

Happily post office was closed for the week, because  
 my newspapers were express almost to Zurich at least  
 I don't know how long it took to arrive at the stage  
 FE DIS H RE ... 75000 ...  
 1. ... 50 ... 12 ...

# VECTOR 51

Finished 2nd draft of complete scene with Mordcaï.  
 Things in the 24,000 word part. See it'll be a  
 thing.

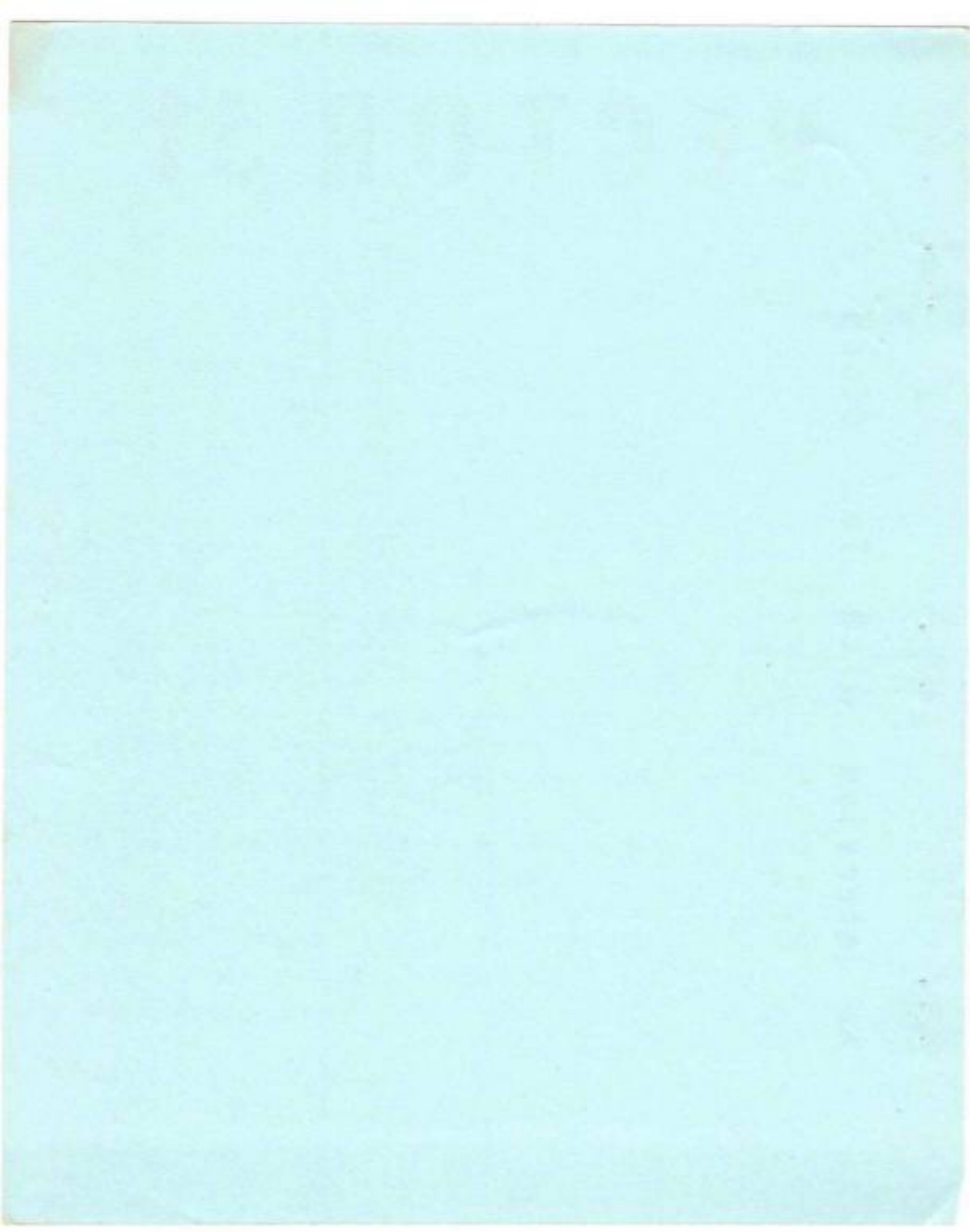
An interview with Tom Disch

Sept 21 Tomorrow morning I set off for Paris!  
 By then I should have carried C.C. to the point  
 immediately preceding the first catastrophe, Mordcaï's  
 death. Reading Dombey and Son once again. Perhaps  
 some year I'll finish it.

Oct 4 Back from Paris after ever so much fun and  
 ego building event. Met the Fiction people like brought  
 copies of Impulse and New Worlds with a stone in them.  
 Judy enthused over me with tests and discrimination. We  
 ate at Tom d'Argent and went to a faculty nightclub  
 after. Met Joanna Damulsen who is coming for a visit.  
 A letter upon returning from Terry Carr. White Fang  
 is to be called Marked Under the Leaf. Ford.

Oct 8. 80 pages of final draft, 27,600 words. (Less than  
 I'd thought). Finished Dombey and Son, which for all its  
 flaws is a worthy book. Read Ben Jonson's Alchemist  
 which is good but not especially helpful. Stories in  
The Paris Review. Liked esp. "Sundays" by James Salter.  
Mountain's book on Leros Aguirre is fatuous and  
 intellectually a disgrace.

Jim Salter will put some of my poems, includ-  
 ing parts of A Basket of Sleep into The Riverside  
Quarterly, which is not a quarterly at all, but a forger.



VECTOR

THE JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION LTD.

Number 51

October 1968

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the editor at the above address.

## A PERSONAL VIEW

## WHY CRITICISM?

The current popularity and intellectualisation (post Amis) of SF has introduced to the general readership the idea of literary standards and criticism to SF. At the moment the only forum for such criticism, in this country, would seem to be in the field of the amateur fanzines. The professional magazines carry little more than book reviews. The attempted professional magazine of SF criticism SF HORIZONS, managed only two issues (both are still available). The attempt, by Dobson, to set up a series of books devoted to SF criticism faded out after the first book (Of Worlds Beyond ed Esbach) and even this was a reissue of an old book. This leaves us with a few of the less frivolous fanzines such as SPECULATION, PHILE (which I have yet to see), the recently started STARDOCK and of course, VECTOR.

Unfortunately the amateur nature of these fanzines rules out a large area of material. Without the attraction of a professional magazine it appears that writers are not willing to flex their critical faculties. This is not unexpected, or unreasonable, as unpaid writing is unpaid overtime for a writer. This is an unpopular pastime among most people. Thus we are left with the amateur or the young professional who is making his way from one group to the other. Because of this most of the criticism that you will see is from sources that are only marginally better informed than the reader.

The point of this is to question the validity of such amateur criticism as is found in VECTOR. Maybe, as editor, I shouldn't be questioning this; but there doesn't seem to be enough self criticism carried out by fanzine editors. To them the finished fanzine is an end in itself, the contents are immaterial, put in anything that you can find.

I think that amateur criticism is valid, if only because of the lack of any other criticism. It does help to have the occasional opinion from a writer to keep us somewhere near reality. If articles are not available then interviews such as the one in this issue with Tom Disch, offer a good alternative. The interview helps to point out some of the authors motivations and of the development of some of his ideas.

x x

The response to the SF Writers Bulletin suggests that there are more would be writers in the BSFA than one might have thought. If this is so then VECTOR should reflect this by including fiction in its pages. With this in mind I would like to make the next issue of VECTOR a fiction issue. This can only come about if there are enough stories of a high enough quality submitted. Stories of any sort (sf that is) and from any source are welcome.

M.K.

**DISCH**

**ON**

**DISCH**

a recorded interview

TRANSCRIPT OF AN INTERVIEW WHICH WAS  
RECORDED AT THE SECOND BRIGHTON

ARTS FESTIVAL — MAY 1968

Tom Disch first came to Europe two years ago. Before he came he was virtually unknown to English speaking readers. He is now considered to be one of the most talented of the younger generation of English writers. But English is not his only field of expression. He has written a thriller, in collaboration with John Sladek, called 'Black Alice'. His poems have been published in various literary magazines, as have some of his short stories. His novel 'Camp Concentration' (Rupert Hart-Davis), first serialised in NEW WORLDS, has caused something of a stir in English circles.

His books include '102 H-Bombs & Others' (Compact), 'Echo Round His Bones' (Rupert Hart-Davis), and 'The Genocides' (Panther). A collection of his short stories, 'Under Compulsion', will be published later this year by Rupert Hart-Davis.

How did you find things coming to England where you were completely unknown?

Absolutely unknown when I came here. I had an introduction to Mike Moorcock from Damon Knight and Judith Merril. No one, here, had read anything of mine and, in fact, I unloaded a story onto NEW WORLDS as soon as I got here. This sort of thing would never happen now. The first thing that Mike published of mine was 'Invaded by Love' (NW 166), which is just a stock pulp story.

When I arrived I had no notion of what NEW WORLDS was. They were not only ignorant of me, but I was ignorant of the fact that there was anything in England to take notice of at all in sf. I hadn't read NEW WORLDS and I didn't know that it had a 'different' reputation. Mike had not been at it very long. Actually, I had an image of it as a poor kid brother, a little retarded, fit only for visiting at week-ends.

What made you come to England?

I had intended to go to France from Spain, but I came down with hepatitis in Spain, and I was so little able to cope with the cultural gap of speaking another language that England just seemed to be a comfortable idea.

Since your arrival you have gained the reputation of being among the 'new wave' of sf writers.

Most of the stories that have been published so far in NEW WORLDS cannot be said to have been influenced by the 'new wave'. For example, 'Linda, Daniel, and Spike' and '1-A' were both written in Spain, before I came to England. I haven't written many short stories at all in the last two years, I have been working on several novels. I wrote 'Echo Round his Bones' (NW 169/170) in Spain. When I came to England I was finishing a book called 'Black Alice'. This isn't a science fiction novel. It is a thriller, written in collaboration with John Sladek. After this I went to Austria to write 'Camp Concentration'.

#### CAMP CONCENTRATION.

I think that my treatment of this may have been bolder as a result of the 'new wave' and NEW WORLDS. It had been sold, in outline, to Berkley books in the States. I had a feeling that they would turn it down, that it would be too strong for them. But I decided that I would try to make it as good as I possibly could. NEW WORLDS does not pay at all well, but I knew that at least the novel would not be completely lost, it would stand a chance of being read. I don't really know that this provoked me. The material was such that it almost forced that kind of treatment. It is a book that when you settle down to write it you are immediately confronted with the problem that it has to be written by a person who is at first a poet, then becomes an incredible genius. Surely this calls for

a certain kind of pyrotechnics. Also, the theme was very dark.

The final plot was exactly as it is outlined for Berkley. The only thing that is different is the intensity of the treatment. I think that Mordecai is a much stronger character than it would appear from the outline. Even so, the basic descriptions of these people as detailed in the outline, still read true. It is just that the outline does not suggest that this wouldn't be just a fairly respectable sf story, of an ordinary type. No different from anything that I have done before. In fact, it is much more intense. For example, the moralistic speech of Skilliman has been taken to its extreme. It is this that I thought might put Berkley off. The dream of Aquinas, as well, which is certainly blasphemous. Also some of Mordecai's more explicit blasphemies. And the comparison of the concentration camp and "god's scheme". These are the elements that weren't in the outline, and that made the novel exciting to me; exciting, that is, as I wrote it.

The sequence that opens book two, where he describes his ravings; this is something that I might not have done but for knowing that NEW WORLDS was there. I wanted to see how far I could force the language, until I had to break off and return to an ordinary narrative. But it still had to remain convincing. There was the fun of making the language more and more pyrotechnical. This is one of the things that indicates that the drug is working on him. And the fact that you can see the drug working emphasises the fatality of it. We also know, therefore, that he is going to die. And so, each evidence of his increased brilliance, if it works that way, also should have the poignant aftertaste that it is a doomed venture.

Somewhat like 'Flowers for Algernon'.

Yes. I could never let myself read that novel, of course. I still haven't. Really there are bound to be similarities when dealing with genius. Which reminds me of another novel on the same lines. This is Poul Anderson's 'Brain Wave'. It was his first novel, and I don't think that he has written anything as good as this since. Here all of humanity starts developing such genius. The rationale for this event is very good. The results of it are very well considered and very dramatic. I have not seen anything else of his that has the intensity of this book.

There is a similarity between Sacchetti thumping things out on his typewriter and the ideas of 'The Squirrel Cage' (NW 167).

In two of the stories in my new collection 'Under Compulsion', this notion of the Squirrel Cage appears. It is a basic theme of mine. The situation of the person put alone. 'Descending' was the first time that I used this theme and found what could be done with it. The second story wasn't so good, it is called 'Come to Venus Melancholy'.

I think that I finally got rid of this thing in 'The Squirrel Cage.' There is one further remove that I feel that I can take this to, but I will have to do this in a novel that I have in mind.

The situation is a fascinating one that is almost impossible to write from. There is just one character. This dramatises the whole question of being a writer; of the notion of the meaningfulness of communications that are undertaken at this very abstract level. This is what the Squirrel Cage is all about. Here I realised, for the first time, that this is what Samuel Becket does.

Do you feel yourself to be writing in the same way, in a vacuum?

Well! It is the whole paradox of writing. You are always doing so in a vacuum in the sense that you are writing on a typewriter, and other people in the room are usually an annoyance.

Are you writing for yourself?

Yes. But at the same time many of the things that you do in writing are tricks that you are playing on the reader. For instance, the notion of a concealed ending. A surprise in the story is not going to surprise you. The writer is always second guessing the reader of the story. You are trying to use shock tactics in one way or another. Leading him to believe one thing and then making him believe something completely different. If, at the moment of shock, it can also have a propagandistic or even emotional purpose, then so much the better. For example, '1-A' is a propagandistic story. The whole purpose of the shock at the end is to make people see things the way that I do, to think, "That's what the army is like." It is a trick that you are playing. All good propaganda deals in that kind of trick.

This is certainly a very reader conscious activity. It is just that the reader becomes an abstract thing. For instance, the things that I am getting a response to now are those that I wrote, on average, two years ago. The mechanics of the process take much time between writer and reader. It can extend over a long time as, now with the paperback 'Genocides', more people are beginning to read my work.

I do like to get an immediate response to my writing, and all of my friends suffer from this. I will just take a new story over to them and read it aloud. I am a frustrated actor.

If one wants to be a writer there is something about this abstract notion of "an audience" that is appealing. I still get a kick out of going into a store and seeing a book of mine there. Suddenly I have expanded all over the world. A fantastic sensation of expansiveness. Like having little portions of yourself placed all over the world. I identify very



strongly with the physical objects that are my books. There is a great big machine going 'clomp, clomp, clomp' spewing out more bits of Disch.

BALLARD.

I didn't really get to read any Ballard until I got to England. I started to read one of his anthologies on the boat, on the way over here, when I knew that I was going to meet him. I was just astonished. I was just so impressed that somebody, in the context of science fiction, was doing work that was obviously first rate and as good as, if not better than, anything being done anywhere at just that moment.

NEW WORLDS.

I don't think that it has influenced young writers so much. Rather it has encouraged writers to become sf writers who wouldn't have otherwise done so. Jim Sallis, for example, is somebody who could certainly be making a career for himself in the quarterly area. I think that Jim, without NEW WORLDS, would have become so discouraged with sf that he would have given up. Also without people like Ashmead, who is the Doubleday person, in the States. He seems to share many of Mike Moorcock's tastes. A lot of NW's writers are having Doubleday books published in the near future.

English sf is different. Surely it must mean something that most of the good young sf writers seem to be coming to England?

Not only that, they are published here first. The fact that 'Bug Jack Barron' is being first published in England is a scandal for American science fiction. I think that it is one of the best sf novels ever done.

I couldn't have published 'Echo Round His Bones' in America, although my agent tried. This is a very straight, and standard novel, perhaps too much so for the American magazines. Though I really have contempt for these magazines, and for most of the things that are in them. I publish a little in FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, but I have seen so many good things that have been at mill for so many people. Somebody like Carol Emshwiller has been writing beautiful stories for years without being published. And who knows what fine stories might have been, but weren't because of this general attitude?

If one is a novelist then one doesn't have this sort of trouble so much. A good novel is much easier to publish than a good short story. Which seems almost paradoxical really. Perhaps this is because short stories have stuck so much in the pulp formula. Novels have gone somewhere else and have developed ideas with a greater freedom to be honest.

Would you agree that there is a certain amount of stagnation and 'incest' in NEW WORLDS?

As long as you have got an extremely limited number of writers who are writing for you, there is always the danger of incest. There is the danger now, but there is a turnover of writers in NW. One year there will be a crop of stories from one author, and nothing the next. This is just a part of the authors' natural periodicity.

It seems that much sf today is scienceless. You have talked of the effort that was needed to make 'Echo Round His Bones' scientifically self-consistent, do you think that people are becoming less willing to go into such efforts for the correctness of detail?

This depends very much upon the novel that you are doing. In the case of 'Echo', to be a good book this demanded, and in fact absolutely depended upon the science being convincingly presented, and a good case being made for the possibility of the echo. Then there had to be a consistency of detail and event, based upon the logical working out of things.

This is almost an attraction of science fiction that it does require such efforts on the part of the author.

This is a pleasure of a particular kind of sf. For instance, Hal Clement is an example of this. The entire pleasure of his work derives from this. There is equally good sf that lacks it entirely. For example 'The Space Merchants' by Kornbluth & Pohl, which I felt was a good sf book. It is a sort of hodge podge of ideas. But if you start analysing it you will find many inconsistencies. For its effect, not being based exactly upon science, it is not important that it be self consistent. The purpose of the book was a broad kind of satire. This will just reach for its effects where it can get them. Satire does not need to be self consistent, it is always reaching for a new effect. 'Catch 22', by Joseph Heller, is an extreme example of this. It is a maze of internal inconsistencies. The time scheme is impossible. Some of the events could not be taking place before certain events and after others. They form a triangular time scheme.

Science in sf, is it important in the works of Ballard, for example?

Yes. I think that it is very important for him. For instance, the rationale for 'The Drought' is extremely well worked out. Not only in terms of scientific validity but in terms of the fact that the sequence of technological events that lead up to this also is relevant to the allegorical element of the novel. The petroleum fuel wastes that blanket the ocean and the cars that form a graveyard by the sea. This was one of the basic images of the novel. It related not only to the scientific plausibility of the event, but also to what he is saying about civilization and what civilization is doing. And so, the two were in perfect

balance in the book, because the whole notion of the spinal landscape, of time imposing two different kinds of order, the order of the physical world and the moral order of the human world. So that his science takes on the allegorical force that science has in Dante. This is where Ballard has his special brilliance. And in the short novels, as he calls them; although the science is not worked out with the same consistency. It can't be without a linear narrative, science needs linearity really. Some of the scientific notions presented, or alluded to are very provoking. And in fact, in conversation with you he can present them linearly, and they are very convincing that way. And they can be deduced from these little stories. In this sense I think that Ballard is one of the people who use science intelligently as an sf writer.

'A Canticle for Leibowitz', by Walter Miller, is a novel in which the science is of absolutely no purpose. In fact there is almost no science in it. It is almost a recapitulation of Western science up to about Faraday. At least, this is the case in the first two thirds of the novel. The imaginative element in it has to do with the workings out of the probability of cyclic history. This is a valid speculative notion, to examine just how cyclic you can make history appear and still make it convincing, and probable; and whether the cycle can be broken out of. This is a basic thing that can have very little to do with science; history can hardly be called a science.

#### IMMORTALITY

The next thing that I am working on is something in which science doesn't come into it very much. It is set in the far distant future. It is about the most elaborate description that I have ever attempted of a future society. Most of my things have been set in the fairly near future, with only one single element changed. In this one I am trying to extrapolate a whole society, again with only one single thing changed, immortality. This would, of course, have enormous social ramifications, at every level. To try to imagine a world in which all of these things have changed simultaneously requires a great deal of effort. But there is no original speculative element in it that I have to do a lot of research for.

When inventing such a 'future history' you rely very much on all kinds of prophecies that other people have made about science. Both of the other novels were of the 'wonderful invention' class of stories. They dealt with explaining the invention, showing in exhaustive detail how the invention worked, and just what the results would be. In this novel a wonderful invention would just take away from the interest of the story, because the interest is of a social/historical type. And although the world certainly is transformed by different technologies and the basic business of immortality, nevertheless the kind of scientific imagination that goes into it can almost be borrowed.

What interests me is the picture of the society and the particular story that I am telling of this society. This is not a science fiction story at all, it is a long and detailed love story, between a mortal and an immortal. This goes back to the Odyssey. It is just one of those basic stories. This is not to say that I am a believer in the notion of re-telling old myths. I think that this is an abominable thing. One is obliged to produce one's own personal myths. To re-cast and re-tell a story that is known and loved, I don't see much point in that. But still one can't help recognising that themes have been dealt with before.

#### THE GENOCIDES

This book, which seems to me to be about the futility of man, has earned you a reputation as a pessimist.

But a catastrophe novel seems to me to demand this sort of treatment. I thought that I was doing a fairly ordinary thing in 'The Genocides' I was writing a catastrophe novel. I certainly admire Wyndham's. Part of the delight of a catastrophe novel is the pleasure of seeing the human race destroyed, just annihilated, wiped out. It is like reading 'The Apocalypse' there is just a beauty in the notion of total destruction. And this is the pleasure that you get from reading Wyndham, you are seeing civilization demolished. And the last minute discovery that there is a way out of it seems to me to be so cheating. In fact in nearly always turns out to be a cheat. They do it in some silly way. Wyndham, 'The Triffids'. What was it? Seawater? Such a silly thing. And Wells, microbes. A real 'deus ex machina.' Really the notion of tragic development is to proceed inalterable to its conclusion. Starting from the beginning, proceeding inexorably along each inevitable step and then you come to the last one. And this is where tragic emotion comes in. If a catastrophe novel isn't dealing with tragic emotions, then what is? So this was just a necessity of the story rather than my dismal view of humanity. It amazed me that it got such a violent reaction. It didn't seem to me that it was such a remarkable thing to do.

in the case of my new novel, because the theme has to do with the love affair between a mortal and an immortal this is, again, a basically tragic theme. But the society that I am picturing is one that I think is really utopian. The notion of immortality is basically such a beautiful thing. If one is in favour of life that is. The notion of being able to do everything which, as a mortal, you now can't, seems lovely. And it seems to me to be not absolutely impossible, that it is not really just wishful thinking. It is wishful thinking for me, because I am mortal. But it may be possible in another two or three hundred years that people will be at least immortal for two or three hundred years. This is a fantastic notion, and it seems to me to be an incredibly beautiful one, and a terribly optimistic one. For all of the horrible things that one could imagine about the future, there are also nice things that can be imagined of it. And surely immortality is one of them. The background of the novel, the tragic feeling of being mortal will be all the more tragic for being set in a society which is beautiful.

You appear to have overcome the problems that immortality today would bring to society, for example the overcrowding that would rapidly ensue.

Yes. It is controlled, it is an extremely rational and, to my mind, idyllic and human world. So much of sf utopianism is, as in Simak, a sort of pastoral idyll. This is of the past, I think that any future utopia has to be urban, has to deal with an urban environment and an urban type of life. I don't really understand why I have a reputation of being a pessimist. I think of myself as a realist. Things like death are not really things that one can be optimistic about. In so far as fiction has to treat it fairly frequently, then fiction has to portray an unhappy thing.

I don't think that this immortality thing is just a wish fulfilment. If I felt that this were so then I wouldn't let myself write it. The thing is that immortality is a point of view. It seems to me that it is one that is becoming more and more possible these days. 'Living in the present.' This is all that immortality is, an ability to live absolutely in the present, with the sense of the vivid, glowing timeless beauty of things, and of landscapes, and other people and of just 'this moment.' A sense of not having guilt about the past and anxiety for the future. This is one of the hardest things to achieve. The best moments in one's life are the moments when one has achieved this, if only for a day. If one can carry it on, and this is what really happens in a love affair, for two or three months or however long an affair may last at its intense, most passionate period. This is the nearest equivalent we have yet, and may ever have of immortality. I think that this is what it is about. It is not just living a long time, but of living with a sense of . . . . .

((((( )))

The interview ends on this enigmatic note as a result of the expiration of the tape used. Many thanks go to Tom Disch for his patience. I hope that the result does not make him regret that he ever agreed to the whole idea. It must be added that the transcription was done after Tom returned to the States, hence it is solely my responsibility.

The mentioned book of short stories 'Under Compulsion' has recently been published (Hart-Davis, 25s). Most of the short stories mentioned above appear in this collection which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue of VECTOR.

## FANDOM AT TRIESTE

by

GIAN PAOLO COSSATO

The SF film festival at Trieste has never drawn the attention of international fandom, partly because of the lack of interest that the organizers have shown them. The organizers are nice people, sometimes even willing to try hard, but they do not have any knowledge of the meaning of sf nowadays. In their minds it is just a written extension of the comics. This makes them feel like grown-ups who still like playing with their childhood toys. Consequently, to justify their doings in the eyes of the public, they have desperately tried to prove, especially to themselves, that the festival is related to SF only because, at the moment there seems to be no other way to describe it. The festival is intended as an exploration of new techniques, to express the thought of our rapidly evolving society, analyse its developments from unusual angles, reinforce the impact of visual images on the cinema-goer, turning it into a new source of understanding. All this, and more, has been said to show that it was not really an SF festival, without realising that this is the whole essence of SF as well.

So the festival has been lagging in a mist of mediocrity. Few attempts have been made to publicise it beyond, and even inside, the Italian border, creating a justified impression in every major producer who knew of it, that it would have been risky to send a good film to the festival. A notable exception being the Eastern countries, but their films, good or bad never found their way into the West. It should be pointed out though, that this was probably due to the absence from the festival of the people who might have been interested in them.

This year, 1968, seems to have seen a wind of change. The International Producers' Association has officially recognized the festival. Members of Italian fandom have been allowed to put up a fanzine exhibition, whose success has very much depended upon the quick response given by the fandom of 18 countries. It was a last minute, hurried concession but, we hope, one denoting a new attitude, a rethinking towards the growing importance of fandom as the real ground where SF works of any kind can be tested and approved of or disapproved of.

Fanzines, whose existence were unknown to the festival organizers, have arisen fresh interest. A French woman journalist, browsing through them remarked jokingly "It seems to me that what you call fandom has nothing to learn from Mafia, I would never have suspected such world wide activity." Fandom is potentially the best way of publicize the festival, making of it a known event and in return, through the festival the Italians can learn more about fandom and SF in general. Perhaps

even, some Italian publisher who until now has not given a thought to the festival may suddenly realise how useful it could be as a bridgehead towards that majority of people who have never paid any attention to SF.

Again only very low standard Western SF films have arrived in Trieste, (some were certainly better than others), and that because the person or persons who select the films does not have contacts in the right places and has to make his choice blindfold. This year's Japanese film "Ebirah" can, in this context be considered as a Western product. It was intended primarily for children and it well proves the point, and unfortunately strengthens the wrong opinion that people have of SF. In the film, Ebirah the giant aragost fights the well known Godzilla on the shores of an island where evil power seeking, international Bond type arch-enemy SPECTRUM, hold in captivity cheap labour in the form of the worshippers of Mothra (the giant dragon-fly). Godzilla, turned good, kills Ebirah and swims away while Mothra airlifts her people and the heroes from the island as it is being destroyed by . . . guess what . . . a big H-bomb explosion, if Godzilla has not drowned we will see him again.

Next year, the organizers still being on our side, fandom will have more room at the festival. The Germans have already got the hint and have promised to come, camping if necessary on the rocky Carso above Trieste, where giant caves have been dug by centuries of erosion. There might be a display of books, magazines, pocket-books, an art show. Unconfirmed reports suggest that American publishers may be willing to help. It is the time for fandom to move. There must be action on one side to stimulate the other, let it come first from fandom.

((( )))

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## THE CHILD

I saw a child the other day, a little boy,  
 He had the sunlight in his hair, a little toy  
 Held tight in his hands.

Laughter glinted in his eyes, he smiled at me,  
 Sitting on the fresh young grass, he smiled with glee  
 Bright toy in his hands.

A soundless flash - a crushing noise -  
 A burning wind across the lands,  
 A small form huddled in the dust  
 With melted toy in blackened hands.

I saw a child the other day, a little boy,  
 He had the sunlight in his hair, a little toy  
 Held tight in his hands.

Val Purnell

## MUTIE

I got big sorrow,  
 It always hurting deep inside.  
 I not like others - -  
 I different. I all times got to hide.

Why they hurt me?  
 I not hurt them, want only home -  
 Want only friend.  
 Want only I not be alone.

Want only mother.  
 But mother got hate. Not love me,  
 Like other small one.  
 Not love ever. - - Why I mutie?

Val Purnell



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X     X   X   X   X   X
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X     X   X   X   X   X
XXXXX  X   X   X   X   X

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## REVIEWS AND NEWS OF RECENTLY ISSUED BOOKS

## DEATH OF A FAERY QUEEN

by

CHRIS PRIEST

PAVANE by Keith Roberts  
(Rupert Hart-Davis 25s)

"Pavane" is a magnificent, miraculous novel. There is no better way to describe it.

Its particular appeal stems from several sources, but it is basically this: the subject-matter has received a certain treatment and that treatment has been given style, and the style suits the subject-matter. In other words, it is one of those rare books which feels right; if anything is artificial about it, it doesn't show. Once an author achieves this kind of rapport in his work, it is of no consequence how many tiny faults one may find for the looking.

The subject: revolution against an all-powerful Papal Catholic church. The treatment: a sectionalised, personalised, narrow-field view of a section of Dorset directly affected by the Church's regime. The style: a clear, direct English with a richness of tone and detail that has a visual magic power of panavision proportions.

Five stories make up this novel, and in this one instance the chronicle format directly complements the theme. Here the first stirrings against the Church are seen through the eyes of one or two people. Only at the end, when the use of force is made and an armed resistance spontaneously combusts, does the panoramic global effect of what is happening become apparent.

But more than this, the author has constructed a world that is real. The Purbeck of the novel is the one that exists today. Corfe Castle, a grey assortment of ruined masonry atop a Dorset hill exists in reality, and in the author's imagination. The people of this novel (I hesitate to call them characters, as that implies these days a cardboardy aspect) speak in the clear honest dialect of the West Country. Why there should be such an intrinsic feeling of truth about this novel is probably because to the author the world of "Pavane" has a real existence. This description

of Kimmeridge Bay, for example, shows how clearly the author can see his settings:-

"Brother John ignored the skirmishing; or perhaps he never saw. Riding now, driven forward by the voices and the noises in his brain, he reached the cliff edge. Below was a waste of water, wild and white, tumbling to the horizon and beyond. Here were no rollers; the hurricane, into which a man might lean, flung the tops off the waves. From a score of runoffs the cliffs spouted water into the bay; but the streams were caught by the wind and held, flung bodily back over the edge of the land, wavering upward arcs that fed a ruffled lake of flood."

The world of "Pavane" is a terrifying alternate to our existence, an outcome of the assassination of Queen Elizabeth I. Technological progress is retarded or forbidden; deliberately, as it is later revealed. Internal combustion engines must not exceed 150 cc's, all communication is made by a network of signalling towers, radio-telegraphy is necromancy, a questioning of the Church's methods heresy. Britain in 1968 is part of a feudal and ignorant religious empire.

And the people: Jesse Strange, haulier, spurned by the woman he loves kills a friend in a skirmish with routiers on the moor. Rafe Bigland, young apprentice in the Guild of Signallers and fatally wounded after an encounter with a catamount, meets one of the Old People, the Haunters of the Heath. Brother John, sketching the horrors of the Inquisition under the Court of Spiritual Welfare, revolts against the Church and leads a religious revival of his own in the countryside. Margaret Strange, niece of Jesse, becoming accepted into the court of the Lord of Purbeck, eventually marries the heir. Finally, Lady Eleanor, daughter of Margaret, holds the castle of Corfe in a siege against the military forces of the Pope.

These are the people of "Pavane", all somehow interlinked by the artefacts of this world. The Lady Margaret, the steam traction-engine of Jesse Strange. The signalling towers, aloof, mysterious, but a part of this life. Corfe Castle itself, in some ways the pivot of the whole story.

Then there is the element of fantasy that runs through the book. The Old Ones, for instance, who appear from time to time with their mysterious and symbolic crab-pattern. Or the fiery cross which defies Brother John.

To read "Pavane" is not to find a story as some may think of it. There is no overt plot holding the action together. Instead, this is a novel of incident; incident magnified and heightened by its attention to colour and detail. Reading it again in this finely-produced volume, one thinks what a wonderful film it would make. But then it virtually is a piece of cinema as it stands. Here are all the aspects of an epic film.

(Continued on page 21)

UNDER COMPULSION by Thomas M. Disch  
(Hart-Davis 25s)

Tom Disch is a writer with a unique view of life. He is truly puzzled when he is labelled as a pessimist. But, after reading this collection of his short stories, it is easy to see how he was thus labelled. There are, however, two stories in this collection which deny the absolute validity of this classification. They should have been placed first in the book, for they reveal a little of the Disch who can justifiably claim to be a realist who loves life. These two short stories are 'Moon dust, the Smell of Hay, and Dialectical Materialism,' and 'The City of Penetrating Light.' They reveal the personal nature of Disch's stories. They deal with people in situations, not with wondrous inventions.

Many of the stories are grey and gloomy on the surface. For example 'Linda and Daniel and Spike' tells of a woman with cancer. But they are sadly real stories if you realise that they show just how people can, and do, think and act. Surely man would misuse his Reprostat (which is capable of reproducing anything from its basic constituents). But the basic idea is twisted around in the story 'Now is Forever.' It is not enough just to have a good idea, it must be developed to some meaning. To do this Disch uses the idea in a way unlike that which you might expect.

Those who complain about Disch's melancholy approach to life are probably thinking back to the sugar of Bradbury or the mechanism of Clarke. To Disch it is people that matter. He takes apparently standard SF ideas and uses them in a different way. For example, the story of the American tourists, stranded in Casablanca while their homeland is reduced to radioactive rubble; or the story of the last man left in the world when he discovers that there is another person around. People are not simple, they do not react in the most logical or self beneficial manner. They are not the acting robots that many SF writers would have them be.

These stories are taken from a number of sources, thus collecting them into one volume is a valuable exercise. It is even more of a pleasure when the book is as well designed as is this one. The cover is well designed and attractive, ignoring the untypical photograph of Tom Disch trying to look evil.

My final comment really reduces the above comments to their true irrelevance. The most important thing about this collection is the incredibly beautiful way in which the stories are written. They are good to read as examples of the writing 'art,' almost regardless of content. The last collection of short stories that I read and enjoyed as much as this one was Graham Greene's collection 'A Sense of Reality.' This collection of Tom Disch's short stories is superb and should not be missed by anyone.

THE TRAPS OF TIME edited by Michael Moorcock  
(Rapp & Whiting 25s)

As the introduction to this anthology says, "These stories are not 'time travel' stories." There are no agents of Time Protection Inc. shutting into the past (or even future) to save 'The World As We Know It.' Instead we have nine stories, some good, none bad. Of these nine, five have been published in NEW WORLDS during Moorcock's regime, and so will probably be familiar. The other four are by "in" authors -- Aldiss, Ballard, Disch and Borges. A piece by Alfred Jarry, 'How to Construct a Time Machine,' finishes off the book; you can take this one how you want.

All the stories are of a high standard, the slightest being Roger Zelazny's 'Divine Madness.' J.G. Ballard uses a similar device (time running backwards, in this case by a single man getting younger) in 'Mr F is Mr F.' It's poor by Ballard standards, which means it's only good. One would have thought a better story by him could have been found. 'Time Trap' by Charles Harness is the most 'traditional' story -- it appeared first in ASTOUNDING in 1947, and was reprinted in issue 150 of NEW WORLDS, when it was inferior to the other stories. It doesn't hold up too well in its present company.

An early Thomas Disch story, 'Now is Forever,' (AMAZING 1964, under the name Dobbin Thorpe) is much more effective than Harness's, but he's done much better since those early days. George Collyn's 'Unification Day' deals with a man and his conscience, using an alternate universe background.

Best of the book is definitely David Masson's 'Traveller's Rest,' certainly one of the best SF stories ever written. Runners up are Brian Aldiss and 'Man in his Time,' Jorge Luis Borges with 'The Garden of Forking Paths' (read this, then read it again) and 'The Great Clock' by Langdon Jones.

While on the subject, the other recent Moorcock anthology must be mentioned; BEST SF STORIES FROM NEW WORLDS III (Panther, 3/6). This is a much better book than the one reviewed above, and far greater value for money. Two of the three best stories from the new NEW WORLDS are included: 'Kazoo' by James Sallis, and Pamela Zoline's 'Heat Death of the Universe.' If you haven't read the latter, please do; if you're the same person afterwards, you have my sympathy.

Dav Garnett





DEATH OF A FAERY QUEEN (Continued from page 16)

This is not a book to be merely read, but to be savoured. It is too rich, too intensely personal, too damn good to be read once then forgotten. Not that it can be forgotten after one reading. There are too many disturbing images of pain, love, fear, grandeur, nostalgia and and wonder for that to happen. Buy this book and put it on your bookshelf. Read it now, then again if you must. Then count the number of times you dip into it again in the next twelve months.

Long after you have closed this book your mind will be full of memories: the maroon livery of the Strange traction-engines; the phosphorescent glow-worms in the keep of Corfe Castle; the blind quarryman hewing his stones for the Church; the dying signaller and his guardian faery; the steam driven Bentley and the colourful butterfly cars weaving in and out of jangling cavalry in the narrow Dorset lanes.

This book has the appeal of magic, being simple, yet complex. It is melodious and discordant. It is fantasy, and philosophy. And at a time when sf groans and creaks, it is very, very welcome.

Chris Priest

((( )))

THIS IMMORTAL by Roger Zelazny  
(Panther 5s)

This is the story of Conrad, mystery man, immortal, taking a party through a Greece of the future that has reverted to the Greece of myth. Told with a wit and a bubbling style that makes it both bright, sharp, funny and exciting. This is an excellent book.

Vic Hallett

((( )))

OUT OF THE DEAD CITY by Samuel R. Delany  
(Sphere Books 5s)

This is the first of Delany's trilogy THE FALL OF THE TOWERS and is also very obviously a young man's book. It tells of the start of a war between the Empire of Toromon and an unknown enemy on the other side of a radiation shield. It is also the story of a private war between three changed humans and a being known as the Lord of the Flames. Only in the climactic fight between the latter do we really see something of what Delany is now capable of. It moves from planet to planet as the four take possession of a multitude of different life forms. The rest is highly coloured, fast moving action and the book is an excellent read, but not in the same class as BABEL 17 and THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION. I am looking forward to reading the other two in the series though.

Vic Hallett

THE DYNAMICS OF CHANGE by Don Fabun  
(Prentice Hall for the Kaiser Aluminum Company \$6.95)

Is there really much point in making vague guesses (predictions) as to the future of man? If it is more than an elaborate market research project to enable governments or industrial organisations to make accurate plans for tomorrow, then the answer is probably an unspectacular yes. But this is trivial compared with the more difficult task of analysis and prediction of wide scale 'world futures'. The most important thing about THE DYNAMICS OF CHANGE is that it makes you think. It does not set out to make any accurate numerical analysis or detailed estimates, as do Kahn and Wiener in THE YEAR 2000 (Macmillan 63/-). It sets out to look at the future with a questioning attitude, looking at the roots and standards of modern society.

The book itself is impressively produced, with a kaleidoscope of illustrations and quotations used to punctuate Fabun's commentary. Produced as part of the 20th anniversary celebrations of the Kaiser Aluminum Company, the book is a combination of six issues of the company house journal. The author is an ex sf 'fan' himself, having produced the RHODO-MAGNETIC GAZETTE, which was described by Judith Merrill (in F & SF) as one of the best ever fanzines. This background has obviously influenced Fabun. His vision of the future would seem to be that of many sf readers, that is one of scientific utopianism, where technology has liberated man. Such a stand seems to be increasingly hard to maintain.

Fabun sets out to discuss those 'qualities' of our society that he thinks can, and in some cases must be changed to ensure a 'better' future. He sets out to question some of the basic premises of our society, such as the myth of work (why should we accept that every man must work?), the need to rear animals for food (the animal is a remarkably inefficient way of converting solar energy into protein). He challenges the basic political motivation of American society and puts forward a host of subversive ideas. For example "The question is no longer whether we can produce enough for all, but whether having produced it we are willing to share it with all."

It is impossible to mention all of the notes that I made when reading this book. All that I can hope to do is to give some idea of the challenging stance that Fabun takes. He rejects many of our 'obvious truths' and puts forward some outrageous suggestions. His main theme is that we cannot just allow ourselves to arrive at tomorrow without thinking about the kind of future that we would like to see. We must decide what we want and then go about achieving it in the best way possible. Obviously not everyone will accept his vision of tomorrow, we all have our own personal utopias. This book makes you think about your personal view of the future. Well's and the subsequent anti-utopianists may still dominate but there is, as ever, room for utopian thinking.

M.K.



REPORT FROM IRON MOUNTAIN ON THE POSSIBILITY AND DESIRABILITY OF PEACE  
(Macdonald 18s) (Penguin 4s)

This book is a curiosity. It is supposedly a report, compiled by a secret study group for an anonymous committee, on the exact consequences of world peace for American society.

Those of the 'it would be Paradise' school will be disappointed. In considering the effects of peace the committee has considered what are the exact functions of war in a modern society, besides the ostensible ones of defending and advancing the 'national interests' of nations. The question of finding substitutes for war in the economic, political etc., fields is then considered in the light of war's functions in these fields. Some models are proposed as replacements.

It is at this point in the book that you may (depending upon which authors you have read) find familiar faces among the models.

This report might be just a hoax, but it is a creepy and persuasive one. It might not be a hoax, that's the trouble. The recommendations of the report make disturbing reading.

Richard Barycz

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SUNS, MYTHS AND MEN by Patrick Moore  
(Muller 30s)

Patrick Moore has attempted the almost impossible task of describing the development of astronomy from the earliest recorded civilizations to the present, and although he succeeds in producing a coherent result it can only be at a superficial level, so that it offers no more than an introduction to the subject.

The most interesting part of the book, to anybody who already has a knowledge of astronomy is the last section, in which Moore speculates about possible future developments for the whole human race, even considering the possibility of its migration to other worlds when Earth is no longer habitable (in about 8,000 million years time). Although Moore is fairly pessimistic about the immediate future, and does not expect man to have reached as far as Jupiter by the year 2000 (Stanley Kubrick please note!), he is a strong supporter of the idea that evolution on Earth-type planets will invariably lead to essentially 'human people.'

This is a well written book which is perhaps more suited to the juvenile reader than the old hand, who will have seen much of its content before.

j.r.g.

## SOME OTHER RECENT BOOKS

THE JUDGEMENT OF EVE by Edgar Pangborn (Rapp & Whiting 21s)  
 CAVIAR by Theodore Sturgeon (Sidgwick & Jackson 21s)  
 THE FUTURE MAKER ed. by Peter Haining (Sidgwick & Jackson 18s)  
 DAUGHTERS OF EARTH by Judith Merril (Collancz 30s)  
 THE WORLD JONES MADE by P.K. Dick (Sidgwick & Jackson 18s)  
 THE SECRET SONGS by Fritz Leiber (Hart-Davis 25s)  
 PSI HIGH by Alan E. Nourse (Faber & Faber 18s)  
 IS ANYONE THERE? by Isaac Asimov (Rapp & Whiting 35s)  
 ASIMOV'S MYSTERIES by Isaac Asimov (Rapp & Whiting 25s)  
 SPACE HOSTAGES by Nicholas Fisk (Hamish Hamilton 16s)  
 THE EYES OF HEISENBERG by Frank Herbert (Sphere 5s)  
 FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON by Daniel Keyes (Pan 5s)  
 AFTER DOOMSDAY by Poul Anderson (Panther 5s)

Books listed here may be reviewed in later issues of VECTOR.

## MACDONALD

Yet another hardback publisher is establishing a science fiction list. Macdonald are setting out to produce "A new series which aims to present the best science fiction currently being produced in Britain and the United States."

The first five titles on the list, scheduled for release between now and the end of the year, are:-

THE FLESHPOTS OF SANTANO by William F. Temple  
 WORLD OF PTAUVS by Larry Niven  
 TOO MANY MAGICIANS by Randell Garret  
 THUNDER OF STARS by Dan Morgan & John Kippax

(All at 21s each)

FAREWELL FANTASTIC VENUS - A history of the planet Venus in fact and fiction. edited by Brian Aldiss (assisted by Harry Harrison)

This will sell at 30s.

Books lined up for publication early next year include John Brunner's STAND ON ZANZIBAR, and also books by Ken Bulmer, Fred Saberhagen, and an anthology of stories by Aldiss, Anderson, Blish and Harrison, edited by Harry Harrison.

## ROBERT HALE, recent issues.

BORN IN SPACE by Cyril Donson (18s)  
 LANDFALL IS A STATE OF MIND by Douglas R. Mason (18s)  
 INVADER ON MY BACK by Philip E. High (16s)

## ON 'NEW WORLDS' NUMBER 182

I received my copy of NEW WORLDS no. 182 the other day and opened the envelope with a sense of resignation I reserve for this periodic occasion, which sense contrasts sharply with the eager anticipation of (say) three years ago. I saw the cover.

"WHAT IS THE EXACT NATURE OF THE CATASTROPHE?"

In the SF WRITERS BULLETIN Moorcock said he was in the market for stories from ten words to ten thousand words. May I take it that this is a ten word story with editorial cuts? I've got the magazine before me now, and I am looking at the cover. And still I don't understand it. Five shillings it cost me; it reminds me of the fact on the cover. What does it mean?

Now we come to 'Scream,' by Giles Gordon. O.K., so someone screamed. So what? I may do it myself in a minute, if the rest of the magazine is like this. Well written though. What a waste!

Next, another of Aldiss's 'Acid Head' things. There's something indefinably good about this one, but what is the meaning of the poems and other oddments at the end? Perhaps the thing was making too much sense.

Then, 'Bug Jack Barron,' the interminable load of sex-laden crap which has infuriated me for the last few months. I turn to the end, but it doesn't say END. Oh no! There's more to come.

A little poem, or something by Christopher Logue. Goodish PLASTITUTES. Three pages of assorted assortments, occupying space which could have been devoted to a short story by ... dare I mention those reactionary names, so long gone from these pages? Clarke! Harrison! even, now, Ballard! There!!

Carol Emshwiller writes a strange little story about a woman, or the remains of a woman, in hospital, or perhaps I've got it wrong, and it wasn't about that after all. I had intended to dwell at length on this one, because I felt that my previous comment was merely destructive, but I'm sorry; I just can't face it. There's a lot of medical terms and I get the impression that I'm supposed to be shocked, or at least think it's all rather unpleasant. Actually I feel nothing, nothing at all.

Then words fail, but not quite. Ten pages of the most utter, complete, abysmal cock, set out as though its poetry, by D.M. Thomas. Illustrated. It reminds me of the 'Rape of Lucrece,' only worse.

Another short, by Bob Marsden, illustrated in peculiar fashion. Nasty.

Yet another sexual romp, this time by Christopher Finch.

Except for "limpid-eyed mincing forms twine and copulate," I can find no sex in the next two pages, by John Calder, but neither can I find any meaning.

Lastly a review of a book which doesn't interest me in the least.

So once again I finish, conscientiously, my reading of NEW WORLDS, and once again my mood is one of baffled fury.



## MAIL RESPONSE

From John Brunner: Extracts from a letter written on receiving a pile of recent Vectors.

I'd like to add a footnote to your comment on the SF Forum at the National Film Theatre, where you say that it was sad to hear me continually excusing myself for writing SF. I think this is capable of misinterpretation; as one of the handful of pro writers in this country who make a habit of lecturing on SF at every opportunity, whether to fan groups, university SF societies or general literary meetings (including weekend schools), I don't feel the least need to excuse myself for working at a job I enjoy so much.

What I do resent is being hived off into an arbitrary and isolated area of contemporary fiction, and whenever I find myself with a captive audience not solely composed of SF addicts (as at the NFT) I stress that if mainstream writers can tackle SF themes and still be regarded as working in the mainstream, then there's no reason why people who specialise in SF should be assigned to some subsidiary category and dismissed as unworthy of serious attention.

Do I believe that I'm working in a valid genre? I do not. I hate the idea of working in a genre at all (though I accept the idea as a convenient means of getting it across to people how I make my living) because I enjoy practically every form of contemporary fiction myself, as a reader, and not feeling any need to omit any form of it from my reading I don't feel the need to shy away from it in my writing - except perhaps for westerns, which have never tempted me particularly. (Though I recall I did once invent a hero called The Wideawake Kid, the fastest man with a gun west of Hanwell, W 7.)

I carry on a continual campaign against people who think they don't like SF, and I lose quite a lot of my favourite books that way (I'm on my fourth copy of Earth Abides) because they keep coming back and saying, "That book you lent me was marvellous - I passed it on to So-and-so and I hope you don't mind!"

So I never see it again.

Correspondingly, however, I carry on a parallel campaign against people who read nothing but SF; they irritate me quite as much. And as for people who read nothing but fanzines...

And it isn't fair for Vic Hallett (with all due respect) to dismiss The Circus of Dr Lao in such terms. (VECTOR 48) I don't know whether you need to approach it in a special way, but I think this may be at the root of the trouble: it's more of a poem than a book and it requires nearly a deep a knowledge of mythology as, say, The Waste Land or Pound's Cantos do of literature. For me it has the haunting quality of a tantalising dream... and at that I got nearly as small a proportion of the references as I do in Finnegans Wake.

Let's have it on record in VECTOR that for some people at least this book is among the handful of classic fantasies of the twentieth century, perhaps one of the very few longer works which can stand comparison with the work of Borges, and certainly miles above Bradbury's work against similar settings.

But then, of course, Vic liked 2001. Marjorie and I went to the press show, free, and we were glad, since we'd have gone to see it anyway and at least we didn't have to pay. Apart from the fact that he attributed it to the New Wave, which isn't fair, Lester del Rey summed it up pretty well in his GALAXY review; I take issue with him on one point, though, where he says it will set SF back ten years. I've been going around saying it will set us back twenty years.

Contrary to what Vic says, incidentally, the dialogue is terrible.

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John Brunner.  
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From Dav Garnett

Most of the delegates (at the Brighton festival) weren't talking about science fiction as most of us would understand it, but "literature." I'm reminded of a book by Anthony Burgess called, I think, The Novel Today. In it, he talked about the barrier between popular fiction and literature, and asked what could bridge it. He mentioned that some people held that this link would be SF, but not the SF of the pulp magazines. Then he named two authors who he thought were already on the bridge: Brian Aldiss, fair enough, and ... Isaac Asimov! Since reading that, I've lost faith in the idea that there is such a thing as literature -- it's all writing on one level or another.

You ask why Quicksand hasn't been published over here as yet -- all you have to do is look up the page to see what sort of crap the British hardback publishers are putting out. Very few American books do appear over here -- most of the U.S. pbs, for example; and many of these must surely deserve it. Look at the lists -- every Pohl or Simak or Heinlein will turn up sooner or later, no matter how bad. The publishers seem to be playing it too safe, sticking to their tried and true potboilers. Many of the best do turn up -- The Genocides, No Man on Earth (both first novels), for example. But where are Farmer and Vance (only two novels over here, I believe), or even Dick (two hardbacked novels, two paperbacked)? Please, someone, publish Avram Davidson's Masters of the Maze.

Dav Garnett  
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From Graham Andrews

The Brighton Arts Festival Report (VECTOR 50) set me thinking about the whole question of literary standards in SF. I like a story that is well written, with a strong plot and adequate characterisation. The so-called 'new wave' authors, in trying to be profound, are more often incomprehensible. Brian W. Aldiss is one of the few exceptions to this rule.

Michael Moorcock's slashing indictment of the 'old school' SF writers was only partly justified. Admittedly most of those authors were stylistic imbeciles, but how about de Camp, Leiber, Sturgeon or Wyndham? These inspired craftsmen are more than a match for Moorcock and his colleagues. I prefer order and precision to chaos and obscurity.

Graham Andrews

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From M. John Harrison

You failed to mention that Report on Probability A owes a good deal to the French school, by way of Christine Brooke-Rose. Aldiss has rationalised one of their techniques for SF consumption: there is really no need to justify this observation of the minute -- at least, Robbe-Grillet never found such a need. In Grillet's work, the technique comes alive; Aldiss is merely boring.

M. John Harrison

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From Phil Muldowney

Chris Priest's article (or opinion?) was thought provoking. Again it serves to point out that the creative process is a very personal thing. There is no such thing as the ultimate panacea, write this way folks and be an SF writer. Chris Priest gets his ideas from a cross-pollination, others from endless other sources. But is an idea just one sort of classifiable 'oneness' unique and alone? But I had better not tread too far, I did not hear the panel discussion. The 'idea' is not an end in itself though. Many SF stories (and most in ANALOG still do) depended on this premiss. But this is not enough. It is how you cloak that idea that matters, how you convey it and use it. Indeed one idea really is not enough for more than a short story.

Phil Muldowney

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NEWSBITS

1968 HUGO AWARDS

Best novel: LORD OF LIGHT by Roger Zelazny

Best novella: WEYR SEARCH by Anne McCaffery

& RIDERS OF THE PURPLE WAGE by Phillip Jose Farmer

Best novelette: GONNA ROLL THE BONES by Fritz Leiber

Best short story: 'I HAVE NO MOUTH AND I MUST SCREAM' by Harlan Ellison

1968 NEBULA AWARDS

Best novel: THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION by Samuel R. Delany

Best novella: BEHOLD THE MAN by Michael Moorcock

Best novelette: GONNA ROLL THE BONES by Fritz Leiber

Best short story: AYE AND GOMORRAH By Samuel R. Delany

From Science Fiction Times (ed Ann Dietz) courtesy of Gerald Bishop

CYBERNETIC SERENDIPITY exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts (Nash House, Pall Mall) on until October 20th. Strongly recommended for anyone interested in the Arts/Science interaction.

NEW WORLDS 183 now available. A vast improvement on NW 182. The new address of NEW WORLDS is 271 Portobello Road, London, W 11.

An article appeared in INTERNATIONAL TIMES 40 by George Hay. Title: S.F. In The Smoke.

VECTOR is interested in producing a fiction issue, probably V52 - the New Year issue. Material invited.

Can anyone produce Vector covers by litho (or any good looking process) cheaply?

The 1969 convention will be held in Oxford. The guest of honour will be Judith Merril. Registration: 10/- to Anne Keylock at;  
67 Shakespeare Road,  
Hanwell,  
London, W 7

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Ken McIntyre an obituary

Kenneth Thorne McIntyre, Ken to his many friends, died unexpectedly on the 23rd of August 1968 of pancreatitis.

In his late forties or early fifties when he died, Ken had been a member of the BSFA through its whole existence, up to its recent incorporation. He was a science fiction fan of many years standing, a one time pillar of the post World War II "London Circle" and a regular and convivial attendee at the annual convention. His name has long been familiar to the world of SF slanted amateur journalism; he was in his time responsible for both written material and (in particular) artwork. In fact he has never been known to refuse a request to illustrate a "fanzine." His paintings have frequently been featured at convention art shows.

At the 1968 convention, Ken's worth was pun icly recognised by his admission to "The Most Noble & Illustrious Order of St. Fantasy," fandom's pseudo-order of knighthood. Not, in the event, a moment too soon. We miss him already.

He is survived by his widow, Ethel, and a grown up family, to whom his many friends would like to tender their condolences.

Archie Mercer



