and while it is true of..."

"is a serious social instrument. I would never..."

"and the truth is even a light reading it is a light and well-written..."

"as an example of "grand" and "history"..."

FRIGENTEN I edited by Mary Dasy; Fontana; Glasgow; 1978; 100; 615pp; $3.95 hardcover

This is a varied, substantial collection of "new stories of horror and the unknown", a collection to be relished solely rather than read quickly in the train. There are four parts to this book: one for the imagination and the support of the imagination; a second for the "best-selling" literature. An example of "grand" and "history"..."

TAKING THE four main stories in order of appearance..."

"Colony in the Sand: the classic story in the tradition of H.G. Wells."

"A new spin on Wells..."

"and..."

"...plus a few short pieces of varying quality."

"The final three main stories in order of appearance..."

"And..."

"and..."

"...plus a few short pieces of varying quality."

"'The Men Return' - Jack Vance: I enjoyed with relish. He is a lonely but not exactly..."

"The story is a well-constructed one..."

"The main character..."
"Guest Room" by Tom Vicary, is good in a very specific and limited way - the plot; suffice to say that, ideally, this could have been a much more convincing - very mysterious, but not mystifying.

The rest of the collection varies a lot. "Fully Integrated," by Dorothy K. Haynes, is a nice horror short story, but it's a latter day - second rate - second rate. Tom Ackman's very chilling story, "The Hospice"; though the central figure is a much more resonant figure than in any of his short pieces: "A Complete Collection" which is a good job, but it's still too much of a commentary on the life and times of Reddick's howl. The book by Martin Haynes, "The Cockroaches" both have a definite feel of oflay (flying failure) repeats less memorable, scholarly foreigner calls up the Egyptian Scarecrow ("Clue"), by Patricia Stephens, is a short, impressively written novel about the Moon (and how it has landed there).

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AMAZING SCIENCE FICTION Volume 50 Number 1

Edited by Robert Silverberg

Reviewed by Chris Evans

"Cross Talk," by Roger F. Donkley, is not as smoothly presented, but, like "Friend," it is a good piece of literary journalism. It's a bit along the time and reveals something of what lies beneath. (That image isn't inappropriate for the characters in "Cross Talk" is about sexual repression, among other things.)

For sheer style, though, Catherine Gleason's "Friend" is a better piece. It introduces someone who is a friend of one of the characters; the flat owner is being himself a sexual repressed, but a sexual assertive man. He is all this is well presented. Then Catherine Gleason adds the supernatural and the fantastic. This is the sort of novel that always comes, with its own, uncomfor-

Thoroughly nasty, of course.

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"Cross Talk," by Roger F. Donkley, is not as smoothly presented, but, like "Friend," it is a good piece of literary journalism. It's a bit along the time and reveals something of what lies beneath. (That image isn't inappropriate for the characters in "Cross Talk" is about sexual repression, among other things.)

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at present, no new novel forthcoming from Leif. The reason is simple, he just didn’t have the time. Although he did write a collection of short stories, Leif did a cover story on a few months ago and that was enough. The reason being the Balcony is quite a bit of time, and that he has found the sharing of a Trekship complete with people and their families to be quite draining, but Leif, being Leif, he decided to do it anyway. For Leif is not one to spend too much time on the shares, but rather to get done with a task and then move on to the next. This is why I suspect that Leif’s work is going to be quite prolific this year. He has a lot of stories to tell, and he is not one to let them slip by. The Balcony is a great story, and I believe that Leif will continue to write great stories in the future. Leif is a true master of his craft, and I have no doubt that he will continue to produce great works of fiction.

Reviewed by John Goff

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The Lion's Game is a classic science fiction novel that has stood the test of time. It is a tale of adventure and survival, set on a distant planet where a small group of colonists must band together to survive against the odds. The characters are well-drawn and the action is non-stop, making for an exciting and engrossing read. Schmitz is a master of his craft, and his ability to create a believable and immersive world is evident throughout the novel. The Lion's Game is a must-read for any fan of science fiction.

Reviewed by John Goff

THE CELLULOID DREAMS by Steve Divey

Steve Divey

Andrew Tidmarsh

Reviewed by Andrew Tidmarsh

The Celluloid Dreams is a collection of shorts, each featuring the same central character, Tolya Amberg. Tolya is a cito, un-Anglo girl of fifteen or sixteen (depending on the story) who has psi powers. Her powers are never described in any detail, but they allow her to read other beings’ minds, to escape mind control, and so on. Tolya is a complex character, and her relationships are often complicated. Divey does a great job of creating a believable world for Tolya to inhabit, and his writing is consistently engaging. The Celluloid Dreams is a great read for anyone who enjoys science fiction or fantasy.

Reviewed by Andrew Tidmarsh

CARRIE (X) Directed by Brian De Palma; with Sissy Spacek, Piper Laurie; Distributed by United Artists, USA, 1976; 97 mins.

Reviewed by Steve Divey

With sympathetic observation ending in bloody chaos, Brian De Palma’s latest film follows the tragic emergence into womanhood of a repressed high-school girl, Carrie White, Blessed with one-parent upbringing by her fanatically religious mother, Carrie’s innocence, naivete and ignorance are almost enough to push one beyond sympathy into contempt. Spacek’s Carrie is much less impressive than her predecessors, but her determination and prudence are the key to her success. Spacek’s Carrie is an odd girl out at school; plucked in grey cardigan and white shoes while her beautiful contemporaries depart themselves in tight shorts and tiaras, Spacek’s Carrie is an odd girl out at school; plucked in grey cardigan and white shoes while her beautiful contemporaries depart themselves in tight shorts and tiaras. The Celluloid Dreams is a collection of shorts, each featuring the same central character, Tolya Amberg. Tolya is a cito, un-Anglo girl of fifteen or sixteen (depending on the story) who has psi powers. Her powers are never described in any detail, but they allow her to read other beings’ minds, to escape mind control, and so on. Tolya is a complex character, and her relationships are often complicated. Divey does a great job of creating a believable world for Tolya to inhabit, and his writing is consistently engaging. The Celluloid Dreams is a great read for anyone who enjoys science fiction or fantasy.

Reviewed by Andrew Tidmarsh

The title of this piece is misleading.

The film Bino de LaRusentis has produced bears a direct and obvious relationship to the 1933 film, Koko. It is an attempt to re-create the look and feel of that film, albeit with a slightly more modern twist. The film is not a direct remake, but rather a re-imagining of the original story. The film is set in the same time period, and the characters are all based on the original. The film is a faithful adaptation of the 1933 film, and the performances are excellent. The cinematography is stunning, and the action sequences are exciting. The film is a true classic, and it is a pleasure to watch. The title of this piece is misleading.

Reviewed by Andrew Tidmarsh

The Most Exciting Original Motion Picture Event Of All Time -

KING KONG produced by Dino de Laurentiis; directed by John Guillory

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Reviewed by Andrew Tidmarsh
Now, a title company re-makes King Kong, perhaps because it has no faith in originality, and produces a humorous, intentionally stupid sequel. It is filled with dialogue which self-consiously refers back to the original film and crowded with images which exaggerate images from the original film and which renders (for the most part) the original film, King Kong (1976) could not have existed had it not been for King Kong. The new film can only damage one's opinion of the original. No one can argue with the statement that King Kong (1976) is an honest, a true and genuine film in the sense that King Kong (1933). It is not, and I do not believe that it ever was intended to be.

Yet, de Laurentis is too able a producer to produce a sequel based on an ostensibly original film on a very famous low, he may add something from another film, but he has produced a film which is in its part a bad film on the thesis of which tells a coherent, gripping story. It is in its inestimable accomplishments of its origin.

One might criticize de Laurentis but one must not blame the new film, not because his plagiarism has made (someone) a lot of money. One must criticize, however, that he has not made the most thrilling, nor the most original motion picture of all time.

FORBIDDEN PLANET directed by Fred McLeod Wilcox. USA. 1956.

Reviewed by Andrew Tisdarsh.

Access is forbidden to the planet Altair IV for the reason that the male inhabitant of the planet does not believe in others than himself and his daughter, dangerous. In truth, what appears to be a jealousy that his kingdom of twenty years standing is to be invaded by a weird character who invades his kingdom. This is the key to the film: Morbius subconsciously desires to keep Altair IV for himself and the stupendous Krel machine therein; for the sake of the race he is willing to sacrifice himself and the wisdom of the Krel. He is a literal and metaphorical virginsity.

The film is located early in the twenty-second century. The fiction which was known as hyper light speed - has just been developed and an extensive exploration of the galaxy is underway. (An interesting aside is that the film proffers that the man-made lands on the moon in 2000, yet that the development of the interstellar space drive proceeds space thereafter. A strange mixture of pessimism and optimism.)

For knowing as much as we do (or can) of the future, in all likelihood, the world of tomorrow will be no more advanced in technology than today. (The film depicts as recently as 1956, and perhaps indicative of non-alien origins?) Twenty years previously, a rocket ship from the planet, Altair IV, new a United Planets (which planets, I wonder?) computer who was sent to the race of the original colonists. In the intervening years, the colonists, the crew of the rocket ship, the crew of the Krel and the husband and wife, have perished. The ship is left by the mysterious force. Indeed, all the original elements of the story is within one year of landfall and, so it would seem (and certainly, if not within the structure of the film), at about the time they had voted to return to Earth.

However, while alive, the colonists have discovered a vast, incomprehensible machine - a cube twenty miles on each side! The colonists have invented this machine but are not able to understand what it is or what it does. An avowed position to understand. His preliminary inquiries, directed toward the machine, place him in a more advantage position. Ter, the colonists are unable to establish a neutral contact, and the strengthening of the Doctor's subconsciously desire that leads to the destruction of the colonists.

Following the, at that time inexplicable, death of their companions, the Morbius produce a daughter (and, of course, the Doctor's wife - herself a doctor - dies in childbirth.) Who contains with the miraculous machine, Morbius is able to produce a generation that needs to lead a normal life, and a great deal that she does not know about normal life. (e.g. The companionship of no one but her father; the concept of free will; the concept of lust."

In the film, little is made of the Electra complex, mostly (it is expected to be necessary to acquire living alone with her father.)

While his daughter matures, Morbius coconsensually and substance the daughter becomes aware that it is the ultimate product of the Krel civilization. After one million years which has perished in one day two thousand centuries (a clumsy phrase, indicative of an unfamiliarity with sumbore or of a desire to impress before the arrival of man). Morbius, mistakenly, believes that the Krels were sufficiently advanced to have been on the threshold of humanism. He ignores their thoughts and of being able to give them the message is too narrow for his grasp to tell the true picture.

After nineteen years, the United Planets' crew, on the Altair IV, Morbius is reluctant to let his daughter out to the primeval planet Earth, that dedest would be catastrophic. However, Commander Altair IV, Morbius is not the only one who has landed. He sends out his man-serve to find a new home for his daughter. (At this point we are introduced to the robot, the result of the mechanism of the Krel. It is said of this mechanism, rather than that it is in some respects, significant in the story. It is worth noting that, so vast was the territory of the film, that another film, The Invisible Man, 1931, was made in order to justify the expense. This is an interesting indication of mistaken priorities, for the strength of Forbidden Planet does not lie in its philosophical content but from its hardware.)

Morbius entertains the Commander and companions, carousing to music. Morbius also - as much for the benefit of the Commander as for his daughter - outlines the noteworthy events and his discover's plans and his philosophy of life. In the course of his talk, Altairs makes an appearance, much to the surprise of the Commander and of the spaceomas. However, one must not dismiss the clumsy way in which Altairs is introduced, by the ship's crew members and to the spaceomas, to the delights of kissing (on carousals) and doing the robot dance. (I think one must mention this subject, whether or not a spaceoma can see the jealousy of the father - Dr. Morbius - for the Commander whose life is much easier and, therefore, less jealous, as Freud suggested, founded on the emotional relationship of the father and the daughter, Altairs. On the surface, Forbidden Planet pretends to be the only thing, a physical manifestation of the man's theories, it is, however, a vestigial play - the story unfolds quickly from this point. One is held in suspense, in a kind of suspense, the tension between the Commander and the daughter. The story is dimmed by Morbius' reluctance to be parted with his daughter - in fact, necessary for the Commander to contact Earth and to seek fresh instructions. That same night, an invisible entity - the first manifestation of the machine, a device known as a simple device with the same properties as the machine. A man's communicative device (see radio). An electronic fence is erected around the United Planets Command Center, making it, in a way, yet invisible, invisible. The creator is repulsed, and the daughter's in the beginning from a disturbing dream. Already the Commander has believed that the film and looks the daughter in his arms and promises her a new life and a new home in the future, of course, native to the planet Earth."

The crew members of the Altair IV, Morbius strove to stroke it as though it were a tame kitten. Finally, the illusion, the illusion, the illusion - around the Krel machine and demonstrates one of the simplest devices: a device which creates solid, visible representations of any image held clearly within the brain. (See previous section and the machine embodies his thought of, Altairs.)

So, the film explains itself (and the denouement - which may or may not require a happy ending - is comprehensible). The vast Krel machine is, once a generation, a triumph, was a machine which enabled the Krels to move into solid objects. Yet, the same machine also contained the spaceomas - concealed in the subconscious id - into a conscious id. The contact of Morbius with the Krel machine is, on the one hand, the realization of his thoughts - both conscious and subconscious. Morbius, in a sense, had no control - had destroyed the Krel (in a sense, the machine) - and the id - over which Morbius had no control - and this is, in turn, the story of the Commander and his crew.

OK: the film is based on an anthropomorphic basis, that is, human and animal. The minds are unlikely to be impersonal. Ignor it is not at all reassuring to the intelligence (not understanding the repetition of the same, that is, the substrate of the film) that becomes a basic assumption, though not an acceptance. A movie like Forbidden Planet boasts an intriguing electronic score, props by which predates Targenian Drear by fifteen years! (10-5-77).
A SONG IN THE DEPTH OF THE GALAXIES
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

SELECTED DISCOPHONY:
To Be Who Am The Only One
Yes

The Yes Album
Pink Floyd

The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway
Genesis

In Search of Space
Hawkwind

Frost

In The Court Of The Crimson King
King Crimson

Blows Against The Empire
Pink Martin and the Jefferson Starship

Radio Gnome Invisible
Part I
Gong

Melanik Destructiv Kommandha
Magma

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FROM IAN WATSON

Can I ask readers of VECTOR if they would like to put down some of Stuart Lem
about his own work? As Features Editor of Eng- enum (Science Fiction) I was, and he replied that he didn’t want to write a
formal piece, but that he would be happy to
answer any specific, detailed questions about
his own writings, if it compiled a programme classification, which I am not doing. Lem will answer the
questionnaire in Polish, but he doesn’t know
German (and doesn’t wish to translate it), which
I am doing. Lem will answer the
questionnaire in Polish, but he doesn’t know
his own writings, if it compiled a programme classification, which I am not doing. Lem will answer the
questionnaire in Polish, but he doesn’t know

Write NOW to IAN WATSON, 37 St John Street, OXFORD OX1 2LB.

PUBLISHER’S REVIEW EDITORS PLEASE note...

THE LISTING OF BOOKS ALSO RECEIVED and
TO BE REVIEWED appears in ISSUE NO.
2 of NEXUS: THE VECTOR REVIEWS SUPPLEMENT
WHICH ACCOMPANIES THIS ISSUE OF VECTOR.

COMING NEXT ISSUE IN VECTOR 81...
Brian Griffin’s article “Culture, Anarchy
and SF” – a major analysis of Brian Aldiss’
“Traveller” and its SF influence
Cy Chavin’s “British SF – An American View.”
Brian Stableford’s “Isomorphs, Or The
Future Of Science Fiction” – an important
piece which ties the SF from 50’s modern
knowledgeable historian.

Contributions from John Clute, M. John
Harrison and all the regulars.

ARTWORK: by Carol Gregory, Elaine Cooke,
Paul Rahn, Yee, and many others.

M. JOHN HARRISON SPECIAL ISSUE:
Interview with M. John Harrison.
Discussion with Michael Moorcock on Harrison’s
fiction and contributions to New Worlds.
John Clute on Harrison’s critical writing.

David Wingrove’s 12,000 word article “The
Matrix” and the “Matrix” art set.

David Pringle’s “A Son Of New Worlds”
Photographs and specially commissioned artwork.

Possibly contributions by other leading writers.

The M. John Harrison special issue is slated
for publication in July.

LATE ADDITIONS TO THE INFINITY BOX:
GALILEO TALLS OF TERROR edited by S. Chetywnd-
Hayes; Fontana; Glasgow; 1978; 191 pp; ISBN
0-00-614149-8

Reviewed by Brian Griffin

“A science fiction story” says Edmund Crispin
in his introduction to Best SF (1938) “is one
which presumes to tell us, on an effect of
technology, or a disturbance in the natural
order, that the line of writing, has not actually
fact experienced.” So here is a collection of
traditional ghost stories, under the title of
Galileo Tales of Terror – quality for “The Infinity
Box”. Well, I quite enjoyed it, as long as I can
in fairness for reviewing it. Here go as stories
of the same kind, which Titian expressed in
the Italian tradition, and it is much thing as
dreadful from natural causes. (I think that was
the case of The Phantom of the Lake). But
then, see, I am a poor judge in literary matters. In
other words, far from being a natural disturbance
of the natural order, and its implications are
considered a sort of main source of the
disturbance of nature; yet, because
men live constantly in the assumption that there is no
disturbance of nature, it is always a new
disturbance of nature from a new
disturbances. All individual cases of death are
unprecedented, and have
unprecedented implications. So Galileo Tales of Terror
can quite rise.

Kind of those stories are quietly efficient and
enjoyable, and there are a few collector’s items
“A Tale of an Unliving Ghost”, by an anonymous
author, is culled from The New Christmas
Annual of 1866 (and quietly alluring it is), while “The
Phantom of the Lake”, by Edward Mitchell, R.W.A., a
quietly haunting archetype of pretty well everything
that comes from a bond edition of Argosy, 1896.
J. C. Lemon’s “The Haunted House” reads, convincingly, like a
documentary. The author may be
having us on; but R. Thurston Hopkins, in “The
Tankard and the Glass Case”, it pulsates with a ghostly
green light. The last mentioned of the most readable
script. Ficts-James O’Brien, the author of
“Plants in the Mud” and killer of the American
Civil War; and his story – one of the few that
as far as I can remember – features a very convincing invisible
man from another dimension. The nearest
to the collection as such is
usually considered. R. B. Chetywnd-Hayes’ “The Keep of
Galileo Burning” (set in the Bronze country) is good
on atmosphere; Harvard Loewer’s “The Silver
Highway” is memorable, and involves more Jungian
syncrasy in just a TV play): Roger Wallace’s “The
Sleeping Man” is an efficient piece of pseudo-Edwardian nonsense.
James Jancey’s “The Veritable Tschimikultur” is
also efficient and atmospheric (it’s set in a
Victorian house), by Sydney
J. Bovis, a quick potholder. But the best of all these writers
is “Up, Like a Girl” by Dorothy K. Hayes, which is
set in the sixteenth century.

Of the stories by living authors, Rosemary
Tiemerly’s “The Great Unliving” has something of the power of
C. L. Grant’s “A Grand Unliving” from The
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The SEEKERS by Peter Valentine Tiemelit.
Corgi, London; 1978; 382 pp; 75p; ISBN 0-583-
10360-1

Reviewed by Brian Griffin

This should be read as a sequel to Haggard with all the
inclusions removed. That is, all
the sex is completely left out, all the rape
and mutilation; and when battle in involved,
the bodies are completely left out.
Without everything else in plot is profound; it may
be compared to a novel with a plot.
This is not typical; all the gory details serve a purpose, which
is to play in, broad and credible
and effective terms, a great deal of
mutilation of losing its soul – the physical plane losing contact with
the mind, and is explosively morbid. It stands
up very well by itself, not provided by the old ghost-story
writers, here represented by
M. R. James’ mind-boggling “Room 13.”

The NON-EXISTENT LAD

Some of you out there may be wondering why
there is no “Lead In” this issue. There
are really two reasons for this: lack of space
and the second concerned with flair.

Due to the length of Dave Wingrove’s article, it
was felt that the best way to advertise anywhere else on page 3, which has meant that the
reasons why the “Lead In” would normally appear is used up.

And the central position of VECTOR, with its repeated turn to interview, reviews and letters, is almost
exclusively taken up now. It is being printed as I write this – so there’s no more room for an editorial in there.

Also, the editor’s always getting a great
deal of flak from certain individuals amongst fans. One person went so far as to accuse
the editor of having “all the presence of a dead
toad”. Those of you who read MARTIN will
understand that this is an old habit;
the editor’s criticisms of the SFBA in general, is a
development which has now
dropped dead to the SFBA, presumably in disgust.

Well, this particular dead toad is pretty
hard to kill. But if there’s anyone who
isn’t as enthusiastic as I am about fabricating an editorial if the only response is that I should be
here more often. The words like Nicholas are going to be rude.

Anyway, those people whose views I respect
somewhat, namely Alex and Catherine, Panshin and Ian Watson, seem to like VECTOR this way, is, without any pontificating
editorials. So there it is.

Or, rather isn’t.

Chris Fowler, 0/4/1977
new found affluence. A working class band, suddenly acclaimed, they tried desperately to retain their anti-establishment identity as a "people's band".

Warriors was something new; stability after the uncertainty of their previous work. Making use of Michael Moorcock's series of novels, The Eternal Champion, and as a counterpoint to these, they produced what was perhaps the thematic apotheosis of their work. But the signs of stalemation were also there. Their most recently released album, Hawkwind, is a collection of eight of their most jaunty and memorably song-like songs. Somewhat I never expected a "best of" album from Hawkwind, but there it is, a fine album if it were their only one, but sadly adrift from the mythos.

Michael Moorcock himself, active on the Warriors album and inspired by his contacts with the musical medium thereby, produced his album New Worlds Fair, supported by a band entitled The Deep Fix. The band is, unsurprisingly, a hybrid of High Tide and Hawkwind. It is fairly pleasing as a rock album, but (for me anyway) disappointing in that Moorcock doesn't make the best use of the possibilities there. These are just songs, linked in the vaguest manner, with no attempt at a strong theme. Perhaps next time...

(x) We Want You Big Brother...

David Bowie occupies the other extremity to that filled by Hawkwind. For he is your old friend, with an evocative description of the stage (life?) effect he attempts to convey. He is often thrust forward as one of the foremost exemplars of sf-rock, and yet this is quite misleading. Bowie has produced some classic pieces, but very often these are incidental, almost accidental even, to his original intention, which is to highlight his uniqueness, his own personal strangeness. Sf is a perfect medium for such antics, far more so than the alternative of existential meanderings (like Nico and Velvet Underground), and he abuses the genre to obtain his own imagery. His music is not so dissimilar to that of any other rock group playing love songs, protest songs and anti-war songs. He makes scant use of electronics and generally leaves a heavy burden on the lyrics which must carry the entire imagery alone. Bowie's reputation is largely substantiated by the overwhelming media coverage he can command. "Starman", "The Man Who Sold The World", "Life On Mars" and "Space Oddity" are all widely known, as are his albums Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars and Diamond Dogs. But his preoccupations are not what they superficially appear (especially not to a well-read sf fan). A good example of this is Ziggy Stardust which deals with the situation that Earth has no more virginity theme - which Bowie doesn't even touch! No. He is intent on telling us the story of the pop star who makes it by cashing in on the disaster. As good an analogy of Bowie's own situation could not be drawn. "Starman" is one of the incidental tracks that this album throws off, but it doesn't redeem it in my eyes. Better is Diamond Dogs with the best thing Bowie did in this line as an opener, "Future Legend". A Delay-ensemble image, it tells of the death of the city and of corpses on the streets, red-eyed mutants, rats as big as cats. But he is then content to drift into a recent-nostalgia trip, homosexual references abounding in the lyrics. The second side shows superordinately, quite attractive with tracks titled "We Are The Dead", "Big Brother" and "1984". Again the music is too far from the lyrics to convey a realistic image. Only when, as in "We Are The Dead", it lits into the paranoic, does it achieve its effect. "Big Brother" is far the finest track on this three, with its menacing thread of anti-Orwellian tendencies: "We'll build a glass asylum With just a hint of men We'll build a better whirlpool..."

and "Someone to follow... We want you Big Brother."

And with these lyrics we have penetrated to the core of Bowie's philosophy. He sees the mass of humanity as Orwellian plebs to be manipulated by the talented few who will entertain them and give them an example to follow. Only recently has he been quoted as saying he would welcome a fascist Prime Minister (The man being himself). Which is all a far cry from tracks like "The Supermen" which tells of the boredom of the eternal beings and their joy when one of their kind dies. If it were all of that standard I would hail the man, but as it is I wince at his abuse of the genre.

And I am not alone. The Strawbs, a group whose own songs have bordered upon fantasy (particularly with the album From The Witchwood) recognised the "posed" nature of Bowie's work and produced an excellent parody with "Ciggy Barcode" and "And The Whales From Venus" a delightful piece of music with humorous and cutting lyrics.

(xi) Roughage and Rocketry...

Still in a humorous mood, Donovan offered a rare comment upon space exploration in 1973 when he released the single "The Intergalactic Laxative". Dwelling upon the most basic elements of life in a rocket he comes up with some unforgettable lyrics:

"The intergalactic laxative will get you from here to there For cosmic constipation, there's none that can compare. It sips and seeps and soaks and透s and soaks and透s and soaks and透s out of the stars The intergalactic laxative will get you from here to Mars.

Contemporary music draws from the total output of all media for its inspiration and this is nowhere more apparent than in the narrow confines of sf-orientated music. Like its literary counterpart it seeks to redefine by extrapolation, abstraction and, if necessary, by revolution. It is no wonder then whilst it is a relatively small sub-genre it embraces an extraordinary range of social commentary. In search of fresh territory, uncluttered imagery and provocative concepts the more talented and imaginative musicians are moving to a medium of expression that is akin to that of the sf writer - and music is the medium of the masses, able to convey with a phrase and a handful of notes what a writer would labour chapters to produce. Part of its diversity and popular appeal I have already tried to illustrate. I would add the following examples.

I stated at the very beginning of this article that I felt jazz music failed to provide the correct atmosphere for the development of its sf music. Sun Ra is a perfect example of this. In various incarnations he has been producing "solar" and "galactic" sounds for many years, music inspired and structured by and in the manner of natural sounds. The Heliocentric Worlds of Sun Ra is typical of Sun Ra. Despite some very interesting percussion effects the use of traditional instruments fails to lift this album. Instrumental chaos, unrelieved by coherent lyrics, it sounds dated and is.

Stockhausen and his many imitators in the rock field have well surpassed this traditional strain of experimentation. Sun Ra's inclusion in this piece is tenuous; his images are unconvincing. A delightful album that is successful is Burt Alcantara's Zygoat. This is beautiful, multi-layered music of the Tubular Bells variety, performed completely on ARP and RSE synthesizers. Instrumental, the titles to the pieces conjure grand images that are not spoilid by ineffectual music. From the opening "Leaves Of Sand" through "Movement To The Earth", "Zy-clone" and "The Ladder Of Zenga" it progresses through a wide range of moods and tempos. Again its complexity is rewarding, although the unwell-versed classical listener its structure will be familiar. I notice (though I have yet to hear) that there is a second album out from this studio (Electrophon), Wavesmaker, with a piece entitled "Where Are We Captain?". It is easiest to separate this type of instrumental music from the Tangerine Dream school by texture rather than intent. Zygoat comes from a short-lived family that began with
Walter Carlos (famous in his own right for his electronic interpretations of the classics which illustrated A Clockwork Orange) had also produced for them cramped configurations and intense delivery. Tangerine Dream derived from Pink Floyd with their relaxed influences of space and the vacuum. Midway between the two and a fusion of jazz and rock influences is the work of Terry Riley.

A Rainbow In Curved Air is an utopian vision without reservations. The music is subtle, repetitive (and perhaps to the untrained ear monotonous) and the overall effect cumulative rather than immediate. Linking with Jon Cale (of Velvet Underground fame) he has also produced a Church of Anthrax, a similar attempt to inscribe a vision in purely musical terms. There have been no end of imitators, but none as effective as these two templates of how it should be done.

It seems, however, that for every one good example there are two bad ones. I pause only to mention Atlantis and UFO as typical of the latter, promising to the casual browser of record shops and yet totally wasteful. Occasionally however the unintentional succeeds, such as Lambertiand by Tassavallan Presidentti. An ambiguous song, it lays itself open to interpretation at several levels, The setting is nowhere on a known Earth. The time could be 1,000 years past, today or well into the future:

"Same rash breaking out fresh...itchy and sore
Sky locked sun she's glaring in a clench up and tight
Field hand dropping the hoe, left it out there
Lost it somewhere, getting out of Lambertiand fast...
"

There is no attempt to explain and the enigma gives the piece an additional dimension that even the excellent musicianship of this Finnish group could not provide.

Grateful Dead are another group that possess a reputation in excess of their production of sf music. Dark Star is a masterpiece of its kind, but one swallow... Their preoccupation with country and western music is the complete antithesis of every other group or artist in this piece. Sf and large for them, they proceed to the small. Their supposed link with sf appears more a publicity thing than an actual desire to use sf imagery. (A good example is the Mars Hotel LP which has no other reference to sf at all...) A scattering of names here. I said at the start that I could cover only a small part of the actual production available for comment upon. With these I plead my partial or total ignorance and the need to work for a living as an excuse for not giving more detailed comments, although I'll provide what I can.

Seventh Wave (a later development of Second Helping who produced an interesting album with Death May Be Your Santa Claus) have so far released two sf albums with Things To Come and Psi-Fi. Heavily keyboard dominated this is a branchchild of Ken Elliot and he seems to use the genre references very well indeed. Song titles include "Metropolis", "1999" and "Star Palace of the Sombre Warrior". Tonto's Expanding Head Band were a phenomenon of a few years back before Tangerine Dream swept the market. Their album Zero Time is entertaining and their first two albums ("Jetexx", "Ramas") are busy producing concept albums such as Glass Top Coffin. Again, I think this is the brainchild of a single man. Passport are a new German group whose album Infinity Machine shows promise. Weather Report are better known for their sweeping jazz-rock pieces than for any connection with sf, and yet they have shown several times how successfully this fusion of the two influences works; as on the album I Sing The Body Electric and Lord Of The Rings, which was certainly as controversial as containing in the fantasy vein with Magician's Hat. And finally in this brief section, I must admit to my greatest omission, The Moody Blues. The feeling of movement and spiritual seeking that is characteristic of a Moody Blues record has never enticed me before now to look any deeper than the surface icing. A few hours intensive treatment rectified this as far as their To Our Children's Children's Children album. It is much more than pleasant background music, and the theme of this album, that of unwinding wonder at life, is powerfully conveyed by the lyrics. The same can be said of A Question of Balance In Search Of The Lost Chord and On The Threshold Of A Dream. All the concepts used were familiar to the armchair philosophers of the sf field; the search for higher meaning beyond space and time:

"I never thought I'd get to be a million
I never thought I'd get to be the thing that all these other children see.
God and me."

(xii) Cat's Foot Iron Claw. Neuro Surgeons Scream For More...

An adjunct of rock music that has required more than the usual degree of popular acclamation and support is (if I might be excused the phrase) "pomp rock", a grandiose and highly polished musical form derived from and tending towards classical music. Genesis, Queen, King Crimson, ELP and Yes are the notable examples and they have all, to some degree, drawn upon sf (fantasy and fiction) as an inspirational source. I have discussed Yes already and much of what I said then could equally apply to early Genesis. In a relatively short but varied career they have managed to produce a whole spectrum of related songs, ranging from the semi-humorous and socially-prophetic "Get 'em Out By Friday" to the serious, part myth, part surrealistic journey by Rael on their Lamb Lies Down On Broadway album.

It began with an album entitled Trespass, containing tracks like "Stagnation" and "The Knife", definite fantasies, blending stark pessimism with nebulous optimism, lulling melodies with stomping aggression. The Musical Box which followed is the definitive album of its kind, a beautiful tapestry of fantasies, casual observations and black humour. The title track tells the story of Henry Hamilton-Smyth minor (8), who has his head removed by the croquet mallet of his young friend Cynthia. Two weeks later she discovers the musical box in his room and lifts the lid. Henry returns in child's form, but as the music plays ("Old King Cole") he ages rapidly and though he still has a child's untrained mind he suffers a lifetime's desires. He tries to fulfill his "romantic desire" with Cynthia but Nanny (entering on cue) hurls the musical box at him, destroying both. This is a typical if good example of Genesis' work. And on the same album is the incredible "The Return Of The Giant Hogweed":

"Botanical creature stirs, seeking revenge
Royal beast did not forget
Soon they escaped, spreading their seed,
Prepared for an onslaught, threatening the human race."

Wynchan with a sense of humour!

Their third album, Foxtrot, was a classic. It opened with "Watcher Of The Skies", a song in the Stapledon philosophy telling of a being to whom the Universe is known. ("Whom life can no longer surprise."). On the same side is "Get 'em Out By Friday" with its Welsian humour:

"This is an announcement from Genetic Control:
It is my sad duty to inform you of a four foot restriction on humanoid height."

The second side is dominated by the 25 minute mammoth, "Supper's Ready", a manic romp through a dozen mythologies culminating in a deeply moving and poetic climax. (Irreverently titled, as ever, "As Sure As Eggs Is Eggs (Aching Men's Feet)"). It mixes the banal with the apocalyptic, the mythological with the contemporary and farce with passion. It is a fine microcosm of the band's work and would be a perfect introduction to anyone unfamiliar with the schizophrenic nature of Genesis.

When the double album, The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway appeared, the critics were disappointed and perplexed. Possibly the latter prompted the former because it
is a complex work. The varied, repetitive themes crisscross throughout the four sides of this modern picareque which tells of the psychotic Rael and his search (through numerous fantasies) for his identity. The coalescence of natural and unnatural settings, contemporary references and arcane mythology results in a powerful work replete with startling musical images. If anything, Genesis are even more delicate in their lighter moments, organ guitar an the melodic line of the entire album is an extension of the most challenging musical experience of the band’s psychological state. There are some of Genesis’ best pieces on this album, amongst them three stunning sf songs: "The Grand Parade Of Lifeless Packaging", "The Supernatural Anaesthetist" and "The Lamia." The Lamb was something totally new for Genesis, following as it did their Selling England By The Rund album with its lyrical attack on commercialism and advertising. It was also the last project undertaken by Peter Gabriel, their lyricist/vocalist. The band’s latest album, A Trick Of The Tail, is a softer, less complex work, akin to Teapass with its gentle, haunting music and understated lyrics. A temporary diversion - possibly a new direction - but Genesis still have a lot to offer. The opening track, "The Moonwalk", a delightful track from this album is a fantasy of a new kind, an indication of new heights to come.

In The Court Of The Crimson King launched the frightening King Crimson onto an unsuspecting public. A faultless debut, it commenced with "21st Century Schizoid Man", a nasty vision of the era to come. The music was tight, original, nightmarish and yet appealing. Electric guitar and electric saxophones screeched and screamed above a hectic rhythm:

"Death seed blind man's greed
Poet's starving children bleed
Nothing's got he really needs
Twenty-first century schizoid man."

That single track would be enough to make the album memorable, but the contrasting peace of "Moonchild" and the grandeur of "The Court Of The Crimson King" make this a masterpiece. (King Crimson’s first and best album.)

Their second album, In The Wake Of Poseidon, followed the same pattern, almost to the letter. "Pictures of a City" and the title track show the violent and grandiose side of Crimson while "The Devil's Triangle", an adaptation of Holst's "Mara", provides both peaceful and threatening moments. Peter Sinfield, a poet, is the lyricist and his words are well balanced and compatible throughout. The use of the instrument with its complete range of synthesised woodwind instruments makes the music distinctive and acingly majestic. Lyrics and music are complementary:

"Their children kneel in Jesus still
They learn the price of nails;
Whilst all around our Mother Earth
Waits balanced on the scales."

King Crimson’s third album was the last of a trilogy in the same format, the last Crimson album heavily indebted to fantasy. Lizard is its title and also the name of the major piece that takes up side two of the album. Jon Anderson sings vocal on the first part of this and whilst Crimson are quite distinctive there are comparisons with Yes to be made. King Crimson are possibly the other side of the coin, their intention intellectual rather than spiritual. But their ability to push all the emotional buttons is never in question as witnessed on "Dawn Song", part of the Lizard suite:

"Burnt with dream and taut with fear
Dawn’s misty shawl upon them."

Spit oath and curse as day breaks.
Forming lines of horse and steel
By even yards march forward."

Personnel changes and the consistent search by the group’s founder and leader, Robert Fripp, for the perfect Crimson sound has meant a complete rejection of light fantasy for a more menacing contemporary message. There is still one of the most interesting musical lines to follow, though menacing landscapes of modern nightmare, on albums like Red and Starless and Bible Black. They have relinquished the grandiose for a heavier jazz feel, although their music still gives the impression of a well-coiled steel spring unwinding. Van Der Graaf, when they launch into a threatening riff are the nearest comparison to modern Crimson. (Unsurprisingly in view of Fripp’s connections there, in particular with H To He, Who Am album.)

The youngest of the groups in this section and the most commercial are Queen. Recognised as a "pop" group through their successful salients into the singles charts, their albums are startlingly fresh and original.

It is their second album, Queen II, on which this is most evident. The album is split into Side White and Side Black in an Alice-like arrangement that lyrically dances between fantasy and faerie; the eighteenth century of the romantic poets transmitted in an electronic medium. The result is wistful and majestic, and nearly always beautiful, a series of disconnected songs all in the same tone. Side Black, with "Fairy Fingertips", "The Great March Of The Lady Of The Lake" and "March Of The Black Queen", though not over-impressive as sf pieces, are nevertheless evidence of the heavy reliance contemporary music has upon fantasy. "The Prophet’s Song" on their most recent album is a further step in this direction, with the music incorporating the music of the people of the Earth. The use of such imagery is rife. As Donald Wolheim argues in his recent book The Universe Makers, we are living in an sf world and the youth of today accept the currency of sf imagery.

The depth to which this is true can be shown by reference to the most academic of the aforementioned "pomp rock" groups, Emerson, Lake and Palmer. Their renditions of classical pieces and attempts to create modern electronic classics have gained them an international reputation, and yet it is their use of futuristic sounds, stage props and (occasionally) lyrics that has won them such a strong and voracious following. The bizarre Tarkus suite (with its story of a creature part-armadillo, part-tartan) and the complex and majestic "Karn Evil 9" both seem to be music far ahead of its time, written as such and performed as if by an aesthetic computer. The sound is as far removed from that of ten years ago as the language is from the point electronically phrased under a web of looped moogs, repetitious organ chords and hollow, distorted bass. And its importance lies not so much with the origins of the musical compositions but the implications for the electronic matrix within which the music is produced is yet another product of the sf World that has spawned from the puls of the thirties and forties.

Strange as it may seem, the newly discovered power and articulation that modern instrumentation has brought has engendered a rash of music firmly steeped in fantasy. I have touched on Queen and King Crimson as practitioners of this inclusionary hybrid, being is standalone, but rock is full of them. The cult of Tolkienism, the resurrection of sword and sorcery have brought in their swathe groups like Led Zeppelin ("Ramble On", "The Battle Of Forever" and "No Quarter"), Wishbone Ash ("Phoenix", "The Pilgrim", "The King Will Come" and "Warriors"). Black Sabbath ("The Wizard", "Hand Of Doom") and many others. It all seems quite natural to the youth of today who have grown up in the climate of electronic music, but it is more than evident that the entirety of love songs/erotic/protest songs and comic ditties has been added to by a fourth category, that of the fantastic (or sf?). It is only a recent thing. There was nothing comparable before this last decade. To see it is like a step out of sf into another dimension. The visions that were once pulp and then cellular are now wax as well. As yet (and despite all that has gone before) it is still virgin territory, to a great degree unexplored, uncharted. Perhaps as more of the younger writers nature and find themselves
at ease within the genre they will look to this new medium as a means of expression. Moorcock has dabbled; possibly others will shortly follow. Within musical circles (as in the film world) the current use is as much an abuse of the imagery; untutored lyricists producing hackneyed metaphors. There are of course--and I have tried to show some--exceptions to this. In many cases the effort has not been sustained and we have been left solely with a few rare gems and a feeling of frustrating fulfilment. But there have been a few who have succeeded in what they set out to do...

(xiii) Have You Seen The Stars Tonite...

I believe it to be a revolutionary force, a shaping factor in our daily lives the match of any other. Where it intersects with contemporary life in the form of social commentary there it is at its best, its most natural state. It is no small wonder then that one of the best if not the best sf albums has resulted from the area of intersection. Blows Against The Empire by Paul Kantner and Jefferson Starship was nominated for a Hugo in 1971 for "Best Dramatic Presentation". A justified accolade even if no award was finally given in that category. The second side of the record is a 23-minute future revolutionary tract telling of the hijacking of a government-built starship by 7,000 crazies (dropouts?) and their journey to the stars. It is surely the most peaceful and wonderful vision of opting-out there has ever been. Jefferson Starship in their days as Jefferson Airplane sang of alternate societies, of fighting the system before the future of 1984 became total reality. They sang of water brothers (Heinlein) of flying saucers and mystical ways opened by drugs and obscure religious rites, but never dared summon the total vision of Blows Against The Empire. It is a challenging work that damns the part of Mankind that needs to conform. They can see no solution on Earth with its police-state thinking and overpopulation. It is a common theme in their music (appearing in the two tracks "A Child Is Coming" and "Let's Get Together") on the same album but in this suite it comes to full fruition. A few quotes from it will give an idea of the emotive quality of the work:

"Surprise
Civised Man
You were keeper to me
Now your animal is free..."

and:

"What you gonna do when you feel your lady rollin'
How you gonna feel when you see your lady strollin' On the deck of a starship
With her head hooked into Andromeda..."

and finally:

"Mankind gone from the cage
All the years gone from your age..."

The suite itself can be seen in two parts, the first three sections in the arch-revolutionary and practical vein of the old Airplane, a harsher, didactic message that metamorphoses into the gentler, dreamier Starship of "Have You Seen The Stars Tonite" with its beautiful optimistic feel. The best of the three is the second, "Starship". It is a perfect climax, a statement of ascendance.

Starship have not repeated the experiment. It could only be done once, and it was done well. Earthly pieces such as "Have You Seen The Saucers" and "Crown Of Creation" are also worthy of note, a similar mixture of the familiar and the strange. Musically Starship tend to be gentler on album than they are live. Live they sound much as Amos Duul and many of the German bands, and the influence is admitted by Duul at least if not by others. By such means does sf show itself to wider and wider audiences.

(xiv) The Octave Doctors and the Crystal Machine...

In 1972 came the appearance of a group who, like High Tide, showed exceptional promise and despite producing one of the finest (sf) albums of that year disbanded, leaving only that single, memorable was impression. Khan were the group and their album was titled Space Shanty. Although it opens skilfully on the opening track even that improves and the awkward departure is the sole blemish. The music (a blend of classical and jazz themes played in a rock mode) is excellent, the musicians's craftsmanship, What makes this something special however are the uncluttered lyrics, ever relevant, thoughtful and capable of conveying the appropriate image. My own favourite is "Stargazers" (showing the influence of Egg and of what was to come with Hatfield and the North):

"Can your words cope with infinity,
You must communicate it perfectly...
...King and Queen,
An extra gone..."

A song overbrimming with optimism.

But all was not lost, Dave Stewart, the organist went on to join Hatfield (who produced the semi-humorous Giant Crabs In Earth-takeover Bid and who promise more in this vein, if only hallucinogenic) and Steve Hillage, lead guitarist was promoted to Submarine Captain of the Planet Gong. And that's another story...

Gong could be said to have developed as an aberration of the weird imagination of David Allen, forulator of the mythology of Gong and one-time lead guitarist. Disregarding the two albums Magick Brother, Mystic Sister and Banana Moon (although these are quite interesting in their own right), Gong can be traced back to 1971 and the album Camembert Electrique. Recorded during full moon phases (supposedly all Gong's work is) this album trips comfortably between delightful music and absurd lyrical silliness. It was the first of three works that derive (almost incomprehensibly) into the complex mythology of the Planet Gong, a mixture of zen, ufo-phantasy and sexual allusion.

In terms of this article, Gong are important because they have developed this semi-humorous, semi-philosophical ideology as a long-term project; not content to play music about the subject they have let the subject become the music. The result is a maniacal electronic tapestry involving pot-head pixies, morbid meretricious witches and angels' eggs. After the serious (even morose) offerings of Hawkwind it is hardly surprising that Gong are not taken seriously outside of their visionary cult. But the blend of serious music and amusing fantasy is absorbing, and when Gong launch into instrumental flight there are few bands who can touch them. The atmospheric nature of these interludes (heightened very often by mysterious chants) cannot tell the story. The message may not (depending upon your interpretation) be particularly attractive, but it is a definite alternative.

The scintillating raving of Camembert Electrique had progressed to complicated insanity by the time of Radio Gnome Invisible, Part 3: Flying Teapot (1973; read the sleeve notes for a fuller understanding of the Gong pantheon). Commencing with the almost ritual invocation of the Planet Gong it traces the story of the landing of the pot-head pixies on Earth and their communications with the band. Angel's Egg (Radio Gnome 2) completes this trilogy. It is the most blatantly sexual of the three (almost to the point of obscenity). The album records the adventures of Zoro the Hero as he becomes enlightened and journeys to the Planet Gong. Chaucerian earthiness and zen-mysticism can be a heavy mixture but Gong carry it off well. You, their next album, was adrift from the central direction of the preceding albums but set quite definitely in the same imaginary universe. "The Isle Of Everywhere" and you can Never Blow Ya Top Forever illustrate Gong at their instrumental best, a hybrid of Hawkwind and Tangerine Dream, pulsing and yet ethereal. Steve Hillage was by then with the band and his influence was most noticeable. His own solo album, Fish Rising, is a throw-off of Gong in conception with its
ideology of Lafta Yoga (the yoga of total humour). But back to Gong. Sf embraces a wide spectrum of peculiarities, from the more obscure modern writers (who profess only to write exercises which transcribe reality from a vantage point behind the full-blown fantasies (sword-and-sorcery, ETs and FTLs). Likewise with its musical relation. Gong could be dismissed off-hand as bizarre humourists, lacking in grandeur, or as perverse iconoclasts. But sf music, like its literary counterpart, should have room for the disrespectful it spawns. Gong are highly unusual, highly imaginative; at their best they are excellent wielders of the image (as on "Glad Stoned Buried Fielding Flash And Fresh Past Footprints In My Memory" or the Glastonbury Fayre album). Furthermore they are one of only two bands who have bothered to formulate their alternative as a project spanning more than a single album. The other is Magna.

(xv) Hertz Wlasik Kobala...

A glance at the covers (if you are lucky enough to find all of them in any single store) will indicate something to the attentive; the six-spired hemisphere, threatening, the devil's sign? Invent your conception of the badge and there is the single shaft, like a rocket ship, its flames threatening to engulf the fragile needle.

Magna is a collection so ingenious that it would need an article this size again to even scrape the surface. Born in the mind of Christian Vander, the saga now spans five albums and looks likely to continue for some time (longer than Magna is Magna). We are witnessing a rock band of solid core and constantly shifting peripheral membership? Magna is the performance on Earth of the THEUSE HAMTAARK, that already prophesied by Nebeh Gudaht; the judgment of Humanity for all, its cruelty, its dishonesty, its uselessness, its vulgarity and its lack of humility". A tall order indeed. It would need a new order of musicians to bring such a grand project to fruition. Magna is the vehicle by which that is achieved.

In concert there is a ritualistic feel from the start, an atmosphere of ceremonial cleansing. The powerful drumming of Vander pushes the massive wheels around and the juggernaut builds up speed. Shown in the negative sense, Magna are electronic priests, telling us what has already happened. And who could deny the credibility of the vision. I'll tell you the story.

Mankind exceeds even John Brunner's worst predictions and man falls into utter degradation. But before the total collapse a few men object and build their own starship. They escape Earth Space Control and eventually discovers the Kobala when Kobala will be an Utopia in perfect harmony with nature, a lengthy but successful venture, incorporating technology and nature in mutually beneficial ways. Then, in the best tradition of sf they forget (or neglect to remember) their origins and are only reminded when years pass and an Earth spacecraft gets into trouble over Kobala. The Kobalans learn of the sad fate of Earth, a series of massive cyclical disasters, and a few of them decide to go back and convert missionary sense. This much is covered by the first of Magna's albums, recorded in 1970, a double album of searing power and disturbing musical imagery. Then, as told on Magna's second album, 1001 Degrees Centigrade, they arrive on Earth to seemingly friendly greetings but their zeal to create a better mankind is seen as a threat and they are imprisoned and their ship impounded. A message is sent to Kobala however and a showdown results in the Earth authorities have to admit that the Kobalans are the strongest military power. But the seed has been shown on Earth that will later come to full blossom when the Kobalans (who have left Earth in disguise) return many years later.

1001 Degrees Centigrade is a much more traditional album than any of the others with its strong brassy musical feel, but it utilises all the techniques first shown on Magna in a much ordered manner. It is a highly instrumental work which mixes highly pleasant themes with their opposites in short and sharp order. The result is a very good album with strong jazz tendencies. The long track on side 1, "Riah Sahiltahak", hints at what is to follow with stabbing, ever-changing rhythms that build up and die in rapid succession. Mekanik Destruktiv Kommando is Magna at its best. There are few as impressive opening pieces as "Hertz Fur Dehn Stehken West". Drums, bass and electric piano play out a three note sequence in powerful, machine-like manner whilst nasal voices half-sing, half-chant in Kobalan. The atmosphere deepens as brass chords thunder in over the top, joined by a choir of voices singing a repetitive line that grows and grows to a climax. It is the sort of composition that people want to hear. They like simpler solutions like tax cuts and new hospitals. They revolt en masse against him, declaring that he is a ruthless tyrant, but the Universal Spirit, acting in its own inexplicable manner, leads them to a state of grace, turning their march of hate into a march of spiritual realisation as they enter eternity.

The solution sounds too glib, too mystical a solution, but in the context of what has gone before and what follows (the albums Kobarkauros and Manan et Iseult and the live album) it has a very potent credibility. The vision is macroscopic, as was Olaf Stapledon's in Star Maker and Patrick Moore's in After the Quake, because of the monomania of Magna and their obsessive tapestry of sound.

Having commented upon the story that runs throughout THEUSE HAMTAARK I must comment on the actual music itself, for there is no one to compare to Magna musically. Their sound is derived from diverse and unconnected sources. From the very beginning it has been highly complex, utilising irregular time signatures that emphasise the stop-start nature of the narrative.

Vander comes from the jazz school of influences and before Magna was a respected jazz session man, though he uses the rock idiom as if to the manner born. To speak of their sound in comparison to the Mahavishnu Orchestra or Chick Corea is not overestimating the content, and says little for the skillful use of dynamics Magna make.

The use of a standard electronic/brass line-up (i.e. without moogs, synthesizers, etc.) would seem very confining in the light of what I have previously said, but Magna have overcome their rock band of solid core and constantly shifting peripheral membership? Magna is the performance on Earth of the THEUSE HAMTAARK, that already prophesied by Nebeh Gudaht; the judgment of Humanity for all, its cruelty, its dishonesty, its uselessness, its vulgarity and its lack of humility". A tall order indeed. It would need a new order of musicians to bring such a grand project to fruition. Magna is the vehicle by which that is achieved.

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crossed rock with opera for the first time ever. The interplay of male and female voices, the repetitions of single lines (often up to eight or twelve times) and the infusion of standard Magna time sequences needs at least three or four listenings to appreciate the full depth. I have yet to read of a more futuristic music in any sf story:

"Wi wi ees ess wi wi uss wi ees ess wi sun wi sun (x12)

"Wi wi ees ess wi wi uss wi ees ess wi ees ess vividdial (twice)"

Over the repetitious chords rise and fall, guitars and drums improvise, and all the while there is Christian Vander pushing the rhythm section along at a breathtaking pace.

Mekanik lives up to its name in its mechanical approach. But it is hardly sterile; emotion oozes from start to finish, unswilled by any overbeariness of delivery.

While Kohntarkosz is lesser album than its predecessor Mekanik, it is nevertheless an admirable achievement. The music shows a maturity and a new confidence but lacks rather the complexity and vitality of Mekanik. There are no marvellous operatic choruses and the scene of the action is back on Kobaia, hence the more relaxed, jazzy atmosphere. The musicianship is first class; in this respect Magna are the inferiors of no one. The two sections of the title track, which takes up all but ten minutes of the album, evidence a new approach; still vigorous and intense but far less dense in texture, it is a further demonstration of Magna's willingness to experiment with textual sounds, especially with vocal textures. Of the two short tracks on this 1974 album only "Ork Alarm" truly deserves mention with its horrific vision of an invading force... perhaps the next Magna album will deal with this. (The people of Earth are on the planet of the People of Celestial Worts, the former being made of matter which "to the machines is what the machines are to man.") The live album was, like Hawkwind's "best of" album, unexpected, but even if it falls outside the steady development it is a fascinating documentary of Magna's diversity and musical ability. Tristan et Isolde was the soundtrack for a film (I have yet to ascertain if the film was in any way connected with the THEUSE HAMTAAB; if so it could be a treat) under Vander's sole name although the music is certainly from the THEUSE.

You should leave the best until last I've always been told. Magna are the best we have to offer at this time; they are unique. Magna have continued on an unerringly course for six years, forging their own musical direction (and it occurs to me that most of the "advanced" rock groups are a year or so behind what Magna were producing in 1970... ) and making their mark credible. Perhaps they are too clever to attain popular recognition; like sf they will remain obscure because most people want the mundane, the simplistic, the unimaginative. I began this piece with the intention of indicating that the "advanced" is in the way of sf music and must end with an attempt to justify my choices here, to define my interpretation of sf music. I have tried to tie in literary references, where they occurred and where they were not too obscure, but a literary definition will not do because this is the newest of the genre's children and as such is still riddled with cliches and muddled fifties thinking (like the movies until very recently!). Sf music calls upon the vocabulary of the genre and uses that vocabulary for the same purpose (i.e. "Fly Me To The Moon" is not an sf song!). Sf music uses the electronic tools of our advanced technology to create futuristic sound landscapes, projected musical atmospheres (and not catchy pop tunes...). Sf music proposes alternative states - suspended realities. If you like - to the everyday mundane world. I do much more, of course. No one has defined sf properly and I think no one will. I'd not try to go beyond a brief outline to what I see it to be in musical terms. It might be argued that some of the philosophical bands, Yes, Moody Blues and Yesheart had little to do to be represented here. You could dismiss a reasonable percentage of modern sf writers for the self-same reasons. Sf has escaped the bogey of the machine world; we live and work in the machine world. Sf has to look elsewhere these days for that sense of wonder, and so too does music. I feel the best of sf music is yet to come as techniques improve and a second generation of experimental music arrives on the scene. I personally would like to see this proliferation of distorted mirrors; an expansion of the granddose musical images we have only recently been granted.