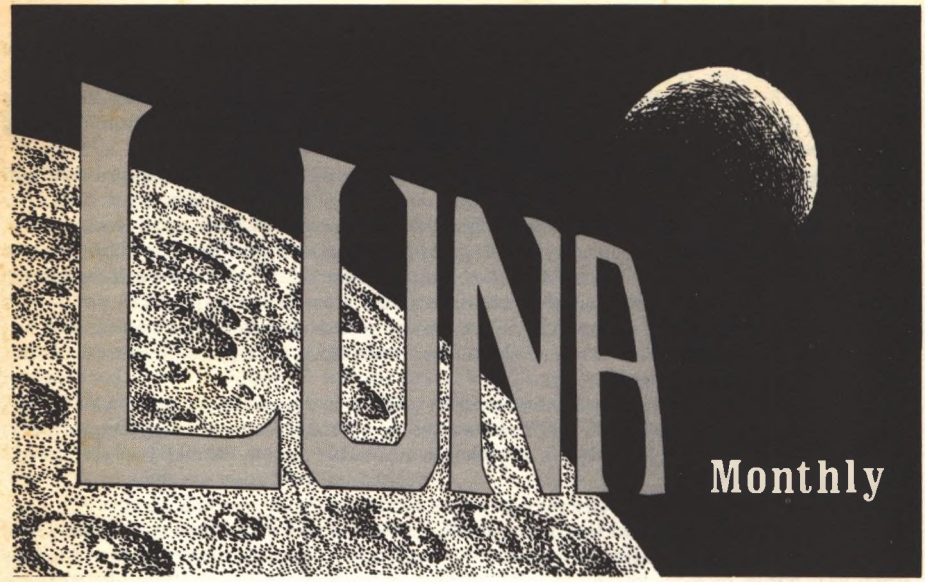


No. 43 December 1972

# An Interview With Roger Zelazny

(You have asked me to step outside myself, then turn around and interview me. Okay. I'm outside now. I'll stop right there and start questioning him.)

"Tell me about yourself, Z."

"I was born on May 13, 1937 and received my B.A. from Western Reserve University in 1959. I attended Columbia for graduate work and received my M.A. there in 1962, in English and Comparative Literature. For a little over seven years, from early 1962 to early 1969, I worked for the Social Security Administration as a claims representative in Ohio and, in the final four, as a claims policy specialist in the SSA Central Office here in Baltimore. I have a wife (Judy) and a son (Devin)."

"Wait a minute, Z. We just passed a whole generation of psychoanalytic critics and biographers awhile back. What about childhood trauma and all that crap?"

"I believe a piece of writing should be considered of, in, by, and for itself, a thing independent of the person who wrote it."

"But you are talking to me. I know where you got that. You wrote nothing but poetry for years—after you got out of high school and started college—and you got hung up on the New Criticism: close textual analysis, and the hell with the guy who wrote it. A touch of end-of-the-century decadence, too. The Symbolists, Firbank... But you were a Psychology major until your final year. You know that writing is a form of bahavior, and as such it invariably bears the mark of its executor."

"Of course."

"So tell us about your childhood hangups."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm a bug on privacy."

"Shyness?"

"Some, I suppose. I like to keep my writing apart from the rest of my life. I make my living displaying pieces of my soul in some distorted form or other. The rest of it is my own."

"Then you are saying you find the New Criticism bit a convenient defense."

"Only partly. I still see considerable merit there. I am, by and large, against [illegible]graphical criticism. Schiller used to keep rotting apples in his writing table. As he was

working, he would open it every now and then and take a whiff. What does this tell you about Schiller?"

"That he liked smells? I forget whether there were lots of smells in *Wilhelm Tell...*"

"So do I, obviously. It tells me something about Schiller, that's all. It tells me nothing about his writing."

"Does this relate to the distinction you like to make between self-expression and communication?"

"I'm glad you asked that question right then. I like the way your mind works. —Yes, it does. Communication is generally a form of self-expression, but the opposite does not necessarily apply. I consider myself in the communication business, not the self-expression business. They are necessarily bound up together in any piece of fiction, but I put in only as much of myself as I deem appropriate, no more, no less. If the story is a failure, it is not worth much consideration; if it is successful, then everything is in place, and it should not be necessary to ask for more."

"All right. But if certain themes tend to persist in the work of a particular writer, people cannot help but wonder why. You seem to have a thing for mythology, immortality, and protagonists who are not always completely admirable people. Would you care to say why?"

"No."

"Well, I'll swing around then. You worked for the government for seven years. Three of those years you spent interviewing people—thousands of them, I guess—and then for four years you wrote memos, letters, reports, sections of manuals. I imagine you like to think you picked up something about dialogue from all those conversations; and maybe something of people's quirks, mannerisms, and such."

"I would like to think so."

"How about all that garbage you used to grind out in officialese? Did you feel any


**LUNA Monthly**

Editor: Ann F. Dietz

Published monthly by Frank & Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard Street, Oradell, N.J. 07649

DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL:
First Friday of preceding month

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**

40¢ per copy, 50¢ on newsstand
$4.00 per year Third Class Mail worldwide
5.00 per year First Class Mail
6.75 per year outside North America via First Class Mail
Subscriptions requiring special invoicing 50¢ additional
Microfilm Edition: $17.00 per reel (year)
Back issues: #1 to 7 - 75¢ each, #8 to 31 - 50¢ each, #32 to current - 40¢ each

**All checks and money orders must be payable to Franklin M. Dietz Jr. only**

**ADVERTISING RATES:**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Full page | $8.00 | Quarter page | $2.50 |
| Half page | 4.50 | Eighth page | 1.50 |

Classified advertising: 2¢ per word
Half-tone copy: $5.00 additional

Rates are for camera-ready copy. Please request special LUNA layout sheets for setting up copy. Ads requiring preparation should be submitted in advance for quotation.

**COPY SIZE:** (inside margins)

| | |
|---|---|
| Full page | 6" x 9" |
| Half page | 3" x 9" or 6" x 4½" |
| Quarter page | 3" x 4½" |
| Eighth page | 3" x 2¼" |

**OTHER LUNA PUBLICATIONS:**

| | |
|---|---|
| LUNA' Speech Transcripts | Editor: Franklin M. Dietz Jr. Published Irregularly |
| LUNA Annual Bibliography | Editor: Ann F. Dietz To be published |

Member: Science Fiction Publishers Association

**OVERSEAS SUBSCRIPTION RATES for LUNA Monthly via Airmail/FC through agents:**

AUSTRALIA A$6.00
Gary Mason, GPO Box 1583, Adelaide, S.A. 5001, Australia

CONTINENTAL DM20
Mario B. Bosnyak, 1000 BERLIN 62, Merseburger Str. 3, W. Germany

GREAT BRITAIN 240p
Gerald Bishop, 10 Marlborough Road, Exeter EX2 4JT, England

JAPAN ¥2800
Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10, O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan

SCANDINAVIA S Kr30
Per Insulander, Midsommarvagen 33, 126 35, Hagersten, Sweden

abrasion on your own style, your way of telling stories?"

"No. I never regarded it as real writing. It was just a chore. It was pure, specialized communication. Not a drop of myself in it."

"You were writing fiction, in the evenings, for the whole seven years?"

"Yes. I began that job and my first adult attempts at fiction in the same month, back in 1962. I kept the two sections of my life compartmentalized from the beginning. My first published story was "Passion Play," which appeared in the August 1962 *Amazing Stories.* Before that, long before, somewhere between the ages of 11 and 16, I must have accumulated over a hundred rejection slips, but I stopped submitting stories after I graduated high school and did not begin again until February of '62.

"My first couple dozen sales were mainly short things—the two longest were "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" and "The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth." After about a year, I wrote "The Ides of October," which Cele Goldsmith, the editor of *Amazing*, rechristened "He Who Shapes"—a much better title in my opinion—I had just slapped on the first thing that came into my mind. After that came "...And Call me Conread," which was really my first novel. Subsequently, I expanded "He Who Shapes" into its *The Dream Master*-length. I had not attempted any novels prior to these efforts."

"And what are your favorite stories?"

"My 'best' and my 'favorite' stories are not necessarily the same. Closest to satisfying both criteria, though, are "For a Breath I Tarry" as a short piece and *Lord of Light* as a novel."

"Why didn't you mind talking about all that?"

"Because those are So what? facts."

"All right. You did your grad work in dramatic lit, your thesis on a minor Jacobean dramatist. Would you care to say whether you feel influenced by the theater in general, the Elizabethan theater in particular?"

"Yes, I do. The language, the violence... I cannot deny it."

"More than say, modern poetry?"

"Very difficult to answer. Probably, though."

"What does 'language' mean to you as a writer? Paul Walker asked me to ask you that."

"Finding the right word to cover a situation at the moment the need for it arises, I'd say."

"What governs your choice?"

"My feelings. I see what he's getting at, though. I feel that I did my formative reading, style-wise, many years ago. I feel incapable as well as disinclined to pulling apart my way of telling things now and looking for influences. Somewhere along the line, my own style grew a protective pelt and set out scratching along its own line of development, as most writers' do. You are pretty much immune to direct influence once this point is passed."

"Would you care to comment on your particular style?"

"No."

"Is there anything else you would care to say, about yourself, about writing, about science fiction?"

"No, I don't think so. That about covers it. You can step back inside now."

Further deponent sayeth not.

—Observed by Paul Walker

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

FANZINE BOOK Dr. Fredric Wertham, author of *The Seduction of the Innocent* has finished his study of fanzines. To be called *The World of Fanzines*, the book will be published by Southern Illinois University Press under contract with the Twentieth Century Fund, who commissioned the book. Publication is tentatively scheduled for fall 1973.

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.

# The International Scene

## SF IN FRENCH & POLISH: LEM'S "EDEN"

by Mark Purcell

Another Lem novel has gone West: Marabout's *Eden* (Belgium, 1972). The logjam is breaking up. Plans for building an Anglo-French market for the Slav sf bestseller have been re-activated: details at the end of this review.

Probably none of the advance associations we bring to Lem's title suit the fictional planet after which his 1959 novel is named. Its originating ferment is organically biological, rather than mythical; the Eve-like bust of Raquel Welch (or even Carole Landis of pneumatic memory) isn't straining any explorer's shirt among Lem's Terran investigating crew: Engineer, M.D., Chemist, Computer(-ist), Navigator, 'Scientist.' And the planet's actual residents are unisex duplicates.

Evolution-thinking, 'Eden-theory,' created its original shock waves by associating man with older cellular organisms (Darwin et al never did get it across to the mass public that the proposition was, that the great apes were not our ancestral hearth-gods, rather cousins by collateral descent). Lem's interest is evolutionary variation. Some of his most important books are concerned with a post-biological cybernetic future: *Dialogi* (1957); *Cyberiada* (1965, see LUNA Monthly 6/72). He also tries out in his books evolutionary curves around or away from our own active decaying organisms. Besides our Lady/Tiger male/female passage of plant-animal seeding/decay, which other doors could the unicell have opened? *Solaris*' one-being ocean was one. What the exploring crew discovers on Eden is not so much another such survival system among its biological residents, but the mutating, symbiotic decay of one. So *Eden* is another bad-example story, just like Genesis, and perhaps Lem's title isn't so misleading after all.

Novels like *Eden* and *Solaris* carry an enormous information load. Lem seems to adopt separate technical-narrative solutions for each of his books, to prevent this factual burden disintegrating his storylines. *Eden* has some conscious relationship to the classical detective story; see the reference on p.198, or the climactic revelation (about the crew, not the planet) in the last four pages. Narrative tension is produced for the body of the novel, not by concerning the reader with its anonymous crewmen as so many individuals; rather, by time-space pressures. In Chapter One the exploring rocket suffers entrance-damage by ramming Eden's gas-tail in space; and over the next couple days and nights (until takeoff) a whole series of technical problems is set the crew, for repairing the ship and exploring their immediate surroundings; one of the sub-plot problems, for instance, is a little matter of intense radioactivity.

The fulcrum of the exploration-plot is the long middle chapter (7) which takes two of the men down inside a (Platonic?) cave; from this trip they conveniently return with one of the planet's duplicate-residents. Like HAL in *2001*, this mechanical-biological device gains more empathy from the reader than do the book's official protagonists—at least during the long (fifth of the book), intense cross-examination at the rocket, which clears up Eden's biological mysteries.

Before this confrontation scene, the novel's interest derives from Lem's descriptive powers and from the separate technological problems he invents for his crew. The reader's interest is switched from applied to theoretical considerations; Americans who symbolize hard sf by Campbell's *Astounding/Analog*, may forget that the reading interest of a writer like Heinlein is much more sociological. A crew-under-pressure story in *Astounding*, for instance, like Frank Herbert's "Dragon Under the Sea," comparatively minimizes a fascinating technical background, because both Herbert and the magazine's readers were more interested in the emotional interchanges among a 4-man crew on a high-risk voyage. Herbert was not trying to write an *Eden*, and Lem isn't trying to write a "Dragon."

But as Lem's books become available, even in translation, they have come to have a recognizable effect on European sf, and an explosive one on the Soviets. If you date Lem's translations into Russian, German, or French, for instance, you can trace thematic connections or parallels with the good, indigenous sf published thereafter in the local

languages. I may choose the wrong Lem title for my example, but I have in mind: (Germany) *Eden* and H. Franke; (France) *Solaris* and Capoulet-Junac's *Palls*; (Russia) early Lem, *Astronauci*, and the theological Lem of the sixties, compared with *Andromeda* and then the Strugatskies' *Difficult to Be a God*. The new Lem titles mentioned below, in other words, will foreseeably have a time-bomb effect on our own sf.

The key books in the McGraw-Hill arrangement announced in LUNA Monthly 9/72 are: Spring/73, *Memoirs Found in a Bathtub*; Fall/73, *Cyberiada*. The shorter book, *Invincible* (originally the lead story in a 1964 Polish collection), will become available: McGraw-Hill (spring 1973) and from Paris. *Invincible* is an evolution story, like *Eden*. And about this French *Eden* I'm recommending: from its size (250p.) and date, I assume it translates Lem's expanded 1971 version, not the original 1959 text.

## SF IN FRENCH: FROM BELGIUM, THE STORIES OF JACQUES STERNBERG

by Mark Purcell

If postwar French sf has any one outstanding figure, it's officially Jacques Sternberg (*floruit* 1954ff; see the checklist below). In this past decade, besides novels, Sternberg has written the first important sf original for films (*Je t'aime, je t'aime*), edited anthologies in Damon Knight quantities, and collected or re-collected his short stories in Belgium (*Univers Zéro*, 1970), his homeland, and in Paris (*Futurs sans Avenir*, 1971). in these two 'new' books the sly dog has managed to return to print the bulk of his first collection, *Between 2 Uncertain Worlds*. So the older fiction mentioned below is available.

What with his established reputation, a new reader won't be surprised at the polish of Sternberg's writing in his short fiction. But once again we have the tension between the requirements of hard sf and of the French tradition of the analytic novel or *récit*. This tradition goes back at least to the medieval *Queste del saint graal*. The difficulty is, if the writer is interested first in the thoughts or sensations of his character(s), then narrative structure requires him to make secondary the background producing those thoughts and sensations. It's no matter whether this background includes spaceships, dragons menacing fair demoiselles, or everyday Paris-N.Y.-Oradell. The obvious inclination of the analytic writer is to go inside his protagonist, write first-person, and keep the 'outside' (sf) phenomena on the periphery of the narrator's consciousness and therefore of the main storyline. The sf parts become superficial to its structure. With Sternberg, I have in mind his long 'journal' stories: "End of the Century"; "So Far from the World...."

The lead story in his first collection, "Les Stryges," demonstrates this same habit of analysis under the cover of an old-fashioned sf horror shocker. It also demonstrates why famous French literary intellectuals go ape over Poe in the precise manner of American teenyboppers discovering Poe and puberty simultaneously. "Les Stryges" borrows some recognizable ingredients from "Pit and the Pendulum," though the direct imaginative source for Sternberg may have been some *Weird Tales* product of Lovecraft or a disciple like Bloch or young Kuttner. Back to Poe: it isn't the horror per se that magnetizes the French, but (apparently) the combination of the rats-whirlpool-walled-up pussycat with the narrator-victim's exhaustive analysis of the details of his plight: the combination of horror with extreme self-consciousness.

Let me interpolate here that the breakthrough in writing nightmare sf seems to me to come from the fiction of J. G. Ballard. Ballard replaced strict analysis with mirror landscapes for the protagonists of his stories, landscapes technically 'realistic' for the situation but actually imitating the details and aesthetic effects of modern artists like Magritte and Dali. Thus in Ballard 'background' description becomes haracterization and does the narrative work of analysis. The limitation to Ballard's solution seems to be his difficulty in describing moral grownups, people who aren't mere victims but carry responsibilities.

French writers more resemble the Quaker in the old joke about salvation. A writer like Sternberg believes in himself ('us'-people); it's 'thee' outside there that he's not so sure of. The French novelist is less willing than the British to let phenomena outside himself carry the weight of his story. The 'other' may not be 'there.' The physiological reason for

this fear is that our sensory equipment gestalts its reports to us to give them intelligible form; so as we mature and begin to lose our child's unselfconsciousness about the rest of the world, we learn to fear that our senses may be faking their reports. Then comes the revelation from the resident juvenile intellectual, who asks us: "How do I know you're really talking to me? How do I know...?" He thinks this is philosophy, just like Aquinas or Bertrand Russell.

Exactly this disintegration of the isolated individual consciousness is the theme of Sternberg's choice for the title story of a (1970) collection. His wittiest switch on this basic motif occurs in "So Far from the World..." where the alien spy from outer space gradually loses his separate identity to merge with the formless slime, i.e., us. (He's dissected, actually.)

Besides loss of personal identity, another Sternberg theme is job alienation. He draws in obviously autobiographical ways on the banal life of Parisians who work for a publisher ("So Far from the World...") or endure crowded vacations ("End of the Century"; "Bonnes Vacances," translating something like "Have a Good Vacation"). Such themes may make Sternberg appear modish and up-to-date. But of course intellectual pop-art fiction (the Great Detectives, technological sf) grew its reading public from those of us who preferred activist heroes, a perfectly respectable literary taste. There are (still) people who can intelligently organize their lives, do skilled labor and head families responsibly. It's a limitation, not a proof of 'refinement,' if a Sternberg, a Ballard or a Bradbury can't write about their lives. The depression Catholic middle class that Abigail McCarthy described in the South Dakota memoir published in last summer's *Atlantic* no doubt had many limitations (more cultural than theological) but you see a whole little class of people here using their brains and wills to organize (partly) their lives. Last week my wife and I had over to dinner a Wycliffe Bible-translator, home on leave from New Guinea. A trained linguist and practicing anthropologist, this lady projected none of the value-vacuum so conspicuous in the modern victim-'hero.' No doubt for second-job reasons, most writers of modern fiction remain much too close to the film-book publishing centers for the good of their material.

In Sternberg's collections, students of technique may turn first to the mini-shorts of the 1957 and 1970 volumes. (In the 1971 *Futurs*, Sternberg reprints some early "Contes brefs" as epigraphs to longer stories.) These stories may have been inspired by Fredric Brown's, more likely Bradbury's. Pieces like "The Goal" or "War and Peace" succeed as pure moral fables. But if Sternberg was really inspired by Fredric Brown's trickier and shorter efforts, he may have missed the point that Brown's skill and prestige with magazine editors lay in his ability to invent a full modern story within fantastic limits: with a point-of-view character, theme, plot development, etc.

JACQUES STERNBERG: A CHECKLIST (Paris publ. unless noted)

1957 *Entre 2 Mondes Incertains*

1 Les Stryges
2 Le monde a bien changé
3 Arrête-toi et regarde...
4 Quoi?
5 Contes brefs (10)
6 Plus loin que la nuit
7 La machine à sous
8 Le délégué
9 Le but
10 L'oubli
11 Le Passé
12 Guerre et Paix
13 Ceci est mon testament
14 Univers zéro
15 Si loin du monde...
16 Bien sincèrement a vous
17 Comment vont les affaires?
18 Le navigateur

1970 *Univers Zéro*, Belgium

1-6 E2M—14-18-2-12-8-11
7 Partis, c'est mourir
8 E2M—4
9 Les conquérants
10 L'horticulteur
11 Le noeud
12 L'employe des postes
13 La temidite
14 La ligne droite
15 Le jeu

16 Le tricot
17 Le brochet
18 L'exécution
19 La creature
20 Le train
21 Le reste est silence
22 Marée
23 E2M—3

1971 *Futurs sans avenir*
Preface (Gerard Klein)
1 Fin de siécle
2 E2M—16
3 Nous deux
4 La persévérance vient a bout de tout
5 Les éphémères
6 Bonnes vacances
7-8 E2M—17-15
9 Echappement libre

n.b. Some of the ten shorts called E2M—5 are used as epigraphs for stories in *Futurs*.

NOVELS
1954 Le délit
1956 La sortie est au fond de l'espace
1958 L'employe
1961 La banlieue
1961 Un jour ouvrable
1965 Toi, ma nuit (tr. London '69 as "Sexualis '95")
1969 Attention, planète habitée

NONFICTION
1956 La géométrie dans le terreur
1958 Une succursale du fantastique....
1960 La géométrie dans l'impossible
1960 L'architecte (29p.; illus. Unseen: story?)

FILMS
1969 Je t'aime, je t'aime: scenario et dialogues pour un film d'Alain Resnais.

As I mentioned, Sternberg has edited many anthologies, most conspicuously the "Chefs-d'oeuvre" series (comic strips, black comedy, fantasy, etc.) for Editions Planète (1964ff).

About Sternberg: he's the only sf writer discussed in last summer's *TLS* article on Belgian literature. He also seems to have been the only working literary pro permitted into the interview series printed at the end of J-P. Bouxyou's *La science-fiction au cinéma*, 1971, pp. 429-34. In this interview Sternberg especially recommends among his own work *La sortie* (1956). On the other hand, Gérard Klein (Preface to *Futurs*)votes for *L'employe* (1958). My only recommendation is that the new lead story that Sternberg wrote for *Futurs*: "Fin de siécle," could appear by itself in translation as an American paperback or, perhaps better yet, as the long selection in some jumbo anthology.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

GUEST EDITORIAL continued from Page 8
a long time. And yet it seems to be most necessary. In fandom we are (bless us) a very informal world. The mightiest of us deign to associate with the lowliest of us in sham equality and brotherhood. Alas, when we try to carry our informality out into the 'real' world, it doesn't work. Quite often I have seen some of these letters to hoped-for speakers which aren't as bad as the example above but which are just as useless. Program chairmen: do your invitees a favor and write formally the first time. If the letter even looks friendly, many institutions will forego institutional sponsorship and subsidy for your speaker and he or she may not be able to get to your event.

It helps to have been involved in both ends of the speaker game, as have I. I have spoken at gatherings of map folk and have organized sf events. When I urge formality on you it is not because a formal letter is pure and noble and American, but simply that a formal letter of invitation to a speaker works. In all pragmatism I urge program chairmen to adopt a formal guise. You know it is a ruse and probably your invited speaker will too—all you have to con is the institution with which your speaker is affiliated and/or the IRS.

# Guest Editorial

## ON WRITING FOR OUTSIDE SPEAKERS

by J. B. Post

Sooner or later nearly every fan, or at least every active fan, is called upon to be a program chairman and must usually write to at least one outside speaker—that is, communicate with a person who is not a member of the local sf club. If you wish to have a famous local author at one of your monthly/weekly/daily meetings, a telephone call can be adequate most of the time because there are few travel expenses involved. If your club is going to pay travel expenses, you may again be rather informal. The problem arises when you are asking an author to come at his own expense to address your group. Even if the speaker you ask (he or she needn't be an author even) is independently wealthy or is so overcharged with ego the personal expense is not a burden, it is still wise to write a formal letter in a businesslike way so it can be proof of a legitimate business expense when it comes tax time. For the not so wealthy speaker, the formal letter may be the only way to get them.

Many authors are affiliated with institutions. These institutions will often pay a speaker's transportation and a per diem since it brings honor and glory on an institution when faculty or staff are asked to speak. At the very least an institution may offer administrative leave with pay for speakers. No institution, or IRS agent, will accept the following type of letter:

> Dear Joe,
>
> We really dig your stories here in Podunk & want you on a panel at our PodunkCon in January.
>
> Peace & Love,
> Harvey

The above example can be made even grosser if it is written on note paper with a pornographic psychedelic border and has "Stop the Killing" stamped on the envelope.

To get a speaker for your group, be it an sf club or a Hadassah group, the best policy is always formal letters. Even if you know the speaker well, a formal letter should always be sent. If your group has stationery that is not too flamboyant (a tasteful spaceship is permitted) use it. Your letter should read similar to:

> Joseph Schwartzmeir, Esq.
> 69 Saltlick Run
> Gizmoburg
>
> Dear Mr. Schwartzmeir:
>
> On January 17, 1984 the Fantascienza League of Podunk is conducting its annual science fiction festival. We would be most honored if you would participate in a panel discussion on the erotic element in science fiction verse.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Harvey Crossclod
> Program Chairman

Obviously such items as the 'Esq.' and the forms for dating and paragraphing are optional. Even your wording need follow no exact formula as long as you mention what the group is, what the event is, when the event is, upon what topic you wish the invitee to speak, when and where in advance the invitee should arrive, and whether or not you are willing to defray any travel expenses incurred. And keep a carbon (or other) copy so you know just what you have said.

All of the above is the most obvious and most common sense advice I have offered in

*Continued on Page 7*

# Coming Events

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

27-29 KUBLA KAHN CLAVE at the Nashville Biltmore, Nashville, Tenn. GoH: Fred Pohl. Adv. reg: $4, $4.50 at door. For info: Ken Moore, 647 Devon Dr, Nashville, Tenn. 37220

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

24-26 DEEP SOUTH CON at the Marriott Hotel, New Orleans. GoH: Joe Green. Membership $3. For info: John Guidry, 5 Finch St, New Orleans, La. 70124

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

October

5-7 BOUCHERCON IV at the Sheraton Boston. Adv. reg: $4 to Sept. 1, $6 thereafter. For info: Bouchercon, Box 113, Melrose, Mass. 02176

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

# Coming Attractions

ANALOG - - March

Serial
The People of the Wind, by Poul Anderson
Novelettes
Who Steals My Purse, by John Brunner
He Fell Into a Dark Hole, by Jerry Pournelle
Short Stories
Death of God, by Herbie Brennan
Hard Workers Only, by Mark K. Roberts
Science Fact
The Eyes Have It, by R. I. MacDonald
Cover by John Schoenherr

ANALOG - - April

Serial
The People of the Wind, by Poul Anderson (conclusion)
Novelette
Earthquake, by William E. Cochrane
Short Stories
Moon Rocks, by Tom Purdom
Not Polluted Enough, by G. H. Scithers
Polimander's Man-Thing, by Pat de Graw
Science Fact
Paraphysics and Parapsychology: Recent Developments Associated with Bioelectric Field Effects, by James B. Beal
Cover by Kelly Freas

F&SF - - March

Novelettes
The Trouble with Project Slickenside, by Dean McLaughlin
The Deathbird, by Harlan Ellison
Short Stories
Brother Dodo's Revenge, by Thom Jones
Chalk Talk, by Edward Wellen
A Coffin in Egypt, by Chris G. Butler
The Zombie Butler, by Gahan Wilson
Spirit of the White Deer, by Waldo Carlton Wright
Solar Shoe Salesman, by John Sladek
Sareva: In Memoriam, by Andrew J. Offutt
The Manya, by Michael G. Coney
Science
Down from the Amoeba, by Isaac Asimov
Cover by Leo and Diane Dillon for "The Deathbird"

F&SF - - April

Novelettes
Icarus Descending, by Gregory Benford
Psimed, by C. S. Claremont
The City on the Sand, by Geo. Alec Effinger
Short Stories
The Alarming Letters from Scottsdale, by Warner Law
Arclight, by David Drake
Too Many Goblins, by William Lee
Robustus Revistied, by Joseph Green
Remnants of Things Past, by Robert F. Young
Science
The Cinderella Compound, by Isaac Asimov
Cover by Don Davis for "Icarus Descending"

GALAXY - - March/April

Serial
Project 40, by Frank Herbert
Short Stories
The Girl and the Dolphin, by John Boyd
Interference, by William Walling
Crimescan, by Colin Kapp
The Last Hunt, by A. Bertram Chandler
Six Men From Alpha, by J. B. Clarke
Cover by Brian Boyle, suggested by "Project 40"

IF - - March/April

Serial
The Wizard of Anharitte, by Colin Kapp (conclusion)
Novella
Doomship, by Frederik Pohl and Jack Williamson
Novelette
A Woman and Her Friend, by Michael G. Coney
Short Stories
Next Time, by David Magil
Call Me Proteus, by Edward Wellen
Cover by Brian Boyle, suggested by "The Wizard of Anharitte"

*Current Issue*

AMAZING - - January

Short Novel
The Ascending Aye, by Gordon Eklund

Short Stories
Night Shift, by George R. R. Martin
Link, by John Rankine
Close Your Eyes and Stare at Your Memories, by A. G. Moran
On Ice, by Barry N. Malzberg
Science in Science Fiction
A History of the Great Tachyon Flap, by Greg Benford and David Book
The Clubhouse
The Enchanted Duplicator, by Bob Shaw and Walt Willis (pt.2)
Cover by Mike Hinge

*Current Issue*
FANTASTIC - - February

Serial
The Fallible Fiend, by L. Sprague de Camp (conclusion)
Novelette
Nightmare Syndrome, by Ed Bryant
Short Stories
As Dreams Are Made On, by Joseph F. Pumilia
Wizard of Death, by Juanita Coulson
Rod Marquand's Jungle Adventure, by Geo. Alec Effinger
Portfolio, by Virgil Finlay
SF in Dimension
The Search for Sense (1947-1957), by Alexei and Cory Panshin
Cover by Mike Kaluta

ACE JANUARY/FEBRUARY TITLES

Pohl, Carol & Frederik, ed. Science Fiction: The Great Years. 75430, Jan. $1.25
Burroughs, Edgar Rice Back to the Stone Age. 04632, Jan. 75¢
Scheer, K. H. Perry Rhodan 21: The Cosmic Decoy. 66004, Jan. 75¢
Campbell, John W. The Moon Is Hell. 53870, Jan. 75¢
Pratt, Fletcher Alien Planet. 01570, Jan. 75¢
Del Rey, Lester The Sky Is Falling, and Badge of Infamy. 76960, Jan. 95¢
Shaw, Bob Tomorrow Lies in Ambush. 81656, Feb. 95¢
Ferman, Edward L., ed. The Best From Fantasy and Science Fiction: 19th Series. 05458, Feb. 95¢
Norton, Andre Ordeal in Otherwhere. 63822, Feb. 75¢
Zelazny, Roger Four for Tomorrow. 24901, Feb. 95¢
Rocklynne, Ross The Men and the Mirror. 52460, Feb. 95¢
Rankine, John Operation Umanaq. 63590, Feb. 75¢
Reynolds, Mack Code Duello, and Computer War. 11650, Feb. 95¢

BALLANTINE FEBRUARY TITLES

Wheatley, Dennis They Found Atlantis. 03080. $1.50
Lord Dunsany The Charwoman's Shadow. 03085. $1.25
del Rey, Lester Gods and Golems. 03087. $1.25

BERKLEY JANUARY/FEBRUARY

Jackson, Basil Epicenter. N2258, Jan. 95¢
del Rey, Lester Pstalemate. N2292, Jan. 95¢
Alban, Antony The Day of the Shield. N2275, Jan. 95¢
Pelton, Robert W. The Complete Book of Voodoo. N2306, Feb. 95¢
Moskowitz, Sam & Alden H. Norton, eds. Horrors in Hiding. S2303, Feb. 75¢
Harrison, Harry The Stainless Steel Rat's Revenge. S2304, Feb. 75¢

HARCOURT BRACE FORECAST

Norton, Mary The Borrowers Afloat. Voyager AVB78, April $1.15paper
Buchwald, Emilie Gildaen; the Heroic Adventures of a Most Unusual Rabbit (juv) April. $4.95
Sherman, Ivan Robert and the Magic String (juv) March. $4.50
Rayner, William Stag Boy (juv) February. $4.25

POPULAR LIBRARY MARCH/APRIL

Binder, Otto O. The Hospital Horror. 01593, March. 75¢
Stuart, Sidney The Beast with the Red Hands. 01587, March. 75¢
Farmer, Philip Jose Tarzan Alive. 00427, April. 95¢

SF BOOK CLUB FORECAST

Clarke, Arthur C. The Wind from the Sun. Winter. $1.49

*Continued on Page 12*

# Have You Read?


Albert, Stew "Dracula, His Satanic Majesty" (Dracula A.D. 1972) University Review, Dec. p.17

Beck, Bernard "Violent Search for Heroism" (Clockwork Orange) Society, Nov. p.39-42+

Blish, James "James Blish on the Decline of the Supernatural" The Spectator, Aug. 19 p.286-7; letters Sept. 2

Breslin, John B. "The Gulling of America" (Jonathan Livingston Seagull) America, Dec. 2 p.474

Buckley, Tom "Caribbean Cruise Attempts to Seek Meaning of Apollo" New York Times, Dec. 12 p.49+

Carlinsky, Dan "Return of the World's Mightiest Mortal" (Captain Marvel) New York Sunday News, Jan. 7 p.10-11+

Ellison, Harlan "The Harlan Ellison Hornbook" Los Angeles Free Press, Nov. 3 p.5; Nov. 24 p.20+; Dec. 1 p.23-4; Dec. 8 p.28

Eiseley, Loren "The Christmas of the Talking Cat" (story) House and Garden, Dec. p.60-1+

Engdahl, Sylvia Louise "Perspective on the Future: the Quest of Space Age Young People" (speech) School Media Quarterly, Fall p.27-35

Fourzon, Pam "Fantasmagorical Orgy" (SF and Fantasy Film Con) L.A. Staff, Dec. 1

Hollister, Bernard "Paperbacks: Grokking the Future" Media & Methods, Dec. p.23-7+

Lanes, Selma G. "Snow-White Without Walt; Picture Books from Fairyland" Life, Dec. 8 p.23

Lyles, Jean Caffey "The 'Jonathan' Bonanza" (Jonathan Livingston Seagull) Christian Century, Nov. 22 p.1185-7

MacGregor, Martha "The Week in Books" (In Search of Dracula) New York Post, Nov. 18

Maddocks, Melvin "To Hell in a Shopping Basket" (The Stepford Wives) Life, Oct. 13 p.32

Mekas, Jonas "Movie Journal" (Solaris) Village Voice, Nov. 30 p.72

Negri, Tomas Alva "Raquel Forner, Space Age Artist" Americas, Sept. p.25-30

Rice, S. "Slaughterhouse Five: A Viewer's Guide" Media & Methods, Oct. p.27-33

Ronan, Margaret "Allow Me to Introduce Myself. My Name Is Count Dracula" Senior Scholastic, Teachers ed. Oct. 30 p.36-7+

Rothstein, Marvyn "The Year in Science Fiction" New York Post, Dec. 7

Skow, John "Vlad the Impaler" (A Dream of Dracula) Time, Jan. 15 p.76+

Stade, George [Review of In Search of Dracula, The Truth about Dracula, and A Dream of Dracula] New York Times Book Review, Jan. 14 p.2-3+

Steele, Lloyd "Of Thuds, Thunks & Ghosts" (Dracula) Los Angeles Free Press, Nov. 17 p.12+

Sturgeon, Theodore "Peaks and Beacons" (book reviews) National Review, Jan. 19 p.103-4+

Sullivan, Anita T. "Ray Bradbury and Fantasy" English Journal, Dec. p.1309-14

Suvin, Darko "On the Poetics of the Science Fiction Genre" College English, Dec. p.372-82

Tunnell, James R. "Kesey and Vonnegut: Preachers of Redemption" (Slaughterhouse-5) Christian Century, Nov. 22 p.1180-3

Zolotow, Maurice "Vampires Have Problems Too" (William Castle) TV Guide, Dec. 9 p.18-21


Steve Stiles

COMING ATTRACTIONS cont. from P. 11

Hoyle, Fred & Geoffrey The Molecule Men. Winter. $1.49

Blish, James Cities in Flight. February. $3.50

Elwood, Roger, ed. And Walk Now Gently Through the Fire. February. $1.49

SIGNET FEBRUARY TITLES

Clarke, Arthur C. Report on Planet Three and other speculations. Y5409. $1.25

The City and the Stars. Q5371. 95¢

de Camp, L. Sprague The Fallible Fiend. Q5370. 95¢

# New Books

HARDCOVERS

Adshead, Gladys L. SMALLEST BROWNIE AND THE FLYING SQUIRREL (juv fty) Walck, Fall. $4.50

Alexander, Lloyd THE FOUR DONKEYS (juv, not fty) Holt, Aug. $5.95

Asimov, Isaac THE EARLY ASIMOV (coll, repr) SF Book Club, Dec. $2.98

Aylesworth, Thomas G. MONSTERS FROM THE MOVIES (juv) Lippincott, Oct. $4.82

Bach, Richard JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL (marg fty, 17 ptg) Macmillan, 1972. $4.95

Ballard, J. G. LOVE AND NAPALM: EXPORT USA (repr Brit, orig: The Atrocity Exhibition) Grove, Oct. $5.95

Barth, Edna WITCHES, PUMPKINS AND GRINNING GHOSTS; The Story of the Halloween Symbols (juv) Seabury, Oct. $5.50

Bennett, Arnold THE LOOT OF CITIES; Being the Adventures of a Millionaire in Search of Joy (detective short stories) Oswald Train (P.O. Box 1891, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105) 1972. $4.50

Blair, Ruth Van Ness WILLA-WILLA, The Wishful Witch (juv) Denison, Nov. $3.09

Bonham, Frank THE FRIENDS OF THE LOONY LAKE MONSTER (marg juv) Dutton, Sept. $4.95

Bova, Ben AS ON A DARKLING PLAIN. Walker, Nov. $5.95

FLIGHT OF EXILES (juv) Dutton, Sept. $4.95

(ed) THE SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME, v.2 a&b. Doubleday, Jan. $9.95 each

Boyd, John THE I.Q. MERCHANT. Weybright & Talley, Dec. $5.95

Burroughs, Edgar Rice THUVIA, MAID OF MARS, and THE CHESSMEN OF MARS (repr) SF Book Club, Jan. $2.98

Caen, Herb THE CABLE CAR AND THE DRAGON (juv fty) Doubleday, Sept. $4.95

Carroll, Lewis ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE (centennial ed) Clarkson Potter, Sept. $7.95

Chew, Ruth THE WEDNESDAY WITCH (juv fty, repr) Holiday House, 1972. $3.95

Childs, Madge THE OTHER WORLD OF MYTHS AND FAIRY TALES. Vantage, 1972. $5.95

Clareson, Thomas D., ed. A SPECTRUM OF WORLDS. Doubleday, Sept. $5.95

Cohen, Daniel MAGICIANS, WIZARDS, & SORCERERS (juv nf) Lippincott, 1973. $4.95

VOODOO, DEVILS AND THE NEW INVISIBLE WORLD. Dodd, 1972. $5.95

Eklund, Gordon BEYOND THE RESURRECTION. Doubleday, Feb. $5.95

Elwood, Roger, ed. AND WALK NOW GENTLY THROUGH THE FIRE, and Other Science Fiction Stories. Chilton, Dec. $6.95

Farmer, Penelope A CASTLE OF BONE (juv fty) Atheneum, Fall. $4.25

Firchow, Peter ALDOUS HUXLEY: Satirist and Novelist. Univ. of Minn. Press, July. $7.95

Flora, James PISHTOSH, BULLWASH & WIMPLE (juv nonsense) Atheneum, 1972. $4.50

Frost, Gavin & Yvonne THE WITCH'S BIBLE (nf) Nash, Dec. $7.95

Glovach, Linda THE LITTLE WITCH'S BLACK MAGIC COOKBOOK (juv) Prentice-Hall, Oct. $4.95

Gotland, Kenneth ROBOT EXPLORERS: The Pocket Encyclopedia of Spaceflight in Color. Macmillan, Nov. $4.95

Greenwald, Sheila MAT PIT AND THE TUNNEL TENANTS (juv fty) Lippincott, 1972. $3.95

Grimm Brothers SNOW-WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS. Tr. by Randall Jarrell. Farrar, 1972. $5.95

Gunn, James BREAKING POINT (coll) Walker, Nov. $4.95

THE LISTENERS. Scribner, Oct. $6.95; SF Book Club, Dec. $1.49

Haining, Peter THE ANATOMY OF WITCHCRAFT (nf, repr Brit) Taplinger, Nov. $6.95

Harrison, Harry THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT SAVES THE WORLD. Putnam, Dec. $5.95

Herbert, Frank THE GOD MAKERS. Putnam, Nov. $5.95

Hoch, Edward D. THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE HAND. Walker, Jan. $5.95

Howard, Robert E. ECHOES FROM AN

IRON HARP (verse) Don Grant, 1972. $6.00

Jacobs, Frank THE MAD WORLD OF WILLIAM M. GAINES (nf) Lyle Stuart, 1972. $7.95

Kent, Jack DOOLY AND THE SNORT-SNOOT (juv fty) Putnam, Dec. $4.19

Knight, Damon, ed. ORBIT 11. Putnam, Oct. $5.95; SF Book Club, Jan. $1.49

Kocher, Paul H. MASTER OF MIDDLE EARTH: The Fiction of J.R.R. Tolkien. Houghton Mifflin, Oct. $5.95

Langseth, Marcus & Lillian APOLLO MOON ROCKS (juv nf) Coward McCann, Jan. $4.64

Latimer, John BORDER OF DARKNESS (supernat) Doubleday, Dec. $4.95

Laumer, Keith THE GLORY GAME. Doubleday, Jan. $5.95
NIGHT OF DELUSIONS. Putnam, Dec. $5.95

Lehner, Ernst & Johanna DEVILS, DEMONS, DEATH AND DAMNATION (art, Dover book rebound) Peter Smith, 1972. $6.00

Levin, Ira THE STEPFORD WIVES (marg) Random, 1972. $4.95

Lewin, Leonard C. TRIAGE (marg) Dial, May. $5.95

Lifton, Betty Jean GOOD NIGHT, ORANGE MONSTER (juv fty) Atheneum, 1972. $4.50

Lightfoot, Gordon THE PONY MAN (marg juv fty) Harper's Magazine Press, Nov. $5.50

Lindsey, Hal SATAN IS ALIVE AND WELL ON PLANET EARTH (nf) Zondervan, 1972. $4.95

Long, Frank Belknap THE RIM OF THE UNKNOWN (coll) Arkham, 1972. $7.50

Lovecraft, H.P. EC'H-PI-EL SPEAKS (autobiog) Gerry de la Ree (7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, N.J. 07458) 1972. $7.50

McDermott, Gerald THE MAGIC TREE: A Tale from the Congo (juv) Holt, 1972. $5.95

McNally, Raymond & Radu Florescu IN SEARCH OF DRACULA (nf) New York Graphic, Oct. $8.95

Manley, David L. AROS OF ATLANTIS. Dorrance, Aug. $4.95

Miller, Marjorie M. ISAAC ASIMOV: A Checklist of Works Published in the United States, March 1939-May 1972. Kent State Univ. Press, Dec. $6.50

Millers, Reinhold R. TIME EXILE. Echo Publishers (G.P.O. Box 2832, NYC 10001) 1972. $3.00

Mosel, Arlene, adapt. THE FUNNY LITTLE WOMAN (juv fairy tale) Dutton, 1972. $5.95

Nichols, Ruth THE MARROW OF THE WORLD (juv) Atheneum, 1972. $5.25

Parry, Michel, ed. BEWARE OF THE CAT: Stories of Feline Fantasy and Horror. Taplinger, Nov. $6.50

Pelavin, Cheryl RUBY'S REVENGE (marg juv fty) Putnam, Dec. $4.29

Preussler, Otfried THE SATANIC MILL (juv supernat, tr) Macmillan, 1973. $4.95

Priest, Christopher DARKENING ISLAND (repr Brit, orig: Fugue for a Darkening Island) Harper, May. $4.95

Proddow, Penelope, tr. & adapt. DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE: Homeric Hymn Number Two (juv) Doubleday, Sept. $5.95

Reeves, James, adapt. HOW THE MOON BEGAN (juv fty, adapt. from Grimm) Abelard-Schuman, 1972. $4.95

Romano, Deane FLIGHT FROM TIME ONE. Walker, Nov. $5.95

Rosenfeld, Sam SCIENCE EXPERIMENTS FOR THE SPACE AGE (juv nf) Harvey House, Spring 1972. $5.95

Roth, Philip THE BREAST (marg) Holt, 1972. $4.95

Scortia, Thomas N., ed. STRANGE BEDFELLOWS: Sex in Science Fiction. Random House, Jan. $5.95

Serraillier, Ian THE FRANKLIN'S TALE (Chaucer, repr Brit, juv) F. Warne, Oct. $4.95

Seymour, St. John D. IRISH WITCHCRAFT AND DEMONOLOGY (repr of 1913 British ed) Barnes & Noble, Nov. $10.00

Shear, David CLONING. Walker, Dec. $5.95

Shelley, Mary LETTERS OF MARY W. SHELLEY (MOSTLY UNPUBLISHED) (facs repr of 1918 ed) Folcroft Library Editions,1972. $25.00

Silverberg, Robert DYING INSIDE (telepathy) Scribner, Nov. $6.95

Snyder, Zilpha Keatley THE WITCHES OF WORM (marg juv supernat) Atheneum, 1972. $5.25

Steinbrunner, Chris & Burt Goldblatt THE CINEMA OF THE FANTASTIC (nf)

Saturday Review Press, Nov. $8.95

Titterton, William Richard G.K. CHESTERTON: A Portrait (repr of 1936 ed) Haskell House, 1973. $10.95

Van Orsdell, John RAGLAND (marg) World, 1972. $7.95

Wahl, Jan THE VERY PECULIAR TUNNEL (juv fty) Putnam, Aug. $4.95

Walker, David THE LORD'S PINK OCEAN. Houghton, 1972. $5.95

Walker, Mort & Dik Browne THE LAND OF LOST THINGS (juv fty) Windmill, Feb. 1973. $5.95

Watkins, William Jon THE GOD MACHINE. Doubleday, Jan. $5.95

Willis, Donald C. HORROR AND SCIENCE FICTION FILMS: A Checklist. Scarecrow Press, 1972. $15.00

WONDER WOMAN (comic) With introd. by Gloria Steinem & interpretive essay by Phyllis Chesler. Holt, Dec. $12.95

## PAPERBACKS

Adkinson, Robert V. THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI; A Film by Robert Wiene, Carl Mayer and Hans Janowitz (script) Simon & Schuster, 1972. $1.95

Agel, Jerome IS TODAY TOMORROW? A Synergistic Collage of Alternative Futures. Ballantine 02562, Nov. $1.95

Akers, Alan Burt TRANSIT TO SCORPIO. DAW UQ1033, Dec. 95¢

Alderman, Clifford Lindsey A CAULDRON OF WITCHES: The Story of Witchcraft (juv nf, repr) Archway 29558, Feb. 75¢

Alexander, Jan THE GLASS PAINTING (supernat) Popular 00396, 1972. 95¢

Anderson, Colin MAGELLAN (repr) Berkley S2262, Nov. 75¢

Anderson, Poul ORBIT UNLIMITED (3 ptg) Pyramid T2870, Dec. 75¢

Anthony, Piers MACROSCOPE (3 ptg) Avon W166, Nov. $1.25

Aylesworth, Thomas G. MONSTERS FROM THE MOVIES (juv) Lippincott, Oct. $1.95

Ball, Brian N. PLANET PROBABILITY. DAW UQ1040, Jan. 95¢

Barbet, Pierre BAPHOMET'S METEOR (tr) DAW UQ1035, Dec. 95¢

Beatty, Jerome, Jr. MATTHEW LOONEY'S INVASION OF THE EARTH (juv repr) Avon Camelot ZN83, Oct. 95¢

Bonewits, P.E.I. REAL MAGIC (nf, repr) Berkley N2268, Dec. 95¢

Bova, Ben THE DUELING MACHINE (repr) Signet Q5328, Jan. 95¢

THE WEATHERMAKERS (repr) Signet Q5329, Jan. 95¢

Bradley, Marion Zimmer DARKOVER LANDFALL. DAW UQ1036, Dec. 95¢

FALCONS OF NARABEDLA, and THE DARK INTRUDER AND OTHER STORIES (2 ptg) Ace 22576, Dec. 95¢

Bright, Robert GEORGIE TO THE RESCUE (juv fty) Doubleday Zephyr, 1972. 95¢

Brown, Carter GIRL FROM OUTER SPACE. Signet T5321, Jan. 75¢

Brunner, John THE JAGGED ORBIT (repr) Ace 381210, Nov. $1.25

Burgess, Anthony A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (7 ptg) Ballantine 02624, Jan. 1972. $1.25

Caidin, Martin CYBORG (repr) Paperback Library 66-986, Dec. $1.25

Campbell, John W. THE MIGHTIEST MACHINE (2 ptg) Ace 53151, Dec. 95¢

Carroll, Lewis ALICE IN WONDERLAND COLORING BOOK (abr text) Dover, 1972. $1.25

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE (centennial ed) Clarkson Potter, Sept. $3.95

AVENTURES D'ALICE AU PAYS DES MERVEILLES (tr, repr of 1869 ed) Dover, 1972. $2.00

Carter, Lin BLACK LEGION OF CALLISTO (s&s) Dell 0925, Dec. 95¢

JANDAR OF CALLISTO (s&s) Dell 4182, Dec. 95¢

Chandler, A. Bertram INTO THE ALTERNATE UNIVERSE, and THE COILS OF TIME (reissue) Ace 114512, Nov. 95¢

Cook, Glen THE HEIRS OF BABYLON. Signet Q5299, Dec. 95¢

Condon, Richard THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE (marg, 12 ptg) Signet Y5309, Dec. $1.25

Corren, Grace EVIL IN THE FAMILY (marg supernat) Lancer 75402, 1972. 95¢

Creasey, John TRAITORS' DOOM (Dr. Palfrey, repr) Award AN1029, 1972. 95¢

Cristabel THE GOLDEN OLIVE. Curtis 09146, 1972. 95¢

Cunningham, Cathy THE DEMONS OF HIGHPOINT HOUSE (supernat) Popular

Library 00407, Jan. 95¢

Darlton, Clark PERRY RHODAN 19: Mutants vs. Mutants. Ace 659904, Nov. 75¢

PERRY RHODAN 20: The Thrall of Hypno. Ace 75991, Dec. 75¢

Dolinsky, Meyer MIND ONE. Dell 7968, Nov. $1.25

DRACULA book 1 (comics) Warren Publ. Co., 1972. $5.00

DuMaurier, Daphne DON'T LOOK NOW (supernat coll, repr) Avon W343, Nov. $1.25

Ellison, Harlan, ed. DANGEROUS VISIONS (repr) Berkley D2274, Dec. $1.50

Fairman, Paul THE DIABOLIST (occult) Lancer 75411, Dec. 95¢

Farmer, Philip Jose THE LOVERS (2 ptg) Ballantine 02762, June. $1.25

Fort, Charles THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED (nf, repr) Ace 07062, Dec. 75¢

Freedland, Nat THE OCCULT EXPLOSION (nf, repr) Berkley Z2283, Nov. $1.25

Frierson, Meade SCIENCE FICTION ON RADIO. Author (3705 Woodvale Rd, Birmingham, Ala. 35223) 1972. $1.50

Galaxy Magazine THE BEST FROM GALAXY, v.1. Award AN1039, 1972. 95¢

Garfield, Brian DEEP COVER (marg, repr) Dell 1865, Nov. $1.25

Ghidalia, Victor, ed. DRACULA'S GUEST AND OTHER STORIES. Xerox Educ. Publ, 1972. 75¢

Goldstein, William DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN (novelization of script) Award AN1069, Jan. 95¢

Goudge, Elizabeth THE LOST ANGEL (coll, part fty) Pyramid N2898, Dec. 95¢

Goulart, Ron A TALENT FOR THE INVISIBLE. DAW UQ1037, Jan. 95¢

Gutteridge, Lindsay COLD WAR IN A COUNTRY GARDEN (repr) Pocket 77632, Feb. 95¢

Haining, Peter, ed. BEYOND THE CURTAIN OF DARK (repr Brit) Pinnacle P138Z, Nov. $1.25

Harrison, Harry & Brian W. Aldiss, eds. BEST SF: 1971 (repr) Berkley N2263, Nov. 95¢

Heinlein, Robert A. THE WORLDS OF ROBERT A. HEINLEIN (3 ptg) Ace 91502, Dec. 95¢

Herbert, Frank THE BOOK OF FRANK HERBERT (coll) DAW UQ1039, Jan. 95¢

Hoyle, Fred & Geoffrey SEVEN STEPS TO THE SUN (repr) Fawcett Crest T1778, Jan. 75¢

Huntington, Charles NIGHTMARE ON VEGA 3. Award AS1045, Jan. 75¢

THE SOUL STEALERS. Award AS1044, Jan. 75¢

Jakes, John WITCH OF THE DARK GATE (s&s, sequel to Master of the Dark Gate) Lancer 75415, Dec. 95¢

Kuttner, Henry FURY (repr) Lancer 75413, Dec. 95¢

Lasswitz, Kurd TWO PLANETS (repr, tr. from German) Popular 00405, Jan. 95¢

Lauria, Frank RAGA SIX (supernat) Bantam Q7249, Dec. $1.25

LeGuin, Ursula K. THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS (repr) Ace 478008, Nov. 95¢

Leinster, Murray OPERATION: OUTER SPACE (5 ptg) Signet Q5300, Dec. 95¢

McCloy, Helen A QUESTION OF TIME (marg supernat, repr) Dell 7209, Oct. 75¢

MacDonald, George EVENOR (coll) Ballantine 02874, Nov. $1.25

McMahon, Jeremiah DEVIL'S CHANNEL (supernat) Pyramid N2793, Dec. 95¢

Maine, Charles Eric ALPH (repr) Ballantine 02904, Nov. $1.25

Moore, Harris THE MARROW EATERS (Frankenstein horror series) Popular 01577, Dec. 75¢

NICK CARTER: THE OMEGA TERROR (marg) Award AN1033, 1972. 95¢

Pohl, Frederik, ed. STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES 1 (4 ptg) Ballantine 02717, Nov. 95¢

STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES 2 (3 ptg) Ballantine 02718, Nov. 95¢

STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES 3 (3 ptg) Ballantine 02719, Nov. 95¢

STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES 4 (2 ptg) Ballantine 02720, Nov. 95¢

STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES 5 (2 ptg) Ballantine 02721, Nov. 95¢

Reed, Peter J. KURT VONNEGUT, JR. (nf) Warner Paperback Library 68923, 1972. $1.50

Robeson, Kenneth THE AVENGER 6: The Blood Ring (repr) Warner Paperback Library 64-963, 1972. 75¢

Russell, Eric Frank THE MINDWARPERS.

Lancer 75414, Dec. 95¢

Schmitz, James H. THE LION GAME. DAW UQ1038, Jan. 95¢

Sladek, John THE MULLER-FOKKER EFFECT (repr, marg) Pocket 77622, Feb. 95¢

Suvin, Darko, ed. OTHER WORLDS, OTHER SEAS (repr) Berkley S2278, Dec. 75¢

Swann, Thomas Burnett WOLFWINTER. Ballantine 02905, Nov. $1.25

Tiller, Ted COUNT DRACULA (play) Samuel French, 1972. $2.00

Trimble, Louis THE WANDERING VARIABLES. DAW UQ1034, Dec. 95¢

Van Vogt, A. E. QUEST FOR THE FUTURE (2 ptg) Ace 69700, Dec. 95¢ THE WAR AGAINST THE RULL (repr) Ace 871814, Nov. $1.25

Vonnegut, Kurt Jr. BETWEEN TIME AND TIMBUKTU, or Prometheus-5 (drama) Dell Delta, Oct. $2.45

Wagner, Sharon CURSE OF STILL VALLEY/MARIDU/COUNTRY OF THE WOLF (supernat, repr) Lancer 70407, 1972. $1.65

Wheatley, Dennis THE SATANIST (supernat, repr) Ballantine 02927, Nov. $1.50 STRANGE CONFLICT (supernat, repr) Ballantine 02988, Dec. $1.50

Williams, Robert Moore SEVEN TICKETS TO HELL (Frankenstein horror series) Popular 01572, Dec. 75¢

Williamson, Jack TEACHING SF (rev of Science Fiction Comes to College) Author (Box 761, Portales, N.M. 88130) 1972. $1.00

Wyndham, John STOWAWAY TO MARS (orig: Planet Plane, by John Beynon) Fawcett Gold Medal T2646, Nov. 75¢

Zamyatin, Yevgeny WE (repr, tr. from Russian) Bantam X7271, Nov. $1.75

# Lilliputia

*WITCHES AND WIZARDS by Adi-Kent Jeffrey. Illus. by Howard Mueller. Cowles, 1971. 101pp. $4.95. Age level: 9-12*

*Witches and Wizards* is a book for the older child. It contains nine stories dealing with the occult from the late 17th and early 18th centuries. I'm not really sure if the author meant this to be a factual book or a retelling of legends of the time. No explanation is given. Yet, it is a good book and the stories are highly entertaining. A nice book for a rainy day or being alone in the house with. —Sandra Deckinger

*THE HOUSE ON THE BRINK: A Story of Suspense, by John Gordon. Harper & Row, 1971. 217pp. $4.50. Age level: 12 up*

Dick Dodds is a sensitive adolescent with an active imagination, and one night after a wild ride downriver in a 'borrowed' boat, he finds the trail—as if something slimy had dragged himself out of the mud not long before he passed... Before the book is over, one meets Helen Johnson, another imaginative adolescent; Mrs. Knowles, recently widowed and somewhat daft; Miller, the man Mrs. Knowles is soon to marry; and various ordinary people who do not understand what hold the marshes have on these four.

Of course, one could believe the explanation given in the last chapter—the 'creature' is the slime-encrusted skeleton of one of King John's men which Mrs. Knowles, in her madness, has been moving from place to place, but that leaves the trail unexplained, and the effect upon its power of the water from the 'Silver Fields.'

This is a well-constructed suspense-and-supernatural novel. It is not recommended nighttime reading for imaginative people who are alone, but otherwise it's a really good chickenflesh producer. —Charlotte Moslander

*THE WIZARD OF WALLABY WALLOW by Jack Kent. Parents' Magazine Press, 1971. Abt. 44pp. $3.95. Age level: 4-8*

A lonely mouse pays a visit to the wizard for a spell to make him happier. The wizard, interrupted in sorting his spells, gives the mouse an unlabeled one. Returning home, the mouse imagines himself as something else—a butterfly, an ant, an elephant. Then he slowly realizes the disadvantages to being someone else. Next day he returns the bottle to the wizard, a happy mouse. This surprises and pleases the wizard because none of his spells have worked before. He removes the labels from all of his spells, and the entire town comes to employ them.

A simply, but colorfully, illustrated book that enhances a skillfully told story with the moral "being satisfied with yourself will make you happy." —Sandra Deckinger

*THE SHADES by Betty Brock. Illus. by Victoria de Larrea. Harper and Row, 1971. 128 p. $3.50. Age level: 8-12*

Hollis was convinced, as small boys sometimes are, that Emily Peters was a witch; and her ornate old house, in which he was visiting, didn't do one thing to dispel that impression, especially with all those mysterious shadows lurking about... Of course, Emily turned out to be young and red-haired, and the Shadow People who lived in the walled garden soon put his fears to rest about ghosts and suchlike creatures.

The adventures Hollis had with the Shades, and the conflict between the Dolphin Fountain and the Lady Statue will please many an imaginative young reader—walled gardens and old houses do lend themselves well to make-believe—while his outwitting Mrs. Ashberry, who wanted to buy the dolphin and fountain, will keep youngsters on the edges of their chairs.

This book lacks the sticky sweetness of *No Flying in the House*, while retaining its compactness and easy vocabulary. The illustrations are quite good, and will satisfy even the most demanding child who insists on realism and concreteness in art.

—Charlotte Moslander

*DR. SMITH'S SAFARI by Allen Say. Harper and Row, 1972. 30 p. $3.50. Age level: 4-8*

Getting lost while on safari, Dr. Smith comes upon Trout Inn where he is asked to join the occupants—the animals—during their meals. They talk about their lives and the things that cause them trouble: the coconut throwers. To help them, Dr. Smith takes his gun and fires at the coconut throwers, only to find that they have a different view of things. All become friends, and he vows never to shoot his gun again.

Another 'anti' story which gets its point across: 'no guns,' but fails to give good reasons to the young mind. The humanism of the animals is appealing, otherwise the story and illustrations are mediocre. —Sandra Deckinger

*THE ASTONISHING STEREOSCOPE by Jane Langton. Pictures by Erik Blegvad. Harper and Row, 1971. 240 p. $4.95. Age level: 10 up*

Not every kid is lucky enough to have an Indian Prince for an uncle. Ever since he married their Aunt Lily, Prince Krishna has been giving Eleanor and Eddy strange gifts endowed with his own 'magic spells from the mysterious east.' Last year it was a swing in the summerhouse with five doorways, each leading into a different fantasy world. This time—you guessed it! It is an astonishing stereoscope with five different picture cards representing five different fantasy worlds the children can enter.

Eleanor and Eddy have both been troubled by a sin complex ever since John Green fell off their roof on Halloween. Eleanor thinks it was her fault and Eddy thinks it was his, while John continues to lie in a coma. Both periodically attempt to atone for the sin and are rewarded each time with another apparently relevant adventure in the stereoscope.

I read *The Swing in the Summerhouse* a couple of years ago and was completely duped by it. Now, after reading another book from Mrs. Langton's output, my opinion of her work has dropped several degrees. For one thing, I wish she would find a new plotline. It is only the very young children who are supposed to be amused by repetition. But this is not my main criticism, however, I have a sneaking suspicion that Mrs. Langton is trying to teach somebody a Lesson about Life by means of Little Allegories. Once you catch on to that, you can't help but rebel. —Kristine Anderson

*LORENZO BEAR AND COMPANY by Jan Wahl. Illus. by Fernando Krahn. Putnam, 1971. Abt. 36 p. $3.86. Age level: 7-10*

Lorenzo Bear decides to build a rocket to the moon and with the help of his friends, he does. Hoot owl becomes the pilot (unexpectedly as he was sleeping at the time) and the rocket is launched. High in the sky, the rocket falls apart, and so as not to disappoint anyone Hoot owl writes a note and drops it in the forest saying he's on the moon. Returning two days later, from higher up in a tree, Hoot owl is a hero and Lorenzo is beginning work on his new rocket.

A science fiction story for the young reader, excellently told in clear simple language and printed in large type—a good bedtime story. The art is delightful and adds to the enjoyment of the story. —Sandra Deckinger

*CRISTOBAL AND THE WITCH by Jan Wahl. Illus. by Janet McCaffery. Putnam, 1972. Abt. 36 p. $4.29.*

Cristobal was a little Mexican boy who accepted a scarf and mittens from a witch and set out on a journey to find a donkey. He finds three friends to help him: a flycatcher, an owl and a fox. Arriving at the last place, he finds the witch who tells him he can have his donkey if he frees her possessions that are being held in the cave by her wicked sisters. Cristobal and his three friends perform this task, the witch gets her treasures and Cristobal gets his donkey and all are happy.

The story is just so-so, and I think it's really for the younger reader—not all ages as advertised. The art work is what makes this book. Done in shades of pink and brown, it's reminiscent of Mexican folk art and adds a quality that makes the story acceptable.

—Sandra Deckinger

# Reviews

*GENERATION edited by David Gerrold (with assistance from Stephen Goldin) Dell 2833, 1972. 236 p. 95¢*

It's difficult to approach an anthology of "the most dazzling new stars of science fiction" with anything but trepidation. There is always the fear that standards may have been lowered in order to let in new writers or that the fiction attempts to be 'new' and literary, with the result it is just an assemblage of words with no pretense of a story line. And of course, the chance that these dazzling new stars may turn out to be shooting stars—bursting on the reader with much glow and dazzle, but quickly fizzling out.

It's a pleasure to report that, in the case of *Generation*, these worries were totally unwarranted. In this anthology of David Gerrold's there is a definite try at showcasing new writers, but there are also some, such as David Bunch and Piers Anthony, which are not new. But the stories of the more established writers carry a freshness of view which make them fit inclusions. In fact, the majority of the stories are new and original in concept and in writing.

Some of the stories are a little precocious. Gimmicks, such as "The Shortest Science-Fiction Story Ever Told," whose title is longer than the story. —and which has a typo on the contents page in addition. Other stories are obvious first efforts although of good quality just the same. And there is the usual byproduct of college literature courses—more emphasis on painting a detailed scene than in moving a plot along. These minor drawbacks do not detract from the general quality of the book. They are a natural result of any gathering of new authors. In spite of these minor objections, this anthology has not lowered the standards of good entertainment.

While the stories are excellent reading, exception must be taken to the overall intent of the book as stated in the introduction.

> "...the most important and ablest practitioners of the art [of writing science fiction] are no longer pre-occupied with science and scientists—or perhaps the art has moved beyond those who are so preoccupied. We've stopped writing about spaceships and started writing about the men within them. We no longer care about how our hero is getting to Mars—we want to know why he's going in the first place."

It has always been my attitude that the most interesting science fiction has been that which deals with the human impact of science and technology. It was John Campbell who first recognized this in 1938 and proceeded to demand stories that met this criteria. All of your well-established writers of today have flourished writing this type of story. Isaac Asimov's "Nightfall" and Lester del Rey's "Nerves" were both written in 1940 and spend more time showing human people reacting to technology rather than the early 30's plot of science conquering all. *Galaxy* was founded (in 1950) on the elimination of the Bat Durston/space jets blasting type of pseudo-science. So when David Gerrold says Bat Durston is no longer where it's at (in 1971), he's quoting from ads *Galaxy* ran in 1951.

The idea of science fiction concerning itself with man's attempts to be more than a higher form of ape is not new. Asimov and del Rey have been writing for over 30 years. *Galaxy* has been publishing for 20 years. Only recently, coincident with a rise in 'knowing oneself' has there been this attempt to create a 'new' science fiction. If people will think back on the stories that influenced their interest in science fiction, they will find them to be the stories that related science to some real human problem. A problem that within the context of the story was relevant.

Only lately have the critics of sf insisted that it be relevant to real life. I cannot agree with this. Science fiction is first of all fiction. This means it must be both literate and entertaining. It is by definition a story that is not true. Its only obligation to a reader is that it be enjoyable. If you want real-world relevance, read *Das Kapital* or a book on Fortran. It is simply not required in fiction.

*Generation*, while it stylishly bills itself as being relevant, does not lose sight of the objective of fiction to entertain. There are a few lapses, but only a few. It attempts to be with it by opening with an absolutely sick story and closing with a literally empty story by

the editor. However, between these two are some fine stories. There is "Up Schist Creek" by Piers Anthony—the best one of the book. This one carries its basic idea of all-purpose finery by A-Plus Fabrics (apfi for short) to a hilarious conclusion. Other stories by James Stevens, Alice Laurence, Ed Bryant, and James Sutherland show that these are all writers to be watched for good things in the future. And writers like Paul Carter, Dennis O'Neil and Kathleen Sky are fulfilling the promise they've shown in the past three years of becoming really top writers. Of all the stories by upcoming writers though, the best is one written specifically for all of life's losers, Vonda McIntyre's "The Galactic Clock." In which Elroy Finchwood, for whom all lights are red, discovers that he will perpetually be an irrational number on the galactic clock of life. For those who feel kicked in the teeth by fate, read this story and get an idea how bad it could really be.

When you get this book (and you should), you can ignore the claims of where it's at on the cover, and settle down for some good reading.

—Donald W. Lundry

*THE DARK MAN AND OTHERS by Robert E. Howard. Lancer 75265, 1972. 254 p. 95¢ (hardcover: Arkham House, 1963. $5.00)*

This book is a veritable bonanza for Howard readers! It contains the entire contents of the limited Arkham edition of which only about 2000 copies were printed. Although many of the stories have appeared elsewhere or served as the basis for a Conan pastiche or two, it's an engrossing process to read them as they were originally written. Others, including the effective horror story "Pigeons from Hell" I have seen in no other collection. If a couple such as "Old Garfield's Heart" have aged less gracefully than others, all of them still display the verve and powerful action that were Howard's trademark.

The book contains fifteen stories of supernatural adventure and heroic fantasy. If you delight in swords and sorcery, if you enjoy Howard, don't miss it.

—B. A. Fredstrom

*FIRST PERSON PECULIAR by T. L. Sherred. Ballantine 02469, 1972. 214 p. 95¢*

This Ballantine collection offers readers an opportunity to sample the work of a writer rarely seen these days, T. L. Sherred. As a matter of fact, the two novellas and two novelets presented here represent nearly all of Sherred's sf output.

The lead story, and by far the best, is the classic "E for Effort," which originally appeared in *Astounding* in 1947. In case you've not read it, "E for Effort" is the story of a device which enables the operator to see into the past. The skill with which Sherred explored both the economic and political implications of such a device indicated that he might be expected to emerge as a major science fiction talent.

Unfortunately, Sherred has written only a few stories since 1947, none of which are especially noteworthy. The three works which fill out this collection are, for the most part, rather undistinguished. "Eye for Iniquity" concerns a man who can duplicate matter by means of a unique mental talent. When he duplicates ten dollar bills, all with the same serial number, he runs into trouble with the government. "Cure, Guaranteed" deals with a man who can cure the common cold with sound waves. The conflict here is with the local medical association.

The final story, "Cue for Quiet," also deals with a super mental power, this one the ability of a man, Pete Miller, to stop mechanical devices. What's interesting in this yarn is the reaction of the government to this fellow. He is literally kidnapped, and his wife is told that he has been killed. The poor guy is pushed around like a convicted presidential assassin, with hardly a please or thank you. In the end he is virtually a life prisoner, kept isolated on a Pacific island so that he can always be on call to stop an enemy attack. The attitude of the officials toward Miller is impersonal, inhuman, and dictatorial. In other words, just what Bruce Franklin, et al, have been telling us about Uncle Sam for a long time now. I wonder what really would happen if somebody like Miller did turn up!

The title of the collection refers to the fact that all the stories are told in the first person, if that's been puzzling you. Count this one as an ace and three jacks.

—William L. Rupp

*STAR WOLF by Ted White. Lancer 75252, 1971. 190 p. 95¢*

Makstarn flees his mother's tribe, the members of which he so little resembles, to trek across the vastness of the planet Qar in search of his unknown father's legacy and his own manhood. His only companion a great wolf, he endures incredible hardships in crossing the desert from which his father came and finds at journey's end a woman, a winged man and a measure of truth.

Sequel to *Phoenix Prime* and *The Sorceress of Qar*, *Star Wolf* is an enjoyable quest yarn if entertainment is the goal and if the truly 'incredible' hardships can be swallowed. The wolf might even have some stature as a character creation—most certainly for dog lovers. And the hook for another sequel is firmly imbedded in the plotline. The denouement, unfortunately, rather reminded me of hearing the awesome crash of thunder raging in the distance, only to have the storm arrive as a warm drizzle—not unpleasant, but disappointing.

—B. A. Fredstrom

*THE MOON CHILDREN by Jack Williamson. Putnam, 1972. 190 p. $5.95*

Excellent—an absorbing story, glittering with inventive imagination and with a sense of strangeness, of alienness, that gives it the special quality of real science fiction. There is even a marvelous paradox—the characters are real enough to seem part of your own family, yet they are actually alien and strange. You become so absorbed in them that you hate to see it end and to leave them finally. The minor flaws in this story are inconsequential in the sweep and power of the unfolding drama. It tells of three strange children born to astronauts after a trip to the moon where the fliers had encountered strange spaceborne crystals. Two of the children are beautiful, one is a shaggy monster, but all have unhuman capabilities which begin to frighten humans as they grow up. Earth, meanwhile has fallen on difficult times. Exploration of the outer planets has stirred up some strange reactions. Flying electronic 'snakes' invade the atmosphere. They drink heat to power themselves and inadvertently kill aircraft and all other heat engines. A killer fog from Mercury makes whole areas uninhabitable. To the paranoic military, the children are linked to the invaders; actually they hold the key to earth's destiny but don't know how to use it. And the plot thickens. Get this one, by all means.

—Samuel Mines

*SONGS AND SONNETS ATLANTEAN by Donald S. Fryer. Arkham House, 1971. 134 p. $5.00*

S&S is a very amiable, kooky book: with its text of poems and purple prose, literary and legendary history, and on the back cover its author, an ex-Marine, posed in Buena Vista Park as an Elizabethan courtier. Some of the problems S&S causes a reviewer can be explained by saying that it is presumably the first book on the Atlantis legend in Renaissance France that can be recommended primarily to readers or librarians buying in the field of regional California verse: Sterling, Miss French, Clark Ashton Smith. I speak of this area as it existed before hard-boiled professional invaders like Jeffers, Winters and Rexroth invaded its backyard Pacific Coast culture and professionalized it. The golden sunlight of suburban, pre-smog, pre-soundfilm California plays over Mr. Fryer's text.

Now for *Songs and Sonnets Atlantean*: Mr. Fryer purports to write a sequence of descriptive poems not about Plato's Atlantis but about a 13,000 B.C. Atlantean kingdom out beyond Gibralter in 'our' Atlantic Ocean. This ocean had the bad taste to flood the kingdom over and leave only a few upthrusting seamarks (the Canaries, the Mariettas and Cape Verde Islands) as memorials to a 10-island kingdom stretching between Africa and the Americas. I confess I read this Herodotean history as an infidel until I reached pp.120-1, the long footnote to Sonnet V, "Atkantharia." Here I learned that this colonial empire was built on a huge pomegranate trade (wines, inks, dyes, cosmetics) produced from an equally huge pomegranate. The seed-pulps ran as large as our decadent modern cherries. As a true pomegranater, I was immediately converted, and threw away the technical Fortune-mag. notes I'd taken, querying the trade sources that justified the huge ports described on p.119, for instance.

But as far as Mr. Fryer himself is concerned—remember his photo on the back cover?—*Songs and Sonnets Atlantean* only uses Atlantis for subject matter; the book is really a tribute to the Elizabethan (I) Edmund Spenser. Mr. Fryer considers himself an analogous Elizabethan (II) poet in style and content, with Atlantis equivalent to the Camelot of Spenser's *Faerie Queene.* For his key sonnet sequence (I-XVII, pp.78-94), Mr. Fryer has expanded FQ's famous stanza form to create a new type of 'sonnet': stanzaed 9-3-2; rhymed ABABBCBCC-DCD-EE; metered lines 1-8 iambic (x/); lines 9-14 seven or six-foot iambic, depending on some private Elizabethan (II) code. What is Sterling-Californian, not Spenser-English, is Mr. Fryer's refusal to devise an Atlantean story-poem like Spenser's Arthurian *Queene.* Fryer has the 'modern' (post-Wordsworth) belief in descriptive landscape poetry. Spenser took more interest in telling verse-stories or in the psychological arguments of his Platonic hymns and of his sonnet sequence, "Amoretti."

But Mr. Fryer has nothing to say in his poems. This is reflected in the deflating form of his sonnets: 9-3-2. Both the orthodox English patterns make the conclusion structurally more important, whether in the octet argument of 8-6 or in the snapper-couplet of 4-4-4-2. (Mr. Fryer's couplet-conclusions are more relaxed and metrically longer.) The strict prose sense in Fryer's poems is banal. What he wishes, is of course the mellifluousness of the Surrey tradition in Elizabethan (I) poetry, to which Spenser and Marlowe contributed; and to which contemporary poets like Perse, Stevens and Hart Crane still belong.

But the sonnet was invented as a form, back in Italy, not so much for pretty writing, but to express difficulties and tensions. It wasn't a technically demanding form in Italian, no matter what American high school teachers say about it now. Compared to its source form, the difficult sestina, sonnets are almost free verse. The interesting early English sonnets grew not from the Surrey tradition but from Sir Thomas Wyatt (-Sidney-Donne-the dramatist Shakespeare), and many of these sonneteers were considered metrically rough, coarse writers. Historically, there has always been some famous poet in English who could turn out a good example of the form, but it is perhaps significant that since Milton the greatest technicians (Pope, Tennyson, Eliot) have been bored by the form. Mr. Fryer must be the only poet to have listened to *Green Sleeves* (p.67)—OK, Vaughan Williams' *Fantasia*—and not try to write words that fit the melody. To write in the sonnet form about *Green Sleeves* suggests a coarse ear.

Bibliographers of Fritz Leiber will note his tributary "Secretest" (p.97).

—Mark Purcell

*LIFEBOAT by James White. Ballantine 02797, 1972. 186 p. $1.25*

As the man said, there's good news and bad news. The good news is that *Lifeboat* has a good idea and parts of it are enthralling. It came close to being a rather outstanding book. The bad news is that it doesn't quite make it because most of it is so dragged out that it wears the reader's patience thin and the temptation to skip ahead and find out what's happening is almost irresistible. I didn't skip because I'm supposed to be reviewing, not reading for entertainment, so I got bogged down in details. But if I'd been a casual reader, I'd have skipped. Briefly it is the story of a shipwreck in space and the mechanical details of abandoning ship, keeping track of lifepods scattered through space, maintaining passenger morale, husbanding air and power while waiting for rescue and all the rest. The author, of course, invents his own mechanical world—personally I'd be pretty unhappy floating around in space in a thin bubble made of Saran wrap. I'd have hoped for something more substantial. But a lot of the mechanics is fairly convincing—more so than a lot of the characterization, about which the author is somewhat absent-minded. For example, he sets up a situation with the Captain's wife and then forgets all about it. And he asks us to believe that the medical officer falls for one of the passengers, an attractive divorcee, over a distance of several thousand miles that separate their lifeboats—for no discernible reason. And the character of the First Officer is never fully delineated though it should have been. So—in short there are holes in this work which flaw it rather badly which is too bad, since it had possibilities.

—Samuel Mines

*THE RIM OF THE UNKNOWN by Frank Belknap Long. Arkham House, 1972. 291 p. $7.50*

The author's earlier Arkham House collection, *The Hounds of Tindalos* (1946), was in many respects a better collection with its twenty-one stories than the volume in hand with its twenty-three. Long can be an entertaining writer and is at his best when telling a good tale rather than trying to be profound. If his stories read in a dated manner it is because he wrote for a market which encouraged the cliches of the day: he was a pulp writer. (I leave it to each reader to decide whether 'pulp' is a term of derogation or not.) While "The Man with a Thousand Legs" may seem cornball to us today we must remember it was written in 1927, and is rather good sf for that period. Even the harshest of critics must admit he had many good ideas even if the ideas are not written in the manner the modern reader would like. Paradoxically, "Man of Distinction" is a rather common idea but reads as one of the better "tale told in a bar" stories—at least until the end. "The Great Cold," "Green Glory," and "The Last Men" from 1934/35 *Astounding* are a modestly interesting trilogy of short stories dealing with the enslavement of mankind by giant ants, bees, and barnacles in a distant future. The whole collection is worth reading but it's the sort of book to urge your local library to buy unless you are a collector.

Every Arkham House book must also be examined as a physical object, not merely as a collection of stories. Under August Derleth an Arkham House book was always well made: sturdy black novelex binding, good printing (could be better proofread sometimes, though), and a notice of number of copies printed. The change one notices must not be attributed solely to Mr. Derleth's death: the economy of the times gets us all. *Rim*, for instance, still has the sturdy cloth covers, a decent paper and a type face which is readable for all the words it packs on a page, but instead of being sewn, the 'binding' is a strong adhesive sticking the pages to the mull. I suspect there will be many changes in Arkham House books dictated by the economy, but the latest catalog promises a full publishing program. I may sigh for the well made books of yore, but the chief value of Arkham House books has always been content. May it continue to be so. —J. B. Post

*ULTIMATE WORLD by Hugo Gernsback. Walker, 1972. 187 p. $5.95*

Sam Moskowitz in his introduction explains that this novel was written in 1958-59 but never saw publication because of the author's insistence on interpolating wads of nonfiction while the story leaked away. After Gernsback's death in 1967, Moskowitz edited the manuscript to remove the extraneous essays and speculations. This published version is about helf the work's original length, roughly 50,000 words. It is Gernsback's second published novel, his first having been the equally unreadable *Ralph 124C41+*, serialized in 1911-12 and first published in book form in 1925.

The story, such as it is, is straight out of a 1930 issue of *Science Wonder Stories*, with cardboard characters and a style somewhere between a physics text for the mentally retarded and a hardware catalog. The plot revolves around a pompous ass named Duke Dubois, "famed professor of physics at Columbia University, and his wife, Donna, beautiful and sensuous ex-haute couture model," who only a few pages later is described as "extremely prim and correct." Extraterrestrials visit the earth, induce several hundred thousand frenzied matings through the use of an airborne aphrodisiac, and lo presto!, three months later 200,000 ectogenic kids with adult mentalities appear. About 200 million elementary school kids have two new organs implanted in their skulls which predictably turn them into geniuses. Meanwhile, back at a parked asteroid, the Xenos are building a city and planning to stick around, when still another group of extraterrestrials appears. The two groups fence for a few minutes in their spaceships, then conveniently annihilate each other as anti-matter and matter collide. The story concludes with an address by Dubois to the genius kids, whose irresistible logic has converted the world's population to pacifism. Fade out with Duke and Donna seeking "a marital union such as humanity had never experienced before."

To say that this novel lacks even a shred of credibility understates the matter. The time is 1997, the world's population about 6 billion, but with 95% literacy—this last about

as ludicrous as you can get. The Xenos are viewed as potential enslavers of mankind, a view typical of early sf, although there is no real evidence for this belief. The ignorant (if literate) masses are contrasted with a scientific elite who never lose their cool and who patronizingly explain matters to the Big Five politicians and the masses. The 'science' is largely unsupported conjecture and gadgetry, written in a gee-whiz style. If this manuscript had been submitted by an unknown to Walker's sf editor, I cannot believe it would have survived even a first reading; only Gernsback's name (with prodding from his editor) brought it off. Gernsback was admittedly important in early sf, as Moskowitz makes clear in his *Explorers of the Infinite* (which makes no mention of this novel), but his 'fiction' is best forgotten. The annual sf awards for literary distinction in theme or treatment might better be called Campbells. —Neil Barron

*LOOKING FORWARD TO 1999 by Louis Shores. South Pass Press (Box 3822, Tallahassee, Fla. 32303) 1972. 262 p. $7.50*

I find this an embarrassing book to review because it was written by a librarian. Well, we can't all be Archibald MacLeish, I suppose. The book is one of those panoramic looks into the future: the American Party wins the election, there are wholesale assassinations, faith healers come to the fore, the bad Oriental despot threatens to destroy the world, the Space People (under Divine direction) save the world. It's a little better than I make it sound, but not enough better to warrant reading. Books like this make Shaver seem like a sane and skilled writer.

Shores is a well known and moderately respected figure in the library world, perhaps currently most noted as the major proponent of the 'Library-College' idea (it's sort of the open classroom at the college level—you turn the student loose in the library). He has one rather good point to make in the book at the beginning: the current polarization between the 'Establishment' and the 'Anti-Establishment' is artificial and very dangerous because the only two camps which are admitted to exist are the defenders of the status quo and the bomb-throwers. Vierick in *Conservatism Revisited* makes the point better, but Shores does make it. Unfortunately, he, along with most of the rest of the country, completely misunderstands the nature of the Supreme Court decision in the matter of the Pentagon Papers. For the record, the majority decision stated not that the newspapers could print state secrets but the government tried to use the injunctive process unconstitutionally as prior restraint. This book, at best, is a mild curiosity. —J. B. Post

*A MAP OF NARNIA AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRIES. Created by Pauline Baynes based on the maps and writings of C. S. Lewis. Macmillan, 1972. $1.49 30"x20"*

To admit that I am not familiar enough with the Narnia stories of C. S. Lewis to criticize this map on textual grounds rather tarnishes my image as a Big Name Fan, but a reviewer must be honest. All I can say is it matches closely the manuscript map of Narnia, a copy of which I have seen. Ms. Baynes is known to us from her cartographic rendering of Middle Earth and I have enough faith in her to accept her productions as sound.

The map depicts roughly half land and half water, the land half being the left hand side. The map, of course, is printed in multi-colors, my color-weak eyes being unable to actually count how many (but at least five with different shades). Relief (that's a fancy way of saying 'hills and valleys') is shown by perspective drawings of mountains and hills. The bottom 1½" contains the publishing data (though published by Macmillan, the map was printed in the United Kingdom and the copyright is held by Penguin Books Ltd.). A plain elliptical cartouche graces the lower right hand corner of the map, outside the cartouche on the right hand side are figures of the evil beings done in dark colors while on the left side of the cartouche are the good creatures in brighter colors. By this time we're over on the left hand side of the map and another decorated cartouche has a scale of miles which should be checked by Lewis scholars for accuracy. There are seven 2" circles scattered about the map with illustrations in them and about 34 smaller inset pictures of geographical features. Four ships are afloat on the ocean.

For a long time to come, this will be the standard map of Narnia. —J. B. Post

*TIME AND THE SPACE-TRAVELLER by Leslie Marder. University of Pennsylvania Press, 1972. 208 p. $8.95 (British ed: Allen & Unwin, 1971. 65 shillings)*

Marder, a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, is also a senior lecturer in applied math at the University of Southampton. As the reader might deduce from the author's credentials, and the imprint, this is not a popular work.

Space travel has long since become a literary convention in sf with relatively little attention now given to it. The use of fictions such as time warps, hyperdrive or some equally vague notion is accepted almost automatically. This hasn't always been the case, and many early stories derived much of their plot from the assumption that space travellers age more slowly than their earthbound counterparts, a belief based on the so-called clock paradox in special relativity theory.

This book is in large part a study of that paradox but discusses as well the relativity of time measurement, biological clocks, the psychology of time and related matters. A very useful bibliography annotates 305 books and articles, mostly from scholarly journals. Marder says the treatment is elementary, but only a person who has studied mathematics will fully appreciate that statement. The presentation is accessible to an undergraduate with at least lower division work in physics and mathematics (and preferably some astronomy), but even here there will be rough stretches requiring the closest concentration.

Marder indicates through frequent quotation that the phenomena of time dilatation (which he prefers to dilation) is still a subject of controversy. He admits at the outset that he felt one school in the controversy was correct, but adds "the variety of subtle and interesting points which emerged as the work progressed came as a pleasant and welcome surprise." I leave it to the more conscientious reader to discover Marder's own position.

—Neil Barron

*AHEAD OF TIME edited by Harry Harrison and Theodore J. Gordon. Doubleday, 1972. 201 p. $4.95*

This is not fiction; it is a collection of essays on some of the advanced research which is new enough to be described as ahead of its time. "The Conquest of Senescence" by Robert W. Prehoda discusses some of the most seriously considered theories of aging and the directions in which geriatric scientists are moving to thwart man's oldest enemy. "People Freezing: The Establishment Thaws" by R. C. W. Ettinger, examins cryonics, an idea popular in science fiction. And there are some exotic pieces: "Do Plants Feel Emotions?" by Thorn Bacon and Richard Kirkpatrick examines the startling results submitted by Cleve Backster, a polygraph expert who worked for the New York Police Department and the CIA. His lie detector has convinced him that plants do indeed have emotions and that they monitor and understand almost everything going on around them. How this is done without either a nervous system or that enlargement of the central nervous system we call a brain, is the real puzzle. I knew Backster some years ago and watched his experiments myself. I saw the polygraph register in apparent response to a threat against a plant. If someone in the next room said, "Let's cut down the plant," the needle swung widely. Who had taught the plant English was never explained and I reserved judgment.

"The Life and Death of Project Camelot" by Irving L. Horowitz examines a project for measuring and forecasting the causes of revolutions and insurgency in underdeveloped areas of the world. Treating revolution and insurgency like a disease makes for an intriguing study employing such terms as "insurgency prophylaxis." Apparently no one considers the simple idea that there may be something very rotten in our society to breed insurgency. "Inside-Out Worlds" by Dandridge M. Cole and Donald W. Cox describes a method of making an artificial planetoid that is a delight—a readymade plot for a fiction writer, only this is not fiction; it is described cold sober by a man who was a General Electric engineer before his death, and who considered it quite practical. "What are Tachyons?" describes some theoretical faster-than-light particles which could help break the log jam of interstellar travel that Einstein boxed us into. Bring your slide rule for this one—it gets technical. All in all, a powerful dose of advanced thinking and a mind bender.

—Samuel Mines

*INVADERS FROM SPACE: Ten Stories of Science Fiction edited by Robert Silverberg. Hawthorn Books, 1972. 241 p. $6.95*

These stories are exactly what the title implies. Each is a story of an invasion of earth by a wide assortment of invaders. Some are delicate fantasies, like "Roog" by Philip K. Dick; some are relatively technical like Van Vogt's "Resurrection" or Katherine MacLean's "Pictures Don't Lie." My own favorites were the familiar and nostalgic "Nightwings" by Silverberg himself and "Heresies of the Huge God" by Brian W. Aldiss. Silverberg's novella is a gem—not for strength of plot, but for sheer beauty of writing and the sense of complete and utter reality it conveys. What happens is less important than the manner of its telling. It is as good on the re-reading as it was the first time. "The Heresies of the Huge God" is a slashing attack on religion that Mark Twain would have enjoyed. Indeed it reminded me of Twain's "Mysterious Stranger." The Murray Leinster (Will Jenkins) story "Nobody Saw the Ship" is very characteristic of him. An invader who comes down on a sheep ranch to collect specimens, builds himself a machine to travel around in—would you believe a robot puma? Leinster had a lot of fun with the idea and so will most readers, I should think. On balance I'd call this an anthology with a light touch—several humorous stories, none very heavy nor very technical, no wide-screen sagas.

—Samuel Mines

*TIME'S LAST GIFT by Philip Jose Farmer. Ballantine 02468, 1972. 201 p. 95¢*

I enjoyed this book. It is light, fast-moving, occasionally interesting entertainment, and I ask you to keep these sentiments in mind becasue they may be the last kind words I have for it.

Philip Jose Farmer's *Time's Last Gift* is about four far-future explorers who journey into the far distant past (circa 12,000 B.C.). They include a muscular hero, Gribardsun; a brilliant and seductive young female scientist, Rachel, and her psychotic husband, Drummond Silverstein; and there is another scientist named von Billmann who is one of those characters put in a novel to give the other characters someone to discuss the plot with. These four crash-land in the past, make the acquaintance of a tribe of cavemen, explore prehistoric France and Spain, and crack up in one way or another before the end. Anyone familiar with Farmer's work will find the plot predictable almost from the beginning, so I won't say more about it.

It is not one of Farmer's best. The style is flat, functional; the characters two-dimensional and largely unconvincing; the plot—well—while the story moves quickly enough, the plot resembles a series of episodes in which this happens, and then that happens, and then something else happens, and finally— Actually, the only real plot is a mystery concerning Gribardsun's origin and his intentions, but as I said, to anyone familiar with Farmer's work, it will be no mystery at all.

To compound its faults, the book was hastily written and contains some of the most clumsy prose I've seen in a while: (page 62) "The very long and fantastically curved tusks, the huge hump of fat on top of the head, the long reddish-brown hairs, and the sheer size of the beasts was very impressive." The 'very's' alone are inexcusable for a man of Farmer's experience, but the 'fantastically curved tusks'??? Just what does a 'fantastically curved tusk' look like?

The most interesting parts of the book are Farmer's descriptions of the world of 12,000 B.C., which seem more carefully written and are, I assume, accurate. The least interesting parts of the book concern the characters who are said to be one thing or another but provide no dramatic proof of their alleged attributes: Gribardsun is reputed to be a charismatic figure by every character in the book yet is never once charismatic; and Silverstein is considered crazier and crazier as the book progresses, but aside from objecting to his wife throwing herself at Gribardsun and taking a shot at them while they're embracing, he didn't seem very crazy to me.

Well, although I would not recommend this to anyone, I still say it was light, fast-moving, occasionally interesting entertainment.

—Paul Walker

*THE DANCER FROM ATLANTIS by Poul Anderson. Signet Q4894, 1972. 95¢ (hardcover: S.F. Book Club, 1971. $1.49)*

*The Dancer from Atlantis* may be Poul Anderson's answer to Mary Renault's *The King Must Die.* At least, he refutes two of her theories in the last half of the book, both times mentioning her by name. But essentially this is a speculative historical romance in which a 20th century architect and three other chronologically displaced persons find themselves marooned in the age of Theseus, the Minotaur, and the fall of Atlantis.

Anderson has the same romantic regard for history as he has for science, because like science, history is the study of possibilities: the evaluation of facts, the interpretation of phenomena, which is all as purely theoretical as higher mathematics. And the study of ancient history, like the study of the future, is an exploration of other worlds; some as remote, as exotic as Wonderland itself. In *The Dancer from Atlantis* Anderson has combined his taste for the exotic with his skills at speculation, and the book is most interesting when it concentrates on either, or both, of those aspects of its background: Who was Theseus? What was the Minotaur? Where was Atlantis? And what really happened to it?

The story is standard, but the writing is clean of cliches and awkwardness. Anderson is no poet, and his style at best is adequate, but fully adequate, which is more than you can say for most prolific writers. His greatest weakness is an inability to give his characters the same drama he gives to his ideas. His people never quite achieve a third dimension, nor do his other-worlds, so both seem somewhat flat, and I (alone perhaps) find the reading a teeny bit tedious. But Anderson fans ought to find no complaint with *The Dancer from Atlantis* and I commend it to them. —Paul Walker

*THE MANY WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION edited by Ben Bova. E. P. Dutton, 1971. 234 p. $5.95*

When Ben Bova assembled his first and so far only science fiction anthology early last year, he could have hardly have known that John W. Campbell would be dead a few months later—or that he himself would be named Campbell's successor as editor of *Analog.* Yet *The Many Worlds of Science Fiction* resembles nothing so much as the kind of anthology one would deliberately submit as part of one's job application for the *Analog* editorship. It's full of *Analog*-type stories; unfortunately, most are the kind Campbell would have used to fill up space between better finds.

The *Analog* flavor must have been by order. How else to explain Robert Silverberg submitting "Something Wild is Loose," an alien contact problem story that resembles James Schmitz more than the usual Silverberg? Or Anne McCaffrey contributing "Daughter," a sociological sf story about role conflicts at a family's computerized farm?

Gordon Dickson's "The Law-Twister Shorty" is a typical *Analog*-type story about a resourceful Earthman outsmarting the seemingly more powerful natives of another planet, while Keith Laumer's "Three Blind Mice" has to do with the settling up a war-by-misunderstanding between mankind and another of those insect-like alien societies. Burt K. Filer's "Hot Potato" is more original—and especially welcome, considering how little we've seen of Filer lately. Applying the quantum theory to that old science fiction standby, the parallel worlds concept, Filer comes up with a startling—and hilarious—denouement. Still well within the bounds of *Analog*, nonetheless.

Even Harlan Ellison's "Silent in Gehenna," a New Masses-type story about a guerrilla fighter against the fascist Amerikan establishment but without the faith in the redemptive power of Communism characteristic of the 1930's (when the hero dies, it turns out even the Hereafter is run by Capitalist Pigs), is closer to *Analog* than other Ellison fiction.

"The Blue Mouse," an anti-war story about a future 'pacification' program in the United States, is again, more *Analog*ish than anything Gene Wolfe has published elsewhere. And Andre Norton's "All Cats are Gray," the only story not written for the anthology, is a late 1930's *Astounding*-type adventure story.

What does it all prove? That Ben Bova (a) feels at home with the *Analog*-type story, but that (b) he'll have to hone his critical talents to a sharper edge to maintain the qualify Campbell gave the magazine. —John J. Pierce

*GUARDIANS OF THE GATE by Louis & Jacquelyn Trimble. Ace 30590, 1972. 157 p. 75¢*

Can the spellmaker Teron of Korv combine with the beautiful Eldra the Seventh in the 'joining'? Will they be able to control this awesome power to tip the scales for the Good God Eliff against the evil and threatening Uldrig who would destroy all Erul? The key to their success lies in the mystic words of the ancient *Song of Vacor and Eldra* and the road to understanding runs through myriad adventures.

The relationship between soap opera and heroic fantasy might well deserve a scholarly thesis—or at least a fannish essay. The usual action, the usual idiocy—and the expected light entertainment demanded by the swords-and-sorcery buff. Competent.

—B. A. Fredstrom

*THE CALLER OF THE BLACK by Brian Lumley. Arkham House, 1971. 235 p. $5.00*

Brian Lumley is one of the 'New Lovecraftians,' one of that group of younger writers who consciously acknowledge the influence of H. P. Lovecraft and seek to write stories based on the Cthulhu Mythos. It's very hard to be influenced by the tremendous concepts of the Cthulhu Mythos without being influenced by HPL's style. These fourteen stories are all quite interesting even if some are stylistically imperfect because they ape Lovecraft. Mr. Lumley is good enough to carry them off in spite of the style. What the 'New Lovecraftians' have to learn to do is write about Lovecraftian themes in a non-Lovecraftian style.

Probably the best story in the collection is the title story "The Caller of the Black." It reminds me of M. R. James' "Casting the Runes" and is just as cinematic. A few of the other stories could be scripted for Rod Serling's *Night Gallery* as well. One has to be a fancier of Lovecraft and/or ghostly stories to fully enjoy this collection of stories of odd people, things, and events. Ah, but if one is...

—J. B. Post

*THE LOST CONTINENT by C. J. Cutliffe Hyne. Ballantine 02502, 1972. 274 p. $1.25*

In my day I've read my share of Atlantis novels and in this particular category perhaps Sturgeon's Law is an understatement. I was prepared for a blah story dredged up by Lin Carter for the Ballantine Adult Fantasy line. Was I surprised! Written in 1899 the thing is positively good, one of the all-time great Atlantis stories. The story purports to be the translation of a manuscript found in a cave in the Canary Islands. Deucalion, for 20 years the governor of the Atlantean colony in Yucatan, is recalled to help bolster the throne of Phorenice, a remarkably clever woman who has usurped the throne. Atlantis is in a three-way civil war: Phorenice and her crowd, the priestly governing class (or at least the higher levels, many of the lower orders having gone over to Phorenice), and an anarchistic revolutionary movement (sounding much like today's New Left) who wants to be ruled by neither. Well, you can all guess the ending—Atlantis sinks. Deucalion escapes along with Nais, anarchistic daughter of the high priest Zaemon. But, wow, the action moves right along, the atmosphere is hear perfect, the whole book is sheer entertainment. The cover painting by Dean Ellis is eye catching. This is a book worth reading if you read for enjoyment.

—J. B. Post

*FOUR FUTURES edited by Isaac Asimov. Hawthorn, 1971. $5.95*

Here's another theme anthology, similar to Arthur C. Clarke's *Three for Tomorrow* of a few years back. Isaac Asimov's connecting theme is the social impact of Zero Population Growth—assuming we ever achieve it—with Robert Silverberg, R. A. Lafferty, Harry Harrison and Alexei Panshin handling different aspects.

Silverberg's "Going" is the most successful of the four stories as science fiction. Dealing with the need for voluntary euthanasia in a society where control of aging would otherwise make new births almost impossible, it follows a world-famous composer as he enters a House of Leavetaking and goes through a long process of soul-searching before finally making up his mind to die. Notable for the lack of Silverberg's usual morbid sentimentality, especially in view of the subject matter.

Lafferty's "Ishmael into the Barrens" is the most inventive of the four—but ultimately unconvincing. In a world where unauthorized births are a crime and today's Counter-Culture is the norm (all writing is in the form of psychedelic posters, and virtually unreadable, for example), two brave spirits defy society and give birth to an outlaw child. They and he die—but Rebellion goes on. Lafferty is a Catholic, and opposed to birth control, of course, so he argues that God Will Provide—never mind how.

Harrison's "Brave Newer World" isn't very imaginative. Asimov, in his preface, suggests that racism might be a danger in eugenics programs. So Harrison simply writes a conventional mystery story in which bottle babies are being sabotaged, and it turns out the saboteur is motivated by the discovery that blacks are being bred out. The reader might just as well have stuck to the preface.

Panshin apparently considers it an imposition to write a story at all. "How Can We Sink When We Can Fly?" was supposed to be about children becoming objects of veneration in a world where there aren't many of them. But Panshin thinks the assignment is a stupid idea, and takes up more than two thirds of his space lecturing the reader about this; also about what a sensitive, concerned individual he is. It's enough to make you throw up before you get to the 11-page pro-forma 'story' about a super-child of 2100 visiting our era and finding it horrible.

A couple of good stories out of four—well, what can you expect from an anthology these days? There's one footnote, however. Out of the four, wouldn't you know Terry Carr would pick the worst—Panshin's—for his 'best' anthology? It's bad enough that we don't get as many good stories nowadays as we should—but when kudos are accorded the garbage, we're really in for trouble.

—John J. Pierce

*THE TIME STREAM by John Taine (pseud. of Eric Temple Bell) Dover, 1971. 186 p. $1.75*

Appearing originally in *Wonder Stories* December 1931 to March 1932, the writing is a little dated but not enough to bother anyone. Set in San Francisco just before the earthquake, it doesn't quite use reincarnation. A group of people are drawn together and find their present existence shadowy as they remember another life earlier in the time stream. In an idyllic Eden-like setting where mankind can control matter and energy, trouble strikes in the form of unbridled passion. Predictions are that if a woman follows her heart her children will destroy the world. Scientists are sent down the time stream to find what will happen and how to prevent it. Only by restricting her freedom—there is an almost Ayn Randian obsession with not messing with people—can the world be saved. It isn't. For the most part this novel still reads well but it is dated, the four Frank R. Paul illustrations adding to the vintage feel. It is a classic sf novel and it is worth reading.

—J. B. Post

*THE LOST WORLDS OF "2001" by Arthur C. Clarke. Signet Y4929, 1972. 240 p. $1.25*

If anybody expected the definitive history of the making of Kubrick's *2001*, he's only going to be teased by Clarke's brief escapade. Clarke has written a short account of his adventures with Kubrick, interspersed with large sections of early-draft material from the novel (written concommitant with the screenplay). As one friend said in a somewhat cynical mood, "You know you've got it made as an author when you can sell rejected material for documentary purposes." (Phrased thusly, it sounds like a law.)

But that's basically what Clarke and NAL have done. "The Sentinel" is reprinted for the nth time, as though everyone and his doppelganger hadn't read it, but even with all these shady paddings, the basic idea is interesting, and for fans of Clarke and Kubrick the book is worthwhile.

Some of the material from the early drafts is godawful purple, and would have been dramatically ludicrous. Can you picture the entire spacecraft Discovery gliding over an alien city like a whale over a kelp bed—and having an alien child on a playground shoot a toy light-disk at it? Yet these visions exist aplenty in Clarke's early drafts. Compared with the spare, restrained visual poetry of Kubrick, this volume may make Clarke supporters have more respect for Kubrick's role in the film.

—Greg Bear

*LEGENDS OF JAPAN by Hiroshi Naito. Illus. by Masahiko Nishino. Charles E. Tuttle Co., 1972. 111 p. $4.75*

This is a delightful little collection of folk tales—as simple and bare as a Japanese dwelling, yet filled with all the rich symbolism of a tea ceremony. No words are wasted, yet the imagination fills in the 'missing' lines, and the reader 'sees' the characters clearly and follows the action with no difficulty at all. Each tale is an entertaining story with a moral which tells of evil punished, cleverness or goodness rewarded, or simply describes such virtues as the fidelity of a deserted wife who returns from death to be with her repentant husband when he visits their former home.

The language is straightforward English, with no insulting 'ah-so' accents, yet the rhythm of the words is ever so faintly oriental, and adds to the overall impression of authenticity. Also, the introduction gives valuable information to the average reader regarding the historical period during which these tales are set and the position they hold in the history of Japanese literature. —Charlotte Moslander

*THE STEPFORD WIVES by Ira Levin. Random House, 1972. 145 p. $4.95*

*The Stepford Wives* by Ira Levin is my kind of book: the kind I most enjoy reading, and the kind I would most like to write—but never have. The kind in which a charming young innocent or two, moves into a small town, apparently innocuous and serene on the surface, only to discover that a menace lurks below. Of course, the innocent needn't be young, or even innocent, and the town needn't be small, or even a town; a rooming house in Greenwich Village sufficed for Levin's *Rosemary's Baby*; the only essential is that it be an environment insulated from the world outside by an atmosphere of mystery. The classic example is the English village, but Levin has chosen to move his innocents into suburbia.

Stepford is a 'typical' middle class, affluent suburb; and our heroine, Joanne Eberhardt, is an almost-typical urban female, well-read, traveled, talented, and determined to bring Women's Lib to Stepford. But this, she finds, is harder than it seems, for although the men spend most of their nights at the local Men's Association, and their women spend their nights and days slaving at their housework as if that were all there was to life, none of the women are the least interested in Joanne's ideas. In fact, she only manages to make two friends, Bobbie and Charmaine, and neither of them last long. But then, sooner or later, something in Stepford changes a woman—permanently. And the nature of that changing is the chilling, and delightful, climax of *The Stepford Wives.*

It is not *Rosemary's Baby*, but it is a first-rate, super-professional job of storytelling, as (forgive me) only Ira Levin can do it. The novel is really a long short story with a single effect, developed at a leisurely, but never dull pace; the clues expertly dropped; the suspense expertly evolved; the explanation brilliantly—and I mean, brilliantly—woven into the narrative so naturally that it does not interrupt, but adds to it, and think about that for a moment—the number of suspense novels you've galloped through, breathless, only to be thrown by a final talky exposition.

*The Stepford Wives* is a sociological science fiction novel; and as science fiction, it is remarkable in the way it adapts its trappings to the mainstream form. Sf critics have been harping on this for years, insisting sf merge into the mainstream, but I haven't seen any genre writer do a better job of it than Levin has done here. His novel has all the elements, atmosphere, gadgets, an alternative society, speculation, and suspense, yet it is 'relevant'; it does comment on the state of the union between husbands and wives; it does paint a vivid and credible picture of one slice of our society. In short, it is science fiction completely merged into the mainstream with none of the seams showing.

However, its 'relevance' is its weakness. Levin is an entertainer, not a thinker, and although he makes a powerful point about the hatred between men and women, the point isn't so powerfully argued that it can make the plot believable. And that's what dilutes this otherwise successful book. The villainy is too extreme, 'the final solution' too unappealing for any man-type I know. —Read the de Beauvoir quote at the beginning of the book before, and after, you read the book and you'll understand what I'm talking about. And by all means, read the book. —Paul Walker

*THE RUINS OF EARTH edited by Thomas M. Disch. Putnam, 1971. 279 p. $6.95 (paperback: Berkley N2175, 1972. 95¢)*

"The theme of this book," says the editor in his introduction, "is ecological catastrophe, and the uncomfortable truth is that several of these catastrophes don't require prophecy, only simple observation." You can therefore decide for yourself whether this is science fiction really at all. As Sam Moskowitz would say, and did in fact say, this is fiction "after the fact." By which he means that science fiction is the fiction of prophecy and if it isn't prophecy, what in fact, is it?

More serious than this, however to me, is the fact that this is a collection of stories that for the most part huff and puff with earnest effort and their hearts in the right place and don't quite make it. Yes, one or two—"Autofac" by Philip Dick and probably Daphne du Maurier's "The Birds" although it is showing up in too many anthologies. But one of my favorite authors, Harry Harrison, contributes a disappointingly dreary piece about a crowded, filthy, starving New York that might have been clipped from the newspapers—said nothing new and made no interesting observations. A little excursion into LSD by Norman Kagan, "The Dreadful Has Already Happened," left me as much bewildered as repelled. One of the editor's favorites, "Accident Vertigo" by Kenward Elmslie lost me completely, whereas Kurt Vonnegut's "Deer in the Works," although not science fiction either, was at least a story. Most of these are originals and I guess original means one of a kind.

—Samuel Mines

ALSO RECEIVED:

A Cauldron of Witches; The Story of Witchcraft, by Clifford Lindsey Alderman. Archway 29558, Feb. 1973. 75¢ (hardcover: Messner, 1971. $4.50)

A Clockwork Orange, by Anthony Burgess. Ballantine 02624, 1972. $1.25 (7 ptg)

The Demons of Highpoint House, by Cathy Cunningham. Popular Library 00407, 1973. 95¢

Doc Savage 71: Murder Mirage, by Kenneth Robeson. Bantam S7418, Nov. 1972. 75¢

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Washington Square Press Enriched Classic 46576, Nov. 1972. 75¢

Element 79, by Fred Hoyle. Signet Q5279, 1972. 95¢ 5th ptg.

Enchantress from the Stars, by Sylvia Louise Engdahl. Atheneum Aladdin A12, 1972. 95¢ (hardcover: Atheneum, 1970. $5.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 26/27)

Gray Matters, by William Hjortsberg. Pocket Books 78242, Dec. 1972. $1.25 (hardcover: Simon & Schuster, 1971. $4.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 38/39)

Macroscope, by Piers Anthony. Avon W166, 3d ptg. Nov. 1972. $1.25. reviewed LUNA Monthly 16

The Manchurian Candidate, by Richard Condon. Signet Y5309, 1972. $1.25. 12 ptg.

The Marrow Eaters, by Harris Moore. Popular Libry Frankenstein Horror Series 01577, 1972. 75¢

The Naked Sun, by Isaac Asimov. Fawcett Crest M1759, 1972. 95¢

Nick Carter: The Omega Terror. Award AN1033, 1972. 95¢

Operation: Outer Space, by Murray Leinster. Signet Q5300, 1972. 95¢ 5th ptg.

Orbit Unlimited, by Poul Anderson. Pyramid T2870, Dec. 1972. 75¢ 3d ptg.

A Question of Time, by Helen McCloy. Dell 7209, Oct. 1972. 75¢

The Rim-World Legacy, by F. A. Javor. Signet Q5213, 1972. 95¢ 3d ptg.

Seven Steps to the Sun, by Fred and Geoffrey Hoyle. Fawcett Crest T1778, Jan. 1973. 75¢ (hardcover: Harper, 1971. $5.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 38/39)

Seven Tickets to Hell, by Robert Moore Williams. Popular Library 01572, 1972. 75¢

Sleepwalker's World, by Gordon R. Dickson. DAW UQ1028, 1972. 95¢ (hardcover: Lippincott, 1971. $5.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 38/39)

Tales of a Korean Grandmother, by Frances Carpenter. Tuttle, Dec. 1972. $2.95paper

Traitors' Doom, by John Creasey. Award AN1029, 1972. 95¢ (hardcover: Walker, 1970. $4.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 32)

The World Menders, by Lloyd Biggle, Jr. DAW UQ1015, 1972. 95¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1971. $4.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 38/39)