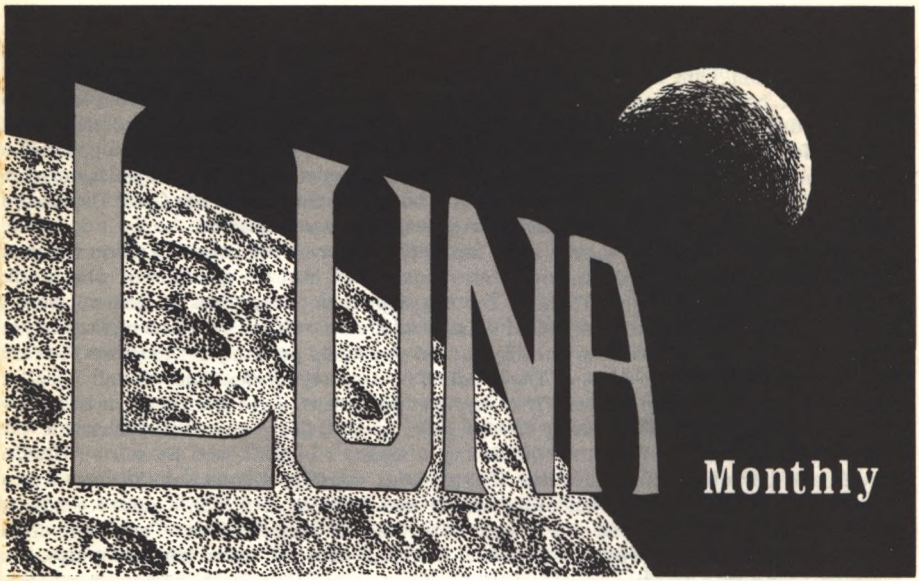

No. 41/42 October / November 1972

The Shape of Science Fiction to Come*

by Frederik Pohl

I have a small problem which I must deal with before I do anything else. The problem is that when Bruce Pelz and Chuck Crayne asked me to speak twice to this convention, once now as a keynote and again at the banquet, they stipulated that one talk should be serious and inspirational, and the other funny. This is not a new problem for me. I've had it before. Two years ago, when Brian Aldiss and I, among others, were junketing to spread the gospel of science fiction to Japan, we ran into this same problem in the city of Nagoya. That day's events were being heavily subsidized by the Toyota motor car company, and so Brian and I were asked to speak on the subject of the future of transportation, and in the introductory remarks of the chairman he stressed that Brian was a merry, light-hearted person, famed for his racy wit; while I had some renown as a management consultant and purveyor of futurology to industry. Unfortunately, neither of us knew what the chairman was saying about us, and we hadn't mentioned to him that, on that particular occasion, I had decided to be funny and Brian to be profound. So I got up there and I knocked myself out, I really did, I did the finest Borscht circuit comedy routine ever delivered by a science fiction writer on the subject of future transportation in the city of Nagoya, Japan. And I died there. And the translators put it all into Japanese. And where I had thought to get laughs, what I got was a respectful nod, the narrowing of eyelids that acknowledged a penetrating point, the shake of the head that showed how illuminatingly I had overturned an old error. And Brian. Brian stood there reciting statistics and exploring the design criteria and anti-pollution performance ratings of steam, diesel and internal combustion engines . . . and all over the hall Japanese fans and motor executives were shrieking with laughter and falling on the floor.

I don't want to take a chance on that happening again, so I must tell you in advance which is which. This is the serious lecture. I will enlighten and inspire you, and give you strength to carry on in the world today, and there will be no laughing. Sunday night at the banquet, then you can laugh.

* * *

**Keynote speech presented at the 30th World Science Fiction Convention (L.A.Con), on Friday September 1, 1972, in Los Angeles*

In order to talk about what's to come in science fiction, I need to go back a way and get running room. I am sorry to say that when I go back a way, I go back a long way.

I first began reading science fiction in 1930, give or take a year. That's a long time ago, 42 years. It seems quite a lot longer, far longer than one life should hold. The world was a different place in 1930; I remember that year, and the years around it. I suppose they had summers, but what I remember is snow, and men in sweaters and work pants shoveling it, and other men selling apples in the streets. Those were the days of the Great Depression, when it was fashionable to be poor and nearly everybody was in fashion.

Some day somebody—maybe some aspiring member of the Science Fiction Research Association, or a would-be doctor of letters—should look into the question of what would have become of sf if it hadn't been for the depression. Magazines in general were a depression industry. If you were out of work you couldn't afford a car or a nightclub, you might not even be able to afford bootleg gin, but you could probably get together 15¢ for a copy of *G-8 and His Battle Aces*, or *The Shadow*, or *Amazing Stories*. And with all the other pulp fields, science fiction thrived. That canny entrepreneur, Hugo Gernsback, was the first one to make it work, with *Amazing Stories*; when he went broke he lost that magazine, but it kept coming out under another publishing company's imprint, and he started *Wonder Stories* on his own; simultaneously Clayton was starting *Astounding Stories*. Canny Gernsback was. He noticed what other editors were noticing, but didn't quite see how to turn to their advantage: that the people who read sf magazines were markedly more interested in what they were reading than the audiences for other kinds of pulps. For instance, they wrote letters. Lots of letters. Maybe, reasoned Gernsback, you could get these activist types together in a club, and if you then made the magazine you were publishing the club's official organ, you could be pretty sure of a solid audience locked in to your circulation figures indefinitely.

So he tried it, with a thing called the Science Fiction League . . . and there, by droogs

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and brothers, is where we all got into trouble. The SFL didn't do a lot for the circulation of *Wonder Stories*, but it got us all in the habit of joining things, and meeting with each other—and 40 years later, look at what we've come to.

There were giants in the earth in those days. I remember some of the people who made science fiction what it is, back in the 30s. Towering figures the like of which we shall not see again. We fans, we members of things like the SFL, and the Independent League for Science Fiction, and the Futurians, looked upon the great father-figures who wrote the stories and edited the magazines with the timorousness, and the calculation, of a young mountain goat assessing the strength of the herd bull. There was mighty Gernsback himself, who hid in his lair on Hudson Street and sent out his representative on Earth, Charles Hornig, to talk to writers and fans. There was T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D., the editor of *Amazing Stories.* Marvelous man, he had a long white beard, like Jehovah or George Bernard Shaw; I will never forget him, because I made my first sale to him, in 1937. Or more or less in 1937. It was a poem and, actually, I wrote it in 1935, and it was accepted in 1936, and published in 1937—and paid for in 1938—because that was how things went in those days. I will never forget him, but sometimes I wish I could. There was Farnsworth Wright, who edited *Weird Tales*; he suffered from Parkinson's syndrome, which meant that if you handed him a manuscript it would rattle like tambourines; but behind the palsy was a shrewd and generous brain. Then there was that master of us all, John Campbell. When he took over *Astounding* in the mid-30s, he brought to science fiction a certain dignity and class that it had not had before. I am not speaking only of its literary aspects; few of us realize that John was also a connoisseur of fine foods and wines. For example, I have it on the authority of his former wife that John was the only man among the clientele of the 23rd Street branch of Chock Full O'Nuts for whom they kept a special bottle of Pride of the Farm ketchup under the counter. Visiting John Campbell was always an experience. What most interested him about *Astounding* was his editorials, and he would play them at you, at all of his visitors, as he thought of them; four weeks he would do this, and on the last day of the last week he would sit down and write out what he had to say, and since among his guest list for the month there would have been someone to raise every possible objection to whatever preposterous proposition he had decided to advance in that issue, he would have had plenty of time to consider rebuttals. What I remember most about John from those days were long things. Long sentences. The long, straight Scots nose. The long cigarette holder. The long asthma inhaler-squirter that he kept in his desk drawer, to punctuate his sentences. "Although this story isn't very well written it has a good point. But---" squirt--- "you don't see what it is." I remember that inhaler when dianetics came along, ten years later or so; I remember John saying, "By means of dianetic therapy we have been able to achieve positive remission of symptoms in tuberculosis, asthma and---" squirt--- "the common cold."

If I talk of these people lightly, it is not that they are not dear to me. I have said elsewhere what I think of all of them, and it is nothing to their discredit that I remember them with the homely affection of familiarity as well as with the respect they all deserve. The thing is, when I first encountered them we were fans, and they were the establishment.

But then things began happening. Crazy things. People began to buy stories from us. Writing stories turned out to be quite interesting but also quite a lot of work; looking around the field it appeared to me that while it took at least some talent and effort to be a writer, there didn't seem to be any requirements at all for being an editor. So I began trying to find someone to hire me, and, to everyone's surprise, most of all my own, one week in October of 1939 I received two job offers. One was as an office boy for American Car & Foundry. The other was as editor of two science fiction magazines. I really did not hesitate a second over which to accept—sometimes since I have wondered if I made the right choice. It was not a question of salary; as it happens, it was the same for both: $10 a week. This was something of a comedown for me, as only the summer before I had been earning $12 as a busboy in a restaurant. But when the publisher pointed out to me how eager he was to have me with him, I accepted immediately. And he really was eager, I found out later, because that same week he hired another editor. That fellow didn't get that kind of money. He signed on to work for three months for nothing: then he was raised to ten dollars a week.

But there I was, 19 years old and editor of two sf magazines. And a little while later

Bob Lowndes, fellow fan and friend, got Louis Silberkleit to make him editor of *Future Fiction*; and not long after that Don Wollheim found somebody to do the same for him. And all of a sudden there we were; all we fans, fellow Futurians, rebels against the establishment; the tables had turned, and we looked at the establishment, and it was us. The inmates had taken over the asylum.

* * *

Well, that was a long time ago, and so very much has happened since. We've seen science fiction come a long way. We've seen it grow to respect and dignity—not to its benefit in all ways, I'm afraid; I see so many of us fighting off the paralysis that comes of having an established image as soothsayers or litterateurs. We've seen science fiction predictions come true—space travel, atomic energy, television, all the things that even science fiction editors and writers didn't really believe in, all the time they were publishing the stories.

We have seen sf come from crude pulp magazines that some of us carried around with the covers ripped off, or under our jackets, to the point where Herman Kahn, for instance, hires research assistants to make notes of all the ideas in the collected works of A. E. Van Vogt, for instance, to see which of them he can embody in the next batch of scenarios prepared by the Hudson Institute.

I like all of this, with one part of my head. But with another part I don't like it nearly as well because—and I say this with both diffidence and regret—it does seem to me that some kind of excitement has gone out of a lot of science fiction in the last few years. The writers are good—better, in a technical sense, than they have ever been before. The audience is receptive, and accepting, and challengeable, and courageous enough to encounter new ideas without revulsion.

But somehow the new ideas do not seem to be turning up in anything like the volume that the number of writers, and the number of books being published, should produce.

* * *

The question is, why is this so?

I do not know that I have all of the answer, but I think I have a part of the answer, and it comes to one word: 'relevance.'

Please don't misunderstand me. I think that when science fiction came back from Osnome and Barsoom to the probable real futures of the real world we live in, it was a step in a forward direction. I think it made for good reading, and I even think that science fiction has played a very considerable part in turning a fair proportion of the population into timebinders who, at least now and then, think of today's actions in terms of tomorrow's costs in pollution, overpopulation and the general degradation of the human condition.

But I think that, having taken that step, we somehow got frozen there. I must say I am personally tired of most of the current themes in science fiction. I really do not ever again want to read a novel in which the hero is a depersonalized up-tight cog in a soulless, gritty and corrupt machine. I've read that one. I've even written it. I don't much want to read it again.

Now, it is true that to many of us the world seems like that kind of world, and the pressures on us seem to want to push us into being that kind of person; and all writers know the advantages of reader identification; if you touch on the spurs that gore where your reader hurts, you have his interest.

This is not a bad thing, I think. But there is a bad thing about it, in that it makes assumptions that I do not for one minute believe: that the wounds that pain people fifty or five hundred years from now will be the same wounds that pain us now.

The trouble with this is that, as I see it, it runs counter to that thing in science fiction that made it worth reading in the first place. It is, in a sense, the difference between Jules Verne—whom I define as not really much worth reading any more—and H.G. Wells, who by my standards is worth reading eternally. What Verne concerned himself with was relevant. The society he dealt with was the society he lived in. The problems that engaged him were the problems that engaged the world of the mid-19th century. The science he used was the science he could copy out of the texts and reference books every cultured man had access to.

Wells, on the other hand, broadened his vision to new kinds of science, new kinds of

society, new kinds of problems.

I don't wish to talk in terms of the Protestant ethic, or indeed of duty or responsibility at all, but I cannot help feeling that we science fiction writers have in some sense a duty—not because it is laid on us by divine ordinance, but because it is a thing that needs to be done, and that no one else is doing at all—and that is to try to see into new kinds of lives, and to anticipate what pains will trouble them that will not be in the least like our own.

It is not an easy task that I propose. It may not even be a possible one. But it is one that is worth doing: to try to see into a condition of life not our own, in time to help the world to prepare for that future shock, that change in values, that new environment, that all of us will find ourselves living in as the progress of technology catches up with the potentials of science.

Relevance to today's problems implies irrelevance to tomorrow's; and it is in tomorrow that science fiction belongs.

To peer into the future, to show what strange and unexpected twists it may hold, to provide a catalogue of possible futures for the world to choose from, to illuminate the choices we all must make today—these are not the only things science fiction can do, but they are things that science fiction can do better than any other tool in the armorarium of man. We don't have to do these things. But if we don't do them, no one will.

L.A.CON BUSINESS MEETING

The following motions were passed at this year's business session:

1. Moved, that the definition of Best Fan Writer (article 2.09) be established as follows: "Any fan whose writing has appeared during the previous calendar year, in magazines of the type defined under article 2.08."

2. Moved, that the first sentence of article 2.10 (Best Fan Artist) be revised to read: "An artist or cartoonist whose work has appeared during the previous calendar year, through publication in magazines of the type defined under article 2.08 or through other public display."

3. Moved, that article 2.07, Best Professional Magazine, be replaced by "Best Professional Editor: the editor of any professional publication devoted primarily to SF or fantasy appearing in the previous calendar year."

4. Resolved, that the following rule be incorporated as a provision of articles 2.02, 2.03, 2.04, 2.05: "A work originally issued in a language other than English shall also be eligible in the year it is first issued in English translation."

5. Moved, that the section of the rules of the World SF Society, article 2.04, be altered to reinstate the best novelette category.

6. Moved, that the cost of conversion from a supporting membership to an attending membership be limited to no more than the difference between the cost of attending and supporting membership at the time of conversion. If supporting memberships are not available at the time of conversion, the most recent rate for supporting memberships shall be used for computation of this limit.

The one motion which was defeated proposed: Moved, that Article 3.01 of the WSFS Rules be amended to read: "The Society shall choose the sites for the annual World Science Fiction Convention 3 years in advance."

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NEW HORROR MAGAZINE The Marvel Comics Group is expanding and will publish a new magazine, not a comic, dealing with horror and the supernatural. Gerry Conway is editor, Geo. Alec Effinger is associate editor. They are presently looking for stories up to 20,000 words and buy first North American rights and first foreign rights, with options for anthology reprints. The magazine, as yet untitled, is the first of a new line to be called the Marvel Magazine Group. It will be published in digest format on a bi-monthly schedule at first, though it will hopefully go monthly after the first few issues. Submissions to Gerry Conway and Geo. Alec Effinger, Marvel Comics Group, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. (Locus)

HUGO AWARDS

NOVEL:
To Your Scattered Bodies Go, by Philip Jose Farmer (Putnam; Berkley)
The Latne of Heaven, by Ursula LeGuin (Amazing, March-May; Scribner) second
Dragonquest, by Anne McCaffrey (Ballantine) third
A Time of Changes, by Robert Silverberg (Galaxy, March-May; Signet; SF Book Club) fourth
Jack of Shadows, by Roger Zelazny (F&SF, July-Aug; Walker) fifth

NOVELLA:
The Queen of Air and Darkness, by Poul Anderson (F&SF, April)
A Meeting with Medusa, by Arthur C. Clarke (Playboy, Dec) second
The Fourth Profession, by Larry Niven (Quark/4) third
A Special Kind of Morning, by Gardner Dozois (New Dimensions 1) fourth
Dread Empire, by John Brunner (Fantastic, April; Traveller in Black) fifth

SHORT STORY:
Inconstant Moon, by Larry Niven (All the Myriad Ways)
Vaster Than Empires and More Slow, by Ursula LeGuin (New Dimensions 1) second
The Autumn Land, by Clifford Simak (F&SF, Oct) third
The Bear with a Knot on His Tail, by Stephen Tall (F&SF, May) fourth
Sky, by R. A. Lafferty (New Dimensions 1) fifth
All the Last Wars at Once, by Geo. Alec Effinger (Universe 1) sixth

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION:
A Clockwork Orange
The Andromeda Strain - second
THX 1138 - third
I Think We're All Bozos on This Bus - fourth
L. A. 2017 - fifth

PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE:
Fantasy & Science Fiction
Analog - second
Amazing - third
Galaxy - fourth
Fantastic - fifth

AMATEUR MAGAZINE:
Locus
Energumen - second
Granfalloon - third
SF Commentary - fourth

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST:
Frank Kelly Freas
Jeff Jones - second
John Schoenherr - third
Jack Gaughan - fourth
Vincent DiFate - fifth

FAN ARTIST:
Tim Kirk
Bill Rotsler - second
Alicia Austin - third
Grant Canfield - fourth
Wendy Fletcher - fifth

FAN WRITER:
Harry Warner, Jr.
Terry Carr - second
Susan Glicksohn - third
Bob Vardeman - fourth
Tom Digby - fifth
Rosemary Ullyot - sixth

Special awards were presented by L.A.Con to France's Club du Livre d'Anticipation for excellence in book production, to Harlan Ellison for excellence in anthologizing, and to Spain's *Nueva Dimension* for excellence in magazine production. Also presented were the E. E. Evans Memorial Award to Stan Woolston, and the First Fandom Award to C. L. Moore.

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OTHER RECENT AWARDS The American Library Association's list of notable books for 1971 contains two sf/fantasy titles: *Grendel* by John Gardner, and *Love in the Ruins* by Walker Percy. Their selection of best books for young adults published in 1971 includes: *The Ice People* by Rene Barjavel, *What's Become of Screwloose?* by Ron Goulart, and *Holding Wonder* by Zenna Henderson.

The Mythopoetic Fantasy Award for 1972 has been given to *Red Moon and Black Mountain* by Joy Chant. The Runner-up is *The Children of Llyr* by Evangeline Walton.

The International Scene

GERMANY Sf is being given increasing attention in German schools. Latest indication of this is the publication of two small volumes by Diesterweg Verlag for use in schools. Edited by Friedrich Leiner and Jürgen Gutsch, the two books, simply titled "science fiction," appeared in the series Texte und Materialien zum Literaturunterricht. Arranged into 6 groups, the first volume contains stories and excerpts by many wellknown sf authors, ranging from Jules Verne and H. G. Wells via Aldiss and Asimov to Marie Luise Kaschnitz and Aldous Huxley. The second, smaller, volume contains notes on the history of science fiction, the markets, definitions and statements on sf, and biographical annotations, as well as a bibliography of sf texts and literature on sf. This 88 page book is quite a good first introduction to the field, although it wholly neglects non-German and non-English language authors.

There are also two important new German books on science fiction. The first, *Literarische Zukunftsphantastik* (Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, Göttingen, 274p. DM 36, about $11.50) is a postgraduate work by Jörg Hienger, who especially examines the ideology of change in science fiction. He analyzes in depth some of the major sf themes: robots, supermen, post-cataclysmic worlds, time travel, etc. and supplies many fine analyses of individual stories, such as Fred Hoyle's "The Black Cloud" or Ward Moore's "Lot." Hienger read about 300 paperbacks (only U.S. and British material), and I think that his conclusions are valid and original; especially what he has to say on the difference between anti-utopias and science fictional dystopias, or on the sf credo of aimless change, is very good. This without doubt is one of the most important studies written to date on sf; important from an international point of view, too. It is much better than Vera Graaf's study *Homo Futurus* of last year.

The other book is a symposium similar to T. D. Clareson's *SF: The Other Side of Realism.* Edited by Dr. Eike Barmeyer, the book is simply titled *Science Fiction* and contains 20 essays by international scholars, critics and writers. This one appeared from Wilhelm Fink Verlag, a reputable linguistic publisher, in a series of University Pocket Books, has 383 pages and sells for DM 16.80. Authors include Werner Krauss, Hans-Jürgen Krysmanski, Michel Butor, Martin Schwonke, Darko Suvin, Herbert W. Franke, James Blish, Jevgeni Brandis and Vladimir Dmitrevskij, Jürgen vom Scheidt, Stanislaw Lem, Robert Plank, Eike Barmeyer, Ronald M. Hahn, Hans Joachim Alpers, Frank Rainer Scheck, Curtis C. Smith, Malgorzata Szpakowska, Michael Kandel and myself. The main importance of the volume lies in the fact that it really covers the international field, not just the Anglo-Saxon variety of sf: e.g. Darko Suvin's "Survey of Soviet Science Fiction," the Soviet reprint and, most important, the two essays on Stanislaw Lem, by American Lem translator Professor Michael Kandel and Polish philosopher Malgorzata Szpakowska. Astonishing perhaps is the large number of sf fans represented in such an academic publication: Hahn, Scheidt, Alpers, Scheck. And to some extent the book was shaped by my own fanzine *Quarber Merkur*, for the QM axis of critics is represented in full strength: Robert Plank, Stanislaw Lem, Darko Suvin and myself. And one article, Curtis C. Smith's contribution on Olaf Stapledon, is the direct result of some information printed here in LUNA Monthly. Appended to the book is a 9 page bibliography compiled by me, that contains some books and essays that are not generally known in the English language belt.

Also out in Germany is a new book on utopias, Helmut Swoboda's *Utopia: Die Geschichte der Sehnsucht nach einer besseren Welt*, Europa Verlag, Vienna, 148 Austrian shillings; but this is a superficial work of little value.

Der Spiegel no. 39/1972 contained a two page writeup on Stanislaw Lem, the first ever given to a science fiction writer in this news magazine. Highly favorable, and mostly based on material published in my fanzine; the editor who wrote the piece even subscribed to *Quarber Merkur.* They intend to run a second article later.

Beginning next year I'll do a series of science fiction symposia for Insel Verlag in Germany. Last year's *SF Almanach* was so successful that I got contracts for two more such books, to appear in the new Insel Taschenbuch series. Each lavishly illustrated and beautifully produced volume will run to about 250 pages, and include fiction as well as

criticism. The first paperback will contain fiction by Gérard Klein (France), Valdimir Colin (Romania), Fitz-James O'Brien, Stanislaw Lem and Kurd Lasswitz; criticism by Stanislaw Lem, Malgorzata Szpakowska, Dr. Robert Plank and myself. The series will primarily present European science fiction, and my usual policies apply: Hugo and Nebula winners are disqualified, and I accept only essays that are very critical of science fiction.

—Franz Rottensteiner

German Fan Awards. The SFCD, Germany's national sf club, presented the following awards this year:

Best German SF Novel - no award

Best Translated Novel - 1. Test, by Stanislaw Lem, 2. Canticle for Leibowitz, by Walter Miller, 3. The Andromeda Strain, by Michael Crichton, and The Space Merchants, by Pohl and Kornbluth

Best SF Film - 1. Willard, 2. The Omega Man, 3. Odysseus

Best SF Music - Echoes, by Pink Floyd, 2. Alpha Centauri, by Tangerine Dream, 3. In Search of Space, by Hawkwind

Best Book Design - 1. Marion-von-Schroder SF, 2. Insel SF, 3. Insel Weird Fiction

Best Fan Artist - 1. Helmut Pesch, 2. Volker Diefenbach

Best Fan Author - 1. Helmut Pesch, 2. Jurgen Maier, 3. Folkert Mohrhof

Best Fanzine - 1. Andromeda, 2. Munich Roundup, 3. Quarber Merkur

Best Oneshot - 1. Vienna Roundup (MRU), 2. Superman (Incos), 3. Bibliography of the Hit-Comics (Klaus Gartner). (Gerd Hallenberger in Locus)

Frankfurt Book Fair. This year's Book Fair was a singularly unexciting affair; and proof once more how unimportant a part sf is in publishing. Among U.S. hardcover publishers hardly anyone bothered to exhibit sf; only the paperback publishers showed sf in any quantity.

With German publishers the same picture; Scherz Verlag had Asimov's *The Gods Themselves* under the German title of *Lunatico*, the first Asimov sf to appear from a major publisher, and highly priced too: over 24 Mark, and I don't think they'll be successful with it. Werner Gebühr in Stuttgart had John Sladek's *The Muller-Fokker Effect*, and Goldmann returns to hardcover sf publishing with two titles: Wilson Tucker's *Year of the Quiet Sun* and Darko Suvin's anthology *Other Worlds, Other Seas*, both at DM 14.80, and labelled "chief selection of science fiction." Hanser had another anthology in their Bibliotheca Dracula, a volume of werewolf stories, also a translation of Tzvetan Todorov's *Introduction to Fantastic Literature*, a paperback at nearly $10,00.

Among French publishers Albin Michel and Robert Laffont had some sf titles, and Calmann-Levy showed the covers of the first titles in their new Dimensions sf series. They start with four mediocre books: Philip K. Dick's *Simulacra*, R. A. Lafferty's *The Past Master*, John Brunner's *Squares of the City* and Frederik Pohl's *A Plague of Pythons*. Their fifth title is a horror: John Jakes' *Six-Gun Planet*. The Albin Michel series, edited by George H. Gallet and Jacques Bergier is equally mediocre, with titles by Arthur C. Clarke (*The Deep Range*), Frank Herbert, and even *The Black Flame* by Stanley G. Weinbaum, plus some French originals.

As is usual in Frankfurt, you don't meet the people you want to meet; for instance, I heard that Tor Åge Bringsværd was in Frankfurt, but didn't see him. However I did meet Everett F. Bleiler of Dover Books, a man who shares many of my opinions on science fiction, as I found to my delight.

—Franz Rottensteiner

ITALY Dall'Oglio new hardcover sf line Andromeda, edited by Inisero Cremaschi has had a tremendous success. The first two issues are now being reprinted (*Ringworld, Ensign Flandry*) while two new books in the series: Gilda Musa's *Festa sull'asteroide* and Philip Dick's *Counterclock World* have just hit the libraries.

Eppoi Finira, published by C.D.A.-Bologna, an sf theatrical piece by Michele Alemanno, has been favorably received by the critics who have pointed out the profundity of Alemanno's piece and its gripping qualities on the reader.

Adventure Flash is an Italian large size sf magazine published in Taranto, south of

Italy, which has now reached its second year. Because of distribution problems the magazine is largely unavailable in the north of Italy but has been notably successful in the south. Livio De Luca and Francesco Poercelli are helping to bring the popularization of sf a step forward. The September issue has pictures and articles on Eurocon and the Trieste Festival.

Futuro, a new sf paperback series published by Fanucci Editore-Roma and edited by De Turris and Fusco, two old hands at sf, has now reached its third issue: Cordwainer Smith's *You'll Never be the Same.* Silverberg's *To Open the Sky* and Farmer's *The Alley God* were respectively issue 1 and 2. In this series (as with most of the others now) great care is taken with the translations.

Libra Editrice, a small sf publishing enterprise run by Ugo Malaguti, has now issued six new hardcovers among which are Leiber's *The Wanderer*, Van Vogt's *Search for the Future*, and Asimov's *Pebble in the Sky* in its lines Slan and Classici. Malaguti has to be admired for the love and care poured into his editions almost single-handed. He also manages to publish, even if desultorily, *Nova SF*, a top standard magazine-anthology.

The large Italian publishing house of Bompiani has now issued in hardcover Heinlein's *I Will Fear No Evil.* In the blurb the accent is put on the sex content of the book. The book has also been chosen by Club Degli Editori (a general fiction Italian book club). It is interesting to note how they describe the work in their booklet, studiously avoiding the word 'science fiction' or its Italian equivalent, but using others such as avveniristic, futurology, fantasy, etc. It is a pity that Heinlein should have been made known to the general reader in this way when more deserving works have appeared only as paperbacks and horribly mutilated.

Fantasorry is a new sf venture due to appear shortly as a detachable inside of the comics magazine *Sorry*. A creature of the vulcanic mind of Aurelio de Grassi, the magazine was due for some time but has been delayed because of various changes in the management. The first issue of *Sorry* had a run of 50,000 copies. —Gian Paolo Cossato

JEAN-PIERRE MOUMON (VIIIa Magali, Chemin de la Calabro, 83160 La Valette, France) wishes to trade French and American sf on a 5 francs/$1.00 (in value) basis. His collection is French pocketbooks and hardcovers, new and old. He is interested in American new pocketbooks, SF Book Club hardcovers, and some comics. If you wish specific titles, please contact his address above.

EUROCON: A REPLY I would like to clarify a subject raised by Waldemar Kumming's article on Eurocon (LUNA Monthly 38/39). Those which are referred to as 70 awards were in fact called Europa SF Special. Those awards (as distinct from the Europa Awards of which only 5 were given in the categories mentioned in the article and which could be compared to the Hugo for meaning and value) were meant as a recognition at national level in the various categories, but given for the first time by a European Committee. They have, therefore, a unifying value (a thing which seems to have escaped some people) and as a side effect are meant to help European sf as a whole by allowing works, which otherwise would have remained unknown outside their countries, to be brought to the attention of a greater number of poeple. —Gian Paolo Cossato

LEM IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH: A REPLY Mr. Purcell (LUNA Monthly 37 p.11) refers to my list of Lem's books in my Afterword to the Walker (and apparently Berkley) edition of Lem's *Solaris*, and affirms that it was "written without checking the Polish-language editions collectively available in our big college libraries. So his dates are often wrong a year or so." He also complains of my omitting Lem's *Time Saved* and *Man from Mars* from my numbered list, and adds that Franz Rottensteiner corrected my list in his LUNA profile of Lem.

Of all that, what is correct is that the years of 6 from the 25 books of Lem mentioned in my Afterword are inexact. *High Castle* should be dated 1966 (not 1968), *Sesame* 1954 (not 1955), *The Star Diaries* 1957 (not 1959), *Return from the Stars* 1961 (not 1951), *Lunar Night* 1963 (not 1964), and *His Master's Voice* 1968 (not 1969). In addition, *The Astronauts* are dated 1950 on my p.206 and 1951 on my p.208 (the latter date is right).

This last fact, as well as the obvious howler of 1951 for 61 in *Return* should have alerted Mr. Purcell to the reason for it—namely, printing errors of a publisher who does not send his Afterword writer the galleys to correct. I used, in fact, not only the German original of Rottensteiner's LUNA survey (in *Quarber Merkur* 23), but also the Library of Congress/National Union Catalog which lists all books "collectively available in our big college libraries." (I will add that Rottensteiner's LUNA article is wrong in attributing 1955 to *Sesame*, 1962 to *Lunar Night*, and 1971 to *SF and Futurology*.) There are further errors due to misprints in my Afterword which Mr. Purcell did not notice. Thus, the number of Lem translations should be ninety, not forty as on the Walker edition p.210. In case you wonder how such a misprint comes about: I wrote 90, some editor misread it as 40 and decided he disliked numbers where words can be used... Further irritating howlers contain 'useful' on p.214, line 27, for my 'useless'—or perhaps this is an editor's idea of irony?

As for *Time Saved*, I omitted it from my numbered list and mentioned elsewhere in the Afterword, together with 5 other books by Lem, because all 6 of them are not Science Fiction; this reason is stated on the Walker p.208. Lem's early novel *Man from Mars* was, as he explained in a text published in *Quarber Merkur* 23, never published in book form, and could not make a list of books.

To conclude: Mr. Purcell has done us all a service by pointing out the inaccuracies which I had not realized happened in the Walker edition. I rather enjoy the hard-hitting no-nonsense style of his and your collaborators in general. But this has got to be checked with a lot of hard homework about facts—and perhaps a little charity. After all, I found nowhere Rottensteiner correcting me. On the other hand, I find Mr. Purcell referring to *Breviare* instead of *Breviaire* [my typo - Editor] three times. But I am willing to credit this to hasty misprints which do not much detract from his useful survey. —Darko Suvin

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NEW AWARD Illinois Institute of Technology will sponsor a John W. Campbell Memorial Award for the best original novel of the year. The award will consist of both an actual award and a considerable monetary grant. It will be voted on by a panel of five judges: two writers - Harry Harrison and Brian Aldiss; and three people from the academic world - Leon Stover, Willis McNelly, and Tom Clareson. The award will be presented at an annual affair at I.I.T., tentatively scheduled for April 6 next year. (Locus)

POE COLLECTION TO FLoP The Richard Gimbel Foundation for Literary Research has presented the Free Library of Philadelphia with the distinguished collection of the works of Edgar Allan Poe formed by Colonel Richard Gimbel, together with the house on North Seventh Street where Poe lived in 1843 and 1844. Gathered over a period of fifty years before Colonel Gimbel's death in 1970, the collection contains many important manuscripts including "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Raven" as well as letters, first editions, periodical contributions and other writings by and about Poe.

NEW SF MAGAZINE *Vertex* is the title of a new science fiction magazine to be published by the same people who publish *Knight* and *Adam*. The first issue, due out in February, will contain stories by Bill Rotsler, Robert Silverberg, Terry Carr, Harry Harrison, Greg Benford and Harlan Ellison; an interview with Ray Bradbury; and art by Vincent DiFate, George Barr, Alicia Austin and Tim Kirk. To be published bi-monthly, the magazine will contain one hundred 8½x11 slick pages, with color covers and $1.50 cover price. The first issue print run will be 100,000, with half-a-million scheduled by the sixth issue. The address is Vertex, 8060 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046. (Locus)

CUSTOMS INFORMATION FOR TORCON Those planning to take material for sale or auction at Torcon should be aware of Canadian customs regulations. This information is available from: Mr. H. E. Evernden, Canadian Consulate General, Customs Division, 680 Fifth Ave, New York, N.Y. 10019; Mr. O. E. Williamson, Canadian Consulate General, 310 S. Michigan Ave, Chicago, Ill. 60604; and D. W. MacDonald, Canadian Consulate General, Customs Division, Room 1128-1130, Alco Building, No. 1 Maritime Plaza, San Francisco, Calif. 94111 (Information supplied by Stu Tait)

SF IN FRENCH

by Mark Purcell

After his death in 1960, two books by Pierre Véry appeared next year in Denoël's international sf list: a reprint of a novel from the forties, and a new collection of his fantasy shorts, *Everything Goes May Fifth.* This collection I describe below.

Putting out two Véries in one season was probably more a tribute to his reputation as one of the best French mystery pros and to his general sales power, than to the special reputation of his actual science fiction. *Tout doit disparaître le 5 Mai* appeared just as some alert American agent might have encouraged a collection of their fantasy-magazine material the year after Cornell Woolrich or Shirley Jackson died. (I consider this last idea as sound as translating Véry's stories.)

In *May 5th* the nine stories run from hard sf up front to literate mainstream semi-fantasy at the back. For most markets over here, the best and safest stories are probably the FSF-style "They..." (9) or the title story (5). Both use a fantasy notion to explore character, not the notion. Véry is interested in the reaction of his protagonists: how the scholar's wife behaves when she starts dreaming about sexual succubi from the basement of the cottage her husband rented; or how the old retired public executioner changes his lifestyle once he becomes convinced the three Fates are alive and well in Paris, running a shop and preparing to cut all our threads May 5th.

That both beliefs turn out 'true' at the end, is only a minor plot switch to jolt the reader. These stories have the same main concerns as Val Lewton's famous WWII B-horror movies. That you bury a witch alive or that Simone Simone was really the panther at the local zoo, was less important to Lewton than the character in the film (Simone, Karloff) who held these beliefs. As with Lewton, Véry uses the old fantasy plots to persuade a mass audience to swallow character studies that are really mainstream fiction.

But for LUNA the most interesting selection in the whole book may be "Le Yoreille" (Story 1. The title is only a slurring of the French for "eye-ear." The plot concerns the "1984" government-watchdog idea.) This story may not be Véry's best, but to my mind it represents the real new wave in honest sf. "Yoreille" packs in one kind of knowledge after another: technology, biological mutation, painting, ethics, arguments about perception and reality, and a really theological use of classical mythology that only appears in the closing paragraph. This is a development of what I call 'knowledge fiction,' only possible for authors sophisticated both in the arts and either technology or theory of science. Most of the Heinlein generation, 1940-60, couldn't write this, partly because they were busy absorbing into their fiction the social sciences: Freud, Frazer, eventually religion. 'My' new wave exists in Blish's "Works of Art," Nesvadba's "In the Footsteps of the Abominable Snowman," and in the 1925-45 novels of Thomas Mann (but not in his symbolic novelettes of the college-fiction anthologies).

Rereading, I see I'm not emphasizing what a professional Véry was, that you read the guy for fun. For his technique, take one scene from "Honor Planet of the Universe" (2) with his mothor and a Greek millionaire's idiot son who's writing what turns out to be the *Love Story* of 1960. This important interview scene breaks into three separate passages of dialogue beginning pp.44, 49, 55—but so smoothly that even hip readers might not be conscious what he's doing.

TOUT DOIT DISPARAÎTRE LE 5 MAI, Editions Denoël (PF-48), 1961. 211p.

Preface (By Marcel Aymé)
Le Yoreille
La planète d'honneur de l'univers
L'étoile jaune
Le visage
Tout doit disparaître le 5 mai
Les linottes de la Voie Lactée
Le peuple peint
Hideux Tipset
Ils...

Guest Editorial

STEAMENGINE TIME FOR CONVENTION PLANNERS

by Andrew Porter

Several months ago a St. Louis sf convention was cancelled when the committee, guaranteeing fifty rooms to their hotel, instead received only one reservation. The committee failed to notify anyone of their decision, including Larry Niven, the guest of honor.

Niven showed up at the hotel, having just flown in from Los Angeles. He was the only one to do so.

In 1971 a convention was announced for Falmouth, Massachusetts. According to all information available, it never took place. Anyone who may have shown up at the hotel wouldn't have found out it had been cancelled until they arrived there.

In October a convention announced for Syracuse, New York never took place. The editors of LUNA, in the area on personal business, learned about the cancellation when they tried to attend.

The cancellation of conventions has wider effects than inconvenience to guests of honor and convention goers. It has effects both within and without fandom, on both our personal relationships vis a vis fandom, and on relationships with the business of hostelry, without which conventions cannot happen.

Fandom is a delicate thing, a creation based on trust and friendship, without the schism of generation gaps which beset relationships in the larger world. Unannounced cancellations of conventions strain the trust which underlies fandom; creates antagonisms; and gives the feeling, to the person first contacting our microcosm, that fandom is not all it should be.

But greater damage than that results. Hotels operate for one purpose: to make money. Unannounced cancellations create holes in the scheduling of facilities, which result in lost money. And, even more important, the tenuous pattern of trust in fandom that has been created over the years is lessened, too.

Unlike all other groups which conduct conventions, fandom operates under a lack of supervision which can best be described as controlled anarchy. Fandom is without a strong central, national body which chooses convention sites and sponsors conventions. In fandom, the rule rather than the exception is for a group of fans (comic, film, or sf) to get together and say, "Let's put on a convention!" The convention can range from the smallest one day gathering with 40 attendees to a six day comic convention with an attendance of several thousands.

And although some hotels and convention bureaus are still unaware of fandom's unique methods of organizing and running conventions, many hotels and hotel chains are, and are willing to play on our terms as long as we respect the rules they've set up, too—including notification, in advance, when conventions are cancelled (most hotels require notification at least six months prior to the convention when cancellation is contemplated).

One result of this situation is the need for a parent or sponsoring body. In July, a convention managers convention was held in New York. Past, present and future convention chairmen were in attendance, as well as representatives of major hotel chains—Hilton, Sheraton, Holiday Inns, etc. In sessions at the concon, plans were initiated for just such a sponsoring body, to be maintained without fanpolitical maneuvering and constructed in such a manner as to act as a clearing house for convention, hotel, and convention bureau contacts. Such a body is clearly needed, as comic, film, and sf conventions now number more than fifty a year. Whether fandom will accept the need for such a body, and participate in and support its creation, is something that only time will tell.

Coming Events

January

11-14 DANISH SF FESTIVAL at the Danish Film School, Copenhagen, Denmark. No fee. For info: H. P. Inselmann, Grundtvigsveg. 17, Copenhagen V, Dk1864, Denmark

19-21 INFINITY CON at the Commodore Hotel, New York City. Special GoH: Keith Laumer. Adv. reg: $3, $4.50 at door, $2 supporting, payable to Ralph Tripodi. For info: Infinity Con '73, R. R. 1, Box 50F, Longview Ave, Rocky Point, N.Y. 11778

February

16-19 BALTICON at the Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, Md. GoH: Poul Anderson. For info: Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Md. 21239

16-19 INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION at the Commodore Hotel, 42d St & Lexington Ave, New York City. Adv. reg: $3.50 to Feb. 5, $5 at door, $2.50 non-attending. For info: International Star Trek Convention, P.O. Box 3127, New York, N.Y. 10008

March

9-11 BOSKONE X at the Sheraton Boston Hotel. GoH: Robert A. W. Lowndes. Adv. reg: $3 to March 1, $5 at door. For info: Boskone X, New England Science Fiction Assoc, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, Mass. 02139

April

19-22 EQUICON '73 at the Francisco Torres Conference Center, Santa Barbara, Calif. GoH: Ted Sturgeon. Membership $10. For info: Equicon '73, P. O. Box 3871, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105

19-22 OMPACON 73 in England. Reg: 50p ($2) from Fred Hemmings, 20 Beech Rd, Slough, SL3 7DQ, England; or Samuel Long, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Florida 32925

20-22 LUNACON at the Statler Hilton Hotel, 33d St & 7th Ave, New York City. GoH: Harlan Ellison. Adv. reg: $3 to April 1, $5 at door. For info: Walter R. Cole, 1171 E. 8th St, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230

20-22 MINICON 7 at the Hyatt Motor Lodge, 41 N. 10 St, Minneapolis. GoH: Larry Niven, Fan GoH: Rusty Hevlin. Adv. reg: $2, $3 at door, $1 supporting. For info: Minicon 7, c/o Louie Spooner, Apt. 101, 3247 Lyndale Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55408. Make checks payable to Minicon

May

12-13 SFANCON 4 in Ghent, Belgium. GoH: Brian Aldiss, James Blish, Daniel Walther; Fan GoH: Gerd Hallenberger. Membership $1. For info: S. E. O. Joukes, Haantjeslei 14, B-2000 Antwerp, Belgium

26-28 MEDIEVALCON in California. Adv. reg: $5 to April 30, $7.50 at door, $3 supporting. For info: Medievalcon, P. O. Box 1792, Santa Monica, Calif. 90406

June

21-24 VUL-CON 1 (Star Trek Con) at the Jung Hotel in New Orleans. Adv. reg: $3 to April 1, $4.50 after April 1, $5 at door, $2 supporting. For info: Vul-Con 1, P. O. Box 8087, New Orleans, La. 70180

30-July 4 WESTERCON 26 at the San Jose Hyatt House. GoH: Larry Niven, Fan GoH: George Barr, Special GoH: James Nelson Coleman. Adv. reg: $5 to June 1, $6 at door; payable to Sampo Productions. For info: Sampo Productions, 195 Alhambra, No. 9, San Francisco, Calif. 94123

August

17-20 MYTHCON 4 at the Francisco Torres, Santa Barbara, Calif. For info: Mythopoeic Society, Box 24150, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024

31-Sept. 3 TORCON 2 at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto. GoH: Robert Bloch, Fan GoH: Bill Rotsler. Adv. reg. to July 31 $7 attending, $4 supporting; $10 at door. For info: Torcon 2, P. O. Box 4, Station K, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Information supplied in this list is the latest available to us, including all changes received prior to closing date.

Coming Attractions

ANALOG - - January

Serial
Cemetery World, by Clifford D. Simak
Novelette
Integration Module, by Daniel B. James
Short Stories
Health Hazard, by Howard L. Myers
A Thing of Beauty, by Norman Spinrad
Proud Guns to the Sea, by Duncan Lunan
One Plus One Equals Eleven, by G. C. Edmondson
Year 3 of the Shark, by Joel S. Witkin
Science Fact
The Third Industrial Revolution, by G. Harry Stine

ANALOG - - February

Serial
The People of the Wind, by Poul Anderson
Novelette
Force Over Distance, by Tak Hallus
Short Stories
Biological Peacefare, by W. Macfarlane
The Guy with the Eyes, by Spider Robinson
Modus Vivendi, by William Walling
Trade-Off, by R. A. Beaumont
Science Fact
The Third Industrial Revolution, by G. Harry Stine
Cover by Leo Summers

F&SF - - January

Short Novel
The Stalking Trees, by Thomas Burnett Swann
Novelettes
A Peripheral Affair, by George R. R. Martin
When the Stars Threw Down Their Spears, by John Morressy
Short Stories
Ralph 4F, by John Sladek
Outside, by Barry N. Malzberg
Jeannette's Hands, by Philip Latham
Kite: Yellow and Green, by Robert Lory
The Devil We Know, by William Walling
Science
The Ancient and the Ultimate, by Isaac Asimov
Cover by David Hardy

F&SF - - Februry

Novelettes
The Problem of Pain, by Poul Anderson
Pages from a Young Girl's Journal, by Robert Aickman
Da Capo, by David S. Garnett
Short Stories
Wally a Deux, by Carol Carr
Song, by Leo P. Kelley
Dollburger, by Lisa Tuttle
Droodspell, by Paul Darcy Boles
Science
Through the Micro-Glass, by Isaac Asimov
Cover by Bert Tanner for "The Problem of Pain"

GALAXY - - January/February

Serial
Project 40, by Frank Herbert
Novella
Case and the Dreamer, by Theodore Sturgeon
Novelette
Mayflower Three, by Ernest Taves
Short Stories
La Befana, by Gene Wolfe
Reflex, by T. J. Gordon
Science Fact
Is the Star of Bethlehem Observable Today, by Robert S. Richardson
Cover by Brian Boyle, suggested by "Project 40"

WORLDS OF IF - - January/February

Serial
The Wizard of Anharitte, by Colin Kapp
Novella
Death and Designation Among the Asadi, by Michael Bishop
Novelette
The Never Girl, by Michael G. Coney
Short Stories
Construction Shack, by Clifford D. Simak
Ghosts, by Robert F. Young
Cover by David Hardy

Current Issue

AMAZING - - November

Serial
Jupiter Project, by Gregory Benford

Novella
On the Last Afternoon, by James Tiptree Jr.
Novelette
Mere Anarchy, by William C. Johnstone
Short Story
Star Walk, by Gerard F. Conway
The Clubhouse
The Enchanted Duplicator, by Bob Shaw and Walt Willis (pt.1)
Cover by Don Davis

For the Record
ANALOG - - November

Serial
Cemetery World, by Clifford D. Simak
Novelettes
Pigeon City, by Jesse Miller
F.O.D., by Jim Durham
Short Stories
The Parties of the First Part, by Richard F. DeBaun
Request for Proposal, by Anthony R. Lewis
Miscount, by C. N. Gloeckner
In the Matter of the Assassin Merefirs, by Ken W. Purdy
Science Fact
Pollution Probe, by G. Harry Stine
Cyrano de Bergerac: the first aerospace engineer, by Loren E. Morey
Editorial
Legalize Pot? by Ben Bova
Cover by John Schoenherr for "Cemetery World"

Current Issue
ANALOG - - December

Serial
Cemetery World, by Clifford D. Simak
Novelettes
Original Sin, by Vernor Vinge
Pard, by F. Paul Wilson
Short Stories
The Second Kind of Loneliness, by George R. R. Martin
When I Was in Your Mind, by Joe Allred
P.R.D. and the Antareans, by Miriam Allen de Ford
Science Fact
Magic: Science of the Future, by Joseph F. Goodavage
Editorial
Man in Space, by Ben Bova
Cover by Kelly Freas for "The Second Kind of Loneliness"

Current Issue
FANTASTIC - - December

Novel
The Fallible Fiend, by L. Sprague deCamp
Short Stories
Dark of the Storm, by Vincent Perkins
The Good War, by David R. Bunch
Who's Afraid, by Calvin Demmon
A Fine Night to be Alive, by Alexei Panshin
The Real World, by F. M. Busby
Portfolio
Frank R. Paul: The Sunken World by Stanton A. Coblentz
Literary Swordsmen & Sorcerers
Pratt and His Parallel Worlds, by L. Sprague deCamp
SF in Dimension
The Domestication of the Future, by Alexei and Cory Panshin
Cover by Douglas Chaffee

DECEMBER ACE TITLES

Heinlein, Robert A. The Worlds of Robert A. Heinlein. 91502. 95¢
Van Vogt, A. E. Quest for the Future. 69700. 95¢
Darlton, Clark Perry Rhodan 20: The Thrall of Hypno. 65991. 75¢
Campbell, John W. The Mightiest Machine. 53151. 95¢
Bradley, Marion Zimmer Falcons of Narabedla, and The Dark Intruder and other stories. 22579. 95¢
Fort, Charles The Book of the Damned. 07062. 75¢

DECEMBER/JANUARY AWARD TITLES

The Best from Galaxy. AN1039, Dec. 95¢
Huntington, Charles The Soul Stealers. AS1044, Jan. 75¢
Nightmare on Vega 3. AS1045, Jan 75¢
Goldstein, William Dr. Phibes Rises Again. AN1069, Jan. 95¢

DECEMBER BERKLEY TITLES

Bonewits, P.E.I. Real Magic. N2268. 95¢
Suvin, Darko, ed. Other Worlds, Other Seas. S2278. 75¢
Ellison, Harlan, ed. Dangerous Visions. D2274. $1.50

DECEMBER DAW TITLES

Barbet, Pierre Baphomet's Meteor. UQ1035. 95¢
Bradley, Marion Zimmer Darkover Landfall. UQ1036. 95¢
Trimble, Louis The Wandering Variables. UQ1034. 95¢
Akers, Alan Burt Transit to Scorpio. UQ1033. 95¢

DECEMBER LANCER TITLES

Fairman, Paul The Diabolist. 75411. 95¢
Kuttner, Henry Fury. 75413. 95¢
Russell, Eric Frank The Mindwarpers. 75414. 95¢
Jakes, John Witch of the Dark Gate. 75415. 95¢

SF BOOK CLUB DECEMBER/JANUARY

Asimov, Isaac The Early Asimov. Dec. $2.98
Gunn, James E. The Listeners. Dec. $1.49
Burroughs, Edgar Rice Thuvia, Maid of Mars, and The Chessmen of Mars. Jan. $2.98
Knight, Damon, ed. Orbit 11. Jan. $1.49

DECEMBER/JANUARY SIGNET TITLES

Cook, Glen The Heirs of Babylon. Q5299, Dec. 95¢
Leinster, Murray Operation: Outer Space. Q5300, Dec. 95¢
Bova, Ben The Dueling Machine. Q5328, Jan. 95¢
The Weathermakers. Q5329, Jan. 95¢

AVON TO PUBLISH NEW WORLDS Avon will be publishing an annual American edition of *New Worlds.* It will be a large size paperback containing material reprinted from the British edition; either a straight reprint of one entire British issue, or a collection of material gathered from more than one issue. (Locus)

WEIRD TALES TO BE REVIVED *Weird Tales*, which saw its last issue in September 1954, is being revived by publisher Leo Margulies. The magazine will be under the editorship of Sam Moskowitz and will appear as a quarterly. Current plans are for the publication of three issues, to determine if there is a viable market for the magazine. At the start, the magazine will run mostly reprints with about 20% new material in each issue. However the reprints will not necessarily come only from the old *Weird Tales*, and all material will be 'collectors items'—stories which have not seen publication since their original appearance. Among other sources being considered are *The Black Cat Magazine*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Strand's*, etc. The only nonfiction planned is a critical biography on the life and works of William Hope Hodgson, which will be run in three parts.

The magazine will run 100 pages, using a pulp-size format, with the first issue dated Spring 1973, the 50th anniversary of the first publication of *Weird Tales.* The issue is due to appear on the newsstand in February, and will be priced at 75¢. No subscriptions are being accepted at the beginning, until it is certain the magazine has a sufficient market to continue. Inquiries may be directed to the publisher at Renown Publications, 8230 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048. However, manuscripts are not being solicited at this time.

Contents for the first issue will include: "A Tropical Horror" by William Hope Hodgson (first U.S. printing), "William Hope Hodgson: the Early Years" by Sam Moskowitz (first installment of critical biography), "Spear and Fang" by Robert E. Howard (his first story sold to WT, never reprinted), "The Watchers" by Ray Bradbury (never in his collected works), "The Sign of Venus" by Robert W. Chambers, "The Lady in Red" by Muriel Campbell Dyar (reprint from Black Cat Magazine) and its sequel "Unmasked," "Funeral in the Fog" by Edward Hoch (new occult detective story originally bought for Mike Shayne's mystery magazine), "The Black Hands" by Albert Paine Bigelow, "The Medici Boots" by Pearl Norton Swet (reprint from Aug. 1936 WT), poems by A. Merritt and H. P. Lovecraft, cover by Finlay illustrating "The Medici Boots" (painted for August 1936 issue but never used), and 5 Finlay interior illustrations (reprinted from WT).

Other stories on hand include "The Serpent City" by Edison Marshall, "The Guest of Honor" by Frank Norris, "Peridita" by Hildegard Hawthorne, and "The Man with the Brown Beard" by Nathaniel T. Babcock.

Have You Read?

Allen, Woody "Examining Psychic Phenomena" (facetiae) New Yorker, Oct. 7 p.32-3

Bierman, Joseph S. "Dracula: prolonged childhood illness, and the oral triad." American Imago, Summer p.186-98

Boiko, Claire "Brave Trudy and the Dragon" (play) Plays, Dec. p.61-6

Boulding, Kenneth E. "The Gospel of St. Malthus" (review of Exploring New Ethics for Survival) New Republic, Sept. 9 p.22-5

"Camelot Lives" (Society for Creative Anachronism) Time, Oct. 9 p.52

Clapp, Patricia "The Magic Bookshelf" (juv fty play) Plays, Nov. p.47-54

Clarke, Arthur C. "Strange World Expected by 2001" (summary of speech at second annual Innovation Fair sponsored by Minnesota Education Dept.) AV Guide, June p.17

Delaney, Arthur A. "War of the Worlds Revisited" (1938 radio program) AV Guide, June p.14-15

"Face to Face with the Uncanny World of Lisa Tuttle." Seventeen, Aug. p.313

Gropper, Esther C. "The Disenchanted Turn to Hesse." English Journal, Oct. p.979-84

"It's a Bird! It's a Dream! It's Supergull! (Jonathan Livingston Seagull) Time, Nov. 13 p.60-2

Landrum, Larry, ed. "Science Fiction: Studies and Evaluations" Journal of Popular Culture, Spring 1972, p.837-996 (contents: Extravagant fiction today—cold fact tomorrow: a rationale for the first American science fiction magazines, by Paul A. Carter; Science fiction: the evolutionary context, by Angus M. Taylor; The magic that works: John W. Campbell and the American response to technology, by Albert Berger; Stranger in a strange land: science fiction as literature of creative imagination, social criticism, and entertainment, by Ronald Lee Cansler; Cat's cradle and traditional American humor, by W. John Leverence; Vonnegut and the metaphor of science fiction: The sirens of Titan, by G. K. Wolfe; Man and Apollo: a look at religion in the science fantasies of Ray Bradbury, by Steve Dimeo; Science fiction: literature for our times, by Sheila Schwartz; Science fiction: the rebirth of mythology, by Gail Landsman)

Merla, Patrick "What is Real? Asked the Rabbit One Day" (realism vs. fantasy in literature) Saturday Review, Nov. 4 p.43-50

Porter, Andrew "Sci-fi Demands Detachment" (LACon) Publishers Weekly, Oct. 16 p.24

Schott, Webster "Speak, Mammary" (The Breast, by P. Roth) Life, Sept. 22 p.12

"Science Fiction Heaven" (LACon) The Staff, Sept. 15 p.3-6+

Sears, Paul B. "Reflections on Science-Writing" (includes sf) American Biology Teacher, Oct. p.396-9

Trecker, Barbara "Horrors!" (movies) New York Post, Oct. 28 p.15

Wahlberg, Rachel Conrad "Copping Out in Space" (Slaughterhouse-5) Christian Century, Sept. 20 p.929-30

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CHANGES AT LANCER Lancer Books has undergone a major reorganization, at which time both Robert Hoskins, who edited their science fiction line, and Irwin Stein, founder, publisher, and President, left the company. The Lancer sf line is expected to be continued, probably on a two per month schedule. Lancer had an 8 to 10 month inventory of sf when Mr. Hoskins left, effective November 10.

Bob Hoskins will continue editing the Infinity series of paperbacks, and is currently reading submissions for Infinity 6. He will also be working on a number of writing projects of his own, which he did not have time to pursue before. Submissions for Infinity should be sent to him at 324 Whittier Ave., Dunellen, N.J. 08812.

ALGOL: MAGAZINE ABOUT SCIENCE FICTION, features articles and columns by many authors, including Bester, Swann, Benford, Wilson, etc. In the current issue: Marion Bradley, Ray Bradbury, Richard Lupoff, Ted White, Robert Silverberg. $3 for 4 issues, from: Andrew Porter, Box 4175, New York 10017.

SF and the Arts

COUNT DOWN FOR BLAST-OFF

From the far horizons of the unknown come new tales of adventures in time space. These will be stories of the future—adventures which you could live in a million could-be years or on a thousand may-be worlds. That's right—*X Minus One* has returned!

Renaissance Radio Productions has gone into production of a brand new series of *X-1* radio shows. They will use all new material which appeared in *Galaxy* and *If*. William L. Spier, the director of *Suspense*, *Sam Spade*, and *March of Time* will direct, and such favorite actors as Donald Buka, Jackson Beck, Evelyn Juster, Leon Janey, and many others will star. The shows will be recorded in stereo and aimed at the FM and English speaking foreign markets like Britain and Australia.

In the New York City area, it will be carried by WRVR-FM. For the station in your area or country carrying *X-1*, you may write to The Ranaissance Radio Network, Box 377, Seymour, Conn. 06483. Also, write your local stations asking them to put on *X-1*.

Renaissance is also making available the old shows of *X-1* on records or cassette tapes in a club. They will cost $4.98 each ($1 extra for cassette). Each record contains 2 shows. An introductory record will be offered for $1.50 ($2.50 for cassette). Four records must be purchased in the first year. Address correspondence to Beyond Tomorrow Record Club, Box 377, Seymour, Conn. 06483.

TV NOTES Gene Roddenberry has four new series projects. *Genesis II*, which deals with the year 2080 after a world-wide conflict, has been given the go-ahead for piloting by CBS-TV. It will be filmed as a 90-minute show, to be a spinoff on the network's Tuesday night anthology series. *Quester*, sold to Universal-TV is about an android. Roddenberry's supernatural series, *Specter*, has been sold to CBS; and *Tribunes*, a quasi-sf police drama, is being developed for NBC... A new version of *The Addams Family*, which had a run on ABC-TV several years ago, has been licenced to Viacom. If not sold to the networks, it will go into syndication... The new season will see the removal of *Night Gallery* from the NBC lineup, and *Sixth Sense* from ABC. *Ghost Story* becomes *Circle of Fear* and broadens its format; and ABC has okayed a Movie of the Week spinoff, *Cyborg*, from Universal. This is a science-adventure series dealing with cybernetics... NBC has given Bing Crosby Productions the go-ahead on a two-hour made-for-TV feature, tentatively titled *Stranded*. The science fiction story, written by Gerald Sanford, will commence filming in mid-December.

VIA GALACTICA FLOP The space-age musical *Via Galactica* opened November 28 at the new Uris Theater in New York—and closed after seven performances, losing nearly $1-million. Directed by Peter Hall, with music by Galt MacDermot and lyrics by Christopher Gore, the musical was two years in the making. The story takes place 1000 years in the future and concerns a garbage man from earth who finds happiness on an asteroid after he throws off the bonds of regimented earth. It is entirely sung, and filled with dazzling effects including rocket ships, space garbage scows and trampolines on which the actors bounce to simulate weightlessness.

NEW RECORDS OF SF INTEREST

Fritz the Cat (Soundtrack) Fantasy.
Great Classical Themes from A Clockwork Orange. Angel S36855. $5.98 list
Greatest Hits from A Clockwork Orange. RCA Red Seal LSC 3268. $5.98 list
Not Insane — The Firesign Theatre. Columbia KC 31585. $5.98 list
Tales of Witches, Ghosts and Goblins; read by Vincent Price. Caedmon TC 1393. $6.50 list
Tobermory, and other stories by Saki; read by Keith Baxter. Caedmon TC 1380. $6.50 list

S F and the Cinema

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE Warner Brothers release. Directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick. Screenplay by Kubrick from the novel by Anthony Burgess. Featuring Malcolm McDowell and Patrick Magee. 137 min. Rating X

Stanley Kubrick has escaped the commercialism of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and come up with one of the most powerful and moving motion pictures of the 20th century. *Clockwork Orange*, based on the novel by Burgess, was originally rated X, and has been withdrawn so that a few minor cuts can be made, and the rating changed to R. However, if your youngster has some comprehension of the facts of life, there is no reason not to take him to see this film. And do take him!

Clockwork is a brutally violent film, but it has to be. Malcolm McDowell as the gang leader is superb. He is a man of violence, but at the same time loves the beauty of Beethoven. When he is caught by the police and brainwashed, in addition to making him become violently ill upon thinking of sex or violence, he also does so when he hears Beethoven. Along with the beast the beauty is dead. Is Malcolm or the state the enemy?

As to the violence itself, it takes on a choreographed look. During a gang war we see bodies flying through the air and men whipping each other to the music of Rossini's La Gazza Ladra Overture (Thieving Magpies).

There are truly no flaws to speak of in this film, and you will either love it or despise it. Either way, go and see it.

—Ira D. Shprintzen

KODAK TEENAGE MOVIE AWARDS Young filmmakers from 43 states, three Canadian provinces and Puerto Rico submitted a total of 739 movies to the tenth annual Kodak Teenage Movie Awards. Of this number, from 100 to 150 reached the final judging. Among this year's winners, the following are of interest for their science fiction and fantasy content:

The Night the Giant Visited, by Michael Matuson (11) of Middleburg Heights, Ohio. Based on a dream, this delightful combination of live action and cutout animation visualizes the happy havoc created the night an imaginary giant visited the young narrator's home. Praised by the judges for "an excellent sense of visual comedy," this 8mm color sound film won first prize in the pre-teen category.

The Knight Fell Softly, by Eric Goldberg (17) of Cherry Hill, N.J. won first prize in the senior category. In this 6 minute cartoon comedy an inept knight battles a clever dragon.

Dr. Hydrogen, by Thomas F. Sloan (18) of Ambler, Pa. A strange red liquid, brewed by Dr. Hydreen, turns the scientist's dog into a green clay monster in this animated film. It was awarded first prize in the one reeler category.

Au Pays des Microbes, by Jean-Michel LaBrosse (17) of Dorval, Quebec. A young man, dressed in black, shuffles through the land of the microbes in this combination of live action and painting on film, synchronized to a delightful dixieland sound track. Acclaimed by judges as "one of the most innovative films ever submitted," this film tied for second place in the 16mm category.

Assignment: Earth, by Robert Dennis (17) of Ludlow, Mass. was given a special award for animation design. In this science fiction cartoon, fat little] Martians visit Earth on a mission of conquest.

Cog, by Craig Claudin (17) of Peoria, Ill. This story of predestination and free will received a special award for story conception.

NEWS AND NOTES

The Sitges Fantastic and Terror Film Festival, held this year from September 30 to October 6, was generally uneventful with a low level of fare. From a total of 25 entries awards went to Robert Mulligan for best direction of *The Other*; Rudolf Hrusinsky for best actor in *The Corpse Burner* (Czech); Geraldine Chaplin for best actress in *Z.P.G.*; Stanislav Milota for best cinematography of *The Corpse Burner*; Janusz Majewski for best director of

shorts for *System* (Poland); and Eugenio Martin and Arnaud d'Usseau for best script, *Panic in the Trans-Siberian Train* (Spain).

Hammer Films is now making their eighth Dracula picture for Warner Brothers. *Dracula is Dead...and Well and Living in London*, directed by Alan Gibson, stars Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing. Hammer's seventh Frankenstein film is also underway with Peter Cushing as the evil baron. *Frankenstein...and the Monster From Hell* will be released by Paramount.

Bestseller *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* has gone into production by Hal Bartlett. It uses a combination of live gulls and mechanical stunts... *The Legend of Hell House* is being filmed in England for 20th Century Fox. An Albert Fennell production, with John Hough directing, stars include Roddy McDowall and Clive Revill... Early in 1974 Arthur P. Jacobs will film Frank Herbert's *Dune*... Playboy Productions will coproduce with Ritchie Productions, the contemporary Gothic ghost story, *The Stone Carnation* based on the book by Naomi Hintze... *The Mutation* a science fiction thriller, began filming in England in November. Produced by Getty Picture Corp. and directed by Jack Cardiff, the movie stars Donald Pleasance... Production has begun at Universal on *Sssssss*, a story about a man transformed into a king cobra. Dan Striepke and John Chambers have worked for over a year on the special snake man makeup. They previously worked together for *Planet of the Apes* makeup... Tomorrow Entertainment, Inc. has announced the commencement of production for *The Hobbit* by Arthur Rankin, Jr. and Jules Bass... A Canadian group is now filming a futuristic undersea adventure, *The Neptune Factor*. It stars Walter Pidgeon, Yvette Mimieux, Ernest Borgnine and Ben Gazzara... Cinerama Releasing Corp. has acquired distribution rights to *The Vault of Horror (Further Tales from the Crypt)*, the Metromedia-Amicus picture co-produced by Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky and directed by Roy Ward Baker... and the Cannon Group has picked up domestic distribution rights to *I, Monster*, the British-made horror film featuring Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing and Mike Raven.

CURRENTLY IN RELEASE

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. American National Enterprises release of Derek Horne production. Produced by Josef Shaftel. Adapted and directed by William Sterling. Starring Fiona Fullerton, Michael Crawford, Ralph Richardson, Flora Robson, Peter Sellers. 96 min.

The Asphyx. Paragon Pictures release of Glendale production. Produced by John Brittany and Directed by Peter Newbrook. Stars Robert Stephens, Robert Powell. 98 min.

Countess Dracula. 20th Century Fox release of Hammer production. Directed by Peter Sasdy and produced by Alexander Paal. Screenplay by Jeremy Paul. Starring Ingrid Pitt and Nigel Green. 93 min. Rating: PG

Daughters of Satan. United Artists release of A&S production. Directed by Hollingsworth Morse, screenplay by John C. Higgins. Starring Tom Selleck, Barra Grant, Tani Phelps Guthrie. 90 min. Rating: R

Dracula A.D. 1972. Warner Brothers release. Directed by Alan Gibson, produced by Josephine Douglas, screenplay by Don Houghton. Starring Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing. 83 min. Rating: PG

The Folks at Red Wolf Inn. Scope III/Far West Films release of a Red Wolf production. Produced by MIchael Macready and directed by Bud Townsend. Stars Linda Gillin and Arthur Space. 90 min. Rating: R

Moonwalk One. Directed by Theo Kamecke and produced by Peretz W. Johannes. Narrator Laurence Luckinbill. 96 min. Rating: G

Necromancy. Cinerama release of Zenith International Pictures production. Produced, written and directed by Bert I. Gordon. Starring Orson Welles, Pamela Franklin, Lee Purcell. 82 min. Rating: PG

Night of the Lepus. MGM release. Produced by A.C. Lyles and directed by William F. Claxton. Screenplay by Don Holliday and Gene R. Kearney based on novel by Russell Braddon. Starring Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh, Rory Calhoun. 88 min. Rating: PG

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New Books

HARDCOVERS

Allan, Mabel Esther TIME TO GO BACK (juv) Criterion, Sept. $4.95

Andersen, Hans Christian THE SNOW QUEEN (juv fty, repr, tr) Scribner. $5.95

Banta, Martha HENRY JAMES AND THE OCCULT: The Great Extension. Indiana Univ. Press, Nov. $9.50

Becker, Thomas W. EXPLORING TOMORROW IN SPACE (nf) Sterling. $6.95

Benchley, Nathaniel THE MAGIC SLED (juv fty) Harper, March. $3.95

Benton, Robert DON'T EVER WISH FOR A SEVEN-FOOT BEAR (juv fty) Knopf, Oct. $4.50

Bradbury, Ray THE HALLOWEEN TREE (juv) Knopf, Sept. $3.95

Brunhoff, Laurent de BABAR VISITS ANOTHER PLANET (juv) Random, Oct. $3.95

Brunner, John THE SHEEP LOOK UP (repr) SF Book Club, Nov. $2.49

Caton, Marion THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE ON THE MOON (juv) Exposition, April. $3.00

Claro, Joseph I CAN PREDICT THE FUTURE (juv esp) Lothrop Lee, Sept. $3.95

Coombs, Patricia DORRIE AND THE GOBLIN (juv fty) Lothrop Lee, August. $3.95

Cowper, Richard KULDESAK. Doubleday, Oct. $5.95

Cresswell, Helen THE BEACHCOMBERS (juv fty, repr Brit) Macmillan, Sept. $4.95

Dahl, Roald CHARLIE AND THE GREAT GLASS ELEVATOR (juv fty) Knopf, Sept. $3.95

Davies, L. P. THE SHADOW BEFORE (marg, repr) Mystery Guild, Oct. $1.49

THE DAY THE SUN STOOD STILL (repr, cont: A Chapter of revelation by Poul Anderson; Things which are Caesar's by Gordon R. Dickson; Thomas the Proclaimer by Robert Silverberg) SF Book Club, Nov. $1.49

Devlin, Wende and Harry OLD WITCH RESCUES HALLOWEEN (juv) Parents, Oct. $3.95

Epstein, Perle THE WAY OF WITCHES (juv nf) Doubleday, Oct. $4.95

Evans, C. S. CINDERELLA. Illus. by Arthur Rackham (facs repr of 1919 ed) Viking, Oct. $5.95

Eyre, Dorothy PETROUCHKA; from an old Russian legend (repr Italian) Platt & Munk, March. $2.95

Faulkner, Nancy THE WITCH WITH THE LONG, SHARP NOSE (juv) Dutton, Sept. $5.95

French, Fiona THE BLUE BIRD (marg juv fty) Walck. $7.50

Garcia Marquez, Gabriel LEAF STORM and Other Stories (tr, marg) Harper. $6.50

Gaskell, Elizabeth COUSIN PHILLIS (coll, part supernat, repr of 1906 ed) AMS Press. $24.00

Goldsmith-Carter, George LORD O[illegible]THE CHAINED (juv fty) Lothrop Lee, Oct. $4.50

Gorey, Edward AMPHIGOREY; 15 books (marg) Putnam,) ct. $12.95

Goulart, Ron THE CHAMELEON CORPS and other shape changers (coll) Macmillan. $5.95

Gray, Genevieve THE SEVEN WISHES OF JOANNA PEABODY (juv fty) Lothrop Lee, Sept. $3.95

Greenwald, Sheila MISS AMANDA SNAP (marg juv fty) Bobbs, August. $4.50

Gregor, Arthur S. WITCHCRAFT AND MAGIC; The Supernatural World of Primitive Man. Scribner. $4.95

Guerrera, Jeannette Dion THE INVISIBLE ELF (juv fty) Miller Books (409 San Pasqual Drive, Alhambra, Calif.) $3.50

Haining, Peter, ed. THE FREAK SHOW; Freaks, Monsters, Ghouls, etc. T. Nelson, Sept. $4.95

Harrison, Harry, ed. NOVA 2 (repr) SF Book Club, Oct. $1.49

—— & Brian W. Aldiss, eds. THE ASTOUNDING-ANALOG READER. v.1. Doubleday, Dec. $7.95

—— & Leon E. Stover STONEHENGE (not sf) Scribner, August. $5.95

Harrison, M. John THE PASTEL CITY. Doubleday, Dec. $4.95

Haviland, Virginia, comp. THE FAIRY TALE TREASURY. Illus. by Raymond Briggs. Coward McCann, Oct. $9.95; $7.69lib

Haywood, Carolyn A CHRISTMAS FANTASY (juv) Morrow, August. $3.95

Hoban, Russell THE SEA-THING CHILD (juv fty) Harper,) ct. $3.95

Howard, Robert E. MARCHERS OF VALHALLA (coll) Don Grant.

Huss, Roy & T. J. Ross, eds. FOCUS ON THE HORROR FILM. Prentice-Hall, Nov. $5.95

Kagan, Norman THE CINEMA OF STANLEY KUBRICK. Holt, August. $7.95

Lazarus, Keo Felker THE SHARK IN THE WINDOW (juv fty) Morrow, Sept. $4.75

Lowell, J. R. DAUGHTER OF DARKNESS (supernat) Delacorte, Oct. $5.95

Masey, Mary Lou & Frieda Forman TEDDY AND THE MOON (juv fty, adapt. from Der Kleine Hauelmann by T. Storm) Harvey House, Sept. $3.95

Masey, Arlene, adapt. THE FUNNY LITTLE WOMAN (Japanese tale, juv, based on Lafcadio Hearn) Dutton, Sept. $5.95

Mumford, Edwin THE FOURTH FLIGHT OF THE STARFIRE. Exposition, Oct. $4.00

Necker, Clair, ed. SUPERNATURAL CATS. Doubleday, Nov. $6.95

Norton, Andre BREED TO COME (juv) Viking, April. $4.95

Nye, Robert THE MATHEMATICAL PRINCESS and other stories (juv, repr Brit, part fty, orig: Poor pumpkin) Hill and Wang, June. $4.95

Paine, Lauran THE HIERARCHY OF HELL (nf, repr Brit) Hippocrene, Oct. $6.95

Pangborn, Edgar GOOD NEIGHBORS AND OTHER STRANGERS (coll) Macmillan, April. $5.95

Parry, Marian ROGER AND THE DEVIL (juv fty) Knopf, Sept. $4.95

Pearce, Philippa BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (juv) T. Y. Crowell. $4.50

Phumla NOMI AND THE MAGIC FISH: A Story from Africa (juv) Doubleday, Oct. $4.95

Pohlman, Edward THE GOD OF PLANET 607. Westminster, Sept. $4.95

Poole, Josephine THE VISITOR (juv supernat) Harper, Oct. $3.95

Priestley, J. B. SNOGGLE (juv, repr Brit) Harcourt, Oct. $4.95

Rieger, Shay GARGOYLES, MONSTERS AND OTHER BEASTS (sculpture) Lothrop Lee, Oct. $4.95

Rockwell, Thomas SQUAWWWK! (juv fty) Little Brown, Sept. $5.50

Sanders, D. Johnson De Santa ARNIS, THE LITTLE STAR THAT COULDN'T SHINE (juv) Exposition, Oct. $3.00

Scortia, Thomas N. ARTERY OF FIRE. Doubleday, Dec. $4.95

Shecter, Ben GAME FOR DEMONS (marg juv) Harper, Nov. $4.95

Sheehan, Carolyn & Edmund MAGNIFICAT (fty) Doubleday, Sept. $5.95

Silverberg, Robert THE SECOND TRIP. SF Book Club, Oct. $1.49
(ed)BEYOND CONTROL: Seven Stories of Science Fiction. T. Nelson,) ct. $5.95
(ed)NEW DIMENSIONS II. Doubleday, Nov. $5.95

Sleigh, Barbara STIRABOUT STORIES (juv fty, repr Brit, orig: West of Widdershins) Bobbs, August. $4.95

Slobodkin, Louis THE SPACE SHIP IN THE PARK (juv) Macmillan, Oct. $4.95

Spink, Reginald HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AND HIS WORLD (repr Brit, nf) Putnam, Nov. $6.95

Steig, William DOMINIC (marg juv fty) Farrar, June. $4.50

Sterne, Richard E. THE PEACE OF 1975. Dorrance, May. $4.95

Tallon, Robert HANDELLA (marg juv fty) Bobbs, August. $5.95

Tison, Annette & Talus Taylor BARBAPAPA'S VOYAGE (juv, repr Brit) World, Oct. $3.95

Titus, Eve WHY THE WIND GOD WEPT (marg juv fty) Doubleday, Oct. $5.95

Toffler, Alvin, ed. THE FUTURISTS. Random House. $3.95

Tregarthen, Enys THE DOLL WHO CAME ALIVE (juv) John Day, August. $4.95

Wartofsky, Victor THE YEAR OF THE YAHOO (marg) John Day, Oct. $6.95

Welcher, Jeanne K. & George E. Bush, jr. GULLIVERIANA 3. Travels into several remote nations of the world, v.3 (1727) and Memoirs of the court of Lilliput (1727) Scholar's Facsimiles and Reprints. n.p.

Williams, Ursula Moray CASTLE MERLIN (juv fty) T. Nelson, Sept. $4.95

Wilson, Barbara Ker, adapt. TALES TOLD TO KABBARLI: Aboriginal Tales. Crown, Oct. $4.95

Wrightson, Patricia AN OLDER KIND OF MAGIC (juv fty) Harcourt, Sept. $4.95

Zelazny, Roger THE GUNS OF AVALON (sequel to Princes in Amber) Doubleday, Oct. $5.95

PAPERBACKS

Agel, Jerome, ed. THE MAKING OF KUBRICK'S 2001 (4 ptg) Signet W4205, Nov. $1.50

Aldiss, Brian W. BAREFOOT IN THE HEAD (repr) Ace 04758, Oct. 95¢
THE BOOK OF BRIAN ALDISS (coll) DAW UQ1029, Nov. 95¢

Anderson, Poul SATAN'S WORLD (repr) Lancer 75388, Nov. 95¢

Asimov, Isaac I, ROBOT (reissue) Fawcett Crest T1453, Oct. 75¢
THE NAKED SUN (reissue) Fawcett Crest M1759, Nov. 95¢
(ed)WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? (repr) Fawcett Crest P1749, Oct. $1.25

Baynes, Pauline MAP OF NARNIA. Macmillan 04431. $1.49

Blish, James STAR TREK 8. Bantam SP7550, Nov. 75¢

Brunner, John ENTRY TO ELSEWHEN (coll) DAW UQ1026, Oct. 95¢

Burroughs, Edgar Rice AT THE EARTH'S CORE (reissue) Ace 03322, Oct. 75¢

Cardiff, Sara FOOL'S APPLE (marg supernat, repr) Fawcett Crest M1737, Sept. 95¢

Carter, Lin UNDER THE GREEN STAR. DAW UQ1030, Nov. 95¢

Chandler, A. Bertram THE HARD WAY UP / VEILED WORLD by Robert Lory. Ace 31755, Oct. 95¢

Christie, Agatha THE GOLDEN BALL and other stories (repr, incl supernat) Dell 3272, Sept. 95¢

Clarke, Arthur C. 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (reissue) Signet Y5255, Nov. $1.25

Clement, Hal NEEDLE (2 ptg) Lancer 75385, Oct. 95¢

Collodi, Carlo THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO (repr, juv) Collier. 95¢

Coney, Michael G. MIRROR IMAGE. DAW UQ1031, Nov. 95¢

Curran, Ronald, ed. WITCHES, WRAITHS AND WARLOCKS: Supernatural Tales of the American Renaissance (2 ptg) Fawcett Premier M517, Nov. 95¢

DeCamp, L. Sprague ROGUE QUEEN. Signet Q5256, Nov. 95¢

Dickson, Gordon R. SLEEPWALKER'S WORLD (repr) DAW UQ1028, Oct. 95¢

Du Breuil, Lorinda THE SECRET (supernat) Lancer 75391, Oct. 95¢

Duncan, Lois A GIFT OF MAGIC (juv esp, repr) Archway 29545, Oct. 75¢

Ellison, Harlan ALONE AGAINST TOMORROW: Stories of Alienation in Speculative Fiction (repr) Collier 01978, Oct. $1.25

Engdahl, Sylvia Louise ENCHANTRESS FROM THE STARS (juv, repr) Atheneum. 95¢

Eyre, Marie RETURN TO GRAVESEND (supernat) Popular Library 00373. 95¢

Farmer, Philip Jose NIGHT OF LIGHT. Berkley S2249, Oct. 75¢

Gerrold, David WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE (repr) Ballantine 02885, Oct. $1.25

Ghidalia, Vic, ed. EIGHT STRANGE TALES. Fawcett Gold Medal T2624, Oct. 75¢

Goulart, Ron BROKE DOWN ENGINE AND OTHER TROUBLES WITH MACHINES (repr) Collier 02074, Sept. $1.25
GADGET MAN (repr) Paperback 65-879. 95¢

Harrington, William THE JUPITER CRISIS (marg, repr) Dell 4323, Sept. $1.25

Heinlein, Robert A. 6 x H (reissue) Pyramid T2822, Oct. 75¢
STARSHIP TROOPERS (8 ptg) Berkley S1560, May. 75¢

Henderson, Zenna HOLDING WONDER (coll, repr) Avon N445, August. 95¢

Hjortsberg, William GRAY MATTERS (repr) Pocket 78242, Dec. $1.25

Hoffman, Valerie & Gail Kuhn SEXUAL POWER THROUGH WITCHCRAFT. Berkley Z2206, Oct. $1.25

Hoskins, Robert, ed. INFINITY FOUR. Lancer 75387, Nov. 95¢
STRANGE TOMORROWS. Lancer 78713, Oct. $1.25

Hoyle, Fred ELEMENT 79 (3 ptg) Signet Q5279, Oct. 95¢

Huss, Roy & T. J. Ross, eds. FOCUS ON THE HORROR FILM. Prentice-Hall, Nov. $2.45

Jakes, John MENTION MY NAME IN ATLANTIS. DAW UQ1025, Oct. 95¢

Javor, F. A. THE RIM-WORLD LEGACY (3 ptg) Signet Q5213, Oct. 95¢

Kalakua, David THE LEGENDS AND MYTHS OF HAWAII: The Fables and Folklore of a Strange People. Ed. by R. M. Daggett (repr) Tuttle, August. $3.50

Knight, David C. POLTERGEISTS: Hauntings and the Haunted (nf) Lippincott LSC-19. $1.95

Koontz, Dean R. WARLOCK. Lancer 75386, Oct. 95¢

Lang, Andrew, ed. THE RED BOOK OF ANIMAL STORIES (part fty, repr of 1899 ed) Tuttle, Oct. $3.25

Laumer, Keith THE BIG SHOW (coll) Ace 06177, Oct. 75¢

THE OTHER SIDE OF TIME (repr) Signet Q5255, Nov. 95¢

Levin, Ira THIS PERFECT DAY (reissue) Fawcett Crest P1536, Oct. $1.25

McCloy, Helen THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY (marg supernat, repr) Dell 8871, August. 75¢

Mahr, Kurt PERRY RHODAN 18: Menace of the Mutant Master. Ace 65988, Oct. 75¢

Miller, Walter M. jr. A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ (16 ptg) Bantam N5423, July

Nowlan, Philip Francis ARMAGEDDON 2419 A.D. (3 ptg, Buck Rogers) Ace 02936, Oct. 75¢

Platt, Charles PLANET OF THE VOLES (repr) Berkley S2248, Oct. 75¢

Pohl, Frederik & Cyril Kornbluth THE SPACE MERCHANTS (7 ptg) Ballantine 02600, May. 95¢

Pohlman, Edward THE GOD OF PLANET 607. Westminster, Sept. $2.95

Robeson, Kenneth AVENGER 8: The Sky Walker. Paperback 64-898. 75¢

THE AVENGER 4: The Devil's Horns. Paperback 64-920, Sept. 75¢

THE AVENGER 5: The Frosted Death. Paperback 64-939, Oct. 75¢

DOC SAVAGE 71: Murder Mirage. Bantam S7418, Nov. 75¢

St. John, Wylly Folk THE GHOST NEXT DOOR (juv fty, repr) Archway 29543, Sept. 75¢

Silverberg, Robert, ed. ALPHA THREE. Ballantine 02883, Oct. $1.25

NIGHTWINGS (3 ptg) Avon V2303, Oct. 75¢

Slobodkin, Louis THE THREE SEATED SPACE SHIP (juv, repr) Collier. 95¢

Spinrad, Norman THE IRON DREAM. Avon N448, Sept. 95¢

Stableford, Brian M. THE HALCYON DRIFT. DAW UQ1032, Nov. 95¢

Stevenson, Robert Louis DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (enriched classics edition) Washington Square 46576, Nov. 75¢

Swann, Thomas Burnett GREEN PHOENIX: The Last Stand of the Prehumans. DAW UQ1027, Oct. 95¢

Wahl, Jan HOW THE CHILDREN STOPPED THE WARS (marg juv fty, repr) Avon Camelot. 95¢

Walker, Alexander STANLEY KUBRICK DIRECTS (nf, exp ed) Harcourt Harvest Special HB242, Oct. $3.95

Watts, Harold H. ALDOUS HUXLEY (nf, repr) Hippocrene, Oct. $2.95

Weinbaum, Stanley E. A MARTIAN ODYSSEY (repr) Lancer 75399, Nov. 95¢

Wells, H. G. THE TIME MACHINE, and THE WAR OF THE WORLDS (reissue) Fawcett Crest M1751, Oct. 95¢

SEPTEMBER BRITISH BOOKS

Anderson, Poul LET THE SPACEMEN BEWARE. Tandem, 25p. ne, pb. 426.06891.2

Anthony, Piers MACROSCOPE. Sphere, 50p. pb. 7221.1176.2

Asimov, Isaac AN ISAAC ASIMOV DOUBLE (David Starr ser) N.E.L., £2.50. ne. 450.01313.8

FOUNDATION. Panther, 30p. ni, pb. 586.01080.7

FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE. Panther, 30p. ni, pb. 586.01355.5

SECOND FOUNDATION. Panther, 30p. ni, pb. 586.01713.5

Ball, Brian N. NIGHT OF THE ROBOTS. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.75. 283.97835.X

Ball, John M. FIVE PIECES OF JADE. Joseph, £2.00. 7181.1037.4

Boyd, John THE POLLINATORS OF EDEN. Pan, 30p. ne, pb. 330.23244.4

Brunner, John THE DREAMING EARTH. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.50. 283.97837.6

Burgess, Anthony & Stanley Kubrick A CLOCKWORK ORANGE. Lorrimer, £1.35. screenplay. 85647.019.8

Burroughs, Edgar Rice THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT. Stacey, £1.80. ne. 85468.181.7

MOON MAID. Stacey, £1.80. 85468.219.8

Carnell, E. J., ed. NEW WRITINGS IN SF 21. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.75. 283.97875.9

Carrel, Mark THE UNDINE. Hale, £1.60. 7091.3002.3

Clarke, Arthur C. THE LOST WORLDS OF 2001. Sidgwick & Jackson, £2.25. fic,

nf. 283.97903.8; pb. 40p. 283.97904.6

TALES FROM THE WHITE HART. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.60. 283.97906.2; pb. 30p. 283.97910.0

Clarke, Ian TALE OF THE FUTURE. 2d ed. Library Association, £3.75. 85365.046.2

Creasey, John THE INSULATORS. Hodder, £1.60. 340.15232.X

Crispin, Edmund, ed. BEST SCIENCE FICTION no.1. Faber, 60p. rev ed, pb. 571.09880.0

del Rey, Lester PSTALEMATE. Gollancz, £1.80. 575.01560.8

Dick, Philip K. DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? Panther, 30p. ne, pb. 586.03605.9

Dunsany, Lord THE KING OF ELF-LAND'S DAUGHTER. Stacey, £1.80. ne. 85468.165.5

Harris, Walter MISTRESS OF DOWNING STREET. Joseph, £2.50. 7181.1034.X

Herbert, Frank DUNE. N.E.L., 75p. ni, pb. 450.01184.4

DUNE MESSIAH. N.E.L., 40p. ne, pb. 450.01229.8

Hunter, Norman PROFESSOR BRANE-STAWM UP THE POLE. Bodley Head, £1.20. juv. 370.01242.9

Lauder, George Dick A SKULL AND TWO CRYSTALS. Dobson, £1.80. 234.77399.5

Moorcock, Michael THE ICE SCHOONER. Sphere, 30p. ni, pb. 7221.6219.7

THE MAD GOD'S AMULET. Mayflower, 30p. ni, pb. 583.11385.0

THE QUEEN OF THE SWORDS. Mayflower, 30p. ni, pb. 583.11944.1

Niven, Larry NEUTRON STAR. Sphere, 35p. ni, pb. 7221.6392.4

Nourse, Alan E. Rx FOR TOMORROW. Faber, £1.70. juv. 571.09983.1

Pohl, Frederik & C. M. Kornbluth THE SPACE MERCHANTS. Gollancz, £1.60. ne. 575.01495.4

Simak, Clifford D. DESTINY DOLL. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.60. 283.97897.X

Smith, Clark Ashton THE ABOMINATION OF TONDO. Spearman, £1.75. 85435.371.2

GENIUS LOCI and other tales. Spearman, £1.75. 85435.381.X

Smith, E. E. CHILDREN OF THE LENS W. H. Allen, £1.80. 491.00563.6

MASTERS OF THE VORTEX. W. H. Allen, £1.80. 491.00553.9

SECOND STAGE LENSMAN. W. H. Allen, £1.80. 491.00543.1

Wahl, Jan THE FURIOUS FLYCYCLE. Puffin/Penguin, 20p. pb, juv. 14.030554.8

Walker, David THE LORD'S PINK OCEAN. Collins, £1.75. 00.221478.4

Wollheim, Donald, ed. TRILOGY OF THE FUTURE. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.60. 283.97849.X

Wyndham, John CONSIDER HER WAYS and Other Stories. Penguin, 30p. ni, pb. 14.002231.7

THE KRAKEN WAKES. Penguin, 30p. ni, pb. 14.001075.0

OCTOBER BRITISH BOOKS

Ardies, Tom THIS SUITCASE IS GOING TO EXPLODE. Macmillan, £4.75. 333.14297.7

Barjavel, Rene THE ICE PEOPLE. Mayflower, 35p. ne, pb. 583.12069.5

Blish, James A CASE OF CONSCIENCE. Arrow, 30p. ne, pb. 09.906370.0

THE SEEDLING STARS. Arrow, 30p. ne, pb. 09.906710.2

Clarke, Arthur C. THE LION OF COMARRE, and AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT. Corgi, 30p. ne, pb. 552.09061.1

Cowper, Richard THE CLONE. Gollancz, £1.90. 575.01562.4

Crichton, Michael THE TERMINAL MAN. Cape, £1.95. 224.00777.7

Dick, Philip K. GALACTIC POT HEALER. Pan, 25p. ne, pb. 330.23337.8

du Maurier, Daphne RULE BRITANNIA. Gollancz, £1.90. 575.01598.5

Forrest, David AFTER ME THE DELUGE. Hodder, £1.90. 340.14757.1

Garfield, Brian DEEP COVER. Hodder, £2.50. 340.16395.X

Haining, Peter, ed. THE WITCHCRAFT READER. Pan, 30p. ne, pb. 330.23335.1

Harrison, Harry THE JUPITER LEGACY. Sphere, 35p. pb. 7221.4349.4

Huss, Roy & T. J. Ross, eds. THE HORROR FILM. Prentice-Hall, £2.80. nf. 13.39459.9; pb. £1.15. 13.394742.4

Johnson, W., ed. THE SCIENCE FICTION FILM. Prentice-Hall, £3.00. nf. 13.795179.5; pb. £1.25. 13.795161.2

Mitchell, Adrian THE BODYGUARD. Picador/Pan, 40p. ne, pb. 330.23348.3

Moorcock, Michael AN ALIEN HEAT. MacGibbon & K., £1.75. 261.10015.7
ELRIC OF MELNIBONE. Hutchinson, £2.00. 09.112100.0
THE ENGLISH ASSASSIN. Allison & Busby, £2.50. 85031.043.1
WARLORD OF THE AIR. N.E.L., 30p. ne, pb. 450.01264.6

Norman, John OUTLAW OF GOR. Tandem, 40p. ne, pb. 426.06867.X

Sutton, David, ed. NEW WRITINGS IN HORROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL no. 2. Sphere, 30p. pb. 7221.8289.9

Trevor, Elleston THE DOOMSDAY STORY. Remploy, £1.80. ne. 7066.0324.9

White, James DARK INFERNO. Joseph, £1.75. 7181.0991.0

Williams-Ellis, A. & Mabley Owen, eds. OUT OF THIS WORLD CHOICE no.3 & 4. Blackie, £1.50. ne, juv. 216.89346.1

Wollheim, Donald, ed. WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION 1972. Gollancz, £2.20. 575.01568.3

Wyndham, John THE CHRYSALIDS. Penguin, 30p. ni, pb. 14.001308.3
THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS. Penguin, 30p. ni, pb. 14.000993.0

Zamyatin, Yevgeny WE. Penguin, 35p. ne, pb. 14.003510.9

Note. The Commarket Reprints listed for March 1972 did not appear. They are now scheduled for approximately Christmas '72 publication, possibly at different prices.

Editorial

Our congratulations to Len and June Moffatt, winners of the TransAtlantic Fan Fund balloting for 1973. Howard DeVore also joins us in these best wishes for a successful trip. We would also like to remind our readers that while the balloting has been completed, the fund is a continuing activity, and is always ready to accept your donations, for 1973 and the future. Donations should be sent to the appropriate representative: in North America to Elliot Shorter, Box 309 Jerome Avenue Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10468; in England to Eddie Jones, 25 Mount Way, Bebington Hall Park, Higher Bebington, Wirral, Cheshire L63 5RA; in Europe to Mario B. Bosnyak, 1000 Berlin 62, Merseburger Str. 3, West Germany. A little Christmas cheer to one of fandom's most worthwhile activities is a good thing.

* * *

Our personal obligations have made it extremely difficult to maintain a monthly schedule, and impossible to produce the additional issue necessary to get LUNA Monthly back to a current cover date. As we have only the evening hours and weekends to devote to the publications, it's easy to see how the little extras can delay our schedule. The fact that the cover date has consistently been behind for over a year has caused us considerable worry, but we see no easy solution to the problem. This issue, for instance, will carry an October/November date, although actual publication will be in late December. Since all material that is available up to the middle of December is included in this issue, that cover date is meaningless insofar as content is concerned.

So, it has been suggested, why not just skip a month, to get that date back on schedule? Unfortunately, we estimate that some 10% of our subscription list would believe they had missed an issue, and send a letter of inquiry. We couldn't possibly handle all that mail—right now we can't answer all the letters we receive. This can be considered an apology of sorts to those who have written for one reason or another, and have not received an answer.

Another suggestion is that we drop the "Monthly" from our title, and just continue regular issue numbering. This, we're afraid, would open the door to more and more delays, by removing the incentive to maintain a regular schedule. The net result would be fewer issues per year, lack of continuity, and loss of a good deal of what we're trying to do with LUNA Monthly.

Here we have another double issue. To those who wonder if they're getting their money's worth, we point out that these issues (with one exception over a year ago) are twice the size of a regular issue, and as a result contain one more page of material than two regular issues provide. Our usual report on the Worldcon would not be of much interest at

this late date, so we're only listing the Hugo awards, and decisions from the business meeting, for the benefit of those who have not seen this in *Locus* or elsewhere. Again this time we're running our calendar listing only forthcoming conventions. We will resume regular listings of club meetings as soon as we can return to a regular schedule, and update the information.

It again seems in order to repeat our explanation of the subscription code on the mailing label, as we continue to get inquiries about the expiration of subscriptions. A typical code for a subscriber to LUNA Monthly only would read: 4600. This indicates No. 46 is the last issue on this subscription. For a subscriber to both Monthly and LUNA′, a typical code would be: 4611. This indicates additionally that No.11 is the last issue of LUNA′ on this subscription. First class subscriptions are identified by an 'F' preceding the number (F4611), and orders for LUNA Annual are indicated by an 'a' following the number (F4611a). Subscriptions sent by Airmail are identified with an 'A' (A4611). And contributors, publishers and others have letters in the code in place of expiration numbers.

We would like to note that LUNA′, while still on our active publication list, has not been published in over two years. The time we should use for this magazine has gone instead to Monthly, in our effort to keep that magazine on schedule. The same is true for LUNA Annual, which has not been published at all to date. Anyone who has ordered these items can at any time transfer the amounts into an extension of their subscription to Monthly. But please don't keep bugging us with questions on when they will appear—this just wastes our time and yours, and delays us more and more in the serious business of getting all our publication on schedule.

* * *

As this year draws to a close, we would like to extend special thanks to all our contributors for the wonderful job they have been doing. The magazine to a very large extent represents their special accomplishments, and could not exist without them. We apologize to the many who would like us to write more often, but we just can't manage it at the present. The same is true for our international agents, and all of our subscribers, who also share in making this magazine a continuing project. As we feel we must devote ourselves fully to this publication right now, we have not sent any individual greetings this year. Our wish to everyone . . .

SF AND THE CINEMA continued from Page 20

Now You See Him, Now You Don't. Buena Vista Pictures release. Produced by Ron Miller and directed by Robert Butler. Screenplay by Joseph L. McEveety from story by Robert L. King. Starring Kurt Russell, Cesar Romero, Jim Backus. 88 min. Rating: G

Superbeast. United Artists release of A&S production. Written and directed by George Schenck. Stars Antoinette Bower, Craig Littler and Harry Lauter. 90 min. Rating: R

Vampire Circus. 20th Century Fox release of Hammer production. Directed by Robert Young and produced by Wilbur Stark. Starring Adrienne Corri, Laurence Payne, Thorley Walters and John Moulder-Brown. 88 min. Rating: PG

Who Fears the Devil. Two's Company production. Directed by John Newland. Screenplay by Melvin Levy based on book by Manly Wade Wellman. Starring Severn Darden, Hedge Capers and Sharon Henesy. 89 min. Rating: PG

Lilliputia

HOW DROOFUS THE DRAGON LOST HIS HEAD by Bill Peet. Houghton Mifflin, 1971. 46pp. $4.25. Age level: 7-9

Droofus the Dragon got lost from his dragon friends when he was four. He was hungry but couldn't bring himself to eat a grasshopper after he freed it from a spider's web, so he ate grass. He grew and was spotted by a king who wanted his head to decorate his castle. Droofus hid and saved a shepherd's sheep because he was nonviolent. One day he decided to try his wings. Droofus was caught in a thunderstorm and was injured. The shepherd whose sheep he saved, nursed him back to health and Droofus returns his thanks by making the farm rock-free and productive. The King comes and strikes a deal: Droofus will decorate the castle window during the spring festival. How did he lose his head? During the festival with the music and dancing, Droofus began to sing.

A delightful story that teaches nonviolence and working together to achieve an end for the mutual good. The artwork is colorful, eyecatching, and lends an exciting accompaniment to a well-written story. Highly recommended.

—Sandra Deckinger

ADVENTURES INTO UNKNOWNS: Five Stories for Young Readers written and illustrated by David Maclagan. Tuttle, 1972. $3.95

Kent and Brad are two brothers who fall into five separate irrational adventures: "Dr. Black's Castle," involving a helpful vengeful ghost; "Three Falling Stars," in which they tangle with a banshee; "Journey into Enog," a strange land ruled by flame-people who practice human sacrifice; "The Strange Grave," wherein is buried a treasure, and "S.O.S. from a U.F.O.," in which they confront and help some aliens from outer space.

I have a hunch this is one of those books children will love while their puzzled and disapproving elders wonder why. The stories are action-packed crosses between nightmares and folktales, entirely lacking in literary quality. Characterization is minimal—one only has to remember that Kent is the one who keeps asserting his rights of seniority and Brad is the one who likes to feign cowardice. I find Mr. Maclagan a much better artist than author and suspect that much of this book's fascination derives from its illustrations. Although his bold use of color in many cases results in mere eye-shattering gaudiness, some of the paintings are really very beautiful and mysterious.

—Kristine Anderson

FREAKY FRIDAY by Mary Rodgers. Harper and Row, 1972. 145pp. $3.95. Age level: 10 up

One Friday morning Annabel Andrews wakes up as her mother. Her idyllic illusions about the way her mother spends the day are gradually shattered as she proceeds from one ridiculous crisis to another, beginning with the violent breakdown of the automatic washer and the firing of Mrs. Schmauss, the narrow-minded, gin-nipping cleaning lady. As the day progresses, Annabel-as-her-mother hears one bad opinion of Annabel after another—from her father, whose vacation has been ruined because of her; from Boris, the boy upstairs whom she has had a crush on for years; and from her teachers, who, during a meeting to discuss her failing grades with her mother, express their total frustration with the task of teaching her something. Touchingly enough, she receives one good opinion—from Ape-Face, her little brother, whom she can't stand.

In a way, this book reminds me of the old books about Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle, whose genius always found the appropriate punishment for every misbehavior. In Annabel's case, the experience of having to defend her own selfishness in the guise of her mother is an existential one, leaving her at the end of the day with a self-image greatly modified by the true knowledge of how others see her.

Don't get me wrong—this is <u>not</u> a serious book. The moral of the story is actually only an excuse for a great many hilarious shenanigans. Annabel, who writes her own story, never loses her ability to laugh at herself, and the reader can't help but laugh with her.

—Kristine Anderson

THE MUD SNAIL SON by Betty Jean Lifton. Illus. by Fuku Akino. Atheneum, 1971. Abt. 36pp. $4.95. Age level: 8-12

A strange old Japanese folk tale this is. A childless couple is blessed with a mud snail by the water god. They name it Tany, which is a shortened version of 'tanishi' meaning mud snail, and raise it just as if it were human. After twenty years it speaks and works and eats like a man and marries Haru, a rich man's daughter. At a pilgrimage to the water god's shrine Tany is given human form in return for the love shown him by his parents and wife when he was a mud snail. Love conquers all!

—Joyce Post

THE BOY, THE RAT AND THE BUTTERFLY by Beatrice Shenk de Regniers. Illus. by Haig and Regina Shekerjian. Atheneum, 1971. Abt. 32pp. $4.25. Age level: 7-11

The Boy, the Rat, and the Butterfly are traveling down a road. Boy is looking for treasure; the Rat stops frequently to write poetry; and the Butterfly zips gaily between the flowers. Boy knows Butterfly has only a short time to live. Suddenly he finds a treasure box. Rat uses his wish to create a mouse made out of flowers with a piece of cheese in his hands. The cheese grows bigger and bigger, and soon the flower mouse is gone, but the cheese remains. Boy wants Butterfly to wish for eternal life, but Butterfly dies. Boy is heartbroken and sobs. Rat wants him to wish for more cheese, but Boy makes his wish and now there are five on the path: Boy, Rat, and three Butterflies.

A gentle, well told story that has a haunting quality. Empathy comes easily to the reader. The art work has a Japanese style and enhances the delicacy of the story. Highly recommended.

—Sandra Deckinger

A PRESENT FROM A BIRD by Jay Williams. Illus. by Jacqueline Chwast. Parents' Magazine Press, 1971. Abt. 34pp. $3.95. Age level: 4-8

Twelve Bimballs live in a small house because their father can't earn much money. The youngest Bimball finds a bird with a broken wing, and the entire family helps until the bird is better. The bird promises them a present from his grandmother, the Queen of Birds. Next day, a huge bird that fills the sky lands in the Bimball's meadow and lays an egg. Mr. Bimball decides to have a scrambled egg picnic, but the money they get isn't enough to buy a house so they clean out the shell and build a house inside it. They become famous living in the eggshell house, and people buy his carpentry work. Soon they have enough money to buy a real house, but stay because they like their eggshell house better.

A fine story; gentle, easy-reading for the beginner, with big type accompanied by art that enhances the story. Highly recommended.

—Sandra Deckinger

SLEEP, TWO, THREE, FOUR: A Political Thriller, by John Neufeld. Harper and Row, 1971. 201pp. $3.95. Age level: 12 up

This is one of those "youth is the hope of the future" novels, and not a bad one at that, although it does stretch credibility somewhat. It is possible that Government would use roving gangs of hoodlums to provoke a cry for Law and Order, thereby gaining more power. It is believable that 'different' people—the Black, the old, the handicapped, the potentially violent—would be segregated into their own enclaves, and it is not impossible that an underground movement would develop to try for a more open society. It is even within the scope of imagination that a group of youths with a sixteen year old leader would become fugitives, but succeed in freeing one of their friends from prison. What stretches credibility is the arrest for political reasons of a child not yet eleven and the pursuit of another for "inciting to riot."

Once one forgets their extreme youth, though, the main characters become real enough, and the plot is an interesting one. The political situation is somewhat oversimplified, and the Good Guys and the Bad Guys are so very clearly defined to be almost stereotypes, but the book is still worth reading. Don't expect a neat ending—this novel ends at what is really the beginning of the story.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE by Jane Little. Illus. by Robin Hall. Atheneum, 1971. 123pp. $4.50. Age level: 8-12

It seems that boy-heroes of children's books are taking trips into 12th century Wales these days. In this book Stephen from Indiana is drawn into Sir Egbert's Castle Mordemagne by Mig, a disobedient sorcerer's apprentice. While Nyvrem the sorcerer is in the 20th century trying to wheedle Stephen into giving him his favorite rock (i.e., the Philosopher's Stone, which is supposed to solve all of Sir Egbert's financial problems) Mig is in Nyvrem's room watching through the magician's "window through time." Under the instigation of Matilda, Sir Egbert's daughter, Mig says a spell to get the stone—and gets Stephen along with it. Stephen finds Mordemagne very interesting and has an adventure with a good witch and another with a stupid giant before he gets back home to the good old 20th century.

A competent pot-boiler which will undoubtedly be enjoyed by fantasy novitiates. Seasoned readers will probably find it old hat.

—Kristine Anderson

BEYOND THE GATES OF HERCULES: A Tale of the Lost Atlantis, by Elizabeth Borton de Treviño. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1971. 247pp. $4.95. Age level: 12 up

Another lost continent of Atlantis book—with a somewhat different point of view—*Beyond the Gates of Hercules* offers the explanation, complete with prophecies and signs in sky, earth, and sea, that Atlantis was destroyed because of human arrogance. The plot revolves around one family, the Archers, who are engaged in growing saffron lilies, keeping bees, and the like. One of their daughters, Atlanta, who has the ancient gift of telepathy, is dedicated at birth to be a priestess of the Sea God. One of their sons, Baka, who has the gift of great intelligence and the curse of great jealousy, brings the eventual downfall of his people by misusing the power stone constructed by the master scientist at his school.

This is a very ordinary novel of the pseudo ancient history sort, with a bit of telepathy and mysticism added for good measure. Hardly the makings of a classic, but then, few creations are, and Atlantis is a safe setting since no one can find fault with historical detail. The somewhat depressing account of the annual sacrifice of a priestess to the sea is offset by the general attitude toward the Ocean God as a kindly creature. Characters are stock types, but very well developed ones.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE TROUBLE WITH MISS SWITCH by Barbara Brooks Wallace. Illus. by Hal Frenck. Abingdon, 1971. 128pp. $3.75. Age level: 8-11

Rupert was a scientist entering fifth grade. Miss Switch, his teacher, was able to do unusual things and seemed to have eyes in the back of her head. Rupert decided to do a scientific study of her. One night after much research he found himself drawn to school where he discovers Miss Switch is a witch on probation because she has developed no new spells. They decide to bewitch the quarterback on the team, so that every time he gets the ball he disappears until he passes the goal. Miss Switch places the spell on number 15, but unfortunately the quarterback on the other team is also number 15. Disaster! Miss Switch has to come up with a new spell and sends Rupert off to think of one.

While all of this has been happening Amelia, the girl next door, has made a study of Rupert and presents her conclusions to him. He's amazed and takes her along when he presents his new plan to Miss Switch.

All three of them go the Witches Sabbath where Rupert tells the witches about the witchery used by Miss Switch in getting her pupils to like her and to learn. She's taken off probabation and next day in school announces that she is leaving. She promises Rupert she may return some day. A month later Rupert notices that Amelia has changed. She has an air of mystery about her, and looks at his rock collection with real interest. He had thought she was just a girl, now he decides to make a study about her!

An excellent book for the older reader: fast-paced and interesting with things that are in the world of a ten year old. Girls are there, but not really allowed the privileges of the boy—anti-women's lib.

—Sandra Deckinger

BUGABOO BILL by Palmer Cox. Illus. by William Curtis Holdsworth. Farrar, 1971. Abt. 26 p. $3.95. Age level: 7-9

Bugaboo Bill, the Giant was first published in 1880 in *St. Nicholas Magazine* and I'm sure people enjoyed reading it then as much as I did now. Living in a castle overlooking a town is a giant who takes tribute from the surrounding farmers. One year they decide to stop this by using his weaknesses against him. They succeed and the last scene shows the giant waking up in a balloon basket far out to sea.

Told in rhyme this story is a short, entertaining fantasy. The art work is detailed and done in shades of gray. It would have been better if it were in color.

—Sandra Deckinger

WINTER OF ENCHANTMENT by Victoria Walker. Bobbs-Merrill. 1971, c1969. 150 p. $4.50. Age level: 10 up

This is another of those children's stories in which a lonely little boy finds a magic mirror and steps through it into an enchanted land. Here Sebastian has several exciting adventures while attempting to free Melissa from the Enchanter, who has kept her prisoner for many years. Of course, Melissa must return to her own time, and Sebastian misses her sorely. Then his father returns from India with a new wife, and Sebastian's stepsister bears a strong resemblance to Melissa and recognizes a painting he has done of Melissa's cat, Mantari...

Victoria Walker has written a good, solid fantasy, if fantasy can be called 'solid,' but the ending stretches credibility just a little too far—if only we were told that Selina, the newcomer, was Melissa's granddaughter, rather than being left with the impression that the author wants us to believe she is somehow the same person as the girl the Enchanter held prisoner.

—Charlotte Moslander

DRUJIENNA'S HARP by Ellen Kindt McKenzie. Dutton, 1971. 305pp. $5.95

Another world is created here, and most of the story takes place in it; yet the geography is so well described and the social structure so complex, that the reader almost forgets that two of the characters are there by accident, transported from our world, and their sudden return to A. Crane's curio shop in San Francisco comes as something of a jolt.

The other-world part of the plot is very involved: let's just say it includes tyrants, prophecies, a quest, a wizard, and lots of the very ordinary kind of people one finds anywhere, with their eccentricities exaggerated just enough to make them into types. The 'world' has various nationalities, regions, and types of government, and a logic all its own. Of course the children from our 'world' play a key role in fulfilling the prophecies (there would be no sense in including them if they didn't).

In summary, a good juvenile fantasy, with a most refreshing, no-nonsense, female protagonist.

—Charlotte Moslander

SPELL SEVEN by Richard Parker. Illus. by Trevor Ridley. Thomas Nelson, 1971. 127pp. $3.95. Age level: 8-11

When you use a magic wand, you have to rhyme, but be careful what you request, for the wand will take you literally. Also, one wand is good for only seven wishes a day, and its effects last only 24 hours. This is what Norman and Caroline discovered when Caroline bought a new wand for Norman's conjuring set to replace the one she had accidentally broken. The new wand produced all sorts of problems, from writing Norman's homework in Egyptian hieroglyphics, through filling the kitchen with bubbling stew at a quotation from *Macbeth*, producing a unicorn which promptly treed Norman, making a policeman invisible, and bursting the house apart from the pressure built up by a storm of pennies!

The book is written serial-style, with a separate episode in each chapter, and is delightfully funny. The characters are two-dimensional stereotypes, but it is not intended to be anything but an amusing story, and a very good one it is indeed. Kids who like slapstick (what kids don't?) will love *Spell Seven.*

—Charlotte Moslander

THE BOY WHO TRIED TO CHEAT DEATH by Charles Mikolaycak and Carole Kismaric. Illus. by Charles Mikolaycak. Doubleday, 1971. Abt. 26pp. $4.95. Age level: 7-10

A young boy gives Death a drink and in return for this kindness Death gives him the power to see if someone will die or not. Soon he is called to the bed of a lovely princess where he cheats Death of her. Annoyed, Death wants his life in return but agrees that he can say a final prayer. The boy takes great care not to pray. Lying in bed, Death places a placard with a prayer in front of the boy, sleepily he reads it and utters Amen.

An interesting well-done story with beautiful illustrations, but on the morbid side. Definitely not for bedtime. —Sandra Deckinger

TAKE THREE WITCHES by Mary Mian. Illus. by Eric von Schmidt. Houghton Mifflin, 1971. 279pp. $4.95. Age level: 8-12

Take two cooky-selling Girl Scouts, three public-spirited witches bent on trying new 'recipes,' and a small New Mexico town with a very self-interested mayor, and you have the ingredients for a funny, adventurous juvenile novel. Mary Mian has done justice to her characters and setting, and after a talking-down-to-the-reader lapse in the first few pages, the story takes off to become a rollicking romp through slightly crooked politics, a Fiesta parade, a not-to-be-missed Hopi ceremonial dance, attended by a most irritating Senator.

The Girl Scouts are such very ordinary girls; the witches are so "who, me?" innocent; and the members of various ladies' organizations are so delightfully dippy, that one cannot help but enjoy this farce, especially since the more pompous adults are made to look thoroughly ridiculous. It's a sort of child's dream of vengeance on the ridiculous adult world.

Eric von Schmidt's illustrations are rather grotesque, and the story would be just as good without them. However, there is one really priceless portrait of the Daughters of the Pioneers... —Charlotte Moslander

THIS STAR SHALL ABIDE by Sylvia Louise Engdahl. Drawings by Richard Cufferi. Atheneum, 1972. 247pp. $6.25. Age level: 10-14

Society on the planet of this novel is divided into three castes: Scholars, who live in the city and know what's happening; Technicians, who know how to do all the technical stuff like changing batteries; and the common ordinary folks, most of whom stay home on the farm and resist change, devoutly worshipping the Mother Star and revering the Scholars and Technicians. Dissent is not usual—in fact, heretics are sent to the City to endure some mysterious torture which never fails to make them recant.

Noren questions the system, ergo, he is a heretic. When he confides his terrible secret to Talyra, his own sweet love, she immediately breaks off the engagement. "The only thing in the world that meant more to him than Talyra was Truth. He thought about it that way sometimes—truth, with a capital letter, knowing people would laugh at him if they knew." Noren is right—I would laugh if I weren't already bored to tears by page 14. It is a foregone conclusion that anyone who thinks of Truth with a capital letter is headed for trouble. Noren is caught, tried and convicted, escapes, is caught again while stupidly announcing his heresy to a crowd during a religious ceremony, and spends the rest of the book finding out how Scholars get heretics to recant.

"The Righteous Rebel Defying Conformity to Pursue Truth" and the "Truth is not always what it seems" themes have been done many times before by authors discreet enough to cloak them in the subtlety necessary to such powerful preachifying. Other young idealists of Noren's ilk have been more ardent in the pursuit of Truth by virtue of enlisting their own natural intelligence in its service. Others have also resisted the impulse to pause every five minutes for a testimony of faith. If you are trying to turn some kid on to sf with philosophically redeeming features, there are dozens of more interesting choices: Le Guin's *Wizard of Earthsea*, Bradley's *Colors of Space*, Heinlein's *Red Planet*, etc. ad infin. The only redeeming features about *This Star Shall Abide* are the surrealistic illustrations, which are interesting, if nothing else. —Kristine Anderson

Reviews

SPAWN OF SATAN by Charles Birkin. Award Books A798S, 1971. 186 p. 75¢

Charles Birkin is indeed master of the frisson—a talent which is at once his greatest glory and most grievous sin, as this collection of nine stories and one poem shows. He is at his best in communicating to the reader a vivid sense of time and place combined with the feeling that people—at least some people—are inherently evil, as in the title story which deals with racial prejudice in modern rural England, "Wedding Presents"—again rural England, about a hundred years ago, and "Soeur Celeste," modern England once again.

But it is "A Lovely Bunch of Coconuts" and "Au Claire de Lune" which readers remember retchingly (not the reviewer alone—I took a poll) as exemplifying the essence of the author's art. In "Coconuts," for example, we are introduced in all too graphic detail to a game invented by SS men in charge of a concentration camp. One is left with the feeling: "My God—how could they do such a thing—and if they could (and we know from history that they can and have), why write about it."

Birkin is undeniably brilliant, but this collection was simply not the reviewer's cup of arsenic.

As an afterthought, this being solely the publisher's error, two of the stories blurbed about on the back cover do not appear in the collection at all! Too, the cover illustration could have had something to do with the stories—it is completely irrelevant.

—Judith H. McQuown

WITCHES, WRAITHS AND WARLOCKS: Supernatural Tales of the American Renaissance, edited by Ronald Curran. Fawcett M517, 1971. 361 p. 95¢

It is indeed a pleasure to find so many favorite stories in one place—"Young Goodman Brown," "Rappacini's Daughter," "Ligeia," "The Fall of the House of Usher"—and to make the acquaintance of one previously unread and now highly recommended—Melville's "The Bell-Tower." For these alone and for the author's introduction and bibliography, the book should certainly be bought.

The remaining stories, many of which have not worn well, and some of which in fact are not even what we would call stories of the supernatural under even the broadest definition, ("The Veil," "The Wig and the Black Cat," "The Tartarus of Maids"—an introduction to early muckraking) are still interesting to read from the viewpoint of the sociology and history of American literature. Interesting in this context are "The Death Waltz" by Charles M. Skinner, "The Midnight Voyage of the Seagull" by Volney E. Howard and "The Sphinx," by that most prolific of authors, Anon.

The flavor of the selections is to be enjoyed: a step backwards into the genre of the supernatural of the 19th century.

—Judith H. McQuown

. . . AND ALL THE STARS A STAGE by James Blish. Doubleday, 1971. 206 p. $4.95

And All the Stars a Stage was first serialized in *Amazing* (June/July 1960), and I suppose the hubbub over Women's Lib inspired its first hardcover printing. That's too bad, really, because it may be the worst thing James Blish ever wrote.

It is the story of a future world in which women rule, hold the best jobs, and compel men to toe the mark. Hero Jorn, an engineer, applies for a possibly suicidal assignment and finds himself one of the crew of the first starship, Javelin; a position, it turns out, that may save his neck, because Good Ole Sol is on the verge of a nova-ous breakdown (sorry about that!). Well, it really doesn't matter, because the book is one long bore.

Blish's concept of the future is interesting enough, even prophetic at points, but his narrative never seemed to get off the ground. Blish chose a conversational style which rambles in the right direction, on and on and on. His characters are flat, his backgrounds unrealized. In fact, my reaction to the book is so totally negative that I suspect my lumbago is acting up again. If you are a Blish fan, ignore me. If you are not, read *Black Easter* and shut up.

—Paul Walker

ONCE THERE WAS A GIANT by Keith Laumer. Doubleday, 1971. 252 p. $5.95

For those who have slotted Keith Laumer into a convenient pidgeon-hole on the basis of his Retief yarns, this collection may prove to be a troublesome revelation. Here is the more serious side of the author—and well worth your time. Laumer is not Asimov, Brunner, Clarke, Heinlein or Zelazny, but he is uniquely himself and amazingly prolific. The eight stories in *Once There Was a Giant* are an adequate demonstration that he has more than a few kookie diplomats in his stable.

"Prototaph" is a clever but minor vignette about the one uninsurable man in a fully insured future. In "The Last Command" an ancient war machine stirs into life to threaten a peaceful world. "The Lawgiver" focuses on one man's internal struggle on the issue of abortion between the personal and public spheres of his life, while "Founder's Day" takes a grim look at future emigration to the stars from an overpopulated Earth. "Worldmaster" is an adventurous delineation of the power syndrome in humanity. "The Exterminator" is a hackneyed and overblown bit, but "Mind Out of Time" compensates as the strange tale of two men who meet the improbable at the confluence of the fabrics of Space and Time.

The long title story, "Once There Was a Giant," is the main course of the book. The last member of a giant race struggles heroically against the elements of his harsh world in attempting to aid the man who has come to kill him. There is compassion and pathos in the story—some would say bathos—and it is undoubtedly the best thing I've ever read by Laumer.

—B. A. Fredstrom

A CURE FOR CANCER by Michael Moorcock. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1971. 256 p. $6.95

Much of the technique of Michael Moorcock's *A Cure for Cancer* (A Jerry Cornelius novel) was dated by 1960, but some of it seems as fresh as 1970, which is really not bad for an avant-garde sf work. It will be compared to Donald Barthelme, of course; everything is these days, although I suspect there is more of William Burroughs than Barthelme in it. In any case, many writers, Allan Ginsberg included, have toyed with media-conscious styles, but Barthelme alone has been able to do it gracefully.

By 'media-conscious' I do not mean to imply McLuhanesque. A decade before Marshall McLuhan our literati were aware that our social environment was being shaped in large part by the media of Madison Avenue saturation campaigns, Frank Capra movies, and *The Saturday Evening Post*, not to mention TV. McLuhan merely clarified the situation and confirmed their worst fears.

A Cure for Cancer is not in Barthelme's league, or in Burroughs's either, but it does combine James-Bond-genre-fiction with a media-conscious melange to illustrate a Third World ideology in what is 'superficially' intended as a light-hearted amoral romp while its 'serious' intention is savage satire. (I include the quotes because in my opinion the novel succeeds only as a light-hearted amoral romp. As a serious savage satire, I'm afraid it is tepid stuff.) The melange involves news headlines to introduce each chapter; cinematic montages and radio bulletins; excerpts from contemporary books and magazines; and rather uninteresting illustrations by Malcolm Dean. The overall design of the novel allegedly simulates the diagnosis, surgical treatment, and recovery of a cancer patient: perhaps Mankind.

However, you will find the book quite linear—and good.

Whatever the merits of his delivery, Moorcock always delivers. He is a solid, polished professional, and he writes very well. While I almost always find this sort of avant-garde thing adolescent and boring, I found *A Cure for Cancer* interesting and amusing; for although Moorcock's wit consists of sarcasms and libelous mischievousness against the land that I love, the writing is playful and spirited and not unnecessarily obscure. Moorcock is never arrogant or pretentious, and most important, despite all his attempts at subtlety, he emerges somewhat innocent and believing; a potential Catholic convert if ever I saw one.

All of *A Cure for Cancer*, I believe, was serialized in *New Worlds*. And what makes it most interesting, for all of its imitativeness, is that it is the most successful use of pure avant-garde technique in sf that I have seen since Alfred Bester's *The Stars, My Destination*;

and I believe it succeeds for the same reason. Like Bester, Moorcock is out to dazzle and amuse us with a play of words and ideas, styles and caricatures, which seem to exist more for their own sakes than for the sake of the 'message.' (It could be argued that *A Cure for Cancer* is not sf at all, but I think with its play in ideas it does qualify, and with its better-than-average success, it may prove useful to other writers.)

The novel opens in Britain in a world where time is of little significance. It is a Britain 'surrounded and protected' by American and Russian Navy radio ships; an America that has stationed seven million military advisors in Europe, and whose hatchetman, Israel, has annexed Bulgaria and Greece for their refusal to accept their allotted share of 'advisors.'

Our hero is Jerry Cornelius: "A man in his late twenties, with a healthy, muscular body" whose skin, we are told repeatedly, is black, but whose hair is "not blond but milk white." Jerry is a revolutionary of the old school, although "his stated objectives seemed different." Jerry is a liberator of the human viscera. His only loyalty is to his nameless 'organization' which is intent on bringing the Millennium by destroying those agents of the Establishment who are intent on forestalling it. His weapon is a vibragun whose effect is to shake people up.

Like Sean Connery's James Bond, Jerry Cornelius is a soulless phallus with feet. Unlike Bond, Jerry is somewhat inarticulate; he probably knows nothing about fine wines or gourmet living. With Bond, we support him in his efforts, and oppose his enemies, without considering their respective ideologies. Bond is as violent, treacherous, and amoral as his adversaries, but we support him because he charms us, and because we sense that his adversaries would prefer it that way. With Jerry, we support him because he is all we have to support; his allies and adversaries are mere blips on the screen.

His archenemy is Bishop Beesley, an ex-churchman turned journalist. I rather like Beesley, and I doubt that would upset Moorcock a bit, because no one in this book is there to be liked or disliked really; the world is a madhouse, you see, and only anarchy can set it free; we must burn, baby, burn!

But don't be misled: in *A Cure for Cancer*, the Medium is the only Message.

To those who read for plot, I would not recommend this book; but to those who read for language, whether it be Tolkien or Updike, I would recommend giving it just one good try. However, as the opening chapters may bewilder you into a hasty capitulation, I suggest you read through them as swiftly as possible and pick up the story about a third of the way through. When you've finished, go back and you'll understand what Moorcock was doing (i.e. setting the stage). Do not stop to analyze the symbolism, or to ponder apparent profundities. You will find nothing that would offend a good Republican, and the sex scenes are less provocative than a *Playboy* centerfold. Women's Lib will no doubt denounce Jerry as a male chauvinist, but that's the way it goes these days.

—Paul Walker

A PORTFOLIO OF DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM DIXON BASED ON THE NOVELS OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS. Oswald Train (P. O. Box 1891, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105) 1971. $5.00

To many of us the illustrator of Edgar Rice Burroughs will always be J. Allen St. John. Leaving the incomparable St. John on his pedestal, we can examine the lesser lights who have attempted to graphically interpret the ERBian prose. William Dixon must at least be numbered among the fairly capable illustrators of Burroughs. This portfolio contains ten plates, a page of descriptive matter, an illustrated cover, and a rather good sketch of ERB. My major arguments with Mr. Dixon narrow down to the fact that he hasn't drawn some of the Burroughsian characters as I see them. His rendering of Dejah Thoris leaves me cold, but if the drawing were called "Pirate Queen of Outer Space" I would consider it rather good quality magazine illustration. An artist might have other technical criticisms but, as we say in the old country, "different strokes for different folks." I'm going to recommend this item to Burroughs collectors only. The price seems fair, considering what you get: counting the sketch and the cover that comes to about 42¢ an illustration. It's also a limited edition (sorry, no figures on print run available). Worthwhile, but not for everyone.

—J. B. Post

ORN by Piers Anthony. Avon V2405, 1971. 256 p. 75¢

There are times when Piers Anthony is a frustrating—in fact, maddening—author, very confusing. *Orn*, for all its quality of imagination and use of unusual themes, fails for me because of the woodenness of its characters and the sporadic quality of its writing. I've reached that dubious point where 'acceptable' writing quality leaves me cold. While Anthony's scope and imagination in *Macroscope* swept me away and the flaws be damned, *Orn*, a sequel to *Omnivore*, doesn't do that.

But give it a try, anyway. My suggestion to Anthony would be a more conscientious examination of his style, and a weeding out of uncertainties and obscurities in favor of conciseness and depth of characterization. —Greg Bear

THE YNGLING by John Dalmas. Pyramid T2466, 1971. 224pp. 75¢

Basically a heroic fantasy cast into a science fiction context, *The Yngling* pictures a barbarian future in which a benevolent association of telepaths exists side by side with savagery. Nils Jarnhand, cast-off of a surviving Swedish tribe, becomes the "Yngling," a hero with strange psi abilities. He is the only one who has a chance to stop the brutal hordes of Kazi the Undying in their spreading conquest of the known world. Only he can lead his neo-Vikings to a new home to the south, secure from the enroachments of another Ice Age.

There are definite flaws such as the climactic battle which is neither climactic nor a battle (although perfect as a tie-in to a possible sequel). Nevertheless, the handling is more adult in tone than most of the novel's ilk, and for sheer readability the author's vagaries can be excused. If you missed the magazine version a couple of years ago in *Analog*, pick up on it now for some light reading fun. —B. A. Fredstrom

A CHOICE OF GODS by Clifford D. Simak. Putnam, 1972. 190 p. $4.95

A Choice of Gods is my own nomination for the next Hugo Award, and it may well turn out to be yours. A remarkable distillation of all that is the best in Simak's writing, it is a book to read, treasure, and re-read.

In the year 2135, the Earth's population of some eight billion inexplicably disappears. The only ones who remain on the entire planet are the Whitney family and a few friends, the small tribe of Leech Lake Indians, another handful of humans unknown to these, and the serving robots created in man's own image. Changes occur in the humans—they find they now have incredibly long life spans. As time goes on many develop the ability to teleport vast distances, and leave the Earth to become wanderers of the stars. Of the Whitneys only Jason and his wife Martha choose to remain, and it is many centuries before a crisis comes to the home of mankind to trouble their existence.

Then, Jason learns that later generations of those who disappeared may now be returning to old Earth, bringing, increased many fold, the technological confusion rejected by those who remained. For each group which remained has found a new path: the calm acceptance of Jason, the star-spanning reality embraced by his friends, the Indians who have captured a marvelous oneness with nature, the robots who labor to construct a great electronic apotheosis of themselves to replace the human masters they have lost, and the robot Hezekiah and his robot acolytes who have caught up the torch of mankind's old, outworn religion only to struggle with the blasphemy inherent in their own worship of God. Now, threatening all of their new-found ways of life, is the return of the old people—and an even worse fear. In the depths of space a 'Principle' has been discovered, a virtually omniscient, omnipotent entity toying with the destinies of men.

Simak evokes the image of a strange, beautiful and sometimes frightening future in a novel of superb warmth and depth. The pastoral-philosophical thread present in so much of the author's work seems here to coalesce into a rich tapestry of ideas and characterizations. It is difficult to forget the singing trees, the wanderer David who holds a power beyond that of any other man, his soulmate the Indian girl Evening Star who hungers for knowledge, and the small alien who journeys far to Earth in search of a soul. Few would wish to forget them.

A Choice of Gods is quite probably Simak's best novel since *City*. I doubt that I could find a higher recommendation. —B. A. Fredstrom

THE PASTEL CITY by M. John Harrison. Doubleday, 1972. 50 galley sheets. $4.95

Doubleday must be out of their gourd! This book would be great as an Ace 75¢ paperback but who's going to shell out five bucks for this? Libraries, that's who. Let's hope the publisher has sense enough to sell paperback rights very quickly because this is rather entertaining heroic fantasy.

In a far future after the collapse of highly technological societies when the resources run out, Earth develops a civilization of scavengers living off the ruins of the older world. The government is the usual idealized medieval one found in many heroic fantasy tales. The pages are splattered with gore as tegus-Cromis, who imagined himself a better poet than swordsman, battles his way across the empire of Viriconium with an odd assortment of companions to save Viriconium from the Northern barbarians. The Northerners have unleashed an ancient force which threatens all of humankind. It is not the dreamy and moody tegus-Cromis who saves the world but Tomb the Dwarf, one of his companions. Not great heroic fantasy but very enjoyable good heroic fantasy.

Reviewing from galleys I can't tell whether there will be a map. If there isn't one in the hardcover, Mr. Harrison had best get drawing one for the paperback, the story needs one.

—J. B. Post

THE GAUDY SHADOWS by John Brunner. Beagle 95158, 1971. 251 p. 95¢

John Brunner's *The Gaudy Shadows* is labeled a 'horror novel' by the publisher. It is a tale of psychological horror created by the drugs of Emmerich Tileman, supposedly a respectable doctor. The story of Tileman's twisted London underground unfolds as Laird Walker attempts to prove that his friend Sammy Logan was murdered. It seems Logan was scared to death, but Walker doesn't agree with the official verdict of heart failure. Logan's sister and Bitchee Legree, a hip nightclub entertainer, accompany Walker as he seeks the truth. Their quest leads them into a twisted world where the rich and powerful are manipulated by a man who can reshape reality, even drive people insane if he wants to.

Brunner keeps the reader spellbound right through to the terrifying, almost nauseating conclusion, which is a classic case of poetic justice. The horror dispensed by Brunner's dream doctor isn't supernatural, but it's no less powerful for that. *The Gaudy Shadows* come from within one's own head, and that can be the worst horror of all.

—Sherry Gilliland

DIMENSION A by L. P. Davies. Dell 1957, 1972. 95¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1969. $3.95)

An infinity of worlds on different vibratory planes? A genuinely fascinating concept, but interpreted here it's simply 'bad vibes.'

The proverbial scientist disappears. A former colleague together with two boys discover that he didn't leap over the Berlin Wall but electronically discovered the entrance to another dimension. Inevitably, the boys fall into the other world. Hopscotching between space age primitives and telepathic uglies, they find the missing scientist. Lo and behold, the plot thickens. The aliens attempt to invade earth via the electronic 'door.' Needless to say, quick last minute thinking defeats their intentions and humanity is saved.

Although Davies whets the appetite with a creative premise, the overall result is disappointing. With the exception of the hallucination-inducing telepaths, the characters are uniformly flat and insipid. The scientific level is on a par with Zarkov but minus his unique charm. The dialogue is a 1950's synthesis of mom, apple pie and some overworked political cliches a la McCarthy. Despite a few sparks of good action here and there, his plot development is weak and the results disappointing.

Hopefully, Davies will write again and set his sights a little higher. His creativity is obvious and all that is lacking is the technical strength to sustain his talent. Possibly this was intended for a juvenile audience. If so, I'm sure that the younger reader will enjoy the entire episode. However, for the sophisticated reader this book will not generate any lasting memories nor cause him to pick it up later and reread it for subtleties.

—Karen Ludwig

IN THE POCKET AND OTHER S-F STORIES and GATHER IN THE HALL OF THE PLANETS by K. M. O'Donnell. Ace 27415, 1971. 132, 121 p. 75¢

When it comes to "K. M. O'Donnell," or Barry Malzberg, and my attitude toward most of his writing, I sometimes feel inclined to yield in advance to a charge of prejudice. But, frankly, I prefer to call the attitude one of good taste.

In the clutch of fifteen stories presented as the anthology half of this book, Malzberg displays a too-little considered danger of the 'New Wave.' It can become no more than an excuse to avoid the difficult art of plotting. The technique is to pray that the obscure equals the profound... somewhat like vomiting one's psyche violently against white porcelain in the hopes of producing a pretty pattern. It occasionally even works.

The title story of the collection is also the best, a nearly brilliant subliminal allegory of human relationships in the form of the story of a 'messenger' charged to destroy cancer. "Gehenna," a glimpse of twisted lines of probability, and "Pacem Est" (with Kris Neville), god and religion in slightly different terms of reference, are reasonably successful. The remaining twelve stories seem to be cute, contrived, obtuse or boring.

If readers of the author's previous fan 'satire' *Dwellers of the Deep* (Ace 27400) thought, as I did, that its publication had to be some kind of gross mistake, *Gather in the Hall of the Planets* hints at sheer perversity. "Being a novelized version of the remarkable interplanetary events that took place at the World Science Fiction Convention of 1974," the novel obliquely attempts to toy with the foibles of certain fans and pros. Sanford Kvass, a science fiction author in a slump, is contacted by aliens to conduct a test. He is to find and unmask an alien in disguise at the convention or the Earth will be destroyed. Here, the fun is supposed to begin. If the author intends humor (an unwarranted conclusion after viewing the contents), he would be advised to re-read Frederic Brown's *What Mad Universe* for pointers. Even those who dote on admiring their fannish navels might well object to this one.

No review should be overly harsh—it says somewhere. Malzberg may someday become another Brian Aldiss—someday. —B. A. Fredstrom

THE TERMINAL MAN by Michael Crichton. Alfred A. Knopf, 1972. 247 p. $6.95

With *The Andromeda Strain*, Michael Crichton discovered the secret of how to make an sf novel sell. To wit: don't let on that it's science fiction. Say what the book is about, mention its science-fictional aspects, but don't ever actually come out and say it's science fiction, for to do so is to invite the publishing industry's pulpy kiss of death. By strict adherence to this principle (along with a little help from the Book-of-the-Month Club), Crichton was soon raking it in fast enough to be able to retire from medicine before age 30. Needless to say, the callous way in which Crichton actually made money in sf publishing was enough to ensure that no truefan worthy of the name would ever be caught dead with a copy of the book. Which is to say they all read it anyway, albeit behind locked doors, and ended up raving over it—to themselves, that is.

These same people are once again locking doors and shuttering windows, for now there is *The Terminal Man*. The new book is similar to the old in terms of its trappings of scientific authenticity; there are documents, graphs, and computer cathode ray tube displays, an ample amount of strongly realistic jargon, and a technical bibliography which (unlike its counterpart in *Andromeda Strain*) references books and journals that actually exist. And well they may, for a sizeable body of research has been devoted to the subject of *The Terminal Man*. This is psychomotor epilepsy, a disease caused by the presence of scar tissue in the temporal lobe of the brain, which gives rise to disruptions of the web of electric currents in that region and a resultant spasm of aberrant behavior. In the case of Harry Benson, the behavior is aberrant indeed—he changes during the course of one of these epileptic fits from an outwardly normal and healthy computer researcher to an uncontrollably violent murderer. The cure is simple but drastic—a circuit is surgically implanted in Benson's brain to detect the electric antecedent of an attack, and to relay the information to a tiny computer in his neck. From there, a countermanding signal is sent out to a pleasure center of the brain, soothing Benson back to normal. The point is, of course,

that Benson is not normal—he is strongly paranoid, with the object of his paranoia ironically enough the computer and its threat of an automated society.

Given this working material, Crichton manages to give us a story that is far more of a human story than his previous effort. As in *The Andromeda Strain*, the protagonists are medical researchers, but here the object of their labor is a man, not a disease—or at least it is supposed to be. It is most certainly so for Janet Ross, Benson's psychiatrist, who argues vehemently against the desirability of the operation; it is apparently not for surgeons Ellis and Moore, who are at least in the beginning more concerned with the operation per se or in its ramifications for medicine and society as a whole. The conflict between these two sides is handled well enough to carry the book until Benson's brain—not the computer—goes haywire and he manages to escape from the hospital. The subsequent hunt for a man no longer his own master is described in a clear, evenly-paced prose style marred only by Crichton's excessive use of purely Anglo-Saxon surnames. Despite this minor fault, the book moves effortlessly to its seemingly obvious conclusion, until Crichton changes your mind just before the end.

A couple more books like this, and I just might start reading with the curtains open.

—Roger A. Freedman

THE REALITY TRIP AND OTHER IMPLAUSIBILITIES by Robert Silverberg. Ballantine 2548, 1972. 95¢

The great escape: eight little gems stamped by Silverberg's stunning ironies, astute insights and cosmic sized imagination. As tempting as hot buttered popcorn in a show, you'll dive into the entire collection and savor his genius for fantasy until you devour the last page.

This anthology offers delectable tidbits whatever your reading preference, with a scope so wide as to include alien creatures to subtle psychological comments. Each story forces the reader to immerse himself in the plot so one is not just a third person reading the story, but participating in the events and reacting to people. Silverberg's use of detail, while staggering to this ordinary plebian mind, never got in my way. As a matter of fact, I believed he was helping me reach what the conclusion would be. However, just when I thought I psyched out the ending, Silverberg blew my imagination out the window with the unexpected.

With about one exception, the level of the stories is quite sophisticated. I won't ruin them by detailing each with a short synopsis, but if you're addicted to marvelous fiction mingled with a sardonic wit—read them. Definitely a collection to have and enjoy re-reading again and again.

—Karen Ludwig

MARS, WE LOVE YOU: Tales of Mars, Men, and Martians, edited by Jane Hipolito and Willis E. McNelly with an introd. by Isaac Asimov. Doubleday, 1971. xx, 332 p. $6.95

The 23 items for the most part make interesting reading. Starting with Giovanni Schiaparelli's "Report on *Canali*," which started the whole bloody mess, and is here presented in part only, we have Percival Lowell's "Mars as the Abode of Life." Fragments of H. G. Wells' "War of the Worlds" and Edgar Rice Burroughs' "A Princess of Mars" are also offered as well as an excerpt of Robert Heinlein's "Double Star." I get rather pissed when only fragments appear, better to leave the selection out than offer a truncated version. The rest of the collection almost makes up for the butchering: Stanley Weinbaum's "A Martian Odyssey," Donald Wollheim's "The Embassy," Lester Del Rey's "Dark Mission," George O. Smith's "Lost Art," P. Schuyler Miller's "The Cave," Anthony Boucher's "Expedition," Arthur C. Clarke's "Loophole," Damon Knight's "Catch That Martian," H. Beam Piper's "Omnilingual," Ray Bradbury's "The Lost City of Mars," Harry Harrison's "One Step from Earth," Frank Herbert's "Carthage: Reflections of a Martian" (this one's a poem), William Fox's "Soft Landing," (so's this), Irene Jackson's "Earthbound" (this one too), Harlan Ellison's "In Lonely Lands," Bruce McAllister's "World of the Wars," Barry Malzberg's "Exploration," and Willis E. McNelly's "Linguistic Relativity in Middle High Martian."

—J. B. Post

THE WOLF IN THE GARDEN by Alfred H. Bill. Centaur Press, 1972. 144 p. 75¢

The setting is the village of New Dortrecht on the coast of New York state a few years after the Revolutionary War. Young Robert Farrier has taken a position in the firm owned by his Uncle Barclay after his father's death and the collapse of the family's fortunes. Hints from his uncle have indicated his intention to promote a match between Robert and his cousin Felicity Paige. Farrier's natural reluctance crumbles when the young lady arrives and he finds himself almost immediately falling in love with her.

But a new personage has entered the picture—one Comte de Saint Loup who has recently arrived from France in order to avoid the anti-royalist troubles there. A strange but jolly-seeming man, he brings with him a great wolfhound he calls De Retz. Soon he is suing for Felicity's hand, and Barclay pushes the marriage for the money it will provide to prop up his foundering business. Saint Loup always seems to get what he wants—those who oppose him are likely to die with their throats torn out as if by a wolf.

That the Comte de Saint Loup is a werewolf is never in doubt, nor is his inevitable evil end. But there is a certain undeniable interest in watching the characters reach the right conclusion before Wolfy can have his satanic way with poor Felicity. Perhaps surprisingly, *The Wolf in the Garden* is not at all a bad yarn, with a quaint, old-fashioned (first published 1931) flavor that turned out to be rather more pleasing than I had anticipated.

—B. A. Fredstrom

PSTALEMATE by Lester del Rey. Putnam, 1971. 190 p. $4.95

Harry Bronson suddenly discovers, to his surprise and horror, that he is a natural clairvoyant and telepath who had buried his powers deep in his mind as the result of a childhood trauma. Now he must face the fantastic strain of redeveloping and learning to cope with these powers almost overnight. In his own future he precognitively senses madness: the final and seemingly inevitable end for all telepaths. Together, he and a young woman telepath face insanity and the unknown where only intervention from an alien intelligence can save them.

It is possible to come up with several critical quibbles such as the psychological patness of Bronson's mental age retrogression, but they remain just that—quibbles. In the main, the novel approaches the level of a tour de force in psychological development, suspense, and sheer impact. The plotline may be considered old hat in science fiction circles, but the treatment is definitely the virtuoso performance expected, and so seldom forthcoming, from an old master.

Pstalemate is probably the best and most mature handling of the telepathy theme since Brunner's *The Whole Man.* It is also one of those books: once you pick it up, it's virtually impossible to put it down. By all means do pick it up!

—B. A. Fredstrom

HAWKSHAW by Ron Goulart. Doubleday, 1972. 162 p. $4.95

This is another of Goulart's 'witty,' satirically 'barbed' tales of assorted nonsense in a socially and politically fragmented dis-United States of the future.

Noah Kraft of Thirteen Colonies Affiliated News is sent to Westport in Connecticut Colony to investigate reports of a werewolf on the rampage. Not only does he find a rather apologetic werewolf, but is also dropped into the middle of a political feud between the violently conservative Robin Hood Foundation and good-guy liberals led by the mysterious Hawkshaw. He teams up with a cooperative female, runs afoul of a band of happy cannibals, is rescued by an educational clown, and attends a Swapper convention before unmasking the nasties.

If you were left pondering eternal verities or gasping with helpless mirth when you read *The Sword Swallower* or *The Fire-Eater* you shouldn't miss this one. To my tastes, Goulart is very long on nonsense and correspondingly short on satire, wit and humor. His forte is slapstick, a brand of slapstick rather resembling a creampuff minus the filling. Only in *After Things Fell Apart* did Goulart seem to find the formula. If *Hawkshaw* is an accurate sample, the formula has been lost.

—B. A. Fredstrom

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS by Lloyd Biggle Jr. Doubleday, 1972. 216 p. $4.95

Throughout the galaxy riots are flaring into bloodshed against animaloid races innocent of wrong against mankind. The troubles follow a predictable pattern through space that places the minor planet Donov directly in their path. Donov is an artists' world with unique light for painting and a unique opportunity to attract the tourists who follow art—there is no native race. When a wealthy philanthropist creates a haven for refugee animaloids on Donov, things begin to change. Neal Wargen, the World Manager's First Secretary, must discover the roots of the world's developing troubles before they reach uncontrollable proportions. A series of brilliant paintings supposedly executed by a Donovian Swamp Slug is just one piece of the puzzle that leads to a local revolution in art and the beginnings of a tolerance in mankind.

The Light That Never Was is ample proof that a novel need not dwell on heavy-handed preaching in the manner of Silverberg's *Tower of Glass* to be topical, meaningful and most entertaining. This is one of Biggle's better books and a reading treat.

—B. A. Fredstrom

THE YEAR'S BEST HORROR STORIES edited by Richard Davis. DAW UQ1013, 1972. 174 p. 95¢

This little goodie is the first of what promises to be a good series of annuals, and I enjoyed it thoroughly. Fourteen tales designed to chill the blood, curl the hair and generally stimulate the juices. I won't try to go into the stories individually, because it takes too long, and it would tend to spoil some of the impact. Suffice it to say that there are deals with the devil, possessions, ghastly creatures, ghosts of various sorts—most of them with a peculiarly modern character.

The authors represented are an interesting assortment—names like Bloch, Matheson, Kit Reed and E. C. Tubb are almost automatic guarantees of a good story, and there are some surprises from people like Celia Fremlin and Elizabeth Fancett representing the ladies (or not such ladies, depending on how the stories strike you), as well as Brian Lumly and Robert McNear, to mention some others. Summing up: well worth getting, a good first issue from a new house.

—Michael McQuown

THE FLYING SORCERERS by David Gerrold and Larry Niven. Ballantine 02331, 1971. 95¢

Buried in a dust cloud, traded by two stars one red the other blue, and attended by eleven moons is a planet. Evolving civilizations in such an environment may come to terms with nature in terms of an extended form of Baraka. Local witch doctor magicians hold great influence. To such a situation Gerrold and Niven plunk down an interstellar traveler on a routing exploratory survey. His gadget-power is taken, of course, to be magic thus bringing him into conflict with medicine man, Shoogar. A one-sided duel ensues. Shoogar almost inadvertently wins, leaving Purple (the native name for the explorer scientist) a quarter of a planet away with his scout ship destroyed and too far south to call his mother-ship. In order to get Purple home a crazy plan is formulated. Purple will teach these primitives how to build an airship even though the supporting technology does not exist. Creating technology out of nothing is easy enough, but bringing about the social conditions for assembly line production means the introduction of materialism and even women's lib, and that is a hassle.

Even though it did not appear there, this novel is told in an *Analog*style formula of periodic problem-solution plotting, except the tale is told with humor, and there are more Tuckerisms than mites on a che che (not to say there is not humor in ASF but, not being hip about these things, I have never found out why Niven's stories don't appear there). There is one major fault: how is it that an explorer from an interstellar traveling civilication is so dumb? Purple even lets on at one point that he is a cultural anthropologist, though this is never made clear. How can this be? His lack of tact and common sense in dealing with people of a different cultural makeup is appalling. Small wonder that the natives get torqued off.

—Al Jackson

SATAN'S PETS edited by Vic Ghidalia. Manor Books 75-478, 1972. 224 p. 75¢

For the first time, I felt Vic Ghidalia wasn't quite up to snuff. Not that most of the stories weren't terribly good, but that some of them were a bit more conventional than what one has come to expect from that editor. For one thing, many of the stories were a little old and rusty, and a bit dated. For the book itself, I found the lack of a table of contents page annoying—especially while writing the review. If you lose your place, you'll have to flip like crazy to find it again.

My favorite stories in the collection were Murray Leinster's "Keyhole," which was compassionate and very moving, Bloch's "Lefty Feep Gets Henpecked," a period piece these days, but funny, "Thanks from the Whole Bouquet," by Harvey Jacobs, which was whimsical and offbeat, and "The Remarkable Talent of Egbert Haw," a funny Hollywood story by Nelson Bond. The others ranged from good to fair, nothing really bad, but nothing great, either. By and large, not the best collection, not the worst. You could do worse things with your spare cash than buy it. Better, borrow it from a friend.

—Michael McQuown

COLD WAR IN A COUNTRY GARDEN by Lindsay Gutteridge. Putnam, 1971. 189pp. $5.95 (paperback: Pocket Books 77623, Feb. 1973. 95¢)

The ¼ inch high man facing monstrous insects plot has been done once too often, but this book will probably become a movie anyway—it has so many good, blood and gore scenes. The plot is familiar: humans are reduced in size to explore the possibilities of using miniaturization to combat the overpopulation problem. However, a mini-James Bondian element is introduced when Intelligence orders the little guys to act as spies against the Other Side. Unfortunately, the Other Side has already been creating its own ¼ inch high men, so we have wide screen espionage in 8mm. Enter the Love Interest (a ¼ inch high, female, African student), the Gore (death by centipede and ant lion) and the Triumph (Our Hero and the Love Interest set up housekeeping in his former garden and teach survival tactics to ¼ inch high people forever after). Although the only mini-character who wears any clothing is killed off early, there is no Sex.

The book isn't all that bad, really, it's just that the basic premise is so timeworn that one gets that "oh no, not another gigantic ant story" feeling from page 13—and the story starts on page 11. If you like this sort of thing, it's okay; if not, wait for one written from the point of view of the ant.

—Charlotte Moslander

MENTION MY NAME IN ATLANTIS by John Jakes. DAW UQ1025, 1972. 95¢

What is satire? In this case it is John Jakes, and he does a very heavy handed but gripping job. Conax, the Chimerical, does not tell this story, but is the main character. The problem is that the narrator, one Haptor, the Vintner, tends to forget this. He continually, just as he told us he would, places Conax in a supportive role. Conax is almost always upstaged, and there is only two dimensional.

The play on names and events is easy to follow, even for the neo-fan or casual reader. This gives the book a high rating, mainly because it does not fall into the trap of an in-joke. Luckily for all, you can put it down for a time; 142 pages of satire is exhausting work. Mr. Jakes should realize that even well scattered belly laughs cannot help something that is overdone.

As for content, there was not a trick or cliche missed. Even the U.F.O.'s and man's 'too violent nature' came into the plot. To whet the reader's appetite, the phenomenon of U.F.O.'s can explain the end of Atlantis. This will be made clear if the reader has a persistent nature. He must follow the plot; but because Mr. Jakes tires at the end, he then must reread the last few pages of the book for understanding. We still are not sure how the aliens are to protect themselves from Earth.

This book is a must for lovers of satire or a DAW collector. If you are a s&s lover, you might also wish to buy it. The regular reader of science fiction or the typical fan (if there is such) will be well warned to borrow it first. Whatever you do, don't *Mention My Name in Atlantis.*

—William Bacharach

KURT VONNEGUT: Fantasist of Fire and Ice, by David H. Goldsmith. Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1972. xi, 44pp. $1.00

Kurt Vonnegut has become an authentic literary celebrity. Since much of his writing has a science fictional flavor, many sf fans have pointed proudly to Vonnegut, hailing him as an example of science fiction.s new found respectability. Such people will find this little volume interesting, as well as a trifle annoying.

Mostly, it's interesting. Goldsmith has treated Vonnegut by analyzing the man's philosophy on the one hand, and his technique on the other. A brilliant summary of Vonnegut's philosophy comes in the very first line of the book: "The universe of Kurt Vonnegut's novels is a hostile and ridiculous one, in which a sense of humour and an eye for the absurd are necessary." Vonnegut takes pot shots, Goldsmith tells us, at religion, metaphysics, automation, even the meaning of life itself. By seriously treating such important questions, Vonnegut has separated himself from the bulk of modern sf writers such as "Harry Harrison or Keith Laumer" who are merely "adept at amusing" but whose works cause the reader to "wait in vain for some significance to what he is reading."

Goldsmith provides interesting background information on Vonnegut the man, citing three main events in his life, namely "his unhappy college experiences, his work for General Electric, and, most important, his wartime experiences." With this perspective, the author shows us the meaning behind Vonnegut's novels, especially *The Sirens of Titan, God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater,* and *Slaughterhouse Five.* Goldsmith concludes his discussion of this important contemporary author by saying "Vonnegut has said about all he has to say metaphysically..." Whether this somewhat pessimistic evaluation is justified remains to be seen.

The only objection I have to make is that Goldsmith, like so many literary critics, feels obliged to throw in a few digs at science fiction. He says, for instance, "It is difficult to understand why Vonnegut was dismissed for so long with the disreputable title of science fiction writer..." The attitude that science fiction is basically not worthy of consideration is, I maintain, more a commentary on literary criticism than on science fiction. But surely this is quibbling on my part. Kurt Vonnegut is a very good writer, and David H. Goldsmith has written a valuable book on the man and his works. I recommend it most highly.

—William L. Rupp

THE CHILDREN OF LLYR by Evangeline Walton. Ballantine 02332, 1971. 95¢

Evangeline Walton lives in Arizona. She has written six books. In 1970 Ballantine reprinted *The Island of the Mighty,* her best novel, and possibly the best fantasy novel written by an American since James Branch Cabell. It was as ambitious in concept as it was beautiful in execution, an epic of the dawn of western man drawn from the fourth branch of that four branch national mythos of Wales, *The Mabinogion.* Now Ballantine has published Ms. Walton's second novel based on the mythos, drawn from the second branch, and never before published, *The Children of Llyr.*

It is not as ambitious or as beautiful or as interesting or as well written as the first, but it is still a superior novel. Its faults are curious ones, and not all of them are Ms. Walton's. Lin Carter might have helped if he had provided a pronunciation key to the names of the characters and a chronology of the events showing what had come before and what was to lead to the fourth and final branch. He might also have spared us his speculations on why the book was not published previously and simply asked Ms. Walton for the information. But these are minor complaints.

While *The Island of the Mighty* was a thick, meaty novel, incorporating three long tales of the first modern man, Gwydion, and the fate of his heir, *The Children of Llyr* resembles a long short story. The style is compressed to a fault; virtually every word is meant to count twice and there is little of the expansiveness of characterization or background description or historical analogy that made the first novel so fascinating. In a contemporary novel about a contemporary subject this might be commendable, but in a novel of myth which attempts to capture the epic nature of both myth and history, too much time and detail is condensed into a few words and the epic feel of the material is lost.

Ms. Walton's characters are likewise reduced to their main traits as in a good short story, and most of them share the same main trait, so they, too, suffer the loss of being slightly larger than life. The novel is too intimate to fulfill its promise, although it probably comes closer to fulfilling its author's intentions.

The Children of Llyr is a very Christian novel, although at one point a character prophetically attacks the Christian concept of God. Let's say its religion is a more humanistic, ethic-oriented one, and its questions are primarily moral: the individual's responsibility to the community, the status of women in a male dominated society, the necessity and usefulness of war. And much more basically, the wisdom of revenge, of ambition, of pride.

Ms. Walton conceives of history as the product of the good and evil in the hearts of individual men and women; the inevitable result of their behavioral patterns. So to her, history is as intimate a thing as love, as grand a thing as courage, and as terrible a thing as meanness. *The Children of Llyr* is the story of a proud woman who marries a weak man and suffers his betrayal. Her pride compels her to seek vengeance upon him as his cowardice compels him to risk and lose his nation in a bloody war.

It is the story of her brother, Bran, the gentle giant king of the Island of Mighty, whose ambition to see his own son succeed him was responsible for her marriage; of Manawyddan, the pacifist philosopher whose reason proved futile in the face of chaos; of the twins, Nissyen and Evinissyen, Welsh versions of Cain and Abel. It is Evinissyen who sets the fires of hatred between the tribes, that consume them all. And it is Evinissyen who dominates the book.

Of ignoble birth, Evinissyen is the black sheep of the family and becomes history's first classic malcontent; a born rebel, acid-tongued social critic, fomentor of change. A man who finds his society an intolerable personal rebuke. His inexplicable acts of cruelty are like anarchist bombs thrown in a propaganda of the deed.

Ms. Walton is superb at characterization. Although I have reservations about her technique in this novel, it is evident she knows her people so thoroughly that every line about them contains the distilled essence of the entire character. And if the most outstanding characters in the book are the negative ones, it is probably because negative characters make the best kind. Manawyddan is the exception. In him, Walton has attempted a portrait of a saint, and succeeded.

So while *The Children of Llyr* is no *Island of the Mighty*, it is still a superior novel. It is sad then that Walton stopped writing when she did, for she was perilously close to perfection.

—Paul Walker

CHRONOPOLIS AND OTHER STORIES by J. G. Ballard. Putnam, 1971. 319pp. $6.95 16ss, period: 1957-66

To get the minus part out of the way, Putnam has blown a chance to bring us the few early British stories that Ballard never collected over here. So if you own all his first five Berkley paperbacks 1962-6, Putnam has nothing to sell. On the other hand, some of the Berkleys are o.p. now, the sixteen *Chronopolis* choices include most of the cream (except the Sands series, all in print elsewhere); and the hardcover people at Putnam probably feel no shame in profiting off paperback originals for a change.

For some reason, those of us reviewing collections for LUNA seem more possessive than the tolerant types who cover novels. Still, with apologies to the wrongheads hung up on Lafferty or Ellison, Ballard's short work, collected, was the main sf event in our language after 1957. What seems to fascinate most of the Ballard cult, the "Terminal Beachers," is his underlying mythology and the network of relationships between the stories; this private inner world is the subject of much of the Ballard criticism in England and Canada. I'm more impressed by the narrative technician; his plots, characters and background have the density of good novels or movies. As for his general ideas, while the writer of the stories is a witty man, the "Ballard" who sounds off in public in British mag. interviews, seems as boring to me as most interviewed authors, except when he's giving factual background for his fiction, cf., the painters who've influenced him.

After reviewing *Chronopolis*, I don't see how Ballard can be put on the anti-science side of the argument about the science in modern sf. Take "Deep End," for instance, reprinted here as the curtain tale. Ballard has here written an end-of-the-world story in twelve pages. His technological explanation is specific, yet developed thematically. In "Deep End" technicians begin tampering with the ocean, not by garbaging it, but by withdrawing the water's oxygen to supply planetary colonies. The chemical reaction turns the continental land areas into poison-belts, and the old ocean areas, man's last stand, into salt-lake deserts, from which the last inhabitants leave Earth. Ballard gets all this into the background so that "Deep End" can establish an equation between two teenybopper hulks killing the last dogfish left, and the whole irresponsible treatment of the earth, water, life itself, by the earth's community. The theme is, Earth has rejected the corporative memory and wisdom encapsulated in Mother Ocean, and in poets like the hero, Holliday. So the ocean 'becomes' poetry, history, human experience, and the butchered dogfish 'becomes' Holliday, left behind by the ocean-killers.

In other words, Ballard is able to write the mainstream 'poetic' story with its thematic symbolism. Yet not only can he use advanced technology to explain his poetic landscapes, but he integrates this technology into his thematic development. Such integration means that when Ballard turns to pure fantasy ("Garden of Time") there's no jar for the reader of *Chronopolis*, no feeling that the writer has changed the rules under which he tells his stories.

If you're a subscription reader, *Chronopolis* can be coded into my Ballard collection bibliography in LUNA Monthly 28: (not the story-order in the book) VOT 1-2, 4-5, 7; BIL 1, 5, 8, 10; TBA 1, 5, 9; TBB 2; 4DN 6-7; TIM 4.

—Mark Purcell

FREAK SHOW edited by Peter Haining. Thomas Nelson, 1972. 239 p. $4.95

Mr. Haining's thematic approach to the anthology is a good one, and this collection is an example of a successful attempt. Each story is about a freak in the literal sense, and each is categorized under a particular aspect of freakdom. There are a few surprises in the set—one doesn't expect the humor to come from Davis Grubb, for example, or the nasty shock from Mildred Clingerman. There are several reprints here, but they are worth a second reading.

What particularly makes this collection good is that Mr. Haining has seen fit to give a great deal of variety and scope to this collection, including a piece as classic as "The Magician," by Daniel Defoe and another as whacky as "Heads You Win," by Esther Carlson. In all, an excellent job, and well worth shelling out the big money for. Or, if you borrow it from a friend (don't look at me) you might just forget to return it.

—Michael McQuown

THE IRON DREAM by Norman Spinrad. Avon N448, 1972. 255 p. 95¢

The Hitler, er, Spinrad, book is one that demands a two-fold review. The first on the way the book was written and the second on the plot.

Spinrad wrote as if he were Adolph Hitler living in Post WWI America, and he partially succeeded in sublimating all of Norman Spinrad. His only failure is that the Spinradian Dogmatism shows through. Hitler leads the reader on a pure Prussian Bismarckian tale of conquest that ends in a surprise that leaves the reader saying, "I should have known or at least guessed." The problem is that as with O'Henry, there are few, if any, clues that may be found in the text, to the ending. Spinrad's philosophy is not the same as Hitler's (hopefully) but he indicates in the overall book, that whatever he does believe, he believes it as strongly as Hitler would. As for the construction, the idea that Spinrad uses is beautiful in its conception of execution. (In this sense, the novel is flawless.)

In the plot, the Hitlerian motivation is explained in the "Afterword to the Second Edition." As a reader though, I found *The Iron Dream* difficult to get through without my stomach turning. The plot and characters get successively more sickening and, in a Western sense, depraved. This is truly the history of the Third Reich as Hitler would have liked it.

I would definitely suggest reading this book; but keep your Tums handy.

—William Bacharach

THE UNBEGOTTEN: A Doctor Palfrey Thriller, by John Creasey. Walker, 1972, c1971. 189pp. $4.95

I suppose anyone who at 63 has authored over 500 mysteries has to be forgiven cliches, poor characterization, stilted dialogue, and ridiculous situations. In isolated areas of Britain no children are born. Dr. Palfrey of Z-5 (sort of like UNCLE) investigates and finds space faring folk in satellites (called "a galaxy") are screwing up the birth rate with mysterious rays. Dr. Palfrey destroys the space people. Totally unmemorable, and a bit of a shame because Creasey has done some interesting mysteries.

—J. B. Post

STARFLIGHT 3000 by R. W. Mackelworth. Ballantine 02774, 1972. 184pp. $1.25

The trend towards higher prices on pocket books has now invaded the science fiction field. At one time there were few paperbacks over $1.00; now just about all popular books are over a dollar and the science fiction people are apparently following close behind. In this particular case, the high price appears more indicative of the publisher's awareness that it will sell few copies, rather than any high royalty payment to the author. And if the reason is a high royalty, it can be stated right now that it is totally unjustified.

This novel is, at times, readable—usually in the dialogue and action portions. However, the plotting (where it can be found) is best exemplified by the classic question, "Who's on first? The general concept seems to be that there are two groups vying for control of the solar system's people: Milcon and Polcon. These are poorly rationalized offspring of the Military and Political factions of government. The idea is that these two groups have both been corrupted by absolute power and are now using people as pawns to achieve their objectives. In various shell game contortions, Milcon and Polcon are recognized as one, a revolutionary faction against both is uncovered, a leaderless group fights free for a star trip which winds up in infinity, etc., etc. Best passed over unless you like stretches of good action and dialogue.

—Donald Lundry

SCIENCE FICTION: WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT by Sam J. Lundwall. Ace 75440, 1971. 256pp. illus, index. 95¢

This is the author's own translation from the Swedish of his *Science Fiction: fran begynnelsen till vara dagar* (Stockholm: Sveriges Radios forlag, 1969). The most glaring error in translation is probably known to everyone by this time: calling *Lord of the Rings* by the title *Fellowship of the Ring*. There is also some awkwardness of some phraseology, one badly mangled metaphor, and one gross error in anthropology. Aside from these minor and petty criticisms, I find this an excellent book and urge everyone even slightly involved in fandom to dash out and purchase this work. Even know-it-all old timers (and know-it-all new timers) will find much of value; European writers in traditions other than English are noted in passing (and hopefully this will get them translated and published). One shortcoming of the Ace edition is lack of many of the illustrations which appeared in the Swedish edition.

Since I agree essentially with most of what Mr. Lundwall says I don't find this a controversial book, but since he has little sympathy for the 'New Wave,' I am sure angry words will be heard from some quarters. He believes, as do I, that science fiction is a literature of ideas. His history of the genre begins with a general historical survey and then examines certain aspects more closely. Stories of utopias and anti-utopias are dissected. Fantasy and space opera are put into their place. Certain sexual, cultural, and anthropological notions prevalent in sf are examined. Science fiction in comic books, in movies, and on TV is noted. Fandom is even mentioned.

At one point Mr. Lundwall is guilty of bad manners when he mentions a certain Arizona Senator and implies that this individual would approve of a police state. To me this seems like nosing into the internal affairs of another country.

All in all, however, this is both a valuable and interesting book which should be bought by everyone.

—J. B. Post

THE CRYSTAL CAVE by Mary Stewart. Fawcett Crest P1570, 1971. 375pp. $1.25 (hardcover: Morrow, 1970. $7.95)

Purists have complained that this book deviates from certain texts regarding the legend of Merlin. And well it may; first of all, this is not a scholarly work, it is a novel, and it is the author's prerogative, particularly since we are dealing with a legendary, rather than historical, personage. Whatever the faults of the book may be in this regard, Miss Stewart has turned out one hell of a novel. Her pace is excellent and her main characters are flesh and blood. This is the story of the Merlin who becomes the legend—the illegitimate son of Ambrosius, leader of the Britons and predecessor to Uther Pendragon; the Merlin who becomes, through a logical series of events, the mighty sorcerer of the Arthurian legend.

Miss Stewart's invention in the area of the legend is phenomenal; without detracting from the glow of the legend, she manages to create reasonable and logical explanations for many of the objects and events famous in the legend—not the least of which is the Crystal Cave itself, a thing natural enough in substance; but put there, in that place, by what Power to serve its purpose?

But first and last, it is Merlin himself who must claim our undivided attention; the young boy, green and untried, who matures before our very eyes into the man who becomes nearly indispensable to three great leaders of the early British. This book, together with Rosemary Sutcliff's *Sword at Sunset*, gives probably the clearest and most likely picture of the historical reality behind the Arthurian legend.

—Michael McQuown

THE CASTLE KEEPS by Andrew J. Offut. Berkley S2187, 1972. 191pp. 75¢

Some time in the near future, air pollution will require the wearing of respirators and people will be unwilling to venture out on the streets without some form of defense against criminals. The man with the quick draw and accurate aim will get more respect (and higher pay) than the scholar. Each man's home will be a castle defended against all intruders. But instead of moats and arrow slots, it will be trip wires and machine guns.

This is the grim picture andy offut paints in his latest novel. And it's not unlikely.

It's a natural outgrowth of the Iowa conviction of a farm couple who rigged up a shotgun to fire automatically at any burglar who opened the front door—which then shot and severely wounded a potential bandit. It's an outgrowth of ripoffs in the name of social justice. It's an outgrowth of many of the ills of today's society. In short, it's darn good science fiction, making you think about the results of today's trends carried to their logical extreme. A book worth reading.

—Donald Lundry

NUNQUAM by Lawrence Durrell. Pocket Books 78072, 1971. 259pp. $1.25 (hardcover: Dutton, 1970. $7.95)

Ah, how can one describe the Byzantine splendour of Durrell's language? How can one convey the magnificent imagery as dusky and murky as a Turkish seraglio? One can't, really. The writing is quite rich and may not appeal to all, so this has to be recommended very selectively. While the tale itself is interesting, it is the telling that raises the work to artistic heights. Felix Charlock is sprung from the asylum where he is recovering from a breakdown. Julian, Felix's brother-in-law, head of Merlin, a gigantic international conglomerate, needs Felix's talents in the computer field. Julian had the hots for the film star Iolanthe, the late film star Iolanthe. Using the resources of Merlin, Julian hopes to create an ersatz Iolanthe, a mechanical ghost. The project is successful though ultimately Julian and Iolanthe destroy each other. The story line is interesting enough but Durrell has built upon it: there are sidelights like the description of embalming or the scenes in the madhouse which give depth to the story. A magnificent book but not everyone's cup of tea.

There was, however, one jarring note: between pages 126 and 127 was a larger than life-size full-color fold-out of True cigarettes. It told me all I never wanted to know about True cigarettes. At last report authors did not share in any income derived from such advertising. If a book is going to be defaced with this kind of advertising, the author should get a cut. Better yet, it shouldn't be allowed in books.

—J. B. Post

SHADOWS OF HEAVEN: Religion and Fantasy in the Writing of C. S. Lewis, Charles Williams, and J. R. R. Tolkien, by Gunnar Urang. Pilgrim Press (United Church Press, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102) 1971. 186pp. $6.95

One of the 12 essays comprising *Shadows of Imagination* edited by Mark Hillegas (Southern Illinois University Press, 1969, reviewed LUNA Monthly 16) is a study of Tolkien by Gunnar Urang, who was then writing his doctoral thesis on these three authors. This book derives from that thesis, and chapter 3 is a revision of his earlier essay.

One chapter is devoted to each author, with a concluding essay comparing and contrasting thematic and structural elements in the works of the three authors. He focuses on two questions: "how does the shape of each writer's belief correlate with the unique literary qualities of his fiction?" and "can the pattern of belief represented by the work be considered adequate to the experience and developing consciousness of modern man?" Given the author's doctorate in literature and theology, and the basic nature of the writings of these authors, his emphasis is on the religious—largely Christian—concerns of their work; the familiar triad of faith, hope and love. His emphasis on the source of their writings in the images in past literature and folklore contrasts with the sharply different emphasis of most sf, where the future, extrapolated or wholly imagined, is the focus. Further, central to the vision of these writers is a supernatural understanding of man developed through mythopoetic and sometimes allegorical means. Most sf, by contrast, emphasizes purely naturalistic or humanistic elements, divorced from any larger theological conception of man. A novel such as *A Canticle for Leibowitz* or most of Stapledon's work represents the decoded exception. Urang invites and requires close attention, for he is concerned with much more than the surface plots of these writers, the usual concern of what often passes for criticism in the sf field. His work is a valuable scholarly study of the writings of these authors and which, along with the Hillegas collection, should be read by any reader with more than a passing interest in their writings. —Neil Barron

SON OF MAN by Robert Silverberg. Ballantine 02277, 1971. 212pp. $1.25

One cannot help wondering if Ballantine is marketing this as science fiction. A good question. Did Silverberg have an "Eater of Darkness" to get under his belt? Is this, on the other hand, a Swiftian exercise. Not to satirize but to melodiously categorize human inclination and intellect? One might tentatively resolve "son of Man" a light wrapping of science fiction which quickly peels back to show a florid allegory of the latent potential of human evolution.

Considering the envelope of science fiction, we have Silverberg treating the grandest theme in the genre. Evolving man transcendent in the fabric of time. The tradition of Stapledon. To that purpose Silverberg has brought an outpouring of lush imagery framed in a truly varied if not somewhat self conscious lyricism.

Nominally a man, Clay, is caught by a chronomatic riptide and is time-washed into a nondenumerable future era. A truly staggeringly distant time, where the inhabitants have it only by second hand that the earth had a moon and Saturn's rings are gone.

Those inhabitants! Their names tell all you need know about them: Breathers, Eaters, Destroyers, Awaiters, Interceders, Skimmers, etc. They punctuate an amorphous and fleshy landscape, even taking the physical shape of their names—and, they are the sons of man. Clay journeys upon this land. Being his name he is shaped for the purpose of his instruction. He becomes things, sees others and experiences 'places.' Places like Old, Heavy, Slow, Dark.

This all serves Silverberg by enfolding in parable The Immense Journey. Then Breathers, Eaters, Skimmers and suchlike become prime ingredients for the recipe of that great self optimizing engine known as organic evolution. Clay as man, the great generalist, experiences the template of this apparatus and all the forces that drive it into existence, not the least of which is human sexuality.

In the long run it seems that the immensity and depth of the subject puts a decided strain on all the flowing words Mr. Silverberg uses so nicely. And too, if this is an allegory on the unfolding progression of human sentience then the special extent of humanity seems to take a terrible second place next to the great protagonist of time. —Al Jackson

THE LANGUAGE OF CATS AND OTHER STORIES by Spencer Holst. McCall Publishing Co., 1971. 87pp. $3.95

At last! It has been done! The spoken word has been transferred into print so skillfully (or, is the printed line made to feel so spoken?) that one must interrupt that person across the room who is reading this morning's *Times* and say "listen to this," and read one of these stories (?) (anecdotes(?) vignettes(?)) aloud. And then another, and another, until you have both killed a perfectly lovely Sunday afternoon reading to one another about the Siamese cat who spoke fluent Zebraic; the author's little sister, who brought world peace by murdering 42 Santa Clauses; the three-legged monster; and the long-forgotten ballroom at Versailles.

I refuse to destroy this book by 'reviewing' its contents title by title—let the preceding paragraph suffice. It is worth every bit of $3.95. In fact, I might even be convinced to pay more for it. —Charlotte Moslander

THE REGIMENTS OF NIGHT by Brian N. Ball. DAW UQ1019, 1972. 188pp. 95¢

This is a helluva good story; slam bang all the way, with a gripping, nightmarish plot. A grab-bag of characters—an archaeologist, some tourists, a fugitive and his murderous pursuer—are all trapped in an underground fort buried deep in the ruins of a military installation on ruined and radioactive Earth. The fort, completely automated, has waited for a thousand years to receive the orders which would arouse its robot commanders and unleash the dreadful black army that would ravage and destroy. Arrival of the confused group of people actuates the sensing devices and the fort begins its fearful countdown to destruction. We have been conditioned to take this kind of thing in our stride, but it is really a fearful nightmare, unrelieved by a moment's lightness—savage and brutal throughout. And, as such, it is compelling. Author Ball over-writes badly and tends to repeat himself—good editing could pare him down with benefit, Nevertheless, it's the kind of book you find hard to put down. —Samuel Mines

SF BIBLIOGRAPHIES: An Annotated Bibliography of Bibliographical Works on Science Fiction and Fantasy Fiction, by Robert E. Briney and Ed Wood. Advent (Box 9228, Chicago, Ill. 60690) 1972. x, 49pp. $1.95paper

SCIENCE FICTION CRITICISM: An Annotated Checklist, by Thomas Clareson. Kent State University Press, 1972. xiii, 225pp. $7.00

Both of these works are absolutely indispensable for the researcher in science fiction. Taking the Briney & Wood item first, it is arranged in four sections: magazine indexes, bibliographies of individual authors, general indexes & checklists, and foreign language bibliographies. The last section is only a sample of six items. There is a seven page index. Each item has a rather full description of the bibliography: a full bibliographic description, including size, method of production, and binding, as well as a fullsome description of its scope, strengths, and weaknesses if glaring.

Tom Clareson, on the other hand is our foot in the academic door. Wow, a meaningful publication on sf done by a university press means we have arrived. And it's number 23 in "The Serif Series Bibliographies and Checklists." It may not be a "Soho Bibliography" but it is impressive. Though books are listed, the greatest chunk of the citations goes to articles. There are nine sections: general studies, literary studies, book reviews, visual arts, futurology, utopia, & dystopia, classroom & library, publishing, specialist bibliographies, and the contemporary scene. Each section has its citations numbered. The indices, one for the author of the criticism and the other for sf authors mentioned, are keyed to section and citation number. What makes his book so valuable is Dr. Clareson's diligence in rooting out references to science fiction in all manner of journals. Why, it's even better than the "Have You Read" column in LUNA. And the citations are all annotated, some rather briefly, though.

Serious researchers hearken unto my voice and buy these for your reference collection. Not so serious researchers note them and read them in a library. —J. B. Post

SELECTED LETTERS 1929-1931 of Howard Phillips Lovecraft. Arkham House, 1971. xxiii, 451pp. $10.00

This is the third of a projected five volume set and is considered by its editors, August Derleth and Donald Wandrei, to cover a key period in HPL's life. As always, the letters are interesting because we see Lovecraft relaxed when corresponding with friends—the man becomes somehow alive in his letters. The subject matter of the letters ranges from a dunning letter to a treatise on the Lovecraft family tree, from ancient Rome to modern morals. A master index is promised for volume five but the table of contents is quite analytical, describing briefly the subject matter of each letter. Only, however, for the serious collector and/or researcher.

—J. B. Post

DARK THINGS edited by August Derleth. Arkham House, 1971. 330pp. $6.50

It pains me to pan a book by anyone recently deceased. Mr. Derleth has assembled twenty-four stories which aren't bad but which in general are mediocre and/or HPL-derived. Oh, there are some moments but on the whole this is a collection to read at your local library rather than buy. Ramsey Campbell's "Napier Court" shows that he might yet become an important writer if he ever leaves the fantasy field; Lin Carter contributes a couple of pastiches which are funny only if one is steeped in Lovecraftian lore; Robert Bloch's "The Funny Farm" is a failure; the Howard/Derleth "The House in the Oaks" is part of the Conrad cycle of stories but I do wish Conrad didn't kill himself in the end—I'm tired of suicide as the answer to facing unspeakable evil; H. Russell Wakefield's "Appointment with Fire" oozes with British anti-Semitism; the Margery Lawrence and Emil Petaja contributions I find bad because they both assume all sorts of psychic gobbledygook. The five pages of biographical notes are useful only in the case of newcomers. *Dark Mind, Dark Heart* (Arkham, 1962) still remains the best of Mr. Derleth's anthologies of original macabre tales.

—J. B. Post

BEST SF STORIES FROM NEW WORLDS 5 edited by Michael Moorcock. Berkley Medallion S2003, 1971. 175pp. 75¢

I must say that I find myself somewhat disenchanted with this collection of stories from top writers. *New Worlds*, British sf's chief promoter of stylistic experimentation, has managed to convince a great number of great talents that story, plot, and character are not as important as how many unique and peculiar ways you can string words and ideas together. Perhaps I'm simply too stupid to understand all this, but I have always regarded language as a means of communicating ideas, and this seems not to be the point of this collection.

I developed a simple system of noting the stories as I went through the book—a check mark if I understood it at all, a question mark if I thought I might, and an X if I didn't. The final tally was three (3) check, four (4) querys, and one x.

Actually the X wasn't so much that I didn't understand Zelazny & Plachta's story as it was the feeling that it was incomplete; it seemed to be an excerpt from a longer work, and I wanted more detail, more background. In terms of writing, it was one of the most straightforward pieces in the book.

"The Last Hurrah of the Golden Horde" by Spinrad, was the best thing in the book for me—it was coherent, and it was funny. But I can't for the life of me figure out why people are so turned on with such a slimy little shit as Jerry Cornelius.

J. G. Ballard's "The Death Module" escaped me completely. It might have made some minor difference had I known what the hell a Zapruder frame was.

Of the rest of the stuff in the book, Hall, Aldiss, Finch and Gordon rated question marks. Peter Tate's "Mars Pastorale" was interesting, Charles Platt's "The Rodent Laboratory" was enjoyable, and Langdon Jones' "Biographical Note on Ludwig van Beethoven II" was amusing and probably would have been more so had I known enough music to read the musical inserts. Why Mr. Jones assumes that all his readers are music buffs rates another question mark.

—Michael McQuown

SELECTED POEMS of Clark Ashton Smith. Arkham House, 1971. xix, 403pp. $10.00

Collected into one huge volume we have the major verse of Clark Ashton Smith. All of Smith's earlier collections of poetry are out of print and rather hard to obtain. Tehcnically Smith is quite good and his themes are often enough of a dark nature to please fans, but on the whole this is a specialized work and mass purchase by fandom is not recommended. Perusal, however, is urged. Smith's verse will only reach the masses when some rock group sets "Resurrection" to music. —J. B. Post

DON RODRIGUEZ: Chronicles of Shadow Valley, by Lord Dunsany. Ballantine 02244, 1971. 274pp. 95¢

Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, the eighteenth Baron Dunsany, Lord Dunsany to you, was born of Irish parents in 1878 and educated in London. He served in the British Army during the Boer and First World Wars, and was associated with the Abbey Theater from 1909 on. In his time he was most noted as a playwright, and his short, one-acters, usually fantasies, are still popular with amateurs, I'm told. But he was an essayist as well, a pamphleteer of the Irish Renaissance when Sean O'Casey, W. B. Yeats, Synge, and James Stephens were reviving Irish letters, and he was also the author of dozens of superb short fantasy stories and ten novels which rank with the best of world literature.

Dunsany's reputation is slight today, and we owe a debt to Lin Carter for reprinting some of Dunsany's best work. First, *At the Edge of the World*, a collection of stories, and then his finest novel, *The King of Elfland's Daughter*. If you missed them when they appeared, go looking—they are well worth it.

Now Lin Carter has reissued Dunsany's first novel, *Don Rodriguez: Chronicles of Shadow Valley*, which has been out of print for fifty years; and its reappearance is cause to celebrate for it is an extraordinary, delightful book.

Loosely based on *Don Quixote*, it recounts the misadventures of a not-too-bright suicidally gallant knight in search of 'the wars.' It is almost a comedy of manners, suggesting a satire on Dunsany's contemporaries, although I would not swear to it. It was published in 1922, and certainly the aftermath of the First World War played its part as Dunsany takes a dim view of war as human foolishness in which victors and vanquished alike are equally victims.

Rodriguez's Sancho Panza, Morano, explains to his master the value of cooking: "Master, there be two things necessary in the wars, strategy and cooking. Now the first of these comes in use when the captain speak of their achievements and historians write of the wars. Strategy is a learned thing, Master, and the wars may not be told of without it, but while the wars rageth and men be camped upon the fougthen field then is the time for cooking; for many a man that fights the wars, if he hath not his food, were well content to let the enemy live, but feed him and at once he becometh proud at heart and cannot a-bear the sight of the enemy walking among his tents but must needs slay him outright. Aye, master, the cooking for the wars; and when the wars are over you who are learned shall study strategy."

There is more than humor in that: there is tenderness and deep compassion. In a later episode, when Don Rodriguez has finally found his 'wars' and plunged into battle, he fells the first man he meets and, with a sword to his throat, he demands his castle. The fear-stricken man, faced with death, agrees readily, and the trio return to Spain.

Along the way, the man explains that an evil magician lives near his castle and covets it, and he warns Don Rodriguez to expect anything.

Of course, there is no castle, no magician; nothing but a poor farmer named Pedro who lives with his wife and infant son on a small farm, but Pedro swears to Don Rodriguez that the magician has made off with his castle and begs him to spare his life. And gallant knight that he is, Don Rodriguez believes him.

He had come so far, risked so much, and yet he believes the poor farmer. It is a moving scene that says much about what men have in common.

It is not Dunsany's best book, and Lin Carter admits that, but it is a fine book and I urge you to read it. You will not be sorry. —Paul Walker

THE SIXTH SEAL by Mary Wesley. Stein and Day, 1971, c1969. 252pp. $5.95

It has been a few years since I last read a 'woman's novel,' and, by Kate, I hope it's a good long time before Our Peerless Editrix saddles me with another.

The plot, actually, is not all that bad—strange natural catastrophes cause all animal life above ground during a certain few hours to disappear, leaving only traces of hair, glass eyes, false teeth, and the like. Also, minor geographic changes, such as Cornwall becoming an island, cause a certain amount of inconvenience. If only that main character, Muriel Wake, were not maundering about in such a fog, having nightmares about her dead husband, worrying about her teenaged sons, and continually pestering the priest at the abbey. Everyone else in the book has a fairly well-developed personality, and even the obligatory romantic interest provided by some young refugees from the cities, the Navy, and Afghanistan is not obtrusive.

Unless you are a subscriber to the slick 'femme' magazines, forget *The Sixth Seal*—it has no relation whatever to the one in Revelation vi, 12. —Charlotte Moslander

DEVILDAY by Angus Hall. Ace 14283, 1971. 75¢

This one is a winner, and for once it lives up to its cover blurb. It is truly unique. For one thing, the setting is the most unghostly you can imagine—a suburban British television station.

The story is told by Barry Lambert, a young-man-on-the-way-up, described by his mistress as a bit of a shit, and referred to by his colleagues as 'brown-lips.' He has made his mark at Southcastle with a man-on-the-street sort of show, and it is in the role of professional observer that he relates most of the story. An old-time American movie serial star named Paul Harvard Toombs is being brought to England to revive his famous 'Dr. Dis' character for British telly. That he is also a Satanist and a drug addict are complications that Barry Lambert didn't count on.

What makes this book particularly successful is not the slightly offbeat plot, but the additional detail of Lambert's relations with his mistress (if you like sex, you'll love Julia), his boss, and his career.

Hall's writing style is pungent, witty, and colorful. Barry Lambert is overflowing with comments, aphorisms, and the argot of his own particular world: the Americanized, homogenized world of British television. The ambience is real, the characters well constructed, and the plot solid enough to keep you reading from beginning to end. My only particular criticism of the book as a whole has to do with some of the sex scenes between Barry and Julia—but even the gratuitousness of them seems to fit in with Lambert's character. Watch out for some of the 'inside' jokes, you afficionados. —Michael McQuown

SPELL OF THE WITCH WORLD by Andre Norton. DAW UQ1001, 1972. 159pp. 95¢

In the seventh book of the Witch World series, Miss Norton has chosen to display her creation from a new perspective. The two novelettes and one short story included here take us across the sea from Estcarp to the Dales of High Hallack before, during and immediately after the invasion of the Hounds of Alizon.

"Dragon Scale Silver" is the adventurous tale of twins Elys and Elyn, witch-daughter and warrior-son of refugees from Estcarp. Guided by the spell of her mother's cup of dragon scale silver, Elys faces ancient and evil magic to save her brother from a generations-old curse. In "Dream Smith" the twisted and ugly Collard forges the metal of the Old Ones into an enduring dream of beauty for himself and another. Ysmay, in "Amber out of Quayth," accepts marriage with Hylle, Lord of Quayth, and discovers too late the dread secret upon which his ill-gotten and sorcerous wealth is based. Only her own rare amulet and the intervention of ancient powers can save her from her husband's hate.

If some of the mysticism of the author's later Witch World novels is missing in *Spell of the Witch World*, the change is refreshing. The fantasy element is still strong and superbly handled. This is a fine trio of fantasy yarns and Norton at her best. Get it, by all means.

—B. A. Fredstrom

DEATH CELL by Ron Goulart. Beagle 95111, 1971. 153pp. 95¢

A novel based on a formula I cannot remember seeing recently: the 1940 style ace reporter movie. Goulart has it all here, the zany happenings, snappy dialog and the usual paper thin plot. It might have worked too if Goulart had not imbued his major character with all the subtlety of a tire tool.

Jack Summer, strong silent super reporter for the interplanetary magazine *Muckrake*, sets out to dig up some dirt about a secret illegal project on the planet Murdstone. Along with his bald photog sidekick, Palma, it's hippity hop at the barber shop from the start. On the way to their exposé they run into illegal cyborgs called bozos, recalcitrant baseball players, Cops Emeritus, various agents and torpedos and even "literary webfoots" and "cultural simps." All of whose hash they settle with fisticuffs and fornication.

About the only thing of substance here is humor, that is if you ignore the ball peen satire. There are some nutty little nuggets. Like a gasoline powered robot that keeps smoking up the bus he drives and his replacement, an android whose ears keep falling off because a trio of explosives tycoons from a retirement home keep playing a piano at the wrong frequency. A crazy composite father-son man and others. Maybe a little more of this next time will keep this proposed series from being strictly a lightweight. —Al Jackson

DREAD COMPANION by Andre Norton. Ace 16669, 1972. 75¢ (hardcover: Harcourt, 1970. $4.95)

Alice Mary Norton is a strange phenomenon in sf. The whole structure and setting of her stories is thirty years out of date. It's as if you took all those raging blood and thunder stories in science fiction of the late thirties and the decade of the forties and combined them into, say, a Sunday edition of *The Galactic Times.* You would have plenty of headlines and loads of stuff to fill pages and pages of your newspaper. But, what about that little 'human interest' story for the Sunday supplement or the long quiet piece about everyday life you need for a filler on page 96? Well, Miss Norton has striven mightily over the last two decades to fill in all those little byways that must be in the background of Asimov's First Galactic Empire or Heinlein's Future History.

Miss Norton now has over forty sf novels and no one in modern times has stuck more faithfully to their future history. Not that we ever have really found out much about it. We have the Patrol, the Scouts, the Rangers, etc. moving against the background of the same settings that she has used for nearly 20 years now. Yet we have rarely if ever found out what central power (for there must be some organizing agency) plans and knits all these interstellar services together. The hand that rocks the cradle is off there 'somewhere.' It does not matter because Miss Norton has left all that stuff to the front pages.

All this derivative milieu makes Miss Norton a hack of sorts. Yet that is a mean tag to pin on her. For it is easy to see her sincerity and fondness for science fiction. She uses what trappings she needs but does not abuse or pervert them. Ninety percent of her novels have been sold as juveniles and one should keep this in mind. One should tone down his expectations: don't look for characterization, and as Schuyler Miller has pointed out, pay attention to the fine flair of a good story teller. Miss Norton has woven some nice gems like *Star Guard, Galactic Derelict,* recently the Janus stories and others all straight sf. I am not a fan of her fantasy work, finding the Witch World series somewhat lacking.

Dread Companion falls into a subclass of Norton stories. Namely the mixing of fantasy (of sorts) with straight science fiction. The main character Kilda is led into a parallel universe, with a fantasy superstructure, by the two possessed children for whom she is governess. This adventure fills the middle portion of the book and though most of the action takes place in this parallel world, it only serves to connect two different time slices on the same planet. The major preoccupation of this novel, the action in the fantasy world, seems to serve no recognizable purpose (except to explain in part the possession of the children). It is an aimless adventure and Miss Norton leaves her usual number of loose ends. One gets the impression that she found this parallel world so unappealing that she disposes of it as a plot idea about 3/4 of the way through the book. Just as well, the loose ends left are better off if they drift into oblivion. —Al Jackson

SPACE SKIMMER by David Gerrold. Ballantine 02644, 1972. 218pp. 95¢

David Gerrold is new to me, but he's good. *Space Skimmer* is a story in the classic tradition, a story whose impact is in ideas rather than stereotyped action. The plot is flimsy, but it doesn't matter. It deals with a man's intellectual curiosity and his search for a vanished galactic Empire and the legendary spaceships they spawned—the "space skimmers" whose incredible speed made the empire possible. His roving quest brings him into contact with a little group of odd and assorted characters who join him. They don't discover very much, but they do, all of them, experience a revelation and character metamorphosis that is wildly emotional and indeed comes dangerously close to being maudlin. But don't let that turn you off—the book is a delight to read. Gerrold has only one bad habit, he likes to write verse for his characters to sing. The reader, obviously, can't hear the music—the verse is terrible—and the whole idea is a mistake. But this is a small flaw in an otherwise fine new writer, one with much to offer the science fiction field.

—Samuel Mines

MIDSUMMER CENTURY by James Blish. Doubleday, 1972. 106pp. $4.95

Scientist John Martels' mind is accidentally projected into the far future (25,000 A.D.) where Martels finds himself sharing the encased brain of a being called the Quant. The tropical phase world of that age is inhabited by tribesmen fighting a losing evolutionary battle against intelligent birds. The Quant provides occasional advice to the natives who depend rather more on communication with the fading mind matrixes of dead ancestors. Martels' goal is to reach the last enclave of men retaining an advanced technology—his only hope to return to his own time. And, without a body, he remains trapped in an immobile brain along with another mind determined to oust him into an undesired afterlife.

Blish suggests several interesting possibilities regarding the nature of parapsychological and mystical phenomena, but they seem neither particularly original nor profound. In fact, the development of these ideas sometimes results in muddled and annoying descriptive passages—and occasionally provides a rationale for the introduction of deus ex machina. But any writer who has his hero escape by strapping on bird's wings and flying away hardly needs instruction in the art of contrivance.

Bearing in mind that *Midsummer Century* is from the author of *A Case of Conscience*, it is a minor novel and a major disappointment—undersized and overpriced. I hope Blish will someday bring this one to the attention of alter ego William Atheling, Jr. That renowned science fiction critic could have a field day tearing it apart.

—B. A. Fredstrom

EXTRAORDINARY TALES by Jorge Luis Borges and Adolfo Bioy Casares. Herder & Herder, 1971. 144pp. $5.50

This is a curious little book at a curious not-so-little price by one of the most curious and gloriously successful writing teams in literary history. Jorge Luis Borges (that is, "Hoar-hey Lew-ees Boar-heys") and Adolfo Bioy Casares (the "Bioy" is your move) have written numerous novels and stories of science fiction, mystery and mainstream; and here they give us an anthology of narratives most of which are less than a page long but of which they say: "The essence of narrative is to be found, we venture to think, in the present pieces."

Indeed it is. And more than narrative as well, for as the book's translator, Anthony Kerrigan, points out in his most informative preface, these are epiphanies: "...in the sense in which Joyce employed the term, the larger sense of passages of revelation and vision: Stephen Dedalus aspired to write epiphanies, so that "When one reads these strange papers of one long gone one feels that one is at one with one who once...") In the present anthology we have a type of such a dreamed-of book."

Here is just one selection: "The dream of Chaung Tzu." "Chaung Tzu dreamt he was a butterfly and, when he awoke, did not know if he was a man who had dreamt he was a butterfly or a butterfly who was dreaming he was a man."

Stick that in your navel and contemplate!

—Paul Walker

TWENTY-ONE BILLIONTH PARADOX by Leonard Daventry. Doubleday, 1971. 204pp. $4.95

A motley crew are sealed into a spaceship and locked into a course which will take them beyond the edge of the known universe and back. The 'volunteers' are three professionals with skeletons in their closets and one super-dedicated scientist. The 'prisoners' are three rebellious students, one convicted murderer, and a telepath who happened to be in the building from which the students attempted to assassinate the Premier of Earth. The journey is only an excuse for the author to put all these disparate people together in a confined area under stressful conditions and examine their behavior and the alliances they form. This is all very interesting, and the slip into an earlier continuum in which the telepaths are ruling Earth and its colonies solves the problem of what will happen to the prisoners and out-of-grace crew members when they reach the end of their round trip Out There.

The story is really quite intriguing; however, one might wish that the author had permitted us to become better acqainted with the characters, since we were to be stranded on a spaceship with them for almost the entire book. —Charlotte Moslander

BANTAN AND THE MERMAIDS by Maurice B. Gardner. Theo. Gaus Sons (available from the author, 90 Cobb Ave., Portland, Me. 04102) 1970. 316pp. $4.00

A reviewer feels an obligation to read a book through, cover to cover. By page 20 in this attempt, I felt myself a hero; by page 30, a martyr; and at page 50, I expired in an agony of sub-literary despair. One can tolerate only so many "bronzed giant," "comely native girl," "eyes of adoration," etc., references before becoming sickly saturated. Amateurish prose in which are imbedded numerous "sighs," "dark eyes," "noble features," and the "epitome of perfect maleness," demands a hardiness I seem to lack.

Bantan is a South Sea Island Tarzan-type who paddles stalwartly around looking for adventure and disdaining any but "white-skinned girls" as potential mates. He gallantly protects such companions as Mauria, Tama, and Nulu from being devoured by manta rays, sharks and other fearsome creatures while he flexes his "bronzed" muscles and ponders deeply in the inimitable manner of an eight-year-old moron. In this book he runs into a school of man-hungry mermaids from whom he will presumably have to protect his virtue. If you have read *Bantan of the Islands, Bantan Defiant, . . . Valiant, . . . Incredible, . . . Primeval, . . . Fearless,* etc., you know. If you haven't, don't.

This is all, of course, on the basis of 50 pages. The other 266 pages might be wonderful! —B. A. Fredstrom

DINOSAUR BEACH by Keith Laumer. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1971. 186pp. $4.95 (paperback: DAW UQ1021, 1972. 95¢)

In *Dinosaur Beach* Laumer has produced one Tyrannosaurus of a time travel yarn!

From Dinosaur Beach station in the remote Jurassic Age, Nexx Central agent Ravel ranges across time to plug holes, caused by the meddling of generations of humanity, in the very fabric of the continuum. In 1936 America he finds and loses the woman he loves—only to seemingly regain her in fellow agent Mellia Gayle. But both he and she, he finds, are being manipulated toward unknown ends in their war against the robot Kargs. The result may spell the end of mankind.

This is Laumer's brand of space opera raised to the nth power: unremitting action, plot complexity reminiscent of van Vogt or Ian Wallace, jackhammer prose, and a fascinating cosmology embracing all of time. If a profusion of pseudo-terms and concepts frequently shunts the reader into confusion, the action whipping him from page to page never relents long enough for this to be anything but secondary. The result is quite literally breathtaking.

Most people could fault Laumer's writing, but I defy most of them to achieve the objectivity, to slow their plunge through Laumer's worlds sufficiently, to manage it on first reading. A superb piece of entertaining escape. —B. A. Fredstrom

THE WRONG END OF TIME by John Brunner. Doubleday, 1971. 204pp. $4.95

The United States has retreated into isolation, hiding behind heavily defended borders, so when the Soviets discover the ship of an alien intelligence out beyond Pluto and receive a series of pictures which seem to indicate that the aliens are going to destroy a city in the U.S., set off a nuclear war, and put humanity back into the Stone Age, a man is smuggled in through the defenses to try to head off the holocaust. Enter the rest of the cast—a Soviet spy who has achieved success in business, his over-sexed daughter, the young rebel, and as many others as one would find in any aggregate of human beings. In the end, the young rebel solves the problem, as we knew all along he would, and there is once more Hope for Mankind.

This novel is very well constructed; the society is believable; even the greater differences between Black and White English follow patterns already in existence. The characters are the stock ones, true, but they are made to seem believable, and the solution of the 'alien problem' leaves them, as well as the reader, with that all-too-familiar "why didn't I think of that?" feeling. —Charlotte Moslander

QUARK/3 edited by Samuel R. Delany and Marilyn Hacker. Paperback Library 66-593, 1971. 238 p. $1.25

This is blurbed "a quarterly of speculative fiction and graphics," and is supposed to imply quality. I must admit it is a handsome package, with tasteful and high quality artwork on the outside, and a toned-down appearance that essentially says "we don't have to tell you this is good because you should already know," and perhaps the price is supposed to say that anything this expensive has to be good.

But it isn't. Maybe 'science fiction' is a misnomer, but if this is 'speculative fiction,' then that too is an improper labeling. There are only four stories in the entire volume that could vaguely be called speculative, and besides that there is one very fine mainstream novella by Delany, a parody of Hope Mirrlees' *Lud-In-The-Mist* by Joanna Russ, and a motley assortment of 'stories' that typify everything that was ever wrong with *New Worlds* in theo later numbers. They are lumps of style, totally devoid of any plot, theme, characterization, settings, emotional depth, or meaning in any way, and mostly they display a bunch of 'little magazine' writers who don't have anything to say and through their 'difficult' styles they try and prevent the reading audience from getting in on the fact. There is very little sense of anything artistic (as opposed to artiness, which abounds) and in general a paucity of imagination and creativity.

I managed to finish six out of the fourteen items, so I'll give you a rundown:

"Encased in Ancient Rind" by R. A. Lafferty, opens the book and is a positively delightful comedy/tragedy/fable about pollution. But not an ordinary pollution warning story, mind you, for Lafferty himself says "Come off it. You know us better than that."

"Home Again, Home Again" by Gordon Eklund is a piece of cheap propaganda costume sf. Once you remove the trappings (androids, BEMs, spaceships) it's about a Vietnam veteran who is so used to killing he is unable to adjust back to civilian life. There may be noble sentiments expressed in this thing but its value as literature is about nil.

"Dog in the Fisherman's Net" by Samuel Delany is one of the finest contemporary stories I have ever read, and next to it the other attempts in the book look even more infinitesimally feeble. A very sensitive and moving story dealing with life among the poor in present day Greece.

"Where Have You Been Billy Boy, Billy Boy" by Kate Wilhelm is a plotless slice-of-life thing set in the near future. Both in style and in content it reads like a fragment John Brunner might have trimmed out of his final draft of *Stand on Zanzibar.* Sometimes Miss Wilhelm has written superbly, sometimes terribly, but I've never seen her do an imitation before. I hope this isn't an indication of what is to come.

"Brave Salt" by Richard Hill is about (I think) a playboy type who for no intelligent or discernible reason leads an expedition against Haiti. It's a piece of total nonsense and I suppose the only reason I finished it is that the author has a greater command of language than most of his fellows and actually kept the thing coherent.

"Twenty-Four Letters from Underneath the Earth" by Hillary Bailey is a poignant tale of the last survivors of humanity after some unspecified disaster, trying to maintain themselves in underground communities. Hardly original, but quite well done.

And the rest of the book? Nothing worth mentioning. Terribly verbose essay by Delany, some very crude drawings (these are the 'graphics' they make such a fuss about I suppose), and the non-stories of varying lengths. I suppose one should feel pity for an editor who has a budget as high as Delany's and is unable to assemble an at least presentable anthology, but I know that most of the people involved with this thing can and have written worthwhile material; and as for those who can't, there is no excuse for their being published at all.

—Darrell Schweitzer

RX FOR TOMORROW by Alan E. Nourse. McKay, 1971. 216pp. $4.95

RX for Tomorrow is Dr. Nourse's latest collection of short stories, ranging from 1952 to 1958, and including two previously unpublished stories. They have a rudimentary structure: spit and polish; minimal gimmicks, italics, or typographical acrobatics. Dr. Nourse's sentences are simple, declarative, and without excess adjectives and adverbs. It is a functional style that functions damn well. He overdoes exposition and skimps on drama though, so the narratives are too often slow moving; but his characters are clear and interesting—people the reader cares about, in interesting situations whose details are well-fleshed out.

Some of the stories, such as "Symptomaticus Medicus" and "Contamination Crew" seem dated and somewhat juvenile now (although take a look at Nourse's name for the first lunar ship), but others such as "A Gift for Numbers" about a personality transplant with a delicious twist at the end, or "The Last House Call" which is hard sf and whose predictions are almost upon us; these stories are genuinely involving and stay with you when you put down the book.

These are not Dr. Nourse's best, but I would recommend the book to anyone who enjoys good science fiction.

The other stories: "RX," "Free Agent," "Heir Apparent," "In Sheep's Clothing," "Bramble Bush," "Plague!" "Grand Rounds." The book is dedicated to Hans Stefan Santesson.

—Paul Walker

TARZAN ALIVE: A Definitive Biography of Lord Greystoke, by Philip Jose Farmer. Doubleday, 1972. xx, 312pp. $5.95

This is a fantastic book! I really can't begin to do it justice. It is, as its title indicates, a biography of Tarzan. Mr. Farmer knows his Burroughs and he obviously loved his Tarzan books because he writes with both intelligence and feeling for the subject. This is true of his Tarzan pastiches as well. Someday I would like to meet Mr. Farmer in the flesh and shake his hand for doing such a masterful job.

And now to struggle with describing the masterful job. Briefly put it is a recapitulation of the Tarzan stories, attempting to explain internal inconsistencies and order the adventures. Mr. Farmer plays the Baker Street Irregular game by pretending Tarzan is real and Burroughs was to Tarzan what Doyle was to Holmes. Though Tarzan was a loner he did have relatives and Mr. Farmer gives us the Greystoke family tree. It seems that in 1795 a meteorite crashed near five couples and the radiation made their descendants better than the norm. Tarzan is discovered to be related to Doc Savage, Bulldog Drummond, Lord Peter Wimsey, and Sherlock Holmes, to name but a few illustrious members of the line. I am a bit disappointed that there wasn't enough evidence to trace the line to Conan, Bran Mac Morn, or Solomon Kane.

Buried in the great put-on (it had better be a put-on—I'd hate to think such super people really did exist) is an important contribution: Tarzan as a traditional figure in myth and folklore. Mr. Farmer traces and points out themes in the Tarzan stories which are common to the traditional folk tale and the Hero tale of mythology. For the price this book is a bargain and anyone interested in Burroughs, Tarzan, or Sherlock Holmes should own a copy.

—J. B. Post

PHANTOMS AND FANCIES by L. Sprague deCamp. Mirage, 1972. 107pp. $5.00

Sprague deCamp is a popular poet. His first volume of verse sold out in record time (two months) and since it was published in a limited edition from Arkham House, it will be a sure fire collector's item.

So will this one. Again limited edition, plus very deluxe printing and five gorgeous full page illustrations by Tim Kirk. The contents are merely verses, as opposed to Poetry. They're all rhymed and metered, and quite often strained badly to meet the requirements of their rigid forms. Certainly there is nothing here that will be remembered as Great Poetry, and there is little if anything that may be plumbed for hidden profundities, but all of them manage to say something amusing and witty in a very few words, which is something of an accomplishment. These are fun, a quality that is utterly lost in the average run of 'little magazine' type obscurities. Quite a relief actually. Buy. —Darrell Schweitzer

GROUP FEAST by Josephine Saxton. Doubleday, 1971. 184pp. $4.95

This is a very dull book about a very dull, eccentric, wealthy woman named Cora Caley, who has built a lavish house (in which she is forever getting lost) in the middle of the Australian desert. The action takes place in the course of one evening, night, and the following morning, during what Cora has planned to be the memorable party. Here the reader discovers through her interactions with former lovers, ex husbands, her daughter, her sister, and her personal servant Joachim, that Cora is quite probably going insane. A group of servants organize a lynch mob; the water supply is cut off; and the entire house is eventually destroyed, leaving Cora to bicycle alone across the desert.

The tragedy here is that Cora is such a shallow person that however well-developed she may be as a literary character, she remains uninteresting. It is of course the recognition of this very shallowness in herself that is driving her mad. —Charlotte Moslander

JOYLEG by Avram Davidson and Ward Moore. Walker, 1971. 233 p. $5.95

Avram Davidson and Ward Moore's *Joyleg* begins: "The chairman, pawing among the papers before him, muttered, "Now, uh, here's a file from the Veteran's Administration, a sort of list, just picked at random, from the letter J..." He pondered, head down. "Uh, anybody want to look at it?"

"None of the subcommittee, including Lucinda did. Nor did their guest from the Finance Committee. The room was warm, stuffy, caught between winter's heat and summer's air conditioning. Lucinda—the Honorable Lucinda Rose Habersham (R. Tennessee)—thought fleetingly that lovely spring days...'

Had enough?

If not, there are 232 pages awaiting you in this Walker rendition of Davidson and Moore's 1962 two-part *Fantastic* serial, and few of them are more graceful than the sample above. The title refers to a veteran of the American Revolution who still lives placidly in a kind of bucolic utopia in the hills of Tennessee. He is discovered there by the right-wing Lucinda, and the liberal Tully Weathernox, her soon-to-be-intended; both of whom have taken political aim at him: Lucinda because she believes he is the leader of a gang of welfare leeches, and Tully because he hopes to prove capitalist exploitation of the elderly. Naturally, their discovery of the true nature of Joyleg puts the plot into high gear with reporters, congressional investigators, and Russian agents vying for the old geezer's attention.

Lucinda and Tully's burgeoning love adds nothing to the book, and neither do their characterizations which are strictly Hollywood. Joyleg, who ought to be the most unforgettable character you've ever met, isn't really, although (I suspect) Ward Moore's personalized insights into historical figures gives him a certain credibility. But what is most wrong with the book is that it is one half too long and written in a very awkward style (see above) in which every sentence calls attention to itself, slowing the pace which is slow enough as it is. At one-half novel length, it might have made an enchanting little fantasy, but as it is, it dawdles! —Paul Walker

A BOOK OF WITCHCRAFT by Raymond Lamont Brown. Taplinger, 1971. 111 p. $4.50

One of a series under the title "A Book of..." this is a fair primer for people interested in the subject. Of all the chapters, the first is the best; it is a capsulated history of witchdom, how it got to be that way, and why. Listed at the end of the chapter for instance, are what the author considers the major witch trials of history, why they were important, and their effect on society and later witchcraft.

Other chapters tend to be less useful, and less accurate—at one point he shows Eliphas Levi's Baphomet as the 'witches' ram symbol,' which I find a little bizarre, as the form depicted is almost surely Levi's, and had usually been attributed to the Knights Templar, for which no solid case has ever been proven in the first place. Of course, there has been a certain amount of scholarly dispute about whether the Horned God was a goat or a stag anyway, so this only obscures the matter further.

The chapters on herbs, modern witches, and witchcraft in North America are also commendable, largely because they point the reader to further areas of research. That the author is not a serious occultist is all too apparent, however, in the fact that he makes no distinction between witchcraft and satanism, and that he seems to take Aleister Crowley seriously. This book is a good overview, and recommended as such, but bear in mind that much of it is sloppily researched, and not to be taken as gospel.

—Michael McQuown

COUNTESS DRACULA by Michel Parry. Beagle 94081, 1971. 140pp. 75¢

LUST FOR A VAMPIRE by William Hughes. Beagle 94095, 1971. 159pp. 75¢

Someone has apparently seen fit to make 1971 Countess Bathory Commemoration Year, or something; two films based on this charming, gracious Hungarian lady have come out this year. The first was *Daughters of Darkness*, which was a modern treatment, and Hammer's *Countess Dracula*. Given the frightening history of the original, Parry's story is quite plausible, and fairly tightly constructed. The original Countess, ..."born in 1560 she grew up to be a beautiful dark-eyed woman with long flowing tresses. After the death of her husband... she developed a horrible lust for human blood... by the time she was brought to trial she had accounted for the deaths of 650 girls, most of whom she had bitten to death." (von Elsberg)

The present story seems to have been set in a somewhat later date, although none is given, and reference is made to the same Turko-Hungarian wars that gave rise to the Dracula legend. (While we're on the subject—several years ago, one of the magazines sent a reporter into the Soviet bloc to research Dracula. Naturally, he couldn't find anyone of that name; it is a Slavic word meaning demon, and the persons who actually gave rise to the legend were Vlad III & IV, who, left for dead on various battlefields during that war, apparently crawled to safety during the night and recovered themselves sufficiently to fight again. This led to the belief that they had supernatural means of recovery, ergo they were vampires. There is a living descendant of that family today, by the way.)

In any case, the lady is as much an object of pity as of horror; she discovers that fresh blood will restore her lost beauty for short periods of time. Posing as her own daughter in her restored state, she has a romance with a young Hussar. All goes well—until the real daughter turns up. Good, if not excellent.

Lust for a Vampire does not have any history to back it up. Set in Styria, it is full of sex, blood and one or two interesting characters. The author even went so far as to swipe the name of a main character from Le Fanu. Only this time, it's Mircalla. The plot is pretty thin—an English novelist finds an English finishing school on the grounds of this old German castle, and the vampire family comes back, revives their daughter and puts her in the school under another name, giving us the opportunity for a few Lesbian scenes, a little murder, heterosex and even a police detective. See the movie and contribute to the welfare of a few British actors. Hammer films have often been criticised by purists as being too bloody for the sake of blood. This may be so, but they still are generally better than most of the American flicks in the same genre.

—Michael McQuown

THE DARK DIMENSIONS and ALTERNATE ORBITS by A. Bertram Chandler. Ace 13783, 1971. 75¢

Bertram Chandler's latest Ace Double is, alas, convincing proof that series stories tend to go flat after a while. The Rimworlds, that shadowy, ghost-filled group of planets at the edge of the galaxy, provided the setting for some interesting yarns when Chandler introduced the series over a decade ago. But by this time the Rimworld stories have a thin, prefabricated quality which even an occasional sex scene can't overcome.

In *The Dark Dimensions*, the redoubtable Commodore Grimes and company are out to prevent an enemy vessel from claiming an ancient alien derelict drifting in intergalactic space. They soon encounter a squadron of vessels from several alternate universes, all intent on claiming the derelict. Among the newcomers are Grime's other-world double and, of all people, Sir Dominic Flandry! The matter is resolved after much intrigue and confusion, plus a little adultery to enliven the proceedings (Sir Dominic turns out to be a real ladies' man). But sex in the galactic suburbs amounts to nothing more than a yawn, as far as I'm concerned.

Alternate Orbits is really not one story, but four, and an uneven collection at that. The first part is a bit of nonsense about Grimes being spirited away to a 'Hall of Fame' where all the fictional heroes, from Sherlock Holmes to James Bond, hang out. Next he finds himself face to face with Chandler, his creator, who sits in front of a typewriter aboard his ship as it steams from Melbourne to Tasmania.

The second and third parts involve the handling and navigation of surface ships and blimps, respectively. Least science fictional of all, these two tales are still the liveliest portions of the whole Double. The final section has Grimes whisked off to an alternate world in which he never journeyed out to the Rim. It turns out to be a nightmare, since he didn't marry the seductive Sonya Verrill in this 'could-have-been' life... gads, what a fate! Even so, this story rates above the 'Hall of Fame' episode.

Alternate Orbits gets the nod in this Ace offering, but that isn't saying much. Chandler is a capable author, but he's allowed the Rim to become a Rut. I guess I've heard "I've a job for you, Grimes" once too often. Very stiff and lifeless stuff for one capable of a *Giant Killer.*

—William L. Rupp

TO CHALLENGE CHAOS by Brian M. Stableford. DAW UQ1007, 1972. 160pp. 95¢

Stableford has here projected a mythic sequel to Orpheus' journey to hell into a science fictional cosmology set in the far future. The writing sometimes appears to be a conscious pastiche of Cordwainer Smith, fighting toward a level of meaningful allegory but all too often sliding toward space opera. It's difficult to decide whether the pastiche element is an example of the sincerest form of flattery, or a sacrilege. An uneven novel, certainly, yet *To Challenge Chaos* is not without value as adventure or allegory.

"This is the story of Julius Watchgod's last cargo—of Craig Star Gazer, of Ernst Nimrod, of John Wrath, of Donna Teredo, of Marc Coldflame, of Gray Gay Storm, of Dark Aura, and of Watchgod himself." Watchgod must deliver his cargo to the enigmatic, some would say demonic, King Fury, ruler of the blackside of planet Chaos X. The blackside: not a part of space at all, but a part of the universe called Ultra, a nightmare land shadowed by fierce storms where normal laws of matter and energy are flouted, where even the dead live on in a fading halflife. Into this dark home of the strange doomblooms travel the eight, each bearing a burden with him to the court of King Fury in the reality-dream of the "chromiasma": a burden of ignorance, of lostness, of self-pity, of fear, of pain, of love, of hope, or of dark destiny. And no one has ever escaped from blackside ... except, perhaps, the legendary Richard Orpheus, himself.

The author strains at times for relevance with an awkward result, at other times creates an alien beauty in his descriptions. The characters are obvious types rather than true developing characters, but Stableford is often at his most effective when delineating these very types. *To Challenge Chaos* is by no means entirely successful, but it deserves to be read, and perhaps more than once.

—B. A. Fredstrom

THE SENSUOUS DIRTY OLD MAN by Dr. 'A' (Isaac Asimov) Walker, 1971. 148 p. $3.95 (paperback: Signet Y4940, June 1972. $1.25)

In *The Sensuous Dirty Old Man*, Dr. 'A' (Guess who? That's right!) explains how any man, at any age, can achieve the distinction of being a dirty old man. In uninhibited detail, Dr. A tells all: how to leer, to pinch, to orgy, and his lessons are well documented with examples from the lives of Great Dirty Old Men like Ben Franklin and Aaron Burr.

Yes, a satire on the 'sensuous syndrome' in modern letters, with lots of formidable looking photos of historical figures, phony footnotes, and addled quotations. It should be a riot. It is not. In fact, the blurb is funnier. Dr. A apparently kept his tongue too tightly in his cheek. The idea is clever, the layout excellent, but the joke is over by chapter one. From then on it is told over and over and over without ever having been realized: a dirty old man is a man who thinks like a dirty old man; a dirty old man is a man who leers like a dirty old man; a dirty old man is... Well, anyway, *The Sensuous Dirty Old Man* is the cleanest book I have read in months. Take my advice, *The Sensuous Woman* is lots funnier.

—Paul Walker

MOONFERNS AND STARSONGS by Robert Silverberg. Ballantine 02278, 1971. 244pp. 95¢

Had not the title been already usurped by another, *Dangerous Visions* would be an apt cognomen for the collected later works of Robert Silverberg. *Moonferns and Starsongs* is a collection of eleven of his short stories, only four from the 1950's, which could adequately be covered by that label. Silverberg's works provide a frightening view of man and his future; his short stories, sometimes predictive, sometimes allegorical, always intense, provide a vision of man deprived of his basic humanity either through impositions from outside or through his own stupidity.

Of the stories in this volume one, "Passengers," won a Nebula and another, "Nightwings," took a Hugo; this is indicative of the quality of the stories contained in the book. The only jarring note is the contrast of these recent stories and those written in the 1950's; it is hard to believe that stories like the award winners, "A Happy Day in 2381" (first of the Urbmon 116 series), or the allegorical "After the Myths Went Home" were by the same man who earlier penned such slick and shallow nonsense as "Collecting Team" or "A Man of Talent." This is an excellent collection with several first-rate stories and a few duds dredged up from the paleolithic era; the only *caveat* being that most of the better stories will already be familiar to any regular reader of science fiction.

—Yale F. Edeiken

ATLANTEAN CHRONICLES by Henry M. Eichner. Fantasy Publishing Co. (1855 W. Main St., Alhambra, Calif. 91801) 1971. 230pp. $9.50

The late Henry Eichner was a believer in Atlantis. Over the years he collected all sorts of interesting material related to the matter, and in this book, put together just before his death, we have his thoughts on the matter. Okay, I think him a bit of a nut but one of the more interesting ones. His summaries of supposed Atlantis locations are not as thorough as those found in de Camp's *Lost Continents*, a book Eichner deplores. What makes this book of immense value, even at its price, to fans is the great bibliography of Atlantis literature Eichner has assembled. He has plot outlines for many novels dealing with lost lands, many candidates for reprinting. If I have any major bones to pick with Mr. Eichner, it is with his bad bibliographic technique. Any form is as good as any other, really, but Mr. Eichner is not consistent nor is he complete in many of his citations, very bad if one wants to read his sources. The oftimes gross typos I blame on the publisher.

I said I think Eichner a nut. I do not think him a crank. A crank would not change his mind. For years Mr. Eichner believed in an Atlantic Atlantis but changed his mind when the evidence from Santorin was in. He now believes in the Minoan Atlantis, probably the most plausible theory to date. Most fans wouldn't want to own this book unless they are really hot on Atlantis or unless they want leads on old (and new) books to read on the subject.

—J. B. Post

THE EARLY ASIMOV by Isaac Asimov. Doubleday, 1972. 540pp. $10.00

It finally happened. I have finally found some Asimov I couldn't read. In this his 125th or so book the Good Doctor assembles his generally uncollected early stories (and fiction science article) along with comments on his early career and writing. I actually found myself being embarrassed by reading the first few stories (but just the first few) because they were so crude compared to the brilliant and witty and urbane genius I know. But mighty oaks and all that. Well, we can see how Asimov the Writer developed. As interesting as that might be, however, the greatest value of tnis volume is in his afterwords to the stories telling us about himself and science fiction in those grand and ancient days under the tutelage of Campbell. The reminiscences are worth the price of the book. If you don't buy it, at least go out and read the afterwords. —J. B. Post

THE THIRTY-FIRST FLOOR by Peter Wahloo. Bantam N5945, 1971. 200pp. 95¢ (hardcover: Knopf, 1967. $4.95)

Peter Wahloo and his wife, poet Maj Sjowall, are both writers and more recently collaborators on a series of critically successful police procedural novels, including *The Laughing Policeman* and *The Fire Engine That Disappeared.* They were born and live in Sweden where Mr. Wahloo worked as a reporter on several Swedish magazines and newspapers and also wrote TV and film plays. *The Thirty-First Floor* may have been his first novel, published in 1967, translated from the Swedish by Joan Tate, and published in hardcover by Alfred Knopf. It is now available in paperback, and it should be 'must reading' for all sf and mystery buffs.

Superficially, it is another police procedural. One of an unnamed nation's largest magazine publishing houses has received a bomb threat, and Chief Inspector Jensen is sent to investigate. His questioning leads him into the thick of office politics as one by one he encounters the suspects, managing directors, editors, writers, and assorted radicals. He has seven days to solve the case or suffer the political consequences, and his only clue is the paper the bomb threat was written on.

The plot alone makes the book suspenseful, as Wahloo keeps the story moving from character to character, incident to incident, all of which are finely drawn and striking. But there is more to the book than mystery. *The Thirty-First Floor* is a portrait of the pit of hell; a hell paved with humanistic good intentions. A terrifying picture of a future socialist utopia, apparently the novelist's own land, Sweden.

If that last sentence shocks you, I can only say that the book shocked me. The American press has had few bad things to say about Sweden. It has been described as closest thing to paradise on Earth. A nation with the largest reading public; the highest rate of literacy; the best medical services, the cleanest streets, the most nearly egalitarian society and so on. The press has noted that Sweden has a high suicide rate, although not the highest in the world; it has a serious alcholism problem; and falling birth rate. But to conceive of a near-future Sweden such as the nightmare Wahloo presents is staggering.

Don't get the wrong idea when I say 'Utopia' or 'Nightmare' or 'Socialist.' *The Thirty-First Floor* has nothing in common with the last Ace Double you read. Wahloo only implies the future, and otherwise it could easily be today. The book is without sf trappings. It has more in common with Damon Knight's *In the Country of the Kind* and Huxley's *Brave New World.* Its sf-ness rests in its mood—one of nightmare. But it is not a fantasy, either. Wahloo's nightmare is revealed gradually, subtly. It is never stated in plain Swedish. It creeps up on you, invisibly, until by the middle of the book you are suddenly aware you are hopelessly enmeshed in horror.

The ending is, for once literally, shattering.

I have never read anything else quite like *The Thirty-First Floor.* It is not an American book, and it would be wrong to think of it as applicable to our social situation, but it is an important book, I think, because it presents a novel view of Swedish socialism and European life in general. Also, it is a rare and expert blend of mystery, sf, and social criticism. I hope I have given no one the idea that it is not fascinating reading simply as a novel. It is that. And it is so much more. —Paul Walker

THE FUTURISTS edited by Alvin Toffler. Random House, 1972. xiv, 321pp. $3.95

Al Baby once again springs to the fore, this time offering us a reading supplement to *Future Shock*. The old standbys like Clarke's "Hazards of Prophecy" are next to authors generally unfamiliar in fandom. The whole collection is worth reading. I would particularly like to recommend Kenneth Boulding's "The Economics of the Coming Spaceship Earth" wherein he contrasts the cowboy view with the spaceman view. He points out how we'll never make it to a 'midas plague' and must stop thinking in terms of GNP. The entire collection is food for thought for sf people who were futurists long before it became popular.

—J. B. Post

THE BOOK OF VAN VOGT by A. E. Van Vogt. DAW UQ1004, 1972. 191pp. 95¢

Labeled "A New and Original Collection," the claim is justifiable only in a limited sense. Some of the material here will probably be familiar to the reader.

"The Barbarian" consists of the concluding section of *Empire of the Atom* and "Lost: Fifty Suns" is a substantial portion of what became *The Mixed Men*. These two form almost half of the present book, and both are available elsewhere in a more rewarding form. "The Confession" and "The Timed Clock" are Van Vogtian twists on the time travel theme. "The Rat and the Snake," a horror story with a badly telegraphed ending, and "Ersatz Eternal," a strange reason for immortality, are short-shorts. The only major new story in the collection, "The Sound of Wild Laughter," is the tortured tale of a woman trapped into an existence she abhores by the disembodied brain of a disturbed and misogynistic husband.

Some readers, such as myself, are ardent Van Vogt enthusiasts, but I doubt that there is much in *The Book of Van Vogt* for anyone else. If you aren't sure whether your enthusiasm lies in this direction, there are better collections with which to find out.

—B. A. Fredstrom

ALSO RECEIVED:

Armageddon 2419 A.D., by Philip Francis Nowlan. Ace 02936, October. 75¢ (third printing)

At the Earth's Core, by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Ace 03322, October. 75¢

Barefoot in the Head, by Brian W. Aldiss. Ace 04758, October. 95¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1970. $4.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 24/25)

Building Blocks of the Universe, by Isaac Asimov. Lancer Contempora 33024, September. $1.25 (second printing; hardcover: Abelard-Schuman, 1966)

Dr. Futurity, and The Unteleported Man, by Philip K. Dick. Ace 15697, September. 95¢ (second printing)

The Dying Earth, by Jack Vance. Lancer 75373, September. 95¢ (third printing)

Ensign Flandry, by Poul Anderson. Lancer 75374, September. 95¢ (orig: Chilton, 1966)

Fables and Fairy Tales, by Leo Tolstoy. Signet Plume Z5065, September. $1.25. (c1962)

The Golden Ball and other stories, by Agatha Christie. Dell 3272, September. 95¢ (hardcover: Dodd, August 1971. $5.95)

Holding Wonder, by Zenna Henderson. Avon N445, August. 95¢ (hardover: Doubleday, 1971. $5.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 38/39)

The Jewels of Aptor, by Samuel R. Delany. Ace 3902, September. 75¢ (third printing)

Needle, by Hal Clement. Lancer 75385, October. 95¢ (second printing)

Of Time and Space and Other Things, by Isaac Asimov. Lancer Contempora 33023, September. $1.25 (second printing)

Pellucidar, by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Ace 65852, September. 75¢ (second printing)

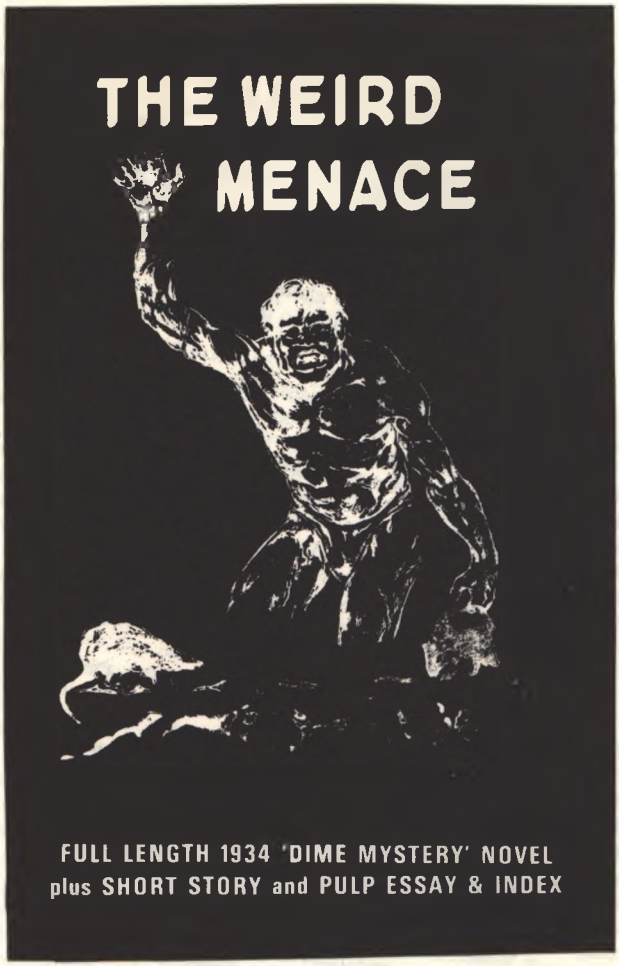
Perry Rhodan 17: The Venus Trap, by Kurt Mahr. Ace 65987, September. 75¢

Perry Rhodan 18: Menace of the Mutant Master, by Kurt Mahr. Ace 65988, October. 75¢

Poltergeists: Hauntings and the Haunted, by David C. Knight. Lippincott, October. $1.95

Space Puzzles: Curious Questions and Answers about the Solar System, by Martin Gardner. Archway 29549, November. 75¢ (hardcover: Simon & Schuster, 1971)

The World Inside, by Robert Silverberg. Signet Q5176, September. 95¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1971. $4.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 38/39)



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