

SOME years ago very fortunate chance brought me a copy of Nicholas Stuart Gray's *THE SEVENTH SWAN*. With the result that thereafter I ordered from my London bookseller everything appearing under his name. In due time a collection of short stories, *MAINLY IN MOONLIGHT*, arrived, to be most eagerly read. There are stories which continued to haunt one long after the volume in which they have appeared has been laid away. One can not put aside the memory of such. And usually they are tales which stab below the surface which protects us from strong emotion we would rather did not trouble us.

The Star Beast is such a goad, being especially pertinent to the space minded age in which we live. It is a rebuke to our own species' general smug attitude of superiority, as well as a warning that perhaps somewhere beyond our own solar system man is not as all important as he cries to the heavens he is. This is a tale to make one look both outward at the civilization about one, and inward at one's own prejudices and blindness; so simply told with the art of a master of fantasy that its lesson can not be avoided, no matter how the reader may try to evade the mirror held up to reflect our whole arrogant kind.

ANDRE NORTON

THE STAR BEAST

BY NICHOLAS STUART GRAY



CHOSEN BY ANDRE NORTON