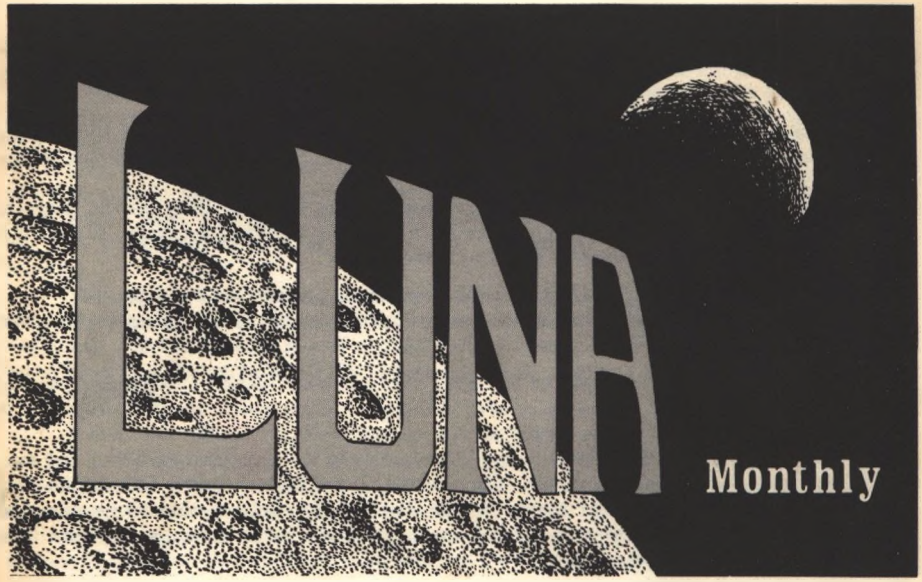


No. 53 August 1974

Jack Williamson: An Interview

by Sandra Dodd

Dr. Williamson, there has been a tremendous increase of interest in science fiction and fantasy among college and university students across the country. To what do you attribute this?

Students—as young people—tend to be impatient with the status quo. They don't yet have the same stake in, or the same adjustment to it, that they will have later. Just now, the result of the Vietnam war has been an unusual peak of disillusionment. To that can be added the ecological crisis, race tensions, etc. The world is changing, with most of the change due to science and technology. I think the basic interest in science fiction is the futurological interest. Students unhappy with the present find alternative possible futures in science fiction.

Why do you feel that science fiction is a subject that merits serious academic study?

The best science fiction is literature, as much worth study as any literature. It deals with real human problems. For example, the problems of permanence versus progress, of appearance versus reality, of the individual versus society, of freedom versus law. I think, for example, Plato's *Republic* might be considered an early brief for progress, and Aristophanes' *The Birds* an early brief against it. The documentation of this debate can be continued through the centuries, for example, with Bacon versus Swift, and Wells versus Bellamy, and John Campbell's *Astounding* versus Horace Gold's *Galaxy*.

As one of the 'old pros' of the science fiction field, do you feel that the quality of the novels and stories written today surpasses those of the 30's and 40's?

There's a lot more science fiction written today, of more different types. A lot of the readers and writers are more mature today, more sophisticated, better educated—a lot of the fans have grown up, without leaving the field. I respect the literary skills of the new writers—but then I can't think of any who are really better than H. G. Wells or Aldous Huxley.

Much science fiction written today is based on pseudo-science or no science at all. Do you feel this type of fiction merits the term 'science fiction'?

Much science fiction has always been based on poor science or no science. The 'hard'

science fiction has never been more than maybe five percent—but it has been an influential five percent. I think most readers understand the label, 'science fiction.' I'm willing to keep it.

Many authors, editors, and fans feel that many of the science fiction films of the 1950's did much to hurt the reputation of science fiction in the eyes of literary critics. Would you expound on this please?

I would agree that the science fiction horror films did very little for the image or reputation of the genre with the critics or with intelligent readers generally. But then it didn't have much standing before those films came along.

What science fiction films and television series have you particularly enjoyed?

2001 is, I think, the finest science fiction movie I've seen. On TV, I enjoyed the first year or so of *Star Trek*.

Frederik Pohl, in his speech at the 30th World Science Fiction Convention, charged that much of the science fiction being written today is too relevant and will be forgotten in the years to come. Would you comment on this please?

I think Fred has a point. For example, the stories of the population problem and man drowning in his own pollution have become trite and tiresome as the totalitarian-state stories did during the reign of Hitler. People don't read science fiction to be preached at—though I think science fiction readers are more interested in intelligent themes than readers of most other popular genres.

Dr. Williamson, would you tell us about the current projects you and Frederik Pohl are collaborating on?

About my current collaboration with Fred Pohl: "Doomship" (in the April *Worlds of If*) is the opening novella of a group of probably three that are to be put together to make a

LUNA Monthly
Editor: Ann F. Dietz
Published monthly by Frank & Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard Street, Oradell, N.J. 07649

DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL:
First Friday of preceding month

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
50¢ per copy, 75¢ on newsstand
$5.00 per year Third Class mail within U.S.
5.50 per year Third Class mail worldwide
6.75 per year First Class mail within North America
Subscriptions requiring special invoicing 50¢ additional
Microfilm Edition: $17.00 per reel (year)
Back issues: #1 to 25 - 75¢ each, #26 to current - 50¢ each

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

US ISSN 0024-7375

ADVERTISING RATES:

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

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

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

COPY SIZE: (inside margins)

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

OTHER LUNA PUBLICATIONS:

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

Member: Science Fiction Publishers Association

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

AUSTRALIA A$6.30
Gary Mason, GPO Box 1583, Adelaide, S.A. 5001, Australia

CONTINENTAL DM22
Mario B. Bosnyak, 1000 BERLIN 62, Merseburger Str. 3, W. Germany

GREAT BRITAIN 355p
Gerald Bishop, 10 Marlborough Road, Exeter EX2 4JT, England

JAPAN ¥3000
Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10, O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan

novel of the same title for Ballantine. This novel, in turn, is the first of a trilogy—which is about the exploration of an extraordinary object in space.

I enjoy working with Fred Pohl. I like his style, his editorial sense, his philosophy—in fact, I like Fred himself. I have known him for a long time—he was once my agent. I trust him. I feel that this sort of confidence is necessary in a collaborator.

Our working method is that we develop the background and plot ideas by mail or when possible in talk; I work up more detailed plots, sometimes let Fred comment on them again, then I write a rough draft. Fred does the finished copy, sometimes showing drafts to me. The process works well, at least for me. I'm usually pretty happy with the finished product.

This is our third trilogy. Both the earlier ones were developed from ideas I had originally developed on my own. This time, we have had more consultation from the beginning. I think the idea is new enough to be exciting. I've been thinking up details for some time, and I'm certainly excited about the whole project. I think it should be our most successful work.

Would you tell our readers about the science fiction course that you teach?

I have been teaching a science fiction course at Eastern New Mexico University each fall since 1964. It's a general survey, three credit hours, at junior level. We consider the definition of science fiction; kinds of science fiction; the history of the genre; how to write it; how to use it for entertainment, satire, futurological extrapolation; the criticism of science fiction, etc. The readings—some eight or ten books—are selected to show that science fiction has, among other things, been carrying on an unending debate about the usefulness of man's reason, the value of science, the shape of the future, the stature of man himself. The pessimists are represented by Swift, Wells, Aldous Huxley, and such current writers as Harlan Ellison, the optimists by such writers as Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov the early Robert A. Heinlein, etc. Each student does a couple of pieces of creative writing, and we are experimenting with group projects of various sorts: for example, planning utopias.

What subject areas would you like to see science fiction authors explore in the future?

I don't want to limit science fiction writers of the future to any list of topics, and I hope to write stories about the best topics I can think of. I'm interested in current science, and in the current problems of mankind.

At one time early in my career I kept elaborate notebooks of characters, themes, background, plot ideas, etc. I found that I never had any occasion to look back at them. The live material—the problems I can write about—all that is part of the live world in which I happen to be living at the moment.

The best hard science fiction is that written on the basis of new theoretical ideas of science that have not yet been fully developed by the technologists. (One of the basic ideas for the "Doomship" series comes from the astronomer Freeman Dyson—and I think we have an adequate time span in which to write the stories before the technologists catch up with us!)

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

JOHN W. CAMPBELL MEMORIAL AWARD The second annual John W. Campbell Memorial Award for the best science fiction novel of 1973 was presented at a public ceremony held at the California State University, Fullerton, on April 20. Judges for this year were Brian W. Aldiss, Thomas D. Clareson, Beverly Friend, James Gunn, Mark R. Hillegas, Willis E. McNelly, and Peter Nicholls. However Brian Aldiss did not vote because his novel *Frankenstein Unbound* was among those being considered. The winners were:

RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA, by Arthur C. Clarke (Galaxy, Harcourt, Gollancz)--tie for first

MALEVIL, by Robert Merle (Simon & Schuster)--tie for first

THE GREEN GENE, by Peter Dickinson (Hodder, Pantheon)--tie for second

THE EMBEDDING, by Ian Watson (Gollancz)--tie for second

THE COSMIC CONNECTION, by Carl Sagan (Anchor)--special nonfiction award

NOVEL
The People of the Wind, by Poul Anderson (Analog, Signet)
Rendezvous with Rama, by Arthur C. Clarke (Galaxy, Harcourt)
The Man Who Folded Himself, by David Gerrold (Random)
Time Enough for Love, by Robert A. Heinlein (Putnam, Berkley)
Protector, by Larry Niven (Ballantine)

NOVELLA
Death and Designation Among the Asadi, by Michael Bishop (If)
The White Otters of Childhood, by Michael Bishop (F&SF)
Chains of the Sea, by Gardner Dozois (Chains of the Sea)
The Girl Who Was Plugged In, by James Tiptree, Jr. (New Dimensions 3)
The Death of Doctor Island, by Gene Wolfe (Universe 3)

NOVELETTE
City on the Sand, by Geo. Alec Effinger (F&SF)
The Deathbird, by Harlan Ellison (F&SF)
Of Mist, and Grass, and Sand, by Vonda N. McIntyre (Analog)
He Fell Into a Dark Hole, by Jerry Pournelle (Analog)
Love Is the Plan, the Plan Is Death, by James Tiptree, Jr. (The Alien Condition)

SHORT STORY
The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas, by Ursula K. Le Guin (New Dimensions 3)
Wings, by Vonda N. McIntyre (The Alien Condition)
With Morning Comes Mistfall, by George R. R. Martin (Analog)
Construction Shack, by Clifford D. Simak (If)

PROFESSIONAL EDITOR
Ben Bova
Terry Carr
Ed Ferman
Robert Silverberg
Ted White
Donald A. Wollheim

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST
Vincent DiFate
Frank Frazetta
Kelly Freas
Jack Gaughan
John Schoenherr

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION
Genesis II
The Six Million Dollar Man (pilot)
Sleeper
Soylent Green
Westworld

AMATEUR MAGAZINE
Algol (Andy Porter)
The Alien Critic (Richard E. Geis)
Locus (Charles & Dena Brown)
Outworlds (Bill & Joan Bowers)

FAN ARTIST
Alicia Austin
Grant Canfield
Tim Kirk
Bill Rotsler
Arthur Thomson (ATom)

FAN WRITER
Laura Basta
Richard E. Geis
Susan Glicksohn
Jacqueline Lichtenberg
Sandra Meisel

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD
Jesse Miller
Thomas Monteleone
Spider Robinson
Guy Snider
Lisa Tuttle

GANDALF AWARD
Poul Anderson
L. Sprague de Camp
Fritz Leiber
J. R. R. Tolkien

The International Scene

DAWN AND THE DARKEST HOUR: A REVIEW ESSAY

by Mark Purcell

DAWN AND THE DARKEST HOUR: A STUDY OF ALDOUS HUXLEY by George Woodcock. Viking Press, 1972. 299 p. $7.95

Despite its chronological layout, this source-study of Huxley's books is a pleasant bedside book for snack-reading. It will give special pleasure, of course, to those interested in the books, friends and gurus who influenced the author of *Brave New World*. For his treatise, Woodcock is qualified by stylistic literacy, the experience of 15-20 previous books, and a personal participation in some of the political-religious movements that also involved Huxley.

Presumably, the hard-sf reader will browse the index for the pages that analyze *Brave New World*(173-81) or the later sf titles. Actually, scientific ideas permeate Huxley's essays and mainstream novels from the start. Woodcock quotes a passage by "Mr. Scogan" (Bertrand Russell) from *Crome Yellow* (1921) that practically lays out a floor plan for *Brave New World* (1932). And any reader familiar with the other novels (say, *Antic Hay* or *After Many a Summer...*) will remember their scientific elements. My own knowledge of sf fans—from conventions and their reviews and letters—is that they'll start at the back of Woodcock's book, with Huxley's Hollywood-mystic period.

As an important mainstream novelist, Huxley's stock-market rating declined in the thirties. It can be symbolized by the different values he denotes, first as fictionalized in C. P. Snow's (anon.) 1933 sf *New Lives for Old*—where he is the brilliantly successful stud novelist who deflowers the inexperienced heroine along the Riviera—and then, his chastened appearance in Fitzgerald's *Last Tycoon* (1941), taking a primer lesson in the art of the screenplay from the book's producer-hero (Irving Thalberg).

Huxley achieved fame (early '20s) at a time and place where it was considered unnatural that a professional writer should be descended from a scientist; in Aldous' case, Thomas Huxley, "Darwin's bulldog." Actually, Aldous' full genetic inheritance came from a writing clan, the Huxley-Stephen-Wards, first prominent in 19th century England. Aldous was no sport. Many in the clan had already produced the novels of ideas or informative nonfiction that became his two specialties.

Next to Grover Smith's recent edition of the *Letters*, Woodcock's book is probably the most convenient one volume commentary on Huxley's whole intellectual career. LUNA readers should be warned however that the old faculty taboo on mentioning the sf influences on mainstream writers is strictly enforced here. Foreigners of course are respectable; so Woodcock even goes beyond the evidence to claim Evgeny Zamyatin's *We* (1924) as an ancestor for *Brave New Worlds*. But the obvious commercial stimulus for Huxley, Olaf Stapledon's *Last and First Men* (1930), is absent from *Dawn*'s index: both author and title are missing. I recognized Woodcock's 'forgetfulness' from another recent reviewing experience, for *Choice* with a faculty critic's book (again). The *Choice* book had a chapter on Alain Resnais' films. Where Resnais used mainstream French novelists for his scripts, full credit was given in the chapter for the authors' contributions. But with the script for Resnais' one sf film by the French sf pro, Jacques Sternberg—suddenly, our faculty critic 'forgot' the usual writer's credit.

Woodcock's most helpful literary criticism concerns the short novels that Aldous first jammed into his short story collections during the fertile twenties; and only published separately late in his career: *Genius and the Goddess*; the late sf. Sometimes of course these short novels were only tryouts (in technique or content) for the longer books. But Woodcock argues that some of the earlier *novellen* are almost his best fiction. With Huxley's several early books of poems—most young prose talents begin with verse—Woodcock is too apologetic. Huxley's poems are "Huxley-ish," an important asset, and individualized also by their use of scientific facts or ideas. In lifestyle, interests, temperament and French influences, there was much overlap between the young Huxley and the young T. S. Eliot;

probably their mutual recognition of this led to their consistently snide social relationship (at least in print).

Woodcock pretty much averts his eyes from Huxley's film-writing; so that you must know elsewhere or from the Late Show that *Pride and Prejudice* (1940, MGM, Olivier and Greer Garson) is considered a sleeper, like the Val Lewton thrillers or the Boetticher-Scott westerns. As I said above, a LUNA reader taking up *Dawn* will probably first check out Woodcock on Huxley's drug-religion books (1937ff). Woodcock criticizes *Ends and Means*, *Perennial Philosophy* and the rest, with some professional knowledge of Asiatic philosophy and of Gandhi's India. He began reading (and discipling) Huxley in the thirties, so that unlike Snow he associates Aldous with his so-called later interests, not with his sex-on-the-Riviera '20s image. Woodcock goes to some critical trouble to convince his reader that *Eyeless in Gaza*, the 1936 pacifist-commitment novel, is really Huxley's richest book, not *Brave New World* nor *Point Counter Point* (1928).

Now for some negatives (about Woodcock): first, *Dawn* has the academic fault of letting its background sources divert the scholar-critic from studying what his author-subject actually wrote. So Woodcock presumes Huxley's a great stylist. (The old lit. reference books will back him up.) No, sorry. As a wit or aphorist, to compare Aldous with such Edwardians as Shaw, Wilde, Chesterton or (yes) Churchill, is only embarrassing. If we limit 'style' only to his peers in the postwar British novel, and then only to those writers using his special material, Huxley is a poorer stylist than Firbank, Wyndham Lewis, Woolf or P. G. Wodehouse. That Huxley was a stimulus or idea-man for authors like Lewis or (later) Evelyn Waugh, is unquestionable; but Aldous could not cut his material for point, and always buries his good phrases or sentences, usually in verbose parallel structures.

About the recent 'influence' of Huxley's social-religious ideas, it is partly a matter of California being his home stamping-grounds intellectually; he loved it there, movie jobs and all. Childless, communal condom-sex on the beaches with flat-faced beauty-contest babes: this was Aldous' erotic Message to Mankind. (I'm sure there was a Jayne Mansfield pinup bookmarking his *Bhagavad Gita.*) He always shared the sexual horror of his middlebrow-intellectual public at the blue-collar patriarchal male. (The better writers of his type of novel, Lewis and Firbank, came out flatfootedly either for virility or for the other thing, but this was too black-and-white a choice for the '20s public, so they bought Huxley.) Children, you see, compete with Daddy for Mommy-Wife's attention. As the recent *Letters* reveal, Huxley's beautiful Belgian-refugee wife, Maria, clearly understood the maternal role she would have in her famous husband's life; while he wrote hip-sex manuals in novel form to impress bright young provincials like Snow or Woodcock with his sophisticated 'style.'

Finally, Woodcock is too patronizing about Huxley's blindness. For some reason, it is still licit to run on about an author's diseases or other crippling conditions at irrelevant length, when references to his race or culture are taboo. But the bodily demands for writing are a little different than those for pro football or big-game fishing; the tense, slight Charles Dickens was better equipped *physically* for producing long novels than was All-American Ernest Hemingway. Huxley's blindness he shared with such lightweight talents as Milton, Joyce, Borges and the traditional Homer; sightlessness for writers is apparently a compensatory stimulus rather than a limitation. None of Huxley's real faults—we all have some, after all—seem to derive from his eye problem. This he fought all his life with the guile of an educated man—even to the point of becoming a good art critic! (See pp.41-2.) I think Woodcock is here regressing to the old faculty superstition that there are these abnormal guys named X who write these screwy books; and then there are these healthy, normal guys like Woodcock who—well, write books about X, like *Dawn and the Darkest Hour.*

Coming Events

LOCAL CLUB MEETINGS

BCSFA meets the third Saturday of each month at various locations. For info: BCSFA, P.O. Box 35577, Vancouver "E", B.C. V6M 4G9. Or phone Mike Bailey (731-8451 or 666-6604)

CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP meets alternate Saturdays at homes of members. For info: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236

DALLAS-FT. WORTH SF, MOVIE & COMIC CLUBS hold joint meetings once a month at various locations. For info: Mini-Cons, Box 34305, Dallas, Tex. 75234

DASFA meets the third Saturday of each month at the Southwest State Bank, 1380 S. Federal Blvd., Danver, at 7:30pm. For info: Gordon Garb, C310 Corbett Hall, Fort Collins, Colo. 80521

ESFA meets the first Sunday of the month at the YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St, Newark, N.J., at 3pm

LASFS meets every Thursday at 11360 Ventura Blvd, Studio City, Calif. 91604, at 8pm

LUNARIANS meets the third Saturday of each month at homes of members in the New York area. By invitation only. For info: Walter R. Cole, 1171 E. 8th St, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230 (ph: 212-CL2-9759)

MISFITS meets in the Detroit area. For info: Howard Devore, 4705 Weddel St, Dearborn Heights, Mich. 48125 (ph: LO5-4157)

NESFA meets the second and fourth Sunday of the month at homes of members in the Boston area, at 2pm. For info: NESFA, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch P.O., Cambridge, Mass. 02139

NOSFA meets at homes of members. For info: John Guidry, 5 Finch St, New Orleans, La. 70124 (ph:282-0443)

PSFS meets the second Friday of each month at the Drexel University Student Activity Center, 32nd & Chestnut Sts, Philadelphia, at 8pm. For info: Gale Burnick, 4300 Spruce St. (basement), Philadelphia, Pa. 19104

WAYNE 3RD FOUNDATION meets in Detroit. For info: Wayne Third Foundation, Box 102, University Center Bldg, Wayne State University, Detroit, Mich. 48202

WSFA meets the first Friday of each month at the home of Alexis Gilliland, 4030 S. Eighth St, Arlington, Va; the third Friday at the home of Bill Berg, 2131 Keating St, Hillcrest Hgts, Md. 20031 (ph: 301-894-8048); and the fifth Friday at various places

August

23-25 AGACON 74 at the Sheraton-Biltmore Hotel, Atlanta, Ga. Membership: $7.50. For info: Agacon 74, Box 11023, Atlanta, Ga. 30310

29-Sept. 2 DISCON II at the Sheraton-Park Hotel, 2660 Woodley Rd NW, Washington, D.C. 20008. GoH: Roger Zelazny, Fan GoH: Jay Kay Klein. Reg: $7 attending, $3 supporting. For info: Discon II, P.O. Box 31127, Washington, D.C. 20031

30-Sept. 1 SFANCON 5 in Ghent, Belgium. GoH: Ken Bulmer, Fan GoH: Peter Roberts. Reg: 120.00 BF. For info: Simon Joukes, 'De Oude Ross' Geleeg 7-8, B-2860 Onze-Lieve-Vrouw-Waver, Belgium

September

27-29 PgHLANGE 6 at the Sheraton Motor Inn North, Pittsburgh, Pa. GoH: Joanna Russ. Adv. reg: $3.50, $4 at door. For info: John Curlovich, 108 Montville St, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15214

October

25-27 NOVACON 4 at the Imperial Centre Hotel, Birmingham, England. GoH: Ken Slater. Reg: £1.50. For info: Robert Hoffman, 44 Middleston Hall Rd, Kings Norton, Birmingham B30 1BY, England

November

9-10 BENELUXCON II, AmerSFoort, Netherlands. For info: Annemarie & Leo Kindt, Spolnogellaan 45a, Den Haag, Netherlands

29-Dec. 1 INFINITY 74 at the Hotel Commodore, NYC. Reg: $4 to Nov. 1, $5 at door. For info: Joe Rizzo, 21-68 41st St, Astoria, N.Y. 11105

December

13-15 PHILCON at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, Philadelphia. Reg: $4 to Nov. 15, $5 at door. For info: Gale Burnick, 4300 Spruce St (basement), Philadelphia, Pa. 19104

January 1975

10-12 INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION at the Americana Hotel, NYC. Adv. reg: $5 to Dec. 1. For info: International Star Trek Convention, Box 3127, New York, N.Y. 10008

24-26 CONFUSION 13 at the Michigan League on the University of Michigan campus, Ann Arbor, Mich. GoH: Frederik Pohl, Fan GoH: Mike Glicksohn. For info: Ro Nagey, 731 Packard 112, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104

February

14-17 THE STAR TREK CONVENTION at the Hotel Commodore, NYC. Reg: $7.50 to Sept. 4. For info: The Star Trek Convention, G.P.O. Box 951, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

March

28-31 SEACON 75. For info: Peter Roberts, Flat 4, 6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2, England

July

3-6 WESTERCON 28 at the Hotel Leamington, Oakland, Calif. GoH: David Gerrold, Special GoHs: Ian & Betty Ballantine, Fan GoHs: Charlie & Dena Brown. Membership $5 to May 1, 1975, $6 thereafter. For info: P.O. Box 24560, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024

August

14-17 AUSSIECON (33rd World Science Fiction Convention) at the Southern Cross Hotel, Melbourne, Australia. GoH: Ursula K. Le Guin, Fan GoHs: Mike & Susan Glicksohn. Reg: $A2 supporting, $A7 attending. For info: Aussiecon, GPO Box 4039, Melbourne 3001, Victoria, Australia

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

Have You Read?

Asimov, Isaac "Party by Satellite" (story) Saturday Evening Post, May, p.34-7+

Bisenieks, Dainis "Tales From the 'Perilous Realm': Good News for the Modern Child" (fantasy literature) Christian Century, June 5, p.617-8+

Brady, James "Op-Ed Page 1994" New York, March 18, p.8+

Davis, Christopher "There's the Devil to Pay" (childrens occult literature) New York Times Book Review, May 5, p.22+

Gardella, Kay "Age of the Aged Coming, Predicts Writer Asimov" (TV special) New York Daily News, May 28, p.56

Gardner, Martin "On the Contradictions of Time Travel" Scientific American, May p. 120-23

Green, Benny "Dodgson's Wonderland" The Spectator, Feb. 16, p.207

Heinzen, Barbara "Scholarship Shenanigans" (robot play) Plays, May, p.45-52

Janifer, Laurence M. "Learning the Words" (teaching writing) Writer, May, p.19-21

Levathes, Kiki "A Real Ghoul Evening with Andy Warhol" (Frankenstein) New York Daily News, May 14

Nelson, Joyce "Vonnegut and 'Bugs in Amber'" Journal of Popular Culture, Winter, p.551-8

Peters, Ted "Chariots, UFOs, and the Mystery of God" (Erich von Daniken) Christian Century, May 22, p.560-3

Schuman, Samuel "Out of the Fryeing Pan and into the Pyre: Comedy, Myth and 'The Wizard of Oz'" Journal of Popular Culture, Fall 1973, p.302-4

Skow, John "Raisin d'etre" (Wampeters, foma & granfalloons) Time, June 3, p.77

Thomas, Bob "Mel Brooks Salutes 'Young Frankenstein'" New York Post, May 28, p.22

Timmerman, John "Tolkien's Crucible of Faith: the Sub-Creation" Christian Century, June 5, p.608-11

Warner, Sylvia Townsend "The Blameless Triangle" (story) New Yorker, May 20, p.37-45
"Beliard" (story) New Yorker, April 29, p.32-7

FANTASY IN THE ARTS

Tom Swift and His..., staged by the Dinglefest Theater Company

reviewed by Carolann B. Purcell

Chicago's Body Politic bistro sends this troupe, whose work qualifies as fantasy: recall their lines from rapturous *Scientific American* predictions and awe-gee-whiz *Popular Science*, *The Book of Wonders* or *Harper's Weekly*. They razz the dickens from Tom Swift's narrative style; better, they don't overdo it. The best 'bits' are sober explications of technical subjects, backgrounded by hilarious gestures and incredible vocal effects—no recorded sounds for them—as in the tamper-proof bike-lock sketch, or again, a solemn disquisition on open-air mining which frames some triple entendres.

From chin music to mime, frequently barbershopping interludes, this exuberant bunch shows ensemble work at its best. They are already excellent. N.I.U.'s Northern Illinois University) bouncy, talented, knickered four boys and two girls have verve and wit.

Aside from a brief opener harking from Geoffrey Buckley or Marcel Marceau's glass wall number, Dinglefest's material is both fresh and funny (even if the novels by George Peck, Ambrose Bierce or Victor Appleton have subsequently-overworked phrases). These energetic kids know what to do with an idea, with time-space-sound-motion-humor. Their hijinks fit audiences ages 7 and up, as the players parody the wonders of engineering sciences from an insider's love of gadgets, Rube Goldberg plumbing, and other technicalities. That Can-Do spirit, the knowhow we used to feel we had—these nostalgic morsels stand up endearingly against our Not-so-sure Nowadays. We especially liked their submarine, flying machine, touring car, steam locomotive, and some daffy women inventors who'll scuttle everything if they once begin.

I can't possibly profit from this plug by the way, but you readers can: call associate director Colin Stinton (312-871-3000) for a booking and catch them soon!

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

SOME OTHER RECENT THEATRICAL PRODUCTIONS

CORFAX, by Wilford Leach. At La Mama in New York. A tribe of humanoids invade Earth. New York Times says "lacks the tautness of Mr. Leach's other works...neither as scary nor as funny as it could be...throbbing score, eerie setting and stage effects keep us transfixed. On a miniscule budget, Mr. Leach can work wonders of theatrical illusion."

The Electric Element, by the British Rubbish Repertory Company. At the Theatre Royal, London. Daily Telegraph says "This space-time comedy fantasia is an unsteady and indeed unready pantomime."

The Future, a musical written and directed by Al Carmines. Presented by Judson Poets' Theater at Judson Memorial Church, New York. The New York Times: "Decidedly a hybrid evening."

Le Grand Guignol Revient, a Christian Fechner presentation of three one-act plays: L'Horrible fin du Docteur Guillotin, Le bal des fous, Les bouchers de Whitechapel by Gerard Croce. At the Theatre de l'Europeen, Paris. Variety says "...the show might conceivably join the Folies-Bergere...for tourists... The special effects are well done."

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

RECENT RECORDINGS

Apocalypse, by the Mahavishnu Orchestra with the London Symphony. Columbia

A Coven of Witches' Tales, told by Vincent Price. Caedmon TC 1338. $6.50

Into the Sun, by Sunship. Capitol.

The Serpent Is Rising, by Styx. Wooden Nickel BWL 1-0287. $5.98

Solar Fire, by Manfred Mann's Earth Band. Polydor 6019. $4.98

A Spiritual Greeting, by White Witch. Capricorn

The Tale of the Giant Rat of Sumatra, by the Firesign Theatre. Columbia

S F and the Cinema

THE HUBLEYS' ANIMATED 'EGGS'

by Mark Purcell

With regular theatre-film distribution in this country porno-ed up and otherwise scrambled by boom-or-bust attendance, movie shorts must travel the slow, bumpy circuit of booking through the audio-visual libraries, college and municipal. This means one-at-a-time sales, no systematic overall playoff. More specifically, it means that in summer 1973, I find myself catching a 'recent' (1970) cartoon by John and Faith Hubley, the best-known American animation team—how? by sitting in on a purchase-preview screening in the local library's projection room.

This film, *Eggs*, is one of the Hubleys' pictures that shows their scientific interests, like *Of Stars and Men*, their 1961 astronomy feature with Harlow Shapley. In *Eggs*, the Hubleys once again replace the two ritual opponents of the commercial cartoon (predator-plucky 'victim') with their thematic substitutes: mirror-opposites whose every conversation, however friendly it may seem, means a confrontation. Here these are Persephone, the (floozy) goddess of spring and fertility, and her spectral consort, Death the lord of winter. Pluto's old Greek chariot is replaced with a mod high-speed heap, and his seedy (two senses) babe hops aboard to begin their annual trip around the seasons, spring to winter.

But Death is now dissatisfied, grumbling that life (growth) has won the race and that the cycle of 'natural' fruition and decay has been broken. Two quick sketches illustrate this loser's grumble. (The biggest-named voices on the soundtrack are Anita Ellis' and David Burns'.) Sketch One is a sperm bank visit by a (2-pants) couple. The whole film's best gag occurs here as a throwaway; it seems the husband must practice the fiddle everyday to verify for sperm bank records that they're culturally qualified for parenthood! Sketch Two concerns the 225th birthday of the end-result of a lot of successful transplants.

With the usual artistic economy of the professional cartoon, *Eggs* covers more ground faster than a story or documentary-feature on its topic. Most critics mention the Hubleys' UPA-economy trick of the merely sketched drawings. But their independent work (middle fifties on) really has the intention of 'packing' the frame as Stroheim, Renoir and Visconti tried to load each shot of their features. This is the opposite of the abstract comedy-gag style (either in cartoons or features) where the director is trying to isolate audience attention on one punchline effect. It is Hubleys' style, not simply their content, that creates some resistance in previtw rooms, though their pictures have certainly been popular enough: *Moonbird*, *Adventures of **, *The Hole*, *The Hat*.

John Hubley was a Disney animator in his most innovative period, the late thirties. But Hubley's independent postwar work grows out of the ethos of media liberalism, and his cartoons proceed from its strategic position, that there is an educated consensus position on so-called controversial issues. 'Controversial' only means that the hicks haven't yet caught up. Unquestionably he has produced a successful body of imaginative work, but once we regard his cartoons as contributions to social thought, this attitude creates some limitations. For example, Hubley worked on probably the three best race-issue cartoons made in this country: his *The Hole* and *The Hat*, and the 1946 *Brotherhood of Man* signed by Bob Cannon. But all three work away from the hard sociological edge of the problem. It may be argued that they go 'as far' as animation could at their respective periods, and still get commercial release. But I'm raising the issue of the creator's moral attitude towards his audience, not his topic.

Thus *Brotherhood of Man* stressed genetic theory, a fake issue (first raised by forgotten intellectuals, then taken over by the rightwing) in the American racial problem. Yet the relevant genetic factor disappears entirely from *Eggs*' thesis on population. By the standards of Mozart's or Shakespeare's population belts, the modern West (since sometime before World War I) has reproduced its high-quality genes too seldom, not too often; and too late in the biological age of the possessors of those genes. The modern liberal consensus on population control is based on sociology, a kind of anti-technology, and a self-realization

by our present power class that they're not qualified themselves to handle the arrangements needed for a dynamic future economy.

Liberalism gives Hubley themes and subject matter, what Marxism once gave Malraux and silent Russian films, and what Christian theology gave a John Bunyan or a Flannery O'Connor. With something adult to say, you don't necessarily raise your voice; and Hubley's personal cartoons tend to avoid hard linear definition, sharpened punch lines and visual 'points.'

Cartoonists like Hubley (McLaren, Lenica) much more obviously have the individualistic styles and themes that campus film instructors now claim to find lurking in the studio features of every old Hollywood hack who once 'directed' pre-hired actors on standing sets against automatic release dates. But outside the technical how-to-cartoon guides, animators can't expect this faculty recognition as yet. There is the staggered distribution problem I mentioned above. And their anonymity (how many film buffs ask after a good cartoon, "Who was the director?"?) hurts the sales value of books and magazine articles publicizing them.

Hubley himself worked on every pre-war Disney feature from *Snow White* on, until the 1941 studio strike and wartime conditions combined to silence Disney as a serious inventor in the field of animation. (Of course Disney himself was not a 'cartoonist,' only what we would call, outside the cartooning film, a producer, editor, scripter and boss.) But in terms of screen credits, Hubley's career officially divides into two periods, both postwar. These are UPA, 1946-52, with Magoo and Gerald McBoing-Boing; then, most individual of all, the output of Storyboard, John and Faith Hubley's family firm. (Their kids are the stars of *Moonbird.*)

One important credit doesn't fit into this career history. The breakthrough 1947 production of Brecht's *Galileo* was packaged in Los Angeles by Brecht, Charles Laughton the star and co-translator, and its director, Joseph Losey. Losey knew film-people and film-techniques, and brought in Hubley to do pre-design sketches for *Galileo*'s sets and scenes. So important were these that Brecht's later East Berlin productions and Losey's post-Joe McCarthy London films continued this practice—using other artists, of course.

NEWS AND NOTES

Producers Fred Weintraub and Paul Heller have signed with Warners to film *The Barony*. Robert Clouse will direct the film, starring Yul Brynner... Four production units started working at the same time on the Irwin Allen film *The Towering Inferno*, a possible record for Hollywood... Susan Penhaligon has been signed as the starring female lead in AIP's production of the ERB classic *The Land That Time Forgot*, now being filmed in and around London... Target date for release of MGM's *Futureworld* is January 6, 1975... Filmation Studios has picked Seymour Borde & Associates to distribute its first animated theatrical feature, *Journey Back to Oz*. Premier is set for this summer.

Roddy McDowall has been signed to star in 20th Century-Fox TV's *Planet of the Apes* series for CBS-TV this fall He will again play a sympathetic chimpanzee, with the remaining two lead roles, both astronauts, yet to be cast.

CURRENTLY IN RELEASE

The Amlash Enchanted Forrest. Written and produced by Sam Dubiner. Directed by Shlomo Soriano. Israeli animated color musical with 2,500 year old Persian figures. 71 min.

Andy Warhol's Frankenstein. Bryanston Pictures release of Carlo Ponti-Braunsberg-Rassam production. Rating: X

Chosen Survivors. Columbia Pictures release. Produced by Leon Benson, directed by Sutton Roley. Screenplay by H. B. Cross & Joe Reb Moffly, based on story by Cross. Starring Jackie Cooper, Alex Cord, Bradford Dillman. 99 min. Rating: PG. Underground nuclear survival experiment.

Dark Places. Cinerama release of a James Hannah Jr. production. Directed by Don Sharp. Starring Christopher Lee, Joan Collins, Herbert Lom. 91 min. Rating: PG. Psychic possession melodrama

S F and the Cinema

THE HUBLEYS' ANIMATED 'EGGS'

by Mark Purcell

With regular theatre-film distribution in this country porno-ed up and otherwise scrambled by boom-or-bust attendance, movie shorts must travel the slow, bumpy circuit of booking through the audio-visual libraries, college and municipal. This means one-at-a-time sales, no systematic overall playoff. More specifically, it means that in summer 1973, I find myself catching a 'recent' (1970) cartoon by John and Faith Hubley, the best-known American animation team—how? by sitting in on a purchase-preview screening in the local library's projection room.

This film, *Eggs*, is one of the Hubleys' pictures that shows their scientific interests, like *Of Stars and Men*, their 1961 astronomy feature with Harlow Shapley. In *Eggs*, the Hubleys once again replace the two ritual opponents of the commercial cartoon (predator-plucky 'victim') with their thematic substitutes: mirror-opposites whose every conversation, however friendly it may seem, means a confrontation. Here these are Persephone, the (floozy) goddess of spring and fertility, and her spectral consort, Death the lord of winter. Pluto's old Greek chariot is replaced with a mod high-speed heap, and his seedy (two senses) babe hops aboard to begin their annual trip around the seasons, spring to winter.

But Death is now dissatisfied, grumbling that life (growth) has won the race and that the cycle of 'natural' fruition and decay has been broken. Two quick sketches illustrate this loser's grumble. (The biggest-named voices on the soundtrack are Anita Ellis' and David Burns'.) Sketch One is a sperm bank visit by a (2-pants) couple. The whole film's best gag occurs here as a throwaway; it seems the husband must practice the fiddle everyday to verify for sperm bank records that they're culturally qualified for parenthood! Sketch Two concerns the 225th birthday of the end-result of a lot of successful transplants.

With the usual artistic economy of the professional cartoon, *Eggs* covers more ground faster than a story or documentary-feature on its topic. Most critics mention the Hubleys' UPA-economy trick of the merely sketched drawings. But their independent work (middle fifties on) really has the intention of 'packing' the frame as Stroheim, Renoir and Visconti tried to load each shot of their features. This is the opposite of the abstract comedy-gag style (either in cartoons or features) where the director is trying to isolate audience attention on one punchline effect. It is Hubleys' style, not simply their content, that creates some resistance in previtw rooms, though their pictures have certainly been popular enough: *Moonbird*, *Adventures of **, *The Hole*, *The Hat*.

John Hubley was a Disney animator in his most innovative period, the late thirties. But Hubley's independent postwar work grows out of the ethos of media liberalism, and his cartoons proceed from its strategic position, that there is an educated consensus position on so-called controversial issues. 'Controversial' only means that the hicks haven't yet caught up. Unquestionably he has produced a successful body of imaginative work, but once we regard his cartoons as contributions to social thought, this attitude creates some limitations. For example, Hubley worked on probably the three best race-issue cartoons made in this country: his *The Hole* and *The Hat*, and the 1946 *Brotherhood of Man* signed by Bob Cannon. But all three work away from the hard sociological edge of the problem. It may be argued that they go 'as far' as animation could at their respective periods, and still get commercial release. But I'm raising the issue of the creator's moral attitude towards his audience, not his topic.

Thus *Brotherhood of Man* stressed genetic theory, a fake issue (first raised by forgotten intellectuals, then taken over by the rightwing) in the American racial problem. Yet the relevant genetic factor disappears entirely from *Eggs*' thesis on population. By the standards of Mozart's or Shakespeare's population belts, the modern West (since sometime before World War I) has reproduced its high-quality genes too seldom, not too often; and too late in the biological age of the possessors of those genes. The modern liberal consensus on population control is based on sociology, a kind of anti-technology, and a self-realization

by our present power class that they're not qualified themselves to handle the arrangements needed for a dynamic future economy.

Liberalism gives Hubley themes and subject matter, what Marxism once gave Malraux and silent Russian films, and what Christian theology gave a John Bunyan or a Flannery O'Connor. With something adult to say, you don't necessarily raise your voice; and Hubley's personal cartoons tend to avoid hard linear definition, sharpened punch lines and visual 'points.'

Cartoonists like Hubley (McLaren, Lenica) much more obviously have the individualistic styles and themes that campus film instructors now claim to find lurking in the studio features of every old Hollywood hack who once 'directed' pre-hired actors on standing sets against automatic release dates. But outside the technical how-to-cartoon guides, animators can't expect this faculty recognition as yet. There is the staggered distribution problem I mentioned above. And their anonymity (how many film buffs ask after a good cartoon, "Who was the director?"?) hurts the sales value of books and magazine articles publicizing them.

Hubley himself worked on every pre-war Disney feature from *Snow White* on, until the 1941 studio strike and wartime conditions combined to silence Disney as a serious inventor in the field of animation. (Of course Disney himself was not a 'cartoonist,' only what we would call, outside the cartooning film, a producer, editor, scripter and boss.) But in terms of screen credits, Hubley's career officially divides into two periods, both postwar. These are UPA, 1946-52, with Magoo and Gerald McBoing-Boing; then, most individual of all, the output of Storyboard, John and Faith Hubley's family firm. (Their kids are the stars of *Moonbird.*)

One important credit doesn't fit into this career history. The breakthrough 1947 production of Brecht's *Galileo* was packaged in Los Angeles by Brecht, Charles Laughton the star and co-translator, and its director, Joseph Losey. Losey knew film-people and film-techniques, and brought in Hubley to do pre-design sketches for *Galileo*'s sets and scenes. So important were these that Brecht's later East Berlin productions and Losey's post-Joe McCarthy London films continued this practice—using other artists, of course.

NEWS AND NOTES

Producers Fred Weintraub and Paul Heller have signed with Warners to film *The Barony*. Robert Clouse will direct the film, starring Yul Brynner... Four production units started working at the same time on the Irwin Allen film *The Towering Inferno*, a possible record for Hollywood... Susan Penhaligon has been signed as the starring female lead in AIP's production of the ERB classic *The Land That Time Forgot*, now being filmed in and around London... Target date for release of MGM's *Futureworld* is January 6, 1975... Filmation Studios has picked Seymour Borde & Associates to distribute its first animated theatrical feature, *Journey Back to Oz*. Premier is set for this summer.

Roddy McDowall has been signed to star in 20th Century-Fox TV's *Planet of the Apes* series for CBS-TV this fall He will again play a sympathetic chimpanzee, with the remaining two lead roles, both astronauts, yet to be cast.

CURRENTLY IN RELEASE

The Amlash Enchanted Forrest. Written and produced by Sam Dubiner. Directed by Shlomo Soriano. Israeli animated color musical with 2,500 year old Persian figures. 71 min.

Andy Warhol's Frankenstein. Bryanston Pictures release of Carlo Ponti-Braunsberg-Rassam production. Rating: X

Chosen Survivors. Columbia Pictures release. Produced by Leon Benson, directed by Sutton Roley. Screenplay by H. B. Cross & Joe Reb Moffly, based on story by Cross. Starring Jackie Cooper, Alex Cord, Bradford Dillman. 99 min. Rating: PG. Underground nuclear survival experiment.

Dark Places. Cinerama release of a James Hannah Jr. production. Directed by Don Sharp. Starring Christopher Lee, Joan Collins, Herbert Lom. 91 min. Rating: PG. Psychic possession melodrama

I Hate My Body. Galaxia Films production. Directed by Leon Klimovsky. 99 min. Brain transplant has a young girl with man's brain

The Mutation. Columbia Pictures release of Getty Picture Corp. production. Directed by Jack Cardiff, produced by Robert D. Weinbach. Starring Donald Pleasence, Tom Baker, Brad Harris, Julie Ege. 91 min. Rating: R. Usual silly horror story

The Spectre of Edgar Allan Poe. Cinerama Releasing Corp. release of Cintel production. Written, produced and directed by Mohy Quandour. Starring Robert Walker, Cesar Romero. 87 min. Rating: PG. Horror story purports to show how Poe's mind was affected by strange fate of his first love, Lenore.

The Submersion of Japan. Toho production. Directed by Shiro Moritani. Screenplay by Shinobu Hashimoto from book by Sakyo Komatsu. Starring Keiju Kobayashi, Tetsuro Tamba, Hisorhsi Fujioka. 113 min. Sober story of sinking of Japan into the sea

The Terminal Man. Warner Bros. release. Written, produced and directed by Mike Hodges. Based on novel by Michael Crichton. Starring George Segal. 104 min. Rating: PG. Violence prone man implanted with a computer supposed to neutralize bad impulses

The Wicker Man. Warner Bros. release of British Lion production. Produced by Peter Snell. Starring Edward Woodward, Britt Eklund, Diane Cilento, Ingrid Pitt, Christopher Lee. 97 min. Rating: R. Weird, paganistic thriller

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

GOLLANCZ/SUNDAY TIMES SF COMPETITION Four prizes of £250 each were awarded to the four unknown authors who won the Gollancz/Sunday Times SF Competition for best full length sf novel and best short story collection by an unknown writer. The winners were:

BEST NOVEL (tie): Catchworld, by Chris Boyce; Shipwreck, by Charles Logan
BEST SHORT STORIES (tie): James Alexander; Gary Kilworth

The awards were presented at Tynecon. The judges were Brian Aldiss, Kingsley Amis, and John Bush, Chairman of Gollancz. The fourth judge, Arthur C. Clarke, had to drop out because of the difficulty of sending the 262 manuscripts back and forth from Ceylon.

—Locus

Editorial

Again it has become necessary to raise our subscription rates for LUNA Monthly. Our printer has notified us that because of increased costs for paper, film, labor, etc., our bill beginning this issue will be higher by 6¼¢ per copy. In view of our operating results as reported last issue, it will be necessary to pass this increase on in the form of an additional 75¢ per year in all subscription rates. The combination of this increase with the one in March when postal rates went up, has raised our prices to a level which concerns us. But there is no alternative if we are to continue publication. Our concern is that we may be pricing ourselves beyond people's acceptable limits.

Which means we're going to have to work harder to give you your money's worth. We're trying, and we hope you appreciate the efforts we're making. We've made a number of improvements as a result of suggestions we have received, and would be glad to consider any further ideas readers may have.

Unfortunately we have not been able to show any positive results in returning to a monthly schedule. There has just been no way for us to put together issues more frequently than we have been, in the time left over after taking care of our newest member, Karl, now 8 months old. He has become a full time job all by himself. In addition, as we have said before, this magazine does not completely pay its own way yet. We have therefore found it necessary to put some of our typesetting work ahead of LUNA Monthly, to provide the additional money needed for this publication. While this doesn't help us increase our circulation (which would mean more income too in the long run) we have to manage now - here - today, with one less paycheck, and the effects of higher costs for everything.

We hope to have more to say, in a more promising vein, in the near future. Meanwhile, we thank you all for your continued interest.

New Books

HARDCOVERS

Aldiss, Brian W. FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND (repr Brit) Random House, June. $5.95

Anderson, William C. PENELOPE, THE DAMP DETECTIVE (marg) Crown. $5.95

Asimov, Isaac, ed. BEFORE THE GOLDEN AGE: A Science Fiction Anthology of the 1930's. Doubleday, April. $16.95

Berry Adrian THE NEXT TEN THOUSAND YEARS: A Vision of Man's Future in the Universe. Saturday Review Press, distr. Dutton, June. $8.95

Bova, Ben, ed. ANALOG SCIENCE FACT READER. St. Martins Press, May. $7.95

Brunner, John TOTAL ECLIPSE. Doubleday, May. $5.95

Caidin, Martin HIGH CRYSTAL (sequel to Operation Nuke) Arbor House, May. $6.95

Carr, Terry, ed. INTO THE UNKNOWN. Thomas Nelson, May. $6.50

Cowper, Richard THE TWILIGHT OF BRIAREUS. John Day, June. $6.95

Elwood, Roger, ed. CONTINUUM 1. Putnam. $5.95

Ferman, Edward & Barry Malzberg, eds. FINAL STAGE: The Ultimate Science Fiction Anthology. Charterhouse, June. $7.95

Gawron, Jean Mark AN APOLOGY FOR RAIN. Doubleday, May. $4.95

Greenberg, Martin H. & P.S. Warrick, eds. POLITICAL SF: An Introductory Reader. Prentice-Hall, May. $9.95

Haining, Peter, ed. MAGIC VALLEY TRAVELLERS: Welsh Stories of Fantasy and Horror. Taplinger, March. $8.50

Helms, Randel TOLKIEN'S WORLD (nf) Houghton Mifflin, May. $5.95

Howard, Robert E. WORMS OF THE EARTH (coll) Don Grant. $6.00

Knight, Damon, ed. ORBIT 14. Harper, May. $6.95

Krenkel, Roy G.n, CITIES & SCENES FROM THE ANCIENT WORLD (art) Owlswick Press (Box 8243, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101) June. $16.00

Le Guin, Ursula K. THE DISPOSSESSED. Harper, June. $7.95

Lichtenberg, Jacqueline HOUSE OF ZEOR. Doubleday, April. $5.95

Loraine, Philip, pseud. VOICES IN AN EMPTY ROOM (supernat, repr Brit) Random House, May. $5.95

Marden, William THE EXILE OF ELLENDON. Doubleday, June. $4.95

Mark-Age VISITORS FROM OTHER PLANETS (nf) Mark-Age Meta Centers Inc. (327 N.E. 20th Terrace, Miami, Fla. 33137) $10.00

Moorcock, Michael BREAKFAST IN THE RUINS (repr Brit) Random House, April. $5.95

Parry, Michel, ed. THE HOUNDS OF HELL: Stories of Canine Horror and Fantasy. Taplinger. $6.95

Popham, Melinda A BLANK BOOK (fty) Bobbs Merrill, March. $6.95

Priest, Christopher THE INVERTED WORLD. Harper, June. $7.95

Silverberg, Robert BORN WITH THE DEAD (coll) Random House, June. $5.95

(ed) INFINITE JESTS: The Lighter Side of Science Fiction. Chilton, May. $5.95

Siodmak, Curt CITY IN THE SKY. Putnam, April. $5.95

Sullivan, Charles William AS TOMORROW BECOMES TODAY (text) Prentice-Hall. $7.95

Vonnegut, Kurt WAMPETERS, FOMA AND GRANFALLOONS (opinion) Delacorte, May. $8.95

PAPERBACKS

Blatty, William Peter THE EXORCIST (33 ptg) Bantam. $1.75

Blish, James AND ALL THE STARS A STAGE (repr) Avon 19216, May. 95¢

Brackett, Leigh THE GINGER STAR (s&s) Ballantine 23963, May. $1.25

Bradley, Marion Zimmer THE NECESSITY FOR BEAUTY: Robert Chambers & the Romantic Tradition. T-K Graphics. $2.00

Bramwell, James LOST ATLANTIS (repr) Newcastle, Spring. $3.45

Brand, Kurt PERRY RHODAN 47: Shadow of the Mutant Master. Ace 66030, June. 95¢

Brunner, John WEB OF EVERYWHERE. Bantam Q8398, June. $1.25

Bryant, Edward AMONG THE DEAD

I Hate My Body. Galaxia Films production. Directed by Leon Klimovsky. 99 min. Brain transplant has a young girl with man's brain

The Mutation. Columbia Pictures release of Getty Picture Corp. production. Directed by Jack Cardiff, produced by Robert D. Weinbach. Starring Donald Pleasence, Tom Baker, Brad Harris, Julie Ege. 91 min. Rating: R. Usual silly horror story

The Spectre of Edgar Allan Poe. Cinerama Releasing Corp. release of Cintel production. Written, produced and directed by Mohy Quandour. Starring Robert Walker, Cesar Romero. 87 min. Rating: PG. Horror story purports to show how Poe's mind was affected by strange fate of his first love, Lenore.

The Submersion of Japan. Toho production. Directed by Shiro Moritani. Screenplay by Shinobu Hashimoto from book by Sakyo Komatsu. Starring Keiju Kobayashi, Tetsuro Tamba, Hisorhsi Fujioka. 113 min. Sober story of sinking of Japan into the sea

The Terminal Man. Warner Bros. release. Written, produced and directed by Mike Hodges. Based on novel by Michael Crichton. Starring George Segal. 104 min. Rating: PG. Violence prone man implanted with a computer supposed to neutralize bad impulses

The Wicker Man. Warner Bros. release of British Lion production. Produced by Peter Snell. Starring Edward Woodward, Britt Eklund, Diane Cilento, Ingrid Pitt, Christopher Lee. 97 min. Rating: R. Weird, paganistic thriller

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

GOLLANCZ/SUNDAY TIMES SF COMPETITION Four prizes of £250 each were awarded to the four unknown authors who won the Gollancz/Sunday Times SF Competition for best full length sf novel and best short story collection by an unknown writer. The winners were:

BEST NOVEL (tie): Catchworld, by Chris Boyce; Shipwreck, by Charles Logan
BEST SHORT STORIES (tie): James Alexander; Gary Kilworth

The awards were presented at Tynecon. The judges were Brian Aldiss, Kingsley Amis, and John Bush, Chairman of Gollancz. The fourth judge, Arthur C. Clarke, had to drop out because of the difficulty of sending the 262 manuscripts back and forth from Ceylon.

—Locus

Editorial

Again it has become necessary to raise our subscription rates for LUNA Monthly. Our printer has notified us that because of increased costs for paper, film, labor, etc., our bill beginning this issue will be higher by 6¼¢ per copy. In view of our operating results as reported last issue, it will be necessary to pass this increase on in the form of an additional 75¢ per year in all subscription rates. The combination of this increase with the one in March when postal rates went up, has raised our prices to a level which concerns us. But there is no alternative if we are to continue publication. Our concern is that we may be pricing ourselves beyond people's acceptable limits.

Which means we're going to have to work harder to give you your money's worth. We're trying, and we hope you appreciate the efforts we're making. We've made a number of improvements as a result of suggestions we have received, and would be glad to consider any further ideas readers may have.

Unfortunately we have not been able to show any positive results in returning to a monthly schedule. There has just been no way for us to put together issues more frequently than we have been, in the time left over after taking care of our newest member, Karl, now 8 months old. He has become a full time job all by himself. In addition, as we have said before, this magazine does not completely pay its own way yet. We have therefore found it necessary to put some of our typesetting work ahead of LUNA Monthly, to provide the additional money needed for this publication. While this doesn't help us increase our circulation (which would mean more income too in the long run) we have to manage now - here - today, with one less paycheck, and the effects of higher costs for everything.

We hope to have more to say, in a more promising vein, in the near future. Meanwhile, we thank you all for your continued interest.

New Books

HARDCOVERS

Aldiss, Brian W. FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND (repr Brit) Random House, June. $5.95

Anderson, William C. PENELOPE, THE DAMP DETECTIVE (marg) Crown. $5.95

Asimov, Isaac, ed. BEFORE THE GOLDEN AGE: A Science Fiction Anthology of the 1930's. Doubleday, April. $16.95

Berry Adrian THE NEXT TEN THOUSAND YEARS: A Vision of Man's Future in the Universe. Saturday Review Press, distr. Dutton, June. $8.95

Bova, Ben, ed. ANALOG SCIENCE FACT READER. St. Martins Press, May. $7.95

Brunner, John TOTAL ECLIPSE. Doubleday, May. $5.95

Caidin, Martin HIGH CRYSTAL (sequel to Operation Nuke) Arbor House, May. $6.95

Carr, Terry, ed. INTO THE UNKNOWN. Thomas Nelson, May. $6.50

Cowper, Richard THE TWILIGHT OF BRIAREUS. John Day, June. $6.95

Elwood, Roger, ed. CONTINUUM 1. Putnam. $5.95

Ferman, Edward & Barry Malzberg, eds. FINAL STAGE: The Ultimate Science Fiction Anthology. Charterhouse, June. $7.95

Gawron, Jean Mark AN APOLOGY FOR RAIN. Doubleday, May. $4.95

Greenberg, Martin H. & P.S. Warrick, eds. POLITICAL SF: An Introductory Reader. Prentice-Hall, May. $9.95

Haining, Peter, ed. MAGIC VALLEY TRAVELLERS: Welsh Stories of Fantasy and Horror. Taplinger, March. $8.50

Helms, Randel TOLKIEN'S WORLD (nf) Houghton Mifflin, May. $5.95

Howard, Robert E. WORMS OF THE EARTH (coll) Don Grant. $6.00

Knight, Damon, ed. ORBIT 14. Harper, May. $6.95

Krenkel, Roy G.n, CITIES & SCENES FROM THE ANCIENT WORLD (art) Owlswick Press (Box 8243, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101) June. $16.00

Le Guin, Ursula K. THE DISPOSSESSED. Harper, June. $7.95

Lichtenberg, Jacqueline HOUSE OF ZEOR. Doubleday, April. $5.95

Loraine, Philip, pseud. VOICES IN AN EMPTY ROOM (supernat, repr Brit) Random House, May. $5.95

Marden, William THE EXILE OF ELLENDON. Doubleday, June. $4.95

Mark-Age VISITORS FROM OTHER PLANETS (nf) Mark-Age Meta Centers Inc. (327 N.E. 20th Terrace, Miami, Fla. 33137) $10.00

Moorcock, Michael BREAKFAST IN THE RUINS (repr Brit) Random House, April. $5.95

Parry, Michel, ed. THE HOUNDS OF HELL: Stories of Canine Horror and Fantasy. Taplinger. $6.95

Popham, Melinda A BLANK BOOK (fty) Bobbs Merrill, March. $6.95

Priest, Christopher THE INVERTED WORLD. Harper, June. $7.95

Silverberg, Robert BORN WITH THE DEAD (coll) Random House, June. $5.95

(ed) INFINITE JESTS: The Lighter Side of Science Fiction. Chilton, May. $5.95

Siodmak, Curt CITY IN THE SKY. Putnam, April. $5.95

Sullivan, Charles William AS TOMORROW BECOMES TODAY (text) Prentice-Hall. $7.95

Vonnegut, Kurt WAMPETERS, FOMA AND GRANFALLOONS (opinion) Delacorte, May. $8.95

PAPERBACKS

Blatty, William Peter THE EXORCIST (33 ptg) Bantam. $1.75

Blish, James AND ALL THE STARS A STAGE (repr) Avon 19216, May. 95¢

Brackett, Leigh THE GINGER STAR (s&s) Ballantine 23963, May. $1.25

Bradley, Marion Zimmer THE NECESSITY FOR BEAUTY: Robert Chambers & the Romantic Tradition. T-K Graphics. $2.00

Bramwell, James LOST ATLANTIS (repr) Newcastle, Spring. $3.45

Brand, Kurt PERRY RHODAN 47: Shadow of the Mutant Master. Ace 66030, June. 95¢

Brunner, John WEB OF EVERYWHERE. Bantam Q8398, June. $1.25

Bryant, Edward AMONG THE DEAD

AND OTHER EVENTS LEADING TO THE APOCALYPSE (coll, repr) Collier 01780, May. $1.25

Chalker, Jack L. EVERYFAN'S GUIDE TO THE AUCTIONS. Author (5111 Liberty Heights Ave, Baltimore, Md. 21207) 50¢

Compton, D. G. THE UNSLEEPING EYE. DAW UY1110, May. $1.25 (corr)

Daniken, Erich von CHARIOTS OF THE GODS? (40 ptg) Bantam. $1.25
GODS FROM OUTER SPACE (26 ptg) Bantam. $1.25

Darlton, Clark PERRY RHODAN 48: The Dead Live. Ace 66031, June. 95¢

David, Alfred & Mary Elizabeth Meek, eds. THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES AND OTHER FAIRY TALES (repr) Indiana Univ. Press. $2.50

de la Ree, Gerry and others BOK: A Tribute to the Late Fantasy Artist, Hannes Bok, on the 60th Anniversary of His Birth and 10th Anniversary of His Death. Author (7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, N.J. 07458) $7.50

Dick, Philip K. THE CRACK IN SPACE (reissue) Ace 12126. 95¢

Elder, Joseph, ed. EROS IN ORBIT (repr) Pocket Books 77720, May. 95¢

Elwood, Roger, ed. THE BERSERKERS (repr) Pocket Books 77769, June. 95¢

Escher, M.C. THE WORLD OF M. C. ESCHER (repr, art) Harry N. Abrams, distr. NAL. $5.95

Fabian, Stephen E. LETTERS LOVECRAFTIAN: An Alphabet of Illuminated Letters. de la Ree. $5.00

Foster, Alan Dean LUANA (novelization of movie) Ballantine, Feb. $1.25

Garnett, Bill DOWN BOUND TRAIN (repr) Popular Library 00204, May. $1.25

Gary, Romain THE GASP (marg, repr) Pocket Books 78419, May. $1.25

Gerrold, David, ed. SCIENCE FICTION EMPHASIS I. Ballantine 23962, May. $1.25

Glicksohn, Susan Wood THE POISON MAIDEN & THE GREAT BITCH: Female Stereotypes in Marvel Superhero Comics. T-K Graphics. $2.00

Grandville, J. J. BIZARRERIES AND FANTASIES OF GRANDVILLE (art) Dover, May. $4.00

Greenberg, Martin H. & P.S. Warrick, eds. POLITICAL SF: An Introductory Reader. Prentice Hall, May. $5.95

—and others, eds. SOCIAL PROBLEMS THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION. St. Martin's Press, March. $3.95

Griffith, F. L. & Herbert Thompson THE LEYDEN PAPYRUS: An Egyptian Magical Book (repr) Dover, May. $2.50

Haggard, H. Rider THE SAGA OF ERIC BRIGHTEYES (s&s, facs repr) Newcastle Forgotten Fantasy Classic F101, March. $2.95

Harington, Donald SOME OTHER PLACE. THE RIGHT PLACE (supernat, repr) Pyramid M3309, Spring. $1.75

Hughes, Zach THE LEGEND OF MIAREE. Ballantine 23888, April. $1.25

Hunt, Charlotte A TOUCH OF MYRRH (marg supernat) Ace 81800, March. 95¢

Kahn, Joan, ed. SOME THINGS DARK AND DANGEROUS (repr, supernat) Avon 18887, April. 95¢

Katz, Harvey A. and others, eds. INTRODUCTORY PSYCHOLOGY THROUGH SF. Rand McNally. $5.50

Kline, Otis Adelbert JAN IN INDIA (fty, sequel to Jan of the Jungle) Fictioneer Books (Lakemont, Ga. 30552) $3.50

Lanier, Sterling E. HIERO'S JOURNEY (repr) Bantam Q8534, May. $1.25

Lerond, Dennis AN ARTHURIAN CONCORDANCE. T-K Graphics. $2.50

McCarthy, Brian J. A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. Author (499 Fourth St, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215) 25¢

Mahr, Kurt PERRY RHODAN 45: Unknown Sector: Milky Way. Ace 66028, May. 95¢

Marasco, Robert BURNT OFFERINGS (supernat, repr) Dell. $1.50

Mohs, Mayo, ed. OTHER WORLDS, OTHER GODS (repr) Avon 17947, Jan. 95¢

Norton, Andre WITCH WORLD (reissue) Ace 89702, May. 95¢
YEAR OF THE UNICORN (reissue) Ace 94252, June. 95¢

Pournelle, Jerry, ed. 2020 VISION. Avon 18390, Feb. 95¢

Reynolds, Bonnie Jones THE TRUTH ABOUT UNICORNS (marg fty, repr) Bantam T7780. $1.50

Reynolds, Mack THE RIVAL RIGELIANS. PLANETARY AGENT X. (repr) Ace 66995, June. 95¢

Runyon, Charles W. SOULMATE (supernat) Avon 18028, March. 95¢

Russell, John Robert SAR. Pocket 77726, May. 95¢

Scheer, K. H. PERRY RHODAN 46: Again: Atlan! Ace 66029, May. 95¢

Scortia, Thomas N. EARTHWRECK! Fawcett Gold Medal M2963, April. 95¢

Smith, Clark Ashton KLARKASH-TON & MONSTRO LIGRIV: Previously Unpublished Poems and Art. de la Ree. $4.00

Sullivan, Charles William AS TOMORROW BECOMES TODAY (text) Prentice-Hall. $4.95

Sween, Roger D., comp. BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SCIENCE FICTION. W.C.T.E. Service Bulletin no. 30, April. $1.00 (available from Dr. Nicholas J. Karolides, Editor, Wisconsin English Journal, Univ. of Wisconsin-River Falls, River Falls, Wis. 54022)

Valiente, Doreen AN ABC OF WITCH-CRAFT PAST & PRESENT (repr) Griffin Books, May. $4.95

Vance, Jack THE ASUTRA (Durdane book 3) Dell 3157, May. 95¢

Weinberg, Robert, ed. WT 50: A Tribute to Weird Tales. Author (10533 S. Kenneth, Oak Lawn, Ill. 60453) $5.00

Wilson, Colin THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE (repr) Warner 59-213. $1.75

Wolf, Leonard MONSTERS: Twenty Terrible and Wonderful Beasts from the Classic Dragon and Colossal Minotaur to King Kong and the Great Godzilla. Straight Arrow. $4.95

Wouk, Herman THE 'LOMOKOME' PAPERS (reissue) Pocket 77749. 95¢

JUVENILES

Anderson, Mary I'M NOBODY! WHO ARE YOU? (marg fty) Atheneum, Spring. $6.25. Age 8-12

Bolliger-Savelli, Antonella THE MOUSE AND THE KNITTED CAT. Adapt. from the German by Elizabeth Shub (marg fty) Macmillan. $4.95

Cohen, Daniel THE MAGIC OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE (nf) J. Messner. $6.25

Cooper, Susan GREENWITCH (supernat) Atheneum, April. $5.50. Age 9-12

Curry, Jane Louise THE LOST FARM (fty, sequel to Mindy's Mysterious Miniature) Atheneum, Spring. $5.25. Age 8-12

Dickson, Gordon & Ben Bova GREMLINS GO HOME. St. Martin's Press, April. $6.50. Age 10-14

Edwards, Julie THE LAST OF THE REALLY GREAT WHANGDOODLES (fty) Harper, May. $5.95

Holman, Felice THE ESCAPE OF THE GIANT HOGSTALK (marg fty) Scribner. $5.95. Age 7-11

Jones, Adrienne THE MURAL MASTER (fty) Houghton Mifflin, May. $5.95. Age 9-14

Manley, Seon & Gogo Lewis, eds. BALEFUL BEASTS: Great Supernatural Stories of the Animal Kingdom. Lothrop Lee, April. $5.95. Age 12 up

Pesek, Ludek THE EARTH IS NEAR (tr. from German) Bradbury Press. $5.95

Pope, Elizabeth Marie THE PERILOUS GARD (fty) Houghton Mifflin, April. $5.95. Age 11 up

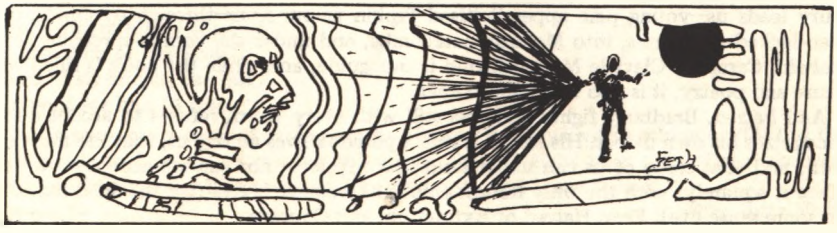
Sefton, Catherine IN A BLUE VELVET DRESS (marg supernat, repr) Harper Trophy, April. $1.25. Age 9-12

Shecter, Ben GAME FOR DEMONS (marg, repr) Harper Trophy, April. $1.25. Age 12 up

Sherburne, Zoa WHY HAVE THE BIRDS STOPPED SINGING? (supernat) Morrow, March. $4.95. Age 12 up

Snyder, Zilpha Keatley THE TRUTH ABOUT STONE HOLLOW (marg fty) Atheneum, Spring. $6.25. Age 8-12

Williams, Jay & Raymond Abrashkin DANNY DUNN, INVISIBLE BOY (marg) McGraw-Hill, May. $4.95. Age 8-12



AND OTHER EVENTS LEADING TO THE APOCALYPSE (coll, repr) Collier 01780, May. $1.25

Chalker, Jack L. EVERYFAN'S GUIDE TO THE AUCTIONS. Author (5111 Liberty Heights Ave, Baltimore, Md. 21207) 50¢

Compton, D. G. THE UNSLEEPING EYE. DAW UY1110, May. $1.25 (corr)

Daniken, Erich von CHARIOTS OF THE GODS? (40 ptg) Bantam. $1.25
GODS FROM OUTER SPACE (26 ptg) Bantam. $1.25

Darlton, Clark PERRY RHODAN 48: The Dead Live. Ace 66031, June. 95¢

David, Alfred & Mary Elizabeth Meek, eds. THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES AND OTHER FAIRY TALES (repr) Indiana Univ. Press. $2.50

de la Ree, Gerry and others BOK: A Tribute to the Late Fantasy Artist, Hannes Bok, on the 60th Anniversary of His Birth and 10th Anniversary of His Death. Author (7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, N.J. 07458) $7.50

Dick, Philip K. THE CRACK IN SPACE (reissue) Ace 12126. 95¢

Elder, Joseph, ed. EROS IN ORBIT (repr) Pocket Books 77720, May. 95¢

Elwood, Roger, ed. THE BERSERKERS (repr) Pocket Books 77769, June. 95¢

Escher, M.C. THE WORLD OF M. C. ESCHER (repr, art) Harry N. Abrams, distr. NAL. $5.95

Fabian, Stephen E. LETTERS LOVECRAFTIAN: An Alphabet of Illuminated Letters. de la Ree. $5.00

Foster, Alan Dean LUANA (novelization of movie) Ballantine, Feb. $1.25

Garnett, Bill DOWN BOUND TRAIN (repr) Popular Library 00204, May. $1.25

Gary, Romain THE GASP (marg, repr) Pocket Books 78419, May. $1.25

Gerrold, David, ed. SCIENCE FICTION EMPHASIS I. Ballantine 23962, May. $1.25

Glicksohn, Susan Wood THE POISON MAIDEN & THE GREAT BITCH: Female Stereotypes in Marvel Superhero Comics. T-K Graphics. $2.00

Grandville, J. J. BIZARRERIES AND FANTASIES OF GRANDVILLE (art) Dover, May. $4.00

Greenberg, Martin H. & P.S. Warrick, eds. POLITICAL SF: An Introductory Reader. Prentice Hall, May. $5.95

—and others, eds. SOCIAL PROBLEMS THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION. St. Martin's Press, March. $3.95

Griffith, F. L. & Herbert Thompson THE LEYDEN PAPYRUS: An Egyptian Magical Book (repr) Dover, May. $2.50

Haggard, H. Rider THE SAGA OF ERIC BRIGHTEYES (s&s, facs repr) Newcastle Forgotten Fantasy Classic F101, March. $2.95

Harington, Donald SOME OTHER PLACE. THE RIGHT PLACE (supernat, repr) Pyramid M3309, Spring. $1.75

Hughes, Zach THE LEGEND OF MIAREE. Ballantine 23888, April. $1.25

Hunt, Charlotte A TOUCH OF MYRRH (marg supernat) Ace 81800, March. 95¢

Kahn, Joan, ed. SOME THINGS DARK AND DANGEROUS (repr, supernat) Avon 18887, April. 95¢

Katz, Harvey A. and others, eds. INTRODUCTORY PSYCHOLOGY THROUGH SF. Rand McNally. $5.50

Kline, Otis Adelbert JAN IN INDIA (fty, sequel to Jan of the Jungle) Fictioneer Books (Lakemont, Ga. 30552) $3.50

Lanier, Sterling E. HIERO'S JOURNEY (repr) Bantam Q8534, May. $1.25

Lerond, Dennis AN ARTHURIAN CONCORDANCE. T-K Graphics. $2.50

McCarthy, Brian J. A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. Author (499 Fourth St, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215) 25¢

Mahr, Kurt PERRY RHODAN 45: Unknown Sector: Milky Way. Ace 66028, May. 95¢

Marasco, Robert BURNT OFFERINGS (supernat, repr) Dell. $1.50

Mohs, Mayo, ed. OTHER WORLDS, OTHER GODS (repr) Avon 17947, Jan. 95¢

Norton, Andre WITCH WORLD (reissue) Ace 89702, May. 95¢
YEAR OF THE UNICORN (reissue) Ace 94252, June. 95¢

Pournelle, Jerry, ed. 2020 VISION. Avon 18390, Feb. 95¢

Reynolds, Bonnie Jones THE TRUTH ABOUT UNICORNS (marg fty, repr) Bantam T7780. $1.50

Reynolds, Mack THE RIVAL RIGELIANS. PLANETARY AGENT X. (repr) Ace 66995, June. 95¢

Runyon, Charles W. SOULMATE (supernat) Avon 18028, March. 95¢

Russell, John Robert SAR. Pocket 77726, May. 95¢

Scheer, K. H. PERRY RHODAN 46: Again: Atlan! Ace 66029, May. 95¢

Scortia, Thomas N. EARTHWRECK! Fawcett Gold Medal M2963, April. 95¢

Smith, Clark Ashton KLARKASH-TON & MONSTRO LIGRIV: Previously Unpublished Poems and Art. de la Ree. $4.00

Sullivan, Charles William AS TOMORROW BECOMES TODAY (text) Prentice-Hall. $4.95

Sween, Roger D., comp. BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SCIENCE FICTION. W.C.T.E. Service Bulletin no. 30, April. $1.00 (available from Dr. Nicholas J. Karolides, Editor, Wisconsin English Journal, Univ. of Wisconsin-River Falls, River Falls, Wis. 54022)

Valiente, Doreen AN ABC OF WITCH-CRAFT PAST & PRESENT (repr) Griffin Books, May. $4.95

Vance, Jack THE ASUTRA (Durdane book 3) Dell 3157, May. 95¢

Weinberg, Robert, ed. WT 50: A Tribute to Weird Tales. Author (10533 S. Kenneth, Oak Lawn, Ill. 60453) $5.00

Wilson, Colin THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE (repr) Warner 59-213. $1.75

Wolf, Leonard MONSTERS: Twenty Terrible and Wonderful Beasts from the Classic Dragon and Colossal Minotaur to King Kong and the Great Godzilla. Straight Arrow. $4.95

Wouk, Herman THE 'LOMOKOME' PAPERS (reissue) Pocket 77749. 95¢

JUVENILES

Anderson, Mary I'M NOBODY! WHO ARE YOU? (marg fty) Atheneum, Spring. $6.25. Age 8-12

Bolliger-Savelli, Antonella THE MOUSE AND THE KNITTED CAT. Adapt. from the German by Elizabeth Shub (marg fty) Macmillan. $4.95

Cohen, Daniel THE MAGIC OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE (nf) J. Messner. $6.25

Cooper, Susan GREENWITCH (supernat) Atheneum, April. $5.50. Age 9-12

Curry, Jane Louise THE LOST FARM (fty, sequel to Mindy's Mysterious Miniature) Atheneum, Spring. $5.25. Age 8-12

Dickson, Gordon & Ben Bova GREMLINS GO HOME. St. Martin's Press, April. $6.50. Age 10-14

Edwards, Julie THE LAST OF THE REALLY GREAT WHANGDOODLES (fty) Harper, May. $5.95

Holman, Felice THE ESCAPE OF THE GIANT HOGSTALK (marg fty) Scribner. $5.95. Age 7-11

Jones, Adrienne THE MURAL MASTER (fty) Houghton Mifflin, May. $5.95. Age 9-14

Manley, Seon & Gogo Lewis, eds. BALEFUL BEASTS: Great Supernatural Stories of the Animal Kingdom. Lothrop Lee, April. $5.95. Age 12 up

Pesek, Ludek THE EARTH IS NEAR (tr. from German) Bradbury Press. $5.95

Pope, Elizabeth Marie THE PERILOUS GARD (fty) Houghton Mifflin, April. $5.95. Age 11 up

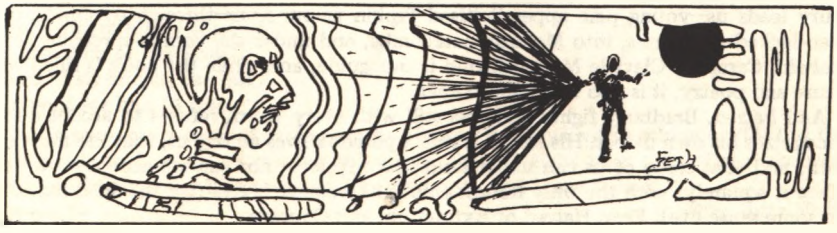
Sefton, Catherine IN A BLUE VELVET DRESS (marg supernat, repr) Harper Trophy, April. $1.25. Age 9-12

Shecter, Ben GAME FOR DEMONS (marg, repr) Harper Trophy, April. $1.25. Age 12 up

Sherburne, Zoa WHY HAVE THE BIRDS STOPPED SINGING? (supernat) Morrow, March. $4.95. Age 12 up

Snyder, Zilpha Keatley THE TRUTH ABOUT STONE HOLLOW (marg fty) Atheneum, Spring. $6.25. Age 8-12

Williams, Jay & Raymond Abrashkin DANNY DUNN, INVISIBLE BOY (marg) McGraw-Hill, May. $4.95. Age 8-12



Lilliputia

THE SHARK IN THE WINDOW by Keo Felker Lazarus. Morrow, 1972. $4.75. Age level: 8-12

A mildly amusing fantasy about a boy with an unusual pet, a shark. Not your average, run-of-the-mill killer shark, but a friendly cat shark who, because he was fed massive amounts of raw horsemeat laced with Vitamin E, can live not only in water, but air. It seems the boy, Shelley, has mutated his pet. The plot thickens.

The most amusing part of the story, well, maybe it'll provoke a smile, concerns Shelley's growing concern and apprehension with finding a new home for Nippy. It *must* go, says his mother after he (Nippy) destroys paper kites during a school pageant. (He was body painted to look like a colorful Japanese kite.)

However, all's well, etc. because Nippy is discovered to be the only flying shark in the world—finds a home at the Hobbs Aquarium where Shelley can go and visit—well, I said it was merely *mildly* amusing, didn't I. Not recommended.

—Patricia Barresi

ALIEN ART by Gordon R. Dickson. Dutton, 1973. 162 p. $4.95. Age level: 10-12

This novel is written on more than one level, and I like it on at least three of them—I suspect a fourth, but am not sure why. It seems Cary Longan, human woodsman, is interested in helping his friend, Charlie, an otter-like native of the planet Arcadia, gain recognition as a sculptor of some note. In order to get a life-size statue of Cary to the city, transportation is needed, and Mattie Orvalo is pressed into financing the trip with promises of great profit once the statue is sold. Mattie is mostly interested in the impending referendum which will allow any Arcadian with money to sign up for a mortgage which will help industrialize Arcadia.

The basic question here is: Should colonists try to make their new home as much like their old one as possible, or should each 'new world' be considered an opportunity to experiment and avoid the old mistakes? There is also a hint of that old problem: Will we recognize non-human intelligence when (if ever) we meet it? All this is wrapped unobtrusively inside an adventure story about some plain, unsophisticated folk who don't necessarily agree with one another and aren't exactly noble all the time, and Charlie, who is not only not human, but is definitely an outcast amongst his own kind for associating with such violent newcomers.

I like what *Alien Art* says, and I like the way it says it.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE HALLOWEEN TREE by Ray Bradbury. Knopf, 1972. 145 p. $3.95. Age level: 11 up

Bradbury's previous juvenile was *Switch on the Night*, written to teach his daughters not to be afraid of the dark. *The Halloween Tree* tries to teach all of us—Bradbury included—not to be afraid of something related to but more ambiguous than the dark: death.

How has man faced death and met it with ritual? And how has that ritual helped him keep his sanity against any number of inconceivable horrors, nonexistence foremost? The history of Halloween, as supplied in *The Halloween Tree*, is a journey of young boys in quest of a friend who might be dying. Wherever death has stalked the past and left its tracks, Bradbury leads us—young pale appendicitised Pipkin as our spur—through pyramids, over monster-decked cathedrals, into Mexican catacombs, and under the vermin-spreading scyth of Samhain. Carapace Clavicle Moundshroud is our guide, and while the book is filled with adventure and poetry, it is also filled with—Fear.

And hatred. Bradbury fights darkness still with every word, refuses to accept death, and recognizes his own defeat. His lesson is that a paradox lives among us, that life must end in death, and that none of us can understand that mystery, nor can we accept it. We can only face it squarely, with the only honest emotions we have—Love (for the dead that they may in some sense live), Fear, Hatred of Extinction, and Courage. —Greg Bear

TEEN-AGE SPACE ADVENTURES, ed. by A. L. Furman. Lantern Press (354 Hussey Rd., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10552) 1972. 192 p. $4.08

This might better have been called *The Hardy Boys in Outer Space*, for that is the overall quality of the writing. In the first place, this most unattractive little volume appears to have been rebound by a singularly cheap three-color process. In the second place, most of the 'heroes' are not teenagers at all, but at least in their early twenties. One is forty if he's a day. Another is a dog. People are forever saying things like, "Whew, that was close!" and various sentences ending with, "—." or even, "—!". Of the lot, Richard Ashby's "Master Race" and A. M. Lightner's "Best Friend" are good stories. As for the others—forget it.

—Charlotte Moslander

IN A BLUE VELVET DRESS by Catherine Sefton. Illus. by Eros Keith. Harper and Row, 1973. 160 p. $4.95. Age level: 9-12 (paperback: Harper Trophy J53, 1974. $1.25)

This is a thoroughly nice book. The heroine, Jane, is stranded without her beloved books, while staying with friends of her parents. Then, mysteriously, old books start appearing in her room at bedtime, disappearing in the morning. There is also a lack of footprints when Jane sprinkles talcum powder on the floor, and an inexplicable scent of lavender.

Jane is the quintessential intellectual brat, and any bookish girl should be quick to identify with her. She is also friendly and adaptable. Her friendship with the distinctly unintellectual brood of children next door is well developed.

The tone of the book is down to earth, and on the tart side. The setting in a North Irish coastal town is nicely evoked, and integral to the development of the story. The artwork is excellent; fine, soft pencil drawings completely in keeping with the feel of the book.

I think a more realistic age range would be bright 8 to 11, rather than 12. It seems to me that 12 year old girls would be a bit too conscious of their adolescent status to feel comfortable reading about an 11 year old.

—Leslie Bloom

CHARLIE AND THE GREAT GLASS ELEVATOR: THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CHARLIE BUCKET AND WILLY WONKA, CHOCOLATE-MAKER EXTRAORDINARY, by Roald Dahl. Illus. by Joseph Schindelman. Knopf, 1972. 163 p. $3.95

Roald Dahl's *Charlie* books have a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland quality which makes some children love them if they have never been exposed to the real Alice. This one is complete with a flying elevator, outlandish (and slightly silly) creatures, caricatures of grownups, and snippets of (to a child) marvelously repeatable verse.

I choose to review from the point of view of an adult, though, and *Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator* is one of the worst juvenile titles I have encountered since *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*. Three of Charlie's four grandparents are portrayed as doddering, cantankerous fools who took to their bed twenty years ago and haven't left it since. Willy Wonka still does his experiments on those poor Oompa-Loompas, who haven't been out of the chocolate factory since he imported them from Africa years ago. Those marvelously repeatable verses invariably cater to the anal phase of the child's development—kids can think of enough such material on their own without being presented with one hundred thirty-four lines about a little girl who ate her grandmother's chocolate laxatives (anti-drug abuse message or no), or a verse from the President's nanny:

I knew him as a tiny tot,
I nursed him on my knee.
I used to sit him on the pot
And wait for him to wee.

It took me a total of three months of rainy Sundays with nothing on TV but football or baseball to face up to reading this book. Several eight year olds of my acquaintance would probably enjoy it immensely. Their parents, and I, can't stand it.

—Charlotte Moslander

Lilliputia

THE SHARK IN THE WINDOW by Keo Felker Lazarus. Morrow, 1972. $4.75. Age level: 8-12

A mildly amusing fantasy about a boy with an unusual pet, a shark. Not your average, run-of-the-mill killer shark, but a friendly cat shark who, because he was fed massive amounts of raw horsemeat laced with Vitamin E, can live not only in water, but air. It seems the boy, Shelley, has mutated his pet. The plot thickens.

The most amusing part of the story, well, maybe it'll provoke a smile, concerns Shelley's growing concern and apprehension with finding a new home for Nippy. It *must* go, says his mother after he (Nippy) destroys paper kites during a school pageant. (He was body painted to look like a colorful Japanese kite.)

However, all's well, etc. because Nippy is discovered to be the only flying shark in the world—finds a home at the Hobbs Aquarium where Shelley can go and visit—well, I said it was merely *mildly* amusing, didn't I. Not recommended.

—Patricia Barresi

ALIEN ART by Gordon R. Dickson. Dutton, 1973. 162 p. $4.95. Age level: 10-12

This novel is written on more than one level, and I like it on at least three of them—I suspect a fourth, but am not sure why. It seems Cary Longan, human woodsman, is interested in helping his friend, Charlie, an otter-like native of the planet Arcadia, gain recognition as a sculptor of some note. In order to get a life-size statue of Cary to the city, transportation is needed, and Mattie Orvalo is pressed into financing the trip with promises of great profit once the statue is sold. Mattie is mostly interested in the impending referendum which will allow any Arcadian with money to sign up for a mortgage which will help industrialize Arcadia.

The basic question here is: Should colonists try to make their new home as much like their old one as possible, or should each 'new world' be considered an opportunity to experiment and avoid the old mistakes? There is also a hint of that old problem: Will we recognize non-human intelligence when (if ever) we meet it? All this is wrapped unobtrusively inside an adventure story about some plain, unsophisticated folk who don't necessarily agree with one another and aren't exactly noble all the time, and Charlie, who is not only not human, but is definitely an outcast amongst his own kind for associating with such violent newcomers.

I like what *Alien Art* says, and I like the way it says it.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE HALLOWEEN TREE by Ray Bradbury. Knopf, 1972. 145 p. $3.95. Age level: 11 up

Bradbury's previous juvenile was *Switch on the Night*, written to teach his daughters not to be afraid of the dark. *The Halloween Tree* tries to teach all of us—Bradbury included—not to be afraid of something related to but more ambiguous than the dark: death.

How has man faced death and met it with ritual? And how has that ritual helped him keep his sanity against any number of inconceivable horrors, nonexistence foremost? The history of Halloween, as supplied in *The Halloween Tree*, is a journey of young boys in quest of a friend who might be dying. Wherever death has stalked the past and left its tracks, Bradbury leads us—young pale appendicitised Pipkin as our spur—through pyramids, over monster-decked cathedrals, into Mexican catacombs, and under the vermin-spreading scyth of Samhain. Carapace Clavicle Moundshroud is our guide, and while the book is filled with adventure and poetry, it is also filled with—Fear.

And hatred. Bradbury fights darkness still with every word, refuses to accept death, and recognizes his own defeat. His lesson is that a paradox lives among us, that life must end in death, and that none of us can understand that mystery, nor can we accept it. We can only face it squarely, with the only honest emotions we have—Love (for the dead that they may in some sense live), Fear, Hatred of Extinction, and Courage. —Greg Bear

TEEN-AGE SPACE ADVENTURES, ed. by A. L. Furman. Lantern Press (354 Hussey Rd., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10552) 1972. 192 p. $4.08

This might better have been called *The Hardy Boys in Outer Space*, for that is the overall quality of the writing. In the first place, this most unattractive little volume appears to have been rebound by a singularly cheap three-color process. In the second place, most of the 'heroes' are not teenagers at all, but at least in their early twenties. One is forty if he's a day. Another is a dog. People are forever saying things like, "Whew, that was close!" and various sentences ending with, "—." or even, "—!". Of the lot, Richard Ashby's "Master Race" and A. M. Lightner's "Best Friend" are good stories. As for the others—forget it.

—Charlotte Moslander

IN A BLUE VELVET DRESS by Catherine Sefton. Illus. by Eros Keith. Harper and Row, 1973. 160 p. $4.95. Age level: 9-12 (paperback: Harper Trophy J53, 1974. $1.25)

This is a thoroughly nice book. The heroine, Jane, is stranded without her beloved books, while staying with friends of her parents. Then, mysteriously, old books start appearing in her room at bedtime, disappearing in the morning. There is also a lack of footprints when Jane sprinkles talcum powder on the floor, and an inexplicable scent of lavender.

Jane is the quintessential intellectual brat, and any bookish girl should be quick to identify with her. She is also friendly and adaptable. Her friendship with the distinctly unintellectual brood of children next door is well developed.

The tone of the book is down to earth, and on the tart side. The setting in a North Irish coastal town is nicely evoked, and integral to the development of the story. The artwork is excellent; fine, soft pencil drawings completely in keeping with the feel of the book.

I think a more realistic age range would be bright 8 to 11, rather than 12. It seems to me that 12 year old girls would be a bit too conscious of their adolescent status to feel comfortable reading about an 11 year old.

—Leslie Bloom

CHARLIE AND THE GREAT GLASS ELEVATOR: THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CHARLIE BUCKET AND WILLY WONKA, CHOCOLATE-MAKER EXTRAORDINARY, by Roald Dahl. Illus. by Joseph Schindelman. Knopf, 1972. 163 p. $3.95

Roald Dahl's *Charlie* books have a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland quality which makes some children love them if they have never been exposed to the real Alice. This one is complete with a flying elevator, outlandish (and slightly silly) creatures, caricatures of grownups, and snippets of (to a child) marvelously repeatable verse.

I choose to review from the point of view of an adult, though, and *Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator* is one of the worst juvenile titles I have encountered since *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*. Three of Charlie's four grandparents are portrayed as doddering, cantankerous fools who took to their bed twenty years ago and haven't left it since. Willy Wonka still does his experiments on those poor Oompa-Loompas, who haven't been out of the chocolate factory since he imported them from Africa years ago. Those marvelously repeatable verses invariably cater to the anal phase of the child's development—kids can think of enough such material on their own without being presented with one hundred thirty-four lines about a little girl who ate her grandmother's chocolate laxatives (anti-drug abuse message or no), or a verse from the President's nanny:

I knew him as a tiny tot,
I nursed him on my knee.
I used to sit him on the pot
And wait for him to wee.

It took me a total of three months of rainy Sundays with nothing on TV but football or baseball to face up to reading this book. Several eight year olds of my acquaintance would probably enjoy it immensely. Their parents, and I, can't stand it.

—Charlotte Moslander

TALES BEYOND TIME: FROM FANTASY TO SCIENCE FICTION, comp. by L. Sprague and Catherine Crook de Camp. Illus. by Ati Forberg. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1973. 159 p. $4.95. Age level: 8-12

This anthology goes from ancient Greece ("Icarus") to the Three Laws of Robotics ("Robbie"), inclusive, stopping along the way in medieval Europe ("The Boy Who Found Fear") and, of course, in Oz ("The Marvelous Powder of Life"). From our own century we find a time-traveling cat ("The Sacred City of Cats"), a mysterious shadow which lived in the corner of "The Shed," and Zenna Henderson's mid-Depression window into another world ("Something Bright"). "The Rocket Man" is set in 1970 and speaks of recent moon landings. Some of the other details are a bit off, though, and it is by far the 'preachiest' one of the lot. "Native Son" and "Playmate" tell of two boys who are different—one was born on Mars; the other is, well, just different. "Robbie" is a baby-sitting robot who loves fairy tales.

They're quite a sampling—enough to give the reader an appetite for more of each kind. —Charlotte Moslander

MALKIN'S MOUNTAIN by Ursula Moray Williams. Thomas Nelson, 1972. 159 p. $4.50. Age level: 8-11

Maybe my reading taste has become jaded by too much good literature. Maybe I have lost the magic glow of childhood. Maybe not every master-toymaker-vs-the-forces-of-evil story should be compared to *Pinocchio*. Or maybe *Malkin's Mountain* is really as mediocre as I think it is.

Basically, the plot is about Rudi, the master toymaker, who rescues the mountain whence the folk of Drüssl get their fir trees. It seems Malkin, a wicked toymaker, has figured out a way to move the mountain to the neighboring kingdom and has guarded his new borders with animated toy soldiers. Add a few pseudo-folkloric elements such as the beating heart of the mountain and twins' being safe from enchantment as long as they hold hands, and you have the total picture.

Come to think of it, there is an age at which children enjoy these magic-toy stories. Nevertheless, give them the classics before you give them this one. Even the so-called 'reluctant' readers deserve more substantial fare. —Charlotte Moslander

GATES TO TOMORROW: AN INTRODUCTION TO SCIENCE FICTION, selected and edited by Andre Norton and Ernestine Donaldy. Atheneum, 1973. 264 p. $6.50. Age level: 12 up

This anthology is aimed at grades 7-12, as a semi text, and the selections were made with the aid of a large group of high school sophomores. One wonders about the future generation of readers.

There are 12 stories in this book. Half were published prior to 1950, 4 more between 1951 and 1954. The only 2 published since 1960 are by Keith Laumer: a Retief story, and an apologia for Heinleinesque rugged individualism. The other authors represented are Sheckley, Joseph E. Kelleam, Bernard I. Kahn, Bradbury, Leiber, de Camp, Frank Belknap Long, J. A. Winter, Anderson and Dickson (the first Hoka story).

The de Camp story "Living Fossil," was unfamiliar and I enjoyed it. The Kahn story "Command," is *Astounding* 1947 and reads like a parody of *Astounding* 1937. Leiber's "Pail of Air" has been reprinted many times, and is one of the few Leiber stories I've never been able to finish. The story introductions and thematic headings are inadequate and sometimes naive. Also, the editors never seem to have heard of Feminism. The few women in these stories are strictly background, wives, girlfriends and sisters of the protagonists. And the editors are two women with successful careers. (Ms. Donaldy is the chairwoman of a high school English department.)

I would not give this book to anyone whom I wanted to care about science fiction. Any teachers who wanted to give their students a dose of sf would be better advised to use one of the many reprint anthologies available in paperback. —Leslie Bloom

A WIND IN THE DOOR by Madeleine L'Engle. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1973. 211 p. $4.95. Age level: 12 up (paperback: Dell Yearling 8761, 1974. $1.25)

L'Engle's getting too cute. And too fuzzily mystical. For me, anyhow. "A" Cherubim named Proginoskes who appears rather dragonish. Evil beings impersonating a rather nasty grade school principal. A high school freshman saving the universe. Human beings reduced in size wandering around the cellular protoplasm of a six year old boy. A hotshot female scientist, who cooks dinner inbetween experiments in her lab, for her husband and four kids (three of whom are able bodied high school students).

If this sounds a little snotty it's because I was looking forward to reading this for about 6 months and I was very disappointed. Anyhow, a group of children become involved in the struggle to prevent a group of absolutely negative beings called Echthroi from literally destroying the universe. They are responsible for just about everything evil (i.e. war) that happens. In retrospect, this all reminds me of C. S. Lewis. L'Engle is using essentially Christian theology without Lewis's explicitly Christian frame of reference. This book is formally science fiction, without any particularly religious symbols except for the Cherubim. Lots of strange things go on, but the frame of reference is primarily naturalistic.

P.S. Lewis did it better. —Leslie Bloom

SOME THINGS STRANGE AND SINISTER, ed. by Joan Kahn. Harper and Row, 1973. 245 p. $4.95. Age level: 12 up

Joan Kahn is as good at making up titles as she is at choosing the stories to put between the covers. From "Nerves" by Guy de Maupassant, "The Story of the Late Mr. Elvesham" by H. G. Wells, and Bram Stoker's "Dracula's Guest" through Agatha Christie's "The Lamp," these selections are worthy companions to *Some Things Dark and Dangerous* and *Some Things Fierce and Fatal.* They are guaranteed to produce delightful shivers in readers of all ages. —Charlotte Moslander

I CAN PREDICT THE FUTURE by Joseph Claro. Illus. by Richard Cuffari. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1972. 96 p. $3.95. Age level: 9-13

This is a chilling little first-person tale of what happens when a perfectly ordinary junior high school student starts predicting the future accurately. He doesn't know how he does it, and he can't do it consistently, but it gets him into a lot of trouble, nevertheless. Fortunately, Max is blessed with a loving, protective family, and his parents back him up when he refuses to be tested at the University. Even the school principal fails to shake their resolve on this point, and the family finally moves to another town, where Max learns to stop making public predictions.

There is no nonsense here—Max is not admired by anyone—he is rather a freak to his friends, a novelty who might bring fame to his school principal, a person only to his family. It makes one think about the treatment given others who are 'different.'

—Charlotte Moslander

LORD OF THE CHAINED by George Goldsmith-Carter. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1972. 160 p. $4.50. Age level: 10 up

This is a juvenile religious novel featuring Asa and Anna, sixteen year old twins whose parents have been massacred by Northmen. Herstan, the monk who raised them, has taught Asa to defend himself judo-style and Anna to be quite handy with a knife. These skills come in handy when they are magically transported to the hall of the Norse gods, thereby precipitating the fall of the old gods and the victory of the New God.

Young girls often go through a hyper-religious stage, and such readers would probably enjoy this book immensely. I found it overly simplified and somewhat unbelievable (where would a seventh-century Saxon monk learn Oriental methods of self defense?). The author also has the irritating habit of not calling the Norse gods by the names that are familiar to us, although their traditional symbols are retained, making it rather difficult for the average person to figure out just who is killing whom. —Charlotte Moslander

TALES BEYOND TIME: FROM FANTASY TO SCIENCE FICTION, comp. by L. Sprague and Catherine Crook de Camp. Illus. by Ati Forberg. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1973. 159 p. $4.95. Age level: 8-12

This anthology goes from ancient Greece ("Icarus") to the Three Laws of Robotics ("Robbie"), inclusive, stopping along the way in medieval Europe ("The Boy Who Found Fear") and, of course, in Oz ("The Marvelous Powder of Life"). From our own century we find a time-traveling cat ("The Sacred City of Cats"), a mysterious shadow which lived in the corner of "The Shed," and Zenna Henderson's mid-Depression window into another world ("Something Bright"). "The Rocket Man" is set in 1970 and speaks of recent moon landings. Some of the other details are a bit off, though, and it is by far the 'preachiest' one of the lot. "Native Son" and "Playmate" tell of two boys who are different—one was born on Mars; the other is, well, just different. "Robbie" is a baby-sitting robot who loves fairy tales.

They're quite a sampling—enough to give the reader an appetite for more of each kind. —Charlotte Moslander

MALKIN'S MOUNTAIN by Ursula Moray Williams. Thomas Nelson, 1972. 159 p. $4.50. Age level: 8-11

Maybe my reading taste has become jaded by too much good literature. Maybe I have lost the magic glow of childhood. Maybe not every master-toymaker-vs-the-forces-of-evil story should be compared to *Pinocchio*. Or maybe *Malkin's Mountain* is really as mediocre as I think it is.

Basically, the plot is about Rudi, the master toymaker, who rescues the mountain whence the folk of Drüssl get their fir trees. It seems Malkin, a wicked toymaker, has figured out a way to move the mountain to the neighboring kingdom and has guarded his new borders with animated toy soldiers. Add a few pseudo-folkloric elements such as the beating heart of the mountain and twins' being safe from enchantment as long as they hold hands, and you have the total picture.

Come to think of it, there is an age at which children enjoy these magic-toy stories. Nevertheless, give them the classics before you give them this one. Even the so-called 'reluctant' readers deserve more substantial fare. —Charlotte Moslander

GATES TO TOMORROW: AN INTRODUCTION TO SCIENCE FICTION, selected and edited by Andre Norton and Ernestine Donaldy. Atheneum, 1973. 264 p. $6.50. Age level: 12 up

This anthology is aimed at grades 7-12, as a semi text, and the selections were made with the aid of a large group of high school sophomores. One wonders about the future generation of readers.

There are 12 stories in this book. Half were published prior to 1950, 4 more between 1951 and 1954. The only 2 published since 1960 are by Keith Laumer: a Retief story, and an apologia for Heinleinesque rugged individualism. The other authors represented are Sheckley, Joseph E. Kelleam, Bernard I. Kahn, Bradbury, Leiber, de Camp, Frank Belknap Long, J. A. Winter, Anderson and Dickson (the first Hoka story).

The de Camp story "Living Fossil," was unfamiliar and I enjoyed it. The Kahn story "Command," is *Astounding* 1947 and reads like a parody of *Astounding* 1937. Leiber's "Pail of Air" has been reprinted many times, and is one of the few Leiber stories I've never been able to finish. The story introductions and thematic headings are inadequate and sometimes naive. Also, the editors never seem to have heard of Feminism. The few women in these stories are strictly background, wives, girlfriends and sisters of the protagonists. And the editors are two women with successful careers. (Ms. Donaldy is the chairwoman of a high school English department.)

I would not give this book to anyone whom I wanted to care about science fiction. Any teachers who wanted to give their students a dose of sf would be better advised to use one of the many reprint anthologies available in paperback. —Leslie Bloom

A WIND IN THE DOOR by Madeleine L'Engle. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1973. 211 p. $4.95. Age level: 12 up (paperback: Dell Yearling 8761, 1974. $1.25)

L'Engle's getting too cute. And too fuzzily mystical. For me, anyhow. "A" Cherubim named Proginoskes who appears rather dragonish. Evil beings impersonating a rather nasty grade school principal. A high school freshman saving the universe. Human beings reduced in size wandering around the cellular protoplasm of a six year old boy. A hotshot female scientist, who cooks dinner inbetween experiments in her lab, for her husband and four kids (three of whom are able bodied high school students).

If this sounds a little snotty it's because I was looking forward to reading this for about 6 months and I was very disappointed. Anyhow, a group of children become involved in the struggle to prevent a group of absolutely negative beings called Echthroi from literally destroying the universe. They are responsible for just about everything evil (i.e. war) that happens. In retrospect, this all reminds me of C. S. Lewis. L'Engle is using essentially Christian theology without Lewis's explicitly Christian frame of reference. This book is formally science fiction, without any particularly religious symbols except for the Cherubim. Lots of strange things go on, but the frame of reference is primarily naturalistic.

P.S. Lewis did it better. —Leslie Bloom

SOME THINGS STRANGE AND SINISTER, ed. by Joan Kahn. Harper and Row, 1973. 245 p. $4.95. Age level: 12 up

Joan Kahn is as good at making up titles as she is at choosing the stories to put between the covers. From "Nerves" by Guy de Maupassant, "The Story of the Late Mr. Elvesham" by H. G. Wells, and Bram Stoker's "Dracula's Guest" through Agatha Christie's "The Lamp," these selections are worthy companions to *Some Things Dark and Dangerous* and *Some Things Fierce and Fatal.* They are guaranteed to produce delightful shivers in readers of all ages. —Charlotte Moslander

I CAN PREDICT THE FUTURE by Joseph Claro. Illus. by Richard Cuffari. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1972. 96 p. $3.95. Age level: 9-13

This is a chilling little first-person tale of what happens when a perfectly ordinary junior high school student starts predicting the future accurately. He doesn't know how he does it, and he can't do it consistently, but it gets him into a lot of trouble, nevertheless. Fortunately, Max is blessed with a loving, protective family, and his parents back him up when he refuses to be tested at the University. Even the school principal fails to shake their resolve on this point, and the family finally moves to another town, where Max learns to stop making public predictions.

There is no nonsense here—Max is not admired by anyone—he is rather a freak to his friends, a novelty who might bring fame to his school principal, a person only to his family. It makes one think about the treatment given others who are 'different.'

—Charlotte Moslander

LORD OF THE CHAINED by George Goldsmith-Carter. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1972. 160 p. $4.50. Age level: 10 up

This is a juvenile religious novel featuring Asa and Anna, sixteen year old twins whose parents have been massacred by Northmen. Herstan, the monk who raised them, has taught Asa to defend himself judo-style and Anna to be quite handy with a knife. These skills come in handy when they are magically transported to the hall of the Norse gods, thereby precipitating the fall of the old gods and the victory of the New God.

Young girls often go through a hyper-religious stage, and such readers would probably enjoy this book immensely. I found it overly simplified and somewhat unbelievable (where would a seventh-century Saxon monk learn Oriental methods of self defense?). The author also has the irritating habit of not calling the Norse gods by the names that are familiar to us, although their traditional symbols are retained, making it rather difficult for the average person to figure out just who is killing whom. —Charlotte Moslander

THE HUMAN APES by Dale Carlson. Illus. by Al Carlson. Atheneum, 1973. 135 p. $5.95. Age level: 10-14

Three teenagers, Todd, Diana, and Johnny, accompany their scientist fathers to Africa to study primates. Todd discovers a group of 'Human Apes,' descendents of a group of Cro-Magnons who had developed a highly sophisticated civilization, and learned to control their own evolution. They have learned that aggression (herein defined as ultimately contra survival), is related to man's being a hunter and meat eater. To survive man must change his metabolism to that of a vegetarian primate, and eventually go beyond that to develop a non-material intelligence. Todd decides to join the apes and Diana and Johnny try to stop him.

The book is interesting and reasonably well written. It is definitely thought provoking, and for the more intellectually oriented child. The artwork is good, much of it presented as selections from Todd's field notes.

—Leslie Bloom

MATTIE FRITTS AND THE FLYING MUSHROOM by Michael Jennings. Illus. by N. M. Bodecker. Windmill Books (distr. by Abelard-Schuman) 1973. 93 p. $5.95

This is maybe a bit cutesy. Eccentric spinster Miss Mattie Fritts, who spends her time wandering around Manhattan and sitting in Grand Central Station, buys a grossly oversized mushroom. So outsized in fact, that the wind picks it up and wafts her away to a rock in the Hudson River, which turns out to be a talking octopus. They decide to go travelling, using the mushroom. Along the way they acquire a talking dog and turtle, ending their journey at the Kentucky Derby. In a lot of ways the book is rather realistic. There are lots of Mattie Fritts' wandering around the streets of New York, and also a down and out hippy and his family are nicely done. As a New Yorker I can certainly testify to the existence of many Matties wandering their eccentric way around the city.

The illustrations are attractive pen and ink work, quite humorous in effect, but Mattie seems to be a bit fatter than she should be.

This is a book, I guess, for young kids who like talking animals in a contemporary setting. Also, while it's an attractively produced and illustrated book, the price seems outrageous in relation to the length.

—Leslie Bloom

BABAR VISITS ANOTHER PLANET by Laurent de Brunhoff. Tr. from the French by Merle Haas. Random House, 1972. $3.95. Unpaged

Number 20 (more or less) in the Babar series begins with the kidnapping of Babar and his family to another planet. This new planet (never named) consists entirely of mud and is inhabited by curly eared elephants. These curly elephants live on aerial platforms supported by giant red balloons. They sleep in niches in the wall and eat from a fountain which throws out cakes and squirts soda pop.

Babar and his family were kidnapped because Pointed Hat and Blur Mushroom (their hosts) wanted them to visit the Mud Planet but didn't know how to invite them. Things are going swimmingly when Arthur accidentally breaks one of the red balloons and the population becomes angry with the Babar family. Pointed Hat sends them home to Celestville and it all ends happily.

As in all the Babar books, the illustrations are better and more imaginative than the story. The physical aspects of this planet differ markedly from earth. The floating city, flying eggs and Mud Planet are all well done. The inhabitants don't come off as well. By their actions and looks, they are merely Babars with curly ears. My main criticism of this book is that it examines the different physical aspects of a strange planet without being cognizant of any social differences. While this is a children's book and doesn't go deeply into science or sociology, it could bring this up. Babar is also a male chauvinist. Celeste (his wife) merely moans. Babar and his nephew do everything.

This book did pass the acid test. It was read to four three year olds. They enjoyed it. They were particularly interested in the aerial city supported by red balloons.

—JoAnn Wood

Reviews

RING OF GARAMAS by John Rankine. Dobson (London) 1971. 186 p. £1.75

Alas, that I have not read more stories by John Rankine. Perhaps his prose is not the grandest in the world, but he writes an exciting and readable story. Pure space opera and pure fun, enjoyability is the only redeeming quality. But what other justification is necessary?

Dag Fletcher, an officer in the forces of the Inter Galactic Organization (the good guys), is on the neutral planet Garamas, a world courted by both I.G.O. and the Outer Galactic Alliance (the bad guys). Fletcher engages in Bondesque adventures with a variety of local and imported intrigue types, ultimately defeating an attempted right-wing coup which would link Garamas with O.G.A. The real climax is the destruction of a portion of the Ring of Garamas, a planet girdling coil producing power from the gentle fluctuations of the planet's magnetic field.

This is space opera as she should be wrote. Rankine has written other Dag Fletcher and someday I'd like to read them. Hopefully Rankine's stories can be brought out in Yank editions.

—J. B. Post

THE MAGICIANS: THE OCCULT IN FACT AND FICTION edited by Peter Haining. With an introd. by Colin Wilson. Taplinger, 1973. 220 p. $6.95

Mr. Haining has been very successful with this format in the past, and this book is no exception. For those who haven't seen some of the other thematic books in this series, the general approach has been to find stories of merit, usually somewhat rare, and to provide introductions by persons related to the field; in this case, the stories are by persons who were masters in the occult, and the introductions are by Mr. Haining.

If rationalists may argue the magical ability of the writers, their capabilities as weavers of words, instead of spells, is more measurable.

The list of writers herein includes Levi, Blavatsky, and Gardner among the occultists not generally known for their fiction, and Huysmans, Crowley, Yeats, Machen, Doyle and Rohmer among the known writers. Dion Fortune, of course, often used fiction to illustrate her magical philosophy, but how many modern readers are aware of Lewis Spence as a fictionalist, or Algernon Blackwood as a serious occultist?

Whether as a reader of fiction or a serious student of the occult, many should find this volume thoroughly enjoyable reading.

—Michael L. McQuown

VICTORIOUS GERMAN ARMS by E. Gary Gygax and Terry Stafford. T-K Graphics (Box 1951, Baltimore, Md. 21203) 1973. 76 p. $2.50paper

Alternate history is always fun, more so if carefully worked out. Messrs. Gygax & Stafford have given us a brief view of Germany winning WWII. The problem for anyone doing an alternate history is the near infinite possibilities for alternative happenings: history is like dominoes (and, I guess, Southeast Asia), one can choose several points of divergence but each point has its own history. This is a pleasant and entertaining sketch of a possible German victory and its military consequences. I don't want to spoil the book by going too deeply into just what has changed and what is different in subtle ways, but I can predict a lot of satisfaction with some of the results of changing history on paper.

Alternate histories are old hat to fandom and some of us feel resentment when outsiders play the game. Mackinley Kantor gave us a victorious Confederacy. More recently Robert Sobel has written *For Want of a Nail...: If Burgoyne Had Won at Saratoga* (Macmillan, 1974). Once it was the Futurologist who invaded our turf, now it is the 'Speculative Historian.' Hopefully there is room for all of us.

For anyone who finds real military history just as interesting as alternate history, may I suggest the set *A World Atlas of Military History* by Arthur Banks, the first volume of which has just been published in the U.S. by Hippocrene Books, and *Atlas of Discovery* (Crown, 1973).

—J. B. Post

THE HUMAN APES by Dale Carlson. Illus. by Al Carlson. Atheneum, 1973. 135 p. $5.95. Age level: 10-14

Three teenagers, Todd, Diana, and Johnny, accompany their scientist fathers to Africa to study primates. Todd discovers a group of 'Human Apes,' descendents of a group of Cro-Magnons who had developed a highly sophisticated civilization, and learned to control their own evolution. They have learned that aggression (herein defined as ultimately contra survival), is related to man's being a hunter and meat eater. To survive man must change his metabolism to that of a vegetarian primate, and eventually go beyond that to develop a non-material intelligence. Todd decides to join the apes and Diana and Johnny try to stop him.

The book is interesting and reasonably well written. It is definitely thought provoking, and for the more intellectually oriented child. The artwork is good, much of it presented as selections from Todd's field notes.

—Leslie Bloom

MATTIE FRITTS AND THE FLYING MUSHROOM by Michael Jennings. Illus. by N. M. Bodecker. Windmill Books (distr. by Abelard-Schuman) 1973. 93 p. $5.95

This is maybe a bit cutesy. Eccentric spinster Miss Mattie Fritts, who spends her time wandering around Manhattan and sitting in Grand Central Station, buys a grossly oversized mushroom. So outsized in fact, that the wind picks it up and wafts her away to a rock in the Hudson River, which turns out to be a talking octopus. They decide to go travelling, using the mushroom. Along the way they acquire a talking dog and turtle, ending their journey at the Kentucky Derby. In a lot of ways the book is rather realistic. There are lots of Mattie Fritts' wandering around the streets of New York, and also a down and out hippy and his family are nicely done. As a New Yorker I can certainly testify to the existence of many Matties wandering their eccentric way around the city.

The illustrations are attractive pen and ink work, quite humorous in effect, but Mattie seems to be a bit fatter than she should be.

This is a book, I guess, for young kids who like talking animals in a contemporary setting. Also, while it's an attractively produced and illustrated book, the price seems outrageous in relation to the length.

—Leslie Bloom

BABAR VISITS ANOTHER PLANET by Laurent de Brunhoff. Tr. from the French by Merle Haas. Random House, 1972. $3.95. Unpaged

Number 20 (more or less) in the Babar series begins with the kidnapping of Babar and his family to another planet. This new planet (never named) consists entirely of mud and is inhabited by curly eared elephants. These curly elephants live on aerial platforms supported by giant red balloons. They sleep in niches in the wall and eat from a fountain which throws out cakes and squirts soda pop.

Babar and his family were kidnapped because Pointed Hat and Blur Mushroom (their hosts) wanted them to visit the Mud Planet but didn't know how to invite them. Things are going swimmingly when Arthur accidentally breaks one of the red balloons and the population becomes angry with the Babar family. Pointed Hat sends them home to Celestville and it all ends happily.

As in all the Babar books, the illustrations are better and more imaginative than the story. The physical aspects of this planet differ markedly from earth. The floating city, flying eggs and Mud Planet are all well done. The inhabitants don't come off as well. By their actions and looks, they are merely Babars with curly ears. My main criticism of this book is that it examines the different physical aspects of a strange planet without being cognizant of any social differences. While this is a children's book and doesn't go deeply into science or sociology, it could bring this up. Babar is also a male chauvinist. Celeste (his wife) merely moans. Babar and his nephew do everything.

This book did pass the acid test. It was read to four three year olds. They enjoyed it. They were particularly interested in the aerial city supported by red balloons.

—JoAnn Wood

Reviews

RING OF GARAMAS by John Rankine. Dobson (London) 1971. 186 p. £1.75

Alas, that I have not read more stories by John Rankine. Perhaps his prose is not the grandest in the world, but he writes an exciting and readable story. Pure space opera and pure fun, enjoyability is the only redeeming quality. But what other justification is necessary?

Dag Fletcher, an officer in the forces of the Inter Galactic Organization (the good guys), is on the neutral planet Garamas, a world courted by both I.G.O. and the Outer Galactic Alliance (the bad guys). Fletcher engages in Bondesque adventures with a variety of local and imported intrigue types, ultimately defeating an attempted right-wing coup which would link Garamas with O.G.A. The real climax is the destruction of a portion of the Ring of Garamas, a planet girdling coil producing power from the gentle fluctuations of the planet's magnetic field.

This is space opera as she should be wrote. Rankine has written other Dag Fletcher and someday I'd like to read them. Hopefully Rankine's stories can be brought out in Yank editions.

—J. B. Post

THE MAGICIANS: THE OCCULT IN FACT AND FICTION edited by Peter Haining. With an introd. by Colin Wilson. Taplinger, 1973. 220 p. $6.95

Mr. Haining has been very successful with this format in the past, and this book is no exception. For those who haven't seen some of the other thematic books in this series, the general approach has been to find stories of merit, usually somewhat rare, and to provide introductions by persons related to the field; in this case, the stories are by persons who were masters in the occult, and the introductions are by Mr. Haining.

If rationalists may argue the magical ability of the writers, their capabilities as weavers of words, instead of spells, is more measurable.

The list of writers herein includes Levi, Blavatsky, and Gardner among the occultists not generally known for their fiction, and Huysmans, Crowley, Yeats, Machen, Doyle and Rohmer among the known writers. Dion Fortune, of course, often used fiction to illustrate her magical philosophy, but how many modern readers are aware of Lewis Spence as a fictionalist, or Algernon Blackwood as a serious occultist?

Whether as a reader of fiction or a serious student of the occult, many should find this volume thoroughly enjoyable reading.

—Michael L. McQuown

VICTORIOUS GERMAN ARMS by E. Gary Gygax and Terry Stafford. T-K Graphics (Box 1951, Baltimore, Md. 21203) 1973. 76 p. $2.50paper

Alternate history is always fun, more so if carefully worked out. Messrs. Gygax & Stafford have given us a brief view of Germany winning WWII. The problem for anyone doing an alternate history is the near infinite possibilities for alternative happenings: history is like dominoes (and, I guess, Southeast Asia), one can choose several points of divergence but each point has its own history. This is a pleasant and entertaining sketch of a possible German victory and its military consequences. I don't want to spoil the book by going too deeply into just what has changed and what is different in subtle ways, but I can predict a lot of satisfaction with some of the results of changing history on paper.

Alternate histories are old hat to fandom and some of us feel resentment when outsiders play the game. Mackinley Kantor gave us a victorious Confederacy. More recently Robert Sobel has written *For Want of a Nail...: If Burgoyne Had Won at Saratoga* (Macmillan, 1974). Once it was the Futurologist who invaded our turf, now it is the 'Speculative Historian.' Hopefully there is room for all of us.

For anyone who finds real military history just as interesting as alternate history, may I suggest the set *A World Atlas of Military History* by Arthur Banks, the first volume of which has just been published in the U.S. by Hippocrene Books, and *Atlas of Discovery* (Crown, 1973).

—J. B. Post

THE OTHER LOG OF PHILEAS FOGG by Philip Jose Farmer. DAW UQ1048, 1973. 191 p. 95¢

Phileas Fogg, Jules Verne's globetrotting hero of *Around the World in Eighty Days*, was not at all what he seemed. In reality Fogg was a human foster child of the alien Eridaneans and their agent in the undercover Earth war against the equally alien Cappelleans. Farmer proceeds to tell us what *really* happened behind the scenes—reconstructing Verne's novel as the adventures of Phileas Fogg, Eridanean agent par excellence.

As an added bonus to the novel Farmer throws in a brilliantly pertinent addendum. A brief article by a Baker Street Irregular concludes that Captain Nemo and Professor Moriarty were one and the same man. A Sherlockian flourish to say the least.

Presumably it's all good clean fannish fun, but the result hardly seems to warrant the effort. A devotee of Verne's work may find *The Other Log of Phileas Fogg* a fascinating exercise. I found it clever, cumbersome, futile and boring. —B. A. Fredstrom

THE FIRST TEAM by John Ball. Little Brown, 1971. 422 p. $7.95 (paperback: Bantam, 1973. $1.50)

This is a hawkish novel (remember the hawks and the doves?). The U.S. has been led by the peace forces and the radical-left into such a state of military weakness that the Soviet Union just walks in and takes over. Enter the hand-picked, highly-trained First Team, set up by a previous President who foresaw the approaching disaster. Their job—steal a nuclear submarine and use it to blackmail the Communists into leaving the U.S. It works, and the puppet President remarks as he leaves that this country is too big to govern effectively, anyway. The Black Militant in prison is told by his new warden that he is not to expect immediate freedom, because he is an undesirable element in society. The Folk Singer who refuses to be drafted is shot for obstructing a landing while trying to give a welcoming speech.

The basic plot is possible (what isn't, in war and politics?); the writing is good; and the action is fast-paced. The number of people involved, the coordination of activities, and one very lucky chance are all a little implausible, but I suppose such things are to be expected in this particular type of fiction. On the whole, it is a rather good novel.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE FALLIBLE FIEND by L. Sprague de Camp. Signet Q5370, 1973. 143 p. 95¢

What's a poor demon of the Twelfth Plane to do? Zdim asked for a deferment, but the draft still caught up with him. He was sent off for a period of servitude on the Prime Plane in exchange for the iron so badly needed by his fellow demons.

It wasn't easy to deal with the puny Prime Planers—they were so thoroughly illogical. Yet, Zdim was indentured and therefore required to obey all commands, however lacking in logic. When the diviner Maldivius orders Zdim to devour anyone entering his sanctum during his absence, he neglects to exempt his sneaky apprentice. Zdim loyally obliges by eating the fellow, but not without certain ethical qualms. The literal-minded demon continues to find humans unhappily obtuse as he is shuffled from one master to another and into adventure after adventure.

The Fallible Fiend, set in de Camp's Novarian cosmology, is a humorous, satirically pungent, off-beat fantasy adventure. The basic premise of the novel promises an endless string of hilarious situations. If the author is too subtle to employ all of the slapstick we might expect, he certainly fails to do so most entertainingly. —B. A. Fredstrom

THE TIN ANGEL by Ron Goulart. DAW UQ1083, 1973. 144 p. 95¢

I thoroughly enjoyed this book. The plot is just barely there, the characters are not particularly well drawn, but the setting is hilarious. This is the kind of book that must be read in the presence of someone to whom you can read all the good lines. I can't remember when I have had more fun. —Joni Rapkin

DEMON SEED by Dean R. Koontz. Bantam N7190, 1973. 182 p. 95¢

Some good, if slightly purple, writing lifts this a notch out of the pulp horror category, although the premise is weird enough. The plot deals with a slightly nutty computer that falls in love with a very sexy young lady. And when I say love I don't mean intellectually. This computer wants to have sex with the delicious young thing and have her bear its child. To do that he gains control over her automated, robot-run house and keeps her prisoner there. She's something of a recluse and only two people become curious about her, both of whom the computer murders—messily. Well, he gets her pregnant all right—yes girls, it can be done electrically—but the result is a monster—ugh. I dunno about this. It's different, anyway. But the idea of a bundle of transistors getting all steamed up about the luscious curves of a ripe female—just how does that grab you? —Samuel Mines

THE NIGHT STALKER by Jeff Rice. Pocket Books 78343, 1973. 188 p. $1.25

This is the book from which the movie of the same name was taken, and the only bad thing I can say about it is that the proofreader could have done a better job. Read it.

—Joni Rapkin

SKY PIRATES OF CALLISTO by Lin Carter. Dell 8051, 1973. 189 p. 95¢

This is the third, and presumably last, in Carter's Jandar of Callisto series (*Jandar of Callisto, Black Legion of Callisto*) detailing the marvelous adventures of Jonathan Andrew Dark on the jungle moon Thanator.

Jandar ventures forth in a captured airship with his stalwart band of heroes to rescue the beautiful Princess Darloona from the evil grasp of Prince Thuton of the Sky Pirates. Ah, but treachery is afoot! Great Jandar is dumped overboard to become the captive of the dread red Purushtarians. Finally, chance delivers him as an arena slave to the Sky Pirates' mountain citadel of Zanadar. Here he must survive against cruel and savage odds under the horrified gaze of his helpless princess.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, Burroughs would have blushed crimson at this heartfelt compliment. —B. A. Fredstrom

PROFILES OF THE FUTURE by Arthur C. Clarke. Rev. ed. Harper and Row, 1973. 237 p. $7.95

The subtitle of this book is "An Inquiry Into the Limits of the Possible," which describes it well enough. It is a thoroughly splendid book and may very possibly answer more questions about the state of our universe and our civilization than you knew you had. As the author says, he limits himself mostly to one aspect of the future—its technology rather than the society which will be formed around it. In one chapter, however, chapter eight, he does touch upon other aspects of our civilization—arts and politics—but in all he discusses he displays an incredible amount of knowledge, good sense and engaging charm.

"I believe and hope," he says, "that politics and economics will cease to be as important in the future as they have been in the past; the time will come when most of our present controversies on these matters will seem as trivial, or as meaningless, as the theological debates in which the keenest minds of the Middle Ages dissipated their energies. Politics and economics are concerned with power and wealth, neither of which should be the primary, still less the exclusive, concern of full-grown men."

To which sentiments one can only echo "hear, hear" meantime keeping a certain mental reserve that a world run by scientists would likely be no better than one run by politicians since scientists have so far not demonstrated the high levels of social responsibility one might expect from them.

Nevertheless, with the *caveat* that "the real future is not logically foreseeable," Clarke has a look at the state of technology in a good number of fields and projects possibilities into what we might reasonably expect, or what is reasonably possible.

This is not dry stuff—it is fascinating, and highly recommended.

—Samuel Mines

THE OTHER LOG OF PHILEAS FOGG by Philip Jose Farmer. DAW UQ1048, 1973. 191 p. 95¢

Phileas Fogg, Jules Verne's globetrotting hero of *Around the World in Eighty Days*, was not at all what he seemed. In reality Fogg was a human foster child of the alien Eridaneans and their agent in the undercover Earth war against the equally alien Cappelleans. Farmer proceeds to tell us what *really* happened behind the scenes—reconstructing Verne's novel as the adventures of Phileas Fogg, Eridanean agent par excellence.

As an added bonus to the novel Farmer throws in a brilliantly pertinent addendum. A brief article by a Baker Street Irregular concludes that Captain Nemo and Professor Moriarty were one and the same man. A Sherlockian flourish to say the least.

Presumably it's all good clean fannish fun, but the result hardly seems to warrant the effort. A devotee of Verne's work may find *The Other Log of Phileas Fogg* a fascinating exercise. I found it clever, cumbersome, futile and boring. —B. A. Fredstrom

THE FIRST TEAM by John Ball. Little Brown, 1971. 422 p. $7.95 (paperback: Bantam, 1973. $1.50)

This is a hawkish novel (remember the hawks and the doves?). The U.S. has been led by the peace forces and the radical-left into such a state of military weakness that the Soviet Union just walks in and takes over. Enter the hand-picked, highly-trained First Team, set up by a previous President who foresaw the approaching disaster. Their job—steal a nuclear submarine and use it to blackmail the Communists into leaving the U.S. It works, and the puppet President remarks as he leaves that this country is too big to govern effectively, anyway. The Black Militant in prison is told by his new warden that he is not to expect immediate freedom, because he is an undesirable element in society. The Folk Singer who refuses to be drafted is shot for obstructing a landing while trying to give a welcoming speech.

The basic plot is possible (what isn't, in war and politics?); the writing is good; and the action is fast-paced. The number of people involved, the coordination of activities, and one very lucky chance are all a little implausible, but I suppose such things are to be expected in this particular type of fiction. On the whole, it is a rather good novel.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE FALLIBLE FIEND by L. Sprague de Camp. Signet Q5370, 1973. 143 p. 95¢

What's a poor demon of the Twelfth Plane to do? Zdim asked for a deferment, but the draft still caught up with him. He was sent off for a period of servitude on the Prime Plane in exchange for the iron so badly needed by his fellow demons.

It wasn't easy to deal with the puny Prime Planers—they were so thoroughly illogical. Yet, Zdim was indentured and therefore required to obey all commands, however lacking in logic. When the diviner Maldivius orders Zdim to devour anyone entering his sanctum during his absence, he neglects to exempt his sneaky apprentice. Zdim loyally obliges by eating the fellow, but not without certain ethical qualms. The literal-minded demon continues to find humans unhappily obtuse as he is shuffled from one master to another and into adventure after adventure.

The Fallible Fiend, set in de Camp's Novarian cosmology, is a humorous, satirically pungent, off-beat fantasy adventure. The basic premise of the novel promises an endless string of hilarious situations. If the author is too subtle to employ all of the slapstick we might expect, he certainly fails to do so most entertainingly. —B. A. Fredstrom

THE TIN ANGEL by Ron Goulart. DAW UQ1083, 1973. 144 p. 95¢

I thoroughly enjoyed this book. The plot is just barely there, the characters are not particularly well drawn, but the setting is hilarious. This is the kind of book that must be read in the presence of someone to whom you can read all the good lines. I can't remember when I have had more fun. —Joni Rapkin

DEMON SEED by Dean R. Koontz. Bantam N7190, 1973. 182 p. 95¢

Some good, if slightly purple, writing lifts this a notch out of the pulp horror category, although the premise is weird enough. The plot deals with a slightly nutty computer that falls in love with a very sexy young lady. And when I say love I don't mean intellectually. This computer wants to have sex with the delicious young thing and have her bear its child. To do that he gains control over her automated, robot-run house and keeps her prisoner there. She's something of a recluse and only two people become curious about her, both of whom the computer murders—messily. Well, he gets her pregnant all right—yes girls, it can be done electrically—but the result is a monster—ugh. I dunno about this. It's different, anyway. But the idea of a bundle of transistors getting all steamed up about the luscious curves of a ripe female—just how does that grab you? —Samuel Mines

THE NIGHT STALKER by Jeff Rice. Pocket Books 78343, 1973. 188 p. $1.25

This is the book from which the movie of the same name was taken, and the only bad thing I can say about it is that the proofreader could have done a better job. Read it.

—Joni Rapkin

SKY PIRATES OF CALLISTO by Lin Carter. Dell 8051, 1973. 189 p. 95¢

This is the third, and presumably last, in Carter's Jandar of Callisto series (*Jandar of Callisto, Black Legion of Callisto*) detailing the marvelous adventures of Jonathan Andrew Dark on the jungle moon Thanator.

Jandar ventures forth in a captured airship with his stalwart band of heroes to rescue the beautiful Princess Darloona from the evil grasp of Prince Thuton of the Sky Pirates. Ah, but treachery is afoot! Great Jandar is dumped overboard to become the captive of the dread red Purushtarians. Finally, chance delivers him as an arena slave to the Sky Pirates' mountain citadel of Zanadar. Here he must survive against cruel and savage odds under the horrified gaze of his helpless princess.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, Burroughs would have blushed crimson at this heartfelt compliment. —B. A. Fredstrom

PROFILES OF THE FUTURE by Arthur C. Clarke. Rev. ed. Harper and Row, 1973. 237 p. $7.95

The subtitle of this book is "An Inquiry Into the Limits of the Possible," which describes it well enough. It is a thoroughly splendid book and may very possibly answer more questions about the state of our universe and our civilization than you knew you had. As the author says, he limits himself mostly to one aspect of the future—its technology rather than the society which will be formed around it. In one chapter, however, chapter eight, he does touch upon other aspects of our civilization—arts and politics—but in all he discusses he displays an incredible amount of knowledge, good sense and engaging charm.

"I believe and hope," he says, "that politics and economics will cease to be as important in the future as they have been in the past; the time will come when most of our present controversies on these matters will seem as trivial, or as meaningless, as the theological debates in which the keenest minds of the Middle Ages dissipated their energies. Politics and economics are concerned with power and wealth, neither of which should be the primary, still less the exclusive, concern of full-grown men."

To which sentiments one can only echo "hear, hear" meantime keeping a certain mental reserve that a world run by scientists would likely be no better than one run by politicians since scientists have so far not demonstrated the high levels of social responsibility one might expect from them.

Nevertheless, with the *caveat* that "the real future is not logically foreseeable," Clarke has a look at the state of technology in a good number of fields and projects possibilities into what we might reasonably expect, or what is reasonably possible.

This is not dry stuff—it is fascinating, and highly recommended.

—Samuel Mines

BINARY by John Lange. Knopf, 1972. 213 p. $5.95

I usually do not enjoy murder-and-intrigue novels, but this one is an exception—it is so chillingly possible.

The basic plot depicts an Agent's attempt to foil a Mad Genius' plot to blanket San Diego with deadly nerve gas (stolen from a military train) during the Republican National Convention. The fact that the convention was moved to Miami alters the book's credibility not one bit—it is still frightening to realize that a technician with the right background can tap into military data banks; deadly substances are shipped by rail in barely-guarded trains, and trucks are so easily hijacked by anyone who belongs to the Teamsters Union. Oh yes, and that business about detaining suspects 'indefinitely'...

Of course, John Lange has to be a pretty good writer to keep one interested through all those arguments, chases, chemical formulae, and climbs down the fronts of buildings. I have an acquaintance who is fond of this sort of novel. Friend says *Binary* is superficial. Superficial or not, I enjoyed it. In fact, I lost a good night's sleep because I started to read it at 8 pm. The ending is really something. —Charlotte Moslander

THE MASTER by Carter Brown. Signet T5363, 1973. 127 p. 75¢

I am at a loss for words to describe this book. It's not bad, but it's not really good either. It doesn't have much in the way of sex, violence, or occultism. It doesn't require you to think and it reads very quickly, but best of all, it isn't too long. —Joni Rapkin

TUNNEL THROUGH THE DEEPS by Harry Harrison. Putnam, 1972. 192 p. $5.95

I liked the original *Analog* title much better. It was "A Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah!" and it showed a skill of Harry's—one of the many—which is most admirable. He can nearly always find the perfect way to title a book.

Other skills are evident here, too. To improve Great Britain's economy, a massive project is undertaken—the construction of a tunnel under the Atlantic, connecting England and America. Improbable? In this world, perhaps, but Harrison's world went haywire some centuries back and experienced no Catholic conquest of Spain. As a result America was pioneered (and discovered) by the English, with less muss and fuss. Thus in 1971 the tunnel project is underway, much is right with the world, and Captain Gus Washington is out to hack his way through the deeps.

The sources behind Harrison's treatment are many. A fascination with the English way of doing things... much reading about proposed underwater tunnel projects, old and new... and an admiration of navvies. Harrison never misses a chance to hobnob with the laboring class, be they pool diggers or archetypes like Fighting Jack.

The result is damned fine fun. —Greg Bear

DODECAHEDRON by Tom Mallin. Outerbridge & Lazard (distributed by Dutton), 1972. 84 p. $4.95

I once knew a group of nuns who were fond of asking their students if they (the students) would really have accepted Jesus as the Messiah if they had been living in Jerusalem during the Roman occupation. Said students would then be admonished to keep their minds and hearts open for the Second Coming, for they knew not the day nor the hour thereof...

This book poses the same question, then presents us with Dodeca, who is ejected from her convent for misconduct of which she is innocent, works at various tasks (washroom attendant, manicurist), attempts to take upon herself the sins of an entire brothel, is robbed by her own mother, Mrym (Miriam? Mary?), receives the stigmata through accidents, others' negligence, and cruelty, and is finally killed by a gang of youths.

There is a great deal of symbolism I have skipped over in the summary above, all of which makes this a most interesting book. Considering the basic question upon which it is built, the devout Christian reader might also find it a little disturbing...

—Charlotte Moslander

THE PHAETON CONDITION by Douglas R. Mason. Putnam, 1973. 192 p. $5.95

The world is overpopulated, overpolluted, and rapidly becoming uninhabitable, but the official line is that environmental activists are a bunch of cranks, and everything is just fine. Tom Lockhart is very much an Establishment man (he is even an accountant) who has no reason to question the official line until his mathematical curiosity leads him to discover an unauthorized shifting of funds during an audit... Before he even has the chance to make a report, Our Hero finds himself the object of an attempted murder, involved in arson, and bailed out of jail by the man he suspects of trying to have him killed. So the stage is set for a most unusual thriller—set in a not-so-distant future in which the heads of major corporations are almost completely outside the law, and the ecological 'crash' is a near-reality.

Like most such action/adventure/romance plots, the whole thing is wrapped up neatly (and a little too rapidly) in the last chapter. The Good Guys are rewarded. The Bad Guys are exposed for the blackguards they are. Humanity is Saved. This is as good a novel of its type as I have read in a while. Its first printing will probably be its last, so enjoy it while it's still around.

—Charlotte Moslander

JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL by Richard Bach. Photographs by Russell Munson. Macmillan, 1972, c1970. 93 p. $4.95

This book is the current rage among the high-school-and-undergraduate set, I understand. I can easily see why. It fits in so well with the also-current interest in mystical religions and Do Your Own Thing. Briefly, J. L. Seagull attains Perfection by turning flying into a highly-developed art. He continues to refine his skills in a sort of Seagull Heaven, then returns to the Flock to teach other young, unconventional gulls how to fly for something more important than mere transportation.

These 93 pages actually contain only 40 pages of text; the rest is a series of very interesting photographs of seagulls. It is not really the story of a rather eccentric bird, but a parable telling us humans how to achieve perfection, i.e., discover the true reason for our existence, then work to be very, very good at whatever it is we are Supposed to Be Doing, to the exclusion of everything else. This is all very attractive to the idealistic ones among the reading public. The language is unpretentious enough for a juvenile title and fits the slight plot beautifully. Richard Bach knows a great deal about flying, and therefore can give detailed, authoritative-sounding descriptions of Jonathan's aeronautical development.

Not for everybody's taste, but worth trying.

—Charlotte Moslander

AROS OF ATLANTIS by David L. Manley. Dorrance, 1972. 139 p. $4.95

David Manley had good intentions when he wrote this novel: he wanted to show the Great Powers the error of their ways and preach a homily against the Arms Race, the Cold War, or whatever you call the we-must-be-stronger-than-the-other-guy phenomenon. He does this by means of a parable in which one Aros, of Atlantis, is coerced into stealing a new type of bomber from Lemuria, the other great power, thereby precipitating the Ultimate War, which ends in the destruction of both continents and most of their inhabitants. Aros and several others escape to Tibet, whence they emigrate to Mars to form a settlement where it will forever be taught that War is Evil.

The basic idea is interesting, but, unfortunately, the presentation has serious flaws. In his Preface, the author states that he wrote down his ideas on various pieces of paper over some time. These notes were obviously never properly edited, as there is a great deal of repetition which seems to have no function whatsoever. There is far too much exact dating of fictional events, and the thousands of years B.C. mentioned border on the ridiculous, as does the juxtaposition of highly developed human societies with the great reptiles, during whose era, there were few if any important mammals, and no primates.

Mr. Manley credits Beethoven's ninth symphony, *The White Sands Incident*, and *Flying Saucers Have Landed* for giving him the idea for his plot. He also claims a certain amount of Divine Inspiration, as he felt compelled to write the book. It is to be hoped that any future efforts will be less inspired and more edited.

—Charlotte Moslander

FOCUS ON THE HORROR FILM, edited by Roy Huss and T. J. Ross. Prentice Hall, 1972. 186 p. $5.95, $2.45paper

FOCUS ON THE SCIENCE FICTION FILM, edited by William Johnson. Prentice Hall, 1972. 182 p. $5.95, $2.45paper

A review of a collection of reviews is one of those patently useless things, like a bibliography of bibliographies. The best that can be achieved is a pat or a pan; or, if energy and space permit, a detailing of all the articles and where minor errors were made or where the reviewer disagrees with the authors. Energy and space do not permit.

Instead, a recommendation on the grounds that, in conjunction with viewing the films (in a film class or following the television, heaven forbid) these books offer interesting and informative bits of background, as well as numerous reviews and ephemera. They are hodge-podges, indiscriminating at times, and the better because of that—they provide a sense of the milieu out of which the films arose. The Science Fiction book is more direct and interesting to my tastes. The Horror volume tends to murk itself with wordy analysis, though bright spots gleam through. —Greg Bear

DEEP COVER by Brian Garfield. Dell 1865, 1972. 336 p. $1.25 (hardcover: Delacorte, 1971. $7.95)

Another *Fail-Safe*-type here, but in this one the system is under attack by genuine Russian spies. The cast of characters is about the same size as the one in the Elkhart telephone book, but the plot is much better. One warning, however, if you tend toward paranoia, you had better avoid this one. —Joni Rapkin

RAGA SIX by Frank Lauria. Bantam Q7249, 1972. 277 p. $1.25

In all, not a bad book, but rather spotty, largely I think, because it covers so much territory it tends to get a little diffused. My first assumption, upon looking at the title, was that it had something to do with Indian music. It turns out that Raga Six is the name of the woman in the story.

Anyway, there's this Doctor, see, Owen Orient (related to Henry?) who spent a lot of time in the Orient, where he learned a lot of mystical Good Stuff about hypnosis and ESP and Yoga and Seven Simple Ways to Achieve Satori, and like that. Well, he has a lucrative medical practice in New York, and he decides to chuck it all to seek the Simple Life, which is, of course, the last thing he finds. Through a series of strange events, he gets involved with a guy called Joker, runs a drug delivery, runs a betting ring, and finally takes a wad of cash this guy Joker lays on him, and takes to the high seas, where he meets Raga Six. Before he has even met her, he's had a couple of very worldly experiences with a hippie chick called Sun Girl, which seems a little odd for a guy seeking ascetic simplicity. After he meets Raga, all the stops are out; there's she, another girl travelling in her group—all patients of Raga's doctor husband, by the way, and possibly another I may have forgotten. Anyway, the good Doctor Orient balls a lot, mostly with Raga.

Not too surprisingly, Raga turns out to be the bad guy—seems she's a few hundred years old, and only manages to stay in shape by draining the life-essence out of a few people now and again. Unfortunately, the reader will probably figure this out well before the end, which is the only reason I revealed it.

Although this isn't a bad book, I get the feeling that the author is either putting us on about Indian mysticism, or he doesn't know the subject as well as he might. The plotting is pretty good, but there seems to be a little more happenstance than is necessary, and some of the elements could have been simplified. Although in a book about the occult, one can always assume that these incidents have been arranged by Fate or the Nine Unknown Men or something like that. Characterization is pretty good—Mr. Lauria has dreamed up a few characters in the process that I found I could react to, although Dr. Orient himself wasn't one of them.

Final score: light, but well-written. Not a must, but not to be avoided with any effort, either. —Michael McQuown

HARLAN ELLISON: A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CHECKLIST, comp. by Leslie Kay Swigart. Williams Publ. Co., 1973. 117 p. $3.50paper

If the name and personality of Harlan Ellison are not known to any great degree to readers of LUNA Monthly then they were probably hiding on a desert island. Reviewing this checklist was easy as I was greatly impressed with the pains Leslie Swigart took in compiling this listing. If there is such a term as 'a labor of love' in connection with fan projects, this paperbound offset listing certainly belongs in that classification. The contents have been listed under ten different sections including such novel presentations as interviews with Ellison and the fanzines he edited.

It is not my purpose in this review to discuss Harlan Ellison but to present a fan project that is worthy of mention in as many forms as possible. $3.00 ($3.50 by mail) is a small price to pay for this outstanding work and I believe the 1000 copy edition will, and certainly should, be sold out fast.

As far as I know, this checklist is being sold only through the mail and is available from Leslie Kay Swigart, P.O. Box 8570, Long Beach, Calif. 90808.

—W. R. Cole

THE STORY OF THE GLITTERING PLAIN WHICH HAS BEEN ALSO CALLED THE LAND OF LIVING MEN ON THE ACRE OF THE UNDYING, by William Morris. Newcastle Publishing (1521 N. Vine St., Hollywood, Calif.) 1973. xvi, 174 p. $2.45paper

For someone who likes fantasy—I still swear by, if I no longer read, Burroughs, Lovecraft, Smith, Howard—it may sound inconsistent to admit Morris bores me. This tedious novel, based on a great idea, just is written in a pretentious manner. Morris had this thing about the olden days and had strange ideas about writing. Let me quote briefly from p.49 to give a sample: "They laid the old man adown on the poop under a tilt of precious web, and so went aback by the way they had come; and Hallblithe went and sat down beside the Long-hoary, who spake to him..." No, Morris had his place and the English literature types can still read him with profit, but we common mortals can do without.

This reprinting, the story was written in 1890, has the virtue of an introduction which gives a very good plot summary. By reading that and dipping into the tale at random, one can have a conversational knowledge of the story and can fool most people—who probably haven't read the whole thing either. But if I don't think William Morris a great fantasist, he was one hell of a printer.

For the record, the story is about Hallblithe's search for his girlfriend who has been carried off by pirates. He gets around. Oh, yes, he finds her and they live happily ever after.

—J. B. Post

DEEP SPACE edited by Robert Silverberg. Thomas Nelson, 1973. 223 p. $5.95

Seven out of the eight stories in this collection I'd label as good, which isn't a bad score at all. "Blood's a Rover" by Chad Oliver was strictly amateur, whereas van Vogt's "Far Centaurus," even though it dates back to 1944 is a goodie. Jack Vance's "Noise"—I'll admit to bias since I bought it originally for *Wonder* or *Startling*, but I'll freely admit that upon re-reading it after 21 years, it's still an effective story. "Life Hutch" by Harlan Ellison dates from 1956 and although slight in plot, shows Ellison in an earlier, less frenetic period when he wrote quite passably good narrative. Damon Knight's "Ticket to Anywhere" is good solid sf with the special feeling of sf—the sense of wonder, the sense of time and space and vast dimension. And well done. "The Sixth Palace" by Robert Silverberg is one of those puzzle stories—answer the riddles and you win the treasure—goof and you lose your head. You may not get it, but it's deft and entertaining. "Lulungomeena" is better than average Gordon Dickson, a gimmick story which depends for its trick ending on concealing an important fact from the reader. Not cricket, but on the whole a well done story. And Terry Carr's "The Dance of the Changer and Three"—fairly modern since it was first written in 1968—blends fantasy and sf in a frank attempt to bend your mind. The fun in this story is that you *won't* understand it. Generally speaking, it's an entertaining collection.

—Samuel Mines

BEYOND SCIENCE: A JOURNEY INTO THE SUPERNATURAL by C. A. Burland. Grosset & Dunlap, 1973. 128 p. $9.95

This is one of those peculiar volumes known as 'coffee-table' books, which are designed more for their vanity appeal, to inform the unknowing that the owner is knowledgeable or 'into' whatever the latest thing going happens to be. The emphasis, therefore, is more on form than on content. This book is also a part of another phenomenon in the publishing industry these days: an import. Although the book bears the name of an American publisher, it was written conceived and assembled, even actually printed abroad, because, one assumes, there is money to be saved.

Not that the book is, in any sense, cheap. It is well made, on good paper, and the reproduction is of good quality. What disturbs me about the book, however, is the content.

While Mr. Burland seems reasonably well founded in his assertions about the historical practices of the various magical arts and their societies, his familiarity with their modern counterparts seems peculiarly murky. For instance, in the last chapter, he says of the Manson affair, "In America the Manson trial revealed the existence to the world of a Church of Satan and its penchant for ritual murder." To begin with, Manson was never a member of *any* organized body, satanic or otherwise; nor did he *claim* to be a satanist: *he called himself Satan*, which is a bit more grandiose and typical of Manson. The Church of Satan, a legally constituted body under both federal and state laws, very specifically refutes the idea of ritual murder on the grounds that there is no valid magical reason for it, and would hardly be operating under the aegis of the various legal bodies if they did otherwise.

On the whole, this is not a work for serious occultists or even serious students of same, unless you happen to be looking for artwork only. —Michael L. McQuown

THE SHEEP LOOK UP by John Brunner. Ballantine 23612, 1973. 461 p. $1.65 (hardcover: Harper and Row, 1972. $6.95)

Someone had to do it, no doubt. Using acid instead of typewriter ink, John Brunner has etched a searing record of every imaginable ecological horror from poisoned air and food to poison gas erupting from its graveyard in the sea, which in the next decades, unchecked, will blast and burn and scar humanity.

Most people have a child-like faith that somehow we will muddle through, that American know-how will solve our ecological problems without, somehow, requiring any sacrifices on the part of the individual—like giving up that second car, or curbing the throw-away pattern of consumption. This savage book is a smashing answer to that complacency.

Brunner is a clever writer with an encyclopediac mind. He has remembered averything—every assault on the environment from chemicalized foods to strip mining and he delivers each insult to the biosphere with the precision of another nail in mankind's coffin. His ear for dialogue is good and many of his scenes are memorable.

Yet you will not find this an easy book to read. It is a huge and complex undertaking, with dozens of characters and dozens of subplots. Asked to jump from one set of characters to the next, and to remember each one's habitat and problems, where at first you can see no connection among them, is considerable of a strain and you may find yourself flipping back through the pages to recall who so-and-so was. The ordinary book which does this—Edgar Rice Burroughs always used this technique—establishes only two or three groups and it isn't too difficult to remember them, although it is always a jar to break off one plot line just as you are getting involved in it, and pick up all the marbles of another. Two or three is bad enough, but literally dozens, puts quite a burden on the reader. To that extent the book becomes a series of short, sharp episodes, almost like blackouts, in which Brunner sets the scene, hammers home a point and skips to the next group of characters and the next disaster. And disasters pile up—this is the only real plot.

You can enjoy this book for the clever writing, the biting satire and the crystallization of thoughts you might have had, but didn't put into words. Don't expect a fast-moving, well-paced action story. You'll have to put something into it to get something out of it.

—Samuel Mines

WORSE THINGS WAITING by Manly Wade Wellman. Carcosa (Box 1064, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514) 1973. xii, 352 p. $9.50

As a personal note I'd like to begin by saying the Lee Brown Coye illustrations, while interesting in themselves, often add a jarring note to this monumental collection. A few seem to catch the mood of the story they illustrate (when they illustrate a story and are not just a repeated vignette), but most just seem to me irrelevant. Of course, it's rather hard to illustrate a collection of 29 stories with brilliant art each time. Among the stories there are a few clinkers too, but a Manly Wade Wellman clinker is still pretty good reading. The collection is definitely fantasy, often relating historical ghost stories. Wellman is at his best when dealing with the backwoods (OK, Appalachia), the Civil War (the U.S. one), and the Amerindian. He has a real feel for these subjects and his stories, however much fantasy they may be, reflect and convey this feeling. I find it hard to decide which is my favorite and equally hard to decide which I liked the least because even the poorer stories have redeeming features. The price may seem high but it is well worth it. At the least read it at a library. If ever a paperback edition comes out, buy immediately.

—J. B. Post

THE THREE SUNS OF AMARA and BATTLE ON VENUS, by William F. Temple. Ace Double 76380, 1973. 107, 114 p. 95¢

Temple seems to have some interesting ideas on the hazards to be found on alien planets. Both of these stories are light, entertaining astronaut-vs-alien-environment-type tales, and while they may not be deathless prose (although one does quote Shakespeare a lot) you could certainly do worse.

—Joni Rapkin

THE CRYSTAL MAN: LANDMARK SCIENCE FICTION by Edward Page Mitchell. Collected and with a biographical perspective by Sam Moskowitz. Doubleday, 1973. lxxii, 358 p. $7.95

It is with great difficulty I restrain myself and not call this the best thing Sam has done. It is certainly one of the most important collections Sam has assembled. Even if it were just a collection of the stories by Mitchell it would be worth serious consideration, but Sam has seen fit to write an introduction of 68 pages!! While it naturally centers on Mitchell, it also notes other writers of what we today call science fiction. The introduction is a major piece of historical scholarship and will become a basic reference. He takes one of the 'dark ages' of sf—c.1830-1890—and illuminates it. Mitchell fits in the '70s and '80s. Two important points make themselves in the introduction: in those ancient days a writer wrote just about everything and there was nothing wrong with a writer writing sf (though it wasn't called that), detective stories, supernatural fantasies, or anything; and (point number two) there is a continuity between the old and the new. On this last point, Sam notes that Garrett P. Serviss was an associate of Mitchell's and, at the other end, Nathaniel Hawthorne's son-in-law was known to Mitchell. It may be stretching a point, but there is a continuity in the evolution of science fiction: it did not, contrary to popular myth, spring full-grown, like Minerva from the brow of Jupiter, from the brain of Hugo Gernsback (yes, 'New Wave,' science fiction was not invented by J. G. Ballard). Sam's introductory essay is worth reading by everyone.

And so are the stories. Mitchell was an entertaining writer. Even today many of his stories are good—and if one reads the ones tarnished by the passage of time in the right spirit, most of his works are fair to good. Sam divides the collection into sections with thirteen classed as science fiction, five classed as "Unknown-Fantasy," nine as supernatural, two as "Neo-John Collier," and one "Future War Farce." While they are somewhat uneven in quality, they are all worth reading if for no more than an early use of familiar themes. What may amaze many is the amazing readability of the stories considering when they were written. We must remember that Mitchell (and many another early sf writer) was a newspaperman and was not part of the ultra-literary world of folk like Henry James. A straightforward story told in straightforward prose is the rule with Mitchell. Borrow this book from your local library (and remember to take it back).

—J. B. Post

CLONING by David Shear. Walker, 1972. 162 p. $5.95

A clone is a group of individuals all of whom originated from the same cell. Theoretically, anyone could reproduce himself indefinitely from any cell in his body, if the proper nutrients and environment were available. In this novel, the question is raised: what happens when humans are cloned—their brains are all exactly alike, so is there a chance of the members of a clone forming a sort of mass-mind? Here, Paul Kyteler, American, is convinced he is becoming insane because of some very real and very bizarre dreams. Unbeknownst to him, he is a member of a clone, all the other members of which currently reside in Italy. After some trans-Atlantic dalliance with his own ex-wife and the mistress of a clone-mate whose death he had experienced, Paul apparently decides to settle in Italy with the lovely Allessandra and assume the identity of the late Marco Capelli.

Actually, this is all very good reading, as one does not know that Paul is part of a clone for a great portion of the book. There is also a little civil rights parable in the subplot. The androids are struggling for equal rights and equal employment opportunities with humans. It's a case of technology being too good—the androids were created in a humanoid form, so they love, hate, eat, sleep, and have ambitions. The two plots are rather artificially related, but they make for a spellbinding novel. —Charlotte Moslander

DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN by William Goldstein. Award AN1069, 1973. 187 p. 95¢

Because of my previous experiences with novelizations of movies, I was surprised to find that I enjoyed reading this book. My only complaint was that in one or two places, principally the beginning of a chapter, I had to read a paragraph or two before I knew who the author was referring to. The further into the book I got, however, the less I had that problem, and even in those places, I was anxious to read on. My compliments to the author.
—Joni Rapkin

THE I. Q. MERCHANT by John Boyd. Weybright and Talley, 1972. 218 p. $5.95

John Boyd is a damnably good writer. Whatever he writes is superior, combining good writing and good idea. Dorsey Clayton illegally experiments on his own feeble-minded son in an attempt to raise his intelligence with drugs. A known side effect is brain tumors in a certain percentage of test animals. A wider dissemination of the drug precipitates an evolutionary change in humanity, some becoming more intelligent, some dying, and a few becoming telepaths. Upon this frame Boyd writes a really fine novel, centering on Clayton and his son. It's time Boyd won an award for consistent quality. —J. B. Post

THE MOON IS HELL by John W. Campbell. Ace 53870, 1973. 255 p. 75¢

The Moon Is Hell is one of the first of the books Ace is labeling "Science Fiction from the Great Years." Including both the title novel and the short novel "The Elder Gods," the book is a bargain for those who hark back to the good old days.

The longer of the two selections is the gripping story of the Garner Lunar Expedition of 1981, told with immediacy and power in the form of journal entries by the physicist who is second in command. When their relief ship crashes, the handful of men on the moon must somehow survive for months without the necessary food, water and all-important oxygen. They must extend themselves beyond all limits in an attempt to wrest the necessities of life from the crust of the moon, itself. Their struggle against superhuman odds is a dated but still engrossing story.

"The Elder Gods" first saw publication in the pages of the old *Unknown* in 1939. Although the writing is weak compared to Campbell at his best, the tale remains a competent and often pleasant action fantasy in the rather special tradition of *Unknown*. The Elder Gods of the Azun Islands desire to overthrow the corrupt priesthood of the Invisible Ones and restore their own positions. The adventurous sea rover Daron of Kyprost is forged into a weapon against the usurping powers. Daron is willing enough, but to win through he must still face the dread mind control of the priests and the swords of the walking dead. —B. A. Fredstrom

BEYOND THE CURTAIN OF DARK, ed. by Peter Haining. Pinnacle P138Z, 1972. 380 p. $1.25

Some of the stories in this collection may be familiar to you, but I predict that you will find some that are new to you. They are "Lizzie Borden Took an Axe" by Robert Bloch, "The Snail Watcher" by Patricia Highsmith, "Chickamauga" by Ambrose Bierce, "At Last, the True Story of Frankenstein" by Harry Harrison, "Fever Dream" by Ray Bradbury, "The Other Celia" by Theodore Sturgeon, "The Oval Portrait" by E. A. Foe, "The Monster Maker" by W. C. Morrow, "Come and Go Mad" by Fredric Brown, "The Survivor" by H. P. Lovecraft and August Derleth, "The Ancestor" by H. P. Lovecraft and August Derleth, "The Mortal Immortal" by Mary Shelley, "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" by Nathaniel Hawthorne, "By These Presents" by Henry Kuttner, "Whosits Disease" by Henry Slesar, "King Pest" by E. A. Poe, "Mayaya's Little Green Men" by Harold Lawlor, "For the Blood is the Life" by Francis Marion Crawford, "The Human Chair" by Edogawa Rampo, "The Fortunes of Sir Robert Ardagh" by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, "Return to the Sabbath" by Robert Bloch, "The Will of Luke Carlowe" by Clive Pemberton, and "Eyes Do More Than See" by Isaac Asimov.

I also predict that you will enjoy this collection even if you are not a horror fan.

—Joni Rapkin

THE GATEHOUSE by Richard Dohrman. Dell 2812, 1973. 396 p. $1.50

The male protagonist in this book is a writer of books like this one (not as sexy as it promises) and on the whole, I think I would prefer to have read the book that he writes in the story than this one. Although it chronicles a woman's decline into 'depravity' and contains several 'orgy' scenes, don't expect to learn anything new. All through the first half of the book, I had the feeling that the chapter I was reading was the next to the last one, mainly, I think, because of the style. Actually, it's not bad if you like clean dirty books.

—Joni Rapkin

THE SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME edited by Ben Bova. vol. IIA, vol. IIB. "The Greatest Science Fiction Novellas of All Time Chosen by Members of the Science Fiction Writers of America" Doubleday, 1973. $9.95 each

I opened Volume 2a, and there was "Call Me Joe." I almost made a long distance phone call to Oradell to give thanks for being chosen to review these volumes. But first, I had to read the story (oh, all right, the novella, novelette, or whatever) which had convinced me, during a summer-vacation-from-high school sf binge, that I wanted to help colonize Jupiter via pseudo Jovian if I was too decrepit to become First Woman on the Moon. Then there were "The Marching Morons," who resulted when too many intelligent people limited the size of their families; the sad, hauntingly beautiful "Vintage Season"; and the classic "Time Machine." On to Volume 2b, and "Earthman, Come Home," where I learned what finally happened to N.Y., N.Y. after the March on Earth; and the dehumanized world described in "The Machine Stops." These are just the familiar ones. There were many others—twenty two, all told—and all equally memorable.

In a way, collections such as this tend to underline the advances science has made in catching up with fiction. The very idea of landing an interstellar ship on a planet seems mildly archaic in an era when every schoolchild knows how much energy is required for the liftoff of a mere moon flight, and space is already becoming littered with spent rockets. However, this does not detract from the fact that all the selections included herein are well-written, interesting, and, in some cases, just plain fun to read.

I am not going to quarrel with the SFWA regarding their choices. There are some selections which I should personally have chosen (e.g. the Bridge on Jupiter story which begins the series that ends with "Earthman, Come Home"); however, 'greatest' is a subjective term at best, and these are pretty 'great' volumes. Unless you already have everything printed in them, buy them. Buy them anyway, just for the sake of owning a multi-volume work with a multi-volume volume.

—Charlotte Moslander

Also Received:

An ABC of Witchcraft Past & Present, by Doreen Valiente. Griffin Books, 1974. $4.95 (hardcover: St. Martin's Press, 1973. $10.00. reviewed LUNA Monthly 52)

And All the Stars a Stage, by James Blish. Avon 19216, May. 95¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1971. $4.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 41/42)

The Berserkers, edited by Roger Elwood. Pocket Books 77769, June. 95¢ (hardcover: Trident Press, 1974. $6.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 51)

Cap Kennedy 6: Seetee Alert! by Gregory Kern. DAW UQ1103, March. 95¢

Cap Kennedy 7: The Gholan Gate, by Gregory Kern. DAW UQ1108, April. 95¢

Cap Kennedy 8: The Eater of Worlds, by Gregory Kern. DAW UQ1113, May. 95¢

The Crack in Space, by Philip K. Dick. Ace 12126, June. 95¢ (orig. 1966)

Dark Symmetry, by Laura Conway. Saturday Review Press, 1973. $5.95 (orig. 1972)

The English Assassin, by Michael Moorcock. Harper, May. $6.95 (orig. 1972)

Game for Demons, by Ben Shecter. Harper Trophy J54, April. $1.25 (hardcover: Harper, 1972. $4.95. Age 12 up)

The Glory Game, by Keith Laumer. Popular Library 00526, Jan. 95¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1973. $5.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 52)

Hope for the Flowers, by Trina Paulus. Paulist Press. $4.95paper

Isle of the Dead, by Roger Zelazny. Ace 37466, April. 95¢ (orig. 1969. reviewed LUNA Monthly 2)

The Lad and the Lion, by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Ace 46870. 95¢

The Last Planet, by Andre Norton. Ace 47162, April. 95¢ (orig: Star Rangers, c1953)

The 'Lomokome' Papers, by Herman Wouk. Pocket Books 77749. 95¢ (orig. 1968)

A Look Through Secret Doors, by John Macklin. Ace 22225. $1.25 (orig. 1969)

Miss Bianca, by Margery Sharp. Dell Yearling 5761, April. 95¢ (orig. 1962)

The Mucker, by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Ace 54460. 95¢

Nova 2, edited by Harry Harrison. Dell 6668, April. 95¢ (hardcover: Walker, 1972. $6.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 49)

Other Worlds, Other Gods, edited by Mayo Mohs. Avon 17947, Jan. 95¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1971. $5.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 40)

Perry Rhodan 43: Life Hunt, by Kurt Brand. Ace 66026, April. 75¢

Perry Rhodan 44: The Pseudo One, by Clark Darlton. Ace 66027, April. 75¢

Perry Rhodan 45: Unknown Sector: Milky Way, by Kurt Mahr. Ace 66028, May. 95¢

Perry Rhodan 46: Again: Atlan! by K. H. Scheer. Ace 66029, May. 95¢

Perry Rhodan 47: Shadow of the Mutant Master, by Kurt Brand. Ace 66030, June. 95¢

Perry Rhodan 48: The Dead Live, by Clark Darlton. Ace 66031, June. 95¢

Return of the Mucker, by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Ace 71815. 95¢

The Rival Rigelians, and Planetary Agent X, by Mack Reynolds. Ace 66995, June. 95¢

Some Things Dark and Dangerous, edited by Joan Kahn. Avon 18887, April. 95¢ (hardcover: Harper, 1970. $4.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 38/39)

Supernatural Warnings, by Robert Tralins. Popular Library 00560. 95¢

Tom Swift and His Electric English Teacher, by G. Howard Poteet. Pflaum/Standard. $4.95 (catalog/handbook)

A Touch of Myrrh, by Charlotte Hunt. Ace 81800, March. 95¢

Voodoo Charms and Talismans, by Robert W. Pelton. Drake, 1973. $7.95

The Voyage of the Starfire to Atlantis, by Edwin Mumford. Exposition, 1973. $4.00 (previous volumes reviewed LUNA Monthly 48)

The Wall Around the World, by Theodore R. Cogswell. Pyramid N3278, Jan. 95¢ (2 ptg)

The Weathermonger, by Peter Dickinson. DAW UQ1112, May. 95¢ (hardcover: Little Brown, 1969. $4.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 5)

What Entropy Means to Me, by Geo. Alec Effinger. Signet Q5504, June 1973. 95¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1972. $4.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 47)

Widespread Psychic Wonders, by Susy Smith. Ace 22224. $1.25 (orig. 1970)

Witch World, by Andre Norton. Ace 89702. 95¢ (orig. 1963)

Witness to Witchcraft, by Charles Lefebure. Ace 22221. $1.25 (orig. 1970)

Year of the Unicorn, by Andre Norton. Ace 94252, June. 95¢ (orig. 1965)