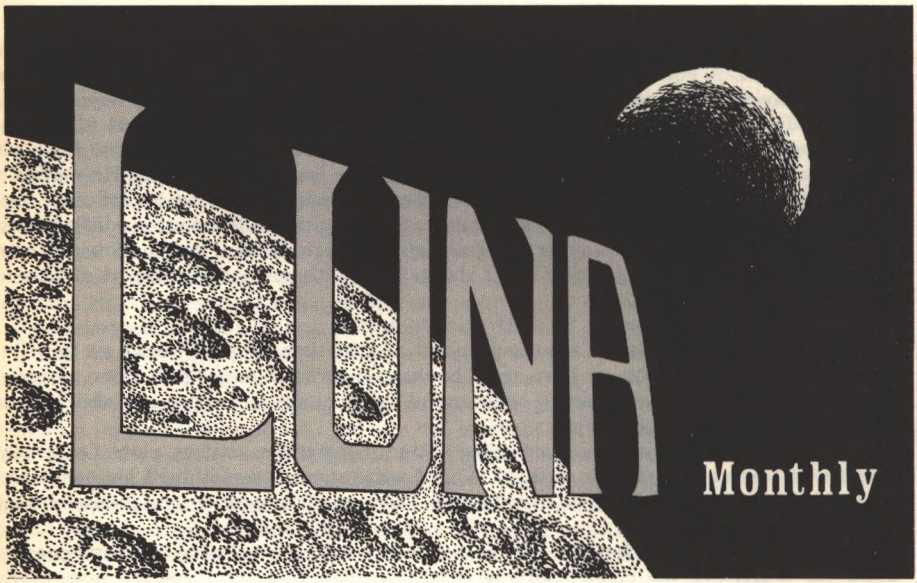

No. 62 February 1976

Jack Williamson: An Interview

Conducted by Paul Walker

It's true that I had—and, in a way, still have—a great admiration for A. Merritt, though it is a good many years since I have looked at anything of his. Maybe I'm afraid of spoiling the sense of magic that I remember. His short story, "The People of the Pit," was in one of the first copies of *Amazing Stories* that I saw. For me, it had the strong unique emotional effect that Poe says a short story should produce. My own first story, "The Metal Man," obviously imitates it in some ways, though I don't think the imitation was intentional. When I was able to raise money for a subscription—I talked my sister into contributing—the first issue contained the second part of *The Moon Pool.* I can still almost quote the words that began this installment: "The globe spun and ran rosy once more." I don't want to go back to see how accurate this quotation is, but I do know that I was plunged immediately into a very vivid and strange and wonderful experience. These stories and others of Merritt's filled my imagination completely. In my own first attempts at writing, I was trying desperately to do what Merritt was doing. If Merritt had faults, I lacked the background to be aware of them. I had read nothing else like him. His worlds were completely and dazzlingly new.

I was almost overwhelmed, of course, when Merritt wrote to tell me that he liked my own stories. When my second story, "The Alien Intelligence," ran as a serial, he read the first part and wrote to ask for the carbon copy so that he could read the rest of the story without waiting for the next issue. My own excited response to this sort of attention was to ask his permission to write a sequel to his great novelette, "The Face in the Abyss." It turned out that he had just completed this long-demanded sequel himself, but he did agree to collaborate with me on a new novel, for which I submitted an outline. I still have and prize five letters that he wrote me during February 1930, discussing this project—the title was to be *The Purple Mountain.* In the fall of that year—I think during the Thanksgiving vacation—I wrote a 20,000 word opening and mailed it to him. Evidently he was not impressed, because that was as far as we got. I didn't keep a copy of what I wrote and he never returned the manuscript, but it must have been, from what I can recall, pretty obvious and flat, probably an imitation of Merritt's worst traits.

On the occasion when Ed Hamilton and I called on Merritt at the *American Weekly* office, he received us warmly and spent an hour or so talking science fiction with us.

His influence is hard for me to discuss in any intelligent way. The most visible part of it is pretty bad. A good many people were writing bad imitations. (I remember Ed Earl Repp.) In my own case, soon after I began selling stories I began moving away from Merritt. I was reading H. G. Wells and working under Dr. Miles J. Breuer in a sort of literary apprenticeship. We published a short story together, and then a novel. I suppose Breuer is pretty well forgotten now. But, for me at that time, he was a good teacher. He wanted a plainer style, more emphasis on character and theme. In such directions, his influence was better than Merritt's. But no doubt Merritt had a more positive influence, one a little harder to pin down. The color, the wonder, the emotion, the magic of sheer imagination—I'm sure that something of the best of Merritt has always been with me, and is still part of science fiction.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

About writing habits — I have spend most of a lifetime trying to learn how to write. With an unquenched faith, I have read books and writers' magazines, taken courses, attended workshops. I have learned some useful things about technique, and also learned that technique alone is not enough.

Early on, I started collecting and filing notes for characters, settings, plots. I presently found that I never looked back at these. What I write about is something I am concerned about, something that is still alive in my mind. There are, I suppose, several thousand dead story ideas in my files.

I still make outlines, but in recent years not such full ones as I once did. I still need to know the characters, the major conflicts, and the ending. But I find that the story needs room to grow and change as I work on it. There's a large input from the unconscious, and I have learned to encourage and depend on that more than I used to.

I like to keep more or less regular office hours—I don't believe in waiting for inspiration. But when I have a story moving successfully, I'm actually working on it nearly

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twenty-four hours a day. I wake up at night and plan new episodes—the unconscious sometimes seems closer then. A new idea will come while I'm shaving. I have a tendency to put in so many hours at the typewriter that my nerves or digestion begin to revolt, so that I have to stop at intervals to recuperate.

But, even back in the days when I called myself a full-time professional, I never could keep stories going successfully all the time. There were periods when I forced myself to write, with nothing much to say, and produced bad or sometimes unsaleable stories. Now, writing only part-time, I commonly have more that I want to write than I have time for.

There are many reasons for not writing—some of them of course unconscious. I think a lot of the concern about writing habits comes from people who don't understand their own problems. I once spent a couple of years under psychoanalysis, one hope being that I would understand my own writing problems better. Maybe I do. Some of them. Maybe.

As for revision, there were a couple of years when I submitted and commonly sold first drafts. But that was early in the game. I soon discovered that I wasn't the pulp giant I imagined Max Brand, for example, to be. And I think revising itself eventually came to be a greater sin than no revision at all. I got into bad habits of rewriting a sentence or a paragraph until I had worn the life out of it, instead of moving on to the next paragraph.

I might add that I still like collaboration. It is somehow easier to write for Fred Pohl than to write for an editor. Perhaps the sense of him as reader helps to make a sort of mental focus; perhaps the knowledge that he will revise what I write disarms some of my own excessive self-criticism.

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As for such labels as "hack," "commercial," "serious writer" — I'm always a little suspicious of the writer who takes himself, or expects us to take him, too seriously. I have, too, a tremendous respect for good craftsmanship, of the sort the commercial writer must develop. No matter how "serious" the purpose, the writer can't hope to communicate it without craftsmanship.

I have always admired such writers as J. P. Marquand and Somerset Maugham for the skilled and conscious literary workmanship that underlies their literary art. I have a similar admiration for the great practitioners of the modern mystery story, such as Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler—I'm now teaching a course in modern mystery fiction, incidentally. I have a smaller admiration for the Thomas Wolfe of *Look Homeward, Angel*, etc., because he lacked that sort of craftsmanship. For all his rich flow of image and emotion, he needed Max Perkins to give his work some sort of form.

Speaking of form, I have been studying linguistics for the past several years, and teaching courses in it. This study has sharpened my interest in the way form and structure operate as vehicles for meaning. I like to think of the form of the novel as parallel to the form of the sentence, but at a high level of complexity in the total pattern of speech. This line of thought, of course, leads me to place a high value on such writers as Hammett and Chandler and Marquand and Maugham, who have displayed a superb command of form.

The hack writer, of course, is the one who exploits some command of form without much regard for the expression of any original or "serious" meaning. An element of relativity gets into the picture here, because readers and critics aren't all agreed about what is original and what is serious.

In our own field, Ed Hamilton and Hank Kuttner and more recently Bob Silverberg are men who developed a fine command of form early in their careers and used it later to do work that is more widely admired. But the writing they did earlier was deservedly popular among readers who evidently found their earlier work "serious" enough. I am still a little bit reluctant to concede that the values of the self-proclaimed critic are any more reliable than those of anybody else.

Look at Darko Suvin, for example. He's a man of intelligence, scholarship, and erudition. I have a high respect for his critical credentials—and I disagree completely with most of his pronouncements. His Marxist standard of value is based on "sociological function." My own inclinations are toward other values—for example, toward the vividness and power of illusion I once found in Merritt. I was going to add something about truth to life, but I suppose Darko feels that the Marxist analysis is truth about life. I don't.

About the influence of these labels on writers—I'm not sure. I am concerned, however, about the efforts of such contemporary writers as Silverberg and Chip Delany and a dozen others I could mention to do "serious" work and get themselves recognized as "serious" or "mainstream" literary artists. My own experience as a teacher of writing has been that the new writer with artistic ambitions tends to scorn too many of the old forms and patterns because he associates them with hack work. He doesn't realize that these same forms are the very language he must use to say anything at all. Of course such a giant as James Joyce can forge relatively new forms and educate a new generation of readers to understand his new language, but even for Joyce it wasn't easy. Even though a good deal of luck goes into the making of a literary reputation, I think the odds are with the man who is writing for a mass audience. In their own times, Homer and Shakespeare and Dickens and Dostoievsky were popular enough.

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What is serious about science fiction?

I have repeated my answer so often that it sounds trite, but I still believe it. The essential fact about science fiction is the sense of prophecy, the sense of possibility, the feeling that it just might come true. That's the serious fact about it. It's the basic reason that its fans take it seriously. I know that many fine current writers don't accept that statement—but I would say that most of what they write is fantasy, not science fiction. I also know that most writers are not trying to make serious extrapolations—since they want to write and sell exciting stories, they need novelty and surprise more than they need accurate predictions. Consequently they develop the less probable premise, rather than the most probable. But I think that we're all in some sense followers of those such as Wells who have made serious extrapolations, and that the public image of the whole field is colored, however thinly, by this sense of possibility.

(Admitting, again, that in any one story, this sense is not very important. After one gets into the story, it becomes less important than the reality of character, the excitement of action, the tension of suspense. But, still, it is the one distinctive thing that makes science fiction distinct from fantasy—in which we are not asked to agree that the story could ever actually happen anywhere.)

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Why does "everyone" want to be a writer?

First, maybe, we should make a distinction between wanting to be a writer and wanting to write. In the popular imagination, being a writer means—or used to mean—being famous, wealthy, free from social restraints, able to travel and to meet exciting people and to live an independent life. I think a lot of poeple want to be writers because of that romantic image, not because they really want to write.

But, on the other hand, there is at least a little bit of truth beneath the image. I think that, however false it may be, it has motivated some people to become successful writers.

Coming to reasons for wanting to write, I would like to comment in terms of linguistics. Linguistic forms are structured on many levels of increasing complexity. At the lowest or simplest levels, distinctive features fit together to make phonemes, and phonemes fit together to make morphemes, until you get words and sentences.

Looked at in this way, the forms of fiction are linguistic structures—among the most complex, the most powerful, the most significant that we know. The human being is best defined, I think, as the language-using animal. The writer is the person who uses the most complex and the most powerful linguistic forms with the greatest skill and the greatest success—anyhow, if he happens to be Shakespeare or Dostoievsky. Who shouldn't want to write?

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About psychoanalysis and writing problems — In 1936-37, I spent a year under psychoanalysis with Dr. Charles W. Tidd at the Menninger Clinic, in Topeka. The analysis was interrupted at the end of that year, but later I decided that it hadn't gone far enough. In the meantime, Dr. Tidd had moved to Beverly Hills. I followed him to California, and continued it for another year, probably 1940-41—I would have to look up the dates.

My problems were more than writing problems; they were a general discontent with

the progress of my whole life. But the writing problems seemed to be the core of them. I suppose the simplest way to describe them is just to say that I wasn't as successful as I wanted to be. Too often I started stories that I wasn't able to finish—I didn't know why. There were other markets that I wanted to sell to, besides the science fiction magazines. Not that I ever made any consistent effort to sell them.

Part of the trouble, I think now, was simply that I had unrealistic goals. I had read about such great pulp writers as Max Brand, who were able to write four or five thousand words of good copy day after day, a million or several million words a year. I was never able to average more than about a hundred thousand. I wanted somehow to escape that limitation—and to reach the romanticized goal of "being a writer."

When I first started to college in 1928, I took chemistry and physics, as well as English and writing courses. After a year out of school, I transferred from Canyon, Texas, to the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque and changed my major to psychology, taking biology, too. I got interested in Freud. I even wrote Dr. Miles J. Breuer—with whom I had collaborated on a couple of stories—about what it took to become a psychiatrist. From his reply, I saw that it was financially impossible. But I was still interested in psychoanalysis.

As for what I hoped to get out of it, there were several things. First, I hoped to understand human nature better, so that I could get more truth into my fiction characters. Second, I hoped to understand my own writing problems more clearly, so that I could write more and better fiction, earn more success and money. Third, I hoped to overcome some of my social inhibitions, especially my shyness with girls.

As for the results: I'm glad I had the analysis. I'm grateful to the Menninger Clinic, and most grateful to Dr. Tidd. I don't think there was any remarkable immediate change in my life or behavior or writing, but there was some change. Perhaps the most important thing is that I came to understand and accept myself a little better. I have been able to carry on, to find new interests. Maybe even in some ways to write a little better.

Before I had the analysis, I had been pretty much a spectator at the human race. I hadn't married. I had never had—or wanted—a job. In a good many ways, I was pretty much alone. Not entirely, of course. I did have friends. I did have family—at a time when I think family ties were more important than they are now.

After the analysis, I joined the human race. That sounds almost melodramatic. But Dr. Tidd had got me a deferment from the draft. I volunteered for induction—and rather enjoyed three years as an Army Air Forces weather forecaster. A couple of years after I came home, I married—married a girl I had known in school when I was a boy. I joined the Masonic Lodge, the Methodist Church, the Rotary Club. (Not that I'm a very good member of any of these organizations.) I took my first regular job, in 1947, as wire editor of the Portales *News-Tribune*. After six months I quit to write full-time again. But I have been employed as a teacher for the past sixteen years. And I find that life as a member of the human race is more satisfying than life as a critical spectator. And still, now and then, I get some writing done.

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Back to the "prophetic" element of science fiction — I realize that I'm in a rather dangerous minority position here. It probably makes me look like a reincarnation of old Hugo. Yet I can't help insisting that the sense of scientific possibility is the essential element that makes the difference between science fiction and pure fantasy.

For many a sophisticated writer, this is no difference at all. He cares little about science or the actual shape of things to come. His real interest is those appeals that make all literature—the values of language and character and theme. All he writes is fantasy, even when he calls it science fiction.

But I think the difference did exist for the early Wells, when he was thinking out the ideas that went into *The Time Machine* and *The War of the Worlds*. I do think there was a serious prophetic element in *The Time Machine*. I think Wells was one of the first writers to use the theory of biological evolution in a serious way to project a possible future for the human race. Without the support of such a theory, of course, the projection couldn't be very accurate. Looking at *The War of the Worlds*: His Martians are his ultimate men, borrowed from a non-fiction essay he had written on men of the far future. In *When the*

Sleeper Wakes, he is making a serious, shorter-range projection.

The same sort of thing has been done by various more recent writers.

Of course, one must grant that most writers are not scientists or futurologists, and most readers aren't looking for serious essays about the future. For the sake of novelty and surprise, writers tend to use the least probable future, not the most probable.

Yet I think that the idea that science fiction does deal with the possible is part of the popular mythology about it. I think this idea is an essential part of the enthusiasm or dedication of many fans—that it is part of the culture that separates fans from non-fans.

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Can writing science fiction provide a fully satisfactory existence for a human being?

I think my own experience would lead toward a negative answer. For something like twenty years, science fiction was by far the largest part of my life. On the whole, it was not a richly satisfactory life. I was a spectator generally, not a partipant.

Gradually, step by step, I joined the human race: I served in the Army, married, took a job, joined a church and the Masonic lodge and Rotary, finally became a teacher. Certainly I have been living a fuller and more enjoyable life since than I did before.

But the process of change wasn't altogether simple. I had spent a couple of years under psychoanalysis in the years before I got into the Army. If I had been better adjusted to the world around me, if I had been a better writer, if I had been making a better income—those might have been more satisfactory years.

(I think the young writer who throws up his job to write fulltime is generally making a mistake. When he leaves his job he is usually cutting off the contact with the world that is his best source of material. Typically, his output goes not up but down.)

I am not anxious to go back to full-time writing now. Before many years, age will force me to give up teaching. But I think I'm having more fun—even when life gets a bit hectic—than I'm likely to have with nothing to do but write.

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What is craftsmanship?

Craftsmanship is partly a matter of language. If you look at it in terms of linguistics, a story or a novel is simply a linguistic structure, a top step in the hierarchy that begins with phonemes and morphemes. A story, like a sentence, has a necessary pattern, a necessary unity. Some of the elements of this unity can be usefully discussed in terms of plot, dramatic scene, and point of view.

About the development of character: I would agree that character can't ordinarily be developed outside of stories. Characters are shaped by environment—as we all are. Environment is setting. Characters are revealed by what they do—which is plot.

If I have a method, it is to begin with a fragmentary pattern—maybe a person in a difficult situation. Or sometimes with a thematic idea—for example, with the question about what progress really is or what technology can really do. The fragments of the pattern suggest or gather other elements, until it grows gradually complete.

This process is not altogether rational. I think the unconscious makes a great contribution. In the beginning, the pattern is quite flexible, easily changed. The pieces are hollow, flimsy, without much emotion attached. In the course of weeks or sometimes months, they become solid, acquire dimension—through a process that is not entirely deliberate or conscious. The general direction is from the general to the particular. When I am making conscious choices, I try to make them fit the pattern as I feel it—to work for contrast, variety, symbolic statement.

(I very seldom try to put any particular person on paper. Now and then I have started with some impression of a particular person—an emotional impression, with a few physical details associated in my mind with the emotion. Even then, I don't think the original would ever recognize himself.)

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How to get theme into the story?

A good theme, I feel, is one that is deeply sensed. I think the theme should exist for the story, not the story to state the theme. Often, at the beginning, I have some sort of thematic idea and begin setting up the plot as a device planned to state the theme. But I try

not to make any such pre-planned theme the heart of the story.

What I like to do is to write a few pages—or maybe a few chapters of a novel—then stop and review the thematic implications of what I have written. Try to discover what the theme is really going to be. Then review the whole plan of the story, to make sure that this theme is getting a clear and effective statement. In all this, what I feel is more important than what I think. I want to trust intuition.

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About collaboration — A collaboration is probably something like a marriage. It requires a mutual confidence and a willing division of labor.

I have written novels in collaboration with Miles J. Breuer, Jim Gunn, and Fred Pohl.

With Breuer, I was a sort of apprentice. I was just getting into print. He was publishing stories that I liked. I suggested the collaboration, and I did nearly all the writing. He wrote letters of suggestion and criticism. I think it was good training.

Jim Gunn and Fred Pohl, too, have supplied skills and abilities that I felt I lacked. Without a willingness to accept advice or aid—to admit that some of my own plans had been mistaken—the collaborations would have been impossible.

The "undersea" stories I wrote with Fred grew out of a planned novel of my own that, I think, had been planned too carefully. I had worked out a setting and a situation with great detail, but the story somehow got bogged down at midpoint. I showed it to Fred, and we worked out a new plot. The "Starchild" trilogy evolved in the same way. I had worked for months on a novel that didn't take a satisfactory shape. Fred was able to help solve problems. In the "Doomship" trilogy, now in progress, Fred suggested the original idea; then I worked out a more detailed background. In all our work, I have done first drafts, which Fred rewrites. I like his style, his editorial sense; I trust him generally.

Star Bridge, which I wrote with Jim Gunn, also developed from a novel that I had been unable to complete.

I have learned a great deal from all three of these men. They have helped me out of some difficult writing problems. I feel fortunate to have worked with them.

I think there is a certain psychological value in collaboration, at least for me. Writing is communication, and the writer needs an ideal audience. Farnsworth Wright or John Campbell was such an audience. So is a collaborator you know and respect.

Have You Read?

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Jahn, Mike. " 'Trek' vs. '1999': Challenge in Outer Space" Cue, Dec. 20, p.61-63; "An Expert's Verdict: 'Trek' Wins" by Isaac Asimov, p.63

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The International Scene

SF IN FRENCH

by Mark Purcell

"Études Anglaises" is a publisher's series (Didier) on French academic criticism of Anglo-American letters. Its typical art form is therefore the huge French doctoral thesis; and it's an unexplored mine of material on English studies—often untranslated because of the false convention that most tenured U.S. literary faculty bother to keep up their Ph.D.-exam French. Of the sf information in one volume of this series, J-P. Vernier's *H. G. Wells et son temps*, I gave some account in LUNA Monthly (January 1973).

Vernier happens to be one of the nine sf-conference (11/72) lecturers represented in "EA's" volume 50: *Du Fantastique a la science-fiction Américaine* (1973). But this critical anthology must still give any U.S. reader a thrill of patriotic pride. The one English-language entry, Leon Stover's "Science-fiction, the Research Revolution, and John Campbell" (pp. 115-26), is the most authoritative critique present. It's worthy to be anthologized with Judy Merril's 8/66 *F&SF* column on J. G. Ballard or the best pieces from *In Search of Wonder*; and like these, Stover both writes good criticism and historicizes a stage in the development of American sf. Pages 125-26 even include the most convenient checklist of Campbell/"Stuart's" fiction. (Borrowed from George Price, Advent; Stover's "lecture" is adapted from his *La Science-Fiction Américaine*, 1972, Aubier Montaigne.)

Du Fantastique, like all the EA volumes, should be translated integrally by some college press. But the individual pieces, certainly Stover's at least, should certainly show up in some of the campus sf-text critical paperbacks sold as background reading for classes. At least, I don't see how they can be objectionable; because they reinforce current U.S. beliefs about the sf-field already being taught; and the excellent *lycée* drill makes the French academic more precise with his terminology.

Stover, I find "superior," because the French lecturers throw away some other intellectual advantages and opportunities they possess; while he takes advantage in his lecture of his experience of being part of the professional researcher-*Analog* subscriber group that made up John Campbell's ideal readership. Stover capsules not only the research revolution mentioned in his title, but just as importantly, the history of specialized genre fiction; and then how Campbell in particular linked them up.

The French all write as well as Stover, and probably think as lucidly, on other subjects than sf. But they seem to me "colonized" by an orthodox, now outdated, sf history made respectable to them by its existence in English-language histories of the subject. Stover may imply a heavier fusion of "science" with pure lab work than is historically accurate; but he would never made the crude confusion of something called "science" with something called "reality." Outside Stover, one can't infer a scientific background or taste for technology in any of the others present in *Du Fantastique*; and they are no doubt grateful for the eruption in the field of the anti-conceptual New Wave.

That is, the French don't refer to important modern developments in the field's fiction or scholarship that have occurred in *Paris;* unless these developments have first been certified by U.S. sf academics. Vernier's talk, for instance, contains the one reference I could find to Stanislaw Lem: to *Solaris*, the only novel to have then had an English translation and to have made its way into U.S. studies as a reference. (Vernier's references and quotations from English-language criticism are, I think, more aggressive and up-to-date, *cf.* the page 59 quote from Frank Kermode's *Sense of an Ending.*)

As "SF in French" readers know, there were six French-language Lem texts being sold before the date of this 1972 conference; and Herbert Franke has done equally innovative "hard science" sf and nonfiction, that both take this area beyond the Asimov-Clarke territory. But these Lem and Franke books hadn't then been certified by us! Their French publisher, Denoël, had also made generally available (spring 1972) the outstanding historical discovery of the decade in 19th-century sf: C. I. Defontenay's unavailable *Star* (1854): 0 about Defontenay in *Du Fantastique*'s historical references.

Omitting Stover, the book's contents are: Roger Asselineau, "Introduction"; Maurice

Levy, "On Fantasy"; Annie Le Rebeller, "Cosmology of Fantasy"; Gérard Cordesse, "Fantasy and SF"; Vernier, "SF: Problems of Definition"; Jacques Goimard, "The SF Situation"; Denise Fauconnier, "Imperialism and Colonialism in the SF Literature"; Michel Thiéry, "Art of Visiting the Imaginary Universe"; G-A. Astre, "Note on the SF Film."

The Le Rebeller essay has the special formal interest of being a straight structuralist treatment. Fauconnier's is the only written in faculty liberalese. Her subject is too fascinating for her essay to be dull; but she's too anti-formalist to like Anderson (her main target) and makes too few allowances for Blish's simple verisimilitude about man in space. The Le Rebeller essay might have suggested to her that *all* storytellers are concerned with the "conquest" of their material. But *Du Fantastique* probably records another stage in the growth of an international academic orthodoxy about how to teach and preach sf.

MOUNTAINS OF THE SUN, by Christian Léourier. Berkley Medallion N2570, 1974. 176 pp. 95¢

While the publisher follows the old bad paperback habit of not giving the translator(s?) credit, this otherwise attractive book is important as introducing into English a French sf author important enough for the Laffont series that Gérard Klein edits. *Mountains of the Sun* is an attractively developed account of the now standard sf plot situation in which two post-holocaust Earth tribes begin a progressive development from their situation. (The "holocaust" is a combined tidal wave/ionic storm.) Léourier is a sound writer, and his basic situations have been acceptable as science and history, for decades to authors and writers in the sf field. But I still object.

As usual in the development of this plot, the reader/audience is encouraged to play God to the main characters; in this novel, to accept at the end the formulation of the social-narrative situation by some scientist-characters revisiting Earth from Mars. Once again, intellectual progress is seen as a humble progression by Cal, Igol, An-Yang and Sylve to a mental level already safely familiar to the armchair reader. This is false narrative psychology, in my judgment.

It would be both better fictional strategy and incidentally sounder modern scientific history for the author of the story about the scientific development of "primitive" peoples, to consider these two possible strategies: (a) Thor Heyerdahl's, where an earlier culture is seen like ours as a complex, partly integrated gestalt of theory and applied technology; or (b) the theoretical historian's, with his understanding that intellectual theory (whether Newton's, Darwin's, Einstein's or Euclid's) is not the simple report of laboratory observations. A 15th-century Einstein or a pre-B.C. Galileo could have tilted our whole intellectual universe into another orbit. Your local high-school science instructor probably won't swallow my last sentence, which is one reason he doesn't make any contribution to the development of scientific theory. My reviewer's point here is that we are not the necessary end of the road for some humble forebears in the past, especially when "we" denote in practice a paperback author and audience with very wobbly or superficial scientific backgrounds.

I should close, not with such argumentation, but with a tribute to *Mountains* by my 9 year old son, who removed and read my copy, while I was busy with another title in my reviewer's package. He shot through the book, enthralled, blinking only at the adult words once in a while; he mentioned edifice-integration-datum, but he followed Cal through to the end.

—Mark Purcell with Bruce Purcell

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HYPERION PRESS SF CATALOG Hyperion Press has announced that readers may write for their catalog of Classics of Science Fiction, Series II (see LUNA Monthly 61 for authors and titles). Advance orders are being accepted for the books, which should be ready in March. For a copy of the fully annotated catalog, which also lists Series I titles, send 25¢ in stamps or coin to SCIENCE FICTION CLASSICS, Series II, Hyperion Press, Inc., 45 Riverside Avenue, Westport, Conn. 06880.

Coming Events

February

12-16 THE STAR TREK CONVENTION at the Commodore Hotel, Lexington Ave & E. 42nd St, NYC. For info: G.P.O. Box 951, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

13-15 BOSKONE 13 in Boston, Mass. 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: $4.50. 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, 194 Station Rd., Kings Heath, Birmingham B14 7TE, England

March

5-7 ARTKANE, The Science Fiction Art Convention, at the Hilton Hotel, Wilmington, N.C. Adv reg: $6, $8 after Feb. 15. GoH: Kelly Freas. For info: Artkane, c/o Bill Hawkins, R.D. 1, Box 344, Hockessin, De. 19707

12-14 STAR TREK: HOUSTON at the Sheraton Houston Hotel, Houston, Tex. Reg $12.50, $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 1743, 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 '76 at the Statler Hilton Hotel, NYC. Adv. reg. to March 31: $4, $6 at door. 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., Parksville 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. 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 attending, $2 supporting. For info: Bill Burns, 48 Lou Ave, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754; or Brian Robinson, 9 Linwood Grove, Manchester M12 4QH England

24 14th annual COUNT DRACULA SOCIETY AWARDS DINNER at the University Hilton, Los Angeles. $12/person, payable to Count Dracula Society. For info: Dr. Donald A. Reed, 334 W. 54th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90037

May

15-16 BENELUXCON 4, Noordwijkerhout, Netherlands. For info: Paul v. Oven, Rietors, Eemnes 2670, Netherlands

24-30 3rd FRENCH SF CONVENTION, Metz, France. Reg: 30,-FF supporting; 80,-FF attending. For info: Philippe R. Hupp, 7 Rue Franchet d'Esperey, F-57000 Metz, France

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 at the Stockholm Inst. of Tech. Student Union. GoH: Jack Vance. Reg: $10, $2.25 supporting. For info: Scancon '76, Box 3273, Stockholm S-10365 Sweden

11-14 D-CON at the Sheraton-Dallas Hotel, Dallas, Tex. Reg: $10, $3 supporting. For info: D-Con 76, 2515 Perkins St., Fort Worth, Tex. 76103

13-15 SFIR 76 at Hotel de la Ville, Ferrara, Italy. For info: Altair-F, SF Hobbit Club, Via Boccaleone 26, Ferrara, Italy

25-29 SF EXPO 76 at the New York Hilton, NYC. Adv. reg: $18.50, $10 supporting. For info: Science Fiction Services, 2 Church St., Montclair, N.J. 07042

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

August

19-22 EUROCON 3 in Poznan, Poland. Reg: $10 attending, 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

27-29 WIENCON-SFCD, Jahreskonvent, Vienna, Austria. Reg: 100,- austrian. For info: Alfred Vejchar, A-1180 Wien, Naaffgasse 13

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

September

2-6 MIDAMERICON (34th World Science Fiction Convention) at the Hotel Muehlebach, Baltimore & Wyandotte at 12th St, Kansas City, Mo. 64105. GoH: Robert A. Heinlein, Fan GoH: George Barr. Adv. reg. to April 30, $20 attending, $6 supporting. For info: P.O. Box 221, Kansas City, Mo. 64141

October

29-31 2nd WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION in NYC. For info: Thom Anderson, 1643 W. 10th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11223

November

5-7 NOVACON 6 in Birmingham, England. GoH: Dave Kyle. Reg: £1.00 supporting. For info: Helen Eling, 124 Galton Road, Smethwick, Warley, West Midlands B67 5JS England

Coming Attractions

BALLANTINE FEB. TITLES

Gardner, John. The King's Indian: Stories and Tales. 24806. $2.25

Matheson, Richard. Bid Time Return. 24810. $1.75

Niven, Larry. The Long Arm of Gil Hamilton. 24868. $1.50

Foster, Alan Dean. Midworld. 25364. $1.50

del Rey, Judy Lynn, ed. Stellar Science Fiction Stories 2. 24584. $1.50

Clarke, Arthur C. Childhood's End. 24937. $1.50

Rotsler, William. To the Land of the Electric Angel. 24517. $1.50

McCaffrey, Anne. The Ship Who Sang. 24823. $1.50

del Rey, Lester. The Eleventh Commandment. 23987. $1.50

Silverberg, Robert. Dying Inside. 24822. $1.50

Pfeil, Donald F. Through the Reality Warp. 25377. $1.50

BOBBS-MERRILL SPRING BOOKS

Lafferty, R. A. Not to Mention Camels. May. $6.95

Bova, Ben. The Multiple Man. June. $6.95

Jennings, Michael. Mattie Fritts and the Cuckoo Caper (juv) April. $8.95

Lupoff, Richard A. Lisa Kane. (juv) April. $7.95

T.Y. CROWELL SPRING TITLES

Reed, Peter J. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Feb. $7.95, $2.95paper

Casebeer, Edwin F. Hermann Hesse. Feb. $7.95, $2.95 paper

Evans, Robley. J.R.R. Tolkien. Feb. $7.95, $2.95 paper

Gattegno, Jean. Lewis Carroll: Fragments of a Looking-Glass. Feb. $8.95

DAW MARCH TITLES

Norman, John. Tribesmen of Gor. UW1223. $1.50
Marauders of Gor. UW1160. $1.50
Hunters of Gor. UW1102. $1.50

Rohmer, Sax. The Wrath of Fu Manchu. UW1224. $1.50

Farmer, Philip Jose & J.H. Rosny. Ironcastle. UY1225. $1.25

Cherryh, C.J. Gate of Ivrel. UY1226. $1.25

NEWCASTLE SPRING TITLES

Slusser, George Edgar. Robert A. Heinlein: Stranger in His Own Land. B201-4. $1.95

Morris, William. Golden Wings, and other stories. F107-7. $2.95

Barringer, Leslie. Gerfalcon. F106-9. $3.45

SF BOOK CLUB FOR MARCH

Le Guin, Ursula K. The Wind's Twelve Quarters. $2.49

Van Scyoc, Sydney J. Starmother. $1.98

SCRIBNER'S TITLES

Pedler, Kit & Gerry Davis. The Dynostar Menace. March. $6.95

Moskowitz, Sam, ed. Science Fiction Calendar 1977. March. $4.95

Koch, Eric. The Last Thing You'd Want to Know. March. $8.95

Rowse, A.L. Jonathan Swift. April. $10.00

Watson, Ian. The Jonah Kit. April. $6.95

Bova, Ben. City of Darkness. (juv). $6.95

LEO MARGULIES

Thirty-six years ago and 3000 miles away, when I first met Leo Margulies—who was already, in 1939, a living legend—I could not have dreamed that today I would have the sad privilege of bidding the final goodby to him on behalf of his many friends.

I say he was a living legend. How else could one describe a man who, in his prime, edited 42 magazines and was responsible for purchasing 2 million words of fiction weekly? Stories that his editorial acumen caused him to buy for *Startling Stories*, *Thrilling Wonder*, *Captain Future*, *Strange Stories*, *Thrilling Mystery*, *Thrilling Adventures*, *Fantastic Universe*, *Satellite*—periodicals in the science fiction field—are selected for reprinting by anthologists to this day. He himself edited no less than 18 anthologies in the western, sport, mystery and science fiction fields. *Mike Shane*, *Zane Grey*, *The Saint*—these magazines too were part of the legend of Leo Margulies.

Born in New York City, as a teenager he went to work for another giant in the pulp field, the famous Bob Davis of the Munsey magazine group, and as a young man he himself was even published in *Argosy*. In later years he built the entire Standard magazines chain into one of the most imposing pulp kingdoms ever known.

In collaboration with Sam Merwin, he co-authored *The Flags Were Three*, which at one time, and for some time, was on the bestseller list and was translated into French and Swedish.

I knew Leo Margulies primarily as the science fiction entrepreneur, the owner of *Weird Tales* magazine; in the last year or two of his life, together with his devoted wife, the warm and welcome member of the Pinckard Science Fiction Writers Salon.

What is it about an iceberg?—you can only see the top fifth, while the remaining four-fifths is submerged? I would use this simile in referring to what I know about Leo except that the imagery would be all wrong—nothing about him was cold. Steve Fisher, the noted mystery writer, told me earlier this morning of how, at the age of 20, as an aspiring young writer, he hitchhiked to New York. He had a story under submission to one of the magazines Leo was then editing and was encouraged by the fact that it had been held for three months rather than rejected in the usual two weeks. He sought out Leo, introduced himself, was first elated to be told that three readers had given his manuscript a "yes" and there were no "no's," then was deflated to be informed that the publication was very likely slated to fold! He turned to leave, when Leo, observing the desperate expression of dejection on his face, called, "Wait a minute, skipper—do you really need the money?" And he paid him for the story on the spot and later found a slot for it in another magazine. On another occasion, Mr. Fisher recalled, broke and living in Greenwich Village, he caught up with Leo at 2 o'clock in the morning in his hotel room. Leo attempted to press a $20 bill in his hand—and we must remember the $20 of then was probably about the $50 of today—but Steve insisted he didn't want charity. "OK," Leo said, "then go home and write me a short story—but it must be on my desk by 10 a.m." It was—and Steve Fisher has never forgotten Leo's kindness.

Nor has Ray Bradbury, another Great in the fantasy field, with us here today. "Leo bought my second, third and fourth stories in rapid succession," he remembers. "And I remember how kind he was to all us young fans at the First World Science Fiction Convention." *Time* magazine quoted Leo on that occasion: "I had no idea you were all so terribly sincere."

Cylvia . . . I can't tell you how many people all over the United States have expressed their sorrow at Leo's passing. Sam Moskowitz, in New Jersey, said, "He was an outstanding historian of the pulp era as well as a valued friend." Don & Elsie Wollheim send you their condolences from New York. Harlan Ellison expressly wished me to express to you his deep regret that he is out of town today and unable to attend. Catherine Moore sends her love; Robert & Elly Bloch. *Continued on Page 17*

Eulogy delivered December 29, 1975 by Forrest J Ackerman. Leo Margulies, age 75, died December 26, 1975 in a Los Angeles hospital of a stroke suffered in London at a meeting of the Mystery Writers of America.

S F and the Cinema

FANTASY AND THE FILM: FEUILLADE'S SILENT SERIALS

by Mark Purcell

The Bond-film hits of WW-I were the great silent serials. By the 1930's, these had died away from features into 10-minute teasers for the Saturday afternoon matinees. Commercially, the original serial boom occurred with the no. 1 1914 smash, *Million Dollar Mystery*. This led into the six Pearl White-*Perils of Pauline*-blond in distress-type serials, shot in Paris and New York; and released over in Paris 1915-19: 83 separate hour-long features, shot by four directors. To compete against our Pearl for the same home market, French producers sent out one old pro, Louis Feuillade, somewhat in the same spirit that we later sent out Tilden against the three great French tennis Musketeers for the Davis Cup and at Wimbledon and Long Island. Anyway, working with a stock company, Feuillade alone produced 46 feature films, also released 1915-19 as four separate serial stordes.

When aware at all of this old WW-I Franco-American serial war, our movie historians and professors tend to write it off as so much dated financial news. This is partly that their version of film history commits them to seeing a straight-line "progress" in the film art through the closeup and editing techniques and feature-length form of Griffith's famous contemporary *Birth-Intolerance* epics. But as a working form, the feature film is artistically unimportant until after WW-I. And Feuillade's French serials are important films not because they "progress" from Griffith's closeups and fast-cuts, but because, apparently ignoring them, they show what film can do with *pre*-Griffith styles, even pre-*Great Train Robbery* styles. Aside from such technical heresies, there is the further problem for movie historians of accepting as one of the top-10 alltime directors, a serial hack adapting paperback crime novelettes about the fictional apaches, speculators, and nuns-in-disguise of pre-war French pulps.

Since the moviebook boom, the French at least have become patriotic and unapologetic about Feuillade. In French, Francis Lacassin has two studies, one (1964) for Seghers' "Cinema Today" series: with a marvelous filmography, useful biography and the serial-war stats I printed above. But Lacassin's best criticism on his subject probably went into *Judex*, the 1963 feature film-script he co-wrote for Georges Franju. This is a brilliant mix of the chief plots, characters and fictional Paris background of the old serials: not so much a pious "tribute" as more like a serious attempt at some rally to show how a classic Rolls or Jenny model once functioned and maneuvered. As I wrote in LUNA (October 1974), *Judex* is technically a slicker film narrative than its 1963 contemporary thrillers: *Man from Rio - Charade* - the early Bonds. Just as Feuillade, in narrative technique, was slicker than Griffith. Incidentally, there is in circulation—it played a N Y Film Festival a few years ago—a single "film" put together from one of Feuillade's own silent serials; and the hope behind this piece is that somebody in the Midwest in a film-group locate, rent and publicize it.

APPENDIX: The key Feuillade serials are usually considered: *Vampires, Judex, Fantomas.* (Before dying in 1925, the man shot c800 total films, feature and short.) My 8-16mm U.S. rental-film source lists the 1963 Franju-Lacassin *Judex* and, less promisingly, a 1966 remake of *Fantomas* with Jean Marais.

NEWS AND NOTES

SITGES FESTIVAL OF HORROR FILMS The winners at the latest Sitges Festival are: David Cronemberg as best director of features for *Parasites in the Night* (Canada); Tomas Munoz, best director of shorts, for *Valdemar*; Paul Naschy, best actor, for *La Maldicion de la Bestia* (The Werewolf and the Yeti, Spain); best actress Lana Turner in *Persecution* (Britain); Peter Hurt for best photography, *Ghost Story* (Britain); best special effects by Likaek for *Devil Crows* (China); best script by Alan Cromsby for *Dead of Night* (U.S.). A Special Jury Critics award for best film went to *Ghost Story*, directed by Stephen Weeks (Britain).

GOLDEN SCROLL AWARDS The Academy of Science Fiction Fantasy and Horror Films has announced the winners of its third annual Golden Scroll Awards. Selected were *Rollerball* for best science fiction film; best fantasy film, *Doc Savage*; best horror film, *Young Frankenstein*; with a special award to *Jaws*. Fritz Lang received the life career award. Other awards were: best actor: James Caan, *Rollerball* and Don Johnson, *A Boy and His Dog*; best actress: Katherine Ross, *The Stepford Wives*; best supporting actor: Marty Feldman, *Young Frankenstein*; best supporting actress: Ida Lupino, *The Devil's Rain*; best art direction: Philip Harrison, *Old Dracula*; best cinematography: Douglas Slocombe, *Rollerball*; best direction: Mel Brooks, *Young Frankenstein*; best film criticism: Forrest Ackerman and Dale Winogura; best make up: William Tuttle, *Young Frankenstein*; best music: Miklos Rozsa; best publicity-advertising-public relations: Clark Ramsay, *Jaws*; best special effects: Doug Knapp, Bill Taylor, John Carpenter and Dan O'Bannon, *Dark Star*; best stop motion animation: Jim Danforth; and best writing: Ib J. Melchior and Harlan Ellison.

MOVIE NOTES AIP is filming H.G. Wells' *The Food of the Gods*, with Bert I. Gordon producing, directing and scripting.. . . . Leinwand Productions, a recently-formed New York independent film production company, is working on its first project, *Bug Jack Barron*, adapted by Norman Spinrad from his novel. . . . Jerome Zeitman Productions is preparing to film *Cold War in a Country Garden* from the novel by Lindsay Gutteridge. Zeitman and Maury Cohen are producing, with script by Dennis Lynton Clark. . . . Robert Thom will script and direct *Deathworld* for New World Pictures. A sequel to *Death Race 2000*, the film is scheduled for June release. . . . Casting has been completed for *Close Encounter of the Third Kind*, scheduled to begin filming in March for Columbia. Produced by Michael and Julia Phillips, the picture will be directed by Steven Spielberg from his own script. . . . MGM has acquired *Lord of the Rings* from United Artists, and also expect to begin in March with production.

TV NOTES *Space: 1999* will remain in orbit for another year, with 24 new programs now in production for airing next September. It will again star Martin Landau and Barbara Bain, but co-star Barry Morse (Prof. Victor Bergman) has been written out of the script. . . . *Bell, Book and Candle*, a 1959 Columbia release starring James Stewart and Kim Novak, may become a half-hour comedy series on NBC-TV. Agreement between NBC and Columbia TV has been reached on a pilot and money matters are now being discussed. . . . And ABC-TV has approved a two-hour pilot of *Rosemary's Baby*, to be produced by Tony Wilson for Paramount TV as a possible series for next season. Tentatively titled *Whatever Happened to Rosemary's Baby?* the story follows Rosemary's baby from age eight to the adult years.

CURRENTLY IN RELEASE

BLACK MOON. NEF release. Written and directed by Louis Malle. Starring Cathryn Harrison, Therese Giehse, Alexandra Stewart, Joe Dallesandro. 100 minutes.

FORVANDLINGEN (Metamorphosis). Swedish Film Institute production. Executive producer, Peter Hald. Written and directed by Ivo Dvorak, based on short story by Franz Kafka. Starring Peter Schildt, Ernst Gunther, Gunn Waalgren, Per Oscarsson. 88 minutes.

HU-MAN. Camera One release. Directed by Jerome Laperrousaz. Starring Terence Stamp, Jeanne Moreau, Agnes Stevenin, Frederick Van Pallandt, Franck Schwacke, Gabriella Rysted. 105 minutes. A time travel love story.

THE LAST DAYS OF MAN ON EARTH. New World Pictures release of Goodtimes Enterprises/Gladiole Production for EMI Ltd. Produced by John Goldstone. Directed by Robert Fuest. Screenplay by Fuest from Michael Moorcock's novel, The Final Programme. Starring John Finch, Jenny Runacre, Hugh Griffith, Patrick Magee and Sterling Hayden. 81 minutes. Rating: R

MR. SYCAMORE. Film Venture Inc. release of Capricorn Prods. Ltd. film. Produced and directed by Pancho Kohner. Screenplay by Ketti Frings and Kohner, from a story by Robert Ayre and a play by Frings. Starring Jason Robards, Sandy Dennis and Jean Simmons. 87 minutes. *Continued on Page 17*

Paul Walker: In A Critical Condition

THE KILLING GIFT by Bari Wood. Putnam, 1975. 320 pp. $8.95

JULIA by Peter Straub. Coward McCann, 1975. 287 pp. $7.95

WAITING TO HEAR FROM WILLIAM by Babs H. Deal. Doubleday, 1975. $5.95

There are books that are not meant to be read. One reads a writer's words for what they say and do, and even if a writer has little to say in a particular instance, the quality of his or her prose can be sufficient to make the reading a pleasant experience. But in the genre novel the prose often functions, like film, as a medium in which, rather than through which, the message is communicated. Style is divorced from content, individual words are irrelevant, the story or novel is viewed rather than read. Academically, this means the book is poor, but practically, if the plot is good, this kind of book can be very relaxing and enjoyable. Alistair MacLean is a prime example, Agatha Christie another. Their books are not meant to be lived in, or with, for more than a few hours; their effects are fragile, their mnemonic longevity less than forty-eight hours, but while they last they provide a pleasant lull akin to, but more satisfying, than television.

I have just finished three books that fall into this category, none of which provided much pleasure, but one of which was entertaining. Bari Wood's *The Killing Gift* is about a female mutant in our modern world, with the power to kill her enemies by willpower alone. She is born with the "gift" but ignorant of it and its lethal effects until middle-age when a homicidal tormentor compels her to face the truth.

The novel is on two levels: flashbacks to her birth and childhood, particularly nasty episodes in which she inadvertently does in three particularly nasty young men; and the story of her nemesis, chief of homicide, Stavitsky, who follows her trail through space and time and finally brings her to a portentous confrontation.

If Wood had chosen one or the other narrative line, the book might have worked. As it is, the flashbacks tell us everything we need to know and the Stavitsky investigation repeats it all over again, so the effect is tedious. Stavitsky is "okay," but not as interesting as the girl, Jennifer, and her life story. Jennifer is really not that interesting, either. Nor is the prose worth paying attention to. But if one skims, as I did, very rapidly, there is a story that is occasionally gripping. But I would not recommend *The Killing Gift*.

Julia by Peter Straub might just as well have been a TV movie for it has all the elements including incompetence. The plot is complicated. Julia Lofting is an American girl living in England. She marries a tyrannical father figure named Magnus, who dominates her life for years before an incident occurs that breaks his spell over her. Their daughter dies terribly before their eyes, and their attempts to save her leave Julia feeling she is responsible. She leaves Magnus and buys a house. Nearby is a playground peopled by some curious, repulsive children led by a strange, beautiful little girl who may be the reincarnation of another equally beautiful little girl who was utterly evil. Julia finds the house she is living in is haunted by the malevolent spirit of the little girl and she attempts to track down the story. Meanwhile, Magnus tries to get her back. His spiteful brother tries to make her. His sister gives advice. People die by various grisly methods. And Julia learns the truth about everything.

According to the blurb, "Not since *Turn of the Screw* with its sinister ambiguity has there appeared so entirely ingenious, entirely terrifying a story of a harrowing." I don't understand the comparison, and the book can hardly stand it, either. *Julia* is badly over-written and riddled with TV character cliches and a plot so complex it strangles itself to death. But there are a few terrifying moments toward the end. Not recommended.

The third book I would not recommend is the best-written of the lot, Babs H. Deal's *Waiting to Hear From William*, more of a psychological suspense story than a ghost story, but neither suspenseful nor eerie. In fact, I'm not sure what it was all about. I got fed up halfway through and skimmed the remainder but learned nothing. William was a scientist interested in the occult, who upon his death promised to return for a visit to his relatives, who he asks to wait in his former home. The main character is named Teddy, a writer who talks literature like other men talk sports. His companions are Flora, William's wife, and

Hank his brother. They are visited by a mysterious young lady named Deirdre who seems to be William's familiar. The characters gather at the house and talk of old times, old friends with ESP powers, ghosts and the occult, and one another. And they talk and they talk and they talk and they talk. There is an occasional incident whose interest is quickly smothered in more talk. William manifests himself to Teddy, or so he believes. Teddy goes home for a final conversation. The book ends. Thank God.

SALEM'S LOT by Stephen King. Doubleday, 1975. 439 pp. $7.95

Salem's Lot by Stephen King has had large ads in the *New York Times Book Review* and is a Literary Guild selection. It will be a best-seller. His last novel, *Carrie*, was well-received according to the quotes on the back cover. Like *Salem's Lot* it was a fantasy with science-fiction trappings similar to Richard Matheson's work. Like *Salem's Lot*, I could not read it. Unlike Matheson, King is a meticulous craftsman. His books are well-planned, carefully detailed, thoughtfully characterized, imaginatively plotted and professionally polished. They are also, alas, over-written, wrongheadedly conceived and quickly boring.

Like *Carrie*, which was about a lonely girl with lethal ESP powers, *Salem's Lot* has a really gripping story to tell about a town in New England which falls under the insidious power of a supernatural fiend. King intends to make his town and its people as real to us as possible, and the fiend's progress as subtle and convincing as he can. To accomplish this, he allows more than a hundred pages to go by before engaging his protagonist in the plot. He tells us about the town, the variety of types to be found in it, the weather; he has his protagonist fall in love, remember his boyhood; he recounts numerous conversations about small matters that are supposed to add up to the full impact of the plot, but as with everything else, only burden the narrative line. Ultimately, he does so much that the narrative line is buried alive under a ton of prose. It is not bad prose, it is simply in the way.

King's problem is that he wanted to write more than just another genre novel, he wanted to write a mainstream novel. Unfortunately, the two do not combine. His mainstream novel of place is conventional and uninteresting; his genre tale of horror—once the horror is understood—is not very interesting, either. I expected something more original. The story suffers from switching from mainstream to genre level and when the narrative line finally becomes clear and the emphasis switches wholly to the genre level, King can still not keep his characters from talking too much, or his descriptions from telling us more than we need to know. And what is as bad is that while his climax of a whole town gone mad is a good one, his denial of ultimate victory to his protagonist is fatal. It is one thing to have a short horror story end with the victimization of the hero, it is another to have a 439 page novel end that way. And it has become a common practice with which I thoroughly disagree. It leaves the reader wondering why he bothered reading the book at all. Of course, King's protagonist remains alive at the end. The fiend is destroyed. But the horror goes on. An unsatisfactory resolution to an unsatisfactory novel.

MANDRILL by Richard Gardner. Pocket Books 80047, 1975. 208 pp. $1.25

UNDER A CALCULATING STAR by John Morressy. Doubleday, 1975. 186 pp. $5.95

THE BEST OF CORDWAINER SMITH, ed. by J.J. Pierce. Ballantine 24581, 1975. 377 pp. $1.95

NORSTRILIA by Cordwainer Smith. Ballantine 24366, 1975. 277 pp. $1.50

Mandrill by Richard Gardner is an uninteresting attempt to do a mainstream sf novel. It is about a group of research scientists trying to teach baboons to talk. One of them eventually does and what he has to say has been said before by Von Daniken. The characters are uninteresting and the pace is dull. I skimmed ahead to see what the monkey had to say. Don't you bother.

John Morressy's *Under a Calculating Star* did not hold my attention for five pages. Perhaps I am prejudiced, but if such sentences as "Three watches out from Dus'shk'kor, creeping at sub-light speed toward a destination somewhere beyond the Belt of Avoidance, the driveship *Seraph* suddenly opened her atmosphere lock."; or "The crew of the *Seraph* were a varied lot, humans and humanoids in assorted sizes, shapes, and colors."; "Directly

on Jorry's right, squatting on the table top to bring themselves to eye level with the others, were two Quiplids. Their names were Fimm and Jimm, and they were brothers." And that's just the first page.

There is no need to review the books of John Collier or Cordwainer Smith. They have always had their readers, and always will. Everyone who cares about fantasy or science fiction should read them and undoubtedly already have. Ballantine has issued an almost perfect collection of his best short stories edited and introduced by Smith scholar J. J. Pierce. Of course, as Smith's stories fit one into another and include the novel, *Norstrilia*, it would have been better to issue them as one volume. But as an introduction to Smith's extraordinary imagination and the universe it created, there is no better book on the market than *The Best of Cordwainer Smith* edited by J. J. Pierce. The cover by Darrell Sweet is beautiful!

Norstrilia is an unfinished novel. Smith surely would have made it better than it is. It was once published as two novels by Ace and I prefer it that way. It is very uneven and no one I've spoken to likes it very much, but it is of historical interest and there are good things in it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LEO MARGULIES **continued from Page 12**

In speaking to you all, now, about Leo, in this formal manner, it was suggested to me that I stress two personal qualities: his kindness and his dynamism. It was not necessary to remind me of either. In the motion picture industry the late Edward G. Robinson was often referred to as The Little Giant; in the publishing world, I am not aware whether this nomenclature was ever applied to Leo, but if it was not, it should have been. I apply it now. He was a little giant, a human dynamo, and from the 4th of July in 1939 when I first met him to the million-to-one-chance of our chance meeting in the airport terminal in New York a few months ago, to me he never perceptibly aged. As for his kindness, well, he put my picture in his magazine *Startling Stories* in 1939 and offered me treasures at his office: my choice of several original cover paintings which had appeared on his magazines. As late as last year, he was still giving me presents for my museum: 10 more original paintings. In 1957 he offered me the hospitality of free room & board at his apartment for several days in leaner days when saving on expenses was important to me.

In future years, when the 26th of December rolls around and it comes to our minds that this was the sad day Leo left us, perhaps we can think of it another way: that Santa Claus needed another helper, and he knew the right guy for the job, even at 75. Maybe Leo didn't have the build for the role—but he certainly had the heart. Goodby and God Bless, Leo . . . we will never forget you.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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

OLD DRACULA. AIP release of a World Film Services production. Produced by Jack H. Wiener and directed by Clive Donner. Screenplay by Jeremy Lloyd. Starring David Niven, Teresa Graves, Peter Bayliss, Jennie Linden, Nicky Henson, Linda Hayden and Bernard Bresslaw. 89 minutes. Rating: PG

THE PREMONITION. Avco Embassy Pictures release of Galaxy Films production. Produced and directed by Robert Allen Schnitzer. Screenplay by Anthony Mahon. Starring Sharon Farrell, Richard Lynch and Jeff Corey. 90 minutes. Rating: PG. Supernatural thriller.

TARZOON, LA HONTE DE LA JUNGLE (Tarzoon, The Shame of the Jungle). Fox/Lira release of SND-Valisa Films production. Directed by Picha, Michel Gast and Boris Szulzinger. Screenplay by Picha and Pierre Bartier based on original characters of Picha. 85 minutes. Animated spoof on Tarzan.

New Books

HARDCOVERS

Anderson, Poul. THE WINTER OF THE WORLD (repr) SF Book Club, Jan. $1.98

Anobile, Richard J., ed. ROUBEN MAMOULIAN'S DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE, STARRING FREDRIC MARCH. Universe Books, 1975. $11.95

Asimov, Isaac. BUY JUPITER AND OTHER STORIES (repr) SF Book Club, Oct. $1.98

Bain, Robert N., ed & tr. COSSACK FAIRY TALES AND FOLK TALES (repr) Kraus Reprint, 1975. $14.00

Bester, Alfred. THE COMPUTER CONNECTION (repr) SF Book Club, Oct. $1.98

Bova, Ben. NOTES TO A SCIENCE FICTION WRITER. Scribner, 1975. $6.95

THE STARCROSSED. Chilton, Nov. $6.95

Boyd, Ian. THE NOVELS OF G.K. CHESTERTON: A Study in Art and Propaganda. Barnes & Noble, 1975. $16.50

Boyd, John. BARNARD'S PLANET. Berkley/Putnam, Aug. $6.95

Bredsdorff, Elias. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN: The Story of His Life and Work, 1805-75 (repr Brit) Scribner, Nov. $10.00

Carter, Lin, ed. KINGDOMS OF SORCERY. Doubleday, Jan. $6.95

Clarke, Arthur C. IMPERIAL EARTH. Harcourt, Jan. $7.95

Condon, Richard. MONEY IS LOVE (fty) Dial, 1975. $8.95

Cook, Elizabeth. THE ORDINARY AND THE FABULOUS: An Introduction to Myths, Legends and Fairy Tales for Teachers and Storytellers (2d ed, repr Brit) Cambridge Univ. Press, 1975. $9.95

Copper, Basil. WHEN FOOTSTEPS ECHO: Tales of Terror and the Unknown (repr Brit) St. Martins, 1975. $7.95

Creasey, John. THE HOUSE OF THE BEARS (Dr. Palfrey, repr Brit) Walker, July. $5.95

Daniels, Les. LIVING IN FEAR: A History of Horror in the Mass Media. Scribner, Nov. $12.95

DeBolt, Joseph W., ed. THE HAPPENING WORLDS OF JOHN BRUNNER: Critical Explorations in Science Fiction. Kennikat Press/National University Publications; Dec. $12.95

Drexler, Rosalyn. THE COSMOPOLITAN GIRL (marg fty) M. Evans, 1975. $6.95

Drinkwater, John. WILLIAM MORRIS: A Critical Study (repr of 1912 ed) Folcroft Library Ed., 1975. $35.00

Effinger, George Alec. IRRATIONAL NUMBERS (coll) Doubleday, Jan. $5.95

Elwood, Roger, ed. DYSTOPIAN VISIONS. Prentice-Hall, 1975. $7.95

—& Robert Silverberg, eds. EPOCH. Berkley/Putnam, 1975. $9.95

Flores, Angel, ed. THE KAFKA PROBLEM: With a New, Up-to-Date Bibliography & a Complete List of Kafka's Works in English (repr of 1963 ed) Gordian Press, 1975. $15.00

Foster, Alan Dean. STAR TREK LOG 1-4 (repr) Aeonian Press, 1975. $7.95 each

Godshalk, William Leigh. IN QUEST OF CABELL: Five Exploratory Essays. Revisionist Press, 1975. $34.95

Goodman, Michael B. WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS: An Annotated Bibliography of His Works and Criticism. Garland, 1975. $13.00

Heller, Erich. FRANZ KAFKA (modern masters series) Viking, 1975. $7.95

Holt, Guy. A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL (repr of 1924 ed) Norwood Editions, 1975. $10.00

Knight, Damon, ed. SCIENCE FICTION OF THE 30's. Bobbs-Merrill, Jan. $12.50

Lafferty, R.A. PAST MASTER (repr of 1968 ed) Garland, 1975. $11.00

Lamb, Hugh, ed. THE THRILL OF HORROR: 22 Terrifying Tales. Taplinger, 1975. $8.50

Laurie, Richard. LETTERS TO THE FUTURE: An Approach to Sinyavsky-Tertz. Cornell Univ. Press, 1975. $8.95

Le Guin, Ursula K. WILD ANGELS (poems) Capra Press, 1975. $10.00

Lindsay, Cynthia. DEAR BORIS: The Life of William Henry Pratt a.k.a. Boris Karloff. Knopf, Nov. $12.50

London, Jack. CURIOUS FRAGMENTS: Jack London's Tales of Fantasy Fiction, ed. and with an introd. by Dale L. Walker. Kennikat, 1975. $12.95

Lupoff, Richard A. THE TRIUNE MAN. Berkley/Putnam, Jan. $6.95

Moorcock, Michael. LEGENDS FROM THE END OF TIME (coll) Harper, Jan. $7.95

Murray, Bruce C. NAVIGATING THE FUTURE (nf) Harper, Sept. $7.95

Myers, Robert J. THE CROSS OF FRANKENSTEIN. Lippincott, 1975. $6.95

Nathan, Robert. HEAVEN AND HELL AND THE MEGAS FACTOR (fty) Delacorte, Aug. $6.95

Ouellette, William, comp. FANTASY POSTCARDS (repr Brit) Doubleday, 1975. $14.95

Padgett, Lewis. MUTANT (repr) Garland, 1975. $11.00

Peake, Mervyn. MERVYN PEAKE: Writings & Drawings, by Maeve Gilmore & Shelagh Johnson (repr Brit) St. Martins, 1975. $15.00

Perrault, E.G. SPOIL! Doubleday, 1975. $6.95

Poe, Edgar Allan. LETTERS AND DOCUMENTS IN THE ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY: Edgar Allan Poe, ed. by Arthur H. Quinn &

Richard H. Hart (repr of 1941 ed) Norwood Editions, 1975. $15.00

Price, E. Hoffmann. FAR LANDS OTHER DAYS (coll) Carcosa (Box 1064, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514) 1975. $15.00

Rovin, Jeff. A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION FILMS. Citadel, 1975. $12.00

Saki (H.H. Munro) THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SAKI, with introd. by Noel Coward. Doubleday, 1975. $9.95

Schaeffer, Susan Fromberg. THE RHYMES & RUNES OF THE TOAD (poetry) Macmillan, Nov. $6.95

Schlegel, Dorothy B. JAMES BRANCH CABELL: The Richmond Iconoclast. Revisionist Press, 1975. $29.95

Silverberg, Robert, ed. STRANGE GIFTS (repr) SF Book Club, Fall. $1.98

Simmons, Ted. MIDDLEARTH: A Modern Pilgrimage by Foot and Greyhound to Middle-Earth, after J.R.R. Tolkien, with Nikon and Notepad. Fur Line Press, distr. by B&H Books, 1975. $4.95

Taine, John. THE TIME STREAM (repr of 1946 ed) Garland, 1975. $11.00

Tilley, Patrick. FADE-OUT. Morrow, July. $8.95

Van Scyoc, Sydney J. STAR MOTHER. Berkley/Putnam, Jan. $6.95

Watt, Donald, ed. ALDOUS HUXLEY: The Critical Heritage (repr Brit) Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1975. $28.95

Wells, H.G. THE FAVORITE SHORT STORIES OF H.G. WELLS (repr of 1937 ed) American Reprint Co., 1975. $9.95

Wibberley, Leonard. 1776—AND ALL THAT (fty humor) Morrow, Dec. $5.95

Wilhelm, Kate. WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG. Harper, Jan. $7.95

PAPERBACKS

Aldiss, Brian W., comp. SCIENCE FICTION ART: The Fantasies of SF. Bounty Books (Crown), Oct. $9.95

Allen, L. David. THE BALLANTINE TEACHER'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE FICTION: A Practical Creative Approach to Science Fiction in the Classroom. Ballantine, 1975. 95¢

Anderson, Poul. A KNIGHT OF GHOSTS AND SHADOWS. Signet W6725, Oct. $1.50

Anthony, Piers. CHTHON (repr) Berkley Medallion, 1975. $1.25

Ariosto, Ludovico. ORLANDO FURIOSO = The Frenzy of Orlando: A Romantic Epic, tr. by Barbara Reynolds. vol. 1. Penguin, 1975. $5.95

Asimov, Isaac. SCIENCE, NUMBERS, AND I (essays) rev. and updated. Ace 75456, Jan. $1.50

(ed) NEBULA AWARD STORIES No. 8 (repr) Berkley, 1975. $1.25

Avery, Richard. THE EXPENDABLES 3: The War Games of Zelos. Fawcett Gold Medal P3430, Dec. $1.25

Baen, James, ed. THE BEST FROM GALAXY v.3. Award AD1506, Dec. $1.50

Beagle, Peter S. A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE (fty, 5 ptg) Ballantine 24754, Jan. $1.50

Biggle, Lloyd Jr. ALL THE COLORS OF DARKNESS (repr) Leisure, 1975. $1.25

THE FURY OUT OF TIME (repr) Leisure LB318ZK, Dec. $1.25

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE OF TRUMPETS (repr) Leisure LB310ZK, Nov. $1.25

Brackett, Leigh. THE STARMEN OF LLYRDIS (repr) Ballantine 24668, Jan. $1.50

Brandner, Gary. BIG BRAIN 1: The Aardvark Affair. Zebra 108, 1975. $1.25

BIG BRAIN 2: The Beelzebub Business. Zebra 128, 1975. $1.25

BIG BRAIN 3: Energy Zero. Zebra 159, Jan. $1.25

Brunner, John. THE BOOK OF JOHN BRUNNER (coll) DAW UY1213, Jan. $1.25

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO, with THE PURLOINED PLANET, by Lin Carter (reissue) Belmont Tower 50787, 1975. $1.25

POLYMATH (reissue) DAW UY1217, Jan. $1.25

Carlinsky, Dan & Edwin Goodgold. THE WORLD'S GREATEST MONSTER QUIZ. Berkley, 1975. $1.25

Carroll, David. THE MAGIC MAKERS: Magic and Sorcery Through the Ages (repr) Signet, 1975. $1.75

Carter, Lin. IN THE GREEN STAR'S GLOW (s&s) DAW UY1216, Jan. $1.25

Cole, Adrian. THE DREAMLORDS 1: A Plague of Nightmares (supernat horror) Zebra 111, 1975. $1.25

DREAM LORDS 2: Lord of Nightmares. Zebra 148, Nov. $1.50

Cook, Elizabeth. THE ORDINARY AND THE FABULOUS: An Introduction to Myths, Legends and Fairy Tales for Teachers and Storytellers (2d ed, repr Brit) Cambridge Univ. Press, 1975. $3.75

Cover, Arthur Byron. AUTUMN ANGELS (Harlan Ellison discovery series 2) Pyramid V3787, July. $1.25

Daniken, Erich von. IN SEARCH OF ANCIENT GODS: My Pictorial Evidence for the Impossible (repr, tr. from German) Bantam, 1975. $1.95

Darlton, Clark. PERRY RHODAN 86: Blazing Sun. Ace 66070, Jan. $1.25

PERRY RHODAN 87: The Starless Realm. Ace 66071, Jan. $1.25

Davidson, Avram. THE ENQUIRIES OF DR. ESZTERHAZY. Warner 76-981, Dec. $1.25

del Rey, Lester, ed. FANTASTIC SCIENCE-FICTION ART. Ballantine, 1975. $5.95

Denham, Alice. AMO (repr) Berkley, Sept. $1.50

Ehrlich, Max. THE REINCARNATION OF PETER PROUD (repr, supernat) Bantam, 1975. $1.75

Elwood, Roger, ed. SIX SCIENCE FICTION PLAYS. Washington Square 48766, Jan. $1.95

Etkin, Anne. THE MAGINATION (fty) T-K Graphics, 1975. $1.50

Ferman, Edward L. & Barry N. Malzberg, eds. FINAL STAGE: The Ultimate Science Fiction Anthology (repr) Penguin, 1975. $2.50

Fitzpatrick, Janine. THE DREAMWALKER (supernat) Pocket, 1975. 95¢

Fort, Charles. THE COMPLETE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT (reissue) Dover, 1975. $15.00

Fox, Gardner F. KYRIK FIGHTS THE DEMON WORLD (s&s) Leisure, 1975. 95¢

Fraser, Anthea. LAURA POSSESSED (supernat, repr) Bantam, 1975. $1.50

Frewin, Anthony. ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SCIENCE FICTION ILLUSTRATION (repr Brit) Pyramid 3863, Nov. $4.95

Gerrold, David. BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES (reissue) Award, 1975. 95¢

THE GHOSTLY BIBLIOGRAPHY. Dibco Press, 1975. $3.00

Goulart, Ron. VAMPIRELLA 2: On Alien Wings. Warner 76-929, Dec. $1.25

VAMPIRELLA 3: Deadwalk. Warner 76-930, Jan. $1.25

Grant, Maxwell. THE SHADOW 7: The Red Menace (2 ptg) Pyramid N3875, Nov. 95¢

THE SHADOW 9: The Romanoff Jewels. Pyramid N3877, Oct. 95¢

Green, Roland. WANDOR'S RIDE (s&s, 3 ptg) Avon 27441, 1975. 95¢

Haldeman, Joe. THE FOREVER WAR (repr) Ballantine 24767, Jan. $1.50

Harbou, Thea von. METROPOLIS (reissue, tr. from German) Ace 52831, Jan. $1.25

Harrison, Harry & Willis E. McNelly, eds. SCIENCE FICTION NOVELLAS (reader) Scribner, 1975. $4.00

Heller, Erich. FRANZ KAFKA (modern masters series) Viking, 1975. $2.95

Herbert, Frank. DUNE MESSIAH (repr) Berkley Medallion, 1975. $1.50

Herzog, Arthur. THE SWARM (marg, repr) Signet J6351, 1975. $1.95

Hintze, Naomi A. LISTEN, PLEASE LISTEN (supernat, repr) Bantam, 1975. $1.50

Hirsch, Phil & Paul Laikin, eds. GHOULING AROUND: How to Win Fiends and Influenza People! (humor) Pyramid N3871, Aug. 95¢

Howard, Robert E. THE LOST VALLEY OF ISKANDER (s&s, repr) Zebra 157, Jan. $1.50

SOWERS OF THE THUNDER (s&s, repr) Zebra 113, 1975. $1.75

WORMS OF THE EARTH (2 ptg) Zebra 126, Aug. $1.50

Hunt, Charlotte. THE CHAMBERED TOMB (supernat) Ace 10240, 1975. $1.25

Konvitz, Jeffrey. THE SENTINEL (marg supernat, repr) Ballantine 24600, Jan. $1.75

Larkin, David, ed. THE ENGLISH DREAMERS (art) Peacock Press/Bantam, 1975. $5.95

KAY NIELSEN (art) Peacock Press/Bantam, 1975. $5.95

Laumer, Keith. A PLAGUE OF DEMONS. Warner 86-001, Oct. $1.25

RETIEF: Emissary to the Stars (coll) Dell, Dec. 95¢

Lee, Christopher. FROM THE ARCHIVES OF EVIL (coll) Warner 76-884, Jan. $1.25

Le Guin, Ursula K. WILD ANGELS (poems) Capra Press, 1975. $2.50

Lord, Jeffrey. THE TEMPLES OF AYOCAN (Richard Blade 14) Pinnacle, 1975. $1.25

Lovecraft, H.P. THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE (repr) Zebra 143, 1975. $1.25

Malzberg, Barry N. THE BEST OF BARRY N. MALZBERG (coll) Pocket Books, Jan. $1.95

GALAXIES. Pyramid V3734, Aug. $1.25

Merril, Judith. THE BEST OF JUDITH MERRIL (coll) Warner 86-058, Jan. $1.25

Miller, Stephen O. MIDDLE EARTH: A World in Conflict (nf) T-K Graphics, 1975. $3.50

Mitchison, Naomi. SOLUTION THREE (repr Brit) Warner, Nov. $1.25

Moorcock, Michael. THE LAND LEVIATHAN (repr) DAW UY1214, Jan. $1.25

Moore, Wallace. BALZAN OF THE CAT PEOPLE 2: The Caves of Madness. Pyramid V3714, July. $1.25

Moskowitz, Sam, ed. SCIENCE FICTION CALENDAR 1976. Scribner, 1975. $4.95

Nimoy, Leonard. I AM NOT SPOCK (nf) Celestial Arts, Nov. $4.95

Norton, Andre. THE JARGOON PARD (repr) Fawcett Crest P2657, Dec. $1.25

Offutt, Andrew J. CORMAC MAC ART: Sword of the Gael. Zebra 138, 1975. $1.50

Ouellette, William, comp. FANTASY POST-CARDS (repr Brit) Doubleday, 1975. $7.95

Phillips, Gene D. STANLEY KUBRICK: A Film Odyssey. Big Apple/Popular Library, Dec. $3.95

Piper, H. Beam. LITTLE FUZZY (reissue) Ace 48490, Jan. $1.25

Pohl, Carol & Frederik, eds. SCIENCE FICTION: The Great Years, vol. II. Ace 75411, Jan. $1.50

Preiss, Byron, ed. WEIRD HEROES: A New American Pulp, v.1. Pyramid A3746, Oct. $1.50

Rackham, Arthur. ARTHUR RACKHAM, with introd. by Leo John De Freitas (art) Peacock M1015, Oct. $5.95

Rossman, Douglas A. & Charles E. PAGES FROM THE BOOK OF III: A Prydain Glossary. T-K Graphics, 1975. $2.00

Saberhagen, Fred. SPECIMENS. Popular 00335, Jan. $1.25

Schnaubelt, Franz Joseph. STAR TREK STAR FLEET TECHNICAL MANUAL. Ballantine 24730, Nov. $6.95

Schweitzer, Darrell. LOVECRAFT IN THE CINEMA. T-K Graphics, 1975. $1.50

Searles, Baird. STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND & Other Works: Notes. Cliffs Notes, 1975. $1.25

Smith, Cordwainer. THE PLANET BUYER (3 ptg) Pyramid V3969, Nov. $1.25

Simak, Clifford D. ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE (repr) Berkley, 1975. $1.25

Tenn, William. OF MEN AND MONSTERS (2 ptg) Ballantine 24884, Dec. $1.50

Theobald, Robert & J.M. Scott. TEG'S 1994 (repr) Warner 76-150, Dec. $1.25

Vinge, Vernor. THE WITLING. DAW UY1215, Jan. $1.25

Woods, William. A HISTORY OF THE DEVIL (nf, repr) Berkley Windhover, 1975. $2.95

Zebrowski, George, ed. TOMORROW TODAY (Planet series no. 1, repr) Unity Press, 1975. $3.95

JUVENILES

Alexander, Lloyd. TIME CAT (repr) Avon Camelot, 1975. $1.25. Age 8-10

Ardizzone, Aingelda. THE NIGHT RIDE (fty, repr Brit) Windmill, Aug. $5.95. Age 4-8

Arthur, Ruth M. ON THE WASTELAND (fty) Atheneum, 1975. $5.95. Age 9-13

Aylesworth, Thomas G. WHO'S OUT THERE? The Search for Extraterrestrial Life. McGraw-Hill, July. $5.72

Barton, Byron. HESTER (fty) Greenwillow, 1975. $6.95. Age 4-7

Bunting, Eve. DEATH OF A DINOSAUR (fty) EMC Corp, 1975. $3.95, $1.95 paper
ESCAPE FROM TYRANNOSAURUS (fty) EMC Corp, 1975. $4.95, $2.95 paper
THE DINOSAUR TRAP (fty) EMC Corp, 1975. $3.95, $1.95 paper
IN DINOSAUR LAND (fty) EMC Corp, 1975. $3.95, $1.95 paper

Burnett, Frances Hodgson. RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE (fty, repr) Lippincott, Sept. $5.95. Age 7-10

Byars, Betsy. THE WINGED COLT OF CASA MIA (fty, repr) Avon Camelot, 1975. $1.25. Age 8-12

Carroll, Lewis. ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND (repr) Crowell, 1975. $10.00

Conroy, Joseph F. GUIDE TERRESTRE: or, La Terre et ses singes (French reader, guidebook for alien visitors to earth) Amsco School Pubs., 1975. $2.75

De Bruyn, M.G. THE BEAVER WHO WOULDN'T DIE (fty) Follett, Sept. $5.95

De Paola, Tomie. STREGA NONA: An Old Tale, retold (fty) Prentice-Hall, 1975. $6.95

Elwood, Roger, ed. THE GIFTS OF ASTI and Other Stories of Science Fiction. Follett, 1975. $5.97

Emberley, Ed. THE WIZARD OF OP (fty) Little Brown, Oct. $4.95. Age 6-8

Ginsburg, Mirra, ed. & tr. THE AIR OF MARS and Other Stories of Time and Space (tr. from Russian) Macmillan. $5.95

Grahame, Kenneth. DREAM DAYS (fty, coll, facs. illus. by Maxfield Parrish) Equinox, 1975. $4.95 paper. Age 9 up
THE GOLDEN AGE (fty, coll, facs., illus. by Maxfield Parrish) Equinox, 1975. $4.95 paper. Age 9 up

Hall, Malcolm. THE ELECTRIC BOOK (fty) Coward McCann, Oct. $5.95. Age 10-15

Hall, Marjory. THE APRIL GHOST (supernat) Westminster, Sept. $6.50. Age 11-14

Harrison, Harry. THE CALIFORNIA ICEBERG. Walker, 1975. $5.95

Hoke, Helen, ed. MONSTERS, MONSTERS, MONSTERS. Watts, 1975. $5.88

Jacobs, William Jay. EDGAR ALLAN POE: Genius in Torment (nf) McGraw-Hill, July. $5.72

Jansson, Tove. FINN FAMILY MOOMINTROLL (fty, repr, tr. from Finnish) Avon Camelot, Aug. $1.25

Jeschke, Susan. THE DEVIL DID IT (marg fty) Holt, Sept. $5.95. Age K-4

Knigge, Robert. SILVER SPURS (fty) Knollwood Pub., 1975. $5.95

Kumin, Maxine & Anne Sexton. THE WIZARD'S TEARS (fty) McGraw-Hill, 1975. $5.95

Lafarge, Sheila. PETER'S ADVENTURES IN BLUEBERRY LAND: Story and pictures by Elsa Beskow, adapt. from the Swedish by Sheila La Farge. Delacorte Press/S. Lawrence, 1975. $5.95

Le Cain, Errol. THE WHITE CAT, retold & illus. by Errol LeCain (fty) Bradbury, 1975. $5.95

Lowe, Patricia. THE TALE OF CZAR SALTAN: Or, The Prince and the Swan Princess, tr. & retold by Patricia Lowe from the original story by Alexander Pushkin. Crowell, July. $5.95
THE TALE OF THE GOLDEN COCKERELL, tr. & retold by Patricia Lowe from the original story by Alexander Pushkin. Crowell, July. $5.95

McDermott, Gerald. THE STONECUTTER: A Japanese Folk Tale, retold & illus. by Gerald McDermott (fty) Viking, 1975. $5.95. Age 5-8

McHargue, Georgess. STONEFLIGHT (fty) Viking, 1975. $6.95. Age 10-14

Mazer, Norma Fox. SATURDAY, THE TWELFTH OF OCTOBER (fty) Delacorte, Oct. $6.95. Age 12 up

Norton, Andre. OUTSIDE. Walker, 1975. $5.95. Age 8-12

Norton, Mary. THE ADVENTURES OF THE BORROWERS (4v. boxed set) Harcourt, 1975. $5.95 paper

Oppenheim, Shulamith. THE SELCHIE'S SEED (supernat) Bradbury, Oct. $5.95. Age 9-11

Continued on Page 24

Lilliputia

THE LAND BEYOND by Maria Gripe. Delacorte Press, 1974. Tr. from the Swedish by Sheila La Farge. Illus. by Harald Gripe. 214 pp. $5.95

I found this winner of the 1974 Hans Christian Andersen Medal rather disappointing. And I don't think I'd have liked it that much as a child, either. This is the telling, in two different ways, of the tale of two kings, a princess, and an explorer who found a land not on the map. The first king imprisons the explorer, the second changes places with him, and the princess sets off on her own. I found the book diffuse and overly philosophical in approach.

The black and white illustrations are humorously 18th century, so I suppose that's the period in which the story is set. (For what it's worth, while typing the above, it occurred to me that the book seemed stylistically somewhat reminiscent of the Passover Haggadah.)

—Leslie Bloom

SEBASTIAN, SUPER SLEUTH by Mary Blount Christian. Illus. by Lois Axeman. J. Philip O'Hara, Inc., 1974. 49 pp. $3.50. Age level: 8-11

This is a book written in the first person from the point of view of a dog. As if that were not enough, the dog solves the "mystery" of Who Stole the Space Flight Robot by disguising himself as a bellhop, then trailing robot and captors to an amusement park with an sf theme. The solution—that the robot had been stolen to help run the amusement park—would be all right if a child had written the book, but no juvenile reader with any self respect will accept such drivel from an adult. —Charlotte Moslander

THE GIRL WHO CRIED FLOWERS AND OTHER TALES by Jane Yolen. Illus. by David Palladini. Crowell, 1974. 55 pp. $5.95. Age level: 9-12

This is a book which contains five short stories but each of the stories pinpoints a situation that could very well happen to a person in their life. The first story involves a girl who cries flowers. She has to think sad thoughts all day to keep the town supplied with flowers. When she marries, her husband forbids her to be sad. She is presented with a problem: if she cries, the people of the town are made happy with the flowers they receive, but her husband is unhappy. She solves her problem by becoming a tree during the day and at night, she is with her husband. Down-strider is a giant who only walks at night because he saw how odd he looked once during the day. He captures a child who is kind to him and the sun doesn't come up for a week, because the child is the one who leads the sun on its journey. The frightened villagers send a small child to plead with the giant to release the sun-child. When the village child is not afraid of the giant, he releases the sun-child and all of them are friends and the giant comes out into the day. The weaver of tomorrow is Vera who learns to weave the tapestry of life and learns the true nature of her work. The dangers of arrogance and of having one's own way all the time are illustrated in the story about the lad who could stare everyone down. Silent Biance is a quiet story that deals with the wisdom of silence. All make excellent reading and I highly recommend this book to readers of all ages. The writing has a poetic intensity which seems to make these stories come alive. They read like fairy tales, and yet there is a loving message in them. —Sandy Deckinger

THE KINGDOM AND THE CAVE by Joan Aiken. Illus. by Victor Ambrus. Doubleday, 1974. 160 pp. $4.50. Age level: 10 up

Young Prince Michael of Astalon discovers a plot by the mysterious Under People to take over the kingdom. With the assistance of a number of animal friends, not the least of whom is Mickle, the palace cat and a prince in his own right, Michael enters the city of the Under People and with forthright courage unlocks an ancient power and saves his land from invasion.

This is a delightful tale of brotherhood between a boy and animal friends, and of the courage of all. Written when the writer was 17, the story gives ample testimony to her skills.

Recommended for preteens and teenagers. —Gail C. Futoran

THE MAGIC OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE by Daniel Cohen. Illus. by Dale Payson. Julian Messner, 1974. 96 pp. $6.25

If you have an overly-imaginative child, this slender work of nonfiction may bring his/her little feet down to earth with a thump. It's a rational explanation of the possible origin of the stories about the fairy, the dwarf, the sidhe, and their relatives, written in simple (but not condescending) language, and set in easy-to-read type, with lots of pictures. No library "children's room" should be without it, although I doubt its worth as a purchase for a personal collection. —Charlotte Moslander

SAILING TO CYTHERA, AND OTHER ANATOLE STORIES by Nancy Willard. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1974. 72 pp. $5.95. Illus. by David McPhail.

Normally, I should say that a 72-page book is not worth $5.95, especially when the main character is the author's son; however, this is the exception. The three stories herein contained—"Gospel Train," "The Wise Soldier of Sellebak," and "Sailing to Cythera"—are so in tune with a young child's imaginings, fears, and experiences (if the Blimlim turns out to be friendly, rather than fierce, and accepts your invitation to live in the dark space under the bed, then you no longer need to fear what *else* might be lurking there), and so engagingly told, that Anatole will land right up there next to Christopher Robin, given half a chance.

Buy a copy for your children, grandchildren, godchildren, whatever—there is a definite place for old-fashioned books like this in the collection of the read-to-me set. Incidentally, the illustrations are perfectly in tune with the style of the writing. David McPhail has obviously read, and apparently enjoyed, Anatole's adventures.

—Charlotte Moslander

COSMIC LAUGHTER: SCIENCE FICTION FOR THE FUN OF IT comp. by Joe Haldeman. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1974. 189 pp. $5.95

The Introduction points out that most science fiction is deadly serious and gleefully declares that the only thing these nine stories have in common is that they made the compiler laugh. On the basis of that statement, I have come to the conclusion that either Joe Haldeman or I have a weird sense of humor. I found some of the stories ironic, some very clever, two built upon outrageous puns, one a well-deserved satire on a genre I find only too worthy of being satirized (s&s). *How*ever, they are all well-written, worthy products of their authors (the likes of Ben Bova, Terry Carr, Damon Knight, Thomas N. Scortia, andrew j offutt (sic), and, of course, Joe Haldeman). Perhaps the fault lies with the title—anything funny enough to create cosmic laughter should leave me incoherent, with sides aching and eyes streaming tears. Ask anyone who knows me well—I really do react to a funny story. Unfortunately, I was misled—these are not really *funny* stories. Or maybe Joe Haldeman is normal, and I have a weird sense of humor. —Charlotte Moslander

TIMOTHY AND TWO WITCHES by Margaret Storey. Illus. by Charles W. Stewart. Dell 08864, 1974. 76 pp. 75¢

THE DRAGON'S SISTER, and TIMOTHY TRAVELS by Margaret Storey. Illus. by Charles W. Stewart. Dell 02107, 1974. 139 pp. 75¢

These are Dell Yearling Books, designed to "entertain and enlighten young people." Mrs. Story is, according to the blurb, a well known and favorite British writer of children's stories.

A reading of these stories dating from 1966 and 1967 shows that all of the above is true. They are charming tales of magic and enchantment, with not a little human nature thrown in. Easily read and understood by a child, yet they are not written down to any level so that adults can also enjoy their charm. Parents who like reading to their children will find these stories excellent for the purpose. The illustrations are equally delightful.

Recommended for any age.

—Gail C. Futoran

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES by Ann Herring. Illus. by Kozo Shimizu. Japan Publications, 1972. 23 pp. $2.95. Age level: 4-8

This is the traditional fairy tale of the old, poor couple who spend their last bit of money on materials to make a pair of shoes, and are helped by elves. An interesting tale, but what really makes this book come alive are the specially designed puppets and dolls used for "on location" filming in a lifelike three-dimensional setting which uses the natural characteristics of wood, leather and other materials to create a setting that captures the very essence of the traditional German fairy tale. A nice book for the early reader, especially at the $2.95 price.

—Sandy Deckinger

ONE MONSTER AFTER ANOTHER by Mercer Mayer. Golden Press, 1974. 45 pp. $3.95. Age level: 3-6

Sally Ann wrote a letter to her friend, Lucy Jane, and put it in the mailbox. Before the postman collects the letter, it is stolen by a "monster." The letter is subsequently stolen by one monster after another, who have various adventures until one monster mails the letter and Lucy Jane receives it. What did the letter say: "Nothing exciting ever happens around here. Please come and visit."

This is a story that has to be read to a group of young children because they could never pronounce or understand some of the words used. The story is moderately interesting. However, the colors of the artwork are dull and, to me, the monsters are just too gross and have a nightmarish quality about them.

—Sandy Deckinger

GHOSTS AND SPECTRES: TEN SUPERNATURAL STORIES by Bruce and Nancy Roberts. Doubleday, 1974. 93 pp. $4.95

This is a collection of "real" ghost stories, illustrated with photographs, only one of which has any claim to authenticity. It's a slim book on a slim subject, and is definitely an ephemeral work of interest only to children of the "ghost story" age.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE ACTIVE-ENZYME LEMON-FRESHENED JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL WITCH by E. W. Hildick. Dell Yearling 3147, 1974. 207 pp. 95¢. Age level: 8-12 (hardcover: Doubleday, 1973. $4.95)

I enjoyed this, but found it disappointing. It's somehow not as funny as the author seems to have intended it to be.

Twelve year old Alison McNair, very bored with the house her family is staying in for the summer, finds a witch's handbook while exploring. She starts teaching herself to be a witch, with results that are only possibly supernatural.

I would have liked the book better if the supernatural element had been less equivocal.

—Leslie Bloom

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New Books continued from Page 21

Orgel, Doris. A CERTAIN MAGIC (fty) Dial, 1975. $5.95

Palmer, Robin. A DICTIONARY OF MYTHICAL PLACES. Walck, 1975. $6.95

Slaughter, Jane M. ESPY AND THE CAT-NAPPERS (fty) Doubleday, Nov. $5.95

Sleator, William. AMONG THE DOLLS (supernat fty) Dutton, Oct. $6.50. Age 7-10

Stuart, Forbes. THE WITCH'S BRIDLE and Other Occult Tales (repr Brit) Dutton, Oct. $6.95. Age 10-12

Townsend, John Rowe. NOAH'S CASTLE. Lippincott. $6.95. Age 12 up

Wahl, Jan. THE MUFFLETUMP STORYBOOK (fty) Follett, 1975. $5.95

WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS MICKEY AND THE MAGIC CLOAK (fty) Random House, 1975. $3.99

WALT DISNEY'S GULLIVER MICKEY (fty) Random House, Sept. $2.95, $3.99lib bdg. Age 4-8

Wells, Rosemary. ABDUL (fty) Dial, 1975. $4.95. Age 3-7

Williams, Margery. THE VELVETEEN RABBIT (fty, repr) Avon Camelot, 1975. $1.50

Yep, Laurence. SWEETWATER (repr) Avon Camelot, 1975. $1.25. Age 10 up

Reviews

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: THE MAN WHO CREATED TARZAN, by Irwin Porges. Brigham Young University Press, 1975. xix, 819 pp. $19.95

Born in 1875, Burroughs became and remains one of the most popular of all 20th century authors, generally ignored or disdained by critics and librarians but loved by readers who enjoy a fast-moving story. His first story appeared in print in 1912, and his works have appeared in countless forms since: magazines, newspapers, TV, films, bubble gum cards, in dozens of languages and countries. ERB soon became more than a man; he became an industry.

This massive biography relies heavily on primary source material in the Burroughs archives in Tarzana, California, where ERB lived his final years until his death in 1950. Porges and his wife sifted through an enormous mass of material dating from 1911 to create this work. The treatment is chronological. The son of a former Civil War officer who was later a successful businessman, Burroughs received a good education at private schools, although he was far from being a scholar. A succession of jobs as a cowboy, army duty in Arizona, policeman, gold miner and Sears Roebuck manager finally led almost by accident to his writing of "Under the Moons of Mars" in summer 1911, with publication in *All-Story* in 1912, and in book form as *A Princess of Mars* in 1917. *Tarzan of the Apes* appeared in 1912. The rest is history. ERB's life is explored in detail, documented by over 260 photos of family, friends, books, etc. Over 70 pages of notes, 30 pages of appendixes and an index supplement the 700 pages of text. Ray Bradbury contributes a nostalgic introduction.

Although this will unquestionably remain the definitive biography, it is far too lengthy for all but the most devoted reader. Burroughs admitted his life was far less adventurous than his many folk heroes, and I found myself skipping many of the numbing details. Although larger libraries and ERB fans will want this book, the study by Richard A. Lupoff, *Edgar Rice Burroughs: Master of Adventure* (Ace, 2d rev. ed., 1975, $1.25) is much the preferable introduction to the author's works. A balanced, sensible and readable study, it provides enough biographical information for most readers. The summaries and assessments of the many stories of ERB are its major strength, and chapter 19, a basic Burroughs library, will be especially helpful to libraries. The Porges biography reminds me of the boy who returned his book to the library desk and remarked, "This book told me more than I wanted to know about lizards."

—Neil Barron

FACES OF THE FUTURE: THE LESSONS OF SCIENCE FICTION, by Brian Ash. Taplinger, 1975. 213 pp $8.95

The jacket identifies the author as a professional [British] writer and former secretary of the International H.G. Wells Society. Ash's main purpose, he says, "has been to examine the social implications, whether intended or accidental, of those science fiction stories which can be deemed of serious content—and to draw what lessons we will" (p.198). The 12 chapters provide an informal account of sf mixed with some criticism, which is not didactic in any sense, as the quote or sub-title may suggest. Not a history and less critical and less wide-ranging than Aldiss's *Billion Year Spree* (1973), the work is less anecdotal than, say, Lundwall's *SF: What It's All About* (1971), which is a roughly comparable work. Four of the 12 chapters emphasize the period through Wells, another treats the pulp years and later, and seven focus on recurrent themes—the criticism of progress, failures of utopia, the ubiquitous role of the machine in sf, the future evolution of man (a topic treated throughout and that most effectively developed), the treatment of time, and the role of religion and mythology. Since this survey is apparently addressed to someone not well acquainted with sf, the aficionado may wish to skip the frequent and inevitable plot summaries. Ash respects the better efforts in sf, appears to have read widely (the two page bibliography lists the standard works of history and criticism), and writes sensibly if conventionally. A good introduction for the neophyte, although Aldiss is the preferred introductory work. The index adds to the book's modest value, primarily for the larger library.

—Neil Barron

THE FORGOTTEN BEASTS OF ELD by Patricia A. McKillip. Atheneum, 1974. 217 pp. $7.25 (paperback: Avon 25502, 1975. $1.50)

They are Gules Lyon, the Cat Moriah, Gyld the Dragon, Ter Falcon, the Black Swan, the Boar Cyrin and a misty creature of fear and death called the Blammor; beasts of age, legend and power all controlled by the greatgranddaughter of a wizard.

Sybel is content high in her mountain home with only the legendary beasts for company. But the world of men intrudes and she learns human feelings: love, hope, hatred, vengeance. Her mind is endangered by one man's desire and later, in her quest for vengeance, she almost destroys herself. Learning just in time what it is that she values most, she turns away from self-destruction and is won back to life by those who love her.

For readers who like a strong plot, this book will not satisfy; its simplicity is unlikely to keep an adult reader engrossed when there is barely enough action to keep the thin thread of the plot from dying. Written in a very personal style around the main character and her emotions, for those who enjoy that sort of writing this book is very readable with a rewarding conclusion. Suggested for teenage and up.

—Gail C. Futoran

THE YEAR'S BEST HORROR STORIES, Series II, ed. by Richard Davis. DAW UY1119, 1974. 207 pp. $1.25

All things considered, a good collection. *Publishers Weekly* reviewed this a while back, and asked the same question I did: Why include "David's Worm" in the same collection as "The Events at Poroth Farm," especially when the latter was definitely better than the former, and the author of the former was already represented by a better piece of his own? Aside from that, I found the overall content good: Bloch was definitely up to scratch, and the others worth taking a look at. It is cheering, too, to see a few new names in the genre. Worth the money.

—Michael L. McQuown

HARRIGAN'S FILE, by August Derleth. Arkham House, 1975. 256 pp. $6.50

It's a shame that *Night Stalker*, as fun as it was to watch, had to run the idea of a reporter encountering strange events into the ground. The adventures of Tex Harrigan are perhaps not as supernatural as Kolchak's, but they are as strange. The seventeen stories suffer a bit from some repetition and the form (tale told in a bar) but manage to transcend the weaknesses most of the time. Harrigan, unlike Kolchak, is a skeptic and offers mundane explanations sometimes but we (and maybe not even Harrigan) don't always believe them. While many of the events take place in the Chicago area, Harrigan did manage to get around in his reporting career and work for a number of newspapers. The title comes from Harrigan's line about his "file of queer people" with which he is always entertaining the narrator. Most of the time Harrigan is only an observer and relays his observations on to the narrator, but sometimes his involvement is more active. The theme of the stories ranges from robots and artificial intelligence to alien beings to time travel. They may not be great literature but they are very entertaining pieces. Derleth gets carried away and makes fun of McCarthy (that's Joe, the one from Middle America—remember him, gang?) in a crude manner, but his heart is in the right (or maybe left) place. Even if you don't all rush out and buy this (and to give a completely unsolicited testimonial, I *bought* my copy) you should all read "The Remarkable Dingdong" in which an editor of a science fiction magazine runs afoul of the law because his writers keep writing stories about secret government projects. "The Martian Artifact" has some nice touches, too. For the record, the 17 stories appeared in a variety of magazines between 1951 and 1965.

R. R. Donnelley & Sons is doing an adequate job printing Arkham House books. Seems the latest batch also gets wrapped in plastic. Annoying to readers and absolutely maddening to those free-loaders who read books in bookstores (but does help on returns), the practice will be a boon to the collector who now doesn't have to take his (or her) books out of the plastic wrap. Genuine, guaranteed mint copies, gang, just like bottled wine which is too valuable to drink and is sold for high prices. Woe to the mere reader of Arkham House books.

—J. B. Post

EXPLORERS OF SPACE, ed. by Robert Silverberg. Thomas Nelson, 1975. 253 pp. $6.95

A top-drawer cast contributes to this collection: Murray Leinster, Poul Anderson, Arthur Clarke, Edmond Hamilton, Ursula Le Guin, Silverberg himself, Clifford Simak and Isaac Asimov. Since every anthology today has to have a theme, the theme of this one is interplanetary exploration, which is what sf was all about originally, and which very likely produces the best stories anyway. All eight of these are very good. Even going back as far as 1956 for Murray Leinster's "Exploration Team," or to 1952 for Ed Hamilton's "What's It Like Out There?" only proves that a good story stands up to the passage of years. I admit to a warm spot in my heart for "What's It Like Out There?" since I originally bought it for *Startling* or *Wonder*, but I maintain that it was a strong mature story in the days when they were something less common. Murray Leinster is and always was, a storyteller par excellence—you *go* with him as you do with only a few of the best. Silverberg's "Collecting Team" is a wry bit which demonstrates the folly of the anthropocentric viewpoint—we've really got to stop looking at things as though we were the center of the universe. And in a way that same *caveat* seems to be the moral of Simak's "Beachhead" and Anderson's "Kyrie." This is an anthology you may well want to keep.

—Samuel Mines

THE BEST OF STANLEY G. WEINBAUM. Ballantine 23890, 1974. 306 pp. $1.65

With an introduction by Isaac Asimov and an afterword by Robert Bloch, this should become something of a collector's item. No question about it, Weinbaum had a unique talent. These stories were written a long time ago and the style is closer to Gernsback and E. E. Smith than it is to Sturgeon or Phil Dick. But shining through is a quality of imagination, bold originality of concepts and a breadth of vision that marks him as unique. Asimov may have gone just a wee bit overboard in calling him the world's best science fiction writer, but he can be forgiven that small bit of hyperbole, for there is no one quite like Weinbaum. There are 12 stories in this book and I suppose real science fiction buffs may have read all of them, but for beginners, this should be fairly heady stuff. His first story, "A Martian Odyssey," which apparently excited tremendous interest and introduced a Martian character named Tweel, did not seem to me to be his best—but very likely at the time it was a kind of breakthrough. Although a chemical engineer, Weinbaum did not hesitate to kick science around for the sake of a good story—his Martian and Venusian backgrounds are pure fantasy, but it doesn't really matter. These stories are pure entertainment.

—Samuel Mines

SCIENCE FICTION EMPHASIS I, ed. by David Gerrold. Ballantine 23962, 1974. 211 pp. $1.25

The discovery of new talent is surely among the worthiest projects in literature and David Gerrold deserves nothing less than praise for his idea of hunting down brand new, possibly unpublished authors and picking eight stories to go into this collection. Actually, they can't be total beginners, for the writing is on a good level; there isn't actually a badly written story in the entire anthology. But it proves something experienced editors know: that writing well isn't the whole story. The quality of the ideas is probably more important. Who can forget E. E. Smith, whose people were cardboard, or Stanley Weinbaum, whose style was ruffles and lace. But both men had soaring imaginations that produced magnificent science fiction, clearly overriding any deficiencies of style. The trouble with *Emphasis I* is that the writing is good, but the ideas are relatively ordinary. Gerrold himself, whose stories are anything but ordinary, leaned over backwards, I suspect, to give some youngsters a break. That's all to the good, and I would suggest that several of these writers will be heard from again and will improve as they work. But in all fairness I must record that I found "Telepathos" by Ronald Cain tedious and overdone; "Willowwisp" by Joseph Pumilia appealing—but if it had a point I'm far from sure of what it was; and "On the Street of Serpents" by Michael Bishop perilously close to New Wave incoherence. "Bonus Baby" by Felix C. Gotschalk undeniably had something (sex among other things) and came close. Let's see what Gerrold does with *Emphasis 2*.

—Samuel Mines

AN APOLOGY FOR RAIN, by Jean Mark Gawron. Doubleday, 1974. 176 pp. $4.95

This is a rather obscure book, I'm afraid. It's a quest novel, written in a rather awkward prose, with much too much of the background left undefined.

A young woman named Bonnie, in a rather strange and fragmented future America, goes on a ritual quest—something of a post adolescent rite of passage—to find her brother Phillip. I had trouble following the action, which jumps around. There's also too much symbolism—a general code-named Six-Million, a weird young man named Anthrax, and a Pennsylvania full of towns with Biblical names . . . .

I didn't like this particularly, found it boring and somewhat pretentious. The author just isn't a good enough prose stylist to bring this sort of thing off.

—Leslie Bloom

HELLSTROM'S HIVE by Frank Herbert. Bantam T8276, 1974. 312 pp. $1.50

This wouldn't have been a bad book if the author had cut about 200 pages out of it. It just goes on endlessly—every single scene is elaborated in such detail that one is reminded of Samuel Butler's famous remark, about the author leading on up to the point long after the reader has arrived there. Briefly the plot concerns a scientist who becomes so enamored of insect organization that he organizes, secretly and underground, a "hive" of humans bred to insect specifications—workers, breeders, specialists, and so on. The idea, obviously, is to breed a super-race—more accurately a hive composed of super-specialists, who will eventually "swarm," that is emerge and take over the remaining pitiful humans. The idea is far from new—what Herbert has done here is to attempt to create an environment of great realism by piling on tons of explicit detail. Unfortunately, the detail doesn't matter, since it is both synthetic and not terribly convincing, and the action drags on until the very last few pages when the FBI and a few dozen assorted agencies finally stage an all-out assault on the hive—and are defeated. Hellstrom is invulnerable. So we can look forward to an insect-organized future—it says here. In a couple of hundred years or something. Well written, but just too much of it.

—Samuel Mines

AFTER THE GOOD WAR by Peter Breggin. Popular Library 00192, 1974. 191 pp. $1.25

Not many science fiction writers are optimistic about the future, it seems, at least in my reading experience. Most of them imagine a world which varies from the regimented dull to the wildest kind of anarchy. Peter Breggin has created a world which is terrifying—an insane world compounded of political mysticism, pornography and cultivated ignorance. His future world is one in which the people are offered sex as a substitute for freedom, achievement and dignity—but a curiously aseptic sex. Children are not wanted, so sexual contact between a man and a woman is an event in which they are separated by an inflatable bag—the bag however, contains its own artificial recreations of the genitals appropriate for each, so that the act of coitus is adequately carried out.

The hero of our story, being a non-conformist, decides, once he encounters a woman he loves, to break tradition and go for sex au naturel and that leads to trouble. Nor is it the only trouble, for, being a historian, he uncovers the true story of America's reversion to a dictatorial, mechanistic, robotic society, in which any attempt to question the rules or allow individual feelings of compassion, guilt or shame are labeled the "Hebrew" disease. This leads him to wonder if he is a Jew, although Jews were supposed to be extinct, having been made the ultimate scapegoat by all the nations of the world, and so eventually brings him to a new and surprising re-discovery of Israel.

The book is a complex work, sometimes very repetitious, but quite imaginative, and with a lot of interesting gimmicks and shrewd satire. It was someone—maybe George Kaufman—who pressed for a definition of satire said, "satire is what closes on Saturday night," but it doesn't turn everyone off and satirists like Voltaire have made a name for themselves in literature. Breggin has an active and facile mind and I suspect he will improve and turn out some significant books as he continues. In the meantime, *After the Good War* is worth a look or two—a curious blend of outrage, mysticiam and stark four-letter pornography.

—Samuel Mines

CHAINS OF THE SEA edited by Robert Silverberg. Thomas Nelson, 1973. 221 pp. $6.95

Chains of the Sea brings together three original novellas by Geo. Alex Effinger, Gardner R. Dozois and Gordon Eklund—new names in science fiction but developing writers who are already earning a deserved reputation in the field. The three stories presented here for the first time are far different in texture, but they share one quality in common. They are memorable—they stay with the reader, bubbling and expanding within the mind, evoking fresh images and new emotional combinations.

Effinger's entry is the brittle and bitter "And Us, Too, I Guess." The author sardonically portrays the "scientific minds" of Drs. Davis and Johnson as they composedly watch disaster overtake the Earth. One by one, entire species suddenly become extinct. Of course some of them are only insignificant organisms—or are they? In "Chains of the Sea" by Dozois, alien spaceships land to parley with the real masters of Earth—the Thants, the Jebblings, the Kerns, the Daleor, all of the Other People. A small boy is among the few who knows the end as mankind blithely and unknowingly marches off the stage. Eklund tells a haunting tale of the last days of Earth, of the ancient robot Andrew writing *The Book of Man* as he serves the last Pope in a final pilgrimage toward a final truth at "The Shrine of Sebastian."

Chains of the Sea is a fine collection offering us a peek, and an optimistic one, into the future of science fiction as a genre. —B. A. Fredstrom

MOON ON AN IRON MEADOW by Peter Tate. Doubleday, 1974. $5.95

Peter Tate is, in his way, a spiritual child of Ray Bradbury, and, as many grown-up children do, he has found his way back to the place his father told him was home a long time ago. So it is that Simeon, the activist of former years (and an earlier book) and Tomorrow Julie, who is now his wife, arrive in Green Town of 1973-or-4 and ask for lodging at 97 Oak Street where, we are told, a lightning-rod salesman once stopped. . . . Meanwhile, a civilian citizen of Okinawa is killed by contact with a C-BW rabbit which suddenly takes it into its head to act like a rabbit and burrow out of its lab, and the local authorities politely, but firmly, insist that the Americans depart, and take their rabbits with them. At another meanwhile, a Japanese physician and his class of maimed and mutated Hiroshima victims are sent upon a "good will" tour of the United States. A very little while later, unrest begins to stir on the campus of Little Fort State College, and the Ku Klux Klan and the National Guard are both mobilized. All these elements meet at the railyard in Green Town, and in the confusion, a student is killed by a Guradsman, and the rabbits are set free.

It is to Peter Tate's credit that the Green Town that Simeon finds is not the Green Town he is seeking, and most of the current inhabitants do not remember the people he is looking for. Except the judge, whose name is Charles Woodman, and who remembers bits and pieces of 1928—and releases the rabbits from their wicker baskets. The symbols of that old Green Town are present, though, even if the modern-day Dust Witch rides a helicopter and is destroyed in a collision with high-tension wires, and the public library has a new building and a staff of thirty-six. In the "Acknowledgements" it is stated that Green Town is part Waukegan, Illinois, part Kent, Ohio, and part "the sidewalks of [the author's] mind." Waukegan and Kent may have provided the modern-day trappings, but those sidewalks were laid down a long time ago. In a way, this is a novel in which those too-human failings chronicled in *Something Wicked This Way Comes* are redeemed by a combination of the lingering innocence of *Dandelion Wine*, the heightened social consciousness of the youthful college students, and the wisdom of Judge Charles Woodman, with Simeon as catalyst. So the balloon/helicopter is destroyed once more; the maimed products of Cooger and Dark's carousel find their humanity as a group (mob?) of youths overwhelm the Japanese Survivors with chanted expressions of love. There are even mysterious posters which cryptically announce the arrival of the trains bearing both survivors and rabbits. A National Guardsman is unnerved by the chanting, wounds a Klansman, and makes an innocent young woman into a martyr. A self-scarred veteran of a Weatherman bomb fiasco loses her shame at her own marked face when she sees the Survivors. And the rabbits hop softly, harmlessly into the fields where June-night, rabbit-type activities call to them.

This is not a book of large readership or enduring lifespan, yet there is a certain fascination in watching yesterday influence today, and the fact that Simeon does not meet even one "real person" in Green Town matters not at all. A word of warning, though, the Bradbury works mentioned are prerequisites to understanding. Of course, the student activists seem odd here in the solemn seventies—but think back such a very short time . . . After all, Simeon himself admits to being over-thirty, yet he was last seen burning a swing at Playa 9. There is also something philosophical at the end about turning things about so a man who has injured you spites himself, and I suppose that is important, too. Perhaps to Peter Tate, it is central, and the books upon which *this* book is built are peripheral. Each reader must judge that for him/herself.

The rabbits? The rabbits. The C-BW rabbits were incinerated on Okinawa. The rabbits which disappeared into the June night were there to make some generals—and some civilians—spite themselves.

—Charlotte Moslander

WALK TO THE END OF THE WORLD by Suzy McKee Charnas. Ballantine 23788, 1974. 214 pp. $1.25

A dark, brooding book, reflecting, it seems to me, the author's deep pessimism about man the brute and his infinite capacity for inflicting pain and death on others and himself. This is the time after the inevitable nuclear holocaust, called "the wasting." The survivors have lapsed into a feudal, superstitious kind of city-state, subsisting meagerly on scanty food supplies made mostly of seaweed—which is about all that is left. Trees, animals—all are gone. In typical male fashion, the men have decided to blame women and their "witcheries" for the holocaust and those women, now simply called "fems" who survived a series of murderous pogroms, have been reduced to beasts of burden, slaves without the faintest hint of rights or pretensions to humanity. Love is between males—on the necessary few occasions men will visit the "breeding pens" and copulate with fems to produce cubs, but the offspring are always in danger of being killed by their sires should they be able to discover their identity because of a fierce (though not too well understood by me) jealousy and fear that the son will do in the father first.

The worst is yet to come when a son, searching for his father with malice aforethought, discovers him, finds that he has unearthed many of the old books and is re-inventing the machines (including guns) which made the Ancients so powerful. For food, this practical if mad genius intends to breed a race of fems to be eaten. Judge for yourself what Suzy Charnas thinks of men.

This is a literate, strongly written book—a little ponderous in detail for my taste—it could have moved faster, but it leaves an undeniable impression. Its characters are three dimensional and real and its brooding plot will not easily be forgotten.

—Samuel Mines

THE WITCHFINDER by Maurice Hilliard. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 1974. 182 pp. $5.95

This is definitely one of the better books in the genre. A first novel. It is the story of a woman, married late, and suffering from agoraphobia, who finds herself suddenly married to an older man. He retires, and they move to an old house in the wilds of Northumberland. At first things seem pleasant enough, but slowly the peculiarities of behavior and the strange incidents begin to form a pattern, and that pattern is not a pleasant one. It becomes obvious that Ben, Cass's brother-in-law, is involved with the locals in some strange and unpleasant business. Gradually her husband, Arthur Hopkins, begins to evince a sinister change in personality, and the doctor who treats him when he falls ill is menacing in his own right.

The great merits of this book are its simple style and careful delineation of character and background; the author lets everything flow together at its own pace, and the impact is cumulative rather than episodal. It may be a little too slow for American readers, and when the nature of the rituals involved is finally exposed, it seems a little tame for what one generally might expect, but these are minor considerations for a good, readable book.

—Michael L. McQuown

INFINITE JESTS, ed. by Robert Silverberg. Chilton, 1974. 231 pp. $5.95

The subtitle of this book is "The Lighter Side of Science Fiction" and Bob's introduction gives the impression that science fiction tends to take itself seriously, hence humor is not all that abundant. I'm inclined to disagree with that—plenty of very funny stories abound. In fact, most of Asimov's work has tongue in cheek or I misread my cherubic contemporary. But there is none of Ron Goulart's slapstick here, this is all black humor—which should tell you a lot about Bob Silverberg. And some of it isn't even funny, just a kind of wry irony. Perhaps the best story in the collection of 11 tales (all of which have been published before) may be Silverberg's own: "(NOW + n), (NOW - n)" about a man who could be simultaneously in the past, present and future—which made him deadly in the stock market but gave him problems with his love life. Runner-up is Alfred Bester's "Hobson's Choice" which throws a new light on the problems of time travel. "Heresies of the Huge God" by Brian Aldiss is a familiar one, and Fred Pohl's "I Plinglot, Who You?" gets a gold star for sheer literacy of writing—he razzle-dazzles the reader in an amiable way and is fun to read. The rest come along with various degrees of effectiveness. Not an anthology to provide any belly laughs, but then it depends upon *your* definition of humor.

—Samuel Mines

ALSO RECEIVED:

All the Myriad Ways, by Larry Niven. Ballantine 24084, Dec. $1.50 (orig. 1971. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 38/39)

And Chaos Died, by Joanna Russ. Ace 02269, Dec. $1.25 (orig. 1970. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 23)

Best Science Fiction Stories of the Year, No. 2, ed. by Lester del Rey. Ace 05476, Dec. $1.25 (hardcover: Dutton, 1973. $6.95)

Burnt Offerings, by Robert Marasco. Dell 2099, 1974. $1.50 (hardcover: Delacorte, 1973. $6.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 54)

The Dispossessed, by Ursula K. Le Guin. Avon 24885, July. $1.75 (hardcover: Harper, 1974. $7.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 55)

Evil Is a Quiet Word, by Theodus Carroll. Warner 78-844, Dec. $1.50 (supernat horror)

Eye of the Zodiac, by E. C. Tubb. DAW UY1194, Sept. $1.25 (Demarest of Terra 13)

The Farthest Shore, by Ursula K. Le Guin. Bantam T2126, Oct. $1.50 (hardcover: Atheneum, 1972. $6.25. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 45)

Feral, by Berton Roueche. Pocket 80152, Dec. $1.50 (hardcover: Harper, 1974. $5.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 58)

A Fine and Private Place, by Peter S. Beagle. Ballantine 24754, Jan. $1.50 (5 ptg, c1960)

Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said, by Philip K. Dick. DAW UW1166, April. $1.50 (hardcover: Doubleday, 1974. $6.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 51)

The Forever War, by Joe Haldeman. Ballantine 24767, Jan. $1.50 (hardcover: St. Martin's Press, 1975. $7.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 59)

Gentleman Junkie and Other Stories of the Hung-Up Generation, by Harlan Ellison. Pyramid V3933, Aug. $1.25 (2d ed)

The Ghosts, by Antonia Barber. Archway 29732, Aug. $1.25 (hardcover: Farrar Straus, 1969. $3.75. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 12)

Ghouling Around: How to Win Fiends and Influenza People! ed. by Phil Hirsch & Paul Laikin. Pyramid N3871, Aug. 95¢ (humor)

Glimpses of the Beyond, by Jean-Baptiste Delacour. Dell 3287, Dec. $1.25 (hardcover: Delacorte, 1974. tr. from German, nonfiction)

Ice and Iron, by Wilson Tucker. Ballantine 24660, Oct. $1.50 (hardcover: Doubleday, 1974. $4.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 57)

The Inverted World, by Christopher Priest. Popular Library 00309. $1.25 (hardcover: Harper, 1974. $7.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 55)

Is Anyone There? by Isaac Asimov. Ace 37416, Dec. $1.50 (c1967)

The Jargoon Pard, by Andre Norton. Fawcett Crest P2657, Dec. $1.25 (hardcover: Atheneum, 1975. $6.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 60)

The Loona Balloona, by Molly Lefebure. Thomas Nelson, 1974. $5.95 (juv)
More Haunted Stories, ed. by A. L. Furman. Lantern Press/Pocket Books 77712, Aug. 95¢ (hardcover: Lantern Press, 1967, orig. title: More Teen-Age Haunted Stories)
Not Without Sorcery, by Theodore Sturgeon. Ballantine 24664, Dec. $1.50 (2 ptg, c1961)
Of Men and Monsters, by William Tenn. Ballantine 24884, Dec. $1.50 (2 ptg, orig. 1968)
The Other Side of Tomorrow, ed. by Roger Elwood. Pyramid V3937, Oct. $1.25 (hardcover: Random House, 1973. $3.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 58)
Our Spacecraft Is Missing, and The President Has Been Kidnapped, by Paul Richards. Award AD1491. $1.50
The Path of Unreason, by George O. Smith. Ballantine 24613, Oct. $1.50 (c1958)
Perry Rhodan 78: Power Key, by K. H. Scheer. Ace 66062, Sept. $1.25
Perry Rhodan 79: The Sleepers, by William Voltz. Ace 66063, Sept. $1.25
Perry Rhodan 80: The Columbus Affair, by K. H. Scheer. Ace 66064, Oct. $1.25
Perry Rhodan 81: Pucky's Greatest Hour, by Kurt Brand. Ace 66065, Nov. $1.25
Perry Rhodan 82: Atlan in Danger, by Kurt Brand. Ace 66066, Nov. $1.25
Perry Rhodan 83: Ernst Ellert Returns! by Clark Darlton. Ace 66067, Nov. $1.25
Perry Rhodan 84: Secret Mission: Moluk, by William Voltz. Ace 66068, Dec. $1.25
Perry Rhodan 85: Enemy in the Dark, by Kurt Mahr. Ace 66069, Dec. $1.25
The Planet Buyer, by Cordwainer Smith. Pyramid V3969, Nov. $1.25 (3 ptg)
The Sentinel, by Jeffrey Konvitz. Ballantine 24600, Jan. $1.75 (hardcover: Simon & Schuster, 1974. $7.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 59)
The Shadow 7: The Red Menace, by Maxwell Grant. Pyramid N3875, Nov. 95¢ (2 ptg)
The Shadow 9: The Romanoff Jewels, by Maxwell Grant. Pyramid N3877, Oct. 95¢
Slave Ship, by Frederik Pohl. Ballantine 24586, Oct. $1.50 (4 ptg)
Space Adventures, ed. by A. L. Furman. Lantern Press/Pocket Books 75843, Jan. 1975. 75¢ (orig: Teen-Age Space Adventures. Lantern Press, 1972. $4.08. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 53)
Space Cadet, by Robert A. Heinlein. Ace 77731, Sept. $1.25 (c1948)
The Starmen of Llyrdis, by Leigh Brackett. Ballantine 24668, Jan. $1.50 (c1952)
Sweet Dreams, by Michael Frayn. Ballantine 24326, July. $1.50 (hardcover: Viking, 1974. $5.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 57)
Tetrasomy Two, by Oscar Rossiter. Bantam T2052, Nov. $1.50 (hardcover: Doubleday, 1974. $5.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 51)
The Third Ear, by Curt Siodmak. Pinnacle 00345, 1974. $1.25 (hardcover: Putnam, 1971. $5.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 44)
Wandering Stars, ed. by Jack Dann. Pocket Books 78789, Nov. $1.50 (hardcover: Harper, 1974. $6.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 60)
Warrior of Scorpio, by Alan Burt Akers. DAW UY1212, Dec. $1.25 (3 ptg, c1973)
Watership Down, by Richard Adams. Avon 19810, April. $2.25 (hardcover: Macmillan, 1974. $6.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 52)
When Harlie Was One, by David Gerrold. Ballantine 24390, March. $1.50 (3 ptg, orig. 1972. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 48)
The Wonderful Wizard of Oz Coloring Book, by L. Frank Baum. Dover, 1974. $1.50 (abr. text)
The World Jones Made, by Philip K. Dick. Ace 90951, Dec. $1.25 (c1956)

INDEX TO FEATURES

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