

S O N O F T H E W S F A J O U R N A L

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In Brief --

Well, it's now Sept. 9, and the mimeo still lies in a coma. We're typing stencils like mad, cleaning out most of our folders (will soon start on TWJ folders, if the stalled #'s 80 and 81 aren't published soon, to keep the material therein from dating too much). There's still hope, but won't know anything definitely until Sept. 16, at least. #67 on stencil (except for page 1, which we've left open in hopes of hearing some LACON results soon).

Does anyone out there know current addresses of Ben Miller and David Joseph Jaye? Their TWJ's and SOTWJ's have been coming back from their former addresses, marked "address unknown", so we've stopped sending them....

TV GUIDE notes that producer George Pal has signed to make a TV version of H. G. Wells' The War of the Worlds for Paramount, which may also become a series.

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-- DLM

THE WSFA JOURNAL (Supplement)

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TO:

FIRST CLASS MAIL

FIRST CLASS MAIL

(dissecting)

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

Operational Procedures

Supervised by

Richard Delap

There were a few passably good stories this month but not a single one that I would hold out as standing much chance of surviving news-stand time. Not that the month was a particularly bad one, just that it rounds out a very average one, with most of the interest centered around the novels--Asimov's The Gods Themselves, Eklund's Beyond the Resurrection, a new Harrison froth and a short novel (actually a novella) by Blish--rather than the short works. Monthly features, too, are readable if not noteworthy, the item of most interest being Ted White's FANTASTIC editorial which demolishes Star Trek with logic and good sense but without true rancor (something needed done for too long). There's so much competition today from the "original" anthologies, thick as flies on a watermelon, that the magazines are really becoming hard-pressed to keep themselves at competitive quality.

FANTASTIC -- April:

Serial:

Beyond the Resurrection (part one) -- Gordon Eklund.

Short Stories:

A Dome of Many-Colored Glass -- Bob Shaw.

An American prisoner-of-war is "The Private" and his Chinese watchman "The Planner" in a duel characterized in the end by a strange time differential caused by lenses made of slow glass--Shaw's popular fictional invention which stores light that, upon release, reveals scenes from the past. It's much too short for complicated characterizations, so Shaw depends heavily on his final twist which may not please all readers. Mild but passable.

Thus I Refute -- Terry Carr.

Though often fond of Carr's humorous short stories, I find this one lacking that vital spark and emerging on the stale side. It tells of a bookish man confronted by a man from an alternate timestream who threatens to crowd the Earth with other-world visitors. A bookish man is, of course, the most clever sort of man--yes, Carr, we'll fall for that one readily enough!--and he doubletalks the Earth right out of danger. But not even in fun can I swallow this mush any longer--too lumpy.

Up to the Edge of Heaven -- David R. Bunch.

Bunch takes the old Christian concept of Heaven (final rest, peace and joy in the sight of God) and while not necessarily invalidating it, adds to it the concept that Earthly death does not bring immediate transition to paradise for those saved from Hell. For those seeking heavenly reward, Bunch's speculation may seem perverse and horrible (esp. for those who find life a good part intolerable), but there's no denying that the story has an idea which, whatever your belief, gives one to think again about preconceptions. A good story.

The Puiss of Krrlik -- F. M. Busby.

Busby's story makes such unpleasant reading that it's quite difficult to be in any way objective about it without sounding inhuman. It is a shock-vision of an alien society where individuals battle to become the conqueror (fertilizer) rather than the vanquished (fertilized and bearing the young). If this disturbs the Fem Libs, health addicts may likewise cringe at the aliens' natural and necessary habit of smearing themselves with excrement. Busby's lavish detail seems unnecessary (as does a visiting Earthman whose climactic actions are undisguised fake gears), but obviously the only way to get a response to this nearly plotless tale. Heady colors but thin drama.

The Pill -- Maggie Nadler.

In a neatly-written and brief story of a pill which changes the entire

outlook of society, Nadler finds her point of interest in society's exceptions, those who feel that nature's way of handling the human life cycle remains the best way for them. Without condemning or condoning the author urges readers to consider the possibilities inherent in any big change. Ok of kind, though it lacks any really strong dramatic punch.

Nice Trees Don't -- B. Mobane.

A girl, playing coy to her boyfriend's seduction attempt and hiding in a forest thicket, wishes for protection and gets it by being changed into a tree. To keep this whole thing from sounding utterly ridiculous Mobane notes that she's been smoking a joint, so perhaps we're to assume it's all in her mind. However you look at it, it remains a mindless and incredibly naive look at the feminine mind. Poor.

Art Portfolio:

Slaves of the Fish Men by Edgar Rice Burroughs -- J. Allen St. John.

Article:

SF in Dimension: The Resurrection of SF (part one) -- Alexei & Cory Panshin.

ANALOG -- April:

Serial:

A Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah! (part one) -- Harry Harrison.

Novellette:

The Prophet -- Stanley Schmidt.

Here's an improbable but readable story about a planet where a man has invented a "neutrinoscope" and from its revelations concludes that a near sun is going nova and his world must prepare for the coming fury. A government panel of experts rejects his theory and forces his silence, and it is only with time that he discovers an anthropologist's work holds the key to the future as well as the past. Schmidt's conclusion depends entirely on convincing the reader that an advanced technology could survive centuries, losing the knowledge of its origin while retaining most of its sophistication, which along with a too-easy tie-up of loose ends makes this otherwise tasty story tangled in its own sophistry.

Short Stories:

Wings of Victory -- Poul Anderson.

Anderson's story of men landing on an alien world, and the resultant confusion in deducing which lifeform is the superior intelligent race, is a familiar tale with the common built-in lecture about the dangers of assuming too much from limited human knowledge. In spite of the routine concept, the story is kept lively with action and some occasionally good dialogue. Ok of kind.

Misinformation -- Howard L. Myers.

Following last month's "War in Our Time", Myers concocts a plot in which the great econo-war is winding down and a "social collapse" of the Commonality seems inevitable unless they can create a telepathic unit to conquer with the Lontastans' alien creature. There are a few catchy questions brought up--for example, is the alien a real lifeform or only a super-gadget?--but the story, like the first, is ponderous and lacks the characters or surprises which might give the silly plot some impetus. Routine.

Succor -- F. H. Rounsley.

Interplanetary Search and Rescue arrives on a hostile, barren planet where the crew hopes to find a man (or his descendants) who disappeared years before and whose return will provide the searchers with a generous reward. The planet is so grim that the crew is not very hopeful of success, and the author conveys this attitude so successfully that the "surprise" climax shapes up as mostly unconvincing and too abruptly introduced. Fair.

Answer "Affirmative" or "Negative" -- Barbara Paul.

Just why would the most expansive, expensive, comprehensive computer in the entire world suddenly start answering technical questions with poetry quotes?

And if the quotes are more "exact" answers, can the world ever adjust to such exactitude? After dozens of humor-oriented computer stories of late, Paul's version doesn't seem as fresh as it might have been a few years ago; but it does have several amusing moments which produce some chuckles without too much strain.

Science:

Skylab (conclusion) -- Joseph Green.

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION -- April:

Special James Blish Section:

James Blish: Profile -- Robert A.W. Lowndes.

The Hand at Issue (article) -- Lester del Rey.

James Blish: Bibliography -- Mark Owings.

Short Novel:

Midsummer Century -- James Blish.

Thrown from 1985 to the world of 23,000 years later "by the accidental generation of a jugotemporal field in a powerful broadcaster" (i.e., falling into a telescope, and Zap!), John Martels finds his mind sharing a computer with the Qvant, the "reigning Supreme Autarch" from Rebirth Three, one of man's evolutionary stages that has passed since Martel's departure point. 25,000 A.D. is no world of technological marvels, however, for man has adapted to a primitive sort of life in the Earth's widespread, heated jungles and the tribesmen make use of the computer only as an oracle to give occasional advice. Man's decline is paralleled by the evolution of the Birds, who have become an intelligent species with a ferocious dedication to man's extinction. Blish states he has written a "pure adventure story", but unfortunately it isn't quite as pure as he might like and is gravely marred by intellectualisms which sound sadly pretentious in context. Martels, for instance, has an annoying habit of making literary allusions to many of the incidents he encounters, ranging from Poe to James Thompson, none of which is accounted for in his background. It is not Martels we hear, but Blish, who uses the same sort of allusions in describing Martels himself ("like a blood-smeared figure of Icarus"). While Blish's future world is colorful and Martels' adventures sometimes preposterously engaging (notably the capture and escape from the Bird city), the story never is more than a shallow-breathed imitation of the pure adventure Blish is so desperately trying to achieve. Disappointing.

Short Stories:

The Anthropiranhas -- Joseph Renard.

The editor thinks Renard's story is not entirely serious, but I think he misses the bitter and cynical purpose beneath the absurdity of this weird tale about the end of humanity at the hands (or rather, jaws) of tiny, aquatic, man-eating quasi-humans who suddenly clog the world's water supply. While the story is obviously a plea for social consciousness and concern, it refreshingly manages to avoid the heavy admonitions which often prove too weighty for the medium. A good story.

The Recording -- Gene Wolfe.

Wolfe's story is not a fantasy but instead calculates the effect of fantasy on the human mind. It's a strange little story of a man who in declining years recalls a childhood incident which he only now is prepared to bring to a conclusion. Ever have a nagging memory at the back of your mind, one which causes you to wonder, "What if...."? Oh, this one's nice.

No Other Gods -- Edward Wellen.

With an ironic flash of future-sight, Wellen sees the end of the universe as the result of the Galactic Hub Computer's decision to start it all over again, a decision which places "him" in the position of God. Somehow one man and woman survive and in the end it's hard to say what messed it all up--

mechanized perfection or capricious human logic. Interesting idea, though it never quite works as well as it should.

No Vacancy -- Jesse Bier.

Traveling cross-country and looking for places reflecting historical purity, away from the trashy neon wilderness of today, a young couple find themselves stranded in a small Montana town which seems to be actually living a night in 1868, complete with a street gunfight and enough Old West drawls to keep the Western movies alive for decades. Time travel? Hallucination? It doesn't really make much difference, I suppose, but the story is a slick (if unoriginal) effort that is mildly entertaining.

Science:

Moon Over Babylon -- Isaac Asimov.

IF -- March-April:

Serials:

The Gods Themselves (part two) -- Isaac Asimov.

Patterns of Chaos (part two) -- Colin Kapp.

Novellette:

The Stainless Steel Rat's Return -- Harry Harrison.

Slippery Jim diGriz slips 20,000 years into the future this time, where Earth is taking its final gasps in the killing heat of solar radiation and is crawling with murderous mutants of every variety, including human. With his lovely Angolina, he is on the trail of the hateful He, who has established a fortress here to implement his evil plans to "control eternity". Harrison has at last reached rock-bottom with diGriz, I'm afraid, and the best he now seems able to do is to keep his two thieving lovers wallowing in juvenile repartees and one-line jokes, a corny and poorly-written banter that has no relation to the characters who were once amusing and caustic. The ship has sunk, and the damnfool Rat has not deserted but gone down with it. Sad.

Short Stories:

One and One Are Two -- David Magil.

I'm not at all sure what effect Magil was trying to achieve with his story of three human hunters who comb space for "monsters" to return to Earth's zoos. The hunters are intrigued by a mysterious dome on a strange planetoid, and their interest makes them eat dirt by their own curiosity. The humans' indifference never quite makes their stupidity believable, and the editor's blurb (shame on him!) destroys Magil's punchline. Routine.

Two Suns for the King -- David R. Bunch.

This latest addition to Bunch's "Moderan" series is as simple yet perplexing as the rest. Here the king of the metal-people (who maintain a strip of flesh as their bind to "godhood") seeks to find an acre of uncontaminated soil and learns he must stoop a bit to reach high. Bunch's stories are possibly the most condemnatory and cynical in all of recent sf, but they are not without a heart of humanism beneath the gruffness--which is, I think, what keeps them so popular. Good.

The Old Switcheroo -- Robert Bloch.

To be a success with the public today (and according to Bloch, tomorrow) you simply gotta have a gimmick...and few have had more experience with the gimmick-story than Bloch himself. I've never felt Bloch's fantasies about the entertainment industry reflect his real knowledge of it so much as his knowledge of what the public will buy--but then, that's show biz, isn't it? This is strictly fluff, but if you like this sort of thing....

We have just, today, rec'd Dolap's May installment--about a week after the April installment--so perhaps we'll now be closing the gap between magazine publication and publication of Richard's reviews. We like the monthly segments better....--ed.

THE PAPER PARADE: Fanzine Review
by Mike Glycer

INTERPLANETARY CORNCHIPS #7 (Jim McLeod & Dale Goble, 9109 Kendrick Way, Orangevale, CA 95662; "If you let us know that you exist, we'll probably honor you with the next issue." Also available for 50¢) -- There are about seven or eight fanzines/people, that people interested in fanzines absolutely cannot afford to miss if they intend to keep up on the "state of the art". Besides Gillespie, the Bushyagers, the Glicksohns, Bowers, Jerry Lapidus, and Richard Geis, there are McLeod and Goble, who have turned INTERPLANETARY CORNCHIPS into that kind of zine (i.e., either a field leader, or one that is exploring the frontiers of fan thought and expression). The trouble is that #7 does not exactly prove it. Number six did-- but it's been quite a while between issues, and it's not inconceivable that the two eds. have to reacquire some of the subtler skills of producing a fanzine.

The cover is Derek Carter, celebrating artistically the wry attitude of ICC that somehow manages to seep through despite layer on layer of superheavy sermon monologs from the editors and some contributors. For instance, Leon Taylor, weighed down with the prodigious baggage of his glib, wordy style, humorously brings into focus the fanwriting of Joe Pumilia, and excerpts at length a fine satire by Pumilia on the Apollo 11 results as compared to sf's expectations of same. Darrell Schweitzer pulls off something different from his typical thick-as-a-brick essay by producing here a poem. Its tone is disillusioned, the poem looks like it rambles but does not, and it even comes up with a smile or two that shine out of the affected gloom. (Schweitzer, being bittersweet? I am Unspeakably Shocked, but also Speakably glad.) Surrounding Taylor and Schweitzer, who are the greatest things to happen to fanzines since Jim Harmon busted down Ellison's door, are the opaque, superheavy items, including "The Draughting Schtick". In issue #6 "The Draughting Schtick" was the keel on which the fanzine was built and launched. If that had been true here, the good ship ICC would have gone down with all hands in the first high wind. It unravels as its chain of discussion falls apart halfway through Greg Bear's meaningless resummation cum apologia. Though the "Schtick" has been a great solution to the problem of providing intelligent discussion of art in genzines, here it opens with Gilbert, continues with Bear, ends with Gaughan, and dies all over the place. Gilbert's bombastic letter, saying very little as loudly, proudly, and longly as possible, contrasts with Gaughan's I-don't-give-a-damn letter, but between the three, I wouldn't be too surprised if the readers started taking up Gaughan's attitude as well. Then the reviews are also heavy, with Roy Tackett, Frank Denton, and Darrell Schweitzer painting on the globs with palette knives (and sometimes sticking the knives in, too). These reviewers all present a sort of baroque style that comes on as slow and deliberate as Frank Denton's entire ASH*WING. Good, but I couldn't take too many at once.

The real weaknesses in this issue occur where ICC should have its strongest claim to fame--in art, graphics, etc. A lot of the design in this issue is mighty poor--you'd have to see it to tell why, but when you get a copy check the ToC, and the first page of Taylor's essay for (respectively) mediocre and hideous samplings. The placement of illos is random and undisciplined, particularly in the lettercol, where they are plugged in to break up space--and do more to waste it than anything else. The magazine lacks the interior discipline it used to have. For instance--the reviews sever the last page of "The Flying Frito" (Clifton Davis' amusing serial) from the main portion of the article, all for no reason that makes any sense!

I trust that McLeod and Goble will get back in the groove soon enough. If they do, somebody might even try to hand them a Hugo. (If they don't, somebody may knock them over the head with one for wasting the chance.)

((Fanzine eds, pls. remember to send 'zines for review to: Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA; Mike Shoemaker, 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria, VA 22302; and/or Barry Smotroff, 147-53 71st Rd., Flushing, NY 11367. --ed.))

New Dimensions 1, ed. by Robert Silverberg (Doubleday; \$5.95).

In this, his debut to the several existing original story-collection series, Robert Silverberg has collected a number of impressive works of science fiction, as well as a genuine block-buster of a novella that should become a classic in all senses of that word.

The brief introductions to each story space the well-ordered collection out nicely, serving as effective transitions between the fiction, all of which is at least worth reading. As such, most of the stories are pretty much what one tends to expect in an above-average anthology of this sort: a few fairly routine in writing and plot as well as two or three experiments. Of the former, I especially enjoyed Leonard Tushnet's amusingly scientific short story of abandoned cars in a city, "A Plague of Cars", and the ever-reliable Philip Farmer's look into a very unusual future. Of the experiments, I liked the somewhat incomprehensible Harlan Ellison piece, "At the Mouse Circus", and "Sky", by R.A. Lafferty.

But the landmark of the book is the lead story, outclassing the rest in concept, writing and scope: Gardner R. Dozois' "A Special Kind of Morning". Dozois is a remarkable artist, and in this novelette his qualities shine forth like new-cut diamonds under the light of a reading lamp. His prose is almost free-verse poetry; he machine-guns image after image after image, leaving the reader stunned by their beauty and power; he uses the English language as an athlete uses his muscles in an event. His plot trappings are not at all original (a guerrilla war on an alien planet), yet neither were Shakespeare's. But perhaps what awes the reader most is the deep well of potential obvious in this writing talent, which may well do for science fiction what the aforementioned William Shakespeare did for dramatic poetry.

All told, this book is a most satisfying one. The Dozois story alone is worth the price of the book; consider the rest very thick, rich frosting.

-- DAVE BISCHOFF

Spell of the Witch World, by Andre (Alice Mary) Norton.

This is the seventh book in Norton's Witch World series. It's not exactly a novel--more like two novelettes and a short story, none of which is very good--and none of which takes place in any locale that is familiar from any of the preceding six books.

"Dragon Scale Silver" is the first novelette. It is the story of Elys and Elyn, brother and sister, children of a fleeing witch of Estcarp and her protector-escort. They are joined together by a silver goblet, and when one is in trouble the silver will tarnish. Alizon has invaded the coasts of the land of High Hallack, and war rages across the landscape. Elyn goes off to fight in the war, while Elys stays with the villagers of Wark, practicing what little of her heritage is her's to grasp.

Eventually the village of Wark has to be abandoned, and the villagers flee to a hidden site in the mountains. There the goblet tarnishes, and Elys sets out with a refugee warrior to rescue her brother from the doom that has taken him.

A rather simple story, that reminds one of one of Norton's poorer juveniles.

"Dream Smith" is about a young smithy, injured in an accident at the forge of his father, who is maimed and outcast from his village, but who can make beautiful figures from his imagination. He meets another, a girl--heir to a noble house--who is also a cripple. He makes her a carving of a Hall that she, ideally, should inhabit, but from which she has been sent away with the disgust of her brother. The carving is set out at night, and the two are miraculously transformed into the carving to live full and normal lives. Another simple story. Another juvenile for ages 10 to 14.

"Amber Out of Quayth" is the story of Ysmay, once Lady of Uppsdale, who with the return of her brother from the war and his subsequent marriage, is now relegated to an almost servant-like position. The household goes to a carnival, and there Ysmay meets Hylle, the master of a House to the north, and a merchant seeking profit in the war-ravaged lands to the south. Seeking to enrich his impoverished Holdings, Ysmay's brother arranges to have her married to Hylle. Thus begins her journey north into the mystery and danger of Hylle's Holding, where the dark art of sorcery reigns supreme. Etc.

Worth 95¢ this book ain't....

-- STAN BURNS

A For Anything, by Damon Knight (Fawcett, Apr. '72, pp. 192).

I have been accused of never having read a science fiction book I didn't like. Well, much to my chagrin, Mr. Knight has obliterated any chance of that accusation being accurately made again.

It would be a kindness to say this book is, at most, disappointing. It would be more factual to say it stinks. At the onset of the plot(?), Mr. Knight tantalizes the reader with some exceptionally promising themes, such as interstellar travel made possible by the invention of an unlimited power supply--a "gismo". A gismo, here, is an ingenious device which duplicates things, somehow (Mr. Knight seems to think that anything so dull as the "somehow" simply is unworthy of being described). However, instead of pursuing the interstellar travel theme, or even any one of numerous themes which could so effectually have been dreamt-up from the initial idea of the "gismo", the author makes a dismal attempt at saying something socially meaningful and only ends up leaving a bad taste in the reader's mouth--trash.

With so many good paths to be taken, from the focal point of the gismo, Mr. Knight chose to torture his readers with little tidbits of hope for something substantial all through this blurb of disconnected ideas and ideals. It seems that Mr. Knight thought it feasible that once the gismo was released to the world, the inevitable result must be a reversion to slavery. Slavery! When Mr. Knight's gismo was released, the government collapsed and anarchy reigned. People who were industrious and crafty enough make slaves of any unfortunates that crossed their respective paths. Our hero, Dick, is the heir-apparent of one of the plantation-type Houses which were formed after the "turnover". He is challenged to a duel by his hated cousin, and wins. Then he goes to a sort of school to learn how to become a man, and gets into a lot of trouble. Next, he helps put down a slave uprising, after which he returns home to claim his mansion and beat his slaves.

Rubbish! It might not have been so hard to take, had the author shown a little style in his writing. But that wasn't the case with this book. It was just plain bad from beginning to end, and as if adding insult to injury, the author kept intimidating the reader into believing there was hope. Too bad! Thanks a lot, Damon Knight; you have robbed me of my one claim to fame, that of never having read a science fiction book I didn't like.

-- BARBARA KELLER

The 1972 Annual World's Best SF, ed. by Donald A. Wollheim.

This collection, which continues the excellent tradition started by the editor and Terry Carr at ACE, contains Larry Niven's "The Fourth Profession". This novellette has been nominated for this year's Hugo, and I must urge every fan out there who hasn't read it to do so. While I personally do not find it as good as "Instant Moon", it is still one of the best pieces of characterization that Larry has yet turned out. ### This collection also contains "The Bear with a Knot on His Tail", an updating and combination of Clarke's "Rescue Mission" and "The Star", and, among other things, "With Friends Like These..." by Alan Dean Foster (from ANALOG), a story that I liked but everyone else to whom I talked didn't....

-- STAN BURNS

THE BOOKSHELF: New Releases, etc.

ANDROMEDA BOOK CO., 131 Gillhurst Rd., Harborne, Birmingham B17 8PG, U.K. (postal address; shop address is: 38, Reddal Hill Rd., Old Hill, Warley, Mores., U.K.)--

Have on hand two catalogues published by this book co., "Specialists in Science Fiction and Fantasy", apparently rec'd thru our membership in the B.F.S.A. They are both offset, 5 3/4" x 8 1/4", 8 pp., with illustrated covers. Prices are reasonable, and catalogues are apparently monthly. One could do worse than get on their mailing list....

Catalogue #13, January 1972, lists magazines (American Editions, British Magazines), pulps (American, British), and new paperbacks (with brief blurbs), plus "Other New Arrivals". In addition, there is "Author Checklist No. 7", this, the books of Philip K. Dick (30 titles).

Catalogue #14, February 1972, lists new paperbacks, new hardcover sf from Gollancz, Fantasy Publishing Co. Inc. titles available, second-hand hardcovers, second-hand paperbacks, and misc. items. In addition, there are several news briefs, plus Author Checklist No. 8 (books of Clifford D. Simak--22 titles), and Author Checklist No. 9 (books of Frank Herbert--10 titles), as well as listing of authors covered in previous Checklists (#1, Robert A. Heinlein; #2, Alfred Bestor; #3, Isaac Asimov; #4, Michael Moorcock; #5, Poul Anderson; #6, Jack Vance); in preparation are Robert Silverberg, L. Sprague de Camp, and A.E. van Vogt. Very useful!

FANTASY PUBLISHING CO., INC. (F.P.C.I.), 1855 W. Main St., Alhambra, CA 91801) --
 Might as well finish listing the (mostly old) items listed in their recent lists:

Garden of Fear, 5 stories by Robert E. Howard, H.P. Lovecraft, L.A. Eshbach, David H. Keller & Miles J. Breuer (paperback, 25¢).

Stowaway to Mars, by John Benyon (Harris) (paperback, 35¢) -- "Exciting adventure novel about the first Mars trip . . ."

Stardrift, and Other Fantastic Flotsam, by Emil Petaja (\$4.95; d.j. by Hannes Bok) -- Collection of 14 stories; recently published.

The Glory Stone, by Emil Petaja (\$4.95) -- "Fast-moving story of the incredible adventures of two Intergalactic Patrol agents with strange powers". Am not sure whether this title has actually been published yet.

Garan the Eternal, by Andre Norton (\$4.95) -- "The story of Garan of Yu-lac and Garin of Tav. Finish of the story started in SPACEWAY. Also two new stories . . ." Also not sure whether this one has been published yet.

Also listed back-issues of SPACEWAYS, FANTASY BOOK, and NEW WORLDS, as well as several English "digests" and paperbacks by Chas. Neutzol, A.E. Van Vogt, etc.

KALEIDOSCOPE BOOKS, POBox 699, El Cerrito, CA 94530 --

Latest catalogue rec'd #22 (Summer, 1972), 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", 34 pp. / covers, offset, with cover by Frank C. Pope. This is a continuation of the Spring, 1972 catalogue, listing books with titles beginning with "M" and running thru "Z", with a page of Addenda (662 more books). Some hard-to-get items here.

DONALD M. GRANT, Publisher/Bookseller, W. Kingston, R.I., 02892 --

Publishes periodic listings/announcements of new titles published by him, plus old titles (both his own and others) avail. from the "Bookseller" half of him (books and occasional mags.). Haven't seen a listing since Dec. '71, so assume he's still in business. At any rate, a few highlights from the titles produced by his "Publisher" half:

Red Shadows, by Robert E. Howard (\$6.00; illust. & d.j. by Jeff Jones) -- "a compilation of all of the known Solomon Kane writings--and there are twelve stories and three poems included in this volume. . . ."

Red Blades of Black Cathay, by Robert E. Howard & Tevis Clyde Smith (\$4; ill. by David Karbonik) -- Title story, plus two short stories: "Diogenes of Today" and "Eighttoes Makes a Play".

Atlantean Chronicles, by Hank Eichner (\$9.50, w/11 maps & 12 color reproductions) -- "The most complete bibliography of Atlantis ever assembled". This was also listed by F.P.C.I. (see SOTWJ #65), so we're not sure which one actually published it.

Virgil Finlay (\$11.95; limited ed.) -- In three sections: "Selected Illustrations", by Virgil Finlay ("a cross section of Finlay's finest work over a wide range of years", ranging from 1935 thru 1970, and including four full-color reproductions from his 1941-42 years), "Virgil Finlay, An Appreciation", by Sam Moskowitz ("a long biography-appreciation"), and "A Virgil Finlay Checklist", by Gerry de la Roc (approx. 150 items).

The Treasure of Atlantis, by J. Allan Dunn (\$5; ltd. ed.; illust. by Robert Bruce Anderson & Donald Fish; introd. by Henry M. Eichner) -- "An orchid hunter's discovery is the catalyst that leads an expedition into the interior of South America to the lost remnant of ancient Atlantis. . . ."

"Time-Lost" Books (published by Centaur Press): (all paper-bound)

The Pathless Trail, by Arthur O. Friel (60¢)

The Moon of Skulls, by Robert E. Howard (60¢)

The Treasure of Atlantis, by J. Allan Dunn (75¢)

The Hand of Kane, by Robert E. Howard (75¢)

Tiger River, by Robert E. Howard (75¢)

Solomon Kane, by Robert E. Howard (75¢)

WALT LEE, POBox 66273, Los Angeles, CA 90066 --

Some time ago, we published a letter from Walt concerning a project in which he was engaged; we'll reprint it here for the benefit of SOTWJ readers:

REFERENCE GUIDE TO FANTASTIC FILMS

"The first work in what will be a comprehensive, multi-volume study of fantastic films (science fiction, fantasy, and horror) has been completed and is now being typed for publication. The Reference Guide will cover every fantastic film any mention of which has been discovered in 20 years of intensive research with the assistance of major libraries across the continent and experts around the world.

"Approximately 20,000 film listings from some 50 countries over 75 years are included. Typically, the listings give alternate titles (thoroughly cross referenced), production and release data, length, production credits, cast, fantastic content, references to source material, origin of story, sequels, etc. The complete work runs some 1900 pages in rough draft, but will be considerably more compact in published form.

"Though fantastic films make up only a very small fraction of total film production, their importance to film history, technique, economics, and art is impressive. Besides devotees to the fantastic film genre, the Reference Guide will be of interest to those who collect films, write about them, or are seriously interested in film history.

"Orders for the Reference Guide are now being taken. The prepublication price is \$22.50; after publication, the price will be \$28. California residents add 5% sales tax."

MEADE & PENNY FRIERSON, POBox 9032, Birmingham, AL 35213 --

Roc'd a mimeo'd flyer from them announcing publication, in March '72, of HPL: A Magazine of Tribute to Howard Phillips Lovecraft (1890-1937) -- 144 pp., slick magazine format; 18 full-page illos, 24 articles, 20 short stories; \$3.00. Cover by Robert L. Kline ("The Haunter of the Dark"); backcover by Herb Arnold ("The Haunter of the Dark"); Art Folio includes art by Stephen E. Fabian, Tim Kirk, John Adkins Richardson, Dany Frolich, Herb Arnold, Jim Garrison; 100 other illust by numerous artists incl. Finlay, Kirk, Leo Brown Coye, Frolich, Fabian, and others. Poetry. Articles include items by Robert Bloch, Joseph Payne Brennan, E. Hoffman Price, Fritz Leiber, Colin Wilson, and many others. Fiction includes pieces by Joe Pumlila, Manly Wade Wellman, J. Ramsey Campbell, Robert E. Howard, and others. Sounds like a "must" for Lovecraft fans.