nilarious, despairing, than more brilliant, hree-quarters crazy, ascinating, adorable. What a blessing it s to have him!

EXPLORING CORDWAINER SMITH Edited by Andrew Porter. 36pp. \$2.50. 1975. ALGOL Press (P.O. Box 4175, New York NY 10017)

Still more small press publishing, this time issued by the present magazine. The typography and general production quality of this little book are most attractive, making up (at least in part) for the relatively high price associated with short-run publications.

Smith-Paul Cordwainer Linebarger—was one of science fiction's mystery men for some time; his real identity was, I believe, revealed a good while before his death, and with the appearance of definitive editions of his works, interest in this unusual man is on the wax.

This is the man whose book The Political Doctrines of Sun Yat Sen was published in 1937-having been based not on dusty academic researches but upon Linebarger's long and close association with Sun. He is also the man whose one major science fiction novel was chopped and battered, appeared in two fragmentary versions in the 1960s, and has been issued in its full and definitive form only this year as Norstrilia (Ballantine Books).

Although Exploring Cordwainer Smith is a slim volume it contains an amazingly rich lode of vital material-a graceful reminiscence by Linebarger's old friend Arthur Burns (not the economist), a literary appreciation by John Foyster, a very different one by concordance-Miesel, a chronology of Smith's works by Alice K. Turner and a good bibliography by J.J. Pierce.

Cordwainer Smith's production of science fiction was too limited and his appeal too special for him to be regarded as an author of first-line importance or influence. (This is not to say that he was not one of first-line quality.) I think that he was good however, and auirkily enough, distinctive enough to gain a place as a "major minor author."

Exploring Cordwainer Smith is a good introduction to him, and will be a valuable adjunct to his own works.

FORERUNNER FORAY by Andre Norton. 286pp. \$1.50. 441-24620-150. 1975. Ace SBN Books. (Original edition: Viking, 1973)

Andre Norton is of course one of our most prolific and most popular authors. She's been writing for decades, has over forty books to her credit with (according to Ace's blurb) millions of copies in print. And her popularity is not just that of the trashmonger among the trash-lovers. She is well reviewed in right journals, accepted by librarians, regarded as a "good author" as well as a popular one. No Perry Rhodan stuff.

Folks, I just don't understand this. I read several of her books some years ago, and failed to detect the charm, and friends told me that I had read the wrong Nortons-I ought to try this or that other title, then I would understand the wonder and the fascination of Norton.

Folks, have I picked the wrong book again?

Forerunner Foray has fascinating idea to it, and is a very interesting book structurally. It is set-initially-in a typically space-operatic future universe where some sort of large-scale interstellar spying, commercial rivalry, and at least cold warring are going on. There's a good deal of psi-ing going on as well, and our heroine, Ziantha, is an esper. Among her varied wild talents is



A. Bertram Chandler

Once Australia had to import all its SF; but look what we've recently published (prices in US\$, post paid):

THE BITTER PILL by A. Bertram Chandler. \$7.00 First hardcover publication of a chillingly prophetic novel of the near future. A real surprise for readers of Chandler's Rim World novels.

THE PACIFIC BOOK OF AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION edited by John Baxter. \$2.25. The first-ever anthology of Australian SF writers. So successful it spawned ...

THE 2nd PACIFIC BOOK OF AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION, edited by John Baxter. \$2.25. More Antipodal SF: Baxter, Chandler, Harding, etc.

Coming in time for Aussiecon... BEYOND TOMORROW: An Anthology Of Modern SF, edited by Lee Harding. Price to be announced.

SPACE AGE BOOKS

305 SWANSTON STREET, MELBOURNE VICTORIA 3000, AUSTRALIA

psychometry-the ability to read the past surroundings of an object from the object itself.

Ziantha is sent to steal some sensitive items, stumbles upon an ancient gem and falls into a sort of super-psychometric trance in which she lives the life of an ancient owner of the gem. It takes Norton about 100 pages to get through this framing sequence, following which sort a sword-and-sorcery adventure occupies the rest of the book (or nearly so).

I might quarrel with the excessive length of the framing device or lead-in to the main adventure, but that isn't my major concern. My major concern is that the book is so badly written. I don't mean that it is florid or overwritten or excessively "lit'ry" as some such books, particularly the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs, are accused of

It's badly written in that it's flat. The writing is plain dull and uninteresting. It early becomes an effort to keep reading. And the writing is murky-it's hard to figure out what the

hell is going on most of the time, and I don't think that this is artifice on Norton's part (although it might be, I will concede). I think it is simply an inability to visualize a scene, develop a concept of a situation, and express this clearly to the reader.

Further, the characters suffer from a classic pulp weakness that has been pointed out by James Blish (not necessarily in regard to this author). They appear onstage and speak their lines and perform the actions that they are assigned by the script, but I have no sense of their living at all. If not two-dimensional they are at least

I don't know anything about Ziantha's girlhood, what her parents and home were like, whether she had brothers and sisters, what kind of person she is, what her interests and desires are, what are her favorite flavor of ice cream, position for fucking, color dress, spectator or participant sport, etc., etc., etc... all of the things that make up a complete personality.

She's a cipher-and she's the

best-developed character in the book.

I think this is a weak book, not badly conceived but feebly executed, utterly lacking in vivid character or setting or action. And with the exception of one or two scenes in the first of the Witch World books, this reaction is typical of my response to Andre Norton's books.

But I will certainly concede the possibility that I am missing something here; therefore I am being neither sarcastic nor rhetorical, but sincerely ask, Will somebody out there who understands that great charm and popularity of Andre Norton's books please explain this to me?

EN HOMMAGE AUX ARAIGNEES by Esther Rochon, 127pp. \$2.50, ISBN 0-7752-0052-2. 1974. Les Editions De L'Actuelle, 955 Amherst Street, Montreal, PQ, Canada H2L 3K4. In French.

This first novel by Montreal resident Esther Rochon is set in the world of the Vrenalik Archipelago, in the crumbling, once

Your daily bread... without farmers like Ron Sauder, it wouldn't be on your table.

And not just because farmers produce the wheat that goes into it.

Without a healthy agriculture, a lot of us might have less of the means with which to buy it and other good things of life. Farmers like Saskatchewan's Ron Sauder are responsible for generating about 40 per cent of Canada's gross economic activity. They're the biggest customers the railways have, and just about the biggest for the banks. They spend billions every year on goods and services.

Ron Sauder is one of 73,000 active members of Saskatchewan Wheat Pool, a co-operative farm organization that's a model of what farmers can do for themselves. Its goal is to bring stability to agriculture.

The Pool serves its members through a network of grain elevators, livestock, oilseed, farm supply and other enterprises. The Pool regularly speaks to governments on behalf of its members, striving for the public policies needed to keep agriculture strong.

Pool members like Ron Sauder believe a nation is only as strong as its farm people.

What matters to Ron Sauder and his family matters to you. The prosperity of all of us is linked to the stability of agriculture.



Saskatchewan Wheat Pool