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J.G. Ballard: A Profile

by Mark Purcell

Born in Shanghai, 1930, spent his early teens in a Japanese internment camp, reached England, 1946, joined the RAF and then became a freelance, James G. Ballard published his first sf December 1956. This is almost a late start in a field which has had its infant prodigies. But since then Ballard has become the classic case in sf of the writer who influences the whole field simply by working his individual vein. Over here his influence seems to date from 1962, the year Berkley suddenly released four of his books, two novels, all first editions. (Choosing a case of probable influence, the Roger Zelazny novelettes that became his first Ace originals and the collection, "4 for Tomorrow," date from 1963.) Characteristically, as the best short-story writer alive -- except Borges? -- Ballard had to deliver a novel before the publisher felt it safe to collect any of his stories. But I'm only going to discuss the stories.

Since his first wife's death and the reorganization of his home base, New Worlds, as an official avant-garde mag, he has tried to re-incarnate himself. There were the usual statements about outgrowing the sf ghetto. Certainly, if the New Wave of the sixties is tied to any one man, it's Ballard, and that opens another can of worms. This is the charge from the conservatives that his New Worlds gang is attempting to cannibalize the concepts and markets of traditional sf; meanwhile writing plotless descriptions as 'stories' in an attempt to dissolve science fiction into the soup of avant-garde surrealism. Bluntly, Ballard is supposed to be another cuckoo in the nest, another Bradbury or Ellison writing skilled imaginative fantasy for which hard science fiction magazines happen to be the only commercial market.

So the first impulse after reading Ballard is to defend him, say he writes orthodox sf. This is true, he does, he's no cuckoo, but there's also no question he writes atypical sf. Time out for one paragraph on the history (sic) of American types and fashions.

Before the Flood -- 1939? -- there was the idea or technology story, and its lower IQ spinoffs: space opera, horror, heroic romance. Then after American sf was Heinleinized -- 1941? -- two improvements were added to the mixture. First, speed or plot pace; second, more concentration on social change; satire; characterization. Freud and even Frazer percolated into the magazines between 1940 and 1960. During this generation most of the educated fiction in the country was written for the pulps. But the fact never dented the minds of the reading intelligentsia. First, because of snobbery; second, because the one information limit of postwar sf was its ignorance of the arts. A liberal intellectual reading "Stranger in a Strange Land" before the cult arose, wouldn't ask himself which National Book Award winner could have constructed such a book. Instead, he would notice the limitations in "Stranger's" attempts to deal with the arts, the same limitations that "Atheling" pointed out in his review. ("Stranger" also shows Heinlein's limits in thinking about the older Western sexual code. But a liberal intellectual wouldn't catch the false notes here.) In his philistinism, Heinlein is typical of most of the 1940-60 generation, his own.

So Ballard is the first pulp sf author who really KNOWS the modern art world, the visual arts. Like his contemporary, the film director Antonioni, Ballard's style is soaked in painting. Visual effects from Ernst, Dali and Magritte float through his stories, just as the postwar American abstract style reappears in Antonioni's shots. Magazine illustrators adore Ballard and try to choose his story for the issue cover. Ballard's references to the whole modern art scene in his Vermilion Sands stories are intimate, knowing.

But he still writes science fiction! Technology seems to have hit the British intellectuals of the Aldiss-Ballard generation in the form of the new art gadgetry: tapes, TV, light and art shows, films. For example, to write a story like "Screen Game" (Fantastic 10/63 and Berkley's "Impossible Man") not only takes descriptive powers most writers don't have, sf or mainstream. It also requires knowledge of the orbit of the European art film and of personalities like the original behind Orson Kanin, the great director on the bum. Of course Hollywood-of-the-future stories appeared in the old American pulps (Kuttner, Tony Boucher). But

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Hollywood studio stories, mainstream or sf, based their jokes on the assumed ignorance of the slob producer or the childish actor, confronted with the cautious normality of the writer himself, or else his surrogate character in the story. Now whether the movies are any better, today's mod film world is too complex for the old burlesque. Worshipped by our illiterate intellectuals as they rush out to 'perform' or else wobble a camera themselves, films are more pretentious but more knowledgeable about the other arts, and harder to satirize or even describe.

One writer's solution is the non-fiction prose of Tom Wolfe (the Second), as hopped up as one of his beloved stock cars. Wolfe atomizes his sentences into long strings of words that bombard the reader like so many separate effects in a son et lumière show. Ballard prefers to cool it. This is very noticeable in Ellison's 1967 "Dangerous Visions," where all the big names were encouraged to have a kind of verbal orgy or pot party. Ballard's contribution, "The Recognition," is written chastely, quietly, although he still gets the credit or blame for the trend represented by the other Visions.

* * *

Then why do his stories shake up other writers over here? For an example, take a look at "Time-Tombs" (Worlds of If 3/63 and Terminal Beach, U.S. ed.). The title refers to a far-future set of tombs which hold tapes with 3-D molecular transcriptions of their 'dead' left hopefully to posterity for physical re-creation. At the time of the narrative the tombs have been protected by law and patrols, but are vulnerable to archeological thieves (like young Malraux in the Indo-China of the twenties). By their thefts these men act out the neuroses that drive them into the sandy desert country of the tombs. These they seek to uncover under the sands, then rob and peddle the tapes to historical museums.

The young protagonist, Shepley, and his older partner discover an early-dynast group of tombs. Plot tensions derive from their attempt to conceal their find both from the tomb patrols and from the rest of the gang with which they affiliate, loose. Shepley comes to accept the murders involved in removing the tapes, from a sudden vision in one of the older tombs of a beautiful noblewoman. Nightly he revisits her, by entering the tomb whose tape unspools her 3-D image. At the climax of "Time-Tombs" there is an explosion of action and of thematic development. For instance, the search pattern of the patrols or wardens gives the fellow thieves the clue they need to find Shepley's hidden tombs. But the hijacking of the tapes puts the wardens on the trail. With everybody closing in, there is the revelation that the taped image of the distant lady is only the memorial preservation of a corpse. The revelation so comes off as to characterize the Old Man companion of the hero. Suddenly, in the reader's mind, the taped images, the drums holding the tapes, the emptied-out neurotics of the story, the tombs, all fuse as the 'time-tombs' of the title, a Chinese box of hollow shells.

For Ballard, the old pulp situation -- tomb-pirates, the beautiful Queen of the Dead -- is a tool for symbolizing a theme. (He probably thinks the plot of "Time-Tombs" that grips our interest in this story, only another time-tomb, or hollow shell.) This preference for symbolizing over plot is one of the attractions of Ballardry (sic) for the intellectual who ordinarily hates sf. Another of course is the victim-hero, a patient and not an agent like Heinlein's. Ballard's boys don't win the game nor the girl, not even in "Time-Tombs" where she's a corpse! There is a picturesque gloom-and-doom, woe-is-me atmosphere in Ballard. He probably feels sorrier for his characters than does the reader, who writes them off from the beginning as graceful losers.

There's a temptation to 'defend' Ballard, I said above, by pointing out that a remarkable story like "Time-Tombs," with its technology, is nuts-and-bolts science fiction. But both Ballard and the anti-New Wave purist remain aware

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The International Scene

AUSTRIA From June 13 to 20 a meeting between journalists, scientists and sf writers will be organized by the town of Klagenfurt in Carinthia and the 'Studio Kärnten' of the Austrian radio. Among the people invited are Peter von Tramin, Jacques Bergier from France, Wolfgang Jeschke from Germany (af sf author and editor of the 'Lichtenberg SF' series) and Stanislaw Lem from Poland.

On April 18, Austrian writer Peter von Tramin, Dr. Hans Langsteiner (editor of the fanzine "Andromeda" of the SF Club Germany) and I had a half-hour talk in the 'Viennese Literary Magazine' of the Austrian radio, mostly about sf in general, but also about Lem, fandom and fanzines, in particular about "Andromeda" and my own "Quarber Merkur." This must be the first time that such things were mentioned on our radio, and in a respectable program devoted to literature, at that! We managed to cram quite a lot of information into the talk.

--Franz Rottensteiner

ENGLAND You haven't had any news from me for some time. This was due to a little thing called a post office workers strike, which caused much havoc in fandom here; with faneds not being able to get zines out, Pete Weston having to arrange with Anne McCaffrey to be GoH at Eastercon by devious means across the Irish Sea, and everyone losing contact with their American friends and colleagues. The post office strike was happening while our monetary system was being changed in February, £1 now equalling 100p instead of 20/-. The changeover carried a 50+% increase in postal charges, and the PO workers final pay award of 9% means that the PO intends to up charges at the end of the year by another 15+%. This is going to hit fandom pretty hard, being an amateur postal game but we should survive.

The post strike didn't affect what's been happening on tele. My confused earlier reports on Star Trek ended up with quite a confused set of happenings. As reported the BBC stopped showing the third series of Star Trek, with some 11 episodes to go, saying that "there weren't any more," and started a series of early first season repeats with the pilot show, and the differences in the set and style were staggering. However, the season of repeats has now come to an end, and nobody knows quite what will happen next. Doomwatch also finished its second series just before Easter. On BBC2 a new season of "City of the Unknown" has started, and the producer has said that he is moving away from running it as a science fiction series, because he cannot hope to stand up to the technical competition of 2001. So the first 2 episodes were supernatural, and the third was on brain-thought transference. Better than Hammer but not as good as the previous series of Out. ITV have started showing U.F.O. the new all action-live action series from the Thunderbirds stable... my comment is that you can still see the strings...

Cons. John Brunner won the British Science Fiction Award for the second year running with "Jagged Orbit." The award, a silver 'pegasus' mounted on a black base was presented to him at Eastercon. Phil Rogers won the Doc Weir Award, presented to the fan thought most deserving of the honour. Upcoming is the Speculation Conference on June 12, where Jim Blish, John Brunner, Phil Strick and others will talk about sf. As an added attraction, the National Book League's Exhibition, which opens in London on the 17th of May and runs until the 31st, tours to Birmingham in time for Speculation II, and then to other parts of the country.

--Gerald Bishop

GERMANY Recent sf of interest includes: Marion von Schröder (a quality paperback series priced at \$3.00 per volume) Michael Moorcock's "Final Program," J.G. Ballard's "The Impossible Man," Anders Bodelsen's "Bruno's Frozen Days" (which is to be published also in the U.S.) and, especially notable, "It Is Difficult

to Be a God" by the Strugatskys; it is to be hoped that this breakthrough will lead to appearances of this fine novel in other countries, too.

Lichtenberg, in their similar quality paperback series titled "SF für Kenner," have published in the spring: Damon Knight's "Der Gigant" (the second half of the "Nebula Award Stories"), Michael Fisher's "The Great Brain Robbery," Wolfgang Jeschke's "Planetoidenfänger," an anthology of stories from Analog, Harry Harrison's "The Daleth Effect," and Aldiss' and Harrison's "Der Tag Million," another anthology in the Nebula Award series.

Fifteen of the Lichtenberg sf titles will also be published by the Swiss book club Editions Rencontre in editions of 15,000 copies. Beside the five books mentioned above, the series which will be sold only as a whole, will also include further anthologies by Jeschke ("Die sechs Finger der Zeit"), and Herbert W. Maly, the first part of the Knight anthology, another Nebula volume edited by Zelazny, Disch's "Camp Concentration," Herbert's "Destination Void," Aldiss' "Earthworks," Wolfgang Jeschke's collection of his own short stories "Der Zeiter," Herbert W. Franke's novel "Zone Null" and a book by Robert Silverberg whose title I can't guess from the German title of "Der Gesang der Neuronen."

In the field of weird fiction, Insel has continued their Library of the House of Usher with H. P. Lovecraft's "Der Fall Charles Dexter Ward" (which includes also "The Shadow over Innsmouth") and "Auf dem Abstellgleis," a collection of short stories by the late Polish writer Stefan Grabiński, and a fine book it is, too. Hanser's Bibliotheca Dracula has just published a new translation of M. G. Lewis' "The Monk."

In the paperback field, there are further volumes in the ERB Venusian series and the Conan saga from Heyne; also the usual stuff by Heinlein, Brunner, Simak, Silverberg and others.

Goldmann's Weltraumtaschenbücher show signs of a revitalization; lately they have featured some material from the Ace specials, as well as some of Dick's older novels ("Eye in the Sky" and "The World Jones Made"). A new entry in the paperback sf field is Ullstein who, in addition to their bi-monthly sf magazine in pb format "Ullstein 2000" (mostly stories from old Astoundings), now also publish an sf novel every other month. So far they have announced books by Jeff Sutton, Samuel R. Delany ("The Fall of the Towers") and Cyril Judd's "Gunner Cade."

I'll be editing a new sf series, the only hardcover sf series in Germany, for Insel Verlag in Frankfurt. Called "Science Fiction, Fantastic Reality," it is a companion series to their highly successful Library of the House of Usher which publishes weird fiction. The series will start in time for the Frankfurt Book Fair. The dust jackets will be done by H. Wenske, a new artist. I think I know the art on most of the sf books and magazines published in the world, but in my opinion, Wenske is superior to any other illustrator now in the business. The covers are really fantastic.

The series will attempt to give a fair picture of international sf, not only of Anglo-American sf. If I had been appointed such an editorship a few years ago, I probably would have chosen only English language sf; but since then my views have changed so much that I don't care much for American any more. Our first four titles will be: Philip K. Dick "The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch;" E. de Capoulet-Junac "Pallas ou la Tribulation" (a French sf novel that doesn't seem to have had great recognition in France, but to which Lem devoted more space in his books than to all the Hugo and Nebula winners together); "The Rat in the Labyrinth," an anthology of stories by MacLean, Gunn, Kidd/Blish, Lafferty, Sturgeon, Vladimir Colin of Rumania, and the title story by Lem; Stanislaw Lem "Night and Mildew," his collected short stories. Included there are such gems as "Diary," a paradoxical story of a computer-god, who is wholly powerless despite his omniscience and omnipotence, and "The New Cosmogony," a wholly original application of games theory to cosmogonic problems.

My first step was, of course, to secure exclusive rights to all of Lem's sf that still remains to be done in Germany, which we'll publish at a rate of at least two per year. After the short stories, there'll be "Project: Master's Voice," then "The Futurological Congress," "The Cyberiada" and all the rest. That will get Lem -- at least in Germany -- the recognition that he so richly deserves as the only sf author whose work shows an awareness of the contemporary level of theoretical thought in the sciences.

I'm thinking of doing an anthology of European sf and would like to hear about likely candidates.

--Franz Rottensteiner

HUNGARY The field of sf in Hungary has become more active in connection with the Eurocon. The SF Work Committee of the Writers Association had a session and decided to publish regularly its fanzine entitled "SF Information" in the interest of promoting theoretical work. The first issue appears in May. The committee also decided to organize the first conference of sf writers and theoreticians from the socialist countries, to be held in Budapest in October of this year. The aim of the conference is mutual orientation, acquaintance and agreement on some theoretical and practical questions.

--Péter Kuczka

POLAND Czytelnik has just published Stanislaw Lem's "Doskonała Proznia" (Hard Vacuum) in an edition of 20,000 copies. Based on an idea of J. L. Borges, the book contains 14 reviews of non-existent books by non-existent authors, some of them of a science-fictional nature ("Being Inc." and "Sexplosion"); other fictitious books include: "Les Robinsonades," "Gigamesh," "Gruppenführer Louis XVI," "Do Yourself a Book" and "Culture Considered as a Mistake." Of the other 45,000 copies of Lem books already published this year, no trace is to be seen in the bookstores, including the 5,000 copies of the huge volumes on sf. The other 40,000 copies were made up of the new editions of "Eden" and "Memoirs Found in a Bathtub" in the Selected Works from Wydawnictwo Literackie in Craców.

Lem has also just finished a new collection of short stories, "Insomnia," which will contain new additions to his various cycles of short stories: Ijon Tichy ("The Futurological Congress," a mad satire on futurology, where Lem coins some 100 new terms), Pírx ("Ananke," a story located on Mars), the fictitious reviews and Cyberiada. "Ananke" will appear in a Soviet anthology of stories about the planets of the Solar System and in the forthcoming East German edition of Pírx stories. "The Futurological Congress" will be filmed by Vajda, one of the most famous Polish directors, who is presently seeking a producer for it.

Lem has also written three new Ijon Tichy stories for a new enlarged 40,000 copy edition of "The Star Diaries of Ijon Tichy," which will be illustrated by 25 drawings of the author. Also due is an enlarged edition of the "Cyberiada," illustrated by Daniel Mróz.

At present, Lem is busy writing "Golem XIV" for Czytelnik, a philosophical novel. It's the story of a super-computer built for military purposes; only this computer is so intelligent that he refuses to deal with such trivial problems and so is to be scrapped by the military. But finally it is decided to turn him over to the Institute for Advanced Studies, and there scientists, theologians and such people ask him all possible questions about the universe, and the electronic monster answers.

The first part of Krzysztof Meyer's "Cyberiada" opera was recently shown on Polish TV; there was also a Russian TV play of "Solaris" (which Lem called lousy). His 10-year old TV plays may again be produced.

It is an indication of Lem's popularity that there will be a special edition of his stories for use in schools. And a young lady, Ewa Balcerzak, is writing a critical appreciation of him, an improved version of an M.A. thesis, which will be published by PIW in Warsaw in their series "Portraits of Contemporary Polish Writers."

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Editorial

The Economics of Small Publishing Ventures

"With this issue Science Fiction Review is dead! Because the magazine is so successful... it is demanding, requiring, gobbling, more and more time and energy every day. And it is a slightly losing, to break-even proposition as a business... I suddenly, last week, this week, found myself spending five and six hours a day doing office work -- tending the books, tending the subscriptions, writing business letters, arranging details with the printer... All the work of a full-time editor-publisher and none of the money that should command... I have to call a halt now. I love editing the magazine, and writing for it. But SFR took too much time. I'm sorry... I had great plans... --Richard E. Geis"

So fades Science Fiction Review from the scene, after having become one of the best current magazines. (It won the Hugo Award for Best Fanzine in 1969 and 1970.) The same story has been repeated over and over again since the first fan magazines were published way back in the 1930's. The field loses the creativity of a good editor. And there is usually never a competent editor-publisher waiting to take over a fan magazine when its originator has to bow out. Potential candidates are either already publishing their own magazine, or have not yet moved into fandom to the point of taking over an existing magazine. Dick Geis is a bit different, in that he will be writing professionally, still contributing to science fiction. But nevertheless Science Fiction Review is dead.

One of the problems of course is that fan magazines as a group are woefully under-capitalized, and are able to attain only a limited number of subscriptions. Today these average between 500 and 1500 for the best fanzines, far above the norm of just a few years ago. Part of this increase is due to the recent discovery of our magazines by libraries, schools and universities. They would be welcome as subscribers if it were that simple. But each one requires extra work in sending bills, correspondence with subscription agencies, etc., which adds more to the work load than they're worth as subscribers.

In addition, all this extra circulation requires the production and mailing of more copies, more record-keeping, more of all the work that goes into the magazine. But this small circulation does not provide enough return to allow the investment in equipment which can turn the drudgery of production into a smooth operation which would make it easy for one or two people to continue a magazine indefinitely.

We have been having problems approaching the same magnitude as Dick Geis encountered: almost all of our spare time is taken by this magazine. We attempted to cut down the time required to prepare copy for the issue. Since we couldn't afford good equipment, we've tried another, inexpensive system, with results only slightly better than our previous production. The time required to put together the issue (folding, collating, stapling and trimming the copies) was unbelievable -- several days -- yet we really can't afford the machine which would do the whole job in an hour or two.

So we were at the crossroads, wondering which way to turn. LUNA Monthly was a month behind schedule due to these problems. All our other publications have been stalled as a result. And we continue to receive new subscriptions, which we can't handle properly due to the lack of time. Something had to be done to keep the whole house of cards from tumbling down around us.

We adopted the only presently practical solution with the April issue, when we turned the binding operation over to our printer. Now the magazine is printed on a larger press (16 pages per sheet), then folded and stapled before the individual pages are cut apart. It saves us a lot of time and labor, since we get the

TECHNOLOGICAL FORECASTING AND SCIENCE FICTION

An Interview with Joe Martino

by William L. Rupp

Years ago nobody took science fiction seriously outside of the small band of readers who religiously followed every issue of *Astounding* or *Wonder Stories*. This situation has slowly changed. It is now common to find science fiction courses offered at the leading colleges and universities in the land, and Hollywood has at last broken out of the monster mold long enough to produce a few good sf films.

But there is another way in which science fiction has received a certain indirect compliment. The field of technological forecasting, even younger than science fiction itself, has arisen to give sf competition in the area of speculating about the future. For a comparison of these two fields, I interviewed Joe Martino, a man well equipped for such a task. Joe is both a science fiction writer (his stories have appeared mostly in *Analog*) and a tech. forecaster for the United States Air Force, in which he holds the rank of colonel.

The following interview took place at the annual Science Fiction Writers' of America Conference held at Disneyland in March of 1969:

Rupp: Just what is technological forecasting?

Martino: Before I attempt to answer that question I have to make the legal disclaimer that anything I say is my own personal opinion and does not represent the policy of the United States Air Force nor the Dept. of Defense. Now, having gotten that out of the way, the definition of technological forecasting is predicting the future characteristics of useful machines. That is, a technological forecast, made now, will predict what characteristics machines will have at some point in the future. It does not describe how those characteristics will be obtained in terms of details of the mechanism. It merely says that they will be available by a certain time.

Rupp: How did technological forecasting come about? Was it carefully planned, or did it 'grow like topsy'?

Martino: It more or less grew like topsy. Actually, the first attempts at rational technological forecasting, using something more than intuition, date back to the early part of the 20th century. However, nothing much was done until around 1950: with the great increase in expenditures in research and development, something had to be done to bring R and D to a more rational planning basis. Technological forecasting appeared to be one of the ways to do this, and over the last 10 to 15 years it has grown to the state it is today; a reasonably well developed sub-discipline with its own practitioners, its own journals, its own books.

Rupp: What is the relationship of technological forecasting to government, business and the armed forces? Is there a special type of technological forecasting for each field, or does the same technique overlap?

Martino: All three of these groups need tech. forecasts as information in their planning processes. The objectives of these three types of agencies are quite different, however the analytical means used in the forecasts are remarkably similar.

For instance, the TRW, Inc. corporate planning staff is currently preparing a tech. forecast in areas of interest to the company. They are using a technique known as the Delphi procedure which was originally invented at Rand Corp. for use by the U.S.A.F. So here is an example of a technique originally invented for use by a military department now being used by a private industrial corporation. The things being forecast and the objectives differ but the means by which the forecast is obtained is the same in both cases.

*Rupp:*As you have stated previously, scientific research was once a low budget, independent affair. Often this involved men who carried on their research largely for its own sake and not with practical goals in mind. Will this be true in the future, or will there be 'strings' attached to research monies?

*Martino:*I would say that if the research is expensive enough that it requires more money than the salary of the researcher, let's say a university professor who is paid for teaching, if it costs more than he can afford to pay out of his own salary for things like pencil and paper or similar items like clerical support he gets out of the department budget... if it costs more money than that, he is going to have to show relevance to some social need.

*Rupp:*Technological forecasting operates on the theory that future discoveries can, with a certain degree of accuracy, be predicted ahead of time. On the other hand, many discoveries in fact are quite sudden and unexpected, or serendipitous, as it were. Does technological forecasting take into consideration this factor of chance, of breakthroughs which pop up unexpectedly?

*Martino:*Actually, there's no contradiction. As I said, technological forecasting does not attempt to predict how a capability will be achieved, it merely states that a certain level of performance will be available at some specified time in the future. This frequently is based on extrapolation of the past rate of innovation. The forecaster says that the demands of society, the amount of money being spent, the number of people involved and so on, have caused a certain rate of innovation during the past certain number of years. And he simply says we see no reason to assume that this rate of innovation will be changed, therefore we say the rate of innovation will be continued and this will lead to a certain capability by a certain time. And presumably the serendipity that has occurred in the past is expected to keep occurring at about the same rate.

*Rupp:*How about a few predictions? A large percentage of science fiction stories deal with faster-than-light travel. Do you think man will be able to lick Einstein's theory?

*Martino:*The most common means of predicting transportation capability, that of extrapolating the rate of growth of transportation performance in the past, indicates that if you keep projecting this rate into the future indefinitely, man will achieve essentially infinite velocity somewhere around the end of the 20th century.

This doesn't mean that I'm standing here firm in my conviction that we will have interstellar travel by the end of the 20th century. It merely says that if we keep inventing things at the rate we have been inventing them over the last century and a half, that's what will happen. Now, there are several things that could occur. First of all, we might decide to quit spending as much money on inventing new means of transportation as we have in the past, which would slow down the growth of this curve. Or, it might be that there's some booby trap up there waiting for us, something like the speed of light, which will serve as a fundamental limitation and bring the curve to a halt.

It's impossible to say, at this point, about either of these things. I can only say that if the rate of invention continues as it has in the past, man will achieve essentially infinite velocity by the end of the 20th century.

*Rupp:*Perhaps this is a good question on which to end this discussion: who is more capable of looking into the future, the technological forecaster, or the science fiction writer?

*Martino:*I think the question may not be phrased quite properly. Probably the average technological forecaster is no more intelligent than the average science fiction writer, it's just that he has specialized in a certain area of knowledge, and has equipped himself with tools and techniques peculiar to that area of knowledge. The power really resides in these tools and techniques. If the

science fiction writer, for instance, were willing to use these same tools, he would do just as well, if not better than the professional technological forecaster.

The issue is that nobody, as an example, is going to sit down and say, "now I'm going to learn how to design a bridge." You must spend four, six, seven years, maybe as much as ten years of education learning civil engineering to the point where you can, as a professional, design bridges that the public will have confidence in. In the same way, a technological forecaster is educated, trained in his work, which may represent several years of hard study to achieve proficiency with the tools which he must use, and nobody is going to shortcut that.

But given two people of the same general ability, one going into technological forecasting and one into science fiction, there's no reason to say the technological forecaster is any smarter than the sf writer. He has just studied a different craft and become proficient at a different set of tools. Unfortunately, perhaps, for science fiction and the science fiction writer, these tools are highly relevant to the work of the sf writer; but in general the sf writer has not and probably will not take the time to become proficient in their use.

Thank you very much, Col. Martino. As one who has become proficient in both fields, your views are especially interesting.

You're quite welcome. I hope my comments have been of help.

~~~~~  
THE INTERNATIONAL SCENE continued from Page 6

Another Lem novel has been sold in the U.S., Ace Books will bring out their edition of "The Invincible" in 1971, possibly in September. The book is currently being translated from its German edition by Wendayne Ackerman. In Germany there'll be yet another edition of the novel, the 6th or 7th, this time from Fischer Verlag in Frankfurt. And "Eden" will be published in West Germany by Deutscher Taschenbuchverlag, a publisher who never before touched any sf.

--Franz Rottensteiner

**RUMANIA** The collection "Povestiri Stiintifico-Fantastice," now in its 17th year, is the only proper sf magazine appearing in the Communist world. Edited by Adrian Rogoz, himself a well-known sf writer, as a supplement to the popular science magazine "Stiinta si Tehnica," each fortnightly 32 page issue (now there are 390 of them) contains a number of short stories, occasional serials, articles as well as some humor. The most recent issue features part of an undersea novel by Ion Arama, a story from Lem's "Cyberiada" plus some other work. Authors that appeared in the series include, besides their own Rumanian writers, Daphne du Maurier, Karinthy Frigyes of Hungary, Stevenson, Anderson, Lem, Dürrenmatt, Shinichi Hoshi (Japan), Maun Sein Kyin (Burma), Fereydun Hoveyda (Iran), Jon Bing (Norway) and many others. They even printed a preview of Heicon, translated by Lasswith essay from "Quarber Merkur" and reviewed my fanzine. It's really a nice looking publication, and I'm most happy to have a number of issues of this rare magazine in my own collection.

--Franz Rottensteiner

**SPAIN** So far the Nueva Dimension trial has not been held. The usual practice of the Spanish Ministry is to have trials hanging over the heads of publishers, in order to make them 'behave.' If something arises that they don't like, and that isn't enough to make an issue of, then they unearth the old trial and give the publisher a hard time.

This past December we tried to hold Hispacon 70 in Madrid -- the second Spanish sf national convention -- (first one was back in 1969 in Barcelona), but as the Burgos trial was then at its peak, it was forbidden to have any kind of meetings in all Spain (even meetings of girl scouts were forbidden). So we couldn't do it. We hope this year we will be able to have Hispacon 71.

--Juan España

# Coming Events

June

- 1 FANATICS MEETING at home of member at 7:30pm. For info: Quinn Y. Simpson, 977 Kains Ave, Albany, Calif. 94706
- 4 LITTLE MEN MEETING at home of member at 7:30pm. For info: J. Ben Stark, 113 Ardmore Rd., Berkeley, Calif. 94707
- 4 WSFA MEETING at home of member at 8pm. For info: Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Ave. NW, Washington, D. C. 20032
- 5 HOUSTON SF SOCIETY MEETING at home of a member. For info: Joe Pumilia, 420 W. Bell, Houston, Texas 77019
- 6 ALBUQUERQUE SF GROUP MEETING at Los Ranchos Village Hall, 920 Green Valley Rd. N.W., Albuquerque, N. M. 87112. For info: Bob Vardeman, P. O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N.M. 87112
- 6 ESFA MEETING at the YM-YWCA 600 Broad St., Newark, N. J. at 3pm
- 11 PSFS MEETING at Student Activities Center, 32nd & Chestnut Sts, Philadelphia at 8pm. For info: Ron Stolloff, 10714 Haldeman Ave, Philadelphia, Pa. 19116 (ph: OR6-0358)
- 11 VALSFA MEETING at home of member. For info: Dwain Kaiser, 390 N. Euclid, Upland, Cal. 91786
- ✓ 11-13 GNOMOCLOVE at the Hotel Andrew Johnson in Knoxville, Tenn. GoH: Frank Kelly Freas. Reg: \$2.50. For info: J. A. Corrick III, 2116 Lake Ave, Knoxville Tenn. 37916
- 12 CALGARY SF CLUB MEETING. For info: Brian Hval, 1712 Home Rd. N.W., Calgary 45, Canada
- 12 CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP MEETING at home of member. For info: Lou Tabakow, 2953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236
- 12 MINN-STF MEETING at the Pillsbury-Waite Cultural Arts Center, 724 E. 26 St, Minneapolis. For info: Frank Stodolka, 1325 W. 27 St, Minneapolis, Minn. 55408
- 12 SPECULATION II at the Birmingham & Midland Institute, Birmingham, England. For info: Peter Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave, Birmingham 30, UK
- 13 HAFASD MEETING at home of member at 1pm. For info: Roger A. Freedman, 8479 Scarf Pl., San Diego, Calif. 92119 (ph: 469-4280)
- 13 NESFA MEETING at home of member. For info: NESFA, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch Sta., Cambridge, Mass. 02139
- 15 FANATICS MEETING, see June 1
- 18 LITTLE MEN MEETING, see June 4
- 18 WSFA MEETING, see June 4
- 18-20 MINICON 4 at the Curtis Hotel Minneapolis. Adv. reg: \$2, \$3 at door. For info: Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St. N.E., Minneapolis, Minn. 55418
- 19 CHICAGO SF LEAGUE MEETING at home of George Price, 1439 W. North Shore Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60626, at 8pm.
- 19 DaSFS MEETING at home of member at 8pm. For info: Tom Reamy Box 523, Richardson, Tex. 75080 (ph: 214-424-2764)
- 19 LUNARIAN MEETING at home of Frank Dietz, 655 Orchard Street, Oradell, N. J. at 8pm. Guests of members and out-of-area fans.
- 20 MISFITS MEETING at home of member at 3pm. For info: Howard DeVore, 4705 Weddel Street, Dearborn Heights, Mich. 48125 (ph: LO5-4157)
- 25 VALSFA MEETING, see June 11
- 25-27 MIDWESTCON at the Quality Courts Motel, 4747 Montgomery Rd, Cincinnati, Ohio 45212. For info: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236
- 26 CALGARY SF CLUB MEETING, see June 12
- 26 MINN-STF MEETING, see June 12
- 27 HAFASD MEETING, see June 13
- 27 NESFA MEETING, see June 13
- 27 OMICRON CETI THREE MEETING, at home of member at 8:30 pm. For info: Joe Isenstadt, 821

N. Hamilton Ave., Lindenhurst,  
N. Y. 11757 (ph: 516-TU8-8327)

- 27 OSFA MEETING at Museum of  
Science & Nat. Hist., Oak Knoll  
Pk. at Big Bend & Clayton Rds.,  
Clayton, Mo. -- the Science Bldg,  
3rd floor, at 2pm. For info: Doug  
Clark, 6216 Famous Ave., St.  
Louis, Mo. 63139
- 27 OSFic MEETING in Toronto. For  
info: Peter Gill, 18 Glen Manor  
Drive, Toronto 13, Canada

## July

- 3-5 WESTERCON XXIV-SF CON 71  
at the San Francisco Airport's  
Hilton Hotel. Adv. reg: \$4 to  
June 1, then \$5. GoH: Avram  
Davidson, Fan GoH: Don Simpson.  
For info: Secretariat, 3 Las Pal-  
omas, Orinda, Calif. 94563. Make  
checks payable to SAMPO Pro-  
ductions.
- 5-23 WRITERS' WORKSHOP at Pacifi-  
c University, course in fiction by  
Ursula LeGuin. Tuition \$108.00  
For info: Robert A. Davies, Box  
621, Pacific Univ, Forest Grove,  
Oregon 97116
- 8-11 DCON at the Statler-Hilton Hotel  
Dallas. GoH: Robert Bloch, Fan  
GoH: Andy Offutt. Adv. reg: \$5;  
\$6 at door. For info: Dcon, Box  
242, Lewisville, Texas 75067

## August

- 6-8 SAN DIEGO GOLDEN STATE  
COMIC-CON at the University of  
Calif, La Jolla, Calif. GoH: Ed-  
mond Hamilton & Leigh Brackett.  
Fan GoH: George Barr. Reg: \$3  
For info: Golden State Comic-Con  
Box 23182, San Diego, Calif. 92123
- 7-9 PGHLANGE III at the Chatham  
Center Motor Inn, Pittsburgh.  
GoH: Lester Del Rey. For info:  
Ginjer Buchanan, 5830 Bartlett St,  
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217
- 26-29 DEEPSOUTHCON at the Monte-  
leone Hotel, 214 Rue Royale, New  
Orleans, La. GoH: Poul Anderson  
Reg: \$3. For info: Rick Norwood,  
6002 Chef Menteur Highway, New  
Orleans, La. 70126
- 27-28 NEW MEXICON III at the

Ramada Inn East in Albuquerque.  
For info: Bob Vardeman, P.O.  
Box 11352, Albuquerque, N. M.  
87112

## September

- 3-6 NOREASCON at the Hotel Shera-  
ton-Boston. GoH: Clifford Simak,  
Fan GoH: Harry Warner Jr.  
Registration fee to August 10, \$4  
supporting, \$6 attending. Send to  
Noreascon, Box 547, Cambridge,  
Mass. 02139

## October

- 8-11 BOUCHERCON II at the Inter-  
national Hotel, 6211 W. Century  
Blvd, Los Angeles, Calif. 90045.  
Membership to Oct. 1: \$4. For  
info: Bruce Pelz, Box 1, Santa  
Monica, Calif. 90406
- 9-10 ESFA OPEN MEETING at the  
Robert Treat Hotel, Newark, N. J.  
For info: Mike Deckinger, 25  
Manor Drive, #12J, Newark, N. J.  
07106
- 9-11 SECONDARY UNIVERSE IV in  
Toronto. For info: Madeleine  
Morton, 566 Palmerston Ave,  
Toronto 174, Ontario, Canada

## November

- 13-14 NOVACON 1 at the Imperial  
Hotel, Birmingham, England. Reg:  
50p. For info: Vernon Brown,  
Room 623 Pharmacy, University  
of Aston, Birmingham, UK

## December

- 3-5 PHILCON at the Sheraton Hotel,  
1725 Kennedy Blvd, Philadelphia.  
Principal Speaker: Keith Laumer.  
For info: Sanford Z. Meschkow,  
4413 Larchwood Ave, Philadelphia  
Pa. 19104

## MEETINGS HELD EVERY WEEK:

- LASFS: Thurs. at Palms Playground  
Recreation Center, 2950 Overland  
Ave, W. Los Angeles, at 8pm. (ph:  
838-3838)
- NOSFA: Sat. at homes of various  
members at 7pm. For info: John

Guidry, 5 Finch St, New Orleans,  
La. 70124 (ph: 232-0443)  
QUANTA LTD: Sun. at 5pm at home  
of Ivor Rogers, 110 S. Monroe,  
Green Bay, Wis. Call Ivor or  
Debby at 432-4741 for details.  
WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA SF ASSN:  
Sun at 2pm at homes of members.  
For info: Ginjer Buchanan, 5830  
Bartlett St, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217

#### MEETINGS HELD IRREGULARLY:

ATLANTA SF GROUP: For info:  
Glenn Brock, Box 1085, Atlanta,  
Ga. 30310

BALTIMORE SCIENCE-FANTASY  
GROUP: Sat. at homes of mem-  
bers. For info: Jack Chalker,  
5111 Liberty Heights Ave, Balti-  
more, Md. 21207 (ph: 367-0605)

BLACK SWAMP SF & FANTASY

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

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

DASFA: For info: C. Cazedessus,  
P. O. Box 550, Evergreen, Colo.  
80439 (ph: 674-4246)

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

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

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

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

J. G. BALLARD: A PROFILE continued from Page 3

that such a story uses the technology the same way it does its space-opera elements. They're only pretexts for a dazzling series of verbal pictures and for symbolizing a mournful theme. A Ballard story, however technical, always gives the impression of being ready to husk off its sf pulp shell and emerge as a poetic mainstream butterfly.

Once I had a temporary summer job, very temporary, at a Pittsburgh steel mill. One of my chores was finding coke on the grounds and helping a crew drop it through a furnace-hole. To enjoy a game of skill, I lobbed my coke through the hole from a distance, like horseshoes. The foreman was unhappy. Measured in time and coke, I was as efficient as the rest of the crew. But you aren't supposed to play games in a Pittsburgh steel mill, even when you're doing the job assigned. Ballard affects old sf hands the way I affected that foreman, even though we're both good boys and orthodox.

With his visual bias Ballard seems born for TV and films. But not here as yet. A 1967 New Worlds anthology has a note by Michael Moorcock describing a BBC-TV version of "13 to Centaurus" (Amazing 4/62 and Berkley's Passport to Eternity) and also a current filming of one of his later experimental pieces, "You: Coma: Marilyn Monroe." Has anyone here in the States ever seen them? Ballard has never had the one big Andromeda-Stranger-2001 smasher best-seller that would put his name over with the general public or even, considering his merits, our sf ghetto public. No short story Hugo, for instance. The Nebula awards only began at the close of his most productive period (1957-65).

His six American story collections, all paperback first editions (Berkley Medallion), are: 2/62, "Voices of time;" 1962, "Billionium;" 9/63, "Passport to Eternity;" 6/64, "Terminal Beach" (the British title denotes almost a completely separate collection); 4/66, "Impossible Man;" 4/71, "Vermilion Sands" (see review page 52 this issue). This latest title reprints four stories from the earlier books. Otherwise the American editions don't cannibalize each other.

## Coming Attractions

F & SF -- August

### Novel

Jack of Shadows by Roger Zelazny

### Novellette

Born to Exile by Phyllis Eisenstein

### Short Stories

A Slight Miscalculation by Ben Bova

A Ring of Black Coral by D.R. Sherman

The Pied Potter by A. Bertram Chandler

A Rag, A Bone by Patrick Meadows

An Occurrence on the Mars-to-Earth Run by William Dean

### Verse

Loups Garoux by Avram Davidson

### Science

Prime Quality by Isaac Asimov

Cover by Ron Walotsky for "Jack of Shadows"

GALAXY -- July/August

### Serial

The Moon Children by Jack Williamson

### Novella

A Congregation of Vapors by William T. Powers

### Novellette

All the Way Up, All the Way Down by Robert Silverberg

### Short Stories

All but the Words by R. A. Lafferty

The Phylogenetic Factor by Ernest Hill

The S. B. Notations by J. K. Swearingen

Duckworth and the Sound Probe by Larry Eisenberg

Cover by Gaughan, suggested by "The Moon Children"

IF -- July/August

### Serial

The Fabulous Riverboat by Philip José Farmer

### Novella

Arnten of Ultima Thule by Avram Davidson

### Novellettes

Occam's Scalpel by Theodore Sturgeon

To Seek Another by James A. Goetaas

### Short Story

Boomer Flats by R. A. Lafferty

Cover by Gaughan, suggested by "To Seek Another"

Current Issue

AMAZING -- July

### Novel

The Second Trip by Robert Silverberg

### Short Stories

The Peacefulness of Vivyan by James Tiptree Jr.

Bohassian Learns by William Rotzler

Border Town by Pg Wyal

The Worlds of Monty Willson by William F. Nolan

### Classic Reprint

The Lost Language by David H. Keller, M.D.

### Science

How to Build a Solar System by Greg Benford

Cover by Dan Adkins

Current Issue

F & SF -- July

### Novel

Jack of Shadows by Roger Zelazny

### Novellette

New Boy by Maureen Bryan Exter

### Short Stories

Sweet Forest Maid by Gene Wolfe

For a Foggy Night by Larry Niven

Un-inventor Wanted by Michael Gillingannon

The Palatski Man by Stuart Dybek

### Films

THX 1138 review by Baird Searles

### Science

Bill and I by Isaac Asimov

Cover by Ronald Walotsky for "Jack of Shadows"

Current Issue

ANALOG -- May

### Serial

The Outposter by Gordon R. Dickson

## Novelettes

Company Planet by James H. Schmitz

Culture Shock by Perry A. Chapdelaine

Peace With Honor by Jerry Pournelle

## Short Story

Not Stupid Enough by G. H. Scithers

## Science Fact

Men to Mars by Walter B. Hendrickson Jr.

## Editorial

Pollution Paranoia by JWC

Cover by Kelly Freas, suggested by "The Outposter"

Current Issue  
ANALOG -- June

## Serial

The Outposter by Gordon R. Dickson

## Novelettes

Glory Day by James H. Schmitz  
The Habitat Manager by S. Kye Boulton

## Short Stories

The Swan Song of Dame Hulse by Ted Thomas  
With Friends Like These... by Alan Dean Foster

## Science Fact

Alpha-Wave Conditioning by K. C. Keefe

## Editorial

Bargain Spacement by JWC

Cover by Kelly Freas, suggested by "Glory Day"

Current Issue  
FANTASTIC -- June

## Novel

The Byworlder by Poul Anderson

## Short Stories

War of the Doom Zombies by Ova Hamlet as told to Richard Lupoff  
No Exit by Hank Stine and Larry Niven

The Man Who Faded Away by Richard Peck

The Lurker in the Locked Bedroom by Ed Bryant

New Feature  
Literary Swordsmen & Sorcerers by L. Sprague deCamp

## Classic Reprint

War of Human Cats by Festus Pragnell

Cover by Dan Adkins

Current Issue  
FANTASTIC -- August

## Serial

The Byworlder by Poul Anderson

## Short Stories

The Joke by David R. Bunch

Extra Ecclesiam Nulla Salus by Eugene Stover

Sentence in Binary Code by Christopher Priest

Pulse by James Benford

## Classic Reprint

The Electrical Butterflies by Ross Rocklynne

Cover by Paula McLane, inspiration for "Pulse"

## ACE JUNE TITLES

Heinlein, Robert A. Citizen of the Galaxy. 10600 95¢

Norton, Andre Sea Siege. 75695 75¢

Simak, Clifford D. City 10621 75¢

Ferman, Edward L., ed. The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction: 16th Series. 05455 95¢

Carr, Terry, ed. Universe I. 84600 95¢

Stableford, Brian M. In the Kingdom of the Beasts. 37106 75¢

Rackham, John Dark Planet / The Herod Men by Nick Kamin. 13805. 75¢

Dickinson, Peter The Sinful Stones. 76721 75¢

## ARKHAM HOUSE FORECASTS

Fryer, Donald S. Songs and Sonnets Atlantean. May. \$5.00

Derleth, August, ed. Dark Things. June. \$6.50

Lovecraft, H. P. Selected Letters III. July. \$10.00

Smith, Clark Ashton Selected Poems. August. \$10.00

Lumley, Brian The Caller of the Black September. \$5.00

Derleth, August The Chronicles of Solar Pons. October. \$5.00



Campbell, Ramsey Demons by Day-light. December \$5.00  
 Long, Frank Belknap The Rim of the Unknown. Spring 1972 \$7.50  
 Lovecraft, H. P. & August Derleth. The Watchers out of Time. Spring 1972 \$7.50  
 Lovecraft, H. P. Selected Letters IV. Spring 1972 \$7.50  
 Jacobi, Carl Disclosures in Scarlet. Spring 1972 \$5.00

#### BERKLEY JUNE TITLES

Moorcock, Michael The Knight of the Swords. S1971 75¢  
 Wells, Robert Candle in the Sun. S2016 75¢  
 Sanborn, Robin Book of Stier. S2019 75¢

#### DOUBLEDAY FORECASTS

Silverberg, Robert The World Inside. July \$4.95  
 Lymington, John The Nowhere Place. July \$4.95  
 Laumer, Keith Retief of the CDT. July \$4.95  
 Ferman, Edward L., ed. The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction:

19th Series. August \$5.95  
 Walling, William No One Goes There Now. August \$4.95  
 Edmondson, G. C. Chapayeca. August \$4.95

#### LANCER JULY TITLES

Gilbert, Stephen Willard (orig: Ratman's Notebooks) 75189 95¢  
 Merwin, Sam Jr. The Time Shifters. 74776 75¢

#### PYRAMID FORECASTS

Conklin, Groff, ed. Five-Odd. June. 75¢  
 McLaughlin, Dean Dome World. July 75¢  
 Sturgeon, Theodore Venus Plus X. July. 75¢  
 Dalmas, John The Yngling. August. 75¢  
 McLaughlin, Dean The Fury from Earth. September 75¢  
 Asimov, Isaac Eight Stories from The Rest of the Robots. October 75¢  
 deCamp, L. Sprague The Clocks of Iraz. November 75¢  
 Budrys, Algis The Falling Torch. December. 75¢

## Have You Read?

Alexander, Lloyd "Literature, Creativity and Imagination" Childhood Education, March p.307-10  
 "Outlooks and Insights" (speech) p. 19-29. "Lloyd Alexander: The Man and His Books for Children" by Helen W. Painter. p.30-6, in "Reaching Children and Young People Through Literature; Papers from the 15th Annual Convention, 1970," ed. by H. W. Painter. International Reading Association, 1971.  
 Ballard, J. G. "Spacing Out; Interview" Times Educational Supplement (London), Jan 29 p.17-18  
 Birstein, Ann "The Andromeda Strain" Vogue, April 1, p.160  
 Bradbury, Ray "How, Instead of Being Educated in College, I Was Graduated from Libraries; or Thoughts from a Chap Who Landed on the Moon in 1932" Wilson Library

Bulletin, May p.842-51  
 Cameron, Eleanor "High Fantasy: A Wizard of Earthsea" The Horn Book Magazine, April p.129-38  
 Christensen, Bonniejean M. "J.R.R. Tolkien: A Bibliography" Bulletin of Bibliography and Magazine Notes (Faxon), July-Sept. 1970, p.61 +  
 Colloquy, May issue (special science fiction issue. Contents: Voices by deCamp, Ellison, LeGuin, Dickson, Knight; Why It's All Right Now by Edna Stumpf; A Basic Science Fiction Collection by Alexei Panshin; Is God Science Fiction? by Florence Fuller; Communiqué from the Front by Joanna Russ; That Great Curriculum in the Sky by David F. Marshall; The Medium and the Marketplace by Tom Purdom; Fuller's Earth by Richard Fuller; Hardware by Cathryn McCreight) Avail-

- able from Colloquy Circulation Department, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. 50¢ each, 35¢ each for order of ten or more.
- DeMott, Benjamin "Vonnegut's Otherworldly Laughter" *Saturday Review*, May 1 p.29-32+
- Dreyfus, Patricia Allen "Robert Mc Call, Illustrator" (space art) *American Artist*, March p.80-4+ and cover
- "Faust and Loose" (Faust Counter Faust by Minneapolis Center Opera Company) *Newsweek*, Feb. 15 p.91
- Frederick, Antoinette "Birthday Moon Walk" (party) *Woman's Day*, April, p.172
- "Future Imperative" (THX 1138, Andromeda Strain) *Time*, March 29 p.85+
- "Futurescapes of the 21st Century" (drawings) *Unesco Courier*, April p.16-21
- Gardner, Martin "We're Off to See the Wizard" (Oz books) *New York Times Book Review*, May 2 p.1+
- Gittelson, Natalie "The 900-Year-Old Beauty" (Prometheus Project) *Harpers Bazaar*, April p.20+
- Greenlaw, M. Jean "Science Fiction: Impossible! Improbable! or Prophetic?" *Elementary English*, April p.196-202
- Jones, David Cadwalader "The Magic Mushrooms" (puppet play) *Plays*, April p.63-5
- Jungk, Robert "Breakthrough to Tomorrow" (futurology) *Unesco Courier*, April p.8-17
- Kanfer, Stefan "Oz Revisited" (Phantom Tollbooth) *Time*, March 22 p.76-7
- Kazin, Alfred "Meeting Borges" *New York Times Book Review*, May 2 p.4-5+
- Kerr, Walter "What Did Dracula Ever See in Lucy?" (Dracula Savvat) *New York Times*, April 18 sect.2 p.1+
- Knight, Arthur "A Pique at the Future" (THX 1138, Andromeda Strain) *Saturday Review*, April 3 p.52
- Kolodney, David "Peace in Middle Earth" (paintings by Bill Martin) *Ramparts*, Oct. p.35-8
- Le Lionnais, Francois "What Future for Futurology?" *Unesco Courier*, April p.4-6
- "Limits of Academic Freedom" (H. Bruce Franklin) *Time*, March 15 p.51
- Maddocks, Melvin "Wanderer in the Cosmos" *Christian Science Monitor*, March 31 p.13
- Norell, Irene Louise Palmer "Maxfield Parrish, New Hampshire Artist, 1870-1966; a contribution toward a bibliography, with notes" Prelim. ed. 1971 \$6.00 (order from the compiler, 522 S. Fifth St., San Jose, Calif. 95112
- Paul, William "White on White" (THX 1138) *Village Voice*, April 8 p.64
- Ranly, Ernest W. "What Are People For?" (Kurt Vonnegut) *Commonweal*, May 7 p.207-11
- Ronan, Margaret "Life Among the Robots" (THX 1138) *Senior Scholastic*, May 10 p.19
- "Wildfire Alert!" (Andromeda Strain) *Senior Scholastic*, April 5 p.22-3
- Rybak, Rose Kacherian "The Day the Marsmen Landed" (play) *Plays*, April p.37-42
- Schickel, Richard "Critic's Roundup" (Mephisto Waltz, Brother John, The Phantom Tollbooth) *Life*, April 30 p.16-17
- Shenker, Israel "Borges, a Blind Writer With Insight" *Publishers Weekly*, May 10 p.20-21
- Shepard, R. Z. "Future Grok" *Time* March 29 p.86+
- Sherman, Allan "The Martian Report" *TV Guide*, April 17 p.37-8+
- Walsh, Michael "City Hosts International Fan Fraternity" *The Province (Vancouver)* April 12 p.11
- Westerbeck, Colin L. Jr. "The Screen" (Andromeda Strain, THX1138) *Commonweal*, April 30 p.190-2
- Zelazny, Roger "Science Fiction and How It Got That Way" *The Writer*, May p.15-17
- Zimmerman, Paul D. "Future Shock" (THX 1138) "The Germonauts" (Andromeda Strain) *Newsweek*, March 29 p.98

# S F and the Cinema

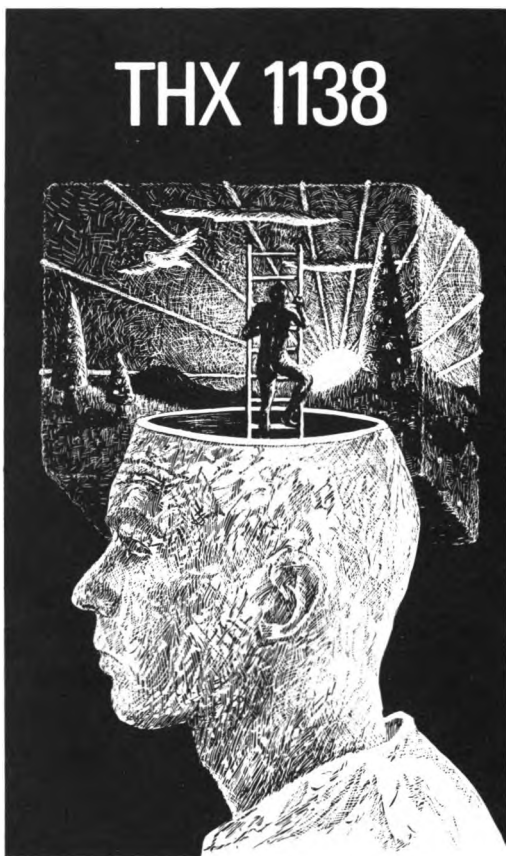
by Frederick S. Clarke

"THX 1138" has an intellectual resilience that in the end just barely manages to triumph over the film's total lack of virtue as entertainment. For those who found the future of Stanley Kubrick's "2001: A Space Odyssey" to be a dull prospect for mankind, not to mention for the viewing audience, "THX 1138" will seem deadly and distasteful in its boredom. To be sure, that the future is dull, boring and dehumanizing is the point, but one comes away from "THX 1138" wishing only that director George Lucas had not driven it home so strenuously and unrelentingly.

Lucas designed his film around a short he made while a student at the University of California, called "THX 1138 4EB." It was telecast some years ago by National Educational Television and proved to be an intriguing little chase film that was remarkably advanced and stylish for a student film. It can be seen almost intact and with notable refinement as the concluding portion of his feature length film for Warner Brothers. What Lucas has done to expand his short is to precede it with a telling explanation of why and from what THX is running. Lucas' austere vision of what the future holds is a frightening and profound statement of the human spirit crushed in the cogs of technology. THX (pronounced Thex) and his female roommate LUH are inhuman and therefore inscrutable to us. They work, eat, take drugs, watch television, and then sleep apart only to awake to the same cycle. The film follows in the pattern of their lives, echoed in the editing together of unrelated scene after scene. The opening scenes follow one another without meaning or connection and exist, like the endless days of their lives, separate, empty and self-contained. THX and LUH having sex is the film's first comprehensible scene, after a first quarter that is confusing, alienating and depressing. From this point on, our empathy but not our understanding begins to grow. THX loses LUH, is captured by the system for illegal sex and drug evasion, tried, imprisoned, and then escapes. In a last beautiful scene, THX emerges onto the surface from a huge ventilating shaft and the camera pulls back to show his tiny figure amid a verdant green landscape framed against the huge orange glove of a setting sun.

Thematically, "THX 1138" is almost identical with Truffaut's "Fahrenheit 451," but visually and directorially they approach the

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## KAREL ZEMAN: HOW TO FILM FANTASY

by Mark Purcell

With his usual flippancy about secondary rights, J. R. R. Tolkien so disposed of the film rights to "Lord of the Rings" as to keep them out of the hands of any of the thriving international band of animators and cartoonists who have been exploring their medium since World War II. As producers, the Beatles -- remember them? -- permitted much of this gang a showpiece with "Yellow Submarine." But the obvious director for a story about elves, people and talking trees is the Czech, Karel Zeman. Who he? Read on.

The subject below is his features (1953-64), not his shorts, which have their own series hero, Mr. Prokoup, the Mr. Magoo of Czechoslovakia, apparently. Like his fellow national, the great film puppeteer, Jiri Trnka, Zeman was permitted to try features. Like many sf and mystery authors, he scrapped his regular series character, Prokoup, for more narrative freedom and especially to include live actors. Zeman wanted regular actors and dialogue to backbone his stories, yet without sacrificing the narrative shorthand which is the special contribution of cartoons. Also, like other modern animators, he wanted to avoid incessant joking. His solution was a home-made mix of cartoons, photographs of photographs, live actors and puppets, with traditional romantic stories.

So the special mark of a Zeman film is that both the story-object (the hero or a stormy wind) and its pictorial symbol (a picture or puppet) may appear together in one frame or succeed each other in successive shots. Actor, object, symbol, will be costumed and designed in a specific historical style: the favorite period is baroque Europe, when liars like Cagliostro and Munchhausen fantasied their way through the duchies of Europe.

Here's an example of how the films work. In the castle where most of "War of Fools" (1964) takes place, Matej (Best Friend) has managed to get crocked from casks of the castle wine. First we see some subjective camera shots -- shaking the camera, etc. -- giving his drunken point of view and the audience a light laugh. In the technique of silent film comedy the audience is set up by a small joke for the real, surprising climax. OK. Matej wanders into the courtyard. Here the hero Petr is suitably engaged in a duel against long odds. He's in trouble.

Again, Matej begins to burp and hiccup, again occur the 'subjective' shots of wobbling screen and sagging props as in the wine-cask shot. But the soldiers that Matej sees, collapse and roll around with each hiccup, as did the wine-casks. The hero is saved. That is, Matej's subjective intoxication has invaded the 'objective' world. As with cartoons, we are reminded that the camera shows pictures, not something called reality. It's only a convention when we take film pictures as representing what we commonly see or experience. Of course, this is only regular animation technique. In an old Looney Tune, say, "Bugs Bunny in the 30 Years' War," the audience would still laugh at the collapsing soldiers, but without the special shock of delight we have in seeing cartoon tricks invade a live-action feature.

This long description shows how Zeman's tricks help tell his stories, I hope; but it's misleading if it suggests that all he's done is transplant some cartoon jokes into an actor's medium, the old fashioned historical battle movie. What is more exciting is his use of cartoon and painter's techniques in sober ways, to express ideas. The 'tone' of Zeman's films was foreshadowed in the circus sequences that run through Max Ophuls' great 1955 "Lola Montez." There, in a light frisky manner the pains and degradation of a great courtesan's life are animated by Martine Carol's circus routines and Peter Ustinov's ringmaster patter. (Ophuls' movie looks more sentimental than Zeman's. But Ophuls is really much tougher than Zeman has let himself be.)

More examples, all from "War of Fools": Zeman photographed contemporary drawings of 30 Years' War scenes, then blew them up as background sets, so that for instance a line of cavalry in formation on a hill blends into one of the blowups. The point is not 'deceiving' the audience. Zeman is after the effect of a line of horsemen fading off into infinite distance. The photographed drawing in the background of the shot is like the stylized flourish at the end of a signature.

"War of Fools" theme, that war is a deadly joke played on the fighters by rulers with identical interests, is not necessarily good history. But this idea lets the director/ animator play all sorts of visual jokes. The film's main set, the castle, changes color and direction of its flags as first the king's, then the emperor's, armies win a battle. Zeman is able to steal, gracefully. He lifts a famous silent comedy gag which Buster Keaton, as advisor, planted in Red Skelton's Civil War movie, "A Southern Yankee" (1948). It probably occurs in Keaton's own "The General." This is the scene in which the clever hero is trapped between two enemy armies and waves their flags at both of them. Obviously, Zeman is not better than Keaton when he gives this joke to Matej; but whereas Keaton and Skelton films had to stay within the conventions of light farce, Zeman demonstrates how Bugs Bunny animation and Red Skelton gags can be used to develop a real idea about life. The gags don't tie down his movie and limit its variety.

One more example of how Zeman's techniques keep his film light and funny, tell the story, yet permit him to be serious. The plot makes enormous play with two portraits of the villainess, a cute slit-eyed blonde, Veronika. She's the rich bitch movie heroes always reject so easily. First Petr finds an expensive portrait of her in a bundle of loot and falls in love with Veronika while carting her picture across the battle fields. Then at the castle, the picture's main set, we see a second picture, drawn full-length by the court painter, showing her accompanied by a soldier's uniform over which he paints the head of her latest fiancé. (This is sometimes Petr, in aristocratic disguise, depending on who won the latest battle, his side or the other.) Now this second portrait is stylized and symbolic; in the picture, the man wears a grinning death's head and Veronika is the White Witch, the death goddess. In a conservative movie this picture would be too crude and spelled-out. But the animation techniques have let the audience relax, accept such explicit symbolism, yet let the live actress give a quiet, non-corny performance. Zeman has the best of both worlds, realistic and symbolic.

With props like this painting or the contrary winds that blow throughout the film, use becomes so complicated both for plot and symbolism that it's impossible to describe how they work. See the movie. This complexity is Zeman's contribution to the art of the cinema.

If you saw the documentary, "Making of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," you were enlightened on how much animation is used in modern 'realistic' American films. At least I was. Now the American techniques were slick. The split with Zeman -- let's say, the split between Europe and America -- is that directors like Ophuls and Zeman, writers like Borges and Nabokov, expect the audience to be aware of their tricks and techniques, their storytelling language. Whereas the American audience for books and theatre has always felt the prejudice that rhymes, plots, fantasies and trick camera effects are screens hiding some sort of real language from us. Like Walt Whitman complaining about poems on dull subjects like King Arthur, when there were more interesting subjects available, like Walt Whitman. This old prejudice means that American audiences and artists prefer coup d'oeil effects in their books and movies, the art that conceals art.

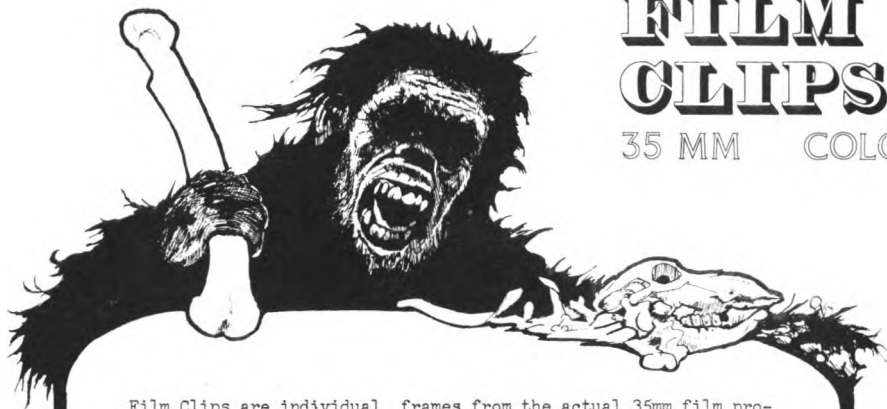
The other prejudice against Zeman lies in the fact that his ideas are less important than his narrative techniques, that he's a storyteller like the old Hollywood studio craftsmen, or like Kurosawa and Ingmar Bergman. Now the fashion-

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 Delany, Samuel R. & Marilyn Hacker, eds. QUARK/3. Paperback 66-593 May \$1.25  
 Derleth, August, ed. TALES OF THE CTHULHU MYTHOS, v.1 (repr) Beagle 95080, May 95¢  
 Dunsany, Lord DON RODRIGUEZ: Chronicles of Shadow Valley (fty, repr) Ballantine 02244, May 95¢  
 Elwood, Roger & Vic Ghidalia, eds. HORROR HUNTERS. Macfadden 75-416, May 75¢  
 Finlay, Virgil VIRGIL FINLAY: A Portfolio of His Unpublished Illustrations. Gerry de la Ree (7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, N.J. 07458) \$10.00  
 Foster, Bob A GUIDE TO MIDDLE EARTH. Mirage, April \$3.75  
 Garcia Marquez, Gabriel ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE (marg fty, repr, tr) Avon J106 \$1.50  
 Goff, Georgena THE BLACK DOG (occult) Belmont B75-2124, May 75¢  
 Haining, Peter, ed. THE FUTURE MAKERS (repr) Belmont B75-2125, May 75¢  
 Hall, Angus DEVILDAY (supernat, repr) Ace 14283, May 75¢  
 THE SCARS OF DRACULA. Beagle 94071 75¢  
 Hall, H. W., comp. SFBRI: Science Fiction Book Review Index 1970. Author (3608 Meadow Oaks Lane, Bryan, Tex. 77801) \$1.00  
 Harrison, Harry ONE STEP FROM EARTH (coll, repr) Collier 02090, June \$1.25  
 (ed) NOVA 1: An Anthology of Original Science Fiction Stories (repr) Dell 6499, March 75¢  
 --and Brian W. Aldiss, eds. BEST SF: 1969 (repr) Berkley N1982, April 95¢  
 Haubold, Cleve THE GOLDEN GROTTO, Or, Bracko, the Prince Frog (juv comedy, play) S. French \$1.00  
 Hearn, Lafcadio IN GHOSTLY JAPAN (coll) Tuttle, April \$2.00  
 Heinlein, Robert A. FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD (repr) Berkely Z1981, April \$1.25  
 6 X H (5 ptg, orig: The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag) Pyramid T2471, May 75¢  
 SPACE CADET (repr) Ace 77730, May 95¢  
 TIME FOR THE STARS (repr) Ace 81125, April 95¢  
 Herbert, Frank THE GREEN BRAIN (repr) Ace 30261, April 75¢  
 WHIPPING STAR (2 ptg) Berkley S1909, Feb. 75¢  
 Higgins, Margaret UNHOLY SANCTUARY (witchcraft) Ace 84560, April 75¢  
 Hurd, Douglas & Andrew Osmond THE SMILE ON THE FACE OF THE TIGER (marg, repr) Ballantine 02241 95¢  
 Knight, Damon HELL'S PAVEMENT (repr) Fawcett T2416, April 75¢  
 Lafferty, R. A. THE DEVIL IS DEAD Avon V2406, May 75¢  
 Laumer, Keith THE HOUSE IN NOVEMBER (repr) Berkley S1998, May 75¢  
 A PLAGUE OF DEMONS (repr) Paperback 64-595, May 75¢  
 LeGuin, Ursula K. THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS (reissue) Ace 47800 April 95¢  
 PLANET OF EXILE (reissue) Ace

- 66951, May 60¢  
 Long, Frank Belknap SURVIVAL  
 WORLD. Lancer 74750, April 75¢  
 Lord, Jeffrey LIBERATOR OF JEDD  
 (s&s) Macfadden 75-408, April 75¢  
 Lovcraft, H. P. & August Derleth THE  
 SHUTTERED ROOM and other tales  
 of terror (repr) Beagle 95068, Ap-  
 ril 95¢  
 Lunn, Janet TWIN SPELL (juv super-  
 nat, repr, orig: Double Spell) Dell  
 Yearling 9177, March 75¢  
 McCaffrey, Anne DRAGONFLIGHT  
 (2d ptg) Ballantine 02246, May 95¢  
 DRAGONQUEST: Being the Further  
 Adventures of the Dragonriders of  
 Pern. Ballantine 02245, May 95¢  
 THE MARK OF MERLIN. Dell 5466  
 May 75¢  
 McClelland, C. Kirk ON MAKING A  
 MOVIE: BREWSTER MCCLOUD.  
 Signet W4591, May \$1.50  
 McClure, Michael GARGOYLE CAR-  
 TOONS: Or, The Charbroiled Chin-  
 chilla (marg fty plays, incl. The  
 Cherub, The Meatball, The River,  
 The Bow, Spider, Rabbit, etc.) Dell  
 Delta, April \$2.25  
 Moorcock, Michael, ed. BEST SF  
 STORIES FROM NEW WORLDS 5  
 (repr Brit) Berkley S2003, May 75¢  
 Muller, John E. DAY OF THE BEA-  
 STS (repr) Macfadden 75-407, Ap-  
 ril 75¢  
 Nichols, Aeleta THE THIRD CHILD  
 (supernat) Pyramid T2426, March  
 75¢  
 Nightingale, Ursula DEVILTOWER  
 (marg supernat) Popular Library  
 00271, April 95¢  
 Niven, Larry ALL THE MYRIAD  
 WAYS (coll) Ballantine 02280, June  
 95¢  
 Nunes, Claude & Rhoda RECOIL /  
 LALLIA by E. C. Tubb. Ace 71082  
 April 75¢  
 Obler, Arch OBLER OMNIBUS. Lei-  
 sure 0012 95¢  
 O'Donnell, K. M. UNIVERSE DAY.  
 Avon V2394, April 75¢  
 Parry, Michel COUNTESS DRACULA  
 Beagle 94081 75¢  
 Playboy Magazine THE DEAD AST-  
 RONAUT (coll) Playboy 16114 75¢  
 THE FIEND (coll) Playboy 16122  
 75¢  
 LAST TRAIN TO LIMBO (coll)  
 Playboy 16106 75¢  
 Pohl, Frederik & Jack Williamson  
 UNDERSEA CITY (repr) Ballantine  
 02209, April 75¢  
 UNDERSEA FLEET (repr) Ballan-  
 tine 02208, April 75¢  
 UNDERSEA QUEST (repr) Ballan-  
 tine 02207, April 75¢  
 Pugh, Marshall THE LAST PLACE  
 LEFT (marg, repr) Popular Lib-  
 rary 01417, April 75¢  
 Reynolds, James GHOSTS IN AMER-  
 ICAN HOUSES (coll, reissue) Pap-  
 erback 64-538, Feb. 75¢  
 Robeson, Kenneth THE LIVING FIRE  
 MENACE (Doc Savage 61) Bantam  
 S5947, June 75¢  
 THE MAJII (Doc Savage 60) Ban-  
 tam S5909, May 75¢  
 THE YELLOW CLOUD (Doc Savage  
 59) Bantam S5838, April 75¢  
 Ross, Marilyn BARNABAS, QUEN-  
 TIN AND DR. JEKYLL'S SON (Dark  
 Shadows 27) Paperback 63-554 60¢  
 Russell, Eric Frank WASP (repr)  
 Bantam S5913, June 75¢  
 St. John, David THE SORCERERS  
 (marg supernat, repr) Fawcett  
 T1566, June 75¢  
 Sauer, Rob, ed. VOYAGES: Scenarios  
 for a Ship Called Earth. Ballantine  
 02185, April 95¢  
 Saxton, Mark THE ISLAR: A Narra-  
 tive of Lang III (repr) Signet Q4620  
 95¢  
 Silverberg, Robert THE CUBE ROOT  
 OF UNCERTAINTY (coll, repr)  
 Collier 02539, May 95¢  
 MOONFERNS AND STARSONGS  
 (coll) Ballantine 02278, June 95¢  
 SON OF MAN. Ballantine 02277,  
 June \$1.25  
 TOWER OF GLASS (repr) Bantam  
 S6902, May 75¢  
 (ed) THE MIRROR OF INFINITY:  
 A Critics' Anthology of Science  
 Fiction (repr) Canfield (Harper),  
 Nov. \$3.95  
 Smith, Clark Ashton HYPERBOREA  
 (fty, repr) Ballantine 02206, April  
 95¢  
 Stadler, John, ed. ECO-FICTION.  
 Washington Square 47845, April 95¢  
 Stasheff, Christopher KING KOBOLD  
 Ace 44485, April 75¢

# JANUARY-APRIL BRITISH BOOKS

compiled by Gerald Bishop

The information in these lists is in the following order: Author (alphabetically by surname); Title; Publisher; Price (in £ and new pence £1 100p \$2.40) 'Status'; and Standard Book Number. The following abbreviations are used:

|                 |                                         |
|-----------------|-----------------------------------------|
| ni: new issue   | juv: children's book                    |
| ne: new edition | sch: intended for use in schools        |
| pb: paperback   | nf: nonfiction about sf, or of interest |

A New Issue is a book reprinted by a publisher at the same price, or less, and in the same format as an earlier edition. A New Edition is a book being published by a different publisher, or at a different price, or in a different format. All others are in their first British edition. A book is a hardcover unless indicated otherwise by 'pb.' The Standard Book Number is a computer coding to help booksellers and publishers when ordering a book.

Due to the difficulties in regularly obtaining advance information from publishers, some books may be left out from these lists. If you come across any unlisted books, we would be grateful if you could let the compiler know, and they will be included in a later list.

Acknowledgements. The compiler is grateful to the following for the supply of information for these lists: All publishers who sent details of 'Forthcoming Books' and catalogues; 'The Bookseller' and Mr. K. F. Slater of Fantast (Medway) ltd.

Adlard, Mark INTERFACE. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.50 283.48453.5  
Aldiss, Brian W. INTANGIBLES, INC. Corgi, 25p, ne, pb. 552.08626.6  
MOMENT OF ECLIPSE. Faber, £1.50 571.09570.4  
A SECOND BRIAN ALDISS OMNIBUS. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.95, ne. 283.48459.4  
A SOLDIER ERECT. Weidenfeld & Nicholson, £1.75, nf. 297.00330.5  
--and Harry Harrison, eds. FAREWELL FANTASTIC VENUS. Panther, 30p, ne, pb. 586.03460.9  
Amosoff, N. NOTES FROM THE FUTURE. Tr. from Russian, G. St. George. Cape, £1.95 224.61934.9  
Anderson, Colin MAGELLAN. Sphere 25p, ne, pb. 7221.1153.3  
Anderson, Poul PLANET OF NORETURN. Tandem, 25p, ne, pb. 426.05223.4  
TAU ZERO. Gollancz, £1.60. 575.00672.2  
Anthony, Piers PROSTHO PLUS. Gollancz, £1.60. 575.00646.3  
Asimov, Isaac ASIMOV'S MYSTERIES. Panther, 25p, ni, pb. 586.02929.X  
THE CAVES OF STEEL. Panther,

30p, ni, pb. 586.00835.7  
EARTH IS ROOM ENOUGH. Panther, 25p, ni, pb. 586.01042.4  
FOUNDATION. Panther, 25p, ni, pb. 586.01080.7  
FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE. Panther, 25p, ni, pb. 586.01355.5  
THE MARTIAN WAY. Panther, 30p, ni, pb. 586.01799.2  
SECOND FOUNDATION. Panther, ni, pb. 586.01713.5  
Ballard, J.G. THE DAY OF FOREVER. Panther, 25p, ni, pb. 586.02307.0  
Baum, L. Frank WIZARD OF OZ. Puffin/Penguin, 25p, ne, pb, juv. 14.080217.7  
Blish, James THEY SHALL HAVE STARS. N.E.L., 25p, ne, pb. 450.00185.7  
Bodelsen, Anders FREEZING POINT Tr. from Swedish. Joseph, £2.00. 7181.0858.2  
Boyd, John THE RAKEHELLS OF HEAVEN. Gollancz, £1.40. 575.00594.7  
Bulgakov, Mikhail THE HEART OF A DOG. Collins Harvill P., 30p, ne, pb. 00.261303.4  
Burroughs, Edgar Rice CARSON OF VENUS. N.E.L., 30p, ne, pb. 450.

00816.9  
LOST ON VENUS. N.E.L., 30p, ne, pb. 450.00817.7  
SWORDS OF MARS. N.E.L., 30p, ne, pb. 450.00820.7  
Cabell, James Branch FIGURES OF EARTH. Tandem, 35p, ne, pb. 426.05522.5  
JURGEN. Tandem, 35p, ne, pb. 426.05549.7  
SILVER STALLION. Tandem, 35p, ne, pb. 426.05530.6  
Carnell, E. J., ed. NEW WRITINGS IN SF #18. Corgi, 25p, ne, pb. 552.08645.2  
Carpenter, Richard CATWEAZLE. Puffin/Penguin, 25p, ni, pb, juv. 14.030465.7  
CATWEAZLE & THE MAGIC ZODIAC. Puffin/Penguin, 25p, pb, juv. 14.030499.1  
Chilton, Charles RED PLANET. Pan, 20p, ne, pb. 330.10712.7  
Clarke, Arthur C. A FALL OF MOONDUST. Pan, 25p, ni, pb. 330.02312.8  
ISLANDS IN THE SKY. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.25, ne, juv. 283.48465.9  
THE SANDS OF MARS. Sphere, 25p, ni, pb. 7221.1917.8. Ulverscroft large print. F.A. Thorpe, £1.25, ne. 85456.034.3  
Cooper, Edmund UNBORN TOMORROW. Hale, £1.10. 7091.1917.8  
Coppel, Alfred DARK DECEMBER. Hodder, 25p, ne, pb. 340.14809.8  
Cory, Desmond SUNBURST. Hodder, £1.50. 340.12565.9  
Crispin, Edmund, ed. BEST SCIENCE FICTION #7. Faber, £1.40. 571.08808.2  
Daventry, Leonard TERMINUS. Hale £1.10. 7091.2042.7  
Davies, L. P. SHADOW BEFORE. Barrie & Jenkins, £1.50. 214.4.65268.8  
Delany, Samuel R. FALL OF THE TOWERS (omnibus ed) Sphere, 50p ne, pb. 7221.2900.9  
THE JEWELS OF APTOR. Sphere, 25p, ne, pb. 7221.2889.4  
NOVA. Sphere, 30p, ne, pb. 7221.2891.6  
Dick, Philip K. THE PRESERVING MACHINE & OTHER STORIES. Gollancz, £1.60. 575.00562.9

duMaurier, Daphne THE HOUSE ON THE STRAND. Penguin, 30p, ne, pb. 14.003164.2  
Ellison, Harlan, ed. DANGEROUS VISIONS #1. Bruce & Watson, £2.25 85127.060.3  
Gaskell, Jane A SWEET, SWEET SUMMER. Sphere, 30p, ne, pb. 7221.3785.0  
Gilman, Robert Cham NAVIGATOR OF RHADA. Gollancz, £1.20, juv. 575.00494.0  
Green, Joseph GOLD THE MAN. Gollancz, £1.60. 575.00538.6  
Grinnell, David TO VENUS! TO VENUS! Hale, £1.10. 7091.2022.2  
Haining, Peter, ed. THE FREAK SHOW. Corgi, 30p, ne, pb. 552.08646.0  
Heinlein, Robert A. BETWEEN PLANETS. N.E.L., 30p, ne, pb. 450.00651.4  
RED PLANET. Pan, 20p, ni, pb. 330.10712.7  
SPACE CADET. N.E.L., 30p, ne, pb. 450.00737.5  
SPACE FAMILY STONE. N.E.L., ne, pb. 450.00663.8  
STAR BEAST. N.E.L., ne, pb. 450.00829.0  
STARMAN JONES. Gollancz, £1.25 ni, juv. 575.00621.8  
Herbert, Frank DRAGON IN THE SEA. N.E.L., 30p, ni, pb. 450.00352.3  
SANTAROGA BARRIER. N.E.L., 30p, ne, pb. 450.00823.1  
Howard, Robert E. ALMURIC. N.E.L. 25p, pb. 450.00735.9  
Hoyle, Fred THE BLACK CLOUD. Penguin, 25p, ni, pb. 14.001466.7  
OCTOBER THE FIRST IS TOO LATE. Penguin, 30p, ni, pb. 14.002886.2  
--and Geoffrey FIFTH PLANET. Penguin, 30p, ni, pb. 14.002244.9  
Kuttner, Henry THE BEST OF KUTTNER #1. Mayflower, 35p, ne, pb. 583.10268.9  
LeGuin, Ursula A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA. Puffin/Penguin, 20p, pb, juv. 14.03047.0  
Lewis, C. S. THE LAST BATTLE. Puffin/Penguin, 20p, ni, pb. 14.030205.0  
THE LION, THE WITCH & THE

WARDROBE. Puffin, 20p, ni, pb. 14.030132.1  
 THE MAGICIAN'S NEPHEW. Puffin, 20p, ni, pb. 14.030192.5  
 PRINCE CASPIAN. Puffin, 25p, ni pb. 14.030173.9  
 THE SILVER CHAIR. Puffin, 25p, ni, pb. 14.030240.9  
 Lippincott, David E PLURIBUS BANG! Joseph, £2.00 7181.0854.X  
 Long, Frank Belknap MONSTER FROM OUT OF TIME. Hale, £1.10 7091.1918.6  
 McCaffrey, Anne DECISION AT DONA. Corgi, 25p, ne, pb. 552.08645.2  
 THE SHIP WHO SANG. Rapp & Whiting, £1.80. 85391.177.0  
 MacVicar, Angus SUPERNOVA AND THE FROZEN MAN. Knight, 25p, ne, pb, juv. 340.10420.1  
 Maine, Charles Eric RANDOM FACTOR. Hodder, £1.25. 340.12533.0  
 Mason, D. R. MATRIX. Hale, £1.10. 7091.2043.5  
 Matheson, Richard I AM LEGEND. Corgi, 25p, ne, pb. 552.08627.4  
 Meyers, Roy DESTINY & THE DOLPHINS. Hale, £1.10. 7091.2059.1  
 Miall, Robert U.F.O. #2. Pan, 20p, pb, juv. 330.02652.6  
 Moorcock, Michael THE BLACK CORRIDOR. Mayflower, 25p, ni, pb. 583.11640.X  
 THE FINAL PROGRAMME. Mayflower, 25p, ne, pb. 583.11822.4  
 THE KNIGHT OF THE SWORDS. Mayflower, 25p, pb. 583.11860.7 (ed) BEST SF STORIES FROM NEW WORLDS #7. Panther, 25p, pb. 586.03449.8  
 Mundy, Talbot HELENE. Tandem, 25p, pb. 426.05194.7  
 HELMA. Tandem, 30p, ne, pb. 426.05178.5  
 LIAFAIL. Tandem, 30p, pb. 426.05186.6  
 TROS. Tandem, 30p, ne, pb. 426.05151.3  
 Norman, John OUTLAW OF GOR. Tandem, 25p, ne, pb. 426.05370.2  
 PRIEST-KINGS OF GOR. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.75. 283.98087.7  
 Norton, Andre PLAGUE SHIP. Gollancz, £1.00, juv. 575.00643.9  
 SHADOW HAWK. Gollancz, £1.20, juv. 575.00600.5  
 Orwell, George ANIMAL FARM. Penguin, 20p, ni, pb. 14.000838.1  
 Peake, Mervyn TITUS GROAN. Penguin, 55p, ni, pb. 14.002762.9  
 Pohl, Frederik, ed. 11TH GALAXY READER. Hale, £1.30. 7091.1819.8  
 THE SECOND IF READER OF SCIENCE FICTION. Sphere, 35p, ne, pb. 7221.6992.1  
 Rowe, Hunter POWER BOX. Cassell £2.10. 304.93715.0  
 Sallis, James, ed. THE WAR BOOK. Panther, 30p, ne, pb. 586.03430.7  
 Shaw, Bob ONE MILLION TOMORROWS. Gollancz, £1.60. 575.00651.X  
 THE TWO TIMERS. Pan, 25p, ne, pb. 330.02671.2  
 Sheckley, Robert DIMENSION OF MIRACLES. Mayflower, 25p, ne, pb. 583.11846.1  
 Silverberg, Robert MAN IN THE MAZE. Tandem, 25p, ne, pb. 426.05100.9  
 Simak, Clifford D. THE GOBLIN RESERVATION. Corgi, 20p, ne, pb. 552.08610.X  
 THE WEREWOLF PRINCIPLE. Pan 25p, ne, pb. 330.02617.8  
 Siodmak, Curt DONOVAN'S BRAIN. Barrie & Jenkins, £1.50, ne. 214.65329.3  
 Smith, E. E. FIRST LENS MAN. W. H. Allen, £1.75. 491.00147.9  
 TRIPLANETARY. W. H. Allen, £1.75. 491.00157.6  
 Sturgeon, Theodore STARSHINE. Corgi, 25p, ne, pb. 552.08662.2  
 Sutton, David, ed. NEW WRITINGS IN HORROR & THE SUPERNATURAL #1. Sphere, 25p, pb. 7221.8288.0  
 Sutton, Henry VECTOR. Hodder, £1.90. 340.15068.8  
 Tate, Peter GARDENS 12345. Faber £1.60. 571.09550.X  
 Van Vogt, A. E. QUEST FOR THE FUTURE. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.50. 283.48472.1  
 Verne, Jules JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH. Hutchinson, Senior Unicorn S., 45p, ne, pb, sch. 09.059051.1  
 Vonnegut, Kurt CATSCRADLE. Gollancz, £1.40, ni. 575.00637.4

Wells, H. G. THE INVISIBLE MAN. Collins, 30p, ni, pb. 00.612529.8  
 WAR OF THE WORLDS. Penguin, 25p, ni, pb. 14.000570.6  
 Wheatley, Dennis STAR OF ILL OMEN. Arrow, 30p, ne, pb. 09.4520.3  
 White, James SECRET VISITORS. N.E.L., 25p, ne, pb. 450.00666.2  
 Wollheim, Donald & Terry Carr, eds. WORLDS BEST SCIENCE FICTION #1. Sphere, 40p, ne, pb. 7221.9273.8  
 Wyndham, John THE CHRYSALIDS. Penguin, 30p, ni, pb. 14.001308.3  
 CHOCKY. Penguin, 20p, ni, pb. 14.003121.9  
 THE MIDWICH CUCKOOS. Penguin 30p, ni, pb. 14.001440.3  
 TROUBLE WITH LICHEN. Penguin 25p, ni, pb. 14.001986.3

These books are only available outside the United Kingdom subject to market restrictions. © Gerald Bishop, 1971

## NON-FICTION

Anderson, Lindsay & David Sherwin IF... Lorrimer FilmScripts, £1.50 900855.31.2. 75p, pb. 900855.30.4  
 Clarens, Carlos HORROR MOVIES. Panther, £1.25, pb. 586.03459.5  
 deCamp, L. Sprague LOST CONTINENTS: Atlantis Themes in History, Science & Literature. Dover £1.40, ne, pb. 486.22668.9  
 Gifford, Denis SCIENCE FICTION FILM. Studio Vista, £1.50. 289.70004.3. 80p, pb. 289.70003.5  
 Knight, Damon CHARLES FORT: PROPHET OF THE UNEXPLAINED Gollancz, £1.80. 575.00613.7  
 Marder, L. TIME & THE SPACE TRAVELLER. George Allen & Unwin, £3.25. 04.530017.8

KAREL ZEMAN: HOW TO FILM FANTASY continued from Page 20  
 able films of the sixties came from Godard, Antonioni and Resnais. These men were interested in good visuals and ideas, emotions anyway. But none of these three culture heroes ever learned to move a plot along. This is a writer's skill. The 1940-60 generation before them learned it early because their bosses only promoted them after they wrote good scripts (Huston, Bergman, Wilder, Kurosawa, Fellini).

"War of Fools" did manage a festival prize in 1964 at San Francisco. It was fashionable anti-military in satirizing the 30 Years' War, mostly by ignoring the religious issue which started it. But really Zeman's movies are unthematic. They feature brave young heroes who brandish swords, ride horses and rescue innocent girls. The maddening thing about their circulation here, is that they're made for mass audiences; yet they only circulate in some of our film-society programs. They should be seen with popcorn bags and Friday-night dates. But apparently they're too innocent, clever and stimulating for either the teenyboppers, the intellectuals, or the Silent Majority.

Zeman's features are: 1953, "Prehistoric Journey"; 1957, "Invention of Destruction"; 1962, "Baron Munchhausen"; 1964, "The Jester's Tale." To see the two later films, ask your local college film society to rent them from the big 16mm. distributor Brandon, which retitled them "Fabulous Baron Munchhausen" and "War of Fools." More reading about Zeman: the Czech chapter (8) in Ralph Stephenson's excellent (1967) "Animation in the Cinema," Barnes, N.Y., from a British film-paperback series. Also, the Spring 1964 issue of Film Quarterly has a detailed account by Harriet Polt of Zeman's producing one short sequence of "War of Fools."

CINEFANTASTIQUE is the review of horror, fantasy and science fiction films. Summer 1971 issue is now available for \$1. The magazine is 8½x11, 48 pages offset printed on heavy glossy paper, and saddle bound. The issue sports a full color front cover from "The Andromeda Strain" (photos & review inside) and a full color backcover of AIP's forthcoming "Dr. Phibes." Look for our address under "Film Clips" advertised this issue, and it would help to make checks payable to Frederick S. Clarke.

# Comic World

by David Charles Paskow

The returns for the first quarter of 1971 are in: Best comic with an on-sale date of January: Astonishing Tales #5 (Marvel); February: (last-minute revision) Conan #5 (Marvel) and Green Lantern #83 (National) - tie; March: Conan #6. Once again, a reminder: I stress the on-sale dates because quite often, due to poor distribution, a comic scheduled to go on sale, say, 23 February will not appear on newsstands until 16 March or later. Thus a comic with a February release date is mistakenly assumed to have a March release date. And now a brief editorial:

Obviously many of you feel that 'comic magazines' are beneath the dignity of intelligent readers: I say thee nay. So called comic magazines are becoming the last stands for truly free intellectual expression (contrary to the mistaken belief that the Comics Code Authority stands in their way; the CCA has, by Crom, matured with the comics they pass judgment upon). Comic magazines are a 'soft' medium with hard ideas: the average comic is read in fifteen minutes but the ideas, due to the blending of text and graphics, linger. A 'serious' novel may take hours or days to read but the staying power is of an entirely different nature. It is much easier to return to a specific passage in a comic magazine and re-read and ponder it again, put the magazine down and still find yourself able to retain what it was you returned for; with a novel the process is more one of re-reading and re-reading. There are few really graphic passages able to negate the necessity for this repetitious return.

Original comic anthologies in paperback form seem to be the new 'in' thing from Bantam. Two such anthologies ("Deadbone Erotica" by Vaughn Bodé, Bantam Y5869 \$1.95; and "Swift Comics" by Art Spiegelman et al, Bantam 5870 \$1.95) ... "The Best from Creepy" now a paperback and, speaking of the Warren horror magazines, 'surprises' are hinted for the September 1971 issues of Eerie and Vampirella ... On sale in June from Marvel: Marvel Spotlight, a quarterly to showcase new features. The first issue will feature Red Wolf, an American Indian hero from a late-1970 two-part Avengers ... Deadline for votes for the best comic with an on-sale date in April is 28 May; for on-sale issues of May, the deadline for votes will be 29 June. The address for votes, letters, et ceteras, remains Comic World, 817 West 66th Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. 19126.

Oh, yes: any comments on the Harlan Ellison inspired issues of Avengers #8 and Hulk #140?

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SF AND THE CINEMA continued from Page 18

same story from opposite ends. Truffaut's film is haunting, beautiful, emotionally involving. Oskar Werner as Montag is instantly identifiable and his empty life touches a sad note of recognition within all of us. Lucas' film is frightening, harsh, intellectually stimulating but emotionally uninvolving. Robert Duvall as TXH is distant and unfamiliar and his life and world are a nightmare. The difference between the two films is one of degree, Truffaut is a soft romantic and Lucas an uncompromising realist. In approach, "THX 1138" is kindred with Cassavetes' stern examination of American middle class values in "Faces."

Visually, "THX 1138" is, in its own way, as revolutionary and exciting as "2001: A Space Odyssey." White predominates pictorially, and we think of it here not in the usual affirmative sense, for it becomes oppressive and disorienting, and we see that it fits so well the bleached and empty world of THX. Prison is an infinite expanse of horizonless white in which only the expressionless faces of inmates, clad in white coveralls, stand out. With location filming in modern buildings under construction Lucas creates an impressive and totally believable future setting, and shows us at the same time that perhaps the world of THX is already here.



# Oracular Mutterings

by Paul Walker

"Hey, Frank, I got a book for you!"

"Hmm?"

"It's titled 'Kar Kaballa,' and it's from Ace (a double). I don't know how to describe the thing. It's sort of a parallel worlds science fiction and sorcery satire. Only that isn't it, either. I mean, it's funny. Not wisecracking funny, but hilarious kind of funny. There is the wildest anti-heroine in the character of this witch called...but I don't wanta tell ya about that, because it's the kind of thing you got to read."

"Humor never succeeds in sf, you know."

"Oh? Well, anyway, this isn't exactly Humor. It's a hellova good adventure yarn, too. In fact, one of the most readable I've stumbled over in some time. See, the hero is this parallel-Celt who's trying to arouse his country to the impending invasion of the Gogs, who worship the God of Chaos -- Cythraul -- only nobody listens to him, except this one character, who wants to sell him a secret weapon, and..."

"Sounds familiar."

"Yeah, I know, but it isn't. Look, it's good. Read it."

"Who wrote it?"

"George H. Smith."

"George O. Smith."

"George H. Smith."

"English?"

"I don't know! He's good. What the hell difference does it make?"

"George H. Smith...hmmm...I seem to recall a hack by that name. Never did write anything good."

"Well, he has now."

"Wrote bad stuff for years."

"Maybe, but 'Kar Kaballa' is great!"

"If you say so. Who is on the flip side?"

"I'd rather not say."

"You mean, Lin Carter's 'Tower of Medusa,'"

"I warned you."

So it went. Nobody listens to me. That's why they let me review books, I guess. They figure I can't hurt anybody. But, if you should be interested -- "Kar Kaballa" by George H. Smith, Ace 42900, 75¢.

\* \* \*

I dig fantasy.

I didn't want to. Honest. Dick Geis made me. He kept sending me these Lin Carter/Ballantine Fantasy series to review and I kept reading as little as possible of them but that got more and more, until I was psyched into them.

You don't know what it is to have a goblin on your back.

No, spare me your pity. I accept my fate. And, now, I am going to share it with you. (Well, it's your own damn fault! You know you hate to read this column, but your miser heart won't let you skip it cause you paid your dime. So suffer, crud!)

"The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath" by H. P. Lovecraft (Ballantine 01923, 75¢) is a trip. The book is a consequence of Lovecraft's Dunsany period, but it shows more resemblance to Tolkien in its ghouls and 'almost-human' moon monsters. Unfortunately, HPL lacks the genius of either of those two greats, besides being more of a prose writer than poet, but what he lacks in genius he makes up for in brilliance. And the "Dream-Quest" is brilliant.

Okay, so it's irrelevant too. But it's brilliant irrelevant. And I'm not too sure about the irrelevant part. Dunsany/Lovecraft irrelevance is on a par with the best poetry. It is an intense poetic experience, a saturation with images, so sensual as to approach the downright sexy! (You gotta read to see what I mean).

This is Lovecraft's only novel and it is a short one. The book is filled out with shorter piece around the same era. It should be read aloud with all the reverence you generally reserve for Shakespeare. (And, of course, all Luna readers are very literary types. Right!)

For you low-lives, there is Marion Zimmer Bradley's "Winds of Darkover" (Ace Double 89250, 75¢), for which I have so much affection I can do nothing more than quote it:

...A hand to each, he faltering came  
Within the hidden mountain hall  
Where Alar tends the darkened flame  
That brightened at Cassilda's call...  
And as his brilliance paled away  
Into the dimmer mortal day,  
Cassilda left the shining loom,  
A starflower in his hand, she laid;  
Then on him fell a mortal doom:  
He rose and kissed Robardin's maid,  
The golden webs unwoven lay...

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EDITORIAL continued from Page 7

copies all finished, ready to drop into the envelopes for mailing.

Unfortunately it also involves some sacrifices. Our costs for producing the issues are increased by 50%, adding to the deficit we are still running on the magazine. And our two-color logo, introduced only this past January, can presently be done only in black and white. The production process should still take about the same time, although the April issue was at the printer three weeks longer than expected, and thus was mailed two months late, soon after the postal increases took effect. The current two-in-one issue is an attempt to get back on schedule.

It might be appropriate here to give you our 1970 operating results, which reflect a year of increasing circulation and difficulties in keeping up with the additional work. We invested \$1834 in equipment, the majority of which was for the typesetting system. Publication expenses were \$2840, and other direct expenses were \$196. Our income for the year was \$2504 for all subscriptions and advertising, which left us with an operating deficit of \$532. While there is no separation of income between Monthly, and Prime and the Annual, we estimate that the deficit on Monthly works out to about \$1.15 per subscription. This is our gift, in effect, to each subscriber. Postal rate increases will add a little more to the above figure.

In retrospect the beginning of 1971 has been close to a disaster for us, compared with 1970. And these limits within which we must work do not promise any great solutions in the near future. We will continue to do our best to produce this magazine on schedule. However it's especially difficult when we know we could do a better job ourselves, but have to depend on others because we can't afford the necessary equipment. Also, as we take this issue to the printer, we're currently affected by a strike, which has our income reduced by 50%, meaning we'll have less available this year for improvements. Angels, anyone?

As we've indicated, both LUNA' and LUNA Annual have been stalled due to our current problems. Several people have inquired about this. As we are currently unable to offer any definite publication schedule for LUNA Annual (this year, at least, doesn't look promising), we will transfer payments received for these reference works to an extension of Monthly subscriptions for anyone who requests this. Good reading ....

## Lilliputia

*ESCAPE!* by Ben Bova. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1970. 122 p. \$3.50

Danny Romano -- sixteen years old, arrested and charged with various crimes of violence -- finds himself committed indefinitely to a most unusual institution for youthful offenders -- good living conditions, no bars, no uniforms -- fun by a computer called SPECS. Danny is not a bit appreciative -- he wants out and tries various plans to attain that end.

This slim book details Danny's growing in one year from a surly, rebellious youth into one who can organize people, work confidently with complex electronic gadgetry, and, at last, put his trust in someone other than himself, his gang, and his girlfriend. The reader watches him study, plot, learn to work with SPECS, and plan to disrupt the communications and electrical systems of the institution --all motivated by his desire to escape. The attempt fails because Danny himself changes his mind at the last minute, but one feels that what he has learned in the process will take him out the front gate in time -- no longer a youthful criminal.

Danny's story is told with no moralizing and no nonsense; sure this place is nicer than the others; sure they let your girl visit once a week; sure the director takes you outside on occasional trips; but that doesn't make any difference --you still can't trust anybody. The main reason tough-guy Danny changes his mind about breaking out is that his girl says she's not interested in running for the rest of her life, so he comes out honestly, or he forgets about her. Well, a guy has to care about somebody, sometimes, doesn't he? The realism, the setting, the characters, will all have tremendous appeal for young readers. The quicker-witted ones will see this as an appeal for prison reform. They may be right. Others will just call it a good, fast-moving story. They will definitely be right.

--Charlotte Moslander

*MAGIC IN THE ALLEY* by Mary Calhoun. Atheneum, 1970. Illus by Wendy Watson. 167 p. \$4.50 Age level: 8-10

This is a book for the child of a small city, and as such fills a gap in children's literature by admitting that there is a world which is neither Semi-Rural Housing Development nor Big Inner City.

Cleery finds a box of magic in a little shop while exploring alleys during her summer vacation, and she, her friend Knobs, and a Crow (who is enchanted but can't fly) set off on an August-full of adventures, finding magic in every new alley they explore. Their experiences range from an encounter with a ghost who tries to trap Knobs in her treehouse through an afternoon of playing with an English gnome and a 24-hour invisibility cloak; and, in the end, Crow does regain the ability to fly. With that, the magic, the summer, and unrestricted alley exploring all come to an end as September and new shoes usher in the new school year.

Cleery is an imaginative child whose parents both work, so she is on her own much of the time; Knobs' mother is known as the 'cookie mother' because she stays home and bakes a lot, but Knobs is introspective and awkward, and as much a loner as Cleery. Children like them (and there are more than many adults realize) will thoroughly enjoy "Magic in the Alley," and probably go about for weeks afterward exploring their own 'alleys' (and backyards, empty lots, parking lots, or whatever area may be at hand for their imaginations) for a touch of magic. Being children, they will probably find it.

Although there is a languid, vacation pace to this story, it is far from slow-moving; and the quest for Crow's ability to fly and the presence of the magic box serve to connect the otherwise independent stories. A natural for summertime reading. Mary Calhoun, please write more like it.

--Charlotte Moslander

*POETRY OF WITCHES, ELVES AND GOBLINS* selected by Leland B. Jacobs. Illus by Frank Aloise. Garrard, 1970. 63 p. \$2.50 Age level: 7-10

A collection of 48 poems from 23 authors, most of whom are not big names, grouped together according to subject. There are five poems about witches, six about elves, four about brownies, five about goblins, two about giants, fifteen about fairies, two about leprechauns and one each about trolls, gnomes, dwarfs and frost sprites. A good book to have if you need this sort of thing.

--Joyce Post

*THE GOOD GERM* by Cherney Berg. Illus. by Zena Bernstein. Lion Press, 1969. \$3.95 Abt. 25 p. Age level: 6-8

The good germ? That's right. Here's this crazy little fellow that wants to be a doctor when he grows up. He takes a ride to a hospital in a boy with a cold, where he comes out in a sneeze. He gets recognized by standing under a microscope and even manages to convince the medical staff that he can be a good doctor. Sounds preposterous? Well, it depends on how seriously you take your science. If you bring your sense of humor with you to the lab, you may like this book. If you don't have any, or if you leave it outside when entering the inner sanctum, you'll hate it. The illustrations are amusing: in one there is a huge uvula, fully seven inches long, done in vivid purple a la "The Fantastic Voyage." In another, we have a black and white tableau of the learned medical men making their decision about the germ. If you run across this unusual book, take a minute to look it over.

--Joyce Post

*THE MAGIC FISH-BONE* by Charles Dickens. Illus. by Faith Jaques. Harvey House, 1970. Abt. 32 p. \$3.95 Age level: 6-11

*THE TINDER BOX* by Hans Christian Andersen. Illus. by Cyril Satorsky. Prentice-Hall, 1970. Abt. 29 p. \$4.25 Age level: 6-11

These are reissues, with new illustrations, of two old classic magic tales with which you are probably already familiar. The story of the "Magic Fish-bone" is about King Watkins who is poor and who has nineteen children, the oldest of whom is Alicia. A Fairy Grandmarina gives her a magic fish-bone that will grant one wish. The queen becomes sick, one of the children cuts his hand, the baby falls under the grate but Alicia doesn't use the fish-bone: instead she uses her own resources. When her father has no money left she uses the fish-bone. In addition to receiving the wished for gold, the whole family receives elegant clothing, Alicia meets Prince Certainpersonio and they marry. At the wedding feast Grandmarina says they will have thirty-five good, beautiful, healthy children. Everybody cheers the good news. Parents are going to have a hard time explaining why thirty-five children is good news.

The magic property of the tinderbox is that if you strike it once, a dog with eyes as big as teacups will appear, strike it twice, a dog with eyes as big as windmills appears, and strike it three times, a dog with eyes as big as a round tower appears: all three ready to carry out any wish. The soldier kills the witch to whom the tinder box belonged, uses its powers to be wealthy and to see the King's daughter, who is locked in a copper castle because her father didn't want her marrying a common soldier as was predicted. About to be executed for his treachery, the soldier obtains the box, summons all three dogs, who toss the King and all other persons into the air. This frightens them into proclaiming the soldier as their king and giving him the princess in marriage. A rather ruthless story with not much regard for human life.

The reader will have to decide whether these classics have continued to withstand the test of time and are still suitable to present to children of the 1970's.

--Joyce Post

## Reviews

*THE STARKAHN OF RHADA* by Robert Cham Gilman. Harcourt, Brace & World, 1970. 190 p. \$4.95

This is the third book in the Rhada series (the first two being "The Rebel of Rhada" and "The Navigator of Rhada") and I must confess that I have not read the others. Young Kier, a Rhadan Starkahn, performs what seems to be an act of mercy in removing a beautiful alien girl from a life-support capsule only to discover that he personally might have caused a star to go nova and unleashed a terrible war machine on the universe. Add to this the enigmatic alien, far beyond the ken of Rhadan understanding, who has to be the key to the Pandora's Box loosed by Kier; and a fascinating adventure peopled with fascinating characters begins to unfold. Fascinating enough to make me locate and read the first two books in the series.

--David C. Paskow

*12 RAVENS* by Howard Rose. Macmillan, 1970. 405 p. \$6.95

"12 Ravens" is a weird one. "A novel of witchcraft," according to the cover, the novel combines the madness of a "Catch-22," the characters of a "Portnoy's Complaint" and some of the haunting, depressive atmosphere of "Call It Sleep." It's not a pleasant reading experience.

As a matter of fact (now there's a unique way for an English major to begin a sentence) the novel had me completely baffled for the first ninety-six pages, after which I found it merely incomprehensible. It's either about a very precocious young Jewish boy named Alan Lavin, a misfit to end all misfits, and his decidedly unnatural relationship with those around him or it's a 405 page transcript of a free association test.

This is a lousy review, because I cannot decide whether this is a very good novel which I simply don't understand or a very confused, botched-up attempt at a surrealistic novel of witchcraft. I'd read this one at your local library (where you'll probably find it next to "Rosemary's Baby") rather than rush out and buy it either in hardback or in an eventual paperback edition. And when you've finished reading it, I'd appreciate your sending me your reactions to it.

--David C. Paskow

*NINE HUNDRED GRANDMOTHERS* by R.A. Lafferty. Ace 58050, 1970. 318 p. 95¢

*A PRIDE ON MONSTERS* by James H. Schmitz. Macmillan, 1970. 248 p. \$4.95.

Describing a story by R. A. Lafferty is like trying to hold mercury in your fist: one instant you're certain you can do it and then whatever you had is gone. Here is the first Lafferty collection: 21 stories, mostly from the Galaxy group of magazines and one ("Frog on the Mountain") which is being published here for the first time. I can only agree with Harlan Ellison's evaluation of Lafferty as a 'madman.' Lafferty's world is our world viewed through a kaleidoscopic microscope; we are his subjects and our foibles his targets. This could very well prove to be the best single author collection of the year, if Harlan Ellison's "The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World" doesn't take the honor.

"A Pride of Monsters" is a collection of novelettes by James Schmitz (and when was the last time we had a collection of stories by Schmitz?) and offers five entertainments; my favorite being "Greenface," a thing which appears in the forest one day and eats (much like Sturgeon's "It") and grows and grows. My second favorite "Lion Loose" is a hunt-and-kill-or-be-killed adventure, the target a particularly nasty beastie with all the cunning of a Nipe. Three other stories round out the collection ("The Searcher," "The Winds of Time" and "The Pork Chop Tree") and the whole adds up to a pleasant weekend reading experience.

--David C. Paskow

*FIRST FLIGHTS TO THE MOON*, edited by Hal Clement. Doubleday, 1970. 217 p. \$4.95

This is probably the nearest we will come to a definitive, historical survey of moon flight literature. Divided into two parts, 'Fiction' and 'History,' the former has stories (with before and after comments by Mr. Clement) by Isaac Asimov (2 plus an introduction), John Brunner, A. Bertram Chandler (2), Arthur C. Clarke, Edmund Cooper, Thomas Disch, Paul Fairman, David Grinnell, Larry Niven and Vic Phillips and the latter examines the preceeding fiction in relation to the actuality.

Only two of the stories (Dr. Asimov's "Ideas Die Hard" and Chandler's "Jetsam") might be overly familiar to regular readers; the remaining text is still more than worth the book's selling price. Buy this one in hardcover; it will be a valuable addition to your library.

--David C. Paskow

*A NEW VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS ... by Lemuel Gulliver ... edited, with notes, by Matthew Hodgart. Putnam, 1970. 91 p. \$2.95*

This little book is nicely made, has a truly magnificent dust jacket, and is certainly inexpensive enough. Still, I do not recommend it very highly. It is supposedly the fifth part of Gulliver's travels wherein Gulliver returns to the land of the Houyhnhnms and discovers that they too are only human, the younger generation becoming more Yahoo-like with slovenly appearance, and the Yahoos demanding, and getting, equality with the higher order. On a technical level Mr. Hodgart is quite good at capturing the style of Swift, the spelling, and the capitalization of words. But the story itself attempts to be too current: footnotes to an anecdote about Yahoos flinging excrement about inform us that student demonstrators at Berkeley and Columbia did this. I object to an allegory being used as a club, some subtlety would be nice. The whole story becomes a weary preachment on the ills of our age which stem from the revolt of youth against the Establishment. Ho hum, tell us another.

--J. B. Post

*THE SIMULTANEOUS MAN by Ralph Blum. Little, Brown, 1970. 238p. \$5.95 Bantam N5878, April 1971. 95¢*

Take a man -- a criminal perhaps; erase his memories; and replace them with those of another man -- an important research scientist, for example. Assuming that the donor is still living, he will now exist in duplicate. What happens though when the recipient looks into the mirror and sees the 'wrong' face? What does Security do about all the classified information which is transferred along with other memories? And what to do when the recipient defects to Moscow? Now the donor exists in two camps at once.

This could be a setting for melodrama, but it isn't. Ralph Blum has woven an intriguing, and sometimes frightening, fabric, in which all the threads fall together into an unmistakable pattern -- tampering with minds is a risky business at best, and open to perversion for the 'good' of some political entity which may not be at all 'good' for the human involved. Yet, the potential for humanity -- exorcism of a baby's memories of mistreatment and replacing them with those of a happy, secure infant, for example -- is also there. So should we stop experiments which may help heal sick minds, simply because there is a great possibility that the results may be misused?

"The Simultaneous Man" raises these questions as Subject 233 progressively becomes Subject 234; Security clashes with Research; and 234 and his original meet in a Moscow laboratory where kittens are being freed of their memory of attempted drowning. This is not the book for those who like neat, ends-all-tied-off solutions, for the questions are not answered. The thoughtful reader will be left wondering....

--Charlotte Moslander

*OUT OF THEIR MINDS* by Clifford D. Simak. Putnam, 1970. 186 p. \$4.95 (paperback: Berkley S1879, 1970. 75¢)

The protagonist of this new novel by Clifford Simak is named Horton Smith and, before three chapters have elapsed, Smith has run afoul of a Triceratops, been accused of being a 'revenooer' by a character who bears a striking resemblance to Snuffy Smith, and awakened to timber rattlesnakes. It seems that Smith has become involved in a theory of a dead friend who believed that our fantasies had the power to create a reality for themselves, that man created things with his mind as well as his hands; and Pilot Knob, a small village, seems to be the legacy of Smith's dead friend's theory.

Think for just a moment of the phantoms of your imagination, both pleasant and otherwise: what if they were real? What if by merely at one time having honestly believed in them, you gave them substance? How about Mickey Mouse and Br'er Fox? Or some other cute figments of your imagination, say werewolves. Of course, in this situation, the concept of time is eliminated, so you can legitimately throw in dinosaurs, or, for that matter, recreate past historical events (as Smith did: "...I must have gone to sleep. To wake to Gettysburg." - page 131).

The Devil you say -- well he's here too, in what is probably Clifford Simak's wackiest, most enjoyable novel. --David C. Paskow

*TAU ZERO* by Poul Anderson. Doubleday, 1970. 208 p. \$4.95 (British ed: Gollancz, 1971 £1.60)

"Tau Zero" is an expanded version of "To Outlive Eternity," a two-part serial which appeared in *Galaxy* in its June and August 1967 issues. It's a good, solid story and Poul Anderson is one of the few authors still capable of producing them.

The ship *Leonora Christine*, with a crew of fifty under the command of Captain Lars Telander, is travelling at near light speed (the 'tau' factor of the title, measuring subjective and objective time) to the star system Beta Virginis. Disaster strikes, however, and repairs seem impossible unless their mission is to be abandoned.

Time is the important factor and the tau factor will determine the feasibility of repair operations. Subjective time, however, raises problems of its own as the psychological welfare of passengers and crew is in jeopardy. The *Leonora Christine* might soon become a very explosive microcosm of clashing personalities unless something is done.

What could be done? Therein lies a darn good story. --David C. Paskow

*THE DALETH EFFECT* by Harry Harrison. Putnam, 1970. 217 p. \$4.95 (paperback: Berkley S1880, 1970. 75¢)

"The Daleth Effect" ("In Our Hands, The Stars"-- *Analog*, December 1969, January, February 1970) is a space drive allowing vehicles equipped with it to accelerate and decelerate with miraculous precision. Its inventor, Israeli professor Arnie Klein, fearful that his discovery will be put to partisan use as a weapon, flees to Denmark where he installs the Daleth Drive in a submarine producing the world's only interplanetary undersea vehicle. On a maiden voyage to the moon, the ship rescued some stranded Soviet astronauts and soon the Daleth Drive is no longer secret.

Naturally every nation wants a piece of the action and appeals to loyalty are made in an effort to win Professor Klein over. When these fail, harsher methods are instigated... The outcome is inevitable and the truth of this statement is a bitter commentary on our sense of values. The novel itself is a fine piece of work. --David C. Paskow



*HAWKSBILL STATION* by Robert Silverberg. Avon S4111, 1970. 176 p. 60¢  
(hardcover: Doubleday, 1968 \$3.95)

Mr. Silverberg has used time travel in this book to examine a society composed entirely of revolutionaries. In a time when one-way time travel is possible, dangerous subversives are sent a billion years into the past as an alternative to a death sentence. The development of the revolutionary activity is set forth in a series of flashbacks (or would it be flashforths) between which the problems of the settlement in the past emerge. The story is well developed and a pleasure to read.

--Joni Rapkin

*CITY OF FLAMING SHADOWS* (The Spider #4) by Grant Stockbridge. Berkley X1795, 1970. 176 p. 60¢

Six years ago Bantam Books published a trio of Doc Savage novels and discovered the answer to the Tarzan revival. After five years and thirty-six Doc Savage novels, Bantam started reissuing The Shadow; Popular Library answered with a Captain Future revival and now it's Berkley's turn.

A combination Shadow/Green Hornet, Richard Wentworth, alias The Spider, has as his Margo Lane beautiful Nita van Sloan, for his Kato-like man-of-all-trades the mysterious Jackson and Stanley Kirkpatrick taking Commissioner Weston's role as police chief. The Spider wages a one-man crusade against evil and will not rest until all the criminal masterminds are eliminated. His foe in the current opus is a fitting one -- The Tarantula -- and Wentworth battles as never before to save Nita from the evil one's clutches.

Personally, I think that The Spider could, in time, win me over from The Shadow (though never Doc Savage). Good clean fun.

--David C. Paskow

*THE YEAR 2000*, edited by Harry Harrison. Doubleday, 1970. 288 p. \$4.95

An original anthology of stories devoted to the way things will be in the last year of the twentieth century, this one's a winner. The areas covered by the authors include The U.S.A. -- "America the Beautiful" by Fritz Leiber, a grim reminder of our pollution problems; Flight -- "Prometheus Rebound" by Daniel F. Galouye which comes on the heels of Boeing's announcement of a new super-jet; Africa -- "Far From This Earth" by a long absent Chad Oliver who can still write a captivating zoological/anthropological extrapolation; Biology -- "After the Accident" by Naomi Mitchison, a horrifying glimpse of man playing God; World Economy -- "Utopian" by Mack Reynolds, typically Mack Reynolds; India -- "Orgy of the Living and the Dying" by Brian Aldiss which describes 'a very Indian situation' with calmly nightmarish detail; The Sea -- "Sea Change" by A. Bertram Chandler, a tale of an 'old fashioned' sea voyage in a timeless environment that nevertheless bears the scars of the present; The City -- "Black Is Beautiful" by Robert Silverberg, an extrapolation of the conditions pictured in a widely (and wildly) discussed Black Panther "Coloring Book"; Great Britain -- "Take It or Leave It" by David I. Masson; Overpopulation -- "The Lawgiver" by Keith Laumer, a tale of law, order and expedience; Medicine -- "To Be a Man" by J. J. Coupling, detailing the new push button man of the future; Food -- "Judas Fish" by Thomas N. Scortia, describing the food shortage of the future when even Nature turns against her own and Race Relations -- "American Dead" by Harry Harrison.

This is quite an anthology and gives the reader much to think about. In our time, when we seem determined to pollute our environment, tax our resources and destroy the good earth, this anthology should be required reading for every unconcerned citizen (yes, I said 'unconcerned' citizen; the concerned citizens are already worried enough). A fine job by Mr. Harrison and Company.

--David C. Paskow

*NIGHTWINGS* by Robert Silverberg. Avon V2303, 1969. 190 p. 75¢ (hardcover: Walker, 1970. \$4.95)

Originally appearing as a series of novelettes in *Galaxy*, "Nightwings" is a haunting, almost lyrical tale of a future world of strange and beautiful creatures. Avluela is one of these creatures, a frail girl/woman with butterfly wings who somehow might hold the answers to unlocking a superstition ridden culture. Tomis, the Watcher is another and together they battle the fear existing between 'Humans' and 'Changelings' to unlock the riddle of Earth's final invasion.

"Nightwings" has some of the atmosphere of Walter Miller's "A Canticle for Leibowitz," if not the staying power. Nevertheless, it's a beautiful work.

--David C. Paskow

*ROBINSON CHRISTOPHER* by Sherman A. Noyes. Dorrance, 1970. 172 p. \$4.00

A combination "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels," "Robinson Christopher" never quite succeeds as satiric social commentary. Briefly, Robinson Christopher is rescued from death at sea and brought to a land called Homorum. Most of his internal organs have been replaced and he finds himself a new man in a strange land. The people know about our planet and aren't impressed. Unfortunately for the book, the author and his characters doth protest too much; too often Mr. Noyes, trying to be subtle, insults the reader's intelligence by explaining how he is being subtle. Come on now: we know our shortcomings; once over lightly would have sufficed.

An interesting, disappointing failure.

--David C. Paskow

*ORBIT 6*, edited by Damon Knight. Berkley S1848, 1970. 222 p. 75¢ (hardcover: Putnam, 1970. \$4.95)

With this sixth installment in his series of anthologies, Damon Knight shows conclusively that his aim is not to give us the most entertaining stories possible, but rather the most artistic. This he has done admirably, but the result is a set of beautifully written fragments with only a few real stories to go alongside them.

The stories are R. A. Lafferty's "Entire and Perfect Chrysolite," in which a group of nouveau riche-cum-mystics conjure up the mythical continent of Africa; Ursula K. LeGuin's "The End," a wondrously dark little tale about a bricklayer, a widow, and the end of the world; Carol Emshwiller's "Debut," a satisfying allegory about the transition from girl to woman; and, especially, Kate Wilhelm's "A Cold Dark Night with Snow," which shows all those who still doubted it that a story told in nonlinear fashion (in this case about a pacifist's terrified wife) can be much more effective than a more conventional one. They are just that, stories, and deserving of your attention for their quality. You should borrow the book to read them, though, because the eleven pieces that occupy the rest of "Orbit 6" do little more than just fill up pages. Some of them, admittedly, do try to be stories. Yet in a period when the readers are demanding literate sf, all these end up being literary. The actual plots as such are unimportant, as even the authors don't seem to worry too much about them. The result is an overabundance of artfully handled prose, but precious little of the craftsmanship needed to produce a coherent story.

Despite all this, however (or perhaps because of it), one cannot help feeling that Knight is in the same position as many modern artists: damned by the critics, but an artist nonetheless, and able to command respect for what he has done, or in this case assembled. If this idea intrigues you, buy the book. But just remember: modern art is only art as long as it is modern; in a few years, the 'artworks' that are the majority of this book will be as meaningless as a giant, inflatable Campbell's Soup can.

--Roger A. Freedman

Remember that endless run of Star Trek episodes in which contemporary social problems were exported to other planets? Koontz' novel is the same sort of thing. He says it's an attempt to write a novel in 'symphonic' form, but it boils down to a lot of sound and fury about the race problems of 1970 disguised as science fiction.

We have a conflict between the white suburbs, masquerading as an elitist society of 'musicians' on a future Earth; and the black ghetto, costumed as an oppressed group of 'populars.' The plot involves a white teenager's discovery that he is really a black man light enough to pass who was substituted for his parents' real son in infancy.

The 'musician' society is based on a lot of schlock pseudo-science of artifacts made from 'sound' -- sound configurations, sonic monsters, sonic rifles, even sononic lust machines. The 'popular' society is what's left of the rest of Earth after an atomic war -- gutted and rundown buildings that are supposed to 'feel' like modern Harlem.

The teenager who passes for the hero of this epic helps organize a black uprising, of course -- but soon realizes that the blacks are just as vicious as the whites, though with more justification. Apart from that, he spends most of his time feeling sorry for himself, and objecting to the establishment's 'homilies' while voicing his own homilies.

The other characters are mostly fall-guys, who do everything but announce their sins like the villains in a Chinese opera. There are middle class stuck-up parents out of "The Graduate," an Uncle Tom, a black power religious fanatic, etc. The ending of the book is either a copout or a maudlin attempt by Koontz to be a modern Schopenhauer.

--John J. Pierce

BAREFOOT IN THE HEAD: A EUROPEAN FANTASIA by Brian W. Aldiss. *Doubleday* 1970. 281 p. \$4.95

The basic problem upon which this book is built is: what would happen if Kuwait bombed all of Europe (except 'neutral' France) with psychedelics? Chaos? Probably, but Brian Aldiss here contends that the chaos would follow the basic patterns of Western materialism as it now exists. Except in France, which would be so bent on maintaining 'neutrality' as to be totally drab.

The central character is Colin Charteris, a Serb who becomes a Messianic figure, leads motorcades through Europe, and finally has a sign put on a tree in his memory. Around him circulate Angeline, who is not affected by the psychedelics, but is one of those blindly tenacious women who stays with 'her man' no matter what; Boreas, the film director, who is still a film director even though not always in touch with concrete reality; and Laudrei, who starts out on the police force and hallucinates himself into command of an army.

Throughout what is ostensibly the chronicle of Charteris' journey from Italy to England and South again, one sees a surprisingly familiar panorama of roadbuilding and homicide on the highway -- motor-mania is intensified under the influence of psychedelics. A money-hungry movie magnate jumps at the chance to film a 'miraculous' auto crash. A petty dictator police chief jails Charteris, but refuses to arrest Angeline because she is pregnant.

All along the way, the reader feels as if he had been dropping acid -- words shift their meanings and their spellings; grammar is ignored when necessary to give an effect of motion; 'concrete' reality turns to quicksand, or no-traction mud; and the motorcade goes on to its next revival. Brian Aldiss sends Europe on a years-long trip, and the reader emerges feeling like an exhausted fellow-traveler. Definitely not for those who have hidebound ideas about the 'structure' of the novel -- or of the English language. Adventurous readers -- give it a try.

--Charlotte Moslander

*WHISPER FROM THE STARS* by Jeff Sutton. Dell 09520, 1970. 60¢

This story takes place in a peaceful future society where most of today's social problems have been solved, but at the cost of technological stagnation under a ruthless and powerful secret police terrorist dictatorship. It is AD 2225. Mark Randall, the greatest scientist of the time, is on the verge of a breakthrough in what seems to be time and dimensional travel rolled up with a few other things. Fortunately for him, he has anticipated the interest the authorities would take in the matter, and goes into hiding. The story is told from the viewpoint of a man who feels compelled to find Mark Randall before Department L's hired killers do, even though he might lead the killers to him. Fair.

--Thomas W. Bulmer

*FORCE RED* by Milton R. Bass. Putnam, 1970. 256 p. \$5.95

Force Red is the name of a secret commando-type unit maintained by the United States government to squash the possibility of nuclear proliferation to small countries. It is commanded by General Newton Breed, a man whose life is the Force... until he falls in love with the daughter of the United States Senator out to curb the power of Force Red. Torn between love for the young lady and fear that the Force will be deactivated, Breed has Force Red take over Almagordo Base. Now Breed's men command missiles pointed at Russia and China and are in a seemingly invulnerable position. What happens from this point makes for can't-put-it-down reading; it's a pity that it took 172 pages to reach this point.

Wait for the paperback.

--David C. Paskow

*OVER THE EDGE* by Harlan Ellison. Belmont B75-1091, 1970. 191 p. 75¢

*ONE STEP FROM EARTH* by Harry Harrison. Macmillan, 1970. 210 p. \$5.95 (paperback: Collier 02090, June 1971. \$1.25)

Imagine! A Harlan Ellison collection with an introduction by Norman Spinrad! Together again for the first time and all that. Then an introduction by Harlan Ellison and a feature I believe should be mandatory in author collections, an Afterword giving information on how the stories came to be. These three are worth the 75¢ but we also get twelve stories, the best of the crop being "Pennies From Off a Dead Man's Eyes" (Galaxy), "The Prowler in the City at the Edge of the World" (Dangerous Visions), "3 Faces of Fear" and "Rock God" (Coven 13 and Creepy #32). Everyone knows what it is to read a story by Harlan Ellison (if you don't, start off with "Prowler") and while this collection must rank below Avon's "The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World," it still deserves your attention. And be certain to note the 'Books by Harlan Ellison' opposite the title page: ver-r-ry interesting.

1970 shaped up as a boom year for Harry Harrison, as witness the publication of "The Year 2000," "Nova 1," "The Daleth Effect" and others. "One Step from Earth" is a theme collection, the first based on stories of teleportation and the social, economic and political results of its use. There are nine stories (and I'm too lazy to look up their sources, though I would suspect a majority from Analog), all competent if not prizeworthy. My favorite was "The Life Preservers" in which the MT (matter transporter) serves to transmit plague to a primitive culture. "One Step from Earth" is also biologically oriented; in this story the MT is still experimental and volunteers must be very special, especially when the people going through the MT start dropping dead. And in "No War, Or Battle's Sound," the MT serves as an instrument of long-distance war. Six other stories, plus an introductory essay on "The Matter Transmitter" round out an entertaining collection.

--David C. Paskow

*OTHER DIMENSIONS* by Clark Ashton Smith. Arkham House, 1970. 329 p \$6.50

Over the years Arkham House has been publishing collections of the works of Clark Ashton Smith. This collection is the gathering together of the last of the unreprinted stories into a volume which is second-rate Smith. Even second-rate Smith is quite readable and enjoyable. Where these stories fail (when they do) is in the dated dialogue and writing which seems slightly stilted but was just fine when these stories were published. Time marches on. While this volume of twenty-six stories (two of which have an identical plot but different viewpoints) is more the sort to borrow from a library rather than purchase, I will be willing to bet that the forthcoming volume of Smith's best fantastic stories will be worth whatever Arkham House charges. --J. B. Post

*PHANTASTES* by George MacDonald. Ballantine 01902, 1970. 212 p. 95¢

Usually it takes me an afternoon to read a science fiction or fantasy novel, perhaps the evening as well if it is a long book. It has taken me a week to finish "Phantastes." Not that it is difficult to read: it is beautifully written, quite lucid, and thoroughly enjoyable. I just wanted to linger over it, as a child will lick a rare and magnificent lollipop very slowly, so as to make it last longer. "Phantastes" with its intricate lace-work description and cleverly wrought subplots can fascinate any adult, yet this book gleams with the dew of youth. It is the story of a young man's long and varied journey through Fairyland. His experiences bring him delight and sorrow, pain and joy, and in the end, knowledge and wisdom. Ecstatic beauty and hideous evil are suggested by MacDonald's description, but the form of both must be found by the reader in his own mind. There is ample food for imagination. There is, in this book, a purity of thought and clarity of feeling that is rare as magic in this day and age. Oh, that battles could be fought by valorous knights instead of bombs, and statues would be dancing marble instead of grotesque metal. If there is any part of the child, the dreamer, the believer left in you, read this book. The world is richer for having a book like this. --Jan M. Evers

*CHARLES FORT: PROPHET OF THE UNEXPLAINED* by Damon Knight. Doubleday, 1970 \$6.95

The cover blurb calls it, "A biography of the American iconoclast who dared ..." etc. (We all know who Fort was.) It is not; rather, it is a book 'about.' About Fort and Fort's family: His father practiced cruelties for which he would be imprisoned today, and though Knight calls Fort pere 'slim and elegant,' a photograph -- there are fifteen illustrations -- shows a despicable little fop. Fort himself looked like no one so much as 'Teddy,' the mad brother in "Arsenic and Old Lace" who thought he was Theodore Roosevelt. When older he resembled G. K. Chesterton.

About things and people Fortean: Not only rains of blood and fish, but the literary history of Velikovsky's books; data collected and correlated by Knight himself (he got Bell Telephone Laboratories to run all sorts of odd facts through their computers for him, and concludes that Fortean occurrences coincide with the oppositions, conjunctions, and quadratures of Mars and Venus); the magazine *Doubt* published as a sort of fanzine by Tiffany Thayer for twenty-five years.

And about science fiction: Knight discusses Fort's influence on Blish, Harness, Hamilton, and others; and shows what happened when Miriam Allen DeFord was translated into French (for "The Morning of the Magicians") and from French back to English without reference to the original.

Footnotes, references, and an index. Sketches and graphs in addition to the illustrations. One only wishes everything were longer.

--Gene Wolfe

In 1816 Lord Byron left England to avoid the notoriety over his divorce. Accompanying him, as personal physician and friend, was an Englishman of Italian descent, John Polidori. The two spent the summer in Geneva Switzerland, where they were visited by Percy Shelley and his wife, Mary. Together they passed the stormy nights reading German ghost stories, and one night each agreed to write a similar tale.

Mr. Shelley's, if he wrote one, was lost. Mary's is known to us all. Lord Byron did sketch a plan for one, apparently about a vampire, but never finished it. Dr. Polidori finished it for him, publishing it in 1819 as a short story -- "The Vampyre." And the legend entered English prose.

Mrs. M. L. Carter, who dedicates her anthology to "Leslie Roy Carter, a writer of beautiful science fiction, my husband," has compiled what appeals to me as one of the most intelligent surveys of a subject I have read. Aside from her interesting introductions, the selections themselves include an excerpt from De Sade's "Justine," Polidori's classic (very dull), an excellent condensation of Sheridan Le Fanu's "Camilla," and from our modern era Bloch, Brown, and Niel Stratum's "Vanishing Bred." In all, an anthology as entertaining as it is informative.

Especially recommended to those of you, like myself, who have seen constant mentions of an 18th century Gothic novel called "The Monk," but never bothered to read it -- there is a nice excerpt from it. --Paul Walker

POSITIVE CHARGE and GALLAGHER'S GLACIER by Walt and Leigh Richmond. Ace 27235, 1970. 75¢

With the exception of a short story or two, both sides of this Ace double header are, at best, good ideas gone sour. "Positive Charge" is a collection of eight previously published stories. On the whole, the collection reeks of mediocrity; the stories pack little punch and contain few surprises. One half of the collection is devoted to Willy Shorts, perhaps sci-fi's Gyro Gearloose, and his mind-boggling inventions. Despite the fact that Willy is the bumbling, stereotyped inventor, I found him charming. He invents a plastic stack that not only air conditions cities, but, if properly used, protects them from fallout. He makes a fortune on what he considers a worthless toy and, also, his computer will warm his coffee. This half of the collection is best read waiting for the dentist.

In "M' Lord Is the Shephers" galactic overlords must hurry evolution on our planet to maintain the balance of power in the universe. We are much too susceptible to their manipulation and advance much too rapidly, thus creating a new crisis. The story is neatly done, well-plotted and the best in the collection. I also enjoyed, to some extent, "Prologue to ... An Analogue," but was rather disappointed by its shadowiness. A commercial for witch cleaning products contains a phrase responsible for many 'miracles' in this country and around the world. The witches cause the cleaning company and their ad agency some headaches that are amusing.

"Gallagher's Glacier" is a short novel seriously marred by a major flaw. Dublin Gallagher, a renegade genius-engineer, converts an interstellar glacier to a space ship capable of competing with the tyrannical space corporations. Gallagher plans to use this ship to liberate the colonies suppressed by the corporations. He manages to free two of these colonies and develops a device that permits him to immobilize transportation near these planets. This device, which may be used on any planet with little trouble, combined with the liberated colonists, will enable him to give the corporations a good battle.

The novel lacks excitement. As a novel of revolution it should be a real heart-pounder, but it is not. The revolution is too successful, too perfect. No revolution lacks failure or set-back and this is precisely where the authors fail.

--John F. Osborne

OUR FRIENDS FROM FROLIX 8 by Philip K. Dick. Ace 64400, 1970. 189 p  
60¢

Dick has created a society based on new forms of man, Specials and Unu-  
auals, who rule, or the Old Men. Unuauuals are the next step in evolution so to  
speak, and have greater capacity for dealing with abstract concepts. Specials  
have special talents, such as telepathy. Oldmen are plain ordinary humans, and  
are getting the short end of the stick. Alcohol is banned, with various tranquil-  
izers taking its place. There are detention camps on Luna for malcontent Old  
Men who refuse to obey the superior New Men. Into this steps Provoni, intent on  
helping Old Men get their chance too, even if this means bringing in help -- help  
from a far off planet.

This book has more logic and cohesion than most of Dick's work. The plot  
is well structured. He does a lot of scene and point-of-view shifting, as usual,  
but it is easier to follow. The sense of a continuous reality is better. This is  
less trippy, more down to earth, yet with many far-out ideas. This is a readable  
and entertaining book.

--Jan M. Evers

A THUNDER OF STARS by Dan Morgan and John Kippax. Ballantine 01922, 1970

"A Thunder of Stars" is one of the many sf novels being written today that  
has little chance of becoming a classic. Unlike many of the other non-classics,  
it really is a good book, it's just not a great one. The character portrayals of  
Tom Bruce and Helen Lindstrom are excellent, it contains a serious theme, and  
most important, it is a pleasure to read.

My brief plot summary does little justice to the novel. Much of the book's  
beauty is dependent on the careful plot development of the authors. Commander  
Tom Bruce is the most qualified candidate for the Captainship of the Venturer  
Twelve, a ship designed to explore planets during the twenty-second century.  
However, the Commissioning Board assigned to pick the crew of the Venturer  
Twelve is reluctant to appoint him to this post. Several of the board members  
feel Bruce acted rashly when he was a lieutenant on the Venturer Ten: while on  
Minos IV, Lieutenant Bruce executed forty-one humans. Had there not been a  
mutiny on the spaceship Athena, it is doubtful that Bruce would have even had a  
chance to command the Venturer Twelve. The spectacular court inquiry into the  
Athena mutiny proves the commander of the Venturer Twelve to be a man of  
integrity and reason as well as a man of action.

--John F. Osborne

TIMEPIECE by Brian N. Ball. Ballantine 01903, 1970. 75¢

This novel is peculiar in a number of ways. First, it reads more like the  
better half of a bad Ace Double than what I expect from Ballantine. Secondly,  
though it is bulging with time theory and science, it seems to be some kind of  
fannish jest, though I wouldn't like to be held to that. The hero's name is Del-  
vaney, who has a recurrent dream about a 'brown beauty,' and another is named  
Ellison ("He was an unimpressive sight, short, uncoordinated physically, and  
incapable of communicating clearly."). If the others in the cast have literary  
counterparts, I didn't recognize them, nor did I wait around to see how Ball  
would handle it.

Set in the far future, when Earth art and science are dedicated to recreating  
the past, Delvaney, about to lose his choice job policing the 'time show,' is lured  
into an expedition to find the "Forever Planet," alleged to be a matrix of time  
fields, in which Now is forever.

The pace is hectic, the dialog profuse, and the whole thing more confusing  
than involving. Still, there may be many who will flip over it. If nothing else,  
take a gander at the Mort Engle cover.

--Paul Walker

*THE TROIKA INCIDENT* by James Cooke Brown. Doubleday, 1970. 400 p.  
\$7.95, \$2.95 paper

A wordy novel, "The Troika Incident" takes three people, an American astronaut-engineer, a French physics professor and a Russian biologist (female) into a future world to look back upon the world we know and try to determine what went wrong and why.

Supposedly this future world is a utopia. Indeed, its 'perfection' had me thinking of the utopian society of B. F. Skinner's "Walden Two," where you knew things were too good to be true but had a devil of a time discovering the flaw. Anyway, whether this future society is really as good as it seems, and whether it provides a proper perspective for the trio to look back from is the reader's problem. It's an entertaining problem, exploring this duality of two civilizations being judged, and I recommend it heartily.

Oh yes, I think you'll want this one in hardcover.

--David C. Paskow

*THE PREMIER* by Earl Conrad. *Lancer* 75129, 1970. 335 p. 95¢

The 1963 copyright date on this novel is significant, since it is a book about a black nationalist, written from the point of view of a white man. Today's radicals would call this phony and be infuriated by the patronizing of black by white: the narrator is forever rescuing his friend from eviction, starvation, freezing, and, finally, death in prison. True, this assistance is never asked for, but it is always accepted in the end.

The plot is deceptively simple: Elmo Baines plans an independent Black nation in what is now the Dust Bowl. This is to be achieved by mass migration and subsequent negotiation with the Federal Government, with maintenance of friendly relations all around. Baines, son of a former slave, himself a Ph.D., one-time professor at a segregated college, and sometime teacher in the New York City public schools, hopes to raise the money to launch this plan by inventing Wondercream, the perfect hair straightener. In the end, the plan fails because of the organized resistance of all the other Black Nationalist groups, who claim that Elmo Baines has stolen their idea.

This book is frighteningly contemporary, and Elmo Baines' plan is so believable that the reader begins to see the logic behind his utopian imaginings; however, the elements mentioned above as flaws tend to impair its effectiveness in some cases. Especially since the market for Wondercream might be very slim nowadays, what with Black is Beautiful, and the afro hairstyle in current vogue. Maybe the book can rise above these details, but I doubt it.

--Charlotte Moslander

*THE HUMAN TIME BOMB* by Nick Carter. Award A456X, 1970. 154 p. 60¢

*OPERATION MOON ROCKET* by Nick Carter. Award A295X, 1970. 160 p. 60¢

The only resemblance between Nick Carter, Killmaster and the Nick Carter, Master Detective of the Street and Smith pulps is his invulnerability and his disguise abilities. The Award Books' Nick Carter is "the American James Bond" and I suppose the anonymous author operates under the 'imitation is the sincerest form of flattery' principle though I doubt if the late Mr. Fleming would have been flattered by the results.

In "The Human Time Bomb," Nick is up to his gonads in a mess involving almost indestructible synthetic men who are being put to use by The Enemy to thwart Us and all that is Decent, while in "Operation Moon Rocket," Nick must ferret out a rat in the space program before another astronaut dies and the killer weasels himself out of the country. (Surprise! Two of the suspects are women!)

Good, dirty fun.

--David C. Paskow



*THE SMILE ON THE FACE OF THE TIGER* by Douglas Hurd & Andrew Osmond. Macmillan, 1970. 405 p. \$6.95

Don't be fooled by the novel's slow start as I was; I'll grant you the fact that the beginning is slow-paced but by page 153 it begins to pick up steam and by page 263 it's at a positive trot.

The Red Chinese want Hong Kong and their chief agent, Chiang Li-shih, possesses information about one Laurence Pershing (now Minister of State for Asian Affairs) and his actions in Malaya in 1957 which he feels confident will bring about Pershing's cooperation in their plans. The time is the late 1970's and Britain and China are just as friendly as ever. The action (?) is always understated, stiff-upper-lippish and the only thing that relieves the boredom is an occasional slip or two by the authors when their characters gain a semblance of humanity.

The authors' first work, "Send Him Victorious," was much better.

--David C. Paskow

*THE LONG TWILIGHT* by Keith Laumer. Putnam, 1969. 222 p. \$4.95 (paperback: Berkley Medallion S1810, 1970. 75¢)

Keith Laumer must have his readers somewhere, he writes so many books. It's taken me a while to get around to this one because I had to fight off the perverted urge to not read it all the way through, and review it with a brief perusal. It was a hard battle -- but integrity won.

Keith Laumer writes moderately entertaining, very standard, average works, with a fair command of language and action, a consistently moderate sense of character. In short, unless you're young, or a Laumer fan, or have nothing else to read, Laumer is seldom worthwhile.

This tale of battling supermen is full of inconsistencies, illogical conclusions, doubtful premises, and good brutal action. The hardcover edition boasts (bad choice of words, there) a miserable Gaughan cover, a whipaway 2½-second job, and Putnam has put it in a cheap cardboard format. For unwitting libraries only.

--Greg Bear

*APEMAN, SPACEMAN: Anthropological Science Fiction.* Berkley N1819, 1970 384 p. 95¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1968. \$5.95)

Leon Stover claims in the 'Afterword' that this anthology arose out of necessity: he taught a required course in anthropology and assigned readings in anthropological science fiction. The librarians, however, suffered from an overriding distaste for back issues of *Astounding* and refused to process them. Whether this story is apocryphal or not does not matter. What does matter is that the editors have gathered from many sources (H. G. Wells through Charles M. Schulz) stories, poetry, a cartoon strip, and nonfiction commentary pertaining to (1) Man and (2) His Works, which is what anthropology is all about.

The quality of writing here is uniformly excellent, and my only complaint (if one can call it that) is that the book contains too much material to be digested if read 'in a lump.' I grew tired of it when about halfway through, put the book away for a couple of weeks, and found it quite interesting when I resumed reading.

The contents range from accounts (fictional) of backbreeding to produce 'gigantanthropus,' through the possibility that Creation took eight days, a consideration of what humans will look like in the future, the discovery of a most unusual time capsule, computer applications in a Tibetan lamasery, and how to study (and be studied by) Extra-Terrestrials. Humor is added by "Peanuts," the military communications involved in giving Horatius a medal, and the 'report' of an 'archaeological excavation.' Happy the student who finds "Ape-man, Space-man" on his required reading list!

--Charlotte Moslander

*THE SHATTERED RING: SCIENCE FICTION AND THE QUEST FOR MEANING* by Lois & Stephen Rose. John Knox Press, 1970. 127 p. \$3.50

Gee, gang, it's always nice when someone takes us seriously and it is awfully ungrateful not to say nice things about their book, but being taken seriously is only half the battle -- we want to be examined intelligently as well. The Roses aren't total blockheads but they are very superficial. Anyone who would say "Heinlein emerges as science fiction's Ayn Rand" (p.52) isn't quite with it. One can see what they mean but throughout the entire book there are so many statements which aren't really incorrect, just misleading -- just so very superficial. This book isn't worth buying but we had better all just scan it because it will probably turn out to be just the thing for English instructors who need something on science fiction. The first sentence is rather good and I only wish the rest of the book sustained it. Let me quote: "If a remnant survives us and looks back centuries hence, our era may be marked as the Time of Explosion when everything was up for grabs, including the very definition of man himself." It's a quote from Jacob Brackman.

--J. B. Post

*ORBIT ONE* by Mel Jay. Macfadden 60-447, 1970. 144 p. 60¢

When Planetary Administrator Starbuck disappears, security chief Glen Bridger must cope with a series of planet wide disasters, aided by a series of mysterious warnings. The book's name derives from a pointless episode sandwiched somewhere among the disasters. Its worst fault is the high concentration of foolish banalities in both narration and dialogue, all in a real Goshwowboyoboy tone.

--Thomas W. Bulmer

*ADA OR ARDOR: A FAMILY CHRONICLE* by Vladimir Nabokov. Fawcett P1409 1970. 445 p. \$7.25 (hardcover: McGraw-Hill, 1969. \$8.95)

Nabokov presents this 'family chronicle' as a memoir written by one of the protagonists, Ivan (Van) Veen, a resident of a sort of Antiterre which bears a strong resemblance to Terra as we know it, except the political and linguistic patterns are somewhat different, the history is, if possible, a little less comprehensible, and water power is used instead of electricity (the author does not explain how a telephone would work if water were used as a medium of transmission; however, such details are tossed off as nonessential). The basic plot revolves about the amorous adventures of Van Veen and his 'cousin' Ada. (Their fathers are cousins; their mothers are twin sisters; and Ada's mother was Van's father's mistress before she married Ada's father, who was actually --you figure it out). The fact that they are brother and sister (or even 'cousins') does not cool the fires of adolescence in the case of Van and Ada, and they proceed to engage in an incestuous relationship (described in pseudo-clinical detail) which lasts, with interruptions, for the rest of their lives.

Nabokov's style is very flowery -- so much so, that one begins to feel that he is indulging in a bit of satire at the expense of Victorian novels (Van and Ada are turn-of-the-twentieth-century characters), and there are isolated moments of real comedy: e.g., Ada's little sister Lucette spying on her sister and 'cousin' Van; Van attempting to hide from his father the fact that the girl he has in his apartment is Ada; Van's early career as a gymnast of sorts (he is an expert at walking on his hands until he is wounded in a duel).

The voyeuristic reader will find "Ada" a disappointment -- there is a great deal of discourse between the mentions of sexual intercourse. There are readers who may enjoy the book; others will probably agree with me that, despite his somewhat unusual amorous inclinations and an occasional duel, Van Veen led a singularly uninteresting life -- hardly worth using 445 pages to relate.

--Charlotte Moslander

*A PROMISING PLANET* by Jeremy Strike. *FLOWER OF DORADIL* by John Rackham. Ace 24100, 1970. 125, 126 p. 75¢

"A Promising Planet" is really a weird one. A team of planet investigators, on the lookout for new places for Earth to spread, finds a beautiful little planet. There are a few rather primitive natives, but on the whole it seems like a good bet. Then they discover the god of the planet. Just like in the Bible -- omnipotent, omnipresent, and wrathful. And He doesn't like His planet being invaded.

This half is almost funny. It has plenty of action, some of it unlikely sounding. Events aren't quite humorous, but are very entertaining. I didn't like the ending very much, but won't give it away. It concludes all right, but I'm not sure if it is a bang or a whimper or neither. I thought there might be some message tied up somewhere, from all the talk about gods, but there isn't. Just a darned good story.

"Flower of Doradil" is adventure on a jungle planet. Again, primitive natives -- a little like the stories about the interior of Brazil, or ancient Mexico. Good earthies versus bad earthies who are trying to corrupt the innocent natives, with good triumphing, as expected. Still, it's a well-written, fast moving story, with no pretense at being anything but grand excitement.

Considering that you get both for 75¢, I think it's a bargain. Both are diverting, and written to move quickly. Definitely above average. --Jan M. Evers

*THE SHIPS OF DUROSTORUM* by Kenneth Bulmer. *ALTON'S UNGUESSABLE* by Jeff Sutton. Ace 76096, 1970. 101, 151 p. 75¢

"The Ships of Durostorum" is one of a group of novels, all of which take place in the same universe(s), but which need not be read in any special order; somewhat like Marion Zimmer Bradley's Darkover stories. For the most part it is a fairly simple and straightforward tale. J. T. Wilkie, a rough-and-tumble but not overly bright American mining engineer is rescued from a Canadian mine disaster (I think it is Canadian) only to be tricked into serving the beautiful but bad Contessa di Montevarchi.

Some of the characterization is interesting. It is too bad that the girl Sharon, obviously so much more capable than the hero, is presented so sketchily. Not a bad story. Just for the record, as far as this reviewer knows, he is not related to Kenneth Bulmer.

"Alton's Unguessable" concerns the contest between a human telepath and a mind snatching alien for the survival of the human race. Most of the ideas have been handled better in Van Vogt stories, but the novel is still worth a reading.

The cover art by Gaughan and Freas respectively deserves special mention. It seems such a shame to spoil the covers with lettering. Freas' cover is especially beautiful, and Ace deserves a kind word for the great variation in hue, tone, and brightness preserved in the cover. I'm sure I would love to see the original. --Thomas W. Bulmer

*I WILL FEAR NO EVIL* by Robert A. Heinlein. Putnam, 1970. 401 p. \$6.95

One can't simply take a book like this and say it was bad. I didn't like it, it bored me. Heinlein is too good an author, too well-known and deserving, to be passed off so lightly.

There are two kinds of premises (at least) in fiction writing. One is the enclosed premise of the plot, which in this case is a brain transplant. The mind of decrepit Johann Sebastian Bach Smith is transferred to the body of his ravishing, tragically (but opportunely, for the plot) deceased secretary, Eunice Branca. Prior to the operation, we receive interesting hints of Heinlein at his best. Unfortunately, the majority of the book takes place after the operation.

The second kind of premise is the external premise, the idea the author

wishes to put across in his book. It seems to be tried and true to operate with only one such primary premise, even in such massive and sprawling works as Tolstoy's "War and Peace." Heinlein operates on any number of premises (i.e., 'Sex is good for you,' 'The future of man lies in the individual, not the mass,' 'Morality is essentially expedience,' and so on). These are worthy premises, and an author of Heinlein's background should know better than to stuff them all into one novel, even a long one.

Heinlein is a worthy author, however, so the question I asked myself was 'Does he know what he's doing, in trying out an experimental technique?' Art and literature survive, after all, by shattering rules. But in order to shatter rules effectively and offer viable alternatives, the experimenter must be thoroughly familiar with the background of the rules he wishes to break. Heinlein apparently is not.

His 'experiment' involves having Eunice Branca, who has no brain, return to haunt the transplanted thoughts of Smith, making them two-in-one. Miss Branca is a loving and very human individual, totally reasonable. So is Smith. Everything goes smoothly, and what results is a continuous flow of internal dialogue. (This, by the way, was attempted in an earlier novel by Dave Van Arnam, "Starmind," from Ballantine. Van Arnam didn't succeed either.) Johann and Eunice converse just as if they are talking out loud, which -- and how Heinlein passed this by, is beyond me -- is not how the human mind thinks. It thinks in images, in sounds (frequently in music), in smells, as well as words, and when it thinks in words, they do not occur in complete phrases and sentences. (Disagree? Analyze what you're thinking about this review, and consider what else you're thinking about at the same time.) The attempt at internalizing a novel and exploring human thought is not, of course, new. It goes back as far as literature, and the 'stream-of-consciousness' technique can be traced back at least as far as a minor French author, Edouard Dujardin. Its most famous example is James Joyce's "Ulysses." It is used extensively in Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury," etc., etc.

The characters are viable in the novel, but not believable outside of it. Characters and dialogue in Heinlein's works are paradoxical -- they are his weakest points, and his strongest characteristics. Recently, in his last four novels, characterization has solidified into a fixed cast, as pointed out by Alexei Panshin. The travelling cast reappears in "I Will Fear No Evil," and they think and act either one way (i.e., Heinlein's way) or another, grungy and shiftless and dangerous. People think and act in as many different ways as there are people. They are continually surprising. Ask the local despondent Behaviorist, loosely clutching his worn copy of "Walden Two." If this universal characterization is conscious and deliberate, it is a failure. It adds nothing to the novel, supports none of the premises (denies a few, in fact), and contributes a credibility gap.

One of the saving graces of sf, even bad sf, is that its childhood was built on the principle of entertainment. The greatest novels of all time, sf or otherwise, are supremely entertaining, either in plot, in character, in technique, in premise, or in philosophy. Or in philosophy. "I Will Fear No Evil" is not entertaining. It rambles like Thomas Wolfe at age twelve. It could have been half as long and twice as effective.

I'm a young twerp, still working on my first novel, inexperienced and unproven, yet if "I Will Fear No Evil" were my own manuscript, I think I'd have taken drastic action in several ways. Considering my temperament, the first reaction might have been permanent pigeon-holing.

Putnam has billed this as contemporary literature, as did Galaxy (interestingly quoted as praising the book on the dust wrapper), and they duped the Saturday Review into believing them. That is why I've tried to analyze it as fine art. It isn't, and I'm dismally disappointed.

--Greg Bear  
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*GENESIS TWO* by L.P. Davies. Doubleday, 1970. 191 p. \$4.95

What was Kirdale? Was it an out-of-time, out-of-place, misdirected attempt at someone's conception of Shangri-La? Two men, Stuart Ince and Kenneth Sowden discover Kirdale and its seven inhabitants: George and Mary Tadman, owners/operators of the town's only hotel, 'Major' Emery and his son and daughter and finally the strange Mr. Fox and the equally strange Mrs. Dorran. But the mystery is not the town's inhabitants, but the town itself, because the next morning the visitors find themselves cut off from the outside world (if such a world still exists) and the structure of Kirdale turned into a survival testing area.

Why? and Who? are the questions the author dangles successfully before the reader to urge him on and, as I find is my particular 'hang-up' with this type of puzzle novel, I read on. I think you'll want to read on also.

--David C. Paskow

*VERMILION SANDS* by J.G. Ballard. Berkley Medallion S1980, 1971. 192 p. 75¢ 8 stories, 1956-70

One of the permanent classics in series-fiction, finally collected half a decade after Judith Merrill first mentioned a hardcover edition. This has never appeared. The "Sands" stories belong not only with other sf series like the shorts of Kuttner, Henderson, Clarke and Nearing; but with "Winesburg Ohio," "In Our Time," Faulkner's "Go Down, Moses," and the connected-stories books of Welty and Wilson. The distinction between Ballard and the big names is that Ballard is a prettier stylist (sorry, Professor!).

In his inner landscape Vermilion Sands functions as Ballard's combination Riviera-Acapulco resort of the future rich, and layaway for the type of mod artist who can hold the pace of his swinging clientele. As art products, the celebrity rich of the area outclass the products of the artists, whom they cheerily corrupt. The stories affectionately extrapolate the jet world of the fifties and sixties: mobiles, computer poetry, skydiving, and the fearlessly independent art film budgeted at three million dollars. No previous sf author could have handled these people. There is some satire, but temperamentally Ballard isn't a humorist. He doesn't write in comic rhythms like Wodehouse or de Camp.

Ballard's men can't compete successfully in this high-colored world. They become patients, not agents, mother-cursed, lavender-tinged. Only the girls express their wills, whether they succeed or go down fighting. Robert Graves' White Goddess is clued as the heroine of "Studio 5, the Stars" but her avatars sing the songs, build the mobiles, and sacrifice their loves in the other stories as well. These celebrities are carefully undisguised with names like Hope Cunard and Orson Kanin, or deliberately turned into archetypes: the White Goddess, the Flying Dutchman. (The narrator of "Cry Hope, Cry Fury!" the Dutchman story, is named 'Melville'.) Technically, these people are all cracked; but they work so hard at visualizing their neuroses and traumas that their 'symptoms' become formal religious rites, practical ways of organizing their lives to give them point and meaning. But the rites are sterile. Sex and art are guerrilla theatre.

Ballard stories are hard to imitate, even when they use stock plots or situations. "Thousand Dreams of Stellavista" takes off from the old Gothic plot of the young couple cursed with a haunted house (or haunted with a cursed house). Ballard's evil mansion is no molding pile, but a mechanical sensorium programmed by a V. Sands architect to destroy his actress wife. The renting couple are like birds nesting in a loaded cannon. Characteristically, the showpieces of this story are the opening sketch of a psychotropic housing estate, and the climax, when the hero's home goes insane with him inside. The descriptions are the most powerful in British fiction since the winter hotel fire at the end of Wyndham Lewis' Canadian novel, "Self Condemned." Seemingly, Ballard's people derive their flakiness from trying to compete with these outsized plots and backgrounds.

Earlier in his career, the Sands stories represented Ballard's far-out experimental work. But after he created the four older stories, all previously collected, his first wife died (1964) and the whole British sf magazine market, his home base, foundered. New Worlds, the main outlet, phoenixed as an officially experimental sheet worthy of British Arts Council grants. Under this pressure, excuse me, inspiration Ballard began the short 'novels' published here only in Merril and New Worlds paperback anthologies. To his old American markets, Ballard sold the four later stories in "Vermilion Sands." These now represent his 'safe' writing. Some of us prefer this style, but perhaps these later V. Sands stories are less complex, less emotionally important to him. And the avant-garde Ballard should be collected too, from New Worlds and the two 1967 British paperbacks, "Day of Forever" and "Overloaded Man."

First book appearances in "Vermilion Sands" are "Cry Hope, Cry Fury!" (F&SF 10/67), "Cloud-Sculptors of Coral D" (F&SF 12/67), "Venus Smiles" (Galaxy 1967), and "Say Goodbye to the Wind" (Fantastic 8/70). If you picked up "Billenium," "Passport to Eternity" and "Impossible Man" (Berkley Medallions 1962-3-6), you own the other stories.

--Mark Purcell

SEVEN CONQUESTS by Poul Anderson. Collier Books, 1970. 224 p. 95¢ (hardcover: Macmillan, 1969 \$4.95)

According to the blurb this is a collection of "7 compelling tales of ultraviolence among the Cosmic Nations of tomorrow"; which only goes to show that no matter how successful an author you are you never quite wrest control of the cover from the publisher. Actually only three of the stories are about war of the future although there is a continuous theme of violence throughout all seven tales. As might be expected, since this is a book by Poul Anderson and since the stories are from F&SF, Galaxy, and If, and since blurbs always lie, the stories concern not "ultraviolence among Cosmic Nations" but the men who fight these wars and the effect that violence has upon them.

Anderson has developed a reputation not as a result of a few outstanding stories but because of the general level of excellence with which he writes all his stories. This collection is typical of his talents. There is only one story that stands head and shoulders above the others, "Kings Who Die;" the rest are only average. Average that is for Anderson; put amidst the company of other authors where Anderson's talents would not be lost in a forest of repetition, they would be excellent.

--Yale Edeiken

TIME ROGUE by Leo P. Kelley. Lancer 74-627, 1970. 190 p. 75¢

Can the past be changed, thus altering the present and future? This is the basic premise in "Time Rogue." A rebel of the cyborgian future, plotting rebellion against his own mechanization -- half man, half computer -- gets himself sent back in time to destroy the scientist and others who made the first discoveries that began the mating of man and machine. The quest is not helped any by the realization that the rebel is thoroughly mad so that one is not sure whether one's sympathies lie with him or with those he has come back in time to destroy -- granted they did start something that didn't turn out too well.

There is a great deal of purple prose and much hand wringing and breast beating, but it isn't at all certain that anything much was accomplished before the rebel is converted to pure energy and scattered amongst the stars. The lesson seems to be -- surprise -- that you can try to alter the past, but even if you seem to be doing something different you find yourself treading the same familiar paths. Well, O. Henry did it 70 years ago and he wasn't even a science fiction writer. This is pretty much straight pulp, not one of the more memorable pieces.

--Samuel Mines

THE LOG OF THE USS ENTERPRISE, Editor-in-Chief Elyse S. Pines. Epsilon Eridani Press, available from Cyrano Jones Trading Post, Elyse Pines, 637 East 8th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218. \$1.00 (plus 25¢ postage & handling) 22 p plus Indices.

It's a strange and entirely unlonely thing to be a Star Trek fan. Trekkies, at last count, numbered in the innumerable, like coat-hangers and paper-clips. Unlike paper-clips, however, they put out fanzines and fan publications, and this is one such fit of enthusiasm. It's exhaustive and probably accurate, full of undirected energy, and unreadable in its dearth of detail. It's a collection of those masterpieces of wit and egregious audacity, the teaser-scene wisdoms of James T. Kirk, Spock, and Dr. McCoy, plus whatever log entries managed to squeeze in during the show.

In its heyday, Star Trek was something to marvel at, halfway intelligent television sometimes approaching excellence. In its waning seasons, it was as bad as a bowl of canned ravioli. The following Roddenberry's creation managed to drum up still marches on, but at this stage in my young career, though acknowledging its influence, I can no longer wax ecstatic.

--Greg Bear

INDEX TO PLAYBOY: Belles-Lettres, Articles and Humor, December 1953-December 1969, by Mildred Lynn Miles. Scarecrow Press, 1970. 162 p. \$5.00

What is so wild about this publication is the publisher. Scarecrow Press is one of the specialist houses which produce reference works, often indices and bibliographies, for the library market. This is one of the few Scarecrow items which will find its way into the homes of America. The basic arrangement is an alphabetical list of authors with the stories or articles they have contributed, noting the volume, date, and page (s) of the item. Interfiled with the authors is a subject list, mostly biographical (Playboy interviews) with a few other notations like "Cars" or "Science Fiction" with references to item numbers in the index. We have to look up item #175 in the index and find it is a Boucher article. Not really conveniently arranged as it might be but half a loaf is always better than none. We have to know the author and title of a science fiction story before we can find it in this index. Well, SFRA, get busy on a "Subject Guide to Fiction in Playboy."

--J. B. Post

A GUIDE TO FAIRY CHESS by Anthony Dickins (2d ed) The Q Press (8 Ennerdale Rd., Richmond, Surrey, UK), 1969. 66 p. £2.10 or \$5.00

It is probably a safe bet that however poorly they play, fans are interested in chess. One of the virtues of fandom is the diversity of interests one encounters. Board games of all sorts are floating around many of the informal get-togethers held by local societies and clubs. I think the big thing at this moment (it will change next week) is war games played with miniature soldiers. But I digress. Fairy chess is to chess what science fiction is to -- hm, I don't know. Anyway, fairy chess (or heterodox chess) is chess played by rules different from the currently accepted ones or with different pieces than the standard ones or on a different board than the normal; or any combination thereof. It's a 'what would happen if ...' series of games (yes, there are an almost infinite number of variant fairy chesses). Mr. Dickins gives a really hasty survey which only covers the orthodox heterodoxies, not even mentioning Jetan, the Martian chess invented by Edgar Rice Burroughs, or several other varieties. But this is still a fascinating book and I recommend it to all fans: go bug your public libraries. In his introduction Mr. Dickins observes that chess has evolved and many of our orthodox pieces and moves were at one time fairy. There's a moral there somewhere. Oh, yes, he does mention four-dimensional chess and ghost chess. Great fun.

--J. B. Post

BY FURIES POSSESSED by Ted White. Signet T4275, 1970. 192 p. 75¢

From the March and May 1970 issues of Ted White's Amazing, comes Ted White's story of Tad Dameron, agent for the Bureau of Non-Terran Affairs. On assignment to keep tabs on Bjonn, first returnee from Earth's first extra-solar settlement, Tad finds Bjonn disturbingly different. Just how different and why are questions Tad seeks answers for as he pursues girls, religious fanatics and alien parasites and becomes enmeshed in murder and psychological metamorphosis.

Not bad.

--David C. Paskow

VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE, or Tales of Hindu Deviltry by Richard F. Burton  
Dover, 1970 (c.1893) xxi, 243 p. \$2.50 paper

While on the surface this is the story of King Vikram, a Hindu King Arthur, set into it is the tale of Vikram being bound to carry a vampire from place to place, with a need not to speak. The vampire tells Vikram stories and when Vikram comments on some outrageous feature he has to go back to square one and start carrying the vampire all over again. At last Vikram doesn't say anything, is released from his bondage, and goes on to glory. Mildly entertaining.

--J. B. Post

RECALL NOT EARTH by C. C. MacApp. Dell 7281, 1970. 192 p. 60¢

Earth's last survivors and their nonhuman allies battle among the stars to reestablish the human race. There is an interesting interplay of differing goals among allies, and a struggle on the part of John Brayson, the human leader, to conquer his own drug addiction. Good adventure.

--Thomas W. Bulmer

SIX-GUN PLANET by John Jakes. Paperback Library 63-313, 1970. 174 p.  
60¢

Zak Randolph, he got called out by Buffalo Yung; meanest, ugliest, fastest, pot bellied, badmouthed, mustachioed gunslinger on the planet Missouri. Zak, a pacifist, must learn to fight if he is to win the beautiful Belle and not Boot Hill. Satirical.

--Thomas W. Bulmer

MOON ZERO TWO adapted by John Burke from a filmscript by Gavin Lyall,  
Frank Hardman & Martin Davison. Signet P4615, 1970. 126 p. 60¢

Treasure hunting and claim jumpers in outer space. The technology is modest, enough for a self-sustaining but expensive frontier on the Moon and some unrewarding interplanetary travel. Some of the dynamics of landing on asteroids hasn't been thought all the way out, and there are a few other minor quibbles, but all in all it is a good adventure if weak on the sense-of-wonder part. The movie is going around Jersey here, and if I could afford a movie I'd see it.

--Thomas W. Bulmer

THE WITCHING HOUR by James E. Gunn. Dell 9605, 1970. 188 p. 60¢

Dell calls this a satanic feast of modern deviltry. Well, it's hardly all that serious, at least not all the way through, and it's nothing like the current stock of 'adult' shockers. These are three early Gunn works, two from Beyond and one from Galaxy, all on a fantasy-witchcraft theme. The pace is rapid, the writing is sometimes spotty, but not distracting, and the result is pleasant. My favorite is "The Reluctant Witch," a tale of backwoods sorcery, but "The Magician" starts out with a Covention on Halloween, and therefore lags not far behind.

--Greg Bear



*DRACULA* by Bram Stoker. With illus of the author and the setting of the story, together with an introd. by James Nelson. Dodd, Mead, March 1970 x, 431 p. \$4.50

This is an edition I'd like to keep for myself. I've read "Dracula" in other editions, but if I had my druthers, I'd druther have this edition. For those of you who have not read it, or think you must have because you've seen the movie so often but really haven't, buy this Dodd, Mead "Great Illustrated Classics" edition. Don't let the number of pages scare you off; the "Frankenstein" of Mary Shelley was only half as long and also less than a fourth as readable. "Dracula" is one of the very few really readable Gothic "classics". The illustrations for this copy are quite good (though it would have been nice to have a separate listing for them in the beginning of the book) and well, what more is there to say, except "buy it."

--David C. Paskow

*THIRTY YEARS OF ARKHAM HOUSE 1939-1969: A History and Bibliography*, by August Derleth. Arkham House, 1970. 99 p. photographs. \$3.50

Here at last in nice durable format we have the history and bibliography of Arkham House. Much of the text of the historical essay repeats the wording of the 1959 twenty year history and bibliography, but this is to be expected. There are eight pages of photographs of some Arkham House authors. A current list of out-of-print titles and a list of titles hopefully to be published in the future completes the historical section. For a fuller picture of Arkham House activities it is necessary to subscribe to *The Arkham Collector* published twice a year at 50¢ the copy, a little magazine containing stories, poems, and essays as well as the expected announcements of new titles or changes in price for older ones.

The bibliography proper is arranged by imprint: first Arkham House books, then Mycroft & Moran books, and lastly Stanton & Lee titles. Within each section the arrangement is chronological. Unfortunately, there is no index but probably even now some dedicated fan is working on one. Each entry has the title of the book in boldface type with author, publisher, place of publication, date, published price, number of copies printed, a detailed list of contents when not a novel, and the dust jacket artist. Alas, while on the whole this is an impressive work, there are a few minor points which I mention in pedantry. The price of \$3.00 is given for "Dark of the Moon," the original price, but with new jackets the price became \$3.50. With "Dunwich Horror &c." the price is given as \$6.50, the current price though the first printing sold for \$5.00. Most of the entries are numbered but in a few instances they are not. I can see not including the binding of "The Shunned House" but the reason for excluding the titles produced by Villiers Press of London while numbering the joint ventures with Pellegrini & Cudahy escapes me. There is no breakdown of number of copies into various printings of the Lovecraft titles which are being kept in print. The statement on reprints is not clear -- it states that except for three Lovecraft titles no Arkham House book has ever been reprinted. The phrase 'by Arkham House' should be added since there have been paperback collections drawn from some titles and recently a New York publisher did reprint "Dark of the Moon." The publisher's device is on the jacket rather than the title page; the four devices used by Mr. Derleth should have been reproduced in the book itself. (Ultra-picky: Mr. Derleth uses the term 'colophon' in discussing the devices, a common though technically incorrect term, the more so because most Arkham House books do have a colophon, the printer's statement on the last page.)

Even without an index, the most glaring flaw of this book, I would imagine it is a must purchase for anyone attempting to be a specialist in the bibliography or bookselling of science fiction and fantasy. With only two thousand copies printed, I urge immediate purchase by anyone who pretends to serious scholarship in science fiction.

--J. B. Post

*ALIEN ISLAND* by T.L. Sherred. Ballantine 01815, 1970. 216 p. 75¢

What would you do if you saw a gigantic beer-keg land? I'd lay off the booze, permanently, which is what Ken Jordan does. After he has drunkenly walked up to the beer-keg-space-ship, gotten in, and stayed in, he manages to broadcast his plight over every radio and tv station for miles. The police don't like this. In fact nobody likes it. And the powers-that-be hate Jordan even more when the spaceship announces that Ken Jordan is to be Earth's representative for the Regan group, an interplanetary cabal. The complications that arise from these and other improbable happenings result in an unusual book. The plot makes several hairpin turns, so don't go guessing how it may turn out. This is well-written, moving fast enough to keep the reader's attention. I recommend it.

--Jan M. Evers

*THE INDIANS WON* by Martin Smith. Belmont B95-2045, Sept. 1970 219 p 95¢

And it's about time. Seriously, however, this is one of those novels which everyone thought should be written and waited for somebody else to do so. Well, Martin Smith, 'half Pueblo,' has done so.

Actually, the title tells most of the story plotwise, but for once the blurb writer is being honest when he promises "More than just a fantasy. America with one incredibly possible, compelling twist." And I, as a reviewer, feel that it would be unfair to go further. I will, however, recommend that before you read "The Indians Won," you pick up (buy) the September 1970 issue of *Mankind*, an issue devoted to the sad history of the American Indian; it can serve as a compelling and necessary prologue if you are to really appreciate Martin Smith's fine novel.

--David C. Paskow

*BEACHHEAD PLANET* by Robert Moore Williams. Dell 0463, Jan. 1970. 190 p. 50¢

Two-headed monsters are frequent characters in science fiction. So, for that matter, are aliens trying to take over the earth. This book has both, and a few other stock types. The nasties -- called Narks -- have taken over the brains of the inhabitants of a small town in Colorado, and are trying to expand their dominion to all of earth. The methods are fairly ingenious, and the people who stop them are reasonably believable heroes. Considering the style, and the fact that the action is set in 2151 A.D. I suspect that this was written some time ago, and has just crawled out of someone's basement. However, it is a fairly good adventure story, with a few bits of serious speculation that add interest without slowing the action. No deep psychological meanings or symbolism, just the good guys kicking the nasty aliens off the earth, and good riddance. Diverting, and quite readable.

--Jan M. Evers

*THE STEEL CROCODILE* by D.G. Compton. Ace 78575, 1970. 254 p. 75¢

Man, the computer and the police state. Familiar elements, but of course they can be arranged in unlimited combinations. This English novel about a scientist who finds himself a cog in a soulless machine, is a sober work, characterized by better writing, dialogue and realer people than most. It is, however, extremely slow moving and the individual situations are not quite strong enough to carry the story on their intrinsic interest, so it tends to drag. The ending is depressingly and deliberately tragic -- this author was throwing no sop to those who weren't about to buy his Orwellian view of the future. A sub-plot, the conflict between pure science and the remnants of religious feeling, is brought in but not fully developed -- raises questions without attempt to offer answers but if you like to provide your own answers you may find it intriguing.

--Samuel Mines

BEHOLD THE MAN by Michael Moorcock. Avon V2333, 1970. 160 p. 75¢

Karl Glogauer has a Messiah complex. Everything in the world, in fate, in time, convenes at just the right moment to enable him to return to the past and hunt down the historic Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus turns out to be a congenital idiot, conceived not by Joseph, who is bitter, but not by God, either; rather by some person of uncertain bloodline, for Mary is a whore and not careful in choosing her partners. Glogauer finds all this out after living for a time with John the Baptist and the Essenes. He gradually undergoes the transformation (and a minor one it is, too) to become the historic Jesus of Nazareth, Christ. In telling all this I spoil no surprises, for Moorcock has sense enough to make it obvious all the way through and not opt for switch-endings. How Moorcock handles his subject matter, and how well he handles it, is something for the reader to find out and decide.

Nevertheless, I came away from this one deeply disappointed, depressed, and neither elevated nor enlightened. It is a nothing book. Everything in it is obvious and foretold, everything in it is rife with a sordid lack of care and emotion, and it appears to be dead.

It has no soul. I am in no position to criticize, but then neither is Michael Moorcock in any position to write a book such as this. Read, instead, Kazantzakis's "The Last Temptation of Christ," and come away joyous. --Greg Bear

G-8 AND HIS BATTLE ACES #1: *The Bat Staffel* by Robert J. Hogan. Berkley X1734, 1969. 143 p. 60¢

G-8 AND HIS BATTLE ACES #2: *Purple Aces* by Robert J. Hogan. Berkley X1746, 1970. 159 p. 60¢

G-8 AND HIS BATTLE ACES #3: *Ace of the White Death* by Robert J. Hogan. Berkley X1764, 1970. 128 p. 60¢

Remember being a kid? Artificial divisions of our reading matter simply didn't exist -- perhaps a worn copy of "Kidnapped" or "The Time Machine" shared a corner of cluttered floor with haphazardly stacked comics and that huge book about dinosaurs you got at the library, all with equal literary merit in your unbiased eye. And if it was the middle Thirties, then somewhere sandwiched in all that wondrous mess was at least one issue of "G-8 and His Battle Aces." If you happened across it, you'd leaf through the rough pages one more time, eyes stopping at that favorite part where America's Flying Spy and his wingmen -- Nippy Weston, magician, and Bull Martin, ex-All-American -- did unbelievable things with their Spads just to down one more Hun. And that night, the cowboys on the bedspread became screaming Fokkers, centered in your sunsights as you, G-8, strove to make the world safe for democracy...

And now G-8 is back, in all his unpretentious greatness. These three samplings from his star-spangled career are only marginally science fiction -- their footholds on the genre are, respectively, giant bats breathing poison, hypnotically controlled fighter pilots, and a secret gas that permeates masks -- but they are definitely fantasy, that youthful sort of fantasy which is the only place wars like this are ever fought. But these are not trite cheapies, ground out to formula. Rather, they are genuinely exciting and entertaining testaments to a great storyteller and writer who singlehandedly put together an entire magazine each month. He must have been great, this Hogan... how else could he have put G-8 behind enemy lines and then pulled off a line like "G-8 waited to see if he was in German or Dutch..."

So if 'pertinent' sf is getting you down, clear your literary sinuses with a dash of G-8. But if you have a young son, don't leave the books out where he can find them.

Or you may never see them again.

--Roger A. Freedman

THE STONE GOD AWAKENS by Philip Jose Farmer. Ace 78650, Nov. 1970. 190 p. 75¢

This one has the most god-awful scary-ugly cover I've seen in a long while. It might prove a detriment on the newsstands, and that would be unfortunate, for Farmer has woven an interesting adventure tale. Ulysses Singing Bear, fashionably Indian, is mixed up in a laboratory accident which throws him into a savage future fraught with furry fury, frabjous fighting, and fascinating action (ha!). Very little of any real intellect, but absorbing nonetheless. Josh Kirby's artwork while talented, has enough blood-misted eyes and bared teeth to give many of our younger friends unpleasant night-time preoccupations.

--Greg Bear

UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS: A History and Anthology of 'the Scientific Romance' in the Munsey Magazines, 1912-1920, edited by Sam Moskowitz. Holt, 1970. xiii, 433 p. \$7.95

When science fiction begins to look to the past and seems to rest on its laurels, as appears from several recent retrospective anthologies, I fear for the future. Hopefully this is just a catching of the breath and a charting of the old trails before launching on to greater heights. Even a mapping of the detour before returning to the 'mainstream' wouldn't be all that bad if others could be convinced to enjoy the scenery of our detour. As the Burkean conservatives say, the future must be built on the past.

Sam Moskowitz, as usual, has given us a volume just packed with information. To each of the stories he has a brief introduction to the author and story. The last 143 pages are a history of the 'scientific romance' and the Munsey mags. (and, briefly, some rival publications). Sacred Excitement, gang, this book is a bargain! Unfortunately, it had to be kept to one volume and the selections are not always complete. Or if complete in the sense of telling a single story, are only part of a larger work with which one usually associates the name. The stories are "Under the Moons of Mars" by Edgar Rice Burroughs, "Darkness and Dawn" by George Allan England, "Polaris of the Snovs" by Charles B. Stilson, "Palos of the Dog Star Pack" by J. U. Giesy, "Friend Island" by Francis Stevens, "The Moon Pool" by A. Merritt, "The Girl in the Golden Atom" by Ray Cummings, "The Mad Planet" by Murray Leinster, and "The Blinc Spot" by Austin Hall and Homer Eon Flint.

--J. B. Post

FOUR CAME BACK by Martin Caidin. Bantam N4870, 1970. 214 p. 95¢ (hardcover: McKay, 1968. \$5.50)

As I write this, the movie Marooned has won an Oscar for its photographic effects. For those unfamiliar with the movie, it is an excellent adaptation of Martin Caidin's novel of the same name. And now we have what could be a possible sequel.

The scene is Space Station Epsilon. Eight people were sent to man the station and now only half remain. A mysterious, highly virulent, highly contagious sickness has taken hold. Unless a cure is found, the survivors' lives are limited: if they do not succumb to the disease, they will perish when their supplies give out. They cannot return home without a cure because of the threat of having the contagion run rampant across Earth.

There is one aspect of Caidin's style to which I object. Mr. Caidin begins his novels in the midst of the crisis and then returns to the very beginning to work his way forward again to the point where the novel began. Because the reader is so caught up with the opening narrative, he is tempted to skip over the background to return to 'where the action is.' This is a minor point, I suppose, because either way the novel compels you to read onward. So read onward, and enjoy.

--David C. Paskow

GULLIVER OF MARS by Edwin L. Arnold Ace 30600, 1970. 224 p. 60¢

"Gulliver of Mars" is an interesting book in a historical sense; as Richard Lupoff states in his introduction, Arnold's Martian civilization may have provided an inspiration for Edgar Rice Burroughs' Barsoom. Other than that, Lieutenant Gulliver Jones's voyage to Mars via a magic carpet and his adventures in the semi-feudal society of that planet is hopelessly mired in awkward dialogue, inverse word orders which fail to achieve dramatic effect and generally stilted construction.

As Mr. Lupoff says, "Gully Jones is no John Carter." And Edwin L. Arnold was no Edgar Rice Burroughs. --David C. Paskow

THE MOON OF SKULLS by Robert L. Howard. Centaur Press Time-Lost Series, 1970. 127 p. 60¢

THE PATHLESS TRAIL by Arthur O. Friel. Centaur Press Time-Lost Series, 1970. 128 p. 60¢

These are the first two volumes in a projected series culled from the age of the pulp magazines. Each volume is a truly attractive package and each sports a cover by Jeff Jones. As to the contents, well...

"The Moon of Skulls" contains the title story as well as "Skulls in the Stars" and "The Footfalls Within" (Weird Tales, June 1930, January 1929 and September 1931) featuring the exploits of Solomon Kane. Kane is a swordsman of the sixteenth century and his adventures are just as bloody as those of Conan. Personally, however, I found the writing stilted, but Kane as a character comes alive more so than Conan (perhaps because his exploits are not so far removed in time). Good reading for the most part, and another Kane collection has been published with another forthcoming in the Time-Lost Series: "The Hand of Kane" and "Solomon Kane" respectively.

"The Pathless Trail" is a jungle lost land adventure. Three American soldiers of fortune seek a missing man in a land beset by wild animals and vicious tribes. Okay if this is your meat, but the writing shows its age.

Buy the Howard collection: it's worth your time and money.

--David C. Paskow

TEN MILLION YEARS TO FRIDAY by John Lymington. Doubleday, Jan. 1970. 203 p. \$4.50 (paperback: Lancer 74741, March 1971. 75¢)

For me, John Lymington's novels have a way of running together. Most of them are written as flashbacks: an alien menace is spoken of, the narrator harks back to when it all began, finally reaches the present moment (the book's beginning) and then the menace, in typical Grade B sf thriller style, is eliminated. I suppose that could very well sum it up: John Lymington writes Grade B thrillers, the type you'd go to see as a Saturday afternoon double feature from RKO.

I've always enjoyed those double features.

The thing about Lymington's style (and a blessing it is to any writer) is that it compels you to read on. You might expect what's going to happen next, but you must read on to be certain. It was that way with "Night of the Big Heat" (Macfadden 60-384), "The Night Spiders" (Curtis 07006) and it's that way with "Ten Million Years to Friday."

A slightly mad professor named Camm sinks a shaft in the earth and discovers an intelligence that is 'the Man before Man became Man.' This monstrous creature wants out from the depths (shades of "X - The Unknown") and causes all sorts of havoc in its attempts at 'escape' (including driving people mad, stopping brain functioning and other mental and physical no-nos).

Will it succeed? Is there no hope? Will we survive? If you scored less than three correct on the foregone quiz, buy the book.

--David C. Paskow

THE DARK MILLENNIUM by A.J. Merak. Belmont B60-1080, 1970. 143 p.

If you can believe a Russian major would exclaim "Darned fools!" at the news that they have started a nuclear war, then you deserve to continue reading this novel which tells of the post-holocaust world into which the Vorzan come to collect survivors for the purpose of reseeding Earth at proper intervals until Mankind takes root once again. Because when this happens, the Vorzan will know that conditions will be right for their takeover. A thousand years pass and the last of the survivors is placed upon Earth; the time seems right for revolt; revolt fails; ~~the~~ Vorzan exult ("Fools! Did you think you could destroy the Vorzan with your puny weapons? Now...we...will...destroy you." Almost as good as Marvel Comics' Stan Lee's classic "Listen well, fool, for my words are the last you shall ever hear" or "Choose your words well, for they shall be the last you shall ever utter!"); a miracle occurs; Mankind is saved. Hoo-hah!

--David C. Paskow

WORLD WITHOUT CHILDREN and THE EARTH QUARTER by Damon Knight. Lancer 4-601, 1970. 192 p. 75¢

Two short novels by Damon Knight. "World Without Children" is a political intrigue against an over-paternalistic society which has outlawed human reproduction since old age and death have been virtually conquered. The plotters have discovered that lacking practice, man is becoming sterile, so there is a danger of extinction which they cannot convince the government is real. Nothing highly significant here, but well written; good escape fiction.

"The Earth Quarter" is a more absorbing, colorful drama of a human ghetto on another world. Knight uses it to flay humanity a little, showing how intolerance, bigotry and cruelty flourish even when human participants are miserable and struggling to stay alive. Put people in a concentration camp, he says, and they will still fight and torture each other, when they should be conserving all their energies to fight their common oppressors. He's probably right.

--Samuel Mines

NEANDERTHAL PLANET by Brian W. Aldiss. Avon V2322, 1970. 192 p. 75¢

Four long stories make up this volume: "Neanderthal Planet," "Danger, Religion!" "Intangibles, Inc." and "Since the Assassination." "Neanderthal Planet" is an involved analogy dealing with the conflict between man's primitive instincts and the growing sophistication and robotization of his life. If you concede that sophistication and robotization are inseparable, you may be able to follow the argument. I found it somewhat obscure.

"Danger, Religion" is a story of parallel worlds, all of which are so thoroughly unpleasant that they offer little incentive to live in any of them. The thesis seems to be that wherever he is and whatever he does, man will find a way to be inhuman to his fellow man. Which is probably true enough but it needs a touch of genius in the writing to make it bearable reading.

"Intangibles" is a long allegory which says in effect, "you can't escape your fate." O. Henry used to do it in a very short story, but nobody reads O. Henry any more. This is one of those stories that continues to lead on up to the point long after the reader has arrived there.

"Since the Assassination" is a political-psychological drama with the usual neurotics torturing each other -- not really science fiction.

All these four stories are almost good. The problem is that the author has tackled such difficult themes that the stories would need to be truly brilliant to come off. I didn't feel, somehow that they quite made it.

--Samuel Mines

TALES OF THE FLYING MOUNTAINS by Poul Anderson. Macmillan, 1970. 253 p. \$5.95 (paperback: Collier 01626, April 1971 \$1.25)

Each of us who thinks about such things must have his own pet 'future history' that we enjoy envisioning, and Poul Anderson is no exception to this. These seven tales are probably the realization on paper of Anderson's own preferred future, as suggested by the fact that it's the sort of thing you might expect from him: a chronicle of rugged-individualist-libertarian-laissez-faire asteroid colonists struggling against a socialist Earthside government that, lamentably, has failed to learn that TANSTAAFL. It may not be the most original idea around, but you would of course expect that the inimitable Anderson style would nonetheless make this an enjoyable book. At least that's what you'd expect.

Unfortunately, this may be one of the most lackluster books Anderson has ever produced. The format for the telling of the tales is clever -- a roundtable of worldship councilors (including none other than the redoubtable Winston P. Sanders, who turns out to be a 22nd-century power engineer) discussing what aspects of space history should be included in the schoolbooks of the coming spaceborn generations -- but a prologue, six interludes, and an epilogue a book do not make. The stories themselves range from average to poor. "Nothing Succeeds Like Failure," while presenting the interesting idea that the ideal space-ship power plant may only be developed because the head of NASA wants to keep his job, is so lacking in anything but the bare bones of a story as to make it the worst piece in the book. "The Rogue" may be the best, with its well-handled romantic interest and its plotline about the efforts of an asteroid miner to stop an Earth battleship from 'accidentally' destroying his setup (which curiously enough is the only operation of its kind that's totally independent of Earth capital). Nevertheless it's still only middling. "Say It With Flowers" is less memorable, an Analog-type story (Sept. 1965 issue, as a matter of fact) about the escape of an Asteroid Republic courier from the brig of a North American cruiser. Even less memorable, and umpteen times more predictable, is "Ramble With a Gambler Man," in which one of the last of the American-held asteroids joins the Republican side by -- as you guessed a third of the way into the story -- moving from an American-claimed orbit to an Asterite-held one. Things pick up a little with "Que Donn'ez Vous?" ("What'll You Give?" for all you monolingual types), but not much; it's just a typical space-rescue story, this time taking place in the upper Jovian atmosphere. About as forgettable, and confusing to boot, is "Sunjammer," in which Earth's satellite network is threatened by the imminent nearby explosion of a volatile cargo aboard a solar sailboat. The book ends with what is relatively a breath of fresh air, "Recruiting Nation," in which we see Winston P. himself on board the uncompleted worldship, where he finds a crew of malcontents and criminals. It's much better handled than any of the others, save "The Rogue," but still nothing more than a not-too-entertaining entertainment.

Besides finding the stories less than overwhelming, I was rather repelled by some of Anderson's imagery, to wit: describing a Southern senator by saying "Magnolia blossoms dripped from his lips" (in "Nothing Succeeds Like Failure"); or couching cliché in technical terms ("Oaths ionized the atmosphere" in "Say It With Flowers"); or abominable pun ("a duck-billed platitude" in "Recruiting Nation"); or, worst of all -- and get this -- talking about the Asterite revolutionary period as "when men took their lives between their teeth because they needed both hands free" (Interlude 1). Really, now.

Look, Poul -- I know four out of the seven stories were in Analog originally, but just because you write for Analog doesn't mean you have to become an 'Analog writer' and churn out trite little stories and novelettes about trouble-shooting spaceship plumbing or whatever. Please -- tell us "Tales of the Flying Mountains" was just thrown together because you didn't have any more beer money after buying for everybody at the last Westercon.

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--Roger A. Freedman

SF SYMPOSIUM / FC SIMPOSIO edited by José Sanz. Instituto Nacional do Cinema (Praça da República 141, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil) 1970. 188 p. no price given (paper)

This little volume presents, in both Portuguese and English, the texts of addresses delivered at a Symposium on Science Fiction held in Brazil. Some of the names most of us recognize are Forrest Ackerman, Sam Moskowitz, Robert Bloch, Poul Anderson, Alfred Bester, Frederik Pohl, and Harlan Ellison. It's really a delightful grab-bag of people and opinions well worth reading, if you can find a copy in your local library.

--J. B. Post

ALAS, BABYLON by Pat Frank. Bantam Pathfinder SP4841, 1970. 279 p. 75¢

This is one of the better post-holocaust novels, originally published in 1959, when the idea of backyard bomb shelters was gaining popularity. Sputnik was in the air and there was a general aura of uneasiness. Randy Bragg was expecting the worst and when it came on that day in December, he thought he was prepared.

Can anyone be prepared for Armageddon? Is there any purpose in making preparations for such an eventuality? If people did manage to survive, would it truly mean a 'return to the Neolithic Age'? The final lines of the novel retain their impact, their incredible irony, even today when we have supposedly matured somewhat in our attitude regarding the 'balance of power.'

This particular edition of "Alas, Babylon" is aimed toward high school students and should be well received.

--David C. Paskow

THONGOR AND THE DRAGON CITY (a rev. and exp. version of THONGOR OF LEM-URIA) by Lin Carter. Berkley XI799, 1970. 143 p. 60¢

The 'towering savage warrior' Thongor is back with all his iron thews, this time in battle against sea dragons, the Beastmen of Kovia, cannibal trees, fire flowers and finally Xothun the morgulac/nosferatu or, if you prefer, plain old vampire.

Sumia of Chond and Karm Karvus are prisoners of the dread Xothun and mighty Thongor and his friend Ald Turmis must strain sinew upon sinew (not to mention a thew or two) to overcome Thalaba the Destroyer, Xothun's army of the walking dead and finally the vampire king himself to free them. Unfortunately Thongor wins the battle but loses the war as he ultimately succumbs to the most insidious threat to man's freedom (as witness the unmentionable fate befalling Lord Stoloff) -- marriage.

Bloody good show, Thongor and remember: The early grakk catches the xuth).

--David C. Paskow

THE ROMANCE OF SORCERY by Sax Rohmer. Paperback Library 65-281, 1970. 236 p. 95¢

And now we know where some of the ideas for the insidious plots for Rohmer's Fu-Manchu germinated. Originally published in 1914, "The Romance of Sorcery" is a careful study of what is called magic, mysticism and sorcery. That is, except for the passages where Rohmer seeks to recreate the past and has a running narrative with Apollonius. Putting words into dead men's mouths where no record exists of their having said these things is a risky business at best; when attempting this literary device for a subject so easily open to scorn as magic, the author courts disaster.

These are relatively minor disappointments, however, for the surrounding text, covering such as Nostradamus, Cagliostro and the particularly interesting chapter on "Sorcery and the Law," will, while hardly making anyone want to run out and buy a ouija board, at the very least fascinate the most sceptical reader.

--David C. Paskow



CATAclysm -- *The Day the World Died*, by Don Pendleton. Pinnacle P-003N, 1970. 256 p. 95¢

This is a fairly exciting book, with a horrifying theme -- the ultimate cataclysm that destroys civilization, most of the life on earth, and rearranges the surface of the globe in completely new formations. The author's theme is that all this destruction is part of a cosmic plan towards the ultimate improvement or perfection of the universe, but most of his reasons evade me. However, the cosmic sweep is there, in fact Pendleton reminds me a good deal of E. E. Smith. There is something of the way in which the old master handled cosmic themes here and something of the same inability to write about humans. The people are stereotypes and their dialogue is out of the comics, but the science is good and the descriptions of natural catastrophes and sweep of action are very good. I'm not sure this is a significant book, because I really can't find a good and compelling reason for all this end-of-the-world doomsday stuff, but on the premise that out planet could go through something like this for any of a dozen different reasons, it is worth reading. It is worth reading because of the chill you'll get in living through a blow-by-blow description of the virtual break-up of the planet, quite vividly and graphically described. This area of Pendleton's writing is very capable and it becomes very real. Production is careless in this book and there are several pages out of place. Oddly enough there are only a few typos -- the proof readers were better than the bindery.

--Samuel Mines

1989: *POPULATION DOOMSDAY* by Don Pendleton. Pinnacle P-007N, 1970. 192 p 95¢

Acknowledging publicly that this novel was inspired by Paul Ehrlich's "The Population Bomb," Pendleton sets out to produce a chiller by dramatizing the end results of man's assault upon his environment. He succeeds pretty well, too. The picture of a world choking on its own poisons is graphic enough to scare the cold sober. Dull statistics come alive horrifyingly with vivid sketches of cities dying and people succumbing by the millions. Pendleton has apparently given himself a crash course in ecology and meteorology -- he speaks knowingly of the various environmental crises we face and he deals in professional manner with the meteorological forces around the globe which affect the all-important atmosphere. Moreover, he has dramatized it effectively, with a tough President clamping down on a still business-as-usual nation with something very close to a dictatorship. His writing remains old-time pulp style, unfortunately, otherwise the book would have been more impressive, but it is a shocker and that was the intent. For those who are slightly bored by the ecofreaks and their Cassandra-like prognostications of doom, this book might be an eye-opener. Again, the physical production of the book is careless, with pages misplaced or missing entirely. Too bad.

--Samuel Mines

#### ALSO RECEIVED:

Deathstar Voyage by Ian Wallace. Berkley S1924, Dec. 1970 75¢ (hardcover: Putnam, 1969 \$4.95 reviewed Luna Monthly 2)

I Sing the Body Electric! by Ray Bradbury. Bantam N5752, Jan. 1971 95¢ (hardcover: Knopf, 1969 \$6.95 reviewed Luna Monthly 15)

The Left Hand of Darkness by Ursula K. LeGuin. Ace 47800, April 1971 95¢ (hardcover: Walker, 1969 \$4.95 reviewed Luna Monthly 11)

Nova 1, edited by Harry Harrison. Dell 649, March 1971 75¢ (hardcover: Delacorte, 1970 \$4.95 reviewed Luna Monthly 22)

Tower of Glass by Robert Silverberg. Bantam S6902, May 1971 75¢ (hardcover: Scribner, 1970 \$5.95 reviewed Luna Monthly 23)

The Whispering Mountain by Joan Aiken. Dell Yearling 09523, March 1971. 95¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1969 \$3.95 reviewed Luna Monthly 18)