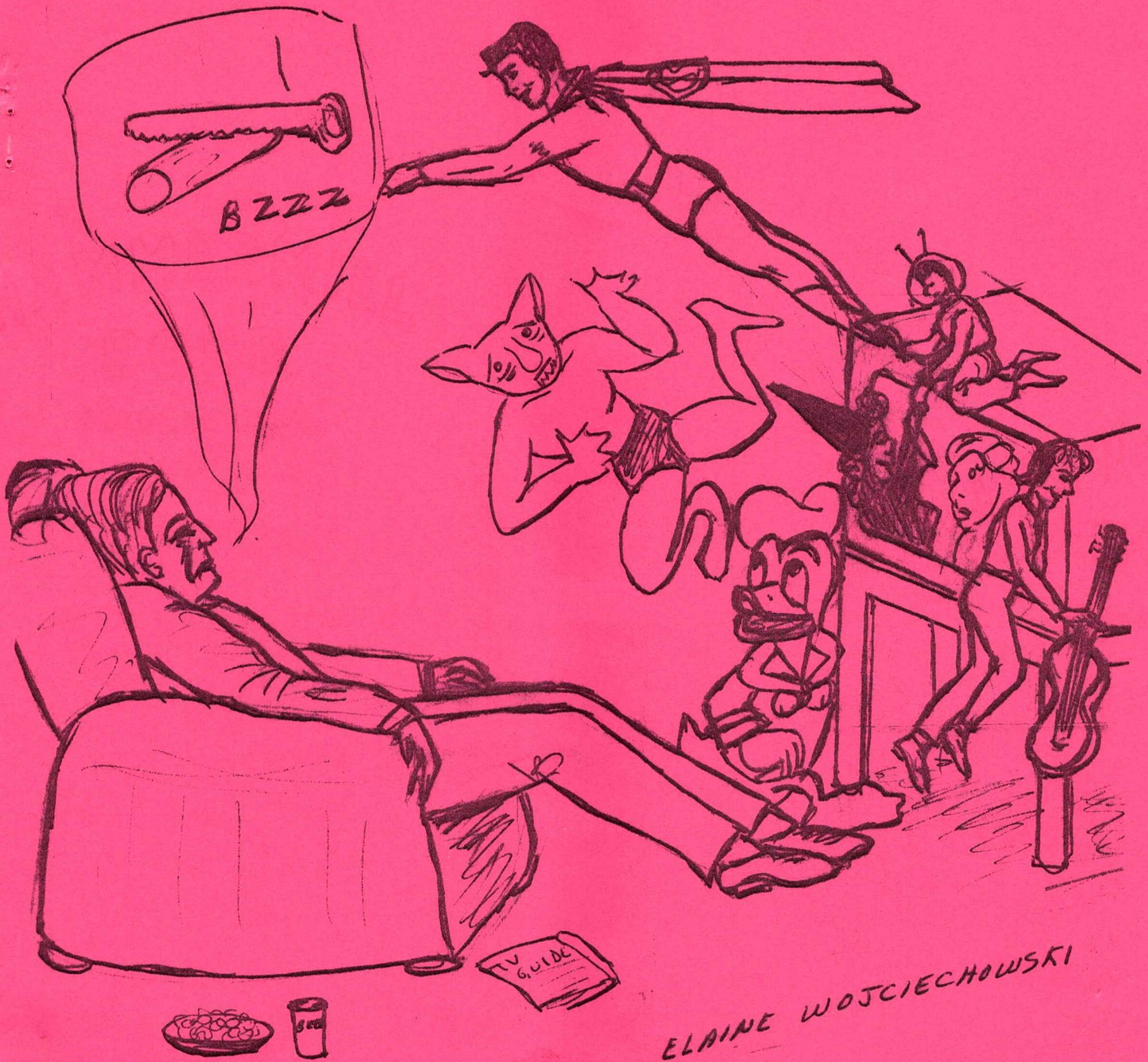


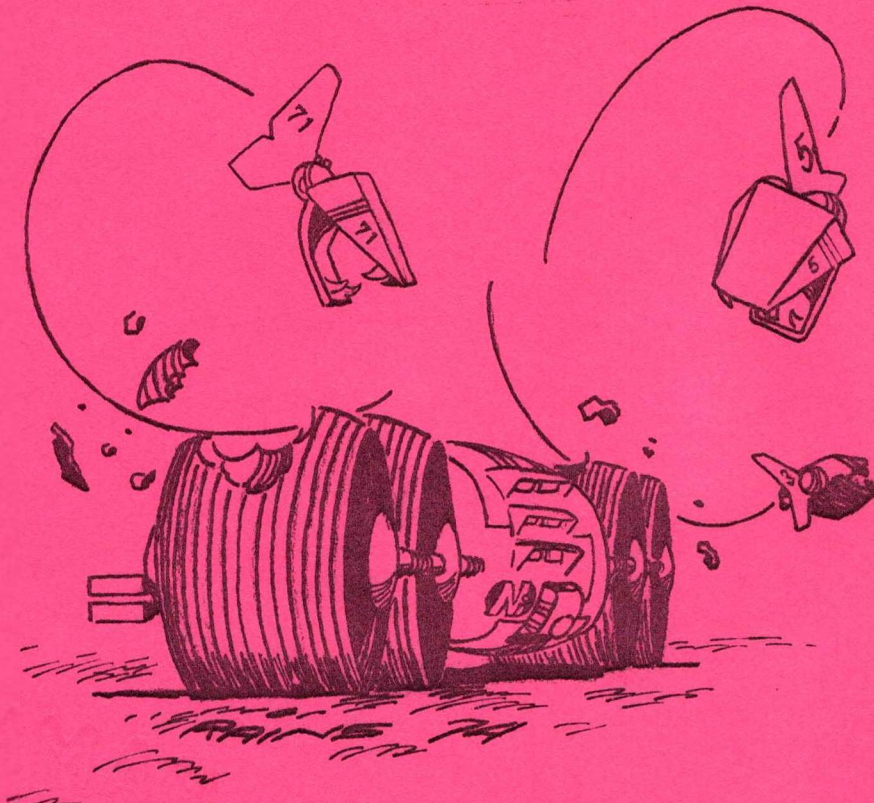
MAYBE 42



ELAINE WOJCIECHOWSKI

6th anniversary
issue

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MAYBE #42
Worlds of Fandom (Oct-Nov 75, ha.)

Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chattanooga Bank Building, Chattanooga, Tennessee 37402
 **75¢, 6/\$3 or strange and unexplained reasons (i.e., if I picked your name off someone else's fanzine or other strange source, YOU sounded interesting and possibly interested in this & I thought you might respond.). Print run 200plus. If there is nothing between your name and the "to" (presuming this was mailed) then this is your last issue. A number indicates that is your last issue. A "T" indicates we trade--there are only about 5 of those left altho there is no guarantee I won't respond to zines sent me.

C O N T E N T S

- Cover by Elaine Wojciechowski, thanks to N3F MsBureau, Donn Brazier current head.
 Page 2 by IMK. Illo above right: David Jenrette. Above left: David Rains.
 3 "My Life on Darkover", by Marion Zimmer Bradley. Geometric doodlings therein and thruout the issue by Steven Beatty.
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 10 "Wandering Stars and Other Thoughts", by Ruth Berman.
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 25 "The Orcs Marching Song", by most every filk in fandom. Art: Jenrette.
 27 Book Reviews by the editor ((who also does comments in double parens thus)).
 28 A Thomas Burnett Swann Bibliography by Bob Roehm.
 30 More babbling by the editor.

 AN APOLOGY TO G. Howard "Buddy" Webster: In MAYBE 39, his letter was printed as saying to the effect that SoVaCon II had happened on a certain date when in fact he wrote it as would happen. It didn't happen as planned at all. My face is red.

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MY LIFE ON DARKOVER.

Or the Series That Grewed

By

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

"Never was born," insisted Topsy.
 "Then where do you suppose you came from?"
 the old lady asked sternly.
 "I 'spect I just grewed," Topsy answered
 UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Most of my troubles with the Darkover series of novels is that it didn't begin as a series...and I wrote each new book, for years, with the firm resolve that this would be the last of the novels about Darkover; that next time I'd get busy and write an original novel, but this time I was too busy, or too lazy, to invent a new world, or a new planet.

I have a friend who has recently sold the first novel of a series, and she confesses to me that she regards all the books in the series, written and unwritten, as a single vast hyper-novel, all plotted out, with each novel a separate episode. For her, as she said, no single episode in any of the novels may ever be allowed to conflict with anything in the vast master plan. Her major criticism of the Darkover series is the many inconsistencies... to mention the simplest, the fact that in the first paperback Darkover book, which was an Ace Double, the four moons of Darkover were referred to in The Planet Savers as reaching a conjunction and multiple eclipses once every 48 years, which coincided with

the outbreak of a devastating plague known as Trailmen's Fever. In the novel on the reverse of that, Sword of Aldones, the four-moon conjunction is spoken of as a yearly event, commemorated by a sort of midsummer festival and grand ball.

This, of course, is no way to write a series. I still remember Tony Boucher's Rocket to the Morgue, where a character referred to as Anson McDonald speaks of his Galactic History series by pointing to a chart on the wall, listing dates and characters and technological accomplishments and so forth, and saying "I couldn't possibly keep the whole thing straight without it, and it's hard enough even with it."

That is probably the way to write a series.

But I never wanted, nor even intended, to write a series. The first hint I ever had that it was even considered a series was when Don Wollheim changed the title of my novel Summer of the Ghost Wind to Darkover Landfall, saying that "Darkover is a known series and a popular one ...and I want the fans to be able to identify it."

I was, to put it mildly, startled and shocked, but I realized that I'd have to take it seriously. I had always thought that the special interest in the Darkover novels was limited to my circle of close personal friends, and I wrote each new Darkover novel rather guiltily, as if I were succumbing both to laziness and to the temptation to write for a few close friends instead of to a wider general audience. And then I woke up and found myself, if not famous, at least widely known for a group of books I'd actually written with a feeling of guilt.

I never expected to have anything like a career in writing. As a kid, I trained to become a singer; meanwhile, knowing that the chances of succeeding anywhere near the top in the performing arts were minimal, even where major talent is involved, I conscientiously attended a teacher's college for a livelihood. Poor health in my middle teens caused me to give up any thought of singing professionally; around the same time I discovered science fiction and fandom, and decided that since I'd always liked to write, this was for me.

I plunged over my head into fandom, and simultaneously started to write fantasy novels. I'd always written enormously; poetry, long historical novels scribbled in "Composition notebooks" in longhand (of which one survives, to my chagrin, in my mother's custody; an embarrassingly bad novel about Roman Britain).

Well, my first essay of this sort was a long and complicated fantasy novel about a telepath ruling caste in a Graustarkian sort of imaginary country/parallel universe which I named Al-Merdin. I called this mess The King and the Sword, and it took me about three years to get it into any-

thing like recognizable shape, during which time I married and dropped out of college. It was full of echoes of the books I liked best: Henry Kuttner's fantasy-adventures in STARTLING STORIES, Robert Chambers' The King in Yellow, the books of A. Merritt (especially The Ship of Ishtar and The Dwellers in the Mirage) and so forth and so on, with a liberal splash of Craus-tark, The Prisoner of Zenda, and similar stuff.

There are some survivals from The King and the Sword even in the most recent Darkover novels. The seven ruling telepath families were collectively known as "Seven-ers" -- a name I wish I had kept, since it is simpler than Seven Domains. The seven families were much as they are now; the Hasturs, the Serre, the Ardais (then spelled Ardes), the Elhaly, and the Aldarans are unchanged. The Leyniers of Armida became the Altons, or Lanart-Altons; the Marceau of Valeron became the Aillard domain, mostly because, after seeing the title of Skylark of Valeron, I felt that E.E. Smith might think I had plagiarized his title. Actually, I suspect that we both got it from the same place -- the Valerii family of Imperial Rome.

Well, after Sam Merwin rejected chapters and outline of The King and the Sword, I decided that it was far too complicated to make a good book, and started out with a much simpler version, which I called Sword of Aldones. I finished this one, and it was rejected, too, as too long, too discursive, and too loosely plotted. So I stuck the whole thing in a drawer, and started writing short stories and novelettes.

In 1954 or thereabouts, one of the first fantasy novels I wrote, a far too slavish imitation of a Kuttner novel, The Dark World, Falcons of Narabedla, was accepted for publication by Ray Palmer, of Shaver Mystery fame. I never got paid for it, but he did print it. Emboldened by this, I submitted the old Sword of Aldones to him, and what do you know, he accepted that too. By this time, I had grown up enough to have a very jaundiced attitude toward Sword, and to feel a certain contempt for an editor who would accept the stupid thing. (This is NOT the version of Sword which appeared in an Ace paperback.)

By then I had pretty well, or so I thought, outgrown fantasy-adventure, and wanted to write science fiction or space adventure. My first sale of this kind -- discounting a few inconsequential short stories -- was Centaurus Changeling. It was in this novel that I invented the "Terran Empire" background which I later used in so many of the Darkover novels. Then I wrote a novel called Seven From the Stars, which was printed in, I believe, AMAZING STORIES. This became my first paperback novel, years later.

Well, during that time, I had written a short novel for Bob Mills -- I think it was VENTURE SCIENCE FICTION -- called Bird of Prey. In this novelette I used some of the elements which were later to be used in the Darkover novels, which has led to a great deal of controversy as to whether The Door Through Space, an expanded, novel-length version of Bird of Prey, is or is not one of the Darkover series. The answer is, of course, yes and no.

The rewritten, simplified version of King and the Sword, which I had called Sword of Aldones, had been laid on an alien planet called Darkover; just lip service to calling it science fiction. I still expected Sword, in Ray Palmer's custody, to be published some day. So this planet I named Wolf, since I had read somewhere that the star Wolf 354 had a visible planet. The Dry-Town scenes were an imitation, blatant I fear, of Leigh Brackett's Mars stories, and Race Cargill, the hero, was all too visibly influenced by Northwest Smith. However, I did use the Terran Empire background which I invented for Centaurus Changeling, and I went back to Falcons of Narabedla, which had been printed and died a-borning in Ray Palmer's semi-professional fanzine-type prozine, to borrow the character of Evarin, the Toymaker.

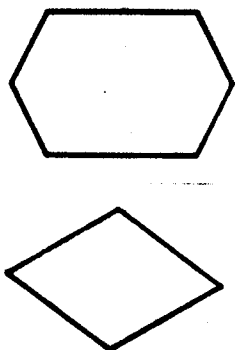
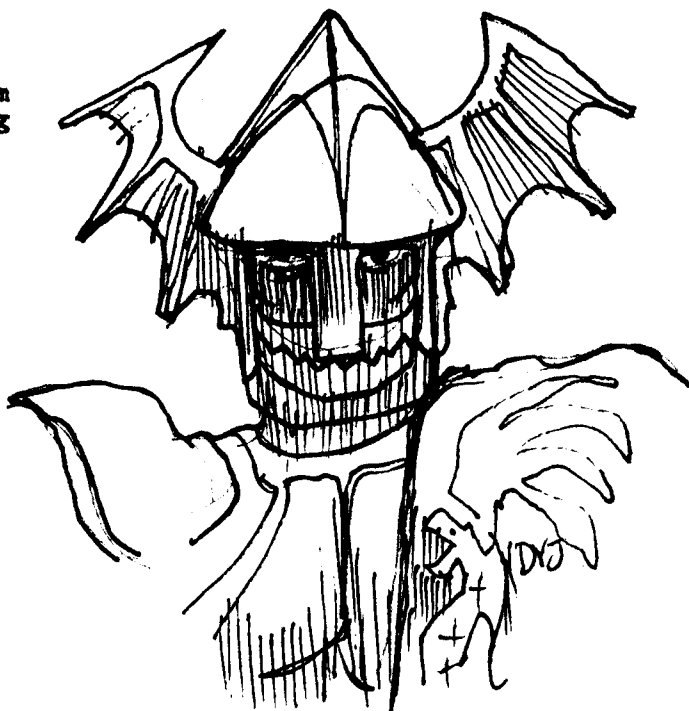
However, the villain-hero of the book, Rakhal, was borrowed, flat out, from Sword of Aldones; he was Rakhal Darriell, called Kadarin. And the hero, Race Cargill, had the terrible facial scars and murderous blood-feud hatred which distinguished Gwynn Leynier, hero of The King and the Sword and The Sword of Aldones.

I managed to write a fairly straightforward story, using the catmen of the Hellers, the two deadly rivals, and some slush about matter-transmitters. It came out like bad imitation Leigh Brackett, but it was the first time I'd managed to plot a straightforward adventure story, and I was proud of it then. At Forry Ackerman's behest, I think, I expanded it into the novel-sized version.

During that period of time, he had loaned me a variety of books and magazines -- I was going mad with loneliness in a small town in Texas -- and had included among them, for my amusement, some fetish-type bondage magazines (BIZARRE, etc.) from the sado-masochistic cult; not quite pornography, but definitely from the sexual underground. Since he was my agent at the time, and he was amused by this kind of thing, I tipped my hat to him by including, in the Dry-Town scenes, some sado-masochistic scenes -- the shegri bet -- and some bondage scenes -- the women with chained hands. (I understand that this sort of thing by female writers is almost unheard-of. I have NO ambition to be known as the female Marquis de Sade!)

Well, Forry sold the novel-length version to a German publisher -- it never appeared in English. When I changed a-

gents in 1959-60 or thereabout, I had lost my carbon of the novel version, and had to re-translate from the German edition into English for submission to Donald Wollheim. At that time, Ace was booming, and publishing lots of books, and Wollheim has always been one to work with beginning writers and build them up. Shortly after that, came Planet Savers, and that was where Darkover really began.



Shortly after Seven From the Stars, in 1959 I think, Cele Goldsmith, who was editing AMAZING at the time, indicated that she would be receptive to another full-length novel. I had always been fascinated by the concept of multiple personality, and when I read Cliff Simak's Good Night, Mr. James, the story of a robot duplicate who was made for a certain dangerous task, so that the original would not be endangered, and was to be destroyed afterward, I thought: Suppose a buried alternate personality was perfect for a certain task? And suppose hypnotic and other techniques could induce buried alternate personalities to emerge when needed? That sounded like a natural for the Terran Empire.

I had, by now, completely lost faith that Sword of Aldones would ever emerge from Ray Palmer's custody; his magazine had not had a single issue in more than two years, and I wrote off Darkover and the seven Domains as a lost cause. However, it occurred to me that the planet I had invented for Sword was an excellent locale for such a story, and promptly built an enormous spaceport on Darkover, located the Terran Empire there, and borrowed a fairly minor character from Sword of Aldones, Regis Hastur, for a representative of the non-Terran world.



I also, alas, for the purposes of that story, invented the fairly unlikely mechanism of the the 48-year eclipse cycle. synchronized with plagues...which I have ignored ever since, but which somebody is always dragging up and demanding that I justify.

About the time Scott Meredith sold Planet Savers to Ace for a reprint, Don Wollheim asked if I had another short novel I could send him for the back of the Ace Double. How different my life would have been, if I had obeyed my first impulse and sent him the F&SF cover novel, The Climbing Wave. Instead, I remembered The Sword of Aldones, withering away on the vine in the dubious custody of Ray Palmer, and decided that this was the moment of decision: Ray would probably never publish it, had never, and probably would never, pay for it. So I wrote to him with an ultimatum; pay for it, publish it, or send it back to me.

He sent The Sword of Aldones back, and I re-read it. It was even more juvenile than I had thought, but it seemed to have possibilities. I'd grown a lot (eight years) since I tucked it away as hopeless, and started trying to write commercial science fiction. I could see exactly why it was hopeless, and I sat down to run it through the typewriter.

I strengthened the conflict between the Terran Empire and Darkover, which was eventually to become the ultimate theme of all the Darkover books. And, because I had already used the theme of the embittered man with the terribly scarred face in Door Through Space, but Lew's personality seemed to me that of essentially a maimed man, "with one cruel stroke of the typewriter I lopped off his hand," as I put it once. I consolidated two separate villains in the Comyn into the single figure of Dyan Ardais; and made what I now believe to be the biggest mistake I ever made in the whole series, killing Callina at the end of the book to give Lew Alton to Dio Ridenow. I ran the whole thing through my typewriter in ten days.

Nothing in my whole career has ever astonished me so much as the enthusiasm with which this book was greeted in one circle -- enough to give it a push for a Hugo. Sword actually reached the voting stage, and came out second. I am not being modest; I cannot, do not, and will never, understand it.

To me it has always been the hastily rewritten, badly plotted, and much too rambling quickie I turned out as a back-up for Planet Savers. I've re-read The Sword of Aldones half a dozen times trying to figure out what it is about the book that people like. I still don't know. There are things I like about it, mainly the fact that the characters were "old friends ..." -- I'd been writing about them, as Seveners, since my early teens. But the plot? And the completely pointless way in which the women switch bodies and iden-

titles? No, I'm sorry, I just don't like this one. I'm rather bemusedly grateful to the readers for liking it, but I guess I'll never know why.

Then I went back to writing hackwork for a living (I was writing sex novels for Monarch, during much of the early sixties, under a variety of pen names, to put myself through college while my first marriage was slowly disintegrating) and forgot all about Darkover. Sometime -- 1963, I think -- Scott suggested I do another novel for Ace. No, it wasn't Scott. Don Wollheim, flying to Dallas-Fort Worth, made

a side trip to Abilene, where I was living then, on purpose to see me (a tremendous compliment!), and asked me if I had anything on hand that he might use.

I had used, as an epigraph for Sword of Aldones, the quotation from Franz Werfel's Star of the Unborn, "The stranger who comes home does not make himself at home, but makes home strange." Wollheim had scissored that bit out, and I found that the phrase haunted me; could a stranger, returning to his familiar home, disrupt it? I had written two or three chapters of a brief sketch about a Darkovan-born half-caste returning after long exile; I type The Bloody Sun at the head of them, and gave them to Don with a brief outline of the plot.

I never had much hope for it, but that summer, when I visited New York, I dropped in briefly at the old Ace offices, and spent a few minutes with Wollheim. He talked about this and that, casually, then said, "We have something by you -- we're going to buy it, of course --" and wnet on immediately to other things.

I don't think any other moment in my whole writing career has ever held as much delight and excitement as that. "We're going to buy it, of course." OF COURSE! Something happened to me then. I'd always been thinking of my own work as amateurish stuff which somehow happened to sell--- except for the confessions and sex books which I'd tailored to formula plots as painstaking, talentless hackwork, a skilled craft for which I could claim to artistic credit, since I felt that this kind of stuff could be turned out by the ream by anyone who could write a literate English sentence. My whole self-image changed that day. The minute Wollheim said that to me, I realized: This is my work. I am a serious working professional, accepted as such, and if I put my mind to it, there is no reason I cannot sell any book I write. I have mastered the craft of plotting, I can make it an art and a profession as well.

Maybe that is why The Bloody Sun has always been my favorite of all my own books; perhaps because for the first time, with this book, I tried to measure and reach the height of my own powers. The actual writing was a nightmare. My marriage, long shaky, and more nominal than anything else, suddenly and abruptly collapsed in a messy

showdown. I was carrying the final semester of work for my bachelor's degree. I had three sex-novel contracts to honor to pay the rent. The doctor put me on tranquilizers because of the disruption of the marriage. And in the middle of the whole thing I developed a horrifying "writer's block" -- the inability to write a single sentence.

However, I had to write it, and I did, which is why I've never taken a writer's block seriously since. I wrote it painfully, sentence by sentence, instead of tearing through a page at a time; I'd struggle through a sentence, find my mind blank, go and iron a shirt, meanwhile saying doggedly to myself, "Come on, now. What happens next? What does Jeff do now?" and then go back and write another sentence. Then, just to make things worse, I fell while doing ballet barre exercises, and dislocated my kneecap, an accident so serious that I went to the hospital on a stretcher, and wore my leg in an Ace bandage for the next four years. (Kneeling is still virtually impossible, and I scream like a banshee if one of my kids gets on my lap and puts weight on the kneecap.)

Well, Bloody Sun somehow got done, and mailed, and finally appeared in print. Re-reading it, to my amazement, I discovered that the part I wrote so laboriously, fragment by fragment, reads as well and swiftly as the parts I wrote in huge flashing pagefuls, as fast as I could type.

Well, I got the degree, and I left Texas, and came to Berkeley, and I married again, and I did commercial stuff to pay the rent, and Scott Meredith got me doing Gothics, and I was writing books at a great rate, Silverberg style -- and when Scott suggested it was about time I try another science fiction novel, I couldn't take the time or energy to invent a new world. The German edition of Planet Savers had come out, and because it wasn't quite long enough to fill up one of those German-language pulp-size reprint magazines, some German hack translator had added an extra chapter to the thing, where the mountain expedition got hung up in a big net, presumably by the trailmen (my German wasn't good enough to read it very well), which gave rise to a fine, amusing illustration, but had nothing to do with my book.

So I decided the next book should be a Darkover book, where I could use that episode of the net and the trailmen; and the result was Star of Danger, where I did the standard teen-age novel, a la Kirk Munro and The Flamingo Feather, only instead of a white boy and an Indian boy, I used a Terran Empire boy and one from Darkover. Because I had used Lew Alton in one book, and his father Kennard in Bloody Sun, I decided to take Kennard back to boyhood and make him the Darkovan.

Well, after Star of Danger, I decided I was done with Darkover for good. It

didn't sell very well, and I figured people had gotten bored with the stories. I had two children somewhat too close together, Walter suffered a long illness, we went broke and had to sell our house, and move to New York to make ends meet. I did Gothics and sex novels and horror stories and everything I could think of, including confessions, to keep body and soul together. The only science fiction I wrote during those dreadful years was a fairly bad novel I called The Brass Dragon, which got reviews so bad I was ready to give up entirely on science fiction. I even took a job on an astrology magazine, which is a whole story in itself. And during that time, Scott Meredith reminded me that I had no presentation out on any kind of novel, and why didn't I try something?

Well, you don't know what boredom is, in supposedly creative work like writing, until you've had to do daily horoscopes, in a monthly magazine, for all twelve signs. My title on the magazine was Features Editor, which meant that I wrote almost all the monthly departments in the magazine; "Women and the Stars," "Hip to the Stars" (a monthly column for astrology for teen-agers), "Occultism for You," "The Astrologer's Bookshelf," and, of course, the damn daily horoscopes, under the title of the "Predict-o-Scopes." Every time I sat down at the typewriter I saw stars. Slog, slog, slog; every month I wrote the equivalent of a full-length novel in word-length alone.

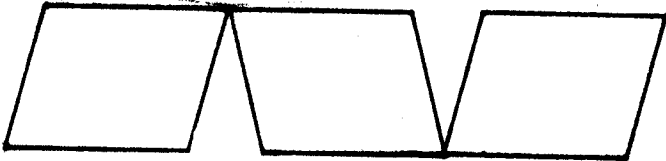
So the idea of doing a good, action-packed adventure story fascinated me, and it occurred to that since, in Star of Danger, I had postulated bandit raids as a common occurrence, this would be a good way to write a fast-action story. For the first time, I decided to abandon completely the background of the Seven Domains, and to lay the story in the mountains, far away from the Domains. I also decided, having just read an Andre Norton novel which I liked (I think it was Ice Crown), to do something I'd never done before -- start with a female protagonist -- a heroine instead of a hero.

For a time, contemplating this story, I debated making the heroine a Free Amazon -- I hadn't used them since Planet Savers -- hired to fight bandits. That didn't seem to jell, somehow, but I still liked the idea of a female protagonist, so I used the fairly hackneyed gambit of a woman captured by bandits, and her escape from their domination.

During my years in New York, I founded the East Kingdom of the Society for Creative Anachronism, and found that there were some people in the Society who liked all my books, "especially the ones about Darkover." That was my first indication that anyone actually regarded the Darkover novels as a separate entity apart from the other books I had written. There was one

young girl, however, who liked Falcons of Narabedla better than anything else I had written, and kept asking when I was going to write a sequel. I couldn't imagine any way to do so, but for Karina's sake, I invented a scientific rationale for the "falcons" (actually I'd snatched them from the Sax Rohmer novel The Day the World Ended), and used them as a way for the Blinded Storn to witness the battle.

Also, it looked like this book was going to be considerably shorter than the length Wollheim had stipulated in his contract; so, to keep the action doing and yet bring it up to proper length, I put in a visit to the Dry Towns...the first time I had used them since Door Through Space, and even though they weren't on the planet called Darkover then, but on the pre-Darkover planet Wolf.



I had a lot of fun writing Winds of Darkover, but I decided enough was enough. I was fairly fed up with science fiction anyhow. I had a whole drawerful of odd random sketches about Darkover/Al-Merdin which I had done for fun, never thinking about making any commercial use of them. But I was through with Darkover. I imagined everyone must be bored with it. I'd think up some original stuff, or give up entirely and write Gothics.

Ever since 1953, I had been remotely thinking about a race of uncannily beautiful, completely alien nonhumans, drawn distantly from the faery folk of Irish and Gaelic legends; forest-dwellers, post-technological, males indistinguishable from females. After reading the Tolkien novels in the late 1950s, I'd begun to think of these strange aliens as being very much like Tolkien's elves; to think that Maeterlinck's Melisande (in his fantasy play Pelleas and Melisande) must have been an inhuman woman strayed out of Faerie; and so forth.

I had used one of these chieri, as I called them, in Star of Danger; and had actually written about half of a short story dealing with the attempts of these people to interbreed with humans, as a way of saving their nearly extinct race. It finally came to me that the chieri were of course a unisex race -- fluid sexuality, operating now in male, now in female



"phase" -- and that this would account for the ambiguous accounts of the elves and fairy-folk in Irish legendry. However, I decided that the sexual element in such a story would make it difficult to write with the kind of taboos current in science fiction. I had no desire to mix pornography and science fiction as Larry Jannifer and, for a while, Phil Farmer, were doing. I've always treated sex very frankly in my books -- Bloody Sun, with its open-end morality in the Towers, frankly scared hell out of me, because I thought I'd violated every taboo in the book -- but I have no interest in the erotically realistic novel which uses all kinds of sexual, male-oriented cues about the sexual beauties of the characters to arouse the interest of the male readers.

(I suggest one absolute cure for an interest in pornographic fiction; write sex novels whose editors decree a pre-determined number of frankly described sex episodes per book. After writing ten or twelve of these, I go to the point where I'd write the book, leave a blank page with the phrase "sex scene -- hetero between Elsa and Mark" [or whoever], then when the book was done and the plot held water, go back and imitate one from Henry Miller or somebody.)

So, anyhow, I'd given up on the idea of ever doing anything about the Chieri, when on a trip to Boskone I confessed my disillusion and disgust with science fiction to Anne McCaffrey, admitting that I was thinking of giving up science fiction entirely... I'd let my SFWA membership lapse, and was thinking of forgetting the whole thing. (This was in the course of one of those "What are you working on now?" conversations which are about the only reason I go to conventions anymore.)

Anne said sympathetically that I mustn't do that, there was still some good science fiction around, and asked if I had read Left Hand of Darkness. I said no, and I didn't intend to; after trying to struggle through a couple of highly-recommended-by-Terry-Carr "Ace Specials," The Black Corridor and And Chaos Died, I'd sworn never, NEVER to read anything else Terry recommended again.

Anne said this one wasn't like that, it was a really good novel, and gave me her own copy, I think, to read. I read it on the plane going home, and was spell-bound. Once I finished it, I gave it to Walter, with glowing recommendations. He wasn't reading much science fiction then, but he read it, and liked it, and he reaction was a very strange one: "Now you've got to write that story about the chieri."

I let the idea simmer in mind a long time, along with the current talk about ecology, and finally came up with a plot idea for World Wreckers... a title supposed to be a vague kind of homage to Ed Hamilton, who had been called, in pulp days, "the

ol' world wrecker," since he destroyed at least a planet, and sometimes a whole solar system, in almost every novelette. The phrase haunted me -- how could anyone wreck a world? Ecological sabotage seemed a very reasonable idea, and it occurred to me that this would be a good way to finish up everything I had to say about Darkover in one fell swoop -- end completely the saga of the Comyn, tie up the series so tight I could never again resurrect it. In short, this was my emotional equivalent of Doyle's maneuver in pitching Sherlock Holmes over the Reichenbach Falls.

Well, I wrote The World Wreckers, and was supprised -- yes, and pleased -- when I received more fan mail on that one book than I had received for all my other twenty-nine or thirty others, all together. I was also surprised, and pleased, when my comment that I meant it to end the Darkover stories, completely and conclusively, was greeted with something like dismay: "Oh, don't do that!" And not only from personal friends, but from virtual strangers.

I think it was about a year after World Wreckers when, discovering that Don Wollheim had left Ace, to start his own publishing compnay, I paid him a courtesy call. He told me, quite irritably, that when he asked for manuscripts, etc., from Scott Meredith, they had sent him "every old reject that's been going the rounds for a dozen years." Specifically, they had sent him an ancient novelette, and a chapters-and-outline of a depressing end-of-the-world story, which I'd thought had been long since retired from circulation. He asked if I'd submit something to him.

Since shortly before Wollheim left Ace I had submitted an outline for a non-Darkover novel, The Endless Voyage, I had hoped Meredith would submit that one to Daw; but to my surprise and a certain chargin, the new editor of Ace expressed interest in it; so I had to do something new for Wollheim. I went home, sat down at my typewriter, and sent him three presentations. One was a quasi-fantasy novel called The House Between the Worlds. He didn't like the plot, and I was very upset, just a few days ago, to discover, when I read Here Abide Monsters, that he had bought an almost identical plot from Andre Norton. [Here Abide Monsters was originally published by Atheneum -- ed.] The second was about a man escaping from a prison planet, who is betrayed by a confederate and sold to the mysterious race of "Hunters" who make a fetish of hunting bigger and better prey from all over the Galaxy -- and humans were the fiercest. He said that prison planets were passe, and he was sick to death of them.

The third was an outline of the first landing on Darkover -- what had changed a crew of technologically oriented space-

travelling people into a psi-oriented non-technological culture in about two thousand years? I called it The Summer of the Summer of the Ghost Wind, and Wollheim bought it, promptly changing the title to Darkover Landfall -- which is where I came in.

He did buy the "Hunters" story about six months later, when I altered the "Prison planet" beginning, making it a kidnapping of the "Bermuda Triangle disappearances" type. He also told me, in so many words, that the Darkover series had a following, and he would like to see more of them. This is why Spell Sword, the one on the stands now, is the first of the Darkover books to be written deliberately as a book in a series.

Not too long after Spell Sword, I decided to write another Darkover novel; this one because at least two dozen people had asked me for a run-down of the events culminating in the Sharra rebellion; why Lew Alton hated Kadarin with a deadly hatred, his love affair with Marjorie Scott, etc.

Also, shortly before leaving Texas, I had written, for my amusement during a slack season, about a dozen chapters of a "Sevener" story which I had called Insolence, mostly an attempt to find out how Dyan Ardais got that way. A few friends of mine had read the book, raved about it, and repeatedly kept badgering me to finish it and try to get it printed. Since I believed the book had NO commercial possibilities, I ignored them. However, shortly before Christmas of 1973, I found myself haunted by the idea of actually writing the story of the Sharra rebellion at last, and decided to combine it with Insolence for my own amusement.

About February 1974 I received a query from Wollheim -- was I working on anything these days? -- and I mentioned a few other things. I also mentioned the one I was doing, but told him I didn't think he would like it, as it was not an adventure story, but was discursive, too long, and dealt mostly with the private life of telepaths. To my surprise, he was interested, going so far as to say he would consider it a personal affront if I offered it anywhere else.

Well, the damned thing turned out almost twice the length of anything else I'd ever written, and seemed, at least to me, to have stamped roughshod over every taboo in the whole science fiction business, but I told myself, Wollheim asked for it, and if he doesn't like it he can always return it and ask me to do something else. Instead, he bought it, and paid for it, and I suspect that it will be out sometime in 1975. It's called The Heritage of Hastur.

Will there be more Darkover novels? Oh, sure. I'm sure there will. I want to write a novel about the Free Amazons, for instance. And people keep asking me if Lew Alton ever came back to Darkover after the Galaxy-wide search for telepaths

in World Wreckers. And what, they ask me, about his daughter Marja, who was a telepath even at age six? And what about Keral's child?

Well, what about them? I don't know. I never know what a book is going to be about until it walks out of the darkness at the back of my mind somewhere and says, "Hey, write me." In her biography, Too Strong for Fantasy, Marcia Davenport (author of Lena Geyer, and various other novels) speaks of the moment when she looks at some idea, newspaper clipping, or anecdote, and something like a strong light goes on inside, when she finds herself thinking, There's a book here. I do, sometimes, sit down in cold blood and say, what can I write my next book about? But let's be honest. More often than not, this results in utter inanities and failures like The Brass Dragon. I don't exactly "wait on inspiration." Ideas come to me often. But unless something in the idea "lights," the book is going to be hopeless pedestrian rubbish, good to pay the rent and not much good for anything else.

And I'd rather do that with Gothics, or anything else. For me, science fiction is still something special, something for which I reserve my best ideas, trying to spill them out prodigally into the cosmos in the hope that some of them will roost in the hair of some genius who can do something about them. And, let's be honest, Darkover, which I love so much, which I have been so diffident about sharing, is to my science fiction as my science fiction is to the run of my commercial work; the essence, the quintessence, my most personal and best-loved work.

I'm so glad somebody out there loves it too.

THE END

MZB



Decoration by Howard Pyle for The Story of King Arthur and His Knights.

**note that Anson McDonald is the pen name once used by Robert Anson Heinlein. The McDonald part is either his wife's maiden name or that of some relative. I had the info once but it is probably lost in 12 years of junk or has gone OUT with some of same. I also had a copy of the WIERD TALES, I think, in which the story was published-- but it to has gone the way of what I no longer had room to keep.(sold).

And, I was asked to publish the following part of her letter-- done most gladly,

"FREE AMAZONS OF DARKOVER, currently in press, runs concurrently with SPELL SWORD, dealing with the very early period of Terra on Darkover. In PLANET SAVERS, the Free Amazons were shown as cooperating with the Terran Medical Service; STAR OF DANGER was the first real breakthrough of a close and acknowledged friendship between a Terran and a Comyn heir --Larry Montray and Kennard Alton. In FREE AMAZONS, the Terran Co-ordinator's son, Wade Montray, is Larry Montray's father, although presumably this book occurs well before he has met Larry's mother. I am currently considering two other books, one of which deals with the first re-discovery of Darkover by the Terrans; the other deals with Keral's child, the return of Lew Alton's daughter Marja to Darkover, and possibly the successor to Regis Hastur. There has also been a sequel written to SPELL-SWORD, but this is not at present in commercially publishable form and I am debating whether to revise it to commercial standards with an action plot, or whether it might not be of interest to various Darkover fans to publish it myself as it stands, a long and honored fannish tradition. There will also be a Darkover Concordance published some time next year and probably available around the time of the Kansas City convention in '76.

/s/

...Marion Bradley Breen"

-oOo-

((The following material is from NO, the fanzine of Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, MN 55417. Reprinted with her permission and Copyright 1975 by Ruth Berman. In the issue it came from were also some comments along the same line by Ben Indick. Somewhere I have a copy of his personalzine(& permission to reprint, I think)discussing the subject at very great length. My religion you ask? Probably in the same situation as the protagonist of Poul Anderson's THE BYWORLDER, but....))

*** **

WANDERING STARS(ed. Jack Dann), AND OTHER THOUGHTS ON JEWISH/OTHER-RELIGIOUS SF
by Ruth Berman

WANDERING STARS is a collection of Jewish sf and fantasy stories. It maybe doubles the number of Jewish sf stories. (And Gerry Wassenaar was thanked for the loan of the copy. I have this taboo against buying hardcover books while unemployed.)

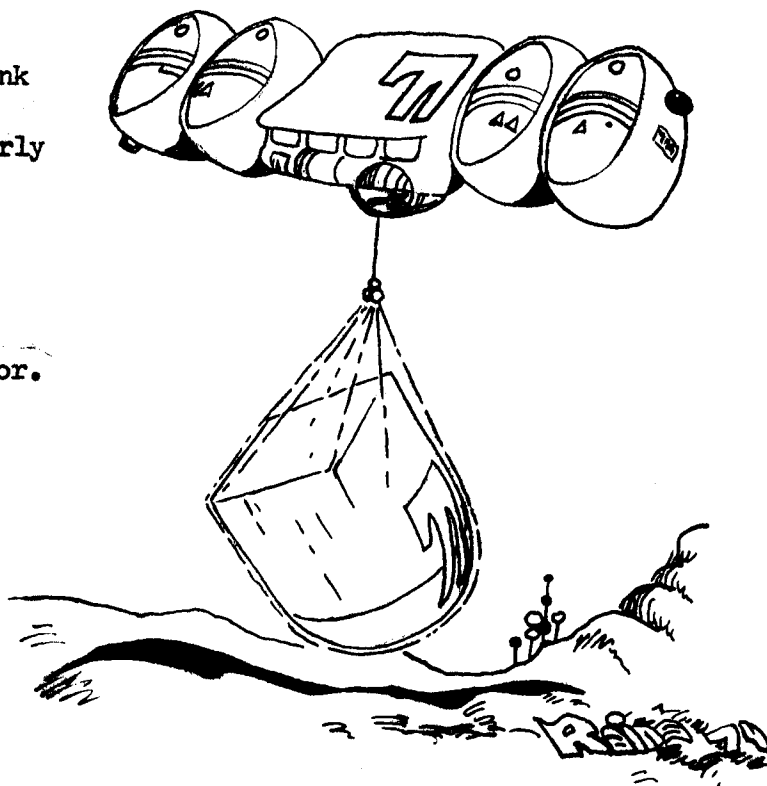
The anthology does not, alas, contain Phyllis Gotlieb's "Son of the Morning,"* the story which set me off on a discussion of this same topic back in NO #10(Yes, there are back copies @35¢ or 3/\$1), and which is still my favorite of all Jewish sf stories, tied only with Avram Davidson's "The Golem." It also has a fantasy by Isaac Bashevis Singer ("Jachid and Jechidah"), whose work I discussed briefly in that article; Dave Hulan discussed Singer at more length in his "Reaction" in NO #11. (Maybe I should finish up bibliographing this topic in NO by saying that Horace L. Gold's letter pointing out the Jewish values of his "The Trouble with Water" was in NO #14 and this is #16.) The anthology has a couple stories mentioned in these assorted earlier NO articles & reader letters; Carol Carr's "Look, You Think You've Got troubles;" and Isaac Asimov's "Unto the Fourth Generation;" plus Gold's story above. There are some other fantasies reprinted: Davidson's "Goslin Day" and Bernard Malamud's "The Jewbird;" Of the remaining stories, "Street of Dreams, Feet of Clay" by Robert Sheckley and "Gather Blue Roses" by Pamela Sargen, are reprints but new to me, and the rest seem to have been written for the anthology: William Tenn's "On Venus, Have We Got a Rabbi;" Robert Silverberg's "The Dybbuk of Mazel Tov IV;"** Geo. Alec Effinger's "Paradise Lost;" and Harlan Ellison's "I'm looking for Kadak!"

Just about all of these stories are great fun to read--well, four of the five fantasies (Davidson, Malamud, Singer, and Asimov), although touched by sardonic humor, are too somber to be called "fun," so I'll just call them good. The only story which doesn't seem to me to work at all is the one sombre-toned sf story, "Gather Blue Roses," which is a variation on the theme of the pain of being a telepath and responsive to everyone else's pain, a theme which here is supposed to tie in with the theme of Centuries of Jewish Suffering, and specifically with the experience of the telepath's mother as a prisoner in a concentration camp. But the comparison of the two themes seems forced. The heroine's awareness of the other people's pain telepathically doesn't seem to add anything to what she already knows nontelepathically from her mother. Normally, a writer uses fantasy (or sf) as a symbol for experiences which cannot be adequately described in realistic terms-- for instance, if the feeling of awe while looking at stars is too intense to get across by writing about looking at stars, you're likely to start writing stories about star travel. But in this case I suspect the experience is too big for the symbol--telepathy isn't an adequate symbol for a Nazi concentration camp. Aside from this story, all the sf in the collection is humorous and charming.

But, oddly enough, even though I enjoyed all the other stories, I don't think the anthology works as a whole.

One reason is obvious--with nearly all the fantasies in one emotional tone, and nearly all the sf in one emotional tone, the thing gets monotonous. The humorous sf, especially, has a similarity of tone, being not only humor but nearly all farcical, slapstick humor.

But another reason... Mel Gilden's review in LOCUS pointed out that most of the stories involve Jews who talk "English with a mittle-European twist," and he complained that even if the average American Jew talks like that now (dubious enough assumption),**it's ridiculous to suppose that it will be so forever and ever. (Actually, the average American Jew doesn't talk with a mittle-European twist --most Jews by now are natives and have no accent and only as much Yiddish as one picks up from watching tv --or, for the more scholarly, from reading Malamud, Singer, et al. There is, indeed, among that large group of Jews living in NY a New York accent which has become identified with Judaism, but is native to the region. When I first read "The Trouble with Water," years ago, I completely missed the fact that the hero was Jewish -- because the language patterns intended to convey "Jewish family in NY" were more typical of New Yorkers than Jews. The particular set-up of family tensions --meek little papa, dominating mama, single child being pushed toward marriage---is thought to be typical of Jewish families, Actually, it's a common pattern in all cultures, but I suppose it may have been found a little more often among Jewish families, because Judaism is a religion which emphasizes the family unit. I think, though, that it's probably ceasing to be a particularly Jewish set of traits--I don't see it in the families I know, although from what I've heard it seems to have been in common in the preceding



generation, the generation of the immigrants. The anxiety of succeeding in a strange world maybe has more to do with it than religion.)

But getting back to Mel Gilden's complaint of futuristic Jews speaking a current day comedian's idea of Jewish speech.... I think he's right, although not entirely on the ground of verisimilitude. In the stories by Tenn, Carr, and Ellison, the impossibility of finding those history-bound conventions of speech so far in the future is precisely part of the joke. Unfortunately, by the time you get to Ellison at the back of the book--or even Silverberg, midway through, and even including a fairly plausible explanation for why this particular group preserves archaic social patterns--you are sick of the shtick (or at any rate, I am, and evidently Mel Gilden was). In two of the stories the type of humor is less farcical, and the background is presented in terms of a semi-plausible "if this goes on" speculation. The whole humor of "Street of Dreams" depends on the making plausible the idea that a computer programmed to take care of people would come out sounding just like the stereotype Jewish Mother--but the similarity is not made plausible, it's simply given. In Effinger's story, the Yiddiskeit of the young woman struggling to preserve Jewish tradition is implausible--in the terms given, she should be aping Hebrew, not Yiddish (in the same way and for the same reasons that present day Israelis do). If there's something in her culture that makes her choose Yiddish as more valuable than Hebrew, then that something needs to be shown to the reader.

Gilden asked, "Is there no way to make a Jew different from his goyish counterparts without making him talk as if he's just gotten off the boat from Europe?" Story by story, it's an unfair question, but in terms of the anthology as a whole it's fair to ask why the stories depend so heavily on the device, and there's no easy answer, because it's the old question--what is a Jew? Several of the stories take up that question, but from the insider's view--"To a Jew, is a Jew?" In those terms, in a sort of catch-22 to being Jewish which goes like this: Judaism is an ancient and beautiful cultural heritage, well worth preserving, whether you are religious or not. So if you are Jewish you should remain so; assimilation is a form of suicide. But the heart of Judaism, that without which the tricks of language and cooking habit and violin playing are meaningless, is religion. So if you are Jewish you should be religious, whether you are religious or not.

Through this kind of reasoning, many people do actually talk themselves into believing a religion they don't believe. That's one answer to "What is a Jew?" The easiest answer is for those who are religious in the first place and not caught in the catch 22. But I suspect that the average American Jew is an un-believing Jew--and certainly the average Jewish sf writer is. For the non-believer, using Jewish beliefs is as much an exercise in alien characterization as using Christian ones. So, if you don't believe and can't force belief for the laudable purpose of making yourself different from everyone else--then what, if anything, does make you different, and is anything worth writing a story about?

Well, of course, Judaism can have the same kind of story values that Christianity does for a non-religious writer--a symbol for transcendent experiences (even star travel may be too small a symbol for the beauty of the stars--sometimes God makes a better symbol). Or it may be a symbol for historical continuity, the problems of being oneself yet keeping alive one's ancestors, the problem of being a "stranger in a strange land." But, curiously, neither of these will necessarily result in something identifiably Jewish. If it's the transcendental quality that's wanted, Christian images may be more suitable than specifically Jewish ones, as more comprehensible to a majority of the audience, or images from an invented religion or one culturally distant may be even better. The theme of STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND is one of the major themes of all sf, and you don't have to be Jewish to use it (cf. Heinlein).

And what does all this wind up leaving that's specifically Jewish and best symbolized by Judaism for a writer to work with, except such sociological accidents as the funny speech patterns? Well, there are more important sociological accidents. One characteristic of the Jew's traditional role of "outsider" has been the awareness of being an outsider, to be self-mocking because of being

aware that one's self is not the "norm", so the Jew winds up questioning his own normality and teaches others to question theirs too. That's one type of artistic perception and obviously valuable. But by now it's become more a matter of cliché than real perception.

I think at this point it would be more valuable to go back to the other side of it--to perceive oneself as ordinary and to make readers aware that this, too, is a type of the normal. But I don't know of any examples in sf.

It wouldn't be easy to do. Religious sf of any kind is not easy--although the excellence of such books as CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ sometimes makes it seem as if it ought to be easy. (Or maybe just--if it gets done at all, it must be good.) But consider the fascinating failure of the three stories in AN EXAULTATION OF STARS, edited by Terry Carr. It has three stories involving religious and transcendental experience in sf settings, by Robert Silverberg, Roger Zelazny, and Edgar Pangborn. It's an interesting idea, and all three attempts make interesting reading, but I don't think any of them quite work. In the Silverberg and Pangborn stories, the sf is irrelevant. Any guilt would do to make Silverberg's protagonist need the worship of "The Feast of St. Dionysius," not necessarily the guilt of being the only survivor of the first human exploration of Mars. "My Brother Leopold" is a Joan of Arc figure with Francis of Assisi's philosophy; he could be martyred in the Middle Ages as easily as in a future Dark Ages. (If we're supposed to draw any ironic conclusions from the fact that Joan's church martyred a warrior and Leopold's a pacifist, it's not clear in the context.) In Zelazny's "Kjwall'kje'k'koothail'kje'k," the sf/detective story is fascinating, but the transcendent experience which convinces the (sort of) murderer she must protect a particular dolphin's particular favorite spot and convinces the detective that she was right doesn't seem to me to come across, and I'm not even sure it's necessary to have such an experience to convince them that they should protect dolphins.

Then there's STRANGE GODS, ed. Roger Elwood, with an introduction by George Zebrowski arguing that "in all story lengths [religious] themes elicit strong reactions, often drawing the best work from a writer." Maybe, but often the worst work, too. I couldn't get through it, so can't review it properly. But the stories I read in it all seemed to me pretty dull, repeats of ideas done better in other stories.

Another note: or, Jewry is in the Eye of the Beholder.

Actually, I'm not being quite fair in my description of incidental traits. It's not just a matter of cooking and talking. There are various ethical and philosophical attitudes which are said to be typical of Jews (I'm not sure they are typical, but the critics make out a plausible case): a belief in bettering an individual's life through sociological development instead of personal salvation (cf. "Messianic Age" vs. "Christ"), an attitude which fits in with the usual assumptions of sf anyway; a reverence for learning (sometimes including a reverence for imagination and creativity--sometimes not); a definition of manhood (aka menshlikeit) which stresses responsibility towards others, sensitivity, kindness, instead of machismo (despite the fact that the religion per se is typically male-chauvinist, as indeed most old religions are--that's one of the problems with the Glories of an Ancient Heritage, there's so much worry about the baby that it gets awfully hard to throw out the bathwater; it's interesting to speculate as to whether the concept of menshlikeit grows out of the religious stress on the importance of the family or the quasi-feminine role of the outsider, weak/clever/unreliable-but-necessary, inherent in living as an alien in the strongly military medieval Christian societies.).

These ethical emotions (if I can describe them so) make up a Way of Life (maybe) which can (maybe) be supported by nonreligious Jews, thus avoiding the catch 22 of the seeming either/or alternative of assimilation or complete religiousness. But here again I seem to be getting back to the idea that really "Jewish" sf is probably not often recognizably "Jewish," but only "humane." Which isn't such an only, after all.

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Lost King's Ransom Mine

-16-

a fragment for "A Territorial Lad"

by ROGER McCAIN

The old woman smiled an evil-benign smile as she sat down by the fire, opposite them. She rocked, back and forth, looking off at the dark ceiling as if trying to remember the story she had promised them. Jemmy Preen nodded, half-asleep, then caught himself and sipped at his hot tea. The old woman began to talk. Haig's eyes burned like the flickering fire as he listened.

Most folks know little about the Lost King's Ransom Mine. They know that it's a mighty rich mine, somewhere in the North Darian Blizzard mountains, found, and lost, by Lawrence Ransom. Lawrence Ransom, they called him "Lost Lonnie." He wandered off once when he was little, stayed gone for five, six days. When he was found he said he had never been lost, he had been prospecting. Imagine that from a nine-year-old boy. So they called him Lost Lonnie from there on, just to spite him. He was obsessed with gold and jewels, never lived for anything but hunting for a mine. Found one, finally. So rich they called it the King's Ransom Mine, and rightly. It could ransom a dozen kings. But that's all most folks know. There's tales enough. Some folks say that Lonnie Ransom's ghost haunts that mine. Others say that Ransom is still alive, living back east in Soul Support. Both stories are true. Now here is how that came about:

Maybe you don't know just what treasure the Lost King's Ransom Mine contains. Most folks don't. Some say silver, some copper, and some gold. Hard-headed practical folk say lead, like at Orespur. Those are all guesses. What the mine contains is much more precious than all those things. It contains the Stones of Power. Now, you must know about the Stones of Power, to understand how Lonnie Ransom came to be a ghost, and it may be you don't. The Stones of Power are of five kinds:

Haig made a motion as if to tell her to hurry on with the story, but she was not to be stopped.

They are of five kinds:

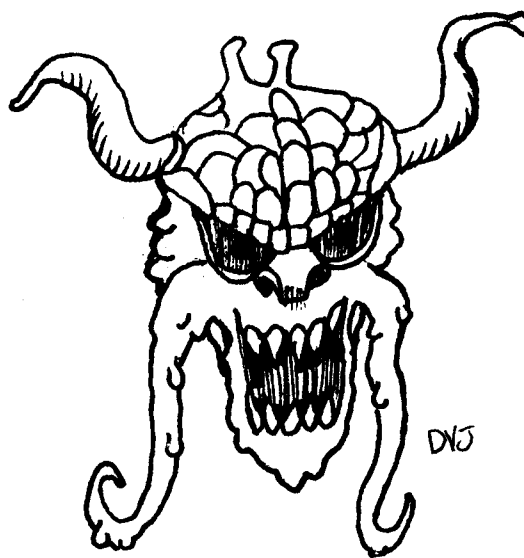
Stones of Dominance, which command the sprites and elemental spirits and the Demons, and bind those terrible spirits to obey the will of the possessor of the stone. These are black, yet glowing stones.

Stones of Fortune, which command the laws of chance and the forces of good luck, green, glowing stones.

Stones of Command, which give control over men, and impel them into the most terrible risks of war. These are red stones, with a sooty red glow like an ember.

Stones of Escape, which confound the intellect and the eyesight of men, beast or oracles, and give escape from any pursuit however dread the Power. These are amber, glowing stones.

Lastly, **Stones of Presence**, glowing crystal stones which bind forever to a spot the soul of a dying man.



Each of the Stones of Power gives its gift just once. Take it in hand, and cast it away. The glow dies, and the thing that is left is nothing but a pebble. But the Power of the Stone is conferred on him who casts it away. The Stone of Dominance gives its user power over whatever Spirit is closest at hand, power to give one command which cannot be disobeyed. 'Tis said that the Wizard Alchemist Kytharos first discovered the Stones, and to his eternal Sorrow. He knew by the glow that the black stone must have some eerie significance. He tried by it to conjure up the Sabbath Goat, but having no success, he grew angry. He took the stone and threw it at the wall, hard as he could. He saw the light go out as it left his hand, and he was puzzled by that. He muttered, "I'll be damned" . . . and so he was, for Baphomet was near at hand after all.

Folks knew about the stones before Lonnie Ransom found his mine, for they would be found in the river silt. So a man would gain a day in which he could not lose at gambling, a force of men who'd follow him into hell for one mission, escape from the husband of one (just one) complaisant lady, or . . . or a terrible eternal revenge on just one enemy. That's what the mine contained: the mother lode of the Stones of Power.

How Lonnie Ransom found the mine, nobody knows who can tell. Likely he just happened on it. It was like he found his life. All those years he had heard that spiteful name, all those years he had not lived for anything above the ground, and nothing under it but treasure, all meant something when he found that mine. He didn't even go back to the city to get provisions—just lived off the land and dug out those stones, building up a great cache of them in his lean-to (he laid them on that cache real gentle-like), and digging down and back into that mountain. He took the Stones of Dominance and called up Demons and gave them this command: "Guard this spot day and night forever, letting no man pass unless I so require." Just one command, mind.

He built a rickety stairway down into that pit of a mine, and he carried his stones out in a leather poke. The deeper he got, the more stones he found. The more he found, the deeper he dug. Finally, one day, he was climbing up that stairway with a big poke full of treasure and a step collapsed. He started to fall. Waved his arms around, trying to get his balance, and he finally even threw that poke away, but it did no good. He fell, with stones of every color tumbling down behind him. Screaming the one word, 'No!' he fell to his death.

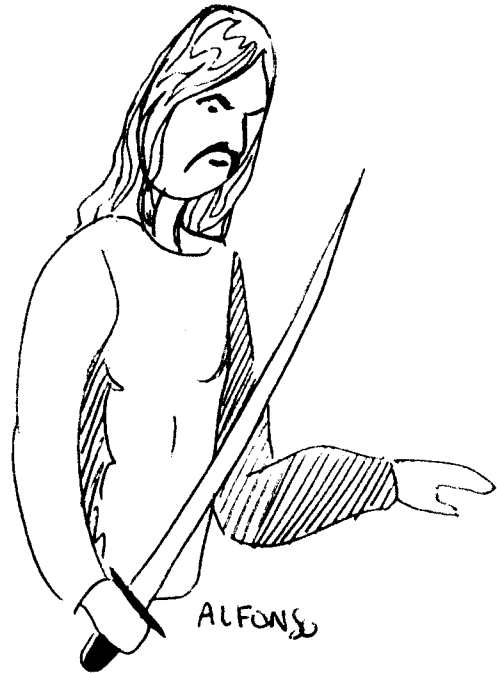
He had thrown that bag of stones away. Some of them were black stones, and they gave him command over the demon nearest at hand. That demon was the one called Harvester: he who collects the souls of those who die. Lonnie Ransom had given his command as he fell. That 'No!' had countermanded death. The Harvester was bound by that command. Indeed, the Harvester was doubly bound, for another of the stones in that poke was amber in color. It gave Lonnie Ransom the Power to escape pursuit, even that pursuit which is ordinarily the last pursuit of all. And if the Harvester was doubly bound, yet he was caught in a dilemma: for Lonnie, too, was bound. One of those stones that he threw away had been a crystal Stone of Presence, and Lonnie Ransom's soul was bound forever to the spot where he had fallen and died. Had that not been so, then it were simple enough for the Demon who Harvests the Souls of Men to return that one soul to the body from which it had fallen like ripe fruit. Now it was not so simple. Lost Lonnie's soul was lost indeed, and never to be moved either into his body or into Hell.

That poor body was broken and torn. The Harvester reasoned that even if the soul should be returned to such a body, it would be no more than hours until the soul would wander off again. So the Harvester took from his great Bag a soul that he had collected from another mortal man, not long before. For, even though it be unseemly for a body and a personality to be animated by a soul not its rightful own, yet, the Harvester reasoned, the time would not be long until another death would right the wrong. But the Harvester was wrong.

Remember the Stone of Escape. The Harvester was pursuing now by stratagem. But whether the pursuit be by speed or stratagem, Lonnie must escape.

Having obeyed the geas on him, the Harvester departed—not far away, as Demons reckon these things. But he miscalculated. One of the stones in Lonnie's poke had been a green Stone of Fortune, and fortune now began to turn for Lonnie Ransom. By fortune, a stranger was wandering by outside. By fortune, the stranger was a sometime military surgeon, drummed out of the Borderers for drink. By fortune, he was sober.

One other thing the Harvester had forgot. One of those stones Lonnie had thrown away had been a red stone, a Stone of Command. Loyalty is often useless without fortune, but Lonnie had fortune too. By fortune, he stirred to fleeting consciousness enough to say "Help me!" By fortune, a trick of the wind carried the command to the stranger, the surgeon, although the place he rested was hardly within shouting distance of the mine on ordinary days. By the Red Stone the stranger was bound to obey. More: that command was binding on the Demons who guard the place, and they must let the stranger pass. So Lonnie Ransom was hauled out of his mine and healed.



Lonnie returned to his home in Soul Support and has never gone prospecting again. Here is a thing that puzzles me: he remembers nothing about the Lost King's Ransom Mine. I do not know why he would forget. Perhaps the Harvester took those memories from him for some reason no mortal could understand. Or, perhaps, this new soul of Lonnie's is not so driven and obsessed as the other was, and so all the memories that had clung to that obsession were gone with the old, lost soul. Or perhaps it was because he struck his head when he fell.

However that may be, Lonnie Ransom is a banker now. He lives in Soul Support, the territorial capital. No one can dispute that those things are true. But it is true also that in the North Damn Blizzard Mountains, Lonnie Ransom's soul is bound forever to the spot where he fell and died. Lost Lonnie's ghost haunts the Lost King's Ransom Mine, and sometimes it haunts Lawrence Ransom's dreams as well.

The old woman rocked, back and forth. Jemmy was wide awake, and his tea had gone cold. Haig stared off into the darkness lost in thought—so lost in thought, in fact, that he never asked the woman how she knew. □

((The following article Copyright 1974, Steven Beatty, & reprinted with his permission from PHOTRON, 1662 College Terrace Dr., Murray, KY 42071. 40¢ a cy. Murray, by the way, is just over into KY, about 30-40 minutes drive North of where I once lived. Eysman was last reported in Union City, TN, also over in West TN.))

WANDERWOODS AND THE WONDER

Barry Eysman

"A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eyes and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad."

--from "Lock Not in My Eyes" by A. E. Houseman
(from A Shropshire Lad, 1896)

Had the above lines been Thomas Burnett Swann's, the lad in question most probably would not have been punished for his narcissism. Indeed, the chances are quite good he would have been rewarded for it. But the end result would be a realization and not a metamorphosis. It would be an acknowledgement of his heritage, a humanoid one. It would be a recognition of shadows of Wanderwooders in a golden age on the island of Crete and of those who inhabited that Circean world: Satyrs, Dryads, Minotaurs, and Panisci. And the fragile strength and bewitching otherness such awareness would encompass.

Very likely, my hypothetical variation of Houseman's young boy by way of Swann would be similar to Jonathan, son of the siren Ahinoam, in Swann's latest novel, How Are the Mighty Fallen. The lapis lazuli-dusted wings, stunted though they might be, would already be

on his back; no transmutation would be necessary for their sprouting. However, after looking at his beauty and understanding the misty haze of those different beings who are of his kind, those wings would become symbols of pride instead of shame. In this sense, there is a transformation, mental and emotional.

As for zapping the boy into the form of a jonquil, this would seem to be anathema to Swann's credo. Though he might have festooned his creation's golden hair with the narcissistic flowers, amidst yellow gagea and dew-sparkled maple leaves. And of course a host of turtle doves would be there to coo his awakening; a tintinnabulation of prophetic bells would wind-chime with adulation.

The lad would be a "princely paradox," in Swann's words; strong and sure, supple and dreaming. His eyes would be some other where; his heart

would be easily broken. And, like those unique few who belong to E. M. Forster's "aristocracy," he would never fail to find time to love. Swann's dream-character would learn not to apologize for the direction in which his heart takes him, for how can affections, especially those of a godling, be in Hades' domain?

For all the differences between Swann's works and the Houseman poem, I feel that it is not incorrect to couple them. For on an ethereal level, in a more complex spectrum, there is a bridge between them. It is a bridge of delicacy and dignity. It is one made of tender wants and the hurts that seem to come from the imprisoned desire. There is a strong sense of nature and verdant comeliness and the living beings entwined within her protective arms, transcending the sybarite culture (and I use the word advisedly) of apathy and aimlessness.

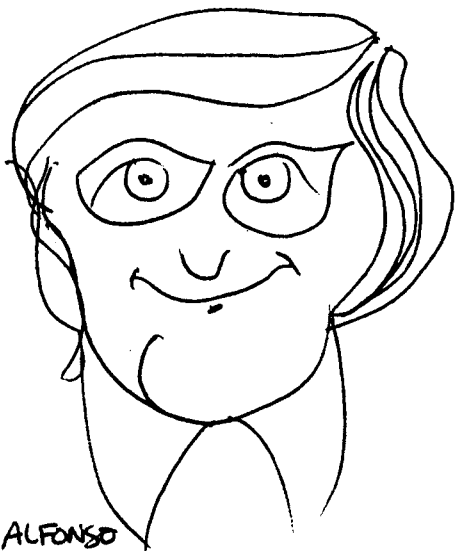
Swann does not ask justification of his fanciful prehumans; neither does he make them moralizing symbols devised only to transmit the author's own ideas. No, they seem real (and I sincerely hope they were at one time, and somehow in some

hidden Underworld still are), and they touch deep responses and chords.

Their world is constantly on the brink of chaos, but there is a bravery about these Wanderwooders, and there is joy and laughter about them. Zestful Eunostos, bewitched by dryad Kora who is in turn entranced by human Aecus; Telchin Bion's touching affection for minotaur Eunostos; Eunostos' hauntingly brave attempt at reclaiming his two Zeus-children (and his success in The Forest of Forever's prequel Day of the Minotaur); Mellonia's courageous devotion to her half-breed son, Cuckoo, product of her affair with human Aeneas in Green Phoenix; Skimmer's infatuation with Erinna and her reunion with her ancient satyr Greathorn in Wolfwinter: pieces and parts of the shimmering tapestry shining all melancholy and tender. All alight with Swann's fluid poetic prose and his enormous compassion.

Most of his works seem to involve half-breed children from the affairs of humans and humanoids. And in some instances the children suffer; not because of sins of their parents: they committed no sins. The suffering comes from the world about them, quick to condemn and punish. Swann finds life hardly so simple or simple-minded. There are no clear-cut villains in his works, except possibly the Bee-people and the White Ones. But the reader ends feeling more pity for them than hate or anger. As Erinna pitied Tages in Wolfwinter, so, it seems to me, Swann is asking us to look past the surfaces to those imprisoned within, who perhaps feel much remorse for what they do.

Upon re-reading Swann's mystical works, I come away



ALFONSO

with a feeling of innate gentleness and a desire to explore hidden facets of myself that I have covered for protection from society's shrapnel, and which in the covering I seem to have misplaced.

It is an author's lot to be compared to other writers, and his works to others. So, allow me to bestow the dubious honor of comparisons; although I would be greatly surprised to find Swann objecting to the company of the likes of Ray Bradbury, Frank Herbert, and Mary Renault.* I know it is dangerous to signal authors as being like so-and-so and their works being similar in such-and-such a respect. But here the similarities seem so obvious and so important, I don't think mention of the already-known should go by the boards.

It is difficult for me to leave Swann's works. I find the compassion of his creatures a welcome solace, something difficult to find in our own society which puts such a damning premium on sameness. After finishing a re-reading of The Goat without Horns and the other books mentioned previously, I kept wanting to return, sensing a beautiful sorcerer's world left behind that continually beckoned. As Von Aschenbach in Thomas Mann's Death in Venice, I was "astonished, terrified even by the godlike beauty of this human child," or in this case, this humanoid child.

* In an interview in The Tyrrean Chronicles 4, Swann named Renault and Bradbury "as long as he was writing fantasy and science fiction" among his favorite authors and those who have influenced him. --SAB

It is difficult to choose my favorite of these works, but I believe a tie exists between The Weirwoods and How Are the Mighty Fallen. I am especially fond of the latter, for it seems, in a way, the culmination of what Swann has been trying to say: if society cannot accept those who are different, that is society's fault and not the other way around. I feel that he is saying ~~one~~ must continue to follow one's heart and to say what one believes; for as Tolstoy observed, it is wrong not to say that what one feels in toto is correct and just.

Towering in Swann's creations is the loyalty found there: the loyalty of Jonathan to David, of Zoe to Eunostos, of Charlie to Skimmer. For like Bagoas' loyalty to Alexander in Mary Renault's The Persian Boy (of which How Are the Mighty Fallen is beautifully reminiscent), it is a loyalty of creative, loving beings to one another. It goes beyond mere externalities and small-minded limitations. It breathes fire and honor and it is founded upon a pedestal of kindness to one another.

It is a pedestal that may founder and fall. But the world will be all the better for its having been here--if only for a little while.

"Bird from the Wanderwoods,
Transfixed in flight
By lapis lazuli,
Blue heron
Climbing like my thought
To bluer height...
No bird
Has heard,
When you alight...
Will I,
Will I?"

--from David's poem in How Are the Mighty Fallen by Thomas Burnett Swann, 1974.

Having long since passed the magic age of maturity, I am now discovering some of the classics of the so-called "Children's literature",

A book review by n. j. wallace

and finding that an adult mind can appreciate them far more, having a broader background of educational experiences to apply. I feel the Chronicles of Narnia are excellent adult fiction. Fantasy, I must admit, and not the Science Fiction to which this 'zine is more or less dedicated, but worth reading.

To be appreciated fully, the books must be read in order, beginning with:

The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe which tells how Aslan the Lion, with the help of four children from "our" world frees Narnia from the spell of the White Witch who had it frozen in a perpetual winter and Christmas never coming.

Prince Caspian describes the conquest of the Telmarines (who had taken over rule of Narnia) by Prince Caspian and the four children from our first adventure aided by Aslan and an army of talking beasts.

The Voyage of the "Dawn Treader" has two of the children from our first two adventures returning and introducing another child to this magic world as they sail on the Dawn Treader with Prince Caspian to the End of the World. After reading this book my love of Bunnie Jackson's dragons (and all dragons, for that matter) was ten times stronger.

The Silver Chair brings yet another child into Narnia, who, with the aid of the new companion in adventure we gained in Dawn Treader, outwits giants and helps captive Prince Rilian (son of Caspian) escape from captivity in the underground world of the Emerald Witch!

The Horse and His Boy is a story from the time of our first visit to Narnia, telling how a young prince and his talking horse save Narnia from an invasion by the Calormen (with the aid of Aslan, of course).

The Magician's Nephew takes us back in time to tell of the creation of Narnia and how the animals learned to talk. It explains how the lives of humans have played a part in Narnia's history from the very beginning. This is a story that gives a sense of excitement on every page.

The Last Battle has Narnia thinking Aslan has deserted it; a false Aslan allows the country to be captured by the Calormen; and Aslan ends Narnia in one final glorious battle, taking his people (and the dwarves, centaurs, unicorns, beavers, fawns, and all our other talking animal friends, too) to a new paradise.

The land of Narnia is only entered by Magic. Time in Narnia and time in our world are different. No matter how long anyone stays in Narnia, when they return to our world no time has passed at all. Which explains how the Children of our adventures could grow up in Narnia in one story, centuries pass in Narnia, and the Children return still children in another story. It gives the reader the feeling of being able to watch history from the sidelines, having the chance to step in and change its path almost at will.

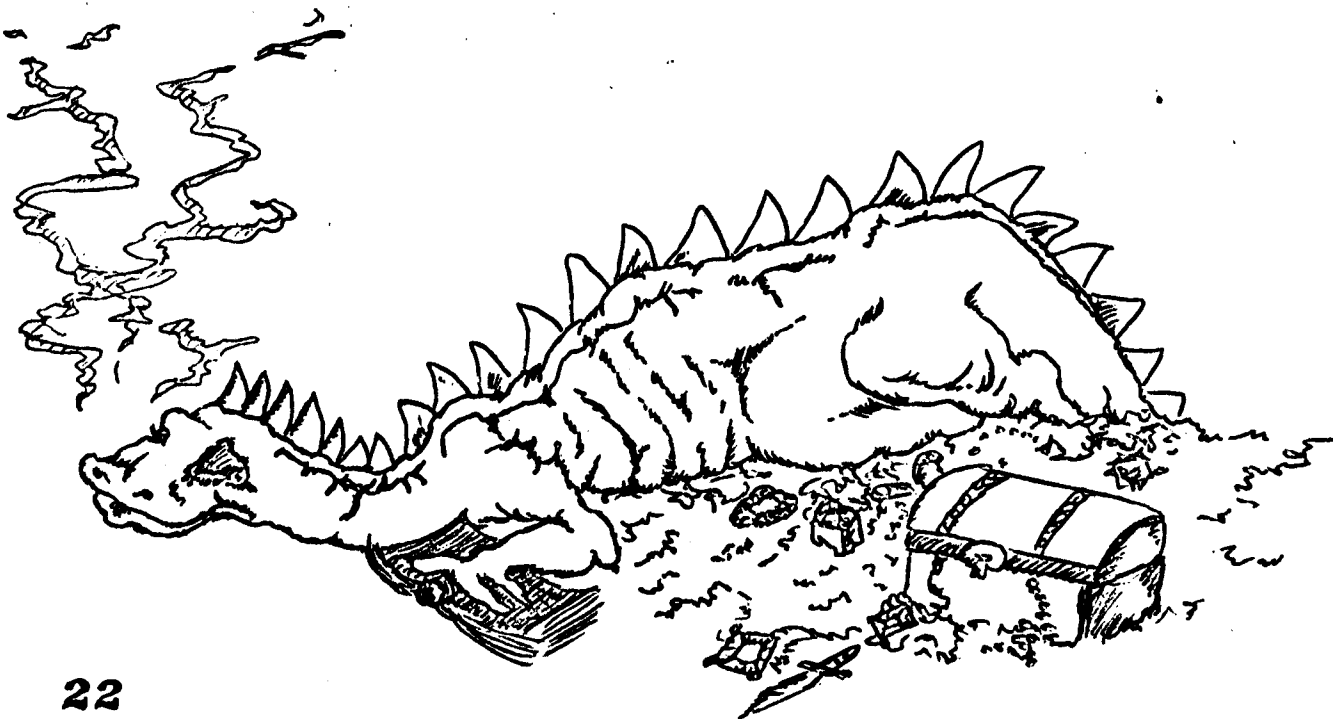
Aslan of our chronicles is a lion, and not a tame lion either, who created Narnia and visits it from time to time to see that things are running smoothly. Aslan

always knows what has been happening, even the character's secret thoughts. Our series slowly reveals more of his character and more about his "land". (Much the same as the Bible slowly reveals more of the character of GOD and his land.) The books tell of death, courage, evil, and faith, much as the Biblical stories do. In the very first adventure, Aslan gives his life in sacrifice to some ancient God to save one of the children, Edward, who had in the beginning been a traitor (in Narnia, treachery requires a sacrifice to avenge it). Aslan's attitude before the sacrifice is so loving, and his triumph over evil and death so victorious, that it provides a very moving parallel to Christ's death and triumph over death. Now, most children would never have enjoyed that beautiful parallel, not fully realizing the real value to Christ's death in their lives.

In another book, the people of Narnia think that Aslan is dead, much as some people today report that GOD is dead. Another adventure has a search for the end of the world and Aslan's land, as we often feel that we will find God's land up in the stars, and vainly build towers and rockets to reach it. Most children could never appreciate the depth and subtlety of such parallels.

Narnia is filled with dwarves, nymphs, water gods, dryads, fauns, unicorns, giants, centaurs, gnomes, werewolves, ghouls, hags, trees that walk and talk, and animals (foxes, beavers, mice, horses, monkeys, donkeys, stags, owls, squirrels, bears, tigers, leopards, panthers, all kinds of the nice creatures that city folks never meet) that talk and are an important part of the leadership of the country. (Whoops, I forgot marsh-wiggles! Now how could I do that when one of the best adventures features a Marsh-wiggle. My apologies to all Marsh-wiggles reading this.) Most of the mythological creatures would never be understood, or even recognized by small children. Such are the benefits of having to study mythology in high school English.

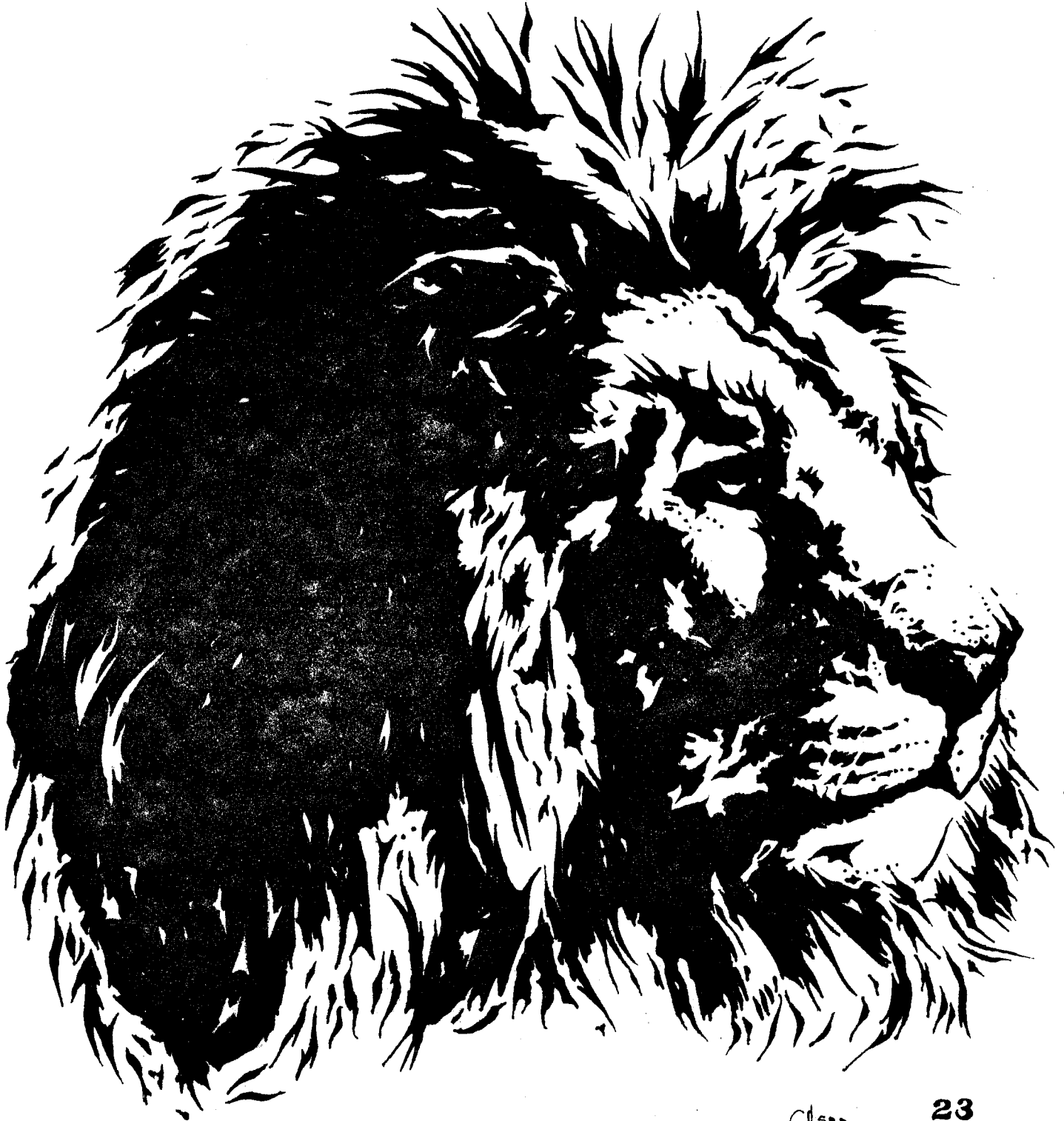
The books contain many subtle comments on the frivolity of life in our world. A beautiful comment I loved was from the last of the series as it referred to why one of the children would not live in Aslan's land. She had spent her youth in our world trying to reach a certain age, and now would spend the rest of her life trying to stay that age. How true of so many of our youth today (and of the older generation) trying to stay young forever, instead of growing old contentedly enjoying the changes in life about them. I sincerely hope that if you have not yet had the pleasures of adventuring in Narnia, that you will find time to read the Chronicles.



I know that it is usually considered bad form to have an illustration face off the page, but in this case it is appropriate. Aslan's land is an enduring land, a land with only a future of happiness before you. The sad face looking down into the loving, strong, and brave eyes of the lion (Aslan, if you will) is, I think, a fitting end to this article. An end that has hope? Perhaps not, the sad face might be one of the Children who will never live in Aslan's land and has lost all hope. At any rate, enough said. --njw

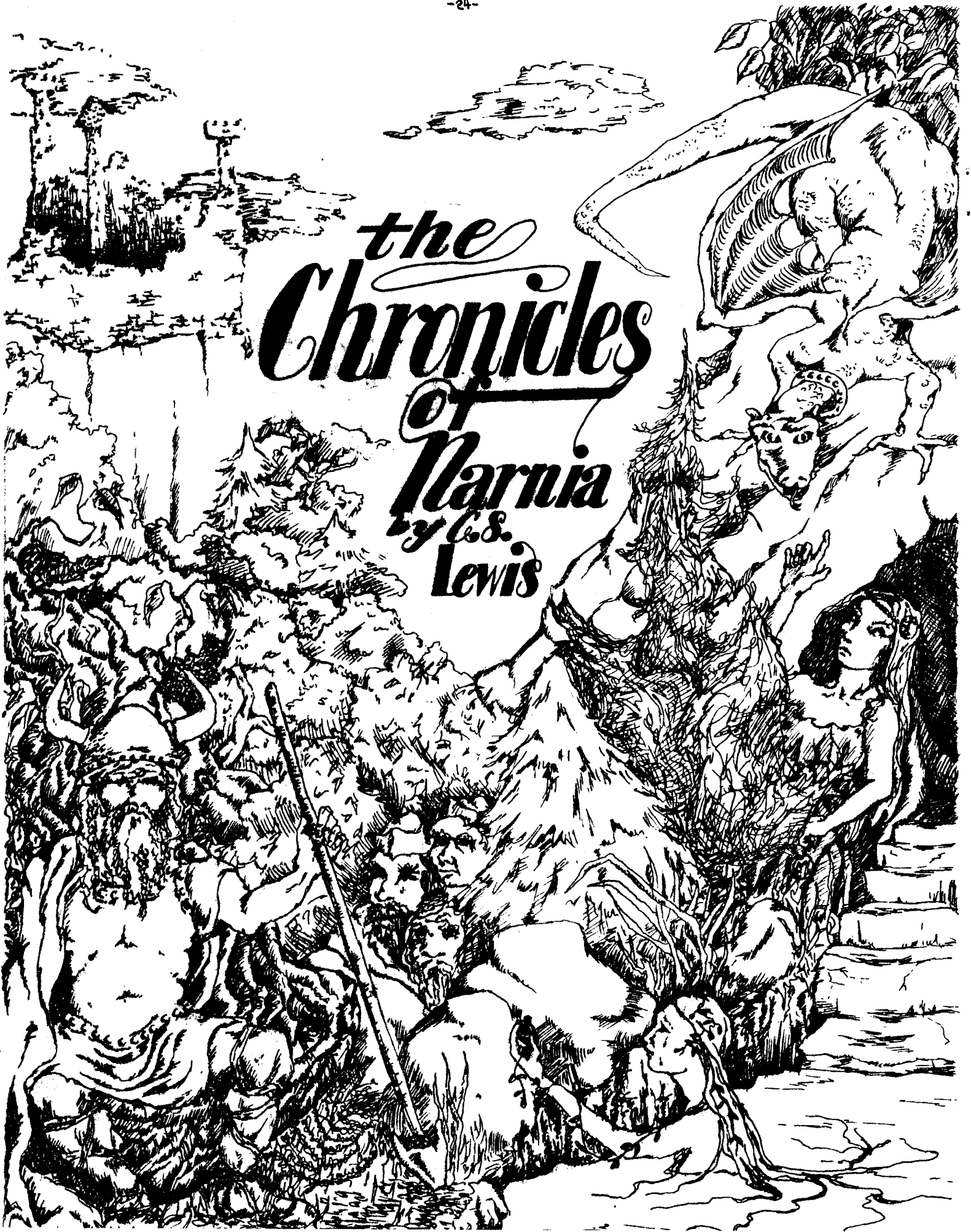


Not quite, I must add that the article was written for the illustrations. Robyn Jorde and Stuart Gilson sent such nice illos, I had to find some way to use them.



Gilson

the
Chronicles
of
Narnia
by C.S.
Lewis



((The following is one of the most famous filk songs about. It is by the infamous author, Diverse Hands--George Heap, Ted Johnstone, Karen Anderson, Dick Eney, Fred Lerner, Dean Dickensheat, Dave Carldon, Sherna Burley, Fred Phillips, Erwin Straus, Stephen Beaty, Unknown Others, and Maybe....))

THE ORCS MARCHING SONG, or AN EPICAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF
THE RINGS

(Sung to the tune of "The Ballad of Jesse James" or whatever else you can manage.)

Oh Sauron was quite loth, to be servant to Morgoth,
And he really didn't care for wretched hours.
So he set up on his own, on a brand new Mordish throne,
And he build up Barad-dur, great Dark Tower.

##Chorus 1: Now Sauron had no friend to help him at the end,
Not even an Orc or a slave. (Orc! Orc!)
And dirty Frodo Baggins did fix his little wagon,
Laid our hero Sauron in his grave.

Now Sauron made some rings which were mighty useful things,
And he only wanted just the One to keep.
But Isildur took the One, just to have a little fun,
With demon Sauron's finger in it -- what a creep.

##Chorus 2: But Sauron had no friend to help him at the end,
Not one of his foul Orcish crew. (Orcish crew!)
You can curse Frodo Baggins that fixed his little wagon,
Because it seemed the fannish thing to do.

Isildur started forth for his palace in the North,
But the fate turned out to be an Indian giver.
For the Orcs caught up with him, although he tried to swim,
They shot him and the ring rolled down the river. Chorus 1.

Then Gollum men his ruin while skin diving in Anduin;
It was there he found his famous birthday present.
He gave up steak and pork, just to eat raw fish and Orc,
Though the flavor was unique, it wasn't pleasant. Chorus 2.

Later Frodo and Sam Gam went trespassing through the land,
That lay between the North, the West, and South,
Well, they found that Shelob's lair has the very selfsame air
That is found in any polytishans' mouth. Chorus 1.

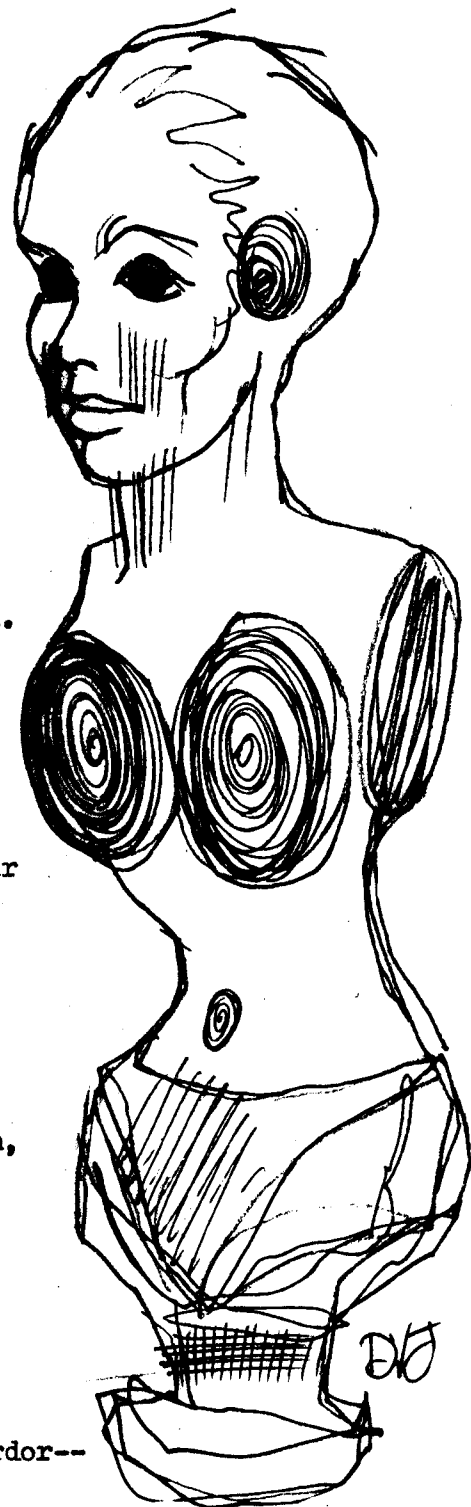
Then Sauron when to war for the glory of Mordor,
But those Orcs couldn't ever stand the sun.
It was marching in the heat made them feel so very beat,
That Sauron made them sun tan lotion by the ton. Chorus 2.

Gandalf found the gate when the night was very late,
And he thought that he had been so very cunning.
But the evil drums began to boom, in the depts of Khazad-dum,
Sent Strider and the Walkers off and running. Chorus 1.

The wizard Saruman heard that rings were in demand
As a prelude to the coming of the stork.
And thought that Sauron's ring would be the greatest thing
For a wedding to a pregnant lady Orc. Chorus 2.

That wizard Saruman heard that rings they could command
And if he could find the One he'd have it made,
As they said the One was lost and he could win it.
And he wanted it to war on his black adversary Sauron of Mordor--
Yes he wanted to be god but didn't make it. Chorus 1.

Treebeard and his pals, when they couldn't find thier gals,
Were content to stand around and just make shade.
But that wizard and his orcs, in spite of Fanghorns hints did overlook those Ents,



So the axes of the Orcs caused those Ents to blow their corks,
And at Helms Deep show up to stage an Arbor Day parade. Chorus 2.

When Frodo saw the golden ring, he rather liked the thing,
But it worried him each and every minute.
At the end of his long mission, just to keep up with tradition,
He lost it with his finger still within it. Chorus 1

Even if Sauron felt quite poor, at the fall of Barad-dur,
And he didn't have a friend as I've mentioned.
His spirit lives today, just the same in every way.
If you doubt there are some of his kind left, find who directs the N3F,
And some Orcs show up at every damned convention. Chorus 2.

And if you cry out that's bad, there's more will hardly make you glad,
In either fannish or mundane world today,
You had better watch who you make mad,
As a sear has truly said that Nazguls now control the Es Cee Ay. Chorus 1.

The Sauron is no more, and his dark land of Mordor
Was destroyed without a bit of pity.
But that spirit lives today, it just won't go away,
You can see it on any comicon committee. Chorus 2.

After Barad-dur's collapse, it was stricken from most maps,
But a city later rose upon its site.
You may think it's hard to say, where the land of Mordor lay,
But I wouldn't walk through Central Park at night. Chorus 1.
You'd think that Sauron would be done, for they did melt down the One,
And you must admit that Mordor is a mess.
But many live in fear he exploits the palantir,
And the Eye is seen each night on CBS. Chorus 2.

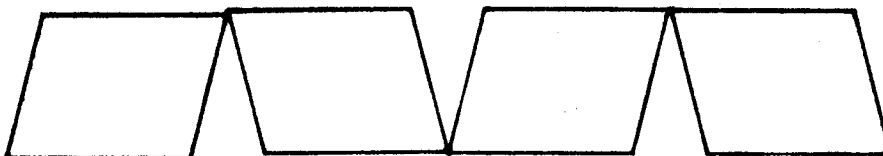
Shagrat's job went down the drain at the end of Sauron's reign,
Which caused his new line of work to soon result.
Now he sends pornography through the U.S.P.O.D.,
And he runs it thru an apa called The Cult. Chorus 1.

In the wake of that defeat, Sauron ought to have felt beat;
But for his sake you needn't shed too many tears.
Although they left Mordor in a wreck, his slaves now follow Star Trek,
And the leaders of black Nemenor mostly swapped their swords for pointed ears. Ch 2.

So when Westrons, mithril clad, in Elvish mod and glad,
Pause and stop at Butterbur's to thake their Lordships' ease,
Let us belly to the bar, and in one voice let's roar,
"Three rings for the Elven Kings, if you please!" Chorus 2.

Sharkey's last desire was to get even with the Shire
And make of it a Vast Wasteland for all to see;
His cronies one may fear indeed do own the Palantir
For how else could one explain day-time T.V? Chorus 1.

And the others who long worked for Sauron's reign
Think their new lines of work are keen;
The pen-names they may use, you can spot them if you choose
In almost any movie magazine. Chorus 1 & 2.



CONSUMING PAPER (Irvin Koch)

SEEDS OF CHANGE, Thomas F. Monteleone, Laser Books, MPO Box 788, Niagara Falls, NY 14303, free/promo, 190pp pb. (Roger Elwood's series) 1975. Harlequin Enterprises of 240 Duncan Mills Rd, Don Mills, Ontario M3B 1Z4 is behind this abortion.

No point in going thru the blurbs on this one; they are honest & as interesting as practical. The book itself is so dull that the Freas cover, as good as it can be also--is dull. The story is some hack plot about the evil cityplex of Denver of the future (I suspect the autor used to live there--the book is unfair to Denver). Eventually the tribes of the desert and Martian colonists aided by a duex ex machina alien gift spaceship wipe the city out.

Would you believe a collection of slightly updated 1930's cliches? Would you believe the only comforting thing about this book is the fact that material this poor can now sell again? I hope the market really is big enough to take it.

You've heard of Harlequin I suppose. If you go to a used bookstore and see one entire wall full of the most insipid dumb romances--that's them. Unfortunately I am assured they have the largest readership of any. Bored housewives---armies of them--reading those monstousities by the hundreds to kill time. They did the best they could when they hired Elwood to dredge up SF of the same low caliber to appeal to those.... The last SF line they had was so poor that even the mass-produced soap-opera fans wouldn't read them. They may buy these as they are not totally unsalvageable. Of the 12 books announced for sale by this outfit, about half looked like the same miserable hackwork by otherwise known "names" of sf writing who couldn't turn down the money or would do anything to have their name in print. About $\frac{1}{2}$ of the remainder looked even worse and some of the books may prove to be the "pearls from among the swine" that "30's sf" did produce.

Above book recommended only to kill time. It is free.

-/-

THE PLANET WIZARD, John Jakes, Ace, 1120 Av of the Americas, NYC 10036, 60¢, 1969. 159pp pb.

This is one notch up the scale from the above. Blurbs & Jones cover non-commenable. Story is a craftsmanlike adventure story in one of Jake's series. The protagonist and bootiful (sic) daughter run about having interesting adventures with interesting characters in IIGalaxy's post holocost backward planets. The magic is really lost technology and the good guys sort of win in the end. It's a prequel to another book in the series which is better. This fills in some blanks.

Again, for cheap, it's a good time killer on a slow summer day of vacation.

-/-

THE NOT-WORLD, Thomas Burnett Swann, DAW, 1301 Av of the Americas-28th floor, NYC 10019 (NALs address to order this from is in any DAW book), 1975, \$1.25, 157pp pb.

Excellent George Barr cover of girl on Night-mare! No complaints on burbs (I've been known to spend half the review comparing such to the actual book).

Swann is improving. He was good before. The characters are better now as they draw one in more. They are still creatures of fantasy even if they are supposed to be more on the borderline--as if they aren't sure which genre they belong to. But being part of a bygone age of literature as well as a person of a bygone world himself has always been Swann's forte. (When was the last time YOU saw a 6' 10" tall elf in a suit set to burn your eyes out walk up to YOU at an sf con?)

This is also a good example of the ancient literary device of basing a work in part on the work of another author--the poet Robert Herrick, who would have been rated R if not X in past eras.

There are also several other nice "touches" thrown in--watch out for the ...I guess you could call them semi-mod vampires--for instance. And several other foot-notable instances of the old college English prof throwing in some veiled (not much tho) scholarly trivia on English poets.

And it's interesting too. Don't sit here, go and read it.

-/-

THE WORLD WRECKERS, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Ace, address above, 1971, 189pp pb. 75¢.

If you're a Darkover series fan, grab this. If an MZB fan, ditto. Even if just an sf-adventure fan.

Good Freas cover & no complaints on blurbs.

Besides tying together a lot of loose threads in the series (I THINK, one doesn't try to keep track of the serieses of authors who avow the books aren't "really" a series--not and keep ones sanity anyway), and having the usual very interesting adventure and warm characters, the book is also an example to be followed in the craft of doing away with villians.

Many people today insist on the protagonist being nasty enough to be the villian, or not having a villian at all or some such nonsense. (Swann's previously noted book, which rates just a hair lower than this also had a very well done set of villians. Clearly the bad guys, not over done, and beaten in the end.) There is none of this "blame it on society not me" bit with the villians here. They choose to be villians. Sure they were influenced by events but it's much better when others faced with the same situation are also shown and their paths--good guy type--are noted.

Besides being a sterling example of villian writing, besides bringing in the old ecological theme and not going insanely to one position or the other but showing what can go wrong and what has to be done to fix it, and besides a lot of other good points, the particular villian of this book is killed off in a unique way.

I won't give the book away. You'll have to read this one too in order to find out what's so weir about the bad person and how it dramatically passes away.

-/-

MERLIN'S MIRROR, Andre Norton, DAW, address above, 1975, 205pp pb, \$1.25.

It's getting to be you can tell what year a book came out by the price. Pain.

Anyway. This to make a long story (and it is longer than most Norton books of late) short is the best of the five reviewed. It too shows marked improvement by an already highly popular author. (The Gaughn cover is ok but doesn't do the book justice. Blurbs dead on.)

Interesting points: this is not conectable to any other Norton Cosmos but I get the faint impression she started doing the research on Merlin and the Aurturian bit and had so much interesting material that she made this book of it. And at the begining of chapter 15, Merlin mentions the alternate worlds theory as a reality--something that fits it more to present day sf than fantasy or other legend. (HERE ABIDE MONSTERS was an alternate world with Merlin, a Merlin, in it.)

This book could, however, use a sequel. There aren't any loose threads as such, it's just that the ending is like that of the Aurturian legend itself--the main heros go offstage and just never come back. And tho the theme gets more adult and less black and white than most of MS Norton's books, just when things really start to develop--the book ends.

In above reviews I was unhappy with people who jump on the modern bandwagon of muddying who really is the hero and villian. This is not to say you must have stereotyped blackhats and white hats. But if everyone runs around in grey--as they start to do in the last ten pages--they must be developed. It's great to show the protagonist was really a puppet for some people who weren't as much worshipable as pawn movers, but that creates more problems which must be worked thru. In real life, especially these days, everyone loses and everybody is the bad guy, but the beauty of books is that some kind of resolution a'la WORLD WRECKERS can be made.

Nevertheless, this is probably the best Norton book yet written and can be recommended even for some of the people who normally wouldn't read her.

THOMAS BURNETT SWANN

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Cry Silver-Bells (forthcoming)

Poetry

- Driftwood (Vantage Press, ca. 1952)
Wombats and Moon dust (Wings Press, ca. 1956)
I Like Bears (Golden Quill Press, 1961; illustrations by William J. Caskie)
Alas. In Lilliput (Achille St. Onge, 1964)

Critical & Biographical

- Wonder and Whimsy: The Fantastic World of Christina Rossetti (M. Jones, 1960)
The Classical World of H.D. (University of Nebraska Press, 1962)
Ernest Dowson (Twayne, 1964)
The Ungirt Runner: Charles Sorley, Poet of World War I (Archon Books, 1965)
A.A. Milne (Twayne, 1972)
The Heroine and the Horse: Republic's Leading Ladies (forthcoming)

Anthology Appearances

- "The Manor of Roses" in Once and Future Tales, edited by Edward Ferman (Harris-Wolfe, 1968) The jacket painting by Bert Tanner is the same previously used as the F&SF cover illustrating "The Manor of Roses."
"The Night of the Unicorn," a previously unpublished short story, in an untitled forthcoming Arkham House anthology edited by Jerry Page.

Foreign Publications

- "Le manoir des roses" (Fiction #176, aout, 1968; translated by Denise Hersant) France.
La Forêt de l'Eternité et Au Temps du Minotaure (Editions Opta, 1973, translated by Michel Deutsch, illustrations by Lacroix) France.
Grønn Fønix (Fredhøi, 1974, translated by Thorstein Thelle) Norway.
The Day of the Minotaur (Mayflower, 1975, cover The Forest of Forever (Mayflower, 1975, cover by Brian Froud) England.
The Forest of Forever (Mayflower, 1975, cover by Brian Froud)
The Weirwoods (Mayflower, forthcoming)
The Dolphin and the Deep (Mayflower, forthcoming)
Moon dust (Mayflower, forthcoming)
Where Is the Bird of Fire? (Mayflower, forthcoming)
Will-o-the-Wisp (Corgi, forthcoming) England.

Compiled by Bob Roehm

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E T C.

At one point this was planned to be a 40pp zine, then 60 or more. But tho the material is still here, no money. Adrienne Fein's column will be back next time along with items by Allen Steele, Bill Wolbenbarger, and letter-hacks.

PRINTED MATTER
THIRD CLASS MAIL

Someone took one of my rewards finally. \$5 to anyone sending me IMK#1 or #2--I don't have file copies of my own zines. This is a slight drop in the offereing. The reward for current names/addresses of dubious artists whose work was furnish~~ed~~ by N3F MS Bu w/o i.d. is withdrawn. -/-

SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION exists to somewhat tie together all fanac in TN KY VA NC SC FL GA AL MS LA: clubs, cons, zines, activity, etc. Any info appreciated. Fans in the area whose addresses are furnished get one free publication. \$1/yr for 3 issues to join--includes roster of all known fen in the area. Outsiders welcome too. Write/send to: Meade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Rd, Birmingham, AL 35223. -/-

CHATTANOOGA SF CONVENTION 1976 will be held at Chattanooga Sheraton South, E.Ridge Exit for I-75 @US41N on 2-4 Jan 1976. It will be a balanced convention with some emphasis more on small groups and individuals than mass produced attractions. \$5 to join. \$6.50 banquet ticket. Info, money, and motel reservation cards to/from IMK--address elsewhere this pg. -/-

The Assistant Atty Gen of TN, Haile, who was the subject of a petition in last issue because he badmouthed the sf fen, did indeed resign under heavy pressure. According to the 22May75 KNOXVILLE NEWS SENTINEL the uncivil person did much the same routine in two other cases(the one mentioned here was not in the paper)and then picked on a judge. That did him in.

Irvin Koch
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TC: