

THRUST

Science Fiction in Review



NO. 7 1976 SPRING



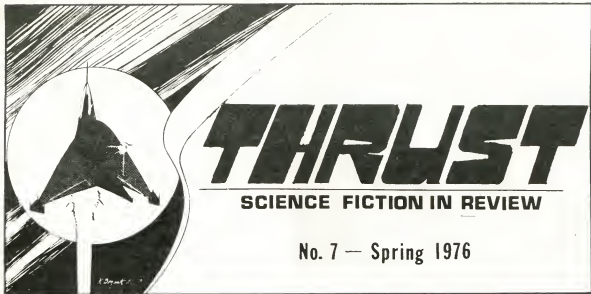
SPECIAL
HARLAN ELLISON
ISSUE

MODEL 4K



creative writers and artists appear in
counter thrust

P.O. BOX 63
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EDITORIAL

by Doug Fratz



I created THRUST SCIENCE FICTION more than three years ago, and edited and published five issues, between February 1973 and May 1974, completely from my own funds. When I received my degree from the University of Maryland, I decided to turn THRUST over to other editors. Three editors managed to publish a total of one issue in the last two years.

So I'm back again.

Much of this issue was assembled by Dennis Bailey, the last of those three editors mentioned. Dennis was finding himself unable to complete this issue, due to lack of time, so I resumed editorship.

The main purpose of this issue is to build capital for the future publication of the new THRUST SCIENCE FICTION. The magazine, starting with the Fall 1967 issue, will change into a slicker semi-pro sf magazine roughly along the lines of Algol and SF Review. A number of new features will be added, including Ted White's "My Column", formerly featured in Algol. I have every hope that other prominent writers and artists in the science fiction field will also be seen in THRUST SCIENCE FICTION in future issues.

Future issues will be much larger than this issue is, and the 75¢ price tag will be maintained. Although small, I feel the material this issue gives a very good taste of what is to come. The interview with Harlan was conducted at Discon II by almost a dozen of us, and Harlan responded beautifully. I still can

find it incredibly interesting reading it over for the tenth or twelfth time. Ted Cogswell should take special note.

In addition, THRUST will have a sister magazine of sorts, COUNTER-THRUST, to be published yearly, once each summer. It will be a fantasy magazine, and contain fiction as well as reviews, articles and the like. The first issue is now out, with a nice speech by Roger Zelazny, as well as the usual fantasy stories and reviews. (See the ad on page 2 for further information.)

THRUST will not be publishing fiction in the future as it has in the past. The reasons for this are rather obvious. There is simply no need for or additional markets for sf, and certainly not in limited circulation magazines such as THRUST. In addition, many of the writers who have contributed fiction to this magazine in the past are now successfully writing sf professionally, i.e. Dave Bischoff, Chris Lampton, Dennis Bailey. They will still be with us here, but can get better money for their fiction, as well as better circulation, elsewhere.

I hope that the response to my continuance of THRUST SCIENCE FICTION will be enthusiastic. I feel that there is room for, and maybe even a need for magazines like THRUST in the sf field.

See you all next issue.

-Doug Fratz

THRUST **Interview**



HARLAN ELLISON:

"I Write Because I Must!"

Interview by **DAVID F. BISCHOFF**
& **CHRIS LAMPTON**

THRUST: Harlan, it's often been said that you crave literary immortality. Is this something you've always desired, or has it developed over the years?

ELLISON: Well, let me put it this way: I don't think the word is crave literary immortality; I think the word is **LUST** after literary immortality.

Well, in one form or another, I've always had this urge to be world famous. It comes from my background, which I will not go into here, because it is sordid and ugly. Nonetheless, it's not something I gathered over the years, it's something I focused over the years. I found a way to do it.

Now, let's take, for instance, the meanest, most

troglodyte sort of cave-dwelling human... let's take, for instance, you, David. Your only chance for immortality will be to spawn enormous hoards of little Bischii to leave their webbed footprints in the sands of time. I, on the other hand, will leave behind thousands of stories, which will help to corrupt generations yet to come. That's the way I feel about it.

THRUST: Then you wish to communicate not only with people of today, but with people of generations yet to come?

ELLISON: I like the ring of that, I like the feel, the heft of those words... no, I don't give a shit about communicating with anyone. I write to please myself, you nerd!

THRUST: But isn't writing a form of communication?

**"I always thought that I was Superman-
I could just go on all the time...
You can't."**

ELLISON: How would you know? You don't write. Do you believe all myths and legends? Leprechauns, elves, gnomes, Ronald Reagan, you believe in all these mythical things?

You know why Faulkner said he wrote? Faulkner said, "Writers are congenital liars, otherwise, they would never have taken up the job of writing. I write to say no to death." He said "Writers are people who are possessed by demons, and most of the time they don't even know *why they were possessed*, and they're too busy to give a goddamn". That's my line too.

I write because I must write. I have no choice in the matter. I write because that is what I must do. I am a writer. Yeah, I suppose I could ennoble it by saying I want to communicate with people, but that's bullshit. I tell you the absolute frank truth: I write to write. I write to please myself.

THRUST: But the majority of your writing has a social message—

ELLISON: What does that have to do with you. It has entirely to do with me.

THRUST: But I can learn many things from your writing, and it can enrich my life tremendously.

ELLISON: Would somebody explain cause and effect to him? You understand what I'm saying? They are two completely separate things. I'm delighted that people find deep and meaningful significance in my stories. I mean, I am delighted with that, I dig it. But even if they found nothing but spinach there, I would still write, and I would still write it exactly the same way.

That is the point: it is all self-generated. It is the world's greatest ego-trip. You must have a monstrous ego to write to begin with. Even self-effacing people like Gordy Dickson, who is the sweetest, gentlest man in the world, and humble and quiet, has an ego somewhat larger than the orbit of Jupiter. For Christ's sake, he must have it, for what you say when you write and publish is "What I have written is important enough for someone else to read."

THRUST: You've made references to writer's blocks you've been into. Recently you spoke of one a year and a half long.

ELLISON: One, that was four years ago.

THRUST: What was the cause of that, or can you tell us?

ELLISON: The cause, I think, was that I've been working since I was thirteen years old. I have never had a vacation in my entire life.

This last New Years, a young lady of my acquaintance insisted that we travel from L.A. to San Francisco to see Silverberg and some friends, and that I not bring the typewriter along and that I not work. After many months of hammering on me she got me to go away for four days. The first vacation of my life,

four days— and I sneaked the typewriter into the trunk of the car, and in the motels at night on the way up, at Big Sur and places like that, when she was asleep I would go out, put the typewriter on the trunk of the car, and I wrote the story that was in *Crawdaddy*, "Knox". I had it finished over New Year's and sent it out.

I'm an obsessive compulsive. I have to write.

So, what happened was that after eighteen years as a professional, and over many years before that as a kid working at various things, The old engine just seized up. It just said no, I have got to get some rest.

I didn't stop writing completely. I did a few things. I did my column every week. I did a two thousand and seventy word column every week. I did reviews, I answered ten to twenty thousand words of letters every week. I wrote a short story or two, so that's more writing than Alfred Bester has done in the last ten years. But it still wasn't the way I work and the way I like to write. I couldn't continue any of the major projects I was involved in, and I went through real hell.

After about a year, it tapered off, and the next six months I came out of it slowly and there I was. What it was was just the machinery saying "We've got to slow down, we've got to phase down and catch our breath a little". I've now slowed my pace quite a lot. It was a difficult lesson to learn. You know, I always thought that I was Superman, I could just go all the time. You can't.

THRUST: Are there other writers that you don't get along with? For example, you had a run-in with Ted Cogswell—

ELLISON: Ted? I love Ted Cogswell. I really—

THRUST: But didn't you—

ELLISON: Look, Ted Cogswell is the world's most incredible practical joker, and I am the butt of all of his practical jokes. He has pulled off at least four major practical jokes on me in the last year that just deaden my spine.

For example: I get a postcard from him that says, "I wouldn't worry about this, but I think you should alert your lawyer: I think that the review of 'I'm Looking For Kadak' in *Wandering Stars* that we're going to publish in the *SFWA Forum*... I think it's libel. I'm not sure, but I think it's certainly insulting... but I'm not sure it's libel". Right? That's Ted. He doesn't send me the article.

Now, I'm going out of my mind. Who the heck wrote a review? Why are they having a review? We don't have book reviews in the *Forum*. Why did they pick my story? What an innocent story— it's the most innocent story in the world. It's about a little, seven-armed, Jewish martian looking for another Jewish martian. I mean, what's going on here? So I write him a letter: "Dear Ted, what is this all about? Please explain. I'm worried about this. Harlan".

Postcard back: "Don't worry about it, don't worry about it. It'll all work out". It's getting me crazier and crazier in the head.

Finally I have to call him, all the way to fucking

"Cogswell says, 'Harlan, you are the world's biggest patsy'— and he's right..."

Pennsylvania from Los Angeles. I say, "Ted, what is it?"

"Well, Harlan, I really don't want..." and he goes into this whole thing. Finally, I'm beginning to sweat. What he says about me, he says, "Harlan, you're the world's biggest patsy". And he's right—for him I am the world's biggest patsy. Everybody is somebody else's fool, right? Ted Cogswell can pull this shit on me, and nobody else can.

Finally he says he had this Jewish friend of his, who thought it would be fun to write a review of *Wandering Stars*, which is an anthology of Jewish science fiction stories, in Hebrew. He found a Hebrew typesetter on a typewriter, and terrible, terrible things were said about me, and Ted's really upset. And I said, "Well, why don't you send me the Goddamn article?"

He says, "Well, we didn't know whether you were going to sue or not, etc., etc..."

I say, "You son of a bitch, send it to me at once. I want to see it before the issue comes out."

About two days, three days, four days later—and I'm sweating, and it's aggravating—comes this envelope, and in it is not even a letter. Just a note saying, uh (Ted's wife's name is George, which shows you how weird he is), it says, "George has done some thinking about this, and does in fact think that you should alert your attorneys". And there is one mimeo—graphed page, right? Yellow mimeograph paper, and it is a review of *Wandering Stars* in Hebrew, by Yishak Rabin—you know, some Yiddish name. It's a whole page in Hebrew, which I cannot read. Except there's my name, spelled backwards. I'm thinking, Jesus Christ, he's out of his mind.

I turn it over, and it's the beginning of the translation, and Ted has a thing saying, "Well, I don't really speak Yiddish this well"—see, my first clue is that he's got Yiddish and Hebrew confused, he doesn't know the difference between them—and he says, "Here's what it says, essentially."

And the review begins, and it's saying all of these things, and it says, "The only story which is terribly disturbing is Harlan Ellison's 'I'm Looking For Kadak,' which is one of the most thoroughly..." and that's the end of the page!

I called Ted, and George got on the line and she said "Now, now Harlan, don't get upset".

I said (screeching) "I'm not upset! I'm gonna kill him! Don't walk near him, don't be near him at the convention. Somewhere, a bomb will go off! A Mosler safe will drop from the ceiling! Don't be near him, George".

Well, I then proceed to try... I had hired three people to go to the SFWA business meeting, where Ted is the secretary-treasurer; one guy dressed as a cop (he was going to go down to a costume rental and get a cop's suit), another guy dressed as an attorney, a third, a woman, very good looking... all three of them would burst in on him in the middle of the meeting, when he is conducting the meeting and pontificating. The woman screaming, "That's the man! That's the man who raped me, that's the man!" The cop would then come up and collar the shit out of him, the attorney would serve him

with a paper, and Ted would be sitting here going "What's going on here? What's going on here?" 'cause he gets flustered very easily. And the woman would rip off her clothes and say, "This is what you were after, you? filthy beast!"

She balked at the last moment, so it didn't come off. So I had to get him.

See, Ted was pretty drunk last night. Pretty drunk is a euphemism for saying the Grand Canyon is a nice ditch. He was absolutely wiped out. And Joe Hensley carried him up to bed. And George was not feeling any pain either, may I tell you. She was carousing off the walls. And Joe got 'em up there, and I ran in to him in the hallway (he's a good friend of mine). Joe was pretty well snookered, and I said, "Oh, I gotta get Cogswell, I gotta get him".

Joe said, "Oh well, I gotta go back to his room because when I put him down in the bed, I think he pulled my extra set of glasses out of my pocket, and I've gotta get them because they're my spares". All of a sudden, my little mind went (Ellison makes gear-grinding noises).

I proceeded to gather five hundred people: from parties, hallways, disorganizing elevators. Derelicts, bums stealing from rooms, maids, your basic group of brain damage cases (epileptics, spastics, your usual crew of science fiction fans). They followed us through two wings, up three floors, into two elevators, and over to Cogswell's room. We then used Joe as the stalking horse. He called up and said, "I'm coming up for my glasses".

And Cogswell said, "Awright, ya better hurr' up, 'cause I'm about to faint'".

Joe said, "I'll be right there". So we ran very fast. I got them all over on the wall, around the corner from the door.

The door opens up, Cogswell says, "Oh, Hi, Joe". At that moment, five hundred people went into this one-room apartment.

George, Ted's wife, went over backward into the bathtub, in her evening gown. Cogswell, who was wearing nothing but boxer shorts, and looking really bad, I mean really bad—Great Giant of the industry, you know, standing there in his boxer shorts, a wreck. Liquor spots all over him, not an attractive sight. I said "Everybody in," and everybody piled on the beds, the floors, hanging from the walls. There was no room to move. Ted started to faint, he went into a coma... and could not fall. There was no floor space! He was held aloft by three people, who then dumped him onto his bed, where he fell face down, exposing his ass, which was not altogether a terrific sight. And we threw a sheet over him.

George came lunging out of the bathroom, screaming, "You son of a bitch! You son of a bitch!"

And she got up on the bed, and I said, "Now George, don't do anything desperate". She fell over, I got her, we laid her on the bed, and we left.

THRUST: Is this off the record?

ELLISON: Oh, no, this is very much on the record. Hello, Ted, how are you?

Ellison

THRUST: We're printing it word-for-word.

ELLISON: It wasn't the kind of revenge I would have liked. Of course, I saw Ted this morning. He was wandering the streets, looking for his car. Actually, no... he knew where the car was, he couldn't find the hotel. He has misplaced the hotel, so I showed him how to get in...

THRUST: How's the Discovery series coming?

ELLISON: Well, the Discovery series is coming along fine, and, um, what more can I say? The first book is out, doing well, selling very nicely. The second book is Arthur Byron Cover's *Autumn Angels*. It'll probably have a cover by Ron Cobb, the underground artist. You know Cobb's work?

THRUST: No.

ELLISON: He did a book called *MY Fellow Americans*. It's brilliant. Did you every see the poster of Los Angeles sliding into the ocean?

THRUST: Yeah, that's a big west coast poster.

ELLISON: The third book is Marta Randall's *Dust To Dust*, with a cover by Dario Campanile, whose covers you will begin seeing on F&SF very soon. He's an artist I discovered, a student of Salvador Dali. I bought several paintings from him. I'm doing a story around one painting, and Ed Bryant is doing one around another. And he's just done the cover for the re-issue of Poul Anderson's *Orbit Unlimited*. That'll be coming from Pyramid. When you see it, stop and take a good look at it, because it'll blow you away. Dario Campanile is the most brilliant artist we have brought to this field in years.

Did you have another question of incredible pith and moment?

THRUST: When did you first know that "A Boy And His Dog" was going to be made into a movie?

ELLISON: When I was paid.

THRUST: No, I mean, how did you go about making the contacts and—

ELLISON: Oh, well, they approached me. Warner Brothers approached me and offered me about forty thousand dollars for the film rights, an another fifty thousand dollars to write the movie, and I turned them down. Then Universal offered me approximately the same, about ninety thousand dollars, and I turned them down. Then L. Q. Jones called me, and offered me, I think it was seven thousand dollars, and I took it.

THRUST: Which was the one that wanted to have the dog's mouth moving?

ELLISON: That was Warner Brothers.

THRUST: What did you turn the second one down for?

ELLISON: Equal stupidity. Different stupidity, but equally offensive.

THRUST: How much of the film was formulated

between you and Jones?

ELLISON: We sat down and talked, and he wanted to make the film pretty much the way I wanted to make it. We had some differences of opinion about the latter sections, which are sections I'm not all that fond of in the movie. I like the earlier sections better, I think they're much stronger. But it is, in fact, Jones' movie, and he wrote all but the first fourteen pages of script, which I wrote, and so I really can't complain. Not too much, anyhow. I mean, I don't dislike it enough to ever take my name off of it. I mean, I would have done it differently if I had been doing it.

THRUST: Do you think the film will make it financially?

ELLISON: Yeah, I think so. All we need is a break—one simple break.

THRUST: Are you encouraged by the written responses to the film's showing here?

ELLISON: Yeah, they seemed okay. I sample-checked two hundred ballots, and of the two hundred ballots that I saw, the worst... well, a hundred and ninety-nine of them either checked off excellent or very good, which were the two highest categories. One of 'em said poor, and under the category, "What did you like about the film", this jerko wrote "nothing". So you know that's a jerko. If nothing about the film appealed to him, he's being a smart ass. He doesn't like me. But one out of two hundred is not bad. I'll go for them odds any day.

THRUST: I think I saw "Blood" listed as one of the possible release-title suggestions. Isn't there a vampire movie by that name?

ELLISON: Probably.

THRUST: It sounds like a vampire movie.

ELLISON: Yeah, well I've told them that would be a bad title; they won't listen to me.

THRUST: Do you have any title suggestions of your own.

ELLISON: It's not my place to pick. They'll probably find one in that stack.

THRUST: Which you won't like.

ELLISON: I'm— you know, you reach a point where you say, "I can no longer work on this number; what happens, happens." The die is cast. Whatever title they pick they're gonna put it out on the market. If they pick the right one, then the picture will do well. If they pick a bad one, then the picture will do less well.

I think the picture will do well under any circumstances. Whether it does sensationally or not is a matter of how well they pick the title. I've tried to steer them in the right direction; I've told them all I could tell them. I brought the film here, and I, you know, I broke my ass to get it shown, and you guys broke your ass to get it shown, and that's the best that can be done.

THRUST: You've been involved in quite a bit of media work—television, films—as a writer. Have you ever had any urge to be involved in some other way, say as a

producer, or particularly a director? The director has primary responsibility for the finished product.

ELLISON: Well, I produced, wrote, and hosted a one hour special for KCTV, which is the educational channel. It was called "The Special Dreamers". Other than that, I have not. I will eventually have to direct, I suppose, if just to get my stuff done the way I want it done. I don't much relish it, because I don't like directors and I don't like directing, although I have a director's eye when I write a script.

THRUST: Don't you feel that British television is much better in most respects than American T.V.?

ELLISON: You're a fan of the best of British television.

THRUST: That's right.

ELLISON: You're not a fan of the shit that's on British television, which is some of the deadliest dull crap that was ever made. It doesn't even have the saving grace of being entertaining, as American stuff is. Did you ever go to England and watch television?

THRUST: I was there for about three months. They have a better percentage of good television, and their good stuff is better than our good stuff.

ELLISON: I've watched a lot of British television, and some of it was very, very good indeed. But a lot of it is just ghastly— I mean, music hall crap and stuff like that is awful.

THRUST: It's better than American T.V., especially series.

ELLISON: Well, series... let's not talk about series, because there aren't that many English series that are any good either. It's the specials that you talk about. But as far as series go, I think M*A*S*H stands up with anybody's humor. It's a beautifully done show. I think that Mary Tyler Moore is getting close to being one of the first and only series about a woman that bears any relation to reality. They keep the improbable, funny situations, but she's a human being, she's a woman. There isn't much else for me, this season.

The place where you get your really good stuff in television is either through specials, or news broadcasts, or sports broadcasts, which they do flawlessly, or things on educational T.V. I mean, you complain about things that really don't matter. What does it matter whether "Gilligan's Island" is any better than "The Avengers", or "Upstairs, Downstairs" is any better than "All In The Family"? It's all Bullshit! What you're talking about is a popular medium, for Christ's sake. If you want quality, you read books. You go to certain movies. But the proportion of bad television to good television is precisely the same as the percentage of bad movies to good movies. How many good films are there in a year? How many good books are there in a year? How many good records are there in a year? When was the last time you bought a rock album that really knocked you out? Think hard, yeah.

THRUST: Yeah, you're right.

ELLISON: How many in the last year? As many as ten

years ago? No way. And that can't be chalked up to nostalgia. What it can be chalked up to is that the vein of energy runs out, and the vein of the art runs out, and everybody begins to imitate.

THRUST: That isn't an excuse for some of the shit on T.V. these days.

ELLISON: Why? Why isn't it an excuse? Like what shit? Name one.

THRUST: Stuff like "The Rookies", "Marcus Welby"...

ELLISON: "Marcus Welby" isn't for you. That isn't intended for you. That isn't programmed for you. That's intended and programmed for the hoardes of brainless know-nothings—

THRUST: That may be why they're brainless.

ELLISON: Television made them brainless?

THRUST: No, but they're so used to it—

ELLISON: Absolutely granted. Television does nothing to help uplift those poor damn souls from their sloth—

THRUST: I mean, the programmers don't give a shit. All they care about is whether the show is being watched by X number of people. It seems like the stupider it is, the more people watch it.

ELLISON: Then how do you account for the enormous success of "The Prisoner"? Within the limits of what it was supposed to do, it was enormously successful. It was supposed to be a novel in twelve segments. It ran once, prime time. By the end of its twelve episodes it had beat everything in its time slot. It was in the summer, of course. It was brought back the following summer, they ran it all over again; it then went into syndication and has been shown endlessly in this country.

THRUST: Remember that show— I guess it was about ten years ago— called "Journey To The Unknown"? It was a British series that lasted here about three months, even though it was excellent.

ELLISON: Well, there are always exceptions. I'm no apologist for television. You know where my head is in terms of television. But I think you expect a nobility from television that you don't expect from books, or magazines, or records, or movies, or the dance, or the theatre, or anything else.

I can turn on the T.V. any night of the week in Los Angeles— I don't know what you guys get here, I can't vouch for here— any night of the week in Los Angeles, there will be an hour or two of things that I want to see and am willing to spend time seeing. And Jesus Christ, who the fuck wants to spend more than two hours any goddamn night watching television to begin with? You go to a movie, it's two hours. You go to a ballgame, it's three hours. You go to a play, it's two hours, three hours. That's it.

You must not expect that everything that's going to be on is going to be right for you. A lot of that stuff is intended for the redneck who comes home with a can of beer, and sits there and scratches his belly and says "do it to me". He's had a hard fucking day, and... listen, I've got to tell you something.

Ellison

I work out of my own house. I have my office in my house. I get up at six o'clock in the morning, okay, which is nine o'clock here. I go right in, put on the coffee, and go right to work. By seven, which is ten o'clock New York time, the phone calls start coming in with problems from New York. Because that's where all the publishers are. From seven o'clock in the morning until five o'clock at night (and usually six or seven, because at the studios they stay on late, they stay till six or seven), it doesn't stop for me.

I'm lucky if I can grab lunch; I'm very lucky indeed if I can get dressed for the day. I sit there in a bathrobe or bare-assed naked, with a towel wrapped around me so I won't offend my secretary. And when five o'clock comes, and it slacks off, I start sliding downhill, and I get finished maybe six or six thirty. I put in a pretty goddamned good day, maybe twelve, thirteen, fourteen hours. Because I'm my own boss, I have to work harder, beating all the deadlines. My secretaries go home, I go up to my bed and I lie down, and I turn on the T.V.... and I'll tell you something, baby, all I want to watch is a rerun of fucking "Gilligan's Island". You know exactly what I mean. It's a necessary panacea.

So, all those things have therapeutic value. Granted, they should program more broadly, they should program more intelligently. But just this last season, I saw Katherine Hepburn in "The Glass Menagerie". I saw Hal Holbrook in "The Pueblo Incident". I saw Peter Falk in half a dozen "Columbo's" that were fun. I watched M*A*S*H, I— well, I get pretty tired of "All In The Family" pretty quick, but it still has some funny stuff in it. "Mary Tyler Moore" I watch religiously. I've watched any number of made-for-T.V. movies, some of which I thought were superb, really superb...

THRUST: Are you doing any writing for T.V. movies?

ELLISON: Well, I'm writing one now. This two hour movie I'm writing is a big thing. That's all I ask of television. What I ask, really, the only thing I ask is personal consideration. Let me alone, let me work. Let me perform at the highest level of my ability. If you won't, I'll either kill you or ruin your system for you. Fortunately, at this point they're kind of getting the message, and I've been given pretty much a free hand with this two hour thing. It's a big, big job. I'm going to have to pay off, I'm going to have to be able to come through with what they want, otherwise I lose the ground I've gained.

Anyhow, there are many reasons why there's so much shit on television. It's not a happy situation, but it is a situation that should be looked at through other eyes. I like watching old movies on television. On a given evening, I can watch Errol Flynn in "The Sea Hawk", Paul Muni in "The Life Of Louis Pasteur", and Humphrey Bogart in "Casablanca".

It's a big theatre, and it's free. You don't like what's one? What the fuck, leave it off. What do you care if all those smuckos out there watch it and get their brains turned to cream of yogurt? No problem-- the worst they can do is elect another Nixon.

THRUST: That's bad enough.

ELLISON: I'm thinking on a cosmic scale, my boy. As I was saying to a beautiful woman just this afternoon: One hundred and fifty million years from now, an arrivee from Proxima Centauri IV will not even know that you were bored by the "The Rookies".

THRUST: You said on the Media panel that you could probably regale us for hours with horror stories about producers. In your recent T.V. Guide interview, you mentioned a run-in with the producer of "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea".

ELLISON: No, it was the head of ABC Network Continuity. His name was Adrian Samish. I didn't break his pelvis, I punched him in the jaw. I broke his jaw. When he went off the chair backwards, he hit the wall. There was a shelf, on which there was a five-foot long model of the Seaview submarine. It fell off the wall, and it fell on him and broke his pelvis. So that was an inaccurate statment there. I never broke anyone's pelvis.

THRUST: When did you start using the name Corwainer Byrd?

ELLISON: That was way the hell back in 1956 or '57, when I first started writing again. There had been one story published --"Scanners Live in Vain"-- which had been published in 1949 or something like that, and it was reprinted in '52 or '53 I think, in Fred Pohl's anthology *To the Ends of Time*. He was a big mystery, and nobody knew anything about him. I didn't know who he was. Everyone assumed it was a pen name for some recognized writer, and would never be known.

So I, in parody, started using Cordwainer Byrd. A few years later, Fred found Cordwainer Smith, Paul Linebarger, and got him writing again. 'And Paul began writing again, and I stopped using Cordwainer Byrd very much. Two or three stories appeared, one under the name C. Byrd; in another they made the purposeful typographical error of Cortwainer Byrd. The were not terribly good stories, but I had another story in each issue, which was why I had to use a pen name. I used it a couple of times on mystery stories which were not awfully good.

Then, when I came out to the coast and I had register my pen name-- you know, in the Writer's Guild, you have to register your pen name, which you use when you want to take your name off something-- I was going to have it Cordwainer Crudde. But by that time I had come to love Cordwainer Smith's stuff quite a lot, and I wanted to use that name as a kind of homage. So I went back to Cordwainer Byrd. The Cordwainer part is the homage, the Byrd is the (Ellison gives the finger and makes Bronx Cheer) to the producers.

THRUST: You think the producers got the message?

ELLISON: They definitely got them message. They don't fuck around with me very much any more.

THRUST: You told us a story the other night about the new Cordwainer Smith story you have for *Dangerous Visions*. Could you repeat it?

ELLISON: Yeah. For *The Last Dangerous Visions*, I had heard a number of times of there being fragment, half-written stories, of Cordwainer Smith's. And so through the good offices of John Jeremy Pierce, I was able to get in touch with Mrs. Paul Linebarger, who was wife to Paul Linebarger who was Cordwainer Smith.

I wrote to her, and I called her, and said I'd heard about these three or four things, could I look at one. She said well, there was one story which was written immediately after "Scanners Live in Vain", which was his first story (almost immediately after, a month later), and had never been published. God knows where it was around, but she would take a look in the trunk to see if she could find it. She remembered the story quite well, and she wrote me back this letter explaining what the story was about.

Well, a few weeks later, we talked some more on the phone, and she said, "Well, you know, I collaborated with Paul on most of the stories". And I thought she was bragging, you know, the way some of the husbands or wives of well-known science fiction writers say that they collaborate, and in fact they don't. They're beer-fetchers.

Well, what happens is, about ten days later, eight, nine, ten days later, I receive a letter in the mail, and it's the manuscript. And it's a story of about three of four thousand words, and it's beautifully typed. I figured, ah, she's had it retyped. I read her cover letter and I find out that she had been mistaken, that what had been left behind—no, first I read the story. I couldn't wait to read the letter.

I read the story, and I said, "Jesus Christ, it's Cordwainer Smith. It really is." The song in it, the poetry, the images, the structure, I mean the whole goddamned thing, was Cordwainer Smith. I mean, it could not have been a fraud.

Then I read her letter, and thought that she had just retyped whatever manuscript he had had, which was old and yellow and withered. She said, "You know, I mentioned that I had collaborated with Paul. I was wrong, this was never a story, it was only a series of notes. Handwritten notes. But he had described it to me so well that I had remembered it over all the years we were married."

Now, she's a youngish woman—I don't know how young or old, but when I talked to her on the phone she sounded late thirties or early forties. Linebarger probably was quite old when he died. So it seemed to me a— I mean, I'm only making a guess—but it was apparently a deeply meaningful love relationship between them. I've never met the woman, she's incredibly charming on the phone, and I meant to call while I was here, but I didn't wish to disturb her, so uh— Genevieve Linebarger is her name— she said, there were only these notes. "I have written the story myself." And it was Cordwainer Smith.

So Cordwainer Smith is not dead. Only half of Cordwainer Smith is dead, and this woman is now writing a new Cordwainer Smith novel, completing the big major work that Paul Linebarger started. And I tell you, you will not be able to tell the difference. It is fresh, it is original, it has that Cordwainer Smith voice, and it's illustrated by a big fold-out illustration by Tim Kirk. It's an amazing piece of work.

The interesting thing is, soon after I had bought the story I read James Tiptree's "The Man Who Walked Home", and they're the same story.

Written thirty years apart, absolutely no way one could have known about the other, unless Paul Linebarger has come back to life, or never died. Maybe that's why James Tiptree is hiding out. Wouldn't that make for an interesting kind of story? Wouldn't that be a fascinating mystery to write? It's the same story, the same basic concept. Handled slightly differently— well, considerable differently, but the same basic gimmick and

the stories end the same way.

So that's my Cordwainer Smith story.

THRUST: One other question. The other day, you said you'd had a revelation about why you were writing the introductions to your *Dangerous Visions*. Are you still going to have a hundred thousand words of introductions to your *Last Dangerous Visions*?

ELLISION: Sure, I've created a Frankenstein's monster. People get very upset if you don't give them what they think they're going to get. If I were to do that book without introductions, can you imagine how pissed off people would be? I just wonder... I just wonder what people would say? I just wonder...

THRUST: You said the other day that you had the Secret To Life...

ELLISION: That's an awfully hard story to tell at this hour. Uh, just having imagination is the only thing. It really is. It's an amazing power. You can do anything. How the hell do you think it is that I can stand up for two hours and some minutes in front of four thousand people, sitting in a hot, sweaty room, who are screaming to be let out, and shuck and jive 'em for two hours, and hold 'em there? Nobody really pissed off, everybody kind of happy, feeling involved in some kind of great endeavor.

That is power. That is charisma, that's what it is. And you don't always have charisma all of your life. I didn't have any until I was... Jesus, really older. And I've got it now. Where did it come from? Well, it came from, I suppose, daring to do what can be done. Daring to do anything you want to do. And understanding that you can do it, just by wanting to do it.

You see, the power of positive thinking— Oh, God!

THRUST: Thank you, Norman Vincent Peale. In other words, you're saying that you are essentially a self-made man.

ELLISION: We are all self-made men or women. That's all I'm saying. What I'm saying is that the power lies within you. ■

BACK ISSUES

There are still a few copies available of each of the following issues of **THRUST SCIENCE FICTION**:

- Vol. 2 No. 1 (#3): Interview with Keith Laumer, article on the sf play WARP, fiction, book reviews, art by Vaughn Bode, Dave Cockrum, and more.
- Vol. 2 No. 2 (#4): Interview with John Brunner, winners of the Thrust Science Fiction Writing Contest, art by Bode, Steffan, etc.
- Vol. 2 No. 3 (#5): Roger Zelazny interviews Frederik Pohl, runners up in the Thrust SF Writing Contest, article on Michael Moorcock, art by Hickman, Rotsler, etc.
- Vol. 3 No. 1 (#6): Special Worldcon Issue, photos and report on Discon II, more fiction, reviews, and art.

All back issues are 50¢ each while they last!

THE ALIENATED CRITIC



SF COMMENTARY BY Doug Fratz

My years of association with science fiction and the science fiction field have had an untold effect on the way I think, the way I feel, the way I view the world. No one could possibly spend so many long hours in different lands, on different worlds, in different times, or even different realities with entirely different laws and logic and feelings, and not be effected deeply. When I look at the world now, I see not just what everybody sees, but one tiny world at one fleeting point in time in an infinite universe, and a world a world which still contains the potential for infinite diversity. When looked at in this context, nothing can be taken for granted, everything must be questioned, all things fall into the great category of "What If". Science fiction does that to a person. I read sf for that feeling.

Besides, there's nothing more exciting than a good spaceship story.

Roger Elwood has become the great hustler of the science fiction field. He edits and sells sf anthologies like an energetic and determined pimp sells his women. The immediate effect: more science fiction in print than ever before. The long term effect: unknown. Whether Roger Elwood will help or hurt the science fiction field remains to be seen.

Ten Tomorrows is a better than average Elwood anthology. Still, every story misses its mark. Robert Silverberg writes a disorganized story-cum-editorial that sounds like it was written for a sophomoric college literary magazine. The Barry Malzberg story has to be one of his most minor works. I get the feeling that Barry submitted it as a story idea, and Elwood printed it as is. Laurence Jennifer does a fair job on an old idea about a time paradox. Edgar Pangborn got out a beautiful Robert Heinlein story, marred only slightly by some "cute" Heinlein dialog, (i.e. "Well, anytime steamy strippling. Anytime I say so." and "And I feel inclined, high-toned hoyden."). Anne McCaffrey's story about girls who manage to break away from a society of women conditioned not to think about sex strives for emotional impact, but fails, as does Pamela Sargeant's story about a child prodigy born in a desolate future. Larry Niven puts out still another organlegger story, about a future where transplants have made human bodies valuable commodities. Whatever merit was in that idea was exploited long ago. David Gerrold's story of ultimate love, despite frantic efforts, also manages to have almost no impact. Jim Blish contributes a very strange play, intended to be performed in church, a Vietnam story with very heavy Christ symbols. I only got through it because I really love plays. Finally, there's a long story by Gardner Dozois, portraying in potentially powerful prose the degeneration into insanity of a soldier alone, after a nuclear war. It's a story where not what is said, but how it's said, but how it's said, that is important. Yet, it still somehow manages to be tedious reading.

All the stories have some merit, all have major flaws. Only the Dozois story really stands out. If you are looking for only the best in science fiction, it would probably be safe to skip books with Roger Elwood's name on the cover.

Larry Niven is one of the best of the newer hard science fiction writers. The Flight of the Horse, however, is strictly science fantasy, and yet, the style and execution wholly betray Niven's hard science background.

In structure, the book is seven stories written over a five year period, 1969-1973. The first four stories form an open ended short novel. These stories are about a time-traveler named Svetz, who must travel from a far future, devoid of all but human life and

CONVENTIONS

yeast, to the past to gather strange animals at the whim of a retarded world ruler. The tight and humorous style of Niven's science fantasy manages to suspend disbelief without ever taking the smile from his face. Because his machine tends to drift sideways in time (i.e. alternative realities) as well as back, Svetz is always running into the mythical creatures he's searching for, not knowing that they are mythical (a war has destroyed most past records of earth). This series may never be one of the classics of the sf field, but it makes damned interesting reading.

"Flash Crowd" is a little closer to Niven's hard science style, looking into the implications involved in the development of instantaneous long distance, as well as short distance, travel. It's the kind of story idea that leaves one hoping for a longer novel length treatment of the same idea.

"What Good is a Glass Dagger" is pure fantasy: magic, werewolves, the works. Yet, even here Niven goes out of his way to make it fit in with our reality. Magic is based on mana as a power source, which at the time of this story is getting in short supply. Today, it is all gone, and so is the magic. Around this, Niven writes a very competent fantasy story.

Overall, The Flight of the Horse is a fun book, of interest to fantasy and sf fans alike.

Science Fiction Reader's Guide is one of the recently lengthening line of academic looks at sf, a line which promises to expand further in the future with continued interest by those in academia in sf. Author L. David Allen is an English professor at the University of Nebraska, where he also teaches science fiction. He received his Masters at Bowling Green State in Ohio, known for its Popular Culture Library which includes sf.

Mr. Allen begins in usual academic style by expressing the short-comings of pigeon-holing, and continues with a pretty good categorization of various forms of science fiction literature. The bulk of the book consists of the description and analysis of what he considers fifteen of the most important sf novels, from 1870 to 1970, Jules Verne to Larry Niven. This section is slightly marred by the predictable lack of detailed knowledge of one not intimately involved in the sf field. For example, Allen is apparently unaware that Stranger in a Strange Land by Robert Heinlein was written in two parts several years apart. Overall, the book is relatively good, even though it often treads the narrow line between interest and boredom. The book is not for everyone. Avid sf fans, as well as non-readers, will find it boring. The only real use for the book is to students taking sf courses for use as a source of ideas for papers.

I'd prefer to ride out the current academic interest in sf with patient indifference. We've come too far without it for it to have a very great effect. ■

UNICON II, July 9-11, University of Maryland, College Park, Maryland, GOH: L. Sprague and Catherine de Camp, Special Guest: Ted White, write: Box 63, College Park, Md. 20740.

PULPCON 5, July 9-11, Holiday Inn, Akron, Ohio, GOH: Walter Gibson, write: P.O. Box 14, Wadsworth, Ohio 44281.

THE MARYLAND FUNNY BOOK FESTIVAL, July 9-11, Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge, Wheaton, Md., GOH: Mrs. Frank Frazetta, write: Mark Feldman, 328 University Blvd. E., Silver Spring, Md. 20901.

IVAN COOK'S COMIC, STAR TREK, & SCI FI FILM CON, July 16-18, Del Webb's Townehouse & Convention Center, Phoenix, Arizona, guests: Clampett, etc write: Box 9321, Phoenix, Az. 85020.

OMNICON, July 16-18, Bluegrass Convention Center, Louisville, guests: DeForest Kelly, Frank Brunner, write: 7410 Woodhill Valley Rd., Louisville, Ky. 40222.

SAN DIEGO COMIC CONVENTION, July 21-25, El Cortez Hotel, San Diego, guests: Ray Bradbury, Ted Sturgeon, etc., write: Box 17066, San Diego Calif., 92117.

LONDON ANNUAL FANTASY/MEDIA FESTIVAL, July 23-25, University of Western Ontario Community Center, London, Ontario, GOH: Jeff Jones, write: Bill Paul, 111 Mt. Pleasant Ave., London, Ontario N6G 1E1 Canada.

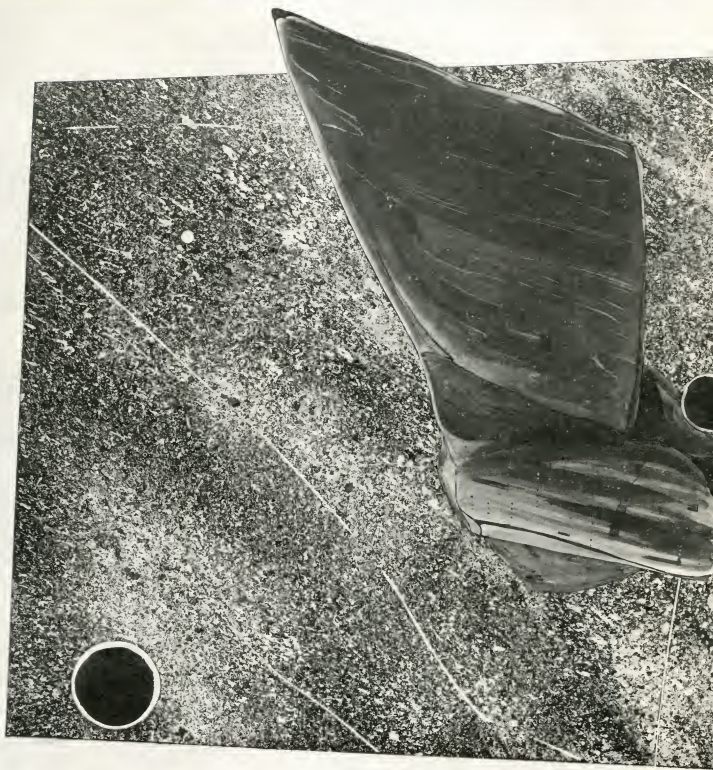
RIVERCON 2, July 30-August 1, Stouffer's Inn, Louisville, Ky., GOH: Poul Anderson, write: Box 8251, Louisville, Ky. 40208.

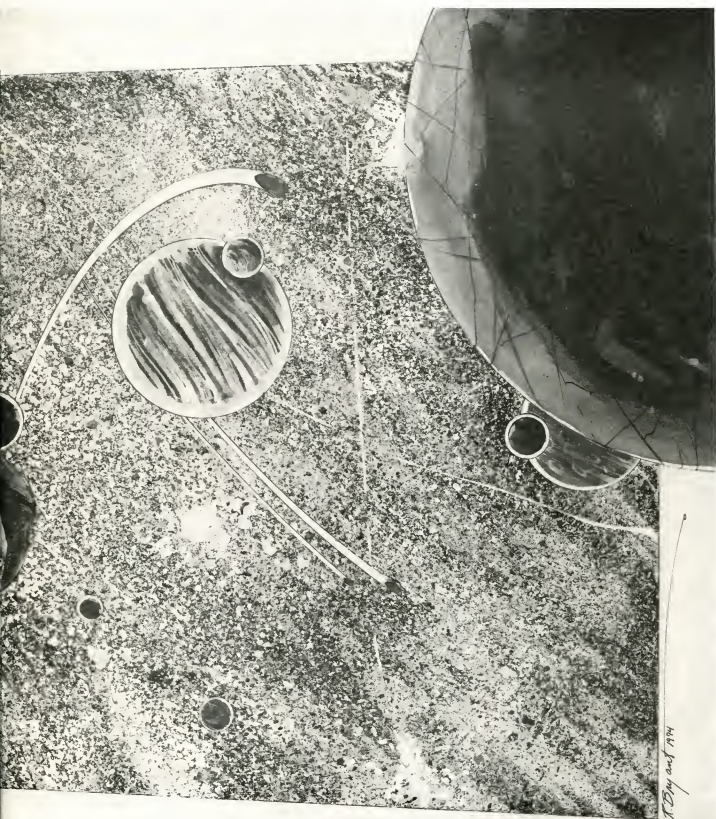
BOFCON, August 13-15, Melbourne, write: Cary Handfield, 259 Drummond St., Victoria 3053, Australia.

INTERCON, August 13-14, TRI ARC Travelodge, Salt Lake City, UT., guests: Larry Niven, Alan Dean Foster, John & Bjo Trimble, and Darren McGavin, write: Box 11057, Salt Lake City, UT. 84147.

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Harlan Ellison VS. The Spawning Bischii

by David F. Bischoff -

Now, as I was young and easy under the apple boughs about the lilting house, and happy as the grass was green, I liked Science Fiction. It's curious that of all the persecuted minorities in the world, only Science Fiction fans choose to be. I could have led a normal adolescence. But I decided S-F was worth the pain and abuse.

Among the abusers were my parents, and their greatest crime was not permitting me to attend the Nycon in 1967. I was "too young (15)." Other people, stricken with the urge to read (or worse, write) the glop would try to undermine my youthful innocence. In retrospect, having now attended a number of conventions, they were quite right to do so.

Despite their valiant attempts, the sickness had already taken hold of me, twisting my psyche into its present bonzai form. So their denials of my fervent yearning to see and hear the Type-writer Gods who fed my expensive habit only succeeded in making me a hardened junkie forever.

Two of my friends who did go to the convention returned with marvelous old magazines, artwork, books, etc., and even more marvelous stories of the important personalities in attendance.

At least seventy-five percent of these concerned a writer named Harlan Ellison.

I think at that time I'd read perhaps one or two stories by that author. I remembered his name because they were good stories. Also, (jumping back about three years), I remembered seeing an episode of the usually insipid Outer Limits which was so compelling that I had noted it's author: Harlan Ellison. The episode was "Demon With A Glass Hand." I had also enjoyed a recent installment of Star Trek by Harlan.

All of which did not prepare me for the stories brought back by my friends. Harlan this Harlan that. Harlan, Harlan, Harlan.

I was fascinated. I read everything by Ellison I could lay hold of. I exulted in his introductions to the just released Dangerous Visions. And most of his work was not merely good, it was excellent. None of it was less than interesting.

During this period of my sickness, I began reading many fan publications. The stories of Harlan Ellison were legion, and his occasional letters of comment were fascinating. I became not only a science fiction fan, but a Harlan Ellison fan as well. By the summer of 1969 I had read "A Boy And His Dog", which totally floored me.

When I got to go to the World Science

Fiction Convention (held that year in St. Louis), Harlan Ellison was there.

It is perhaps the measure of a person's self-concept how he reacts to someone with Harlan's charisma and genius. I was very uncertain of my self in those days. I could tell that Harlan wasn't. He was such an exciting person to watch, to listen to. He had things to say, and he said them well.

I especially remember the evening when after the Awards Banquet where Harlan had picked up another Hugo, I was standing in the hotel lobby for some forgotten reason. Suddenly Harlan stepped out of the elevator in front of me. I stood cowering in teenaged awe. He looked at me. On his arm was a stunning young lady.

"Congratulations," I managed to mutter. I wasn't sure whether I was referring to his recent award, or to his gorgeous lady friend. Or merely to his being Harlan Ellison.

He shook my hand. "Did you vote for my story?" (The Beast That Shouted Love At The Heart Of The World).

I humbly assured him that I had. "Good man." He smiled, and went about his business.

Now I hope you understand that I was just a kid. Younger than my years, really. I was greatly impressed by that encounter, fleeting though it was.

That was, the year I started college, the half way house between childhood and THE world. I kept on reading sf, and I kept on admiring Ellison. I continued reading just about everything by him or concerning him. I also joined the Washington Science Fiction Association, and wrote a few reviews for the WSFA Journal. At one fateful meeting the Journal's editor, Don Miller, asked me to read and do a short review of Harlan's Again, Dangerous Visions. I had seen the

mammoth volume in book stores, and would have bought it, save that it cost a pile of money. Here was a chance to read it for free. I told Don I'd be glad to write the review. That was a mistake.

A few quotations from the review:

I find myself curiously ambivalent to this new collection of science fiction stories edited by Harlan Ellison.

As the name indicates, this volume portends to be a kind of sequel or continuance of Mr. Ellison's highly successful original story anthology of 1967. It is huge (46 stories), nicely packaged, and pleasing to the eye (thanks to the art of Emsh).

Obviously a painstaking labor of love on the behalf of the editor, one is very excited as he begins reading it, expecting something just as good (if not better) than Dangerous Visions. This reader found it a disappointment...

I must emphasize the fact that I entered into the reading of this book with much enthusiasm. And I was disappointed in my own disappointment, mainly because it is so much more enjoyable to write a favorable review...

To be sure, there are some really good stories within ADV, but hardly as many as there were in the much smaller DV. Of the remainder, a few are readable but the rest are very forgettable, if not just plain bad.

Because this book represents such a great amount of collective work, much of it very worthwhile and excellent, it is actually not the failure that my above words seem to imply; in fact, it compares favorably with the best of the current story anthologies. It is just not as good as Dangerous Visions was. Perhaps the forthcoming The Last Dangerous Visions will be. I certainly hope so.

I went to the Lunacon in New York where Harlan put on a fine show, reading from his works, making speeches, being Harlan. I admired him no less for the fact that I was not as impressed with ADV as I'd have liked to be. Little did I know that Don Miller had sent a copy of the Journal containing my review (and another, no more complimentary review by Mike Shoemaker) to Harlan.

Harlan wrote Don a letter.

I have come to the conclusion that Harlan wants to be remembered in the history of literature not merely as a fine short story writer, but also as a true man of letters. His correspondence is finely crafted, powerful, and to the point. I dare say when he is gone from our midst (a date far removed from now, I hope) a monstrous volume of his collected letters will be published for future scholars to pour over, and perhaps his letter to a lowly fan magazine will become a classic:

In twenty-two years of association with the field, both as fan and pro, critic and editor, writer and reader, I have encountered all manner of book reviews: good, bad, witty, boring, talented, inept, craftsmanlike, bitchy, uninformed

and esoteric. But never--till now with the Bischoff/Shoemaker "reviews" of Again, Dangerous Visions--have I encountered high school level cop-out brain damage illiteracy passed off as criticism.

"The book that I have chosen to discuss today is 'Star Third Baseman' by John R. Tunis. This is the exciting story of Tom Fletcher, star third baseman for the Dover High School baseball team, and the exciting adventures he has as a star third baseman. The book is 174 pages long and if you want to find out what happens to Tom Fletcher, well, you'll just have to sign your name up with Miss Friedman and take this book out of the school library. I liked it a lot." That is the moron level of insight Shoemaker brings to a work that took five years to amass, forty-some writers to conceive, some of the finest literary minds of our time to set forth...

To continue in this vein, belaboring and adolescent for attempting to review writing quite clearly beyond his intellectual grasp would be to pillory a blind person for not appreciating a fine painting.. This is not a cavil at having received a bad review, for it is virtually impossible to tell whether either Shoemaker or Bischoff liked or disliked the book...and it does not matter, not really. Had every item ended with the "I liked it a lot" kind of comment, it would have been no less infuriating. These two clowns cannot read, cannot write and frankly haven't the vaguest scintilla of a perception what literary criticism (or even mundane writing) is supposed to do...

I don't suppose you can understand the sort of anguish and frustration that suffuses my being at this kind of non-review...I suppose you got the volume free, as a review book. All the more reason to simply fob it off on some halfwit schlepp. But of what use are the immature natterings of a Shoemaker or Bischoff to a writer like Ross Rocklynne, who breaks out of a writing stance he has held for more years than either of your two trolls have been alive...of what value are insipid comments--"Ho-hum, another dud"--to writers of the stature of Barry Malzberg, whose breakthrough work has won him the highest awards of our genre, awards won because

his works was clearly so dazzling it could not be denied by the harsh-est of critics; whom are we to believe...an illiterate adolescent pulling his pud and playing at being an observer of the literary scene?

...In future, I would rather you ignored books with which I've had some connection, than to hand them out so carelessly and foolishly to idiots of the Shoemaker/Bischoff stripe...for God's sake don't toss any other writers into the thumb-screws and stocks of...the now-fabled Bischoff insipidness...

...why the hell sink into the tubs of mud with Bischoffs and Shoemakers? Better to run blank pages than to publish simpering stupidity.

So I must thank Harlan for at least guaranteeing that my name will be immortal in literary circles by virtue of being mentioned in this excellent example of extended invective.

I went to Europe for five months to escape his wrath. Actually, I was planning to go anyway, but the letter gave me a sort of romantic excuse for drifting around Culture Continent, pining and melancholy. Alas, Alas. My tears are in the Thames, the Rhine, the Seine.

On returning home, I found myself involved with the planning of Discon II, a production to rival the most ambitious works of Cecil B. DeMille or D.W. Griffith.

Having graduated from college before my jaunt across Europe, I was confronted upon returning with finding a job. Turning down all sorts of offers, I settled upon a position with NBC Washington, hoping for a career in the field of Television. I'm still hoping.

Nevertheless, there I was, esconced in the Communications Room, my toe in the large and heavy door of broadcasting, determined to prove my worth. I saw an opportunity to exploit my position on the Discon Program Committee.

WRC-TV has a daily a.m. talk show called Take It From Here. I got to know the producer at that time, Sheila Wiedenfeld (who has since traveled downtown to become Betty Ford's press secretary) and suggested that it would be a good idea to get some of the sf writers on the show while they were here for the convention. The only writers she had heard of were Isaac Asimov and (of course) Harlan Ellison.

Isaac has been on a lot of talk shows, and he's in Mr. Blackwell's Celebrity Roster. But how had she heard of Harlan?

"When I was an associate producer for a New York talk show," she explained, "He came to our offices several times, trying to convince us to put him on the show. Can you get him?"

"If he doesn't get me first," I shuddered, supplying her with the vital information concerning our run-in. She smiled prettily and said to try anyway.

I sent letters to Harlan, Isaac, and Robert Silverberg (who I thought would make a good guest, also). I sent the letters on a Thursday, got all three responses on the following Monday. A post card from Isaac saying maybe; a postcard from Bob saying maybe; a two-page letter from Harlan saying maybe and a lot of other things.

In my letter to Harlan I had said that I was sorry to upset him so with my review. I told him that I liked the rest of his work very much. I think that part of his response to this bears repeating:

Dear Mr. Bischoff:

Don't ever confuse my attacks on lousy writing and/or lousy criticism with attacks on the writers and/or critics. It is a subtle distinction most fans fail to make; a handy thing I learned from playing the confrontation "games" at Synanon (as a visiting "square", not a dope friend). I ain't prejudiced against you, only your perceptions about literature. Which makes for a terrible ambivalence when you tell me how much you like my writing...

I was stunned by the entire letter. It was brilliantly composed, as though Harlan had written it for some slick magazine, rather than someone whom he remembered only vaguely and unpleasantly. I showed it to Sheila, who was just as impressed.

As things turned out, we would have had him for our show, except that they could not get the proper studio time. Still, it gave me a chance to get in contact with Harlan.

There is no doubt about it: the only reason Harlan Ellison was at Discon II was so he could premiere his movie, "A Boy And His Dog." He was considering dropping by the banquet to see if he'd gotten a Hugo for "The Deathbird," but he let us know that unless the movie was shown, he would not be there in any participating capacity.

As far as I know, it was the committee's idea to show the movie in the first place. Harlan didn't approach them

with the idea. All the same, there was a great deal of trouble involved in getting it. I won't go into it; it turned out okay and we got the film.

Harlan was coming into Dulles International Airport on the 8:50 jet from the West Coast, the day before the convention.

"Great," I told Jay Haldeman, our chairman.

"Could you pick him up?" Jay asked me. "We want someone from the committee to greet him, see that he's well taken care of, remind him which panels he's on. Everyone else is in dress rehearsal for '2001: A Space Opera' that night."

What could I say? I agreed.

Accompanied by my friend Chris Lampton I set off for Dulles. We were in a hurry, for Chris had been late arriving at the TV station from which we departed. Beating all existing land speed records we arrived at the airport, and I left Chris to park the car while I dashed into the terminal-- only to be greeted by the Public Address system announcing that Harlan's flight would be an hour late due to mechanical difficulties. So we waited, ogling the girls in the terminal.

Finally the plane arrived. With Harlan. He was last off, of course, and I first caught sight of him as he was fondling a shapely young woman. I assumed she was someone he'd met on the plane. As it turned out, she was an agent from New York who had flown down to meet him in D.C. Her name was Jane Rotrosen, and I understand she's a top-notch agent.

Nervously, I approached Harlan, waving at him. He nodded, beckoning us over.

"Hello, Harlan. I'm Dave Bischoff," I said, offering him my hand. His left hand, full of pretty lady, his right hand full of suitcase, he could only offer me his thumb, which I shook heartily.

"Isn't she gorgeous?" Referring to Jane, of course. "What a great body." I wholeheartedly concurred.

"Isn't he gorgeous?" returned Jane. And he was.

Harlan was in an up mood. He radiated energy from every pore, filling the air with exciting vibrations and quick, clever banter. As I recall, he had on a pair of creaseless, dark slacks, boots, a leather jacket, and a silk shirt open at the top to display a wealth of chest hair. The long, sleekly styled hair which curled over the back collar of his jacket was mussed-- by Jane, I assumed.

It's really amazing how young Harlan appears. Though he's in his early forties, he looks to be in his twenties.

Except for one feature: his eyes. They are old. They've seen much more of life than most senior citizens.

But there wasn't a trace of weariness in those old eyes that night. They flitted about like twin-mounted Spandau's in a Fokker triplane, strafing the world with quick, piercing, humorous delight.

People say Harlan is short. Not so. He merely lacks physical height. When you're in his presence, he seems much taller than his five-and-a-half feet.

I introduced Harlan and Jane to Chris. Alvie Moore, producer of "A Boy And His Dog" (and an acting alumnus of "Green Acres") ambled up to our party in a relaxed, congenial manner and began trading remarks with Harlan and eyeing Jane appreciatively. The atmosphere was definitely show biz. I've felt it before, I've felt it since, having gotten more involved with my station's programming: a certain ambience exuded by the With It people. They seem filled with a glib, bright self-confidence which they reveal not merely through their smooth, quick-paced conversations but in their postures, movements, expressions. It's infectious and fun. I even found an uncharacteristic witicism or two coming through my mouth. It was a stimulating atmosphere.

Jane dragged Chris off to retrieve her luggage, while Harlan and I went downstairs to where a conveyor belt was spitting out the contents of Flight # whatever from L.A. Harlan's baggage was last, so we stood and chatted with Alvie Moore about the film, which he had brought with him. In a matter of minutes Chris and Jane returned, and Harlan's bags finally emerged. I secured the services of a nearby airport person and his cart to carry the ton or so of luggage Harlan and Jane had brought along, then darted out to the parking lot for the car. I would have merely walked, but Harlan had been discoursing on the lousy film the flight had shown; something with Stephen Boyd, whom Harlan is evidently not fond of.

"That's right," I had said, almost immediately tasting my foot, yet seemingly helpless to stop the words, "He was in 'The Oscar' wasn't he?"

"Go get your car, and get mugged on the way, Bischoff," snarled Harlan. Which was why I darted.

We stowed the luggage in the trunk, and Harlan and Jane slipped into the darkened back seat. This was not what Chris and I had planned at all. Harlan was to sit in the front, where he would be in the proper position for high-spirited conversation. Harlan, however, was ob-

viously in the mood for less intellectual pursuits. Nonetheless we had a good forty-five minute journey to the Sheraton Park; plenty of time to play with words.

And Harlan is full of words. A non-stop, high-octane 'conversationalist, Harlan can deliver a high-minded dissertation on the literary values of his work while sharing a dimly-lit back seat with a beautiful woman. Everything was going just fine, when out of the blue he says:

"You know, Dave, you seem to be an okay guy. Why'd you write such a lousy, stinking, rotten review?" Or words to that effect.

I've since thought of a thousand snap-py responses. I'm looking for some sort of time-travel device so I can zip back and zing Harlan with one of them. But at the time, all I could manage was a tangle of words amounting to "Uh, well, Uh."

I felt suddenly as if I were standing before my maker, and he'd just asked me why I had kicked my best friend when I was five years old. But Harlan was in a charitable mood that evening, so I got off with a couple of "Hail-Mary's" and a tongue lashing, which ended with, "David, do you want to be a friend forever?"

"Sure."

"Then don't do any more reviews."

Changing the subject quickly, I gave him the inside scoop on the con, what panels he was to be on, etc., etc. And most especially I assured him how grateful the committee was to have him with us, considering his opinion of fans these days. Most of the time, Chris had remained quiet, pondering how he would put the question that he and I had on our minds to Harlan. But finally, bless him, he came out with it.

"Harlan, sometime during the con could we trade you a dinner for an interview for Thrust?"

"Sure," Harlan answered. "Find about ten other people, locate a restaurant that serves Sze-chuan food, get a menu from it so I can order the dishes for the whole group, and I'll go."

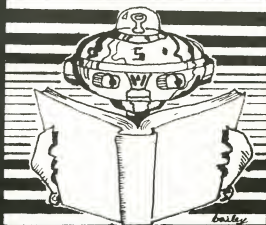
Actually, what Chris had in mind was a burger and a shake at McDonalds.

Harlan had not made his reservation at the Sheraton. He had one at the much posher Shoreham-Americana across the street. I let him, Jane, and Chris off at the entrance and parked the car. When I returned Harlan was charming the ladies at the check-in desk.

Up we went, with bell-person, to the

(Continued on Page 26)

book reviews



FARTHEST STAR by Frederik Pohl and Jack Williamson. (Ballantine, 1975, \$1.50).

You wouldn't guess it, to hear the cries of doomsayers like Judy-Lynn del Rey, J.J. Pierce, and even Fred Pohl, but the so-called "old-value" SF is not only alive and well--it would seem from the present evidence to be absolutely thriving. There may be Golden Age SF novels (the Skylark series, for instance) that offer a greater volume of sheer "sense of wonder" than the current product, but I have yet to find one that exploits its catalog of marvels even fractionally as well as, say, RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA or RINGWORLD. Or even, for that matter, the volume in question.

I suspect that Fred Pohl would be overjoyed at the publication of **FARTHEST STAR**, even if he didn't happen to be its co-author. It's the kind of old-fashioned, "nuts and bolts" SF that the Good Editor has been telling us disappeared from the field twenty years ago; it is also-not incidentally-very good. And, while not quite another **RAMA**, it is as good an indication as we have had of late that we are in no danger of losing the science in science fiction.

Pohl and Williamson have packed the novel to the brim and beyond with ideas not least among them is an ingenious permutation on the teleportation gimmick, with very human ramifications. The "farthest star" of the title is apparently a Dyson Sphere--a planet-like body of almost staggering dimensions--though the authors are evidently saving the details for a later volume (the book is the first of a trilogy). And there's much more concerning mutated primates, collective intelligence, low-gravity life forms--a veritable cornucopia of technological extrapolation. But much to their credit, the authors have not seen fit to write a novel that is simply about technology; rather they have used the extrapolation as background for a story about human beings--thereby avoiding the pitfall that Clarke fell into with **RAMA**, of employing the characters as little more than easily manipulated points of view.

FARTHEST STAR is not without its flaws: there is an occasional naiveness to the characterization and a tendency to rush a little too breathlessly from scene to scene. And yet these faults are considerably preferable to their alternatives. The book is never plodding, the narrative interest never flags. And there is a certain freshness throughout, as if Pohl and Williamson consider boredom to be the greatest crime that an author can perpetrate on his readers.

And perhaps it is.

-Chris Lampton

THE STOCHASTIC MAN by Robert Silverberg. Harper and Row, 1975, \$7.95.

Less Nichols is the stochastic man. In the world of the 1990's he is one of the very few who can "guess" the future with some degree of certainty, "...it's a gift I have!" And he is well paid for his projections.

It is because of his "gift" that he is approached by Paul Quinn, a politician on the road up. Quinn, who looms ominous by page 7, has the White House as his ultimate objective, and well he is helped by Nichols' stochastic ability. And that of Martin Carvajal.

Carvajal is not just a stochastician--he sees visions of the future in clear, technicolor clips. He is a broken man who has "seen" his own death, and withdrawn from society. But he contacts Nichols, and changes the course of Nichols' life.

With **STOCHASTIC MAN**, Silverberg is at his best. His style is engaging; chapters are short and easy to read. The action builds slowly, but by chapter 4 (page 6), I was hooked. From there, it was hard to put the book down.

STOCHASTIC MAN is well conceived and well executed, but I would have omitted the last four (short) paragraphs. They do not sum up the action of the book, nor is there any preparation for the religious conclusion they tag onto the story.

-Linda Isaacs.

THE FOREVER WAR by Joe Haldeman, Ballantine Books, \$1.50

The votes are already in on this book, and it looks like a landslide victory.

THE FOREVER WAR, when it appeared in portions in ANALOG, consistently won the AnLab, only once slipping to second place. When it appeared from St. Martins as a complete novel, the sales were spectacular. Presently, as the Ballantine edition reviewed here, it is storming the best seller charts, a rarity for science fiction, forging new paths for the phenomenal new popularity of science fiction. Last April, Haldeman walked away from the annual Science Fiction Writers of America Awards Banquet with a Nebula. He won the Locus Award. Chances are good the attendees of the MidAmerican Awards Banquet will be privileged to witness a Joe Haldeman acceptance speech, as he strokes a metal rocketship model.

The novel, in short, is a winner. It shows signs of being a science fiction standard, a true classic. It seems to herald the arrival of a major talent on the science fiction scene.

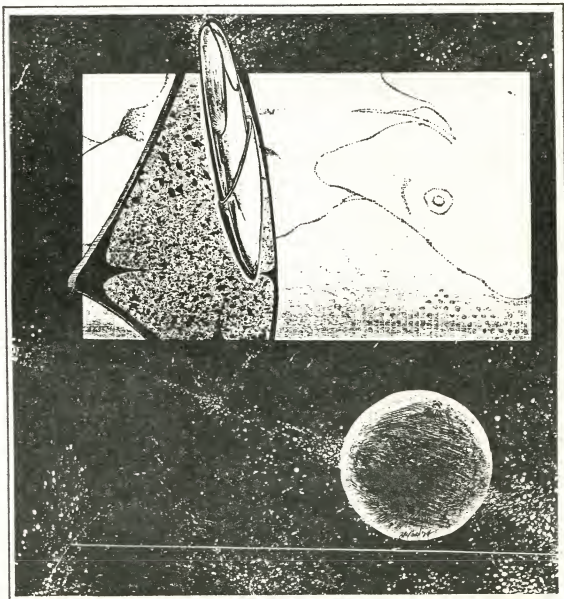
Simply because the book is so good, few re-

viewers have tackled the question of why it is so popular. Most merely say that it, unlike say STARSHIP TROOPERS by Heinlein, shows war to be scuzzy, dirty, senseless. Even a future war. They point out the vivid realism portrayed in the book, the excellence of the narrator's character, the imaginative use of hard science into which believable backgrounds and situations are weaved deftly.

They don't see the galaxy for the stars.

For not only is THE FOREVER WAR good science fiction, it satisfies the more demanding requirements of good fiction. It's far flung situations are firmly rooted in modern human experience, its theme is one not merely for some future era, but for today. The cause for its popularity is not only its "sense of wonder" or its "superior writing", but also the message the author carries along with his very entertaining story.

Upon a cursory glance at the author's bio, along with some fairly plain clues in the novel, it is obvious that the author's personal experiences are intricately involved



if not in the book's totality, then in its inspiration. Haldeman served in Vietnam. His wife's name is Gay. The female lead in THE FOREVER WAR is named Marygay. Haldeman was wounded in service, and, if we are to believe his semi-autobiographical novel WAR YEAR, he suffered disorientation upon return to civilian life.

The narrator of the book, Mandella (note the scrambling of "Haldeman"), is conscripted into a conflict much like Vietnam. Only, through hyperbole, the situation is stepped up, magnified to proportions readily understandable to those unfamiliar with the emotional realities the Vietnam veterans brought home with them. THE FOREVER WAR is a senseless conflict between extra-terrestrials and humans brought about through a simple mistake at First Contact. Haldeman's exaggeration gimmick here is a stroke of genius. Because of Einsteinian Laws, interstellar travel for the warriors of Earth results in a permanent separation from their original Earthly time frame. Subjective time for Mandella may be six months--decades of objective time for Earth.

As he rises through the ranks of the Earth force, battling the Taurans, literally centuries elapse on Earth, leaving him totally isolated from anything familiar. Here is the ultimate case of future shock, and culture shock. Upon release from duty, after the end of the war, not only is he a changed man. The entire universe is different, and he doesn't belong.

Here we begin to understand that the author is transcending not only his inspiration (Vietnam), but his involving hard science tale as well, making Mandella a kind of EveryModernMan, caught up in an existence he doesn't understand, with which he must cope and survive, if not physically, then psychologically.

Upon first reading, I considered the ending, a rabbit-out-of-the-hat reuniting with Mandella's True Love he thought he had lost forever, a cop-out; not jiving with the theme or tone presented in the novel.

But, of his two principle influences, Haldeman is closer to Heinlein than to Hemingway, and upon re-reading the work, I realize that the ending, although a bit sudden and hardly implicit organically in the first 214 pages, is a statement of hope from the author.

After pages of sketching brilliantly in symbolic terms the situation of the modern thinking man, facing a future he doesn't understand in a present he can barely cope with, Haldeman presents a solution to the dilemma, surprisingly simple and straightforward. Simply stated, it is that we may cope through our emotional bonds with others. The universe may be senseless to us, but we can create our own universes of love; comfortable, livable universes, in which there are values and pleasures.

It is ironic that a science fiction novel should present the past as a solution to the future. But it is a viable alternative to the sort of despair modern man is undergoing. An alternative the reader can understand, and can use to

enrich his life.

And this, I think, is the reason Haldeman's book has such well-deserved appeal.

-Dave Bischoff.

NIGHTMARE BLUE by Gardner Dozois and George Alec Effinger. (Berkeley Medallion, 95¢).

Dozois and Effinger actually took the idea of having two private eyes in the far future, one human and one half octopus half crab alien, save all of mankind, and made an excellent novel out of it. The Aensas, a race of powerful and cruel aliens, are subtly taking over mankind by use of an addicting drug named Nightmare Blue. Jaeger and the friendly alien Corcaill Semjien work separately, and then together, as Earth's last chance. Jaeger is Earth's last remaining rough and tough private eye. It sounds like a bad idea, but the authors made it into a fast moving and compelling adventure.

An interesting trend that has been occurring in many books of late; is to have evil aliens appear nearly human, and friendly aliens be quite bazaar in appearance. This is probably partially a reaction the old cliché of the bug-eyed-monster, and partially a subtle touch of pessimism thrown in an otherwise pro-humanity adventure story. This novel is a very obvious example.

One omission that I couldn't help noticing, being a chemist, is that no discussion was given as to why the government, with such an otherwise advanced technology behind it, could not synthesise either Nightmare Blue or its antidote. (The drug had no effects, other than death if its use was not continued.) Such a step would have been the first obvious solution to the whole problem of the Aensalords.

Not a hugo selection, but a nice book to read while coming home on the bus anyway.

-Doug Fratz

THE HOLLOW LANDS by Michael Moorcock. (Harper and Row, \$5.95)

This novel is a sequel to AN ALIEN HEAT. It involved Moorcock's eternal character, this time called Jherek Carnelian, at the end of time. It continues from where the previous novel left off, involving the search through time to find Jherek's lost Victorian love, Mrs. Underwood. The trip takes the reader through numerous flights of imagination, like the protected land, where a group of child actors are being guarded by a senile robot from the great film director Pecking Pa the eighth's film, The Great Massacre of the First-Born, and a fight with some alien musicians, who try to conquer to world with musical instruments. Moorcock's unfettered flights of fantasy maybe keep the reader in a state of excitement, but he may be leading us down a blind alley. There is a third novel to come out in the series, but judging from the way

this one is headed, I fear for an inconclusive ending typical in most of his fantasy writing these days. Moorcock has been writing a tremendous series of stories centering around one character for years. Every science fiction and fantasy story--and one detective novel--involved the theme of an eternal champion that appears whenever needed to save humanity whether or not he knows at the time what he is. This book is just another tidbit thrown into the series--the eternal city Tanalorn, called Shanalorn in this book, is briefly visited, but aside from such tempting glimpses of the overall series, this book does little to advance any major themes. It looks like an exercise in imagination done to make a few dollars and clear away some cobwebs on the brain.

Pity, I felt that there's a masterpiece lurking somewhere in this writer's skill if he can only discipline himself enough to get the work down and leave the eternal champion to his rest for a bit.

--Steve Goldstein

A TIME WHEN by Anne McCaffrey. Nesfa Press, 1975, \$6.00.

To everyone who enjoyed her two previous novels, DRAGONFLIGHT and DRAGONQUEST, this new story will be a welcome addition.

It forms the first half of the book WHITE DRAGON which is to be published by Ballantine books. (In the near future I hope.)

It is beautifully packaged with a jacket illustration (and interior illustrations) by Bonnie Dalzell. It's one of the limited editions put out by the New England SF Association. It's also autographed by both Bonnie Dalzell and Anne McCaffrey.

I was first impressed (no pun intended) by Anne McCaffrey's almost magical ability to create a totally believable, internally consistent, alternate world when I encountered her story "WEYR SEARCH", which won a well deserved Hugo in 1968.

I avidly devoured DRAGONFLIGHT and DRAGONQUEST, and could scarcely control my insatiable desire to return to Pern. I appeased myself by re-reading those 2 volumes a number of times.

Imagine my elation upon learning that Nesfa had published the first half of her forthcoming new dragon novel. (In honor of Anne being the Guest of Honor at Boskone XII.)

So again I was blest with a glimpse into her fantastical world of Pern.

A TIME WHEN caught my interest by the first page. I couldn't put it down. The action moved along very fast.

It is the enthralling tale of Ruth, the white dragon and his rider Jaxom, the lord of Ruatha Hold. It is the story of their search for identity, and their struggle to prove their own self worth.

--Melanie Desmond.

THE GALACTIC INVADERS by James R. Berry, Lazar Books, 95¢

James R. Berry actually did an admirable job of taking about a hundred clichés and about a dozen new ideas and twists, and turning them into an interesting and fast-paced space opera/galactic adventure story. It is mostly impressive because this is Mr. Berry's first real attempt at writing science fiction. His main writing has been non-fiction, mostly technical articles, with his only fiction credits being a children's sf book, an adventure novel, and some mystery stories. He shrewdly manages to avoid most of the mistakes usually made by non-sf writers entering the field.

The plot, handled as a combination adventure and suspense story, involves the mysterious "Galactic Invaders" who are threatening to take over all of the Galactic Federation. The clues to the mystery are introduced interestingly, and tied up nicely at the end. Mr. Berry is a superb plotter, and knows his science, and if the other aspects of his sf writing, such as characterization, develop well in the future, he may very well be a writer to watch.

THE GALACTIC INVADERS may not be an award winner, but it's good solid sf adventure.

--Doug Fratz

WOMEN OF WONDER edited by Pamela Sargent. Vintage Books, 1975, \$1.95.

This is a very impressive collection of 12 short stories, 1 poem, and an introduction entitled, "Women and Science Fiction". The introduction acts as a survey of the directions that women SF writers have taken over the years. It mentions the major female SF writers, and briefly discusses their more important works.

The book's format is well conceived, and well executed. A lot of thought went into selecting these stories. Each story is preceded by a brief biographical sketch of the author. The stories are on varying themes, with their binding element being that they were all written by women, and about women.

The stories are all superb and thought provoking, from Judith Merril's classic "That Only a Mother" to Vonda N. McIntyre's Nebula Award Winner, "Of Mist, and Grass, and Sand". The list of authors represented includes almost every major female SF writer.

WOMEN OF WONDER is a fascinating, very original anthology that anyone would enjoy reading.

--Melanie Desmond.

STAR TREK: THE NEW VOYAGES edited by Sondra Marshak and Myrna Culbreath, Bantam, \$1.75.

This is the first of what will undoubtedly be a series of books printing stories about

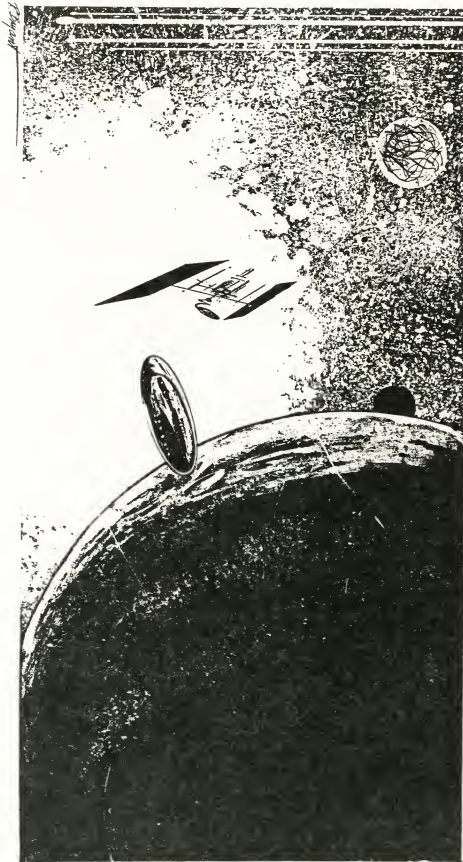
Star Trek written by fans, and reprinted from various Star Trek fanzines. I found them quite interesting reading, although a few die-hard trekkies may take offense at the liberal use of some characterizations a bit removed from those used on the TV show.

One of the more interesting ideas was used

in Juanita Coulson's "Intersection Point", where the Star Trek actors are suddenly transported through time onto the bridge of the real Enterprise. I don't believe for a minute that Shatner and crew would do as well as they did in the story, but it was fun reading anyhow.

Recommended to all Star Trek fans.

-Doug Fratz



ELLISON VS BISCHOFF

(Cont. From Page 19)

room. Harlan stood in, flicked on the light and headed straight for the phone. "Louise," he said into the telephone in a kindly voice, "this really just won't do. It's not what I asked for from Hollywood." He handed the phone to the bell-person, who listened for a moment, hung up, and shrugged.

"This way please." We ascended a few more floors by elevator, and were let into a beautiful, tastefully decorated suite with a balcony overlooking a fine view of D.C.

"Ah, This is more like it." Harlan tipped the bell-person handsomely and proceeded to unpack, insisting that Chris and I linger for a while and thanking us lavishly for picking him up at the terminal. We lounged while Harlan raced around the room unpacking his suitcases, positioning his portable typewriter on the coffee table, and showing us various interesting items he'd brought with him from Los Angeles. Such as the manuscript for Deathbird Stories he would deliver to Harper and Row the next week. And he pulled out the manuscript he was presently working on; a short story entitled "Croatoan." He'd written about ten pages, and he wanted our opinion. He read it to us. It has since appeared in Fantasy And Science Fiction.

We spent an enjoyable hour or so in the room, and then I suggested that Harlan put in an appearance at the young Discon to liven things up. He put on his "Meet The Fans" outfit, and we walked through the humid night to the Sheraton.

As we walked through the door, a barely-contained tumult rustled through the gaggle of fans loitering in the lobby; "Harlan's here."

It was maybe three full seconds before he was surrounded.

Chris and I quietly left for home, agreeing that if this night's experience were any indication, then this was going to be one hell of a convention for both of us.

It was. On Saturday, Harlan took some time out from his frenetic activities to peruse the menu Chris had obtained from a nearby Mandarin restaurant called the Yen Ching Palace. In a thrice, Harlan choreographed a Chinese feast for our company, to be served on Monday eve.

So it was that, sometime past six p.m. of the last day of Discon, a group of convention-haggard people shuffled into

that restaurant. They were led by a weary writer, accompanied by a new lovely young lady, Peggy (Jane had to wing back to New York), who sat quietly as eight people accosted Harlan with questions. As he sat there, fielding the questions he'd no doubt heard a dozen times before, the aura of energy was at low ebb. I could occasionally see through the slightly dimmed brilliance into the being that fuels the genius of the writer, the speaker, the public person; and that being was warm and caring and so incredibly human it amazed me. I could make out very plainly the man I've known for years through his work, his printed words: a man infinitely concerned about the human predicament, someone doing his share-- using his talents not only for his own advancement, but for the enlightenment, the education of his fellow human beings.

Harlan Ellison's written words are but a mirror of the man. And the man is as good as his crystal-clear image in that mirror.

If you'd like to meet Harlan, you really needn't bother with the body he walks around in. Just read his books. They'll be here long after he's gone. Thank goodness. ■

conventions (cont.)

DEEPSOUTHCON XIV, August 27-29, Admiral Benboy Inn, Doraville GA., GOH: L. Sprague de Camp, write: Steve Hughes, 5831 Hillside Dr., Doraville, FA. 30040.

BUBONICON 7, August 27-29, Ramada Inn, Albuquerque, NM., GOH: Bill Rotsler, write: Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, NM. 87107.

MIDAMERICAN, September 1-6, Hotel Muehlebach, Kansas City MO., GOH: Robert Heinlein, Fan GOH: George Barr, write: P.O. Box 221, Kansas City, MO. 64141.

PEGLIANCE VIII, September 24-26, Viking Motel, Pittsburgh PA., GOH: Joe Haldeman, write: Barbara Geraud, 1202 Benedum Trees Bldg., Pittsburgh, PA. 15222.

BOUCHERCON, October 1-3, Americana Hotel, Culver City, CA., write: Len & June Moffatt, Box 4456, Downey CA. 90241.

WINDYCON III, October 15-17, Sheraton-Chicago, GOH: A. J. Budrys, Fan GOH: Bev. Swanson, write: Box 2572, Chicago, IL. 60690.

ALPHA DRACONIS, October 29-31, Holiday Inn, Toronto, guests: Hal Clement, Gordon Dickson, Kelly Freas, and Roy Thomas, write: 1384 Ludbrook Ct., Mississauga, Ontario, Canada L5J 3P4.

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