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John Brunner: An Interview

Conducted by Paul Walker*

How would you define the terms 'hack,' 'professional,' and 'serious' writer?

Oh gawd! Forgive me for saying so, but this is a layman's question, in other words not one which anybody with personal experience of writing for a living would be likely to pose. As to hacks, Dickens was a hack, so was Goldsmith, so was Shakespeare! As to professional writers, so-called, one thinks of people who put on the role like a suit of clothes and capitalise on that, not on what they can actually do. As to serious writers, I suspect they are the ones who simply get on with the job and don't waste time arguing over definitions of this kind.

What are your work habits? Do you outline, take notes, revise or rewrite extensively? And how have they changed over the years?

My work habits are very flexible. How I handle a particular project depends on a wide range of variables. In order to make my living, I have to sell a great deal of material; it is therefore pure good fortune that all my life I have been fascinated by words and what they can do, to such an extent that I'm liable to compose limericks in bed at 2 a.m. My head swarms constantly with words like a hive full of bees.

I've proved to my own satisfaction that there's a direct linear relationship between the amount of time I can spend on a book and the quality of the eventual product. It is a sad and ironical comment on the position of the working writer in our day, however, that it is relatively more profitable to sell three light-weight items than one carefully researched, thoroughly polished novel on a substantial theme. The two assignments may occupy the same number of months; the three-book choice would pay off a great deal sooner. Of the sixty or so books I've sold, I can cite exactly one exception to this rule.

In consequence it is only rarely that I can afford to tackle a work like *Stand on Zanzibar* (writing time, five months... turned down by the firm which originally commissioned it!) or *The Sheep Look Up* (writing time, about seven months in all with a long gap between the first five and the last two owing to two deaths in the family). I make up the deficit with books which I certainly would not disown, but which—to employ Graham Greene's terminology—I regard as 'entertainments' rather than full-scale novels, warranted to give the

buyer a few hours' amusement but probably not worth reading a second time.

For a book of the latter type, I seldom make more than a few odd notes, and spend at most a week or two pacing the study organising the plot in my mind. Then I sit down and write at high speed, usually submitting a second draft, or what might be called a 'two-and-a-halfth' draft.

In the case of a major novel, I make detailed and occasionally very elaborate notes, filling half of a school exercise book, as I read up on the necessary background. Then I write far more slowly with a large number of internal revisions. By that I mean that I'll work over a single passage as many as twenty times. At the moment of answering this question, I have—still unfinished—a novel which will eventually amount to some 300 pages of typescript. The first two-thirds of it have been rewritten six times *in toto*; hence, even if what I trust will be the final draft really does come out right, I shall have thrown away about 2000 sheets of spoiled paper just to produce this one book. And to think I expected it would be quick and easy...

As to how my working habits have altered over the years: there's no doubt that they have, and I believe they've changed in two significant ways. I've become far more of a perfectionist than I used to be, and the fact that I can afford this is a great luxury for me. In the days when I derived my annual income from paperback originals at \$1000 a throw, I obviously had no time for extensive and intensive rewriting. I simply had to collect my fee and pay my bills. In passing, I might remark that that kind of pressure still applies. I calculated recently that the cost of living in London has more than doubled since I became a full-time writer, and some things—like the price of accommodation—have trebled or quadrupled. When I first moved to London I rented a room at £2 a week. Now it would fetch more like £8.

Partly as a corollary of the above-mentioned impulse towards perfectionism, I find I write virtually no short material nowadays. When I started out, I once had three stories in

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the same issue of *Science Fantasy*; now I may write no more than three in a year.

This, I think, is the result of two factors. On the one hand I've become more skilled at developing the implications—particularly the social implications—of the type of imagined change which generates an sf plot: a new invention, a crisis situation, what-have-you. On the other, in recent years I've been writing more and more poetry, and this provides a mode of expression I formerly did not enjoy. I've had two collections of my poems published, in limited editions, and in some ways I'm as proud of that as I am of the success of my novels.

You say of your 'entertainments' that you seldom make any notes, or perhaps a few, then spend a week or two in pacing the study organizing the plot in your mind. I'm interested in how a fictional idea develops from first conception to first draft. What is a 'plot'? What does 'organizing' it mean?

I've been told that Jagged Orbit was done before Stand on Zanzibar. If true, did it lead to the idea for the big book or were they entirely separate projects?

One dare not generalise. The process, in my case, is largely subconscious; a plot grows like a vegetable rather than being built like a house. For the definition of a plot, I'd refer you to a good dictionary. Organising it is akin to training and pruning an espalier. Given a suitable plant—a promising idea—one must display it on the available trellis: the printed page. If it tends to wander randomly, it must be disciplined back to the desired shape. If it wilts and sheds its leaves, it probably isn't suitable for the form you're forcing it into. If it reaches the intended dimensions and stands there covered in leaves and flowers, the job's done.

A somewhat strained conceit, but a very exact parallel to the way it feels while it's going on.

A quick check of the copyright notices in *Jagged Orbit* and *Stand on Zanzibar* would have saved you relying on what you were told, which is wrong. (Granted, a book doesn't always appear in its strict chronological sequence, but these two did.)

Jagged Orbit was written in the shadow of *Stand on Zanzibar*, and demonstrated to me once for all that it's simply out of the question—for me at any rate—to tackle two such major projects within a period of less than say three years. *Jagged Orbit* is, in my view, considerably less successful than *SoZ*. Some people don't agree. I shan't argue!

But in those two cases—and again in *The Sheep Look Up*—it was not a question of merely organising a plot. It was necessary to create a wholly self-consistent imaginary world which at the same time would be a recognisable outgrowth of our own present. That's the real challenge. No other task in sf offers a fraction of the giant problem presented by a novel of this type. Nor does anything else give such a sense of achievement when you realise you've come near to bringing it off.

My ambition, incidentally, is to write a book with which I can feel wholly satisfied. I propose to keep on trying for ever... well aware that it can't be done.

What was the sf situation like in Britain in the early fifties? Was there much incentive for a young writer? Much hope that he could make a living writing sf or find an appreciative audience at home? What was your experience? And has the situation improved or worsened since then?

Casting my mind back to 1950-51, when I was still at school, I recall that sf was hard to come by. For one thing, there were strict regulations about importing U.S. publications. In a provincial town like Cheltenham, which is where I underwent my so-called education, what little sf one found on general sale fell into three categories. First there were reprints of U.S. magazines, among which only *Astounding* made any pretence to regularity (and that did not, by the way, contain the full text of the U.S. edition), although from time to time I did acquire undated issues of *Amazing*, *Fantastic Adventures*, *Planet* and even *Super Science Stories*. Second, there were the British Nova magazines, *New Worlds* and *Science Fantasy*, which often failed to come out on time owing to a succession of dire financial crises. And, third, there were the really rather awful pocketbooks issued by firms like Scion Books, Curtis Warren Ltd. and John Spencer Ltd. It will perhaps indicate just how poor their quality was when I say that "Vargo Statten" stood out among their contributors like a

beacon.

With the incursion on to the scene of a company called Hamilton & Co. (Stafford) Ltd., later to evolve into Panther Books, the quality of the British originals rose quite markedly. Authors like E.C. Tubb, H.J. Campbell (later to edit *Authentic SF*) and a number of other competent craftsmen did produce a noticeable improvement.

Even by the middle fifties, though, the situation was not one to offer much encouragement to a young author... unless he was capable of churning out an incredible quantity of wordage for minimal reward, and prepared to find his *chef-d'oeuvre* disguised behind a title he didn't choose, an irrelevant cover-picture, and a house-name like (believe it or not) Ray Cosmic. The rate offered by some of the pb companies was 15/- per 1000 words—think of that as £30 for a 40,000-worder, if you like—while the Nova magazines paid me two guineas a thousand when I first began to sell to them. At the time that was roughly \$6.

Certainly it was possible to find an appreciative audience at home. By the middle fifties fanzines, sf conventions, and flourishing sf clubs (one of the best, indeed, based in my former stamping-ground of Cheltenham) were an established feature of the British scene. But mere appreciation is not enough. The chance of making a living out of sf simply did not exist, unless one secured a foothold in the U.S. market. When I myself first moved to London under the mistaken impression that I was already a writer, I went broke in a matter of months and had to take office jobs, first on a technical magazine (where my chief was Sam Youd, "John Christopher") and then as a publisher's editor (where my chief was John F. Burke, also an sf writer and a long-time friend of Ted Carnell, Sam Youd and the other founder-members of the London SF Circle).

It was only when I began to sell my output regularly in the States that I found it possible to return to full-time freelance writing. Even then, in order to make ends meet, my wife had to continue working for another couple of years.

Today the situation has improved in two major respects. Sf is more highly regarded than it was when I was making my first sales. Instead of a few pioneering hardback houses relying on imports from America almost exclusively, many very reputable firms now maintain excellent lists of sf which they themselves first published and indeed in some cases commissioned. (This—alas!—is not to say that the money is adequate to provide a living. The American market remains the primary source of one's income. A typical advance over here for a hard-cover sf novel would be £250. A newcomer to the field may have to accept £150 or even £100... not much for a book which may have been many months in the writing.)

Simultaneously the audience has greatly expanded, not because there has been a vast increase in the number of dedicated hard-core fans, but because more people are taking in some sf along with the rest of their entertainment reading. From the author's point of view, this is excellent. Praise comes hollow from a fan who believes that the greatest novel of the century is currently being serialised in *Galaxy*. It is far more exciting to have a story lauded by someone widely acquainted with all kinds of contemporary fiction.

Have critics or reviewers ever taught you anything? Ever been useful to you or to anyone you know who writes? What kind of praise would you most wish to receive? What is the highest compliment you've gotten?

Lumping together 'critics and reviewers' may be misleading. Reviewers are useful inasmuch as they sometimes provide nice quotable copy for subsequent publicity. Critics are few and far between, at least in sf. The really useful person for a writer specialising in this field is an experienced editor; most of the learning process takes place before, rather than after, publication. I wouldn't presume to talk about my colleagues' experiences with critics. In my case, I have occasionally derived guidance from other people's comments, chiefly because a point I thought was clear didn't get across, which forced me to go back and figure out why not.

I did once attend a Milford SF Writers' Conference at Milford, Pa., and at the time of this writing James Blish and Anne McCaffrey are organising a similar venture in Britain, to be held annually—if it works out—at Milford-on-Sea. I shall attend the latter, to see how I enjoy it, but while it is certainly stimulating to talk shop for a solid week, it can also

become very wearing...

The kind of praise I most wish to receive? Good grief...! Informed, I suppose—in other words, from somebody whose own work as a writer I respect and admire, or whose standards of judgment I know to be exceptionally high.

The best compliment ever paid me came from Joe Elder, now at Gold Medal Books, when he was representing me as a literary agent. He said, "You have an unusually objective view of your own work."

You speak of the "fanzines, sf conventions, and flourishing sf clubs (one of the best in my Cheltenham) were an established feature of the British scene." You also mention the "London SF Club." What were these people, activities, and scenes like? You must have felt very isolated professionally and they must have given you some encouragement and to others as well. How has British fandom changed over the years? What was the feeling then, and now, among the writers themselves? Did they teach and encourage one another?

As to the fanzines: there was such a list of them I would not attempt to tabulate the lot, and many were, inevitably, forgettable. From an entirely personal standpoint I recall being most impressed by Walter Willis's famous and magnificent *Slant*, one issue of which boasted a seven-color cover produced in three runs—a trick which I am still explaining to friends in the 'little press' field. Since his chief contributors and regular collaborators were Bob Shaw and James White, its high quality is not really surprising.

Abandoning the over-ambitious *Slant*, that trio—in cooperation with the Irish John Berry and a guy called Chuck Harris—subsequently created *Hyphen*, an aptly-named duplicated magazine which did indeed serve as a link between isolated sf fans. But it was not the only publication to provide the same service. *Quandry* (sic) edited by Lee Hoffman in America; *Operation Fantast*, edited by Ken Slater from a British Forces post-office box in Germany; *Andromeda*, edited from somewhere up in the Lake District by Peter Campbell; *Eye*, which was a cooperative undertaking by members of the London SF Circle including E. C. Tubb, H. K. Bulmer, and others—all these, one way or another, helped to keep people like myself, stuck out in the country or in small provincial towns, in touch with fellow enthusiasts.

And one got the chance, of course, to meet the people with whom otherwise one could merely correspond, at the annual SF Conventions... far smaller, particularly in those days, than even an American regional convention, but sociable and stimulating. I don't recall what the membership of British cons was in the early fifties; certainly it must have averaged below the hundred mark.

I came into more regular contact with other fans while I was in the RAF, stationed close enough to London to travel down on my motorbike every Thursday evening and attend the London SF Circle, which you ask about. It was, and though it now meets only on one Thursday per month still is, a non-organisation, a bunch of people getting together in the bar of a pub to chat about subjects of mutual interest. Currently it's located at The Globe in Hatton Garden.

Its ancestry dates back to before WWII, and among the founder-members or long-time participants should be cited the late E. J. Carnell, Arthur C. Clarke, C. S. Youd ("John Christopher"), William F. Temple, Walter Gillings, David McIlwaine ("Charles Eric Maine"), and the late John Beynon Harris ("John Wyndham"). Many other well-known personalities show up more or less frequently: E. C. Tubb, Kenneth Bulmer, Michael Moorcock, Christopher Priest. And the visitor's book—the Circle's sole concession to formality, maintained by our *doyen*, Frank Edward Arnold—contains such remarkable names as those of Marie Stopes and C. S. Lewis.

There's no doubt that British fandom has changed over the years; no longer do young fans feel they are part of an unjustly disregarded minority, scorned by the literary establishment and the general public alike (though when one comes across movies like *ZPG* one's heart sinks, for that kind of garbage gives outsiders every excuse to demand, "What can you see in such rubbish?"—and there's no possible comeback, because it *is* rubbish!).

On the contrary: many people whom I knew first as young fans of that kind are now

Continued on Page 10

The International Scene

SF IN FRENCH

by Mark Purcell

FUTURE WITHOUT FUTURE by Jacques Sternberg. Tr. by Frank Zero. Seabury, 1974. 210 p. \$6.95

Some subscribers may remember the account of Sternberg's short stories in LUNA Monthly 12/72. With foreign-film buffs, it's more likely their introduction to him came via his script for Alain Resnais' 1968 *Je t'aime, je t'aime*. At any rate, *Future*, the first English-language Sternberg, contains about half of his 1971 collections of shorts and novellas (same title).

With one exception, Gerard Klein, Sternberg is certainly the *numero uno* of postwar French sf. But traditional American hard sf concerned itself with space; and the first adjustment for the U.S. reader of Sternberg is therefore that French sf is obsessed with time. The scientific elements in *Future*, for instance, are the asynchronism of "Ephemera" or the time-warping in his film-script and in the opening and closing stories: "Fin de siècle" and "Future Without Future."

The stories are 'relevant' in the American pseudo-Marxist sense of remaining close to Sternberg's own actual 'French' (Belgian)-intellectual background: the repetitive job in publishing, teaching or writing; inconsequent sexual resort-weekends; a worrisome concern with 'youth,' because 'youth' is the most carefully organized consumer market for intellectual goods.

This literary fashionableness may seem harmless. Stylistically, Sternberg remains a good writer, and *Future* is actually a painless introduction to the postwar European experimental novel (mainstream) in a time-lapse journal story like the "Fin de siècle" novella. But you can be intellectually fashionable without being intellectual, both inside and outside science fiction. 'Science' involves a mental grip on process and theory, not on the private social habits of a group of young Parisians or American campus teachers and students. Most of these know no foreign languages, hard science nor technical philosophy. (I'm generalizing about the group, not the individual.)

The result for the stories in *Future* is that "Ephemera"—perhaps the most brilliantly written—is imaginatively but not intellectually coherent, and doesn't work as a story. In "Ephemera," a young couple—weekending in space on a rocket (!)—is forced to land on a planet that presents two deadly problems, not one: the couple finds themselves out of time-synch. with the planet's clock; and they can't locate a water-source. I can't see a thematic connection between these two problems, both murderous; but more seriously, the couple is never put in the position during the story of having a chance to make a decision (so that the reader can place them as characters).

As the title-story at the end of *Future* shows, Sternberg loathes 'technology' and hence the type of training and character who would have had a chance of survival on the planet of "Ephemera," a chance of defining himself by choosing the terms of his existence. But this title-story also reveals he loathes the pre-technological values of historic Europe; in fact he seems to reject everything outside the everyday mental life of a middle-class Parisian intellectual like himself. There are of course a hundred equivalents for Sternberg over here, in our campuses and editorial offices, though most of them don't write as well as he does.

The two *Future* titles I haven't mentioned are "Very Sincerely Yours" and Vacation."

STARMASTERS' GAMBIT by Gerard Klein. Tr. by C. J. Richards. DAW UQ1068, 1973. 172 p. 95¢ (orig. title: *Le gambit des étoiles*. 1958)

There are two other Klein novels in English, from DAW and one from Doubleday, but he made his sf reputation in 1958 with this novel—it won a French award—and with a collection the same year for Denoël.

Some readers will now say, skip dates and awards; this is 1974. My point is, *Gambit*

'works' as a wrap-up of 1950-era fiction by a bright young French writer obviously familiar with all the latest Americans. Klein is here full of ideas about the space-time complex which his later novels explore more elliptically or simply use as plot assumptions. *Gambit* is thus written at that relative point in sf narrative time reached by our magazines in the 50's, but by our film directors only in the next decade; when certain ideas and viewpoints about cosmology and future technology were sufficiently shared so that philosophical authors like Klein could think about them in detail, not simply suggest them as bright new innovations.

For once, the cover art (by Kelly Freas) accurately summarizes the book's storyline: Jerg Alan, tramp spaceman, is shanghaied for a hessian's exploration trip by the Masters of Betelgeuse, a space-world of our future—Jerg is an 'Earthman'—needing tough agents to detect the operations of another political unit far away in or near the center of our galaxy. So in every technical way, inner and outer, Jerg is equipped for his mission. But then one Master switches plans so that Jerg can kidnap a spaceship for a one-man expedition. This ship is wrecked at its destination. Algan however finds a derelict, aged earthman pilot—an 'earlier' Algan?—who primes him with a space & time-machine chessboard. (*Gambit* has an elaborate series of analogies between chess moves and space travel; the book's title is no mere metaphor.) Algan makes his agent-trip but returns to confront his ex-Masters, not simply report back.

Klein has now of course reached final plot-base, what in its Western version would be the big shootout between rancher villain and foreman hero. But no individualized opposition has been set up for the remorseless, preachy Algan. Instead we get a bright young Frenchman's 1958 views on cosmological metaphysics. Even in 1973, these are still interesting; but misplaced, as if Coop, Duke or Bill Hart had employed the last reel of their epics to explain the false economics behind Western land development. In the same unstructured way, Klein's stimulating notions about chess's expression of our ideas about motion are put into essay form. *Gambit* is not merely less successful than Lewis Carroll, which would be no crime; Klein doesn't even try, as does John Brunner's *Squares of the City*, (1965) to invent a chess game that becomes part of an ongoing plot.

But it is not any such unoriginality or lack of ambition in the 1958 Klein that makes us feel the presence of the whole postwar American sf generation. This generation developed rather a consensus of ideas about technology and deep space-flight. This was the thesis of the late John Campbell's grumbling editorials about his older writers; that they had quit *thinking* about a scientific future. (Campbell disbelieved, for instance, in rockets as a long-range travel medium.)

Klein is not in *Gambit* less 'original' than these Americans, only more speculative. It can be argued that *Gambit* is the novel about deep space/confrontation with Others, that the English-language writers (like Leinster, Blish and Clarke) strained at with insufficient ideas. *Gambit* was carefully written and is translated into vigorous Americanese by C. J. Richards. It's oriented towards the hard sf reader, so that its speculative passages (say, pp.43-5 on space flight; 164-6 on cosmology) seem most successful. Some readers may prefer the Jack Vance planet with its transparent gas river-valley, pp.86ff.

ABOUT GERARD KLEIN: LUNA Monthly subscribers may remember "SF in French" columns about his other work in 12/71 and 3/72 issues. They should by no means overlook the author's note (p.231) in Franz Rottensteiner's recent anthology for Seabury Press, *View from Another Shore*, 1973.



AUSTRALIA Ditmars Awards. The annual Australian Science Fiction Achievement Awards, known as Ditmars, were given at Syncon '75. This year both nominations and voting were held at the convention itself. The results were: **BEST AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION:** *The Bitter Pill* by A. Bertram Chandler, 2d. *The Soft Kill* by Colin Free, 3d. *The Ark of James Carlyle* by Cherry Wilder; **BEST INTERNATIONAL FICTION:** *Protector* by Larry Niven, 2d. *The Dispossessed* by Ursula K. Le Guin, 3d. *Frankenstein Unbound* by Brian W. Aldiss; **BEST AUSTRALIAN FANZINE:** *Osiris* by Dennis Stocks, 2d. *Forerunner* by Sue Clarke, 3d. *Fanew Sletter* by Leigh Edmonds, 4th. *SF Commentary* by Bruce Gillespie, 5th. *Choa* by John Alderson, 6th. *Gegenschein* by Eric Lindsay. —Fanew Sletter

GERMANY The sf and fantasy market seems to be recessing again after the over-expansion of the last few years. Fischer Taschenbuchverlag seems to have dropped their Orbit series, which took its name from the Damon Knight anthologies featured in their series. They did mostly new wave sf, and it seems that they did very badly. Bastei is back to one paperback a month from their previous two, and our Insel program has also been cut, both the science fiction and the weird fiction of The Library of the House of Usher. There was only one spring title in each series instead of the usual two, and only one in fall. After Lem's old novel *The Astronauts* in the fall, we published Kobo Abe's *Inter Ice-Age 4* this spring, while the Cordwainer Smith *Stardreamer* (not identical with the U.S. pb) has been moved to fall. "House of Usher" had Sheridan Le Fanu's *The Haunted Baronet* in fall, a collection of H.R. Wakefield's stories in spring, and will then bring a collection by the Belgian writer Thomas Owen. Not affected by this setback are our Lem titles, all of which appear now as mainstream books at much higher prices than we could ask for sf. (Prices are from \$10-\$12 for ordinary hardback.) All of our Lem books save the most recent and *Hard Vacuum* have now passed the 5,000 copy sales mark and have gone into second printings; circulation leader is *Roboter Märchen* (Fables for Robots) which sold some 10,000 copies so far and is now into its third printing with 14,000 copies in print. In the fall we hope to have ready at last volume 1 of *Summa Technologiae*, and we will also put out a new hardcover edition of *The Invincible*, which sold out a first hardback edition from another publisher and is still in print as a paperback, having sold some 80,000 copies. The German press now regularly features long articles on Lem, and there are a lot of adaptations of his work for the radio. Marion von Schröder, Lem's previous hardcover publisher, had *Return from the Stars* last spring, which we will be doing in paperback later; the Suhrkamp pb of *Solaris* is now out (at \$2.50, the average price of German paperbacks now).

When Insel started their own pb line a few years ago, they tried out a new concept of paperback publishing. All books are printed on fine book paper and lavishly illustrated, often by famous artists. Nevertheless these books are only slightly more expensive than regular paperbacks, but so much more beautiful. Some titles have already passed the 100,000 copy mark; not the sf of course, but both *Polaris 1* and 2, my two anthologies with them, and *Phaicon 1*, a similar almanach devoted to fantasy, are doing very well, both in sales and reviews. *Polaris 1* was voted among the 50 most beautiful German books of 1973, and is in its second printing. I now have contracts for *Polaris 3* and 4, No. 3 to appear this August. These anthologies contain a mixture of essays and stories, mostly from Europe and by lesser-known writers.

The other publishers continue as before. Hardcover sf still doesn't sell in Germany, but there continue to be 12-15 sf and fantasy paperbacks a month—Heyne doing 4-5 of them, and Goldmann two. They feature the standard sf, mostly by English-language authors. Goldmann seems to have bought all of Theodore Sturgeon's books, and they are also doing some Kornbluth and Knight. Pabel Verlag has added a number of new series to their bi-weekly "Terra" pocketbooks. "Vampir Taschenbuch" features American and British horror novels and anthologies, while the more recent "Terra Fantasy Taschenbuch" does sword and sorcery. They have bought John Jakes' Brak stories, Norton's Witchworld series, and are also publishing Robert E. Howard. Many of these volumes are illustrated by people like Frazetta, Kirk and others. Series editor is Hubert Strassl, an old-time fan and writer and translator of sword and sorcery himself. It remains to be seen whether they'll be successful. A German sword & sorcery dime novel series called "Dragon" folded some time ago. Pabel is

also doing Doc Savage in German and the "zBV" series originated by Perry Rhodan author K.H. Scheer; although these books appear under Scheer's name, they are actually written by various hands. Ullstein is still doing two paperbacks a month, one novel and their "Ullstein SF Magazine" in pb form. Their list is very mixed, and it is doubtful that any of these many series sell well; there are very few German sf paperbacks selling more than 15,000-20,000 copies.

—Franz Rottensteiner

EAST GERMANY Just as in West Germany, where no other sf writer even comes close, Stanislaw Lem is the most popular author here. His sales figures are impressive indeed, totalling more than 1.2 million copies: *The Astronauts* 285,000, *The Magellan Nebula* 255,000, *Eden* 185,000, *The Invincible* 193,000, *Star Diaries* 92,000, *Test* 55,000, *Time Not Lost* 19,000, *The Hunt* 90,000; even the autobiography *The High Castle* had a first printing of 24,000. *Fables for Robots* had 20,000.

Two more Lem books will appear this year: *The Faithful Robot*, a collection of his TV plays (a somewhat larger edition will be published by Insel in West Germany under the title of *Lunar Night*), and *Imaginary Number*, Lem's last published work of fiction. Due in 1976 is *Masks*, an as yet unpublished collection of new short stories.

Aside from Lem it would appear that there is now much more sf being published in East Germany, many new works by German writers and some translations, mostly of Soviet sf. Volk & Welt will do *Hard to Be a God* by the Strugatskis, and *Das Neue Berlin* will do *The Kid*, one of their most recent novels. *Das Neue Berlin* will also publish a translation of Prof. Julius Kagarlitski's book *What is Science Fiction?* (1974). This will also have a Czech edition.

—Franz Rottensteiner

POLAND Latest additions in Stanislaw Lem's "Selected Works" from Wydawnictwo Literackie in Cracow are *Filozofia Przypadku* (The Philosophy of Chance, a theoretical work on literature) in 10,000 copies, and *Doskonała Proznia* and *Wielkosc Urojona* (Hard Vacuum, and Imaginary Number) in one volume (20,000 copies). To follow later in this series are *The High Castle* (an autobiographical novel of Lem's youth) plus a number of youthful poems, a collection of his essays and a new collection of his non-serial short stories. Not in this series, but from the same publisher, there was a third printing of Lem's futurological *Summa Technologiae* (10,000 copies).

Lem is also doing quite well in translation, in Germany in particular, but also in many other European countries. Not counting translations into English and German and in the Socialist countries, he now sells about one translation per month. *Memoirs Found in a Bathtub*, *The Futurological Congress* and *His Master's Voice* sold to France; *Return from the Stars* to Finland; *Solaris* to Argentine; *Eden* to Italy and Czechoslovakia; *Fables for Robots* to Spain; *The Invincible* to the Netherlands. Recent foreign publications include *Insomnia* (20,000 copies), and *Science Fiction and Futurology* (10,000 copies) in Hungary; three of the Pirx stories in Bulgaria; *The Futurological Congress* in Spain (from Barral Editores, one of the top literary publishers). Things are also moving at last in the English-speaking countries. Lem's U.K. publisher will by Martin Secker and Warburg Ltd., who plan on issuing *The Futurological Congress* and *The Cyberiad* this fall. In the U.S.A. both translations have been nominated for the National Book Award. *The Invincible* will be paperbacked by Penguin Books in the U.K.

There may also be some more Lem books in the U.S.S.R.; both *The Futurological Congress* and *Science Fiction and Futurology* are scheduled to appear from Progress, while about 50% of *Hard Vacuum* was recently translated in the periodical *Foreign Literature*.

—Franz Rottensteiner



Coming Events

August

- 14-17 AUSSIECON (33rd World SF Convention) at the Southern Cross Hotel, Melbourne, Australia. GoH: Ursula K. Le Guin, Fan GoHs: Mike Glicksohn & Susan Wood. Reg: \$3 supporting, \$12 attending. For info: Aussiecon, GPO Box 4039, Melbourne 3001, Victoria, Australia, or Fred Patten, 11863 W. Jefferson Blvd, Culver City, Calif. 90230. Group flight: Grace Lundry, 18 Karen Dr., Cherry Hill, N.J. 08003. Art Show: Bjo Trimble, 696 S. Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif. 90005
- 29-Sept. 1 NASFIC at Los Angeles Marriott Hotel. GoH: Harlan Ellison, Fan GoH: Dick Eney. Adv. reg. \$10. For info: Chuck Crayne, 734 S. Ardmore, Los Angeles, Calif. 90005

November

- 7-10 TUSCON III at Tucson Inn, Tucson, Ariz. GoH: Gordon Eklund. Adv. reg: \$4 to Nov. 2, \$5 thereafter. For info: TusCon III, P.O. Box 49196, Tucson, Ariz. 85719
- 7-9 NOVACON 5 in Birmingham, England. GoH: Dan Morgan. Adv. reg: £0.75. For info: Pauline E. Dugate, Flat 4, 144 Monyhull Hall Rd., Kings Norton, Birmingham, England
- 13-15 SFRA CONFERENCE in Miami, Fla. For info: Dr. Martin H. Greenberg, Chairman, Dept. of International Relations, Florida International Univ., Tamiami Trail, Miami, Fla. 33144

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

AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN BRUNNER continued from Page 5

themselves, to some extent at least, recognised literary figures. Michael Moorcock is the prime example, I'd say. The present generation of young fans are certainly clannish, but they're more confident, more involved in the outer world, and more in contact with one another face-to-face, as against relying on correspondence the way I recall in my own case. Very possibly this is due to the spread of facilities for higher education. Fans in their late teens and early twenties, when I came on the scene, were typically already at work; now, a very high proportion of them are students.

Did they "teach and encourage one another"? Encourage, certainly. Walter Willis, for instance, was instrumental in helping me to make my first-ever sale. But if you're thinking specifically of writers and would-be writers, most of us, I think, were busy learning all by ourselves rather than trying to teach each other!

- 21-23 RHOCON 1 at the Sheraton-Towers, Orlando, Fla. GoH: Forrest J & Wendayne Ackerman, Walter Ernsting. Adv. reg. \$7 to Oct. 1, \$2 supporting to Aug. 1. For info: Rhocon 1, 9324 Tovito Drive, Fairfax, Va. 22030

February 1976

- 12-16 THE STAR TREK CONVENTION at the Commodore Hotel, Lexington Ave & E. 42nd St., NYC. Adv. reg. to August 15, \$10.80; non-attending \$5.00 to Ms. Joyce Yasner, payable to Star Trek Associates. For info: G.P.O. Box 951, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

July

- 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

September

- 1-6 MIDAMERICON (34th World Science Fiction Convention) at Hotel Muehlebach, Baltimore & Wyandotte at 12th St., Kansas City, Mo. 64105. GoH: Robert A. Heinlein, Fan GoH: George Barr. Adv. reg: \$6 attending, \$4 supporting. For info: P.O. Box 221, Kansas City, Mo. 64141

**Conducted June 1972*

Have You Read?

Agniel, Lucien. "The Real Dracula was no Tourist Attraction." *Smithsonian*, Feb., p.108-13

Asimov, Isaac. "Prospects for the Year 2000" pt.3. *Florida Accent*, Feb. 2, p.14-15

Baker, Russell. "It's a Wonderful Town" (Count Dracula & Frankenstein's Monster in NYC) *New York Times*, Feb. 11, p.L39

Cameron, Eleanor. "A Fairy Tale Gone Wrong" (The land beyond) *Psychology Today*, Feb. p.16+

Chambers, Aidan. "Letter from England: Look Out for Olaf (Olaf's Incredible Machine)" *Horn book magazine*, Feb. p.26-30

Cocks, Jay. "Monster Mash" (Young Frankenstein) *Time*, Dec. 30, p.2

Grossman, Neal. "Empiricism and the Possibility of Encountering Intelligent Beings with Different Sense-Structures." *Journal of Philosophy*, Dec. 19, p.815-20

Hamill, Pete. "Can We Make It to the Day After Tomorrow?" (Infinity con) *Village Voice*, Dec. 9, p.128+

Hollister, Bernard C. "Teaching American History with Science Fiction." *Social Education*, Feb. p.81-5

Jahn, Mike. "Is Star Trek Lost in Space?" *Cue*, Oct. 28, p.9

Jonas, Gerald. "S.F." (Dhalgren) *New York Times Book Review*, Feb. 16, p.27-8+

Lehmann-Haupt, Christopher. "The New England Horror" (Lovecraft) *New York Times*, Jan. 29, p.33

Lerner, Max. "Scenario for Utopia." *New York Post*, Jan. 3

Mahlmann, Lewis & Pat Platt. "King of the Golden River" (puppet play) *Plays*, Feb. p.79-84

Rees, David. "The Narrative Art of Penelope Lively." *Horn book magazine*, Feb. p.17-25

Sabin, Louis. "The Future May be Better than You Think" (Asimov interview) *New York Sunday News Magazine*, Dec. 29, p.8-10

"Science Fiction at Large" (lecture series) *The Bookseller*, Jan. 4, p.13-14

Tashlik, Phyllis. "Science Fiction: An Anthropological Approach." *English Journal*, Jan. p.78-9

"Trekkling Science Fiction's Stars" *Top of the News*, Jan. p.210-17

"Two Gatherings" (Star Trek con) *New Yorker*, Jan. 27, p.31-2

Vonnegut, Kurt, Jr. "The Kid Nobody Could Handle" (story) *Saturday Evening Post*, Jan./Feb. p.22

Watts, Douglas. "Gee, 'Wiz,' Two Fantasies are in Town." *New York Sunday News*, Jan. 12, p.3

Classified

MAGAZINES FOR SALE: *Galaxy* 49 issues 1951-56, most mint, \$90. ppd; *If* 36 issues 1952-58 (incl. no. 1 thru 30), most mint, \$70. ppd; *Imagination* 46 issues 1951-58, mint, \$90. ppd. from Franklin M. Dietz Jr., 655 Orchard St., Oradell, N.J. 07649

BACK ISSUES OF LUNA MONTHLY are still available — No. 1 to 32 @ 75¢ each, No. 33 to current @ 50¢ each. Send order payable to Franklin M. Dietz Jr., 655 Orchard St., Oradell, N.J. 07649

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NEW BOOKS continued from Page 25

Wheatley, Dennis, ed. *UNCANNY TALES* 1. Sphere, 40p. pb. DWLO. 7221.9036.0

Williams-Ellis, A. & M. Pearson, eds. *STRANGE UNIVERSE*. Blackie, £2.10. juv. 216.89714.9

Wyndham, John. *CHOCKY*. Penguin, 35p. ni, pb. 14.003121.9

THE CHRYSALIDS. Penguin, 40p. ni, pb. 14.001308.3

THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS. Penguin, 40p. ni, pb. 14.000993.0

THE MIDWICH CUCKOOS. Penguin, 40p. ni, pb. 14.001440.3

Zebrowski, George. *OMEGA POINT*. NEL, 40p. pb. 450.01804.0

Zetford, Tully. *THE BOOSTED MAN*. NEL, 30p. pb. 450.01839.3

WHIRLPOOL OF STARS. NEL, 30p. ni, pb. 450.01838.5

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Paul Walker: In A Critical Condition

AN INFORMAL REVIEW OF BOOKS

THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE, by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle. Simon and Schuster, 1974. 537 p. \$9.95

Once upon a time in the Galactic Empire when men were men and women were as peculiarly institutionalized as ever, in the midst of putting down the last of the rebel worlds in good Kipling fashion, an alien probe appeared in imperial space. And, as they say, we *et* it. That is, our hero, Roderick Harold, Lord Blaine, Commander, Imperial Space Navy, was sent to investigate and was forced to destroy the ship when it fired on him. Of course, he did not know that it fired on him accidentally. He learns that later when he also learns that the ship came from 'The Mote in God's Eye.' There is an alien world somewhere out there, and it becomes Rod's mission, along with a large cast of characters, to find it and determine whether it is friend or foe.

To make a long novel short, he does and it is and it isn't and that's what the book is about.

The book is Larry Niven's and Jerry Pournelle's *The Mote in God's Eye*, and this may be the toughest review I've ever had to write. It is a long book, densely detailed, complex in plot, epic in scope, and there are so many ways of approaching it, some of them so ambiguous, that I don't know where to begin. Bear with me, then, and in case you become as confused as I am, remember that YES, I LIKED IT.

To begin at a point that resembles a beginning, 1974 was the best year for sf that I can remember with 'best' novels by Le Guin, Priest, Aldiss, and now Niven and Pournelle. It is peculiar because they occurred at a time when sf was threatening to collapse once more into the mid-fifties doldrums following the fizzling-out of the New Wave. I mean, consider that last year's 'best' were Heinlein's *Time Enough for Love* and Clarke's *worst* novel won the Hugo. My own feeling was that many of sf's best writers would feel unwanted and go away into other fields (as some did), but the crop of 1974 suggests a renewal of sf that may (Oh, God, Please!) continue for some time.

What makes these books especially interesting is that they suggest the New Wave was not a fizzle after all. The trajectory of that obnoxious trend was to 'expand sf's horizons' in form and subject matter, and although most of us traditionalists howled with indignation and/or hilarity at the most blatant experiments, judging from the 'best of '74,' sf has indeed expanded its horizons. And expanded them to best advantage in the most conventional areas of narrative form and speculative ideas. Le Guin's is a 'utopian' novel, Priest's is an 'exotic world' novel, Niven and Pournelle's is a 'first contact' novel. And they are all excellent novels—genuine novels employing all the familiar mainstream novelistic devices, and in consequence, renewing fundamental sf themes while uplifting the genre as a whole to a more mature level of thought and craftsmanship.

The New Wave does not deserve all the credit for this expansion: sf was tending toward it from the late fifties, and Heinlein, with *Stranger*, as usual, got there first, but *Mote* is the first hard science fiction novel in our commercial genre to utilize mainstream techniques with complete success to attain hard science fiction ends. Technically it is without peer.

And lest some say this is unfair to Heinlein or Le Guin or Priest or someone long gone, all but Priest might have had their thematic say in another form and said it just as well. Priest comes close, but his novel is not as ambitious, not as intelligently detailed, and it fails drastically in its last pages. Niven and Pournelle could not have put *Mote* in any other form. There is nothing like it in the mainstream. It is sf in its purest form. It is a classic that will live a hundred years.

(Wait! Don't go away. I'm going to start bad-mouthing it in a minute.)

To begin again, *The Mote in God's Eye* is the best sf collaboration I've ever read; and yes, I did read *The Space Merchants*. Ideally, a collaboration should combine the best of both writers to produce a work that is better than either of them could have done individually. That is not my feeling about the works of Pohl and Kornbluth. No one knows who did what or where. But the work of Niven and Pournelle is hardly similar. Niven is the best hard sf writer since Heinlein, and in my opinion, a much more colorful and readable writer; while Pournelle is absolutely *despised* by fans who worship the former two.

I have not read enough Pournelle to feel anything, except that he is 'typically *Analog*.' He writes about military heroes cavorting in typically Victorian fashion in typically Victorian galactic empires. And I hate—*hate*, mind you—military heroes and galactic empires. All I have to see is "The Colonel entered the office of the Supreme Imperial Commander" in the first line of a book, and I toss it aside. But I have read enough of Pournelle to know that he is capable of a disciplined plot structure, and has a methodical narrative technique. I have also read enough of Niven (who is one of my favorites), to know that he is incapable of either one.

Ringworld should have been his masterpiece, and it may well be if he can do no better, but it is a disaster. *Protector* was a disaster *twice*, in parts one and two. Niven has many, many wonderful ideas, but except in short stories, he seems absolutely incompetent at any serious development of them. He just goes from page to page piling on atop another in pursuit of melodramatic plots that have little qualitative

relationship to the ideas themselves.

I say this because I know of two critics who are already lined up against Pournelle to make sure he gets the mouse's credit for the book, and that each and every good idea it contains is credited to Niven. No way! Niven is as fond of galactic empires as Pournelle, and regardless of what ideas are his and what are Pournelle's, I know Niven's work well enough to know he never could have written 537 coherent pages. Nor are the thought processes that are the real plot of the book characteristic of Niven. Niven thinks in great bright blotches of color, his works are filled with ingenious 'spots' of invention, but *Mote* is an almost painfully methodical work that proceeds meticulously from idea to idea, going over and over and over the same ground. It is an adventure of the mind; a quest, if you like, for the solution to a mystery; and the real action—the real drama—is in following the scientists as they speculate their way toward some approximation of the nature of the aliens.

Sorry, I do not think either Niven or Pournelle alone could, or ever will, write a book as splendidly executed as *Mote*. They are to be congratulated equally.

To begin for a third time, I can't think of any better *raison d'être* for sf than to be able to say that you get things from it that you just can't get no place else. Thomas Clareson recently quoted a critic as saying that sf is "our most viable version of the pastoral" in its depiction of alien worlds, but who gives a damn about the pastoral? I am most curious about how other people think and feel, and my curiosity is not often satisfied in sf. Aliens and their exotic worlds, space and time travel, galactic adventures are all very well, but they have their counterparts in the mainstream, and frankly I prefer Alistair MacLean or classic fantasy to most of them. What I really want from sf, and rarely get except from *Analog*, and then it is usually dismally written, is the experience of the scientific imagination.

I am a man of letters (A...B...C...). I think like a man of letters (What comes after 'C'?). The scientific mind is a wonderful and exotic place to me, and I like to visit once in a while. I like to be persuaded to look at things through truly alien eyes. But what I most often find are other men of letters (After 'C' comes Despair) incompetently pretending to be scientific. Sometimes this makes me think I'm just wasting my time when I could be getting the same themes, much better written, from the mainstream. But then something like *Mote* happens to renew my faith in the genre. It is, as I said, a novel whose real action is thought processes, the working out of the alien mystery, and it is, to me, something you just can't get any place else. It should be read patiently in as few sittings as possible. It is a book you have to get into, have to relate to, and stick with from thought to thought, and most often, from word to word.

For me, it wasn't easy. The book begins in the outer reaches of the empire. Our hero has just put down a rebellion, despite a wounded arm, and suspects he is going to be court-martialed for, like every Kipling hero, he is always breaking rules to make laws. He is, naturally, young and clean and brave, and of royal blood, and is saved from the court-martial by a, naturally, crusty old hard-assed admiral (who is, naturally, loveable all the same). Instead of a court-martial the admiral gives him a promotion and his own ship and sends him on a mission which is interrupted by the beginning of the plot—and just in the nick of time, too. I thought I'd scream.

The alien probe arrives, and as long as it lasts, the book is very good, but once it is destroyed, we are back on stage at the Metropolitan. Fortunately, the expedition to the Mote is quickly arranged, and from then until, say, page 427, the book is almost consistently fascinating. Of course, the large cast of characters are almost consistently indistinguishable. They 'chuckle,' 'scowl,' 'frown,' and 'grimace' before they speak, but they're a likeable assortment. Unlike their predecessors Niven and Pournelle have shared the 'eurekas' among them, so no one character solves everything single-handed. Of course, they are all too bright and quick and able to jump to the *right* conclusions, but they are wrong often enough to be tolerable. I was never bored with the details about them, their ship, or the aliens; in fact, I became hungry for more as the plot progressed.

I will tell you nothing of the aliens except they are like those in *Protector* in some ways, but more interesting. Parts of the novel are told from the aliens' viewpoint and they add very cleverly to the mystery.

Having seen the human universe, and having been taken on a detailed tour of the 'Motie' world, Niven and Pournelle decide to go home with a few 'Moties' and thrash out the legal aspects of human-alien relations. The humans are divided on whether the 'Moties' can be trusted or not. A war is possible. And it is at this point the novel makes its big mistake.

The speculative detective work of the mid-section had redeemed the earlier galactic empire episode. I was completely absorbed in the mystery of the Moties and every new fact about them increased my interest. What more can a writer expect his plot to do than that? But 'plot' is one horizon sf has yet to expand. Writers are still strait-jacketed by the idea that readers want action and adventure and that means fist-fights and gun battles, and Niven and Pournelle are no exception. Abruptly, the detective work ends. A battle begins. A very good battle, too. The humans and Motie ambassadors return to human space leaving three humans behind who land on the Motie world and discover their 'secret.' And there the novel sinks again to genre level.

Emperors! Warriors! Kings! Princes! Serfs! Warring factions! Castle intrigues! Heroes besieged by

demons! Oh, my aching taste buds. In one brief, colorful episode N&P reduce their alien civilization to the same cheap space operatic level as their human universe.

Then it is back to human space and a crusty old hard-assed senator and those stark, poker-faced committee meetings that sf writers are always convening to settle the fate of the universe. I thought I would go mad.

But, no, the mystery goes on. If you skim you can actually create the illusion that none of the rest of the novel is happening. The humans continue to speculate, the Motie ambassadors experience human civilization, the humdrum threat of galactic war drives toward an excruciatingly dull climax.

But, no, the mystery is solved. The Moties' secret is found out. Last minute alternatives are suggested. And what happens you'll never guess.

I warned you my feelings about *Mote* were ambiguous. In terms of sheer effort in detailing, in its ambitiousness, its dazzling scope, and its better-than-average success with everything, it is a masterpiece of craftsmanship. Aesthetically, despite its herculean weaknesses, it convinces, it involves, it fills one with wonder and fascination for hundreds of pages: it is a masterpiece. And, perhaps more important, in terms of sheer readability, of sustained interest over 537 pages, it is also a masterpiece.

I cannot speak about the scientific aspects. I imagine there are many mistakes. I don't care. Shame on me, right? But I do suspect the book will make some enemies for the reasons I've mentioned and because Heinlein liked it especially; but I also suspect it will win the Hugo simply because the majority of sf readers still worship *Analog*-Heinlein-like sf. Don't listen to anybody—except me—pay out the \$9.95. *The Mote in God's Eye* is a book worth having in hardcover because it is a book that no sf library is going to be without from now on.

UNFAMILIAR TERRITORY, by Robert Silverberg. Scribners, 1973. 212 p. \$5.95

HAPPY ENDINGS, ed. by Damon Knight. Bobbs-Merrill, 1974. 205 p. \$8.95

FERAL, by Berton Roueche. Harper and Row, 1974. 137 p. \$5.95

Descending a notch or two, I direct your attention to another 'best' work; a collection of stories by Robert Silverberg called *Unfamiliar Territory*, which has been sitting on my dresser for almost a year. Twice I re-packed it to return to Ann Dietz, twice I unpacked it, and at least once a month, I picked it up, paced a bit, then put it down again. I still have not read it, although I have read five of its thirteen stories in other collections, such as "Caught in the Organ Draft," "Caliban," "Good News from the Vatican," "When We Went to See the End of the World," and "In Entropy's Jaws." I admire them all. So why, then, did I not read this book through?

Two superficial reasons: the cover is depressing, and the typeface is the sort I associate with medical literature. Two major reasons: although I admire the stories I read, I did not like them very much. They are the sort of sf which makes me despair of sf to the extent that I can read *no* sf for weeks or months on end. And that means I get months behind in my reviews. The second major reason is that, although I did not like them, I admire them enough to recognize their importance, and to feel some sense of critical obligation towards them. Which means they deserve 'in depth' consideration, and a much more ambitious review than I have cared to attempt.

Unfamiliar Territory is perhaps the first 'statement' of the 'New Silverberg.' A collection of his most experimental work that, to me, represents a technical tour-de-force that on the level of craft alone rivals *The Mote in God's Eye*. Unlike the other New Wave experimenters, Silverberg is no pretender: his experiments work without selfconsciousness; they are not blatantly obvious in theme or technique. They are subtle, some of them; stark and striking, others. In fact, in almost every respect, they show a master's hand applied to very difficult materials.

Alas, although they are not *blatantly* obvious, they are obvious all the same. Their dire predictions for the future are as familiar as their sociology; their themes as familiar as the techniques that illuminate them. And what is far worse, their insights are the most familiar of all. So in story after story—of the stories I mentioned—we are led to expect more than Silverberg has to offer. And led so often to so little that the stories become predictable and tiresome.

Why, then, am I bothering to review the book at all? Because it is important—because Silverberg is important—and he deserves more attention than I can give him. And because if I don't review the book for LUNA myself now, it may be another year before anyone else does. If you are a Silverberg fan, this is a must. If you are a scholar of the genre, it is a must. And if you are both, then perhaps you will write a better critique of it. If you do, please send me a copy.

Damon Knight's anthology, *Happy Endings*, is less important, but much more fun. Thirteen stories by Thurber, Collier, Saki, Babel, Farmer, Dahl, and the like; few of them very familiar to me, all of them entertaining. The subtitle refers to them as "stories of the macabre"; the title refers to the book's theme, which is sort of silly, but what this seems to be is just Damon Knight's excuse for an anthology of his favorite stories.

S F in Academe

by Sheila Schwartz

For the next few issues of LUNA Monthly, this column will explore the numerous anthologies of science fiction which have been turned out during the past few years and specifically geared for either the secondary school or college levels. The final column will attempt to summarize all previous reviews in order to come to terms with the paradox inherent in the production of these volumes.

The paradox lies in the following aspects of such publication. On one hand, we can assume that these books are valuable to the field because they put an unmistakable seal of approval on this genre, call it to the attention of teachers hostile to or ignorant of the field, and undoubtedly perform the same service for large numbers of students. On the other hand, the proliferation is possibly destructive to the field, and the attempt by many of the editors to prove that the genre is intellectual as well as attractive, threatens to bury the fun, excitement and enthusiasm of the genre under tombstones of addenda, footnotes, and arch explications. It all boils down, really, to whether the involvement of academe in the field is good for the field or only for these new editors. By the end of the year, LUNA readers will be able to come to some conclusions concerning this phenomenon.

POLITICAL SCIENCE FICTION, edited by Martin Harry Greenberg and Patricia S. Warrick. Prentice-Hall, 1974. 415 pp., \$9.95; \$5.95paper

This is an excellent book, a creative approach to political science through the world of science fiction. The stories are excellent, of uniformly good quality. Although some of them are didactic, most of them are subtle and intelligent. Best of all, they have not previously been overexposed.

The book is divided into these political science concepts: "Ideology and Political Philosophy," "Political Leadership," "Elections and Electoral Behavior," "Political Violence and Revolution," "Diplomacy and International Relations" and "Conflict Resolution." The science fiction stories pertaining to each of these categories translate the abstractions of political theory into particular situations that are representative of these concepts. The Editor's Introduction states that in addition to illustrating concepts, science fiction has another significant function in studying political science. "It can sharpen the awareness we must develop of technology's impact on political systems and it is a learning tool in formulating political futures."

Among the most outstanding of the stories are Clifford Simak's "Eternity Lost," which discusses the concept of eternal life used as a political football, Isaac Asimov's stories, "Evidence" and "Franchise" which discuss the nature of political elections in the future and Michael Ahaara's "2066: Election Day" which reaffirms man's superiority to nonflexible computers.

This is a valuable anthology for all lovers of science fiction and need not be regarded only as a political science text.

SCIENCE FACT/FICTION, edited by Farrell, Gage, Pfordresher, and Rodrigues. Scott, Foresman and Company, 1974. 393 pp. \$4.95paper

This book, on the other hand, makes me angry. Trading on an innocuous short introduction by Ray Bradbury, four people who obviously know little about science fiction have prepared this anthology for the secondary school. What makes me saddest is that I have already seen it in use in many schools that automatically buy anything published by Scott, Foresman. In addition, this volume is part of a total secondary school program called "The Man in Literature Program," and so it tends to be purchased as part of this series.

In contrast to the categories in the Greenberg and Warrick book, the categories here mean nothing. They are: "Input+Output," "The Road to Out," "Mind Waves," "Organic Dilemma," "View from on High," "What Time Next Time," "Epitaph," and "Future Reviewed." I don't even like the cutesy title of Bradbury's introduction which is entitled: "Science Fiction: Before Christ and After 2001." I suppose the publishers thought that if they used the name "Christ" somewhere, that would assure them of even bigger sales.

The story selection is also a mishmash. Included, God knows with what justification, are H. G. Wells' "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," Arthur C. Clarke's "The Reluctant Orchid," Roald Dahl's "The Sound Machine," and others. There is no conceptual basis for story selection, no real respect for the readers, and no real respect for the science fiction genre. In addition, the book is cheap and ugly. One would expect better of both Scott, Foresman and of the Executive Secretary of NCTE (National Council of Teachers of English). There must be more to the field of secondary school English than just hopping on bandwagons.

TRANSFORMATIONS II: UNDERSTANDING AMERICAN HISTORY THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION, edited by Daniel Roselle. Fawcett Crest, 1974. 143 pp. \$1.25

This paperback has eight topics and one story per topic until the final one. This book is not destructive to the field or pretentious as is the Scott, Foresman one, but essentially pointless, since most of the stories in it have been endlessly anthologized.

The first topic, "Methods of Historians" is illustrated by Arthur C. Clarke's "History Lesson." This familiar story takes place far in the future and its delightful conceit (done far better by Leo Szilard in "Grand Central Station") is that future races will interpret our era through Mickey Mouse films. I've always liked this story but to equate it with the "Methods of Historians" is ridiculous, since it is obviously a humorous story, satirical in intent. But worse than the assumption that this teaches anything about history, are the tired old questions that preface each story. They are so bad that I must reprint them in their entirety for this first story:

QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS TO DISCUSS

1. What methods would you use to determine the characteristics of a people who lived five thousand years ago? (NOTE: I must interject here a question about what this has to do with American history, the ostensible purpose of the book.-SS)
2. What are the strengths and weaknesses of each of these methods? Justify your answers.
3. How would you know you found a fact about a people who lived five thousand years ago?
4. Now, read the following story and, when you have finished, analyze and discuss again the responses you gave to questions 1, 2, and 3.
5. What tentative conclusions can you reach as a result of this exercise?

Ray Bradbury's "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" is used to illustrate the category, "The War Between the States." I like this story but it most certainly has nothing to do with science fiction and, apart from the word Shiloh, little to do with the War between the States. Just because it bears the name Ray Bradbury, doesn't mean that it is automatically either science fiction or good writing.

The same criticisms might be applied to the next category, "Early Twentieth-Century America," which is illustrated with Bradbury's "A Scent of Sarsaparilla." A man finds that he is able to return to his boyhood by spending time in his attic. How and why is this science fiction?

"Beyond the Game" by Vance Aandahl, designed to illustrate "Our Contemporary World: Problems and Issues" has nothing to do with *either* American history or science fiction.

The best stories are Walter Van Tilburg Clark's "The Portable Phonograph" which can be found in most high school literature anthologies and Gordon R. Dickson's "Computers Don't Argue," which is a chilling picture of the increasing power of computerized records over the average citizen.

This book stands only on a gimmicky title (what does *Transformations II*, or *Transformations I*, for that matter, mean?) and on a false promise that these stories will add to teenagers' understanding of American history. All I can say is "Tilt."

—Sheila Schwartz, State University College, New Paltz, N.Y.

S F and the Arts

JORDAN BELSON'S TECHNOLOGICAL YANTRAS

by Mark Purcell, with Deirdre Purcell

Like many other originators, the California experimental filmmaker, Jordan Belson, is best known to the general public through the tribute of an imitation. At least it's generally assumed in the movie trade that the climactic beyond-Jupiter trip in *2001* derives its special effects ideas from Belson's work: either his 1961 *Allures* or perhaps the earlier multi-media spectacles he helped stage in a San Francisco planetarium.

Technically, this planetarium job interrupted or ended his first series of short films. Actually it was no more an aesthetic "interruption" to his development than was the stage work of such other film directors as Elia Kazan or Ingmar Bergman. His famous technological skills were certainly sharpened. And it probably also encouraged what I choose to call his weakness for "blurred" sound: for instance, the gong and (multi-mixed?) electric organ on the soundtracks of his two most recent films. These two pictures, both 1971, are *World* and *Meditation*. My specific discussion of Belson's effects and themes is focused on this pair. (There's a more complete filmography below, as an appendix.)

Once his films finally began achieving circulation, in the late sixties, Belson gained an enormous reputation. But most critical discussions start off with the elaborate technology behind his more dazzling effects, or if they get closer to content, concern themselves with his special combination of this technology with Tibetan mysticism. (For his 1965-67 Guggenheim film, *Samadhi*, Belson invested his foundation time and money in a period of formal contemplative study.) These critical admirers compare the Californian favorably with the much more famous Canadian animator, Norman MacLaren, whose Canadian Film Board work over the same 1950-70 period has concerned itself more and more with the classic formal patterns of Western abstract thought and experience: music, geometry, ballet.

But in a discussion of Belson, MacLaren is probably most useful, not as a standard, but as pure contrast. It is paradoxical that while MacLaren tends to replace the orthodox 24 shots/second movie with direct drawing on film, and Belson seems to rely more on cutting, yet it is Belson whose theme is that all things flow, while MacLaren follows logical development and the technical exhaustion of his themes.

Forget the abstractions. Let's take an example. When Miss Rich at the Chicago Art Institute's Film Study projected *Meditation* and *World* for me this past fall (1973), I asked for a re-run on *World*. The second time, I thought, "got it!" There was a recognizable formal pattern, this time, in the film's organization. (I give it below.) Now with MacLaren, this formal recognition would be part of the aesthetic appreciation of his work. But Belson?—I can't help feeling my strain to catch a meaning is what he resists all the way. Most likely, he would be more receptive to the notes I asked my 10-year old daughter, Deirdre, to scribble during the second showing (also given below). Belson's motifs are meant to be like the repeated patterns on Oriental rugs that flow "off" the edges of the rugs to denote continuous stasis.

The Art Institute was running a display of American loom-work the afternoon I saw the films there, and it is irresistible to tease the Belson cult by pointing out that his most dazzling effects are simply duplicates of the patterns on "Chinese" rugs in American Midwest homes, or of the fireworks displays put on at our baseball parks or as Fourth of July displays. I think Belson is aware of this connection.

I think that same self-awareness has kept his films entirely separate from the so-called underground film tradition that simply highbrows the old-fashioned blue movie. It would of course be logical enough to say that the porno question does not arise in connection with his films, because his point of view derives from physics and astronomy, not physiology or a social psychology. In *Meditation* and *World*, for instance, the single human-body shots in each picture are respectively stock shots of a diver plunging into a pool and a pair of abstracted, embracing arms, that quickly become a waving pattern. My private explanation is that Belson's systematic course of meditation led to a breakthrough from our intellectuals' orthodox Freudianism. If a pencil-pattern or rod metaphorizes as a phallus, so

can a phallus metaphorize as a pencil! Belson must be aware of sexual analogies for his Oriental religious symbols and patterns. Certainly his Asiatic instructors (books or live gurus) are. But he won't let the sexual analogies divert his symbolic perceptiveness.

My sister-critic's description: "The whole movie was centered on a sphere shaped object. The pattern faded from 1 design to another & the sphere shaped object *usually* stayed in the middle of the screen. Once he had the sphere at the top and a design was at the bottom of the screen. He uses dark & pastel colors. The sphere object *usually* does *not* have clear edges. At certain times he gets rid of the sphere and just has a wavy repeated 1 toned design. At one point during the movie the sphere object was made of dots (picture illustrating this). . . . The sound track consisted of eerie sounds in the form of music. . . ."

Let me play devil's (MacLaren's) advocate once more. Technology is not the language of Western thought and civilization, only one of its more prominent tools. So when Belson uses Glenn's flight or invents some new special effect to help create one of his Yoga film-prayers, he is only superficially marrying East and West. There is no metaphysical advance in his cinema over the fictional "native" of our old jungle movies, worshipping an engine or machine-gun as ju-ju. But since technology, not religion or culture, is the ju-ju of our so-called educated class, there's no reason for my objection to prevent their appreciating Belson and renting his films (Pyramid, distributors). Certainly, they're beautiful enough.

Near campuses at any rate, LUNA readers are probably most familiar with the 1965-67 titles above. These two were the showpieces of the two experimental short-film packages that toured colleges in 1968 and 1970. For the whole 1952-69 *oeuvre*, there is in print a convenient description on pp. 157-77 of Gene Youngblood's *Expanded Cinema* (Dutton, 1970).

LIBRARY NEWS Texas A & M University Library has announced a new research collection containing more than 12,000 science fiction items. The TAMU Science Fiction Research Collection, consisting of 5,000 magazines and more than 7,000 books, is housed as part of the library's special collections. . . . Wheaton College has recently added 600 volumes by and about G. K. Chesterton to the Marion E. Wade Collection, which also includes books and papers by C. S. Lewis, J. R. R. Tolkien, Charles Williams, George MacDonald, Owen Barfield, and Dorothy Sayers. . . . The Map Collection of the Free Library of Philadelphia has received, through the generosity of Simon & Schuster, copies of the map of the Beklan Empire from Richard Adams' *Shardik*. . . . The Samuel Paley Library of Temple University is exhibiting a major collection of the writings of H. Rider Haggard, beginning on the fiftieth anniversary of his death. The collection, begun by Carol Atwood Wilson, is now the property of Oswald Train, through whose courtesy it is shown. The exhibition, open to the public, will be held through July 18.

New Books

HARDCOVERS

- Anderson, Poul. FIRE TIME (repr) SF Book Club, Dec. \$1.98
- Baskin, Wade. THE SORCERER'S HANDBOOK (nf) Philosophical Library, 1974. \$15.00
- Bloomfield, Paul. IMAGINARY WORLDS; Or, The Evolution of Utopia (repr of 1932 ed) Folcroft, 1974. \$20.00
- Boyd, John. ANDROMEDA GUN. Putnam, Jan. \$5.95
- Brunner, John. TOTAL ECLIPSE (repr) SF Book Club, Sept. \$1.49
- Burroughs, Edgar Rice. SWORDS OF MARS, and SYNTHETIC MEN OF MARS. SF Book Club, Jan. \$3.50
- Carroll, David. THE MAGIC MAKERS: Magic and Sorcery Through the Ages. Arbor House, 1974. \$8.95
- de Camp, L. Sprague. LOVECRAFT: A Biography. Doubleday, Feb. \$10.00
- Dickson, Gordon R. ANCIENT, MY ENEMY (coll, repr) SF Book Club, Oct. \$1.98
- Dillon, John Milton. EDGAR ALLAN POE: His Genius and Character (repr of 1911 ed) Haskell House, 1974. \$9.95
- Dubois, Shirley Graham. ZULU HEART (marg) Third Press, 1974. \$7.95
- Ebon, Martin. THE DEVIL'S BRIDE: Exorcism, past and present. Harper, 1974. \$6.95
- Ellison, Harlan. APPROACHING OBLIVION (coll, repr) SF Book Club, Dec. \$2.49
- DEATH BIRD STORIES: A Pantheon of Modern Gods. Harper, Feb. \$8.95
- Elwood, Roger. PRINCE OF DARKNESS (nf) C. R. Gibson, 1974. \$3.95
- (ed) YOUNG DREAMERS, DANGER, AND STRANGE POWERS. Chilton. \$6.50
- Farmer, Philip Jose, ed. MOTHER WAS A LOVELY BEAST: A Feral Man Anthology Fiction and Fact about Humans Raised by Animals. Chilton, Nov. \$6.95
- Fast, Howard M. A TOUCH OF INFINITY: Thirteen New Stories of Fantasy and Science Fiction (repr, large print) G. K. Hall, 1974. \$7.95
- Ferm, Betty. FALSE IDOLS (supernat) Putnam, Nov. \$6.95
- Fraser, Anthea. LAURA POSSESSED (supernat) Dodd, 1974. \$5.95
- Gaverluk, Emil. DID GENESIS MAN CONQUER SPACE? (nf) T. Nelson, 1974. \$6.95
- Goulart, Ron. NUTZENBOLTS AND MORE TROUBLES WITH MACHINES (coll) Macmillan, Feb. \$6.95
- Haiblum, Isidore. THE WILK ARE AMONG US. Doubleday, Jan. \$5.95
- Haining, Peter, ed. THE NECROMANCERS: The Best of Black Magic and Witchcraft (repr Brit, 20
- 2d ptg) Morrow. \$7.95
- Haldeman, Joe. THE FOREVER WAR. St. Martin's, Jan. \$7.95
- Harrison, Harry, ed. NOVA 4. Walker, Jan. \$7.95
- Harrison, William. ROLLER BALL MURDER (coll) Morrow, 1974. \$5.95
- Harryhausen, Ray. FILM FANTASY SCRAP-BOOK (2d ed) A. S. Barnes, 1974. \$15.00
- Hudson, Derek. ARTHUR RACKHAM: His Life and Work (reissue of 1960 ed) Scribner, 1974. \$20.00
- Juffe, Mel. FLASH (marg fty) Viking, 1974. \$7.95
- Knight, Damon, ed. HAPPY ENDINGS. Bobbs, 1974. \$8.95
- Komaroff, Katherine. SKY GODS: The Sun and Moon in Art and Myth. Universe Books, 1974. \$7.95
- Kuehn, Robert E. ALDOUS HUXLEY: A Collection of Critical Essays. Prentice-Hall Spectrum, 1974. \$6.95
- Kuna, Franz. KAFKA: Literature as Corrective Punishment. Indiana Univ. Press, 1974. \$7.95
- Kuttner, Henry. THE BEST OF HENRY KUTTNER (coll) SF Book Club, Feb. \$2.49
- Lang, Andrew. THE BOOK OF DREAMS AND GHOSTS (repr of 1897 ed) Causeway Books, 1974. \$8.95
- Lem, Stanislaw. THE FUTUROLOGICAL CONGRESS (tr) Seabury, 1974. \$6.95
- THE INVESTIGATION (tr) Seabury, 1974. \$7.95
- Lewis, Philip C. HORAN: The Story of the World's First Cure for Sex (marg) Harper, Oct. \$7.95
- Macy, John Albert. EDGAR ALLAN POE (nf, repr of 1907 ed) Folcroft, 1974. \$10.00
- Malzberg, Barry N. GUERNICA NIGHT: A Science Fiction Masterwork. Bobbs, Jan. \$6.95
- Mead, Shepherd. HOW TO GET TO THE FUTURE BEFORE IT GETS TO YOU (nf) Hawthorn, 1974. \$6.95
- Millhiser, Marlys. NELLA WAITS: A Novel of the Supernatural. Putnam, 1974. \$6.95
- Moore, Raylyn. WONDERFUL WIZARD, MARVELOUS LAND (L. Frank Baum) Bowling Green Univ. Popular Press, 1974. \$9.95
- Muller, Herbert J. USES OF THE FUTURE (nf) Indiana Univ. Press, 1974. \$8.95
- Newman, Charles & Mary Kinzie, eds. PROSE FOR BORGES (nf, orig. publ. 1972 as special issue of TriQuarterly Review) Northwestern Univ. Press, 1974. \$15.00
- Pierart, Asa B. & Jerome Klinkowitz. KURT VONNEGUT, JR; A Descriptive Bibliography. Archon, 1974. \$10.00
- Poe, Edgar Allan. EDGAR ALLAN POE LETTERS TILL NOW UNPUBLISHED, IN THE VALENTINE MUSEUM, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA (repr of 1925 ed) Folcroft, 1974. \$24.75

Powe, Bruce. THE LAST DAYS OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE. St. Martins, Jan. \$8.95
 Priest, Christopher. THE INVERTED WORLD (repr) SF Book Club, Oct. \$2.49
 Schmidt, Stanley. NEWTON AND THE QUASI-APPLE. Doubleday, Jan. \$5.95
 Shelton, William R. MAN'S CONQUEST OF SPACE (nf, 3d ed) National Geographic, 1974. \$4.25
 Sheridan, Thomas. THE LIFE OF THE REV. DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, 1784 (repr of 1784 ed) Garland, 1974. \$22.00
 Silverberg, Robert, ed. MUTANTS: Eleven Stories of Science Fiction (repr) SF Book Club, Jan. \$1.98
 Snow, Edward Rowe. SUPERNATURAL MYSTERIES AND OTHER TALES. Dodd, 1974. \$7.95
 Steinbrunner, Chris & Burt Goldblatt. CINEMA OF THE FANTASTIC (nf, repr) Galahad, 1974. \$12.50
 Sullivan, John, ed. G.K. CHESTERTON: A Centenary Appraisal. Barnes & Noble, 1974. \$17.50
 Taylor, William Duncan. JONATHAN SWIFT: A Critical Essay (repr of 1933 ed) Folcroft, 1974. \$25.00
 Tucker, Wilson. ICE AND IRON (repr) SF Book Club, Feb. \$1.98
 Vance, Jack. THE GRAY PRINCE. Bobbs, Feb. \$6.95
 Widener, Don. N.U.K.E.E. Hawthorn, 1974. \$6.95
 Wilhelm, Kate, ed. NEBULA AWARD STORIES NINE. Harper, Jan. \$7.95
 Williams, Raymond, comp. GEORGE ORWELL: A Collection of Critical Essays. Prentice Hall Spectrum, 1974. \$6.95
 Whitney, Roderick. MAKE ONE. Vantage, 1974. \$6.95
 Woods, William. A HISTORY OF THE DEVIL (nf) Putnam, 1974. \$6.95
 Wright, Grahame. JOG RUMMAGE (marg fty) Random House, Jan. \$5.95
 Zelazny, Roger. SIGN OF THE UNICORN. Doubleday, Feb. \$5.95

PAPERBACKS

Aldiss, Brian W. STARSHIP (5 ptg) Avon 22558. \$1.25
 Anderson, Poul. THREE WORLDS TO CONQUER. Pyramid N3541, Dec. 95¢
 Anthony, Piers. MACROSCOPE (6 ptg) Avon 22145, Jan. \$1.75
 Asimov, Isaac. ASIMOV ON ASTRONOMY (nf, repr) Anchor A-927. \$3.50
 Avallone, Michael. SATAN SLEUTH 3: Devil, Devil. Warner 75-678, Jan. 95¢
 Barr, Donald. SPACE RELATIONS: A Slightly Gothic Interplanetary Tale (repr) Fawcett Crest P2370, Feb. \$1.25
 Baum, L. Frank. THE WIZARD OF OZ

COLORING BOOK. Dover, 1974. \$1.50
 Berger, Thomas. REGIMENT OF WOMEN (repr) Popular 08330, Feb. \$1.75
 Bishop, Michael. A FUNERAL FOR THE EYES OF FIRE. Ballantine 24350, Feb. \$1.50
 Blatty, William Peter. WILLIAM PETER BLATTY ON THE EXORCIST: From Novel to Film. Bantam, 1974. \$1.95
 Brackett, Leigh. THE LONG TOMORROW (repr) Ballantine 24289, Dec. \$1.25
 (ed) THE BEST OF PLANET STORIES 1. Ballantine 24334, Jan. \$1.25
 Brand, Kurt. PERRY RHODAN 63: The Tigris Leaps. Ace 66046, Feb. 95¢
 Brunner, John. ENTRY TO ELSEWHEN (coll, reissue) DAW UY1154, Jan. \$1.25
 THE STONE THAT NEVER CAME DOWN (repr) DAW UY1150, Jan. \$1.25
 TIMES WITHOUT NUMBER (rev, reissue) Ace 81271, Feb. 95¢
 Bryant, Edward & Harlan Ellison. PHOENIX WITHOUT ASHES (adapt. from The Starlost) Fawcett Gold Medal M3188, Feb. 95¢
 Carroll, Lewis. ALICE'S ABENTUEER IM WUNDERLAND (repr of 1869 ed) Dover, 1974. \$2.50
 Carter, Lin. AS THE GREEN STAR RISES. DAW UY1156, Feb. \$1.25
 MAD EMPRESS OF CALLISTO (s&s) Dell 6143, Feb. 95¢
 Carter, Noel Vreeland. THE LAZARUS CURSE (marg supernat) Pocket 00223, 1974. \$1.25
 Chandler, A. Bertram. THE BIG BLACK MARK. DAW UY1157, Feb. \$1.25
 Charroux, Robert. LEGACY OF THE GODS (marg nf, tr. of Le livre des secrets trahis) Berkley Medallion, 1974. \$1.25
 Clement, Hal. CYCLE OF FIRE (4 ptg) Ballantine 24368, Feb. \$1.50
 MISSION OF GRAVITY (repr) Pyramid N3479, Oct. 95¢
 Delany, Samuel R. DHALGREN. Bantam Y8554, Jan. \$1.95
 Derleth, August, ed. NIGHT'S YAWNING PEAL (horror, repr) Signet, 1974. \$1.25
 Dick, Philip K. THE MAN WHO JAPED (reissue) Ace 51910, Jan. 95¢
 Dickson, Gordon R. THE R-MASTER (repr) DAW UY1155, Feb. \$1.25
 Edwards, Anne. HAUNTED SUMMER (Shelley, repr) Bantam, 1974. \$1.25
 Ellison, Harlan. I HAVE NO MOUTH AND I MUST SCREAM (coll, 4 ptg) Pyramid N3521, Nov. 95¢
 (ed) DANGEROUS VISIONS (repr) Signet J6240, Jan. \$1.95
 Elwood, Roger, ed. FUTURE CORRUPTION. Warner 76-571, Jan. \$1.25
 Erskine, Margaret. THE CASE OF MARY FIELDING (marg supernat, repr) Ace 09216, 1974. 95¢

- Evans, E. Everett. *FOOD FOR DEMONS* (coll, repr) Fantasy House, 1974. \$1.00
- Falk, Lee. *PHANTOM 13: The Island of Dogs*. Avon 23085, Feb. 95¢
- Farrar, Stewart. *THE TWELVE MAIDENS: A Novel of Witchcraft* (repr) Bantam. \$1.50
- Ferman, Edward L., ed. *THE BEST FROM FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION: 20th Series* (repr) Ace 05459, Jan. \$1.25
- Finan, Martha. *ONCE THERE LIVED A WICKED DRAGON* (marg fty coloring book) U.S. Environmental Protection Agency SW-105, 1974. n.p.
- Fort, Charles. *THE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT* (repr of 1941 ed, incl. The book of the damned, New lands, Lo, and Wild talents) Dover, 1974. \$10.00
- Foster, Alan Dean. *STAR TREK LOG THREE* (adapt. from cartoon series) Ballantine 24260, Jan. \$1.25
- THE TAR-AIYM KRANG* (2 ptg) Ballantine 24085, Feb. \$1.50
- Foster, M.A. *THE WARRIORS OF DAWN*. DAW UY1152, Jan. \$1.25
- Furman, A.L., ed. *HAUNTED STORIES*. Lantern 75841, Feb. 75¢
- Gaverluk, Emil. *DID GENESIS MAN CONQUER SPACE?* (nf) T. Nelson, 1974. \$2.95
- Gentry, Curt. *THE LAST DAYS OF THE LATE, GREAT STATE OF CALIFORNIA* (marg, 2 ptg) Ballantine Comstock 24342, Jan. \$1.95
- Goldsmith, Donald & Donald Levy. *FROM THE BLACK HOLE TO THE INFINITE UNIVERSE* (part nf, part sf) Holden-Day, 1974. \$7.95
- Grant, Maxwell. *THE SHADOW 1: The Living Shadow*. Pyramid N3597, Oct. 95¢
- THE SHADOW 2: The Black Master*. Pyramid N3478, Nov. 95¢
- THE SHADOW 3: The Mobsmen on the Spot*. Pyramid N3554, Dec. 95¢
- Greifinger, Mel. *TARZAN'S AFRICA* (poster map) Ballantine 20060, 1974. \$5.00
- Gunn, James E. *THE LISTENERS* (repr) Signet, 1974. \$1.25
- Hall, Stephanie. *THE WITCH OF MURRAY HILL* (supernat) Popular 00591, 1974. 95¢
- Hart, Steve. *THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD* (repr, from screenplay) Warner, 1974. 95¢
- Hawkey, Raymond & Roger Bingham. *WILD CARD* (marg, repr) Ballantine, 1974. \$1.50
- Heinlein, Robert A. *THE PAST THROUGH TOMORROW: Future History Stories* (repr) Berkley Medallion T2738, Jan. \$1.95
- THE STAR BEAST* (reissue) Ace 78001, Feb. \$1.25
- STARMAN JONES* (repr) Ballantine 24354, Feb. \$1.50
- TUNNEL IN THE SKY* (reissue) Ace 82661, Jan. \$1.25
- Kafka, Franz. *THE CASTLE* (tr. from German, 'definitive ed') Schocken, 1974. \$2.45
- Kelly, Tim. *FRANKENSTEIN: A Play in Two Acts*. Samuel French, 1974. \$1.75
- Kern, Gregory. *CAP KENNEDY 14: The Ghosts of Epidoris*. DAW UY1159, Feb. 95¢
- Klein, Gerard. *THE MOTE IN TIME'S EYE* (tr. from French) DAW UY1151, Jan. \$1.25
- Kuehn, Robert E. *ALDOUS HUXLEY: A Collection of Critical Essays*. Spectrum, 1974. \$2.45
- Liebscher, Walt. *ALIEN CARNIVAL* (coll) Fantasy House, 1974. \$1.00
- Lupoff, Richard A. *EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: Master of Adventure* (reissue) Ace 18771, Jan. \$1.25
- Mackenroth, Nancy. *THE TREES OF ZHARKA*. Popular 00639, Feb. 95¢
- Mackenzie, Norman & Jeanne. *H.G. WELLS* (nf, repr) Touchstone, 1974. \$4.95
- Mahr, Kurt. *PERRY RHODAN 61: Death Waits in Semispace*. Ace 66044, Jan. 95¢
- PERRY RHODAN 64: The Ambassadors from Aurigel*. Ace 66047, Feb. 95¢
- Manning, Laurence. *THE MAN WHO AWOKE: A Classic Novel from the Golden Age of Science Fiction* (repr of 1933 ed) Ballantine 24367, Feb. \$1.50
- Mano, D. Keith. *THE BRIDGE* (repr) Signet, 1974. \$1.25
- Moore, Raylyn. *WONDERFUL WIZARD, MARVELOUS LAND* (L. Frank Baum) Bowling Green Univ. Popular Press, 1974. \$4.50
- Norton, Andre. *FORERUNNER FORAY* (repr) Ace 24620, Feb. \$1.50
- Page, Thomas. *THE HEPHAESTUS PLAGUE* (repr) Bantam X8550, Jan. \$1.75
- Parker, Brant & Johnny Hart. *THE WIAARD OF ID/YIELD*. Fawcett 1974. 60¢
- Pearlman, Gilbert. *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN* (based on screenplay) Ballantine, 1974. \$1.50
- Pfeil, Donald J. *VOYAGE TO A FORGOTTEN SUN*. Ballantine 24338, Jan. \$1.25
- Pohl, Frederik & Jack Williamson. *FARTHEST STAR: The Saga of Cuckoo*. Ballantine 24330, Feb. \$1.50
- Randall, Florence Engel. *HALDANE STATION* (marg, repr) Fawcett Crest, 1974. \$1.25
- Richardson, Carl. *EXORCISM: New Testament Style!* Revell, 1974. \$1.25
- Roberts, Susan. *WITCHES U.S.A.* (rev ed) Phoenix House, 1974. \$3.95
- Robeson, Kenneth. *THE AVENGER 30: Black Chariots*. Warner, 1974. 95¢
- THE AVENGER 32: The Death Machine*. Warner 75-770, Jan. 95¢
- Ronay, Gabriel. *THE TRUTH ABOUT DRACULA* (repr) Stein & Day, 1974. \$1.95
- Ruskin, John. *KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER* (fty, repr of 1889 ed) Dover, 1974. \$1.25
- Russ, Joanna. *THE FEMALE MAN*. Bantam Q8765, Feb. \$1.25

Saberhagen, Fred. *THE BOOK OF SABER-HAGEN* (coll) DAW UY1153, Jan. \$1.25
 Sargent, Pamela, ed. *WOMEN OF WONDER: Science Fiction Stories by Women about Women*. Vintage V41, Jan. \$1.95
 Scheer, K.H. *PERRY RHODAN 62: The Last Days of Atlantis*. Ace 66045, Jan. 95¢
 Shute, Nevil. *ON THE BEACH* (new ed) Ballantine 23732, 1974. 95¢
 Silverberg, Robert. *THE MAN IN THE MAZE* (repr) Avon Equinox 21915, Jan. \$1.95
 Smith, Cordwainer. *NORSTRILIA*. Ballantine 24366, Feb. \$1.50
 Smith, Evelyn E. *UNPOPULAR PLANET*. Dell 6153, Jan. \$1.25
 Spinrad, Norman. *THE IRON DREAM* (repr) Avon Equinox 22509. \$1.95
 Stockbridge, Grant. *SPIDER 1: Death Reign of the Vampire King*. Pocket 77952, Jan. 95¢
SPIDER 2: Hordes of the Red Butcher. Pocket 77944, Jan. 95¢
SPIDER 3: The City Destroyer. Pocket 77943, Feb. 95¢
SPIDER 4: Death and the Spider. Pocket 77953, Feb. 95¢
 Sturgeon, Theodore. *CASE AND THE DREAMER AND OTHER STORIES* (repr) Signet, 1974. 95¢
 Swann, Thomas Burnett. *THE NOT-WORLD* (fty) DAW UY1158, Feb. \$1.25
 Taylor, Angus. *PHILIP K. DICK & THE UMBRELLA OF LIGHT* (nf) T-K Graphics. \$2.25
 Tiptree, James, Jr. *WARM WORLDS AND OTHERWISE* (coll) Ballantine 24380, Feb. \$1.50
 Tolkien, J.R.R. *BILBO'S LAST SONG* (poster poem) Houghton, 1974. \$2.50
 Trout, Kilgore. *VENUS ON THE HALF-SHELL*. Dell 6149, Feb. 95¢
 Van Orsdell, John. *RAGLAND* (marg, repr) Pocket 78411, Feb. \$1.25
 Van Vogt, A.E. *CHILDREN OF TOMORROW* (reissue) Ace 10411, Feb. \$1.25
 Whyte, Andrew Adams, comp. *THE NEW SF BULLETIN INDEX TO SF BOOKS 1974*. Paratime Press (Box 8248, Boston, Mass. 02114) 1974. \$2.00
 Williams, Raymond, comp. *GEORGE ORWELL: A Collection of Critical Essays*. Spectrum, 1974. \$2.45

JUVENILES

Abell, Kathleen. *KING ORVILLE AND THE BULLFROGS* (fty) Little Brown, 1974. \$5.95
 Aiken, Joan. *NOT WHAT YOU EXPECTED: A Collection of Stories* (part fty) Doubleday, 1974. \$5.95. Age 12 up
 Branley, Franklyn M. *THE END OF THE WORLD* (nf, mostly illus) Crowell, 1974. n.p.
 Brunhoff, Laurent de *BONHOMME AND THE*

HUGE BEAST (fty) Pantheon, 1974. \$4.95. Age 4-7
 Burton, Philip. *THE GREEN ISLE* (fty) Dial, 1974. \$5.95. Age 7-10
 Carley, Wayne. *THE WITCH WHO FORGOT* (fty) Garrard, 1974. \$4.25
 Chew, Ruth. *THE WITCH'S BUTTONS* (fty) Hastings House, Fall. \$4.95. Age 7-11
 De Camp, L. Sprague & Catherine Crook de Camp, comps. *TALES BEYOND TIME: From Fantasy to Science Fiction* (large print ed) G.K. Hall, 1974. \$6.95
 Duncan, Lois. *DOWN A DARK HALL* (supernat) Little, 1974. \$5.95
 Edelson, Edward. *VISIONS OF TOMORROW: Great Science Fiction from the Movies*. Doubleday. \$4.50
 Elwood, Roger, ed. *HORROR TALES: Spirits, Spells & the Unknown*. Rand McNally, 1974. \$4.95
MORE SCIENCE FICTION TALES: Crystal Creatures, Bird-things & Other Weirdies. Rand McNally, 1974. \$4.95
 Green, Phyllis. *NANTUCKET SUMMER* (marg supernat) Nelson, Dec. \$4.95
 Grimm brothers. *THE FROG PRINCE*, retold by Edith Tarcov. Four Winds, 1974. \$4.95. Age 5-8
THE HISTORY OF MOTHER TWADDLE AND THE MARVELOUS ACHIEVEMENTS OF HER SON JACK (verse version of Jack and the beanstalk, first pub. in 1807) Seabury, 1974. \$5.95
 Hoff, Syd. *AMY'S DINOSAUR* (fty) Windmill, Sept. \$4.95. Age 3-7
 Hunter, Mollie. *THE STRONGHOLD* (marg supernat) Harper, 1974. \$5.95. Age 12 up
 Klein, Norma. *DINOSAUR'S HOUSEWARMING PARTY* (marg fty) Crown, Oct. \$5.95. Age 4-8
 Lively, Penelope. *THE HOUSE IN NORHAM GARDENS* (supernat, repr Brit) Dutton, Oct. \$4.95. Age 12 up
 Livingston, Myra Cohn. *COME AWAY* (marg fty) Atheneum, 1974. \$5.95. Age 5-8
 McGregor, Ellen & Dora Pantell. *MISS PICKERELL MEETS MR. H.U.M.* McGraw Hill, 1974. \$4.95
 McHargue, Georgess, comp. *HOT & COLD RUNNING CITIES: An Anthology of Science Fiction*. Holt, Oct. \$5.95
 McInnes, John. *THE GHOST SAID BOO* (fty) Garrard, 1974. \$4.25
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A MONSTER? (fty) Farrard, 1974. \$4.25
 Manning, Rosemary. *THE DRAGON'S QUEST* (fty, repr) Penguin Puffin, 1974. 95¢
 Manning-Sanders, Ruth. *A BOOK OF SORCERERS AND SPELLS* (coll, repr Brit) Dutton, 1974. \$4.95
 Margolis, Richard J. *WISH AGAIN, BIG BEAR* (marg fty, repr) Collier, 1974. 95¢
 Oakley, Graham. *THE CHURCH MICE AND THE*

MOON (fty) Atheneum, Oct. \$6.95. Age 4-8
 Poe, Edgar Allan. THE DEVIL IN THE BELFRY
 (supernat) Lerner, 1974. \$4.50
 THE PRINCESS BOOK (coll, fty) Rand McNally,
 Oct. \$4.95. Age 8-12
 Reesink, Maryke. THE MAGIC HORSE (fty, tr.
 from Dutch) McGraw-Hill, 1974. \$5.95
 Robinson, Jean O. THE STRANGE BUT WON-
 DERFUL COSMIC AWARENESS OF DUFFY
 MOON (marg fty) Seabury, 1974. \$5.50
 Schwebell, Gertrude. THE MAN WHO LOST HIS
 SHADOW AND NINE OTHER GERMAN
 FAIRY TALES (repr of 1957 ed) Dover, 1974.
 \$3.00
 Silverberg, Robert, ed. MUTANTS: Eleven Stories
 of Science Fiction. T. Nelson, Dec. \$6.50. Age
 12 up
 Truse, Kenneth. BENNY'S MAGIC BAKING PAN
 (fty) Garrard, 1974. \$4.25
 Varga, Judy. THE BATTLE OF THE WIND GODS
 (based on Indian legends) Morrow, 1974. \$4.50.
 Age 4-8
 WALT DISNEY'S SLEEPING BEAUTY. Random
 House, 1974. \$2.50
 Williams, Ursula Moray. TIGER NANNY (marg
 fty) T. Nelson, 1974. \$5.95. Age 7-10

BRITISH BOOKS, July-Sept.

Aldiss, Brian W. GREYBEARD. Panther, 40p. ni,
 pb. 586.02460.3
 SPACE, TIME AND NATHANIEL. NEL, 40p.
 ni, pb. 450.02084.3
 (ed) SPACE OPERA. Futura, 50p. pb.
 8600.7058.1
 Anderson, Poul. THREE HEARTS AND THREE
 LIONS. Sphere, 35p. pb. 7221.1160.6
 THE TROUBLE TWISTERS. Panther, 40p. ni,
 pb. 586.02871.4
 Asimov, Isaac. FOUNDATION. Panther, 35p. ni,
 pb. 586.01080.7
 FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE. Panther, 35p.
 ni, pb. 586.01355.5
 OCEANS OF VENUS. NEL, 35p. ne, pb.
 450.01926.8
 PEBBLE IN THE SKY. Sphere, 35p. ni, pb.
 7221.1240.8
 THE RINGS OF SATURN. NEL, 35p. ne, pb.
 450.01999.3
 SECOND FOUNDATION. Panther, 35p. ni, pb.
 586.01713.5
 THROUGH A GLASS CLEARLY. NEL, 25p.
 ni, pb. 450.01978.0
 (ed) WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? vol.1.
 Sphere, 40p. pb. 7221.1251.3; vol.1. Sphere,
 40p. pb. 7221.1246.7
 Ballard, J.G. THE FOUR-DIMENSIONAL NIGHT-
 MARE. Gollancz, £1.80. ni. 575.01859.3
 TERMINAL BEACH. Gollancz, £1.80. ni.
 575.01860.7
 Barr, Donald. SPACE RELATIONS. Millington,
 £2.50. 86000.024.9

Batchelor, John. MERVYN PEAKE. Duckworth,
 £2.95. biog. 7156.0679.4
 Benson, E.F. THE HORROR HORN. Panther,
 40p. ne, pb. 586.04096.X
 Blish, James. STAR TREK 10. Corgi, 35p. pb.
 552.09553.2
 Bonewits, Philip. REAL MAGIC. Sphere, 45p. ne,
 pb. DWLO. 7221.1770.1
 Bowen, Charles, ed. THE HUMANIDS. Futura,
 45p. pb. 8600.7057.3
 Bowen, Marjorie. BLACK MAGIC. Sphere, 50p.
 ne, pb. DWLO. 7221.1815.5
 Boyd, John. THE LAST STARSHIP FROM
 EARTH. Pan, 40p. ni, pb. 330.23176.6
 THE RAKEHELLS OF HEAVEN. Pan, 40p. ni,
 pb. 330.24122.2
 Bradbury, Ray. THE ILLUSTRATED MAN.
 Corgi, 35p. ni, pb. 552.09580.X
 Brodie-Innes, J.W. THE DEVIL'S MISTRESS.
 Sphere, 45p. ne, pb. DWLO. 7221.4920.4
 Burroughs, E.R. SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR.
 Tandem, 35p. ne, pb. 426.13864.3
 Butler, Samuel. EREWHON. Penguin, 30p. ni, pb.
 14.043057.1
 Cheiro. YOU AND YOUR HAND. Sphere, 50p.
 ne, pb. DWLO. 7221.2262.4
 Clarke, Arthur C. CHILDHOOD'S END. Pan, 35p.
 ni, pb. 330.10573.6
 THE DEEP RANGE. Pan, 35p. ni, pb.
 330.02570.8
 DOLPHIN ISLAND. Dragon/Panther, 25p. ni,
 pb. 586.30102.9
 EARTHLIGHT. Pan, 35p. ni, pb. 330.10574.4
 A FALL OF MOONDUST. Pan, 35p. ni, pb.
 330.02313.8
 OF TIME AND STARS. Puffin/Penguin, 30p.
 ne, pb, juv. 14.030703.6
 REACH FOR TOMORROW. Corgi, 35p. ni, pb.
 552.09581.8
 Cowper, Richard. WORLDS APART. Gollancz,
 £2.55. 575.01845.3
 Creasey, John. THE DEPTHS. Arrow, 35p. ne, pb.
 09.908680.8
 THE DROUGHT. Arrow, 35p. ne, pb.
 09.908710.3
 THE INFERNO. Arrow, 35p. ne, pb.
 09.908650.6
 de Camp, L. Sprague. THE FALLIBLE FIEND.
 Remploy, £1.60. 7066.0544.6
 ROGUE QUEEN. Remploy, £1.60.
 7066.0545.4
 Del Rey, Lester, ed. BEST SCIENCE FICTION
 STORIES OF THE YEAR, no. 2. Kaye & Ward,
 £2.50. 7182.1082.4
 Derleth, August. MASK OF CTHULHU.
 Spearman, £1.95. 85978.009.0
 TRAIL OF CTHULHU. Spearman, £1.95.
 85978.008.2
 du Maurier, Daphne. RULE BRITANNIA. Pan,
 40p. ne, pb. 330.23648.2
 Farmer, Philip Jose. DARE. Quartet, 40p. pb.

- 7043.1165.8
THE GATE OF TIME. Quartet, 40p. pb.
7043.1171.2
TIMESTOP. Quartet, 40p. pb. 7043.1146.1
Garner, Graham. SPACE PROBE. Hale, £1.80.
7091.4236.6
Geston, Mark S. OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE
DRAGON. Sphere, 30p. ni, pb. 7221.3828.8
Gibbard, T.S.J. VANDALS OF ETERNITY. Hale,
£1.90. 7091.4257.9
Guin, Wyman. BEYOND BEDLAM. Sphere, 40p.
ni, pb. 7221.4141.6
Harrison, Harry. THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT.
Sphere, 30p. ni, pb. 7221.4281.8
Herbert, Frank. DRAGON IN THE SEA. NEL,
30p. ni, pb. 450.00352.3
DUNE. NEL, 75p. ni, pb. 450.01184.4
DUNE MESSIAH. NEL, 40p. ni, pb.
450.01229.8
THE GREEN BRAIN. NEL, 30p. ni, pb.
450.01521.1
THE HEAVEN MAKERS. NEL, 30p. ni, pb.
450.00516.X
HELLSTROM'S HIVE. NEL, £2.95.
450.02137.8
SANTAROGA BARRIER. NEL, 40p. ni, pb.
450.01856.3
WHIPPING STAR. NEL, 40p. ni, pb.
450.00963.7
THE WORLDS OF FRANK HERBERT. NEL,
30p. ni, pb. 450.00640.9
Hesse, Herman. THE GLASS BEAD GAME.
Penguin, 75p. ni, pb. 14.003438.2
IF THE WAR GOES ON. Picador/Pan, 50p. ne,
pb. 330.24029.3
Hoch, Edward D. THE TRANSVECTION
MACHINE. Hale, £1.80. 7091.4319.2
Hodder-Williams, Christopher. PANIC O'CLOCK.
NEL, 40p. ne, pb. 450.01923.3
Howard, Robert E. CONAN THE USURPER.
Sphere, 35p. pb. 7221.4697.3
CONAN THE WANDERER. Sphere, 35p. pb.
7221.4698.1
Howell, Scott. MENACE FROM MAGOR. Hale,
£1.90. 7091.4283.8
Huxley, Aldous. BRAVE NEW WORLD. Penguin,
45p. ni, pb. 14.001052.1
ISLAND. Penguin, 50p. ni, pb. 14.002193.0
King, Christopher. OPERATION MORA. Hale,
£1.90. 7091.4334.6
Knight, Damon. TWO NOVELS. Gollancz, £2.20.
575.01868.2
(ed) TOMORROW AND TOMORROW: Ten
Tales of the Future. Gollancz, £1.80. juv.
575.01873.9
Lange, John. BINARY. Pan, 40p. ne, pb.
330.23744.6
Laumer, Keith. GLORY GAME. Hale, £1.90.
7091.4487.3
Le Guin, Ursula K. THE FARTHEST SHORE.
Puffin/Penguin, 30p. ne, pb, juv. 14.030694.3
Macey, Peter. STATIONARY ORBIT. Dobson,
£2.25. 234.77121.6
Malzberg, Barry. BEYOND APOLLO. Faber,
£1.95. 571.10510.6
Mason, A.E.W. THE PRISONER IN THE OPAL.
Sphere, 45p. ne, pb. DWLO. 7221.5913.7
Merritt, A. DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE.
Futura, 40p. ne, pb. 8600.7024.7
THE FACE IN THE ABYSS. Futura, 40p. ne,
pb. 8600.7025.5
Moorcock, Michael. A CURE FOR CANCER.
Penguin, 45p. ne, pb. 14.003483.8
THE RUNESTAFF. Mayflower, 30p. ni, pb.
583.11499.7
THE SHORES OF DEATH. Mayflower, 35p.
ne, pb. 583.12339.2
THE SWORD AND THE STALLION. Allison &
B., £2.50. 85031.126.8
Morgan, Dan & J. Kippax. SEED OF STARS. Pan,
40p. pb. 330.24099.4
A THUNDER OF STARS. Pan, 40p. ne, pb.
330.24098.6
Morland, Dick. ALBION! ALBION! Faber, £2.70.
571.10597.1
Niven, Larry. PROTECTOR. Futura, 40p. pb.
8600.7060.3
Norman, John. RAIDERS OF GOR. Tandem, 40p.
ni, pb. 426.12423.5
TARNSMAN OF GOR. Tandem, 40p. ni, pb.
426.14373.6
Norton, Andre. UNCHARTED STARS. Gollancz,
£1.75. juv. 575.01614.0
Oakes, Philip. THE PROTO PAPERS. Quartet,
40p. ne, pb. 7043.1147.X
Pohl, Frederik & C.M. Kornbluth. THE WONDER
EFFECT. Panther, 40p. ne, pb. 586.03997.X
Roth, Philip. THE BREAST. Corgi, 50p. ne, pb.
552.09568.0
Rowland, Donald S. MASTER OF SPACE. Hale,
£1.80. 7091.4191.2
Russell, Eric Frank. DEEP SPACE. Dobson, £2.25.
ne. 234.77037.6
SCIENCE FICTION SPECIAL 11. Sidgwick & J.,
£2.75. ne. 283.98145.8
Silverberg, Robert. NIGHTWINGS. Sphere, 40p.
ne, pb. 7221.7834.4
Smith, E.E. THE SKYLARK OF SPACE. Panther,
40p. ne, pb. 586.03949.X
SKYLARK OF VALERON. Panther, 40p. pb.
586.03948.1
SKYLARK THREE. Panther, 40p. pb.
586.03947.3
Tucker, Wilson. THE TIME MASTERS. Panther,
35p. ne, pb. 586.03917.1
Vance, Jack. THE HOUSE OF ISZM. Mayflower,
30p. pb. 583.12308.2
Verne, Jules. MYSTERIOUS ISLAND. NEL, 30p.
ni, pb. 450.01348.0
Wells, Robert. THE PARASURIANS. Sidg & J.,
£2.40. 283.98124.5

Continued on Page 11

MRS. ANN RADCLIFFE AWARDS The winners of the 13th Annual Mrs. Ann Radcliffe Awards in Cinema, Television and Literature have been announced by Dr. Donald A. Reed, president of the Count Dracula Society. The Cinema award went to director/producer William Castle for his entire career. Darren McGavin, selected for his television role as star of ABC's "The Night Stalker," accepted the Television award; while Professor Arthur Lennig received the Literature award for his newest book, *The Count*, which deals with the life of Bela Lugosi. Special awards were voted to television personality Seymour; Jim Rumph, designer of this year's special Dracula Award Statuette and to producer Hi Brown and actor/narrator E. G. Marshall of the CBS Mystery Theater. The presentation theme centered around a tribute to the late Bela Lugosi and his career in films, with Ray Bradbury as keynote speaker.

SPACE ART SHOW The Second National Space Art Show is being sponsored by the American Astronautical Society, and will be presented during their meeting in Denver, August 26-28. The theme will be an "Earth-oriented Space Art Show," since the AAS meeting is concerned with the space shuttle meetings of the '80s, a project utilizing reusable components to take people and instruments into space and return with them safely, at significantly reduced operating costs in comparison with current systems. Artists are challenged to enter work dealing with the ideals, emotions and futures of these missions. For further information, write to P. O. Box 8551, Denver, Colo. 80201.

Editorial

Despite previous promises, we have not yet been able to return LUNA Monthly to a regular schedule. In fact, it has been over six months since we mailed the November 1974 issue. Since we have been unable to maintain a regular monthly schedule for almost two years now, this probably didn't come as a surprise to anyone. We have considered dropping the "Monthly" from our title, but such a title change would remove some of the incentive to keep us pushing as hard as possible toward our goal of resuming regular publication as soon as possible.

Where previous problems have mostly centered around family matters, the present hold-up has basically been economic. As we said in our editorial in LUNA Monthly 53 (August 1974), the magazine does not pay its own way and it has been necessary to put our typesetting work ahead of LUNA Monthly to provide the additional money needed for this publication. As it turned out, the typesetting snowballed to the extent that we found ourselves working overtime for other people, with no time left for *anything* else. The amount of typesetting work we have turned out in the past six months is equivalent to dozens of issues of LUNA Monthly.

While we are pleased with the demand for our services, the time has come to try for a more balanced schedule. So beginning this month, we hope to reserve a week during the month to do the majority of the typesetting and layout on each issue of LUNA Monthly.

In the meantime, we continue to be swamped with inquiries from readers requesting all kinds of information, few of which include the required stamped self-addressed envelope or postcard. Such inquiries go on the very bottom of our mountainous stack of correspondence, to be answered only if we have time to include a short note with an issue. As we said, the magazine doesn't pay its own way so we feel it's up to the subscriber to pay the extra cost for answering such inquiries.

On the bright side, you might note that this issue we are experimenting with a different type face, which will allow us more wordage per page. We are also pleased to introduce Sheila Schwartz's new column "SF in Academe." With the upsurge of academic interest in SF in the past couple of years, we felt the phenomenon merited a column.

We are still in need of book and movie reviewers, as well as correspondents from all parts of the globe. We would like to hear from anyone that is interested in trying their hand at this sort of thing. We would also like to use more art work than we've been running recently, which means we need illustrations that fit into our format. Copy dimensions are given in the masthead. And we are always looking for information on out-of-the-way magazine and newspaper articles for "Have You Read."

Lilliputia

DRAT THE DRAGON by John McInnes. Drawings by Rosalie Davidson. Garrard Publ. Co., 1973. 40 p. \$2.89

My daughter used to be afraid of dragons until I read her this book. It is so charming and easy for a child to identify with that I cannot imagine any young child not enjoying this book. The pictures are all appealing and brightly colored and, except for the lack of a picture on either page 10 or 11, well distributed. Drat is a young dragon who runs away from cave in search of adventure. His adventures consist of discovering nature (and automobiles) and rescuing a possible princess, and finding his way back to his father and mother. This book may not be easy to find, but is definitely worth looking for.

—Joni Rapkin

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S SUPERNATURAL TALES OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE. Illus. by Robert Shore. Random House, 1973. 172 p. \$3.95. Age level: 10 up

I'm not usually a fan of supernatural and horror stories, but this collection has a fair sample of memorable stories. "The Strange Valley" is one of those time warp stories where past and present meet in a brief area and cause terror and mystery. "The Bronze Door" has gothic overtones with a strange door that people pass through and never return. "The Quest for 'Blank Claveringi'" is my personal favorite, being at once funny and terrifying wherein the hero gets his just rewards. "The Attic Express" is a Twilight Zone excursion into the world of miniaturization, where if wishes were steam engines a man could ride his hobby, and wish he hadn't. "The Parm" is lovely, sentimental. Of the rest of the stories, I found them lacking resolution, or actually cheating where a mystery is a mystery only by the fact that the writer conveniently withheld important facts. Nothing so dull as an unexplained mystery. . .

The illustrations nicely capture the core of each story. A varied and generally high quality collection by some well-known names (Raymond Chandler & Muriel Spark are two). The relatively low price makes it a must gift for your young child or teenage fan of the supernatural.

—Gail C. Futoran

DAR TELUM: STRANGER FROM A DISTANT PLANET by James R. Berry. Illus. by E. Scull. Walker, 1973. \$3.95. Age level: 7-11

Ralph unexpectedly makes telepathic contact with a creature from another star system, named Dar Tellum. Together they develop Ralph's telekinetic and telepathic abilities. It seems the earth is in trouble: smog is covering the earth, letting the heat of the sun in and not out, and as a result the ice caps are melting and the ocean level is rising, flooding some areas of the world. Ralph's father is one of the scientists who is working on the problem. Ralph tells Dar Tellum about the problem and he suggests an answer which Ralph writes out and slips in his dad's briefcase. The idea works! Ralph is invited to view the rocket blastoff that will carry the algae into space. Dar Tellum notices that the scientists are using the wrong kind of algae. Using their combined telekinetic ability, Ralph and Dar Tellum switch containers and as a result they save the world from disaster.

I liked reading this book; it was interesting and held my attention from beginning to end. Ralph seems to act his age which adds to the believability of the story. Sometimes I got the impression that too many ideas were competing for my attention at one time, but then it kept me from being bored. Highly recommended.

—Sandra Deckinger

DIG! A Journey Under the Earth's Crust, by John and Faith Hubley. Harcourt, 1973. Abt. 60 p. \$5.95. Age level: 7-11

As a rule I despise adaptations from movie to book or vice versa, having never seen one really well done. This book is not the exception. The illustrations are flat and there is terribly little dialog. As a matter of fact, I did see the TV special this came from—it was fair, the book is poor.

—Patricia Barresi

THE OTHER SIDE OF TOMORROW: Original Science Fiction Stories about Young People of the Future, ed. by Roger Elwood. Illus. by Herbert Danska. Random House, 1973. 207 p. \$3.95

This collection appears to be aimed at teenagers, and the overall tone is rather Winston Juvenile, despite the variety of authors.

There are some good ideas in the book, but the level of writing isn't quite up to them. The most effective of the stories are "The Speeders" by Arthur Tofte and "Peace, Love, and Food for the Hungry" by Gail Kimberly. The Tofte is a grim picture of the fate of a pair of punky speed demons when they've had one arrest too many. The Kimberly is about an impromptu colony of hippyish communards menaced by local life forms, and is, incidentally, the only story (of 9) with a female protagonist. I mention this particularly because this is an anthology with some pretensions to considering alternate future life styles. But all the stories seem to assume the continuation of conventional male/female roles, etc. In the one story (by Joseph Green) with a woman (the hero's mother) with an independent life, she is the one who resigns her job to be her son's secretary when he becomes famous.

Other writers in the volume are Leigh Brackett, Gordon Eklund, Edward D. Hoch, Raymond F. Jones, Thomas N. Scortia, and J. Hunter Holly. The Eklund and the Brackett were particularly disappointing, and if Scortia is not writing with tongue in cheek he should be ashamed of himself.

Plus factor: the illustrations are very striking.

Do pick this up in the library and skim through it, but I wouldn't buy the hardcover and I'd definitely hesitate when the paperback comes out.

—Leslie Bloom

CHILDREN OF INFINITY: Original Science Fiction Stories for Young Readers, ed. by Roger Elwood. Illus. by Jacqui Morgan. Franklin Watts, 1973. 178 p. \$5.95

SURVIVAL FROM INFINITY: Original Science Fiction Stories for Young Readers. Franklin Watts, 1974. 174 p. \$5.95

It is fashionable to ridicule, or at least dislike, Roger Elwood's anthologies, probably on the theory that anyone who is so prolific may have difficulty finding all that many really good stories to put between hard covers. To judge by these two anthologies, Elwood is trying hard to live up to his reputation for mediocrity—they are composed for the greater part of juvenile fiction of little merit. Most are as condescending as the common subtitle; although their authors seem to have had basically good story ideas, they lacked the confidence to write with their usual richness of vocabulary and complexity of plot. 'Young readers' are readers first and young second, and, once they attain a certain level of literacy, do not need to have materials watered down for them. Yes, they relate to stories with youthful protagonists, but only in credible situations. No child will accept the idea of a twelve-year-old being the first to make contact with an alien race because children have the necessary innocence. Innocence of what? Kids are as guilty of just about everything (except perhaps adultery) as adults are, if only in their imaginations, and the kids themselves are only too aware of that fact ("Meeting the Aliens on Algol vi" by Robin Schaeffer, in *Survival from Infinity*). Arthur Tofte's "Survival on a Primitive Planet" from the same volume is a prime example of a potentially good story, in fact, my only argument with it is that sixteen-year-old Inga so passively spends all her time tending the younger siblings and refusing to eat meat, while her seventeen-year-old brother takes all sorts of interesting risks. (Dear Mr. Tofte, Take it from me, little girls read sf too, and very few of them would behave like Inga, any more than their brothers would. Sincerely yours, a former little girl.) There are two unflawed stories between these two anthologies: Mary H. Schaub's "Serpentine," and "Reflection of a Star," by Raymond F. Jones, both in *Survival from Infinity*, but they do not redeem the other insults therein offered to children.

A word about the illustrations: I once heard a panel of illustrators unanimously agree that the first step in illustration is to read the story. Jacqui Morgan should have been in that audience.

—Charlotte Moslander

NORA'S TALE by Edith Vonnegut Rivera. Richard W. Baron, distr. by Dutton, 1973. 61 p. \$4.95

Written and illustrated by the somewhat famous "Pie" alias Edith Vonnegut Rivera (daughter of novelist Kurt and wife of WABC newsman-muckraker Geraldo). A story with seemingly little plot, this is a fable of Nora who makes beautiful children (& Things) who get destroyed by ugly Bertha, until she gets help from comfort and courage to rebuild everything. With sketchy black and white illustrations that don't inspire or amuse, this is a very disappointing book.

—Patricia Barresi

WELL MET BY WITCHLIGHT by Nina Beachcroft. Atheneum, 1973. 138 p. \$4.95. Age level: 8-12

Sarah, Lucy, and Christopher meet Mary, an elderly witch, one day in the woods outside their small English town. They are at loose ends because their grandmother is in the hospital and both their parents work. Mary is very friendly, a white witch, who is recuperating from having been confined in an old age home.

The conflict is between Mary, and a venomous witch who lives in a neighboring town—who tries to control the children and their mother as part of her fight with Mary.

The writing is brisk and deft. The book never becomes either cute or maudlin. And Mary is a delight. I do think, however, that the book is more for the younger reader than for the early adolescent.

—Leslie Bloom

GREAT MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES by Edward Edelson. Doubleday, 1973. 96 p. \$4.95 (paperback: Archway 29616, 1974. 75¢)

This is a casual history of monster movies, including both supernatural and science fictional monsters. I think it's aimed at a teenage market. The tone is somewhat whimsical, at times a bit patronizing, and there seem to be a few minor factual errors. I suppose the book is an adequate introduction to the field, but I can't really recommend it.

—Leslie Bloom

THE CAT WHO WISHED TO BE A MAN by Lloyd Alexander. Dutton, 1973. 107 p. \$4.95

This is a delightful fable. The young cat, Lionel, irritates his magician master into turning him into a man. As a very innocent young man, he goes to the rural town of Brightford which his master had left in disgust many years before because of the way the townsfolk had perverted his wizardly gifts to them. Lionel discovers that the townsfolk are being oppressed by Mayor Pursewig and his cohorts. Particularly the lovely young innkeeper Gillian. He also becomes involved with Dr. Tudbelly, a delightful charlatan.

No suggested age range is given, and none is really needed. The book is charming, and should appeal to anyone who enjoys good fantasy. My only criticism is that there are no interior illos. The jacket painting, by Laszlo Kubinyi, is excellent.

—Leslie Bloom

ON THE WAY HOME by Sandol Stoddard Warburg. Illus. by Dan Stolpe. Houghton Mifflin, 1973. 137 p. \$4.95. Age level: 10 up

A Boy lay sleeping, and awoke, and found a Bear. And they journeyed south, saw marvels, escaped many dangers, killed a monster or two, and had sorrow. Finally they reached a small Mediterranean village, and the Boy told his tale, which is herein repeated by the aged Teller of Tales of the village, who loved him.

This is simply a beautiful book. Half legend and half fairy tale, with a bit of epic thrown in perhaps. It's a book with a lot of sadness in it, and strangeness, and it has no end. The only 'juvenile' I can think to compare it to is *Wizard of Earthsea*, and I think I liked this better.

The illustrations are pen and ink chapter headings, and sustain the mood very well.

—Leslie Bloom

Reviews

TARZAN'S AFRICA by Mel Greifinger. Ballantine 20060, 1974. 137 x 91 cm. \$5.00

I was going to begin this review by typing the cry of the bull ape in capitals but I didn't know how to spell it (transliteration problems, you know). What we have here is a large poster (a map only by the greatest courtesy) showing on a yellow background the outline of Africa within which, against a backdrop of stylized jungle and desert, we have pictures of Tarzan engaged in Tarzanesque activities (killing, rescuing, etc.). Locations of both real cities and the imaginary lost cities in the stories are noted but at that scale for Africa the locations are meaningless. The map does not note from whence the artist has derived his locations for the lost cities.

Artistically this is better than the end paper map which used to be in the Grosset & Dunlap editions of Tarzan but it still is only for the Burroughs Buff (and I use that disgusting term deliberately). More intelligent folk will use the money to buy books.

—J. B. Post

LESLEIGH'S ADVENTURES DOWN UNDER (AND WHAT SHE DID THERE) by Lesleigh Luttrell. Weltanschauung Publications (525 W. Main St., Madison, Wis. 53703) 1974. 35 p. \$1.00 (proceeds to DUFF)

This slight mimeographed publication is the first person narration of the travels of Ms. Luttrell (famous femmefan) as the first Down Under Fan Fund winner. It's a pleasant little piece with no great intellectual pretensions but very readable and entertaining, if one likes travel narratives. Of course, it is a major fannish document, but that's no reason for reading it. The money, if you buy it, goes to a good cause. Most people would moderately enjoy reading it if nothing major presses.

—J. B. Post

INDEX TO PERRY RHODAN U.S. Edition 1-25. NESFA (Box G, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, Mass. 02139) 1973. 12 p. \$1.00

THE NESFA INDEX TO THE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES AND ORIGINAL ANTHOLOGIES 1973. NESFA, 1974. iv, 30 p. \$2.00

The NESFA Bibliographic Corps Strikes Again... And Again...

I guess somewhere there are Perry Rhodan fans who would want an index such as this but I'm glad I don't know any. Rhodanites are on a par with Trekkies as far as I'm concerned. Still, I think I can be objective about bibliographies even if I don't care for the biblios being graphed. What first put me off about this effort was not merely that it was mimeographed but that the pages in my copy were stapled out of sequence. This is obviously a stop-gap bibliography: ensuing editions will be necessary to keep up with the prolific output of the Rhodan factory. Perhaps an index to issues 1-100 might be worthwhile, but this effort is already dated and worthwhile only to the fanatic. On the positive side, it is fairly uniform with other NESFA bibliographies in style and it does give all sorts of information (possibly useless, but still information) like to whom a given issue is dedicated, cover artist, listing of contents by issue, the editorial personnel for the various issues, interior illustrators, index by title, index by author, pseudonyms, and some other lesser tid-bits.

The other item noted above is a far more important work. It supplements previous NESFA indexes covering back to 1951 for magazines and back to 1971 for original anthologies. The various approaches to the information were produced by computer manipulation of the basic data. The listings are a checklist of magazines and anthologies, a listing by magazine issue and anthology, a title listing and an author listing. Aside from the obvious abbreviations, other additional information includes cover artist(s) for magazines, publishers' addresses (both magazine and anthology), editor and cover artist for anthologies with an indication whether hardcover or paperbound. Book club editions are also noted. When considered as part of the ongoing NESFA effort, this is a very worthwhile index.

—J. B. Post

THE DRAGON KEEPERS by Rodney Hughes. Popular Library 00524, 1974. 207 p. 95¢

This one is a winner! A well-told, finely detailed story of the use and abuse of chemistry, this one is worth the money. Ruiz, an investigator for the Mexican Department of Internal Security, discovers that an experimental defoliant, LOR-3, used to clear the trees along a new highway site, has the worst sort of side effects on plant and animal life. His reports label him a madman, and he is institutionalized. Nobody will believe that the chemical creates carnivorous life forms out of ordinary fireflies, worms and everything else, up to and including the local natives. Ruiz is further suspected of killing a friend and colleague. The scenes in the institution and their commentary are extremely good, and Ruiz' escape and subsequent maneuvers to stop the manufacture of the chemical are fascinating. The problem is, of course, that Big Business is exerting a lot of pressure to keep Ruiz quiet.

Ultimately, Ruiz carries out his plan, but it is seen that even though he succeeds, the manufacturer finds ways to circumvent the effects. If I were to make a criticism, it might be to say the book tends to slow down in places where the author expounds some of his ideas. But they are worth considering, so in all, I think the book is worth reading—well worth reading.

—Michael L. McQuown

COMMUNE 2000 A.D. by Mack Reynolds. Bantam N8402, 1974. 181 p. 95¢

The year 2000 in United America has 90% of the population on the Universal Guaranteed Income with the remaining 10% actually working—selected by the National Data Bank computers from among the most qualified for any job, from machine supervisor to president of the nation. But something is wrong—communes are springing up like some wild growth, people are dropping out, they are even rejecting the free income.

Doctor Theodore Swain, a scholar in ethnology, needs a subject for his dissertation to lead to an Academician degree which will hopefully net him a job on job muster day. Over 30, he is still a student living off the generous U.G.I., but he believes in the work ethic and very much wants a position in his academic department. He is also an innocent in society. Unaware of dissension in utopia the the government's interest in it, when he is given the study of the communes as his dissertation topic, he lopes off with the eagerness and openness of a Saint Bernard puppy. Luckily Mack Reynolds' world is short on violence, which is a nice change. The worst that happens to Ted is that he is given a stiff dose of LSD when one commune wants to find out why he is investigating them.

What Ted doesn't realize is that there is an underground coalition dissatisfied with what goes on in the country. A plot by the ruling minority to take over completely and run things their own way is divulged. In other words, utopia cannot survive, however pleasant; a nation of sheep tends to breed wolves to prey upon them. All this is thrown at us in the last 11 pages of the book. Previously we see disparate communes, related to nonpolitical themes: art, homosexuality, physical fitness, nudism, the Walden existence, education, etc., each interest group "going to hell in its own way." When in the 11th hour we find out that these communes not only have a nationwide communications network but also a common cause, we are a bit incredulous.

"It needs something big to get it together," one of the underground leaders admits. Boy, does it. If ever humans were lazy and self-centered, put them all on a free salary and they'll become even more so, even when top government officials admit on tape that they plan to disenfranchise 90% of the population. That's not enough to convince all those millions of free spirits to take concerted action, which is what we are led to believe will happen.

As a revolutionary tract *Commune 2000 A.D.* fails, but I doubt revolution is the writer's intent. Swain's loss of political innocence is the aspect of the book most highly developed, although we are led to expect a little more on the revolutionary aspect. The book is slickly and humorously written, and is immensely entertaining. For once a writer creates a society where sex is truly liberated, then proceeds to write scenes illustrating just that. Swain's sexual encounters are casual and fun, and not overplayed. As a bonus, he develops a lasting interest in one character, and she in him, which is only natural no matter how liberated we become; it's the nature of the beast.

—Gail C. Futoran

ALSO RECEIVED:

- Asimov on Astronomy, by Isaac Asimov. Anchor A927. \$3.50
The Case of Mary Fielding, by Margaret Erskine. Ace 09216, 1974. 95¢
Cemetery World, by Clifford D. Simak. Berkley Medallion 02626, July. 95¢ (hardcover: Putnam, 1973. \$5.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 49)
Children of Tomorrow, by A. E. Van Vogt. Ace 10411, Feb. \$1.25 (orig. 1970. reviewed LUNA Monthly 31)
Cycle of Fire, by Hal Clement. Ballantine 24368, Feb. \$1.50 (orig. 1957)
Edgar Rice Burroughs: Master of Adventure, by Richard Lupoff. Ace 18771, Jan. \$1.25 (orig. 1968)
Entry to Elsewhen, by John Brunner. DAW UY1154, Jan. \$1.25 (coll. orig. 1972)
The Exorcism of Jenny Slade, by Dorothy Daniels. Pocket 78747, Dec. \$1.50
Hazard, by Gerald A. Browne. Pocket 78725, Nov. \$1.50 (hardcover: Arbor House, 1973. \$7.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 51)
Here Abide Monsters, by Andre Norton. DAW UY1134, Oct. \$1.25 (hardcover: Atheneum, 1973. \$5.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 54)
The Infinite Cage, by Keith Laumer. Berkley Medallion 02582, July. 95¢ (hardcover: Putnam, 1972. \$5.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 48)
The Iron Dream, by Norman Spinrad. Equinox 22509. \$1.95 (orig. 1972. reviewed LUNA Monthly 41/42)
The Last Days of the Late, Great State of California, by Curt Gentry. Ballantine Comstock 24342, Jan. \$1.95 (6 ptg, hardcover: Putnam, 1968. \$6.95)
The Lazarus Curse, by Noel Vreeland Carter. Popular Library 00223, 1974. \$1.25
Macroscopic, by Piers Anthony. Avon 22145, Jan. \$1.75. (orig 1969. reviewed LUNA Monthly 16)
The Mad World of William M. Gaines, by Frank Jacobs. Bantam Y7841, 1973. \$1.95 (hardcover: Lyle Stuart, 1972. \$7.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 45)
Perry Rhodan 61: Death Waits in Semispace, by Kurt Mahr. Ace 66044, Jan. 95¢
Perry Rhodan 62: The Last Days of Atlantis, by K. H. Scheer. Ace 66045, Jan. 95¢
Perry Rhodan 63: The Tigris Leaps, by Kurt Brand. Ace 66046, Feb. 95¢
Perry Rhodan 64: The Ambassadors from Aurigel, by Kurt Mahr. Ace 66047, Feb. 95¢
A Pocket Guide to the Supernatural, by Raymond Buckland. Ace 67401, Feb. \$1.25 (orig. 1969)
The R-Master, by Gordon R. Dickson. DAW UY1155, Feb. \$1.25 (hardcover: Lippincott, 1973. \$6.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 52)
The Star Beast, by Robert A. Heinlein. Ace 78001, Feb. \$1.25 (orig. 1954)
Starman Jones, by Robert A. Heinlein. Ballantine 24354, Feb. \$1.50 (orig. 1953)
Starship, by Brian W. Aldiss. Avon 22558. \$1.25 (5 ptg, orig. 1958)
The Stone That Never Came Down, by John Brunner. DAW UY1150, Jan. \$1.25 (hardcover: Doubleday, 1973. \$5.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 54)
The Tar-Aiym Krang, by Alan Dean Foster. Ballantine 24085, Feb. \$1.50 (orig. 1972. reviewed LUNA Monthly 51)
Times Without Number, by John Brunner. Ace 81271, Feb. 95¢ (orig. 1969. reviewed LUNA Monthly 15)
The Witch of Murray Hill, by Stephanie Hall. Popular Library 00591, 1974. 95¢

INDEX TO FEATURES

Coming Events	10	New Books	20
Editorial	26	News	15, 19, 26
Have You Read?	11	Reviews	12, 27, 30
International	6	SF and the Arts	18
Interview	1	SF in Academe	16

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