

FRITZ LEIBER

BY ANDRE NORTON

There were giants in those days—How true such a saying is when the career of a writer who won six Hugos, three Nebula, and seven other awards is considered. He was hailed as Grand Master by his peers, as well as lauded by his readers of at least two generations—very deservedly.

On one hand he presented to the world such studies of traditional magic as *Conjure Wife* and *Gather, Darkness*. Then in opposition to the immaterial he penned the amusing satire on the writing and publishing world, *Silver Eggheads*, wherein robots are programmed to provide all the needs of the reading public, both human and robot.

To have had the good fortune a generation ago to discover the first telling of *Two Sought Adventure* was an event any reader will long remember. Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser are heroes of such spectacular prowess as to carve themselves niche deep into the mountainsides of heroic adventure.

But Fritz Leiber was a writer of many parts—all facets of distinguished and noteworthy style. He turned early and readily to such warnings of dark future to come as *Green Millennium*, to time travel, and to such memorable pieces of straight science-fiction as *Pail of Air*.

One could always expect a finely crafted plot and gem cut characterization in a piece of Leiber writing, whether novel or short story.

The Captains and the Kings depart—Unwillingly we see them go and all who love the printed page are left bereft. But what a bright and lasting legacy Fritz Leiber has left us—for both those who knew him in person and the rest of us who knew the children of his pen.

—Andre Norton