No. 35/36 April/May 1972

Nebula Awards

The Seventh Annual Nebula Awards were presented April 29 at simultaneous banquets in New York, Los Angeles and New Orleans. The winners, with other nominees listed in alphabetical order, are:

Novel

A TIME OF CHANGES, by Robert Silverberg (Galaxy, Signet, SF Book Club)
The Byworlder, by Poul Anderson (Signet) — fifth
The Devil Is Dead, by R. A. Lafferty (Avon) — third
Half Past Human, by T. J. Bass (Ballantine) — sixth
The Lathe of Heaven, by Ursula K. LeGuin (Scribner) — second
Margaret and I, by Kate Wilhelm (Little, Brown) — fourth

Novella

THE MISSING MAN, by Katherine MacLean (Analog, March)
Being There, by Jerzy Kosinski (Being There) — third
The God House, by Keith Roberts (New Worlds Quarterly 2) — fourth
The Infinity Box, by Kate Wilhelm (Orbit 9) — second
The Plastic Abyss, by Kate Wilhelm (Abyss) — fifth

Novelette

THE QUEEN OF AIR AND DARKNESS, by Poul Anderson (F&SF, April)
The Encounter, by Kate Wilhelm (Orbit 8) — fourth (tie)
Mount Charity, by Edgar Pangborn (Universe 1) — second
Poor Man, Beggar Man, by Joanna Russ (Universe 1) — third
A Special Kind of Morning, by Gardner Dozois (New Dimensions 1) — fourth (tie)

Short Story

GOOD NEWS FROM THE VATICAN, by Robert Silverberg (Universe 1)
Heathen God, by George Zebrowski (F&SF, Jan.) — fourth
Horse of Air, by Gardner Dozois (Orbit 8) — third
The Last Ghost, by Stephen Goldin (Protostars) — second

For the first time, a day-long conference was held in conjunction with the New York banquet. The first event on the program was a panel "Science Fiction Goes to College" which discussed the current academic interest in science fiction. Featured on this panel were James Gunn and Jack Williamson. The conference's principal speakers were Leslie Fiedler, noted literary critic, who spoke on some of the literary aspects of science fiction; and Isaac Asimov who talked about some of man's possible futures and the relationship between science fiction and our attempts to deal with the real future. His speech was followed by a panel on the future, featuring Frederik Pohl, Ben Bova and Gordon R. Dickson.

NEW SFWA OFFICERS The Science Fiction Writers of America has just announced their new officers for the coming year. They are: Poul Anderson, President; Norman Spinrad, Vice-President; Joe Haldeman, Treasurer; and Robert Coulson, Secretary.

SF EDITOR CHOSEN FOR HALL OF FAME Judy-Lynn Benjamin Del Rey, Managing Editor of *Galaxy* and *Worlds of If*, has been selected for the Hunter Hall of Fame. The Hall was established by the Alumni Association of Hunter College of the City University of New York. Its first members, chosen on the basis of alumni service and professional achievement, were announced at the Association's 100th Birthday Celebration.

NEW DIMENSIONS 3 Because of his move to the West Coast, editor Robert Silverberg will not be accepting submissions for *New Dimensions 3* until late May. He is looking for previously unpublished stories, up to 20,000 words, of high quality only. Payment will be about 5¢ a word plus royalties. His new address is: Box 13160, Oakland, Calif. 94611.

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EDWARD JOHN CARNELL

Edward John Carnell died suddenly on 23rd March 1972, and his passing leaves a gap unlikely to be filled again by one man in the world of sf. Known as John Carnell professionally, he was called Ted by his friends of whom there were hundreds in many parts of the world as testified to by his voluminous correspondence. His connection with sf began with First Fandom in the thirties and continued unchecked throughout his life.

He took over the fanmag *Novae Terrae* and translated its title into *New Worlds*, and this was the title he chose for the longest running and most famous British sf magazine which he began in 1946. In *New Worlds* Ted published the early work of most of the best British sf writers and encouraged and heartened new writers as part of his deliberate policy of fostering the growth of sf in this country. His regular continuing monthly publication of *New Worlds* was crucial to the successful development of sf. *New Worlds'* companion magazine *Science Fantasy* has been regarded as the most influential magazine and here Ted was able to experiment, to give a greater freedom to writers and to begin the development of those themes and attitudes to modern sf and fantasy that others have so ably carried on that have so changed the field.

With the demise of *Nova*, the parent of the Carnell magazines, he began in 1964 the highly successful series of *New Writings in SF*. These continue to the present day and are without doubt the highest selling sf series in this country. By a careful mixture of styles and themes and approaches Ted was able to keep *New Writings* perennially popular.

But being Britain's foremost editor was only one part of Ted's all-embracing sf life. He edited a number of anthologies, advised the SF Book Club, was instrumental in the sf Luncheon Club and was always accessible to anyone seeking information. He chaired in his own competent and impeccable fashion many immediate post war conventions and was always concerned that the presentation of sf to the wider public should always be in terms that lent stature to the medium.

As if this were not enough, Ted also acted as literary agent, at one time or another, for almost every British and many U.S. sf writers, and his specialist sf literary agency became the largest on this side of the Atlantic, with unrivalled connections on the Continent of Europe. During the past few years he had been the Chairman of the British Science Fiction Association Limited. People from overseas visiting England automatically gravitated to Ted as a lodestone of wisdom and help, and the publishing world here will always be in his debt for his ever ready assistance and advice on the most erudite of sf esoterica and sound business sense.

In person Ted was tall, remarkably handsome, genial and with a charm and courtesy of manner that never failed. He leaves a widow and a grownup family. During the war he served with the Combined Operations Forces, and like many true-fen of the time managed to publish a fanmag during moments of respite. He was also actively involved in social and welfare activities outside the field of sf.

He was a gigantic figure in the world of sf and it is extremely unlikely that any one person will ever again fill all the positions and undertake all the activities that his tireless energy encompassed. He will be sorely missed. But I believe the best remembrance we can have of him and the most effective way of ensuring his life work will continue will lie in our consistent advocacy of sf and its highest standards for which Ted Carnell stood.

—Kenneth Bulmer

FREDRIC BROWN

Well-known science fiction and mystery writer Fredric Brown died on March 11 at the age of 65. He had been a semi-invalid for a number of years but had still turned out more than 30 books in his career, many of which were regarded by critics as entertaining and highly professional. He began writing sf for the pulp magazines in the early forties and his first novel, *What Mad Universe*, was published in 1948. Other sf titles include *Space on*

Continued on Page 10

The International Scene

AUSTRALIA The 1972 Melbourne Eastercon seems to have gone off fairly well, considering it was the first hotel convention in Australia for 20 years, and the first city hotel convention ever (the 1953 convention took place in a small country pub at Albury on the New South Wales-Victoria border). The tradition of late-night film showings and room parties was firmly established, although it seems the programme may have been a little thin—but then, it was just a regional get-together; Syncon 2, as the national convention for 1972, will be the Big One. I hear that a couple of people got mildly inebriated at the banquet, and that the band that had been engaged to play after the banquet left because the GoH speech (given by Ron Smith about his porno business) dragged on too far overtime. There seem to have been no altercations with the hotel.

The Australia in '75 Committee is shifting into high gear in its efforts to collect money enough from Australian fandom to sell the '75 bid really hard at LACon.

DUFF (to bring an American fan to Syncon 2) is now in the boting stage, with ballots closing on 31st May. Candidates are Lesleigh Luttrell and Andy Porter; and collections (including the $500 pledge by the Australia in '75 Committee) are approaching the required level. More is still needed, though! —Gary Mason

ENGLAND Halkett & Laing: Dictionary of Anonymous & Pseudonymous Publications in the English Language. Halkett & Laing is the librarian's standard reference tool for research in pseudonyms. This work is in the process of a complete revision for publication in 1975. In order that the fields of science fiction and fantasy may be fully and accurately represented, Mr. Gerald Bishop has been appointed as Consultant responsible for entries from science fiction authors. If anyone who has any information about anonymous or pseudonymous science fiction or fantasy books, or authors who have had books published anonymously or pseudonymously are willing to give any help whatsoever, they are warmly invited to contact Mr. Gerald Bishop at: 10 Marlborough Road, Exeter, EX2 4TJ, England; who will be pleased to send details of how the information should be submitted.

Only complete publications will be listed, not individual short stories within anthologies or magazines. In order that the final copy can be prepared in time for publication, all data must be with Mr. Bishop by July 31, 1973. Information will have to be of the highest standard, and sources for the attribution of authorship will have to be given. Further details of the acceptable forms of 'source' are given in the "Notes for Contributors."

A directory of pseudonyms used by science fiction authors is being compiled by Brian Robinson and Paul Skelton in Manchester, to the same standards as Halkett & Laing, covering not only the pseudonyms used by sf authors for writing sf, but for when they write outside the field as well. This directory will also cover the pseudonyms used for writing short stories, as well as books, and anyone who is willing to provide accurate information, preferably with sources, as to the attribution of pseudonyms used for writing short stories is requested to contact Mr. Bishop, who will pass the information on to the compilers.

GERMANY My German sf series for Insel Verlag presents only two titles in spring, both volumes of short stories: Lem's *Night and Mildew*, a fat package of over 300 pages, and *Best SF Stories of Brian W. Aldiss* (U.S. title: *Who Can Replace a Man?*), 275 pages. Sales of our first three titles are satisfying so far, and there also were some fine reviews. Our cover artist, H. Wenske, will soon appear in the U.S.A: two American paperback houses are bidding for his work. Spring titles in our companion series Library of the House of Usher, edited by my good friend Kalju Kirde, will be short story volumes by Walter de la Mare and Edgar Allan Poe.

What else? The German sf boom continues; there are now over 12 sf paperbacks every month, from Heyne, Bastei, Fischer, Goldmann, Ullstein and an occasional other publisher. Also many horror books. Surprising perhaps is the large number of anthologies and collections. Sf short stories do sell, although there normally isn't much interest in short stories. There are also 8 quality paperbacks a year from Marion von Schröder (excellent packages, too; quality mixed). Only Lichtenberg has reduced their number of titles; they

have only another selection from the Nebula Award volumes, Harrison's *Captive Universe* and an original German novel. In hardcover The Bibliotheca Dracula will be continued with Sheridan Le Fanu's *Uncle Silas* (Hanser Verlag).

Additional titles from Herbig-Langenmüller are a new illustrated edition of Gustav Meyrink's *The Golem*, and Karl Hans Strobl's *Unheimliche Geschichten*. Strobl, forgotten today, and long not published because of his radical political convictions (let's admit it: he was a Nazi), is nevertheless one of the most interesting German writers of weird fiction, superior to Hanns Heinz Ewers, in my opinion, and quite unpolitical in his short stories.

—Franz Rottensteiner

HUNGARY In April Gian Paolo Cossato of the Eurocon 1 Committee and I visited Budapest, following an invitation of the Union of Hungarian Writers. Without knowing of each other, Cossato and I travelled in the same train from Vienna to Budapest, and only in Budapest did we meet for the first time. Our invitation is another indication of the great interest in sf now existing in Budapest, which also manifested itself last year in the first SF Conference of the socialist countries, held in Budapest from October 26-28. This conference was attended by representatives of most East European countries save Poland and Albania. The speeches and proceedings of this congress have just now been published in the fourth issue of *SF Tájékoztató* (SF-Information), the magazine of the SF Working Committee in the Union of Hungarian Writers, a very well printed, finely illustrated magazine of 124 pages (edition: 200 copies). (The address is: SF Tájékoztató, c/o Union of Hungarian Writers, Budapest, VI, Bajza u. 18, Hungary.) It took its editor, Hungarian writer Zoltán Csernai, three months to assemble this giant issue.

The conference in October was attended by the following writers, editors, journalists, critics and bibliographers: Dr. Josef Nesvadba, Dr. Margarita Valerachova (Czechoslovakia); Bozidar Timotijevic, Sasa Veres (Yugoslavia); Ion Hobana, well-known sf enthusiast, and Leonida Neamtu (Romania); Günther Krupkat, Eberhardt Del'Antonio (German Democratic Republic); Elka Konstantinova, Peter Nesnakomov, Natascha Manolova (Bulgaria); Boris Kabur, Efremei Parnov, Julij Kagarlitsky, Vladimir Vladko (Soviet Union), plus of course a lot of Hungarians. A couple of people, including German sf writer Herbert W. Franke, The Science Fiction Research Association, Hans Joachim Alpers of the German *Science Fiction Times* and I sent letters of greetings. It should be mentioned that for us poor people who can't read Hungarian, all the essays (in any issue) are summarized in English, French, Russian and German. This fourth issue contains the final communique of the Congress in 5 languages.

Cossato's and my invitation, arranged by writer and editor Péter Kuczka, the moving force behind science fiction in Hungary, was intended to discuss Eurocon 1 in Trieste, and the possibilities of participation from East European countries. I find it hard to summarize the wealth of impressions of my 3 days stay in Budapest (Cossato stayed one day longer); but rarely ever have I met with such hospitality. Quite aside from the architectural monuments of Budapest that we had occasion to see, we met a lot of most interesting people: writers, composers, painters, film and TV directors, were shown a lot of paintings, short films and TV films (some of which hopefully will be shown in Trieste). On April 10 we met the people of the Hungarian SF Working Committee and made speeches in the house of the Union of Hungarian Writers. Mr. Cossato talked about Eurocon 1 and the situation of Italian science fiction; I about science fiction in Germany, critical and biographical studies in the West, as well as Stanislaw Lem. Here again I met with tremendous interest in the work of Stanislaw Lem who, it appears to me, seems to be an enigmatic figure to the Hungarians. In the near future quite a number of Lem's books are scheduled to appear in Hungary. His huge *Summa Technologiae* is already in production; I met and talked briefly with Mr. György Radó, the translator of the book—an erudite gentleman who is fluent in at least 10 languages, and single-handedly translated this extremely difficult work that it took a team of 8 translators to translate in the USSR. *Fantastyka i Futurologia*, the study on sf, will appear from Gondolat, a scientific publisher; *Eden* is coming in the Koszmosz series; *Memoirs Found in a Bathtub* from Európa; excerpts from *Fantastyka i Futurologia* in two critical anthologies (Helikon and Kossuth publisher). The Hungarian TV film of *Solaris* will

be finished in about 2 months, and Hungarian TV is planning a 5-part TV serial of the Pirx stories (directed by Jánosi Antal), making use of a new electronic method that allows interesting effects and is very cheap.

Most of the time I spent in the company of Zoltán Csernai (author of novels like *Atleontisz*, some of them translated or forthcoming in East Germany) and Péter Kuczka, two personal friends of mine and contributors to my fanzine *Quarber Merkur*; always accompanied by a beautiful interpreter (Mr. Cossato had one too). Péter Kuczka, although so far little known outside his home country, is nevertheless one of the most interesting figures on the international scene, one of a group of truly cosmopolitan editors (which includes now, I would say, Gérard Klein in France and me in Germany, aside from the (to me) unknown people who edit the 'Foreign SF' series for Mir publisher in Moscow). Except of course, that both Klein and I had much better starting conditions, whereas Mr. Kuczka created Hungarian sf almost single-handedly, against much opposition (I gather). A well-known poet before 1956, Mr. Kuczka is, however, much more than a mere sf editor: as poet, writer of books, articles, criticism and film manuscripts, translator and editor he is a man of Derlethian productivity with a huge library.

At present Mr. Kuczka is editor of two sf series. The first of them, Kozmosz fantasztikus könyvek, is a very well-produced paperback series in an unusual format, with excellent covers, fine paper and quite an international array of selections, including many original works by Hungarian writers. This started with 15,000 copies and has now arrived at 40,000, quite a respectable number for a small country like Hungary with only 10 million inhabitants (I know of English language writers whom most think a huge success and who never got a statement for more than 25,000 copies sold in the U.S.A.). It is interesting that the other series, a line of 'classic' hardcovers from Kossuth publisher, also edited by Mr. Kuczka, despite its higher price (about double that of the Koszmosz volumes) started, because of some peculiarity of the distribution system, with 30,000 copies and now has an average edition of 45,000 copies per book, with some titles having considerably more (70,000 for instance for Michael Crichton's forthcoming *The Andromeda Strain*). Also interesting is the situation of Hungarian writers. Besides being paid a considerably higher percentage per book than their colleagues in the West, they are paid not for copies sold, but for copies printed, regardless of whether the books sell or not. I understand that it is usual that the writer receives 65% of the sum upon signing of contract, the rest upon publication, and after that all rights revert to the author. In countries like Romania, Poland or Hungary all foreign rights automatically lie with the author, never with his publishers.

I must confess that the exact reasons that govern the selection for either of the series aren't clear to me. The Kossuth series publishes, Mr. Kuczka tells me, only foreign writers, but not all of them are 'classics,' though most can be called that. But Sam Lundwall's *Alice's World* and *No Time for Heroes* (originally Ace Books) that are to appear there, are no classics. So far the Kossuth series includes: 2 short novels by the Soviet 'classic' fantasist Alexej Bejaev; Kurt Vonnegut's *Player Piano; The Space Merchants* by Pohl and Kornbluth; *The Tunnel* by German writer Bernhard Kellerman; *It's Difficult to Be a God* (forthcoming in the U.S.A. in the new international sf line from Herder and Herder/McGraw-Hill) cum *Monday Begins on Saturday* by A.B. Strugatsky; *Sirius* by Olaf Stapledon; and *Robbers of the Future* by Japanese writer Sakyo Komatsu. Scheduled to appear in this series during the next few years are: Francis Carsac's *The Robinsons of the Cosmos* (French, *Les Robinsons du cosmos*, now available in French from Editions Opta, French SF Book Club); Michael Crichton's *Andromeda Strain*; Ivan Jefremov's *The Hour of the Bull* (Chas Byka); a collection of short stories by Arthur C. Clarke; Andre Norton's *A Sargasso of Space*; Richard Matheson's *The Shrinking Man*; the two short novels by Swedish writer Sam Lundwall, mentioned above; plus a novel by Soviet writer Dolgusin from the forties.

Similarly international in scope are the Kozmosz books (six titles per year, since 1969). So far this series has presented: *The Magnetic Death*, a collection of classic short stories by Hungarian writer Frigyes Karinthy; *The End of Eternity* by Isaac Asimov; *Inter Ice-Age 4* by Kobo Abé; *The Antiworld* by Polish writer Krzysztof Borun; *Ossian's Ride* by Fred Hoyle; *Le Voyageur imprudent* by French writer René Barjavel; *City* by Clifford D. Simak; *Greybeard* by Brian W. Aldiss; *Foundation* by Isaac Asimov; *Biborműmia*, a collection of

stories by Anatoli Dneprov cum *Hullámveres a Marson* by Dmitri Bilenkin (their only double volume, back to back like the Ace doubles); *Világlélek*, a novel by Jemcev-Parnov (USSR); *Planet of the Apes* by Pierre Boulle; and some original work by Hungarian writers Péter Zsoldos (*A Feladat* - The Mission), Zoltán Csernai (*Atleóntisz* - Atleontis), József Cserna (*Dráma a Holdon* - Drama on Holdon) and Mária Szepes (*Surayana élö szobrai* - The Living Statues of Surayana). The quality of the series appears to be a little mixed, for it includes a first-rate writer like Italo Calvino (*Kozmikomédia)* with many who are less than good. But Mr. Kuczka tries to cover the whole spectrum of science fiction, and to present also samples of lesser authors. This is shown also by the future program: Isaac Asimov's *Foundation and Empire* and *Second Foundation;* Stanislaw Lem's *Eden;* A. and B. Strugatsky's *The Inhabited Island;* J. L. Borges' *Ficciones* cum *El Aleph* in one volume; a collection of short stories by Russian writer Ariadne Gromova; Arthur C. Clarke's *2001: A Space Odyssey*; a selection of Bradbury's short stories; a novel by French writer Richard Bessiere; plus original novels by Hungarian writers Péter Zsoldos, Géza Laczkó, Gyula Hernádi, László András, Gyula Fekete, Péter Lengyel, Lajós Mesterházi, Lehel Szeberényi and editor Péter Kuczka. There will also surely come books by Bulgarian, Czech and Romanian writers. All of these books also contain fine biographical notes and critical afterwords, done by the editor or other people.

These two sf series are, however, not all that Péter Kuczka does: at present he is most interested in the theoretical discussion of sf, and has himself prepared two such very international symposia on sf; one, a more academic affair, to appear in a few months in *Helikon*, a periodical of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. This will include work by Stanislaw Lem, Julij Kagarlitsky, Robert Plank, Martin Schwonke, H.J. Krysmanski, Prof. Darko Suvin and a lot of other international critics and scholars. The other, even more voluminous book, will appear in the Kossuth series and will be more popular. While I don't believe that modern Hungarian sf has so far produced a first-rate sf writer, I am inclined to believe Mr. Kuczka that they have in Hungary linguists and scholars superior to most of the people now investigating sf in the West—not surprising in a country that has more than 20 literary periodicals and has produced a Georg Lukács. One such study on Jack Vance's *The Language of Pao*, Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land* and Samuel R. Delany's *Babel 17* by Dr. György Szépe (he finds those authors sadly wanting in linguistic respects) I'll shortly run in my own fanzine.

Péter Kuczka will also start a new quarterly sf magazine, of somewhat larger than digest size, which will combine stories, criticism, sf scholarship and sf illustrations taken from many countries, and ranging far into the past. The first issue of this magazine called *Galaktika* is to appear this September (Kossuth publisher). Each 160 page issue will treat a main topic, but also include other stories and articles. The starting edition will be 25,000 copies. The first issue—four are already finished editorially—will be devoted to the topic of 'first contact,' starting off with the Leinster story, and including Ivan Efremov's rebuttal "The Heart of the Serpent" and John Wyndham's "Survival"; No. 2 will be a Bradbury issue, and also contain selections from John Baxter's *SF in the Cinema*; No. 3 will be devoted to French sf, with fiction by Gérard Klein ("Un Chant de Pierre" and others), J.H. Rosny aîné, and criticism by E. Brandis (USSR); No. 4 will be a van Vogt issue (of whom also one book will appear in the Kossuth series, either *Slan*, *The Voyage of the Space Beagle* or *The World of Null-A*). Later issues will deal with the robot theme (with much Lem) and the American new wave in sf.

Those are the regular sf publications in Hungary; there are also occasional titles from other publishers. Táncsics has published some Brian W. Aldiss, Germany's Herbert W. Franke and *a nap körül*, a selection of short stories by Norwegian writers Jon Bing and Tor Åge Bringsværd (40,000 copies in hardcover).

My visit to Hungary offered me a unique opportunity to learn about publishing in the socialist countries. Some of the things I learned there are truly mind-boggling, and I can understand that some of the people at the SF Conference in Budapest were deeply disturbed when they learned what is possible in Hungary, and how well they are informed there about the sf of the whole world. Indeed, not only East European countries, but some in the West are far behind the Hungarians; especially astonishing is how well they are equipped with

translators and critics for all languages. It is to be hoped that the Hungarian example will be followed by other countries in East Europe (already the Romanian Albatros editions are modeled after Kuczka's Kosmosz series) and that not only the Hungarians but also they will be present in full strength in Trieste. I believe that Mr. Cossato's and my visit has contributed a little towards a better understanding in European sf.

It may well be that the next years in sf will be determined not by the people who are considered the 'world's best sf authors' by the people who know no language save English, but by some European sf writers like Herbert W. Franke, and especially by East European writers such as the Strugatskys and most of all Stanislaw Lem. —Franz Rottensteiner

ITALY The 10th International SF Film Festival will take place in Trieste from the 8th to the 15th of July 1972. The following countries have already announced their participation in the Festival: Belgium, Finland, France, Germany, Japan, Great Britain, Poland, U.S.A., Soviet Union, Hungary. Among the films selected so far are: *The Dawn of Man* (Bulgaria) by Georgui Stoianov, *La plus long nuits du diable* (The long night of the devil) (Belgium) by Charles Lecocq and *Kyuketsu Goremi Doro* (The Kidnapper from Hell) (Japan) by Hafimi Sato. The retrospective will be dedicated to the Mystery and Supernatural in SF. It will in fact be named "The Devil and his Servants: Wizards and Sorcerers." This program will include *La main du diable* (1942) by Maurice Tourner; *Les visiteurs du soir* (1942) by Marcel Carné; *La beauté du diable* (1949) by Rene Claire; *All That Money Can Buy* (1941) by William Dieterle; *Il Demonio* (1963) by Brunello Rondi; *The Haunting* (1963) by Robert Wise; and *Kidam* (1964) by Masaky Kobayashi. Plans are underway for a static model exhibition which should be coupled, it is hoped, with a competition of small flying models.

Roberto Vacca has now been elected Italian Guest of Honour for Eurocon 1. He is an electronic engineer and has worked for several years with the Italian Research Council. He is the author of books on technology and ecology and has written several sf short stories. He has traveled widely and speaks six languages. —Gian Paolo Cossato

NORWAY Just before Christmas, Norwegian science fiction authors Jon Bing and Tor Åge Bringsværd published a rather unusual short story collection, *SESAM '71.* This collection is not bound, but is sold as a wad of loose leaves in an envelope. The envelope contains 4 of Bing's and 3 of Bringsværds stories, a co-authored card game called "The game of the under-developed countries," a poster, two tack-up poems, a science fiction comic (authored by Bing, drawn by Thore Hansen), a jigsaw puzzle, a jumping jack, and a free ticket to Circus Arnardo, the biggest circus in Norway. The book is published by Gyldendal.

The publishing house Fredöis continues its series of translated science fiction, adding two new volumes *De utstøtte* (The Unfrozen) by Ernst Dreyfuss and *Tusenårsmørket* (The Dark Millennium) by A. J. Merak, both translated by Thorstein Thelle. The Fredhöis series has so far proved itself rather uninteresting, but will probably gain future attraction as they line up for publication books by Eando Binder, the two Ace-published novels of the Swedish author Sam J. Lundwall, and Wollheim and Carr's *World's Best 1971.*

One may also mention that the Norwegian Book Club, which now has more than 130,000 members, recently selected for their book-of-the-month the classic utopian novel *Salamanderkrigen* (War of the Newts) by Karel Čapek. —Jon Bing

RUSSIA Quite a number of foreign sf continues to be published in the USSR, and collectors might be interested in the contents of some of the anthologies published by Mir in Moscow:

Fantasticheskie isobreteniya, 1971, 414p — K. Vonnegut: Report on the Barnhouse Effect; T. L. Sherred: E for Effort; G. Kersh: Whatever Happened to Corporal Cuckoo?; U. K. LeGuin: Nine Lives; F. Pohl: The Haunted Corpse; L. S. deCamp: Employment; J. Sladek: 1937 A.D.; B. E. Toomey: A Skip in Time; F. Pohl & C. M. Kornbluth: The World of Myrion Flowers; M. Leinster: The Fourth Dimensional Demonstrator; M. Reynolds: The Expert; T. Godwin: Mother of Invention; C. Emshwiller: Hunting Machine; H. Harrison: Rock Diver; plus stories by St. Weinfeld, W. Golebowicz (Poland), Sandro Sandrelli (Italy), J. Chuchu (Japan) and W. Schreyer (Germany). Afterword by E. Parnov.

Cheres solnechnuyu staronu, 1971, 382p, an anthology about the planets of the solar system — A. Nourse: Brightside Crossing; C. Anvil: The Sandrat Hoax; S. Lem: Ananke; J. Wyndham: Adaptation; I Asimov: Marooned Off Vesta; C. Simak: Desertion; I. Asimov: Unintentional Victory; H. Harrison: Pressure; S. Weinbaum: The Planet of Doubt; L. Niven: Wait It Out; J. Campbell: The Tenth Planet; A. C. Clarke: Out of the Cradle, Endlessly Orbiting; plus stories by Carlos Rasch (East Germany), and W. Zegalski (Poland), foreword by G. Gurewich.

Schutnik, 1971, 372p, again with an afterword by E. Parnov, an anthology of robot stories — I. Asimov: Feminine Intuition & Galley Slave; Piers Anthony: Nobody but Me; C. Simak: Earth for Inspiration; W. Tenn: The Jester; R. Sheckley: The Battle; B. W. Aldiss: Are You an Android?; F. Leiber: The Silver Eggheads; plus stories by Anton Donev (Bulgaria), Gianni Rodari (Italy), Siegbert Günzel (East Germany) and Gyula Hernadi (Hungary).

Also out is the 21st volume in the Library of Contemporary Fantasy, an anthology, 382p, with a print run of 250,000 copies in hardcover. It contains stories by J. B. Priestley, William Saroyan, Robert F. Young, Jean Ray, Claude Legrand, Sakyo Komatsu, Anna Maria Matute, Antonio Mingote, Ion Bing, Horace L. Gold, Peter S. Beagle, Andre Maurois, James Pollard, Isaac Asimov, Henry Kuttner.

Other new translations in the Mir series include Michael Crichton's *The Andromeda Strain*, Arthur C. Clarke's *2001: A Space Odyssey* and Hal Clement's *Mission of Gravity*.

—Franz Rottensteiner

STANISLAW LEM More honors for Lem, I am happy to say. Recently he was officially given recognition as the most-often translated writer in modern Polish literature. He was also a member of the recent Polish Writers Congress in Lodz. Since then he has been under siege: reporters, radio, TV, requests for interviews from all possible sources, ranging from the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* in Moscow to German TV and radio stations who seem to have made it a habit to send a team of interviewers over to Poland every few months. Contrary to what I previously reported, Lem didn't take part in the Soviet symposium on extraterrestrial civilizations in Armenia last year, preferring rather to meet me in Frankfurt. But he did write a paper for the symposium, which will be published this year by the Soviet Academy of Sciences. Since it seems that a mixed Soviet-American committee on CETI (Contact with Extraterrestrial Civilizations) was set up there, it may be possible that there'll also be an American publication of the symposium.

I regret to say that, contrary to some reports, Lem will not attend Eurocon in Trieste. He already has turned down quite some number of invitations this year: an invitation to lecture in Novosibirsk, and an offer by the American ambassador in Poland to spend a half year or a year as guest of the American government in the U.S.A. By the way, the personnel of the American embassy in Warsaw seems to be quite interested in sf. They have an attaché there who seems to consider it his duty to keep Lem supplied with American sf. On his return from Frankfurt he was given a copy of Heinlein's *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*, read it in the night, and although he had always considered Heinlein a very dull writer, he was—much to my surprise—so impressed with the description of the death of the computer in that novel that he urged me to include it in my German sf series.

At another party at the embassy he met a promising young American film director to whom Arthur C. Clarke had declared in London: "There is only one attraction in Poland, and that's Stanislaw Lem." So we may soon see some American films of Lem's work. But even now, he is already the most often filmed and TVed author in the field, and several more new TV projects are under way both in Germany and Poland, while a French director intends to adapt *Solaris* to the stage.

Latest Polish Lem book is a new edition of *The Star Diaries of Ijon Tichy*: 424 pages, about a hundred of them new material, 30,000 copies. It's the fourth edition of this extremely popular book, for the first time illustrated by the author himself, in quite a charmingly naive way.

New translations include *Solaris* in West Germany, and a big edition of *The Cyberiad* in Hungary. And he continues to sell in Europe: *Solaris* went to the Netherlands and

Yugoslavia, *Eden* to Belgium, *The Invincible* to Sweden, *Memoirs Found in a Bathtub* will appear in Hungary. For my German sf series we bought *The Futurological Congress, Robot Fairy Tales* and *The Cyberiad.* West German license edition of *Eden* will appear from Nymphenburger, another reputable publishing house, in hardcover: not from dtv as previously reported. —Franz Rottensteiner

PETER ZSOLDOS was born in 1930 and acquired a degree at the Budapest Academy of Music in 1956. Subsequently he also graduated from the psychology faculty of the University of Budapest. Since 1956 he has been a programme editor in the Department of Symphonic Music at the Hungarian Radio and is responsible for several major music programmes. He regularly writes music reviews and lectures. In spite of this background, Zsoldos does not regard science fiction as a mere hobby. (At his level, it is obviously more than that.) From his two previous books, one is bound to conclude that Zsoldos has a gift for writing and even that he has the makeup of a polyhistor. In his first effort, *The Viking Returns*, he not only created the figure of man—hitherto unsurpassed—in the early Paleolithic Age, but also, as early as 1959(!), he gave a precise description of the instrument (a specific type of gravimeter) that guides a spaceship round a given planet with the help of data provided by the measuring of gravitational changes. As is well known, many artificial satellites have since been orbiting Earth based on this principle. His second book, *Fire in the Distance*, has been described by a number of orthodox science fiction critics as heretical, claiming that it is a historical novel disguised as science fiction. The 'accusation' is well-grounded, for *Fire in the Distance* is based on such considerable archeological and ancient historical knowledge that it bears comparison with the novels of Mika Valtari or Mary Renault. At present, Péter Zsoldos is working simultaneously on his fourth novel, *It Is Hot Down There*, and on his first four-part television film script, *The Bunker.*

—Otto Orbán

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FREDRIC BROWN Obituary continued from Page 3

my Hands, a collection of his early stories, *Angels and Spaceships, The Lights in the Sky Are Stars, Rogue in Space*, and as editor with Mack Reynolds *Science Fiction Carnival.* Probably his most recent published work was *Mitkey Astromouse* which was published as a children's book by Harlin Quist last September.

MARTIN SEIGEL

Sf author Martin Seigel died of leukemia in March. He was 31. An early novel *Agent of Entropy* was published by Lancer, who will also publish another novel of his tentatively titled *Psychedelic Pswastika.* —Robert Hoskins in Locus

S. J. TREIBICH

S. J. Treibich (author of 3 sf novels for Ace with me: *The Wagered World, The High Hex*, and *Target Terra*, of 3 non-sf novels for Lancer solo, and of numerous shorts solo and collab), died April 14, of heart failure following a long battle with valvular heart disease. He was 36. He leaves many friends and memories, and a good many mss. which may appear in and out of sf over the next few years. All I can say about Steve is that he was one of the great story minds, a magnificent story teller, a frighteningly courageous man, and a man with more gusto for living and interest in life than most of us can claim, or afford, or support; he had just begun to learn how to show what he could do, and we are all poorer by the wonderful stories he never wrote (I remember a perfectly logical and reasonable set of events leading to a Bowery hotel in orbit around the Earth - which came up casually in a phone call - and a method of conquering all Asia by the judicious use of Vicks Vapo-Rub...) and by the loss of his own electric and unstoppable person. He loved many things, including sf, and many people. We never had a chance to love him enough.

—Laurence M. Janifer in Locus

SF IN FRENCH AND GERMAN

by Mark Purcell

As the regular subscribers know, LUNA has been permitting me a kind of column about the international sf booklist, Présence du Futur, put out by Denoël, Paris. What I am reviewing is of course some of the more exciting books that haven't been (should be) translated into American. That brings us to Herbert Werner Franke's *Cage with Orchids* (La Cage aux orchidées), a PF-translation of a 1961 German novel. 1961 was apparently a watershed year in modern sf: besides Heinlein's *Stranger* and Clarke's *Moondust* it was the big Stanislaw Lem year in Poland, with four important titles. *Cage with Orchids* appeared as part of an enormous burst of fiction by Franke in the early sixties: five novels, 1961-3, after *Green Comet*, 1960, a collection of 65 short-shorts. Aside from German publishers' catalogues, the only thing I've read about him in English, appeared as usual in LUNA (12/71, p.7, an admiring reference in Rottensteiner's profile on Lem). The new college reference books on sf are worthless, but don't worry. After LUNA and its peers run enough articles, the desk-bound profs will read them and begin informing us about Franke.

Cage is an elaborate fantasia of ideas about robots and computerized worlds. Asimov's three laws are built into the plot's construction. Two 3-man (human) exploring teams invade a planet separately, in a vicious exploring competition. The planet, a far-off near-duplicate of ours, has been emptied sometime in the past of its former human life, except as recorded on telescreens as part of a preserved planetary history. A technically advanced human civilization had been built on a robot-computer base; but by the time the two exploring teams arrive, the thinking machines have taken over, always for the most high-minded, cold-blooded reasons, and disposed of their human 'masters,' quite scientifically and protectively. *Cage* ends with compound surprises. Just as the (surviving) explorers are shocked to learn what has happened to the planet's resident humans, the ruling computers, a bunch of symbiotic cubes actually, receive their own revelations about the human visitors. The reader is astonished both ways. The long final explanation is as good as the windup chapter in a vintage 1920-30 Carr-Freeman detective novel.

During the story the explorers' behavior is murderously competitive; twice they literally kill each other off, in Parts I-II. Then they're resurrected. How? Read Part III. Finally, the two Nice Guys, Al and Rene, are put on trial, efficiently and properly, by the computer(s). The trial is an intelligent replica of a Western civilization court, based on close study of the explorers' own brains and cultural assumptions. Al and Rene even get a good lawyer. He's a thinking cube of course, like the rest of the computerized network that makes up judge, prosecutor, walls, ceiling, machinery. This defense attorney has the best line of dialogue (p.186). When the humans ask him if he's reliable, he casually reassures them: "You can check my circuits."

In the novel's structure, the actual trial reminds an sf reader of the climactic Martian trial of the Oxbridge research scientists in C. S. Lewis' *Out of the Silent Planet*. Writers really are enormously influenced by other writers, even if *Cage* was written in the homeland of the Nuremberg Trials. However, Lewis' and Franke's prosecutors make different charges. In 1938 Lewis was objecting to the spread of human culture off our planet, as to the spreading of a bacteria or germ. He opposed our progress, literally. But *Cage* argues that by sheer 'progress' man can reach one of two possible dead ends. One is the exploring teams' deadly jet-set eruption into other planets and cultures, with no interest left in research or development. (The second dead end, Al and Rene encounter after the trial, when they learn of the final disposal of the planet's humanity by its robot servants.)

The exploration in the novel is so characterized as to satirize man's questing, aggressive instinct, even before the trial occurs. Presumably *Cage* criticizes western colonialism and what liberals connote by 'Vietnam' as a word. Myself I would apply the characters' childish moral irresponsibility to suburban types I meet every day, both right and left wing; rather than to the hard-working European *colons* who farmed and mined in Asia and Africa. (When the same Europeans settled over here, they became our 'pioneers.')

Take the one woman character, Katja, and her treatment in the book both by author and male characters. The average sf fan calls the appearance of doll-like types like Katja in

his stories, 'getting some sex into the book.' (That reader-writer attitude is what flattens out the female characters in most sf.) Katja comes ashore as part of a 3-man team, assigned with Don, the crew leader, to have a child by him. In the book she sounds attractive to have around, though of course unbelievable as part of an advanced research outfit. At one point in the plot, it becomes logical for everyone to draw weapons. Katja finds a nice dagger and is shortly filing her nails with it. Great!

In the course of *Cage*, before she is destroyed (and not resurrected), she is drawn to the hero, No. 3 in her crew, Al, Mr. Nice Guy. Partly this is because her mate, old Don, is presented as an obtuse pig (the obtuseness is specifically made part of his command personality). But Al's niceness seems to consist of a genius for avoiding hard decisions. Franke, the author, never makes Al responsible for the crew's safety or, morally, Katja's. She destructs twice in scenes where a more protective type than Al could have done something to prevent it.

In other words, *Cage* is magnificent hard sf. But it comes out of the mental world of the suburban western intellectual, where authority-figures are all mean Daddies who don't run the world for a few social types, and are possessive about women. Al can't understand this; he's not possessive about Katja. As a matter of fact, the story's plot tends to make him more interested in his buddy, Rene, than in some corny feminine type who wants a child. But halt. Readers who know the story already, in German or French, will object that my fuss about Katja's treatment by the 'hero' ignores one vital point: does she exist? You see, it's important to the plot that the characters must break the speed of light to reach this planet. Roughly speaking, Franke solves this problem by programming simulacra. Therefore, one question raised till the final 2-page epilogue is: who's 'real' among the exploring teams? I can't answer this objection without telling too much about the plot, but I don't find Franke's final 'revelation' always consistent with what he's previously told about the characters.

Two oddities about *Cage* and Franke himself. First, I assume it's only in the French edition that there are missing chapter headings (in Parts I-II). Symbolism? The Franke problem concerns his name. "Herbert Franke" (1914--) is a great German scholar, interested in both technology and Chinese culture. "Our" HF (1927--) also has a professional interest in technology; so far his only English language translations concern non-fiction about spelunking and the modern art-technology connections. Are the two HF's related, or only namesakes?

SF IN FRENCH: A REPLY I'd like to add a few remarks to Mark Purcell's intelligent account of Capoulet-Junac in LUNA Monthly no. 32. As far as we can tell so far, the book has had a fine reception in Germany. In France, however, criticism was devastating. Indeed, one French writer with whom I'm acquainted thought it almost a national shame that French sf should be represented by this novel. On the other hand, I had to turn down all the French sf offered to me as fine examples of the art. I think however, that G
do very well in the U.S.A: he should appeal to the fans who think Theodore Sturgeon a great writer—he shows the same stylistic accomplishment and the same pseudo-profundity. His novel *Les seigneurs de la guerre* (originally in his own series Ailleurs et Demain, Robert Laffont) has just been bought by Doubleday. It's a rather complicated affair, complete with parallel worlds, time travel, interstellar warfare, monsters and much philosophical jazz. It will do well, although it is ultimately rather meaningless.

—Franz Rottensteiner

SCIENCE FICTION FOR THE BLIND

by Neil Barron

It is probably safe to say that all readers of this fanzine are sighted. Not everyone is so fortunate -- over half a million Americans are functionally blind, and among them may be someone you know who shares your interest in sf, or who might be interested if they could obtain sf books available in Braille, as a talking book (16 2/3 rpm records), or on tape cassettes or sometimes open reel tapes. My purpose is to provide you with some basic information on this subject in the hope that you can share your knowledge with others who are either blind or whose vision is so limited that even the recently introduced Large Type editions are not satisfactory.

While no one knows the exact number of science fiction books available in one of the three forms usable by the blind, the figure almost certainly does not exceed 700 titles, which is a very respectable total. Few libraries have anywhere near this number in hard or soft cover, and not many fans probably own this many. The number is especially impressive when you realize that the majority of all books are available only in Braille, hand transcribed by volunteers. Braille books are costly and time-consuming to produce and are naturally bulky compared to the printed original. For example, Asimov's "I, Robot" runs three volumes, Van Vogt's "Voyage of the Space Beagle," five. Braille will probably always be the dominant type, although the development of convenient tape cassettes, which can be duplicated relatively cheaply compared to Braille, is likely to alter the picture. Talking books are merely records which play at half the speed of the standard LP and which can be played on either a four-speed changer or turntable, or on an inexpensive U.S. government player specifically designed for the purpose. A still slower speed of 8 1/3 rpm has been proposed, which would bring records down to about the speed of a cassette, still adequate for speech.

By far the largest collection of sf for the blind is owned by the Iowa Commission for the Blind Library, 4th and Keosauqua Way, Des Moines, Iowa 50309. Mrs. Florence Grannis, the commission librarian who graciously furnished me with much of the information for this article, estimates that their collection numbers between 475 and 500 books in all three media. In all but a few cases, no title is duplicated in another medium. This is more than all the other libraries for the blind put together. Further, the commission's director, Kenneth Jernigan, owns an additional 200+ titles, almost certainly the largest privately owned Braille collection of sf. A complete title and author index to both the commission's library and to Mr. Jernigan's personal collection is maintained, covering both novels and short stories. Lists of the library's Braille books and other media will be sent to serious readers upon request.

Among the magazines, only Galaxy is available in Braille or on open reel tapes. Braille subscriptions cost $15 per year, each issue filling three volumes, and are available from the Clovernook Home and School for the Blind, 7000 Hamilton Avenue, Cincinnati 45231. Tapes are prepared by the Iowa library and go back to about 1962, with the Braille editions beginning about 1965.

Borrowing from libraries servicing the blind is relatively simple. For Braille books, the normal procedure is to either request the book directly from the library servicing the region in which the borrower lives, or to go through your local library, which can usually arrange the loan. Materials for the blind are sent free through the mails. Copies of the taped books in either cassette or open reel form may be purchased from the Iowa library for $2 per cassette or reel. Regional libraries including Iowa's are listed in a pamphlet directory issued by the Division for the Blind and Physically Handicapped, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20542, which acts as a coordinating agency. Your state library, if not the regional library itself, can easily supply the name and address of the

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1971 HUGO NOMINATIONS

NOVEL:
Dragonquest, by Anne McCaffrey (Ballantine)
Jack of Shadows, by Roger Zelazny (F&SF, July-Aug; Walker)
The Lathe of Heaven, by Ursula LeGuin (Amazing, March-May; Scribner)
A Time of Changes, by Robert Silverberg (Galaxy, March-May; Signet; SF Book Club)
To Your Scattered Bodies Go, by Philip Jose Farmer (Putnam; Berkley)

NOVELLA:
Dread Empire, by John Brunner (Fantastic, April; Traveller in Black)
The Fourth Profession, by Larry Niven (Quark/4)
A Meeting with Medusa, by Arthur C. Clarke (Playboy, Dec.)
The Queen of Air and Darkness, by Poul Anderson (F&SF, April)
A Special Kind of Morning, by Gardner Dozois (New Dimensions 1)

SHORT STORY:
All the Last Wars at Once, by George Alec Effinger (Universe 1)
The Autumn Land, by Clifford Simak (F&SF, Oct.)
The Bear with a Knot on His Tail, by Stephen Tall (F&SF, May)
Inconstant Moon, by Larry Niven (All the Myriad Ways)
Sky, by R. A. Lafferty (New Dimensions 1)
Vaster than Empires and More Slow, by Ursula LeGuin (New Dimensions 1)

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION:
The Andromeda Strain
A Clockwork Orange
I Think We're All Bozos on This Bus
L. A. 2017
THX 1138

PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE:
Amazing
Analog
Fantastic
Fantasy & Science Fiction
Galaxy

AMATEUR MAGAZINE:
Energumen (Glicksohn)
Granfalloon (Bushyager)
Locus (Brown)
SF Commentary (Gillespie)

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST:
Vincent DiFate
Frank Kelly Freas
Jack Gaughan
Jeff Jones
John Schoenherr

FAN ARTIST:
Alicia Austin
Grant Canfield
Wendy Fletcher
Tim Kirk
Bill Rotsler

FAN WRITER:
Terry Carr
Tom Digby
Susan Glicksohn
Rosemary Ullyot
Bob Vardeman
Harry Warner, Jr.

AN INTERVIEW WITH ALFRED BESTER

Conducted by Paul Walker*

Alfred Bester: As a professional interviewer of long standing this proposal of yours strikes me as being rather odd. In my experience it is essential to have face-to-face meetings with the interviewee so that one can take advantage of every casual remark and aside to open up new paths of exploration. Also, facial expressions, body English, and tones of voice must be keenly observed in order to capture the quality of the man.

However, if you prefer to use the question and answer technique by mail, it's quite all right with me. Since I'm a professional author I'm used to thinking, speaking, and writing the same language, so go ahead and start shooting your questions.

All right. As a professional interviewer of long standing, you have just walked into your office and there sits Alfred Bester. What do you see?

You come into Bester's office at *Holiday* magazine; he's senior editor. The office is more of a workshop; no desk, just work tables, typewriters, papers, and Mss. piled everywhere, odd vintage posters on the walls, illumination solely by lamps (apparently he dislikes ceiling lights); one wall of cork to which is pinned scores of notes and reminders. Bester is on a high stool correcting galley proofs at a large drafting table. You see a big guy wearing heavy spectacles, brown crewcut hair, carefully trimmed beard gone white. He steps down from the stool, shakes hands, takes your coat and hangs it up, seats you in a comfortable chair, climbs up on the stool again and lights a cigarette, always chatting cordially in order to put you at your ease. He talks about anything and everything that comes to his mind.

His voice is a light tenor (except when he's angry; then it turns harsh and strident) and is curiously inflected. In one sentence he can run up and down an octave. He has a tendency to drawl his vowels. He has lived abroad for some years so his speech pattern is mid-Atlantic. Sometimes it may seem affected, for certain European pronunciations seem to stay with him. (GAR-ahj for garage, miss-ile and fraj-ile.) On the other hand his speech is larded with the profanity of the entertainment business, Yiddish words, professional phrases. What you don't know yet is that he instinctively adapts his speech to the pattern of his vis-a-vis in order to put him at his ease. You'll find that out when you watch him in action with other people.

He warms you by relating to you, showing interest in you, above all by listening to you. Once he senses that you're at your ease he shuts up and listens, only speaking when something you say requires a response. Occasionally he will break in to ask a question, argue a point, or ask you to enlarge on an idea. Now and then he will say, "Wait a minute; you're going too fast. I have to think about that." Then he compresses his lips, thinks hard for a few minutes, and either agrees or disagrees with you. He has some mannerisms; he uses the pointed finger of an accusing district attorney as an exclamation point for an idea which he likes or a phrase which you have turned well, as an ex-jock he has the habit of showing approval for someone by giving them a hard pat on the behind (you see football players doing that every weekend), and when he's stimulated by a concept he begins to pace excitedly. He laughs a lot, with you and at himself, and his laughter is loud and uninhibited. He's a kind of noisy guy.

He's been a professional most of his working life and experience and constant thought and analysis have sharpened his creative perception and firmed his standards. The result is that he's intensely decisive, which makes some people accuse him of being opinionated. He says he most certainly is, that it's part of the creative life, that an artist must make a statement, and that he's always willing to consider arguments against his decisions.

* * *

He was born on Manhattan Island, December 18, 1913, of a middle-class hard-working family. He was born a Jew, but the family was entirely indifferent to religion, so he is too. However, since he looks like, and is often taken for, a Black Irishman, he sometimes finds it necessary to mention that he's a Jew because he'll be damned if he'll let anybody think he's trying to pass. He remembers when he started his interviews with Danny

Kaye that Kaye and his entourage were strangely constrained and formal with him. Suddenly it dawned on him, "My God! They think I'm a goy." Fortunately his wife had given him a set of lovely cufflinks with the Hebrew letter for good luck on them. He wore them at the next session, everybody spotted them and warmed up.

He went to the last Little Red Schoolhouse in Manhattan, to a beautiful brand new high school built on the very peak of Washington Heights (it's his impression that Geo. Washington lost that battle and had to get the hell out of there), and to the University of Pennsylvania, the very lowest of the Ivy League colleges. The Little Red Schoolhouse is now a city landmark. The beautiful high school is now the sad scene of virulent racial warfare, but the university has improved immeasurably since his time. It finally went co-ed. You can have no idea how his class of '35 hungered for women.

He had been fascinated by science fiction ever since Hugo Gernsback's magazines first appeared on the stands. He suffered through the dismal years of space opera when science fiction was being written by the hacks of pulp Westerns who simply translated the Lazy X ranch into the Planet X and then wrote the same stories using space pirates instead of cattle rustlers. He welcomed the glorious epiphany of John Campbell who, single-handedly, brought about the Golden Age of science fiction.

After he graduated from the university he really didn't know what he wanted to do with himself. In retrospect he realizes that what he needed was a *wanderjahr*, but this European custom was unheard of in the States. After thrashing and loafing about to the intense pain of his parents, he finally took a crack at writing a science fiction story ("Broken Axiom" 1939) which was submitted to Standard magazines (*Thrilling Wonder Stories*). Two editors there, Mort Weisinger and Jack Schiff, took an interest in him. He thinks mostly because he had just finished Joyce's "Ulysses" and they would discuss it intently. They showed him how to revise the story into acceptable form and bought it. (It won the Amateur Short Story contest, appearing in April of '39.) They continued their kind help and he's never stopped being grateful to them. He still visits them occasionally.

When the comic book explosion burst, these two editors were hired by the Donenfelt Group (1941). There was a desperate need for writers to provide the scenarios for the artists so Weisinger and Schiff brought him along with them. He hadn't the faintest idea of how to write comics scripts but there was one brilliant and talented writer named Bill Finger who took him in hand one rainy Saturday afternoon and gave him an incisive and lucid lesson in the craft. It was the ultimate in generosity.

He wrote comics for some three or four years with increasing expertise and success. These were the years of his apprenticeship. George Burns, mourning the death of vaudeville, said, "There just ain't no place for kids to be lousy anymore." His apprenticeship gave him the chance to get all the lousy writing out of his system and learn the patterns and techniques that make for professionalism.

He was married by then and his wife was a radio actress. One day she told him that the radio show, Nick Carter, was looking for scripts. He took one of his best comic book stories, translated it into a radio script, and it was accepted. Then his wife told him that a new show, Charlie Chan, was having script problems. He did the same thing. By the end of the year he was a regular contributor to Nick Carter and the exclusive writer on Chan, and branching out to The Shadow, Treasury Agent, the Jimmy Melton Show and others. His comic book days were over.

The transition to TV was difficult, because of the visual constraints on the imagination. In radio he could go anywhere and do anything with sound effects. He'd say to the sound man, "Listen, next week the big scene will be a rock fall in a cavern." The sound man would reply, "Okay. We'll use the avalanche record. I'll start it at 33 and speed it up to 78 for the finish. Inside a cave, huh? I'd better put in a request for overall echo." But try to ask for the same scene in telly. The producer and his budget would scream bloody murder.

* * *

For Bester science fiction was a safety valve, an excape hatch, a release from the constraints of script-writing. An idea which no network would touch could be done as a science fiction story. But when he switched from script-writing to magazine piece-writing, his entire creative life changed.

He was no longer immured in his workshop; he was now getting out and meeting and interviewing dozens of interesting people in fascinating professions every week, and there were no holds barred on what he wrote. He became completely independent and autonomous and no longer needed a safety valve. That's why his science fiction stopped. Reality had become so colorful and rewarding that he no longer needed the refuge of fantasy. That's where he's been; in the real world, the adult world, hopefully still learning, maturing, experimenting.

'He' (You) seems to be saying that science fiction is no profession for a grown man.

My answer will win me many enemies, but to hell with them. Science fiction is no profession for a grown man. It can be a delightful hobby, but never to be taken seriously. Those who devote themselves to science fiction full time are often cases of arrested development. You have only to read the letters written by science fiction authors to the *SFWA Bulletin* to take my point. So many of them are completely childish. They sound like children squabbling in a playpen.

* * *

Science fiction was never a source of my income; it has always been a delightful recreation. As a matter of fact, when Horace Gold coaxed and badgered me into writing *The Demolished Man*, I lost money. I had to give up two shows to do the job. But I must admit that I didn't like the shows I was writing anyway.

How did you come to work with H.L. Gold? And what was he like?

I presume that Horace Gold and I met in the radio days before WWII, but it must have been so casual that I really didn't know who he was when he telephoned me out of a clear sky after the war to ask me to write for *Galaxy*, which he had launched with tremendous success. I begged off, explaining that I had never been much of a science fiction author, had no high opinion of my ability compared to the greats of the time, and anyway was busy with other work.

Horace didn't give up. He would call every so often to chat and gossip, in the course of which he managed to argue that I was really a better writer than I thought, that he wanted very much to have me in *Galaxy*, and didn't I have any ideas I'd be interested in working out? Then we'd go on to shop-talk about the ideas of the contemporary science fiction writers and how we felt they'd handled or mishandled them.

I enjoyed these professional gossips with Horace so much that I began to feel beholden to him. At last I agreed to submit some story ideas for his judgment and sent him perhaps a dozen. Horace called, discussed them all very sensibly and realistically, and at last suggested combining two of the ideas into what ultimately became *The Demolished Man*. He knew that I wanted to write an 'open' suspense story in which no secrets are kept from the reader except the final resolution.

The coaxing phone calls continued. Horace had had frightful experiences in the European and Pacific theaters during WWII, had been released from the service suffering from complete agoraphobia, and was therefore housebound. He could not leave his apartment. So he lived on the phone and it was on the phone that the book progressed from the exploratory stage to the planning stage, each of us receiving ideas from the other. It was an ideal collaboration of author and editor, and the next thing I knew Horace had maneuvered me into committing myself to writing the novel. The collaboration continued throughout most of the early stages of the book, but when I really got under way and began to pick up momentum, I didn't need to appeal to Horace for help and advice as often as before. He understood this, too. He really was, for me, the ideal editor.

What was he like? About five-ten, heavy-set, going bald, strangely pale, almost transparent after having been indoors so many years. He had a fine baritone voice, was well-spoken often with comedic inflections. He had a keen sense of humor and the absurd, but at the same time an intensely personal and psychiatric-oriented approach to stories and ideas. We could always agree and disagree and argue with equanimity because we both knew we liked and respected each other. There was never any danger of loss of face, and certainly no competition between us. Above all else, Horace tried to make his writers write better

than their very best, and I admired that.

Horace didn't have to badger me into writing *Stars, My Destination.* After the success of the first book (which came as a tremendous surprise to me) I was encouraged to try again. I already had the premise and pattern of the story well in mind. I took off for Europe and lived abroad for a couple of years, and the novel was written thousands of miles away from Horace. He knew I was working on it, of course, as did some others (I had to keep writing to Horace, Tony Boucher, and Willy Ley for fact information; the libraries in Rome were inadequate for my purposes) and when I returned to New York with the ms. there was some competition for the book. Horace held strongly that I was morally obliged to let him have it and I had to agree with him.

In your letters you repeatedly use the words 'professional' and 'professionalism.' How would you define them?

Professionalism seems to be a dirty word today, which rather embarrasses me because although I speak the vulgate of the entertainment business, my most damning curse is 'unprofessional.' Civilians can't understand this and seem to resent it. (The expression 'civilians' for nonprofessionals was coined by Sylvia Fine, Mrs. Danny Kaye.) 'Civilian' is the ultimate in contempt for me, but it must be understood that I have no contempt for the civilian at large, he's a nice, appreciative guy; I'm only contemptuous of the civilian who pretends to be a professional without the slightest idea of what it's all about.

What is professionalism? The definition is short and simple, but with enormous ramifications. When you're a pro the job is the boss. The professional is dedicated to getting the job done. The job rules him and takes precedence over his or anybody else's personal problems: pride, hostility, jealousy, ambition, ego, etc. My God! the number of so-called pros who were really civilians that I've tried to work with in my time! You get nowhere with them. Civilians have a tendency to equate professionalism with slickness and superficiality. This is a mistake. The most realistic and naturalistic performance by an artist is usually the end-product of the severe training and discipline of an experienced professional. And it is only training and discipline that can transform the civilian into a pro.

Severe training and discipline implant in the writer: A deadline must be met. Let the world crumble over your head, but meet your deadline. Always write a story the hard way. When you have an idea a dozen easy ways of treating it will come to mind. Reject them. Search and sweat for the hardest, most challenging way of handling the idea. The tougher the challenge, the better the story. Give an idea time to mature in the back of your mind. It's a mistake to band into a story the very moment you have an idea. Be on the alert at all times for material you may be able to use: situations, characters, fragments of conversation, the most trivial incidents. Keep a Commonplace Book and enter them. Read everything you possibly can with an iron memory for what you've read. Always think story. Don't think about a story. When you think about a story you're outside it as a bystander. When you think story you're in it, acting and feeling all the roles. There's a last, extremely subtle requirement which very few people, professionals included, can understand. You must train yourself to think, speak, and write the identical language.

No writer should start a story with only a vague idea of where he wants to go and how he's going to get there. That's Disaster City, and that's why I insist one must allow time for an idea to mature. I've already said that one must train and discipline oneself to write the hard way. If a writer falls into the habit of easy, indifferent work, he has only himself to blame. There's no mystery to this. He knows that professional athletes must go into hard training to prepare themselves for their work. Doesn't it occur to him that the same holds true for writers? A first rate professional writer stays in hard training all his life and is willing to pay the price. Willing? Eager! What makes a hack or a sell-out? Flabbiness of character. The art is the man; the man is the art.

I am what I write; I write what I am. There's no line separating the job from Bester. We are one and indivisible. Don't forget, I'm thinking story. I am the story and the story is me, often to the amusement of my wife. How many times have I heard her say to a friend, "He doesn't like me these days. He just married his ingenue."

I have only one religion, my profession, and if there's a patron saint of writers I know

I can look him in the eye and say, "I may have failed often but, by God, I never betrayed my religion."

How do you write?

How? Let's use the history of "Fondly Fahrenheit" as an example. I had come across a throw-away by Mark Twain about the first Negro slave to be executed for murder in Missouri. Twain reported that the slave had been guilty of the same crime in Virginia, but his owner had smuggled him out because the slave was too valuable to be given up to justice. I thought this conflict would make an exciting concept for a story, extrapolated into the future, and entered it in my Commonplace Book. There it rested for a time. I tried outlining occasionally but got nowhere because I hadn't yet tackled the problem of how a perfectly conditioned android could do such an irrational thing as murder.

Later, leafing through my notes, I came across an entry on the statistics of crime and violence and the fact that they usually come to a peak in hot weather. "Ah!" I said to myself, "that explains the android. His is a thermo-biological reaction."

I began outlining again but as I got deeper into the story I was blocked again. "So the master discovers that the slave responds irrationally to heat," I said to myself. "So what? It's not enough. The story needs something more." It was put away and more time passed. Then, again leafing through the Commonplace Book, looking for something else, I came across a note on psychotic projection; that the psychotic often unconsciously projects his madness onto others. The writer's mind, always on the alert, always opportunistic, said, "This is the extra you've been looking for in the android story. The slave isn't mad; it's the master."

At this point I took fire and began to pace excitedly, running the story through my mind over and over again, visualizing the characters, conflicts, and scenes, feeling the patterns and the tempo of the story. I was now inside it. Suddenly I recalled a device which I'd never been permitted to try on TV, that of telling a story from a multiple point of view. "By God! That's the final touch. It'll work perfectly," I said, ran for the typewriter and started work. The story was two years taking shape. It took two days to write the first draft. This is how I work; a long, patient preparation, and then the actual writing in a burst.

Back to definitions. How would you define an artist? A hack? A 'serious novelist'?

I'm reluctant to define terms, but I'll have a try. Hack, to me, means a writer who uses old formulas and cliches which may have been novel many years ago but which are stale and exhausted today. He also uses cardboard characters. It must always be the author's job to lead and astonish the reader. The hack never bothers with this ideal; he's just making a living.

"But a man must live," you may say. "Not without dignity," I answer. And don't think my dignity came cheap; it had to be earned the hard way.

In my opinion the artist is anyone who creates, from a housewife creating a new recipe to the graphic artist who creates a new sight or the composer who creates a new sound. A great biologist was once asked what discovery was. He said, "Discovery is seeing what everybody sees, but thinking what no one else has thought." This would be my definition of art and the artist.

I really can't say what a 'serious novelist' is. I'm afraid I'm hostile to the idea as a portentous concept of the literary establishment to which I'm also hostile. One story may illuminate my attitude. I was sitting and chatting with Mel Brooks in my summer cottage out on Fire Island. A young script-writer came in and began complaining bitterly about the compromises he was being forced to make by the networks. After he left I said to Mel, "Good God! What have we been doing but compromising all our working lives, with networks, clients, stars. It's an achievement if we can get half of what we want through." Mel made a face. "He's a dreamer," he said. "If he can't compromise let him go to an ivory tower and write a serious novel. And good luck to him." That's my idea of the 'serious novelist.' I'm in the entertainment business. I leave messages to Western Union.

None of these terms have any effect on me. I learn from the writers I enjoy and admire, no matter how they're classed. I write the damned best stories and articles I possibly

can in my own style which has developed by now. I experiment and often fail. I experiment and sometimes succeed. I go my own way, which often confuses and frightens editors. I'm used to that.

I was senior editor of *Holiday* for five years, the best they ever had and one of the best in the city. I know all about editors and editing and you won't like what I'm going to tell you. Neither will they. The majority of editors are miserable creatures because they're failed writers, so they're always trying to get into the writer's act. The good, creative editors understand and respect writers and knock themselves out trying to inspire them to do even better than their very best. Bad writers usually resent this; I don't know why. Maybe it's a problem of ego and vanity, but it's damned foolish to reject a helping hand. If an editor suggests changes to me, I'm always delighted to discuss them and explore what effect they will have on the story. I agree as often as I disagree. I'm only adamant about two things: I make all changes myself; I will not permit anyone else to mess around with my copy, and if the suggestion is merely a different but no better way of doing what I've already done I'll have no part of it.

What do you think of the 'New Wave'?

Quite frankly, I know absolutely nothing about 'New Wave' science fiction. I've heard and read about the disputes it has generated but I don't know what all the shouting's about. All I can say is that I welcome anything new, am always most sympathetic to the breaking away from old traditions which have a tendency to fossilize, and always hope to learn something from even the wildest and most outrageous experiments. I repeat again, I repeat always, it's our job to lead and astonish. Jerry Wald, the film producer, once told me that he met Pablo Picasso in Paris. After some polite conversation Wald asked, "What are you doing now, Mr. Picasso?" Picasso, then seventy-seven, answered, "I'm looking for a new style."

*Conducted by mail between November 22 and December 20, 1971

Coming Attractions

F&SF - - July

Serial
The Brave Free Men, by Jack Vance
Short Stories
A Practical Invention, by Leonard Tushnet
3-OK, by Ruth Berman
For a While There, Herbert Marcuse, I Thought You Were Maybe Right about Alienation and Eros, by Robin Scott Wilson
A Sense of the Future, by Stephen Barr
A New and Happy Woman, by Wayne Bongianni
Shaffery Among the Immortals, by Frederik Pohl
Science
The Tragedy of the Moon, by Isaac Asimov
Cover by Ron Walotsky for "The Brave Free Men"

GALAXY - - July/August

Serial
Dying Inside, by Robert Silverberg
Novella
Seventy Years of Decpop, by Philip Jose Farmer
Novelette
For G.O.D.'s Sake, by David Gerrold
Short Stories
Farewell to the Artifacts, by Sandy Fisher
Woman's Rib, by Thomas N. Scortia
Cover by Jack Gaughan, suggested by "Farewell to the Artifacts"

IF - - July/August

Serial
The Book of Rack the Healer, by Zach Hughes
Novella
The Merchants of Venus, by Frederik Pohl
Short Stories
Last Train from Earth, by Doris Piserchia
Comet, Cairn and Capsule, by Duncan Lunan
Hard Sell, by Piers Anthony
The Men at Kappa, by William Lee
Cover by Jack Gaughan, suggested by "The Book of Rack the Healer"

Current Issue
AMAZING - - July

Serial
Other Days, Other Eyes, by Bob Shaw
Novella
The Unknown, by Christopher Anvil
Novelettes
Freedom Across the River, by Robert Taylor
There's a Special Kind Needed Out There, by William Rotsler
Short Story
Smileaway, by Bruce Paley
Portfolio
Frank R. Paul: Ralph 124C 41+, by Hugo Gernsback
Cover by Todd and Bode

For the Record
ANALOG - - May

Serial
A Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah! by Harry Harrison
Short Novel
Solo Kill, by S. Kye Boult
Short Stories
Lunchbox, by Howard Waldrop
The Observer, by Clifford D. Simak
Mirror Image, by Isaac Asimov
Science Fact
Celestial Mechanics, by Rowland E. Burns
Editorial
Life Cycles
Cover by Leo Summers for "Solo Kill"

Current Issue
ANALOG - - June

Serial
A Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah! by Harry Harrison
Novelettes
Hero, by Joe W. Haldeman
The Darkness to Come, by Robert B. Marcus Jr.
Short Stories
Klysterman's Silent Violin, by Michael Rogers
Science Fact
Strong Poison 2, by Carl A. Larson

Editorial
The Mystic West
Cover by Kelly Freas for "Hero"

MAY/JUNE ACE TITLES

Leiber, Fritz You're All Alone. 95146, May 95¢
LeGuin, Ursula Rocannon's World. 73291, May 75¢
Dick, Philip K. Vulcan's Hammer. 86608, May 75¢
Norton, Andre The X Factor. 92552, May 75¢
Darlton, Clark Perry Rhodan 13: The Immortal Unknown. 65982, May 60¢
Eklund, Gordon A Trace of Dreams. 82070, May 95¢
Putney, Susan K. Against Arcturus / Time Thieves, by Dean R. Koontz. 00990, May 95¢
LeFebure, Charles Daughters of the Devil. 13887, May 95¢
Compton, D. G. The Missionaries. 53570, June 75¢
Delany, Samuel R. The Fall of the Towers. 22641, June $1.25
Burroughs, Edgar Rice The Eternal Savage. 21802, June 75¢
Norton, Andre Daybreak-2250. 13992, June 75¢
Mahr, Kurt Perry Rhodan 14: Venus in Danger. 65983, June 60¢
Chandler, A. Bertram The Inheritors, and Gateway to Never. 37062, June 95¢

MAY/JUNE BERKLEY TITLES

Sendy, Jean Those Gods Who Made Heaven and Earth. N2130, May 95¢
Coulson, Juanita The Secret of Seven Oaks (not sf) S2167, May 75¢
Harrison, Harry, ed. The Year 2000. N2117, May 95¢
Disch, Thomas M., ed. The Ruins of Earth. N2175, June 95¢
New Worlds Quarterly 4. N2176, June 95¢

DAW MAY/JUNE TITLES

Wollheim, Donald A., ed. The 1972 Annual World's Best SF. UQ1005, May 95¢
Geston, Mark S. The Day Star. UQ1006, May 95¢
Stableford, Brian M. To Challenge Chaos. UQ1007, May 95¢
Sutton, Jeff The Mindblocked Man. UQ1008, May 95¢
Dickson, Gordon R. Tactics of Mistake. UQ1009, June 95¢
Elgin, Suzette Haden At the Seventh Level. UQ1010, June 95¢
Klein, Gerard The Day Before Tomorrow. UQ1011, June 95¢
Koontz, Dean R. A Darkness in My Soul. UQ1012, June 95¢

DOUBLEDAY FORECASTS

Brunner, John From This Day Forward. June $5.95
Effinger, George Alec What Entropy Means to Me. June $4.95
Anvil, Christopher Pandora's Planet. July $5.95
Lafferty, R. A. Okla Hannali. July $5.95
Wylie, Philip The End of the Dream. July $5.95
Biggle, Lloyd jr. The Metallic Muse: a collection of science fiction stories. July $5.95
Knight, Damon, ed. Perchance to Dream. August $5.95
Silverberg, Robert Recalled to Life. August $4.95

LANCER JUNE/JULY TITLES

Donis, Miles The Fall of New York. 78704, June $1.25
Williamson, Jack Seetee Ship - Seetee Shock. 78706, June $1.25
Campbell, John W. Cloak of Aesir. 75333, June 95¢
Asimov, Isaac View from a Height. 33020, June $1.25
Malzberg, Barry N. Overlay. 75345, July 95¢
Brunner, John Into the Slave Nebula. 75346, July 95¢

POPULAR LIBRARY JULY TITLES

Fairman, Paul W. The Frankenstein Wheel. 01544 75¢
Gardner, Matt The Curse of Quintana Roo. 01548 75¢
Ostrander, Kate The Ghosts of Ballyduff. 00352 95¢

SF BOOK CLUB JUNE/JULY

Asimov, Isaac The Gods Themselves. June $1.98
Blish, James Midsummer Century. June

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Guest Editorial

A NON-EDITORIAL
by Greg Bear

In portions of the nation today there is a rising trend to view the problems of society in a simplistic fashion. When at one time (and even now, among some factions) sex was considered the major element of that group of evils, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, it was thought (with the same logic that gave us voodoo and other forms of symbolistic magic) that the denial of the symbol of sex would eliminate the problem itself. Now, it is generally acknowledged that sex is not as bad as we were told it was—society is changing in its usual formless, but by-no-means patternless way—and we find ourselves faced with the far more painful and realistic problem of violence.

The problem, of course, is not new, and the voodoo solutions of Frederic Wertham and crew were far from new when they were first enacted to bring about the comics code and effectively end the career of EC and similar companies. But did people find themselves surrounded by nice, well-adjusted kids after the symbol had been eliminated? Not at all. The crime rate among juveniles has risen tremendously, and in psychiatric circles (not to mention circles of comic fans) Frederic Wertham is a laughable, pitiable name.

But Wertham is himself a symbol, and the elimination of his personal effectiveness hasn't eliminated the problem he represents.

In California it will be a misdemeanor to sell toy bombs, grenades, 'monster' dolls, mock torture instruments, and toys of that ilk after the first of July, 1972. The bill enacted by Governor Reagan from a measure proposed by Assemblyman John Burton had been killed in three previous legislative sessions, but because of its political 'harmlessness' and general unimportance, it was passed and is now on the books waiting for the inevitable legal scrabbles which will render it ineffective. Assembleyman John Burton is, you see, a small-fry, and his bill is a concession with two aims. First, it will pander to the growing sentiment against war and organized violence (of the young people) and to the physically similar, but socially different resentment of rising crime rates—that is, unorganized violence and theft. It will, of course, bring Burton's name into the limelight and give him the self-image, if not the public image, of being a crusader.

Crusaders on moral issues have always frightened me far more than the issues they've fought for or against, generally because their tone is one of holier-than-thou, I shall lead thee! But in this case I am less frightened than amused.

The aim of the bill is not to stop the sale of toy weapons, even though Burton says he would like to extend it to cover such things as machine guns and bazookas, "that I think are harmful to the mental well-being of children..." The aim is to principally stop one major company, Aurora Plastics, from manufacturing a variety of model kits which utilize basically gruesome themes. Burton's definition of gruesome and unhealthy is broad, including "Frankenstein, Dracula, Wolfman, Mummy, King Kong, Creature, Hunchback," etc. model kits. The result of this is that Frankenstein and Dracula, two of the most beloved creations of the twentieth century (rivaling even Mickey Mouse), and the actors who portrayed them in such an effective fashion, are now in a sense outlaws.

Yet the examples Burton uses in his campaign are generally rather disgusting. One of the lead items is a Vampirella (yes, Forry) model kit with the darling vamp swinging a pendulum down over another luscious, scantily clad bit of squirming femininity. A sharp pendulum, a la Edgar Allan Poe. This is, let's face it, a little gross, and the guillotine kit which Aurora has made much money on is also a bit gruesome—no thanks to the financial wizardry of Jim Warren and the Aurora designers.

But it is equally gross and disgusting to suggest that these self-same model kits, along with weapons of mass violence, will cause mental aberrations in the minds of our youngsters. This is, in fact, only an excuse to impose moral will on those too weak to understand or fight back—for example, the poor, grimy, thirteen-year old kid that we all once were, who has such fun reveling in the impact of death and destruction. Death and its ally, pain and suffering, are fascinating things to all young children, as fascinating as sex, because they are prominent forces in the real world. If they are met with censorship and

fear, they will be dealt with in real situations with ignorance and terror. The printed word, where horror stories far more gruesome than any Aurora kit abound and have given us fits of delicious, harmless fear, is sacred—an issue beyond the reach of aspiring midgets like Burton. But toys are not. Our children are being seduced by the nasty, perverted toy manufacturers—a misleading sentiment held by young and old alike.

But the power of the symbol is enormous. The toy kits represent, not violence and death themselves, but easily banished symbols. In mythology the scape-goat, belled and cast out of the village with the sins of the citizens on its back—not to mention the omnipotent scape-goat of Christ—has long been analyzed and considered in terms of superstition, along with all such symbolistic magic.

But like Wertham, Burton is now the magician, the shaman, waving his wand (and like all self-righteous magicians, behaving a little foolishly) and banishing the scape-goat.) et thee hence, Aurora, and take our sins with thee.

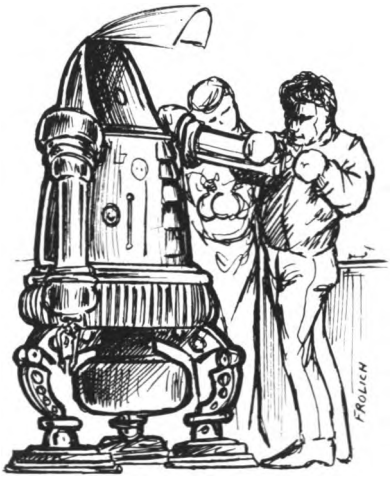
Burton is not alone. The television show *All in the Family* has gathered much criticism because of its honest appraisal of racism and other moral issues. A game based on the Puzo novel *The Godfather* has also been drawing criticism, because of its allegedly racist allegation that the Mafia and the Cosa Nostra are basically Italian organizations.

Congressman Mario Biaggi of New York's 24th District has said (in a quote from *Parade*, a Sunday-supplement magazine) that "In this game, a child can make book, engage in extortion, be a loan shark, or hijack goods without any *fear of punishment* for these illegal acts." (Italics mine—and it is, by the way, now legal to make book in New York). Biaggi, then, is suggesting that we should not be able to escape criminal shame even in our daydreams, even in our games and play. In Orwell, this is known as 'thought-crime.' Biaggi, consciously or otherwise, is setting himself up as a moral judge and, incidentally, as a thought-cop. That, to me, is disgusting and frightening, far more than the inane Vampirella. (A definitely bigoted side-note: Biaggi bears a resemblance to Frank Nitti on the old Robert Stack show, *The Untouchables.*)

None of these bills are radically strong or imposing. They are, in fact, only mildly irritating—like buzzing mosquitoes. They won't last long in court.

But what of our representatives in government who spend their time battling shadows and casting out belled goats? What of their more important activities—like eliminating the conditions which breed violence, and not the symbols? What of their Carrie Nation-Frederic Wertham self-righteousness which makes them believe they are effective and useful?

This, I believe, is where the issue may be painful.



Have You Read?

Adler, Michael "There Really Was a Dracula, Historians Discover" *National Enquirer*, April 23

Alpert, Hollis "Milk-plus and Ultra-violence" (Kubrick) *Saturday Review*, Dec. 25 p.40-1+

Babrick, Jean A. [Reply to "Science Fiction: Bridge Between Two Cultures" by Sheila Schwartz] *English Journal*, April p.582-3

Bailey, Hilary "Blast Off! SF for the Younger Reader" *Times Educational Supplement*, Oct. 22 p.23
"Time and the Space Ship" *Times Educational Supplement*, Nov. 12 p.19

Balcerzak, Ewa "Stanislaw Lem - At Midpoint Between Science and Thought" *Polish Literature* no.3, 1971 p.3-8

Barber, Bob "Prisoners Resist Clockwork Orange Aversion Therapy" *Los Angeles Free Press*, March 3 p.9

Briney, Robert E. "Sax Rohmer Revisited" pt. 2 *Views and Reviews*, Winter 1972 p.56

Burgess, Jackson "A Clockwork Orange" (review) *Film Quarterly*, Spring p.33-6

Cater, Bill "The Lord of the Legends" (Tolkien) *London Times Magazine*, Jan. 2 p.24-5+

Chedzoy, Alan "Side-effects of Tolkien" *Guardian* (London) Jan. 12

Clarke, Arthur C. "What Ever Happened to Flying Saucers?" *Saturday Evening Post*, Summer 1971 p.10

Cocks, Jay "Space Oddity" (Silent Running) *Time*, April 17 p.91
"Time Machine" (House of Wax) *Time*, Jan. 31 p.40-1

Coleman, John "Kubrick's Ninth" (Clockwork Orange) *New Statesman*, Jan. 14 p.55-6

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Crossley, Winnifred Moffett "Reach for the Moon: Books for Children and Young People" *Top of the News*, April p.297-302

Cyclops "Vonnegut Turn Deserves Another" *Life*, March 17 p.16

Darrach, Brad "Andromeda's Author Casts a Long Shadow in Hollywood" *Life*, March 3 p.65

Drury, Roger W. "Realism Plus Fantasy Equals Magic" *Horn Book Magazine*, April p.113-9

Farmer, Philip Jose "Tarzan Lives" *Esquire*, April p.127-9+

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"From the Gut" (Malcolm McDowell) *Newsweek*, Feb. 14 p.89-90

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Gilliatt, Penelope "Slaughterhouse" *New Yorker*, April 1 p.93

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Hill, Russell "Posing the Future" *Media & Methods*, March p.54-5

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Pilpel, Harriet F. & Alan U. Schwartz "A Deep Legal Look into the Crystal Ball" (2025 A.D.) *Publishers Weekly*, April 10 pt.2 p.82-5

Pousner, Michael "Beware! The Monsters are on the Loose Again" (horror movies) *Daily News* (New York), April 17 p.36

Reed, Rex "Brilliant Sci-Fi" (Silent Running) *Daily News* (New York), April 7 p.64

"Slaughterhouse-Five Dazzling Time-Tripper" *Daily News* (New York), March 24 p.62

Rice, Susan "Stanley Klockwork's Cubrick Orange: A Viewer's Guide" *Media & Methods*, March p.39-43

"Robert O'Brien" (Newbery Medal) *Top of the News*, April p.238-9

Saitta, Joseph "I Grock Spock: Star-Treck Convention[sic]" *Metropolitan Review*, Feb. 22 p.2-3+

Schickel, Richard "A Green Thumb in Outer Space" (Silent Running) *Life*, March 24 p.20R

Searles, Baird "Spawn of Amazing Stories" *The Village Voice*, March 30 p.26+

Seelye, John "Polysensuum Freak Show" (The Late Great Creature) *New York Times Book Review*, March 12 p.4+

Sheed, Wilfred "George Orwell, Artist" *The New York Times Book Review*, March 5 p.2+

Sheppard, R. Z. "Dream Ghoul" (The Late Great Creature) *Time*, March 27 p.94

Sturgeon, Theodore "If. . . ?" (book reviews) *New York Times Book Review*, March 5 p.36-7

"Sex, Spleen, Spirits and Spectra" *National Review*, May 12 p.535-6

Sutherland, Zena "Captive Author, Captivated Audience" (Lloyd Alexander) *Saturday Review*, April 22 p.78

Thane, Adele, adapt. "The Moonstone" (play) *Plays*, May p.79-89

Vitiello, Greg "Time & Timbuktu" (Vonnegut) *Image*, March p.6-9

"Vonnegut Blasts Off" *New York Times*, March 12

Walsh, Michael "Canada Gains a Noted Science Fiction Writer"(Vancouver SF Con & Philip K. Dick) *The Vancouver Province*, Feb. 21 p.25

"Science Fiction Comes of Age" (Vancouver SF Con) *Vancouver Province*, Feb. 18 p.1+

"Where Do You Stand on 'Orange'?" *New York Times*, Feb. 6

Zimmerman, Paul D. "Pilgrim's Progress" (Slaughterhouse-Five) *Newsweek*, April 3

"The Re-Greening of Earth" (Silent Running) *Newsweek*, March 20 p.113

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NEW RECORDS OF SF INTEREST

A Clockwork Orange (Soundtrack) Warner Bros. BS 2573 $5.98 list

Dear Friends — The Firesign Theatre. Columbia KG 31099 2-record set $5.98 list

In Search of Space — Hawkwind. United Artists UAS-5567 $5.98 list (includes 24-page illustrated booklet "The Hawkwind Log")

Science Fiction, by Ornette Coleman. Columbia KC 31061 $5.98 list

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COMING ATTRACTIONS

continued from Page 22

$1.49

Wollheim, Donald A., ed. The 1972 Annual World's Best SF. July $1.98

Gerrold, David When Harlie Was One. July $1.49

VIKING FORECASTS

Zamyatin, Yevgeny We. May $6.50

Hardin, Garrett The Voyage of the Spaceship Beagle: Exploring New Ethics for Survival (nf) June $8.95

Woodcock, George Dawn and the Darkest Hour: a Study of Aldous Huxley. June $6.95

Mike Gilbert

S F and the Cinema

SILENT RUNNING Universal Pictures release. Directed by Douglas Trumbull. Produced by Douglas Trumbull and Michael Gruskoff. Screenplay by Deric Washburn, Mike Cimino and Steven Bochco. Starring Bruce Dern, Cliff Potts, Ron Rifkin, Jesse Vint. Music composed and conducted by Peter Schickele. Original songs sung by Joan Baez. 90 min. Rating: G

Silent Running from Universal Pictures is an example of the growing number of serious science fiction films appearing these days. I don't think it will go down in the ranks of the all-time best sf films, but it has enough interesting points to warrant close study.

The picture was conceived and directed by Douglas Trumbull, who did some of the special effects for Kubrick's *2001*. *Silent Running* has many points of resemblance with *2001*; the story takes place on a spaceship far from Earth, and sentient machines play a major role. Unlike Kubrick, however, Trumbull puts the robots on the good guy's side.

Briefly, the plot goes something like this. In an unspecified future time, the only plant and animal life left is located in gardens enclosed in geodesic domes, which are themselves attached to space ships orbiting (for no good reason that is given in the film) the planet Saturn. Of the four man crew of the "Valley Forge," only one (played by Bruce Dern) really likes or appreciates plants, animals, natural things in general. The other three are colorless products of a sterile, artificial society which is now universal on Earth. They ridicule Dern's feeling for the little animals that inhabit the domes, and even his preference for natural foods over the synthetic variety.

Upon receipt of orders to destruct the domes and return to Earth, Dern blows his top and kills one of his crewmates when the latter tries to destroy one of the domes. Having committed himself to rebellion, Dern is forces to dispose of the other two crewmen as well. Dern reports a malfunction to tne fleet command ship and takes the "Valley Forge" through Saturn's rings. He is temporarily given up for dead by the fleet commander.

During his lonely journey around Saturn, Dern tries to pass the time by tending to his one remaining garden, and by personifying the little service robots called drones. In the end, his ship is rediscovered by a fleet of search vessels. Dern, with no place to go, destroys the "Valley Forge" with a nuclear charge. However, before he suicides, Dern ejects the garden—sending it on an endless journey into deep space, its living things being cared for by one remaining robot.

What we have here is a strong emotional statement wrapped in a nuts and bolts package. This is the sort of thing which Bradbury could have written, and it succeeds, at least partially, in creating a wistful, even tragic mood. After all, nobody likes to think of all those cute little bunnies and squirrels getting blown to atoms. How awful of nasty old mankind to rape his planet!

But wait a minute—there are a few unanswered questions here. First, how can man survive on Earth if all plant and animal life has died? Second, why was this project set up in the first place if man no longer cares about natural things? There are also some scientific weak points. For instance, what produces the artificial gravity aboard the "Valley Forge?" For another, why park the garden-ships in orbit around Saturn? The only reason seems to be that this makes possible an exciting run through the rings by the "Valley Forge" as it seeks to escape.

The plot tends to lag in the middle, which is understandable. Without his comrades, Dern is quite alone, and loneliness isn't too exciting. Also, there is a strong element of hopelessness about the whole film. Dern really is doomed from the start.

The film has two main strong points. The first is an almost poignant mood created by effective use of tne harmony and beauty of the garden and its creatures. A pair of wistful songs sung by Joan Baez add to the effect.

The other interesting aspect is the trio of little drones, squat robots which become Dern's 'friends' after the demise of the other humans. Dern teaches them to operate on a leg wound (received in his fight with one of the crewmen) and even to play poker. The poker playing scene is really something. Dern names the drones Huey, Dewey, and Louie. That may be a bit too much for some fans, but I liked it. The drones are certainly more

personable than the three human crewmen.

I should mention that the sets (hangar bays, control rooms, passage ways, computers, etc.) are incredibly impressive when one considers that the film's budget was only a little over a million dollars. I finally found out how they were able to do it—the film was shot aboard the mothballed aircraft carrier Valley Forge in Long Beach, California.

All in all, *Silent Running* is an interesting, if imperfect, attemt to deal with the problems of ecology and human loneliness in a science fiction setting.

—William L. Rupp

Douglas Trumbull's first effort as solo director is an amazing film, one of the finest science fiction films ever made, and a work of art in itself. Despite the precarious position of being relevant, and despite the strange mingling of child-like innocence with murder, ecology and eventual suicide, the film works on virtually all levels. Technically it's as fine an effort as we could expect from the man who engineered many of the special effects of *2001*, but it's more than just a technician's film gone wild. Trumbull has opted to use a straight science fiction plot—something close to what could be found coming from any top author in the field—and merge it with an uncluttered, realistic cinema touch. He's also created a compelling and mature children's film, with a moral problem most adults will cringe at. Which comes first—human lives, or idealistic goals? It seems an easy question until you consider the possible variations. Human life—or the art and literature of centuries? (Witness Bradbury's "Usher II.") Insert your own love, and see what you might be driven to do.

The pacing, at first glance, (at first viewing, in fact) seemed a little slow, and there was much extraneous dialogue which slowed things further. Trumbull may be taking clues from Kubrick, however, in post-release editing. On second viewing, many clumsy scenes had been lifted and the picture considerably tightened. This can be risky in a picture already below the standard running time of two hours, but somebody—probably Trumbull—had already made the decision that the movie should be no longer than the plot allowed.

The acting is stylish without being pretentious. There are nice touches provided by all the stars, and the actors and actress playing the drones—tiny robots originally designed for maintenance of the freighters—do amazing things with their limited material. Again, the machines emerge as completely sympathetic characters, almost human. This anthropomorphosis gives the film some of its childlike atmosphere—but Trumbull avoids Disneyish simplicity by having Freeman Lowell provide most of the humanizing observations. What human-like things the robots do—tapping toes impatiently, cheating at cards, 'mourning' the loss of a companion drone—are generally subtle, allowing the audience to provide the interpretation.

Trumbull has learned much from Kubrick about the basics of cinematography. He sustains certain scenes—particularly with Bruce Dern—to achieve a maximum emotional effect, and to use the actor to his utmost. The low (by comparison to *2001*) budget is hidden by skillful repetition of certain scenes, and the padding allows maximum cinematic quality without being obvious. Not once (on two viewings) does the reality of the film falter.

The visual effects, just a shade below those of *2001* as far as model-work believability, are otherwise enormously successful. The effects of Saturn are stunning, almost unbelievable, and the film is constantly providing a visual sense-of-wonder, often with as much impact as *2001*.

The more I see the film, the less critical I become. Trumbull has masterminded the project with admirable concern for all aspects of the film. His ingenuity in the face of budget limitations approaches genius. The bizarre touch of having paraplegics, legless 'cripples,' portray the drones, is technically satisfying and emotionally pleasing. It was hard, difficult work, obviously, but they were working, and acting (they're now members of the Screen Actors Guild) and they were necessary to the effect. Congratulations to all of them.

The music, composed by Peter Schickele (who did the Vanguard P.D.Q. Bach records) and sung by Joan Baez for two songs, is effective without being intrusive.

In short, I loved it, and I'm anxious to see more people with Trumbull's integrity and genius explore the field. I'm also waiting for Trumbull's next effort, whatever it may be. *[According to a recent television interview, his next film is set about 100 years in the future, where recreation time has increased almost 100%.—Editor]* —Greg Bear

TALES FROM THE CRYPT Cinerama release of Amicus Production. Directed by Freddie Francis. Produced by Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky. Screenplay by Subotsky. Starring Joan Collins, Peter Cushing, Roy Dotrice, Richard Greene, Ian Hendry, Patrick Magee, Barbara Murray, Nigel Patrick, Robin Phillips and Sir Ralph Richardson. 92 min. Rating: PG

These are five stories originally written by Al Feldstein, Johnny Craig and Bill Gaines (*Mad Magazine*) for *Tales from the Crypt* and *Vault of Horror* comic magazines. They all have a common factor in their gory moments of horror. Three have a definite element of fantasy, a la *Weird Tales*, while only one manages to pull any surprise in its particular twist of grisly humor. The stories are very loosely connected, as the five 'victims' become lost from a tour of an ancient catacombs, and find themselves living their forgotten 'last moments' of bloodthirsty terror.

In "All Through the House" we have the story of a murdered husband, and suitable retribution for the wife; "Reflection of Death" presents a man leaving his wife and children for another woman; in "Poetic Justice" a man harasses a kindly junk dealer to improve the neighborhood; "Wish You Were Here" is a modern version of "The Monkey's Paw"; and "Blind Alleys" is a clever tale of revenge.

The film is fast-paced and attention-holding throughout, and a must for all horror fans; although it does not quite come up to *Torture Garden* on which Milton Subotsky (as co-producer) and Freddie Francis collaborated about four years ago.

Tales from the Crypt has also just been released by Bantam Books (S7439, April 1972, 75¢) in a novelized version by Jack Oleck. The book does a rather inadequate job compared with the movie; most of the thrill is missing, as well as little bits and pieces which were noticeable by their absence. —F. Maxim

FROGS American International release. Directed by George McCowan. Produced by George Edwards and Peter Thomas. Screenplay by Robert Hutchison and Robert Blees from a story by Hutchison. Starring Ray Milland, Sam Elliott, Joan Van Ark, Adam Roarke, Judy Pace. Music composed and played by Les Baxter. 91 min. Rating: PG

This horror-ific little nightmare is like an ecologist's dream of sweet revenge on humankind. When frogs, lizards, snakes, insects, etc. all start ganging up on man, you know they're going to win no matter what. (See *The Hellstrom Chronicle* if you want a factual portrayal of how deadly the insect world can be just on its own.) The frogs, however, are rather harmless—they jump around in large numbers, but don't really do anything. It's the lizards, snakes, spiders et al which are really dangerous, as one by one the humans walk into their deadly traps.

Horror is here—not really the blood-and-guts variety—when you see tarantulas and scorpions attack, or snakes chasing a woman into a leech-filled swamp. There's more, all directed at those present for a family reunion on an 'island down South,' a Florida locale filled with lakes, streams and swamps ideal for this story. The end of course suggests that the danger is not limited to just this one area, as we suspected from the beginning.

—F. Maxim

NEWS AND NOTES

Bruce Cabot, the actor who played the hero in *King Kong* is dead of lung cancer at the age of 67. He died May 3 in Hollywood. . . J. Arthur Rank, founder of the Rank Organization, died March 29 in Winchester. He was 83 years old. His firm, which dominated the British film industry at the end of World War II, produced a number of science fiction films.

Sherpix has picked up worldwide release rights to Arch Oboler's 3-D science fiction film *The Bubble.* Reportedly the first 3-D feature which can be shown in drive-ins, it uses a prism process for projection instead of special lenses. . . Arch Oboler is suing Universal City Studios, MCA, inc., American Broadcasting Co., Richard Matheson and Playboy Magazine on charges of copyright infringement for another of his works. He says that "Duel" segment of a Movie of the Weekend, supposedly written by Matheson for Playboy was based on his 1942 radio script "What the Devil" on his Lights Out series. He claims the copyright was renewed in 1970 and the script was subsequently circulated through ad agencies.

Walt Disney Studios has been considering a 'humorous science fiction film,' and one of their choices for a subject could be Harry Harrison's *A Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah!* (currently being serialized in *Analog*). According to Harry, the deal is far from solid, but three of the five executives who make the decisions are on his side. (G. Bear)

Ted Cornell has just finished a science fiction novel, *Mr. Weiner and Mr. Adams,* in which the movies have already displayed an interest. . . Actor Alan Arkin is planning to direct Kurt Vonnegut's *Player Piano.* Arkin has also written the script. . . . Richard Bach's *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* has been bought for filming by producer-director Hall Bartlett. . . . Harry Hurwitz is making *Richard,* which will include a takeoff on *A Clockwork Orange.* It's a satire on the life of Richard Nixon.

The UFO TV series has now been picked up by 30 stations around the country. . . ABC Films has sold the serial *Dark Shadows* in 27 countries including Australia, Mexico, Thailand, Venezuela, Argentina and Uruguay. . . Time-Life Films has the British *Dr. Who* series available for U.S. broadcast. . . 20th-Fox TV in conjunction with SMS Associates of Chicago has started production of the pilot of *Haunted,* a projected half-hour series for syndication featuring Hans Holzer. Holzer is writing and producing the pilot, which will blend documentation and faithful recreation of ghostly phenomena. . . A new NBC series for fall will be *Ghost Story,* which also deals with the occult. They also plan a new Saturday morning children's program, *Sealab 2020,* about an underwater colony 50 years from now. . . ABC is dropping *Bewitched* from its fall lineup.

Amicus producer Max J. Rosenberg in London casting company's next film, *I Have No Mouth And I Must Scream.*

CURRENTLY IN RELEASE

Blood from the Mummy's Tomb American International release of Hammer production. Directed by Seth Holt. Produced by Howard Brandy. Screenplay by Christopher Wicking. Starring Andrew Keir, Valerie Leon, James Villiers. 82 min. Rating: PG

Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde American International release of Hammer production. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Produced by Albert Fennell and Brian Clemens. Screenplay by Clemens. Starring Ralph Bates and Martine Beswick. 95 min. Rating: PG

Fritz the Cat Cinemation release of Steve Krantz production. Adapted and directed by Ralph Bakshi. Based on characters created by Robert Crumb. Cartoon. 77 min. Rating: X

Je T'aime, Je T'aime New Yorker Films release. Directed by Alain Resnais. Screenplay by Jacques Sternberg. Starring Claude Rich and Olga Georges-Picot. 91 min.

Mark of the Devil German-made, English-dubbed import distributed by Hallmark Releasing Corporation. Directed by Michael Armstrong. Screenplay by Sergio Cassner. Starring Herbert Lom, Udo Kier, Olivera Vuco and Reggie Nalder. 90 min.

Slaughterhouse-Five Universal release of a Vanadas production. Directed by George Roy Hill. Executive producer Jennings Lang. Screenplay by Stephen Gellor, based on Vonnegut novel. Starring Michael Sacks, Ron Leibman, Eugene Roche, Sharon Gans, Valerie Perrine. 104 min. Rating: R

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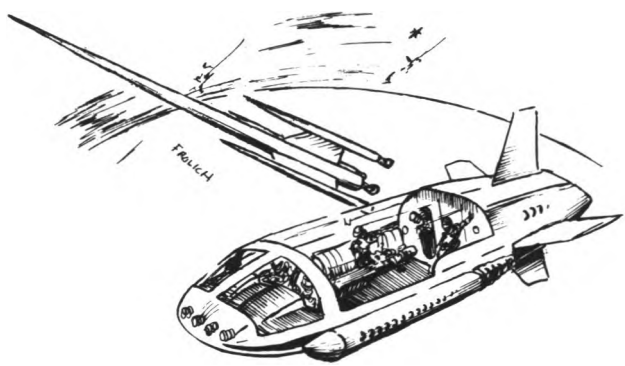
TAFF NOMINATIONS Nominations are being accepted until June 20 for a candidate from the United States. Each nomination should include three American and two European sponsors and a brief platform for the candidate. Copies of the nomination should be sent to Mario Bosnyak (c/o Rump, 1000 Berlin 62, Merseburger Str. 3, W. Germany), Eddie Jones (72 Antonio Street, Bootle, Lancashire L202 EU, England), and Elliot Shorter (Box 309 Jerome Ave. Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10462). A $5.00 bond should be sent to Elliot.

Editorial

We have, unfortunately, found it necessary to publish another double issue. For a number of reasons we have been off schedule since last fall, and our efforts to correct this have not been effective. We're hoping that this double issue provides the assist needed to return to a normal publication date. We also have a fair backlog of material we wish to publish and the larger issue allows us to run more of it sooner than we could normally.

Our operating results for 1971 are in and they show some small improvement over the previous years. We received $2,776 in subscriptions and advertising; spent $3,088 in publication and mailing expenses and $465 in other direct expenses. This left us with a deficit of $777 for the year. With our new IBM equipment we expect to be able to do a small amount of typesetting for others and this should produce some additional income—enough, we hope, to cover the additional expenses which the system has generated.



New Books

HARDCOVERS

Akinari, Uyeda TALES OF MOONLIGHT AND RAIN; Japanese Gothic Tales (tr. by Kengi Hamada) Columbia Univ. Press, March $7.50

Asimov, Isaac THE GODS THEMSELVES. Doubleday, May $5.95

THE LEFT HAND OF THE ELECTRON (essays) Doubleday, April $6.95

Bailey, J. O. PILGRIMS THROUGH SPACE AND TIME (facs repr) Greenwood Press $11.25

Biggle, Lloyd Jr. THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS. Doubleday, April $4.95

Blish, James MIDSUMMER CENTURY. Doubleday, May $4.95

Boyd, John THE GORGON FESTIVAL. Weybright & Talley (distr. McKay) May $4.95

Branan, John M. THE FUTURE MAKERS (marg) Vantage, 1971 $5.95

Brown, Marcia, illus. CINDERELLA, or; The Little Glass Slipper. Scribners $4.50

Brunner, John THE WRONG END OF TIME (repr) SF Book Club, April $1.49

Bulgakov, Mikhail DIABOLIAD and Other Stories (tr, repr, part sf) Indiana Univ. Press, April $5.95

Carpenter, Frances PEOPLE FROM THE SKY: Ainu Tales from Northern Japan (juv) Doubleday, May $3.95

Cooper, Edmund THE OVERMAN CULTURE. Putnam, April $5.95

Cox, Wally & Everett Greenbaum THE TENTH LIFE OF OSIRIS OAKS (juv fty)Simon& Schuster, March $4.95

Cresswell, Helen UP THE PIER (juv fty, repr Brit) Macmillan, April $4.95

Crichton, Michael THE TERMINAL MAN (marg) Knopf, May $6.95

Damjan, Mischa THE LITTLE GREEN MAN (juv, repr Swiss, English by Alvin Tresselt) Parents, Feb. $3.95

deCamp, L. Sprague SCRIBBLINGS (stories, poems, essays) NESFA (P.O. Box G, MIT Station, Cambridge, Mass. 02139) April $5.00

Ellison, Harlan, ed. AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS. Doubleday, March $12.95

Englekirk, John Eugene EDGAR ALLAN POE IN HISPANIC LITERATURE (repr 1934 ed) Russell & Russell $22.00

Farmer, Philip Jose TARZAN ALIVE: A Definitive Biography of Lord Greystoke. Doubleday, April $5.95

Flood, Charles Bracelen TROUBLE AT THE TOP (marg) McGraw, March $6.95

Fry, Rosalie K. MUNGO (juv marg fty) Farrar, March $4.50

Garfield, Leon THE GHOST DOWNSTAIRS (juv supernat, repr Brit) Pantheon, May $3.95

Haining, Peter, ed. GOTHIC TALES OF TERROR: Classic Horror Stories from Great Britain, Europe and the United States, 1765-1840. Taplinger, April $11.95

Harris, Christie SECRET IN THE STLALAKUM WILD (juv supernat) Atheneum, April $4.95

Harris, Rosemary THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR (juv, repr Brit, 3d of trilogy) Macmillan, April $4.95

Herbert, Frank SOUL CATCHER (not sf) Putnam, March $6.95

Hoke, Helen, ed. DRAGONS, DRAGONS, DRAGONS (juv) F. Watts, March $5.95

Holman, Felice THE FUTURE OF HOOPER TOOTE (juv fty) Scribner, Spring $4.95

HORROR COMICS OF THE 1950's. Nostalgia Press $19.95

Hunter, Mollie THE HAUNTED MOUNTAIN (juv supernat) Harper, April $3.95

Hurwood, Bernhardt J. PASSPORT TO THE SUPERNATURAL: An Occult Compendium from all Ages and Many Lands (repr Brit) Taplinger, March $7.50

Jakes, John TIME GATE (juv) Westminster, April $4.75

Jones, Raymond F. MOONBASE ONE (juv, repr Brit) Criterion $4.95

Knight, Damon, ed. A SCIENCE FICTION ARGOSY (repr) SF Book Club, May $3.95

Kohn, Bernice ONE SAD DAY (marg juv fty) Third Press, distr. Viking, March $4.25

Kotzwinkle, William HERMES 3000 (marg fty) Pantheon, March $5.95

Lanier, Sterling THE PECULIAR EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER FFELLOWES (coll) Walker, April $5.95

Larson, Jean Russell THE GLASS MOUNTAIN and Other Arabian Tales (juv) Macrae Smith, April $4.95

Laumer, Keith THE INFINITE CAGE.

Putnam, May $5.95

Linton, E. Lynn, comp. WITCH STORIES (facs repr of 1861 ed) Grand River Books. n.p.

Luckhardt, Mildred Corell, comp. SPOOKY TALES ABOUT WITCHES, GOBLINS, DEMONS, AND SUCH (juv) Abingdon, April $5.95

Luzzati, Emanuele, adapt. PUNCH AND THE MAGIC FISH (juv fty, repr Ital) Pantheon, May $4.50

McDermott, Gerald, adapt. & illus. ANANSI THE SPIDER: A Tale from the Ashanti (juv) Holt, May $5.95

McNeill, Janet & Ingrid Fetz A MONSTER TOO MANY (marg juv fty) Little Brown, March $5.50

Mahy, Margaret THE BOY WITH TWO SHADOWS (juv fty) F. Watts, Jan. $4.95

Malzberg, Barry N. BEYOND APOLLO. Random, June $5.95

Manning-Sanders, Ruth A BOOK OF CHARMS AND CHANGELINGS (juv, repr Brit) Dutton, March $4.50

Mitgang, Herbert GET THESE MEN OUT OF THE HOT SUN (marg) Arbor House, distr. World, March $6.00

Myers, Walter Dean THE DRAGON TAKES A WIFE (juv fty) Bobbs, March $5.95

Norton, Andre DRAGON MAGIC (juv fty) Crowell, April $4.50

O'Brien, Robert C. A REPORT FROM GROUP 17. Atheneum, March $5.95

Pedler, Kit & Gerry Davis MUTANT 59: The Plastic Eaters (repr) SF Book Club, May $1.49

Raskin, Ellen FRANKLIN STEIN (juv fty) Atheneum $4.95

Rodgers, Mary FREAKY FRIDAY (juv fty) Harper, April $3.95

Rudorff, Raymond THE DRACULA ARCHIVES (nf) Arbor House, distr. World, March $5.95

Seligmann, Kurt MAGIC, SUPERNATURALISM AND RELIGION (orig: The history of magic, repr Brit) Pantheon, May $10.00

Sheckley, Robert CAN YOU FEEL ANYTHING WHEN I DO THIS? (coll, repr) SF Book Club, April $1.49

Sipherd, Ray THE WHITE KITE (juv fty) Bradbury, April $4.95

Skorpen, Liesel Moak PHIPPS (juv fty) Coward McCann, April $4.95

Sleator, William BLACKBRIAR (juv fty) Dutton, Spring $5.95

Stewart, Mary THE LITTLE BROOMSTICK (juv fty, repr Brit) Morrow, Spring $4.95

Storm, Theodor LITTLE JOHN (juv fty) Farrar, March $4.50

Thayer, Jane GUS AND THE BABY GHOST (juv) Morrow, March $3.95

Theobald, Robert & J. M. Scott TEG's 1994: An Anticipation of the Near Future. Swallow Press, March $6.00

Trader Vic THE MENEHUNES (juv fty) Doubleday, May $4.95

Turska, Krystyna TAMARA AND THE SEA WITCH (juv fty, Russian fairy story, repr Brit) Parents, March $3.95

Wahl, Jan MAGIC HEART (juv fty) Seabury, April $5.25

Walsh, Chad FROM UTOPIA TO NIGHTMARE (facs repr) Greenwood Press $9.25

Watson, Colin KISSING COVENS (repr Brit) Putnam, May $4.95

Weiss, Ken & Ed Goodgold TO BE CONTINUED... A Complete Guide to over 220 Motion Picture Serials with Sound Tracks. Crown, April $9.95

Welcher, Jeanne K. & George E. Bush jr., eds. GULLIVERIANA, v.2 (The Travels of Mr. John Gulliver (1731) by P.F.G. Destontaines; Modern Gulliver's Travels: Lilliput (1796) by L. Gulliver jr., pseud) Scholars' Facsimiles & Reprints. $25.00

West, Paul COLONEL MINT. Dutton, May $6.95

Williams, Ursula Moray MALKIN'S MOUNTAIN (juv fty, repr Brit) T. Nelson, March $4.50

Williamson, Jack THE MOON CHILDREN. Putnam, June $5.95

Wojciechowska, Maia THROUGH THE BROKEN MIRROR WITH ALICE (juv fty) Harcourt, April $4.95

Woodhouse, Martin MAMA DOLL (marg, repr Brit) Coward, June $6.95

Zierold, Norman THE SKYSCRAPER DOOM. Lenox Hill $3.95

PAPERBACKS

Abé, Kobo INTER ICE AGE 4 (repr, tr) Berkley N2118, March 95¢

Anderson, Poul OPERATION CHAOS (repr) Lancer 75319, May 95¢

Anderson, Robert SOLITAIRE, DOUBLE SOLITAIRE (play) Dramatists Play

$1.50

Asimov, Isaac WHIFF OF DEATH (mystery, repr) Lancer 75316, May 95¢

Auden, Renee HIGH THRUST (ssf) Olympia OPS-42, 1971 $1.95

Bailey, J. O. PILGRIMS THROUGH SPACE AND TIME (facs repr) Greenwood Press $3.50

Ball, Brian N. THE PROBABILITY MAN. DAW Books UQ1003, April 95¢

Bayley, Barrington J. EMPIRE OF TWO WORLDS. Ace 20565, April 75¢

Blish, James GALACTIC CLUSTER (coll, 4 ptg) Signet T4965, April 75¢

THE SEEDLING STARS (4 ptg) Signet T4964, April 75¢

STAR TREK 6. Bantam S7364, April 75¢

Bode, Vaughn and Jack Gaughan BATTLE OF THE TITANS! (cartoons, reprint from Odd) Univ. of Ill. SF Society (IUSA, 284 Ilini Union, Urbana, Ill. 61801) 50¢

Brown, Marcia, illus. CINDERELLA, or; The Little Glass Slipper. Scribners 95¢

Bulmer, Kenneth ON THE SYMB-SOCKET CIRCUIT. Ace 63165, April 75¢

Cabell, James Branch DOMNEI and THE MUSIC FROM BEHIND THE MOON; Two Comedies of Woman-Worship (fty, repr) Ballantine 02545, March $1.25

Carnell, John, ed. NEW WRITINGS IN SF9 (repr Brit) Bantam S7245, May 75¢

Carter, Lin, ed. DISCOVERIES IN FANTASY. Ballantine 02546, March $1.25

Case, David FENGRIFFEN (marg supernat, repr) Lancer 75312, April 95¢

Christopher, John THE GUARDIANS (juv repr) Collier 04268 95¢

Clarke, Arthur C. THE SANDS OF MARS (repr) Harcourt HPL53, March $1.45

Craig, William THE TASHKENT CRISIS (marg, repr) Fawcett Crest M1700, May 95¢

Darlton, Clark PERRY RHODAN 12: The Rebels of Tuglan. Ace 65981, April 60¢

Dick, Philip K. THE GAME-PLAYERS OF TITAN (reissue) Ace 27310, April 75¢

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GODS, MEN AND GHOSTS: The Best Supernatural Fiction, ed. by E. F. Bleiler (coll) Dover 22808 $3.00

Elwood, Roger & Vic Ghidalia, eds. YOUNG DEMONS. Avon V2434, April 75¢

Field, George Wallis HERMANN HESSE (repr, nf) Hippocrene Books, March $2.95

Foster, Alan Dean THE TAR-AIYM KRANG. Ballantine 02547, March 95¢

Frierson, Meade, ed. HPL: A Tribute to Howard Phillips Lovecraft (1890-1937) Author (P. O. Box 9032, Crestline Hts., Birmingham, Ala. 35213) $3.00

Ghidalia, Vic, ed. THE MUMMY WALKS AMONG US. American Educational Publishers 75¢

Godden, Rumer THE FEATHER DUSTER (children's musical, from H. C. Andersen) Dramatic Publ. Co. $1.50

Goldsmith, David H. KURT VONNEGUT: Fantasist of Fire and Ice (nf) Bowling Green Univ. Popular Press, April $1.00

Goulart, Ron WILDSMITH. Ace 88872, April 75¢

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Hitchcock, Alfred, ed. ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS: TERROR TIME, More Tales from A Month of Mystery. Dell 8615, Feb. 75¢

Hoskins, Robert, ed. INFINITY THREE. Lancer 75320, May 95¢

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Kelley, Leo P., ed. THEMES IN SCIENCE FICTION: A Journey into Wonder (reader, Patterns in Literary Art series) Webster/McGraw-Hill, April $2.46

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Koontz, Dean R. STARBLOOD. Lancer 75306, April 95¢

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Lehner, Ernst & Johanna DEVILS, DEMONS, DEATH AND DAMNATION (nf, art) Dover 22751 $3.50

Lofts, Norah THE LITTLE WAX DOLL

(marg supernat, repr, orig: The Devil's Own, by Peter Curtis) Fawcett Crest M1662, Feb. 95¢

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TADASHI HIROSE

The Japanese sf world lost one of its most promising authors on March 9. Tadashi Hirose was walking in the streets of Tokyo when he suffered a sudden heart attack. He was 47. Mr. Hirose was a long-time member of Uchujin-Club and was instrumental in promoting several Japanese sf conventions. He started writing professionally in 1961. In 1970 he was ranked among popular sf writers, and since then he published three sf novels (*Minus Zero*, *Zis*, and *Eros*) in rapid succession. All of them were nominated for Naoki-Awards which is one of the most coveted literary awards in Japan. Three more of his books will be published shortly.

—Takumi Shibano

DIRCE ARCHER

Long time fan and collector Dirce Archer died on May 18 in Pittsburgh. During the week of May 6 she entered Montefiore Hospital because of an asthma attack; and while there, it was discovered that she had advanced peritonitis of the lower intestine. On May 12 they operated, but Dirce died 6 days later from operative shock.

Born March 30, 1906, Dirce was head of the Pittsburgh Science Fiction Society for many years. For the past decade she was agent for Kelly Freas at the sf conventions. She had compiled a huge index to the reprint magazines: *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*, *Fantastic Novels*, and *A. Merritt Fantasy Magazine*. This index is still unpublished. During the years of work on the index she became friendly with many of the living authors whose works were reprinted in these magazines, such as John Taine, Lord Dunsany, Victor Rousseau, C. T. Stoneham and many others.

In 1960 she was chairman of Pittcon—the 18th World Science Fiction Convention. At this convention the fan art show was inaugurated and Hugo Gernsback received a special Hugo. It was a well run, well organized and successful convention.

Dirce will long be remembered by her friends and enemies as a skillful fan politician and an inveterate collector.

—Ed and JoAnn Wood

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SCIENCE FICTION FOR THE BLIND continued from Page 13

regional library nearest you. A union card catalog -- by author only -- of all Braille books for the blind is maintained by the American Printing House for the Blind, 1839 Frankfort Avenue, Louisville, Ky. 40206. They can tell you which library has a copy of a specific sf book, if a library has reported its Braille holdings. Iowa is still the first choice, however.

Science fiction can expand the horizons of many readers, and the unseen worlds it opens up may be explored by the blind as well as the sighted. I hope this short article will open up such worlds to at least a few such readers.

Meet Our Reviewers

B. A. FREDSTROM Has been an ardent reader and minor collector of science fiction and fantasy since a misguided relative gave him a copy of If at the age of nine.

After three years with the U.S. Army in Europe as a psychological warfare writer, Fredstrom returned to the University of Oregon where in 1969 he earned a B.A. in journalism, submitting an honors thesis entitled "Science Fiction Fanzines: Communication in Microcosm." He is known to his friends as Scoop, a nickname given to him by the staff of a newspaper where he once worked, he comments, primarily because he never had a 'scoop.'

A 29-year-old bachelor, Fredstrom currently resides in Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada, where he is Publications Editor at the University of New Brunswick.

DAPHNE ANN HAMILTON I'm 28 years old, born and raised in West Virginia, and now working as a children's librarian among all these Yanks in Worcester, Mass. I suppose that gives me some background as a book reviewer; the editors will tell you I'm better at getting them read than at getting them reviewed. I've read a lot, ever since I can remember (standard comment: why don't you get up and do something instead of lying there reading?), and became a librarian because that way I could get paid for doing what I liked. Actually I haven't been reading science fiction very long. I read the Tom Corbett, Space Cadet series as a kid and then became a science fiction dropout; I can only remember reading four science fiction books between Space Cadet and Star Trek. After the first few episodes of Star Trek, I said "Hey, this science fiction stuff is pretty good" and went to the library. My first two books were Andre Norton's "The X Factor" and Arthur C. Clarke's "Across the Sea of Stars," and I've been stuck on science fiction ever since. I've always read heavily in folklore, mythology, and fantasy, which are still my favorite fields (top rated: Kenneth Grahame, Tolkien, Alan Garner, Lloyd Alexander), and my favorite science fiction books are those which lean strongly towards these fields. I suppose it's because I believe with a character in Marguerite Henry's "Misty of Chincoteague": "Facts are fine, fer as they go, but they're like water bugs skittering atop the water. Legends, now -- they go deep down and bring up the heart of a story."

AL JACKSON I was born and grew up in Dallas, where in the mid fifties I joined the Dallas Futurians of which I am the last left in Texas. I have been in and around fandom for 15 years and read sf for the last 18. I have written for several fanzines and have been the associate editor of Trumpet. I have a long and abiding interest in sf as cinema.

After working at the Manned Spacecraft Center for nearly 5 years I have returned to school and am working for a Ph.D in physics.

JUDY McQUOWN Born April 8, 1941. Was also an early reader. Attended Bronx High School of Science, where she met Norm Spinrad and Elliot Shorter. She then won a drama scholarship to Syracuse -- at which time she became acquainted with John Boardman. She later left Syracuse to finish her education at Hunter College, taking a double A.B. in English and Psychology.

She has been reading sf since junior high, and has recently discovered Georgette Heyer, making up for lost time by reading at least one book a day.

A former securities analyst until President Nixon's Depression last year, she is currently a freelance medical researcher, and with Mike makes ceremonial robes, altar cloths and other paraphernalia for occultists. In her spare time, she breeds gold-and-white German Shepherds and thinks about refinishing Caltrap Cottage, her hundred-year-old Victorian monstrosity.

SAMUEL MINES Native New Yorker—attended Columbia University spasmodiçally, switching from pre-med to journalism. Began free-lancing in the forties, sold more than 300 short stories, three novel lengths in the pulp field, grab-bag of westerns, detective, adventure, science fiction—edited six magazines for Pines Publications from 1942 to 1954. About 1950 became editor of Thrilling Wonder, Startling Stories, and Fantastic Stories, the latter short-lived. All died in 1954—went to Collier's as articles editor—that died and began second career as science writer in industry. Now senior science writer for Pfizer, specialties: medical research, nutrition, health, etc.

"Last Days of Mankind," Simon & Schuster, published July 1971—a primer on the environment and problems of conservation.

Contributing editor Ecology Today, national magazine published at West Mystic, Connecticut.

Actively researching new book and resuming general writing on free-lance basis. Reading, but not writing, science fiction at this point, not impressed with the New Wave.

WILLIAM L. RUPP I have been studying science fiction since I was a student of Noel Loomis back in 1963. The topic of my master's thesis was science fiction, and more recently I have been teaching sf, both at San Diego State Extension and at El Capitan H.S., Lakeside, Calif.

My written efforts, both articles and stories, have appeared in Analog, the California English Journal, LUNA, Riverside Quarterly, Godless, etc. The Analog story, "Just Peace" (Dec. 1971), is a collaboration with Vernor Vinge. I hope to expand it into a novel soon.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER Started reading sf at age 13 with adult Heinlein, promptly started reading prozines, contacted fandom by 14, began collecting pulps and reading Sol Cohen's reprints so got a good background in the sf of all periods, read rather widely into classical fantasy of the type Lin Carter is currently reprinting, was a great admirer of New Worlds until it dropped out of the field after Moorcock left then gave up in disgust, was the first contributor to Pierce's Renaissance (parodies) though don't believe in literary crusading. Favorite authors: Bradbury, Clarke, Dunsany, Cabell, Borges, Keller, Lovecraft, Disch, Moorcock, Heinlein, Zelazny, Delany, Tolkien, LeGuin, C. L. Moore, David Bunch. General approach to criticism: until an objective definition of 'good writing' can be found, all criticism is opinion, basically boils down to what the critic likes. Therefore it is up to the critic to try and convince the audience why he likes or dislikes a certain piece. Politics, religion, and other dogmas must be left out because then a worthwhile book is not only one which the reviewer likes, but one he agrees with.

JAMES MARK PURCELL Lives in Peoria, has taught college English 13 years. B.A. Duquesne; M.A. University of Pennsylvania; owes New York University a doctoral thesis. Wife, Carolann, and two kids, Bruce and Deirdre (the brains of the family). Publications: Mystery Reader's Newsletter, bibliographies-articles-reviews. Also, "Studies in Short Fiction" (scheduled), poetry magazines, reviews for the local Catholic Post. 10/71, joined the bibliography committee of the MLA's Research Association in sf. Interests: J. G. Ballard, old football statistics, Alexander Pope, Buster Keaton, Tolkien, religious history, and presently sf in French. Future hopes and plans: articles on Stanislaw Lem here and in Modern Fiction Studies; a teleplay intended for the CBC—a comic love-and-marriage story heavily influenced by theology, anthropology and sf. To counteract current trends among our power classes, I'm promoting a new political party based on skilled labor, literacy, patriarchal monogamy and heterosexuality, structured knowledge and logic.

JO ANN WOOD I was born in 1943, entered fandom in 1965 by joining the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, met and married Ed Wood in 1966 and have been active in the CFG, PENSFA and Little Men, and inactive in NESFA. I have a B.A., an M.S. and am presently working on my Ph.D. at the University of Connecticut. My major is sociology and I have worked as a social worker and a parole officer. Ed and I have one son, Larry, born in 1969. We are presently living in Hartford, Conn.

Lilliputia

THE NIGHT WATCHMEN by Helen Cresswell. Illus. by Gareth Floyd. Macmillan, 1970. 122 p. $4.50 Age level: 10-12

Who were Josh and Caleb? They looked like tramps, but then there was the matter of a hole dug beneath a railroad bridge, and talk of 'ticking,' and the 'Night Train,' and mysterious men with green eyes . . .

Helen Cresswell has spun a thrilling little tale in this slim book, and most children will envy Henry, the youthful protagonist, his freedom to roam about town and talk with strangers. However, I wonder whether the unanswered questions (What is 'ticking?' What route does that mysterious Night Train travel? Who are the green-eyed people?) will disappoint the young reader who is accustomed to stories with neatly tied-up endings.

The illustrations convey very well the grubby city streets, dusk near the railroad yard, and the gloom of a clearing in the woods. One of Josh and Caleb trundling along with their carts expresses the personalities of the men especially well. —Charlotte Moslander

THE SOMETHING story and pictures by Natalie Babbitt. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1970. Abt. 37 p. $2.95 Age level: 5-8

Mylo is a harmless monster child who is afraid of the unknown Something that he fears might come in through his window at night. One night Mylo dreams He's out wandering in the wild dark. He meets the Something and his fear vanishes. The Something (I'll spoil it for you—Something is a little girl) says Mylo should get out of her dream and Mylo, of course, claims the Something is in *his* dream. A good book to give to little children who fear things that go bump in the night. —Joyce Post

THE GRANDMA IN THE APPLE TREE by Mira Lobe. Trans. by Doris Orgel. Illus. by Judith Gwyn Brown. McGraw-Hill, 1970. $4.95 Age level: 7-11

Andi was the only child in his neighborhood who had no grandmother. This did not seem to bother his brother Georg and his sister Christl, but it certainly was a trial to Andi. Then came the great day—Andi found a grandma. There she was, sitting in the apple tree in Andi's yard. She and Andi had all sorts of marvelous adventures—a day at the amusement park, a sailing trip, roping horses. Then Mrs. Finch moved in next door, and she needed Andi to help her move in. When he learned that Mrs. Finch's grandchildren lived very far away, well, that tiger hunt with the apple tree grandma didn't seem so urgent . . .

This is a delightful story for the young audience. Andi is obviously imagining his adventures with the apple tree grandma, but everyone will be familiar with such trivial things as poor spelling papers and dog-chewed socks, which grownups find so ridiculously important that they delay children's going out to play, and the rapport which sometimes skips a generation to link the very young and the old. The solution to Andi's problem is a healthy one, as his daydreaming gives way before the interest 'real-live' Mrs. Finch takes in her little neighbor. Andi's family are a believable group of working-class people, and his older brother and sister quarrel and tease like ordinary siblings everywhere.

The Grandma in the Apple Tree will probably never become a juvenile classic, but it's worth enjoying while it's around. —Charlotte Moslander

THE MAGIC WALLPAPER story and pictures by Frank Francis. Abelard-Schuman, 1970. Abt. 24 p. $3.95 Age level: 4-7

I'll give you just one guess to fgure out the story in this picture book. It's very obvious. If you guessed that the magic wallpaperis in a little boy's bedroom, that its scheme is animals and that the little boy imagines that the animals there are alive and that he is right in there with them—why you're absolutely right. In this case the illustrations are the book and they are very pleasing indeed. The wild animals (eight of them, from gibbon to zebra) are very peaceable in appearance and the clors are very vivid yet translucent. A good book for bedtime reading—if your child has figured wallpaper. —Joyce Post

STARMAN JONES by Douglas Lieberman. World premiere, Chicago, February 1972

Heinlein's 1953 juvenile was dramatized by Lieberman for the Goodman theatre's children's group out here in Chicago. He directed his own script. Somebody, Lieberman or the stage manager, Phillip Kusie, improvised an interesting, cheap set from some backstage catwalks, plumber's joints, boards and a scrim. This created the atmosphere of a big rocketship, but more originally a 10-space area—permitting the actors either tight, small acting areas, or the use of the whole stage network as one performing unit.

How good is the script?—meaning, should your local troupe rent it? My own reaction is that Lieberman relied too much on dialogue, not much good where it's his own, and the weakest element in Heinlein as in most other writers of fiction. I'd like to have seen him as writer-director stylize the action more. I don't mean film, but narrative dance and stage movement: Martha Graham, Agnes De Mille, the Chinese classic theatre. However, my wife, no s-fer, liked it enough for a children's play, and my kids (8, 6 and bright) were enthralled. I requested two reviews to help out Daddy's report. Before clobbering me at checkers, the one who can write, put down:

"I think *Starman Jones* was a very good play, except I think they (meaning the director) used too much sound track. I also think that the play was a little bit hard to follow. I thought the stage setup and costumes were the best part. I think the big climax was very good. But I think the director should have the curtains raised more quickly at the beginning and at the end. I still think it was very good and exciting." Vox populi, except for the spelling.

—Deirdre and Mark Purcell

MOONCOIN CASTLE: or, Skulduggery Rewarded, by Brinton Turkle. Viking Press, 1970. 141 p. $3.95 Age level: 9-12

Oh delightful! Oh joy! This is funny! Picture an old collector of a jackdaw who discovers that the ruined castle in which he lives is to be torn down and replaced with a supermarket. Worse still, the castle has a ghost—Patrick deLucy—and who can haunt a supermarket?

Now Patrick was a blackguard who betrayed Irish Hero Dermot O'More to the British, but his attempts to break up a program featuring a rock group (The Unmentionables) by keening into the microphone give the group an instant best-selling record, and a crotchety witch's 'discovery' of his grave saves Mooncoin from the wrecker and turns it over to the local Historical Society. Of course, the bones are mistaken for those of Dermot O'More, but that is a small matter when one realizes that the jackdaw's home is saved, and the 'witch' gets a job as caretaker at the castle.

This is a delightful story, guaranteed to send readers into uncontrollable laughter, and the illustrations (done by the author) of Patrick "Oh, woe"-ing are especially funny. It's too good to be left entirely to the children.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE WALKING STONES: A STORY OF SUSPENSE by Mollie Hunter. Illus. by Trina Schart Hyman. Harper & Row, 1970. 143 p. $3.95 Age level: 10 up

There was to be a new dam put up which would flood the valley where the Campbells lived—where the Bodach lived—where the thirteen stones stood in a circle near the river. But the Bodach, who had the second sight, and told marvelous stories, warned the dam-builders the valley would not be flooded until he gave his permission. . .

This is a book peopled with the characters of Scottish folklore—the Washer at the Ford, who comes to announce death; the walking stones; the priestly staff of power; the Co-Walkers of those with Second Sight—and the rhythm of the language reminds one of an old-country storyteller recounting tales of long ago. The commonplace, down-to-earth personalities of Ian and Kitty Campbell, and of the three Rories act as a stabilizing contrast to the Bodach and young Donald Campbell, who is part ordinary schoolboy and part mystic in contact with the Otherworld.

A most satisfactory story of its type, although not likely to appeal to all readers. The illustrations are good, realistic, and add a strong flavor of the Scottish Highlands to the text.

—Charlotte Moslander

OVER THE HILLS TO FABYLON by Nicholas Stuart Gray. Illus. by Charles Keeping. Hawthorn Books, 1970. 197 p. $4.95 Age level: 10 up

This is a delightful, down-to-earth fairy tale which pokes gentle, good-humored fun at knights and ladies and shepherds and princesses and high chivalry. Picture, if you will, a walled city (Fabylon) which can be transported to the other side of the mountains whenever the king closes his eyes, clenches his fists, and counts to five. A nervous king can make life very confusing for his subjects. . . Prince Conrad, heir to the throne, is trying so hard to develop serenity that he is closing himself off from all emotion; Prince Alaric falls madly in love with every pretty maid he sees, and Princess Rosetta likes to pretend she is a kitchen maid or a shepherdess.

Add to this a third-rate magician, an unfriendly witch, Coriander, Captain of the King's Cavalry, who is also very absent minded, a bewitched door, two friendly bears, assorted 'monsters,' and a Thing in the Chimney, and you have a rollicking tale, told in the sort of episodic style even a somewhat reluctant reader will be willing to attempt.

Charles Keeping's illustrations are somewhat vague, although the crosseyed witch and Coriander being followed by the Door are quite amusing.

—Charlotte Moslander

NO FLYING IN THE HOUSE by Betty Brock. Illus. by Wallace Tripp. Harper & Row, 1970. 139 p. $3.95 Age level: 7-11

This is one of those contrived, happily-ever-after, good-fairies-and-bad-fairies stories which seem to delight very little girls and nauseate their elders.

Gloria, the three-inch-high talking dog, and Annabel Tippens, her three-year-old charge, lived with Mrs. Vancourt, who really wanted Gloria, but took Annabel too because it was a package deal. Of course, Annabel's mother was a fairy princess; her father was a mortal; and Annabel must make a choice. After many convolutions of plot and much longing for a "real father and mother," she decides to be human. Her parents appear, and naturally, Annabel's father turns out to be Mrs. Vancourt's long-lost son, who ran away and changed his name in a fit of temper. They live happily ever after, except for Gloria, who turns into a mechanical toy.

This review is really too harsh. If I were seven or eight, this would be one of my favorite books. However, I am no longer seven or eight, so it just gave me indigestion.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE LITTLES TO THE RESCUE by John Peterson. Pictures by Roberta Carter Clark. Scholastic Starline TW1322, 1971, c1968. 94 p. 60¢ Age level: 8-11

The Littles are a family whose tallest member is six inches high. Unknown to him, they live in the walls of the house of George Bigg. Peterson wrote the original *The Littles* several years back, this is the second and he'll probably produce a whole series. The idea of small folk living amongst the paraphernalia of big folk has intriguing and endless possibilities, but it's been done before, and better by Mary Norton in her *The Borrowers* series which is also available in paperback. What the Littles are rescuing is nurse Aunt Lily who fell out of a glider on her way to help bring her niece into the world.

—Joyce Post

LUAP by June Rachuy Brindel. Illus. by Jan Pyk. Bobbs, 1971. 28 p. $4.95 age level: 7-9

Luap was an unusual boy. He thought with his stomach and wasn't allowed to go to school until he learned to think with his head. Out of school he met a strange little man who thought that Luap was unjustly punished, and he bewitched the town so everyone was walking on their fingers—except Luap who walked on his feet. The townspeople were upset, and Luap got the secret for returning them to normal from the strange little man: perspective. People now walked on their feet—but not Luap. But his difference didn't bother them now.

A dullish story enlivened by the illustration, but still not worth $4.95.

—Sandra Deckinger

THE HEADLESS CUPID by Zilpha Keatley Snyder. Illus. by Alton Raible. Atheneum, 1971. $4.95 Age level: 8-12

Since *Season of Ponies*, her first book, I have been very impressed by Zilpha Keatley Snyder and always look forward to her new books. This one is as well handled, readable and polished as all her others. I was particularly aware in reading this of how well she handles character. Everyone in this book is believable, everyone is real. I know people just like them—almost everyone does— and I cared about them.

Amanda, whose parents are divorced, does not want to accept her mother's remarriage. She claims to be a student of the occult, finding in that a way to hurt her mother. The story is seen through the eyes of David, the eldest boy of the family Amanda's mother marries into.

There are lots of mysterious happenings, a false poltergeist, and then, perhaps, a real one. There is some beautifully done, very real, subtle magic (ESP is a name for it, but says little about it) which underlies all the tricks and 'mysterious happenings' that Amanda invokes. There's also a happy, but realistic, ending.

It's a fine book and I recommend it highly. The ages listed are 8-12; I'd agree except to say that people much older might like it as well.

—Lisa Tuttle

THE KING'S FOUNTAIN by Lloyd Alexander. Illus. by Ezra Keats. Dutton, 1971. $5.95

This story deals with a simple man and his problem—the king is building a fountain that will cut off the water supply to the town. The simple man approaches a strong man, a merchant, and a wise man. Each feels the need to speak to the king but finds a reason for not doing so. Finally, the man, urged by his family, speaks to the king about the fountain. The king sees the problem and gives in to the request not to build it. The man, his family, and the town rejoice.

This is a 'now' type fairy tale which stresses personal involvement in a problem. Moral: The average man can get help with his problems if he, himself, takes it to those who can do something about it. This is a different type story from the ones Mr. Alexander has done before, but it is up to a higher standard than the others. I hope he can continue this.

The art work is extraordinary and increases the message of the book. The vivid colors are eyecatching as is the impressionistic style of the painting.

—Sandra Deckinger

POOR STAINLESS: A New Story about the Borrowers by Mary Norton. Illus. by Beth and Joe Krush. Harcourt, 1971, c1966. 32 p. $3.25 Age level: 8 up

Mary Norton is amazingly consistent in her Borrowers series—they're all marvelously good stories, and fun to read. *Poor Stainless* is no exception, but I fear its brevity will disappoint her regular readers—the entire book would only have been one chapter in an earlier volume. As an introduction to the Borrowers for a somewhat reluctant reader, it is excellent: small book, attractive format, and the like. As a long-time friend of the little folk, I found it somewhat disappointing, for it is over almost before it begins.

—Charlotte Moslander

SPACE DICTIONARY by Isaac Asimov. Scholastic Starline TW1671, 1971, c1969. 96 p. 60¢ Age level: 5-11

This is the paper version of Asimov's *ABC's of Space* reviewed in Luna for June 1970, p.20. Gone, however, are the extra editorial touches that made the original so nice: the use of color in the layout, the lines on which to write in new words and the big picture book format. The text remains as lucid as ever, and in a dictionary that is the most important thing. The illustrations are there too. You'll have to decide if you want just a paper dictionary or if you want to pay $3.35 more for a nice, pleasing, well-made picture dictionary.

—Joyce Post

THE SPACE SHIP UNDER THE APPLE TREE by Louis Slobodkin. Collier Books, 1971. 118 p. 95¢ (hardcover: Macmillan, 1952) Age level: 6-11

When sent by his grandmother to investigate the site of a fallen meteor which looked as if it might have hit Grandfather's old apple tree, Eddie discovers a spaceship inhabited by a little man in a green suit. Luckily, the little man is equipped with a translation box supplied with a vocabulary gleaned from Earth billboards examined through powerful telescopes from the planet Martinea—along with numerous other useful gadgets. He shows Eddie his spaceship, and Eddie shows him Grandma's farm. Then misfortune strikes. The little man loses his energy-producing Zurianomatocrome Wire and is unable to finish his tour of America and return home.

The humor of this book is derived from the misunderstandings which generally crop up between people from differing cultures, plus Martinean gadgetry, plus the fact that Eddie isn't telling anyone who his new friend really is because he knows they wouldn't believe it anyway. A fairly good parody of bad sf. Young children whose exposure to science fiction has been slight and largely of the hacknejed v8riety may very well find it hilarious.

—Kristine Anderson

MISS PICKERELL AND THE WEATHER SATELLITE by Ellen MacGregor and Dora Pantell. Illus. by Charles Geer. McGraw-Hill, 1971. 157 p. $4.50 Age level: 9-11

This book is the latest in a series about Miss Pickerell, an eccentric old maid who lives on a farm on Square Toe Mountain, loves her cow, and has seven nieces and nephews. Although rather old-fashioned herself, coincidence continues to plunge her into the modern age, which, in Miss Pickerell's world, is a few years ahead of ours. Her single-minded determination to see that things get done always results in her becoming some kind of heroine.

In this case, the weather forecast stubbornly continues to be "sunny, warm, and clear," although it is raining cats and dogs outside and the reservoir is threatening to overflow and flood the whole county. No one is allowed to open the flood-gates until the weather satellite gives its permission in the form of a heavy rain prediction. To complicate matters, communication with the space station that is supposed to look after the satellite has broken down. And so Miss Pickerell accompanies the governor on an investigation trip by shuttle to the space station. After taking a look at the satellite, Miss Pickerell decides that it is probably just dirty. In a fantastic dusting scene in free-fall, she inadvertently manages to fix it.

This book follows the same formula as other Miss Pickerell books I have read. Miss Pickerell is an anachronism who nevertheless undertakes her escapades with an innocent practicality that takes everything for granted, and somehow manages to assimilate everything into her own slightly outdated view of the world. There are a lot of people in Miss Pickerell's predicament, and I doubt if any of them deal with the situation half so admirably. It seems almost disrespectful to make fun of her, but she doesn't seem to mind—and besides, it makes fine humor for children young enough to appreciate it.

—Kristine Anderson

MIXED-UP MAGIC by Wayne Carley. Drawings by David Stone. Garrard, 1971. 40 p. $2.60 Age level: K-3

Mirium was an old, forgetful wtich (like Aunt Clara on *Bewitched*). She went to a dog show where she had a good time until a policeman said she would have to stay in the stands unless she had a dog. Mirium said she had a dog in her black bag, but this didn't satisfy the policeman. He had to see the dog. Mirium pulled a bird, a polka-dot cat, and three sheep out of the bag—but no dog. The dogs at the show chased these creatures, which she tried to make disappear, but the dogs did. The owners were upset. Finally her magic worked and all the dogs plus one for her appeared. She won a blue ribbon, but the judge somehow disappeared and so did Mirium.

Great for the young reader: eyecatching, big type, bold colors, and lots of repetition.

—Sandra Deckinger

FLIGHT TO THE LONESOME PLACE by Alexander Key. Westminster, 1971. 192 p. $4.50 Age level: 10-14

The flight to the "lonesome place" of the title actually occurs in the last two pages, and seems to be as much an unimaginative way for the author to get out of a somewhat sticky plot as it is for the protagonist to escape a threatening situation. In fact, the "lonesome place" (a parallel universe) is not necessary to the story at all—a perfectly good witchcraft/thriller is left if all references to Dr. Prynne and out-of-season ripe mangoes are eliminated. As for that talking mongoose named Marlowe—now, really!

Basically, this is a chase story: Ronnie, an orphaned youthful genius, is pursued by former 'business' partners of his agent because he has memorized said employer's accounts. He is aided by a Puerto Rican child witch with the improbable name of Ana Maria Rosalita, a boy-without-a-country called Black Luis, a sea captain, the invisible Marlowe, and a lawyer named Pardo Green (ghastly pun, that!). Ronnie's flight is hampered by his dyed-blue hair and the fame acquired in his nightclub act.

For all its good action sequences, pass this one up in favor of a real action-packed plot or a real parallel universe. Maybe Mr. Key should try again—the basic idea is interesting. . . .

—Charlotte Moslander

EXILES OF THE STARS by Andre Norton. Viking, 1971. 256 p. $4.95 Age level: 12 up

Here again are Krip Vorlund and Maelen from *Moon of Three Rings.* This time the Lydis makes a forced landing on the uninhabited (?) planet Sekhmet, her engines damaged by a power source contained in part of the cargo—the temple treasures of Thoth, en route to Ptah for safe keeping in a time of impending revolution. There are alien forces at work on Sekhmet, and their esper powers and body-changing abilities make this something of a cliffhanger—are the crew members really crew members, or have their bodies been taken over by the aliens in stass-freeze? All turns out well, of course; Maelen gets the humanoid body promised in the previous volume, and she and Krip take off to roam among the stars together. Fadeout.

Some young readers may find the highfalutin', rather stilted language used in the narrative portions of this book terribly romantic. I didn't but that's my personal taste speaking, not a qualitative judgment. The technique of having first Krip, then Maelen tell the story is very effective, although it was used to more advantage in *Moon of Three Rings,* where the narratives were overlapping blocs rather than the alternating chapters used here. Despite all my nit-picking above, *Exiles of the Stars* is a pretty good book.

—Charlotte Moslander

DARIUS AND THE DOZER BULL by Eleanor Harder. Drawings by David K. Stone. Abingdon Press, 1971. 111 p. $3.50 Age level: 8-12

Darius the dragon is rudely interrupted in the midst of writing his history of the dragon family by the "Rr-Rr-Rr-Whoomp" of what he terms, in his archaic parlance, "The Dozer Bull" invading his cozy underground home in the process of carving a parking lot out of the hill. Darius emerges to discover that quite a change has taken place since he came across the ocean as figurehead on the prow of King Eric's ship. The meadows and streams have disappeared, replaced by tall buildings and streets filled with "shiny honking creatures." Despite the glaring generation gap, Darius manages to befriend a bunch of city kids and lead them on what he terms a "crusade" (they call it a "demonstration") against "The Kingdom of Establishment" in an attempt to halt plans for turning the park into a parking lot.

This seems to be a literal attempt to make fantasy 'relevant.' As such, it can only offer an impossible solution to what may be a real problem. On the other hand, the allegorical elements and occasionally moralizing tone are too distracting for the story to be enjoyed on a purely escapist level. On the whole, a mediocre book, in spite of a few amusing moments.

—Kristine Anderson

Reviews

TIMEPIVOT by Brian N. Ball. Ballantine 02095, 1970. 186 p. 95¢

Jesus O'Flynn is a member of one of the largest and most ambitious WPA-type teams ever invented—he smooths the surface(s) of lifeless planet(s) so they (it) can act as reflector(s). Until he finds a high-temperature thermal calibrator where it shouldn't be. Good start for a story, right? Right! Unfortunately, things are pretty much downhill from there on. O'Flynn meets a monstrous person who calls himself Mr. Charisman and claims to rule the galaxy. This individual sends him through a ridiculous training program and commissions him to find the timepivot, which is also being sought by the Hunters, escaped criminals who have linked their minds to a computer and built themselves indestructable bodies. In this attempt he is aided by a cast of characters who resemble a cross between Bulfinch's *Mythology* and lunch time at Warner Brothers.

There are well written islands in the generally overdone swamp of this book—a talking robot who makes rhymes, an effective description of objects and people caught in shifting spatio-temporal dimensions, the altar scene where Hillock's girls give O'Flynn the key to the timepivot—but there is so much drawn-out, meaningless conversation and mindless activity in between that it hardly seems worthwhile looking for them.

—Charlotte Moslander

TRANSMISSION ERROR by Michael Kurland. Pyramid T2379, 1970. 159 p. 75¢

It's funny. In fact, it would be better if the cover were not quite so lurid and the claims of a prison break (false) and a lethal plot (grossly exaggerated) changed to (equally overstated) 'screamingly funny' and 'hilarious adventures.' That way the potential readers would not be quite so misled.

Dan Godfrey, the protagonist, surely one of the least pretentious characters since Walter Mitty, manages to survive his misadventures as much by accident as anything else. Any book which opens with the central character getting drunk over a broken romance is probably not high drama, but it can be very funny. As I said before, it is—from the accidental transmission to the wrong place on the wrong planet through the viking-type pirates with hot air balloons, the creeping city of Beloparsus, and the smuggling of minerals which intensify ESPowers. The author has used very well the device of characters who take themselves and their situation very seriously, presented through the eyes of one who just can't internalize the fact that all this is happening to *him.*

Good, light reading in a traditional monsters-and-humanoid-extraterrestrials vein, with humor added.

—Charlotte Moslander

LOST CONTINENTS: THE ATLANTIS THEME IN HISTORY, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE by L. Sprague deCamp. Dover, 1970. 348 p. $2.75 paper

For many years whenever I have reviewed a book on Atlantis I have lamented that *Lost Continents,* even if slightly dated (first book publication was 1954), was out of print. Now I can stop wailing and refer readers to the best book on the subject. Mr. deCamp has produced the most comprehensive collection of information on Atlantis and its sister lost lands. There just isn't any question that this is an essential work, especially at this price, for all fans to own. But having said that, a few observations must be made. This is a revised edition. This means that while the bulk of the text is straight photo offset from the Gnome Press edition, a few pages have been reset. These revisions are merely a few paragraphs incorporating new material and at most affect two pages consecutively. The different type faces are noticeable most on pages 274-275. Comparing the old with the new, nothing much was lost. The author in the preface notes the pages where changes were made, most necessary since the index was not changed. The bibliography also shows some minor diddling, mostly in bringing the R. E. Howard entry up to date and in adding Jane Gaskell. A very minor appendix and a section on notes has been deleted. Still, this is an extremely important book, a fact I shall not only broadcast in fandom but in the worlds of libraries and maps. Buy it, troops, and that's an order!

—J. B. Post

INDEX TO THE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES, 1966-1970. New England Science Fiction Association (Box G, MIT Branch Station, Cambridge, Mass. 02139) 1971. 82 p. $5.00

For the benefit of any LUNA reader that may have been out of contact with civilization for at least the last five years, this is the Computer Age. In science fiction, the New England Science Fiction Association (nee: The MIT Science Fiction Society) has utilized existing computer equipment to produce this index which serves as a companion volume to their *Index to the SF Magazines, 1951-1965.*

This hardcover volume is actually a compilation of NESFA's individual paper supplements covering the years 1967 through 1969. The volume, like its predecessor, was printed by offset from a computer printout and has a 2-1 reduction. We have commented on previous occasions that this system left a great deal to be desired in so far as ease of reading was concerned. The same is true of this latest volume.

Neither this book nor the original volume are as complete as Don Day's *Index to the Science Fiction Magazines 1926-1950* nor Norm Metcalf's *Index of Science Fiction Magazines 1951-1965.* However, for the purpose of furnishing the magazine contents and related information of the thirty-odd titles published during the period covered by this index, no other source is available. —Walter R. Cole

THE BLACK MOUNTAINS by Fred Saberhagen. Ace 06615, 1971. 159 p. 60¢

Another post-holocaust story: Man has reverted to a mystical savagery with a belief in the forces of Magic which are in reality the last traces of the technology which brought about the downfall of civilization and are therefore feared. Ex-lord Chup, in an effort to regain power, defies the three 'demons' of the old technology and gains his lady fair and his place in the sun.

This is a followup novel to *The Broken Lands* but not nearly as enjoyable. Perhaps the fantasy element was too overplayed for my more scientific tastes. —David C. Paskow

A FELADAT (THE ASSIGNMENT) by Péter Zsoldos. Kosmosz Könyvek (Budapest) 1971. 233 p. 10,50 Ft

The Assignment, a new novel by Péter Zsoldos, tackles questions on a high literary standard that are only extrapolated into the remote future to adhere to the rules of science fiction. In actual fact these are all topical and acutely serious problems, for Zsoldos just like his avowed paragon, Bradbury, is first and foremost a moralist.

In the 24th century an interplanetary spacecraft lands on a planet of another solar system. The aim of the expedition is to explore a planet which is in many respects similar to the earth. For some time the expedition carries on its work undisturbed, when an accident exposes the members of the expedition to a fatal dose of radioactivity, and all but two of them die instantly. The two survivors are also bound to die of radiation sickness. The two men—Norman the tough and ruthless commander and Gill the physician-cybernetic—cannot stand each other and even with death around the corner, it is Gill's main concern to prove his superiority. By the 24th century scientists have carried out successful experiments in transmitting brain waves from one person into another. This method can also encode a human personality in an electronic brain and then reproduce it. This gives Gill the idea of feeding his own personality code (encephalo-program) into the spacecraft's control center, its electronic brain, so that it will be reproduced in the bodies of beings similar to man peopling the planet. Gill dies and the situation is banal and heroic: man is more than biological existence, man is indestructible will. Biology, however, plays dirty tricks on Gill now transformed into an idea. The area where the spacecraft had landed is populated by beings similar to Neanderthal man. One of them, Umu, a cripple living on sufferance and the shame of his tribe, is led into the spacecraft by the infrasound programmed by Gill a hundred years before. It is in Umu that Gill is revived: a cybernetic who can only eat semi-raw meat roasted in open fire! Although the scientist has moved into primeval man, he cannot remove the ape man now that it is superfluous.

They coexist in a single body, and the distance between them is too large for their meeting not to end in tragedy. The new Gill-Umu carries out the program forced on him by the Gill who once was—kidnapping his fellow tribesmen one by one, he trains a new crew for the spacecraft. Gill-Umu does not rest until he discovers other more developed beings living on the planet: the fishing people of the seacoast. It is from this race, reminiscent of Cro-Magnon man that he kidnaps new live material for himself. This time he is determined to make a better job of it.

Owing to his great basic intelligence, the new being is cleverer than his creator and instantly understands the situation—Gill-Umu, this scientist residing in an ape's body, is a practical joke, a caricature of man, and is not suited to fulfill the assignment. He is superfluous, he has to be destroyed. The one-time Gill's arrogance rebounds on him now, will aspiring to be omnipotent: Gill-Umu has created a suitable successor in the body of Mat the fisherman, who by a curious but understandable twist of the subconscious resembles Norman rather than Gill, even though he had received his reprogram from Gill. Mat's first action is to kill Gill-Umu, that parody of man. Then, together with his fellow tribesmen, he sets out in the spacecraft towards the Earth, and soon descends on the Moon. They are received by an old man, one of the four people from the Earth who have survived. He tells them that mankind had been killed off in a nuclear war and the virus infection following it, fifty years ago. All that is left on the Earth are rats and cockroaches and only the thorn bush blooms. The only people who survived are those who, like themselves, happened to be visiting other solar systems. A few spacecraft are still enroute, with possibly some women. If they return in time and in good health, maybe they can start it all again from scratch. But the thought stops short at the possibility of hope and goes no further. Instead the concluding lines demonstrate the evidence of a horrible parallel: the drama of the crew, of Gill's will (the rule of violence to achieve a goal) rhymes sadly with what had happened to mankind. Was it worth the effort?

The novel is economical and stunningly self-contained. The remarkable conception of the novel is enhanced to good advantage by Zsoldos' virtues as a novelist, primarily his taut style and the virtuosity of construction. His superior and comprehensive scientific knowledge is merely a means to express the highly topical message of the work: the drama of the conflict between action and goal, the will senselessly triumphing over death. It is due to these human values that *The Assignment* stands out among the world's science fiction literature, beyond the suspense, and the masterly use of the unexpected. —Otto Orbán

THE RELUCTANT SHAMAN AND OTHER FANTASTIC TALES by L. Sprague deCamp. Pyramid T2347, 1970. 190 p. 75¢

These seven pleasant (I almost said 'delightful') fantasies were originally published in various magazines between 1939 and 1958. They all can be read today with no sense of antiquity. "The Reluctant Shaman" chronicles the adventures of a modern Algonquin medicine man with Seneca spirits; "The Hardwood Pile" concerns a wood nymph haunting the pile of planks her tree has become; "Nothing in the Rules" is about a mermaid competing in a swim meet; "The Ghost of Melvin Pye" is a classic case of split personality—after death; "The Wisdom of the East" proves there are some things occidentals weren't meant to know; "Mr. Arson" deals with a fire elemental; and "Ka the Appalling" shows the problems of the god business. —J. B. Post

A FOR ANYTHING by Damon Knight. Walker, 1970. 160 p. $4.95

If someone were to take a poll of the most overpublished books, Damon Knight's *The People Maker,* also known as *Analogue Men* also known as *A for Anything* would be near the top of the list. The story of the all-purpose Gismo, that wonderful horn of plenty in a gluttonish, parasitic future society is a good story and worthy of remaining in print. My main complaint is this title changing business. Even though Walker states on the cover that *A for Anything* was originally published as *The People Maker,* how many potential buyers are unaware of the Berkley paperback edition under the title of *Analogue Men?*

Well, I've aired my gripe and given you the facts. If you can't locate the paperback, this is as good an edition as any. —David C. Paskow

THE DEVIL IS DEAD by R. A. Lafferty. Avon V2406, 1971. 224 p. 75¢ (Nebula nominee)

Remember Orson Welles' *The Lady from Shanghai*?? Well, superficially Raphael Aloysius Lafferty's *The Devil is Dead* is a novel of that 'den of vipers' genre; a novel of mystery and intrigue in which an enigmatic character named Finnegan, who claims to be suffering from amnesia, appears in a Texas town on the Gulf of Mexico. He meets an eccentric millionaire named Saxon X. Seaworthy who invites him for a drink, then to join him on a voyage around the world. Finnegan accepts, although he suspects Seaworthy's eccentricity masks a more sinister character.

No sooner has he accepted than he finds there is to be another passenger, a living specter named Papadiabolus, or the Devil himself. Understandably, Finnegan has second thoughts about going along, but is persuaded by the lovely Anastasia, a barmaid in the saloon, also a passenger, hoping to return to Naxos, the Greek island of her birth.

But even before Finnegan comes aboard he is marked for death and escapes only through a last minute substitution of victims. He knows he is in danger, and becomes increasingly aware of it as various members of the crew vanish mysteriously. But danger from whom? Who is Papadiabolus? Is he the Devil he pretends to be? Or an ally in a holy war on a Satanic cabal? And who is Seaworthy? Is he Finnegan's benevolent patron or his deadliest enemy?

The voyage ends on Naxos. Several of the crew are killed, including Anastasia, but Finnegan escapes to go in search of the murderers. The last half of the book becomes a chase thriller with the killers in hot pursuit of Finnegan.

But *The Devil is Dead* is more than this. It is an allegory. In one sense a sarcastic jibe or protest against the 'God is Dead' movement, and in another more serious sense, a theological 'cautionary tale.' Lafferty is cautioning us against our blindness to evil. In one of the phony quotes that preface his chapters, he says of man: "We are born of this terrible tension and balance, and it must be maintained." It is the balance of the human and the animal, the civilized and the bestial, the spiritual and the pagan that is man's soul. Man himself stands midway between Heaven (and all that implies) and Hell (and all that implies), and should the balance tip in the wrong direction, man would degenerate into his animal self.

In still another sense, *The Devil is Dead* is a protest against ecumenism: the secularization of the Roman Catholic Church, which to Lafferty seems to imply the secularization of the soul itself: the denial of the spiritual. And Lafferty's symbol of the secularizers is the 'Neanderthals,' the remnants of that displaced species who have joined together in a conspiracy to overthrow homo sapiens.

Finnegan is a Neanderthal, one of the 'double blood.'

Finnegan is also an Adam exiled from Eden. A man to whom the world is a nightmare, a chaos; a man in search of a sense of order; a return to stability. So Finnegan is a wanderer; an Adam seeking his lost Eden which has become only a vague memory. Finnegan is a pagan who clings to an illusion of faith to spare him a confrontation with himself that he knows he would not survive.

The ship Finnegan sails on is a 'plague ship,' and its voyage is a journey through time and space back to the source of Western culture, to the springs of paganism. And wherever the ship goes it infects the mind of man with that paganism, that satanism. A satanism that is less the work of Satan than of man himself, for satanism began in the 12th century as a revolt against Catholicism and there have been resurgences of it ever since.

And satanism is winning.

The Devil is Dead, therefore, is a polemic as well as an allegory. The work of an Irish catholic novelist, it can be said to have been 'suggested' by James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*, and a glance at some criticism of that enigmatic tome reveals much about Lafferty's novel as well as about Lafferty himself.

The Finnegan of Joyce's title is derived from an old Irish ballad about a hod-carrier who fell from a ladder and was presumed dead but arose from his coffin when whiskey was mentioned. Likewise, Lafferty's Finnegan is referred to as 'Finn the Gin.' But to Joyce the name Finnegan also meant 'Finn-Again' and was meant to imply the resurgence of all

Finnegans; which is what Lafferty is also implying, for *The Devil is Dead* is about resurrection: the resurrection of Finnegan, of the Devil, or the spirit of satanism.

Despite what I've said, *The Devil is Dead* does not resemble a Sunday sermon. It is a curious, difficult, maddening, sometimes fascinating novel that will require at least two readings to appreciate. It does convince me that the novel is Lafferty's meat; in comparison, his short stories were awkward and anecdotal; but the novel gives Lafferty the freedom his awesome erudition and imagination requires to speak its piece. The novel is his playground, and play is what Lafferty seems to delight in: the play of words and ideas and allusions. A Lafferty novel is a kind of shell game: now you see it, now you don't, but it is as fixed as any carny sideshow. Lafferty is always aware of what he is doing, and if the book seems to get out of control, don't be too sure. Lafferty is also aware that his views are unpopular ones (who would actually buy a theological novel?), and so he has written his book to compel the reader to dig out his meaning, hoping that in the process the reader's mind will be sufficiently opened to at least listen.

But frankly, I can't say I liked *The Devil is Dead*. I enjoyed unraveling it; I enjoyed thinking about it; but it seems to me that Lafferty's mind is not up to its ambition. As interesting as his ideas are, I don't think they justify the difficult treatment he has given them.

The fact is that Lafferty's erudition tends to overwhelm his art. The passion and sensuality of his novels are mere surface trappings while the wit, cleverness, and craftsmanship occupy the core of them. Consequently, I find something bloodless in Lafferty's books: a lack of innocence, a failure, despite all the appearance of lyricism, to convey the warmth of a summer day or anticipate the cry of a child. Lafferty's wounds do not bleed, his hearts do not break, his terror is not frightening. And it is because his characters are not people but ideas.

If this sounds severe, it is because Lafferty's brilliance is genuine; it has depth and breadth and quality, and for a low-life like me to be 'nice' to such a man would be contemptible. What I have said is only a fraction of what I could say (pro and con) about this peculiar novel. If what I have said interests you, I suggest you give *The Devil is Dead* a try, but before you do, make up your mind to read it twice.

—Paul Walker

QUARK/4 edited by Samuel R. Delany and Marilyn Hacker. Paperback Library 66-658, 1971. 237 p. $1.25 (contains one Hugo nominee)

Quark is a quarterly of speculative fiction and I found this volume pretty good fun overall. There was a sprinkling of New Wave fiction which generally leaves me cold, but Phil Farmer's "Brass and Gold" stays inside the line of coherence and was enjoyable, as was Larry Niven's "The Fourth Profession." A kind of comic strip in which you make your own sequences struck me as more than a little juvenile but some of our younger readers may enjoy playing games. Not a bad anthology at all.

—Samuel Mines

THE LOST FACE: Best Science Fiction from Czechoslovakia, by Josef Nesvadba. Taplinger, 1971. 215 p. $5.95

These eight stories are interesting to read because they show how science fiction is doing in the non-English speaking world, or at least a portion of it. We have to admit that science fiction as a genre developed in the Anglo-American world and will show this for a long time to come, but even if heavily influenced by us, science fiction from other areas does have its own outlook. The fault with these stories is an awkwardness in the prose style—happens quite often with translations so this is not a completely fair criticism. But if you can learn to ignore some of the odd writing (or even appreciate it as camp) the stories are rather entertaining. "The Death of an Apeman" is more than just a Tarzan parody; "The Lost Face" is about face transplants and the unfortunate personality transplants which occur as a side effect; "In the Footsteps of the Abominable Snowman" is a real classic. Each of the stories has some sort of merit, even if all aren't strictly speaking sf (but then what is?). A book well worth reading.

—J. B. Post

GOLD THE MAN by Joseph Green. Victor Gollancz (London), 1971. 221 p. 36s (paperback: THE MIND BEHIND THE EYE. DAW Books UQ1002, April 1972. 95¢

This isn't a bad story but it really isn't good either. Somehow it just doesn't quite make it; it doesn't gel. The elements are here but some magic catalyst is lacking. Albert Aaron Golderson, who chooses to call himself 'Gold,' is a product of genetic manipulation, a man-made Homo Superior, with an enlarged brain capacity. He is called upon by the United Nations to help save mankind from extermination at the hands of giant invaders from outer space. The only other Homo Superior is the Russian Petrovna, a misshapen product of Russian geneticists. Petrovna has been responsible for countering the germ warfare used by the giants. A brain-damaged giant has been captured and Petrovna has had some of the brain removed and artificial devices installed to keep life going. The plan is for the two Homo Sups to ride in the brain (I told you they were giants) and act as a spy on the giants to discover why they wish to destroy humanity. Petrovna is killed in an accident and his assistant, Marina Syerov, goes along. The two humans are in complete control of the giant alien. They send out a distress signal and make the alien act as if he had partial brain damage. The ruse works and they find that the Hilt-Sil need a new planet as their sun seems about to Nova. Enter great extra-galactic beings who are damaging the sun. They are contacted and there is a happy ending for all three races. As I said, it's all here. And more, as well. Mr. Green tries to show Gold's development through flashbacks. It's not awkwardly handled, some parts are quite good, but the parts never seem to become a whole. Oh, read the story if it comes your way, but don't spend any effort looking for it.

—J. B. Post

HORROR HUNTERS edited by Roger Elwood and Vic Ghidalia. Macfadden-Bartell 75-416, 1971. 192 p. 75¢

One should never judge the quality of a book solely by the miscellaneous other tripe a publisher may produce. *Horror Hunters* is a case in point. Elwood and Ghidalia have done a more than competent job of stringing together eight tales of the supernatural that are not only readable, but often entertaining. The stories range from the perhaps overwritten but certainly evocative "Ancient Sorceries" by Algernon Blackwood, to the crisp narrative of William Hope Hodgson's effective "The Gateway of the Monster" and Theodore Sturgeon's modern tale of ancient gods, "One Foot and the Grave." Also represented in the collection are H. P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, August Derleth, Fritz Leiber, Jr., and Robert Bloch. (While the stories may not be quite as horrific as the blurbs suggest, they are certainly better than the blurbs suggest.) Pleasant reading fare.

—B. A. Fredstrom

THE SMALL GODS & MR. BARNUM by Max Trell. McCall, 1971. 230 p. $6.50

As belief in the olympian gods wanes, so do the gods. Over the years the deities shrink to midgets and are forced to seek employment with P. T. Barnum in 1891. This is a mish-mash, albeit an entertaining one, of fantasy, parallel time streams, social satire. A book to read if it drops in your lap but don't bother searching it out.

—J. B. Post

A SPECTER IS HAUNTING TEXAS by Fritz Leiber. Bantam S6733, 1971. 197 p. 75¢ (hardcover: Walker, 1969 $4.95)

This is the Leiber of *The Silver Eggheads* in a slightly more serious vein. The earth is now divided between two dominant powers: Russia and—Texas. The Texans are a product of hormones and viciousness. They dominate most of the entire American continent, served by dwarfed people called 'Mexes'—what else?

Enter into this happy (if you're a Texan) Land of the Giants, one very thin, naive actor hight Christopher Crockett La Cruz; give him two leading ladies, one a Texan with no respect for her elders (actually, it's just that she knows them so well) and incurably romantic, to boot, and a fiery Mex with the tongue of an adder. Add a revolution for setting, and you have a fine piece of black humor which also makes a few serious touches concerning America now. Well worth reading.

—Michael L. McQuown

SUBB by C. C. MacApp. Paperback Library 64-532, 1971. 187 p. 75¢

Space opera, but with a pretty good feel of space—the immensities that dwarf man and frighten him. It's pretty much cops and robbers in space and the plot is unfortunately diluted by starting with one protagonist and then shifting the burden of plot resolution to another. The story is one of a kidnapping in space and the search for the kidnappers along a synthetic power beam which, when entered by a space ship, kicks the vehicle into a speed many times that of light, so that long distances may be covered. There is a sub plot of the 'subbs' which are substitute bodies into which human brains may be transplanted if the original body is damaged beyond repair. For some reason the subbs are treated with contempt and bigotry—for no reason that I could fathom. Despite some faults, this is a readable job for them as likes space opera.

—Samuel Mines

LOS ANGELES: A. D. 2017 by Philip Wylie. Popular Library 00272, 1971. 221 p. 95¢

Those of you who liked the television adaptation of this Philip Wylie story should like the book even more, as it is longer and more detailed. I can't say I disliked either of them entirely, but I disagreed with just about everything Wylie has to say, even to how he thinks people act. Rather than write ten pages on how wrong Wylie is, I'll leave that up to you. I don't recommend this.

—Paul Walker

THE BYWORLDER by Poul Anderson. Signet T4780, 1971. 160 p. 75¢ (Nebula Nominee)

After reading Poul Anderson's *The Byworlder* I suddenly had a startling thought: Poul Anderson should be the world's most popular science fiction writer! You doubt that statement? Consider this, then: *The Byworlder*, as with all Anderson stories, contains something for everybody. For the reader who wants to be entertained, there is a solid, well paced story. For the adventure fan, there is cracking good action. For the science/technology buff, there is authentic technical background and detail. And for the New Waver interested in style, there is a descriptive technique which utilizes sensory images to create an almost poetical mood. Heck, there's even a bit of sex!

The Byworlder is, on a story level, the tale of man's first encounter with an intelligent alien. Skip Wayburn, a young vagabond with a gift for art and abstract thinking, solves the riddle of why the visitor from Sigma Draconis has ignored humans in the several years that its fantastic space vehicle has been orbiting Earth. Since both East and West want to make friends with the alien, the reader is treated to lots of cold war intrigue. In fact, the dramatic climax results from the decades old fear of "what if those bad guys on the other side should gain control of this thing?"

However, the main interest in *The Byworlder* lies in Anderson's portrayal of an early 21st century America in which a computerized technology has made possible the existence of a variety of unique subcultures. As a symbol of this future society, Wayburn comes across much more positively than many of today's angry young men. He is definitely not an Ortho ('square' to you), but he believes in doing his own thing without demanding that everyone else get in line.

This is a better book than *Stranger in a Strange Land*, but it almost certainly won't be as popular. I suspect that's because Anderson's essentially rational philosophy won't please those who are turning on to mysticism these days. For them, Valentine Michael Smith's magic has more appeal than Skip Wayburn's common sense.

No matter. Readers who enjoy their sense of wonder to be mixed of equal parts of science and sensitivity will be pleased by passages such as this:

> "Jupiter, imperial world, vast amber shield richly banded in clouds that are ocher and bronze, dimmed greens and blues, twilight violet, furnace jewel of the Red Spot where four Earths could lie side by side, ruling a moonswarm whose chieftains could be small planets: your grandeur is only less terrible than the sun's."

That kind of writing, I believe, will be fresh and vital long after the anti-utopias and social satires have faded from memory.

—William L. Rupp

ANITA by Keith Roberts. Ace 02295, 1970. 221 p. 75¢

A bit of semi-adult fantasy fluff about a lovely young English witch whose favorite spell seems to be turning red sports cars into side roads . . . Written in a series of short episodes (fifteen of them) which are just begging to be converted into ½-hour scripts for a TV sitcom . . .

As I said, a bit of fluff. —Charlotte Moslander

SF: THE OTHER SIDE OF REALISM edited by Thomas Clareson. Bowling Green University Popular Press (Bowling Green, Ohio 43403) 1971. 356 p. $8.95, $3.50 paper

College presses have put out several of these article-review collections, aimed at the new textbook market for sf courses. This is the best, easily. Professor Clareson actually labored. For the browser, the first sign of the professor's discrimination is, no Amis, no Sontag; i.e. nothing, however fashionable, that betrays ignorance of the field.

Other Side anthologizes the different types of serious fanzine studies, New-Critic essays and scholarly research that belong to the past decade. I'm sure you'll find new information, or a critique from some fanzine you heard of, but have never examined. The Aldiss-Harrison *SF Horizons*, for instance, is represented, honorably, by Aldiss' article on Ballard (technically a review of the British edition of *Terminal Beach*). Stanislaw Lem's enormous Polish critical output is sampled by an exhaustive 1969 analysis of the assumptions behind robotics, reprinted from the Austrian fanzine *Quarber Merkur*. (Clareson even paid for a new translation.) Lem's essay, by the way, is very purist and rigorous, hence quite misleading about his own hairy far-out robot fantasies, collected 1964, 1965.

Instead of one more run-through on Wells or Verne, *Other Side* reprints Franz Rottensteiner's *Riverside Quarterly* study of the important 19th century German writer, Kurd Lasswitz (apparently the main source for Gernsback's *Ralph 124C41+*). On Wells, the essay by Bernard Bergonzi is a useful correction of the confusions about *Time Machine* in our reference books. There are, it seems, seven different Time Machines, 1888-95. Five of them still survive, and the first book edition is American, not British!

Actually, Clareson's catholicity gets a little too slick, so that when your eye runs down the contents page, you can see him checking off all the official minority groups, one by one: one black, one R.C., one youth-cult (*Last Starship from Earth*), take care of the girls, etc. The writers who are actually important in sf tend to disappear under this selective treatment. Clareson tries to 'represent' the ones he omits by arranging that they're the subject matter for somebody else in his book. Ballard's prominence appears, not as you might guess by the reprinting of one of his important British critical pieces but from his being the subject of two other writers. A novice, introduced to sf by *Other Side*, would learn about Clarke from the three film reviews of *2001*, and about Tony Boucher from Judith Merril's long attempt (a 2-part piece in *Extrapolation*) to review the whole damn field.

Unfortunately, this academic cuteness about placating literary special interest groups means the same thing it did in mainstream literary studies of the sixties or thirties. Clareson has had to forget the now irrelevant question how well all these 'representative' critics can write. No reviewer in *Other Side* has Damon Knight's knowledge or wit (though Spinrad's structural analysis of *Stand on Zanzibar* is truly professional). I mentioned Ballard's omission. None of Campbell's ASF editorials: they might hurt the feelings of the liberal academic choosing a course textbook. The long Merril essay appears in place of her classic 8/66 FSF critique of Ballard, which only has the advantages of being much better written, and on a topic where she was really qualified. And nobody in *Other Side* is interested in *science*, except the atypical Lem.

To summarize, *Other Side* is a conscientious review of sf critical activity in the sixties, with no academic patronizing, but with a semi-political prejudice against lively writing. Certainly it should corner the current sf textbook market against Clareson's lazy competition. The only limitations to *Other Side*, really, are those of the critics anthologized. But . . .

Like a bunch of acculturated, second-generation, white-collar immigrants' sons, many of these writers and critics are overwhelmed by their current academic respectability. They desperately slur their pulp-mag forebears, the men who established their genre. The Freudian war of his literary children with Papa Campbell still goes on. The critics in *Other Side* share one assumption (if they don't, Clareson doesn't print them), that the mod liberal intellectual has captured and now controls sf as he controls, say, the Democratic Presidential candidacy or American BA faculty departments. Hard science, they intend, will never again dominate the field, as ASF made it do during the depression, before Campbell as well as after.

Well, they're wrong. Technological sf simply moved to Europe, as is technology at present; where it reorganized under its main influence, Lem. The Anglo-American gameplaying described in the Merril 'history' has nothing to do with the real *science* fiction of the sixties, written by the Czech Nesvadba, the German Franke, Lem, and the modern Russians. (The Soviets are working technicians like Campbell's old World War II-ASF gang.) And most of these people are excellent writers, like Aldiss or Zelazny. So the New Wave and the old liberal haircut have blown the ball game here, just as some people would say they have on economic development, sexual sanity or ethnic relations. Incidentally, this European science fiction of the sixties isn't hidden away in Old High Slavic, but available in at least one of the required Ph.D. tongues: German, French or English. LUNA's European newsletters by Rottensteiner cover these men monthly. To be fair to Clareson, he did include Lem, though the 'contributor's note' sounds unfamiliar with Lem's fiction; nor does the note connect his robot essay with the important robot stories.

The bibliography to *Other Side* gives 1971 mailing addresses for LUNA, *Riverside Quarterly*, *Science Fiction Review* (deceased), and important fanzines in England, Europe and Down Under. After rereading it twice, I decided the one-line reference to LUNA was a compliment.

—Mark Purcell

ALCHEMY & ACADEME edited by Anne McCaffrey. Doubleday, 1970. 239 p. $4.95

This is an anthology of "original stories concerning themselves with transmutations, mental and elemental, alchemical and academic." It is apparently not a periodical, so you couldn't say that this is Doubleday's answer to *Orbit*. The labels and blurbs are misleading. For one thing, it is plainly marked science fiction, yet the vast majority of the stories are fantasies and there is even one mainstream item. Also, many of them don't have anything to do with the subject.

The book starts on a rather low key with Sonya Dorman's "A Mess of Porridge," which is a fragment rather than a fully developed story and leaves ends dangling wildly. It has to do with a mysterious little girl who turns up in a future university on another planet (deliberately modeled after the medieval schools) and Miss Dorman is paralleling Goldilocks, but don't ask me why.

"The Institute" by Carol Emshwiller is a typical Carol Emshwiller story in that it is written in a highly charming style, it has good ideas, but lacks characters, plot, sequence of events, and other things which distinguish a narrative from a statement of condition. This one is about a university for the 70+ set.

"Condillac's Statue" by R. A. Lafferty is a baroque fable about a statue that can see, hear, talk and think, and what conclusions it comes to after observing mankind. It is probably the best Lafferty yet, and there's more in it than space allows one to go into.

"The Weed of Time" is legitimate science fiction by Norman Spinrad (as opposed to the pseudo-contemporary stuff he usually does) and it is a rather impressive attempt to portray a man whose time sense is totally disoriented so that 'past' and 'future' are meaningless terms. It is not wholly successful for the simple reason that Spinrad thinks in a linear manner (as do most people) but it is a good try.

"Night and the Lives of Joe Dicostanzo" is rather minor Delany, and it isn't really clear at any point what is going on in the story. The typical Delany vulgar minstrel figure is held in this castle where somebody is conducting some sort of experiment or something. Also Delany shows an uncharacteristic lack of control in his style and at times gets himself totally lost in flowery language.

Daphne Castell's "Come Up and See Me" is totally incoherent and unreadable, and despite its short length I never got through it. The less said about it the better.

On the brighter side of things, Joe Hensley's "Shut the Last Door" is proof that you still can write a fresh and new psi story, despite John Campbell's thorough exploration of this area. Ironically, the whole success of the story depends on several breakings of the *Analog* formula in crucial areas. Among other things, this is a people story rather than a gadget story, and its social background (it is set in a near future negro slum) would also be taboo in JWC's magazine. This is an extremely good story, perhaps a good Hugo candidate.

"Big Sam" by Avram Davidson is a brief joke about a man who hibernates in the winter, and although it maintains itself well over its brief length, it is hardly anything to get excited over.

Weird tales fans will be very much interested in James Blish's "More Light" because it contains the complete (minus the last line) text of the famous non-existent verse play *The King in Yellow*, on which the Robert W. Chambers collection was based. The story is just a frame full of ingroup jokes ("I never trusted Bill Atheling . . . .") but the play itself is the main attraction. Maybe Blish'll write the *Necronomicon* next.

Joanna Russ' "The Man Who Couldn't See Devils" isn't sf or fantasy at all but it is perhaps the best story in the book. It's a humorous and delightful account of the adventures of a boy in a rural town who refuses to see all the ghosts and goblins his kin and neighbors imagine.

"The Key to Out" by Betsey Curtis is a minor effort, a trite idea (alternate universes) handled in a trite manner (barroom tale).

Robert Silverberg's "Ringing in the Changes" explores the possibilities of mind swapping as a popular pastime and what would happen if someone lost track of which mind belongs in which body.

David Telfair's "In a Quart of Water" is a rather slight but still amusing piece about the exorcism of a haunted shower.

Gene Wolfe's "Morning Glory" and Josephine Saxton's "The Triumphant Head" are decidedly forgettable. I've forgotten what they are about.

Keith Laumer's "The Devil You Don't" is by the Laumer who wrote Retief rather than the one who wrote "Test to Destruction," but it is a very good *Unknown Worlds* type of story about the Devil, and the philosophers in the audience might be interested in Laumer's tongue-in-cheek distinction between sin and evil.

Peter Tate's "Mainchance" is a rather impressive effort from a new author and although much better than any of his previously published short fiction it fails to really fulfill its promise. Tate has very skilfully drawn a picture of a computer-run society at the turn of the next century and of the religious movement that has resulted; and then gone off into a man talks down machine plot, leaving all sorts of ends dangling. An expansion into a novel is in order. It could be a very good novel too.

In conclusion, *Alchemy and Academe* is a good anthology but not a great one, with the first rate material by far outweighing the bad. —Darrell Schweitzer

THE MAGIC OF ATLANTIS edited by Lin Carter. Lancer 74699, 1970. 191 p. 75¢

Ah, nice simple, beautifully written escape! Seven short but spicy stories of derring do, mostly magical, but with heads cracking and swords flashing enough to illuminate. These seven little gems were dug out of *Weird Tales* and similar places by that wonderful wizard Lin Carter. There is an underlying theme of Atlantis connecting all these pieces, though the connection is tenuous—every fantasy writer has his own idea of what Atlantis was like. I personally like Sprague deCamp's "The Eye of Tandyla" best, the story of the stealing of a powerful gem from the eye of an idol, bearing little resemblance to *The Moonstone*, and the sort of treachery that follows this theft is most original. There is also a Clark Ashton Smith story—I never knew he wrote about Atlantis—that is excellent, though a bit gruesome. After all, the only way to stop a death spell is to reflect it back to whoever cast it; and when a death spell is cast upon a man already dead, well read "The Death of Malygris." This book is a must for sword and sorcery fans. Most entertaining.

—Jan M. Evers

STAR-BEGOTTEN by H. G. Wells. Leisure, 1971. 173 p. 75¢

MEN LIKE GODS by H. G. Wells. Leisure, 1970. 238 p. 95¢

DEATH'S DEPUTY by L. Ron Hubbard. Leisure, 1971. 158 p. 75¢

FINAL BLACKOUT by L. Ron Hubbard. Leisure, 1970. 191 p. 75¢

Leisure Books, Inc. is an independent California publisher (6340 Coldwater Canyon, North Hollywood, Calif. 91606) who have begun with issuing a number of interesting mystery and sf reprints. The bindings are durable, the type large and dark and clear for the most part, the cover art quite good, the prices reasonable, and the texts not bad at all.

To begin with, we have two H. G. Wells reprints, not available in paperback before. *Star-Begotten* was first published in 1937, a short novel, only marginally science fiction. It is the story of delusion—a man who suspects his wife of being a mutant deliberately created by Martians—and the effect of this delusion on those who consider it even momentarily. It is told in a slow-paced, conversational style that is a bit boring eventually, but it remains readable. The cover illustration is by George Barr; called *Nightmare Child* it won first place at the 23rd Westercon.

The larger, and considerably better, book, *Men Like Gods* is copyrighted 1922-23. It is a Utopian novel in which a handful of Earthmen find themselves on another world in another dimension among a race of 'beautiful people' as Wells describes them. The world and its people are indeed Utopian, the story virtually non-existent, and the ideas rather dated, but the book is an amiable excursion into the author's thoughts and far from a waste.

The two Hubbard books are both from the 1940 John Campbell *Unknown*, and are extraordinary. Whatever your opinion of Scientology or of its founder, I think you will find these two books quite different from anything you might have imagined. Both are unusual, advanced treatments of F&SF themes, thoroughly readable, lucid, swift-paced, with detailed, effective characterizations and gut-oriented dramatic impact.

Death's Deputy, with a striking cover by Al Anderson, is the story of a tool of the gods, a reluctant immortal, who seeks death in vain while most all those he comes in contact with die violent deaths. It is somewhat dated in an odd sort of way and a bit overlong, but the characters and incidents come across very well. It seems just barely fantasy, with moments of quite vivid realism that rival Harlan Ellison at his best.

Final Blackout has an introduction by the author in which he comments on the controversy the book once aroused. It was written before America's entry into WWII and had some harsh things to say about the Soviet Union, but most of the events discussed are ancient history now and the story remains a bleak, harsh novel of a hopeless conflict and an idealistic lieutenant who fights it to its ironic end. It is longer and more effective than *Death's Deputy*, but again dated in that same inexplicable way.

Neither of these books are wastes, but I can't say they are especially worthwhile, either. Put it this way: as science fiction goes, these are two unusual works of some literary, some historical interest. As entertainment, they are of less interest. —Paul Walker

DIMENSION X edited by Damon Knight. Simon and Schuster, 1970. 351 p. $5.95

This meaty volume contains five novellas: "The Man Who Sold the Moon" by Robert Heinlein, "Fiddler's Green" by Richard McKenna, "The Marching Morons" by C. M. Kornbluth, "The Saliva Tree" by Brian Aldiss and "The Ugly Little Boy" by Isaac Asimov. In today's youthful terminology, there isn't a bummer in the lot. Nor, for that matter, is there one that hasn't been read at least three times by devoted sf readers (possible exception: "Fiddler's Green").

I couldn't help but get the impression that this was a 'quickie' anthology, tossed together ar the suggestion of a Simon and Schuster executive on a blue Monday. Certainly Mr. Knight must have been aware of the fact that the contents have been the objects of repeated publication; you could almost certainly buy paperbacks containing these novellas for at least two dollars less than the cost of this hardback. The obvious question then is "Why?" And I'm afraid that the equally obvious answer is "A fast buck." —David C. Paskow

LOCUS SOLUS by Raymond Roussel. Trans. by Rupert Copeland-Cuningham. University of California Press, 1970. 254 p. $6.50

"This accurate yet colloquial translation by Rupert Copeland-Cuningham perfectly captures the unique eccentricity of the original."

This is not a novel in our use of the term. It is a series of scenes describing the wonders of scientist Canterel's hideaway near Paris named the Locus Solus. It could just as well be the tour through Merlin's cave. The wonders exposed are ridiculous in the extreme, of the sort that amused our grandfathers at the turn of the century. The writing matches the content in that it is the old, stilted, lugubrious prose of bygone eras. There is no wonder in this book; nor is there joy or value.

Chapter I deals with the myth surrounding a statue at Locus Solus which came originally from Timbuctoo and a myth concerning the base upon which it stands.

Chapter II describes a mechanized paving beetle which constructs a mosaic out of teeth and is driven by the weather -- winds and sunlight -- which Canterel predicts, breezes and all, ten days in advance. "The professor had developed the art of weather-forecasting to its furthest possible limits. Examination of a mass of fantastically sensitive and accurate instruments enabled him to determine the direction and force of every breath of wind at a given spot ten days in advance, as well as the time of arrival, dimensions, opacity and condensation-potential of the smallest cloud."

Chapter III contains a description of a marvelous form of water Canterel has developed which allows air-breathing animals to breathe in it. It subjects us to lengthy descriptions of a group of bottle imps, and the story behind each, as well as the head of Danton (q.v.) activated by a trained cat and an underwater ballet by the dancer Faustine.

Unless you are a completist student of the genre (mystical trips and strange sights) there is no reason whatever to read this book. The translation is far from colloquial, appearing to have been made with one of hhose multilingual science dictionaries at the translator's elbow. (Example, describing a race between a group of trained sea horses: "Since his idea was that the equipage should make a graceful circuit of the diamond's interior, he proposed to add excitement to the show by instituting the first-ever sea-horse race. A certain amount of elasticity in the setons would allow the more agile competitors to move triumphantly ahead, though never more than a very little way, in view of the paltry means of locomotion which the hippocampi had at their disposal.")

Thus, I made my way laboriously to page 92 and gave up.

--Gary H. Labowitz

TRESPASS by Fletcher Knebel. Pocket Books 78033, 1970. 310 p. 75¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1969 $6.95)

Fletcher Knebel writes 'day after tomorrow' novels; "Trespass," set in 1973, is no exception. Taking the theme of reparations for black citizens, the novel relates the story of a carefully planned takeover of the homes of six influential whites, the purpose being to have the homeowners sign over their property to the blacks in a document which also relates alleged crimes against blacks by said homeowners or relatives.

The first third of the novel deals with the takeover of the Crawford residence (husband, wife, two children) by some members of Blacks of Friday the twenty-first (date of the assassination of Malcolm X), the middle third to a realization of what is happening by the President and the FBI and the final third to the ultimate confrontation between the FBI and the BOF. Despite a relatively predictable last page, this novel with its tone of understated menace, is one of Knebel's best.

--David C. Paskow

THE WITCHCRAFT READER edited by Peter Haining. Doubleday, 1970. 204 p. $4.95

This is a rare one, a collection of eight stories ("All the Devils in Hell" by John Brunner, "Broomstick Ride" by Robert Bloch, "From Shadowed Places" by Richard Matheson, "Mad Wizards of Mars" by Ray Bradbury, "One Foot and the Grave" by Theodore Sturgeon, "Timothy" by Keith Roberts, "Warlock" by Fritz Leiber and "Witch" by A. E. Van Vogt) which have not been over-anthologized. In addition, they're good.

Keith Roberts tells a touchingly horrifying story of a scarecrow given temporary life and emotion; van Vogt spins a tale of a century-old horror returned from the grave and concludes his story with what must be the best descriptive sentence I've come across in quite some time; John Brunner tells of the fury of a witch scorned while Theodore Sturgeon's story is of wizards and sorcery, angels and devils. These are the high points of "The Witchcraft Reader," though there are no low points in this thoroughly enjoyable anthology.

--David C. Paskow

HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS by Marilyn Ross. Paperback Library 64-537, 1970. 75¢

For all the apparent inconsistencies in the thesis, I can't escape the deep suspicion that the film release and book publication of "House of Dark Shadows" were consciously planned to coincide with the sudden and unexpected demise (murder?) of the popular television series. Granted, the film was begun months, even years ago, while the series -- languishing, some say, for want of new material -- was often and up to the end only a few weeks ahead of daily production in continuity, if we are to believe 'inside' reports. Still, it's an interesting coincidence, and possibly a profitable one.

For "House of Dark Shadows" witnesses the wholesale slaughter of key characters in the cult-buttressed series -- Roger and Barnabas Collins, Carolyn Stoddard and Professor T. Elliot Stokes, to name but several; and the disjuncture from one medium to another side-by-side would seem insufferable even to the wildest cultist (which label I freely accept); though "Shadows" has lately reappeared as a 'comic' in some of the less reputable dailies, and yet another film has been released, while the TV series itself experimented at the end with a 'parallel universe' approach.

As in other reviews of past "Dark Shadows" books -- albeit mayhap by less zealous devotees -- one can still only comment that the book versions of "Shadows" plots, while perhaps improving over time, and while differing from film or 'tube' versions in some minor particulars, remain but pale reflections of the primary vehicle(s), to which the reader is commended; the books stand only as somewhat esoteric references for devoted (now defeated, and somewhat harried) cultists -- alas!

Briefly -- Dr. Julia Hoffman belatedly comes to the conclusion that she is deeply in love with Barnabas Collins (silly girl! we've known it all along!), and embarks on one of the perennial efforts to cure Barnabas' vampirism. Barnabas, however, has eyes only for Maggie Evans, seen as a reincarnation of his beloved, long-dead Josette; and, a woman scorned, Julia 'doctors' the cure to make of Barnabas a far more sinister character than even in "Shadows" earliest episodes, let alone his latest, benign appearances -- to her own destruction, and in truly grim Shakespeare-cum-Frankenstein tragic fashion, that of almost everyone around her.

In its more grisly-graphic features, film does better for this sort of thing than the written word, let alone the word written on so stylized a commission as the present; the film is heartily recommended (by a cultist) to all; the book (I suspect by nearly 'all'), only to cultists.

--Robin FitzOsbert

FOURTH MANSIONS by R.A. Lafferty. Ace 24590, 1969. 252 p. 75¢

"There is entwined seven-tentacled lightning. It is fire-masses, it is sheets, it is arms. It is seven-colored writhing in the darkness, electric and alive. ... It is seven murderous thunder-snakes striking in seven directions along the ground! ... Now! At you!"

Thus begins Lafferty's apocalyptic novel about the fate of the world, or, at least the fate of the West. In it he uses images from St. Teresa of Avila and the song from "High Noon," and it is full of action and Irish mockery.

The lightning-snakes with which "Fourth Mansions" opens are a manifestation of the Harvesters, seven more-than-natural men and women joining their minds to shake the world and mutate it, and seeking to control the mind of Fred Foley, a reporter "who had very good eyes but simple brains..." (p.7), the boy friend of one of them. The Harvesters are counterbalanced in their efforts by the Crolls, whose symbol is the badger -- the dig-in-and-hold-fast opponents of the snakes of forbidden knowledge. Foley intrudes upon this contention for the world by seeking to determine whether or not a certain Carmody Overlark is really a returned or deathless man, the same man known in ancient Persia as Kar ibn Modh. He discovers that a group of such deathless ones exists -- the figurative toads of the cosmos, and that they are opposed by the raised swords of the 'unfledged falcons' -- ruthless military leaders and potential world dictators. The mansions of the title represent the zenith or Golden Age of culture -- a goal which each civilization must, at a certain point, choose to leap toward or choose to abandon. The story of the tottering of the West to the brink of choice, and the hunting of Fred Foley by the deathless toads and the lightning snakes, and his hunting them makes a very fast-moving, un-put-downable tale told as only an Irishman would have the nerve to do it -- telling with absolute certainty an absolutely incredible story that laughs at itself and at every creature on earth and boldly borrows most of the major symbols of the Western literary tradition.

--Cindy Woodruff

A MAP OF MIDDLE-EARTH drawn and embellished by Pauline Baynes. Based on the cartography of J.R.R. and C.J.R. Tolkein. George Allen & Unwin, and Ballantine Books, 1970. $2.50

How does one review a map? Let me count the ways. First we must define our terms. As inadequate as it may become in some cases, we may say that a map is a graphic representation of a portion of a planetary surface. In reviewing a map, as in reviewing a book, a description of the item in hand is essential. Size of the map, area depicted, scale, cartographic techniques, purpose of the map, and -- last and certainly least -- the aesthetics of the map are all factors to consider. If one goes beyond mere description into evaluation of the map, it must always be done in light of the intended purpose(s) and possible uses of the map.

So much for generalities. In the special case of cartographic fantasy, and in the special sub-case of maps of imaginary lands, special criteria apply. Fidelity to the story replaces geographical accuracy as a standard. A case which springs immediately to mind is maps of Oz. L. Frank Baum described places in Oz as being east or west of other points but when he came to draw a map he placed east to the left and west to the right, confusing later Oz scholars no end. If we are going to attempt any evaluation of a map of an imaginary land, we must consider various editions when they exist.

All of which brings us to the map in hand. Measuring 35" x 24" it is unabashedly based on the original published map of Middle Earth which was tipped into the first two volumes of "Lord of the Rings." All maps of Middle Earth are derived from the Tolkien original (16" x 17 ", for the record) and must be measured against it. Ignoring the 'black light' edition we may concentrate our exam-

ination on four editions of the map of Middle Earth: the original, the Baynes rendering, the Bruin edition (40" x 30") drawn by M. Blackburn, and the earlier Ballantine edition (37 " x 25") drawn by 'Brem.' All three of the derivative editions attempt to chart the travels of the Fellowship of the Ring, the Blackburn rendering being the most detailed. One rather gross error must be noted in the Blackburn rendering, however: "Running River" has become "Bunning River." Both the Baynes and Blackburn renderings show forests where none is shown in the original, with the Baynes rendering adding, parenthetically, variant names for a few geographical features whild the Blackburn and 'Brem' renderings follow the original in single names. The 'Brem' rendering is so cartographically undistinguished as to be barely adequate, the very colorful and attractive borders of the map being striking enough to save the map from total dismissal. While the Blackburn rendering is the most detailed (and the largest) the Baynes rendering is the most aesthetically interesting being the only version to use several colors on the map proper, having nine (9) insets illustrating various places of importance in Middle Earth, and having two borders decorated, the top border showing the Fellowship of the Ring and the bottom border depicting the Black Riders of Mordor, Shelob, and assorted other baddies. The chronological pre-eminence of the original cannot be challenged, nor can the utility of the Blackburn rendering to Middle Earth scholars be questioned, but the Baynes rendering stands out as combining accuracy and beauty. If only one is to be draped on your wall, select the Baynes version.

--J. B. Post

GOD'S FIRST WORLD by Fred Gwynne. Harper, 1970. Unpaged. $3.95

A picture book parable wherein God creates the world much as we know it today, complete with offshore oil wells, and commands the man and the woman not to tamper. Being human they change things: plant grass, bulldoze the high-rise slums, dynamite the oil wells, etc. God returns and is sore wroth at the tampering. He accepts the situation but says not to change anything. Being human, the man and woman proceed to create our world again. The author, as an aside, was a star of "The Munsters"on tv.

--J. B. Post

BEYOND THE GOLDEN STAIR by Hannes Bok. Ballantine 02093, 1970. 209 p. 95¢

Four escaped convicts, fleeing through the Florida Everglades, stumble upon a strange pool, in which bathes a blue flamingo. A mysterious golden stair, seemingly of dust motes, extends upward from the pool. The escapees find it is solid and decide to go up, hoping to find a foolproof hideout. Instead they find Khoire, a land of mythic superbeings that guide man's destiny (and all that stuff). Unearthly but almost logical laws apply in Khoire -- the few people who arrive there become in appearance what they are in reality, an entity's psyche determines his physical structure. The convicts are accordingly transformed within a day of their arrival. Two die as a result of this transformation, and their natural greed and viciousness. The other two return to the ground in their new state, and to new destinies.

This is an amazing book. It is written with the eye and mind of an excellent artist, consequently the description is as beautiful as a Bok painting. The plot is slightly sugary and moralistic, and only a bit more plausible than never-never-land. It is an inconclusive, but exquisite fantasy, as well as being one of the easiest books to read I've come across in quite a while, since it is fairly simply written -- the description being in everyday language used skillfully, rather than elaborate gobbledygook. My only complaint is that it doesn't have a Bok cover.

--Jan M. Evers

BLUEPRINT FOR YESTERDAY by June Wetherell. Walker, 1971. $5.95

This is another contribution to the list of the instantly forgettable sf novels. Neither original in theme or in technique, it is not worth the reviewer's or the reader's time. Unfortunately it is that commonplace of so much of today's sf, a dull story.

Hera Barlow, graduate history student of the year 2032 A.D., longs for the golden splendors of the good old days of the 20th century. Why is never really explained. In good film making, a menace or mood can be suggested by clever interplay of light and darkness and be much more horrifying than an explicit monster. In writing, horror and evil can also be suggested, e.g. Lovecraft. In this book you keep reading to find out what's so bad about Hera Barlow's time but you find out very little, either explicitly or implicitly. The RR's (Red Rebels) want to overthrow the establishment and return to the freedom and 'happiness' of earlier days. An MPB (missing persons bureau) apparently keeps tabs on all citizens.

H. B. is left a message by her dying grandmother to find some papers in a secret room in the house her grandfather had lived in before he died. The house is located near Seattle. Hera reaches the house to find it occupied by Ethan Webster, organic farmer first class and another throwback like her. Their get together is interrupted by Grover Mann of the MPB who has to take Hera back to Seattle because her MPB Permit card has expired (this is a no no). After showing us that Grover is the world's most incompetent jerk, one of Zoe Barlow's (Hera's mother) old lovers shows up, one Morty Kelly, who owns the house, is very fat, wears the customary wig, and is a bad bad. To avoid giving away the fabulous conclusion to this badly overpriced novel, the reader is allowed one guess as to how this epic ends.

—Edward Wood

SOLOMON KANE by Robert E. Howard. Centaur Press, 1971. 126 p. 75¢

This is the third and last of three paperback collections drawn from the hardbound *Red Shadows* (Donald M. Grant, 1968). Included are "The Right Hand of Doom" "Red Shadows," "Rattle of Bones," "The Castle of the Devil," "Blades of the Brotherhood" and two short narrative poems, "The Return of Sir Richard Grenville" and "Solomon Kane's Homecoming." Howard's dark and sinister Puritan adventurer-fanatic is at his bloodthirsty best in these stories. Especially fine Howard is "Blades of the Brotherhood"—chronologically the first, I believe, of the Solomon Kane yarns.

The 'Time-Lost' series from Centaur, of which *Solomon Kane* is an example, deserves a plug. Finely produced with excellent color cover art, the series is bringing back many older fantasy adventures otherwise currently unavailable—well worth the money to anyone whose interests fall into this area. Available from Donald M. Grant, Publisher (W. Kingston, R. I. 02892) or through Como Sales, Inc., 799 Broadway, New York 10003.

—B. A. Fredstrom

EVIL IS LIVE SPELLED BACKWARDS by Andrew J. Offut. Paperback Library 69-490, 1970. 158 p. 75¢

Andrew J. Offut is one of our better fan writers, lusty, whimsical, and spirited, but as a novelist . . . well, he is somewhat less successful. To begin with, the cover of *Evil is Live Spelled Backwards* is a dreadful cartoon collage, with Offut's name in tiny letters buried off to the left. The novel itself concerns a future superstate USA, which has been taken over by totalitarian Puritan-Catholics who have outlawed sex and enslaved women. The inevitable underground, led by a mysterious figure known as John Cleland, has resurrected Devil worship and infiltrated the state power structure. The hero, of sorts, is a conscience stricken Federal Obscenity Policeman (or F.O.P.) who falls for morals criminal Purity White. Oh well, you've heard it all before.

Offut has his moments. He is capable of writing well, of sustaining interest, of creating a credible scene, but his total lack of subtlety in most everything, his antiquated subject matter (sexual repression cum Puritanism) drove me away from the book before I was half finished. Not really worthwhile.

—Paul Walker

COMICS AND THEIR CREATORS by Martin Sheridan. Luna Press (Box 1049, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202), 1971. 304 p. $4.00paper

This is an unabridged reprint of the 1944 edition, which in turn was a slight (?) revision of the original edition published in 1942. The sub-title, Life Stories of American Cartoonists, indicates the biographical emphasis of the book. As one of the first book-length studies of comic strips, emphasizing the 1920-1940 period, Sheridan's account has some historical interest. Comic books are briefly mentioned only at the outset, when they had begun to come under fire for their mayhem and gore, criticism which culminated in Wertham's 1954 study, *Seduction of the Innocent.* Sheridan's approach is wholly descriptive and anecdotal rather than analytical or critical. He groups his sketches into broad categories, such as Old Stand-bys (Barney Google, Little Orphan Annie), Married Strips (Blondie, etc), Adventure Strips (Dick Tracy), and Fantastic Strips (Alley Oop, Buck Rogers, etc). Over 100 reproductions of panels and sketches are included, along with a detailed index of strips and artists. Comic buffs will want this, but those with more than nostalgic interest will prefer more recent and scholarly studies, such as Pierre Couperin's *History of the Comic Strip* (1968), or the collection edited by David M. White, *The Funnies: an American Idiom* (1963).

—Neil Barron

THE HERO PULP INDEX by Robert Weinberg with Lohr McKinstry. 2d edition. Opar Press (P. O. Box 550, Evergreen, Colo. 80439) 1971. 48 p. (39 text, 16 illus, b&w) $4.00 paper

A good job, specific but economical. 55-60 'heroes' are included, counting such paragons of virtue as Wu Fang, The Octopus and Dr. Death. Mr. Weinberg's tests for inclusion were: complete available data, on story appearance if not on authorship; and 'interest' in the character. This 'interest' denotes secondhand trading, not contemporary popularity. 1-issue (magazine) characters like Sheena and Flash Gordon appear, plus some interesting but unsuccessful attempts by the Red Star chain, about 1940, to try out some new character types as heroes: The Wizard, Don Diavolo, Dr. Harker. The main revisions of HPI's first edition, Weinberg says, concern Part III. This is a survey of HP reprints, whether hardcover, paperback or other magazines.

When HPI sells enough copies for a third edition, Mr. Weinberg might consider adding an analytic preface for his material, something pungent but more historical than the alphabetized guide in his present Part IV. Models would be Jules Pfeiffer's preface to that 1965 coffee-table book about the old comics' heroes, or Pauline Kael's more recent "Raising Kane" (*New Yorker*) about Welles' classic movie. Perhaps Weinberg considers this job done in Steranko's history of the comics (p.35, HPI). But in the incestuous interplay between movies, pulps, comics and the old radio serials, who stole from whom? For instance, there are obvious plot and visual connections between the early Batman comic books and the German silent classics, both *Caligari* and the old Fritz Lang thrillers. Were these connections direct, or mediated through the HP's? This guide enables one to spot specific lifts in the early Batmans from pulps like *Whisperer* and *Phantom Detective.* Of course, part of the answer to this question of mine about artistic theft, is that the same harried hack wrote comic storyboards, pulp serials, radio continuity, and then finally the more respectable mystery or sf books, carrying his own honest name (sometimes) and actually getting reviewed.

Apparently the proper indexing of pulp publication is going to continue in this piecemeal way, by selling specialized guides (for sf, the HP's, mysteries) to the different cults, then letting each reader do his own correlation of authors' contributions to the different fields. In some such crossword-puzzle manner, the mystery fan, for instance, can use HPI to complete his knowledge of what Lester Dent (Doc Savage) and Clayton Rawson (Don Diavolo) wrote. At any rate, HPI should be given to, or forced on, all American college libraries. This may help discourage their continued efforts, blind leading the blind, to teach modern American literary history without ever learning who wrote what when where. (Don't believe the history of the depression's poetry or drama is in any better shape than the old pulps!) Congratulations, both to Mr. Weinberg and the 15-20 informants and associates he mentions by name.

—Mark Purcell

THE MAN ON THE MOON: THE STORY OF PAN TWARDOWSKI by Marion Moore Coleman. Cherry Hill Books (202 Highland Ave, Cheshire Conn. 06410) 1971. 54 p. $3.00 paper

This is supposed to be a modern retelling of an old Polish legend. Pan Twardowski's father is tricked into promising his son's soul to the Devil. Pan, however, is a clever lad and gets the whole bargain invalidated. The Devil appears as a poor stooge while Pan gets all sorts of power. Pan is such a rotten grade-A number one swine that I kept rooting for the Devil to carry him off into eternal torment. With his magical powers he does heal the sick but he just as often plays tricks on people. In the end the Devil does get him but Pan prays and manages to avoid Hell but gets stuck on the Moon for all eternity. Strictly for folklorists. —J. B. Post

BROTHER JOHN by Leo P. Kelley. Based on a screenplay by Ernest Kinoy. Avon V2379, 1971. 160 p. 75¢

John Kane does not seem to be anyone important. When his Aunt Sarah dies, John returns to his native town. He is a black southerner, and has returned briefly twice before, when kinfolk were near death. John seems to know when people are going to die. He stays around, romancing a pretty schoolteacher. Events draw him and eventually the whole world to an unstated destiny.

The book is slow-paced and mundane, but fairly well written. —Tom Bulmer

ALSO RECEIVED:

A For Anything, by Damon Knight. Fawcett Gold Medal T2545, March 1972. 75¢ (orig. title: The People Maker)

Barnabas, Quentin and the Hidden Tomb, by Marilyn Ross. Paperback Library 64-772, Dec. 1971. 75¢ (Dark Shadows 31)

Bored of the Rings, by Henry N. Beard and Douglas C. Kenney. Signet N4002, March 1972. $1.00 (8 ptg, reviewed LUNA Monthly 14)

E Pluribus Bang! by David Lippincott. Paperback Library 65-709, Dec. 1971. 95¢ (hardcover: Viking, 1970. $5.95 reviewed LUNA Monthly 31)

Green Lantern, and Green Arrow no. 1. Paperback Library 64-729, Jan. 1972. 75¢ (comics)

The Green Man, by Kingsley Amis. Ballantine 02326, Aug. 1971. 95¢ (hardcover: Harcourt, 1970. $5.95 reviewed LUNA Monthly 28)

Heroes & Villains, by Angela Carter. Pocket Books 77492, April 1972. 95¢ (hardcover: Simon & Schuster, 1970. $5.95 reviewed LUNA Monthly 30)

The Invisible Man, by H. G. Wells. Popular Library 01503, Feb. 1972. 75¢

The Little Wax Doll, by Norah Lofts. Fawcett Crest M1662, Feb. 1972. 95¢ (orig: The Devil's Own, by Peter Curtis. Doubleday, 1960)

Lucky Starr and the Big Sun of Mercury, by Isaac Asimov writing as Paul French. Signet T4925, March 1972. 75¢ (orig: Doubleday, 1956)

Lucky Starr and the Oceans of Venus, by Isaac Asimov writing as Paul French. Signet T4926, March 1972. 75¢ (orig: Doubleday, 1954)

Matthew Looney's Voyage to the Earth, by Jerome Beatty Jr. Avon Camelot ZN95, Feb. 1972. 95¢ (hardcover: Addison-Wesley, 1961. $3.95 reviewed LUNA Monthly 7)

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