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An Interview With Damon Knight

Conducted by Paul Walker*

What has been the most interesting development in science fiction since 1960? What has been the most obnoxious, to you, personally?

The most interesting development would have to be the movement of commercial science fiction back toward the standards of literary science fiction from which it diverged about 70 years ago. This is what's putting some life back into the field for the first time since the early 50's. The least pleasant development, I guess, would be Sol Cohen's reprint magazines.

One way of measuring the health of the field is by counting the number of good new writers who appear in it each year. I wrote a piece about this for the Clarion anthology; the chart that goes with it shows a peak (24) in 1930, another (17) in 1941, another (28) in 1951, and then a long slow decline to 1965, the last year for which I had records -- the figure there was 1. I have not been able to draw the rest of that line, but I think I know what it would look like.

How has the role of editor fared in the same time?

Generally speaking, if you're talking about the magazines and most of the paperbacks, I think science fiction editing has been a downhill thing since 1950 -- more routine, less rewarding, less effective. Struggling to keep dead things afloat is no fun for anybody. As far as I'm concerned, my experience is not typical. I am having a ball -- lots of kicks and excitement and rewards of many kinds.

Of course, magazine editors are mostly overworked and underpaid. Some know that poor treatment of authors is counterproductive, but can't help it; some don't give a damn. Some, because of the volume of crud they have to work with, acquire a really vicious contempt for writers which is so ingrained that not even they are fully aware of it. But low pay, long delays, poor treatment, etc., degrade the product and circulation falls a little more, so the rates drop and the staff is cut, and the product is degraded again and again.

What about Orbit?

"Orbit" represents an attempt to bring about a renaissance in science fiction by demanding high standards and giving a lot in return -- high rates, prompt reports, courteous treatment, etc. My notion of it is that the image of "Orbit" and the rewards of appearing here should be such that the best writers send their best stories here first, and that I should buy, and publish those stories, just because they are the best writer's best stories, whether they are the kind of thing I have been looking for or not. Each volume ought to redefine the field in such a way as to draw in more good stories, so that more and more good stuff gets written. In order to do this, you've got to let go of your rigid conceptions of what science fiction is, and let it grow in whatever direction it can. I think editing this way always results in a boom in quality (Tremaine in the mid-thirties, Campbell from '37 to '42, Gold and Boucher in the early 50s and so forth). Editing to strict ideas of subject and content always depresses quality. You can't have it both ways. I think the series as a whole is doing what I want it to, and it holds my interest because I never know what it's going to do next. I keep finding new marvelous things in those brown envelopes that come in the mail.

With science fiction in such a depressed state, how do you manage to pay high rates, give prompt reports, and courteous treatment?

"Orbit" can spread its costs over a number of editions -- hardcover, paperbacks, book club, foreign editions -- instead of just one. The paperbacks stay on sale longer than magazines and can be reissued; once a magazine goes off sale, it's gone. Most magazines are locked into a diminishing thud-&-blunder audience, but in the libraries, where most of "Orbit's" hardcover sale is, there is a different audience built up over the years by sf anthologists who selected the best of the magazine output. These are some of the reasons why "Orbit" can afford to

buy good stuff and pay comparatively good rates. (In fact, the rates have been rising steadily since the beginning; the average is now closer to 5¢ than 4¢ and the minimum payment for a story is \$200.) Being published twice a year instead of monthly, it can afford to be more selective than the magazines, and the volume of submissions is so low that it's no sweat to give prompt reports, and I don't get so exasperated that I can't be polite. So far I have managed to keep "Orbit" out of the writers' magazines, and that helps. Up until a few months ago I did not use a rejection slip; now I have one, but seldom use it.

Referring back to my question about Orbit, one thing bothers me. You say, "you've got to let go of your rigid conceptions of what science fiction is and let it grow in whatever direction it can." This sounds as if you're calling yourself a mere receptacle for submissions rather than the Editor-in-Chief. Could you clarify your position?

There is a contradiction, or at least an oversimplification, in what I wrote. It isn't enough to be a receptacle, or _____ would be the greatest editor in the world. This is why so many careers have been nourished in penny-a-word or half-cent markets, though -- poor magazines couldn't afford to turn down anything printable even if it was good. I didn't really mean to leave out taste, intuition, conviction, etc., and of course I admit responsibility for everything that goes into "Orbit." I'm afraid I made it sound as if editing the series is just a matter of standing there with my hands out, whereas it is much more like surfing or walking a high wire.

There are limits to permissiveness, and I have struck a couple of them already. There are some things I won't print even though I am willing to believe they are honest artistic statements; so in the end you come back to my limitations and prejudices just like anybody else's. But I am making the effort to expand my perceptions as far as they will go, and to keep the boundaries fluid, so that even though there are limits, it will seem to some authors that there are none.

I've bought and printed a lot of stuff that is on the fringe of science fiction as I understand it, and even some that is outside it, purely in order to keep the boundaries from shrinking. But it is true that in the process "Orbit" has evolved in directions I never anticipated, so that now a thing that might have seemed to me on the fringe a year or two ago is right in the middle. In this sense I stick to what I said, that within very broad limits you have to let the best, most talented writers go where they are going. The trick is to stay on top while they take you there.

"The best, most talented writers..." Who and what would you call 'best'?

I think in any art what you look for is something that is brilliantly innovative, and this is just what has been lacking in magazine sf for the last twenty years. For example, in "Orbit," I point to the work of Wilhelm, Wolfe, Lafferty, Sallis, etc. It is easy for the old guard to forget that when Heinlein, Asimov, & Co. first began writing in Astounding in the forties they were not producing orthodox science fiction -- nearly every one of their stories was innovative in some way. Think of "Nightfall," "Universe," "Helen O'Loy." In this sense, all great art is radical; to be conservative is to be imitative, repetitive, and that isn't art, it's commerce.

What do you mean by "brilliantly innovative?"

By "brilliant" I mean strikingly or extraordinarily good, and by "innovative" new -- not that same old stuff. "Orbit" has never had anything to do with the stylistic experimentation of the "New Worlds"/New Wave scene.

An irresistible question -- How has Mrs. Kate Wilhelm Knight influenced your present attitude toward science fiction?

Kate is vehemently against all labels and categories in fiction, and has been for years -- long before "Orbit." That attitude has helped her to escape from the

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iron maiden of the category, whereas others are locked into it. In the process of editing "Orbit" I have loosened up my definition of sf so that it now includes most of the things she writes, but she hasn't had to loosen up hers -- she simply rejects the category -- so we have to agree to disagree about that. She is one of the three or four strong influences "Orbit" has followed, and if I had to pick one as the most important, I would choose her.

Who are the other two or three influences?

When I spoke of letting the best writers do whatever they like within very broad limits, and allowing "Orbit's" policy to form itself in that way, that is what I meant, and all I meant, by the "influence" of Kate and other writers.

Some accusations -- Orbit has been accused of being 'impersonal' because of its lack of introductions to the stories, or in other words, the invisibility of Damon Knight.

I wrote an introduction to the first "Orbit" and some critics used it as a handle to beat me with ("Here are the nine best new science fiction stories I could find in eight months of reading manuscripts"). That taught me a lesson about introductions. I wrote blurbs for the stories up through "Orbit 4," and damned good ones if I say so, but by the time I got to "Orbit 5" I was beginning to feel that if I went on with them they would become increasingly strained and even phony -- something I feel now about other people's blurbs. I recognize that the absence of anything written by me in "Orbit" makes the series impersonal, but I think that's all right if it tends to focus more attention on the stories themselves. In certain magazines just the opposite happens -- I buy them for the blurbs, the editorials, book reviews, etc., but never read the stories.

Orbit has been accused of being a 'front' for the Milford Mafia/Clarion clique of writers.

I conclude that you are asking how come my name and a few others keep popping up everywhere you look -- in the Milford Conference, Clarion, "Orbit," SFWA. Looking at this from the outside, the easiest way to account for it is by a clique, cabal, or conspiracy. From the inside it is not like that at all. Certain ideas have a natural tendency to propagate themselves, and certain people will always be found wherever innovative things are going on. (Given the Clarion Workshop, for instance, can you imagine Harlan Ellison not getting involved in it?) Mixed up with this is the decline of conventional science fiction, which some people blame on the Milford Mafia; but it has been going on for twenty years, and the Milford Conference was not even thought of until 1955. The associations you are talking about are more fluid than you realize; for instance, in the late fifties, Lester Del Rey and I were the editors of a journal of radical sf criticism, Science Fiction Forum. Judith Merrill, who was for many years a leading Milfordite, now is not one. Fred Pohl, now the editor of Ace, before that was the editor of Galaxy, and before that the editor of the "Star Science Fiction" series, which was in every way the precursor of "Orbit."

I don't know why you have Clarion down as a literary clique like the Futurians and the New Worlds writers. It is a six-week summer workshop which accepts any qualified student and has had (I guess) about a hundred of them so far. If you mean the teachers, they are a mixed lot, too; unless I'm mistaken, Harlan Ellison is the only one who has taught at every Clarion, including the one at the University of Washington last year. The workshop is modeled roughly after the Milford Conference, and picked up its first batch of teachers there when Robin Scott Wilson attended the conference in 1967 for that purpose. (See his introduction to "Clarion," New American Library, 1971.)

The aim of the Clarion workshop is to turn amateurs into published writers, and it does that with startling regularity. I don't know of any other writers' conference that actually trains people to write professionally, year after year. It

does this by a kind of force-draft process -- the students write constantly, all the time they're there -- and by a combination of classroom and workshop methods. The credit for this goes entirely to Robin Wilson who thought up the idea and made it successful by hard work and the force of a very strong will.

In 1970, the SFWA voted "no award" in the short story category of the Nebulas. Some say this was a backlash against Orbit and its perennial domination of the awards.

The SFWA has a sizeable contingent of conservative members whose vote is usually scattered among three or four short stories from Galaxy, Analog, etc. Last year there were no such stories on the ballot, so they voted "no award." If there had been any competition from the magazines, Gene Wolfe's "The Island of Doctor Death and Other Stories" would have won in a breeze. That's ironic, and I deplore it, but think it will all come out in the wash.

A prominent editor once told me that he felt more creative as an editor than as a writer. How do you feel about it?

I have always been split between writing and editing; when I was in my teens my ambition was to grow up to be either Campbell or Heinlein. There are creative and other satisfactions in being an editor; you get to work on a much bigger canvas. Nearly all the Futurians turned out to be editorial types -- Wollheim, Lowndes, Pohl, Merrill, Shaw. Either you dig it or you don't. Most writers don't. But I've never been a professional writer in the sense that I could consistently turn out enough to make a living at it. Editing pays me much better, and that's one reason I do it.

It has been said that while Damon Knight was a master of the short story he never wrote a successful novel. What do you think?

Novels have always been tough for me, but lately everything is tough, and I don't know that that has anything necessarily to do with the quality of the product. Somebody more objective than I would have to judge whether the novels are less successful (artistically) than the short stories, and if so, why. In a financial way, and in public esteem, I don't think I have any kicks coming. New editions of all of them are recently in print or forthcoming -- the third time around for "Hell's Pavement" and "A for Anything."

Whenever your name is mentioned, the subject naturally turns to In Search of Wonder. I wonder if Damon Knight (i.e. the Writer and Editor) has ever regretted doing those book reviews?

"In Search of Wonder" got me a Hugo, made my reputation as a critic, and got me a job as sf consultant for Berkley which led to other things, including "Orbit." No, I don't regret the book or the reviews, although I no longer admire some of the novels I praised in them.

The van Vogt review, for example, was one-sided, and I wished later that I had included something about vV's strong points. I tried to make up for this to some extent in later reviews. The original review was published in France and made my name mud there; French sf fans are very strong on "The World of Null A," which was translated by Boris Vian. Van Vogt and I met in Rio but did not discuss the review; I was having too good a time to want to spoil it.

What do you think of science fiction criticism today in the prozines and fanzines? Of the European critics Stanislaw Lem and Franz Rottensteiner?

I don't think much of science fiction criticism today. Joanna Russ was doing brilliant things for a while, but has tapered off, not that I blame her -- writing criticism like that takes as much out of you as writing good fiction, and pays much less. I see an occasional hint of good intentions in the fanzines, but I don't think

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The International Scene

ARGENTINA In December there was a sort of minicon at which old Melies films were shown. The attendance was very small and it took place at an antique shop-turned-bookshop, surrounded by old jars, pieces of furniture and the like. From December 1st to the 5th Cinemateca Argentina, a sort of lending and renting film library, held a sort of Tarzan festival of films dating from 1918 to 1953.

Minotauro, the leading publisher of sf in this country has just decided to reissue all its titles and bring out four new ones. They are J. G. Ballard's *Terminal Beach* (as *Playa Terminal* in its *Otros Mundos* Collection), *Ti Con Zero* by Italo Calvino (as *Tiempo Cero*), *The Sirens of Titan* by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. (as *Las Sirenas de Titan*) and *October Country* by Bradbury (as *El Pais de Octubre*).

A group of newsmen, film-makers and fans have founded the Bela Lugosi Club which, among its recent activities, has announced their awards to the best terror films of 1971.

They are:

Best Film: *Girly*

Best Director: Freddie Francis for *Girly*

Best Screenplay: Robert Bloch for *The House That Dripped Blood*

Best New Actress: Ingrid Pitt for *Countess Dracula*, and *The House That Dripped Blood*

Best Actor: Christopher Lee for *The House That Dripped Blood*

Best Special Effects: *The Dunwich Horror*

Special Mention for Contemporary Vampires: *House of Dark Shadows*, and *Count Yorga Vampire*

The awards were presented to the distributing agencies at the preview of *The Honeymoon Killers*.

A local nightclub, *The Lame Cock* (El Gallo Cojo) has been offering a vampire show consisting of Angel Pavlovsky with Vampires and Terror and a showing of *Nosferatu* and *Vampyr*.

—Hector Pessina

ENGLAND It has just been announced that Larry Niven has accepted an invitation to be GoH at ChessManCon. Also making a welcome return to the annual British con scene is Harry Harrison, after an absence of a number of years while he has been in America. Harry says that he also hopes to bring his co-editor Prof. Leon E. Stover over with him. A special attraction this year(?) will be a national amateur sf film competition, organised with the magazine *Movie Maker*. Registration for the convention is \$1.50, and should be sent to Tony Edwards, 4 Admel Square, Hulme, Manchester, Lancs, England.

Sf, fantasy and horror had a good showing over Christmas, with about 24 hours broadcast over the fortnight. Our own Dr. Who started a new series on New Year's Day with a new Dalek serial, but this was certainly not worth a New Year's honour. However, the BBC gave it a front cover picture, and there is a competition for the kids to write a Dr. Who story, and win a REAL Dalek . . . We have now seen all the Star Treks, and are now re-seeing some of the early ones again.

—Gerald Bishop

GERMANY For April or May the Saarländischer Rundfunk plans a science fiction film from Gustav Strübel. It shows the dictatorship of a minister for science and automation who controls the national electronic memory . . . Star Trek will also be broadcast in Germany. The first program will be shown in June or July . . . Since 1971 there has been an annual contest for the best futurological TV-film broadcast on German TV, the Prix Futura. This contest is sponsored by the Sender Freies Berlin (SFB). This year the jury decided not to award a first prize. Second prizes have been awarded to the contributions *Hat die Kleinfamilie noch eine Zukunft?* (Has the traditional family a chance to survive in the future? Swiss), and *Die Klinik* (The Hospital, Finland). A third prize was awarded to both *Krieg und Frieden* (War and peace, Belgium), and *Der Insektenkrieg* (War of the insects, Great Britain).

The director Herrmann Zschoche (Deutsche demokratische Republik) is currently

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GERARD KLEIN: A PROFILE

by Mark Purcell

Many fans must have gotten their first inkling there was a Class-A French sf writer, not Jules Verne, from the praise for Klein in one of James Blish's reviews. Anyway, you can find the reference in Advent's second 'Atheling, Jr.' collection. I did, and it started me off. I hope promotion pieces like Blish's (and mine) lead to book and magazine translations in English, but to read Klein's works at present, you need your high school French.

In the late fifties, he seems to have been the French equivalent of such American phenomena as Kornbluth and Delany. Aged 20, he published "Star Gambit" and took the French Hugo, Prix Jules Verne, spring of '58. (Americans should be warned that many of the Prix Verne judges are men of letters outside sf, who might not appreciate technological fiction: Analog, Fred Hoyle, the Russians.) Possibly under publisher's assignment, Klein next year delivered the 18 stories of "Pearls of Time" for Editions Denoël's prestigious "Présence du futur" series. To an American, one interest of "Pearls," 1958, is that it's obviously our sixty-ish New Wave: poetic, anti-technical, often plotless or using sf conventions to write mainstream fiction.

We expect the short stories of a young, inventive mind to be experimental, try out different formal possibilities. "Pearls" has this interest. But I think he and Denoël had a mutual understanding of the kind of book they wanted to sell the 1958 French sf market. Of the first twenty "Présence du futur" titles, five were Ray Bradbury's. "Pearls" appeared as PF-26. The blurb mentions, first his Verne award for "Gambit," second his age (21: the Orson Welles-Boy Genius bit) --then in full capitals, that Klein was the "French Ray Bradbury." Trumpets. So the "Pearls" were supposed to make up a kind of future history like a series of slides, a French "Chroniques martiennes." The reason I'm so positive about what Denoël wanted from Klein, is that they did the same thing a decade later, after they began printing a series of Stanislaw Lem's Polish books, 1966ff. The first Denoël Lem title, "Solaris," was piggybacked by Edward de Capoulet-Junac's "Pallas," which has many points of analogy with Lem's novel, and which Lem himself praised highly. Both "Pallas" and "Pearls" are excellent, original sf. If there was the publisher's pressure I think, it was stimulating for both Capoulet Junac and Klein.

The Bradbury influence only seems undigested in "The Escapees," where desperate characters like Pliny, Sophocles, Hawthorne, and especially Herman Melville are on the run from the soldiers of a modern intellectual world, led by its psychiatric general staff. The world of imagination is being burned out of our minds. For true originality, this all seems too close to "Fahrenheit 451" (PF-8). On the other hand, Klein's theme, that our educated middle class denies the true existence of the world of imagination and of ideas, is truer, more accurate than Bradbury's book-burners, a dated liberal cartoon of the American right wing. Today's educated people don't burn the Bible, Shakespeare, Homer; they 'translate' them into contemporary flat idioms to prevent the intelligent young learning there are other mental worlds than those they now experience. The latest issue of American Imago has an article psychoanalyzing Einstein for his *chutzpah* in criticizing quantum theory in physics; if you don't adjust, you're abnormal, even if you're Einstein talking physics. So Klein's little fantasy may appear less realistic than Bradbury's novelette, but I think the French idea more profound. However, "Escapees" is a Bradbury-disciple story, no question.

"Voices from Space" demonstrates Klein's anti-technology (more fully shown in his novel, "No Smell from Time," 1963). "Voices" is a beautifully written account of an astronaut crew ranging the planets for life outside Earth. The emotional hunger for first contact, the God-hunger, is real on Klein's part. It

reappears in other "Pearls." But Fred Hoyle's paperback, "Frontiers of Astronomy," had previously explained to a mass audience that what space exploration and observation requires, is a clear-atmosphere observatory like the moon, more than a baby ship's crew scooting around space. To repeat the classic example, the chicken geographers who remained home stargazing, were correct, not the gutsy Columbus, about how many miles away India was. So Klein's space-brooding and anti-technology come from a man behind the mass audience, not ahead of it. However, I'd better grow a little cautious here. Sometime before '63 at least, Klein either read Chapter 18 of Hoyle's book or some such factual source, for the space-time theories in his next novel.

Among the mood-pieces and more experimental "Pearls," the longest, most obviously autobiographical, most everyday-realistic, is "Solar Mist." This is an interesting example of a Heinlein situation and juvenile hero wearing a New Wave. Vincent, the youthful hero, lies brooding on the roof of his village home, when a 'meteor' burns out of the summer night, settles burning into the nearby forest, and proves impossible to control. The adult inspectors recognize it as a kind of fiery fungus ready to circle out, burn first the village, then the country, then Eurasia. In the brightly lit morning, Vincent argues metaphysics with two rather mysterious agent-inspectors sent down by the central government (probably some symbolism here). What Klein conveys in this quiet middle section of his story, is not the felt tension of an Ambler or Woolrich. Rather, there's the dawning, smalltown atmosphere of the bright adolescent exploring his mind with the more intelligent, tougher (morally) adults around; like the newspaper scenes in "Look Homeward, Angel," or Fellini's movie about his adolescent "Vitelloni."

On a nothing-to-lose basis, Vincent finally borrows a fireproof cork-jacket and marches into the mysterious flames. About his hero, Klein is accurate. He makes it quite clear that Vincent won't mind if the whole adult world flames up. Vincent only seeks that contact with the 'other' and will condescend to save the world while doing so. He does save the world, you'll be glad to hear. The 'other' inside the fireball turns out to be a solar family amenable to reason, or at least to adolescent metaphysics. Also, the family has that UN translator's knack of instant interlingual communication so useful to sf writers.

After "Pearls," having conquered his writer's world at (the old) voting age, Klein seems to have dropped fulltime sf to earn a living. Of his five later books, two are nonfiction, both in the social sciences. He published a hearing-test booklet (using balloons!) in Monaco, 1961. From the title-description, this seems to have concerned psychology: hearing preconceptions, rather than sound waves or the ear's physiology. In 1970 he co-authored a savings-investment guide. From a Kornbluth-Delany prodigy, Klein was now a moonlighter, like Hal Clement, Cordwainer Smith, the technicians who began creating modern Soviet sf in the late fifties.

So there are only three later novels, 1963-6-71. For overseas orders, his most available works should be either "Warlords," his 1971 novel, or the two early books for Denoël, "Pearls" and the excellent 1963 novel, "No Smell from Time" (PF-26, 63. The French respect food, so smell, 'odeur,' doesn't trigger a quick laugh with them, as with us Howard Johnson gourmets.) The old Prix Verne "Gambit" was reprinted by Hachette. It's surely out of print but I've seen old Hachettes even in American secondhand stores.

... AND A CHECKLIST

No English translations, sorry. And I've omitted the two non-fiction books. They're cataloged by the Library of Congress.

1957 publishing year. LE GAMBIT DES ETOILES

n.b. Copyright, Dec. 1958, sold, January? Hachette reprint ("Le Rayon fantastique" series). 253 p.

Nov. 1958 LES PERLES DU TEMPS, Editions Denoël (PF-26). 222 p.

Prologue	L'écume du soleil
Tels des miroirs gelés	3 versions d'un événement
Le monstre	Les voix de l'espace
Une place au balcon	Impressions de voyage
La vieille maison	Les évades
En vacances	Bruit et silence
Les abandonnés	Civilisation 2190
La fête	Les prisonniers
Les hôtés	Point final
Le grand concert	

1963 LE TEMPS N'A PAS D'ODEUR, Editions Denoël (PF-63). 202 p.

1966 UN CHANTE DE PIERRE, Editions le Terrain vague. 256 p.

1971 LES SEIGNEURS DE LA GUERRE, Editions Robert Laffont. 237 p.

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fanzine criticism has had any effect except to feed the authors' egos, and I am not knocking that.

Rottensteiner and Lem are doctrinaire critics, very interesting sometimes, but full of attitudes that seem strange on this side of the Atlantic.

One final question, and a personal one. You are married to a successful sf writer, and I suppose it is the dream of every sf writer and fan to have such a marriage. How do two writers manage to occupy the same house?

It is very nice to be married to a writer, if you happen to be a writer yourself, and a real drag otherwise. Writers have a habit of mooching around with blank expressions, being deaf when spoken to, etc., and most non-writers never get used to that, or to the idea that interrupting a writer at work is like knocking him off a ladder. My wife, who is one of the best writers around, also happens to be a great cook, gardener, dressmaker, etc. She is terrifically energetic and can't bear to be idle, but she understands that I am a loafer and doesn't nudge me much. Neither one of us feels threatened by the other's success.

We met at the Milford Conference where I accused her of purple writing. (See the Introduction to her story in "A Pocketful of Stars," Doubleday 1971.)

*Conducted by mail between February 24 and June 2, 1971

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working on the sf film *Eoloemea*. Cox Habbema plays the scientist Maria Scholl, Ivan Andonov plays Daniel Lagny, the commander of a starship, the Russian actor Wsewolod Sanajew plays an old cosmic pilot and Rolf Hoppe acts as a sinister scientist.

The latest album of the German pop group Tangerine Dream, *Alpha Centauri* has developed into a major success. This record will be published in France by an avantgarde music publisher; also in Japan by Toshiba and in the U.S.A. by Elektra. . . The two latest albums from the German group Guru Guru each contained an sf title: "UFO" and "Spaceship." . . Another new German pop group, Eiliff, used an sf story by A. E. van Vogt for their song "Uzzek of Rigel IV."

—Tellus International

ITALY *A for Andromeda* has been adapted for Italian television by the Italian sf writer Inisero Cremaschi. While a lot of effort has gone into the five episode production, the sf essentials of the original story have been too much diluted so that the intelligence of the scientific details contrived on the screen might reasonably be questioned. Cremaschi is an old hand at sf. It is therefore very likely that, for commercial reasons, he was forced to emphasize the spy-thriller side of the story.

—Gian Paolo Cossato

Coming Events

April

- 1 HOUSTON SF SOCIETY MEETING at home of member. For info: Joe Pumilia, Box 1698, Alvin, Tex. 77511 (ph: 331-3250)
- 1 ISFA MEETING at home of member. For info: Jim & Lee Lavell, 5647 Culver, Indianapolis, Ind. 46226 (ph: 317-547-3153)
- ✓ (31)-April 2 CHESSMANCON at the Blossoms Hotel, Chester, England. Reg: 50p. to Tony Edwards, 4, Admel Square, Hulme, Manchester, M15 6EN, England
- ✓ (31)-April 2 LUNACON '72 at the Statler-Hilton, 33rd & 7th Ave, N. Y. N. Y. Adv. reg: \$3, \$5 at door. For info: Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11225
- 2 ALBUQUERQUE SF GROUP MEETING at home of member at 2pm. For info: Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N. M. 87112
- 4 FANATICS MEETING at home of member at 7:30pm. For info: Quinn Y. Simpson, 977 Kains Ave, Albany, Calif. 94706
- 7 LITTLE MEN MEETING at home of member at 7:30pm. For info: J. Ben Stark, 113 Ardmore Rd., Berkeley, Calif. 94707
- 7 SYDNEY SF FOUNDATION MEETING at home of member. For info: Gary Mason, G.P.O. Box 4593, Sydney, NSW 2001, Australia
- 7 WSFA MEETING at home of member at 8pm. For info: Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Ave. NW, Washington, D. C. 20032
- 8 CALGARY SF CLUB MEETING. For info: Brian Hval, 1712 Home Rd. N.W., Calgary 45, Canada
- 8 CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP MEETING at home of member. For info: Lou Tabakow, 2953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236
- 8 MINN-STF MEETING at home of member in Minneapolis. For info: Frank Stodolka (ph: 612-825-6355)
- 8 QUESTION MARK CLUB MEETING at home of member at 2pm.

- For info: Irvin Koch, 440 Diplomat Blvd, Apt. 16, Cocoa Beach, Fla. 32931 (ph: 783-0224)
- 9 ESFA MEETING at the YM-YWCA 600 Broad St., Newark, N. J. at 3pm
- 9 FANTASY COLLECTORS GROUP MEETING. For info: Roger Sarnow, 4326 N. Kenmore Ave, Chicago, Ill. 60613
- 9 KaCSFFS MEETING. For info: KaCSFFS, P.O. Box 6934, Kansas City, Mo. 64130 (ph: 833-0306)
- 9 NESFA MEETING at home of member. For info: NESFA, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch Sta., Cambridge, Mass. 02139
- 14 PSFS MEETING at Student Activities Center, 32nd & Chestnut Sts, Philadelphia at 8pm. For info: Ron Stoloff, 10714 Haldeman Ave, Philadelphia, Pa. 19116 (ph: OR6-0358)
- 14-16 BOSKONE IX at the Statler-Hilton Hotel in Boston. GoH: L. Sprague de Camp. Adv. Reg: \$3, \$4 at door. For info: NESFA, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch Station, Cambridge, Mass. 02139
- 15 CHICAGO SF LEAGUE MEETING at home of George Price, 1439 W. North Shore Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60626, at 8pm.
- 15 DASFA MEETING at 1380 S. Federal Blvd, Denver, in the basement of Southwest State Bank, at 7:30pm. For info: Doris Beetem, 4161 W. Eastman Ave, Denver, Colo. 80236 (ph: 936-0730)
- 16 MISFITS MEETING at home of member at 3pm. For info: Howard DeVore, 4705 Weddel Street, Dearborn Heights, Mich. 48125 (ph: LO5-4157)
- 18 FANATICS MEETING, see April 4
- 21 BSFG MEETING at the Imperial Centre Hotel, Temple St, Birmingham, England. For info: Vernon Brown, Room 623 Pharmacy Dept, Univ. of Aston, Gosta Green, Birmingham 3
- 21 LITTLE MEN MEETING, see April 7
- 21 WSFA MEETING, see April 7
- 22 CALGARY SF CLUB MEETING,

see April 8

- 22 CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP MEETING, see April 8
- 22 LUNARIAN MEETING at home of Frank Dietz, 655 Orchard Street, Oradell, N. J. at 8pm. Guests of members and out-of-area fans.
- 22 MINN-STF MEETING, see April 8
- 22 QUESTION MARK CLUB MEETING, see April 8
- 22 COUNT DRACULA SOCIETY AWARDS DINNER at the Alexandria Hotel, Los Angeles at 7pm. \$8.50 per person, payable to Dr. Donald A. Reed, 334 W. 54 St, Los Angeles 90037. Speakers: George Pal, Ray Bradbury, Robert Quarry, A.E. Van Vogt, Donald Wollheim, Richard Matheson, etc.
- 23 NESFA MEETING, see April 9
- 28 P SPEC FA MEETING at home of member at 7:30pm. For info: Ted & Carrie Peak, 702 Bryce Drive, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80910
- 28-May 1 SWEDISH SF CONVENTION in Stockholm. GoH: John Brunner. For info: Per Insulander, Midsommarvagen 33, 126 35 Hagersten, Sweden
- 30 OMICRON CETI THREE MEETING, at home of member at 8:30 pm. For info: Joe Isenstadt, 821 N. Hamilton Ave., Lindenhurst, N. Y. 11757 (ph: 516-TU8-8327)
- 30 OSFA MEETING at Museum of Science & Nat. Hist., Oak Knoll Pk. at Big Bend & Clayton Rds., Clayton, Mo. -- the Science Bldg, 3rd floor, at 2pm. For info: Joe Butler, 6603 Crest Ave, University City, Mo. 63130 (ph: 863-0234)
- 30 OSFic MEETING at the Spaced-Out Library, 566 Palmerston Blvd Toronto at 2 pm. For info: Peter Gill, 18 Glen Manor Drive, Toronto 13, Ontario, Canada

June

- 9-11 PULPCON 1 at the Colony Motor Hotel, 7730 Bonhomme, Clayton, Mo. 63105. Reg: \$2 supporting, \$4 advance, \$6 at door. For info: Pulpcon #1, Box 15853, Overland Branch, St. Louis, Mo.

- 9-11 TRI-CLAVE at the Broadway Motel, U.S. Route 23, Johnson City, Tenn. GoH: Keith Laumer. For info: Len Collins, Route 4, Box 148, Church Hill, Tenn. 37642
- 16-18 MID-AMERICANCON sponsored by Kansas City Science Fiction and Fantasy Society. GoH: Philip José Farmer. Membership \$4.00 advance, \$5.00 at door. For info: KaCSFFS, P.O. Box 6934, Kansas City, Mo. 64130
- 23-25 MIDWESTCON at the Quality Motel Central, 4747 Montgomery Rd, Cincinnati, Ohio 45212. For info: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236
- 30-July 4 WESTERCON XXV at the Edgewater Hyatt House, 6400 E. Pacific Coast Highway, Long Beach, Calif. GoH: Lloyd Biggle Jr., Fan GoH: Len Moffatt. Adv. reg: \$4.00; \$5.00 after June 1, payable to Westercon XXV. For info: Westercon XXV, 14524 Filmore, Arleta, Calif. 91331

July

- 7-9 PECON 3 in Peoria, Ill. GoH: Philip José Farmer. Adv. Reg: \$3, \$4 at door. For info: Don Blyly, 170 Hopkins, URH, Champaign, Ill. 61820
- 2-August 12 CLARION WRITERS' WORKSHOP at the Justin Morrill College of Michigan State Univ. For info: Prof. R. Glenn Wright, Justin Morrill College of Michigan State University, East Lansing, Mich. 48823

August

- 3-6 DETROIT TRI-CON at the Pick Fort Shelby Hotel. Reg: \$2 supporting, \$4 advance, \$5 at door. For info: Detroit Tri-Con, 9010 Westwood Ave, Detroit, Michigan 48228
- 11-13 SYNCON 2 at the Squire Motor Inn, Bondi Junction, Sydney. GoH: winner of DUFF. Reg. to Aug 1: \$2 supporting, \$4 attending; after Aug. 1: \$5 attending. For info: Syncon 2, G.P.O. Box 4593, Sydney NSW 2001, Australia

September

1-4 L.A.CON at the International Hotel, 6211 W. Century Blvd, Los Angeles, Calif. 90045. GoH: Fred Pohl, Fan GoH: Robert & Juanita Coulson. Reg. to Aug. 1: \$8.00 attending, \$6.00 supporting; \$10 at door. For info: L.A. Con, P.O. Box 1, Santa Monica, Ca. 90406
2-4 NEWCON '72, comic art convention at the Sheraton Boston. Adv. reg: \$2.50; \$3.00 at door. For info: Newcon, P.O. Box 3184, Brockton, Mass. 02403

MEETINGS HELD EVERY WEEK:

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: Thurs. at home of Eli Cohen, 417 W. 118 St, Apt. 63, New York, N.Y. 10027 (ph: 212-666-3345)

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS SF SOCIETY: Alternate Wed. evenings and Sun. afternoons on campus. For info: Don Blyly, 170 Hopkins, U. R. H., Champaign, Ill. 61820 (ph: 217) 332-1176)

LASFS: Thurs. at Palms Playground Recreation Center, 2950 Overland Ave, W. Los Angeles, at 8pm. (ph: 838-3838)

NOSFA: Sat. at homes of various members at 7pm. For info: John Guidry, 5 Finch St, New Orleans, La. 70124 (ph: 282-0443)

SF&F SOCIETY AT QUEENS COLLEGE: Tues. on campus at 1pm. Also monthly meeting at home of member. For info: Barry Smot-

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

REFUNDS FOR HOTEL MESSAGE SERVICES A legal notice which appeared in newspapers on March 1, advised that claims may be filed with the Clerk, U.S. District Court for the Northeastern District of Illinois, Eastern Division, P. O. Box 1518, Chicago, Ill. 60690, for the refund of any message service/telephone service charges made by certain hotels in connection with room rentals. The hotels involved are the Hilton, Loews, Bismarck and Sheraton chains throughout the United States. Claims may be filed for such charges going back to 1966. They should be accompanied by photocopies of hotel bills or checks where possible, and must be notarized. As at least two of these chains are frequent hosts to sf conventions, and have included message service charges on fans' bills, there should be many in fandom who can claim such refunds.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM A new Sky Show comes to The American Museum-Hayden Planetarium on March 7. Called "Journey to Other Worlds," it looks back in time to ancient beliefs about stars, planets and celestial phenomena. And in the light of new data, it also considers the possibility of intelligent life existing elsewhere than on earth.

roff, 147-53 71 Rd, Flushing, N. Y. 11367 (ph: LI 4-0768)
ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY: Monday at 4 pm in room 210 of the Busch Memorial Center. For info: Katherine Thorpe, 8714 Warner Ave, St. Louis, Mo. 63117
STAR & SWORD: Thurs. in parking lot behind Student Union Bldg. at USM. For info: Bill Guy, 101 Apache, Hattiesburg, Miss. 39401

MEETINGS HELD IRREGULARLY:

ATLANTA SF GROUP: For info: Glenn Brock, 3120 Roswell Rd, Atlanta, Ga. 30305

BALTIMORE SCIENCE-FANTASY GROUP: Sat. at homes of members. For info: Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave, Baltimore, Md. 21207 (ph: 367-0665)

BLACK SWAMP SF & FANTASY SOCIETY: at home of member at 8pm. For info: Robert Galbreath, 217 W. Reed Ave, Bowling Green, Ohio 43402 (ph: 354-1822)

BRUNSWICK: For info: Bruce Newrock, 6 Paulus Blvd, New Brunswick, N. J. 08901

MID-SOUTH FANTASY ASSOCIATION: Fortnightly at homes of members. For info: Greg Bridges, 3711 Poplar, Memphis, Tenn. 38111 (ph: 458-7025)

NEVADA SF LEAGUE: For info: Verne O'Brian, 1320 Arthur Ave, Las Vegas, Nev. 89101

WOODCHUCKS: For info: Greg Bear, 1861 El Jardin Court, El Cajon, Calif. 92020

Coming Attractions

F&SF -- May

Novelettes

Sooner or Later or Never Never, by Gary Jennings

'Willie's Blues' by Robert J. Tilley

Short Stories

A Passage in Italics, by William Dean

The Scroll by Donald Moffitt

Masterpiece, by Ron Goulart

For Whom the Girl Waits, by Gertrude Friedberg

SF and the University

Jazz Then, Musicology Now, by William Tenn

SF: The Academic Dimension, by Thomas D. Clareson

Books: Against Common Sense; Levels of SF Criticism, by Darko Suvin

Science: Academe and I, by Isaac Asimov

Cover by David Hardy

F&SF -- June

Short Novel

Son of the Morning, by Phyllis Gotlieb

Short Stories

Variation of a Theme, by Curt Siodmak
Affair with a Lonesome Monster, by Paul Walker

A Hundred Miles Is Forever, by William D. Cottrell

Tarzan of the Grapes, by Gene Wolfe

Sad Solarian Screenwriter Sam, by Fredrik Pohl

Science

The Week Excuse, by Isaac Asimov

Cover by Ron Walötsky for "Son of the Morning"

Current Issue
AMAZING -- May

Serial

Other Days, Other Eyes, by Bob Shaw

Novelettes

The Man Who Walked Home, by James Tiptree Jr.

Soft Change, by Gordon Eklund

Short Stories

In Dying Venice, by Roger Evert

Watchdog, by Jack C. Haldeman

Latest Feature, by Maggie Nadler

There's No One Left to Paint the Sky, by Grant Carrington

Science

The Scientist in Science Fiction, by David L. Book

Cover by Mike Hinge

Current Issue
ANALOG -- April

Serial

A Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah! by Harry Harrison

Novelette

The Prophet, by Stanley Schmidt

Short Stories

Wings of Victory, by Poul Anderson

Misinformation, by Howard L. Myers

Succor, by F. H. Rounsley

Answer 'Affirmative' or 'Negative' by Barbara Paul

Science

Skylab, by Joseph Green

Editorial

What Good Is It?

Cover by Kelly Freas for "A Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah!"

Current Issue
FANTASTIC -- April

Novel

Beyond the Resurrection, by Gordon Eklund

Short Stories

A Dome of Many-Colored Glass, by Bob Shaw

Thus I Refute, by Terry Carr

Up to the Edge of Heaven, by David R. Bunch

The Puiss of Krrlik, by F. M. Busby

The Pill, by Maggie Nadler

Nice Trees Don't, by Banks Mebane

Portfolio

J. Allen St. John: Slaves of the Fish Men, by Edgar Rice Burroughs

SF in Dimension

The Resurrection of SF, by Alexei Panshin

Cover by Mike Hinge

MARCH/APRIL ACE TITLES

Henderson, James Copperhead (marg, repr) 11736, March 95¢

Sturgeon, Theodore The Worlds of Theodore Sturgeon (coll) 91060, March 95¢

Norton, Andre Web of the Witch World. 87871, March 75¢
 Wells, H.G. When the Sleeper Wakes (repr) 88091, March 75¢
 Mahr, Kurt Perry Rhodan 11: Planet of the Dying Sun. 65980, March 60¢
 Purdom, Tom The Barons of Behavior. 04760, March 75¢
 Tubb, E.C. Technos, and A Scatter of Stardust. 79975, March 95¢
 Bayley, B.K. Empire of Two Worlds. 20565, April 75¢
 Bulmer, Kenneth On the Symb-Socket Circuit. 63165, April 75¢
 Darlton, Clark Perry Rhodan 12: The Rebels of Tuglaw. 65981, April 60¢
 Dick, Philip K. The Game-Players of Titan. 27310, April 75¢
 Goulart, Ron Wildsmith. 88872, April 75¢
 Vance, Jack The Dragon Masters, and The Five Gold Bands. 16640, April 95¢

MARCH/APRIL BERKLEY TITLES

Abe, Kobo Inter Ice Age 4. N2118, March 95¢
 Moorcock, Michael, ed. New Worlds Quarterly 3. N2145, March 95¢
 Jones, D. F. Implosion. S2150, April 75¢

DOUBLEDAY FORECASTS

Asimov, Isaac The Gods Themselves. May \$5.95
 Blish, James Midsummer Century. May \$4.95
 Farmer, Philip Jose Tarzan Alive. April \$5.95 [corr]

SPRING GOLLANCZ TITLES

Wollheim, Donald A. The Universe Makers. March £1.50
 Clarke, Arthur C. Report on Planet Three and other speculations. May £2.20
 Buchanan, Marie Greenshards. March £1.60
 LeGuin, Ursula K. The Tombs of Atuan. April £1.25
 Knight, Damon, comp. Dimension X. March £1.50
 Norton, Andre Dread Companion. March £1.25
 Haining, Peter, ed. Great British Tales of Terror; Gothic stories of horror and romance, 1765-1840. March £2.50
 Clarke, Arthur The Wind from the Sun (coll) June £1.60

Green, Joseph Conscience Interplanetary. March £1.90
 Henderson, Zenna Holding Wonder (coll) April £1.80
 LeGuin, Ursula K. The Lathe of Heaven. March £1.60
 Asimov, Isaac The Gods Themselves. May £1.60
 Cowper, Richard Kuldesak. April £1.80
 Kapp, Colin The Patterns of Chaos. March £1.80

LANCER APRIL/MAY TITLES

Koontz, Dean R. Starblood. 75306, April 95¢
 Pohl, Frederik, ed. Assignment in Tomorrow. 78699, April \$1.25
 Anderson, Poul Operation Chaos. 75319, May 95¢
 Asimov, Isaac Whiff of Death (mystery) 75316, May 95¢
 Hoskins, Robert, ed. Infinity Three. 75320, May 95¢

PUTNAM FORECASTS

Williamson, Jack The Moon Children. June \$5.95
 Harrison, Harry Tunnel Through the Deep. June \$5.95
 Masters, Anthony The Natural History of the Vampire. May \$7.95

SF BOOK CLUB APRIL/MAY

Brunner, John The Wrong End of Time. April \$1.49
 Shekley, Robert Can You Feel Anything When I Do This? (coll) April \$1.49
 Pedler, Kit & Gerry Davis Mutant 59: The Plastic Eaters. May \$1.49
 Knight, Damon, ed. A Science Fiction Argosy. May \$3.98

WALKER FORECASTS

Morressy, John Starbrat. March \$5.95
 Lanier, Sterling The Peculiar Exploits of Brigadier Ffelowes. April \$5.95
 Harrison, Harry, ed. Nova 2. May \$6.95
 Moskowitz, Sam, ed. When Women Rule. June \$5.95
 Ellison, Harlan Approaching Oblivion. July \$5.95
 Kelley, Leo P. Time: 110100. August \$5.95
 Asimov, Isaac ABC's of Ecology (juv) July \$4.50

S F and the Cinema

AGAIN, HESTON RAMPANT; or, CHARLTON AGONISTES

The Omega Man, an adaptation of Richard Matheson's *I Am Legend*, is a nauseating assemblage of clichés and tasteless symbolism. Charlton Heston gets to grimace and flex his (alas) aging bod, and wall himself into a fortress fraught with deadly protections. Again he is the last man on Earth (all the others are sick with a transfiguring plague) and he spends his time finding the hidden lairs of these photophobes and shooting them full of holes. Anything moves, out comes his gun, and in the immortal words of Sgt. Rock, TAKATAKATAKA!

A black girl who is not sick shows up, and Heston (who has already clued us that he is enormously horny) chases her, only to have the tables turned. With dialogue like "Up against the wall, you honky mother," or of that ilk, what can we expect from the rest of the film?

We can (of course) expect Heston to bed this winsome chick, and to find her brood of healthy children and one young gentleman (who doesn't object to Heston's sudden leadership). We can expect suspense as Heston is captured, almost crucified, and released with spectacle and alarms. We can expect the chick, who with her young gentleman rescues Heston, to get sick, and she does. Her brother, a young lad sick unto the third, transfiguring stage of the plague, is saved by Heston's serum (Heston was a military research scientist). And we can also expect this young black to run off and try to convince the ghoulish plague victims that violence isn't the answer. Voila—his mangled body spurs Heston to new violence.

More violence. More blood. And in the end, Heston, spread-eagled in his own fountain, arms outstretched, head leaning to one side, swimming in blood, hands the saving serum to the young gentlemen who didn't object.

I can take Heston being crucified once, perhaps. But twice in the same picture?

I blanch, I blanch when watching it and I blanch now at the thought. Which is why I can't guarantee the above synopsis to be related in correct linear order. I don't mind being confused, I don't even mind being a little nauseous, but I like to have a little reason behind these things.

Alas, *The Omega Man* has no reason. It didn't even scare me too much, and Matheson's melodramatic novel at least had vampires. No vampires in Hollywood, except where they belong. In Transylvania. More's the pity.

—Greg Bear

THE RA EXPEDITION

Ra, the new Thor Heyerdahl movie, did limited runs this winter under an advertising campaign pushing it as a simple-minded travelogue 'for the family.' In case you bought the kids tickets but stayed home, I'd like to mention some of its many points of sf interest.

Ra—the ads retitled it *The Ra Expedition*—is edited really as two films fighting each other for screen time. The first is what's advertised, a cleanly photographed story of two open-sea voyages in a (literally) prehistoric sailing vessel across the tropical mid-Atlantic from Africa to the West Indies, using roughly the same currents Columbus did. 'Two voyages,' I say, because Heyerdahl and his crew abandoned the first ship, still floating, only a week's sail from the West Indies.

What I call the second film, is Heyerdahl's rediscovery of a whole technology of shipbuilding, a forgotten science—memorialized on old paintings, bas-reliefs and drawings—of building incredibly small ocean sailcraft by bundling papyrus. After his first trip was a technical failure, Heyerdahl flew two Peruvians, fiber-bundle boatbuilders, to North Africa to redesign his ship more closely to the old double-ended models recorded on the engravings of preliterate cultures. That is, he flew living descendants of the original travelers (c1,000 A.D., according to Heyerdahl's theory and the contemporary boom in pyramid building) back to their ancestors' starting point for the New World. There in North Africa he handed them papyrus from the same source their ancestors had employed. (The Chad Africans who designed the first ship also came from a bundle-craft culture, but their

ancestors had not made the trip. As a matter of fact, the movie hints it was their great-grandparents that chased the Peruvians' great-grandparents, more or less, away from Africa.) That is, the Africans had the boat-material, not indigenous to the Americas, but the Peruvians had the tradition. You see, all these voyages, Heyerdahl's theory being accepted, ran only one way, east to west. Atlantic currents wouldn't permit these pram-sized craft to make the return trip.

My vote would have favored re-editing *Ra* to minimize the will-they-make-it? plot line in favor of this second technological story: Heyerdahl's discovery that papyrus was not just a 'crude' boat material but a way of life producing an advanced culture. For instance, his technical problems aboardship arose from combining the papyrus reed with more 'modern' wooden products—and from overloading the little craft with too much cargo and crew for buoyancy. (The soundtrack criticizes the Peruvians for a quick, lazy job on the second boat; but the truth seems to be, they were trying to keep the magnified overall proportions down so they could keep their rule-of-thumb estimates accurate. They were after all far outside their home building base, inland on Lake Titicaca.) But the Peruvians' work was either not photographed, or edited out. The Chad Africans' building of the first ship, well-meant but wrongheaded, we see in much greater detail.

I take it the editor was thinking in terms of the will-they-make-it? story. He cut *Ra* in two parts: I, the building and first voyage; II, the second voyage (with the Peruvians' work and ideas reviewed during footage of this trip). I assume the usual custom with 'true' documentaries: that convenient footage from the real Voyages I-II was juggled back and forth in the screen 'voyages' to fit the narrative.

The conceptual world of prehistoric technology, the history of science actually, is being rediscovered by scholars like Needham and Ranke, exploring scientists like Heyerdahl, and biographers like L. P. Williams. They provide the contemporary theoretical background behind Chinese engines, Egyptian papyrus boats and Faraday's magnetic experiments. In contemporary sf this world of 'primitive' or forgotten science is almost always mishandled. The author (who usually knows a minimum of science himself) figures he can fake out the sf reader by writing about stone-age Edisons and early Roman-republic Steinmetzes. Generally there's a little irony, though not at his own ignorance. What this hack writer misses, is the ecology of thought or of artifacts.

Sprague deCamp once wrote a famous article giving the necessary ecology for the space-opera dragon, with his peculiar sexual interest in female mammals. But every teapot, typewriter, good road, sonnet, love affair or jury carries its own necessary ecology. Serious prehistoric science fiction is an exciting, untapped field. *Ra*—both the film and Heyerdahl's 1971 book—could serve as basic references for a whole series of exciting books and films about culture transfer, taking the same sun ("Ra") culture Heyerdahl assumes, from papyrus Egypt to South America, then from S. A. to Easter Island and the South Seas, in the double-ended small sail recorded in old pictures.

And now my wife's review; Carolann has the unfair advantage of being a small-boat sailor. CA on RA: To get the most technical point out of the way, Ra's mast was neither gaff nor lateen rig, but angled in a slender A with crossbars (yards) spaced conveniently for vertical footwork. Some of the overhead camera shots were obtained from the crow's nest. Stability achieved from this two-in-one mast is evident in gale. Narrator says *all* the ordinary wooden spars, including the mast of this lugger, splintered or broke under stress. One scene shows someone boring a rudder housing to receive pegs (deliberately, we hear, the crew carried no nails).

Two large paddles (surfaces the 'size of a small writing-desk') supposed to operate in tandem steering were among the first wood members to break. Of course the crew improvised a substitute rudder, comically for landlubbers, requiring two arms angled at different lengths, plus one bare foot for the helmsman to change slack on a line snaking over the stern transom.

As we saw in frogman footage, when a research ship investigated what species (grouper, flounder, pilot fish) followed Ra, she had no keel worth the name. I could see no centerboard either; maybe cargo, mostly underfoot in clay jars for liquids and foods or tucked between bundles of papyrus from gunwale to bilge, took its place.

One two-shot sequence contrasted the reed-bundling methods of Chad Africans with their more successful alter egos from Lake Titicaca, Peru. I'd have liked a lot more detail about the 'complicated rigging.' I noticed blocks, halyards and hawsers, but I had the uncomfortable feeling these were dry-landers who learned to sail enroute (clinging to the N. W. African shore before tradewinds picked them up). It was funny in retrospect to realize that the scholars of Egyptology and archaeology-anthropology who had never seen papyrus before were instructing the tribesmen building a seaworthy boat! I especially enjoyed the survey of similar stepped pyramids and hull designs from museum collections, including the one-fisherman, sawed-off 'canoe' used on Lake Chad.

—Mark and Carolann Purcell

NEWS AND NOTES

By the end of June, Clover Films plans to have three psycho-horror features in production: *Grave of the Vampire*, *Garden of the Dead*, and *A Well-Run Mortuary*. . . American International has acquired Hammer production *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb* for distribution in the United States. Based on Bram Stoker's novel *Jewel of the Seven Stars*, the film stars Andrew Keir, Valerie Leon, James Villiers, Hugh Burden and George Coulouris. . . English-born writer Christopher Isherwood is doing a movie version of *Frankenstein* "that will explore more closely than Mary Shelley did the relationship of Frankenstein to his monster." . . Columbia Pictures has picked up *The Creeping Flesh*, now being filmed in London by World Film Services. The film stars Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing and Lorna Heilbron. . . The English UFO TV series mentioned last month has been picked up by three CBS stations for fall broadcast. The stations are WCBS-TV New York, WCAU-TV Philadelphia and KNXT Los Angeles.

A Superior Court judge in Los Angeles has ruled that Bela Lugosi's identification with the movie role of Count Dracula was so pronounced and so much a part of him that his heirs could inherit it and make money on it. His widow and son had sued Universal Pictures after the studio began licensing producers of Dracula games, shirts, masks and other items to use likeness of Lugosi. Universal must now make an accounting and pay his heirs all profits from the licensing and marketing of Dracula accessories since 1964.

This year's Academy Award nominations include several sf and fantasy films:

Best Film: *A Clockwork Orange*
 Best Director: Stanley Kubrick for *A Clockwork Orange*
 Best Screenplay (based on material from another medium): *A Clockwork Orange*
 Best Film Editing: *The Andromeda Strain*; *A Clockwork Orange*
 Best Costume Design: *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*
 Best Special Visual Effects: *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*; *When Dinosaurs Rule the Earth*
 Best Song (original for the picture): "The Age of Not Believing" from *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*
 Best Scoring: *Adaptation and Original Song Score: Bedknobs and Broomsticks*; *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*
 Art Direction and Set Decoration: *The Andromeda Strain*; *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*
 Documentaries—Features: *The Hellstrom Chronicle*

CURRENTLY IN RELEASE

A Clockwork Orange., Warner Bros. release of Stanley Kubrick production. Produced, directed and written by Kubrick from the novel by Anthony Burgess. Starring Malcolm McDowell. 137 min. Rating: X
Der Grosse Verhaul (The Big Mess) Kairos Film production. Directed and written by Alexander Kluge. 90 min.
The Resurrection of Zachary Wheeler Vidtronics release of Robert Stabler production. Directed by Robert Wynn. Starring Leslie Nielsen, Bradford Dillman, James Daly, Angie Dickinson. 100 min. Rating: G
The Vampire Doll Toho Film presentation. Directed by Michio Yamamoto. Starring Yukiko Kobayashi and Yoko Minakaze. 85 min.

New Books

HARDCOVERS

- Aldiss, Brian W. **MOMENT OF ECLIPSE** (coll) Doubleday, March \$5.95
- Anderson, Robert G. **FACES, FORMS, FILMS: The Artistry of Lon Chaney**. A.S. Barnes, 1971 \$8.50
- Bauer, Johann **KAFKA AND PRAGUE** (tr, nf) Praeger, Oct. \$14.95
- Bevis, H. U. **THE ALIEN ABDUCTORS**. Lenox Hill, Feb [1971 in book] \$3.95
- Birnbaum, Milton **ALDOUS HUXLEY'S QUEST FOR VALUES**. Univ. of Tenn. Press, 1971 \$6.95
- Bolliger-Savelli, Antonella **THE KNITTED CAT** (juv fty, pictures, repr Swiss) Macmillan, March \$4.95
- Brower, Brock **THE LATE GREAT CREATURE** (horror movie novel) Atheneum, March \$6.95
- Brown, Michael, ed. **A CAVALCADE OF SEA LEGENDS** (juv, repr Brit, orig: The Hamish Hamilton Book of Sea Legends) Walck, March \$8.50
- Calhoun, Mary **THE FLOWER MOTHER** (juv fty) Morrow, March \$4.25
- Carlson, Dale **THE MOUNTAIN OF TRUTH** (juv fty) Atheneum, March \$5.95
- Carroll, Lewis **ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND**; and, *Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There*. Oxford Univ. Press, 1971 \$11.25
- Case, Shirley **EXPERIENCE WITH THE SUPERNATURAL IN EARLY CHRISTIAN TIMES** (repr of 1929 ed) B. Blom, 1971 \$16.75
- Christopher, John **THE SWORD OF THE SPIRITS** (juv) Macmillan, April \$4.95
- Clarke, Arthur C. **THE WIND FROM THE SUN**; *Stories of the Space Age*. Harcourt, April \$5.95
- Conway, David **MAGIC: An Occult Primer** (repr Brit) Dutton, March \$11.95
- Cooke, Hereward Lester **EYEWITNESS TO SPACE**; *Paintings and Drawings Related to the Apollo Mission to the Moon*, selected, with a few exceptions, from the art program of National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Abrams, Dec. \$35.00
- Creasey, John **THE UNBEGOTTEN** (Dr. Palfrey, repr Brit) Walker, March \$4.95
- Dickinson, Peter **THE IRON LION** (juv fty) Little, Brown - Atlantic Monthly Press, March \$5.50
- Dieckmann, Liselotte **GOETHE'S FAUST: A Critical Reading**. Prentice-Hall \$5.95
- Dudley, Roy C. **GALACTIC GAMBIT**. Lenox Hill, Jan [1971 in book] \$3.95
- DuMaurier, George Louis Palmella Busson **THE MARTIAN** (facs repr of 1897 ed) Scholarly Press, 1971 \$29.00
- Egleton, Clive **THE JUDAS MANDATE** (marg, repr Brit) Coward, March \$6.95
- Engdahl, Sylvia **THIS STAR SHALL ABIDE** (juv) Atheneum, April \$6.25
- Farca, Marie C. **EARTH**. Doubleday, Feb. \$4.95
- Freedland, Nat **THE OCCULT EXPLOSION** (nf) Putnam, March \$6.95
- Gardner, John **GRENDDEL** (marg fty, 3 ptg) Knopf, Jan. \$5.95
- Gorey, Edward **FLETCHER AND ZENOBIA SAVE THE CIRCUS** (juv fty) Dodd, 1971 \$4.95
- Goulart, Ron **HAWKSHAW**. Doubleday, March \$4.95
- Gross, Miriam, ed. **THE WORLD OF GEORGE ORWELL** (repr Brit, nf) Simon & Schuster, March \$12.95
- Haining, Peter, ed. **THE NECROMANCERS: The Best of Black Magic and Witchcraft** (nf, repr Brit) Morrow, Feb. \$5.95
- Hart, R. W. **WITCHCRAFT** (juv nf, repr Brit) Putnam, March \$4.95
- Herrmann, Frank **THE GIANT ALEXANDER AND HANNIBAL THE ELEPHANT** (juv fty) McGraw, March \$4.72
- Hoffman, Lee **CHANGE SONG**. Doubleday, Feb. \$4.95
- Jones, Raymond F. **MOONBASE ONE** (juv, repr Brit) Criterion (Abelard-Schuman), March \$4.95
- Knight, Damon, ed. **ORBIT 10** (repr) S.F. Book Club, March \$1.49
- Kohn, Bernice **OUT OF THE CAULDRON: A Short History of Witchcraft** (juv nf) Holt, Feb. \$4.95
- Lafferty, R. A. **STRANGE DOINGS** (coll) Scribner, March \$5.95
- LaValley, Albert J., ed. **FOCUS ON HITCHCOCK**. Prentice-Hall Spectrum

- Books, Feb. \$5.95
- Lumley, Brian **THE CALLER OF THE BLACK**. Arkham House, 1971 \$5.00
- McHargue, Georgess **THE IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE: A History Natural and Unnatural of Beings Terrible and Wonderful** (juv) Holt, Feb. \$6.95
- Malchus, Marius **THE SECRET GRIMOIRE OF TURIEL** (the rites of ceremonial magick) S. Weiser, 1971 \$3.50 [purports to be a rewritten English transl of Latin ms dated 1518]
- Manushkin, Fran **BABY** (juv fty) Harper, March \$3.50
- Milne, A. A. **WINNIE THE POOH: A Reproduction of the Original Manuscript**. Dutton, 1971 \$25.00
- Ottum, Bob **ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY OFF THE PLANET**. Random, Feb. \$5.95
- Pearce, Philippa **THE SQUIRREL-WIFE** (juv fty, repr Brit) Crowell, Jan. \$4.50
- Pedler, Kit & Gerry Davis **MUTANT 59: The Plastic-Eaters**. Viking, Feb. \$5.95
- Phillips, Louis **THE MAN WHO STOLE THE ATLANTIC OCEAN** (juv fty) Prentice-Hall, Feb. \$3.95
- Place, Marion **THE WITCH WHO SAVED HALLOWEEN** (juv) Ives Washburn (McKay), Dec. \$4.50
- Poe, Edgar Allan **THE WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE** (repr of 1894-95 ed) Ed. by Edmund Clarence Stedman & George Edward Woodberry. 10v. Books for Libraries, 1971 \$165.00/set
- Prager, Arthur **RASCALS AT LARGE**, or *The Clue in the Old Nostalgia* (Tom Swift, Fu Manchu, etc) Doubleday, Oct. \$6.95
- Rechy, John **THE VAMPIRES** (marg supernat) Grove, Oct. \$6.95
- Say, Allen DR. **SMITH'S SAFARI** (marg juv fty) Harper, March \$3.50
- Silverberg, Robert **THE BOOK OF SKULLS** (supernat) Scribner, March \$5.95
- (ed) **INVADERS FROM SPACE: Ten Stories of Science Fiction**. Hawthorn, March \$6.95
- THE WORLD INSIDE** (repr) S.F. Book Club, March \$1.49
- Steene, Birgitta, ed. **FOCUS ON THE SEVENTH SEAL**. Prentice-Hall Spectrum Books, Feb. \$5.95
- Swarthout, Glendon & Kathryn TV **THOMPSON** (juv fty) Doubleday, Feb.

\$4.95

- Swift, Jonathan **THE PROSE WORKS**, v.8 *Gulliver's Travels*, ed. by G.R. Dennis (facs repr of 1898-1909 ed) AMS Press, 1971 \$145.00 for 12 vol. set
- Thompson, Vivian L. **AUKELE THE FEARLESS: A Legend of Old Hawaii** (juv) Golden Gate, March \$4.50
- (comp) **HAWAIIAN TALES OF HEROES AND CHAMPIONS**. Holiday House, 1971 \$4.95
- Turton, Godfrey **THE FESTIVAL OF FLORA** (ftv) Doubleday, Feb. \$6.95
- Watson, Jane Werner, adapt. **RAMA OF THE GOLDEN AGE** (juv, Ramayana) Garrard, 1971 \$2.79
- Wiesner, William, adapt. **HANSEL AND GRETEL: A Shadow Puppet Picture Book** (juv) Seabury, 1971 \$4.95

PAPERBACKS

- Asimov, Isaac **LUCKY STARR AND THE BIG SUN OF MERCURY** (repr) Signet T4925, March 75¢
- LUCKY STARR AND THE OCEANS OF VENUS** (repr) Signet T4926, March 75¢
- Beard, Henry N. & Douglas C. Kenny **BORED OF THE RINGS** (reissue) Signet N4002, March \$1.00
- Berk, Howard **THE SUN GROWS COLD** (repr) Dell 8433 95¢
- Binder, Eando **THE DOUBLE MAN**. Curtis 07167, 1971 75¢
- Boucher, Anthony **THE COMPLEAT WEREWOLF and Other Stories of Fantasy and Science Fiction** (coll, repr) Ace 11622, Feb. 75¢
- Boyd, John **THE ORGAN BANK FARM** (repr) Bantam S7049, March 75¢
- Bradley, Marion Zimmer **THE DOOR THROUGH SPACE / RENDEZVOUS ON A LOST WORLD** by A. Bertram Chandler (reissue) Ace 15890, Feb. 95¢
- Brunner, John **THE DRAMATURGES OF YAN**. Ace 16668, Feb. 75¢
- Burroughs, Edgar Rice **THE MAD KING** (repr, not sf) Ace 51402, Feb. 75¢
- Carr, Terry, ed. **UNIVERSE 2**. Ace 84601, Feb. 95¢
- Carroll, Lewis **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**. Norton Critical Edition, Nov. \$1.95
- Carter, Angela **HEROES AND VILLAINS** (ftv, repr) Pocket 77492, April 95¢
- Carter, Lin **LOVECRAFT: A LOOK**

BEHIND THE 'CTHULHU MYTHOS'.
Ballantine 02427, Feb. 95¢
Cerra, Gerda Ann A DARKER HERITAGE
(satanism) Lancer 75294 95¢
Danby, Mary, ed. THE FIFTH FONTANA
BOOK OF GREAT HORROR STO-
RIES. Beagle 95199 95¢
Davies, L. P. DIMENSION A (repr) Dell
1957, March 95¢
Disch, Thomas M. FUN WITH YOUR NEW
HEAD (coll, repr) Signet T4913, Feb.
75¢
Drury, Allen THE THRONE OF SATURN
(repr, marg) Avon J127 \$1.50
Ellison, Harlan I HAVE NO MOUTH AND
I MUST SCREAM (coll, 2 ptg) Pyramid
T2638, Feb. 75¢
Evans, Charles Seddon THE SLEEPING
BEAUTY (fairy tale, repr) Dover, 1971
\$1.50
Garvin, Richard M. & Edmond G. Addeo
THE FORTEC CONSPIRACY (3 ptg,
marg) Signet T3832, Feb. 75¢
Ghidalia, Vic & Roger Elwood, eds. THE
VENUS FACTOR. Macfadden 75-462
75¢
Goulart, Ron PLUNDER. Beagle 95210,
Feb. 95¢
Gunn, James E. THE BURNING. Dell
0861, Feb. 95¢
Haggard, H. Rider SHE, and THE RE-
TURN OF SHE (orig: Ayesha) Lancer
78692 \$1.25
—and Andrew Lang THE WORLD'S
DESIRE (fty, repr) Ballantine 02467,
Jan. \$1.25
Haining, Peter, ed. THE GHOULS (horror
movie stories, repr) Pocket 78182, April
\$1.25
THE SATANISTS (repr) Pyramid
N2640, Feb. 95¢
Howard, Robert E. WOLFSHEAD (coll)
Lancer 75299 95¢
Hyne, C. J. Cutcliffe THE LOST CONTI-
NENT (Atlantis, repr) Ballantine 02502,
Feb. \$1.25
Juster, Norton THE PHANTOM TOLL-
BOOTH (juv fty, reissue) Windward
Books (Random) 1971 95¢
Lange, Oliver VANDENBERG (marg, repr)
Bantam T7100, Jan. \$1.50
LaValley, Albert J., ed. FOCUS ON
HITCHCOCK. Prentice-Hall Spectrum
Books, Feb. \$2.45
LaVey, Anton Szandor THE COMPLEAT
WITCH (nf, repr) Lancer 71331, March

\$1.50
Leland, Charles Godfrey GYPSY SOR-
CERY AND FORTUNE-TELLING (repr
of 1891 ed) Dover, 1971 \$3.00
Morgan, Dan & John Kippax SEED OF
STARS (sequel to A thunder of stars)
Ballantine 02503, Feb. 95¢
Morris, Robert K. THE CONSOLATIONS
OF AMBIGUITY: An Essay on the
Novels of Anthony Burgess. Univ. of
Missouri Press, 1971 \$3.00
Norton, Andre DREAD COMPANION
(repr) Ace 16669, Feb. 75¢
HIGH SORCERY (2 ptg, coll) Ace
33701, Nov. 75¢ [corr]
SORCERESS OF THE WITCH WORLD
(reissue) Ace 77551, Feb. 75¢
Onions, Oliver THE COLLECTED GHOST
STORIES (repr of 1935 ed) Dover, 1971
\$4.00
Roberts, Willo Davis INHERIT THE
DARKNESS (marg esp) Lancer 75268,
1971 95¢
Robeson, Kenneth DOC SAVAGE 67: The
Freckled Shark. Bantam S6923, March
75¢
Savage, Mary THE COACH DRAWS NEAR
(marg, repr) Dell 1317, Jan. 75¢
Saxton, Josephine THE HIEROS GAMOS
OF SAM AND AN SMITH (repr) Curtis
07197 75¢
Skinner, B. F. WALDEN TWO (23 ptg)
Macmillan \$2.25
Smith, Clark Ashton XICCAPH (coll, fty)
Ballantine 02501, Feb. \$1.25
Smith, Thorne THE PASSIONATE WITCH
(20 ptg) Pocket 77493, Jan. 95¢
Steene, Birgitta, ed. FOCUS ON THE
SEVENTH SEAL. Prentice-Hall Spec-
trum Books, Feb. \$2.45
Suvín, Darko RUSSIAN SCIENCE FIC-
TION LITERATURE AND CRITICISM
1956-1970: A Bibliography. Available
from Mrs. Madeleine Aalto, Toronto
Public Library, 566 Palmerston Ave,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada. price
unknown
Thomas, Ted & Kate Wilhelm YEAR OF
THE CLOUD (repr) Playboy 95¢
Tucker, Wilson THE TIME MASTERS
(new ed) Lancer 75290, March 95¢
Wagner, Sharon WINTER EVIL (marg
supernat) Lancer 75269 95¢



JANUARY BRITISH BOOKS

Anthony, Piers VAR THE STICK. Faber,
£1.95. 571.09400.7
Asimov, Isaac THE EARTH IS ROOM
ENOUGH. Panther, 30p. ni, pb.
586.01042.4
THE STARS LIKE DUST. Panther, 30p.
ni, pb. 586.02441.7
Carnell, E. J. ed. NEW WRITINGS IN SF
#20. Corgi, 25p. pb. 552.08879.X
Collins, Wilkie THE MOONSTONE. Fon-
tana, 30p. ne, pb. 00.612820.3
Dick, Philip K. A MAZE OF DEATH.
Gollancz, £1.80. 575.00694.3
Dickinson, Peter THE WEATHER-
MONGER. Puffin/Penguin, 25p. ni, pb,
juv. 14.030433.9
Heinlein, Robert A. CITIZEN OF THE
GALAXY. Peacock/Penguin, 35p. ne,
pb, juv. 14.047071.9
Herbert, Frank WHIPPING STAR. N.E.L.,
40p. pb. 450.00963.7
Huxley, Aldous BRAVE NEW WORLD.

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Have You Read?

Anderson, Marilyn A. "Norse trolls and
ghosts in Ibsen" *Journal of Popular
Culture*, Fall, p.349-66
Billington, Michael "Taking horror serious-
ly" (Hammer films) *The Times*(London),
June 24
Black, David "Hope on the Rocks"
(cryonics) *Metropolitan Review*, Oct. 12
p.6-7
Boiko, Clare "Pandora's perilous predica-
ment" (juv sf play) *Plays*, Feb. p.37-44
Bradbury, Malcolm "A near myth" (The
Scorpion God) *New Statesman*, Oct. 29
p.594
Briney, Robert E. "Sax Rohmer revisited"
pt.1 *Views & Reviews*, Fall p.52
Coleman, John "Creepy" (The Hellstrom
chronicle) *New Statesman*, Oct. 29
p.597
Gunn, James "The literature of science
fiction visualized" *Educational Screen
and Audiovisual Guide*, Sept. p.4-9
Hunn, David "Thes Daleks are coming
back" *Observer* (London) Nov. 28
Ketchledge, E. H. "Projections from a
crystal ball" (Adirondack Forest Pre-
serve, 2050A.D.) *The Conservationist*,
Feb-March p.4-7+

Penguin, 30p. ni, pb. 14.001052.1
Moorcock, Michael, ed. NEW WORLDS
QUARTERLY 3. Sphere, 30p. pb.
7221.6211.1
Niven, Larry RINGWORLD. Gollancz,
£1.90. 575.01330.3
Norton, Andre CATSEYE. Puffin/Penguin,
25p. ni, pb, juv. 14.030315.4
Orwell, George 1984. Penguin, 35p. ni, pb.
14.000972.8
Peake, Marvyn MR. PYE. Penguin, 40p. ne,
pb. 14.003372.6
SELECTED POEMS. Faber, £1.35.
571.09815.0
Van Vogt, A. E. CHILDREN OF TO-
MORROW. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.75.
283.97819.8
Wilhelm, Kate LET THE FIRE FALL.
Panther, 30p. ne, pb. 586.03643.1
Wyndham, John THE CHRYSALIDS.
Penguin, 30p. ni, pb. 14.001308.3
CHOCKY. Penguin, 20p. ni, pb.
14.003121.9

Lamott, Kenneth "In the matter of H.
Bruce Franklin" *New York Times
Magazine*, Jan. 23 p.12-14+; Discussion
Feb. 27 p.26+
Lehmann-Haupt, Christopher "A vampire
dies for our sins" (The late great
creature) *New York Times*, March 10
p.35
McGregor, Craig "Nice boy from the
Bronx?" (Kubrick) *New York Times*,
Jan. 30 sect. 2, p.1+
Moorcock, Michael "Whither science fic-
tion?" *Guardian* (London) Sept. 16
Searles, Baird "Last year's futures" *Village
Voice*, Feb. 3 p.19
Spinrad, Norman "Heirloom" (story) *The
Staff*, Jan. 21 p.27+
Swahn, Sven Christer "SF Skandinavien"
Sydsvenska Dagbladet Snällposten, Jan.
25 p.3
Thomas, Bob "Director got 'Blacula'
'Because I am black'" *New York Post*,
Feb. 21
Walley, David "Anything but the whip"
(Clockwork Orange) *New York Ace*, Jan.
11 p.17
Waugh, Auberon "Auberon Waugh on
fantasy novels" *Spectator* Oct. 30 p.621

With Broadsword and Grimoire

by Lin Carter

JACK OF SHADOWS by Roger Zelazny. Walker, 1971. 207 p. \$5.95

Roger Zelazny is such an interesting writer that I almost always enjoy his books even when, as in the present case, I'm not at all sure what the hell they are all about. *Jack of Shadows* is 99/100% pure heroic fantasy and an immensely entertaining and engrossing work of fiction that reads, somehow, as if Zelazny had turned it out over the weekend, without bothering to think it through. For example, just where does this story take place, in time and space? Another planet, obviously, and from names like 'Jack' and 'Rosalie,' I assume it's in the future, and that the planet was long ago colonized by Earthmen. Zelazny never bothers to set us straight on this.

The biggest credibility-flaw of all is the central plot problem of the book. There's this great big machine, see, down in the planetary core, which keeps the planet from revolving and plunges one hemisphere in eternal night while bathing the other in perpetual day. The unwavering sunlight or something would burn everything up, so long ago a Shield was set up in space, and Jack and his fellow magicians are supposed to share duty shifts maintaining the Shield. Jack decides to bust everything up and goes down to turn the machine off and let the planet start revolving once again.

While I admire the artistry of Zelazny's narrative, I couldn't help wondering what the hell the book was all about. Why bore a tunnel down to the core and build a gigantic machine to stop the planet revolving? Who performed this irrational and inane project, and for what conceivable reason? Zelazny never bothers to tell us, and I am reluctantly forced to conclude that there was no reason for it at all—that Roger just wanted to write a story with this plot-situation.

Sloppy plotting, inadequate motivation, no background information, but the man does write splendidly.

THE CLOCKS OF IRAZ by L. Sprague deCamp. Pyramid T2584, 1971. 190 p. 75¢

Where Roger Zelazny writes with self-conscious artistry, scorning the 'outmoded' methods of conventional narrative in favor of artistic intuition, deCamp is a straightforward, old fashioned craftsman who would never dream of writing a book without credible motivation and background information. This is the second novel in a sequence whose first was *The Goblin Tower*, and it is a model of smooth, careful writing and faultless plotting, lit by flashes of typically deCampian humor and insight. Jorian, the talkative, likable and resourceful hero of the earlier novel, who gave up his throne in that book, is here seen as a wandering, footloose adventurer at liberty in a vivid, colorful, fascinating quasi-medieval world. The characters are real people, well observed; the story moves briskly, deCamp putting his readers through the paces of an amusing, fairly intricate plot. The plot, however, is too slim to sustain sixty thousand words of narrative, so deCamp falls back on the lame device of stretching out the length by having Jorian relate lengthy anecdotes at intervals in the story—some of them being of chapter length.

I hasten to add that the anecdotes are superlative miniature short stories, and the book as a whole thoroughly delectable.

THE FOREST OF FOREVER by Thomas Burnett Swann. Ace 24650, 1971. 158 p. 60¢

This is yet another of those Roman mythological-scene fantasies about dryads-in-tree-houses and little-boy-fauns-and-satyrs-in-the-woods Tom Swann has been turning out for some years. This one is every bit as good as the others, fun for an evening's entertainment, but once set aside it merges with all the others to the point that you will find it impossible to tell any of them apart. A few twists: the little-boy-faun in this one is a little-boy-minotaur, the scene is Crete instead of pe-republican Rome, and the novel contains a delicious wrap-around cover and six interior black and white illustrations by George Barr. Very forgettable; also very good fun. But when is Tom Swann going to sit down and sweat a

little? He has it in him to produce a truly major and memorable fantasy.

THE WIND WHALES OF ISHMAEL by Philip José Farmer. Ace 89237, 1971. 157 p. 75¢

Phil Farmer possesses a first-class talent and a mind of immense originality, and when he feels like it he can turn out a book to match the best of 'em (alas, he seldom wants to!). The present novel is an unlikely sequel to *Moby Dick* that zips poor, water-logged old Ishmael off to a far future Earth seemingly modeled along the general lines of Burroughs' Barsoom, complete with ungainly flying ships, curious critters, and barbaric city-states in conflict. The premise is wacky, the pseudo-Melville narrative style bothersome, but the story is classily fun throughout. As in his World of Tiers novels, Farmer here constructs an enormously interesting and original world and spins a plot that has excitement, mystery, romance, suspense and adventure. Heartily recommended—but it has nothing whatsoever to do with *Moby Dick*, so why in the world did Farmer bother dragging the references in?

RAIDERS OF GOR by John Norman. Ballantine 02447, 1971. 312 p. 95¢

Speaking of Burroughs, it seems to me that the Gor books, of which this is #6, are far and away the best stuff ever done in the John Carter of Mars tradition. But Norman's series is beginning to wind down; he hit his imaginative peak early on, with *Priest-Kings of Gor*, wherein he constructed a brilliantly original alien society; and his narrative peak in *Nomads of Gor*, with the most interesting characters and plot-situation yet. By the time we get to this one, Gor has few surprises left, and the author's private kink (slave girls being chained up and whipped) is getting out of hand and becomes more and more distasteful—unless you happen to share his private taste for sado-masochism, of course.

Raiders is all about pirates and takes place in Port Kar, the Gorean version of Tortuga. The sea battles are well done, the intrigue suspenseful, the people well realized; but somehow the series begins to bore. I think it is because Norman lacks an overplot to tie the books together; Tarl Cabot goes on from book to book, sure, but the series fragments and no volume seems tied to another. Still, he is absorbing to read, and I am willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, and look forward to #7 in high hopes.

ED APRILL

Ed Aprill, prominent collector, dealer and publisher in the field of the graphic arts died shortly after midnight on February 5th. Mr. Aprill was a teacher in the Ann Arbor high schools and was on his way to work on February 3 when his car struck a patch of ice and went out of control. The car left the road and struck a tree. Ed was a frequent attendee at sf and comic conventions, often appearing as a speaker or panel member. His most recent appearance was at the Star Trek Convention in New York. He leaves behind a wife and two daughters.

—Howard DeVore



MAY 1972 ALGO! TO FEATURE ALFRED BESTER: The May issue of *Algo!* will contain an article by Alfred Bester about writing *The Demolished Man*. Greg Benford, Ted White and Dick Lupoff will appear with their regular columns. If possible, an article by Richard Wilson on pre-1800 sf will also be included. Subscriptions to *Algo!* are \$3.00 for 4 issues, from: Andrew Porter, Box 4175, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Lilliputia

DEAR SNOWMAN by Janosch. World, 1970. Abt. 30 p. \$4.95 Age level: 3-8

The story of a snowman who attends a little girl's birthday party to make her happy. She puts too much fuel in the stove and he melts away. Her father promises her that he'll come back again next year.

This is a familiar fantasy tale, yet it is appealing to the younger child. The artwork makes this story. It is patterned on childish art concepts and allows the child to easily identify with the story. Large bold type makes this a good book for the new reader.

—Sandra Deckinger

PETER GRAVES by William Pène duBois. Dell, 1970, c1950. 168 p. 75¢

Peter Graves is the sort of boy who leads the Houndstooth Growlers, arranges games of follow-the-leader which are guaranteed to terrify his playmates and infuriate their parents, and accidentally destroys the house of Houghton F. Furlong—the town's Eccentric Inventor (retired), then helps him earn the money to rebuild it.

Sound like a fun book? It is—a romp through anti-gravity, Hindu rope tricks, and kidnapping by wealthy industrialist Llewelyn Pierpont Boopfaddle, who will stop at nothing to get the secret of 'furlloy.' However, beware of two notes which jar on the 70's ethnic consciousness: a description of Lord Ivan Big Bulk as a semi-savage, hideous Eskimo, and "...elegantly tailored Negro men dressed like extraordinary redcaps..." How many of today's children know what a redcap is, anyway? If the kids have enough newer material to balance out those two images, it's a great book which will be enjoyed and laughed over by most children who get beyond the slightly slow first chapter.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE WUMP WORLD written and illus. by Bill Peet. Houghton Mifflin, 1970. 44 p. \$3.95 Age level: 7-11

The Wump World was a simple, green world where the herbivorous Wumps munched away their days with no enemies or worries. One day they were invaded by the Pollutians from the worn-out planet of Pollutus. The intruders go quickly to work making Wump World an ecological nightmare. The Wumps go underground. Before long the Pollutians can't breathe the air, can't drink the water and can't stand the noise. They leave Wump World for greener pastures. The Wumps come out and eventually find a small green meadow. We are left with the hope that green growth will, in time, make its way through, and overrun, the cement nightmare. Peet's depictions of this nightmare are really devastating. A good book to give the child first learning about ecology.

—Joyce Post

PLEASANT FIELDMOUSE by Jan Wahl. Illus. by Maurice Sendak. Dell Yearling 6961, 1970, c1964. 66 p. 65¢

Pleasant Fieldmouse is a likeable little guy who lives inside an oak tree, at the bottom. His friends include such forest types as Mrs. Worry-Wind Hedgehog, Graybeard Tortoise, and Haunted Beaver. Enemies are Tired Fox and Terrible Owl, who concoct nefarious schemes by the light of the moon. These folk and others figure in such tales as "I Am a Fireman," "Hedgehog Pie," and "The Guest in the Rose," a group of chapters connected only by continuity of characters and an occasional reference to an earlier event.

Adults may find such images as the rising sun described as a flying orange a bit too much corn, but the read-to-me group will appreciate a comparison to something they can understand. They will also appreciate the short chapters and simple, easy-to-follow plots. Each chapter can function more or less independently, so one a day can make the book last a week, if you don't count Saturday. There is some semi-philosophical moralizing which gets rather saccharine, but the book as a whole is worthwhile. The illustrations are typical black-and-white Sendak—the Good Guys are friendly, expressive critters; the Bad Guys are more amusing than menacing.

—Charlotte Moslander

MISS Z, THE DARK YOUNG LADY by Angela Carter. Illus. by Eros Keith Simon & Schuster, 1970. 32 p. \$3.95 Age level: 5-9

The author has done research in medieval romance and you could say that this pleasing little picture book falls into that category. Miss Z and her father live in a parrot jungle because "The earth is so rich and the air is so sweet" there. But the chattering of the parrots exasperates the father and as a result he kills King Parrot. Immediately all the parrots leave and everything starts going wrong for father and daughter. A wise woman tells Miss Z that the parrots have gone to the place where the green lions live and together they are planning to ravage their farm and force them to go back to the Human Town. All ends well, but only with the help of Miss Z's magic dress, an animal named Odd, the last Sandworm left in the world and a unicorn. The illustrations are very nice and add just the right touch.

—Joyce Post

TWO PRINCES, A WITCH, AND MISS KATIE O'FLYNN by Marie Drury Moore. Illus by Sean Morrison. Prentice-Hall, 1970. \$4.95 Age level: 4-8

I'm sorry but any book that illustrates cruelty to animals is not for me, and I wouldn't recommend it for any children either. Back to the story -- a wicked witch has taken over a country from the real rulers and imprisoned the two princes. The witch will disappear if she is touched by dirt, so cleanliness is the order of the kingdom. Miss Katie O'Flynn becomes the princes' nursemaid and begins plotting to overthrow the witch. To this point all the pictures are in black and white. After the witch is destroyed, the illustrations are done in vivid colors. The entire text is in rhyme.

Back to the cruelty angle. The witch's companions were white persian cats, so Katie is always kicking them or stepping on their tails. The last page shows our heroine dumping the cats in a tub of water. (I'm surprised she isn't holding their heads under.)

—Sandra Deckinger

ELVIRA EVERYTHING by Frank Asch. Harper & Row, 1970. Abt. 46 p. \$2.95 Age level: 4-8, or disenchanted adults

This is a most difficult book to review. If you're an adult and are fed up to here with Betsy-Wetsys, Baby Partys, Chatty Cathys and others of their kind that do everything but copulate, then this brief story will give you satisfaction. It's about a girl who asks for a teddy bear for Christmas and instead receives Elvira Everything, a fully automated doll. The girl's parents soon think of the near-perfect Elvira as their daughter. The girl leaves home, her parents bring her back and the girl destroys Elvira by giving her a bath. What's so difficult about that, you ask? The book is being marketed for children ages 4 to 8. First of all, I don't think most of them will understand the irony of the situation, and that is the story. Secondly, the parents' rejection of their daughter and her running away are presented so matter-of-factly that some feel the readers' tender psyches might be harmed. On the other hand, you could argue that runaways are a fact of life in these troubled times and that the book is just being realistic (the author lives in a commune). To which the cons would answer back "At ages 4 to 8?" The cons also feel that the book is very macabre. Lending to this feeling is the fact that the entire book (it's the author's third) is in black and white and each page spread is a full picture; artistically everything is very carefully and cleverly worked out. You can find a copy in nearly every good book store; take a minute to read it on the spot -- that's really only as long as it will take. One thing for sure: you'll have strong feelings one way or another about it. Last but definitely not least -- on pages 96 to 110 of the September 1952 issue of *Imagination* there is a story by Daniel F. Galouye called "The Dangerous Doll." It is like "Elvira" in almost every way.

—Joyce Post

THE HOUSE IN THE WAVES by James Hamilton-Paterson. S.G. Phillips, 1970. 157 p. \$4.95 Age level: 10-15

Martin has been sent from place to place as the adults in the world around him have tried to find a solution to his withdrawal from reality. He has managed to keep his own world successfully separated from theirs until the day he finds a strange balloon with a message for help. His determination to help Willie Howlett takes him out into the world -- but not the world of the adults he has seen. The people and places he encounters are twice strange to him -- in experience and in time, and his quest opens more than one locked door.

The author gives an interesting idea of the vision of a withdrawn mind and he tells a good story, but he spoils it by explaining too much at the end. You'll probably like it if you can take the old dream/hallucination excuse again.

--Daphne Ann Hamilton

SATCHKIN PATCHKIN by Helen Morgan. Illus. by Shirley Hughes. Macrae Smith, 1970. 64 p. \$3.95 Age level: 7-9

A rather unimaginative book with a basic plot that you've read in hundreds of other stories and fairy tales. The mean, rich landlord, when asked to feed the little green magic man named Satchkin Patchkin, refuses, while the poor old lady tenant gives him her last thimbleful of milk thus receiving SP's eternal beneficence until she rises from her poverty and buys the house for herself. The gimmick here is that the author has thought of eight words ending in "atch" (latch, thatch, snatch, hatch, patch, catch, batch and match) and molds the story around them. It doesn't really come off, the line drawings, being moderately good, steal the show.

--Joyce Post

PENNY CANDY by Edward Fenton. Illus. by Edward Gorey. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1970. 47 p. \$5.95 Age level: 8-11

Fenton's story and Gorey's drawings complement each other perfectly. Little Paul finds a nickel and he and his older sister Lily and her friends Miranda, Charles and Eric go to Widow Shinn's ("Everybody in the neighborhood says she's a witch") candy store to spend a pennyapiece. When Lily eats a rose-shaped gum drop Paul (and us too, thanks to Gorey) imagines she is Rose Red. Miranda's sugar babies produce a vision of domestic tranquility; Charles' spun sugar airplane, a vision of flying and Eric's pipes, a vision of a lonely, windy high place. Paul chooses a strip of button candy and with each imagines he's a rich man (in the Luna Lights Amusement Park), a poor man, a beggar, a thief, a doctor, a merchant, an Indian chief and a big little boy who's just been promoted to the second grade.

--Joyce Post

GIANTS ARE VERY BRAVE PEOPLE by Florence Parry Heide. Pictures by Charles Robinson. Parents' Magazine Press, 1970. Abt. 41 p. \$3.50 Age level: 4-8

For those children who are fearful, shy and easily frightened and also for those who are not this is a very good book with very pleasing illustrations. Bigelow was a little boy who was afraid of just about everything. For one thing, he was afraid that if he swallowed the letters in alphabet soup that spelled a magic word he would turn into a mushroom. While out walking one fine day with an umbrella, he meets tiny Mrs. Peter Pimberly, who insists that Bigelow is a giant although his mother assures him that they are just regular people. Anyway, Mrs. Pimberly informs Bigelow that giants are very brave people and that perhaps if he acted very brave, he'd feel very brave. Sure enough, her idea works. Misterogers would like this book.

--Joyce Post

Reviews

OUT OF SPACE AND TIME (xii, 370 p.) and LOST WORLDS (419 p.) by Clark Ashton Smith. Neville Spearman, Ltd. (112 Whitfield St, London W1 6DP) 1971. \$4.20 each, plus 25¢ per book postage

For those lacking the long op Arkham House editions (1942, 1054 copies; and 1944, 2043 copies, respectively), here is your opportunity to acquire unabridged offset reprints for a modest cost (only the covers and binding differ from the original). Almost all the 43 stories appeared in *Weird Tales* in the 1930s and form much of the basis for the author's reputation. Lovecraft and his circle have always been vastly over-rated by fantasy and sf readers. Smith's work is typical of the period: an overripe pulp prose which many readers mistake for literary distinction. Stylistic lacks aside, Smith had a vivid imagination and created a number of interesting mythical worlds -- Averroigne, Hyperborea, Zothique, etc. -- while adding to the lore of the Cthulhu Mythos. While hardly an equal to Dunsany, Blackwood or Machen, even in the field of weird fantasy, his tales are enjoyable and should be better known to readers who know only Smith's reputation. Additional collections are promised by the publisher.

--Neil Barron

THE ATROCITY EXHIBITION by J. G. Ballard. Jonathan Cape, 1970. 157 p. 21s

Scheduled here April 1971, but no show. I'm reviewing this London edition to shill for American publication. Ballard has many important stories, but "Atrocity" is his first or second most important novel. It's an ambitious book. Now according to Hugos in the sixties, ambition means number of pages: Heinlein's "Stranger;" Herbert's "Dune;" Brunner's "Zanzibar." "Atrocity" doesn't have their tumorous length. Its content is fifteen chapters, separable stories or essays. These chapters were published 1966-69 either in *New Worlds* or mainstream literary magazines, the smaller ones partly invented by Ballard himself. About half the wordage has been anthologized here, mostly by Judith Merrill. "Atrocity" is distinct from what Ballard has been selling F&SF-Amazing-Galaxy-Fantastic these past five years, incidentally.

It reads like a poet's novel (LeRoi Jones, Dylan Thomas): lots of visuals, spineless plot. No new Ballard reader would guess the smooth plotting of his old Berkeley collections. "Atrocity" is organized by a metaphor, the vehicular accident, our modern legalized homicide. (A modern hero of the book is Ralph Nader doing his car-smashing studies.) According to Cape's front-flap blurb, the protagonist is a crazy M.D. trying on different personalities one chapter at a time until he improves his sex life! Some details inside don't fit this bland a précis; anyway, the book has an atmosphere rather than a hero. For Ballard, 'vehicular accident' covers not only cases like James Dean's but the 'Hiroshima pilot' Eatherly and especially the shooting of President Kennedy. This last is treated as a motorcade which turned on the assassin.

Into his M.D.'s skull Ballard has packed every popular paranoia of the sixties, left-wing or right, about Eatherly, LBJ, Mrs. Kennedy Onassis, Gov. Reagan. Even Marilyn Monroe appears, less I think because of her suicide than because she became the Pop Art painters' queen at the end. For "Atrocity" has Ballard's usual references to modern art movements and paintings in an uncontrolled form. An outsider myself, I counted references to Jarry, Magritte, Duchamp, Lautreamont, Ernst, sculpture by Segal, happenings, the student film-production boom. Even the obscene parts of the book, mostly references to live people, are not so much Ballard's response to current pressures in the fiction market, but his awareness of the Berkeley shit-sign syndrome among our 'intellectuals.' His writing style is still too tightly controlled for him to play slob easily.

Does "Atrocity" have any faults? Well, despite the continual name-dropping of celebrities, there are few real characters, less than in some of his best short stories. Ballard considers the sixties a nightmare fantasy, pornographic mostly in violence, a collective mentality rather than a story with many characters or a complex plot. Outside his cool prose style, there's no critical judgment of 'his people.' (He'd say, 'our people.') Most of the beliefs in "Atrocity," although popular with intellectuals, are untrue. Finally, if to you a 'novel' means 300-500 pages, this is not your book. It's hard for the great short-story technicians to pad out a novel: Chekhov, Kipling, Ballard, the Author of the Samson story in the Book of Judges. These men are too efficient, edit too tightly. James Thurber wrote 20,000 words of drafts, yet today "Walter Mitty" reads like an easy one-night effort.

--Mark Purcell

SIMON, KING OF THE WITCHES by Baldwin Hills, from the screenplay by Robert Phippeny. Dell 7919, 1971. 234 p. 95¢

THE GODMAKERS by Dan Britain. Pinnacle Books P010-N, 1970. 188 p. 95¢

The main reason for comparing these two books is their common subject: sex. Beyond that, there are very few similarities. "Simon" is a very smarmy, poorly written piece, a sort of "Candy" of the occult. Occasionally rising to the height of a belly-laugh, what might have been a fair book descends too often to the utterly crude; what should have been Rabelaisian satire becomes merely vulgar. Mr. Hills' ideas were basically sound, but his treatment lacks finesse.

"The Godmakers," on the other hand, deals with sex as the most nearly divine of human activities. It delves into a wild paranormal philosophy which, if it becomes fashionable, might well create a new cult. The God we all know and love is a false god, composed of the cumulative error of mankind a la Jung's Collective Unconscious. There is sex a-plenty, but handled tastefully. The trouble with the book is its philosophy, which tends to get a bit talky in places. If you can accept the basic premise, thereby making the sex relevant, it's a pretty fair book.

Giving credit where it's due, Hills knows better than to refer to Simon as a warlock, but he does allow him to step out of a magic circle before the completion of a grand conjuration, which is not considered terribly wise, since sorcerers usually get torn apart that way. "Simon" is best read toward the end of a party, when there are only a few couples left, "Godmakers" when you feel more like stretching your head.

--Michael L. McQuown

NEW WRITINGS IN SF-6, edited by John Carnell. Bantam S5796, 1971. viii, 168 p. 75¢

Originally published in Merrie England in 1965, this mildly entertaining collection contains Keith Roberts' "The Inner Wheel," William Spencer's "Horizontal Man," Robert Presslie's "The Day Before Never," John Baxter's "The Hands," E. C. Tubbs' "The Seekers," Ernest Hill's "Atrophy," and John Rackham's "Advantage." Quite entertaining, overall rating somewhere between so-so and good.

--J. B. Post

KOTHAR AND THE CONJURER'S CURSE by Gardner F. Fox. Belmont B75-2051, 1970. 75¢

"Kothar and the Conjuror's Curse" is the fourth in old-pro Gardner F. Fox's adventures of a poor-man's Conan. The plot is unclear, and the writing does not help much, but this seems to be about Kothar's attempt to deliver a magic amulet to the regent of a magic land. Along the way, he encounters a beautiful gypsy girl in distress and assorted would-be assassins whom he dispatches with maximum violence. It is readable, I suppose, but why bother?

--Paul Walker

ORBIT 8 edited by Damon Knight. Putnam, 1970. 219 p. \$5.95 (paperback: Berkley S1970, 1971. 75¢)

The variety of 'what if' worlds would seem to be infinite—the exploration of inner space along with that of outer space keeps turning up new ones which, like snowflakes, have not yet duplicated themselves. Unfortunately, not all such worlds are equally plausible or interesting to read about. Some, like those in "Sonya, Crane Wessleman, and Kittee," "The Weather on the Sun," "A Method Bit in 'B'" seem to be incomplete, born out of their time, not really ready to stand on their own, and the reader wonders "So what?" as the page is turned and the story dismissed with a shrug. Others ("The Chinese Boxes," "Encounter") delve deeply into the inner space of the human psyche—manned probes, as it were, sent to test the limits of sanity, the strength of identity... "Right Off the Map," "Interurban Queen," and "Rite of Spring" are almost set in today's world—almost. "One Life, Furnished in Early Poverty" sends a man to yesterday to alter the course of his life, only to find it unalterable; "Starscape with Frieze of Dreams" takes us to tomorrow; and would be approved by the ASPCA, although probably not by Friends of Animals. "All Pieces of a River Shore" is on the surface a fairly ordinary somebody-was-here-before-us sort of thing, but it has a breath of awe about it—the characters are such real, ordinary, though slightly eccentric, people, and there is a feeling for the beauty of an untouched land, expressed in the detailed cataloging of trees and discussion of birds' camouflage, which lies beneath the plot.

Orbit 8 is a mixed group, but the bad selections are only comparatively weak, and the good ones are quite strong enough to change the balance to favorable. —Charlotte Moslander

ONE MILLION TOMORROWS by Bob Shaw. Ace 62938, 1970. 191 p. 75¢ (British hardcover: Gollancz, 1971. £1.50)

I suppose you would call this a post-New Wave novel, meaning that it deals intelligently with a sexual theme without raising a big ballyhoo. For this reason you'll find it to be more disciplined and economically written than something which is designed to Break Taboos and generally show off. All I can say is I'm glad it wasn't published five years ago, or the furor raised over it would have totally obscured its merits—and its failings.

The basic premise of this novel is that an immortality (read: 'indefinite lifespan') serum has been developed which as a side effect causes males to lose their sexual ability. Society adjusts accordingly: where there are about eighty women to each functional male, the one-to-one marriage system is a curious anachronism, and teen-aged boys who haven't 'tied off' yet are in great demand among rich ladies. In addition there has arisen a fascinating and very unusual new kind of brothel—a 'funkie' (i.e. potent male) pays a sum at the door and then proceeds to earn it back and make a profit from the girls at the rate of \$20 per satisfaction. In other words, if you are a functional in this society, the whores pay you, with the establishment taking its cut before you start.

The emphasis is on one man, who is still married the old way, and the emotional difficulties he encounters when it comes time for him to become an immortal, only to be offered at the last minute the privilege of being the first man to test a new serum that *doesn't* make a eunuch out of him. Shaw shows real ability for characterization here, and for displaying how changes in technology affect the lives of the little guys who make up 99% of society.

However after a brilliant first half, the book proceeds to slide downhill in a flurry of cloak-and-daggering that simply cannot hold the interest of the reader who is waiting for the story to deliver more of what it initially promised. It rapidly becomes action/adventure which, while well done for the most part, simply can't hold a candle to what Shaw started out with. His character stops developing and starts dodging assassins and we see very little more of the fascinating 'bitch society' built up in the first half. And to make matters worse, there is a very melodramatic and unbelievable ending wherein the villain reveals his secret scheme to make a million bucks, of which our hero was but a pawn, and the villain's goon reveals all sorts of personal frustrations which seem stuffed in at this very convenient moment. The two fight and our hero emerges victorious.

—Darrell Schweitzer

GOLDEN CITIES, FAR edited by Lin Carter. Ballantine 02045, 1970. 95¢

A fascinating, and useful, discovery guide to the worlds of geographical mythology, as selected by Lin Carter. "Golden Cities, Far" begins with the Egyptians (and the Book of Thoth) and proceeds to the Orient (and the Tales of Genji) -- to England (and the Historia Regum Britanniae) -- to France, and Voltaire; suggesting the diverse and always imaginative romances men have with their world. I am uneasy with books of excerpts, but I know from experience that this kind of book does make great bodies of recondite literature accessible to the browser. I recommend it -- as a reference work, if nothing else.

--Paul Walker

THE GOLDEN AGE by Esther Bigger Jenkins. Vantage Press, 1970. 231 p. \$4.95

I may be wrong, but I believe Vantage Press is a 'vanity' publisher, one where the author chips in to have his book published. I have mixed feelings whenever I read one of these productions and the thought which always comes to mind is: "Well, if it wasn't considered good enough for publication by a 'straight' publisher..." (Question: Have there been any famous novels which saw first publication by a vanity publisher? This is an honest query; I'm not trying to pan anyone.)

Not that this novel doesn't deserve panning. Unsubtle and heavy-handed, it describes a materialistic future where products are the most important products, the voyage of young Gordo ('Heir to the Progenitor') to the planet Neptune where he learns the folly of his home planet's current mode of civilization...too late.

It's all been said before, starting with Plato, carried on by More, Swift, Huxley and others. And said much better.

--David C. Paskow

ICE by Anna Kavan. Doubleday, 1970. 176 p. \$4.50

In his introduction, Brian Aldiss mentions Anna Kavan's domination by a wealthy mother, her time spent in mental hospitals, and her dependence upon heroin, and one sees her in the defeated, frightened woman who plays such an important part in "Ice." She is always fragile, always victim, always helpless against the Warden who possesses her; against the man who loves her, searches for her, and infuriated by her feat of him, treats her as cruelly as the Warden does; against the ice which is once more reaching across the surface of the globe, destroying everything it touches and all the societies it threatens.

"Ice" is, on the surface, the story of a man's compulsive search for a woman who is held captive by another man, while all three are fleeing from the advancing ice. However, the plot does not progress directly from scene to scene, but seems rather to slip 'sideways' from reality to fantasy, to hallucination, until one can no longer distinguish one from another. After a while, it makes no difference, for the ice is closing in, so that even the tropical island on which the man and the fragile object of his search are reunited is in the grip of a blizzard, and the wall of ice is already visible.

This is not the book for the reader of light fiction -- Kavan here resembles Kafka more than anyone else, and the sudden sideways shifts are rather difficult to follow. The message conveyed about human behavior under inescapable and fatal stress is deep within the plot, yet, unless one sees it and understands the three major characters as simultaneously three individuals and three aspects of one individual, and the ice as ice and also as death, the book is a meaningless jumble of episodes. For the reader who can probe the story 'beneath' the words, "Ice" takes on a nightmarish fascination from which he cannot escape until the last page has been absorbed.

--Charlotte Moslander

THE ATLAS OF THE UNIVERSE by Patrick Moore. Rand McNally, 1970. 272(big)p. \$35.00

What strikes me first about this book is the incredible arrogance of the title. It's a commercial gimmick—a title like *Big Picture Book of the Earth and Heavens* just wouldn't sell. Granting that, the next thing wrong with the book is size—11 x 15 is just too big for most people to read comfortably, and the content of this book should be read in comfort, not consulted as reference. Divided into five parts—Observation & Exploration of Space, Atlas of the Earth from Space, Atlas of the Moon, Atlas of the Solar System, and Atlas of the Stars—and lavishly illustrated with really excellent photographs and diagrams, this book is a simply, yet pretty accurately, written overview of our corner of the universe and our attempts to explore it. The NASA photos alone are interesting enough. The section on the Moon contains an indexed map of our satellite. Throughout are scattered diagrams which really explain stellar happenings. I could praise the book and its individual features all afternoon but let's quit by just noting a fair glossary and a real groovy "Catalog of Stellar Objects."

In the United Kingdom, and I assume the rest of Europe, the publisher is Mitchell Beazley Ltd. From both publishers the book is expensive but worth it.

--J. B. Post

VECTOR FOR SEVEN by Josephine Saxton. Doubleday, 1970. 238 p. \$4.95

They had signed up for the tour for various reasons known only to themselves, and when they met at the deserted airfield, they were not sure they were going to enjoy one another's company at all. But then, they were a rather odd lot. Mrs. Mortimer—stout, dignified widow; Sophia Smith—young, somewhat flashy, single; Edward Hartington-Smythe—elderly, dignified, unmarried, dying of cancer; Obadiah Crutch—rather good looking, young, fond of his Harley-Davidson; Martha—the Gypsy; and Septimus—a child who spent a great deal of time being very hungry.

Eventually their tour guide and bus driver arrived, and they set off on a journey which was quite different from anything they had expected. They covered several continents, traveled part way in a submarine, and sampled a wide range of sensual experiences, not to mention experimenting with psychedelic drugs (which turned Martha into a very unhappy dahlia for a while), and a sort of involuntary telepathy. They also saw UFO's and had mystical encounters in the desert.

This account of the journey of the Seven can be an unusually gratifying entry into vicarious experience for the reader, for Josephine Saxton has probed deeply into the minds of the characters and provided a profound description of each person's innermost being. Even Edward Hartington-Smythe's cancer has a personality and 'life' of its own. However, this probing is not for the exclusive benefit of the vicarious traveler—each character finds somewhere on the journey that which had been lacking in his life.

This is not a really great book; in fact, it moves at a very pedestrian pace in some parts, but the use of dream, and memory, and hallucination to project a 'feeling' for personality and character development is very interesting.

--Charlotte Moslander

SATAN'S WORLD by Poul Anderson. Lancer 74698, 1970. 254 p. 75¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1969 \$4.95)

A late report, due to a debacle in the mails.

This is one of the long and generally worthy series of Falkayn-van Rijn tales, and the plotting and pace is by far above average *Analog* material—where it originally appeared a few years back—but only moderate Anderson. The plot possibilities inherent in such a long-term setup as the Polesotechnic League, etc. are many, but inevitably the question becomes not 'can it be written,' but 'should it be written?' I found *Satan's World* enjoyable and at times exciting, and therefore can only recommend it, and not honestly pan it. But I wouldn't have read it if I hadn't received it for review. Poul Anderson is too good an author for me to feel this way—but is he really at his best limiting himself to such things as *Satan's World*? The material sells and keeps the larder full.

However, I read a book by Anderson recently which was completely fascinating, which I read for my own pleasure, and which I will not soon forget. *The Broken Sword* (reissued in a slightly revised edition from Ballantine, 02017. 207 p. 95¢) is one of Poul's earlier works, but in sheer narrative power and originality it remains one of his best. The sword-play gets a little rough at times, in these days of graphic TV and magazine spreads where we all realize what spilled brains look like, but the fantasy and adventure are pure gold. I've heard that Poul's heart lies in such Norse sagas, and in other forms of fantasy, as much as in science fiction. With a taste of *The Broken Sword* still lingering, I fervently believe this portion of the 'market' could use some more Anderson. Perhaps that's what I missed in *Satan's World*. There is technical skill, but no enthusiasm. *The Broken Sword* is eminently enthusiastic.

—Greg Bear

TRANSFER by George Lawson Smith. Vantage Press, 1970. 95 p. \$3.50

No, this is not a story to read. What might have passed for science fiction twenty years ago just can't make it today. Mysterious stars which teleport people's bones and hairpins, expeditions to the star, cliché disasters befalling the expedition just don't make it in my book. The best that can be said about the author is that he can write proper, if uninspired, English sentences. These days this is no mean accomplishment. Now that Mr. Smith has a book to his credit, albeit a vanity press publication, he perhaps can be urged to read a lot of current science fiction and work his ass off trying to write some of it: he might just do it.

Reading this book has brought home to me the changes, for better or for worse, that have befallen the genre. To write 'hard' science fiction in our times requires some knowledge of science; to write sociological science fiction requires some knowledge of the social sciences—we can't really fake it anymore. For the lazy writer the only courses open are the unabashed writing of trash, the clichés of heroic fantasy, or the chaos of the 'New Wave' (whatever that is). The best of heroic fantasy and the best of the New Wave can stand up to anything else in sf and heroic fantasy has an awful lot of the 'good bad story,' fun to read even though we know it is literary excrement. But Sturgeon's Law is in force and the bad drives out the good.

Anyway, don't bother reading *Transfer*.

—J. B. Post

ALSO RECEIVED:

- The Compleat Werewolf and other stories of fantasy and science fiction, by Anthony Boucher. Ace 11622, 1972. 75¢ (hardcover: Simon & Schuster, 1969. \$6.50 reviewed LUNA Monthly 19)
- The Door Through Space, by Marion Zimmer Bradley. Rendezvous on a Lost World, by A. Bertram Chandler. Ace Double 15890, 1972. 95¢ (reissue, c1961)
- The Freckled Shark (Doc Savage 67), by Kenneth Robeson. Bantam S6923, March 1972. 75¢
- Ghosts and More Ghosts, by Robert Arthur. Windward Books (Random House), 1971, c1963. 75¢
- I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream, by Harlan Ellison. Pyramid T2638, Feb. 1972. 75¢ (2d ptg, c1967)
- Journey Outside, by Mary Q. Steele. Dell Yearling 4294, Jan. 1972. 75¢ (hardcover: Viking, 1969. \$4.50 reviewed LUNA Monthly 10)
- The Mad King, by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Ace 51402, 1972. 75¢
- The Picture of Dorian Gray, by Oscar Wilde. Washington Square Press 47191, Jan. 1972. 75¢ (enriched edition, ed. by Harry Shefter; with reader's supplement)
- She & The Return of She, by H. Rider Haggard. Lancer 78692, 1972. \$1.25 (orig title: Ayesha)
- Sorceress of the Witch World, by Andre Norton. Ace 77551, 1972. 75¢ (reissue, c1968)
- The Waters of Centaurus, by Rosel George Brown. Lancer 75278, 1972. 95¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1970. \$4.95 reviewed LUNA Monthly 26/27)
- A Wildemess of Stars; stories of man in conflict with space, edited by William F. Nolan. Dell 95282, Dec. 1971. 95¢ (hardcover: Sherbourne Press, 1969. \$5.95)