



7  
TWIBBET



# Twibbet 7 ~ the non-Euclidean fanzine

"Ash nazg durbatuluk, ash nazg gimbatul, ash nazg thrakatuluk agh burzum-  
ishí krimpatul"

TWIBBET is being brought out this time by Patrick Hayden, 8210 E. Garfield  
k-17, Scottsdale, Az. 85257. Thish is 60¢ p/copy, or 50¢ at LepreCon. Also  
available for the equivalent in postage. My upcoming zine ALEPH NULL, app.  
the same size as TWIBBET but with better repro & art, will be 75¢ or the  
usual. Yes, filks, consider your contributions solicited.

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Press run thish was 100 copies. This is # 97. In the sky!

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\_\_\_ You forgot to wash.

\_\_\_ You like Ike.

\_\_\_ Ike likes you.

\_\_\_ Editorial whim.

\_\_\_ You lack sufficient grounding in reality.

\_\_\_ We lack sufficient grounding in reality.

\_\_\_ This just wasn't your day.

\_\_\_ This was ours.

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Published by special appointment to Scotius I, Duke of Hazel, Emperor of  
the Despotism of Fredonia, Lord of the Outer Dominions, and, by grace of  
the Cosmic Muffin, King of the Universe and Lord of the Spaces Between.



# PNAKSCHNARF PAGE



In case you're wondering, this is a plug page. I'll continue to have this in both SLIME and AERPH NULL. This one is free- but in the future I'd like a copy of all zines etc. to be plugged. Fair 'nuff?

--Yes, filks, first of course is Phoenix's First Gen- LEPRECON. March 14, 15, 16 at the Quality Inn West, Phoenix, Az. GOH is Larry Niven and Toastmaster is David Gerrold. Funne & Gaynes, films, parties, and the Usual Gamut of Rictous Phaen Activity. Registration is \$5.00 in advance or at the door, and tickets for the Brunch with a speech by Larry Niven are \$3.50. Write Tim Kyger, 1700 S. College #1, Tempe, Az. 85281.

--And, of course, Tucson's very own TUS-CON, April 4, 5, 6 at the Executive Inn. GOH: Evangeline Walton. Speakers, philms, parties, elvish brew. Regis.: \$3.00, after April 1: \$3.50. See flyer in thish.

--Wanna get a nice Feenix Phaanzine? Of course you do. Copies of WHATEVER 4 are available from Mark and Paula-ann Anthony at PO Box 195, Tempe, Az. 85281. It's 75¢ and features a cover by Vaughn Bode. The Anthonys (Anthonies?), reputedly Secret Masters of Phandom, have just finished living WHATEVER 3 down and are eager as anything to spring #4 en a captive world.

--James Heckman, in my opinion the best Fantasy artist in the area, is pushing his originals for up to \$300.00 and lithoes for \$10.00. Worth it, believe me. 1409 N. Oleander, Tempe, Az. 85281, 945-5552.

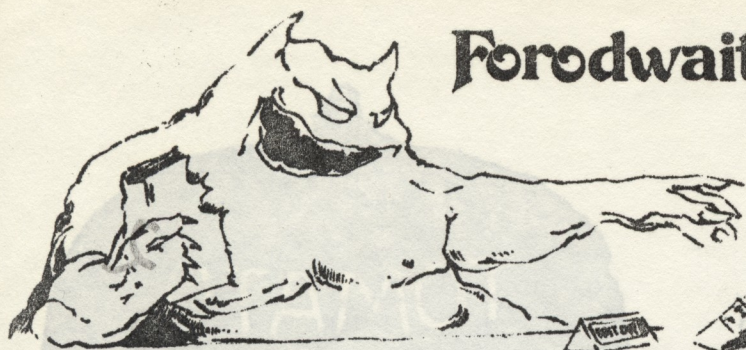
--The Fabulous Connecticut One-Shot Fanzine SHORTS AND QUARTS is available for 50¢ from Al Sirois, 533 Chapel St., First Floor East, New Haven, Conn., 06511. The product of the twisted minds of Mike Gorra, Mike Carlson, Rick Sternbach and Al Sirois and will set fandom back to the Golden Age.

--Also available fr. Sirois is TOTAL EFFECT #2, a comic book profoundly written and profusely illustrated by Myron Surasky and Al Sirois. Send them 55¢ and they'll send you something you'll never forgive them for. Write Al Sirois, address above.

--And ANOMALY #2, the genzine of the New Haven Science Fiction and Fantasy Association is available from Ed Slavinsky, 200 York St., Apt. 3-S, New Haven, CT 06500.

WESTERCON IN PHOENIX '78! Stop coasting- asses to ashes.





# Forodwaith

## on 5 dollars a day



Hello, filks. Ah, yes-- I can hear it now: "And who is this utter fool who dares to again revive that old creature of the pit, Twibbet?"

Time to let myself be submitted to a candid world. I'm a somewhat new Phoenix phan, now faned. I'm not claiming any records, but do you know anyone who started putting together a fanzine during his first meeting of an sf club ever?

Yes, sad to tell, I was conned into putting out Twibbet 7 by Tim Kyger, editor of Twibbet 6. He's putting out something called Blind Spot now... ghod knows what that'll be. But back....Twibbet next issue will be turned over to Greg & Hilde Brown. I'm going to start work on a zine to be called Aleph Null. Hopefully it'll be offset, with graphics and art that are worth speaking of. Another project is going to be a bi-weekly newsletter of Feenix phaandom called SLIME. SLIME will also be a dumping ground for ghod phaandish material- sort of a classy Second Degenerate. There's been a need for something like this for a long time around here.

I won't bore you with the details on my horrible Quest for a way to get Twib printed up by LepreCon. Suffice to say that it was finally printed on the mimeo machine at my high-school business department. To the people there I am eternally grateful, and you have reason to be eternally unforgiving.

Actually, there's some nice material here. The Terry & Ken story is a prelude to the (ghaack!) Second Edition of Blundering Blades that's been impending for some time. And the B.D. Arthurs thing is true, I swear it, Bloch save me. I hope Bruce doesn't get too pissed.... (fanfeud! fanfeud! fan feud!) Also: the Niven bibliography. I'm pleased to say that Tim has actually sold the thing to Ballantine for use in their next Niven anthology. Ack, the fair meadows of Feenix Phandom are being sullied with the sight of Filthy Pros. No, not filthy prose. Pros. Well, that too.

I'm not satisfied with Twib 7. What a thing to say! But, in my view, satisfaction is a sure way to artistic suicide. Next time, better graphics, more illos, and Less Typos! Are you listening, Bowers?

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS ON A FIRSTZINE: Mark Scarp, Randy Bachman, Gary Johnson, Carl Knaak, Ken Scarborough, Mark Anthony, the CHS Business Dept., James E. Newcomer, Mark Sordahl (for use of his typewriter, recorder & car) and Tim Kyger (for everything), not to mention a Forgotten Host of Others. Thanks, all.

Dedicated  
TO EDMOND HAMILTON  
on the occasion of the 50th anniversary  
of his first story  
sale.



This was taken at DesertCon III in Tucson on February 22, at the joint party of the LepreCon and Tus-Con committees. It's edited from a long conversation, and doesn't contain much in the way of discussion of Hamilton's work. However, it does contain some fascinating reminiscence into the past history of sf. I found Hamilton to be an extremely charming, unpretentious person. And he doesn't eat an asteroid a day for lunch.....

An Interview with

ED HAMILTON

**TW:** Let's talk about how you got started writing; i.e. what were your motivations in wanting to write for a living, etc.?

**H:** Well, that's difficult to say. It's a long time ago, you know. It was fifty years ago, this month, that I sold my first story. February, 1925. I sold it, but I had to revise it before they published it in 1926, but-- that's the date.

One would suppose that if you love to dream of all sorts of things, your dreams are mostly synthetic-- they're stimulated by stories that you've read, and you extrapolate a little, and you extrapolate a little, and push the imagination a little farther, and then presently you feel that you've just got to try and do this, and so you sit down, and you're always encouraged, not by good stories, but by bad stories-- you say, "I can do that well," and you start tapping it out. I was luckier than most, because, while I didn't have too much confidence in myself, there was a very slender market and material was very much in demand, and Weird Tales bought my first forty stories without a rejection. As a matter of fact, Weird Tales never rejected one of my stories. Now this was not entirely good in one way--

**TW:** What was the name of your first story?

**H:** It was called "The Monster-God of Mamurth." It was a story about an invisible city in the Sahara desert, and an invisible creature that haunted it, and all that sort of thing. It was, I think, an imitation, in a far-off manner, of a story of A. Merritt's called "People Of The Pit." Most writers that I've known start by imitating someone else. If they're good enough, they don't make it a copy; they don't plagiarize, but they're-- (Pause) I told Merritt this in later years, and he said-- he was a kindly man-- he said, "I'm flattered." And I said, "I'm happy you are-- I thought, frankly, that you'd resent it." And that's the way I began.

I was going to say, though, that it's not altogether good for a writer to get spoiled that way-- to have all his stories accepted-- because he gets notions in his head that he's infallible. And the first rejection-- which was my 41st story-- comes as a terrible shock. On the other hand, it's good because if you have a little confidence in yourself, it boosts that confidence-- "I'm doing alright. I'm doing ok- I'll keep on writing," and so, it was good in that sense.



TW: When did you know that you were going to make a living writing?

H: Well, I started making a living writing, although it was a pretty thin living, three or **four** years after I first started writing. Before that time I didn't really make a living.

TW: You were the first person to conceive of interstellar flight, weren't you?

H: I think so. On a wide scale, anyway. One thing I've found out, over the years, is that anytime you think that you were the originator of some new idea-- "I was the first to do that"-- you'll find some old fellow who did it back around **1895**. Every darn time.

I've had this happen to me more than once. I once wrote a story about a lost civilisation of Norsemen- in the arctic area-- it came out under a title that wasn't mine, called "The Yank At Valhalla"-- that was a terrible title, but it wasn't mine. Anyway, a year or two later, in Forrest Ackerman's apartment out in Los Angeles, I was looking over his collection, which was already a big one, I saw this book called Clara: A Romance of the Polar Pit. I pulled it out, looked at it, and, my God, here's a guy who was nearly 40 years ahead of me. He had the same general idea of a Norse civilisation lost in the Arctic wilderness. He, fortunately, didn't use my idea of the old mythological gods still living up there. But I had never heard of the story. It was a rather obvious idea, but I thought that nobody had used it. I've had this happen more than once.

TW: You were also the first person, I think, to really conceive of aliens actually being friendly to humans, instead of wanting to eat them or somesuch gawdawful thing.

H: Yes... I think I was, in one sense. I began that in 1932, with a story called "Renegade". It was published under the title of "Conquest of Two Worlds." They thought the title wasn't science-fictional enough. This was, I think, one of the first stories of that early day that intimated-- Sam Moskowitz says it was the first anti-colonialist story in science fiction. I might add that I am not an anti-colonialist in my sympathies, as you would say it now. But it seemed to me wrong to always make the Earthman in the right. Let's show him up to be something different. I'm proud to say that that story was remembered thirty years later by Arthur C. Clarke. He told me, "Ed, you know, I read that story when I was a fan. I've been a long time in the business, and that's one story that I never forgot." That's the greatest compliment I ever received on that story.

TW: You seem to have suffered a lot from title-changes by editors.

H: Yes, I would say so.

TW: Which one did it the most?

H: Oh, well, they all did. Gernsback was the worst.

I am not a great admirer of Mr. Gernsback. He was indeed the father of modern science-fictional magazines. No doubt about that, whatever. But-- Let's say he was not generous with his writers, and sometimes you would wait a year to get fifty dollars for a story that



would be 10,000 words long. I would have to dun him personally when I was in New York to get that much from him. He could have been a little more generous with us, let's say. I concede his importance in the field.

TW: Hmmm. I'm wondering if there are other authors &/ editors from Way Back Then that you'd care to reminisce on....?

H: Well, of course, some of them have been my friends for an awfully long time. Jack Williamson... E. Hoffman Price, my oldest friend-- he's 76 now, and he still comes driving all the way down from Redwood City to the desert to see me... the one whom I admire most, and am proudest to have known, was A. Merritt. He was one of the finest of all writers I've ever met, and of course I venerated his books.

TW: How much do you really think he influenced you?

H: Not me so greatly. He influenced Jack Williamson more than he did me. My thoughts were in a different line. I wrote space stories, while Merritt never wrote those. Jack venerated him as much as I did, and, indeed, Jack, as a new writer who had only sold a couple of stories, wrote to Merritt and offered to collaborate on a story, sending him some material. So one day I was in with Jack to see Merritt, and Jack said, "I want to apologize, Mr. Merritt, for my audacity in sending you this material with the idea that we would collaborate on it. I was very young and didn't know any better." But Merritt, who was the kindest of men, said, "Well, Jack, it was fine material, and maybe someday we'll work on it yet!" Just letting him down, nice & easy, making him feel alright about it.

TW: Were you ever in contact with HPL?

H: I never knew Lovecraft, no. I had a little correspondence with him... I should have met him. I patched up a couple of invitations to do so, I'm sorry now that I did. The only person I know that knew him and Howard both was E. Hoffman Price. He knew them both very well. Howard I had some correspondence with, too. We were sort of a club in Weird Tales back in those days... Price would write to Howard, and Howard would send me Price's letter, and then I would send it on to Lovecraft and that sort of thing, you know. We had sort of a round robin correspondence going. I'm sorry to say that I didn't keep all that correspondence, because it'd be worth publication today.

TW: Right... they'd publish Lovecraft's old laundry lists today.

H: Well, Sprague deCamp said that Lovecraft wrote millions of letters and died poor. Sprague himself was once warning everyone not to write too many letters. Sprague himself always writes-- postcards. (General laughter.)

TW: Yes, I can imagine that firm, military Colonel deCamp's thinking-- Waste no time. Think in telegrams. Be brisque. Write postcards. Do you have any memories of Farnsworth Wright?

H: Oh, yes, very many. I venerated him, too. In the first place, he bought my first story. In 1931 I'd been writing for five years for Weird Tales... and I was in Chicago. And I'd never been there before, and I'd been there almost a week, and I was young and timid, and on my way to see Jack Williamson in Minneapolis... we were going to go



down the Mississippi together. But I was a timid and rather naive young man, and it never occurred to me that I should call Wright. Finally, the day before I left, I screwed up my courage and called up the office... and Bill Springer, who was then the business manager of Weird Tales, said "Come right over!", and I said, "are you sure you want me to?" and he said, "Oh, yes, Farnsworth would be delighted to meet you. Come right over. He's often talked about you-- you've sold him so many stories. Oh- we have another visitor-- from New Orleans: E. Hoffman Price." So-- I went over, and Price, and Otis & Albert Kline came in, and Wright was extremely kindly, and we became instant friends, and the next day I went on to Minneapolis, and that night I met Jack Williamson for the first time. I'd never met him, and we'd planned on making the trip down the Mississippi together. So-- I made some of my lifetime friendships in two days. June of 1931.

Wright was a wonderful man. He was not well, you know. He suffered from... what the devil was it? Partly from shell shock, in WWI. He would sit with his hands on his desk-- he was a tall, dignified, and extremely handsome man-- and would try to keep them still, but they trembled, and all, as mine are beginning to do a little bit. And we'd go out to a restaurant together, and I'd have to cut up his meat for him, and he was quite dignified about it: he'd simply say, "I can't do this," and I'd cut it for him. He left Weird Tales because the magazine had been sold to other owners. I was stunned to hear this. When I was in New York in 1940, I heard from a friend that he was living out in a place called Jackson Heights in Long Island. So I spent a good deal of that day driving out there to see him. And we talked about old Weird Tales days, and he was saying he hoped some of those stories would someday be reprinted. And I've often thought of that, because, Lord, everything in the thing, nearly, has been reprinted. But I was awfully glad I'd gone out to see him, because two weeks later I received word that he was dead. It was really a long trip, and I was looking for fun in New York, but I still wanted very much to see him. He was busy with other projects and so on, but he talked quite a bit about this. We thought that someday there would be a collection called the Weird Tales Omnibus. And now, by God, it's all been reprinted.

I've often wished that he could have been aware that he printed Tennessee Williams' first story. Williams first broke into print with a story called "The Vengeance Of Notokres". It wasn't a very good story, but.....

Wright was very proud, though, when he made discoveries. Bradbury? Ray couldn't sell WT at first, but Wright wrote him such nice letters, and said, now, "I think you're going to be a very good writer, and keep at it!" and then, I think, it was after Wright had left WT that Ray sold his first story there.

TW: Let's talk about Campbell. Did you know him well?

H: Oh, yes. We had a very curious relationship for years. You see, I knew John when we were all writers together. This was long before he edited Astounding Stories. I met him when I met Sprague deCamp, who had never written anything at the time, and we were quite friendly. When he started to edit Astounding Stories, he wanted me to write for him. I sent him this story; he asked for some revision on it; he was a very careful editor, you know. His ideas were good, so I redid the story. Well, he sent it back again, and said, "I hate to ask you



for another revision, but my wife doesn't like this part about it." Well, by that time I'd started to get to steaming; you know, I'm trying to write for a living. So by that time I had so much time invested in the story that I did the second revision, sent it to him-- he bought it, liked it-- and I never sent him a story again. Reason being: I could not make a living writing for John Campbell. And he didn't like his writers very well to write for other magazines-- he'd get pretty furied with them. Henry Kuttner was the only one who could write for all the magazines and it was all right with John. So-- time went on, and I'd see him around sf conventions, and somehow he sort of looked through me-- he was pretty good at that anyway-- and in New York some years ago I saw him sitting alone with his wife, and I finally went over and told him, "John, we knew each other when we were awful young. Now if there's any difference in your mind"-- I'd heard he was mad at me because I would never send anything to him-- he would have rejected it, but he wanted to reject it anyway-- anyway, his wife said to him, "well, he hasn't been writing for Astounding, has he?" and I said, "well, the reason is, I don't know enough science!" And Campbell said, "I'm not buying that." He said that I'd known enough science in this or that story. So I said, "well, I just prefer to work for markets that aren't so-- demanding." And John just stared. Well, we did get quite friendly again. The last time I saw him was up in Berkeley at a convention. Just before he died. By that time, though, all the shadow between us had gone. He came and slapped me on the back, saying, "We old-timers gotta stick together. He was always glad that I'd made the initiative to heal this unreasonable breach between us. Leigh sold her first story to John Campbell, and he wouldn't see Leigh, because she wouldn't send him stories either."

TW: Change of subject. What are you working on now?

H: Well, I was working on another of these Starwolf novels. I had it almost finished, and I began to wonder whether I wanted to finish it, for this reason: I'm tired of series. You get into a bind, and pretty soon you're caught and you can't break out. This is the second series I've written, the other being those Captain Future novels-- which were never intended for regular sf readers, they were written as juveniles. But you get identified with series. So I don't think I'll finish this last Starwolf novel-- I think I'll do something else for a change.

TW: Another change. What writer would you say influenced you and your writing the most?

H: The writer's name was Homer Eon Flint. Forrest Ackerman discovered that his name was really Homer Flindt. He changed his last name to Flint and Eon he just stuck in there for looks. He'd write stories about moving the earth to Jupiter and things like that. And those fired my imagination. I've always been glad to say, I owe this & that to Mr. Flint.

TW: Yes, you've had the nickname of the World Wrecker.

H: Yes, that's where it came from.

You know, Flint's death was a strange mystery. He was a steady, quiet man, and all of a sudden he was found to have stolen a car, taken it out into the California mountains, and crashed it off a cliff. Nobody has ever been able to explain that.



TW: Maybe he was trying to move the earth....?

H: Austin Hall wrote quite a bit about it. Sam Moskowitz found a lot of information.

TW: What about the question of Roger Elwood? I've been reading a lot on him in the fanzines, and the question seems to be split between "Roger Elwood! Baa-ad," and "Roger Elwood, chhhhhhh..." I'd like to hear what you think of the man.

H: Well, I feel that he's a brilliant young man who, like many another brilliant young man in the business, has taken in too much territory. He's spread himself too wide, trying to do too much. His methods of business are sloppy. I've never met the person. He called me on the phone and wanted me to do a story for this anthology and that anthology. I did a story for him (and I'm accustomed to getting everything by letter), and so he calls me up, and says, "It's a fine story." And he paid me for it. But the fact that he never answered me by letter bothered me. Also the fact that he never sent me a copy of the book. Leigh finally brought me home a copy from the public library, and I saw it. He'd clipped off the last paragraph! Now to me the last lines of a story are sacred. I never write a story unless I know what that last sentence is going to be. Because that's what your whole story is leading up to. And he clipped that off. And that irked me, and I could see that he hadn't wanted to send me a copy of the book for that reason. Also: He'd made some-- changes. As simple and harmless a thing as an old space captain sitting in the spaceport, drinking beer and reminiscing. Well now, drinking beer-- Elwood wouldn't have that. He changed it. He's eating a steak. Now this kind of thing bothers me. I've always been a professional writer, in the sense that you tell me what you want and I'll do it. All these complaints I've heard about him, but I've never done any more business with him. Leigh did two or three stories, and she came off with more or less the same experience.

TW: He changed her stories?

H: Well, yes. I forget exactly, except that she started to mutter about Roger Elwood, like everybody does.

TW: And yet another change. Out of the sf of the past fifteen or twenty years, whose work would you say has impressed you the most?

H: John Wyndham, the British writer, is the one I admire most. After an undistinguished start under his own name, he came out with three novels which I think were super. Rebirth, The Midwich Cuckoos, and Day of the Triffids. I think those were very fine. Of course, I've always had my weaknesses for certain writers.

TW: How do you see the future of the Worldcon? Again, in the fanzines, I keep seeing all these people horrified at the thought of a 5000, 6000 plus Worldcon.

H: I don't care for these huge conventions. There are too many people there. I was to the first Worldcon-- so-called-- in New York in '39. It was a nice size, and everyone knew everybody else. There were probably, oh, 150-180 people there. We all met in a hall. We didn't have a hotel, or anything. But there was some dissension, you see. There was a group of NY fans who protested violently against the holding of the con, because they weren't to be allowed to enter. They called





themselves the Futurians, and they were what you might call leftist in sympathies, while those who put on the con, Moskowitz and all, were extreme rightists. Anyhow, the Futurians gave us a leaflet at the door. DO NOT ENTER THIS CONVENTION! Fred Pohl, and Donald Wollheim, and quite a number of others were in that little group. They weren't allowed in. Anyway, Ike Asimov was just a youngster, never sold a story, but he was very talky and brilliant, and he got up and made a passionate speech, to the effect of 'let's end divisions in sf', and anyway, he ended up by saying, "Let's let our erring brothers in." And the whole convention said **WYET**. I was talking to Fred Pohl about that not long ago. He said he remembered it. He said, "I had hair them."

**TW:** With all your galactic viewpoint, I think you had quite an influence on Asimov, don't you?

**H:** I'd like to think so. A fellow a while ago did a book on the sf of Isaac's. He was kind enough to dedicate it to me. He sent me a copy, and I read it with great interest.



Asimov wrote, in Before the Golden Age, about his reading as a youngster, a serial by Edmond Hamilton called The Universe Wreckers. The whole story depended on the then-fact that Neptune was the outermost planet. And so: When the first part was on the stands, they discovered Pluto. Ike said that the first thought that occurred to him was "This will ruin Hamilton's story!" I told Isaac not long ago that that's the first thought that occurred to Hamilton, too. It did seem unfair, them not having discovered a new planet for a hundred years, that they had to do it that particular summer.

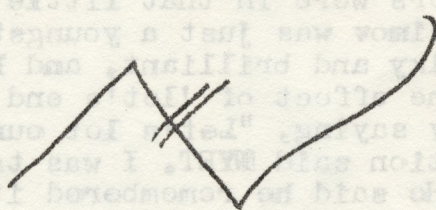
TW: What do you think of Heinlein?

H: Well, it's hard to separate the man from his stories. I mean by that-- I like Bob so much, and he's such an old friend, although I haven't seen him for quite some years. Yet some of his stories I don't go for. I've been much amused to see that he's become so conservative as to be reactionary in recent years. When I first knew him, he was quite liberal in his thinking. He was a strong believer-- I think-- in Upton Sinclair's Epic plan in California, and he'd been running for the legislature on a similar plan. And then I didn't see him again for some years, and began to hear complaints. He's conservative!

He'd be the most hospitable man in the world. He used to open up his house one day a week, and we'd all go up there. I was then toodling around in a Hudson convertible sedan, and I'd act as a bus to take science-fictioners up there. Nobody could have been more hospitable and friendly. However-- they'd would go, and they would sit on the floor, in front of Heinlein, and I'd say, "well, Bob, you know I admire you, but I'll be damned if I'm going to sit at your feet!" I saw him again, a while back, and he was kind enough to tell me I hadn't changed much.

Someone credited Heinlein with the first design of a spacesuit...he and Asimov were working on such a thing in the government labs in Philadelphia during the war. I was touched when Bob said that originally the idea was mine. He said, "Look at the cover of this magazine, and you'll see a very practical spacesuit." It's true, but I was very pleased to see that he'd been kind enough to remember that.

It was new enough that Harry Bates, then editing Astounding, said, "This is what we want. New ideas! Men getting into spacesuits and going outside their ships. This is brand-new."







by Tim Kyger

This is just a few thoughts on Heinlein's Time Enough For Love. I'd like to comment on what I feel to be the only way that the end of TEFL can be read.

In music, an optional ending is termed the coda (I feel like I'm insulting everyone's intelligence. Good.). If you look at TEFL you'll see that it has several codas. Heinlein has deliberately laid out TEFL in the form of a classical musical composition. In music, if you come to one coda you have several options, depending on the decisions of the conductor beforehand &/ during the music itself. One can come to the first coda, shift to a predetermined place in the music, and play through to the coda only taking the second coda this time. And so on until you run out of codas. You can also play through the music and end it at a predetermined coda, one only, for example, coda #3. Thus you effectively have several peices of music, all with the same body, but with different endings; the music has different meanings this way.

So it is with TEFL. Heinlein's novel can be played through to the end several different ways. For instance, it can be played through one coda after another. Thus we get this sequence: Coda I: Lazarus Long is wounded badly in World War I and lies dying. In Coda II we experience a delerium dream of Long's. Coda III sees Lazarus as missing in action. In Coda IV we see that the reason that Lazarus is missing in action is that he's been pulled from the World War I battlefield space-time by the crew of the Dora and is being healed by them. It's not apparent that he will live, but the odds seem to favor it. He's told by Tamara that he can never die (A frightening thought, that.).

That's one way of viewing the end of TEFL. Another way is to see each coda as the seperate ending of four different TEFL's. This is the result of Lazarus Long's time-traveling: he's crwated four alternate universes. In one of these he's killed on a battlefield. In another we face the possibilty that Lazarus Long is God-- or a creature such as the protagonist of "They", whose existence before now-- the memories that say he has been Lazarus Long, has done this & that, and lived for so long-- has been a hoax to decieve from him who he truly is. And the third ending has Lazarus simply missing in action-- and who knows what has happened to him? And in the fourth version, the Dora et alia rescue and revive Long. And tell him he can't die-- ever.

No matter how you end it, the end is interesting. But will Lazarus Long be allowed to die? By the basis of his great age he is a freak, a scientific treasure trove that people do not want to let die. Ira Weatheral wouldn't let him die, earlier in the the novel; in fact, he rejuvenated Lazarus against his will. And several times Lazarus tried to terminate his own life, and found that the switch was a dummy. Perhaps there are other reasons that Lazarus will not die. Coda III, for example, is a



paean to solipsism, a theme that runs through almost every Heinlein novel. The only person/entity/universe that has any meaning, says the Grey Voice of Coda II, is Lazarus Long, and it goes on to say that he is doomed forever to go around in a circle with variations; doomed to reside in an ascending spiral of alternate universes. Each time he dies, he goes to the next alternate universe, and starts over again.

And how does Tamara know that Lazarus can never die? Is she just speaking rhetorically, or has she done some time-travelling forward in the Dora?

I wonder how Heinlein got to be such a flaming solipsist?

////////////////////////////////////  
SALVATION  
by Carl Knaak

Harry the thief was shoving his way through the sea of humans. The throng threatened to carry him away to his death beneath their trampling feet. He saw some in the crowd falling and could hear their muffled screams, yet he pushed on. Thank God it isn't rush hour yet, he thought.

He stopped in a doorway to rest from the crowds and to check the map. It was written on genuine paper instead of pressed seaweed. From the faint, aged scribblings he figured that it was only a few steps down the street through the stinking horde. He pressed on.

Finally he made it to the tall, crumbling building. Its doorway was an ugly portal done in a lonely grey. He entered, pushing his way to the upper floors. Then the portal lay before him. It seemed a dull wood door to most, but to him it held the answer to the drudgery of his life. Drawing a small, ugly revolver, he threw open the door. There sat a small man looking at this wonder of the tired world-- he didn't even seem to know anyone was there, even when Harry shot him twice in the head. He nearly slid down the front of the faded couch before the light in his eyes died.

Harry stepped over the body to reach his goal, the wonder of the world, the savior of a dying civilisation. He fondled the prize before clasping the treasure to his chest. I've got it, he thought, I've got my release from this world. He stood there for a long time, the worn comic book clutched in his hands.



Inconsistency, inconsistency. When asked by Terry Ballard if I'd like to reprint a Terry & Ken story, I thought he was kidding. When told by Tim that he was going to reprint one, I thought he must be hard up for material. So why am I reprinting this? Well, you see, I have this rather bizarre sense of humour, and a funny thing happened to one of my contributors on the way to my house.....

# JEWELLED Thrones of Phoenix

by Terry Ballard & Ken St. Andre

The Maricopa County Sherriif's Office reported that a man with a large iron sword was arrested in a bookstore in downtown Phoenix last night. Bail has not yet been set for the man, who refers to himself as Conan and believes he is a king. Witnesses say that he threatened the patrons of the store, which specializes in adult material. His only words were "Damned degenerates!" One observer said that Mr. Conan, obviously a hippie, was naked but for a loincloth and sandals. Deputies report that he speaks English with a marked Cimmerian accent.

--Arizona Republic--  
September 31, 1970

Terry looked up from the newspaper worriedly. "Me and my big ideas," he groaned.

"You and your big head," Ken retaliated. "Who else would have thought of bringing Conan to the present for his own personal piddling glory?"

"I'll have you know that my glory does not piddle," answered Terry haughtily. "Besides, it seemed like a good idea at the time." It had seemed like a good idea. The tournament was coming up for the Phoenix chapter of the Society for Creative Anachronism, a group of Middle Ages enthusiasts who tried to simulate medieval costumes, mres, and behavior as closely as possible without actually hurting anybody. Ken and Terry were, of course, charter members of the Society, but, despite their adventures in the Hyborian realms, they found themselves all too often on the losing end of a swordfight in the simulated combat of the tournaments. But if they couldn't win themselves, they could at least gain hnor for their household by getting some one who could win. Bringing in the greatest swordfighter of all time seemed like the way to do it.

"Don't worry," said Ken. "All is not yet lost. It's still another two days until the tournament. If we can get him out on bail by then, we can still win the crown of Phoenix, and then take him back to his own time."

"Then let's get busy," said Terry. If Conan tries to escape, he'll probably wreck all of downtown Phoenix."

-----  
J. Edgar Hoover looked up from a report on narcotics, and scowled at the young aide who had rushed into his office.

"Sir, we just heard from our man in Phoenix. He says the local authorities there have picked up a man who thinks he's king. He keeps referring to something called C.R.O.M. We think it might be an organization. Perhaps



it means Communists for Riotous Operations and Mayhem."

"No, you fool! It obviously stands for Conspiracy for the Re-establishment of Monarchy. This dangerous plot must be fully unearthed."

"What do you suggest?"

"Let him out of the pokey on bail. He's bound to go to his co-conspirators. When we catch them working for the overthrow of the government, we'll arrest the whole lot of them."

-----  
"You call this a steak?" Conan growled at the waitress. "In Aquilonia we feed bigger hunks of meat to the dogs!!"

The waitress cringed away from the booming voice and unkempt locks of the mighty barbarian. "Y-yes, sir, and here is your glass of wine." She timidly placed a three ounce glass of vin rose in front of him.

At this point Conan obviously lost his temper. With an inarticulate roar, he slammed a hamlike fist into the tabletop, splitting the table in twain, and bouncing the goblet of wine and every other dish a foot and a half into the air. Before it could fall, he caught the glass and threatened to throw it through the nearest window.

"Conan, no!" shouted Terry, making a frantic grasp at the Cimmerian's shoulder. "I'll give you all the wine you can drink when we get back to the apartment."

"Besides," said Ken, "We're paying for this meal."

"And the table!" shouted the manager from safety behind the kitchen door.

"After all the trouble we went through to get you released, you should act more civilized," said Terry.

"Oh, no," moaned Ken.

"CIVILISED!!!!" the barbarian howled. By this time, the remaining customers in the reasteraunt had realised that they had best be elsewhere. "Civilisation is the plague of mankind," the Cimmerian began.

"You blundering oaf," Ken whispered to Terry. Now you've started him on his civilisation speech. Let's get him out of here."

Terry settled the check while Ken lured the Cimmerian out of the door.

~~XX~~

Conan of Cimmeria, King of Aquilonia and currently time-traveler, stared at himself in the mirror, and tried hard to control his temper.

"It's the latest thing," said Ken nervously as he looked at the barbarian, who was clothed in pink bell-bottoms adorned with bright yellow daisies, square-toed mod boots with buckles, a purple paisley silk shirt with balloon sleeves and ruffles, and a pastel yellow scarf. Ken and Terry were both ready to run for the door if the Cimmerian made any movement for his sword. Fortunately, further discussion on styles was interrupted by an imperious rap on the door.

William of the Shire, guildmaster of the local Society for Creative Anachronism, entered the front door of Terry's apartment. He was dressed in flowing yellow robes, sandals, and was carrying an iron helmet in his right hand. As he entered the room Conan swore.



"Crom's devils! I'm glad somebody around here looks normal."

William looked at the garishly dressed Conan, slowly from bottom to top and back down again. Even in that effete garb, Conan's massive muscles were superabundantly obvious. William whistled, and began reciting a Feanorian chant. After he regained his composure, he managed to ask Terry in a hushed voice, "Who's that?"

Terry looked up nonchalantly. "Oh, that's right. You haven't met Conan. Conan is to be one of the fighters for the House of Corflu on Sunday. We think he might have a fair chance in the tourney. Of course, you have the edge on him in experience." Terry smirked at this point. William ran out of the room and picked up the phone in the living room.

"Hello, Mike?" (He was speaking to the current prince of the Phoenix chapter.) "William here. Say, bout Sunday's tourney. I don't think I'll be able to fight. I just sprained my ankle rather badly. And just this morning my athsma started troubling me....."

"What kind of madmen do you have in your land?" asked Conan. "He not only talks to himself, but he thinks that black thing is another person. He even believes it is answering him. I don't know if I want to be king around here."

"Of course you want to be king," Terry said hurriedly. "If you win, we promise that you will get all of the wine you could possibly want."

"And besides that, we'll take you to an X-rated movie," offered big-hearted Ken.

By this time William had re-entered the room. "You called me and said that you wanted me to give fightin'lessons to your new champion, and I said I would. I gave you my word. I just ask one favor of you. Tell your champion to pull his blows, because I have this thing about staying alive."

"What manner of talk is this?" asked Conan.

-----  
THWOCKKK.

Half of the 'blade' of a rotten practice sword flew over the trees and houses, striking a sparrow and killing it in mid-flight.

"Alright, I'm dead already," moaned William.

"Conan, you're doing great," piped in Terry. "All you have to do is hit four, maybe five men like that Sunday, and we'll make you King."

"For doing what?" roared the exasperated King.

William whimpered. "Internal injuries, external injuries, will somebody call an ambulance, and make sure it's really ambulant...."

"In Aquilonia we do more strenuous things before breakfast. I thought you people were going to offer us a challenge."

"Ken," whispered Terry, "you want to drop him off at the Alamo on his way home?"

Slowly, William managed to crawl to his feet and prop himself against a tree, still mumbling to himself. Conan had just discovered airplanes, and he cursed as he saw a giant jet liner fly overhead, saying something about not wanting to be around when that bird relieved itself. Just then Conan noticed William standing again, and raised the remnants of his sword to finish off the job. William fainted.



Dawned the day of the tournament. The bright colors of the banners floated against the green of the park trees and bushes. Ladies dressed in ankle-length gowns of pink and yellow chiffon chatted merrily with armed knights. Occasionally one could hear the sound of a camera lens clicking shut as another photographer aimed his Instamatic. Planes flew overhead, and passers-by in Volkswagens ogled. It was the typical beginning of a Society for Creative Anachronism Tournament. This typicality was abruptly altered, and silence descended upon the field.

Terry, Ken, and Conan walked onto the fighting area, and conferred with the Herald, Lord Richard Ironsteed. Every eye was glued on Conan as he raised and swung his broadsword lightly. Fighters began to shake. Ladies began to shake, too, but for a very different reason.

"Since you are new to the group," Lord Richard was saying, "we shall have to test your fighting prowess. You must armour up, and fight one of our best fighters. If you win the match, or at least make a creditable showing, you will be allowed to fight in the tourney."

Conan only grunted and walked to the pavilion of Corflu to suit up. When he re-emerged into the fighting field, he found himself facing Charles of the JACS, a large and mighty fighter. Both men would be fighting with "safe" wooden swords. Conan stood only four inches taller than Charles, and it looked about as fair as a fight could be. The opponents saluted the thrones, where the Prince and Princess sat in bejeweled (phony, of course) splendor, saluted each other, and began to circle each other, shields guarding their bodies, and swords poised overhead.

Charles tried a cut at Conan's leg, but instead of blocking with the shield, Conan leaped high into the air, and as he came down, cut savagely at Charles' helm. Chuck raised his shield to ward the blow, but Conan had struck so powerfully that he drove his opponent to his knees, and split the metal-reinforced shield in half, lengthwise. Conan's sword had disintegrated in his hand upon impact. With incredible speed the Commerian snatched the sword from the hand of his dazed foe and struck a ringing blow such that the second sword splintered. An inch-deep dent appeared in the shiny steel helm, and Charles was dashed backwards on the ground unconscious.

"STOP THE FIGHT!!!" yelled Richard.

Charles' squires carried him off the field.

"I think that he has proven his ability to handle the rudiments of fighting," said Rick. An enthusiastic murmur of assent came from the onlookers. Rick then declared the tourney officially opened, and read the fighting rules. At the end of this, he asked that all the fighters who wished to compete for the crown and throne of King should step into the fighting area.

Conan tromped into the green first.

"Let the other fighters come forward!"

Nobody came forward. Some of the fighters could be heard explaining to their ladies that their perennial back trouble had just flared up again. One fighter suffered a relapse of malaria, and another seemed to have contracted amnesia as he wandered about asking "Where the hell am I? Who am I? Why in blazes is everybody dressed so weird?" But nobody else came forward.



"This is most unusual," declared Richard. "But if nobody will fight this man, then I must declare the King."

An FBI agent who was hiding behind the oleanders spoke into a microphone. "They just declared him King. Can we bust this up now, J. Edgar?" His face brightened when he heard the answer.

Several minutes later, while the relieved fighters were congratulating Conan, and drinking a toast to his reign, a helicopter landed on the fighting green. Two uniformed policemen and an FBI agent got out and approached Conan. The FBI agent spoke first.

"Conan, you are under arrest for conspiracy to overthrow the government of the United States. Before we cart you away, I'd like to advise you of your constitutional rights....."

At this point Conan picked up a handy sword and splintered it across the head of the man. As he went down, the two policemen went for their guns. They were overcome by indignant fighters, who made a rapid recovery from all of their ailments. Then a truckload of National Guardsmen pulled up, and the fray was on.

Conan was surrounded by ten National Guardsmen, but no more of them could be spared to even out the odds. One of them tried to aim a can of Mace at Conan, but he went down when Conan's mace struck him fully in the abdomen. Conan had his back against a wall, fighting with sword and mace. With every stroke, one or two National Guardsmen hit the dirt. Very few of them were conscious enough to spit it back out. Soon the grounds were covered with the bodies of injured Guardsmen, policemen, FBI agents, and Creative Anachronists. Conan yelled to his two friends, "Now this is more like it!" as he mutilated another minion of the law.

Elsewhere on the field, the medieval fighters were slowly losing ground to the minions. Ken and Terry were fighting valiantly. Well, almost valiantly. To tell the truth, they had climbed to the top of the park building, and were throwing rocks and pep bottles at all and sundry.

"Well, Terry."

"Yeah, I know. Me and my big ideas. I think the House of Corflu has gained enough status already. Let's get Conan out of here before he gets hurt."

"Let's hope he can get us out of here before we get hurt," Ken corrected.

By this time Conan had fought his way to the rest of the group. He was turning the tide to victory, and he was laughing with glee. At last he had found men who weren't afraid to fight him.

"You be the one to tell him," suggested Terry.

"No, it was your idea."

"All right." Terry skulked up to within eight feet of Conan's left ear and shouted, Conan, it's time to go home.

The Cimmerian glanced back. "Good idea. Just let me finish off one more swine." So saying, he broke his mace over the head of the last helmeted trooper.

On all that still-trampled battlefield only three men still stood: Conan, Terry, and Ken. "That was fun," said Conan. "I think I'll come



and visit you two more often."

"Don't bother," said Ken. "We won't be here for quite a while."

"Why not?" queried Terry.

"Who do you think is going to be blamed for this massacre?" asked Ken.

"I have a hunch that there's going to be a lot of soreheads in Phoenix after today."

Arm in arm the three victors walked off the field on the long, long road to Aquilonia.

-----the end-----



Well, well, well. Here's a nice little peice that I think sums up very well the virtues of one of my favorite authors.....

THE WORLDS OF CLIFFORD D. SIMAK

by L. A. Armbruster

Imagination is basic to science fiction. It is a skill, a tool of the mind to be wielded carefully; without restraints, reverie becomes ridiculousness. It is a discipline that wanes through disuse, little more than vestigial in most adults. Imagination, though, is useless by itself, but must be utilised by a person with the ability to handle it adroitly. The few writers that have imagination and the special ability to use it properly are often the most potent writers of science fiction. Clifford Simak is one of those few.

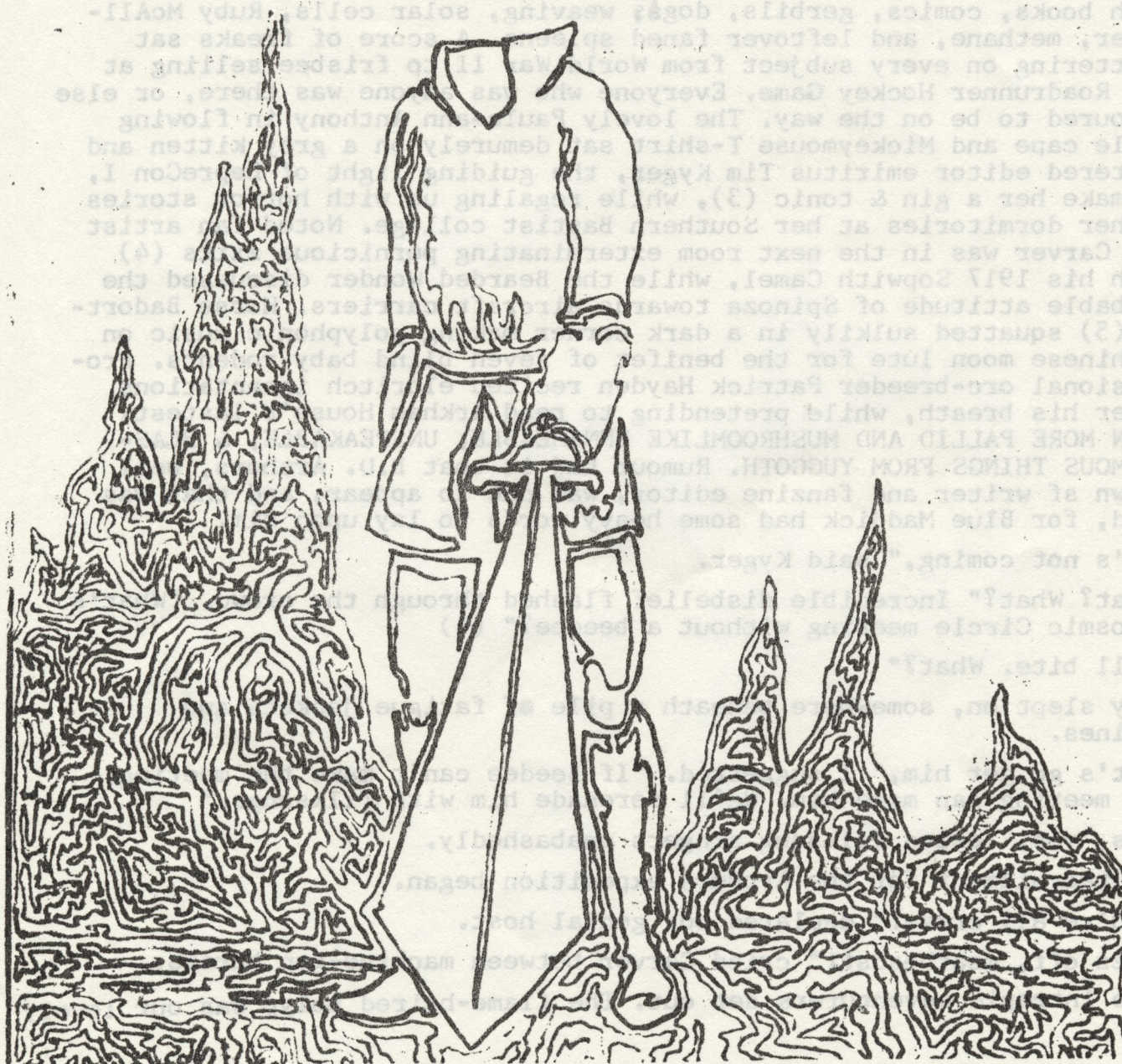
Innovation is also important to Science Fiction, being a by-product of imagination. If you were going to invade the Earth, how would you go about it? The subject of invasion is hackneyed by all the cliches about superior knowledge, etc., but it can be refreshed with new ideas. Simak is practical. The best way to conduct an invasion is to do it properly and legally, then who could complain? In one of his earlier works, aliens attempt to dominate the Earth by buying all the property on this planet and then simply kicking the Earthlings off. No blood, no mess, just a simple business deal. At least it is different.



SF must also have a purpose, whether it be to amuse, educate, frighten, or enthuse. Generally, the purpose of SF has been to ask questions, to make the reader think what the future will be like, what man really is, what is life's purpose? Simak probes these questions, gives possible answers, allowing the reader to agree or disagree, but above all, to think.

Purpose of a story is often expressed in the theme. The primary theme throughout Simak's works is the conflict of an individual against that which would destroy him. The individual may be alien, or animal, or man, but he represents that which we call humanity. By humanity I mean that part inside that forces people to fight against all odds, rather than admit defeat, to believe in something that cannot be touched, seen, or tasted, the ideals such as love, freedom, dignity so strongly that they are willing to die for them. Humanity against inhumanity is the theme.

Imagination, Innovation, Purpose, and Theme are very much a part of Simak's writings, together with a touch of innate storytelling. His works are thought-provoking, fascinating, human, and interesting; basic parts to his many worlds of Imagination. Cliff Simak gives to science fiction the many worlds of entertainment.





Did you know.....  
Contrary to popular belief, Bennett Cerf is not funny!  
The four-lunged itchthysorus emphysemus has a telepathic bond  
with all members of Bubonicon!  
The following tale is true... if one makes a reasonable allowance for  
justifiable hyperbole! (1)

the night we visited the incredible plastic

# BEADY ARTHURS

by Ken St. Andre

It began as a typical chaotic meeting of the Phoenix Cosmic Circle on the first friday in February, in a ramshackle hovel (2) strewn with books, comics, gerbils, dogs, weaving, solar cells, Ruby McAllister, methane, and leftover faned spleens. A score of freaks sat chattering on every subject from World War II to frisbee selling at the Roadrunner Hockey Game. Everyone who was anyone was there, or else rumoured to be on the way. The lovely Paula-ann Anthony in flowing sable cape and Mickeymouse T-shirt sat demurely on a grey kitten and pestered editor emiritus Tim Kyger, the guiding light of LepreCon I, to make her a gin & tonic (3), while regaling us with horror stories of her dormitories at her Southern Baptist college. Noted fan artist Rob Carver was in the next room exterminating pernicious zxits (4) with his 1917 Sopwith Camel, while the Bearded Wonder discussed the probable attitude of Spinoza towards aircraft carriers. Horse Badort-is (5) squatted sulkily in a dark corner making polyphonic music on a Chinese moon lute for the benifet of seven blind baby rodents. Professional orc-breeder Patrick Hayden recited eldritch incantations under his breath, while pretending to read Arkham House's latest: EVEN MORE PALLID AND MUSHROOMLIKE UNNAMEABLE, UNSPEAKABLE, & BLASPHEMOUS THINGS FROM YUGGOTH. Rumour had it that B.D. Arthurs, well known sf writer and fanzine editor, was due to appear, and that was good, for Blue Madjick had some heavy words to lay upon him.

"He's not coming," said Kyger.

"What? What?" Incredible disbelief flashed through the crowd. "What's a Cosmic Circle meeting without a beedee?" (6)

"I'll bite. What?"

Ruby slept on, somewhere beneath a pile of fatigue jackets and felines.

"Let's go get him," I suggested. "If Beedee can't make the meeting, the meeting can make him. We'll serenade him with filksongs."

"Yes, yes," cried filksong singers unabashedly.

The recruitment for the Arthurs expedition began.

"You're all crazy!" declared our genial host.

"Buzz off, meatheads!!" cried Carver between machine-gun bursts.

Five intrepid adventurers set out. The flame-haired polyp was our lovely



guide, Kyger was already singing madly. A very strange fellow with flapping ears, fuzzy black hair, and a Star Trek emblem emblazoned with a basketball was our third cadet. Patrick Hayden, the editor of TWIBBET 7, was a veritable mine of weirdisms, and I played chauffeur, since my singing ability is limited by a feeble imagination and a rotten memory. (7)

A few words are necessary about my trusty iron steed. It has seen better days-- back to before the French and Indian War. Its faded fade-coloured paint is beautifully faded with fade-coloured streaks, off-dinge splotches, objects of questionable origin, and interesting indentations. On the right front fender is a circular crater where once a slender spire of steel stood. The gaping seats could easily swallow a careless rider. With the thunder of mighty engines and the clatter of a loose tail pipe we were on our way.

The crystal stars of the desert night gazed down incredulously on such a scene of camaraderie as has seldom been witnessed by man or beast. And occasional cry of "Mama!" or "Let me out of here!" was all there was to disturb the singing, and we progressed smoothly and swiftly on our journey through the highways and byways towards the world's edge. (8)

Oh, dear, what can the matter be, when it's converted to energy....

Two, four, six, eight, let's all transubstantiate.....

Tim! Tim! Benzedrine! Hash! Boo! Valvoline! Clean! Clean! Clean for Gene!

Well, you see, the Cosmic Muffin is somewhat on par with Ghu. He.....

"This is it!" cried Kyger and Paula.

Squaling of brakes and swaying of chassis as I stopped the car at the entrance to a vast trailer park. Back, back, and in we go on the wrong side of the divider.

Little did we know it, but the security of Shady Graves Retirement Home and Trailer Park was being at that very moment threatened by our unorthodox entrance. The sleepy beer-drinking minions of the status quo/ sometimes known as gate-guards tumbled out in Red Alert, trailing us by our vanishing tail-lights, as P. Hayden surmised that, barring Ragnarok, this was probably the most exciting thing of the century in this vicinity.

"Where now, Paula?" I asked.

"Onward!" says she. "Blow your horn in Ghuvian code. That will rouse him."

As we wandered through the metal maze, bright lights swooped down on us from behind. "I think you're being followed," said Patrick.

Ever heedful of the Lords of Law, I stopped. To our dismay, a crotchety old coot with a fearsome flashlight demanded to know who we were, who we were looking for, and why we wangled in the wrong way.

Oh, woe! Rudely dragged back to the front gate, where the surprise of it all was shattered by the clanging invention of Alexander Graham Dingaling.

Once more into the maze where BD now awaited us. Is he glad to see us? Are you kidding?



The deepchested muscular body of a Marine beneath the mustachiod face of a mayonnaise goblin. Why do so many runty weirdoes join the Marines and come back ready to kill the world? Was he calm!!! "Why didn't you call?" clicked he.

"We did. Don't you remember the anonymous phone call telling you to stay put?"

"Yes, but it didn't say anyone was coming over."

He read Madjick's inflammatory letter, which we had brought along.

"So," says he, "I've been called worse things than this. Hoaxes should not capitalize on real people." (9) Ah, the voice of ordered respectability!

"You woke my parents," he said reprovingly. (It was past 11 pm.)

"No singing allowed," said he, "old people are trying to sleep."

Anti of climax! We left. Sweet dreams, beady, rest assured that the spontaneous affection of fandom will not reach out to you again.

"Joni Mitchell was a free man in Paris!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" The sacred slogan rang behind us as we left the minions of the gate guards behind us on our trek back to warmth and laughter.

\*\*\*\*\*Addendum erratum annotatibus infindibulum ecchhum

NOTES:

- (1) A local spelling of the word hyperbowl: a four-dimensional water closet
- (2) 2502 N. Mitchell
- (3) Poof! You're a gin and tonic
- (4) silent z, x as in xylophone
- (5) The Kotswinkle literati will know what he means.
- (6) See McPnakschnarf's Life Among The Hottentots (Schnoof Press, 1877) for an excellent explanation of the origins of this curious mantra.
- (7) **Einstein** to Fermi: "I'm not inclined to dispute your theory."
- (8) Obvious exaggeration on the author's part- the party never passed anyplace near Baseline Road.
- (9) See the landmark thesis by Prof. M'harque Ayanth-ouni 3751.49%, Is B.D. Arthurs Real? An Inquiry







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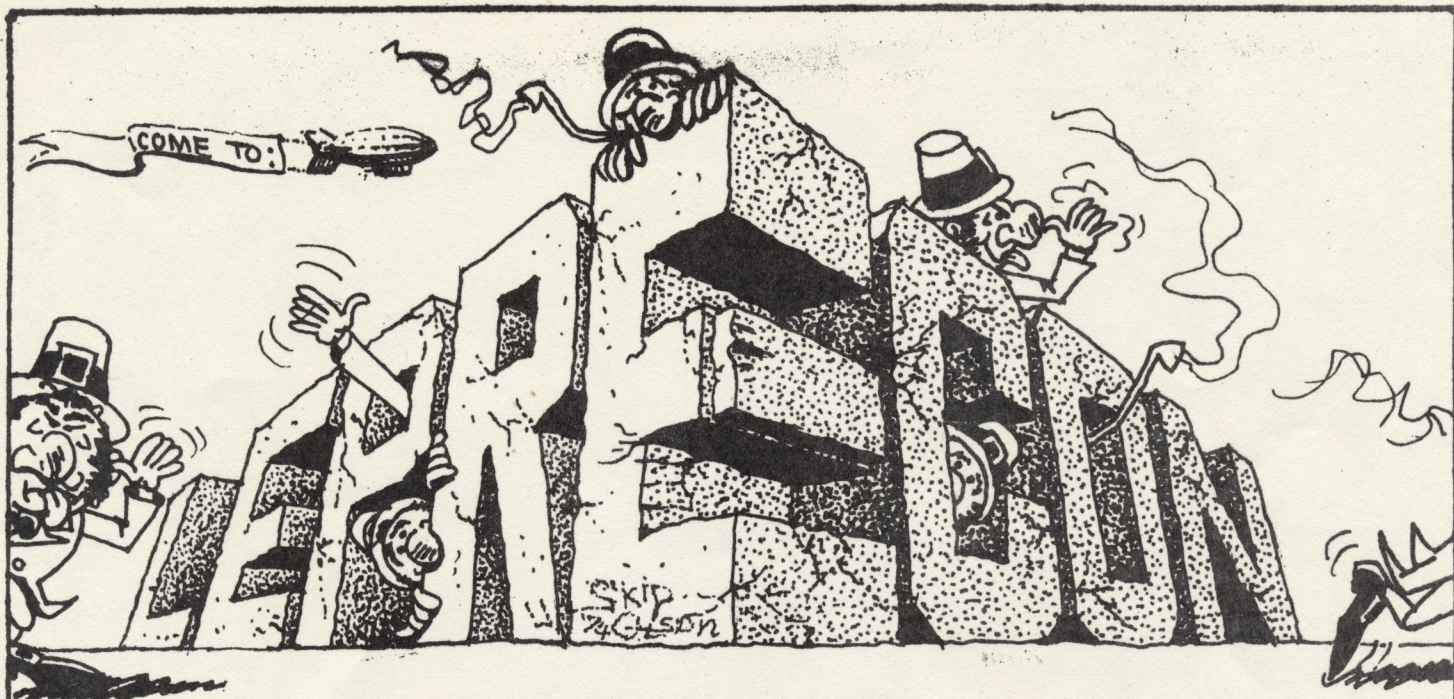
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QUALITY INN West  
THOMAS & THE FREEWAY







A Cronological Listing of Stories by Larry Niven, Dec. 1964 to Oct. 1974  
by Tim Kyger

Note: The stories listed here are listed under the original titles that they appeared in under first publication. Some have had thier titles changed.

1964

The Coldest Place

IF Dec KSS A6

1965

World of Ptavvs

WOT Mar KSS EX

Wrong Way Street

GAL Apr TTS UC

One Face

GAL Jun KSS A2

Becalmed in Hell

FSF Jul KSS A3

1966

Eye Of An Octopus

GAL Feb KSS A6

The Warriors

IF Feb KSS A2

Bordered in Black

FSF Apr KSS A2

By Mind Alone

IF Jun TS UC

Neutron Star

IF Oct KSS A1

How The Heros Die

GAL Oct KSS A2

At The Core

IF Nov KSS A1

A Relic of the Empire

IF Dec KSS A1

At The Bottom of a Hole

GAL Dec KSS A2

1967

The Soft Weapon

IF Feb KSS A1

The Long Night

FSF Mar TC A2 NS

Flatlander

IF Mar KSS A1

The Ethics of Madness

IF Apr KSS A1

Safe at Any Speed

FSF May KSS A2

The Adults

GAL Jun KSS TC EX

The Handicapped

GAL Dec KSS A1

The Jigsaw Man--Dangerous Visions, Ed. by Harlan Ellison,  
1967, original KSS A3

1968

Slowboat Cargo

IF Feb, Mar,  
Apr TC SN

The Decievers

GAL Apr KSS A6 TC

Grendel--Neutron Star, April 1968, original

KSS A1

Neutron Star

Apr KSS A1 SC

Dry Run

FSF May NS A2

There Is A Tide

GAL Jul KSS A5

World Of Ptavvs

Aug KSS NV EX

Like Banquo's Ghost

IF Sep NS A2

A Gift From Earth

Sep KSS TC SN NV

The Meddler

FSF Oct NS A2



All the Myriad Ways GAL Oct TTS A3  
 Wait It Out--Futures Unbounded, 1968, original KSS A3

1969

The Deadlier Weapon EQMM Jan NS A2 NSF  
 The Organleggers GAL Jan KSS A2 TC  
 Excercise in Speculation: The Theory and Practice of  
 Teleportation GAL Mar NF A3  
 Not Long Before the End FSF Apr WS A3  
 Passerby GAL Sep MS A3  
 The Shape of Space Sep SC A2  
 Get A Horse! FSF Oct SS A4 TC  
 Down In Flames TRM No.9 KSS NF UC

1970

The Mispelled Magishun (w/ David Gerrold) IF May, Jul TC NS SN CA  
 There's a Wolf in My Time Machine! FSF Jun SS A4  
 Leviathan! PLB Aug SS A4  
 Bird in the Hand FSF Oct SS A4  
 Ringworld Oct KSS NV  
 Unfinished Story No.1 FSF Dec WS A3

1971

Man of Steel NF A3 NS  
 -Woman of Kleenex KNT Vol. 7 No.8

Theory and Practice of Time Travel--All The Myriad Ways,  
 June 1971, original NF

Inconstant Moon--All The Myriad Ways, June 1971, original  
 NS A3

What Can You Say About Chocolate Covered Manhole Covers?--  
 All The Myriad Ways, June 1971, original NS A3

Unfinished Story No.2--All The Myriad Ways, June 1971  
 NS A3

All The Myriad Ways

No Exit (w/ Hank Stine) FAN Jun SC A3  
 Jun CA NS UC

For a Foggy Night FSF Jul TTS A3

The Flying Sorcerers (w/ David Gerrold) Aug NV CA NS SN TC

Rammer GAL Nov MS A5

The Fourth Proffession--Quark 4, ed. by Samuel R. Delany  
 and Marilyn Hacker, 1971, original MS A5

1972

Cloak of Anarchy ASF Mar KSS A6

What Good is a Glass Dagger? FSF Sep WS A4

1973

The Alibi Machine VER Jun TS A5



All The Bridges Rusting VER Aug TS A5  
Flash Crowd--Three Trips in Time and Space, ed. by Robert  
Silverberg, 1973, original TS A4  
The Defenseless Dead--Ten Tommorrows, ed. by Roger Elwood,  
1971. original KSS A6  
The Flight of the Horse Sep SC A4  
Protector Sep KSS NV TC EX

1974

The Hole Man ASF Jan NS A5  
Bigger Than Worlds ASF Mar NF A5  
A Kind of Murder ASF Apr TS A5  
The Last Days of the Permanant Floating Riot Club--A Hole  
In Space, June 1974, original TS A5  
A Hole in Space Jun SC A5  
Night on Mispek Moor VER Aug MS UC  
Plaything GAL Aug NS UC  
Singularities Make Me Nervous--Stellar 1, ed. by Judy  
Lynn Del Rey, September 1974, original NS UC  
A Mote In God's Eye (w/ Jerry Pournelle) Oct NS NV CA  
The Nonesuch FSF Dec NS UC

1975

The Borderland Of Sol ASF Jan KSS UC

# Key To Symbols And Abbreviations Used In This Bibliography

TC----Title Change  
CA----CoAuthored  
KSS---"Known Space" Story  
NS----Not in a Series  
WS----"Worlock" Story  
TTS---Time Travel Story  
NF----Non Fiction  
MS----"Monk" Story  
UC----Story not in a Niven Collection  
SN----Novel that was serialized  
NSF---Non Science Fiction  
A1----Story Contained in Neutron Star  
A2----Story contained in The Shape of Space  
A3----Story contained in All The Myriad Ways  
A4----Story contained in The Flight of the Horse  
A5----Story contained in A Hole in Space  
A6----Story contained in The Tales of Human Space  
GAL---Galaxy Science Fiction  
ASF---Analog Science Fiction/Science Fact  
FAN---Fantastic  
IF----Worlds of If  
FSF---The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction  
PLB---Playboy



WOT---Worlds Of Tommorrow  
 VER---Vertex  
 EQMM---Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine  
 AHMM---Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine  
 TRM---Trumpet  
 KNT---Knight  
 SC----Story collection  
 NV----Novel  
 EX----Expanded from a shorter work

# Niven Story Collections And Thier Contents

Neutron Star, April 1968

Neutron Star  
 A Relic of the Empire  
 At The Core  
 The Soft Weapon  
 Flatlander  
 The Ethics of Madness  
 The Handicapped  
 Grendel

The Shape Of Space, September 1969

The Warriors  
 Safe At Any Speed  
 How The Heros Die  
 At The Bottom Of A Hole  
 Bordered In Black  
 Like Banquo's Ghost  
 One Face  
 The Meddler  
 Dry Run  
 Convergent Series  
 The Deadlier Weapon  
 Death By Ecstasy

All The Myriad Ways, June 1971

All The Myriad Ways  
 Passerby  
 For A Foggy Night  
 Wait It Out  
 The Jigsaw Man  
 Not Long Before The End  
 Unfinished Story No.1  
 Unfinished Story No.2  
 Man of Steel  
 -Woman of Kleenex

Excercise in Speculation: The Theory and Practice of Tele-  
portation



The Theory and Practice of Time Travel  
Inconstant Moon  
What Can You Say About Chocolate Covered Manhole Covers?  
Becalmed in Hell

The Flight of the Horse, September 1973

Dedication  
The Flight of the Horse  
Leviathan!  
Bird in the Hand  
There's A Wolf In My Time Machine!  
Death in a Cage  
Flash Crowd  
What Good Is A Glass Dagger?  
Afterword

A Hole In Space, June 1974

Rammer  
The Alibi Machine  
The Last Days of the Permanant Floating Riot Club  
A Kind of Murder  
All The Bridges Rusting  
There is a Tide  
Bigger Than Worlds  
"\$16,940.00"  
The Hole Man  
The Fourth Proffession

The Tales of Human Space,

The Coldest Place  
Becalmed in Hell  
Eye of an Octopus  
How The Heros Die  
Wait It Out  
At The Bottom Of A Hole  
Cloak of Anarchy  
Intent to Deceive  
The Jigsaw Man  
Death By Ecstasy  
The Defenseless Dead  
The Warriors  
The Boarderland of Sol  
There is a Tide  
Safe At Any Speed

Larry Niven's Novels

World of Ptavvs, Auguast 1968, (also published in a much shorter form as "World of Ptavvs," March 1965. Worlds of Tommorrow, chapters in both unnumbered, untitled.)



A Gift From Earth, September 1968, (also published as "Slowboat Cargo," February, March, April, 1968, Galaxy.)

CHAPTER

- I The Ramrobot
- II The Sons of Earth
- III The Car
- IV The Question Man
- V The Hospital
- VI The Vivarium
- VII The Bleeding Heart
- VIII Polly's Eyes
- IX The Way Back
- X Parlette's Hand
- XI Interview With The Head
- XII The Slowboat
- XIII It All Happened at Once
- XIV Balance of Power

The Flying Sorcerers (with David Gerrold, August 1971. Chapters are untitled, unnumbered little pieces of a few pages each. Also published as "The Mispelled Magishun," May, July 1970, IF. One of two non-"known space" novels.)

Ringworld, October 1970. Original book publication; no serialization.

CHAPTER

- 1 Louis Wu
- 2 And His Motley Crew
- 3 Tela Brown
- 4 Speaker-To-Animals
- 5 Rosette
- 6 Christmas Ribbon
- 7 Stepping Disks
- 8 Ringworld
- 9 Shadow Squares
- 10 The Ring Floor
- 11 The Arch Of Heaven
- 12 Fist-Of-God
- 13 Starseed Lure
- 14 Interlude, With Sunflowers
- 15 Dream Castle
- 16 The Map Room
- 17 In The Eye Of The Storm
- 18 The Perils of Tela Brown
- 19 In The Trap
- 20 Meat
- 21 The Girl From Beyond The Edge
- 22 Seeker
- 23 The God Gambit
- 24 Fist-Of-God



Protector, September 1973. The first half of the book, entitled  
'Psssthppek' was also published as 'The Adults' in Galaxy, June 1967.

Psssthppek     I  
                  II  
                  III

Interlude  
Vandervecken  
Protector

The Mote In God's Eye, October 1974. Written with Jerry Pournelle.  
One of the two non-"known space" novels.

Dramatis Personae  
Chronology  
Prologue

Part One: The Crazy Eddie Probe

Command  
The Passengers  
Dinner Party  
Priority OC  
The Face Of God  
The Light Sail  
The Crazy Eddie Probe  
The Alien  
His Highness Has Decided  
The Planet Killer  
The Church Of Him  
Descent Into Hell

Part Two: The Crazy Eddie Point

Look Around You  
The Engineer  
Work  
Idiot Savant  
Mr. Crawford's Eviction  
The Stone Beehive  
Channel Two's Popularity  
Nightwatch  
The Ambassadors  
Word Games  
Eliza Crossing The Ice  
Brownies  
The Captain's Motie

Part Three: Meet Crazy Eddie

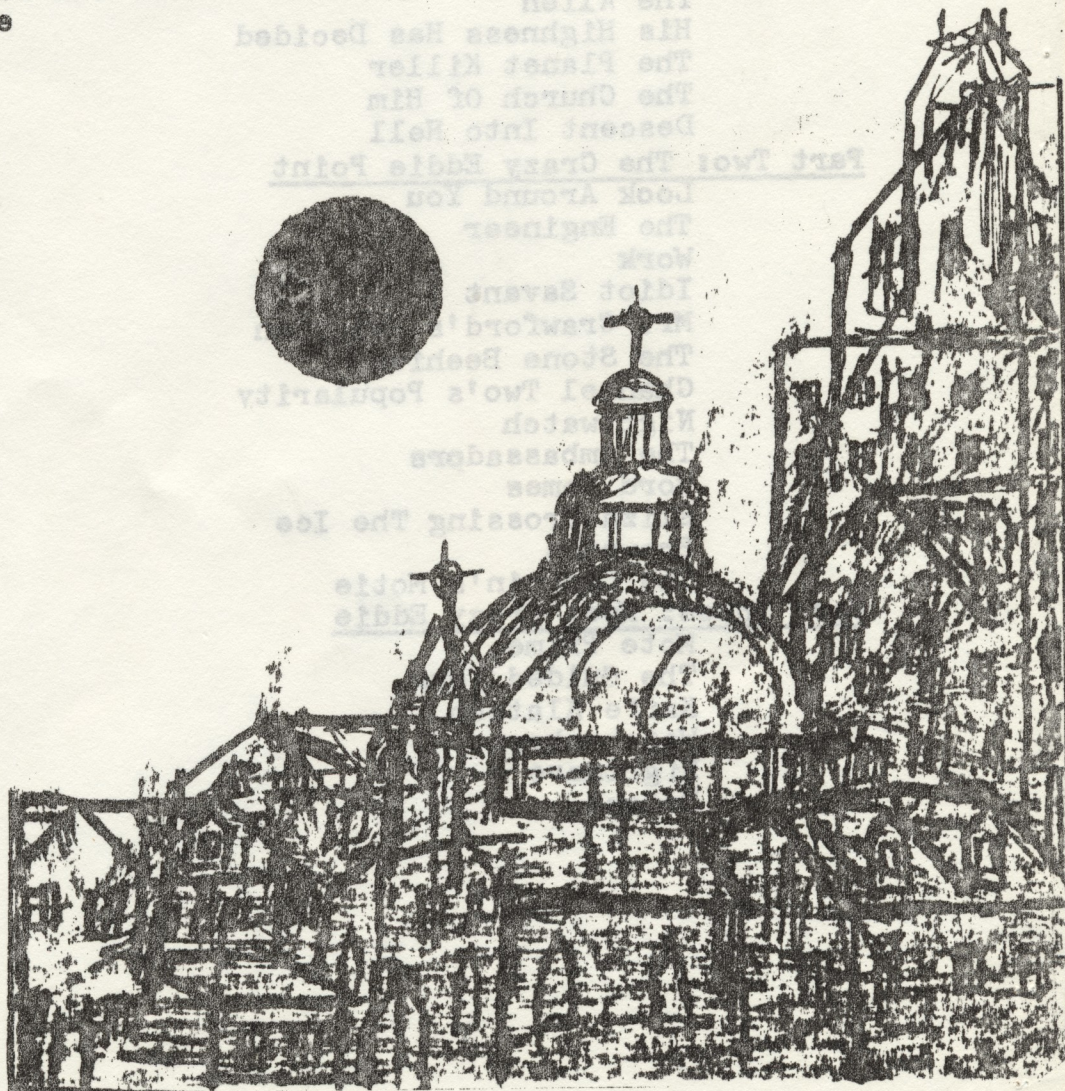
Mote Prime  
The Guided Tour  
Kaffe Klatsch  
Watchmakers  
Nightmare  
Defeat



Trespassers  
Run Rabbit Run  
Judgement  
History Lesson  
Final Solution

Part Four: Crazy Eddie's Answer

Departure  
Farewell  
Gift Ship  
A Bay Of Broken Glass  
Trader's Lament  
Council Of War  
The Crazy Eddie Jump  
Personal And Urgent  
Homeward Bound  
Civilian  
Parades  
The Art Of Negotiation  
After The Ball Is Over  
Options  
The Djinn  
Out Of The Bottle  
Renner's Hole Card  
Last Hope  
All The Skills Of Treason  
And Maybe The Horse Will Sing  
Epilogue





## A Chronological Listing of the "Known Space" Stories

The Coldest Place		IF	Dec 64
Becalmed In Hell		FSF	Jul 65
Eye Of An Octopus		GAL	Feb 66
How The Heroes Die		GAL	Oct 66
Wait It Out	1989	Futures Unbounded	68
At The Bottom Of A Hole	2112	GAL	Dec 66
World Of Ptavvs			
(World Of Ptavvs)	2109	WOT	Mar 65
Cloak Of Anarchy		ASF	Mar 72
Intent To Deceive	2113	GAL	Apr 68
The Jigsaw Man	2082	Dangerous Visions	68
The Organleggers	2123	GAL	Jan 69
The Defenseless Dead	2125	Ten Tomorrows	73
The Adults	2127	GAL	Jun 67
(Protector's Phssthpek I, II, III)			
Vandervecken	2339	Protector	Sep 73
(the second half of Protector)			
Slowboat Cargo			
(A Gift From Earth)	2390	IF	Feb, Mar, Apr 68
The Warriors	2500	IF	Feb 66
The Ethics Of Madness	2514	IF	Apr 67
A Relic Of The Empire		IF	Dec 66
The Handicapped		GAL	Dec 67
Neutron Star	2618	IF	Oct 66
At The Core	2620	IF	Nov 66
Flatlander	2621	IF	Mar 67
Grendel	2622	Neutron Star	Apr 68
The Borderland Of Sol		ASF	Jan 75
The Soft Weapon	2632	IF	Feb 67
There Is A Tide	2830	GAL	Jul 68
Ringworld	2850		Oct 70
Safe at Any Speed	3100	FSF	May 67

### Related Stories

Bordered In Black	FSF	Apr 66
One Face	GAL	Jun 65

### A List of the "Svetz" stories

Get A Horse!	FSF	Oct 69
Bird In The Hand	FSF	Oct 70
Leviathan!	PLB	Aug 70
There's A Wolf In My Time Machine!	FSF	Aug 70
Death In A Cage	The Flight Of The Horse	Sep 73



### A List of the "Worlock" Stories

Not Long Before The End	<u>FSF</u>	Apr 69
What Good Is A Glass Dagger?	<u>FSF</u>	Sep 72
Unfinished Story No.1	<u>FSF</u>	Dec 70

### A List Of Non-Fiction

Man Of Steel		
-Woman Of Kleenex	<u>KNT</u>	Vol.7 No.8
Excercise in Speculation: The Theory and Practice of Teleportation	<u>GAL</u>	Mar 69
On The Theory and Practice of Time Travel		
	<u>All The Myriad Ways,</u>	
	<u>June 1971, original</u>	
Bigger Than Worlds	<u>ASF</u>	Mar 74
Down In Flames	<u>TRM</u>	No.9

### A List of Time Travel/Parallel Universe Stories

Wrong Way Street	<u>GAL</u>	Apr 65
For A Foggy Night	<u>FSF</u>	Jul 71
All The Myriad Ways	<u>GAL</u>	Oct 68

### A List of the "Teleportation" Stories

Flash Crowd	<u>Three Trips in Time and Space</u>	73
The Alibi Machine	<u>VER</u>	Jun 73
A Kind Of Murder	<u>ASF</u>	Apr 74
All The Bridges Rusting	<u>VER</u>	Aug 73
The Last Days of the Permanant Floating Riot Club	<u>A Hole in Space,</u>	
	<u>Jun 74</u>	
By Mind Alone	<u>IF</u>	Jun 66

### A List Of Stories Not Presently Contained in a Niven Story Collection

Wrong Way Street	<u>GAL</u>	Apr 65
By Mind Alone	<u>IF</u>	Jun 66
No Exit	<u>FAN</u>	Jun 71
Down In Flames	<u>TRM</u>	No.9
Singularities Make Me Nervous	<u>Stellar 1</u>	Sep 74
Plaything	<u>GAL</u>	Aug 74
The Nonesuch	<u>FSF</u>	Dec 74

### A List Of Stories Not Contained In Any Series By Larry Niven

The Long Night	<u>FSF</u>	Mar 67
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The Deadlier Weapon  
Like Banquo's Ghost  
The Meddler  
The Misspelled Magishun  
(The Flying Sorcerers)  
No Exit  
Unfinished Story No.2

Inconstant Moon

What Can You Say About Chocolate

The Hole Man  
"\$16,940.00"  
Plaything  
Singularities Make Me Nervous

A Mote in the Eye of God  
The Nonesuch

# EOMM

IF Sep 68  
FSF Oct 68

IF May, Jul 70  
FAN Jun 71  
All The Myriad Ways  
Jun 71

All The Myriad Ways  
Jun 71

Covered Manhole Covers?  
All The Myriad Ways  
Jun 71

ASF Jan 74

AHMM  
GAL Aug 74

Stellar 1

Sep 74

Oct 74

FSF Dec 74

## A List Of Title Changes

### Original Title

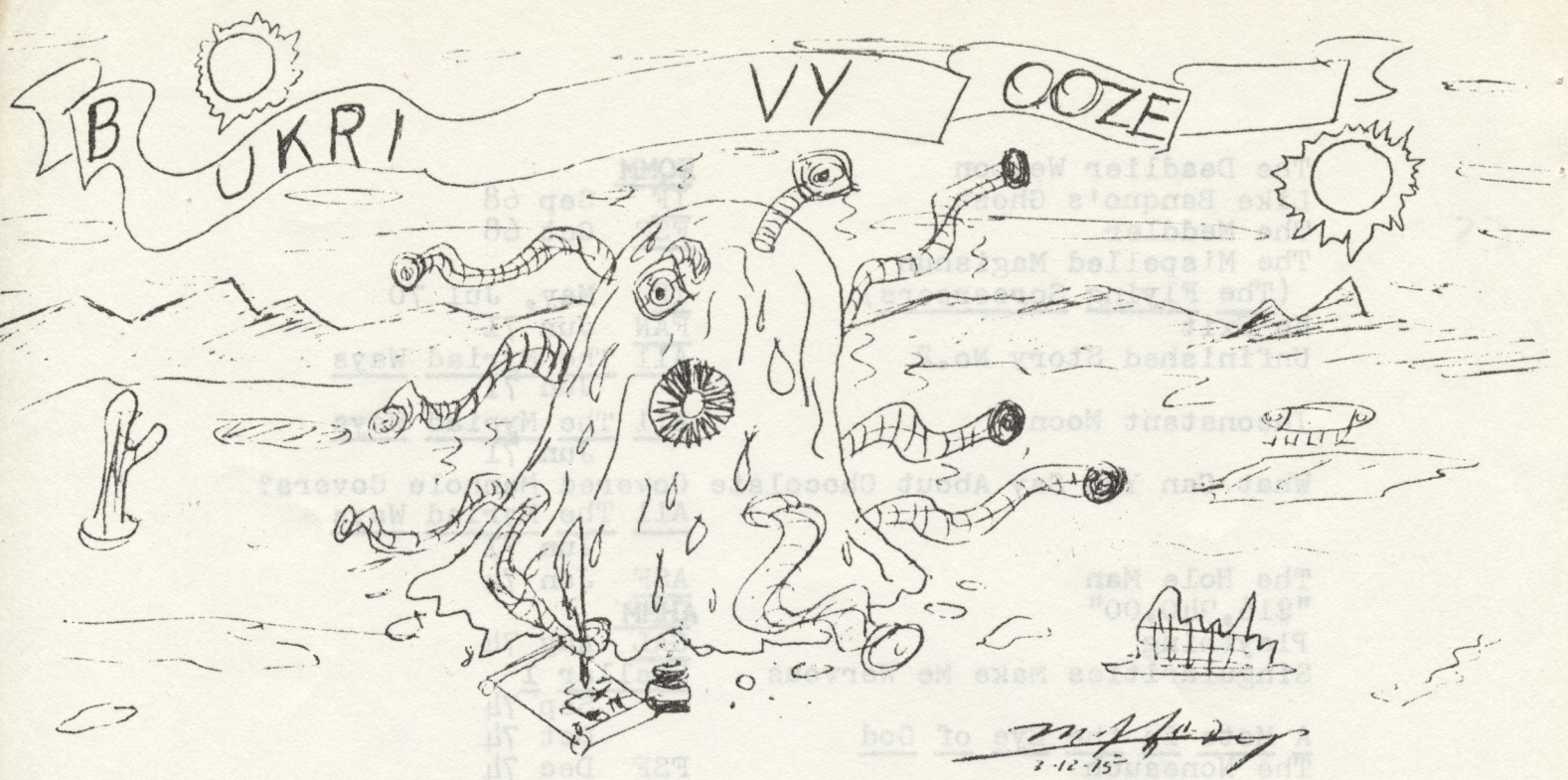
The Long Night  
The Misspelled Magishun  
Get A Horse!  
The Organleggers  
Slowboat Cargo  
The Adults  
The Deceivers

### Changed To:

Convergent Series  
The Flying Sorcerers  
The Flight of the Horse  
Death By Ecstasy  
A Gift From Earth  
Protector, Phssthpok I,II,III  
Intent To Deceive







The Voice Of The Dolphins, by Leo Szilard  
Simon & Schuster pb., 1961, 230 pp.

Of course, I don't have to explain to such an erudite & educated audience that Leo Szilard (1898-1964) was the first man to conceive of the atomic chain reaction and what it would mean to the world. And it would be redundant to state that he was the physicist who led the opposition to atom-bombing Japan in 1945. You all know, of course, that he was the co-recipient of the Atoms for Peace award in 1959.

So I won't even mention it.

The Voice Of The Dolphins wasn't packaged as sf when it first appeared. But it's definitely very speculative fiction. I won't go into the plots of these stories, but to say that Szilard is as good a writer as a scientist. None of these stories are earth-shaking in implications, nor are they very 'literary', but they are full of interesting ideas and perceptive observations. Szilard reminds me of Kornbluth, only he's a bit more upbeat-- yet witness Grand Central Terminal, the last and best story in the book.

This book, an oversize paperback, is long out of print, but if you see it available used, as I have many times, buy it. Recommended.

Science Fiction, Today And Tomorrow, ed. Reginald Bretnor  
Harper & Row, \$8.95 or Penguin, \$2.95 (pb.) 342 pp both

I've only seen two or three other books like this one-- The Science Fiction Novel (Advent, 1959) and Bretnor's earlier Modern Science Fiction come to mind. I wish there were more. Bretnor has obtained articles from some of the biggies on all aspects of sf, and the results are eminently



readable. F.1:

Frederick Pohl on sf publishing-- from He Who Knows. Ted Sturgeon on morals & religion in sf- in which he manages to say in a few pages what Panshin took chapters to. Panshin himself &co. with a perceptive article on trends in sf. Poul Anderson with his long-awaited piece on building your Very Own Alien Planet. Hal Clement with an equivalent piece on life-forms.

The most significant chapters here, however, are Bretnor's own-- "Science Fiction in the Age of Space"-- and Herbert's chapter on sf & crisis. While one seems pro-technology and the other anti, they are basically saying the same thing. Bretnor says we aren't going to pull out of our present crisis by abandoning science. Herbert says that sf is essential to pointing out these problems of today. Both are well-written, and both should be required reading for any self-proclaimed fan.

The Astronaut, by James Blumgarten

Warner Paperback Library, \$1.25 175 pp. December, 1974

This is a good example of genus mainstream-novel-pushed-as-sf. Unfortunately, unlike many of the stories in the Orbit series, this book has nothing to redeem it. It's a piece of hacked crap, to be blunt.

Basically it's the story of a Franklin Weiss, a Jew who is haunted by fears of inadequacy as compared to one of the martyrs of the space program, and who, as a TV reporter, sets out to systematically destroy the good-guy image of the astronaut. Technically, he's supposed to be working on compiling a retrospective on the life and death of this astronaut, but he uses some rather questionable journalistic methods, like sleeping with the astronaut's widow and insulting his father to the point of violence.

I don't care whether this is sf to anyone or not. It's a hacked out mainstream novel. I don't consider it sf, yet you'll find it right on the sf stands in the bookstores. My God, it doesn't even stand up as science! Read it and find out- if you can stomach it. Yecchh. That's my literate and erudite opinion.

The Monopoly Book, by Maxine Brady

David McKay Co., \$5.95, 144 pp.

What's a review of a book about Monopoly doing in the august pages of an sf fanzine? "Gasp, choke, argghh," you may say. Well....

This book is perhaps a symbol of our times, in that more and more people are going to be spending their time inside, instead of gallivanting all over the place. So what do you think they're going to be doing to pass the time? Well, that too, Gumfort, but they just might spend some time in the phanish pursuit of a good ~~brill~~ game of Monopoly. Hm? Hey? Eh? Say what?

The Monopoly Book is a nice peice of essential trivia-- more than a coffee-table book, but a handbook for the Serious Monopoly Player. It contains various sections on loopholes in the rules, and guides to strategies such as The Pauper's Attack....not to mention Monopolia



Curiosa, a segment on the History and Practice of Monopoly. Maxine Brady writes with enthusiasm and wit, and even the most cut&dried sections have an entertaining quality to them.

On A Planet Alien, by Barry Malzberg  
Pocket Books, 1974 95¢ 144 pp.  
review by Mark Sordahl

Hb hum. Like everything else by the fun-loving Mr. Malzberg, this is a really upbeat book. Positively uplifting.

Basically this is the story of Captain Hans Folsom, a Malzberg type. Folsom is paranoid, insecure, self-pitying, and obsessed with the idea that he's in command. I could list a number of his other charming attributes-- but who's counting?

The plot-- and I use the term loosely-- is a space-creatures-give-knowledge-to-struggling-civilisations type. Only this time it's the humans giving the knowledge to the aliens.

The story is not entirely about Captain Folsom, though. There are three other humans and an alien named Ezekial as major characters, as well. The three humans are Nina, the human who first makes contact with the aliens, Closter, a homosexual social scientist, Stark, another homosexual social scientist, and the alien Ezekial. Ezekial is an interesting character, but he is underplayed throughout most of the novel and only becomes significant towards the end.

Commander Folsom is considered by the natives to be a thunder god, and while he denies this, he makes it quite apparent that he considers himself superior to his crew. He constantly reminds himself of his height and his physique and his command and his height and his physique and his responsibilities and his height and his physique and his role in history as the discoverer of Folsom's Planet.

The book's ending is rather inconclusive, with Folsom giving the aliens the knowledge he was supposed to, but there being no hint of what the knowledge will be used for. The possibility that Folsom's planet is really Earth in some past era is raised but is neither confirmed nor denied.

The novel is only 144 (ed.: 1 gross) pages long, but it seems longer. The blurb on the back cover describes Malzberg as 'a true hero'. If this is so I'm going to start rooting for the bad guys.

Farthest Star, by Frederick Pohl and Jack Williamson  
Ballantine Books  
review by Ken Scarborough

Mssrs. Pohl & Williamson have recently collaborated on a pile of plebianism entitled Farthest Star. Not that the book isn't entertaining-- but it just doesn't manage to show the quality that has become synonymous with the authors' names.

The story, told in two parts, concerns an object that appears on the outer fringes of the galaxy. The first half is about the suicidal



trip to the object, which just happens to be a planet, inhabited by humans, among other Things.

The novel, for the most part, is engaging although it fails to build the tension in many of the spots where the authors intended... The second half, by far the better, nicely displays Pohl's style in mixing sf with fantasy. But Pohl, once considered one of the best sf writers around, just doesn't show his best work here. Finally, the book just doesn't stick with you; once you've put it down, that's it; it doesn't provoke any afterthought, as good writing should. These authors have done better, as their past records exemplify, and perhaps they should stay that way; here, at , the whole is not equal to the sum of the parts.

The Dispossessed: An Ambiguous Utopia, by Ursula K. LeGuin  
review by Tim Kyger

This new novel by Ursula K. LeGuin is, without a doubt, the major contender for the Hugo and Nebula awards this year. This book is a major one in the 'Ekumen' series of LeGuin's-- it tells the story of the discovery of the 'ansible', among other things. It's a well done novel, and is of the 'character study' type- something rare in sf today.

The character profiled herein is the physicist Shevek, of the planet Annarres. Annarres is a barely habitable desert moon orbiting the garden-of-Eden planet Urras. Urras was settled first, and then, because of a revolutionary anarchist group, Annarres was settled as a coventry. It's not a Botany but a Massachusetts Bay; the Odonians wanted to go, to isolate themselves in a fresh, new place to establish their anarchy. The story takes place on two different time tracks, one starting with the departure of Shevek for Urras, the only Annaresti ever to do so, and alternating with the chapters that start with the birth of Shevek and detail his life and the events that shaped it until we see how he arrived at the point where he is at the start of the novel. Thus we see Shevek constantly being contrasted with and against himself. We are also shown during the course of Shevek's life the society of the Annaresti and have it contrasted against our own society and that of Urras. All are found wanting, but the society of Annarres is the best of the three. All this takes place within the matrix of Shevek's search for a Unified Field Theory.

The character of Shevek is developed by putting it against the character of the Odonian society of Annarres. Annarres is an anarchy; one of two working anarchies in sf that I can think of, the other being Heinlein's in The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress. The two anarchies are very different, however, and the differences are in the character of the people. In The Moon the anarchy exists because the functions of a central government are taken up by the people themselves; a "true" democracy with no laws whatsoever. On Annarres, however, there are no governmental functions whatsoever; they've been tossed out the window and disregarded. On Lung it was every man for himself; on Annarres they all tend to pull together. It's communistic anarchy with a whole-culture viewpoint; while Heinlein's Luna is family-oriented in viewpoint.

This book is good; it reads well and is enjoyable. Recommended.



The Mote In God's Eye, by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle  
review by Tim Kyger

This is a major novel for all its faults and is sure to be in the running for the Hugo and Nebula awards this year (even though I think The Dispossessed should get them). It's a long novel; about 140,000 words. And would you believe that this was cut from an original of 240,000? No matter, this is a readable, exiting, spellbinding book that rivets you into reading it. Cliché time: you won't want to put it down.

It all starts about the year 3000 AD in the same universe as Pournelle's in A Spaceship For The King. After a long series of secession wars, the second Empire of Man is taking over the 200 inhabited planets of men. On the sector capital of sector Trans-Coalsack, New Caledonia, an object is discovered coming into the system at .07 lights. It's an alien spacecraft on a lightsail that was launched from the star that Men know as the Mote in God's Eye. (The Coalsack from New Cal looks like a face with one eye- a red giant. On the edge of the red giant is a small star; you guessed it, the ((ta da)) Mote in God's Eye.) As you guessed, the story is one of the First Contact theme. A ship is dispatched to investigate, and they are fired upon by the aliens' automatic meteor defense system lasers (where have we seen THAT one before, campers?) and My Lord Commander Roderick Blaine of the IWS McArthur cuts the ship from its lightsail shrouds, and takes it into tow. The occupants are dead, but WE know where THEY live, and since we have an FTL drive, and they don't, we go visit them.

The Moties are very, very different, and the rest of the book is about them. The book is in four parts. Part One is the detection and acquisition of the Moties' star craft and the setting out to the Mote to say hello. In Part Two the humans in the novel meet the Moties. Part Three shows the readers the Moties' Dreadful Secret, and in Part Four the humans in the novel learn the Dreadful Secret and devise a workable solution to the problem.

This is a well written and realistic book. The ending to the book, the solution to the problem posed by the Moties, is a real one, not a deus ex machina in which the cavalry come charging in at the end of the novel. In fact, the solution is unsatisfactory-- but it's the only real one that's implicit from the start of the book. No rabbits pulled out of the hat, no superduperframizans invented during a sleepless night by the Resident Imperial Inventor to save the day. But despite the fairly-well-done plot, and good characterizations executed professionally, I see a few faults, albeit in this case small ones. First, the Moties have a name for themselves, don't they? Then why are they called 'Moties' right up to the end of the book? The same goes for the name of Mote Prime, their home world. What is it? We have the fuyunchs (clicks), why not the same for the Moties? Also: How did the Embassy ship get to the Crazy Eddie Point so bloody fast? This was brought up at the start of the novel, and not, I believe, ever explained away. Which really isn't important, and I wouldn't have brought it up, if it were not for the fact that this is given much discussion at one point in the book.

There are other faults. The very first half of this book reads like a direct lift from a Hornblower novel, complete with high-born daughter of the royalty who falls in love- and viceversa- with My Lord Roderick Blaine. Oh, she just HAPPENED to be a bordel shop at the start of the novel and



during the Motie probe intercept, and she just HAPPENS to be the only anthropologist aboard-- and within the novel anthropology is given as a rare profession in the Empire at the time of the novel.

But, despite all this trivia, this is a good book. I would venture to say, and stick my fool neck out on the proverbial chopping block, that this book has a hybrid vigor that neither author has on his own.

The Moties are well worth the admission price. Read it. Highly recommended.

RECORD REVIEW/Lord of the Rings/ Bo Hansson  
by yon editor

A quickie. This is an LP of jazz/rock improves to themes from Tolkien's LOTR. The pieces have such names as "The Horns Of Rohan", et al., so you get the idea. It's performed on the standard rock instruments plus a lot of electronic bricabrac.

Surprisingly, it's good. There's a sort of melodic theme running through it all, and the variations are unanticipated and unconventional. The album has some truly breathtaking moments, such as the moving 'The Grey Havens'.

If you're looking for grandiose full orchestra and 10<sup>87</sup> voice stuff ala Wakeman or someone, though, don't look here. Hansson, like Mozart and all the others in that....crowd, is a musician who achieves his effects through the strength of melody and counterpoint. Good stuff.

#### PHAAZINE REVIEWS

Diehard 6 (Tony Cvetko, 29415 Parkwood Drive, Wickliffe, Ohio 44092, the usual or 60¢/4-\$2.00)

This is a nice, relaxed fanzine. It's got a nice personal touch to it, and the articles reflect a very unique sort of person. Repro is only fair mimeo, and there's very little art (but I should talk!), but there's some excellent material here... a thing by Loren MacGregor on sf-but-not-sf, an excellent capsule analysis of Cyril Kornbluth by Don D'Ammassa, and some interesting LoCs. But the best two pieces here have to be Time Enough To Read It, a perfect takeoff on guess what, and an article by Reed Andrus on his bumpersticker that says Yog-Sothoth Saves. Baseball between the Elder Gods and the Old Ones?

I like the Sirois cover almost as much as I hate the hideous bacover. Yicchi!

Outworlds #21/22 (Bill Bowers, Box 2521, North Canton, Ohio 44720, the usual or \$1.50/4-\$4.00)

I am now going to sound goshwow. Outworlds is the best fanzine I've ever seen. Best. Best. Best. Zat clear?

Beer Mutterings is here, and Poul as aggravating as ever, and there're columns by Bob Tucker, Sudan Wood, Robert Lowndes, and Bowers himself. Also the Gnat-Books of Sholem Short and the True Report on the Loathsome Affair of the Lime Jello, plus an eloquent affair on Elwood, titled,



appropriately enough, If This Goes On.....

And The Excoriator. This was so funny that I'm going to resist that fiendish temptation to ruin it for you.

That's all I'm going to say. Buy it. Steal it. But read it.





ART CREDITS: P. 3, Rob Carver/ P. 20, Steve Tynan/ P. 34, Gary Johnson/  
P. 35, Mark J. Searp  
Special thanks to MJSearp

Florgb! defined as correcting all typos in this zine

Well, so much for TWIB 7. All I want now is to jump off a nice high cliff.  
Hy, we're all full of neat little banalities today, aren't we?



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