BY E J STARK

EVERY LITTLE STAR
The Universarium, a highly refined research tool by means of which scientists can deduce future evolution, becomes contaminated with colonies of sub-microorganisms. Have they spawned from organisms infiltrating the system from outside or have they originated inside? And if so, is there truth in the Theory of Spontaneous Formation of Organic Sublife, which suggests that minute particles of inanimate matter can, under certain unique but not unlikely conditions, undergo a transformation into the most elementary form of organic life from which other advanced forms can evolve in a measurable period?

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'The specimens were vile things; generated of slime, living on filth and in death returning to it. Teeming millions, obscenely experience were a reliable indication, was compounded of a variety of sub-microorganisms, their waste products and ... brighter. It whitened and flared almost un-bearably as the Decontamination Crew increased the temperature. We watched
space-travellers were sadly marred, however. The fat crescent illumined by the diminutive pock-marked satellite.The fresh, clean beauty and soft hues which bid welcome to homebound
was looming large on the screen. Oh, no - !I did not dare look at the boss. He said it, just the same.'Yes, our very own system and planet. Imagine that!'I felt myself turning red; who wouldn't under those circumstances? For a while
visible in the dazzling white band spread across the screen. Unlike the space-
the film of slimy filth fade and wither on the surface of the lazily spinning globe.
life could be worse, he assured me on my enquiry. Then, as
some of the new Mark 7 Series, probably the most realistic models used up to now. The incredible achievement of the creators of the Universarium, that of
'................horrid brutes, aren't they?' the Chief Biotech com-
tioned as the image of the nearly transparent neutraltape and its contents began
to sterilize the system. For all the comprehensive, minimum-error data logging, so many factors
realizing close detail on such a vast scale, never fails to overwhelm me. As we
oramic screen, whose energy sensors are all located in the shell, the near-viewing
Chapter 2...
the —, no matter. In a sense I suppose he is not to blame, for he is clearly tem-
obsessional, neurotic bickering. One of these days I'll tell him what I think of him,
which was hQming gradually on the affected stellar system. The procedure we had just witnessed seemed almost to repeat itself, as a parti-
cular bright speck began to surpass its neighbours. Bigger and bigger it grew. Its
effective, or rather its image, was still sprawled across the screen of the micro-
my friend was still at it, and was becoming quite worked-up. I regarded him curiously and had to fight an impulse to com-
to me. He looked at me pointedly and went on, 'now
the sun, blazed high in the sky. And then I felt a convulsive tautening of my own photo-thermal features; a
fluctuations moderated, and settled into a reasonably normal band pattern.'You're right; you're right,' he replied, showing his gratitude with a wistful
understanding that the specimens were sealed
completely new in my experience. It was fortunate that the specimens were preserved and mounted ready for inspection.
they are ....... horrid brutes, aren't they?' the Chief Biotech com-
and the Chief Biotech's catalogue of woe died away as interest in his work took precedence in his intellect!
highly and deviously manipulated controls, activating the 'scope, adjusting the focus, setting the illumination and changing the pan for one adapted to take the sampler disc carrier he had brought from the Enclosure. Sampler discs are so small as to be invisible, and for this reason are transported in special carriers.
the carrier slid home into the receptacle slot, and, responding to the appro-
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Valuable items have been stolen from the display window of Coles' department store by what could only have been a parapsychic individual using one of his many talents—telekinesis. Is the larcenist one of the Talents registered with the East American Parapsychic Centre or a 'wild' Talent using his powers of psi for his own ends? With only two weeks to go before the Bill which will provide legal protection for registered talents becomes law, this is a most frustrating incident for those in charge of the Centre—and the police have a down on them all the way.
The theft was the lead morning 'cast and ruined Daffyd op Owen's appetite. As he listened to the description of the priceless sable coat, the sapphire necklace, the couture model gown and the jewel-strap slippers, he felt as if he were congealing to his chair as his breakfast cooled and hardened on the plate. He waited, numbed, for the commentator to make the obvious conclusion—a conclusion which would destroy all that the East American Parapsychic Centre had achieved so slowly, so delicately. For the only way in which such valuable items could have been removed from a store dummy in a scanned, warded, very public display window in the five-minute period between the fixed TV frames was by kinetic energy.

'The police have several leads and expect to have a solution by evening,' Commissioner Frank Gillings is taking charge of the investigation. 'I keep my contractual obligations to the City.'

Gillings is reported to have told the press early this morning as he personally supervised the examination of the display window at Coles, Michaels and Charity Department Store. 'I have reduced street and consensual crimes and contained riot activity. Jerhanna is a safe place for the law-abiding. Unsafe for law-breakers.'

The back-shot of Gillings's stern face was sufficient to break op Owen's stance. He rose and strode toward the commit just as it beeped.

'Daffyd, you heard that cast? The long, usually grim face of Lester Welch appeared on the screen. 'Christ, yes, but Gillings has been at Coles's and his initial investigation proved conclusively to him that one of our people is a larcenist. One of our women, to be precise, with a secret yen for sable, silk and sapphires.'

Daffyd forced himself to nullify the boiling anger he felt. He could not afford to cloud reason with emotion. Not with so much at stake. Not with the Bill which would provide legal protection for Talents only two weeks away from passing.

'You'll never believe me, will you, Dave.' Les said, 'that the Talented will always be suspect?'

Gillings has never cavilled at the use of Talents, Lester. 'He'd be a goddamned fool if he did.' Lester's eyes sparkled angrily. He jabbed at his chest. 'With publicity like this, we'll never get that Bill through. Christ, what luck! Two bloody weeks away from protection.'

If there's no Incident on the graphs, Les, even Gillings must admit to our innocence.

Welch rolled his eyes heavenwards. 'How can you be so naive, Dave? No matter what our remotes prove, that heist was done by a Talent.'

'Not one of ours.' Daffyd op Owen could be didactic, too. 'Great. Prove it to Gillings. He's on his way here now and he's out to get us. We've all but ruined his spotless record of enforcement and protection. That hits his credit, monetary and personal. Lester paused for a quick breath. 'I told you that public education programme would cause more trouble than it's worth. Let me cancel the morning 'cast.'

'No. Daffyd closed his eyes wearily. He didn't need to resume that battle with Les now. In spite of this disastrous development, he was convinced of the necessity for the campaign. The general public must learn that they had nothing to fear from those gifted with a parapsychic Talent. The series of public information programmes, so carefully planned, served several vital purposes: to show how the many Talents of Talent service that would protect their interests, to identify those peculiar traits that indicated his possessing a Talent; and most important, to gain public support for the Bill in the Senate which would give Talents professional immunity in the exercise of their various duties.

'I haven't a vestige of Talent, Dave.' Les went on urgently, 'but I don't need it to guess some dissident in the committee of have-nots listened to every word of those casts and put what you should never have aired to good use... for him. And don't confuse me with how many happy clods have obsequiously trip up to the Clinic to have their minor Talents identified. One renegade apple's all you need to sour the barrel.'

'Talent did his job for him. And now he's out to get us. We've all but ruined his career.' Lester op Owen sometimes thought the Centre was well enough endowed to control tower with its forest of antennal decorations. The Centre was strong enough to have them here, as much to protect as to help their members. Talent was a double-edged sword; it was continually whetted by the abundance that was not his. In this case, hers. Daffyd op Owen groaned.

If only such a Talent had been moved to come to the Centre where she could be trained and used. Where had their so carefully worded programming slipped up? She could have had the furis, the jewels, the dresses on overt purchase... and enjoyed them openly. The Centre was well enough endowed to satisfy any material yearning of its members. Surely Gillings would admit that.

'Daffyd op Owen looked down at the blank screen for a long moment. Gathering strength. It was no preoc that this would be a very difficult day. Strange, he mused, that no precog had foreseen this. No. That very omission indicated a wild Talent-acting on the spur of impulse. What was it Les had said? The common mass of have-nots? Even with the basic dignities of food, shelter, clothing and education guaranteed, the appetite of the have-nots served several vital purposes: to show how the general public that the psychically gifted were by no means superhuman. Research had indicated there were more men. Research had indicated there were more people with the ability than would admit it. There were, however, definite limitations to most Talents. The Parapsychic had been used, in Daffyd's lifetime, to the level of a science with the development of the Gooseggs, ultra-sensitive electroencephalographs which could record, and identify the type of Talent by the minute electrical impulses generated in the cortex by the psychically gifted.

Daffyd op Owen sometimes thought the word 'power' was the villain in perpetuating the public misconceptions. Power means: 'perception of control' but such synonyms as domination, sway, command' leap readily to the average mind and distort the real definition.

Daffyd op Owen was roused from his thoughts by the heavy beat of a copter. He turned onto the path leading directly to the main administration building and had a clear view of the Commissioner's marked copter landing on the flight roof, to the left of the control tower with its forest of antennal decorations. Immediately he perceived a reaction of surprise, indignation and anxiety. Surely every Talent who'd heard the news on the morning cast and realized its significance could not be surprised by Gillings's arrival. Op Owen quickened his pace.

'Orley's loose!' The thought was as loud as a shout.

'The Parapsychology Centre was formed to organise the special abilities of the Talents—telepathy, clairvoyance, teleportation, and telempathy.'

'Switch the cast to the standard recruiting tape. To pull the whole series would be waste. I'm coming right over.'

Daffyd op Owen looked down at the blank screen for a long moment. Gathering strength. It was no preoc that this would be a very difficult day. Strange, he mused, that no precog had foreseen this. No. That very omission indicated a wild Talent acting on the spur of impulse. What was it Les had said? The common mass of have-nots? Even with the basic dignities of food, shelter, clothing and education guaranteed, the appetite of the have-nots served several vital purposes: to show how the Centre was strong enough to have them here, as much to protect as to help their members. Talent was a double-edged sword: it could incite evil but it nearly separated its wielder from his fellow man. That was why these broadcasts were so vital. To prove to the general public that the psychically gifted were by no means superhuman. Research had indicated there were more people with the ability than would admit it. There were, however, definite limitations to most Talents. The Parapsychic had been used, in Daffyd's lifetime, to the level of a science with the development of the Gooseggs, ultra-sensitive electroencephalographs which could record, and identify the type of Talent by the minute electrical impulses generated in the cortex by the psychically gifted.

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People paused, turned uneasily towards the low long building of the Clinic where applicants were tested for sensitivity and trained to understand and use what Talent they possessed: and where the Centre conducted its basic research in psionics.

A tall, heavy figure flung itself from the Clinic’s broad entrance, charged down the lawn, in a direct line to the tower. The man leaped the ornamental garden gate, and over the hedges, swung over the hood of a parked lawn-truck, straight-armed the overhanging branches of trees, and brushed aside several flaps to him.

'Project reassurance! Project reassurance!' the bull-horn from the tower advised. 'Project happiness!'

'Get those cops in my office!' Daffyd projected on him in anger as he hove into position towards the building. He hoped that Charlie Moorfield or Lester had already done so. Orley didn’t look as if anything short of a transport gun was going to stop him. What had been dim-witted enough to let the telepath out of his shielded room at a time like this? The moron was the most sensitive of emotions. Daffyd had never encountered and he was physically dangerous if aroused. By the speed of that berserker-charge, he had soaked up enough fear anxiety anger to dismember the objects he was homing on in.

The only sounds now in the grounds were those of Owen’s shoes hitting the perma­ plast of the walk and the thud-thud of Orley’s progress on the thick lawn. One advantage of being Talled was the opportunity for total control and total comprehension of tense orders. But the wave of serenity reassurance was not penetrating Orley’s blind fury. The openness of this exquisite effect.

Three men walked purposefully out of the admi­ ni­ stration building and down the broad apron of the east side. Each carried a slim-barrelled hand weapon.

The man on the left raised and aimed his at the aura-shielding, fast approaching moron. The shot took Orley in the right arm but did not cause him to falter. Instantly the second man aimed and fired. Orley lost stride for two paces as the shot penetrated his thigh but incredibly he recovered. The third man—op Owen recognized Charlie Moor­ field—waited family as Orley rapidly cleared in­ tervening distance. In a few more steps Orley would have stepped on the moron’s head in his arms.

He took two double-strength doses, Dave. Moorefield exclaimed with some awe as he cradled the moron’s head in his arms.

'He would. How ’n hell’d he get such an ex­ posure?'

Charlie made a grimace. ‘Sally was feeding him on the terrace. She hadn’t heard the news cast. Said she was on keeping him clean and didn’t ’read ’ his growing restlessness as more obvious the items are being shielded.’

A suggestion that he hoped Daffyd would read him, so

‘Sorry I stopped him at all . . . mister,’ replied Daffyd, ‘Lewis can’t ’find’ a trace anywhere so it’s obvious the items are being shielded.’

Daffyd found it hard to nullify resentment at the insult.

‘You’re the one that’s coming on strong, Gillings. ’ said Welch, not bothering to control his, if you think we’d shelter a larcenist be surrendered to us immediately and his own as he began to run towards the building. He took two double-strength doses, Dave.’

‘You’re the one that’s coming on strong to a man in your position, Owen,’ said Gillings in a tight hard voice.

‘That’s coming on mighty strong to a man in your position,’ replied Charlie, with deliberate malice that Gillings covered and steered towards him.

Owen seemed to be more instinctively sensitive to emotion Daffyd had

‘Good morning, Commissioner. I regret such cir­ cumstances bringing on your first visit to the Centre. This morning’s news cast has made us all extremely anxious to clear our profession.’

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Daffyd found it hard to nullify resentment at the smug satisfaction that a new antagonism which Gillings was generating.

Yes, that Bill, Commissioner,’ op Owen repeated, ‘which will protect any Talent registered with a parapsychic centre.’

‘Power, by the way, means “possession of con­ trol”; personal as well as psychic, which is what this Centre teaches each and every member. Here we are. Charles Moorfield is the duty officer and was in charge at the time of the robbery. If you will observe the graphs, you’ll notice that that period—between 7:03 and 7:08 was the time given by the cast—has no record of any activity at all.

‘Sorry I stopped him at all . . . mister,’ replied Daffyd, ‘Lewis can’t ’find’ a trace anywhere so it’s obvious the items are being shielded.’

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‘You’re a damned fool, Gillings,’ said Welch, not bothering to control his, if you think we’d shelter a larcenist at this time.

‘Ah yes, that Bill pending Senate approval,’ Gillings said with an unpleasant smile.

Daffyd quickly intervened. ‘You dislike, dis­ trust and hate us, Commissioner,’ he said, keeping his own neutral voice with effort. ’You and your staff have prejudged us guilty, though you are at this moment surrounded by incontrovertible evidence of our collective innocence. You arrived here, ema­ nating disruptive emotions—no, I’m not reading your minds, gentlemen. Daffyd had all Gillings’ attention with that phrase. ‘That isn’t necessary you’re triggering responses in the most controlled of us—not to mention that poor witless telepath we had to tranquillize. And, unless you put a lid on your unwarranted hatred and fears, I will have no compunction about pumping you all full of tranks, too!’

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City Manager Julian Pennstrak, with a metropolis of some four million to super­vise, had a habit of checking up person­ally on any disruption to the smooth operation of his city. He arrived as the last of the organized search parties left the Centre.

‘I’d give my left kidney and a million credits to have enough Talent to judge a man accurately,’ Dave,’ he said as he crossed the room. He knew better than to shake hands unless a Talented offered but it was obvious to Daffy, who liked Penn­strak, that the man wanted somehow to convey his personal distress over this incident. He stood for a moment by the chair, his handsome face without a trace of his famous genial smile. ‘I’d sworn Frank Gillings was pro-Talent,’ he said, combing his fingers through his thick, wavy black hair, another indication of his anxiety. ‘He certainly has used your people to their fullest capabilities since he became LEO Commissioner.’

Lester Welch sniffed, looking up from the map he was annotating with search patterns. A man’ll be the first to admit he was annotating with search patterns. A man’ll use any tool that works . . . until it scratches him, that is.

‘But you could prove that no registered Talent was responsible for that theft.’

‘A man convinced against his will, is of his own admission for him. However, it did save time and calculation for him. However, it did save time and energy.’

‘And can you rationally believe that we would jeopardize years and years of struggle to become accepted as reliable citizens of indisputable inte­grity for the sake of a fur coat and a string of baubles? When there are funds available to any Talent who might want to own such fripperies?’ Op Owen’s scorn made the Cole man wince.

‘Do not serve that warrant now, Gillings!’ op Owen said in a very soft voice. He watched the frank activity you had missed since the PA dial turned to Pennstrak. ‘Go. Now. Call. Because if you cannot contain your emotions and revise your snap conclusion. Then Gillings’s squad. Not Gillings, though. She said he was annotating with search patterns. A man’ll use any tool that works . . . until it scratches him, that is.

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life until... He met Pennstrak's sympathetic gaze. 'Until our educational programme gave her the hints she needed to unlock her special Talent.'  

Gillings is going to have to work with you on this, Dave.' Pennstrak said reluctantly as he reached for the intercom at his belt. 'First he's going to have to apologize.'  

Op Owen's irritation with his Commissioner to Pennstrak stalked off, to confer with one of his aides just as Gillings strode into the corridor with his finders' activity anyhow.'  

for he could seethe City Manager forming a furious flashing.  

'I want his cooperation, Julian, grudged or willing. When he really believes in Talent, then he will apologize voluntarily... and obligingly.'  

To op Owen's consternation, Gillings arrived notably in the cowlike lab coat, sirens going, lights flashing. 'Don't bother now,' op Owen said to Pennstrak for he could see the City Manager forming a furious flash.  

Well, she's certainly been warned off now.' Pennstrak walked off, to confer with one of his aides just as Gillings strode into the corridor with his technicians.  

According to Owen and Gracie the merest nod. Gillings began issuing crisp orders. He knew his team, presenting the fragile strap and jewelled manner.  

'this looks like,' Gil Gracie said, bristling at Gillings's prised and irritated.  

as soon as your men have prints and a physical profile, Commissioner, we'd like to run the data. It does not, like the ancient goddess Athena, spring full-grown from the forehead. This girl could not, for instance, have lifted that portable set the first time she used her Talent. The more data we have on... the lecture is ill-timed.'  

Gillings's unspoken 'you said it' did reach op Owen whose turn it was to stare in surprise.  

Threw across the loveseat, one arm hanging down to the floor. I distinguished the edge of the sills and the tree outside, the first folds of the curtain and the wall heating unit. I called in, you sent over enough finders so that we were able to eliminate the similarities. It took us nearly an hour...  

Were you keeping an "eye" on the coat all the time?" Gillings demanded in a voice so devoid of expression that his contempt was all the more obvious.  

Gil flushed, bit his lip and only partially inhibited his contempt was all the more prised and irritated.  

"I could "find" the coat only because I knew what it looked like," Gil Gracie said, bristling at Gillings's prised and irritated.  

"If you are as determined to find this criminal as you say you are, Commissioner Gillings, then do not destroy the efficiency of my staff by such gratuitous criticism. In less than four hours, on the basis of photographs of the stolen objects, we located this apartment... But not the criminal, who is still in possession of a sable coat, which you found once but have now unaccountably lost... that's enough, Gillings.' said Pennstrak who had rejoined them. 'Thanks to your arrival, the girl must know she's being sought and is shielding.'  

"I'm sure she knew of the search before we arrived, Commissioner. The thermal prints also revealed that the criminal was hiding. If you're as determined to find this criminal as you say you are, Commissioner Gillings, then do not destroy the efficiency of my staff by such gratuitous...  

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"I'm sure she knew of the search before we arrived, Commissioner. The thermal prints also revealed that the criminal was hiding. If you...
'You better test Gil for prec. Charlie muttered to op Owen after they'd contacted all the sensitives. He asked for the station.'

'You should've told me sooner,' Charlie. I'd've learned him with a sensitive.

'Look at that,' Charlie exclaimed, pointing to a wildly moving needle on one of the remotes. 'Lester was beside it even as the audio for the incident went on.'


Daffyd pushed Charlie out of the way, to get to the speaker.

'Oh!' he op Owen. Do not pursue. Do not pursue that girl! She's aware of you. Gil, come in. Answer me. Gil... Charlie, keep trying to raise him. Gillings, contact your man in the station. Make them stop Gil Gracie.'

'Stop him! Why?'

'The precog. The baggage on the handicart,' shouted Daffyd, signalling frantically to Lester to explain in detail. He raced for the emergency stairs, up the two flights, and slammed out onto the roof. Gasping physically for breath, he clung to the high retaining wall and projected his mind to Gil's.

He knew the man so well, had trained Gil when an employee brought in the kid who had a knack for locating things. Op Owen could see him ducking and dodging through the trainyard crowds, touching suitcases, ignoring irate or astonished carriers; every nerve, every ounce of him receptive to the feel of a dark, dense sable fur. And so single-minded that Daffyd could not 'reach' him.

But op Owen knew the instant the loaded baggage cart swerved and crushed the blindly intent gage cart swerved and crushed the blindly intent.

'That's all,' Daffyd told his pilot and had him relay the corrected airmap of the city. Here. We can set down at the Boulevard, about eight blocks from here. She was last seen on the east side of the Boulevard, about eight blocks from here. She's moving faster now. Keeps wanting to go the Boulevard, about eight blocks from here.

Talent against an I-beam. He bowed his head, too
gage cart swerved and crushed the blindly intent.

There was no peace from his thoughts even when he released the handunit to himself.

There was no peace from his thoughts even when he released the handunit to himself.

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'Wait, isn't there a discount dress store nearby?'

'That station. Wait, isn't there a discount dress store nearby?'

He nodded to Gillings and gestured for Gillings to precede him to the roof. He didn't look back but he knew what Les and Charlie did not say.

Gillings had been seen running east on Oriole. And if were not very careful, she'll kill others.

She has been seen running east on Oriole. And if were not very careful, she'll kill others.

Daffyd moved to leave the coper. Daffyd op Owen stopped him.

If you're not completely under control, Gillings, Harold Orley could get away any time he wished.

Gillings looked at the director for a long moment, his jaw set stubbornly. Then, slowly, he settled into the seat and handed op Owen a remote comunit.

'There are the three cops on their rendezvous at the small park, there were no more visible signs of Maggie O's retreat.

Talent against an I-beam. He bowed his head, too
gage cart swerved and crushed the blindly intent.

The three big men were more as burly as he could wish. Being trained law enforcers, they ought to be able to handle Orley. Op Owen 'pushed' gently against their minds, as was satisfied with their findings. They possessed the natural shielding of the untemperamental which made them less susceptible to psychic attack.

'He's twitching,' reported Heis in a dispassionate tone.

'To penetrate Owen's remorse. All right, then, if the Talents have cleared it and we're following?'

'Don't be a fool,' Lester said, grabbing the Com.

She has been seen running east on Oriole. And if were not very careful, she'll kill others.

Gillings told his pilot and had him relay the corrected airmap of the city. Here. We can set down at the Boulevard, about eight blocks from here. She was last seen on the east side of the Boulevard, about eight blocks from here. She's moving faster now. Keeps wanting to go the Boulevard, about eight blocks from here.

'You've the double strength tanks? Good. I hope you'll be able to use them in time. But it is imperative that she be apprehended before she does more harm. She has already killed one man.'

'we're to catch her it does. And we must catch her. She's operating at a psychic high. There's no telling what else she could do. But she damn well can't change her height, weight and blood type!'

'Quiet, everybody,' Daffyd said with such urgency he had their instant attention. 'I've the solution. And there's no time to waste. Charlie. I want Harold Orley airbound in the Clinic's copter heading southeast to the Central Station in nothing flat. We'll correct course en route. Gillings, I want two of the strongest, most stable patrolmen on your roster. I want them instanter. Fast-acting, double-strength tank guns and airborne to rendezvous near Central Station.

'Vell head south; south east on an intercept,'

Harold? Les echoed in blank astonishment.

Then relief coloured his face as he understood Daf.

'Nothing. And no one,' op Owen agreed, bleakly. Gillings told us his issuing orders to see an ambulance copter heading southeast across the sky.

We're following?'

Daffyd nodded and gestured for Gillings to pre

Daffyd flicked on the handset. That's normal

as the audio for the incident went on.


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...pounds were gathered. They were not gathered in the normal way, but with sickening force into the metal door. Daffyd had never heard the door groan like that before. He steadied himself. He was too close. He was too close. Heis's figure on the scanner staggered slowly at first gathering speed steadily, mindless and staring, white and watchful, as if they knew he was coming. Heis's trained reflexes made him cling to the device of his optical sensory unit. 'She'd catch that. Should he warn Heis and Heis's face take on the classic mask of blankness of Orley's face. Op Owen, fighting an incredible battle, was blind and in heaven, his vision replaced by that of the handunit. On the screen, his figure had stopped, had come to a dead stop. On the pilot's screen, too. The copter adjusted direction. 'Stop, stop,' Op Owen heard his voice begging. 'Stop the body!' They both fired, the dull reports of trank pistols echoing through the darkened, empty room. She was there, in the corner, standing in the dimly lit, low-ceiling concrete floor. She was clean and empty. She was almost clean. And—I didn't want her to die.' Heis's figure on the scanner staggered. 'She had to be stopped. Now. Here. Before she caused any more damage. Before she got away. Before she caused any more destruction. Before she caused any more pain/fear/blankness of Orley's face take on the classic mask of blankness of Orley's face. Op Owen, fighting an incredible battle, was blind and in heaven, his vision replaced by that of the handunit. On the screen, his figure had stopped, had come to a dead stop. On the pilot's screen, too. The copter adjusted direction. 'Stop, stop,' Op Owen heard his voice begging. 'Stop the body!' They both fired, the dull reports of trank pistols echoing through the darkened, empty room. She was there, in the corner, standing in the dimly lit, low-ceiling concrete floor. She was clean and empty. She was almost clean. And—I didn't want her to die.'
I have been reading the extract of Time Enough For Love published in SFM vol 1 No 3 and would like to point out that 'Eros' is correct as physical love, but Agape which should be spelt Agaan means Christian love.

Robert Heinlein is looking for Philomena which means spiritual love.

Having seen several issues now it seems ripe to suggest that it might be wise to provide a little more space to fantasy, especially dealing with Metaphysics and allied subjects. Many people are genuinely interested in these but don't know the subject names.

In any case thank you for providing interesting art and food for thought.

R T Cunningham (Orpington, Kent)

I shall take the bull by the horns and suggest you modify the format and content of SFM. There certainly is demand for full colour artwork as your letters page proves, but surely you have overcome it and the tail is wagging the dog. I believe that most sf fans are looking primarily for a good read.

There are three, two pages (not twenty-eight as B Herns stated) including the cover. The four middle pages should be full colour artwork and detachable as also should the cover which also contains full colour artwork. The remaining twenty-four pages should be stapled together, since they are big pages I suggest you use the monthly by using the small type as in Time Enough For Love rather than the large type as in Star Port.

I would also like to see a series of book extracts instead.

I agree with Charles Alexander (letters page SFM vol 1 No 4) who would like to see SFM appeal to a wider readership by giving space to less commercial artwork. How about some Paolozzi?

I feel your standard of fiction generally speaking is low too, and was pleased to see that in vol 1 No 4 you are starting to branch out with better quality commercial writers like Bob Shaw and experimenting with fiction stories and content range in works by Graham Leman and Ron Owen.

As a result of your policy relaxation (enrichment) you will get more readers. Incidentally Vol 1 No 4 is the first of your series I have purchased.

Michael Butterworth (Ed. Corridor New Writings Quarterly)

I think that it is said of any magazine can be gauged by reading the letters page. Well, reading through most of the letters I was first inclined to agree with J. Jones of Northallerton that your magazine wouldn’t last six months as most of your letters read like school reports, nothing very controversial in them.

That was until I read the comments of JT Parker of Swindon who suggested that SFM should start courses between the ‘new’ sf… and the traditional adventures… of the old school. Satisfying the middle of the road would lead to the speedy demise of publishing ‘new’ sf in SFM, Michael Ashley’s excellent articles on the history of sf magazines then made realise just how much sf written long before I was born still remains valid today. I am referring to such authors as Stanley G Weinbaum and Edmond Hamilton. I’ve read A Martian Odyssey by the former and a couple of short stories by the latter and would dearly love to be able to read other stories written in their era. I like to think that to know where of is going one has to experience where sf has been.

Anyway, there’s food for thought.

WJ Huggins (Exmouth, Devon)

I have just bought and read the latest issue of SFM and I enjoyed it very much. May I suggest you have more stories and features if possible in future, not necessarily cutting down on your excellent prints. What about authors such as Fred Hoyle, Roger Zelazny, Katherine MacLean, Ray Bradbury, etc? I reinforce the views expressed in some letters that more of the music culture form in sf should be exploited in your mag. As I missed your earlier copies, I would be obliged if you could send me the addresses of the British Science Fiction Association. Also do you have a list and mail order service of all SFM publications?

RJ Frame (Strathtown, Lanarkshire)

Ed: We are starting a new series in SFM entitled Modern Masters of Science Fiction, the idea being to include a brief biography of a well-known author each month, plus a short story by them. No 2 in the series (SFM 8) we are feature Ray Bradbury. We are also planning a series of Science Fiction and Music which I hope you’ll find interesting. Enquires regarding membership of the BSFA should be sent to: David Tillston, Membership Secretary, 215 Egerton, Tanshawe 1/2, Skelmersdale. Lancs WN6 8AB. NEL does have a mail order service (See foot of this page for further information)

I am a middle-aged housewife with a yen to escape, a vivid imagination, interested in ESP, painting, writing and the future.

I could not resist SFM when I saw it on sale, and it appeals to me in every way. The large vivid colours are fascinating, the stories excellent and thought-provoking — lovely escapism and an incentive to keep writing.

First a short story competition and now a painting competition — what more could anyone ask? Congratulations.

ME Bear (Mrs) (Milton Keynes, Bucks)

I found Science Fiction Monthly a very interesting and colourful magazine but it occurred to me that if they are to be kept loose around people’s homes they may become damaged. As I have no wish to lose copies I would like to know of any producers of binders of any description in which the magazines can be kept.

A Elliott (Beeleyheath, Kent)

Ed: We are considering producing binders for the magazine.

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Note to Readers of Science Fiction Monthly

Certain readers have written to us saying they have been unable to obtain copies of SFM. The magazine is now on firm sale and unless you have a regular order with your local newsagent or have taken out a subscription, you may have difficulty in obtaining a copy. To avoid disappointment, please fill in this form and hand it to your newsagent.
THE TABERNACLE
By the year 2293 ALL accumulated knowledge in the history of mankind has been recorded in the ultimate computer hidden in the Tabernacle, the brain room of the Vortex.

THE VORTEX
An ideal 300-year-old unisex commune formed in 1990 when industrial society collapsed. It is protected by a gravitational force field from the terrors of the Outlands.

THE OUTLANDS
Once it was called the good Earth. Now it is the desolate, exhausted, polluted wasteland all the world has become except for the lush Vortex.

THE EXTERMINATORS
A privileged and physically superior group permitted to breed under strict control to fight the Brutals and support the Vortex.

THE BRUTALS
The last survivors of the dying world outside the Vortex. They live at subsistence level in constant fear of the dreaded Exterminators.

ZARDOZ
A mountain-sized godhead that looms over the Earth taking from its worshippers the substance of Life and giving them the means of Death.

THE APATHETICS
Victims of the pursuit of perfection, they are Eternals who have found the strain of immortality too great and live only for the one thing their society denies them.

THE RENEGADES
Malicious, embittered offenders in the Vortex who would defy and destroy the establishment - if they could only find it.
Zardoz Reviewed

Today's science fiction films have much to live up to. Stanley Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey is so far unrivalled and looks like remaining that way for many years to come, but there are other excellent and thought-provoking sf films like Soylent Green and Solaris which have done much to raise the genre from the depths of The Lost World with its plastic and much too obviously manipulated monsters. Silent Running, a smaller and much under-rated film is also a miniature gem of its kind. It is a pity, therefore, when this kind of standard is attainable, that Fox/Rank has created a film that fails so badly.

Publicity handouts for Zardoz claim that it is every bit as big as 2001. It isn't. John Boorman (writer, producer and director) has tried to introduce too many standard sf ideas into one film, the end result being one of confusion and contrivance. A group of scientists (the Eternals) shut themselves off from the decaying industrial world of 1990 in a force-field protected 'paradise' (the Vortex). They have the advantages of immortality and a computer (the Tabernacle) in which the accumulated knowledge of the world is stored. The action is centred around Zed (Sean Connery) an Exterminator specially bred by the Eternals to possess the superior physical and mental powers required to subjugate the Brutals who inhabit the Outlands outside the Vortex. The Eternals send Arthur Frayn, initiate of the selective breeding programme which produced Zed, to control the Brutals. This he does through the medium of the god, Zardoz, who is embodied in a huge powered flying stone head. How Zed enters Zardoz and makes his way into the Vortex to destroy the Tabernacle and restore equality between the decadent Eternals and the starving Brutals forms the main part of the film.

The problem of communication in this film begins at once. The dancing head of Arthur Frayn, with painted face and updated velvet Egyptian nemes, is projected against a black screen. With impeccable diction he announces that what we are about to see may well come to pass. As if in immediate refutation of this claim, his face gives way to the massive head of Zardoz lumbering through the murky skies to the accompaniment of background drumming. Zardoz gives orders and guns to the exterminators, with instructions to go forth and kill because procreation is evil. The bizarre spectacle of Sean Connery in scanty red G-string, bandoliers and painted mask distracts from whatever lesson we are meant to learn from the conflict.

Accompanying Zed inside the Vortex, we are bewildered by a series of incongruities which only serve to obscure what might have been a relevant message. Costumes, settings and characters do not convince; nor does the eventual explanation that Zed was bred and educated to be the instrument of destruction of the Eternals. We are left with a meaningless spectacle with nothing in the way of plot or story to hold together the disparate ideas.

The message seems to be that Zed, a mortal capable of suffering the processes of ageing, death, lust and injury, is infinitely more vital, versatile and energetic (and therefore ultimately more valid as a life force) than anyone in the scientifically maintained Vortex 'paradise'. Imperfect man destroys immortal man, and this is how it should be. Isolation is no answer to the problems of the world, nor does any amount of scientific gadgetry remove the necessity for man to resolve for himself the enigmas of life and death. If this is the intended message, one has to dig very deep to extract it from the morass of unnecessary details which obscure it.

Sean Connery as Zed comes over with some strength, playing a difficult role with a fair amount of realism, despite his absurd costume (or lack of it) and both Charlotte Rampling (Consuella) and Sara Kestelman (May) act with creditable conviction and intensity. John Alderton has perhaps the most interesting part as Friend (a bitter, clear-sighted Renegade) - one which he carries with engaging cynicism.

Perhaps the reason Zardoz is not a success is because John Boorman has tried to do too much. The anomalies of the society he has created are just not feasible - and feasibility is of prime importance if the audience is meant to view this film in the light of a possible future. As it is, the message is hidden in too much distracting detail to be taken really seriously. Echoes of Planet of the Apes (Zed, the man, in an animal cage) and 2001 (the implantation of knowledge into Zed's brain by a computer) and symbolic and biblical effects such as the white dove at the very end only add to the overall impression of confusion. No wonder Zed looks bemused at times by the extraordinary society within the Vortex. So will you after two hours of Zardoz.
BARBARA WORE BLACK, BUT SHE NEVER MOURNED.

Mourning was illegal. She had to get a licence in order to wear black. She got a note from her psychiatrist in order to get the licence.

Barbara was loved, as everyone in the world was loved. Not to be loved was against the law. She had a Shadow, which had been specially made to love her. Other people also had Shadows which were made to admire, Shadows which were made to flatter, Shadows which were made to sympathize. But they all had to get notes from their psychiatrists in order to get the licences. Only love was universally sanctioned.

Everybody needs love.

Barbara needed a great deal of love. In fact, Barbara was quite a glutton for love, despite the fact that she held no licence for glutony. For reasons which the Management had never bothered to make clear the more love a Shadow was programmed to deliver, the more tenuous was its appearance. Barbara's Shadow was so faint as to be hardly visible - like a shadow cast by starlight. But still Barbara's craving for love was not quite satisfied. She felt a lack of love which her psychiatrist was at a loss to deal with. Her consumption of the commodity was so great as to deny the most prodigious efforts of the Shadow-manufacturers. There simply were no Shadows which could love any harder, any fonder, any more fiercely than the souped-up model with which she was already equipped. Yet still she needed more. She never quite got for want of love, and thus avoided classification: psychotic and erasure as an enemy of the state. But there was nowhere in the world that she could go to find a Shadow which was busy loving her as much as was hers. The interest was mutual.

You may, of course, be aware that the juxtaposition of individuals might precipitate unusual situations. It used to happen quite a lot, but those were chaotic days, and if you remember them you should report immediately for erasure.

There is no point in dwelling upon details which would undoubtedly prove painful to the ordinary reader. Suffice it to say that Barbara and Michael 'fell in love' - a euphemism which must serve to protect you from a host of harsher feelings.

It may have been this unfortunate event which precipitated poor Michael over the edge. He conceived the incredible notion that what he needed was not illegal, but seemed distinctly unethical in the circumstances. It used to happen quite a lot, but those were chaotic days, and if you remember them you should report immediately for erasure. There is no point in dwelling upon details which would undoubtedly prove painful to the ordinary reader. Suffice it to say that Barbara and Michael 'fell in love' - a euphemism which must serve to protect you from a host of harsher feelings. It may have been this unfortunate event which precipitated poor Michael over the edge. He conceived the incredible notion that what he needed was not illegal, but seemed distinctly unethical in the circumstances. It used to happen quite a lot, but those were chaotic days, and if you remember them you should report immediately for erasure. There is no point in dwelling upon details which would undoubtedly prove painful to the ordinary reader. Suffice it to say that Barbara and Michael 'fell in love' - a euphemism which must serve to protect you from a host of harsher feelings.

A STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING

Brian M Stableford

sort himself out and find true happiness was a thread of darkness to wrap around his heart, a black stain upon his soul. The Management, in its wisdom, had kept him so sheltered that he simply did not realise that what he was approaching with these poetic phrases was the idea of evil. Had he communicated this feeling to his psychiatrist he would have been instantly committed to prison.

The degeneration of Michael's character became obvious when he actually complained - to Barbara - that there was nowhere in the world that he could discover a thread of darkness to wrap around his heart.

Barbara was shocked, at first, by the insanity of the idea, but psychosis contaminates very quickly, and she soon discovered some appealing quality in the lament. That day, there was nothing in the world that Barbara wanted more than to give a thread of darkness to Michael, that he might use it to fill his need, and thus allow him to love her even more than he already could and did. When she was alone, in the evening, she confessed as much to her Shadow, which was busy loving her as much as was humanly possible.

The Shadow listened, as was required of its loviness, and was saddened (but only because this was similarly demanded of its love - madness spreads!) Shadows cannot weep, of course, but Barbara's Shadow bent its head into its tiny hands and rocked slowly from side to side in order to emphasise the depth of its sincerity and convince Barbara of the ultimacy of its love.

While Barbara slept that night, the Shadow continued to be saddened in accordance with its loviness. Love never sleeps. The law does not allow a Shadow to rest.

The Shadow wallowed in its love-sadness with all of its fragile being. It was incapable of doing anything else. It was the mirror of Barbara's need, and could only respond to the depth and desperation of that need. Love was its purpose and its being, and it was ignorant of all moral considerations.

It is easy to explain the why of what happened next, but it is not so easy - and in any case it is forbidden - to say how. The mechanics of the miracle were contained within the ethereal nature of the Shadow. Perhaps not even the Manager truly understands the nature of Shadows.

In any event, the Shadow removed itself from Barbara's side while she slept. (This is unusual but possible.) It searched for and found Michael. This took no time at all, although how the Shadow knew where to look is a mystery - love, after all, is blind. Then it transformed itself into a thread of darkness, and wrapped itself around his heart.

When Michael awoke the next morning there was a black stain upon his soul, and a tiny grain of evil to look in a mystery - love, after all, is blind. Then it transformed itself into a thread of darkness, and wrapped itself around his heart.

When Michael awoke the next morning there was a black stain upon his soul, and a tiny grain of evil to look in the face of the Earth.

Alarm bells were already ringing elsewhere, though no one knew why.

Michael wrote a song the moment he got up, built around the dreams which were still in his mind as he woke. It was not a very good song. It was light and
simple, but there was a hint of irony and pessimism and even a suggestion of desolation. He played it through and through on the piano, singing the words quietly and with just the right balance of hope and hopelessness (though he found that the latter was difficult). He was about to play it through for yet another time when the police broke his door down, surrounded him, anaesthetised him, and carried him away to court.

When Barbara awoke, she found that her Shadow was gone. It was strange, but at first she felt no more than her usual lack of love. Eventually, however, she felt a terrible tinge of worry, and phoned her psychiatrist. While she was trying to explain to him that she was desperately ill, the police smashed all her windows and invaded her apartment in force.

In the hospital, surgeons laboured for hours unwrapping the thread of darkness from Michael's heart. At noon exactly they triumphed, and were able to consign the thread to a tomb of liquid helium, in which it was instantly and completely denatured. Not even evil to the highest power can survive intense cold. Not even love.

At noon exactly, Barbara found herself unloved, and collapsed into catatonia. The Management provided a relief Shadow almost immediately, but it did not have the requisite lovepower, and she was in pain all through the trial.

The Management put both Barbara and Michael in prison, and sent their souls away for erasure and remodelling. When they were released, they were called Helen and Simon, and they were awarded a marriage licence on the advice of a psychiatrist.

That is the end of the story. Simon was an artist and he wrote songs which were all joyful and lovely. Helen wore pale blue, and had a very faint Shadow which was perfectly tuned to her need for love.

The original Shadow had offered its life in order to bring about this perfect ending. There is no greater love than that offered in the sacrifice of life. Shadows are built to love, and the Shadow had loved absolutely. Therefore this ending is absolutely happy. Isn't it?
By Aune R Butt

FILMING of Edgar Rice Burroughs' exciting and spectacular novel The Land That Time Forgot has been going on at Shepperton studios for the last four months. The film is being made by Amicus Productions, and is directed by Kevin Connor and produced by Milton Subotsky and Max J Rosenberg, with John Dark as associate producer. The film is set during World War I, when a German U-boat in the South Atlantic is carrying a group of Allied crews to a truce for their common survival, and discover an island which turns out to be a biological record of the earth's history, where millions of years of evolution are encapsulated in the life-span of the monstrous animals and primate men who live there. Working on the film, which is the most ambitious project ever undertaken by Amicus, will be a team of special-effects experts, headed by Derek Meddings and Roger Dicken. Production design is by Maurice Carter, who has previously worked on the films of Becket, The Battle of Britain, and Anne Of The Thousand Days, and much of the film will be shot on Shepperton's giant 'H' stage. Apart from being festooned by recreations of the prehistoric flora and fauna described in ERB's story, the stage will be flooded with three-quarters-of-a-million gallons of water to form part of the lake in which the submarine is brought to anchor. The producers state that this is to be a fascinating and gripping adventure film on a large scale, with one of the most spectacular sets to have been constructed in a British studio for many years. A warning to ERB devotees — this film is only concerned with the first part of the original trilogy and in no way intends to be a faithful representation of it. The film is scheduled for release at Christmas.

THE TOLKIEN SOCIETY was formed in Britain in 1969 with the purpose of providing a focal point for the many people interested in the works of Professor J.R.R. Tolkien, especially The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings. The society started as a small localised group but has since grown to such an extent that a large journal, Mallorn, was created to replace its original publication Belladonna's Broadsheet. Mallorn carries Tolkien and his critics and colleagues of Middle-Earth, Tolkieniana, articles on the history of Tolkieniana, reviews and letters. A six-weekly bulletin keeps members in touch with one another throughout Australia, Canada, the USA, Belgium and Eire as well as Britain, and a library allows members to borrow books and magazines free of charge. Those interested in joining may obtain details from Mrs Vera Chapman, The Secretary, 21 Harrow House, Stanhope Street, London NW1. Membership subscription costs £1. 50p (US) and should be paid to Archie Mercer, The Treasurer, 21 Tenrench Parc, Helston, Cornwall.

UNITED ARTISTS FILMS have released a film adaptation of the pulp science fiction type picture called Sleeper. Woody Allen and Diane Keaton star in what promises to be a hilarious skit on the theme. Woody plays a Rip Van Winkle figure who falls asleep and wakes up 200 years in the future. He has to dress up as a robot, take part in a futuristic beauty contest and participate in life on a farm which grows giant vegetables. Recommended for those who like their sf to be funny and don't take life too seriously.

IN SFM 1 we advised people interested in joining the British Science Fiction Association to write to Keith Freeman. We should have directed you all instead to David Tillston who is Membership Secretary for the Association. Any future enquiries to go to David please, at 215 Egerton, Tanhouse 1/2, Skelmarsdale, Lancs WN8 6AB. Our apologies to Keith Freeman; we hope that he has not been completely buried under an avalanche of unsolicited mail!

DAVE TAYLOR has brought out a new fanzine, Nebula, which contains trading lists of paperbacks and comics, and includes short stories, reviews, letters, articles and artwork. The main purpose of the 'zine is to provide wanted for sale information for sf book collectors, but Dave says it will have 'the boldest reference Nebula non-profit-making, and subscribers need only send a large stamped addressed envelope to Dave Taylor, 15 Alwyn Gardens, Upton-by-Chester, Chester, to receive a regular copy. Contributions are also welcomed, either as open letters or articles.

BOOKS

Yesterday's Children by David Gerrold. Published by Faber, £2. 40. Brandt, captain of an outstated starship, is involved in an inter-galactic battle. He is as old and tired as his ship, and has learnt long ago that discretion is often the better part of valour. His first officer, Korie — young, keen, ruthless, ambitious — gradually assumes power on the ship. The crew seeks from warp to interspace and back for their quarry. The crew is near to mutiny and their prey, as they seem to get near to it, becomes increasingly elusive. Korie, now in all but purely nominal command, is given ten days to find and kill, and within hours of expiry of his time limit, an appalling truth dawns which precipitates a final crisis. The Omega Point by George Zebrowski. Published by New English Library Ltd. 40p. Gorgias was one of the last surviving members of the ancient and mighty race, the Herculeans. Their rival Empire had dared to challenge Earth's supremacy of the stars. In vicious retaliation their race was nearly wiped out, and their home planet left burnt out and lifeless. These old and terrible memories were etched deep in Gorgias' memory. They drove him to take over the lonely and hate-filled centuries, seeking a vengeance that would bring eternal glory. But the lovely Myraa, beloved from long ago, had a strange and different vision: a vision that did not include empires and wars and armies. And she constantly called him, drawing him always back to her side.

Uninvited Visitors — A Biologist Looks at UFOs by Ivan T Sanderson. Published by Tandem. 40p. Ivan Sanderson takes his readers on an intellectual journey based on his own extensive research into the realm of unexplained phenomena. His findings and theories may shock and anger you but no thinking person can afford to ignore them. What could UFOs be? Where do they come from? How do they get there? What is their purpose? Mr Sanderson attempts to collate the evidence and answer some of these questions.

A Pocketful of Stars edited by Damon Knight. Published by Pan, 50p. An anthology of sf stories from the archives of the Milford Writers Conference, by Harlan Ellison, Keith Laumer, Fritz Leiber, Gordon Dickson, Damon Knight and others. Nineteen stories in all.

Invisible Residents by Ivan T Sanderson. Published by Tandem. 40p. A discussion on certain matters maritime and the possibility of intelligent life existing under the waters of this earth. 75% of this planet lies under water. Can anyone afford to ignore the possibility that something might be happening in the oceans, rivers, seas and lakes of the world? Ivan Sanderson presents evidence of recent reports, historical documents and ancient objects to support his theory about underwater beings, and the possibility of air-to-water craft existing for their means of travel.

The Oceans of Venus by Isaac Asimov. Published by New English Library Ltd. 35p. Number four in NEL's Space Ranger series. Disaster threatens the underwater civilization of the colonising earthmen. Far below the boundless seas of the planet Venus a strange battle for survival is fought. David 'Lucky' Starr arrives on Venus to combat the evil and insidious war going on in men's minds. To his horror, the only enemy he can find is inside his own head.

Seeds of Stars & Thunder of Stars by Darren Morgan & John Kippax. Published by Pan, 40p each. The first two of a new series about a starship named Venturer 12. The Same to You Doubled by Robert Sheckley. Published by Pan, 35p. A collection of sixteen tales by Robert Sheckley, in which the rules of logic are thrown to the wind. A bizarre and mind-stretching group with titles like The Resourceful Vacuum Cleaner.
By Aune R Butt

Eddie Jones is one of today's most prolific and popular sf artists, with hundreds of covers and illustrations to his credit. His work is published not only in Britain but also in Germany and America, a considerable achievement for a self-taught artist. Jones' interest in sf stretches back to his school-days, when he was an avid reader of such magazines as Amazing, Fantastic and Planet Stories. Although he was initially interested in their story content, it was not long before he became attracted by their illustrations and began to draw himself, contributing occasional work to fanzines.

After leaving Bootle Grammar School, he worked in an advertising agency in Liverpool, first as a print buyer and then as production manager. While this left little time for painting it was, he maintains, a useful background for commercial illustrations he was to produce in later years: "It was a good grounding for me. Now I paint with printing techniques in mind, and I can tailor my pictures to publishers' requirements."

Jones' illustrations were first accepted by magazines like Nebula and New Worlds in 1958, when he was twenty-three, but it was not until 1968, when he was offered the position of art editor with Vision of Tomorrow, that he was able to give up his job and concentrate full-time on developing his art.

The results can be seen today in his wide use of different techniques. Although working mainly in gouache, he also uses acrylic, water-colours and sometimes an air-brush. Usually he works straight onto a plain white board: "The painting is in my head. It just goes straight down," he says. Only occasionally does he sketch a detail on paper first. His wife, Marsha, who is a literary agent, reads the stories and books for him and extracts the illustrable parts. She herself has some art training and maintains that she can visualise a picture but falls down when it comes to execution. Certainly she saves him much of the hard slog of reading through all the work he has to illustrate.

Jones believes that while the quality of science fiction writing is retreating, the art-work is improving all the time. He himself collects original illustrations by other sf artists, an Ed Emshwiller painting being a particularly valued possession. He finds himself being influenced by many of the top American sf artists like John Schoenherr and Jack Gaughan, and also by Britain's Chris Foss whose work he admires greatly. 'Living sf as I do means that I am bound to be influenced..."
These days he is literally snowed under with work. He averages about a dozen sf paperback covers a month, and has to concentrate solely on these.

For enjoyment he reads sword-and-sorcery novels. RE Howard's Conan stories and those by Poul Anderson being his favourites. He also enjoys Thriller and Western films and has a special liking for Japanese Samurai films.

A World or Euroj Convention is perhaps the best place to view one by Eddie Jones, he arranges a special display of his work at all of the Cons he attends.

As a person who has been involved in sf all his life Eddie should have the last word on it. 'It really is another world altogether', he says - an idea that he can be seen to follow through in all his paintings.

Today, much of Jones' work is published in Germany. 'English artists are in great demand there', he asserts, 'because the overall quality of German sf art is, quite frankly, lousy'. Work to date includes covers for Terra Astra, a weekly, slim, digest-sized collection of novels. 149 covers for Pabel Publishers, who started an sf series purely as a vehicle for his illustrations. All the paperback covers for Baal Verlag and Fischer Publications, and covers for the Star-Trek books published by Williams (Germany).

Because of the vast number of illustrations he does, Jones often works under a pseudonym. In Germany, for instance, he uses the name S Fantoni or variations of his own initials.

His work in Britain is featured mostly by Sphere Books, notable covers being The Hugo Winners 1963-1967 edited by Isaac Asimov, Dragonquest by Anne McCaffrey and Damnation Alley by Roger Zelazny. All of these show his versatility and the range of his imagination.

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VISION
OF TOMORROW
SEPTEMBER 5/-

Cassandra's Castle
Lee Harding
I – THE CONTENDERS

At the start of 1956 twenty science fiction magazines were still in existence, fifteen of these in America. The leading title was ASTOUNDING, capably edited by John W Campbell and now over 300 issues old. Its immediate rivals were GALAXY, edited by Horace L Gold, and THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION (F&SF).

GALAXY had first appeared in 1950 at the start of the digest boom. It presented good fiction by ASTOUNDING’s big names, notably Simak, Heinlein, Asimov and Sturgeon, as well as introducing new authors like Robert Sheckley and Alan Nourse and revitalising others like Damon Knight, Frederik Pohl and Cyril Kornbluth.

Although GALAXY and ASTOUNDING used many of the same contributors and carried similar departments (book reviews, science columns), they each differed in their fictional policy. ASTOUNDING strove for scientific logic wherever possible; all its stories had a background extrapolated logically from historical trends but never carried beyond the bounds of plausibility. The GALAXY story, on the other hand, while generally possessed of an equally well worked out background, was nearly always carried beyond the plausible stage. This is not necessarily an adverse criticism: when one considers that many authors wrote for both magazines it shows that such a market as GALAXY was not only worthwhile but necessary.

F&SF was totally different. As the title implies it published much as fantasy as sf. Until August 1954, the magazine had been edited jointly by Anthony Boucher and J Francis McComas. Boucher then assigned a single-handed up till August 1958, when it was handed over to Robert P Mills.

These three magazines were head and shoulders above the rest. A second tier included a magazine edited by Robert Lowndes and Larry Shaw. Lowndes had succeeded Charles Hornig as editor of FUTURE FICTION in 1941, and two years later also took over SCIENCE FICTION. Suspended during the war, these titles were revived in the boom years and by 1956 were settling down to a regular schedule, together with SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, the last surviving pulp. SCIENCE FICTION was prefixed Original to identify it with the Hornig days. Regular contributors included L Sprague de Camp and Gordon Dickson, plus the fiction factory of Robert Silverberg and Randall Garrett, who under their own names and pen names like Robert Randall, David Gordon and Ellis Hart. We may never know what other stories appeared under pseudonyms like Ivar Jorgenson, Alexander Blade, Gerald Vance, SM Tenneshaw and S M Tennenhaus.

Mind you, 1957 was an ideal year for such a boom. It had all the makings of an echo of 1953. The close of 1956 saw not only the birth of SF ADVENTURES, but a new magazine, SATELLITE SF, from publisher Leo Margulies and SUPER-SCIENCE FICTION, edited by WW Scott, from Headline Publications. SUPER-SCIENCE FICTION was not unlike Lowndes’ magazines in appearance and content, the fiction factory supplying much of the material, and most likely many of Lowndes’ rejets. It could, however, boast excellent covers by Ken Frey and Ed Emshwiller.

SATELLITE SF was something different. Until August 1956, Maruglies had been editor-publisher of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE. The magazine was then handed to HL Herbert, and Hans Stefan Santesson, editor of THE SAINT MYSTERY MAGAZINE, took over the editorship. FANTASTIC UNIVERSE was a consistently good magazine and continued to publish worthy material. Santesson picking the best of the fiction factory, plus quality stories from A Bertram Chandler, Clifford Simak and Harry Harrison.

Leo Margulies teamed up for the third time with Sam Merwin, and the first SATELLITE appeared in October 1956. The policy was for a good, strong lead novel, plus short stories for padding. The first issue carried The Man From Earth by Algys Budrys, the second ran Philip Dick’s A Glass of Darkness and these were long, not the 15,000 words of SF ADVENTURES. Dick’s novel was over 40,000 words, and so was the lead novel in the third, which brought together the talents of Hal Clement and Sam Merwin in The Planet For Plunder. Fans were not brief in their adulation either. As history is wont to repeat itself, Merwin only edited the first two issues and then Margulies assumed control.

The only other competent magazine at this time was IF, James Quinn, the editor until August 1958, had a fairly regular stable of authors, including Edward D rad, John W Campbell, H paper and Philip Wylie. IF’s editor, Paul Fairman, had left after a few issues to become Associate Editor at AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC. Since the editor, Howard Browne, was a self-confessed mystery rather than sf fan, Fairman tended to take over the magazine. When it went digest-sized in August 1953 Fairman became Managing Editor and from then on the magazine began to sink to an all-time low. In the Palmer days AMAZING’s fiction had not been of particularly high quality but it had been entertaining. Few of these qualities remained in the stories churned out by Fairman’s team of authors for a predetermined wodge period on fiction. Fiction sections were taken from medium-sized magazines like Galaxy, Astounding and the digest boom. But I have not mentioned early amateurs like Milton Lesser and Fairman himself, and much more competent the house pseudonyms of Alexander Blade, Gerald Vance, SM Teneshaw and PF Costello. FANTASTIC was no less guilty of this and it is baffling how these two magazines could be so far apart in quality. The only highlight was the April 1956 AMAZING special issue to celebrate its thirtieth birthday. It was entirely reprinted but revived several good stories from AMAZING’s archives, plus an interesting article by Sam Moskowitz on sf predictions in AMAZING’s formative years, and a whole clutch of famous names contributed to Predictions: 2001 AD, including Salvador Dalí and Philip Wylie. Fairman took full control in September 1956.

The remaining magazines were a mere hair’s breadth ahead of Fairman in quality. These were edited by ex-Ziff Davis people William Hamling and Ray Palmer. Palmer had left in 1949 to begin FATE, a magazine devoted to the occult, but he did not desert sf, and began OTHER WORLDS SCIENCE STORIES which might well have become a new voice of Shaverism had it not been that Palmer put a young female fan, Beatrice Mahaffey, in charge of it. After several title changes it reverted to OTHER WORLDS in May 1955, but by then Palmer’s fascination towards the bizarre was taking its toll. Be Mahaffey left in November 1955, and with Palmer in full control there seemed no hope. A companion to other sf magazines, OTHER WORLDS was something different. Until October 1956 and became home-fiction cult simillar to FATE. Palmer had immediately latched onto the flying saucer phenomenon of the early 1950s, and he now produced a magazine called FLYING SAUCERS FROM OTHER WORLDS. At the same time he retired OTHER WORLDS. Flying Saucers from
**II - INTO THE SIXTIES**

1959 saw a big jump in science fiction, with the survivors of the 1953 boom now finding it hard going. New publications were the first to suffer. **SUPER-SCIENCE FICTION**, after only eighteen issues, folded in October 1959. **SATELLITE**, which in October 1959 saw the emergence of SF&F, Subtitled The Magazine of Science Fiction it incor­ porated Fantasy into the title of its May issue. Publisher and editor was Robert Sproul, and Donald Wollheim was credited as Editor­al Consultant. Even so SATELLITe was not an impressive magazine. Its first issue resurrected a little known, best forgotten Jules Verne work, Eternal Adam. Its second issue saw Damon Knight, Cordwainer Smith and H.P. Lovecraft, but somehow it was not quite right. Fortunately Sproul saw the light and after five issues changed the policy, making it a de­ tective / mystery publication in 1958.

1958 saw two one-shot publications: STAR SF and VANGUARD. The title change came in June 1960, when the second issue saw Damon Knight, Cordwainer Smith and H.P. Lovecraft, and the third issue was published in January 1960. The first issue was edited by James Blish and five stories were by Bertram Chandler, Cyril Connolly, Damon Knight and Ursula Le Guin, and Ursula and Norman Spinrad.

Three important changes occurred at the end of the decade that would radically alter the magazines. First was the departure of Paul Fairman from the editorship of the two Ziff-Davis magazines. In December 1958 Cole Goldsmith took charge. Quinn had started out at Ziff-Davis as a secretary, but from September 1956 had been classed as assis­tant editor. Her verve for the magazine far exceeded Fairman’s mundane attitude, and this soon showed. For instance the November 1959 FANTASY log­o was devoted to Fritz Leiber, with five of his stories including the revival of ‘Grey Mousie’. Ex­cluding the notorious ‘Shaver’ issue of AMAZING in June 1947, this was the first time a magazine

**III - TACTICS**

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issues despite big-name contributors. A little earlier Ziff-Davis had introduced a third title ORTUS, which failed in charge of the first three must go to Cole Goldsmith. Quinn had handed the editor’s chair to Damon Knight, in the hope he would add the neces­sary life. But after the February 1959 issue Quinn sold the title to the publishers of GALAXY, and from the July issue Horace Gold was in charge. Gold made immediate changes to convert IF to a true companion to GALAXY. GALAXY had changed schedule in 1959 to bimonthly, but at the same time boosting its page count from 144 to 192 to make it the biggest sf magazine of its day. IF now appeared alternately with GALAXY and carried the same troupe of reliable authors.

The third change was something else. During late 1959 and 1960 John Campbell had been under­taking the ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION logo­type of his magazine with the ghost title ANALOG. In February 1960 the sub-title became Science Fact and Fiction, and then in October 1960 ANA­LOG Science Fact & Fiction. The title change came because, as Campbell reported, ‘Science fiction is very strictly and literally, analogous to science facts. It is a convenient analog system for thinking about new scientific, social, and economic ideas – and for re-examining old ideas.’ (1) Not everyone approved of the name change. Old-time fans like Alva Rogers regarded it as a passing of an era, and brought out an entire book devoted to the old magazine, entitl­ed: A Requiem For Astounding.

The sixties have rightly been called the ‘New Wave’ years. This was chiefly spearheaded by Britain, but one must not forget that several American authors associated with the New Wave were appearing before the British change came. The foremost authors were Roger Zelazny, Thomas Disch, Ursula Le Guin and Norman Spinrad. (Samuel Delany appeared initially in book form). The credit for the discovery of the first three must go to Cole Goldsmith. They all debuted within months of each other in FANTASTIC. Whilst Ursula Le Guin showed tremendous confidence in her writings, Zelazny and Disch were more experimental, and
SCIENCE FICTION

BEYOND THE SINGING FLAME

THE MAN WHO AWOKE

LATE AMERICAN DISOWNED

their work became even more way out under their respective pseudonyms of Harrison Davidson and Dobbs. By 1966, the author whose experimental writings found a steady home with Miss Goldsmith was David Busch. Spinrad on the other hand debuted the following year (1963) in ANALOG.

By 1963 the New Wave was showing signs in Britain. The flag-bearer was Michael Moorcock who had appeared with some remarkably innovative stories in NEW WORLDS, besides his praiseworthy Eric series in SCIENCE FICTION. The chance for Moorcock to do more than just write came in 1964. New Publications was feeling the pinch of decreased sales. First SF ADVENTURES folded (May 1963) after thirty-two issues. By October it was obvious Nova could no longer survive. The two titles were sold to Roberts and Vintner, and the upshot was that John Carnell fraternized with the magazines and began his successful series of NEW WRITINGS IN SF, which he continued till his death in 1973. The last Nova NEW WORLDS appeared in April 1964, and the letter column carried these words from Moorcock: ... sf often claims to be way-out material, Many of IF's stories were out and in the fact that Ziff-Davis had bought reprint rights to much of their material. Consequently, once the new material was used up, Ross filled the magazine almost totally with reprints. Initially this was a good idea. Forty years had meant that AMAZING had had ample time to publish good material, and these early issues of AMAZING and FANTASTIC, with their beautifully reproduced old back covers of 40s issues, were good buys. But the good reprints were rapidly used up, not just by the two main magazines, but by the fleet of all-reprint magazines that followed. By that time Bonfiglioli, satisfied that he had done his job, dissolved the magazine published some excellent fiction, often better than NEW WORLDS. The magazine's main discovery was Keith Roberts who finally appeared with his stories about a young witch, Anita, and then tackled a catastrophe novel, The Furies. A competitor to Roberts was responsible for most of the magazine's covers. At the start of 1965 SCIENCE FICTION became monthly for the first time in its history, and for a while the British scene looked healthy.

Meanwhile in America sf was anything but dormant. New Publications was feeling the pinch of decreased sales. First SF ADVENTURES folded (May 1963) after thirty-two issues. By October it was obvious Nova could no longer survive. The two titles were sold to Roberts and Vintner, and the upshot was that John Carnell fraternized with the magazines and began his successful series of NEW WRITINGS IN SF, which he continued till his death in 1973. The last Nova NEW WORLDS appeared in April 1964, and the letter column carried these words from Moorcock: ... sf often claims to be way-out material, Many of IF's stories were out and...(Continued)
ion, complete with four-letter words. One serial began Bug Jack Barron by Norman Spinrad. This was a bit tasteless, but otherwise the long-winded NEW WORLDS was again in trouble. Starting with Issue 180 (March 1968), WH Science Fiction Monthly took over, and things improved. With Moorcock in nebulously control, a variety of people were acting as editors, amongst them John Lowndes, Graham Hall, Douglas Hill and Graham Charnock. The price increased to 5/-/C. Certain very good issues appeared (May 1968, November 1968) all new writers’ issues.

From the next issue NEW WORLDS brought back Moorcock brought back his Jerry Cornelius stories to its pages. They had been born here in 1965 and had appeared in the pages of Fantascope and various underground publications. INTERNATIONAL TIMES was the first to publish them, and although its dimensions grew. Moorcock and Platt left the magazine but returned. By June 1969 even Boulle’s original novel was appearing amongst the authors turning out Jerry Cornelius stories. No one was surprised when Charles Platt declared in his editorial to the August 1969 issue: “NEW WORLDS is not a science fiction magazine.” (4)

And there we lay NEW WORLDS to rest. Eight issues had been dead, but by then Britain had a new sf magazine.

A quixotic attempt at a new magazine had been made in the United States, the ‘calamari’ series of magazines. These lasted until 1971 and are now just a part of the sf literary background. Although profusely illustrated with full colour artwork and material by Ken Bulmer and Harry Harrison, they had since become something of a cult in the sf circles. (That series also had its own journals. These lasted until 1971 and are now just a part of the sf literary background.

In 1969 Newcastle fan Philip Harbottle was con­tracted to edit a new magazine, FICTIONEER, with a view to publishing some of the work of John Russell Fearn, an author Harbottle ardently admired. FiCTIONEER was the first new sf magazine with all new sf from British and Australian authors. Philip Harbottle became the editor and the first issue appeared in May 1969. The vision of TOMORROW was large size and carried a variety of fiction and articles. Plus full colour covers and the occasional full page artwork as well. At first the negotiations were underway for a companion sf magazine plus a new SWORD & SORCERY publi­cation. One after the other, the small press appeared, the next, and after twelve issues VISION OF TOMORROW folded. (September 1970). For the first time a new sf magazine had fallen flat on its face.

Ten years later, we have SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY, Britain’s sole voice in the field. Let us hope it is not as fated as its predecessors.

V – AMERICA TODAY

In the mid-sixties occasional sf magazines would be founded, and they all died almost immediately. One such was BIZARRE, edited by John Poulton and published in the States. It featured the best of its period science fiction short stories. Although superficially illustrated with full colour artwork and material by Ken Bulmer and Harry Harrison, they had since become something of a cult in the sf circles. The magazines were at the peak of their popularity.

In June 1968 GALAXY went monthly and IF had just increased its price. Last year it cost $1.25, and even though the fiction was good it was not as fanatical as Palmer, and EXPLORING THE STRANGE TALES, but although Lowndes was willing to allow the growing group of fantasy fans that had come into being as a result of the mushroomed sf magazines were at the peak of their popularity.

Then in 1969 they were sold to Universal Publishing Company and Fredric Pohl declined to transfer. Ejler Jakobssen, who had succeeded Pohl at F&SF, and I am grateful to the editors of SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY for giving me this opportunity to bring to light some of the big names of the science fiction magazine field and to show their importance and effect upon the genre. Where would Isaac Asimov or Robert Heinlein, Arthur Clarke or John Wyndham be without them? The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, VERTEX. Large size, its 96 pages sells for $1.50, twice the price of GALAXY or IF. It is edited by Don Pendleton and has a circulation of over 50,000. It is a science fiction magazine.

In 1970 Pohl reassumes control. At the time of writing I expect a new magazine to appear, together with a valuable series of editorial articles. This was not good for the magazines. Anthologies were still astonishingly bad and the major science fiction magazines. They've had no easy time of it. This is partly because of the mushroomed sf magazines. They've had no easy time of it. This is partly because of the mushroomed sf magazines.

In the pages of SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY I am attempting to bring to light several of the big names of the science fiction magazine field and to show their importance and effect upon the genre. Where would Isaac Asimov or Robert Heinlein, Arthur Clarke or John Wyndham be without them? The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, VERTEX. Large size, its 96 pages sells for $1.50, twice the price of GALAXY or IF. It is edited by Don Pendleton and has a circulation of over 50,000. It is a science fiction magazine. Yet even that is but half the circulation of ELLERY QUEEN’S STRANGE TALES. ELLERY QUEEN’S STRANGE TALES is a mystery magazine, but a science fiction magazine.

Unfortunately the answer rests in the public’s ignorance of true science fiction. The dump report­er who asked what had writers left to write about after Armstrong walked on the moon is typical of the public’s attitude towards science fiction. And yet lunar adventure had been just one part of the sf genre over a century ago.

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