



No. 61

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Leigh Brackett: An Interview

Conducted by Paul Walker

What is Edmond Hamilton *really* like?

Brilliant, of course, with immensely wide-ranging interests. A formidably knowledgeable bibliophile; he can tell you every edition of every book of any note, no matter how obscure, published since Gutenberg started the whole business, and from memory. He has a steel-trap memory. Nothing read is ever lost, and he has read nearly everything. He has an independent mind, forms his own opinions, and is not impressed by prevailing modes of thought.

He has never, to my knowledge, lost a friend.

He is extremely conscientious about his work. I've seen him throw away the result of many days' hard labor because he thought it wasn't good enough. He has done many stories, probably more than most writers, on order; to fit a cover, or a particular need—the sort of assignment that is sometimes referred to as hack-work, but I have never known him to 'hack' a story, i.e., to write it cynically, without care, without pleasing himself or trying to please the reader. He gives his best to everything he does, which in my book means true professionalism: the ability to turn out a story to order and still make it *good*.

He has never learnt properly how to tie his shoelaces.

He is unimaginative in his dress (brown suits, brown slacks, brown sport coat, tan shirts, white for special occasions, one black suit for banquets) but he is fastidious in the extreme. Getting him rigged out to go somewhere is worse than habiting a seventeen-year-old girl for her first prom.

He is a creature of habit, like a cat. He placed the furniture; it has never been moved. He loathes housecleaning, doesn't mind a reasonable amount of dust, but insists on neatness. No jackets tossed on chairs, etc.

He loves the country. He does not like big cities. He prefers to visit with a few friends at a time, rather than many.

He promised me when we married that, though I might have to pull the plough, he would never ride it. He never has. But he will not work in the garden, except to run the cultivator now and again if I don't catch him in time; he sometimes fails to note where the weeds leave off and the young beans and potatoes begin. He enjoys mowing and spends

hours at it. He is not a good carpenter, and where work of that sort is concerned tends to be impatient rather than methodical.

He enjoys travelling, but it must be done with a purpose, to see someone or some place of especial interest. On ordinary brief jaunts, the same place is inevitably a bookstore.

He does not like to eat out. No comment.

He has great charm and a fine sense of humor.

Life with him has not been dull.

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About two writers under the same roof . . . As Ed says, he always had to know what the last line of the story was going to be. He was a natural-born genius on construction. I, on the other hand, had always worked in exactly the opposite way. I was a great one for openings, never knew where I was going until I got there, and if I tried to think ahead and outline I simply killed the story. Of course, I acquired quite a lot of half-stories, where I had written myself into a box and nary a way out. This difference in approach led to some interesting results on our first attempt at collaborating.

Just after we were married, I had an order for a novel from *Startling Stories*. I had an idea for an opening and plunged in with zest, wrote three or four chapters, and gave it to Ed to read. "Fine," he said, "now where do you go from here?" I had no idea and told him so. "That," he said, "is the goddamnest way to write a story I ever heard of." "Well," I said, "that's the way I write them." Another two chapters, and I was stuck. Finally I swallowed my pride and asked what he thought. He read what I had written and said, "Here's where you went wrong, way back here in chapter two. There should be a Dhuvian on the ship." (This was *The Sword of Rhiannon*, and it may have been chapter three.) Anyway, it meant throwing out a lot of hard work and starting over, and I didn't like it, but he was right.

We found out that we couldn't collaborate in the accepted way, though we have written things for each other over the years. But working with him, reading each other's

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stories and exchanging ideas, I learned a great deal about how to construct a story. Part of the impetus, of course, was simply necessity. One had to turn out a certain amount of work in order to eat, and one learnt by doing! Now I find no difficulty in outlining, if I have to, though I generally do it in my head.

As to other aspects of home life, one thing was understood from the start. Work came first. Housework, cooking, the etceteras came second. If he had demanded an immaculate housekeeper, we'd both have been sunk. We like a tidy house, but we're not perfectionists. The demands of the typewriter are still paramount, for both of us. Another necessity was separate work-rooms. It is essential to be alone. We also know that there are times when a writer must rest from writing, to let the well fill up again, and so we never prod each other.

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The Bracketts settled in New England in 1630 and never left it. My father was born at Portsmouth, N.H. He and his parents moved to Pasadena, California around, I believe, 1890.

The Douglasses came to Ulster County in New York around 1725, and moved westward over the generations, arriving eventually in Missouri, specifically St. Louis, where my mother was born. She and her parents also arrived in Pasadena circa 1890.

Both of my mother's grandfathers were millionaires. By the time I came along all that had gone with the wind, leaving only a few relics in the shape of pieces of furniture too massive to be contained in any ordinary house (a 14-foot high grandfather clock, for instance, which required special bracing and could only barely scrouch itself onto the stair-landing of my grandfather's little beach house, a far cry from his Pasadena mansion) and some oddments of bric-a-brac. My grandfather, Archibald Douglass, was the finest and most wonderful of men, but he had no head for business. Worst of all, he trusted people, and California's vultures are a uniquely talented and busy breed. His inheritance didn't stay with him long.

The Douglasses picked up a strain of native American blood to go with the imported Scotch (it's interesting to note how much better the Scots got on with the Indians than did the English) . . . one Mohawk in New York, one Sioux farther west. Of two of my Douglass cousins, brothers (I have a third, but he lives in Texas and I've never met him) one is sandy-brown and blue-eyed and round-faced, like me. The other is dark and aquiline.

My father died in the flu epidemic of '18, just three weeks short of my third birthday. (I was born 7 December 1915, in Los Angeles). I have no memory of him. I am told by people who knew him that he was a fine young man. Judging from his photographs, and from what my mother and others have told me, I resemble him very strongly in features and build. My mother was a frail, lovely, little Dresden doll, which I do not resemble. My father had considerable talent as a writer. I found a batch of his manuscripts, years after I had myself become a writer . . . it was almost uncanny, our minds ran in such similar tracks. He was only 30 when he died, and had not had time, with the responsibilities of a wife and child, to realise his ambition. He was a CPA. I did not inherit his head for figures.

Grandfather Douglass took in my mother and me, and he was thereafter *in loco parentis*. We cordially disliked each other in those years; he too grim and remote, me too brash and rebellious. I was a horrible child, thoroughly spoilt by my Brackett grandparents, and given to bodily attacks on people when I was crossed. Grandmother Douglass took this out of me with the flat side of an ivory hairbrush, and I've been the better for it ever since. So much for child psychology! In later years, when we had both mellowed, I came to adore my grandfather. We had a wonderful relationship.

Not so with my mother, who was possessive, dependent, and domineering. The proverbial daisy with a ten-penny-nail for a stem. My schooling was erratic; nevertheless, it wasn't at all bad, and I was from an early age an omnivorous reader. In some areas I suppose I can say that I educated myself. I was bright enough in school, but inclined to be bull-headed and stubborn when I was bored with a subject. In spite of obstacles . . . childhood illnesses I can barely remember, and moving about from place to place . . . I did manage to get through grammar school and did four years of high school in three. I was offered a college scholarship but for various reasons did not take advantage of it.

As to religion . . . Theoretically, I was brought up High-Church Episcopal. My mother was extremely devout. She was also extremely eclectic. She ignored those portions of Holy

Writ with which she did not agree, and was always angry with clergymen over the content of their sermons. In addition, the nearest church was inconveniently far away . . . we had no car (hardly anybody did, in those days), and we lived on a remote stretch of beach (which is now threatening to sink under the weight of wall-to-wall condominiums). So I was spared much organized church-going. As a child, religion always made me uncomfortable (God is *watching* you!) and I couldn't reconcile some of the attitudes in the Bible stories I was given with the exactly opposite attitudes expressed in the non-Bible stories I read. G. A. Henty would hardly have approved of Jacob. It was all very puzzling. As I grew older and began to read widely in mythology and comparative religion . . . I was always fascinated by exotic histories and their inextricably intertwined religions . . . I became even more puzzled, and the more all my questions were explained away, the more I began to doubt the explanations. In the end I decided that I would never know what *really* lies Beyond until I got there, and hoped I would be a long time finding out. In the meantime, I sacrifice to the Unknown God, and I have some personal notions which, as I say, will one day be put to the test. But I came quite clearly to understand why Adam was forbidden the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

I had a very happy childhood. A large part of, and by far the best part, was spent on those lonely beaches. I loved the sea and the wind, the openness and freedom. It was a wonderful place to grow up. I spent some of my happiest hours sitting all by myself on the stringer of a jetty, way out at the end, with my bare feet in the Pacific, staring at the horizon and thinking tremendous thoughts. There were other youngsters and I played with them, but I was never lonely when I was alone.

Other periods of these childhood years were spent with Great-Aunt Sarah and Uncle George. They had Money. They lived at the Fairmont in San Francisco, and sometimes they travelled. Aunt Sarah was Not Well, and she was alone a lot due to Uncle's business. My mother companioned her, with, perforce, me. At an early age I was coping with the etiquette of formal dining and acquiring a totally useless taste for *fois gras* and truffles. I saw a good deal of the country, and the Canal Zone, and got it pounded through my head that there were other places and other people beyond my own dooryard; I was very fortunate in this.

At home, with my grandfather, we lived frugally. But I preferred the beach. I could get free of the grown-ups there. The company of Ladies can become trying, especially when one's own feet and hands grow too large and *capable*, and one's skin lacks that transparent pallor. I just never made it, in that league. Druther go fishing.

On or about my eighth year, a milestone event occurred and changed my entire life. Someone gave me a copy of Burroughs' *The Gods of Mars*. I had always refused to read girls' books. I liked stories where things *happened*, the wilder and more exotic the better. I knew all about Indians and pirates and Fuzzy-Wuzzies and Mowgli's jungle, and the terrible charge of the Highland men. But suddenly, at one blazing stroke, the veil was rent and I had a glimpse of the cosmos. I cannot tell you what a tremendous effect that idea of *Mars*, another planet, a strange world, had upon my imagination. It set me firmly on the path toward being a science-fiction writer. From then on, I could not get enough of fantasy.

Films played a very important part in my life then, too. They always have. Douglas Fairbanks was my idol, and it was because of him that I first began to write. I was desperate for more about Zorro (or it may have been Don Q) and there wasn't any more, so I decided to make up a story myself. I wrote it in pencil on little scraps of paper. It wasn't very long.

Oddly enough, when I did start writing with the definite intent of making that my career, I didn't start with science fiction. I had reached the ripe age of 13. I was going to have to make my way in the world. What could be more pleasant, I thought, or easier . . . I thought . . . than writing stories and having people buy them? One could write anywhere, one would be free of routine, etc., etc. So I began writing. I wrote novels, plain godawful novels, and short stories that had only their brevity to recommend them. I don't think anybody bothered to read them . . . they were handwritten . . . I sincerely hope they didn't. Certainly nobody bought them. The business of education began to take up more of my time. I taught swimming at a couple of summer sessions, and I liked it, and I was good at it; I considered doing that for a living. I became fascinated by the study of speech and drama; I

did everything, including sweep the stage, and I loved it. I had a real falir for acting, and I considered the stage as a career. But I couldn't see what parts I was going to play, not being the ingenue type, and at the same time far too young for character parts. And of course the entire family went right out through the roof *en bloc* when I mentioned the possibility; it was one of the few things they ever agreed on.

So I stayed with writing. And my beloved grandfather made that possible by underwriting me when I ought to have been out looking for a job. I broke my heart trying to write stories about people I didn't know, in places I had never seen, competing in my innocence with the likes of John Buchan and Talbot Mundy and P.C. Wren, and getting just as far as you might imagine. Finally I faced it . . . science fiction was what I really wanted to write, even though everyone had discouraged me . . . it was a small, miserable, low-paying market, with the reverse of prestige, in those days, but I decided I didn't care. It was something I felt I *could* write; if I had never been to Mars, why, then, dammit, who had?

Time was running out on me. I couldn't go on being a hopeful writer-to-be forever, out of Grandfather's pocket. As a last desperate measure I gambled on Laurence D'Orsay and his agency-cum-writing-course, and it was the most fortunate thing I ever did. Henry Kuttner was reading for Laurence then, and he took a special interest in my limping efforts at sf and fantasy, writing me long and detailed criticisms on his own time. If it hadn't been for Hank, I might never have made it; it would certainly have taken me much longer. In 1939, just ten years after I first decided to choose this ridiculously easy career, I sold my first story, to Campbell's *Astounding*.

Hank did more. He introduced me to LASFS, where I met the science-fiction world, both fan and professional, and made friendships that have lasted ever since, with Ray Bradbury, Jack Williamson, Forrie Ackerman, and others . . . Heinlein, Willy Ley, Cleve Cartmill . . . all invaluable in sparking my own imagination and ambition. And, of course, Ed Hamilton.

I floundered for a time and finally got my feet under me and began selling regularly to the sf magazines. I was not prolific enough, and the field was not large enough, to support my obligations, so branched out into the crime and detective field, which was my second love. My first full-length, hard-bound novel was a murder mystery, Hammett-Chandler-&-well-water but done with love. It set no worlds afire, but Howard Hawks read it and liked the dialogue, and I found myself suddenly, in 1944, working for him on the script of *The Big Sleep*, which was the beginning of my in-and-out film-writing career.

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Was the fact that religion always made me uncomfortable as a child a possible source for "The Long Tomorrow"? No, I don't think so, though I suppose that attitude made it possible for me to write from that viewpoint. Down through the years I acquired a detestation for organized religions, the true revealed truth; considerable reading of history brought that about. But the immediate spring-board for "The Long Tomorrow" was the Amish culture, to which I was exposed for the first time when I went back to Pennsylvania/Eastern Ohio. Their ability to function magnificently without any of the so-called necessities of modern civilization, such as electricity (which I may add that I personally like very much) made me think that they would be uniquely fitted to lead, if only by example, a post-atomic-war population left high and dry by the break-down of all those complicated systems by which we live.

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Regarding the LASFS days . . . well. Bradbury was an ebullient kid, bursting at the seams with drive and talent that he hadn't yet learnt to control, a maker of horrible puns, making a living selling papers, dressed usually in faded-blue denims, and confining himself to a diet of hamburgers and pineapple malts . . . a far cry from the gourmet of today. He and I, of course, became close friends and spent many a Sunday at the beach going over each other's manuscripts, talking writing and science fiction . . . a couple of thirsty castaways in a cultural desert. Sf wasn't popular or respectable in those days. Ackerman was an incredibly handsome youth, also given . . . as he still is . . . to making even more horrible puns than Ray, and more of them. Heinlein was urbane, courteous, a great raconteur, and though I

never knew him very well I had the pleasure of attending a few of the "evenings" on Lookout Mountain, which were immensely stimulating. Willy Ley I met only once in those days, though I came to know him better in later years; he was Willy, slimmer and darker then, and quite charming: I remember telling him how much I had enjoyed "The Lungfish and the Unicorn." Occasionally, the *rara avis* from other places would drop in: Ed, Jack Williamson, Doc Smith. Jack was tall and shy and Jimmy-Stewartish, Ed was breezy and articulate, both of them great to talk to. Doc only came once that I remember, and was so lionized that I can't say for sure that I even met him. Later, of course, Ed and I both came to love him; there was never a finer man.

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Working habits. Normally, I get to the typewriter first thing in the morning; otherwise, the day is generally lost. Normally I work all morning. I seldom work in the afternoon, unless the pressure is extreme. I sometimes work at night, though not as much as I used to; I don't know why, exactly.

I do my outlining in my head, usually, but I do make notes of what I've been thinking, lest some precious jewel be lost. Sometimes I stick to the outline, sometimes not. As to revision . . . some stories write themselves fairly easily. Others do not, and the final version will be far more rewriting than writing. I love it when a chapter flows out sweetly the first time, requiring no more than a light polish. I hate it when I have to do the damn thing over eight times before it's right, but I do it, cursing and sweating. The odd part of it is that there seems to be little difference in the end product; one reads much like the other.

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Principal source of ideas for sf. God knows. ERB obviously kicked me off toward Mars. Often something one reads, sometimes only a line or a phrase, will jog the mind. Generally there are a number of ideas in the pot, only partially jelled. Sometimes a place, or the atmosphere of a place, will serve as inspiration; sometimes a character, or something in ancient history or prehistory or myth or religion. But it's impossible to say *how* the process works. I enjoy constructing worlds and trying to work out the physical and psychological aspects as logically as possible.

The thing that for me has always set sf apart from all other forms of writing is that old "sense of wonder." Where else can I voyage among the "great booming suns of outer space" (now there's a phrase for you, and pure Hamilton at that . . . if the great suns don't boom, they damn well ought to!) shoot the fiery nebulae, and make planetfall anywhere I please? Where else can I escape so completely? Sure, it's escape fiction, and I love it.

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How did I come to write screenplays? I wrote a book, a hardboiled mystery, which was published in 1944. Howard Hawks read it and liked the dialogue. He was somewhat shaken to discover that it was Miss and not Mr. Brackett, but put me under contract nevertheless, and set me to work on *The Big Sleep*. In later years I did four more films for him, plus some other scripts which he didn't do himself, and one still unproduced. We got along fine, though not without moments of frustration on my part. Writing for the screen is a team effort, and there's only one boss. There are times when what one feels are one's best ideas go gurgling down the drain, and oddly enough, sometimes the producer is right.

The life of a screenwriter is totally different from the life of a novelist in one important respect. The novelist works alone, in a room with the door shut, and he is God at his own typewriter. The screenwriter does a great deal of his work in conference with other people and he isn't God anywhere. He must learn to think on his feet, to advance ideas and not be wounded when they're turned down, to do the best he can with material he doesn't always exactly love, and he must learn to cope with all the extraneous facts of life connected with film-making that do not concern a novelist . . . such as budget, the personalities and capabilities of the actors who will clothe his characters with flesh; such as the practicalities of locations and why a scene that ought to be a night scene will have to be a day scene because of production difficulties, etc., etc. Plus the personality of the producer and *his* taste in story telling. Plus that faceless demon that used to be known as the Front Office; it presided over the budget and was quite brutal about saying NO. (Hawks didn't have this problem, or at least I didn't have it, which was one reason why it was good to

work for him; you only had to please one man, instead of a handful, which can be frustrating indeed.)

A screenplay can be born in a number of ways. I've worked from novels, unpublished short stories, unproduced film scripts, published short stories, and original ideas, sometimes mine, sometimes someone else's. The chief satisfaction is in doing a good job of putting all the pieces together, taking the disparate parts and making it look as though it grew that way. When everybody is happy including the audience, you're home free.

One other great satisfaction, of course, is the paycheck. It poultices a lot of bruises.

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As to the statement that science fiction and swashbuckling sword-and-sorcery is no profession for a woman . . . I don't know who made that statement, but it's hogwash, as anyone who has ever read Evangeline Walton would know. I used to get letters in the letter columns of the old mags when I first began, saying that a woman couldn't write sf, and I thought it was just about as sensible as saying that a one-legged man is incapable of playing the violin. They had a right to complain about my early stories, which were not very good. As soon as I learned to write, I didn't hear any more about that.

I cannot answer for any other writer of sf and/or fantasy, male or female, as to what attracts whom and why. Some men write very gadget-heavy stories. Others write the most delicate and lovely fantasies. Some women write about the problems of childbirth on heavy planets, others write of the storming of Valhalla. To each his own. I can name you top sf writers, male, from Kipling to Bradbury, who didn't have a spoonful of science to rattle in their heads. I can name you male sf writers who have never swung even so much as a mattock, let alone a two-handed sword. So what? Having been married now for more than 27 years, I suppose I can say this without being thought peculiar, but I have never in my life thought of myself as A Woman. I was always *me*, an individual, free-standing and in the round. Whatever I do or think or feel, I do or think or feel it not as some component of a mass group, but as myself. I have always refused to be bound by stereotyping, or limited by any other limitations than my own. To me, my sex has never been of the slightest importance outside of the bedroom. I have always been physically active. I have swung a mattock, and I can extrapolate from that a two-handed sword, because I know how the shock feels in the back and shoulders and the eye-teeth. More than once I have fought the ocean for my life, so I can extrapolate other fights. Actually, since the events we write about are so far removed from the actual experiences of 99% of the readers anyway . . . how many of them have stormed Valhalla in their byrnies, or fought baresark? . . . that even a sedentary person can dream it up with complete conviction out of whole cloth. Writers, male or female, for instance, who write historical novels of the Crusades, let us say, must trust to the imagination.

As to men being action-oriented and women place-oriented, I don't see how you can have the one without the other. I am action-oriented. But place is very important since it is a determining factor in the action and in the people who do the action. One of my characters in "Ginger Star," when he was asked how he and his people would feel about emigrating to a better world, answered, "The land shapes us. If we were in another place, we would be another people." I don't see how you can avoid the interlocking. The culture of the Hopi could never have grown in Scandinavia, and if England had been the Sahara, things would have been different there as well. When I create a people I have first to create the place, the environment in which they live, because that dictates what they eat and how they get their food, what sort of clothes they wear, what sort of houses they build, what sort of gods they worship, and what sort of people they are. A room, a hall, a building is important because it reflects the personality of the builder. Tolkien, for instance, was immensely aware of "place." So was Eddison.

Speaking purely as an individual, sf and fantasy appealed to me because they were so splendidly free and "other" . . . removed from the mundane and boring world in which I lived my daily life. It was an extension, or a coefficient, of the fascination of exotic histories, archaeology and anthropology, which also twanged a sympathetic string when I was exposed to them through Breasted's *The Ancient World* (I think that's the title) in about the 7th grade, or it may have been the 6th.

What do I think of women in sf? Exactly as I think of men. If I like a story, I like it. If I don't, I don't. It doesn't matter to me who wrote it.

I have never been discriminated against because of my sex, that I know of. Editors aren't buying sex, they're buying stories. As regards the films, I suppose I could have gone around beating my breast because I was only being paid about one-quarter of what Jules Furthman was getting on *Rio Bravo* . . . but Jules had been writing film scripts literally before I was born, and had a mountain of top credits, and so I kind of assumed he was worth more than I was. As I went on learning my trade and came to be worth more, I was paid more. I've always got on splendidly with the men I've worked with. I think because I'm concerned only with the job in hand and not the man/woman game. The jealousy and spite I've encountered, oddly enough, has been almost entirely from women, most of them non-professionals . . . the cat-toothed smile and the sweet, "My, how I wish I was smart like you and could write all those books . . . dumb me, I just had five kids," sort of thing, but occasionally from pros: one militant feminist actress with whom I found myself, to my dismay, on a panel, who said sneeringly that the men allow a few women to *write* for them, and an equally militant writer who said that *some* women write like *men* and therefore can get employment in the male-dominated industry. I stay as far away as I can from that lot, which I'm sure has not made me more popular with the women's group in the Guild. I despise the term "woman writer." I am not a woman writer. I am a writer, period. That I happen also to be a woman is beside the point.

My advice to young women who might be doubtful about taking up sf as a career, is simply this . . . if you want to write science fiction, write it, and why the hell be doubtful?

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As to what I consider my "worst" and "best" stories. Well, there are several stories, particularly among my earlier efforts, that are about neck and neck for the "worst" award. As to the "best" . . . a writer is generally the worst possible judge of what is his best work, and in any case, what he might consider to be his best today would not be his choice in ten or twenty years' time. I have my own favorites, of course, but whether or not they would rank as my best. . . . One always hopes that one learns and grows and does better, so that prayerfully one's latest effort may also be one's "best" to date.

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AWARDS The Science Fiction Foundation has announced a new award to be given annually for the best criticism published by a single author during the calendar year. To be picked by a panel of judges, the criticism can be anything from a series of newspaper reviews to a full-scale book. The first award, to be presented at Mancon (Easter Science Fiction Convention, 1976), will cover work published during 1974-1975. Nominations may be sent to Science Fiction Foundation, North East London Polytechnic, Longbridge Road, Dagenham, Essex RM8 2AS, England.

The 1975 August Derleth awards, presented by the British Fantasy Society, were as follows: Novel - *THE SWORD AND THE STALLION* by Michael Moorcock. Runners-up - *A QUEST FOR SIMBILIS* by Shea, *SHARDIK* by Adams. Short Story - "Sticks" by Karl Edward Wagner. Runners-up - "The Seventeen Virgins" by Jack Vance, "Ghoul's Garden" by John Jakes. Film - *The Exorcist*. Runner-up - *Fantastic Planet*. (Locus)

A MODEST PROPOSAL FULFILLED Greenwood Press has recently announced the availability of fourteen science fiction periodicals on microfilm. Published from 1926 to 1945, the titles included are *Amazing Stories*, *Amazing Stories Annual*, *Amazing Stories Quarterly*, *Comet*, *Cosmic Stories*, *Dynamic Science Stories*, *Fantastic Adventures*, *Miracle Stories*, *Planet Stories*, *Science Fiction*, *Science Fiction Quarterly*, *Science Wonder Stories/Wonder Stories*, *Science Wonder Quarterly/Wonder Stories Quarterly*, and *Stirring Science Stories*. Prices range from \$15.00 to \$895 per title; \$1,750 for the entire set. For information write to Greenwood Press, 51 Riverside Ave., Westport, Conn. 06880.



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by Mark Purcell

STAR (Psi Cassiopeia) by C. I. Defontenay. Tr. by P. J. Sokolowski. DAW UY1200, 1975. 191 pp. \$1.25

Serious sf collectors have been aware of the first English-language edition material that Donald Wollheim's DAW paperback firm has been marketing. DAW and P.J. Sokolowski have now put in English the most important historical rediscovery of our whole decade.

Charles Defontenay died the year his *Star*¹ and a separate book of plays was published (1854), in his 37th year. Like many industrial-age writers, he was medically trained. He published a scientific treatise which he characteristically re-titled later as "Treasure of Beauty." As this incident and *Star* both show, he was involved in the main aesthetic crisis of his century: the reconciliation of the psychic split between "science"/"reality" and "art"/"beauty." The most ambitious and climactic of the short plays and poems interpolated in this book, the Poe-ian "poem in prose," *Elia*, is a simple intergalactic moral allegory on this subject—like a revision of Sir Philip Sidney's Renaissance *Arcadia* by Asimov or Clarke.

The fiction reviewer's ordinary problem—being interesting and relevant without retelling plots—doesn't arise in criticizing *Star*. Defontenay wrote a kind of Stapledonian epic based formally not on the contemporary Victorian-2d Empire novel; but on the early traditional tribal folk "history." One subtitle, to Book IV ("Exodus and Deuteronomy"), implies a Biblical model. *Star*'s "history" is the story of the recuperation of several tribes from a huge mass disaster and slaughter; and their "happy" rearrangement on a colonial relationship between separate races or semi-species. (The cover illo concerns *Celsinore*, one of the interpolated "dramas" by which Defontenay intends to sketch social mores.) The book then consists mainly of sociological, geological, biological and religious speculation.

Star antedates both Wells and Verne of course. But it verifies the sf-history argument of European students like Suvin or Rottensteiner, about the original utopian impulse of sf. (Or, if you like, its interest in social controls, managing people.) The "personal" plots in *Star*—they generally belong to the interpolated p&p—are thin in tension. Defontenay is projecting, not the "Platonic" social ideal, but the ideal of an 1854 (anti-clerical) intellectual; and he is very reluctant to integrate tension-causing elements *permanently* into his invented society. In *Elia* and in the two interpolated "plays," Boy Gets Girl. Unruly servants, sexually frustrated old men, are disposed of. One of the plays (*Celsinore*) I suspect was inspired by the "serious" 19th-century Parisian theatre (Racine, Scribe, Shakespeare, Verdi's operas); yet even here Defontenay can't resist a happy ending.

Nevertheless, these literary interpolations and the plotless main "plot" end, paradoxically, by making *Star* seem a recent contribution to the New Wave. This is only an accident in the synchronization of fashions in literary cycles. What some unhistorical readers may consider the libbie heroine of *Elia*, for instance—an Orson Welles all-purpose girl performer of music, ballet, the arts and theatre—is merely Defontenay's 1-girl combination of all the female box office types of the 19th century: Lind, Rachel, Sand. If Defontenay's art vs. science split still suits our contemporary curriculum and our popular mythology, that's regrettable. Biographies and psychology studies long ago revealed that mental types don't divide this way. (Music=math; art=applied science. Theoretical vs. applied, is the real division. The catchall term, "science"—probably just replacing "natural philosophy" in Defontenay's own time—causes much of the confusion.)

Star is persistently conscientious about a reasonable fictional scientific background for whatever flora or fauna he invents. Compare the science of his "explanation" at the beginning with the quite comparable openings of *John Carter of Mars* or even *First Men in the Moon*. In fact, *Star* gives one the feel of being a possible stockpile of ideas for the later fiction of Defontenay's own century that Bruce Franklin researched; as Stapledon's books were for us in the 1930's. The 19th-century sf academic is now committed to checking this out.

You can buy the original French text, since Denoël reissued it as a "Présence du Futur" in April 1972. The Library of Congress catalogues a copy of the original edition at Harvard; and LC itself probably owns a copy of Denoël's. I didn't check, after Donald Wollheim sent me (1973) a reader's copy for my recommendation.

1. *Star* is the original French title. He just liked the word, and employed it, illegally, for both his planet and his planetary system (pp. 30-31).

INVISIBLE CITIES, by Italo Calvino. Tr. by William Weaver (Italian, 1972). Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1974. 165 pp. \$6.50

The narrative convention of this plotless "novel," its framework, is a continuing dialogue between a young Marco Polo ("young" after 55 journeys!) and the great Kublai Khan, whose main topic is the variety of the many imperial cities, which would of course be more familiar to the historical Khan than to a visiting young Venetian. Calvino's aim is not then the accurate historical novelist's. He only wants a thematic character-contrast between two opposite types of mentalities, their respective attitudes and images of human society.

The great cities are beautifully and lucidly imagined, and translated by William Weaver into a smooth mandarin prose. No doubt *Invisible Cities* remains a book more suitable for mainstream literary prizes than a Hugo or Nebula. But in the course of his fantasticating, Calvino makes many conceptual or psychological points more truly intellectual than most of the hoked-up "science" that still pads out most official sf. And despite its obvious connections with the postwar international literary *avant-garde*, *Invisible Cities* is readable; not "compulsively" readable, because there's no plot momentum, only a thin thematic development that breaks down (only towards the end) into moralizing at the reader.

Calvino's Marco Polo imagines and projects for his bored Khan a series of different cities. These begin in the romanticized or primeval past of socialized man; but even towards the very end of the book, there appears a city laid out on sound oldfashioned conservative astrological principles. However, by page 63, one of the "cities" contains roller coasters, and no 1975 reader will have trouble locating within one or another of Marco's accounts, the New York that can't get its garbage collected, or the insect-like, centerless giant suburb of Los Angeles. No doubt, Calvino's Italian fans will find Rome, Florence and (certainly) Venice where we see descriptions of our own hometowns, once they grow big enough.

Invisible Cities is a little book with an epic theme: that "city" is more a social concept than a descriptive term. Marco and the Khan are soon delving into all the main paradoxes of conceptualism: whether the book's separate cities exist outside "their" two minds (which by their mirror-opposition, remember, are meant to sum up human mentality). In their philosophical duologues, Calvino has discovered a new viewpoint for making points about human psychology. Take for instance the one of Marco's 55 cities where all society and government has come to be based on the study of the stars. All social innovations must find their place on the local star-map. In a duller writer, this would mean the town symbolized a stodgy conservatism, but Calvino knows more about human behavior. What happens in practice, is that all social innovation is *later* verified by the civic astrologer-priests hired to show that (for instance) the new sewer system is symbolized by some lunar or other stellar happening. Such a city and such a group psychology would be familiar to the men who laid out Stonehenge, but also to later rabbinical scholars and to the agnostic Enlightenment America of Jefferson and Adams, that carefully blueprinted its Senate and House on the patrician-plebeian setup of sober classical Rome.

A few of the "cities"—Calvino organizes them on a 10-5(times7)-10 nine-unit basis—make or will make marvelous anthology pieces. (See "Theodora" on pp. 159-60.) Calvino is close enough to modern sf that his book may owe something to Vance's adventure stories or to Ballard's *Vermilion Sands*; but his narrative convention of replacing a true "story" with a "digest" of its plot, no doubt comes from Borges. The whole book has the feel of a poem by Valéry or Perse's *Anabase*, and its overall organization was possibly suggested by an internationally classic poem like Stevens' "13 Ways of Looking at a Blackbird."

Guest Editorial

WORLDCON BUSINESS?

Eighteen people attended the [Aussiecon] business meeting and five items were discussed. The new constitution voted on at Discon was *not* ratified in toto, so I don't know exactly where it stands right now.

1) Article 4 of the WSFS rules as passed at Discon was rescinded. This is the rule that called for mail ballot and ratification by the next convention of changes in the rules. Instead, Aussiecon passed the old Article 4 which says that a majority of those at the business meeting can change the rules and, if the next con wants to rescind it, they need a three-quarter majority.

2) A motion to add a Hugo category for best poem was unanimously rejected. Its proposer immediately left the meeting.

3) It was debated and agreed that fandom wants specific Hugo categories rather than allowing committees total freedom in appointing any ten categories as passed at Discon. Accordingly, nine of the ten pre-Discon categories were reinstated. The one omitted was "Best Novella." This leaves one category up to the con committee every year. The word limits for the new fiction categories are as follows: short stories - 1 to 12,500 words; novelette - 10,000 to 40,000 words; novel - 35,000 words and up. The overlaps are deliberate to give the committee some leeway in placing a story.

4) The article specifying that there shall be not more than five nominees in any Hugo category was amended to allow more in case of ties on preliminary nominations.

5) The article that con committee members cannot be Hugo nominees *unless* a special awards committee is established, was ratified.

* * * * *

—Locus

"Why bother?" someone is sure to ask, about this point in any discussion of the Constitution of the World Science Fiction Society (UnInc.). "Won't Convention Committees go ahead and do what they want to anyway?"

And the answer is, well, yes; but they're more likely to stick to what the majority of the people who attend Worldcons want them to do if those people have argued over matters and written down an agreed-on set of rules.

Basically, every version of the Worldcon Constitution since 1963 has said, in effect: "This is how the membership of the Worldcon will choose who gets Hugo awards; this is how the membership will choose who will put on future conventions; this is how these procedures will be amended by the membership; and *everything* else to do with the running of the convention is up to the convention committee." Most squabbles concerning these rules have been set off when convention committees decided to change the rules governing the Hugos without bothering to go through the procedures in the rules for *changing* the rules. In the more distant past, in 1957-59, even worse squabbling was set off on the matter of the independence of convention committees in financial matters, whence the explicit separation of convention committee and the Society in all post-1963 conventions.

Another problem oft raised in the past is that the business meetings, at which the changes to the Constitution are to be made, have been sparsely attended, so that the changes represented the debate and voting of vanishingly small percentages of the total membership, albeit that those who *did* attend were those most knowledgeable and interested in the Constitution. And then, ever since the Noreascon, successive business meetings have wrestled with the question: how can we be fair to everyone when an out-of-North-America bid disrupts the schedule of rotation among North American zones, upon which various groups bidding for future Worldcons were counting?

At Discon II, acting on behalf of a committee appointed at Torcon 2 the previous year (but not representing their unanimous opinion by any means), I presented a new Constitution to the business meeting. After extensive discussion, lasting over two separate sessions, that Constitution was adopted under the rules then in force. That Constitution, briefly: left most of the details of Hugo categories up to the good judgment of each convention committee, but rigidly restricted the total number; all this in an attempt to stop the steady increase (and dilution of importance) of these awards while recognizing that convention committees have been unable in the past to keep their hands off the Hugo rules. It also re-established the North American Science Fiction Convention (which had been voted in at Noreascon, weathered an attempt to disestablish it by a post-Convention ruling before LACon, was disestablished by fiat of the Torcon 2 committee, re-established by the Torcon business meeting . . .), but in a form that made it substantially independent of the Worldcon machinery (the NASFiC is *one* way of resolving the problem, what do we do to

the schedule after an out-of-North-America con; any substitute for the NASFiC must provide a better resolution to this problem). Finally, this new Constitution provided that any *future* amendments to the Constitution must be submitted to the entire membership of the Society, by mail, for a broadly based vote, thus (I hoped) ending the domination of the rule-making process by a small group.

The Aussiecon business meeting, unfortunately, chose to repeal this properly adopted Constitution by fiat, and then amended the Torcon 2 Constitution, in one of the most lightly attended business meetings in years. In effect, then, the whole membership of the Society—2,000 to 3,000 people—have suddenly lost the right given them by the Discon II business meeting to vote, by mail, on any and all future changes in the Society Constitution. It's up to this group—not you—and me—the dozen and a half at a business meeting—or a harried convention committee—to decide how their award—the Hugo—is to be awarded. And it's for those 2,000 to 3,000 to say how the site for *their* next Worldcon is to be picked. The Worldcon belongs to *all* of them . . .

Or at least it damn well *should* be.

George H. Scithers: Chairman, Discon I; Parliamentarian, Loncon II, Tricon, Nycon 3, LACon; Presiding Officer, Noreascon business meeting.

Have You Read?

Asimov, Isaac. "Is 'Space 1999' More Fi Than Sci?" New York Times, Sept. 28, p.D1+

"Is There Life Out There?" Family Weekly, Oct. 26, p.4-5

"Letter to a Newborn Baby" Parents Magazine, Nov. p.28

"There's No Way to Go But Ahead" Readers Digest, Nov. p. 199+

Bova, Ben. "Future of Flight" Harper's Magazine, Sept. p.8-9

Bradbury, Ray. "Byzantium I Come Not From" (poem) Audubon, July, p.30-1

"Tricks! Treats! Gangway!" (Halloween) Readers Digest, Oct. p.129-32

Carlinsky, Dan & Edwin Goodgold. "On the Light Side" (excerpt from The World's greatest monster quiz) Seventeen, Nov. p.56

Cheatham, Val. "Dr. Frankenstein and Friends" (skit) Plays, Nov. p.61-5

Coutros, Peter. "They Pay to See the Ghouls of Their Dreams" (Famous Monster Convention) New York Daily News, Nov. 10, p.4JL

Crichton, Madge. "Pinocchio Strikes It Rich" (play) Plays, Nov. p.53-60

Gardella, Kay. "Landaus Embark on a 'Mission' in Space" (Space: 1999) New York Sunday News, Aug. 31, p.1TV

Grubb, Davis. "The Book Burners" (story) Woman's Day, Oct. p.58+

Jahn, Mike. "TV's Most Expensive Flight" (Space: 1999) Cue, Sept. 20, p.64-5

Jonas, Gerald. "Of Things to Come" (reviews) New York Times Book Review, Sept. 14, p.22+; Oct. 26, p.48-9

Kifner, John. "Scholar Finds Dracula Pays" New York Times, Oct. 21, p.39+

Klein, Jay Kay. "From Here to 'Out There'" Syracuse University Alumni News, Summer, p.11

Lamb, William G. & Rolland B. Bartholomew.

"Science Fiction—A Unique Tool for Science Teachers" Science Teacher, March, p.37-8

Lewis, Dan. "'Space: 1999' Eerie Journey Through Time" Sunday Bergen Record, Sept. 21, p.B1+

Lockerbie, D. Bruce. "'Aniara': Secular Man's One-Way Flight" Christianity Today, Sept. 12, p.19-20

McHale, Ethel Kharasth. "The Tiger's Promise" (dramatization of Indian folktale) Plays, Nov. p.49-52

McNelly, Willis E. "Sci-fi: State of the Art" America, Nov. 8, p.304-7

Miller, Dan. "Future Perfect Turns to Past Tense" (books) American Libraries, March, p.168-9

Olfson, Lewy. "The Sky's the Limit!" (fantasy play) Plays, Oct. p.59-64

Page, Clarence. "Starship Grounded—Trekkies in Orbit" (Chicago convention) Chicago Tribune, Aug. 21, p.6

Pincus, Richard Eliot. "Science Friction" (book reviews) English Journal, Nov. p.80-3

Ratkowski, Thomas. "Apples, Oranges, Strawberries" (fantasy skit) Plays, Oct. p.65-8

Robertson, Nan. "The Vonneguts: Dialogue on a Son's Insanity" New York Times, Oct. 23, p.L45

"Sci-Fi: Is the Thrill Gone?" Seventeen, Oct. p.47
"Science Fiction (Jules Verne, You Were Right)" Syracuse University Alumni News, Summer, p.9-12

Starr, Mark. "Cosmic Cult: Fans of Star Trek Are, Well, Spaced Out" Wall Street Journal, Sept. 4, p.1+

Stewart-Gordon, James. "Durable Dracula—Beloved Fiend of the Horror Circuit" Readers Digest, Nov. p.49-52+

"The Trekkie Fad..." Time, Sept. 8, p.70

Turner, Alice K. "PW Interviews Harlan Ellison" Publishers Weekly, Feb. 10, p.8-9

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Coming Events

January

- 1-4 WASHINGTON INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION at the Washington Hilton Hotel, Washington, D.C. Reg: \$18, \$4 nonattending. For info: W.I.S.T.C, Convention Headquarters, 280 Kipp St., Hackensack, N.J. 07601
- 2-4 CHATTACON 76 at the Sheraton Motor Inn, Chattanooga, Tenn. GoH: Cliff Amos. Reg: \$5. For info: Irvin Koch, 835 Chattanooga Bank Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn. 37402
- 2-4 RHOCN 1 at the Park Sheraton Hotel, Washington, D.C. GoHs: Forrest J & Wendayne Ackerman, Walter Ernsting, Gray Morrow. For info: Tim Whalen, 9324 Tovito Drive, Fairfax, Va. 22030
- 16-19 INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION at the Statler Hilton Hotel, New York City. Reg: \$18, \$4 nonattending. For info: L.S.T.C., Convention Headquarters, 280 Kipp St., Hackensack, N.J. 07601
- 23-25 CONFUSION 12 in Ann Arbor, Mich. GoH: Lloyd Biggle, Fan GoH: Bill Bowers. For info: Ro Nagey, 240 Michigan Union, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104

February

- 12-16 THE STAR TREK CONVENTION at the Commodore Hotel, Lexington Ave & E. 42nd St., NYC. Adv. reg to Jan. 15: \$21.60; \$5 nonattending, to Ms. Joyce Yasner, payable to Star Trek Associates. For info: G.P.O. Box 951, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201
- 13-15 BOSKONE 13 in Boston. GoH: Poul Anderson. Adv. reg: \$5, \$8 at door. For info: NESFA, Box G, MIT Station, Cambridge, Mass. 02139
- 13-15 ROMECON at the Ramada Inn, Rome, Ga. A Relaxacon. Reg: \$4 to Jan. 1, \$4.50 after. For info: C. & S. Biggers, 621 Olive St., Cedartown, Ga. 30125
- 27-29 FANTASYCON II in Birmingham, England. 2d annual convention of the British Fantasy Society. Reg: 50p or \$2 to Sandra Sutton, BFS Sec., 194 Station Rd., Kings Heath, Birmingham B14 7TE, England

March

- 12-14 STAR TREK: HOUSTON at the Sheraton Houston Hotel, Houston, Texas. Reg. \$10 to Jan. 1, \$12.50 after, \$5/day at door. For info: Star Trek Houston, 5600 N. Freeway, Houston, Tex. 77022. Phone (713) 692-0205
- 12-14 LEPRECON II at E. Van Buren Ramada Inn, Phoenix, Ariz. GoH: Roger Zelazny. Adv. reg: \$4, \$5 at door. For info: Leprecon, Box 1749, Phoenix, Ariz. 85001

- 19-21 MARCON 11 at Neil House Motor Hotel, Columbus, Ohio. GoH: Joe Haldeman, Fan GoH: Randy Bathurst. Adv. reg: \$4, \$5 at door. For info: Larry Smith, 194 E. Tulane, Columbus, Ohio 45202

April

- 9-11 LUNACON in New York City. For info: Walter R. Cole, 1171 E. 8th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230
- 16-19 UNICON II at Melbourne University, Australia. Reg: \$A7. For info: Alan Wilson, Physics Dept., Melbourne Univ., Parkville Victoria 3052, Australia
- 16-18 BALTICON 10 at the Hunt Valley Inn, Baltimore, Md. GoH: Isaac Asimov, Fan GoHs: Suzanne Tompkins & Jerry Kaufman. Adv. reg: \$4, \$6 at door. For info: Norman Schwarz, 7901 Oakwood Rd., Glen Burnie, Md. 21061
- 16-18 EQUICON/FILMCON 1976 at the Marriott Hotel, Los Angeles. Adv. reg: \$10 to April 10, \$15 at door, \$6 supporting. For info: Box 23127, Los Angeles, Calif. 90023
- 16-19 MANCON 5 at Owings Park, Manchester, England. GoH: Robert Silverberg, Fan GoH: Peter Roberts. Reg: \$6, \$2 supporting. For info: Brian Robinson, 9 Linwood Grove, Manchester M12 4QH England; or: Bill Burns, 48 Lou Ave., Kings Park, N.Y. 11754

May

- 28-31 AUTOCLAVE at Howard Johnson's New Center Motor Lodge, Detroit. GoH: Gene Wolfe & Donn Brazier. Adv. reg: \$5, \$6 after May 1, \$7 at door. For info: Autoclave, Box 04097, Detroit, Mich. 48204
- 28-31 DISCLAVE 76 at the Sheraton Park Hotel, Washington, D.C. GoH: Philip Klass (William Tenn). Adv. reg: \$3, \$5 after May 21. For info: Alexis Gilliland, 4030 8th St. South, Arlington, Va. 22204

June

- 4-7 SCANCON 76 in Stockholm. GoH: Jack Vance. Reg: \$10 attending, \$2.25 supporting. For info: SCANCON '76, Box 3273, Stockholm S-10365 Sweden
- 11-14 D-CON at the Sheraton-Dallas Hotel, Dallas, Texas. Adv. reg: \$7 to Jan. 1, \$10 after, \$3 supporting. For info: D-Con 76, 2515 Perkins St., Fort Worth, Tex. 76103
- 25-29 SF EXPO 76 at the New York Hilton, NYC. Toastmaster Isaac Asimov. Adv. reg: \$10 supporting, \$18.50 attending. For info: Science Fiction Services, 2 Church St., Montclair, N.J. 07042

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Coming Attractions

BALLANTINE JANUARY TITLES

- Konvitz, Jeffrey. The Sentinel. 24600. \$1.75
 Beagle, Peter S. A Fine and Private Place. 24754.
 \$1.50
 Haldeman, Joe. The Forever War. 24767. \$1.50
 Brackett, Leigh. The Star-men of Llyrdis. 24668.
 \$1.50

DAW TITLES

- Moorcock, Michael. The Land Leviathan. UY1214,
 Jan. \$1.25
 Brunner, John. The Book of John Brunner.
 UY1213, Jan. \$1.25
 Carter, Lin. In the Green Star's Glow. UY1216,
 Jan. \$1.25
 Vinge, Vernor. The Witling. UY1215, Jan. \$1.25
 Brunner, John. Polymath. UY1217, Jan. \$1.25
 Dickson, Gordon R. Dorsai! UW1218, Feb. \$1.50
 Swann, Thomas Burnett. The Minikins of Yam.
 UY1219, Feb. \$1.25
 Kurland, Michael. Tomorrow Knight. UY1220,
 Feb. \$1.25
 Lee, Tanith. Don't Bite the Sun. UY1221, Feb.
 \$1.25
 Swann, Thomas Burnett. Green Phoenix. UY1222,
 Feb. \$1.25

SPRING HARCOURT BRACE TITLES

- Clarke, Arthur C. Imperial Earth. Jan. \$7.95
 Green, Roger Lancelyn & Walter Hooper. C.S.
 Lewis: A Biography. Harvest HB331, March.
 \$3.95

HYPERION PRESS

Classics of Science Fiction
 Series II — Spring 1976

- Campbell, John W. Cloak of Aesir. \$12.50
 Who Goes There? Seven Tales of Science
 Fiction. \$12.50
 Cox, Erle. Out of the Silence. \$13.95
 Cromie, Robert. A Plunge Into Space. \$12.50
 England, George Allan. The Air Trust. \$12.95
 Hodgson, William Hope. The Boats of the "Glen
 Carrig." \$12.50
 The Ghost Pirates. \$12.50
 The House on the Borderland. \$12.95
 The Nightland. \$16.50
 Mader, Friedrich. Distant Worlds. \$12.95
 McClary, Thomas Calvert. Rebirth. \$10.50
 Munro, John. A Trip to Venus. \$11.95
 Phillpotts, Eden. Saurus. \$11.95
 Rousseau, Victor. The Sea Demons. \$12.50
 Taine, John. The Iron Star. \$12.95
 Walsh, James Morgan. Vandals of the Void. \$11.95
 Wells, H.G. The Sea Lady. \$11.95

- Wright, S. Fowler. The World Below (cont. The
 Amphibians, and The World Below) \$12.95
 Wylie. The Murderer Invisible. \$12.50

NAL RELEASES

- Orwell, George. 1984. CY688, Jan. \$1.25
 Ellison, Harlan. Approaching Oblivion. Y6848,
 Jan. \$1.25
 Anderson, Poul. There Will Be Time. Y6925, Jan.
 \$1.25
 Aldiss, Brian. Starswarm. Y6883, Feb. \$1.25

POPULAR LIBRARY TITLES

- Saberhagen, Fred. Specimens. 00335, Jan. \$1.25
 Carter, Lin. The Valley Where Time Stood Still.
 00344, Feb. \$1.25
 Carr, Terry, ed. Universe 5. 00353, March. \$1.25
 Chilson, Robert. The Shores of Kansas. 00358,
 March. \$1.25

PUTNAM WINTER TITLES

- McKenny, Kenneth. The Plants. Feb. \$6.95
 Williamson, Jack. The Power of Blackness. Jan.
 \$6.95
 Chester, Michael. Let's Go on a Space Shuttle (juv)
 Jan. \$3.68

SF BOOK CLUB TITLES

- Knight, Damon, ed. Science Fiction of the
 Thirties. Jan. \$3.50
 Anderson, Poul. The Winter of the World. Jan.
 \$1.98
 Silverberg, Robert & Roger Elwood, eds. Epoch.
 Feb. \$3.98
 Anthony, Piers. OX. Feb. \$1.98

HAVE YOU READ? continued from Page 12

- "Unreal Estate" (Far Out Space Nuts) TV Guide,
 Oct. 11, p.31-2
 Updike, John. "The Chaste Planet" (story) New
 Yorker, Nov. 10, p.43-4
 Warner, Sylvia Townsend. "The Occupation"
 (story) New Yorker, Nov. 10, p.45-51
 "The Search for an Ancestress" (story) New
 Yorker, Sept. 29, p.33-8
 Young, Robert F. "Blown Buds of Barren
 Flowers" (story) Saturday Evening Post, Dec.
 p.56-7+



SF in Academe

SELLING BOOKS TO LIBRARIES

by Mark Purcell

For the unread or no-longer-read personal copy of an sf book or magazine, the proper end-location is as part of an available library holding. In the past 15 years, I've had my own experiences, giving or selling personal books to libraries. From such experiences come the conclusions I give below. They're intended to help LUNA poeple deal with libraries; and for that matter, help libraries deal with LUNA people.

I write on the assumption that 'you,' the potential seller, are offering material you yourself respect. Some adult reasons for peddling books and magazines off your shelves are: money, either profit, or cost-savings when you move; making re-available what you only meant to read once yourself; winnowing your shelves, or unloading strays that aren't part of your integral collections; civic patriotism: the expansion of a poor library (or poor sf collection) in the community or college where you work. Nobody is being encouraged to sucker a tax-supported institution with printed junk. (If it matters, my own experiences have been with college libraries.)

GIVE OR SELL? In this country, the donor has no moral advantage over the seller, quite the contrary. The library is much more likely to take your books seriously *after they get them*, if you put a price on them first. At a cow college where I once taught, I gave the librarian free copies of three standard mainstream novels he missed and needed. Later, he went to the extra trouble of shipping *one* of them back to me via inter-office mail; 0 cover note, 0 explanation. If his office records had had on file for his superior a cash payment recorded to me—no matter what, 50¢ or \$50—he would never have pulled such a stunt. *I.e.*, a money payment enforces elementary courtesy and respect from the institution with which you deal. Cash also commits the institution to justifying their purchase by making the goods for which they paid, available to their readers. That was one of the original purposes of your offer, wasn't it?

WHAT DO YOU SELL THEM? Typing this, I'm disturbed by the offer that a few more naive readers may consider I'm explaining how to dispose of review copies used for recent LUNA's. No. (s) Libraries now buy contemporary sf, hardbound and even paperback, by policy; which they weren't many of them doing even a decade ago. (b) The private collector interests academic libraries (at least) because of the 1st-edition rule.

That is, it's the old 1953 35¢ Ballantine *Space Merchants* that's of prior scholarly value, not the recent, more expensive hardbound reprint. The peculiarity of sf is that for at least a generation the cheap paperback edition was the first edition, not the hardcover. I omit here the morass of the (cut) magazine "first edition," a matter of importance in sf at least 50 years after magazine serialization became unimportant in serious mainstream fiction. No, the library that "needs" even recent hardbound review editions, is likely to be antagonistic to your whole sales offer in the first place.

HOW MUCH DO YOU ASK? Urbana-Champaign, the state university library where I've had my most recent selling experience, asks you to advance-price your material when you offer it. (They are interested both in sf and mystery fiction, and both magazines and books.) I keep my suggestions elementary. Many LUNA readers will be sophisticated pricing-sharks about their own books and collections.

If you can't check the institution's own catalog before you write them, to see what they already own; it seems convenient to me to offer one's books on an average price per title. (Simply make the average price sufficient to reach the minimum sum total you expect or want, for your collection.) In reply, the recipient library can simply remove from your mailed list of titles, anything they already own or are going to refuse, do the elementary arithmetic of cash subtraction, and reach a mutual understanding with you how much they're going to offer; all this, in only one exchange of letters.

No doubt each book or magazine you own has its own perfect Platonic sales value—owing as much to scarcity as to literary quality—but a group of categorized books is a collection. Each item has therefore its component value. With an academic library, for

instance, you're probably selling them the entire basic assigned-reading list for a college sf course.

WHO WANTS YOUR BOOKS? Well, U. of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign, does, I suppose. I suggest that LUNA consider listing the names and addresses of libraries—academic or municipal—that are in the sf market. At the U. of Ill., Urbana-Champaign, the specialized department addresses are: Acquisitions (Marilyn Satterlee) for books; Serials (William Huff) for periodicals.

The better the library, the more respect and courtesy your offer is likely to get. U. of Ill. wants material, not because they're inferior to some cow college like the one of my anecdote, but because—partly due to the English scholar, Gordon Ray—they already own a famous mainstream fiction collection.

☆☆☆

FROM THE BLACK HOLE TO THE INFINITE UNIVERSE by Donald Goldsmith and Donald Levy. Holden-Day, 1974. 330 pp. \$7.95 paper

The idea of using science fiction to teach physics (and other sciences) has often occurred to me. More than that—I've given lectures on fairly hard-core physics problems in science fiction classes, to provide background for books under study. So, with some interest, I dabbled in this unusual textbook, and emerged dissatisfied.

There are several problems with the book that cannot be ignored, and point directly to inadequate editorial control. It's aimed at high school and junior college courses, I'd say—nothing above freshman or sophomore in university—but its tone and design preclude its use here. High schools are notoriously conservative, and *Black Holes to Infinite Universe* contains (rather crude, amateur) drawings illustrating the science fiction framework to the text. That's not a bad idea in itself—but the book buyer will balk at page 80, showing a sensuous, bra-less young lady, sloe-eyed and obviously rebellious. On page 212, two naked lovers clench passionately, thereby wiping out most of the junior college and college professors between California and New York.

Price is another factor. University students are used to paying outrageous prices for college texts, but high schools will not lay out eight dollars for a paperback. It simply won't last.

Between the fast-paced, competent passages of science material, the would-be student will encounter a dreadful science fiction story. There is no magazine or publisher of fiction in this country that would accept material like this. So why does Holden-Day? Because the story is not supposed to be literature, obviously—just a sop to make the bitter pill of knowledge go down easier.

To Mr. Goldsmith and Mr. Levy, diligent young UCLA students of physics (I assume), goes an interested nod for a good idea. To whoever wrote the sf material goes a wagging finger, for knowing little about fiction writing and falling into the trap of assuming science fiction to be easy. To the artist who illustrated the sf material, Renaldo Ratto III, goes a box of crayons. To the other artists goes another interested nod. Some of the science illustrations are lively and entertaining. To the science passages goes unqualified approval.

And to Holden-Day, a disappointed shake of the head. A little more guidance and knowledge of the field—both physics and sf—would have done wonders.

—Greg Bear



Paul Walker: In A Critical Condition

FLYER, by Gail Kimberly. Popular Library 08361, 1975. 174 pp. \$1.25

EXPERIMENT AT PROTO, by Philip Oakes. Avon 22582, 1975. 218 pp. \$1.25 (hardcover: Coward McCann, 1973. \$6.95)

PARADIGM RED, by Harold King. Bobbs Merrill, 1975. 247 pp. \$7.95

THE COMPANY OF GLORY, by Edgar Pangborn. Pyramid V3568, 1975. 174 pp. \$1.25

THE SWARM, by Arthur Herzog. Simon and Schuster, 1974. 256 pp. \$6.95

Is it fair for a critic to review a book he has not read? Absolutely not! On the other hand, can you think of a more common, or devastating, criticism than to say "I just *couldn't* read it." There are variations on this criticism and I will offer you four of them.

Gail Kimberly's *Flyer* is a book that quote I just couldn't be bothered reading unquote all the way through. It is not a bad book, simply one too innocuous for my taste. It is the story of a "Flyer" in the far future when mankind has been mysteriously split into three factions: the "Flyers," who fly, the "Walkers," who walk and till the soil, and the "Swimmers," who build their cities under the sea. The three fear one another, but legend has it that one day they will join together and use their three 'keys' to unlock the mystery of their origin. Two of the flyers are in love. Their tradition forbids them to marry. One is exiled to certain death. The other goes to her rescue. They fall into the hands of the Walkers. They escape. They fall into the hands of the Swimmers. They escape. All the while they have adventures and in the end they—well, you know what they do.

Flyer is a nice little book, fine entertainment for young ladies. Granted, the latter is a sexist remark, but the impression that *Flyer* is a girl's book is inescapable. Not an original, or really interesting, idea in it.

Philip Oakes' *Experiment at Proto* is a book that wore me out within fifty pages. I'm not sure what-it-is-about precisely as it seems to be about several things. The most interesting is a homicidal chimp named Otto, but he does not appear until the book is half-done. The most tiresome is a group of research scientists and their wives and what their lives are like (not much). Too, the book is about an experiment to communicate with chimpanzees which might have been interesting enough in itself if it were not for all those wordy pages on domestic life; and the book has a mad scientist who kills a few people, too late to save the plot. It is supposed to be something of a fantasy, but I couldn't see it as anything but a long-winded bore.

Harold King's *Paradigm Red* is a bad book that I suspect I might have liked if I were 'in the mood' for it. There are many bad books that suit particular moods, but I was not in one of them when I attempted this one. It is about a nuclear disaster and the effort of a group of men to prevent it from poisoning the world. The disaster area is part of a nuclear complex run by the military and governed by a super-computer named Proteus. There is a saboteur, lots of official-looking documents and computer printouts, much dialog between unrealistic characters, and an attempt at suspense without credible characterization. Perhaps the book would have been more interesting to me if I regarded it as a contemporary psychiatric case-history of technological paranoia, but there was something implicitly juvenile about the first fifty pages. I tossed it aside without even bothering to glance at the last chapter.

Edgar Pangborn's *The Company of Glory* is a somewhat better book that so thoroughly irritated me I couldn't finish it, either. Perhaps, if something had *happened* in the first fifty pages I might have lasted another fifty, but instead Pangborn fills his pages with the life story of his too-familiar old philosopher/storyteller Demetrios who is burdened with the task of filling in the whole historical background of the novel as well as of his own, not particularly interesting, life. There has been a nuclear war, and fifty years later, mankind is settling into a medieval life-style, forgetting its inglorious past of industrial pollution and political strife. Pangborn is not unhappy to see the old world go. His sentiments are those of the sixties—civilization stinks. He is also sentimental about his characters to the point where

they are a bit 'cute': the loveable old man, the beautiful rebellious youth, and Vonnegut-like fairy tales. The trouble is that Pangborn lacks Vonnegut's ingeniousness. But I would not be at all surprised to read rave reviews of *The Company of Glory* by people whose ideology is further left, or more adolescent, than mine.

For a change of pace, I liked Arthur Herzog's *The Swarm* very much. It is my kind of science fiction: the kind in which the idea itself generates the drama; the kind in which the rhythm of the book is determined by scientific curiosity and enthusiasm; and the kind of book which implicitly explores the scientific mind. And I say this with trepidation, fully aware that the next issue of *Analog* may contain a blistering attack by Lester del Rey on the novel's scientific inaccuracies. Alas, mainstream writers seem to be the only ones interested in such books these days.

The Swarm is another insect menace novel, this time about African bees who have arrived in our country ahead of schedule, and mutated into a larger, even more aggressive little bugger capable of taking on whole towns. That Mr. Herzog had Hollywood in mind is evident from the early horror scenes of bees attacking innocent picnickers to the climactic attack on New York with the military having as little effect on the bees as they had on the Vietcong, but to Mr. Herzog's credit, except for the excesses of the climactic scene, the horror is implicit and neither graphic nor sensationalized. Besides, the book is not a horror story, but a hard science fiction What-Done-It mystery first, about the discovery of the bees, their mutation, and then about their nature, and their intentions, and finally, and most interestingly, about how to cope with them. Again, to Mr. Herzog's credit, he is not afraid to get 'too' technical, nor does he allow his characterization, and love interest, to interfere with the really fascinating subject of bees in general. I'm tempted to say this is a honey of a book, but I'll just say I *couldn't* put it down.

SHARDIK, by Richard Adams. Simon and Schuster, 1975. 529 pp. \$9.95

Second novels are reputed to be almost invariably disappointing, especially if the writer's first novel has been especially successful, and I had been warned by two major reviews that Richard Adams's *Shardik* was no exception. It is longer than *Watership Down* by a hundred pages; it has a cast of thousands; a literary sphere that encompasses the whole of human history; and a theme that is the use and abuse of the 'Power of God.' And in each aspect it is, to me, superior to its predecessor; a much more interesting novel, a wonderful 'read' of a book, that held my attention throughout and left me pining for more, more, more.

The plot of *Shardik*, like its predecessor, is episodic, but spread out over a longer span of time, and comprised of a multiplicity of backgrounds and contexts: the simple natural world of the jungles and rivers and plains, the social structures of the semi-barbaric and semi-civilized people who inhabit them, and the whole world of detail Adams paints for them. The story concerns the fall from grace and the redemption, of Kelderek, a humble hunter in the beginning, contemptuously labelled 'Play-with-children' because of his fondness for childrens' games. He is a member of a semi-barbaric tribe called the Ortelgans, who once ruled the Beklan Empire and were renowned for their wealth and craftsmanship, but who have been deposed and driven into the jungle by the capital's present rulers. The Ortelgans worship the symbol of the bear, the embodiment of the Power of God, Lord Shardik. And legend has it that one day he will return and lead his people back to greatness.

Kelderek discovers such a bear and immediately believes it to be the Lord Shardik. He persuades his tribe's priestess, called the Turginda, to accompany him to see the bear; and together with her handmaidens, and the tribe's cynical old politician of a chief, they find Shardik. He is dying, but the Turginda is convinced he is indeed Shardik of legend anyway; they nurse him back to health. The bear rises and begins to go in search of food. Kelderek and the Turginda follow, and the bear's path leads to a series of ironic encounters that directly, and indirectly, determine not only their destiny, but the destiny of their whole small, mythic world.

By now I am sure most of you know the plot, and have probably read the book, but plot summaries are an obligation on the part of a reviewer. Adams is best when he is describing nature, and the most effective parts of *Shardik* are the descriptions of the

relationships of men and animals attempting to survive in the wilderness. He is no sentimentalist. His Shardik is not anthropomorphized, nor is his Kelderek beatified. In fact, it is the book's worst flaw that Kelderek is too human, too simple, too unsympathetic in too many ways to make him a desirable protagonist. You never root for him, and there is always the vague hope that somehow he will be replaced by a more admirable character. Although the novel is about a myth, it is not told in a mythic style. The narrative is realistic, sometimes grimly so, and no one in it is more grimly realistic than Kelderek.

The bear itself is a more interesting character. Vicious, ruthless, utterly unpredictable, and credibly magnificent. It is the book's major strength that it convinces its readers of its reality. One can understand how Kelderek, in his simplicity, can wholly believe Shardik to be the Power of God; and one can appreciate the terrifying implications of his faith. Moreover, what makes Adams' history so interesting is his appreciation of the part that irony plays in the making of history. The bear's appearance on the battlefield in part two, for instance.

There tend to be too many coincidences in the course of the book, and it does tend to be repetitious toward the end, and Adams does use too many words, and sometimes his imagination seems to fail him; as in part two when he has two characters 'tell' us what has occurred during the past five years rather than finding a better way to dramatize it. But despite these flaws, one is again and again captivated by his narrative, anxious to know what happens next, and always satisfied at the unpredictable outcome.

Shardik is a must for all those who love to read.

THE VILLA OF THE FERROMONTE, by Lawrence B. Eisenberg. Simon and Schuster, 1974. 191 pp. \$6.95

EARLY DEL REY, by Lester del Rey. Doubleday, 1975. 424 pp. \$7.95

A book I could not put down was Lawrence B. Eisenberg's *The Villa of the Ferromonte*. It is the story of a handsome young man who comes to care for two old aunts, the fabulous 'Gould Sisters' of flapper days, who now live in a decaying apartment house, their once expensive furniture now crammed into three rooms. They have five cats as well, one of whom is named Signe, a black cat, kept locked in the pantry, who has interesting powers; and a room they forbid their nephew to enter—which, of course, he does. The room (I might as well tell you, as the blurb blabs it all anyway) is the portal to Villa of the Ferromonte, a luxurious estate in the Italy of the 1920's where the nephew meets his true love and her Mafia fiancée. The plot is reminiscent of one of those old *Twilight Zone*-time travel-nostalgia episodes that I was so fond of, but it is not as familiar, or as predictable; nor is it excessively sentimental. In fact, it is well-crafted, suspenseful, and consistently interesting, with likeable, almost believable characters, and a satisfactory ending.

Eisenberg lacks the poetic ability to evoke the full atmosphere of the Villa or the apartment, but he is capable enough to give us a good idea of what he is talking about. Also, his hero is a bit too much of a superman in the few violent incidents in the story, which are really not consistent with the mood of the book itself; but the Villa of the Ferromonte is a charming idea.

Early del Rey by (of course) Lester del Rey is not a bit charming, or even worth buying. It is a collection of del Rey's uncollected short stories from his first, "The Faithful" in 1938, to "Wind Between the Worlds" in 1951; twenty-two in all, and they should have been more accurately entitled "The Mediocre del Rey." I read about half the stories before I gave up hoping for one lost gem, and I read all of the running commentary which is interesting—allegedly del Rey wants to tell the story of the growth of a writer—but he does not go into sufficient detail about technique or the really revealing gossip about the people he has known.

A few of the stories are fair to good—none is really awful—but when you compare them to del Rey's best in *And Some Were Human*, *Mortals and Monsters*, *Robots and Changelings*, and *Gods and Golems*, it seems to me that it would have been wiser for del Rey to make money some other way. The first three stories, and "My Name Is Legion" are the only ones I cared for at all.

Robert Chilson is a friend of mine, but before I was his friend, I was his fan. He won my faniship with a story in *Analog* called "The Fifth Ace" and increased it in later months with stories like "Per Strategem," "Ecological Niche," and "In His Image." He was one of the last of Campbell's proteges, and in my opinion, the best, the most interesting, *Analog* writer to appear in the twilight of the Great Man's career. But so much an *Analog* writer was he that the end of Campbell seemed, for a time, the end of Chilson as well. Until this past year he never sold a story to any other magazine.

Chilson's problem was not style. He is capable of writing dramatically vivid scenes of action or description; in every story at least one of his characters is engaging. His problem was plotting. In the grand *Analog* manner, Chilson is a man of ideas. Not a scientist or academician, he is a child of the genre. He grew up with it, lives and breathes it; his stories are born out of dreams of future worlds and technological developments. His own private dreams. The stuff of his fiction is the genre itself, much of his work contains variations on, or parodies of, familiar themes. *The Star-Crowned Kings* is no exception.

For years, so he told me, he dreamed of what it would be like to have telepathic powers—to be able to move objects and to fly with the power of thought alone, and those dreams are the stuff of *Star-Crowned Kings*. His hero, Race Worden, is the son of a fatherless family that works a small portion of a far-future plantation on an alien world governed, as is his whole universe, by the omnipotent "Starlings," mental giants who regard mere humans as a feudal peasantry. But Race discovers he has powers, and he wishes to live to develop them and declare himself a Starling—something no Starling will endure. He and his family go off to the mountains where Race learns the technique that moves mountains and permits Starlings to fly. Then he and his family go to the Starling port city where he hopes to observe and learn enough to challenge his status. But there he makes a mistake and becomes a fugitive, and his flight, pursuit, and return for rescue of his family and revenge on his nemesis is the subject of the remainder of the book.

And therein lies Chilson's major problem, as I said, plotting. A Chilson story is like a collage of many bits and pieces, great chunks of brilliant, but barely realized, material peeking out of a junkyard of old and stale and crudely written material. His plantation setting is briefly vivid, but nothing is done with it. Race's first attempts to use his powers are almost moving and perfectly credible to anyone who has ever tried to be creative. There is a scene in which he learns to move a rock, that is the most plausible speculative description of what psychokinesis might be like that I have ever read. But, again, it comes and goes without any real development. The Starling port city, like the plantation, is briefly alive, and Race is on a starship, then the 'action' begins and except for an, again, too brief peep at the Starlings themselves at work and play, the 'action' predominates until the end.

It is not mindless action as in so many pulp thrillers, and it is frequently relieved by glimpses of truly original thinking about alien worlds, starships, and space travel, but it is action nevertheless. And, if you should ask yourself, what is wrong with that?, it is that Chilson's real power lies in his speculative imagination, in his individual ideas themselves which he has not yet learned to develop dramatically or to relate to one another. But he is learning, and what he has to offer today is still more than more familiar sf writers. I have never read a Chilson story that I did not remember at least one idea, or scene from it, and *Star-Crowned Kings* is no exception to that. I predict that within the next five years Chilson's name will be as familiar, and as revered, as that of Anderson or Asimov, for potentially, his imaginative and creative powers are greater.

—Contact: Paul Walker, 128 Montgomery St., Bloomfield, N.J. 07003



New Books

HARDCOVERS

- Anderson, James. **THE ABOLITION OF DEATH** (marg) Walker. \$6.95
- Asimov, Isaac. **BUY JUPITER AND OTHER STORIES**. Doubleday, Sept. \$5.95
- Baker, Roger. **BINDING THE DEVIL: Exorcism Past and Present**. Hawthorn. \$7.95
- Biggle, Lloyd, Jr. **THIS DARKENING UNIVERSE**. Doubleday, Nov. \$5.95
- Buchanan, Marie. **THE DARK BACKWARD** (supernat) Coward McCann. \$7.95
- Carr, Terry, ed. **CREATURES FROM BEYOND: Nine Stories of Science Fiction and Fantasy**. T. Nelson, Nov. \$6.95
- Carroll, Lewis. **ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND**. Illus by Arthur Rackham. Viking, June. \$6.95
- Carter, Diana. **GHOST WRITER** (supernat, repr) Macmillan, April. \$6.95
- Carter, Lin. **INVISIBLE DEATH** (Zarkon, Lord of the Unknown) Doubleday, Nov. \$5.95
- de Camp, L. Sprague & Fletcher Pratt. **THE COMPLEAT ENCHANTER** (inc. The Incomplete enchanter & The Castle of iron) SF Book Club, Dec. \$3.50
- & Catherine Crook de Camp. **SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK, REVISED**. Owlswick Press, Sept. \$8.50
- DeWeese, Gene & Robert Coulson. **NOW YOU SEE IT/HIM/THEM...** Doubleday, Oct. \$5.95
- Dickson, Gordon R. **THREE TO DORSAL!** (incl. Tactics of mistake, Necromancer, Dorsal!) SF Book Club, Oct.
- Disch, Thomas M., ed. **THE NEW IMPROVED SUN: An Anthology of Utopian S-F**. Harper, Sept. \$8.95
- Fast, Howard. **TIME & THE RIDDLE: Thirty-one Zen Stories**. Ward Ritchie, Nov. \$12.95
- Foster, Alan Dean. **MIDWORLD** (repr) SF Book Club, Nov. \$1.98
- Gary, Romain. **THE ENCHANTERS** (fty, tr. from French) Putnam. \$8.95
- Goulart, Ron. **THE HELLHOUND PROJECT**. Doubleday, Dec. \$5.95
- Gunn, James. **ALTERNATE WORLDS: The Illustrated History of Science Fiction**. Prentice-Hall, Sept. \$29.95
- THE END OF THE DREAMS** (incl. Space is a lonely place, The immortal, The joy ride; repr) SF Book Club, Dec. \$1.98
- (ed) **NEBULA AWARD STORIES TEN**. Harper, Dec. \$7.95
- Haining, Peter, ed. **THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES READER**. Doubleday, Oct. \$7.95
- Hargreaves, H.A. **NORTH BY 2000: A Collection of Canadian Science Fiction**. Peter Martin Associates, Ltd. (35 Britain St., Toronto, Ontario Canada M5A 1R7) \$7.95
- Jersild, P.C. **THE ANIMAL DOCTOR: A Novel of the Future** (tr. from Swedish) Pantheon, Oct. \$7.95
- Jones, Robert Kenneth. **THE SHUDDER PULPS: A History of the Weird Menace Magazines of the 1930's**. FAX. \$11.95
- Knight, Damon, ed. **THE BEST FROM ORBIT**. Berkley/Putnam. \$7.95
- ORBIT 17**. Harper. \$7.95
- Le Guin, Ursula K. **THE WIND'S TWELVE QUARTERS** (coll) Harper, Oct. \$8.95
- Leonard, George. **BEYOND CONTROL** (marg) Macmillan, Oct. \$7.95
- Long, Frank Belknap. **THE EARLY LONG** (coll) Doubleday, Dec. \$7.95
- Lovecraft, H.P. & Willis Conover. **LOVECRAFT AT LAST** (correspondence, etc.) Carrollton. Clark (9122 Rosslyn, Arlington, Va. 22209) \$19.75
- Lucie-Smith, Edward. **THE WAKING DREAM: Fantasy and the Surreal in Graphic Art, 1450-1900** (tr. of Quatre siecles de surrealisme) Knopf. \$17.50
- Moore, C.L. **THE BEST OF C.L. MOORE**, ed. by Lester del Rey (repr) SF Book Club, Nov. \$2.49
- Neeper, Cary. **A PLACE BEYOND MAN**. Scribner. \$7.95
- Parry, Michel, ed. **THE DEVIL'S CHILDREN: Tales of Demons and Exorcists** (repr Brit) Taplinger. \$7.95
- Pohl, Frederik, ed. **THE SCIENCE FICTION ROLL OF HONOR: An Anthology of Fiction and Nonfiction by Guests of Honor at World Science Fiction Conventions**. Random House, Oct. \$8.95
- Porges, Irwin. **EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: The Man Who Created Tarzan**. Brigham Young Univ. Press, Fall. \$14.95
- Pyle, Howard. **HOWARD PYLE**, with introd. by Rowland Elzea. (art) Scribner. \$10.00
- Roberts, Keith. **THE CHALK GIANTS** (repr Brit) Berkley/Putnam, July. \$6.95
- Rottensteiner, Franz. **THE SCIENCE FICTION BOOK: An Illustrated History**. Seabury Continuum, Oct. \$14.95
- Sadou, Jacques. **2000 A.D.: Illustrations from the Golden Age of Science Fiction Pulps** (repr from French) Regnery. \$17.95
- Sanders, Lawrence. **THE TOMORROW FILE**. Putnam. \$9.95
- Sarnoff, Jane. **THE MONSTER RIDDLE BOOK**. Scribner. \$6.95
- Silverberg, Robert. **THE FEAST OF ST. DIONYSUS: Five Science Fiction Stories**. Scribner. \$6.95
- THE STOCHASTIC MAN**. Harper, Sept. \$7.95
- (ed) **STRANGE GIFTS**. T. Nelson, Oct. \$6.95
- Simak, Clifford D. **ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE**.

Putnam. \$6.95
 Stoker, Bram. THE ANNOTATED DRACULA.
 Clarkson N. Potter, distr. Crown. \$14.95
 Straub, Peter. JULIA (supernat) Coward McCann,
 Oct. \$7.95
 Warrick, Patricia & Martin Harry Greenberg, eds.
 THE NEW AWARENESS: Religion Through
 Science Fiction. Delacorte. \$9.95
 Watson, Ian. THE EMBEDDING (repr Brit)
 Scribner. \$6.95
 Wells, H.G. EARLY WRITINGS IN SCIENCE
 AND SCIENCE FICTION, ed. by Robert
 Philmus & David Y. Hughes. Univ. of California
 Press, Nov. 1975. \$12.50
 Wolf, Gary K. KILLERBOWL. Doubleday, Sept.
 \$5.95
 Wood, Bari. THE KILLING GIFT (supernat)
 Putnam, Sept. \$8.95

PAPERBACKS

Adams, Hunter. THE MAN FROM PLANET X 1:
 The She-Beast (ssf) Pinnacle 230544. \$1.50
 Akers, Alan Burt. AVENGER OF ANTARES
 (Dray Prescot 10) DAW UY1208, Dec. \$1.25
 WARRIOR OF SCORPIO (Dray Prescot 3, 3d
 ptg) DAW UY1212, Dec. \$1.25
 Allen, Dick & Lori, eds. LOOKING AHEAD: The
 Vision of Science Fiction (college reader)
 Harcourt. \$5.50
 Anderson, Poul. FIRE TIME (repr) Ballantine
 24628, Nov. \$1.50
 Annan, David. MOVIE FANTASTIC: Beyond the
 Dream Machine (repr) Bounty Books. \$2.95
 Anvil, Christopher. PANDORA'S PLANET (3 ptg)
 DAW UY1178, Oct. \$1.25
 WARLORD'S WORLD. DAW UY1201, Oct.
 \$1.25
 Asimov, Isaac. IS ANYONE THERE? (reissue) Ace
 37416, Dec. \$1.50
 Avery, Richard. THE EXPENDABLES 1: The
 Deathworms of Kratos. Fawcett Gold Medal
 P3306, Sept. \$1.25
 THE EXPENDABLES 2: The Rings of Tan-
 talus. Fawcett Gold Medal P3307, Oct. \$1.25
 Ball, Brian. THE SPACE GUARDIANS (Space:
 1999; repr Brit) Pocket 80198, Nov. \$1.50
 Barjavel, Rene. THE IMMORTALS (repr, tr. from
 French) Ballantine 24626, Nov. \$1.50
 Bass, T.J. THE GODWHALE (2 ptg) Ballantine
 24647, Nov. \$1.50
 HALF PAST HUMAN (2 ptg) Ballantine
 24635, Nov. \$1.50
 Beiler, Edward F., ed. THREE SUPERNATURAL
 NOVELS OF THE VICTORIAN PERIOD (The
 Haunted Hotel by Wilkie Collins; The Lost
 Stradivarius by J. Meade Falkner; The Haunted
 House at Latchford, by Mrs. J.H. Riddell)
 Dover. \$4.00
 Bradbury, Ray. PILLAR OF FIRE And Other
 Plays for Today, Tomorrow, and Beyond

Tomorrow. Bantam. 95¢
 Bradley, Marion Zimmer. THE BLOODY SUN
 (reissue) Ace 06851, Nov. \$1.25
 STAR OF DANGER (reissue) Ace 77945, Nov.
 \$1.25
 Brand, Kurt. PERRY RHODAN 81: Pucky's
 Greatest Hour. Ace 66065, Oct. \$1.25
 PERRY RHODAN 82: Atlan in Danger. Ace
 66066, Nov. \$1.25
 Brunner, John. BEDLAM PLANET (reissue) Ace
 05301, Sept. \$1.25
 THE STARDROPPERS (3 ptg) DAW UY1197,
 Sept. \$1.25
 TOTAL ECLIPSE (repr) DAW UY1193, Sept.
 \$1.25
 Bulmer, Kenneth. CITY UNDER THE SEA (repr)
 Equinox 26187, Nov. \$1.95
 Burroughs, Edgar Rice. I AM A BARBARIAN
 (reissue) Ace 35804, Sept. \$1.50
 Carr, Terry, ed. THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION
 OF THE YEAR 4. Ballantine 24529, July.
 \$1.95
 Carroll, Lewis. ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN
 WONDERLAND and THROUGH THE LOOK-
 ING GLASS (repr) Signet Classic CQ781, Dec.
 95¢
 Carroll, Theodius. EVIL IS A QUIET WORD
 (supernat horror) Warner 78-844, Dec. \$1.50
 Carter, Lin. THE YEAR'S BEST FANTASY
 STORIES. DAW UY1199, Oct. \$1.25
 Cartmill, Cleve. THE SPACE SCAVENGERS (coll)
 Major Books, Oct. \$1.25
 Clement, Hal. CLOSE TO CRITICAL (3 ptg)
 Ballantine 24508, July. \$1.50
 Coney, Michael G. RAX. DAW UY1205, Nov.
 \$1.25
 Coulson, Juanita. UNTO THE LAST GENERA-
 TION. Laser 72011. 95¢
 Coulson, Robert & Gene DeWeese. GATES OF
 THE UNIVERSE. Laser 72004. 95¢
 Dann, Jack, ed. WANDERING STARS: An
 Anthology of Jewish Fantasy and Science
 Fiction (repr) Pocket 78789, Nov. \$1.50
 Darlton, Clark. PERRY RHODAN 83: Ernst Ellert
 Returns! Ace 66067, Nov. \$1.25
 Defontenay, C.L. STAR (PSI CASSIOPEIA) (tr.
 from French) DAW UY1200, Oct. \$1.25
 Delany, Samuel R. THE BALLAD OF BETA-2,
 and EMPIRE STAR (reissue) Ace 20571, Oct.
 \$1.25
 del Rey, Lester, ed. BEST SCIENCE FICTION
 STORIES OF THE YEAR 2 (repr) Ace 05476,
 Dec. \$1.25
 Dick, Philip K. SOLAR LOTTERY (reissue) Ace
 77411, Oct. \$1.25
 THE WORLD JONES MADE (reissue) Ace
 90951, Dec. \$1.25
 Dickinson, Peter. THE GREEN GENE (repr) DAW
 UY1209, Dec. \$1.25
 Dickson, Gordon R. SOLDIER, ASK NOT (repr)
 DAW UW1207, Nov. \$1.50

- Eklund, Gordon. **FALLING TOWARD FOREVER**. Laser 72010. 95¢
- SERVING IN TIME. Laser 72006. 95¢
- Elwood, Roger, ed. **THE OTHER SIDE OF TOMORROW** (repr) Pyramid V3937, Oct. \$1.25
- Eyre, Katherine Wigmore. **THE LUTE AND THE GLOVE** (supernat, repr) Ace 50502. 95¢
- Farmer, Philip Jose. **FLESH** (reissue) Signet Y6767, Nov. \$1.25
- Frayn, Michael. **SWEET DREAMS** (fty, repr) Ballantine 24326, July. \$1.50
- Gernsback, Hugo. **ULTIMATE WORLD** (repr) Equinox 26179, Nov. \$1.95
- Goldin, Stephen. **CARAVAN**. Laser 72008. 95¢
- HERDS. Laser 72002. 95¢
- Gordon, Stuart. **THREE-EYES**. DAW UW1206, Nov. \$1.50
- Gotschalk, Felix C. **GROWING UP IN TIER 3000**. Ace 30420, Oct. \$1.25
- Goulart, Ron. **VAMPIRELLA 1: Bloodstalk**. Warner 76-928, Nov. \$1.25
- WHEN THE WAKER SLEEPS**. DAW UY1210, Dec. \$1.25
- Haggard, H. Rider. **SHE AND ALLAN** (facs repr) Newcastle, Sept. \$3.45
- Hall, Hal W., comp. **SFBR: Science Fiction Book Review Index**, v.5, 1974. Author (3608 Meadow Oaks Lane, Bryan, Tex. 77801) \$4.00
- Harrison, Harry. **BILL, THE GALACTIC HERO** (repr) Equinox 25767, Sept. \$1.95
- Heinlein, Robert A. **BEYOND THIS HORIZON** (reissue) Signet Y6392, Dec. \$1.25
- CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY** (reissue) Ace 10601, Oct. \$1.25
- SPACE CADET** (reissue) Ace 77731, Sept. \$1.25
- Hill, John. **THE LONG SLEEP**. Popular Library 00325. \$1.25
- Hoyle, Fred & Geoffrey. **INTO DEEPEST SPACE** (repr) Signet Y6764, Nov. \$1.25
- Jackson, Shirley. **THE SUNDIAL** (supernat, repr) Popular Library 03098, Dec. \$1.50
- Jakes, John. **MENTION MY NAME IN ATLANTIS** (s&s, reissue) DAW UY1196, Sept. \$1.25
- Javor, F.A. **THE RIM-WORLD LEGACY** (reissue) Signet Y6814, Dec. \$1.25
- Jeter, K.W. **SEEKLIGHT**. Laser 72007. 95¢
- Jones, Raymond F. **THE KING OF EOLIM**. Laser 72012. 95¢
- RENEGADES OF TIME**. Laser 72001. 95¢
- Kern, Gregory. **BEYOND THE GALACTIC LENS**. DAW UY1211, Dec. \$1.25
- King, Stephen. **CARRIE** (supernat, repr) Signet E6410. \$1.75
- Koch, Howard. **THE PANIC BROADCAST** (6 ptg) Avon 26906, Oct. \$1.50
- Lang, Simon. **THE ELLUVON GIFT**. Avon 26518, Oct. \$1.25
- LeFanu, J.S. **BEST GHOST STORIES OF J.S. LEFANU**, ed. by E.F. Bleiler (repr) Dover. \$4.00
- GHOST STORIES AND MYSTERIES**, ed. by E.F. Bleiler. Dover. \$4.00
- UNCLE SILAS** (repr) Dover. \$4.00
- Le Guin, Ursula K. **DREAMS MUST EXPLAIN THEMSELVES** (coll) Algor Press. \$3.00
- THE FARTHEST SHORE** (repr) Bantam T2126, Oct. \$1.50
- THE TOMBS OF ATUAN** (repr) Bantam T8318, Sept. \$1.50
- Leiber, Fritz. **THE SECOND BOOK OF FRITZ LEIBER** (coll) DAW UY1195, Sept. \$1.25
- Lieberman, Arthur, ed. **QUICKIE THRILLERS: 25 Mini-Mysteries** (part supernat horror) Washington Square 48517, Oct. \$1.50
- McKillop, Patricia A. **THE FORGOTTEN BEASTS OF ELD** (fty, repr) Avon 25502, Sept. \$1.50
- Mahr, Kurt. **PERRY RHODAN 85: Enemy in the Dark**. Ace 66069, Dec. \$1.25
- Malzberg, Barry N. **THE GAMESMAN**. Pocket 80174, Dec. \$1.25
- THE MANY WORLDS OF BARRY MALZBERG** (coll) Popular 00298. \$1.25
- Martel, Suzanne. **THE CITY UNDER GROUND** (juv repr) Archway 29730, Aug. 95¢
- Maxwell, Ann. **CHANCE**. Popular 00316. \$1.25
- Newbolt, Sir Henry. **ALADORE** (fty, repr) Newcastle, Sept. \$3.95
- Niven, Larry. **ALL THE MYRIAD WAYS** (coll, reissue) Ballantine 24084, Dec. \$1.50
- WORLD OF PTAUVS** (4 ptg) Ballantine 24591, Sept. \$1.50
- & Jerry Pournelle. **THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE** (repr) Pocket 80107, Oct. \$1.95
- Norman, John. **IMAGINATIVE SEX** (3 ptg) DAW UJ1146, Nov. \$1.95
- TIME SLAVE** (s&s) DAW UW1204, Nov. \$1.50
- Norton, Andre. **THE BOOK OF ANDRE NORTON** (repr, orig. The many worlds of Andre Norton) ed. by Roger Elwood. DAW UY1198, Oct. \$1.25
- Nourse, Alan E. **THE BLADERUNNER** (repr) Ballantine 24654, Dec. \$1.50
- Pangborn, Edgar. **A MIRROR FOR OBSERVERS** (repr) Equinox 24703, Sept. \$1.95
- Pesek, Ludek. **THE EARTH IS NEAR** (repr, tr. from German) Dell 4506, Oct. \$1.25
- Pohl, Frederik. **SLAVE SHIP** (4 ptg) Ballantine 24586, Oct. \$1.50
- Pratt, Fletcher. **THE BLUE STAR** (fty, 2 ptg) Ballantine 24537, July. \$1.50
- Priest, Christopher. **THE INVERTED WORLD** (repr) Popular 00309. \$1.25
- Pyle, Howard. **HOWARD PYLE**, with introd. by Rowland Elzea (art) Peacock M1012, Sept. \$5.95
- Reynolds, G.W.M. **WAGNER, THE WEHR-WOLF**, ed. by E.F. Bleiler. Dover. \$3.50
- Reynolds, Mack. **ABILITY QUOTIENT**. Ace 00265, Sept. \$1.25

THE FIVE WAY SECRET AGENT, and MERCENARY FROM TOMORROW (repr) Ace 24035, Nov. \$1.25

Richards, Paul. OUR SPACECRAFT IS MISSING, and THE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED (marg, repr) Award AD 1491, Dec. \$1.50

Rossiter, Oscar. TETRASOMY TWO (repr) Bantam T2052, Nov. \$1.50

Roueché, Berton. FERAL (marg, repr) Pocket 80152, Dec. \$1.50

Russ, Joanna. AND CHAOS DIED (reissue) Ace 02269, Dec. \$1.25

Sadoul, Jacques. 2000 A.D.: Illustrations from the Golden Age of Science Fiction Pulps (repr, tr. from French) Regnery. \$7.95

Sarnoff, Jane. THE 1976 MONSTER RIDDLE CALENDAR. Scribner. \$4.95

Scheer, K.H. PERRY RHODAN 78: Power Key. Ace 66062, Sept. \$1.25

PERRY RHODAN 80: The Columbus Affair. Ace 66064, Oct. \$1.25

Scortia, Thomas N. & George Zebrowski, eds. HUMAN-MACHINES: An Anthology of Stories About Cyborgs. Vintage V607, Nov. \$2.95

Shea, Robert & Robert Anton Wilson. ILLUMINATUS! pt. 1: The Eye in the Pyramid. Dell 4688, Sept. \$1.50

ILLUMINATUS! pt. 2: The Golden Apple. Dell 4691, Oct. \$1.50

ILLUMINATUS! pt. 3: Leviathan. Dell 4742, Nov. \$1.50

Smith, Cordwainer. THE BEST OF CORDWAINER SMITH, ed. by J.J. Pierce. Ballantine 24581, Sept. \$1.95

Smith, George O. THE PATH OF UNREASON (repr) Ballantine 24613, Oct. \$1.50

Stabb, Martin S. JORGE LUIS BORGES (nf, repr) St. Martin's. \$3.95

Starr, Bill. THE WAY TO DAWN WORLD (Farstar & Son 1) Ballantine 24643, Nov. \$1.50

Stewart, Fred Mustard. STAR CHILD (repr) Bantam X2101, Oct. \$1.75

Sturgeon, Theodore. NOT WITHOUT SORCERY (coll, reissue) Ballantine 24664, Dec. \$1.50

Tofte, Arthur. CRASH LANDING ON IDUNA. Laser 72003. 95¢

WALLS WITHIN WALLS. Laser 72005. 95¢

Tubb, E.C. EYE OF THE ZODIAC (Dumarest of Terra 13) DAW UY1194, Sept. \$1.25

Tucker, Wilson. ICE & IRON (repr) Ballantine 24660, Oct. \$1.50

Vance, Jack. THE GRAY PRINCE (repr) Avon 26799, Dec. \$1.25

MARUNE: ALASTOR 933. Ballantine 24518, Sept. \$1.50

Voltz, William. PERRY RHODAN 79: The Sleepers. Ace 66063, Sept. \$1.25

PERRY RHODAN 84: Secret Mission: Moluk. Ace 66068, Dec. \$1.25

Wellman, Manly Wade & Wade Wellman. SHER-

LOCK HOLMES'S WAR OF THE WORLDS. Warner. \$1.25

Wilson, Don. OUR MYSTERIOUS SPACESHIP MOON (nf) Dell 6550, Oct. \$1.25

Winston, Daoma. THE VAMPIRE CURSE (marg supernat) Warner 75-856. 95¢

Wolfe, Aaron. INVASION. Laser 72009. 95¢

Zetford, Tully. HOOK 3: Star City (repr Brit) Pinnacle 220712, Sept. \$1.25

JUVENILE

Arnott, Anne. THE SECRET COUNTRY OF C.S. LEWIS (biog) Eerdmans. \$4.95

Babbitt, Natalie. TUCK EVERLASTING (fty) Farrar. \$5.95. Age 9-12

Barber, Antonia. THE GHOSTS (supernat, repr) Archway 29732, Aug. \$1.25

Beck, Robert E., ed. LITERATURE OF THE SUPERNATURAL. Lothrop Lee. \$5.50

Brodikin, Sylvia Z. & Elizabeth J. Pearson, eds. SCIENCE FICTION. Lothrop Lee, Fall. \$6.95. Age 12 up

Chittum, Ida. TALES OF TERROR. Rand McNally. \$4.95. Age 12 up

Cowles, Ginny. NICHOLAS (fty) Seabury. \$6.95

Curry, Jane Louise. THE WATCHERS (fty) Atheneum. \$6.50. Age 9-12

Devlin, Harry. TALES OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING (folklore) Parents Magazine Press, Sept. \$4.95. Age 5-9

Earnshaw, Brian. DRAGONFALL 5 AND THE ROYAL BEAST. Lothrop Lee, Fall. \$4.50. Age 7-11

Finlay, Winifred. BEADBONNY ASH (fty, repr Brit) T. Nelson. \$5.95. Age 12 up

Fitschen, Dale. ROTTEN SNAGS! ROTTEN HAIR! (fty) Follett. \$4.95. Age 4-8

Furman, A.L., ed. MORE HAUNTED STORIES (orig. More Teen-age haunted stories) Lantern/Pocket Books 77712, Aug. 95¢

Gardner, John. DRAGON, DRAGON AND OTHER TALES. Knopf. \$4.95. Age 10 up

Greenberg, Martin Harry, Joseph D. Olander & Patricia Warrick, ed. RUN TO STARLIGHT: Sports Through Science Fiction. Delacorte, Fall. \$7.95. Age 12 up

Gregorian, Joyce Ballou. THE BROKEN CITADEL (fty) Atheneum. \$8.95. Age 9-13

Holman, Felice & Nanine Valen. THE DRAC: French Tales of Dragons and Demons (retold) Scribner. \$6.95. Age 9-13

Hughes, Richard. GERTRUDE'S CHILD (reissue, marg fty) Harlin Quist, distr. Dial. \$4.95. Age 6-9

Hunter, Mollie. A STRANGER CAME ASHORE (supernat, repr Brit) Harper, Oct. \$5.95. Age 12 up

Ibbotson, Eva. THE GREAT GHOST RESCUE (supernat, repr Brit) Walck, July. \$6.95. Age 9-12

Ingram, Tom. THE NIGHT RIDER (fty)
Bradbury. \$6.95. Age 11 up
Ipcar, Dahlov. THE QUEEN OF SPELLS (fty,
repr) Dell Yearling. 95¢
Lines, Kathleen, comp. THE HAUNTED AND
THE HAUNTERS: Tales of Ghosts and Other
Apparitions. Farrar. \$7.95
Manley, Seon & Gogo Lewis, eds. LADIES OF
FANTASY: Two Centuries of Sinister Stories
by the Gentle Sex. Lothrop Lee. \$6.50
MASTERS OF THE MACABRE: An
Anthology of Mystery, Horror and Detection.
Doubleday. \$6.95
Martini, Teri. THE MYSTERY WATERS OF
TONBRIDGE WELLS (supernat) Westminster.
\$5.75. Age 9-12
Norton, Andre. KNAVE OF DREAMS. Viking,
Sept. \$7.95
Norton, Mary. ARE ALL THE GIANTS DEAD?
(fty) Harcourt. \$6.50. Age 9-12

COMING EVENTS continued from Page 13
July

2-5 WESTERCON 29 at the International Hotel,
6225 W. Century Blvd., Los Angeles. GoH:
Horace L. Gold, Fan GoH: Gregg Calkins. Reg:
\$5 to May 31, \$6 after, \$3 supporting. For
info: Westercon XXIX, P.O. Box 5384, Mission
Hills, Calif. 91345

8-11 SEATTLE INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK
CONVENTION in Seattle, Wash. For info:
S.I.S.T.C., Convention Headquarters, 280 Kipp
St., Hackensack, N.J. 07601

30-Aug. 1 RIVERCON 2 in Louisville, Ky. For
info: FOSFA, Box 8251, Louisville, Ky. 40208
Information supplied in this list is the latest
available to us, including all changes received prior
to closing date.

RECENT RECORDINGS

The Book of Dragons, by E. Nesbit. Read by
Judith Anderson. Caedmon TC 1427, \$6.98;
cassette \$7.95
Dracula, narrated by Christopher Lee. Capitol
Dragon Fly, by Jefferson Starship. Grunt
BFL1-0717. \$5.98
Everything You Know Is Wrong, by the Firesign
Theatre. Columbia KC 33141
The Hobbit, read by Nicol Williamson. Argo ZPL
1196/9 (four record set)
Journey to the Centre of the Earth, by Rick
Wakeman. A&M SP 3621
The Little Prince, read by Peter Ustinov. Argo
ZSW 520/1
Little Wildrose and other Andrew Lang Fairy

Peck, Richard. THE GHOST BELONGED TO ME.
Viking. \$5.95. Age 12-15
Pinkwater, Manus. BLUE MOOSE (marg fty)
Dodd Mead. \$5.25. Age 6-9
Riley, James Whitcomb. THE GOBBLE-UNS'LL
GIT YOU EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!
(repr, poem) Lippincott. \$4.95. Age 5-8
Saari, Kay. THE KIDNAPPING OF THE COFFEE
POT (marg fty) Harlin Quist. \$5.95. Age 4-7
Shaw, Richard, comp. WITCH, WITCH! Stories
and Poems of Sorcery, Spells and Hocus-Pocus.
F. Warne, Fall. \$6.95. Age 9 up
Stolz, Mary. CAT IN THE MIRROR (fty) Harper,
Oct. \$6.50. Age 10 up
Turska, Krystyna. THE MAGICIAN OF
CRACOW. Greenwillow. \$7.95
Walker, Barbara. THE SCARED GHOST AND
OTHER STORIES. McGraw-Hill. \$5.72
Walters, Hugh. PASSAGE TO PLUTO (repr Brit)
T. Nelson, Nov. \$5.95. Age 12 up

August

19-22 EUROCON 3 in Poznan, Poland. Reg: \$10,
closes March 3. For info: Pierre Versins,
CH-1463 Rovray, Rovray, Switzerland; or:
Vernon Brown, Pharmacy Dept., Univ. of
Aston, Gosta Green, Birmingham B4 7ET,
England

September

2-6 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: \$20 to April 30, \$6
supporting. For info: P.O. Box 221, Kansas
City, Mo. 64141

Tales, read by Cathleen Nesbitt. Caedmon TC
1382, \$6.98; cassette \$7.95
Phaedra, by Tangerine Dream. Virgin VR 13-108
Planet of the Apes: The Mountain of Delphi!
Power 8148
Return to Forever, by Chick Corea. Polydor PD
5536
Rollerball (sound track) United Artists
Scenes from Dracula, read by David McCallum &
Carole Shelley. Caedmon, \$6.98; cassette \$7.95
Space Rangers, by Neil Merryweather. Mercury
SRM-1-1007. \$6.95
Stardrive, by Stardrive. Columbia KC-33047 \$6.98
The Wiz (original cast) Atlantic SD 18137
Young Frankenstein (soundtrack) ABC ABCD-870



Lilliputia

THE GALACTIC REJECTS by Andrew J. Offutt. Illus. by Richard Cuffari. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1973. 191 pp. \$5.50. Age level: 11 up (paperback: Dell Laurel Leaf, 1974. 95¢)

Three humans escape from a ship attacked by Azuli—enemies in a 19-year war with Earth—and land on a planet inhabited by peaceful humans existing at the level of 19th century Earth. The three visitors have unique psi capabilities which they use to make their fortunes on their foster planet, until the Azuli land and force the three to get back into a war which once before two of them had refused to participate in, and in which one had lost everything of meaning to him.

The story is aimed at the teenage and young adult. The plot is simple, straight-line; the characters have enough complications to make them interesting although they are not drawn in depth.

No explanation is given for parallel evolution and this will be off-putting to many readers who are used to having anomalies explained in some technically-acceptable manner.

The illustrations are clear and straightforward, and provide a nice balance to the narrative. All in all, a good night's entertainment.

—Gail C. Futoran

SCIENCE FICTION TALES ed. by Roger Elwood. Illus. by Rod Ruth. Rand McNally, 1973. 124 pp. \$3.95

MONSTER TALES ed. by Roger Elwood. Illus. by Franz Altschuler. Rand McNally, 1973. 117 pp. \$3.95

Suggested age level 10 or 11 and up.

These are all first-run stories, some come up to the quality expected of their writers, others are simply diluted versions of their writer's better known stories and novels. "The Smallest Dragonboy" by McCaffrey is one such, being a pale shadow of the drama of Lessa's impression by Ramoth, but entertaining for those not familiar with the parent story. "Alone in Sapce" is a story of a boy's bravery. "The Mysterious Gem" a kind of Whiz Kids adventure which was a bit contrived with a letdown ending. "The Triple Moons of Deneb II" is a nicely constructed story of one boy's family curse and another boy's courage in defending his pet. "The Laughing Lion" and "Two Years to Gaea" are both disappointing in promising more than eventually develops. *SF Tales* ends with a gift to us cat lovers in "Some Are Born Cats" by the Carrs. So *that's* what the little monster is thinking (or not thinking) about when she is draped over the TV.

The illustrations in *SF Tales* are excellent: clear, strong line drawings taking the critical moment of each story and bringing it to life. In contrast are the illustrations for *Monster Tales*; these are vague washes of little feeling or mood, which detract from the book rather than add to it.

The first story in *Monster Tales*, called "Wendigo's Child," is a classic 'monster on the stairs' tale which adds nothing new; the imminent demise of the impulsive boy and the horror he faces left me cold and feeling cheated. Bill Cosby did it so much better and he was funny, besides. "Torchbearer" is an uneven tale of persecution. The writer keeps us in suspense too long about who is the real villain and who the hero, and when it is all straightened out it lacks the impact it might have had, but the tale does stretch the imagination and that is something. "The Call of the Grave" is a nice tale of vengeance and "Werewolf Boy" a lesson in what happens when you make rash promises to a witch, no matter how right your mission. "Precious Bodily Fluids" about a nasty sort of vampire, builds nicely for awhile then sort of fizzles out in the denouement; forgettable. "The Vrkolak" is cute and funny; the suggested horror of the opening pages, which seem to link the story to "Werewolf Boy," switches to an ending where the best vengeance is not destruction but humiliation amid laughter.

For the young sf and horror fan I would not mind recommending these books as long as they can be found on library shelves, but they aren't so unforgettable that the kid would want them permanently on his/her shelves.

—Gail C. Futoran

Reviews

THE SCIENCE FICTION BOOK: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY by Franz Rottensteiner.
Seabury Press, 1975. 160 pp. \$14.95

Although most LUNA Monthly readers probably don't read the Austrian fanzine *Quarber Merkur*, its editor has long had a more eclectic approach to sf than most American critics who, lacking foreign language fluency, have tended to be insular, focusing largely on Anglo-American sf, including Verne of course. This illustrated survey is accordingly strongly international in scope, mentioning works and authors which I had never heard of, such as the Hungarians, Mor Jokai and Friges Karinthy, as well as French, Japanese and Spanish writers, many of whose works have never appeared in English. The book's layout, courtesy of Thames & Hudson, the British publisher, is handsome and varied. The illustrations are a major part of the work—I'd estimate about 60% of the book—ranging from film stills from all periods to pulp magazine covers to a variety of interior book illustrations, many from foreign language editions of well-known sf authors. Many are in color. Comic books, fandom, sf on TV, and some acute observations on "why there is no sex in science fiction" are among the topics discussed with shrewdness and obvious knowledge. Because of the international and chronological scope of the book and its extensive use of illustrations, each of the 50 or so "chapters" rarely exceeds three pages, including the illustrations, although the introduction runs about 20 pages. The total text probably doesn't exceed 25,000 words. Such an arrangement gives a somewhat choppy effect. A chronology from Lucian to Le Guin, a multilingual descriptive bibliography, and a list of Nebula and Hugo awards conclude the work, which has no index. Its major competitor is James Gunn's *Alternate Worlds*, whose history is much more detailed, although lacking the foreign coverage Rottensteiner provides. Gunn is also extensively illustrated, has an index, and other useful features. But Gunn is twice the price. In spite of this, I think Gunn is the better choice for libraries and most readers. Fans should definitely read both.

—Neil Barron

ALTERNATE WORLDS: THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION by James Gunn. Prentice-Hall, 1975. 256 pp. \$29.95

As a former president of the SFWA, an author not only of sf (such as *The Listeners*) but of screenplays, articles, verse and criticism, and an English faculty member at the University of Kansas, Gunn is especially well-qualified to write this panoramic history of the field, "to explain science fiction in terms of the influences that created it and then affected its subsequent development . . . to describe what science fiction is and how it differs from other kinds of fiction (fantasies and utopias and 'mainstream' stories), how it got to be what it is, and how it achieves its effects" (p.7).

Following a reminiscence by Asimov and an overview of sf today, the remaining dozen chapters treat the origin and development of the field from earliest times to the latest works, whether by sf or mainstream authors. The coverage is wide, relatively thorough, and consistently interesting, both for the fan and the novice. The book's price results largely from its extensive use of illustrations. I counted 32 pages of color plates, mostly of magazine covers, plus a very large number of other illustrations—portraits of writers from Cervantes to Ellison, book and magazine covers, illustrations from works over several centuries, etc. The striking cover by Phil Grushkin and the oversize (9x12) and well-designed layout contribute to the book's impressive qualities.

But this is not a coffee table book, distinguished more by bulk than substance. Gunn's academic training and thorough knowledge of the field are well balanced throughout this survey, which "tries to incorporate within an adult vision the ingenuous eyes of discovery." His intent is not to trace literary influences, as does Aldiss in *Billion Year Spree*, which Gunn strongly commends. The appendix lists Nebula and Hugo winners, common sf themes and works illustrating them, and a tabular history of civilization, science, technology and sf. The index is very detailed and greatly enhances the book's reference value. There is no work entirely comparable to this. Aldiss has a different intent, as noted. Sadoul's *2000 A.D.* (1973 in French, 1975 in English) provides more examples of illustrations from the sf

pulps but with relatively brief commentaries. Rottensteiner's *The Science Fiction Book* is the closest competitor. His scope is very similar, both are extensively illustrated, and he provides a more thorough coverage of European and Soviet sf. The choice among such riches is difficult. Gunn would probably be the best choice for the smaller library, with Rottensteiner a close second (partly because of its price, half that of Gunn). Paperback reprints of these are unlikely, so fans will have to make some difficult choices.

—Neil Barron

IF YOU BELIEVE THE SOLDIERS by Alexander Cordell. Doubleday, 1974. 216 pp. \$5.95

Mark Seaton is a British civil servant of the higher echelons, where a certain decadence seems to be the norm, with extra-marital affairs as commonplace as household servants, and horses and hunting and dinner parties featuring the latest chic radical the accepted social diversions. Whatever his personal problems, Seaton feels his duty lies in serving the public as best he can in his official capacity as Director of Contracts in the Ministry of Building. Unfortunately, in 1982 (yes, there is a later allusion to Orwell) a military coup has toppled parliamentary democracy, and the Crown, and if one of your superiors is corrupt, you just *do not* file a complaint—unless you feel that your duty lies in serving the public as best you can . . .

For his dedication, Seaton is imprisoned, tortured, and, in succeeding revolutions, subjected to the same sort of inquisition and mistreatment over and over again. Societal conditions become similar to those after the Bolshevik revolution, but managerial faces in the Civil Service remain the same—including the corrupt ones.

The whole book appears to be a warning to the British people that a swing to the Right will not solve the problems in Northern Ireland, nor break the power of the trade unions, but the idea of a man steeped in private corruption parading his public sanctity did not impress me. If one likes murder-and-torture-and-politics, this is an okay book. If not, forget it.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE FEMALE MAN by Joanna Russ. Bantam Q8765, 1975. 214 pp. \$1.25

Joanna Russ has been living inside my head, I think, only she has resources of synthesis and self-expression in which I seem to be sadly deficient. There has never been a book so easy to understand—what woman, walking past a construction site at noon, has not longed for Jael's steel teeth and unsheathed claws to eliminate forever those patted crotches and husky voices that declare, over beer and sandwiches, exactly what "that one" is "asking for." Who of us has not, like Jeannine, been badgered by mother and brother and sister-in-law to be pretty, be pleasant, be married. Joanna—there's the clue—Joanna is now, today, fighting all those women who like-things-just-the-way-they-are, still somewhat embarrassed by Janet, who insists upon dressing sensibly and doesn't understand why one is not supposed to do physical damage to a persistent masher.

Although these four women are presented as being from different lines of probability, and their hypothetical societies are rather well described and more or less believably constructed, it is very clear that they are also, perhaps principally, four different facets of the same personality. There is no male character to complement the female man (Mankind includes women; He includes She; therefore, it must be logical to speak of female Man). However, men-as-a-group are seen as stereotypes—one facet in each probability. Except Janet's—there are no men on the world called Whileaway. Which brings up the question of Sex. Yes, there is a smattering of it here. Jeannine is intimately involved with a man. Janet is a confirmed lesbian. Nothing titillating either way, folks, despite the bosomy, naked redhead on the cover.

Joanna Russ' mode of expression is sf, and she has used it well to express a psychological, and, yes, political reality. Usually, when I don't understand a book, I charitably call it a Very Personal Expression. Well, this is a VPE if I ever saw one, but I had no trouble at all following the author's intent. The whole image of women in sf has been undergoing a gradual (*very* gradual) change. Progress may very well be somewhat faster henceforth.

—Charlotte Moslander

IDENTITY SEVEN by Robert Lory. DAW UQ1101, 1974. 155 pp. 95¢

Hunters Associated: an unusual organization whose look-alike agents know themselves only as numbers, each of them ready to assume any of 30 identities established on 30 scattered worlds. Each identity comes complete with titles and influence, a beautiful and unknowing woman, and an efficient and knowing aide. Hunters Associated "locates things clients want," but the organization's ultimate aims and goals are less explicit.

When agent Six, occupying the identity of Kallian Pendek, president of Sub-Oceanic Transport on the planet Usulkan, is murdered, number Seven is the logical replacement. His assignment is to find out who killed his predecessor and why. But no sooner does he slip into the Pendek identity than he, too, becomes a candidate for liquidation. Finally, Seven's discovery of a vast underwater installation constructed secretly with Sub-Oceanic funds leads him to a deadly confrontation on the ocean floor and uncovers a plot involving interplanetary rebellion.

If the reader can accept Lory's initial premise, *Identity Seven* becomes a not unpleasant means of whiling away an idle evening with science fictional adventure.

—B.A. Fredstrom

BEFORE THE GOLDEN AGE ed. by Isaac Asimov. Doubleday, 1974. 912 pp. \$16.95 (paperback: Fawcett Crest Q2410, Q2452, Q2525, 1975. \$1.50 each)

The indefatigable Asimov adds a massive anthology to his list of published works, with stories from the very early days of science fiction, largely supplied him by Sam Moskowitz. The stories run from 1920 to 1938 and as can be expected, vary all the way from some pretty crude ones to the relatively sophisticated stories of Murray Leinster and John Campbell. Two things make this anthology noteworthy. One, if, like Asimov, you don't keep old magazines around and either have none, or have never read any of these old stories you may want to see them or keep them in this handier form. Two, since Asimov is a well-loved figure in this sf world, you will most likely be fascinated by the voluminous notes before and after each story, which detail his early years and his reactions to the story, why he picked it and how it shaped his own writing career. Expect no modesty from Asimov, he cheerfully admits to being a monster of conceit and arrogance, but he remains lovable and charming as always. The early stories, "Awlo of Ulm" by Capt. S.P. Meek, "Tetrahedra of Space" by P. Schuyler Miller, "Tumithak of the Corridors" by Charles R. Tanner and so on, are really pretty bad, yet they had a rushing vitality which is infectious. "The Man Who Awoke" by Laurence Manning has now been published in book form by Ballantine together with its four sequels, to make a complete book. Undoubtedly this anthology is an exercise in nostalgia for Asimov, curiously so, as he insists throughout that he is not sentimental. Actually, he is merely selective about what touches his sentimentality. But whether your memories go back to the thirties or not, you may want this collection for its historical value and as a kind of gauge to see how far sf has come.

—Samuel Mines

EARTHWRECK! by Thomas N. Scortia. Fawcett Gold Medal M2963, 1974. 224 pp. 95¢

At 95¢ this is a bargain—a solidly build, mature work of power, insight and telling emotional effect. If you are a little mechanical-minded you will love the precise and detailed explanation of the problems and machines of a spacecraft. If you are not, you can skim those parts lightly, for elsewhere you will find human, three-dimensional people with human problems.

The plot is not new, it is the skill with which it is handled that makes it so real. Briefly, a contingent of scientists on a space station watch helplessly as Earth launches that final atomic war and in moments wipes out every living thing on the planet. A couple of hundred miles away is another space station—a Soviet one. The course is obvious, the two crews must bury their antagonisms or enmities and combine their resources if they are to stay alive and plan a colony somewhere to continue the human race. Scortia has intimate and detailed knowledge of the science and mathematics involved and he makes it superbly real to the reader. This is an impressive piece of work.

—Samuel Mines

THE HAUNTED WOMAN by David Lindsay. Newcastle Publishing (1521 North Vine St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028) 1975. 176 pp. \$2.95 paper

Yes, this reprint of a 1922 novel is a classic in a way. It's a mood piece, as one would expect from the author of *Voyage to Arcturus*. Set in an English country house with a reputation for strange happenings, it's the story of Isabel Loment who is travelling with her aunt looking for a nice country place. Isabel is the only one of her group who sees the stairs leading to a room which isn't there—at least not in this world. The owner of the house, Henry Judge, also has seen the stairs and been in the room. A strange relationship develops between the two but in the end Judge dies. The atmosphere is the primary value of the book. Since this is a review and not a literary analysis, all I can say at this point is read the book. Everyone won't like it but for those who enjoy this kind of tale it is a rewarding book. The inconclusiveness is part of the charm.

Terrible cover design.

—J. B. Post

HOUSE OF ZEOR by Jacqueline Lichtenberg. Doubleday, 1974. 206 pp. \$5.95

This novel is set in a world (this world?) in which two humanoid types face each other in mutual hatred. Unfortunately, one group, the Gens, produces selyn, which the others, the Simes, need in order to live. The problem is that, except for the channels (Simes who can take selyn from a Gen and give it to another Sime), the transfer kills the Gen. Enter Hugh Valleroy, Gen, who must cross into Sime territory as an agent in search of his lady love Aisha, who has been kidnapped, and Klyd Farris, channel of the House of Zeor (a sort of refuge where Simes can live with Gens and receive their selyn through the channel without killing them). From there it becomes an action-and-adventure tale, seasoned with the peculiar relationship between Valleroy and Farris and sociological and biological analyses of Sime society, selyn transfer, and the mystique of the kill. The last page cues in the violins and tree-arched road into the future.

According to the dustjacket, this is Jacqueline Lichtenberg's first novel, and I must admit she is quite talented. Her society has the sort of internal integrity that "real" societies do; her characters are vital, believable people about whom the reader learns to care, and who behave as they might be expected to behave under the circumstances presented. The narrative moves along swiftly and logically, with suspense built beautifully along the way. Actually, those very vital characters seem to have gotten away from the author and developed a life of their own—a rather frightening experience, I should imagine—I can think of no other reason why she takes such pains to explain that the close bodily contact required for selyn transfer has no sexual overtones. It is as if she has created a world, then let her own difficulty with the closeness between her two male characters cause her to back away from a situation which just might whisper of homosexuality. Fortunately, the characters take over again, and, except for the sentimental last paragraph, live out their lives as they were meant to. It is to be hoped that future novels will find her less inclined to explain "that's-not-what-I-meant."

—Charlotte Moslander

ALSO RECEIVED:

Asimov on Chemistry, by Isaac Asimov. Anchor Books, Nov. \$3.50 (orig. Doubleday, 1974)
The Ballad of Beta-2, and Empire Star, by Samuel R. Delany. Ace 20571, Oct. \$1.25
Bedlam Planet, by John Brunner. Ace 05301, Oct. \$1.25 (c1968)
The Best of Frederik Pohl. Ballantine 24507, June. \$1.95
Between Planets, by Robert A. Heinlein. Ace 05501, June. \$1.25 (c1951)
Beyond Control, by George Leonard. Macmillan, Oct. \$7.95
Bill, the Galactic Hero, by Harry Harrison. Equinox 25767, Aug. \$1.95 (c1966)
The Black Angel, by Bettina Kingsley. Pocket 7776, Nov. 1974. 95¢ (marg supernat)
The Bloody Sun, by Marion Zimmer Bradley. Ace 06851, Nov. \$1.25 (c1964)
The Blue Star, by Fletcher Pratt. Ballantine 24537, July. \$1.50 (2d ptg, orig. 1952)
CenterForce, by T.A. Waters. Dell 6191, Dec. 1974. 95¢
Citizen of the Galaxy, by Robert A. Heinlein. Ace 10601, Oct. \$1.25 (c1957)
The City Under Ground, by Suzanne Martel. Archway 19730, Aug. 95¢ (orig. Viking, 1964)

Concrete Island, by J.G. Ballard. Farrar Straus, Nov. 1974. \$6.95

The Curse of the Pharaohs, by Philipp Vandenberg. Lippincott, Aug. \$8.95 (nonfiction)

City Under the Sea, by Kenneth Bulmer. Equinox 26187, Nov. \$1.95 (c1957)

Close to Critical, by Hal Clement. Ballantine 24508, July. \$1.50 (3 ptg, orig. 1964)

Dinosaur Beach, by Keith Laumer. DAW UY1174, July. \$1.25 (3 ptg, hardcover: Scribner, 1971. \$4.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 41/42)

Enter Dr. Nikola! by Guy Boothby. Newcastle, Sept. \$2.95 (orig: A bid for fortune; occult)

The Finger of Saturn, by Victor Canning. Morrow, 1974. \$6.95 (c1973)

The Five Way Secret Agent, and Mercenary from Tomorrow, by Mack Reynolds. Ace 24035, Nov. \$1.25

Forward in Time, by Ben Bova. Popular 08310, 1974. \$1.25 (coll; hardcover: Walker, 1973. \$6.95)

Frankenstein Unbound, by Brian W. Aldiss. Fawcett Crest Q2473, July. \$1.50 (hardcover: Random House, 1974. \$5.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 51)

Future City, ed. by Roger Elwood. Pocket 77936, 1974. 95¢ (hardcover: Trident, 1973. \$7.95)

Gather, Darkness! by Fritz Leiber. Ballantine 24585, May. \$1.50 (c1950)

A Gift from Earth, by Larry Niven. Ballantine 24509, June. \$1.50 (c1968)

Gods of Air and Darkness, by Richard E. Mooney. Stein and Day, July. \$8.95 (nonfiction)

Gooseflesh! ed. by Vic Ghidalia. Berkley Medallion S2732, Dec. 1974. 75¢

Half Past Human, by T.J. Bass. Ballantine 24635, Nov. \$1.50 (2 ptg, reviewed orig. LUNA Monthly 38/39)

The Hephæstus Plague, by Thomas Page. Bantam X8550, Jan. \$1.75 (hardcover: Putnam, 1973)

I Am A Barbarian, by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Ace 35804, Sept. \$1.50 (c1967)

Imaginative Sex, by John Norman. DAW UM1146, Nov. \$1.95 (3 ptg, orig. 1974)

Joshua, Son of None, by Nancy Freedman. Dell 4344, Nov. 1974. \$1.50 (hardcover: Delacorte, 1973)

Jupiter, the Largest Planet, by Isaac Asimov. Ace 41660. \$1.50 (orig. ed. 1973)

The Lute and the Glove, by Katherine Wigmore Eyre. Ace 50502. 95¢ (c1955)

Mention My Name in Atlantis, by John Jakes. DAW UY1196, Sept. \$1.25 (3 ptg, reviewed orig. LUNA Monthly 41/42)

A Mirror for Observers, by Edgar Pangborn. Equinox 24703, Sept. \$1.95 (c1954)

The Mote in God's Eye, by Larry Niven & Jerry Pournelle. Pocket 80107, Oct. \$1.95 (hardcover: Simon & Schuster, 1974. \$9.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 58)

No Blade of Grass, by John Christopher. Equinox 23903, July. \$1.95 (c1956)

Noah II, by Roger Dixon. Ace 58251, July. \$1.50 (orig. 1970, reviewed LUNA Monthly 31)

The Other Glass Teat, by Harlan Ellison. Pyramid A3791, June. \$1.50 (TV)

Our Mysterious Spaceship Moon, by Don Wilson. Dell 6550, Oct. \$1.25

Pandora's Planet, by Christopher Anvil. DAW UY1178, Oct. \$1.25 (3 ptg)

The Panic Broadcast, by Howard Koch. Avon 26906. \$1.50 (hardcover: Little, 1970; 6 ptg)

Perry Rhodan 74: Checkmate: Universe, by Kurt Mahr. Ace 66058, July. \$1.25

Perry Rhodan 75: Planet Topide, Please Reply! by Kurt Brand. Ace 66059, July. \$1.25

Perry Rhodan 76: Recruits for Arkon, by Clark Darlton. Ace 66060, Aug. \$1.25

Perry Rhodan 77: Conflict Center: Naator, by Clark Darlton. Ace 66061, Aug. \$1.25

Police Your Planet, by Lester del Rey & Erik van Lhin. Ballantine 24465, May. \$1.50 (c1956)

The Powers of Evil in Western Religion, Magic and Folk Belief, by Richard Cavendish. Putnam, Aug. \$7.95

The Questor Tapes, by D.C. Fontana. Ballantine 24236, 1974. \$1.25

Quickie Thrillers: 25 Mini-Mysteries, ed. by Arthur Lieberman. Pocket 48517, Oct. \$1.50

Regiment of Women, by Thomas Berger. Popular 08330. \$1.75 (hardcover: Simon & Schuster, 1973)

She and Allan, by H. Rider Haggard. Newcastle Forgotten Fantasy, Sept. \$3.45

She Waits, by Henry Clement. Popular 00283. \$1.25 (supernat, based on teleplay)

Sleepwalker's World, by Gordon R. Dickson. DAW UY1192, Aug. \$1.25 (hardcover:

Lippincott, 1971. \$5.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 38/39)

Smith of Wootton Major and Farmer Giles of Ham, by J.R.R. Tolkien. Ballantine 24564, Aug. \$1.50 (orig. 1969, reviewed LUNA Monthly 8)

Solar Lottery, by Philip K. Dick. Ace 77411, Oct. \$1.25 (c1955)

Soldier, Ask Not, by Gordon R. Dickson. DAW UW1207, Nov. \$1.50 (c1967)

The Sorcerer's Apprentice, by Walt Disney Productions. Random House, 1973. \$2.95

Spell of the Witch World, by Andre Norton. DAW UY1179, June. \$1.25 (5 ptg, orig. 1972, reviewed LUNA Monthly 41/42)

The Spell of Time, by Meyer Levin. Praeger, 1974. \$5.95

The Spider 1: Death Reign of the Vampire King, by Grant Stockbridge. Pocket 77952, Jan. 95¢

The Spider 2: Hordes of the Red Butcher, by Grant Stockbridge. Pocket 77944, Jan. 95¢

The Spider 3: The City Destroyer, by Grant Stockbridge. Pocket 77943, Feb. 95¢

The Spider 4: Death and the Spider, by Grant Stockbridge. Pocket 77953, Feb. 95¢

Star Child, by Fred Mustard Stewart. Bantam X2101, Oct. \$1.75 (hardcover: Arbor House, 1974. \$6.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 59)

Star of Danger, by Marion Zimmer Bradley. Ace 77945, Nov. \$1.25 (c1965)

Star Trek 11, by James Blish. Bantam Q8717, April. \$1.25

Star Trek Log Five, by Alan Dean Foster. Ballantine 24532, Aug. \$1.25

The Stardroppers, by John Brunner. DAW UY1197, Sept. \$1.25 (c1972)

The Suns of Scorpio, by Alan Burt Akers. DAW UY1191, Aug. \$1.25 (Dray Prescot 2; 3 ptg)

The Sword of Rhiannon, by Leigh Brackett. Ace 79141, Aug. \$1.25 (orig. 1953)

Tales of Thunder and Lightning, by Harry Devlin. Parents Magazine Press, Sept. \$4.95. Age level: 5-9

Tiger Nanny, by Ursula Moray Williams. Thomas Nelson, 1974. \$5.95 (marg juv fty)

Time for the Stars, by Robert A. Heinlein. Ace 81126, Aug. \$1.25 (orig. 1956)

Tolkien: A Look Behind 'The Lord of the Rings' by Lin Carter. Ballantine 24520, June. \$1.50 (9 prg, orig. 1969, reviewed LUNA Monthly 8)

The Tombs of Atuan, by Ursula K. Le Guin. Bantam T8318, Sept. \$1.50 (hardcover: Atheneum, 1971. \$5.50. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 38/39)

Transit to Scorpio, by Alan Burt Akers. DAW UY1169. \$1.25 (Dray Prescot 1, 3 ptg)

Twilight of the Basilisks, by Jacob Transue (Joan Matheson) Berkley 02476, 1973. 95¢

Ultimate World, by Hugo Gernsback. Equinox 26179, Nov. \$1.95 (hardcover: Walker, 1972. \$5.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 43)

View from a Height, by Isaac Asimov. Avon Discus 24547, June. \$1.25 (nonfiction, orig. 1963)

Who Is Mary Stark? by Lloyd Kropp. Avon 22707, April. \$1.50 (hardcover: Doubleday, 1974)

A Wizard of Earthsea, by Ursula K. Le Guin. Bantam T2168, Aug. \$1.50 (hardcover: Parnassus Press, 1968. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 3)

World of Ptavvs, by Larry Niven. Ballantine 24591, Sept. \$1.50 (4 ptg, c1966)

The Wounded Planet, ed. by Roger Elwood and Virginia Kidd. Bantam Q7789, Aug. 1974. \$1.25 (hardcover: Saving Worlds, Doubleday, 1973. \$6.95)

The Year's Best Horror Stories: Series I, ed. by Richard Davis. DAW UY1134, July. \$1.25 (3 ptg, orig. 1972, reviewed LUNA Monthly 41/42)

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