

DLien

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In Brief -- (Urgently needed (by Feb.10) for article: Star Trek game (commercial).)

Hadn't planned on another Jan. issue, but was delayed in getting out TGL and so had a bit of paper left over....

Also, Delap's column came in a bit quicker than we expected. Note that the 1972 year-end wrap-up will appear in TWJ #81 (out by Feb. 15), and a listing on Richard's selections for the bests of the years 1968-72 will appear in either TWJ #82 or a coming issue of SOTWJ, depending on how fast we get #82 out.

TWJ #81 is mostly run off (we're waiting only on Mike Shoemaker's story-by-story review of Ellison's Again, Dangerous Visions). Stencils for #80 are back in our hands, so as soon as we get a new order of paper we'll start running this giant off (pre-publication price still \$1.25; 7 issues on SOTWJ subs). And we've started typing stencils for #82. Our current plans call for all reviews, letters, news, and other kinds of dateable material (such as con reports), with a few exceptions, to go into SOTWJ--and most articles, a few lengthy reviews, fiction, art folios, poetry, bibliographic material, and the like would go into an irregularly-produced (when enough material is on hand) TWJ, which will hopefully be offset after #82.

Correction to #79: Accent Dinner Theatre is only one of three simultaneous shows at the Il Castello: Accent Dinner Theatre is showing Bell, Book & Candle Wed.-Sun.; Midnight Theatre is presenting "the original unexpurgated" Dracula on Fri. & Sat. (opens 11:15, show at midnight); and Cricket Stage is showing "Mortimer in Dragon Land" Sat. & Sun. (open 2 p.m.) (we're not sure of Accent's times). Dinner is Italian buffet, \$4.50/person. For info, etc., call 780-4900.

SOTWJ is at least bi-weekly. Subs: 20¢ ea., 12/\$2, w/deposits for automatic extensions accepted in increments of \$2; all subs incl. any issue(s) of THE WSFA JOURNAL pubbed during sub (count as 2 or more ish on SOTWJ sub, depending on length); 3rd-class sub (for collectors) 12/\$2, sent 2 at time, in envelopes. For info on ads, Overseas Agents, airmail rates, write ed. Address Code meaning in #78 or #82.

-- DLM

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TO:

FIRST CLASS MAIL

FIRST CLASS MAIL

From T.W. Cobb (POBox 3767, Dallas, TX 75208) -- "Sf now has another outlet which can inform the general public about sf. VIEWS AND REVIEWS magazine (V&R Productions, Inc.; 633 West Wisconsin, Suite 1700; Milwaukee, WI 53203) has begun to carry Robert E. Briney's column on sf. The column will be concerned with materials about sf. V&R calls itself the magazine of the reproduced arts, and has taken on quite a burden, it seems to me. It attempts to cover movies, comics, mysteries, classical recordings, and even other specialized periodicals. . . . V&R will be distributed via newsstands beginning in or around March, '73. . . . ## "In regards to your question in SOTWJ 77 about John W. Campbell: an Australian Tribute, I can tell you that after I ordered it I received a letter late in December from the publishers. Space Age Bookshop informed me that the publication of the book has been delayed because of printing problems. No definite date was mentioned /as to/ when the book might finally be put out."

Ken Faig, Jr. (421 Kungs Way, Joliet, IL 60435) writes: "Since I sent you the note regarding Arkham books, The Rim of the Unknown (\$7.50) by Frank Belknap Long and Disclosures in Scarlet (\$5.00) by Carl Jacobi have been published. The October 1972 stocklist gives the prices of books scheduled for the rest of 1973. Address is Arkham House: Publishers, Sauk City, Wisconsin 53583."

Les Mayer reports that the annual ESFA Open Meeting will be held March 4 (no further details--he wasn't positive about the date--we're waiting further info from Allan Howard). He extolled the recent "The Big Broadcast" on WAMU-FM, and especially praised "Three Skeleton Key", with Vincent Price. In addition he noted that he had been told by Joe Goggin that the latest issue of MANKIND contained a flyer which reproduced both the front and back covers from the soon-to-be-released new prozine, VERTEX; he was unable to locate this issue, as the local news-stand carried an issue without the flyer. Can anyone supply the date of the issue with the flyer?

TV Notes -- If you missed the delightful WNBT Opera performance of Shin-Ichiro Kobe's The Death Goddess this past week, try to catch it if it's repeated later. The plot may be a bit corny (Goddess of death falls in love with poor undertaker, makes undertaker rich by showing him how to bring the dying back to life (in return for which he must make love to her for each life saved); he later discovers that each person he saved becomes a "headline murderer" and...well, see it for yourself), and the show has its erotically-suggestive moments--but the combination of a very fine electronic score, comic-horror sets, hilarious English sub-titles, and excellent Japanese cast (the expressions on the face of the undertaker are themselves a joy to behold) make this bizarre Japanese production a memorable experience. (Was never sure whether some of the deft comic touches--like the rows of skulls repeating "Nevermore"--were meant to be serious moments of horror or were merely tongue-in-cheek--so many of the Japanese horror films seem comical to Western audiences; and the faces of the Japanese are so expressive, that the seemingly-exaggerated expressions on the actors' faces may have been intended as serious drama...but we doubt it. The comic atmosphere was just too strong--and there were many comic subtleties which didn't come through until a second viewing. We expect that a third viewing would increase one's appreciation of this little horror-satire even more.) ## The only review we've read was not too favorable: ". . . it's like nothing else in opera, and the performance by a Japanese cast is sprightly enough to provide an hour's worth of perverse entertainment . . . It's fun of a sort, while it lasts--but who needs it?" (Alan Kriegsmann, POST, 22/1/73) For us, let's just say we haven't had so much fun since The Creature from the Haunted Sea (Allied Artists, 1960). #### Coming up on NBC on Feb. 26: preview of pilot for "The Stranger", starring Glenn Corbett as an astronaut stranded on another planet. #### Coming up Tues., 30 Jan.: NBC: Baffled! ('72; Leonard Nimoy, Susan Hampshire; ESP/occult; 8 p.m.); ABC: A Cold Night's Death (Robert Culp, Eli Wallach; SF/terror; 8:30 p.m.); CBS: The House That Screamed (11:30; '70).

(dissecting)
 ^ THE HEART OF THE MATTER:
 Magazines for Dec., 1972

Operational Procedures
 Supervised by
 Richard Delap

1972 closes out with a mixed but generally satisfactory selection of stories, F&SF still holding the top position, IF making a swift drop to last place as ANA-LOG takes a turn for the better. Kelly Freas has a lovely ANALOG cover painting which should be offered, as is sometimes done, without overprinting for collectors, FANTASTIC and especially IF have covers with sex appeal (for the men at least--if you object, libbers, write the editor!), and F&SF has another of Walot-sky's eye-catching soft sinisters. There's a quite nice selection of articles and features this month, but Joanna Russ runs away with all the honors (once again!) in F&SF's book column, chastising Charles W. Runyon for a novel that presents an objectionable male-chauvinist-pig attitude. She gets her sweet re-venge by quoting the female-chauvinist-pig novel she is now writing: "He was a medium-sized man with round buttocks and lumpy testicles, one longer than the other. They swayed as he walked. Sometimes they swayed freely. His penis hung down in front. I decided to take him on those terms." I'm sure Russ feels much better now, readers can delight in a moment of healthy hysterical laughter, and Runyon can go hide his head (probably back in the girls' locker room).

FANTASTIC -- December:

Serial:

The Fallible Fiend (part one) -- L. Sprague de Camp.

Short Stories:

Dark of the Storm -- Vincent Perkins.

A familial relationship (Poseidon and Orion), beasts (Pegasus and Taurus), action, adventure, blood--Perkins takes all these elements of mythology and tries to weave a new science-fictional cloth. But myth is only colored with trite similes--"skin glisten/ing/ like a polished golden goblet"... "a voice like sand being spilled through a copper drainpipe"--and reduced to juvenile terror such as "the hot, fetid breath of the snorting creature...the blood-red eyes and the dripping teeth and the flaring nostrils and the grimy horns." It's a total waste, poorly conceived and even more poorly written.

The Good War -- David R. Bunch.

For a writer who has never really developed into a Big Name, Bunch has perhaps stirred more quiet controversy than any other SF writer now working. Here's another Moderan story where the people of flesh and metal (mostly metal) decide to turn their endless war into a good war, complete with smiling faces, cheerful slogans and flowers everywhere. Such total dedication is soon re-vealed to be but one of the many misleading masks of greed, and Moderan reverts to its old ways soon enough. If you like Bunch, you'll surely enjoy this one.

Who's Afraid -- Calvin Demmon.

Much to his delight a young boy discovers that with the help of sleeping pills stolen from his father he is able to transform himself into a werewolf. Yes, I know that sounds incredibly corny, but Demmon somehow manages to turn it into a straightfaced tour de force that, corny or no, works with surprising speed and timing and is good for several responding chuckles. Amusing.

A Fine Night to Be Alive -- Alexei Panshin.

As White blurbs, this story "is not fantasy at all", but I think the story deserves to be here because it presents such an uncompromising view of the line that crosses between reality and non-reality--and do you know when you make the crossing?--and is a slice-of-life closely related to facts that urge SF-nal social speculation. I personally have experienced the threat Panshin writes about, and I think I understand the terror (if not the madness) that encompasses it. Worth reading.

The Real World -- F.M. Busby.

A mental patient who killed his roommate while experimenting with a new drug is receiving treatment to return him to a normal existence. What the doctor doesn't realize, however, is that his patient is faking his improvement and is no longer the person he's thought to be. Busby manages to hold the reader's interest right up to the end, then he screws it by concluding a series of suggestions with only one more (and disastrously vague) suggestion. Disappointing.

Art Portfolio [reprint]:

The Sunken World by Stanton A. Coblentz -- Frank R. Paul.

Articles:

Literary Swordsmen & Sorcerers: Pratt and His Parallel Worlds -- L. Sprague de Camp.

SF In Dimension: The Domestication of the Future:(1936-1946) -- Alexei & Cory Panshin.

* * * *

ANALOG -- December:Serial:

Cemetery World (part two) -- Clifford D. Simak.

Novelettes:

Original Sin -- Vernor Vinge.

After contact with humans the intelligent life on Shima has advanced in 200 years to an equalization matching 20th-century Earth. Now the human grasp on immortality is also within reach of the Shimans, with probable consequences so deadly that Earth Police will do anything to prevent it. For when the Shimans reproduce, the young--a thousand to each parent--eat their way out of the womb and spread out on a ravenous eat-anything-and-everything rampage from which no living thing is safe until the young's appetites are appeased. Vinge develops his plot very carefully, revealing the social, political, religious/moral problems facing humanity in dealing with such a race, and slips in the meat of his story bit by bit among the surface incidents of suspense-adventure. The more esoteric readers may feel the story's emotional and philosophic content is weakened by such ploys, but I think Vinge has successfully tuned his content to reach a wide variety of tastes. Well done.

Pard -- F. Paul Wilson.

Stephen Dalt has enough adventures in this one story to keep a series grinding away for months. First his mind is invaded by an alien creature that becomes literally a part of him, the "pard" of the title with whom he works out solutions to the problems that follow. Sent to retrieve a bio-mechanical brain lost in a shipwreck, Dalt poses as a mercenary, one familiar to the locals from a previous visit. Keeping his true motives hidden becomes increasingly difficult, especially when he finds the brain has become a functioning intelligence, a "godling" that offers assistance to the local overlord. Wilson winds the situation tighter with every page, and the plot, while obviously gauged with adventure the uppermost objective, is never allowed to slop over into total foolishness. Good of kind.

Short Stories:

The Second Kind of Loneliness -- George R. R. Martin.

Six million miles beyond Pluto, man has built the Cerberus Star Ring around a hole in space, a "nullspace vortex", through which ships pass on their way to far points in the universe. Manning this station, the story's narrator reveals (in diary notations) what kind of man would be willing to spend lonely years at such an isolated outpost--and the revelations, though highly simplified, do tell us something about the isolation that permeates even (especially?) in the midst of a seemingly gregarious society. Martin is scratching only the psychological surface, but his efforts are purposeful, not exploitative, and his story is very readable.

When I Was In Your Mind -- Joe Allred.

Allred's concept, psionic surgery, is the novel basis for this story of an operation to excise a brain tumor. The surgeon is not quite the stereotype we find in stories hinging on a single incident, and if there is not room here to develop him fully, he at least doesn't gush mealy-mouthed lectures. The operation itself is slightly overwritten but suspenseful, and the conclusion, happily, doesn't stumble all over itself with philosophical apologies and excuses. Allred's done a good job here and I hope we'll see more of him.

P.R.D. and the Antareans -- Miriam Allen deFord.

While visiting Earth the Antareans, humans from Antares IV, prove to be a threat because they are divided into two antagonistic factions that, should they war, would wreck Earth in their battle. It takes a woman scientist with both the saving invention, the mysterious P.R.D., and the knowledge of how to use it to save the world, and so she does. DeFord works tirelessly to reach a ha-ha conclusion, but eight pages for one mild chuckle is hardly worth the strain. Fair.

Science:

Magic: Science of the Future? -- Joseph F. Goodavage.

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FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION -- December:

Novelettes:

Doctor Dominoe's Dancing Doll -- Hal R. Moore.

In the seaside town of Oceana, Doctor Dominoe arrives and fascinates the visitors at the local carnival midway, gaining their attention with his remarkable dancing doll, Valencia, and holding it with his mind-reading, fortune-telling abilities. But his true purpose has nothing to do with profit. He is on a mission of revenge, clarified for the reader with the revelation of a gypsy curse, a series of strange deaths, and the life that occasionally appears in the glassy eyes of Valencia. Moore's story has some trouble getting underway--the opening sequences are marred by stylistic awkwardness, including far too many pretentious similes--but eventually settles into a shades-of-Hoffmann terror melodrama with some sharp peaks of tension. (This story should easily sell to the movies, as Moore writes with a heavy concentration on visual concepts.) Okay of kind.

The Garbage Invasion -- Keith Laumer.

Retief comes to the rescue of the planet Delicia, which the comically villainous Groaci wish to use for a garbage dump, tries to keep his bumbling superior, Magnan, out of trouble once again, prevents an invasion by the adamant All Conquering of Foes Cheese (yes, that's his/its name), and is forever being gracious to Delicia's resident environmental protector, the lovely Miss Anne Taylor. Like most Retief stories (the longer they get the less bearable they become), this one stretches a thin plot out with page after page of literary (if none too literate) double-takes and overbusy arabesque dialogue. But then if you're a Retief fan, you obviously like this sort of thing, so I guess it's just a matter of taste. Just as obviously, I don't care much for it.

Short Stories:

The Man Who Was Beethoven -- Donald Moffitt.

"That's the way creativity worked--on a primitive level where all your muscles and tendons and glands strived against obstacles, in an analogue of reality." At least that's the way Moffitt explains it in this strange story of a man who finds a quiet evening at home dissolving into a quite different reality in which Beethoven exists only as his subliminal creation and is extracted from his "dream" by a society which vampirically draws its art from the gifted. Interesting.

A Custom of the Children of Life -- Joseph Green.

Mr. Green's story is impressive, both for its depiction of an alien society--in which two intelligent species co-exist on a single world, working and

living together yet maintaining a cultural division--and its drama of two human anthropologists trying to decipher the alien customs. The basis for the alien society is generally religious, and one of the Earthmen understands the ritual (if not the meaning) of the Circle of Life, only to find that it features his doom. Green writes clearly and cleanly, emerging with a story both stylistically strong and emotionally powerful. Very good.

Canned Heat -- Ron Goulart.

Goulart has let his Ben Jolson/Chameleon Corps stories get quite thin recently but this one shows some improvement. Jolson is off to Tarragon to rescue the wife of the inventor of Canned Heat, since she's the only person who might possibly crack the code of her husband's notes. Assisting him is pretty Natalie Wex, the clumsiest, most gadget-laden spy in the annals of espionage. Jolson breezes through the rescue with his usual ease and Goulart's funny one-liners come with welcome rapidity. Good of kind.

Lobster Trick -- Raylyn Moore.

Editor Ferman says that "Mrs. Moore has quietly established herself as one of the superior writers in the field"--and I want to put a stop to that quiet stuff by shouting: Raylyn Moore is unquestionably one of the superior writers in the field! Waiting over a year for her newest story has been frustrating but she pays back reader patience with another brilliant story, this one about a small city nighttime newspaper editor who has apathetically resigned himself to listening to crank telephone calls and boning up on trivial factual data culled from the encyclopedia during the long night hours. He's hardly the man to react heroically and selflessly in the face of an impending alien invasion--and so Moore doesn't make him do so. But is it really an invasion? And just what, exactly, is dedication to duty, to mankind? Oh, this one's beautiful--read it!

Triangle -- Bruce McAllister.

A deaf-mute with the power to mend broken things, making them whole once more, is suddenly given the opportunity to use his odd power in a new way. Two young brothers, one of whom has heartlessly killed a small dog, bring the dog to be "repaired", not realizing that the deaf-mute's power, strange as it may be, is yet confined by the laws of energy and matter. McAllister builds to the inevitable but satisfying conclusion in a quiet, unassuming, and ultimately quite moving way. Very well done.

Specimen -- John Christopher.

Here's another of those old hoary plots so familiar from the magazines of a decade or two ago--a hunter and his wife go for a hunting holiday in the wild, the man searching for legal game but suddenly overcome with desire to bag a rare, unspecified species, in spite of the fact that it is a "protected" species. To modernize the tale Christopher dwells on the couple's marital difficulties, but this only seems to get in the way and doesn't at all disguise the plot's familiarity.

Article:

Books That Never Were -- L. Sprague de Camp.

Science:

The Clock in the Sky -- Isaac Asimov.

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IF -- November-December:

Serial:

The Wizard of Anharitte (part one) -- Colin Kapp.

Novelettes:

Teratohippus -- Robert L. Davis.

Crossing a great tundra on a giant planet of icy cold, a skimmer with its human crew crashes and all are doomed to die as hope of rescue is nil. Fortunately there is a giant beast nearby, a teratohippus, and fortunately this beast is equipped with a warm chamber inside its exoskeleton in which the humans

can find protection. Fortunately (sigh) they can augment their supplies with the beast's milk, and fortunately (ho-hum) they discover a way to guide the beast in the right direction to reach safety. In so doing, the beast leaves its young to die, is doomed to death itself, and the humans have ample cause to deliver lectures, platitudes, and consistently preposterous conversation. A real clunker.

Hurdle -- Piers Anthony.

Fisk Centers, still poor and now saddled with the responsibility of an adopted daughter, Yola, tries again to find a job, and much to his dismay he gets one. While hoping for a cushy showroom salesman position selling the Fusion (a super-automobile), he finds himself terrified as he's dumped into the co-driver's seat of a Fusion in one of the most insanely dangerous auto races in history. Anthony piles up crisis after crisis--the driver is injured and inexperienced Fisk must take over the wheel, Yola pops up out of nowhere to become an unexpected passenger, and the violent disasters of the racetrack compound with the fury of interest charges on unpaid debts. And with a quarter-million dollar prize awaiting, Fisk becomes a highway demon in a totally absurd but undeniably exciting race. Entertaining.

Short Stories:

Whom the Gods Love -- Robert F. Young.

Young continues his series of stories about "mythological" gods, their very real existence on worlds throughout the universe, and man's ability or inability to copewith them during his expanding explorations. This story, however, is not one of the best of the group. It deals with gullibility and the self-interest of the gods, and reduces man's place to insignificance by sentimental distortion, in spite of a plot which unaccountably gives him stature. Fair.

9 -- David Magil.

With their ship's reactor cracked and the interior temperature steadily rising toward a deadly high, Captain Powers makes a desperate attempt to save the lives of his crew by landing on the forbidden world of Rallfeld. The danger is that the native race are replicators and contact with them poses a threat to all worlds should they escape the confines of their home planet. Magil keeps throwing out questions--is Rallfeld really so dangerous? Can the humans outwit double-headed death?--but his development is tiresome and his climax quite un-surprising. Routine.

Shausta -- David Lewis.

Terrans have much in common with the alien Kalidar, including an interest in Shausta, the aliens' mathematical game of chance. But the game seems always in the aliens' favor since their custom demands that background music, tachika, always be played during the game and such music is distracting to the involved humans. The dramatization of a shausta game is interesting, but Lewis' incidental material is inconsequential and the conclusion, while a good idea, is contrivedly executed.

The Executive Rat -- Larry Eisenberg.

Eisenberg, once again fascinated with odd inventions, tells of a scientist whose electric-shock experiments with rats have led him to build a new shock apparatus along the same line, but this one scaled for something larger than rats. What keeps this tale from working is not only that it is obvious in purpose but that it has no tension or suspense of any kind, dawdling purposelessly until Eisenberg slips in a deserved comeuppance for the heartless scientist. Routine.

Empty Eden -- Doris Piserchia.

Landing on another world, a young woman is imprisoned by a handsome man who does not yield to her pleas and prepares to sacrifice her in a weird experiment. The woman escapes to discover that the man lives in a symbiotic relationship with a creature that blinds him to the truth of his actions, but in seeking to help him she uncovers a selfishness in herself and finds the penalty much greater than she'd bargained for. I wish Piserchia had taken time to de-

velop her story more depthfully and to smooth over some simplifications in her plotting. It's still a good story, but it might have been even better.

S. F. PARADE: Book Review

The Eye of the Lens, by Langdon Jones (Macmillan; 173 pp.; \$5.95). (JAMES R. NEWTON, Reviewer)

"With these five stories, Langdon Jones makes a brilliant entrance into the world of speculative fiction." I'm glad these explanatory words are included on the dust jacket, otherwise I'd never know the mish-mash that drivels on for the entire 173 pages is supposed to be "speculative".

The dust cover also informs us that Jones is a young Englishman, "one of the most esteemed writers of the new sci-fi". Esteemed by his fellow New Wavers, perhaps, but certainly not by readers who like to have their science fiction in understandable, logical, and orderly pieces. Despite a five-and-a-half-page dissertative introduction purporting to explain why Jones wrote the so-called stories in the first place, trying to read this book produces only a headache, a growing feeling of disgust, and spreading anger at having been taken. And a sense of maddening wonder, I suppose, that a supposedly literate mind could produce such egregious claptrap.

Jones seems to have a mechanistic fixation. Somewhere in each of the stories (?) he deals with machinery--gears, movements, mechanisms--to an extent and with an intensity that are almost obscene. In "The Great Clock", for example, huge clockworks run eternity--or so he seems to intimate, although the titubatic gait of his writing makes even this allegorical guess suspect.

"The Hall of Machines" follows a vermiculated path through a melange of mechanistic themes: the water machine, machines of movement, the clock (a recurring manifestation of his fixation), machines of death, the mother [machine], electronics, and death of machines. None of which have any logical continuity beyond being--apparently--the ravings of a single mind.

"The Coming of the Sun" treats, in general, the dark sickness of humanity's mentality. It is a thoroughly unpleasant tale that is coherent only in snatches, which themselves seem to have little connection with one another: an idiot who climaxes in self-immolation, an insane couple existing in contorted hopelessness, random reactions--all sick--to the sexual organs of two dogs bound together, a frustrated man who finds reality in nightmare, a burning clock (what this symbol means to Jones is anybody's guess)--and on and on and on, ad nauseum.

"The Time Machine" continues the mechanistic excrecence. So does "Symphony No. 6 in C minor THE TRAGIC by Ludwig van Beethoven II", an absolutely ridiculous fantasy.

Finally, "The Garden of Delights" gets down to what perhaps Jones has been trying to do all along but didn't quite have the guts--write dirty. He makes the pornographic scene after all, even if the terrible incoherence marking all the rest of the book is apparent in the final (at last!) piece as well. One never knows for sure, however, whether the explicitly described sex acts are being performed incestuously on the mother of the unnamed protagonist, on a lover's willing self, or merely within the personal, erotic fantasies Jones seems perfectly capable of injecting into his writings.

The Eye of the Lens is so utterly worthless in my opinion, I unequivocally urge everybody NOT to read it. If this "new sci-fi" represents, as the jacket blurb insists, "a new, bold, daring kind of science fiction..." God help the genre!

DATELINE--S. F.

A compendium of reviews & other SF-related news items culled from the mass media-- primarily newspapers & non-SF magazines. We invite our readers to send clippings, etc. which they might come across from time to time.

The S.F. Cinema (a quick run-through of our remaining 1972 files, so we can make a fresh start in 1973 and pass along these reviews as they appear in the press):

Horror films -- Tales of the Crypt (UK: Amicus Films): Based on five stories from the 1950's TALES OF THE CRYPT and VAULT OF HORROR comic books. "Like other ghosts from that decade, the stories have come back to haunt us again, but they aren't so terrible that they'll keep you awake nights. Be thankful if they just keep you awake through the 92 minutes of movie." (Tom Shales, THE WASHINGTON POST, 18/3/72) ##### Dead of Night (UK; 1946): ". . . the ideal horror anthology film." (Tom Shales, POST, 18/3/72). ##### Scars of Dracula (UK: Hammer Films; starring Christopher Lee as Dracula): ". . . one of those easily overlooked quickie horror films that shouldn't be overlooked. . . filled with bats and vampires and blood and gore--all the elements that make horror films such a diabolical delight to watch." (Tom Zito, POST, 8/12/71) The reviewer goes on to state that the main strength of the film lies in the visual spectacles and excellent color photography, as well as the strong sense of the macabre added by Roy Ward Baker's direction. ##### Bluebeard (Cinerama; dir. Edward Dmytryk; starring Richard Burton, Raquel Welch, Verna Lisi, etc.): "The end result is strictly from hunger. . . As both actor and star, Burton has been falling apart in the last couple of years, but unless he's contemplating a permanent career in exploitation movies, it would be difficult to sink below this credit." (Gary Arnold, POST, 22/9/72) "Hilarious." (David Braaten, THE WASHINGTON STAR, 22/9/72) ##### Frogs (American International; starring Ray Milland): "A frog rampage may not sound like much of a threat but its better as a threat than as a movie . . . Funny, maybe, but terrifying Mother Nature gets scarier in those margarine commercials on television." (Tom Shales, POST, 1/4/72) "It's a croaker." (David Richards, STAR, 1/4/72) ##### Ben: Sequel to Willard. "Willard did not establish a remarkably high standard for horror, but after Ben it begins to look rather substantial." (Gary Arnold, POST, 27/6/72) ##### The Thing With Two Heads (starring Ray Milland & Rosey Grier): ". . . inoffensive little tete-a-tete. It isn't terrible, but if it were it would probably be a lot more fun." (Tom Shales, POST, 18/8/72) "Mindless Movie of the Month . . ." (David Richards, STAR, 11/8/72) ##### Asylum (Cinerama; screenplay by Robert Bloch): Four stories, told in a series of flashbacks. ". . . one finds it hard to believe that any horror other than audience giggling was intended." (William Holland, STAR, 31/10/72) "You needn't fear death by fright /but it does have its good moments/." (Tom Shales, POST, 27/10/72) ##### The Deadly Trap (NGP; Faye Dunaway, Frank Langella): ". . . a terrific melodramatic thriller. . . Faye Dunaway and Frank Langella . . . turn in fine performances, and director Rene Clement has a way of building tension in a languorous manner that draws one closer and closer to the edge of the seat." (William Holland, STAR, 21/11/72)

Misc. SF/Fantasy Films -- Macunaima (Brazilian): ". . . a fable . . . a picaresque tale /raised above the ordinary/ by the magic with which everything is accomplished and the complete nonchalance with which the characters and the narrator accept the most extraordinary events. . . What makes it less than a good movie is that there has been very little effort to make it a movie at all. . . the action seems arbitrary and endless. There is no sense of a completed whole. . . ." (Frank Getlein, STAR, 14/8/72) ". . . not so much a misbegotten, inept film as an incomprehensible, alien one." (Gary Arnold, POST, 10/8/72) ##### Slaughterhouse-Five (Universal; screenplay by Stephen Geller, based on novel by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; Dir. George Roy Hill; starring Michael Sacks, Ron Leibman, Valerie Perrine; winner of the 1972 Cannes Film Festival Jury Prize Award): "An extraordinary movie, a totally successful fusion of grim 20th century history and science-fiction fantasy in far outer space." (Frank Getlein, STAR, 28/8/72) The story of one Billy Pilgrim, who, trau-

matized by witnessing the allied fire-bombing of Dresden in WW-II, in his middle age has become "unstuck in time", and for whom there "is no present". ". . . an extremely irritating picture at once misbegotten and insensitive, and it leaves the audience ice cold. . . full of ambitious efforts, but none of them take hold emotionally or deepen our interest in the fate of other human beings." (Gary Arnold, POST, date unknown) ##### Conquest of the Planet of the Apes (20th Century-Fox; Roddy McDowall, Don Murray, Ricardo Montalban, Hari Rhodes): "This picture has the best excuse for its all-around lousiness since the last time some poor producer was stuck with Elizabeth Taylor. Half the cast is apes, . . ." (Frank Getlein, STAR, 6/7/72) ##### We have a large pile of reviews of A Clockwork Orange and Silent Running, but as these films have been reviewed-to-death during the year, we'll pass over them here (unless anyone wants us to quote from them-- in which case let us know within two weeks, or they'll be thrown away....).

THE BOOKSHELF: New Releases

BALLANTINE BOOKS (101 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10003) (to be rel. 26 Mar '73) --
Great Short Novels of Adult Fantasy (Vol. II), ed. Lin Carter (#03162; \$1.25):
 Contents include "The Woman in the Mirror", by George MacDonald; "The Repairer of Reputations", by Robert W. Chambers (from his fantasy, The King in Yellow); a tale of Kai Lung by Ernest Bramah; and "The Lavendar Dragon", a "gentle, ironic tale" by Eden Phillpotts.

Bloodhype, by Alan Dean Foster (#03163; \$1.25): Sequel to The Tar-Aiym Krang, in which "a reptilian life-form unknowingly captures an omniverous life-form. The human controlled planet is threatened with destruction, and the adventure becomes more complex with the resurgence of bloodhype, a devastating drug. Kitten, the attractive human investigator, is captured and used as bait in the ensuing conflict."

Arrive at Easterwine, by R.A. Lafferty (#03164; \$1.25): ". . . the first autobiography of a machine", in which "Epikt, an intense-speed realizing machine, is created by some fun-loving brainstormers at the Institute for Impure Science. Epikt presides at its own birth and addresses itself to the steadily growing, complex problems of man. As Epikt's character develops to the fourth and fifth dimension, it develops into the world's greatest perceiver, analyzer, and con artist."

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS (1515 Broadway, New York, NY 10036) (to be rel. 30 Jan. '73) --

The Mind Master, by Bernhardt J. Hurwood (#T2670; 75¢; 160 pp.): "Professor Larry Conrad was introduced last year in The Invisibles . . . Conrad's discovery that he had an ability for astral projection--the act of leaving his physical body--unwittingly involved him and Petra, a beautiful model with the same psychic powers, in a plot to overthrow the government of the United States. In February, Fawcett Gold Medal will publish The Mind Master, the second book featuring Dr. Conrad and Petra, and the second in the Invisibles series. ## "In The Mind Master, Larry is asked to help a politician accused of murder and finds his physical body held prisoner by a maniacal scientist who is planning to use conditioning and a few judicious lobotomies to take over the world."

The Con Game (a couple of con announcements recently received) --

Boskone X, 9-11 March, Sheraton-Boston Hotel, Boston, Mass.; GoH, Robert A.W. Lowndes; art show, hucksters, film program, seminars, Kinetic Katalog, etc.; hotel rates: Single, \$19; Double or Twin, \$28; Rollaway beds, \$5; registration, \$3 'til Mar. 1, \$5 at door; for info: Boskone X, NESFA, POBox G, MIT Branch Station, Cambridge, MA 02139.

Kubla-Khan-Clave, 27-29 April, Biltmore Hotel, (?Nashville, Tenn.?); GoH, Fred Pohl; MC, Andy Offutt; banquet (\$4.75, buffet style), movies, panel discussion, etc.; rooms: \$9 Single, \$11.50 Double, \$14.50 Twin; registration: \$4 advance, \$4.50 at door; for info, etc.: Ken Moore, 647 Devon Dr., Nashville, TN 37220.
