



No. 56

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## Anne McCaffrey: An Interview

An Interview Conducted by Paul Walker

*Suppose you were asked to interview Anne McCaffrey. You arrive at her 'digs' in Eire and are invited in—what does she look and sound like? What impression does she make on you? And what is she doing in Ireland?*

Well, if I were assigned to interview Anne McCaffrey, I wouldn't want to go because I hate to take interviews, and I hate women authors who are successful. No, I don't. But you put me in the position of being objective about myself which is DEATH. I mean, I take a good look at myself in the mirror, then forget it.

Mirror, mirror on the wall

Ain't you got no sense at all?

Why must you drape me in a pall

Making all my muscles fall?

What you see when you first meet me is a tallish woman with silver hair usually slightly mussed up, with her lipstick half-eaten off, usually garbed in no.1 Son's cast-off jeans, worn out loafers, and whatever shirt happened to be clean; someone who would probably come out with unexpected remarks to confuse you and then offer coffee or tea or something to eat to put you at your ease, and then continue to do what was expectable. You'd have the feeling you were being overwhelmed and being impressed, but you might like it, although you'd wish I'd stop being difficult and answer questions and behave like a normal 46 year-old woman is supposed to behave.

What I'm doing in Ireland is *living* because, while the cost of living is going up and the dollar valuation is going down, I'm stuck here. No return flight tickets and no money to purchase them for myself, my kids, and my mother. Also, it's the one country in the world that will *advertise* "Found—a Sum of Money," and give it back to the owner who identifies the amount and type of bills. I am also taking advantage of the tax exemption, pubs, horses, decent schools, and a scarcity of drugs; hence a relaxation of 'will my kids get into that scene'?

*One of the problems any young sf writer faces is visualizing himself within the professional context of the genre: there are traditions, standards, etc., to be upheld; editorial and artistic expectations to be met. However, for a young male writer, it is a matter*

of visualizing himself in what is a de facto 'male' context of supermen who pursue machismo in a profession that is, de facto, masculine, i.e. space travel. His plot structures follow male biases with swift pacing, lots of action, minimal description; while his style leans heavily to male-oriented sparseness. He has a host of phrases and devices at his disposal to emphasize the masculinity of his men and the subordinate, if not masochistic, position of women.

The woman writer must find it difficult to visualize herself in this context, especially one, such as yourself, who wishes to write about women as prominent characters. What are your thoughts on this?

I never had any trouble about writing sf, whether I used a woman as the main character or a man. For starters, no one told me a woman shouldn't write sf: that there'd be any other than the problem of telling the story you wanted to tell. For this attitude, I am indebted to Lila Schaffer, ex-editor of *Amazing* and *Fantastic*. (She became my roommate's roommate after I married and she was very encouraging when she discovered I actually enjoyed reading sf and wanted to write.) I suppose if I'd been connected with sf fandom, I'd've known my subordinate position and not 'dared' tread where only immortal men could pass. (The writers themselves don't think it's odd for a woman to write sf. I got encouraged from every one.)

However, in the role of storyteller one surmounts minor considerations (as to author sex) as a matter of course. I know sufficient types of men sufficiently well to know that Zed would react in this manner to such stimulæ while Xir would respond thus-wise. True, I usually have a mental image of the character in my yarn, which may or may not be linked to a real person I've either met or seen or extrapolated about. (One of my favorite travelling occupations is dreaming up life histories of interesting passenger faces. One of the startling coincidences of my life is to have found F'nor and Lessa alive and well in Dun Laoghaire.)

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I do recognize that my instinctive reaction is feminine and I do recognize that men have different first reactions. Some of the more obvious ones I've observed and can put down. (By and large, women writers of sf do better by the opposite sex than male writers.) Therefore, when I wasn't certain I'd projected a male image properly, I'd 'milford' the story with Keith Laumer or Gordon Dickson or ask the nearest sympathetic male acquaintance how he might react in thought-word-and-deed in such a situation. I've been more often right than wrong, so my storytelling sense is fairly accurate. I've also been informed that I have an unusually objective mind for a woman—almost masculine in thought processes—at least in respect to my work. Well, pal, you gotta be objective if you're to be a good writer.

I've never had to mask my name either and it never occurred to me I'd have to to be published in sf. Of course, I arrived on the scene when a change was occurring—I didn't have the opposition Marion Zimmer Bradley, Andre Norton, Leigh Brackett, or C. L. Moore had. For, as I began writing, readers wanted more identification with the characters in the story. Okay, so I pulled the emotional stops—emotions are as much a part of the future of man/woman as the past—and they haven't goddamned well changed in some 4000 years so why assume the primary psychological reactions will change in the next 4000: merely the types and forces of the pressures on the individual psyches. And there was a need for emotional writing—witness the effect of some of my 'feminine' stories on male as well as female readers. Yes, I've been accused, renounced and denounced for being 'emotional' yet to me emotion is another tool of the trade.

An example is *Restoree* for which I was damned for the very things I wished to exploit. It was a spoof: a thud and blunderer told from the heroine's viewpoint, with all the trappings of male oriented sf, slightly out of kilter. It was a space gothic—and believe it or not, is getting a good readership among those ladies who wouldn't ordinarily dream of reading sf. (Readers identifying with the main characters—a writer's goal.)

*Among the differences I note in women sf writers is their preoccupation with 'Place,' the predominant presence of their invented worlds, the 'wardrobe' of the immediate situation: how, Pern, for instance, looks and sounds and smells; and the intimate feelings of the characters. In your work, especially in Dragonquest, you seem to have abandoned plot and fast-pacing (male biases) for designing interior and exterior landscapes both of Pern and of the minds of your characters. This I find distinctly feminine, and the most distinguished virtue of women writers (which doesn't mean it is a superficial preoccupation.) What are your feelings about this? about the unique virtues of women writers?*

As to the literary importance of plot and pacing, how else do you tell a story if you don't plot and pace it. Both elements must exist or you bore the reader. When I find myself bored by writing a tale, I know I'm in error and go back, beyond the start of 'boredom,' and unbore myself and my future reader(s) with a new twist of plot. Thus I achieve both plot and pacing. It's also a knack you've either got or don't got. I suppose it can be taught although know some fine stylistic writers who wouldn't recognize plot if it bit them, but they write rings around me.

Personally, I devote a great deal of time to the physical act of writing, i.e. sitting at that typewriter and slogging it out. I have worked up to 12 hours a day when a story was going well, but I've learned not to 'write' at night, just copy edit or worry about plot ramifications. I don't outline, I don't take notes, except when I'm talking to Jack Cohen or to John Campbell, God rest him. I revise and rewrite extensively, sometimes a whole 'nother novel's worth. I generally work in the mornings because if I can get going, I can last the whole day at it. And have, and do. Then there are other days when Word One won't be followed by Word Two and like forget it man, go ride a horse or shop or take your mother to the library.

Anyway, that's the way—the only way—it's done.

As for the "unique virtues of women writers," they are unique in the writer, not in their sex. You can't generalize. I've been well received by male critics as well as female critics. However, I'm apt to be damned for the very things I'm best at doing and *intend* doing—like emotion, love interest, etc. (I was, you will note, the first writer to get an explicit sex scene into an *Analog* story because I could make it a valid point of the story not



as a 'shock' element. There are advantages to my sex's viewpoint on the essential past-time of life.

As for Pern and 'Place': I deliberately wrote *Dragonflight* with an absence of 'place' detail, following the excellent example of Cecilia Holland. Her characters remark on details that were unusual to them, despite time, place, period, thus making 'place' more real to the reader. However, this very omission got me brickbats and many questions because people WANTED to know the wardrobe of Pern; so I gave it to them in *Dragonquest*. I'd known all along. In fact, I still haven't exhausted the contents of my McGhee closet as far as Pern is concerned.

Some stories require more dressing than others. I can write as tersely as any male if it suits the story I'm telling and/or my main character's personality. Again, it's the story you're telling which should dictate the form and fabric of the tale.

To me, Pern is a character itself... or it has sufficient character in my mind to have to figure in all my calculations and assumptions about a planet we don't know exists. It has to have its own flavor in order to have bred fire lizards or dragonmen... to have limestone cliff caverns, no forestry to speak of (except during a Long Interval when woods can be safely cultivated). It is similar in some essential, but legitimate ways to Earth because it is G-type, but its flora have to be able to lie dormant during passes of the Red Star because other genus would have been devoured by it and its denizens. So the planet and its system are as real to me mentally as Earth and the Sun Sol.

You say, "How else do you tell a story if you don't plot and pace it?" Well, you may achieve the semblance of plot in many ways, but I think of 'Plot' in sf as a more formalized, convention-bound device dependent less on the inherent drama of its content than on the mechanical procession of action sequences. I think you have a more mature concept of the novel than do most sf writers, and I'm wondering what it is and how you achieve it. How does the novel differ from the short story? What are your guiding principles in planning and writing it?

You give me too much credit. The process must be intuitive for I never consciously shape a novel. It 'tells' itself one way, bogs down hopelessly if I try to 'force' it another.

In my lexicon, a short story differs from a novel by the wealth of detail. In a short story you must stick to the facts-man-just-the-facts-lady required to tell the minor incidents/major happenings and eliminate all others. In a novel, you have more leisure to describe, to work in development of character, atmosphere, to 'clothe' the superstructure.

I do not *plan* a novel. I take a situation and people logically involved in that situation. If the situation is a valid one in terms of human reactions and inter-reactions, if the characters are living, the plot develops from that inter-relationships and interactions. When the story line bogs down, I've made someone do something inherently incorrect, and I go back to the place where I, the author, am bored by re-reading and try to ring in another switch or another facet of conflict.

I'm the sort of person people confide in and I've learned some of the complexities and involvements possible, or impossible, in human relationships. I've been told some beauts—not all of which wind up in my stories, but from which I constantly borrow this grief, that joy, a snatch of history or background; and work out a different story/ending/problem. Tis all grist to the writer's mill, my friend.

*Dragonquest* was written as a novel: I couldn't tell what I wanted to tell as several long short stories. I'd tried one version that re-read "yechkt" and got shelved. I did use certain incidents from it, however, in the published version. Now I've got a problem with my English publishers who want me to cut *Dragonquest* by 20,000 words. They say it would improve the literary quality of the novel. It undoubtedly would but to cut it by sections won't work—it is too integrated, one incident leading inexorably to the next. I did tighten the script by some 9000 deleted words which required me to leave out one or two scenes which I was loathe to cut but which didn't alter the background drastically. I could not eliminate more without rewriting whole portions to include the necessary information for plot development. I don't have the time nor the inclination (at what English publishers pay me) to do such extensive rewriting and I have thrown the reviews at them. It's the first

time I've not been cooperative with editors but I believe I'm right.

I'm not sure if the third book in the series will be novelistic or a collection of shorter incidents. (I make more when I can sell to magazines first in sections.) But I don't know now how *White Dragon* will go, or if I will ever get around to writing it. Can I sustain the crucial element of wonder in a third book? Well, we'll see. I want to find out what's going to happen next myself.

*How did the idea of Pern occur to you? How did it evolve in its early stages?*

Pern came to me after I thought: now, what shall I write about this year? It was the only story I really *tried* to weave out of nothing. Dragons appeared to have bad press but immense possibilities. John Campbell had once told me he'd accept any rationally based story so I bethought a reason for having fire-breathing dragons—an air-based menace that wasn't native to the planet and preferably one with no intelligence which made it more menacing. It was May in the year, I recall, and I'd just read a charming story about dragonflies in *F&SF*. So I thought of fire-breathing, menace-fighting dragons and decided they were too big to wander around unchecked, so give 'em riders who are telepathic, and who are 'imprinted' at the dragon's hatching and make a ceremony of it. And then it was easier to show all this through the eyes of someone (Lessa) who didn't know too much about it. Hence "Weyr Search"...and then I got going and we all know what happened.

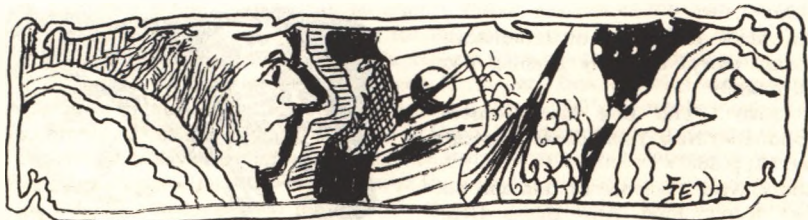
T'were John Campbell who told me that the dragons ate phosphene-bearing rock so they'd have fire-breath when the gas contacted with oxygen, and the rest followed more or less logically from having to have a world that required dragons. I even drew a map so I'd know where I was...

*Earlier you said, "One of the startling coincidences of my life is to have found F'nor and Lessa alive and well in Dun Laoghaire." Would you tell me about that?*

Yes, I did meet two personalities in Dun Laoghaire who are as much F'nor and Lessa as if I had met them first and put them conveniently in the Pern series. It happened thus wise:

I'd met a young fisherman, English by birth, 23, blue-eyed, blond-haired, built like a young Apollo, my friend as well as my sons'. Two houses over from his digs is a boarding house where David Gerrold took a flat while he was here in Ireland. It was Dave who told me that his landlady (an ex-show jumper and pony trainer) reminded him strongly of Lessa. When I met the gal, she sure did look like Lessa—a small frame (roughly 100 lbs. in full clothing), a vibrant, sometimes violent, personality, and a "cloud of dark hair." When she read *Dragonflight*, she agreed that she was in many ways "Lessa." "Far more than I like, Annie," she said, almost ferociously—as if I'd more or less(a) been inside her brain.

However the shock was seeing the artwork Betty Ballantine commissioned for *Dragonquest*. There on the cover, in New York City, big as life, was my fisherman. I've got a snapshot of the man in the same pose as F'nor and likeness is uncanny. Mind you, the artist was American, hadn't heard of my fisherman at all. The difference is superficial for F'nor is brown-haired, hazel-eyed. Also the resemblance wouldn't be so startling if the fisherman were a nine-to-five clerk or if my Lessa were just a housewife, but temperamentally the two are suited to the roles in which I'd already placed them—the dragonriders of Pern.



## Have You Read?

- Ailman, D.T. "Vampire Scholarship" (letter) Times Literary Supplement, Aug. 30
- Alderman, Elinor R. "Wonderful Witchware Store" (play) Plays, Oct., p.69-73
- Baker, Russell "Who's the Ape?" (horror movies) New York Times Magazine, Sept. 22, p.6
- Boiko, Claire "Halloween Hullabaloo" (play) Plays, Oct. p.37-46
- Breen, Jon L. "Science Fiction: Its Common Ground with Mystery" Wilson Library Bulletin, Sept. p.38-9
- Carey, John "Captured by the Giant" (C.S. Lewis) New Statesman, July 5, p.19-20
- Cocks, Jay "The Ants Are Coming" (Phase IV) Time, Oct. 14, p.10+
- Dalzell, Bonnie "Exotic Bestiary for Vicarious Space Voyagers" Smithsonian, Oct. p.84-91
- Donlan, Dan "Experiencing The Andromeda Strain" English Journal, Sept. p.72-3
- Edelman, Scott "We Are All Strangers in a Strange Land" (Discon) Kingsman, Sept. 13, p.9+
- Flanagan, Dennis "To Each Generation Its Own Rabbits" (Watership Down) Wilson Library Bulletin, Oct. p.152-6
- Hand, Judson "Hersey Novel Conjures Up Nightmare of Overpopulation" (My Petition for More Space) Sunday News (New York), Oct. 6, p.20
- Hendrix, Miriam Jensen "Flight to Fantasy" (fantasy in literature) Christianity Today, Sept. 13, p.29-30+
- Hicks, Granville "My Petition for More Space" (review) New York Times Book Review, Sept. 22
- Huff, Betty Tracy "Mystery of the Seventh Witch" (play) Plays, Oct. p.37-46
- Kael, Pauline "Current Cinema" (Zardoz) New Yorker, Feb. 18, p.98-100+
- Killinger, John "No Guarantees" (The Last Western) Christian Century, Sept. 9, p.936+
- Lawler, Mark R. "Line of Inheritance" (fantasy story) Saturday Evening Post, Oct. p.68-9+
- Levy, Alan "The Box Man Cometh" (Kobo Abe) New York Times Magazine, Nov. 17, p.36-7+
- Lipschutz, Neal "Science Fiction and Sorcery; Won't Find Any Bibles Here" (stores in NYC) Kingsman, Oct. 4, p.7
- Lockerbie, D. Bruce "The Trip of Anlara" New York Times Book Review, Nov. 10, p.55
- McNelly, Willis E. "Some Dreams Are Nightmares" (review) America, Oct. 12, p.200-1
- Olson, Lewy "Second Chance" (sf play) Plays, Nov. p.35-46
- Oram, Malcolm "Kingsley Amis" (interview) Publishers Weekly, Oct. 28, p.6-7
- Phelan, Jack "Two Halves of Our World: The Poet and the Statesman" (C.S. Lewis) America, Nov. 2, p.259-60
- Pike, Richard J. "Why Not an Extraterrestrial Geography?" The Professional Geographer, Aug. p.258-61
- Purser, Philip "Even Sheep Can Upset Scientific Detachment" (Philip K. Dick) Daily Telegraph, July 19, p.27-8+
- Ross, Bill D. "Robots Filling In" (Quasar Industries, Inc.) New York Times, Oct. 20, p.NJ16
- Sheils, Merrill "Chuck Colson's Leveler" (C.S. Lewis) Newsweek, Sept. 9, p.72-3
- Silverstone, Lou "The Six Million Dollars, Man!" Mad, Jan. p.41-7
- Skolsky, Sidney "Tintypes: Roddy McDowall" New York Post, Sept. 21
- Sturgeon, Theodore "If...?" (reviews) New York Times Book Review, Nov. 10, p.49-50
- Turner, Alice K. "What if...? If This Goes on...? If Only...?" (paperbacks) Publishers Weekly, Nov. 4, p.58-9
- Van Wert, William "La Jetee" Cinema, no. 34, p.56-9
- Warburg, Fredric "The Struggle to Publish 'Animal Farm'" (excerpt from All Authors Are Equal) Publishers Weekly, Oct. 28, p.23-5
- Warner, Sylvia Townsend "The Mortal Milk" (fantasy story) New Yorker, Feb. 18, p.32-8





# The International Scene

SF IN FRENCH

by Mark Purcell

*GAMES PSYBORGS PLAY* by Pierre Barbet. Tr. by Wendayne Ackerman. DAW UQ1087, 1973. 158 p. 95¢

A first edition translation of Barbet's 1971 *What Psyborgs Dream*: here is a booklength demonstration of Fredric Brown's famous argument that any traditional fairy tale can be s-effed by simply providing a technological explanation afterwards. (Brown's example was King Midas.) Barbet does this trick time after time. To make it perfectly explicit for the more naive reader, Barbet even names his tough hessian hero, Aucassin, and his (unimportant) blonde ingenue, Nicolette, after famous characters of medieval romance.

Aucassin, the preconditioned and toughened hero, is established by his political bosses as investigating agent—as traveling knight, private eye, roving cowhand—on a planet outside their rule and knowledge, despite their efforts. On this planet, Aucassin promptly encounters nearly every monster, vamp and villain of medieval legend. He gradually realizes that the whole planet is a technological or ESP invention, its 'natural' phenomena (like dragons or storms) technological and its villainous or alluring 'characters' only androids. As I said, Barbet is simply rewriting all the old legends with an sf patina. He only changes the romantic code by supplying his 'hardened' hero with a kind of schoolboy pal of an aide in a local knight, Huon. Huon is less attractive than the more traditional girl associate of the old tales and not much more helpful in the actual battles.

*Games Psyborgs Play* is meant to be told with the offhand, practical verbal tone that Heinlein borrowed from Kipling and imported into American space opera (to wipe out the gee-whiz writers). French blue-collar film heroes like Gabin and Belmondo use this tone. The mastery of this told-over-the-port raconteurism in writing is much underrated as a skill by mainstream Modern Lit profs. They eulogize, for instance, the spotted-horses section from *The Hamlet*, yet Faulkner never catches Dunsany's or Saki's effect. (I don't mean simply that he writes differently.) The Barbet-Ackerman prose seems to me to fail as does Faulkner's, but LUNA readers may find *Games* so fertile in ideas and adventures that they won't be bothered by its prose.

One difficulty is that the hero is meant to be a tough, experienced veteran, yet George Barr's adolescent on the cover fits the mentality of the first-person hero-narrator. As a reviewer, I find it almost impossible to identify with the reader for Barbet's series of books s-effing historic legends. At every crisis, the hero escapes by some stroke of current 'scientific' magic that takes him outside the web of tension created for the protagonist of a story by any live problem. A real medieval hero, using sound 11th-century technology and working with the intellectual assumptions of the period (limited, like ours) is more identifiable than Barbet's creatures from outer space. There's no question Barbet has an exuberant fancy, but he seems to me to break the first rule for suspense fiction. It will be a real breakthrough when our sf people know enough intellectual history to begin using contemporary science and ideas accurately, when they do period stories.

P. SCHUYLER MILLER

P. Schuyler Miller, best known to science fiction readers as the man behind "The Reference Library" in *Analog/Astounding* for the past 25 years, died of a heart attack on Sunday, October 13 near Parkersburg, W. Va. He was 62 at the time of his death.

A science fiction reader during his teens, Mr. Miller's first sf stories were published in *Wonder Stories* before he was 20. Between then and the mid-50's, he wrote some 40 stories. In addition he collaborated with L. Sprague de Camp in writing the novel *Genus Homo*, and used the pseudonym Dennis McDermott for one story he wrote in collaboration with Walter L. Dennis and Paul McDermott. He also used the pseudonym for one other story he wrote himself. Fantasy Press collected eight of his stories including the title story which were published in hardcover in 1952 as *The Titan*.

# Coming Events

## January

- 10-12 INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION at the Americana Hotel, NYC. Reg: \$10 at door. For info: ISTC, Box 3127, New York 10008
- 24-26 CONFUSION 13 at the Michigan League on the Univ. of Michigan campus, Ann Arbor, Mich. GoH: Frederik Pohl, Fan GoH: Michael Glicksohn. For info: Ro Nagey, Room 240 Michigan Union, Univ. of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104
- 24-27 SYNCON 75 at MacQuarie University, North Ryde, Australia. Membership: \$4.00. For info: Ron & Sue Clarke, 2/159 Herring Rd, North Ryde NSW 2113, Australia

## February

- 14-17 THE STAR TREK CONVENTION at the Hotel Commodore, NYC. Reg: \$10 attending, \$5 non-attending to: The Star Trek Associates, Dept. F, G.P.O. Box 951, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201
- 20-23 DESERT CON III, science fiction and fantasy film festival at the University of Arizona. For info: Desert Con III, SUPO Box 10,000, Tucson, Ariz. 85720
- 21-23 VCON IV at the Sheraton-Landmark Hotel, Vancouver, B.C. GoH: Robert Silverberg. Reg: \$5 to Feb.1. For info: VCON IV, Box 48701 Station Bentall, Vancouver, B.C., Canada
- 28-March 2 BOSKONE XII at the Sheraton Boston. GoH: Anne McCaffrey. Adv. reg. to Feb. 1: \$4, \$6 at door, payable to NESFA, Inc. For info: NESFA, Boskone XII, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch Sta., Cambridge, Mass. 02139

## March

- 28-31 SEACON 75 at the De Vere Hotel, Coventry, England. GoH: Michael Moorcock. Reg: £2.50. For info: Malcolm Edwards, 19 Ranmoor Gardens Harrow, Middx., HA1 1UQ England

## April

- 18-20 LUNACON at the Hotel Commodore, NYC. GoH: Brian W. Aldiss. Reg: \$3 to April 1, \$5 at door. For info: Walter R. Cole, 1171 E. Eighth

St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230

## July

- 3-6 WESTERCON 28 at the Hotel Leamington, Oakland, Calif. GoH: David Gerrold, Special GoHs: Ian & Betty Ballantine, Fan GoHs: Charles & Dena Brown. Membership: \$5 to May 1, \$6 thereafter. For info: P.O. Box 24560, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024
- 25-27 RIVERCON '75 at Stouffer's Louisville Inn, Louisville, Ky. Adv. reg: \$5. For info: RiverCon '75, P.O. Box 8251, Louisville, Ky. 40208

## August

- 14-17 AUSSIECON (33rd World SF Convention) at the Southern Cross Hotel, Melbourne, Australia. GoH: Ursula K. Le Guin, Fan GoH: Mike & Susan Glicksohn. Reg: \$3 supporting, \$10 attending. For info: Aussiecon, GPO Box 4039, Melbourne 3001, Victoria, Australia

## July 1976

- 2-5 WESTERCON 29 at the International Hotel, 6225 West Century Blvd, Los Angeles. GoH: Horace L. Gold, Fan GoH: Gregg Calkins. Reg. \$4 attending, \$3 supporting. For info: Westercon XXIX, P.O. Box 5384, Mission Hills, Calif. 91345

## LOCAL CLUB MEETINGS

- BALTIMORE SF SOCIETY generally meets the second Saturday of each month at various locations. For info: Susan Wheeler. Phone 485-0592
- 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., Denver, at 7:30pm. For info: Gordon Garb, 7159 S. Franklin Way, Littleton, Colo. 80122

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 At, 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: Dennis McCunney, 4300 Spruce St. (basement), Philadelphia, Pa. 19104

ROCHESTER SCIENCE FACT AND SCIENCE FICTION ASSOC. meets the 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday of each month at homes of members. For info: Gary Schulze, 333 W. Squire Dr, Apt. 5, Rochester, N.Y. 14623 (ph: 442-6090)

WALDO & MAGIC, INC. meets the 1st and 3rd Monday of each month at Goodison Hall Lounge, Eastern Michigan Univ., Ypsilanti, at 7:30pm. For info: (313) 487-4220

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 of each month at the home of Bill Berg, 2131 Keating St, Hillcrest Hgts, Md. 20031 (ph: 301-894-8048); and the fifth Friday at various places

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

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### WILLIAM M. SLOANE

William M. Sloane III, writer, editor, and publisher, died at his home in New City, New York on September 26. He was 68. Mr. Sloane was an early sf reader of Wells and Verne and a fan of the sf magazines. Soon after finishing college, he wrote two sf novels, *To Walk the Night* (1937) and *The Edge of Running Water* (1939) which became classics in the sf field. Both are still in print. He formed his own publishing company in 1946 and published several books by Fletcher Pratt including the fantasy classic *Well of the Unicorn*. He was one of the early anthologists of sf and edited *Space, Space, Space* (1953), and *Stories for Tomorrow* (1954), both very popular anthologies. He was director of the Rutgers University Press, editorial director for Funk and Wagnalls, and served as president of the Association of American University Presses in 1969 and 1970. Mr. Sloane is survived by his wife, Julia, and three children.

—Locus

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**LASERIUM, LASER LIGHT CONCERT** An astronomically-inspired laser image show appeared through November 25 at the Hayden Planetarium in New York. Combining a krypton laser beam, electronics, and optical devices with the sky from the planetarium's projector, Laserium is an array of blue, red, green and gold appearing in cloud-like forms, as well as geometric figures, constantly in motion. Setting different patterns of light to classical and contemporary music makes the colorful scene even more beautiful. This is truly a fascinating show.

—Ross Hewitt

THE GHOSTS OF SCIENCE FICTION PAST; being a sort of essay wherein J. B. Post rambles on semi-coherently about the Classics of Science Fiction Series published by Hyperion Press

Probably anyone would have mixed feelings about any major reprinting of older titles and when the definition of science fiction itself has never been settled, there is room for much petty bitching. At this point let me add my voice to those who call for a retiring (at appropriate festivities expressing appreciation for past services) of the term 'science fiction.' I say this not lightly because when I hear the term 'science fiction' it really means something to me emotionally. I grew up with it and to those of my generation it really is a shorthand word for an important concept. But it no longer applies: before we have to take it out and shoot it, let's put it out to pasture with honor.

The above digression, while not necessary, was logically inserted because most of the titles in the Classics of Science Fiction Series would probably have been called 'scientific romances' (lovely Victorian term) at the time they were published—if any special term at all were even used. They are, however, without question, stations on the evolutionary way to the present time: however quaint they may read now, the test is always "if I lived then would I feel about (fill in story title) as I feel about the modern stuff now?" They were literature of ideas (leaving aside for now any evaluation of the idea).

All right, just what has Sam Moskowitz, in his near infinite wisdom (would you believe 'fund of information'?) assembled and conned Hyperion into publishing in the (probably) vain hope we can be conned into buying it? And if you think it's tedious reading the list of titles, think how much worse it is for me (and the LUNA staff) to type it. Ready? Here we go. L. Frank Baum's *The Master Key*, Karel Capek's *The Absolute at Large*, Robert W. Chambers' *In Search of the Unknown*, William Cook's *A Round Trip to the Year 2000*, Ray Cummings' *The Girl in the Golden Atom*, George Allan England's *Darkness & Dawn*, Percy Greg's *Across the Zodiac*, George Griffith's *The Angel of the Revolution* and *Olga Romanoff*, Milo Hastings' *City of Endless Night*, David H. Keller's *Life Everlasting*, Harold Lamb's *Marching Sands*, A. Merritt's *The Metal Monster*, Robert Paltock's *The Life & Adventures of Peter Wilkins*, Gustavus Pope's *Journey to Mars*, W. H. Rhodes' *Caxton's Book*, Victor Rousseau's *The Messiah of the Cylinder*, Garrett P. Serviss' *A Columbus of Space* and *The Second Deluge*, Olaf Stapledon's *Darkness & Light*, Gabriel de Tarde's *Underground Man*, Stanley G. Weinbaum's *A Martian Odyssey*, and Philip Wylie's *Gladiator*. The books are available as a set or as individual volumes, in both cloth and paper bindings at ridiculous prices. Actually, as paperbacks they aren't all that bad: they have sewn signatures (allowing for rebinding if you know a cheap binder) and are on fairly good paper. Accompanying the basic series is a group of six titles by Sam himself: *The Immortal Storm*, *Explorers of the Infinite*, *Masterpieces of Science Fiction*, *Seekers of Tomorrow*, *Modern Masterpieces of Science Fiction*, and *Science Fiction by Gaslight*. At \$3.50 for the paperback, everyone should buy *The Immortal Storm*, Sam's history of the early days of fandom.

Let's admit at the outset that the set is fine for libraries trying to develop a collection illustrating the history of science fiction. A wealthy scholar might also find the total package worthwhile. Reading them all—from Baum to Wylie—wouldn't kill anyone. Having established, I hope, that the series is not bad, we now have to ask just how good it is. Unevenness is to be expected. Each volume in the series has an introduction, often by Sam, either an original essay or a reprinting of his comments on the author and work from his many previous writings on science fiction. Since there is no accounting for taste I can't tell you what to read or not to read so I'll ramble on about my impressions. Bear in mind that when I mention price it's for the paperback. As I said, *The Immortal Storm* is worth the price. The other five Moskowitz items tend to be overpriced when you consider previous cheaper printings of at least two of the titles. The Baum item is really a 1901 children's story about a boy, Rob, and the Demon of Electricity. *In Search of the Unknown* (at \$3.75) is the misadventures of the staff of the Bronx Zoological Gardens in search of strange beasts, three misadventures of which are reprinted in the Dover edition of *The King in Yellow* (at \$2.75). At a whopping \$5.95 *Darkness & Dawn* is the complete trilogy. I

wouldn't pay \$3.95 for *The Girl in the Golden Atom*, even though the Hyperion edition also has the sequel, "People of the G.A." Can't prove it but I think one can get *The Metal Monster* (\$2.95) in one of its earlier printings for less than Hyperion is asking. Wish I had the maps described at the beginning of *City of Endless Night*. \$3.75 might be too much to pay but *Caxton's Book* by W.H. Rhodes is certainly to read at a library. *Journey to Mars* (\$5.25) is more for scanning than reading, but this 1894 book is a real ancestor of our modern interplanetary adventure romps. The Griffith pieces are rather important stories for the literary historian but the rest of us can either use a library or not read them at all. *Darkness & the Light* (\$2.95) is Stapledon's view of two alternate futures for mankind, biased but interesting reading. *The Messiah of the Cylinder* (\$3.85) is a flawed masterpiece about two men travelling into the future and trying to shape that future in two conflicting ways: a proud and lordly villain is a nice touch. *Marching Sands* (\$3.75) has an introduction by L. Sprague de Camp but, however action packed, it's just another lost race novel that's fun to read but an hour later you feel like reading another book. *Life Everlasting* is a collection of David Keller tales that is just marginally worth the \$4.25 asked: better collections (notably the out-of-print *Tales From Underwood*) exist. The rest of the books in the series aren't bad but they really don't rate comments pro or con. On general principles it's always nice to get recognition for sf and most of the time it's nice to see the old-time stories reprinted (if the price is right) so on the whole the series rates a plus for making available (disregarding price) a whole bunch of moderately influential (not necessarily good) early 'scientific romances.' Read selectively and buy even more selectively.

—J. B. Post

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## Coming Attractions

*GALAXY - - January*

## Serials

### Sign of the Unicorn, by Roger Zelazny

Love Conquers All, by Fred Saberhagen

## Short Stories

### Straw, by Gene Wolf

### Powwow, by Tak Hallus

### A Horse of a Different Technicolor, by

## Craig Strete

The Schwarzkind Singularity, by W.S.

Doxey

### Be Ye Perfect, by M.A. Bartter

### Science Fact: A Step Farther Out

## Fuzzy Black Wholes Have No Hair, by

**Jerry Pournelle**

Cover by Freff & Pini from "Sign of the Unicorn"

## DECEMBER BERKLEY BOOKS

**Ghidalia, Vic, ed. Gooseflesh! S2732. 75¢**

Morgan, Dan. Inside. N2734. 95¢

Laumer, Keith. Night of Delusions. N2497.  
95¢

## DAW JANUARY TITLES

**Brunner, John. The Stone That Never  
Came Down. UY1150. \$1.25**

Klein, Gerard. *The Mote in Time's Eye*.

UY1151, \$1.25

Foster, M.A. The Warriors of Dawn.

UY1152. \$1.25

Saberhagen, Fred. The Book of Saber-  
hagen. UY1153. \$1.25

Brunner. John. Entry to Elsewhen.

UY1154. \$1.25

## JANUARY NAL BOOKS

Ellison, Harlan, ed. *Dangerous Visions.*

**J6240. \$1.95**

Zelazny, Roger. Jack of Shadows. Y6283.

**\$1.25**

## SF BOOK CLUB FORECASTS

**Anderson, Poul. Fire Time. Dec. \$1.98**

Ellison, Harlan. *Approaching Oblivion.*  
Dec. \$2.49

Burroughs, Edgar Rice. Swords of Mars & Synthetic Men of Mars. Jan. \$3.50

**Silverberg, Robert, ed. Mutants: Eleven  
Stories of Science Fiction. Jan. \$1.98**

Kuttner, Henry. The Best of Henry Kuttner. Feb. \$2.49

**Tucker, Wilson, Ice and Iron. Feb. \$1.98**



# S F and the Cinema

## THE ANIMATED "FANTASTIC PLANET"

by Mark Purcell

*La Planète Sauvage* (production credits below) was a Cannes Festival winner, spring 1973; and already available on the fall 1974 semester program of the student-center series at a hip campus, U. of Wisconsin at Madison. For an innovative European film to reach the Midwest in only a year and a half must be almost a world's track record, since the great distributors' crackup during the 1960's. Furthermore, *Planète* is a feature cartoon not sponsored by Disney nor the Beatles.

That it is science-fictional, seems the explanation. Its original source is a novel by the popular French writer, Stefan Wul; and the animators may also have been familiar with Capoulet-Junac's 1967 *Pallas*. This has the same basic plot premise, of toy humans ("Ohms") become domesticated pets for a larger, technologically more advanced species. *Planète* begins with the young hero still a baby, being adopted by an affluent teenybopper after her friends kill his mother by 'teasing' her. By the time his young mistress 'outgrows' him as a pet, the boy is biologically old enough to survive escape back to the wild Ohms of his mother's clan; and to fuel their anti-colonial revolt with some of his masters' advanced technology.

About any cartoon feature, the first query is: does it solve the problem of style? *Planète* does. Its basic style derives from the surrealistic effects of men like Magritte and Dali; of course these in turn derive from the vista-proportion effects of traditional Romantic landscape art. Somebody like Greg Bear should no doubt do a separate essay on these effects. I choose below to discuss how they function in the movie as storytelling. For the record, colors and pastels are washed out; and this simplified palette, the zombieness of the 'people,' and the noisy soundtrack, may sometimes remind you of the type of cartoon thriller that appears over here on Saturday morning TV.

As important for LUNA readers, *Planète* is another breakthrough in putting hard sf on the screen. It seems to me more advanced in what it gets on the screen as content, than anything I know from the (second) American sf-film boom that began in the mid-60's. Yes, I include *2001*. Since I doubt that Wul knows more science than Arthur Clarke, and since I give evidence below that the filmmakers even coddle the anti-science notions of their audience, the superior narrative efficiency of this film seems to me to come from the advantages of the cartoon in modern storytelling.

This is its instant ability to select, make relevant points, control audience attention (without sacrificing specific detail)—virtues as present in a good early Porky Pig animation as in *Planète*. Many of these narrative effects were once available outside cartoons, in oral folktale, the pop. theatre of China, India and Shakespeare's England, even in the old pre-WW II radio thrillers. But the naturalistic convention that has gradually dominated mainstream Western fiction, drama and poetry, still slows down live films like *2001* and the "Ape" series. *Planète*, on the other hand, can still borrow where it chooses: highbrow from Magritte, lowbrow from the old *Flash Gordon* strip or its equivalent. This lets the film absorb in its last ten minutes: a genocidal war against the Ohms, a rocket trip to another planet, a technologically complex Ohm-rebellion, and a happy, at least peaceful, resolution to a horrifying plot.

This last reel suggests, incidentally, the the controlling 'species' with whom the Ohms learn to 'live in peace,' are actually androids who mimic their original inventors' social behavior (after having 'isolated' their rational cerebration). One of the plot's many ironies is that the Ohms *never* come to realize they descend from their masters' masters. The story-inference is that the androids' original controllers were wiped out in an atomic war (or by a computer-revolt of the androids paralleling what the Ohms do later?). There are continual suggestions of mutation in the fantastic animal-landscape background of the movie. *Planète* is, I argue, successfully competitive with the adult live film of its era. The obvious Vietnam allusions are as successful as the equally obvious ones in *The Wild Bunch* or Ingmar Bergman's *Shame*.

# The Academy of Science Fiction Fantasy and Horror Films

334 West 54th Street, Los Angeles, California 90037 (213) 752-5811

DR. DONALD A. REED  
President

## WHAT IS THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY, AND HORROR FILMS?

The Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror Films is a non-profit organization consisting of dedicated individuals devoted to presenting awards of merit and recognition for science fiction films, fantasy films, and horror films, and to promoting the arts and sciences of science fiction, fantasy and horror films.

## WHO BELONGS?

Actors, actresses, writers, directors, producers, make-up artists, animators, special effects people, film critics, film students, and others interested in and respecting the genres of science fiction, fantasy, and horror.

## WHAT DO THEY DO?

All members have equal voting rights in the selection of the annual awards. Nominations are made by the Board of Governors and ballots are mailed to all members. Members are invited to attend the annual awards ceremony held each year in Hollywood.

## WHAT ARE THE AWARDS CALLED?

The Golden Scroll Awards

## WHO CAN JOIN AS A MEMBER?

You can, if you have a serious interest in and devotion to this type of motion picture. Dues contributions are \$20.00 a year for an adult and \$10.00 a year for a full time student. Please make your check payable to The Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror Films and mail with your application to 334 West 54th Street, Los Angeles, California 90037.

## WHO IS THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE ACADEMY?

Dr. Donald A. Reed, the founder of The Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror Films, is the President. He is a Doctor of Law and noted authority and scholar in the field of horror films and science fiction films.

**Annually Presenting The Golden Scroll Awards**

Are there any negatives? Personally, I reject its modish flattering of its potential audience. The self-conscious Libbiness in the characters destroys the (unimportant) attempt at a love-subplot. But modern screen male leads are in any case too self-centered to act responsible lovers, husbands or fathers. Much more thematically corrupt is the suggestion that the androids' intellectually advanced civilization functions *through* a drugged meditation; and that Ohms become competitive with a 'higher' culture by access. This is of course a sociological lie about how drugs circulate, let alone about the technological attainments of their upper-class addicts.

Finally, *Planète* is highly suitable for cons, theatres and late-night TV, but it is no more a children's film than *Fritz the Cat*. My 11-year old disliked it. Also, *Planète* is 'adult' in the dreary American sense. A naive art student may only notice that the film's dugs and genitals are framed within legitimate aesthetic conventions. A sociologist or moralist or economist will of course recognize that *Planète*'s makers have acceded like the rest of us to the control of international film traffic by white-collar respectable pornographers who demand 'mild' soft-core inserts before they permit distribution. Here as elsewhere (education, neighborhoods), the permissiveness of the faculty liberal has become irrelevant. The issue involved can be seen in terms of the brief tribal-sex sequence of the primeval Ohms. It's short, drawn in a chaste style, and formally brilliant; yet in terms of overall plot it has the feel of a distributor's insert.

*Planète* is a co-production which seems to have permitted its French director to draw on a team of animators from the famous Jiri Trnka's Czech studio.

**LA PLANÈTE SAUVAGE.** Script: Roland Torpor, Rene Laloux. Director: Laloux. Music: Alain Goraguer. For Les Films Armorial. ORTF (Paris)/Ceskoslovensky Filmexport (Prague). English language title: "Fantastic Planet."

#### NEWS AND NOTES

Two novels by Philip K. Dick have been bought for filming: *Ubik* by Jean-Pierre Gorin, and *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* by Jonathan Taplin...International Poorhouse, the independent film and television production company of Curtis and Julie Davis, has optioned Tim Whelan Jr.'s original screenplay, *Flashpoint*, as their fourth production. The story deals with consequences of development by young American radicals of their own nuclear bomb and their plans to use it in connection with the Bicentennial... San Franciscans Karen and Paul Preuss have optioned Ursula Le Guin's *The Left Hand of Darkness*...First novel *Damon* by Terry Cline has been acquired for filming by William Castle... American International will film *The Day the World Ended* starting early next year... Amicus is collaborating with Zev Braun on *Blood City*, sf western to be shot in Israel. Kevin Connor is directing from a Michael Wilder screenplay... Supernatural thriller *The Baby* has just started production in London, with Peter Sasdy directing from a script by Stanley Price based on an original Nat Dean story. Starring are Joan Collins, Ralph Bates and Caroline Munro... Youngstein Enterprises Inc. will release the Japanese disaster epic *Submersion Japan* in the U.S. and other markets... A marriage license was recently issued to Vincent Price to marry English actress Coral Edith Browne Pearman, who played with him in *Theater of Blood*. It will be the fourth marriage for Price.

**GOLDEN SCROLL AWARDS** The Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror Films, has announced the winners of its second annual Golden Scroll Awards for the best films of the period 1973-74. *The Exorcist* was selected as the best horror film, *Soylent Green* the best science fiction film, and *The Golden Voyage of Sinbad* the best fantasy film. A special Golden Scroll Award was voted producer-director George Pal in recognition of his many outstanding films over the years. They include *The Time Machine*, *When Worlds Collide*, *Destination Moon*, *The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao*, *The War of the Worlds*, *The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm* and *Doc Savage*.

**TV TIDBITS** Italian director Alessandro Blasetti is capping his 50-year career by tackling an ambitious multi-segment "History of Science Fiction" next year for RAI-TV (Italy)... CBS-TV announced recently that the *Planet of the Apes* series has been canceled.

*Continued on Page 22*



## New Books

### HARDCOVERS

- Aldridge, Adele **ONCE I WAS A SQUARE: A Visual Fable for Children, Adults & Squares.** Magic Circle Press (31 Chapel Lane, Riverside, Conn. 06878) Aug. \$3.95
- Anderson, Poul **FIRE TIME.** Doubleday, Nov. \$5.95
- Ballard, J.G. **CONCRETE ISLAND** (marg, repr Brit) Farrar, Nov. \$6.95
- Barjavel, Rene **THE IMMORTALS** (tr. from French, orig: *Le grand secret*) Morrow, Aug. \$6.95
- Brussel, Isidore R. **A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL** (repr of 1932 ed) Folcroft Library Editions. \$15.00
- Calvino, Italo **INVISIBLE CITIES** (marg, tr. from Italian) Harcourt. \$6.50
- Carr, Terry, ed. **FELLOWSHIP OF THE STARS: Nine Science Fiction Stories.** Simon & Schuster, Nov. \$7.95; SF Book Club, Nov. \$1.98
- UNIVERSE 5.** Random House, Nov. \$6.95
- Dameron, J. Lasley & Irby B. Cauthen, Jr. **EDGAR ALLAN POE: A Bibliography of Criticism, 1827-1967.** Univ. of Virginia Press. \$20.00
- Darlington, W.A. J. M. **BARRIE** (repr of 1938 ed) Haskell House. \$12.95
- Dickson, Gordon R. **ANCIENT, MY ENEMY** (coll) Doubleday, Oct. \$6.95
- Edmondson, G.C. **T.H.E.M.** Doubleday, June. \$4.95
- Effinger, George Alec **MIXED FEELINGS: Short Stories.** Harper, Oct. \$7.95
- Ehrlich, Max **THE REINCARNATION OF PETER PROUD.** Bobbs, Sept. \$6.95
- Eklund, Gordon & Poul Anderson **INHERITORS OF EARTH.** Chilton. \$6.50
- Franke, Herbert W. **ZONE NULL** (tr. from German) Seabury Continuum. \$6.95
- Gaunt, William **PAINTERS OF FANTASY: From Hieronymus Bosch to Salvador Dali.** Praeger, Oct. \$8.95
- Gibbons, Robert **THE EM DISCOVERIES: An Account of the Three Technological Wonders That Opened the EM Age.** Exposition, Dec. \$6.00
- Goulart, Ron **ODD JOB 101.** Scribner. \$5.95
- Green, Roger Lancelyn & Walter Hooper **C.S. LEWIS: A Biography.** Harcourt, Oct. \$6.95
- Haines, Charles **EDGAR A. POE: His Writings and Influence.** F. Watts. \$4.95
- Hallahan, William H. **THE SEARCH FOR JOSEPH TULLY** (supernat) Bobbs, Oct. \$6.95
- Hammerton, John Alexander J.M. **BARRIE AND HIS BOOKS: Biographical and Critical Studies** (repr of 1900 ed) Haskell House. \$13.95
- Harris, Marilyn **THE CONJURERS** (supernat) Random House, Sept. \$6.95
- Harrison, Harry **THE DEATHWORLD TRILOGY** (repr) SF Book Club, Nov. \$3.50
- QUEEN VICTORIA'S REVENGE** (not sf) Doubleday, July. \$5.95
- Harrison, M. John **THE CENTAURI DEVICE.** Doubleday, Nov. \$4.95
- Heath, Peter **THE PHILOSOPHER'S ALICE: Alice's Adventures in Wonderland & Through the Looking-Glass, by Lewis Carroll.** Introd. and notes by Peter Heath. St. Martin's Press. \$10.00
- Hersey, John **MY PETITION FOR MORE SPACE.** Knopf, Sept. \$5.95
- Jensen, Paul M. **BORIS KARLOFF AND HIS FILMS.** A.S. Barnes. \$6.95
- Kafka, Franz **I AM A MEMORY COME ALIVE,** ed. by Nahum N. Glatzer (nf, biog) Schocken. \$10.00
- Klise, Thomas S. **THE LAST WESTERN** (marg) Argus, May. \$8.95
- Knight, Damon, ed. **ORBIT 15.** Harper, Oct. \$7.95
- Konvitz, Jeffrey **THE SENTINEL** (marg supernat) Simon & Schuster, Oct. \$7.95
- Lennig, Arthur **THE COUNT: The Life and Films of Bela "Dracula" Lugosi.** Putnam. \$10.00
- Levin, Meyer **THE SPELL OF TIME: A Tale of Love in Jerusalem** (supernat) Praeger. \$5.95
- Lovell, Marc **AN ENQUIRY INTO THE EXISTENCE OF VAMPIRES.** Doubleday, July. \$4.95
- Montgomery, John Warwick, ed. **MYTH, ALLEGORY, AND GOSPEL: Essays on G.K. Chesterton, C.S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien [and] Charles Williams, by Edmund Fuller and others.** Bethany Fellowship, Inc. (minneapolis) \$4.95
- Moorcock, Michael **THE HOLLOW**

- LANDS (v.2 of The dancers at the end of time trilogy) Harper, Oct. \$6.95
- Newall, Venetia THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WITCHCRAFT & MAGIC. Dial Press, Sept. \$17.50
- Niven, Larry & Jerry Pournelle THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE. Simon & Schuster. \$9.95
- Opie, Iona & Peter, eds. THE CLASSIC FAIRY TALES. Oxford Univ. Press, Oct. \$12.95
- Prou, Suzanne THE PAPERHANGER (marg fty, tr. of Mechamment les oiseaux) Harper, Oct. \$6.95
- Robinson, Jerry THE COMICS: An Illustrated History of Comic Strip Art. Putnam, Oct. \$15.00
- Rolleston, James KAFKA'S NARRATIVE THEATER. Pennsylvania State Univ. Press. \$12.75
- Stewart, Fred Mustard STAR CHILD. Arbor House, Oct. \$6.95
- Sturgeon, Theodore CASE AND THE DREAMER (coll) Doubleday. \$4.95
- Terrazas Sanchez, Filiberto KUKULCAN (marg supernat, repr, tr. from Spanish) Vantage. \$4.50
- Tripp, Maggie, ed. WOMAN IN THE YEAR 2000 (nf) Arbor House, Nov. \$8.95
- Tucker, Wilson ICE AND IRON. Doubleday, Oct. \$4.95
- Zebrowski, George, ed. TOMORROW TODAY (planet series no.1) Unity Press (Santa Cruz, Calif.) \$6.95
- PAPERBACKS**
- Addison, Gwen STORM OVER FOX HILL (supernat) Pocket 77716, March. 95¢
- ANNOUNCING THE FUTURE: A Formal Presentation of the Science Fiction Research Collection, Texas A&M University Libraries, October 28, 1974. Texas A&M Univ. Library (Att. Hal Hall, Texas A&M Univ., Univ. Library, College Station, Tex. 77843) \$2.00
- Anthony, Piers TRIPLE DETENTE. DAW UQ1130, Sept. 95¢
- Appel, Benjamin THE DEATH MASTER (repr, orig: The funhouse) Popular Library 00220, Nov. \$1.25
- Asimov, Isaac EIGHT STORIES FROM THE REST OF THE ROBOTS (7 ptg) Pyramid V3296, May. \$1.25
- THE FOUNDATION TRILOGY (repr) Equinox (Avon) 20933, Nov. \$3.95
- Barrett, Neal Jr. STRESS PATTERN. DAW UQ1143, Nov. 95¢
- Beck, Robert E., ed. LITERATURE OF THE SUPERNATURAL: Teacher's Manual. McDougal, Littell. \$1.28
- Bennett, Janice N. THE HAUNTED (supernat) Ace 31789, June. 95¢
- Bova, Ben FORWARD IN TIME (coll, repr) Popular Library 08310. \$1.25
- Boyd, John THE GORGON FESTIVAL (repr) Bantam N8018, Nov. 95¢
- Brackett, Leigh THE HOUNDS OF SKAITH (s&s, Stark no.2) Ballantine 24230, Oct. \$1.25
- Bradley, Marion Zimmer THE SPELL SWORD: A Darkover Novel (s&s) DAW UQ1131, Sept. 95¢
- Carter, Lin TIME WAR. Dell 8625, Nov. 95¢
- THE WARRIOR OF WORLD'S END (s&s) DAW UQ1140, Nov. 95¢
- Charroux, Robert MASTERS OF THE WORLD (nf, tr.) Berkley D2710, Nov. \$1.50
- Clarke, Arthur C. RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA (repr) Ballantine 24175, Sept. \$1.75
- Coney, Michael G. MONITOR FOUND IN ORBIT (coll) DAW UQ1132, Sept. 95¢
- Cooper, Edmund THE TENTH PLANET (repr) Berkley N2711, Nov. 95¢
- Courlander, Harold TALES OF YORUBA GODS AND HEROES (repr) Fawcett Premier Q640, May. \$1.50
- Cowper, Richard CLONE (repr) Avon 20453, Sept. 95¢
- Darlon, Clark PERRY RHODAN 55: The Micro-Techs. Ace 66038, Oct. 95¢
- PERRY RHODAN 56: Prisoner of Time. Ace 66039, Oct. 95¢
- PERRY RHODAN 57: A Touch of Eternity. Ace 66040, Nov. 95¢
- Darrow, Frank M. WIFE STYLES AND LIFE STYLES. Author (P.O. Box 305, Trona, Calif. 93562) \$2.48
- Farmer, Philip Jose STRANGE RELATIONS (repr, SF rediscovery no.1) Equinox 20578, Nov. \$1.95
- Fast, Howard A TOUCH OF INFINITY (coll, repr) DAW UQ1137, Oct. 95¢
- Fontana, Dorothy C. THE QUESTOR TAPES (based on TV pilot) Ballantine 24236, Oct. \$1.25
- Foster, Alan Dean DARK STAR (adapt. from movie) Ballantine 24267, Oct. \$1.25

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30p. ne, pb. 552.09438.2  
**DREAM MILLENIUM**. Joseph, £2.50.  
7181.1227.X  
**THE SECRET VISITORS**. White Lion,  
£1.70. ne. 85617.567.6
- Wilhelm, Kate **LET THE FIRE FALL**.  
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- Williams, Jay & R. Abrashkin **DANNY**  
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Millington, £2.00. 86000.021.4
- Zetford, Tully **THE BOOSTED MAN**.  
NEL, 30p. pb. 450.01839.3  
**WHIRLPOOL OF STARS**. NEL, 30p.  
pb. 450.01838.5

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**SF and the Cinema continued from Page 14**

### CURRENTLY IN RELEASE

- The Devil's Triangle**. Libert Films International production. Featuring Vincent Price.
- Dunderklumpen (Thundering Fatty)**. Stockholm Film release of a GK-Film production.  
Cartoon creations, animation and live action director, Per Ahlin. Story and script by  
Bebbe Wolgers. 96 min. Childrens fantasy.
- The House on Skull Mountain**. Twentieth-Century Fox release of a Chocolate Chip/Pinto  
Production. Produced by Ray Storey, directed by Ron Honthaner. Screenplay by  
Mildred Pares. Starring Victor French, Janee Michelle, Jean Durand, Mike Evans. 89  
min. Rating: PG. Black horror epic.
- It's Alive** Warner Bros. release of a Larco production. Produced, written and directed by  
Larry Cohen. Starring John Ryan, Sharon Farrell, Andrew Duggan, Guy Stockwell,  
James Dixon. 90 min. Rating: R. Gruesome horror story about the rampage of a  
monstrous newborn baby.
- The Little Prince**. Paramount Pictures release. Produced and directed by Stanley Donen.  
Screenplay and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, based on the book by Antoine de  
Saint-Exupery. Starring Richard Kiley, Steven Warner, Bob Fosse, Gene Wilder. 88 min.  
Rating: P. Musical fantasy.

## Lilliputia

*THE SAND BIRD* by Margaret J. Baker. Illus. by Gareth Floyd. Thomas Nelson, 1973. 158 p. \$3.45

The sand bird is a glass swan figurine filled with layers of colored sand. At a church rummage sale, the bird, named Osborne, is bought by the Minton children—Lisa, Hugh, and Nobs. They soon discover Osborne has the magical power to grant wishes. Unfortunately, even the most unassuming wishes can lead to unforeseen problems. It takes all the concentration of Osborne's talents to untangle and resolve the matter in a fantastic, and yet satisfying manner.

Combining an arrogant, magical Osborne with three energetic and adventuresome youngsters results in a pleasant story. But beyond this, there is special importance given to the interrelationship of personalities, especially where Nobs is concerned. Nobs, the youngest of the Minton children, is deaf. With his hearing aid he can almost hear as well as everyone else. We are made, however, to feel his loneliness and frustration. He knows Osborne could grant every wish but his most desired—his hearing. Lisa and Hugh are gentle and understanding, perhaps to an unrealistic degree. Basically, however, Nobs is a well-adjusted boy and the book provides an excellent example of a deaf person integrated into society.

—Marian Weston

*THE WINDS OF ALTAIR* by Ben Bova. E. P. Dutton, 1973. 135 p. \$4.95

Altair VI seems a logical home for the people of overcrowded Earth, but closer inspection reveals its biosphere to be poisonous to mankind. The planet could be terraformed if the conditions on the planet's surface were not impossible for man and his machines to long endure, until the colonists find the means to control the native animals. Only children can combine with the alien minds via probes implanted in the animals' brains, and young Jeff Holman finds himself in control of the three-ton wolfcat, Crown. Other children control other wolfcats once Jeff has proven it can be done, then an ape-like creature is found, controlled, and put to work building machines that will change the atmosphere from methane to oxygen. But the animals begin to be destroyed by fear as much as by the changing environment which is as poisonous to them as theirs is to mankind. The colonists persevere, but even the planet seems to rise up against them, and finally Jeff himself rejects the rightness of their actions.

Suspense is strong throughout; although the wolfcat is not sufficiently intelligent to be consciously aware of Jeff's presence, the mind contact of the two is interesting. The life of the wolfcat is very real and alive. Like Jeff, we are convinced that Crown's breed should not be casually destroyed just to create another polluted, over-populated Earth.

The ending is a bit too abrupt to be totally believable, but perhaps this will not unduly disturb young readers.

—Gail C. Futoran

*FIRST CONTACT?* by Hugh Walters. Thomas Nelson, 1973. 174 p. \$5.95. Age level: 10-13

Radio signals have been received from the vicinity of Uranus and two ships, each with a crew of four, are sent to investigate. All are hoping for first contact with an alien intelligence, all despite their prior experience in space admit to some fear of the unknown. The signal is traced to one of Uranus' moons, and it is there that the two ships land and all but two of the crew enter the alien vessel to converse with the visitor. Those two remaining behind do not believe in the alien's benevolence, just the opposite, and decide to take action. Tragedy is averted by the alien's advanced technology. The conflict between man's intellectual ability and his animal instincts which make him react with fear and violence to new situations is strongly demonstrated.

Mr. Walters is able to put across science and technology in an easily grasped manner; the flight, landings, control center on Earth are all very realistic. Yet he just as competently presents questions of the highest philosophical and personal concern in a manner that all can understand. Aimed at the teenage/young adult reader, the novel teaches while it entertains, presenting questions of destiny and religion without cant or dogma.

—Gail C. Futoran



*THE FIGHT FOR ARKENVALD* by Thomas Johnston. Illus. by Jane Walworth. Doubleday, 1973. 150 p. \$4.50. Age level: 9-12

Andrew and Joseph find a cave beneath the floor boards of an old abandoned house. They inadvertently awaken a creature who then returns to her own world to get revenge for the banishment of her youth. The natives of Arkenvald, a kingdom in the underground world (or parallel world—there is no attempt to explain the relationship), in order to rid themselves of the menace of the old woman, kidnap the two boys who for some reason are the only ones who can kill the woman. Joseph and Andrew trek through the cold land, prove their courage and eventually are able to return home, only seconds after they left (due to the peculiar time relationship between their world and that of Arkenvald).

The writing is uneven, simplistic sentences mixed with adult-level phrases, mostly hackneyed and meaningless to a child's comprehension. Perhaps for the very young the story will work, because it does have an interesting story line. But for those old enough to distinguish between a fluid and interesting sentence, and an equally correct but unimaginative and dull one, this book may be a chore, and misleading as far as their literary appreciation goes. The writer, a teacher in England, should perhaps read a few of the better children's books for the level he is interested in reaching, before he begins on his second book.

The illustrations are bold and well chosen to highlight the more exciting points in the adventure.

—Gail C. Futoran

*PHOENIX FEATHERS: A COLLECTION OF MYTHICAL MONSTERS* edited by Barbara Silverberg. E. P. Dutton, 1973. 205 p. \$6.50

Griffin, kraken, dragon, unicorn, roc, basilisk, phoenix; the words themselves are magical, and Mrs. Silverberg has chosen some magical stories from past and present to illuminate her monsters. Sturgeon's beautiful "The Silken-Swift," Niven's funny and poignant "Bird in the Hand" are but two of the fine stories whose protagonists are the creatures as much as the men who hunt, save, revere or destroy them.

Each section begins with an excerpt from writings of antiquity, when men of science, logic and skepticism wrote believingly of these fantastic creatures.

This is a charming book to give as a gift to a teenage or young adult friend, or for yourself if you have an especial weakness for 'monsters.'

—Gail C. Futoran

*THE NARGUN AND THE STARS* by Patricia Wrightson. Atheneum, 1974. 184 p. \$5.50. Age level: 9-12

The Nargun is a huge ancient being living in the Australian wilderness. It is almost one with the earth. While it is not consciously malignant, it is easily irritated to blind destructive anger. When the Nargun threatens their sheep run, Charlie and Edie and their young orphaned cousin Simon, must find a way to deal with it.

I might feel differently about the book if I were Australian, and the world depicted were more familiar. As it is, I thought the book was great. The author makes Australia seem a strange, wonderful, elemental place (at least the Outback). The elemental beings, the water creature the Potkorok, the tree things the Turongs, could easily have been cutesy talking animals, but they aren't. That old sense of wonder is alive and well and living in Australia.

—Leslie Bloom

*THE TWO MAGICIANS* adapt. by John Langstaff from an ancient ballad. Pictures by Fritz Eichenberg. Atheneum, 1973. "A Margaret K. McElderry Book" Abt. 28 p. \$4.95. Age level: 4-8

This is another fair to poor picture book for children. The pictures are mediocre—not enough color, just not enough life to them. The story is a tale of "magical transformation and outwitting one's opponent"—a theme in folk literature as old as people have told and sung stories over again. In folk song style, the book comes off as merely mediocre.

—Patricia Barresi

*GILDAEN: THE HEROIC ADVENTURES OF A MOST UNUSUAL RABBIT* by Emilie Buchwald. Illus. by Barbara Flynn. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1973. 189 p. \$4.95. Age level: 8-12

Gildaen is, as the subtitle of this book suggests, a most unusual rabbit. Adventurous at heart, he embarks on a journey with a boy who can change himself and anything else into anything he wants. The boy, however, does not remember his original shape or how he gained these strange powers. Thus begins a story involving an enchanted kingdom, a good witch, an evil lord, and a wronged kingman.

Each chapter is an entire adventure within the larger story. Narration of the tale meanders along with attention to all details. The story might be drawn out to the point of boring children too young to enjoy this type of detail. Because the plot is rather transparent early in the book, an older child who is not interested in the slow unfolding of a story, will also be bored. Characters are rather shallow except for Gildaen who displays human emotions. I especially enjoyed Gildaen's adventures as a cat in the well-developed and imaginative society of the palace cats. Talking animals that can communicate with all species enliven the tale and provide some amusement. Thus, although slow-moving, *Gildaen* is a satisfying story.

—Marian Weston

*THE REMARKABLE JOURNEY OF GUSTAVUS BELL* by Gloria Skurzynski. Illus. by Tim and Greg Hildebrandt. Abingdon Press, 1973. \$2.95. Age level: 8-11

On the way home from the library, Gustavus Bell suddenly comes down with one of the diseases described in the book he has just checked out, *Extraordinary Diseases the World Over*. It is called Halving Disease, and it periodically makes him shrink to half his former size. Aided by Fearless, his talking Siberian Husky, he attempts to reach his mother, who is at the church preparing for the bazaar. With each attack of shrinkage, however, distances become longer, and he finds himself asking for help from smaller and smaller creatures—a vole, a praying mantis and a bluebottle fly, for example. These creatures are characterized by a silly anthropomorphization which renders them ridiculous. The praying mantis does nothing all day except to finish half-finished prayers, and the lady-bug is constantly feeling sorry for herself in indignation at the children's rhyme, "Lady-bug, Lady-bug, fly away home." Nevertheless, a couple hours pleasant diversion for a child who does not resent the book's implications about his intelligence.

—Kristine Anderson

*MR. NOAH AND THE SECOND FLOOD* by Sheila Burnford. Illus. by Michael Foreman. Praeger, 1973. 64 p. \$4.95. All ages

Mr. James Noah, direct descendant of the original Noah, lives in peace and simplicity atop a large mountain with his wife, three sons and innumerable animal friends. His only contact with the world is the yearly visit of the Bank Manager to bring a gold brick, the Sunday paper, and something homemade from his wife for Mrs. Noah. At these times Mr. Noah gains some awareness of the goings-on of the outside world, and one year realizes that the second Flood is on its way. He and Mrs. Noah throw themselves into a decade of feverish activity to build the Ark, gather supplies, and inform the animals to prepare themselves for the trip. His discovery of the vastly diminished variety of animal species is a graphic reminder of our inhumanity to our animal companions, and his decision to make the world safe for animals provides a satisfying conclusion to this fable.

Ms. Burnford has written a lovely tale with a strong and simple moral: that the human race no longer deserves the company of the animals whom we are steadily and callously destroying.

—Gail C. Futoran

*MRS. BEGGS AND THE WIZARD* written and illus. by Mercer Mayer. Parents Magazine Press, 1973. Abt. 38 p. \$4.50. Age level: 4-8

*Mrs. Beggs and the Wizard* is a delightfully written and illustrated story of a strange lodger who comes to Mrs. Beggs' boarding house. What he does to Mrs. Beggs and the rest of the lodgers makes for an entertaining picture book for children.

—Patricia Barresi

## Reviews

*A DREAM OF DRACULA: IN SEARCH OF THE LIVING DEAD* by Leonard Wolf. Popular Library 00159, 1973. 326 p. \$1.25 (hardcover: Little Brown, 1972. \$8.95)

This is a hard book to describe; for one thing, it isn't a novel, nor is it a history. It is, in fact, a piece of personal journalism dealing with the vampire legend. It has bits of history, film criticism, gossip, personal observations and conjectures, statistics, and just about anything else one might think of that connects up to vampires, including the author's own encounter with one. An interesting and intriguing item for anyone interested in the subject. Flap out to your local haunt and get a copy—as soon as it's dark enough.

—Michael L. McQuown

*THE WALLED CITY* by Marcel Clouzot. Tr. by June P. Wilson and Walter B. Michaels. M. Evans, distr. by Lippincott, 1973. 315 p. \$8.95

The most amusing aspect of this novel is its dust-jacket photo (by Claude Bablin) of the author. He closely resembles the parrot perched on his shoulder, perhaps unintentionally.

The story's frame is a heavy-handed attempt at contemporary city-life allegory. Actions are far between and depressingly uninteresting in themselves. The characters have apparently been lobotomized. It seems to me an American pulp/paperback rewriter could make a decent *nouvelle* of this unmotivated, protracted Pied-Piper plot situation.

The story opens with Commissioner Robert Baidruche observing the final influx of refugees into the city from the countryside, filing inside the walls after burning their villages. The author Clouzot never explains why they fled or why they burned their villages. So little attention is paid to the mechanics of feeding or supplying this refugee populace that the reader soon knows this will not be a realistic story. Comm. Baidruche temporizes (with regrets) on the first occasion for taking positive action; hence in the rest of the novel his administration slides into the control of the enemy vermin. Enroute we observe the interior corruption of public and private behavior, the Church's inadequacy for solacing or leading the people, muscular labor unions, and the crushing falsehoods of a managed Press.

There's a little verbal play in naming these journals the *Union*, *Independent*, *amalgamated Newspaper*, insurgent *Rodent*, and the subversive *Liberated Rat*. And several characters have punning monikers: the hotel clerk Baidroume, housekeeper Sophie, engineer LePonte, architect Labrique, and the pert secretary Niquel. Two American revolutionary names crop up (Revere, Payne-Paine) to no avail. An enigmatic soldier beyond the walls where no one else ventures, and a double agent, occasionally interrupt the extracts from the monotonously self-serving reports protagonist Baidruche composes daily for his unseen superior, the Prefect. Incidentally, the American translators might have considered transposing their titles to Mayor and Governor.

We never hear or care about the regime to which this Prefecture belongs. The central character is as put-upon as Kafka's "K," so the total effect of this plot prolongs despair. Things were bad enough before this novel! It deserves neglect.

—Carolann Purcell

*NOG'S VISION* by Brian Hall with Joseph Osburn. Pictures by Donna Griffin. Paulist Press, 1973. 142 p. \$6.95, \$3.95paper

Words (other than profanity) fail me when I am confronted by a book like this. First among my complaints is about the idiot who designed the book: blue printing and blue line-drawings on blue paper may be cutesy and mod but it's hard for me to read. Not that this drek is worth reading. In the land of the Pricklies, where every pricklie is assigned an occupation upon hatching based on color, a smooth pricklie is born (hatched) who dreams and changes the lives of the pricklies. Alright, I admit I am a clod who is unable to discern the subtle allegorical meanings in this work. My wife thinks Jesus Freaks will like this. I trust none read LUNA. If this is what Jesus Freaks want, give me a Hash dream any day.

—J. B. Post



*INTO THE AETHER* by Richard A. Lupoff. Dell 3830, 1974. 220 p. 95¢

I've been dithering about reviewing this book a long time. It's a bitch to review because the whole charm lies in the writing and not so much in the story line, intriguing though it may be. The story is a neat little parody (pastiche, maybe) of the early science fiction story featuring an older eccentric scientist, a young boy, some villains, and a marvelous aether navigating vehicle. Cliche words like 'zany adventure,' 'picaresque (whatever that means) romance,' or 'hilarious satire' spring to mind as a lazy man's escape. No doubt about it, Dick Lupoff has written a classic fun-poker. Not only is there the "Chester Alan Arthur," the remarkable aether navigating machine powered by the energy locked in coal, there is a sea vessel which has fallen off the edge of the world and endlessly sails the aether-sea. Interesting aliens add to the mixture. But these are only the ingredients, the master chef has put them together artfully. The prose style is right out of the early sf books for 'young people.' I'd spoil it by telling any of the adventures but I do urge that you return with him to those thrilling days of yesteryear and follow the action-filled lives of Professor Thintwhistle, young Herkimer, Miss Taphammer, and the others as they journey *Into the Aether*. —J. B. Post

*THE DRACULA ARCHIVES* by Raymond Rudorff. Pocket Books 77678, 1973. 208 p. 95¢ (hardcover: Arbor House, 1972. \$5.95)

For some reason, I expected this book to deal with the most famous vampire's ancestry, but instead, it purports to deal with his descendants. Furthermore, although the story is very carefully constructed, it is not as clear or as forceful as it should be, probably because of its style. It is written as a series of letters, diaries, and 'manuscripts in an unknown hand' which are not always easy to follow. On the whole, it is interesting but not my first choice of a vampire story. —Joni Rapkin

*BEST SCIENCE FICTION FOR 1973* edited by Forrest J Ackerman. Ace 91360, 1973. 267 p. \$1.25

Mr. Ackerman presents what he promises: science fiction. Not fantasy, Gothic, mainstream, or incomprehensible (i.e. much of New Wave), but good old hard core 1950-60 type sf. I respect his leanings, although I think that the field, if viable, cannot be hurt by the occasional borderline sf tale which can be found in such collections as *Dangerous Visions*, in fact can only be revitalized by experimentation. Therefore I cannot agree that this is the 'best' sf, since I do not necessarily accept his definition. But... it is a good collection.

Have you ever read a poorly written sf 'salesman' story? I haven't. All the great writers of the past wrote them, and now here is Spinrad, known for some strange productions indeed, with a strikingly beautiful 'salesman' tale in the classic style. It is called "A Thing of Beauty." A rare Roth tale, "Getting Together," justifies the editor's wish that it have a sequel. In a few pages we are taken into the mind of a genius robot who realizes his own need for emotional involvement with humans, which he seeks in group therapy. The story gets under the skin of robot and human alike. "What We Learned From This Morning's Newspaper" is Silverberg's tale of slow and hidden horror. "Seventy Years of Decpop"—the theme is big enough for a novel and several have been done recently: what happens when some disaster—natural or manmade—destroys man's ability to reproduce himself? Farmer has compressed this theme into the confines of a long story (60 pages) and done as well by the theme as I've seen in novels four times as long. And without the usual moral. Instead, he makes a comment about humanity that I think most of us will accept.

"Forever and Amen"—not a particularly thrilling thriller, rather simple, lacking suspense. Not Bloch's finest. "Ersatz Eternal"—short and sweet and vintage Van Vogt. "By the Time I Get to Phoenix"—I have to disagree with the editor that this is a powerful tale. I found it unfulfilled, but judge for yourself. "The Merchants of Venus" by Fred Pohl lives up to the editor's definition of science fiction. I class it with the Spinrad tale as the best in this collection. Also included is Fred Pohl's Guest of Honor Speech at the 1972 LACon. Well done, Mr. Ackerman.

—Gail C. Futoran  
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*SYZYGY* by Michael G. Coney. Ballantine 03056, 1973. 216 p. \$1.25

Once every fifty-two years, the six moons of the planet Arcadia form a unique grouping causing high tides, storms... and the Relay Effect. The colonists are affected in strange ways, but no one can quite pinpoint what happened the last time. Mark Swindon, head of the Research Center, finds himself caught between scientists and townfolk as pressure builds under the weird emotional influence of the six moons. On the personal side, his life is complicated by a personal conviction that his former fiancée was murdered. Even as he seeks the killer, he finds himself becoming entangled with the dead girl's sister.

Swindon tries to make sense out of a puzzle involving the life cycles of Arcadia's sea creatures—a puzzle that could spell disaster for the human settlers on the planet. From a simple local drug, the colonists may produce a partial solution—but where does man fit in Arcadia's strange ecological structure?

Coney develops several fascinating ideas as background for a story concentrating basically on human relationships. The result is a science fiction novel of rewarding depth and considerable entertainment value.

—B. A. Fredstrom

*FLUX* by Ron Goulart. DAW UQ1116, 1974. 159 p. 95¢

I feel a little more schizoid than usual when I attempt to review a Goulart Barnum System book. For the initiated, all I have to say is this is a Chameleon Corps Book, nice and smooth and laid back. There's none of the strain that Goulart's humor sometimes shows. For the uninitiated, I actually have to sit down and try to figure out what's happening, which can be somewhat fatal to the appreciation of the Goulart brand of humor.

Ben Jolson (a long time series character) is a member of the Chameleon Corps. He has been conditioned physically and emotionally to be quite literally plastic. His assignment in this book is to track down a college professor who seems to be the ringleader of some rather nasty youthful rebels. The various Jolson personae include a radical poet, an itinerant folksinger, and the Good Doctor Arthur Isaac Mowgli, expert on anything you care to think of, offhand.

The book is quiet and less slapstick than Goulart's usual production. The humor is rather wry and nostalgic. I also get the impression that there are fewer descriptive adjectives than usual, which is a mixed blessing. (Goulart's sf novels tend to read like his movie novelizations. When this technique works, it's great, but Goulart tends to overdo it.)

As you may have guessed, I enjoyed the book. My major complaint is an overly abrupt ending. I guess the paper shortage is hitting everybody.

—Leslie Bloom

*A WORLD OF TROUBLE* by Robert E. Toomey, Jr. Ballantine 03262, 1973. 207 p. \$1.25

Belaker Meas, an unenthusiastic agent for CROWN, is dumped on the planet Jsimaj to find out what happened to a former contact man. The Coalition of Registered Official World Nations wants the backward world's wealth of radioactive metals. Wired for communication with his orbiting spaceship and armed with an assortment of special teeth (contents: poison, truth serum, etc.), Meas mounts the caterpillar-like monstrosity Pacesetter and sets off for the city of Klask'an.

He finds that not only has the contact disappeared, but the ruling Derone of Klask'an is both bloodthirsty and mad. And if the Derone doesn't decapitate him, the gapjumpers competing against CROWN may have more efficient methods of ending his career. It's a hell of a way to make a living—especially when he learns his next task is to merely conquer the world.

Toomey uses much of the standard material in this novel, but there is a swift current of humor that sets it apart. The constant radio dialogue between Meas and his juvenile spaceship pilot is often overly cute, but also offers a sometimes hilarious counterpoint to the action. Even Toomey's frequent use of homely four-letter Anglo-Saxonisms is juxtaposed in a humorous manner. *A World of Trouble* turns out to be a pleasantly digestible concoction, liberally spiced with wit and mildly flavored with corn.

—B. A. Fredstrom

*EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: BIBLIOGRAPHY & PRICE GUIDE*, comp. by P. H. Adkins. P.D.A. Enterprises (Box 8010, New Orleans, La. 70182) 1974. 25 p. \$3.75/paper

For what it is, a handy price guide to the various editions of Edgar Rice Burroughs' many works, this is a reasonably priced volume. It is not an exhaustive bibliography distinguishing the fine points of each edition. From dealers' catalogs, conversation, and experience Adkins offers "a distillation of all available price information, and should be considered as indicative of the price of a particular item, rather than the exact price of that item." It will become out of date very quickly but as a general guide for the novice collector (or novice bookseller) it has an immediate utility. Strictly a working tool.

—J. B. Post

*BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SCIENCE FICTION*, comp. by Roger D. Sween. Wisconsin Council of Teachers of English, 1974. (Service Bulletin no. 30) 28 p. \$1.00

This item is of no use and little interest to anyone reading this review. It is worth noting that yet another bibliography of suggested science fiction, this time essentially for high schools, appears on the scene. It's a pretty fair listing and can be recommended to any high school teachers who may ask any of us for suggestions. Aside from listing books, there are sections on fanzines, prozines, sf movies, secondary sources, and basic references which are quite good for high school teachers. In case you are asked (you certainly wouldn't need a copy) it can be ordered from the editor of *Wisconsin English Journal*, University of Wisconsin-River Falls, River Falls, Wis. 54022. Not for us, but need we disdain it if it can profit others?

—J. B. Post

*AN ATLAS OF FANTASY*, comp. by J. B. Post. Mirage Press, 1973. 283 p. \$20.00, \$12.00/paper

When I was a small boy, maps gave me endless playgrounds for the mind and provided a sort of stretching-post when bed-ridden, or simply disinclined to accept the limits of the neighborhood. J. B. Post turned this finger-point wanderlust into a library job for himself, then produced this companion volume to imaginary worlds. The result is amusing and useful, and remarkably thorough. Future editions should expand with the creation of new worlds in literature, for the volume is already incomplete. Fantasy and speculative literature grow apace—Mr. Post can (and probably already has planned to) include Katherine Kurtz's Deryni world, which already has a map, and dozens of other works which industrious cartographers should chart and solidify.

It's an amusing past-time, and a work of great dedication, well worth the paperback price, and even the frightening (but not unusual) hardcover fee of \$20.00.

—Greg Bear

*ARDOR ON AROS* by Andrew J. Offutt. Dell 0931, 1973. 192 p. 95¢

Offutt has great fun with this novel—and, for the most part, he infects the reader with his own enthusiasm. Chapter titles give the flavor of what is both highly readable heroic fantasy and fun-filled lampooning: "The scientist who was not mad," "The planet that was not Mars," "The girl I did not rescue," "The girl who was not Dejah Thoris," etc.

The author launches his hero into a marvelously unheroic world where all the clichés are active with a twist that vastly complicates the life of young Henry Ardor. Dr. Blakey's "temporal dissociator" lands him in a barbaric creation straight out of the Burroughs tradition—but fraught with paradox. The heroine in distress is handily nearby, but she's hardly a virgin, not entirely averse to rape, and remarkably ungrateful for Henry's intervention. In fact, she's a capable sorceress and the spitting image of Elizabeth Taylor. Then there's a Dejah Thoris who looks like Sophia Loren, a talking parrot, disappearing forests and scores of other anomalies. In his new world Henry can boast only a witty de Campian inventiveness and extraordinary luck—which turns out to be quite enough.

*Ardor on Aros* is an entertaining romp and the most satisfying of satiric heroic fantasy in some time.

—B. A. Fredstrom



*SOULMATE* by Charles Runyon. Avon 18028, 1974. 159 p. 95¢

It has been a good while since I read a book I didn't want to put down. Runyon's story of a girl inhabited by an alien entity that feeds off the sexual energies of others is well put together, the logic is tight, and it moves. Anne, eleven years old, comes into contact with the alien in a national park when her philandering father takes time out for a tussle with a shapely park guide. He doesn't feel too well when he gets home, and he dies. Anne's mother sends her off to stay with relatives for a while, and she develops an enormous appetite, and the body of a lush mature woman. Frightened by what is happening to her, she runs away. From here on, the story really takes off, and the ending is a stunner. Definitely recommended.

—Michael L. McQuown

*RIGHT-HANDED WILDERNESS* by Robert Wells. Ballantine 03355, 1973. 184 p. \$1.25

Despite the name, this has nothing to do with ecology. It is a fast-paced, professionally styled chase story, using all the legerdemain of a skilled writer to keep the reader guessing and to pump enough twists and turns into the plot to make it seem like a good deal more than it is.

Basically, the plot concerns the hunt for a missing girl known to be host to an alien life-form so adaptive that it can feed on anything. On another planet, under control, it had been used as a prolific source of protein, but loose on Earth it represented the ultimate menace to all living creatures. The host-girl has vanished, apparently kidnapped and the security police have only a few days to find her before their time runs out and the alien menace breaks loose. There are lots of wild characters in the book, all with their own little axes to grind, and there is much running in all directions. It gallops nicely, will hold your interest, and doesn't let down.

—Samuel Mines

*THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SUPERMAN* by John T. Galloway, Jr. Holman (Lippincott), 1973. 141 p. \$2.95

This is a good book to avoid. Not, mind you, because there is anything outrageously wrong with it viewed objectively, but merely because the author addresses Protestant Christians of a rather traditional sort—or at least espouses this belief and addresses his sermon to all. The few reproductions of the comic strips can be found elsewhere. Galloway makes some interesting points basing his sermon on the differences (and superficial similarities) between Superman and Christ. Probably a modestly notable book for theologians, it has no place with fans as fans.

—J. B. Post

*PAN SAGITTARIUS* by Ian Wallace, pseud. G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1973. 223 p. \$5.95

I cannot recall Ian Wallace's 'real' name, but I know I have met his writing style and the sort of subjects he treats somewhere before. Now this will bother me until I ferret out the answer...

To start with, *Pan Sagittarius* is not a novel, no matter what the author says in the "Auctorial Comment"—it is a series of vignettes in which Pan, who opens the book by committing suicide, gets a chance to work off his sins and earn redemption by intervening ever so slightly at some crucial point in the life of an Erth (sic)-dweller so that individual's soul may have a chance to end its suffering in Hell. What follows is delightful what-iffness and intellectual games, complete with long words, made-up adjectives, and physical formulae. It is not recommended that the book be read in one sitting; in fact, its episodic character militates against this. So, parts one and two set the stage, while part three puts a new serpent into an old garden; part four rewrites the U.S. Civil Rights Movement; part five prevents Launcelot and Guenevere from ruining Arthur's dream with their carnal desires, and so forth. All the chapters give fascinating human insights into ancient legends, common failings, and individual triumphs. Ian Wallace has been a bit unfair, though. He never lets us know why Pan was trying to kill himself at the beginning, nor whether he made it into Heaven at the end. I hope he isn't planning the Further Adventures of Pan—that would become wearisome.

—Charlotte Moslander

**THE POISON MAIDEN AND THE GREAT BITCH: FEMALE STEREOTYPES IN MARVEL SUPERHERO COMICS** by Susan Wood Glicksohn. Illus. by Terry Austin. T-K Graphics (Box 1951, Baltimore, Md. 21203) 1974. 36 p. \$2.00

Now I understand why I always hated Marvel comics—even good old Superman was an m.c.p., and Lois Lane was such a simp!

This is a very good, although somewhat superficial, analysis of the human females portrayed in the 'hero' comics, especially those published in 1971-72. It is more an enlarged term paper than a dissertation, and the reader must be familiar with the characters being discussed in order to understand what is going on. The subject really needs to be treated in more depth, with more background material and explanation of the characters of the superheroes themselves. At this point, one can still hear the author gnashing her teeth. Not that I blame her, mind you, but some of her ideas beg to be explored in more detail.

The women in the illustrations are to the average woman as the male 'superheroes' are to the man-in-the-street

Basically, this is worth the \$2, but I should cheerfully pay more for an expanded version.  
—Charlotte Moslander

**THE BRAM STOKER BEDSIDE COMPANION: 10 STORIES BY THE AUTHOR OF DRACULA** edited by Charles Osborne. Taplinger, 1973. 224 p. \$6.95

Here is a nicely titled volume; the stories can be read at bedtime without any effort. My wife thinks they are so boring they put you to sleep. I found the collection rather enjoyable in spite of some stilted prose, simple plots, excessive sentiment, anti-Semitism, and (horror of horrors) the use of the term "Scotchman." The eight page introduction gives some biographical data on Stoker and is followed by "The Secret of the Growing Gold," "Dracula's Guest," "The Invisible Giant," "The Judge's House," "The Burial of the Rats," "A Star Trap," "The Squaw," "Crooken Sands," "The Gombeen Man" (part of *The Snake's Pass*), and "The Watter's Mou' ". Well, "Dracula's Guest" and "The Judge's House" have been reprinted before this many, many times. "The Invisible Giant" is just a bit too precious for me. "The Gombeen Man" is incomplete (or so I think). Still, one can enjoy reading a nicely written story one has read before or which is sentimental or is incomplete or isn't sf or fantasy. I did.

—J. B. Post

**BEYOND THE RESURRECTION** by Gordon Eklund. Doubleday, 1973. 202 p. \$5.95

Far from fulfilling its once radically innovative goals, New Morning School in the year 2004 is a wearily self-perpetuating anachronism. Its founder, the inventor of the teaching method known as Intensive Therapy, Joyce Larkin, is eighty years old and has seen fit to sell his youthful idealism for a few more years of life.

A favorite pastime of the children at the school is sneaking out at night in couples for a little sexual experimentation under the rhododendron bush. A girl named Melissa finally talks the strange boy August out of his virginity. When their adult supervisor notices them missing from their beds, she looks for and discovers them—quite horrifyingly stuck together and merging into one.

This is a fine, if occasionally oblique, wild talents story about a boy whose talent is for changing others by merging with them and making them see from several perspectives simultaneously. The boy's talent achieves the result that Joyce Larkin had always dreamed of for Intensive Therapy. However, it makes its subjects ardent disciples of August, who, throughout the novel, remains coldly unattainable. Watching August in action, the uninitiated are stimulated to acute loneliness and self-examination, grasping at relationships and illusions to satisfy psycho-sexual needs.

Eklund effectively employs stream-of-consciousness technique to reveal his characters' reactions to the August phenomenon. The novel's main failing is its plot, which seems to be no more than a flimsy framework on which to hang a multitude of character explications—short shrift for an interesting and offbeat idea. Nevertheless, definitely worth reading.

—Kristine Anderson

## ALSO RECEIVED:

Announcing the Future; A Formal Presentation of the Science Fiction Research Collection, Texas A&M University Libraries, October 28, 1974. Texas A&M Univ. Libraries (College Station, Tex. 77843) 1974. \$2.00.

Baron Orgaz, by Frank Lauria. Bantam Q8657, Sept. \$1.25 (occult)

Cap Kennedy 11: Spawn of Laban, by Gregory Kern. DAW UQ1133, Sept. 95¢

Cap Kennedy 12: The Genetic Buccaneer, by Gregory Kern. DAW UQ1138, Oct. 95¢

Casebook of the Unknown, by John Macklin. Ace 09220, 1974. 95¢

City of Illusions, by Ursula K. Le Guin. Ace 10702, 1974. \$1.25 (c1967)

The Comics; An Illustrated History of Comic Strip Art, by Jerry Robinson. Putnam, Oct. \$15.00

The Death Master, by Benjamin Appel. Popular Library 00220, 1974. \$1.25 (orig: The Funhouse; c1959)

Doctor Orient, by Frank Lauria. Bantam Q8078, Sept. \$1.25 (2 ptg, orig. 1970, reviewed LUNA Monthly 40)

Eight Stories from The Rest of the Robots, by Isaac Asimov. Pyramid V3296, May. \$1.25 (7 ptg, orig. 1964)

The Ghost and Mrs. Muir, by Josephine Leslie. Pocket 77761, July. 95¢ (orig. 1945)

The Haunted, by Janice N. Bennett. Ace 31789, June. 95¢ (occult gothic)

Journey to Ixtlan; The Lessons of Don Juan, by Carlos Castaneda. Pocket 78706, Oct. \$1.50 (hardcover: Simon and Schuster, 1972)

The Left Hand of Darkness, by Ursula K. Le Guin. Ace 47802, Nov. \$1.50 (7 ptg, hardcover: Walker, 1969. \$4.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 11)

Major Operation, by James White. Ballantine 24229, Oct. \$1.25 (2 ptg, orig. 1971)

Mutiny in Space, by Avram Davidson. Pyramid N3376, June. 95¢ (3 ptg, orig. 1964)

Perry Rhodan 55: The Micro-Techs, by Clark Darlton. Ace 66038, Oct. 95¢

Perry Rhodan 56: Prisoner of Time, by Clark Darlton. Ace 66039, Oct. 95¢

Perry Rhodan 57: A Touch of Eternity, by Clark Darlton. Ace 66040, Nov. 95¢

Perry Rhodan 58: The Guardians, by Kurt Mahr. Ace 66041, Nov. 95¢

The Rider, by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Ace 72280, Nov. \$1.25 (orig. 1937)

Rocannon's World, by Ursula K. Le Guin. Ace 73292, 1974. \$1.25 (orig. 1966)

Rock Dreams, by Guy Peellaert and Nik Cohn. Popular Library 08313, 1974. \$7.95paper. (orig. German)

A Separate Reality; Further Conversations with Don Juan, by Carlos Castaneda. Pocket 78749, Aug. \$1.50 (9 ptg, hardcover: Simon and Schuster, 1971)

Storm Over Fox Hill, by Gwen Addison. Pocket 77716, March. 95¢ (occult gothic)

Super-psychic: The Incredible Dr. Hoy, by John Godwin. Pocket 78463, Nov. \$1.25

The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge, by Carlos Castaneda. Pocket 78748, Oct. (hardcover: University of California Press, 1968)

The Time Traders, by Andre Norton. Ace 81252, 1974. \$1.25 (orig. 1958)

UFO's Past, Present & Future, by Robert Emenecker. Ballantine 24189, Oct. \$1.50

The Unicorn Girl, by Michael Kurland. Pyramid N3391, July. 95¢ (2 ptg, orig. 1969, reviewed LUNA Monthly 18)

The Vestibule, by Jess E. Weiss. Pocket 78451, Dec. \$1.25 (hardcover: Ashley Books, 1972)

The White Ghost of Fenwick Hall, by Althea Wharton. Pocket 77909, March. 95¢ (occult gothic)

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