



No. 66

Winter 1976-77

An Interview With Larry Niven

Conducted by Paul Walker*

You say you don't want to get involved in any discussion of where sf is going. "I go my own way." What way is that? How did it begin? And where would you like it to end? Possibly this relates to a greater question: why do you read and write sf at all?

I think I started reading science fiction as escape literature. There was a time when I needed a great deal of escape, or thought I did. I think I kept it up because the authors writing sf had a great deal to teach me . . . and because I'd learned to like the kind of speculation and problem-solving that forms the bulk of the field.

I started writing it because the stories I was daydreaming (and I'd been doing that since boyhood) were coming out as complete stories. And because I had realized that I was never going to be a great mathematician.

"I go my own way"—Yes, I said that. I think it's mainly Heinlein's way. He outlines an idea, then explores all of the implications to humanity, civilizations, individuals, etc.; and he never ignores the entertainment aspect of what he's doing.

There are a few differences. I usually know how a story ends when I begin it. I don't think Heinlein does. And I try something new every so often, just to prove I'm versatile. Collaborations, non-fact articles, a crime story, a story with multiple endings, a story throughout which the protagonist never so much as twitches an eyelid. I'm still learning, and I bear it constantly in mind.

Where am I going? Toward being a better writer. Where would I like it to end? No point in considering that. I've never heard of a writer retiring; it'll end without my consent. But I would like to see some of my stories in film. Say, "Inconstant Moon" for starters.

Where do your ideas come from? A character? A scene? How do you carry on from there: do you take notes, outline? What are your working hours?

My ideas can come from anywhere. *Ringworld* started with the structure itself, designed on the principles of a Dyson sphere, and elaborated from the known history of human space. Some other examples: "A Relic of Empire" started with the idea of someone building a campfire, inadvertently, out of stage tree logs (already invented for *World of Ptavus*). I wrote *Grendel* as a modernization of the Beowulf legend, just for the hell of it.

"Passerby" started with an insurance ad on TV: a voice background to a charming picture of a kid solicitously picking a caterpillar from a sidewalk and transferring it to a place of safety. "What Can You Say about Chocolate Covered Manhole Covers?" was built around some friends in the LASFS, especially the unique and irreplaceable Tom Digby. I started "Flatlander" with no idea where it was going; maybe it shows. I wrote "Wait It Out" after Bob Silverberg assigned me to write a story about Pluto; and goddam, that was tough. I've only done that twice. The second was straight speculation: "Flash Crowd," written to show the effect of teleportation on society.

I don't keep regular hours. I try to do at least 1500 words a day, but even that's flexible. I do make notes and extensive outlines, and I rewrite and rewrite and rewrite and rewrite.

You say you started reading sf as escape literature. "There was a time when I needed a great deal of escape, or thought I did." When, and why, was that? And did sf provide the escape you were after?

Everyone seems agreed that sf is an "escape literature" but it never worked that way for me. Since I began to read it, I have become more involved with people and ideas and projects than when I was reading mainstream literature. What do you think?

My reading science fiction as escape literature reached its peak in '58 and '59, while I was at CalTech. Did it help me escape? Yes, it did. I flunked out of CalTech because I was spending too much working time reading sf. Though there were contributory causes. After that I spent two months moping, to the point where I was packed off to Menningers. "Nervous breakdown." They took me off science fiction, then off all fiction. I finished college as a day patient at Menningers.

Sf could have gotten me involved with other things and projects and people. It never did, because I wasn't capable of using it that way. But I was learning nonetheless.

LUNA (LUNA Monthly combined with LUNA')

Editor: Ann F. Dietz
Published quarterly by Frank & Ann Dietz,
665 Orchard Street, Oradell, N.J. 07649

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

75¢ per copy, \$1.00 on newsstand
\$3.00 per year Third Class mail within U.S.
\$5.50 for 2 years Third Class mail within U.S.
\$4.00 per year Third Class mail worldwide
\$7.25 for 2 years Third Class mail worldwide
Additional premium for First Class mailing
within U.S. \$1.10 per year
Canada and Mexico 25¢ per year
Subscriptions requiring special invoicing or
billing 50¢ additional
Back issues: #1 to 49 - 75¢ each, #50 to 65 -
50¢ each, #66 to current - 75¢ each

All checks and money orders must be payable to
Franklin M. Dietz Jr. only

Member: Science Fiction Publishers Association
US ISSN 0024-7375

ADVERTISING RATES:

Full page \$10.00	Quarter page \$2.50
Half page 5.00	Eighth page 1.50

Classified advertising: 10¢ per word
Half-tone copy: \$6.00 additional
Rates are for camera-ready copy. Please request
special LUNA layout sheets for setting up copy.
Ads requiring preparation should be submitted
in advance for quotation.

COPY SIZE: (inside margins)

Full page 6" x 9"
Half page 3" x 9" or 6" x 4½"
Quarter page 3" x 4½"
Eighth page 3" x 2½"

DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL:

February 1, May 1, August 1, and November 1.

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GREAT BRITAIN: Aardvark House,
P.O. Box 10, Winchester SO22 4QA, England
JAPAN: Takumi Shibano,
1-14-10 O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan

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In the same paragraph you say, "I think I kept it up because the authors writing sf had a great deal to teach me . . . and because I'd learned to like the kind of speculation and problem-solving that forms the bulk of the field."

(a) Addressing the Writer Niven: what did it teach you, and how did you learn from it? How does a writer learn from reading other writers? (b) What is the appeal of speculation and problem-solving? Is it something cold and unemotional?

The Writer Niven speaks: Reading science fiction taught me how to tell stories. Any fiction would have done that, and I took a lot of literature and English courses, which also helped. I was also reading some detective fiction. What this and the sf taught me was how to solve and, ultimately, to set up puzzles for an astute reader's solution.

I can't really tell a man who doesn't like problem stories and other, simpler puzzles, how to like them.

But there's nothing cold and unemotional about puzzle-solving, as you would know if you have ever known someone of this stamp. Chess addicts, crossword puzzle addicts, even mystery fans will spend hours trying to beat the puzzle-formulator. Anyway, puzzle solving is part of living: What did I say that turned her off? Why did he get the promotion instead of me? What the hell could TWA have done with my luggage, and how can I retrieve it in time for the charter flight?

PROBLEM: A good friend and relatively new writer wants me to do an introduction for a short-story collection that turns out to be largely dreck. Now what? SOLUTION: I write a defense of experimental writing, including the statement that experiments sometimes fail, by definition; and "Three of the stories in this volume are failed stories. Identify them." If he were a different kind of person, I'd simply have refused.

PROBLEM: Epididymitis. It leaves no aftereffects, but it feels like someone is repeatedly kicking you in the testicles. Usually it can be cured in a couple of weeks. I had it for a year. SOLUTION: Wait it out. Stay away from liquor. Avoid cutting my throat, regardless of how it hurts.

Cold and unemotional? You idiot.

Speaking of other than "real-life" problems, you say you can't tell a man who doesn't like them how to like them—but why do you like them? You speak of problem solving in very concrete and dramatic terms, but what of the romance of science and speculation? The Sense of Wonder? What is it? What arouses it in you?

I have an ability. I've never seen it described, and I'm going to try now.

I can take a body of knowledge—regarding, say, the most recent data about Venus, or the mathematical picture of what happens near a black hole—and from this I can develop a sense-picture in my head. The data may be wrong, or in some cases my conclusions may be wrong; but it is a five-senses picture, and I can live in it.

I'm sure most people have this ability to some extent, and sf fans more than most. I think this is the basis of the Sense of Wonder. Read Clarke's "A Meeting with Medusa"; I just finished it a second time. He can make you feel Jupiter. His picture may change in the light of later data, but it's real and whole.

[Events two years later have indeed rendered "A Meeting with Medusa" obsolete. The radiation bands around Jupiter are so strong that we can't even colonize the moons. But the story has lost none of its power.]

How do you feel about the hostility of much contemporary sf to technology? The space program? The computer?

I think the hostility of much contemporary sf to technology, the space program, and the computer is fugged. I can't pretend to be surprised at it, though. Most of humanity is mundanes; their Sense of Wonder is stunted, their thirst for knowledge is not compulsive. Some of them have recently tried writing science fiction. Sooner or later they'll go back to nurse novels.

I could give you a list of exceptions—good writers who find their Sense of Wonder outside technology and the space program, etc.—but I won't. Make your own.

One of your favorite themes was the future misuse of organ transplants. How did the idea first attract you? And what do you think of the future of organ transplants today?

When I started writing about the organ bank problem, I thought I was the only one who saw it. The donors have to come from somewhere; the only sure source of healthy donors is condemned criminals, therefore the death sentence now benefits society too much not to use it. That scared me.

Almost immediately I read about groups of doctors gathering to consider the same problem. That reassured me. Recently there has been discussion of cloning, which raises a host of ethical problems in itself if one uses clones for transplant, but which looks easier than strict transplanting. I am reassured.

Three days ago an MD at the Westercon tried to tell me just how easy transplanting will soon be. There are only about fourteen different types of rejection spectrum in humans. He's scared. He's glad somebody is spreading the word before it's too late. That scares me.

The critics seem to agree that sf provides major obstacles to the humorist. You've written a number of humorous stories. How do you feel about humor in sf? What are the problems?

There are problems with writing funny stories in sf. If a writer believes in what he's writing about, he is generally serious.

Solution one, followed by Ron Goulart and some of the black humorists: they don't actually believe in anything they are writing. Sometimes they can write it funny; more often it's simply dull. The characters are always flat. Can anyone still believe in Retief and the Chameleon Corps?

Solution two: I believe in what I am writing about. The futures I postulate I postulate in detail, to the point that my mind can move around in them. Once this is the case I can see what is genuinely funny in a basically believable situation.

Drawbacks: (a) Just because I believe it doesn't always mean Reader can believe it. But it usually does. Versimilitude is that art of sounding like you know what you're talking about. (b) It's hard work. A writer who puts that much work into a constructed society isn't always willing to write it funny. (c) Especially in the longer lengths, Hugos and kudos and egoboo rarely go to the humor stories.

How do I feel about humor in sf? I like it. I wish there were more of it.

*Conducted April-July 1972, reprinted from *Notes from the Chemistry Department*. Copyright © by Paul Walker.

NEWS FROM BALLANTINE In March 1977, Ballantine Books will introduce a new imprint—Del Rey Books—under which it will publish all subsequent science fiction and fantasy titles. Named for Judy-Lynn del Rey, Ballantine's Science Fiction Editor, and Lester del Rey, writer and consulting fantasy editor for Ballantine, the new imprint will be inaugurated with 12 titles, followed each month by six new titles and reissues of classics from the backlist. Approximately one third of the titles will be original fiction. Authors to be published in the first month include: Poul Anderson, Brian Daley, L. Sprague de Camp, Philip K. Dick, Gordon R. Dickson, Alan Dean Foster, David Gerrold, Robert A. Heinlein, Frank Herbert, Anne McCaffrey, Larry Niven, Robert Silverberg, and James White.

Ballantine has also announced a new program for teaching science fiction in junior and senior high schools. Called The Cosmic Classroom, the program consists of kits with paperback books, audio-tape cassettes, ditto masters, cardboard book shelves, and *The Ballantine Teachers' Guide to Science Fiction*. Currently available kits are: Science Fiction: The Literature of Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow; Tomorrow's Headlines Today; The Human Race: Where Do We Go From Here?; and Space and Technology: The Future of the Future.

PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS ORGANIZATION

At the First World Science Fiction Writers Conference, held in Dublin in September, the formation of an international organization for those involved professionally in Science Fiction—writers, editors, publishers, teachers, etc.—was announced. Its aims will be to promote cultural contact between different countries and language groups and to facilitate contact between members and other official bodies.

For information, contact: Harry Harrison, 10 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin 2, Eire.

The International Scene

SF IN FRENCH: LEM'S "MASTER'S VOICE"

Strictly as a news item, this may be the most urgent review I've ever done for LUNA. It concerns the nearer accessibility of what may remain the central sf novel written in a European language in the postwar quarter century: the 1976 Paris edition (Denoël) of Stanislaw Lem's *Głos Pana* (1968, Warsaw).

If we turn to what is still probably the best brief guide in English to Lem—the "Profile" that Franz Rottensteiner wrote for LUNA (December 1971)—we observe that Rottensteiner then considered *Głos Pana* (Master's Voice) Lem's key book; that it provided the main point of view from which Lem was discussed in the article. *Voice* is incidentally the only one of what Rottensteiner then called Lem's most important books, that is not now available in English.

La Voix du Maître (Anna Posner, translator) is a fantastically complex variation on the First-Contact theme. (Notice that it appeared in Polish the same year as *2001*; and provides rich material for contrasting Lem with his Western-sf chronological peers: Clarke-Blish-Anderson.) The plot assumption is that U.S. government military research on radio signals from space—which of course exists in fact—was expanded to the same funding-organizational extent as the Manhattan Project had, 1939ff., for developing the atomic bomb. What stimulates this government investment is the appearance and recognition by "us" of a star-code signal in the continuous noise we get from outer space. As with the real-life Manhattan Project, the main drama and research in the novel occur in a military-scientific installation geographically comparable to Los Alamos; and the (minimal) action—"plot" ends as did Manhattan, with the military moving in after research on the project has come to a climax, and the original scientific theorists being more or less ejected and scattered.

But the intellectual impact of *La Voix du Maître* doesn't derive from Lem's being familiar with, say, Oppenheimer-Groves-Teller and the politics of U.S. atomic research. The novel's thesis, rather, is that any authenticated "message" from outer space would require us, its "audience," to define what we mean by "message" or "sender" or "recipient." There is no fictional comparison in sf, at least—though perhaps in Thomas Mann's novel (1947) about modern music and WW-II Germany, *Dr. Faustus*—for the analytic exhaustivity with which Lem treats this problem. (One particular aspect of the Outer-Space Message story—often ignored even in our "hard" sf treatments of the idea, like Clarke's—is that practically by definition the Message would have been originally broadcast *before* the human race biologically existed.) *La Voix du Maître* enables Lem not only to show his fictional mastery of information theory; but to deal with the most basic intellectual complications of theology and, in our century, of basic field theory in science. The concluding, climactic chapter (17) recapitulates the basic Heisenberg-Einstein clash of 20th-century science: between those for whom what "is" by definition is a statistical "accident" (Heisenberg) and those for whom "God does not play dice" (Einstein).

This dialectical confrontation, it should be made clear, subordinates everything else in the novel that would make the main center(s) of interest for another writer or reader. Chapter 3, for instance, could very easily be expanded into a whole satirical novel or *nouvelle* by Dick, Knight or Pohl-Kornbluth; since it concerns the way pseudo-science kooks and the mass media scratch each other's backs for publicity purposes at the time of any publicized science project. This "colorful" sequence is only one short chapter in *Voix*. Lem is simply metaphorizing one of the themes of his novel: the relation between intelligible "information" and mere "noise" in the communication-patterns we notice.

Voix carries an uncharacteristic author's preface. This implies Lem's special value for this book; and labels it as his attempt to bridge the formal and intellectual gap between his fiction and his ambitious, still untranslated non-fiction.

—Mark Purcell

THE CYBERIAD: FABLES FOR THE CYBERNETIC AGE, by Stanislaw Lem. Tr. by Michael Kandel. Avon 27201, 1976. 236 pp. \$1.50 (hardcover: Seabury, 1974. \$6.95)

If people will have heard of *Cyberiad* through magazine reviews of the Seabury hardcover. Before 1974, I myself did reviews from the 1968 Paris edition for LUNA (June 1972) and *Studies in Short Fiction* (Summer 1973). *Cyberiad* is a standard classic in European-language sf; writing for LUNA, Franz Rottensteiner treated it as one of the author's four key books. Since specific accounts of the books are available in all the earlier reviews that I mentioned above, I only repeat here that Lem's key innovations are to retract hard-sf theoretical ideas via an Arabian Nights approach to style, characters and conventions; and that his two point-of-view characters on this futuristic cybernetic world are not "men" but two robots, Trurl and Klapaucius, who function somewhat like a more competent Laurel and Hardy team. (They don't appear here in the signoff story: "Prince Ferrix and the Princess Crystal.") *Cyberiad's* translator, Kandel, is treated by Rottensteiner as Lem's most successful English-language translator.

With the reviews of the hardcover available and friendly enough, perhaps this reprint provides a suitable pretext for a candid discussion of the "problems" that Lem's books necessarily cause the English-language sf establishment as they go into circulation over here. Most legitimately a cause for complaint is a little sour grapes. In Lem's first decade, the 1950's, there was then a whole New York-based generation which felt it had a legitimate right to feel itself king of the hill in the sf universe; a feeling that was a morale-booster in the years while they were still Making It. You can feel this atmosphere very strongly in the recent six-man interview book, *Hell's Cartographers*. This '50's generation now controls most of our sf editing; the important English-language sf films have been shot from books by them (Clarke, Bradbury and the postwar-II Orwell); and their version of sf "history" is what gets taught in the proliferating academic courses. The most important American sf critics all belong to this "Cartographers'" generation: Knight-Boucher-Blish-Merrill.

But it is now becoming apparent that the key hard sf-fantasy books of the 1950's were all written outside Manhattan: by Lem (1948ff.); Tolkien (1954ff.); and whoever counts to illustrate the New Wave; I would say, Ballard and Aldiss, both from London. The acceptance of this new realization will be painful academically insofar as it will mean junking the orthodox "histories" that are now sold to undergrads as required texts. (The same situation exists in academic film courses teaching the orthodox film "history" of the modern film; but I don't have time in one short review to unscrew academic film history as well.)

Lem's purely literary innovations happen to be separable from our New Wave's; insofar as Lem seems concerned with the mainstream contemporary avant-garde (Borges, *nouveau roman*) and the traditional European romance—cf. *Cyberiad*—whereas the talented New Wavers wanted to integrate into their work contemporary lyric verse (Zelazny, Delany) or fantastic art (Ballard). But it would at least seem that Lem and the New Wave could co-exist. The problem here is not literary but once more academic. The New Wave—like most '60's rebellions—was so formed as to be convenient to the needs of an existing power-class; and for academic sf courses this means a kind of "science" fiction for which the instructor (and writer) need know no conscience. The instructors can hence deal with the New Wave; with writers who "daringly" express their own social platitudes (Dick, Vonnegut); and most importantly who work from the established conventions of our sf; but not modern technology nor modern speculation; certainly not short story collections like *Cyberiada*, nor novels like Lem's *Investigation* and his *Memoirs found in a Bathtub*. Lem cannot even, in U.S.-sf terms, be said to revive the "Campbell tradition" because Campbell was interested in technology and Lem in theory.

We have then a Polish talent or genius with something to disturb the contemporary sf establishment, Campbell's ghost, the student pseudo-rebels, and the academic sf-mafia. All this may explain why Lem is not yet the best-selling sf author in the English-language belt.

—Mark Purcell

THE NAPOLEONS OF ERIDANUS, by Pierre Barbet. Tr. by Stanley Hochman. DAW UY1240, 1976. 157 pp. \$1.25 (orig: Les Grogards d'Eridan, 1970)

This is another of DAW's convenient paperback English-language first editions. It is a French space-opera version of the theme of Poul Anderson's *High Voyage*. (The literal, unsellable French title is "Grunts of Eridan.") *Napoleons* is a cross-genre story, for readers who wish C.S. Forester and Ray Bradbury under one cover. I.e., Napoleonic out-troops in frozen 1812 Russia, led by the hero Capt. Bernard, try to bunk for the night in a Russian forest. They find (a) some Russian village girls and (b) a "dream castle," which neither troopers nor girls recognize as a robotized spaceship meant to recruit the men for a space-war: as strategists for a pacifist civilization under attack. (The girls are Barbet's solution for the biological complications of interspecies love affairs.)

The author's narrative hook is that, once hired out, Bernard and his troops "become" Napoleon's staff and literally refight their old commander's most famous battles in outer space. They must deal with an invading race/force, the Kveyars or more pronounceably, the Bad Guys. The three spectacular battles (fought according to Napoleon's Egypt, Austerlitz et al) are well described, and filmable.

The political-backstairs aspect of Napoleon-Bernard's career makes up the subplot. There's a "Josephine" (one of the Russian girls) and a "Countess Walewska." And as the mercenaries become more successful, powerful and "necessary," there develops the same employer-employee struggle for supremacy as Napoleon and Cromwell had with their own parliaments. Bernard triumphs, leaving readers and publishers ready for a sequel. All quite readable.

—Mark Purcell

JAPAN SINKS, by Sakyo Komatsu. Tr. by Michael Gallagher. Harper & Row, 1976. 184 pp. \$7.95 (orig: Nippon Chimotsu, 1973)

Komatsu offers a tightly woven sf plot set in the not-distant future. The earth's seismic forces interact to submerge the author's Japanese islands. Komatsu avoids padding this 185-page story—perhaps via his journalistic experience—and he makes the reader feel the earthquakes. This book, in the cataclysmic vein of *Towering Inferno* and *Poseidon Adventure*, proceeds to pile horror upon disaster upon destruction. If that's your teacup, you watch, fascinated, as bureaucrats deal with the unthinkable, struggle with extraordinary budgets and with their consciences. The jacket blurb quotes Ambassador Reischauer as considering these sections "very revealing of Japanese character." So too are the brief descriptions of national aspirations (pp. 64, 133, 178) or of lush kimonos.

Lacking credentials in geophysics-meteorology, I'd say the "scientific" explanation underlying the narrative is plausible. The author works from an I-don't-know puzzle (17) into a dozen pages (67-76) of a lecture for specialists aboard the sub-launcher *Takatsuki*; from which the hero takes the *Kermadic* for the critical observations. The best section here is a "preview" featuring a hologram-projection of earth mantle convections.

Prof. Uosuke Takokoro, Chief of Sea Floor Development, is the leading character in the book's seven chapters. His colleague, Prof. Uosuke Tadokoro, Chief of Submarine Volcano Dept., also pilots exploratory submersibles at depths like 35K feet in the Japan Trench. Most of the book's characters are young and vigorous. But not all are scientist-saints: Komatsu shows a pretentious scholar who can't think in crises, and a jealous boss who slugs his former employee (he believes him AWOL). The women fare less well, as usual in sf. The "leading lady" appears twice: fast-lay turned faithful-haison. Others, minor, are aged mother, trusted servant or foolish ninny types.

For readers more familiar with Japanese customs—Noh Drama, the maple-leaf festival or wooden temples—*Japan Sinks* also has the colorful Daimonju Festival at Kyoto (p.54). Michael Gallagher, who has also translated two titles for the famous Yukio Mishima, has here rendered a sprightly-paced yarn. Having a more detailed map (perhaps two pages sideways?) might help American readers locate the numerous aquatic/island sites. Page 59, for instance, refers to Moji, Toba Bay and the Kumano Sea. None of these appear on the frontmap. Mr. Komatsu has promised a sequel to *Japan Sinks*. We will watch for it.

—Carolann Purcell

Coming Events

January

- 7-9 CHATTACON II at Admiral Benbow Motel, 101 20th St., Chattanooga, Tenn. Relaxacon. Reg: \$5, banquet \$6. Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chattanooga Bank Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn. 37402
- 7-9 WINTERCON III at the Sheraton-Regal Inn, Hyannis. Reg: \$2. For info: NESFA, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch Station, Cambridge, Mass. 02139
- 14-16 PHILCON at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, 9th & Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia. GoHs: Don Wollheim, Hal Clement, L. Sprague de Camp, Milton Rothman. Adv. reg: \$6 to Dec. 31, \$7 at door. For info: Philcon 76, c/o Meg Phillips, 4408 Larchwood, Philadelphia, Pa. 19104
- 28-30 CONFUSION 14 at Ann Arbor Inn. GoH: Poul Anderson, Fan GoH: Ro Lutz-Nagey, M.C.: Jim Martin. For info: Larry Ward, 112 Worden, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48103

February

- 4-6 CONEBULUS at the Hotel Syracuse, Syracuse, N.Y. GoH: Gordon R. Dickson, Fan GoH: Jay Kay Klein. Adv. reg: \$5 to Jan. 2, supporting \$2, \$6 at door. For info: CONEBULUS, c/o Carol Gobeyn, 619 Stolp Ave., Syracuse, N.Y. 13207
- 4-6 FAANCON II at Clarendon Hotel, Derby, England. For info: Mike & Pat Meara, 61 Borrowash Rd., Spondon, Derby DE2 7QH England
- 4-6 ROC KON at Holiday Inn, North Little Rock, Ark. GoH: Roger Zelazny, Fan GoH: Bob Asprin. Adv. reg: \$7, \$10 at door. For info: Margaret Middleton, P.O. Box 9911, Little Rock, Ark. 72219
- 17-20 DESERT CON V at the University of Arizona in Tucson. Speakers: Richard Matheson, Alan Dean Foster, D.C. Fontana, Tomothy Leary, Robert McCall, Ronald D. Story. Adv. reg: \$5 to Dec. 31, supporting \$3, \$7 at door. For info: Desert Con V, SUPO 10,000, Univ. of Arizona, Tucson, Ariz. 85720
- 18-20 BOSKONE 14 at the Sheraton-Boston Hotel. GoH: Ben Bova. Adv. reg: \$5 to Jan. 15, \$8 at door. For info: NESFA, Box G, MIT Station, Cambridge, Mass. 02139

March

- 4-6 ARTKANE II at Yorktowne Hotel, York, Pa. SF & fantasy art convention. GoH: Kelly Freas. Reg: \$5 to Jan. 31, \$7 after. For info: Bill Hawkins, R.D. 1, Box 344, Hockessin, Delaware 19707
- 11-13 MILELOWCON/LEPRECON 3 at Kachina & Thunderbird Lodges, Grand Canyon. GoH: Robert Silverberg, Toastmistress: Marion

- Zimmer Bradley. Adv. reg: \$5, \$6 at door. For info: P.O. Box 1749, Phoenix, Ariz. 85001
- 18-20 MARCON at Howard Johnson Motor Lodge North, Columbus, Ohio. GoH: Howard DeVore. For info: Ross Pavlac, Apt.C2, 4654 Tamarack Blvd., Columbus, Ohio 43229
- 24-27 AGGIECON VII at Texas A&M University. GoH: Fred & Carol Pohl. Adv. reg: \$4. For info: AggieCon VIII, P.O. Box 5718, College Station, Tex. 77844
- 26-27 TOTOCOON at Ramada Inn, Manhattan, Kansas. GoH: Joe Haldeman. Adv. reg: \$5, \$10 at door. For info: P.O. Box 9195, Ft. Riley, Kansas 66442

April

- 1-3 HARCON I in Harriman, Tenn. Adv. reg: \$5, \$6 at door, banquet \$3.50. For info: Eric Jamborsky, P.O. Box 358, Harriman, Tenn. 37748
- 6-10 BALTICON 11 at the Hunt Valley Inn, Hunt Valley, Md. GoH: Philip Jose Farmer, Fan GoH: Meade Frierson. Adv. reg: \$4 to March 20, \$6 at door. For info: Martin Deutsch, Jr., 6135 Waterloo Rd., Ellicott City, Md. 21043
- 8-10 LUNACON at the Biltmore Hotel, NYC. GoH: L. Sprague & Catherine de Camp. Adv. reg: \$6 to March 5, \$8 at door. For info: Walter R. Cole, 1171 E. 8th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230

May

- 28-30 ERATICON in Houston, Tex. For info: Clifton Davis, 2602 Cherry Lane, Pasadena, Tex. 77502

June

- 2-5 SF, HORROR & FANTASY WORLD EXPOSITION. Reg: \$10. For info: P.O. Box 4412, Tucson, Ariz. 85717
- 3-5 KWINTUS KUBLIUS at Quality Inn Parkway, Nashville, Tenn. GoH: Harlan Ellison, M.C. Andy Offutt. Adv. reg: \$7.50, \$8.50 at door. For info: Ken Moore, 647 Devon Dr., Nashville, Tenn. 37220
- 17-19 X-CON at Red Carpet Inn, Milwaukee, Wis. GoH: Gordon Dickson, Fan GoH: Bob Asprin. Adv. reg: \$5, \$7 at door. For info: X-Con 77, Box 97, Greendale, Wis. 53129
- 24-26 MIDWESTCON at Quality Inn Central, 4747 Montgomery Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio. Relaxacon. For info: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terr., Cincinnati, Ohio 45236

July

- 1-4 WESTERCON 30 at Totem Park, Univ. of British Columbia, Vancouver. GoH: Damon Knight, Fan GoH: Frank Denton, Special Guest: Kate Wilhelm. Reg: \$6 to March 15, \$4

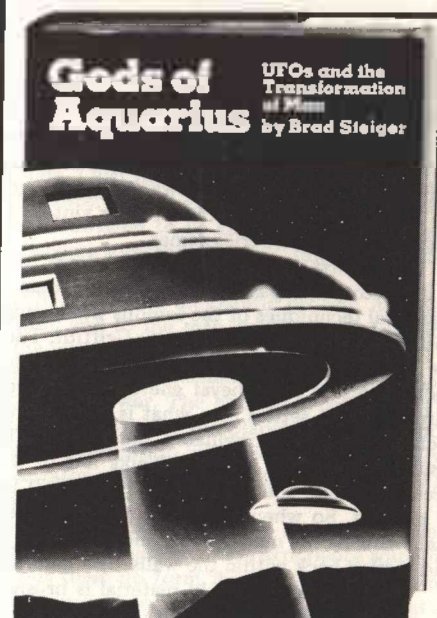
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Have You Read?

- Asimov, Isaac. "Flaming God" (sun gods) Saturday Review, Oct. 30, p.16+
- "His Own Particular Drummer." Phi Delta Kappan, Sept. p.99-103
- Banks, Michael. "Science Fiction/Future Fact." Cincinnati Enquirer Magazine, Sept. 26
- "Science Fiction: Tomorrow's News Today." Cavalier, March, p.16+
- Boiko, Claire. "The Star-Spangled Time Machine" (play) Plays, Oct. p.76-84
- Bova, Ben. "Space: 1999, Marked Down from 2001" American Film Review, v.1 no.4, p.24-27
- Carlson, Dudley Brown. "Second Look: Over Sea, Under Stone." Hornbook, Oct. p.522-23
- Cocks, Jay. "Also Ran" (Logan's Run movie review) Time, July 26, p.68
- Gilliatt, Penelope. "Current Cinema" New Yorker, July 26, p.48 (Food of the gods); Aug. 30, p.68-70 (Futureworld)
- Grimes, Paul. "Fantasy Boom: The Profits Are Real" (Star Trek conventions) New York Times, May 30, section 10, p.1
- Gussow, Mel. "Roeg: The Man Behind 'The Man Who Fell to Earth'" New York Times, Aug. 22, p.D11
- "Here Comes King Kong" Time, Oct. 25, p.64-8+
- Holt, William A. "Olaf Stapledon, Neglected Titan." Christianity Today, Sept. 24, p.24-25
- Jacobs, Frank. "Keep on Trekkin': The Mad 'Star Trek' Musical" Mad, Oct., p.4-10
- Jonas, Gerald. "Of Things to Come" New York Times Book Review, April 25, p.46-7; May 23, p.45-6; Aug. 1, p.18+; Sept. 12, p.46; Oct. 3, p.34-5
- Levin, Betty. "A Journey Through Mountain and Mist: The Grey King." Horn Book, Aug. p.443-5
- New Republic. A Future Issue. (contains: What is Science Fiction Anyway?, by Mark Rose; Science Fiction As Prophecy—Philip K. Dick, by Ursula K. Le Guin; Science Fiction As Politics—Larry Niven, by Fredric Jameson; Science Fiction As Conscience—John Brunner and Ursula K. Le Guin, by Robert Scholes; and Science Fiction As Science—Why Sci-Fi Zaps, by Derek de Solla Price) pages 31-41
- Porteous, J. Douglas. "A Preliminary Landscape Analysis of Middle-Earth During Its Third Age." Landscape, Jan. 1975, p.33-8
- Sack, Robert David. "Magic and Space." Annals of the Association of American Geographers, June, p.309+
- "Science Fiction" (includes Sci-Fi in the Classroom: Many Faces, Many Uses; A Bibliography for Future Shock; Supplements [teachers guides]) Curriculum Review, Feb., p.34-40
- Stine, Jane. "The Blue Bird" Talking Cinemately re. Films, no.30

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—David Techter, Fate Magazine

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S F and the Cinema

THE GERMAN-SILENT "GOLEM" (1920)

In chapters on the German expressionist silent cinema, historians like to springboard from *Caligari* (1920) into the middle 1920's. The later famous Lang-Murnau-Pabst titles have remained available in the film-rental catalogues; and *Caligari*'s earlier competition hasn't. The first print-showing I saw of Lang's famous *Spieler* (1922, two parts) was only semi-legal, while the only pre-Hollywood Lubitsch I've ever run down, is the incomplete *Sumurun* (1920) in the UW/Madison Historical Society files. However, the fervor of the horror-film cult has kept alive, rentally speaking, prints of *Caligari*, *Nosferatu* and the 1920 film under review, Wegener's (co-directed) *Golem*.

For the 1976 audience, *Golem* tends to blur with the later films works that 'borrowed' from it, to use the usual euphemism. These include *Frankenstein* and, I think subconsciously, *Lord of the Rings*. Growing out of ghetto folklore and sociology, a golem is an artificial monster, a strongboy created to retaliate against authority for a downtrodden, repressed, imaginative culture. Golems exist historically. El Cid and the Gen. Wallenstein of the 30 Years' religious wars were golems, both in their powers and in their uncontrollable independent detachment from the partisan causes that originally sponsored them. There was a touch of golem in the postwar DiMaggio, once he and the unglamorous Tom Henrich were the only remainders of the pre-war vintage McCarthy-Gehrig-Ruffing-Gordon killer Yanks that took 16 of 19 Series games.

The first-generation German silents of the 1920's like *Golem* share two interests: (a) in the storytale past of medieval German romance; and (b) in the advanced, stylized theatrical techniques of the famous Berlin stage. Max Reinhardt is more the godfather of the postwar German movie than was Griffith. The plot, background and what can only be called the staging of *Golem* illustrate (a) and (b) above. Once the film establishes its story background of a medieval ghetto under threat of annihilation and Mosaic exile by a local baron, *Golem* settles into what is really a kind of social-character study of the old Jewish social culture that originated the folktale. The destruction a 1976 audience expects and assumes, when the Monster Walks out of the ghetto into the outside gentile world, never occurs, because the director (scriptwriter?) isn't really interested in the destructive aspects of his plot. So when the golem picks up one fearless little girl, she simply removes the star that controls his mechanism. Silenced, he is hoisted by his rabbi-inventor and fellow elders and carried back within the walls. The main storyline has remained within these walls.

There, much prickly material is brushed against. *Golem* seems a politicalized attempt to sidle between the traditional German aristocratic past; and an aggressive urban revolutionary 1920 present. The plot originates not merely in folklore but in the simple 19th-century populist theater where Rich is arrogant and Poor is good. This theater's traditions, of course, still affect the commercial movie, where manners, good grammar or clean clothes still put a character under moral suspicion with the new populist film academics. But this 1976 audience still may not realize how a wellborn 1920 German might regard a film (two years after the Armistice) whose representative baron is an amiable clod, and whose representative knight is a mischievous little rose-sniffer.

The anti-Semitism built into any use of the golem plot, has very strong folklore roots, and perhaps for this reason has attracted very famous storytellers. The inventive rabbi's daughter—a spoiled bitch with a taste for goys—has her probable source in Shakespeare's Jessica from *Merchant of Venice*; and both the golem-child scene and the child-associated circumstances of the murder of the girl's knight-lover, would have made any 1920 audience in Europe or America associate these scenes with the Protocols of Zion. The daughter's 'betrayed' Jewish boy friend turns into a villain; and the golem—an impassive Chinese-Indian type in appearance—has a conspicuously gentile hairstyle. The ghetto world is thus treated more coolly than objectively.

After seeing the golem lurch awkwardly around the rabbi's lab and wave a burning torch near a half-crazed assistant, it becomes impossible to believe that the makers of the 1931 *Frankenstein* managed to avoid at least visual memories of this film. More

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Paul Walker: In A Critical Condition

MAN PLUS, by Frederik Pohl. Random House, 1976. 215 pp. \$7.95

Man Plus is perhaps Frederik Pohl's best novel. (I never did read *Slave Ship*, so I can't say for sure.) It employs an ingenious narrative technique and has a startling twist on its tail, both of which unfortunately have an anticlimactic effect on the principal drama. It will, I am told, be nominated for a Hugo, and will, I predict, win, if it is a poor year. It is to me, like all Pohl's work, a little dull and a lot of fun.

All of the essential Pohl qualities are here: intelligence, wit, and good taste. Also present, and chronic, is the subdued mood. No matter what is happening, no matter how desperate, passionate, or harrowing the situation, Pohl himself will never blow his cool and risk lapsing into a purple patch. The effect is, as always, just a bit soporific. But, as always, there is his wit, a subtle ironic bite, to keep us awake and reading. And there is, as always, his keen, perceptive intelligence gently stimulating our interest. He writes so well, so modestly, it is too easy to underrate his talent; to lose sight of how far he has come from his early days.

Man Plus is the story of an attempt by the U.S. to forestall a predicted nuclear war with Asia by putting a man-made Martian on Mars. (Just how this is to forestall the war is unclear until the very end.) The first Martian "monster" died before the hero's eyes, and he is next in line to succeed him. To have his body renovated to be able to survive the harsh Martian environment without a space suit. To become something "more" (and "less") than human for a period of years.

Poor hero. Not only does he lose most of his innards in the painful process, including his most precious possessions, but his wife as well; and to the man on whom his life most depends. It is no wonder he is threatened with the loss of his mind as well.

The experiments proceed, the conversion from man to Martian takes place before our eyes, while outside the world readies itself for the final war. The Martian is complete. The flight is set. The journey to Mars is dull. The first day on the red planet eventful, almost fatal. Subsequent events even more harrowing. A resolution is achieved. And then we discover the identity of the mysterious "we" narrator who has been telling us the story all along, and we learn just how the mission is to save mankind.

Not having a scientific mind, I cannot discuss the validity of the many details that Pohl gives us of his hero's transformation, although to judge from past experience someone will find something to violently disagree with; but these do form the essence of his drama. We have some idea of the tensions involved in turning men into astronauts, but what of turning men into monsters? And of the men and women who perform the transformation? The humane, the insensitive, the compassionate, the ruthless people who form the team preparing a god-like miracle? And the bureaucrats, and generals, and politicians who are in orbit about them, encouraging and harassing them every moment? With the fate of the world at stake.

The characters are good to excellent. The hero is believable, although cuckolds are a bit tedious to read about these days. More interesting are Brad, the egocentric cuckold, utterly selfish and irresponsible; Father Kayman, the expert on Mars, and the tacit conscience of the mission, who poses questions his own scientific curiosity will not permit him to answer; Dorrie, the long-suffering wife; the President of the U.S.—yes, indeed—he reminded me of Cliff Robertson playing John F. Kennedy, a combination of tough and gentle, ruthless and intelligent motives. An excellent and difficult portrait.

And then there are the politics outside heating to the boiling point. Pohl invents an interesting crisis in Australia. His view (if it is his view) of the future of world politics is a bleak one. He achieves sufficient plausibility to create tension, but I was never really convinced. This is always a danger in near-future science fiction stories. The readers already have their own political scenarios drawn for the next hundred years or so. Mine is much more optimistic than Pohl's. Be that as it may . . .

The novel is easy-reading but not light weight. The emphasis is on character and scientific detail and there is little action, except for one irrational incident when the hero

decides to visit his wife against doctors' orders. That did threaten to destroy all credibility, but on the whole Pohl restrains the melodrama lurking insidiously in the background and makes us wonder what will happen next.

Until the very end, I was satisfied, and although I was taken by surprise by the surprise ending, I was left shaking my head with dismay. Left feeling that Pohl had cheated himself and us of a really fine novel. The surprise is well planned for, ingeniously plotted, and as amusing as it is startling, but *Man Plus* was never an amusing story. It was a very real, very human story, part of whose tension derived from the moral questions implied, but never detailed, in it. Pohl made us consider his hero as a real person in one hell of a spot—on the one hand, a hero enduring mental and physical agony in the pursuit of glory; on the other, a victim of political expediency. His fate is, or should have been, the fate of the novel. But it seems as if Pohl was just incapable of taking the whole thing seriously enough. The surprise ending reduces the hero's entire ordeal to nothing more than the move of a pawn; reduces the whole novel to a typical sf game of words without moral or intellectual substance. What a Pity. As it is, *Man Plus* is still an above-average sf novel. But if Pohl had taken an uncharacteristic risk, it could have been far, far better.

DRAGONSONG, by Anne McCaffrey. Atheneum, 1976. 202 pp. \$7.95

All I can remember of Anne McCaffrey's early fiction is that I could not read it. All I can remember of *The Ship Who Sang* is one cinematically brilliant sequence I thought the equal of what Zelazny was doing at the time, but also the impression that McCaffrey was a romantic sentimentalist of a low-order; a woman's writer of stick love stories.

Dragonflight improved my opinion of her considerably, although I thought it awkward; its style a bit dry for fantasy. *Dragonquest* won me over completely. It was big and sprawling, full of incident and color; vigorous action and vivid description; heroic and credible characters having romantic and exciting adventures. The cosy sentimentality had disappeared; the narrative clumsiness; the prosaic dryness. McCaffrey had gained confidence as a writer and with it strength.

Dragonson is the third of the Pern novels, more like an interlude than a continuation; ostensibly a juvenile, but sure to appeal to those fond of her previous two. It will remove any doubts that McCaffrey has matured into the master class both as storyteller and craftsman. It is a poetic, tightly written, thoroughly absorbing fantasy adventure whose overall effect is charm in the best sense of the word.

Its story is a bit trite, but irresistible, especially to sf fans who still regard themselves as misunderstood, if not persecuted, by the mundane world. A 15 year old girl named Menolly lives in the rocky fishing village called the Sea Hold. Her stern father is the leader of a hard-working, very strait-laced people who look to the dragonriders of Brenden Weyr for protection from the searing Thread that falls bi-centennially from the skies.

Menolly took care of the old Harper of the village; the man who sang the sagas of Pern which are the principal means of educating the young about their race's history. She manifested a talent for music and the old man taught her all he knew until she was his equal. She wrote songs he believed promising and submitted to the Master Harper of Pern, sure that the Master would recognize her potential and give her the chance to become the first woman Harper of their world. But before the Master could respond, the old man died. Menolly's father, who thought "tuning" frivolous, and feared that if anyone found out a mere girl had been fulfilling the duties of their Harper it would bring disgrace on the Hold, forbade her to sing or play ever again.

She disobeyed him and went off along, far up the coast, to sing and play by herself. It was there she first saw the fire lizards. Creatures so shy and elusive that they were believed to be a myth. And not only did she see them, but through an accident, she came to befriend them.

Shortly after, she suffers an accident which threatens to end her playing forever. She runs away from the Hold to her friends who live in a cave on the rocky cliffs of the coast. She is unaware that in doing so she has ensured herself a place in the history of Pern, for the dragonriders of Brenden Weyr have need of fire lizards.

I will not tell you more than that. Menolly is rather a typical sf character:

ultra-sensitive and talented, misunderstood and persecuted, driven into the wilderness to have adventures and inevitably to find recognition among her own kind. As I said, this sort of thing is irresistible to sf fans who regard themselves as a special breed, stigmatized for their intelligence and sensitivity by a mundane world, and hungry for recognition by any intellectual elite that will have them: What makes the book memorable is the very fine job of characterization McCaffrey has done on the other characters.

Menolly's stern parents, whose cruelty is born of the best intentions. Simple, but not stupid people. Tyrannical, but not deliberately cruel. They do the things they do to her not from callousness but from conviction; and while we bleed for Menolly in her loneliness, we cannot condemn them for being what they are. This is no mean trick as they are depicted solely through word and deed without any justification.

And there is Menolly's sister, vain and selfish, a treacherous sibling rival; everybody's older sister. And Elgion, the young Harper who tries to broaden the villagers' outlook; and Menolly's brother, a simple man with an open mind. Each is a three-dimensional creation with an ambiguous complexity of mind.

The fire lizards are a bit cute, and there is less descriptive writing than I would have wished for, but perhaps that is a kind of back-handed compliment to McCaffrey. She makes the reader want to see as much of Pern as possible.

"Ease" is the word for this novel. Everything done without excess or straining for effect. The story unfolds leisurely, the action is low-keyed, but we are absorbed in it from first to last. McCaffrey has come a long way.

MINDBRIDGE, by Joe Haldeman. St. Martin's Press, 1976. 186 pp. \$8.95

As in *The Forever War*, there is much I admired in Joe Haldeman's *Mindbridge*; but as in *The Forever War*, there is little that I liked about it. "Liked," that is, as I almost always like the people, places, and techniques that make up the sf books I admire. There is no question Haldeman can tell a story as well as, say, Roger Zelazny. Or that he can create credible, sympathetic characters as effective as, say, Theodore Sturgeon. Or that he can provide sciffrickery as wondrous and scientifically sound as, say, Arthur C. Clarke. But unlike them, his method of bringing these diverse elements together is rather clinical, and worse, excessively clever as if the elements in themselves embarrassed him with their innocence; were insufficiently substantial as subjects for a good novel. So he compensates by Writing.

Mindbridge is dedicated to "my teachers at the Iowa Writers Workshop" who include Stephen Becker, Vance Bourjaily, John Cheever, and Stanley Elkin among others; and there is a p.s. dedication to John Brunner and Dos Passos. It is as if Haldeman is trying to show us (and them) all that he learned in class; as if *Mindbridge* is nothing more than a technical exercise; but what he shows us in fact, are merely the affectations he has acquired.

His central character is a pawn hero named Jacque LaFavre whose main trait is an inability to restrain his temper. Like all pawn heroes, his fate is decided by outside forces. His own efforts are incidental to the resolution of the story. Actually, he does nothing at all except serve as a camera to film the major scenes. Consequently, there is no conventional plot or conflict. LaFavre is a member of an exploratory team who open up new worlds for "geoformy." While on a mission to a very unpromising world, one of the team discovers an apparently primitive creature with the remarkable power to permit telepathy between certain individuals.

How is this possible? To find the answer, they take the creature back to the lab where it is discovered there are risks involved. Those who attempt to dissect the thing die gruesomely. Half of the team of psychics assembled to test the thing's potential die within minutes. But the thing is little more complicated organically than a sponge.

In itself, this mystery would have been enough to sustain the novel, but as Haldeman's hero is not a scientist but an explorer, he has little to do with the actual research. Instead, he has a love affair with his teammate and goes off exploring some more. The mystery is related by a series of pseudo-fact articles and reports alternating with the narrative chapters. Absolutely the clumsiest of narrative techniques, which invariably fragments a novel as it does in *Mindbridge*.

Added to these are autobiographical episodes about LaFavre's life that tell us nothing the narrative doesn't tell us more interestingly. And a "crystal ball" gimmick (called Crystal Ball I & II) which projects us a hundred years ahead of the action and tells us the secret of the "bridge." It is as if Haldeman lost hold of the idea, and not knowing how to work it out, decided to wrap up the whole mystery neatly in one fell swoop. In fact, it kills the idea instantaneously and all possibility of suspense along with it.

Having destroyed the main interest of his story, Haldeman introduces another element—mysterious aliens. In no time these are posing a threat to Earth and LaFavre is sent to investigate, but being a pawn hero, he of course accomplishes little. The aliens are—well, typical of what we get on *Star Trek*—which isn't bad, but isn't as interesting as the "bridges." They resolve the story, and the destiny of Man, in a typically master race fashion that I personally found repulsive, but it does not seem to bother Haldeman at all. He seems to be saying it served humanity right.

Haldeman can create very visual and dramatically effective scenes. The confrontations with the aliens are vivid and exciting. First-rate action writing as in *The Forever War*. The finding of the "bridge," the first telepathic copulation between LaFavre and his girl friend are memorable. And as in *The Forever War*, Haldeman again demonstrates his ability to make speculative gimmickry wondrous: the GPEM suits, the Levant-Meyer Translation, the bridges, and the alien gods who invented them. Haldeman really can do this better than most of the old masters.

I am inclined, then, to say what a pity he is not a little less pretentious, but I do not think the critical-powers-that-be behind the Nebula Awards are going to be at all dismayed by Haldeman's typographical razzle-dazzle or his fragmentary narrative. I would bet *Mindbridge* gets a nomination. And I would bet it gets a wide, admiring readership. I would not discourage anyone from reading it: there are too many good things in it. But it is not a good novel.

FRIGHTS, ed. by Kirby McCauley. St. Martin's Press, 1976. 293 pp. \$8.95

Frights edited by New York literary agent Kirby McCauley is one of the most remarkable anthologies I have ever read. Perhaps, the most remarkable. Not that the stories are so exceptional (I will get to them in a moment) but that it is the only anthology of fantasy or sf that I recall with an introduction even more interesting than its contents. In fact, it has two interesting introductions: one by Leiber in front, and one by McCauley at the back, both of which absolutely astounded me by having something genuinely perceptive to say about horror fiction.

If this strikes you as a curious thing to say, it is because you have not read many such introductions. They are uniformly insipid, defensive of their genre, uninformative, imperceptive, and almost always unnecessary. And what's worse they almost always make their authors sound like jackasses. So when I read introductions of such quality as Leiber and McCauley's, even if they do not entirely escape the clichés ("Nobody takes us seriously, the Philistines!"), they do have something valuable to say. Leiber about the "lure of the unknown," and the romance of terror and death; and McCauley about the positive and negative aspects of humor in horror fiction.

The book itself is handsome and readable and sensibly priced: \$8.95 for a 293-page anthology of good stories is reasonable these days with the average genre novel priced at \$7.95. And, as I said, the stories are good.

My experience with Elwood's anthologies had almost made me superstitious about original anthologies, but of the fourteen stories in *Frights*, there was not one that I really disliked. There is a charming story by Gahan Wilson, a chilling one by Ramsey Campbell, a harrowing one by David Drake, an eerie one by Robert Aickman, a sentimental one by John Jakes and Richard E. Peck, a scary one by Poul and Karen Anderson, and another by Brian Lumley. There are also stories by Joe Haldeman (an excellent idea, expertly done, until the very anticlimactic end); a story by William F. Nolan which is good, but slight; as is Dennis Etchison's contribution. I did not really care for David Grubb's story, "The Idiots." And Bloch's "The Warm Farewell" is one of his lesser works, as is "Oh Tell Me Will It Freeze Tonight" one of Lafferty's.

I urge you to get this book if only to read Leiber's excellent remarks. But having read them, I am sure you will read the stories and not be disappointed. My congratulations to Kirby McCauley for a fine job and my wish that he will do it again—soon.

SCIENCE FICTION DISCOVERIES, ed. by Carol and Fred Pohl. Bantam 08635, 1976. 272 pp. \$1.50

The survival of sf depends on the yearly production of two kinds of stories: the smash-hit, award-winning, best-seller; and the good story. I differentiate between them because as you know, the former is not always a good story, or even good by any but popular standards; while the good good story is a matter of personal taste. It does the yeoman labor of sustaining the readers' love for the genre as a whole. It is rarely remembered a month after reading it, unless salvaged by a kind hearted anthologist, yet it is important. It is important to the editor to flesh out his or her magazine or anthology; to succeed, every issue needs at least one memorable work, and will survive two or three bad ones if there are at least three or four good ones to pacify the reader; and the author needs them—he can't write a hit every time out—good stories keep his batting average up; and the readers need them to keep on reading.

All of this may seem too obvious to be worth mentioning, but editors and readers tend to think of anthologies in terms of black and white. There are the first-rate stories and then there are clunkers, with nothing in between but the wasteland of mediocrity. Not so. There is such a thing as the "good story," and I said it is a matter of personal taste. There are some editors who know a good story when they see one because they truly like a good story for its own sake and they have confidence in their readers to like them as well. But there are others who, while they can pick a winner, don't seem to know what to make of the rest of the slush pile. They will skip genuinely good stories and include absolutely bad ones simply because they resemble the award-winners in theme or technique.

To me, *Science Fiction Discoveries* edited by Carol and Fred Pohl is an ideal kind of anthology in which the authors have tried to pick those stories that genuinely appealed to them, personally, rather than trying to choose stories that suited some theme or ideological concept of sf. There are eight stories, six of which I thoroughly enjoyed.

"Starlady" by George R.R. Martin (who is fast becoming my favorite sf writer) is a lovely story about a really interesting set of characters set on a really interesting alien world. It has the substance of a novel and the compactness of a short story. And there is the most effective Robert Sheckley story I have read in years, "The Never-Ending Western Movie." And a youthful, but strong, effort by Scott Edelman, who I predict will make his mark within the next five years. And a fine alien world story by Fred Saberhagen, who I keep underrating between stories and then "re-discovering" in his latest work.

Arthur Jean Cox and Doris Piserchia supply excellent examples of the good story. Both are thoroughly readable and interesting; the Cox story has a poignancy, the Piserchia story, a hilarious eeriness.

The two I did not like are the Zelazny, which would have been acceptable from a novice but not from him; and the longest, the short novel, "Error Hurdled" by Babette Rosmond. There are the makings of a good story in it but it goes on and on and on and on, and I lost patience trying to keep track of it.

Science Fiction Discoveries is the kind of book that, without including a single story I would nominate for a Hugo or urge my friends to read, still restores my affection for the whole genre of sf.

THE OMEN, by David Seltzer. Signet W7065, 1976. 202 pp. \$1.50

If you have not read *The Omen* by now, or seen the movie, it must be because you do not like this kind of story. And David Seltzer's novel is the sort that only a fan could love. It is an occasionally effective suspense story about an American couple who are unknowingly forced to raise the son of Satan himself.

I won't detail the events. They are chilling, gruesome, exciting, and frequently ridiculous. Seltzer can write vivid action and create a tender love scene; he can portray a

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Swords and Sorceries

by B. A. Fredstrom

Robert Ervin Howard (1906-1936) had a disproportionate impact on the shape of popular fantasy during his brief writing career. His barbarian hero Conan is the model for a countless horde of mighty-thewed fictional doppelgangers, and he is credited with originating the sword and sorcery fantasy sub-genre. None claim that Howard deserves a "literary" reputation—he was merely another of the many struggling pulp writers of the 1920's and 1930's. His influence derives from his creation of an appealing new action formula as well as several striking fictional heroes, and from the talent he possessed to exploit both with verve and imagination. All of this is understandable. The remarkable aspect is Howard's comparatively recent and growing popularity.

Howard's popularity during his lifetime, however real in such "ghetto" milieus as *Weird Tales*, was a restricted one. Arkham editions and the Gnome Press series that resurrected his Conan stories in the 1950's had only a limited audience. Even the Ace Books paperback of *Conan the Conqueror* seemed to raise few ripples. It was only with the publication of the augmented Conan series from Lancer in the 1960's that Howard's writing began to display wide popular appeal.

Today, 40 years after Howard's death, his popularity is soaring. The number of hardbound and paperback books, booklets and pamphlets of Howard material are increasing geometrically. Not only his tales of Conan, Kull and Solomon Kane but also his westerns, weird fiction, historical adventures, boxing stories, poetry—everything bearing his name is fair game. Even scraps and fragments whose lack of prior publication was probably a kindness are being exhumed in one form or another. Small fan publishers are turning out beautiful, indifferent or godawful limited editions that go out of print within weeks, and Zebra Books is cashing in on the paperback rights to much of this material. Fanzines devoted to Howard are proliferating, and his output has been culled to produce half a dozen different and fast-selling comics magazines. The Howard pastiche has come into its own and Howard heroes are finding new life at the hands of contemporary sword and sorcery writers. Increasingly, Howard is the subject of serious biographical and bibliographical treatment.

In short, Robert E. Howard has become a modern phenomenon in the fantasy field.

A random sample of recent publishing efforts reveals the widest range in quality and approach.

ROGUES IN THE HOUSE, by Robert E. Howard. Donald M. Grant: Publisher (West Kingston, R.I.), 1976. 94 pp. \$15. (3,500 copy edition)

RED NAILS, by Robert E. Howard. Donald M. Grant: Publisher, 1975. 144 pp. \$15. (3,500 copy edition)

A WITCH SHALL BE BORN, by Robert E. Howard. Donald M. Grant: Publisher, 1975. 108 pp. \$12. (3,100 copy edition)

Don Grant sets the highest standard among Howard publishers, producing the very finest books and lavishing much care and affection on each volume. Among the 18 different books by Howard in 20 Grant editions (most of them out of print), the three books above mark the zenith of the Howard publishing boom. They join the previous *The People of the Black Circle* (1974) and *The Tower of the Elephant* (1975) in a uniform limited edition series that will embrace the entire Howard Conan canon.

Each is a distinctive 7 x 10 inch gray volume with a maroon spine and gray dust jacket. The finest paper is used and each volume is an individual work of art illustrated by a single artist in both line drawings and full-color plates. The artist brings his individual interpretation to each book: Marcus Boas for *Rogues in the House*, George Barr for *Red Nails* and Alicia Austin for *A Witch Shall be Born*. They are quite simply among the most handsome books ever produced in the field.

Rogues in the House includes both the title story and "The Frost Giant's Daughter." In the first, Conan, imprisoned for thievery, is offered his freedom by the nobleman Murilo

in return for killing the evil Nabonidus, priest of Anu. Escaping by his own efforts, Conan arrives at the house of Nabonidus where fate throws Conan, Murilo and the priest into an uneasy alliance against the cunning of the huge beastman Thak who has run amok in the home of his former master. Death threatens Conan from enemy and allies alike. In "The Frost Giant's Daughter" Conan, badly wounded in a battle with the Vanir of the far north, is taunted by a beautiful scantily-clad snow maiden. Driven by the elemental lust of the barbarian, Conan pursues his tormentor to a bloody meeting with giants and an encounter with the gods themselves.

In *Red Nails* Conan and the female pirate Valeria enter the ancient enclosed city of Xuchotl where the last mad remnants of two clans continue a bloody feud. They join the Tecuhltli who mark the slaying of enemy Xotalancs by driving red nails into a sacred pillar. But the genocidal battles of the two clans are only a prelude to the immortal Princess Tascela's dark designs on Valeria as a sacrifice to loathesome powers.

A Witch Shall be Born portrays Conan at his heroic, barbarian best. Serving as captain of the guards for Queen Taramis of Khauran, Conan is captured in a coup staged by her evil twin sister, the witch Salome. Taken into the desert, Conan is crucified and left to die slowly. But the vultures are eager for their feast and circle ever lower to slash at the eyes and face of the helpless man.

The vulture swept in with a swift roar of wings. Its beak flashed down, ripping the skin on Conan's chin as he jerked his head aside; then before the bird could flash away, Conan's head lunged forward on his mighty neck muscles, and his teeth, snapping like those of a wolf, locked on the bare, wattled neck.

Conan's barbarian soul never gives up. Released from the cross by a Zuagir bandit chief, Conan's thirst for vengeance leads him back to Khauran where he helps to overthrow the usurper.

At this point only *Rogues in the House* is still technically in print, but the other books are occasionally available at inflated prices. A word to the wise . . . The Grant series promises to become an all-time collector's joy . . . available in the future—if available at all—at prices calculated to bring little joy to the purchaser.

BLACK VULMEA'S VENGEANCE AND OTHER TALES OF PIRATES, by Robert E. Howard. Donald M. Grant: Publisher, 1976. 224 pp. \$15. (2,600 copy edition)

THE IRON MAN AND OTHER TALES OF THE RING, by Robert E. Howard. Donald M. Grant: Publisher, 1976. 186 pp. \$7. (paperback: Zebra 171, 1976. \$1.50)

ALMURIC, by Robert E. Howard. Donald M. Grant: Publisher, 1975. 218 pp. \$7.

THE SWORDS OF SHAHRAZAR, by Robert E. Howard. FAX Collector's Editions (Box E, West Linn, Oregon 97068), 1976. 134 pp. \$12.95

Another beautiful edition from Grant is the oversize book *Black Vulmea's Vengeance* illustrated by the noted marine artist Robert James Pailthorpe. In "Swords of the Red Brotherhood" a fabulous treasure draws freebooters to a lonely stretch of coast in the New World where Henri d'Chastillon has his crude fort. Only the legendary Black Vulmea can outscheme the pirates Villiers and Harston and provide leadership against the rampaging red Indians. Yet, even he may not escape the doom of the mysterious Black Man who relentlessly pursues d'Chastillon. The title story relates the capture of Vulmea by his old and bitter enemy Wentyard. Leading Wentyard to a mythical treasure trove in a bid to escape, Vulmea is forced to join with his enemy in a deadly battle against Indians, murderous escaped slaves and the serpentine devil inhabiting the burrows of an ancient temple. "The Isle of Pirate's Doom" introduces the Yankee Stephen Harmer to the fierce female buccaneer Halen Tavrel. Alone, they must face a bloodthirsty pirate band and other stranger forms of lurking death. All three stories are entertaining examples of rousing pulp adventure.

The Iron Man and *Almuric* are less expensive Grant volumes, but still valuable and rewarding additions to the Howard fan's library. The first contains three of the author's boxing stories featuring his fistic creations Mike Brennon, Jack Maloney and Kirby Karnes,

as well as Howard's unfinished essay salute to the ring's "Men of Iron." The stories are somewhat downbeat but straightforward fight yarns nominally of little interest to the fantasy buff. Yet, Howard's affinity for boxing injects enthusiasm into sometimes wooden dialogue and hackneyed plotlines to create surprisingly pleasant pulp fiction.

Almuric, on the other hand, is of considerable importance as Howard's only major venture into interplanetary Burroughsian romance. The earthly misfit Esau Cairn is transported to the distant and barbaric planet Almuric where the rigors of survival harden his body to a superhuman degree. Gaining respect and acceptance among the warlike apemen, he leads them in an onslaught against the fortress city of winged humanoids who have controlled their planet for millennia. If basically a well-padded novelette, *Almuric* is still a spritely and fast-moving tale of a savage world featuring one of Howard's mightiest heroes. We can only regret that the author died before he produced more novels of other-worldly adventure. They were definitely also his métier.

Swords of Shahrzaz is the latest in the Howard series from FAX Collector's Editions (*The Incredible Adventures of Dennis Dorgan*, *The Lost Valley of Iskander*). Here are the only three Howard tales of the Eastern adventurer Kirby O'Donnell known among the wild tribes of Afghanistan as Ali el Ghazi and El Shirkuh—"the mountain lion." All three stories have the wild, barbaric flavor of Howard's best fiction: "The Curse of the Crimson God," "The Treasures of Tartary" and "The Treasure of Shaibar Khan." This is the kind of story the adventure pulps did best: treasure, violence, blood and treachery in unknown climes. Excellent binding and artwork contribute to an attractive package. For collectors: the FAX edition is a colorful and permanent acquisition; for interested readers: by all means pick up the paperback version.

THE GREY GOD PASSES, by Robert E. Howard. Charles Miller (239 North 4th St., Columbia, Pa. 17512), 1975. 36 pp. \$4.

TWO AGAINST TYRE, by Robert E. Howard. Dennis McHaney (3400 South Perkins, Memphis, Tenn., 38118), 1975. 28 pp. \$3. (1,500 copy edition)

ETCHINGS IN IVORY, by Robert E. Howard. Hall Publications, 1975. (previous edition 1968). 24 pp. \$4.

RHYMES OF DEATH, by Robert E. Howard. Dennis McHaney, 1975. 32 pp. \$3. (600 numbered copies)

Not all Howard publishers are quite so ambitious as Grant and FAX. *The Grey God Passes* is a slim booklet marking the first publication of this story since it appeared in Arkham's *Dark Mind*, *Dark Heart* in 1962. This is a tale about the last great battle between the Irish and the Norse for control of Ireland. The grey god Odin appears throughout the story as a sinister, shadowy figure. The chapbook is refreshingly embellished by artist Walt Simonson. This is one of the better amateur efforts among Howard publications and one most enthusiasts would be happy to own.

Two Against Tyre is more an incident than a story, a piece previously published in Glenn Lord's *The Howard Collector*. Eithrial, as a Howard hero, shows promise and Steve Fabian's art adds to the booklet's attraction. Yet, for all the blood spilled, the story's Assyrian menace never fully materializes and nothing is resolved. Howard completists will buy this one, but most of us can afford to do without it.

The power of Howard's fiction owes much to his love of poetic expression. *Etchings in Ivory* (originally published in 1968 in a 268-copy limited edition) presents five prose poems of considerable impact and appeal. Howard's images can be most effective.

The tang of winter is in the air and in the brain of me. Old age comes upon me prematurely, like mist from the cold sea, and deep and dreary in the gulfs of my soul stir old ghosts of dreams. For the love of winter is not my love, and ever the desire burgeons in me for green trees and grass bursting in jade tides up through the pulsing sod. "The Gods That Man Forgot"

This is a little publication, but one which can be savored and appreciated for years.

Howard's verse has been published in such books as *Always Comes Evening* (Arkham,

1957), *Singers in the Shadows* (Grant, 1970), and *Echoes from an Iron Harp* (Grant, 1972), all long out of print. *Rhymes of Death* reprints eight poems from *Always Comes Evening* in addition to four others and provides something of an insight into Howard and his fiction. Howard was not a great poet, but there is a brooding power to much of his work that—however unpolished—has its own fascination. It is unfortunate that both the Tom Foster illustrations and the interior reproduction of the booklet contribute so little.

THE MISCAST BARBARIAN: A BIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT E. HOWARD (1906-1936) by L. Sprague de Camp. Gerry de la Ree (Saddle River, N.J.), 1975. 44 pp. \$7.50 (900 numbered copies)

THE ULTIMATE GUIDE TO HOWARDIA 1925-1975, edited by Wayne Warfield. Hall Publications, 1976. 32 pp. \$4.

THE ANNOTATED GUIDE TO ROBERT E. HOWARD'S SWORD & SORCERY, by Robert Weinberg. Starmont House (Box E, West Linn, Ore. 97068), 1976. 152 + viii pp. \$7.95

THE LAST CELT: A BIO-BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT ERVIN HOWARD, edited and compiled by Glenn Lord. Donald M. Grant: Publisher, 1976. 416 pp. \$20.

As Howard's popularity grows, he has become increasingly the subject of fan and professional commentary.

The Miscast Barbarian is a softcover fan publication presented in an 8 x 10 inch format with artwork by Charles McGill, Virgil Finlay, George Barr, Stephen E. Fabian, C. Lee Healy and Roy G. Krenkel. The booklet includes a thoughtful and rewarding biographical essay by de Camp based on an earlier article in *Fantastic*, as well as a bibliographical listing of Howard material in hardcover. A must for the diehard collector, the booklet is perhaps too steeply priced at \$7.50 to be of interest to the general reader.

The Ultimate Guide to Howardia 1925-1975 is hardly what it purports to be in its title. This amateurishly produced item is a handy quick reference to Howard material, but little more. It lists Howard fiction in indexes for both published and unpublished material and adds a section called "Related Items." Those who want a list of books and stories by Howard without spending \$20. for *The Last Celt*, will find *The Ultimate Guide* at least helpful. But don't expect it to be particularly accurate. Don Grant, for example—rather than Arkham—is credited with publishing *Always Comes Evening*.

Weinberg's *The Annotated Guide to Robert E. Howard's Sword & Sorcery* constitutes the first approach in book form to a critical evaluation of Howard's heroic fantasy. A quality paperback, the book presents over 60,000 words about Howard's sword and sorcery stories. Including the tales of Conan, Kull, Solomon Kane, Bran Mak Morn, Turlough Dubh and others, Weinberg lists the major characters, summarizes the plot and comments critically on each. Criticisms are clear, balanced and occasionally penetrating, although some may disagree with Weinberg's views. And, according to Weinberg, that is the general idea. "The comments and criticism . . . are not offered as the final word on the stories they cover. Instead, they are intended to stir some thought, perhaps even some controversy." *The Annotated Guide* is definitely recommended.

The Last Celt, the long-awaited book from the executor of the Howard Estate, will be the "definitive" work on Howard for at least some years to come, and is well worth \$20. as the vital piece of Howardia for connoisseurs. Although the 416-page total may be misleading (250 pages are devoted to bibliography), there is a wealth of material here for the enthusiast. The book includes revealing autobiographical pieces by Howard and biographical sketches and essays by Alvin Earl Perry, H.P. Lovecraft, Glenn Lord, E. Hoffman Price and Harold Preece. The bibliography is a masterpiece of dedication that approaches Howard's material from every angle. But it is the "Miscellanea" section that holds a large part of the volume's fascination. There are letters, manuscripts, story plots, a series of candid photos, reproductions of magazine covers and much, much more. A photocopy of the first page of a high school essay by Howard features a prophetic marginal comment by his teacher: "Robert, I believe that some day you will be one of our major writers. Develop your

talent." *The Last Celt* is a magnificent tribute to that same talent.

THE BOOK OF ROBERT E. HOWARD, edited and with notes by Glenn Lord. Zebra 163, 1976. 345 pp. \$1.95

THE SECOND BOOK OF ROBERT E. HOWARD, edited and with notes by Glenn Lord. Zebra 183, 1976. 368 pp. \$1.95

For those individuals who would like to be exposed to some of Howard's lesser known work without paying through the nose for limited editions, Zebra has issued this two-volume reading bonanza. *Etchings in Ivory*, for example, appears complete in the first book and *Two Against Tyre* is featured in the second. The contents pages list a total of 43 different items filling the more than 700 pages with the widest range of Howard fiction, poetry and even letters. Glenn Lord's explanatory notes and introductions become, in themselves, a background sketch of Howard's writing career. Without a doubt *The Book of Robert E. Howard* and *The Second Book of Robert E. Howard* constitute a remarkable book bargain. If you have any interest in Howard at all, don't miss them.

[Editor's note: Since this column was written, Publishers Weekly has just announced that Berkley is advancing \$300,000 for a package of 15 Howard titles, under an agreement negotiated by Kirby McCauley, New York agent for the Howard estate. These titles will begin appearing in March.]

Paul Walker: In *A Critical Condition* continued from Page 15

spooky house at night or the desperation of the doomed making one last try to save themselves and the world. And he can also be outrageously silly. The book is full of nonsense and numbskullery, but still—fun.

I enjoyed *The Omen*, and if you are not too sensitive about having your intelligence insulted regularly, you can enjoy it, too.

SF and the Cinema continued from Page 10

interestingly, the rabbinical wizard's disappearance (and later return) into the smoke of his creation's fire, will remind some of Gandalf in the mountains. Visually, *Golem* is well-shot. Notice especially the director's handling of the big scene when the rabbi brings his golem to confront the baron and his court, and see how much plot is covered without subtitles.

—Mark Purcell

Coming Events continued from Page 8

supporting. For info: Westercon 30, Box 48701, Bental Stn., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V7X 1A6

8-10 UNICON III in Washington, D.C. For info: P.O. Box 63, College Park, Md. 20740

22-24 AUTOCLAVE II at Howard Johnson's New Center, Detroit. GoH: Don D'Amassa & Don Thompson, Toastmaster: Jon Singer. Adv. reg: \$5, \$6 after July 1, \$7 at door. Checks payable to Metro Detroit SF Society, Inc. For info: Leah Zeides, 21961 Parklawn, Oak Park, Mich. 48237

29-31 RIVERCON III at Stouffer's Louisville Inn, Louisville, Ky. Adv. reg: \$5, \$10 at door, banquet \$8. For info: Steve Francis, 5503 Matterhorn Dr., Louisville, Ky. 40216

August

26-29 SILICON II in England. For info: Irene

Bell, 9 Lincoln St., Gateshead, Tyne & Wear NE8 4EE, U.K.

September

2-5 SUNCON: The 35th World Science Fiction Convention, at the Fontainebleau, Miami Beach, Fla. GoH: Jack Williamson. Rates: \$15 attending to Dec. 31, \$7.50 supporting. For info: Worldcon 35, Box 3427, Cherry Hill, N.J. 08034

August 1978

30-Sept. 4 IGUANACON: The 36th World Science Fiction Convention, in Phoenix, Ariz. GoH: Harlan Ellison, Fan GoH: Bill Bowers, Toastmaster: F.M. Busby. Adv. reg: \$7.50 to Jan. 1, 1977, supporting \$7, \$25 at door. For info: Iguanaccon, P.O. Box 1072, Phoenix, Ariz. 85001

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

Lilliputia

AFTER ARMAGEDDON: THE SF CATASTROPHE NOVEL FOR YOUNG READERS

by Margaret Esmonde

Science fiction writers such as Isaac Asimov have long given grave warnings of impending disaster for our civilization which seem to be coming true in the 1970's. Even children cannot escape the anxiety of the present time. Just as the popularity of Shakespeare's history plays reflected the Elizabethans' subconscious fears over the succession to the Tudor throne, the recent proliferation of post-catastrophe novels for young adult readers reflect their subconscious fears. In the majority of these novels, published between 1973 and 1976, socio-economic breakdown has replaced the noisier, more untidy atomic warfare or the alien invasion as the method of destroying our present civilization. Growing apprehension over unemployment and rising inflation plus grim predictions about overpopulation and lack of energy and food resources are reflected in these dystopian stories.

With reports of the pound plummeting to new lows almost daily on the money market, it is certainly understandable why British writers seem particularly fond of economic breakdown. The most realistic of their dystopias is John Rowe Townsend's *Noah's Castle*, set in England only "two or three years after the time you are reading it." Told from the viewpoint of an unsympathetic teenage son, the novel details the attempts of Norman Mortimer, a shoe store manager, to provide for his family during the period of chaos he regards as inevitable as the pound sterling becomes worthless and England faces economic collapse. The strong point of the novel is the psychological portrait Townsend presents of a man victimized by class prejudice, and obsessed with the need to provide for his family. A martinet, he runs his family with military precision, securing their material welfare while starving them emotionally. In addition to the characterization of Mortimer, Townsend presents the various human responses to the moral dilemma of hoarding so realistically that the reader is compelled to consider his own behavior in a similar situation. The only flaw in the novel is Townsend's failure to fully convey the great suffering that economic collapse inflicts on the weak, the elderly, and the underprivileged. We are told of the privation but we do not experience its full impact because the central characters do not suffer physically. On balance, however, the great strengths of the novel overshadow any weakness and make this excellent reading for adults—young or old.

Simon Watson's *No Man's Land* tells the story of "a possible future" not much further away than Townsend's in which Englishmen are regimented, depersonalized, encased in concrete "campuses"—giant, self-contained housing units provided by the socialist government. The countryside has been "rationalized"—carefully cleared of all living things by the sf device of the novel—"Giant," the ultimate machine—"Man's first invention to have a mind of its own." Pitted against the monster are thirteen year old Alan, his non-conformist friend, Jay, and two elderly people who are trying desperately to avoid the compulsory state welfare home. These homes, in which the old people are "waited on night and day, never allowed out," are given "no chores to do," and have "built-in television and scented bed-linen" are described by the old woman as "a gilded cage." The ultimate gilded cage, Watson's welfare state, is more insidious in some ways than Orwell's Big Brother, for the government sincerely believes itself to be the benefactor of its citizens. Watson keeps the reader off-balance by presenting the government as logical, efficient, progressive, and well-intentioned—opposed only by ignorant youths and eccentric old people. *No Man's Land* subtly underscores the choice men have to make in governing themselves—the Hobson's choice of the ennui of total security versus the risks of individual freedom. Alan's defeat of the supermachine is only camouflage for this larger issue which remains unresolved. Though Watson seems to recommend qualified conformity, he does permit Jay to reach an island refuge where life is "not comfortable" but "interesting." The reader is left to decide for himself which life is preferable.

William Corlett's *Return to the Gate*, actually the third book of an "emotional" trilogy which includes *The Gate of Eden* and *The Land Beyond*, presents an equally bleak

picture of an economically disrupted England turned in upon itself with its Civilian Morals Society and Civilian Army maintaining tenuous order in the face of growing shortages. The narrator, an aging dramatist, retired to his rambling country house, harassed by the envious and hostile villagers, is checked in his flight from reality by Helen, homeless, bitter, ill-mannered, victimized by the changed social conditions. The friendship which develops between the young girl and the old man culminates in tragedy as the social violence claims Helen as its victim. Sorrowing, the old man realizes: "The extraordinary thing about any creation is that it presupposes its own destruction; if nothing were created, there would be nothing to destroy. So every life must lead to a death and to find someone is to allow the possibility of losing someone. But if you are to suffer loss, then you must first experience the fullness and, sometimes, that seems worth the risk." A very moving, well-written novel, reflecting man in all his folly and vice, yet also with that indomitability of spirit that reaffirms the old man's thought that life "seems worth the risk."

A fourth British novel, *The Pale Invaders*, by G. R. Kestavan, takes place in England eighty years after "The Upheaval," a time of social and economic breakdown. A small group of people, descendants of those who took refuge in the Welsh mountains, remain isolated, living in a Stone Age culture until two of the more imaginative young people begin to suspect that the wild stories told by Old Carz, one of the original settlers, are based in truth. With the discovery of the village by pale-faced men seeking to re-open the old coal mines to power a slowly recovering economy, the little society is shaken to its core. The confrontation is realistically treated and provides a thought-provoking mirror for our own society, as the energy-hungry economy probes remote areas for new power sources. Perhaps more significant is Kestavan's quiet observation that men are not as far removed from their Stone Age ancestors as they may think.

Ransome Revisited, Elisabeth Mace's existential nightmare, tells of a "Great War" followed by pestilence and natural catastrophes which reduce Britain's population to a few thousand people. The "pale, thin, sadly dressed" children with numbers instead of names, look forward to going "Out There" to earn names and perhaps rediscover "the secret of flight to the glorious stars." The immediate reality is pointless, grinding labor under the direction of a brutal supervisor whose cruelty drives the pathetic group of misfits (the boy, his retarded brother, a little orphan girl, and the enigmatic Susannah, whose one treasure from before the "Terrible Disaster" is an old copy of Arthur Ransome's *Swallowdale*) to run away in search of a legendary island refuge they know only as Colonsay. Mace paints a surrealistic dreamworld filled with pointless cruelty and characters too exhausted to experience emotion, even grief for the dead. What she intends by her story is hard to say for certain. The amoral Will (perhaps a symbolic name) pursues the stars, representing technological knowledge while Susannah longs for the past of Ransome's novel. Neither crosses into the Promised Land. Only the two innocents achieve the vision: "Swallowdale sheep waiting like white stars . . . on the green universe, the mountain."

Nor is the mystery explained in Mace's sequel, *The Travelling Man*, the story of Will's relentless quest to reach the Far North. Meeting both kindness and cruelty from the tiny remnants of society he chances upon, he makes coldly calculated use of his protectors and tormentors alike in his obsessive journey. He is an anti-hero on a quest which only demonstrates the emptiness of his dreams and the futility of hope. The book conveys the same quality of fatalism which permeates Anglo-Saxon literature as well as its spirit of indomitability. Defeated, the dying Will can console himself: "But I came a long, long way." But the joy in battle, the glory in defeat, the nobility of the hero is sadly lacking. Enigmatic, colorless and drained of emotion like the world of their setting, these two novels are unlikely to appeal to children.

Almost as elusive, but not quite so pessimistic, is Barry Malzberg's *Conversations*. Set in the twenty-second century, the novel presents children grouped according to age, living in a self-sustaining high-rise unit under the domination of the Elders. Knowledge of the past is forbidden. The plot is slight: Lothar, who has scrapbooks of pictures of the old days, hands them on to Dal when he is forced to flee. Eventually the encapsulated society dares to venture outside into the "Networks" to find the world liveable once more. A combination of 1984 and "The Machine Stops," *Conversations* seems a rather perfunctory reworking of

familiar sf themes, unredeemed by either interesting characterization or plot.

Perhaps because economic problems are not as threatening, American authors also examine a variety of other tensions. In the *House of Stairs*, William Sleator creates a nightmare of behavioral psychology. Five sixteen-year old orphans: Lola, the non-conformist; Peter, the dreamer; Abigail, who just wants to be liked; Oliver, the self-centered; and fat, vicious Blossom, find themselves imprisoned in a strange building that consists of a maze of intersecting staircases. Unaware that they are human guinea pigs in a psychological experiment in conditioned human response, the five teenagers quickly become dependent on a machine as their only food supply. As time passes, they determine that cruelty and physical abuse are the keys to the operation of the machine. Lola and Peter are appalled by this knowledge and refuse to take part, resisting to the point of starvation. In a chilling concluding chapter, the doctor in charge of the experiment reveals the full purpose and the extent of the conditioning. Sleator's novel sustains the feelings of suspense and horror which are only increased as explanations of the house of stairs are made. Set in what might possibly be our near future, the *House of Stairs* is a chilling glimpse of man's inhumanity as well as a vision of man's unconquerable will to resist the darker side of his nature.

In *City of Darkness*, well-known science fiction writer Ben Bova chooses as his theme racial prejudice, coupled with ecological disaster, to present a grim look at the future of our large cities. A domed New York City, supposedly evacuated because of killing pollution, is opened up each summer as a vacation resort to prosperous tourists from the Tracts, the endless suburbia of conformity and upper-middle class white ambition. The young protagonist, Ron Morgan, is trapped inside when the city closes on Labor Day because his ID pass has been stolen. During his enforced stay, Ron discovers that, when the city was originally evacuated, some people were left behind. Trapped, they survived by forming ethnic gangs which wage incessant warfare. The black gangs, under the leadership of the Black Muslims, have united and are planning to break out and seize a decent life, by force if necessary. By the book's end, Ron has recovered his ID card, and, in a confrontation with the Black Muslim leader, he learns to his horror that the government had forcibly prevented the Blacks and Puerto Ricans from leaving New York City, sentencing them "to starve, to freeze, to be rat bait." Ron is permitted to exit and returns to the Tracts vowing "to change things." Though no one can quarrel with Bova's message, the thinly disguised social criticism remains just that. His characters are one-dimensional and his science fiction device, a domed, doomed New York, where people come for a summer holiday, seems as implausible as does Ron's forced detainment in that city. The grim warning to complacent suburban whites is so obtrusive that the book scarcely deserves the label fiction.

A similar plot serves British author John Christopher in *Wild Jack*, though the conflict is one of class prejudice rather than racial prejudice. No stranger to this particular type of science fiction, Christopher is off and running in this novel, reversing the theme of his previous work, *The Guardians*. *Wild Jack* takes place in twenty-third century England, after "the Breakdown"; the population of London and other English cities is limited to a few thousand people each, living in luxury thanks to their "energy towers." Outside the walled cities in the Outlands live the Savages, descendants of the people who had been expelled generations before. The protagonist, Clive Anderson, son of a London councillor, is an over-privileged young man who accepts without question the status quo until a political maneuver against his father results in the son's deportation to a prison island for social deviants. His escape in the company of an American and a Japanese boy seems rather contrived, but never mind that. The trio find their way back to the English Outlands and live among the Savages whose leader is a Robin Hood figure called "Wild Jack." In the Outlands Clive learns to appreciate the more demanding life outside the walls. This is quite obviously the first book of a series and is Christopher's usual fast-paced adventure story about courageous and resourceful boys who regain long-lost freedom for England. But Christopher's standard plot, reworked again and again, is getting a bit threadbare. His latest story seems rather perfunctory.

To Be Continued

For bibliographical information on books reviewed, see Page 35

New Books

HARDCOVERS

- Addams, Charles. CHAS. ADDAMS FAVORITE HAUNTS (cartoons) Simon & Schuster. \$7.95
- Anderson, Poul. HOMEBREW (coll) NESFA Press. \$10.00
- Arlen, Michael. GHOST STORIES (repr of 1932 ed) Arno Press. \$10.00
- Ashley, Michael, ed. THE HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE. v.1, 1926-1935; v.2, 1936-1945 (repr Brit) Regnery, Aug. \$9.95 each
- Asimov, Isaac. THE BICENTENNIAL MAN AND OTHER STORIES (coll, repr) SF Book Club, Sept. \$1.98
- MORE TALES OF THE BLACK WIDOWERS (not sf) Doubleday, Oct. \$5.95
- Atkins, Meg Elizabeth. SAMAIN (supernat) Harper & Row. \$7.95
- Barr, George. UPON THE WINDS OF YESTERDAY AND OTHER EXPLORATIONS: The Paintings of George Barr. Donald M. Grant. \$25.00
- Beck, Lily Moresby Adams. THE NINTH VIBRATION AND OTHER STORIES (supernat, repr of 1922 ed) Arno Press. \$18.00
- Berger, Harold L. SCIENCE FICTION AND THE NEW DARK AGE (nf) Bowling Green University Popular Press, Sept. \$11.95
- Biggle, Lloyd Jr. A GALAXY OF STRANGERS (coll) Doubleday, Oct. \$5.95
- Blackwood, Algernon. STRANGE STORIES (repr of 1929 ed) Arno Press. \$42.00
- Blish, James, adapt. THE STAR TREK READER. Dutton, Oct. \$8.95
- Bono, Philip & Kenneth Gatland. FRONTIERS OF SPACE (1st Am. rev. ed) Macmillan. \$6.95
- Boothby, Guy. PHAROS, THE EGYPTIAN (supernat, repr of 1899 ed) Arno Press. \$22.00
- Bova, Ben. MILLENNIUM (repr) SF Book Club, Sept. \$2.49
- THE MULTIPLE MAN. Bobbs and Trudy Bell, eds. CLOSEUP, NEW WORLDS (nf) St. Martin's Press. \$12.95
- Brackett, Leigh. THE BOOK OF SKAITH (cont: The ginger star, The hounds of Skaith, The reavers of Skaith) SF Book Club, Fall. \$3.50
- Bradbury, Will. THE GOD CELL (horror) Putnam, Sept. \$7.95
- Brown, Ivor. H.G. WELLS (repr of 1923 ed) Haskell House. \$9.95
- Burke, John. THE DEVIL'S FOOTSTEPS (marg supernat) Coward McCann, Aug. \$7.95
- Burridge, Alfred McLelland. SOMEONE IN THE ROOM (ghost stories, repr of 1931 ed) Arno Press. \$16.00
- Burroughs, Edgar Rice. AT THE EARTH'S CORE (repr) SF Book Club, Nov. \$1.98
- Busby, F.M. RISSA KERUELEN. Berkley/Putnam, Sept. \$9.95
- Campbell, John W. CLOAK OF AESIR (repr of 1952 ed) Hyperion. \$12.50
- WHO GOES THERE? (coll, repr of 1948 ed) Hyperion. \$12.50
- Canary, Robert H. THE CABELL SCENE. Revisionist Press. \$34.95
- Carnegie, James, earl of Southesk. SUOMIRIA: A FANTASY (repr of 1899 ed) Arno Press. \$18.00
- Carr, Terry, ed. THZ IDES OF TOMORROW: Original Science Fiction Tales of Horror. Little Brown. \$6.95
- Carter, Lin, ed. REALMS OF WIZARDRY. Doubleday. \$7.95
- Castle, William. STEP RIGHT UP! I'M GONNA SCARE THE PANTS OFF AMERICA (autobiog) Putnam, June. \$8.95
- Christian, James L., ed. EXTRATERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENCE: The First Encounter. Prometheus Books, Aug. \$12.95
- Clareson, Thomas D., ed. VOICES FOR THE FUTURE: Essays on Major Science Fiction Writers, v.1. Bowling Green Univ. Popular Press, Aug. \$12.50
- Clear, Val and others, eds. MARRIAGE AND THE FAMILY THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION. St. Martin's Press. \$12.95
- Cline, Linda. THE MIRACLE SEASON (fly allegory) Berkley/Putnam, Sept. \$6.95
- Campton, D.G. THE STEEL CROCODILE (repr) Gregg Press. \$11.50
- Corben, Richard. RICHARD CORBEN'S FUNNY BOOK (comics) Nickelodeon Press. \$10.95
- Corelli, Marie. A ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS (repr of 1886 ed) Garland. \$35.00
- THE STRANGE VISITATION OF JOSIAH MCNASON: A Christmas Ghost Story (repr of 1904 ed) Arno Press. \$10.00
- Cox, Erle. OUT OF THE SILENCE (repr of 1947 ed) Hyperion. \$13.95
- Crawford, Francis Marion. WITH THE IMMORTALS (repr of 1888 ed) Arno Press. \$17.00
- Creasey, John. DEATH IN THE RISING SUN (Dr. Palfrey, rev. ed) Walker. \$6.95
- THE THUNDER MAKER (Dr. Palfrey) Walker. \$6.95
- Cromie, Robert. A PLUNGE INTO SPACE (repr of 1891 ed) Hyperion. \$12.50
- Crowley, John. BEASTS. Doubleday, Sept. \$5.95
- De La Mare, Walter. THE RETURN (supernat, repr of 1910 ed) Arno Press. \$17.00
- DeLillo, Don. RATNER'S STAR. Knopf, June. \$10.00
- Detman, Bruce & Michael Bedford. THE HORROR FACTORY: The Horror Films of Universal, 1931 to 1955. Gordon Press. \$39.95
- Disch, Thomas M. GETTING INTO DEATH AND OTHER STORIES. Knopf. \$7.95

- and Charles Naylor, eds. NEW CONSTELLATIONS: An Anthology of Tomorrow's Mythologies. Harper & Row, Nov. \$8.95
- Doughty, Francis Worcester. MIRRIKH: Or, A Woman from Mars: a tale of occult adventure (repr of 1892 ed) Arno Press. \$15.00
- Lord Dunsany. TALES OF THREE HEMISPHERES. Owlswick Press (P.O. Box 8234, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101) \$9.00
- Eckert, Allan W. THE HAB THEORY. Little Brown. \$9.95
- Edwards, Ernest Wood. THE ORLANDO FURLOSO & ITS PREDECESSOR (repr of 1924 ed) Folcroft Library Editions. \$17.50
- Eklund, Gordon. THE GRAYSPACE BEAST. Doubleday, Sept. \$5.95
- England, George Allan. THE AIR TRUST (repr of 1915 ed) Hyperion. \$12.95
- Erckmann, Emile. THE MAN-WOLF AND OTHER TALES (tr. from French, repr of 1876 ed) Arno Press. \$14.00
- Ewers, Hanns Heinz. ALRAUNE (supernat, tr. from German by Guy Endore, repr of 1929 ed) Arno Press. \$19.00
- Farson, Daniel. THE MAN WHO WROTE DRACULA: A Biography of Bram Stoker (repr Brit) St. Martin's, Aug. \$8.95
- VAMPIRES, ZOMBIES, AND MONSTER MEN (nt) Doubleday. \$8.95
- Flores, Angel. A KAFKA BIBLIOGRAPHY, 1908-1976. Gordian Press. \$20.00
- Gerrold, David. THE MAN WHO FOLDED HIMSELF (repr) Aeolian. \$6.95
- YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN (repr) Aeolian. \$5.95
- and Larry Niven. THE FLYING SORCERERS (repr) Aeolian. \$5.95
- Gettings, Fred. ARTHUR RACKHAM (nf, repr Brit) Macmillan, May. \$20.00
- Gibbons, Floyd. THE RED NAPOLEON (repr of 1929 ed) Southern Illinois Univ. Press. \$9.85
- Gold, H.L. WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF LAST? SF For Fun and Profit from the Inside. Institute for the Development of the Harmonious Human Being, Inc. (P.O. Drawer D, Crestline, Calif. 92325), Aug. \$20.00
- Gottlieb, Phyllis. O MASTER CALIBAN! Harper & Row, Sept. \$8.95
- Grant, C.L., ed. WRITING AND SELLING SCIENCE FICTION. Writer's Digest. \$7.95
- Greenberg, Martin Harry & Joseph D. Olander, eds. TOMORROW, INC: SF Stories about Big Business. Taplinger. \$9.95
- Griffith, George. THE MUMMY AND MISS NITOCRIS: A Fantasy of the Fourth Dimension (repr of 1906 ed) Arno. \$18.00
- Gunn, James. THE MAGICIANS (sf mystery) Scribner's, Oct. \$7.95
- Haggard, H.Rider. ALLAN AND THE ICE-GODS: A Tale of Beginnings (repr of 1927 ed) Arno. \$18.00

- Haining, Peter, ed. EVERYMAN'S BOOK OF CLASSIC HORROR STORIES (repr Brit, orig: The hell of mirrors) Dutton. \$2.50
- THE FANTASTIC PULPS (repr Brit) St. Martin's. \$10.00
- THE GHOST'S COMPANION: A Haunting Anthology (repr Brit) Taplinger. \$7.95
- Haldeman, Joe. MINDBRIDGE. St. Martin's, Sept. \$8.95
- Hall, Angus. MONSTERS AND MYTHIC BEASTS (nf) Doubleday. \$8.95
- Hamann, Albert. AN ESSAY ON SPENSER'S FAERY QUEEN (repr of 1888 ed) AMS Press. \$10.00
- Harrison, Harry & Brian W. Aldiss, eds. BEST SF: 75. Bobbs-Merrill, Oct. \$10.00
- Harvey, William Fryer. MIDNIGHT HOUSE AND OTHER TALES (supernat, repr of 1910 ed) Arno. \$14.00
- Hearn, Lafcadio. FANTASTICS AND OTHER FANCIES (repr of 1914 ed) Arno. \$14.00
- Hecht, Ben. FANTAZIUS MALLARE, A MYSTERIOUS OATH AND THE KINGDOM OF EVIL, A CONTINUATION OF THE JOURNAL OF FANTAZIUS MALLARE (repr of 2 works first pub'd in 1922 and 1924) Arno. \$24.00
- Heinlein, Robert A. THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH (repr) Aeolian Press. \$6.95
- Herbert, Frank. CHILDREN OF DUNE. Berkley/Putnam, June. \$7.95; SF Book Club, Nov. \$2.98
- Heron-Allen, Edward. THE STRANGE PAPERS OF DR. BLAYRE (supernat, repr of 1932 ed) Arno. \$15.00
- Hill, David Campbell & Albert Fay Hill. THE DEADLY MESSIAH (marg) Atheneum, Sept. \$8.95
- Hodgson, William Hope. THE BOATS OF THE "GLEN CARRIG" (repr of 1920 ed) Hyperion. \$12.50
- THE GHOST PIRATES (repr of 1909 ed) Hyperion. \$12.50
- THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND (repr of 1908 ed) Hyperion. \$12.95
- THE NIGHTLAND (repr of 1912 ed) Hyperion. \$16.50
- Holmes, Oliver Wendell. ELSIE VENNER: A Romance of Destiny (repr of 1892 ed, supernat) Arno. \$29.00
- Housman, Clemence. THE WERE-WOLF (repr of 1896 ed) Arno. \$10.00
- Howard, Robert E. ROGUES IN THE HOUSE (deluxe reprint, 2 novellas incl. The frost giant's daughter) Donald M. Grant, Aug. \$15.00
- THE SOWERS OF THE THUNDER (coll, reissue) Donald M. Grant, Aug. \$12.00
- THE SWORDS OF SHAHRAZAR (s&s) FAX, Fall. \$12.95
- and John Jakes. BLOODSTAR (comics, art by Richard Corben) Morningstar Press (Box 6011, Leawood, Kansas 66206) \$15.00

Ingram, Eleanor M. **THE THING FROM THE LAKE** (supernat, repr of 1921 ed) Arno. \$18.00

James, M.R. **THE FIVE JARS** (supernat, repr of 1922 ed) Arno. \$10.00

Johnstone, Charles. **CHRYSAL: or, The Adventures of a Guinea** (repr of 4th ed, 1764) Arno. 2v in 1. \$34.00

Kahn, Herman. **THE NEXT 200 YEARS: A Scenario for America and the World. Morrow, May. \$8.95**

Keller, David H. **THE DEVIL AND THE DOCTOR** (repr of 1940 ed) Arno. \$17.00

Knight, Damon. **THE BEST OF DAMON KNIGHT** (coll) SF Book Club, Spring. \$2.49

Knowles, Vernon. **THE STREET OF QUEER HOUSES AND OTHER TALES** (supernat, repr of 1925 ed) Arno. \$13.00

Kolosimo, Peter. **SPACESHIPS IN PRE-HISTORY**. University Books, Nov. \$10.00

Kornbluth, C.M. **THE BEST OF C.M. KORNBLUTH**, ed. by Frederik Pohl. SF Book Club, Oct. \$2.49

Kyle, David. **A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION**. Hamlyn Publ. Group, distr. by A&W Promotional Books (95 Madison Ave., NYC 10016) \$7.98

Lamb, Hugh, ed. **THE TASTE OF FEAR: Thirteen Eerie Tales of Horror**. Taplinger. \$8.95

Langley, Christopher. **WOMEN! FROM MARS**. Piper Publishing, Sept. \$8.95

Laumer, Keith. **BULO: The Annals of the Dinochrome Brigade**. Berkley/Putnam, Aug. \$6.95

Le Fanu, J.S. **GHOST STORIES AND TALES OF MYSTERY** (repr of 1851 ed) Arno. \$21.00

THE WATCHER AND OTHER WEIRD STORIES (repr of 1894 ed) Arno.

Le Guin, Ursula K. **ORSINIAN TALES** (coll, not sf) Harper & Row, Oct. \$7.95

Leonard, George B. **SOMEBODY ELSE IS ON THE MOON** (nf) McKay, Oct. \$9.95

Lord, Glen. **THE LAST CELT: A Bio-bibliography of Robert Ervin Howard**. Donald M. Grant. \$20.00

Luke, Mary M. **THE NONSUCH LURE** (marg supernat) Coward McCann, Sept. \$9.95

Lupoff, Richard A. **BARSOOM: Edgar Rice Burroughs and the Martian Vision**. Mirage, Sept. \$7.50

McClary, Thomas Calvert. **REBIRTH** (repr of 1944 ed) Hyperion. \$10.50

Machen, Arthur. **THE CHILDREN OF THE POOL AND OTHER STORIES** (repr of 1936 ed) Arno. \$14.00

McKay, Robert. **SKEAN**. Nelson, Aug. \$6.95

McLaughlin, Dean. **HAWK AMONG THE SPARROWS** (coll) Scribner's, May. \$7.95

Mader, Friedrich. **DISTANT WORLDS** (repr of 1932 ed, tr. from German) Hyperion. \$12.95

Mann, Jack. **MAKER OF SHADOWS** (supernat, repr of 1938 ed) Arno. \$16.00

Menville, Douglas & R. Reginald, eds. **PHANTAS-**

MAGORIA (horror tales) Arno. \$23.00

Merritt, A. & Hannes Bok. **THE FOX WOMAN and THE BLUE PAGODA and THE BLACK WHEEL** (repr, The blue pagoda by Bok) Arno. \$15.00

Miller, Walter James. **THE ANNOTATED JULES VERNE, TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA**. Crowell. \$16.95

Moskowitz, Sam. **STRANGE HORIZONS: The Spectrum of Science Fiction** (nf) Scribner's, Oct. \$8.95

Munro, John. **A TRIP TO VENUS** (repr of 1897 ed) Hyperion. \$11.95

Nation, Terry. **SURVIVORS**. Coward McCann, Sept. \$8.95

Niven, Larry. **A WORLD OUT OF TIME**. Holt, Sept. \$7.95

O'Donnell, Elliot. **THE SORCERY CLUB** (repr of 1912 ed) Arno. \$20.00

Onions, Oliver. **WIDDERSHINS** (ghost stories, repr of 1911 ed) Arno. \$17.00

Parry-Jones, Daniel. **WELSH LEGENDS AND FAIRY LORE** (repr of 1963 ed) Folcroft Library Editions. \$17.50

Phillipotts, Eden. **A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL** (repr of 1895 ed) Arno. \$11.00

SAURUS (repr of 1938 ed) Hyperion. \$11.95

Piercy, Marge. **WOMAN ON THE EDGE OF TIME** (marg supernat) Knopf. \$10.00

Pohl, Frederik. **MAN PLUS** (repr) SF Book Club, Oct. \$1.98

Rabkin, Eric S. **THE FANTASTIC IN LITERATURE**. Princeton Univ. Press. \$12.50

Rae, Hugh C. **HARKFAST: The Making of the King** (supernat, repr Brit) St. Martin's, Sept. \$7.95

Reynolds, George W.M. **THE NECROMANCER: A Romance** (repr of 1857 ed) Arno. \$15.00

Robinet, Stephen. **STARGATE**. St. Martin's, Sept. \$7.95

Robinson, Spider. **TELEMPATH**. Berkley/Putnam. \$6.95

Rohmer, Sax. **GREY FACE** (repr of 1924 ed) Arno. \$19.00

Rousseau, Victor. **THE SEA DEMONS** (repr) Hyperion. \$12.50

Rowse, A.L. **JONATHAN SWIFT**. Scribner's. \$10.00

Sarban. **RINGSTONES AND OTHER CURIOUS TALES** (supernat, repr of 1951 ed) Arno. \$16.00

Silverberg, Robert. **SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE**. Bobbs, Sept. \$8.95

(ed) **THE CRYSTAL SHIP** (cont: Megan's world, by Marta Randall; The crystal ship, by Joan D. Vinge; Screwtop, by Vonda N. McIntyre) SF Book Club, Fall. \$1.98

Smith, Julian. **NEVIL SHUTE (NEVIL SHUTE NORWAY)** Twayne. \$7.50

A STABLE FOR NIGHTMARES: or, Weird Tales: An Anonymous Anthology (repr of 1896 ed)

Arno. \$15.00

Stewart, Mary. **TOUCH NOT THE CAT**. Morrow, Aug. \$8.95

Savin, Darko & Robert M. Philmus, eds. **H.G. WELLS AND MODERN SCIENCE FICTION** (rev. papers from symposium at McGill Univ., 1971) Bucknell Univ. Press. \$13.50

Taine, John. **THE IRON STAR** (repr of 1930 ed) Hyperion. \$12.95

Tennant, Emma. **THE LAST OF THE COUNTRY HOUSE MURDERS: A Novel of Science Fiction** (repr Brit) Nelson, Aug. \$6.95

Turek, Leslie, ed. **THE NOREASCON PROCEEDINGS: The Twenty-ninth World Science Fiction Convention**, Boston, Massachusetts, September 3-6, 1971. NESFA. \$12.00

Tyler, J.E.A. **THE TOLKIEN COMPANION**. St. Martin's Press. \$12.95

Vance, Jack. **THE DYING EARTH** (repr, deluxe ed) Tim Underwood (P.O. Box 5402, San Francisco, Calif. 94101), Aug. \$15.95

MASKE: **THAERY**. Berkley/Putnam, Oct. \$7.95

Verne, Jules. **FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON: or, Journeys and Discoveries in Africa by Three Englishmen** (tr. from French, repr of 1869 ed) Aeolian Press. \$9.95

Viereck, George Sylvester. **THE HOUSE OF THE VAMPIRE** (repr of 1907 ed) Arno. \$12.00

Vonnegut, Kurt. **SLAPSTICK** (marg) Delacorte, Oct. \$7.95

Walsh, James Morgan. **VANDALS OF THE VOID** (repr of 1931 ed) Hyperion. \$11.95

Warfield, Wayne, ed. **THE ULTIMATE GUIDE TO HOWARDIA 1925-1975**. Hall Publications. \$4.00

Watson, Ian. **THE JONAH KIT**. Scribner's. \$6.95

Wells, H.G. **THE SEA LADY** (repr of 1902 ed) Hyperion. \$11.95

Whiting, Sydney. **HELIONDE: or, Adventures in the Sun** (supernat, repr of 1855 ed) Arno. \$24.00

Wibberley, Leonard. **ONE IN FOUR**. Morrow, July. \$7.95

Wilhelm, Kate. **WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG** (repr) SF Book Club, Spring. \$1.98

Wollheim, Donald A., ed. **THE BEST FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD: European Science Fiction**. Doubleday, Nov. \$7.95

Wright, S. Fowler. **THE WORLD BELOW** (cont: The amphibians, and The world below; repr of 1930 ed) Hyperion. \$12.95

Wylie, Philip. **THE MURDERER INVISIBLE** (repr of 1931 ed) Hyperion. \$12.50

Zambrano, A.L. **HORROR IN FILM AND LITERATURE**. 2v. Gordon Press. \$99.95 set

PAPERBACKS

Adrian, Werner. **FREAKS: Cinema of the Bizarre**. Warner, July. \$5.95

Akers, Alan Burt. **THE TIDES OF KREGEN** (Dray Prescott:12) DAW UY1247, Aug. \$1.25

Aldiss, Brian W. **GALAXIES LIKE GRAINS OF SAND** (coll, reissue) Signet Y4044, June. \$1.25

NO TIME LIKE TOMORROW (coll, reissue) Signet Y6969, April. \$1.25

WHO CAN REPLACE A MAN? (coll) Signet Y7083, July. \$1.25

Alexander, Thea. 2150 A.D. Warner 89-124, Sept. \$1.95

Anderson, Poul. **HOMEWARD AND BEYOND** (coll, repr) Berkley Medallion. \$1.50

TRADERS TO THE STARS (coll, repr) Berkley Medallion 03199, Aug. \$1.25

THE WINTER OF THE WORLD. Signet W7003, May. \$1.50

Anthony, Piers. OX. Avon 29702, Aug. \$1.50

ARKHAM HOUSE IMPRINT (bibl) Institute for Specialized Literature (Box 4201, N. Hollywood, Calif. 91607) \$1.00

Ashley, Michael, ed. **THE HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE**. v.1, 1926-1935; v.2, 1936-1945 (repr Brit) Regnery, Aug. \$4.95 each

Asimov, Isaac. **GOOD TASTE** (Famous Science Fiction Chapbook Series v.2) Apocalypse Press (P.O. Box 1821, Topeka, Kansas 66601) \$2.00

Atkins, Thomas R. **SCIENCE FICTION FILMS**. Monarch Press. \$2.95

Avery, Richard. **THE EXPENDABLES 4: The Venom of Argus**. Fawcett Gold Medal 3586, Sept. \$1.25

Baen, James, ed. **THE BEST FROM GALAXY**, v.4. Award AR1599, Fall. \$1.75

Ballard, J.G. **THE CRYSTAL WORLD** (repr) Equinox 30429, Sept. \$2.25

Barringer, Leslie. **JORIS OF THE ROCK** (Neustrian cycle, book 2) Newcastle Forgotten Fantasy, Sept. \$3.95

Bathurst, Randy. **OTHER PLACES, OTHER TIMES**, v.1 (art) Outworlds Productions, Inc. (P.O. Box 96147, Cleveland, Ohio 44101) \$2.50

Beahm, George W., ed. **VAUGHN BODE INDEX**. distr. by C.W. Brooks Jr. (713 Paul St., Newport News, Va. 23605) \$5.00

Berger, Harold L. **SCIENCE FICTION AND THE NEW DARK AGE** (nf) Bowling Green Univ. Popular Press, Sept. \$4.95

Berglund, Edward P., ed. **THE DISCIPLES OF CTHULHU**. DAW UW1258, Oct. \$1.50

Berry, James R. **THE GALACTIC INVADERS**. Laser 72031, June. 95¢

Bester, Alfred. **THE COMPUTER CONNECTION** (repr) Berkley Medallion 03039. \$1.50

Bischoff, David & Christopher Lampton. **THE SEEKER**. Laser 72030, May. 95¢

Bok, Hannes. **A HANNES BOK SKETCHBOOK**, ed. by Gerry de la Ree and Gene Nigra. de la Ree.

Bone, J.F. **LEGACY**. Laser 72018. 95¢

THE MEDDLERS. Laser 72037, Aug. \$1.25

- Bova, Ben. **THE STARCROSSED** (repr) Pyramid (ed) **ANALOG SCIENCE FACT READER** (repr) St. Martin's Press Griffin Books, Aug. \$3.95
- Boyer, Richard L. **THE GIANT RAT OF SUMATRA** (Sherlock Holmes) Warner 88-107, Sept. \$1.50
- Brand, Kurt. **PERRY RHODAN 104: The Man With Two Faces**. Ace 66088, Oct. \$1.25
- Brautigan, Richard. **THE HAWKLINE MONSTER: A Gothic Western** (marg) Pocket 80747, Oct. \$1.75
- Brown, Fredric. **MARTIANS, GO HOME** (repr) Ballantine 25314, Sept. \$1.50
- Brunner, John. **INTERSTELLAR EMPIRE** (coll) **DAW UW1252**, Sept. \$1.50
- STAND ON ZANZIBAR** (reissue) Ballantine 25486, Nov. \$1.95
- Bryant, Dorothy. **THE KIN OF ATA ARE WAITING FOR YOU** (repr, orig: The comforter) Moon Books/Random House, Oct. \$2.95
- Burgess, Anthony. **THE WANTING SEED** (repr) Norton. \$2.95
- Caidin, Martin. **CYBORG IV** (repr, Six million dollar man 6) Warner. \$1.50
- Calvino, Italo. **COSMICOMICS** (repr, tr. from Italian, coll) Harbrace HPL 69, Oct. \$2.25
- T ZERO** (coll, repr, tr. from Italian) Harbrace HPL 70, Oct. \$2.25
- Campbell, John W. **CLOAK OF AESIR** (repr of 1952 ed) Hyperion. \$3.95
- WHO GOES THERE?** (coll, repr of 1948 ed) Hyperion. \$3.95
- Carter, Lin. **THE IMMORTAL OF WORLD'S END: The Third Book of the Gondwane Epic** (s&s) **DAW UY1254**, Sept. \$1.25
- THONGOR AND THE WIZARD OF LEMURIA** (s&s, rev. and exp. ed. of The wizard of Lemuria) Berkley Medallion 03042. 95¢
- (ed) **FLASHING SWORDS! 3: Warriors and Wizards**. Dell 2579, Aug. \$1.25
- THE YEAR'S BEST FANTASY STORIES: 2**. **DAW UY1248**, Aug. \$1.25
- Carver, Jeffrey. **SEAS OF ERNATHE**. Laser 72034, July. 95¢
- Chalker, Jack L. **A JUNGLE OF STARS**. Ballantine 25457, Nov. \$1.50
- Cherryh, C.J. **BROTHERS OF EARTH**. **DAW UW1257**, Oct. \$1.50
- Chester, William L. **KIOGA OF THE WILDERNESS** (Tarzan type, repr) **DAW UW1253**, Sept. \$1.50
- Christian, James L., ed. **EXTRATERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENCE: The First Encounter**. Prometheus Books, Aug. \$4.95
- Clareson, Thomas D., ed. **VOICES FOR THE FUTURE: Essays on Major Science Fiction Writers, v.1**. Bowling Green Univ. Popular Press, Aug. \$4.95
- Clarke, Arthur C. **IMPERIAL EARTH** (repr) Ballantine 25352, Nov. \$1.95
- 2001: **A SPACE ODYSSEY** (reissue) Signer E6625. \$1.75
- Clinton, Jeff. **KANE'S ODYSSEY**. Laser 72016. 95¢
- Cogswell, Theodore R. & Charles A. Spano, Jr. **SPOCK, MESSIAH!** Bantam 10159, Sept. \$1.75
- Coulson, Juanita. **FEAR STALKS THE BAYOU: An Astrological Gothic Novel**. Aries. Ballantine. \$1.25
- SPACE TRAP**. Laser 72020. 95¢
- Coulson, Robert. **TO RENEW THE AGES**. Laser 72026, April. 95¢
- Cox, Erle. **OUT OF THE SILENCE** (repr of 1947 ed) Hyperion. \$5.95
- Cromie, Robert. **A PLUNGE INTO SPACE** (repr of 1891 ed) Hyperion. \$4.50
- Curtis, Richard. **SQUIRM** (adapt. from screenplay) Ace 77890, Sept. \$1.95
- Darlton, Clark. **PERRY RHODAN 103: False Front**. Ace 66087, Sept. \$1.25
- Del Rey, Judy-Lynn, ed. **STELLAR SHORT NOVELS**. Ballantine 25501, Oct. \$1.50
- Del Rey, Lester. **THE EARLY DEL REY, v.2** (repr) Ballantine 25111, Sept. \$1.95
- DeWeese, Gene. **JEREMY CASE**. Laser 72036, July. 95¢
- DeWeese, Jean. **CAVE OF THE MOANING WIND** (zodiac gothic) Ballantine 25160, Sept. \$1.25
- Dick, Philip K. **MARTIAN TIME-SLIP** (2 ptg) Ballantine 25224, Oct. \$1.50
- THE VARIABLE MAN AND OTHER STORIES** (reissue) Ace 86050, Oct. \$1.50
- Dickson, Gordon R. **THE DRAGON AND THE GEORGE** (s&s) Ballantine 25361, Oct. \$1.95
- Dillard, R.H.W. **HORROR FILMS**. Monarch Press. \$2.95
- Drake, W. Raymond. **GODS OR SPACEMEN?** (marg nf, repr) Signet W7192, Oct. \$1.50
- Dulack, Thomas L. **THE STIGMATA OF DR. CONSTANTINE** (marg supernat, repr) Bantam. \$1.75
- Effinger, George Alec. **THOSE GENTLE VOICES: A Promethean Romance of the Spaceways**. Warner. \$1.25
- Eklund, Gordon & Poul Anderson. **INHERITORS OF EARTH** (repr) Pyramid V4068, Aug. \$1.25
- Ellison, Harlan. **THE BEAST THAT SHOUTED LOVE AT THE HEART OF THE WORLD** (reissue) Signet W7235, July. \$1.50
- DEATHBIRD STORIES** (coll, repr) Dell 1737, Sept. \$1.75
- Elwood, Roger, ed. **CONTINUUM 4** (repr) Berkley Medallion 03077. 95¢
- VISIONS OF TOMORROW**. Pocket Books 80775, Nov. \$1.95
- England, George Allan. **THE AIR TRUST** (repr of 1915 ed) Hyperion. \$4.95
- Escher, M.C. **M.C. ESCHER CALENDAR 1977**. Ballantine 25526, Aug. \$4.95
- Fabian, Stephen. **THE BEST OF STEPHEN FABIAN** (portfolio) Loompanics, Unlimited (P.O. Box 264, Mason, Mich. 48854) \$12.50
- Farmer, Philip Jose. **THE ADVENTURE OF THE PEERLESS PEER** (Tarzan meets Sherlock Holmes) Dell, Sept. \$1.50
- TARZAN ALIVE** (repr) Popular 08547, Dec. \$1.95
- Finlay, Virgil. **THE BOOK OF VIRGIL FINLAY: Being the Drawings of Virgil Finlay (1914-1971) from the Collection of Gerry de la Ree; ed. by Gerry de la Ree**. Avon Flare 30585, Nov. \$4.95
- Finney, Charles G. **THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO: with Additional Interpretations by Boris Artzybasheff**. Avon Equinox 30239, Sept. \$2.95
- Firesign Theatre. **THE APOCALYPSE PAPERS: A Fiction** (Famous science fiction chapbook series, v.1) Apocalypse Press (P.O. Box 1821, Topeka, Kansas 66601) \$1.00
- Fox, Gardner F. **KYRIK AND THE WIZARD'S SWORD** (s&s) Leisure. \$1.25
- Franson, Donald & Howard De Vore, comps. **A HISTORY OF THE HUGO, NEBULA AND INTERNATIONAL FANTASY AWARDS** (new ed) De Vore (4705 Weddel St., Dearborn, Mich.) Sept. \$2.00
- Frazetta, Frank. **THE FRANK FRAZETTA CALENDAR 1977**. Peacock/Bantam, Aug. \$4.95
- Funnell, Augustine. **BRANDYJACK**. Laser 72039, Aug. \$1.25
- Ghidalia, Vic, ed. **NIGHTMARE GARDEN**. Manor Books 12411. \$1.25
- Gibb, Jocelyn, ed. **LIGHT ON C.S. Lewis** (repr) Harcourt Harvest HB 341, Sept. \$2.45
- Gifford, Denis. **KARLOFF: The Man, The Monster, the Movies** (repr) Popular 08515, Sept. \$1.50
- Gold, Horace L. **WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF LAST? SF for Fun and Profit from the Inside**. Institute for the Development of the Harmonious Human Being, Inc. (P.O. Drawer D, Crestline, Calif. 92325) Aug. \$5.50
- Goldin, Stephen. **SCAVENGER HUNT**. Laser 72025, April. 95¢
- and E.E. Smith. **STRANGLER'S MOON** (Family D'Alembert no.2) Pyramid 04002. \$1.25
- Goldner, Orville & George Turner. **THE MAKING OF KING KONG** (repr) Ballantine 25134, Sept. \$3.95
- Goodwin, Michael. **WHO WAS THAT MONOLITH I SAW YOU WITH?** (sf cartoons, 2d rev. ed) Heritage (P.O. Box 721, Forest Park, Ga. 30050) Aug. \$2.50
- Goulart, Ron. **VAMPIRELLA 4: Blood Wedding**. Warner 86-088, March. \$1.25
- VAMPIRELLA 5: Deathgame**. Warner 86-089, May. \$1.25
- A WHIFF OF MADNESS**. **DAW UY1250**, Aug. \$1.25
- Green, Joseph. **THE HORDE**. Laser 72027, April. 95¢
- Green, Roger Lancelyn & Walter Hooper. **C.S. LEWIS: A Biography** (repr) Harcourt Harvest HB331, March. \$3.95
- Gresham, William Lindsay. **NIGHTMARE ALLEY** (supernat, repr) Popular 08526, Oct. \$1.25
- Grossman, Gary H. **SUPERMAN: Serial to Cereal** (Big Apple film series) Popular Library. \$3.95
- Haggard, H.Rider. **HEART OF THE WORLD** (facs repr) Newcastle, Sept. \$3.95
- Haining, Peter, ed. **THE FANTASTIC PULPS** (repr) Vintage V109, Oct. \$2.95
- Hall, Austin & Homer Eon Flint. **THE BLIND SPOT** (repr) Ace 06731, Oct. \$1.75
- Hall, John Ryder, adapt. **FUTUREWORLD** (adapt. from movie) Ballantine 25559, Sept. \$1.75
- Harris, Marilyn. **THE CONJURERS** (supernat, repr) Dell. \$1.75
- Harrison, Harry. **CAPTIVE UNIVERSE** (repr) Berkley Medallion 03072. \$1.25
- Heald, Tim. **THE MAKING OF SPACE: 1999**. Ballantine 25265, Nov. \$1.95
- Heinlein, Robert A. **REVOLT IN 2100** (reissue) Signet Y6232, June. \$1.25
- Hensley, J.L. **THE BLACK ROADS**. Laser 72017. 95¢
- Hershman, Morris. **THE CRASH OF 2086** (repr, orig: Shareworld) Major Books 3090, Sept. \$1.25
- Hillegas, Mark, ed. **SHADOWS OF IMAGINATION: The Fantasies of C.S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien, and Charles Williams** (repr) Arcturus Paperbacks AB135 (Southern Illinois Univ. Press), Sept. \$2.95
- Hodgson, William Hope. **THE BOATS OF THE "GLEN CARRIG"** (repr of 1920 ed) Hyperion. \$4.50
- THE GHOST PIRATES** (repr of 1909 ed) Hyperion. \$3.95
- THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND** (repr of 1908 ed) Hyperion. \$4.95
- THE NIGHTLAND** (repr of 1912 ed) Hyperion. \$6.95
- Holly, Joan Hunter. **KEEPER**. Laser 72022, March. 95¢
- Howard, Robert E. **THE BOOK OF ROBERT E. HOWARD**, ed. with notes by Glenn Lord. Zebra 162. \$1.95
- THE SECOND BOOK OF ROBERT E. HOWARD**, ed. with notes by Glenn Lord. Zebra 183. \$1.95
- J.R.R. **TOLKIEN CALENDAR 1977**. Ballantine 25135, Aug. \$4.95
- Jakes, John. **MENTION MY NAME IN ATLANTIS** (repr) **DAW UY1261**, Aug. \$1.25
- Jeppson, J.O. **THE SECOND EXPERIMENT** (repr) Fawcett Crest 23005, Oct. \$1.25
- Jeter, K.W. **THE DREAMFIELDS**. Laser 72033, June. 95¢
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- Kapp, Colin. **THE SURVIVAL GAME**. Ballantine 25192, Sept. \$1.50
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J7169, Aug. \$1.95
 SALEM'S LOT (supernat, repr) Signet J7112, Aug. \$1.95
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 Lovecraft, H.P. THE DOOM THAT CAME TO SARNATH AND OTHER STORIES, ed. by Lin Carter (2d ptg) Ballantine 25189, Sept. \$1.50
 THE DREAM-QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH (coll, reissue) Ballantine 25299, Nov. \$1.50
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 McClelland, Doug. DOWN THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD: The Making of The Wizard of Oz. Pyramid, May. \$4.95
 McGhan, Barry, comp. SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY PSEUDONYMS (rev & exp) Misfit Press (Howard DeVore, 4705 Weddel, Dearborn, Mich. 48125), June. \$1.50
 Machen, Arthur. THE SPAGYRIC QUEST OF BEROALDUS COSMOPOLITA (fty, facs repr) Purple Mouth Press (C.W. Brooks Jr., 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va. 23605) \$2.00
 McIntosh, J.T. RULER OF THE WORLD. Laser 72024, March. 95¢
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 Malcolm, Donald. THE IRON RAIN. Laser 72029, May. 95¢
 THE UNKNOWN SHORE. Laser 72019. 95¢
 Martinson, Harry. ANIARA: A Review of Man in Space; adapt. from the Swedish by Hugh MacDiarmid and Elspeth Harley Schubert (repr) Avon Equinox 30403, Sept. \$2.25

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 Moorcock, Michael. THE CHAMPION OF GARATHORM (The chronicles of Castle Brass, v.2; repr Brit) Dell 1173, Nov. \$1.25
 ELLRIC OF MELNIBONE (s&s, repr Brit, edited ed, publ. 1972 as The dreaming city) DAW UY1259, Oct. \$1.25
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 (ed) HORRORS UNKNOWN (repr) Berkley Medallion 03063. 95¢
 (ed) SCIENCE FICTION CALENDAR, 1977. Scribner's. \$4.95
 Munn, H. Warner. MERLIN'S GODSON (fty, repr) Ballantine 25298, Sept. \$1.95
 Munro, John. A TRIP TO VENUS (repr of 1897 ed) Hyperion. \$3.95
 THE N.E.S.F.A. INDEX: Science Fiction Magazines and Original Anthologies, 1975. NESFA. Nelson, R.F. THEN BEGGARS COULD RIDE. Laser 72032, June. 95¢
 Niven, Larry & Jerry Pournelle. INFERNO. Pocket 80490. \$1.75
 Page, Gerald W., ed. THE YEAR'S BEST HORROR STORIES, series IV. DAW UY1263, Nov. \$1.25
 Pangborn, Edgar. THE JUDGMENT OF EVE (repr) Equinox 30387, Sept. \$2.25
 Peppin, Brigid. FANTASY: The Golden Age of Fantastic Illustration (repr) NAL G9971, Fall. \$6.95
 Phillpotts, Eden. SAURUS (repr of 1938 ed) Hyperion. \$3.95
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 Piserchia, Doris. A BILLION DAYS OF EARTH. Bantam 08805, Nov. \$1.50
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 THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET, ed. by Harold Beaver (repr Brit) Penguin. \$2.95
 Porges, Irwin. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: The Man Who Created Tarzan (repr, 2v. boxed set) Ballantine 25131, Sept. \$6.95
 Pournelle, Jerry. BIRTH OF FIRE. Laser 72023, March. 95¢

Powers, Timothy. THE SKIES DISCROWNED. Laser 72028, May. 95¢
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 (ed) WEIRD HEROES 3: Quest of the Gypsy. Pyramid.
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 THE HELLFIRE FILES OF JULES DE GRANDIN (coll, ed. by Robert Weinberg) Popular 00428, Dec. \$1.25
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OF URSULA K. LE GUIN (Milford series: popular writers of today, v.3) Borgo Press, distr. by Newcastle, Sept. \$1.95
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 Smith, George O. THE COMPLETE VENUS EQUILATERAL (coll) Ballantine 25551, Nov. \$1.95
 Sohl, Jerry. I. ALEPPO. Laser 72035, July. 95¢
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 Spelman, Dick. PRELIMINARY CHECKLIST OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY PUBLISHED BY BALLANTINE BOOKS (1963-1974) Institute for Specialized Literature (Box 4201, N. Hollywood, Calif. 91607). \$2.00
 SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY PUBLISHED BY ACE BOOKS (1953-1968) Institute for Specialized Literature. \$3.00
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Preussler, Otfried. **THE SATANIC MILL** (supernat, repr) Collier 04477, Fall. \$1.50. Age 12 up
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 Weikstein, Sadie Rose. **K'TONTON ON AN ISLAND IN THE SEA: A Hitherto Unreported Episode in the Life of the Jewish Thumbling, K'tonton ben Baruch Reuben**. Jewish Publication Society of America. \$4.50
 Winterfeld, Henry. **STAR GIRL** (tr. from German) Avon Camelot. \$1.25
THE WITCH BOOK, illus. by Max Ranft. Rand McNally. \$5.95

BRITISH BOOKS FOR MAY

Aldiss, Brian W., ed. **EVIL EARTHS**. Orbit, 90p. ne, pb. \$6.00/7.88/9.2
 Anderson, Poul. **GUARDIANS OF TIME**. White Lion, £2.95. ne. \$5.61/7.79/9.0
 Anthony, Piers. **STEPPE**. Millington, £3.00. \$6.00/0.60/5
 Asimov, Isaac. **ASIMOV'S MYSTERIES**. Panther, 50p. ni, pb, coll. \$8.60/29.29/X
 THE **MARTIAN WAY**. Panther, 50p. ni, pb, coll. \$8.60/17.99/2
 Ballinger, Bill S. **THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR**. Star, 50p. pb. \$5.2/3.98/5.1
 Barltree, Jay. **PILOT ERROR**. Star, 50p. pb. \$5.2/3.98/4.7
 Barth, John. **THE SOT-WEED FACTOR**. Panther, £1.50. ni, pb. \$8.60/18.92/1
 Blish, James. **DR. MIRABILIS**. Panther, 75p. ne, 33

pb, non-sf. 586.04344.6
 Boardman, Tom, ed. CONNOISSEUR'S SCIENCE FICTION. Penguin, 60p. ne, pb. 14.002223.6
 Brackett, Leigh. THE GINGER STAR. Sphere, 60p. pb. 7221.1834.1
 Cameron, Ian. DEVIL COUNTRY. Pan, 60p. ne, pb (ne of The mountains at the bottom of the world) 330.24768.9
 Clarke, Arthur C. THE DEEP RANGE. Pan, 60p. ni, pb. 330.02570.8
 DOLPHIN ISLAND. Piccolo, 40p. ne, pb, juv. 330.24702.6
 Coney, Michael G. MIRROR IMAGE. Sphere, 60p. ni, pb. 7221.2459.7
 WINTER'S CHILDREN. Sphere, 60p. ne, pb. 7221.2461.9
 Cooper, Colin. DARGASON. Dobson, £3.25. 234.77935.7
 Darke, Marjorie. THE STAR TRAP. Armada, 50p. ne, pb, juv. 00.671109.X
 Dicks, Terrance. DR WHO AND THE REVENGE OF THE CYBERMEN. Target, 40p. pb, juv. 426.10997.X
 Finney, Charles G. THE UNHOLY CITY. Panther, 50p. pb. 586.05305.5
 Foss, Christopher and Brian W. Aldiss. SCIENCE FICTION ART. Hart-Davis, £1.95. pb, nf art. 246.10937.8
 Garnett, David S. TIME IN ECLIPSE. Arrow, 45p. ne, pb. 09.911640.5
 Gordon, Stuart. ONE-EYE. Panther, 75p. ne, pb. 586.04218.0
 Greenberg, Martin Harry et al. SOCIAL PROBLEMS THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION. St. James P., £3.25. pb, nf sociology. 900997.62.1
 Greenhough, Terry. TIME AND TIMOTHY GRENVILLE. NEL, 60p. ne, pb. 450.02812.7
 Grey, Anthony. THE BULGARIAN EXCLUSIVE. M. Joseph, £3.95. 7181.1491.4
 Harrison, Harry. THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT. Sphere, 50p. ni, pb. 7221.4409.1
 THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT'S REVENGE. Sphere, 50p. ni, pb. 7221.4410.5
 THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT SAVES THE WORLD. Sphere, 45p. ni, pb. 7221.4369.9
 Hoch, Edward D. FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING. Hale, £3.00. 7091.5365.1
 Howard, Robert E. CONAN OF CIMMERIA. Sphere, 50p. ni, pb. 7221.4713.9
 Huxley, Aldous. ISLAND. Panther, 75p. ne, pb. 586.04439.6
 Jakes, John. BRAK THE BARBARIAN. Tandem, 45p. ni, pb. 426.16704.4
 MARK OF THE DEMONS. Tandem, 45p. ni, pb. 426.16723.6
 THE SORCERESS. Tandem, 45p. ni, pb. 426.16715.5
 Kern, Gregory. SLAVESHIP FROM SERGAN. Mews, 40p. pb. 452.00010.6
 King, Vincent. TIME SNAKE AND SUPER-CLOWN. Orbit, 60p. pb. 86007.890.6

Laumer, Keith. LONG TWILIGHT. Hale, £3.00. 7091.5252.3
 Le Guin, Ursula. THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS. Panther, 50p. ni, pb. 586.03641.5
 Lessing, Doris. MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR. Picador, 70p. ne, pb. 330.24623.2
 Lewis, C.S. OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET. Pan, 60p. ni, pb. 330.02171.9
 Mahr, Kurt. VENUS IN DANGER. Orbit, 50p. pb. 86007.892.2
 Malzberg, Barry. MEN INSIDE. Arrow, 45p. pb. 09.912820.9
 Mason, Carol et al. ANTHROPOLOGY THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION. St James P., £3.25. pb, nf natural history. 900997.61.3
 Milstead, John W. SOCIOLOGY THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION. St James P., £3.25. pb, nf sociology. 900997.60.5
 Moorcock, Michael. THE FINAL PROGRAMME. Mayflower, 40p. ni, pb. 583.11822.4
 Nation, Terry. THE SURVIVORS. Futura, 60p. pb. 86007.170.7
 Norman, John. MARAUDERS OF GOR. Tandem, 60p. pb. 426.17531.X
 Pincher, Chapman. EYE OF THE TORNADO. M. Joseph., £3.75. 7181.1494.9
 Rankine, John. THE BROMIUS PHENOMENON. Dobson, £2.95. 234.77073.2
 Reeves, L.P. LAST DAYS OF THE PEACE-MAKER. Hale, £3.00. 7091.5326.0
 Rowland, Donald S. SPACE VENTURER. Hale, £3.00. 7091.5381.3
 Russ, Joanna. PICNIC ON PARADISE. Star, 50p. ni, pb. 352.39865.5
 Sherwood, Martin. MAXWELL'S DREAM. NEL, £3.25. 450.02857.7
 Silverberg, Robert. MUTANTS. Abelard-Schuman, £3.95. coll. 200.72455.X
 Simak, Clifford D. ALL FLESH IS GRASS. White Lion, £3.10. ne. 7274.0026.6
 Vance, Jack. BLUE WORLD. Mayflower, 60p. pb. 583.12497.6
 THE GRAY PRINCE. Hodder, 60p. pb. 340.20820.1
 Van Greenaway, Peter. THE MEDUSA TOUCH. Panther, 60p. ni, pb. 586.04114.1
 Vonnegut, Kurt. SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE. Panther, 50p. ni, pb. 586.03328.9
 W.W. PROPHETS OF EVIL. Star, 50p. pb. 352.39852.3
 Weston, Peter, ed. ANDROMEDA 1. Orbit, 65p. pb. 86007.891.4
 Wolf, Gary K. KILLERBOWL. Sphere, 60p. pb. 7221.9271.1
 Anon. ed. VISIONS OF THE FUTURE. NEL, £1.25. nf art. 450.02835.6

BRITISH BOOKS FOR JUNE

Aldiss, Brian W. THE PRIMAL URGE. Panther, 50p. ne, pb. 586.04380.2
 Asimov, Isaac. NIGHTFALL TWO. Panther, 50p.

ni, pb, coll. 586.03657.1
 Ballard, J.G. CONCRETE ISLAND. Panther, 60p. ne, pb. 586.04106.0
 Bradbury, Ray. OCTOBER COUNTRY. Panther, 50p. ne, pb, coll. 586.04229.6
 Brosnan, John. HORROR PEOPLE. Macdonald, £5.95. ne, film. 356.08394.2
 Clement, Hal. MISSION OF GRAVITY. NEL, 60p. ne, pb. 450.02994.8
 Dalton, Clark. ESCAPE TO VENUS. Orbit, 50p. pb. 86007.893.0
 Davis, Richard, ed. SPECTRE 3. Abelard-Schuman, £2.95. juv. 200.72450.9
 de Bergerac, Cyrano. OTHER WORLDS. NEL, 65p. ne, pb. 450.02995.6
 Disch, Thomas M., ed. NEW IMPROVED SUN: AN ANTHOLOGY OF UTOPIAN SCIENCE FICTION. Hutchinson, £3.95. 09.124200.2
 Dunn, Saul. THE WIDEWAYS. Hodder, 60p. pb. 340.20790.6
 Elder, Michael. DOUBLE TIME. Hale, £3.10. 7091.5420.8
 Gilchrist, John. LIFELINE. Hale, £3.00. 7091.5421.6
 Goulart, Ron. NUTZENBOLTS AND OTHER TROUBLES WITH MACHINES. Hale, £3.10. coll. 6091.5416.X
 Harness, Charles L. THE PARADOX MEN. NEL, 50p. ne, pb. 450.02996.4
 Harrison, Harry & Brian W. Aldiss, eds. YEAR'S BEST SF No. 9. Orbit, 65p. pb. 86007.894.9
 Hawkey, Raymond, and Roger Bingham. WILD CARD. Panther, 60p. 586.04236.9
 Howard, Robert E. SKULL FACE OMNIBUS v.1. Panther, 60p. ne, pb, coll. 586.04220.2
 Huxley, Aldous. BRAVE NEW WORLD. Lythway, £4.45. ne, large print. 85046.657.1
 Kern, Gregory. THE MASTER OF METALAZE. Mews, 40p. pb. 452.00023.8
 Laumer, Keith. INFINITE CAGE. Dobson, £3.50. 234.77149.6
 McNelly, Willis E. and Jane Hipolito, eds. THE BOOK OF MARS. Orbit, 85p. pb. 86007.893.0
 Malzberg, Barry. HEROVIT'S WORLD. Arrow, 60p. pb. 09.912920.5

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Bibliographical information on books reviewed in Lilliputia
 NOAH'S CASTLE, by John Rowe Townsend (Lippincott, \$6.95)
 NO MAN'S LAND, by Simon Watson (Greenwillow Books, \$6.95)
 RETURN TO THE GATE, by William Corlett (Hamish Hamilton, £3.00)
 THE PALE INVADERS, by G. R. Kestavan (Atheneum, \$6.95)
 RANSOME REVISITED, by Elisabeth Mace (Andre Deutsch, £2.25)
 THE TRAVELLING MAN, by Elisabeth Mace (Andre Deutsch, £2.25)
 CONVERSATIONS, by Barry Malzberg (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4.95)
 HOUSE OF STAIRS, by William Sleator (Dutton, \$6.95)
 CITY OF DARKNESS, by Ben Bova (Scribner's, \$6.95)
 WILD JACK, by John Christopher (Macmillan, \$5.95)

Reviews

ABILITY QUOTIENT, by Mack Reynolds. Ace 00265, 1975. 159 pp. \$1.25

THE TOWERS OF UTOPIA, by Mack Reynolds. Bantam T6884, 1975. 201 pp. \$1.50

AMAZON PLANET, by Mack Reynolds. Ace 01950, 1975. 190 pp. \$1.25

TOMORROW MIGHT BE DIFFERENT, by Mack Reynolds. Ace 81670, 1975. 190 pp. \$1.25

SATELLITE CITY, by Mack Reynolds. Ace 75045, 1975. 238 pp. \$1.25

Mack Reynolds probably can't write a bad story. He is a competent and invariably interesting writer, with novel ideas and the craftsmanship to weave around them an engrossing action story. But don't be misled by the professional plotting, the action and all the other glitter that makes up the story teller. He has a far more sinister purpose underneath it all. No less than Asimov's *Foundation* series, Reynolds is laying out a blueprint of a future society—or perhaps a multitude of future societies. His books are exercises in letting you, the reader, see and taste the alternatives which may lie in wait for you. As such, look upon these books as candy-coated lessons in future history, and tell yourself as you close the page on each—will it, can it, be like this some day?

—Samuel Mines

IMPERIAL STARS, by E.E. Smith and Stephen Goldin. Pyramid V3839, 1976. 143 pp. \$1.25

This is the first in the Family D'Alembert series, Doc Smith's last work, taking place in a different future universe than any of his earlier series. The heart of the present book appeared in *If*, I believe, in 1964, as a novella. The book-length version was built up from Doc's novella by Goldin, and a smooth and readable job it is.

We are given a future empire ruled, or perhaps reigned over lightly, by aristocrats. The Emperor actually does rule, as much as one man can rule so vast a domain. The evolution of the Empire from our present world is carefully worked out (though I do not believe a word of it) and can be accepted for the sake of the story. Now a crisis threatens: Banion, a bastard son of the previous Emperor who has a Patent of Royalty issued by his infatuated father. Should the present Emperor and family die, Banion need merely step out of the woodwork and flourish his Patent, to be made emperor.

Banion has spent most of his life—he is sixty-seven—building up a private navy and penetrating the Service of the Empire (SOTE) for the day when he can kill the Royal Family and take over. All attempts to trace him, from a baby up, have failed, so the Head of the Service calls in Jules and Yvette d'Alembert, his crack team. They are from the three-gravity planet DesPlaines, and their usual cover is as aerialists in the D'Alemberts' Circus of the Galaxy. Jules and Yvette are a combination of vanBuskirk and Kinnison from the Lensman yarns, without mental powers.

There follows a rousing adventure yarn. Here Doc struck the lightest note of his career, mildly spoofing his own "Skylark" and "Lensman" stories, including using Dick Seaton's favorite phrase, "A blinding flash and a deafening report," as a recognition signal. The dialogue, too, is Doc's best banter, lighter than it ever was in the Good Old Days. But this is not satire or anything of the sort. It is straight action adventure, with one sequence highly reminiscent of Kimball Kinnison's progress up the zwilnick chain, and another reminding us of Cartiff's career as a purveyor of quality gems to the upper crust.

The searching out and the downfall of the Bastard is pure fun, and recommended.

I have only one main complaint. It seems too easy. Banion was a good menace, good enough for two or three books—good for a whole book even after his false-front identity was known. And it seemed to me that the finish was rather perfunctory. I would have liked to have seen him brought on stage, confronted by Jules, say.

But despite these complaints the book is well worth its price as a good read.

—Robert Chilson

SFBRI: SCIENCE FICTION BOOK REVIEW INDEX, v.6, 1975; ed. by H.W. Hall. Author (3608 Meadow Oaks Lane, Bryan, Texas 77801), 1976. 49 pp. \$4.00paper

Volumes 1-4 of *SFBRI* were issued as part of the editor's 50-year cumulation for 1923-73 (see *LUNA Monthly* 59), a major reference work. This annual is issued each summer and indexes reviews appearing during the year indicated on the cover. This stapled pamphlet, neatly offset from typescript, provides access to 3101 reviews of 1474 books, which appeared in all the major non-commercial magazines (fanzines no longer seems to fit) as well as general and library-related magazines. Following the directory of magazines indexed is the author index, with full citation including the reviewer's name, if given. A title index completes the volume. An essential tool for libraries collecting sf comprehensively and for the more devoted collector, both of which should be members of the Science Fiction Research Association, whose members receive this at no extra cost. (Send \$15/year, payable to SFRA, to Marshall Tymn, English Dept., Eastern Michigan University, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.)

—Neil Barron

THE WHENABOUTS OF BURR, by Michael Kurland. DAW UY1182, 1975. 158 pp. \$1.25

My advice to you is to resolutely ignore the first murky chapter and push on. The confusion in the beginning is due to the author's eagerness to bring in too many characters at once and try to be funny. As soon as you discover things are not as tangled as you feared, the story picks up and begins to move, to take on color and interest and to be somewhat funnier. The kind of funny that brings a smile, not a gut laugh.

Briefly this is another romp in time, but through such a profusion of parallel worlds as to make anything possible, probable, or certain. There is not only an alternate to anything and everything that happened, but an infinite number of alternates. And so, when the U.S. Constitution disappears and is replaced by one equally authentic, signed by Aaron Burr, our redoubtable pair of heroes are sent on a quest to find Alexander Hamilton who may be able to explain things. There are also a few other characters flying back and forth between parallel worlds in a joyful mix-up that spans several time zones.

—Samuel Mines

WEIRD HEROES, vol.1, edited by Byron Preiss. Pyramid A3746, 1975. 247 pp. \$1.50

Byron Preiss has assembled an entertaining and energetic collection of heroic fantasy tales, with fine graphics by Alex Nino, Jim Steranko, Jeff Jones and Tom Sutton, and somewhat clumsy drawings by David Sheridan. Now into several volumes, *Weird Heroes* follows an admirable and unusual premise—that violence is not the only way to solve a hero's problems in action-adventure stories. This makes the book ideal for problem readers in high-school courses (teachers, take note!). In fact, an entire program in remedial reading might be built around the better comic books, and *Weird Heroes*, with suitable dollops of Burroughs, Chandler, Hammett, and the pulp novel characters, Doc Savage, et al. With some tailoring and caution, even the worst problem pupils will have a better chance of getting interested in reading. (Side note to teachers who read *LUNA*—How in hell do you think you'll get the average kid interested in reading if all you present to him is *The Scarlet Letter*, *Mill on the Floss*, and the more timid plays of Shakespeare? These fine works, now friends of mine, bored me no end in high school. I needed to be introduced to them, by friends I knew and trusted—just as James Blish would later introduce me to James Joyce, and Philip Jose Farmer to Sir Richard F. Burton. There have been advances in California schools since I attended them, but this is not universally true. Time is short and ignorance is rising!)

Preiss's paperback pulp is not just for the young. It should provide entertainment for anyone so inclined. The writing is vigorous, if not always smooth, and the characters are true to the title. Preiss shows enthusiasm and deep interest in his work, and the result is commendable.

Weird Heroes, vol.1 contains an interview with Fritz Leiber which has some unfortunate misspellings and mis-readings. Arthur Mackin (on page 181) is in reality Arthur Machen, pronounced "Mock-in." Charles Thorpe (same page) is Charles Fort. These are minor quibbles, but evoke small smiles as I visualize the editor transcribing from the tape recorder, pausing, and frowning deeply . . .

—Greg Bear

THE BLADERUNNER, by Alan E. Nourse. Ballantine 24654, 1975. 213 pp. \$1.50 (hardcover: McKay, 1974. \$5.95)

We've had all kinds of dictatorships, now comes a medical dictatorship. The idea is sound—genetic diseases like diabetes are spreading because natural selection has been thwarted. Diabetics, instead of dying young, are saved long enough to have children and pass their defective gene on. Thus, a worried government finds in a sensational study that at some time in the future, *everyone* will be diabetic. Their answer is to clamp down on Health Care and allow treatment only to people who agree to sterilization. This of course sets up a counteraction—a medical underground and black market. Thus you have all the ingredients of a cops-and-robbers chase with doctors and illegal purveyors of medical supplies, called “bladerunners,” as the hunted. The hospital and surgical scenes are excellent, and of course, Dr. Nourse's backgrounds are impeccable. I found it interesting because of my own interests in the medical field, albeit it does at times become a bit talky, but never so much as to lose your interest.

—Samuel Mines

THE TWILIGHT OF BRIAREUS, by Richard Cowper. DAW UW1183, 1975. 208 pp. \$1.50 (hardcover: John Day, 1974. \$6.95)

I don't know why it should be, but when our British cousins write a book—the better writers, that it—is invariably fuller, richer, more dimensional than the stuff we grind out here. There is a flavor, a knowledgeableness that makes its people real, not cardboard, and its events all the more believable. All this by way of saying that this is a beautifully written book, done with taste, with gentleness and with deep understanding.

The plot is simple, but subtle and baffling. A supernova begins a chain reaction on earth, with multiple genetic consequences. One is sterility. Another is the creation of a new breed of mutants. The complications are few; they center mostly about the fear and stupidity of officialdom in the British government, and the groping of even the new mutants to understand what is happening to them. There is a hint of other beings “taking control,” but this is only hinted, never really resolved. My one difference with Cowper is his ending. I have never been partial to the semi-mystical, half-theological concept of someone being sacrificed for other people's salvation. I think it is metaphysical rot that by killing A you pave the way of B into Heaven, or Nirvana or whatever. And if B is equally compassionate, he would instantly reject such a senseless sacrifice. One other comment—don't look for fast action. This is a leisurely, thoughtful book, to be read leisurely and savored for its full flavor. Another sample of DAW's consistently superior quality.

—Samuel Mines

SPECIAL FEATURE, by Charles V. DeVet. Avon 24562, 1975. 176 pp. 95¢

This is solid action pulp, told with a flair and zest that keeps it moving and the reader's attention riveted. To Earth come a pair of highly intelligent and savagely carnivorous cat people who follow out the ritual of their wild courtship and leave a trail of murder and horror behind them. Since each beast is lightning fast and so powerful as to make a Bengal tiger look like a pussycat, they are very formidable foes. On top of that they can so influence people's minds as to appear to take on the appearance of anyone they choose—or to apparently become invisible. The special-features man on the local TV station, tracing the cats' movements, sees them at first as only a terrific television feature, but his academic interest changes sharply as the cats single him out for Enemy Number One and launch a fierce campaign to kill him. This is a rousing, fast-moving story, with no intellectual pretenses, but with plenty of color and action.

—Samuel Mines

Have You Read? continued from Page 9

Turan, Kenneth. “The Future Revisited” (Logan's Run and The Man Who Fell to Earth) Progressive, Sept., p.53-4

Tymn, Marshall B. “Revisiting Possible Worlds: A Look at Four Science Fiction Reprint Series” (Garland, Gregg, Hyperion and Arno) Choice,

38

Jan., p.1411-13

Warner, Sylvia Townsend. “The Duke of Orkney's Leonardo” (fantasy story) New Yorker, Sept. 20, p.38-44

Wiley, Doris B. “Librarian Maps Fantasy Trails” (J.B. Post) Evening Bulletin Focus (Philadelphia), Sept. 20, p.6-7

BRAINRACK, by Kit Pedler and Gerry Davis. Pocket Books 78943, 1975. 254 pp. \$1.50

A British scientist is ostracized because of his warnings that too many corners are being cut in the mad race to build nuclear reactors and they are not safe. Industry, government and even his colleagues all consider him bananas because he acts that way most of the time, being arrogant, unfeeling and self-centered. Unfortunately he is right. The most notable thing about this book is the high level of scientific expertise in the book and the horrifying, minutely descriptive account of a melt-down in a nuclear reactor. There is also a parallel plot about a decline in intelligence in the cities which, it seems to me, has nothing to do with the primary plot and whose conclusion is a little wild. The book is interesting despite the heavy style and, like the little girl with the book about kangaroos, maybe it tells you more about nuclear reactors than you need to know.

—Samuel Mines

FROM THE LEGEND OF BIEL, by Mary Staton. Ace 25460, 1975. 333 pp. \$1.25

An extraordinary first novel by a young woman, a real tour de force. The plot is unimportant—it is both too complex and too simple to describe, suffice it to say that it is a bewildering excursion into the mind, with perilous and dizzy detours in and out of reality. It has faults; it is boldly, flamboyantly overwritten, but intentionally so. Example, Dr. Howard Scott, awakening from deep-freeze on an interplanetary flight: “The clear, smoke-streaked stone of himself which he had learned while frozen—which was beyond all circumstances—sat beneath his tongue, and he sucked it for courage.” Don't let it turn you off. The cumulative effect of this overwriting, and there is a great deal of it, is like cumulative hammer blows; like it or not, such a picture is drilled into your brain that you cannot forget or ignore it. Descriptions are etched in minute detail, far more than actually necessary, yet again the cumulative effect is of such sensitivity that just reading it is an emotional experience. Mary Staton will refine her skills with time but even this first effort is richly rewarding. She is very gifted.

—Samuel Mines

THE WARRIORS OF DAWN, by M.A. Foster. DAW UY1152, 1975. \$1.25

The Warriors of Dawn is a good action/adventure story, fast-paced, yet not quite so complicated that explaining the plot to someone would take you a year. There are almost no long, draggy sections that you want to skip over, and considering that the writer introduces an alien race (giving us quite a bit of detail on it, without making the reader fall asleep), that's impressive. But in addition to the action, the characters are well developed, to the point where, by the end of the book, they feel like *people*, instead of characters. M. A. Foster tells of emotions, feelings, in a way that is real; you might even feel a tinge of real concern during a dangerous section of the book.

The story concerns a human male and a female ler, who are chosen to investigate some strange incidents on another planet. Lers are a form of life created by humans, long ago. They have many human characteristics, but are youthful in appearance, even if old by our standards. They have a tremendous sex drive, even in youth, and the ler female (Liszendir) that is going on the voyage, alone, with Han (the human male) is no exception. You would expect them to be drawn to each other during the trip, but instead they discuss their feelings about physical relations, and even about each other quite frankly, and decide they must not become involved with each other. (I thought perhaps they were a bit too honest. Many humans get embarrassed while speaking of such subjects. But perhaps times have changed by now . . .) They reach the planet, investigate a previous raid by wild lers from the planet Dawn, are captured and taken to Dawn, escape, and are captured again. However, everything turns out fairly well in the epilogue, which seemed to wrap things up a bit too much.

The book was moving in parts, exciting in others, and the only hard part for the reader might be when they reach “Part Two Dawn.” It's almost like beginning a new story, but this may in part be due to the change in planets. *The Warriors of Dawn*, while not on the “must read” list, is well written and the time spent reading it is anything but wasted.

—C. D. Doyle

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HUMAN MACHINES, ed. by Thomas N. Scortia and George Zebrowski. Vintage Books V607, 1975. 252 pp. \$2.95paper

Cyborgs have been with us for a long time now, but Scortia and Zebrowski have tried to take it a step further and put you, the reader, into the machine. In other words, what would it feel like if your damaged and dying body were removed from your psyche and you found yourself peering out from inside a new metal body? That even this idea is not new is demonstrated in one story by C.L. Moore, Henry Kuttner's wife, written in 1944, about a dancer whose body is destroyed by fire. And Kuttner's own "Camouflage" came only a year later, in 1945. The older stories move to a different tempo, but they are notable for the vision they displayed for their time, although by today's hectic standards they may seem a little tame. Like nearly all such anthologies, this one has its moments, but not uniformly so.

—Samuel Mines

A FUNERAL FOR THE EYES OF FIRE, by Michael Bishop. Ballantine 24350, 1975. 294 pp. \$1.50

This is a long, subtle and difficult book. There isn't much plot, very little action, but a great deal of talk. It is, in fact, almost a play, a morality play, an examination of the forces of good and evil inside each being. The story concerns itself with the decision of a planetary government to remove an entire subculture of beings from its planet and establish them on another world. The interplay of actions and motives, the truths and lies and the background history make up a complicated mosaic which the author spins out in the greatest detail. It is superbly done, but it is not easy reading and it may wear you out. However, it is so convincing a picture of an alien culture that you will find it hard to believe that these beings do not in truth exist somewhere.

—Samuel Mines

UPON THE WINDS OF YESTERDAY AND OTHER EXPLORATIONS: The Paintings of George Barr. With Foreword by Tim Kirk, Introd. by Stewart David Schiff, and Afterword by George Barr. Donald M. Grant, Publisher, 1976. 140 pp. \$25.00 (Limited to 2500 copies)

George Barr is one of the most popular fan artists, with a distinctive style and choice of subject matter which has earned him the admiration of thousands of fans and fellow artists. His clear-cut technique allowed me to learn many of the basics of drawing and fantasy illustration, and though for the last four years I've grown away from complete admiration of his work, I've always kept an eye on it, with at least partial appreciation. Donald Grant has finally given George a chance to exhibit his best work in a beautiful format, demanding a serious and coherent appraisal.

George is one of the most unpretentious artists I've known. He demands no deep consideration, and tries for the most gentle of responses. His aims are to produce beauty, pure and simple, and he succeeds often enough to deserve his reputation. His technique—ball-point pen with water color wash—is the foundation of his greatest achievement, and the source of some of his difficulties.

He is a perfectionist. His search for the smoothest line, the most subtle shading, and the most precise delineation frequently results in a "constipation" of motion. Also, his imagination is rooted not in actual experience, but in pure fantasy—especially the fantasy of California, Maxfield Parrish, and Hollywood. This results in opulent women dressed as deMille would have dressed them, posed as Fredericks of Hollywood might have posed them (though with greater skill and delicacy). Even his monsters lack menace because of their beauty and perfection. Every bump must be endowed with ceramic smoothness, or possess the transparency of a jewel; rocks come out of his pen like those in Dutch figurines. In action, his figures seem to be hesitating at the last minute, or posturing like posed publicity stills. This lack of life is much less evident in his pencil sketches (George is a consummate draughtsman, with a fine eye), which leads me to believe that things congeal during the final stages, when his demand for perfection of technique overcomes the essential looseness inherent in reality.

George's art has more in common with design—architecture, interior decorating and costume work—than illustration as practiced by N.C. Wyeth and Howard Pyle. As design, it is frequently simple and elegant, showing the graphic influence of Parrish, and the color treatment of Hannes Bok, who also admired Parrish. George's work is full of gentle, loving humor, and dry wit—never rasping, never criticising, but always tolerant and accepting. Among my favorites in this book is an owl sitting down with a glass of "Hoot Mon" scotch and a plate of mice; or a frog-prince clinging precariously to a branch, with a banner above him reading, "How do I love you? Let me count the ways." His version of "The Hundred Acre Wood" is a beautiful vision of childhood fantasy, and his portrait of the Trimble Family (with John as a griffin and Bjo as a unicorn, introducing their daughters to a faerie realm of castles and glittering stars) comes as close as possible, I think, to expressing what drives these people, and what their inner dreams might be. And there are others—a magenta lizard reclining sensuously ("Odalisque #2"), and "Vigil by the Violet Sea," with its evocation of marine fantasy. And unless my criticism so far has given the impression that George is always a pussy-cat, consider "Dierdre and the Nightmare," with a beast as frightening as any which haunted the dreams of Fuseli.

George's difficulties are so wrapped up with George's beauties that criticism is a frustrating chore. But the criticisms must be said, along with the praise—for I think there are ways of keeping George's finest points, and eliminating his worst, and George is still quite capable of doing that. His example to other artists must not stand without clear "caution" signs: he is a unique individual, and not to be imitated either in style or subject matter.

—Greg Bear

RAX, by Michael G. Coney. DAW UY1205, 1975. 189 pp. \$1.25

When I read a book by an author who is new to me, I am more critical than usual. Therefore, I was pleasantly surprised by the quality of *Rax*. It is a good story well written, except for a few awkwardly handled tender moments.

For this novel, Coney has invented a very convincing solar system that is very different from our own. The inhabited world of this system has a very eccentric orbit which causes some extreme seasonal changes and a very unique ecology, all of which play an important part in his story. It is told from the point of view of an adolescent son of a government administrator. The country is at war and there are secret goings-on in the Parliament. Alike-Drove and his family go to the seaside community of Pallahaxi for their annual summer vacation, but events soon make it clear that this is no ordinary outing. We are bombarded simultaneously, as is Drove, by the civil unrest and by his awakening maturity. The summer begins with the usual adolescent adventures, but things quickly take a sinister turn.

Coney proves himself to be a very skillful writer. His characters are realistic and sympathetic. The pace of the novel is just right. The plot is tight and the outcome becomes inevitable, although not obvious. Whether you are looking for good writing or just another good story, this book should not be overlooked.

—R. Lauraine Tutihasi

TOMORROW TODAY, ed. by George Zebrowski. Unity Press (P.O. Box 1037, Santa Cruz, Calif. 95061) 1975. 188 pp. \$3.95paper

This is a beautifully designed paperback, with an all-white cover and a brooding little view of a distant planet as seen through a torn curtain of brown moss, just in the center of the front cover. Handsome and tasteful. Would that the stories were that good. They are frankly experimental, which is fine, but you've got to sit down with the book, be patient, and be willing to proceed at the author's own pace, and not try to hurry him. The result is that some of these are very slow, some are sort of unfinished thoughts and one, "In the Wind" by Glen Cook, is a tale of future warfare. Edgar Pangborn's "Harper Conan and Singer David" is a folk legend, no more science fiction than Wagner's Valkyrie, or you might say as much. "Visitor" by Mack Reynolds, is more traditional science fiction, posing the intellectual puzzle that was at one time quite the vogue, and nicely done. You might like it.

—Samuel Mines

The future of armed conflict. Twelve stories of war and near war, with some examples of the dandy horrors yet in store for us. The stories are uneven—some very good, some for all the theme of action, are slow-moving and inclined to be dull. Keith Laumer's "The Last Command" is a good one; it poses the interesting question: what would happen to a robot tank, armed with unstoppable weapons, if it were accidentally activated and pointed right at a city, and nothing in current armament or defense could make a dent in it? Poul Anderson's "The Man Who Came Early" offers another intriguing little puzzle: suppose you were a 20th century man, an engineer even, and were flipped back a thousand years to the Vikings' Iceland of 800 or 900 A.D.—how would you make out? For all your knowledge—badly. Or maybe because of it. A spotty, but fairly interesting group of stories.

—Samuel Mines

THE NOREASCON PROCEEDINGS: The Twenty-Ninth World Science Fiction Convention, Boston, Massachusetts, September 3-6, 1971, edited and produced by Leslie Turek. NESFA Press (Box G, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, Mass. 02139), 1976. 192 pp. \$12.00

For the first time since Discon I, the 21st World Convention in 1963, Washington, D.C. we have a world science fiction convention proceedings and a splendid production it is. The New England Science Fiction Association has done itself proud by getting this book into print after five years of obstacles and delays. Leslie Turek is to be congratulated for the layout and physical features of this well planned and designed book. Although there are about 50 photographs in the book and a separate listing of photographs would have been welcome.

It is not strictly a record of the entire convention since a number of events such as Bob Briney's interesting talk on mystery writers was not included, nor was the panel which the Proceedings lists as "The Art of Self Defense; or, How to Live with 10 Tons of SF" by JoAnn Wood, Chris Moskowitz, Carol Resnick and Ruth Kyle. I remember the title as "Up Your Empheralia; or, How to Live . . ." Apparently only the Grand Ballroom was set up with the proper recording equipment. Even then, many of the questions from the floor were not recorded and one reads answers to unlisted questions. If proceedings are done in the future, it would be well to have the questioner identify himself and have his question on record.

The speeches at the main events including the banquet session are printed in the book. The banquet speeches are also on a two-record set which is not setting the world on fire with sales even though the well chosen words of guest of honor Clifford Simak alone are well worth the price. Eight appendices contain: members of the committee, membership statistics by state and country, schedule of events and lists of films shown, Hugo and Art Show awards, Masquerade awards along with photos, business meeting report and a final financial report. The convention lists total income as \$15,210.84 and expenses as \$14,517.00 with about \$700 as profit. Tips to grease the various hotel employees amounted to \$445, about 3% of income, and is pretty close to the \$582 spent on Hugos and plaques.

The cost of the Proceedings was \$2.50 to attendees if you answered NESFA's query and sent in your money early. The price is now \$12.00.

It is a funny thing about convention proceedings; everybody wants one until one is produced, then two or three or even four hundred people buy them quickly, then the rest of the copies sit for years as they slowly sell out at 50 copies a year. Advent:Publishers, Inc. put out the proceedings for 1962 and 1963 at \$3.50 each. Since they sold so poorly the price was reduced to \$1.95 and by 1972 the last of the fairly limited printings was sold out. You will notice that Advent lists no proceedings on its current in-print list. The firm was ready to publish any of the proceedings from succeeding conventions had the production been fully subsidized and the people responsible for the respective conventions provided completely edited photocopy for Advent to publish and distribute. Fandom gets what it deserves and if it does not support the Noreascon Proceedings, it should not expect other proceedings of this caliber in the future.

—Edward Wood

The program book of the 34th World Science Fiction Convention is well worth a review in its own right. Weighing just about two pounds, it is going to cost the convention committee over \$1,000 just to mail out copies to the 2,000 members that didn't show up at the convention. Without question, it is the most superlative program book ever put out by any of the previous 33 conventions. At MAC, as MidAmeriCon was called, rumor had it that the book cost the convention over \$15,000 to produce. The book contains about \$4500 in ads so that extra ten grand is a mighty hard chunk to swallow. The beautiful George Barr color wraparound cover, the slick paper, the film photos, the excellent gray binding would well warrant such a cost. Along with thy normal material found in most program books such as a list of the previous conventions and Hugo winners, chairman's message, business notes, program listings, hotel layout, and ads; there are two special sections: a 14-page film note section with three films to the page, and a folio of artwork by 35 artists illustrating the works of the guest of honor, Robert A. Heinlein. Reamy did an excellent job on design and typography.

There are a few more goodies. Two works of fiction, "Cth'ul'ablanca" by Howard Waldrop and "Lonely Women are the Vessels of Time" by Harlan Ellison seem no more than filler material. There are six articles varying from fair to excellent. "Will They Laugh When You Sit Down to Publish a Book?" by George Scithers containing the distilled wisdom of scores of small publishers. Read and learn. "The Hugos Nobody Knows" by Howard DeVore adds some interesting details to the history of the Hugo Awards. All old, new and incipient authors should read and be encouraged by Richard A. Lupoff's "Rejection Without Dejection." There are two bibliographies, one for Heinlein and the other for Wilson Tucker the toastmaster. Under the Heinlein bibliography one sees "Heil!" *Futura Fantasia* # 4, Sum/40 (a fanzine ed. by Sam Moskowitz). Gee, here all these years I thought Ray Bradbury had edited that fan magazine. Oh well, if you can't learn facts, invent them!

Since the committee has a surplus of program books, you might want to buy one to have for your own collection. The address is P.O. Box 221, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

—Edward Wood

MY NAME IS LEGION, by Roger Zelazny. Ballantine 24867, 1976. 213 pp. \$1.50

For any true reader of sf, this has been done too many times before, and better, to hold much interest. But this book would probably appeal to more mundane readers; some may even consider the idea of "a man who does not exist" novel!

The country has been switched to a system by which every person is registered in the International Data Bank, where their vital statistics are registered. Our Star (Zelazny tends to make him sound like one of those types that have their own television series) however, is a Rugged Individualist. His name is not listed anywhere. He (start the theme music, and begin announcing the stars) Does Not Exist (drumroll)! At least twice a year he meets the head of the second largest detective agency in the world (I wonder; is this supposed to make him *humble* in our eyes, or something?!), and is given a great big assignment no normal man would touch. He's a technician, scuba diver, expert on boats; I wouldn't be surprised if he built life-size replicas of the Golden Gate Bridge on the side. When he's not protecting secret gummint projects and undoing sabotage, he's saving people's lives, taking incredible risks (for which he gets paid a lot of money), you know—average hero type stuff. Unlike your standard TV hero he does not fool around with every girl he meets; there's a brief reference to someone named Eva, whom he loved, but didn't marry. But Legion's most startling vice seems to be the fact that he's drinking a beer every other page.

There are three stories of his adventures here, one concerning a government project that he wishes he had left alone in the end; an episode concerning dolphins (this was the best); and the last one, dealing with a robot with a mind of its own, that people think is coming back to hurt us, but turns out to be a good guy.

My Name Is Legion is good action adventure; buy it for your mundane nephew, the one who digs "sci-fi"; you know, the Space:1999 fan.

—C.D. Doyle

RED TIDE, by D. D. Chapman and Deloris Lehman Tarzan. Ace 71160, 1975. 239 pp. \$1.25

A stunningly complex book, carefully plotted, meticulously crafted, with superb writing and characterization. The plot is complicated, but essentially it involves an underwater laboratory conducting experiments on a huge scale in every aspect of sea life—including metabolism and a secret project of one scientist to convert man from air breathing to water breathing. Atop this comes the Armageddon—not a nuclear holocaust, but a sowing of plague. Without erasing the upper world, it has the same devastating effect on human life. Only those miles under the sea are untouched. The technical material is precise and convincing, the conflicts tense and strong, and above all, the people are real and live, not the usual cardboard figures. This is a real sleeper.

—Samuel Mines

LORD OF THE APES, by George Alec Effinger. Award Books AN1488, 1976. 95¢ (Planet of the Apes series 4)

I'm not overly fond of Planet of the Apes TV shows, movies, stupid plastic dolls—or books. This one seems to be two scripts from the short-lived series, put in story form. So, of course, the plots are simple. (Definition of "simple" as used in the sentence: ranging upon crudely rudimentary ideas, if they can indeed be called such, having been around since the beginning of time.) The first story, "The Tryout," is the one episode I remember at all from the series, because of that one delicious scene where Galen, the chimpanzee, fools a high official by pretending to be a higher one. It was precious, both because it could be applied to a situation today, and because it gave us a glimpse of Roddy McDowell, not a bad actor at all, instead of some nut wearing too much make-up.

However, anyone who would waste their money buying this book, probably isn't allowed spending money in the first place.

—C. D. Doyle

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SCIENCE FICTION ILLUSTRATION, by Anthony Frewin. Pyramid 3863, 1975. 128 pp. \$4.95 paper

FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION ART, 1926-1954, ed. with an introd. by Lester del Rey. Ballantine 24731, 1975. introd. plus 40 plates. \$5.95 paper

SCIENCE FICTION ART, The Fantasies of SF, comp. and introd. by Brian Aldiss. Bounty Books, 1975. 128 pp. \$9.95 paper

Each of these volumes approaches sf illustration from a different angle. Frewin's book is the most comprehensive, with a large section on illustrators of the 19th century, including Grandville and Robida. His criticisms are gentle, his appreciation is touched with humor, and his selections are catholic. Pyramid has given the reader (and viewer) a bargain for five dollars, with many color plates, and the graphics are reasonable, though somewhat crowded.

Del Rey's book is beautifully produced, full of dignity and entirely in color. The selection is not intended to be a general overview; instead, the emphasis is on the bright gouaches and deliciously clumsy machines of Frank R. Paul and his contemporaries. The nod toward *Astounding*, with its comparatively somber and tasteful covers, is slight—this is heavily a nostalgic volume, leaning, I would guess, toward del Rey's first contacts with sf magazines. Unlike the others, it is sewn in signatures for long life.

Aldiss approaches the task with great good humor and a focus on the artists themselves. His book is large even for these types of collections, truly coffee-table sized, and because of this the color reproduction frequently suffers. Since none of these books is taken from the original artwork, they rely on the magazines themselves, and blowing the covers up to larger than life has its problems, which Bounty and Aldiss have blithely ignored in search of overall impact. Aldiss's selections are substantially different from Frewin's and del Rey's, with many interiors from the fifties, and quite a few covers I'd never seen before.

Each book is worth its price, and hardly covers the same ground. They are all required additions for a dedicated sf enthusiast's collection, and I recommend them all highly.

—Greg Bear

ENDLESS VOYAGE, by Marion Zimmer Bradley. Ace 20660, 1975. 189 pp. \$1.25

An excellent theme this, and an intriguing one. The Explorers are a select group of men and women, bred for space, who live all their lives in space, hunting new planets for colonization. Their touchdowns at planets are always wrenching because they know they will never see it again, or the people they have known there. A year in space for them, at faster-than-light speeds, can mean hundreds of years on the planets. So that while they seem not to age, their friends grow old and shriveled in what is only months of their time. A little sad, the book is written with warmth and feeling, as though contemplation of the thought touched the author herself and she poured out much of her own inner fund of feeling and love. A very appealing little book.

—Samuel Mines

WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF LAST? SF for Fun and Profit from the Inside, by Horace L. Gold. Institute for the Development of the Harmonious Human Being, Inc. (P.O. Drawer D, Crestline, Calif. 92325), 1976. 153 pp. \$20.00, \$5.50 paper

This is what I call a "Why?" book. Why was it published? It is essentially a vanity publication of Gold's editorials for *Galaxy Science Fiction* plus a final 10-page autobiographical sketch, "Gold on Gold" which is the most recent and also the most interesting item in the book. The book is edited by Gold's son, Eugene, and the book is physically attractive with a cover that looks exactly like an early *Galaxy*. There are 58 other items in the book, short fillers which Gold wrote probably to fill up the final pages of an issue of *Galaxy*. Sometimes witty, sometimes even intriguing but all too often humdrum, most are not worthy of preservation.

It is only when Gold writes about science fiction that the old sparkle we remember comes forth. His own career is worth a lot more pages than he devotes to it. However some of the things he says deserve to be taken with a grain of salt. Page 144: "I was writing under the name of Clyde Crane Campbell. The other Campbell, John W. Jr. wasn't well enough known at the time to make it seem a less than likely name for me." For Gold's and anyone else's information, at the time there were three Campbells in science fiction, John Scott Campbell wrote a few stories for *Wonder* and its companion quarterly. In 1935, John W. Campbell, Jr. was second only to Edward Elmer Smith, Ph.D. as king of heavy scientific space opera with the Wade, Arcott and Morey series as popular as Smith's "Skylark" series.

Gold makes a lot of statements about F. Orlin Tremaine and the editorship of *Astounding* in the mid-30s which certainly downgrades the role of Tremaine: page 144 "Now *Astounding* was nominally edited by F. Orlin Tremaine, but Des Hall was the actual editor." Since Tremaine has been credit for the astonishing (or should that be astounding) renaissance of the Street and Smith *Astounding* 1934-6, this might force a reassessment of his role in the history of magazine science fiction.

The founding of *Galaxy* is probably the most interesting part of the sketch but here again, Gold serves himself ill if he thinks that *Galaxy's* fantasy companion *Beyond Fantasy Fiction* was ever in the same class as Campbell's *Unknown* or that for 11 years he was as good an editor as Campbell was in the years 1938-41. From 1950 to 1953 he certainly gave Campbell a good run for the money as he even forced Campbell to adopt the inverted cover format of *Galaxy*. Go back a decade and you will find this same cover format on Tremaine's *Comet Stories* which lasted a full five issues 1940-41. Even earlier, the first issue of Ray Palmer's *Fantastic Adventures* had this same cover format. Still, anyone who could make Campbell follow his lead in anything, has a lot to brag about, Campbell himself at the time was into Dianetics and psionics and really didn't regain his commanding position in the field until the end of the 50s. From 1953 to 1961, the world science fiction conventions awarded 8 Hugos for best magazine. In 1953 *Galaxy* tied with *Astounding*. In 1955-6-7*-61 *Astounding-Analog* won and for three years in a row 1958-60, *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* won. Enough said.

The book is only for completists.

*The 1957 magazine Hugo was split into two parts, best British promag and best American promag. *New Worlds* won the British award and *Astounding* the American part.

—Edward Wood

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NEW DIMENSIONS NO. 5, ed. by Robert Silverberg. Harper & Row, 1975. 211 pp. \$7.95 (paperback: Perennial Library, 1976. \$1.95)

Technically, the level of writing in this volume is quite high, but often does not go beyond that. My preference is for some sort of conflict *cum* resolution, or a narrative that in some manner enlightens or teaches. The particular stories that I believe failed, successfully transfer the human experience (in "Dybbuk Dolls," a prime example, the Jewish experience) to an imagined future, but they do not make any significant point: there is no plot, or conflict, or enlightenment; just description of experience, mere exercises in creativity. Several other stories simply passed over my head: I either did not see the point, or if there was one, I was unimpressed by it.

What stories I did like were: Fisk's "Find the Lady" wherein ordinary eccentrics deal with an extraordinary situation; Gilbert's "A Solfy Drink, A Saffel Fragrance" provides a lesson in understanding that transcends mere technical competence; Randall's "A Scarab in the City of Time" is a gutsy tale of a woman's desperate ingenuity and courage; Malzberg's "Report to Headquarters" gives us a fairly traditional space survival story, but does it with charm and humor; Bishop's "The Contributors to Plenum 4" is a classic example of sf poking fun at itself and should see frequent anthologizing.

Odds-n-ends: A story called "White Creatures" is well-conceived but I don't think it belongs in an sf anthology because it really isn't sf. Utley gives us a poem "The Local Allosaurus" which is fun, fluffy and short.

—Gail C. Futoran

THE BIRTHGRAVE, by Tanith Lee. DAW UW1177, 1975. 408 pp. \$1.50

THE HERITAGE OF HASTUR, by Marion Zimmer Bradley. DAW UW1189, 1975. 381 pp. \$1.50

One of the most refreshing developments in science fiction recently is that there seems to be a market for longer novels that never existed before. Just a few years ago, 100,000 words seemed to be the limit—and most publishers wouldn't go that far. Among those that wouldn't was Ace, former home of Donald A. Wollheim. Wollheim's got his own line now, and he should be drawing praise from fans and critics alike, both for giving opportunities to new writers and for allowing older ones to stretch their wings.

Take Tanith Lee, for instance. Nobody had ever heard of her before last June, and nobody seems to know much about her yet—save that she's British, and that her mother's an author too. But here she is with a 408-page novel, *The Birthgrave*, that could well be an awards contender by the time this review appears. Whatever her background, whatever she's read, Lee is already an accomplished master of the created world epic—and Wollheim had enough sense to give her the elbow-room she needed for an epic.

The Birthgrave is the story of a goddess. Literally. And that's about all she knows about herself when she wakes up on a strange planet that is Earthlike, but still unearthly. There's been some sort of disaster that destroyed civilization on this world, and her kind apparently had something to do with it—but she is still held in awe by the tribesmen of her world: no wonder; she has the gift of healing (among other powers), and is practically invulnerable herself.

Knowing nothing of herself, she must set out in quest of herself. In her odyssey across a ruined world, she meets strange men and has strange adventures and plays strange roles. Now these elements aren't new to created world fiction, of course, but Lee's approach is. This is romantic adventure from a female viewpoint—most such works, even by female writers like Leigh Brackett and Ursula Le Guin, have been male-oriented. Lee's protagonist may be the first true romantic heroine since Jirel of Joiry, but her story isn't anything like those of C.L. Moore, either.

It's all tied up a bit too neatly at the end—both the manner in which the heroine learns her identity and the time scale that implies, which doesn't fit with the world as we've seen it through her eyes. But the rest of the novel is, as C.S. Lewis would say, "good beyond hope"—to go into details of its marvelous events and characters would cheat readers of the chance to discover for themselves what a rich experience *The Birthgrave* is.

Marion Zimmer Bradley is a writer who, ten years ago, could have been dismissed as a routine writer of Ace doubles. That's the form most of her Darkover stories appeared in. They were entertaining action-adventure stories set on a strange planet, but there were plenty of other writers doing similar things. Now we have *The Heritage of Hastur*, which is a true novel of Darkover. It's twice as long as any previous book in the series, and gives her room to develop character and explore Darkover's customs and conflicts such as she's never had before. What's really important, however, is that Bradley shows she's more than equal to the challenge.

This is the story of the youth of Regis Hastur and of the Sharra rising—events that will already mean something to those who have faithfully read the chronicles of Darkover (Ace is starting to reissue several volumes that had gone out of print), but which will capture the imagination even of those who had passed by the earlier works as beneath their notice.

In today's freer atmosphere, Bradley can go into sexuality—including homosexuality—in a way that was unthinkable when she first began writing about Darkover, and this plays a key role in the relationship between Regis and his friend Danilo. But just as important are the development of other aspects of Darkovan life—from the everyday routine of the Guardsmen to the love-hate relationship with the Terran Empire to the use of the Comyn gifts and the jewel matrixes. Darkover and its people come alive as they never have before.

Giving writers greater length to work with doesn't always turn out well—we have to put up with Heinlein's *Time Enough for Love*, and the Jerry Pournelle and Larry Niven parts of *The Mote in God's Eye* didn't quite jell. But novels like *The Birthgrave* and *The Heritage of Hastur* show what we were missing when they were held in a straitjacket—and the end of length restrictions could be one of the most important developments in the history of the genre.

—John J. Pierce

THE GREAT WHITE SPACE, by Basil Copper. St. Martin's Press, 1975. 192 pp. \$6.95

THE TRANSITION OF TITUS CROW, by Brian Lumley. DAW UW1173, 1975. 253 pp. \$1.50

It can be said that like Chinese waiters, all Lovecraft pastiches look alike. While this is not strictly true of either Chinese waiters or Lovecraft pastiches, there is enough truth to make a cliché. I don't think it is really possible to do a Lovecraft pastiche (n. A literary work imitating, often caricaturing, a previous work). Do one's own thing within the framework of the Cthulhu Mythos, yes; but slavish imitations of HPL's bad writing just don't cut it. Even Derleth (who may very well be numbered among the world's greatest pastichists) could only capture the form, not the substance, of a Lovecraft story. Both Copper and Lumley have proven themselves interesting writers in other collections (and both of these works in hand are dedicated to Lovecraft).

Titus Crow, in the previous book, escaped the attack of Cthulhoid beings in a marvelous time/space machine. The bulk of this book is his journal of travels about the universe (which turns out to be a polyverse or a multiverse). His description of other worlds is almost Stapledonian in grandeur and diversity. Crow reaches the Elder Gods in their citadel and discovers that mankind is the guardian of the universe now that the Elder Gods have retired. They offer Crow a place in their senior deity haven. He returns to Earth after many misadventures, gives his message, and returns. Most of the book is just descriptions of exotic places, but I must confess to a fondness for exotic places.

It is a credit to Copper's skill that he can keep the reader interested in the Great Northern Expedition's movements in the vast caverns leading to "the Great White Space," (which turns out to be a space warp which allows slug-like Cthulhoid beings to invade Earth). What might have been a dull tale is, at least, a mildly interesting and very entertaining story of five men penetrating the bowels of the Earth. The weakness is the Lovecraftian ending. While some of the book is travelogue, it is less so than Lumley's, having more action. Hopefully Copper has his Lovecraftianism exorcised by writing the one story and he can go back to writing the stories he does so well (and which some were collected in *From Evil's Pillow*).

—J. B. Post

TALES OF THREE HEMISPHERES, by Lord Dunsany. Owlswick Press (Box 8234, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101) 1976. xx, 139 pp. \$9.00

The verso of the title page notes the original copyright as being 1919. Dunsany died in 1957 and his major works were done quite a bit before that time. One doesn't review Dunsany, one merely notes there is a new printing of certain stories: Dunsany, like the Bible, just is. One either likes Dunsany or one doesn't, and one may even like only part of Dunsany's output. The stories are almost anecdotal fairy tales, at least they sound like it. A nosy postman is carried away by the gods of yore, dwarves and demi-gods have a war, ancient gods zap the wrong man, a dreamer goes Beyond the Fields We Know, and more. The Dunsany story is almost the prototype of some of our heroic fantasy, at least in outlook.

Aside from being available, what does this new edition offer that the original doesn't? I can vouch for the better proof-reading. The former edition had no illustrations and the Owlswick Press edition has 14 major illustrations, a color frontispiece, a "finis" illustration, a device repeated as tail-piece for some of the stories; all drawn by Tim Kirk. This edition has a 1922 essay on Dunsany by H.P. Lovecraft as a foreword. An attractive and well made book, collectable almost as an artifact. A must for a fantasy collection.

—J. B. Post

ALSO RECEIVED:

- The Early del Rey, vol.1. Ballantine 25063, Aug; vol.2. Ballantine 25111, Sept. \$1.95 each (hardcover: Doubleday, 1975. \$7.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 61)
 Earth Factor X, by A.E. Van Vogt. DAW UY1249, Aug. \$1.25 (orig: The secret galactics. Prentice-Hall, 1974. \$2.45. reviewed LUNA Monthly 63)
 The Investigation, by Stanislaw Lem. Avon 29314, July. \$1.50 (hardcover: Seabury, 1974. \$7.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 57)
 Julia, by Peter Straub. Pocket Books 80751, Oct. \$1.95 (hardcover: Coward McCann, 1975. \$7.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 62)
 The Left Hand of Darkness, by Ursula K. Le Guin. Ace 47805, July. \$1.95 (12 ptg. hardcover: Walker, 1969. \$4.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 11)
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