

No. 40

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# An Interview With Andre Norton

Conducted by Paul Walker

Andre Norton: Yes, I will agree to the interview, but I must in all fairness warn you that I do not live a very exciting life. In fact, I live a rather dull one—so if you are expecting fireworks, you will be disappointed. Also, I am not of the 'new wave' writers, but rather a very staid teller of old fashioned stories with firm plots and morals. So be warned and consider . . .

*"A very staid teller of old fashioned stories with firm plots and morals." Why do you prefer this kind of story? Is it the kind of story you prefer to read? And if so, who are your favorite writers?*

Yes, I prefer reading the type of story I write—that is, a tightly plotted action story. The 'new wave' fiction, with sprawling action and the anti-hero, is certainly NOT to my taste. And I see no reason for piling in sex scenes—much more can be accomplished by putting the reader's imagination to work—under-stating rather than over-stating. That, to me, is the better course in writing.

In sf, my favorite writers are Poul Anderson, Eric Frank Russell, James Schmitz, Ursula Le Guin, and Hal Clement. Their books I re-read—along with H. Beam Piper, from whom, alas, we shall have no more good tales. To me these people, their stories, appeal—they absorb my imagination. I can identify with their main characters. In fantasy, my favorites are Tolkien, de Camp, David Mason, Fritz Leiber—again, master story tellers.

The primary concern of fiction is to tell an entertaining story; not to display the whining weaknesses of main characters, but to give a hero or a heroine who stands up to difficulties as best he or she can and does not 'cop out' when the going gets rough. But then I am of the generation trained in the Depression and this was hammered into us in that day and age.

*"Of a generation trained in the Depression." Would you tell me something of your background?"*

I am of pioneer American stock (including an Indian strain introduced in the late 1700s). My father's mother was an Abbey whose family established the town of Enfield, Connecticut; her ancestors there fought in King Philip's War in the late 1600s. Her branch of

that line is directly descended from a man and his wife who were witnesses at the Salem Witchcraft trials.

My mother's line were Scotch-Irish-English-Penn Dutch and part of the clan were established in Ohio on those land grants paid to Revolutionary War soldiers for arrears in army pay.

I was practically an only child as my sister was old enough to be my mother and married before I went to school. Since my mother was very fond of reading—she knew a great deal of poetry and could tell wonderful stories—I was reading aloud long before I went to school. The Oz books were my pride and joy, and for every report card which matched my mother's standard of approval, volumes were added to my collection.

In high school I worked on the school paper as literary editor and there joined a special class under an inspired teacher who was the advisor of the paper. We met on our own time writing anything we wished. At the end of the year we 'published' our own book, through the courtesy of the printing department.

Five of this class are now professional writers.

My major was English, my minor history. I won the English trophy and placed first in the History Department final exams. I then went to Western Reserve University, but the Depression snapped down and I quit school and went into the Cleveland Public Library. Even so, I took writing and journalism courses at night.

My first book, *The Prince Commands*, was published before I was twenty-one, but in high school I wrote one which I later revised, and it became my second published book: *Ralestone Luck*. These were mystery and adventure stories.

When the war broke out I worked for a year in Washington, D.C., for a government agency (now long gone) which rewrote material in basic English for immigrants. Then I worked in the Library of Congress. Actually, I had gone to Washington earlier to open a bookshop (Mystery House) which was sold when I went into the agency. My writing during this period was confined to spare time and done in snatches.

In the 1940s I did a book on the Dutch underground—this was after I'd returned to

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Cleveland for family reasons—and the book was picked up by the Junior Literary Guild. Thereafter I brought out a book a year: historical or spy stories.

However, in the late 1940s, my health began to break down and I had to quit the library to which I had returned in '42. I was asked by World Publishing to edit some sf anthologies and so worked into the field. I had wanted to do this earlier but, since I found the writing of short stories almost impossible, I could not. There was very little market for books then.

After my retirement from the library my output slowly improved and I found new markets thus enabling me to make a living at what I seem able to do best.

"I found the writing of short stories almost impossible..." Why?

I don't know. I could not plot in the lesser (briefer, stricter?) style of short stories until just recently. This was a handicap in getting started, as I said, as the sf magazines were the field long before books became readily available.

Going back to your statement about firm plots, what is a 'firm plot' and how do you achieve it?

A firm plot is one in which the action flows steadily in a pattern and is not entangled in whirls which add nothing to the story line and leave the reader baffled. (There are a number of writers now in the field whom I frankly confess leave me feeling that I am faced with merely grandiose masses of unintelligible sentences.) I work a certain number of pages for each working day, about four days a week. I try to get to my desk by at least eight in the morning, and I work until eleven, knock off for lunch, then go back and work until I have my quota for the day. Sometimes, if the story is 'running' well, this may be by twelve-thirty or one; sometimes later, especially if I have had any interruptions. I live alone and manage a house and am managed by five cats, so there are always interruptions of one kind or another.

I revise twice—the first draft is quite rough—just to get the story on paper—then I revise once with a pen—and when I make the final copy I revise again, usually, by then, simply a matter of cutting. Of course, there are always questions raised by the copy editor, which sometimes leads to minor revisions, but it is never too much, only a sentence or two for greater clarity.

You've developed a few 'series' books. How do you go about conceiving a series? How much preparation goes into the background and characters?

Usually I do not intend to write series books at all—in fact, the only series which was actually planned to be one from the first was that dealing with the Solar Queen. The others developed from a first book because I got so many letters from readers asking for more about the same characters. The Witch World tales, for example, were only supposed to be the first book, but I found that setting so interesting, and had so many inquiries, I kept returning to it.

A great deal of reading goes into the background. I read extensively in archeology, anthropology, natural history, folklore, travel, and psycho-esper research. The Witch World books lean heavily on my research into Celtic and British mythology and three of them are retellings of very ancient themes. *Warlock of Witch World* is based on the early Anglo-Saxon Childe Roland; *Sorceress of Witch World* on Sleeping Beauty; and *Year of the Unicorn* on Beauty and the Beast.

In my sf, *Dread Companion* is based heavily, once again, on English folklore, and *Dark Piper* is a retelling of the Pied Piper. *Ice Crown*, on the other hand, was an experiment to see if the old time mythical kingdom romance could be successfully combined with sf.

The characters grow with the book. I do have an idea as to my main characters in type and background, but once the story begins, the characters take over; and often times the ending of the book is far different from that which I had first blocked out. Luckily my publishers know this and make allowances for such changes from the outlines I submit before I begin work.

You, as well as your favorites, are regarded as 'hard-science fiction' writers yet you all



seem terribly fond of classical mythology and hard-fantasy. Why?

I think everyone realizes now days that 'mythology' does have a very ancient core of fact. More and more research has been instigated into this very subject. My own full interest has always been in ancient history and archeology—therefore 'mythology' is kindred to this.

I do not consider myself 'hard-science' at all—in fact, science has never attracted me. I am far more interested in why people do things and how they react or might react to circumstances than in any technology. I firmly believe that a too quick expansion of 'science' in the past century is at the root of many of our present ills.

*What do you think are the special problems of the 'woman writer' in sf?*

When I entered the field I was writing for boys, and since women were not welcomed, I chose a pen name which could be either masculine or feminine. This is not true today, of course. But I still find vestiges of disparagement—mainly, oddly enough, among other writers. Most of them, however, do accept one on an equal basis. I find more prejudice against me as the writer of 'young people's' stories now than against the fact that I am a woman.

I am very proud of the fact that I have been included in S.A.G.A. as the only woman writer, and consider this recognition as a real accolade delivered by writers whom I greatly admire.

*"Prejudice against ... the writer of 'young people's' stories..." Would you elaborate on that?*

In sf, for example, there is no recognition among other writers for the juvenile or young peoples' story. I have tried in vain for years to have a Nebula Award added to the SFWA ballot, but met with no interest whatsoever.

*Why do you write juveniles?*

Writing for young people came to me because I wanted to write adventure stories and was freest to develop the action story for young readers. I do not find the piling on of sex of any benefit and never did, and to my mind the straight action story does not need this. Thus—writing without this element when I began made it fall directly into the 'young people's' field. But, of course, this has also changed drastically in the past few years.

*How has it changed drastically?*

Many of the taboos of earlier days have disappeared. Also, the stories are growing grimmer and darker all the time. I agree with some of the removal of taboos, but I do not agree with fiction that is preoccupied with the seedier sides of life. One reads fiction for escape, not to be plunged into degrading and sordid scenes.

*Of your books, my favorite is Starman's Son. I wonder if it reflected your own anxieties about the Bomb?*

No, I was not thinking of the Bomb, except as a means of reaching the plot beginning. What had always fascinated me was trying to imagine my home city of Cleveland as it might be as a deserted ruin. Cleveland, then, was the city of that book—only distances in it have been telescoped.

*Which of your books is your own favorite?*

Among my non-sf titles, I am proudest of *Stand to Horse*. In sf, I think the *Witch World* books gave me the most pleasure when working on them, but I have no one book.



## The International Scene

**AUSTRALIA** The 11th Australian National Science Fiction Convention, Syncon 2, held over the 11th-13th August weekend, was a success despite poor hotel-Committee liaison, and almost non-existent or incompetent hotel staff. Over 130 people attended the first National Con held here outside the traditional holiday weekend, summer season period. Guest of Honor Lesleigh Luttrell made a lot of friends; record prices were paid for original artwork; media coverage was achieved in the difficult Sydney press; and lots of people who had previously had little or no contact with fandom became exposed, and maybe infected. Adelaide won the bid for the 12th National Convention to be held in August next year. Advention 2 will be held on campus, an experiment Melbourne will not repeat after the New Year Con in 1971.

Ditmars (Australian SF Awards) were won by Bruce Gillespie for his fanzine *SF Commentary*, Lee Harding for his story "Fallen Spaceman"; and in the international fiction category, Larry Niven for *Ringworld*.

—Robin Johnsaon

*John W. Campbell: An Australian Tribute* will be published towards the end of October. The print run is 400, of which 200 will be for sale. The book is edited by myself; the foreword is by Jack Williamson; contributors include A. Bertram Chandler, Jack Wodhams, Wynne Whiteford, Robin Johnson, John Foyster, George Turner, Bruce Gillespie, Don Tuck, John Alderson, Redd Boggs (honorary Australian), myself and about a dozen others. The book contains a transcript of the Melbourne University Campbell Symposium, letters from John Campbell to Australians and a Campbell bibliography by Don Tuck. The book is distributed exclusively by Space Age Books, GPO Box 1267L, Melbourne 3001. Price US\$2.50, £1.00.

I have been invited to write an article about fanzines for the January issue of *The Australian Author*, journal of the Australian Society of Authors. It's a good little magazine, and anyone interested in seeing what I have to say on the subject might care to send US\$0.75/£0.30 to myself (PO Box 357, Kingston, ACT 2604) or Space Age Books for a copy before 21st October.

During 1973 I hope to publish *Plumbers of the Cosmos*, a collection of science fiction criticism by George Turner. Orders received before publication will be supplied at US\$2.00/£0.85.

—John Bangsund

**DENMARK** This spring the Danish Radio has broadcast eight short stories by Brian Aldiss in my translation. I also had a one hour introduction program to Aldiss with a fifteen minute interview with him, conducted when he visited Denmark last August.

My anthology for schools, *Den Elektriske Myre* (The Electric Ant) has appeared, had fine reviews, and is selling well.

Dan Turéll and I have just completed an anthology of experimental English and American prose, with a fairly high percentage of science fiction, including among others, Aldiss, Ballard, Sladek, Spinrad, Butterworth, Leiber, Zoline, and Moorcock.

The open air theatre, Jokerteatret, this summer gave a play called *En Spion I Nøden* or *Bedre end Ti Pa Pension*, a farce about the invention of a peace spray.

Danish TV has shown a half hour play by a twelve year old Finnish boy, about a teacher being frozen for some fifty years, centered on pollution in the future.

*Slaughterhouses Five* has been shown here (interest in Vonnegut is growing here—there's a small store in Copenhagen called Cat's Cradle). *Clockwork Orange* was shown at the same time. I had five minutes on the radio about Burgess—managing to cram in most of his work plus allusions to Blish, Joyce, and Aldiss.

—Jannick Storm

**EAST GERMANY** Recent translations of Soviet sf in East Germany include *Far Rainbow*, a short sf novel by the Strugatskys (also published in a sort of English by Mir publisher in Moscow), and a collection of stories by Sever Gansovsky: *Vincent Van Gogh*, including the good title story. Latest East German Lem is *Die Jagd* (The Chase), 319 p., a collection of new Pirx stories (all of which are now available in German). Parallel to the trade edition

issued by Volk & Welt there was a book club edition from Buchklub 65. The trade edition sold out before the author's copies had reached Lem. There also was a third impression of 25,000 copies in hardback of the novel *Eden*, making 75,000 copies in print.

—Franz Rottensteiner

**WEST GERMANY** Fall titles in my German Insel sf series will be *Einsteins Erben*, a collection of original short stories by German author Herbert W. Franke, and a new big Lem volume *The Futurological Congress*, a short novel in the Ijon Tichy cycle, and *Robot Fables*, the first complete translation of this cycle in the West. The translation, done by Irmtraud Zimmermann-Göllheim is again a masterpiece. Titles in our companion series Library of the House of Usher are *Die Gasse der Finsternis* by Belgian horror writer Jean Ray and *Trail of Cthulhu* by August Derleth, published as a homage to August Derleth and Arkham House.

We have also added three more books to our collection of Lems: *Hard Vacuum*, the reviews of non-existent books, to appear next spring as a mainstream book outside the sf series; *The Star Diaries of Ijon Tichy* which we'll probably publish in two volumes, since the translation runs to nearly 500 pages, and *Fantastyka i Futurologia* which we'll do as a paperback in two or three volumes, the first to appear next September if all goes well with the translation.

Marion von Schröder have already published their usual four titles in their quality paperback series: *Der Zweite Planet der Ogg* (The Second Planet of the Oggs) by Hungarian writer Péter Lengyel, *Vermilion Sands* by J. G. Ballard, *The Einstein Intersection* by Samuel R. Delany and *Behold the Man* by Michael Moorcock. The Lengyel is the third Hungarian sf novel to appear in this series.

After Bärmeier & Nikel stopped their book publication, the Tarzan titles were taken over by Williams Verlag. They are doing illustrated paperbacks at DM 3.95. The first two Tarzans have appeared now. They are also doing the Martian series, the first volume being *Die Prinzessin vom Mars*, John Carter vom Mars.

German magazines and newspapers report more and more on science fiction. For instance, *Publikation* in Munich, a trade magazine, devoted part of its issue No. 3/1972 to science fiction, with several articles. They even covered fanzines such as Hans Joachim Alpers' *Science Fiction Times*. A little later they had another section on sf. The famous *Spiegel*, the German *Newsweek*, had a report on the German sf situation in its 11/1972 issue; the same issue contained an essay on science fiction by Isaac Asimov. Remarkable is also the large number of sf radio plays, far too many for me to list them here.

In June the Deutschlandfunk presented only sf plays, including adaptations of *The Kraken Wakes* by John Wyndham, *Murder of the Missing Link* by Vercors, an interview with J. G. Ballard, and many original works by German authors. After the plays there occasionally were panels, for instance one on time travel.

And the film company Bavaria is now producing a 13-part TV serial called *Icarus*. The scripts are done by Herbert W. Franke, his wife Charlotte Winheller-Franke and one of the producers. The series presents the ordeals of the agents of an Institute for the Preservation of Peace. Most likely the series will later appear in paperback.

—Franz Rottensteiner

Heyne has just begun publishing a series of books for children. Among the first titles in this series are some sf novels by Walter Ernsting.

Lichtenberg has discontinued its quality paperback sf series. They will only publish some single sf books during the next year.

German TV has just broadcast the sf series *Alpha Alpha*, a German production. In each episode a mysterious organization tries to gain control over an invention which would bring mankind closer to its self-destruction.

And Rainer Erler, famous for his sf film *Die Delegation* is preparing a 6-part sf series for German TV, *Superteam*.

—Tellus

**POLAND** Two more volumes have appeared in the Selected Works of Stanislaw Lem: *Astronauti* (316 p., 30,000 copies in hardback, the eighth impression of Lem's first sf novel) and *Dialogi* (424 p., 10,000 copies). These cybernetic dialogues between Hylas and Filonous

in the manner of Berkley are one of Lem's rarest books; the first edition appeared in 1957 in an edition of only 3,000 copies and was one of the first books to champion the new science of cybernetics in the Communist world. (Lem was one of the co-founders of the Polish Cybernetic Society, although he later left.) This new edition, the first since 1957, contains some 55 pages of new material plus two of Lem's philosophical papers from *Studia Filosoficzne*: "The Ethics of Technology and the Technology of Ethics" and "Biology and Values."

Next year there will be some more volumes in the Selected Works; *Glos Pana* and *The Futurological Congress* in one volume, and in 15,000 copies, the revised edition of *Fantastyka i Futurologia*. 15,000 copies isn't bad at all for a book on sf, I believe. The book was revised to include some new material and especially to include a long analysis of Philip K. Dick, whom Lem considers to be the greatest living science fiction author. Lem's admiration for Dick, and especially for his novel *Ubik* is so great that he is trying to arrange for a Polish edition of that novel. *Fantastyka i Futurologia* already has, less than two years after its original publication, some claim to being not only the best, but also the most successful book on sf yet. Aside from the 20,000 copies in Polish, the book has already been sold to Gondolat in Hungary, a German edition is in preparation at my own publisher Insel Verlag (we hope to have the first volume ready next September), and it will be published in the United States by McGraw-Hill.

Also just out is a new complete edition of *Cyberiada*, wonderfully illustrated by Daniel Mróz. The American edition, by the way, will appear next fall from McGraw-Hill, in the fine translation of Professor Michael Kandel, and one further story in the cycle, "Kobyszczyk," will be in my anthology of European sf.

—Franz Rottensteiner

## 2001 IN FRENCH

by Mark Purcell

It was probably predictable, for purely commercial reasons, that the first really ambitious full-length study of one science fiction story would concern a hit movie, not a book. So in Paris, 1970, we get J. P. Dumont - Jean Monod's collaborative *Le foetus astral*, (Christian Bourgois, 27,50F), 300 pages on Kubrick & Clarke's star-baby. The horrible secret that *2001* is adapted from a scripted novel by an sf pro, is well hushed up in *Le foetus astral*. Clarke's name is usually well offstage. Academic film critics are still in violent reaction from their own recent past, when they couldn't tell a longshot from a closeup (blinded by their middlebrows). Now they fawn over the visual media. The use of language to communicate is attacked (pp.234-5), perhaps one safe way of defending the banal, unwitty dialogue in *2001* and other fashionable films of the sixties. Much of the technical criticism in *Le foetus astral* is built on Kubrick's handling of traveling shots and cross-cutting. Even more important to the argument are his sets and setups. *Le foetus astral* takes advantage of the separate sections into which *2001* is elaborately divided, to chart the parallels in shot technique and set layout.

But the critical purpose is not to draw one-by-one parallels (between bone and ship) or to turn some story-object, isolated by analysis, into a 'symbol.' Dumont-Monod go to much trouble to reject the common idea of the monolith as apocalyptically religious. For them, this is only the atomized symbolic New Critic's reading that they are rejecting for the newer (French) structuralist critical reading of the sixties.

*Le foetus astral* doesn't parallel separate objects to associate or identify them. (This New Critic's approach of our recent criticism derives from Frazer's *Golden Bough* anthropology, which saw 'savages' and their cultures as attached to the primitive magic of associationism. *Le foetus astral* derives from the influential Levi-Strauss, who treated his primitives' culture, myths and dialects, as one inclusive social language to be decoded, but not patronized. That the intellectual beliefs or social arrangements of some of our own power classes might be less complex, more over-simplified, than those of his South Americans, would probably upset Levi-Strauss less than it would have Frazer.

Analyzing *2001*, a symbolic critic (old-style) would say the savage's bone is the ship. The famous split-second cut in the film, covering humpty-million miles, makes an





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 Creasey, John The Perilous Country. January. \$5.95  
 Ellison, Harlan Approaching Oblivion (coll) January. \$6.95





**MCGRAW-HILL ENTERS SF FIELD** Next spring McGraw-Hill will bring out the first titles in their new international science fiction line; four, probably five, should the translation of my anthology of European sf be finished in time. These books are: *Memoirs Found in a Bathtub* and *The Invincible* by Stanislaw Lem, *It's Difficult to Be a God* by Arkady and Boris Strugatsky, and *Oeuvres* by French writer Stefan Wul. The Strugatsky novel is, of course, the best sf novel of modern Russian science fiction, a find pseudo-historical novel that should do well in the United States; while being very good entertainment this is also a very complex philosophical and satirical piece of writing. The Wul collection, originally edited by Gerard Klein for his sf series for Robert Laffont in France, is simple entertainment, quite well-done, but without any pretensions. I am acting as a sort of adviser for McGraw-Hill and I have also compiled an anthology of European sf for them, containing work from France, Poland, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, the Soviet Union, Germany and Italy. This is the first book of its kind, for all earlier all-European collections covered just part of the territory: such as Damon Knight's *13 French SF Stories*, Darko Suvin's sf from 'socialist countries' *Other Worlds Other Seas* or the various anthologies of Soviet sf. Later McGraw-Hill may also do some original sf.

There have lately been signs of a growing interest in translated sf in the U.S., but I feel that all attempts so far were rather unsystematic, with the titles often chosen very much at random. There really exists much better work than most of that translated so far. The McGraw-Hill books will be an important contribution towards a really international science fiction, and for the first time American sf authors will meet some really stiff competition in their own country. One might call European sf a 'third force,' an answer to old and new waves.

—Franz Rottensteiner

## Have You Read?

- Beck, Bernard "The Overdeveloped Society: THX1138" Trans-Action, Sept. 1971, p.60-3+
- Briney, Robert E. "Sax Rohmer Revisited" part 3. Views & Reviews, v.3 no.4, 1972, p.64-71
- Camlin, Edward B. "Is This the Face of Christ?" (time machine) National Enquirer, Sept. 3, p.27
- Dahl, Roald "The Glass Elevator" (excerpt from Charlie and the glass elevator) Life, August 18, p.60-2+
- Gonzalez, A. F. jr. "Atlantis the 'found' continent" TWA Ambassador, August, p.6-10
- Hiemenz, Jack "Music to Commit Violence By" (Clockwork Orange records) High Fidelity Magazine, May p.76-7
- Miller, Helen Louise "Ghost in the House" (play) Plays, October, p.23-35
- "The Greedy Goblin" (play) Plays, October, p.37-46
- Olson, Lewy "Equal Frights" (play) Plays, October, p.69-73
- "People-eaters, the New Diet in Hollywood Horror Films." Life, Sept. 15, p.74-5
- Schott, Webster "Speak, Mammary" (review of The breast, by Philip Roth) Life, Sept. 22, p.12

- "Star Trek Lives." Newsweek, Sept. 11, p.76+
- Sturgeon, Theodore "If...?" (book reviews) New York Times Book Review, Sept. 3, p.20



Alicia Austin

## New Books

### HARDCOVERS

- Anderson, Poul. **THERE WILL BE TIME.** SF Book Club, Sept. \$1.49
- Asimov, Isaac **THE EARLY ASIMOV**, or, Eleven Years of Trying. Doubleday, Sept. \$10.00
- Barber, Richard & Anne Riches **A DICTIONARY OF FABULOUS BEASTS.** Walker, March. \$6.95
- Blankenship, William D. **THE HELIX FILE.** Walker, June. \$4.95
- Bok, Hannes **SPINNER OF SILVER AND THISTLE** (poems) SISU (P.O. Box 14126, San Francisco 94114) \$5.00
- Brunner, John **THE SHEEP LOOK UP** (sequel to Stand on Zanzibar) Harper, August. \$6.95
- Curry, Jane Louise **THE ICE GHOSTS MYSTERY** (marg juv) Atheneum \$5.95
- D'Aulaire, Ingri & Edgar Parin D'AULAIRES' **TROLLS.** Doubleday, Sept. \$5.95; limited ed. \$50.00
- DeCamp, L. Sprague **PHANTOMS AND FANCIES** (poetry) Mirage \$5.00
- and Catherine, eds. **3000 YEARS OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION** (juv) Lothrop Lee, Sept. \$5.95
- and George H. Scithers, eds. **THE CONAN GRIMOIRE** (nf) Mirage \$6.95
- Dickson, Gordon R. **THE PRITCHER MASS.** Doubleday, Sept. \$4.95
- Eichner, Henry M. **ATLANTEAN CHRONICLES** (nf) Fantasy Publications Co., 1971. \$9.50
- Ellison, Harlan, ed. **AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS** (repr) SF Book Club, Sept. \$4.50
- FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS FROM ROMANIA.** Twayne \$6.50
- Gerson, Noel B. **DOUBLE VISION.** Doubleday, June. \$5.95
- Goble, Neil **ASIMOV ANALYZED** (nf) Mirage \$5.95
- Goulart, Ron **CHEAP THRILLS: An Informal History of the Pulp Magazines.** Arlington House, Sept. \$7.95
- Haining, Peter, ed. **THE LUCIFER SOCIETY: Macabre Tales by Great Modern Writers.** Taplinger, August. \$6.50
- Harmon, Jim & Donald F. Glut **THE GREAT MOVIE SERIALS: Their Sound and Fury** (nf) Doubleday, Sept. \$7.95
- Harrison, Harry, ed. **NOVA 2.** Walker, May.

\$6.95

- Hirsh, Marilyn, adapt. & illus. **HOW THE WORLD GOT ITS COLOR** (juv) Crown, August. \$3.95
- Johnson, William, ed. **FOCUS ON THE SCIENCE FICTION FILM** (nf) Prentice-Hall, Sept. \$5.95
- Kelen, Emery **STAMPS TELL THE STORY OF SPACE TRAVEL** (juv nf) T. Nelson, August. \$4.95
- Kotzin, Michael **DICKENS AND THE FAIRY TALE.** Bowling Green Univ. Popular Press, April. \$5.00
- Lange, John **BINARY** (marg) Knopf, June. \$5.95
- Leipold, L. E. **FOLK TALES OF FRANCE** (juv) Denison \$3.99
- Masters, Anthony **THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VAMPIRE.** Putnam, July. \$7.95
- Moore, Patrick & David A. Hardy **CHALLENGE OF THE STARS** (nf, repr Brit) Rand McNally, Sept. \$6.95
- Morressy, John **STARBRAT.** Walker, March. \$5.95
- Moskowitz, Sam, ed. **WHEN WOMEN RULE.** Walker, June. \$5.95
- Nolan, William F., ed. **THE HUMAN EQUATION: Challenging Short Novels of Tomorrow.** Sherbourne \$7.50
- Norton, Andre **THE CRYSTAL GRYPHON** (juv) Atheneum, Sept. \$5.50
- Petaja, Emil **AS DREAM AND SHADOW** (poems) SISU (P.O. Box 14126, San Francisco 94114) \$5.00
- Schouten, Alet **FLIGHT INTO DANGER** (marg juv fty, tr from Dutch) Random, April. \$4.99
- Van Ash, Cay & Elizabeth Sax Rohmer **MASTER OF VILLAINY: A Biography of Sax Rohmer.** Bowling Green Univ. Popular Press, April. \$10.00
- Vickery, John B. **ROBERT GRAVES AND THE WHITE GODDESS** (nf) Univ. of Nebraska Press, Sept. \$6.95
- Williams, Jay **THE HERO FROM OTHERWHERE** (juv) Walck, Sept. \$5.50

### PAPERBACKS

- Anderson, Poul **ENSIGN FLANDRY** (repr) Lancer 75374, Sept. 95¢
- Barnes, Arthur K. **INTERPLANETARY HUNTER.** Ace 37100, Sept. 95¢

Bradbury, Ray FAHRENHEIT 451 (30 ptg) Ballantine 02761, July. \$1.25

Briney, Robert E. & Edward Wood SF BIBLIOGRAPHIES: An Annotated Bibliography of Bibliographical Works on Science Fiction and Fantasy Fiction. Advent, August. \$1.95

Brunner, John THE STARDROPPERS. DAW UQ1023, Sept. 95¢

Budrys, Algis THE FALLING TORCH (4 ptg) Pyramid N2776, August. 95¢

Burroughs, Edgar Rice PELLUCIDAR (re-issue) Ace 65852, Sept. 75¢

Carr, Terry, ed. THIS SIDE OF INFINITY. Ace 80699, Sept. 75¢

Carter, Lin, ed. GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF ADULT FANTASY. Ballantine 02789, Sept. \$1.25

Condon, Richard THE VERTICAL SMILE (marg, repr) Dell 9301, August. \$1.25

Cummins, Walter M., Martin Green & Margaret Verhust THE OTHER SIDES OF REALITY: Myths, Visions and Fantasies. Boyd & Fraser \$4.95

Delany, Samuel R. THE JEWELS OF APTOR (reissue) Ace 39021, Sept. 75¢

Dick, Philip K. THE UNTELEPORTED MAN, and DR. FUTURITY. Ace 15697, Sept. 95¢

Friedell, Egon THE RETURN OF THE TIME MACHINE. SDAW UQ1022, Sept. 95¢

Grace, Alicia ENCHANTED CIRCLE, WHARF SINISTER, & MASS FOR A DEAD WITCH (supernat horror) Lancer 70405, Sept. \$1.65

Gray, Angela BLACKWELL'S GHOST (supernat) Lancer 75377, Sept. 95¢

Johnson, William, ed. FOCUS ON THE SCIENCE FICTION FILM. Prentice-Hall, Sept. \$2.45

Knight, Damon THE RITHIAN TERROR (repr) Award AS1008, Sept. 75¢ (ed) ORBIT 10 (repr) Berkley N2236, Sept. 95¢

Knox, John H. MAN OUT OF HELL, and FROZEN ENERGY! (dime mystery, facts repr) with POPULAR'S WEIRD MENACE PULPS: Essay and Index, by Bob Jones. Opar Press, June. \$3.00

Laumer, Keith DINOSAUR BEACH (repr) DAW UQ1021, Sept. 95¢

RETIEF'S RANSOM (repr) Berkley S2138, Sept. 75¢

Lee, Walter W., comp. REFERENCE GUIDE TO FANTASTIC FILMS:

Science Fiction, Fantasy, & Horror. v.1, A-F. Author (P.O. Box 66273, Los Angeles 90066) \$9.50

Lewis, C.S. THE BOY AND HIS HORSE (Chronicles of Narnia 5, 3 ptg) Collier 04420. 95¢

THE MAGICIAN'S NEPHEW (Chronicles of Narnia 6, 6 ptg) Collier 04423. 95¢

OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET (13 ptg) Collier 08688. \$1.25

PERELANDRA (12 ptg) Collier 08690 \$1.25

PRINCE CASPIAN (Chronicles of Narnia 2, 6 ptg) Collier 04424. 95¢

THE SILVER CHAIR (Chronicles of Narnia 4, 6 ptg) Collier 04425. 95¢

THE VOYAGE OF THE DAWN TREADER (Chronicles of Narnia 3, 6 ptg) Collier 04426. 95¢

Mahr, Kurt PERRY RHODAN 17: The Venus Trap. Ace 65987, Sept. 75¢

Moorcock, Michael THE DREAMING CITY. Lancer 75376, Sept. 95¢

THE SLEEPING SORCERESS. Lancer 75375, Sept. 95¢

Pohl, Frederik, ed. BEST SCIENCE FICTION FOR 1972. Ace 91359, Sept. \$1.25

Rinehart, Mary Roberts THE RED LAMP (supernat, repr) Dell 7308, June. 75¢

Robeson, Kenneth DOC SAVAGE 70: Spook Hole. Bantam S7144, Sept. 75¢

Russell, Ray THE CASE AGAINST SATAN. Award AN1021, Oct. 95¢

Seton, Anya DRAGONWYCK (marg supernat, 10 ptg) Pocket 78193. \$1.25

Shaw, Bob OTHER DAYS, OTHER EYES. Ace 64240, July. 95¢

Silverberg, Robert THE BOOK OF SKULLS (repr) Signe Q5177, Sept. 95¢

THE WORLD INSIDE (repr) Signet Q5176, Sept. 95¢

Tolstoy, Leo FABLES AND FAIRY TALES. Signet Z5065, Sept. \$1.25

Trimble, Louis THE CITY MACHINE. DAW UQ1024, Sept. 95¢

Van Ash, Cay & Elizabeth Sax Rohmer MASTER OF VILLAINY: A Biography of Sax Rohmer. Bowling Green Univ. Popular Press, April \$4.00

Vance, Jack THE DYING EARTH (repr) Lancer 75373, Sept. 95¢

Vonnegut, Kurt Jr. PLAYER PIANO (2 ptg) Dell Delta 07037. \$2.25

White, James LIFEBOAT. Ballantine

02797, Sept. \$1.25

THE WATCH BELOW (2 ptg) Ballantine 02795, August. 95¢

Whitfield, Stephen & Gene Roddenberry THE MAKING OF STAR TREK (8 ptg) Ballantine 02697, Jan. \$1.25

#### AUGUST BRITISH BOOKS

Aldiss, Brian W. THE AIRS OF Earth. NEL, 35p. ni, pb. 450.01329.4

A SOLDIER ERECT. Corgi, 35p. ne, pb, non-sf. 552.09018.2

Anderson, Poul THE ENEMY STARS. Coronet, 25p. pb. 340.16480.8

THE REBEL WORLDS. Coronet, 25p. pb. 340.16338.0

THE UN-MAN & OTHER NOVELLAS. Dobson, £1.50. 234.77628.5

Anstey, F. THE BRASS BOTTLE. Remploy, £1.60. ne. 7066.0301.X

Asimov, Isaac THE GODS THEMSELVES. Gollancz, £1.60. 575.01412.1

Burroughs, Edgar Rice ESCAPE ON VENUS. NEL, 40p. ni, pb. 450.01168.2

GODS OF MARS. NEL, 40p. ni, pb. 450.01170.4

JOHN CARTER OF MARS. NEL, 30p. ni, pb. 450.01169.0

MASTER MIND OF MARS. NEL, 30p. ni, pb. 450.01163.1

PIRATES OF VENUS. NEL, 40p. ni, pb. 450.01165.8

A PRINCESS OF MARS. NEL, 40p. ni, pb. 450.01186.0

SYNTHETIC MEN OF MARS. NEL, 40p. ni, pb. 450.01167.4

Carnell, E. J. NEW WRITINGS IN SF 10. Dobson, £1.25. ne. 234.77696.X

Clarke, Arthur C. OF TIME AND STARS: The Fantasy World of Arthur Clarke. Gollancz, £1.30. juv. 575.01571.3

THE WIND FROM THE SUN. Gollancz, £1.60. 575.01360.5

Conklin, Groff, ed. SEVEN TRIPS THROUGH SPACE AND TIME. Coronet, 30p. ni, pb. 340.10866.5

THIRTEEN GREAT STORIES OF SF. Coronet, 30p. ni, pb. 340.02482.8

Cooper, Edmund KRONK (ne of Son of Kronk) Coronet, 30p. pb. 340.16217.1

Dickinson, Peter THE DEVIL'S CHILDREN. Puffin/Penguin, 20p. ne, pb, juv. 14.030546.7

Friedman, Alan HERMAPHRODITY. Cape, £2.95. 224.00719.X

Gordon, Rex THE YELLOW FRACTION. Dobson, £1.50. 234.77591.2

Harrison, Harry & Brian W. Aldiss, eds. YEARS BEST SF 5. Sphere, 35p. pb. 7221.4344.3

Hassler, Kenneth W. THE GLASS CAGE. Dobson, £1.25. 234.77627.7

Hunter, Norman THE PECULIAR TRIUMPHS OF PROF. BRANESTAWM. Puffin/Penguin, 20p. ne, pb, juv. 14.030547.5

Karp, David ONE. Penguin, 40p. ne, pb. 14.001459.4

Laumer, Keith ASSIGNMENT IN NOWHERE. Dobson, £1.10. 234.77632.3

Leiber, Fritz SWORDS AGAINST DEATH. NEL, 35p. pb. 450.00957.2

Milligan, Spike & J. Antrobus THE BED-SITTING ROOM. Tandem, 25p. ne, pb, play. 426.06859.9

Norton, Andre ANDROID AT ARMS. Gollancz, £1.25. juv. 575.01451.2

Seymour, Alan THE COMING SELF-DESTRUCTION OF THE USA. Panther, 35p. ni, pb. 586.03490.0

Silverberg, Robert VORNAN-19. Tandem, 30p. ne, pb. 426.06445.3

Smith, E. E. FIRST LENS MAN. Panther, 30p. ne, pb. 586.03779.9

Vance, Jack THE EYES OF THE OVERWORLD. Mayflower, 30p. pb. 583.12127.6

Wyndham, John SEEDS OF TIME. Penguin, 30p. ni, pb. 14.001385.7

THE TROUBLE WITH LICHEN. Penguin, 30p. ni, pb. 14.001986.3

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Alicia Austin



## Lilliputia

**JIM AND THE BEANSTALK** written and illustrated by Raymond Briggs. Coward-McCann, 1970. Abt. 40 p. \$4.95. Age level: 4-8

When I first saw the title of this picture book I immediately formed a negative opinion which changed when I started reading. The giant that Jack met has grown much older and when Jim climbs up the beanstalk that grew outside his window he meets a half blind, toothless and bald, although somewhat friendlier, giant. Jim first tells the giant about eye glasses, is given a gold coin to go down the beanstalk, have a pair made and return them to the giant. The same thing happens to get the giant a pair of false teeth and a wig. The transformed giant tells Jim to go before he eats him and then sends down a gold coin and thank you note. Follow up your reading of *Jack and the Beanstalk* with *Jim and the Beanstalk*. —Joyce Post

**THE DAY WILLIE WASN'T** by William Corbin. Illus. by Gioia Flammenghi. Coward McCann, 1971. Abt. 42 p. \$3.95. Age level: 4-8

Willie was a good boy who did everything he was told, including eat. Naturally he got fat. One day his cousin insulted him and he decided to get thin. He lost so much weight he didn't register on a scale. Then he learned that he could do anything he wanted but that it must be done in moderation.

A good story because it deals with the subject of childhood obesity. It treats this topic with a slight touch of humor and deep understanding of what it is to be a fat child, bringing out the idea that it is a personal decision to be fat or extra thin. The amusing illustrations add emphasis to the story.

Recommended for the child with a weight problem.

—Sandra Deckinger

**PERONNIQUE**, a Celtic Folk Tale from Brittany. Illus. by Monique Michel-Dansac. Atheneum, 1970. Abt. 29 p. \$4.50. Age level: 6-9

**THE LEGS OF THE MOON** by Francine Jacobs. Illus. by Rocco Negri. Coward McCann, 1971. Abt. 46 p. \$4.39. Age level: 5-8

The true folk tale is one that has been handed down, usually in the oral tradition, through generations of a particular group of people, whether racial, ethnic, geographical, religious, etc. In addition to this, many modern writers, knowing the popularity of the folk tale, make up their own stories using the story characteristics and style of the true folk tale in order to make theirs seem authentic. Here we have one of each: *Peronnie* is old and is a Celtic tale from Brittany, *Legs of the Moon* is new and is from Hawaii.

*Peronnie* is characteristic of still another type of story—the Grail theme. The wizard Rogear has stolen the King's Lance and Cup and has hidden them in his Kerglas Castle. *Peronnie*, a simple boy using such simple things as a bag filled with glue and feathers, a rope lasso, a bird net and some fresh bread, succeeds in outwitting and overcoming all the usual evil charms, spells, fierce beasts, etc. that block the path to retrieval of the Lance and Cup. For this feat the King rewards *Peronnie* by making him the knight who leads his armies.

The menehune are night people with bushy red beards who live on a mountainous island in the Pacific. Mount Hokioki, a volcano on their island, is threatening to erupt and the only way to get everyone off the island in time is for a volunteer to remain on the island and hold onto the legs of the moon to make the night last longer. Paka, a dwarf menehune who is always being teased, is the only volunteer and for successfully completing this feat, the king chooses Paka to be the next ruler of the menehune.

While the stories have similar characteristics, the illustrations in these two picture books are very different. The Hawaiian tale, appropriately enough, sticks to the colors of gray (mountains), orange (volcano) and blue (sky), and the pictures are done in the woodcut technique which results in a rigid looking picture. *Peronnie* is very colorful with big swirling fanciful paintings of every hue.

—Joyce Post



Announcing a Catalog of

## GREETING CARDS

An illustrated catalog showing 16 designs, along with a sample card, is 25¢; the cards themselves sell for 15¢ each, less in quantities; printed in various shades of blue ink, in different formats, they have been popular the last three years with sf fans. 5x8 notepapers, and letterheads, with illustrated artwork, have been added this year, and information on these will be included.

## ORIGINAL SPACE PAINTINGS

You may have seen some of my original paintings of scenes of other worlds at displays and auctions during many of the science fiction conventions in the past twenty-one years (there are over 800 of them in circulation), and perhaps missed a chance to bid on one of your choice. I am putting out a photo-sheet showing about 12 new paintings each time, so that they can be ordered by mail between conventions. The sheet is in black and white, but color slides can be ordered or borrowed to see what the colors look like before deciding. The prices of the paintings vary from \$20 to \$50, depending on subject and complexity, and the usual size is 16x20" on 1/8" smooth Masonite; the foreground mountains and details have been modeled in depth, up to 1/4" deep, to give a three-dimensional effect, and in a darkened room, this effect can be increased greatly by oblique lighting coming from the same direction as that of the light in the painting. Crate and shipping are additional, crate returnable for credit. Because the photo-catalog-sheet is an actual photographic print, sent by first-class mail to avoid delays, the cost of the catalog is 50¢, refundable on order.



## COLOR SLIDES from paintings

of 208 subjects: planets, exploring space, symbolic art, are shown in black-and-white in a fully illustrated catalog, including sample slide, now ready, 50¢.

For November, a second catalog showing over 400 new slides will be 75¢. (Delayed to include all of the recent new paintings sold at conventions.)

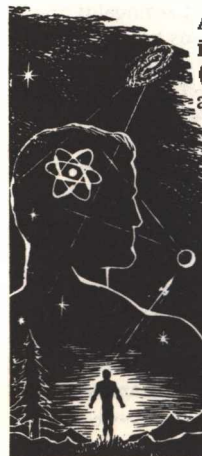
The slides are in full color Ektachrome film, 2x2" cardboard mts. 25¢ each.

## Science Fiction Radio Plays on Tape

A listing of several hundred radio plays on tape, fantasy and sf, including *Dimension X*, *X Minus One*, *Exploring Tomorrow* (with John Campbell narrating), and lots of Ray Bradbury, is available for \$1.00, refundable on first order.

## For the Future ---

Other publications have been delayed, but are in process or planning stages, due to overwork in making more than 400 new paintings in the last three years, and until I can move to a less depressing neighborhood in the next few months. If you would like to be advised of the planned booklets, send a 4x9" SASE, and it will be kept on file till completion of items: *ARTS AND INFINITY* magazine and News issues; *Art Folios*; *Dracula Banquet Booklet 1972*; Bookplates, short 8mm and 16mm films, *Nature Slides*, and others, Morris Dollens, 4372 Coolidge Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90066. (213) 398-9097.



**BARON MUNCHAUSEN:** *Fifteen Truly Tall Tales* by Raspe and others. Retold by Doris Orgel. Selected and Illustrated by Willi Baum. Addison-Wesley, 1971. 40 p. \$5.50. Age level: 12 and up

**UNDINE** by Friedrich de la Motte Fouque. Retold by Gertrude C. Schwebell. Illus. by Eros Keith. Simon and Schuster, 1971. 64 p. \$4.95. Age level: 12 up

**JORINDA AND JORINGEL** by the Brothers Grimm. Illus. by Bernadette. World, 1970. Abt. 32 p. \$4.95. Age level: 8-12

**THE CHILD FROM FAR AWAY** by E. T. A. Hoffmann. Retold by Doris Orgel. Illus. by Michael Eagle. Addison-Wesley, 1971. 64 p. \$5.95. Age level: 7-14

There are many common threads tying together these four books. First of all, they are all classic tales originally written in the 32 year period between 1785 and 1817 by very famous European authors. Second, each is a recent edition of the original brought out at this time because there is a new retelling of the story and a new set of illustrations to go with it. And each is a beautiful book. The rewritings all retain the style and atmosphere of the original story and the illustrations are most appropriately and artistically done in clear bright colors.

Taking them in the order in which they were originally published *Baron Munchausen* comes first. Probably everyone has read some of the exploits of this boastful fellow whose adventures mark him as a top teller of tall tales. In one case he makes a trip to the moon and reports that the people living there are no less than thirty-six feet tall, have no sex, are produced from trees, at birth are fully formed for what they are to be, eat just twelve times a year by opening up their stomach and placing all the food inside at once, and use radishes, asparagus tips and mushrooms as weapons of war. Other adventures involve climbing to the moon to get a silver hatchet he'd thrown there, visiting Vulcan and Venus and being swallowed by a vast sea monster. The 'and others' in the author citation refers to the countless followers of Raspe who have added their further embellishments to the original tales.

*Undine* was written in 1811 and should be read by everyone who considers himself a fancier of swords and sorcery. This gentle but tragic love story, which has been made into many operas, plays and a ballet, is about a water sprite who, upon marrying the mortal knight Huldbrand, Lord of Ringstetten, gains a soul and, at once, is engulfed in all the cruelties and suffering of the world. Miss Schwebell reports that she has "shortened the philosophical meditations, the rapturous descriptions of nature and the antics of goblins and gnomes to focus entirely on Undine" and so the adult reading *Undine* for the first time will probably want a complete edition. Unfortunately, there doesn't seem to be one available now in the U.S.—see if your library can help you out, perhaps with a British edition.

Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm brought out their two volume *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* in 1812 and 1814 and this story of the maiden Jorinda and her sweetheart Joringel is one of these tales. A wicked witch turns Jorinda into a nightingale and imprisons her in her castle along with seven thousand other enchanted caged birds. Following a dream, Joringel finds a strange red flower with a dewdrop in the center as big as a pearl, which permits him to enter the castle, restore Jorinda and all the maidens to their rightful state, and set them free.

Felix and Christlieb are the highly imaginative children of Sir Thaddeus von Brakel and their favorite type of play is to run through the woods with the Child from Far Away whose mother is Queen of the Fairies. Herrmann and Adelgunde are the snooty pampered cousins of Felix and Christlieb who take pride in reciting all sorts of factual trivia and who have absolutely no fun or imagination. Their father, Count Cyprianus von Brakel, being most wealthy, decides that Felix and Christlieb need a tutor and sends the hateful Mr. Ink, who is really Pepser, King of the Gnomes, and arch-enemy of the Queen of the Fairies. While Pepser is at large as a loathsome fly, things are indeed dark. The Child from Far Away never appears when called, the woods are full of all sorts of evil, the beloved Thaddeus dies and all his possessions go to Count Cyprianus. At the darkest hour the Child reappears and promises eternal happiness for Felix and Christlieb. This story is one of the famous "Tales of Hoffmann" and is the only one he wrote specifically for children.

—Joyce Post

**EXILED FROM EARTH** by Ben Bova. Dutton, 1971. 202 p. \$4.95. Age level: 10 up

This is another of those earth-is-ruled-by-one-autocratic-government novels, with only a slight difference. Here, stability is the key to maintaining order on an overcrowded planet, and since opening up space exploration and successful genetic engineering are both possible disrupters of stability, all rocket propulsion scientists and geneticists are to be exiled to an orbiting space station. One lone computer operator escapes the roundup for awhile, and his adventures in the streets of Manhattan are just about the only interesting episode in the entire book. The plot-to-use-genetic-engineering-for-evil-ends is completely transparent, and the decision-to-turn-the-space-station-into-a-starship should have the Mormon Tabernacle Choir in the background.

The basic plot is promising, but the reader is never told how society got from where it is now to the not-so-distant future depicted. Also, a story in which the best-developed character is a very intelligent gorilla tends to leave something to be desired. Especially if it's not so strong on action and adventure, either.

—Charlotte Moslander

**YOU WILL GO TO THE MOON** by Mae and Ira Freeman. Illus. by Lee Ames. Beginner Books, 1971. Rev. ed. 61 p. \$3.07. Age level: 6-8

Whether or not you believe in this book's idea that most children now 6 to 8 years old will have the opportunity to go to the moon while still youngsters, this is a good book for that age group. The full color pictures of the young boy making the moon trip are realistic, the steps of the journey from blast-off to space station to moon landing are simply but adequately explained, and the text is written using an easy reading vocabulary. Preschoolers who don't yet read but who have seen TV space telecasts will relate to the pictures and yet the book is not too elementary for children whose reading ability is poor.

—Joyce Post

**BEYOND THE MOON: Future Explorations in Interplanetary Space**, by C. B. Colby. Coward McCann, 1971. 48 p. \$3.49. Age level: 8 up

C. B. Colby has put together over sixty books for young adults and adults who want to know a little something about such topics as weapons, aircraft, frogmen, flora and fauna, communications, etc., etc.. They tell you something, but not very much really. In the case of *Beyond the Moon* the many black and white NASA diagrams and photographs are of interest if you haven't already seen them, and perhaps most youngsters and teenagers haven't. There are charts showing the proposed path of future exploratory spacecraft through our planetary system, but most of the book is devoted to descriptions of the various kinds of in-space jobs that can be done with space shuttles. It is interesting but I would imagine that readers of *Analog* have seen it all before.

—Joyce Post

**MRS. FRISBY AND THE RATS OF NIMH** by Robert C. O'Brien. Illus. by Zena Bernstein. Atheneum, 1971. 233 p. \$5.95 Age level: 8-12 (Newbery Award winner)

Mrs. Frisby is a mouse—the widow of the late Jonathan Frisby—who lives in a half-buried cement block with her four children. Through a series of mishaps which start with the youngest Frisby catching pneumonia and end with Mrs. Frisby saving the lives of the rats who live behind the rosebush, the reader learns the story of the rats (and, incidentally, two mice—wise Mr. Ages and the late Jonathan Frisby) of NIMH. No, NIMH is not some far-off land, it's a laboratory, and these particular rodents were the subjects of an experiment to improve intelligence by chemical means. The experiment succeeded.

This is a very good story, but I wonder if the children for whom it is intended will have the background to really appreciate some of the terms (steroids, DNA, NIMH as an acronym for the National Institutes of Mental Health). And, oh joy, the super-intelligent rats are, for a change, not out to destroy humanity, but rather to build their own civilization as far away from people as possible. Not at all a bad idea, considering our species' attitude toward theirs.

—Charlotte Moslander



## Reviews

*DOCTOR ORIENT* by Frank Lauria. Bantam S5768, 1970. 214 p. 75¢

The premise of this book is that magic and ESP are connected and that they use the same types of energy sources. This sets the stage for the good guys (ESP) vs. the bad guys (black magic) and produces a good action story. Dr. Orient is a surgeon, psychiatrist and expert in several forms of ESP—sort of an 'Our Man Flint' of the mind, and with his disciples he saves the U.S. and, I suppose, the world from a very powerful black magician.

On the whole, the book is well written and, for once, I have to agree with a cover blurb—it is definitely a "mind adventure into the occult" and a good one.

—Joan Rapkin

*NIGHTMARE BABY* by Linda DuBreuil. Belmont B75-2058, 1970. 185 p. 75¢

When a friend of mine with a one year old baby saw this book, she said, "Oh, *Nightmare Baby*—just like my son." Well I suspect that everyone who has children feels like that at least once in a while. I know I do. But I was surprised that, although I had just gone through a pregnancy myself, I was reading about a totally foreign experience. And the more I read, the more disappointed I became in the story. It started out well enough—Amy is impregnated by her husband just after he is killed in a plane crash. But the longer it goes on, the less it says. It isn't really a bad book, but it isn't a very good one either.

—Joan Rapkin

*THE SHEPHERD IS MY LORD* by Dimitri V. Gat. Doubleday, 1971. 208 p. \$4.95

*The Shepherd Is My Lord* is a 'first' novel by Mr. Gat (a librarian at Mount Holyoke College, with an M.A. in library science) and a fine one it is. In the future Earth has set out to colonize as many planets as possible, bringing them together in a vast brotherhood of worlds controlled by Galactic Enterprises. Agar is an Advance Examiner for Galactic Enterprises and, after a distasteful incident on Arkan, a planet of peaceful primitives, suspicions which had always been present in his mind regarding the benevolence of Galactic Enterprises prove themselves correct. Deeply disturbed by his role, he is contacted by a super-race, the Shepherds (somewhat reminiscent of E. E. Smith's Arisians) and offered a way out. Agar, however, wants to prove his suspicions beyond any reasonable doubt before accepting this offer. He is only too successful.

Mr. Gat has a fine writing style, making this novel a difficult one to put down.

—David C. Paskow

*THE OTHER SIDE OF TIME* by Keith Laumer. Walker, 1971, c1965. 160 p. \$4.95 ("A shorter version of this novel appeared serially in *Amazing Stories* for April, May, and June, 1965")

An unusual approach to the alternative time-line problem—not parallel universes, but branching ones, e. g., a single line until the final defeat of Napoleon, then a split into two branches in one of which he is victorious, which then develop independently. Brion Bayard, inhabitant of Stockholm on the zero-zero line (which is, incidentally, not our line) discovers to his distress that: a) His is not the only probability line which has developed 'net' travel. b) Stockholm is in the process of being destroyed by the Hagroon, invaders from another 'line.' c) Homo sapiens is not universally liked among the other hominids in the other 'lines.'

This is a good suspense-builder, action-and-adventure novel (although a side trip to a pre-technological society appears a bit unnecessary to the furtherance of the plot). Not too much blood-and-gore; and a denouement which would do credit to William Sidney Porter.

Keith Laumer displays his usual narrative skill in *The Other Side of Time*, takes a few sly digs at humanity's feelings of superiority to other species, and clears up the questions surrounding the remains of what we call Neanderthal Man, all in 160 pages. That takes some doing.

—Charlotte Moslander

*OTHER WORLDS, OTHER GODS: Adventures in Religious Science Fiction*, edited by Mayo Mohs. Doubleday, 1971. 264 p. \$5.95

Was humanity the invention-gone-awry of an over-enthusiastic genius ("The Cunning of the Beast")? What happens when a man meets his true "Soul Mate" and finds her intolerable? How do you communicate with another form of intelligent life when they transmit nothing but meditations on their religious books ("The Word to Space")? If there are more people alive than in all the history of the world before, what happens to theories of reincarnation ("The Vitanius")? These and other questions are posed, and in a fashion, answered in this anthology. Some of the stories are distinctly pre-Vatican II ("The Quest for Saint Aquin"); others require a certain amount of acquaintance with Judeo-Christian scriptures ("Balaam," "Judas"), but all are superbly well written and rest upon intriguing premises. Many are also just plain fun to read, which is not a bad thing, either, come to think of it.

—Charlotte Moslander

*THE BEST LAID SCHEMES* by Larry Eisenberg. Macmillan, 1971. 191 p. \$5.95

Larry Eisenberg is a "scientific researcher with a major New York medical facility" (whatever that means) according to the dustjacket of his first collection of stories; most of which first appeared in *Fantasy and Science Fiction*. The stories suggest the work of a technical writer: they are sharply conceived, tightly plotted, succinctly written, and almost barren of art. They are also very funny.

Eisenberg is the Art Buchwald of sf. Like Buchwald, his pieces are more jokes (punchlines and all) than social commentary; and like Buchwald, Eisenberg is at his best with dialogue and understatement. But most of all, like Buchwald, Eisenberg is very funny.

Most of the stories, and the best of them, are about Emmet Duckworth, twice-winner of the Nobel Prize, and perennial Prometheus, whose unwise gifts of fire to mankind are consistently misused; not that that stops Duckworth. He is Man at play in the workshop of the gods, and he is just having too much fun to stop because one of his concoctions might blow up the universe.

What makes these stories (or more accurately 'anecdotes') rise above the usual gadget-story is Eisenberg's capacity for irony (as opposed to the traditional surprise! surprise! gimmick ending.) Unfortunately, the non-Duckworth yarns are uneven as their characters and situations are stiff and unnatural. But I trust the reader will overlook the bad for the good, for what is good here is very good.

—Paul Walker

*A PLAGUE OF DEMONS* by Keith Laumer. Paperback Library 64-595, 1971. 159 p. 75¢

Here's a book that's made up in such a way as to make it look like a semi-juvenile piece of trifle. Garish cover with equally garish blurb ("Giant robots with human brains fight the demon's wars."), and a general Ace Doubleish appearance. Maybe this is an attempt at getting a slice of a more juvenile readership, or it might be undersell, but the result is that you do not expect very much from the book.

Consequently you're in for a few pleasant surprises if you weren't scared off by the appearance of the thing. *Plague* is a solidly crafted adventure novel, better than a lot of Laumer's work in that there are no loose ends hanging out by the dozen, with excellent descriptions and action sequences. You'll find no philosophical profundities here, and very little social commentary; because this is a book written solely for entertainment, in the grand manner of the best of the old-time pulps. Edmond Hamilton could scarcely have done better.

The storyline involves a secret agent of the future who is surgically made into a van Vogtian sort of superman, so that he might fight off one of the ghastliest crews of alien invaders ever to come out of the sf canon. The tale is told in the manner of a hardboiled detective yarn, complete with James Bond style gadgets and epic battles, gigantic concepts, and superscience such as might have resulted if E. E. Smith ever learned how to write.

A solidly entertaining effort.

—Darrell Schweitzer

*THE FLAME IS GREEN* by R. A. Lafferty. Walker, 1971. 245 p. \$5.95

*The Flame Is Green* is represented as the first book of a tetralogy. I certainly hope the next one is issued soon, for I just began to understand what was happening when this volume ended. The rhythm of the language here is almost verbal, rather than visual—the reader feels he is listening to an old storyteller recount a tale of long ago which has taken on mystical coloration over the years.

Basically, the plot has one Dana Coscuin set out from Ireland to join the Carlists on orders from he knows not whom. In his journeys, he collects various acquaintances with various superhuman powers, kills various individuals in battle (including Ifreann, son of the Devil and an Irish girl), and marries one Catherine Dembinska (who is murdered within the month). Dana and his company seem to have some connection with the European political upheavals of the mid-nineteenth century, but their part is not yet clear as the book ends.

This tetralogy promises to be an interesting one, for those who enjoy books which deal in the vague and un-concrete. Whether that promise will be kept remains to be seen.

—Charlotte Moslander

*VOYAGES: Scenarios for a Ship Called Earth*, edited by Bob Sauer. Ballantine 02185, 1971. 95¢ Foreword by Dr. Paul R. Ehrlich and Anne H. Ehrlich

First of all, let me say that I have certain reservations about any book, story, etc. which is designed to further a 'Message.' Not that there aren't many moral tales around, and some of them excellent, but the moral is usually the result of the story, and not vice-versa.

Within those reservations, *Voyages* is not a bad book; there are a number of introductions and postscripts to most of the stories as well as a bibliography. It is my personal feeling that this treatment became too heavy-handed, and that most readers will tend to skip over these insertions.

Not that overpopulation isn't a serious problem; it is. But the stories, some of them, could have made the point just as effectively, if not more so, without all the addenda. In addition to which, those readers who check the dates of publication of some of the stories may get the feeling that a new issue has been used to get some mileage out of old stories. The earliest publication date is 1952, and most don't go past 1965.

The book, divided into sections related to the motif of Earth as a spaceship, starts off the first section, the Crew, with "Billennium" by J. G. Ballard, a story with a lot of punch. The picture of maximum population density and human traffic jams, makes the point very clear. "The Purple Child" by Emilio S. Belaval, was another that stood on its own. Some of the others, in varying degrees, did or did not. Recommendation: read the stories, then go back and read the insertions. Then get some more detailed material on the subject. Then go blow up General Motors or kick a polluter in the teeth.

—Michael McQuown

*THE ALIEN* by L. P. Davies. Doubleday, 1971. 182 p. \$4.95

L. P. Davies is a British writer who makes his home in North Wales. He has written four previous sf novels, plus nine suspense books, and he seems to have a small but loyal following. *The Alien* was my first Davies, and it left me very disappointed.

For one thing, it is a traditional intrigue novel with sf trappings. The hero, John Maxwell, awakes in a hospital without any memory of who he is or how he came by several inhuman characteristics. His attempts to discover his identity are obstructed by government agents on the one hand, and a mysterious character named Moseley on the other. Is Maxwell an alien invader? Is Moseley? Whose side is secret agent Redfern on? Well, if you are fond of intrigue novels then you already know the plot.

Davies is a competent writer who tells a fast-moving story and conceals his clues adroitly, but the plot is dated and tissue-thin, the characters very slight, and the futuristic background like a cardboard prop. It is readable, mildly entertaining, and I wouldn't discourage anyone from reading it, but I doubt you will remember what you read one hour after finishing it.

—Paul Walker

*A REFERENCE GUIDE TO FANTASTIC FILMS* compiled by Walt Lee with Bill Warren. Chelsea-Lee Books (Box 66273, Los Angeles 90066) Vol. 1 of 3, 154 p. +35p. appendices. \$9.50 per volume (paper)

I wonder what the world would be like if it weren't for the completists and compilers and index-makers; poorer to be sure, but think of all the junk we wouldn't have to feel guilty about, the assorted dreck we could wipe away, a million lost bits of childhood. We would also, in losing these things, bury the origins of much that is best in us. So Lee plunges us into a pile of 75-95% unadulterated garbage, accurately compiled (so far as my meager resources can judge) and illustrated with unusual stills from a variety of films. But the real value of the book for me lies in the discovery of hidden associations, fragments of biography amidst the filmography. (We'll learn in vol. 2, I'm sure, that Robert Wise was editor on the Laughton *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, and that Fritz Leiber Sr. had a role in the picture, and numerous other untold gems of delicious, useless knowledge.) The Lee Reference Guide is handsomely and simply bound in paper covers with a Barr b&w cover, and while it may not be eminently durable, not sewn in signatures, it is worth at least the price for the facts and work put into it. If you're clever you can always ring-bind it yourself when all three volumes are out. In short, invaluable and comprehensive.

—Greg Bear

*HYPERBOREA* by Clark Ashton Smith. Edited by Lin Carter. Ballantine 02206, 1971. 95¢

In prose, poetry or any other medium, Clark Ashton Smith—"Klarkash-Ton," to initiate of the fabled Lovecraft Circle—remains above all else a master painter of luxurious, even intoxicating visions of phantasmagorical landscapes. Fritz Leiber has compared Smith's tales to "Innsmouth jewelry—stories like strange ornaments, the metal elaborately inlaid and fired, studded with unknown semi-precious stones, from an unknown and timeless culture."

*Hyperborea*, with all of Smith's work, is Dunsanian in vision, Lovecraftian in its brooding, even sinister atmosphere, almost Howard-like in evoking entire fantasy worlds more through patient cultivation of epic myth than through the sterile pseudo-science that marks the worst of today's efforts in this genre—overall, a brilliant and integral part of the *Weird Tales* school of fantasy writing, lately undergoing such a well-deserved revival.

Hard on the heels of the triumph of *Zothique*, Ballantine and Carter give us yet another of Smith's great story-cycles, portraying the life and death of a lost Miocene polar continent and its legendary capital, Commoriom—both deeply rooted in ancient myth, as outlined conveniently in accompanying notes for the doubters among us—in a scintillating collection which seems virtually to burst the conceptual bounds of its mere ten stories and a single prose poem.

The stories move briskly without losing their Dunsanian poetry, and knit together to present a cohesive and palpable fantasy world; the shorter, more lyric pieces are lent strength and depth by inclusion with the broader collection, while adding light and color to the longer tales, and those familiar from other old or recent publication only glow more brightly from the current grouping in a whole which becomes far more than the mere sum of its parts.

Of Smith's cycles, incidentally—of *Zothique*, *Xiccarph*, *Poseidonis* (foundering *Atlantis*, slated for publication under the latter title) and *Averoigne* as well as that in hand (all in print or on the way from Ballantine)—*Hyperborea* seems distinctly the most consistent and absorbing, at least from examples thus far readily available in various forms. We eagerly await the remaining fruits of Ballantine's definitive effort.

As an additional bonus, almost in passing, we are afforded an unheralded glance at Smith's initial, incomplete conceptions of yet another cycle, of a fantasy land at The World's Rim, including such hitherto-uncategorized classics as "The Abominations of Yondo," which deserve the reader's full attention in their own right.

In short: this volume is both excellent reading, and an outstanding compilation from the standpoint of serious scholarship in a long-neglected field. Lin Carter and Ballantine are to be commended once again for their unparalleled contributions to the genre of adult fantasy.

—Robin FitzOsbert



*GHOST STORIES OF AN ANTIQUARY* by M. R. James. Dover 22758, 1971. 153 p. \$1.75 paper

The title derives from James' hobby-profession of dealing and researching antiques, and more importantly, his cataloging of medieval manuscripts. The underlying theme of the stories is the 'evil that lies in wait,' and by and large the collection is an excellent example of the genre and the period.

Many of the stories have been reprinted elsewhere, most notably "The Mezzotint," "Count Magnus," and "Oh Whistle and I'll Come to You, My Lad." By far the most interesting story, however, is one I have never encountered before—"Number 13." "Number 13" is a room in an inn—an inn which doesn't have a room by that number because the guests wouldn't take it. But it was there just the same—at night. An intriguing tale, and James' style is modern enough not to suffer from an antiquity of style. Worth the money.

—Michael McQuown

*THE FALL OF THE TOWERS* by Samuel R. Delany. Ace 22640, 1971. 411 p. 95¢

Alas, that I don't have the earlier versions to compare with this one. This book is, all in one volume, Mr. Delany's earlier trilogy revised and made internally consistent. The parts are "Out of the Dead City" ("Captives of the Flame"), "The Towers of Toron," and "City of a Thousand Suns." Starting with the city of Toron, last oasis of humanity in a radioactive world of the future, the plot thickens as the empire prepares for war against a mysterious enemy beyond the radioactive barrier. An extraterrestrial entity of three personalities (shades of Xianity) called 'the Triple-Being,' contacts four Earth folk and explains that an even aliener entity, the Lord of the Flames, is provoking the war as an experiment and as part of a plan to conquer our corner of the Universe. The story moves about the worlds (I would have liked some maps) in a fast paced style for the action, switching to lovely descriptions of the environment and interesting ones of the political situation. This is Heroic Fantasy à la Delany. If you missed the trilogy the first, or like me, lost your copies, by all means buy this book.

—J. B. Post

*STRANGE SEAS AND SHORES* by Avram Davidson. Doubleday, 1971. 219 p. \$4.95

In his introduction, Ray Bradbury says of Avram Davidson's short stories: "Many ... are complete mysteries, puzzles. Avram Davidson starts us in a fog and lets us orient ourselves slowly. He tosses us bits of information. We do not know where we are, who the characters are, or what they are up to. Slowly we begin to find our way toward the light, with Mr. Davidson always a few quick steps ahead..." He prefaces this with kudos for Davidson's style, wit, and imagination, all of which Davidson certainly possesses in abundance and exploits most uniquely. If these stories reveal anything of their author it is that he is gifted with a singular perspective on reality and a remarkable ability to convey that perspective in prose. But despite his gifts, his irritating habit of keeping so much from the reader for so long prevented me from enjoying even one of these stories.

There are seventeen of them, mostly short, published in *F&SF* and *Galaxy* from 1958-1967, and their radical nature says much about the freedom and flexibility available to the sf writer during that period. But, again, what do they amount to? If mysteries and puzzles intrigue you, then these will provide some entertainment. If you are looking for science fiction or just plain good stories, you will be very disappointed. Davidson is a craftsman, infatuated with his craft; his style is a bit studied, cramped. He likes to begin in the middle of things and let the reader catch up with him, which is often impossible. Details of character, background, plot which do not apply to his immediate interest are often ignored, compelling the reader to fill in details of his own.

There is nothing to fasten your teeth into; nothing to empathize with; nothing to feel for or against. There is always Avram Davidson front and center juggling words. Granted, he juggles excellently. But I must honestly say that I didn't enjoy a single story in the book. I was bored.

I cannot predict your reaction. I will not even try.

—Paul Walker

*ECO-FICTION* edited by John Stadler. Washington Square Press 47845, 1971. 210 p. 95¢

Anthologist Stadler's idea in putting together this collection of short stories was to see what authors, in and out of science fiction, had anticipated or dealt with the problems of ecology and man's alteration of the environment. The stories include such hardy survivors as Daphne du Maurier's "The Birds," from which the Hitchcock movie was made, A. E. Coppard's "The Fair Young Willow Tree," a fragment by Steinbeck, "The Turtle" and another by Saroyan "The Hummingbird That Lived Through the Winter." In some of these one might consider it stretching things a bit to call them eco-fiction, but considering the vintage of some of these it would be quibbling to quarrel with the editor. Edgar Allan Poe's "The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion" is a very early description of Earth's destruction by comet and James Agee's "A Mother's Tale" is a horrifying description of a slaughterhouse told without preaching or moral fulmination and carrying all the more impact because of it. Among the best stories were Asimov's "It's Such a Beautiful Day" which anticipates the time when matter transportation will be so much a part of everyday life that no one will ever go outside for a walk and people will forget what the outdoors even look like. Kurt Vonnegut Jr. contributes a tongue-in-cheek look at the population explosion in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow." And Steven Schrader has produced a very funny bit in the "Cohen Dog Exclusion Act." Although I am generally not amused by scatological humor, this wild attack on the dog-created mess of our city streets is screamingly funny and all too true. Some good moments in this collection.

—Samuel Mines

*THX1138* by Ben Bova. Based on the Screenplay by George Lucas and Walter Murch. Paperback Library 64-624, 1971. 75¢

I have not yet seen the movie of which this is a novelization, so I suppose my reactions to it were influenced accordingly. The first thing I noticed was a lack of description, and my mind had to fill in as well as possible with the few stills from the picture I had seen. But surprisingly, it reads rather well, which is a strange thing for me to say about a book which contains absolutely no original elements.

Had it been written perhaps forty years ago it might have become a classic, but as is, it is a rehash of 1984 (to which it is compared on the front cover) *Brave New World*, and to some extent *Orphans of the Sky*. If one wants to be thorough, attention should be called to David H. Keller's "A Biological Experiment" which told exactly the same story in 1928. (Not very well, though.)

We already know what to expect from the blurbs. Society is a rigidly ordered police state, everyone is kept docile by drugs, education is through intravenous injections (the scientific feasibility of that is a little doubtful in my mind), Big Brother is watching everywhere (called First Control here), all apartments are monitored by hidden cameras, the slightest infraction of the law means instant death after a ritual trial, and of course, sexual intercourse is outlawed.

The plot involves one male citizen, THX1138 (everyone has numbers rather than names, natch) and his Julia, LUH3417, who gets him off drugs and eventually seduces him. Needless to say, THX and LUH don't get away with their deed, and they are promptly arrested by the robot police. LUH is sentenced to be destroyed and THX is sentenced to be 'consumed,' which means that he'll be saved for organ transplants and used as needed. He then proceeds to escape, and although he cannot save LUH he does change the files so that his child will live as a normal citizen. After giving the establishment a good run for their money (literally, after the cost of the pursuit exceeds a certain level they give up) he escapes to the surface.

I don't think we should blame Mr. Bova for this book, because he was simply given this story and told to write it. He has done a most commendable job and has actually managed to bring the characters to life for a while anyway, and through well handled, fast paced action sequences interest holds up very nicely. It actually does make rather good reading, but not for any great mental stimulation. You read this like you read an Ace Double or an Edgar Rice Burroughs novel.

—Darrell Schweitzer

*THE SIREN STARS* by Richard and Nancy Carrigan. Pyramid T2446, 1971. 173 p. 75¢

Richard and Nancy Carrigan's *The Siren Stars* originally appeared as a serial in *Analog*, March, April, May 1970, and as I recall, did worse on the An Lab ratings than any other novel in memory. It is an amateurish novel that is just barely science fiction. It is a spy-suspense yarn about an American scientist who penetrates the Iron Curtain to get information on a Soviet radio astronomical unit which has contacted an alien civilization.

Unfortunately he takes two-thirds of the book to accomplish this, and in the meantime the Carrigans prosaically discuss the project and probe their characters, who are not really very interesting. Boredom sets in by chapter two, and after glancing at the last two chapters, I realized I didn't miss anything. Skip this.

—Paul Walker

*FAREWELL, EARTH'S BLISS* by D. G. Compton. Ace 22830, 1971. 188 p. 75¢

If one speculates on the nature of the societies which might rise from colonies established on other planets, the possibilities are limitless. But narrow it now by speculating on the type of society which might rise in a penal colony—a society made up entirely of criminals banished from earth. Would you expect it might be another Salem, Massachusetts—puritannical, viciously narrow, beset by superstition and addicted to witch-burning of heretics? This is what the author asks us to believe, that these people, many of whom were political prisoners hence in trouble for being non-conformist to start with, now evolve the super-conformist society. I found it a little hard to accept, although the idea has some philosophical interest as a pure theoretical possibility. However, even if you accept the premise, there are other difficulties. The characters are a little strange; this perhaps is to be expected, but their strangeness is to no purpose—it doesn't build anything nor go anywhere. And the main trouble with the book is that so far as the plot is concerned, that too, goes nowhere. Little or nothing happens but there is a great deal of quiet suffering and small wonder as the author paints a picture of a very inhospitable environment without end. It doesn't quite come off.

—Samuel Mines

*A DREAM OF DRAGONFLIES* by Noel Langley. Macmillan, 1971. 161 p. \$4.95

For all that this book purports to be, according to the jacket blurb, a classic, timeless Romeo and Juliet story set in the New Mexico of the 1890's with touches of fey and predestination (and that's why, I suppose, LUNA got a review copy), this reviewer found it to be, in many respects, of the maudlin, True Confessions genre. Or perhaps she just has no sympathy with lines like: "I yearned to be near Teck so bad that I felt it could only be sinful pride, except that it felt as pure and beautiful as a miracle. And oh my, was I ashamed to Betsy for my bad thoughts toward Lisha Schiller; hearing out of the blue that it was her idea that I stay at the Schiller Ranch!"

However, if you can slog through the folksiness, the supernatural element isn't bad. Wait till it comes out in paperback, though—hit just ain't worth \$4.95.

—Judy McQuown

*HELL'S PAVEMENT* by Damon Knight. Fawcett T2416, 1971. 208 p. 95¢

This is the first major reprinting of Damon Knight's 1955 novel, *Hell's Pavement*, which was previously published in paperback by a small outfit called Lion Books. It's a good novel, really. In every way, superior. And there are parts of it that are excellent. Except—well, the story is about man's enslavement of man by a technique designed to save him from himself. Originally designed to stop violence, which it does, it is used by merchandisers to compel people to BUY BUY BUY. Knight keeps tongue in cheek, and writes with urbanity and scientific conscientiousness, leaving echoes of the best of Fred Pohl. Still, the idea is an old one. At least as old as the novel itself, and the events are readily predictable. Because Knight keeps a tight focus on the events and paraphernalia of his world rather than the characters, who are more interesting, the book seems dated and lacking in surprise. I didn't finish it, but it is worth a try.

—Paul Walker

*SLEEP AND HIS BROTHER* by Peter Dickinson. Harper and Row, 1971. 218 p. \$5.95

Damn it! One of these days I'm going to read this book. Yes, siree, I've made up my mind. And when I make up my mind, nothing can stop me! Now, I know I said that about Peter Dickinson's last book, and his book before that, and his book before that, but I was younger then and lacked the fortitude and determination to stick by my guns. But that's all past now, and I want to make it perfectly clear that the first chance I get I am actually going to sit down and make myself enjoy *Sleep and His Brother*.

Peter Dickinson is British, verrry British, English specifically I assume; in fact, to paraphrase the old saying, if he were any more British, he wouldn't be able to speak at all. He has won the coveted English Crime Writers' Award for best mystery novel two novels in a row (*The Glass-Sided Ant's Nest* and *The Old English Peep Show*), and he should have won it again with this one, for this is even less intelligible than these were.

It is a murder mystery, (really), although I didn't get as far as the murder. It does have a science-fictional atmosphere and some talk about telepathy, but what it is more than anything else is a sort of Grand Guignol as it might have been done by Charles Dickens after a night of hard drinking with Bruce Jay Friedman. In every way it exudes brilliance, wit, and insight, yet, well, all the while I was reading it, I kept asking myself: What the hell is it all about? And I would answer myself: it is about how brilliant, witty, and incisive Peter Dickinson is, you dunce!

Don't take my word for it. Those who like Dickinson, adore him. You may, too. And one of these days I'm going to sit myself down and adore him, too—even if it kills me.

—Paul Walker

*ONE THOUSAND YEARS OF MAN'S UNKNOWN HISTORY* by Robert Charroux. Berkley N1964, 1971. 190 p. 95¢

This fascinating and disturbing volume purports to be one of science fact, not fantasy, and thus stands rather outside the usual concerns of these pages; but in its central theses and underlying documentation, it strikes—positively—at the very heart of recurrent speculations which draw growing hordes of readers to the 'prehistory' genre of sword and sorcery fantasy.

Briefly—for we cannot even begin to assess all of M. Charroux' purported 'evidence' in this small space—the author, an eminent French speculative writer, who in the past has succeeded, for example, in predicting the Soviet-American race for the creation of a hydrogen fusion bomb years before the event, advances the thesis that man's prehistory witnessed the rise and fall of civilizations far superior to our own, quite probably influenced by extraterrestrial visitors and/or colonists.

He adduces a great volume of evidence, even in these few pages, to justify his conclusions—all of which, necessarily, must be judged by each reader independently. For all his protestations to the contrary, it must be noted that his evidence is drawn from widely variegated, often suspect sources; and in his rather catholic tastes in this regard, as well as in somewhat hasty organization as 'fact' is piled upon ostensible 'fact,' one is inevitably reminded of Major Churchward and Charles Fort.

In his own words, "We cannot accept... the occult traditions reported by ancient authors and such moderns as... Madame Blavatsky. ... Yet it would be foolish to content ourselves with the false testimony of prehistorians, or reject tradition in its entirety. We should remember the example of Schliemann: he began his search for Troy with the assumption that Homer's books were not fables but accounts of historical events, and he found the lost city." (p. 97)

The book thus remains somewhat uneven, rather sensationalistically popularized, and less well organized than one might wish. But in his frontal assault, generally well-documented, upon conventional prehistoric scholarship—in his daring and thought-provoking conclusions—and above all in his contention that the lessons of prehistory have been consciously and intentionally concealed from us 'lesser mortals' by a knowing conspiracy of 'initiates' worldwide, he cannot but awaken deep interest, concern, and even fascination.

—Robin FitzOsbert



*THE OPEN GRAVE* by Alan Hull Walton. Taplinger, 1971. 233 p. \$5.95

An interesting and absorbing nonfiction account of encounters with the supernatural—with one exception. For whatever reason, the author included Le Fanu's "Schalken the Painter" with an introductory note.

The book is quite wide-ranging, dealing with Black Masses, animal ghosts, friendly and hostile ghosts, poltergeists, encounters by famous people with the ghosts of other famous people, and one really unnerving encounter with an elemental.

Although I have said this is an interesting and absorbing book, I feel that I must make one qualification, and that is that it is also for the more seriously interested. As with most ghost stories of a factual nature, they are written more reportorially than fiction, and casual browsers may find it to be somewhat slow moving.

—Michael McQuown

*KING KOBOLD* by Christopher Stasheff. Ace 44485, 1971. 254 p. 75¢

All too often in science fiction when the word humor is mentioned what is meant is either parody and burlesque or vaguely funny satire. Aside from L. Sprague de Camp, the old and only master of humorous science fiction, Christopher Stasheff, a relative newcomer to the genre, is the only reliable practitioner of the art. *King Kobold*, Stasheff's second novel is the sequel to last year's *The Warlock in Spite of Himself*. In case you tuned in late the series concerns the efforts of 31st century secret agent Rod Gallowglass' efforts to protect the fledgling esper colony on Gramarye, a planet which has deliberately chosen to exist as a medieval culture. In the brew this time the kingdom is threatened by a race of Neanderthals with strong psychic powers and internal dissent, both caused by the same nefarious conspirators of the first book.

Stasheff is, if anything, more sure of the effects of his humor in this volume and it is therefore slightly more funny. The outrageous puns and the fantastic bits of byplay between Rod (who seems to be slightly more apt than in *Warlock*) and the epileptic robot Fess are still present as is Stasheff's uncanny ability to turn a potentially funny situation into a genuinely funny one. If there is any fault it is in the attempt to resurrect the forced humor of acronymical organizations, used catastrophically in the first section of *Warlock* and then forgotten, in this book. This fails not out of lack of humor but because this type of thing has been so grossly overused everywhere else. *King Kobold* is a definite change of pace in an otherwise dour genre.

—Yale F. Edeiken

*SLATER'S PLANET* by Harris Moore. Pinnacle P026-N, 1971. 188 p. 95¢

Moore seems to have little conception of science fiction, or of writing, and to care a great deal less. The text of *Slater's Planet* is clumsy, inane or ridiculous, and the plotting conforms to much the same abysmal level. A sample:

Banyon turned to the pilots again. "Go down to fifty feet."

Lawson moved close, eyebrows arching. "Fifty feet, sir? Is that wise?"

"Wise? Why not?"

"If there is life down there, it could have a fifty-foot reach."

The screen showed that the Arcturus was moving downward. Banyon looked at the exec. A fifty-foot reach? It conjured up a fearful picture. He said to the pilots, "Resume orbit at one hundred feet."

At this point the reader begins to pray that the hypothetical monster has a hundred-foot reach. Jerking passages from context is never really fair. Unfortunately, the quotation is wholly representative.

The 'plot': a spaceship searching for extraterrestrial life comes upon a watery planet controlled by two giant computers. Held against their will, the crew is forced to launch an attack into the bowels of the world in an attempt to escape before an imminent catastrophe overwhelms the planet. Moore avoids a few clichés, usually by stumbling into worse ones. The only character worth mentioning is the villainous, self-seeking Slater and even he is a balsa wood and papier-mâché mockery. As is the novel.

—B. A. Fredstrom

*CONAN THE BUCCANEER* by L. Sprague de Camp and Lin Carter. Lancer 75181, 1971. 191 p. 95¢

Well, here we go, again. As Lin Carter explains in his unnecessary introduction, *Conan the Buccaneer* covers a period of two years in which the athletic Cimmerian was captain of a privateer. The evil Duke Villagro has employed magic and mischief to gain control of the mind of King Fedrugo to wed his daughter, the heir of the throne, so to claim the crown. The girl, Chabala, suspecting treachery is afoot flees into the arms of Conan, and Villagro sends the pirate Zaronno after her.

This did not impress me as much as *Conan of the Isles*, de Camp and Carter's last book, but it is readable and fast-moving. It lacks the atmosphere and gutsy-awfulness of Howard, of course. A matter of taste, I suppose.

—Paul Walker

*THE SEA IS BOILING HOT* by George Bamber. Ace 75690, 1971. 253 p. 75¢

Earth was dying of pollution, could one man save it? So reads the blurb on the cover. Pollution had become so awful, in fact, in this world of the far future, that the atmosphere was one poisonous sea. Man existed beneath huge bubble-top cities on synthetic air, synthetic food—synthetic everything except sex which was done in pretty much the old-fashioned way except that it was continuously available. More than available it was done all the time, everywhere, out in public and a man was hard put to defend himself against what appeared to be universal nymphomania on the part of all females. Sorry, fellows, this is too far in the future to hope you'll make it. Anyway, one man has the secret of reversing all the pollution and environmental destruction locked up in his brain but refuses to divulge it because he sees Earth sliding into a dictatorship of the machines, which already control most of human activity. Starting with an interesting philosophical dilemma, the novel then becomes a cops-and-robbers chase with the minions of the Machine pursuing our hero through the labyrinths of the computer's memory banks. Generally an interesting, well done story.

—Samuel Mines

*ALONE AGAINST TOMORROW* by Harlan Ellison. Macmillan, 1971. 312 p. \$6.95

As we have become aware in these past few years it is no longer reasonable to assemble an anthology by simply gathering well-written stories by one or more talented authors. No, we must have anthologies which embody a single theme or purpose. *Alone Against Tomorrow* is a new collection of stories by Harlan Ellison; the cover tells us it is stories of "Alienation in Speculative Fiction." Not science fiction, speculative fiction. Thus, this book aims not just at the science fiction market but covers all those readers who would like a glimpse at the future. All the stories in this collection are well-written, with Harlan's usual punch and style. Some of them are far from my favorites, but all are selected with the idea that 'alienation' is the theme of each.

Webster defines 'alienation' in several ways; the most commonly thought of definition is 'withdrawing or estrangement' and certainly many of these stories fit in those two categories. Another meaning is "delirium, derangement of mental faculties" and perhaps this may be applied to such a story as "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream." More accurately, perhaps, one could identify these stories with other terms than 'alienation'; there is the frustration of "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream," the helplessness of "The Discarded," the redemption theme of "Blind Lightning," the climactic terror of "All the Sounds of Fear," the raw combat of "The Silver Corridor," the non-conformity of "'Repent, Harlequin!' Said the Ticktockman," etc. Though one could apply the term 'alienation' by stretching its meanings a bit to fit each story, some of these stories have clearly been shoe-horned in, near neighbors only.

Worse yet, of the 20 stories in this collection, I know offhand of nine of them in other collections. This kind of cross-fertilization has the effect of forcing science fiction fans to buy and rebuy the same, albeit good, stories. Perhaps additional books shouldn't be added to Harlan's list (21 published, 10 forthcoming) until he produces a larger reservoir to draw upon.

For someone who has read little of Ellison this collection provides a good, though rather one-sided, introduction.

Since I cannot argue strongly against the stories let me pick a point about the book about which I violently disagree. The dust jacket is horrible. Since this is the most likely starting point of the casual browser in a bookstore, I am amazed that Macmillan goes to such extremes to frighten people off. The cover illustration is a stylized tendril-headed face, certainly the kind of image we no longer want to conjure up in company with the phrase 'Speculative Fiction.' (Sure, you know it represents the mind-trumpets of Harlan's brain, but the casual reader will surely see a snake-headed man.) And the photograph on the back cover of Harlan does him no service either. It attempts to show him dramatically (with harsh back- and side-lighting) which ends up not showing him at all.

—Gary H. Labowitz

*PLANET OF EXILE* by Ursula K. LeGuin. Ace 66951, 1971. 126 p. 60¢

This is pretty much old-fashioned sword and dagger stuff. An isolated colony—presumably Earthmen, although they may not necessarily be—facing three dangers: winters which last 15 years, unfriendly neighbors in the humanoid nomads of the area, and a worse danger in a horde of invading barbarians. The rest deals with a siege of the colonial city and a mild love affair between an Earthman and a native girl. Transplant the siege to Earth around the year 1200 and except for armored warriors you've got the whole bit—spears and bows and flying arrows. Author has a good style but I don't quite see this as science fiction.

—Samuel Mines

*PLANET OF THE VOLES* by Charles Platt. Putnam, 1971. 192 p. \$4.95 (paperback: Berkley S2248, October 1972. 75¢)

Among the torments reviewers endure in the course of their subterranean explorations, there are those books which, while they are being read, afford some small pleasure and no offense, but which once they are read and thought about six-eighths of a milli-second, are seen to be pretty bad after all. What is a man of conscience to do? Should he reach up and pluck some divine principle from the literary firmament and dismiss his first reaction as irrelevant? Or should he subordinate principle to gut-reaction?

I don't know.

I read one-half of Charles Platt's *Planet of the Voles*, then skimmed ahead to see how it all came out, and was never once bored or irritated. Platt did a thoroughly adequate job on an old-wave idea. His characters are acceptable. His situations are well-detailed and carefully thought out. His plot moves along nicely, and his prose is consistently readable. He tells the story of two congenial nonentities who find themselves the last survivors of an Earth-ship full of warriors which is destroyed by an extraterrestrial race of Amazons, the Voles. The heroes are forced to land what's left of the ship on a Vole-occupied world to get fuel, and are almost captured, but manage to escape and find refuge with the 'resistance.' This, and their subsequent efforts against the Voles, is the story.

As I said, it is not a bad story, nor is it badly told. Probably the main trouble with it is that it has not one new, or even interesting, idea to offer. I've seen it all before long, long ago, and much better done. Platt's humans are without dash or flair, and the Voles are almost invisible until the very end. Even worse, his attempt at an ironic twist at the climax fizzles because the whole idea is tiresome.

For some reason Platt has chosen to write *Planet of the Voles* in very short paragraphs, which makes for faster reading I suppose, but the lack of variety coupled with the lack of novelty everywhere else makes the book look worse than it is.

Charles Platt is a Scot, born in 1949, a former editor of *New Worlds*, and currently sf editor at Avon. *Planet of the Voles* is his third novel. In 1967 he wrote a better one called *Garbage World*, which was published in paperback by Berkley. I suggest you read that one first.

To avoid ending on a sour note, I should mention the superb cover by Paul Lehr.

—Paul Walker

*THE LEAVES OF TIME* by Neal Barrett Jr. Lancer 74721, 1971. 205 p. 75¢

If you enjoyed Randall Garrett's *Anything You Can Do...* (Lancer 74-532, 75¢), you'll enjoy *The Leaves of Time*. The Gorgon of Barrett's novel is every bit as dangerous as Garrett's Nipe and Jon DeHaviland is as hard pressed as Garrett's superman-hero to squash the ravaging, blood-thirsty spawn of another time band. DeHaviland is no superman, though he might wish he were for the Gorgon is his responsibility and, with its disturbing camouflage abilities, could turn out to be his best friend.

A fine, fast-pace, 'old style' science fiction action novel.

—David C. Paskow

*BROOM HILDA* by Russell Myers. Lancer 73217, 1971. Unpaged. 60¢

Broom Hilda is a cartoon character who, with a buzzard, a troll, and a few other assorted beings, lives in an Enchanted Forest. Hilda is also a slob, probably the secret of her charm. This is an entertaining collection of cartoons which, if you don't buy, at least read on the newsstand. My own favorite shows someone carrying a sandwich signboard on the front of which reads "Sinner, Ye Shall Pay!" The next panel shows the back of the sign which reads "If Ye Have Already Paid, Please Disregard This Notice."

—J. B. Post

*GARDENS ONE TO FIVE* by Peter Tate. Doubleday, 1971. 181 p. \$4.95

Peter Tate's books seem to have 'messages'—*The Thinking Seat* made comments about people who mess around with natural phenomena and discussed the quality of leadership. In *Gardens One to Five*, the problem seems to be one of communication—the UN sets up four experimental environments, evidently designed to study the possibilities for peace under various conditions. The combinations of people placed in these environments should guarantee success: Dayan and Rapoport; Mitchell, Kortovsky, and Brennan (all space-minded); Che (a scholar) and his books; Willy the Blue and his band of flower children. With the exception of Che, they apparently succeed—if avoiding one another is peace; if working on a meaningless, make-work project is peace; if being ready for a demonstration with nothing to demonstrate about is peace...

Enter Shem—the running man—who has no place in any of these gardens yet with the best of intentions tries to help. His motivations appear disruptive to the inhabitants of the gardens, though, and he is brought to trial for this crime, and as the scapegoat for all the atrocities committed in the name of War. Shem is killed during his trial, but the lawyer conscripted to defend him takes up the running, and behind him he hears others, also running...

The 'message' here is obvious—either Shem is the 'causative type' the UN prosecutor calls him, and his running from trouble spot to trouble spot makes him a carrier of the disease of dissension, or he is the only truly peaceful character in the book. After all, he did try to replace standoff with dialogue, nonsense with rationality, and he did offer love to Lucia of Garden Four. But in all of these 'peaceful' situations, Shem is greeted with violence. The question is not answered, but the reader is inclined to sympathize with Shem, and ask, is Peace an active, constructive, positive Something, or is it simply a negative quantity—the absence of War?

Peter Tate is very good at creating a mood—in fact, sometimes there seems to be more mood than plot, and not until the last chapter do the 'interludes' which are neatly spaced between episodes of Shem's wandering, make sense. Throughout the book, though, the Interludes do contrast an everyday-life-gone-awry with awry-as-an-everyday-way-of-life. Mr. Tate's style seems to be developing in the direction of greater and greater obscurity. This in itself is not necessarily a defect, but he would do well to call an immediate halt to unfootnoted references from one of his books to another. Anyone who has not read *The Thinking Seat* will make no sense of his description of Lucia as "a Tomorrow Julie type" even if it is modified by "inordinately sad" (p. 112).

—Charlotte Moslander



**THE ART OF THE COMIC STRIP** by Judith O'Sullivan. University of Maryland Art Gallery (College Park, Md. 20742) 1971. 95 p. \$5.00paper

This catalog of an exhibition held in spring 1971 emphasizes themes, functions and artistic content. Unlike *75 Years of the Comic Strip*, the text is stressed over the reproductions of 41 of the 174 drawings in the exhibition itself. Addressed more to an academic audience or the art or social historian, the text is especially well documented. Biographies of all artists with reference to their work, a chronology of important events in the history of the American comic strip, and an excellent short bibliography conclude the catalog. Not for the nostalgia buff but useful for the more serious collector.

—Neil Barron

**RITUAL MAGIC** by E. M. Butler. Newcastle Occult W-1, 1971. 317 p. \$3.45paper

This book is, apparently, a sequel to another by the same author. Like Fraser's *Golden Bough*, this book deals with the magic and ritual germinated by a particular mythology; in this instance, the Faustian mythos. Within that context it is an overview, dealing primarily with those grimoires associated with that legend, tracing a line of descent from earlier Akkadian-Chaldean texts to the classical Keys of Solomon, *Magia Naturalis* et *Innaturalis*, etc.

The most interesting thesis arrived at in the course of the book is that 'black' magic isn't so black; perhaps ludicrous, but certainly not logical. How can one seriously consider the idea of using the names of God to conjure demons for unholy and selfish purposes? But, it is pointed out, this is exactly what the grimoires do. Professor Butler neither denies nor tries to prove reality in the area of magick, she merely presents the history of the form in a clear, lucid, and readable manner. Fortunately, time does not date material in this field; even though the original text is twenty-three years old, this reissue is still worth reading.

—Michael McQuown

#### ALSO RECEIVED:

**The Amateur Magician's Handbook** by Henry Hay. exp. ed. T. Y. Crowell, July 1972. \$7.95  
**The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction: 18th series**, ed. by Edward L. Ferman. Ace 05457, August 1972. 75¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1969. \$4.95 reviewed LUNA Monthly 10)

**The Big Time**, by Fritz Leiber. Ace 06221, August 1972. 75¢ 3d ptg.

**The Black Star Passes**, by John W. Campbell. Ace 06701, August 1972. 75¢ 2d ptg.

**The Falling Torch**, by Algis Budrys. Pyramid N2776, August 1972. 95¢ 4th ptg.

**The Guardians**, by John Christopher. Collier 04268, 1972. 95¢ (hardcover: Macmillan, 1970. \$4.50 reviewed LUNA Monthly 19)

**Hauntings and Horrors: Ten Grisly Tales**, edited by Alden H. Norton. Berkley X1674, 1972. 60¢ 4th ptg. (orig: 1969. reviewed LUNA Monthly 2)

**The Humanoids**, by Jack Williamson. Lancer 75362, August 1972. 95¢ (orig: 1949)

**Implosion**, by D. F. Jones. Berkley S2150, April 1972. 75¢ (orig: 1967)

**Kavin's World**, by David Mason. Lancer 75372, August 1972. 95¢ 2d ptg. (orig: 1969. reviewed LUNA Monthly 14)

**King Kull**, by Robert E. Howard and Lin Carter. Lancer 75371, August 1972. 95¢ 3d ptg. (orig: 1967)

**The Lost Land**, by Edison Marshall. Curtis 07227, 1972. 75¢ (orig: Dian of the Lost Land. Chilton, 1966)

**Love in the Ruins**, by Walker Percy. Dell 5053, June 1972. \$1.50 (hardcover: Farrar, 1971. \$7.95 reviewed LUNA Monthly 38/39)

**The Monster Men**, by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Ace 53588, July 1972. 75¢

**Player Piano**, by Kurt Vonnegut. Dell Delta 07037, 1972. \$2.25paper. 2d ptg.

**The Rithian Terror**, by Damon Knight. Award AS1008, Sept. 1972. 75¢ (orig: 1965)

**Spook Hole**, by Kenneth Robeson. Bantam S7144, Sept. 1972. 75¢ Doc Savage 70

**The Year 2000**, edited by Harry Harrison. Berkley N2117, May 1972. 95¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1970. \$4.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 24/25)

# 1973 TAFF BALLOT

**WHAT IS TAFF?** The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans across the Atlantic. Since that time, TAFF has regularly brought overseas fans to North America and sent American fans to European conventions. TAFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates are voted for by interested fans all over the world and each vote is accompanied by a donation of no less than one dollar. These votes, and the continued interest of fans are what makes TAFF possible.

**WHO MAY VOTE?** Voting is open to anyone who was active in fandom (i.e., fanzines, clubs, conventions, etc.) prior to September 1971 and who contributes at least a dollar (or equivalent) to the Fund. Contributions in excess of the minimum will be gratefully accepted. Only one vote per person is allowed, no proxy votes, and you *must* sign your ballot. Details of voting will be kept secret, and write-ins are permitted. Money orders and checks should be made payable to the administrators -- not to TAFF.

**DEADLINE:** Votes must reach the administrators by November 16, 1972.

**VOTING DETAILS:** TAFF uses the Australian system which guarantees an automatic run-off and a majority win. You rank the candidates in the exact order you wish to vote. If the leading first-place candidate does not get a majority, the first place votes of the lowest ranking candidate are dropped and the second place votes on those ballots are counted. This process goes on until one candidate has a majority. It is therefore important to vote for 2nd, 3rd, etc. place on your ballot. It is also a waste of time to put one name in more than one place.

**HOLD OVER FUNDS:** This choice, similar to "No Award" in Hugo balloting, gives the voter the chance to vote for no TAFF trip if the candidates do not appeal to him or if he feels TAFF should slow down its program of trips. Vote for "Hold Over Funds" in any position you wish as if it were another candidate.

**DONATIONS:** TAFF needs continuous donations of money and material (to be auctioned) in order to exist. If you are ineligible to vote, or do not feel qualified to vote, why not donate anyway? It's a good cause.

**CANDIDATES:** Each candidate has promised, barring acts of God, to travel to the 1973 TAFF host convention, in Europe. They have posted bond, and provided signed nominations and platforms which are reproduced on the other side of this sheet along with the ballot.

## SEND BALLOTS AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO:

### AMERICAN ADMINISTRATOR

Elliot Shorter  
Box 309, Jerome Ave. Station  
Bronx, New York 10468 U.S.A.

### BRITISH ADMINISTRATOR

Eddie Jones  
72 Antonio Street  
Bootle 20, Lancs.  
England L20 2EU, U.K.

### CONTINENTAL ADMINISTRATOR

Mario B. Bosnyak  
c/o Rump  
1000 Berlin 62  
Merseburgerstrasse 3  
West Germany

Ballot prepared by Fred Patten from information supplied by TAFF administrators.

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## TAFF PLATFORMS

**HOWARD DEVORE:** Everybody knows Big Hearted Howard DeVore, the gentleman of the Huckster Room. He's never too busy to give a kind word to a neofan, or dig out that book you've always wanted. Of course there's more to Howard than that. A long time member of SAPS and FAPA, he also attends a large number of conventions, and has been on the committee of more than a few: they wouldn't think of holding a Miswestcon without him. Howard is also active in local club fandom: ask him about the Misfits... People have been trying to get Howard to stand for TAFF for years. Now that he's finally consented, we shouldn't let this opportunity to share him with European fandom get away. (Nominated by: European backers, Per Insulander, Ulf Westblom; American backers, Jack Chalker, Robert Coulson, Banks N. Mebane)

**FRANK AND ANN DIETZ:** Frank and Ann Dietz are a real team to whom Fandom is a way of life. An active fan since 1947, Frank has attended most Worldcons and many regionals. Since 1957 he has been president of the Lunarians (New York's fan club), and organizer of the annual Lunacon until recently turning over the job to newer talent. Frank was able to attend the first international Worldcon in London in 1957, thanks to the fan charter flight. At that time he was honored by English fans and inducted into the Order of Saint Fantony. Ann has been attending conventions since shortly after she discovered fandom in the early '60s. The Dietzs have always been interested in the international aspects of science fiction and fandom, and their publication LUNA Monthly, currently entering its fourth year, is largely devoted to international news. (Their TAFF report will make excellent international news.) Vote for international good will; choose Frank and Ann as 1973 TAFF representatives. (*Nominated by: European backers, Waldemar Krumming, Gerald Bishop; American backers, Jay Haldeman, Devra Langsam, Steve Stiles*)

**LEN AND JUNE MOFFATT:** Len Moffatt was the Fan Guest of Honor at this year's Westerncon, and is Auction Coordinator for L.A.Con. Together he and June are Vice Chairmen for Bouchercon III. June is Vice Chairman of LASFS Inc.'s Board of Directors. The two of them put out THE JDM BIBLIOPHILE, DE JUEVES, 5 X 5, and MOONSHINE. They're active in LASFS, FAPA, CAPA, the Petard Society, the local Sherlock Holmes Society, and the PIGS. And that's just some of what they're doing these days. Len discovered fandom in 1939 and has been active ever since. June (who is younger than Len but won't say by how much) got into fandom in 1948. They've been officers in many clubs and conventions over the years. And best of all, they are probably two of the nicest and friendliest people in fandom, as just about anyone who knows them would agree. (Nominated by: European backers, Terry Jeeves, Ethel Lindsay; American backers, Juanita Coulson, Fred Patten, Roy Tackett)

I vote for (list 1, 2, 3, etc.):

**Signature:** \_\_\_\_\_

HOWARD DEVORE

Name (please print): \_\_\_\_\_

FRANK AND ANN DIETZ

Address:

           LEN AND JUNE MOFFATT

HOLD OVER FUNDS

**WRITE-IN**

Enclosed is as a contribution to TAFF

If you think that your name may not be known to the administrators, in order to qualify for voting please give the name and address of a fan or fan group to whom you are known:

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_