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Terry Carr

An Interview Conducted by Paul Walker*

Continued from Last Issue

I realize that I haven't dealt directly with your question about the quality of the "editorial experience," so let me segue into this letter with some comments about that. You quote Fred Pohl explaining why people want to be editors by saying, "Perhaps they want a chance to play God." That's an appropriate remark, I think, though of course it's a bit of an overstatement: directing the destiny of a magazine such as *Galaxy* or the sf program of Bantam Books is a very limited sort of godhood. Yet if you talk with any first-rate editor you'll very soon find that he's a person of strong opinions, with an inner drive to see that things are "done correctly." You'll find editors routinely correcting people's grammar in conversations, just as they would in copyediting a manuscript; you'll see them presenting opinions about the direction science fiction "ought to" be taking; you'll discover that when Hugo and Nebula awards are handed out, the editors in the field have even stronger reactions to the choices than the writers have (except those who win the awards, presumably). And editors will frequently be found advising writers about how best to use their talents—whether it's John Campbell in 1940 lunching with Isaac Asimov or Terry Carr in 1969 lunching with Ron Goulart. (I told him I thought he should concentrate more on social satire rather than just one-line gags. That conversation resulted in Goulart's *After Things Fell Apart*, an SF Special that was voted the best work of humor in science fiction of the year.)

John Campbell was a tremendously forceful man; he wasn't referred to as "John W. God Jr." for nothing. And Fred Pohl has long had a reputation for doing extensive revisions of stories he published. I remember a time a decade or so ago when Ted White and I sold a short story to Fred for *If*, and we waited somewhat apprehensively for the story to appear in print, wondering how much tinkering he'd do with it. When it came out, Ted called me and said, "Hey, did you read the story in *If*? I haven't compared it to the original manuscript, but I don't think Fred touched a word!" I agreed that it seemed that way to me too, and we congratulated each other on the perfection of our prose. A few months later, at a Lunacon, the original manuscript of that story was auctioned and the girl who bought it asked Ted and me to autograph it for her. Ted began to sign the first page, paused, leafed

through the manuscript, and turned to me with wonder on his face. "Look at this," he said, showing me the manuscript. I was astonished to see that every page was heavily blue-penciled, words and phrases in virtually every sentence changed. Fred had substituted synonyms freely, to no particular effect that either Ted or I could detect; he hadn't improved or damaged the story, he'd just tinkered with it. The irrelevance of his changes can be measured by the fact that neither Ted nor I had realized there'd been any changes at all until we'd seen that edited manuscript. (Fred, of course, would no doubt defend every change he made. As for me, I regard it as a "good" job of editing because at the very least neither of the authors felt he'd hurt anything, and quite possibly, considering Fred's talent and experience, he *had* improved it even if we didn't think so.)

The question of editorial tinkering is a thorny one, as you know. On one hand, editors want everything to be "right," and they're usually people who ought to know good from bad; on the other hand, writers customarily resent any changes made by editors. When I went to work for Ace Books and Don Wollheim gave me my first manuscript to copyedit, he told me, "Don't be overawed just because this writer has been selling science fiction for twenty years; cut or change anything you think needs it." But a couple of years later I was discussing the matter of revisions with Chip Delany, and he was equally forceful in denying that editors had any right whatsoever to change a single word of a writer's prose. Chip cursed the memory of Maxwell Perkins, who had become one of the most famous editors ever by taking Thomas Wolfe's sprawling manuscripts and forging them into critically acclaimed novels; Chip maintained that this one famous fluke had given editors ever since a theoretical license to toy with writers' words. I said, "But what if you've got a manuscript that's just great except for one or two really bad glaring clunkers?" Chip said, "Then you should give the writer his due for writing 58,975 perfect words and consider that if he's that good, maybe those couple of clunkers are really outstandingly good instead of bad."

This is a matter of conflicting God-trips, clearly. Writers get into writing because they

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want a chance to play God too, you know: they make up characters, settings, plots and, in science fiction, whole universes. Then to have somebody else who didn't go through the creative ferment they did take their manuscripts and pass irrevocable judgments on this phrase or that plot-turn has to seem like an unbearable intrusion on the writer's product. That's understandable; that's inevitable. But writers should realize that the chief value of the editor's opinion—his abilities as an editor aside—is the very fact that the editor *didn't* do all the work that has so strongly identified the writer in his mind with his creation: the editor is, if nothing else, at least objective in his reactions.

My own solution to this dilemma was neither to keep my hands off the manuscripts I bought nor to cut and slice indiscriminately. For every SF Special that I published, I went through it personally (most nominal editors give the line-by-line editing chores to sub-editors, many of whom are English majors straight out of college, and you know what *they*'re like) and made whatever changes I thought necessary; then I would send the copyedited manuscript to the author, with a letter explaining any changes I thought needed clarification, and the author would do the final copyediting, accepting my changes where he or she agreed with them and restoring anything he or she preferred in the original manuscript. In this way, I got my criticisms and suggestions considered clearly by the authors, but they—whose names would be on the final product—always got final say. 90% of the time the authors would leave my changes as I'd made them. (In most cases I made comparatively few changes anyway—if a book was good enough for me to buy it as a Special, it usually didn't need much "fixing"—but there *were* some books, usually by newer writers, which I edited heavily. R.A. Lafferty's *Past Master* and Bruce McAllister's *Humanity Prime* are the examples of the latter that come to mind.) [On the other hand, I don't believe I changed a word of *The Left Hand of Darkness*—in fact, now that I think of it, I remember that I actually farmed out that copyediting job to Ted White, with instructions to write "1M" over the dashes and nothing else. "1M" is a copyeditor's notation to the typesetter telling him how long a dash should be.]

This procedure struck me as just about perfect for all concerned, and I got a lot of positive feedback from the writers for the SF Specials—and, not incidentally, got the chance to buy several novels that I probably wouldn't have otherwise seen submitted to me, simply because good writers prefer to be treated like good writers. This system began to break down later in the history of the SF Specials because, working with a depleted budget, I had to work a lot harder to get good books and sometimes didn't have time for all the niceties. Plus the fact that other editors at Ace Books were given final say after me on the Specials manuscripts, so that some changes were made of which I heartily disapproved. In short, when Ace's management began to fret about their profits and hence to "tinker" with my editorial prerogatives, the "editorial experience" began to get fouled up, the creative waters were muddied by the silt of timid commercialism, and I enjoyed the job less and less. This also can be seen as a matter of conflicting God-trips: the publishers, in this case, superimposed their own ideas on my ideas as editor. This too is a situation that's endemic to the editorial experience as most editors have known it. I remember an article that Doc Lowndes wrote for a fanzine in 1940, shortly after taking over as editor of *Future Fiction*; the article began by saying that Doc wanted to become a science fiction editor in order to publish the kind of science fiction he wanted to see in print, and by the end of the article—a mere three pages later—Doc was professing his chief goal as being to publish science fiction stories that his publisher would like.

When I reached that point, I quit. The "editorial experience" at Ace had gone sour. (Technically speaking, I didn't "quit" at Ace; instead, I delivered an ultimatum: Either we do it my way or we don't do it. Ace's management eventually said, Okay, then we don't do it. . . .Or, as I've put it sometimes, I kept telling the management that if they were going to insist the SF Specials be as "commercialized" as their space operas, there was no point in publishing the Specials at all . . . and eventually I convinced them I was right.)

I started editing best-of-the-year books because of this same God-trip: I wanted to see the best sf stories of the years chosen "correctly." In 1964, when I'd just gone to work for Ace as a junior editor, I read a story in *Analog* by William F. Temple that I liked very much. I thought, Gee, what a shame, it's such a good story, but Judy Merril will never pick it for

her best-of-the-year anthology because it's not her kind of story. (Judy was then the editor of the only "best sf" anthology being published, hard as that might be to imagine in these days of half a dozen such books every year.) So I wrote a memo to Don Wollheim proposing that *he* edit a best-of-the-year anthology for Ace to compete with the Merril book . . . Don had thirty years of experience as a science fiction reader, twenty-five years as an sf editor, and had done a number of really first-rate anthologies such as *The Viking Portable Novels of Science*, *The Pocket Book of Science Fiction*, etc. Don's reaction was that he liked my idea but he didn't have time to do all the work involved in such a book. "I'll tell you what," he said. "You go and read all the science fiction short stories and novelettes published this year, and tell me what you think is really good, and I'll read your recommendations and choose the final contents page. Both our names will be in the by-line and we'll split the money." Which was a better deal than I'd expected, and I jumped at the chance. I rapidly discovered that reading all the science fiction magazines, in addition to all the other science fiction reading I did at Ace Books, was no picnic, but we produced the *World's Best Science Fiction* anthologies for several years under that system. After awhile, wearied by the work of all that enforced reading and emboldened by the strong sales of the anthology, I persuaded Don to assume more of the burden of research for the book. By the time of the seventh and final volume of the *World's Best* series, Don and I were each reading about half the sf magazine (and, by then, the original-stories anthology) output.

When I left Ace Books in 1971, I also dissolved my editorial relationship with Don. (Personal and professional conflicts had developed ever since the SF Specials had begun to be successful.) I'd acquired an excellent agent, Henry Morrison, who promptly sold Ballantine Books on the idea of publishing a best-of-the-year anthology edited solely by Terry Carr. This was a double boon to me: not only did I get the opportunity to choose the outstanding stories of each year without needing Don's agreement, but I also received the entire editorial fee for subsequent best-of-the-year books. When I began editing my series for Ballantine, I had no idea what the title would be. There were rumors that Ace would keep the *World's Best Science Fiction* title themselves (A.A. Wynn had named the series when Don and I started it for Ace); but in the meantime, Don had resigned from Ace and formed his own publishing company, DAW Books, for which he was to edit a "best" book, and the story was that he intended to keep the *World's Best* title. Since the series had sold so phenomenally (evidently most science fiction readers didn't want to read all the magazines and such to find the good stories and therefore flocked to the best-of-the-year books—for which I don't blame them a bit), the *World's Best* title was a valuable commercial property. I informed Ian and Betty Ballantine of the situation and left it up to them to choose a title for my series. I first discovered that my new title was to be *The Best Science Fiction of the Year* when Betty sent me cover proofs of the first book; I wrote to her, "How simple! How direct! I am consumed by admiration."

You ask how I choose the stories for this series, what my criteria are. It's terribly simple: I read everything I can find in the science fiction field, whether it's published in the sf magazines or the original-stories anthologies or in non-sf periodicals, and I make a file card for every story I consider outstanding enough for consideration. At the end of the year I look over the cards and choose 125,000 words off the top. The criteria by which I judge the stories are almost completely subjective: If I enjoy a story a lot, I make a file card for it. If at the end of the year I look at the card and still think fondly of the story, I figure it's a good candidate for the book. My tastes, as I said in that article I wrote years ago about the SF Specials, are as eclectic as I can make them; I grind no axes for experimental writing, nor for hard-science stories, adventure stories or inner-space explorations. If I enjoy a story, that's it. My sole criterion aside from enjoyment is whether or not a given story is science fiction. If I read, say, "Longtooth" by Edgar Pangborn or "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes" by Harlan Ellison, I may like the story a whole lot but I won't put it in the best-science-fiction-of-the-year book because it's a fantasy, not science fiction. I have this childlike belief in delivering what a title promises, so no matter how good a story about a mythic monster or soul-possessed slot machine may be, I won't put it in a science fiction anthology.

(Let's not get into how I differentiate between science fiction and fantasy; that

question's stumped better people than I for many years. I try not to be pedantic about it; if a story *feels* pretty much like science fiction, I'll consider it sf for the purposes of the anthology. This means I've reprinted in these books such stories as Fritz Leiber's "Ship of Shadows," about ghosts in a space station, and Poul Anderson's "The Queen of Air and Darkness," about archetypal deities on an alien planet. I felt they had enough science fiction content to make them appeal to science fiction fans whether or not they were "really" science fiction or "really" fantasy.)

This exclusion of outright fantasies led to one of the few criticisms I've had of the series: Harlan Ellison, writing the review column in the May 1974 issue of *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, complained that my strictures against outright fantasies left some good stories out of the book. He was right, but it's a matter of definition. I also don't reprint "mainstream" stories in *The Best Science Fiction of the Year*, even though this means leaving out a lot of fine stories by John Updike, Bruce Jay Friedman, etc. etc.

Since you asked about what kinds of criticism I get on this series of anthologies, I'll mention the only other serious point of contention, which has been—predictably—about my use or non-use of "experimental" stories. Harlan, in that same review, complained that my book included "nothing even remotely taggable as experimental." A review in *Vertex* of the same volume complained that my choices were too far out. Obviously this too is a matter of taste. For my part, I see no virtue whatsoever in a story being "experimental" or "traditional" or whatever; I think all theories are nonsense and it's all a matter of whether or not a story is enjoyable. And fortunately, I seem to hit some sort of happy median in my tastes, because the series for Ballantine has sold just as remarkably well as the Ace series before it did, and both the first and second Ballantine anthologies won the annual *Locus* poll as the best reprint anthologies of their respective years.

I've also included more Nebula and Hugo winners in these anthologies than any of the other "best sf" editors, by a wide margin. (*Locus* did a tabulation last year of Nebula and Hugo nominees that had appeared in the barious "bests," and the count overwhelmingly favored my series. As for the award-*winners*, I was the only best-of-the-year editor who reprinted Arthur C. Clarke's "A Meeting with Medusa"—Hugo and Nebula winner—or Gene Wolfe's "The Death of Dr. Island"—1974's best novella Nebula winner and probably to be the Hugo winner in that category too.)

Mentioning those two stories brings to mind one other important difference between my series and the others: I tend to choose longer stories than do the other editors. Lester del Dry, on orders from his publisher, has an upper word-limit of 10,000, which leaves out a whole lot of the better writing in the field. I don't think any of the other editors have such a word-limit restriction, but they do seem to opt for more titles on the contents page by using shorter stories. It seems to me that science fiction is a field that frequently requires space for development: the backgrounds require a certain amount of detail to make a story convincing and rich. Thus I've reprinted not only the Clarke and Wolfe stories mentioned in the last paragraph, but also Ellison's "The Deathbird," Anderson's "The Queen of Air and Darkness," Wolfe's "The Fifth Head of Cerberus," Joe Haldeman's "Hero," Phil Farmer's "Sketches Among the Ruins of My Mind" and various others.

To return for a moment to the matter of leaving outright fantasies out of the best-sf-of-the-year anthology: This decision was one that pained me a bit, because even though it seemed right to me in terms of a "truth in packaging" concept, I dearly love good fantasy and found it very hard not to reprint stories like, say, Fritz Leiber's "Four Ghosts in Hamlet." But I was able to reach a solution of sorts: While I was still at Ace Books, I inaugurated a series of anthologies titled *New Worlds of Fantasy* in which I could gather together the top fantasy stories I was reading. I published three volumes of *New Worlds of Fantasy* before I left Ace, and thereafter have sold a similar series to Thomas Nelson Inc. The Nelson books don't go by the same title—each has a different title—but the editorial criteria are the same: the best modern fantasy stories. The first book, titled *Into the Unknown*, was published by Nelson in 1973; the second is called *Worlds Far and Near* and will be published later this year (1974). There will be more to come, every year.

I have somewhat the same self-imposed limitations for my all-original-stories anthology series *Universe*: I try to concentrate on science fiction stories rather than

fantasies. But in this series I don't feel it's necessary to draw quite such a hard-and-fast rule, so when I get a fantasy story that's really irresistible, I buy it. Thus I've published Joanna Russ's "Poor Man, Beggar Man," Ellison's "On the Downhill Side" and a few others. But they really have to be irresistible; the average "good" fantasy story won't get into *Universe.*

The *Universe* series also resembles the best-sf-of-the-year books in that in this series too I tend more than other editors to buy longer stories. The reason is the same: I find that many of the best science fiction stories have to be long to be developed fully. Thus *Universe* has featured stories like Wolfe's "The Death of Dr. Island," Greg Benford and Gordon Eklund's "If the Stars Are Gods," Silverberg's "Many Mansions," etc.

I started the *Universe* series, like the others, when I was at Ace, and the first two volumes were published by Ace; subsequent volumes have been published by Random House. I was inspired to do the series by, of course, Damon Knight's *Orbit* series, and also John Carnell's *New Writings in SF* series. Sometime about 1967 or 1968 I did a memo to Ace's management suggesting a series of all-original stories anthologies to go along with what seemed even then to be a coming trend, but at that time Ace didn't want to chance it. My original title for the series, rather interestingly, was *Nova*; later, Harry Harrison independently chose this title for his own all-original stories series, so when Ace finally decided to let me do such a series, I had to find a different title. I'm very happy with the *Universe* title, though: it was a second choice, but also a second thought, and second thoughts are often better than firsts.

Editing *Universe* has been a bit troublesome in some ways, but I greatly enjoy it. My word-rates for *Universe* aren't as high as those for *Orbit* or Silverberg's *New Dimensions,* but I've managed to find a lot of stories for the series that I liked a whole lot, anyway. For one thing, though my rates are currently 2¢ to 4¢ a word advance (compared with a straight 5¢ a word advance for the Knight and Silverberg books), that advance is for the hardcover edition only, with further money to be paid out as paperback rights are sold, or Science Fiction Book Club rights, or foreign rights, etc. Neither Knight nor Silverberg has the same payment setup; their advances in most cases are all the author will see from his appearance in those books. I expect that in the long run it all averages out to about the same. In any case, I find that most of the good writers in the sf field would prefer to have their stories published in hardcover anthologies like *Universe* rather than the magazines (books are on sale for a much longer period than magazines, and have bigger circulations, usually), so most of the good sf stories are submitted to *Universe, Orbit, New Dimensions* and so on first, before the magazine editors see them. And the word-rates are at least competitive with the magazines, usually higher.

The book anthology series of original stories are revolutionizing the sf field, as I've written in the introduction to *The Best SF of the Year #3,* because of the factors mentioned above, and because there tend to be fewer editorial restrictions in the books than in the magazines. That's because editors at Random House, Putnam's, Harper & Row, et all, aren't as steeped in science fiction traditions as are the publishers of long-time sf magazines like *Amazing, Galaxy, Analog* or the other genre magazines; the editors of *Universe* and its competitors can publish stuff that would be considered too far out for the magazines or too sexy, or whatever. Book publishing allows greater artistic freedom for both writers and editors, and though this factor can be overestimated (as advocates of "experimental" or "taboo-breaking" stories tend to do), it's an important one overall. It would be silly to say that F.M. Busby's story of legalized necrophilia, "Tell Me All about Yoruself," couldn't have sold to a regular science fiction magazine . . . but it's true that Busby wouldn't have been able to get 5¢ a word for it from the magazines, as he did from *New Dimensions.* There are many other examples.

One reason I enjoy editing *Universe* so much (and the best-of-the-year book) is that I love the short story form itself, and I think science fantasy is the only field left in which this form is really alive. Everybody knows short stories won't sell magazines these days: magazines appear every month with stories by William Saroyan or Donald Barthelme, but their names are seldom on the covers—instead the contents that are advertised are articles about new weight-loss plans or the political philosophies of movie directors. Our science fiction magazines may not all be making great amounts of money, but they *are* surviving;

and in book form, sf short stories frequently make quite a lot of money.

Money being the root of endeavor if not necessarily of art, this means a lot of talented people are able to spend some time working in the short story medium, in the sf field. Inevitably, good things are being produced, a kind of renaissance of interest on the part of writers is underway, and it's actually a pleasure to read science fiction even when, as in my case, you have to read so very much of it. When I started editing *World's Best SF* ten years ago, I was appalled at the dross that filled 99% of the magazines' pages, with only a few gems here and there; within the past few years, it seems to me, the ratio of good to bad has gone up so much that one can now dare to hope when he picks up an sf magazine or anthology. (I still think a shocking percentage of sf is garbage, but there are so many more stories now that, even if not "successful," are at least respectable tries.)

You ask whether I don't get fed up with reading science fiction from time to time, just because I read so much of it—not only all the short stories and novelettes that get published, but all the stories submitted to *Universe* too. The answer is of course that I do get very fed up sometimes. There are days when I'm so full-up on science fiction that I literally can't read it—by which I mean I can't make out what sentences mean and what's happening in stories; it all becomes a maze. When that happens, I stop reading science fiction. Sometimes I stop reading anything at all, just take a few days off, not even reading the papers. Other times I go read something else—non-sf stories in *American Review*, a biography of Jelly Roll Morton, a book on anthropology.

In a way these seizures of science fiction blindness, as I think of it, help me to keep things in perspective—particularly with respect to the "God trip" of being an editor. If I ever get to thinking that I really am some kind of true judge of story-quality, I just remember those times when I couldn't work up enough interest to read the second sentence of a story by Ursula Le Guin or Gene Wolfe, and I know my reactions vary greatly day to day. Any kind of art is a collaboration between artist and viewer, of course; I try to remember that if I don't like something I read, it could be because I didn't do my part in the collaboration. Especially do I try to remember this when I'm rejecting a submitted manuscript: usually I give a more or less subjective reaction to the story, not an attempt at literary criticism. I'll say "The humor here struck me as heavy-handed" rather than "You wrote this clumsily," etc.

(I wish literary critics, both in and out of the sf field, would try to remember that their work is subjective, too, and would take their reactions a bit less seriously. I've read critical articles that, for instance, analyze the ingeniously interlocking mythological and literary allusions in novels that, their authors told me later, had no such allusions. "I picked that character's name, Biblical reference and all, out of a phone book with a hatpin," said one author who'd just received such a review.)

Your question about my getting fed up with science fiction because I have to read so much of it reminded me, by the way, of something John Campbell once said. He pointed out that he'd been editing *Astounding* for over 30 years, that he had always paid the top rate in the field and always read everything submitted. "So I believe I love science fiction more than anyone else in the world," he said. "I *must*—I've read more lousy science fiction than anyone else, and I'm willing to keep doing it."

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No, I don't think I've ever felt "guilty" about being a "parasite" in my position as an editor. I'm never a parasite, but frequently a symbiote. That is, I do think of editing as a creative function, and I agree in particular with your comment that good editors create an environment that's receptive to the best a writer can produce, and thereby encourage better work in the field. That was certainly what I tried to do with the SF Specials, what I'm trying to do with *Universe* and my other original-stories anthologies.

Writing and editing are, among other things, interpersonal professions. Almost all writers write with the market in mind if they have any sense at all—and the good ones have a *lot* of sense—so while this doesn't mean a writer sits down every time and says to himself, "Well, I'm gonna write something for *Analog*" or *Vertex* or *Playboy* or *Orbit*, it does mean he's likely to make an effort to see that his story will have a recognizable market *somewhere*. If he knows there isn't an editor around who'll touch a pornographic story

about screwing spiders, he probably won't write it. In addition, and more personally, I know several writers who tend to write at the top of their form when they're writing for my books, or who send their best stories to me first. And I do the same when writing for others: Bob Silverberg asked me a couple of years ago for a story for *New Dimensions*, "one of your far-out ones," he said, and though this wasn't a direct commission (i.e., he didn't commit himself to buy whatever I'd write), I wrote the story with him in mind. Since I know Bob's a good editor and that my story would be appearing in *ND* cheek-by-jowl with writers like Ursula Le Guin and James Tiptree, I felt encouraged to do my best for him. The story that resulted was "They Live on Levels," which I think is my best short story.

Ideally, of course, I ought to be able to say I'd have lavished the same sort of care on a story for, say, Joe Doakes of *Stupefying Sci-Fi*, but I'm not at all sure that would have been the case. And as I say, I've heard from writers doing stories for me that much the same sort of thing affected them: "I figured if I wanted it to be in *Universe*, I'd better make it good. And I really wanted to be in *Universe*." This was true of the Specials too—the number of good writers, new and established, who *wanted* to appear in that series was a great help to me. When the series ended, several writers bemoaned the fact that now they'd never get to be the author of an SF Special.

Aside from this rather hard-to-define sort of encouragement, I think editing's creative in some of the same ways that writing itself is creative. That is, writers manufacture stories by combining ideas and phrases and character-traits and such that float around in their creative subconscious; there's a pool of creative stuff inside us all, writers and non-writers, but the writers are in touch with that pool and trull in it for goodies which they then put together in the form of a story. The stuff that surfaces from the unconscious doesn't come strictly on call; i.e., I can't simply say to myself, Well, I want to write a story about a race of creatures who fly, so I'll punch creative buttons A, C, F and Q and get all my private information and opinions on the subject of flying. I do punch those buttons, of course, but not everything on the subject comes up, and much of what comes up is peripheral or irrelevant. Then, as writer, I ignore the irrelevant, use the relevant, and refer to the peripheral only where appropriate. This is a kind of selectivity that I think is rather close to what an editor does: he can't command the stories he wants to appear in his mailbox, though he can ask writers he likes for stories, etc. His job is really to select from what turns up, to fashion an anthology or a magazine issue that has some shape of its own from the materials (stories) at hand.

Thus, with my forthcoming Simon & Schuster anthology on the theme of friendship/love between human and alien beings, *Fellowship of the Stars*, I notified a number of writers whose work had struck me as in roughly the vein I wanted, and I alerted the agents of good writers to what I wanted, and I made general announcements of my theme. Some writers sent me stories on assignment—Brunner, Pohl, Leiber, et al—and a lot of stories came in by luck, some as submissions for *Universe* which I shunted over to *Fellowship*. I gathered together the ones I thought would make a coherent book, and lo (I think) it was good.

This isn't as subtle a thing as combining the small creative pulses of the subconscious into a story, but it's the same *type* of process. (Many years ago when I was a kid, I laid some tripe on my mother about how I was going to be a *creative person*, a writer or editor, and she listened patiently and said, "Everybody in the world is creative in his or her own way." She was crocheting at the time.)

Some people are more creative than others, of course, in that some people have more intense personal visions which they express inevitably through their stories, their music, their political acts, their critical ideas, their carpentry. But the creative impulse, I think, is simply the urge to share with others one's own view of reality and/or of beauty. Everyone is very different from anyone else, so his "vision" is intensely different; the "creativity" we see in an artist equates with his ability to fashion analogues of his private view for public consumption. The more he expresses the way he-and-only-he sees the world, the more "different" or "creative" he seems to be. But it's really a process of editing, at base; none of us creates anything. (Even God created mankind in his own image, after all.)

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You ask about me as a writer: how I began, how things have gone, my work habits. Well, since everybody is creative, I began "creating" so long ago I can't remember the beginning. When I was a kid I used to play cowboy games in which I and friends would act out stories we made up as we went along—didn't everyone? We played with model cars, digging in the dirt of a vacant lot roads, airports, secret byways, etc. We made up stories of chases and such to play on our created landscapes. A little later, I remember, I used to pass the time waiting for buses by telling stories to a friend. Then he bought a typewriter, and we practiced on it by writing stories—what else, should we have copied pages from our schoolbooks? At the same time, I was very interested in becoming a cartoonist—I was a big comic book fan—and I used to draw whole comic books full of adventures of Justice Rabbit and such characters busy foiling bank robbers and invaders from space. When I discovered science fiction, and in particular fanzines, I had a whole new field of creativity. I became an intensely active publisher of fanzines and a prolific writer for them; I wrote commentary on the magazines of the day, on the basic ideas of science fiction (I wrote an article for *Rhodomagnetic Digest* in 1950 that later became the basis for an *F&SF* short story), and as I got involved in the mores and legends of the demi-monde of science fiction fandom, I wrote stories and articles that grew from my ideas about that small world. I got good at it, and somewhere along the line I gave up drawing in favor of writing: I realized that in drawing I could do little more then copy other people's lines, I didn't have the facility to make pictures that expressed my*self*. Whereas, in writing for fanzines, I became good enough to express a very personal vision—and as you know, I've won a couple of Hugos in the fanzine field.

I lost interest in science fiction for awhile when I was in college—most people do; sophistication sets in, and pseudo-sophistication too, which is worse—but I didn't lose interest in writing. I became a fan of mainstream writers like J.D. Salinger, Jack Kerouac, Françoise Sagan, William Saroyan, and I began to write mainstream short stories and novels. In 1961, shortly before I moved to New York City, I began a mainstream novel called *One Summer with Elinor*, based loosely on my relationship with my first wife, and when I moved to New York City I showed the first couple of chapters to one of the editors I knew through science fiction, Don Wollheim. My novel was one of those sensitive evocations of young love and the discovery of sex, but told with terrific taste. Don gave it back to me with the comment, "Ace Books doesn't publish sex novels." Which *crushed* me; I mean, it wasn't a sex novel, it was a sensitive novel about Truth and Beauty. You know the kind. Don said, "Why don't you write science fiction?" I thought, Why not?

Meanwhile I had actually made a few sales of short stories. My first sale, as it happened, was a non-science fiction story about the life of a jazzman, called "Blind Clarinet"; Ted White bought it for an anthology he was putting together for Regency Books about the jazz life. The anthology was never published, owing to Ted's being a year late in turning in the manuscript, by which time a change of editorship had occurred at Regency; but he paid me for the story from his advance, so I guess that was my first sale.

Shortly after, Avram Davidson came by the gathering-place of New York fandom, Ted White's mimeo shop, and announced that he'd just been hired as editor of *Fantasy and Science Fiction*. He asked me, "Do you have any stories you'd like to show me?" I had this story I'd written a couple of years before and had published in a fanzine and subsequently rewritten, a fantasy called "Some Words with the Devil"; I showed the manuscript to him and he thoroughly croggled me by sitting down then and there to read it. Ten minutes later (the story was a short-short) he looked up and said, "I like it; I'll buy it." Bang, just like that. He changed the title to "Who Sups with the Devil" and published it early in 1962. I promptly got busy and wrote half a dozen more stories for him, all of which he bought. In fact, after a few months he drew me aside and said, "I think it's time you started submitting to other editors; I have too many of your stories in inventory." I said, "How about if I use a penname?" and put the name "Carl Brandon" on one story. I had two stories in the same issue of *F&SF* and thereafter went two or three years without a single sale to that magazine; Avram rejected the next one and I did start submitting to others, they bought stuff and I widened my markets. Also, I submitted a short novel to Don Wollheim for Ace Books which he bought and published as half an Ace Double.

The trouble with me as a writer is that I'm careful, meticulous—that is to say, Slow. I sold literally every word of science fiction I wrote, but I didn't write enough to live on. So I went out and got a Real Job—with the Scott Meredith Literary Agency. I worked there for a year and a half, agenting manuscripts by Poul Anderson, J.G. Ballard, Tom Disch, and, eventually, Avram Davidson. Then Don Wollheim called me and said, "We need a reliable junior editor at Ace, and I know you understand the science fiction field. Would you be interested in the job?" I jumped at the chance, turned down a hefty raise that Meredith offered me to stay on, and became An Editor. That was in 1964, and I stayed with Ace for seven years, working my way up to the post of senior editor before I left. During my stay with the Meredith agency and with Ace Books, I became a *very* part-time writer, owing to the amount of work I had to take home, but I managed to write a number of short stories, selling them to *Galaxy*, *If*, *F&SF*, the usual sf markets. I sold a parody of Hercule Poirot to *The Saint Mystery Magazine*, and in collaboration with my wife Carol wrote a humor article which sold to *Esquire*. After I left Ace early in 1971 I returned to free-lance writing (and anthology editing), and have been appearing mostly in the original-stories anthologies since, though at the moment I'm halfway through my first full-length sf novel, which has been sold to Bobbs-Merrill. My record as a writer remains as it was: I've still never written a story I couldn't sell, but I still don't write prolifically.

You ask for "a case history of one story, say 'Dance of the Changer and the Three.' " I guess that's my best-known story: it was nominated for the Nebula and the Hugo, and it's been in about ten anthologies. I wrote it in 1967, I think, when I was working for Ace. It started with a note in a notebook: "Try to show alien culture through telling an alien myth." I've been fascinated by alien beings ever since I ran into the works of Stanley G. Weinbaum many years ago; one of my most successful early stories, "Hop-Friend," dealt with a Martian who turned out to be more alien than he seemed. But I'd shown him from the outside, which is the easy way; I had a yen to write about aliens from the inside. And in the mid-sixties, along came Zelazny and Delany, with their emphasis on myth-symbols, and I thought of how much humanity's myths tell about our lives. And I extended the thought: Might not an alien race's myths similarly tell a lot about *their* lives? Hence I wrote in my notebook, "Try to show alien culture through telling an alien myth."

I didn't write the story right away. I did write a couple of paragraphs in the notebook, in handwriting, just to set down a sample of the style in which I envisioned my story. The opening paragraphs in that sample were a description of the aliens' planet, and were pretty close to the one I eventually came up with. I also wrote a couple of small notes: "Quest story. Search for lost princess? Wise Old Man figure." The Quest is, of course, a basic form of myth; the lost princess and the wise-old-man are typical myth-figures. I didn't do any more on the story for a year or so, being busy working at Ace, but in 1967 Joe Elder, with whom I'd worked at the Meredith agency, called me and said, "I've contracted with Trident Press and Pocket Books to gather an anthology of original science fiction stories called *The Farthest Reaches*, the idea being to print stories set far away in space or time, very imaginative. The money I can offer is such-and-such; would you be interested in doing a story?" I thought of my notes on an alien myth, and said yes.

So in the evenings for the next month or so I worked on this story, a page or two at a time. I was at that time heavily influenced by the stories of Roger Zelazny and Cordwainer Smith; in particular by Zelazny, who had a nice brittle narrative voice amidst wonders that I found very effective. The cynical tone of "Dance of the Changer and the Three" doesn't sound to me today much like Zelazny's more calm matter-of-factness, but that was the initial inspiration. I quickly dropped the "lost princess" motif as probably too anthropomorphic, but I kept the quest outline and even the wise-old-man figure. My idea in the story was to do things by indirection: lead the readers to expect one thing, then pull the rug from under them. Thus, the character who's the protagonist at the beginning of the story commits suicide very shortly (I'd read Baldwin's *Another Country*) and the story tells instead about the reactions of three of his friends. Their reactions aren't grief or anything like it: instead they judge his suicide as an aesthetic performance, and resolve to set out on a quest to achieve "revenge" for his death. Which makes no sense in human terms, of course, and that's precisely the point. The Three go through some adventures, all of which I tried to

make interesting but not quite totally understandable (i.e., understandable on some deeper emotional level, but not on the level of logic as we know it); and every time I felt the story was beginning to make too much sense, I'd throw in a curve.

Thus, when the Three go to the Vortex and create a primitive form of life, this began to seem to me to be a bit too rational a response to a friend's suicide—so I had them immediately turn around and eat the creature they'd created, thus negating all they'd "achieved." To underscore the senselessness of this, I stressed that it was their eating of their creation that made their story important to the aliens—not the creation of life itself, but the negation of the creation.

Then I got a little worried that maybe, in writing about beings so far removed from our own ideas of values and reality, I might lose a lot of readers who couldn't identify with creatures so different from them. So I cast the whole story in a frame whose purpose was to show that humans couldn't understand these aliens. That's the one aspect of the story about which I have any second thoughts: was it necessary, or was it a cop-out? I took the manuscript of the story to a Milford SF Writers' Conference, and several people there attacked the idea of the frame on these grounds. It would have been better, they contended, if I'd just told the alien myth and not inserted any human parameters at all. I remained cautious and left the frame, but I wonder to this day if I shouldn't have done as they suggested, just published the middle of the story. It's true that everyone who's complimented me on the story has been impressed by the alien creatures themselves, not by their destruction of an Earth expedition which had landed on the planet. Yet I wonder: If I hadn't made the story more accessible by putting it in terms of humans trying to understand aliens, by giving readers some human characters (a human narrator, in fact) with whom to identify, would they have been able to get into the aliens' story as much as they did? I still don't know.

Themes run through my stories; there isn't a one of them that doesn't have some underlying comment to make about life as I see it. One of my primary themes has always been Communication—how hard it is for one sentient being to say anything to another in such a way as to make the other understand what he's saying, rather than merely to get an interpretation of it from his own viewpoint. "Hop-Friend" was that kind of story: the Earthman protagonist thinks he's struck up a friendship with a Martian, a member of a race heretofore considered completely incapable of human understanding, only to find at the end that the Martian was crazy all along. In "Brown Robert," an insane lab assistant sabotages a scientist's time-travel experiment because he misinterprets the scientist's purpose. In "Touchstone," a man finds a talisman that grants him peace and contentment—but which isolates him from his wife and son. In "The Balance," Earthmen on an alien planet obtusely fail to understand the implications of the way the aborigines live.

These are all fairly early stories ("The Balance" was published in 1970, but the first draft was written in 1962), and the theme has changed over the years. In "They Live on Levels," written in 1972, mankind has separated into many different consciousness-levels so that whole portions of the population never see, touch or hear most of their fellow humans. During the course of the story the levels drift together again, humanity's vision of the world coalesces into one, and communication is reestablished: everyone lives together once again. It's told in the form of a love story of two people from different levels of consciousness meeting for the first time—and ends with just a suggestion that this couple, and all of humanity, has bought communication at a great price of complication and trouble. The feeling, the sense of the story, however, is that it's worth it.

My current writing goes in a different direction; I think I may have said all I had to say about Communication. (Every writer has compulsive themes. Years ago, John Updike said, in comment on the works of J.D. Salinger, that "The measure of artistic merit is the length to which a writer is willing to go in following his own compulsions.") In recent years my personal concerns have been more in the area of spiritual discovery, with the result that in 1972-73 I wrote a novella called "The Winds at Starmont" which is, up front, an adventure story about two men and an alien flying to the top of a miles-high mountain on an alien planet; underneath, it's about the lead character's spiritual ascent to enlightenment.

Continued on Page 27

The International Scene

THE ANIMAL DOCTOR: A NOVEL OF THE FUTURE, by P. C. Jersild. Pantheon Books (Random House), 1975. 267 pp. $7.95

This is a remarkably successful novel. In theory, the pro mainstream writer with Jersild's medical-scientific background should be able to solve the specialist sf problems of form and style adequately. We know what usually happens in fact. It is not the least of Jersild's brilliance that his success is managed within the outside container of a "quiet" realist mainstream novel that can actually be recommended to the lending-library auntie type of reader.

Yet *Animal Doctor* has pace, style and even, God save the queen, social relevancy; besides enough ideas to equip five ordinary novels. Its only "limit" for some readers will be that Jersild writes for moral grownups and deals with their concerns. When 4/7 of the way through the book, the middle-aged heroine, Evy Beck, lets impulse take her off a vacation flight and plunge her barefoot into a still-supported male commune in the woods near the air terminal, she finds herself establishing the same relationship to these derelicts as previously to her bosses and to her family. There are no quick primitivist solutions to the problems raised for her and for the reader by *Doctor* is typical of Jersild's technical assurance.)

For a reviewer, *Doctor*s main challenge—it was published in Sweden (1973) as *Djurdoktorn*—lies in being specific about the book without misleading the reader. Its heroine, for instance, is a vet and the book concerns the social, moral and intellectual issues raised by mass animal experimentation in a scientific institute. But *Doctor* is not a queasy book. The heroine Evy is a middle-aged sexually chilled underemployed Swedish veterinarian with a weight problem due partly to her affection for white port wine. Yet *Doctor* never becomes one of those dreary stories about an impotent *nebbish* aimed at "students of the novel." Jersild is continually as conscious of pace and momentum as an American depression pulp writer (though subtler); and Evy is continually forced into moral decisions and demands on life by her unconsciously high self-standards. When the (male) reader becomes too glib about her attitudes towards sex, he finds his glibness used by Jersild himself in a brilliant climactic chapter. In an encounter-sensitivity session arranged for Evy by her bosses, the operators employ her sexual "guilt" about her "frigidity" to break down her moral resistance to the institute's professional, systematized misbehavior with animals. Evy is in fact one of the very few morally adult sf protagonists. Any intelligent actress should be willing to pad herself to play the lead in a film version.

The reader's next likely misconception of the book will come from learning that it's another liberal dystopia. Evy is the daughter of an Old Leftist whom she's nursing into his senility; whose political background implicitly retarded her own professional career. Yet *Doctor* never becomes intellectually predictable nor paranoiac. As I mentioned, various "solutions" to the near-future problems of institutional self-supporting evil get dramatic consideration; but nothing is packaged and sold the reader. Sweden is by most methods of comparison with us a rational country, with at one recent point a 1.7% unemployment rate. Just as the bizarre aspects of Jersild's fictional "future" (present?) are almost slipped into the interstices of the story; the villainous centralized animal supplier quite reasonably warps Evy's career, systematizes needless animal-torture, morally dominates a scientific institute, robotizes Evy's one illegitimate son; and in a closing chapter begins to divert and control basic scientific research for reasons of money control and display.

Yet its representatives remain as lovable as Sydney Greenstreet or Peter Lorre, and much more recognizable to an American reader. The main problem for a centrist American in fact would be to recognize what Jersild is criticizing. That moneymen should dominate intellectual research is taken for granted by an American voter who prefers his school-board members to be businessmen or social liberals or some other kind of functionary or representative; and doesn't really comprehend that a scientist or professional writer is more qualified as a member. In the same way, the black-Mass version of religion and of ethical development in the sensitivity session that contaminates Evy (somewhat), would only be empathetic to the conservative young American homemaker equally concerned with her

abortion and her belly-dance class.

One final compliment; *Doctor* contains not only as much knowledge of recent applied science as any other sf novel of its year, 1973; but an extremely sophisticated understanding of how intellectual bureaucracies operate, and not only those of fictional research institutes.

—Mark Purcell

THE CAMP OF THE SAINTS, by Jean Raspail. Tr. by Norman Shapiro. Scribner's, 1975. 311 pp. $8.95

This is an end-of-the-white-world story, well received in Paris (1973) as *Le camp des saints.* It should have its empathetic audience among those readers who "enjoyed" John Hersey's *White Lotus,* get their daily kicks from the Patricia Hearst case, and in general consider the political slogans and emotions of the 1960's to be relevant to the next generation's economic problems. The publisher (Scribner's) has provided this U.S. edition with two extra assets. The hardbound price is, for these days, reasonable (as with Pantheon's *Animal Doctor*); and the blurb gives full prominence to the translator, Norman Shapiro. Mr. Shapiro has now made available to us several important texts about the French-speaking colonial world: besides *Camp of the Saints,* he has done versions of *Negritude* and of Anne Hébert's important Canadian novel, *Kamouraska.*

—Mark Purcell

THE ENCHANTED PLANET, by Pierre Barbet. Tr. by C.J. Richards from the French (La planete enchantee, 1973). DAW UY 1181, 1975. 159 pp. $1.25

The Galactic Corporation sends its best Planet Pollux warrior, Captain Setni, to deal with a UFO from their enemies. Readers of M. Barbet's previous *Games Psyborgs Play* (1971), based on the medieval Aucassin & Nicolette romance, will enjoy further adventures of Capt. Setni's rescuing friends (like Huon or the Magellanite Curx), assuming disguises (as Knight of the Azure Cross, or Prince Arthur), vanquishing enemies (Archimago & Duessa), and pursuing fair Nicolette in a manner explicitly styled after Spenser's heroes in *The Faerie Queene.* M. Barbet expands upon Sprague de Camp & Fletcher Pratt's novelette for *Unknown,* "The Incomplete Enchanter."

Michael Whelan's cover shows the hideous Rorx enemy as a dragon-crustacean against which Setni's weapons include a code of honor and a cabuchon-belt with tele-vision, -pathic, -kinetic powers which Setni rapidly learns to exercise in crises. The situation assume a post-cataclysmic Hades dreamed by technologians, ruled by technocrats, occupied by technicians operating a code of personal loyalties.

The author does know how to plot an entertainment. As for style, I put the book down after 2/9 chapters, but persisted to finish it before writing this review. Except for an occasional technical word, the vocabulary-tone-action of the tale seem suitable for the 10-15 year-old market.

The Enchanted Planet raises again the question whether this type of fantasy-piece should be labelled sf. It does allude to 19-20th century principles (ESP, radio, energy fields, interstellar travel). But this reader is disappointed to observe the hero whipping out the magic double-think powers only at the crucial moments of combat. It's incredibly coincidental (to all but wishful-hopers) if a hypogeum materializes or a ceiling disintegrates, at precisely the correct instant. Some obvious creaks in narrative machinery occur: Setni "remembers" past actions, or Ulysses-like, recounts them to the rulers of the new region he's exploring.

—Carolann Purcell

THE GOLEM, by Gustav Meyrink; and THE MAN WHO WAS BORN AGAIN, by Paul Busson. Two German Supernatural Novels, ed. with a new introduction by E. F. Bleiler. Dover, 1976. 412 pp. $4.50

The prestige paperback-reprint house, Dover, has now added to its list E.F. Bleiler's updating of two 1927-8 American editions of two WW-I vintage German fantasy classics. (*The Golem* was originally translated by Madge Pemberton; *Die Wiedergeburt des Melchior Dronte,* under the title given above, by Prince Mirski and Thomas Moult.) Bleiler's "updatings" have only concerned expansion, corrections for meaning, and the restoration of

Continued on Page 19

S F and the Cinema

LOGAN'S RUN Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, distributed by United Artists. Directed by Michael Anderson, produced by Saul David. Screenplay by David Zelag Goodman, based on novel by William F. Nolan and George Clayton Johnson. Starring Michael York, Richard Jordan, Jenny Agutter, Roscoe Lee Browne, Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Michael Anderson Jr., Peter Ustinov. 120 minutes. Rating: PG

This intriguing foretaste of the 23rd century, bringing together many ideas that have long been bandied about in sf circles, is entertaining as it is long (2 hours). *Logan's Run* may, in many ways, be a cinematic portent of things to come from the major studios and independents who are apparently gearing up for a major thrust in the sf direction.

In a world of artificially bred humans, all of whom are either ravishing Noxzema girls, or the physical counterparts to the Yale crew, no one is permitted to live beyond the incriminating age of 30. This arbitrary and outrageous age ceiling has been set in accord to population control: their world, as they know it, exists only beneath the protecting shield of huge climatically and ecologically controlled bubbles, which can hold only 'X' number of people. Inside is a pleasure perfection of sensual, erotic and gastronomic delights, marred only occasionally by ritualistic purges of 30 year olders—by a machine invested with all the piquant charm of the Roman Games and Bastille Day.

The story unfolds around Logan (Michael York), a Sandman, whose job is to police the environment of wayward 30 year olders, called Runners, who are attempting to escape Bastille Day. His sadistic career ends abruptly when two things happen: he meets Jessica, a fetching long-limbed member of the Underground; and he discovers that he too, is marked for imminent extinction.

Uniting forces, the two make their bid for freedom, encountering such untoward obstacles as flooding hydroponic labs, pursuing Sandmen, a murderous Ice Man robot, and a museum of frozen humans.

They escape, entering a world wondrous and awesome, not in the least of which is an old man (Peter Ustinov) who has set up housekeeping in the deserted chambers of the United States Senate. This ancient apparition, the first old man they have ever seen, provides the subtle coup de grace for their former parochial concepts—and together they return to the city to free the masses.

The noteworthy features of this film are without doubt the special effects, the laser holograms (a disappointment), the miniaturization, levitation simulation, and other fantastic ventures into the visual arts. Despite the failure to investigate more fully the motivational aspects of a potentially complex individual of Logan, the sparse, sometimes flaccid dialogue and the loosely contrived plot, *Logan's Run* is a glossy landmark presentation that deserves an audience.

—Grant Jones and Dr. Donald Reed

FRED WOLF'S ANIMATED "POINT" (1971)

The late 1940's saw a formalist audio-visual development that I've never seen discussed much: the liberal-intellectual fantasy. Samples include Joseph Losey's first film for Dore Schary at RKO, *Boy with Green Hair* (1948); and the intended animation feature that mutated into a stage musical hit, *Finian's Rainbow* (1947). Fred Wolf's first feature cartoon, *The Point* (1971) seems a more recent contribution to this genre.

The Point also seems—like one of its sources, *Yellow Submarine*—a sophisticated audio-visual product still meant to remain commercially within the children's-film market. But the soundtrack of *Point* is verbally and conceptually ambitious. Sometimes it talks 'over' the kids at parents or at least their teenybopper chaperones. The social atmosphere of this fantasy film about a Mervyn Peake world-of-if feudal castle-city, is as a matter of fact related surprisingly to *The Graduate*. It's appropriate though not significant that Dustin Hoffman contributes here to the soundtrack. *Point* explicitly concerns the pressures on the young of the same upper-middle-class Jewish suburban-liberal social area.

There is an overlong frame-story about a father conscientiously reading "The Point" as a fairytale to his reluctant son: only tolerant of this bedtime tale because he (the son) has

secretly switched on his private bedtime TV for his own program (which is also "The Point"). The McLuhanesque propaganda of the script—there is a lot of propaganda in *The Point*—is thus that kids now develop imaginatively from a new audio-visual world, not fully recognized by grumbling, nostalgic parents. The half-truth in all this is characteristic of *Point*'s level of wit and shrewdness. At any rate, in the main 'feudal' plot, the boy-hero (on the TV set) is Oblio, in a bedtime sleeper suit; and the evil legalistic advisor to the good stupid king in the story-castle is given some minor resemblance (not 'identity') to the story-reading father. But much more to Basil Rathbone; this is one of those populist American films where you can tell the bad guy by his literacy.

The point of *The Point* is that everything in the castle-city is pointed: its buildings, art and people. As you would guess, the little hero, Oblio, is born roundheaded. He 'adjusts' by wearing a pointed ghetto-ish hat. But after a run-in with the evil counselor's son, Oblio and his dog are exiled to the counter-culture area outside the castle-city: the pointless forest. Here (Part 2) Oblio meets an indescribable, noisy signal-bird, who frames a series of confrontations that Oblio undergoes: more experiences than 'adventures.'

These Part-2 forest-scenes have a grave flaw, that they are as aggressively moralistic and preachy as the 'conformists' satirized in Part 1 (the point-culture, the story-reading dad). Their counteracting virtues are that they explore the cartoon medium. I give two examples. One: a scene with some bouncing stylized giggling Edwardian beach-ball girls—actually, simple bundles of pink circles. This is of course Oblio's introduction to sexuality: in the film's moral frame, one of the 'forbidden' areas ignored in the conformist point-culture. Onscreen, this material is much less obscene than any of the little tidbits that used to be sneaked into the older Disneys; and works within conventions suitable for its chosen small-child audience.

Two: something that contrasts with a failed section of Part 1. *The Point* begins with all the dreariest liberal cliches about the roundhead in the point-head culture ("Would you want your sister to marry one?"). But in Part 2 the first character Oblio confronts is a gigantic pile-of-stones figure, obviously Afro. He introduces Oblio to the 'world of rock.' (An example of the soundtrack's talking 'over' its supposed young audience.) The stone giant's enormity for Oblio is emphasized by the artist's angles; and the complexity of the racial overtones in the artwork compensates for the sermonizing that the giant produces on the soundtrack.

The Point was produced by Harry Nilsson; and my animation sourcebook—Ralph Stephenson's excellent paperback *Animated Film* (1973, 2d ed.)—treats it as a Wolf-Murakami co-production. But the film credits emphasize Fred Wolf. Wolf seems to have borrowed from *Yellow Submarine* its semi-plotlessness and its dreamy pop-rock interludes, but not I think with Heinz Edelman's success in maintaining *Yellow Submarine*'s pace and momentum. What looks like one obvious 'lift'—the use of Mickey Mouse and Chaplin as ikon-figures—seems less suitable in *Point* than Edelman's use of Fred and Ginger in a comparable interlude.

Point uses a distinct color palette: based it seems to me on off-shades, but my wife assures me I'm only expressing a visual prejudice against Wolf's purple base. I am more legitimately biased against what seem the deliberately blurred 'points' in the 'conformist' castle. A city with the point-metaphysic would have gleamed, shone and sparkled; and I suspect Wolf of unforgivably trying to keep his villain-culture from seeming too attractive. Nevertheless I recommend *Point* to any audience interested in the technical development of the modern narrative film: especially people not too anti-formalist to appreciate that feature animation and the non-fiction documentary were probably the two most advanced genres during the past film decade. The square adult liberal at whom the soundtrack is aimed will, in my experience, laugh at the worst jokes on the soundtrack, probably more than his attending children will.

—Mark Purcell

THE GIRL IN THE HAIRY PAW: KING KONG AS MYTH, MOVIE AND MONSTER, ed. by Ronald Gottesman and Harry Geduld. Foreword by Rudy Behlmer. Avon Flare 28548, 1976. 233 numbered pages plus appendix. Illus. $5.95 paper

The schlock element in this big picturebook about *King Kong*—its original production

and its cultural influence—is not antipathetic to the original woman-abusing film. The editing gives the impression of an ambitious pictorial "study" that perhaps grew a little discouraged by the recent co-appearance of a competitor with a more intelligent text. *Paw* remains the best picturebook on *Kong*, though even the stills, like the text, rely too much on undigested reprint material that is sometimes repetitive. The text contains useful, sometimes rare material from specialist film magazines here and (translated) from France. The title-page reproduction of the premiere (March 1933) program at Sid Grauman's is perhaps as valuable as cultural history as the essays inside, on or by Willis O'Brien, Merian Cooper and Fay Wray. (The end-section reprints a special interview with Kong himself in retirement, giving the real "inside study" about the movie.)

The post-*Kong* material makes two points clear: (1) *Kong* remains one of the very few films which the mass memory retains clearly; advertisers and satirists can make what with other films would be hopelessly inside allusions to the cast, big scenes, etc. (2) *Kong* carries a special charge not just in social ghettoes (documented) but for people who would like us to consider them sophisticated: Bob Newhart, Rod Steiger, (apparently) Norman Mailer and Germaine Greer—and, not mentioned in *Paw*, Bosley Crowther who put the big ape in his 50-best-films book (Crowther's, not Kong's). This combined mass and folk popularity would be even more impressive if *Kong*'s fans ever tended to make rational comparisons of the movie with other film achievements or entertainments. In this short notice, I raise two issues.

(1) Retold on paper, *Kong*'s script has the double climax recognizable from Kurosawa or Hawks action films. In the theater, though, *Kong*'s cutting elides this time-break so that everybody remembers the film, after Fay's abduction, as one action-chase until we get to the Empire State Building. (The *Mad*-magazine parody in *Paw* gets the film's editing pace very well.) This cutting tempo was perhaps more conspicuous in the early '30's (*Zoo in Budapest-Most Dangerous Game*-the collab. Berkeley musicals) than before or after in Hollywood. Movies like *Stagecoach* (1939) or *American in Paris* (1951) that still use this structure are dated by it. I have the impression this editing style now seems fresh to intellectuals who want to be hip about films; who recognize the connection of this style with the sexual orgasm; and who are ahistoric about the technical development of the action film.

My point is, *Kong* seems a hard film, both for its fans and for professional intellectuals, to *criticize*; and they have the same trouble with *Psycho*, a movie with many form-and-content similarities to *Kong*. So perhaps the most useful section of *Paw* is Part IV, on its famous special effects. I especially admire David Allen's serious attempt to rate the quality of the special effects. No doubt *Kong* remains a great effects film; but the dramatic-narrative points that Karel Zeman makes with his postwar-II Czech fantasy films seem more interesting, less sadistic, than *Kong*'s.

(2) *Kong* budgeted at $.513 million. In 1932 this was comparably the average budget at the most expensive studio, MGM, for its costliest A-vehicles (Garbo, Shearer). The knowledgeable *Kong* essays all testify to the strain, however, that .513 meant at RKO. There are the usual glib references to *Kong*'s release bailing out the studio during the 1930's; perhaps true, but written by action-film types who seem not to have heard of Astaire or Ginger Rogers.

In fact, in a c.300-page one-film book, one would enjoy learning *Kong*'s actual domestic gross. None of the now legendary exploitation films of the period (*Frankenstein-Kong-Scarface*) appear in the greatest-hit lists of the contemporary trades journals; *Kong* would then have made it with a 2-2.5 domestic gross, and one would like to hear that the big ape got this recompense for not making it with Fay Wray.

—Mark Purcell

Swords and Sorceries

by B. A. Fredstrom

Swords & sorcery, heroic fantasy, science fantasy, or whatever—the terms conjure writings owing much of their modern impetus to Robert E. Howard, Edgar Rice Burroughs and their followers. It matters little if the swords are wielded by mighty-thewed barbarians or mighty-thewed spacemen with ray guns holstered. Nor does it make a deal of difference if someone is melted by a wizardly curse or a villainous pseudo-scientific disrupter ray. Whatever the exact elements, the chemistry is the same. At its best, it provides superb light entertainment. At its worst. . .

THE DREAM LORDS 1: A PLAGUE OF NIGHTMARES, by Adrian Cole. Zebra 111, 1975. 176 pp. $1.25

THE DREAM LORDS: LORD OF NIGHTMARES, by Adrian Cole. Zebra 148, 1975. 221 pp. $1.50

THE CAVES OF MADNESS: BALZAN OF THE CAT PEOPLE 2, by Wallace Moore. Pyramid V3714, 1975. 159 pp. $1.25

KYRIK FIGHTS THE DEMON WORLD, by Gardner F. Fox. Leisure 00284, 1975. 159 pp. 95¢

The most irritating introduction to The Dream Lords series is the screaming blurb that proclaims: "Fantasy and horror in the tradition of Tolkien and Lovecraft!" It would be difficult to find anything much further away from either tradition than these third-rate science fantasy pot-boilers.

In *A Plague of Nightmares* Galad Sarian, young heir to the mighty Dream Lords who control the solar system, suddenly perceives that all is not as it should be. This remarkable insight results from a meeting with the 3,000-year-old prophet Chalremor rather than from any display of native intelligence. Not only have the Dream Lords been using their mental powers to gloss over the appearance of Zurjah's rundown capital, there is an even bigger lie. The prison-world Ur (Earth), rather than Zurjah, is really the homeworld of mankind, and its oppressed peoples are not inferior barbarians, but brothers. Galad, Chalremor assures him, is to be the saviour of Ur. Galad promptly betrays his idiocy by confronting the Dream Lords and is shipped off to the planet Gargan to mend his way. When Daras Vorta, evil Warden of Ur, sends demonic mental images to lead a Gargan revolt, Galad stems the tide but is eventually captured.

Taken to the dread pits of Karkesh on Ur (*Lord of Nightmares*) Galad escapes and leads the barbarian hordes to victory. The second book has the distinction of containing one of the longest consistently blood-thirsty battle sequences going. This is the only distinctive feature of either book in a series best described as inane.

I'll be charitable and focus only briefly on *The Caves of Madness*, second adventure of Balzan of the Cat People. An infant castaway on an alien planet, Balzan is reared by the Cat People and educated (poorly, from all indications) by the spaceship computer. In this novel the hero meets up with the Aeri (Bat People) and involves himself in an internecine bloodbath between them and another tribe of winged humanoids. When not slaying his fellow beings, or squeamishly bemoaning the fact, Balzan has love affairs with winged beauties in both warring camps. Finally, he meets the "fiendish Sl'yth" in the mandatory monster scene. Balzan of the Cat People seems to be an affliction similar to that of the Richard Blade series—both are best avoided by all but those with the strongest stomachs.

Gardner F. Fox is a long-time writer who has never been able to bring any degree of consistency to his work. The results are sloppy, often unimaginative, formula hackwork that rarely scales the heights of the mediocre. *Kyrik Fights the Demon World*, however, is probably an improvement over the previous novel in the series, and definitely a step up from the earlier Kothar books.

In this one Kyrik joins the greatest thieves of his age in a commissioned quest for certain strange and sorcerous items. When brought together, the objects of the quest will

open a sorcerous gateway into Kyrik's world. Through repeated treachery, Kyrik and his companions become the expendable pawns in an awesome battle between the minions of two demon Lords.

Fox has the formula down fairly well. The action is swift-moving if often as stilted as the dialogue, and the demonic types are as appropriately nasty as they are inappropriately foolish. If the reader shares my weakness for even barely competent s&s and demands the minimum in originality, *Kyrik Fights the Demon World* isn't an improbable way of whiling away an hour or two.

While some books are at least marginally readable, others can only be judged as nauseous . . .

TIME SLAVE, by John Norman. DAW UW1294, 1975. 380 pp. $1.50

This is less a review than a well-intentioned warning. Norman's peculiar notions about male/female relationships expressed in his Gor books become an obsession in *Time Slave.*

The beautiful Dr. Brenda Hamilton, mathematician and liberated woman, is shanghaied and sent back in time to the Stone Age. Somehow, she is expected to rectify man's genetic heritage to insure the survival of *real men* down to our modern age. After her capture by the majestic hunter named Tree, she is repeatedly raped, whipped, and made a slave of the tribe. The novel then turns into an endlessly repetitive, and endlessly boring, paean to the joys of female subjugation and male supremacy.

> How she, his helpless slave, loved him! How delicious it was to belong, to literally *belong,* will-lessly, helplessly, to a strong man, to such a magnificent brute, to a true master of women, whose needs and pleasures, and smallest whims, she must gratify and serve with the full perfection of the slave girl, his to command *as he pleases.* She opened her eyes happily. Brenda Hamilton, the slave girl, was happy. (p. 264)

The Stone Age adventure framework of the novel smothers under this kind of sado-masochistic treacle. But perhaps the author's greatest mistake—among so many—is his ludicrous attempt to write from the female viewpoint. The greatest and only accomplishment of the author in *Time Slave* is its publication.

After *Time Slave* it's doubly refreshing to turn to books with something to offer.

IN THE GREEN STAR'S GLOW, by Lin Carter. DAW UY1216, 1976. 192 pp. $1.25

MERLIN'S MIRROR, by Andre Norton. DAW UY1175, 1975. 205 pp. $1.25

WANDOR'S JOURNEY, by Roland Green. Avon 24372, 1975. 188 pp. 95¢

TIGERS OF THE SEA, by Robert E. Howard. Zebra 119, 1975. 188 pp. $1.50

WORMS OF THE EARTH, by Robert E. Howard. Zebra 126, 1975. 188 pp. $1.50

Fifth and presumably the last book in Carter's Green Star series, *In the Green Star's Glow* has the distinct advantage of pulling together the loose threads which were unraveled in the previous novels. Karn the Hunter, still in pursuit of Princess Niamh the Fair, is captured by a band of man-hating girls and recaptured by a horde of huge intelligent ants. Finally, he appears with his reunited companions in time to save the city Phaolon and claim the hand of its princess.

All of this unflagging action is 100% Burroughsian. Perhaps the most damning comment is that Carter is all-too-true to the Burroughs model. In his inexhaustible enthusiasm he manages to imitate most of the shallow characterization and other faults of his idol—a rather unfortunate circumstance considering Carter's potential. But Burroughs fans, at least, should find *In the Green Star's Glow* and its predecessors to their liking.

Merlin's Mirror is a new science fantasy from one of the field's most prolific and widely read authors. Norton turns to Arthurian romance as the setting for a cosmic battle between two interstellar powers to decide the future of Earth. Merlin, the result of artificial insemination of an Earth woman by alien seed, is educated by a marvelous hidden computer installation. His geas is to unify men in peace under a strong ruler to pave the way for the return of the Sky Lords from the stars. But the powers of darkness also have an agent—the

beautiful Nimue, Lady of the Lake—determined to thwart Merlin's every move.

If the concept of *Merlin's Mirror* is a bit of a departure, be assured that the novel itself is a fascinating and believable yarn. Definitely recommended.

With the proliferation of sword & sorcery novels in the vein of Robert E. Howard, the imitations increasingly suffer by comparison. One more pallid Conan doppelganger is usually the best that can be expected. The exception provides all the more joy for its rarity. *Wandor's Journey*, and the previous *Wandor's Ride*, have all of the sweep and grandeur, dark sorceries, mighty battles and high destinies, that have given the best of s&s its rabid following.

Bertan Wandor has temporarily defeated the designs of Duke Cragor in the Viceroyalty of the East. But the Black Duke still threatens the Kingdom of Benzos and plans his next blow directly against King Nond. He even dares to awaken the fearsome magical powers of the long-dead thaumaturge Nem of Toshak.

Wandor and his warrior wife Gwynna face their greatest challenge as he penetrates the sorcerous Blue Forest in search of the legendary Helm of Jagnar and Cheloth of the Woods, the sleeping master of magic who once commanded the powers to stand against Nem of Toshak. Yet, Wandor realizes that all his quests and great deeds are but steps in the testing set him—the testing which may one day earn him the ancient Five Crowns of the High Throne of the Hills.

Wandor's Journey is top-notch sword and sorcery entertainment. Don't miss it.

If the publication of the Dream Lords series shows dubious taste, Zebra Books should at least have our gratitude for their continuing series of paperback collections by Robert E. Howard of which *Tigers of the Sea* and *Worms of the Earth* are among the latest. These and the six previous Zebra collections by Howard are reprints of much more expensive limited editions from such small publishers as Donald Grant and FAX. Zebra deserves kudos for making these attractive illustrated books available in paperback to a wider audience.

Four stories of Cormac Mac Art, "The Wolf," Gaelic reaver and pirate who ranged the seas in the days of King Arthur, have survived to be included in *Tigers of the Sea*. "The Night of the Wolf," "Swords of the Northern Sea," and "Tigers of the Sea" are standard heroic adventure fare, but "The Temple of Abomination" brings in a flavor of the supernatural and the survivors of a pre-human race.

Worms of the Earth brings together five tales, a poem and a fragment about Howard's darkly brooding Pictish King of Caledonia, Bran Mak Morn, as he leads his dwindling race against the legions of Rome. Highlighting the collection is "Kings of the Night" in which King Kull of Valusia travels forward in time to fight at Brak's side. A brief foreword by Howard, himself, conveys some of the author's enthusiasm for his Pictish yarns to the reader. Other complete pieces include "The Lost Race," "Men of the Shadows," "A Song of the Race" (poem), "Worms of the Earth" and "The Dark Man."

Most concede that Robert E. Howard, in his Conan and Kull stories, virtually created the sword and sorcery sub-genre. Whatever Howard's faults as a writer—and he had as many of them as most pulp writers—he brought to his stories a power and verve that has rarely been equaled. *Tigers of the Sea* and *Worms of the Earth* are well worth your time. And for a sword and sorcery fan, they're required reading.

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The International Scene continued from Page 13

some censored passages; not abbreviations.

He has further contributed a 22-page introduction about Meyrink and Busson. Not only is this useful on the two individual authors; for the U.S. reader, Bleiler's most significant historic point is that fantasy was an essential, taken-for-granted element of the contemporary German-language literary scene at the time these books were first published: 1913-14, *Golem*, as a serial; 1921 for Busson's historical fantasy. (*Golem*'s 1915 bestsellerdom as a book presumably made it a key source—unacknowledged?—for the well known 1920 German silent film.) Bleiler's introduction is especially useful and recommended for those who enjoy Kafka and even teach him in classrooms; but tend to read him outside this contemporary middle-European context of important literary fantasy. Congratulations, Dover.

—Mark Purcell

New Books

HARDCOVERS

Aldiss, Brian W. HOTHOUSE (repr of 1962 ed) Gregg Press. $12.50

Anderson, Poul. WAR OF THE WING-MEN (repr of 1958 ed. orig: The man who counts) Gregg Press. $9.00

Asimov, Isaac. THE BICENTENNIAL MAN AND OTHER STORIES. Doubleday, Aug. $6.95

Barron, Neil, ed. ANATOMY OF WONDER: SCIENCE FICTION (Bibliographic guides for contemporary collections series) Bowker, July. $14.95

Bretnor, Reginald, ed. THE CRAFT OF SCIENCE FICTION: A SYMPOSIUM ON WRITING SCIENCE FICTION AND SCIENCE FANTASY. Harper & Row, Aug. $9.95

Brosnan, John. THE HORROR PEOPLE (horror movies) St. Martin's Press. $11.95

Campbell, John W. CLOAK OF AESIR (coll, repr of 1952 ed) Hyperion Press. $12.50

Conrad, Joseph & Ford Maddox Ford. THE INHERITORS (repr of 1901 ed) Gregg Press. $15.00

Cremer, Robert. LUGOSI: THE MAN BEHIND THE CAPE. Regnery. $9.95

Daniels, Les, ed. DYING OF FRIGHT: MASTERPIECES OF THE MACABRE. Scribner. $12.95

Defontenay, C.I. STAR: (PSI CASSIOPEIA) (tr. from French, repr) Gregg Press. $9.50

Delany, Samuel R. BABEL-17 (repr of 1966 ed) Gregg Press. $9.00

THE JEWELS OF APTOR (repr) Gregg Press. $9.00

DeWeese, Gene & Robert Coulson. NOW YOU SEE IT/HIM/THEM (large print ed, repr) G.K. Hall. $8.95

Dick, Philip K. & Roger Zelazny. DEUS IRAE. Doubleday, Aug. $5.95

SOLAR LOTTERY (repr of 1955 ed) Gregg Press. $9.50

Disch, Thomas M. 334 (repr) Gregg Press. $12.50

Douglass, Ellsworth. PHARAOH'S BROKER (repr of 1899 ed) Gregg Press. $15.00

Finney, Jack. THE BODY SNATCHERS (repr of 1955 ed) Gregg Press. $11.50

Galouye, Daniel F. DARK UNIVERSE (repr of 1961 ed) Gregg Press. $8.50

Hartwell, David G. & L.W. Currey, eds. THE BATTLE OF THE MONSTERS AND OTHER STORIES: An Anthology of American Science Fiction. Gregg Press. $12.00

Hodgson, William Hope. THE BOATS OF THE "GLEN CARRIG" (repr of 1920 ed) Hyperion Press. $12.50

THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND (repr of 1908 ed) Hyperion Press. $12.95

Laumer, Keith. BOLO: THE ANNALS OF THE DINOCHROME BRIGADE (coll) Berkley/Putnam. $6.95

Lee, Lawrence L. VLADIMIR NABOKOV. Twayne. $7.95

Le Guin, Ursula K. THE WIND'S TWELVE QUARTERS (coll, repr) SF Book Club, March. $2.49

Leiber, Fritz. THE BIG TIME (repr of 1961 ed) Gregg Press. $7.50

McCauley, Kirby, ed. FRIGHTS: NEW STORIES OF SUSPENSE AND SUPERNATURAL TERROR. St. Martin's Press. $8.95

MacGillavry, Caroline H. FANTASY & SYMMETRY: THE PERIODIC DRAWINGS OF M.C. ESCHER (repr of 1965 ed, orig. title: Symmetry aspects of M.C. Escher's periodic drawings) Abrams. $15.00

MAN ABROAD, with a new introd. by Lyman Tower Sargent (repr of 1887 ed) Gregg Press. $11.00

Myers, Robert J. THE SLAVE OF FRANKENSTEIN (sequel to The cross of Frankenstein) Lippincott, April. $7.95

Panshin, Alexei. RITE OF PASSAGE (repr of 1968 ed) Gregg Press. $12.00

Pohl, Frederik. MAN PLUS. Random House, Aug. $7.95

Reed, Peter J. KURT VONNEGUT, JR (repr, Writers for the seventies series) T.Y. Crowell. $7.95

Rose, Mark, ed. SCIENCE FICTION: A COLLECTION OF CRITICAL ESSAYS. Prentice Hall Spectrum book. $7.95

SCIENCE FICTION STUDIES: SELECTED ARTICLES ON SCIENCE FICTION, 1973-1975; ed. with a new pref. and notes by R.D. Mullen and Darko Suvin (repr from Science-Fiction Studies, 1973-1975) Gregg Press. $15.00

Skinner, B.F. WALDEN TWO. containing new introd. remarks by the author. Macmillan. $7.95

Spann, Meno. FRANZ KAFKA. Twayne. $7.95

Spinrad, Norman, ed. MODERN SCIENCE FICTION (repr of 1974 ed) Gregg Press. $25.00

Stapledon, Olaf. LAST MEN IN LONDON (repr of 1932 ed) Gregg Press. $15.00

Stockton, Frank R. THE SCIENCE FICTION OF FRANK R. STOCKTON (coll) Gregg Press. $15.00

Sturgeon, Theodore. VENUS PLUS X (repr of 1960 ed) Gregg Press. $8.50

Tiptree, James. 10,000 LIGHT-YEARS FROM HOME (coll, repr) Gregg Press. $13.50

Vance, Jack. THE DRAGON MASTERS (repr of 1962 ed) Gregg Press. $7.50

Van Scyoc, Sydney. STARMOTHER (repr) SF Book Club, March. $1.98

Verne, Jean Jules- JULES VERNE: A BIOGRAPHY (tr. from French) Taplinger, Aug. $10.95

Waterloo, Stanley. ARMAGEDDON (repr of 1898 ed) Gregg Press. $13.00

Wells, H.G. THE SEA LADY: A TISSUE OF MOONSHINE (repr of 1902 ed) Hyperion Press. $11.95

Wollheim, Donald A. & Arthur Saha, eds. THE 1976 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF. SF Book Club, Aug. $2.79

Zelazny, Roger. DOORWAYS IN THE SAND (repr) SF Book Club, Aug. $1.98

PAPERBACKS

Adams, Richard.. SHARDIK (marg, repr) Avon 27359, Feb. $1.95

WATERSHIP DOWN (fty, repr) Avon Equinox.

Akers, Alan Burt. ARMADA OF ANTARES (Dray Prescott 11) DAW UY1227, April. $1.25

Anderson, Poul. THE BEST OF POUL ANDERSON (coll) introd. by Barry N. Malzberg. Pocket 80671, Aug. $1.95

Arrow, William. RETURN TO THE PLANET OF THE APES 1: Visions From Nowhere. Ballantine 25122, March. $1.50

RETURN TO THE PLANET OF THE APES 2: Escape From Terror Lagoon. Ballantine 25167, May. $1.50

RETURN TO THE PLANET OF THE APES 3: Man, The Hunted Animal. Ballantine 25211, July. $1.50

Asimov, Isaac. LECHEROUS LIMERICKS. Fawcett Crest. $1.75

OF MATTERS GREAT AND SMALL (nf coll, repr) Ace 52220, May. $1.95

ONLY A TRILLION (nf, rev ed) Ace 63120, April. $1.50

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES (nf, rev and updated) Ace 78456, March. $1.50

Barbet, Pierre. THE NAPOLEONS OF ERIDANUS (tr. from French) DAW UY1240, June. $1.25

Barker, Thomas W. FIVE FOR INFINITY. Major Books 3050. $1.25

Barrett, Neal Jr. ALDAIR IN ALBION (fty) DAW UY1235, May. $1.25

Barringer, Leslie. GERFALCON (fty repr, book 1 of the Neustrian cycle) Newcastle, March. $3.45

Barron, Neil, ed. ANATOMY OF WONDER: SCIENCE FICTION (Bibliographic guides for contemporary collections series) Bowker, Aug. $8.95

Bergamini, David. VENUS DEVELOPMENT. Popular 00380, June. $1.25

Berlitz, Charles. THE MYSTERY OF ATLANTIS (nf, repr) Avon 27466, Feb. $1.75

Bova, Ben, ed. ANALOG ANNUAL. Pyramid A4016, April. $1.50

Brackett, Leigh. THE BIG JUMP (reissue) Ace 06061, June. $1.50

THE REAVERS OF SKAITH (Stark 3, s&s) Ballantine 24438, Aug. $1.50

Bradley, Marion Zimmer. DRUMS OF DARKNESS: AN ASTROLOGICAL GOTHIC NOVEL: LEO. Ballantine 25108, Aug. $1.25

HUNTERS OF THE RED MOON (2 ptg) DAW UY1230, April. $1.25

THE SHATTERED CHAIN: A DARKOVER NOVEL. DAW UW1229, April. $1.50

Brameld, Theodore. THE TEACHER AS WORLD CITIZEN: A SCENARIO OF THE 21st CENTURY. ETC Publications. $3.95

Brand, Kurt. PERRY RHODAN 90: Unleashed Powers. Ace 66074, March. $1.25

Brunner, John. QUICKSAND (repr) DAW UW1245, Aug. $1.50

THE SHEEP LOOK UP (4 ptg) Ballantine 24948, May. $1.95

THE SHOCKWAVE RIDER (repr) Ballantine 24853, March. $1.50

Burroughs, Edgar Rice. AT THE EARTH'S CORE (repr) Ace 03325, July. $1.75

Butler, Samuel. EREWHON, ed. with an introd. by Peter Mudford. (reissue) Penguin. $1.95

Campbell, John W. THE BEST OF JOHN W. CAMPBELL, ed. by Lester del Rey. Ballantine 24960, June. $1.95

CLOAK OF AESIR (repr of 1952 ed, coll) Hyperion. $3.95

THE SPACE BEYOND (cont: Marooned, All, The space beyond) ed. by Roger Elwood. Pyramid M3742, June. $1.75

THE ULTIMATE WEAPON (reissue) Ace 84331, May. $1.25

WHO GOES THERE? (coll, repr of 1948 ed) Hyperion Press. $3.95

Carr, Terry, ed. THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR 5. Ballantine 25064, July. $1.95

Carroll, Lewis. COMPLETE WORKS (repr of 1936 ed) Vintage Books. $5.95

Carter, Lin. THONGOR AND THE DRAGON CITY (s&s, rev & exp of Thongor of Lemuria) Berkley Medallion. 95¢

Cherryh, C.J. GATE OF IVREL (fty) DAW UY1226, Feb. $1.25

Clarke, Arthur C. CHILDHOOD'S END (33 ptg) Ballantine 24937, Feb. $1.50

PRELUDE TO SPACE (2 ptg) Ballantine 25113, July. $1.50

Clem [Olem?], Ralph, Martin Harry Greenberg & Joseph Olander, eds. THE CITY 2000 A.D.: URBAN LIFE THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION. Fawcett Crest 22892, July. $1.95

Clement, Hal. NEEDLE (repr) Equinox 28555, April. $2.25

Condon, Richard. MONEY IS LOVE (sex fty, repr) Ballantine 24971, June. $1.95

Cover, Arthur Byron. THE PLATYPUS OF DOOM AND OTHER NIHILISTS (coll) Warner. $1.50

Cromie, Robert. A PLUNGE INTO SPACE (2d ed, repr) Hyperion. $4.50

Cummings, Ray. A BRAND NEW WORLD (repr) Ace 07840, April. $1.25

Darlton, Clark. PERRY RHODAN 93: Vagabond of Space. Ace 66077, April. $1.25

PERRY RHODAN 97: Phantom Fleet. Ace 66081, June. $1.25

de Camp, L. Sprague. LOVECRAFT: A BIOGRAPHY (abr, repr) Ballantine 25115, Aug. $1.95

THE VIRGIN & THE WHEELS (cont. The virgin of Zesh, The wheels of if) Popular 00362, April. $1.25

—and Fletcher Pratt. THE COMPLEAT ENCHANTER: THE MAGICAL MISADVENTURES OF HAROLD SHEA. Ballantine 24638, April. $1.95

Delany, Samuel R. THE FALL OF THE TOWERS (repr) Ace 22642, April. $1.95

del Rey, Judy-Lynn, ed. STELLAR 2. Ballantine 24584, Feb. $1.50

del Rey, Lester. THE EARLY DEL REY, v.1 (coll, repr) Ballantine 25063, Aug. $1.95

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT (2 ptg) Ballantine 23987, FEb. $1.50

NERVES (rev ed) Ballantine 24995, April. $1.50

Derleth, August. THE MASK OF CTHULHU (coll, 2 ptg) Ballantine 25095, May. $1.50

THE TRAIL OF CTHULHU (coll, 2 ptg) Ballantine 25017, June. $1.50

Dick, Philip K. DR. BLOODMONEY: OR, HOW WE GOT ALONG AFTER THE BOMB (reissue) Ace 15670, July. $1.50

Dickie, James, ed. THE UNDEAD (repr Brit) Pocket 80465, June. $1.95

Dickson, Gordon R. ANCIENT, MY ENEMY (coll, repr) DAW UW1228, April. $1.50

DORSAI! (orig of The Genetic General) DAW UW1218, Feb. $1.50

THE OUTPOSTER (repr) Manor 12392. $1.25

SPACEPAW (repr) Berkley Medallion Z3083, March. $1.25

Drexler, Rosalyn. THE COSMOPOLITAN GIRL (repr, sex fty) Warner 59-057, March. $1.75

DYNAMIC MODELING OF ALTERNATIVE FUTURES THROUGH SIMULATION/GAMING (Viewpoints v.52, no.2) Indiana Univ. School of Education. $2.00

Edson, J.T. BUNDUKI (fty, repr Brit) DAW UW1243, Aug. $1.50

Effinger, George Alec. PLANET OF THE APES 4: Lord of the Apes. Award AN1488, March. 95¢

RELATIVES (repr) Dell 7353, June. $1.25

Elder, Michael. THE ALIEN EARTH (2 ptg) Pinnacle 220829, March. $1.25

Ellison, Harlan. LOVE AIN'T NOTHING BUT SEX MISSPELLED (coll, new ed, not sf) Pyramid M3798, Feb. $1.75

Endore, Guy. THE WEREWOLF OF PARIS (2 ptg) Pocket 80584, June. $1.95

Evans, Robley. J.R.R. TOLKIEN. Crowell. $2.95

Farley, Ralph Milne. THE RADIO PLANET (repr) Ace 70320, July. $1.50

Farmer, Philip Jose. FLIGHT TO OPAR. DAW UW1238, June. $1.50

(ed) MOTHER WAS A LOVELY BEAST (repr) Pyramid V4071, Jan. $1.25

THE WIND WHALES OF ISHMAEL (reissue) Ace 89238, April. $1.25

Finney, Jack. THE INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS (2 ptg) Award AD1594, July. $1.50

Florescu, Radu. IN SEARCH OF FRANKENSTEIN (nf, repr) Warner 89-160, Aug. $1.95

Flynn, J.M. WARLOCK (psychic detective) Pocket 80478, June. $1.50

Foster, Alan Dean. MIDWORLD (repr) Ballantine 25364, Feb. $1.50

STAR TREK LOG SIX. Ballantine 24655, March. $1.50

STAR TREK LOG SEVEN. Ballantine 24965, June. $1.50

STAR TREK LOG EIGHT. Ballantine 25141, Aug. $1.50

Gordon, Rex. FIRST ON MARS (repr) Equinox 28084, March. $2.25

Gottesman, Ronald & Harry Geduld, eds. THE GIRL IN THE HAIRY PAW: KING KONG AS MYTH, MOVIE AND MONSTER. Avon Flare 28548, April. $5.95

Goulart, Ron. VAMPIRELLA 6: Snakegod. Warner 86-090, July. $1.25

Grant, C.L. THE SHADOW OF ALPHA. Berkley. $1.25

Grant, Maxwell. THE SHADOW 11: Kings of Crime. Pyramid N3967, Feb. 95¢

Grotta-Kurska, Daniel. J.R.R. TOLKIEN: ARCHITECT OF MIDDLE EARTH. Running Press (38 S. 19 St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103) $2.95

Hall, Hal W., ed. SFBRI: SCIENCE FICTION BOOK REVIEW INDEX v.6, 1975. Author (3608 Meadow Oaks Ln., Bryan, Texas 77801) $4.00

Hanff, Peter & Douglas G. Greene. BIBLIOGRAPHIA OZIANA: A CONCISE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CHECKLIST OF THE OZ BOOKS BY L. FRANK BAUM AND HIS SUCCESSORS. International Wizard of Oz Club (P.O. Box 368, Special Publications, Demorest, Ga. 30535) $7.50

Harrison, Harry. THE BEST OF HARRY HARRISON. Pocket Books 80525, June. $1.95

Harrison, M. John. THE PASTEL CITY (s&s, 2 ptg) Avon 29637, July. $1.25

Heine, William C. DEATH WIND (repr, orig: The last Canadian) Pyramid 03961, June. $1.50

Heinlein, Robert A. THE UNPLEASANT PROFESSION OF JONATHAN HOAG (repr) Berkley Medallion. $1.50

Hersey, John. MY PETITION FOR MORE SPACE (repr) Bantam, Feb. $1.75

Hodgson, William Hope. THE BOATS OF THE

"GLEN CARRIG" (repr of 1920 ed) Hyperion Press. $4.50
THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND (repr of 1908 ed) Hyperion Press. $4.95
THE NIGHT LAND: A LOVE TALE (repr) Hyperion. $6.95

Holmes, John Eric. MAHARS OF PELLUCIDAR (s&s) Ace 51590, March. $1.50

Hughes, Zach. FOR TEXAS AND ZED. Popular 00370, May. $1.25

Johnson, Crane. DRACULA, Dramatic Version; freely adapt. from the novel by Bram Stoker. Dramatists Play Service. $1.85

Jorgensen, Ivar. TEN DEADLY MEN (2 ptg, orig: The deadly sky) Pinnacle 00817, Feb. $1.25

Kornbluth, C.M. A MILE BEYOND THE MOON (coll, repr) Manor 12395. $1.25

Kurland, Michael. TOMORROW KNIGHT (s&s) DAW UY1220, Feb. $1.25

Kurtz, Katherine. CAMBER OF CULDI (Chronicles of the Deryni 4, fty) Ballantine 24590, July. $1.95

Landis, Arthur H. A WORLD CALLED CAMELOT (s&s) DAW UY1244, Aug. $1.25

Laumer, Keith. THE BEST OF KEITH LAUMER. Introd. by Barry N. Malzberg. Pocket 80310, March. $1.75

Lee, Tanith. DON'T BITE THE SUN. DAW UY1221, Feb. $1.25
THE STORM LORD (s&s) DAW UE1233, May. $1.75

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THE WANDERER (4 ptg) Ballantine 24907, April. $1.50

Leinster, Murray. THE BRAIN-STEALERS (reissue) Ace 07690, June. $1.50

Lem, Stanislaw. THE CYBERIAD: FABLES FOR THE CYBERNETIC AGE (repr, tr. from Polish) Avon 27201, March. $1.50
THE FUTUROLOGICAL CONGRESS (repr, tr. from Polish) Avon 28720, May. $1.25
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Lord, Jeffrey. RICHARD BLADE 17: The Mountains of Brega (s&s) Pinnacle 220812, Feb. $1.25

Lovecraft, H.P. THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD (2 ptg) Ballantine 25118, Aug. $1.50

—and others. THE HORROR IN THE MUSEUM AND OTHER REVISIONS (2 ptg) Ballantine 25094, July. $1.50

—and August Derleth. THE LURKER AT THE THRESHOLD (3 ptg) Ballantine 25077, April. $1.50

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McCaffrey, Anne. THE SHIP WHO SANG (2 ptg) Ballantine 24823, Feb. $1.50

Machen, Arthur. TALES OF HORROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL (3 ptg) 2v. Pinnacle 230891, 230892, Aug. $1.50 ea.

McIntyre, Vonda N. & Susan Janice Anderson, eds. AURORA: BEYOND EQUALITY. Fawcett Gold Medal P3515, May. $1.25

Mahr, Kurt. PERRY RHODAN 94: Action: Division 3. Ace 66078, May. $1.25
PERRY RHODAN 95: The Plasma Monster. Ace 66079, May. $1.25
PERRY RHODAN 98: The Idol From Passa. Ace 66082, July. $1.25

Malzberg, Barry N. SCOP. Pyramid V3895, April. $1.25

Marshak, Sondra & Myrna Culbreath, eds. STAR TREK: THE NEW VOYAGES. Bantam X2719, March. $1.75

Maxwell, Ann. THE SINGER ENIGMA. Popular 00388, July. $1.25

Meredith, Richard C. RUN, COME SEE JERUSALEM! Ballantine 25066, May. $1.50

Merritt, A. SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN (13 ptg) Avon 28209, May. $1.25

Meyrink, Gustav. THE GOLEM. Busson, Paul. THE MAN WHO WAS BORN AGAIN. Two German supernatural novels. Dover. $4.50

Moorcock, Michael. BEHOLD THE MAN (repr) Equinox 28571, April. $2.25

Moore, C.L. THE BEST OF C.L. MOORE, ed. by Lester del Rey (coll) Ballantine 24752, March. $1.95

Morris, William. GOLDEN WINGS AND OTHER STORIES (repr) Newcastle, March. $2.95

Myers, Robert J. THE CROSS OF FRANKENSTEIN (repr) Pocket 80542, July. $1.75

Niven, Larry. THE LONG ARM OF GIL HAMILTON (coll) Ballantine 24868, Feb. $1.50

Nolan, William F. & George Clayton Johnson. LOGAN'S RUN (repr) Bantam X2517, May. $1.75

Norman, John. TRIBESMEN OF GOR (Tarl Cabot 10) DAW UW1223, March. $1.50

Norton, Andre. PERILOUS DREAMS. DAW UY1237, June. $1.25
THE WHITE JADE FOX (repr) Fawcett Crest. $1.50

Offutt, Andrew J. CHIEFTAIN OF ANDOR (s&s) Dell 4551, May. $1:25

Oliver, Chad. GIANTS IN THE DUST. Pyramid V3670, March. $1.25

Palmer, Bruce. VISIONS OF PARADISE IN LoTR. T-K Graphics. $2.00

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Pfeil, Donald J. THROUGH THE REALITY WARP. Ballantine 25377, Feb. $1.50

Piper, H. Beam. FUZZY SAPIENS (orig. The other human race) Ace 26190, June. $1.50

Pohl, Carol & Frederik, ed. SCIENCE FICTION DISCOVERIES (orig) Bantam 08635, Aug. $1.50

Pohl, Frederik. IN THE PROBLEM PIT (coll) Bantam T8857, June. $1.50

—and C.M. Kornbluth. WOLFBANE (repr) Bantam T2062, July. $1.50

Pratt, Fletcher. THE WELL OF THE UNICORN (fty, repr) Ballantine 25012, May. $1.95

Quinn, Seabury. THE ADVENTURES OF JULES DE GRANDIN (coll) ed. by Robert Weinberg. Popular 00394, Aug. $1.25

Rankine, John. SPACE: 1999: ASTRAL QUEST (repr Brit) Pocket 80392, April. $1.50

SPACE: 1999: LUNAR ATTACK (repr Brit) Pocket 80305, April. $1.50

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Reynolds, Mack. THE BEST OF MACK REYNOLDS, introd. by Barry N. Malzberg (coll) Pocket 80403, April. $1.95

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ROLLTOWN. Ace 73450, June. $1.50

Richmond, Walt & Leigh. CHALLENGE THE HELLMAKER. Ace 10150, March. $1.25

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Roberts, Keith. THE CHALK GIANTS (repr) Berkley Medallion. $1.25

Robeson, Kenneth. DOC SAVAGE 81: THE STONE MAN. Bantam. $1.25

DOC SAVAGE 83: THE RED TERRORS. Bantam 06486, July. $1.25

Rohmer, Sax. FU MANCHU 6: THE BRIDE OF FU MANCHU. Pyramid V3940, April. $1.25

FU MANCHU 4: THE DAUGHTER OF FU MANCHU (3 ptg) Pyramid V4024, Feb. $1.25

THE WRATH OF FU MANCHU. DAW UW1224, March. $1.50

Rose, Mark, ed. SCIENCE FICTION: A COLLECTION OF CRITICAL ESSAYS. Prentice Hall Spectrum Book. $2.95

Rosny, J.H. IRONCASTLE (tr. & retelling of L'Etonnante aventure de Hareton Ironcastle, orig. 1922; by Philip Jose Farmer; s&s) DAW UY1225, March. $1.25

Rotsler, William. TO THE LAND OF THE ELECTRIC ANGEL. Ballantine 24517, Feb. $1.50

Sargent, Pamela. CLONED LIVES. Fawcett Gold Medal Q3529, June. $1.50

(ed) BIO-FUTURES: SCIENCE FICTION STORIES ABOUT BIOLOGICAL METAMORPHOSIS. Vintage Books V366, June. $1.95

(ed) MORE WOMEN OF WONDER. Vintage V876, Aug. $1.95

Scheer, K.H. PERRY RHODAN 92: THE TARGET STAR. Ace 66076, April. $1.25

PERRY RHODAN 99: THE BLUE SYSTEM. Ace 66083, July. $1.25

Scortia, Thomas N. CAUTION! INFLAMMABLE! (coll, repr) Bantam 02580, Aug. $1.50

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Seltzer, David. THE OMEN (supernat) Signet. $1.50

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(ed) NEW DIMENSIONS 5 (repr) Harper & Row Perennial Library, April. $1.95

Skinner, B.F. WALDEN TWO, containing new introd. remarks by the author. Macmillan. $2.50

Slusser, George Edgar. ROBERT A. HEINLEIN: STRANGER IN HIS OWN LAND (Milford series, popular writers of today, v.1) Borgo Press, distr. by Newcastle, March. $1.95

Smith, Edward E. THE GALAXY PRIMES (repr) Ace 27291, March. $1.25

—and Stephen Goldin. IMPERIAL STARS (Family d'Alembert 1) Pyramid V3839, Feb. $1.25

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Timlett, Peter Valentine. THE SEEDBEARERS (s&s, repr Brit) Bantam T2570, April. $1.50

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Tripp, Maggie, ed. WOMAN IN THE YEAR 2000 (repr) Dell Laurel Leaf 9709, March. $2.25

Tubb, E.C. SPACE: 1999 7: ALIEN SEED (repr Brit) Pocket. $1.50

JACK OF SWORDS (Dumarest of Terra 14) DAW UY1239, May. $1.25

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Voltz, William. PERRY RHODAN 91: FRIEND

TO MANKIND. Ace 66075, March. $1.25

Wagner, Sharon. ECHOES OF AN ANCIENT LOVE (marg supernat) Ballantine 24859, April. $1.25

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Werfel, Franz. STAR OF THE UNBORN (repr, tr. from German) Bantam Y7915, May. $1.95

Wollheim, Donald A., ed. THE DAW SCIENCE FICTION READER. DAW UW1242, July. $1.50

—and Arthur W. Saha, eds. THE 1976 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF. DAW UW1232, May. $1.50

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Wyndham, John. THE MIDWICH CUCKOOS (7 ptg) Ballantine 24873, June. $1.50

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Crowe, Robert L. CLYDE MONSTER (fty) Dutton. $5.95

Curry, Jane Louise. THE MAGICAL CUPBOARD (fty) Atheneum. $6.95

d'Aulaire, Ingri & Edgar Parin. THE TERRIBLE TROLL-BIRD. Doubleday, Sept. $6.95

Ellis, Ella Thorp. HALLELUJAH. Atheneum. $7.95

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Le Guin, Ursula K. VERY FAR AWAY FROM ANYWHERE ELSE (not sf) Atheneum. $5.95

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Lupoff, Richard A. LISA KANE (werewolf) Bobbs-Merrill. $7.95

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Manley, Seon & Gogo Lewis, eds. WOMEN OF THE WEIRD: EERIE STORIES BY THE GENTLE SEX. Lothrop Lee, March. $6.95

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del Rey, Lester. BADGE OF INFAMY. Dobson, £2.75. 234.77109.7

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Derleth, August. TRAIL OF CTHULHU. Panther, 75p. ne, pb. 586.04138.9

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Howard, Robert E. CONAN THE BUCCANEER. Sphere, 50p. ni, pb. 7221.4712.0

CONAN THE FREEBOOTER. Sphere, 50p. ni, pb. 7221.4710.4

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Kneale, Nigel. THE YEAR OF THE SEX OLYMPICS: THREE TV PLAYS. Ferret Fantasy, £6.50. 1se 100. 904997.10.3; £4.25. 904997.09.X

Lafferty, R.A. SPACE CHANTEY. Dobson, £2.75. 234.77096.1

Le Guin, Ursula K. THE DISPOSSESSED. Panther, 75p. ne, pb. 586.04219.9

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VOYAGE TO VENUS. Pan, 60p. ni, pb. 330.02171.0

McCaffrey, Anne. TO RIDE PEGASUS. Sphere, 55p. ne, pb. 7221.5905.6

Mason, Douglas R. OMEGA WORM. Hale, £2.90. 7091.5238.8

PITMAN'S PROGRESS. Elmfield P., £4.50. 7057.0061.5

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Peake, Mervyn. BOY IN DARKNESS. Wheaton, 60p. ne, limp, sch. 08.019789.1

Priest, Christopher. THE SPACE MACHINE: A SCIENTIFIC ROMANCE. Faber, £3.50. 571.10931.4

Rotsler, William. PATRON OF THE ARTS. Elmfield P., £4.50. 7057.0062.3

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RHAPSODY IN BLACK. Pan, 50p. ne, pb. 330.24646.9

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Williamson, Jack. THE MOON CHILDREN. Elmfield P., £4.50. 7057.0060.7

Anon, ed. SCIENCE FICTION SPECIAL No. 16. Sidg & J., £4.95. ne. 283.98232.2

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Anderson, Poul. THE GUARDIANS OF TIME. White Lion, £2.95. ne. 85617.797.0

Anvil, Christopher. STRANGERS IN PARADISE. Jenkins, £2.25. 214.20297.6

Asimov, Isaac. EARTH IS ROOM ENOUGH. Abelard-Schuman, £3.95. ne, coll. 200.72378.2

Barrett, G.J. THE NIGHT OF THE DEATHSHIP. Hale, £2.95. 7091.4756.2

Bester, Alfred. EXTRO. Methuen, 60p. ne, pb. 413.34570.X

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Bulmer, H. Kenneth. STAINED GLASS WORLD. NEL, 45p. pb. 450.02763.5

(ed) NEW WRITINGS IN SF 25. Corgi, 50p. ne, pb. 552.10085.4

Carr, Terry, ed. UNIVERSE 2. Dobson, £3.50. 234.77122.4

Compton, D.G. CHRONICULES. Arrow, 50p. ne (of Hot Wireless Sets etc.) pb. 09.911620.0

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Dick, Philip K. THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE. Penguin, 60p. ni, pb. 14.002376.3

TIME OUT OF JOINT. Penguin, 50p. ni, pb. 14.002847.1

Dickson, Gordon R. DORSAI! Sphere, 50p. ni, pb. 7221.2951.3

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Foster, Alan Dean. ICERIGGER. NEL, £3.95. 450.02855.0

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Wheatley, Dennis, ed. UNCANNY TALES 3. Sphere, 60p. pb. DWLO. 7221.9039.5
Williams-Ellis, Amabel, ed. STRANGE ORBITS. Blackie, £3.00. juv. 216.89984.2
Anon, ed. SCIENCE FICTION SPECIAL 17. Sidg & J., £4.95. ne. 283.98300.0

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AN INTERVIEW WITH TERRY CARR **continued from Page 11**

It is, if you will, Taoistic. And the novel I'm writing deals with much the same sort of theme: A city of Earth's far future is built around a gigantic abyss that plunges to unknown depths and into which the city's people cast their garbage and, in their religious services, their sins. Suddenly they find that strange, phantasmagoric growths are rising in the abyss, plants and amorphous creatures that threaten to climb out of the hole and engulf the city. The way the plot will work itself out will of course be in accord with my own view of sin and guilt—and enlightenment. I'm very big on enlightenment this year.

And of course I'm the same person as an editor. The anthology I put together last year, *An Exaltation of Stars*, was built around the theme of transcendental experience in science fiction; "The Winds at Starmont" would have fit perfectly in that book. (I wrote it, in fact, in part because none of the stories in that book said quite what I felt ought to be said on the subject.) Terry Carr the editor and Terry Carr the writer are the same person doing somewhat different things; but perhaps you see now what I mean when I say the processes are similar.

Conducted March-July 1974 © by Paul Walker

Lilliputia

THE GUARDIANS OF THE HOUSE, by L. M. Boston. Illus. by Peter Boston. Atheneum, 1975. 51 pp. $4.95. A Margaret K. McElderry Book. Age level: 8-12

The guardians of the old house are statues and masks, and they take young Tom, a most unlikely trespasser, on some interesting adventures—the Malayan goddess transports him to the jungle shrine wherein she once sat; the triton head carries him underwater, and, when he tires to steal it, he is attacked by myriad tiny fish; the Indian with the blissful face shows him the desert-and-cave world behind the fireplace curtain; and the straw donkey-mask lets him frisk as a four-legged creature for awhile. All these childish wanderings in imagination are left behind, however, and Tom returns to the real-life world unharmed by even the most sinister of the "guardians."

Of course, that is what this book is all about—the "house" is Tom's imagination, and the danger presented by each "guardian" is that he will become so fascinated by this inner world that he will not return to the reality outside. Tom's decision is the healthy one, but this is rather subtly expressed, and it may need to be explained to young readers, if they are curious about symbols.

Peter Boston's illustrations are perfect for the book, and I must admit I was fascinated by the clever placing of his ever-present signature "B."

—Charlotte Moslander

CONVERSATIONS, by Barry Malzberg. Bobbs-Merrill, 1975. 88 pp. $4.95

Directed at the younger reader, this sci-fi parable involves a boy of 12 who is in the process of becoming very rapidly an adult in a world where the majority of the human race lives confined and only a few question their essentially meaningless existence.

The story lacks the color that usually attracts a junior reader, yet conversely because it has none of the usual "junior space opera" distractions the story flows smoothly and powerfully, making its point all along, with a brief epilog detailing the outcome of the hero's actions.

While not sufficiently gutsy or problemmatical to create much adult reader interest, neither does the novel condescend to its intended audience. Malzberg involves his younger readers at their own level of understanding and this is one of the novel's major strengths.

—Gail C. Futoran

THE DRAC: FRENCH TALES OF DRAGONS AND DEMONS, by Felice Holman and Nanine Valen. Drawings by Stephen Walker. Scribner's, 1975. 84 pp. $6.95. Age level: 9-13

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER, OR, THE BLACK BROTHERS: A LEGEND OF STIRIA, by John Ruskin. Illus. by Richard Doyle. Dover, 1974. 68 pp. $1.25

A children's librarian of my acquaintance was complaining recently that there is no longer any "magic" in books for children. Wait until she hears about these two.

The King of the Golden River, a paperback reprint of an 1889 publication, has all the elements of the traditional "fairy tale": the evil, greedy older brothers, the good younger brother, the strange visitor, and supernatural intervention in the affairs of simple folk. These elements, combined with the richness of nineteenth-century English, and the very lifelike and detailed woodcuts, are guaranteed to charm the child who already knows and loves the older tales.

The Drac is a collection of tales from various parts of France, and a good one it is—there are monsters aplenty, beyond the wildest dreams of Japanese sf movies, and even a man who sells his soul to the Devil. Here, again, the vocabulary is rich (why do so many authors "talk down" to children?), and the stories have a flavor of other times and other places. After each story, the authors have provided a short summary of variations which they encountered, and a brief bibliography. The summary makes things more interesting, and students doing papers will find the bibliography useful, provided they read French.

—Charlotte Moslander

Reviews

WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG, by Kate Wilhelm. Harper & Row, 1976. 251 pp. $7.95

THE INFINITY BOX: A COLLECTION OF SPECULATIVE FICTION, by Kate Wilhelm. Harper & Row, 1975. 318 pp. $8.95

If you read Part One of Wilhelm's *Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang* in *Orbit 15*, and wondered what happened next, you will not be disappointed by Parts Two and Three. Kate Wilhelm has done her usual fine job in giving us a novel concerning the end of civilization as we know it, not to mention the end of *us*. Our "descendants" are clones whose philosophy of community assures their early survival but threatens their future. I won't give away the ending; suffice it to say that a non-planned, non-cloned human is born, grows up separate, isolated, and realizes that only he can see the end, and thus only he may be the instrument to repopulate the earth.

Besides the plot interest, Wilhelm speculates on the cloned group, the nature of their psychology especially in later generations and how the experiment might fail. Cloning is a topic more on our minds these days and in our stories, and one of the strongest traditional writers gives us a subtle but unforgettable warning about the otherwise tinsel-tied gift of cloning.

I am one of the materialists Wilhelm mentions in her introduction to *Infinity Box* who prefers realism in stories, and many of Wilhelm's stories have strong doses of impressionism. Yet I was fascinated by every story because she writes with authority, passion, involvement, caring, maturity—all the qualities that make fiction, especially sf, come alive as art.

Infinity Box is an impressive collection of what must be some of Kate Wilhelm's finest stories written over the past five years. As a body of work it represents a remarkable accomplishment at a time when so many other writers of sf are taking the easy way out, avoiding character, involvement, plot, or ending to their stories. Those who are Kate Wilhelm fans will want this collection; those who aren't should borrow a copy, read it, and I'll bet many will be converted. I was.

—Gail C. Futoran

ARSLAN, by M. J. Engh. Warner 86-104, 1976. 318 pp. $1.25

A powerful novel this, one that will at times upset you, but grip and hold your attention, for all that action is at a minimum—the real action takes place off-stage. The author's theme is the love/hate relationship that comes with power, and this is the part you may find upsetting. Briefly, it is the deep-etched portrait of a dictator—a man who conquered the world, like Alexander, at the age of 25. For some freak reason he moves in with his troops to a small village in the American mid-West and makes it his headquarters, bringing with him murder and torture and rape. His first act is to rape a young girl and a young boy—the girl is quickly discarded, but the boy is kept with him as his close companion and—for a long time, his true love. The story is told, alternately through the eyes of a middle-aged man, the school principal, and the raped boy. The principal is oddly ambivalent. He has the courage often to defy the dictator to his face, yet never actively opposes him even when the opportunity is there, and at the end, shields and protects him when vengeance was about to overtake him. The violated boy becomes an even more passionate defender and you may be left wondering why they didn't tear him apart instead. However, this is indeed the point of this long, very strong and brooding novel, like it or not.

Oh, science fiction? The dictator's plan is to make the human race sterile so it will in time solve the problems of over-population, food shortages and all the rest. Every one sterile by vaccination. Except of course, himself—he has a child. Myself I did not succumb to his charm, but was captivated by the sweep and power of the book and the enormous range of the author's interests and knowledge. This is clearly a superior work, despite being somewhat overlong, and in the sections told by the boy, rhapsodic to the point of lyricism.

—Samuel Mines

APPROACHING OBLIVION, by Harlan Ellison. Foreword by Michael Crichton. Walker, 1974. 238 pp. $8.95 (paperback: Signet Y6848, 1976. $1.25)

Look for the paperback. Hopefully it doesn't have an outrageous layout which makes the book 25-30% longer than it should be (left margin very narrow, right margin very wide and irregular).

The stories are as follows: "Knox," "Cold Friend," "Kiss of Fire," "Paulie Charmed the Sleeping Woman," "I'm Looking for Kadak," "Silent in Gehenna," "Erotophobia," "One Life, Furnished in Early Poverty," "Ecowareness," "Catman," "Hindsight: 480 Seconds."

All the stories are good. Three are humorous in various ways. "I'm Waiting for Kadak" is an (I think) affectionate satire of traditional Judaism. "Erotophobia" and "Ecowareness" are nasty funny shticks. The rest ("Hindsight: 480 Seconds" seeming weakest) are tough, emotionally direct, standard Ellison.

The foreword by Crichton and Ellison's introduction are enjoyable and interesting additions to the fiction. But oh the chutzpa of putting out a book designed like this one, to make up for a previous badly designed and overpriced book. —Leslie Bloom

GROWING UP IN TIER 3000, by Felix C. Gotschalk. Ace 30420, 1975. 158 pp. $1.25

Whatever else this book may be, it is definitely not a novel. There is absolutely no plot. It is rather a slice of life in a future of approximately 150 years from now.

Technology has advanced greatly, but the people seem to be devolving and surrendering to their animalistic instincts. The main characters are two six-year-olds, Carol and Jonas, already mature and living together after doing away with their parents. Parricide is accepted as natural, adaptive behavior. Much of the book concerns murder and sex. There are many gory descriptions of imaginative ways to kill and erotic passages about various methods of copulating.

The language may be a barrier to some. It is full of psychological and medical jargon. Getting into the book is somewhat of a shock even to one with a substantial background in the behavioral sciences.

This book is so different from anything I have read before that I am not quite sure how to react to it. It may be a commentary on humanity, as the cover blurb hints. It certainly is not a light read. I would recommend it for anyone who is looking for something out of the ordinary. —R. Laurraine Tutihasi

C.S. LEWIS: AN ANNOTATED CHECKLIST OF WRITINGS ABOUT HIM AND HIS WORKS, comp. by Joe R. Christopher and Joan K. Ostling. Kent State University Press, 1974. xiii, 389 pp. $15.00

Number 30 in the Serif Series of bibliographies and checklists, this is an impressive tome. The title is pretty descriptive, the annotations ranging from the very brief to the rather full. The bibliography is divided into "General & Unclassifiable," "Biographical Essays," "Fiction & Poetry," "Religion & Ethics," "Literary Criticism," and "Selected Book Reviews." Each is further sub-divided. The indices are divided into masters' theses, doctoral dissertations, authors, and works by Lewis referred to in the Annotations.

Well researched, but pretty much for libraries and Lewis scholars.

—J. B. Post

THE GHOSTLY BIBLIOGRAPHY, by The Ghostly Bibliographer [presumably Robert B. Harmon]. Dibco Press (2570 Sue Ave., San Jose, California 95111), 1975. 14 pp. $3.00

This is a mimeographed pamphlet providing an unannotated, selective bibliography of books about ghosts—human, animal, apparitions, ghost hunters, etc. The 2-page introduction does not provide any rationale for the effort which went into this pamphlet, and I cannot imagine for whom it is intended, since there is no way of distinguishing the worthwhile from the worthless among the 150 or so books listed. For this we fell trees?

—Neil Barron

NUTZENBOLTS AND MORE TROUBLES WITH MACHINES, by Ron Goulart. Macmillan, 1975. 182 pp. $6.95

THE HELLHOUND PROJECT, by Ron Goulart. Doubleday, 1975. 156 pp. $5.95

WHEN THE WAKER SLEEPS, by Ron Goulart. DAW UY1210, 1975. 157 pp. $1.25

I enjoyed some of Goulart's early stuff but this recent lot is undistinguished. I get the feeling that he works on a story until it begins to bore him, then he ends it. At any rate, that's how his endings strike me. *Nutz*, the collection, is concentrated mediocrity, eleven stories lacking plot, character or interesting situations. With a premise of "will man survive his machines?" the answer is always yes but the hero never struggles very hard to achieve survival. Goulart's heroes lack energy, as do their stories.

Hellhound is another easy-to-read sci-fi mystery, this time with the usual protagonist as imposter in the enemy camp. Light entertainment for a slow evening. *Waker* is my choice to buy because it is cheaper than the other two books. Plot: a cute way to get rid of your wife's lovers is to inject them with a series of chemicals which put the guys to sleep for 50 years. When Nate, a victim of this cavalier handling, wakens for the first time, he tries to find the antidote and instead finds the inevitable girl. The novel fizzles out in the end despite early promise of more interesting development. —Gail C. Futoran

THE WILK ARE AMONG US, by Isidore Haiblum. Doubleday, 1975. 210 pp. $5.95

My friends, the wilk are not *among* us, the wilk *are* us. Or we are wilk. It depends on one's point of view. To Lenny, galactic sociologist, stranded on our crazy planet with a "brace" of wilk, a nill, a hunter, and a Warlike Being, the whole thing is a gigantic headache. To humans, wilk are pretty attractive siblings. To Leonard, they—and we—are a nauseating sight. Incidentally, Wizard, Lenny's computer-back-home, is not as omniscient as its manufacturers claimed. . . .

This is billed as a comedy, and the fact that I did not particularly enjoy it says more about my sense of humor than it does about the book. Normal people will probably like it immensely. —Charlotte Moslander

OPTIONS, by Robert Sheckley. Pyramid V3688, 1975. 158 pp. $1.25

To call this a novel, as claimed on the cover, is stretching things a bit. What it is, is Bob Sheckley having fun with stereotypes, and it is amazing how many he can remember. Somewhere in his checkered career, Sheckley must have been infected with the virus of "Alice in Wonderland," for this is truly a kind of sf version. Instead of Alice he has a kind of ineffectual spaceman named Tom Mishkin, who is marooned on a strange planet by failure of his ship, and goes wandering, accompanied by a weird robot, looking for an engine part he needs so that he can take off again. In his wanderings he meets as strange a collection of beings as Alice ever did. And, like Alice, he gets absolutely nowhere. Neither will you in terms of unravelling any kind of plot, because there is none. But you'll be amused along the way, I believe, as I was, and rather impressed with the clever and exceedingly fertile imagination that can dream up such a marvelous flow of strange and wonderful cliches to puncture. —Samuel Mines

CHANGE, by Ann Maxwell. Popular Library 00316, 1975. 224 pp. $1.25

Very nice. Not heavy intellectual; not space opera; not cloak and dagger; but a little of all three, nicely blended to create excellent mood and suspense. The heroine is a paranormal mutant, with latent mental powers, seized and tried for witchcraft. She is rescued by the underground and transported to a colony on another planet where she makes intimate contact with a group of "beasts" who develop and train her latent ESP powers. Then, of course, the dictator of bad old Earth launches war against the colony and there is action and intrigue. All this may sound simple, but the author tells her tale with power and conviction and her characters come through with force. A good story, well told.

—Samuel Mines

THE VALLEY WHERE TIME STOOD STILL, by Lin Carter. Doubleday, 1974. 179 pp. $4.95 (paperback: Popular Library 00344, 1976. $1.25)

This is a mediocre adventure novel with quasi-spiritual overtones. Most of the book is spent slogging through the Martian sands with M'Cord (Terran prospector), Thaklar (Martian warrior-without-a-tribe), and a motley assortment of companions: one bandit (Martian), one dancing girl (Martian), one lapsed priest (also Martian), and a Terran scientist and his sister (a little incestuous S&M here). The whole group are looking for a sort of Martian Garden of Eden, which they find, and where everyone gets his/her just reward/punishment.

There are Lin Carter fans who will hate me for this, but I figured out right away that the oxygen-rich Valley Beyond Time lay within the crater, and that the crater "floor" was a mirage, because I read it somewhere before. Also, any book which descends to lines like "At last the dancing girl had found the man of all men who could master her!" (p. 172) rates at least a one-glecch! review. Glecch!

—Charlotte Moslander

STAR TREK LIVES!, by Jacqueline Lichtenberg, Sondra Marshak and Joan Winston. Bantam Y2151, 1975. $1.95

The Trekkie oil-well has not run dry, but has gushed forth yet another book probing the mysteries, problems, and characters of Star Trek. While most will admit that ST was a fine show, appealing and interesting, this near religion that is being formed around it turns me off. This book, unlike *The World of Star Trek* and *The Making of Star Trek*, is written by pure fans of the show, only one of which had much direct contact with it. The two aforementioned books were by writers of Star Trek, people who had helped make it what it is (which differs, depending on who you ask) today.

For some reason, while walking around the gym in school, taking my laps, I read aloud the contents of this book. Things like, "Nude male centerfolds, and pedigree tribbles" and "Beauty may only be skin deep, but chopped liver can get you anywhere." As well as getting a few stares from my classmates, I was totally out of breath when I finished. Other encounters had by this reviewer included a student leafing through a couple of unfortunate chapters in the book, which told about Mr. Spock, and the effect he had on female viewers. For the rest of the day, I was chastised about watching ST, and getting all my fantasies fulfilled. Ignoring the fact that NO television show could do that, I was already being kidded for saying that communication between a rock and a human was possible. That wasn't what I'd said, exactly . . . but that's another story. What it all leads up to is that this book has caused me a good deal of trouble, and I hope you readers, Trek and non-Trek alike, appreciate it. To the writers: you have given my classmates a few laughs.

Star Trek Lives! basically analyzes ST, which is certainly nothing new, and has quotes from the actors and creators sprinkled here and there, along with detailed explanations of The Spock Effect, Kirk Effect, etc. I find tribbles more interesting than explanations of why fems swoon over Leonard Nimoy, personally. I was what could be considered a Trekkie before I discovered science fiction fandom, and I can say very honestly that I never thought of Mr. Spock as a sex object, any more than I thought of the transporter room as one. My favorite character was Dr. "Bones" McCoy, and I didn't think of HIM as a sex object either. TV ain't the place to find romance.

And *Star Trek Lives* isn't the best place to find good reading, either. If you're a serious trekkie, you'll probably want it, and it does give ST a nice going over, by people who love the show. But to me, all the effects, and reasons why Star Trek was the best thing ever devised, were a bit draggy. The best chapters are the ones describing the chaos there was at Star Trek Convention number one, and Joan Winston's fun times on the Star Trek set. No pictures in this book, unlike the others, which also seems to make it a bit less fun.

—C. D. Doyle

INDEX TO FEATURES

International Scene	12	Reviews	29
Interview	1	SF and the Cinema	14
Lilliputia	28	Swords and Sorceries	17
New Books	20		