



No. 7

December 1969

"To Tell The Truth"

The TV panel show, *To Tell the Truth*, has found there are important people in the science fiction field. To date their spotters have discovered Isaac Asimov, Forrest J Ackerman, and Arch Oboler. Two of the appearances, with Isaac and FJA, have already been taped and Arch Oboler is scheduled for early December taping, with late December broadcast.

To Tell the Truth is produced by Goodson-Todman Productions, featuring Gary Moore as emcee. Panelists include such people as Bill Cullen, Orson Beane, Betsey Palmer, Peggy Cass, and Joan Fontaine. The program is syndicated to local stations, and in the New York area is broadcast Monday through Friday at 8:00 pm. Each half hour program features two different guests. The guest is accompanied by two imposters and it is the task of the four panelists to determine which is the real one.

Isaac Asimov's appearance, scheduled for late November broadcast, centered on his 100 books. He reports that his segment of the program opened with a shot of a table containing the books [they weren't all his books since some are out of print]. The one notable question asked of Isaac was by Orson Beane, who asked what change had taken place on the cover of *Astounding*. Asimov described the name change from *Astounding* to *Analog*. When the time for voting arrived, Beane did not vote for Isaac because he said Isaac didn't know that the word *Astounding* became smaller while the word, Science Fiction, got larger! The only panelist who guessed correctly was Joan Fontaine.

Forry's appearance began with Gary Moore and all three contestants wearing monster masks. (Forry reported later that he almost didn't get his on because the tape which was to hold the mask on was stuck together.) The presentation was of course centered around his editorship of *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, the Ackermansion, and his title of "Mr. Sci-Fi." Despite the majority of questions being directed to the other two contestants, Forry received three of four votes. Following the voting he was asked if horror was harmful to children. Of course he replied no. He then narrated a brief showing of old horror film clips. This program is scheduled for broadcast in mid-December.

The producers are regularly on the lookout for people to serve as imposters. As a result of Forry's appearance, Jim Warren, publisher of *Famous Monsters* and fan, has been scheduled as an imposter on a future program. Interested parties should contact Harriet Beamish, Goodson-Todman Productions, 375 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

ROXBURGH JOINS LIPPINCOTT Toby Roxburgh, former science fiction editor at Walker and Company, is now an editor at J.B. Lippincott Co. Lippincott will be doing some science fiction, about 3 or 4 titles by top authors next year. To date Walker has not filled this vacancy on their editorial staff, however Toby has agreed to continue relations with them in an advisory capacity.

SF IN PHILADELPHIA This year's Philcon was a grand finale to Science Fiction Week in that city, coverage of which included TV, radio and newspapers. The weekend began with the regular PSFS meeting featuring Joanna Russ on "Dirty Wordies." Saturday's program included a panel on How Writers Survive with Ben Bova, Joanna Russ, and Alexei Panshin, moderated by Tom Purdom; a talk by Ben Bova on quasars; a panel on creation of imaginary universes with Anne McCaffrey, Lin Carter and L. Sprague de Camp; and Lester Del Rey on our polluted planet. Saturday evening was a "meet the authors" party at which Anne McCaffrey and Isaac Asimov gave an impromptu musical entertainment. During the afternoon 14 of the authors present were interviewed by ABC-TV on their ideas of the future of space travel in the next 30 years, as part of their Apollo 12 coverage.

Sunday's program began with the showing of ABC's *Year of Apollo*, and a short Buck Rogers film. The first panel, *Neighbors of SF*, had as panelists Hal Lynch (Oz), Tony Goodstone (Buck Rogers), and Joanna Russ (heroic fantasy). This was followed by Joanna Russ, Gordon Dickson, and

Continued on Page 21

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KEEP SMILING? by Leo P. Kelley

A rather short but powerful and very pertinent article by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. appeared on the editorial page of *The New York Times* for September 13, 1969. In the article, Mr. Vonnegut muses on the fact that he went to high school with the wife of Secretary of Defense Laird, "where all of us learned how to be unfailingly friendly -- to smile."

He goes on to remark with surprise at the cheerfulness of this nation's leaders. "So optimistic, so blooming with mental health," he says, referring to President Nixon. Mr. Vonnegut then points out that Dr. Sternglass, a professor of radiation physics at the University of Pittsburgh, claimed in an article in *Esquire* that if Mr. Laird's and Mr. Nixon's Safeguard Antiballistic Missile system were ever used, all children born after that (anywhere) would die of birth defects before they could grow up and reproduce.

Mr. Vonnegut goes on to say that he left word for Mrs. Laird at her husband's office in the Pentagon that he would be at a particular hotel in Washington, D.C. for three days. He did so because he had been told that Mrs. Laird enjoyed his books and had said that he was to get in touch with her were he ever in Washington.

Mrs. Laird did not respond to Mr. Vonnegut's friendly message. He goes on to admit that, had she responded, and had he visited the Laird home, he would have "smiled and smiled." He "would have understood that the defense establishment was only doing what it had to do." Upon leaving, he would have said, "I only regret that my wife couldn't have been here, too. She would have loved it."

But, he adds, he would have thanked God that no members of the younger generation were with him during his visit. Because he feels that kids don't learn nice manners in high school anymore as he and the Lairds did. "If they met a person who was in favor of building a device which would cripple and finally kill all children everywhere, they wouldn't smile. They would show hatred."

A pertinent article indeed. Clearly, Mr. Vonnegut does not lament the lack of learning of "good manners" in today's high schools or the failure of kids to learn to smile in the face of certain current events. If our country is to do more than survive -- if it is to become other than murderous and suicidal as it is at present -- it will be because the "younger generation" cannot smile while they watch the construction of doomsday machines such as Safeguard.

Now, science fiction as a literature is not unfamiliar with doomsday machines. Nor is it stranger to certain social problems. Some novels have dealt with overpopulation. Others with pollution. Still others with nuclear war and its aftermath. Mr. Vonnegut's own work is fraught with shock over the atrocities we commit, as lemming-like, we wend our often self-destructive way in the world.

But there seems to be far too little concern in science fiction, relatively speaking, with what might be called "social science fiction." Were there more concern, perhaps the literature, which has been called "a literature of ideas," would receive more respect and attention from more people. At present, the much maligned younger generation is the major audience for science fiction and one of the reasons for this, if not the only one, may be science fiction's occasionally serious concern

with social problems presented in science fiction terms and trappings.

But such a rich lode remains still unmined!

In the same issue of the *Times* containing Mr. Vonnegut's provocative article, are stories on the following from which I quote briefly:

Biafra. "Famine kills more than 1000 Biafrans a day."

12 Antiwar GI's. "Military policemen raided three churches today and seized a dozen antiwar servicemen who had taken "sanctuary" inside during the last six weeks."

Northern Ireland. "The Prime Minister, Major James Chichester-Clark, conceded today that the Northern Ireland Government had "made mistakes" during the recent months of violence between Roman Catholics and Protestants.

"He was commenting on a report issued yesterday that upheld many of the complaints by Catholics of police misconduct, and of discrimination in housing, voting rights and jobs."

Vietnam Casualties. Five names were listed from the metropolitan area.

Poison Gas. "The United States and West German governments have been in consultation over the problem of the poison gas stores ever since they became a public issue here... The West Germans appear to have been satisfied by assurances from the Americans that poison gas is kept carefully, in strictly limited quantities, and only for well-defined measures of NATO defense strategy."

Medical Research. "Administration officials said today that they might not have to reduce grants for medical research by as much as they thought."

There was more, much more, and a lot of it appalling.

The Administration's cuts in medical research budgets prompted one scientist to remark recently that he would not be able to continue research into the cause of cancer on the scale he had hitherto pursued. He would have to turn away applicants wishing to work with him in his laboratory.

The ancient privilege of sanctuary in churches is violated by the military unarmed with legal warrants although the premises they invaded were private property and they were so informed.

We manufacture poison gas. And breed germs.

A Nobel Prize winning chemist claimed this week to have been asked by a caller from the Pentagon if he would conduct government financed research on an agent that would temporarily blind people. He was asked because of his outstanding work on the chemistry of the eye. He refused to conduct the research although he was asked by the Pentagonite, in an almost classic example of destructive reasoning, if he wouldn't rather blind "them" than kill "them." He replied that he believed the blinding would simply be used to make the sightless ones vulnerable to other lethal weapons. He was probably right.

It would seem that the voice of reason, if it exists anywhere and if it can cry out however weakly, would be heard today in something of a wilderness.

Is it possible that science fiction writers, always imaginative and not a little adventurous, would be willing to explore more thoroughly that wilderness on a larger scale than is being done at present?

Is the pen truly mightier than the sword? Maybe. Maybe not. But it would be more than fun to find out. It might prove to be a contribution to collective human survival. Science fiction as a form of literature is basically a celebration of life, not a love affair with death. If this is indeed so, how rewarding it would be to have more writers join in the revels more often and more enthusiastically.

We need people not only to celebrate life but also to man the barricades against death as well. And those dark barricades are there waiting as our daily papers tell us day after day. The people to man the barricades can do it without bullets. Without swords. They can do it with written words -- in science fiction novels and short stories, for example. These people, if they are to come to the barricades from anywhere at all, will come from the "younger generation" implicitly applauded by Mr. Vonnegut in his *Times* article and elsewhere.

It is good to know that the halls of high schools today are no longer quite so sunny with smiles. In these sober halls today walk our future science fiction writers. There too, in a very real and substantial sense, strides the future -- if there is to be one. I hope...

SECONDARY UNIVERSE CONFERENCE

Some sixty persons, from as far away as California, New York, and Canada, met at the University of Wisconsin-Green Bay for the Secondary Universe Conference October 30-November 1. The theme of the Conference, the concern for technology and the problem of pollution, featured two principal speakers: C.A. Muses, editor of *The Journal for the Study of Consciousness*, "Whither Technology -- or Will It Wither;" and Hal Clement, "The Energy Addict." Both speakers stressed that modern man is fast reaching the point where a major disruption of present society may well occur because of the inevitable and irreversible demand for fuel and the problem of pollution.

Highlights of the Tolkien meetings included a panel, "Peake, Haggard, and Other Universes," Beverly Friend (Illinois), Glenn Sadler (Westmont College), and Jared Lobdell (Wisconsin) participating; and a discussion led by Bonniejean Christensen (Northern Illinois) and Richard West (Wisconsin). Two meetings were devoted to science fiction exclusively: Thomas D. Clareson (College of Wooster), "The Other Side of Realism;" and a discussion of fanzines led by the Eisensteins.

A final formal meeting was given over to a discussion of the gestating Science Fiction Research Association, as it has been tentatively titled. Originating in the suggestions made at the Columbia bibliographical conference last March, the SFRA has been slow to organize. It has been envisioned as encompassing not only hard core sf groups but those devoted to Tolkien and Futurology, for example. It is intended, however, to be more than a fan group, or more than a bibliophile group. Ideally, it would act as a kind of information retrieval center dealing with all phases of sf/fantasy: authors, editors, fans, scholars -- in order to gather and preserve the vast amounts of materials and information in the field. The motion of the meeting instructed the ad hoc committee to get on with the job by contacting all groups and individuals who might be interested.

Professor Virginia Carew of Queensborough College, New York, expressed the desire to hold the third Secondary Universe Conference on that campus sometime during 1970.

--Thomas D. Clareson

THE FANTASTIC STAGE

by Joanna Russ

Three of my plays were presented in New York on two weekends: September 25-27 and October 2-4. They were an Actors' Equity Showcase production, which means (among other things) that nobody gets paid and I had to sign a contract designed mostly to keep anything in the production from turning commercial. Error: one person did get paid, the manager of Theatre East, which is typical of why playwrights and actors have it so badly financially, and directors. The two weekends is standard.

The one play everybody may know is *The Inner Circles*, an adaptation of a story by Fritz Leiber which carried the same title when it appeared in *Fantasy & Science Fiction*. It's really Fritz's play (down to some of the stage directions). All I did was cut-and-paste. The theater was a little small for the size of the cast (a businessman at home in the evening dreaming up a whole bindle of imaginary people to flatter and frighten him -- all these played by black actors) and fantasy goes down better at a slight distance. Theatre East is very small indeed. The acting was fine and the whole thing confirms a suspicion I've long had -- that Mr. Leiber should write for the theater.

The other fantasy, one of my own, is called *Window Dressing* and it's about a Bergdorf mannequin who's stolen out of her window by a scruffy little man who takes her home. She comes alive (she has wanted to, all along) but unfortunately she catches his humanity and it's so awful that she jumps out a window. You might call it a reverse Cinderella. This play, too, went over beautifully, with an actress who simulated mannequin-hood eerily and well. The story I wrote first, with substantially the same material and the same title, has been bought by Terry Carr for *New Worlds of Fantasy* #2.

Very little fantasy seems to get into the theater. I've written several such plays -- almost all of them more than six years ago, when I gave up on the stage altogether -- most of them from stories I had already written. There's one about some people who live in a cave, one about a satyr and a forest ranger (!) and an indescribable one, all snow and stone walls, that was put on by a group at Princeton University several years back. This one (*Those That I Fight*) is my favorite, and the only one I didn't write first as a story.

Alyx-admirers (may they increase!) might like to know that she got into a sword-and-not-much-sorcery play called *She-Wolf*, under another name; three people float down the Sidonian coast in the year 2000 B.C., and one tells the story of her life. Maybe directors get put off by such stage settings, or maybe outre references to Tyrian architecture bother them. I enjoyed it. (Playwrights all over the country keep saying that.)

I suppose in general the plays I've written have all been historical or fantastic or odd in some way. They are all one-act plays, of course, and those are difficult to have produced.

There's no particular reason that fantasy can't get into plays; in a way, fantasy is more at home on the stage, seems to me, than in the movies. Theater can suggest almost anything, whereas the movies have to show it. And fantasy should be a good deal easier to confine on the four boards than certain kinds of sf, where the sweep tends to get epic and

the hardware does make for problems. Also the ideas (this limits the audience.)

No a priori reason though, that science fiction can't get on stage. I've seen productions of historical plays that mixed modern dress and historical costume, with very happy results -- why not the same thing working t'other way, forward?

Ah, the world isn't ready for us! I did write one science fiction play, which I later threw out, being dissatisfied with it. It was pretty bad (and pretty old at the time, too.)

Hobbit addicts might like to know that in 1959 I wrote a play from *The Hobbit*, asked Professor Tolkien for permission to produce it, got a refusal from his agent, and several years later (looking through the copy of my play his agent had returned to me) found that SOMEBODY had written peppery comments all over the ms. in a thin, spidery hand, things like "NO, NO, NO, NO!" And so on.

Why doesn't Tolkien allow some filmmaker to do the Ring books? Not to be delicate about it, after his death there will be no artistic control over anything that might be done, and I for one would prefer to see the film realized the way the author wanted it, and not -- for example -- (let's be hideous in our imaginings) as a Broadway musical.

Enough. I'm abusing your patience. But it has occurred to me that one outlet for fannish energy might be in theater work, trying to bring sf to the stage, and I'd be very interested in anything that has been done along that line. It's the usual story when people outside the field try sf in community or Little theaters -- they mess it up horribly. "Four boards and a passion" -- wouldn't it be pleasant to have a real production of a real play as the piece de resistance of some future Worldcon?

(Recent news: It was announced in Publishers Weekly, November 3, that United Artists and J.R.R. Tolkien have come to terms concerning a motion picture version of The Lord of the Rings, after two years of negotiations. UA and Katzka-Berne Productions Inc. which will bring the work to the screen, have not yet decided performers, director or other participants. Others who previously tried to get permission for a film adaptation include the Beatles, and Arlo Guthrie.)



Coming Events

December

- 2 FANATICS MEETING at home of member, at 7:30pm. For info: Quinn Yarbrow Simpson, 977 Kains St, Albany, Calif. 94706 (ph:524-9502)
- 3 WOODCHUCKS MEETING at home of member. For info: Greg Bear, 5787 College Ave, Apt.37, San Diego, Ca. 92120 (ph:286-4736)
- 5 FISTFA MEETING at home of Sandy Meschkow, 47-28 45th St, Woodside, Queens, N.Y. 11377 at 8pm (ph:212-784-5647)
- 5 LITTLE MEN MEETING at home of member at 8:30pm. For info: J. Ben Stark, 113 Ardmore Rd, Berkeley, Calif. 94707.
- 5 WSFA MEETING at home of Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Ave NW, Washington, D.C. 20032, at 8pm
- 6 CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP MEETING at home of member. For info: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terr, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236
- 6 NEOSFS MEETING at home of member. For info: Bill Mallardi, P.O. Box 368, Akron, Ohio 44309
- 7 ALBUQUERQUE SF GROUP MEETING at Los Ranchos Village Hall, 920 Green Valley Rd, N. W., Albuquerque, N.M. For info: Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N.M. 87112
- 7 ESFA MEETING at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St, Newark, N.J., at 3pm
- 7 HOUSTON SF SOCIETY MEETING at home of member. For info: Beth Halphen, 2521 Westgate, Houston Tex. 77019
- 12 NAMELESS ONES MEETING at home of member at 8:30pm. For info: Wally Weber, Box 267, 507 3rd Ave, Seattle, Wash. 98104
- 12 PSFS MEETING at Central YMCA, 15th & Arch Sts, Philadelphia, at 8pm
- 12 VALSFA MEETING at home of member. For info: Dwain Kaiser, 390 N. Euclid, Upland, Calif.
- 13 BALTIMORE SCIENCE FANTASY GROUP MEETING at home of member. For info: Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave, Baltimore, Md. 21207 (ph:301-367-0605)
- 13 MINN-STF MEETING at home of Walter Schwartz, 4138 Wentworth Ave S, Minneapolis, Minn. 55409 at noon. For info: Frank Stodolka, 1325 W. 27th St, Minneapolis, Minn. 55408
- 14 NESFA MEETING at home of member For info: NESFA, P. O. Box G, MIT Branch Sta, Cambridge, Mass
- 16 FANATICS MEETING, see Dec. 2
- 17 WOODCHUCKS MEETING, see Dec. 3
- 19 FISTFA MEETING, see Dec. 5
- 19 LITTLE MEN MEETING, see Dec. 5
- 19 WSFA MEETING, see Dec. 5
- 20 CHICAGO SF LEAGUE MEETING a home of George Price, 1439 W North Shore Ave, Chicago, Ill 60626, at 8pm
- 20 CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP MEETING, see Dec. 6
- 20 DASFA MEETING at Columbia Savings & Loan Assoc, corner of W Colfax & Wadsworth, Lakewood Colo. at 7:30pm. For info: Camille Cazedessus Jr., P.O. Box 550, Evergreen, Colo. 80439
- 20 DASFS MEETING at home of member at 8pm. For info: Tom Reamy, Box 523, Richardson, Tex. 75080
- 20 LUNARIAN CHRISTMAS PARTY AND MEETING at home of Frank Dietz, 655 Orchard St, Oradell, N.J. 07649, at 8pm
- 21 HOUSTON SF SOCIETY, see Dec. 7
- 21 MISFITS MEETING at home of member at 3pm. For info: Howard Devore, 47-5 Weddel St, Dearborn Heights, Mich. 48125 (ph: L05-4157)
- 26 VALSFA MEETING, see Dec. 12
- 27 BALTIMORE SF GROUP, see Dec. 13
- 27 MINN-STF MEETING, see Dec. 13
- 27 OMICRON CETI THREE MEETING at home of member at 8:30pm. For info: Joe Isenstadt, 821 N. Hamilton Ave, Lindenhurst, N.Y. (ph:516-TU8-8327)
- 27 TOLKIEN SOCIETY MEETING in 501 Schermerhorn Hall on Columbia Univ. campus at 2pm. For info: Eli Cohen, 601-2 Furnald, Co-

lumbia University, New York,
N.Y. 10027

- 28 NESFA MEETING, see Dec. 14
28 OSFA MEETING at Museum of Science & Nat. Hist, Oak Knoll Pk at Big Bend & Clayton Rds, St. Louis (the Science Bldg, 3rd floor), at 2pm. For info: Ray Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo. 63108
28 OSFiC MEETING in Toronto. For info: Peter Gill, 18 Glen Manor Dr, Toronto 13, Canada (ph:694-0667)

February 1970

- 14 TANSTAAFL CON at SUNY in Binghamton. For info: Joni Rapkin, 67 Albert St, Johnson City, N. Y. 13790

March

- 27-29 BOSKONE 7 at the Statler-Hilton, Park Sq, Boston. GoH: Gordon Dickson. Reg: \$2 in advance, \$3 at door. For info: NESFA, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch P.O., Cambridge, Mass. 02139
27-29 SFCON 70 at the Hilton Hotel San Francisco. Adv. reg: \$3.00 till Jan. 1, payable to Sampo Productions. For info: Quinn Simpson, 977 Kains St, Albany, Calif. 94706
27-30 SCI-CON 70 at Royal Hotel, London. Reg: 25/- For info: 28 Bedfordbury, London WC2

April

- 2-4 MINICON 3 at the Andrews Hotel Minneapolis. Reg: \$2.00, payable to Mrs. Margaret Lessinger For info: Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St N.E., Minneapolis, Minn 55418
10-12 LUNACON/EASTERCON at the Hotel McAlpin, Herald Sq, N.Y. GoH: Larry Shaw. Adv. reg: \$2 to Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225
30-May 3 FANCON 70 in Stockholm. For info: John-Henri Holmberg, Norrskogsvägen 8, 112 64 Stockholm, Sweden

MEETINGS HELD EVERY WEEK:

- ACUSFOOS: Tues in Room 560 Loeb Bldg, on Carleton Univ. campus, at 7pm. For info: Richard Labonte, 53 Rosedale Ave, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada (Ph:235-0875)
ANN ARBOR FANDOM: Wed at Green House Lounge, East Quad, Univ. of Mich, Ann Arbor, at 7pm. For info: Ann Arbor Fandom, 1011 S.A.B., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104
FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: Thurs in the Postcrypt (basement of St. Paul's Chapel) on the Columbia campus, at 8:30pm. For info: Eli Cohen, 601 Furnald, Columbia Univ, New York, N.Y. 10027 (ph:212-663-4653)
LASFS: Thurs at Palms Playground Recreation Center, 2950 Overland Ave, W. Los Angeles, at 8 pm. (ph:838-3838)
MSU FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY: Fri at 8pm in lower lounge of South Hubbard Hall, on Michigan State Univ. campus. For info: Tracie Brown, 551 Albert St., Apt. 9, E. Lansing, Mich. 48823 (ph:351-6497)
NOSFA: Sat at homes of various members at 7pm. For info: John Guidry, 5 Finch St, New Orleans La. 70124 (ph:282-0443)
PORTLAND SOCIETY OF STRANGERS: Sat at homes of members at 7:30 pm. For info: Mike Zaharakis, 1326 SE 15, Portland, Ore. (ph:232-8408)
TERMINAL BEACH CLUB: Thurs at SUNY at Binghamton, at 8:30pm. For info: Joni Rapkin, 67 Albert St, Johnson City, N. Y. 13790. (ph:607-797-4993)
THIRD FOUNDATION: Thurs in basement of the New Student Center, Wayne State Univ, Detroit, at 7pm. For info: Al Smith, 23491 Beverly, Oak Park, Mich. 48236 (ph:548-3081)
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO SF SOCIETY: Tues at 7:30pm. For info: Mike Bradley, 5400 Harper, Apt.1204, Chicago, Ill. (ph:312-324-3565)

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

Coming Attractions

GALAXY -- December

ACE DECEMBER RELEASES

Serial

DOWNWARD TO THE EARTH by Robert Silverberg

Novel

HALF PAST HUMAN by T.J. Bass

Novellette

ORACLE FOR A WHITE RABBIT by David Gerrold

Short Stories

JAMBOREE by Jack Williamson

ETERNITY CALLING by John Chambers

THE YEAR OF THE GOOD SEED by Dannie Plachta & Roger Zelazny

HORN OF PLENTY by Vladimir Grigoriev

Cover by Jack & Phoebe GAUGHAN, suggested by Half Past Human"

IF -- January 1970

Serial

WHIPPING STAR by Frank Herbert

Novellettes

IF A MAN ANSWERS by Richard Wilson

THIS ONE by James Sallis

O KIND MASTER by Daniel F. Galouye

Short Stories

BY THE FALLS by Harry Harrison

CHILD'S PLAY by Larry Eisenberg

Features

THE STORY OF OUR EARTH by Willy Ley

DIARY FOUND IN THE ST. LOUIS ZOO by Robert Bloch

Cover by JACK GAUGHAN, suggested by "This One"

MAGAZINE OF HORROR -- February

Serial

THE DUEL OF THE SORCERERS by Paul Ernst

Novellette

THE ROC RAID by George B. Tuttle

Short Stories

THE NOSELESS HORROR by Robert E. Howard

THE TAILED MAN OF CORNWALL by David H Keller (6th in series)

Cover by VIRGIL FINLAY

10

Gordon, Rex THE YELLOW FRACTION. 94350. 60¢

Harmon, Jim THE GREAT RADIO HEROES (reissue) 30255. 75¢

Lafferty, R. A. FOURTH MANSIONS 24590. 75¢

Maddock, Larry THE TIME TRAP GAMBIT. 01043. 75¢

Richmond, Walt & Leigh THE PHOENIX SHIP / EARTHTRIM by Nick Kamin 66160. 75¢

Van Vogt, A.E. THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER (reissue) 87855. 60¢

Wollheim, Donald A, ed. MEN ON THE MOON (new ed) 52470. 60¢

COMING FROM BELMONT-TOWER

Gratt, Heinrich THE REVENGE OF INCREASE SEWALL. Belmont 375-1066 Dec. 75¢

Lovecraft, H. P. THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD. Belmont B60-1069, Dec. 60¢

Tralins, Robert THE COSMOZOIDS. Tower T060-5, Dec. 60¢

Bergin, Paul A. XUAN AND THE GIRL FROM THE OTHER SIDE. Tower T060-8, Jan. 60¢

Anvil, Christopher STRANGERS IN PARADISE. Tower T075-4, Jan. 75¢

Current Issue

COVEN 13 -- January 1970

Serial

LET THERE BE MAGICK by James R. Keaveny

Novellette

LEONA! by Alan Caillou

Short Stories

THE STRAWHOUSE PAVILLION by Ron Goulart

THE LITTLE PEOPLE by Robert E. Howard

WITCH FISH by Dennis Quinn

LAST RITES by Pauline Smith

DON'T OPEN TIL XMAS! by James Benton Carr

Feature

THE TURN OF THE SCREW: a Haunting and an Exorcism by Arthur

Jean Cox

Cover by WILLIAM STOUT



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FICTION MAGAZINE



After several years of planning, the first issue will be out in December. At least 64 pages plus heavy cover, 7x10" and mailed in heavy envelope, \$1.00 per copy. Subscriptions up to 4 issues at present. Much of the contents will be artwork, photography, and photo-montages, tied together with a theme that has not been tried as yet--that of following a sequence starting from the forming of the universe thru the present, into the far future, selecting a different aspect of civilization and especially the arts in each issue. An actual-size brochure is available, 12 pages, mailed for 10¢ plus a 6¢ stamp.

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- Aldiss, Brian W. REPORT ON PROBABILITY A (repr) Doubleday, Nov \$4.50
- Anderson, Poul SATAN'S WORLD. Doubleday, Nov. \$4.95
- Asendorf, James C. THE BEAR SEEDS (juv fty) Little Brown, Aug. \$3.50
- Asimov, Isaac ABC'S OF SPACE (juv nf) Walker, Oct. \$3.95
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- Buck, David THE SMALL ADVENTURES OF DOG (juv, repr) Watts, Oct. \$2.95
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- Coover, Robert PRICKSONGS AND DESCANTS (borderline fty, coll)

- Dutton, Oct. \$5.95
- Damjan, Mischa IVAN AND THE WITCH (juv repr, tr) McGraw, Nov. \$4.50
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- Hillegas, Mark R., ed. SHADOWS OF IMAGINATION: The Fantasies of C.S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien, and Charles Williams. Southern Ill. Univ. Press, Fall. \$4.95
- Jablow, Alta & Carl Withers THE MAN IN THE MOON; Sky Tales From Many Lands (juv) Holt, Sept. \$4.50
- Janssen, Tove WHO WILL COMFORT TOFFLE? (juv fty, repr) Walck, Oct. \$4.00
- Kennedy, William THE INK TRUCK (borderline fty) Dial, Sept. \$5.95
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- Random. \$1.95
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- Mallet-Joris, Françoise THE WITCHES (tr, borderline fty) Farrar, Sept. \$6.95
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- Nielsen, H.A. OLAF AND THE FRUMP (juv fty) Doubleday, Sept. \$3.50
- Nielsen, Jon & Kay THE WISHING PEARL AND OTHER TALES OF VIETNAM (juv) Harvey House, Oct. \$3.95
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- Rathjen, Carl Henry FLIGHT OF FEAR (Land of the Giants) Whitman 1516. 69¢
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- Scarry, Patricia M. THE JEREMY MOUSE BOOK (juv fty, borderline) American Heritage, Oct. \$3.95
- Silverberg, Robert STARMAN'S QUEST (juv) Meredith, Nov. \$4.95
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- Turner, James, ed. UNLIKELY GHOSTS Taplinger, Oct. \$4.95
- Vance, Jace EIGHT FANTASMS AND MAGICS: A Science Fiction Adventure (coll) Macmillan, Oct. \$5.95
- Wall, J. Charles DEVILS (nf, repr) Singing Tree, Apr. \$8.50
- White, James ALL JUDGMENT FLED. Walker, Dec. \$4.95
- White, William Luther THE IMAGE OF MAN IN C.S. LEWIS. Abingdon, Oct. \$5.95
- Wibberley, Leonard THE MOUSE ON WALL STREET (borderline) Morrow Oct. \$4.95
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PAPERBACKS

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- Baum, L. Frank ANIMAL FAIRY TALES Intl. Wizard of Oz Club. \$3.00
- Binder, Eando MENACE OF THE SAUCERS. Belmont B60-1050, Oct. 60¢
- Bogdanovich, Peter FRITZ LANG IN AMERICA (repr) Praeger Film Library, Oct. \$2.50
- Brown, Charlie & Marsha, eds. THE HOBBIT COLORING BOOK. June. \$1
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- 12, reissue) Ballantine 01754, Oct. 50¢
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- Gentry, Curt THE LAST DAYS OF THE LATE, GREAT STATE OF CALIFORNIA (repr, borderline) Ballantine 01725, Oct. 95¢
- Gilford, C. B. THE LIQUID MAN. Lancer 74-560, Oct. 75¢
- Godard, Jean-Luc ALPHAVILLE; A Film (Modern film scripts, tr., reissue) Simon & Schuster. \$1.95
- Heinlein, Robert A. A SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTION (boxed set, includes: Stranger in a Strange Land, The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress, Starship Troopers, Tomorrow the Stars (ed.) Berkley, Nov. \$3.70
- Jones, Raymond F. SYN. Belmont B60-1018, June. 60¢
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- Orr, William F. I HAVE NO NOSE AND I MUST SNEEZE. author. 75¢
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 THE SPIDER #2: The Wheel of Death. Berkley X1774, Nov. free with #1
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 Torro, Pel THE LAST ASTRONAUT (repr) Tower 43-247. 60¢
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 Williamson, Jack DARKER THAN YOU THINK (repr) Berkley X1751, Oct 60¢
 THE LEGION OF SPACE (reissue) Pyramid T2022, Oct. 75¢ corr

Have You Read?

Auerbach, Arnold M. "Fay was a Darn Nice Girl!" (King Kong) *New York Times*, Oct. 26, p.D17
 Bradbury, Ray "The Hour of the Ghost" (story) *Saturday Review*, Oct. 25, p.46-7
 Canby, Vincent "Madwoman of Chailot, Fidelity for a Fantasy" *New York Times*, Oct. 13, p.54
 Lastra, Luis "Artists and Astronauts (NASA art program) *Americas*, Sept. p.21-8
 LeGuin, Ursula K. "Nine Lives" (story) *Playboy*, Nov. p.128-32+
 Overseth, Oliver E. "Experiments in Time Reversal" *Scientific American*, Oct. p.88-94+
 Schwartz, Harry "The Real Tragedy of Man's Infancy in Space" *Saturday Review*, Oct. 25, p.33-6
 Shenker, Israel "Asimov, 'on Fire to Explain,' Writes 100th Book-- About Himself" *New York Times*, Oct. 18, p.35
 "Where Are They Now? Creators of Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon" *Newsweek*, Aug. 4, p.8
 Woodbridge, Richard G. III "Acoustic Recordings from Antiquity (shades of Before the Dawn!) *Proceedings of the IEEE*, Aug. p.1465-6

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S F and the Cinema

by Ken Beale

SPECIAL REVIEW

THE OLD DARK HOUSE Universal, 1932. Directed by James Whale. Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr. Screenplay by Benn W. Levy, with additional dialogue by R.C. Sheriff. Based on the novel by J.B. Priestley. 74 min. With Boris Karloff (*Morgan*), Melvyn Douglas (*Penderel*), Gloria Stuart (*Margaret*), Lillian Bond (*Gladys*), Charles Laughton (*Porterhouse*), Ernest Thesiger (*Horace*), Raymond Massey (*Philip*).

This almost legendary horror film was believed lost for several years. Recently a print was discovered. At the recent New York Film Festival, held at Lincoln Center from September 16 to October 2, a handful of enthusiasts were given an opportunity to see it. Reportedly there will be other screenings in the near future, possibly in Los Angeles and at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

The film was directed by James Whale, who also did the original *Frankenstein*, as well as its sequel, *Bride of Frankenstein*, and *The Invisible Man*. He has a great reputation among film buffs; one which always seemed to me exaggerated. But having been given an opportunity to see this film, as well as another in a genre unrelated to ours (*The Kiss Before the Mirror*), I must change my opinion. Whale now seems a highly talented, individual artist, who for the most part worked with unpromising material. He could undoubtedly have made very fine films, instead of minor thriller. Exactly why he didn't is an unanswered question.

The picture turns out to be just as good as its reputation. This can't be said about most of the "lost classics" of the genre. When works like *The Island of Lost Souls* or *Dr. Cyclops* finally become available, they always seem disappointing. But *The Old Dark House* stands the test of time superbly. This may be because it is a neat blending of horror and comedy; in fact, the best of many such screen mixtures. Like the original Grand Guignol Theater of Paris, the picture plays its horror and comedy against each other. Neither element is weakened or sacrificed to the other.

The plot is archetypical: a group of people are trapped by a storm in a lonely part of England, and forced to take refuge in an old house. This turns out to be occupied by a family of eccentrics, some with homicidal tendencies. Dozens of bad or mediocre films have been made with this basis. But Whale's is immensely superior. The dialogue is crisp, witty, adult and elegant. The characters vary from the grotesque to the completely believable. All are treated with deftness and (in the best sense) theatricality. The picture moves briskly from its beginning: there is scarcely a dull moment. The cast is, of course, excellent. In a genre whose distinction is dubious at best, this work shines out brightly.

BRIEF REVIEWS:

THE OBLONG BOX American International Pictures, 1969. Produced and directed by Gordon Hessler. Screenplay by Lawrence Huntington. In color. 95 min. With Vincent Price (*Julian Markham*), Christopher Lee (*Dr. Neuhartt*), Alastair Williamson (*Sir Edward Markham*), Hilary Dwyer (*Elizabeth*), Peter Arne (*Samuel Trench*), Harry Baird (*NGolo*), Carl Rigg (*Mark Norton*), Maxwell Shaw (*Tom Hackett*), Sally Geeson (*Sally Barter*).

This English-made horror thriller, while no masterpiece, does a good job of delivering its chills. Vincent Price, unusually restrained, is surrounded by a competent cast, if not a brilliant one. Christopher Lee, nominally the co-star, is really cast in a minor role. Neither the story nor the direction are outstanding, but both are quite acceptable.

The tale of an African curse, set in 19th-century England, utilizes familiar ingredients, but manages to give them a fresh appearance. Of course, there is no similarity to the Poe story on which it supposedly is based.

--K. Beale

CHANGE OF MIND Sagittarius film, released by Cinerama Releasing Corp. Directed by Robert Stevens. Written by Seeleg Lester and Dick Wesson. 103 min. In color.

Brain transplants are still some distance in the future, especially where humans are concerned, which puts this film on the borderline of the sf category. It is set in a time when such transplants have been proven possible; and this provides the basis for a story which otherwise offers another variation on the black-man-in-a-white-world theme which Sidney Poitier has made a success. This film may not be as successful since from either viewpoint it's difficult to find a sympathetic relationship for an audience to hang onto.

The brain of David Rowe, District Attorney, is transplanted into the body of a Negro, in an emergency operation. The background details are similar to those for the current heart transplants. This sets up the situation of white mind in black body, white mind being declared the legal survivor in this case. Then the story revolves around Rowe's wife, family and friends, the Negro widow, and Rowe's career as D.A. In the end we're left with no solutions to these problems, as Rowe flies away, uncertain of where he belongs, his future unknown, leaving behind a ruined life and career. --F. Maxim

FORTHCOMING FILMS:

The Day the World Changed Hands Universal. An adaptation of the novel *Colossus* by D.F. Jones. In color. An elaborate production, formerly called *Colossus 1980*. This story of a giant super-computer, set in the near future, will probably be released in early 1970.

Captain Nemo and the Underwater City MGM. Loosely based on Jules
Continued on Page 21

Soon ripe
Soon rotten
Soon gone
Soon forgotten



LUDWIG 114

CHANGE OF MIND

Lilliputia

MATTHEW LOONEY SERIES by Jerome Beatty Jr. Illus by Gahan Wilson
W.R. Scott. \$3.95 each Age level:8-12

MATTHEW LOONEY'S VOYAGE TO THE EARTH. 1961 134 p.
MATTHEW LOONEY'S INVASION OF THE EARTH 1965 158 p.
MATTHEW LOONEY IN THE OUTBACK 1969 224 p.

Matthew Looney is a typical young Moonster living with his father, mother, and his sister Maria in Crater Plato on the Moon. Matt's ambition has been to follow in his uncle's (Captain Lockhard "Lucky" Looney) footsteps and voyage into space. Uncle Lucky believes there is life on Earth, even though Moon groups such as the Anti-Earth League headed by Robinson K. Russo believe a voyage to the Earth is a waste of time.

Living on the Moon has its hazards. One such hazard is Velocipitis. When one has Velocipitis he tends to float away unless anchored. Still another hazard is Cosmos, which comes from exposure to the sun. Matt doesn't mind these hazards; what he does mind is the prospect of working in his father's powder factory. So it comes to pass that, despite argument that life cannot exist in an oxygen environment where there's also water, Matt (with his pet Murtle Ronald a "stowaway") gains passage as a cabin boy on the Moonbeam II and joins his Uncle Lucky on a trip to Earth.

Adventure follows adventure, Ronald is almost left on Earth, Captain Looney is almost court-martialled upon his return and Matthew saves the day by proving, with the help of his pet Murtle, that life can exist on Earth.

An expedition to discover just what kind of life can exist on Earth is the subject of the second Matthew Looney book. Matt has been promoted to Spaceman First Class and is once again accompanying his Uncle Lucky to Earth. This time, however, Matt's rival, Hector Hornblower (cousin of Robinson K. Russo, President of the Anti-Earth League) is present as Cabin Boy Ninth Class (lowest rank). The first inhabitants the crew meets are alligators and turkeys and, in a more or less hasty retreat, the crew returns to the ship. Hector reports all secure and the ship takes off... leaving Matt behind.

Matt is soon captured by Wiley Kalmuck, Chief of Security at Cape Kennedy (who, in Gahan Wilson's illustration, reminds one of George C. Scott in the role he had in *Dr. Strangelove*). Matt is taken to the Cape where he meets Dr. Leonard O. Davinchy, who eventually believes Matt's story. After much red tape, Matt, armed with a Non-Aggression Pact between Earth and the Moon (to prevent further satellite bombardments of the Lunar surface) returns home, accompanied by Kalmuck and Davinchy -- proof of life on Earth. It turns out, however, that Kalmuck has one last trick up his sleeve but even this does not prevent a happy ending.

Matthew Looney in the Outback again has Matt as part of an expedition, this time one exploring the Horsehead Nebula. While this is happening, Hector Hornblower, recently appointed Spatial Ambassador, has returned from Earth with Professor Davinchy and Wiley Kalmuck and peace treaties signed by one hundred and four nations, give or take a few. Unfortunately, mutual suspicion arises between Kalmuck and the Anti-Earth League and the situation becomes tense. Kalmuck and Davinchy hijack Matt's ship and detour to Earth where they land in Australia, in the Outback. Still more bad news greets the group as they learn from Robinson K. Russo that the Moonsters' dread Lava-Four Bomb is on its way to Earth.

Now the heat is really on and Matt finds his time is constantly being taken up by Earthly "parasites." How Matt extricates himself from reporters, tour directors and various lunatic (terrestrial?)-fringe groups to solve the deadly problem makes for interesting reading.

Jerome Beatty has a readable, often punning style of writing. In these books he manages to poke fun at most of our little quirks; and, while most of these jabs will go over the heads of young readers there is a sustaining element of humor which carries the books along.

Gahan Wilson, better known for his macabre drawings in *Playboy* and *F&SF* proves himself a master at humorous illustrations (not the least bit frightening) for children.

I heartily recommend the Matthew Looney series for boys and girls from 8 to, I suppose, 12. (And adults who want to "let their hair down" and enjoy a simple, funny series.)

--David C. Paskow

THE LITTLE RED COMPUTER by Ralph Steadman

McGraw-Hill, 1969. abt. 32 p. \$4.50 Age level: 4-8

This is the story of a little red computer who flunked out of computer school and was tossed out in the field to rust. When a rocket site is built on the field, he is rescued by scientists and goes off with them to the moon.

Written with a complete lack of logic, and virtually no understanding of either children or science, this is the sort of book that should be kept out of the hands of children.

The pictures are pretty.

--Joe Schaumburger

THE IRON GIANT; A Story in 5 Nights by Ted Hughes

Illus by Robert Nadler

Harper, 1968. 56 p. \$2.95 Age level: 8-12

The author wrote this "Story in five nights" as a bedtime tale for his own children and his blending of the truly weird with the comforting does indeed make it perfect for such use. The Iron Giant is essentially a gentle creature and the earth people keep him happy by installing him in a scrap-metal yard. One day a space-bat-angel-dragon appears which covers the sky over all of Australia. After unsuccessfully trying to attack it with all their united weapons of war, the Iron Giant repays the peoples of the world for their kindness to him by challenging the space being to sit on the sun. In admitting defeat, the space-bat-angel-dragon says that normally his mission is to sing the music of the spheres, but he got excited listening to the war cries of the earth and wanted to join in. He is told to return to his singing and gradually the entire world becomes blissful and peaceful. The telling is definitely not mawkish, but this is, rather, a very good anti-war story.

--Joyce Post

TIGER FLOWER by Robert Vavra *Paintings* by Fleur Cowles

Reynal, distr. by Morrow. Oct 1969, c.1968. Abt. 40 p. \$5.95

Age level: 9 up

The striking feature of this book is the 24 original paintings by Fleur Cowles around which the author has written this tale of peace for children of all ages. Tiger Flower is a jungle cat who describes a world "where everything that should be small is big, and everything that should be big, is small" and where he spends his time gathering flowers and where "the birds are his friends and not his dinner." The paintings are oriental in quality and therefore lend themselves quite well to this allegory of peace.

--Joyce Post

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS: An Anthology of Stories for All Ages
Compiled by Georgess McHargue
Doubleday, Oct. 1968 774 p. \$6.95

In this delightful hodge-podge collection, the term "story" is used in its broadest sense. Many of the selections are independent portions of larger works and some are not even fiction. There is something for everybody here. The entries range from Mikhail Sholokhov's "The Colt" to F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Freshest Boy" to C. Aubrey Menen's "My Grandmother and the Dirty English" to Mary-Alice Schnirring's "Child's Play." Bradbury, Tolkien, Saki, and a host of others are represented. This is a great collection for the home containing literate children; children and parents can argue over who is going to read it first. Every reader is not going to like every story -- complete catholicity of taste is hard to find -- but there really is something for most readers. Borrow it from your neighborhood library first to see if the percentage of hits over misses is worth seven bucks.

--J.B. Post

13 GOBLINS by Dorothy Gladys Spicer
Coward-McCann, March. 127 p. \$3.64 Age level: 8-12

13 Goblins is a good addition to Miss Spicer's previous titles, *13 Witches*, *13 Monsters*, etc. All of her collections are lively and well-written adaptations of standard fairy tales from around the world. Miss Spicer's broad interpretation of the term "goblins" ranges from elves and water sprites to boggarts and pookas. Most of the stories are from Europe, but one is from Israel. The stories are moralistic, with characters who are kind, honest and hardworking bettering themselves against all adversity.

My favorite tale concerns a young washerwoman aided in her toil by an invisible gentleman water sprite or hobgoblin. Her excessive curiosity about his appearance causes her to lose him for seven years. She becomes a beautiful queen who smiles a lot and "never asks questions."

Well told stories with appropriate illustrations.

--Barbara Lee Stiffler

THE SPIRAL HORN by Marion Norris Uhl
Doubleday, Nov. 1968. 122 p. \$3.50 Age level: to 12

Too cutesie-poo for words. To quote from the flap, "All was not well in Etheria, mythical land of heraldic animals. The Lion of England and the Unicorn of Scotland were feuding violently for the right-hand position on the royal seal of state. While they fussed and fumed, the Dragon of Wales schemed the downfall of them both, and the gentle tyger with a beak, sang a sad lament with his two-bodied, one-headed friend, the Lion Bi-Corporate."

I'd like to join them. This book, ostensibly written for children from 4 to 7, or even up to 12 (depending on how you interpret the publisher's cryptic code) would be completely incomprehensible to the average American child. It might do better in England, where the various heraldic devices are (I guess) somewhat more widely displayed and recognized. The truth is that the average American child knows very little about American history -- and this book is solidly based on British, Scotch, and Welsh history.

Furthermore, the adventures of the "hero" William, a young unicorn brought in as Heir to the Scotch Unicorn, are just plain silly and (in my opinion) wouldn't hold the interest of any child, American or British for more than two or three minutes.

--Joe Schaumburger

CALICO PIE and Other Nonsense by Edward Lear Illus. by Dale Maxey
Follett, Jan. 1969 abt. 28 p. \$3.95

THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES and Other Nonsense by Edward Lear
Illus by Dale Maxey
Follett, Jan. 1969 abt. 28 p. \$3.95

These two books are new editions of Edward Lear's traditional poetry. Dale Maxey's illustrations don't impress me. They are not particularly well done, but young children should be attracted to their bright coloring. I personally don't care for the limericks "and other nonsense" found in these two volumes, but again, children seem to be especially fond of his elaborate nonsense words. Both of these would make nice additions to a youngster's read-aloud book collection.

--Deborah Langsam

GILLYGALOOS AND GOLLYWHOPPERS by Ennis Rees. Illus by Quentin Blake
Abelard-Schuman, April. 60 p. \$3.25 Age level: 9-12

Did you know that "The Phillyloo Bird looks like a crane, But has even longer legs. Since it has no knees, it can't sit down, So it lays only broken eggs." This bird is just one of about 100 mythical monsters described in this collection of rhyming tall tales. Some of the verses are a bit subtle for children ("An Egress isn't animal of the sort that walks on all fours. It's something that you walk through yourself, Into all out-of-doors") but on the whole they'll think it jolly good fun and will enjoy the illustrations too.

--Joyce Post

SF IN PHILADELPHIA *Continued from Page 2*

Hal Clement on How Writers Create Imaginary Futures. Anne McCaffrey, Principal Speaker, concluded the program with a talk "The Unscientific Approach to Science Fiction." She was presented with a moon globe by the PSFS. Official registration for the con was 364.

The speeches by Joanna Russ, Lester Del Rey, and Anne McCaffrey will be printed in LUNA'.

SF AND THE CINEMA *Continued from Page 17*

Verne, this film stars Robert Ryan, Chuck Connors, Nanette Newman and Luciana Paluzzi. In Panavision and color, it is scheduled to be released next April.

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever Paramount From the Broadway fantasy musical (about reincarnation). Starring Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand, Bob Newhart. Directed by Vincente Minelli. In color and Panavision. To be released on a reserved seat basis, probably around Easter

The Phantom Tollbooth MGM Animated cartoon, produced by Chuck Jones. Adults will not get a chance to see this one, as a recent practice has been to show cartoons, if at all, at special children's matinees. Set for June release.

Taste the Blood of Dracula Hammer Films, to be released by Warner Bros.-7 Arts. Now in production in England, with Christopher Lee in his usual role.

George Pal is planning an adaptation of a Lord Dunsany story, "The Last Revolution." The script is by Rod Serling. Later he contemplates an undersea spectacle, titled *Seamount*. Neither has actually gone into production as yet.

Pal's contemplated production of *Logan's Run*, the novel by William F. Nolan and George Clayton Johnson, has run into difficulty. It may finally be filmed by someone else.

Reviews

THE AGE OF RUIN by John M. Faucette. *CODE DUELLO* by Mack Reynolds. Ace Double H103, Dec. 1968. 255 p. 60¢

If you like your prose at its purplest and the blood flowing like borsht, *The Age of Ruin* should suit you fine. For the rest of us it is pretty sticky going. You have to be able to take sentences like this in your stride: "I, Jahalazar of the purple locks, sprang awake, a sinewy arm reaching for Chernac, the Throwing Sword..." Or, "I stood ready to strike as my purple eyes swept the chamber dimly lit by the rising of the rust-red sun."

Jahalazar, who appears to have been misplaced by expiring parents to grow up with a tribe of primitives, receives an ESP message to return to his native land and save the race from extinction at the hands of invaders. He goes, and he literally fights his way across one of the most hostile planets it has ever been my good fortune to encounter. The most savage, bloodthirsty monsters, armed and fanged, that the imagination can create, lie in wait for him every ten yards or so and the chronicle is one long savage series of hand-to-hand combats.

A favorite theme of some stf writers is that after the ultimate atomic war man will revert to much the same status as the early tribes, fighting with sword and bow. I don't buy this myself; I think it shows only some lack of originality that the far future is so often described in terms of the feudal past.

If you enjoy bloody descriptions of lots of fighting, they are here in more abundance than I've ever encountered them.

By contrast, *Code Duello*, the other side of this Ace Double, is a mild, urbane and often witty spoof on all secret agents. As unlikely a crew of agents as ever bungled a case are sent to a planet to help the government put down an underground movement. The only trouble is that they are not supposed to let said government know what they are doing. And their mission is further complicated by the fact that the prevailing atmosphere on the planet is dominated by what the Mexicans call *machismo* a pride so touchy (and a need to perpetually prove one's masculinity) that the slightest affront, real or fancied, leads to a challenge to duel.

The spy team's problem involves steering a broken-field course between the requirements of their jobs and avoiding the prickly sensitivities of their hosts. Their ace in the hole is Helen, a 25 year-old razor sharp girl who regularly passes for an eight-year old and who can get away with remarks that would lead to war if said by an adult, but only cause bewilderment from the lips of a child.

Fairly mild, but good fun.

--Samuel Mines

MAGOG OF ARANA by Rosabel H. Ashton. Vantage Press, 1969. 230 p. \$3.95

Theosophists and their ilk rarely produce readable stories however often they produce interesting crackpot theories. Some fun stories have been written by non-believers around these theories, though. Mrs. Ashton is a believer writing about King Magog on the planet Arana trying to destroy religion after marrying the queen of Mecca. We find that "Our Earth is a fifth-rate planet with two dark races, the Negro and the Indian. Arana is a planet of the first order, with backward peoples but no races with black or copper-colored skins." Sorry, but a badly written story by a racist on a theological theme just isn't my bag.

--J.B. Post

ANOTHER LOOK AT ATLANTIS, AND FIFTEEN OTHER ESSAYS by Willy Ley.
Doubleday, Feb. 229 p. \$5.95

While I was reading this book, Tom Purdom stopped over to chat. After looking over the book he confessed that he found it very difficult to read Willy Ley's essays in *Galaxy*, but found it very difficult not to read them in book form. The conversation then veered off into matters of typography and page layout. I must confess that I don't even try to read Mr. Ley in *Galaxy*. Now in book form...

Willy Ley is, in my opinion, one of that select few of readable science popularizers who have sprung from our little world of sf. He perhaps lacks the overpowering wit and charm of Dr. Asimov, but in matters of erudition he holds his own. The essays cover a variety of topics: archeology, zoology, cosmography, the history of science and technology, etc. For the record, the essays are "Another Look at Atlantis," "The Wreck of La Lutine," "The Great Pyramid, the Golden Section and Pi," "Who Invented the Crossbow?" "Dead or Alive?" "A Century of New Animals," "Largest of Their Kind," "A Pangolin Is a Pangolin," "Hunting the Dodo / Other Islands, Other Dodos," "The Last of the Moas," "Let's Build an Extraterrestrial!" "The Laws of Utter Chaos," "The Sound of Meteors," "Who'll Own the Planets?" "Death of the Sun," and "The Re-designed Solar System." Every one worth reading. It's not quite the book to run out and buy unless one is really flush with cash, but it's certainly worth borrowing from a library.

--J.B. Post

SWORDSMEN OF VISTAR by Charles Nuetzel. Powell Sci-Fi PP 121, Jan. 223p 95¢

THE PLANET WIZARD by John Jakes. Ace 67070, March. 159 p. 60¢

If tales of wizardry, romance and adventure are going to sell, why not just slap them between two covers and push them? It's a living.

Magus Blacklaw makes his living pretending to be able to cast someone's soul into -- well, in *The Planet Wizard* it is the planet Lightmark, formerly headquarters for Eastman Kodak. Magus has very few regrets about his chosen occupation; but since he only victimises the poor and ignorant, he can't raise a dowry for his daughter. A rustic lout named Robin seems to be her best possibility.

The three manage to get themselves shipped body and soul to Lightmark on a treasure-hunting expedition. Here they battle savages and other treasure hunters in a race to see who can stab who in the back first. There are three interesting characters: Magus, William Catto, and the savage Plume. The romance, being told from the viewpoint of the girl's father, is fairly restrained.

The dedication in *Swordsmen of Vistar* compares Thoris of Haldolen with the Edgar Rice Burroughs heroes. Admittedly this isn't claiming much for any book. Those who object to paying premium prices for mediocre pulp adventure, be ye warned.

Thoris' romantic interests are rather above his station, and when circumstances make him the sole protector of his princess, she treats him like dirt. He finally does get what he wants out of her though, in the basket of a hot air balloon, yet. I still think the Wizard's subtly evil but frankly interested daughter would have been a better choice than the snotty Princess Illa.

The illustrations are expressive; but repulsive.

--Tom Bulmer

THE PROMETHEUS PROJECT: Mankind's Search for Long-range Goals. Double-day, 1968. 215 p. \$4.95

Dr. Feinberg has written a tragically useless book. The only people who will bother to read it probably already agree with him. He is right, we do need goals, but he puts too much faith in that people can sit down and decide them. We are making irreversible decisions every day and we must know the consequences. We do not decide to exterminate a species of wildlife, we try to make a little more profit by not being careful with our waste products which upset an ecological balance. Elimination of a disease can cause a famine unless the additional population is part of the planning. Our kingdoms are lost for want of a nail; the blacksmith can decide the fate of worlds as much as a king, more so in a technological society. C.P. Snow and C.N. Parkinson have both dealt with some aspects of this part of the problem. Dr. Feinberg admits he is often naive sounding but his whole thesis is that mankind can become anything it wants, it must decide what it wants. He thinks man (or his successor) will prevail.

Since the book has no index, the high spots are hard to find unless you read the whole mess. And there are brief high spots. He even mentions science fiction. His most telling argument is that if we have the trouble we now have over really very minor variations (mostly in the matter of pigmentation) in humankind, any genetic manipulation which produces real differences in people can be fatal to the race. If we change, we all have to change the same way so the Serpent Men and the Tritons won't go to war with each other. I guess he's right, but, gee..

--J.B. Post

THE RIM GODS by A. Bertram Chandler and THE HIGH HEX by Laurence M. Janifer and S.J. Treibich. Ace 72400, Feb. 142 & 112p. 60¢

The Chandler half of this Ace double is worth the price of the whole book, which is just as well, since the other half is a dud. Chandler continues his RIM series with four short stories that appeared individually in *Galaxy* in 1968. The first story, which gives the title to the whole works, is about a strange attempt by some far-future religious fanatics to make their God manifest Himself by a combination of magic and ESP. The results are absolutely hilarious.

The second story (which, I believe, originally appeared under the title of "Bird-Brained Navigator") is about a renegade human selling weapons to the aborigines. Or, trying to, I should say, since he's opposed by the hero of the series, Commodore Grimes. The gimmick here is a rather peculiar compass made out of a live homing pigeon-like bird. The third and fourth stories deal with robot starfish, dragons, ogres, intelligent fish, and a host of other goodies. It all makes for a very entertaining evening.

I wish I could say as much for the Janifer/Treibich effort. It took three or four evenings to wade through, mainly because I kept falling asleep. Basically, the plot is that some evil Africans have seized control of a space station and are planning to start a world war by stirring up the natives of their home continent. The good guys go up there with a tame witch doctor of their own, and put voodoo spells on everyone, including the robots. Just as they succeed, a few thousand alien spaceships from "our thar" land on Earth, and start to conquer it by eating up all the metal. Do they succeed? You'll find out, if you can stay awake long enough. Yawn.

--Joe Schaumburger

As we all know, Vantage Press is a vanity press. Oops, the term these days is "subsidy publisher." This means that the author puts up money to have his book published. Now let's not knock subsidy publishing completely -- a lot of times what an author has to say is not really commercial or doesn't have enough four-letter words to be socially significant. If the subsidy publisher is honest, an effort will be made to distribute the book and if it should turn out to be one of those very rare profit making vanity ventures, will share some of this profit with the author. For the author who isn't up on the publishing scene it beats private printings. At least the books get sent out for review.

In the case of the book in hand the effort is futile because it isn't worth a fan's time to read. Having said this I shall now describe a book no one should read. Mr. Palmer is a retired California judge, a relevant fact to keep in mind.

Essentially the "story" is one long boring dialogue between the astral body of Laurance Trelaine which has zipped off to the planet Loretta; and Loton, a Loretan sage. Mostly it is Loton describing the wonders of Loretta. Now Utopian Republicanism is not my cup of tea but one Utopia is as valid as another for story purposes. It is to Mr. Palmer's credit that he admits there can be no Utopia and what works on Loretta may not work on Earth; but he forgets that if all men were as virtuous as he makes his Loretans the form of government would be irrelevant -- virtuous men could make anything work. And he is certainly more benevolent than, say, the Objectivists. If one reads p.99-103 superficially, one will assume Mr. Palmer is a racist. He is, but a strange one. He believes that if there is equality between (or, rather, "Among") the races, separation will follow. Distinct racial cultures should be encouraged for the enrichment of the world. His anti-unionism and his naive economic system are unworkable on Earth.

Just when we are about to write Mr. Palmer off he throws two Curves. I suspect his long years on the bench have had their effect. Most Utopias of the Right are very traditional in all matters, especially sexual morality. Mr. Palmer has the Loretans have not only monogamous marriages but monogamous companionships as well. Companionships are easily dissolvable, marriages are dissolvable with more difficulty. The Puritanical view is to see adultery as a cause for divorce, Mr. Palmer sees it as a symptom of other problems. Divorce is an unfortunate last resort when people can no longer live together but grantable when it is in everyone's best interests. Each case is unique and must be decided on its own merits. There is no alimony as a matter of course.

The other curve is in the matter of criminal justice. The Loretans aren't quite perfect so crime exists. The purpose of punishment is to reform and to punish and to repay the victim. The death penalty is used only when a completely anti-social individual must be done away with to protect society. Euthenasia is advocated.

Still, when all is said and done, this isn't a book for a fan. Its only merit would be if someone were so intellectually poverty-stricken they could not invent their own world. It might be fun to take the Loretan society and bring it up against outside agitators, though. Perhaps the main reason for avoiding the book is the very poor writing style. Not only is the very structure -- dialogue -- dull, the language tends to be awkwardly used; there are too many "as you can observe..." sentences. Still, a curious book.

AUTOPSY FOR A COSMONAUT by Jacob Hay and John M. Keshishian. Little, Brown, Feb. 242 p. \$5.95

Perhaps I had a touch of Bester's Disease (the inability to enjoy a story of space after contesting in the Big World Out There all day) when I read this book, but I felt absolutely nothing for it. I can't say anything bad or good; it was just nothing. The story is about Dr. Sam Stonebreaker who is picked for a secret mission. He supposedly goes to Guatemala but grows a moustache and becomes Dr. Robert Gauss, astronaut. The mission is a rendezvous with a Soviet manned orbiting vehicle on which the crew died. A doctor is needed to examine the corpses on the spot. There is a happy ending.

--J.B. Post

LOVELY: Brain-plant book 1 by David Meltzer. Essex House 0117, 1969. 159 p. \$1.95 paper

MINDBLOWER by Charles McNaughton Jr. Essex House 0120, 1969. 272 p. \$1.95 paper

Dirty sf is on the rise. Essex House (7311 Fulton Ave., North Hollywood, Calif. 91605) seems to be leading the way. I don't want to malign the "New Wave" (whatever that is) but I have the sneaking suspicion that the "New Wave" beliefs are being used as a cloak for some very bad writing. We old timers have been criticized for permitting bad writing in pulps for a long time and even being nostalgic for it. We stand guilty as charged. The "New Wave" demands for craftsmanship and realistic human relationships (including sexual) in sf are valid. It is a paradox, however, that some "New Wave" voices seem to feel (perhaps in an effort to avoid being labeled conservative) sex per se in a story raises it to artistic heights. I hate to tell them that if I took my high school stories and added sex my stories would still be bad. Sex and scatological phrases in science fiction range from *Bug Jack Barron* where they are organic, if excisable (like tonsils), parts to the latest erotic tales by Philip Jose Farmer where his pornographic passages are warts and cancers on the body of the story. If craftsmanship is demanded of pulp adventure stories, I think in fairness we should demand it of erotica.

Which brings us to the books at hand. I would dismiss Mr. Meltzer's story as not even worth a glance. A badly written story of a future U.S. dominated by Military Industry and fragmented by ideological splits. *Mindblower*, on the other hand, has some few redeeming features. A sort of dirty *Butterfly Kid*, it is a dirty book written by the numbers that has a sex scene for all tastes. It calls itself a dirty book and makes jokes about redeeming social value. It, in short, doesn't take itself all that seriously. Pruned of its sex scenes, really wretchedly bad ones from an esthetic point of view, it concerns the misadventures of Jack Flasher and Phaedra in Haight-Ashbury, misadventures which culminate in the Great Haight-Ashbury Dog-Shit Orgy. Instead of blue lobsters, little dwarves doctor the city water supply with Mighty Quinn, a psychedelic drug giving true insight. True insight ultimately drives most folk to suicide. One of the light touches I liked was where the characters during a rape scene discuss what characters in a dirty book should discuss during a rape scene. One thing I didn't care for was the constant preaching on the virtues of drugs: if one needs drugs to unlock one's inner resources one probably doesn't have any inner resources. On the whole, a book for friends of the author and the dirty book trade. Fandom can spend its money better on other books.

--J.B. Post

THE PACIFIC BOOK OF AUSTRALIAN SF, chosen by John Baxter. Angus & Robertson, 1968. ix, 180 p. \$1.00 Australian

Because of the profound and significant statement found on page 48, I want to recommend this collection to everyone. Since not everyone shares my hang-ups, other reasons should be given for shelling out a buck twenty-five Yankee for this collection. It is a collection of twelve stories by Australian sf writers (most of them first published outside Australia) and indicates what our Aussie cousins are doing in the field. I can truthfully say that I enjoyed most of them, three only being mediocre by international standards. The type is a bit small to read in a moving vehicle, the paper is not the best in the world, and the glued "binding" is about fair. Just a wee bit expensive for what you get except for p.48 which tips the scales (for me) to the plus side.

--J.B. Post

THE PLACE OF SAPPHIRES by Florence Engel Randall. Harcourt, Jan. 248 p \$4.95

Even if this book did not have an ending, I would have enjoyed it. It is about the relationship between two sisters while one is being taken over by the ghost of a girl who also had an older sister. Almost all of the book is taken up by the two sisters' accounts of the same events and the differences between the two versions are fascinating. Because of the emphasis on the feminine point of view, this story might not appeal to a male reader, but I enjoyed it thoroughly.

--Joni Rapkin

THE DA VINCI MACHINE by Earl Conrad. Fleet Press, Feb. 189 p. \$5.95

As far as I know, the author has not written any science fiction previous to the publication of this collection. Perhaps he still has not...

All the stories in this slim (for the price) volume center around the theme of population explosion, or are supposed to (though I am not quite certain how the lead off story, "The Proof Was in the Drinkwater's Pudding", a funny tale of future cannibalism with a gruesome, if slick, ending, fits).

The title story is about a machine that (surprise!) paints pictures worthy of a da Vinci. In the year 2000 this leads to the Last Great Art Revolution, mass suicides by art critics and the rise of "unpainters" when painting was forbidden. The story is told by Ockenfelds, one of the last artists in the world of the Great Overpopulation. It's funny, bitter, futuristic, but... SF?

In a whole, *The Da Vinci Machine* is a report on the state of the arts in the time of Great Overpopulation. A feature character in many of the stories is a futuristic witch doctor type, Professor A'Gley, who serves to give some overall continuity to an otherwise mixed bag.

Don't misunderstand me; I did like the collection (especially those stories I've already cited, plus "The Two by Fours"- a story of invasion by ladder people, "The Ecstasy Machine of Professor A'Gley in Antimat-terland" and "Feasibility Plan") but I wouldn't as an sf fan, buy the book (but then again, as a teacher/sf fan, who can afford to?), at least not in hardcovers. Wait for the paperback or borrow it from your library (it's the type that, assuming your library doesn't have a J.B. Post, libraries might stock assuming it's "straight" literature and not that stuff...which, strictly speaking, it isn't).

--David C. Paskow

THE GOD MACHINE by Martin Caidin. Bantam S3959, Feb. 281 p. 75¢ (hardcover: Dutton, 1968. \$5.95)

Martin Caidin is a fine, technically competent author. He proved it once with *Marooned*, the story of a stranded astronaut and the attempt to rescue him. He demonstrated fine story-telling skill with *Four Came Back*. Now with a story of a computer gone out of control, Caidin demonstrates his ability once more.

In a story with touches of D.F. Jones' *Colossus*, Caidin tells of Project 79, a megacomputer buried deep within a mountain in Colorado. It has become self-sufficient, self-perpetuating and intent on "preserving the human race." But its idea of doing this becomes that of zoo-keeper to man, though so insidiously that few realize it. It was in a position of ultimate power and, like HAL 9000 of *2001*, Project 79 was corrupt.

The character development of the hero, Steve Rand (Rand, one of the giant computer corporations today -- what irony) is well-handled, if somewhat predictable. Other characters are somewhat lacking in depth; their personalities show above the plot only when necessary. But the personality of the giant computer, the villain as it were, is well-handled and ingenious; in some ways the situation is only too believable.

The main fault in this book is the structure of the plot development. The first six pages are about one incident, and leave the reader in suspense. But it takes 220 pages to get back to that little incident because the major portion of the book is written from flashbacks leading up to that incident, then wrapping it up in the last fifty pages. The result is over-built suspense, and confusion. Some readers may want to skip those first few pages and read them later, halfway through. But do read this. It is worth reading and contains several sound and stimulating ideas.

--David C. Paskow and Jan Slavin

WITCHES AND SORCERERS by Arkon Daraul. Citadel Press, 1962 (reissue, Feb. 1969) 270 p. \$1.95 paper

With the revival of interest in witchcraft on the part of the general public we are deluged with new and reprinted books on the subject. Some, of course, are good and some are poor. Mr. Daraul falls in the middle. If uninspired and not original, he at least presents us with lots of documented trials and stories of witches and sorcerers through the years. This can be a useful compendium of information for a writer who wants quick and simple information on witchcraft.

--J.B. Post

WATCHERS OF THE SKIES: An Informal History of Astronomy from Babylon to the Space Age, by Willy Ley. Viking Compass C254, Feb. 594 p. \$2.95 (hardcover 1963)

This paperback is a comprehensive history of astronomy in one volume. If you are looking for an overall view of astronomy or would like an up-to-date reference on the subject, this is it. It has three sections: 1) a chronological treatment of the early astronomers up to the time of Herschel 2) a discussion of the planets, and 3) a history of the problems within our own galaxy as well as those of others.

The author brings this third edition up to date by including a new forward. It also contains an appendix, a bibliography of the history of astronomy, a subject index and illustrations. It is a very readable work and is essential as a basis for the understanding of the current space era.

--Virginia Woehr

LORD OF LIGHT by Roger Zelazny. Avon N187, Jan. 319 p. 95¢ (hard-cover: Doubleday, 1967. \$4.95)

Here's 1968's Hugo Award novel, reissued in paperback -- and if any book ever deserved an award, this is the one. Zelazny has blended a plot of truly epic proportions with some of the most poetic, evocative writing that sf has ever seen.

The story is the revolt of one man against the Gods. The Gods, however, are not spiritual in nature, but are most decidedly real. They are the "First" -- the original crew members of a space ship landing on a far-off planet. Over the centuries, they gradually set up a society very similar to that of ancient India. All science is forbidden, except for the tidbits they allow their priesthood. They, keeping the secret of immortality to themselves, rule the planet as Gods from On High.

One of them, Sam, decides that they have usurped too much power, and begins to fight them. Incarnating himself first as Prince Siddhartha the Good, and then as the Divine Buddha, he begins to challenge their authority. But he doesn't marshall any armies or start a secret science center in the old sf tradition. His influence is exerted primarily in the fields of ethics and religion. Step by step, you watch him teach the Eightfold Way, the glory of Nirvana, and the secret of Enlightenment

The Gods fight back, sending Yama, the God of Death to destroy him -- a mutant with a "death gaze" that lets him kill by willpower alone. They send Agni, the Fire God. And eventually they win.

Or do they? Sam comes back, and a final Ragnarok-like battle ensues. I'll save the final outcome for your reading. A little mystical and hard to follow in spots, but well worth the effort. Don't miss it.

--Joe Schaumburger

THE OTHERS, ed. by Terry Carr. Fawcett R2044, Feb. 192 p. 60¢

This is a "theme" anthology, and a good one. It's based on the Charles Fort idea that "we're property." In the stories Terry Carr has assembled, you meet some of our owners.

For example, in "Roog" by Philip K. Dick, they're rather unpleasant goblin-like creatures who live on our garbage and are kept at bay only by dogs. (You convinced me, Phil -- my cocker spaniel sleeps at the foot of my bed from now on.)

Then there's a disturbing story by Daphne du Maurier, "The Blue Lenses," about the results of an eye operation on a housewife, and the strange world she sees when they take off the bandages.

"Shipshape Home" by Richard Matheson has been too widely anthologized to need any further comment.

"Eight O'Clock in the Morning" by Ray Nelson is the story about the man who wakes up too thoroughly from a hypnotic trance, and discovers who's really running the world. Also over-anthologized.

"The Six Fingers of Time" by R. A. Lafferty is the old "frozen minute" plot with a few new twists.

"Be My Guest" by Damon Knight is a well-written and amusing piece of trivia about the spirits who inhabit our bodies, and what happens when we discover them.

"They" by Robert A. Heinlein is about a man who's gradually discovering that he's God.

Aside from the fact that half these stories have appeared in several other collections, the book is an excellent one, rather offbeat and *Unknown*-ish. Lots of fun.

--Joe Schaumburger

ADDING A DIMENSION by Isaac Asimov. *Lancer* 74-996, March. 75¢

This non-fiction paperback is an excellent review of the sciences. Problems in mathematics, chemistry, biology, astronomy, and physics are presented in an imaginative, almost gamelike, manner. It can also be an impetus to learning about science. So if you know a young reader, who is interested in the sciences, this is the book for him.

The unique development of the topics gives one some understanding of history of science as well as etymology of technical terms and language dynamics. Difficult concepts, such as number systems, are easily understood since they are discussed in a logical sequence. First, the basic principle is established and reinforced, step by step, with repetition of fundamental ideas as the conclusion is drawn.

Fractions, unknown symbols, equations and units of measure are explained with practical applications relevant to the reader's experience. Light waves, the planets, blood types, chemicals and, finally, great men of science are included.

Dr. Asimov enriches his work with versatility, word imagery and alliteration. The conversational tone of this book facilitates understanding and, at times, the unusual wit of the author is amusing. He sparks the imagination, but he also stretches it -- so as to provoke the question, "Where do we go from here?"

--Virginia Woehr

THE LAST UNICORN by Peter S. Beagle. *Ballantine* 01503, Feb. 248 p. 95¢ (hardcover: *Viking*, 1968. \$4.95)

Somewhere between T.H. White's England and Middle Earth lies the lilac wood from which Peter Beagle's last unicorn sets out to learn the fate of her race. Captured on the road by Mommy Fortuna's Midnight Carnival, she escapes in company with a singularly inept magician named Schmendrick who is doomed to remain young until he finds his own magic. Their party is completed when, after an encounter with a Runyonesque band of outlaws, they are joined by Molly Grue, late cook-bottle-washer-mistress to the outlaw chief. Together, the three journey on to learn the fate of the unicorns in the dreadful demesne of King Baggard and the terrible Red Bull.

An excellent, fast-moving fantasy, with mocking overtones. Molly, the Unicorn, Schmendrick, the fierce old King and even his gentle, brawny son, Prince Lir seem very real -- more so, perhaps, than your usual knights and ladies -- because they do not always take themselves seriously. And the odd-jointed world they inhabit adheres to its own weird warp and woof: Magic can happen (though it is going out of fashion), a crazy butterfly may quote Shakespeare and the Old Testament and singing commercials about four-way relief, and the harpy, Celaeno, the Dark One, can cry out, "I will kill you if you set me free. ... Set me free." (page 45).

--Cindy Woodruff

THREE SHIPS AND THREE KINGS by Georgia Sallaska. *Doubleday*, Jan. 383p \$6.95

Mrs. Sallaska is not Mary Renault nor Robert Graves nor L. Sprague deCamp. These writers, to name only three, can somehow create an ancient world: perhaps not the real historical ancient world, but a world that lives and breathes. Though Mrs. Sallaska tries, she never quite has a world I can visualize. I find myself using Wallace Wood stereotypes from my days of reading E.C. comics. Much of this shadowy quality comes from the necessity of having brief descriptions when another char-

acter narrates his adventures to the hero.

Another thing that bugs me is that she jams so many myths onto one character. The hero is Hippolochus, sometimes called Bellerophon, sometimes called Perseus. It is all neatly worked out, but it still bothers me. Hippolochus is the son of an Aryan leader who has conquered one of the petty Aegean kingdoms. The Aryans are patriarchial while the "Earth People" are matriarchial. While still young, he is forced to flee a revolution. No Conan, he still gives a good account of himself. With other boys of Aryan descent, he makes his way to a friendly kingdom where his mother marries the king. Educated in war (he never learns to read), he is sent off with his companions and leads many adventures. He reaches Britain and defeats a band of Amazons led by Gorgon near Stonehenge. He slays a pirate named Chimaera. He becomes a king and builds a great city (Mycenae). He is undone by treachery (and his own pride) and blinded and set to wander the earth.

For all of my earlier complaints I must confess that when Hippolochus was having his adventures I was an eager reader. Every time she threw in another myth I cursed the author for breaking my train of thought but I kept reading. It may not be first rate Heroic Fantasy but it certainly is second rate Heroic Fantasy (I am opposed to the Usual American notion that there are only two categories: First Rate and shit -- for me, second rate is still worth reading). The price, of course, puts purchase out of the question for most readers but since this Grand Republic of ours is blessed with many under-financed public libraries it shouldn't be too hard to find a copy to read. --J.B. Post

THE ALIENS AMONG US by James White. Ballantine 01545, Mar. 217 p. 75¢

An excellent collection of seven short stories by the author of *Hospital Station*.

In "Countercharm," we pay another visit to that amazing structure far out on the Galactic Rim, Sector 12 General Hospital, and see how a young Earth intern solves the problem of falling in love with a beautiful crab.

In "To Kill or Cure," an air-sea rescue team finds itself confronted by a crashed spaceship with some very alien passengers in need of medical attention. To make things fun, a giant alien rescue ship starts looking for the survivors on its own.

"Red Alert" is the story of a rescue of an entire civilization whose sun is about to go Nova. Problem: how do you evacuate an entire planet in 46 hours? And guess which planet it is.

"Tableau" is the tale of two wounded soldiers, one human and one alien, who are alone with each other on a badly damaged spaceship.

In "The Conspirators," a wacky bunch of mutated mice, guinea pigs, a pussy cat, and a canary try to escape from a space ship manned by humans.

"The Scavengers" is another Nova-rescue story, rather weak on plot. "Red Alert" was written more carefully.

Finally, "Occupation Warrior" is about a future so peaceful that anyone wanting to start a war is given a free planet to fight it on. Of course, the government lets each side pick the worst of the opposing group's soldiers to do the fighting, and encourages both sides to desert. The hero, a would-be Napoleon type, decides to change all this, with predictable results.

Not profound, but good, solid sf and well-written.

--Joe Schaumburger

Xenogenesis: "the fancied production of an organism altogether and permanently unlike the parents," so says Webster's Third Unabridged. I'm not sure that was exactly what Miss DeFord had in mind, since only one of the sixteen stories in this collection really fits that definition -- "One Way Journey." Taken as meaning alien or foreign in birth, which I thought it was before I looked it up, the title is apt. There is something out of the ordinary about the means and methods the characters in the book perpetuate, or don't perpetuate the species. The subject matter varies from totally alien creatures, such as "Gathi" to similar but oh-so-different, such as "Ajeri Diary," to relatively human, as in "Throwback." A few deal only tenuously with the theme, but serve to round out the collection, like "The Absolutely Perfect Murder." The stories range from amusing, "All in Good Time," to poignant, "The Daughter of the Tree," from sarcastic, "Season of the Babies" (which would have had even more shock value if I hadn't read Dean Swift's "A Modest Proposal," written about two hundred years ago,) to dead serious, "The Smiling Future." "The Last Generation," appropriately the last story in the book, is probably the best. The ending, which of course I shall not reveal, shook me quite a bit. This collection is a bit uneven, but on the whole, good. Most are what's called Science Fantasy, the rest just plain fantasy. Over half were originally published in *Fantasy & Science Fiction* over the years, so if you generally like what's in *F&SF*, you'll probably enjoy *Xenogenesis*.

--Jan Slavin

VIEWPOINT: THE UNIVERSAL BASEBALL ASSOCIATION Since I am the only member of the SFWA who nominated Robert Coover's *The Universal Baseball Association, inc: J. Henry Waugh, Prop.* for the 1968 Nebula Award, I maintain that I have a certain right of reply to J.B. Post's largely incomprehending review of this novel in *LUNA Monthly* (Nov., p.29). Post sees the book as bad fantasy and parochially athletic, a view out of kilter with most of the literary and parochially athletic, a view out of done and the right metaphor for the basic issues with which it deals which are, of course, metaphysical.

That's not the point; Post is a reviewer and is entitled not only to his opinion but its dissemination. But this review puts a kind of finger on a serious point which may need notation: every time there appears in the so-called "mainstream" a novel which has some resemblance to science fiction, the powers-that-be in our little category feel impelled to show how inferior a work of science fiction it really is and how much better we do it, thus perpetuating a kind of petulance-in-isolation which is not worthy of the field at this particular time.

Coover has written a brilliant novel. It is not science fiction or fantasy -- and my nomination of the book was fairly capricious, being only an attempt to bring to the attention of some fraction of the membership a book which I thought to be of great merit -- but it exhibits a level of style and structure which is still mostly foreign to science fiction and I wish, hence, it had gotten longer shrift or no shrift at all.

--Barry N. Malzberg

ALSO RECEIVED:

Dark Piper by Andre Norton. Ace 13795, Oct. 60¢ (hardcover: Harcourt, 1968. \$4.25 reviewed *LUNA Monthly* 1, p.26)
A Very Private Life by Michael Frayn. Dell 9303, Oct. 75¢ (hardcover: Viking, 1968. \$4.50 reviewed *LUNA Monthly* 2, p.22)