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Star Trek Today

by Jacqueline Lichtenberg

One of the characteristics of much artistic work is that it is seldom fully appreciated during the lifetime of its creator. Star Trek's creators still live but are no longer creating Star Trek; for all practical purposes, that makes the show analogous to a work of art after the death of its creator. And now that Star Trek is in this category, its following is growing! The ardor of these new fans matches and even surpasses the frenzy that existed at the height of the show's popularity. The new fans range in age from mid-teens to mid-thirties and share at least one trait: almost none of them had ever heard of fanzines before some chance encounter.

When Gene Roddenberry first proposed Star Trek for tv, he set about to create a show which would display the most meaningful themes of sf for the non-sf audience. He also tried to make it a series which would appeal to the entrenched sf fan, but his main thrust was toward the non-sf tv viewer. Thus there was a bit of over-emphasis on the 'wonder-of-it-all,' for who can deny that his first addiction to sf was of the 'eye-widening' variety?

Though the creators of ST are no longer creating it, the story is still unfolding in fannish hands. Aside from the various Revive Star Trek movements now forming, there are such activities as making Vulcan ceremonial implements by macramé, or making silver ST jewelry by hand. Then there are people who make ST dolls, greeting cards, sweaters, and even Vulcan ears. There are at least four and probably many more amateur film makers doing ST episodes of their own devising. There is a second amateur play being produced in Baton Rouge, La. after the first was a smash hit. Vulcan languages spring up faster than you can count them. And new and old fans alike find that the fresh insights of ST fanzines open their eyes to new interpretations of wornout re-runs.

I must agree that many of ST's screenplays had dreadful flaws both artistic and scientific -- but where have you seen better video sf? Now you may hold that video sf is not intrinsically interesting and I would not be able to argue with you

since there is no accounting for taste. However, I personally feel that there had never been any real sf on television until Star Trek. Now in order for Mr. Roddenberry to get ST onto tv, he had to make certain concessions to the established tv routings. Furthermore Roddenberry is not primarily an sf writer but only an occasional fan of the genre -- if he were a serious fan, he'd have been a BNF long before ST. So the major problems with ST come from the incompatibility of the methods of creating sf and the methods of creating commercial video drama. This incompatibility cannot be blamed on the first bold pioneer in the new genre of video sf.

My dedication to ST is two-fold. I wish to see this new genre enlarged. And I like ST for it contains some of the basic elements of sf that intrigue me most. Primary among these is the inter-cultural interface represented by Spock. Also, there are hints of other intelligent non-humans -- but none is developed to the point where it becomes really useful to me. The problems represented by value-structures in collision are inherent in the structure of Star Trek -- but due to the limitations of video (i.e. playing to retarded six year olds) these problems could not be adequately explored.

However, now that the show has been cancelled, we are free to enlarge and embroider on the basic fabric; and we as sf buffs can write ST as pure sf without the crippling limitations of video. I find this difficult task of writing video-plays which both satisfy the boundary conditions of commercial tv and those of genuine sf, extremely rewarding on a personal level -- and it is also potentially useful to the evolution of this new and exciting genre.

Since Star Trek was cancelled, many fans have mounted Revive Star Trek drives. Most knowledgeable adult fans consider the whole idea of reviving ST as

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impractical. However there is still a small but real hope for the revival of ST either in its original form or as another series of stories set in the Star Trek universe. After all, an incredible amount of time, talent, and money went into backgrounding ST... there is no reason a hardheaded network executive wouldn't jump at the chance to recoup some of that loss.

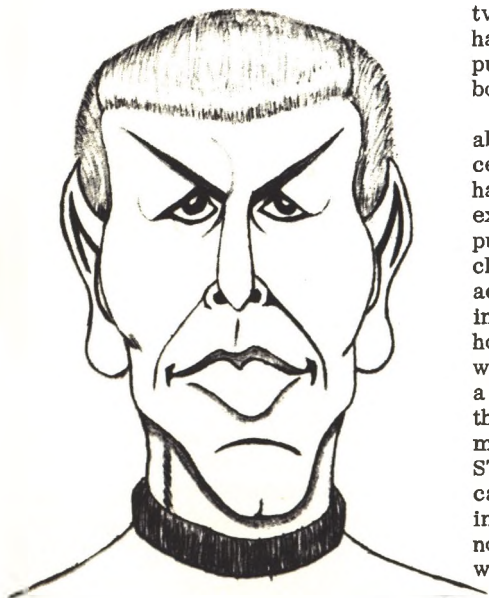
But the networks don't really listen to the viewers who write in. We know they fight like wildcats over films that have been box office successes -- therefore we need an outstanding, award-winning ST film. Where does Hollywood get its best films? From books. And the only publisher licensed to do ST books is Bantam. So, the only reasonable objective for any revive ST campaign is Bantam itself.

Among Bantam's editors there is one man who 'handles' the ST books. He is not a ST fan and has little real feeling for ST. But this one man has the power to decide what the ST fans who have never heard of the amateur press may... or may not... read. He is a professional trained in the art of choosing books that will make money on the paperback stands. We must convince him that ST books would make more money if they had better content and then we must provide that better content.

As many of you know, I have the great ambition of selling a ST novel. Some of you have read some of my ST work that was tailored specifically for the fan press (the story following is an example). I know ST in every minute detail and I don't make errors of fact... though I have developed an inventory of added facts which I weave into my fan work. I believe we must convince Bantam that ST can make more money if written with greater attention to established fact. I have spoken to this man at Bantam and I will speak again.

I have heard rumors that some pro writers would like to write ST books. I have no way of knowing who these people are (and they probably don't know about each other) and so, I have no way of knowing if they would do better than Blish has been. But I do know there are fans who are doing better. And since no single author could satisfy the ST hunger of even the most casual fan, there is plenty of room for any number of authors. Other tv series (such as Man from UNCLE) have had books by a series of authors published after cancellation. These books continue to make money.

There's no lack of material available to Bantam. There's no lack of precedent. There is no reason why Bantam has not been publishing more ST books... except that the one man who could is not pushing ST. A letter campaign may change this attitude. While networks are accustomed to mailbag deluges, publishing houses are not. And there is yet more hope. According to "Star Trek 4," there will be several more books coming within a year. The implication seems clear: if these books are successful, there will be more. Bantam is making money from its ST license. We must convince them they can make more, and thus keep ST alive in print until someone comes up with a novel that will make a great film. If you wish to participate in this letter campaign, address The Editors, Bantam Books Inc, 666 Fifth Ave, NYC 10019.



ABEN

T'ZOREL

by Jacqueline Lichtenberg

Captain Kirk punched the intercom button on the arm of the command chair and glumly contemplated the familiar orange-reds of the planet Vulcan filling the main viewscreen. Then he leaned toward the voice pickup on the chair arm. "Mr. Spock."

"Spock here." The miniature voice came crisp with carefully cultured intonation. Nobody who had not heard that throat forming the intricate syllables of Vulcanir could realize how alien English was to him.

Kirk wet his lips, "We've entered standard orbit, Mr. Spock. Meet me in the transporter room in five minutes. Kirk out."

He took a deep breath. He didn't like getting mixed up on planetary politics, but orders were orders. "Lieutenant Uhura, notify Vulcan Space Central we are prepared to beam our passenger aboard."

"They are already standing by, Sir."

"Thank you." He turned to the engineering panel. "Mr. Scott, you have the con."

The dour Scott looked over his shoulder. "Aye, Sir," and went back to polishing adjustments on a digital readout control.

The transporter room was filled with the same sparkling quiet efficiency as usual, but somehow it seemed ominous to the Captain when he entered and nodded briskly to the duty technician. Presently, Spock stepped through the door and assumed a stance beside the Captain.

"What kept you?" asked Kirk.

"I received a mail-packet marked urgent, so I glanced through it before coming."

"Oh. Anything important?"

"Personal."

"Hmm." He turned to the duty technician standing at the transporter controls. "Energize."

"Sorry, sir, but I have a hold-signal from the target."

"Hold, then." Kirk went back to examining his First Officer. "Guess we'll have to wait. I wonder what could be the difficulty."

"I wouldn't know, Sir."

Kirk pursed his lips. "Mr. Spock, what do you know about T'Zorel?"

"She is eighteen standard years old, the daughter of Situr and a human woman named Kathleen Uphouse, a colonial from the Beta Cygni region. T'Zorel was raised as a Daughter of the Tradition, but has recently filed a request in Federation District Court to renounce her Vulcan citizenship. The Daughters are contesting the renunciation on the grounds that it is unconstitutional and that the Federation Court has no jurisdiction."

"I didn't know she was a Daughter!" Kirk searched his mind for what he knew of the Daughters. They were the females of the Kataytikh families. Since they were sterile and possessed none of the usual female drives, they were never mated but raised and trained to be Judges, Arbiters, and Administrators . . . paragons of logical virtue demanding vast respect and earning it.

The technician said, "Ready below, Captain."

"Energize."

Three pads of the transporter platform lit up with columns of sparkle that coalesced into three images. One was a young lady dressed in an unadorned Starfleet Cadet uniform. The other two were standard luggage pieces issued to Starfleet trainees.

The sparkle cleared and she stepped down briskly, zeroed in on Kirk and braced, "Captain Kirk. Cadet T'Zorel reporting aboard."

Kirk noted her lightly tanned, golden skin and the pert sweep of slanted eyebrow and elongated ear just visible beside softly curled, black hair. She had the fresh-scrubbed, wide-eyed vitality of youth coupled with an ageless poise as ... as what? As a wise old matriarch? Yes, possibly. The Captain blinked hard and once more confronted a young cadet, "Welcome aboard... Cadet T'Zorel. This is Commander Spock, my First Officer. He will escort you to your quarters and see you settled. If you have any questions, don't hesitate to ask." He found himself becoming hypnotized by her limpid, blue eyes... so unusual for a Vulcan. He nodded briskly. "Dismissed."

The transporter technician propped one elbow on the top of the console and cradled his chin in his hand as he stared after the gently swaying, firmly feminine hips that carried their new passenger out the door.

The Captain eyed the long expanse of bared leg, tapered to delicate, but strong ankles. Then, in unison, the two men sighed at the closed door. They looked at each other and the technician said, "I think I've just found a new definition for the word charming... Sir."

Kirk nodded sympathetically. Five feet five inches of vibrant female... but Vulcan. She was only eighteen, but so bursting with ripe maturity, no man aboard was going to ignore it. And, he reminded himself, she was the center of so much high-level interest, he's better make sure the 'hands-off' rumors started very soon. But, he wondered how effective they would be. His own glands told him it was hardly worth the bother.

He pulled himself together and headed for the bridge.

T'Zorel took her first look around her new quarters, spotted the pile of tapes near the reader and went over to finger them. "Sir, are these the Regulation manuals for the Enterprise?"

"Yes." He added levelly, "My name is Spock... T'Zorel."

She refused to meet his eye. "I am honored to meet you."

"But you do not extend the greeting of Surak?"

"How can I?" Her voice was even with no hint of bitterness in the rhetorical question.

He conceded with one raised brow, "Thus thee sunders the Tradition." He spoke in High Vulcan but with the intonation of a Death Announcement.

She whirled on him, eyes flashing, "What would you know of it?" She caught herself and added coolly, "Sir?"

"T'Zorel, I too bear The Tradition on half-human shoulders."

"I know. And you have chosen a different path from mine."

"This is not a question of --"

"Your pardon, Sir, but it is definitely a question of difference. I know your chosen path and I know that my feet cannot travel it."

"But do you know the path you have chosen?"

"No." She faced him squarely and inquired with one raised brow, "Who asked you to dissuade me?"

"T'Voah."

"Yes. I should have guessed. And will you?"

"I will try."

"Here you are my superior officer."

"I will not use that. When we speak privately of this matter, you are T'Zorel and I am Spock. We have a grave difference of opinion to resolve."

"You must resolve your differences with yourself. You must grant me the right --"

"To abandon your responsibilities? No. Such rights do not exist to be granted. Only death absolves."

"I cannot abandon a responsibility that never existed. I seek only the right to be myself."

"And who are you...T'Zorel?"

"I --" She stopped. She was a Daughter. Her name said so. Her upbringing said so. He had asked, "who" in English just to confound her! She opened her mouth to request a more specific phrasing, but he said, "We must find time to argue at greater length. We will be in transit eight days so there should be ample opportunity. Right now, I must go."

He walked to the door, hesitated and turned back to her, holding his right hand up in the Vulcan salute, and said, "Live Long and Prosper, T'Zorel."

She stood, hands at her sides, barely breathing.

"T'Zorel, even a human answers. In Starfleet, we do not require the Commitment of Surak merely because of traded courtesy."

Still, she hesitated. He waited, hand raised.

He said, "There are many Vulcans at the Academy..."

She raised her hand, fingers separated, and said in carefully enunciated English, "Peace and Long Life, Spock."

He held her eyes a moment and then turned and left abruptly.

She looked at her hand, lowered it, and looked at the closing door. He had won the first round. But he didn't understand. He was a Kataytikh and he had been mated at the age of seven.

T'Zorel spent the next few days exploring her first Starship and getting the feel of wearing a Starfleet Cadet Uniform. Everybody in Starfleet outranked her and the experience was disorienting. All her life, she'd outranked more than 99% of all Vulcans just because her father was a Guardian of the Tradition.

On the third day out of Vulcan, she stepped into a turbolift, turned to command the doors to close and found Captain Kirk standing with his hand on the doorjamb.

She said, "Oh, I'm sorry, Captain." She conceded her place, "Your lift..." As she started to sidle around him, he moved to bar her way.

"Where were you going, Cadet?"

"Deck five, Sir."

"Fine." He stepped in, letting the doors close, and said, "Deck Five."

The lift vibrated gently under their feet.

"Cadet T'Zorel, these last few days you have given me a number of headaches..."

"I've made your head -- hurt you, Captain?"

Kirk thought, damn, she's just like Spock was a few years ago. "Only figuratively. You've been all over the ship..."

"I've been careful of regulations, Sir. And I haven't been in anybody's way..."

"I know. You've been very scrupulous. It's just that -- well, the men all stop what they're doing to look at you."

"I try to be very unobtrusive, Captain. If there's something additional I could do..."

"Well, no. I mean, yes. You're a very attractive young lady, Miss T'Zorel, but you don't seem to..."

She watched him, listening patiently while trying to make sense of what he was saying.

Kirk blushed. How does a man explain sex appeal to the equivalent of a nun? "Well, look, all you really have to do is stop flirting."

"Begging the Captain's pardon. 'Flirting' means?"

Kirk gestured, "Well, it's --"

The turbolift stopped and he put out a hand to hold the door shut. "Look, I'll send Lieutenant Uhura around to your quarters. She can explain it better than I can."

"The Communications Officer? Very well, Sir. Thank you, Sir. When shall

I expect Lieutenant Uhura?"

"She'll call you." Kirk lifted his hand from the door-hold and dove out of the suddenly confining box almost before the doors had opened. He was haunted by visions of wide, blue eyes, deep as the ocean and innocent as a virgin's -- hell, he thought, she is a virgin.

The next evening, Spock sat on one corner of T'Zorel's desk watching her pace the room in a strained imitation of human nervousness. He decided she wasn't getting the turns right, and it was spoiling the effect. He said, "You haven't heard a word I've said for the last half hour, have you?"

His sudden switch to English caught her attention. She stopped pacing to look at him. "I heard you. I will listen to what you said later."

"Very well. Then there is little point in continuing tonight."

"There is little point in continuing -- ever. I have gone through all of this many times. T'Voah herself presided over the Council of Daughters that turned down my request."

"Which request?" he prompted.

"To..." she took a breath. "It was a private matter, but all these arguments were cited. I can listen but I will not change my opinion. Your logic is flawless -- but it simply does not apply to me."

"What I have been trying to show you is that it does apply to you. You did Affirm the Continuity --"

"Yes, of course I did. But that is irrelevant."

"Then what is relevant?"

She cocked her head to one side and examined the way the light fell across his face. "Spock...do I flirt? Lieutenant Uhura said to ask a man if I didn't believe her. So I'm asking you."

"Yes. You do flirt. And it is most unbecoming for a Daughter."

"But I am NOT a Daughter."

"You have not changed your name."

"I am...half-Vulcan. I will keep the name my mother chose for me."

"Does your behavior honor your name?"

She came close to him, their eyes meeting on a level because he remained seated. "Spock, I do not flirt intentionally. It is possible that my actions are misinterpreted by humans. I find humans fascinating, but I have not deliberately tried to attract attention."

"Then you'd best learn to control your actions. Humans will not understand. You may believe they are very casual about their relationships, but they will tolerate only so much...flirtation. And they can be very...insistent. You could get into trouble -- even here on the Enterprise."

She turned away. "They? You forget I am human, too. Perhaps I want to get into trouble. Perhaps I want to use that part of me which is not a Daughter!"

"Then you'd best talk to Dr. McCoy first."

His tone was so flat, she turned to examine his face for the meaning of that, but his back was retreating out the door and she caught only a glimpse of his expression -- chiseled from stone. Then she understood. Starfleet regulations provided an exemption for Vulcan females from the standard contraceptive measures. Spock's swift exit told well enough what he thought about Vulcan females who'd waive that exemption and even seek casual relations...but she wasn't truly Vulcan.

She went to turn up the thermostat, wondering why she suddenly felt so cold. She didn't need Spock's approval. She still intended to find a human husband.

Yet, for the first time since she'd filed her renouncement of Vulcan citizenship with the Federation Court, she felt truly alone...a Federation citizen-at-large, without a family, without a world. She had severed all ties. Ties that had really never existed. But if they'd never existed, why did the severing leave

such...desolation?

Four days went by and the Enterprise bored smoothly on toward the Academy graduation exercises. T'Zorel moved about the ship as usual, but somehow encountered the First Officer very rarely. When they did meet, he addressed her distantly as Cadet, refusing to use any form of her given name.

The night before their arrival at the Academy, she accepted one of Mr. Chekov's numerous proposals to attend a group entertainment. Several members of the Engineering crew were staging a production of a play written by a botanist who was an amateur expert on the early Earth colonies. The audience seemed to enjoy it vigorously -- if their stomach-clutching and cries of anguish were indeed to be taken as signs of enjoyment. But she found the play not only confusing but self-contradictory. And when the actors became infected with the... laughter... they were unintelligible.

After those two wasted hours, the Russian insisted on taking her to a Recreation Room where he spent another hour coaxing her to drink fluids she didn't really want. She was trying valiantly to be polite when she saw Spock pause in the corridor to watch them.

She turned back to the Navigator and essayed a smile as she sipped her drink. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the Vulcan start as if shocked. Then he hastened on.

Chekov was chattering about something she couldn't understand in the play. He seemed willing to do all the talking, so she let him. Of the three human officers she'd spent evenings with, Chekov was by far the most interesting. She liked to watch him talk and wanted to tell him so with a smile. Watching the way he gestured with his hands when he made a point, she reflected that humans communicated with their bodies more than with their words.

English was so imprecise when merely spoken, but she had the strong impression from Chekov that if she but could read his sign language, she would understand him clearly. The more she watched him the more enthused he became with his explanations. It seemed to her that the expressions of his face were meant to carry important information and she was wondering what it would be like to touch this glowing young man who seemed about to explode with the pressure of some repressed...emotion...when suddenly, he said, "If you've finished your drink, I'll walk you back to your quarters...if that's where you'd like to go."

She looked down at the glass full of amber liquid and melting ice cubes. "I'm finished with this, yes. But I'm sure I can find my own way back to my quarters."

He rose, took their glasses to the disposal and returned just as she was getting to her feet. She said, "I see that it is very late. I wouldn't want to keep you up if you need sleep."

"Oh, I'm not sleepy, T'Zorel...and the corridors are deserted now. I'll walk you back."

T'Zorel frowned. They all insisted on accompanying her to her door and then made it very difficult to say goodnight. She started for the door walking briskly, but the Russian caught up with her and took her by the elbow as if she couldn't support her own weight.

His hand rested lightly on hers and through the contact his mind burst onto her consciousness amplified a hundred times. But it was like no contact she'd ever known before. It was a whirling, patternless smear of severe contrasts... a rolling mix of...emotions? Yes. That must be it. It attracted her and she allowed the contact to remain while she searched for the source of the attraction.

"T'Zorel, you are the strangest Vulcan I have ever met."

"I am only half Vulcan, Mr. Chekov."

"Yes, but which half? You are so...different...from Mr. Spock...so...well, human. You are very beautiful."

It was a sincere compliment and she found no offense.

His hand tightened on hers, sending exciting shivers down her spine. The closeness, the liveness of him was pleasant. She said, "It pleases me that you find merit in my appearance, Mr. Chekov."

They stopped before the turbolift doors and Chekov faced her, placing both his hands on her shoulders. "We have spent three delightful evenings together and still I am only Mr. Chekov?"

His hands on her shoulders and his face so near hers were confusing. She knew it was wrong. Yet she desired the harmless indignity. She said, her voice quieter than she'd intended, "Is that not your name, Mr. Chekov?"

"For you, I am Pavel."

"Pavel? Very well. It is a nice name. It has meaning for you?"

He put out one hand to the lift call-plate, but kept his eyes on her. "It is an old and honored Russian name. But T'Zorel is also a very nice name. It suits your beauty."

The lift doors opened and she turned to enter, avoiding his eyes as she said, "I am not certain that I still have the right to use that name."

"Why? Has it some special significance on Wulcan?"

As the doors closed behind him, she said, "Yes, it has. And I am no longer entitled to call myself Vulcan." It was strange how cold she felt when she said that. It was the first time she'd said it to a human.

"They cannot force you to change your name, can they?"

"No. But perhaps I shall want to."

Chekov instructed the lift, "Deck Five." Then he moved close to her side, taking her hand in his, flooding her mind with a lulling confusion that made her forget the cold...

Sickbay was dimly lit and deserted as Spock let himself into McCoy's office. He turned up the lights, and sat down in the desk chair. There were no patients and M'benga, the duty officer, was working in the lab. Spock was unlikely to be interrupted in his search of the Medical Log. Technically, as First Officer, the ship's records were part of his responsibility and as Science Officer, the Medical Department was under him, but in practice he only initialled the Chief Surgeon's Report. He flicked on the viewer and began a swift review of the last week's entries.

In the corridor outside her room, Chekov leaned his hand against the closed door and effectively dominated T'Zorel. "I have never seen a Vulcan Komatt."

"It is merely a medallion with inscribed heraldic symbols."

"And you have the Komatt of T'Zorel with you?"

"I have it...yes. But I will soon have to return it."

"Could I see it?"

"It is nothing special to look at. Its significance is purely symbolic."

"But this is your last night on the Enterprise. I will never get another chance to see it." He moved a fraction of an inch closer and whispered, "Please?"

She had a sudden desire not to answer, but merely to stand there for the rest of eternity. The restrained energy in him seemed to feed on her will. His hands sought hers where she'd hidden them behind her back and he whispered in her ear, his breath trembling with sincerity, "Please?"

Suddenly, she thought she was going to faint. She pushed away and took a deep breath of the rich, moist and chilly ship's air. "Very well. Come in."

But once inside, the human seemed to lose interest in the Komatt. He laced his hands across the small of her back and smiled the strangest smile she'd ever seen. It seemed to transform his face into a glow in the dim light as he blocked her reach for the light switch. Then his arms tightened about her body and he whispered in her ear, "There, now that's much better. I knew you'd see it my way."

His smooth, oddly fragrant cheek moved against hers and then his lips fastened on hers. The turbulence of his mind amplified a thousand times surged through her, shocking her numbed senses.

With sudden strength, she pushed against his muscular chest. "What are you doing?"

The glow died from his face as if she'd drenched him with ice water. "You invited me in. We are not children playing games..."

His anger, and other fierce emotions for which she knew no names washed through her like a flood of lava. The pain of it sent her staggering against him.

His arms tightened about her again...not squeezing her, but protecting and supporting her with a driving strength of will that was totally lacking in her.

He was whispering in her ear again, "There now, that's better. You can tease and flirt only so far. You've been leading me on all night. You can't stop now. You wouldn't do that to me, would you? No," he answered himself, "I know you wouldn't. You aren't the type to be cruel."

She knew what he wanted now. She didn't remember doing anything to indicate a willingness to assume such a relationship, but evidently he'd misunderstood something she'd said. It would be wrong to send him away unsatisfied. And something in her responded to his sudden need. She'd made up her mind that such things were to become part of her life. Since she was no longer Vulcan, it was harmless to yield to the social pattern of her mother's people.

His lips on hers again cut off the orderly flow of logic and she was drowning in a maelstrom that kindled an answering fire in her green blood. He moved against her and she felt the urgent hardening in his body as his hands held her strongly in place.

His tongue moved between her lips seeking hers. The deepening contact amplified his thoughts again and suddenly she sensed his attitude toward her. It was physical. Purely physical and nothing more. Nowhere in his mind was there thought for the purpose of the act he desired to perform...nor had he any true interest in her future. He desired only pleasure...and for him it was a minor pleasure. A moment that had little significance in the stream of moments that made up his life. He'd found that her presence kindled his desire and he wished to satiate that desire. Nothing more.

It was the human attitude she'd read about. But, first hand it was far more repellent than she'd ever thought.

All at once, his body disgusted her. She pushed away with all her strength, stumbling in a wave of dizziness as his shock washed through her nerves, a blinding white sheet of pain. She fell against the door, bracing herself with both arms, gasping in lung-wracking sobs.

Abruptly, the door slid open and she staggered, off balance, out into the corridor, her vision blurred by the mind-link that had been forming with the human and was not yet properly severed. Then, strong arms caught her and cool, clear thoughts quested her mind, deftly disengaging the aborted mind-link. Her vision cleared for a moment and she looked up into the classical Vulcan face as Spock said over her head, "Good night, Mr. Chekov."

She tried to turn to apologize to the Russian for her disgraceful behavior but her body failed her and she plunged into unconsciousness as two strong arms took her weight, cradling her like a baby.

She came to awareness lying on a bed. Even with her eyes closed, she knew there was another presence in the room. A Vulcan presence. She opened her eyes and sat up. Spock was seated in her desk chair, hands flat on the hard surface, eyes focused on her. He said, "So, you have found one unpleasant aspect of the path you have chosen. Are you now ready to consider a third path lying somewhere in between?"

"There exists no third path."

"One does exist. It is the path I travel. Another can be constructed for you."

"The Council of Daughters..."

"...can be convinced."

"I have tried. And failed."

"I am not without influence."

"But you were unwilling to aid me."

"I did not understand the nature of the problem. Now I have additional data. Your human genes dominate the kataytikh genes in one important aspect. You are functionally female. Adjustments must be made to allow for that."

"I'm not sure...why couldn't I...?"

"Chekov is human. You are Vulcan. Cultural patterns cannot be changed by court decree. I knew that. I should not have suggested that you see Dr. McCoy. I should have known you would not consider such a recourse."

She said nothing. She had considered it...and she wasn't sure why she had rejected it.

He continued, "Nor can a Federation Court absolve a Daughter of her obligations. Adjustments can be made, though it often takes time. Grant me the right to speak in your behalf and I will see what can be arranged with T'Voah. If necessary, I also have the ear of T'Pau. Now that I am Kataytikh in my father's place, nobody doubts my allegiance. The compromises that I have made are looked upon with tolerance." He paused, carefully selecting a term for a distant kinswoman. "Nathu, Vulcan needs all the Daughters in these trying times."

"Then speak for me, nathu, and I will accept what must be."

Spock rose and approached the door, but before it opened he turned and said, "Some humans are able to enter into more meaningful relationships...it seems to depend largely on the individual involved, on maturity and on cultural background. I have met human couples who approach our ideal very closely." He raised his hand in salute. "May You Live Long and Prosper, T'Zorel."

She answered in kind. "May You Live Long and Prosper, Spock."

--reprinted from Impulse no.3



ARKHAM HOUSE Shortly before his death August Derleth recanted on his original commentary that Arkham House would die with him, and stated that if one of two or three people he named would edit it, and his business manager Roderick Meng, a local he'd hired in April, would consent to continue, AH could continue to function. Donald Wandrei has agreed to be editor, and Meng has stuck with AH, and things are functioning on at least on a modified basis. While Meng is still unsure as to the final form of the new AH, he has shipped "Collected Poems" of Clark Ashton Smith and Lovecraft's "Selected Letters III" both of which had been previously sent to the printer by Derleth. He says he also intends at least one more Arkham Collector when things get straightened out. Wandrei has said that he will work primarily on manuscripts now in, has scheduled 6 definites (including the remaining letters volumes, which he edited) and after that he'll see. He's not going to buy anything new, though, because of the enormous backlog of works, until he has had a chance to sort things out and also check costs, etc. However, Arkham is continuing, which is good news for everybody. Meng isn't answering many letters right now, but is shipping books on schedule. --Jack Chalker

DAW BOOKS The first four DAW titles, due in April, are "Spell of the Witch World" by Andre Norton, "The Book of Van Vogt" by A. E. Van Vogt, "The Mind Behind the Eye" by Joseph Green and "The Probability Man" by Brian N. Ball. The books will be uniformly priced at 95¢. In June DAW will be publishing Gerard Klein's "Le temps n'a pas d'odeur" under the title of "The Day Before Tomorrow" (see LUNA Monthly 31, p.10 for a review of the French edition). They are also engaged with Klein in considering his other works, as they feel he is a real talent. The DAW list will also include the annual anthology of the world's best science fiction which Mr. Wollheim has edited at Ace since 1965.

MIRAGE PRESS Mirage Press has been bogged down in overwork and understaff, as usual, making things off schedule. However, we're now pretty clear on what we'll be doing in the first six months of 1972. The revised H. P. Lovecraft bibliography is delayed because Mark Owings hasn't submitted a manuscript as yet. An Informal Biography of Scrooge McDuck was cancelled by the Disney Office of Legal Council, alas! This combination has resulted in nothing new to the end of the year. A corrected edition (corrections too minor for anyone who has the first to pick up the second) of "A Guide to Middle-Earth" by Robert Foster is now available. There are almost 3000 copies now out and no end in sight.

Our anticipated schedule for the first six months of 1972 includes the Lovecraft biblio, manuscript willing, and the following definites:

March -- "The Conan Grimoire," more articles and art on swords and sorcery, edited by L. Sprague deCamp & George Scithers, \$6.95. This is now at the printers.

March -- "The Fantastic Art of Clark Ashton Smith," by Dennis Rickard, article and photo collection of almost a hundred CAS carvings and drawings, paperback, \$3.00

April -- "Asimov Analyzed," by Neil Goble. Study of Asimov. \$5.95

April -- "H. G. Wells: Critic of Progress," by Jack Williamson, \$5.95. Portions of the Williamson Wells book will be excerpted in 1972 in the Saturday Review, with full plug and credit.

We are also presently negotiating a contract to do a comprehensive L. Sprague deCamp poetry collection, tentatively titled "Phantoms and Fancies." It will include new poems equal to or surpassing in number those in the op "Demons and Dinosaurs," and will also include a large number of the best from that first book. We'll print 1000 numbered, if and when the final negotiations are completed (and it looks good now) and will bring it out in April or May at \$4.00, cloth only.

No manuscripts yet on "Atlas of Fantasy," "Harlan Ellison Hornbook," or others listed as forthcoming, although "In Memoriam: Clark Ashton Smith" is nearly ready and we may be able to fit it in next year. --Jack Chalker

SF IN FRENCH

Two autumns ago, Alexei Panshin did a stern, moralistic review column for F&SF (November 1969). He argued we were barely on the threshold of adult sf, a new species apparently beyond the capacities of the old Neanderthals: Ballard, Heinlein, Wells, Swift, Dante. But he made some suggestion that future books, perhaps his, might make the grade. He thought the retardation factor was melodrama. Maybe. If so, his solution was applied, in another language, back in 1967. Denœl's prestigious sf series then published Edward de Capoulet-Junac's "Pallas" (French title translates "Pallas, or the Tribulation").

As Panshin almost asks, this story has some of the characteristics that cost the serious mainstream novel a reliable mass audience. There's no plot momentum, no structure to its events. The 'hero' doesn't accomplish anything, except reflection. But Capoulet-Junac has still done something intriguing. He has translated the classic French analytic novel, *le récit*, into space. Its plot is simply the narrator's many attempts to make social sense of his life. He and his fellow humans are kidnapped, concentration-camped, then turned into household pets (not working slaves nor servants) on an unknown planet. He's trying to be a French bourgeois intellectual husband and father, while in the position of a hairless Pekinese. His masters are tough-hided octopods.

The book's main joke isn't this plot, but its language. There's a continual contrast between its chaste, abstract style, and the humiliations this style describes -- like the use of polysyllables in good, dirty limericks. Horrors aren't described, they're only implied in this cool, continual analysis. Compared to the specific approach in our language's anti-utopias -- Huxley, "1984," "Space Merchants" -- this classic French approach sounds one-dimensional. But the effect is subtle. For instance, I moralize "Pallas" as relating the hero's impotence to the onset of unisex, permissiveness, general irresponsibility. But I'm sure any permissive type would find the book's main joke to be the hero's inconsistent attempts to hang onto his manhood, his integrity, even his picture of reality. Capoulet-Junac, I think, is somewhere between me and this opposite reader I imagined.

"Pallas" very much excited Poland's international sf great, Stanislaw Lem. His agent, Franz Rottensteiner, has accounts in LUNA Monthly May/June and October 1971 of a German translation for this fall's Frankfurt Book Fair. Lem's excitement about "Pallas" probably comes from its relation to his own "Memoirs Found in a Bathtub" (1961 novel, untranslated but described in the afterword to the 1970 translation of "Solaris"). "Memoirs" takes place in a cave. The narrator finds himself unable to verify his ideas empirically, so he lives in a world of almost pure theory, reluctantly. "Pallas" has this kind of demoralization in mind. The planet has sight-lines demoralizing to humans, like the disoriented rooms they show in movies about human perception. But the main point in "Pallas" is that the hero's world is real, only he can't make his ideas organize it.

The plot situation keeps you thinking, throughout the book, about plantation slavery or colonialism. But Capoulet-Junac really has in mind the language/communication problem. From Lévy-Bruhl to Lévi-Strauss, French intellectuals have chewed on this problem. On p. 186 the native Palladians are specified as a somehow advanced culture functioning through the 'savage thought' of Lévi-Strauss' South American Indians. So "Pallas" combines the novel of analysis with modern theoretical anthropology. If Mr. Panshin really wants adult sf, without chills and thrills, here it is, put up or shut up. But there's one thing about continental sf: it hasn't yet joined the war against ideas some of us find in mainstream camp and New Wavelets. Lem's "Memoirs" and "Pallas" are in competition, not just with the throwaway-dress type of book about headline events; but with the Neanderthals, Wells and Dante, who kept up with their contemporary science and theory.

--Mark Purcell

Coming Events

January

- 1 CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP MEETING at home of member. For info: Lou Tabakow, 2953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236
- 1 HOUSTON SF SOCIETY MEETING at home of member. For info: Joe Pumilia, Box 1698, Alvin, Tex. 77511 (ph: 331-3250)
- 1 QUESTION MARK CLUB MEETING at home of member at 2pm. For info: Irvin Koch, 440 Diplomat Blvd, Apt. 16, Cocoa Beach, Fla. 32931 (ph: 783-0224)
- 1-2 NEW YEAR CON at Melville House in Adelaide National Park. For info: Adelaide University SF Association, C/-1 Michael Street, Lockleys, S.A. 5032, Australia
- 2 ALBUQUERQUE SF GROUP MEETING at home of member at 2pm. For info: Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N. M. 87112
- 2 ESFA MEETING at the YM-YWCA 600 Broad St., Newark, N. J. at 3pm
- 4 FANATICS MEETING at home of member at 7:30pm. For info: Quinn Y. Simpson, 977 Kains Ave, Albany, Calif. 94706
- 7 SYDNEY SF FOUNDATION MEETING at home of member. For info: Gary Mason, G.P.O. Box 4593, Sydney, NSW 2001, Australia
- 7 WSFA MEETING at home of member at 8pm. For info: Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Ave. NW, Washington, D. C. 20032
- 8 CALGARY SF CLUB MEETING. For info: Brian Hval, 1712 Home Rd. N.W., Calgary 45, Canada
- 8 MINN-STF MEETING at home of member in Minneapolis. For info: Frank Stodolka (ph: 612-825-6355)
- 9 FANTASY COLLECTORS GROUP MEETING. For info: Roger Sarnow, 4326 N. Kenmore Ave, Chicago, Ill. 60613
- 9 NESFA MEETING at home of member. For info: NESFA, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch Sta., Cam-

bridge, Mass. 02139

- 14 LITTLE MEN MEETING at home of member at 7:30pm. For info: J. Ben Stark, 113 Ardmore Rd., Berkeley, Calif. 94707
- 14 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)
- 15 CHICAGO SF LEAGUE MEETING at home of George Price, 1439 W. North Shore Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60626, at 8pm.
- 15 CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP MEETING, see Jan. 1
- 15 LUNARIAN MEETING at home of John Boardman, 234 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. at 8pm. Guests of members and out-of-town fans.
- 15 QUESTION MARK CLUB MEETING, see Jan. 1
- 16 MISFITS MEETING at home of member at 3pm. For info: Howard DeVore, 4705 Weddel Street, Dearborn Heights, Mich. 48125 (ph: LO5-4157)
- 18 FANATICS MEETING, see Jan. 4
- 21 BSFG MEETING at the Imperial Centre Hotel, Temple St, Birmingham, England. For info: Vernon Brown, Room 623 Pharmacy Dept, Univ. of Aston, Gosta Green, Birmingham 3
- 21 WSFA MEETING, see Jan. 7
- 21-23 STAR TREK CON at the Statler Hilton Hotel, 7th Ave. between 32 and 33 St., New York City. Adv. reg: \$2.50, \$3.50 at door. Send to Albert Schuster, 31-78 Crescent St., Long Island City, N.Y. 11106. For info: Elyse Pines, 637 E. 8th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218
- 22 CALGARY SF CLUB MEETING, see Jan. 8
- 22 MINN-STF MEETING, see Jan. 8
- 23 NESFA MEETING, see Jan. 9
- 28 LITTLE MEN MEETING, see Jan. 14
- 29 CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP MEETING, see Jan. 1
- 29 QUESTION MARK CLUB MEETING, see Jan. 1
- 30 OMICRON CETI THREE MEET-

ING, at home of member at 8:30 pm. For info: Joe Isenstadt, 821 N. Hamilton Ave., Lindenhurst, N. Y. 11757 (ph: 516-TU8-8327)

- 30 OSFA MEETING at Museum of Science & Nat. Hist., Oak Knoll Pk. at Big Bend & Clayton Rds., Clayton, Mo. -- the Science Bldg, 3rd floor, at 2pm. For info: Joe Butler, 6603 Crest Ave, University City, Mo. 63130 (ph: 863-0234)
- 30 OSFIC MEETING at the Spaced-Out Library, 566 Palmerston Blvd Toronto at 2 pm. For info: Peter Gill, 18 Glen Manor Drive, Toronto 13, Ontario, Canada

February

- 18-19 VANCOUVER SF CONVENTION at the Biltmore Hotel, 12th & Kingsway, Vancouver. GoH: Philip K. Dick. Adv. reg: \$3.50 to Feb 4, \$5.00 at door. For info: SF3, c/o Student Society, Simon Fraser Univ, Burnaby 2, B.C. Canada
- 18-20 BALTICON at the Sheraton-Baltimore Inn, Baltimore, Md. Adv. reg: \$2. GoH: Gordon R. Dickson. For info: Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr, Baltimore, Md. 21239

March

- 31-April 2 CHESSMANCON at the Blossoms Hotel, Chester, England. Reg: 50p. to Tony Edwards, 4, Admel Square, Hulme, Manchester, M15 6EN, England
- 31-April 2 LUNACON '72 at the Statler-Hilton, 33rd & 7th Ave, N. Y. N. Y. Adv. reg: \$3, \$5 at door. For info: Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11225

April

- 14-16 BOSKONE IX at the Statler-Hilton Hotel in Boston. Adv. Reg: \$3, \$4 at door. For info: NESFA, P. O. Box G, MIT Branch Station, Cambridge, Mass. 02139
- 28-30 TOLKON V on the Belknap College campus. For info: Tolkon V, c/o Miles, Box 282, Bar Mills,

Me. 04004

- 28-May 1 SWEDISH SF CONVENTION in Stockholm. GoH: John Brunner. For info: Per Insulander, Midsommarvagen 33, 126 35 Hagersten, Sweden

June

- 9-11 TRI-CLAVE at the Broadway Motel, U.S. Route 23, Johnson City, Tenn. GoH: Keith Laumer. For info: Len Collins, Route 4, Box 148, Church Hill, Tenn. 37642
- 30-July 4 WESTERCON XXV at the Edgewater Hyatt House, 6400 E. Pacific Coast Highway, Long Beach, Calif. GoH: Lloyd Biggle Jr, Fan GoH: Len Moffatt. Adv. reg: \$4.00; \$5.00 after June 1, payable to Westercon XXV. For info: Westercon XXV, 14524 Filmore, Arleta, Calif. 91331

September

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

MEETINGS HELD EVERY WEEK:

- BROOKLYN COLLEGE SCIENCE-FICTION SOCIETY: Wed. at 12 noon in the Student Center
- FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: Thurs. at home of Eli Cohen, 417 W. 118 St, Apt. 63, New York, N.Y. 10027 (ph: 212-666-3345)
- UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS SF SOCIETY: Alternate Wed. evenings and Sun. afternoons on campus. For info: Don Blyly, 170 Hopkins, U. R. H., Champaign, Ill. 61820 (ph: (217) 332-1176)

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

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

SF&F SOCIETY AT QUEENS COLLEGE: Tues. on campus at 1pm. Also monthly meeting at home of member. For info: Barry Smotroff, 147-53 71 Rd, Flushing, N. Y. 11367 (ph: LI4-0768)

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY: Monday at 4 pm in room 210 of the Busch Memorial Center. For info: Katherine Thorpe, 8714 Warner Ave, St. Louis, Mo. 63117

STAR & SWORD: Thurs. in parking lot behind Student Union Bldg. at USM. For info: Bill Guy, 101 Apache, Hattiesburg, Miss. 39401

MEETINGS HELD IRREGULARLY:

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

BALTIMORE SCIENCE-FANTASY GROUP: Sat. at homes of mem-

bers. For info: Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave, Baltimore, Md. 21207 (ph: 367-0685)

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)

BRUNSFA: 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: 674-42446)

KANSAS CITY SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY SOCIETY: For info: Ken Keller, 612 S. Huttig, Independence, Mo. 64053 (ph: 833-0306)

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

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

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

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



Coming Attractions

F & SF -- March

Short Novel

Love is a Dragonfly by Thomas Burnett Swann

Short Stories

And I Awoke and Found Me Here on the Cold Hill's Side by James Tiptree Jr.

The Hippie-Dip File by Robert Thurston

Venus, Mars, and Baker Street by Manly W. Wellman & Wade Wellman

Grasshopper Time by Gordon Ek-lund

Pater Familias by Barry N. Malzberg & Kris Neville

Is It the End of the World? by Wilma Shore

Science

Lost in Non-Translation by Isaac Asimov

Cover by Chesley Bonestell

Current Issue

ANALOG -- January

Serial

A Spaceship for the King by Jerry Pournelle

Novelettes

A Matter of Sovereignty by Wade Curtis

"Riddle Me This..." by Christopher Anvil

Short Stories

Truck Driver by Robert Chilson

The Greatest Asset by Isaac Asimov

Stormy Bellwether by Jack Wodhams

Science Fact

Galactic Geopolitics by Ben Bova

Guest Editorial

The Asking of Questions by Poul Anderson

Cover by John Schoenherr for "A Matter of Sovereignty"

ACE JANUARY TITLES

Van Vogt, A.E. Darkness on Diamond. 13798 95¢

Norton, Andre Shadow Hawk 75991

Ferman, E.L., ed. The Best From Fantasy and Science Fiction 17th Series. 05456 95¢

Dick, Philip K. Clans of the Alphan Moon. 11036 75¢

Trimble, Louis & Jacquelyn Guardians of the Gate. 30590 75¢

Barrett, Neal Jr. Highwood / Annihilation Factor by Barrington J. Bayley. 33710 95¢

DOUBLEDAY FORECASTS

Hoffman, Lee Change Song. Feb. \$4.95

Farca, Marie C. Earth. March. \$4.95

Goulart, Ron Hawkshaw. April. \$4.95

Aldiss, Brian W. Moment of Eclipse (coll) March \$5.95

Asimov, Isaac The Left Hand of the Electron (essays) April \$6.95

Farmer, Philip José The Private Life of Tarzan. April \$5.95

PARENTS MAGAZINE PRESS

Turska, Krystyna Tamara and the Sea Witch. Feb. \$3.95

Damjan, Mischa The Little Green Man. Feb. \$3.95

POPULAR LIBRARY FEB. TITLES

Jackson, Shirley Come Along with Me. 01507 75¢

The Haunting of Hill House. 01508 75¢

We Have Always Lived in the Castle. 01509 75¢

Wells, H.G. The Invisible Man. 01503 75¢

PYRAMID FORECASTS

Ellison, Harlan I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream. Feb. 75¢

Sturgeon, Ted Starshine. March. 75¢

SF BOOK CLUB FEBRUARY TITLES

Siodmak, Curt The Third Ear. \$1.49

Bova, Ben, ed. The Many Worlds of Science Fiction. \$1.49

ALGOL

ALGOL is an irregular journal featuring articles, columns by writers like Greg Benford, Dick Lupoff & Ted White, and superb artwork by Vaughn Bode, Jeff Jones & Michael Gilbert, among others.

Each issue explores the How and Why of SF through the authors' own words. Past issues have featured "The Bug Jack Barron Papers" by Norman Spinrad; "On Pernography" by Anne McCaffrey; & "The Background of Chthon" by Piers Anthony. The current issue, number 17, features a long article on the relationship of SF fandom and the early prozines, "The Influence Of Fandom," by

Robert Lowndes

An article, "Lefty Feep & I," by the author of "Psycho,"

Robert Bloch

The usual fascinating and controversial book reviews in "Lupoff's Book Week" by

Richard Lupoff

And ideas for really making money in SF in "Thoughts While Typing" by

Greg Benford

Future issues will definitely include

M. Z. Bradley

and

Alfred Bester

plus many other writers and artists.

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SF and the Arts

KEN RUSSELL, ARTIST-HATER; KNIGHTS & DRAGONS ON ETV
by Mark Purcell

Most of us are used to outsiders' prejudice against fantasy, romance and science fiction, regarded as adult reading. I'd like to review some films on ETV which show this prejudice, mostly because they're very good movies technically. Most were made by Ken Russell. Before he took his theatre-movie jobs -- "Women in Love," "Devils," "Music Lovers" -- Russell prepped with the BBC-TV on a series of artists'-lives films. I don't know the best picture of the sixties. But as a series Russell's TV work seems to me the best. His Delius film ("Song of Summer," 9/68 BBC) has actually been rerunning here for several years.

Last spring ETV was prepared to run the whole BBC-Russell series, ran the announcement in TV Guide's "New York Letter," and showed the Russells to get a rave notice in Harper's January 1971. Then something went wrong. Only part of the artists' series (only three Russells) appeared on the national ETV network. They were more or less sneaked onto a biography series running spring and summer on NET Playhouse. Of the Russells shown, the 'old' Delius is still excellent, and the Isadora Duncan (Biggest Dancer in the World) looks like a masterpiece, TV's "Citizen Kane." All these films show a special bias towards their subjects. I include the other BBC-ers that have 'Russell topics.' Take Anthony Wilkinson's "Siegfried Idyll" about the von Bühler-Cosima-Richard Wagner menage à trois. This special bias is a tendency to make artists' behavior, expectably a little odd, even kookier by omitting the professional reasons for their behavior.

Wagner struck people, in Kaiser Germany and in the TV biography, as megalomaniacal, mainly because nobody else ever tried to stage a group of expensive, musically demanding operas about dragons, Valhalla and the rest of the apparatus of German legend and fairy tales. Can't you just hear the young, unproduced Wagner explaining to a Parisian producer, "Now when the dragon comes on in Act I -- O did I tell you he's her father? -- No, the dragon!" In the "Siegfried Idyll" we see a dominating male pushing other people around. In explicit analogs with Hitler, they swallow this for masochistic or homosexual reasons. Wilkinson simply omits the professional problems that keep any opera producer (or TV director) from being everybody's nice guy.

For Russell and Wilkinson the simplest explanation is that these demanding artists are fakes, using 'creativity' as a pretext to impose their will on more normal types. In "Siegfried" a character says you can't sing Wagner's music, and nobody argues. Technical problems are never analyzed in these telefilms. Russell has Isadora Duncan give a photographer an interview just before her scarf-death, where she admits she can't dance; her whole career has been displaced maternalism to compensate for the drowning of the two kids she had by Singer.

What would Russell do with an assignment to tell the story of a whole gang devoted to fantasy? This happens with "Dante's Inferno" -- not about the Italian, but the Victorian Rossetti and his English comrades and artists'-model wives. The paintings, poems and stories of Rossetti, William Morris and Burne-Jones began with King Arthur, then ranged over all the main periods of literary fantasy. When Morris grew bored enough with the contemporary realistic novel, for instance, he refounded swords & sorcery as a genre, just when Wells and Doyle did the same for sf and the mystery.

But his Oxbridge English lecturers taught young Russell that fantasy is a childish plot against 'real life' (which they know all about!). So in "Dante's Inferno" the star actors do a brief scene as armored knights lost and blinded in the steam of Victorian railroad trains. 'Morris' (actor) tells 'Rossetti' that the best

fiction in Europe exists in old Icelandic sagas, so he's going there to study and translate. 'Morris' is correct. But that's not what the college lit departments teach the young Russells, (or over here, the young Kubricks and Frankenheimers and Nicholises). So the "Inferno" speech about a trip to Iceland is simply Morris' cop-out so that his model-wife may turn to her true love, Rossetti.

The Russell films are bigoted about fantasy. So what else is new? Well, these telefilms, especially the Rossetti story, have interesting story techniques, well worth stealing for sf and commercial movies. Starting with the fact that Rossetti and the others were painters who married their models, Russell can match scenes from their private lives to scenes from the paintings for which the girls modeled. At first the story moves between the 'real' story of their lives and a few symbolic shots, like the knight-steam engine shots I described. But towards the end of the telefilm symbolic fantasy takes over the whole narration. The death of Morris' wife (in the film, Rossetti's mistress concurrently) occurs in a quick floating shot of a boat sailing her into the background. Simultaneously this refers to husky Morris earlier punting his fiancée over the Thames, and to a drowning Ophelia; I also speculate that there's a tricky reversed allusion to the Preraphaelite "Rescue," for which Jane Morris or her type of model posed. This allusion would fit Russell's moral, that fantasists like the Rossetti-ites cover up ugly industrial reality with their prettified stories and pictures.

The plot-thesis of "Dante's Inferno" is that Rossetti (1) over-idealized his future wife, Lizzie, by supporting her without bed privileges for five years before marriage; (2) then fell in love with Jane Burden (Morris' future wife) when he was committed to Lizzie. First his actual marriage was embittered until Lizzie suicided. Then his relation with Jane Morris demoralized him, depending on the deliberate blindness of his closest male friend. So passion, betrayal, and then grief at Jane's death kept him from a sane companionship with the third girl with whom he lived. Incidentally, the screwiest bit of Preraphaelite biography, Russell couldn't fit in. Because of drugs or general regressiveness, both Rossetti and the poet Swinburne had residential babysitters at the close of their lives, bad young male writers with good publicity instincts.

Ok, Rossetti was no paragon. But Russell ignores the objective change the Preraphaelites made, for example, in sexual styles. Lizzie Rossetti is still the regular high-fashion model type. Jane Morris is still magnetic in her Jacqueline Onassis incarnation. Russell is arguing that the sexual idealism Rossetti borrowed from the real Dante is fake, a retreat from physical reality. But this escapist charge is automatic, a reflex in the whole BBC series. After all, the "Divine Comedy" is a tough, hard-boiled, shocking poem.

There's an old Preraphaelite story, maybe true, once printed by E. C. Benson. To understand, you need to know there was one Rossetti, Michael, who couldn't write. In the story Morris brings his latest long poem, "Sigurd the Vol-sung," to Dante Rossetti for friendly criticism. Dante's bored. Why? Well, he says, languidly, he has no interest in anybody whose father is a dragon. Morris "I'd rather have a father who's a dragon than a brother who's an idiot!" Michael Rossetti was no idiot. But there are a lot of people criticizing literary fantasy who should remember what Morris said. Some of them direct telefilms. Some teach English literature in college.



New Books

HARDCOVERS

- Asimov, Isaac ABC'S OF THE EARTH (Juv, nf) Walker, Dec. \$4.50
(ed) THE HUGO WINNERS (repr) 2 v. in 1. Science Fiction Book Club, Jan. \$3.98
- Bridwell, E. Nelson, introd. SUPER-MAN: From the Thirties to the Seventies (incl strips) Crown, Dec. \$10.00
- Budge, Sir Ernest Alfred Thompson Wallis EGYPTIAN MAGIC (nf, repr of 1899 ed) B. Blom, 1971 \$10.75
- Carley, Wayne MIXED-UP MAGIC (juv fty) Garrard, 1971 \$2.69
- Christie, Agatha THE GOLDEN BALL and other stories (incl supernat) Dodd, Aug. \$5.95
- Clarke, Arthur C. REPORT ON PLANET THREE AND OTHER SPECULATIONS (essays) Harper, Jan. \$6.95
- Collodi, Carlo PINOCCHIO. Grosset 1971 \$1.25
- Davidson, Sandra Calder SYLVESTER AND THE BUTTERFLY BOMB (juv fty, tr from French) Doubleday Jan. \$5.95
- Derenberger, Woodrow W. & Harold W. Hubbard VISITORS FROM LANULOS (flying saucers) Vantage, 1971 \$3.75
- Disch, Thomas M., ed. THE RUINS OF EARTH. Putnam, Dec. \$6.95
- Dozois, Gardner, ed. A DAY IN THE LIFE. Harper, Jan. \$6.95
- Epstein, Anne Merrick STONE MAN, STONE HOUSE (juv fty) Doubleday, Jan. \$4.50
- Farmer, Philip José THE FABULOUS RIVERBOAT. Putnam, Dec. \$5.95
- Gernsback, Hugo ULTIMATE WORLD (repr) Walker, Jan. \$5.95
- Gillespie, D. Craig WEEPLE PEOPLE (marg juv, educ) McGraw, 1972 \$3.95
- Ginsburg, Mirra, ed. & tr. THE KAHABIRD: Tales from the Steppes of Central Asia (juv) Crown, Nov. \$4.95
- Grimm, Jakob & Wilhelm THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER (juv fty) Grosset, 1971. \$1.00

- SLEEPING BEAUTY (juv fty) Grosset, 1971. \$1.00
- Gwynne, Fred ICK'S ABC (juv) Windmill, 1971. \$3.95
- Janosch THE MAGIC AUTOMOBILE (juv fty, tr) Crown, Nov. \$3.95
- Janouch, Gustav CONVERSATIONS WITH KAFKA (2d ed, rev & enl) New Directions, Nov. \$8.50
- Keenen, George THE PREPOSTEROUS WEEK (juv fty) Dial, Oct. \$4.95
- LeFanu, Joseph Sheridan MADAM CROWL'S GHOST, and other tales of mystery (repr) Books for Libraries, 1971. \$10.00
- Lexau, Joan M. THAT'S JUST FINE, and WHO-O-O DID IT (juv fairy tales) Garrard, 1971. \$2.49
- Pfeiffer, John R. FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION: A Critical Guide. Filter Press (P.O. Box 5, Palmer Lake, Colo. 80133) Jan. \$4.00
- Price, George THE PEOPLE ZOO (marg juv fty) Windmill, Dec. \$4.95
- Quinn, Zdenka & John Paul THE WATER SPRITE OF THE GOLDEN TOWN: Folk Tales of Bohemia (juv) Macrae Smith, Nov. \$4.95
- Reilly, R. J. ROMANTIC RELIGION: A Study of Barfield, Lewis, Williams, and Tolkien. Univ. of Ga. Press, 1971. \$9.00
- Simak, Clifford A CHOICE OF GODS Putnam, Jan. \$4.95; Science Fiction Book Club, Jan. \$1.49
- Thorn, Joe OIC-? Science Fiction. McClain Printing Co (Parsons, W. Va.) 1971
- TOM THUMB. Grosset, 1971. \$1.00

PAPERBACKS

- Aickman, Robert, ed. THE FOURTH FONTANA BOOK OF GREAT GHOST STORIES (repr Brit) Beagle 95186, Dec. 95¢
- Bernard, Christine, ed. THE FOURTH FONTANA BOOK OF GREAT HORROR STORIES (repr Brit) Beagle 95185, Dec. 95¢
- Blish, James, ed. NEBULA AWARD STORIES FIVE (repr) Pocket 77423 Jan. 95¢
- Caldwell, Taylor THE DEVIL'S AD-
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VOCATE (marg, repr) Pyramid V2573, Nov. \$1.25

Carter, Margaret L., ed. DEMON LOVERS AND STRANGE SEDUCTIONS. Fawcett Gold Medal, Jan. T2516 75¢ corr

Coblentz, Stanton A. THE ISLAND PEOPLE (Atlantis) Belmont B75-2180, Nov. 75¢

Cohen, Daniel MYTHS OF THE SPACE AGE (marg nf, repr) Tower, 1971. 95¢

Comer, Ralph TO DREAM OF EVIL (supernat, repr Brit) Award A905S 1971 75¢

Crawford, F. Marion KHALED (fty, repr) Ballantine 02446, Dec. \$1.25

Dipper, Alan THE PARADISE FORMULA (marg, repr) Pyramid N2592 Dec. 95¢

Ehrlich, Max THE EDICT (based on movie Z.P.G.) Bantam N7161, Jan. 95¢

Fast, Howard THE GENERAL ZAPPED AN ANGEL (coll, repr) Ace 27910, Dec. 75¢

Haiblum, Isidore THE TSADDIK OF THE SEVEN WONDERS. Ballantine 02445, Dec. 95¢

Howatch, Susan THE DEVIL ON LAMMAS NIGHT (supernat, repr) Ace 14287, Dec. 95¢

Hoyle, Fred & Geoffrey ROCKETS IN URSA MAJOR (repr, based on play) Fawcett Crest T1648, Dec. 75¢

James, Montague Rhodes GHOST STORIES OF AN ANTIQUARY (repr) Dover, 1971 \$1.75

Janouch, Gustav CONVERSATIONS WITH KAFKA (2d ed, rev & enl) New Directions, Nov. \$3.25

Lupoff, Dick & Don Thompson, eds. ALL IN COLOR FOR A DIME (repr comics) Ace 01625, Dec. \$1.50

Mahr, Kurt PERRY RHODAN 10: The Ghosts of Gol. Ace 65979, Dec. 60¢

Malzberg, Barry THE FALLING ASTRONAUTS. Ace 22690, Dec. 75¢

Nolan, William F., ed. A WILDERNESS OF STARS (repr) Dell 9582, Dec. 95¢

Norman, John RAIDERS OF GOR. Ballantine 02447, Dec. 95¢

Norton, Andre LORD OF THUNDER (reissue) Ace 49236, Dec. 75¢

Pepper, Elizabeth & John Wilcock THE WITCHES' ALMANAC, Aries 1971-Aries 1972... Grosset, 1971 \$1.00

Pfeiffer, John R. FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION: A Critical Guide. Filter Press, 1971 \$1.50

Raskin, Eugene STRANGER IN MY ARMS (supernat) Dell 8341, Nov. 95¢

Robeson, Kenneth MAD MESA (Doc Savage 66) Bantam S6912, Jan. 75¢

Ross, Marilyn BARNABAS, QUENTIN AND THE HIDDEN TOMB (Dark Shadows 31) Paperback 64-772, 1971 75¢

Sheridan, Martin COMICS AND THE-IR CREATORS (repr of 1944 ed) Luna Press (Box 1049, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202) Dec. \$4.00

Simak, Clifford D. DESTINY DOLL (repr) Berkley S2103, Jan. 75¢

Smith, Susy TODAY'S WITCHES (nf, repr) Award A874N, 1971 95¢

Stableford, Brian DAY OF WRATH (Dies Irae 3) Ace 13972, Dec. 75¢

Stevenson, Florence WHERE SATAN DWELLS (supernat) Award A883S, 1971 75¢

Vance, Jack SON OF THE TREE / THE HOUSES OF ISZM (reissue) Ace 77525, Dec. 95¢

Wheeler, Thomas Gerald LOOSE CHIPPINGS (repr) Avon, 1971 95¢

NOVEMBER BRITISH BOOKS

Baxter, John, ed. PACIFIC BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION #2. Angus & Robertson, £1.40. 207.12212.1

Beckford, William VATHEK: AN ARABIAN TALE. ne of 1786 ed. Scholar Press, £5.00. 85417.611.X; £1.75 pb. 85417.612.8

Bierce, Ambrose THE ENLARGED DEVIL'S DICTIONARY. Penguin, 50p. ne, pb, nf. 14.003335.1

Blish, James ANYWHEN. Faber, £1.75. 571.09509.7

Carnell, E. J., ed. NEW WRITINGS IN SF #4. Corgi, 25p. ni, pb. 552.08827.7; #5. Corgi, 25p. ni, pb. 552.00828.5; #6. Corgi, 25p. ni, pb. 552.08829.3

Carrel, Mark CRACK IN TIME. Hale £1.40. 7091.2403.1

Cooper, Edmond THE OVERMAN
CULTURE. Hodder, £1.40. 340.
14955.8

Crispin, Edmund BEST SF #5. Faber
65p. ne, pb. 571.09711.1

Gifford, Denis COMICS. Shire Pubns
30p. pb, nf. 85263.128.6

Gilmore, Maeve A WORLD AWAY
(blog of M. Peake) NEL Mentor,
40p. ne, pb. 450.00920.3

Godwin, Francis MAN IN THE MO-
ONE. Scholar Press, £1.50. ne of
1638 ed. 85417.586.5

Jones, D. F. DON'T PICK THE
FLOWERS. Panther, 35p. pb.
586.03557.5

Kornbluth, Cyril M. THE SYNDIC.
Sphere, 30p. ne, pb. 7221.5323.6

Maitland, Derek T MINUS TOWER.
MacGibbon & Kee, £1.75. 261.
63251.5

Morgan, Dan INSIDE. Corgi, 25p.
pb. 552.08843.9

Pohl, Frederik THE AGE OF THE

PUSSYFOOT. Corgi, 25p. ne, pb.
552.0804.8

Priest, Christopher INDOCTRIN-
AIRE. NEL, 30p. ne, pb. 450.
00990.4

Simak, Clifford, ed. NEBULA AW-
ARD STORIES #6. Gollancz, £1.90
575.01337.0

Thacker, Eric & A. Earnshaw MUS-
RUM. Cape, 95p. ne, pb. 224.
00567.7

WINTERSOL. Cape, £2.50. 224.
00549.9

Walters, Hugh FIRST CONTACT?
Faber, £1.40. juv. 571.09757.X

Williams, Jay & R. Abrashkin DAN-
NY DUNN ON THE OCEAN FLOOR
Carousel/Corgi, 25p. ne, pb, juv
552.52012.8

Wise, Arthur LEATHERJACKET.
Sphere, 30p. ne, pb. 7221.9246.0

Wyndham, John THE MIDWICH CUC-
KOOS. Penguin, 30p. ni, pb.
14.001440.3

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Have You Read?

Alexander, Lloyd "High Fantasy and
Heroic Romance" Horn Book Mag-
azine, Dec. p.577-84

Asimov, Isaac "When Aristotle Fails,
Try Science Fiction" Intellectual
Digest, Dec. p.75-7

Bates, Dan "The Viewer Pays for a
Remake" (Murders in the Rue Mor-
gue) The Staff, Nov. 19 p.21

Brunner, John "Building Four-Dim-
ensional People in Science Fiction"
Writer, Dec. p.21-4

"The Cardinal Points of Borges; a
symposium" (special Borges Issue)
Books Abroad (1005 Asp Ave., Nor-
man, Okla. 73069) Summer 1971
\$2.50

Colbath, Mary Lou "Worlds as They
Should Be: Middle-earth, Narnia
and Prydain" Elementary English,
Dec. p.937-45

De Bartolo "Willies" (Willard spoof)
Mad, March p.42-8

DeMirjian, Arto jr. "A Sendak Sam-
pler" Publishers' Weekly, Dec. 6
p.37-40

"Dracula the Man" Newsweek, Dec.
6 p.56

Foley, Tom "An Arizonan Sees the

Martian Light" Daily World, Dec.
9 p.8

Gillespie, Bruce "Why Read Science
Fiction?" The Educational Maga-
zine (Victoria, Australia, Education
Dept.) Oct. p.3-6

Lem, Stanislaw "Sexplosion" (review
of nonexistent book) Polish Per-
spectives, Oct. p.38-43

Paul, William "The Ghost of Christ-
mas Past" (Bed Knobs and Broom-
sticks) The Village Voice, Dec. 9

Rothstein, Mervyn "Best of Science
Fiction" New York Post, Dec. 9 p.
B7

Russ, Joanna "[Shape of Utopia; Into
the Unknown, reviews]" College
English, Dec. p.368-72

Ruth, Leo "The Scene" (sf) English
Journal, Dec. p.1243-51

Szpakowska, Malgorzata "A Writer
in No-Man's Land" (Stanislaw Lem)
Polish Perspectives, Oct. p.29-37

Thompson, William Irwin "Planetary
Vistas" (philosophical) Harpers,
Dec. p.71-8

Zavatsky, Bill "Malcolm McDowell:
A Sensitive Thug" (Clockwork Or-
ange) The Herald, Dec. 19 p.4

Lilliputia

PINOCCHIO adapted and abridged by Oscar Weigle from the story by Carlo Collodi. Pictures by T. Izawa and S. Hijikata. Grosset & Dunlap, 1970. Abt. 15 p. \$1.25

The story of Pinocchio has been adapted and abridged for this series of Puppet Storybooks and all of the wonder of the original story is gone. For example, the transformation from puppet to person is dealt with in one sentence -- "One day he (Gepetto) decided to carve out a wooden puppet and when he had finished it, he declared proudly, 'Your name shall be Pinocchio.'" Puppet Storybooks is a series of 20 (at this writing) books and derives its name from the fact that in each the illustrations are pictures of puppets and stage-type backgrounds. The covers of the books are in 3-D. The whole business smacks of commercialism and gimmickry. Please -- give children original versions and not this trash.

--Joyce Post

PALACE BUG story and pictures by Syd Hoff. Putnam, 1970. 47 p. \$3.29
Age level: 4-7

Little bug loves his King, but the King keeps swatting him away. He sees the evil Prime Minister poison the King's dinner and after many ignored warnings, sits on the good, causing the King to spurn it and make the Prime Minister eat it. When the King sees that the Bug saved his life, he knights him. This is a See and Read Beginning to Read Book which means that the illustrations and vocabulary are coordinated to motivate the child who is learning to read. I wouldn't hesitate one second about giving it to any young child.

--Joyce Post

A BOOK OF CREATURES by Richard F. O'Keefe. Carlton Press, 1970. Abt. 57 p. \$2.50

JOHNNY AND THE WINGED HORSE by John Pagano. Dorrance, 1970. 52 p. \$2.50

PETER PRETZEL by Mary Mills. Dorrance, 1970. 22 p. \$2.50

A trio of subsidy press books -- all bad, one worse. First the two that are just bad.

"Book of Creatures" is another of those imaginary animals books. It is done in alphabet book format, red and blue ink, with an animal for each letter of the alphabet, a 4-line verse (abcb) and accompanying full page illustration for each. Here's the verse for M - Mongolian Macula: "We must never forget the Mongolian Macula, Who is just as creepy as Old Count Dracula." Some other names are Pennsylvania Pizza-Potamus and Ukrainian Upper-Lip-Asauros. Some are ordinary, too, like Wyoming Walrus. V gives the author trouble. He apparently couldn't find a country or area beginning with that letter so he abandons his alliteration completely and we have a Volkswagen Finned Shark. The verse goes: "If while Sailing some day An auto goes by; you'll remember this shark if you really try." The illustration shows a shark with a hump on his back that is a volkswagen. The introductory big letter I is missing on the page dealing with the Icelandic Icepic and the binding on the review copy is half broken.

The trouble with "Johnny" is that it "Skillfully deals with many critical moral dilemmas and contemporary issues in simple terms" (jacket blurb). That can't be done in 52 pages. Johnny is electrocuted (he lives) and while unconscious dreams he travels to another land and in his wandering there has the company and assistance of the winged horse. First he gets involved in a war between squareheads and pointedheads (he's a roundhead) and the author gives us many opinions on war: "There is a lot that goes on in war that you never hear of." "No one ever thinks of dying when he volunteers in a war." "There was no glory in this war, only brutality." Next Johnny meets a large nose gent whose sneezes

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exhaust him and who asks him "do you get enough air to breathe?" On overpopulation we are told "We (the squareheads) don't have enough food to feed everyone and rather than starve them to death, we kindly kill them" and on gluttony "Never overload a good stomach." The next character is a guitar playing poet who "Came into the woods to find myself" to "surmise what did happen before nature grew wise." Next Johnny is attacked by birds and upon recovering is cared for by Homo Erectus who says "nothing here is ever really destroyed. It always reappears in the world of ideas." Throughout we are fed such words of wisdom as "Nothing ever makes sense." "Things are never to everyone's liking." "The three things I despise most are doubletalk, excuses and hypocrisy." "All things must end in nothing." "All of us are the architects of our own problems."

Now the worse book. Peter Pretzel escapes from a pretzel box and along with his friend Bolivar Bow Tie travels through many hardships to reach Pretzel Land, the nirvana of all good pretzels, where there is a beautiful fountain of salt. Along the way he meets Nella Gnat, Mort Mosquito, Ruby Robin, Judy Bluejay, Blinky Twinkle, Herschel Hummingbird, Chauncey Cat and Melvin Mole. The author has this annoying thing about portraying an action or idea with a descriptive word used twice. The book is loaded with them: crackle-crackle, stinging, twinkle-twinkle, sparkle-sparkle, beam-beam, meow-meow, pull-pull, jerk-jerk, munch, munch, yum-yum, toot-toot, strum-strum, etc. etc. ad nauseum.

And to all three -- Ugh-Ugh.

--Joyce Post

THE MONSTROUS LEATHERN MAN by Lou Hartman. Illus. by Paul Sagsoorian. Atheneum, 1970. 185 p. \$5.25 Age level: 8-12

"The Monstrous Leathern Man" is another of those spoiled-city-brat-goes-to-the-country-and-returns-improved stories; however there are a few elements in this book which make it different from the usual example of its kind, and they do a reasonably good job of redeeming it. First, the city-bred boy, Jonathan Bovington Barclay III, chooses the country life voluntarily -- he is a runaway from a successful father and demanding private schools. Second, there is a real mystery involved, including stolen treasure, a missing gravesite, feuds between neighbors, and a very hostile young girl. Third, an element of insanity enters at the end to further complicate matters. Voila! a juvenile gothic novel, complete with decaying old house, secret doors, and Mysterious Music at Midnight.

At times, the plot seems contrived -- the ending is most certainly so -- and there are tag ends of behavior and characters left lying around unexplained. Finally, of course, Jonathan returns to his parents, but I was left wondering if his relationship with them had really changed during his absence, or if the old battles would be resumed once the excitement of his return wore off.

In short -- a fairly good adventure, with some spine-tingling elements of the 'horror story', which will probably be enjoyed by the indiscriminating fan of such literature. The bright and the sophisticated among young readers will not find it satisfying.

--Charlotte Moslander

PIPKIN by S. Forst. Illus. by Robin Jacques. Delacorte, 1970. 130 p. \$4.50 Age level: 7-11

Pipkin is a miniscule character along the lines of Tom Thumb and Thumbelina. He and his wife Poppy experience life in the wild amongst ants, bees, and a friendly hamster; as well as the more 'civilized' surroundings with Pipkin's god-mother -- a normal human who is the usual poor-widow-who-lived-in-a-humble-cottage-in-the-forest of such tales. Like others of its type, "Pipkin" will appeal to young children as much because it is an exaggeration of their own condition (waist high) as for the stimulation it gives to their imaginations. The illustrations are very realistic and suitable for the unsophisticated reader of such fairy tales.

--Charlotte Moslander

Reviews

BUCK ROGERS by Phil Nowlan & Dick Calkins. *Collector's Edition 1931-32.* Edwin M. Aprill (5272 W. Liberty Rd., Ann Arbor, Mich.) 1971. 356 daily strips. \$13.00

The daily episodes of a serial-adventure comic strip were, unfortunately, not written in a manner that is conducive to enjoying the strips when they are read in one or two sittings. Daily strips are constructed to keep the reader's interest over a long period of time. Consequently each episode begins with a short recapitulation of the previous action and ends with a 'teaser' to be resolved in the next episode. Further, the authors depend on the reader's inability to remember to any exactitude what has gone before to cover any incongruities or discontinuities in the story. These are minor flaws when the strip is read while wolfing down breakfast; but in this format they are nothing short of exasperating.

"Buck Rogers" is no exception to these general comments. The plot moves slowly and randomly. Characters appear and disappear with seemingly no purpose except artificial suspense. Frankly, this book was boring.

"Buck Rogers" is, however, not meant to be read for enjoyment but to be owned for nostalgia. As either a comic strip or as science fiction "Buck Rogers" was third rate. For some, though, it was an introduction to the future and an escape from limiting reality. To a person like that, this book can be the resurrection of a lost sense of wonder; and, in that light, has a definite value and market. The rest of us better forget it.

This book is composed of daily strips #817 to #1163. For those interested, the same publisher has several other volumes including some left in the "Collected Works of Buck Rogers."
--Yale Edeiken

FIVE VICTORIAN GHOST NOVELS edited by E.F. Bleiler. Dover, 1971. 421 p.
\$3.50 paper

This is a collection of short novels which were originally published in magazines between 1846 and 1897. They are all interesting, all well-written, with believable characters, but, given modern impatience with the stately pace of an earlier era, the reader sometimes wishes the author would stop the chitchat and get on with the story.

"The Uninhabited House" (Mrs. J. H. Riddell) introduces one of the more interesting literary characters of my acquaintance, Miss Blake, guardian of the heiress to said house: a woman of wild, unkempt appearance, demanding, ungrateful personality, and great pretensions of nobility. It is also a first-rate suspense story, complete with suicide, murder and lights in a locked library.

"The Amber Witch" (Wilhelm Meinhold) is not per se a ghost novel, but rather an account of a witchcraft 'frame' similar to that which started the Salem trials. Except, the one doing the accusing was a real witch, rather than a hysterical and jealous girl.

In "Monsieur Maurice" (Amelia B. Edwards), one sometimes wonders when the ghost is ever going to appear -- it seems such an ordinary story -- until one learns that the brown-skinned man who twice saves Monsieur Maurice was killed by a tiger many years ago. . .

"A Phantom Lover" (Vernon Lee) is conjured up by a vain and foolish woman who happens to bear an uncanny resemblance to the woman who loved, then helped to kill the 'phantom' many years before.

"The Ghost of Guir House" (Charles Willing Beale) does not appear to be a ghost at all, although the neighbors seem oddly upset when they hear the house is to have a guest. . .

A good collection of Victoriana. A must for aficionados of the supernatural.

--Charlotte Moslander

THE IMMORTAL, a novel adapted by James Gunn from the ABC-TV series *The Immortal*, created by Robert Specht based on the James E. Gunn novel. Bantam S5924, 1970. 75¢

It would seem that Mr. Gunn has met himself coming and going. I did see the program once, and I read Mr. Gunn's disclaimer article in TV Guide earlier this year. This particular book tends to resemble both. The premise is interesting, but the characters are not, terribly. The hero, Ben Richards, not only has a freak blood composition that makes him immortal, but a world view which should put him near first place as the World's Naivest Man. The villain, Braddock, is wealthy and unscrupulous; he is dying, and a chance transfusion of Ben's blood rejuvenates him. Dr. Pearce, the man who first makes the discovery, tries to warn Ben what will happen. Ben doesn't take him seriously. SO... it happens. Braddock, discovering that the effect wears off, tries to imprison Ben. Ben escapes with the aid of Braddock's beautiful young wife, Janet, the only character in the book who is not totally transparent. There is, of course, a girl. Sylvia follows Ben across country, risking her life and all that. In the end, Ben realizes that his only option is to keep running... there the book ends, presumably the pilot story of the TV series. The plot is well-paced, but thin, and extremely predictable. Each chapter is prefaced by little homilies which set up the chapter, but also prove irritating, e.g.: "Money is motivation. Money is a symbol of the success all men seek. Money is power. Money also can buy things, and is usually found in a desirable neighborhood." Not the worst book I've read, but not Mr. Gunn's best. Only recommended if you watch TV a lot.

--Michael L. McQuown

TO YOUR SCATTERED BODIES GO by Philip Jose Farmer. Putnam, 1971. 221 p. \$4.95 (paperback: Berkley S2057, 1971. 75¢)

Philip José Farmer is something special among science fiction writers. He is one of those very few who can come up with a seemingly endless stream of new ideas and concepts, and has sufficient literary skills to do something with them. In the past new ideas have too often been obtained only at the cost of excruciatingly bad stories ("First Lensman" anyone?) but with more writers like Farmer the sf field might be spared the embarrassment.

"To Your Scattered Bodies Go" is the first volume of the finalized version of the Riverworld stories. It is supposedly based on the three Worlds of Tomorrow novelettes "The Day of the Great Shout," "Riverworld" and "Suicide Express," but the changes are so drastic (none of the characters are even the same) that there are few similarities besides setting.

The basic premise here is that an unknown but highly advanced group of beings have used their formidable scientific abilities to resurrect every human being who ever lived, on the shores of a gigantic multi-million mile long river. (Which zig-zags across the surface of an artificially redesigned planet.) The plot involves the quest of Sir Richard Burton and assorted comrades, ranging from a Neanderthal named Kazz to Hermann Göring, to find the source of the river and the secret base of the masters of the Riverworld, both of which are rumored to be at the north pole of the planet. This odyssey format is perfect for unveiling the vast panorama of the Riverworld and its peoples.

This may sound simple, but when you consider it the sociological, philosophical, and theological ramifications of the concept are staggering. Most writers would not attempt it, and of those that would, only a very few would be able to achieve even a moderate success.

One of the basic ideas of the novel is a world in which there is no permanent death. If a person is killed he is resurrected somewhere else along the river on the following morning. Once this becomes known among the inhabitants of the Riverworld, massive revisions in their way of thinking and total worldview should

take place, the likes of which can only be hinted at. While Farmer fails to make any really deep penetration into this aspect of the series, he does concern himself with its effects on Burton, who begins to use the suicide/relocation process as a means of transportation through which he hopes to attain the Dark Tower at the north pole. The sequences dealing with his 'travels' through death are some of the most effective in the book.

The sociological possibilities are practically endless, as Farmer has every culture that ever existed co-existing and ready to interact, and again he only really dabbles with it. All of the people simply act like stone age primitives, and it becomes hard to tell the difference between ancient Sumerians and 19th century Europeans, but this may be because Farmer doesn't consider men to be as much products of their societies as some do. Still, it seems that the entire Riverworld project is an immense social experiment, and many stories could be written of the results.

The emphasis of the story is on the character of Burton. His development is concluded at the end in a satisfactory manner, even if there are many mysteries of the Riverworld left unexplained. But loose ends are excusable because this is only the first volume in what appears to be a very interesting series.

--Darrell Schweitzer

HELLO, WHERE DID ALL THE PEOPLE GO? by Ronald Searle. Stephen Greene Press, 1970. 71 p. \$4.95

The well known illustrator for *Holiday*, *The New Yorker*, and *Punch* has gathered together all his snail satires into a picture-book/cartoon book for adults. There are feet snails, balloon snails, vase snails, saddle snails, cloud snails, patchwork snails, trapeze snails, a railroad snail surrounded by Indians, a rocket ship snail and many, many more. There is even a God snail. If either Searle, satire or snails is your thing you might want to own a copy of this book. If not, at least give it a look if it comes your way.

--Joyce Post

THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR by Avram Davidson. Ace 66100, 1970. 222 p. 75¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1969. \$4.95 available from the author: 824 Sutro, Novato, Calif. 94947)

This is a fantasy set in the antiquity that existed only in the medieval imagination, and is loosely based on medieval legends ascribing to the poet Vergil great powers of sorcery.

While being pursued by manticores through the sewers of Milan, Vergil is rescued by a servant of the Lady Cornelia. Cornelia, herself a mistress of magic, forces Vergil to agree to make for her a speculum majorum -- a mirror of virgin bronze which will reflect whatever the first person to look into it desires to see. Cornelia tells Vergil that she wishes to learn the whereabouts of her daughter, Laura. Vergil suffers much and travels far to procure the exact elements necessary to create a virgin speculum and to unweave the net of deception surrounding Laura.

Avram Davidson has skillfully brought to life the Magus Vergil and Dr. Cornelius, his bluff alchemist friend. Also, Mr. Davidson gives us excellent close-ups of some of the fabulous creatures of antiquity -- the last Cyclops in the titanic ruins of his palace, the manticores, the troglodytes, the petromorphs, and the Phoenix. His Phoenix is as imaginative and total a characterization as Tolkien's Smaug, the Dragon, or Gollum (although entirely unlike either).

This is an excellent story, excellently told. It is so fast-paced and full of action that at first reading one may not notice the artful use of words and literary allusions. Mr. Davidson's foreword states that this is part of a projected series to be known as Vergil Magus; one fervently hopes that Vergil continues as well as it has begun.

--Cindy Woodruff

I had very little hope for this one after seeing the cover -- a photo of three turtlenecked, armed blacks with various unfriendly expressions, and the blurb "a novel of gripping terror and eerie suspense." Like most such blurbs, this one bore little resemblance to what the book was really like. But then, neither did my first impression of "The Doomsday Committee."

In outline, Mr. Gallagher's novel is the story of a black priest and Vietnam veteran who sees only one hope for the black man's attaining his rightful place in society: selectively besiege small 'demonstration cities' with a group of like-minded black war veterans -- a 'doomsday committee' -- to show White America what a real black revolution would be like. The idea sounds a bit impractical (who's to know whether such an attack is the real thing or not?), but one gets the impression that it just might work. "The Doomsday Committee," however, though it does describe the attacks themselves, tells nothing of their success in clearing the minds of the populace. Rather, it becomes a study in personal determination and willpower in the protagonist, Collins, and his companions. This seems to me to show a great deal of intelligent restraint on the part of the author; Gallagher knows himself to be no political analyst, so instead of trying to imagine the reactions of the citizenry to such attacks, he sticks to his band of commandos, concerning himself only with their actions and reactions. This is something far more manageable -- thanks to this restraint, "The Doomsday Committee" is rather more enjoyable than would be expected at first glance. The book falls down in other departments, though. Gallagher's blacks don't especially sound like blacks (which only shows that either Mr. Gallagher or I, or both, has some false conceptions); his prose is a bit shy of being smooth and flowing; and once in a while he is just a little offensive ("Both (blacks) were coated with dust, like buns coated with powdered sugar" page 21). Still, it's all no worse than I expected from Award Books, who after all are responsible for "Operation Moon Rocket" and the Johnny Fedora Espionage Series.

Despite its shortcomings, then, I'd have to say that though it isn't a great book, "The Doomsday Committee" is by no means a bad one. No, not a bad one at all.

--Roger A. Freedman

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION: A CRITICAL GUIDE by John R. Pfeiffer. Filter Press (P.O. Box 5, Palmer Lake, Colo. 80133) 1971. iv, 64p. \$4.00 \$1.50 paper

When a man tries hard and means well it's hard to tell him he has produced a perfect example of how not to produce a science fiction bibliography. Mr. Pfeiffer has taught a course in science fiction at the U.S. Air Force Academy. One can see that he has read a lot and has more than average sympathy for the field, but he has failed to translate what he knows into a tool of great use to serious researchers in sf. While it's good for a laugh in fannish gatherings, this work is of value to the high school teacher who for whatever reason must mention sf and who knows nothing about the field. In such a situation Mr. Pfeiffer's guide is the slightest of candles to dispel the miasma of ignorance, but it does beat cursing the darkness. While his listings "Bibliographical Works" and "History and Criticism" are far from complete they do include plenty of good material which can lead out of the darkness.

The work is broken down into several lists: "authors and works after 1900," "beginnings to 1500," "1500-1599," "1600-1699," "1700-1799," "1800-1899," "periodicals publishing fantasy & sf," "special anthologies," "bibliographical works," "history and criticism," "special periodicals ('fanzines')," and a title index. In the modern section Mr. Pfeiffer attempts to list a series of works alphabetically by author. There are cross references from pseudonyms. Each entry has

author's name, pseudonyms (if any) in parentheses, dates, nationality. The listing of stories is highly selective giving title, variant titles (if any), date of first publication, number of known editions or printing, and a subject coding. For the pre-1900 lists a pretty wide range of works, still far from complete, is noted with brief descriptions of the story which are almost worthless. The fuller the annotation, the better but most are too brief to do more than tantalize.

Gee, where does one begin in ripping this book apart? Let's get the personal objections over with first. Bibliographically this work is awful if it is supposed to help teachers. They will still have to go to other sources to find if certain stories are available. All we can tell from the listing of number of editions or printings (both the same thing, I might add) is whether a book or story has been popular. I'll grant the author the right to be a little sloppy in a basic list since paperback sf is constantly changing and the latest information concerning the availability of a title always has to be checked anyway, but when we come to the lists of bibliographies, histories, and criticisms I demand better citations. My favored format is: author, title, place: publisher, date. This is the minimal information. Pagination, price, and special code numbers (LC, ISBN, publisher's own series, etc.) are nice extras but not usually that essential. To list a book as being "London, 1941" is almost worthless. Date and publisher are far more important to the scholar than place, though that too should be included, especially in a specialized field. To put "N.Y.: Gnome, 1954" tells us more than "N.Y.: 1954." I'd hate to think that someone might confuse Mirage Press of Baltimore with Johns Hopkins Press or with Williams & Wilkins.

Selection of titles is also a very subjective matter. On a strictly personal basis I can't see why Poul Anderson's "The High Crusade" was included but not "Three Hearts and Three Lions." H. P. Lovecraft had one listing, "The Outsider & Others," a work out of print and moderately hard to find. Mr. Pfeiffer also notes two editions and/or printings for "The Outsider," and does not elaborate on what he means -- he could be counting the Xerox copy available from University Microfilm's OP service but this is not strictly speaking either a printing or edition. There are difficulties of a similar nature with some of the other entries as well, but these will do as samples.

Coming to the 'topic code' we are only partly on subjective grounds. Any code is essentially arbitrary, an attempt to impose order on a universe which probably has no order. The pigeon-holes picked will probably ultimately break down in any system but on a practical level some just work better than others. Mr. Pfeiffer's break down all too quickly. Some are simple ("A -- racism") others are too full ("F -- space warp travel/matter transmission/other dimensions/time travel/anti-gravity"). Again one example will do: A. Merritt's "Ship of Ishtar" is coded FX. 'F' I just described; 'X -- space opera/adventure' is terribly vague.

But even so crude a subject breakdown might have had some value on the high school level if there had been a subject index. One problem, though, is mentioned by the compiler: "Note that absence of a topic notation for a given title does not mean necessarily that the topic is not treated in that work." Still, even a half-assed job on subject indexing might be worthwhile, it would provide some approach for the unenlightened masses to use when wanting a story about space warps. My wife and I have often discussed the idea of a subject index to science fiction which could be used by the futurologists to track down ideas and themes, but the cost of such a project would need a Federal grant -- to do it really well, that is.

Errors of omission might charitably be called a decision in the matter of selection, but in the case of failure to cite Alexei Panshin's articles on science fiction which appeared in the library press I think we can call it an oversight rather than a literary judgment. Few works escape errors of commission. To the Science Fiction Research Association I leave the enjoyable task of a complete

listing of all errors in this work: I shall merely note that any work which lists Jack Vance as a pseudonym of Henry Kuttner is suspect.

The above comments are written only half in a spirit of malice -- I hope that my nasty cracks can also be viewed as constructive criticism. Mr. Pfeiffer is no fool and if he takes my criticism to heart, his future efforts along this line might be worthwhile contributions to the study of science fiction. Hopefully other compilers will be warned away from the mistakes herein and make different mistakes. And the work is not without some redeeming merit: the pre-1900 list is just full of goodies which should be reprinted. In all fairness we must also admit that this list can be moderately useful if viewed as a cheap and hurried job not intended as a major project. Good bibliography cometh not cheap and in the present case one gets what one pays for ('for which one pays' rather). In a limited situation like a high school library it can be adequate. Within the family of fandom we can look at this as a joke but with outsiders I think we should restrain our ridicule. It is cheap in its paperback version and libraries are in tight fiscal situations these days. From the viewpoint of power politics a crippled foot in the door is still a beginning. But we will do better next time, won't we, John?

--J. B. Post

TRAITORS' DOOM by John Creasey. Walker, 1970. 192 p. \$4.95

This is the first of John Creasey's Dr. Palfrey / Z5 novels and is not science fiction. However, as most of the later novels in the series are sf, "Traitors' Doom" deserves some attention. In this novel, Palfrey is just one of the agents for Z5; he is assigned, along with several others, to acquire several leading scientists from the baddies in World War One. At least he and the others believe that is the purpose of their mission into enemy territory. They are only partly correct in their beliefs and this is enough to plunge them into some very nasty complications on their way to eventually saving a country for democracy (or reasonable facsimile).

As I said, it's not sf; it is, however, a competent spy thriller.

--David C. Paskow

SCIENCE FICTION FILM by Denis Gifford. Dutton, 1971. \$2.25 paper

As I have noted elsewhere the British seem to have a way with science fiction film criticism. Not to say that there are not Americans who write intelligently about the sf film, for instance Baird Searles and Richard Hodgins among others. But most major reviewers for American newspapers and magazines would not recognize contemporary sf if it jumped out and bit them. What makes many of the British critics so good is that they actually seem to read modern sf and look for its spirit in the film form. They give detailed analyses of the success and failure they find. Though Gifford's effort is mostly a picture book, it shows a critical eye.

This book will be most useful as a reference work since it is mostly a listing of sf films interspersed with apt comments. Almost every page contains some black and white still to jostle old feelings about sf as cinema. It is easy to see how fans have become jaded, some true garbage has been reflected down from the silver screen upon our poor optic nerves. Yet looking through Gifford's collection one will recall gems also. Adding some recent films, there comes realization that there is getting to be a respectable number of decent sf films if you did not give up somewhere back there between "Fire Maidens of Outer Space" and "Plan 9 from Outer Space."

My only disappointment with Gifford is that in trying to be complete he has left out a large number of small American films, which have not gotten very good release in England, I guess. And, if there is a second edition, I hope that American release titles are given along with the British one.

--Al Jackson

First published in 1967 as "The Horror Film" this second edition is in the same series of British cinema books as John Baxter's "Science Fiction in the Cinema." Whereas Baxter's book was inclusive and philosophical, Butler's is exclusive and more given to critique. Butler exhibits that care and knowledge one comes to associate with British cinema critics. (Let it be noted that the best and most consistent reviews of science fiction and fantasy films appear on the pages of *Sight and Sound*, and *Films and Filming*, two British magazines.)

Butler's view of the horror film encompasses a wide range of values. From Clouzot and Hitchcock downward to that low end of the spectrum containing a class of cheap sensationalism mistakenly taken (by many) as being fantasy or sf. Butler thus once more makes the point that the horror film exists as a pure cinema genre owing little to the literature with which it is at times falsely associated.

The bulk of the criticism is directed towards films made after 1945 and that is nice, for a change. Therefore it is refreshing to see a book devoted to the horror film that does not blather endlessly about 'early classics.' Butler even grinds off some of the overblown gilding given to the famous versions of "Dracula" and "Frankenstein."

Butler gives rich and deep consideration to Dreyer's "Vampyr," Mamoulian's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and Tod Browning's beautiful "Freaks." "Les Diaboliques" and "Rosemary's Baby" are scrutinized and Polanski and Clouzot are raised up as true masters of the horror cinema. To this fine company Butler has taken advantage of this new edition to add a section devoted to Val Lewton who has finally received the recognition he went so long without.

It seems strange to see Hammer slighted and favor given to Roger Corman. Of all that has been written about Corman Butler's treatment seems to be the most level, but I remain unconvinced that Corman has put together a total film as yet. Except for "The Damned" it seems that Butler saw all of the wrong Hammer efforts. It is just a shame not to mention such gems as "Kiss of the Vampire" and "Curse of the Werewolf." Hammer has not been consistent but their best output stands far above the bulk of American International's.

The last 58 pages of this book are an annotated chronology of horror films with some strange inclusions and exclusions. I find it hard to truly include such titles as "The Blue Angel," "Sawdust and Tinsel," "The Pawnbroker," and "Viridiana" while "Night of the Living Dead," "Island of Doctor Moreau," "The Thing" and others are not listed. Sleepers like Curtis Harrington's singular "Nighttide" have, I guess, not made it out Butler's way.

If you don't mind these matters of incompleteness, this is a useful book for the reader interested in the contemporary view of the horror film.

--Al Jackson

ALSO RECEIVED:

All in Color for a Dime edited by Dick Lupoff and Don Thompson. Ace 01625.

\$1.50 (hardcover: Arlington House, 1970 \$11.95 reviewed LUNA Monthly 20)

The General Zapped an Angel by Howard Fast. Ace 27910 75¢ (hardcover: Morrow, 1970 \$4.95 reviewed LUNA Monthly 22)

The League of Grey-Eyed Women by Julius Fast. Pyramid N2574, Nov. 1971. 95¢ (hardcover: Lippincott, 1970 \$5.95 reviewed LUNA Monthly 19)

Rockets in Ursa Major by Fred and Geoffrey Hoyle. Fawcett Crest T1648, Dec. 1971 75¢ (hardcover: Harper, 1970 \$4.95 reviewed LUNA Monthly 31)

Slaughterhouse Five by Kurt Vonnegut jr. Dell 8029, Oct. 1971. 95¢ (hardcover: Delacorte, 1969 \$5.95; also paperback: Delta, 1970 \$1.95 reviewed LUNA Monthly 26/27)

Vector by Henry Sutton. Dell 938, Nov. 1971 \$1.25 (hardcover: B. Geis, 1970 \$5.95 reviewed LUNA Monthly 22)