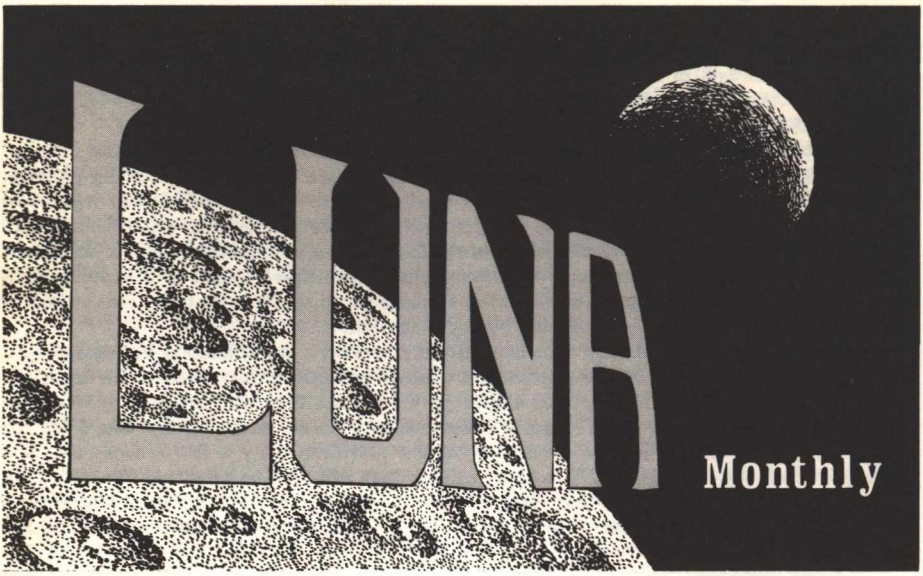

No. 38/39 **July/August 1972**

Eurocon at Trieste

by Waldemar Kumming

Eurocon I had about 630 members. There were about 370 attending memberships, but judging by appearance less than that number of fans were actually at the convention. The fans were scattered in many hotels all over the town. The con activities also took place at various locations. Festival films were shown in the mornings, in a movie theater in the center of the town.

Perhaps because of the scarcity of such films, the trend away from straight sf was even more pronounced than in previous years. Among the full-length films there was only one that could really be called an sf film: *Silent Running*, by the Stanley Kubrick disciple Douglas Trumbull. This won a much deserved award from the film jury. Unfortunately many fans who had come at the start of the convention missed it, since this film was shown during the first days of the film festival, which started much earlier than the convention. *Doomwatch* from England described strange happenings on a small island, which are finally traced to piles of radioactive waste. The French film *Les soleils de l'Ile de Paques* was a borderline case. While the theme of a meeting with extraterrestrials (in the form of fireballs, hence the suns in the title) is certainly sf, it is presented in a mystical and magical way. The central idea is also quite unbelievable: a constellation in the heavens, occurring only every 500 years, and somehow centering on Easter Island, enables the aliens to bridge the gulf to Earth. By mysterious means they have drawn an assortment of people to the island. They see the state of our world in their minds, and leave in disgust. *Beware the Blob* won a special award from the jury, because the accent was less on the well-known red goo but rather on satirizing life in a small American town. The reactions of the fans to this film were rather mixed. The French film *Au seuil du vide* was about a personality exchange between an old and a young woman, effected by means of an unexplained (magical?) totally black room. A Russian film for children had a magical bird transport a boy to various heroic eras of the past, including the Russian revolution, of course. This film was heavily laced with propaganda but most of the time quite funny. Somehow *Goke* crept into the festival, a Japanese monster movie that was not even new. Other horrors were shown in *Necromancy*, *The Brotherhood of Satan*, and the Belgian film *La plus longue nuit du diable*.

A host of short films was also shown, many of them excellent. Here the Belgian

production *Het laaste ordel* got the award. This is a sort of *Andromeda Strain* in reverse, where the scientists in an underground laboratory find they have a virus infection that is harmless in the sterile laboratory air but means quick death outside. There is an antivirus that would cure them but would also kill everybody on the surface.

After a long break the convention program resumed at 3:30 in the Stazione Marittima, a magnificent building on a pier, normally used as a terminal for big passenger ships. This offered a lot of room, especially needed for the art show which was overflowing all available space. Practically all the artwork was by professionals, and while the show was indeed most impressive, many of the pictures had little if any connection with sf or fantasy. A notable exception was the work of Dutch-Italian artist Karel Thole, who is doing all the covers for one of the Italian sf book series. It came as no surprise that the fans voted him best artist, followed by the Frenchman François Jamoul.

The convention hall itself had been fitted out with a simultaneous translation setup which was technically perfect. But it became evident quite soon that some of the terms used were proving too much for the translators. In most cases they did not have access to the manuscripts in advance. The French speakers seemed to be worst hit by this difficulty. While they were talking a blue streak up on the platform, only a few words sometimes emerged from the headphones. This is a problem that will have to be solved in a better way at future European conventions. Belgian fans, who will be running the 1974 Brussels convention, were seen to take note in detail of the unexpected difficulties into which this pioneer attempt had run.

The speeches went on till 7:30, usually without any discussion afterwards. Attendance dropped off markedly after the first day. This was not so much due to dull speeches, though there were some in that category, and some were made so by the translation; a greater part was played by the weather which, this particular week, presented a deadly combination of heat and humidity. In the hall this was intensified to a degree where many fans simply could not endure for long. There were no panel or general discussions, and no really outstanding speeches. However many fans found it very

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interesting to meet, for the first time, authors from Hungary, Roumania, and Jugoslavia, and hear their viewpoints. There was no escaping Forry Ackerman. Not only was he seen in a film lecturing about sf movies, but it was also possible to see him double, in person and on the screen, while he was giving his slide show about the treasures of the Ackermansion.

No program was scheduled for the evenings, which left some fans rather at a loose end. Due to the many hotels involved, room parties were difficult to organize and find. To offset this to some extent, the committee had inveigled the town councils of Trieste and the adjoining harbor Muggia, to throw a free party each for the con members. Some English fans were spending their holidays in Portoroz, just across the border in Jugoslavia, commuting to Trieste. This led to what might possibly be a fannish first: a room party held in another country!

On the fifth day, the program came to a close with the banquet, held rather late in a seacoast restaurant out of town. Purchasers of banquet tickets had been asked to fill out an elaborate form listing several alternative choices of menu. However, things got a little bit disorganized, and there was actually just one standard menu. Very few people complained, as the food offered was excellent; indeed some old conventiongoers asserted that this was the best meal they ever got at a convention banquet. At midnight the handing out of awards started, and went on until 2 in the morning, as there were about 70 awards. Practically everybody mominated from any country got some sort of award. Many fans thought that giving so many awards took away much of the meaning and value. The winners in the artist category have been mentioned above. The Spanish *Nueva dimension* won as professional magazine over the Italian *Galassia* (there were no other contenders). There was also a category 'non-specialized magazine.' This award was won by the Roumanian *Viata Romaneasca*, followed by the Italian *Fenarete* and the French *Le magazine litteraire*. In the fanzine category the English *Speculation* won. Second prize went to the Italian *Notiziario CCSF* and third to *Quarber Merkur* from Austria. The award for comics went to France for *Lone Sloane*, followed by the Italian *Valentina*.

All in all, Eurocon I was a strange but interesting experience, in many respects different from other sf conventions, including the Heidelberg worldcon 1970. This had been criticized, especially by French and Italian fans, as too Americanized and not serious enough. Most fans came away thinking that Eurocon I went too far in the other direction, that it was an event for professionals and journalists but neglected the fans.

* * *

The next weekend saw the German convention in the small university town of Marburg. In comparison, this was a very small but pleasant event, with about 80 fans turning up. The con was held in the house of a students' association which boasted a hall with marvelous old woodwork and stained glass windows, a private bar operated at cost price by fan volunteers (no closing time), and free lodging for some less affluent fans. The program was rather informal and included long discussions, an all-night showing of rare old Fritz Lang and Murnau films, and a complete version of Gerd Hallenberger's talk about "SF in Today's Pop Music." He had given this talk (in English) in Trieste but had been forced to skip portions of the manuscript and almost all musical examples. Ulm was selected as the site for the 1973 German convention.

FILMS AT TRIESTE

Two U.S. entries won the Gold Asteroid and special jury prize in the final vote at Trieste this year. They were Universal's *Silent Running* and *Beware the Blob* directed by Larry Hagman for Jack A. Harris Enterprises. Sharing runner-up honors was the Czech spoof *The Girl on the Broom*—Vaclav Vorlicek's parody of witches and witchcraft, which had a full bag of special photographic effects of high technical and entertainment quality.

France and Russia divided the Silver Asteroid awards, the former for Dominique Erlanger's role in *On the edge of the void*, a film by Jean Francois Davy; and Mitia Nikolaiev for his performance in *Close to the top*, a juvenile treatment of the idea of turning a child loose to retrace the history of man from the Stone Age onwards. Best short film prize, the Gold Seal of Trieste, went to Guido Hendericks for his 24-minute *Day of Judgment*.

Continued on Page 9

ERICH VON DANIKEN IN TRIESTE 1972

by Walter Ernsting

"Chariots of the Gods"—Extraterrestrials visited our planet thousands of years ago! With an edition of 4 Million (FOUR MILLION!) books Däniken wrote the two bestsellers of our age. To give some hints about his third book he came to Trieste, where the 10th SF Film Festival was held at the same time with the 1st European SF Convention. (Later there will be, I am sure, a more detailed article about this in LUNA)—but here are just a few facts:

Well organized by the Italians, no question. Guests from all over the world. A lot of speeches, some discussions. All members had the occasion to see the films shown by the Festival—the best one (and it got the first prize!) was *Silent Running* by Douglas Trumbull.

Erich von Däniken phoned me in Trieste and said he would arrive at the airport two days later, on the 14th of July, for a short visit. No journalists, he added, perhaps only some close friends and really interested people. Anyhow I arranged with the Committee of the Festival a press conference, but the announcement didn't come until Däniken had left Trieste again. The result was a one hour discussion in the Press-Club Trieste with some thirty friends and journalists. Also Forry Ackerman was there, and Wendy translated for him the very interesting facts when Erich von Däniken told about his last trip around the world from the 4th of January till the 14th of April this year. He saw the treasure of the Incas, tons of gold, brought in security when the conquerers from Spain came to Peru and Ecuador. But gold is nothing, said Däniken. What he found is more: the proof of his theory that we were visited by alien astronauts, more than fifty thousand years ago. A library, containing more than 1000 thin plates of metal, covered on both sides with computerlike signs in a foreign language, may be the history of mankind, written by the Aliens. Or the history of the Aliens, lost forever on the planet Earth.

But there is still more proof for the fact that our ancestors had visitors from space, technical proof. Däniken told me, but I do not believe it because it is more fantastic than all our science fiction. He promised to show me next year the gigantic installations under the jungles of Ecuador and Peru, watched over by the Indians to the present day, who wait for the return of the Gods. I may not tell more about this, because Däniken is my personal friend and I had to give a promise, but when I have seen it with my own eyes next year, LUNA will receive the first report about this. These last things will not be in the third book of Däniken's, because he has to see it again to believe it himself.

Anyhow, his books have been published now in 26 languages, including Red China. It may be of interest, perhaps, that I have written a novel about him and his discoveries, titled *The Day The Gods Died*. He corrected the manuscript when he was in prison in 1971. Now it will be published in Germany in October 1972. The reader will never know when reading this book, what is documentation, what is fiction. So it will be no strict sf, but definitely 'Documentation-Fiction.'

As Erich von Däniken said, "The human race is not tolerant enough to understand and accept the facts of its origin. There is the possibility to acknowledge the better ability of other individuals." Däniken's third book will be another sensation, but remember what I wrote before: it is only half the truth. I asked him why? Why not tell the whole truth to end all discussion? He answered, "I want to live another year, perhaps two or three, or more. That's why..."

And since I know just a bit of this truth, I understand what he means. He is right. No science fiction can be as fantastic as the facts about us, about the human race and its origin, about the planet Earth and its position as an unimportant outsider in the galactic family of inhabited planets . . .

• •

CARNELL LITERARY AGENCY The literary agency administered by the late E. J. Carnell, which has for many years been of great service to science fiction authors and publishers, will be continued by his widow, Irene. She will be assisted by Mr. Leslie Flood, a life-long friend of Mr. Carnell. It had been the intention for some time that Mr. Flood would join forces with Ted, especially with the increasing burden of his illness. —SFWA Bulletin

SF IN FRENCH & DUTCH: BELCAMPO'S FANTASIES, OR THE LYING DUTCHMAN

by Mark Purcell

The most important postwar Dutch fantasy writer calls himself 'Belcampo.' I'm reviewing a French (Denoël) selection, *Le monde fantastique*, which reprints most (5) of his longer stories or novelettes.

Belcampo's special gift is for the invention of original themes or variations. You don't mistake his story ideas for somebody else's two weeks after reading them. For instance, Story-1, "Things in Power," is a thematically coherent development of the takeover of human society by objects. Belcampo's other gift, for backgrounding his fantasies with correct science and logical theory, is also required for "Things in Power," which asks author and reader to define 'object' intelligibly, just as many satires on humanity are really attempts to define the concept, 'man.'

Without exactly padding, Belcampo's usual narrative approach is a little relaxed. He avoids space opera suspense, not really to his credit. In "Oosterhuis' Tale" reappears the old 19th century frame that modish readers of fiction no longer expect, and that modish writers ave learned technical means to eliminate. "The Russian Mountains" spends half its wordage (14 pp.) in the form of a Stapledonian essay about future developments in brain-memory surgery, before either of the two main characters appears.

These main characters are always carefully 3-dimensionalized. You never have the problem you find in much good modern American fiction (sf, mainstream, films), where the situation is interesting, the writing good, and the 'hero' a 2-dimensional slob. The Belcampo protagonist, incidentally, is once given his last name and another time his real given. ('Belcampo' is Herman Schoenfeld Wichers.) But his most attractive main character is the beautiful two-nosed heroine of "Implacable Desire." Wanting a husband, she reviews her problem with the savants of her (1953) time: a theologian, botanist, pop-art painter (the sharpest satire) and the winner of the fair prize, a poor, deserving writer of literary fantasy, once again like you-know-Who. This heroine is morally tough and wittier than the male heroes. 'Outside' these protagonists, the minor characters are usually flatter, less colorful and well observed: once again the opposite of modern American sf, where the 'objective' writing about other people is written in an adult style, but the interior subjectivism, the writing about oneself, will be childish—the Hemingway syndrome.

Another contrast with the modern American sf tradition: Belcampo is good with scientific backgrounds (they're never 'fore'-grounds) but he seems uninterested in the so-called social sciences. The only field worth discussing in *Le monde fantastique* is religion, and even here he's disappointing. I mean, in a literary sense, missing creative opportunities. The theologian who counsels the two-nosed girl carries within him the potentialities for a really adult piece of satire. As a game, imagine what advice our girl would get from Schweitzer, Barth or Kierkegaard. (Not Cox or Lonergan: it's a 1953 story, remember.) But no, we only get the simpler joke of superstitious fundamentalism wrapped up in academic jargon. This is the artistic failure of the literary pro (not the amateur), throwing away the difficult big chances for something safer or easier. Probably Belcampo considered contemporary theology too boring to check it out properly.

More damaging to the whole story is another failure in imagining religious psychology, in his Apocalypse end-piece, "The Great Event." This pictures the Biblical sheep-and-goats Last Judgment occurring in a small Dutch village—good Boschian set-pieces of horrific description. Belcampo seems to me morally too naive for his theme. Perhaps I'm spoiled by C.S. Lewis' success with the "Screwtape Letters." Of course the power-figures of the townlet are doomed and damned, just as Revelations promises the Emperor and the Roman court. But their damnation is too isolated. The village butcher is tortured by his demon-wardens just as he dealt with his animals. Yet the regular customers for his chops, steaks and chitlins go free. And all the children make halo-heaven automatically. Yes, I know what Jesus said about them. But I rather thought the God of Revelations might have been a little more objective about some of the little beggars I remember growing up with. My point is, being sentimental in a Judgment story, whether one way with the butchers or the other with the kids, means that the writer no longer conceives of innocence and virtue as

positive states of being, only as legal or social conditions. The next step is, the local police force hassling or coddling the individual citizen, depending on how middle-class he appears. "The Great Event," I should add here, is really a self-satire on writers like Belcampo himself who invent stories to punish their enemies and reward themselves. He's an adult writer about himself. It's only the rest of the world he oversimplifies a little.

BELCAMPO: A PARTIAL CHECKLIST

The five stories of *Le monde fantastique* derive from 1946-50-53 collections: contents below. Belcampo's publisher is Kosmos, Amsterdam.

1946 *Nieuwe Verhalen*: Het laatste getuigenis, Het olografisch testament, De Cascade d'Ivrognes, Het verhaal van Oosterhuis (MF-3), Het grote gebeuren (MF-5; 1958-9 booklet editions, Utrecht, Amsterdam)

1950 *Sprongen in de branding*: Het museum, De preek van Adam Langenburg, Eenzaam, De storm, De dingen de baas (MF-1)

1953 *Liefde's verbijstering*: Het hardnekkige verlangen (MF-2), Amsterdam, De schtbaan (MF-4)

Other collections (unseen) include: 1968, *De ideale Dahlia;* 1959, *Tussen Hemel en Afgrond;* and the two earliest of all, *Alle verhalen mit de bundels* and *De verhalen.* The first six collections—*Alle verhalen* to *Tussen Hemel*—are reprinted, completely I think, in the 1963 *Luchtspiegelengen* with its 42 stories. Obviously this last title is the first book to order, if you read Dutch. There's also some recent nonfiction.

Have You Read?

Asimov, Isaac "The Computer That Went on Strike" (story) Saturday Evening Post, Spring, p.74-5

Beaupre, Lee "Phooey on 'Fritz the Cat'." New York Times, July 2, p.D7

Berkvist, Robert "Tripping the Quite Fantastic" (childrens fantasy books) New York Times Book Review, July 16, p.8

Bourjaily, Vance "What Vonnegut Is and Isn't" New York Times Book Review, August 13, p.3+

Camlin, Edward B. "What the Human Being of the Future Will Look Like." National Enquirer, August 27, p.18

Canby, Vincent "King Kong, Where Are You?" (ecological horror films) New York Times, July 16, D1+

Franklin, Bruce "Chic Bleak in Fantasy Fiction." Saturday Review, July 15, p.42-5

Johnson, William "Silent Running" (review) Film Quarterly, Summer, p.52-6

Jonas, Gerald "Onward and Upward With the Arts: S.F." New Yorker, July 29, p.33-6+

Koch, Stephen "We" (review) New York Times Book Review, July 9, p.7+

Lask, Thomas "One Voteo for Heresy" (review of We) New York Times, July 29, p.29

Malcolm, Andrew H. "Superman Rescues Metropolis Again" (Metropolis, Ill.) New York Times, August 8, p.35+

Martin, Graham "Infernal Triangle" (Ariel like a harpy) Spectator, May 20, p.773-4

Masters, Anthony "A Vampire's Image Is Worse Than Its Bite" Daily Telegraph Magazine, May 12, p.53-4+

"Noah's Ark of Horrors" (animal horror films) Time, August 14, p.51

O'Brien, Robert C. "Newbery Award Acceptance." Horn Book Magazine, August, p.343-8? with biographical sketch, p.349-51

"Only Artist on the Moon" (space sculpture of Paul Van Hoeydonck) New Yorker, May 20, p.29-30

Poe, Edgar Allen "The Black Cat" (story) Saturday Evening Post, Spring, p.64+

Rock, Gail "Milland is Back and Frog's Got Him" New York Times, June 25

Searles, Baird "When the Things to Come Finally Came." Village Voice, June 29, p.23+

Stanger, Ila "Satan, Superstar" (interview with W.P. Blatty) Harpers Bazaar, August, p.16+

"UFOs (Underage Flying Objects)" (The People) TV Guide, July 22, p.30-1

AN INTERVIEW WITH ISAAC ASIMOV

Conducted by Paul Walker

As a writer whose output can only be described as 'prodigious' from where, or from what, do you derive your greatest sense of immediate satisfaction: from the readers, the money, the prestige?

I derive my greatest satisfaction from writing; just sitting at my typewriter and writing. The readers I get and the money I get are useful, because if I didn't get them, I'd have to make a living some other way and wouldn't have much time to write.

If you could make as much money from, say, teaching as you make from writing, would you teach instead?

I would rather write than make my living in any other way, regardless of the remuneration.

* * *

Many sf writers take a crack at writing a mystery novel sometime during their careers, but certainly The Caves of Steel *and* The Naked Sun *are the most successful sf mysteries to date. Why does the mystery story appeal to you?*

I like to read mysteries, so I like to write them. I eventually try to write books of any kind I like to read.

Is there any kind of book you like to read that you have not yet written, or feel you are incapable of writing?

I like historical fiction, but I am not capable of writing it—too much minute research required—and I am not really interested either.

Who are your favorite mystery writers?

Agatha Christie, and anyone who resembles her.

* * *

Sf critic Stanislaw Lem has said, "SF authors who are also scientists almost never explore their own field of study in their science fiction." How do you feel about this?

I don't write much on biochemistry because it is too familiar to me to be fictionally exciting.

* * *

What is most likely to excite you about a book: the plot? characters? theme? technique? And what would be your second and third choices?

I like plot complications and suspense in my books, and I like to be outguessed. I like humor; I don't like sadism; I don't like to be disgusted or embarrassed.

Mysteries are examples of problem solving: problems posed, evidence collected, solution deduced. What do you find most intriguing about a problem: the question itself? The process of solution? or the solution itself?

I like the process of solution—all clues exposed, all deduction possible and fair, and for me to fail while Poirot succeeds.

In solving a problem, what do you find most satisfying: the sense of bringing order to chaos? or of discovering a natural order in things? In other words, which do you find most esthetically appealing, order or chaos?

Order, order, order.

* * *

Which excites you more: an interesting fact? or an informed opinion?

I prefer interesting facts to informed opinion any day. Given the facts I will generate my own opinion.

Do you ever think of facts as personal possessions, like books?

I tend to feel irritated when someone else turns out to know a fact I thought only I knew—like an invasion of private territory.

You are obviously a man who loves learning, but I wonder if that 'love' is a collector's appetite (i.e. you collect facts and ideas the way some men collect rare books or coins for their collections) or is more of an obsessive-compulsive habit (i.e. you read and remember the labels of catsup bottles)?

As I think about it, yes, I collect facts and ideas. I read reference books and get pleasure out of picking up something I didn't know before. The latest is that 'mayonnaise' comes from Port Mahon, Minorca.

When you are writing of, or teaching, a subject you know well, do you ever feel as if you are showing one of your most private possessions?

Not really. I take pride in showing off my knowledge and I suppose I have a solid faith that no matter how much I do I will be able to gain more knowledge or get further insights and stay ahead of the game.

Do you ever feel threatened by all that you don't know?

I certainly do feel threatened by all that I don't know. As my books take in more and more topics, I begin to feel responsible for keeping up with more and more branches of learning. Now I feel that I ought to collect jokes carefully, read books on Shakespeare and Byron, and so on. I am dreadfully aware of the fact that I get one day closer to death or senility—rather the former than the latter—each day I live, and that no matter how I pack my brain with facts and ideas, it will wither and decay and come to nothing at last. That is one of the reasons I am doing my best to discharge its contents onto the printed page as quickly and as entirely as ever I can. The products, I hope, will live on, even if the source doesn't.

You obviously take great pride in your own writing. Looking at it as objectively as you can, what is 'good' about it?

1)It is intricately plotted, and leaves no untied ends at the close. What's more 2) the heroes are not without flaws and there are no villains at all. At least there are people who oppose the hero, but usually they are justified in their own eyes and don't feel villainous and I do my best to present their case fairly, even when I disapprove of them personally. 3)My stories don't depend on sensationalism to make their point. They have neither unnecessary sex nor unnecessary profanity nor unnecessary violence. I allow their content to carry them.

* * *

What do you think is more important to a writer, especially a fiction writer, guts or ego?

Ego. You can write without guts.

Well, you are reputed to have one of the healthiest egos in the science fiction profession. What do you consider the 'pillar' of your ego: Asimov the Writer? The Teacher? The Scientist? or Asimov the Man?

I am not as vain as my public image is. A good deal of my vanity is my trademark, like my dark-rimmed glasses and my habit of kissing every girl in sight. If we get down to reality, I am not vain; not in the least. It is to my non-vanity that I attribute my success. A vain person overestimates himself and constantly tackles things he cannot do as well as he thinks he can. I do not. I know exactly what I can do and what I can't, and I know exactly how well I can do what I can do. It all comes out exactly write (pun unintentional). I don't consider myself a good scientist or a good human being. I do consider myself a good writer, a good lecturer, and a good teacher—in all three classifications, among the best in the world. That is not vanity; that is an honest estimate of the situation. There is quite enough agreement from the outside world to make me quite certain of my judgment.

You misunderstood me. I was not accusing you of vanity. I was asking which one of your accomplishments most supports your self-esteem? From which one do you derive the most self-affirmation?

The pillar of my ego as you talk about it is my honest feeling for the quality of my thinking and of the worthwhile nature of my effort to transfer it to the printed page. I honestly do believe that my books perform a service and that my work justifies my life. And although I may be non-religious, my feeling about the laws of nature, the mathematics of randomness, the materialistic processes that produce, out of original chaos, the three pounds of intricacy we call the human brain, give me the intense pleasure that, perhaps, religious feelings give someone else.

* * *

If someone were to refer to you as a 'Jewish writer,' or as one whose work reflected the influence of Jewish humanism, consciousness, etc.), would you feel it was an accurate perception or idle notion?

I am not a Jewish writer in any way. I am a writer who had Jewish parents. I think of myself as a Jew only in the sense that that is what anti-Semites consider me.

* * *

Social critic George Steiner has said: "By and large, biology has now taken over that central place in the layman's awareness of the sciences, in his sense of the new frontiers, which physics held from roughly the 1920's to the early 1960's." How do you feel about this?

The layman's real awareness of the sciences is in mysticism. The average layman thinks astrology is a science and that telepathy is an established fact.

Why is this so? And what, if anything, would you do about it?

Because any jerk can 'understand' mysticism, and jerks outnumber human beings. Nothing you can do about it.

But can the average, intelligent layman, over-25, gain any real 'awareness' of the sciences from the popular literature available to him?

Sure, if he reads my books.

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FILMS AT TRIESTE continued from Page 3

This year's retrospective was dominated by Satan, "The Devil and His Followers," including George Melies' *The Devil's 400 Gags, Seven Footprints to Satan* (1929), *Dead of Night*, Maurice Tourneur's *The Devil's Hand*, Rene Clair's *Beauty and the Devil*, and Marcel Carne's *Evening Visitors*. Capping the retrospective was a science fiction musical unrelated to Satan: *Just Imagine* (1930) directed by David Butler for Fox Movietone.

Satan also appeared in the official competition with *The Brotherhood of Satan* directed by Bernard McEveety and Bert Gordon's *Necromancy* from the U.S.; and the Belgian entry *In the Devil's Service*.

Coming Attractions

F&SF - - October

Novelettes
The Animal Fair, by Alfred Bester
And the Voice of the Turtle, by Sterling E. Lanier
Thrumthing and Out, by Zenna Henderson
Short Stories
Skinburn, by Philip Jose Farmer
The Hoop, by Howard Fast
The Lotus Eaters, by Fritz Leiber
Strangers, by Harry Harrison
Science
The Unlikely Twins, by Isaac Asimov
Cover by David Hardy

Current Issue
AMAZING - - September

Serial
Jupiter Project, by Gregory Benford
Short Stories
Fat City, by Ross Rocklynne
Lifeboat, by Karl T. Pflock
Earth to Earth, by Betsy Curtis
Deflation 2001, by Bob Shaw
Proof, by F. M. Busby
Portfolio
Wesso: Islands of Space, by John W. Campbell, Jr.
Cover by Don Davis

Current Issue
ANALOG - - September

Serial
The Pritcher Mass, by Gordon R. Dickson
Novelettes
The Symbiotes, by James H. Schmitz
Ideological Defeat, by Christopher Anvil
Short Stories
The Hated Dreams, by John Strausbaugh
Generation Gaps, by Clancy O'Brien
The War of the Words, by Rick Conley
Science Fact
The Iron Pillar of Delhi, by L. Sprague de Camp
How to Design a Flying Saucer, by Richard J. Rosa
Personality Profile
Buckminster Fuller: The Synergetic Man, by Norman Spinrad
Cover by Kelly Freas

Current Issue
GALAXY - - September

Serial
Dying Inside, by Robert Silverberg
Novelette
Power Complex, by Joe Haldeman
Short Stories
Changing Woman, by W. Macfarlane
True School of Modesty, by Ernest Taves
The Years, by Robert F. Young
The Soul Music of Duckworth's Dibs, by Larry Eisenberg
Medical Practices Among the Immortals, by Kris Neville
Cover by Brian Boyle

ACE SEPTEMBER TITLES

Pohl, Frederik, ed. Best Science Fiction for 1972. 91359. $1.25
Mahr, Kurt Perry Rhodan 17: The Venus Trap. 65987. 75¢
Carr, Terry, ed. This Side of Infinity. 80699. 75¢
Burroughs, Edgar Rice Pellucidar. 65852. 75¢
Barnes, Arthur K. Interplanetary Hunter. 37100. 95¢
Delany, Samuel R. The Jewels of Aptor. 39021. 75¢
Dick, Philip K. The Unteleported Man / Dr. Futurity. 15697. 95¢

AWARD SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER TITLES

Knight, Damon The Rithian Terror. AS1008, Sept. 75¢
Russell, Ray The Case Against Satan. AN1021, Oct. 95¢

BERKLEY SEPTEMBER TITLES

Bradley, Marion Zimmer Dark Satanic (gothic) S2231. 75¢
Knight, Damon, ed. Orbit 10. N2236. 95¢
Laumer, Keith Retief's Ransom. S2138. 75¢

DAW SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER TITLES

Laumer, Keith Dinosaur Beach. UQ1021, Sept. 95¢
Friedell, Egon The Return of the Time Machine. UQ1022, Sept. 95¢

Continued on Page 30

S F and the Cinema

NEWS AND NOTES

Arthur C. Clarke's short story "Death and the Senator," in *The Nine Billion Names of God* has been sold by Scott Meredith to John Huszar. Huszar Film Productions, a manufacturer of industrial films and commercials, is planning to move into general feature production with this property . . .Starting in November, Josef Shaftel will be filming *Gulliver's Travels.* The film will combine live action with animation . . . Amicus has begun shooting its twelfth horror picture, *Fengriffen*, with Herbert Lom, Peter Cushing and Stephanie Beacham. The film is directed by Roy Ward Baker from a Roger Marshall screenplay . . . 20th Century-Fox will distribute Sanford Howard Productions' *Conquest of the Deeps*, which is scheduled to roll in mid-September. Directed by Daniel Petrie from an original screenplay by Jack de Witt, the film is planned for release next May.

American International's Christmas attraction, now in production, will be *Blackenstein* (The Black Frankenstein). A followup to its *Blacula*, this will be AIP's 100th suspense-terror film. They plan to film 'black' versions of all the classic horror-thriller-suspense-monster-terror films. . . AIP has acquired *Chamber of Tortures*, starring Joseph Cotten and Elke Sommer, for United States and Canada release. Produced by Alfred Leone and directed by Mario Bava, the story was adapted for the screen by William A. Bairn from the original by Vincent Fotre. Release is planned for early October.

CURRENTLY IN RELEASE

Asylum Cinerama release of Amicus production. Directed by Roy Ward Baker, produced by Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky. Screenplay by Robert Bloch. Starring Peter Cushing, Britt Eklund, Herbert Lom, Patrick Magee. 88 min.

Blacula American International release. Directed by William Crain, produced by Joseph T. Naar. Screenplay by Joan Torres and Raymond Koenig. Starring William Marshall, Vonetta McGee, Denise Nicholas, Thalmus Rasulala. 92 min. Rating: PG

Bluebeard Cinerama release. Directed by Edward Dmytryk from screenplay by Ennio de Concini and Maria Pia Fusco. Starring Richard Burton, Raquel Welch, Virna Lisi, Nathalie Delon and Joey Heatherton. 124 min. Rating: R

Doctor Phibes Rises Again American International release of Louis M. Heyward production. Directed by Robert Fuest. Screenplay by Fuest and Robert Blees, based on characters created by James Whiton and William Goldstein. Starring Vincent Price, Robert Quarry, Valli Kemp and Hugh Griffith. 88 min. Rating: PG

The Man Paramount release of ABC Circle production. Directed by Joseph Sargent. Story and screenplay by Rod Serling, based on Irving Wallace novel. Starring James Earl Jones, Martin Balsam, Burgess Meredith, Lew Ayres. 93 min. Rating: G

The Night Evelyn Came Out of the Grave Phase One Films release of Phoenix Cinematografica production. Directed by Emilio P. Miraglia. Screenplay by Fabio Pittoru, Massomo Fellsatti and Emilio P. Miraglia. Starring Anthony Steffan, Rod Murdock, Umberto Raho. 99 min. Rating: R

The Thing with Two Heads American International release of Saber production. Directed by Lee Frost. Starring Ray Milland and Rosey Grier. 90 min. Rating: PG

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SF PEOPLE Isaac Asimov is working on his 50th book for Doubleday. It is a nonfiction work titled *Jupiter: The Largest Planet*. He recently made his singing debut in the Gilbert & Sullivan Society's production of "Trial by Jury." He found the experience 'unnerving.' . . . Arthur C. Clarke broke the bidding silence and purchased the first painting at an auction of Edith Irving's paintings. He paid $450 for a painting called "Judgement Day." The auction was held at the Chelsea Hotel in New York . . . Fred Hoyle, astronomer and science fiction writer, is giving up his chair at Cambridge as Plumian Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy, together with his Directorship of the Institute of Theoretical Astronomy. He expects to leave England and settle in California.

New Books

HARDCOVERS

Anno, Mitsumasa DR. ANNO'S MAGICAL MIDNIGHT CIRCUS (repr Japanese, no words) Weatherhill, Sept. $3.95

Aylesworth, Thomas G. WEREWOLVES AND OTHER MONSTERS (juv nf) Addison-Wesley.

Balian, Lorna THE AMINAL (juv fty) Abingdon. $3.95

Biggle, Lloyd Jr. THE METALLIC MUSE (coll, repr) SF Book Club, Summer. $1.49

Bird, Caroline THE CROWDING SYNDROME: Learning to Live with Too Much and Too Many (nf) McKay, June. $7.95

Blake, William WATERCOLOURS ILLUSTRATING THE POEMS OF THOMAS GRAY. J. Philip O'Hara, Sept. $25.00

Bleiler, Everett F., ed. THE CHECKLIST OF FANTASTIC LITERATURE (facs repr) Fax Collector's Editions. $10.00

Borrello, Alfred AN E. M. FORSTER GLOSSARY. Scarecrow, June. $10.00

Bridwell, E. Nelson, introd. BATMAN, FROM THE 30s TO THE 70s. Crown. $10.00

Brunner, John FROM THIS DAY FORWARD (coll, repr) SF Book Club, August. $1.49

Budge, Sir Ernest Alfred Thompson Wallis EGYPTIAN MAGIC (repr of 1901 ed, Dover book rebound) Peter Smith. $4.50

Caidin, Martin DESTINATION MARS (nf) Doubleday, July. $7.95

Clarke, Arthur C. EARTHLIGHT (repr) Harcourt, August. $5.95

Cooper, Edmund THE OVERMAN CULTURE (repr) SF Book Club, August. $1.49

David-Neel, Alexandra MAGIC AND MYSTERY IN TIBET (tr, Dover book rebound) Peter Smith. $5.00

Del Rey, Lester, ed. BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF THE YEAR. Dutton, August. $6.95

Fritscher, John POPULAR WITCHCRAFT, STRAIGHT FROM THE WITCH'S MOUTH. Bowling Green Univ. Popular Press. $5.00

Golding, William THE SCORPION GOD (Coll, marg) Harcourt. $5.95

Harris, Barbara WHO IS JULIA? (marg) McKay, July. $6.95

Harrison, David L. THE BOOK OF GIANT STORIES (juv) American Heritage Press. $3.95

Hoyle, Fred & Geoffrey THE MOLECULE MEN: Two Short Novels (repr Brit) Harper, July. $5.95

Kelley, Leo P. TIME: 110100. Walker, August. $5.95

Knight, Damon, ed. PERCHANCE TO DREAM. Doubleday, August. $5.95

Lafferty, R. A. OKLA HANNALI. (not sf) Doubleday, July. $5.95

Latham, Minor White THE ELIZABETHAN FAIRIES: The Fairies of Folklore and the Fairies of Shakespeare (repr of 1930 thesis) Octagon. $11.00

LeGuin, Ursula K. THE FARTHEST WEST (juv, sequel to The Tombs of Atuan) Atheneum, Sept. $6.25

Lomask, Milton ROBERT H. GODDARD: Space Pioneer (juv nf) Garrard. $2.59

Mackail, Denis George BARRIE, THE STORY OF J. M. B. (repr of 1941 ed) Books for Libraries. $23.75

Maine, Charles Eric ALPH. SF Book Club, Summer. $1.49

Nathan, Robert THE ELIXIR (marg fty, large print ed) G. K. Hall. $6.95

Paine, Lauran SEX IN WITCHCRAFT (repr Brit, nf) Taplinger, July. $6.50

Poe, Edgar Allen TALES OF TERROR AND FANTASY (juv, repr Brit) Dutton, March. $4.50

Russell, Jeffrey Burton WITCHCRAFT IN THE MIDDLE AGES (nf) Cornell Univ. Press, July. $15.00

Silverberg, Robert RECALLED TO LIFE. Doubleday, August. $4.95

Squire, Roger WIZARDS AND WAMPUM: Legends of the Iroquois (juv) Abelard. $4.50

West, Paul BELA LUGOSI'S WHITE CHRISTMAS (marg fty) Harper, August. $6.95

Williams, Jay MAGICAL STORYBOOK (juv fty) American Heritage Press. $4.95

Wylie, Philip THE END OF THE DREAM. Doubleday, July. $5.95

PAPERBACKS

Aldiss, Brian W. WHO CAN REPLACE A MAN (coll, repr, orig: Best Science Fiction Stories of Brian W. Aldiss) Signet T5055. 75¢

Asimov, Isaac THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF THE UNIVERSE (nf, repr) Lancer Contempora 33024, Sept. $1.25

FOUNDATION (14 ptg) Avon N304, Feb. 95¢

FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE (13 ptg) Avon N305, Feb. 95¢

OF TIME AND SPACE AND OTHER THINGS (nf, repr) Lancer Contempora 33023, Sept. $1.25

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES (nf, repr) Ace 78455, July. $1.25

Ball, Brian N. THE REGIMENTS OF NIGHT. DAW UQ1019, August. 95¢

Ballard, J. G. CHRONOPOLIS (repr, coll) Berkley Z2212, August. $1.25

Biggle, Lloyd Jr. THE WORLD MENDERS (repr) DAW UQ1015, July. 95¢

Bodelsen, Anders FREEZING DOWN (repr, tr) Berkley S2186, July. 75¢

Boyd, John THE LAST STARSHIP FROM EARTH (repr) Berkley S2214, August. 75¢

Bramah, Ernest KAI LUNG'S GOLDEN HOURS (fty coll, repr) Ballantine 02574, April. $1.25

Bulmer, Kenneth THE CHARIOTS OF RA / EARTHSTRINGS by John Rackham. Ace 10293, July. 95¢

ROLLER COASTER WORLD. Ace 73438, July. 75¢

Burroughs, Edgar Rice THE MONSTER MEN (reissue) Ace 53588, July. 75¢

Campbell, John W. THE BLACK STAR PASSES (repr) Ace 06701, August. 75¢

Crichton, Michael THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN (17 ptg) Dell 0199, Jan. $1.25

Darlton, Clark PERRY RHODAN 15: Escape to Venus. Ace 65984, July. 60¢

Davis, Richard, ed. THE YEAR'S BEST HORROR STORIES. DAW UQ1013, July. 95¢

Dick, Philip K. WE CAN BUILD YOU. DAW UQ1014, July. 95¢

Edmondson, G. C. BLUE FACE (repr, orig: Chapayeca) DAW UQ1017, August. 95¢

Fairman, Paul W I, THE MACHINE (repr) Lodestone B5011. 75¢

Farmer, Philip Jose FLESH (3 ptg) Signet Q5097, July. 95¢

LORD TYGER (repr) Signet Q5096, July. 95¢

Ferman, Edward L., ed. THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION: 18th Series (repr) Ace 05457, August. 75¢

Fezandie, Clement THROUGH THE EARTH (facs repr from St. Nicholar Magazine, 1898) Fax Collector's Editions. $2.50

Fritscher, John POPULAR WITCHCRAFT, STRAIGHT FROM THE WITCH'S MOUTH. Bowling Green Univ. Popular Press. $2.00

Gerrold, David, ed. GENERATION. Dell 2833, July. 95¢

YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN. Dell 9780, July. 95¢

Ghidalia, Vic, ed. SATAN'S PETS. Manor Books 75-478, Sept. 75¢

WIZARDS AND WARLOCKS. Manor Books 95-192, July. 95¢

Gray, Angela THE WARLOCK'S DAUGHTER (supernat) Lancer 75366, August. 95¢

Hamilton, Edmund THE VALLEY OF CREATION (repr) Lodestone B5006. 75¢

Hoskins, Robert, ed. WONDERMAKERS: An Anthology of Classic Science Fiction. Fawcett M561, May. 95¢

Howard, Robert E. & Lin Carter KING KULL (3 ptg) Lancer 75371, August. 95¢

Hubbard, L. Ron OLE DOC METHUSELAH (repr) DAW UQ1020, August. 95¢

Janifer, Laurence M. BLOODWORLD (repr) Lodestone B5018. 75¢

Knight, Alanna THIS OUTWARD ANGEL (supernat) Lancer 75359, August. 95¢

Knight, Damon, ed. 13 FRENCH SCIENCE FICTION STORIES (2 ptg) Bantam S6768, August. 75¢

Leiber, Fritz THE BIG TIME (reissue) Ace 06221, August. 75¢

Long, Frank Belknap THE NIGHT OF THE WOLF. Popular 01562, Sept. 75¢

Lyons, Delphine C. VALLEY OF SHADOWS (supernat, reissue) Lancer 75358, August. 95¢

Mackelworth, R. W. STARFLIGHT 3000. Ballantine 02774, August. $1.25

Marshall, Edison THE LOST LAND (repr, orig: Dian of the Lost Land) Curtis 07227. 75¢

Mason, David KAVIN'S WORLD (2 ptg) Lancer 75372. August. 95¢

THE RETURN OF KAVIN (s&s) Lancer 75361, August. 95¢

Merritt, A. THE METAL MONSTER (4 ptg) Avon V2422. Feb. 75¢

Moorcock, Michael THE JEWEL IN THE SKULL (s&s, repr) Lodestone B5015. 75¢

Moore, Ward BRING THE JUBILEE (repr) Avon V2440 May. 75¢

Norton, Andre EXILES OF THE STARS (repr) Ace 22365, July. 95¢

Offutt, Andrew J. THE CASTLE KEEPS. Berkley S2187, July. 75¢

Percy, Walker LOVE IN THE RUINS (repr) Dell 5053, June. $1.50

Phillifent, John T. GENIUS UNLIMITED. DAW UQ1016, July. 95¢

Pohl, Frederik THE GOLD AT THE STARBOW'S END (coll) Ballantine 02775, August. $1.25

Reynolds, Mack BLACKMAN'S BURDEN, and BORDER, BREED NOR BIRTH. Ace 06612, August. 95¢

Robeson, Kenneth THE AVENGER (Justice Inc. no. 1) Paperback 64-862. 75¢

Rose, Lois & Stephen THE SHATTERED RING (nf, repr) John Knox Press, Sept. $2.95

St. John, David DIABOLUS (repr) Fawcett T1725, July. 75¢

Saxon, Peter SATAN'S CHILD (repr, supernat) Lodestone B5024. 75¢

Shols, W. W. PERRY RHODAN 16: Secret Barrier X. Ace 65986, August. 75¢

Stewart, Fred Mustard THE METHUSELAH ENZYME (marg, repr) Bantam T6532, June. $1.50

Thompson, C. J. S. THE MYSTERIES AND SECRETS OF MAGIC (nf, repr) Olympia Press. $1.45

Tolkien, J. R. R. FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING (36 ptg) Ballantine 01533, Jan. 95¢

THE RETURN OF THE KING (32 ptg) Ballantine 01535, Jan. 95¢

THE TWO TOWERS (32 ptg) Ballantine 01534, Jan. 95¢

Tralins, Robert GHOUL LOVER. Popular 01558, Sept. 75¢

Tubb, E.C. CENTURY OF THE MANIKIN. DAW UQ 1018, August. 95¢

Walton, Evangeline THE SONG OF RHIANNON: The Third Branch of the Mabinogion (fty) Ballantine 02773, August. $1.25

Williamson, Jack THE HUMANOIDS (repr) Lancer 75362, August. 95¢

SCIENCE FICTION IN COLLEGE: A Survey of Courses Offered (rev ed) Author (P. O. Box 761, Portales, N.M. 88130) $1.00

Zebrowski, George THE OMEGA POINT. Ace 62380, August. 75¢

MAY/JUNE BRITISH BOOKS

Aldiss, Brian EARTHWORKS. NEL, 25 p. pb, ni. 450.01141.0

THE INTERPRETER. NEL, 25 p. pb, ni. 450.01142.9

SPACE, TIME & NATHANIEL. NEL, 30 p. pb, ni. 450.00706.5

Amory, Mark LORD DUNSANY. Collins, £2.75. nf biog. 00.211484.4

Anderson, Poul GUARDIANS OF TIME. Pan, 25 p. pb, ni. 330.01660.1

Asimov, Isaac NINE TOMORROWS. Pan, 30 p. ne, pb. 330.20171.9

Boyd, John THE LAST STARSHIP FROM EARTH. Pan, 30 p. ne, pb. 330.23176.6

Burke, John EXPO 80. Cassell, £2.40. 304.29004.1

Burroughs, William NOVA EXPRESS. Panther, 35 p. ni, pb. 586.02377.1

Carpenter, Richard CATWEAZLE & THE MAGIC ZODIAC. Puffin/Penguin, 25 p. ni, pb, juv. 14.030499.1

Carrell, Mark ANOTHER VIEW. Hale, £1.50. 7091.2985.8

Clarke, Arthur C. CHILDHOOD'S END. Pan, 30 p. ni, pb. 330.10573.6

ISLANDS IN THE SKY. Puffin/Penguin, 25 p. ne, pb, juv. 14.030535.1

REPORT ON PLANET 3 & OTHER SPECULATIONS. Gollancz, £2.20. nf. 575.01331.1

(ed)THREE FOR TOMORROW. Sphere, 35 p. ne, pb. 7221.2411.2

Conklin, Groff, ed. POSSIBLE TOMORROWS. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.60. 283.97834.1

Geston, Mark OUT OF THE MOUTH OF A DRAGON. Joseph, £1.75. 7181.0952.X

Gordon, Stuart TIME STORY. NEL, 30 p. pb. 450.01143.7

Heinlein, Robert A. THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW. NEL. ne, pb. 450.01085.6

Herbert, Frank WHIPPING STAR. NEL, 40 p. ni, pb. 450.00963.7

LeGuin, Ursula PLANET OF EXILE. Tandem, 25 p. pb. 426.06429.1

McIntosh, J. T. SPACE SORCERERS. Hale, £1.50. 7091.3083.X

Moskowitz, Sam A MAN CALLED POE. Sphere, 35 p. ne, pb. nf biog. 7221.6242.1

Poyer, Joe NORTH CAPE. Sphere, 30 p. ni, pb. 7221.6987.6

Rankine, John RING OF GARAMAS. Dobson, £1.50. 234.77676.5

Roberts, Keith THE INNER WHEEL. Panther, 30 p. ne, pb. 586.03632.6

Roth, Philip OUR GANG: STARRING TRICKY & HIS FRIENDS. Corgi, 35 p. ne, pb. 552.08976.1

Sheckley, Robert CAN YOU FEEL ANYTHING WHEN I DO THIS? Gollancz, £1.80. 575.01473.3

THE PEOPLE TRAP. Pan, 30 p. ne, pb. 330.02972.X

Smith, E. E. TRIPLANETARY. Panther, 30 p. ne, pb. 586.03760.8

Sutton, Henry VECTOR. Hodder, Coronet, 40 p. ne, pb. 340.16071.3

Van Greenaway, Peter THE MAN WHO HELD THE QUEEN TO RANSOM & SENT PARLIAMENT PACKING. Penguin, 35 p. ne, pb. 14.003443.9

Van Vogt, A. E. DESTINATION UNIVERSE. Panther, 30 p. ni, pb. 586.02484.0

Vonnegut, Kurt GOD BLESS YOU MR. ROSEWATER. Panther, 35 p. ni, pb. 586.02279.1

THE SIRENS OF TITAN. Gollancz, £1.75. ni. 575.01238.2; Hodder-Coronet, 30 p. ni, pb. 340.02876.9

Zelazny, Roger NINE PRINCES IN AMBER. Faber, £1.75. 571.09782.0

JULY BRITISH BOOKS

Aldiss, Brian W. BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF BRIAN ALDISS. 2d ed. Faber, 80 p. ne, pb. 571.09930.0

GREYBEARD. Panther, 30 p. ni, pb. 586.02460.3

Anthony, Piers CHTHON. Panther, 35 p. ne, pb. 586.03593.1

Asimov, Isaac EARTH IS ROOM ENOUGH. Panther, 30 p. ni, pb. 586.01042.4

NIGHTFALL TWO. Panther, 30 p. ni, pb. 586.03657.1

THE STARS LIKE DUST. Panther, 30 p. ni, pb. 586.02441.7

Budrys, Algis WHO? Gollancz, £1.60. ni. 575.01476.8

Cooper, Edmund WHO NEEDS MEN? Hodder, £1.60. 340.16165.5

Davies, L. P. GIVE ME BACK MYSELF. Barrie & Jenkins, £1.75. 214.05411.7

Eyles, Allen HORROR. Ian Allen Film Albums no. 2. I. Allen, £1.00. ne, pb. 7110.0362.9

Fisk, Nicholas SPACE HOSTAGES. Puffin/Penguin, 20 p. ni, pb, juv. 14.030439.8

Geston, Mark LORDS OF THE STARSHIP. Sphere, 30 p. ne, pb. 7221.3825.3

Heinlein, Robert A. I WILL FEAR NO EVIL. NEL, 75 p. ne, pb. 450.01153.4

Huxley, Aldous BRAVE NEW WORLD. Penguin, 30 p. ni, pb. 14.001052.1

Knight, Damon, ed. A POCKETFUL OF STARS. Gollancz, £1.80. 575.01474.1

Kuttner, Henry THE BEST OF KUTTNER no. 1. Mayflower, 30 p. ni, pb. 583.10268.9

LeGuin, Ursula ROCANNON'S WORLD. Tandem, 25 p. pb. 426.06437.2

Miller, Jimmy THE BIG WIN. Panther, 35 p. ne, pb. 586.03580.X

Moorcock, Michael THE JEWEL IN THE SKULL. Mayflower, 30 p. ni, pb. 583.11368.0

Orwell, George ANIMAL FARM. Penguin, 25 p. ni, pb. 14.000838.1

1984. Penguin, 35 p. ni, pb. 14.000972.8

Peake, Mervyn GORMENGHAST. Penguin, 55 p. ni, pb. 14.002890.0

MR. PYE. Penguin, 40 p. ni, pb. 14.003372.6

TITUS ALONE. Penguin, 35 p. ni, pb. 14.003091.3

TITUS GROAN. Penguin, 55 p. ni, pb. 14.002762.9

Rackham, John IPOMOEA. Dobson £1.40. 234.77629.3

Shaw, Bob OTHER DAYS, OTHER EYES. Gollancz,

Tucker, Wilson THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN. Arrow, 30 p. pb. 09.906040.X

Vader, John BATTLE OF SYDNEY. NEL, 30 p. ne, pb. 450.01208.5

Van Vogt, A. E. BATTLE OF FOREVER. Sidgwick & Jackson, £1.60. 283.97836.8

THE PAWNS OF NULL-A. Sphere, 30 p. ni, pb. 7221.8771.8

Meet Our Reviewers

CHARLOTTE MOSLANDER From the time I was in junior high (1950's) I celebrated summer vacation with an sf binge—hit the public library and start devouring anthologies was my way of marking promotion day. I also entertained dreams of being First Woman on the Moon and read all the astronomy I could find in the Port Chester Public Library. From short story anthologies, I graduated to novels; progressed from straight sf into the realm of fantasy.

Never made it as an astronaut, but as a librarian (M.S. Columbia University) with a specialty in young adult services, I at one time reviewed for the Westchester Library System, as well as for LUNA. However, if that Moon Colony needs a librarian . . .

ED WOOD Born in 1926. Got into fandom in the 1950's and has been active in the Chicago SF Society, Dirce Archer's Pittsburgh group, Little Men, and PENSFA, and inactive in NESFA. Has been on the committee and helped with too many conventions to mention here. Published a fanzine, the Journal of Science Fiction.

B.S. in chemistry from the University of Chicago and an M.S. also from Chicago. Specializes in radiochemistry and is presently employed by Combustion Engineering.

Has done quite a bit of sf reviewing, particularly his yearly reviews of the sf magazines which appeared in Science Fiction Times until 1966.

NEIL BARRON (1934-). Academic librarian (Columbia University, Sacramento State College), currently Coordinator of Library Services for Baker & Taylor, Somerville, N.J., the country's largest book wholesaler. Active fan, LASFS member, and sf book collector, 1949-1953 (collections long since sold). Interest in sf and fantasy largely linked to scholarly study of the field. Author: "Anatomy of Wonder: A Bibliographic Guide to Science Fiction," Choice, January 1970; evaluative annotations of prozines and fanzines for William Katz, ed., "Magazines for Libraries," 2d ed, due 1972; reviewing and writing for other periodicals unrelated to sf. Married, two children.

MICHAEL L. McQUOWN Born May 7, 1940. Was an only child until he was seven, learned to read before he entered kindergarten. Began reading sf about age 11, when he discovered Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, and then Sturgeon, Heinlein, et al, as well as Conan Doyle, G. B. Shaw and other 'mainstream' writers. Attended school in London at age 14, where he was exposed to a great deal of good theatre. On his return, the family moved to Ft. Lauderdale, where he spent a lot of time with fannish types, knocked around the Everglades and tore around in light aircraft with the local CAP unit.

After high school, he returned to England, where he joined the Royal Army for want of a job, and participated in part of the Indonesia-Malaysia campaign, after which he was separated from the Army at the request of the U.S. State Department, returned to the States and joined the Air Force. While in USAF, he attended the Russian school in Syracuse, and then proceeded to apply his newly-acquired linguistic skills -- in Laos. He later ended up in Florida, on the same base with rich brown and Norm Metcalf. Along with several other airmen, he joined the local community theatre, and was hooked. After he was separated, he went to Florida State, where he majored in speech and drama, and performed both in the university and little theatre.

Leaving school, he meandered to Atlanta, where he worked with Pocket and Theatre Atlanta. He finally came to New York, attended the American Academy of Dramatic Art and has worked in repertory and toured the dinner theatre circuit.

In his earlier trip to England, he discovered the occult book section at Foyles, and has been delving into the subject ever since, having made a particular study of ritual magic.

J. B. POST Born 17 November 1937, some of my earliest memories are of reading science fiction and fantasy in comic books. Having been fortunate enough to read Burroughs and Merritt and Lovecraft and Howard at the proper stage of development, I still regard them fondly even if I don't care much for most of the modern imitators. Having somehow survived a formal academic education, I became a librarian when I discovered I couldn't be a writer and am currently the map librarian at the Free Library of Philadelphia (FLoP). For the record, my politics tend toward the liberal end of the spectrum and my hobbies, other than sf, include sex, eating, drinking, and book collecting with descriptive bibliography as my secret vice. Married with one son whom I am going to raise to be a space pirate.

JOYCE POST Although I've always read some science fiction, my real entrance into that world came with marriage to J. B. Post. I was born January 10, 1939, graduated from Drexel Institute of Technology Graduate School of Library Science in 1961, and am the compiler of "Let's Drink to That." My three year old son collaborates with me in doing many of the reviews of children's picture books for LUNA.

MICHAEL DOBSON Was born in Charlotte, N.C. on 12 September 1952. His family removed to Germany when he was five, and he lived there until age ten. He learned to read at a somewhat precocious age, and devoured the contents of the Bad Kreutznach American Library. Upon returning to the States, he moved to Decatur, Alabama. He discovered science fiction and fantasy at the Decatur Public Library Children's Section. It was here that he discovered the Heinlein juveniles, the Winston science fiction series, and other science fiction. He also read the Narnia books, Edward Eager, and the Henry Reed books, as well as the classic fantasies of Lewis Carroll, Kenneth Grahame, A. A. Milne, and others.

He discovered fandom and began buying books of his own in the same year, 1966. At this time he became interested in adult fiction, but has always continued to read and enjoy juveniles. His collection of juveniles runs to some eighty books at last count, most of which he has read several times.

After graduation from high school, Dobson moved to Charlotte again, and is presently a junior majoring in English at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte. He has lectured on science fiction and fantasy at high schools in the Charlotte area. Next fall he will be teaching a five-week course in science fiction to freshman English students. He is a sporadic fanzine publisher and has done reviews for about five fanzines, none of which survived more than three issues. He is the founder of the Children's Fantasy Amateur Press Association (Apanage) and hopes someday to write juvenile novels himself.

JOAN RAPKIN I can't remember starting to read sf. I have always read everything I could get my hands on, although I resorted to things such as cereal boxes only in desperation. Usually I managed to find books that my parents had borrowed from the library, some of which were sf. I first became aware that I had been reading science fiction when, finding it difficult to find an interesting book in the library that I had not yet read (for some reason I have never bought many books) I started borrowing books from a friend. Her collection consisted mainly of science fiction, and I used to borrow each book from her as soon as she finished reading it. She and I also attended our first meeting of an sf club together, the now defunct Universe Unlimited, through which I eventually met George Heap who introduced me to my first convention, a Midwestcon. Simultaneously I started putting out a fanzine, *Zarathustra* (named after the home planet of the Little Fuzzies) first with a co-editor and later alone. I still don't consider it to be dead, just dormant (although the last issue came out several years ago) and I hope to reawaken it some day when I have nothing else to do (so don't hold your breath). Somewhere between issues 8 and 9 I married another member of U. U., Myron Rapkin, and as a result I am now living in the wilderness of Elkhart, Indiana. Unfortunately, there are virtually no fans here so we have been forced to do something about that. The first something is our daughter Liorah, one year old in May, who is currently taking up all my time that is not being used for teaching Modern Dance and dancing in the Michiana Ballet Company.

Lilliputia

HELP, HELP, THE GLOBOLINKS! by Gian Carlo Menotti. Adapt. by Leigh Dean. Illus. by Milton Glaser. McGraw-Hill, 1970. Abt. 56 p. $4.95 Age level: 7-14

When this opera by Gian Carlo Menotti, already famous for *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, made its American premier late in 1969, it was favorably received by all. This book is an adaptation of the libretto of that opera. And it is truly a book reflective of this decade. The story is modern: Globolinks from another planet invade earth. They speak only in bleeps, bloops and blips and music is the only effective way of wiping them out. A group of school children and their music teacher, Madama Euterpova, are the heroes. The illustrations are modern: they are big, done in a graphic, cartoonish style with day-glo type colors. The score is modern: the sounds made by the Globolinks are electronic. Therefore, over and above the music for the regular instruments of the orchestra, there are tape scores which show a second by second recording of frequencies to be transmitted. For interest, part of this score is included in the book. The book is very good—the opera must really be great! [*Editor: For a review of the opera, see LUNA Monthly 10 page 10*]

—Joyce Post

SON OF A MILE LONG MOTHER by Alonzo Gibbs. Illus. by Mary Frank. Bobbs, 1970. $4.50

Son of a Mile Long Mother is the story of a large boulder broken off from his mother but still living near her in a cove. He has many friends but is a dreamer and likes to hear about far-away places. His friends, however, are wrapped up in their own lives. One day the boulder is moved to form the foundation for a jetty. His friends feel this loss and conspire to bring him back. A storm follows, and the men who took him away return him. Everyone is happy for Old Square (the boulder) has found a friend, a seal, who sits and tells him about the far-away places he always wanted to hear about.

A charming story written with a light, almost mystical touch. The art work consists of pen and ink drawings which have a feeling of movement that enhances the story. I highly recommend this book for ages 10 up.

—Sandra Deckinger

TOM SWIFT AND THE GALAXY GHOSTS by Victor Appleton II, pseud. Illus. by Bill Dolwick. Grosset & Dunlap, 1971. 180 p. $1.50

Tom Swift, Jr., boy genius, gets a call that mysterious blips are appearing on a radar screen. Into the Solar System rush beings from Andromeda composed of energy. Mix not too well with a frozen mastodon and a horde of Brungarian spies and you get the story of Tom Swift (Jr.) & the Galaxy Ghosts. I won't let my son read this story: bad writing is excuse enough but condescending bad writing is unforgivable. Maybe, just maybe, I malign the author: maybe this is a gigantic put-on, a piece of monstrous high-camp. Younger readers have a right to expect some kind of author involvement in their books, not a piece of dead formula writing by a bored adult. Say what you will about Burroughs and Howard, they were, however formula-ridden their stories, right in there with their heroes, and with us. Well, anyway, Tom Jr. saves the day by communicating with the ghosts and asking them not to destroy the world. He also thwarts the Brungarians and saves the mastodon carcass.

Tom Swift Sr. with his electric packing company, his electric grandmother, his electric dildo should have been allowed to die or retire and send his son to Harvard Business School. There may have been value in the early Tom Swift tales, just as there may have been some merit in the old pulps, but the past is dead. The only good point about the Tom Swift Jr. series is the price and even at that it is a waste of paper. Once upon a time a bright boy could, with some help, build an airplane in his back yard. Even today one can do a hell of a lot without expensive equipment (witness "The Amateur Scientist" column in *Scientific American*), but not what Tom Jr. is doing. Still, I have read totally impossible fantasy before and enjoyed it. In my impossible fantasy, as in my pornography, I ask redeeming features; literacy, humor, anything. If Victor Appleton II (whoever he may really be) is

older than twelve years, he (or they) is a rotten writer. The continuity is poorly paced, but maybe a kid won't notice it; the story is silly, but maybe a kid won't notice it—dammit, my kid is going to read good trash, not this stuff.

All of the above was merely to justify my saying to the world that this book is worthless. Most of the time this sort of book is bought by parents or aunts and uncles and grandparents who don't know shit about what kids enjoy and the kids read it because there isn't anything else handy. Take it from me, I didn't enjoy this so probably no other twelve year-old mentality will either.

—J. B. Post

SOME THINGS DARK AND DANGEROUS edited by Joan Kahn. Harper and Row, 1970. 294 p. $4.95 Age level: 12 up

The dust jacket claims that this is "16 Suspense Stories. Some Fact, Some Fiction." That is an understatement. From Evelyn Waugh's fictional account of "Mr. Loveday's Little Outing" through John Bartlow Martin's first-person narrative of a "Boy Hunt," Joan Kahn has collected a group of highly individual, equally macabre, and consistently good stories. Each casts its own spell, each has its own specific atmosphere and plot. Some are almost science fiction ("Calling All Stars . . ."), some are journalistic ("Fatal Visit of the Inca . . ."), several are good, oldfashioned, horror stories, and all are very well written.

This is a valuable anthology, since it gives examples of a broad range of 'suspense' literature, rather than the usual spy- or murder-mystery. Also, several stories included here have not been anthologized elsewhere and were originally published some time ago, so Joan Kahn has, as it were, saved them from extinction. We owe her thanks for that.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS by John Christopher. Collier 04271, 1970. 214 p. 95¢ (hardcover: Macmillan, 1967 $4.25)

THE CITY OF GOLD AND LEAD by John Christopher. Collier 04270, 1970. 218 p. 95¢ (hardcover: Macmillan, 1967 $4.25)

THE POOL OF FIRE by John Christopher. Collier 04272, 1970. 218 p. 95¢ (hardcover: Macmillan, 1968 $4.25)

Alien creatures stalk the earth, encased in giant tripods; humans are capped at puberty with a fine mesh which controls their thoughts and behavior; and the winners of athletic competitions and prizes for beauty are sent as servants to the cities of the aliens. However, the alien rule is not complete—as young Will Parker learns from a traveler who wears a false Cap—far to the south there are mountains where free men hide and plot to overthrow the dictators and reclaim their world. *The White Mountains* recounts the flight of Will Parker and his cousin Henry from their village in England to the White Mountains. Along the way they encounter Jean-Paul, whose inventiveness and scientific curiosity lead him to join the cousins in their journey. In *The City of Gold and Lead*, Will and Fritz, a German boy from the mountain camp, are sent as spies to the city of the aliens, and in *The Pool of Fire*, a full-scale attack is launched against the alien cities. Henry dies a heroic death in battle, and Will, Jean-Paul, and Fritz assign themselves the task of uniting the people of the world.

This is a rousing good adventure story with enough characters and plot convolutions to keep a soap opera going for two seasons. The young fan of blood and thunder novels will devour these three books with great enthusiasm, and they are also recommended for the youngster who has a small reading vocabulary, as the interest level is quite high while the level of difficulty is at John Christopher's usual almost-reads-by-itself pitch. True, the adventures of Will Parker and his friends will probably never go down in literary history, but the style in which they are written and the very up-to-date message about international relations make them worthwhile, even if somewhat ephemeral. Even the Superboy elements are forgiveable, since the young heroes are under adult guidance much of the time, which is much more realistic fare than that offered by the usual youth-hero novel.

—Charlotte Moslander

NEVER STEAL A MAGIC CAT by Don and Joan Caufield. Illus. by Jan Palmer. Doubleday, 1971. 89 p. $3.50 Age level: 8-12

When I began reading this, my first reaction was one of distaste. I found it too simple-minded, and the animals too cutesy-pie. As I read on, however, I realized that I would have loved it when I was about seven. It's a good book to read to the under-sixes, and kids under ten with fanciful ideas about their pets should like it. It's definitely a childrens' book, though, and I would advise most people over the age of nine to steer away from it.

I was annoyed by the fact that none of the characters—either animal or human—ever simply says something. It was forever a grumble, moan, comment, screech, squeal, apologize, call, sigh, continue, command, reply, gasp, urge, conclude, agree, or—oh, never mind, I can't stand any more.

This is a happy ending story about some anthropomorphic animals outsmarting humans. A witch's cat with the aid of another cat and a dog and her magic powers foils a jewel robbery and gets the two crooks arrested, thus earning a reward which is donated to a Cat Care Center.

—Lisa Tuttle

THE GNU AND THE GURU GO BEHIND THE BEYOND by Peggy Clifford. Drawings by Eric von Schmidt. Houghton Mifflin, 1970. $3.95 Age level: 9-11

This book would probably be at its best read aloud—to almost any age group. It's clever and entertaining, but ultimately disappointing because nothing really happens. A gnu meets a guru and they travel together, winding up "behind the beyond." It's not at all a nice place—only things considered useful, orderly and tidy are allowed—and the gnu and the guru are put in jail, to give the jail a purpose, even though their jailors are regretful that "they're not a matching pair." They escape and eventually bumble their way back where they belong. Yet nothing is resolved, no one changes, the gnu, guru and "behind the beyond" are the same as ever. Unsatisfying, but still amusing to read. The drawings are strange, but very nice.

—Lisa Tuttle

AWAKE AND DREAMING by Harve and Margot Zemach. Farrar Straus & Giroux, 1970. Abt. 23 p. $4.95 Age level: 4-8

A young man has terrible nightmares—after consulting with a witch, he finds a way to stop them. In return for this he promises never to take anything from the king of dreams again. Now his dreams are pleasant and in them he falls in love with a princess. To keep his promise to the king and to be with the princess he loves, he leaves real life and enters a dream world.

This is a Tuscan fairy tale and to me it seems like 'new wave.' I wonder if a child can understand the concepts that the author is trying to get across. Also the nightmares illustrated in the front of the book depict some very violent scenes and could give the little ones some nasty ideas and nightmares of their own.

—Sandra Deckinger

ANDRQID AT ARMS by Andre Norton. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1971. 253 p. $5.75 Age level: 12+

Prince Andros wakes up one day and finds himself a prisoner with several companions on a barren planet. They steal a space ship and escape off-planet to a pirate lair only to find it had been abandoned years before. Next they land on Andros' planet, and hide in abandoned sections of the palace. Here Andros meets his daughter and a man who says he's Andros and that the young Andros is a robot. Andros escapes with his companion Yolyas of Saigol and they are drawn into a parallel world where Andros agrees to lead the people to freedom. He succeeds, but his question of whether he is android or human is never answered, leaving the book open for a sequel.

Andre Norton is back and has surpassed herself. This is the type of writing for which she is well known. I must congratulate her—to my knowledge, this is the first juvenile science fiction book which has a black hero.

—Sandra Deckinger

THE LITTLE WITCH WANDA by Marietta Vanhalewijn. Illus by Jaklien Moerman. World, 1970. 33 p. $1.95 Age level: 4-8

Wanda is a little witch who kept forgetting to end her spells. To teach her a lesson, her mother sends her out into the human world to do a good deed. After many problems she accomplishes this and comes home again. I'm afraid this story just isn't any good. I get the feeling that it was done after the illos were drawn, to fill in the spaces. The illustrations are magnificent—bright, colorful, and eyecatching. They invite the child—it's a shame they missed out with the story.

—Sandra Deckinger

OLD WITCH AND THE POLKA-DOT RIBBON by Wende and Harry Devlin. Parents' Magazine Press, 1970. Abt. 30 p. $3.95 Age level: 4-8

Old Witch lives in the attic of the Jug and Muffin Tearoom run by Nicky and his mother. To raise money for a new bandstand, the town holds a carnival with a cake baking contest. Old Witch enters the contest with a Magic Nut Cake (the recipe is on the back of the dust jacket and it looks good). After discovering why Mrs. Butterbean always wins first prize at every cake contest, Old Witch steals Mrs. B's cake and her own nut cake wins the polka-dot ribbon for being the most original. The lighthearted adventures of Old Witch are available in a number of books by this author team.

—Joyce Post

ROCKABYE TO MONSTER LAND by Frances McKee. Illus. by Victoria de Larrea. Putnam, 1970. Abt. 30 p. $3.96 Age level: 4-8

THE MONSTER'S NOSE WAS COLD by Joan Hanson. Carolrhoda Books, 1971. Abt. 35 p. $3.95 Age level: 3-6

In both these stories the monsters are of a gentle non-scary kind. In the first a little boy, who ate too much candy before going to bed, can't sleep and wonders about many things—such as pigs in blue curly wigs and nightingales with gold spaghetti tails. The drawings in mostly blue and yellow, complement the story well.

In the second book, a warm cuddley monster (he came in from a snowstorm—hence the cold nose) is the best friend of a small child. But as the child's new baby brother grows bigger and bigger, his monster friend grows smaller and smaller. In this one the apropos drawings are in black and white.

—Joyce Post

THE TOMBS OF ATUAN by Ursula K. LeGuin. Illus. by Gail Garraty. Atheneum, 1971. 163 p. $5.50 Age level: 12 up

Truth to tell, I was disappointed in this story. I had expected something with the breadth and action and wonder of *A Wizard of Earthsea*, which had an epic feel about it even though it was an unknown tale of Sparrowhawk "before the time of his fame . . . before ever he . . . brought back the ring of Erreth-Akbe from the Tombs of Atuan to Havnor." This is not a story of Sparrowhawk but the story of Arha, the Eaten One, priestess of the Nameless Ones whose place is the Tombs of Atuan. There is a depressing sense of eternal emptiness and darkness and futility which does not lift even with the coming of Sparrowhawk to steal the Ring from the Tombs. Only when he brings Tenar, she who had become Arha, out into the light and the Tombs of Atuan are destroyed by the earthquake he has held back, does the world of Earthsea as we know it reappear.

I said I was disappointed. Not by the time I finished. It was a little embarrassing to realize that what had seemed like dullness and constriction in the storytelling was actually an uncanny stylistic reflection of the story, of Tenar's life as Arha; for when Sparrowhawk gives her back her name and life, the style too changes—changes without breaking. It's a fantastically effective job.

This may not have as broad an appeal as *A Wizard of Earthsea* (which I thought deserved a Hugo nomination; however a 'juvenile' label effectively removes a book from consideration no matter how superior it may be) but it's definitely good and recommended.

—Daphne Ann Hamilton

THE FAR SIDE OF EVIL by Sylvia Louise Engdahl. Illus. by Richard Cuffari. Atheneum, 1971. 292 p. $6.50 Age level: 10-14

This is a sequel to *Enchantress from the Stars*, which was an interesting story of highly-developed anthropologists mixed up in feudal derring-do. *The Far Side of Evil* returns Elana, now a graduate of the Academy (isn't there always an Academy?) to the field, on a mission to a planet in the Critical Stage—ready to blow itself up in a nuclear war or channel its energies into space exploration. Unfortunately, the second book is not as good as the first. It divides the planet into Neo-Statists and Libertarians, and proceeds to deal in stereotypes—the cruel inquisitor, the timid girls, the cold-hearted experimental psychologist. Elana is once more the central character and narrator, and just as irresponsible and preachy as ever, but here the other characters are not strongly developed to the point where they can offset her influence. Also, the author seems to lack the discipline required to convey motivation without relying upon Elana's telepathic powers and to avoid titillating the reader with a lead-in to a juicy torture scene which she then "leaves unsaid" or finds "too hideous to describe."

The basic plot has the elements of first-rate adventure but the book as a whole is disappointing.

—Charlotte Moslander

A CHOICE OF MAGIC by Ruth Manning-Sanders. Illus. by Robin Jacques. Dutton, 1971. 319 p. $6.50 Age level: 7-11

The author of this folktale collection has produced numerous others, each centered around a different mythical being: *A Book of Giants, A Book of Dwarfs, A Book of Dragons*, etc. *A Choice of Magic* is the author's selection of favorites drawn from her other books, with the addition of four new tales.

There are a few old standbys, such as "Jack and the Beanstalk," but by and large, the stories are likely to be new to most children. They are written in a colloquial style, one suspects in imitation of a native storyteller. The table of contents indicates the country where each tale originated, for those who are interested in such things, and quite a variety of nations are represented. The illustrations are nicely detailed, the colored ones delicately tinted, making the characters appear realistic enough to be believed in, yet too perfect to be real—which is just the way fairy tale creatures should look.

A good introduction to the world of folktales beyond the nursery, and a lovely gift to anyone who would like to own just one book of folktales. Anyone who already has the author's previous books might find this one an unnecessary duplication, however.

—Kristine Anderson

THE 13TH MEMBER: A Story of Suspense by Mollie Hunter. Harper & Row, 1971. 214 p. $4.50 Age level: 12 up

The 'thirteenth member' of the title is the witch who brings the local community up to the required number for a coven (13). A most unusual witch she is though, a timid girl, sworn against her will at age eleven, and terrified of the justice-fire on one hand and the witches' punishment of traitors on the other. With the help of such unlikely characters as Adam Lawrie, a bound orphan boy, and the alchemist Gideon Grahame, though, Gilly Duncan is instrumental in defeating a plot to kill King James VI of Scotland and put his cousin, the V Earl of Bothwell, upon the throne.

The plot sounds terribly melodramatic in outline, but in Mollie Hunter's hands, it has been molded into an un-put-downable adventure, spiced with a good deal of carefully researched material on witchcraft and Scottish history. One gets a worm's eye view of the society in that time and place, but no attempt is made to judge the justice-fire as a means of punishment. The leaders of the witches are portrayed as half-mad; the others are simply foolish or untutored.

Although this book lacks the 'mood' overtones of *The Walking Stones*, it is a faster-paced novel and will probably be more appealing to young readers.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE LIGHT MAZE by Joan North. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1971. 186 p. $4.50 Age level: 14 up

Kit Elton has gone to Torrimore to get over an unhappy romance, and the Nancarrows' house, though not unhappy, is unusual enough to draw her out of her own troubles and into (as it happens) herself. There is the matter of Tom Nancarrow's disappearance two years ago, and the note which Kit is the first to notice: "If you can hold in your hand the Lightstone and hear in the silence the true note which is yourself, then you will be able to enter the Maze." In quest of the strange Light Maze, Kit encounters the help and obstruction of a number of people whose intentions and existence are changed or revealed by the Maze's power. Whatever their belief, no one whose being touches that of the Maze can remain unchanged.

I suppose technically you'd call this a 'metaphysical fantasy' or some such term. It deals with the perception of profound truth and the recognition of identity, and makes of them not a treatise or a lecture, but an experience of the wonder and mystery of being real.

I think this explanation sounds kind of pretentious, but it's hard to deal with inexpressibles. Read it and you'll know what I mean. It's a good story.

—Daphne Ann Hamilton

HUNT DOWN THE PRIZE by Sheila Moon. Illus. by Laurel Schindelman. Atheneum, 1971. 244 p. $6.50 Age level: 12-16

Maris and her dog Scuro are drawn back into the Great Land, an other-dimensional(?) place which has strong links with our world but where the inhabitants are animals and the struggle between good and evil is more overt than it is for us. Together with Jetty and the kitten Nick-Claws as well as various inhabitants of The Great Land, they undertake a quest to rid the land of a terrible and mysterious blight which is gradually destroying it; worse, the blight is even weakening the Old One, the Guardians whose power protects the land. With a great deal of help (especially from Thaddeus, the salamander magician) and effort, and some tragedy, they eventually halt the blight; and hope for The Great Land is restored.

The book is, of course, highly symbolic, and I'm afraid it didn't work nearly as well this time as it did in *Knee-Deep in Thunder*. Perhaps it would help to know something about Navajo mythology, which I understand provides the symbolic structure.

This is only for admirers of the prequel, though they will probably be disappointed as I was; still, it's worth the disappointment just to make the acquaintance of Thaddeus, a real character and a genuinely likeable and loveable person. For other than already-fans, I'd recommend *Knee-Deep in Thunder*.

—Daphne Ann Hamilton

TWIN SPELL by Janet Lunn. Illus. by Emily McCully. Dell Yearling 9177, 1971. 159 p. 75¢ Orig. pub. in Canada as DOUBLE SPELL

Jane and Elizabeth were twelve year-old twins who found an old doll in an antique shop and simply had to have her. After that, they began to share disturbing dreams. When their aunt gave her house to their family, the dreams became even more frightening, and strange things began to happen . . . After a long search through Toronto for the red brick house with roses carved in the white trim (as seen frequently in their dreams), they discovered their own house had been built around it, an interesting piece of family history was revealed, and the ghost of long-dead Aunt Hester was laid to rest.

This is a well-written, lively tale of suspense and the supernatural which will be heartily enjoyed by the late-childhood/early-teen girl who would otherwise be devouring (ugh!) Nancy Drew. Unfortunately, some of the 'twinishness' is overdone, e.g., Jane and Elizabeth share a sort of unconscious telepathy, and they make overmuch of the fact that they were originally one person. Realistically enough, though, the girls are portrayed as having very distinct personalities, and often feel ambivalent about there being another half of that 'original person.'

Fairly light fiction, but worth every penny of the 75¢

—Charlotte Moslander

THE SEAL-SINGING by Rosemary Harris. Macmillan, 1971. 245 p. $4.95 Age level: 14-18

The Scottish island of Carrigona has always been a haven for seals since St. Culzean promised them it would be so, and residents of the idland have kept the bargain—except the warlock's granddaughter Lucy, who sang the seals to their death, for her lover's sake. But now there comes to Carrigona a distant cousin of the islanders, Miranda, who seems to have a strange affinity with the long-ago Lucy. Is it suggestion or possession? The time comes when Miranda too uses the seal-singing to lure them toward waiting death. Anger or re-enactment? Past or present? In or out of the story, there's no way of quite knowing.

Not like the author's previous two books, and maybe not as good, but with its semi-gothic atmosphere and hint of the supernatural, sure to have an audience.

—Daphne Ann Hamilton

IN THE NIGHT KITCHEN by Maurice Sendak. Harper & Row, 1970. Abt. 38 p. $4.95 Age Level: 6-10

I am not one of those people for whom Maurice Sendak can do no wrong. His books are very strange and this one is no exception. Mickey dreams he falls into the night kitchen where three chefs, all looking remarkably like Oliver Hardy, almost bake him into a Mickey-cake. Upon escaping, he shapes bread dough into an airplane and flies off to get milk for the bakers. In the end he's back in bed. I did enjoy the old-fashioned urban backgrounds in the illustrations. The buildings are all containers and on one there is a yeast advertisement which says "up with the moon." One jar-building proclaims "150 meals for $1.00" and a box-building advertises "registered cocoanut patented June 10th, 1928." Since the text, what little there is of it, does have a definite cadence in most places, I think this is a picture book for reading aloud.

—Joyce Post

PETER PAN retold by David L. Harrison. Illus. by Bob Brackman. Hallmark Cards, 1970. Abt. 15 p. $3.50 Age level: 5-8

THUMBELINA retold by Dean Walley. Illus. by Arlene Noel. Hallmark Cards, 1970. Abt. 15 p. $3.50 Age level: 5-8

Hallmark doesn't produce just cards any more. Their latest is a whole line of pop-up books geared to the gift-book market. The illustrations are of quite high quality and are very charming—to trap the buyer. In these two particular cases, the story falls completely flat since they are both adaptations conveying none of the magic and wonder of the original J. M. Barrie and Hans Christian Andersen stories. Don't be swayed by these handsome overpriced attempts to separate you and your money. There are several editions of the original *Peter Pan* available from Grosset and Dunlap, all under $3.00. There is an original *Thumbelina* available from Golden Press for $1.95 and *Thumbelina and other tales* from Macmillan for $3.54. And don't forget that other, free, source—your public library.

—Joyce Post

THE DRAGON HOARD by Tanith Lee. Illus. by Graham Oakley. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1971. 162 p. $4.50 Age level: 8-11

This is an absolutely outrageous take-off on fairy tales and myths, which will probably delight both fans and non-fans of those forms. It manages to be a fairy tale/myth while it pans fairy tales and myths, and. . . oh well. . .

Basically it's the Jason myth (prince goes off on quest for Dragon Hoard, with ship of adventurers) with a little bit of Sleeping Beauty (evil witch-relative who casts nasty spells - Prince Jasleth turns into a raven for one hour sometime every day, etc., gives bad advice to the questers through a magic log in the ship, and has an overdue bill at Winged Serpent Chariot Hire) and a touch of the Odyssey (various magical isles with problems, monsters, and/or sorcerers). I like the time they outwit the wizard Awful with the nuttiest chain-story ever invented. All winds up happily but ridiculous.

To steal a line from elsewhere—If you don't like this, I don't want to get personal but I think you're a grouch.

—Daphne Ann Hamilton

WHY DOES EVERYBODY THINK I'M NUTTY? by James Lincoln Collier. Grosset & Dunlap, 1971. 143 p. $4.50 Age level: 8-12

I don't blame everybody for thinking Harold Leroy was nutty. I think so too. After all, kids who go around claiming to have seen a miniature walled city, inhabited by miniature people, in a clearing in the woods, have to expect that sort of reaction from ordinary, sane adults. Of course, Harold entered the city, got himself arrested, taken to the king, met another human, escaped from the dungeon, and, after many not-so-hair-raising escapades, returned to his own world.

This is a slender attempt at action-cum-fantasy which somehow never quite gets off the ground. There is something about first-person narratives written by adults masquerading as adolescents which seldom rings true. It certainly doesn't in this case—better to have avoided the problem by switching persons.

Not particularly good. Not particularly bad, either. Just semi-mediocre.

—Charlotte Moslander

FRIEND MONKEY by P. L. Travers. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1971. 284 p. $6.95

Friend Monkey, in his exhuberant humility, his unquenchable desire to serve and to make himself useful even when his usefulness is of no possible use, nevertheless manages, with his paw outstretched palm downward, to ingratiate himself into all but the most callous of hearts.

Among Monkey's friends is Barley Hawkes, the kind but superstitious sailor with whom Monkey sneaks aboard the London Exporter after helping him shake down coconuts for the crew. There is also Mr. Alfred Linnett, a meek London checking-clerk whose adventures, prior to his meeting with Monkey, have taken place only in his imagination. And then there is Professor Whirter McWhirter, animal fancier, who shadows Monkey throughout the book, apparently for the purpose of capturing him for a pet shop or zoo. It is to save Monkey from Professor McWhirter's evil designs that Mr. Linnett adopts him into his family of wife and typical three brats comprising fanciful Edward, down-to-earth Victoria, and bawling baby Trehunsey. Mr. Linnett's household is actually ruled by the house's owner, cantankerous, gout-stricken Uncle Trehunsey, who demands that Monkey be 'mastered.' Of course, 'mastery' is not in the least bit relevant to Monkey's problem—he is only too willing to cooperate already. After he inadvertently sets fire to the house and then ruins all the horsehair furniture with water in an attempt to help the firemen, the whole Linnett family and Uncle Trehunsey must move next door with Miss Brown-Potter and a whole new set of fascinating friends.

Miss Brown-Potter is an ideal for all liberated little girls to emulate. She is kind, considerate and always calm, in the face of whatever bizarre crisis. She particularly infuriates Uncle Trehunsey by anticipating his needs before he has time to complain. She has been an explorer in Africa, an accomplishment she regards with a matter-of-fact modesty, and is still ready to go back should the situation require it. Also living with Miss Brown-Potter is Stanley Fan, a deaf-mute African boy whom Miss Brown-Potter rescued from an alligator when he was a baby; Louis, a lovably grouchy old cockatoo whose conversation alternates between hymn-singing and swearing like a trooper; Tinker, a badger; Badger, a dog; and the ghosts of Miss Brown-Potter's romantic parents, who are often observed singing together. An exciting kind of peace manages to reign at Miss Brown-Potter's—not even the Linnett brood or Monkey, whose harmful help is calmly and consistently undone by the very capable Stanley Fan can destroy it. The most serious crisis occurs when Louis abruptly decides to exercise his unsuspected option to fly and goes out on an amorous quest pursued by Monkey and Stanley Fan, who interrupt Queen Victoria's Procession and thereby attract the diligence of the police.

This is a wonderful book for anyone, simply written, yet full of wisdom beneath its episodic adventures. Like the author's Mary Poppins books, this one will also undoubtedly end up a classic. Miss Travers has accomplished a feat long bemoaned by authors as impossible—she has created a 'good' character who is also interesting. And Friend Monkey is interesting because of his goodness, not in spite of it.

—Kristine Anderson

THE SILVER WHISTLE by Jay Williams. Illus. by Friso Henstra. Parents Magazine Press, 1971. Abt. 41 p. $3.95. Age level: 5-8

THE BIRD OF TIME by Jane Yolen. Illus. by Mercer Mayer. Thomas Y. Crowell, 1971. Abt. 30 p. $4.50. Age level: 4-8

The Silver Whistle and *The Bird of Time* are both magic charms given to simple folk to help them get through life. As usual both these charms have conditions: if you do or say thus with the charm so and so will happen but you must never do thus or the charm will be destroyed.

The silver whistle is given to Prudence, a homely girl who says "It will make a nice change" to the most momentous of occasions. The birds, insects and beasts summoned by one, two or three blows keep Prudence company and help her help The Wazar outwit Arbroag the Unpleasant. The Wazar's reward of the magic mirror of Morna is carried to a wicked witch who hopes to marry Prince Pertinel. By blowing four times Prudence shatters her valuable whistle but also saves the Prince from choosing the witch. As one would expect, he chooses the homely Prudence.

What the bird of time will do for its owner Pieter is either speed up or slow down time. With its help he rescues the king's beautiful daughter from the Castle Gloam on the edge of the world. The giant of the castle, being greedy, grabs the bird from Pieter and wishes the forbidden wish—that time would stop. He, the castle and the charm are caught in a timeless scream as the castle slides over the edge of the world. The illustrations in this book will remind one of the paintings of Breugel. —Joyce Post

ALONE IN THE WILD FOREST by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Pictures by Margot Zemach. Trans. from the Yiddish by the author and Elizabeth Shub. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1971. 79 p. $4.50. Age level: 9-12

This tale by the award-winning Jewish writer is about good and evil and about being reborn so that one can atone for sins committed in one's former life. Joseph was one of these souls and so was Princess Chassidah. They love each other but the wicked Bal Makane, the King's evil first minister, stands in their way. Bal Makane's previous wrongdoings were great and it is that portion of this book describing his atonement that is the most interesting. He is sent off to marry the wickedest of witches, Zlichah, but manages to escape with Zievah, a girl raised by wolves. After praying to God for the first time Bal Makane becomes good and the girl human. They return to Bal Makane's original country just in time for the wedding of Joseph and Princess Chassidah. The name of Bal Makane, the man of envy, is changed to Bal Tshuvah, the repentant one and he and Zeivah marry. The theme of this book makes it suitable only for the older child who is wondering about these difficult concepts. —Joyce Post

WORLDS OF MAYBE: Seven Stories of Science Fiction, edited by Robert Silverberg. Thomas Nelson, 1970. 256 p. $4.95 Age level: 12+

The idea of parallel worlds is an intriguing one which presents almost infinite possibilities to the writer. A way of solving population problems—send people to a world where life never evolved ("Living Space"). Columbus never discovered America because the world was flat, in a universe where Roger Bacon was a saint ("Sail On! Sail On!"). A brilliant but unpopular mathematics instructor in an obscure college takes advantage of a temporary mixing of parallel universes to search for a world where he can be emperor ("Sidewise in Time"). Then there are worlds which are only slightly different from one another ("Slips take over," "All the Myriad Ways"). And the sticky problem faced by time travelers who end up on the wrong plane of probability . . .

These stories are of uniformly high quality (how could they be otherwise with authors such as Anderson, Asimov, deFord, Farmer, Silverberg, and their ilk?) and form a good, if very limited collection of the parallel-universe family. If only the title reflected more accurately exactly what the book contains—"Science Fiction" is such a broad term for so specific a collection. —Charlotte Moslander

MITZI'S MAGIC GARDEN by Beverly Allinson. Illus. by George Buckett. Garrard, 1971. 42 p. $2.89. Age level: K-3, reading level 1

Mitzi had a magic garden. If she planted a candle, a candletree grew; a straw becomes a broom tree and a broom for an old lady; a pearl becomes a pearl tree and Mitzi makes a necklace for her mother. She plants an apple seed and gets an apple tree which proves best of all! A combination of fantasy and teaching a child to share his things. Eyecatching illustrations and a catchy story hold a little one's interest. —Sandra Deckinger

THE UPSTAIRS WITCH AND THE DOWNSTAIRS WITCH by Susan Terris. Illus. by Olivia H. H. Cole. Doubleday, 1970. Abt. 46 p. $2.95 Age level: 6-8

WHAT DOES A WITCH NEED? by Ida DeLage. Drawings by Ted Schroeder. Garrard, 1971. Abt. 48 p. $2.39 Age level: 6-8

In a victorian house in San Francisco live Wanda, the neat upstairs witch and Wendy, the not-so-neat downstairs witch. Whenever families looking for a house come there, the witches get together and mess it up completely and turn loose such things as mice and snakes and bats. The house remains theirs.

A witch needs a black cat to stare and wink and blink at her fire and a dog to scare away the gnomes from her toadstool patch. Ida DeLage seems to have a corner on the witch book market—in quantity, yes; in quality, not so much. —Joyce Post

WONDER-FISH FROM THE SEA by Josef Guggenmos. Illus. by Irmgard Lucht. Adapted from the German by Alvin Tresselt. Parents' Magazine Press, 1971. Abt. 23 p. $3.95 Age level: 4-8

ELEFISH by Rosi Bednarik and Susan Bond. Pictures by Rosi Bednarik. Scroll Press, 1971. Abt 33 p. $4.25 Age level: 4-8

These two are both true picture books in that the illustrations are the prime feature: they are fanciful, colorful and somewhat abstract, but not what I consider striking or eye-catching. Nature printing with dyed leaves and bark is the technique used in *Wonder-Fish;* somewhat unusual, but it has been done before. The accompanying stories don't amount to much in either case. In the first we are told that leaves do not get around much, but those falling onto water become like fish who might get trapped in a fishing net. The fisherman would find just leaves in his net.

Elefish is an elephant who loves the ocean and who is protected from sharks by many snails that attach themselves to him. The story is written in verse. Although these stories are imaginary I can't see that they'd be of any interest to readers of science fiction, however broadly you define that term. —Joyce Post

THE BOY WHO HAD THE POWER by Jean and Jeff Sutton. Putnam, 1971. 189 p. $4.95 Age level: 12-14

Jedro has no memory of the time before he awoke in an attic room on the ranch of a cruel herder on a planet called Klore. He is given the Memory Stone by a man called Clement, who foretells his own death; and runs away to join a carnival, hoping eventually to return to Earth. Through various misadventures, Jedro learns that he is in danger, for others, greedy for the immortality promised by the Memory Stone, will stop at nothing to wrest its secret from him. Under hypnosis, he discovers he is the possessor of several types of psi powers, and has been chosen to awaken Holton Lee, leader of the Superminds, who is sleeping in a cryogenic chamber deep within an asteroid, and release the knowledge of immortality which only Holton Lee possesses.

Fairly decent space opera here, but the kids who like the action will be annoyed by the introduction of a totally unnecessary love interest. Somewhat clumsy 'and now, dear reader, here is some background to the plot'-type material is also introduced in spots. Barring these two elements, this is a pretty good example of the action-and-adventure-with-juvenile-hero family. —Charlotte Moslander

QUEEN ZIXI OF IX; or, The Story of the Magic Cloak by L. Frank Baum. Illus. by Frederick Richardson, with a new introd. by Martin Gardner. Dover, 1971. 231 p. $2.25paper Age level: 7-12 and up

This story is technically one of Baum's "Borderland of Oz" stories, though the only typically Oz touch comes with the invasion of the Roly-Rogues at the end. However, on the borders of Oz it is, for Queen Zixi of Ix, and King Bud and Princess Fluff of Noland appear at Ozma's birthday party in *The Road to Oz*. This is the story of how Bud and Fluff became the royal family of Noland, and how they had, in Zixi, first an enemy and then a friend. All adventures and misadventures center on Fluff's magic cloak, a gift of the fairies, which will grant any wearer his first spoken wish, provided he has not stolen the cloak; the misadventures resulting from its not being known for what it is, and the adventures, of course, from its being known. In the end, even the ridiculous wishes prove useful, and the cloak is reclaimed by the fairy queen, who has realized that magic and mortals don't mix very well.

In the introduction, Baum says "in some ways, *Queen Zixi* is my best effort, and nearer to the 'old-fashioned' fairy tale than anything I have yet accomplished." Oz fans, gather 'round!

—Daphne Ann Hamilton

FELDMAN FIELDMOUSE: A Fable by Nathaniel Benchley. Illus. by Hilary Knight. Harper, 1971. 96 p. $3.95

As a rule, I strongly dislike books which attempt to sugar-coat a lesson with a story—they just don't work. Nathaniel Benchley is to be congratulated—he's done it successfully. The reader learns a great deal about the animal life of a small area with woods and pond (as seen by a somewhat zany fieldmouse, Uncle Feldman) and simultaneously enjoys a very funny story about Lonny, who raised Fendall Fieldmouse from a shivering, starved baby to a selfish, spoiled brat. Fendall's Uncle Feldman then picked up the task of teaching the young mouse survival tactics. Unfortunately, Uncle Feldman was eaten by a predator during the Full Moon Dance because Lonny was too ill to protect the mice.

The plot is fast-moving; the illustrations are delightful; and the whole story combines believable humor, suspense, and an almost hidden 'lesson.' Very good.

—Charlotte Moslander

LET ME FALL BEFORE I FLY by Barbara Wersba. Frontispiece by Mercer Mayer. Atheneum, 1971. 31 p. $5.25. Age level: 5-8

The child who is convinced that adults do not understand him or the adult who wants insight into a child's innermost thoughts are the people who will want to read this book. A circus of people no more than two inches high comes to stay with a child and becomes his entire secret world. He especially likes the little girl with paper birds in her hair. As reality becomes more distant, the child's parents become more harsh and critical. The crisis comes when the child has to go off to the seashore for a vacation and finds the area where his circus was, flooded upon returning home. Because the child becomes even more withdrawn, the parents call in his grandmother and a psychologist who convinces him to tell everything. The adults try to convince him that it was all his imagination and that they understand. But the child couldn't make them understand the realness of the girl and he hated the thought that the adults were treating him with a new bewildering patience. During a restless night he dreams (knowing it was a dream) he and the girl are aerial acrobats, that there is no net below and that the audience is made up of hundreds of copies of the adults and conforming school friends of his life. Before starting the act, the child wishes "Let me fall before I fly." He does. He is unhurt, repeats the act with great triumph and joins the girl and the other circus performers at the edge of the sea. When he awakens they are still with him. A good story about the unanswerable question of veality vs. imagination. The author does not, cannot, provide the answer, but gives us a good picture of what might possibly be going on in a young mind wrestling with the problem.

—Joyce Post

THE NORTH STAR MAN pictures by Kota Taniuchi. Original Japanese text by Tamao Fujita. Franklin Watts, 1971. Abt. 23 p. $3.95 Age level: 4-8

The most important thing about this picture book is that the artist was only 22 years old when it was first published. Mr. Taniuchi's pictures are the book. And although he is Japanese, the style is definitely not. It has a very simple 'everyman' quality and reminds one of the technique of collage. Colors are kept at a minimum (green predominates) and faces are featureless. The story is even simpler. Two children meet a wonderful old man who tells them about far off lands, plays an unusual fiddle and does magic tricks with their ball. He tells them he is Mr. North who lives on the North Star.

—Joyce Post

A GAME OF DARK by William Mayne. Dutton, 1971. 143 p. $4.50 Age level: 12-14

Donald Jackson, enduring the pressures of his father's terminal illness and his mother's grim religiousness, finds himself transported—or translated—to a strange medieval world. He is taken into the service of the local lord, who is charged with destroying a revolting worm-monster which is devastating the countryside. Donald moves between the two worlds with their depressing lives at unexpected moments with unpredictable variations in time-passage, as both of his lives move to crisis.

Unfortunately, I found the story confusing rather than complex, and the symbolism escaped me. Perhaps others will do better with it. Personally, I'm still waiting for Mayne to do another fantasy as good as *Earthfasts*.

—Daphne Ann Hamilton

THE WIZARD OF OZ. With pictures by W. W. Denslow. c1956 by the Reilly and Lee Co.

THE LAND OF OZ: being an account of the further adventures of the Scarecrow and Tin Woodman, and also the strange experiences of the Highly Magnified Wogglebug, Jack Pumpkinhead, the Animated Saw-Horse, and the Gump; the story being a Sequel to the Wizard of Oz. Pictures by John R. Neill. c1904

OZMA OF OZ: a record of her adventures with Dorothy Gale of Kansas, the Yellow Hen, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, Tiktok, the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger, besides other good people too numerous to mention faithfully recorded herein. Illus. by John R. Neill. c1907

DOROTHY AND THE WIZARD IN OZ: a faithful record of their amazing adventures in an underground world; and how with the aid of their friends Zeb Hugson, Eureka the Kitten, and Jim the Cab-Horse, they finally reached the Wonderful Land of Oz. Illus. by John R. Neill. c1908

THE ROAD TO OZ: in which is related how Dorothy Gale of Kansas, the Shaggy Man, Button Bright, and Polychrome the Rainbow's Daughter met on an Enchanted Road and followed it all the way to the Marvellous Land of Oz. Illus. by John R. Neill. c1909

THE TIN WOODMAN OF OZ: a faithful story of the astonishing adventure undertaken by the Tin Woodman, assisted by Woot the Wanderer, the Scarecrow of Oz, and Polychrome, the Rainbow's Daughter. Illus. by John R. Neill. c1918

By L. Frank Baum. Rand McNally, 1971. $1.50 each. Age level: 5 up

These are first-rate paperbound facsimile reprints of the first five and the twelfth books in the Chronicles of Oz by the Royal Historian of Oz. My own favorites, besides of course the *Wizard*, are *Ozma* and the *Road*, I suppose because I like the Yellow Hen and the Shaggy Man. Baum really is marvellous in his ability to create fascinating characters with the most ridiculously appropriate names, and the most believably incredible situations. The other thing that amazes me about him is his ability to slip a little moral in, in the most unobtrusive and painless way possible; if you're not watching, you may miss it. Everything, though, is subordinated to the fun of the stories, and if you can't have fun with these, you're probably a hopeless case. All in all, Baum was a marvellous craftsman, whose craft was creating marvels; and in John R. Neill, he had an illustrator to match him. I just wish that Neill had done illustrations for the *Wizard* too.

—Daphne Ann Hamilton

BEYOND THE BURNING LANDS by John Christopher. Macmillan, 1971. 170 p. $4.95 Age level: 12-18

The sequel to *The Prince in Waiting*. Luke is called back from his exile among the High Seers by his half-brother Peter, now Prince of Winchester. When Peter's pregnant wife is tragically drowned, Luke is once more named Prince-In-Waiting. Following the report of a merchant who claims to have crossed the Burning Lands, Peter sends Luke as ambassador to the Wilsh. The embassy finds things in the north very different and somewhat unsettling, but the mission is a success, Luke even becoming betrothed to the Wilsh king's daughter. After several adventures in which he nearly loses his life, he faces death nearest when he returns home and is accused of complicity with the High Seer Ezzard in the murder of Peter's wife. Luke is forced to face his half-brother in combat and complete the chain of tragic deaths that give him the throne of Winchester.

A good story which keeps moving, but not as good as its prequel. Despite the action, I didn't feel any real force behind the story; it was as if it were marking time between the two main events. We'll see what the next one is like.

—Daphne Ann Hamilton

OVER THE SEA'S EDGE by Jane Louise Curry. Illus. by Charles Robinson. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1971. 182 p. $4.95 Age level: 9-12

Any fan of Andre Norton's juveniles is bound to enjoy this tale of a boy who trades places with another of 12th century Wales. Dave Reese, misunderstood young fantasy bookworm, is haunted by an occasional glimpse of a boy, long-haired and exotically dressed. After exchanging medallions with him in a dream, Dave awakes to find that he has become Dewi, the scholarly dog-boy of Prince Iorwerth's castle. From there he follows Madauc, embittered bastard son of Iorwerth's father, across the ocean in search of gold, the seven cities of Antillia, and Avallon. Instead, they find a girl priestess, the land of Cibotlan, and the city of Abaloc, as well as an adventure that gives them the opportunity to divert a society from the practice of human sacrifice, along with the explanation of a few Welsh myths.

In contrast to Norton's works, this book ends neatly, leaving no strings hanging. The exchange of identities is satisfactory to both participants: Dave finds his dreams of adventure fulfilled as Dewi, and Dewi gets his chance at scholarship as Dave. A very fine escape adventure, as long as one does not take it seriously as history.

—Kristine Anderson

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COMING ATTRACTIONS continued from Page 10

Brunner, John The Stardroppers. UQ1023, Sept. 95¢

Trimble, Louis The City Machine. UQ1024, Sept. 95¢

Jakes, John Mention My Name in Atlantis. UQ1025, Oct. 95¢

Brunner, John Entry to Elsewhen. UQ1026, Oct. 95¢

Swann, Thomas Burnett Green Phoenix; the last stand of the prehumans. UQ1027, Oct. 95¢

Dickson, Gordon R. Sleepwalker's World. UQ1028, Oct. 95¢

SF BOOK CLUB SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER

Ellison, Harlan, ed. Again, Dangerous Visions. Sept. $4.50

Anderson, Poul There Will be Time. Sept. $1.49

Silverberg, Robert The Second Trip. Oct. $1.49

Harrison, Harry, ed. Nova 2. Oct. $1.49

LANCER OCTOBER TITLES

Clement, Hal Needle. 75385. 95¢

Koontz, Dean R. Warlock. 75386. 95¢

Hoskins, Robert, ed. Strange Tomorrows. 78713. $1.25

SIGNET SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER TITLES

Silverberg The World Inside. Q5176, Sept. 95¢

The Book of Skulls. Q5177, Sept. 95¢

Javor, F. A. The Rim-World Legacy. Q5213, Oct. 95¢

Hoyle, Fred Element 79. Q5279, Oct. 95¢

Reviews

LOVE IN THE RUINS by Walker Percy. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1971. 403 p. $7.95

GRAY MATTERS by William Hjortsberg. Simon & Schuster, 1971. 160 p. $4.95

OH, GOD! by Avery Corman. Simon & Schuster, 1971. 190 p. $5.95

Three first-rate mainstream sf novels, all of which I recommend as 'must's.'

The best is Walker Percy's *Love in the Ruins*. Percy is a former physician, a Southern Catholic writer whose first novel, *The Moviegoer*, won the National Book Award. *Love in the Ruins* is in part a retelling of the Faust-Mephistopheles legend set in the near future, a satire, a theological cautionary tale about a 'mad' psychiatrist who has invented a device to measure the fall of man from grace.

His name is More, Dr. Thomas More, and he lives in an age in which the order of the world is crumbling, black militants hide in the swamps awaiting the revolution, right wingers and left plot against one another, and vines grow in the streets of Manhattan. More believes his device can save the world, although the only one who believes him is the Devil Himself. But the novel is more than this: More's 'madness' is depicted as a crisis in the soul of modern man which is at the root of world disorder, and Percy depicts it with great warmth and wit and wisdom.

Second best is *Gray Matters*. And like the first, it is 'hard' science fiction, the portrait of a future world where mankind has reduced itself to a vast underground laboratory of disembodied brains, kept alive and conscious by technological means; existing to be enlightened, prepared, for a Utopian world on the surface. It is the story of a handful of such minds and their accommodation, their love, their hate, their rebellion.

The novel is told from various viewpoints in a most difficult technique, but is told very well. The book is fast-moving. Its author, William Hjortsberg is a young man with a sharp sense of character and an equally sharp sense of humor.

Avery Corman's *Oh, God!* is a joyous riot of irreverence, about an unsuccessful free-lance writer who is hired by HIM as a press agent. Our nameless hero takes the job and I can tell you no more except that what happens is very funny and sometimes very moving.

Corman writes with grace and economy, saying no more than is absolutely necessary, and never saying it in a 'wise guy' fashion. He is not out to enrage or disturb us, nor to preach, but to ask us to consider what is worth believing in. Is the existence of God really more preposterous than the Johnny Carson Show?

—Paul Walker

SEVEN STEPS TO THE SUN by Fred and Geoffrey Hoyle. Harper & Row, 1971, c1970. 247 p. $5.95

Pity poor Mike Jerome. First off, he's a British television writer with such a poor imagination and dim sense of fantasy that he must call on a physicist to get an idea for an sf plot—and even then spends only two minutes with him (of course, I myself could not long converse with any scientist who said, "You know Einstein had a theory called 'The Time Dilation,' or just simply, 'Time Dilation.' Now it occurred to me that one might use this idea in a story"). Then, all agog with his idea for a show about time travel (gawrsh), our pedestrian hero gets hit in an intersection and awakes in the future of 1979. From then on, all the man has to do is bang his head on a cupboard door and poof! a decade into the future. Each new decade is more alien than the one before, of course, but only because we are told so; the Hoyles have left their futures unfleshed in the sense that they contain virtually no people, or at least none with characters recognizable as such. There is much lecturing on the decay of society due to the population explosion, but this is quite incidental to the book's purpose. For you see, the main thing is that the authorities are hot on Mike's tail for a variety of 'crimes of innocence' compiled over the decades, a situation which lends itself to all sorts of intrigue—intrigue which does not, however, contribute to the exploration of the book's science fictional premise. Thus Mike Jerome can run all over three continents and half a century, but at book's end he's back where he started. And so, alas, is the reader.

—Roger A. Freedman

THIRTEEN O'LOCK AND OTHER ZERO HOURS by C. M. Kornbluth, ed. by James Blish. Dell 8731, 1970. 155 p. 75¢

These are the stories Kornbluth wrote under the name of Cecil Corwin, and they are a pleasure to read. They are indeed, as Mr. Blish has described them in his preface, Carollian. They have all been published before, but this is the first time they have all been put together in the same place. Included are "Thirteen O'Clock," "The Rocket of 1955," "What Sorghum Says," "Crisis," "The Reversible Revolutions," "The City in the Sofa," "The Golden Road" and "Ms. Found in a Chinese Fortune Cookie." If you do not already have these stories, this is an excellent way to get them.

—Joan Rapkin

THE CRACKED LOOKING GLASS: STORIES OF OTHER REALITIES edited by L. M. Schulman. Macmillan, 1971. ix, 254 p. $4.95

From the editor and publisher who gave us *The Loners: Short Stories about the Young and Alienated* and *Winners and Losers: An Anthology of Great Sports Fiction* we now have this collection. I think I can still smell the paste. Not that the stories aren't winners, mind you, but Mr. Schulman has played a very cautious game and picked good stuff, safe stuff. His foreword doesn't say anything and the concluding four pages of biographical notes are almost worthless. I suspect this was put together to sell to school libraries—can't knock the price—since it's good and safe and just the thing for unimaginative high school English teachers to assign to bright students. The stories are "The Country of the Blind" by H. G. Wells, "Report" by Donald Barthelme, "The Rocking-Horse Winner" by D. H. Lawrence, "Master Misery" by Truman Capote, "Angel Levine" by Bernard Malamud, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow" by Kurt Vonnegut, "The Machine Stops" by E. M. Forster, "The Garden of Forking Paths" by Jorge Luis Borges, "In the Penal Colony" by Franz Kafka, "The Door" by E. B. White.

—J. B. Post

THE DOORS OF HIS FACE, THE LAMPS OF HIS MOUTH and Other Stories, by Roger Zelazny. Doubleday, 1971. 229 p. $4.95

Roger Zelazny's novels are, to me at least, curiously unsatisfying, even though delicious and at times brilliant. I don't dislike them for their lack of standard structure or their devious, sometimes painful use of language—but for their confusing, downright difficult perambulations. These problems seldom exist in his short stories, and all of his virtues shine forth. This collection, a nice sunburst of brilliancies, gives us the major writings of Zelazny. The title story, "A Rose for Ecclesiastes," "The Man Who Loved the Faioli," "The Keys to December," "This Moment of the Storm," are all fascinating expeditions into the semi-real, the semi-possible; not the worlds which will exist outside of us, but those to come within us. If this were a mainstream review, I'd be tempted to go into a dissertation on each story; but you can relax, I'm tired of that sort of game, too. A simple request. Read.

—Greg Bear

THE SHAPE OF FURTHER THINGS by Brian W. Aldiss. Doubleday, 1971. xiii, 173 p. $4.95

For some strange reason, probably cowardice, Doubleday chooses to label this book as science fiction. It ain't. It's a dated journal of thoughts starting 9 January 1969 and running to the end of the month. A bit self-conscious at first, we soon settle down to speculation on the psychology of Homo Sapiens to recollections of Mr. Aldiss' fannish (if such it can be called) activity with side trips into musing on alternate histories. Aside from one monstrous error on p.141 where astronaut Bormann mysteriously becomes 'Bowman,' the awfully self-consciousness character of some of the writing, and a certain amount of exaggeration to prove his point, this is a nice little book to read in the evenings with a drink in hand and some soft background music. Five appendices, three psychological and two poetical, conclude the book. Not worth buying but well worth reading.

—J. B. Post

KRONK by Edmund Cooper. Putnam, 1971. 190 p. $4.95 (paperback: Berkley S2068, 1971. 75¢)

RETIEF'S RANSOM by Keith Laumer. Putnam, 1971. 189 p. $4.95

RETIEF OF THE CDT by Keith Laumer. Doubleday, 1971. 172 p. $4.95

THE STAR TREASURE by Keith Laumer. Putnam, 1971. 188 p. $4.95 (paperback: Berkley S2025, 1971. 75¢)

Humor may be the most difficult form of fiction to write, for the author, aside from having to fulfill all the requirements of serious fiction, must be funny as well; and as humor is essentially anarchistic in nature, it defies traditional plot structures. Few humorists have ever made it in fiction, and those who have were either ignored in their lifetimes or quickly forgotten after their deaths. Humor has a fragility, a preciseness in time and space, and the best of it may not survive a decade.

Good humor has an intimacy: it is a mirror on the writer's soul; much more so than on the world, for humor is a very personal expression of the writer's outlook. In reading good humor, the reader visits the writer's soul; he is wined and dined on the loves and losses of a uniquely sensitive spitit, for only a uniquely sensitive spirit is capable of perceiving the significance of the small things in life which are the richest source of good humor. And humor is a courageous act as well, most often born out of pain, a shield against despair, a valiant hypocrisy against fear.

Edmund Cooper's *Kronk* is not good humor, although it is a good novel. Its faults are shared by most humor today: its target is society. "A savage social satire" Putnam puts it. Poor ole society. Sex-obsessed, politically corrupt, spiritually effete, and violent even on Cedar Street. Who can blame Cooper's Gabriel Crome for wanting to end it all in chapter one?

He is a failed book sculptor (that is, his sculptures consist of books) and he is sitting on the steps of Albert Memorial Hall with a half-liter of British vodka, two cups, and an alcoholic raven, planning to throw himself into the Thames. How could life bring him any lower?

Well, he finds the answer to that with Camilla Greylaw who married herself to a poor, old white-haired scientist named Eustace. It seems Eustace has invented this germ, or serum, or whatever it is that vanquishes the aggressive instincts; and before Gabriel knows what he's doing, the two of them are out to save the world, pursued by two enemy agents called 'The Brothers Karamazov.'

There is much more to the story than that, of course. Cooper has every intention of taking on all-comers, including God, and he does so by chapter five. He can write a most readable, most lucid prose, and it moves very nicely from incident to incident. The scenes are easily visualized, the characters more or less credible, and in all it is an entertaining book I would not hesitate to recommend to anyone looking for a purely entertaining book.

As for its humor, I imagine many will find it delightful, if not scathing, although Cooper is no Bruce Jay Freedman. There is no bitterness in his satire. But, frankly, I found the humor a little tired. Another 'savage social satire' such as I've been reading and listening to since the days of Mort Sahl. Maybe I've reached thirty before my time, but you know, I just don't believe it is society's fault any more. I mean, life being the way it is.

Kronk did not appeal to me.

Keith Laumer does.

Silverberg once said that he often reads Laumer to get the feeling for basic fictional techniques again. That is an inexact quote, but if you have read Laumer, you will know what Silverberg meant. Laumer is to sf what Agatha Christie is to mysteries: a master plot technician. (I might add that the quality of their prose is another point in common.)

Keith Laumer has been writing Retief stories since the early sixties, and he is alleged to have said he will go on writing them as long as there is a demand, which may be indefinitely. All of them have appeared in *If*, some long, some short, and there have been three novels, the latest of which is *Retief's Ransom*.

It is a light, breezy book with a plot of sorts, but you must not take it seriously. Retief is on Lumbarga this time, the Groaci on his trail, and his friend Magnan is kidnapped. Can Retief save him in time?? Who knows? Who cares? What chance have the enemy against the master con-artist of CID?

As humor is by nature anarchistic, and resistant to tight fictional structure, the novel form gives Laumer a free rein that he does not have in shorter lengths. *Retief's Ransom* is written almost entirely in dialogue, a non-stop gag-and-gab fest in which Laumer ribs everyone and everything in the known galaxy with the same good-humored, zany wit. Some of the lines will make you wince, but overall it is a good book and, I think, good humor, for it reveals more of Laumer, and consequently more of ourselves, than Cooper's book does. There is something personal, almost intimate, about the humor; but I don't want to exaggerate the point. Laumer's intention is to be superficially entertaining, and he succeeds. As for the rest, I invite you to see for yourself.

Retief of the CDT contains five novelettes, and although they are of the same stuff, I did not like them as well. The shorter lengths confine the humor; Laumer cannot build the momentum that makes *Retief's Ransom* so enjoyable. The stories are "Ballots and Bandits," "Mechanical Advantage" (originally "Retief, Long Awaited Master"), "Pime Don't Cry," "Internal Affair" and "The Piecemakers."

His latest novel, *The Star Treasure* is another matter. It is not humor. It is strictly Laumer guns-and-groans, and few can do it as skillfully as he can. It was published in Ed Ferman's lamented *Venture* in 1970, a condensed version which I enjoyed, although it is not on a par with *The Long Twilight* or *Worlds of the Imperium*. I won't tell you the plot because that is about all the book has going for it, and if you know Laumer, there is no need, is there?

If you don't know Laumer, then let me tell you that he writes hokey action novels which ignite on page one and do not stop exploding until page the last. But by hokey, I don't mean trite in the conventional sense. Laumer makes no pretenses. He seems to have a light-hearted contempt for what he does and as fast and furious as the cliches come, there remains a solid fictional structure beneath them.

An example from page 30: "If you have any last words," he said, "You'd better say them now."

"You want to know all about Danton and the big plot, don't you?" I said quickly. "I—"

"You're bluffing," he cut me off...."You don't know anything, Tarleton. You're a fool, mixing in matters that don't concern you."

Yes, cliches. But see how they move?

The Star Treasure is an adventure novel which will keep you reading on and on. So if you like to be kept reading on and on, I advise you to look into it; and when you're done, see his *Worlds of the Imperium* and *Time Trap*.

—Paul Walker

THE JOSEPH STONE by Jacqueline La Tourette. Leisure Books 0015-6, 1971. 192 p. 75¢

Here is a good solid Gothic from a publisher I hadn't known before. The story, concerning the heroine—in this instance, an American schoolteacher doing research in Ireland—with a slightly bothersome ESP problem, a charming elderly Welsh gentleman with well-developed psi ability, a handsome and slightly mysterious English doctor, is very much in the traditional vein.

Instead of a castle, however, it is a guest house. The nameless terror is a phantom lover of terrifying dimensions—the restless and violent spirit of a warrior of pre-Christian times who died mad. The Joseph stone of the title is the stone that sealed the tomb in Jerusalem, imported to Ireland by Joseph of Arimathea, and set in place by monks centuries later to bind the spirit of the Celtic warrior in his tomb. The author has done her homework very well; her details are correct and events are in keeping with the occult traditions she deals with. The love interest is natural and not over-emphasized to the detriment of the rest of the story. Her characterizations are solid and believable. Recommended.

—Michael McQuown

TRANSIT OF EARTH. Playboy Science Fiction T6102, 1971. 188 p. 75¢

Here's an unusually fine collection of stories, most of which you've read, all of which appeared in between distractions. Arthur Clarke's "Transit of Earth" is reprinted here for the first time, and it's quite a story. Clarke combines astronomical nit-picking, truly human conflict, and his usual pure sense of wonder into what adds up to a technological tear-jerker. There's another by Clarke here, "Let There Be Light," two fine but unrare tales by Bradbury, William Tenn's grand "Bernie the Faust," and J. G. Ballard's faintly tainted "The Souvenir." Plus many other worthies. Purchase.

—Greg Bear

THE SPACE MAGICIANS edited by Sam Moskowitz and Alden H. Norton. Pyramid T2392, 1971. 206 p. 75¢

This is a handsome volume containing seven "first time in American paperback edition" stories by John Wyndham ("The Venus Adventure," a pre "A Martian Odyssey" odyssey on Venus), Henry Kuttner ("The Black Sun Rises"), Isaac Asimov ("Half-Breed"), Clifford Simak ("The Call From Beyond"), Eric Frank Russell ("Bitter End"—a very neat and gory shocker), Robert Bloch ("Constant Reader"—fairy tales can come true...) and Robert W. Chambers ("In Search of the Unknown").

Definitely a good buy, with the added bonus of a mystery, namely why title the collection *The Space Magicians*?

—David C. Paskow

SALTFLOWER by Sydney van Scyoc. Avon V2386, 1971. 176 p. 75¢

Remember the sleepy village of Midwich, where one day all the women capable of bearing children discovered themselves to be more than slightly pregnant. Well, in *Saltflower*, we once again have alien beings apparently using our planet as a breeding ground, impregnating women with their alien seed. This time, however, foster fathers are assigned to preside over the results of this seeding project, even though they are not at all certain why they have been chosen or what specific duties they will be called upon to perform. Sheer curiosity will keep most readers going for about three-quarters of the book; from then on it's downhill, easy going.

—David C. Paskow

INFINITY TWO edited by Robert Hoskins. Lancer 75166, 1971. 237 p. 95¢

As might be deduced from the title, this is the second in Lancer's series of original anthologies, a la Damon Knight's *Orbit*, Harry Harrison's *Nova* and Chip Delany's *Quark*. *Infinity Two* has stories by eight 'name' authors (the Andersons, J. F. Bone, Clarke, Gunn, O'Donnell, Nolan and Silverberg) plus five newcomers (Ed Bryant, Russell Bates, Michael Fayette, Howard Myers and Anthon Warden). In toto, they combine for a well-balanced selection.

The 'theme,' if we are to consider this a theme anthology, is Man and his Abused World and the most effective piece in the anthology is "The Technological Revolution" by James Gunn; if this one doesn't make you think twice about the machines around you, nothing will. Other notables: "Murphy's Hall" by Karen and Poul Anderson, "The Scents of IT" by J. F. Bone (Womens Lib take note!), "The Other Way Around" by Howard L. Myers, "Gorf! Gorf! Gorf!" by William F. Nolan and "In Entropy's Jaws" (the mystery of time...revealed?) by Robert Silverberg.

A fine collection.

—David C. Paskow

GADGET MAN by Ron Goulart. Doubleday, 1971. 161 p. $4.95

A plot to overthrow the Republic of Southern California by the forces of the mysterious individual known only as the Gadget Man, giant oranges, typing dolphins and gay androids combine to form a typical Ron Goulart romp as Sergeant James Xavier Hecker tries to find out just what the hell is going on. You have to be slightly mad to truly appreciate any Ron Goulart novel; suffice it to say that I thoroughly enjoyed *Gadget Man*.

—David C. Paskow

THE HOUSE ON THE STRAND by Daphne du Maurier. Avon W212, 1970. 336 p. $1.25 (hardcover: Doubleday, 1969. $5.95)

The big problem with this story of drug-induced tine travel is that I wonder how many people would drink something from a bottle in a friend's laboratory without knowing what the effects would be, simply because the friend asked them to—especially when that friend has a strange sense of humor. In any case, once you get into the story (which doesn't take long) it is extremely absorbing. In the front of the book is a genealogical chart and a map, both of which help a great deal in keeping the story straight, since many of the names are similar. This book may cost more than you might like to pay for a paperback book, but I don't think you would be sorry if you bought it.

—Joan Rapkin

THE MUMMY WALKS AMONG US, edited by Vic Ghidalia. American Educational Publishers, 1971. 151 p. 75¢

Xerox has gone into the book business in the same style it does TV specials: with taste and quality. This is an excellent collection of mummy stories, most of them not too often published, covering a period from the 30's to the 60's, and most of the major writers in the field: Quinn, Derleth, and Bloch, for instance.

"The Man in Crescent Terrace" is a Jules de Grandin story, and has all the flair one usually associates with them; "The Eyes of the Mummy" has the beautiful Bloch twist, which he has so nearly made his own personal property; August Derleth and Mark Schorer contribute "The Vengeance of Ai," which brings a nice period flavor to the collection. The other stories are equally good: all in all, one of the best collections on a single theme I have read. Mr. Ghidalia bids fair to become one of the best anthologists around, if this and the other book I read recently are any example. Recommended.

—Michael McQuown

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN by Elizabeth Davis. Doubleday, 1971. 178 p. $4.50

One of the main reasons I assume for the inclusion of this book in our review group is because of the author's acknowledgment to James Randi for his technical advice. It is a mystery novel, albeit ESP does figure in the plot.

The Old Woman is a nice little granny lady whose daughter committed suicide because some man done her wrong. Having laid out a brilliant revenge scheme based on the fact that her New York row house just happens to have a secret room, the old dear makes only one small mistake . . . she gets the wrong man.

When her husband, a man more devoted to his computer than his wife, disappears, the wife turns to a celebrated 'psychist,' who just happens to be a fake. The various plot turns neatly lay out several pros and cons (in more than one sense of the word) of ESP.

Is Mark Hembric really a fake? Will ESP help Dianne Klaner find her missing husband? If you're willing to overlook some fairly minor straining of coincidence, and are in the mood for a nice, easy-paced mystery set in our New York, pick this one up. It's fun.

—Michael McQuown

EARTHJACKET by Jon Hartridge. Walker, 1971. 182 p. $4.95

Earth is overpopulated; there is no longer enough of anything, including air, to go around. Society is divided with the ruling Texecs and the subservient Sleepees. The Sleepees stumble through a half waking, half sleeping existence, their air supply rationed by the Texecs (and Heaven help the Sleepee who breathes too deeply!). But this is the System and one must abide by it if everyone is to get his fair share and survive.

Then one day Sleepee Phillips doubts the rightness of the System and dares to question the status quo. And the nightmare really begins.

Earthjacket isn't a pleasant extrapolation of living conditions today (could there realistically be such an extrapolation?) but one gets the distinct impression that he had better heed the lesson of this morality play before it becomes his epitaph.

—David C. Paskow

DEVILS, DEMONS, DEATH AND DAMNATION by Ernest & Johanna Lehner. Dover 22751, 1972. 174 p. $3.50 paper

This little goody is a picture book of the above-mentioned subject which reproduces pictures from many ages and sources with the barest minimum of text. A very good book to have around if you're interested in the subject, or are in the greeting card business.

—Michael McQuown

THE TOMB AND OTHER TALES by H. P. Lovecraft. Beagle Books 95032, 1971. 190 p. 95¢

...And Ballantine Books begat Beagle Books, and Beagle Books begat the Arkham Editions. I'm glad to see what looks like a systematic plan for putting Arkham House books into paperback. We will now, hopefully, get some good stories back into circulation. And hopefully Arkham will get a good advance so they can invest it in bringing out more Arkham House titles.

This particular title looks like a mistake, though. Drawn from *Dagon and Other Macabre Tales*, it contains fragments of unfinished stories, early tales of interest only to HPL-ophiles, and mediocre stories. There is enough good Lovecraft around to have done better for a first volume. It is, however, worth mentioning that 'The Tomb" contains a real groovy drinking song, "Imprisoned with the Pharaohs" was ghost-written for Houdini, and "He" begins with a magnificent description of New York City. Only someone turned on to HPL will find this collection worth buying. If you don't know if you will be or not, try *The Dunwich Horror* or *The Color Out of Space* published by Lancer first. If you find you are one of us, get this book.

—J. B. Post

THE VENUS FACTOR edited by Vic Ghidalia and Roger Elwood. Macfadden 75-462, 1972. 192 p. 75¢

Eight stories of science fiction and fantasy with emphasis on the female. From the horror of Cynthia Asquith's "God Grante That She Lye Stille" and Gertrude Atherton's "The Foghorn," to Anne McCaffrey's Helva story "The Ship Who Sang" and the Jirel of Joiry adventure "The Dark Land" by C. L. Moore—an admirable collection. Judith Merril contributes her minor classic "The Lady Was a Tramp"; Zenna Henderson, "J-Line to Nowhere," and Miriam Allen De Ford, "Against Authority." "The Last Seance" by Agatha Christie is the least successful, perhaps, of the lot.

Although many of the tales are often reprinted and readily available elsewhere, it would be difficult to fault the collection as a possibly pleasant evening's entertainment.

—B. A. Fredstrom

THE PROBABILITY MAN by Brian N. Ball. DAW UQ1003, April 1972. 175 p. 95¢

This is a small blockbuster, a roaring shattering saga that defies capsulization. It combines a subtle, complex riddle of a plot with raw action, and so many twists and turns of plot that it really makes the reader work to stay abreast of it. Briefly, the story concerns a massive series of games which are re-enactments of historical events in the history of man. Participants are sent into earlier periods with all the probabilities figured out but no guarantees of success or survival. Since there is a strong preference for re-enactments of wars, survival becomes problematical. The major plot gimmick is that the hero of this opus has managed to get himself into a situation where he is part of all the Frames, as these period re-enactments are called, not merely one. The result is complicated beyond belief, moreover, every time you might think the puzzle has finally been solved there is still another twist beyond that. And there's enough blood and thunder action to satisfy any sincere fan of violence. All in all, an unusual and powerful story although the author does overwrite, sometimes taking pages to explain and re-explain something that was obvious in a couple of paragraphs. However, that's worth overlooking for the experience of riding through space on a vehicle of such original and powerful imagination.

—Samuel Mines

THE ECLIPSE OF DAWN by Gordon Eklund. Ace 18630, 1971. 221 p. 75¢

Gordon Eklund, a relative newcomer to the ranks, has scored an impressive victory in this his first novel. Combining the 'first contact' theme with the politics of the near future, he has given a vivid portrait of humanity desperately in need of salvation yet not quite prepared for it in the race of Jovian 'superbeings.'

There are touches of *Childhood's End* here as well as a hint of a Silverberg influence, but *The Eclipse of Dawn* remains a satisfyingly original and inventive first novel.

—David C. Paskow

THE FUTURE MAKERS edited by Peter Haining. Belmont B75-2125, 1971. 174 p. 75¢

This anthology, says the editor, is an excursion back in time to the early days of its eight authors, and the eight include some of the best known names in science fiction. You might think that a story written by a 17 year old Isaac Asimov—"The Weapon Too Dreadful to Use"—would be pretty bad, but not so surprisingly it isn't bad at all; it shows the imagination and talent one would expect of a young Asimov. Other contributors are Murray Leinster, "The Fourth Dimensional Demonstrator"; Ted Sturgeon, "Abreaction"; Ray Bradbury, "The Piper"; Robert Heinlein's familiar "Columbus Was A Dope"; Arthur Clarke, "Castaway"; Robert Sheckley's "Hour of Battle" and Brian Aldiss, "Equator." What is interesting at this point in their careers is how closely these early stories hew to the line of their more mature work. The Bradbury story could have been written by no one else; the Sturgeon is pure Sturgeon. The Clarke story bears a familiar resemblance to van Vogt, and so it goes. There aren't any truly superb stories here, but there are some pretty good ones and the book is easily worth the modest price asked for it.

—Samuel Mines

STURGEON IS ALIVE AND WELL by Theodore Sturgeon. Putnam, 1971. $4.95 (paperback: Berkley S2045, 1971. 75¢)

Except for one story, done in 1954, the rest of this collection was all the product of two years of writing: 1969 and 1970. According to Sturgeon's introduction, it was the breaking of a block that had kept him immobile, "living at the bottom of a mountain in Never-neverland, far under a rock." Whatever caused the freeze, Sturgeon seems to be himself again. These stories are filled with his own unique joy of life and his own oblique way of looking at things, as though he passed through events, turned around and came into them from the back, seeing new landmarks, as the country always looks different when you are returning. These are, perhaps, less stories in the conventional sense than a plea to look at things—look, listen and feel—and absorb the texture of living through all your senses and your mind. In creating that special mood, Sturgeon is, of course, unique; it is a cliche to say it again but I'll risk the cliche to make the point. Oddly enough, I liked the later stories better than the long earlier one, "To Here and the Easel," which was a flashing stream-of-consciousness piece that I was too slow-witted to follow. But the others had all the old Sturgeon magic and good enough evidence that a little thing like writer's block has no permanent effect. "Slow Sculpture" is the projection of a fantasy—what would you do if you found yourself able to cure cancer by unorthodox means? "It's You" is reminiscent of "Five Easy Pieces"—well, how do you react to the hard yoke of responsibility around your neck and does love mean ownership? "Take Care of Joey" shows another facet of responsibility. What perverse obstinacy makes a man assume unwanted responsibility and suffer every possible kind of humiliation for a self-imposed ideal? And again we have a third look at responsibility in "Crate." This is a little more obvious, with the conventional theme that responsibility not only matures, but by bringing maturity where needed, it may save one from disaster. In "The Girl Who Knew What They Meant," we have still another view of responsibility—the person who sacrifices himself for another, whether it be idealism or love. And in "Jorry's Gap" we have the failure of responsibility, with its ultimate effects. The story I liked best in the collection was "Uncle Fremmis." This is real old-time Sturgeon with a double whammy—at once a light-hearted spoof and parade of outrageous characters done as he does them best. There is only one Sturgeon.

—Samuel Mines

NOW COMES TOMORROW by Robert Moore Williams. Curtis 07115, 1971. 160 p. 75¢

A kind of science fiction 'Outward Bound'—the author has assembled a diverse lot of characters who, instead of being dead and outward bound, all have reason to suspend animation and wait for a future and presumably better time. The mechanics of the suspended animation is deep-freeze (biologically untenable, by the way) but it works well enough in fiction. Unhappily, they awake in the far future to a devastated world and then all the conflicts come surging to the front burner. I'd like to be able to report that this was an effective book, or at least an entertaining book, but unhappily I didn't find much of either in it. Kind of a mish-mash of weird characters.

—Samuel Mines

FUN WITH YOUR NEW HEAD: A Collection of Short Stories by Thomas M. Disch. Doubleday, 1971. 207 p. $4.95 (paperback: Signet T4913, Feb. 1972. 75¢)

I think this is the first collection of Mr. Disch's short stories to be published in the United States. There are seventeen of them here, ranging from pure horror (the elevator ride to Hell described in "Descending") to the brilliant psychological probing of "Moondust, the Smell of Hay, and Dialectical Materialism." There is the disturbing "Nada" (slightly reminiscent of Zenna Henderson's "The Believing Child"—F&SF, June 1970) and the black humor of "1-A" with its devastating final sentence/summation.

Thomas M. Disch is a brilliant writer and deserves more recognition than he has received to date in our country.

—David C. Paskow

DRAGON FEAST by John Elliott. Belmont B95-2009, 1970. 176 p. 95¢

SONS OF DARKNESS, SONS OF LIGHT by John A. Williams. Pocket Books 77187, 1970. 218 p. 95¢ (hardcover: Little, Brown, 1969. $5.95)

Both of these books describe rebellions which occur in this country. One is Black vs. White and the other is American vs. 'Chinussian' occupation forces. While, I suppose, they are technically science fiction under some definitions, they do not qualify under my definition, i.e. if I think it is, it is and if I think it's not, it's not (which is really what everybody else's definition is, and is the reason there are so many different definitions).

I consider both of these books to be 'scare' novels and, as such, I immediately dislike them. Perhaps it is necessary to scare some people into accepting the humanity of members of a different race; if so it's unfortunate. When it comes to scaring people into hating people of other nationalities or economic systems, however, I draw the line. In other words, if you are looking for some non-sf you might possibly enjoy *Sons of Darkness*, but I advise you to forget about *Dragon Feast* as quickly as possible.

—Joan Rapkin

THE GODS OF FOXCROFT by David Levy. Pocket 77384, 1971. 231 p. 95¢ (hardcover: Arbor House, 1970. $6.95)

Foxcroft is an institute where people go to be cryogenically processed until a cure can be found for what ails them. Here Steve Walker, artist, meets a girl named Julie Hamilton, and falls in love—only to black out, and wakes up in the future. At first, all seems well, but eventually Steve discovers how far in the future he has come, and how terribly things have changed. The technological advances are so fantastic the mind boggles, yet the possibility seems terribly real. Julie, too, is revived, and their struggle to cope with this new world focuses on the struggle between supertechnology and the ethics of power.

Although the book is well-written, the one major flaw is glaring: in an attempt at characterization, the author elected to have one of the supporting characters speak in a peculiarly telegraphic style which was supposed to be terse. Since this character, MacFarland, had numerous lengthy explanations to give about what was going on, it made parts of the book very difficult to read, and the lack of consistency of his speech in order to accommodate the explanations totally nullified the effect. A good story, but suffering from technical weakness.

—Michael McQuown

THE POSSESSION OF JOEL DELANEY by Ramona Stewart. Bantam Q6703, 1971. 215p. $1.25 (hardcover: Little, Brown, 1970. $5.95)

Already condensed in a national magazine, now released as a film, this book tells the frightening tale of a woman fighting for the very soul of her younger brother.

Slowly, inexorably, Norah, a divorcee with two children, is drawn to the shattering conclusion that her brother is possessed by the soul of a homicidal Puerto Rican boy whom he had befriended. How she comes to this realization, and what happens make for very exciting reading.

The story is well told, with a real feeling for the locale and the characters. The film, by the way, is also excellent, Shirley MacLaine's portrayal of Norah absolutely brilliant, with the film script adding a twist at the end which was almost poetry.

—Michael McQuown

THE GREEN EYES OF BAST by Sax Rohmer. Pyramid T2414, 1971. 75¢

Sax Rohmer stands as the unexcelled master of a genre in itself all too rare, and too often mismanaged with a heavy hand—the fantasy-mystery. Even in the weakest, most formula-ridden of his Fu Manchu series, distorted as many were with the bland 'yellow peril' racism so omnipresent in the fantasy, and especially the British writings of his period, his genius grips the reader's interest in a vise of suspense and color. And the present volume, much more deeply immersed in the occult than the repetitive Holmes-and-Watson of Nayland Smith and Dr. Petrie in pursuit of the sinister oriental, is a classic of its kind.

The Holmesian simile is no accident, for the better part of *The Green Eyes of Bast* itself comprises a tightly worked-out mystery of 'real world' dimensions, of which Conan Doyle might well have been proud. Adding to this a striking and forceful finale involving a mixture of lycanthropy, a healthy does of 'oriental' mystery and menace, and sheer human drama, Rohmer has given us a tale which should well have made his reputation even had he never dreamed of the evil Doctor.

One hardly need add, for students and followers of the genre, that Robert E. Howard's *Skull-Face* stands as a direct heir, indeed one of the few viable heirs, of Rohmer's writing in these areas, as has from time to time been remarked in the pages of *Amra* and elsewhere. To this degree, Rohmer has set in motion a tradition of fantasy writing of which this reader, at least, would welcome much more.

Mystery that it is, a more detailed review would defeat its purpose (no, I won't tell you the ending); suffice it to say—well worth reading, for fans of mystery, fantasy, Rohmer, or just top-notch suspense literature in general.

—Robin FitzOsbert

GHOSTLY BY GASLIGHT, Fearful Tales of a Lost Era, edited by Sam Moskowitz and Alden H. Norton. Pyramid T2416, 1971. 75¢

If you like period pieces, you should enjoy this one—if you don't especially, pass it up for something more to your taste. As the name implies, these stories are from the 'gaslight' era, that period before the electric light drove away all the shadows.

There are eleven stories in this collection, all different, and wide-ranging. Of that number, I found "The Story of a Ghost," the most effective, with "The Spell of the Sword," "The Moon-Slave," and "Doctor Armstrong" close behind. De Maupassant's "Who Knows?" and W. B. Sutton's "The Mystery of the Bronze Statue" are the only two of a similar type, the former being far the better of the two. Of the rest, "The Friend of Death" was probably the most imaginative, but it was too drawn out and too slow, and at some point the ending becomes all too obvious. "The Spider of Guyana" was all right, but again the conclusions were obvious; "The Enchanted City," on the other hand, was much more solid, given its mystical character.

Of the remaining two, "The God Pan" hardly qualifies in the collection since it is an out-and-out crime story, and "The Man Who Lived Backwards" was merely a novelty.

As an evocation of an era, or nostalgia, the book has its place, but I found the style made reading more of a chore than a pleasure.

—Michael McQuown

THE BARONS OF BEHAVIOR by Tom Purdom. Ace 04760, March 1972. 189 p. 75¢

There's a good central theme buried in this book: the manipulation of masses of people by an amoral application of psychological principles. Carried to the ultimate there are scenes which indicate how even an unruly mob might be managed and controlled without its members even being aware of any outside control. The author seems to have an intimate knowledge of applied psychology and the latest gimmicks in use or being developed. The twist here is that this control is not being used by a malevolent government as is so often the plot in fiction, but by various business enterprise interested only in selling more of their products to the public. The more-or-less inside look at these practices could have made absorbing reading, but unfortunately the book bears every evidence of being very hastily written—slammed out at top speed—which doesn't make for easy reading. It leaves some loose threads around and it ends abruptly as though the author had said what he wanted to say and had gotten tired of the whole thing. Too bad, it might have been a top-notch work with a little more attention.

—Samuel Mines

FREEZING DOWN by Anders Bodelsen. Trans. from the Danish by Joan Tate. Orig. title: Frysepunktet. Harper & Row, 1971. 179 p. $5.95 (paperback: Berkley S2186, July 1972. 75¢)

This novel poses an interesting question regarding the social repercussions of 'freezing' people with incurable diseases until such time as a cure may be found. Unfortunately, the author has chosen to describe this through the eyes of one character, the first to be frozen down, who is seldom out of hospitals and never allowed to view society, much less return to it, from 1973 until the book ends in 2022 with him being returned to a semi-comatose state, so we never know from first hand observation exactly what has happened to the world. The second hand descriptions are fragmentary, and the one contact with 'revolutionaries' is a brief, violent encounter which is totally without meaning.

The chronological gaps prevent there being any type of orderly plot development. If the author intended to picture the disintegration of a highly artificial social structure, he has succeeded, but he has taken the easy way out by telling the main character about it, rather than letting him (and the reader) experience it at first hand.

The translation is the best thing about this book—if the title page hadn't told me, I would never have known it wasn't written in English in the first place.

—Charlotte Moslander

EIGHT TALES by Walter de la Mare, with an introd. by Edward Wagenknecht. Arkham House, 1971. 108 p. $4.00

This slim book contains eight early stories by 'Walter Ramal,' pseudonym of Walter de la Mare, which have never before been anthologized. 'Early' as they may be, they are very good specimens of the macabre—the 'unknown' can be a little boy's hallucination of Satan looming over the poplar trees, or a 'thing' long buried in an Englishman's garden; a village where even children are wan and old, or the world a man sees when his eyes turn themselves inward . . . Only "De Mortuis" is different—a collection of epitaphs from an overgrown and abandoned cemetery. Here one finds a spark of humor, a hint of compassion, a feeling for irony. Irony is also present in "Kismet," wherein a sailor on shore leave is given a ride by the driver of a wagon and spends the journey seated upon a box—which turns out to be his wife's coffin, and "The Hangman Luck," which explores the feelings of a beggar befriended by the son of a woman he has just murdered.

Lovers of 'horror' fiction will find this book a worthy addition to their collections; de la Mare fans will read it anyway; the rest of the English-reading world is invited to give it a try—the stories are short and tightly constructed; the language is remarkably simple for a product of the late 1800's, and the whole thing is enjoyable. Don't read it to the children after dark, though. Especially if they already have active imaginations. "A Mote," "The Moon's Miracle," and "A:B:O" are guaranteed nightmare producers.

—Charlotte Moslander

NEW WRITINGS IN SF 9, edited by John Carnell. Bantam S7245, May 1972. x, 180 p. 75¢

These eight stories are quite entertaining and the collection is worthwhile. Joseph Green's "When I Have Passed Away" may be hurriedly written but dealing with the immortality of female humanoids who become a gas cloud the story is intellectually gripping if not aesthetically gripping. Paul Cordy's "If You're So Smart" deals with telepathy between animals and a feeble-minded man. Arthur Sellings' "The Last Time Around" has a novel approach to long romances. The rest of the stories are good but not memorable in any positive way. A good collection for the price.

—J. B. Post

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES by Isaac Asimov. Doubleday, 1971. 199 p. $5.95 (paperback: Ace 78455, July 1972. $1.25)

It may be literary heresy to say so, but Isaac Asimov writes nonfiction which is every bit as enjoyable and readable as his fiction. The only contradiction I will countenance is from those who say it is better. Only Asimov can write an exposition of $f=ma$, $F=GmM/d^2$, and their like, and have me actually enjoy the effort required to understand the explanation. (Mathematics is not one of my disciplines.) Only Asimov can call me "Gentle Reader" and not have his book immediately abandoned. Only Asimov can produce a table of contents which reads: A—Astronomy, B—Physics, C—Chemistry, D—Sociology, and have the whole thing turn out eminently readable, very informative, and thoroughly Asimov.

The Stars in Their Courses is all of the above. It is also an expression of the author's ideas on population control, Nobel prizes, the naming of lunar areas, and C-BW. The essays it contains were all originally printed in F&SF between May 1969 and September 1970. The layman who is willing to expend a little mental energy while reading will close the book feeling that he finally understands all that scientific argle-bargle. The technical writer will wish he had written it. The high school and junior college student will be glad somebody did.

Write on, Dr. Asimov!

—Charlotte Moslander

MIND TO MIND; Nine Stories of Science Fiction, edited by Robert Silverberg. Thomas Nelson, 1971. 270 p. $5.95

Stories of telepathy and ESP—human, animal, alien, and machine: "The Mindworm" by C. M. Kornbluth, "Psychlops" by Brian Aldiss, "Novice" by James Schmitz, "Liar!" by Isaac Asimov, "Something Wild Is Loose" by Robert Silverberg, "Riya's Foundling" by Algis Budrys, "Through Other Eyes" by R. A. Lafferty, "The Conspirators" by James White, "Journey's End" by Poul Anderson. My choices: Schmitz (the first Telzey story), Silverberg and White. A fascinating range of treatments. The subject anthology seems to be one of Silverberg's predilections, and lucky for us because he's darn good at it.

—Daphne Ann Hamilton

THE SERIALS: SUSPENSE AND DRAMA BY INSTALLMENT by Raymond William Stedman. University of Oklahoma Press, 1971. 510 p. $9.95

Alan G. Barbour's *Days of Thrills and Adventure* (Collier/Macmillan) is a primer compared with this scholarly study by Raymond William Stedman. This is NOT to be taken as a slight to Barbour's book which I read primarily for entertainment, the information being, to me, of secondary importance.

Stedman's study tells and shows everything you ever wanted to know about the favorite serials of your childhood but were afraid of being disillusioned by. Fair warning: there will be disillusionments but any true devotee of the serial should be able to accept them (even if he wasn't able to at the time and besides everyone knows that the Flash Gordon serials were the BEST EVER MADE no matter what anyone says (impartial, unbiased opinion).

Buy this one if you can find it; college bookstores tend to be snobbish and, considering the information, the price is reasonable.

—David C. Paskow

SATELLITE 54-ZERO by Douglas R. Mason. Ballantine 02108, 1971. 185 p. 95¢

Satellite 54-Zero is a privately owned research satellite, owned and operated by a multi-millionaire. Theoretically, however, there is no such thing as private ownership of any satellite and the Earth government sends an investigator, Mike Cadogan, to discover what exactly is being done on 54-Zero.

Cadogan encounters instant hostility from crew, personnel and owner and his life is in ever-increasing danger as he draws closer to the satellite's secret, a secret mixing human life forms with extrapolated life forms of alien worlds.

Douglas R. Mason has written a nice, satisfying adventure, much more entertaining than his previous *Matrix*.

—David C. Paskow

WILDSMITH by Ron Goulart. Ace 88872, April 1972. 128 p. 75¢

Ron Goulart is a funny man. Somewhere in the shaes, the spirit of Thorne Smith must be looking down and chuckling. He would have not only liked these carryings on, he would have enjoyed the resemblance to his own mad style. *Wildsmith* concerns the doings of a literary robot—or android rather, being a close enough copy to a humanoid to escape detection by those who didn't know he was manufactured. Apparently it may be possible some day to create an android and build into him any combination of qualities, even (perish forbid) literary talents. So here we have Wildsmith, an android who turns out best-selling novels like McDonald's turns out hamburgers and who goes on the literary circuit of TV talk shows like all authors do. The catch here is that to make Wildsmith more authentic, his builder has programmed into him certain nutty eccentricities, like unscrewing his hands and mailing them to girls (how he puts on the stamps with no hands I leave to you) but the result is to drive the television audience and his faithful public relations man up the wall. The plot gets zanier as it goes along and finally makes no sense whatever, which is all to the good. Broad humor, but funny.

—Samuel Mines

THE 1972 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF, edited by Donald A. Wollheim with Arthur W. Saha. DAW UQ1005, May 1972. 302 p. 95¢

Old pro Wollheim knows a good story when he sees one and this is, by and large, a pretty good bag of 14 stories. "The Fourth Profession" by Larry Niven has appeared elsewhere; if you haven't run across it, it's a good story. A couple of the New Wave numbers—well, you either like them or you don't. "Gleepsite" by Joanna Russ is chilling and subtle. Harlan Ellison's "One Life, Furnished in Early Poverty" tries too hard; it's a throwaway idea which doesn't rate the big buildup. Michael Coney's "The Sharks of Pentreath" used a lot of ammunition to make a minor point. However, Stephen Tall's "The Bear With the Knot on His Tail" was very effective, as was "Real Time World" by Christopher Priest. I'd rate as superior "All Pieces of a River Shore," by R. A. Lafferty and "Aunt Jennie's Tonic" by Leonard Tushnet and "Occam's Scalpel" by Ted Sturgeon. The others were more than adequate.

—Samuel Mines

INFINITY THREE, edited by Robert Hoskins. Lancer 75320, May 1972. 224 p. 95¢

Another good anthology with some very effective stories. Bob Silverberg's "Caliban" takes one of the oldest aphorisms, 'beauty is in the eye of the beholder,' and gives it a neat ironic twist. "To Walk a City's Street" by Clifford Simak leaves you wondering if you'd like that magic wand after all, and "A Time of the Fourth Horseman" by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro says something pertinent about the bureaucratic mind, be it in science or administration. One of the most effective stories in the book was "Altarboy" by Dean R. Koontz, a brilliantly handled deep plunge into the murkier depths of the human mind. Far above the usual pseudo-mystical pap, this is a story that will scare you if you've ever considered the elemental question: what is a mind? Also worth mentioning is "Vooremp:Spy" by Miriam Allen de Ford, a deft jab at the idiocies of international relations; "One Day in the War" by Richard Posner, and "The Monadic Universe" by George Zebrowski and Gerald Hull.

—Samuel Mines

THE DAYS AFTER TOMORROW, edited by Hans Stefan Santesson. Little Brown, 1971. 261 p. $5.95

Basically a good collection, with one glaring blunder, *The Days After Tomorrow* is still a re-hash. Garrett and Silverberg's "Sound Decision" is one of those early Robert Randall tales better left buried in pulp, complete with a doubtful scientific premise and a ridiculous denouement. It is obviously one of the poorer variety of *Astounding*-slanted stories, complete with eccentric-mask characters and stereotyped reactions.

"Green Fingers" is one of Clarke's brief excursions into irony, dated now but still interesting, if only from nostalgia. The rest, "I Always Do What Teddy Says," by Harrison, "Omnilingual" by Piper, etc., are pretty much standards in anthologies. Strictly high school library fare.

—Greg Bear

THE COMMITTED MEN by M. John Harrison. Doubleday, 1971. 192 p. $4.95

A superbly written book, detailing perhaps all too graphically the horrors of life following the ultimate nuclear holocaust. In England, the survivors, most of whom have mutated into grotesque physical cripples, scratch out a fang to mouth existence amid the rotting ruins of town and countryside. The landscape is littered with the wrecks of the mechanical age, no longer operative; the cities are jungles of rubble among which predatory bands fight and steal from each other. I found the first half of this book somewhat better than the final part—it seemed to me that the author was at his best when setting up his situations and characters, but when he got down to the problem of what to do with them he was a little unsure. An interesting concept here is that as the radiation cancers began to affect his characters, their time sequences started to get scrambled and the sequences in the book reflect this pattern so that to the casual reader it may start to become a little incoherent. However, it is all very logical. It is also brutal but fascinating.

—Samuel Mines

TO PRIME THE PUMP by A. Bertram Chandler. Curtis 07116, 1971. 157 p. 75¢

A. Bertram Chandler is a professional sailor and it shows in his writing. His principal hero, John Grimes, is closer in training and character to Horatio Hornblower than he is Rysling or any creation of the general run of science fiction authors and the Survey Service he works for was obviously designed by a retired British admiral. Be that as it may, *To Prime the Pump* is the most recent addition to the Grimes saga. Chronologically it falls somewhere between *The Road to the Rim* (*If*, 1967 and Ace Books) and the short stories that have been appearing recently in *Galaxy* concerning Grimes' first commands; at this point in the chronicles Grimes is a young lieutenant assigned to the cruiser Aries.

The Federation has been asked to lend medical aid to the planet El Dorado, an anarchist world settled by a group of plutocrats who consider themselves the aristocracy of the galaxy and have a profound dislike not only of the rabble but of their tax collectors. As it turns out the problem is that no babies have been born on the planet since it was settled because of some mumbo-jumbo concerning the elder gods of nature. The solution of the colonists is to kill one of the spacemen to start the cycle of life and birth and, as is obvious to all but a rather dense Grimes, our hero is the intended victim. The main action concerns the relationship between Grimes and the self-styled Princess Marlene and the machinations of the voodoo sect in their quest for a sacrifice.

Most of Chandler's stories are damn good space opera; he draws consistently on his knowledge of the sea and men who sail it to provide a believable and fascinating background for his interstellar society. Unfortunately *To Prime the Pump* is not among the best of Chandler's works. The novel moves very slowly and there are long dead spots in which nothing of any consequence occurs. In fact, what story there is would make little more than an average short story. Further the novel deteriorates gradually into a crude mysticism that clashes with the realistic backgrounds and renders the whole book somewhat unbelievable. Even the most ardent Chandler fan will find this offering tough going.

—Yale F. Edeiken

MORE THAN SUPERHUMAN by A. E. van Vogt. Dell 5818, 1971. 215 p. 75¢

This collection may prove somewhat of an eye-opener for those who have assumed that the Old Master's recent productions aren't worth reading. Of the six stories included (all 1965 or after) only one very short item is a total loss—the farcical, overly cute "Laugh, Clone, Laugh" in collaboration with Forry Ackerman. (My tolerance for 4E's juvenile Ackermania runs at most to three paragraphs before nausea sets in.) "Humans, Go Home!" is somehow incomplete but esoterically entrancing. "Him," a short-short, is reminiscent of other van Vogtian twist endings. "Research Alpha," with James H. Schmitz, is a fascinating combination of both authors, while "The Reflected Men" and "All the Loving Androids" illustrate more than adequately that van Vogt's tales have lost none of their verse, interest and complexity.

For readers who hark back to the elder joys of *Slan*, *The Mixed Men* and *The Weapon Shops*—recommended.

—B. A. Fredstrom

THE TIME DWELLERS by Michael Moorcock. Berkley S1955, 1971. 192 p. 75¢

Although there is nothing to indicate this fact on either the cover or the blurbs, this is a collection of eight short stories culled, for the most part, from the *New Worlds* of the middle 1960's. The book's title is derived from the first two stories which are linked by a common setting and characters; the other stories are unrelated except as they illustrate the 'new wave' that Moorcock and *New Worlds* championed during this period.

The general theme of the stories seems to be the quest of man and his frustration; the form of presentation is short and allegorical. It is the stories that escape from this mold, to some small degree only, that are the most successful ones. "The Deep Fix," a longish story of a drug hallucination, and "Consuming Passion," a haunting study of a pyromaniac, are the two that stand above the rest because, and only because, they are different from the others. In general this collection contains stories that, by themselves, are competent but that are arranged in an uninteresting and repetitive whole.

—Yale F. Edeiken

HPL by Meade & Penny Frierson. Author (Box 9032, Birmingham, Ala. 35213) 1972. 144 p. $3.00 paper

Wow and Ugh! This is a memorial volume to H. P. Lovecraft containing stories (good, bad, indifferent), articles (good, bad, indifferent), and a lot of interesting art work (not always good but usually interesting). Obviously, the HPL fan must own the thing and the HPL loather must loath it but it has enough merit to interest the middle roaders as well. It certainly is worth the price on the basis of word count alone. The Lovecraft-inspired illustrations, even when only mediocre, show that the Cthulhu Mythos can influence art in worthwhile ways.

Admitting my bias, I think the Cthulhu Mythos is a tremendous intellectual construction. It almost exists apart from the stories in which it was born—it certainly is more than the sum of its parts. This idea of alien beings of great powers and indifference to mankind is not unique with Lovecraft but he somehow formalized the whole thing. It certainly can be used by other writers (and has been) with profit. Yet the bulk of 'Lovecraftian stories' by most people don't make it. The stilted language of Lovecraft, the outward trappings, are taken by many admirers to be the essence of the man and the stories are often badly written pastiches. I think it possible to have a 'New Wave'-Porno-Mythos story that draws on Lovecraft's ideas but not his writing style. And speaking of the 'New Wave,' if one looks at HPL's letters one finds that in his own way he, as well as Clark Ashton Smith, was in rebellion against much of the pulp magazine writing. Many of the so-called Lovecraft-Circle fancied themselves literary types. Historically they can be seen as an early and unsuccessful experiment in bringing 'Literature' to the pulps.

HPL is printed in an edition of 1,000 copies. That's just about right for the market. If you're one of the Lovecraftian hard-core, send your money in right away (you probably already have your copy) and if you aren't then forget this item.

—J. B. Post

THE SMOG by John Creasey. Walker, 1971. 192 p. $4.95

Ordean A. Hagen's *Who Done It? A Guide to Detective, Mystery and Suspense Fiction* (Bowker, 1969) has eight double-column pages devoted to the novels of John Creasey. To say Mr. Creasey is prolific would be gross understatement. However, quantity does not necessarily correlate significantly with quality and this has tended to be true with his Dr. Palfrey/Z5 series; happily, *The Smog* is an exception.

An entire village wiped out by a thick, yellowish vapor (shades of Donora, Pennsylvania) is the first hint of a mad plan for world domination through the device of a killing smog and, as corny as it does sound, only Dr. Palfrey and Z5 stand any chance of success in combatting this threat. Naturally they do but until they do many things happen, interesting things which will keep most readers interested through to the foregone conclusion.

—David C. Paskow

OPERATION CHAOS by Poul Anderson. Doubleday, 1971. 232 p. $4.95 (paperback: Lancer 75319, May 1972. 95¢)

A different space/time continuum—that's old hat—but one so very like our own—with just a little difference—that's something else again. In Steven Matucheck's world, it is taken for granted that werewolves and witches (and unicorns and dragons and the Elements) exist. Humans being what they are, there are also wars, petty regulations, and heretical churches. It is this latter which causes the trouble when a lower-echelon priest quite innocently conjures up a rather stupid demon who kidnaps a little girl, who happens to be Steven and Virginia Matucheck's daughter...

Enough said. This is a thoroughly enjoyable action-adventure-romance-some religion-some political expounding novel. Some parts of it were first published as separate stories, so a few phenomena are explained once too often, and the book does have a certain episodic character, but an underlying thread of continuity has very cleverly been included, and the final product is very good. Fans of the supernatural will like it especially, but don't miss it just because you don't happen to fit that description.

—Charlotte Moslander

TOMORROW IS TOO FAR by James White. Ballantine 02150, 1971. 95¢

"The fire had broken out during the early hours of the morning in a supposedly fire-proof storeroom and a small pile of rubbish had been almost completely consumed." So begins James White's *Tomorrow Is too Far*, a novel about a conscientious security officer's overly conscientious investigation of mysterious goings-on at a major aeronautical firm.

The firm is Hart-Ewing, the hero's name is Carson, and the two of them come very much alive in this fast-moving suspense novel. Carson's investigation of the fire leads him to discover a project so secret that the government itself is unaware of it; and a secondary investigation leads him to encounter an idiot who knows some remarkable things. Events unfold slowly in a tantalizing fashion with the promise of a chilling denouement, and the reader is not disappointed.

That *Tomorrow Is too Far* is an excellent novel should not surprise anyone familiar with Britain's James White. His *The Watch Below* is an established classic, one of the great ideas in sf. He has a mind and a talent that does not condescend to the genre. There is solid thinking ability behind *Tomorrow Is too Far*, resulting in solid characters and thoroughly credible situations. Moreover, his attention to detail is striking. For instance:

(From page 4, a description of Carson's desk drawer) "In Carson's case it contained a couple of old girlie magazines belonging to his six-years-gone predecessor, a quantity of picture postcards with the stamps cut off—his secretary had a philatelist nephew—a pair of old shoes, and a fossilized sandwich. At the bottom there was a large padded envelope of the kind used to send books through the post. It was torn and scribbled on and bore a large number of brown circles made by overfull coffee cups."

If you cannot see that desk drawer, then you cannot read. James White has written a fascinating entertainment in *Tomorrow Is too Far* and you are advised not to miss it.

—Paul Walker

LORD OF THE RED SUN by William T. Silent. Walker, 1971. 181 p. $5.95

If you like space opera you'll find this easy reading. The ingredients are standard enough—a plot to take over a planet and usurp the rightful ruler. Moreover, I never could quite see the reversion to feudalism that intrigues some writers as the pattern of the future. But apart from that, the story moves, has sufficient suspense and action (although it is not a blood-curdler) and has some nice descriptions of warfare in space. Like all of these it is as predictable as a comic strip—and come to think of it, most of these space operas are really just slick comic strips—but it is readable, it does give the feeling of space and it's a pleasant way to spend an hour or so.

—Samuel Mines

THE BOATS OF THE 'GLEN CARRIG' by William Hope Hodgson. Ballantine 02145, 1971. 176 p. 95¢

The Boats of the 'Glen Carrig' was originally published at the beginning of the twentieth century, but it employs the 'as told...to his son...in the year 1757.' technique so familiar in eighteenth and nineteenth century fiction. One can almost believe it is a product of that time—the language is believably flowery and sedate; the technical terminology of sailing ships adds authenticity; and the strange and wondrous creatures encountered upon the uncharted seas provide the clincher. The 1700's were part of the great age of European exploration and colonization, and geography was the current magical science. So much that was new and not yet understood had so recently been discovered; men were suddenly so aware of their own ignorance of their fellow inhabitants of this planet, that very little that fiction could produce in the line of fantasy-adventure would have surprised the reading public.

I said 'almost believe' above—a real 18th/19th century writer would never have started in medias res, after the wreck of the 'Glen Carrig'—at least one chapter would have been devoted to the beginning of the voyage and the subsequent foundering, lowering of boats, drownings, etc. Also, the plot is much more compact than that of a book meant to be read before-the-grate or in-the-window-seat.

One can find here an interesting contrast between the prevailing social attitudes of the early part of our century and those of today—all unfamiliar phenomena are, in this book, considered repulsive and fearsome. The human of Western European stock is of paramount importance (witness the willful destruction by fire of an entire 'forest' and, hopefully, its inhabitants, to avenge the death of an unconscious crewman whom a nonhuman native of the island had evidently mistaken for his dinner), and servants know their place, even after spending seven years cooped up in a derelict ship with their 'betters.'

This book would be interesting if only from an historical perspective, but it's also a good story. One might be tempted to call it elegant. In a world of denim and sweatshirts, a little elegance can be refreshing.

—Charlotte Moslander

MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN by Gladys Hasty Carroll. Popular Library 01433, 1971. 192 p. 75¢ (hardcover: Little Brown, 1969. $5.95)

Great Country, sometime in the next century, has been divided into four semi-isolated sectors, based on the age of the population. New State is a lawless land of young people; Two State harbors the young marrieds and small children; Midway is the bureaucratic center of Great Country where the middle aged live; and Old State serves as the mandatory old folk's home. Two small boys from Two State, Dunwoodie and Bob, set off to climb the great mountain in the center of Great Country. Here they meet the legendary Man on the Mountain and venture on to Old State where they inadvertently bring on a crisis for the entire nation. Grammie Grace and Grampie George set off from Old State on a mission that attempts to tear down the walls of separation among age groups.

The effect of the novel is earnest, optimistic and totally cloying. So simplistic and exaggerated is the allegory that it becomes an insult to anyone's intelligence. It may also result in queasiness unless the reader craves a superabundance of honey.

—B. A. Fredstrom

THE GODS THEMSELVES by Isaac Asimov. Doubleday, May 1972. 288 p. $5.95

With the current furor over the world's spiralling demand for energy and the environmental dangers implicit, it is characteristic of Asimov to come up with a new and original approach to the problem. The story illustrates the ecological principle perfectly that you get nothing free. Even if you can tap the presumably unlimited energy of a parallel universe, you upset a balance which promises eventual disaster. Basically that is the plot of *The Gods Themselves*—the exchange of energy between our universe and a para-universe and the penalties involved. It's an intellectual kind of plot; there is no physical action at all, but Asimov is not a dull writer and there are lots of fresh ideas to ponder. Moreover, this is science fiction in the purest sense, it is speculative fiction and it fulfills the best requirement of science fiction—it opens up new horizons for the reader. Asimov's first full-length novel in 15 years, and a mature and thoughtful one.

—Samuel Mines

THE STARSEEKERS by Dav Garnett. Berkley S1956, 1971. 192 p. 75¢

This is the story of William Ewart, last robber baron of an interstellar society, and his frantic flight across the galaxy and away from himself. At least, that's how this novel started out; something went wrong between conception and completion. This book is a failure under any terms and it fails not because of a basic flaw in the original conception but in faulty execution by the author.

Ewart, the main character of *The Starseekers*, is a man suffering from numerous compulsions: he is sadistic in his treatment of underlings, he has had obvious problems with his marital life, he is congenitally anti-social in behavior, in short Ewart is the type who cannot adapt himself to any sort of control and has fled earth in a vain attempt to flee his problems. During the major part of the narrative, however, this potentially interesting character is submerged as the mind-slave of the interstellar secret agent ******* (How do we know his name is *******? Well, folks, he tells us: "My name is *******." p. 67). Incidents and characters are thrown into this novel in random and seemingly purposeless fashion; many of the characters, such as Mark, have no definable purpose even though major chunks of the book are devoted to them; many of the incidents, such as the chase of the pirate J. G., seem to have no function in the development of either the character or the quest that are the core of the novel.

The Starseekers is also marred by the author's totally ineffective attempts to write either humor or black humor. These attempts are so futile that they seem mere artsy-craftsy clumsiness on the part of a young, and not very well developed author. It isn't that Garnett bit off more than he can chew, he writes very well as a matter of fact, but that he failed to make the best use of his basic concepts and talents. Instead of writing a good 'straight' story he chose to experiment with techniques that, at best, are very difficult to handle effectively. The result is a total failure.

—Yale F. Edeiken

TO THE STARS edited by Robert Silverberg. Hawthorne, 1971. 255 p. $5.95

Silverberg's premise (and it seems an anthology can no longer be just a collection of short stories; it must have a unifying theme) is his aggravation at being asked repeatedly, "What will you write about now that man has landed on the moon?" The title as well as the eight stories are his answer. Each of the stories shows a facet of man's exploration of and adaptation to the universe outside of our petty solar system.

Silverberg's taste is excellent. All of the stories, with the possible exception of Clarke's, show both the author and the genre at the top of their form; and none have been over used by today's prolific anthologists. Logically enough the first story is about the first interstellar experimentations, "Common Time" by James Blish, and the final story, "Gypsy" by Poul Anderson, is a character study of a homeless wanderer through uncharted star systems. Other stories show man meeting alien cultures and life and man's adaptation through mutation and planned genetic altering for life on other worlds. If nothing else, this is a solid anthology well worth reading and owning.

—Yale F. Edeiken

THE IMPOSSIBLE WORLD by Eando Binder. Curtis 07113, 1971. 159 p. 75¢

If you have a dial on your head that says SCIENCE FICTION:DEGREE OF LACK OF TASTE, turn it up full scale because it is going to have to filter some writing that's bad enough to gag a dog off a gut wagon. For instance if you get to page 99 without springing your brain, you will find our muscle-bound hero surviving a literal head-on collision of his spacecraft with a force field. I mean the ship is squashed flat, with the crew, while he falls 1000 yards unhurt to the surface of Iapetus. Needless to say I could not finish as I instantly threw up all over this 30 year old reprint.

—Al Jackson

MOONCHILD by Aleister Crowley. Avon W286, 319 p. $1.25

Those familiar with the 19th and 20th century figures in the occult will find this book particularly amusing. In telling the story of the girl, Lisa, and her adventures and involvement in the occult, Crowley manages to characterize—for better or worse—several well-known occult personalities, many friends and associates in the Order of the Golden Dawn.

Lisa laGiuffria, just turned twenty-three, meets a man on the night of her birthday, who plunges her into romance and later a war between two factions of the occult. The Black Lodge wants her for a sacrifice in a ritual; Simon Iff wants her to thwart their plans. In the process, Lisa becomes an Initiate, loses her maidenhood, and is carried all over Europe.

If the plot sounds familiar, it's probably because Dennis Wheatley played several variations upon the same theme a few years later. Crowley's work is earlier, and older in style, moving almost gently along, building up its various plot elements. One prime element present in Crowley's work and totally lacking in Wheatley, is humor. One of the Black Lodge's most vile henchmen is a bumbler who can say nothing simply; his end, when it comes, is appropriate to the flaws of his character. And quite funny.

As interesting as the plot is the exposition of Crowley's magical philosophy. In this novel, he says more openly than in his non-fiction what he believes to be the proper application of magickal theory, and just what those theories are. It must be kept in mind that this book was written before Crowley decided to embrace the diabolical; it may also give some idea to what extent he was serious about his pose as 'The Great Beast.' Also to be found here are traces of the poetic genius of the man, all too often ignored by those who have written of him. A good book in the Grand Manner—well worth reading, but requiring time.

—Michael McQuown

WORLD WELL LOST by John Aiken. Doubleday, 1971. 208 p. $4.95

Various incidents in the recent past would seem to indicate that one cannot fight bayonets with flowers and expect to win. John Aiken does not believe this, although he does have a somewhat unusual concept of victory.

Alpha Centauri iv was colonized by ordinary, violent humans, much to the discomfort of the original inhabitants—peaceful, fatalistic, telepathic creatures called Phrynx. In time the humans too became peaceful and concentrated their research on pleasing the mind and senses. Unfortunately, the rest of their species stayed in its old familiar habits and returned to reconquer Alpha Centauri iv. Some hypnosis by a product of research in bioesthetics, plus an accident, gave the Centaurians a breathing spell; the Phrynx returned with an instrument which gave human inventiveness a push toward long-distance thought control, but their extreme decentralization and inherent laziness prevented its being used until after Earth had launched the weapon which would destroy the planet and both its moons, and the humans and Phrynx with them. Nevertheless, the transmissions did get through, and one can believe that Earth will be a very different place because of it...

This is an example of war-seen-from-the-point-of-view-of-selected-participants fiction carried to galactic scale. There is an attempt to add depth to characters and give meaning to their untimely end, but the result is still a very light novel with lots of pretty description and noble sentiments. Not bad. Not particularly good, either. Ideal for reading when it's too warm out to do anything else, including think.

—Charlotte Moslander

A DAY IN THE LIFE edited by Gardner Dozois. Harper, January 1972. xii, 288 p. $6.95

Here we have eight (8) good, solid, traditional science fiction stories. Each one describes in detail a future world (or, in one case, a parallel alternative present). Sometimes the action covers more than a day but that still doesn't invalidate the title. Mr. Dozois deserves our support (and we deserve the pleasure of reading this anthology) so at least look it up in your local library. The stories are "Slow Tuesday Night" by R. A. Lafferty, "The Lady Margaret" by Keith Roberts, "Mary" by Damon Knight, "Driftglass" by Samuel Delany, "A Happy Day in 2381" by Robert Silverberg, "This Moment of the Storm" by Roger Zelazny, "The Haunted Future" by Fritz Leiber, and "On the Storm Planet" by Cordwainer Smith. Thanks, Gardner.

—J. B. Post

ALL THE MYRIAD WAYS by Larry Niven. Ballantine 02280, 1971. 95¢ (contains one Hugo nominee)

In the midst of this collection of Larry Niven's writings is a character who "grins constantly, as if he were watching very funny pictures inside his head." If you are ever in Mr. Niven's company, you may notice he does not grin all the time, but the funny pictures get out through his fingers now and then.

That cinematic show in Larry Niven's brain sets wry traps for any reader. For instance, you might think taking one's space suit off while standing on Pluto's surface is a serious matter, . . . well, read "Wait It Out." Take a cavalier attitude towards caterpillars and fog? Maybe after "Passerby" and "For a Foggy Night" you won't. Find out, in "Not Long Before the End," why all those spells you have been casting on your creditors won't work. You will also be invited to consider "What Can You Say about Chocolate Covered Manhole Covers."

Sometimes the pictures turn serious. Larry Niven belongs to that small subset of science fiction writers who use the more current ideas from the physical sciences. Not only big astrophysical phenomena like neutron stars but lesser (so to speak) cosmic happenings provide the cloth to cut out a story like "Inconstant Moon." Even parallel universes, nothing new in sf, have a physical formulation nowadays called the Everett, Wheeler and Graham formulation of Quantum Mechanics. The story from which this book derives its title shows that Niven keeps up with such esoteric things.

Filling out this volume are three short speculative fact articles (something I wish Niven would turn his hand to more often). They are diverting articles about time travel and teleportation. And, are you ready?—The sex life of Superman. Yet I cannot get too worried about Kal-El's mating urges—after all might he not practice super sublimation? But Krypto, what doggy desires might he have? Krypto's nocturnal wanderings about Smallville must have surprised the local Bull Mastiff breeder when he found his prize bitch with her head blown off.

—Al Jackson

THE WORLD SHUFFLER by Keith Laumer. Putnam, 1970. 185 p. $4.95 (paperback: Berkley S1895, 1970. 75¢)

This is a delightful romp through a parallel universe situation. Lafayette O'Leary started out in our continuum, but slipped into one in which upstate New York is the site of the kingdom of Artesia. Being an enterprising chap, O'Leary has done well—been knighted, married the gorgeous Daphne, etc. Just when life is so good as to be a bit boring, Lafayette slips again—then the fun begins. Princess Adoranne turns up as a slatternly short-order cook; Daphne does not remember him; Artesia never existed; Central is no help; and how is he supposed to know that kosher salami is the key to focussing his psychic energies.

The World Shuffler has all the elements of a glorious comedy/adventure/fantasy, especially the tendency on the part of the characters to take themselves so very seriously . . . The physical persuasion specialist with professional pride is one of the more priceless individuals I have met in a book for some time.

Mr. Laumer has provided a pleasant evening's light reading.

—Charlotte Moslander

WITCHCRAFT FROM THE INSIDE by Raymond Buckland. Llewellyn Publications, 1971. 141 p. $2.00 paper

Amidst the torrent of voices proclaiming to have the exclusive proprietorship of the title, 'witch,' Dr. Buckland's is one of those more often heard. Some years ago he fell under the spell of Gerald Brousseau Gardner, the man who first put witchcraft on a public footing in the 20th century. At some point, both he and his wife went to the Isle of Man where Gardner had his museum, and took a 'crash course' in the Old Religion, becoming Robat and Rowen, respectively. After that they came to the U. S. and set up shop—as the first witches in America, which must have come as a surprise to a lot of people.

In any event, the Buckland Museum of Witchcraft and Magick sprang up in Bay Shore, Long Island, and both as a witch and ostensibly as an anthropologist, Buckland has been lecturing on the subject far and wide.

The book, then, is a distillation of what the Old Religion is all about. It gives a history of the Old Religion, the persecutions, the fade-out, and the triumphant return of the craft under Dr. Gardner. It also spends a number of pages rambling on about the fairy beliefs in Europe, and doing a lot of sniping at other witches and witch groups, naming some, but merely hinting at others.

The tone of this book, like most apologies in the field, is extremely self-righteous, and the bias is fairly obvious. Useful enough if you want to know about Gardnerian witches, but otherwise to be read with strong reservations.

—Michael L. McQuown

HOLDING WONDER by Zenna Henderson. Doubleday, 1971. 302 p. $5.95

One meets the most appealing people (not to mention People) in Zenna Henderson's stories. This collection is no exception—here are Vincent Kroginold, who couldn't stand to know anything was trapped—as was the Cosmonaut ("The Indelible Kind"); "The Effectives," whose blood cured an otherwise incurable disease—because they prayed; "Loo Ree," who was an imaginary playmate; Aunt Sophronia, whose home remedy was good for what ailed you—unless you gave up living ("A Taste of Aunt Sophronia"); Anna-Mary, whose long hair was more than a "Crowning Glory"; and Boona, the space dog who happened to be in season while the crew was on Scancia ("Boona on Scancia").

I must admit I was predisposed to like this book as soon as I saw the author's name, and I was not disappointed. Few writers can match Ms. Henderson's literary love for humanity and understanding of and compassion for the ill and troubled. For her, the children and the child-like are to be our salvation, and it is to her credit that reading her material almost makes me like children—for a while.

—Charlotte Moslander

GROUND ZERO MAN by Bob Shaw. Avon V2414, 1971. 160 p. 75¢

Though ever a capable and enjoyable writer, Bob Shaw has remained until now somewhat weak on characterization. Until now, that is, because in *Ground Zero Man* Mr. Shaw not only creates a believable protagonist but manages as well to do so by destroying him before our eyes.

The protagonist is Lucas Hutchman, a mathematician of less than forceful personality, plagued by the jealousy of his wife and the insensitivity of those around him. The catalyst of his destruction: the chance discovery of a means of making neutrons "dance to a new tune," a tune that would explode any critical mass in existence. Hutchman at first wishes to destroy his find, only to be swayed to the opposite extreme by the unexpected terrorist H-bombing of Damascus. Resolved to build and actuate the device required for his bomb-destroying process, Hutchman struggles to finish before he himself is destroyed by his wife, the world and its governments for the crime of caring too much . . . The conclusion is both powerful and pessimistic.

By all indications, *Ground Zero Man* is Mr. Shaw's best novel to date. It is both entertaining and credible, and as such is quite worthy of your attention.

—Roger A. Freedman

THE TRANSVECTION MACHINE by Edward D. Hoch. Walker, 1971. 220 p. $5.95

A detective story with only the mildest stf ingredients. The plot concerns a puzzle—has a murder actually been committed with the aid of the transvection machine? To stf aficionados transvection machine is simply another term for matter transmitter and there is even a rhubarb in the story as to whether it is for real or a hoax. But in any case it's a fairly run-of-the-mill whodunit, without too much excitement. My copy was marred by the lack of pages 125 to 156 which the binder seems to have omitted, but the story is so episodic in plot that it didn't make too much difference. —Samuel Mines

SON OF A WITCH by Troy Conway. Paperback Library 64-548, 1971. 175 p. 75¢

The reviewer may be prejudiced in that, as a woman, she found the endless sex scenes boring, and the sub-plot, a contest to choose World Witch and World Warlock through a contest of sexual endurance stupid and grossly inaccurate.

To those readers who are happily unfamiliar with the series, our hero, Rod Damon, is a professor of sexology and sociology at the Thaddeus Coxe League for Sexual Dynamics—all of which is merely a blind for his real job—he's a spy.

While some of the material on witchcraft early in the book was almost reasonable (derived largely from Michelet, which may be biased), the plot is thin and the writer's preoccupation with pseudoscholarship (words like 'gynacmic,' and how many positions can be named and/or described in a foreign language) is too much, and laid (you should pardon the expression) on too heavily. —Judy McQuown

THE FOOLS OF TIME by William E. Barrett. Avon W243, 1971. 318 p. $1.25

Don't let this book's deceptive quietness lure you into putting it down within the first 100 pages. On the surface it is the story of two men—a doctor who claims to have developed the youth serum 'discovered' by the Russians, and the Denver newspaperman who trusts him, believes in him, and acts as an interface between him and Washington.

On a deeper level the book asks many questions about the nature of life and death. Local Denver color and vivid descriptions of the world political scene add much to what this reviewer felt to be an excellent story. —Judy McQuown

NEBULA AWARD STORIES SIX edited by Clifford D. Simak. Doubleday, 1971. 204 p. $5.95 (paperback: Pocket Books 77542, July 1972. 95¢)

Every now and then, a story will come up which boosts my faith in the value of literature—and of man—and Theodore Sturgeon specializes in that lovely sort of story. "Slow Sculpture" deserves the Hugo and Nebula it received—it deserves much more. Quiet, refined, calm, it offers a method of dealing with Mankind Problems that is beautiful in its logic and simplicity. At the same time, it tells a delicate fairy story of love, mingled with souped-up Chinese acupuncture. Nothing short of a virtuoso performance.

Beyond this, the book is filled with interesting and often fine works. Thomas Clareson's essay, "Science Fiction and the Literary Tradition," convinces me (as if I needed it) that science fiction is the growing literary media of our times. Clareson examines the included works (and many of the nominated works) in that light. He seems to catch slightly on Niven's *Ringworld*, if my intuition is correct, calling it "an adventure story, potentially epic in scope," and marveling over the Ringworld itself. But how many people have actually marveled over the novel itself? The key word is 'potential,' which in my opinion Niven never completely realized—and Anderson, in *Tau Zero*, did. But that's a personal quibble. . .

Here also is Leiber's "Ill Met in Lankhmar," a further vivification of a world already alive and real, and Wolfe's "The Island of Doctor Death and Other Stories." Wolfe's venture is strange and sickly beautiful, painfully real in such passages as "You put the open book face-down on the pillow and jump up, hugging yourself and skipping bare heels around the room. Marvelous! Wonderful!" The young boy who loses himself in a paltry and weak fantasy world to avoid the horror of actuality seems to exist in all of us.

Laumer's "In the Queue" is a brief, Kafka-esque story that gives us a falsely profound

message. The message seems profound because it is presented allegorically, but broken down into its basics the story says, "Life is horrible and useless, but that's all we got." The theme is noble, if old, if no longer profound or really important, and the story is tightly written and entertaining, so no complaints.

Harrison's "By the Falls," which delights Harry no end, is suspiciously Freudian, and probably pornographic if we just sit down and analyze it enough. It grew out of a dream and still retains a dream-like character.

A bounty! A cornucopia! Every story is worth reading—every single one—and some are masterpieces. A rare find indeed. —Greg Bear

THE GHOULS edited by Peter Haining. Pocket Books 78182, April 1972. 397 p. $1.25 (hardcover: Stein & Day, 1971. $7.95)

Peter Haining has made a very successful specialty of collections of this sort: a group of stories linked by some single factor. In this case, the factor is that each of the stories provided the basis for a classic or near-classic horror film. The introduction to the book is provided by Vincent Price, with an Afterword by Christopher Lee, and each story is prefaced by the editor by a history of the story and the subsequent film. To simplify matters for the film buff, the titles used are those of the film, although each original title is given in the introduction.

And the stories are well worth reading: "The Devil in a Convent" by Francis Oscar Mann opens the series (the film by George Melies, 1896) and ends with "The Oblong Box" (AIP, 1970). In between are sandwiched such goodies as "Freaks," "Black Sunday," "Phantom of the Opera," "The Skull," and "The Fly."

Aside from the quality of the stories themselves, one learns such interesting facts as that "The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms" was based on the Ray Bradbury story "The Foghorn." Add to this a concise history of each film at the end of the book, and your money is very well spent. —Michael McQuown

THE DAY AFTER JUDGMENT by James Blish. Doubleday, 1971. 166 p. $4.95

From the August-September 1970 issue of *Galaxy* comes this sequel to the *If* serial of a few years ago, *Black Easter*. Back again are Theron Ware, Father Domenico, and Baines and Ginsberg, and a devil of a time it is they're having. In a Dr. Strangelove atmosphere, the Military/Industrial Complex goes to Hell (or perhaps vice-versa) as Satan once again attempts to establish his kingdom on Earth.

My one question of this fine novel is: With conditions being what they are (bigotry, pollution, riots, conspiracies, war, hunger) would anyone notice the 'change'? —David C. Paskow

THE WORLD MENDERS by Lloyd Biggle Jr. Doubleday, 1971. 181 p. $4.95

Why was a Cultural Survey trainee added to the team observing Branoff IV—a primitive planet with two distinct classes, free and slave? The people at base didn't know; Farrari, the trainee, didn't know; and if Headquarters knew, they certainly weren't telling . . . Of course Farrari was able to tell from a new tapestry that the king was dead; he did solve the problem of why the slaves had no culture at all; and he certainly put Branoff IV into the books as an important place to be studied; but he did it simply by making all the right mistakes at all the right times.

Sound intriguing? It is, up to the last few chapters. Then things begin to happen much too fast (Farrari leads a pseudo-revolt of the slaves; then decides they are subhuman; then sets the base into an uproar by declaring that their 'language' is no language at all) and with far too few explanations. It's too bad, because the rest of the book is really quite good, provided one stays with it through the very convoluted plot; and the point about surveying members only photographing the unusual, thereby slanting the specialists' conclusions, is very well put. —Charlotte Moslander

DESTINY DOLL by Clifford D. Simak. Putnam, 1971. 189 p. $4.95 (paperback: Berkley S2103, Jan. 1972, 75¢)

Clifford D. Simak is perhaps the only sf novelist who might be termed a 'regionalist.' That is, most of the action in his works is laid in a pastoral setting, or centers about a pastoral region, or climaxes within such a place. And these pastoral arenas bear a distinct similarity to one another: quiet forests and glens, woodland streams and green meadows under a bright blue sky brightly lit by a gentle sun. In this respect, he is similar to Ray Bradbury, for as clearly drawn as the setting is, it is more of a mood or state of mind than a reality. With Bradbury, the region is the delicate dream of childhood; with Simak, it is an adult world—the world of the trout stream and cows grazing quietly in the lush grass.

Unlike Bradbury, Simak is bound by the traditional ethics of science fiction. He rarely gives in to his fantasy, but restrains it with fact and realism. He refuses to indulge the mood of the piece for its own sake. His plots are conventional, action-oriented, the pace generally swift. Nor is he as boldly sentimental as Bradbury, but slightly more subtle, more paternal in his affection. There seems to be no evil in Simak's world. Pain, cruelty, death, yes, but no cunning Satans anxious to cut men down. Perhaps the closest thing to evil in his world is self-deception; men who waste their lives on empty illusions.

Simak is alleged to be a mystic, and he may be, although I suspect he uses mysticism as a cover for sentimentalism, essentially nostalgia. In Sam Moskowitz's fine collection of biographical essays, *Seekers of Tomorrow*, he quotes Simak as saying of the City series: "The series was also written as a sort of wish fulfillment. It was the creation of a world I thought there ought to be. It was filled with gentleness and kindness and the courage that I thought were needed in the world. And it was nostalgic because I was nostalgic for the old world we had lost (after WWII) and the world that would never be again..."

Destiny Doll is Clifford Simak's latest novel. It was published in a condensed version in *Worlds of Fantasy*, and if you read it there, I urge you to read it again in its entirety, for the condensed version was so badly butchered as to be useless in appreciating the novel. It is a fine novel. One in a kind of series that Simak has been at lately, including *Goblin Reservation*, *Out of Their Minds*, and perhaps the *Werewolf Principle*.

I say a series, although I have not read the last two of them, but all seemed to be centered on pop, or comic-book, figures and all seem to be intended to suggest these figures are symbolic of our culture. I cannot discourse on Jungian archetypes or pop art, but I think Simak is offering these comic figures as archetypes of our culture projected into the far future. We are a mass media culture. Many of us have grown up on comic books and TV and films. They are a part of us and as significant in understanding our view of life as a study of our toilet training. Simak goes as far as to suggest that they have theological significance as well, and only a fool would think he was exaggerating (see *The Gospel According to Peanuts*).

In *Destiny Doll*, an adventurer is offered the task of guiding three eccentric characters to a legendary world in search of a possibly mythic explorer named Lawrence Arlen Knight. Financing the trip is an attractive, wealthy woman, Sara Foster, who seems to have little to do in the novel except to talk with the hero. Then there is a blind man named George Smith who has had visions of this legendary world; and his protector, an allegedly phony priest named Friar Tuck.

The three go to the anonymous planet and find themselves trapped there. First they are thrown into another dimension, then forced to go on a long, hazardous trip upcountry to find the missing brain of Lawrence's supposedly telepathic robot. On the way they meet another stranded alien, who quickly becomes the most engaging character, Hoot: a creature of many talents, the best of which is friendship. Farther along they meet a race of Centaurs, a forest of the Trees of Knowledge, and finally encounter Lawrence Arlen Knight himself, the sole inhabitant of a valley of dreams.

I forgot to mention the Gnome and the Hobbyhorses who guard the White City, didn't I? And the Destiny Doll itself, that grotesque little horror they find in the temple of the ancients? What can I tell you about them except that they are all intriguing elements in a most intriguing novel.

Destiny Doll is a bizarre adventure, full of action, color, and suspense. But it is also a curious spiritual pilgrimage which challenges the notion that ours is the ultimate reality. This is the story of the fall of Western Man into the light of Idyllic Truth. In particular, the story of the decay of the hero, Mike Ross, boy Hemingway, gutsy Sartrian existentialist, into an Enlightened One. Zen Buddhism? Taoism? Schmaltz? You will have to judge for yourself.

I'm not sure if Simak has any alternative to our troubled world, or any wisdom to offer it. His characters, aside from Ross and Hoot, are shadows. His poetry lacks depth and breadth. His world lacks solidity as do his ideas, and his great sense of humor, which underlies everything, is indecisive. I had the feeling Simak was striving to reveal some real insights into Ross and the world; then at the end, I had the feeling Simak had been putting me on, that *Destiny Doll* was no more than another fantasy with a happy ending. I will let you be the judge for yourself.

In any case, the cover by Gail Burwen is marvelous, and the book between the covers one of Simak's most delightful. I urge you to read it. —Paul Walker

THE ICE PEOPLE (La Nuit des Temps) by Rene Barjavel. William Morrow, 1971. 205 p. $5.95

Several chases with supertransports and delicacies of description alternate with cataclysmic plots from 900,000 B.C.E. to xA.D. This is a 1969 French best seller, translated into lively English by Charles Lam Markmann. Don't be put off by the slow start: it throbs passionately too, even in incidents of international complicity in the arms race.

Grant that a deep freeze might preserve representative specimens of humanity: what would supply its energy, where would you put it, when would you resuscitate the paradigms, and how would you solve what other problems arose? The novel answers these questions. A forced romantic triangle in the discovery of encapsulated male-and-female melts to an overlapping triangle and dissolves gently on pp.177-78. There's a jab at people who believe "those who lived before US could have been nothing but children."

But unlike hard-science fiction, Barjavel offers scant bio-chem-physics theory to support a plausible explanation of his technology. He also commits an incredible and unnecessary coincidence on p.112 (just to condense the 1989's plot). My favorite passages involve the discovery of a bugged camera and a flight from Paradise-gone-Bust worthy of Roger Zelazny's *Lord of Light* Sam.

—Carolann B. Purcell

THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION — 19th SERIES edited by Edward L. Ferman. Doubleday, 1971. 286 p. $5.95

A definitely superior anthology, with several excellent stories and no really poor ones—that is, allowing for my blind spot on New Wave writing. The level of writing is head and shoulders above most of the anthologies I've seen lately. "Longtooth," by Edgar Pangborn is almost a simple suspense terror story—I say almost because there are levels of deep primordial stirrings under the apparently simple plot and a convincingness about it that cut deep, which are the surest indications of a writer who knows his craft and who can project himself and the reader into a situation without reservation. "Sundance" by Bob Silverberg explores bigotry and if you change the names and places and put it on another planet you've got the scenario but it is done in the expert Silverberg style which makes engrossing reading. "Dream Patrol" by Charles W. Runyon is very good, another of those creepy stories that explore the fine line between illusion and reality. The story I liked best was "Calliope and Gherkin and the Yankee Doodle Thing" by Evelyn E. Smith—a sheer delight. This one is worth the price of the entire book. "Get a Horse" by Larry Niven is another fun piece, a spoof on time travel that makes deft points. And "Litterbug" by Tony Morphett, a sardonic bit about a garbage disposal that turned out to be a strange matter transmitter is another bit of fun. "Benji's Pencil" by Bruce McAllister is a bitter look ahead at the population explosion and where it might go—all worth reading. A strong collection of superbly written stories.

—Samuel Mines

THE FEMINISTS by Parley J. Cooper. Pinnacle Books P014-N, 1971. 188 p. 95¢

This book was obviously written by a Male Chauvinist Pig. Set a mere twenty years from now, it depicts a society run by women where men are slaves, good only for procreation, and that only with written permission. The hero goes underground, and in an abandoned subway encounters a band of male and female guerillas who plan to overthrow the rule by women in favor of the 'good, old-fashioned way.' The plot is pure cliche, the writing is poor. Don't waste your time or money. —Judy McQuown

SLEEPWALKER'S WORLD by Gordon R. Dickson. Lippincott, 1971. 203 p. $5.95

Here's a good book with a bad cover. It's another sf shoot-em-up, somewhat better than average, although far from Dickson's best; still, a technically competent, entertaining book to read with some nice scientific extrapolation.

The hero, Rafe Harald, is a cosmonaut: a perfect human specimen, combining, we are told, an incredible mind with an equally incredible physique. Rafe is on the Moon in chapter one, in training for the first star flight, when he discovers that an old friend of his, Brilliant Scientist Abner Lessing, who he recommended for the star flight project, has disappeared. Convinced that the disappearance is part of a plot on behalf of the corporation heads who control Earth's industries to rule the world, he descends to Earth to investigate.

His first task is to rescue Lessing's daughter, Gaby, from the closing clutches of the villians which presents some difficulty as she is protected by the most interesting character in the novel, Lucas the Wonder Wolf! The three escape half-a-dozen enemies back and forth across the world and into the den of a self-proclaimed god who delights in crucifying rodents, then to an island where "shadow-men" are born, and finally smack-dab into the psychic fingers of the master meany of all time — Guess who?

You're supposed to guess who, you see. In its best sense, *Sleepwalker's World* is a mystery: Who, or What, has control of the Earth? Which of the central characters is the god? Which the pawn?

If that sounds like fun—it is. And if you're looking for a fun book and little else, then buy the book.

That "little else" crack refers to several reservations I have about Dickson's novel. For one thing, the background of the novel, which is too complicated to go into here, is much more interesting than the typical bang-bang plot. Dickson makes everything respectably scientific, of course, but he barely touches on some aspects of the background which are really bizarre. For instance, there are "zombies," "Core taps," "shadow men," Yoga for spacemen, as well as a talking wolf with a computer implanted in its skull. Any, or all, of these deserved more attention than they got. Then there is the condition of Earth itself, over-populated, barely able to feed itself, and forced to submit to induced sleep via the "broadcasts." Dickson gives no clear picture of the world of his novel.

Secondly, his hero, although alleged to be a mental giant, seems incapable of solving a problem without punching somebody in the nose. He does everything with maximum brutality and minimum reasoning. He kidnaps, steals, fights, and escapes by virtue of dumb luck, and when the chips are really down he resorts to a) Lucas, who is virtually unconquerable; a deus ex machina, if ever there was one, or b) his alleged super psi power. Otherwise he solves the mystery by asking the heroine and the wolf to remember "that night" which they do most conveniently.

What I'm getting at is that, in my opinion, Dickson's hero, like most superheroes, simply hasn't got the brains to do the things he does.

The villians are even worse. I have never seen such addle-pated nitwits in my life! Common sense would dictate (to them as well as to their creator) that they kill the son of a bitch the moment he sticks his nose in. Instead they persist in inviting him into quiet rooms where they can be alone with him and get beat up.

Well, I should not single out Dickson for these faults, because everyone has written one of these superhero capers and few have done half as well as he has. Sleepwalker's World for all its faults is great fun and a book hard to put down once you've gotten past the first page. I recommend it—regardless! —Paul Walker

CLARION; AN ANTHOLOGY OF SPECULATIVE FICTION AND CRITICISM FROM THE CLARION WRITERS' WORKSHOP edited by Robin Scott Wilson. Signet Q4664, 1971. 234 p. 95¢

This is an anthology from the Clarion writers' workshop in speculative fiction, seasoned with comments from a number of established writers like Fred Pohl, Damon Knight, Harlan Ellison and Fritz Leiber, who have participated in the work sessions. Much of it, I suppose, comes under the general category of New Wave writing and to be blunt about it, so far as I am concerned, it substitutes incoherence for writing. The first prize winner, for example, "Wheels," strikes me as an exercise in free-association fantasy powered by a strong defeatist complex. Great fiction has been written out of this complex—to wit *Of Human Bondage*, but the latter observed a cardinal rule of the craft, which is to be lucid. Said rule was the first casualty of the New Wave. For me the best story in the collection was "Just Dead Enough," which got honorable mention only. I found it an excellent story by any standards—well constructed, strongly written and with a discernable point of view, something I still consider essential. Oh, yes, high marks should go to the pros who offered comment between the stories. Their remarks were intelligent, ordere;, and of value. They saw talent and originality in these young writers and I'll go along with the need for experimentation and the evolution of new forms, even if I don't like a good deal of what I've seen so far. —Samuel Mines

THE MORTAL IMMORTALS by Cristabel. Walker, 1971. 271 p. $5.95

Going from New Wave writing to 19th Century treacly romance is something to strain the mind and it is a shock to find someone still writing this way. One of the great cliches of that early sugary romantic writing was that when the heroine got annoyed she "tossed her head" or her "curls" in exasperation. Aside from the fact that I've never actually seen anyone toss her head, would you believe that in this book the men also toss their heads in exasperation? That's a fair sample of the writing which is strongly reminiscent, for you older readers, of the Rover Boys. You remember Tom, the middle brother, the fun—loving one? I can't think of any reason to suggest a reading of this book. —Samuel Mines

THE SUN GROWS COLD by Howard Berk. Delacorte, 1971. 244 p. $6.95 (paperback: Dell 8433, 1972. 95¢; British hardcover: Gollancz, 1971 £1.60)

THE DAKOTA PROJECT by Jack Beeching. Dell 1711, 1971. 280 p. 95¢ (hardcover: Delacorte, 1969 $4.95)

TALES OF THE NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL by Mario Pei. Devin-Adair, 1971. 310 p. $5.95

Here are three books, two of which I would recommend to no one, and a third which I enjoyed very much but would recommend only to the collector. The worst of the lot may be Howard Berk's *The Sun Grows Cold*, about a world gone underground and a rebel who escapes to the surface in search of the reason why. I managed twenty or thirty pages of frantic skimming before it defeated me utterly.

Take the first paragraph: "It was a large waiting room with benches along the walls, the walls themselves painted in warm, soothing greens. The new patients, some 18 or 20 of them, were nonetheless scattered about the room like the residue of some terrible storm. In disparate tones of terror, they mimicked each other's hysteria. A woman shrieked over and over . . .?" Good Grief!

My second choice for the dull is Jack Beeching's *The Dakota Project* which reads evenly enough and begins on an arresting premise: A copy writer is recruited in London for a top secret United States government project. He arrives to find a little world of eccentric intellectuals whose world is bordered by fences, guarded night and day, and where the only rule is "no questions." What is the nature of the Dakota Project?

Despite the infallibility of the premise, the novel rattles on and on and on like a decrepit New Jersey railroad car going absolutely nowhere in the sixty-odd pages I read.

Finally, the collector's item, Mario A. Pei's *Tales of the Natural and Supernatural.* There are fourteen stories here, one of which is a full-length novel, "The Sparrows of Paris."

Mr. Pei is the world's most popular philologist and has written over forty books during his career, including the bestseller, *The Story of Language*, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. He was born in Rome, is an American citizen, and recently retired from the faculty of Columbia University. Somehow during his long career, he managed to find time to write these lovely stories; and while they may represent his 'hobby' only, they are nothing to be dismissed contemptuously.

Thirteen of them are short romances: poetic, wistful daydreams, witty and colorful. The novel itself is a supernatural story of narcotics smugglers whose idea of a 'trip' would interest Lon Chaney, Jr. As with the other stories, it is light and entertaining. But none of the ideas are new or striking nor is the style particularly graceful but somewhat stilted and cliche-ridden. Even so, I enjoyed it. Collectors, take heed! —Paul Walker

DOWNWARD TO THE EARTH by Robert Silverberg. Signet T4497, 1971. 176 p. 75¢

Q. Will humans, when encountering alien forms of intelligent life, recognize them as intelligent and respect their languages, their customs, and their worlds?

A. Probably not.

Q. Will some pressure group on Earth finally insist that colonized planets with intelligent natives be returned to native rule?

A. Probably.

Q. Will Edmund Gundersen, former administrator of such a planet, ever understand his former native 'subjects'?

A. That's what this book is all about—another Robert Silverberg—rousing good story—action, adventure, romance, set on an exotic planet in the vast reaches of lonely space—novel—hey, wait a minute! There's something about it. Somewhere, inside the plot—just under the surface—makes you think about Western Man's ability to blind himself to the validity of any culture but his own. Perhaps there are intelligent beings unsuited, by physical development and mental orientation, for the invention of machinery and exploration of exterior space. What inner spaces may they explore, though, that Man has not even imagined?

Intrigued? I hope you are, for this is one of the best 'inner space'/'outer space' novels I have read in quite some time. True, there are moments when the under-the-surface current breaks through the plot and causes a brief interruption, and the last few paragraphs would be filmed grade B—complete with trumpets, violins, and swirling snow; but the book as a whole rises above these lapses. The reader should, too.

—Charlotte Moslander

TOMORROW I edited by Robert Hoskins. Signet T4663, 1971. 192 p. 75¢

This is an anthology of long stories by some of the strong names in the sf field—Poul Anderson, Clifford Simak, William Tenn, John D. MacDonald. As the title implies, they are generally stories of the future and, intended or not, they are generally satires. "The Civilization Game," by Simak, describes a world which seems like a logical extension of our present downward rush into amorality, cruelty, genocide and contempt for human life. Today we decry assassination as a political strategy, but the expressions of dismay seem a little unconvincing. Violence repeated often enough loses its capacity to shock and this is the direction in which we are going. What then, says Simak, if assassination becomes an accepted reality of political life? What happens to all our other values? MacDonald's story "Trojan Horse Laugh" is not one of his best—a rather routine, predictable invasion of earth story. "The End of the Line" by James H. Schmitz is a goody—an other-world adventure tale, but engrossingly done and well handled. "Territory" by Poul Anderson is a swashbuckler; its strength is in the vividness and realism it projects. Another planet adventure story. And "The Sickness" by William Tenn is a subtly done satire on man's pretensions and ego—man the thinking creature is only at the beginning of his career as a thinker. Not a new idea, but well handled.

—Samuel Mines

HELL HOUSE by Richard Matheson. Viking, 1971. 279 p. $6.50 (paperback: Bantam N7277, June 1972. 95¢)

One way to differentiate the works of the best science fiction and fantasy writers from the 'better' ones is to realize that the works of the best writers do not simply add to the field—they re-invent it. To read Cordwainer Smith, Bradbury, or Lafferty is not to re-read re-statements of established themes, but to re-discover science fiction and fantasy itself. The best of the 'better' writers, while they do not challenge the limits of the form, do bring something of their own special imaginations to it, and on the strength of their integrity, enrich and enliven the genre. Simak, Ellison and James White are examples. And so is Richard Matheson, who occupies the legitimate fringe of respectability, his novels flawed and sloppy, but charged with a compassion and an electric realism that makes them unforgettable.

It has been years since I read *I Am Legend, The Shrinking Man* or those marvelous stories in *Third From the Sun* and *The Shores of Space.* I am amazed to learn that there are many fans who have not read them at all and I feel sorry for them. Good, bad, or awful, a Matheson yarn sticks in the mind.

Hell House is Matheson's latest novel, geared for Hollywood I imagine and coming in the wake of *Rosemary's Baby.* It is a definitive haunted house story, complete with ghosts and terrors, skeptical scientists and gullible mediums. So far I have seen one negative and one rave review of it, But I confess bluntly that my opinion was formed before I even opened it—TERRIFIC.

Fortunately, it was even better than that.

In *Hell House*, Richard Matheson has not written another short-story-cum-novel, but a solid, expertly developed, fully mature novel. It is the story of a group of four people who are offered $100,000 apiece to spend one week in the most notorious haunted house in the western world, the former home of a man who made perversion, torture, and murder an everyday hobby, a man named Emeric Belasco. The group includes the skeptical scientist, Barrett, the scholar, impotent in bed but lusty in defense of his theory of what ghosts are; a theory he hopes to prove in Hell House. His wife Edith, quiet and sex-starved. Florence Tanner, former movie star, now a spiritualist, with religious designs on Hell House. And Benjamin Fischer, a one-time prodigy among mediums who was almost killed by the House and who has returned to get revenge.

In the course of the swiftly-moving plot Matheson covers most every aspect of supernatural fiction—there are talks with the dead, poltergeists, wandering spirits, monsters; there are creaking doors in the night, whispering on the stairs; and a corpse chained to the wall in the cellar. There is 'something' in the steambath; 'something' in the bog; 'something' in every nook-and-cranny of that infernal house and Matheson produces them all. But the true horrors are not supernatural ones—they are human.

Hell House is the story of the disintegration of four people when cruelly confronted by their own secret selves. No walking spirit or flying furniture can match the terror Matheson evokes at depicting Edith's surrender to her lust, or Florence's seduction by a desperately lonely horror. The sex is graphic and essential, but as explicit as some scenes are, I doubt if the most prudish will be offended, for Matheson has created four very real and involving characters, and a fifth, not quite real, but also involving character. My favorite is Florence, who seems almost an impossible person to portray convincingly, for aside from being deeply religious, she believes in ghosts. Her purpose in Hell House is to save its soul, yet her convictions are not a bit artificial or cloying, and her compassion, her gutsiness, is winning. If I had to chose a hero for the book, it would be her.

My second choice is Fischer, the former boy wonder, who finds he has lost more than his talent for spiritualism. Fischer becomes the hero of the book too late in my opinion, and his victory seems anti-climatic after all that has preceded it, but Matheson has drawn Fischer in his inadequacy with such poigancy that he is a most effective character.

Barrett's wife, Edith, is a better detailed character, and her troubles have the same poignacy as Fischer's, but her primary purpose in the book seems to be to suffer endlessly; not that her suffering is without a point, but I feel it would have been more justified if she had had a little more to do in unraveling the mystery of the house.

Barrett's fate, on the other hand, came as a shock, for he is the first on the scene, and the predominant character in the first third of the book, so I assumed Matheson would make him the hero. It was just as well he didn't.

The novel utilizes the four viewpoints most skillfully, and the book reads quickly. There is sufficient background on psychic phenomena for the uninformed, and the 'explanation' of the House, as for the vampires in *I Am Legend* is science-fictional, although less interesting.

I had a ball with it! I enjoyed every word, and I envy those who have yet to read it.

—Paul Walker

DENVER IS MISSING by D. F. Jones. Walker, 1971. 224 p. $5.95

Once upon a sometime a survey ship off the coast of Alaska drills into the Earth's crust and breaks into a vast Churchwardian cavern filled with nitrogen. Psshhh goes the gas, changing the weather and displacing oxygen. Crash goes the cavern, creating tidal waves and earthquakes. Flee, humans, flee. Well, if disaster stories are classed with sf, this is sf. The world survives.

This may not be very good science fiction, but, by God, it's a fantastic sea story! The description of two couples crossing the Pacific and weathering a tidal wave really kept me reading. Mr. Jones knows his boats! The great tragedy of this book is its being marketed as science fiction—which it is, sort of—instead of trying to sell it to the enthusiasts of the sea adventure tale. Conrad's *Typhoon* it isn't, but it is pretty damned good.

—J. B. Post

LOVECRAFT: A LOOK BEHIND THE 'CTHULHU MYTHOS" by Lin Carter. Ballantine 02427, February 1972. xix, 198 p. 95¢

In any study of a writer and his works it is quite hard to keep the two in balance. As an example, compare *The Big Swingers* with *Edgar Rice Burroughs: Master of Adventure* sometime and see how differently they handle the life of ERB. Lin Carter has somehow managed a balanced book in this sense. One can, however, argue with some of his conclusions and much of his phraseology and, maybe, a few facts. Still, this will be for many years to come an absolutely essential work for anyone studying H. P. Lovecraft.

"What," you may ask, "is the 'Cthulhu Mythos?' " Read, little neofan, this book and find out. Mr. Carter traces the evolution and common themes of Lovecraft's writing from early tales to later works. Much of HPL's life in included. There is, alas, no index but there is a bibliography of Mythos stories by all major contributors up to press time listing first appearance. A specialized study but quite important within that specialty.

—J. B. Post

THE SHORES OF TOMORROW by David Mason. Lancer 75217, 1971. 240 p. 95¢

And SaM bemoans the loss of our 'Sense of Wonder!' He should only read *The Shores of Tomorrow*.

If you liked *Planet Stories*, if you enjoy science fiction as escape, if you think mechanical nonsense is spoiling the science-fictional joys of former days—you fit a class in which I, too, belong. For you, this book is an absolute must! It is that rarity—the purely entertaining novel.

The Shores of Tomorrow is a delicious, sense-of-wonder provoking science-fictional adventure among alternate worlds. Ian Kinnon's somewhat retrogressed version of Earth is invaded by bestial primitives wielding super-scientific weapons and seeking human slaves. Kinnon's prompt action foils the raid, and he and his men capture the invaders' strange craft only to become lost among the worlds of probability. Revenge and the hope of eventual return to their own Earth send them on a quest in search of the slavers' world. The greatest unknown in Kinnon's plans is the Triana, Nesha—sometimes ancient crone and sometimes beautiful young witch of awesome powers—who holds their future in her hands and whose ends are not their own.

Enjoy!

—B. A. Fredstrom

NEW WORLDS OF FANTASY #3 edited by Terry Carr. Ace 57272, 1971. 253 p. 75¢

If you are not familiar with Terry Carr's *New Worlds of Fantasy* series, then you are missing out on one of the best buys in the sf market today. #1 and 2 were first rate, and #3 is almost as good. I say almost because a few of the stories did not appeal to me, and some I had read before, but I am willing to concede that I may be prejudiced and #3 may be the best of the lot. Anyway, it is consistently fine entertainment, with a superb cover by Kenneth Smith and delightful illustrations by Alicia Austin.

Among my favorites: Zenna Henderson's "Through A Glass — Darkly"; J. G. Ballard's "Say Goodbye to the Wind" (a Vermilion Sands story); Edgar Pangborn's "Longtooth"; Robert Bloch's "The Plot is the Thing"; and Roger Zelazny's "The Stainless Steel Leech." A little known story by Peter S. Beagle is included, "Farrell and Lila the Werewolf," and one by Lafferty, "Adam had Three Brothers."

—Paul Walker

UNIVERSE 1 edited by Terry Carr. Ace 84600, 1971. 249 p. 95¢ (Nebula short story winner, novelette nominees, and Hugo nominee)

Any editorial enterprise, be it prozine or bookzine, should be judged in two separate respects. First as an editorial effort: the personality or spirit the editor projects, the sense of coherence and general standard of quality of the stories included, plus the overall appeal of the work—the art, typesize, order of the stories and so forth. And secondly, it should be judged as an exhibition of X number of stories.

The two aspects are not indivisible. The editor is as bound by his resources and imagination as the authors he accepts are bound by his editorial judgment. In fact, it would be fair to say that a typical sf editor is more restricted in his freedom than an atypical sf writer. He must accept the best that comes his way, no matter how bad that may be, while the author has some choice of good markets.

Terry Carr has done a great deal with what was available to him. He has produced three fine, and individual, anthologies previous to *Universe*, whose selections were not the standard, sure-fire choices of other editors, but curiously modest, even unlikely, selections from diverse sources which were consistently delightful. He has proved that he has a keen editorial eye, and I predict he will become one of the best editors in science fiction.

If *Universe 1* is not my idea of entertainment, it does not diminish my respect for Carr's abilities. In fact, Carr is the best thing about *Universe*. In contrast to the pretentiousness of so many anthology introductions, Carr's is honest, self-effacing, and interesting. His small prefaces to the stories themselves are pleasant, fannish, and enticing. But the stories—

Well, to put it frankly, they are dull.

Wilson Tucker's "Time Exposures" is a murder mystery whose solution involves a time camera, and it is possibly the worst thing I have ever read by one of my favorite authors. Long, endlessly long, for such a short story.

Edgar Pangborn's "Mount Charity" is even worse.

There is an attempt at something original in Greg Benford and Gordon Eklund's "West Wind, Falling": Hard science fiction with a Clarion crust, which blends the two elements—a respectable Analog setting and stylistic flair—fairly well, but the piece is overloaded, cramped, and ineffective. Then, there is one of Lafferty's 'talk stories' in which people stand about and talk for pages before anything happens. I think Lafferty has just about worn out my welcome. There is a point where striking originality becomes tiresome.

Barry Malzberg makes a good try at whatever it is he is trying to do. He is getting better at it all the time. In "Notes for a Novel about the First Ship Ever to Venus" he almost writes a good story.

Then, there is Joanna Russ and Gerard F. Conway. Oh, well.

Sorry, fans. I know this crap wins Nebulas by the gross, but it bores me straight away from sf. When I finished this book, I had to read a mainstream novel or two just to get the bad taste out of my mouth. But you keep it up! You keep turning it out by the ream, and if there is anyone left reading sf in ten years, aside from you and your college professors, then you'll know what my opinion is worth.

There are a few good things in *Universe*, of course. Alicia Austin's artwork is exquisite as always, and Meltzer's cover is worthy of Freas. Plus, there is a young chap from Clarion, named Edward Bryant, who is good in spite of his education. He has two stories. One of them, "Jade Blue" is an unusual and almost beautiful piece about a child of wonder and a machine which revises time. It is momentarily effective, more precocious than realized, but Bryant shows great promise.

And then there is the best story in the book. It is Robert Silverberg's "Good News from the Vatican"—the most brilliant sf story I've read in years. A masterpiece whose skill, whose subtlety, whose wit may perhaps be unequalled in the genre. In fact, the more I think about it, the more impressed I am by it. Brilliant! Brilliant! Brilliant! I wish I could quote whole pages of it, but I have tried and they do not do it justice. If you want to know what real writing is all about—and it is far from Old Wave—then read "Good News from the Vatican."

Well, as I said at the beginning, an editorial enterprise ought to be considered in two separate respects. I disliked most of the stories, but I feel that Terry Carr made a first-rate effort to produce a first-rate bookzine, and I wish he had had the chance to continue.

—Paul Walker

THE WORLD INSIDE by Robert Silverberg. Doubleday, 1971. 201 p. $4.95

The World Inside left my suburban soul with a stronger aversion to vertical living than I had when I started. The horrible thing is that it all seems so believable . . .humanity divided into two camps—the urban monad dwellers who spend their entire lives in their hundred-story, air-conditioned buildings where breeding is an obligation and promiscuity the norm, and the commune farmers who rigidly restrict births, are relatively faithful to one sexual partner, raise all the food for themselves and the urbmon dwellers, and have little regard for the lifestyle of their neighbors.

The major characters are for the most part misfits in the urbmon world—Siegmund Kluver, who climbs the social ladder too fast, and ends by climbing off the top of the building; Jason Quevedo, whose job as historian gives him enough contact with the past to make him slightly uncomfortable in his own present; Michail, Jason's brother in law, who goes outside the building because he wants to see the ocean. Compared to them, Charles Mattern, happy, well-adjusted, contented, comes across as quite dull. But contentment and adjustment are required of urbmon dwellers.

This is more several short stories with interwoven characters than a novel with a unified plot. The total effect is to make both the urbmons and communes look intolerable drab, which may very well be one reason the book was written. Some explicit sex, less explicit violence. Urbmon society definitely male-dominated, agricultural society less so. Interesting.

—Charlotte Moslander

LOVECRAFT'S FOLLIES by James Schevill. Swallow Press (1139 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 60605), 1971. 90 p. $5.00; $2.00 paper

James Schevill is a playwright and poet not likely to be known to all but a very few sf readers. This play was performed in the spring of 1970 at the Rhode Island School of Design Theatre by the Trinity Square Repertory Company. Best described as a savagely satiric musical comedy, its black humor may not hold much appeal for most sf readers, even—or especially—HPL enthusiasts. Lovecraft appears intermittently throughout the two-act play but more as an ambiguous symbol—an obsolete 19th century romantic, a racist, and yet a man justifiably fearful of the children of Frankenstein, as Herbert J. Muller called them in a fine book of that name. The drama derives from the tension between science as art, with its emphasis on what is unknown and unknowable (attitudes which HPL shared), and a soulless, arrogant technology which elevates technicians to positions of power (von Braun is worked over mercilessly) and destroys poet scientists (Oppenheimer's career is sketchily traced). The play's effectiveness is hard to judge in print, but I suspect that with imaginative staging, it would be well worth your time—and investigation by sf convention planners.

—Neil Barron

MOMENT OF ECLIPSE by Brian W. Aldiss. Doubleday, March 1972. 80 galley sheets. $5.95

While reading these fourteen stories I was constantly putting down the galleys and announcing to my wife "Jesus! This man can write!" I am always impressed by Brian Aldiss, even when he isn't writing science fiction. In this collection are "Moment of Eclipse," "The Day We Embarked for Cythera," "Orgy of the Living and the Dying," "Super-Toys Last All Summer Long," "The Village Swindler," "Down the Up Escalation," "That Uncomfortable Pause Between Life and Art . . . ," "Confluence," "Heresies of the Huge God," "The Circulation of the Blood . . . ," ". . . And the Stagnation of the Heart," "The Worm That Flies," "Working in the Spaceship Yards," and "Swastika!" I really can't do justice to most of these stories by trying to describe them—read and enjoy. Some topics covered in these stories are parasites (shudder), immortality, India, religion. I can't spoil it by telling you that "Swastika!" has Hitler alive and fairly well in Ostend commenting on the current state of the world. This is really a great collection. To quote a common advertisement, "Try it—you'll like it."

—J. B. Post

HALF PAST HUMAN by T. J. Bass. Ballantine 02306, 1971. 278 p. 95¢ (Nebula Nominee)

What this book is about is a future when most people have learned to live in underground 'hives.' Most people, that is. There are those who choose not to adjust; they are either born outside, or they leave the hive. In either case, they are systematically hunted down.

Inside, the system is slowly grinding to a standstill.

And that's as far as I got. The fault may be mine, not Mr. Bass's; by the time I got to page 108, I found I had too many characters and too many subplots to deal with, and just could not summon up the energy or enthusiasm to continue. One reason for this may be the use of jargon: I was well into the third or fourth chapter before I discovered what was meant by the term 'coweye' and 'buckeye,' for instance, not to mention 'big ES,' 'Pipe,' and others.

And that's the verdict: a probably sound novel, but marred by too much complexity.

—Mike McQuown

THE EDICT by Max Ehrlich. Bantam N7161, January 1972. 217 p. 95¢

The Edict is a novelized version of an original screenplay by Ehrlich and Frank de Fellitta. The film, released by Paramount, is called *Z.P.G.* and features Oliver Reed and Geraldine Chaplin. The letters Z.P.G. as all good science fiction aficionades and conservationists know, stand for Zero Population Growth, which is the theme of the story. At some time in the future with the world having reached an S.R.O. condition of density, the World Government decrees an embargo on births—absolute and without exception—for 30 years. This is the edict and it is enforceable by the death penalty. A woman who gives birth to an outlaw child runs the risk of death for herself, her husband (or partner—marriage having gone the way of the other extinct items like birds and animals) and the outlaw child. *The Edict* is a fair suspense story. It has good insights and Ehrlich, who has a broad background of information uses his knowledge in effective little thrusts of satire. It suffers from cardboard characters and writing that is adequate but never quite takes wing. But its most serious defect to me is the fact that in order to achieve drama it builds sympathy for the couple who have an outlaw child and become fugitives from the law. The fact that the law is harsh, that the penalty of death is outrageous, is beside the point. The reader is asked to sympathize with a couple who live in a society where congestion is maddening, where privation and suffering caused by lack of food and space is visible everywhere, who understand perfectly the reason for Z.P.G., yet who in complete selfishness, insist upon having a child. We are asked to sympathize with them and consider the law the villain. How to handle this theme was the author's problem. I think this way is a mistake.

—Samuel Mines

BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF CLIFFORD D. SIMAK by (who else?) Clifford D. Simak. Doubleday, 1971. 232 p. $4.95 (paperback: Paperback Library 65-808, June 1972, 75¢)

My favorite is "Lulu," partially because it was one of the first science fiction novelettes I ever read, appearing as it did in a 1957 issue of *Galaxy*. Of course, "Crying Jag" is also nice, not to mention "All the Traps of Earth." And the typically pastoral "Neighbor." And we'd have to include "Immigrant" and "Founding Father" and "New Folks' Home" and . . .what do you mean, that's all? Come now, Dear Publisher, seven stories? Surely you jest. Surely you haven't forgotten "The Big Front Yard," "Over the River and Through the Woods," "Death in the House" and . . .and . . .I hope that it was a typesetter's mistake, and that the correct title is *Best Science Fiction Stories of Clifford D. Simak: Volume One*. Right? Right! —David C. Paskow

FUTURE TIMES THREE by Rene Barjavel. Award A743S, 1971. 185 p. 75¢

For this time travel story, the original French title would be more accurate: *The Imprudent Voyager*. It's a classic in its own language: three Paris editions in three generations, 1944, 1958, 1970. Barjavel must have been soaked in the original *Time Machine* when he composed this World War II version. At that, *Future* probably contains as much hard science as *Time Machine*, one of Wells' pure fantasies.

Barjavel starts with the basic pulp-plot scheme of hero-scientist-daughter (Flash-Zharkov-Dale Arden). As in Alex Raymond, the bearded Papa Essaillon is the only one of the three with any claims to scientific knowledge. Monsieur Essaillon has the same versatility as our own pulp/old movie scientists. He combines original theory with the lab skills of an Edison. But the applied science in *Future* seems to me merely embarrassing. At one time ("2052 AD," Pt. I, Chapter 4), the hero, Peter St. Menoux, finds the earth covered with flies, the aftermath of a natural disaster that occurred originally in Barjavel's previous novel (*Ravage*, 1943, tr. by Damon Knight later as *Ashes, Ashes.*). Peter runs all over future-France trying to shake one fly from his timeless suit—as though the bacteria he couldn't see were less physical and present than what he could.

Since therefore *Future Times Three* is not exactly a required MIT text as hard sf, what created those three French editions? Well, Barjavel writes professionally. The opening gives the descriptive feel of wartime Paris, the end-plot is well counterpointed, and he finds various techniques to keep a one-point of view novel from becoming boring. The story is, as they say, tirelessly inventive in incident. The philosophical remarks about time are more adult than the official 'science.' There is a morally sophisticated attempt to show St. Menoux following his master, Essaillon, into corruption as each tries to toy with man and his universe. But on the other hand I found all kinds of bothersome logical inconsistencies in *Future*. Either they're due to Barjavel's scientific limitations or to the built-in problems for any author who attempts a time travel story, even Heinlein or Wells.

With Pierre Boulle, Barjavel must now be one of the most available French sf writers since Verne. In English you can now own *Future Times Three*, *Ashes, Ashes*, and his 1968 Paris best seller, *Night of Time* (*Ice People* in the translation). And if you collect the Paris issues of F&SF to practice your French, *Fiction* used to reprint stories from his 1946 collection *Children of the Dark*. —Mark Purcell

ALSO RECEIVED:

Diabolus, by David St. John. Fawcett Crest T1725, July 1972. 75¢ (hardcover: Weybright and Talley, 1971. $4.95)

Diary of a Witch, by Sybil Leek. Signet T3917, July 1972 (7 ptg) 75¢

Flesh, by Philip Jose Farmer. Signet Q5097, July 1972 (3 ptg) 95¢

Lord Tyger, by Philip Jose Farmer. Signet Q5096, July 1972. 95¢ (hardcover: Doubleday, 1970. $5.95 reviewed LUNA Monthly 21)

This Outward Angel, by Alanna Knight. Lancer 75359, August 1972. 95¢

Valley of Shadows, by Delphine C. Lyons. Lancer 75358, August 1972. 95¢

The Warlock's Daughter, by Angela Gray. Lancer 75366, August 1972. 95¢