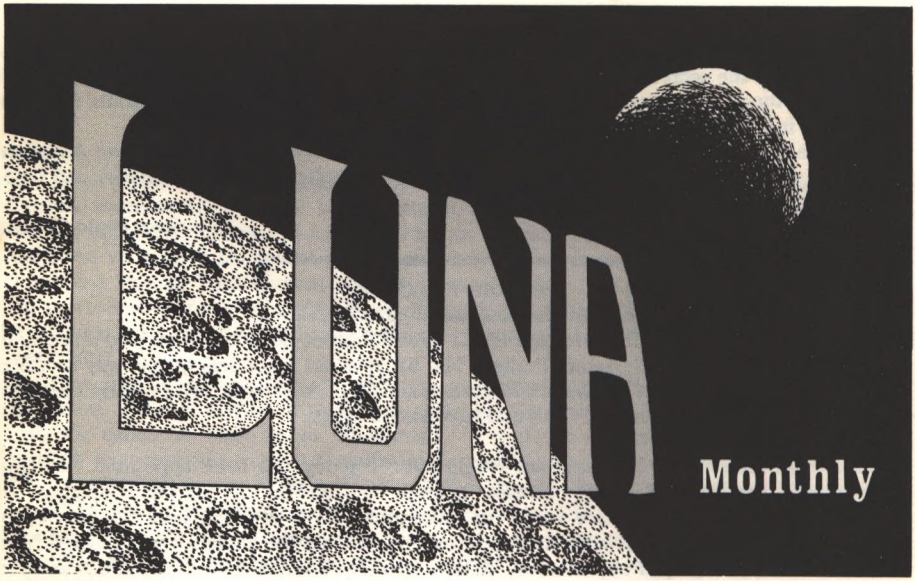

No. 48 Fall 1973

1973 Trieste Film Festival

The jury of the 11th International Science Fiction Film Festival at Trieste, held during the week of July 7-14, has awarded the Golden Asteroid to the American film *Schlock* by John Landis with the citation: "For the acute satire and the use it has made of sf to epitomize the point of view of today's young generation on the affluent society." The picture is a comic tale of a missing link, wakened from a 20 million year sleep, who spreads disaster in a small American town, until he is done in by beauty, à la King Kong.

Susan Hampshire was awarded the Silver Asteroid as the best actress for the Belgian film *Malpertius* in which she plays three different roles. The story centers around Greek gods, who are sewn into human skins by a mad scientist, played with zest by Orson Welles. John Steiner received the same award as best actor for the Italian film *Rads 1001* in which he played a man existing after a worldwide holocaust.

Special jury awards went to the feature film *La Planete Sauvage* by Rene Laloux (France), which already won a prize at Cannes; and to the animated short film *Tup-Tup* (Yugoslav-Italian production) which had a man running amok and destroying the world due to noises keeping him awake. The Polish film *Korytarz* (The Corridor) received the Golden Seal of the city of Trieste. The story deals with a man in a sort of moving corridor playing out his life to a human audience. The short film *Isabelle et la Locomotive a Vapeur* by Patrick Ledoux (Belgium), about a girl in love with a locomotive, was given a special mention by the jury.

A special Gold Medal was awarded to Fritz Lang for the poetic and social conception he brought to science fiction in such pictures as *Metropolis* and *Lady on the Moon*. His *Metropolis* was shown in the retrospective section.

The jury wanted to give John Landis an actor award for his own role as the Schlockthropus, however festival rules prevent giving more than one award to any picture.

This year's festival was characterized by an almost total lack of fans. An Italian convention should have taken place in Trieste during the same period but had to be cancelled and will probably take place in Milan towards the end of the year. Film selection was far better than usual—horror and draculalike movies were practically absent—although there could have been more entries. The only other films shown were *The Third After the Sun* (Bulgarian), three stories of time travel and men from another planet; *Baba Yaga* by Corrado Farina (Italian), based on the comic strip by Guido Crepax, and *Akee Bororo*

(Operation Bororo) by Otakar Fuka (Czechoslovakia) the story of aliens and humans competing for the secret of a cure-all drug. Unfortunately *Soylent Green* was also absent. It seems that the only available copy in Europe was in Israel at the time and while it should have been in Trieste, apparently no effort was made to get it in time.

The jury consisted of Nelly Kaplan, French filmmaker; David Overby, an American freelance critic; Ricardo Salvat, Spanish critic; Luciano Budigna, Italian journalist; and Lajos Matos, Hungarian scientist and filmmaker.

—Gian Paolo Cossato

ROGER DELGADO

British actor Roger Delgado, star of the BBC TV series *Dr. Who*, was killed recently in a highway accident near Nevsehir, Turkey. The 53 year old actor was on his way to a film location at the time. Born in London of French and Spanish parents, Mr. Delgado began his stage career in 1938 and entered films and television in 1950.

SPACE MEDALS The International Numismatic Agency has been appointed exclusive distributors for the 13 space medals minted by the L. G. Balfour Company of Massachusetts. The medals were made for distribution to NASA and were not previously available to the public. Minted in sterling silver and pewter, the medals were designed from sketches and photographs approved by NASA artists and technicians. They are minted in high relief and measure 1 3/16 inches in diameter. They are struck in a new three-dimensional relief technique developed by Balfour, which stresses the carved contours of the design elements. The International Numismatic Agency is located at 96 Prince Street in New York City.

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The International Scene

SF IN FRENCH: THE FIRST SCIENCE FICTION FILMS

by Mark Purcell

The natural film medium for fantasy and for what film people usually consider sf, is of course animation. Not only is the cartoon, any cartoon, a complete 'secondary world' from the first drawn frame; but animation has an abstract logic to its narration that suits the illustration of pure theory. Historically, movie cartoons and special effects trickery have emphasized 'fantasy' much more than intellectual theory, but of course the same thing is even more true of realistic actors' films. It is still not generally realized, incidentally, that the landmark American sf films are basically animation: *Lost World*, 1925; the two 1933 Kongs; *2001*.

The first significant film director was an animator, an illusionist, and by a logical progression, a maker of filmed sf. This was (Marie-) Georges-Jean Méliès, 1861-1938. Méliès began his career in Paris as an 'illusioniste,' a professional magician. Like the famous American who renamed himself Houdini, he worked in the big-show tradition of the great 19th century Frenchman, Robert Houdin. Méliès bought Houdin's own theater to stage his shows. The early cinematograph was a natural tool for Méliès to employ; and like that later magician, Orson Welles, he became fascinated with what the camera could do. Like Welles and unlike Houdin (who appeared in silent serials as a star), Méliès realized that filming could be the 'act' itself, not simply a means of recording or aiding his stage shows.

His most active production period was 1896-1910. So Méliès goes back to the period when the 'motion' picture was a series of posed stage tableaux; and then his career becomes part of the movies' first artistically important decade, one of several periods when the French have been world leaders in the industry. The filmography that I quote, Georges Sadoul's (see below), numbers Méliès' films by these tableaux alone, not as separate story-films; but even so, in his first fifteen years, his output number went over 1500. Even counting some early staged 'newsreels,' Méliès had an enormous need for film material. He ransacked the popular Parisian theater, his own first of all. The popular interest in illusion, travel, the spectacular, led him to the obvious fantasy sources of mythology and the novels of Jules Verne. As they had appealed to Verne's original reading public, their plots gave Méliès' audience both the sense of travel and the excitement of the new industrial technology: submarines, balloons, planes, automobiles.

For a long time the Verne-Méliès film most commonly seen over here was a print of the 1902 *Voyage to the Moon*. But Méliès did other adaptations, like a 1907 *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. In his one-reeler, the moon rocket hits the man in the moon in the eye; and our lunar satellite contains a chorus line of Parisian moon-maids. With this level of scientific interest, there is obviously no point in separating the Verne films from Méliès' other pictures as 'science fiction.' The point the reader might miss, however, is that later, more sober pictures, not gagged up and with the hero properly airsuited, do not automatically become more 'scientific' than Méliès' little farces. These later films have only adopted a surface realism whereas he employed a surface fantasy. And what the modern audience considers science-fictional, is still Méliès' type of technical trickery. The so-called sf element in the James Bond films is Ken Adam's sets. (Adam's sets were even used to carry much of the thematic burden in the recent mystery film, *Sleuth*, somewhat at the expense of Anthony Shaffer's wonderful dialogue.) My point is, the Méliès 'tradition' extends far beyond the short animation film that Disney eventually commercialized over here just as sound came into the theaters. The Busby Berkeley type of musical number and effect, the feature fantasy film as a genre, even the important background animation or illusionist sets in *Butch Cassidy* or in MGM specials as far back as the 1925 *Ben Hur*; the whole special effects line of development in films proceeds from Méliès' early one-reelers.

These little French films had international distribution and wide artistic impact. But economically Méliès' career underwent the classic curve of the independent pre-corporation arts entrepreneur: first, popularity; then expansion, with its riches but with its concomitant expenses in production and distribution. As the creator becomes more ambitious or more

productive, he plows his old profits back into the operation to keep it alive. Eventually initial costs demand that he turn to some outside financier; or changing conditions or some failed investment shoot down his gross, but leave him holding the bag, i.e., the production-distribution setup he himself established. The biographies of Griffith and Mark Twain tell a similar business story.

For Méliès, the breakdown year seems to have been 1911. He kept filming until WWI, and his technical bankruptcy occurred in 1923; but in 1911 his brother and American distributor, Gaston, began touring California and then the Pacific, spending his brother's grosses on unsuccessful cowboy and travel films. The same year, Georges in Paris sold his distribution rights to Charles Pathé, who immediately began 'improving' the films as MGM did Keaton's, after Buster brought his production unit onto the Metro lot. Méliès ended running a toy stand in Paris. He seems to have retained his moral dignity and amiability to the end.

His career is automatically rehashed in every standard film history like Arthur Knight's *Liveliest Art*. Of his many films, paper prints of his 1903-09 output were deposited at the Library of Congress; and recently these have been the source for reproducing some of them for the audio-visual market. Public libraries' film collections usually have some now. Once you see a few of these prints, you may want to go beyond the shorter accounts in the film histories or in appreciations like mine. Try Vol. I (1961) of Seghers' famous series, "Cinéma d'aujourd'hui," the Sadoul book I mentioned above. This text has a huge filmography, enough illustrations (including the first filmed commercial!—1898, with a young girl and a wine bottle), a life, testimonials, letters and some descriptions of his studio operations.

Have You Read?

Asimov, Isaac "My Amusement Park of the Future." Seventeen, July p.65+

Bester, Alfred "PW Interviews Robert Heinlein." Publishers Weekly, July 2, p.44-5

Calder, Iain "14,000 Enquirer Readers Write in Support of Reviving 'Star Trek' " National Enquirer, July 1, p.14

Edwing, Don "A Mad Look at Tarzan." Mad Magazine, Sept. p.26-9

Fallon, Beth "Who's Zoo in a Long Line of Moviegoers" (Planet of the Apes series) New York Daily News, July 13 p.52

Farrell, Patricia "The Amazing Mr. Asimov." Writer's Digest, July, p.20-2

Gatewood, Worth "We're Witcha, Hilda, Broomsticks Away!" (Broom Hilda at Comicon) New York Daily News, July 6, p.28

"Japan: Total Submersion?" (Submersible Japan by Sakyo Komatsu) Newsweek, July 16, p.40+

"Joust Folks" (SCA tournament) New York Times, July 6, p.6

Kaufman, Michael T. "King Kong Is Recast for a Tourist Show" New York Times, July 26, p.39

Le Guin, Ursula K. "In Defense of Fantasy" (National Book Award acceptance remarks) Horn Book Magazine, June, p.239; Same. Top of the News, June p.302-3

Michener, Charles "Nantucket Gothic" (Dracula play) Newsweek, July 16, p.80

Miller, Edwin "High-flying Balladeer" (Neil Diamond in Jonathan Livingston Seagull movie) Seventeen, July, p.100-1+

Platt, Charles "So You're Immortal—So What?" Harper's, June p.9

Sagan, Carl "Of Mars, Martians and Mariner 9." Horizon, Summer, p.26-37

Sheward, Virginia "At Home with the Addams Family" (Charles Addams) Holiday, March/April, p.30-1+

Stoker, Bram "Dracula's Guest" (story) The Times Saturday Review, Dec. 23, p.5

Wansell, Geoffrey "A Shock Horror Success" (Hammer Films) London Times, Dec. 16

GOLD ON GOLD*

by Horace L. Gold

I was born the year World War I started, graduated the year Hitler and Roosevelt were elected, got married the day World War II began, had a son 20 days after Pearl Harbor, started *Galaxy* just minutes ahead of the Korean War, got divorced the year of the Sputnik, and remarried the year of the big buildup in Vietnam.

In other words, I am a historical Typhoid Mary and should be paid by the U.N. a million—all right, a hundred thousand dollars—a year not to make any more major moves.

While I'm waiting for that, let me tell you some lesser details of my professional life.

I discovered science fiction when I was 13—a magazine with monstrous ants and a spastic man looking up at a girl in a bronze bra and filmy skirt, tenderly held in the mandibles of one of the bugs. It was beautiful, so beautiful that I decided then and there to become an sf writer. As for not deciding to become an sf artist, how could a 13-year-old kid—or anyone else, for that matter—compete with the peerless Frank R. Paul?

So I studied English and the sciences, wrote stories for the school magazine and, as I've said, graduated just before Hitler and Roosevelt. I wrote and wrote—thousands and thousands of words that—well, I'd walk to the post office to mail them and come back to find a rejection slip waiting for me at home. I never could figure out how the editors did that.

Then I started to bring manuscripts to the editors instead of mailing them. I got them back even faster that way. But I persevered—and one day I brought a story to a wonderful old man named T. O'Connor Sloane. He got dangerously excited about it for a man of 82—but he said it was much too good for *Amazing Stories*. So he took it and me upstairs to the editor of the company's prestige magazine, *The Delineator*, and demanded that it be read. I got it back when I returned home. I think it arrived before I did. Next month *The Delineator* folded. I immediately saw the connection but I wanted to sell that story and brought it back to Dr. Sloane. He maintained that it was too good for his magazine and refused to buy it.

So I never sold that story because *Amazing* was the only sf magazine at that time, and I lost the story somehow. I can't tell you if it was all that good, but maybe you can judge by what I remember of it. In it, I manfully exposed the miscreants who were exploiting the slave labor in the mines of Venus, and told of the revolt that freed the poor Earthlings.

Now if that story was too good for *Amazing*, can you imagine what the rejects were like?

Well, I was 18 then and not too easily discouraged. I went on writing. My parents were vociferously against it. How, they wanted to know, could anyone make a living putting black marks on white paper? So I wrote and worked at any job I could find, and there weren't many, because this was at the bottom of the Great Depression. I remember being a busboy in a fancy place called Roadside Rest. I was interviewed by three Rumanian brothers, who owned it, and, though I didn't know it, I was hired because there was nobody else around. So I worked from 10 in the morning to 2 the next morning—and then had to walk home because the buses stopped running at midnight. It was a 7-mile walk and I was pooped. But I was there at 10 the next morning, ready to put in another 16-hour day. Did I mention that I worked for the waiters, seven of them, and each gave me a quarter, or a grand total of $1.75?

But the brothers were there already and I was told to come into the office, where they unanimously told me I couldn't work there anymore. But why, I asked. Because, they said, you are a writer, an artist, and we couldn't stand the thought of a writer being a busboy. But you're not paying me, I argued, the waiters are—and besides, I've never sold a story, so how can I be called a writer? They were Rumanianly adamant, though I begged, pleaded, cajoled. I went home in despair—and found a letter from someone named Desmond Hall awaiting me. It was on Street & Smith stationery—and it said that he was happy to

**Adapted from a talk at the Pinckard's Monthly Science Fiction Salon, July 1972. Edited by Paul Walker*

inform me that my latest story had been accepted for *Astounding Stories*! A check would be arriving soon!

I showed my parents the letter. They were unconvinced. After all, how much could a story bring? I didn't know. The letter didn't say, only that Mr. Hall was cutting 1500 words from it. I told my parents that brought the wordage to 19,500—and if they paid a cent a word, it would be $195, or $97.50 for half a cent. They scoffed. But the check arrived in a week or so—and it was for an astounding $195! I suddenly became a big man in my family's eyes, a 20-year-old writer!

I went to meet Mr. Hall, who immediately put me on a first-name basis, and said he wanted to buy more material from me. So I moved from Far Rockaway to Greenwich Village, just ten minutes walk from Street & Smith. It was wonderful. I sold half a dozen stories to Des in pretty short order. He told me it was impossible to make a living writing science fiction and urged me to diversify. But, first, I didn't know how, and, second, it was sf I wanted to write.

Meanwhile my first story appeared on the stands. More important than my being immortal for a month was that Hitler and Mussolini promptly launched an attack on the Rhineland and Ethiopia.

Now *Astounding* was nominally edited by F. Orlin Tremaine, but Des Hall was the actual editor. And one day Des was promoted to editor of *Mademoiselle*; so Tremaine found himself with 3 million words to read for *Astounding* over a weekend. Instead of going through the manuscripts, however, he hurried to the Tombs to get an astrological reading from an imprisoned fortune teller named Evangeline Adams, the leading astrologist of the day. He had to wait while Wall Street men crowded into her cell. I don't know what she told him, but—here it gets a little complicated.

I was writing under the name of Clyde Crane Campbell. (The other Campbell, John W. Jr., wasn't well known enough at the time to make it seem an unlikely name for me.) The reason? Anti-semitism had spread all through the world and it permeated Street & Smith, so I knew better than to write under my own name. When Des was promoted, he recommended me as his successor on *Astounding*. I was turned down because of my religion. If you think I was angry, you should have heard Des!

I never sold a single word to Tremaine, but that wasn't entirely his fault. I had run out of good sf ideas and he didn't know and cared even less how to get them out of me, as Hall had. So I became book reviewer for *Mlle.* at a fat $15 a month—and couldn't get review books from the publishers—they told me to come back when *Mlle.* was established! Consequently I had to rewrite reviews from the *New York Times* and *Herald-Tribune*, which turned out to be a bad notion. My column was dropped. I wrote one story for *Mlle.* under the name of Julian Graey (I had tried Grey, then Gray, and finally combined them.) It was a cockeyed comedy in the vein of the wild humor of the Thirties. And that was that.

I had no choice, I returned home. Saturdays I sold shoes for $4 a day and would have worked more had there been enough business to warrant it. Came summer, I was a professional drowner. The city was threatening to lay off lifeguards on stretches of beach that were officially safe—where nobody drowned or had to be rescued. So I would swim out beyond the ropes and thrash around until the guard on the beach saved me. I had to be carried to the nearest first-aid station and revived. Thinking up a new name and address for each drowning took some doing, but it want't that that ended my career. The last guard had dived to rescue me—and laid his head open on the catamaran and I had to pull him in. I couldn't go from hero to victim again, and that was the end of my easy $1.50 per drowning.

Three years passed, years of hunting for work, finding very little, and trying to write over my family's renewed objections. I can't blame them. It was terribly discouraging.

And then came John W. Campbell Jr., new editor of *Astounding*. I got a splendid letter from him about a story I had dispiritedly written. It was a lackluster creation about a man and a dog getting their identities switched, and their attempts to get the villain, a surgeon, to switch them back again. The real problem, wrote Campbell, was communication—how could the man in the dog's body convey his predicament to someone who could help him? I spent two months on the story—but Campbell bought it, retitled it "A Matter of Form" and ran it as his first Nova story. It was disastrous financially, but it

went over so well that I followed with the same reporter-detective hero in "Problem in Murder," the search for a mass murderer who left legs and arms in garbage cans everyday but Sunday; the limbs turned out to have never been alive—yet, to satisfy the bullying police commissioner and the panicked public, a murderer had to be found. The hero took the last experiment, an almost but not quite complete body from the vat, dressed it, took it through the cordon in a hearse, wrote a suicide note for the corpse that had never lived, shot it, and the resulting scoop built up the commissioner for a shoo-in as governor.

(Funny how awful an sf story sounds when condensed. I remember being backed into describing one at a party: "There are these giant brains in glassite domes in the Arctic, and they belong to aliens who know the entire history of the earth because they're immortal—" The process was so embarrassing that I never did write that story.)

I was shuffling through the rain one day toward Street & Smith without an idea in my head except a subvocal song about walking... No, wait a minute. I have to tell you how come I started writing under my own name. After my turndown for Des Hall's job, along came a man named Stanley G. Weinbaum, with the most marvelously invented yarns about the most lovable Martians and things that readers loved so much that S&S had to drop its anti-Semitism. John Campbell also put me on a first-name basis and told me to use my name, which I very thankfully did.

So, as I was saying, I was shuffling through the rain and there was this song I was subvocalizing about walking between the raindrops ... hey, how about that for a story! I had it half worked out by the time I reached John's office—only, after I hit him with it, he vetoed inverted ionization as the reason water wouldn't touch my hero. He wanted a pure fantasy with maybe a water gnome to put a curse on the protagonist. Now why would he want a fantasy when he's putting out an sf magazine? Well, that was his business, not mine. All right, a supernatural curse. But why? And how it is gotten rid of?

I wrote it, finally, as "Trouble with Water" and found myself famous. But why did Campbell want fantasy? Because he needed stories for his new magazine, *Unknown*, and I was in the first issue!

You can't imagine the impact *Unknown* had on its writers. I, for one, dropped sf and joyfully turned out fantasies—nothing but fantasies—for the next two years. They included "Warm, Dark Places," "Day Off," and the biggest hit of all, "None But Lucifer."

"Trouble With Water" has been reprinted so many times and in so many languages that I long ago lost count. I have a contract to rewrite "None But Lucifer." The deadline is October 1952. One of these days I may actually do it, though the book publisher gave up, years ago, trying to get it out of me. This is one of the reasons the U.N. should pay me a hundred thousand—well, fifty thousand—a year not to do anything major, like writing a novel. What if I wrote it and started World War III? This is the kind of thing that makes a man hesitate.

Well, I finally did a short sf piece in between fantasies and tried it on John. He wanted fantasies from me. So I gave it to Mort Weisinger, editor of *Thrilling Wonder*. It was about the first man to land on Mars, and he was such a complete heel and opportunist, wanting to turn his fame into money, that the equivalent of NASA fired him off again to Mars, to get rid of him. Mort, never one to leave well enough alone, wanted it turned into a tear-jerker, so I, never one to turn down a sale, wrote a four-handkerchief story called, simply enough, "Hero." It was a dog, a real stinker, but it sold—and it got Mort to sell me to the publisher of *Thrilling Wonder* as Mort's assistant. My first editorial job! How about that?

I'll tell you about that. It paid $30 a week, which wasn't quite enough to support a wife and, eventually, a child, and it was so mechanical that two years of it destroyed the pleasure of editing. I came to it with the most exalted feelings, and left it with all style and pride completely gone.

I went to an editor of two fact-detective magazines, the stuff commonly called true detective, set them up in business as managing editor, then resigned to write a million words a year of these and other such magazines. It got so I couldn't look another rape in the face. I turned to comic books, writing as many as four scripts a week. Now THAT paid! And so did radio. By that time, I'd teamed up with Ken Crossen and we were on our way to the top—when I got drafted.

I spent two years and a bit more as a combat engineer in the Pacific, and when I got out, Crossen had disintegrated. The markets we had developed were gone, and he left his wife and three children to escape to the west coast just ahead of the income tax, labor officials and the postal serivce, disguised with a beard and dark glasses, and with a girl of 21.

Well, that was the last I saw of Ken. It was 1946 and I still had the same wife and a son, and I couldn't get back to writing. So I had to find something else.

It turned out to be exporting rebuilt bookbinding machinery. I knew as much about them as I did about engineering. Which was zero, except for pushing and pulling and hauling pieces of bridges together, and road grading—from the position of D-handle shovel operator. Even the infantry had pitied us poor combat engineers. Anyhow, I made a lot of money in the bookbinding machinery business before it dried up.

By that time, I was ready to go back to writing. But what? *Unknown* had folded, and I didn't want to go back to sf for the very reason Des Hall had spelled out—it was too much work for too little dough. So I turned again to the comic books and soon worked my way up to the highest-paid writer in the field—and collapsed. I did, not the field.

I was doing my best to recover when a girl who had worked for Ken and me called me in to present a publishing program to a French-Italian publishing firm, named, in translation, World Editions.

It seems they had a big slick magazine in France and Italy that was selling two or three million copies a week. A cross between beautifully executed comics and confession stories, less beautifully executed, it was dubbed *Fascination* and set loose on the American public with a huge advertising program. There were five issues—the last sold 5% of its print order of several hundred thousand, or was it a million? I forget. Anyhow, they were too stubborn to get out of the American market with such a beating, and so I was asked to submit a publishing program.

I surveyed the entire magazine market. It was early 1950, and everywhere I looked, magazines were in deep trouble. As soon as paper rationing had ended in 1946, everyone who could read—or could hire someone to read—was putting out everything from comics to fashion magazines. The one exception was science fiction.

On the basis of experience, I should have submitted anything but an sf magazine, a fantasy magazine projected for later, once the sf one was established, and a series of paperback sf novels. But I saw that *Astounding* was going off into one cult after another—John Campbell was rushing up dead ends, the latest being dianetics, in his search for a meaningful universe—and *Fantasy & Science Fiction* was brand new, and flying in the face of the single immutable law of those fields: that readers don't like fantasy in their sf, or sf in their fantasy. A very high-grade sf magazine could fit right between them. And thus I offered my publishing program to the Italian representative of World Editions, a great guy named Lombi. He offered it to the publisher who lived on the Riviera, who much have flipped a coin, because neither he nor Lombi knew anything at all about sf or fantasy, and it came up yes.

I gave them a choice between *Galaxy* and *If*. I liked both titles, but I left the decision to Lombi and his boss on the Riviera. They, in turn, didn't know what a galaxy was, and *If* seemed to them too short, and they left the choice to me. So I and our art director, Washington Irving van der Poel (Van for short), talked over possible cover layouts—and my present wife's (Nicky's) first husband, a great calligrapher, designed the lettering. Harry Harrison lent us his apartment to display the many variations of both *Galaxy* and *If*, which a large number of people, including writers, artists, and readers, were asked to vote on.

Curiously, almost all wrote on their secret ballots that they personally liked *Galaxy* and an inverted-L layout, but each thought nobody else would. That was good enough for us—*Galaxy* it was and the inverted-L layout won. So did Crome-Cote, the closest printing paper to photographic glossies, which I had asked for pretty urgently for our cover stock. Despite its high cost and difficulty of handling, I got what I asked for.

The fact is that I got every single thing I wanted, from word rates to rights. The going rate was a top of two cents a word—I got the price up to three cents minimum, four cents or more for steady contributors, plus $100 for short-shorts. And we bought first serial rights only.

Suddenly, writers and artists offered us everything they were turning out, and many of the greats came out of retirement to join us. It was a wonderful time to be alive. And in the unbelievable space of five issues, *Galaxy* was in the black!

Just in case you think I'm paranoid about being a historical Typhoid Mary, consider this—only months after *Galaxy* was born, the Korean War started!

Paper became impossible to buy at any price. Our printer had set us up with a contract with a mill—or so we thought. It turned out he had the contract, not us, and we were forced to look elsewhere. I went through the yellow pages and called every printer I found, asking if we could hook up with them. The only one who said yes was a printing broker named Robert M. Guinn, who had followed *Galaxy*'s astonishing rise toward first place with considerable awe.

The paper was more like a blotter than newsprint, but we missed only one issue in switching printers. And we came to be great friends with Bob Guinn, of which more later.

Now back to Lombi. He was in the U.S. on a visitor's visa, not allowed to work here or be paid by *Galaxy*. One day he was called down to Washington by the Immigration Dept. and shown all of a letter but the signature—which stated that he was a dirty Italian communistic fascist who ought to be sent back where he came from. Affidavits and appeals failed. He was sent back to Italy, his visa withdrawn.

I still don't know who sent that letter, but it's no coincidence that as soon as Lombi was out of the country, internal warfare developed between the American, French and Italian offices of World Editions. We had an ex-music publisher as president of the American office, who had been hired just as he was about to lock his door and declare bankruptcy, and a circulation director. I had told Lombi at the outset to call in all unsold copies of *Galaxy*'s first year—and the president and the circulation manager got hold of them and stuffed their garages with these soon-to-be-priceless copies of the magazine. Then strange things happened to our sales. Readers wrote in that they couldn't find it on any newsstand anywhere.

The upshot was that the Riviera guy sent the head of the French office to New York to find out what went wrong. To make a short story of all this, the Frenchman cabled back to the Riviera that the magazine was a dud and should immediately be sold—to the American president and the circulation director, and their price was $3,000. I got in touch hurriedly with Lombi and told him of this. The time in Rome was 4:30 a.m., but Lombi got up and raced to the Riviera. The publisher instantly sent a cable stopping negotiations and followed up with another visit by Lombi to take care of the matter.

I was told by the two American scoundrels that I was part of the deal, but I wasn't having any. Lombi arrived by plane and we began looking for a better buyer. A number of outfits here were interested, but, as I said, we were becoming great friends with the printing broker, Bob Guinn, and I got him to make a bid. I don't know how much, but Lombi made the sale with the Riviera man's blessing—and no sooner had Guinn bought it than the inside job became clear to Lombi. The distribution pattern had been deliberately loused up—by shipping *Galaxy* all over the South, where there was practically nobody interested in sf and into hamlets all over the North and West.

Lombi called his boss and told him of this sabotage, and the boss told Lombi to buy back the magazine from Guinn. Guinn gave him his price. Lombi was aghast—but this is four times as much as you paid! Guinn grinned and told him he, Guinn, knew what he was buying, whereas World Editions hadn't known what they were selling. Lombi went home, but not in dishonor. I hated to see him go. We'd had a fine relationship.

But Bob Guinn was equally good to work for. He left policies, decisions and rates up to me, and involved me in distribution and advertising problems. I mention advertising because once World Editions had, over my protests, run a back cover ad for a book called *Confessions of a French Chambermaid* and we'd lost 10,000 readers for the three months of the contract. *Galaxy* went to the top of the field, after that, never to lose ground.

And then came *Beyond Fantasy Fiction.* It was beautiful—for 10 wonderful issues. By then we had learned that there just wasn't a big enough audience to support a fantasy magazine, so it died just as *Unknown* had, a decade before, of financial malnutrition. It was a shame to see it go. If *Beyond* had come first, I think it would have had the same effect and

Continued on Page 17

SCIENCE-FICTION STUDIES

Department of English
Indiana State University
Terre Haute, Indiana 47809

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Edited by R.D. Mullen and Darko Suvin.

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Stanislaw Lem. The Structural Analysis of Science Fiction.
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IN COMING ISSUES

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Peter Ohlin. The Dilemma of SF Film Criticism.
R.D. Mullen. The Books of John Taine and Eric Temple Bell: A Chronological Survey.

Coming Events

August

31-Sept. 3 TORCON 2 at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto. GoH: Robert Bloch, Fan GoH: Bill Rotsler, Toastmaster: Lester del Rey. Reg: $10. For info: TORCON 2, P.O. Box 4, Station K, Toronto, Canada

September

14-17 SFRA ANNUAL CONFERENCE on "The Writer and Science Fiction" at Penn State. For info: Dean Arthur Lewis or Prof. Philip Klass, c/o 410 Keller Bldg, University Park, Pa. 16802

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

27-28 MILEHICON V at the Sheraton Inn, 3535 Quebec St, Denver. GoH: Gordon Dickson, Fan GoH: Devra Langsam. Reg: $2 attending, $3 nonattending. For info: Carol Angel, 2885 S. Raleigh St, Denver 80236

November

9-11 PHILCON at the Marriot Motor Hotel, City Line Ave & Monument Rd, Philadelphia, Pa. 19131. GoH: A. E. Van Vogt. Reg: $3

23-25 FILM-CON 2 at the Hyatt Regency Hotel, Los Angeles. Reg: $10 attending, $5 supporting. For info: Film-Con 2, P.O. Box 74866, Los Angeles, Calif. 90004

February 1974

15-18 BALTICON at the Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, Md. Reg: $3 advance, $4 at door

15-18 INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION 1974 at the Hotel Americana, NYC. Reg: $4 advance, $7.50 after Jan. 20, $3 supporting. For info: P.O. Box 3127, NYC 10008

April

12-15 TYNECON '74 in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, England. GoH: Bob Shaw. Reg: 50p supporting, to: Ian Williams, 6 Greta Terrace, Chester Rd, Sunderland, County Durham, SR4 7RD, England

12-14 LUNACON at the Statler Hilton Hotel, NYC. GoH: Forrest J Ackerman. For info: Walter Cole, 1171 E. 8th St, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230

August

25-30 EUROCON 2 / SFANCON 5 in Brussels, Belgium. Reg: $10 attending, $5.50 supporting. American agents: Locus, 3400 Ulloa St, San Francisco, Calif. 94116

29-Sept. 2 DISCON II at the Sheraton-Park Hotel, 2660 Woodley Road, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008. GoH: Roger Zelazny, Fan GoH: Jay Kay Klein. Reg: $5 attending, $3 supporting. For info: Discon II, P.O. Box 31127, Washington, D.C. 20031

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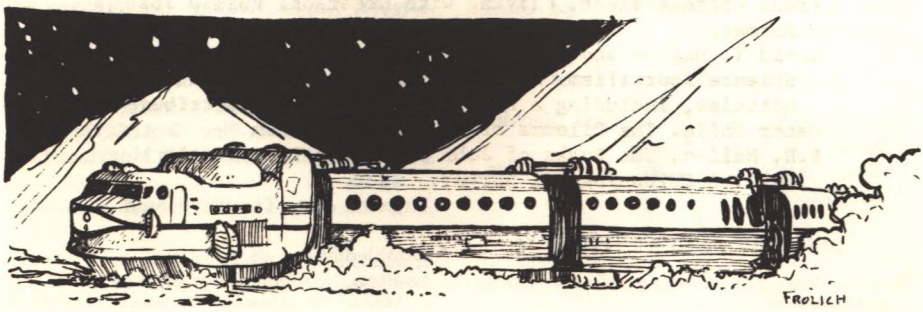

Coming Attractions

ANALOG - - October

Serial
The Far Call, by Gordon R. Dickson
Novelette
Whalekiller Grey, by William E. Cochrane
Short Stories
Notes from Magdalen More, by L*z*r*s L*ng
An Earnest of Intent, by Alfred D'Attore
Of Mist, and Grass, and Sand, by Vonda N. McIntyre
Antalogia, by Walt and Leigh Richmond
The Hand Is Quicker, by Kevin O'Donnell, Jr.
Science Fact
A Program for Star Flight, by G. Harry Stine

F&SF - - October

Novelettes
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and All, by R. Bretnor
Color Me Deadly, by Randall Garrett
Lights Out, by George Alec Effinger
Short Stories
Cat Three, by Fritz Leiber
Whatever Happened to the Olmecs? by Kate Wilhelm
The Last Wizard, by Avram Davidson
Dead Man's Chair, by Manly Wade Wellman
London Bridge, by Andre Norton
Science
The Mispronounced Metal, by Isaac Asimov
Verse
Forecast from an Orbiting Satellite, by Sonya Dorman
Cover by Jacqui Morgan for "Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and All"

OCTOBER AWARD TITLES

Laumer, Keith The Great Time Machine Hoax. AN1171. 95¢
Lyons, Arthur Satanism in America. AN1031. 95¢

BERKLEY AUGUST TITLES

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Cooper, Edmund The Overman Culture. S2421. 75¢

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Walker, David The Lord's Pink Ocean. UQ1067. 95¢
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Carter, Lin, ed. Flashing Swords! 2. $1.49

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The Man Who Sold the Moon. Q5341. 95¢
Shakespeare, William A Midsummer Night's Dream. CT518. 75¢

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Creasey, John Dangerous Quest. Jan. $5.95
Bova, Ben The Shining Strangers (juv) Nov. $3.95

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S F and the Cinema

VAL LEWTON: A PROFILE AND A BOOK REVIEW

by Mark Purcell

Entirely during WWII, between the production summers of 1942 and 1945, RKO studio produced eleven B-budget programmers for the cheap horror film market. Their producer and anonymous final-rewrite man was Val Lewton. Lewton was a trainee and flunky of the only big independent producer really active during the depression, David O. Selznick. With Selznick, he learned how to give a B budget an A's sheen and class. Also, in the opinion of his wife and other expert witnesses, from Selznick he took a moral beating that inhibited his making his weight felt later with his fellow studio bosses, once he had become an executive producer himself.

From the premiere (12/42) of his first production, *Cat People*, the Lewton pictures were recognized as a separate, individual contribution to the horror-fantasy film. Titles and some other production information, I give later. But I want to presume here on the general popularity with LUNA readers, especially after their TV reruns, of *Cat*, of *I Walked With a Zombie*, *Isle of the Dead*, *Body Snatcher* and the other seven. Only recently, for instance, I've been running off a series of teleprints of famous thirties-forties' American films for a thesis-article project. The most worn, used, seen print is a Lewton, yet it is the only B title in my series, the only film shot with no stars.

It's pleasant but therefore not surprising that there is lately in print a literate, informative study of Lewton for Viking's "Cinema One" series: *Val Lewton: The Reality of Terror*, by Joel Siegel. With Siegel's book as a general data bank to support our mutual knowledge of the films themselves, I want to present a few propositions about them. Quite consciously, Lewton was at war with the regular horror film tradition, the Chaney-Karloff-*Kong*-Whale genre that preceded his reign at RKO and that has been revived in the sixties. Paradoxically, when Karloff was foisted on Lewton by the RKO bosses with a 3-picture contract, the two men got along well on and off the set. Lewton simply shot three realistic historical films. He used his antiquarianism to dress up the B sets. Karloff was (a) literate enough to appreciate his new boss and (b) had enough acting range to play three dimensional costume characters. He could enter into Lewton's special fantasy world. How different this mental world is from the horror 'revival' of the sixties, you can guess from a few items in Lewton's private production code: no real monsters; literacy; don't abuse the girls.

MONSTERS: with his first film, *Cat People*, it's immediately obvious that Lewton's horrors are psychic, not demoniac. The villain is 'us,' not 'they.' This theme is most fully developed in *Cat*'s sequel, the 1944 *Curse*. A traditional murder plot is here buried under a consideration of a child's fantasy world. The film's real 'villains' are not the potential murderess (she no doubt helped sell the script to Lewton's bosses), but rather the child's 'normal,' imagination-fearing parents. Lewton thus presumed an adult moral universe. 'Evil' isn't only what gets you arrested. Child-raising is more than saying, "don't." A wartime mass audience accepted these ideas (perhaps encouraged by exploitation titles and by the horror veneer). Today there are many young moviemakers technically as talented as Lewton (though not as educated). But the moral breakdown of the American middle class may have cost them his old mass audience.

Anybody who has taught or even lived in a Silent Majority neighborhood, has experienced the parental breakdown in values, the sellout to school, church, police, any outside force which will control the kids and provide their disciplinary values, so Pa and Ma can sit and watch TV. 'Sin' is illegality, nothing more. I.e., don't get caught, you brats. Interestingly, Lewton made a wartime-delinquency movie about this very problem of parental values and controls.

As for the movie war against women, this had begun in the world of the A-budget film, far above Lewton's head, at least as far back as 1941, with *Maltese Falcon* and Welles' *Citizen Kane*. Orson Welles, very influential in Hollywood, however 'uncommercial,' was a conspicuous cinematic misogynist. No man for whom such amiable girls as Marion Davies

and Rita Hayworth denoted treachery and evil, can be said to like women. But for the 1960's horror film, the relevant Welles item is his 1958 *Touch of Evil.* In this picture, the baffling touch was not the tricky camerawork, but the complete abuse of the heroine, Janet Leigh. Only afterwards, did the hero track down the villain. *Touch* was a commercial bomb. But Alfred Hitchcock gambled a TV-production budget (comparable to Lewton's RKO financing) in 1960 on *Psycho*, that the audience's only complaint was that Welles didn't quite show what the motorbike gang in *Touch* was actually doing to Janet Leigh. Hitchcock even hired her for the same victimized part. Since *Psycho*'s smash success, the horror film—to quote C. S. Lewis—has come to reside in Giant the Jack-Killer's world. The 'conservative' American audience has turned explicitly fascist. A responsible, patriarchal, protective male lead is beyond its imaginative grasp.

This contemporary commercial horror audience wants to beat up-kill-rape somebody who is guaranteed to be too weak to fight back. There has never been a mass audience like this before in America. (For one thing, it's loaded with college degrees, like the porno film audience uncovered by statistical surveys.) This sadistic psychosis is what Lewton's films specifically resist, in their casting and plotting. In his whole series, there is only one kill-the-girls film, *Leopard Man*, 1943. According to Siegel, Lewton at once recognized his 'mistake'—by his standards, not Welles' nor Hitchcock's—and deliberately avoided repeating it.

Otherwise in the RKO series, the dreamy, sleepwalking heroine traditional to the horror film (for example, Simone Simon in *Cat*) is always contrasted with some adult, intelligent, 'contemporary' girl, a career woman usually. These contrasting types compete for the hero as sexual equals. The 'modern' girl usually wins. Lewton would never have accepted the late-fifties' assumption of Hitchcock's own Sleeping Princess film, *Vertigo*, that the bright Barbara Bel Geddes was disqualified by her brains from competing sexually with the characterless, busty Barby doll acted by Kim Novak. But by the late fifties the male movie audience wanted a sterile lay. A realistic young wife-and-mother type laid adult responsibilities on them, unwanted in their movie dreams. By 1973, every abortion questionnaire showed more American men than women voting pro.

The adult heroine appears in all Lewton's films and becomes the official theme of his final RKO picture, the *coda* for the whole series. (At the time of production, he knew he was leaving the studio.) Anna Lee, the heroine of *Bedlam* (1946), is trapped into an 18th century mental asylum. Since its operator is Karloff, the potentialities of the situation in a 1930 or 1973 movie are predictable. But in Lewton's script, the girl retains her moral stability and even becomes a moral rallying point for her fellow patients. After her rescue, Karloff himself is trapped by the other inmates. They put him on formal trial for his abuses. Once again, a sadistic *Freaks*-style ending seems imminent. The audience is to get the 'moral' thrill of seeing the official villain tortured. But instead, to defy Karloff's own degradation of them, the inmates deliberately give him a fair trial and acquit him!—a steal from "Devil and Daniel Webster"? Karloff is finally killed off, to satisfy the ritual expectations of the audience and of Lewton's producer. But the murder is so staged as to (a) surprise the audience and (b) resist any 'moral' feeling that his assassination is somehow a 'just' act that should give the audience complacency and pleasure.

* * *

TITLES, RELEASE DATES, DIRECTORS, OTHER COMMENTS: Dec. 1942, *Cat People.* 1943: April, *I Walked with a Zombie*; May, *Leopard Man*; Sept., *7th Victim*; Dec., *Ghost Ship.* 1944: March, *Curse of the Cat People*; August, *Mademoiselle Fifi*; Sept., *Youth Runs Wild* (the juvenile delinquency film). 1945: May, *The Body Snatcher*; Sept., *Isle of the Dead.* April 1946, *Bedlam.*

Before his death a few years later, Lewton produced three more films, non-horror, all equally unimportant, for Paramount, MGM and Universal-International: *My Own True Love*, 1948; *Please Believe Me*, 1950; *Apache Drums*, 1951. For the rest of this essay, forget them: back to RKO.

The first three Lewtons at RKO were directed by Jacques Tourneur, himself the son of a famous silent director. These three were so successful commercially that Tourneur was then appointed an A-feature director. His salary became impractical for the production

budget of a Lewton B film. So the later pictures were directed by his cutter, Mark Robson, or by Robert Wise. As one of the old Orson Welles team, Wise existed on the RKO lot at the time in disgrace by previous association with the 'uncommercial' Welles. Wise was first brought in (1944) for *Curse of the Cat People*, to replace a new emigré director who froze up on the set and hence couldn't maintain B-production speed. For all three regular directors, the Lewton films were showcases. Each became a postwar A-feature man. Their current Hollywood ranking (descending order), based on their post-Lewton work, would be: Wise-Tourneur-Robson. But in terms of the style of Lewton's scripts and of the general romantic, Selznick-y style of the Hollywood forties, Tourneur was No. 1. At least, Siegel thinks so.

None of Lewton's actors was springboarded by him as were his directors. The best cast film, perhaps because of a larger budget, is probably the last, *Bedlam*'s Lee-Karloff-Henry Daniell team. (Lugosi appears unimportantly, a throwaway bit as a draw for the horror market.) Daniell may have been the greatest villain in American pictures, the peer of Rathbone, Chaney and early Lee Marvin. But his best parts were in Garbo's *Camille* and Chaplin's *Great Dictator*. For the regular run of his films, Lewton maintained the usual stock company, which included Tom Conway, "The Falcon," and a yachting friend, Alan Napier. It was presumably no help to Lewton's casting that his films were employed by RKO as final-picture writeoffs on the contracts of actors leaving the lot.

In the opinion of some serious critics, including Manny Farber, Lewton employed staid actors who were directed boringly. The truth is more complex. The moral interest of his films' plots rests with bright pretty heroines who behave and think as adults. If you compare one of Lewton's girls with some A actress of his period, you see the problem is not that his lack competence or attractiveness.

His prettiest heroine, Frances Dee (*Zombie*'s nurse), had dropped out of films in the thirties (a) to run a ranch and raise children for her actor-husband, Joel McCrea and (b) because her adult, intelligent type of personality became uncommercial with male producers after the early thirties. (I have in mind such other girls as Madge Evans and the early Katherine Hepburn.) If you compare Dee's nurse with that of a similar actress, Deborah Kerr, doing a similar type in a modern thriller, Jack Clayton's 1961 *Innocents*, you see how much more off-balanced the modern thriller heroine is expected to become by the script of her part.

Take another post-Lewton A thriller showcasing an actress, David Miller's 1952 *Sudden Fear* with Joan Crawford. The film is successful as a whole, but there is one rich moment of unconscious humor early in it. Jack Palance finds our Joan in her private train compartment reading a book as only Joan Crawford could read a book. By contrast, the whole point of Lewton's films is that they create a context where literacy, intelligence and skill are taken for granted, no theatrical fuss about it. That Frances Dee or Jane Randolph (in *Cat*) are intelligent, skilled, observant people, is accepted by the audience. One more example: because Simone Simon could sketch, the script of *Cat* was deliberately revised to show off her skill. In Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, Bel Geddes' sketching skill denotes her sexual inferiority to Kim Novak.

Lewton simply had different moral-intellectual attitudes than the usual producer-director in the horror field. Because his movies have been so popular, so widely shown, I've ignored discussing his most famous visual effects. In the narrow technical sense, his ideas infiltrated A films. The ideas of the bastard-hero producer in Minelli's 1952 *Bad and the Beautiful* are Lewton's. (The 'hero's' characterization however owes more to his old boss, Selznick.) In the technical sense, his main technical device is ambivalence: making the audience anticipate danger with something 'innocent,' and then vice versa. When his RKO boss forced him to use a real, drugged leopard in the drafting room scene in *Cat*, Lewton and Tourneur simply shot it so that the audience could not be positive it saw a real cat! What interested Lewton was the human psyche, not the animals and imaginary monsters like poor Kong to which the audience wished to transfer its fears and guilt.

Thematically (not artistically), the most adult Lewtons like *Curse* and *Bedlam* therefore concern mental illness or disturbance. And certainly these 'adult' pictures are superior to the less original, bloody horrors of, say, *Leopard Man*. But *echt*-Lewtonism is

thematic. It occurs when he, his directors or his writers, are inspired to soak the film's background with thematic allusions. Even poor old *Leopard Man* becomes authentic Lewton, alas too late, when the fleeing New Mexican murderer joins the ritual penitent monks to escape pursuit; and his detectors in turn join the chanting march. Suddenly a junky B becomes the most adult film of 1943. (Welles' worst film, *Confidential Report/Mr. Arkadin*, later made an attempt to lift this scene—artistically unsuccessful, though Welles used real monks!)

Both for better and worse, the Lewton films are examples of WWII media liberalism. They presume the values of our more educated power class at that time. So in *Curse* the pretend-games of the child-heroine are 'fantasy'—opposed to liberal 'reality'—and the parents' evil consists in being non-permissive and nonunderstanding. That the child is simply being conceptually interesting and the parents, conceptually lazy, is an illiberal formula unacceptable to the movie's makers.

When Kent Smith during *Cat* begins complaining at work to another girl about his Slavic bride, this translates in the liberal codebook—see James Agee's *Nation* review—as sexual maturity. Smith is seeking a buddy-wife, the high school counselor's marital ideal. On the other hand, the glib solution ending of *Youth Runs Wild* is not Lewton's fault. The studio reshot his film.

For the 1973 reader, Joel Siegel plays down this veneer of glib wartime-liberal enlightenment. He presents the eleven films as tugs of war between rationalism and irrationalism. The final outburst of madness and violence at the end of each film means that irrationalism has won. Probably Siegel is giving a suitable sales talk for our new power class, sunk in horse, grass, beads, astrology and the first economic depression in the country to produce massive inflation. But to take Siegel's own illustration, the killings at the end of *Zombie*, these deaths are mutually convenient for the 'nice' characters. And nearly all the other Lewtons have these 'safe' endings, however blood-chilling their main content. However, if you are a Lewton bug, forget my disputativeness. Buy Siegel. For one thing, he has located a print of *Ghost Ship* (1943, now in legal limbo). His book provides a full description of the one 'lost' Lewton.

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GOLD ON GOLD continued from Page 9
same misty memories as *Unknown*.

After we had vacated the title *If* in 1950, Jim Quinn put it out, but couldn't keep it going. And so I got both titles to edit. This was more than an extra job for me—it enabled me to buy stories that weren't up to *Galaxy*'s standards and thus keep writers happy, as well as giving me the chance I'd never before had of bringing new ones up to *Galaxy*.

As for the *Galaxy* sf novel reprints—they weren't handled right as packages, being more like numbered magazines than paperbacks. I got that go-ahead just as the paperback market broke, but it was too late.

All this was from 1950 to 1961, eleven memorable years. What happened to me then? I had been in a disastrous car crash that finally wore me down to 126 pounds and eventually into the hospital with a poor chance of my ever being able to walk again. I was there for a long time, till my weight was back to normal and the crippling cured.

So, if you remember, I remarried and the big buildup came to South Vietnam. I'm not ecstatically happy about being retired, but there is nothing I can do about it. I surface with an occasional story. The rest of the time I count my blessings—and there are many—a wonderful, beautiful wife and a beautiful, wonderful stepdaughter, and your friendship.

Would I go back to editing? Never, for two reasons. I haven't the youth and vigor to entice and coax the best stories out of the best writers against the damnable deadlines. Second, I think the day of magazines is coming to an end, science fiction in particular. They can't compete with all the series anthologies there are for two more reasons. The anthologies pay better rates and in addition add royalties. Second, they can be left on the newsstands indefinitely and in more places than magazines, including supermarkets.

But I wouldn't take a million cruzeiros for the memories I have of being about as good an editor in those 11 years as John Campbell was in his great years from 1938 to 1941. That took some doing. And nothing could induce me to do it again.

It wouldn't be safe for the world, would it?

New Books

HARDCOVERS

Beckford, William VATHEK (fty, facs repr) Scholars Facsimiles and Reprints, 1972. $30.00

Berger, Thomas REGIMENT OF WOMEN. Simon & Schuster. $8.95

Berlitz, Charles MYSTERIES FROM FORGOTTEN WORLDS (nf) Doubleday, 1972. $8.95

Buchholz, Heinrich Ewald, ed. EDGAR ALLAN POE: A Centenary Tribute (facs repr) Folcroft Library Editions, 1972. $17.50

Carr, Terry, ed. AN EXALTATION OF STARS (repr) SF Book Club, July. $1.49

Clarke, Arthur C. RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA. Harcourt, Sept. $6.95

Collier, John THE JOHN COLLIER READER (coll, fty) Knopf, 1972. $10.00

Davis, Gwen KINGDOM COME (fty) Putnam. $5.95

Dickson, Gordon R. THE STAR ROAD (coll, repr) SF Book Club, Summer. $1.49

Elwood, Roger & Vic Ghidalia, eds. ANDROIDS, TIME MACHINES AND BLUE GIRAFFES. Follett, August. $6.95

—& Virginia Kidd, eds. SAVING WORLDS: A Collection of Original Science Fiction Stories. Doubleday, July. $6.95

Farmer, Philip Jose DOC SAVAGE: HIS APOCALYPTIC LIFE. Doubleday, August. $6.95

Fast, Howard A TOUCH OF INFINITY (coll) Morrow, August. $5.95

Green, Joseph CONSCIENCE INTERPLANETARY. Doubleday, August. $5.95

Haining, Peter, ed. THE MAGICIANS: The Occult in Fact and Fiction. Taplinger. $6.95

NIGHTFRIGHTS: Occult Stories for All Ages (repr Brit) Taplinger, July. $6.50

Halliburton, David EDGAR ALLAN POE: A Phenomenological View. Princeton U. P., Feb. $15.00

Harrison, Harry & Brian Aldiss, eds. BEST SF: 1972. Putnam, July. $5.95

Knight, Damon, ed. ORBIT 12. Putnam, July. $5.95

Levin, Ira THE STEPFORD WIVES (marg, repr, large print ed) G. K. Hall. $4.95

Manners, Alexandra, pseud. THE STONE MAIDEN (supernat) Putnam, May. $6.95

Manning, Al G. HELPING YOURSELF WITH WHITE WITCHCRAFT. Parker Pub. Co., 1972. $6.95

MARS AND THE MIND OF MAN (nf, essays by Ray Bradbury, Arthur C. Clarke, Bruce Murray, Carl Sagan & Walter Sullivan) Harper, June. $7.95

Meredith, Richard C. AT THE NARROW PASSAGE. Putnam, May. $5.95

Miller, Arthur THE CREATION OF THE WORLD AND OTHER BUSINESS (play) Viking, March. $5.95

Moorcock, Michael AN ALIEN HEAT (repr) SF Book Club, Summer. $1.49

Morressy, John NAIL DOWN THE STARS. Walker, July. $6.95

Oakes, Philip EXPERIMENT AT PROTO. Coward McCann. $6.95

Pynchon, Thomas GRAVITY'S RAINBOW (marg) Viking. $15.00

Randall, Florence Engel HALDANE STATION (marg) Harcourt, Aug. $6.95

Ricci, Barbara Guignon THE YEAR OF THE RATS. Walker, March. $6.95

Segal, Erich FAIRY TALE (marg) Harper, March. $4.95

Silverberg, Robert, ed. DEEP SPACE (repr) SF Book Club, July. $1.49

Stoker, Bram THE BRAM STOKER BEDSIDE COMPANION. Taplinger, Feb. $6.50

Van Vogt, A.E. THE MONEY PERSONALITY (not sf) Parker Pub. Co., 1972. $7.95

Watson, Lyall SUPERNATURE: An Ecology of the Occult. Anchor Press, May. $7.95

Wollheim, Donald A., ed. THE 1973 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF (repr) SF Book Club, August. $1.98

Zelazny, Roger TO DIE IN ITALBAR (repr) SF Book Club, August. $1.49

PAPERBACKS

Ackerman, Forrest J AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF HEIDI SAHA. Warren Pub. Co. $2.00

Anderson, Poul THE CORRIDORS OF

TIME. Lancer 74536, July. 75¢

Asimov, Isaac, ed. STORIES SELECTED FROM THE HUGO WINNERS, v.2. Fawcett P1880, August. $1.25

Berlitz, Charles MYSTERIES FROM FORGOTTEN WORLDS (nf, repr) Dell 6214, June. $1.25

Blish, James STAR TREK 9. Bantam SP7808, August. 75¢

Brunner, JOhn THE WRONG END OF TIME (repr) DAW UQ1061, July. 95¢

Buache, Freddy THE CINEMA OF LUIS BUNUEL. A.S. Barnes. $2.95

Burroughs, Edgar Rice CAVE GIRL (reissue) Ace, March. 75¢

LAND THAT TIME FORGOT (reissue) Ace, March. 75¢

THE LOST CONTINENT (reissue) Ace, March. 75¢

Carr, Terry, ed. THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR no. 2. Ballantine 03312, July. $1.25

Carter, Lin WHEN THE GREEN STAR CALLS. DAW UQ1062, July. 95¢

Clapp, Patricia THE INVISIBLE DRAGON (play) Dramatic Publ. Co., 1972. $1.50?

Clarke, Arthur C. GLIDEPATH (repr, not sf) Signet Q5582, July. 95¢

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SKY (repr) Signet Q5553, July. 95¢

THE WIND FROM THE SUN (repr) Signet Q5581, July. 95¢

Coffman, Virginia LUCIFER COVE 1: The Devil's Mistress (reissue) Lancer 78753, July. $1.25

LUCIFER COVE 2: Priestess of the Damned (reissue) Lancer 78754, July. $1.25

LUCIFER COVE 3: The Devil's Virgin (reissue) Lancer 78755, July. $1.25

LUCIFER COVE 4: Masque of Satan (reissue) Lancer 78759, August. $1.25

LUCIFER COVE 5: Chalet Diabolique (reissue) Lancer 78760, August. $1.25

LUCIFER COVE 6: From Satan With Love (reissue) Lancer 78761, August. $1.25

Del Rey, Lester MOON OF MUTINY (repr) Signet Q5539, August. 95¢

Desmond, William H., ed. THE SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINE CHECKLIST 1961-1972. Archival Press, distr. by editor, 803 Fifth St., S. Boston, Mass. 02127. Suppl. to Twilight Zine 27. n.p.

Effinger, Geo. Alec WHAT ENTROPY MEANS TO ME (repr) Signet Q5504, June. 95¢

Farmer, Philip Jose THE BOOK OF PHILIP JOSE FARMER (coll) DAW UQ1063, July. 95¢

Faulkner, Nancy WITCHES BREW (supernat) Curtis 09203, August. 95¢

Gerber, Richard UTOPIAN FANTASY: A Study of English Utopian Fiction Since the End of the Nineteenth Century. McGraw Hill, July. $2.45

Goldman, Lawrence Louis TAKEOVER (marg) Curtis 09206, August. 95¢

Haining, Peter, ed. THE LUCIFER SOCIETY (supernat, repr) Signet Y5568, August. $1.25

Harrison, Harry MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM! (reissue, movie tie-in: Soylent Green) Berkley S2390, June. 75¢

—& Brian W. Aldiss, eds. BEST SF: 1972 (repr) Berkley N2381, July. 95¢

Heinlein, Robert A. METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN (reissue) Signet T4426, August. 75¢

Hipolito, Jane & Willis E. McNelly MAL E, WE LOVE YOU (repr) Pyramid V3086, July. $1.25

Hoskins, Robert, ed. STRANGE TOMORROWS. Lancer 78713, July. $1.25

Hughes, Zach THE BOOK OF RACK THE HEALER. Award AN1149. 95¢

Kelley, Leo P. MYTHMASTER. Dell 6216, June. 95¢

Lange, John BINARY (repr) Bantam Q7613, June. $1.25

Laumer, Keith THE SHAPE CHANGER (repr) Berkley S2363, June. 75¢

Leiber, Fritz CONJURE WIFE (3 ptg) Award AN1143. 95¢

Lewis, Hilda THE WITCH AND THE PRIEST (supernat, repr) Lancer 71357, August. $1.50

McCaffrey, Anne, ed. COOKING OUT OF THIS WORLD (recipes) Ballantine 23413, August. $1.50

McGhan, Barry, comp. AN INDEX TO SCIENCE FICTION BOOK REVIEWS IN ASTOUNDING/ANALOG 1949-1969, FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION 1949-1969, GALAXY 1950-1969. Texas A&M Univ. Library, order from Ivor Rogers, SFRA, Box 1968, Des Moines, Ia. 50311. SFRA Misc. Publ. no. 1. $2.95

Malzberg, Barry THE MEN INSIDE. Lancer 75486, July. 95¢

Mason, David THE DEEP GODS. Lancer 78762, August. $1.25

Michaels, Jason THE DEVIL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN AMERICA TODAY (nf) Award AQ1137. $1.25

Mitchison, Naomi MEMOIRS OF A SPACEWOMAN. Berkley S2345, June. 75¢

THE NESFA INDEX: Science Fiction Magazines and Original Anthologies 1971-1972. NESFA (P.O. Box G, MIT Branch P.O., Cambridge, Mass. 02139) $3.00

Norell, Irene MAXFIELD PARRISH: An Annotated Bibliography, with an addenda to 1973. author (522 S. Fifth, San Jose, Calif. 95112) $6.00

Norman, Eric GODS AND DEVILS FROM OUTER SPACE (nf) Lancer 78749, August. $1.25

Pynchon, Thomas GRAVITY'S RAINBOW (marg) Viking. $4.95

Rosen, Barbara, ed. WITCHCRAFT: Readings in Elizabethan and Jacobean Witchery (repr) Taplinger, May. $4.50

Reed, Kit MR. DA V. Berkley S2380, July. 75¢

Rudorff, Raymond THE DRACULA ARCHIVES (nf, repr) Pocket 77678, August. 95¢

Seligmann, Kurt MAGIC, SUPERNATURALISM AND RELIGION (nf, repr) Pantheon, Sept. $3.95

Sergel, Christopher, adapt. MOUSE ON MARS. Dramatic Publ Co., 1972. $1.50

Siegel, Martin THE UNREAL PEOPLE. Lancer 78763, August. $1.25

Silverberg, Robert EARTH'S OTHER SHADOW (coll) Signet Q5538, June. 95¢

Smith, E.E. THE GALACTIC PATROL (reissue) Pyramid N3084, July. 95¢
SKYLARK DUQUESNE (reissue) Pyramid N3050, June. 95¢

Snyder, Guy TESTAMENT XXI. DAW UQ1064, July. 95¢

Sullivan, Walter WE ARE NOT ALONE (nf, repr) Signet Y5482, August. $1.25

Swigart, Leslies Kay, comp. HARLAN ELLISON: A Bibliographical Checklist. Williams Pub. Co., order from editor (P.O. Box 8570, Long Beach, Calif. 90808) $3.50

Trench, Brinsley LePoer THE SKY PEOPLE (repr, nf) Award AN1152. 95¢

Wilhelm, Kate MARGARET AND I (fty, repr) Ballantine 02660, 1972. $1.25

Wolf, Jack & Gregory Fitzgerald, eds. PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE PERFECT. Fawcett M606, August. 95¢

Wolfe, Burton H. THE DEVIL AND DR. NOXIN (play) Wild West Publ. House (P.O. Box 6351, San Francisco 94101) July. $2.50

JUVENILES

Berry, James R. DAR TELLUM: Stranger From a Distant Planet. Walker. $3.95

Branley, Franklyn M. A BOOK OF FLYING SAUCERS FOR YOU. T.Y. Crowell, May. $4.50

Carey, Mary WALT DISNEY'S SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS. Random House. $2.50

Coombs, Patricia DORRIE AND THE FORTUNE TELLER (fty) Lothrop, August. $4.25

Edelson, Edward GREAT MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES. Doubleday, June. $4.95

Garden, Nancy WEREWOLVES. Lippincott. $4.95, $1.95paper

Glovach, Linda THE LITTLE WITCH'S BLACK MAGIC BOOK OF DISGUISES. Prentice Hall. $3.95

Hallinan, Tim TEENAGE GHOST STORIES v.1. Tiger Beat, distr. Signet, XQ2029, August. 95¢

Hirsh, Marilyn GEORGE AND THE GOBLINS. Crown, Dec. 1972. $4.95

Kelen, Emery MR. NONSENSE: A Life of Edward Lear. Thomas Nelson. $4.95

Key, Alexander ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN (repr) Archway 29572, August. 75¢

Laurence, Ester Hauser B-9, THE HUNGRY METAL EATER. Rand McNally, 1972. $2.50

L'Engle, Madeleine A WIND IN THE DOOR (sequel to A Wrinkle in time) Farrar, May. $4.95
A WRINKLE IN TIME (repr) Dell Yearling, April. $1.25

Lisker, Sonia O. THE ATTIC WITCH (pictures) Four Winds, Sept. $4.50

Newman, Robert THE TESTING OF TERTIUS (fty, sequel to Merlin's mistake) Atheneum. $5.95

Reed, Betty J. THEY LEFT THE MOON TOO SOON. Denison, Nov. 1972. $3.09

Regehr, Lydia, tr. FINIST THE FALCON PRINCE: A Russian Folk Tale. Carol-

rhoda, June. $4.50
Selden, George THE GENIE OF SUTTON PLACE (fty) Farrar. $4.95
Titus, Eve BASIL AND THE PYGMY CATS (marg fty, repr) Archway 29573, August. 75¢
Vitarelli, Robert, comp. THE WEIRD WITCH'S SPELL: Eight Strange Haunted Tales. Xerox Educ. Publ., 1972. 75¢
Young, Miriam A WITCH'S GARDEN. Atheneum. $5.50

BRITISH BOOKS JUNE

Aldiss, Brian EQUATOR. N.E.L., 30p. ni, pb. 450.01501.7
(ed) THE PENGUIN SCIENCE FICTION OMNIBUS. Penguin, 60p. ne, pb. 14.003145.6
Blish, James JACK OF EAGLES. Faber, £2.10. 571.10276.X
Blum, Ralph THE SIMULTANEOUS MAN. Panther, 30p. ne, pb. 586.03761.6
Bradbury, Ray THE WONDERFUL ICE CREAM SUIT. Hart-Davis, £2.40. plays. 246.04786.6
Burgess, Anthony THE WANTING SEED. Penguin, 35p. ne, pb. 14.003552.4
Clarke, Arthur C. RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA. Gollancz, £2.00. 575.01587.X
Compton, D.G. THE ELECTRIC CROCODILE. Arrow, 35p. ne, pb. 09.907290.4
Dickson, Gordon R. SLEEPWALKER'S WORLD. Hale, £1.60. 7091.3577.7
Gary, Romain THE GASP. Weidenfeld & Nicholson, £2.50. 297.76558.2
Harrison, Harry DEATHWORLD 1. Sphere, 30p. ne, pb. 7221.4350.9
DEATHWORLD 2. Sphere, 30p. ne (of The Ethical Engineer) pb. 7221.4351.6
DEATHWORLD 3. Sphere, 30p. ne, pb. 7221.4352.4
THE JUPITER LEGACY. Sphere, 30p. ni (ne of Plague from Space) pb. 7221.4358.3
MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM Penguin, 35p. ni, pb. 14.002664.9
PLAGUE FROM SPACE. Penguin, 30p. ne, pb. 14.003646.6
Harryhausen, Ray FILM FANTASY SCRAPBOOK. Tantivy Press, £6.00. nf. 900730.49.8
Hawley, Elizabeth & Columbia Rossi BERTIE: THE LIFE AFTER DEATH OF H.G. WELLS. N.E.L., £2.50. nf. 450.01629.3
Heinlein, Robert A. PODKAYNE OF MARS. N.E.L., 35p. ni, pb. 450.01561.0
Henderson, Zenna THE PEOPLE: NO DIFFERENT FLESH. Penguin, 35p. ne, pb. 14.003486.2
High, Philip E. COME HUNT AN EARTHMAN. Hale, £1.60. 7091.3648.X
Le Clezio, Jean Marie G. WAR. Cape, £3.95. 224.00822.6; Wildwood House, £1.25. pb. 7045.0012.4
Locke, George, ed. AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MURKINESS. Ferret Fantasy, £1.45. pb. Ferret Ephemerae 1
McIntosh, J.T. GALACTIC TAKEOVER BID. Hale, £1.60. 7091.3322.7
Mackenzie, Norman & Jeanne THE TIME TRAVELLER: LIFE OF H. G. WELLS. Weidenfeld & Nicholson, £5.95. nf. 297.76531.0
Merle, Robert THE DAY OF THE DOLPHINS. Penguin, 40p. ne, pb. 14.003617.2
Moorcock, Michael THE ETERNAL CHAMPION. Mayflower, 30p. ni, pb. 583.11745.7
Oakes, Philip EXPERIMENT AT PROTO. Deutch, £2.25. 233.96435.5
Orwell, George, ed. PINCAS, ANITA. ANIMAL FARM. Penguin, 40p. ne, pb. Success with English series. XX9902
Pesek, Ludek EARTH IS NEAR. Longman, £1.60. juv. 582.16028.6
Pohl, Frederik DAY MILLION. Pan, 35p. ne, pb. 330.23606.7
THE GOLD AT THE STARBOW'S END. Gollancz, £1.80. 575.01658.2
A PLAGUE OF PYTHONS. Penguin, 30p. ne, pb. 14.003647.4
—and C. M. Kornbluth THE SPACE MERCHANTS. Penguin, 30p. ni, pb. 14.002224.4
Smith, E.E. CHILDREN OF THE LENS. Panther, 35p. ne, pb. 586.03847.7
Sturgeon, Theodore MORE THAN HUMAN. Corgi, 35p. ne, pb. 552.092398
TO HERE AND THE EASEL. Gollancz, £2.25. 575.01643.4
Tennant, Emma TIME OF THE CRACK. Cape, £1.60. 224.00864.1
Van Vogt, A.E. THREE EYES OF EVIL. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.95. 283.97983.6
Vonnegut, Kurt PLAYER PIANO. Panther, 40p. ni, pb. 586.02662.2
Williams, E.C. PROJECT RENAISSANCE.

Continued on Page 23

Lilliputia

SNOGGLE by J. B. Priestly. Illus. by Barbara Flynn. Harcourt Brace, 1972, c1971. $4.95. Age level: 9-12

This is a dreadful story about three teddibly British children (teenagers, actually) who shelter a creature from an alien space ship, later rescue one of its companions from a ditch, are contacted telepathically from inside the ship, and end up feeling there must be a Plan for All of Us—even the antagonistic, nosey neighbors.

British children may enjoy this sort of thing (I don't know any, or I should ask). American children most certainly will not. —Charlotte Moslander

MUNGO by Rosalie K. Fry. Illus. by Velma Ilsley. Farrar Straus, 1972. 123 p. $4.50

This is the delightful tale of Richie, a little boy who was new to Scotland; Mungo, the slow-witted, friendly sea serpent; and Skipper, who had been cabin boy when shipwrecked, but promoted himself during his years alone on Muckle Craig, where the current was so strong no boats could ever go there. They don't do much, these three, but the way of their meeting and the growth of their friendship make up a book that is interesting in its own, quiet way. I'd guess that the solitary dreamers among the juvenile readers will enjoy it.

Velma Ilsley's illustrations show warm, gentle, everyday people, and a sea monster with such a benign smile that no one could possibly fear him. —Charlotte Moslander

DANNY DUNN AND THE SWAMP MONSTER by Jay Williams and Raymond Abrashkin. Illus. by Paul Sagsoorian. McGraw-Hill, 1971. 142 p. $3.95

The Danny Dunn series is obviously intended for small boys who like adventure, science, and light reading. The style is readable, the vocabulary simple (except for the scientific terms, all of which are carefully explained), the characters are stereotypes, but not vicious ones (the absent-minded genius, the stay-at-home housekeeper mother), and the adventures never put anyone into really grave danger. None of the volumes is great literature, but look how many generations have enjoyed the exploits of Nancy Drew and the Hardy Boys...

This adventure sends Danny, Professor Euclid Bullfinch, Joe, Irene, and Dr. Fenster off to Uganda to try to trap the legendary 'lua,' which has been known to kill people. They stop en route in Khartoum, where the reader is treated to a brief travelogue, are assisted by a member of the Nuer tribe, and opposed by a greedy character in a white suit, whose nefarious intentions are thwarted by a high-temperature superconductor accidentally discovered by Professor Bullfinch in chapter 2.

The book will find an enthusiastic welcome among Danny Dunn fans. Everyone else may as well forget it. —Charlotte Moslander

THE SQUIRREL WIFE by Philippa Pearce. "Design & illustration by Derek Collard" Thomas Y. Crowell, 1972, c1971. 61 p. $4.50. Age level: 7-10

This is a beautifully illustrated fairy-tale type story in which Jack, a young swineherd, is given a squirrel-turned-woman as his bride because he helps one of the fairy folk who is injured by a falling tree. His ever-present, evil older brother makes life difficult for them, but the squirrel-wife comes to Jack's aid, and the 'green people' teach the brother 'a little wisdom' by keeping him as their servant for a thousand years.

The outstanding thing about this book is the quality of the illustrations. Every page of text has a marvelously curlicued border, and the colored pictures are rich with depth and detail. The forest here is obviously more important than the humans, who are sometimes difficult to find. On the other hand, people are quite prominent in the village and on the road.

The Squirrel Wife is an altogether delightful story for young children. They will be enthralled by the illustrations long before they have learned to read the words.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE TENTH LIFE OF OSIRIS OAKS by Wally Cox and Everett Greenbaum. Illus. by F. A. Fitzgerald. Simon and Schuster, 1972. 125 p. $4.95. Age level: 8-12

Roger Oaks was not a happy child—his family moved so often that he had no friends. When the Kranz boys stole a mummified cat during a visit to the museum and left it in Roger's coat pocket, he considered it just one more trick played on the New Boy in Town. Until the cat (Osiris) showed a great deal of liveliness for a mummy, that is, and Roger began to read people's minds, using Osiris as a medium...

This is a delightfully funny book, with misadventure after misadventure, from a get-rich-quick scheme that backfired, through Roger's being jailed as an accomplice in a bank robbery he had reported to the police—before it happened. The adults are portrayed as well-meaning, but not very imaginative, and definitely not up to coping with a mind-reading cat.

—Charlotte Moslander

STIRABOUT STORIES. by Barbara Sleigh. Illus. by Victor Ambrus. Bobbs-Merrill, 1972. 143 p. $4.95 (British title: West of Widdershins) Age level: 9-13

This is an interesting collection of modern-day fairy tales which use contemporary places such as a classroom or a park as the setting for magical events. Here we meet a teacher whose every wish came true—literally; the girl who got a fairy in her eye; the unicorn who visited the park at night; and Benno, the library aide, who was helped by bookworms. Of course there are the usual moral tales featuring animals—there are cats and mice and spiders aplenty in traditional folklore, but "The Four Golden Guinea Pigs" must be met to be believed. My favorite of the lot, though, is "The Stone People and the Alderman," in which a very pompous statue is harrassed by his fellow images because he is not currently beautiful, or useful, and had never been useful in the past. He is finally saved by a sparrow, who builds her nest in his hat, thereby making him useful.

Not all the stories are equally good: "The Duchess of Houndsdich" was bettered by a Little Golden Book several years ago, and "Paradiddle Pete" leaves the reader with a feeling of and-what-happened-then?, but the collection as a whole, while not outstanding, is not all that bad, either.

—Charlotte Moslander

A CASTLE OF BONE by Penelope Farmer. Atheneum, 1972. 152 p. $4.25. Age level: 10-14

This is a pretty good book almost all the way through—Hugh and his father buy a cupboard for Hugh's room, but the cupboard turns out to have the unusual property of returning whatever is put into it to an earlier stage of its existence—thus a wallet becomes a pig, a woollen sweater some bits of fluff, and Penn, Hugh's friend, becomes a baby. The rest of the plot concerns Hugh's search for a way to return Penn to his real age. The solution is finally given by the elderly owner of the 'antique' shop where the cupboard was purchased, and here the story begins to break down. Hugh, his sister Jean, Penn's sister Anna, and Penn, all get into the cupboard together, where they find the castle which has figured in Hugh's dreams since the cupboard was placed in his room, and a man on horseback, who turns out to be Penn grown to adult stature. When they emerge once more into Hugh's room, Penn is his old self again, and the cupboard has lost its power.

There are indications that the cupboard is some sort of immortality machine, but this is left undeveloped, as are the significance of the castle, the adult Penn, and Hugh's dreams. Too bad. It is a really interesting story until the last few chapters.

—Charlotte Moslander

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NEW BOOKS continued from Page 21

Hale, £1.60. 7091.3647.1

Wyndham, John THE CHRYSALIDS. Penguin, 30p. ni, pb. 14.001308.3

THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS. Penguin, 30p. ni, pb. 14.000993.0

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

THE SEEDS OF TIME. Penguin, 30p. ni, pb. 14.001385.7

These books are only available outside the United Kingdom subject to market restrictions.

Reviews

WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE by David Gerrold. Ballantine 02885, 1972. 279 p. $1.25

HARLIE is a computer—but what a computer! Human Analogue Robot, Life Input Equivalents—HARLIE is also fully a person. (Compared to HARLIE, Heinlein's Mike of *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress* displays about as much personality as an IBM Selectric.) HARLIE has been programmed by psychologist David Auberson with sensory equivalents to those involved in the human learning process. And the experiment is a success. HARLIE even reflects apparently human irrationality to the point of 'tripping' on massive data inputs.

But the progress being made isn't enough for certain members of the supporting corporation's board of directors. They see an opportunity to divert funds from the project into their own pockets, and to sell HARLIE's components for even more profit. Either Auberson and HARLIE come up with a way of showing a financial return on the research investment, or HARLIE gets his plug pulled... permanently. HARLIE's response is to suggest the creation of GOD (Graphic Omniscient Device) to help cure the ills of mankind, and he produces a complete design plan to go with it. When it looks like GOD will be rejected, HARLIE really begins to fight for his existence. And who says a computer has to have scruples?

David Gerrold has come up with a thoroughgoing winner in *When HARLIE Was One*. The plotline and dialogue are a delight. HARLIE takes time out from his own worries to liven the action with practical jokes, help a scientist develop the basis for a unified field theory, and play a psychoanalytical Dear Abby to Auberson and his lovelife. Whatever HARLIE does, a consistent, developed and complex personality emerges. There is much more than the froth of superficial entertainment here. The novel is also the vehicle for the author's often perceptive speculation and commentary on life, love, religion and the human condition. It is thought-provoking and philosophically penetrating as well as superbly entertaining.

Quite simply, *When HARLIE Was One* is great science fiction. HARLIE is real and the novel is real. Don't miss it.

—B. A. Fredstrom

BILLION YEAR SPREE: THE TRUE HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION by Brian W. Aldiss. Doubleday, 1973. 339 p. $7.95

Aldiss is well known to American readers of sf, having been published extensively in the U.S. and his native England. He shares with his colleague, Kingsley Amis, a long-time interest in sf (see his 1971 autobiographical work, *The Shape of Further Things*), and like him, is thoroughly at home in the wider world of literature, having been the literary editor of the *Oxford Mail* for 12 years. He has also written a travel book, stories and poems quite unconnected with sf. "Much as I love sf," he writes, "the greater world beyond it has always meant at least as much."

Just as Amis's *New Maps of Hell* (1960) stimulated serious critical interest by 'traditional' critics and scholars, so this new study will deservedly find a wide audience, well beyond the confines of fandom, and is likely to become one of the few major critical works dealing with sf. It will be especially valuable for readers, including fans, who desire to widen and deepen their reading and gain what is too often lacking: a historical perspective.

His introduction outlines his goal: to place sf in perspective, and in particular to explore its origin and development. He rejects both the views of those who seek to show a (spurious) historical continuity linking a few classical writings (e.g., Lucian, More, Swift, Kepler) to modern sf, and those who regard the genre as a peculiarly 20th century literature dating, say, from the founding of *Amazing* in 1926.

His central contention is that Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (1818) is the seminal work of the field—"the first great myth of the industrial age," he calls it—whose themes have been explored in the ensuing years. Aldiss argues his case persuasively, describing in detail the historical and literary context in which Shelley's work was created and the traditions on which she drew. While readers may dispute some details or emphases, the Faustian themes of forbidden knowledge and rampant technology leading to disaster are certainly among the

dominant ones common to much of the sf literature of the 19th and 20th century.

From Shelley, Aldiss turns to Poe, whose "clear-sighted sickly literature" (a phrase of the Goncourt Brothers) he sees as having certain key kinships to Shelley's writings. He then looks back to the earlier literature of fantastic voyages and utopias—"Lucian and All That," he good-naturedly calls it. While he sees similar thematic elements in both early and current writings, he does not, as noted above, try to suggest any direct linkage or prove the 'worth' of current writings by citing historical precedents. He then turns to the Victorian period which culminated in the work of Wells. Bulwer-Lytton's *The Coming Race* (1871), Butler's *Erewhon* (1872), Bellamy's *Looking Backward* (1888), Hardy, Verne and others less well known are discussed. (Readers with an interest in this period should explore H. Bruce Franklin's 1966 study, *Future Perfect: American Science Fiction of the Nineteenth Century*, and of course Bailey's recently reprinted *Pilgrims Through Space and Time.*)

Wells not surprisingly receives an entire chapter. The stature of Wells is not easily appreciated by younger readers. Aldiss quotes from one of Orwell's essays: "Back in the 1900s it was a wonderful thing to discover H. G. Wells... here was this wonderful man who could tell you all about the inhabitants of the planets and the bottom of the sea, and who knew that the future was not going to be what respectable people imagined." Aldiss remarks that he felt the same way when he discovered Wells in the bleak 1930s. If there is a hero in the book, it is him: "Wells is the Prospero of all the brave new worlds of the mind and the Shakespeare of science fiction."

Brief attention is paid to some of Wells's contemporaries: the dime novelists, Stevenson, Haggard, Lasswitz, M. P. Shiel, Kipling, Chesterton, Conan Doyle, Jack London, and Edgar Wallace. Edgar Rice Burroughs and what Aldiss calls the 'weirdies' (G. A. England, W. H. Hodgson, A. Merritt and Lovecraft) get some not so respectful attention. The contrast between Wells and Burroughs is stated in this way: "Wells is teaching us to think. Burroughs and his lesser imitators are teaching us not to think... And there, I believe, the two poles of modern fantasy stand defined. At one pole stand Wells and his honourable predecessors such as Swift; at the other, Burroughs and his imitators, such as Otis Adelbert Kline, and the weirdies, horror merchants, and the Never-Never-Landers, such as H. P. Lovecraft, and so all the way to Tolkien. Mary Shelley stands somewhere at the equator of this metaphor. At the thinking pole are the great figures, although it is painfully easy to write badly; at the dreaming pole are no great figures—though there are monstrous figures—and it is terribly difficult to write well."

From here on the names and the terrain are likely to be more familiar, at least for the veteran sf reader. The division between the thinking and the dreaming poles became institutionalized in the 1930s by the establishment of the sf pulps, which not only emphasized the adventure and fantasy elements but added a new strain, what Aldiss calls the Gernsbackian: "Neither culture nor dreams warm it; it exists as propaganda for the wares of the inventor." Aldiss touches only lightly on the latter, focussing instead on non-pulp writers who wrote for their fellows: Karel Capek (of robot fame), Kafka, Huxley (not only *Brave New World*), C. S. Lewis, Tolkien, Charles Williams, and "the ultimate sf writer," Olaf Stapledon.

The forties are epitomized in Campbell and *Astounding*, which are discussed with fairness and insight: "What Campbell produced was a synthesis of the previous modes of magazine sf, plus the new contributions. The result was something that for the first time could stand comparison with science fiction we have looked at in earlier chapters, the ex-ghetto science fiction." He later remarks, "There were times when *Astounding* smelt so much of the research lab that it should have been printed on filter paper." His discussion of Campbell is more detailed than that in Wollheim's *The Universe Makers* (1971) but makes some of the same criticisms.

The past two decades are somewhat hurriedly surveyed in chapters 10 and 11. "Given strength," he remarks in the introduction, "I may write a second volume concentrating on the contemporary scene, investigating my fellow authors." Such a sequel would indeed be welcome. The study concludes with a brief prediction (more diversification, stratification, academic acceptance), a critical bibliography and index. For the fan, the interested reader, or the library, an essential purchase.

—Neil Barron

THE CHRONICLES OF SOLAR PONS by August Derleth. Mycroft & Moran (Sauk City, Wis.), 1973. ix, 237 p. $6.00

Though the doings of Solar Pons are for the most part not science fiction, they are still worth reading. Of the ten 'adventures' in this book, none is sf. Still, they can be entertaining. Of all the pastichists and parodists of Doyle and Sherlock Holmes, I find Derleth's Solar Pons to consistently catch the flavor of Holmes' world. Often the stories are rather uninventive but the atmosphere is always present. As usual, the book is acceptably made, not as well as in the past, but adequate for these degenerate times. The stories read well enough and are fun. Normally I'd say let the Baker Street Irregulars buy it, but one story does need some comment. "The Adventure of the Orient Express" was published separately by Peter Ruber in 1965 as a little volume enhanced by the drawings of Henry Lauritzen. Derleth wrote a pastiche of the Orient Express story having such characters as Ashenten, the Baron von Ruber, and a host of folk from mystery literature. Very funny if you follow the mystery story but not terribly good if you don't. On the whole worth reading for entertainment. —J. B. Post

MEMOIRS FOUND IN A BATHTUB by Stanislaw Lem. Seabury Press, 1973. Tr. by Michael Kandel and Christine Rose. 188 p. $6.95

As likely as not, the 1961 *Memoirs* is based on some actual news item about a Rocky Mt. Nike or sub-Pentagon setup. Prof. Suvin votes for Jack London's *Iron Heel* (afterword to *Solaris*, 1970 tr.). Some of us may even infer a shaft-like tribute to Robert Heinlein, then resident in Colorado Springs, and to some of the more heroic Heinlein items with locations in that area. In its storyline, however, *Memoirs* subverts the plotty spy world (both real and fictional). It concerns the bureaucratic mutations of an underground (literally) American intelligence apparatus. Everything occurs within ones building. Here the 'outside' non-espionage world is disappearing while its residents spy on each other and translate everything into the terms of their own universe. The moral atmosphere is of course familiar to any adult reader with experience of any of our corporations, whether military, business, religious or academic. The key passage of exposition (pp.147-8) shows human thought and the historic past being reduced to chapters from Matt Helm or James Bond.

Early in *Memoirs* its anonymous hero finds the occupants of the building offices he visits, committing suicide, getting shot, spying on each other, loaded down under elaborate peel-able disguises. Eventually he begins rehashing the earlier incidents of the novel with the characters he meets later; he hopes to make sense of these earlier experiences, of his life, of his job. You see the symbolism. But as we will see, *Memoirs* doesn't suffer from any lack of thematic sophistication. Its problem concerns narrative momentum, making the reader bother to stay inside the narrator's mind or concern himself with the other characters in the building as they appear and reappear.

It would seem for instance (from my own account) that *Memoirs'* natural reader over here should be the public that best-sellered Vonnegut (or *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*). But Lem's books have a scientific theoretical organization and interest alien to Western sf, either Vonnegut's or the technological tradition of Clarke, Verne and *Astounding/Analog*. And *Memoirs'* organization seems to owe more to Kafka's *Trial* than to the more hectic Vonnegut models (or to Jack London?)—as much as Brunner's *Zanzibar* owes to *USA*. Lem's "I" is as nebbish-y as Kafka's K. "I" fights one of the other characters, he makes inquiries; but he never becomes a moral agent (I discount his implied suicide) and he is never treated intelligibly by the other characters so that the reader can place him clearly. (Yes, I know that's the theme of the book!) And as regards narrative, the chapters in *Memoirs* can be juggled, just as Max Brod juggled the posthumous chapters of *Trial*.

True, the verbal energy and playfulness of Lem's novel is livelier than we find in the English versions of Kafka (whom we read in the sober Lallans prose of the Muirs). One useful review of *Memoirs* would be the translators' discussion of the intentions behind some of the verbal byplay and allusions in the original Polish. Some parts of their version obviously translate by analogy, not word for word: no criticism intended on my part here, only an inquiry.

Now let me turn to Lem's complex theme. This is that the social universe of our modern bureaucracies has reproduced (invented? projected?) the universe of orthodox post-Einsteinian physics. "I" is not the representative colorless hero of Man that we often find in such satires, rather the chancy atom of Heisenberg's world. "I" is not demoralized by discovering himself an anonymous, replaceable unit in a faceless crowd. But everything he 'does' or finds is predictable because the 'building' is set up to exhaust all the statistical possibilities of our actions. (Secret plans are kept secret not by safes or armed guards, but by being provided openly for every possibility, so that statistical probability (?) dictates the one employed. There is no one Master Plan or Design for anything: war, politics, the universe.)

This randomization destroys our free will and control of 'life' in two ways: by depriving our past cultures and civilizations of rationality; and predetermining our futures by statistical projection. Perhaps the best popular exposition of Lem's theme is the pages on the mathematical theory behind Samuel Beckett's universe in Hugh Kenner's study, by coincidence published the same year as *Memoirs.* Despite his hero's unhappiness, it's even questionable whether Lem intends a Swiftian satire. "I" meets nobody rational living outside this socio-physical system; the Polish Catholicism of Chapter 3 is simply burlesqued non-theologically. And the Peacockian professors who explain it most fully and uncritically (Chapter 11) are treated more sympathetically than anybody else in the novel.

Memoirs then carries the same technical appeals as our own satirical sf of the sixties; but its content provides a brilliant example of the distinction between the fiction of scientific theory and of the applied technology still termed 'science' over here. Yet I think Lem found a better imaginative format for many of *Memoirs'* themes only a few years later (1965) with his cybernetic Arabian Nights collection, *Cyberiada.* I trust Seabury will soon publish Prof. Kandel's translation. As for the reader who buys very few hardcovers, he might consider the future value of all these first edition Lems (in English) a decade from now.

—Mark Purcell

BLOODHYPE by Alan Dean Foster. Ballantine 03163, 1973. 249 p. $1.25

This is the partial sequel to *The Tar-Aiym Krang* of last year. It is well and amusingly written, but lacks something of the 'sense of wonder' of the earlier book. Foster's writing has improved a bit, and the action is tighter and more cohesive in *Bloodhype.*

Most of the action takes place on Repler, a trade center and resort planet with a small human/friendly alien population and an enclave of the hostile, reptilian, AAnn. The plot involves two narcotics agents of the Humanx Commonwealth, an intelligent raccoonoid and an Earthwoman. They are after the head pusher of Bloodhype, the most destructive drug in the galaxy. The agents, Porsupah and Kitten Kai-sung, also become involved in the attempt to destroy a monster being held for study by the AAnn. Porsupah and Kitten are aided by a resurrected Tar-Aiym and the mysterious Philip (the Flinx of the earlier book).

Reading *The Tar-Aiym Krang* first would be helpful to understanding what's going on in *Bloodhype,* but the book is quite enjoyable on its own terms. Hopefully, there will be further books laid in the Humanx Commonwealth. —Leslie Bloom

THE GOD OF PLANET 607 by Edward Pohlman. Westminster Press, 1972. 123 p. $4.95, $2.95paper

There comes a time when even reviewers must eat their words. In the past I have favored the story full of ideas that might not be the greatest piece of writing over the empty literary bauble that goes nowhere in grand style. Having asserted that idea is king I am now faced with a book which is all idea. The author claims he knows little about sf or novel writing but is writing theological speculative fiction. It shows. Anyway, Earthmen land on Planet 607 and find the humanoids worshipping a goddess named Bova, having free sex before age 30, being hung up on eating in public, and planning planetwide suicide because it is the will of Bova. While not terribly earth-shattering nor mind-bending, it is interesting to read to see how the author sets up a straw world of religious belief to mirror his own doubts about Christianity. Interesting, but essentially a waste of time. —J. B. Post

PLANETS AND DIMENSIONS: Collected Essays of Clark Ashton Smith, ed. by Charles K. Wolfe. Mirage Press, 1973. xii, 87 p. $5.25, $3.50 paper

'Essay' is perhaps a more ambitious term than should be applied to these miscellaneous writings, culled from such divers sources as *The Overland Monthly*, *The Fantasy Fan*, or the letter pages of *Wonder Stories*. Each piece is interesting in its own right and CAS fans will find this worth the price in paperback, but it isn't for the general reader. One nice feature is the appended notes on some of the pieces giving a bit of background on the writing of it. There are 35 items discussing mostly sf and fantasy.

—J. B. Post

DRACULA'S GUEST AND OTHER STORIES edited by Victor Ghidalia. Xerox Education Publications F394, 1972. 125 p. 75¢

Perhaps the most effective of the six selections on the vampire theme that appear here is the title story by Bram Stoker, a section excised from the original *Dracula* because of length limitations. Even in this excerpt, Stoker sets a gripping mood as the hero encounters a female vampire during a wild snowstorm on Walpurgis Night.

The remaining tales, with one exception, don't fare nearly so well. "The Dark Castle" by Marion Brandon is a somewhat effective if uninspired straight vampire yarn, but Joseph Payne Brennan's "The Hunt" is a plotless and amateurish chase sequence with a vampire as pursuer, while August Derleth's "Bat's Belfry" was written at the age of 15, and shows it. "The Cloak" of Robert Bloch's story confers vampirism on the wearer in a pleasant departure, but the hokey twist ending is a bit too much. Only "For the Blood Is the Life" by Francis Marion Crawford, a dark and evocative tale of female vampirism set in Italy, joins the title story in trying to redeem the collection.

It is difficult to accept *Dracula's Guest and Other Stories* as representative of the better stories of vampiristic horror available for anthologizing. None of the contents are really superior, and only two appear to deserve collection. Not a bad paperback to pass up, unless you're a completist.

—B. A. Fredstrom

THE GORGON FESTIVAL by John Boyd. Weybright and Talley, 1972. 184 p. $4.95

Since Boyd's first book, *The Last Starship from Earth*, appeared in 1968, the author has been producing some of the finest recent novels in the genre ... *The Pollinators of Eden*, *The Rakehells of Heaven*, *Sex and the High Command*, *The Organ Bank Farm*. *The Gorgon Festival* is his sixth and one of the best of the lot.

Alexander Ward is a mild and undersexed research professor of molecular biology at Stanford with an unbelievably curvaceous wife notable both for her loyalty and her infidelity. When he discovers a process to reverse aging and restore anyone to youthful virility, his life becomes complicated. Commercial interests learn of the formula, he is framed for a murder that didn't occur, and a friend steals his knowledge as the first step in a mad, absurd and possibly workable plot against humanity. Fleeing to Los Angeles as a youthful rejuvenate, Ward is worked over by a motorcycle gang, goes underground by passing for black, dodges government agents, and eventually sets the world aright in an outré and hilarious finale.

Boyd brings to science fiction a freshness, a vividness of action and description that seems unfeigned and unforced. In describing his hero's bounteous wife on page 2: "Her breasts reminded him of the heads of two jewfish trying to batter out of a seine." Or on page 3, his wry characterization of a certain academic gentleman: "He wore a vest in order to carry an old-fashioned watch fob to display his Phi Beta Kappa key..." A satiric wit surfaces constantly, and the dialogue is laced with double and triple entendres as you or I might lace our coffee with cognac. Most interesting, perhaps, is that Boyd rarely descends to hollow farce for his effects. His novels have substance, but what is said is delivered with astuteness and élan. One of Boyd's major goals in his writing is obviously to entertain. In this, he has yet to fail.

If you haven't discovered John Boyd for yourself, more's the pity. But *The Gorgon Festival* is a good place to start.

—B. A. Fredstrom

THE LOOT OF CITIES by Arnold Bennett. Oswald Train (1129 W. Wingohocking St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19140) 1972. 156 p. $4.50

"Being the adventures of a millionaire in search of joy. A fantasia." Youthful Cecil Thorold is the millionaire in search of joy, and he has some most extraordinary ways of finding it. As he explains to a financier, "You exhaust yourself by making money among men who are all bent on making money, in a place specially set apart for the purpose. I amuse myself by making money among men who, having made or inherited money, are bent on spending it, in places specially set apart for the purpose. I take people off their guard. They don't precisely see me coming."

Thorold, labeled a detective on the dust jacket, is really a happy and knowledgeable dilettante who blackmails, steals and otherwise uses criminal means to unmask criminals. The six interconnected short stories collected here take Thorold and his servant-companion Lecky on a tour through Europe and on to Africa, frequently crossing the path of Miss Eve Fincastle, journalist, and her ebullient friend Miss Kitty Sartorius, the actress.

There is a certain blithe airiness to these Cecil Thorold adventures. Originally published in 1903 in serial form, they are sedate, but frothy and amusing, scenarios for an age no longer with us. They are entertaining and totally lacking in seriousness ... like dry but inexpensive champagne—not superb but always pleasant.

—B. A. Fredstrom

H. G. WELLS: CRITIC OF PROGRESS by Jack Williamson. Mirage, 1973. 162 p. $5.95

Regular readers of *Riverside Quarterly* will recognize the substance of this book, which appeared in *RQ*'s pages in a series of five articles (1967-69) and earlier still as his doctoral dissertation for the University of Colorado in 1964 (same title but with his formal name, John Stewart Williamson). Although the usual scholarly apparatus is present—chapter notes, bibliography and index—Williamson's professional talents have led to a work much more readable than the usual rewrite of a doctoral dissertation. He admits quite honestly that the appearance of Bernard Bergonzi's *The Early H. G. Wells* and W. Warren Wagar's *H. G. Wells and the World State* (both 1961) undercut his original plans. The 1967 appearance of *The Future As Nightmare: H. G. Wells and the Anti-Utopians* by Mark Hillegas anticipated this delayed publication. And other recent studies of Wells are also competitors, such as Alfred Borrello's *H. G. Wells: Author in Agony* (1972); J. P. Vernier's *H. G. Wells et Son Temps* (1971), the latter discussed in last January's LUNA Monthly by Mark Purcell; and Brian Aldiss's discussion in his new *Billion Year Spree* (1973).

Williamson says his study "is devoted to the premise that Wells' early science fiction presents searching and significant criticism of the idea of progress," contradicting a common misconception of Wells, who Williamson claims "has been stereotyped and unfairly denigrated as the deluded prophet of a crassly materialistic progress." I know of no recent critic who has viewed Wells in this way; certainly none of the works cited above so regard Wells, whose views changed markedly during his active life but which were never lacking what Unamuno calls the tragic sense of life. The optimism of *A Modern Utopia* (1895) is no more or less typical than *The Mind at the End of Its Tether* (1946, the year of his death), with its hopeless view that there is no way out, around or through. These conflicting ideas resulted in a tension never finally resolved in either Wells' writings or life. Williamson suggests that C. P. Snow's twin cultures of the scientific and the literary sensibilities, simplistic as such a typology is, is useful in understanding the varied reactions to Wells' works and to the man himself. The suggestion is an intelligent one, but Williamson develops it too briefly.

Wells's later works betray more didacticism and pamphleteering, less the sheer imagination of his early writings, which are the focus of Williamson's interests. But few men have successfully spanned the mid-Victorian age of his birth and our unsettled modern age. While Williamson has challenged a view of Wells that I think has not been held for many years, his detailed study of the earlier works persuades me that as a writer of science fiction—which involves being scientist and humanist, social prophet and critic of ideas, literary artist and popular romancer—Wells has not been surpassed.

—Neil Barron

GROTESQUES & FANTASTIQUES; A Selection of Previously Unpublished Drawings and Poems, by Clark Ashton Smith. Gerry de la Ree (7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, N.J. 07458), 1973. 40 p. $7.50 paper

Well, it is limited to 600 copies (of which mine is "Copy No. Review"). It does have some minor verse. I can't call the sketches (a colleague calls them 'doodles') bad. But, gosh, gee, this is specialized. Smith fans (all 600 of them) probably have their copy by now. Some of the sketches are interesting from an artistic point of view, but even they are essentially minor Smith pieces. Only for Smith fans and reviewers. —J. B. Post

CAPTIVE OF GOR by John Norman. Ballantine 02994, 1972. 370 p. 95¢

Being "Volume VII in the Chronicles of Counter-Earth," and hopefully the nadir of the series. The adventures of Tarl Cabot on the world of Gor, with its masculine-oriented, warlike, slaveholding and caste-bound societies, have found an audience for several years now. Usually, the background of the novels is well-developed (particularly in *Nomads of Gor*), the action is adequate, mystery enters with the meddling of alien Priest-Kings and enigmatic Others, and the general formula is as successful as it ever was for Burroughs. Yet, *Captive of Gor* takes an enormous pratfall.

Elinor Brinton of Earth—wealthy, beautiful, vain, willful and spoiled—is kidnapped by slavers and taken to Gor where a slave collar and a host of adventures await her. Here the proud Elinor becomes a humbled slave, but a true woman, and eventually earns the love of the daring outlaw tarnsman, Rask of Treve. Her humbling seems to be a slow process. In fact, a score of times Elinor suddenly knows that she is really a slave—only to hurriedly and conveniently forget in time to be humbled yet again.

Norman's predilection for insisting that a woman really desires to be totally possessed by a man, to be his slave, to be dominated and molded and owned, is common to all the Gor novels. This might be a pleasant wish fulfillment dream for some men, or even find a responsive chord in an occasional woman. The gross error occurs in using Elinor Brinton as first person narrator and chauvinistic mouthpiece while she proves herself the fluffiest headed and most idiotic excuse for a feminine portrayal in years. The result is ridiculous, irritating and unreal.

It's unfortunate when one aspect of a novel has the capacity to taint all the others. Such is the case here. —B. A. Fredstrom

FLIGHT OF THE STARFIRE: A FANTASY, by Edwin Mumford. Exposition Press, 1972. 61 p. $4.00

THE SECOND FLIGHT OF THE STARFIRE: A FANTASY by Edwin Mumford. Exposition Press, 1972. 57 p. $4.00

THE THIRD FLIGHT OF THE STARFIRE: A FANTASY. Exposition Press, 1972. 48 p. $4.00

THE FOURTH FLIGHT OF THE STARFIRE: A FANTASY. Exposition Press, 1972. 48 p. $4.00

To all of the above I say "Phfffttt"—or however one spells the disgusting sound made with the mouth to indicate total rejection. I reject them not merely because the series starts "Once upon a time, as all fairy stories go, there was a guinea pig whose name was Snooksie." A good writer could salvage even that beginning. The first book is supposed to attack *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.* Aside from a reincarnated giant guinea pig and the WASP plotters, a variety of characters flit in and out of the novel (give it the benefit of the doubt). A car is converted into a space ship. Mumford is probably the Shaver of the drug culture. No, that's not really fair: Shaver at least had miniscule literary talents and a fair imagination and Ray Palmer to rewrite. These books are just a jumble of junk, sf only by a great courtesy on our part (does anything that has parallel worlds have to be sf?), and totally a waste of time unless someone, as an intellectual exercise, wants to try to rewrite them into readable form. Most of us should re-read *The Butterfly Kid.* —J. B. Post

ABOVE THE HUMAN LANDSCAPE edited by Willis E. McNelly and Leon E. Stover. Goodyear Pub. Co. (15115 Sunset Blvd., Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272) 1972. viii, 387 p. $7.95 hardcover, $4.95 paperback

As the number of college and university courses devoted to sf has grown—Jack Williamson's most recent compilation, *Teaching SF*, lists over 240—it was inevitable that specific textbooks would be designed for such courses. Although the texts are often a handful of paperbacks, a recent choice has been an anthology with critical comments by the editors, with the stories often selected to represent recurrent themes in sf. McNelly is an English instructor at California State University, Fullerton, and Stover is in the anthropology department at the Illinois Institute of Technology, thus giving us the viewpoints of representatives from Snow's two cultures.

The anthology's theme is stated and explored in the afterword: the "stories collected here represent a kind of popular sociology, a look at man from a viewpoint outside the psychology of the individual...that of the pendant spectator, hovering above the human landscape...SF readers plainly enjoy looking at humanity from afar through a telescope; self-critical self-consciousness is a pleasure they do not find in the intimate view through the microscope of realistic fiction."

The 27 stories are grouped in five parts, the stories in each part having certain similarities, with each part prefaced by brief commentary and an ironic photograph. In addition to their original appearances, some have been reprinted elsewhere, although I think most readers will not find them overly familiar. They range from a hoary 1937 piece from *Astounding* by E. F. Russell to a 1972 story by Bruce McAllister from *F&SF*, with sources ranging from *Rogue* to *Dangerous Visions*. The level varies from the quickly forgettable to the memorably provocative. The editors' intent was to select the most significant examples of social sf they could unearth for the reader's entertainment as well as instruction. The rationale for their selection is outlined in a 20 page epilogue, "Science Fiction As Culture Criticism," and the book concludes with an interesting piece by Stover on *2001* and McNelly's argument that *Slaughterhouse Five* achieves its stature precisely because it is an sf novel, contrary to the still prevalent view that Vonnegut's use of sf themes weakens his novels. While designed for the classroom, the book deserves a wider readership, among those fans who read widely but uncritically.

—Neil Barron

THE INFINITE CAGE by Keith Laumer. Putnam, 1972. 221 p. $5.95

Quite a novel, this—a hopeless idiot goes A.W.O.L. from his residential school and is picked up by the police for wandering naked along a highway. He finds he can tune in to various 'voices,' falls into the hands of Sister Louella, a greedy fortune-teller, and learns to tap the 'voices' to fill gaps in his own experience. When Adam, as Sister Louella names him, realizes that he is reading minds, he uses his ability to amass a fortune, which he then attempts to distribute to the worthy poor. He is rejected on all sides, badly injured, deserted even by Sister Louella, and crawls away to die. When he is found by Arthur Poldak, one of his original 'voices,' who is engaged in dream research, he is made aware of himself as 'super-man' or pure intellect, and leaves the physical matrix in which he has been functioning so unsuccessfully.

Keith Laumer certainly knows his human beings. The people who reject Adam, ridicule him, even fear him, are reacting to his violation of their expectations. Thus, the multiparous young woman is offended at the stranger's offer of money for sterilization, even though that is what she needs, and the woman he desires hurts him by continuing to reject him, even after he has fulfilled her requirements of clothing, money, and improved physique, simply because he is 'not her type.' As Arthur Poldak points out, Adam is a failure among humans in the same way a man would be a failure among monkeys.

The 'super man' concept is hinted at throughout the book, and Arthur Poldak's continued attempts to find Adam add to the suspense. The reader is definitely led to sympathize with Adam as he struggles to cope with a world filled with nuances he is expected to understand, even though his intellect is, as it were, newborn, and definitely oriented toward the literal.

—Charlotte Moslander

DYING INSIDE by Robert Silverberg. Scribner, 1972. 245 p. $6.95 Hugo nominee, Nebula runner-up

Robert Silverberg's hero, David Selig, is telepathic. He was born with that ability, and through the years it has given him much pleasure and pain. Pleasure came when he touched the very soul of a person with his mind—the essence of life thrilled him no end. Although Selig could read minds, hardly anybody knew what was going on in his. Selig is a very lonely man. He is the ultimate voyeur...the peeping tom. As middle age sets in, Selig's telepathic power diminishes. His day of reckoning has come. He's about to lose his only toehold on life.

Silverberg thrusts the reader into Selig's brain—and leaves him there. Amidst Selig's emotions, desires and unfulfilled dreams, there's a brief but futile struggle against the tide of nature. It's soon evident a part of Selig must die, so that the man can be reborn.

Dying Inside will hold your attention. You will become intimate with the balding Selig, neuroses and all. There might even be remembrances of Holden Caulfield—with a little twist.

—Philip Chin

THE RETURN OF KAVIN by David Mason. Lancer 75361, 1972. 286 p. 95¢

Kavin, Prince of Dorada, returns from the dead to face a new menace threatening his world. The mad emperor Sharamash has been possessed by the powerful and inimical being Ess, and now labors to build a gate between worlds to loose this creature against mankind. In his madness he would destroy his own empire in an attempt to gain the awesome powers of Ess.

Kavin joins Hugon, wit, warrior and thief; Zamor, black giant and sworn brother to Hugon; Thuramon, white sorcerer, seer and guide; Gwynna, a beautiful woman with a dark past; and Fraak the miniature flying dragon, in a desperate bid to steal the Egg of Fire, key to the gate of Ess. Ranged against them are Gann, Kavin's soulless other self, and the demonic might of Ess—to say nothing of various human armies.

Sequel to *Kavin's World*, Mason's new novel is a comparative disappointment. The story is more of Hugon and friends than of Kavin, who spends most of his time standing around looking noble, self-sacrificing and quietly bilious. The most three-dimensional character of the lot is Fraak. The plot is a grab bag of action adventure including such elements as magic, parallel worlds, an unhelpful goddess, lost technology, and a time paradox.

The Return of Kavin is a pleasant enough evening's reading for heroic fantasy buffs, but David Mason has done far better... and hopefully will again.

—B. A. Fredstrom

ALSO RECEIVED

Born Under Mars, by John Brunner. Ace 07161, June. 95¢ (2 ptg)

Conjure Wife, by Fritz Leiber. Award AN1143. 95¢ (3 ptg)

The Devil Is Alive and Well and Living in America Today, by Jason Michaels. Award AQ1137. $1.25

Escape to Witch Mountain, by Alexander Key. Archway 29572, August. 75¢ (hardcover: Westminster, 1968. $3.75)

Forgotten Worlds, by Robert Charroux. Walker, July. $7.95 (tr. from French)

The Left Hand of Darkness, by Ursula K. LeGuin. Ace 478008, Nov. 1972. 95¢ (3 ptg; hardcover: Walker, 1969. $4.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 11)

Magic, Supernaturalism and Religion, by Kurt Seligmann. Pantheon, Sept. $3.95 (repr of The History of Magic)

Perry Rhodan 25: Snowman in Flames, by Clark Darlton. Ace 66008, June. 75¢

The Sky People, by Brinsley LePoer Trench. Award AN1152. 95¢

Star Guard, by Andre Norton. Ace 78131, June. 95¢ (3 ptg)

A Wrinkle in Time, by Madeleine L'Engle. Dell Yearling, April. $1.25 (juv; hardcover: Farrar Straus, 1962. $3.25)

The Wrong End of Time, by John Brunner. DAW UQ1061. 95¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1971. $4.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 41/42)