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## R. A. Lafferty: An Interview

Conducted by Paul Walker\*

*Sf is said to be a "literature of ideas." Do you agree? If so, is it a good source of ideas as compared to other forms of fiction and nonfiction? What is the quality of ideas in sf? And how do you personally respond to them?*

Yes, I certainly agree that sf is a "literature of ideas." Comparing it to other forms of fiction or nonfiction requires that we state its peculiar position, however. Sf takes as its province all phenomena, and that includes all other forms of fiction and nonfiction. Thus sf is not primarily a *source* of ideas as much as it is a *processor* and *product* of them. The only way it can be a source of ideas is by the process of feedback; but even with the limitation it is probably a superior source to any other form of writing. The quality of ideas handled by sf, whether as source or processor or product, is quite superior: sf is an excellent selector and winnow of ideas. I personally respond to them gratefully and readily; i.e., I partake in the feedback.

*Do you consider your work to be within the sf tradition?*

I don't believe there is any single sf tradition or any type of writing that may be called genuine sf to the exclusion of other sorts. The genesis of "genuine" is "begotten," "natural-born," "native." Sf has a clear paternity, I believe, in the old Wonder Story which is natural-born or native everywhere. But this exuberant thing went adventuring after strange wives and mistresses, so there are now a great number of half-brothers and half-sisters with an equal claim to the name of sf. Each one has its own definition.

To me a Science Fiction Story should be a *story* (not a vignette): it should contain science as an essential, and it should contain true fiction (fabrication, speculation) as an essential. I don't agree that one of the three elements is sufficient. I have been challenged for having no science in my sf stories, and I deny the challenge. I claim the soft sciences (psychology, sociology, cosmography, anthropology) are as much science as the hard sciences such as physics. Yes, I consider my work as falling within the genuine, multiple, diffuse sf tradition.

*Who are your favorite sf writers? And why?*

I don't know who my favorite science fiction writers are, outside of the old

ones, H.G. Wells, C.S. Lewis. Of those still writing, my favorites are probably Arthur C. Clarke, Sturgeon, Leinster, Zelazny in spots, Panshin in spots, Silverberg in spots, myself in spots (caught you there; you didn't ask who I considered the best, but who were my favorites; if I weren't one of my own favorites I'd have to stop writing). The thing about science fiction (and I don't believe it applies to other writing and writers) is that those who write the best stories are also those who write the worst: there seems to be some sort of compensation here. It is a wholesome thing that it is their best stories that get printed, but when you get to know the fellows, you get glimpses of the really bad ones, and I know my own cases. Another thing about the sf boys is that some of the finest minds and best personalities in it can't really write worth a damn, and some of the stumble-bums with twisted lives really do the better, sometimes the best work.

You say you are your own favorite sf writer "in spots." What "spots" are those and what makes them special? (What "spots" in general make sf worth reading?)

There are spots and spots. "The spots that in general make sf worth reading" are not quite the spots I had in mind. A spot is really a blot, a stain, a blemish. The spots I like do appear to be those things, and in addition they slow down and break the rhythm of sf. But they are necessary. They are the generative spots, the original bits, and they will be less awkward every time they are borrowed and reworked. I do have some of these original spots in me, and so do many others besides. There are clear-as-a-crystal writers of great reputation who will always remain spotless in this sense. There is no idea or notion to be found in them that is not first found in others; none that would have been lost forever if they had not pinned it down. But some of us are spotted like sick leopards and we repel a little. In *Past Master*, in *Space Chantey*, in *Fourth Mansions*, in *Arrive at Easterwine*, there are many of these

botches which nobody but myself could have invented. They are in dozens of my short stories. They don't come through well, just well enough that they will be borrowed again and again until they become part of the standard furniture of sf. In this aspect only am I one of my favorite writers, as I know how hard the original bits are to come by, by myself, by any one at all.

You are more esteemed by critics and readers for your short stories than your novels. How do you feel about the two forms? Which of your books and stories are your favorites and why?

I have not mastered the novel as well as I have the short story form. It takes a certain balance and physical stamina to maintain a novel flow over the months of work required for it: this isn't a notion of my own; other writers also state it. An impatience or looseness of this balance or a failure of stamina creates a choppy effect: the novel becomes episodic, really a series of short stories or scenes. This is one of the failings of my own novels. However, though my short stories are the more readable, my novels do have more to say; and they will, if anyone has the patience for it, repay a rereading.

Of my novels, the best is *Archipelago*, unsold and unpublished for many years. The next best is *Space Chantey*, followed by *Past Master*.

Of my short stories, the three best have been passed over in making up collections. They are "The Ultimate Creature," published only in Robert A.W. Lowndes' *Magazine of Horror* several years ago, "Among the Hairy Earthmen," *Galaxy*, August 1966 and *Nebula Award Stories 2*, and "The Weirdest World," *Galaxy*, June 1961. Others I liked are "Ginny Wrapped in the Sun," "One at a Time," "Ride a Tin Can," "Cliffs That Laughed."

Oh hell, Paul, I like them all.

In the word (sic) of a New York Times book reviewer, you have an Irishman's predilection for "obfuscation." Why do you write that way?

Though the *New York Times* reviewer says that I have an Irishman's predilection for "obfuscation," yet it isn't so. In the first place, the Irish have this predilection less than other folks: they may go a crooked way, but they can usually give a straight and plausible story as to why they do it. So, as to why I "obfuscate," I don't, or I don't believe that I do. As to why writers for the *New York Times* obfuscate, I don't know the answer; it is possibly required of them from on high in the *Times* building. The *Times* is not one of my favorite papers, and the obfuscation that runs all through it may be coupled with a certain dishonesty that is endemic to it. But the fact is, Paul, that I write as clearly as I am able to. I sometimes tackle ideas and notions that are relatively complex, and it is very difficult to be sure that I am conveying them in the best way. Anyone who goes beyond cliché phrases and cliché ideas will have this trouble. It's a little bit like polarized glass. It's all clear enough looking out from my viewpoint, but it may be opaque from the other side to eyes different from mine. It can't always be helped though.

Down with obfuscation! Up with clarity!

Would you tell me something of your work habits: hours, note-taking, outlining, revision and rewriting, etc?

My work habits have gone to pot. Up till last July (when I still worked eight hours a day in the electrical business) my writing habits were of necessity regular. I had to write either in the very early morning, or in the evenings and at night. Doing so, I got in about sixteen hours a week at it. If I was coming down the home stretch on something I would also give up my weekends to the project and double the hours. Since retiring I have not devoted any more time to writing, though I intended to. I still write about sixteen hours a week, but at no particular time, just when I feel like it.

Yes, I do take notes, I do make outlines, I do revise and rewrite extensively. Sometimes when folks ask me how long it takes me to write a story and I tell them

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"anywhere from one to ten years," they think I'm kidding. I'm not. I have at least fifty unfinished or busted stories tossed back into limbo at any one time. I started with an idea, an outline, a beginning; then it went to pieces. Later, sometimes much later, instructions will come up from my unconscious or wherever as to how to finish the thing. Or two busts may be thrown together into one story, or what I hoped to make a story from may be compressed into a paragraph or a mere allusion to something else. Or the instruction that comes to me as to how to handle a certain piece may be to take that piece out and shred it and throw it away and forget it forever. Anyhow, with me, there has to be a yeasting period between the first idea and final resolution. Even after the answers come, I will write the story anywhere from three to five times. It's a hard way to do it, but I don't know any easy way. As to those writers who claim a great ease in composition, I alternate between being jealous and considering them liars.

*How did your parents decide on the name "Raphael Aloysius"? And has it had any special significance to you since then?*

The Raphael of my name may have three origins. I was scheduled to be born on October 24 (the feast of St. Raphael the Archangel): I was late. I wasn't born until November 7, but the name was already chosen. I was also scheduled to be an artist, but it didn't work out. Whether it's possible that I would draw even more badly if my mother hadn't named me Raphael I don't know. Then there was St. Raphael's Cathedral in Dubuque, Iowa, and all my mother's people came from around Dubuque. I believe I resemble that building (if it's still there) in being what can only be called American Gothic, in being somewhat old-fashioned and stuffy, in having a certain iconography with authentic elements, in having an upward sweep that is a little more than its worn stones and broken bricks. The Aloysius had been a common middle name on both sides of my family: a dozen of my ancestors have this A. in the middle. I've never known why the Irish took up the name, since neither the Italians nor the Spanish (which two folk have the best claim on St. Aloysius Gonzaga) seem to use the name at all. Aloysius was a very awkward fellow (too awkward for anyone the Irish would adopt); he was a rambling and broken-gaited man, thankfully the only one of his kind. Only one other creature was ever so unique, and that was the unicorn. It is no coincidence that both were symbols of purity. They had to be pure: there was nothing close enough to their species for them to mix with.

No, my names don't seem to have had any special significance to me. Why don't you do a disguised piece on what would have been the results if Paul G. Walker had been named Cyril X. Higgenbotham instead?

*You have said that it meant quite a lot to you to grow up in Tulsa and that you liked it there. Would you tell me something about that?*

I do like it in Tulsa and it has meant a lot to me. But if I said it meant a lot to me to grow up here, then I used the wrong phrase. I never did grow up. I grew old ungracefully, but I never did grow up. That's a quibble, though. I came to Tulsa in 1920 when I was just short of six years old. The town had gone on something of a boom: it had grown from 18,000 in 1910 to 72,000 in 1920, but most of that growth had been between 1917 and 1920. My father, who had been a farmer, carpenter, and small-town store-keeper, had gone into the oil lease business several years before and he did well. He could get along with the farmers (and almost all the farmers owned their own farms then); he could sign them to leases in blocks in likely locations and he could peddle these to the oil companies: he got along well with the big buyers, too. Our house, where I still live, was then almost on the edge of town. The street was still unpaved, but it had a streetcar which ended just one block from us in a loop that was across the road from old Sacred Heart parish. The streetcar is important. Children under twelve could ride it for three cents then, with as many transfers as were needed; and from almost the first I was given freedom of this travel and so I learned the town, riding the cars in all directions. Movies were either a nickel or dime for kids, but vaudeville was fifteen cents; I saw a lot of all these.

The good old Klan was riding high then, and Oklahoma was only two per cent Catholic, so we got in some good fights. Lincoln school was one block from Sacred Heart, and those public school kids would way-lay us every morning, noon, and night, or tried to. There were more of them, but I believe we were the tougher. We had the Irish, most of the Germans, the Osage and Quapaw Indians, and the Mexicans. The Mexicans couldn't fight but they could talk, and they had those kids believing they carried daggers and could use them. The Indians *could* fight. On Saturdays we would have regularly scheduled rock fights at some building site where there was large gauge gravel handy. We were fair, though. If more boys showed up on one side than the other, then a few boys had to be loaned from one side to the other so that the numbers were roughly even.

There were two very good lakes within a half mile of us. They are two finely manicured parks now, but they were rough country then, filled with squatter families with hound dogs. Lots of possums and squirrels and flying squirrels. The fish were small but we didn't know that: most of us had never been to big fishing. There were quite a few streams and creeks then (before they were all channeled into giant storm sewers), oak, pecan, and hickory trees. It was very pleasant.

I had learned to read before I started to school, having two older brothers and an older sister, and a mother who had been a school teacher and who supervised the homework thoroughly and out loud. In school I was one of the smart kids, in spite of my abominable handwriting. Then one day the tough boys took me aside and explained the real facts of life to me: that it is all right to be smart, but be careful about seeming smart, and especially don't be caught working at it. So I was taken into an unusual group, avoiding the sissy crowd who studied, and thereafter I never took any books home for homework. I found out that these tough boys were clearly smarter than the hardworking good kids. We stayed at the top in examinations and we struck a pretty good balance of things. Actually we read considerably beyond what was given us in school, but we did it in our hideouts.

On my tenth birthday my father gave me the Grolier *History of the World*, all eighteen, huge, double-columned volumes of it. I went through every word of it in a year, and I still remember most of it. I haven't a photographic memory now, but I very nearly had when I was ten.

After grade school I went to Cascia Hall prep, taught by the Augustinian priests in Tulsa. I don't know how, as it was very expensive, and the depression had hit the oil industry before the rest of the economy. I think it was an unofficial scholarship. Most of my tough friends went there also: they did have money in their families. It was an athletic sort of school, and I was no athlete. In grade school I had organized and managed the teams and scheduled the games, but I couldn't play anything worth a damn, and I wouldn't put myself in unless we were way ahead or hopelessly behind. In prep school I couldn't even make the third team, and it was probably then that I became more of a reader.

I was very awkward and shy, then. I missed the school dances; I hadn't begun to go with girls. I was afraid of them; still am a little bit. There's lots of places I wouldn't have made out at all, hardly any place I would make out today. But Tulsa then was a very tolerant and easy and pleasant place, friendly when you needed it to be friendly, and leaving you alone when you wanted to be left alone.

*In your brief autobiographical note in Dangerous Visions, you mention your fondness for heavy drinking, bar talk, Catholicism, and language. Do you feel there is any relationship between these predilections? That perhaps one arises out of another?*

Not really. I escape being a WASP to find myself a RIC, a ruddy Irish Catholic. Actually I'm not very good at any of these things. Booze is a means to an endlessness, the attempt to avoid an end either in the meaning of a termination or a goal. I'm not a good drinker, and the drinking isn't good for me, but few of the heavy drinkers I run into are Irish. I am not a good conversationalist: it is merely that I love and admire good conversation but I am more often a spectator or auditor than a partici-

pant. And even the best conversation too long continued will degenerate into something else. It is the same with language itself, and its sickness is called logorrhea. And with Irishness, though it is seldom any more severe than any other ethnic disease.

My Catholicism, yes, it does tie these things together in a way, or rather it helps to balance them. It is one order against four (actually very many more) disorders. I have never known how any disordered person could possibly get along without it, but maybe they have other foods that I don't know about. To me, the Faith is the inescapable logic, the complete clarity, and I am puzzled that everyone doesn't see it so. However much I stumble and fall short of it, I know it is there and what it is. Maybe more complete personalities haven't the same need for it, or get their order from the same source under another name.

*You say "Faith is the inescapable logic, the complete clarity," but "Faith" in what? The logic of what? And what does it clarify?*

Let's not get too profound about this, or try to find a philosophy or eschatology behind every aptitude or trick (sometimes dignified by the name of talent). I sometimes have (and sometimes miss) the aptitude or trick of doing certain sorts of fiction. That gives me no more authority to pontificate on high matters than it gives a pool shark the authority to do so: at the same time it gives me as much authority as it gives the head of the UN or the USA.

First, let it be understood that I am a very prejudiced man. "Prejudiced" means simply working from prejudgments, from previously acquired information. A jurymen in a trial case should be free from prejudice as to that case, but I cannot think of another circumstance where prejudice is a disadvantage, though unfortunately the word has a bad name. It is a distinct disadvantage to have to wake up in a new world every day and to learn it all over again.

To me (and to my fathers for some fifty generations) there is only one Church (the word has no meaning as a categorical plural). The Church is the Faith, it is the logic and the clarity, it is the order: it is the Indwelling of the Holy Spirit and it is the Body of the Lord. But, for saying such things, one is commonly turned away from.

I am a very disordered and very often a very bad man, but I know that there is this clarity and order and certainty: the Procession of the Creatures, the Distinction and Adornment of the World, the Final Things are all a part of it.

*You say "this clarity and order and certainty: the Procession of the Creatures, the Distinction and Adornment of the World, the Final Things are all a part of it." What does all that mean?*

Here, here, Paul, if you were doing a piece on Simak would you make a great thing out of his being a Lutheran? Yet he is a more religious man, and a much more moral man, than myself.

However, I will attempt to clarify my sentences and words. I try to use all words in their ordinary meanings: remember "ordinary" and "order" are related words on several levels. All right then:

"Order" is originally from *ordiri* to arrange, to begin a sequence, to align, and it also means to weave. Remember the "seamless garment" that is the world: the soldiers played dice for it but they could not divide it. We will come to this arrangement and weaving in the sense of a tapestry when I quote one of my characters, but I use "order" to mean what it seems to mean.

"Clarity" is simply *clarus* which means simply "clear" or "bright" or "suffused with light" and it also means "famous." Consider the famousness of things for a minute. Say "famous tree," "famous curb-stone," "famous pigeon" to the next of each of them you see. All things are famous if properly considered. This is the wonder of plain things, the clarity.

And it is good to be certain of "certainty." It is from *certus* which is from *cernere*, to sift, to decide, to discern. It is that which has been completely discerned (with all the error sifted out of it), and it can now be no other way.

The "Distinction and Adornment of the World" is a scholastic phrase which covers our own province and position. The "Distinction" is the special focusing on our own world apart from the billions of other worlds, all special, but not all special to us. It is the scale and site we are on. The "Adornment" is the process and movement and composition, and finally the Flora and Fauna (including ourselves). Sure, we are an adornment, and so is all the other furniture of the world.

The "Procession of Creatures" is another scholastic phrase. I am sure you have been taught, somewhere in your five years of Catholic schools, that the Son proceeds eternally from the Father, and that the Holy Ghost proceeds eternally from both the Father and the Son. This is the main Procession. But I am not sure that you were taught that every creature proceeds eternally (having beginning but not end) from the Holy Trinity. This is the "Procession of Creatures." There is an anti-scientific secular religion named Darwinism which calls this Procession "Evolution by Natural Selection." It would be better called "by Supernatural Selection." That a Procession is also a Parade is all to the good. We have a favored place in the Parade of Creatures.

Several of my characters are able to explain these things much better than I am. Unfortunately, they are never around to be interviewed when I want things from them a little more exactly. In the unsold, unpublished, uneverything novel, *Archipelago*, an old man says: "This is how it is out there. It is the tapestry of Heaven, the real Heaven of the Beatific Vision where we go when we die, and also where we are now. The Infinity of Space was not made for a game: it is the real infinity rolling in the real eternity. But we see this tapestry now only from the reverse side. We see only the tangled threads behind: we have not the vision of the face of the picture itself. . . . There are multitudinous emanations, and sight is only one of them which is given us here in the childhood of the soul. But it is all out there, Hell and Purgatory and Heaven, all there: or here, for we are also in the middle of Out There. And there is a time before time, and a time after time; a space beyond space, and a space inside space. They talk now of re-entrant space which is the attempt to see infinity. I talk also of re-entrant time which is the attempt to see eternity." Unfortunately, the character is now dead and cannot be questioned further.

*You use the word "anti-scientific." Who and what is "anti-scientific"? And what do you regard as "scientific"?*

I use the word "scientific" as my old Webster's Collegiate uses it, "concerned with, or treating of, science or sciences" and "a branch of study concerned with observation and classification of facts, esp. with the establishment of verifiable general laws, chiefly by induction and hypotheses." And "anti-scientific" is that which is either opposed to or lacking the "scientific."

There is no particular virtue in using a word to mean its opposite, though the trick has had tremendous success in some fields of opinion forming. Thus there are many things which denominate themselves as sciences which are furiously opposed to science. Among these I include Darwinism, Marxism, Freudianism, Existentialism, Rationalism (in its historic form), most Demography, much Sociology, all Secular Liberalism. These things are rabid pseudo-religions with nothing of real science (observation, classification, verification, or induction) in them. As to the first three, the things are much more anti-scientific than the man they are named after: both Marx and Freud are uneasy in their graves, and Darwin is spinning like a top. I believe that the most anti-scientific and hysterically pseudo-religious group in the world today is the Zero Population Growth bunch. False projection and hatred of life is their forte, and facts are not allowed to intrude. You will notice that I am a little bit sour on the subject.

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## The International Scene

by Mark Purcell

*ANIARA* by Harry Martinson. Tr. by Hugh MacDiarmid and Elspeth Schubert. Avon Equinox 30403, 1976. 133 pp. \$2.25.

There has been a certain amount of so-called "sf poetry" in contemporary verse; but mostly in the popular sense of pictorial literary emotionalism or fantasy. *Aniara* is the real thing: "hard sf" in verse, like the short poems of the British William Empson. Thus the sf-specialist may share the (economic) happiness of the buyer of contemporary poetry, that Avon has included in its "Rediscovery" paper-reprint series the MacDiarmid-Schubert version (1963 hardbound) of this epic space poem by the Swedish Nobel Prize (1974) poet, Harry Martinson.

It is the concepts and the scientific argument in fact that get most adequately treated in Dr. Hall's very useful preface. The prosodic variety of the 103 "songs" or sections of the Swedish original have to be inferred from the metrical variety of the English translation. Aside from the books and ideas of Eddington and Heisenberg, Tord Hall does not, surprisingly, speculate on sources for *Aniara* in his introduction. The U.S. reader has to infer for himself that Heinlein's "universe" novelettes influenced Martinson at first or secondhand.

*Aniara* is a tragic version of the long-distance/mile-long spaceship plot. Post-nuclear war refugees are diverted off a regular planetary route out into open space. The poem follows their endless trip until the final silence of man boards their enduring ship. What interested Martinson was not this entropic ending, but the social situation during this no-end "voyage." Even without the technical clues supplied by Hall's preface, the squarest reader will see that Martinson is picturing the (post-Heisenberg) "human condition" where we are oriented to the world outside by the computerized clues of mathematical projection. The computer, "Mima," becomes an anthropomorphic deity (like "scientific fact" in our popular idiom) and then Mima breaks down. *Aniara*'s main situation, while not "original" to LUNA readers of course, is well imagined; and more stimulating than Vonnegut's plot-ideas, at least to a reviewer who distrusts the Vonnegut cult. The social forecasting in *Aniara*—published in Sweden incompletely in 1953, fully in '56—is certainly as good as Vonnegut's. Martinson projects a new mythology organized by the plane's priest-officers round the computers and their mathematical assumptions; with ritual dances based on pop-art frugging.

Strictly as a book-length lyric poem, *Aniara* is successful, and so is the translation. ("MacDiarmid" is the writer's pseudonym for the best modern Scots-idiom poet; presumably Mrs. Schubert is the collaborator who actually knows Swedish.) For the browser, the poem's metrical variety is perhaps adequately illustrated by flipping from the anapests of Song 83 to the quatrains of Song 4. The translation is unrhymed, but often there are elaborate consonantal patterns to the line-endings. In each "song" or section, the changing meter usually sets a consistent stress-pattern for each line or stanza, with not much really "free" verse.

So *Aniara* manages to get the gulfs of space into modern (1956) verse. It earns the blurb from Theodore Sturgeon on the back cover. However, whatever Martinson's possible debt to Heinlein or the old U.S. pulp tradition for his story's situation, the poet does not seem to me to have felt the obligation of a Chaucer or Byron to write a poem that uses narrative skills and technique to maintain the reader's continuing interest from one (attractive) song-section to the next.

For *Aniara*'s poetic and intellectual audience, I can make two further reading suggestions. The problem of values in a mathematicized universe has probably been discussed in print by most 20th-century minds, including the Einstein that Dr. Hall cites. For those unfamiliar with his books or name, let me cite the Canadian Jesuit, Bernard Lonergan, who writes good prose and whose two key texts are probably *Insight* (1957) and *Method in Theology* (1972). For those who enjoy the poetry of *Aniara*'s English translation, if not its hard science, they read Charles Williams' *Taliessin Through Logres* (Oxford

University Press). Williams' cycle of Arthurian poems has certain stylistic and intellectual similarities with the MacDiarmid-Schubert translation; and as I type this, it finally occurs to me to wonder if the translators had looked up Williams themselves?

*THE FINAL CIRCLE OF PARADISE* by Arkadi & Boris Strugatski. Tr. from the Russian by Leonid Renen. Orig. title: *Khishnye veschi veka*. DAW UY 1264, 1976. 172 pp. \$1.25

There are several large different potential reader markets here for this latest Western translation of the Strugatskis' sf (all from their 1964-70 output). *Final Circle of Paradise* is (a) the standard private-eye plot about the tough first-person hero, exploring a decadent resort-community. But it is also (b) the standard sf variation about the substitute agent sent on a detective mission of infiltration, but secondly to check what happened to predecessor agents, as qualified as he was but now missing.

The milieux of the other translated Strugatski novels have customarily been studies of social circles dominated by intellectuals and/or technicians. *Final Circle* is much more like mainstream U.S. books and films in that its main characters and society are mostly brainless and subeducated (not "poor"). The book's resort city is perhaps locatable in Eastern Europe, but I think the authors intend the possibility that it is in the U.S., since *Circle* presumes a low-tension world in which the U.S. and U.S.S.R. are now allies.

The lure for the American reader will probably not be *Circle*'s stock-novel parts, however, but that the Strugatskis are bright enough to do interesting thematic variations on the issue of the social compulsions of a closed hedonist society. There are interesting atmospheric touches: like a passage on a non-corruptible space-robot dumped by the city into its subway to serve as a timeless rat-hunter. But to mention this jolly section suggests what is untrue, that *Circle* reads like a horror tale, whereas in the context of the overall novel the Strugatskis are merely saying or symbolizing something about agents who deal with "evil" in terms of chasing individuals through the dark.

The ex-spaceman hero has a mission based on the assumption that there is heavy drug traffic in the city of the novel. What the hero discovers, and what in 1977 our own social power class has not, is that sensation-seekers do not need a chemical pretext (like "heavy drug traffic") to become or behave like sensation-seekers; so that the hero's mission is, strictly speaking, irrelevant to the social problem his bosses mean him to "solve."

*Circle* also contains a serious theoretical treatment of Marx in "non-economic" terms: of the "young Marx" emphasis which was sweeping the European-American Left in the 1960's, when this book was written. The Renen translation is incisive and only handcuffed in making its demotic dialogue too "nice"—a problem which perhaps exists in the original Russian. As I remarked, the Strugatskis are used to dealing, in their fictional worlds, with much brighter people than our hip film-makers and academically acceptable writers of fiction.



## Have You Read?

- Achee, Bonnie. "Living in Space." *Science Digest*, April, p.8-12
- Aiken, Joan. "The Comtesse de Segur: 1799-1874" (excerpt from *The Inn of the guardian angel*) *Horn Book Magazine*, December, p.593-600
- Asimov, Isaac. "Isaac Asimov Advises The President: Here's the 'Only Road' to Save Civilization." *Science Digest*, Feb. p.8-12
- "His Own Particular Drummer" (education in the future, condensation of article in *Phi Delta Kappan*, Sept., p.99-103) *Education Digest*, Nov. p.15
- "Science Fiction and the Back to Basics Question: The Feeling of Power" (story) *Social Education*, Feb. p.108-11
- "Tell at a Glance" (story) *Saturday Evening Post*, Feb. p.56-7+
- "20 Ways the World Could End." *Popular Mechanics*, March, p.86-9+
- Barthelme, Donald. "The Zombies" (story) *New Yorker*, April 25, p.35
- Bova, Ben. "Character in Science Fiction" (excerpt from *Notes to a Science Fiction Writer*) *The Writer*, April, p.17-19+
- "Conflict in Science Fiction Stories." *The Writer*, Aug. 1976, p.15-17+
- Braun, Alexander E. "Kong: What Size Crater?" *Science Digest*, March, p.4
- Brotman, Sonia. "Out of This World: Recommended Science Fiction." *School Library Journal*, Dec. p.30-1
- Burgess, Andrew J. "Earth Chauvinism" (life on other worlds) *Christian Century*, Dec. 8, p.1098-1102
- Canby, Vincent. "Kong Speaks: Thoughts of a Private Ape." *New York Times*, Dec. 19, p.D1+
- Cargas, Harry James. "Are There Things a Novelist Shouldn't Joke About?" (Vonnegut interview) *Christian Century*, Nov. 24, p.1048-50
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- Cocks, Jay. "Spaced Out" (review of *Solaris*) *Time*, Dec. 13, p.100
- Crittenden, John. "The Hairiest Superstar" (Kong) *Bergen Record*, Dec. 5, p.B1+
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- Gilbert, James B. "Wars of the Worlds." *Journal of Popular Culture*, Fall 1976, p.326-36
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- Gray, Paul. "Long Looks at the Little People" (reviews of *Kingdoms of Elfin*, and *An encyclopedia of fairies*) *Time*, Feb. 21, p.73-4
- Hallock, Gary. "A Hobbyist's Dream" (fantasy story) *Model Railroader*, Sept. p.91-5
- Hauser, Glenn. "How to DX Earth Radio from Outer Space." *Popular Electronics*, April, p.37-40
- "Iron King Kong on Your T-Shirt" (transfer) *Family Circle*, Jan., p.72-3+ and cover
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- Lewis, C.S. "The Lady Stood on Perelandra" (excerpt) *Christianity Today*, March 4, p.10-12
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- Mort, John. "Orientation" (sf satire) *New Yorker*, April 4, p.33
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- Scagnetti, Jack. "Monster Vehicle to Star in Movie" (*Damnation Alley*) *Popular Science*, March, p.83
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## S F and the Cinema

*WIZARDS* (Fox), 1977. Animated, color. Written, produced and directed by Ralph Bakshi. 82 minutes. Rating: PG

All modern animation features are by definition interesting. The reason is the same as for U.S. silent-comedy features in the 1920's: the technique and the hard work required, which eliminate the talentless from the field. *Wizards* is the first 1977 commercial film release which I have paid to see in a regular theatre.

True, as LUNA people will be the first to notice, it is a commercial ripoff in advance on the announced animation treatment of *Lord of the Rings*; or rather, a reduction of Tolkien to the moral and aesthetic level of the post-'60 action-comic book; and in a few spots to the even lower moral and aesthetic level of the politicalized mass media. More on this below.

*Wizards* sets out in its first minutes to establish a thematic contrast—in its post-holocaust, half-radiated Earth—a contrast between a technologized war-factory world and "Nature." "Nature" equals woodland, woodfolk and animist spirits, including fairies. The computerized factories are located in a dreary, radiated, robotized slum-world; and not, as ecological types complain, where real modern factories actually do locate themselves: in "Nature" alongside woodland streams, to get cheap power.

These two contrasting worlds are morally dominated by the two aged brothers of the beautiful queen who delivers them in the first minute of the film: a bad wizard who looks rather Tolkienite; and a good brother who is drawn as a pre-shrunk version of Hairless Joe from the old *L'il Abner* strips, and is equipped with bare feet, a beard, and a Wise Jewish Uncle voice that slips at times, weirdly, into an imitation of Humphrey Bogart.

The main plot of *Wizards* is of course a quest to the industrial badlands to deal at the source with their raiders into the innocent woodlands. The questors are: a robot, literally reconverted; a young woodland prince; the half-fairy half-princess Eleanor whose dress ensemble is probably responsible for the film's PG rating; and the Good Wizard, their reluctant leader, Avatar.

Some of their adventures I can mention below, while discussing sources for the artwork. The main plot is structured round two big battle scenes which combine old 1930-40 wartime footage both with orthodox stylized comic-strip visuals and with "animated" white negatives of fictional war-film stock. Some famous shots from Eisenstein's battle-on-the-ice (*Alexander Nevsky*, 1938) are either plagiarized or borrowed.

What little I cite of the plot is enough to show the presence of Tolkien. But my impression is, *Wizards* borrows not so much from the original as from the different attempts at illustrating LotR that you can see in any worldcon's art room. The next big influence is the vintage Disneys, 1937-41 especially. Then, as I said above, there's the modern comic book: noticeably the Famous 4 and the comic-book Conan. Somebody on the script, I think, also retained a good memory of the pre-WW II Flash Gordon adventure strip.

This may be enough detail to show that *Wizards* is a unique U.S. film. As heroic fantasy; its "science fiction"—the radioactive villains, the nose-thumbing at technology—is inconsistent, worthless, minimal: not to be compared with Laloux' *La Planete Sauvage* (LUNA Monthly 11/74), which formed the real breakthrough in filmed sf and not only animated filmed sf. Aside from not being "science fiction," does *Wizards* have any other real limitations?

I see two. Item, it's not good at establishing its "real" ground-rules for this kind of impossible adventure. The barefoot journey of Avatar and Eleanor through mountain snow looks wrong; though the old sword-duel I remember between Flash and was it Ming the Merciless? (against a technological Mars) was just as impossible, yet had the right "feel."

Item two, Bakshi's main previous credit concerned the first X-rated cartoon feature, *Fritz the Cat*. This perhaps did not qualify him morally for the built-in media-liberal version of "Vietnam" he wants the reader to get; and of course *Wizards* also reinforces paperback sexuality: if a girl is physically attractive, she will be feckless, slutty, treacherous, have



trouble keeping her clothes on, and will run off at the end of the film with the oldest man present: forgetting, like the script-writer, that her part in the Quest was for the purpose of becoming, fully, a woodsprite fairy-queen: part of the animist beliefs that are the "theme" of the movie—for about two minutes at the very beginning, before the brawling begins.

#### HITCHCOCK'S 'BLACKMAIL' (1929)

Hitch's earliest U.S. reputation derives from a 1934-8 sequence of his London films. But he was already an important British director back in the 1920's, and a few of his silents-early talkies are available through rental prints for classes and film programs. My remarks below concern *Blackmail*, 1929 This won the award given the presumed no. 1 British grosser for that box-office year. I omit screen credits from this review; they are detailed in such recent Hitchcock studies as Truffaut (1967), and Durnat (1974).

*Blackmail* is one of two Hitchcocks—*Suspicion*, 1941, Grant & Fontaine, the other—where the director now claims the script was cheated of its proper unhappy ending for commercial reasons. This claim of his gets parroted in the critical books, first of all because film-academic students in this country are usually too lazy to check his films' sources. If they did, they would learn as with *Suspicion* that Hitch had already broken down the original book-structure that made a disaster-ending logically necessary for the plot. The 'happy' endings both in *Suspicion* and *Blackmail* provide an artistically natural relief-conclusion to what has gone before.

In *Blackmail*, a Scotland Yard detective's giddy fiancée gets herself invited up at night to an artist's studio—Cyril Ritchard doing a Noel-Cowardish bit—after she's had a spat with her boy friend. She teases Ritchard 'innocently' until he makes a serious pass at her, then in resisting kills him with a studio knife. This throws her into catatonic shock, well staged and acted, but she finally escapes home to Daddy's cigar shop. There she is separately tracked by two men: the blackmailer of the title, and her boy-friend detective, returning a glove he recognized at the murder-scene after the Yard assigned him to the case.

At the cigar-shop, *Blackmail*'s stage-source takes control of the storyline. (Charles Bennett co-adapted his own stage success here, then continued as one of Hitch's British script regulars, like *Lauder*, *Gilliat* and *Alma Reville Hitchcock*.) That is, in more or less one scene, the blackmailer establishes his knowledge and power—the British hung murderesses in 1929—but only while the cop-hero is learning over the phone that the blackmailer himself is the no. 1 suspect. (The artist's landlady spotted him at the studio after the crime.) The detective bluffs the villain into making a guilty man's flight, and this leads to a climactic 'cinematic' chase through the British Museum. Hitch knew the audience would anticipate the villain's convenient death, taking the blame for the stabbing with him; so this chase is cleverly counterpointed with the heroine's last-minute attempt to unload her guilt and remaining shock by attempting to confess at the Yard.

By 1929, many of the best movies ever made had been shot, though not in England; but *Blackmail* seems to me inferior to Hitch's own later treatments of similar material. Especially successful is his straight documentary approach to the *Wrong Man*'s incarceration in 1957. I should mention here that *Blackmail* actually begins with the hero helping arrest, interrogate and lock up a professional hard guy; and Hitch says he meant the film to end with a repeat of this sequence, and the heroine in the victim's position. This 'ironic' ending does not suit the working script completely; where is the relevance of the blackmailer?

As the film exists, one of its attractions for fans is the mine of plot and shot-material that is raided for later Hitchcocks. Already in 1936, *Sabotage/Woman Alone* repeats the plot material, while as I said *Wrong Man* re-handles its theme. A 39 Steps transition-shot immortalized in many screen histories after its 1935 appearance, already appears in 1929 almost exactly; a staircase shot is later duplicated in *Vertigo* (1958). But I recommend *Blackmail* itself, especially for double bills with one of the comparable later Hitchcocks. Its cast is good, perhaps with a slight tendency by the 5-6 key performers to do acting 'turns' in their big scenes that slow the pace a little.

At this point let me admit my definite prejudice *pro* the 'light' adventure-thriller Hitchcocks—*Lady Vanishes*, *To Catch a Thief*—and *con* his 'serious' murder studies:

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## Paul Walker: In A Critical Condition

*SALEM'S LOT* by Stephen King. Signet J7112, 1976. 427 pp. \$1.95 (hardcover: Doubleday, 1975. \$7.95)

*CARRIE* by Stephen King. Signet J7169, 1976. 243 pp. \$1.95 (hardcover: Doubleday, 1974. \$5.95)

*INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE* by Anne Rice. Knopf, 1976. 372 pp. \$8.95

*THE LIGHT FANTASTIC* by Alfred Bester. Berkley/Putnam, 1976. 254 pp. \$7.95

*STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT* by Alfred Bester. Berkley/Putnam, 1976. 248 pp. \$7.95

*ORSINIAN TALES* by Ursula K. Le Guin. Harper & Row, 1976. 179 pp. \$7.95

*A WORLD OUT OF TIME* by Larry Niven. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1976. 243 pp. \$7.95

*THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO* by Charles Finney. Avon Equinox 30239, 1976. 154 pp. \$2.95

*THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYSTERY AND DETECTION* ed. by Chris Steinbrunner and Otto Penzler. McGraw-Hill, 1976. 436 pp. \$19.95

### Caveat Emptor!

This may be the worst column I ever wrote. In fact, it may be the last column I ever wrote. At thirty-four I've become a college man, and for the first time in my life, I find myself with no time on my hands. Especially for cartons of review books. But then, as Ann Dietz can tell you, I have been resigning my column every other issue for the past two years, and yet here I am. So who knows, I may be here next issue as well.

There is something I would like to know before I leave. Who are you? You—reading this column. Do you read it regularly? Do you like it? If not, what bugs you? Has it ever influenced your buying habits? Would you like to see it continue? Just thought I'd ask. If you are in the mood to reply, please do.

The second reason this is going to be my worst column is that I picked more than my share of losers this time round. Their titles do not appear above, but their sins have been recorded in my black book. The good ones, with a single exception, are familiar to me.

Some issues ago I wrote a negative review of Stephen King's two novels *Carrie* and *Salem's Lot*. A negativity about which I felt very positive. Now, I have changed my mind. I re-read both of them a few weeks ago, and enjoyed them both enormously. How can this be? you ask. It is a long story which I recorded in another fanzine at appropriate length. Let's say, I was not in the mood for them at the time; that their initial impressions triggered all my most violent prejudices. The point is I was more than half wrong.

As you should know, *Carrie* is the story of a homely young girl in a small town, who has been a punching bag all her life until she reaches the age of sixteen and finds, along with menstruation, an ability to levitate objects at will. Her mother regards her powers as the mark of the devil. A feminine peer takes pity on the girl and arranges for her boyfriend, the BMOG, to take her to the senior prom where something happens that results in the destruction of the whole town. If you have not seen the movie, King himself will tell you what is going to happen long before it does, because *Carrie* is not the kind of book concerned with "what happens next" but with the terror of the inevitability of what the reader knows is going to happen. It is a slick trick, and King gives it the slick treatment.

What makes the book work is that *Carrie*, her mother, and those wretched little girls and boys who make their lives miserable, are all as repulsive as they appear to be; with one or two exceptions, who get blamed for the whole disaster. The nature of which, I should add, is spectacular.

*Salem's Lot* is about a town bled to living death by an invasion of vampires. King's depiction of them is no more for the purist than is his portrait of a telepath, but again he does an expert slick treatment of an old idea. Once I thought the book was far too long for the idea to sustain, but second time around I realized his detailed background of the small New England town was really far superior to his narrative. King was born in a small town,

and both books have aspects that suggest they are vicarious acts of revenge against a narrow environment.

I could not get through Anne Rice's *Interview with the Vampire*. It concerns a young man living on a plantation in Louisiana in the 19th century, who is bewitched, bothered, and bewildered by another young man who happens to be a vampire. The hero learns step by painful step what it means to be one of the living dead. The story is told in the form of an interview given to a young boy who is sitting with the elderly vampire unsure if he is ever going to leave the room alive.

The vampire motif is a thin one. How many times can you be aroused by the sight of a fanged fiend biting an unsuspecting victim on the neck? My patience began to wear thin after seventy-five pages. *Interview* is supposed to be a radically original treatment of the whole motif, with the vampire a sympathetic character; the interest stemming from his experience of the transformation, and his efforts to learn the whole truth about it. There is a romance, a European voyage of discovery, and whatnot, but I found it tedious.

I did not read Alfred Bester's *The Light Fantastic* or *Star Light, Star Bright*, two collections of his most famous stories with forewords and afterwords of reminiscences. I had read all the stories before. They are extraordinarily imaginative and often brilliantly written. And the fore- and afterwords are interesting, primarily because they confirm my opinion that Bester was Harlan Ellison's illegitimate father. Bester was a one-man New Wave, who has given fond memories to most every one of us who read these stories years ago. Sixteen bucks is rather steep for the pair, but Bester's stories remain fresh, and are worth having around.

Another oldie but incredibly goody is Charles Finney's *The Circus of Dr. Lao* in a handsome edition with the original illustrations of Boris Artzybasheff from the 1935 edition. They are worth the price of the book alone. If you have not read this, you must. And don't tell me you have seen the movie—there is no comparison.

Chris Steinbrunner and Otto Penzler's *Encyclopedia of Mystery and Detection* really does not belong in an sf review column, but I am sure that most of you share my fondness for our sister genre. If so, then this is also a must—an absolute gold mine of things you have not read. It has hundreds of titles in all your favorite categories, and information on who's who behind all those pseudonyms. Plus hundreds of photos of writers, movie stills, book covers, bibliographies, critical comments, plus a handsome glossy format that is easy to read and an unpretentious, light encyclopedic style that is good reading in itself. Bit by bit, every night, I am reading through the whole thing and loving every minute of it. The price is outrageous, but for once, I would urge you to submit to the evils of capitalism and pay out the filthy lucre. *The Encyclopedia of Mystery and Detection* is a book that deserves a wide reading.

Whether Ursula K. Le Guin's *Orsinian Tales* deserves a wide reading, I cannot be sure. I found it disappointing. When I interviewed her some years ago, she told me she had written a long work about a mythical European country, that did not sell. It was then she turned to sf. I assume these stories are the remains. They are not fantasy or sf. Aside from the mythical country, the people and their problems are real and universal ones. And, as usual, Le Guin writes beautifully. But with the exception of "The Barrow," which appeared in *F&SF* (although it is not fantasy), none of the stories worked for me. Le Guin is too much of an optimist, an idealist, and (for me) a sentimentalist, to write these kinds of mainstream stories.

The one new book I did read that pleased me considerably was Larry Niven's *A World Out of Time*. It is the story of a 20th century man who, faced with terminal cancer, has himself frozen in hope of being revived in the future. He is, in 2190, but not in his old body, and not into any world he ever imagined. The State rules all, and the only reason it has bothered to revive him is to use him to man a starship designed to seed alien worlds to make them one day fit for man to conquer.

The hero does not like this idea at all, and first chance he gets he takes off in the ship for the center of the galaxy. To his consternation, he finds he has a companion in the computer, the recorded personality of his trainer, Peerssa, a fanatic adherent of the State.

*Continued on Page 22*



## New Books

### HARDCOVERS

Anderson, Poul. **MIRKHEIM**. Putnam/Berkley, Jan. \$7.95

Annan, David. **ROBOT: THE MECHANICAL MONSTER** (movies, repr Brit). Bounty Books (Crown) 1976. n.p.

Ash, Brian. **WHO'S WHO IN SCIENCE FICTION**. Taplinger, Dec. \$8.95

Baker, Lucinda. **WALK THE NIGHT UNSEEN** (supernat) Putnam, May. \$8.95

Baum, L. Frank. **THE PURPLE DRAGON AND OTHER FANTASIES**. Fictioneer, 1976. \$8.50

Benford, Gregory & Gordon Eklund. **IF THE STARS ARE GODS**. Berkley / Putnam, March. \$7.95

Bester, Alfred. **STARLIGHT: THE GREAT SHORT FICTION OF ALFRED BESTER** (incl. The light fantastic, and Star light, star bright) SF Book Club, Dec. \$3.98

Bishop, Michael. **STOLEN FACES**. Harper & Row, April. \$7.95

Blish, James. **THE STAR TREK READER II** (coll) Dutton, April. \$8.95

Bloch, Robert. **COLD CHILLS** (coll) Doubleday, March. \$5.95

Bova, Ben. **VIEWPOINT** (Analog editorials) NESFA Press, Feb. \$10.00

— & Trudy E. Bell, eds. **CLOSEUP: NEW WORLDS** (nf) St. Martin's Press, May. \$15.00

Boyce, Chris. **CATCHWORLD**. Doubleday, May. \$6.95

Brennan, Joseph Payne. **CHRONICLES OF LUCIUS LEFFING**. Grant. \$7.00

Briggs, Katharine. **AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FAIRIES**. Pantheon, Jan. \$12.95

Brooks, Terry. **THE SWORD OF SHANNARA** (fty) Random House, April. \$12.95

Cameron, Ian. **THE WHITE SHIP** (marg supernat) Scribner, Aug. \$6.95

Campbell, Ramsey, ed. **SUPERHORROR** (repr Brit) St. Martins, April. \$7.95

Carr, Terry. **CIRQUE**. Bobbs-Merrill, April. \$8.95

(ed) **THE INFINITE ARENA: Seven Science Fiction Stories about Sports**. Nelson, April. \$6.95

**PLANETS OF WONDER: A Treasury of Space Opera**. Nelson, Nov. \$6.95

**UNIVERSE 7**. Doubleday, Feb. \$5.95; SF Book Club, March. \$1.98

Cherryh, C.J. **HUNTER OF WORLDS** (repr) SF Book Club, March. \$2.49

Clareson, Thomas, ed. **MANY FUTURES, MANY WORLDS: Theme and Form in Science Fiction** (essays) Kent State University Press, April. \$12.50

Dann, Jack. **STARHIKER**. Harper & Row, April. \$7.95

de Camp, L. Sprague. **LITERARY SWORDSMEN**

**AND SORCERERS: The Makers of Heroic Fantasy**. Arkham, 1976. \$10.00

**THE TRITONIAN RING** (s&s, repr) Owlsick Press, \$12.50

Dick, Philip K. **A SCANNER DARKLY**. Doubleday, Jan. \$6.95

Eisner, Lottie H. **FRITZ LANG** (repr Brit, tr. from German) Oxford University Press. \$25.00

Goulart, Ron. **CRACKPOT**. Doubleday, March. \$5.95

Green, Martin. **THE EARTH AGAIN RE-DEEMED**. Basic Books, Feb. \$9.95

Haldeman, Joe. **MINDBRIDGE** (repr) SF Book Club, Dec. \$1.98

Harrison, Harry. **SKYFALL** (repr Brit) Atheneum, Jan. \$8.95

Holdstock, Robert P. **EYE AMONG THE BLIND**. Doubleday, April. \$6.95

Holmer, Paul L. C.S. **LEWIS: THE SHAPE OF HIS FAITH AND THOUGHT**. Harper & Row, 1976. \$6.95

Howard, Robert E. **THE DEVIL IN IRON** (cont. Shadows in Zamboula & The devil in iron; deluxe ed.) Donald M. Grant, 1976. \$15.00

Knight, Damon, ed. **TURNING POINTS: Essays on the Art of Science Fiction**. Harper & Row, Feb. \$12.50

Kulik, Karol. **ALEXANDER KORDA: The Man Who Could Work Miracles** (biog, incl. fantasy films) Arlington House, 1976. \$12.95

Lancour, Gene. **THE WAR MACHINES OF KALINTH** (s&s) Doubleday, April. \$5.95

Le Guin, Ursula K. **ROCANNON'S WORLD** (with new introd, repr) Harper & Row, May. \$6.95

(ed) **NEBULA AWARD STORIES ELEVEN**. Harper & Row, Feb. \$8.95

Leiber, Fritz. **OUR LADY OF DARKNESS**. Berkley/Putnam

Lupoff, Richard A. **SWORD OF THE DEMON**. Harper & Row, Feb. \$7.95

McCaffrey, Anne and others. **FUTURELOVE: A Science Fiction Triad** (incl. McCaffrey-The greatest love, Holly-Psi clone, Carver-Love rogo) Bobbs-Merrill, April. \$8.95

Malzberg, Barry N. **DOWN HERE IN THE DREAM QUARTER** (coll) Doubleday, Dec. \$6.95

Martin, George R.R., ed. **NEW VOICES IN SCIENCE FICTION**. Macmillan, Feb. \$8.95

Meredith, Richard A. **NO BROTHER, NO FRIEND**. Doubleday, Nov. \$5.95

Nicholls, Peter, ed. **SCIENCE FICTION AT LARGE** (nf, repr Brit) Harper & Row, April. \$8.95

Noel, Ruth S. **THE MYTHOLOGY OF MIDDLE-EARTH**. Houghton Mifflin, Feb. \$7.95

Panshin, Alexei and Cory. **SF IN DIMENSION: A Book of Explorations** (essays) Advent, 1976. \$10.00

Piper, H. Beam. **THE FUZZY PAPERS** (cont: Little fuzzy, and The other human race) SF Book Club, Feb. \$3.50

Platt, Charles. **TWILIGHT OF THE CITY: A Novel of the Near Future**. Macmillan. \$8.95

Pohl, Frederik. **GATEWAY**. St. Martins Press, April. \$8.95

Ritoff, H. Harold. **BARD ET. AL. Dorrance**. \$3.95

Shaw, Bob. **A WREATH OF STARS**. Doubleday, Jan. \$5.95

Silverberg, Robert. **THE SHORES OF TOMORROW** (coll) Nelson, Nov. \$6.95

(ed) **THE CRYSTAL SHIP** (incl. The crystal ship, by Joan D. Vinge; Megan's World, by Marta Randall; Screwtop, by Vonda McIntyre) Nelson, Dec. \$7.95

**NEW DIMENSIONS 7**. Harper & Row, April. \$8.95

Spruill, Steven G. **KEEPERS OF THE GATE**. Doubleday, Feb. \$5.95

Strugatsky, Arkady & Boris. **ROADSIDE PICNIC: Tale of the Troika** (tr. from Russian) Macmillan, May. \$8.95

Vance, Jack. **MASKE: THAERY** (repr) SF Book Club, Feb. \$1.98

Van Seyoc, Sydney J. **CLOUD CRY**. Berkley/Putnam, May. \$7.95

Varley, John. **THE OPHIUCHI HOTLINE**. Quantum Science Fiction: Dial Press/James Wade, April. \$8.95

Verne, Jules. **THE ANNOTATED TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA**, by Walter James Miller. Crowell, 1976. \$16.95

Watkins, William Jon & Gene Snyder. **THE LITANY OF SH'REEV**. Doubleday, Dec. \$5.95

Wolf, Gary K. **A GENERATION REMOVED**. Doubleday, May. \$6.95

Zaroulis, N.L. **THE POE PAPERS** (marg horror) Putnam, May. \$7.95

### PAPERBACKS

Ackerman, Forrest J. **AMAZING FORRIES** (nf) Metropolis Publications (2495 Glendower Ave, Hollywood, CA 90027) Nov. \$2.50

Akers, Alan Burt. **KROZAIK OF KREGEN** (Dray Prescott 14) DAW UW1288, April. \$1.50

**RENEGADE OF KREGEN** (Dray Prescott 13) DAW UY1271, Dec. \$1.25

Aldiss, Brian W. **CRYPTOZOIC!** (3 ptg, orig: An age) Avon 33415. \$1.25

Anderson, Poul. **HOMEWARD AND BEYOND** (coll, 2 ptg) Berkley Medallion 03162, Jan. \$1.50

**SATAN'S WORLD** (repr) Berkley Medallion 03361, April. \$1.50

Anthony, Piers & Robert Coulson. **BUT WHAT OF EARTH?** Laser 72044, Oct. \$1.25

Appel, Benjamin. **THE DEVIL AND W. KASPAR**. Popular 03190, March. \$1.50

Arnold, Edwin Lester. **THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHOENICIAN**

(facs repr of 1890 ed) Newcastle Forgotten Fantasies, April. \$3.95

Asimov, Isaac. **BUY JUPITER AND OTHER STORIES** (repr) Fawcett Crest 3062, Jan. \$1.50

**EARTH: OUR CROWDED SPACESHIP** (nf, repr) Fawcett Crest 3172, May. \$1.75

Bahrenburg, Bruce. **THE CREATION OF DINO DE LAURENTIS' KING KONG**. Pocket 80796, Dec. \$1.75

Ballard, J.G. **THE DROWNED WORLD** (repr) Penguin 002229, Dec. \$1.95

**THE WIND FROM NOWHERE** (repr) Penguin 002691, Dec. \$1.95

Barbree, Jay. **PILOT ERROR** (Six million dollar man 4, 2 ptg) Warner 76-835, 1976. \$1.25

Biggle, Lloyd Jr. **THE SILENT SKY** (coll, repr, orig: The rule of the door) Belmont Tower 51122. \$1.50

Blish, James. **BLACK EASTER** (repr SF rediscovery 27) Equinox 31724, March. \$2.25

Bova, Ben. **MILLENNIUM** (repr) Ballantine 25556, April. \$1.95

**THE STARCROSSED** (repr) Pyramid A4105, Dec. \$1.50

Boyer, Robert H. & Kenneth J. Zahorski, eds. **THE FANTASTIC IMAGINATION: An Anthology of High Fantasy**. Avon 32326, Feb. \$2.25

Brackett, Leigh. **ALPHA CENTAURI OR DIE!** (reissue) Ace 01770, Dec. \$1.50

**THE COMING OF THE TERRANS** (coll, reissue) Ace 11546, Dec. \$1.50

**THE NEMESIS FROM TERRA** (reissue) Ace 56940, Dec. \$1.50

Bradley, Marion Zimmer. **THE PLANET SAVERS** (Darkover, plus short story The Waterfall) Ace 67020, Oct. \$1.50

**THE SWORD OF ALDONES** (Darkover, reissue) Ace 79200, Oct. \$1.50

— and Norman Spinrad, Alfred Bester. **EXPERIMENT PERILOUS: Three Essays on Science Fiction** (repr from Algor) Algor Press (P.O. Box 4175, New York, N.Y. 10017), Fall. \$2.50

Brand, Kurt. **PERRY RHODAN 106: Caller from Eternity**. Ace 66090, Dec. \$1.50

Brooks, Terry. **THE SWORD OF SHANNARA** (fty) Ballantine, April. \$6.95

Bryant, Edward, ed. 2076: **THE AMERICAN TRICENTENNIAL** (part orig) Pyramid Y4203, April. \$1.95

Buchanan, Marie. **THE DARK BACKWARD** (supernat, repr) Ballantine 25067, Dec. \$1.75

Burroughs, Edgar Rice. **JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN** (illus, adapt. by Burne Hogarth and Robert Hodes) Watson-Guption, Oct. \$5.95

**THE LAND OF HIDDEN MEN** (orig: Jungle girl, reissue) Ace 47015, Jan. \$1.50

**ESCAPE ON VENUS** (reissue) Ace 21564, Jan. \$1.50

**THE ETERNAL SAVAGE** (orig: The eternal

lover, reissue) Ace 21804, Jan. \$1.50  
**THE MONSTER MEN** (orig: Man without a soul, reissue) Ace 53590, Jan. \$1.50  
**THE MOON MEN** (reissue) Ace 53754, Jan. \$1.50  
 Butterworth, Michael. **SPACE: 1999** no. 1 (year 2): Planets of Peril. Warner 88-341. \$1.50  
 Caidin, Martin. **SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN 3: High Crystal** (2 ptg) Warner 76-408, 1976. \$1.25  
 Carter, Angela. **THE WAR OF DREAMS** (fty, repr, orig: The infernal desire machines of Doctor Hoffman) Avon Bard 31948, March. \$1.95  
 Carter, Lin. **THE BARBARIAN OF WORLD'S END** (Gondwane epic 4) DAW UW1300, May. \$1.50  
**LOVECRAFT: A LOOK BEHIND THE CTHULHU MYTHOS** (3d ptg) Ballantine 25295, Dec. \$1.50  
 Chandler, A. Bertram. **STAR COURIER**. DAW UY1292, March. \$1.25  
 Chant, Joy. **RED MOON AND BLACK MOUNTAIN** (fty, repr Brit, 3 ptg) Ballantine 25785, April. \$1.95  
 Chester, William L. **ONE AGAINST A WILDERNESS** (fty, repr) DAW UW1280, Feb. \$1.50  
 Claeson, Thomas, ed. **MANY FUTURES, MANY WORLDS: Theme and Form in Science Fiction** (essays) Kent State Univ. Press, April. \$5.50  
 Clayton, Jo. **DIADAM FROM THE STARS**. DAW UW1293, March. \$1.50  
 Cole, Adrian. **THE DREAM LORDS 3: Bane of Nightmares** (s&s) Zebra 224, Dec. \$1.50  
 Cooper, C. Everett. **UP YOUR ASTEROID: A Science Fiction Farce** (sex) Borgo Press, distr. by Newcastle, April. \$1.95  
 Cover, Arthur Byron. **THE SOUND OF WINTER**. Pyramid V4017, Nov. \$1.25  
 Crichton, Michael. **EATERS OF THE DEAD** (repr, marg fty) Bantam 10237, April. \$1.95  
 Daley, Brian. **THE DOOMFARERS OF CORAMONDE** (s&s) Ballantine 25708, March. \$1.95  
 Daniken, Erich von. **CHARIOTS OF THE GODS?** (repr) Berkley Medallion 03384, April. \$1.25  
 Darlton, Clark. **PERRY RHODAN 109: The Stolen Spacefleet / PERRY RHODAN 110: Sgt. Robot**, by Kurt Mahr. Ace 66093, March. \$1.75  
 Darnay, Arsen. **A HOSTAGE FOR HINTERLAND**. Ballantine 25306, Dec. \$1.50  
 Davidson, Avram. **OR ALL THE SEAS WITH OYSTERS** (coll, repr) Pocket 80806, Dec. \$1.25  
 Davidson, Michael. **THE KARMA MACHINE** (reissue) Popular 03202, April. \$1.50  
 Davidson, Robert K. **GREAT MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES**. Pyramid V4209, Feb. \$1.25  
 de Camp, L. Sprague. **THE TRITONIAN RING** (s&s, repr) Ballantine 25803, March. \$1.50  
 Delany, Samuel R. **OUT OF THE DEAD CITY** (reissue, orig: Captives of the Flame) Ace 22643, April. \$1.50  
 Del Rey, Lester, ed. **BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF THE YEAR: Third Annual Collection** (repr) Ace 05477, Dec. \$1.75  
 Denaerde, Stefan. **OPERATION SURVIVAL EARTH** (tr. from Dutch) Pocket 80840, Jan. \$1.50  
 Dick, Philip K. **THE BEST OF PHILIP K. DICK** (coll) Ballantine 25359, March. \$1.95  
**THE PRESERVING MACHINE** (reissue) Ace 67801, Nov. \$1.95  
 UBIK (repr) Bantam 10402, Jan. \$1.75  
 —& Ray Nelson. **THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER** (reissue) Ace 27346, Jan. \$1.50  
 Dickson, Gordon R. **NAKED TO THE STARS** (repr) DAW UW1278, Jan. \$1.50  
 Disch, Thomas. **GETTING INTO DEATH AND OTHER STORIES** (repr) Pocket 80926, March. \$1.75  
 Donnelly, Ignatius. **ATLANTIS: THE ANTE-DILUVIAN WORLD** (repr of 1886 ed, with new introd & notes) Dover 23371, 1976. \$5.00  
 Dunsany, Lord. **THE KING OF ELFLAND'S DAUGHTER** (fty, 3 ptg) Ballantine 25523, Jan. \$1.95  
 Dvorkin, David. **THE CHILDREN OF SHINY MOUNTAIN**. Pocket 80954, April. \$1.75  
 Eklund, Gordon. **DANCE OF THE APOCALYPSE**. Laser 72046, Nov. \$1.25  
 Ellison, Harlan. **ELLISON WONDERLAND** (coll, reissue) Signet Y6041, Dec. \$1.25  
 Elwood, Roger, ed. **A WORLD NAMED CLEOPATRA** (stories by Poul Anderson, Michael Orgill, Jack Dann & George Zebrowski based on planet created by Anderson) Pyramid A3743, March. \$1.50  
 Ernsting, Walter. **THE DAY THE GODS DIED** (tr. from German) Bantam 02060, Dec. \$1.75  
 Farmer, Philip Jose. **THE ADVENTURE OF THE PEERLESS PEER**. Dell 0042, Sept. \$1.25  
 Fitz Gerald, Gregory & John Dillon, eds. **THE LATE GREAT FUTURE**. Fawcett Crest 3040, Dec. \$1.75  
 Flanagan, Terry & Eleanor Ehrhardt. **TREK OR TREAT** (humor, photos) Ballantine 25679, March. \$2.95  
 Foster, Alan Dean. **ORPHAN STAR**. Ballantine 25507, March. \$1.50  
**STAR TREK LOG NINE**. Ballantine 25557, Feb. \$1.50  
 Foster, M.A. **THE GAMEPLAYERS OF ZAN**. DAW UJ1287, April. \$1.95  
 Fox, Gardner F. **KYRIK AND THE LOST QUEEN** (s&s) Leisure 4202K, 1976. \$1.25  
 Friend, Beverly. **SCIENCE FICTION: THE CLASSROOM IN ORBIT** (nf, 2d ptg) Educational Impact (Box 355, Blackwood, NJ 08012) 1976. \$3.75  
 Funnell, Augustine. **REBELS OF MERKA**. Laser 72048, Nov. \$1.25

Gerrold, David & Larry Niven. **THE FLYING SORCERERS** (2d ptg) Ballantine 25307, March. \$1.75  
 Ghidalia, Vic & Roger Elwood, eds. **THE VENUS FACTOR**. Manor 12475. \$1.25  
 Glut, Donald F. **SPAWN**. Laser 72043, Oct. \$1.25  
 Goldin, Stephen. **FINISH LINE**. Laser 72045, Oct. \$1.25  
 Goldman, William. **THE PRINCESS BRIDE** (marg fty, 4 ptg) Ballantine 25483, April. \$1.95  
 Goulart, Ron. **THE EMPEROR OF THE LAST DAYS**. Popular 03201, April. \$1.50  
 NEMO. Berkley Medallion 03395, May. \$1.25  
**THE PANCHRONICON PLOT**. DAW UY1283, Feb. \$1.25  
 Gunn, James. **ALTERNATE WORLDS** (repr) A & W Visual Library, Oct. \$7.95  
 Hahn, Steve. **MINDWIPE!** Laser 72051, Dec. \$1.25  
 Haibium, Isidore. **INTERWORLD**. Dell 12285, April. \$1.50  
 Hancock, Niel. **CIRCLE OF LIGHT 1: Greyfax Grimwald** (fty) Popular 08595, April. \$1.95  
 Harding, Lee. **FUTURE SANCTUARY**. Laser 72041, Sept. \$1.25  
 Heinlein, Robert A. **THE STAR BEAST** (repr) Ballantine 26066, April. \$1.50  
 Hendrickson, Walter B., jr. **CLASS G-ZERO**. Major 3110, 1976. \$1.25  
 Herberg, Frank. **UNDER PRESSURE** (5 ptg, orig: The dragon in the sea) Ballantine 25597, Jan. \$1.50  
 Herbert, James. **THE SURVIVOR** (horror, repr Brit) Signet E7393, March. \$1.75  
 Herzog, Arthur. **THE SWARM** (marg horror, repr) Signet J6351, Dec. \$1.95  
 Holland, Cecelia. **FLOATING WORLDS** (repr) Pocket 80867, April. \$1.95  
 Holmer, Paul L. **C.S. LEWIS: THE SHAPE OF HIS FAITH AND THOUGHT**. Harper & Row, 1976. \$3.95  
 Hoskins, Robert. **MASTER OF THE STARS**. Laser 72040, Sept. \$1.25  
 Hughes, Zach. **TIGER IN THE STARS**. Laser 72049, Dec. \$1.25  
**INCREDIBLE INTERGALACTIC STAR TREK CROSSWORD PUZZLE**. Running Press (38 S. 19th St., Philadelphia, PA 19103) 1976. \$2.95  
 Inouye, Jon. **A NIGHT TIDE** (coll) Randen (P.O. Box 3157, Culver City, CA 90230) Dec. \$1.95  
 Jahn, Michael. **SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN 1: Wine, Women and War** (2 ptg) Warner 76-833, 1976. \$1.25  
**SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN: International Incidents**. Berkley Medallion 03331, Jan. \$1.25  
 Jones, Raymond F. **THE RIVER AND THE DREAM**. Laser 72054, Jan. \$1.25  
 Kanglaski, Jaan. **THE SEEKING SWORD** (fty) Ballantine 25650, Feb. \$1.95  
 Knight, Damon, ed. **SCIENCE FICTION OF THE 30's** (repr) Avon 31708, April. \$4.95

Konvitz, Jeffrey. **THE SENTINEL** (supernat, repr, 10 ptg) Ballantine 25641, Feb. \$1.95  
 Koontz, Dean R. **A DARKNESS IN MY SOUL** (3 ptg) DAW UY1274, Dec. \$1.25  
**DEMON SEED** (2 ptg) Bantam 10930, April. \$1.75  
 Kornbluth, C.M. **THE BEST OF C.M. KORNBLUTH**, ed. by Frederik Pohl. Ballantine 25461, Jan. \$1.95  
 Lake, David J. **THE RIGHT HAND OF DEXTRA**. DAW UW1290, April. \$1.50  
**WALKERS ON THE SKY**. DAW UY1273, Dec. \$1.25  
 Lampton, Christopher. **CROSS OF EMPIRE**. Laser 72042, Sept. \$1.25  
 Last, Martin & Baird Searles. **THE SCIENCE FICTION QUIZBOOK**. Drake, 1976. \$4.95  
 Laubenthal, Sanders Anne. **EXCALIBUR** (supernat, 2 ptg) Ballantine 25635, Feb. \$1.95  
 Lee, Tanih. **DRINKING SAPPHIRE WINE**. DAW UY1277, Jan. \$1.25  
 Leiber, Fritz. **THE WORLDS OF FRITZ LEIBER** (coll) Ace 91640, Nov. \$1.95  
 Longo, Chris. **THE LAST GENE**. Major 3117, Jan. \$1.25  
 Lord, Jeffrey. **HEROIC FANTASY SERIES 23: Empire of Blood**. Pinnacle 40-018, March. \$1.25  
 Lottman, Eileen. **EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES** (Bionic Woman) Berkley Medallion 03326, Jan. \$1.25  
 Lovelace, Delos W. **KING KONG** (novelization of movie, repr) Ace 44470, Nov. \$1.95  
 Lucas, George. **STAR WARS: FROM THE ADVENTURES OF LUKE SKYWALKER**. Ballantine 26061, Dec. \$1.50  
 Lupoff, Richard A. **THE TRIUNE MAN** (repr) Berkley Medallion 03360, April. \$1.50  
 McCaffrey, Anne. **DRAGONSONG** (repr) Bantam 10300, May. \$1.75  
 McCauley, Kirby, ed. **BEYOND MIDNIGHT** (horror) Berkley Medallion Z3144, Nov. \$1.25  
 McKenney, Kenneth. **THE PLANTS** (repr) Bantam 02976, Feb. \$1.75  
 MacLean, Katherine. **MISSING MAN** (repr) Berkley Medallion 23040, 1976. \$1.25  
 Mahr, Kurt. **PERRY RHODAN 105: Wonderflower of Utik**. Ace 66089, Oct. \$1.25  
 Malzberg, Barry. **REVELATIONS** (SF Rediscovery 26) Equinox 31716, March. \$2.25  
 March, Melisand. **THE MANDRAKE SCREAM** (supernat, repr) Avon 31518, Jan. \$1.75  
 Masterson, Graham. **THE MANTOU** (supernat, repr Brit) Pinnacle 240982, 1976. \$1.75  
 Merritt, A. **THE METAL MONSTER** (6 ptg) Avon 31294, 1976. \$1.50  
**THE SHIP OF ISHTAR** (5 ptg) Avon 28936, Feb. \$1.25  
 Metzger, Arthur. **A GUIDE TO THE GORMENGHAIST TRILOGY**. T-K Graphics, 1976. \$1.50  
 Moorcock, Michael. **THE JEWEL IN THE SKULL**



- (s&s, rev ed) DAW UY1276, Jan. \$1.25  
**LEGENDS FROM THE END OF TIME** (repr) DAW UY1281, Feb. \$1.25  
**THE MAD GOD'S AMULET** (s&s, repr, rev ed, History of the runestaff, v.2) DAW UY1289, April. \$1.25  
**THE QUEST FOR TANELORN** (Chronicles of Castle Brass, v.3; repr Brit) Dell 7193, Dec. \$1.25  
**THE WEIRD OF THE WHITE WOLF** (Eric of Melnibone, s&s) DAW UY1286, March. \$1.25  
**THE SAILOR ON THE SEAS OF FATE** (s&s) DAW UY1270, Dec. \$1.25  
 —& Michael Butterworth. **THE TIME OF THE HAWKLORDS**. Warner 78-986, Feb. \$1.50  
 Moore, C.L. & Henry Kuttner. **EARTH'S LAST CITADEL** (repr) Ace 18111, April. \$1.50  
 Morressy, John. **THE EXTRATERRITORIAL**. Laser 72052, Jan. \$1.25  
 Morris, Janet E. **HIGH COUCH OF SILISTRA** (s&s) Bantam 10522, May. \$1.75  
 Morris, William. **CHILD CHRISTOPHER AND GOLDILIND THE FAIR** (facs repr of 1897 ed, fty) Newcastle, April. \$3.45  
 Myers, Howard L. **CLOUD CHAMBER**. Popular 03215, May. \$1.50  
 Myers, Robert J. **THE SLAVE OF FRANKENSTEIN** (repr) Pocket 80943, April. \$1.75  
 Nepper, Cary. **A PLACE BEYOND MAN** (repr) Dell 16931, Feb. \$1.50  
 Nelson, R. Faraday. **THE ECOLOG**. Laser 72053, Jan. \$1.25  
 Niven, Larry. **THE FLIGHT OF THE HORSE** (coll, 4 ptg) Ballantine 25577, Dec. \$1.50  
 Norman, John. **SLAVE GIRL OF GOR** (s&s) DAW UY1285, March. \$1.95  
 Norton, Andre. **THE BEAST MASTER** (reissue) Ace 05164, April. \$1.50  
**DREAD COMPANION** (reissue) Ace 16671, April. \$1.50  
**KNAVE OF DREAMS** (repr) Ace 45000, April. \$1.75  
**LAVENDER-GREEN MAGIC** (fty, repr) Ace 47440, April. \$1.75  
**OPERATION TIME SEARCH** (reissue) Ace 63412, April. \$1.50  
**ORDEAL IN OTHERWHERE** (reissue) Ace 63824, April. \$1.50  
**STAR GATE** (reissue) Ace 78073, April. \$1.50  
**STAR GUARD** (reissue) Ace 78133, April. \$1.50  
**VICTORY ON JANUS** (reissue) Ace 86323, April. \$1.50  
 O'Brien, Richard. **THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMIC BOOKS, 1937-1945** (incl. sf & fty) Ballantine 25535, April. \$6.95  
 Offutt, Andrew J. **MY LORD BARBARIAN** (s&s) Ballantine 25713, April. \$1.50  
 (ed) **SWORDS AGAINST DARKNESS**. Zebra 239, Feb. \$1.95  
 Omdra 6. **DREAMRISE**. G. Stempien Publ. Co. 20  
 (1213 Edgehill Ave, Joliet, Ill. 60432) 1976. \$2.75  
 Otis, George. **MILLENNIUM MAN** (nf, 2 ptg) Pillar Books (Harcourt) 1976. \$1.75  
 Parry, Michel. **CHARIOTS OF FIRE** (repr) Popular 03175, Jan. \$1.50  
 Pensee. **VELIKOVSKY RECONSIDERED** (nf, repr from magazine, repr) Warner 82-358. \$2.25  
 Piper, H. Beam. **SPACE VIKING** (reissue) Ace 77780, Jan. \$1.50  
 Piserchia, Doris. **EARTHCHILD**. DAW UW1308, May. \$1.50  
 Poe, Edgar Allan. **THE SCIENCE FICTION OF EDGAR ALLAN POE** (repr) Penguin English Library 043106, Dec. \$1.95  
 Pohl, Frederik & C.M. Kornbluth. **GLADIATOR-AT-LAW** (repr) Bantam 06422, Jan. \$1.50  
**SEARCH THE SKY** (repr) Bantam 02983, March. \$1.50  
 Pournelle, Jerry. **HIGH JUSTICE** (coll) Pocket 81104, May. \$1.75  
**THE MERCENARY**. Pocket 80903, Feb. \$1.75  
**WEST OF HONOR**. Laser 72050, Dec. \$1.25  
 Powers, Timothy. **EPITAPH IN RUST**. Laser 72047, Nov. \$1.25  
 Preiss, Byron, ed. **WEIRD HEROES 5: Doc Phoenix**. Pyramid A4036, Jan. \$1.50  
**WEIRD HEROES 6**. Pyramid M4037, April. \$1.75  
 Quinn, Seabury. **THE HORROR CHAMBERS OF JULES DE GRANDIN** (coll) Popular 03183, Feb. \$1.50  
 Renard, Joseph. **THE MONODYNE CATASTROPHE**. Major 3122. \$1.25  
 Resnick, Michael. **THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO FANTASTIC LITERATURE**. House of Collectibles (Helton Drive at Rasch Rd., Florence, Ala. 35630) 1976. \$5.95  
 Reynolds, Mack. **POLICE PATROL: 2000 A.D.** Ace 67460, March. \$1.50  
 Roberts, Keith. **THE PASSING OF THE DRAGONS** (coll) Berkley Medallion 03477, April. \$1.75  
 Robeson, Kenneth. **DOC SAVAGE 86: The Angry Ghost**. Bantam 02862, Jan. \$1.25  
**DOC SAVAGE 87: The Spotted Men**. Bantam 10075, March. \$1.25  
 Ruben, William S. **DIONYSUS: THE ULTIMATE EXPERIMENT** (exp. of Weightless in Gaza) Manor 15232. \$1.50  
 Sackett, Susan, ed. **LETTERS TO STAR TREK**. Ballantine 25522, Jan. \$1.95  
 Scheer, K.H. **PERRY RHODAN 108: Duel under the Double Sun**. Ace 66092, Feb. \$1.25  
 Schmitz, James H. **THE WITCHES OF KARRES** (reissue) Ace 89852, Jan. \$1.95  
 Schwartz, Sheila, ed. **EARTH IN TRANSIT: Science Fiction and Contemporary Problems**. Dell Laurel Leaf 2262, Nov. \$1.25  
 Schweitzer, Darrell, ed. **ESSAYS LOVECRAFT-**  
 IAN. T-K Graphics, 1976. \$4.95  
**SF VOICES** (interviews) T-K Graphics, 1976. \$4.50  
 Semple, Lorenzo, jr. **KING KONG** (complete script of de Laurentiis production) Ace 44472, March. \$1.95  
 Shapiro, Neil. **PLANET WITHOUT A NAME**. Major 3099, Nov. \$1.25  
 Shaw, Bob. **ORBITSVILLE**. Ace 63780, Jan. \$1.95  
 Sherrell, Carl. **RAUM** (s&s) Avon 33043, May. \$1.50  
 Silverberg, Robert. **COLLISION COURSE** (reissue, with new introd) Ace 11510, Feb. \$1.50  
**NEXT STOP THE STARS** (reissue, with new introd) Ace 57420, Feb. \$1.50  
**RECALLED TO LIFE** (repr) Ace 71085, Feb. \$1.75  
**THE SEED OF EARTH** (reissue, with new introd) Ace 75875, Feb. \$1.50  
**THE SILENT INVADERS** (reissue, with new introd) Ace 76391, Feb. \$1.50  
**SON OF MAN** (2d ptg) Ballantine 25745, March. \$1.50  
**STEPSONS OF TERRA** (reissue, with new introd) Ace 78600, Feb. \$1.50  
 Simak, Clifford D. **THE GOBLIN RESERVATION** (5 ptg) Berkley Medallion 03399, May. \$1.25  
**SHAKESPEARE'S PLANET** (repr) Berkley Medallion 03394, May. \$1.25  
 Sooby, David L., comp. **THE FEDERATION INDEX** (Star Trek) Author (2121 S. 49 St., Kansas City, MO 66106) 1976. \$3.00  
 Stableford, Brian M. **CRITICAL THRESHOLD** (Daedalus mission 2) DAW UY1282, Feb. \$1.25  
 Starr, Bill. **THE TREASURE OF WONDERWHAT** (Farstar & son 2) Ballantine 25157, Dec. \$1.50  
 Sturgeon, Theodore. **CAVIAR** (coll, 4 ptg) Ballantine 25783, April. \$1.50  
**SOME OF YOUR BLOOD** (3 ptg) Ballantine 25712, Feb. \$1.50  
 Swann, Thomas Burnett. **THE GODS ABIDE** (fty) DAW UY1272, Dec. \$1.25  
 Taylor, Bernard. **THE GODSEND** (supernat, repr) Avon 32029, March. \$1.95  
 Timlett, Peter Valentine. **TWILIGHT OF THE SERPENT** (s&s) Bantam 10081, Feb. \$1.50  
 Tubb, E.C. **HAVEN OF DARKNESS** (Dumarest of Terra 16) DAW UW1299, May. \$1.50  
 Tucker, Wilson. **THE LINCOLN HUNTERS** (reissue) Ace 48421, April. \$1.50  
**THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN** (reissue) Ace 94201, April. \$1.50  
 Tyler, J.E.A. **THE TOLKIEN COMPANION** (nf, repr) Avon 31674. \$4.95  
**UNIVERSES IN SCIENCE FICTION**. v1- Alien Ways: Planets, cultures & peoples; v2- Interactions: Calm and conflict. Tetrumbriant Press (P.O. Box 207, Brooklyn, NY 11213) 1976. \$6/set  
 Vance, Jack. **THE BLUE WORLD** (2 ptg) Ballantine 25784, April. \$1.50  
**THE DYING EARTH** (repr) Pocket 81092, March. \$1.25  
**THE EYES OF THE OVERWORLD** (fty, repr) Pocket 80904, Feb. \$1.50  
 Van Vogt, A.E. **THE ANARCHISTIC COLOSSUS**. Ace 02255, April. \$1.75  
**SUPERMIND**. DAW UY1275, Jan. \$1.75  
 Velikovsky, Immanuel. **WORLDS IN COLLISION** (nf, repr) Pocket 81091, March. \$1.95  
 Voltz, William. **PERRY RHODAN 107: The Emperor and the Monster**. Ace 66091, Jan. \$1.25  
**PERRY RHODAN 111: Seeds of Ruin/ 112: Planet Mechanica**, by K.H. Scheer. Ace 666094, April. \$1.75  
 Wagner, Karl Edward. **DARK CRUSADE** (s&s) Warner 88-154, 1976. \$1.50  
 Wallace, Ian. **THE SIGN OF THE MUTE MEDUSA**. Popular 03173, Jan. \$1.50  
 White, James. **MONSTERS AND MEDICS** (coll) Ballantine 25623, March. \$1.50  
 Wilhelm, Kate. **THE CLEWISTON TEST** (repr) Pocket 80888, Feb. \$1.75  
**THE INFINITY BOX** (coll, repr) Pocket 80955, April. \$1.75  
**WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG** (repr) Pocket 80912, Jan. \$1.75  
 Wilson, Colin. **THE SPACE VAMPIRES** (repr) Pocket 80916, March. \$1.75  
 Wise, S. **THE DARKOVER DILEMMA: Problems of the Darkover Series**. T-K Graphics, 1976.  
 Wittig, Monique. **THE LESBIAN BODY** (sex fty, tr. from French) Avon Bard 31062, Nov. \$1.75  
 Wolf, Leonard. **A DREAM OF DRACULA: In Search of the Living Dead** (repr) Popular, Feb. \$1.95  
 Wollheim, Donald A. & Arthur W. Saha, eds. **THE 1977 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF**. DAW UE1297, May. \$1.75  
 Woodley, Richard. **IT'S ALIVE!** (horror, based on screenplay) Ballantine 25879, April. \$1.50  
 Yerby, Frank. **TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL** (fty, repr) Dell, Dec. \$1.95  
 Zebrowski, George. **THE MONADIC UNIVERSE** (coll) Ace 53540, March. \$1.50  
 Zelazny, Roger. **DOORWAYS IN THE SAND** (repr) Avon 32086, Jan. \$1.50  
**NINE PRINCES IN AMBER** (6 ptg) Avon 27664. \$1.25  

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 Alexander, Lloyd. **THE CAT WHO WISHED TO BE A MAN** (fty, repr). Dutton Anytime AB21. \$1.95  
 Alexander, Martha. **I SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YOU, BLACKBOARD BEAR** (marg fty) Dial, 1976. \$4.95. Age 3-7  
 Allen, Marjorie & Carl. **FARLEY, ARE YOU FOR REAL?** (fty) Coward McCann, Oct. \$4.99. Age 6-9

Baxter, Caroline. *THE STOLEN TELESMA* (supernat, repr Brit). Lippincott, Sept. \$6.95

Beskow, Elsa. *PETER'S ADVENTURES IN BLUEBERRY LAND* (adapt from Swedish by Sheila La Farge). Delacorte, 1976. Age 3-7

Briggs, K.M. *HOBBERDY DICK* (fity, repr Brit). Greenwillow, Feb. \$6.95. Age 10-14

Browne, Anthony. *THROUGH THE MAGIC MIRROR* (fity, repr Brit). Greenwillow, Feb. \$7.95. Age 4-8

Bulychev, Kirill. *ALICE* (tr. from Russian and adapt. by Mirra Ginsburg). Macmillan, March. \$6.95. Age 7-11

Chester, Michael. *LET'S GO ON A SPACE SHUTTLE* (nf) Putnam, 1976. \$3.86. Age 9-11

Collins, Michael. *FLYING TO THE MOON AND OTHER STRANGE PLACES* (nf). Farrar, 1976. \$6.95

Coombs, Patricia. *THE MAGIC POT* (fity). Lothrop Lee, Feb. \$5.95. Age 4-9

Cooper, Susan. *THE DARK IS RISING* (6 ptg). Atheneum, 1976. \$7.95

Cresswell, Helen. *A GAME OF CATCH* (supernat, repr Brit). Macmillan, April. \$5.95. Age 8-12

Crowe, Robert L. *CLYDE MONSTER* (fity) Dutton, 1976. \$5.95

Curry, Jane Louise. *POOR TOM'S GHOST* (supernat) Atheneum. \$6.95. Age 10-14

Duncan, Lois. *SUMMER OF FEAR* (supernat). Little Brown, 1976. \$6.95

Freeman, Barbara C. *THE OTHER FACE* (supernat, repr Brit). Dutton, Oct. \$6.95. Age 9-12

Frimmer, Steven. *NEVERLAND: Fabled Places and Fabulous Voyages of History and Legend*. Viking, Nov. \$8.50

Hughes, Monica. *CRISIS ON CONSHLEF TEN* (repr). Atheneum. \$5.95. Age 10-14

Hunter, Mollie. *A STRANGER CAME ASHORE* (supernat, repr). Harper Trophy J82, April. \$1.50. Age 12 up

*THE STRONGHOLD* (marg supernat, repr). Avon 21005, Jan. \$1.25

Jansson, Tove. *COMET IN MOONINLAND* (fity,

repr, tr. from Finnish). Avon Camelot 26229, 1976. \$1.25

*MOONINVALLEY IN NOVEMBER*. Avon Camelot 30544, Oct. \$1.25

Jarrell, Randall. *THE BAT-POET* (fity, repr). Collier 043910, March. \$1.95. Age 8 up

*FLY BY NIGHT* (fity). Farrar, 1976. \$5.95

Jones, Diana Wynne. *CART & CUIDER* (marg fity, repr Brit). Atheneum. \$6.95. Age 9-13

*DOGSBODY* (repr Brit). Greenwillow, Feb. \$6.95. Age 10-14

Krensky, Stephen. *A BIG DAY FOR SCEPTERS* (fity) Atheneum. \$5.95. Age 8-12

Lawrence, Louise. *SING AND SCATTER DAISIES* (supernat). Harper & Row, April. \$6.95. Age 12 up

Lively, Penelope. *A STITCH IN TIME* (supernat). Dutton, 1976. \$6.95

McCaffrey, Anne. *DRAGONSINGER*. Atheneum. \$7.95. Age 9-13

Manley, Seon & Gogo Lewis, eds. *GHOSTLY GENTLEWOMEN: Two Centuries of Spectral Stories by the Gentle Sex*. Lothrop Lee, March. \$7.95. Age 12 up

Mayer, Mercer. *THERE'S A NIGHTMARE IN MY CLOSET* (fity, 6 ptg). Dial, 1976. \$5.47. Age 4-8

Mayne, William. *A YEAR AND A DAY* (fity). Dutton, 1976. \$6.95. Age 8-10

Murphy, Shirley Rousseau. *SILVER WOVEN IN MY HAIR* (fity). Atheneum. \$6.95. Age 8-12

Norton, Andre. *RED HART MAGIC*. Crowell, Sept. \$6.95. Age 10 up

Prelutsky, Jack. *THE SNOPP ON THE SIDE-WALK AND OTHER POEMS* (fity). Greenwillow, April. \$5.95. Age 8 up

Raskin, Joseph & Edith. *STRANGE SHADOWS: Spirit Tales of Early America*. Lothrop Lee, March. \$5.95. Age 8-12

Schroder, William. *PEA SOUP AND SEA SERPENTS* (fity). Lothrop Lee, Feb. \$5.95. Age 5-8

Steele, Mary Q. *THE TRUE MEN* (marg). Greenwillow, Oct. \$6.95

Paul Walker: A Column continued from Page 15

But they are stuck together and together they travel to the center of the galaxy and back again to find that three million years have passed and the abhorrent State has been replaced by a no less abhorrent state of affairs. The hero again finds himself a prisoner. First, of a very unpleasant old woman who "canes" him at her displeasure, and then of a race of super-intelligent children who are the heirs of the old order. There is a search for the source of immortality, and the possibility of Uranus colliding with the Earth to be contended with as well. In short, this is an old-fashioned tour de force in which Niven piles one mind-bending concept atop another while forcing his hero to run the gauntlet of some very disagreeable villains who beat the stuffing out of him.

I miss the whimsy and the sense of awe I found in *Ringworld*, and I found the hero and his adversaries old hat—Niven is capable of doing better than this—but the interminable procession of concepts was irresistible, and I am sure it will be to you. For any hard sf fan worthy of the name, *A World Out of Time* will be a delight.

—Paul Walker, 128 Montgomery St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003

## Lilliputia

### AFTER ARMAGEDDON: THE SF CATASTROPHE NOVEL FOR YOUNG READERS Part II

by Margaret Esmonde

A second major pattern in the catastrophe novel for young readers accepts as its opening premise the total destruction of twentieth-century civilization through some great cataclysm, man-made or natural or both. The focus is not primarily on economic or ecological recovery, but rather on man's struggle to free himself from the curse of violence. In each book in this group—Andre Norton's *No Night Without Stars*, H.M. Hoover's *Children of Morrow* and *Treasures of Morrow*, Jay Williams' *The People of the Ax*, and Zilpha Keatley Snyder's *Below the Root* and *And All Between*—the survivors of Earth's ruin develop psychic powers which help them cope. The setting is generally primitive or pastoral with little or no technology in evidence.

Andre Norton, who might be said to have originated the catastrophe novel for the young reader in *Starman's Son* (*Daybreak: 2250 A.D.*), offers *No Night Without Stars*. In a North America largely destroyed by volcanic eruption and ensuing tidal waves, Sander, a young metalsmith of Jak's Mob, a clan of nomadic herdsmen, sets forth to discover the lost metallurgic knowledge of the "Before Time" in order to regain his rightful place in the tribe. In his wanderings, he encounters Fanyi, a young shaman whose people have been slaughtered by sea-raiders during her absence. She too seeks the secret stronghold of the Before People to gain knowledge which will enlarge her psychic powers so that she may revenge her people. In their quest they escape a number of standard mutated horrors only to face an evil computer which seeks, in its endless hatred of its creators, to eliminate all life from earth. Though Fanyi's psychic powers fail in the contest, Sander succeeds in badly crippling the malevolent machine. At the conclusion, Fanyi voices Norton's message: "There is no night without a star, so the blackness of our night can be lighted by our own efforts. We are ourselves, not the Before Ones. Therefore, we must learn for ourselves, not try to revive what was known by those we might not even want to call kin were we to meet them. . . ." Norton's story is competently written as always, but echoes of *Starman's Son* or Benet's "By the Waters of Babylon" have a déjà vu effect that somewhat diminishes the impact of the novel.

In *Children of Morrow* and its sequel *Treasures of Morrow*, H.M. Hoover relates the adventures of Tia and Rabbit, young misfits in a harsh, primitive society comprised of descendants of the survivors of an army missile base shelter. As the agent of cataclysm Hoover utilizes "The Death of the Seas" which drastically diminished the world's oxygen supply and ultimately resulted in the death of 93% of all living creatures by simple suffocation, a frightening possibility which was demonstrated off the New Jersey coast in 1976. The children's unusual appearance and telepathic powers draw down upon them the wrath of the tribe's chieftain, and they flee toward the Pacific Ocean, encouraged and advised by the highly intelligent members of another survival community called "Morrow," with whom the children have inadvertently established telepathic contact. Hoover manages the pursuit nicely, maintaining suspense right up to the last minute rescue which will satisfy young readers.

In the sequel, during a brief respite at Morrow, the children learn that their grandfather was a Morrowan scientist who, on a field trip to the San Francisco area, had artificially inseminated one of the women of the Base. The Morrowans, who have developed telepathic abilities through genetic mutation, return to the Base taking the children with them though the reasons for the return seem contrived. It appears that Hoover is leading up to a choice for the children: to return to the idyllic existence of Morrow Hall, or to stay at the Base and try to raise the people from savagery. But, no. Tia is glad to see how savage the people are because if they "were anything more, then I couldn't leave again." Interesting enough escape tales, Ms. Hoover's books fail to offer insight into the human condition. The enlightened Morrowans display a surprisingly inhuman attitude toward their debased fellow men. Smug in their own superiority, the Morrowans' solution is to leave them to their



misery and ignorance. One finishes the second book wondering "Was this trip really necessary?"

Similar in general theme but superior to Hoover's books is Jay Williams' *The People of the Ax*. In an Iron Age culture, Arne and Frey, young initiates into the People of the Ax, are sent by the village council to Osan, the wise woman of the mountains, to learn how the hairy, ape-like Crom have suddenly acquired iron clubs. Arne's discovery of mysterious writing in the caverns beneath Osan's mountains gives the reader the first intimation that this novel is science fiction not fantasy. Arne learns from Osan that he possesses "tendo," the psychic power to manipulate matter, and, as he comes into his full power, he proposes that the Crom are not bestial but "unfinished people" to whom souls may be given. In the course of a council, Osan tells of atomic holocaust coupled with volcanic action which destroyed the materialistic civilization of the forefathers of the Crom, who are now systematically eradicated so they cannot regain control. Repelled by this heartlessness, Arne risks his life to prove that the hapless Crom are people like themselves who can be rehabilitated. Though reminiscent of Le Guin and Boulle, Williams' simple but powerful style and deft handling of plot enhance the examination of man's inhumanity to man.

In her books, *Below the Root* and *And All Between*, Zilpha K. Snyder chooses to examine man's inhumanity to man arising out of the abuse of power. She sets her story on a planet called Green-sky to which, long ago, the people came after "a desperate flight from a far distant planet, which had been totally destroyed by the terrible curse of war." The Kindar, as they called themselves, built their cities in the giant trees of the planet and, through rituals of joy and peace, developed remarkable mental powers of psychokinesis and telepathy. The only shadow in this utopia is the threat of the Pash-shan, vicious monsters who dwell below the impenetrable roots of the forest floor waiting to kill Kindar unwise enough to descend from the trees. After rescuing a little Pash-shan girl, three young initiates into the priestly ruling class discover that the Pash-shan are not monsters but only imprisoned Kindar who have disagreed with the Ol-zhaan, the ruling caste. *Below the Root* ends with the promise to "rekindle the light of the dream for all Green-sky."

In her sequel *And All Between*, Snyder attempts an interesting literary experiment. The same story told in the first book is now told from the point of view of Teera, the rescued girl. Snyder repeats the identical dialogue expanding only Teera's part in the story. The first reaction to the technique is "what an easy way to write a second novel," but Snyder's attempt to provide a dual point of view deserves a serious evaluation. The double narrative gives added insight but the repetition of such large amounts of dialogue is tiresome. It would have been more effective had Snyder integrated the dual viewpoint into one volume as Le Guin does in *The Left Hand of Darkness*, though perhaps she considered that approach too difficult for younger readers. In this second book, the plot is carried beyond the conclusion of the first book to a confrontation between the power factions of Green-sky. Snyder poses the age-old question: should one meekly submit to evil, or should one oppose it by violent means? Her portrait of a society seeking to escape the curse of violence and her experiment in narrative technique make these books stimulating reading.

\* \* \*

A third significant pattern in a number of post-catastrophe novels is the relationship and interaction between religion and government which Frank Herbert probed so acutely in *Dune*. Like Snyder, Peter Dickinson analyzes such a situation in *The Blue Hawk*. Highly ambivalent in its science fiction orientation, the book "takes place in a vividly imagined setting, a civilisation which might exist in the distant past or the far future. . . ." A young novice in the service of the hawk god, Gdu, named Tron, who is keeper of the sacred blue hawk, becomes enmeshed in the power struggle between the dominant priest-caste system and an emerging secular monarchy. Torn between his loyalty to his religious vows, his friendship with the young king, and his love of the fierce hawk, Tron must complete "the Ritual" which will free his people. In mood and diction reminiscent of Le Guin's *The Tombs of Atuan*, Dickinson's novel has compelling mythic power. Though there are minor lapses in imagination (his marauding horse lords, the Mohirrim, are very like Tolkien's Rohirrim), *The Blue Hawk* is a work of considerable power.

Sylvia K. Engdahl also offers a detailed examination of the psychology of a

religion-dominated government in *This Star Shall Abide* and its sequel, *Beyond the Tomorrow Mountains*. Escaping in starships from a solar system whose six inhabited planets were destroyed when their sun went nova, the few survivors attempt to colonize a planet inhospitable to human life and lacking in significant sources of metal. With the passage of time, the scientists set up a primitive Stone Age culture, with a priest-caste government: the Scholars and their assistants, the Technicians, who rule an agrarian population of simple villagers, who are awaiting the appearance of the "Mother Star." Noren, an intellectually curious young villager, questions the system and rebels because he has no access to the Technicians' knowledge. Accused of the crime of heresy, Noren is taken into the city of the Scholars where, belligerent and defiant, he is gradually convinced of the necessity of the religio-political system. In a well-conceived, plausible situation, Engdahl examines the workings of religion and government in the lives of men.

In her sequel, having reluctantly accepted the office of Scholar, Noren is torn by doubts about himself and his society. More and more depressed by the hopelessness of the task of synthesizing metals, Noren reaches a point of almost total despair until, with the sympathetic encouragement of his childhood sweetheart, Talyra, he is able to realize that "not all truth can be expressed in scientific terms . . . that the Mother Star is the symbol of . . . the unknowable . . . that there is no magical virtue in a particular symbol, but that symbolism shared is a powerful force for survival." When he finally realizes that the priest "does not receive . . . he gives hope and faith to people who might otherwise have neither . . .," Noren accepts his vocation as a priest-scholar. Engdahl captures the reader not so much with an action-adventure plot, though action is not lacking, but with her challenge to examine the nature of faith, hope, and man's commitment to life, now and in the future.

In this abundance of post-catastrophe novels, even the old standard catastrophes—atomic warfare and the alien invasion—are given new vitality by contemporary authors. Utilizing the atomic holocaust popular in the 1950's, Newbery medalist Robert C. O'Brien's *Z for Zachariah* is the diary of teenage Ann Burden who escapes death from atomic cataclysm because atmospheric inversion protects the small valley in which she dwells. Having lost her family to radiation, she lives alone with her dog and a few farm animals until the arrival of a chemist from Cornell who escaped by wearing a radiation "safe suit." She nurses him through a bout of radiation sickness and even dreams that together they will be a new Adam and Eve. This daydream of a new Eden is ruthlessly shattered by the chemist when he recovers and demands that Ann serve him with unquestioning obedience. Taking the "safe suit," the new Eve chooses to go out into the unknown world without Adam, having refused to repeat the old mistakes. O'Brien does not soften the edges of his apocalyptic vision by providing a happy ending for Ann. As in real life, he gives her only hope and faith that someone might be out there to give life purpose and meaning.

Last, and perhaps the most imaginative of the post catastrophe novels, is Jean Karl's *The Turning Point*. Taking as her starting point that old chestnut, the alien death ray, Ms. Karl probes the far future or "future past" with a Stapledonian imagination. In the first story, she eradicates most of the world's population by means of the "Clordian Sweep," and in eight subsequent sections, she spans thousands of years of the development of a new mankind, taking us eventually out into the vast reaches of space. Never consciously didactic, the taut stories read like abstracts from some future history, giving a tantalizing view of the millenia. Like poetry, her compressed narratives run the risk of obscurity which she seeks to alleviate by means of "Some Notes on Sources" which not only provide additional information, but also lend an air of historical authenticity to her work. The reader finishes the book hoping that Ms. Karl will expand each of her stories into a novel.

*The Turning Point* sums up the mood of the 1970's. We are at a turning point; the good old days are gone, and we must find a new course. As her space traveler says at the novel's close: "There are always problems. They change. Patterns change. And sometimes things get worse, sometimes better. But no matter what happens, problems remain." A large part of the appeal of contemporary science fiction for the young reader is its ability to delineate these eternal problems and to suggest that their answer lies within each man's grasp—love of fellow man.

For bibliographical information on books reviewed, see Page 30

## Reviews

**A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION**, by David Kyle. The Hamlyn Publishing Group, Ltd. (London) distr. by A&W Promotional Book Corp., 95 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. 1976. 173 pp. \$7.98

David Kyle's book is easily the best of all the many illustrated books that have appeared in the last few years. Some have more illustrations, some have more text, some are cheaper (at least in their paper versions) but for the combination of illustrations, text, price and information, Kyle tops the others. He goes the standard route—from Lucian of Samosata to Poe, Verne, Wells, the Munsey and other popular pulps of the late 19th and early 20th century to *Amazing Stories* and the 50 years of magazine science fiction which is Kyle's real strength. His coverage of the British magazine scene is probably the best obtainable at this date and much better than Brian Aldiss' *Science Fiction Art*.

While the coverage of the magazines is splendid, fan magazines, books, films, and television are not neglected. Obviously in a book of less than 200 pages, one cannot expect an overly intensive look at all aspects of science fiction. Kyle's range is wide and his view sensible, which is more than one can say for some of the so-called experts littering our field. The book is not error free but they are few. On page 59, the cover of *Amazing Stories* January 1930 is ascribed to Leo Morey, probably an error induced by Don Day's *Index to the Science-Fiction Magazines 1926-1950* which makes the same mistake. It is by the master, Hans Wesso. Also, on page 77, Kyle is mistaken in saying that *The Amphibians* is part of Wright's *Deluge*. We all know it to be part of his *The World Below*, don't we? In the bibliography, Kyle lists the Evans-Speer *The Index of Science Fiction Magazines* as being published c.1946, but if Kyle had looked in his copy he would have seen that many 1948 magazines are listed so it would more properly be c.1949. There are other errors but the reader is invited to use his own expertise.

There are a few improvements that could have been made in the book. A list of illustrations and sources would have been useful. Also, while some really dreadful and obscure British publications are depicted in full color, there is neither a single Haines Bok illustration nor one cover from *Famous Fantastic Mysteries* or its companion *Fantastic Novels* which in the entire history of magazine science fiction surely rank among the best in terms of illustrative material. No there is not one illustration by Lawrence. Still there are lots of Paul's both color and b&w. The multiple cover displays (in color) on pages 104 and 122 should have been blown up to full pages since they are too small in the half pages given to them.

Don't miss this one. The book is done with love and knowledge—a combination hard to beat.

—Edward Wood

**ESSAYS LOVECRAFTIAN**, ed. by Darrell Schweitzer. T-K Graphics (Box 1951, Baltimore, Md. 21203), 1976. iv, 114 pp. \$3.95/paper

I remember Darrell Schweitzer when he was an ignorant little punk hanging around Philadelphia fandom asking stupid questions. Now Darrell is a rather knowledgeable and well-read punk. From his reading he has assembled what he claims is the first collection of essays on Lovecraft. Since most previous collections of this sort contained verse or a few stories (either by HPL or by others) perhaps the claim is technically true, since this collection is strictly writing about by such diverse people as Robert Bloch, Fritz Leiber, Dirk Mosig, Marion Zimmer Bradley, and other less well known, but equally learned, folk. Except for the fact most of the material is familiar to anyone who is "into" Lovecraft and Lovecraftian criticism, this isn't a bad collection. Perhaps not what one would call great, it at least presents in one place at a reasonable price 14 essays about HPL and one piece by HPL. Unfortunately, many of the essays are trivial or irrelevant, as is most so-called criticism of HPL and sf in general. Schweitzer does have the good sense to include Leiber's "A Literary Copernicus." And even when trivial, the essays included are entertaining for readers of Lovecraft. A few may even offer an insight or two. Not a great bargain, it isn't a rip-off, either. A marginal purchase.

—J. B. Post

**ROBERT A. HEINLEIN: STRANGER IN HIS OWN LAND**, by George Edgar Slusser. (The Milford Series, Popular Writers of Today, Volume one) The Borgo Press, 1976. 60 pp. \$1.95

This is an interesting little book for students of Heinlein. The reader should at least have read some of his works before tackling this. It might also be good supplementary reading for coursework.

Slusser traces Heinlein's style and philosophy from the mid-fifties onward. It is somewhat controversial as many readers may disagree with his opinion—it makes a nice launch point for a discussion. The author focuses on seven books: *Double Star*, *Time for the Stars*, *Methuselah's Children*, *Have Space Suit—Will Travel*, *Stranger in a Strange Land*, *I Will Fear No Evil*, and *Time Enough for Love*. A nice bonus is the bibliography of his works. This is, however, hardly an exhaustive study.

—R. Lauraine Tutihasi

**CHARLES FORT: A RADICAL CORPUSCLE**, by Sam Moskowitz (361 Roseville Ave., Newark, N.J. 07107), 1976. 20 pp. mimeographed. \$1.00. 8½x11

Sam Moskowitz, in his never ceasing search to fill in the complete history of science fiction and fantasy, has given us in this slim pamphlet some five thousand words of his investigations into the short stories of Charles Fort. These words were cut from Moskowitz's recent book *Strange Horizons: The Spectrum of Science Fiction* and now Sam offers them here to those interested in the life of Charles Fort. It is easy to understand why they were cut out since only one of the twenty-five stories discussed is remotely science fiction and it is reprinted in the pamphlet: "A Radical Corpuscule" from the March 1906 *Watson's Magazine*. As an additional bonus, some nine illustrations by George Herriman, creator of *Krazy Kat*, illustrating three of Fort's stories from *Smith's Magazine* are also included.

Short summaries of twenty-five stories (one unpublished) circa 1905-7 from the following magazines make up the bulk of the material: *The Argosy* (2); *The Black Cat* (1); *The New Broadway Magazine* (3); *The Popular Magazine* (4); *Smith's Magazine* (8); *Tom Watson's Magazine* later *Watson's Magazine* (7).

Many do not care for Moskowitz's work either because of dislike of his style or envy of his matchless resources or his treatment of idea sources and that is surely their right. However it must always be admitted that he is first amongst the researchers of science fiction and that he has forgotten more about science fiction than most experts will ever learn.

—Edward Wood

**ANATOMY OF WONDER: SCIENCE FICTION**, edited by Neil Barron. R. R. Bowker Company, 1976. 471 pp. \$14.95 cloth, \$8.95 paper

This is part of a series, Bibliographic Guides for Contemporary Collections, but it serves far more than libraries. It contains a bibliography of 1100 original works including a separate section on anthologies for the modern period and another separate section devoted to juvenile fiction. Each entry includes citation of the first book edition and editions currently in print along with a "succinct plot summary noting principal themes, critical strengths and weaknesses, comparable works and any awards or nominations received." Especially significant works are starred, which form the basis for a special "Core Collection" list of 280 items. In addition there are sections on History, Criticism and Biography; Bibliographies, Indexes, and Teaching Aids; Magazine and Book Review Indexes; and Periodicals, each continuing the practice of starting for the Core Collection. There is also a section on Literary Awards and an especially useful one to the scholar on Library Collections.

The original works are divided into sections by period, each of which is selected and introduced by an experienced critical hand. Robert M. Philmus introduces "Science Fiction: From Its Beginnings to 1870" with a highly compact examination of the problem of definition of sf, which leads to a discussion of critical approaches based on the various classification systems that can be applied to sf: topical, structural, modal, and mythic. Discussion of the last two of these is a bit too compact, but the presentation as a whole is quite sane and very helpful.



Thomas D. Clareson introduces "The Emergence of the Scientific Romance, 1870-1926" with an excellent short history of the period which manages to find space for usually neglected areas like the relation between nineteenth-century future war stories and the adventures of pulp heroes as recent as *The Spider*, between Vernian technological extrapolation and the scientific detective of the early twentieth century, and between romanticized space travel adventures and the lost race stories.

Ivor Rogers, in his introduction to "The Gernsback Era, 1926-1937," the longest essay of the group, presents a wide ranging, almost unmanageable discussion of the period as one of transition between the scientific romance and more modern themes and techniques. The defect is one of organization following from a virtuous attempt to include too much: another definition discussion; an explanation of the pulp background and the ghettoization which antedated the founding of *Amazing*; the influence of a growing fandom viewed in the broader contexts of sf outside the pulps and of mainstream literature; an investigation of the sense of wonder; an analysis of the major changes in style, content, and theme which the era displayed; an exploration of the nature and relation to sf of secondary universe fiction, the gothic romance, and the weird or horror story; and finally a discussion of the two giants of the period, Huxley and Stapledon. There is much in this essay that is well researched, highly useful, and worth careful reading, but also much that demands more careful reading than should be necessary.

Joe De Bolt and John Pfeiffer avoid this problem in their introduction to "The Modern Period, 1938-1975" by presenting a series of lists together with capsulized, telegraphic summaries of the period. First there is a list of works organized by content—Demonstration polemics (includes utopias and dystopias), Human destiny stories (includes future histories), Alternative and lost worlds, and six more divisions—and subdivided by decade. Next there is a discussion by decade in which significant details from contemporary history, generalizations about the developing popular consciousness, and events in the history of the media are related to sf topics and works. The result is a highly compact and suggestive overview of the period with the most extensive of the bibliographies (701 items).

Bibliographies of this sort must of necessity contain something of the arbitrary, and a glance through might reveal to some readers surprising inclusions or omissions. A closer look, however, especially at prefaces and introductions, will reveal that most objections have been anticipated and carefully considered. Selections as a whole have been remarkably well researched, chosen, and annotated. The introductory essays are better than merely workmanlike. The volume as a whole promises to remain for some time an authoritative source. It is a bit too expensive to assign as required reading in sf courses, but all libraries should purchase it, and every serious sf reader will want to have his own copy.

—Thomas L. Wymer

*NOT TO MENTION CAMELS*, by R. A. Lafferty. Bobbs-Merrill, 1976. 215 pp. \$6.95

R. A. Lafferty's latest novel delineates the progress of a powerful cult figure variously appearing as Pilger Tisman, Pilgram Dusmano, Pelion Tuscamondo, or Polder Dossman, who escapes one death after another by jumping to alternate worlds and personalities. His own machinations eventually cause his undoing and he is plunged finally into hell, a very vocal soul.

I believe that what Lafferty writes about is his own personal vision of world essences (possibilities? origins?) and people essences (sometimes disguised as machine essences, or vice versa). I think that what he creates is satire clothed in myth. But the satire is only the half of it, a forethought lost to the afterthought, for with Lafferty it is always the myth that stands out and is remembered long after the book is closed. Explaining away his wonderfully weird prose as mere dressing for a deeper, more sober, social satire diminishes the accomplishment of his unique and inventive style. I won't attempt to unravel his symbolism, leaving that for readers who cannot abide unsolved mysteries.

Suffice it to say that *Camels* again confirms my belief that when imagination was being handed out to writers, R.A. got the lion's share of it.

—Gail C. Futoran

*TO THE LAND OF THE ELECTRIC ANGEL*, by William Rotsler. Ballantine 24517, 1976. 330 pp. \$1.50

Aside from one rather bad short story in *Analog*, William Rotsler was known to me only as an artist of some note, so I was more than a little skeptical when I began this book. Now that I have finished the reading, I am tempted to read his first novel, *Patron of the Arts* as well.

This second book is about an architectural designer several years in the future when the continuing population explosion has forced most of the people into gigantic arcologies which would tower over any present-day skyscraper. A few rich elite can afford to have men like Blake Mason design total environments away from the clutter of cities. Architects like Mason design not only the exterior of homes but also personalize the interior details down to furniture and artwork. Art has been developed to new sensual heights by the use of electronics. There are mobile sculptures which emit alpha waves which force the empathic participation of the viewer. One day, Mason is hired by multibillionaire Jean-Michel Voss to design a tomb. Blake eventually learns that Voss and a select group of his choosing intend to sleep for several decades in order to take advantage of a new life-prolonging process, which adds several years of life for each year of sleep. It is Blake's misfortune that he falls in love with Voss's "girl," Rio. In order to stay with her, Blake manages to steal a place in the tomb. But when the small group awaken more than a hundred years later, they find a world none had imagined. The world is divided by all manner of repressive "religions." It is all the group can do to survive, and some members ultimately lose out.

Rotsler has spun an exciting, action-packed story with very good characterization and a lot of deep philosophizing about politics, religion, love, and other topics of near-universal interest. His extrapolations are also very interesting and more importantly, plausible.

I have seldom read a book both this interesting and worthwhile. It is not exactly Hugo material, but I doubt anyone would call it a waste of time.

—R. Lorraine Tutihasi

*THE LIFESHIP*, by Harry Harrison and Gordon R. Dickson. Harper & Row, 1976. 181 pp. \$7.95

The stubborn opposition of two alien cultures is the theme. A crippled spaceship and a lifeship crammed with humans who cannot navigate it, but an alien who can, and who has no understanding and no interest in the humans aboard. An interesting story, reasonably well done, albeit somewhat repetitious in the continuing small crises aboard ship, but it reads well, holds the interest and generally moves well. A notch above pure space opera.

—Samuel Mines

*SCOP*, by Barry N. Malzberg. Pyramid V3895, 1976. \$1.25

Like most of Malzberg's other works, *Scop* is not an easy book to read. It is heavily literary and works quite well as an experiment in style. Malzberg is doubtless enjoying playing with words. The discriminating reader will probably find it a curiosity.

But no more than that. If most readers are like me, they will demand more of a book than style. The plot is minimal and of trivial interest. Basically, the book is a psychological study of a man in Earth's future, who has an obsession about assassinations which compels him to continually travel back in forth in time trying to prevent killings which he perceives as crucial turning points in history. For Malzberg, this is the vehicle through which he gives us the ultimate dissection and study of the John F. Kennedy assassination. The mental imbalance of the protagonist lends a curious flavor to the heavily literary style. Because of the psychological and temporal nature of the book, it has a circularity which allows one to read the book forever, becoming trapped in the plot as Scop is trapped in his obsession. A literary drug trip, in effect.

The book is a literary curiosity. But, unless the reader is as obsessed with assassinations as the author, he will find the book only of transitory interest. In essence, *Scop* does not have wide appeal.

—R. Lorraine Tutihasi

Orbitsville is a Dyson Sphere, a bubble of matter blown around a star in such a way that it intercepts all its radiation. The sphere is 320 million kilometers in diameter, a little more than the diameter of Earth's orbit. Its surface is 625 million times that of the Earth. And since only a quarter of Earth's surface is land and only about half that is useful, whereas Orbitsville is one infinite meadow, the effective surface is that of five billion Earths.

Purists may object to the magic by which Shaw establishes his Dyson Sphere—unlimited energy-to-matter conversion, tailoring atoms to have gravity in one direction but not in another, force fields, etc. I do not, and I am something of a purist myself. My only complaint is Shaw's ignoring of a basic law of physics. The shell of Orbitsville emits no energy outward but gravity; yet it intercepts the full energy output of a star. If it continues to absorb energy without losing any, its interior temperature must go up until it reaches nuclear levels.

A race that moved into Orbitsville could set up space travel around the outside to knit their scattered communities together. But anyone who felt oppressed by civilization could simply buy a few cows and a machine for turning grass into plastic, and drift out a few hundred kilometers, where there ain't no revenooers. Ultimately, then, says Shaw, all races would decline to the level of agrarian villagers—and this is the purpose of the enigmatic beings who built Orbitsville. (I should think they would be more likely to become nomadic herders.)

The tale of what those endless meadows does to the human race is Shaw's story, and the little we are given of it is fascinating and thought-provoking. Unfortunately he has thrown in a surface plot of attempted escape from a tyrant, the thwarting of her insane revenge, and her eventual overthrow. It is well done and fascinating, but an intrusion. It prevents us from grasping the immensity of Orbitsville, which is the central character of this book. It comes out seeming smaller than Niven's Ringworld, though Niven also suffered from a comparable failure.

Had Shaw told the story of Orbitsville's impact on the human race, this would be a great book. As it is, it is merely very good.

—Robert Chilson

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#### Bibliographical information on books reviewed in Lilliputia

THE BLUE HAWK, by Peter Dickinson (Atlantic, Little, 1976). Older readers. \$8.95

THIS STAR SHALL ABIDE, by Sylvia Engdahl (Atheneum, 1974). Older readers. \$6.95

BEYOND THE TOMORROW MOUNTAINS, by Sylvia Engdahl (Atheneum, 1973). Older readers. \$7.95

CHILDREN OF MORROW, by H.M. Hoover (Four Winds, 1973). Middle readers. \$4.95

TREASURES OF MORROW, by H.M. Hoover (Four Winds, 1976). Middle readers. \$6.95

THE TURNING PLACE, by Jean Karl (Dutton, 1976). Older readers. \$7.95

NO NIGHT WITHOUT STARS, by Andre Norton (Atheneum, 1975). Older readers. \$6.95

Z FOR ZACHARIAH, by Robert C. O'Brien (Atheneum, 1975). Older readers. \$6.95

BELOW THE ROOT, by Zilpha K. Snyder (Atheneum, 1975). Middle readers. \$7.50

AND ALL BETWEEN, by Zilpha K. Snyder (Atheneum, 1976). Middle readers. \$6.95

THE PEOPLE OF THE AX, by Jay Williams (Walck, 1974). Middle readers. \$5.95

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#### SF and the Cinema continued from Page 12

*Blackmail, Psycho*. Despite or because of all his homicidal celluloid, Hitchcock seems to me to have no moral (i.e., intellectual) viewpoint on killing people, which in film terms he sees only as a technical problem in audience identification. The commercial/prestige success of *Psycho* and even the no. 18 gross of his 1972 no-star *Frenzy* seem to me to reflect in a nasty way on his fans and critics. Without its murder, *Blackmail* could have provided a very interesting four-way confrontation between its feckless heroine, her square and hip loves, and even possibly the blackmailer.

THE APOCALYPSE PAPERS: A FICTION BY THE FIRESIGN THEATRE. Apocalypse Press (Box 1821, Topeka, Kansas 66601) 1976. 30 pp. \$1.00

GOOD TASTE, by Isaac Asimov. Apocalypse Press, 1976. 36 pp. \$2.00

THE SPAGYRIC QUEST OF BEROALDUS COSMOPOLITA, by Arthur Machen. Purple Mouth Press (713 Paul St., Newport News, Va. 23605) 1976. 22 pp. \$2.00

The above cited works share in being limited to 500 copies each, or so the verso of their title pages proclaim. It always seems an exercise in futility to review such works because they are so difficult for the average reader to find if the average reader desires to read them. A bit like the fellow who felt any girl who would go out with him he wouldn't be seen dead with: if they aren't out of print by the time this review appears, who would want to read them? More than 500 folk.

The Machen item is a facsimile reprint from Haldeman-Julius "Little Blue Book" no. 970 with illustrations by Mae and Danny Streikoff added. The story is a parody (I think) of a mystic quest which I think is quite funny. Not as broad as *Jurgen*, but still funny. I may be wrong and it is a mystic allegory but I'm rather dense in such matters.

The Firesign Theatre is four California-based chaps (Philip Austin, David Ossman, Philip Proctor, Peter Bergman) who have books, recordings, films, four radio series, and several plays & theater pieces to their (its?) credit. Hopefully *Apocalypse Papers* doesn't represent their best work. Oh, the pieces are amusing and filled with many verbal jokes and who knows how many private ones and they are science fictional in background and outlook, but definitely on the level of fan writing.

The Asimov item is one story, and a pretty good one at that, which though hard to find in this format will, I am sure, be ultimately reprinted in future collections of the Good Doctor's works. It concerns Chawker Minor's trip off the planet Gammer where the folk eat a cultured fungus enlivened with synthetic flavors. Chawker Minor returns with strange notions and produces a magnificent meal only to be exiled when it is discovered he used garlic instead of all synthetic condiments. This is also a preaching tale: "If it had grated bulb in it, that didn't mean the dish was bad; it meant the bulb was good."

Forget about looking for any of these books, but you might try the Machen and the Asimov in other places if you can find them. And give the Firesign Theatre a chance, too; some of their stuff has to be available somewhere.

—J. B. Post

#### ONCE MORE INTO THE BREACH

*A Survey of Series II of Classics of Science Fiction by Hyperion Press*

The two most important questions to ask in any reprint, but especially in facsimiles, are "is it worth reprinting?" and "how good technically is the reprint?" In even the most insipid drivel there may be virtues the casual reader (the person who reads for pleasure) fails to see. The scholar may discern reflections of the social order into which the author was born or detect a hitherto missing link in literary relationships, so the answer to the first question is almost always "for someone," and we mean someone other than the publisher. It's nice some publishers take notice of science fiction and give us expensive reprints; a real ego-boost, if somewhat wallet-deflating. We have arrived. Sometimes I wish we hadn't.

Having given us the first series as well as reprinting some of Sam Moskowitz's studies of our world, Hyperion Press (45 Riverside Ave., Westport, Conn. 06880) comes along with series II. Available in both cloth cased and paperback editions, the set is generally geared to the insane collector or the academic market. Series II has *Cloak of Aesir* and *Who Goes There?* by John W. Campbell; *Out of the Silence* by Erle Cox; *A Plunge into Space* by Robert Cromie; *The Air Trust* by George Allan England; *The Boats of the "Glen Carrig"*, *The Ghost Pirates*, *The House on the Borderland*, and *The Nightland* by William Hope Hodgson; *Distant Worlds* by Friederich Marder; *Rebirth* by Thomas Calvert McClary; *A Trip to Venus* by John Munro; *Saurus* by Eden Phillpotts; *The Sea Demons* by Victor Rousseau; *The Iron Star* by "John Taine"; *Vandals of the Void* by James Morgan Walsh; *The Sea Lady* by H.G. Wells; *The World Below* by S. Fowler Wright; and *The Murderer Invisible* by Philip Wylie. Cost aside, none of the titles are spurnable in and of themselves.



The real bargain is *Who Goes There?* at \$3.95 in paper covers. We get seven (7) Campbell stories from the thirties. Interesting to note that JWC was very concerned with energy sources and the exhaustion of fossil fuels. The narrative is a bit dated but not that we can't enjoy Campbell the writer. All of these reprints are dated in narrative and stylistic techniques, but so will the stories today be in 50-100 years; for their time they were well told tales (as well told as most popular fiction) often expressing forward looking ideas.

I could go on and take each book, commenting on it at length, tiring my typing fingers and your eyes, so only a few comments now. *Vandals of the Void* is entertaining space-opera, suffering a bit from the "as you know, Ralph" device of describing the society and its wonders. The Hodgson titles are a bit expensive considering the mass market paperbacks of two of the titles (*House on the Borderland* and *Boats of the "Glen Carrig"*) issued not too many years ago. And while we're on Hodgson, the copy used to reproduce *House on the Borderland* was badly printed because the facsimile shows broken letters and incomplete characters. *The Iron Star* is a good story about evolutionary regression but weakened by having so much of the tale pulled together at the end by narrative. *Out of the Silence* is supposed to be complete; the expurgated chapter having been restored (too racist except for the Australians). *The Sea Lady* is entertaining but not Wells at his best. *The World Below* is complete but \$4.95 may deter some readers. And the rest? Not bad, even readable, often "Classics," nice to have in print in editions many libraries will buy, but not absolutely required reading.

Except *Who Goes There?*—and anything by a personal favorite author—the set is best left to libraries. Wonder what Series III will have? Short of a major depression, we can be sure there will be an encore. —J. B. Post

*VAUGHN BODE INDEX*, edited by George W. Beahm. Annotated by Vaughn Bode. Book design and production by Richard D. Garrison. Distributed by C. W. Brooks, Jr. (713 Paul St., Newport News, Va. 23605) 1976. 64 pp. \$5.00 paper

Some people burn out early and their deaths aren't tragic, but Vaughn Bode had only begun to give us his worlds and characters. His death was foolish and tragic and bizarre, no fitting end at all. That the time for evaluation has come so soon is unfortunate, but Bode produced enough work that the effort isn't futile. The *Vaughn Bode Index* is a good start—a half-formal, concise and dedicatory bibliography mixed with biography, chronology, and selections from key works of art. For Vaughn Bode connoisseurs it's essential.

My only comment about Bode's life—probably inappropriate, for I'm certainly not him—is that reality is a watchful hawk, and going too loose, too far, without very learned precautions, going alone without a definite sense of destination, is the same as inviting the world's cruelty through open doors. Delicate, vagabond souls are peculiarly close to the shadows, and Bode probably knew this. His work reflects a long association with odd, deaths. —Greg Bear

*THE DAW SCIENCE FICTION READER*, ed. by Donald A. Wollheim. DAW UW1242, 1976. 207 pp. \$1.50

Introduced as a sampler of DAW's regular contributors, and a bit of a celebration, this being book number 200 in the line, it contains a complete novel by Andre Norton called *Fur Magic*, new to paperback publication; a Gordy Dickson Dorsai short; a rather unoriginal story by Tanith Lee, an Alan Burt Akers Dray Prescott novelette; a light and enjoyable Lin Carter; Marion Zimmer Bradley providing a story on reality being in our perceptions; Brian M. Stableford with a search story. The Norton tale, which takes one-half of the anthology, starts out very juvenile in style, but the story of a boy transformed into a beaver in a world when the animals still ruled, is worth sticking with.

I especially enjoyed the anthology because it painlessly introduced me to some of characters I had heard of before but never read, such as the Dorsai and Dray Prescott. Very few of the stories can be considered potential award winners, but they are all solidly crafted in a well-balanced collection which does just what D.A.W. promises. Most readers will get their moneysworth out of this DAW sampler. —Gail C. Futoran

*RUN, COME SEE JERUSALEM!* by Richard C. Meredith. Ballantine 25066, 1976. 232 pp. \$1.50

The paradoxes of time travel are many and difficult and not all authors handle them with the same dazzling efficiency. This book faces up to a bold concept—enough of this business of not tampering with the past, let's go back and change the past so as to alter our future! Specifically, the idea is to go back in time and kill the mother of the dictator-to-be, so that he is never born and the world spared the horrors he brings. On the face of it, the idea suggests all sorts of complications. The problem with the execution is that all these complications are pretty much reserved for the last chapter or two. Most of the story spends far too much time on plot non-essentials, including a long idyllic period in the Chicago of 1871 where the hero recovers from a crippling wound and dallies with the daughter of his doctor. In many respects this is a sophisticated and knowledgeable story, but I'd judge it as a good try that doesn't quite come off. —Samuel Mines

*BIO-FUTURES*, edited, with introduction and notes by Pamela Sargent. Vintage Books V-366, 1976. 344 pp. \$1.95

The theme is biological metamorphosis—man changing his own body (and mind) in adaptation to severely changing environments. Like, for example, living on the surface of Jupiter and drinking methane instead of water. Pamela Sargent is a serious young woman with a degree in philosophy, and her introduction and notes reflect her deeply philosophical concern with the impact of all this accelerated evolution. This is all to the good if you conceive of science fiction as predominantly educational. If you don't, you will find this collection of stories a little heavy going. Some people think of science fiction as fun to read—well, these are a little heavy for fun, and Pamela's earnest and documented notations make it seem more like a college study course than entertainment. But don't be frightened off—there are good authors herein: R.A. Lafferty, Kate Wilhelm, Thomas Disch, Ursula K. Le Guin, Poul Anderson, Thomas Scortia, Frederik Pohl and James Blish, plus a bibliography of further recommended reading. And it's a lot of book for \$1.95. —Samuel Mines

*THE FARTHEST SHORES OF URSULA K. LE GUIN*, by George E. Slusser. The Borgo Press (Newcastle Publishing Co., Inc., P.O. Box 7589, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409), 1976. 60 pp. \$1.95

Slusser's thesis is well organized and well considered. He contends that Le Guin's works have always been of a Taoist nature and that she has been exploring the possibility of balance between the individual and the environment in all of her works. He demonstrates the similarities in theme from Le Guin's first novel, *Rocannon's World*, through to her present pieces. He also cites from her essays, "Dreams Must Explain Themselves" and "From Elfland to Poughkeepsie." Recommended strongly. —Vincent dePaul

*SELECTED LETTERS*, H. P. Lovecraft. Arkham House, 1965-1976. 5 volumes. \$50.00/set

First a few items on mechanical matters. The first three volumes were edited, so the title page notes, by August Derleth and Donald Wandrei while August Derleth and James Turner share the honors for volumes four and five. The first three volumes are alike in having the illustrations (usually photographs) on heavy, coated paper while the final volumes have the illustrations printed on the regular book paper (ah, economy). Each volume has its own pagination, but the letters are numbered sequentially. Each volume has a detailed analytic contents noting to whom, what date written, and the subject(s) of the letter. What is needed is a sixth volume indexing at least the recipients of the letters but ideally the subjects covered as well—but I dream. The first letter is dated November 30, 1911 and the last is dated March 1937. 930 letters are included in whole or part. The publication dates and pagination of each volume are: vol.1, 1965 (1911-1924, xxix, 362 pp); vol.2, 1968 (1925-1929, xxiv, 359 pp); vol.3, 1971 (1929-1931, xxii, 451 pp); vol.4, 1976 (1932-1934, xxxii, 424 pp); and vol.5, 1976 (1934-1937, xxxvii, 437 pp). Since these will probably be reprinted, it isn't necessary to note here the number of copies printed. —

Obviously only someone deeply into Lovecraft would ever want to buy this set, but parts can be read with profit by many others. In one sense the first four volumes are a prologue to volume five: there we see Lovecraft at the height of his career, such as it was, dispensing wisdom and advice to others in his lop-sided erudition. He writes to C.L. Moore about politics; he writes to Helen Sully (Trimble) about coping with the world; he writes to anybody about everything. In the last volume we see his ideas formed (and often at odds with ideas presented in earlier letters) and his personality shining through. We can see why his friends called him, with only some exaggeration, "the greatest letter writer in America." Even in L. Sprague de Camp's biography of him, Lovecraft comes out as mentally ill, incapable of coping with the modern world, a total bigot about ethnic and religious minorities. True, he never did overcome his prejudice against the Afro-American, but his early "Native American" anti-Semitism did evolve into something not very far from Arthur Koestler's "assimilate or emigrate" dictum. His purely ethnic prejudices (except for Blacks) became cultural: if Portuguese and Italians and Jews can't or won't act like Yanks, send them where they can do their own thing with their own people.

But more than his prejudices comes out. His theories on aesthetics are more common than his tirades against foreigners. Lovecraft was a cultural conservative (but not a reactionary—he saw the flaws in what he liked, there were just more flaws in what he disliked) who felt innovation must be based on what has gone before. As an aside, his story "The Silver Key" begins with Lovecraft's philosophy of life expressed in the first few paragraphs. He becomes specific in his letters to the point of making architectural sketches (not reproduced) quite often. Though narrow in his reading of fiction, he was more widely read than is commonly supposed (just didn't care for much of what he read). He seems to have been aware of painting and the other plastic arts and had his own tastes there too.

Almost as interesting to some readers will be the list of people with whom HPL corresponded. There isn't enough space to give a complete list but we can note C.L. Moore, Emil Petaja, Henry Kuttner, August Derleth, Clark Ashton Smith, Robert E. Howard, Robert Bloch, Fritz Leiber, Willis Conover, and E. Hoffmann Price. To these folk and others he wrote letters which would range from mini-travelogues discussing his journeyings to long essays on the antiquities of New England to his support of the New Deal. One wishes one had R.E. Howard's letters to HPL rather than just HPL to REH to see both sides of the debate on the curtailment of individual freedom of action (as opposed merely to freedom of thought). Folklore, both real and that created by the "Lovecraft Circle," is a prominent feature. I personally wish HPL had elaborated more on his memorable meeting with A. Merritt.

I could go with specifics but I'm sure you have the idea by now. This set, particularly the last volume (available at \$12.50 separately), shows why Lovecraft had such a devoted following of friends. In some ways HPL was like Harold Ross, founder of *The New Yorker*, in seeming to be totally unlikable when described in a biography but who inspired loyalty and love (yes, "love") in those who knew him. The letters show why. —J. B. Post

**MORE WOMEN OF WONDER**, ed. by Pamela Sargent. Vintage Books V876, 1976. 301 pp. \$1.95

I hadn't read *Women of Wonder* but I plan to now. I enjoy good scholarship and Sargent's lili-page introduction treats not only women writers but the whole field of sf—its problems and potential. *More* contains stories Sargent hadn't room for in the first anthology, and with one exception they are novella or novelette length, which seems to be a more manageable form for this literature of ideas than either the short story or novel.

From old to new, we have a 1935 C. L. Moore Jirel of Joiry story (my first experience with Jirel, and I want *more!*), a 1949 Leigh Brackett, and more lately, stories by Joanna Russ, Josephine Saxton, Kate Wilhelm, and Joan D. Vinge, ending with Ursula K. Le Guin's completely perfect "The Day Before the Revolution." All of these have appeared elsewhere and several will be anthologized many times. This anthology shows the best that women writers can do with a great range of different styles and ideas, and *that's good*. Right on, Pamela Sargent!

—Gail C. Futoran

**CURIOUS FRAGMENTS: JACK LONDON'S TALES OF FANTASY FICTION**, edited by Dale L. Walker. Preface by Philip Jose Farmer. Kennikat Press (90 S. Bayles Ave., Port Washington, N.Y. 11050) 1975. 223 pp. \$12.95

Dale Walker has edited an anthology that provides "a chronological cross section" of London's works and sprinkled it liberally with biographical material and comments from major London critics. In other words, if you teach a course in American Lit or the origins of sf, this collection is a welcome addition to the field. However, the scholarship tends to overshadow the fiction. And although many of the first dozen stories are interesting and well written, only the final three would have seen print if written today, and only two of those could be considered science fiction.

The non-sf one, "War," is a tale of the Civil War. Walker would have you believe otherwise. He stresses and exaggerates two phrases in the story, "alien invaders" and "detested tongue," and attempts to base its inclusion on them. I found my suspension of disbelief foundering when I discovered the alien invaders had blond beards and blue eyes, and rode horses and shot carbines. I do agree with him, however, that the story, in mood, is reminiscent of Ambrose Bierce's "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," and that it is the second best London tale in the collection.

"The Scarlet Plague" is a post-catastrophe novelette, focusing on the memories of a survivor and the reactions of his grandchildren to them. London paints a vivid picture of the chaos during the plague complete with mass looting, conflagrations, and individual heroics. The grandchildren learn of, and scoff at, this lost history while eating mussels and crabs over a campfire. The balance between the chaos and the fireside chat is truly beautiful. London manages to get across his message without bludgeoning the reader.

The final story of the collection, "The Red One," is without a doubt the best in the anthology and probably one of the best mood sf stories I've ever read. By itself, it justifies the anthology's existence. The story revolves around the deity of a tribe of headhunters and the attempts of the hero to discover who or what is "The Red One." London builds the mystery and plot slowly and convincingly, so much so that I began to believe London was writing from personal experience. Farmer and Walker both claim this story to be a classic, and I agree. It must be read.

—Vincent dePaul

**STRUCTURAL FABULATION: AN ESSAY ON FICTION OF THE FUTURE**, by Robert Scholes. (Ward-Phillips Lectures in English Language and Literature, no. 7). University of Notre Dame Press, 1975. xi, 111 pp. Bibliog. index. \$6.95 cloth, \$2.95 paper

Scholes, an English professor, has extensively revised these four 1974 lectures which placed science fiction in a traditional literary context and justified its value to an academic audience. Fabulation is "fiction that offers us a world clearly and radically discontinuous from the one we know and yet returns to confront that known world in some cognitive way." The lectures/essays treat: the contemporary situation of fiction and literary criticism; a theory and historical framework for sf; perspectives on the variety of sf; and a critical examination of the work of Ursula Le Guin to indicate the quality and seriousness of the genre. Essays are most likely to interest the English student or faculty member beginning a critical acquaintance with sf rather than the enthusiast or the specialist. The title is indicative of approach. The author enthusiastically advocates the value of structural fabulation as a literary form and he attempts to take sf out of the ghetto and place it in the mainstream. He argues that science fiction is the mainstream of contemporary literature and likely to be more so in the future.

The first two essays are most useful and are richer in the ideas presented. Those familiar with current critical work in the field will find the last two essays to be slight; more of an endorsement than an analysis. Illustrative quotes are taken from Stapledon, Sturgeon, and Le Guin and some would question whether these are representative. The book itself is well made, legible, and easily read except for some scholarly jargon. The index is satisfactory, but the selective bibliography is inadequate. The study of science fiction has progressed too far for this to be more than interesting. The author's reach exceeds his grasp. An article or two would have been more appropriate.

—William C. Robinson



*THE KIN OF ATA ARE WAITING FOR YOU*, by Dorothy Bryant. Moon Books/Random House, 1976. 220 pp. \$2.95 (also available in hardcover, \$6.95) Originally Published as *THE COMFORTER* in 1971

This is published as a feminist fantasy, and the jacket copy includes approving reviews from several feminist periodicals. I consider it more of a traditional anti-materialist utopian novel.

The narrator is an author who murders a girl he is seeing. Fleeing from the crime he crashes his car. He regains consciousness on an island populated by an ostensibly primitive agricultural people and is gradually absorbed into their culture. This culture is communal and egalitarian and has a strong ethical and mystical content embodied in dreams, ritual and legendry. He is reformed by the experience. One of the prime elements in the ritual is that if a member of the culture is "called" in a dream he or she must return to the real world, in effect, to suffer for humanity. Failure to do so would somehow destroy the whole culture of the island.

The feminism in the novel, or what is intended as feminism in the novel, would seem to be expressed by the egalitarian nature of the culture, in the person of the female lead, Augustine, who grows into a person of great spiritual stature, and in the reform of the initially macho narrator.

I can't say I liked the book particularly. The writing style is a bit awkward and I have little sympathy for this variety of utopianism. I don't even see the book as particularly feminist. When Augustine returns to normal humanity to suffer, it seems uncomfortably close to traditional feminine role models. (Admittedly, the men in the culture do it too.) If you like this type of fiction in general, I suppose it's an acceptable example of the genre and you may well enjoy reading it.

—Leslie Bloom

*BEASTS*, by John Crowley. Doubleday, 1976. 184 pp. \$5.95

*Beasts* tells of a future time in America when old political bonds have broken and a fragmented society is torn by different groups struggling for dominance. Tossed into this conflict in which they have no interest are the leos: half-lion, half-man, strong, self-sufficient, threatening to humans in some undefinable way. Manipulating everyone is a half-man, half-fox, Reynard. He is the only one of his kind and no one knows his motives. Assorted humans provide focus for the story: Loren, the naturalist, central to the tale; young Sten and his sister Mika, heirs to the kingdom if the Union for Social Engineering doesn't kill them first; Caddie, a human female who mates with the primary leo Painter, and Meric Landseer, a documentary film maker who leaves his protected commune to follow Painter and share the fate of the pride. Finally, a dog named Sweets that develops a mystical attraction to Painter. It is this mysticism, seen also in some humans, that should have been at the core of the story, to make a statement for the simplicity and honesty of life that Painter leads.

Suspense built up in one chapter is lost when the next chapter goes off in a different direction. Too little time is spent on major figures, on the main plot. And it is hard to find Crowley's point of view in all this. In some scenes he is saying that the leos' nobility is messianic, suggesting to the reader that the ending will have all beasts, including humans, following the amazing grace of the leo in a totally new lifestyle, a natural evolution from man's unnatural act of creating the leos in the first place. But Crowley opposes this with the manipulator Reynard, and Sten, the young prince in exile. The end of the novel has Painter, Reynard, Sten and the other humans gathered together to make plans for the future. At the end it is the fox who is the master planner, the others, even Painter, mere pawns. The reader is left in a state of confusion not knowing what to believe, feeling cheated despite the excellent prose and characterizations. The mysticism surrounding Painter is lost as too many subplots take us away from this essential mystery, the only one with the power to captivate and make a statement. The rest is episodic.

Whatever Crowley's philosophy, it might be better if he took one viewpoint and directed his efforts to elucidating that viewpoint. It would make a more powerful story, one that *Beasts* should have been.

—Gail C. Futoran

*OX*, by Piers Anthony. Avon 29702, 1976. 256 pp. \$1.50

*OX* is the final novel in a trilogy consisting of *Omnivore* and *Orn*. *OX* introduces several new characters: *OX* itself, an energy being, and Machine, a tank-like creature. Characters from the previous novels are also present: the flying mantas, animate fungi from *Omnivore*; the large birds from *Orn*, and the highly trained, rebuilt humans representing a government whose policies the three central humans abhor.

The adventure in *Omnivore* was on the planet Nacre, in *Orn* on the alternate Earth called Paleo. In *OX* the three humans travel through many alternate worlds, even meeting their own alternates and forming new relationships. This provides one of the conflicts in the novel. Another conflict is the effort of the three humans to keep the government agents from ruthlessly claiming more and more worlds for an overpopulated, greedy, destructive Earth. And finally, the larger conflict involving *OX*, Machine, a manta, a bird, and a human, all very young and struggling to survive and to know their own identities. *OX* has the power to move itself and anyone else under its influence to different worlds within the Alternity. Aquilon, Cal, Veg (artist, intellectual, and strong man) and an agent, Tamme, grapple with the mystery of the machines and *OX* which seem to threaten their survival.

The novel is an enjoyable and satisfying combination of idea and adventure, science and romance. The prior two novels, especially *Orn*, are tied in neatly with the final novel. *Orn* loses much when you read it out of sequence, since the primary conflicts are recalled in *OX* through flashbacks and much of the punch is taken out of the original telling. The entire trilogy is well worth reading.

—Gail C. Futoran

*ORBIT 18*, edited by Damon Knight. Harper & Row, 1976. 256 pp. \$8.95

A preponderance of new names does little to detract from the usual fine quality of the Orbit series, nor are any surprises provided. New writers Kim Stanley Robinson, Howard Waldrop, Kathleen M. Sidney, Raylyn Moore and Carter Scholz offer relatively traditional stories, cautiously written. Careful scenes are built but the plots themselves are weak, structures too fragile to justify the strengths of the individual narratives. But the possibilities are there. On the other hand there is a masterful sketch by Felix Gottschalk, whose use of a few perfect stylistic strokes defines a future society's problems and solutions. Kate Wilhelm teaches us all a lesson in writing with her story of the boob-tube society taken to extreme. A simple tale, yet it has impact on many levels. Gary Cohn's "The Rules of Moopsball" should be read by our leaders in the Pentagon and introduced in place of War Games. For us fans, I expect to see some version of Moopsball played—in the hotel corridor, perhaps?—at SunCon. R.A. Lafferty gives us a frightening look at a future world controlled with a vengeance by the Madison Avenue philosophy. Another new writer, Craig Strete, provides a mystifying surrealistic tale that I couldn't comprehend which may say something about the media, and is stylistically the most far-out piece in the anthology. The media seems to be a prime target for sf writers of late. Contending for first place with Wilhelm's story is John Varley's "The M&M, Seen as a Low-Yield Thermonuclear Device," a really fine piece of low-key, carefully crafted satire, its target being the behavioralists such as B.F. Skinner. "Arcs & Secants" continues to amuse and inform, a bit of in-ness that even the neofan can enjoy.

—Gail C. Futoran

*TIME OF THE FOURTH HORSEMAN*, by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro. Doubleday, 1976. 183 pp. \$5.95

This is an unpleasant book, a jarring book, even a horrifying one. We are given a near future when the population crisis is beginning to overwhelm civilization and in which birth control has failed. There are only two solutions to the population crisis: either the birth rate must go down, or the death rate must go up. And since the first alternative has been rejected, the second must be implemented.

This is the dilemma on which the book is based: if the crisis is not solved, things will fall apart—and epidemics will again sweep the land when doctors and sanitation have collapsed. Yet—the solution is horrifying. No democracy could take it.

So the Administration and its intelligence agencies choose an unnamed western city for their preliminary experiment; if it works, the rest of the country will be served in like manner.

Dr. Natalie Lebbreau is puzzled by the odd wave of unknown illnesses that begins to sweep over the hospital; she learns it's the same in hospitals all over the city. Little by little she puts together a picture of all the old forgotten diseases coming back: polio, tetanus, diphtheria, all the diseases that were exterminated by vaccination. To make matters worse, the diagnostic computers don't recognize the diseases; they're extinct! And to make matters still worse, the afflicted children—for most of the patients are children, often children who have been abandoned—the afflicted children are transferred out of her reach when they reach the critical stage.

Fairly early in the book, so early I'm giving nothing away, she learns that this is no accident. For five years now one third of all the vaccines used in the city were dead—nonviable—worthless. And now the victims are catching the diseases against which they were not protected. There is no way to know which disease a victim has been left exposed to; it is also problematical which unprotected people will die—even if they get no better care than the hospital administrators and the doctors who support the plan intend to give. This plan is presented to Natalie as “fair,” “democratic,” and the only possible answer. (And if she goes along and says nothing, they'll see to it that she is revaccinated with good vaccine, like all of them. An ironic touch I liked.) It is stated that there is a two-thirds chance that a given patient is fully protected. Actually this is in error, and the planners could not possibly have missed so elementary a point. There is a two-thirds chance that each patient is protected against any *given* disease, as smallpox or scarlet fever, but it is almost mathematically certain that everybody will be unprotected against *at least one* disease, unless he was vaccinated before the plan started.

The math goes, if there are but three diseases in the plan, there are but 27 permutations. In six of these twenty-seven, the victim will catch two of the diseases. In twelve out of the twenty-seven—nearly half—he will catch one disease. In eight out of the twenty-seven—less than one third—he will be protected across the board. And in only one out of the twenty-seven will he catch them all. That is with *three* diseases. With ten or more the odds go up to the astronomical. (The odds against catching them *all* go up to 64,000 - 1, but the odds against catching *one* go down equally sharply.)

Ms. Yarbro may not have figured the odds as here, but she is aware of them as she makes clear. (I only object that the planners would also be aware.)

To get on with the story, Natalie must consider whether she should be for or against the plan. What is she battling to save these children *for*? Many are abandoned; many more have run away from home; most have been battered and abused. These are the results of overpopulation. There's got to be a solution.

We are given no solution; the book is grimly realistic throughout. The overpopulated world of the future is sketched in delicately, in Natalie's home scenes, in the results of overcrowding seen in the hospital, and in conversation. The helplessness of working against a system so cold-blooded as this is well drawn. The hospital scenes, to this healthy reader, seem correct.

The characters are blocked in hastily; they do not rise above cardboard, but that is partly because of the rush of events as the city collapses into multiple plagues and the doctors become so overworked they scarcely have personalities. The growing realization of the people that they are being lied to is well-depicted, though I think they would've rioted and demanded at least the truth. This plan is known to too many, yet not public, an unstable state of affairs. The revolt of the street kids, who have suffered most, is also believable. Ms. Yarbro had to sketch details in lightly for lack of space; the standard-size book is too short for her.

In general, one of the best “collapse of civilization” stories I've read, the more believable as it is a case where we do it to ourselves—for the best of all reasons.

I find the conclusion ruggedly honest except Natalie's last sentimental gesture, and that is fitting and not intrusive.

Recommended. This is a writer to watch.

—Robert Chilson

*TERMINUS*, by Peter Edwards. St. Martin's Press, 1976. 336 pp. \$8.95

The story takes place after two nuclear wars have changed the world. Eurafica is now the center of civilization; there is government, but the president is more figurehead than power figure. Infiltrating at all levels of government and business is a powerful cult known as the Universal Fellowship of the Stigmata. Opponents are silenced by banishment to Camp Deadend, a prison colony on Mars. One such man, Paul Amber, has languished for two years at Deadend. Then opportunity places a major Stigmatic, Dionysius, within Amber's reach. The novel ends with their to-the-death fight in a newly excavated Martian city.

This novel would have worked—a good story is there buried beneath the fat—if a good editor had suggested heavy cutting and revision, and the writer had learned how to write dialogue, which is clumsy, forced, and unreal. Edwards has no problem concocting a number of interesting situations for his characters; his problem is properly using the situations and characters as support for the main thread of the plot. Additionally, he has too many “major” characters—eight—when there are only two protagonists whose lives we need to know in detail. As published, *Terminus* is dull, and that is sure death in the sf field.

—Gail C. Futoran

*CULTURES BEYOND THE EARTH: The Role of Anthropology in Outer Space*, ed. by Magorah Maruyama and Arthur Harkins. Vintage V602, 1975. 206 pp. \$2.95 paper

We all have our follies. Each of us finds a point in our thinking where we must make a “leap of faith,” and abandon careful reason. Where that point occurs—say, before anything else, as in a thoroughly religious person; or after all evidence is lacking, as in a “scientific” mentality—determines many aspects of personality and outlook. Hard science tends to shy away from leaps of faith—whereas softer disciplines, such as psychology, anthropology, and history (all interrelated), must by necessity depend on them. In hard science, there is a great deal of evidence to be sifted through, and experiments can generally be repeated. Not so in softer sciences. Our ignorance of human nature and conduct is abysmal because we are reluctant to conceive of ourselves in the same way we conceive of atoms and molecules, or even other animals. We are reluctant to take human beings apart, or stick wrenches in human cogwheels, to see what makes us tick—so we rely on history to do the dirty work for us, and avert our gaze until after the fact. We then avidly sort through the rubble of psychotic individuals, destroyed civilizations, dead cultures—and try to piece together a complete picture. But because we cannot repeat the “experiment,” softer sciences can never claim the same sort of achievement of, say, physics and chemistry. (I was about to include astronomy, but it occurred to me that astronomy is even more observational than history. It is a “hard” science for other reasons.)

All of which points the way to why this book is so misleading and useless. It is a pretentious and blind attempt to replace the vagaries of science fiction with the certainties of scientific discourse, and leaves the general impression of sophomores going where professors fear to tread. There is enthusiasm, glittering eyes, and very little careful thought or research.

Maruyama's introduction—which follows a foreword by Alvin Toffler—falls into the standard sophomoric trap of distinguishing between “Western” Logic (by which he means the logic first cogently expressed by Aristotle) and other forms, such as the logic of the Navajo in America and the Mandenka in Africa. He then asks how we can deal with the conflicts of mixing cultures with different logical systems. This is a legitimate science fictional question (though usually expressed with much greater sophistication and less trumpery) but Maruyama confuses the issue by lumping together scientists, technologists, engineers and policy makers as believers in “Western” Logic. Aristotle's system is hardly even considered—except in its dim connections with causality—by most theoretical physicists today; and the discoveries of numerous branches of science are demonstrating that any humanly conceived brand of logic, as a fixed and unchanging guideline, is virtually useless. Engineers don't deal routinely with logic—they deal with the nature of materials, and if those materials follow certain principles, well and good—and if they don't, the bridge will fall down and the plane will crash, and logic or illogic be damned, it has to *work*. Tell an



engineer about logic while he worries over a jet engine that should run perfectly, according to all logic and engineering standards—but barely turns over. And what in hell is a technologist? Someone who deals with technology, or studies it? Doesn't that include just about everybody, from button-sewers to nuclear reactor operators? Scientists, more than anyone else—western or otherwise—are responsible for humankind changing the face of the Earth, and finding ways to live more useful and fulfilling lives—and that is no technocratic catch-phrase, but objective fact. Did the Non-"Western" Logic of Lysenko improve Soviet grain harvests? No. There is much to be said for the anthropologist and philosopher who work hard on finding out just how the scientist thinks, but their results will be very surprising, and knock Maruyama's assumptions into a cocked hat.

Let us move on. Roger W. Wescott, in "Toward an Extraterrestrial Anthropology," says, "Before this century is over, man will, I believe, have established permanent communities on bodies other than this planet." In order of colonization, he tells us these bodies will be the Moon, Mars, "Mercury's 'Twilight Belt'" (now shown to be nonexistent, but who can expect an anthropologist to keep up?), a larger asteroid "such as Ceres," one of Jupiter's Galilean satellites "such as Ganymede," (scratch that one, too—Jupiter's radiation is far too deadly—but we've only discovered this recently. It's a problem of proof-reading, not prior research), Saturn's largest satellite, Titan, "(which has an atmosphere)," Uranus, "(whose atmosphere creates a 'greenhouse effect')," and Neptune's larger satellite, Triton. Quite a tall order. Where did he discover that Uranus's atmosphere creates a greenhouse effect? Not from any present data, I'm willing to bet. We know virtually nothing about Uranus and Neptune. Must have been looking ahead. How are we supposed to take this article seriously when such flaws run through it unchecked? Or when, twenty-four years before the end of this century, we have yet to establish a viable manned space program, much less plans for colonies? Does Wescott know how long it would take even an advanced, ion-drive type of vessel to reach Neptune?

And so on, throughout the book. The level of research and writing is definitely undergraduate, definitely sloppy, definitely "popular" and designed to assure students of the softer sciences that they, indeed, are on the right track, that careful research in the hard sciences is not essential (why trust scientists when they're so "Western" in their thought, be they East Indian, Chinese or Russian, hm?) and that the way to enlightenment lies in sophomoric thinking?

This book, carried out more ably and with less back-patting, would be quite valuable. But it just goes to show us younger citizens of the world-community, that youth and enthusiasm are frequently not all that's required to answer the riddle of the universe.

—Greg Bear

*DON'T BITE THE SUN*, by Tanith Lee. DAW UY1221, 1976. 158 pp. \$1.25

This is the story of a Jang, an adolescent member of a race which could either be advanced man or alien. These people apparently live hundreds of years and spend the first century or so as Jang. Each member is allowed to change bodies and even sex periodically. The protagonist, however, is female throughout most of the book. The story is basically about her striving for happiness and attempting to fit into society, experiences which are common to most people. In the end, she accepts the fact that reaching for the sun can only get her burned. And she faces the reality that life in a society can never truly be free. She settles for a resigned contentment.

Tanith Lee writes well. Her style is somewhat reminiscent of Philip Jose Farmer or Philip K. Dick. Her book, however, has a coherent plot. Her style is really extra frills. She makes judicious use of colorful and vivid description. Her characters come alive for the reader, and there are both touching and humorous moments in the story. Her theme is certainly universal.

I only wonder whether the science fiction framework were necessary. Is the Jang slang necessary? Are the sex changes gratuitous? This book seems more allegory than sf. This is not to say it is a bad book. I enjoyed it. Just be forewarned that this book is a bit different from standard sf.

—R. Lorraine Tutihasi

*GIANTS IN THE DUST*, by Chad Oliver. Pyramid V3670, 1976. 142 pp. \$1.25

An intriguing question is asked in this book—could a modern man, stripped of memory and skills, and set down in a total wilderness, compress a couple of million years of evolution into a few years just because his brain is bigger than a Cro-Magnon's? Chad Oliver gives a positive maybe as answer. He writes a fluid story, although I would have cut about two-thirds of the hero's agonizing stream of consciousness—it's repetitive. But so far as the question goes, his story is completely predictable and it lacks any fresh and imaginative answers—even if they were spurious they would be more entertaining than the stereotype. The trouble is, there are no answers.

—Samuel Mines

*GREAT SCIENCE FICTION FROM THE MOVIES*, by Edward Edelson. Archway 29749, 1976. 142 pp. \$1.25 (orig: *Visions of Tomorrow*. Doubleday, 1975. \$4.50)

Always the brief, shallow little introductions to science fiction on film, with repetitive plot summaries, poor and inaccurate analyses. Minor things at times—Grand Fenwick's wine in *The Mouse on the Moon* was not used as rocket fuel in the conventional sense—and things major at others—by no stretch of interpretation is it possible, except through sheer ignorance and blind folly, to call the "stargate" sequence of *2001* an "entry to [sic] the planet's atmosphere." The facts are sometimes wrong, or misleading: "*Robinson Crusoe* (On Mars) was a product of the same George Pal team that had made *Destination Moon*." Which team? Was George Pal producer? (he wasn't) was Robert Heinlein involved? (he wasn't). But no mention is made of the fact that Martian War Machines from the Pal production of *War of the Worlds* were adapted for use in the film, as interstellar spacecraft. So I repeat, which team? In an effort at conciseness, Edelson produces an impression of poor research. His heart is usually in the right place, but Edelson's book does nothing that nine or ten other books haven't done before. There was no reason to publish it, except ignorance. Mr. Edelson may now wish to examine the field in depth, and provide some original insights, if he has any—but be warned! Original work takes more than short hours at the typewriter. It may even take a drop of sweat or two.

—Greg Bear

*FASTER THAN LIGHT*, ed. by Jack Dann and George Zebrowski. Harper & Row, 1976. 321 pp. \$8.95

This thick book is worth its price, but it does not well bear out the promise of the title. It is not a collection of newly reconsidered thoughts as to the impact of interstellar travel on the human race. "Interstellar travel would, of course, be the single most explosive event in human history," say the editors in their introduction. Unfortunately most of the writers feel it necessary to argue that FTL flight is, too, possible. Scarcely a one of them starts from FTL as a premise and goes on to show how much it would change us.

I have a picture of the human race like a flood confined behind a dam—six billion of us—being compressed into identical cells in an identical gray prison of a world, suddenly bursting out over the stars. Granted room to move into, our current population increase rate would remain at least constant—doubling, that is, every thirty years. So in a mere ninety years—short in human history—there would be forty-eight billion of us, scattered over how many planets? That is the kind of vision the book should provide.

Instead, in "Sun Up" by A.A. Jackson IV and Howard Waldrop, "Dialogue" by Poul Anderson, and "Longline" by Hal Clement, FTL flight does not yet exist; we are given merely the search. "Sun Up" contains inorganic intelligences that are interesting, but no human characters and is therefore of minor interest; a gimmick yarn. "Longline" I rather liked, partly for its tachyonic beings with no concept of "direction," partly because I like his calmly rational scientific people; but other readers will no doubt find it as bloodless as "Sun Up." "Dialogue" is a good story. We are given a planet settled by sub-light-speed ship, talking to Earth on a tachyon communicator. A colonial girl falls in love with an Earth man, impossible and tragic though it is—and the colonial man who also loves her must find some way of bridging the impossible gap. These characters grip the reader's emotions and will not let go.

"The Event Horizon" by Ian Watson is set in a star-traveling future, but we see none of the wealth of variety this would imply. In Watson's world there is no such wealth. Earth is so fearful of the star travelers' possible loss of loyalty (why?) that it saddles them with a corps of thought-police so rigid on the evidence of this story as to be highly likely to go mad if confronted with anything new. And this kind of heavy-handed policing is the sort of thing that destroys empires (see George III and the American Revolution). Further, the story is burdened with the silliest damn telepathy-mode I ever heard of. Postulating that telepathy is a function of sexual energy (if anything it would manifest itself when the telepath perceived himself near death), he goes on to assume that to broadcast requires two people in sexual union. One, the telepath, is "ridden"—the other carries the message! The story supposedly involves the investigation of a thinking being in a black hole, but actually is focused on the ship and crew. Nothing is resolved, except that the protagonist loses her innocence. Question: how, in a world of "mind-whores"—having been trained to be a mind-whore—did she come to have any innocence? The worst story in the book.

"Dead In Irons" by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, also is set on a space ship, and also gives us no hint of how star travel would change society. It is blatantly based on a true shipwreck story, though it is not much like the story. Thus it is a translation—a story that could have been set on Earth. Doctrine has it that if a story could be set on Earth, it should be. A story of the horrors of drifting on forever among the stars can be done, though. But Ms. Yarbro has not done it. We are given a society that has already suffered shipwreck. Consider: the following events occur *before* any trouble arises: the chief steward is shown to be absolute king of the steward's section, capable of putting any conceivable pressure on any given stewardess to get her in his bed. She has no recourse. (But the protagonist spends the whole story resisting.) The captain makes no investigation when one of his stewardesses turns up dead. He accepts the chief steward's report without a question. He makes no effort to investigate the charges of another steward, who accuses the chief of having killed the woman (his former mistress). The accusing steward is arrested (for mutiny!) and condemned without a trial or any word from the officers. The captain then turns him over to the *chief steward* to be executed in any manner he may choose! No wonder the ship couldn't come out of hyper; that lot couldn't astrogate a toy boat across a puddle. If the breakdown had come near the beginning of the story, so that these events stemmed from it, it would have been good. It's a gripping story, despite its faults.

"Fast-Friend" by George R.R. Martin gives us a society that has FTL travel for Fast-friends, who once were human but now have a different destiny, but not for ordinary people. This is a story of the gulf between humans and Fast-friends, particularly between the hero and the Fast-friend who was once his fiancée. Unfortunately the Fast-friends are too little seen. What does the universe look like to them?

The same author's "Nor the Many-Colored Fires of a Star Ring" concerns a kind of teleport or space-warp device that has opened onto a place beyond space—or beyond time. It's the story of how this affects the protagonist and is a good story, though it adds nothing to the theme of the book.

"Seascape" by Gregory Benford, is the only story in the book which starts from the premise of star travel and shows us the effect. The planet of the title's name was settled hundreds of years ago by men of Japanese ancestry who have elaborated a static society into a wealth of formal patterns like an arabesque tapestry. They have their part in the empire of humanity, making by hand essential elements of the star drive for the ships that come by. But the empire is crumbling, a repressive political party that intends to exploit the non-technological planets is gaining control. However Seascape is not entirely—though nonviolent—defenseless...

This leaves "Phoenix Without Ashes" by Harlan Ellison. This is the *original*, not the shooting script for the first episode of the *Starlost* series. As Ellison says in an afterward, had it been shot like this, *Starlost* might still be with us. In one sense, the script does not belong here—it is the story of a sub-light-speed ship—but the book is the richer for it, and I cannot complain of its inclusion. It is easily one of the best things in the book. Ellison, as I always suspected, is at his best when he keeps his voice down. It is a pleasure to see how much mileage he gets out of this hoary idea, the unpretentiously excellent handling of the

stock characters and situations. Garth and his father are a delight. So is his "mob" of five men. The script is illustrated by Tim Kirk with remarkable fidelity and competence.

Also included are five articles on star-travel and one poem. The latter is "Hyperspace" by Dick Allen, which unfortunately does not move me. But I do get his point.

"The Ultimate Speed Limit" by Isaac Asimov is an excellent introduction to tachyon theory. Arthur Clarke's "Possible, That's All!" is an answer to Asimov, a consideration of tachyons and other loopholes, in general trying to keep imaginations loose. Keith Laumer's "The Limiting Velocity of Orthodoxy" is a message of hope out of total ignorance, poignant but unconvincing. He knows nothing of what he speaks. Ben Bova's short depressing "But What If We Tried It?" misses the point: accelerating a ship up to near light speed is just what we don't want to do; too slow. (Nor am I convinced about its taking so much energy. The super-fast ship only seems super massive *relative to the non-moving observer*.) Poul Anderson's article, "Our Many Roads to the Stars," is a thoroughly workmanlike rundown of all the (now believed) possible ways we might get there.

The articles are worth getting the book for—at least in paperback.

Most of these stories are original, most of the articles reprints. Quite an excellent selection, I would say, despite the failure to keep the promise implied in the title. I count only one outright bad story and two minor ones.

Recommended.

—Robert Chilson

*IRON CAGE*, by Andre Norton. Ace 37290, 1976. \$1.50 (hardcover: Viking, 1974. \$6.95)

This is the first Norton book I have read, so if I seem unable to compare it with her other (better, so I've been told) works, that is the reason. The main theme in this story seems to be "Be kind to animals and other living creatures." I don't know if Miss Norton always tries to make a point in her books, but considering how I liked this, I hope not. The story is about Jony, a human male who was captured and treated as an experimental animal, but escaped, on a world not his own. He is found by an intelligent, animal-like creature, one of the People, who helps him. In time a ship of humans lands and some of the People are captured. When Jony discovers that the People are being used as the subject of experiments, he manages to destroy the ship so that it cannot work again. The end: "No iron cages waited for either of them [the People, Jony] ... He threw his arms wide, and the feeling of freedom made him almost giddy."

A nice little tale, even if you can sense the moral, "Be kind to all," a little too much. But this is made even blunter by the prologue and epilogue, which describe a cat about to have her kittens, who is left in the forest. In the end, she is found by a kid, who is going to take her home with him. Don't get me wrong. I'm all for literature that makes us realize how selfish and domineering we many times are. But I prefer straight, nonfiction articles to fairy tales that stop short of hitting you in the face by their obviousness.

I hope there are better examples of Norton's work, and I know there are better books. Only for a serious Norton fan, or someone who likes to drown cats.

—C. D. Doyle

*THE SPACE MACHINE*, by Christopher Priest. Harper & Row, 1976. 363 pp. \$8.95

This is subtitled "A Scientific Romance" in the good old fashion and is dedicated to H.G. Wells. It's a rousing Victorian adventure yarn that might have been written by Wells but for the lack of message.

The story begins in 1893 when Edward Turnbull, the narrator, a "commercial traveler," meets Amelia Fitzgibbon, whom he believes to be a "lady commercial." More important, she is the secretary of Sir William Reynolds, who turns out to be the Time Traveler of Wells's *Time Machine*. After a couple of amusing preliminary chapters all tangled up in the mores of the Victorian era, Amelia shows Turnbull the Time Machine and—Sir William being in London—takes him on a jaunt "into futurity." Ten years of futurity, to be precise. That takes them into 1903, right into the middle of the Martian invasion of *The War of the Worlds*. Turnbull sees Amelia burned down, and frantic to escape this doom for her (and him), he wrenches at the controls.



It turns out that the Time Machine is also a Space Machine, and it carries them to Mars some months before the invasion, dumping them out on the weeds, and returning on its automatic recall to the lab in 1893 . . . leaving them stranded.

There follows the bulk of the book, in which Priest builds up a creditable Mars from Wells's sketchy hints. This is well, carefully, and vividly done; nor are Turnbull and Amelia mere disembodied observers. The world acts on them and they on it, until at the end they find themselves in the first capsule of the Martian invasion. I did not find their view of the invasion as compelling as Wells's—by comparison with what went before the return to Earth is a let-down—but on its own terms it is good enough.

To my taste the best parts of the book are the first chapters set in a society almost as alien, if not so strange, as that of Mars; and the chapters of their arrival on Mars and before they realize where they are. The comedy of errors that puts Turnbull in Amelia's bedroom and a suspicious landlady sniffing around outside, and later their troubles with her corset, are as funny as anything in Wells.

The characters are stock Victorians, marvelously realized. Turnbull is the typical thick-headed hero, formal to a fault and heavy-handed with women. Though he is easily shocked—much more so than she—he has a red-blooded interest in her and she keeps fending him off, amusingly. When they do decide they are stuck on Mars forever and subside into de facto matrimony the event is veiled with a paragraph of long, sententious Victorian phrases. Throughout, the style is Victorian-colloquial, just the voice Turnbull would use. Amelia is delightful, a Victorian "liberated woman"—intelligent, competent, strong-minded, and possessed of a sense of humor.

Though the book is light, it is not all laughter; there is horror, suspense, and death, on Mars and in the invasion.

My only complaints come in that final section. H.G. Wells is introduced and made a major character. Restraint would have been better, I think; he should merely have been met in passing. Making a major character of him diminishes him to a conventionally heroic-scientific figure. And their use of a Space Machine to blast the Martians is perfunctory. Being invisible and intangible they cannot be hurt, thus there is no tension here. The reader knows how the invasion will end anyway. This part would have been better if they had been kept on the run right up to the end, as in Wells's own book.

*The Space Machine* is pure delight, despite my caveats. Nor is it necessary to have read either *The Time Machine* or *The War of the Worlds* to appreciate it. Most highly recommended.

—Robert Chilson

*SF VOICES*, interviewed by Darrell Schweitzer. T-K Graphics, 1976. 123 pp. \$4.50 paper

This is the first of a series of interviews of sf authors and editors. I can sum up my reaction to the book best, I think, by saying that I think the interviews are too short. Obviously I enjoyed them. The book is highly recommended.

Having said this, I must make a few caveats. These are face-to-face interviews, which means that the interviewer follows as much as he leads, following up every interesting comment the writer lets drop. It also means that they are superficial. The writer responds on the moment, with only a few seconds' worth of thought. His replies are not apt to have much depth. We get fascinating glimpses of the workings of these men's minds, but no detailed survey.

I suppose I have been spoiled by Paul Walker's excellent series of mail interviews, for which he did a tremendous amount of preliminary work. They revealed much of his subjects' attitudes and preoccupations. On the other hand, the casual reader would no doubt be put off by that earnest tone.

For those who merely want to get acquainted—to hold a conversation—with a writer, *SF Voices* is the book. Schweitzer admits that he made no great preparations, depending on his knowledge of the field and the writers' works. He is to be congratulated, then, for his accomplishment here. All the writers and editors here are distinct individuals, interestingly questioned. Those few whom I have had the privilege of meeting or hearing come across in print much as in person, a triumph.

Get it, though they demand pearls and gold. . .

—Robert Chilson

*THE NEW ATLANTIS AND OTHER NOVELLAS OF SCIENCE FICTION*, ed. by Robert Silverberg. Hawthorn Books, 1975. 180 pp. \$7.95 (paperback: Warner 88-020, 1976. \$1.50)

It will be easier to consider the three novellas herein collected as separate entities:

Wolfe, Gene. *Silhouette*. A ship—sent out to find new worlds habitable by what is left of humanity—is plagued by all those human problems of insanity, superstition, power plays, and rebellion against authority. One Johann is the person through whose eyes the reader sees the situation developing, and it is he who quells the computer-assisted mutiny, and who may or may not have visited the surface of the planet via astral projection. This is not really a story with a beginning and an end, it is an episode, a moment, as it were, in the day-to-day business of human living. As such, it is an interesting, albeit somewhat confusing, little tale. Sort of like reality.

The society so carefully built around the action is a depressing one to behold—satanism and superstition rampant, drug use common, and a great lack of good common sense. If that crew was the best Earth could produce, things must have become pretty grim back home.

Le Guin, Ursula K. *The New Atlantis*. A 'cello player (female) is married (illegally) to a mathematician in a United States where the government is somewhat totalitarian, and very inept at keeping up the flow of consumer goods. In fact, the FBI can't even plant a "bug" without its being discovered, which provides the interesting image of the main character playing the 'cello in the bathroom while her husband and his friends converse in the living room. Meanwhile, an intelligence, awareness, or what-have-you, is rising from the depths of an unnamed ocean amidst the ruins of a sunken civilization. Whether this latter is a physical entity, or a symbol of the rising of the human spirit against oppression, is really immaterial. Either way, the story ends with the feeling that change is very near.

Tiptree, James, jr. *A Momentary Taste of Being*. Again, a shipload of scientists, etc., are seeking habitable planets for a humanity which has over-populated and over-polluted its home. This time, the new-found planet seems to be a veritable paradise—to the extent that, of the original scouting party, only one has returned, with a plant from the new world locked in the hold . . . The "come ahead" signal is sent back to Earth, then the communications equipment is damaged beyond repair, as the crew members find themselves increasingly obsessed by, then drawn toward, the alien plant. When the cargo hatch of the scoutship is finally opened, a stampede ensues, with the people involved developing a strange lassitude shortly thereafter . . . The narrator in this case is the ship's chief medical officer, who presents a theory which explains humanity's restless reaching for the stars in terms that make us simultaneously more and less "important" than we usually think ourselves to be.

All three of these novellas are outstanding examples of their authors' work. The social structures are believable, and the characters and their interactions are very well defined. In all three, *what* is going on seems less important than *why*, and the parts fit together to form a coherent whole with no extras left lying about. The novella requires a certain discipline, and the three authors herein represented have clearly attained mastery of that discipline.

—Charlotte Moslander

*THE BOOK OF JOHN BRUNNER*. DAW UY1213, 1976. 159 pp. \$1.25

John Brunner takes a back seat to no living writer. He is accomplished, witty, knowledgeable, imaginative and a superb craftsman. That, unfortunately, doesn't mean that you can collect all the stray bits and pieces that he has dashed off in an idle moment—the jokes, limericks, cross-word puzzles, the musing and errant thoughts, and make a book out of them. It didn't even work with Mark Twain. So, although the publisher has a footnote somewhere which says: "Be warned. Some of the jokes are terrible," he is nevertheless trying to sell you this hodgepodge for \$1.25. And unless you are so dedicated a Brunner fan that *any* word is precious, I doubt you'll be getting your money's worth. Even the essays on the state of sf, clever as they are, don't say anything you haven't seen before.

—Samuel Mines

*THE YEAR OF THE SEX OLYMPICS AND OTHER TV PLAYS*, by Nigel Kneale. Ferret Fantasy (27 Beechcroft Road, Upper Tooting, London SW17 7BX), 1976. 144 pp. \$9.00

The helpful reviewer keeps in mind the likely reader for the book under review; my mental confusion below derives from myself being the ideal reader for this first-edition collection of three teleplays by a specialist London publisher. The publisher's list (p. 144) suggests, that with a cheaper format, Ferret is trying to do the same kind of revivalist reprinting of unknown "classic" fantasy that Dover does over here; combined, like Dover again, with some first-edition collections like *Three TV Plays*. (I omit the exploitation title above from now on, except when referring specifically to the title play.) What is packaged here is three BBC-TV sf scripts (prod. 1963-72) by Nigel Kneale. I recommend this book and I recommend this type of book.

Kneale's earliest published telescripts—the "Quatermass" trilogy checklisted below—belonged to the cataclysmic world-disaster cycle which often draws the mass audience towards sf; Kneale probably then owed some debt to the early-50's books of John Wyndham. *Three TV Plays* is concerned with more recent trends towards the horrific; and the title play is a kind of Pohl-Dick-Knight satire on late-60's trends in mass pornographic conditioning and the brutalizing of popular responses. All three TV plays have excellent plot situations and backgrounds; not always properly developed by their predictably melodramatic, violent storylines. Cast-director credits, given, are unfamiliar over here except for "Stone Tape's" (1972) director, Peter Sasdy. It was Sasdy who did the excellent adaptation of James' *Spoils of Poynton* as a BBC film-serial: first circulated over here on ETV, more recently as part of a library-film series.

"Stone Tape" and "Road" (1963) are Kneale's two variations on the same plot gimmick of technology trapping a supernatural manifestation in a rural folk culture. The simpler plot, "Road," concerns a scientifically-minded c.1770 British Enlightenment squire. He has his country servants set up an apparatus in his woods to trap poachers and spooks; and instead this tunes in the futuristic uproar of the 1963 freeway that will then be running through those woods. The thematic implication is that this freeway culture will destroy the 1770 social setup we see during the play—some use of an Afro servant to spell this out—but this pseudo-profound idea is less interesting than would have been the development of the confrontation of the neo-Jeffersonian liberal squire with the city-visitor, "Gideon Cobb," Kneale's (simplistic) version of Dr. Sam Johnson.

"Stone Tape" is the slickest, most assured of the three plays. It switches stock-ghost story material cleverly. An electronics-research outfit is given a Stately English Home for its lab. Gradually it finds its group social-sexual tensions absorbed into its discovery of, and unsuccessful attempt to exorcise, the old ritual-murder site on which they're working. (The "sf" of the plot is that one old stone room is a "live" computer record of the past evils practiced there.)

"Year of the Sex Olympics," the title play, is professedly an Orwellian satire on mass conditioning by pornographic satire; done from the "inside" in that the cast spends the first 60% of the show underdressed: because (a) they operate in a futuristic "indoors" temperature-controlled environment; and (b) they are technicians on a competitive-copulation TV games-show of this culture. The low-vocabulary simple-grammar stylized dialogue is projected from neo-Yiddish showbiz slang, the mimicking of Afro-ghetto rhythms by campus-media types, etc. This is a less ambitious transposition of the original idea behind Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange*: the book, not the 1971 film, which perhaps took some stimulus from "Sex Olympics"(?).

Kneale's short-term projections have been prophetic and even "tame" in that "Olympics" contests ignore the *menage a trois* and any gay participation in the side arenas. The Loud family which later went on U.S. TV to announce its marital breakup; Bergman's casting of his own ex-wife on Swedish TV for the comparable *Scenes from a Marriage* serial; even, I think, some of Betty Ford's behavior on national TV—all verify the projected climax of "Olympics"; which argues that "normal" monogamous behavior will become a special kinky thrill for the TV audience. (The premise is that the masses will be conditioned to spectatorize, to control their reproduction.)

The limitations of these plays—aside from their allusions to recognizable sf landmarks—are that Kneale seems to take his point of view about life from the very milieu he hopes to satirize. His "Dr. Johnson" (in "Road") is less complex and alert than history's. His rebellious painter ("Kin" in "Olympics") has a real-life model in the British artist Francis Bacon, but is still the media's idea of what True Artists are like. The experimental prose in the dialogue does not finally give Kneale the independent point of view towards the material he wants to satirize that prose stylists like Swift or Waugh have had. "Olympics" premises—like the media, most LUNA reviewers and the rightwing jurist Blackmun—that today our best genes are overproduced, when the chemical reality is the opposite.

CHECKLIST, NIGEL KNEALE: First, a mainstream short story collection, *Tomato Cain* (1949, London); after that, BBC work. His trilogy-serial script—*Quatermass Experiment*, *Quatermass II*, *Quatermass and the Pit*—exists three ways. The popular TV serials were produced in the later '50's. Their scripts were separately Penguin-ed, 1959-60, and stayed in print for years. Finally, separate theater-film versions appeared 1955-57-67, two of them retitled for the U.S. My point is, some alert A-V man for one of our big sf cons might consider tracing the BBC-serial prints via N.Y., instead of rerunning Flash Gordon once more. Incidentally, *Three TV Plays*' backflap says Kneale has just completed a 6-TV play cycle, "Beasts."

—Mark Purcell

*BOGEY BEASTS*, by Sidney H. Sime. Music by Josef Holbrooke. The Purple Mouth Press (713 Paul St., Newport News, Va. 23605) 1975. 62 pp. \$5.00. Limited to 500 copies

That this piece was reprinted at all is something of a wonder; not that it's unacceptably bad, but it's such a strange and marginal thing, purely a personal publication. Sime illustrated many fine fantasies in his day, including works by Dunsany and Machen. Here, he has written lyrics for strange songs, and illustrated each song with a representation of the beast it lauds. The drawings are charming, disturbing, and whimsical. The lyrics are pretentious, like trying to cram the learning of Robert Graves into the style and meter of Lewis Carroll; not terribly successful. I'm no judge of the music, since I don't read music, and my wife doesn't have her piano handy. If you're a fan of Sime, it's a worthwhile purchase; folksong fanatics might enjoy having it around. And if, somewhere, there are fans of Holbrooke, forgive my ignorance—I don't know the man.

—Greg Bear

*EXPERIMENT PERILOUS: THREE ESSAYS ON SCIENCE FICTION*, by Marion Zimmer Bradley, Norman Spinrad, and Alfred Bester. Algor Press (P.O. Box 4175, New York, N.Y. 10017) 1976. 34 pp. \$2.50

This is a small reprint collection of essays which originally appeared in *Algor* in 1972, 1969, and 1972 respectively. The first and longest is the title essay by Bradley, subtitled "The Art and Science of Anguish in Science Fiction." It tries to create a critical perspective on the New Wave, arguing from the reasonable but unsurprising position that New Wave fiction can be good or bad, depending on whether the new techniques are effectively or merely pretentiously handled. Its strength is its relation of the problem to Bradley's own writing and to the earlier parallel problem of sex in the early fifties. Spinrad's essay, "The 'Bug Jack Barron' Papers," is a more strongly partisan discussion from a New Wave perspective of the writer's own struggles to find himself, not as an sf writer but as a writer, an artist. There are also helpful comments about the rationale behind the stylistic pyrotechnics of *Bug Jack Barron*. In "Writing and 'The Demolished Man'" Bester chronicles some of the steps in the creation of his first major novel. It reveals interesting insights into the genesis of ideas and writer-editor relationships, but it reads a bit too much like an after-dinner speech, ending on the Little Jack Homer note about what incredibly wonderful things sf and its writers are.

Looked at as a volume, Spinrad's is the closest to an important piece since it's the one in which he offered the classic test for whether or not a writer is New Wave: "Ask him: 'Do you consider yourself an artist?' If he says, yes, he's New Wave." But it is questionable whether they were really all worth reprinting, and especially whether the resulting 28 pages of actual text are worth that \$2.50 price.

—Thomas L. Wymer



# ALSO RECEIVED:

- Best Science Fiction Stories of the Year: Third Annual Collection, edited by Lester Del Rey. Ace 05477, 1977. \$1.75 (hardcover: Dutton, 1974. \$7.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 63)
- The Cat Who Wished to Be a Man, by Lloyd Alexander. Dutton Anytime Books AB21, 1977. \$1.95 (hardcover: Dutton, 1973. \$4.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 58)
- The Court of the Stone Children, by Eleanor Cameron. Avon 27748, 1976. \$1.25 (hardcover: Dutton, 1973. \$3.50. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 54)
- Demon Seed, by Dean R. Koontz. Bantam 10930, April. (2d ptg. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 53)
- Dragonsong, by Anne McCaffrey. Bantam 10300, May. \$1.75 (hardcover: Atheneum, 1976. \$7.95. Reviewed LUNA 66)
- Edgar Rice Burroughs: The Man Who Created Tarzan, by Irwin Porges. Ballantine 25131. 1976. \$10.00 (2 volume boxed set. Hardcover: Brigham Young University Press, 1975. \$19.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 62)
- The Flying Sorcerers, by David Cerrold and Larry Niven. Ballantine 25307, March. \$1.75. (2d ptg. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 41/42)
- The Haunting of Ellen, by Catherine Sefton. Harper Trophy J84, 1977. \$1.50 (hardcover: Harper, 1975. \$5.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 60)
- Imperial Earth, by Arthur C. Clarke. Ballantine 25352, Nov. 1976. \$1.95 (hardcover: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1976. \$7.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 63)
- The Infinity Box, by Kate Wilhelm. Pocket Books 80955, April. \$1.75 (hardcover: Harper & Row, 1975. \$8.95. Reviewed LUNA 65)
- Lovecraft: A Look Behind the Cthulhu Mythos, by Lin Carter. Ballantine 25295, Dec. 1976. \$1.50 (2d ptg. reviewed LUNA Monthly 38/39)
- Millennium, by Ben Bova. Ballantine 25556, April. \$1.95 (hardcover: Random House, 1976. \$7.95. Reviewed LUNA 64)
- Nine Princes in Amber, by Roger Zelazny. Avon 27664. (6 ptg, hardcover: Doubleday, 1970. \$4.50. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 26/27)
- The Plants, by Kenneth McKenney. Bantam 02976, Feb. \$1.75 (hardcover: Putnam, 1976. \$7.95. Reviewed LUNA 64)
- The Preserving Machine, by Philip K. Dick. Ace 67801. \$1.95 (reissue, reviewed LUNA Monthly 9)
- Satan's World, by Poul Anderson. Berkley Medallion 03361, April. (hardcover: Doubleday, 1969. \$4.95; orig. paperback: Lancer 1970. 75¢. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 34)
- The Sentinel, by Jeffrey Konvitz. Ballantine 25641, Feb. \$1.95 (10 ptg, hardcover: Simon and Schuster, 1974. \$7.95. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 59)
- Son of Man, by Robert Silverberg. Ballantine 25745, March. \$1.50 (3d ptg. reviewed LUNA Monthly 41/42)
- Spacepaw, by Gordon R. Dickson. Berkley Medallion Z3083, 1976. \$1.25 (2d ptg, hardcover: Putnam, 1969. \$3.75. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 12)
- Ubik, by Philip K. Dick. Bantam 20402, Jan. \$1.75 (hardcover: Doubleday, 1969. \$4.50. Reviewed LUNA Monthly 4)
- Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang, by Kate Wilhelm. Pocket Books 80912, Jan. \$1.75 (hardcover: Harper & Row, 1976. \$7.95. Reviewed LUNA 65)

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