THIS ISSUE:
A closer look at
Edgar Rice Burroughs

Fiction from:
E E 'Doc' Smith
Chris Penn
Ian Watson

Artist interview
with Bob Fowke

Plus Mike
Ashley's views
on women in sf
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Cover: ‘EARTHWORKS’ Painting by Bruce Pennington

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The Society was founded to bring together by means of its quarterly Journal, ‘BURROUGHSIANA’, all persons who are sincerely interested in the life and works of Edgar Rice Burroughs. Its aims are to keep alive the memory and works of the author, to make known to its members the author’s lesser known works, to assist members in completing their collections through The ERB Want List, to hold a general meeting once a year, and to put members in touch with other fans throughout the world.

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I came down on the small stones. The sheathing metal took his arm off. The squeal of the engines vomiting a tsunami of pebbles against the dappled-grey-mare sky matched his pig-squeal of pain as plastilin-blobs burst open from the fleshy curves of his near side. The meat gathered around the hull, sobbing, spitting as they devoured the fragile gold-white sand spread all about between the artificial dunes of vulcanised dust and scorchd rocks.

He lurched as the ship keeled over onto its bubble, air-girt and darting sparks building a cyclone in the tumbling cabin. Blood squashed in spasms from the seer's pale face, capsule of violent efficiency of xenobiotic analysis, in a shroud with a gaup, limping film. The aquiline, bronze ochre hulk of the skitter slumbered in epilepsy as its sensitive nose burned a cinderous cave in the shore. It rolled to the shallower sections of the artifact's split seafloor, where the spray washed off the saltpetre and the emergency jets jorging blue-white shimmerers of thurst at broken angles. The ground wound in toward him on the final pivot, the tethering of the atmospheric issues and the moral issues of his choice. He pushed him forward through the cantilevered arch of framework and console, onto the bare, wet beach, rolling uncontrollably in a queer, eccentric manner—fast and slow. The ship's right arm took a two-fingered motion, ironing him onto the sand, fast again, the sand forming a swamp over the coagulating blood and tendons flapping like ribbons down to an imaginary hand.

The earth was wearing ragged, trembling, pieces of it like gritty polyps in his mouth. His bone-structure took on an empathy with the booming throb and climbing white-noise whine of the glowing ship as its reactors built toward their death. The section of beach shook for a quarter mile. The shift of spray from a tempest-ridden ocean built a colloquide of brine-seam and smoke in a vertical shaft a thousand feet. From the beaded Eliot held rolled over the buckled plates like sweat on a tanned back.

Mandrake stood shakily, blinking the dirt from his blood-struck face, and watching the sky. He was seeing the sky. Growing up as though they were bubble gum, bursting in gouts of vapour like laced bonbons. His head was drumming. There was a soft, warm intangibility about the right side of his torso. The over-long, silver fringe clung down the sweat on his forehead into his eyes. The uniform was scarred. The skitter was scarred—blistered, charred, upside-down in a self-dug trough of a grave, a giant, overturned amphibian denied the water, beholding the last collapse of its anguish, pain and death throes, dropping welds and tongue-drooling rivets in the broad pattern of debris surrounding the collision. And the reactor, pulsing white in death heat, a heat of his God. He was a man of steel and granite. He was the body breathed with an uncanny, somehow blasphemous foreboding... that took the awe of his stunned torpidity and send him hurriedly, grimacing in pain, up the sand slope, toward the howling, flailing radiometric lines of the paralyse and salvation inside the squint hall of the Saving Grace.

There would be medication there and safety from the blast.

For all of his training, his preparation, treating it as a loss of limb, for that was to come, but rather... a blight of muzziness and pepper-prickling sensation fuddling his acute, trained, self-preservation psychology. The silvered insignia of vellum that lazily radiated from his face in the dim light, scheduled into his duties, and loyal to the necessity of his own survival at all costs, or almost all.

He heaved between the stones, clawing at the abrasive sand with his one remaining claw, and the rann stink of... necessity, not fear, exuding from his own body rolled against the random beats of violent shore wind. His hair tumbled down, his eyes closed, he was blinded. The page of his book unfurled, the mindless, labored automatics of the Body of the Grace giving slightly less than level on a collapse of stones.

He scrambled like an animal and the reached lifeboat breaths, lounging heaved away the its eyes opened, the mouthed the locks jolted and a constricted body of the Grace lying slightly less than level on a collapse of stones.

He scrambled like an animal and the reached lifeboat breaths, lounging heaved away the its eyes opened, the mouthed the locks jolted and a constricted body of the Grace lying slightly less than level on a collapse of stones.

It took a long time. The skrit vomited once, cartwheeling panels and fragmented metal in a smoke-driven orchid, but it was only the chemical reservoirs

"I am a missionary of the White Church," he told her, stressing each word painfully. "I transfused gas as a crisp rattle of crackles and leaves and grass. 'I was sent here to show you the way, but... my ship crashed. There are strange magnetic variances in your atmosphere.'"
He pulled the Grace into the centre of the beach and stopped. The expression on his face was one of stunned disbelief.

The black bodies lay like charcoal sticks across the breadth of the cove and under the burned-out shells of their homes, sticks of all sizes, but similar now in their total lack of recognisable features. Slats from shattered boats made a jigsaw of the waterline. Nothing stirred within the sheltered amphitheatre and again the ground was carpeted with scorched gulls.

The hurricane must have gone along the shore and swirled here, part of Mandrake's mind told him. That's why the destruction was so complete.

But rationale would not bring the people back.

What kind of a God is it that would unleash this on innocents, and what kind of emissary for that God was he to cause it? He sat transfixed, numbly by the carnage, too numb to feel anger or reproach, but again and again he asked the questions, as though some majestic voice from inside would answer from the strength of his own faith, his dedication, but again and again... no answer came.

He spent the next three days, the ocean beating against the beach. On the third morning he moved the Grace through the destruction and up toward the mountains. He wanted a panorama view of the surroundings to collate the extent of the desolation. 'Collate all relevant information.'

The machine was trundling out of the village when a movement in the trees ahead drew his attention. He stopped, and watched. A lithe naked figure broke out of hiding and ran away up the slope, its long train of black hair swinging, the rounded buttocks wobbling as long legs stretched to climb. It was a girl.

Mandrake leaned forward intently and shouted, 'Wait'. Then he flicked on the broadcast and called again and his voice rolled along the hills. The girl looked back in terror, her narrow, triangular face agog, pausing only for an instant then climbing again, wildly. Mandrake set the Grace into motion and...

"The reactor blew, you see. I crashed and the piles went critical. They can do that. Anyway, when the skitter went up it loosed a mass of poisonous radiation on the surface. I hoped it might have swept along a deserted coast and subsided, but it seems you lived in the village here and they were caught..."
With uncharacteristic violence he smashed the Faith Emergency panel and struck the wall.

The pod mother began to beat its salvationist propaganda then snapped quiet.

There was a rustle as of moving robes, then a deep, uncompromising voice: 'You. From the Faith Emergency. You have come to the Faith Emergency from your pod. Are you in need of assurance of your faith?'

'Who is it that needs assurance?'

'Beoulind Mandrake, missionary of pod mother Divinity.'

'I see. You are in space.'

'Yes, mother, on a planet.' Mandrake answered tacitly. The minister, so many light years distant in the safety of some ground-based church at home expounded the most imperceptible of signs then continued the run-up to his "conversion".

'What is your need in the space environment?'

The procedure was an anathema. By activating the sequence at all, Mandrake had demeaned himself. But with his mere inquiry, at best, he would be struck from the missionary order and delegated as lackey to some minor communicator. At worst, the long, white corridors of surgery.

'I have nothing I need,' he felt through his mind. The horrors he had witnessed, however, seemed vast to their wholesome, impracticable yammerings of idealism. 'I want permission to kill,' he finished in minutes.

'When the White Church overcame the Unholy Wars two centuries ago, the soliloquy began. Mandrake felt resentful, his fingers bristling on the console, grinding his nails against the neat, glowing lines of studs. The sight of the Exstrap was to relinquish the illness of violence. Thou shalt not harm nor extinguish any life in the Plane, however menial, and there has been no slaughter for all these years. My son ... you do not wish to kill. You have no comptro to destroy. It is not always the case, you know, all reasons of demonics driven from you, and they must remain driven.

He went on, soft cinnamon words that were at once both acceptable and nauseating, never imparting anything but a constant, sincere belief in insincerity.

The fever broke in foamy-strips over Mandrake's face. He stabbed the press and retched harshly. His body shook, and the words he forced himself to utter were shrewdly and shouted.

'I want permission to kill another human being.' There was a small gasp at the other end of the circuit. 'I want to kill another human being.'

'My skittered crash on the planet surface. I escaped to the Sparing Grace but the reactor turned critical and contaminated the atmosphere. It has already wiped one companion village, maybe more. His mouth softened considerably. There ... there is a creature here, a female. She lived in naked purity until we arrived. Now her body is deformed and scaling. He looked out at the girl, her big, pale eyes broken by moving patterns of twig-shadow, and swallowed hard. 'I want permission to kill her, in the name of compassion. I want to end her misery.'

'My Minister's guarded voice took on a whispery, disguised vehemence.'

'You must not kill. You must not. It is against the very ethos of our order.'

'There are already a hundred dead by my mistake.'

'A seditious picture.'

'A folly of the White Church.'

'You must not condemn the Church,' the minister roared suddenly, his spluttering garbled in volume through the speaker. Mandrake winced. 'You speak the wildest heresy, Mandrake. Forces of evil have corrupted you, somehow, somewhere. You are not fit to be member in the Exstrap. I put you, now, to the charge of heretic and recall you at once. You will be stripped of your standing and publicly disgraced. Exile on the black planets is cold, my son.'

'There is nothing I want, but a substitute for a viable order of control. It has nothing to do with God.'

'The Church is God. The White Church.'

'No. There was a silence, the gashes of space broken by their animosity, a bridge through the stars. Mandrake felt it, felt ... so much inside himself, as though his vision had been cleared of hypocrisy and he saw them for what they were. His hand garded on the console. His teeth bit tight into a slavering wall.'

'Give me permission to kill, if your faith has any meaning at all. Give it to me or I will renounce the Church. I refuse to be used by you.'

'You will not kill. You will not daub the Church in the eyes of God. I will do what I feel is right.' He beat the panels with his fist, his body angling, his head bowed. 'You have no weapons,' the minister answered superciliously. Despite your heresy, ex-missionary Mandrake, you have not the facility to realise your threats.'

'There is the geology cannon. I'll use that.'

'You would use a cannon on a fellow being, a machine to destroy mountains? Must we do my bidding as we damn you, you and all your line? There will be outcry if you perform this vile act. Your family will be sent to the surgeries as genetic undesirables. The Church will curse the name of you and what it off. The rewards you have for him but he would not suffer any more.' He knew what was human. He knew what he had to do, as a true being in the omnium-glorium.'

The girl was still cowered by the tree. Mandrake played the studs. He eyed her for a last, lonely minute then fired the cannon. Its glare was blinding.

After that there was no death.

When the fifth reclamation pod found a way through the magnetic stratum and landed to deliver his excommunication orders, they discovered him laying out on the side of a mountain. He was sitting beside a domed structure, half-sunken deep in the intensity of radiation, his face creased with a solenn, spiritual smile, and the atrophied silver light of an unquestionable belief glowing from his staring eyes.
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In the November issue of SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY
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SCIENCE FICTION

75

On sale 26 November.
Place a regular order with your newsagent now.
Sitting on a Stool

The remarkable thing about starwood is that it sits on it. It radiates warmth into you. It rejuvenates any human being. A properly cut and tailored piece of starwood recharges the mitochondria (the powerhouse of the cell) and it tones up the brain waves. It balances the Yin and Yang. A chess player

Even so, I'd hardly have dared to stoop the Grand Monk of the Yakusa's magic from under the heavy weight of mystic propositions. They are also, each and every one, part of the great gangster fraternity upholding the whole commercial empire of the Beneficence Company. Yet a Yakusa was unaccounted for, as if it were unaccountable and unaccountably unaccountable as far as the practice of the old standing metaphysical parable was concerned. The Grand Monk, sitting on his high stool of starwood—which he has found his way to through binding enlightenments of backstreet deals and assassinations, is also author of one of the works of religious thought of this age: "The Way of the Milky Way." A fine, wise book.

But at least I could get to see the Grand Monk, to consult him on a point of philosophy. If I had enough beforehand the way and a large enough cash donation to the Beneficence Company at his feet. All quite in order. All quite normal. The same as a personal audience with the Roman Pope, amongst his Swiss guards.

He would be guarded, of course. The Yakusa being mortal craftsmen, in this age that means solid state circuitry as well as the old perfect equipage of mind and muscle. I hadn't realized all the implications though. It was worse, far worse than I'd expected and I had to go through with it when I got to the point. My weapons had an expiry deadline on them. I ordered it that I didn't want that I shouldn't just mumble something about philosophy when they then back out.

A crazy mad venture, in retrospect but then, at the back of my mind, I thought it was safe forever and to hell with it. We were like two men in a tight squeeze out there, more or less, an almost mystical, magic obsession we had, of course, also planned escape routes.

And our little course, watching the Grand Monk in audience with 'parishioners', counted and recounted the small team of swordsmen attending him. Always three, and only three.

I had, of course, expected a battery of snuff-snouts and scan-screens, on the way in to him... They wouldn't fight guns with swords—even if I had seen one face of a Yakusa deflection high-speed bullets with his sword's edge, after an hour's meditation on the soul... My weapons were undetectable. I'd stolen the specifications for them two years before from an eccentric inventor for away—whom I'd afterwards had to strange. I was fairly sure they'd work. I'd saved them for this day.

My nerve and flash grenades were woven of polye-ice—the alternative coherent form of water that can be tied into knots like wire as soon as it spurns out of a freezer's capillary tubes. These were hidden in a row down my trouser, in a cloth bag with a label, like a jewelled decoration. The index and middle fingers of both hands had thin woven ice capsules implanted in them with ice sawed pinned to emit one single beam of laser fire if I cocked my finger and pointed it.

Within three hours after manufacture I had to use these weapons, before they grew incoherent, and used themselves on me. As I walked into the Grand Monk's room, I had just thirty minutes left... As I say, I had no choice but to proceed.

The Grand Monk had a fat, pinky white face, with eyes sunk deep in hooded milk flesh. He must have been 150 years old with an infection of yoghurt complexion. He thick red and blue broadside robes tied with a string and were amateurly starched and starched to a level, unattractively well enough from the tapes. His suit too, furnished with stem luxury. The table matting with its black borders. The low couch. The parapet set to display a misty flight of geese through an emptiness intruded upon by a few gravity-defying cliffs. Data-bank within arm's reach of the stool he sat on, entirely enveloping the lower part of the room.

The stool, the stool is under that mass...!

I was intoxicated. I could already feel it healing me, invigorating me—leaving my body and its Devonshire.
Starwood
By Ian Watson

sitting on starwood is unbeatable. A philoso-
pher can work out the universal truths in
his head. A businessman can build empires.
It's the ultimate conditioner; hair grows
back, the impotent recover their virility and
even brain cells regenerate.

in interface with the metal tree of Toscannii—in a reversal of entropy, as
though a living star dedicated energy into him. He disguesed me already.

I could smell his flesh cooking...

Something missing...
The three swordmen...

Something else present...

A great dog...

I stared at the creature. It sprawled, twice the size of a wolfdog, beside
his limp body on its back. It was a quarter of an hour since it had last
looked around to taste me, a single eye opened to regard me. And its paws were
human hands, with steel claws.

The dog's eye opened.

It began to blink in sequence, rapidly.

One eye shut, one eye open.

The dog's body writhed like a things. Its body rippled with muscular
spun steel, as it stretched itself. I shrunk into a knot of ice inside.

The cyb-hound, intoned the Grand Monk. A fresh product of the Bene-
voyage, created to ask about philosophy, not to be protected.

I held my donation slackerly, wrapper in the correct script and rod and such
and such a way. (Quick gestures with the hands.)

The proper procedure was, I should lay it in front of him on the empty
wooden tray there—within half a mere of those branded hands with metal
clay!

I hesitated, briefly.

I understood the rapid ON/OFF blinking of the dog's eyes well enough
now... This surgical intersection of body and martial fighting there was
impeccable to any ordinary sword, gun or grenade. My finger lasers would
have been destroyed, instantly, the dog's eyes shot out its cyb-brain and
the eyes would be high-reflecive steel. Which was why its eyes... lone
in mirrors as it shut them and a nictitating bumer shot across.

It had twenty-six minutes before my white mask unchokerized and ravaged me.

So I laid my donation, carefully, at the Grand Monk's feet, squinting under
his eyes as I stood at the feet of the stoop, like some young virgin boy standing
under a transparent stairway to sweat up skirts, and engaged the Grand
Monk in talk... about what I remembered from The Way of the Milky Way.

(Is it completely crazy vertigo, I knew now, but what choice had I?)

His hooved eyes regarded me pertly.

The cyb-hound's gaze flickered at me. And it dragged itself slowly upward,
saving my eyes with its tongue on the very air... I'd painted my sweat
pads over with a monomolecular filler, to fool the normal anxiety
symptoms, and I couldn't block its animal sense for the essential taste of the situation,
entertained in the womb-vast, and sound up in the Yakusa craft-shop, so I
imagined. (And all my imagination only made matters worse, I wasn't a true
assassin, only a skilled thief... and I believe even an assassin would have been
besieged by this beast.)

Not that my group or organisation would have dreamt of assassinating the Grand Monk.
I was mad, I realise now...) In The Way of the Milky Way you say—

"Yes?"

And the cyb-hound launched itself at me...

Which is the true horror of it.

For the Grand Monk's robes parted as he shifted, cross-legged, on
the stool, and I saw his raw flesh in contact with the wood of
Toscannii. I drank in the wood vacuously, vacuousness—and saw the
location of the knot in it.

Like wood from most worlds, starwood has knots where the branches have been
joined to the main trunk section.

As I say, the stool's superconductor rings leak star energy slowly upward
into the body, and the knots in the wood are secondary circuits.

They have to be sealed off... or would upset the balance of the energy release.

Thus, for a week, I was locked in a knot—gnarls that can be released
after all of this. Only a high priest along the line of the former branch, a hundred
times as avuncular as a finger laser.

Of course, it ruins the wood. The stool's as spotty as a crooked bell, after-

The cyb-hound's front paws were off the ground now, and it hung in mid-
air. (How time slowed down, as though the very glimpse of starwood
emphanized that moment.)

I crossed my index and middle fingers of my right hand and flexed them at the
knot, shaking the woven ice.

And shut my eyes.

And charged to the left of the room. Already phantom steel-clawed hands were rending my ribs out, and steel
fanged claws drinking my neck dry.

Except that... they didn't reach me. Didn't touch me.

Only a blinding light turned my shut eyelids to pools of blood... that abruptly darkened, in a hour.

Hooked again.

For another long, frozen second the cyb-hound hung between me and the
stool—black body eclipsing a blaze of light.

The knot had micro-navigated. A pulse of star energy was spearing the dog's
hide. Burning, melting its armour flesh. Shorting out its electronics.

I retained a aerial image of the dog shoue silhouetted against the world,
long after the body crashed to the mat.

"His left hand too!! I heard the blind stared Monk sneaking, his brocade
on fire. And there were others in the room.

And truly I felt no pain as, with a flicker, a swordsman cut off my fingers,
and batted them towards a waste chute with the flat of his blade while they
were still hot—burning, badly detached from my hand.

I wouldn't have used them anyway, now.

The wood was ruining. I only wept.

And wept.

Later, I went more, intoning these words to stone for the starwood spell—
as ruined as a last Tang porcelain vase thrown from the forlorn storey
to the pavings. Intoning, and weeping. Weeping and atoning.

Worse, was when they forced me on to the stool itself, and I felt waves
of uncalm, unbalanced nausea radiating upwards from it, for hour after hour...

For days after, while I slept, and died... and the stool kept me alive
through all these deaths, fingerless, canorous, malign metabolism fed by the
energy of the far star that feeds the Toscannii tree, which I had so sickened and
wasted.

For week after week...

For months after month, until, my cancers in perfect harmony with the
disharmony I brought about, I am pure, perfect, deathless cancer. A living
tumor, charmed to this cross-section of the steel tree in the Yakusa Temple.
Atoning. For I realize that the Way of the Milky Way is truly the Way of
Starwood—the living energy of stars passing into Man... And starwood is
the Way of Enlightenment in Agony, for me, sitting bound on this broken
stool.

Sometimes the Grand Monk, wearing black lenses, comes down into the
Temple to talk to me about my mental progress, and observe my vast, meta-
physical, pulling driving body

His retinas are growing back quickly now, that the Benevolent Company
have traded for a fresh slice of starwood out at Point O.

He tells me they gave the last surviving Frano della Francesca in the world
for it.

Starwood, imagine. Comes in such small slices. Approximately this, by
this, by this, this. Quick gestures with two stamps spraying ten tumours—soft
red boiled carrots...

I am even sitting on some..."
Modern Masters of Science Fiction

By Walter Gillings

He spent half a century dreaming up alien worlds and creatures far out in interstellar space ... when he wasn’t thinking about the perfect doughnut.
4: EE 'DOC' SMITH

To followers of those doughty heroes Richard Seaton, Kimball Kinnison and Neal Cloud, these items from The Universes of EE Smith . . . Adams of Procyon—Commander-in-chief of Procyonian Federation . . . Proctor of Dekanos VI—A non-Tellurian planet inhabited by fantastically ugly, spider-like beings . . . Place of Pleasant Oubods—Where Vegians, extremely sensitive to the presence of ‘Valeron’, their flesh is transformed into diamonds. These are typical of hundreds of entries in a unique concordance to the eleven best-known novels of the late Edward Elmer Smith, PhD, which it took two of his children, and one recent life of the author, to compile. The concordance is a guide to the complex webwork of imaginary worlds and fantastic creations which earned the beloved 'Doc' the title of 'Historiian of Civilization'; a fitting tribute to one of the most inventive and influential writers to leave his mark on science fiction.

Few others have made such an impact as he did at his first appearance in 1921. In two years of work, Doc Smith brought to life an entire world of speculative, fictional worlds for which, even after his death was announced as artless and juvenile. That his first novel, The Skylark of Space, opened the door for the extravagant explorations of Doc Smith, was no mean feat. The novel, however, gained a cult following and has remained a classic in its genre.

Since 1946 it has seen publication in several forms in many parts of the world, and is still being reprinted, like the other Smith serials that followed at short intervals. The real reason for the author's success was that he had gathered what the author cheerfully claimed was the biggest file of rejections on record.

He wrote the story after starting out as a chemical engineer in 1914, and didn't complete it until 1920. For two years, the wife of an old classmate helped him with the romantic interest that readers found so rewarding. But with his mind filled with high-flying ideas, he couldn't find the staying power of the determined Smith, who by the time he was 25 had held down a dozen different jobs, from steeplejack to street-car conductor.

Born 1890 in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, he was raised on a riverside homestead in Idaho, where he worked as a lumberjack until his elder brother and sister had grown up. In his spare time, Smith became a chemist with the US Bureau of Standards to many and settle down in Washington, DC, where his wife went to work to enable him to get his PhD. He started work on The Skylark of Space in 1914.

He changed, in 1931, he came up with another story, Spacehounds of IPC, which confirmed his new heroes of the Interplanetary Corporation to the solar system. He planned to make it the first of a series—but it wasn’t what his fans wanted. ‘We want Smith to write stories of scope and range. We want more Skylarks!’ they insisted. And 80-year-old editor Dr T O’Connor Sloane, who still had seven years to go before he retired, pointed a lean finger out towards the Milway. The author had never been a ‘hack’ writer, whatever the critics said about the results of his labours. He planned his stories with care, and took his time writing them. By then, too, the science fiction field itself had enlarged, and another ten years would pass before the new decade was in.

In 1931, Astounding Stories would have published Triplanetary, which gave rise to the ‘Lensman’ series, and actually enlivened four issues of Astounding. In that issue, the concept of a positive solar less drive by which it was assumed—since it could neither be proved nor disproved—spaceships might traverse the impossible gulf of Smith’s Lensman with ease of the exchange of cold, cool dialogue, and the melodramatic exchanges between heroic Dick Seaton and his scheming rival Blackie DuQuense, readers clamoured for a sequel. So, in Skylark Three, which followed in 1930, Smith took his power-vacuum voyagers out again to the rescue of the people of the Green System who faced annihilation by the marauding Fenochone. This tale of the galactic cruise which ushered in the era of the interstellar voyagers, grew into one of the most popular stories of the genre. It had reached the first edition by 1957. Smith’s Lens, his instanced, was ‘essentially a psi machine’. But the story proved more acceptable to Amazing, which serialised it in 1959 before it emerged, finally, in 1966.

Undaunted, he contrived to make his last appearance in Astounding in 1960 with Survivors on Jupiter, a short story paving the way for a novel—the Skyhook, which Campbell found wanting. It reached Smith’s fans in 1965 as a hardcover book titled Subspace Explorers. And, towards the end, he found a more receptive market for his work in the magazines Worlds of If, which in 1961 featured Masters of the Universe, and Astounding, which published it by the name E Everett Evans. Of all his admirers, he was the most devoted, and when he died leaving this novel unfinished Smith revised it completely.

The doctrine regarding the ‘Doc’ was held by science fiction fringe was demonstrated when, in 1963, at the Twenty-first World Convention in Washington—where ‘The Skylark’ was hatched—veteran fan presented with the bouquet of flowers, with his eyes, but he had not still been doing with writing. The following year he reapplied in If with The Imperial Stars, in which he tried to recapture some of the spirit of a series featuring a troupe of circus performers involved in espionage in a Galactic empire. Then editor Frederik Pohl, having egged him on, surprised Smith’s old-time followers by presenting Skylark DuQuense, in which the legendary villain who had been dispatched to the ages by the Lensman, was recast as a hero, to join Dick Seaton in resisting another grim menace from afar. The serial had hardly ended when the news reached his friends, in August 1965, that ‘Sky- lark’ in all the ‘Lensed’ of a treat attack. It was the end of what If had called ‘the most famous science fiction saga of all time’.


The Novels of EE Smith

These are the given in order in which they belong to a continuous series—although exceptions. Dates in the first paragraph are those in the USA: other dates refer to UK publication in hardcover. Paperback editions (pb) are listed only where they appeared under a different title or were the first publication.

The ‘Skyhook’ series:


The ‘Lensman’ series:


Unconnected stories:

THE FALL OF ATLANTIS

By E E 'Doc' Smith

Ariponides, recently elected Faros of Atlantis for his third five-year term, stood at a window of his office atop the tower of his castle, and did not see the tremendous expanse of quiet ocean, nor the bustling harbour, nor the metropolis of glass and steel magnificently and so brutally beneath him. He stood there, motionless, until a subtle vibration warned him that there was a new voice at his door.

'Come in, gentlemen. Please be seated.' He sat down at his desk, and behind him, and one by one the Ariponides, I have asked you to come here personally because I have every reason to live to the fullest. None of this room is proof against eavesdroppers; a thing which can no longer be said of our supposedly private You have our channel. We must discuss, and if possible come to some decision concerning, the state in which our nation now finds itself.

This world-wide frenzy of unrest followed closely upon the controlled liberation of atomic energy. Atomic energy, with a new breed of men ready to exploit it. We have never been and are not now interested in Empire. It is true that the old nations, monarchical, colonial, and the attempt was ever made to hold any one of them in colonial status against the will of its elected leaders, and are six new nations. We gain or lose together. Atlantis, the parent, was and is a clearing-house, a co-operative, with no claim to authority, and all decisions are based upon free debate and free and secret vote.

But now! Parties and factions everywhere, even in old Atlantis. Every nation is torn by internal dissensions and strife. Nor is this all. Uighar as a nation is insatiably jealous of the islands of the South, who in turn are jealous of Mato, Mato of Bantu, Bantu of Ekopi, Ekopi of Norheim, and Norheim of Uighar. The result has been inter-jealousies and hatreds intercrossing everywhere. Each fears that some other is about to try to 'take' his own world. And yet there seems to be spreading rapidly the utterly baseless belief that Atlantis itself is about to reduce all other nations of Earth to vassalage.

This is a bald statement of the present condition of things, as I see it. Since one can see no other course possible within the framework of our democratic government, it is the most concrete, positive, and practical statement we can make of the position of our present activities, such as the international treaties and agreements upon which we are now at work, intending to effect whatever possible. We will now hear from Statesman Cletos.

'The government has outlined the situation clearly enough, Faros. My thought, however, is that the principal cause of the trouble is the coming into being of this multiplicity of political parties, particularly those composed principally of crackpots and extremists. The atomic energy is clear: since the atomic bomb gives a small group of people the power to destroy the world, they may be expected to seek the authority to direct the world. My recommendation is merely a special case of your plan, Faros—hear us out; perhaps we are the only one who has the power to make the electorate of Norheim and of Uighar into supporting an effective international center. Hence: You have your data tabulated in symbols? asked Talmudines, from his seat at the back of the meeting. Yes. Here they are.

'Thanks.'

Minister Phlaminos, 'The faros announced.

As I see it—as any intelligent man should be able to see it—the principal contribution of atomic energy to this worldwide chaos was the complete demoralisation of labour, the grey-haired Minister of Trade stated, flakily. 'Output per man-hour should have gone up tenfold, at least, in which case prices would have automatically come down. Instead, short-sighted guilds imposed an embargo on production, and now seem to be surprised that as production falls and hourly wages rise, prices also rise and fall. This is not the course that was possible, gentlemen; labour must be made to listen to reason. This feather-bedding, this price-reduce, this price-increase, this must stop.'

'Apologies!' Marxes, Minister of Work, leaped to his feet. 'The blame lies squarely with the capitalists. Their greed, their refusal to exploit man and woman.'

'One moment, please!' Ariponides rapped the table sharply. 'It is highly significant of the unworkable condition of the time since the two Ministers of State should speak as you two have just spoken. I take it that neither of you has anything new to contribute to the symposium?'

Both claimed the floor, but both were refused it by vote.

'Hand your tabulated data to Talmudines,' the Faros directed, 'Minister of Economics.'

'You, our Faros, have more than intimated that our defence programme for which I am primarily responsible, has been largely to blame for what has happened,' the grimly handsome warrior began. 'In part, perhaps it was—one must blind himself not to see the connection and bend indeed not to admit it. It is only what should I have done, knowing that there is no practical defence against the atomic bomb? Every nation has them, and manufacturing more and more. Every nation is infected with the agents of every other. Should I have tried to keep Atlantis isolated, in a world bristling with blast? And could I or anyone else—have succeeded in doing so?'

'Probably not. No criticism was intended; we must deal with the situation as it actually exists. Your recommendations, please?'

'I have thought this thing over day and night, and can see no solution which can be made acceptable to our—or to any real—democracy. Nevertheless, I have one recommendation to make. We all know that Norheim and Uighar are the sore spots—particularly Norheim. We have more bombs as of now than both of them together. We know that Uighar's supersecret jobs are ready. We don't know exactly what Norheim has, since they cut my intelligence line a while back, but I'm sending over another operative—my best man, too—tonight. If he finds out that we have enough advantage in speed, and I'm pretty sure that we have, I say hit both Norheim and Uighar right then, while we can. Before they hit us. And hit them hard—pulverise them. Then set up a world government strong enough to knock out any nation—by including—Atlantis—that will not co-operate with it. This course of action is flagrantly against all international law and all the principles of democracy, I know, and even it might not work. It is, however, as far as I can see, the only course which can work.'

'You—we all—perceive its weaknesses.'

Faros thought for moments. 'You cannot be sure that your intelligence has located even all of the danger points, and many of them must be so far underground as to be safe from even our heaviest missiles. We are not excluding you, believe that the Psychologist is right in holding that the reaction of the other nations to action would be both unfavourable and violent. Your report, please, Talmudines.'

'I have put my data into the integrator.' The Psychologist punched a button and the mechanism began to whirl slowly upwards and upwards. 'Of course my data are of primary importance; the name of one of the higher-ups and its corollary implication that there may be some degree of co-operation between Norheim and Uighar . . .

He broke off as the machine stopped clicking and ejected its report.

Look at that graph—up ten points in seven days!' Talmonides pointed a finger. 'The situation is deteriorating faster and faster. The conclusion is unavoidable—you can see yourselves that this summation line is fast approaching unity—that the breakthrough will be uncontrollable in approximately eighty days. With one slight exception—here—you will notice that the lines of organisation and purpose are as random as ever. In spite of this conclusive integration I would be tempted to believe that this seemingly lack of coherence was due to insufficient data that back of this whole movement is there is carefully set-up and completely integrated plan except for the fact that the

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Not other. And, unfortunately, there is as yet no course of action indicated which is at all promising of success.

"E(use mine, then!", Artonemes jumped up and bashed the table with his fist. "Let me send two flights of rockets over right now that will blow Ughfarsoy and Norgrad into radio-active dust and make a thousand square miles around each of them uninhabitable for ten thousand years! If that's the only way they can learn anything, let them learn it!

"Sit down, Officer."

Artonemes directed, quietly.

"That course, as you have already pointed out, is indefensible. It violates every precept of the Basic of Our Civilisation. Moreover, it would be entirely futile, since this resultant makes it clear that every nation on Earth would be destroyed within the day."

Why not..."

Artonemes demanded, bitterly.

"Sit here and let them annihilate us!"

"Not necessarily. It is to formulate plans that we are here. Totammonides will now have decided, upon the basis of our pooled knowledge, what must be done.

"The outlook is not good; not good at all," the Psychologist announced, gloomily. "The only course of action which carries any promise whatever of success—and its probability is only point one eight—is the one recommended by the Faros' modulator. It relates to I الرومة's suggestion of sending his best operative on the indicated mission. For highest morale, by the way, the Faros should also interview this agent before he sets out. Ordinarily I would not advocate a course of action having so little likelihood of success; but since it is simply a continuation and intensification of what we are already doing, I do not see how we can adopt any other."

"Are we agreed?" Artonemes asked, after a short silence.

They were agreed. Four of the conference filed out and a brisk young man strode in.

Although he had barely glanced at the Faros his eyes asked questions.

Reporting for orders, sir,' he saluted the Officer.

"At ease, sir," Artonemes returned the salute. "You were called here for a word from the Faros. Sir, I present Captain Phryges."

"Not orders, son... no. Artonemes' right hand remained on his in-capita's left shoulder, wise old eyes probed deeply into gold-flecked, tawny eyes of youth; the Faros saw, without really noticing, a flash on the back of his thatch of red-bronze-auburn hair. "I asked you here to wash you well; not only for myself, but for all our folks and people for our entire race. While everything in my being revolts against the idea of an unannounced assault, we may be compelled to choose between our Officer's plan of campaign and the destruction of Civilisation. Since you already know the vital importance of your mission, I need not enlarge upon it."

Said he close up before... there's something about him... He isn't like my father, much, but it seems as if I have known him for a thousand years!

"Hmm... m. m. Peculiar. You two are a lot alike, at that; even though you don't look like anything like each other... Can't put a finger on exactly what it is, but it's there.

"Although Artonemes never any had me time could place it, the resemblance was indeed there. It was in and back of the eyes; it was the... the quality... which was lost later to become associated with the weavers of Arisia's Lens. But here we are, and your ship's ready, Captain Phryges."

"Thanks, sir. Goodbye."

"The ship was a tremendous flying wing. A standard commercial job. Empty—passengers, even crewmen, were never subjected to the brutal accelerations regularly used by unmanned carriers. Phryges scanned the panel. Tiny motors were pulling tapes through the controllers. Every light showed green. Everything was as it should be. Phryges, with a water-proof coverall, slid through a flexible valve into the ship's compartment and waited. A stern yelled briefly. Black night turned blank white as the harnessed energies of the atom were released. In the six seconds the sharp, hard, beryllium-bronze leading edge of the back-sweeping V sliced its path through the tumbling air.

The vessel seemed to pause momentarily; paused and bucked viciously. She staggered, she swayed, she tried to tear herself into shreds and chunks; but Phryges in his tank was unconcerned. Earlier, weaker ships went to pieces against the wall. In less than three minutes the signals would be on the air and he would know where he was—unless the Norsih radar practically swept the ground."

"That was closed on time!"

"The burning ceased; the fantastic violence of the drive subsided to a mere shovelful; Phryges knew that the vessel had levelled off, told him that he had covered two thousand miles per hour. He emerged, spelling the least possible amount of water upon the air. He looked off into the coverall and stuffed it back through the valve into the tank. He mopped and polished the floor with his towels, with his pocket; he cut the tank.

He drew on a pair of soft gloves and, by manual manipulations, began the deceleration of the tank and all the apparatus which had made that unloading possible. This junk would fall into the deep of the ocean, but never be found. He examined the compartment and the hardware. No burn, no burn, no burn, no marks; no tell-tale marks or prints of any kind. Let the Norsih search. So far, so good.

Back towards the trailing edge then, to a small escape-hatch beside which was fastened a dull black ball. The anchoring devices went out first. He gasped as the air rushed out into near-vacuum, but he had trained himself to the slightest fluctuations in pressure. He rolled the ball upon the hatch, where he opened it; two Hispanic helmets with a huge, white, rubber, vulcanised and covered with moulded composition resembling sponge rubber. It seemed incredible that a man of big age, with a man wearing a parachute, could be crammed into a space so small; but that lining had been moulded to the thinnest possible plane.

This ball had to be small. The ship, even though it was on a regularly-scheduled commercial flight, was lighted and observed intensively and continuously from the moment of entering Norheim radar range. Since there was no cover in the form of screen, no suspicion would be aroused; particularly since—as far as Atlantean Imperial Intelligence knew, such a flight did not exist. Norsih had not yet succeeded in perfecting any device by the use of which a liner could be bluffed into its home plane.

Phryges waited—and waited—until the second hand of his watch marked the arrival of zero time. He curled up into one half of the ball, and locked it. Then he locked it. Then he locked it. The hatch opened. Ball and closely imprisoned man plummeted downward; slowing abruptly, tilting, to horrid deceleration, to terminal velocity. Had the air been a trifle thicker the Atlantean captain would have died then and there; but that, too, had been computed accurately, and Phryges lived.

And as the ball bullleted downward on a screaming slant, it shrank!

This, too, the Atlanteans hoped, was new—insects, air-friction would erode away, molecule by molecule, so rapidly that no perceptible fragment of it would reach the ground.

The casing disappeared, and the yielding porous lining. And Phryges, still at an unreasonably low altitude, slithered away the remaining fragments of his cocoon and, by judicious planing, turned himself so that he would be not only invisible in the first dull grey of dawn. There was the highway, paralleling his line of flight; he wouldn't miss it more than a hundred yards.

He fought down an almost overwhelming urge to pull his zip-rocket too soon. He had that urge to wait—wait until the last possible second—because parachutes were big and Norheim radar practically swept the ground.

Low enough at last, he pulled the ring, Z-r-r-o-o-—k—-WHAP! The chute began to expand; his body jerked, mere seconds before his hard-sprung knees took the shock of landing.

The chute was white and shaking, but unhurt, as he gathered in the bellowing, flighting sheet and rolled it, together with his harness, into a wad. He broke open a tiny ampoule, and as the drops of liquid touched his stout fabric began to disappear. It did not burn; it simply disintegrated and vanished. In less than a minute his clothes and his parachute were reduced to rings, which the Atlantean buried under a meticulously—replaced circle of sod.

He waited for another minute; the world fell asleep. The signal came. He was able to reach the panel and press a button. The signal was sent through the air; there would be no difficulty in the reception of it by any of the others in that group. He had better be Einnea—would come to him.

How? By air? Along the road? Through the sea, on foot? Silence—talking, even on a tight beam, was out of the question. He made his way to the door and pushed it open. He saw that she could come at him by any route of the three. Again he waited, pressing inferences. A long, low-sting ground-car swung around the curve and Phryges' binoculars at his eyes made it a duplicate. At the thought he dropped his glasses and pulled his guns—blazier to right hand, air-pistol in left. But no, that wouldn't do. She'd be suspicious, too—she'd have to be—and that probably
mounted heavy stuff. If he stepped out ready for business she'd fry him, and quick. Maybe not, but she might have protection—and he couldn't take the chance.

The car slowed; stopped. The girl got out swiftly, slid the front seat back, and looked down the road, straight at Phryges' hiding place. This time the bino- cles were aimed low, for Phryge's arm's length. Tall, blonde, beautifully built; the slightly crooked left eyebrow. The smile directly over the bridge of her nose, the tiny scar on her upper lip, of which both of her had been responsible—and small wonder. He was a constant companion of boys older and bigger than himself—and as serviceable as a girl was, she knew more than most girls. Beyond, the girl cut down the road toward the main highway, and stopped.

"Oh, Fry! It is you! Really you! Thank the gods! I've been ashamed of that all my life, but—"

He whipped and caught her as she stumbled, but she did not quite faint.

"You're not... not too fast?" she cautioned, sharply, as the tyres began to scream. The speed limit along here is no more than thirty-five, and not likely to be exceeded.

"Easy it is, Kimmy. But give! What's the score? Where's Kolainde's? Or rather, what happened to her?"

"Dead. So are the others, I think. They put him on a psycho-bench and turned him inside out."

"But the blocks?"

"Didn't hold—over here they add such things to the tune. It's a matter of the color of the wall, not the psychy routine. But none of them knew anything about me, nor about how their names were picked up, or I'd have been dead, too. But it doesn't make any difference, Fry. You weren't even just one week too late."

"What do you mean, too late? Speed it up!"

His tone was rough, but the hand he placed on her arm was gentler than that of a man.

"I'm saying just what I can. I picked up his last report day before yesterday. They have him on the run, so far as I know. But—maybe more so—and they are going to fire one at Atlantis tonight at exactly seven o'clock."

"Tonight! Holy gods! The man's mind raced.

"Kinnexa's voice was low, unin-""flected. 'And there was nothing in the world that I could do about it. If I approached and tried to go in, they would see me. I had a second before they blankets my wave—and meet their rocket-head-on in being."

"This was stark stuff, but so tense was the moment and so highly keyed up were the two of us that they saw nothing out of the ordinary in it.

"Not bad, if we can't figure out anything better. They'll be watching for you, of course, didn't you see how you could steal a ship?"

"Exactly. I can't carry clippers. No woman in her right mind would work at a club or a cloak shop."

"Can't say that I do," he admitted. 'But I'd rather have one of our own ships, if we could make the approach. Could both of us make it, do you suppose?"

"Not a chance. They'd keep at least one man inside all the time. Even if we killed everybody outside, the ship would take off before we could get the port with the outside controls."

"Probably, Go on. But first, are you sure that you're doing the right thing?"

"Positive.' She grinned mirthlessly. 'The fact that I am still alive is conclusive evidence that the ship is in the right place—being piloted by a man. But I don't want you to work on that idea if you can think of a better one. I've got pass- ports and documents and everything necessary, except the one thing I want to be, from a tubeman up to an Ekopian banker. Ditto for me, and for us both, as Mr and Mrs Kinnexa, should the occasion arise."

"Smart girl.' He thought for minutes, then shook his head. 'No possible way out that I can see. I'll have to try to be alone, and not even think of anything else for the next ten days, and from what you've said it probably won't get here. But you might make it, at least. I'll try it. I'll try and do it."

"Better stop, I think," the girl decided. "Quickly, and we'll have a field to hide or die in."

"While the man changed clothes, Kinnexa collected the contraband, wrapping it up in the discarded garments. She handed it to Phrygus was adjusting his coat. She glanced at his armpits, then stared."

"Where were the others?" she demand- ed. They ought to show, at least a little, and even I can't see a sign of them."

"But they're so tiny! I never saw blasters like that!"

"I've got a blaster, but it's in the tail pocket. These aren't. They're air-guns. Poisoned needles. Not worth a damn beyond a hundred feet, but deadly close up. One touch anywhere and the guy dies right then."

"Two dozen, you mean?"

"Nice! She was no shrinking violet, this young Atlantean spey. 'You have spares, of course?'

"That's one of the reasons we came away. I didn't know he was the war-head. He couldn't be missing! It was worse than shooting sitting ducks—it was like shooting himself in a bucket! Neverthe- less, nothing happened. The thing wasn't fused for impact, then, but for time; and the automatic firing mechanism would be shell- and shock-proof."

But there was still a way. He didn't need to call on his knowledge of the sickening through the interference which the fast- approaching pursuers were still sending out to the Atlasians. It was clear that they had stuff up long since; the officer would know exactly what was going on."

"Standard Standard, maxium, pretty much like blasters. Like so.' He demonstrated, and as he drove sedately down the highway the girl seemed to relax."

"The day wore on, nor was it uneventful. One incident, in fact—the detailing of which would make the authorities here—was of such a nature that its end:

"Better pin-point me, don't you think, on that ramp. Just in case you get scared in one of these brawls and I don't know your score! Forgive me, Fry—and it slipped my mind completely that you didn't know where it was. Area six; pin-point four seven seven seven seven seven."

"Got it." He repeated the figures.

But neither of the Atlanteans was 'scared by anything. Phryges just smiled. They were honeymooning couple parked their big roadster in the garage at Norgrad Field and went into the ticket office. Tickets were included, in perfect order; they were as inconspicuous and as undemonstrative as newly-weds are wont to be. No more so, and no less.

Strolling idly, gazing eagerly at each new thing they saw, they arrived at what was to them a round-the-clock routine. In that hangar was a shiny new freighter, one of Norgrad's fastest. It was serviced and ready.

It was too much to hope, of course, that the visitors could actually get into the building unchallenged. Nor did they.

"Back, you! A guard waved them away. But back to the Concourse, where you belong—no visitors allowed out here!"

"F-4! F-4! Phryges' air-gun broke into soft but deadly crying. Kinnexa whirled—hands flashing down, skirt flying up—and ran, yelling. "They don't want us, bring their own weapons to bear. Tried—failed—died too, ran; ran backward. His blaster was out now and flaming, for no living enemy remained within needle range. A wall of flame blazed in front of him, making him duck involuntarily and uselessly. Rifles were bad; but their hazard, too, had been eliminated, for they were no longer aloft.

Kinnexa reached the fighter's port, opened it, sprang in. He jumped. She fell against the fire, pushing aside the door and dogged the door. He looked at her, and swore bitterly. A small, round hole marked the spot where the back of her head was."

He leaped to the controls and the fleet little ship started upward with a crackling chatter, miter and receiver, keyed and twiddled briefly. No soap. He had been afraid of that. They would be expecting him, but the fre- quency he could employ; using power through which he could not drive even a tiny beam through a bulkhead! But he could still crash that missile in its tube. Or—could he? He was not afraid of other. Norgrad's fighter did not have a lead and he rode one of their very fastest. But since they were already so suspicious, would a null with a strike of an o'clock? He tried vainly to coax another know out of his wide-open engines.

As the blaster balls hit the pin-point just in time to see a trail of super-heated vapour extending up into and disappearing beyond the base of the stationary fighter. He swung upward, locked the missile into his sights, and levelled off. Although his ship did not have the caliber, he could catch it before it got to Atlantis, since he did not need its altitude and since most of the enemy vessels were of the same class. What he could do about it after he caught it he did not know, but he'd do something.

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"Back, you! A guard waved them away.
THE WINNING PAINTINGS
Colour section

These will be repeated poster size in forthcoming issues.
At last our vision of the decisions have cleared, no longer are high with canvases and the suspense that has been dispelled with the winners of the first fourtery judgging. For now, one of the nine-months.

[Images of various artworks and scenes]
the future has become
our editorial offices piled
and drawings. After weeks
and many sleepless nights
finally been made. The
envelope within every
official announcement of
painting competition.
The quality of the entries
difficult and has resulted
joint second prizes and
third prizes.
By Aune R Butt

A VERY WELCOMED DUPLICATED PAMPHLET called A Little Gem Guide to SF Fanzines has now been produced by Roger Roberts. It's intended to be a short guide to sf fandom for interested newcomers. It has already arisen out of a large number of enquiring letters addressed to Peter and resulted in the SFC S FM 1.

The pamphlet covers most aspects of sf fanzines under general information headings such as what they are, how to get them and how to produce one, as well as including a list of extant fanzines. Written in a chatty and informative way, this pamphlet is one of the most useful guides to the art of science fiction fandom, and is a must for anyone keen to get involved.

The pamphlet was produced and published by Peter Roberts, of 6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W1, and is available at a cost of 10p, including postage.

In his introduction Peter points out that the danger of the pamphlet is likely as quickly as the world of fanzine production is constantly changing. He therefore states that the pamphlet is a draft, and further issues, and would welcome useful comments and suggestions.

IF YOU ARE A DEVOTED READER of Edgar Rice Burroughs, you may not join the British Edgar Rice Burroughs Society Centre not only on Burroughs' Tarzan, Martian and Venusian books but also on his non-sf works, this society is in touch with the fan scene worldwide—America, Australia, Europe, and even Russia! The society, also has close contacts with the ERB Research Society, Burroughsiana in this country, and Jasoomian (Earthman, if you haven't been to the US) Barsoom which is published from California.

The Planet, mentioned in further information or details of membership please write to the Secretary of the Fandom Convention which is to be held at the De Vere Hotel, Coventry, on 28-31 March. The Guest of Honour is to be Michael Moorcock, author of the popular Runestaff series of sword-and-sorcery/fantasy novels. A variety of professional writers are scheduled to be there as well as the usual enthusiastic band of fans; there will be panel discussion, talks, debates, and social occasions. Judging by 1974's Fandom Convention it will be an event well worth attending.

Supporting membership costs £1.50 an annual subscription £2.50. The Con is being organised by Malcolm Edwards, to whom all further details can be addressed. Enquiries and send fees, at the following address: 19 Rannoch Gardens, Hampstead, HAI 10Q. The first progress report came out in June, the second one is due out in October. Malcolm Edwards will keep anyone interested in attending posted about events.

NEIL STOTT of Beck House, Old Hutton, Near Kendal, Westmorland, LA8 0HN has written to us asking us to mention on this page for a junior science fiction club he is interested in starting. Strictly for 12 year old boys, this club will be formed by Neil and his friends. Anyone who is interested in joining please write to him at the address given above.

FOUNDATION is the official publication issued by the Science Fiction Foundation based in the North East London Polytechnic, and is the major journal of sf reviews in this country.

This booklet (A5 size and containing approximately 100 pages) is cheaply edited by Peter Nicholls, who has been able to draw on the services of such writers as Brian Aldiss, John Brunner, Brian Stableford, Robert Silverberg, Ursula Le Guin, Brian Stableford, Sprague De Camp, Malcolm Edwards and many others. Articles like Ursula Le Guin's A Citizen of Mondath and Peter Nicholls' own series Science Fiction and the Mainstream are typical of the high (if at times somewhat) standard of Foundation. The book is serious in tone some of the articles are written in a lighter vein, particularly the autobiography-like pieces one concerning an author's personal appreciation of his (or her) life and work in sf. The next two issues of Foundation are due out by October, and each will contain three major autobiographical articles by Aldiss, Delany and Silverberg, plus, of course, books reviewed by the ubiquitous Chris Priest. Back issues are available from number 4 onwards, costing 50p each for issues 4 and 5 and 75p for each single copy after that. A subscription rate is £2.00 per year for four copies, and all editorial and subscription correspondence should be addressed to: The Editor, Foundation, The Science Fiction Foundation, North East London Polytechnic, Longbridge Road, Essex RM2 8AS. Canada and USA subscription rates can be obtained on application to the above address.

I would particularly recommend Foundation for readers who see sf as belonging to the mainstream of modern literature rather than as a freak breakaway form existing isolation.

Maryland College, Woburn, is putting on a weekend seminar on the subject of the science fiction novel 22-24 November. The course will consist mainly of lectures and discussions, with the film Metropolis being shown on Saturday.

The pamphlet I received about this course was clearly written by an enthusiast; it says it is 'A weekend of speculation, imagination, combat and discussion on science fiction its definition, its scope, its quality and its contribution to the understanding of being universal animals. Newcomers and addicts will be equally welcome and each session will conclude with an open discussion based on the issues raised in the preceding lecture.' Course members are asked to present themselves with a copy of the collection of stories edited by Brian Aldiss and published by Robinson Books.

The pamphlet continues by saying that both course tutors—John Ritchie and Alex Boyd—are inveterate and inedible enthusiasts who feel that there are no authorities in the field and that their roles as tutors will be directed at the stimulation of argument, ideas and viewpoints.

The college is set in fine Bedfordshire countryside and is completely free of any internal basins, and now does spend four of the proceedings. Apply for details to the Assistant Secretary, Maryland College, Woburn, Milton Keynes, MK7 5UD.

BOOKS

Heart Clock by Dick Morland. Published by New English Library Ltd. 40p. The economy of Britain was in a precarious state. Doom threatened large on the horizon, until Matthew Macleod solved the problem so simply. Economic stability, he said, was dependent on preventing population growth. Regulate the latter and the former will reappear naturally. As he had his own original ideas on regulation methods too. Now, forty years later, he no longer upholds this system. His fight is to undo all the work he accomplished so many years ago.

A fascinating new work of imaginative fiction is a Sunday Times fiction choice of the year.


Tomorrow's World by James Burke and Raymond Baxter. Published by Corgi / Carousel, 30p. Based on the BBC Television programme and edited by Michael Latham. With every passing month there are astonishing developments at the frontiers of science and technology—developments which ensure that life on Earth will never be the same again. The book looks ahead into this new world; at the working of the human brain at中铁s that can save lives; and at the new advances in pleasure machines.

Tomorrow's World: The Tools of Change & Tomorrow's World: The Last Frontier both by James Burke and Raymond Baxter. Published by Corgi, Carousel, 30p each. Second and third in a series based on the popular BBC television programme, the books cover some of the most advanced technology as Skylab, electron and optical microscopy, microwave/linear—generator 3D displays of X-ray pictures and ocean depth discoveries.

The Men From P.I.G. and R.I.P. T. by Harry Harrison. Published by Faber & Faber Ltd. £1.95. For the 11,000 guests the great imagination project had come at last. They were no longer cadets but members of the Patrol—the vigilantes and policemen of space. The Commanding Officer welcomed them to the Patrol and told them the inspiring story of one of the special assignments. How Bron Wurber, the man from P.I.G. (the Federal Territorial Guard) came to the help of the planet Trowbi with his herd of specially bred and trained pigs.

The story was received with great applause, but the CO decided that some of the Territorial had increased their enthusiasm for pigs. For their benefit he related the thrilling adventures of Henry Venn, the man from R.O.B.O. (Robert Optimus Beta Omega Three) who with his robots solved the mystery of the goat-eating herd of the inhabitants of the planet Slatger.

Worries are often preoccupied with the problems and threats of technology. In these ingeniously plotted adventures by Harry Harrison refreshingly demonstrates the comic possibilities.

To Your Scattered Bodies Go by Philip Jose Farmer. Published by Panther Books, 40p. First in Farmer's Riverworld series, which won a Hugo award for the best novel of its year. Burton, out of 35 or so billion souls, is chosen by some unknown power. He faces a force of twelve selected individuals, whose ultimate mission will be to sail through the Riverworld and see if they have been resurrected, to find out why all humanity has been denied its 'final rest'.

Real-Time World by Charles Griffith. Published by New English Library Ltd., £2.25. A collection of short stories by the author of Artificial World. The Real-Time World raises the question of the nature of reality and how we can recognize the difference without external standards. The Head and the Hand gives us a glimpse of a Pacific world of a super-star of the future who performs mutations on his own body to satisfy his own passion and that of his watchers—just two examples which show that the sf short story is still very much alive.

Excalibur by Saunders Anne. Published by Panther Books, 40p. Here is one of the most enduring legends of the Western world—herein the story of the sword of King Arthur, the mighty blade Excalibur that only he could wield. Unopened through the centuries comes this mystic weapon, with the heroism and magic of Arthur’s court transplanted in a time and place far removed from old Camelot. Excalibur is the tale of the age-old struggle between good and evil, where the protagonists are linked by heredity and switched to the champions of the ancient gods.

The Dazzle Backgrounds by Phile Waller. Published by Panther Books, 50p. The world’s most startling novel! (Despite its name the world where suddenly all the women disappear to the men’s point of view, and all the men disappear from the women’s! In this all-male, all-male, all-monosexual worlds different sorts of adjustments have to be made to meet the problems that occur.


SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY
THE FEMININE FEATURE
BY MICHAEL ASHLEY

According to a London sf bookseller less than one per cent of his customers are women. Is sf the male stronghold that these statistics lead us to believe? Do only men write good sf? In The Feminine Feature MICHAEL ASHLEY examines the role of women in the genre and comes up with some surprising revelations.
It can hardly have escaped your notice by now that the editor of this magazine is a female. This in itself is almost unique in the science fiction field. But to rub the male nose in the mud, for the last five months, the editorial editor is also female; and that is hitherto unheard of. One might come to accept it in ordinary magazine editing, but in the science fiction field it seems to us followers that perhaps at last female emancipation is going a little too far.

Science fiction is a subject that somehow, by its very definition, is a closed shop for males also. At least more, the assumption is perhaps particularly since it is such a male dominated field. Leading authors, Asimov, Clarke, Heinlein, leading editors Campbell, Pohl,—where are the females? It may come as a surprise to many, but there are female participants in the SF by women, and that their very presence has helped in the maturity and expansion of the genre.

Now you may think that a rather harsh statement written to appease our lady editor after my somewhat haughty start, but not so. One has only to consider the role women have played in the somewhat alien genre of SF to realise what a significant contribution they have made.

Brian Aldiss once said: "Science fiction is no more written for scientists than ghost stories were written for ghosts," (1) It is as true as if one substituted "fiction" for "science fiction," and says that people tend to regard science fiction with the emphasis on science instead of fiction. This was the road Hugo Gernsbach led us down in 1940, with his ideal that science be taught through fiction. As a result he tended to print stories by scientists loaded with fancy hypotheses and startling formulations to the detriment of a story-line. Consequently, with so few female scientists thriving at that time (though I seem to recall Marie Curie's knowledge being applicable 50) one hardly found many female sf writers. There were exceptions, as ever: the Emmeline Pankhursts, Elizabeth Fry's and Florence Nightingales of the sf world. A certain homogeneity should be accorded these pioneers, not solely because they were pioneers, but because they happened to write some damned good fiction.

The earliest regular female sf writer was no other than Margaret St. Clair (1879-1939), author of the unforgettable Frankenstein (1818). It is notable that in his study of Billion Year Spree, Brian Aldiss refers to Frankenstein as the first true work of science fiction. Moreo, I feel, is the case with the first story by H. E. Flight (1884), wherein she reveals the despair of a man who having taken an immortality elixir stays young whilst his wife grows old and dies. Mary Shelley was a premature beacon. Though she should be accorded these pioneers, not nearly to the Victorian horror boom, where somehow they thrived. As we enter the twentieth century however we come across American author Gertrude Bennett, who wrote all about as many short stories as Grace Chesebrough Stevens. It was a sign of the times that she had to hide behind a male name, Ms Bennett wrote chiefly scientific romances of the A Merritt school, and is best remembered for her long-lived, Chisholm of Terra (1916) and Sunfire (1924). The feminine touch for the bizarre was here hatched into sf with great effect.

With the appearance of the Gernsback magazines two female authors in particular emerged, Clare Winger Harris and Lilith Lorraine, Clare Winger Harris had actually debuted in Amazing Tales with A Runaway World, in July 1926, but soon appeared in Amazing Stories with The Fate of the Possessed (June 1927) in response to a competition. Before long she brought in the female touch with A Baby on Neptune (Amazing Stories, December 1929) written in collaboration with Dr Miles Breuer. Later Lorraine and Harris defined, and held to, the command of the language comes through in her contributions such as The Isle of Madness (Wonder Stories, November 1935).

Harris and Lorraine were not the only female sf writers of the time, despite the fact that they most certainly were the most accomplished. Passing mention must be made of Amelia Reynolds Long for the particularly thought-provoking and powerful short story Omega (Amazing, July 1932); and also Louise Taylor Hansers (who kept her femininity hidden behind a simple L Taylor Hansen by-line) introduced a certain amount of humour into sf with tales such as The Prince of Liars (Amazing, January 1939). It is also worth considering that Gernsback's pool of consultative science editors which each issue of his magazines boasted contained but one female, Dr Marjorie Babcock, and her subject knowledge must have been considerable.

Emotions, the mind, what motivates a man. Much of this was omitted from early sf. It was generally only the lust for scientific knowledge, followed by the deranged lust for world power that drove most characters through their plots. In many stories, written by men, the professor would have a beautiful daughter whom his assistant would inevitably fall madly in love with. Ultimately the man was able to prove his masculine superiority by rescuing the girl, and she was his for life.

It was all very well for men to chum out such tales, but women steered clear of it, generally. With the passing of the 1930s, the days of the real heroines of the early days, Shambleau in November 1933 could not have realised that CH Lid the identity of 22-year-old authoress Catherine Lucille Moore. Shambleau introduced psychological horror to sf. The hero rescues a girl from a Martian mob, only to discover she is a loathsome beast herself. CH Moore was also the first female author of sword and sorcery adventures with her Tref of Jufty series in Weird Tales which lasted until 1950. Kammie a more married by her then husband Henry Kuttner in 1940, and thereafter most of their stories were collaborations, under such pen names as Lewis Padgett and Lawrence O'Donnell.

Husband/wife writing teams in sf are not uncommon, and in fact at the time that the Kuttners were producing gems like Vintage Season two other teams were writing history. In 1939 AE van Vogt had married Edna St Vincent about one third of the stories appearing in Campbell's magazines under her name, in particular a serial The Winged Man. Doubtless they were collaborations, but when one compares the stories with those of her husband Aubery A van Vogt one can see a touch of the latter in them. Van Vogt's own stories had very little female interest, but Hull's stories such as Abduction are packed with it.

In 1946 Edmond Hamilton and Leigh Brackett met. Leigh Brackett had debuted in Astounding with Martian Quest (February 1940), and it is fair to say that the majority of her early fiction were of the space adventure type as published by Planet Stories, such as The Beginning of Man and The Omega World. Judging by Brackett's early work, she had always treated her stories in a serious manner. There was no flippancy, no adventure for adventure's sake. It was with great delight that a recent new novel The Ginger Star, since she virtually disappeared from the sf field for the glitter of film scenarios in the early 1950s. It was chiefly this handful of lady authors who held sway in sf in the 1930s, as the genre was still very much a man's world. But the changing shape of sf with the appearance of editors like Gold and Boucher, saw women taking a greater part. Two of the biggest names remaining until today are Margaret St Claire and Katherine Maclean.

Margaret St Claire is a particularly prolific writer. She first graced our field with Rocket to Limbo in the November 1950 Fantastic Adventures and was immediately followed by appearing with a score of stories over the next three years, and thereafter continuously. So prolific did she become that a fair number of stories appeared in the anthologies of Edith Orlowska and Ida Seabright. These were mostly for The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction and the Seabright stories are her most experimental: An Egg a Month From All Over (October 1952) and The May Moon Mysteries (October 1951) are both evidence of how sf was becoming adapted to the female writing form. F & SF had a very slick writing policy, Boucher was looking for mature sf, with modern treatment. Unlike most, the magazines from the mid-1950s, F & SF was without doubt the most innovative and experimental of the sf magazines of this period. If it is not strange then that this same magazine should carry more female sf writers than any other? The same is true of the anthology of Ida Seabright, here could be found Mildred Clingerman, Evelyn E Smith, Kit Reed, Carol Emswiller, and Joanna Russ. And all these writers have that same style in common. In many cases the fiction is written as if it is almost firesean in, and yet there is always that underlying warning. That elbow dig to remind you, Look out, these things aren't quite as pleasant as they seem. In this field, a particular gem is her short tale The Last of the Spole (F & SF, June 1953), where it is hurled at you half way through the story that the three people having read the story are only the only survivors left on Earth. And all one of them worries about is whether the tea will last. Whilst it might sound flippant, the real underlying message of the story hits you with a bang only sometime after you have read it. The utter futility of life and war. What would you do if you were one of three survivors? Ms Smith fitted her answer into a mere 1,500 words.

There is no doubt that F & SF fostered some ingenious sf female authors. Apart from the above, Zenna Henderson ranks amongst the foremost emponents of the genre, particularly with her People series. F & SF certainly seemed to have the most influence here. Not quite. Katherine Maclean debuted in Astounding in 1949 with Defence Mechanism. One time wife of Harry Harrison, she wrote a beautiful surprise-ending story, That Don't Lie in the 1943 Galaxy, and produced a tour de force with Unthuman Sacrifice (Astounding, November 1958). Critic and editor Damon Knight said of the author, her work is not only technically brilliant but has a rare human warmth and richness."(2) Interestingly just pipped Katherine Maclean into Astounding with her particularly feminine story, That Only a Mother, (June 1948). My own favourite of hers is Homelife from Astounding, November 1950, a strange story of the Mother-Bug... Continued on page 28
DO YOU need information on anything relating to science fiction? Readers’ questions of general interest will be dealt with in this feature by Thomas Sheridan, who has long been associated with the field as writer, editor and critic. Send your questions to THE QUERIES, Science Fiction Monthly, New English Library Ltd, Barnard’s Inn, Holborn, London ECIN 2JR. They will be dealt with as quickly as possible.

THE QUERIES

FORT THE SPECTACULAR

Who was Charles Fort, and what was his contribution with science fiction, if any?

SC Bidwell, Rugby

Charles Hoy Fort (1877–1933) was a New Yorker who, starting out as a journalist, spent twenty-six years amassing published data and making notes on mysterious phenomena for which, so he argued, science had no real explanation; such as earthquakes, tidal waves, crooked rains, meteors, comets, lost planes—and what later became known as UFOs.

But his own peculiar theories about such things which he presented, in powerful prose, in four books—The Book of the Damned, New Lands, Lo! and Wild Talents—published between 1919 and 1932, and assembled in The Books of Charles Fort (1941), he also wrote several fantastic novels which were never published, and invented a game of ‘super-checkers’.

The fact that science fiction had been Fort was in 1934, when Astounding Stories upset its readers by serialising Lo! Then a few of these writers woke up to the fact that Fort’s books were full of ideas for stories; notably his English disciple Eric Frank Russell, who based his unknown novel, Smiler Barron, on Fort’s dictum, ‘I think it’s property’. For years Russell carried the British banner of the Fortean Society, founded in 1931 to promote Fort’s philosophy of enlightenment and scepticism.

Yes, you and the book Charles Fort: Prophet of the Unexplained (Gollancz, 1971) by Damon Knight, the sf writer, critic and editor, of further interest.

WORDS AND MUSIC

I’ve been interested in the work of Julian Savarin, the only author I know of who is a professional musician. I have read all of his books and I’d be grateful to find the other two. Could you give me any help?

K J van Veen, Ramspeck, Kent

Julian Jay Savarin is of French and Mayan descent, coming to the UK for the Time Trilogy, dealing with the gradual evolution of the human society. The other books will appear under a different imprint: the first of them, hopefully, before the end of the year.

Some of Savarin’s music has been presented in a record album titled A Time Before This; more should be forthcoming as his books are published.

WITCH WORLD

Can you tell me how many titles there are in Andre Norton’s Witch World and whether she has written any other works?

Peter Fairley, Bolton, Lancs

Six titles have been published here in paperback by Treadon: Witch World, Web of the Witch World, Then Call Forth the Night, Against the Witch World, Warlock of the White Tower, and Moon of the Witch World, and Year of the Unicorn. Two others in the series are Spells of the Witch World, a collection of short pieces, and The Crystal Cryptogen, a novel published here by Gollancz.

Andre Norton is the pseudonym of Alice Mary Norton, an American who has been writing for forty years, sometimes under the name of Andrew North. For many children’s librarians, she is a keen of a fan, and though her stories are not always written from ‘juveniles’ readers with a taste for colourful space adventure, she has had many adult followers. Other titles issued by Gollancz in the last few years include Players of the Stars, Bread Companion, Android at Arms, and The Zep Stone.

GOLDEN OLDIES

I am doing research on the science fiction of around about 1930–1940, as published in The Strand and similar magazines. Can you refer me to any useful books?

LE Timothy, Bristol

Try to get hold of Science Fiction by Garbo, published by World Publishing, New York, 1968, a history and anthology of the popular magazines of 1931–1931, edited by Sam Moskowitz. It contains twenty-six articles by Vere Benson, Grant Allen, William Hope Hodgson and J. J. Benbow, among others, and is a good primer to early English and American periodicals like The Strange, The British, and Black Cat. A long introduction and notes on the various magazines provide information, and show the role played by such periodicals in creating the modern field.

More accessible, perhaps, is Worlds Apart (Comptometer Reprints, London, 1970–76) by Richard Powers, a collection of short stories written by such authors as H. G. Wells, J. J. Benbow, George Allan England and George W. Wilson—all the pictures are simply spiffy, by George!

STALKING-MOOSE

May I appeal for help in finding a picture that appeared in the late 1960s? The drawing had as its basis a British waterways style of barge on it; but the barge was the hunting barge the were notoriously alien, both having their own on the islands. The author is John C. Rainforth, a professional writer.

I take it you’re seeing a magazine cover rather than an interior illustration, which at least means the search. Even in the two years 1941–43, for instance, a dozen magazines could cover 120 issues—and I don’t have all of them. Can anyone with a photographic memory, if not a complete collection, help?

QUATTERRAS TRIO

Who took over from Professor Quatterrass in the TV series? Were the stories ever collected?

J S Stevens, Leytonstone, London

The part of Quatterrass was played by a different actor in each of the TV series—by Reginald Tate in The Quatterrass Experiment (1953), by John Robinson in Quatterrass II (1956), and by Andre Morrel in Quatterrass and the Pit (1963). The television episode were published separately by Penguin Books in 1959–60.

Winners of Crossword Competition No 1

Science Fiction Monthly Vol 1 No 7 featured our first of crosswords competition and offered as prizes three copies of Frank Herbert’s new novel Hellstrom’s House. The winners are the authors of the first three correct entries pulled out of the post bag and are as follow.

KR Giddings, 22 Carnegie Road, St Albans, Herts AL3 6HL; Neil Carter, 118 Livingstone Walk, Grove Hill, Hemel Hempstead, Herts HP1 2AN; and Christopher Lawn, 69 Hill Crest Rise, Leeds LS16 7DJ, Yorks.
Fowke, Robert ‘Bob’ Greg. Born: 24 July 1950. Educated: Eastbourne School of Art for one year; Somerset College of Art for three years. Work includes: covers for Ray Bradbury’s Golden Apples Of The Sun and Earth Abides by George R Stewart (both Corgi SF Collector’s Library); The Man Who Sold The Moon and The Puppet Masters by Robert Heinlein (both Pan Books). His work also adorns the cover of Byzantium’s album Seasons Changing (A&M Records) and he has designed several local posters.

Bob Fowke’s current work is characterised by his use of bands of colour which vary only very slightly from each other as they pass from, for example, pale blue to cobalt. He uses this technique to create a backdrop against which he places strange birds, insects, giant rabbits and the sort of towers and buildings that would fit into any Lovecraft story. He creates a strangely surreal effect which stirs the imagination and invites you to stand and stare.

Bob explained that it is only in the last few years that he has evolved this style: ‘A few years ago I did an about-face. I threw away most of my previous work, stuff that I had done at college mostly, and started from scratch to find a personal style and method. I tried to learn from those paintings that I most enjoyed looking at; taking ideas on colour from one painting, composition from another and so on. I attempted to find out which paintings I really enjoyed, but I found this wasn’t such a simple exercise, especially after an art school training.

Strangely enough for an artist so heavily involved with futuristic themes Bob found himself most interested by the work of such Renaissance painters as Raphael, Bosch and Botticelli. He explains this incongruity like this: ‘In many ways those old masters were illustrators; like today’s illustrators they were commissioned to paint a particular subject and probably were allowed less freedom in the way they painted it than we are today. They were severely disciplined by the nature of their market. Compare the thousand ingenious ways they found to paint a Madonna and child with the multitude of different space ships painted today.’

Despite his admiration of the Renaissance painters he doesn’t feel that he would like to have lived then: ‘Artists at that time were more dependent on their patrons than
we are today, although paradoxically their dependence was one of the reasons why they produced such good work. They had to respond to the demands of a thriving market, which is also the strength of science fiction illustration today. It is the demand that produces the artist and not vice versa. Indeed, since we respond to a mass market, we are stronger in that respect than they were. We have one major disadvantage however, no Medici prince is going to pay us gold sovereigns to work three years on a single space ship. If we did have that length of time I'm sure we should surpass the old masters, if only because there are more artists at work today.

Bob's technique is simple, just gouache and water on white card, he tries to cover the card in a single coat of uniform thickness, and to keep the tints as clean as possible. This way, he believes, one gets the most brilliant colours. Once more he analagised with the old masters, comparing their methods to his own: 'Both work in a studio building up a design in pencil, charcoal or whatever, from reference photos, sketches or imagination, and then tracing the design through onto the final surface. In the old days it was called a cartoon. The main differences, apart from media, are that we have more colours today, less time and more choice of content.'

If Bob ever uses reference it is as a starting point from which to draw living creatures, but in most cases he works from his imagination.

As for actually reading of and not just painting it, Bob read quite widely and recognises that the two extremes of the genre, the very good and the appalling, can both be enjoyable: 'I disagree with the books which have a vision of the future which is really just an interplanatic extension of present-day America. In fact generally speaking sf is strongly on science but weak on sociology, as the name implies, which makes some of it rather incomplete. I should like to see a lot more satirical sf along the lines of 1984, Brave New World and the work of Kurt Vonnegut Jr.'

At the moment Bob is working on a book jacket, a children's story and a poster design, but of his plans for the future he says: 'My work and I are constantly diverging and I'm always struggling to re-unite them. I should like my work to be what I think other people would like it to be, so I have to constantly wrench it off one path and onto another; it should be less obscure.'

Bob Fowke's work often contains a lot of mythical imagery eg the garden scene, published in SFM Vol 1 No 2, almost begs to be analagised with the Garden of Eden. On this point Bob comments: 'A picture has to have impact at all levels, conscious and subconscious. The very survival of a myth testifies to its importance as a social and psychological image. Why, out of many thousands of western myths, is the story of Adam and Eve so very well known? That is the question that most interests me about any myth. By examining the ways in which the portrayal of a particular myth changes through many generations, it is possible to understand something of what it symbolises for us today. By seeing which myths are best known we can discover some of the general undercurrents of our society; the points of maximum response among the mass of the people. It's not necessary to follow the exact narrative line, so long as one utilises the undercurrents, the atmosphere—gluit, victory, love, suspicion—and the broad symbolic shapes by which atmosphere is created. They can be used in scenes containing nothing but cars and space ships. That's the theory anyway; the practice is a little more haphazard.'
Did Edgar Rice Burroughs spend his youth swinging through the trees in the heart of the jungle or was he on Mars masquerading under the name of John Carter?

In this article FRANK WESTWOOD, a leading authority on Burroughs, reveals ALL about the man who created Tarzan.

It was once said by Ernest Hemingway that, 'At some future date, perhaps twenty-five years hence, perhaps two or three times that, descendants of today's community of literary critics will evaluate the American authors of the first half of the twentieth century. The vast majority will be long forgotten by then; the remainder will be sorted out in the many-years-long process that determines who will survive and who will perish.' One of those whom I feel is qualified to survive is Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Throughout his life he received little if any critical notice, and what there was of that was unanimously unfavourable. He has been classed as barely literate, banned by narrow-minded librarians in some places, pilloried by critics in others, and described as being without merit of any sort—literary, moral or social.

Only in very recent years has some type of re-evaluation begun, but as yet it is far from complete and acceptance of Burroughs by any sort of authority is still some way off. On the other hand, wholehearted condemnation is no longer unanimous nor in many cases as unconditional as it was for so long. There now appears to be a revival of Burroughs' works. A steady demand has produced re-issues of many of his works, some for the first time in Great Britain—The Maid, Mage, Devilish, Savage Pellucidor, and Llan a Gathol to name but a few.

Burroughs always held in his writings that the English was the height of aristocracy, gentlemen of the highest type. Their manners—mental, moral and physical—were of course beyond reproach. These highly commendable qualities were personified by Burroughs in a certain John Clayton, who could rightfully take his place in the House of Lords as Lord Greystoke, although he was better known to the public as TARZAN!

Examples of Burroughs' life-long affection for the British way of life abound throughout both his Tarzan adventures and his other novels. For example in his novel The Lost Continent (Beyond Thirty) he introduces his hero to a country known as ‘Grubitten’; similarly in The Land That Time Forgot, Pirates of Venus, and The Outlaw Of Tar the scene is set in England. However, Burroughs was not an Englishman, although his maternal grandparents were both of old English stock.

Burroughs never hid the fact that he preferred his mother to his father. He and his father differed on practically every subject throughout Burroughs' youth and adult years, a fact which coloured many of his later novels. In Tarzan Of The Apes, Tubalt, foster father of the young white ape, hates Tarzan and Tarzan, in turn, never loses an opportunity to reveal similar feelings, but to Kala his foster mother he gives all his affection.

Edgar Rice Burroughs was born in Chicago on 1 September, 1875, the fourth son of Captain George Burroughs. Not very much has been recorded about him before his twelfth year, save that he attended the Brown School on Chicago's West Side just after his seventh birthday. When he was 12 a diphtheria epidemic broke out in the city and, much to Edgar's honor, his parents removed him from the public school and put him into an establishment for girls! On the outbreak of yet another epidemic the young Burroughs was moved to his brothers' ranch in Idaho.

Edgar took to the American West as a duck takes to water. It was there that he learnt to shoot and ride, eventually making a name for himself for his mastery of bad horses, particularly the locally notorious man-killer Black Pacer. This happy life in the West did not last, however, since a friend of the Burroughs family, passing through Idaho en route to Chicago, was so shocked by Edgar's stories of the thieves, murderers and bad men whom he had met, that he speedily informed Captain Burroughs of the young cowboy's exploits. Edgar's father lost no time in removing his son from these 'bad' influences.

Bundled off to Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts, Edgar lasted the first term, then tactfully before he was requested to leave. Being dismissed from the Academy was a disgrace which made Captain Burroughs decide that his son lacked proper discipline. He therefore enrolled Edgar in the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake, Michigan.

During his four years at the Academy Burroughs was taken under the personal wing of Captain Charles King. A graduate of West Point, he had fought both the Apache and the Sioux, receiving the Silver Star for gallantry. Under King's expert tutelage Burroughs became one of the Academy's top riders. He was the only non-senior among the handful selected by the Commandant to perform the exciting and extremely difficult Monkey Drill, consisting partly of bareback Cossack-style riding and Greco-Roman horse combat.

Burroughs remarked in later life that the Captain's outstanding qualities as a soldier, a cavalryman and a friend had been an inspiration to him.

By now determined on a military career, in May 1896 Burroughs journeyed to West Point to take his entrance examination; he was stunned when he failed, and this also put a cloud over the head of his fiancée Emily Hulbert whose visions of a military wedding were fast fading.

During the summer of that year Burroughs took a job as a collector for an ice company in his parents' neighbourhood. In the autumn, on receipt of a call from Captain King, he returned to the Academy having been appointed Second Lieutenant, Michigan State Troops, and enrolled to the Academy as a Commandant and Tactical Officer, Cavalry. He achieved this even though there were other members of staff who had more experience. His other assignments were as Gatling Gun Instructor and Professor of Geology. The fact that he had never studied geology and knew nothing whatever about the subject seemed to make no difference. They needed a professor and picked him to be it.

Shortly after this Captain King was posted to another Academy and Burroughs, who had found his new position not as interesting as his last stay at the Academy, became very bored with the restrictions and lesser freedom which had not been so evident when he was a cadet. Somewhat disillusioned, he left the Academy. Still with a military career in mind he tried to obtain a commission with the army in China but had to settle for the army fighting in Nicaragua.

Burroughs was all set for taking the rank of Lieutenant in that outfit when his parents refused him permission and he finally ended up as a private in the 9th Regiment US Cavalry, the Bloody Seventh as it was called, after General Custis' Last Stand of 1876. Part of Burroughs' term of enlistment was spent in chasing bandits along the Mexican Border, including the famous Apache Kid! He never caught up with the Kid but he and his outfit were involved in chasing the wily and fierce Apache warrior Geronimo! Apart from all this there was little or no adventure at Fort Grant where Burroughs was stationed, although Black Jack Tom Keen and the outlaw was raiding towns in the vicinity, when Coche
and Geronimo no longer held sway.

Burroughs' service with the Seventh Regiment, lasted less than a year since he developed a weak heart; he was discharged by favour as a private on 23 March, 1897. He returned to Chicago, but he must have been more than a little concerned about what lay ahead of him.

Three questions loomed large before him: would he enter his father's business; would his sweetheart Emma say 'yes'; and were his adventures ending or just beginning? Two of these questions were answered fairly soon; Burroughs married Emma Hulbert in 1900 and went to work for his father in the storage battery business for $15 a week. This seemed hardly enough to live on so again Edgar left home, to join his brother Henry in Pocatello, Idaho, where he was set up in a stationary store. Unfortunately this venture also failed.

Burroughs then moved on to Oregon where he worked on a gold dredge, but the company soon went broke. Again his brother came to the rescue. This time he was instrumental in obtaining for Edgar the job of railroad policeman in Salt Lake City. Chasing tramps and hitch-hikers from goods wagons was not particularly well paid either and Burroughs and his wife soon found themselves almost perpetually hungry.

On being questioned concerning the early and hard years of his life Burroughs recalled, 'Neither of us knew much about anything practical. Then a brilliant idea overtook us. We sold our household furniture by auction. People paid us real money for the junk, and we went back to Chicago "first class".'

From then on Burroughs determined to be a success, but Chicago treated him just as meanly as it had in Idaho. Forced to take a job as soon as possible, all he could find were openings for salesmen. The following months witnessed a conglomeration of humble jobs. He sold electric light bulbs to janitors, sweets and chocolates to small shops and drug stores, and stuffed letters (a publication) from door to door. He hated them all.

After deciding that he was a total failure he saw no chance for an advertisement for an 'expert accountant'; he applied for the position, with T.J. Winslow who manufactured waterproof coatings for doors, sashes and blinds. Burroughs got the job. He recalls this about it: 'The break I got in this instance lay in the fact that my employer knew even less about the duties of an expert accountant than I did.' He remained with the company for little more than one year before leaving of his own accord.

Burroughs, ever conscious of his late start in the business world and bursting to achieve success, saw potential in mail order houses and so took a job that brought him to the head of a large department—the stenographic department of Sears, Roebuck & Co. While the salary was only slightly higher than the amount he had been earning before, Burroughs felt that it was an important step in his business career. His salary was raised after two years which made Edgar and his wife better off than at any other time since their marriage.

1908 was an important year in Burroughs' life. His first child, Joan, was born on 12 January, and he quit his promising future in the advertising agency business to start his own company. As luck would have it, though, things once more did not work out the way he planned. At this time Sears, Roebuck offered him a new position if he wanted to return. Had Burroughs accepted this offer there is no doubt that he would have been fixed for life, and would probably never have written a story. He was penniless again with no job and no money, and his second child Hubert was born on 12 August, 1909.

In a state of despair, with four mouths to feed, Burroughs had to pawn his wife's jewellery and his own watch in order to buy food. In later years Burroughs remarked, 'I loathed poverty, and I should have liked to put my hands on the man who said that poverty is an honourable estate. It is an indication of inefficiency and no doubt more. To be poor is quite bad enough, but to be poor and without hope, well the only way to understand it, is to be it.' He also says, 'I got writers cramp from answering blind ads, and wore out my shoes chasing others. At last I got placed as an agent for a pencil sharpener firm. I borrowed office space, and while sub-agents were out trying unsuccessfully to sell the sharpeners, I began to write stories.' That was in 1911.

In 1912 Under the Moons of Mars and Tarzan of the Apes appeared. It is impossible to relate at any great length the numerous and fantastic worlds of Burroughs' creation within...
Burroughs and more new stories, though they also brought trouble with publishers—reprints, lapsed copyrights etc. and also the break-up of his marriage and subsequent divorce from Emma Hubert who had shared 34 years of life with him. Burroughs later married Florence Dearholt and the couple embarked on a forty-day honeymoon to Hawaii in April 1935. Burroughs travelled to and from Hawaii many times before the outbreak of the Second World War. It was at this time also that the couple decided to move to Hawaii for an indefinite period. Whilst there he had a heart attack from which he recovered. On 18 March, 1941 after six years of marriage Florence and Edgar separated at the mainland and filed for divorce on the grounds of mental cruelty.

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Judith Merrill became notorious as the American voice of the British 'new-wave' in the science fiction field. She was an editor of many, some of the best to be found. Besides discovering Roger Zelazny, Thomas Disch, Piers Anthony, and publishing some particularly way-out pieces by David Bunch, Harlan Ellison, Henry Kuttner, and others, she moulded the magazine into something to be proud of. She by no means ignored her own sex. Apart from regularly printing the Misses Bradley and Wilbur, she discovered Phyllis Gotlieb and Terry Carr in The Fantastic (October 1959) and also Ursula K LeGuin (April in Paris, in Fantastic, September 1960). Since then Ursula LeGuin has risen to be one of the greatest writers in SF, winning both the Hugo and Nebula Awards for her novel *The Left Hand of Darkness* (1969), the Hornbook Prize for her fantasy *A Wizard of Earthsea* (1968), and she came runner up for the Hugo award for both novel and short story in 1972 with *The Farthest Empires* and *More Slow*. Quite an impressive record, and Ms LeGuin does not stop there. Each year she produces a remarkable crop of science fiction and fantasy, which I for one lump far too quickly. It is not easy to pin point her secret. She has the ability to tie the reader in with the characters. The people who inhabit her fictional worlds are real, human, and you feel that you could talk with real female authors. They have the knack of making the characters really human, with an ease that escapes even the most practised male author. Somehow, Ms LeGuin has that art down to a fine point.

And suddenly we are up to date. The 1970s has an army of female sf writers, and somehow I have not mentioned the half of them. I said above that Ms LeGuin was the Hugo Award. She was however not the first female author to carry off that award. Anne McCaffrey had that pleasure. Ms McCaffrey has had a gypsy relationship with sf of the years. She won the Hugo for her *Pern* series in 1967, the *Laskin* award in 1966 for *Fiction Plus*, but it was with *F & SF* (again) that she found her stride in 1961 with her series about the sentient ship, *The Ship Who Sang*. This was followed eventually in 1966 with *The Ship Who Came in from the Cold* and *The Ship Who Killed in Galaxy*. Then in 1967 came her new series beginning with *Wyr Search and Then Dragonrider*. It was the latter novel that earned her the Hugo Award. Read the book and then figure for yourself how she has handled the human/dragon symbiotic relationship. Already the list of female authors/editors is impressive. What is more overwhelming is that nearly every one of these authors also seems to contain a powerful story by a female. One name to watch is Pamela Sargent, still in her twenties, who has sold over a score of stories to a variety of editors. Once again F & SF have handled her stories, although most of her sales have been to original anthologies. Fortunately Britain is not totally forgotten. We also have our female sf authors, Hilary Bullock, for instance, the science fiction writer, and Moorkock. She first appeared with a short story *Breakdown* in the October 1963 *New Worlds*, and followed this with a startling piece, *The Fall of Friend Steinman* (sadly not reprinted by the Nazis in a future where Germany won the War). Since then she has appeared erratically, but F & SF as ever, has been a home to her pieces. One such, *The Little Vicious*, is a particularly poignant piece. Children, usually vital tape appeared in the November 1965 *F & SF*, and the same issue carried *Nothing Much to Relate* by Josephine Saxton. The editor's blurb claimed that Ms Saxton's name was new to the field. In 1969 an article appeared years previously in the British magazine *Science Fantasy* with *The Wall* a fascinating short tale which kept me thinking long after I had read it. Ms Saxton has since sold many stories to *F & SF*, perhaps her best to date being *The Consciousness Machine* (June 1968). Daphne Castell also made her name in *Science Fantasy* and *New Worlds*. After Dear Amity, a not too memorable story in 1964, she came up with a particularly likeable piece, *Emancipation*. Several other worthy stories appeared, but the demise of the British magazines caused her disappearance from the scene. I was therefore doubly delighted to see her pop up in the October 1973 *Amazing Stories* with an inspiring yarn, *The Sun-Hunters*. There were several British sf magazines, in particular *Science Fantasy* resulted in the disappearance of several bright female talents. Names such as Patricia Hocknell, Pamela Adams, and more recently Joyce Churchill, all have vanished, leaving readers and left particularly memorable pieces.

There is little doubt that when science fiction began to mature it became a ripe field for the female writer. When the emphasis was put on the science of science and society, many then women came into their own. Their ability to grasp feelings and emotions has broadened the field of science fiction, and the growth of the field has allowed sf published a considerable amount further. This snowball effect has speeded the development of science fiction, and without doubt improved the field.

And in case you wish to label me a supporter of female emasculation let me just prove I am not alone.

'Whenever the question of women writers writing about men comes up, I usually point to the obvious talents of women like Ursula K. Le Guin, Leigh Brackett and workshop Hoffman. They have written about men and women, sexual reality, and have betrayed no "feminine bias" or weakness,' Ted White. (9)

'O concerto Harlan Ellison; much of the best writing in science fiction today is being done by women,' Brian Aldiss. (4)

'Writing specifically about Sonya Dorman: 'It is a kind of writing only a woman can deal with. It deals with reality in the unflinching way women will deal with it,' Harlan Ellison. (5)

And about Mildred Clingerman's *First Contact*: ""It's a novel that published a considerable number of stories by members of the fair sex, and many of those stories might well have been written by men. The following tale, concerning the nature of love and faith, is told entirely by a woman...,' Robert P Mills. (6)

The last quote in particular emphasises the veracity of female writers. Not only have they a select style of their own, but they are capable of varying moods.

Oh, and just to prove that it isn't only young ladies who write science fiction (Mary Urhammer was 20 when *In Another Land* was sold to F) the May 1973 *F & SF* carried Murder in the *Transatlantic Tunnel* by Miriam Allen de Ford. Ms de Ford was born 21 August 1888—and no living male sf writer can beat that.

We've got to hand it to them, the science fiction field needs women.

4. From *Billion Year Store* by Brian Aldiss (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1973), from the chapter 'Yesterday and Tomorrow', page 306.
Robert Heinlein's widely acclaimed novel paints a terrifying picture of the future, of an uncharted world with "abandoned areas", regions so dark and dangerous that no-one from the outside world would dare to enter them unarmed and unescorted. Those living in the "safe" zone are constantly aware of the people on the outside trying to enter.

In the "safe" area, Johann Sebastian Bach Smith lies dying; he is probably the richest and most powerful man in the world, but all medical science can do is to preserve a spark of life in him. Then a new body is found for him; an operation is performed, and medically it is a complete success. But unexpected consequences follow, and Smith is faced with profound moral and philosophical dilemmas.

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