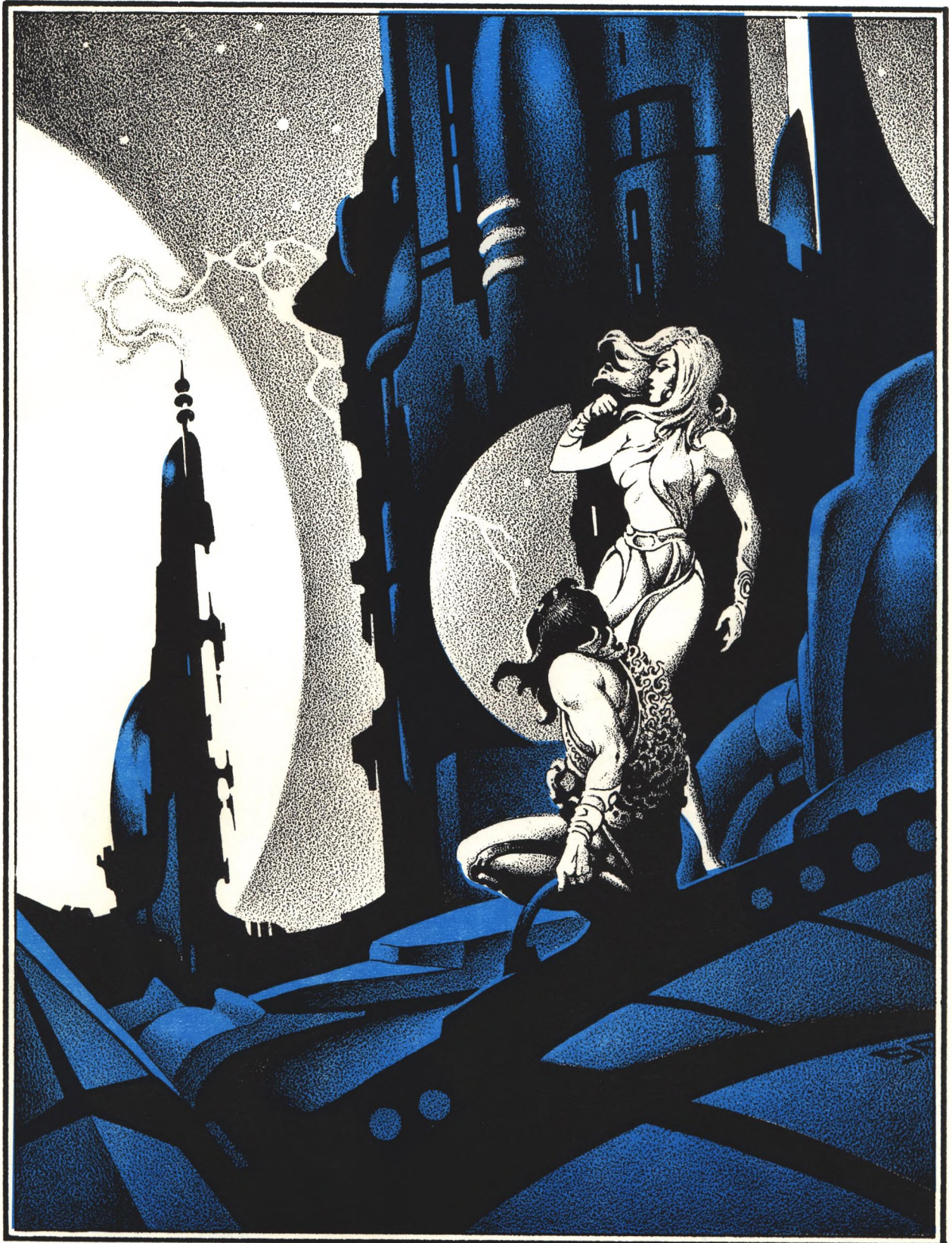


fantasy newsletter

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Editorial

Everyone keeps talking about the recession we're in, or the recession that's just around the corner. Is there more than one? I keep hearing about new ones and I still don't know whatever happened to last year's. Maybe economists should start naming them, like hurricanes, so we can keep track of them. I should let one of those doom-and-gloom peddlers come in and sort my mail for me once a week.

Every month it gets heavier and heavier, and I end up with more news than I know what to do with. I'm almost grateful for the few publishers who have cut back on their schedules; it makes my job a lot easier. But I suspect those cutbacks are temporary. In a couple of years, the field will be expanding like crazy again just as it has every few years for the past decade.

But, getting back to the mail: more and more news arrives here every month. And each month, it becomes an increasingly more difficult chore to cram it into these pages. Naturally, the features for each issue are purchased and ready-to-go well in advance. I usually set aside 11 to 12 pages for "hard news" each issue and the news sections are always the last to be assembled--right up to the day before press time to allow me to include late-breaking news. That's fine in theory. Invariably, though, I wind up being swamped with news during the last week of the cycle, screwing up all my neatly arranged plans.

Fortunately, some of it is news you wouldn't want me wasting space on here. Some of it is news that can wait, or conversely, it can push out news that can wait. If "Work in Progress" looks a bit truncated this issue, it's because I'd planned a page and a half for it. That was before Hank Stine called me with the Starblaze news and half a dozen other things arrived in the mail. So, the less timely material gets shunted aside for the next issue. Then I begin wiping out things like the letters column this issue and last. (But please do keep those letters coming in!) Life goes on...as does the news.

-- Paul C. Allen

LATE NEWS ITEM: Just in from Joel Davis is the news that Davis Publications, Inc. has purchased *Analog* magazine from Conde Nast. Davis is currently publisher of *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine* as well as a number of mystery magazines and special interest publications. The acquisition is effective with the September issue. No changes, editorial or otherwise, have been announced. Both *Analog* and *Asimov's* have monthly circulations in the neighborhood of 100,000 copies, making them the largest in the field with the exception of *Omni*.

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CAROUSEL



There was a carousel on the middle of a block in Coney Island that used to play the *Moulin Rouge* theme as it went 'round and 'round.

I would stand on the sidewalk, near the guide ropes that led people from ticket-booth to platform, watching it grind out the tune as if captive bells were being molded and crushed by its innards. Polished chrome panels, set at the hub, glared out reflections as they turned in time with the cavalcade of painted horses.

The horses would rise and fall with the beat, chasing each other forever on the endless platform, faces frozen in anger. It was they that had first captured my interest. Chartreuse horses, sky-blue horses; black, crimson and green ones; even polka-dot horses; all with their heads out, teeth snapping in the air. All held in place by the chords of a theme grown nostalgic with use.

But if the dumb fury of frozen horses had brought me there, what kept me before the revolving monster, time after time, was the girl.

She was there every time I watched. I never saw her get on or off, regardless of how early or late I came. She always stood near the platform's inner rim, never riding or sitting, but holding onto a golden bar, or the pommel of some stationary horse's saddle. When curiosity got the best of me and I bought a ticket for a closer look, she vanished. Otherwise, she rode constantly.

I was kicked off the place twice for walking on the moving deck. I gave that up, but couldn't help returning to at least watch from the rope barrier.

by Raul Garcia Capella

She seemed pale and small, the gold-brown hair a frame for a triangular face that invariably looked toward the crowd. And there was such utter detachment in the dark, blue eyes that, in spite of her presence there, I began to believe she did not belong in the carousel.

When the giant plates wheeled her out of sight, I found myself squeezing the rope before me, hoping --yet knowing--she would be there again. Then she would reappear, gazing out with a look that told me she was an alien to the "merry go round."

It didn't take long for me to realize she could not get out of there by herself.

The million noisy faces I fed from behind a sweatshop hot-dog counter could not drive the notion from my mind. Sometimes I did not see the hands, the money, mustard or sauerkraut; only a slight form of flesh and bone, adrift in a sea of chrome.

No proprietor or his relative could love to ride that much. No pilot or mechanic, so closely connected to the carousel, would set foot on the damned thing that often. Contrariwise, the fact that she had disappeared when I boarded, became a call. It had to be a message; a message for me.

I never stopped to wonder whether someone else's orders or her own fears kept her there. On the dark rooftop of the tenement I lived in, I smelled the simple perfume of her body, instead of the rough and tarry surface I sat upon. From my room, I could see a star within a narrow segment of the sky, and supposed her smile would dimple a cheek without revealing the line of her white teeth.

Long ago, I vowed my job existence would remain behind the counter after I left each day. But she had begun to change that. Flesh and chrome made the food I ate lose taste, and weighed down the perceptions of my mind. She had become more than a mystery.

Depending upon work-shifts, I observed from crowds through screaming, yellow Sunday afternoons, or alone on empty weekday evenings. I tried to think of something, anything I might do for her that wouldn't sound or look insane to the people who tended or operated the place. But day by day, eight hours a day, the artificial fury of Coney drove every idea out of my head, and I did nothing.

Nothing. Until a night two months after my first glimpse of her.

It had been one of those days when you think the heat will die with sunset, but it doesn't, and

then you believe it will continue forever. I was not of drinking age, but looked it, and sat in a bar a few doors from the carousel. Soap and water were all right for sweat and grease, but you needed at least beer for the sunlight, the anger and the noise.

A bar is a place where loneliness collects in pools. Sometimes the tides of the pools overlap and the place has a reason for being. More often than not, each individual remains untouched, and each drinks more to hide the motive for being there in the first place. But that night my head was cool and my feet were steady when I stepped out.

A sea breeze was drying the street of lingering heat. In spite of the late hour, people crowded the main drag a few hundred yards down, like moths around the bright arcades. I paused to swear at them.

A couple who were crossing toward parked cars glanced at me. Some kids ran past, headed for the smooth bump-and-clatter of the elevated trains, three blocks away. Otherwise, the sidewalk was empty here. I pivoted to my right.

I stood before the carousel. The telescoping gates were shut. Glass and chrome surfaces within captured glitter from outside. I thought I looked at the coils of a colossal, steel-scaled python in the depths of some monstrous zoo. Curled up for the night; ready to rear into sound and color in a moment.

A voice cried out nearby, snatching me back to a sidewalk strewn with ticket-stubs and discarded wrappers. I found my hands were shaking on the grillwork before

me, and wondered if I had looked suspicious. But the noise belonged to the Mirror Maze barker, in his last-ditch attempt to attract customers. Light shone off his jacket buttons and the waxy face, but although I saw him as an alert extension of the sleeping machine, he decided my next move.

High palings closed off the alley that ran parallel to the street behind the concessions. Whatever clue I needed would have to be found there, accessible only through one or more of the businesses on the block. I had never thought of that before.

I went to the orange booth before the Maze and bought a ticket.

There was no one else. The barker looked almost sorry he had advertised. He let me in just the same and quit his post to turn the larger neons off.

I climbed a ramp along a short, red fence to an opening in the smooth wall of mirrors. The next step brought me face to face with a medium-sized young man whose eyes were too bright for his drawn face, like a pall-bearer who wears a yellow hat on the job. He moved as if he wore someone else's clothes and felt awkward in them.

Bumping hands and nose on the sleek surface, I turned from the reflection and took the next step with care. I had been walking too fast. After a second stumble into a mirror, it became easy. I kept my eyes on the floor, making each turn almost automatic.

The clumsy likeness I had brought along kept a relentless pace. He sometimes sneaked underfoot, in addition to the copies that



Raul Garcia Capella is a writer for the marketing department of a transit company in addition to being a commercial artist. A native of San Juan, Puerto Rico, he was raised in Brooklyn, served during the Korean conflict, and studied art at the School of Visual Arts in New York.

He has been active in fandom as both writer and artist since the '50s and claims, "Bill Rotsler and I must be the two oldest fanartists in captivity." He is most well known for his "Arquel of Argos" stories in Amra and has appeared in a number of anthologies of heroic fantasy. "Carousel" admirably demonstrates his skill at contemporary fantasy, as well.

"Both professionally and fan-wise," he notes, "I've gravitated back towards writing and may stay there for a long while." He is currently working on a novel. The illustration at left is a self-portrait of the author.

slid to either hand as I moved. He followed me, endlessly multiplied through a million glass rooms. But it was not as bad as the carousel.

A bend almost led me back to the entrance, but I finally reached the rear corridor. The one with the mirrors that flatten you and splice you into figures that divide like vertical amoebas in order to survive. The gallery where warped surfaces unveil what might live inside those who come to stare, so that laughter is the only choice open to them.

A screen hid a passage that ran the length of the building toward the front. Near my end was a barred metal door. They had no expensive alarms here; whoever usually guarded this end had either left earlier or stepped out.

It was a chance to take and I had stopped caring; I lifted the wooden crosspiece as silently as possible and swung the panel aside. I moved into darkness and shut it cautiously behind me. After the Maze, it was like stepping off a crowded bus into an empty library.

Taller structures across the alley fended off Coney's lights and made a canyon of shadows there. I went on, stalking a prison of sleeping chrome, hoping to catch frozen broncos unawares. The silent movement of a cat was somehow expected. When it glided behind a huddle of garbage cans, hooding its emerald night-lights, I found I was smiling.

The back of the carousel was a zinc-panelled enclosure. Against it rose a neat stack of lumber. On the far end of this, the moon droplit what resembled a bundle of laundry bags. A mound that giggled as I passed, making my breath rush in so fast I jumped with it.

The skin on my back and spine puckered, trying to raise extinct follicles before the thing giggled again. Then my eyes readjusted the shadow-composition; a woman sat there.

She was not tall, but seemed huge because her width rivalled her height. Arms crossed, she sat on a plank that bent like a smile under her weight. She wore a shawl in spite of the weather and a bandanna knotted black hair atop her head.

I hadn't prepared excuses for being where I shouldn't be; asking where concession employees went to seemed transparent to me. But I asked, and she looked at me out of the moonlight like a toad watching a fly.

I stammered something about the carousel manager. Where was this person? She smiled; an expression broader than my head. There was so much flesh on the arm she raised

that I knew people would applaud the feat and guessed her identity. Her balloon hand gestured to the house across from her, and I crossed the alley, never knowing if she had grasped the meaning behind my questions.

There was a doorway above two cement steps. The light beyond the curtain there was only strong enough to outline the entrance. But the stir of people seeped out to me from the whole building. Life went on in there; I had come too far to stop now. I slid the curtain aside and walked in.

Floorboards under a faded linoleum complained, as they do in a million Brooklyn tenements from Coney to downtown. A door to my left opened a crack, but I was ready for that now. The figure of what must be a child, not fully silhouetted, peeped out. I mumbled something about a little blonde on the block and suddenly thought: would someone live this close to that job? But I went on: a quiet girl, who worked the carousel, whose name I couldn't recall. I said I had a message.

The entrance remained a slit of light, but a thin voice that had no age said to go to the end of the corridor after my next right. I strode on, forgetting my thank-yous. A giggle exactly like the fat woman's trailed after me.

The hallway walls were bare. The place smelled of talcum, of dusty clothes and paint that has dried in open cans. But ahead, her door at the end was open and well-lit. A bright face looked up as I approached.

No, not one, there seemed to be two people. One was directly below an overhead fixture, the features expressionless and etched by shadows. It was she.

The other was behind and just slightly to her left; a coarse-featured blonde. She wore too much make-up.

The girl I had come looking for appeared to have her body turned away from the entrance. Her arms went up, so that the back of her hands, with long, painted nails, were towards me. The palms were on the edge of a mirror behind her. The other face was a reflection.

"Yes? Who are *you*?" said the reflection. The voice was impersonal; it might have come from the unused bulbs that lined the make-up table she sat at. I couldn't understand what I was looking at; perhaps I didn't want to. The face of the girl from the carousel was blank, unseeing. No, she was not looking over her shoulder.

The body below that head had

its back to me. There was only one person in the room.

"What do you want?" Again, from the made-up blonde, the inflection rising. The pulse in my ears throbbed so loudly I thought she might hear it; I caught at a side of the doorway to keep myself from falling.

The room beyond was both dressing-room and living quarters, I think. I barely saw it; I could not take my eyes off her. The face in the mirror turned left and disappeared past its frame, while the one from the carousel pivoted to the right.

I was looking at a head with two profiles. On one side was the painted blonde. On the other, past a strip of hair, was that one I'd come to see; frozen, immobile.

"A - mask! It's a mask, isn't it?" I didn't recognize my own voice. A dead man might have sounded like that.

"No it's not; lots of people ask me that." She answered with such unconcern that my own embarrassment, pity and horror were brushed aside. "What the hell do you want?"

The blonde rose from her seat. One hand picked up a lighted cigarette from a chipped plate, another casually stroked the hair to almost cover the one I had known. For a crazy moment I expected smoke to be exhaled by the partially veiled lips. Then she was gone; the woman had turned completely toward me.

"I get it: another one of those crumbs!" She dropped her butt, crushed it automatically with a heel, hands on hips. "Made a bet it wasn't for real, huh? Hadda find out for yourself - sonuvabitch! Wanna *feel* it? It's a dead lump, but it's there, okay? *Get out!*"

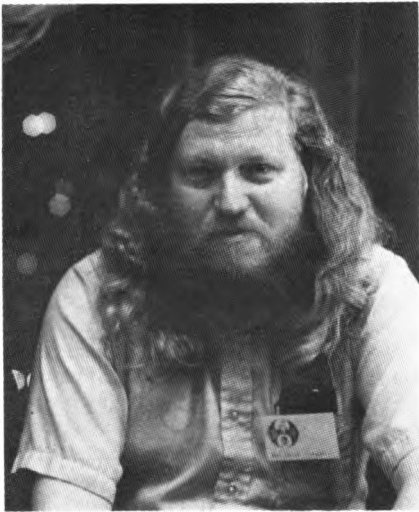
"L - lady, I was looking for the carousel operator! That's right, the girl who runs - " I was stumbling back and back.

"What a lousy excuse! Two guys run that damned thing, and they don't even live here. I wouldn't go near that overgrown top if I was gettin' paid for it! Get out! *Hey Jesse...*"

The bright nails were ready to scratch, her painted mouth would have spat at me. But I had already left.

Running, running down the corridor. I passed Jesse, the strong man, at the turn of the hall, all broad white muscles coated with sweat and too slow to comprehend. The door near the back exit had been opened wider and the midget who had giggled showed me a wise and hairy grin.

(Continued on page 21, Col. 3)



ON FANTASY

by Karl Edward Wagner

"How Billy the Kid Met Jack the Ripper"

*Being a Reminiscence
of the Bad Old Days.*

If the genre of epic fantasy wasn't dead in the early 1960s, it was mighty damn moribund. The pulps were dead, the flurry of fantasy digest magazines of the '50s had dwindled to only *F&SF* and *Fantastic*. Comics, castrated by Dr. Freddie Worthless' Book-Burning Crusade, weren't worth a dime--unless your tastes ran to big orange Jack Kirby monsters busily stomping empty warehouses to harmless kindling. The Conan revival of the early '50s was over. In the paperback field, pickings were not much better--Avon's A. Merritt reissues, maybe an occasional Ace reprint--the rest of the field pretty well dominated by a suddenly healthy science fiction scene. It was a time of Sputnik, and J.F.K., and government programs--and if you were a really bright kid, you got interested in science and told your friends you were going to be an engineer or maybe an astronaut.

But if you were *really* weird (and anyone who read a book that wasn't assigned for a book report was weird to begin with), you and maybe a couple of weirdo friends hung around the newsstands and used book stores and dingy second-hand junk shops searching for the occasional fantasy item you might turn up. Maybe a pre-Code horror comic, or a battered pulp, or a cheap-edition Burroughs. Now and then you might score at the newsstand, but not often. The paperback publishers only rarely brought out anything that would pass for epic fantasy. The magazine publishers? Well, after dabbling with a rare piece of epic fantasy in the '50s, *F&SF* had by now eschewed such lurid yarns and was firmly settled in its current run of well-polished, well-bred dullness. *Fantastic*, a chameleon during the '50s, somehow surviving while far better maga-

zines failed, was a better bet--offering an occasional Fafhrd & the Gray Mouser tale from Leiber, who could always hold your interest, or a moronic Brak the Barbarian yarn from Jakes, who was first to show us just how awful a Conan imitation could be.

Have I said that things were mighty bleak for an epic fantasy fan? If you wanted to read anything in this genre, you had to take desperate measures. For me that meant poring over the catalogues of a few specialty dealers like Gerry de la Ree, Brad Day or Stephen's Book Service. By saving up allowances, hoarding lunch money, prospecting for returnable bottles, doing a few odd jobs and other dodges, you could splurge on a few choice goodies--mid '30s *Weird Tales* at \$3.00 a hit would let you read Robert E. Howard or C. L. Moore and a dozen other classic masters; a buck got me the Hillman first of *The Dying Earth* and *Skullface* bankrupted me at a staggering \$12.50. The sale of my coin collection was capital for a set of *Fantastic Novels* and *Avon Fantasy Reader*, among other goodies (for which sacrifice my father sneered: "You wasted your money on this trash!"). It was a struggle, but I did have access to the best of the genre from the past.

The problem was--there wasn't anything being written in the present day. Well, there was Fritz Leiber still purveying stylish swordplay and wizardry; Poul Anderson had produced some excellent work; Zelazny was creeping forth. But after that, finding something *new* to read--that was worth reading--in the epic fantasy genre was a pretty dismal prospect.

Following the classical three-stage model of addiction--read it, collect it, write it--I leapt unto

the breach. I already had all the credentials I needed to qualify as a weirdo and, in 1960 as a freshman in high school, I confirmed my teacher's bad opinion of me by starting to write epic fantasy. It was a harmless enough bit of madness; no editor was about to buy my stuff.

If I seem to dwell overlong on this preamble, it's because for many of you who are reading this, the situation is an unfamiliar one. The majority of current heroic fantasy fans either got into the genre during the short-lived "swords & sorcery" boom of the late '60s, or else graduated from the Marvel Conan comics of the '70s. This is all very strange and esoteric and long-ago, what I'm trying to describe. So long ago that Lin Carter hadn't published his first Thongor book, even.

As a rule, a beginning writer is heavily influenced by the books he has read and liked, so that--consciously or unconsciously--his first efforts are imitative. Today, because most new fans have come into the genre through Conan, their influence is Robert E. Howard. At the start of the '60s the situation wasn't that simple. Howard's work was inaccessible to the general reader--available only to the hardcore collector. There weren't even Conan imitations.

What there was, was a tradition, laid down by the early works in the fantasy genre, that showed the fans how epic fantasy had been written in the past, and thus, by glib extrapolation, how it should be written in the future. Probably Burroughs was the primary influence here, inasmuch as his work was most accessible--having gone through countless hardcover editions in its heyday, and just now starting to reappear in popular paperbacks. And

Burroughs' work embodied all the plot devices and cardboard characters which were to become the cliches and formulas for subsequent writers to resurrect faithfully--stalwart heroes of invincible might and impeccable character, beautiful princesses of gossamer garments and unassailable virtues, dastardly villains and/or evil wizards (mad scientists) scheming endlessly to keep hero and heroine apart, and a host of henchmen and assorted monsters whose job was to give the hero a rough time of things before he at last succeeded in rescuing the princess and killing off the villain. OK, there's your formula--now remember to have a sword fight on every page and to kill a monster in every chapter, and you're ready to write epic fantasy, gang.

There were some damn fine stories written on this formula, and there has been a lot of sludge. I enjoyed reading the "classic" works, but I saw no point in imitating them. The genre had too much potential to waste ink writing hackneyed refrains of stories that had been written far better years before.

The problem was that, since the days of the pulps, epic fantasy had become almost a lost genre. A few things were written, some very outstanding works--Vance's *The Dying Earth*, Anderson's *The Broken Sword* and *Three Hearts and Three Lions*, Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*--but nothing that had attained the mass appeal of the pulps. Science fiction, on the other hand, had been undergoing a constant transition and maturation as a genre from the age of the pulps. At the start of the '60s, writers of science fiction were no longer belting out yarns of stalwart spacemen, brass-bra-clad space-empresses, dastardly space pirates, and bug-eyed space monsters. Yet, as new stories began to appear in the early '60s, the writers of epic fantasy--e.g., Jakes, Fox, Carter--were rehashing the same old yarns and the same cardboard characters. It was as if, for epic fantasy, it was still 1930.

And then there was Michael Moorcock.

It was 1963, and when I paged through my monthly catalogue from Stephen's Book Service, there was listed a new British hardcover fantasy collection, *The Stealer of Souls*. I'd never heard of the author, but Stephen (if memory serves) gave the book his "in the ERB--Robert E. Howard tradition" blurb, which usually meant it was something I'd like, so I sprang for \$3.75. I wasn't the only one. In later catalogues Stephen commented

that the book was the hottest selling fantasy item he'd had in years.

It was a cheaply made book--Neville Spearman Ltd wasn't going to give Arkham House any competition--bound in a light-orange imitation cloth with a murky salmon and brown Guy Nicholls cover that I can't figure out to this day. The acknowledgements page stated that the stories had originally appeared in *Science Fantasy* during 1961 and 1962. I'd heard of *Science Fantasy*--a British magazine that Stephen also stocked--but at that time had never seen a copy. So much for openers. Now to read the thing.

I read.

Good lord, there were *two* of us madmen...

This man was breaking all those sacred taboos and hallowed traditions I had myself sworn to subvert.

A hero who can wield a sword *and* command sorceries? Blasphemy! Tradition dictated that, while maybe you could sometimes have a good sorcerer, swordsmen were always rugged louts and wizards were always doddering old ascetics. Never should such twains as these meet--and especially never should a hero be an adept in black magic. Hell, Elric wasn't even a noble barbarian. He was an intellectual, sophisticated, a product of civilized decadence. And he was a physical weakling--depending on his magic sword for his strength. Some magic sword--it was a dubious symbiosis with a weapon whose depths of evil were--well, save that for the last chapter. God, he wasn't even black-maned; he was an albino.

And what does this young madman do with his character? Well, for starters, Elric betrays his own city, final vestige of the ten thousand year old empire of which he is last ruler. Presumably this unhallowed act is to rescue his love, the princess (a cousin, but the English aren't as fussy about that). Yes, maybe we're still in the old ERB tradition, just off to a shaky start. And then Elric kills her. Granted, his demented usurper-cousin shoves the girl onto Elric's sword. But, damn it, the *hero* killed the *girl*--and that just isn't done in the sacred genre, heavens no! After that, the trifling fact that Elric abandons his new comrades to the mercy of a flock of vengeful dragons, for no loftier motive than to save his own skin--when a traditional hero would have fought to the death--becomes academic. This Moorcock blackguard was guilty of heresy against the sacred genre.

I loved it.

An upstart writer, who seemed to feel the same contempt I felt for



the grand old formulas and the grand old cliches, who was writing along the same directions that I was dauntlessly championing--and who was getting his stuff *published*. That last was the most incredible of all. Because, not readers, but editors cherish the taboos, and editors don't like writers who break the taboos.

I wondered whether this might have been an accident, whether I'd see more of Elric and Moorcock. Whether such publication had been a fluke, or whether the British were after all as decadent as we'd been taught in school. (It was the latter: *Science Fantasy* also published the first stories of Thomas Burnett Swann, a fellow Knoxville *emigre*.)

I had to wait until 1965, but then the British maniac struck again. Stephen's Book Service listed a second Elric collection by Michael Moorcock. This one was *Stormbringer*, again from a series of novelettes appearing in *Science Fantasy*. Elric had a new publisher now--Herbert Jenkins (presumably an angry mob had burned down the offices and warehouse of Neville Spearman). Again a cheap production job--this time with maroon imitation-cloth binding and a rather nice portrait of Elric by Cawthorn on the jacket. But inside was Moorcock, and Elric.

Good lord, this time the madman kills off *everyone*. Horribly. The girl. The side-kick. All the good

guys. All the bad guys. All the innocent bystanders. Elric. Every-one. Lord, what an epic! With the exception of John Mayer's comic-strip epic, "Armageddon" (drawn in high school while I was writing about Kane a few desks down), or the fabled S. Clay Wilson animated film of Ragnarok, *Stormbringer* has to rank as one of the goriest epics ever written.

I loved it.

The real tragedy, however, was that this *had* to be the last I'd ever see of Elric.

But Moorcock was here to stay. And I was an avid fan. When new books appeared, I bought and read them all. There were many books, and Moorcock had many disguises. There were straight science fiction adventure yarns, mind-bending exercises in New Wave writing, diverting reincarnations of Jules Verne's science adventure, outright Burroughs pastiches, a few masterpieces of modern science fiction, numerous series character novels of science fantasy and of epic fantasy. Even Elric returned. And somehow all the characters became extensions and reincarnations of one great Eternal Champion. It was a lot of disguises for just one writer. Some have

spoken of several writers being responsible.

Although I read Moorcock faithfully since those first two books, these two are the ones that remain my favorites. True, as a stylist he wrote much better as he matured. There are many splendid moments in the later epic fantasy novels. No science fiction novel has ever terrified me to the degree that *The Black Corridor* got to me. But *The Stealer of Souls* and *Stormbringer* are special to me.

Every fan, every writer, has a few choice books that he encountered early on--books that remain special to him. For me, looking back on the books I read then, I can envision a select shelf of these *special* books: Merritt's *The Face in the Abyss*, Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer*, Anderson's *The Broken Sword*, Vance's *The Dying Earth*, Howard's *The Hour of the Dragon*, Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, Cabell's *Jurgen*. And *The Stealer of Souls* and *Stormbringer* are on that shelf, too. And many others.

For these two Elric books were special to me. No, I don't feel that they or Moorcock were an influence on my own writing. I started writing about Kane in 1960; by the

time I encountered Elric, *Bloodstone* was begun, several other Kane stories existed in fragments and outlines, and one completed novelette, "The Treasure of Lynortis," was being handily bounced by every editor I knew of. I think instead that Moorcock and I both were feeling the same sense of frustration and discontent with the formula/taboo-ridden genre, and that our thinking (or our madness) ran in parallel lines. Kane, whom I modelled after the doomed hero-villain of the Gothic novel (the 18th and early 19th century Gothic novel, *not* the modern-day gothic soapers), is not Elric. Neither is our underlying philosophy the same. The Moorcock hero is a hero nonetheless, and he concerns himself with the struggle between Order and Chaos, or, if you will, Good and Evil. Kane is an amoral force--a hero or a villain only in the eye of the beholder--for in Kane's world, as in reality, concepts of Good and Evil are relevant only in the minds of those concerned.

But in the early 1960s, Moorcock and I were both committed to breaking the taboos that strangled the epic fantasy genre--to escaping

(Continued on page 30, Col. 1)

Deluxe Collector's Editions from Phantasia Press

The Purple Pterodactyls by L. Sprague de Camp. This 1st edition collects, for the first time, fifteen stories of magic, sorcery and the bizarre. These are the mysterious and often humorous adventures of that ensorcelled financier, W. Wilson Newbury. With a stunning full-color dustwrapper by Václav Váca, this edition is limited to 1,500 copies. 200 slip-cased copies have been signed and numbered by the author. Less than 50 of these remain.

Trade Edition \$15.00
Signed/Numbered/Boxed Edition \$25.00

The Reign of Wizardry by Jack Williamson. The first cloth edition of this classic from unknown is still available in limited numbers. Jack Williamson has combined adventure and sorcery to depict an epic struggle in ancient Crete. This edition is limited to 1,500 copies. 175 copies have been signed and numbered by the author and slip-cased. Less than 40 of these remain. Steve Fabian has created a superb full-color wrap-around dust jacket.

Trade Edition \$15.00
Signed/Numbered/Boxed Edition \$25.00

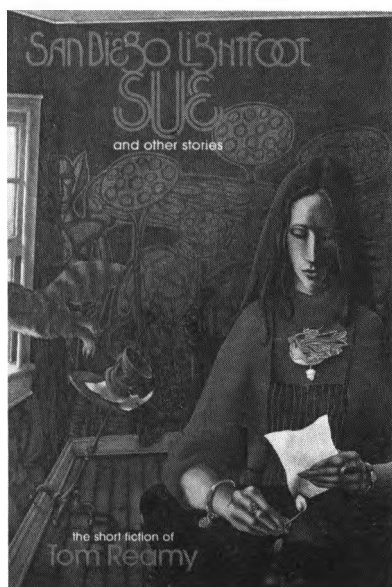
The Ringworld Engineers by Larry Niven. The special signed and numbered 1st edition of 500 copies now out-of-print.

Please enclose SASE with order
if confirmation desired.



PHANTASIA PRESS
13101 LINCOLN ST. HUNTINGTON WOODS, MICHIGAN 48070

Specialty Publishers



Artist: Leo & Diane Dillon

EARTHLIGHT PUBLISHERS

Out from Earthlight Publishers is the long-awaited *San Diego Lightfoot Sue and Other Stories*, the definitive collection of short fiction by the late (and very much missed) *Tom Reamy*. And I'm happy to say that the book is a fine, fine tribute to him with an excellent wrap-around dust jacket (and illustrated endpapers) by *Leo and Diane Dillon*, an introduction by *Harlan Ellison* ("Embrace the Departing Shadow"), and an afterword-reminiscence by *Howard Waldrop*.

Included in the 237-page volume are all of Tom's short stories: "Twilla," "Under the Hollywood Sign," "Beyond the Cleft," "San Diego Lightfoot Sue," "Dinosaurs," "The Sweetwater Factor," "The Mistress of Windraven," "The Detweiler Boy," "Insects in Amber," "Waiting for Billy Star" and "2076: Blue Eyes."

The 6½" by 9½" book is printed on acid-free paper and bound in library-quality cloth with Tom's signature embossed on the cover. The 2,200-copy trade edition is priced at \$14.95. A 100-copy slipcased edition, signed by Ellison, Waldrop and the Dillons, is priced at \$25. Earthlight Publishers, 5539 Jackson, Kansas City, MO 64130.

P.D.A. ENTERPRISES

As noted here a few issues back, Pat Adkins at P.D.A. Enterprises has embarked upon an ambitious publishing project reprinting the fiction of David H. Keller.

Recently he added to his "David H. Keller Memorial Library" (two volumes to date) the first volume in a companion series, "Jack Williamson: The Collector's Edition."

The Alien Intelligence is an 80-page, 6" by 9" softcover volume, with textured blue covers, reprinting three stories by *Jack Williamson* facsimile reproduced from their original pulp appearances. The title story is reproduced from *Science Wonder Stories* (July and August, 1929), while "The Second Shell" is from *Air Wonder Stories* (November 1929) and "The Prince of Space" is taken from *Amazing Stories* (January 1931). Rounding out the volume is a new introduction by *Jack Williamson*. In addition to reproducing the original *Frank R. Paul* and *Morey* illustrations, new artwork is provided by *Ken Hafer*.

Price is \$6 and subscriptions to the first five volumes in the series are \$25. The next two volumes in the Williamson series will be *The Birth of a New Republic* and *The Stone from the Green Star*. See *FN #21* and *#22* for additional details on both series. P.D.A. Enterprises, Box 8010, New Orleans, LA 70182.

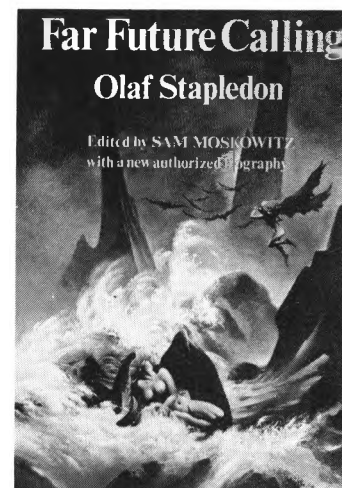
BURNING BUSH PRESS

Just announced for publication by the Burning Bush Press is *The Bridge of Catzad-Dum & Other Stories* by *Mark E. Rogers*, containing three short stories: "Never Mind," an SF thriller, "The Horns of Hel," a Norse horror tale, and "The Bridge of Catzad-Dum," the first in a series of stories about the adventures of the Samurai Cat. The softcover booklet (previously announced as *Nevermind & Other Stories* in *FN #21*) will be limited to 450 signed and numbered copies and priced at \$5.75. Pre-publication orders are being accepted until March 31st at \$4.75. The Burning Bush Press, P. O. Box 7708, Newark, DE 19711.

OSWALD TRAIN

Now available from Oswald Train (as previewed briefly last issue) is a new collection of short fiction by *Olaf Stapledon* entitled *Far Future Calling*. The volume contains five previously uncollected stories: "The Man Who Became A Tree," "A Modern Magician," "East is West," "Arms Out of Hand" and "A World of Sound,"

Artist: Stephen Fabian



in addition to a play, "Far Future Calling," and "Interplanetary Man?" an address to the British Interplanetary Society. Of these, the only work that has previously appeared in the U.S. is "A Modern Magician."

Also included in the book are an introduction and biography by *Sam Moskowitz*, as well as an account of Stapledon's 1949 visit to the U.S. The 275-page, cloth volume features a color dust jacket and seven interior illustrations by *Stephen Fabian* and is priced at \$12. Oswald Train:Publisher, P. O. Box 1891, Philadelphia, PA 19105.

WHISPERS PRESS

Stuart David Schiff at Whispers Press reports that *The Scallion Stone*, a collection of stories by *Canon Basil A. Smith*, is now in galley and will probably be available in late June. The volume will include an introduction by *Russell Kirk* (whom Stuart notes is responsible for retrieving the stories from oblivion) and will be illustrated by *Stephen Fabian*. Pre-publication orders are still being accepted at \$10 for the trade edition and \$25 for the deluxe edition. The latter will be slipcased and signed by Kirk, Fabian and Schiff. Whispers Press, Box 1492-W, Azalea St., Browns Mills, NJ 08015.

OUTRE HOUSE

Now available from Frederick J. Mayer at Outre House (as previewed in *FN #18*) is a deluxe hardcover collection of the poetry of *H. Warner Munn*, and I just love this title: *The Book of Munn, or, A Recipe for Roast Camel*. The 140-page, 8" by 10" volume gathers together 105 poems by Munn and includes an introduction by *Emil Petaja*. The book is illustrated by *Vandy Vander vort*, with border decorations by



Erin McKee. It is printed on a parchment-like stock and bound in a simulated leather binding; and it features a very attractive, full color wraparound dust jacket illustrated by *Judy King Rieniets* that gives it the appearance of an ornate medieval bound manuscript. The 400-copy regular edition is priced at \$20 and a 100-copy signed and numbered edition is \$25.

Also available from Mayer is *Webs of Time*, a collection of 44 poems by *Joseph Payne Brennan*, published by Macabre House (Brennan's own imprint). This is a 64-page, 5½" by 9" softcover booklet, printed on a parchment-like stock and perfect bound in heavy black covers, featuring a front cover design in impressed silver foil. Included are an introduction by *Frederick J. Mayer* and border designs by *Vandy Vandervort*. The 400-copy regular edition is priced at \$5 and a 100-copy special edition that includes an autographed photo of Brennan is priced at \$10. Outre House, 1622 N Street, #302, Sacramento, CA 95814.

STARMONT HOUSE

Just out from Starmont House is the second volume in the "Starmont Reader's Guide" series of trade paperback guides to popular fantasy and science fiction authors, this one devoted to *Roger Zelazny*. The author of the guide is *Carl B. Yoke*, a lifelong friend of Zelazny's and Assistant to the Vice President and Associate Professor of English at Kent State University; series editor for the Starmont guides is *Dr. Roger C. Schlobin*, Associate Professor of English at Purdue University.

Included in the 112-page paper-

back are a chronology of Zelazny's works, two annotated bibliographies of primary and secondary works, seven essays examining specific works, and a wrapup essay on his other fiction. The 5½" by 8½" volume sports a cover illustration by *Stephen Fabian* and is priced at \$3.95. Volume one in the series was a guide to the work of *Arthur C. Clarke*. The next volume due out is devoted to *Philip Jose Farmer* and more than 30 additional volumes are planned or in various stages of preparation. Starmont House, Box E, West Linn, OR 97068.

SF BOOK CLUB

May selections for members of the Science Fiction Book Club are *The Ringworld Engineers* by *Larry Niven*, priced at \$3.50 and *Watchstar* by *Pamela Sargent*, priced at \$2.49. The former was a March hardcover release from Holt, Rinehart & Winston at \$9.95 and the latter was a paperback original from Pocket Books in February, at \$2.25.

Finally, a few miscellaneous notes about various publishing projects.

George Beahm at Heresy Press reports a delay on *Kirk's Works*, his 100-page bibliography/art collection of Tim's work. (No, it wasn't money--delays in the design work on the volume.) He expects the book to go to press in March. (See *FN #14* for details.) Also being readied for spring release is *Corben's World*, a 100-page collection of more than 200 illustrations by *Rich Corben*. Now in the planning stages is a major, illustrated index to the work of *Jeffrey Jones*.

The Purple Pterodactyls by *L. Sprague de Camp* and *The Reign of Wizardry* by *Jack Williamson* have both appeared from Phantasia Press, as previewed here in the January and March issues. *The Ringworld Engineers* by *Larry Niven* has not only appeared, but is already out of print. Due to a mixup on copyrights, Phantasia's planned five volume set of "World of the Tiers" by *Philip Jose Farmer* has been delayed; they were originally scheduled for spring and will now begin appearing early this summer. *Jack Williamson's* sequel to *The Humanoids* is now scheduled for late summer publication. Originally entitled *Ten Trillion Wise Machines*, it will now appear as *The Humanoid Touch*. As with *Ringworld Engineers*, this will be a deluxe 500-copy edition preceding the trade hardcover from Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

Artist: Stephen Fabian

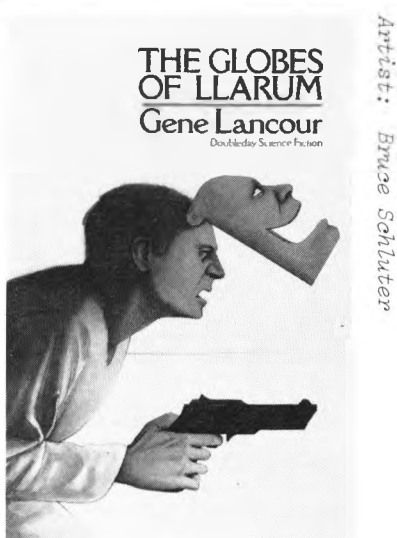


Tim Underwood reports that the next two books out from the publishing team of Underwood/Miller will be *Servants of the Wankh*, the second volume in *Jack Vance's* Tschai series, and *The Face*, the fourth volume in Vance's "Demon Princes" novel. Both may be out as early as late March, along with an illustrated bibliography of the works of *Philip K. Dick*. In typesetting is *The Dirdir*, volume three in the Tschai or "Planet of Adventure" series.

Last but not least, some bad news/good news regarding out of print/nearly out of print titles, courtesy of Richard Witter at F & SF Book Company. In his latest catalog supplement, Dick lists the following books as out of print: *Wall of Serpents* by *de Camp* (Phantasia), *Whispers II* ed. by *Schiff* (Doubleday), and the following *Jack Vance* titles from Underwood/Miller: *The View From Chickweed's Window*, *The House on Lily Street*, *Big Planet*, *The Blue World*, and *Languages of Pao*. Also out of print are three recent Ace trade paperbacks due to what Dick terms a "serious underprinting": *A Stone in Heaven* by *Anderson*, *Soft Targets* by *Ing*, and *Spirit of Dor-sai* by *Dickson*. Not to worry on those last three, though; they'll be out in mass market paperbacks soon enough.

Nearly out of print are the following: *Act of Providence* by *Brennan and Grant* (Grant), *The Revenge of Dracula* by *Tremayne* (Grant), *Rime Isle* by *Leiber* (Whispers), *Tales from Gavagan's Bar* by *de Camp and Pratt* (Owlswick), and the following art volumes from *Gerry de la Ree*: *More Fantasy* by *Fabian*, *Beauty and the Beast* by *Hannes Bok*, *The Known and the Unknown* by *Edd Cartier*, and volumes 3, 4 and 5 of his *Virgil Finlay* series.

Trade Books



DOUBLEDAY

Out from Doubleday in March is Gene Lancour's newest science fiction novel, *The Globes of Llarum*. Set on the planet Llarum, a company-dominated frontier world whose primary export is a bioluminescent gas produced by living globes, a broke, stranded mercenary finds himself embroiled in a conflict between independent globe shepherds and the company that wants to dominate them. Price is \$8.95. Also due out in March, but not seen at this writing, is *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction: A 30-Year Retrospective*, an anthology of the best stories from *F&SF* edited by Edward L. Ferman and priced at \$10.

Coming in May are *A Storm of Wings*, M. John Harrison's sequel to his earlier *The Pastel City*, priced at \$7.95 in its first U.S. publication, and *The Best From Fantasy and Science Fiction: 23rd Series* edited by Edward L. Ferman. The latter is priced at \$8.95 and will include a selection of stories from *F&SF*'s past few years, including work by Tom Reamy, John Varley, Isaac Asimov and Thomas M. Disch.

Two nonfiction titles of interest for May are *The End of the World* by Richard Morris and *The Encyclopedia of UFOs* edited by Ronald D. Story. The former is an investigation of possible cataclysms that could one day destroy the Earth and is priced at \$10. The latter is a collection of more than 350 articles on UFO sightings and theories, illustrated with more than 240 photographs, and includes a chronology of events from the late '40s and a

bibliography. It will be published in hardcover at \$24.95 and in trade paperback at \$12.95. Doubleday & Co., Inc., 245 Park Ave., New York, NY 10017.

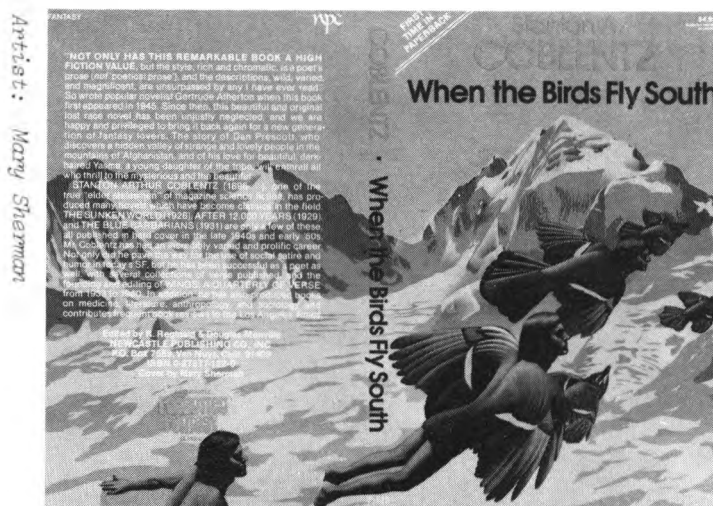
SHAMBHALA PUBLICATIONS

Scheduled for May publication by Shambhala Publications and distributed by Random House is *Tetrarch*, what appears to be a wild flight of fancy with many overtones by Alex Comfort, author of *The Joy of Sex*.

A married couple in our world buy an antique door for their apartment and discover when they step through it that it is a gateway to another world. "Los is a place at right-angles to real time, where the conventional greeting is 'Have you loved well?', where the army is a vehicle for play-therapy, and where serious weaponry consists of powered mandalas. The Losians have a highly advanced civilization that has harnessed the unseen powers of imagination to create a peaceful and pleasurable society." Edward and Rosanna soon become involved in a mission to the neighboring kingdom of Verula to recover the precious Losian crystal containing the secret of the universe that has been stolen by the demonic forces of Reason. The book will be priced at \$12.95. Shambhala Publications, Inc., 1123 Spruce St., Boulder, CO 80302.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

Due out from Houghton Mifflin in May is *The Languages of Tolkien's Middle Earth* by Ruth S. Noel, a 192-page nonfiction volume that contains translations of Elvish poetry, war slogans and sayings; guides to grammar and pronunciation; an English-Elvish glossary; a dictionary of non-English words in Tolkien's fiction; and information on how to write the languages.



The book will be available in hardcover at \$8.95 and in trade paperback at \$4.95. Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, MA 02107.

BERKLEY/PUTNAM

Set for May publication by Berkley/Putnam are two new hardcover novels. *Wizard* by John Varley is the sequel to *Titan* and takes place about twenty years after the events in *Titan*. The living world of Titan has begun to decay, with physical upheavals and cataclysms, and the heroine of *Titan* has become little more than a drunken bum. The volume will feature a dust jacket similar to the paperback edition of *Titan*, with interior artwork by Freff.

Ascendancies by D. G. Compton appears to be a speculative detective novel set in a future where, for the past 15 years, people have been mysteriously disappearing in such large numbers that insurance companies won't pay a claim unless a body can be produced. A woman whose rich husband recently disappeared obtains a body to "stand in" for her husband and eventually falls in love with the claims investigator. Sorry, but I don't have prices on either of these volumes. Berkley Pub. Corp., 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.

NEWCASTLE PUB. CO.

Speaking of mysterious disappearances, Newcastle has been sending me material that hasn't been reaching me for months, so an update is in order.

Last fall, Newcastle added two new titles to its Forgotten Fantasy Library. *Jaufray the Knight and the Fair Brunissende*, Vol. 21, is a tale of the court of King Arthur, reprinted for the first time in more than a hundred years, and is illustrated with engravings. Price is \$3.95. *The Spirit of Bambatse* by

H. Rider Haggard, Vol. 22, is an adventure novel set in a lost African city, priced at \$4.95.

Due out in April is Vol. 23, *When the Birds Fly South* by Stanton A. Coblenz, a lost race novel set in the mountains of Afghanistan. It was originally published by Wings Press in 1945 and this will be its first paperback edition, priced at \$4.95. Newcastle Pub. Co., Inc., P. O. Box 7589, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

ACE BOOKS

Originally announced for March publication as a trade paperback, *The Black Flame*, Lynn Abbey's sequel to *Daughter of the Bright Moon* has now been delayed until May and will be Ace's only trade paperback release that month. See the March *FN* for a preview of the novel. Published in February was *Interfaces*, an original anthology edited by Ursula K. Le Guin and Virginia Kidd (see *FN* #21) and due out in April, as previewed last issue, is *The Patchwork Girl* by Larry Niven. The Niven book will be \$4.95 and the remainder are \$5.95.

THE DONNING COMPANY

Hank Stine, editor of the Starblaze Editions series of trade paperbacks, has announced a six book contract recently signed by writer Darrell Schweitzer. The titles include two novels, three collections and an anthology. The first, slated for August release is a collection of horror stories entitled, *We Are All Legends*, and will include an introduction by L. Sprague de Camp. Scheduled for November release is a new fantasy novel, *The Shattered Goddess*. The remaining four volumes are: *Tales of Randalcain*, a collection of stories set in the mythical land of Randalcain; *A Flight of Furious Fancies*, another collection of short stories; an as-yet untitled fantasy novel; and *Ill-Met By Moonlight*, an anthology of stories selected from the semi-professional magazines. The last four volumes will appear in 1981; artists for the six books have not been selected.

Currently being released are the final four Starblaze Editions edited by Polly and Kelly Freas and illustrated by Kelly Freas. *Castaways in Time*, an SF/fantasy novel by Robert Adams about 20th century warriors in medieval battles, was released in February. Due in March as this issue goes to press is *Takeoffs* by Randall Garrett, a humorous collection of pastiches and parodies. Coming in April is *Mythconceptions*, Robert Asprin's sequel to

Another Fine Myth, and in May, *The Trouble With You Earth People*, a story collection by Katherine MacLean. All four were originally announced for 1979 publication and delayed.

Planned for June publication is the first reprinting of *The Shrouded Planet* by Robert Silverberg and Randall Garrett, first published by Gnome Press in 1957. (Also planned but not scheduled as yet is the sequel, *The Dawning Light*, published by Gnome Press in 1959.) It will be illustrated by Barclay Shaw.

Scheduled for July is *The Web of Darkness*, the first novel in Marion Zimmer Bradley's Atlantean cycle, illustrated by C. Lee Healy.

As noted above, the August Starblaze Editions release will be *We Are All Legends* by Darrell Schweitzer.

Stine also announced plans for the publication of a new science fiction series, *The New Adventures of Frankenstein*, to be written by Don Glut and published under the Donning imprint. A contract has been signed for ten novels to begin appearing in June on a bimonthly basis. The titles are as follows: *Frankenstein Lives Again*, *Terror of Frankenstein*, *Bones of Frankenstein*, *Frankenstein Meets Dracula*, *Frankenstein vs the Wolfman*, *Frankenstein in the Lost World*, *Frankenstein in the Mummy's Tomb*, *Frankenstein's Return*, *Frankenstein and the Curse of Dr. Jekyll*, and *Frankenstein and the Evil of Dracula*.

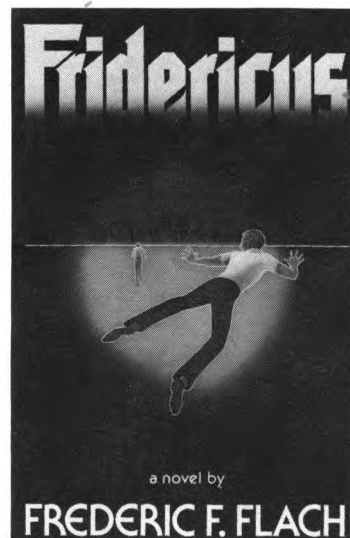
All will be illustrated trade paperbacks, priced at \$4.95. Stine is currently seeking an artist in the comics field to illustrate the series. In addition, 500 copies of each title will be made available with a special signed bookplate, priced at \$10. The Donning Co./Publishers, 5041 Admiral Wright Road, Virginia Beach, VA 23462.

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

Two new titles that appeared in March from St. Martin's Press, as previewed in *FN* #21, are *Star God* by Allen Wold (reviewed in this issue), priced at \$8.95, and *Beyond the Outer Mirror* by Julian Jay Savarin, priced at \$10.95. The latter is the second volume of a trilogy tracing the past and future history of our world from the viewpoint of the Galactic Organization and Dominions. The first was *Walters on the Dance*, published in 1978, and the final volume will appear later this year, *The Archives of Haven*.

A third March release of interest here is *An Account of A Meeting With Denizens of Another World, 1871* by William Robert Loosley,

Artist: Loretta Trezzo-Brennen



edited with commentary by David Langford. This is a reprinting of a Victorian account of a "close encounter" that took place in 1871, examined in 20th century terms. The price is \$7.95.

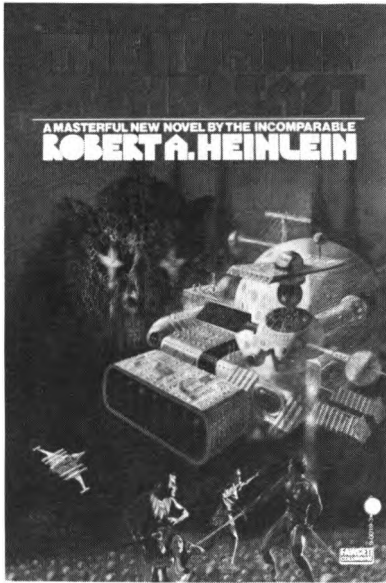
LIPPINCOTT & CROWELL

A late March release due out as this issue is distributed is *Fridericus*, a psychological suspense novel by Frederick F. Flach. The novel centers around a successful New York psychiatrist, Frederic Pleier, who discovers a treatise on melancholia written by a 17th century German physician by the same name whose work strangely parallels his own. Later, a patient disappears who had claimed to know Pleier in another time and place. The novel is autobiographical to a point: the author, a psychiatrist himself, underwent a similar experience in 1966. While researching the subject of depression, he uncovered a 17th century book closely resembling his own work in progress, written by an M. Fridericus Flach. Price is \$9.95. Lippincott & Crowell, 521 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017.

FAWCETT COLUMBINE

Now scheduled for August release as a trade paperback original is *The Number of the Beast* by Robert A. Heinlein, his first new novel in seven years and what Fawcett claims is "a tribute to the visions of Heinlein's predecessors--and the culmination of his own 40 years' contribution to the science fiction field."

The novel combines elements of Edgar Rice Burroughs' Mars, L. Frank Baum's Oz, Lilliput, the world of Lewis Carroll, and others, and stars four of the unlikeliest characters



Artist: Richard Powers

in fiction: Captain Zebediah John Carter, his fiancée Dejah Thoris "Deety" Burroughs, her father Jacob Burroughs, and his future wife Hilda "Sharpie" Corners. Dr. Burroughs is the inventor of a device permitting travel to a series of alternate universes, a series whose possibilities total six to the sixth to the sixth powers, or "the number of the beast." Following an attack on the Burroughs ranch in Arizona, the four take off in a spaceship controlled by a computer known as "the Gay Deceiver" to find a safe haven.

Purchased at a record price last year, *The Nature of the Beast* will introduce Fawcett's new line of Columbine trade paperbacks, with a color wraparound cover and 53 interior illustrations in black and white by Richard Powers. It will be priced at \$6.95. A simultaneous hardcover library edition will be priced at \$10.95. Fawcett Books Group, 1515 Broadway, New York, NY 10036.

G. K. HALL & CO.

Now available from G. K. Hall & Company are the first three volumes in that publisher's "Masters of Science Fiction and Fantasy" series of clothbound author bibliographies. *Andre Norton: A Primary and Secondary Bibliography* compiled by Dr. Roger C. Schlobin is a 100-page book that includes a lengthy biographical introduction, a detailed bibliography of her published fiction through 1979, separate bibliographies of her poetry and non-fiction, a fourth bibliography of critical works, an appendix categorizing her works by genre (historical, gothic, SF, etc.), a second appendix detailing her series work, and two indexes: one for primary and one for secondary material.

Clifford D. Simak: A Primary and Secondary Bibliography compiled by Muriel R. Becker, runs 193 pages and includes the following: a biographical introduction and interview with Simak, a brief chronology of his life and a list of awards he has received, separate and detailed bibliographies of his science fiction, miscellaneous works, and non-fiction, a fourth bibliography of critical and bio-bibliographical studies, a total of five appendices providing information about title changes, anthology appearances and unpublished work, and indexes to the primary and secondary works included in the volume.

The third volume is *Jack Williamson: A Primary and Secondary Bibliography* compiled by Robert E. Myers. This 107-page volume, like its companions, includes the following: a chronological bibliography of his fiction, a bibliography of his work adapted to other media, a nonfiction bibliography, a bibliography of critical works, a selected bibliography of non-English language works, an appendix citing additional critical works and reviews, and indexes to both the primary and secondary works covered in the volume.

Some general comments on the "Masters of SF & Fantasy" series, compiled under the series editorship of Lloyd W. Currey. As will be noted from the above descriptions, each volume in the series is different from others in some respects, but all basically provide extremely thorough and very detailed bibliographical information about the author's entire output. The fiction bibliographies include all short fiction as well as novels, citing first publication chronologically, with reprints noted under the first publication entry. Title changes, revisions and other notes are also provided. Each book is printed on acid-free stock and bound with a library quality binding.

The series is exceptionally well done but, unfortunately, expensive. The Norton and Williamson volumes are priced at \$12 and the Simak volume at \$18. Much of that cost, of course, results from the paper and bindings and I hope that G. K. Hall can maintain the series in the face of inflation and rising production costs. I think they would be well advised to consider simultaneous publication in paperback to broaden their market.

Despite the high prices dictated by such high quality production, I recommend them. They are extremely useful reference tools for fans, scholars and librarians alike.

SF FIRST EDITIONS

Also out from G. K. Hall & Co. is *Science Fiction and Fantasy Authors: A Bibliography of First Printings of Their Fiction* edited by Lloyd W. Currey. As previewed in FN #21, the volume is a 271-page detailed bibliography of the first printings of first editions of all of the works of fiction for each of 215 popular fantasy and SF authors.

The book is arranged alphabetically by author. Under each author, again arranged alphabetically, appears a complete bibliography of the first editions of the author's entire output of prose fiction (no poetry or drama) published in book, pamphlet or broadside form through the end of 1977. Further, the bibliography distinguishes between different printings of the first edition and includes notes on how to identify the first state of the first edition when binding or other variants exist. Reprints are included only when of significance, such as for variant titles and revised editions.

Following each fiction bibliography are bibliographies of edited fiction, nonfiction, edited non-fiction, and reference works about the author, wherever appropriate.

For the serious collector, this book is an incredible reference work. Currey's bibliographies are unbelievably complete; after poring over the book for a couple of hours, I was unable to come up with an omission in the fiction entries for any author (although I did find a very few minor variants not mentioned, but that's nitpicking). The 7" by 10½" book runs about 600 pages, including the introduction and a listing of pseudonyms, is printed on acid-free paper and bound in library-quality cloth. The price is a hefty \$50, but well worth it for the serious collector of first editions or their variants. G. K. Hall & Co., 70 Lincoln St., Boston, MA 02111.

ATHENEUM BOOKS

Atheneum Books has announced a number of new releases for young people due out in March and April. *The Hawks of Fellheath* by Paul R. Fisher (ages 10-14) is the second volume of a heroic fantasy trilogy, following his earlier *The Ash Staff*, priced at \$9.95; *A Troll in Passing* by Stephen Krensky (ages 8-12) is a fantasy about an untroll-like troll, priced at \$7.95; *Wanda and the Bumbly Wizard* written and illustrated by James Flora (ages 5-9) is

(Continued on page 30, Col. 3.)

Book Reviews

Star God by Allen L. Wold. St. Martin's Press, New York, March 1980, 207 pp. \$8.95

Out-of-body experiences, "spirit" awareness, and mass-culture visions in *Star God* appear at first to be stolen passages from Moody's *Life After Life*, a well-known collection of after-death reports. However, Wold's novel *in toto* is not a parody or rehash of the current out-of-body phenomena. The author develops unique and lively SF-oriented concepts of his own.

The book starts promisingly with intriguing discussions about the nature of reality with an alien, Buddha-like entity resembling a snail. Interesting and, at times, absorbing discrepancies exist between human and Yakatskem, in the area of communication. Semantics and rules of philosophy between the two become engaging puzzles to decipher; the clever speech patterns create mystery and subtle humor throughout the novel's beginning. Various alien antics at odds with human foibles impart character-rounding-out niceties to the book.

The plot concerns out-of-body attacks occurring in individuals on the Seven Worlds system. A stellar cloud of coherent neutrinos is discovered that is gradually enveloping the planets of the Three Peoples races on these worlds. The United Council of Churches, an organization which consists of two alien, and one human race, has a segment that believes the neutrinos are responsible for the phenomenon: they feel that the neutrinos are inducing the attacks; perhaps the cloud is God. At the same time, there exists a little-known species--a non-member of the Church--which seems unaffected by the cloud: the Yakatskem race. Coincidentally, the latter people do not believe in the concept of God. The protagonists must divine the reasons why they are unaffected. To accomplish this, the chairman of the Council sends a Free Lance Agent and crew to visit the Yakatskem world--and to eventually go beyond. They receive confusion--and enlightenment--along the way.

Plot surprises, idea-twists, surgical changes, contact with super beings, and cloud affects entangle things. There are true elements of deep intrigue here, and solid writing. The basic flaws reside in how Wold handles his alien creatures. Although the Yakatskem race is well-delineated, the "super-aliens" described later appear "too human" and

simplistic to merit belief. These aliens, while purported to possess super-advanced intellects, come across instead as mundane and common. For instance: the Lorhae appear to deny certain ideas, rather than admit their own ignorance; for a race evolved to staggering heights, this seems old-maidish and stupid. Nevertheless, there do exist moments of disbelief-suspension. And the cloud's self-description toward the end is hair-raising and thought-provoking.

Wold's previous book was *The Planet Masters* (1979), a philosophical story of struggle and adventure which received praise when it was first released. His latest work merits praise, too, but not without qualifications. Buy it if you like religious SF with prosaic settings.

-- John DiPrete

Watchstar by Pamela Sargent. Pocket Books, New York, February 1980, 238 pp. \$2.25

A watchfire serves two principal functions: it illuminates a place of darkness, providing vision for watchers guarding an encampment; yet its flames also serve as a warning to those outside that something within is guarded. Incumbent in each function is the watchfire's delineation of territorial rights.

Pamela Sargent's third novel uses the watchfire as a metaphor for the changing perimeters of its protagonist's consciousness. It concerns the maturation of a young woman, Daiya, as her social and psychological perspectives expand from the limits of tribal watchfires in an earthbound wilderness to a comet blazing at the edge of our solar system--the "watchstar" of the book's title.

Daiya's people are the apparent remnants of an ancient conflict that destroyed the "civilized" world, resulting in devolution to a pre-industrial, tribal society. These survivors all bear telepathic and telekinetic abilities, whose emergence in humankind caused the past holocaust. The idyllic possibilities of such a gifted society are belied, however, when Daiya, who has already questioned her people's mores--such as the killing at birth of non-telepathic infants--must undertake her rite of passage. She will be sent into a desert wasteland, where her mind's ability to live in conformance with her tribe will be tested, with an adverse out-

come of death. In preparing for the sojourn, she meets a seemingly alien youth, Reiho, who belongs to a second remnant of humanity that inhabits the distant comet. His heritage lacks supernatural mental abilities, and relies instead upon advanced technological development, spreading humankind across the universe.

The confrontation between these two radically divergent cultures initially occurs on a conceptual level within Daiya. She is torn between the apparent simplicity of her past and the nearly incomprehensible but alluring potential hinted by the existence of Reiho's people--the expansion of human understanding. Daiya is figuratively rendered into the watchfire that divides humanity, freed only at the novel's climax by the inevitable physical confrontation between the two cultures.

In a somewhat allegoric nature, Daiya embodies the difficulties of maturation in modern society, reflecting the turmoil of a modern adolescent's yearning for independence, distrust of elders, alienation, and uncertainties about love. Although Sargent's intent is ambitious, the results are uneven.

The strength of *Watchstar* is Sargent's recognition that the politics of power, sex, peace and maturation are intrinsic. No easy answers are offered, and indeed, Daiya's fate often seems a plague of unanswered--perhaps unanswerable--questions. Some readers may thus find the novel's resolutions dissatisfying, but Sargent's vision is ultimately optimistic despite its focus upon the struggle rather than the goal.

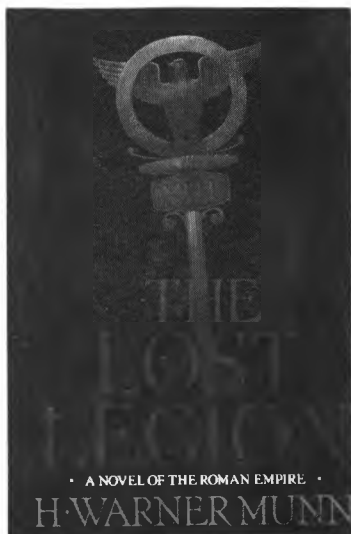
Watchstar is a good novel, and a roadmark of contemporary science fiction's potential to combine literary competence and psychological depth with unbounded imagination to produce a unique, important and relevant fictional form.

-- Douglas E. Winter

The Lost Legion by H. Warner Munn. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y., February 1980, 621 pp. \$14.95

There is much that is appealing about *The Lost Legion*, and little need be said at this late date about the virtues of H. Warner Munn. Yet this lengthy historical adventure, billed as Munn's "first major novel," is ultimately unsatisfying because it refuses to allow the reader to take it seriously.

Munn has sought to produce an epic tale of a fictional heroic journey that shaped the course of history. In the early first cen-



Artist: Paul Bacon

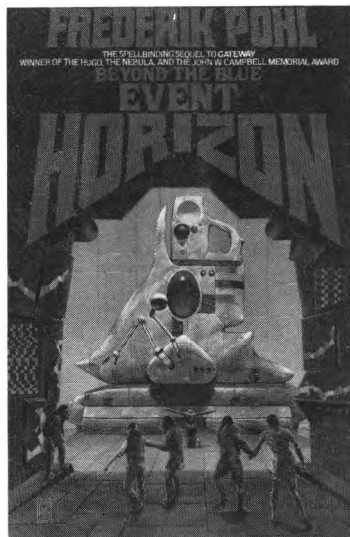
ture, crazed Caligula dispatches a crack Roman legion on a seemingly impossible mission, ostensibly to locate the survivors of the "Lost Legion," which disappeared after a disastrous battle in Persia one hundred years before. Caligula's actual purpose is to rid himself of the legion's commander, who is a bastard offspring of Julius Caesar and hence a potential contender for the throne. The resultant sojourn takes the legion from Spain to the Great Wall of China, through ancient landscapes such as Rome, Greece, Judea, Armenia, Persia and the Russian steppes, all drawn with a keen eye for historical and cultural detail.

Although the travelogue is superb, the plot is treated with the bathos and opacity of a deMilleian biblical epic. In his ardor to clothe the wayward legion with mythic qualities, Munn fails to restrain his romantic impulses, and as a result, the extraordinariness of the legion and its odyssey transcends even a naive reader's sense of realism. A minor example is the legion's armament, which is not only described early on with a gimicky overindulgence worthy of Ian Fleming, but expands on the journey east to include items such as stirrups, steam cannon, flamethrowers and time bombs. More serious excesses are the mawkish handling of the legion's only female member and the un-ending acts of self-sacrificial heroism, present in such abundance to suggest a moral quite the opposite of that intended.

Despite its faults, *The Lost Legion* is often highly entertaining, particularly after the overlong first third (which primarily concerns the young woman's efforts to join the legion). If you address the book simply as good fun, you

will not be disappointed--it is superior to the standard fare of heroic fantasy, whose readership will be *The Lost Legion's* principal appeal. My feeling, however, is that Munn held higher ambitions. We can only lament what might have been, while enjoying what we have.

-- Douglas E. Winter



Artist: Wayne Douglas Barlowe

Beyond the Blue Event Horizon by Frederik Pohl. Del Rey/Ballantine, New York, February 1980, 327 pp. \$9.95

I remember *Gateway*; we should all remember *Gateway*--the fast-paced story of one Robinette Broadhead, a loveable computer named Sigfrid and the past he is trying to come to grips with. It won a Hugo and a Nebula--deservedly so. *Gateway* was moving and original, the flashbacks and present-tense embellished with computer printouts, ads and various *Gateway* relics.

So here comes a sequel to that enjoyable novel. I was enormously pleased when I heard about it. I meditated upon the title and hoped that we'd finally find out what happened to Klara when she fell into the black hole. And then I saw the cover. And I spotted some suspicious creatures and I wondered if they might be Heechees. With trembling hands and bated breath I began reading *Beyond the Blue Event Horizon*; I finished it and again, the end left me hopelessly unsatisfied.

Maybe that means there will be another sequel.

In this one, Robinette Broadhead, made rich by a daring mission in a mysterious Heechee ship--which also landed his lover in a black hole, mind you--takes a back seat to a group of highly interesting people, the Herter-Hall family. The characterization of these people, Paul Hall, his wife Lurvy, her sis-

ter, the precocious Janine and her German father, Payter, was brilliant. The story was delicious, consisting of adventure, strong science and romance. Not to mention humor, that sneaky-bright kind that runs in and out of Pohl's fluid, capable style.

The Herter-Hall party, as the book begins, are on their way to a Heechee Food Factory. Broadhead has invested heavily in this dangerous gamble, for it's not known if the Food Factory is still working. The ill-fated *Gateway* astronaut who discovered it has long since disappeared and it's up to the Herter-Halls to see if the Food Factory holds the answer to the intense food shortage problems on Earth.

We are also introduced to an intriguing young man who is obviously living on the Food Factory in question or somewhere else where there are ape-like characters a bit reminiscent of the fellows from *Planet of the Apes*. One of course immediately suspects that they are, in fact, the elusive Heechee.

I really like this book. Pohl wrote it. I guess he's only going to get better. When many of his fellow writers of the Golden Age have faded or simply quit writing the calibre of books they've been noted for, Pohl has continued growing and coming out with work that demands respect. The ideas he uses in his work are almost always thoughtful and enjoyable.

In this latest book, however, the ideas were a little crowded. I had the impression that he couldn't decide who to focus on--the Herter-Halls or earth-bound Robin and his computer program, Alfred Einstein. Much as I liked the Einstein program, his recitations toward the end were a little much. And the character of Robin got a little tiresome. (I plead total subjectivity here. When I discovered that Robin was not going to go out in a Heechee ship and discover the black hole wherein his beloved Klara was trapped, I became angry.)

And another thing--that infuriating black hole of Pohl's! We don't want you to explain it--we want to see it! And those infernal Heechees--well, I won't reveal the ending, but there just better be another book about those critters!

Grumble, grumble, snarl.

Yes, it's about as good as *Gateway*. But I was not at all satisfied. Please, another book, Mister Pohl--more about the damsel of the black hole and those Heechees, please...?

Disgusting, isn't it...enjoyable, frustrating reading.

-- Melissa Mia Hall

INTERVIEW

Katherine Kurtz

Dr. Jeffrey Elliot

Katherine Kurtz boasts a background as creative and varied as her fantasy novels--the trilogy "Chronicles of the Deryni": Deryni Rising, Deryni Checkmate, High Deryni--and Camber of Culdi and Saint Camber, the first two volumes in her subsequent series of Deryni fantasies. One of the most popular series in print, *The Chronicles of Deryni* is a

sweeping tale of romance and sorcery set in the imaginary kingdom of Gwynedd. For this trilogy and her later series that began with *Camber of Culdi*, Ms. Kurtz draws heavily on her background in medieval history, weaving wondrous tales of magic and adventure.

The author was born in Coral Gables, Florida, during a hurricane

--a whirlwind entry into the world which she likes to think was an omen of things to come. Katherine's acquaintance with the written word began early in life. Indeed, her mother began reading to her from the time she was an infant in arms. She was a natural mimic, and on her second birthday, so she is told, she recited the entire poem of "Little Orphan Annie" for her grandparents, without a mistake or a hesitation. "I don't remember a time," recalls Kurtz, "when I couldn't read. I do know that I was already reading by the time I started school at age five, and was at the top of my group, the Bluebirds (lower reading groups being Redbirds and Yellowbirds)."

Elementary school held few challenges for Kurtz. She used to take library books to school and hide them under her school books, so that she could read what she wanted in class, to keep from getting bored. "I believe it was in the third grade," remembers Kurtz, "that I persuaded the librarians to let me have the run of the school library, instead of being confined to the picture books usually reserved for lower elementary school students. The clincher was the day I wanted to check out a copy of Walter Farley's *Black Stallion*, and they didn't want me to; they said it was too hard. I proceeded to open it and read, and they asked me a few questions about what I'd read. From that day on, I was allowed to check out as many books as I wanted, from whatever section I wanted. I also began reading out of the local city library."

Katherine read her first science fiction book in the fourth grade. It was a juvenile called *Lodestar*. From then on, no science fiction book in the library was far from her reach. Even then, though, her tastes were geared toward humanistic science fiction, rather than hard science stories. According to the author, "Technology and bug-eyed monster stories never appealed to me, and still don't. I preferred ESP themes and strong characters. I also got away from short stories more and more. I've always felt that short stories, for the most



(Photo by Joyce Muskat, courtesy of Katherine Kurtz.)

- Tapestries of Medieval Wonder -

part, constituted cruel and unusual punishment for the reader; because if they're good, you no sooner get going and they're over; and if they're bad, you've had to wade through all these little snippets of bad."

Kurtz's high school education was better than most. She graduated from Coral Gables High School, which, at the time, was one of the top five or so high schools in the country, especially in the sciences. She was a regional semi-finalist in the Westinghouse Science Talent Search her senior year, and that recognition won her a four-year science scholarship to the University of Miami. As she views it now, "I suppose you could say that the science award was my first really big break, because without that, I couldn't have afforded to go to college and God knows what I'd be doing now."

The author's preoccupation with

science didn't last very long, once she hit college. True, she graduated with a B.S. in Chemistry, and even attended medical school at the University of Miami for a year, but her heart had been lost to the humanities and, especially, history, during her freshman year. As an undergraduate, she honed her writing and research skills on strict academic writing, so that by the time she came to the conscious choice to quit medical school and return to academic study, she had all the formal tools necessary for the transition. The short story which eventually became *Deryni Rising* was written during her senior year at the University of Miami. She wrote several "Star Trek" scripts the year following her withdrawal from medical school, mostly as learning exercises; and by the time she moved to California to continue her graduate studies in history, she was well enough along in the transi-

tional process to begin writing serious fiction.

The rest of her writing career is fairly well known, not to mention remarkable: a three-book contract with Ballantine Books with the first try, the initial books now well into seventh and eighth printings, with subsequent ones headed in that direction, and a faithful fan following which seems to be ensuring that the books will continue to be written and bought with gratifying regularity. Now, at last, ten years after she signed her first contract, Kurtz is finally making the transition to full-time writing, taking a leave of absence from her present position as a designer of instructional materials for the Los Angeles Police Academy, to see whether she can hack it as a full-time author, money-wise. "It's a great joy," confesses Kurtz, "even if it is a little scarey."

Elliot: Can you state how you found your way into writing? When did you first aspire to write? How did this interest take root?

Kurtz: I've always enjoyed writing. I started out as a reader. I was a voracious reader. I think I started reading when I was around four or five, and I've never stopped. I can remember in elementary school, which was not sufficient challenge for me, taking books to school and hiding them in my desk, lifting up the lid to read a page or two when the teacher wasn't looking; or hiding a novel under a textbook. And then, there were those innumerable nights when I'd read under the covers with a flashlight. I think most writers have gone through that stage. Anyway, having been brought up reading, I suppose it was natural that I reached the point when I thought, "I could write a story better than that." And eventually, I did learn to do that. But in the meantime, I served my apprenticeship as an academic writer. Very early on in my student career, I learned the rudiments of good research practice, strict academic writing--like, never, never use a contraction. Never, never write an incomplete sentence. Of course, a lot of these things are elements that have to be overcome when one switches from academic writing, to writing fiction. But the discipline of academic writing was a good thing, I think. I despair of young writers coming up today, who haven't had the benefit of that strong background of grammar and spelling and punctuation. One can argue that those things don't

matter, in the face of true artistic genius; but I maintain that your young genius is never going to get his deathless prose read, if the potential editor has to wade through pages of sloppy, misspelled, non-grammatical prose. The material may be very good--but presentation is important, too. An editor has too much to read, to take the time to wade through something that is going to ruin his or her eyesight faster than it's already getting ruined. The aspiring professional should be aware that first impressions are important.

Elliot: Who most encouraged your early interest in writing? How important was this encouragement in the formative stages of your career?

Kurtz: As for my own development as a fiction writer, that was, in some respects, a long time in coming. My formal academic training was as a scientist. I was pre-med through four years of undergraduate study, and even started medical school. This kind of curriculum leaves one very little time for reading, much less writing, fiction. Fortunately, I had the good sense or the good fortune to take a very large number of courses in liberal arts disciplines, as well as sciences, even though I was working toward a B.S. degree. My professors in the humanities encouraged my creative endeavors; and one in particular, Mr. Carl Selle, even predicted that I would one day be a writer, not the physician I consciously thought I was going to be. You see, we were kindred spirits. He'd been where I

was then. He'd started out as a medical student, too--though he only lasted one day, while I stayed for a year. When I quit medical school and went back to graduate school the following fall, I saw him during registration and told him what I was doing, that he'd been right. Unfortunately, he died before I actually began my writing career; but at least he knew I was back on the right track. I dedicated the first book, *Deryni Rising*, to him.

Elliot: For the past several years, you've worked closely with the Los Angeles Police Department as an instructional technologist. Do you still work full-time for the City? Is there a good possibility that you will soon be turning to writing on a full-time basis?

Kurtz: I made the decision to write seriously, I suppose, during that year of medical school, when I really began to realize that my creative time was going to be curtailed more and more, over the next few years. And then, in that next year, while I worked full-time and went to graduate school part-time to recoup my finances, I really began working on my fiction in earnest. I don't know when I made the decision to make the writing come first. I suppose that's been evolving for a long time, since I've been working full-time at another job for the past ten years while I've been building my reputation as a writer. The most difficult decision is coming up in the very near future, when I make my break with the world of salaries and shift to writing full-

time. It's both exciting and scary, to consider living on a six-month-income schedule instead of an every-two-weeks one, but it's what I've been working toward for more than ten years now, and the positive aspects far outweigh the negative ones. I'm looking forward to it.

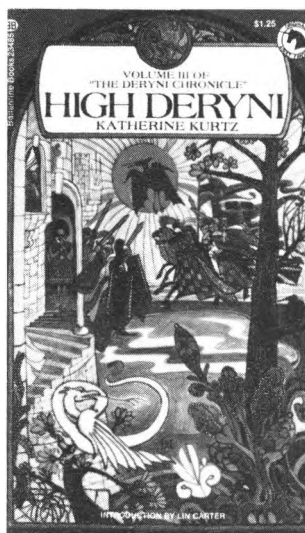
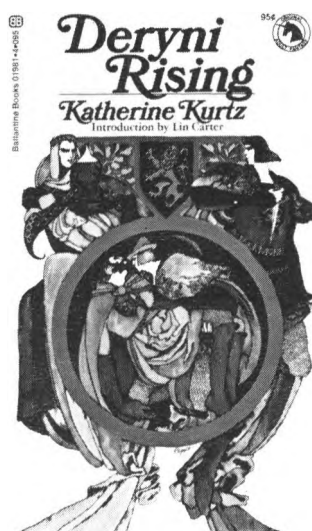
Elliot: What initially provoked your interest in things medieval? What makes this period so personally fascinating?

Kurtz: Oddly enough, I never had any real interest in the middle ages, historically speaking, until I hit college; and I don't know that it would have happened then, if I hadn't been in an honors humanities program. Somehow, public school education manages to kill history for most kids by turning it into a dull, boring compendium of dates and facts. The way most history is taught, one would never know that it's about real people who lived and loved and created and thought--not just battles and wars and reigns of kings. In any case, I encountered a very uncommon professor the second semester of my freshman year. His name was John Knoblock, and he was and is a professor of Philosophy at the University of Miami. He was also the first true genius I'd ever met; at that time, he was about twenty-two or twenty-three, with a brand new Ph.D. in Oriental philosophy and art. He was also a proponent of the then-new concept of teaching history and all the other areas covered in the humanities by an integrated approach. The time period that we covered was from the fall of the Roman Empire up to the Renaissance--but it wasn't a compendium of boring dates and facts--not

at all. We studied the art, the architecture, the music, the poetry, the religion--all presented so that it related, each area to the other. He would bring in slides illustrating the points of architecture, for example, and ask us to tell him whether a window was Romanesque or Gothic, and why. He taught us about the feature of later artwork which he called "the Renaissance point." Take a look at almost any Renaissance painting, especially if it shows more than one person--religious themes are particularly good for this--and you'll notice that all of the lesser characters are pointing at whatever it is that's the center of attention in the painting: the crucified Christ, Pilate washing his hands, the Virgin Mary holding the Child. This was indicative of the tenor of the times, that if the artist didn't make sure you noticed the subject of the painting, by having the people point at it, you might not get it. And these characters would go into all kinds of weird poses, uncomfortable and sometimes anatomically dubious ones, to get that finger pointing at the most important person.

I think it was the architecture that really pulled me into medieval history, though. That may sound strange, but consider that architecture reflects the needs and the ways of thinking of the people. Church architecture, for example, went from the old Roman basilica form to the basic Romanesque design, sturdy and solid (to protect against the barbarian incursions), and on to the more soaring Gothic period, as life became more stable and man was able to have the time to turn his thoughts to God, instead of just worrying so much about mere survival. By the

Gothic period, just prior to the true Renaissance, we have the flourishing of the cult of the Virgin, which also contributed to the whole troubadour-trouvere movement. (You didn't think *all* of those troubadour songs and lays were dedicated to mortal women, did you?) Anyway, getting into the architecture and its whys and wherefores got me into the philosophy and religion. And as anyone knows who has read the Deryni books, that became a major interest for me in the coming years --and still is. As Henry II puts it in "Becket," I became involved in the aesthetics of the Church; and gradually, this intellectual fascination with that whole mythos became something far more spiritual. Nowadays, I read straight history and philosophy and religion for pleasure, as much as I read fiction--probably more. I'm especially fascinated by the way man's early search for Deity has taken so many forms, and how the whole concept, in all its differences of belief and practice, somehow dovetails in a coherent whole. I don't think that any religion with a positive orientation is basically in conflict with any other one of like nature; I don't think there's any one, right, true religion, either. Each person has to find his God--or Goddess--in his or her own way; and that Deity is going to be a little different for each person, regardless of the fact that it may be possible and comforting to band together with other people of similar beliefs for public celebration. Religion--one's relation to the Creative Force--has to be a very personal thing. It isn't something that can be dictated by someone else--though formal religion can certainly suggest various



The author's first three Deryni novels, *Deryni Rising*, *Deryni Checkmate* and *High Deryni*. © 1970, 1972, 1973 by Katherine Kurtz and Ballantine Books. (Artists: Bob Pepper and Alan Mardon)

frameworks within which to structure one's belief system. This may sound like a bit of contradiction, considering the role the Church plays in the Deryni world; but if you'll think about it, you'll realize that most of the characters who consider themselves religious have a definite and personal way of looking at the Church. They choose to operate within the general framework most of the time, but they have different ways of thinking, on an individual basis. Camber's God, for example, is silent a great deal of the time--or maybe Camber just isn't listening on the proper frequency--but He is basically an understanding and forgiving God; Cinhil's God, on the other hand, is wrathful and punishing. After all, didn't He make Cinhil's son Javan deformed, with that club foot, as a sign of His displeasure at Cinhil leaving His priesthood? That's what Cinhil thinks, anyway.

Elliot: To what extent did your academic training, a Master of Arts degree in medieval English history from the University of California at Los Angeles, prepare you to write epic fantasy?

Kurtz: I had actually started writing epic fantasy long before I started my graduate work at UCLA, so I don't think it was so much a matter of my M.A. work "preparing" me in that area. It was good leavening along the way, though, since it continued to hone my research skills and exposed me to actual medieval records more in-depth than I would have managed on my own. My graduate seminar project, for example, had to do with translating the Hundred Rolls from Bedford County in England. These related to an inquiry conducted by Edward I in 1274, when he came back from the crusades to find out what his ministers and Crown officers had been doing with his country while he was absent. The records I was working with were in medieval Latin, and done in an abbreviated form which meant that you had to expand each contraction to its full Latin form before you could ever begin translating--and my Latin, at that point, was limited to what I'd learned from Church Latin. Fortunately, much of the wording was somewhat formalized--these were charges brought against sheriffs and other Crown officials by the Hundreds, or sections of the county--and so it was fairly easy going, once I'd mastered the abbreviations and the formula phrases. I came up with a fascinating picture of local corruption at various levels of government, that I'd love to

follow up someday by finding the rest of the records about this inquiry. These were only the charges; I never got to see the other side. I do know that there's a fascinating historical novel in there someplace. I'd call it *The Sheriff*, and it would tell of this medieval sheriff, who's been taking a little on the side and turning his head while his subordinates rip the people off, who suddenly realizes that the King is coming home and the sheriff is going to have to answer for what he's done. One of these days, in my copious spare time...

Elliot: When asked which author most influenced your approach to writing fantasy, you cited Frank Herbert and his classic novel, *Dune*. What did Herbert teach you about the genre? Did he influence your attitude toward writing? What about the actual process itself?

Kurtz: I think what impressed me most about *Dune*, at the time, was the deft handling of characterization. I studied the way Herbert made his characters interact, how he wove together dialogue and action so that it flowed. There were very few slow spots in *Dune*, even when the characters were only talking. He had a very visual style in that book, and that was the way I wanted to write. I actually took apart a few of his scenes and analyzed them for this unique blend of talk and action which was successful for him in that particular book, so that I could figure out how he did it. I don't think I've ever done that with any other book, at least in writing, though there will be scenes here and there that I'll stop to re-read, to appreciate the artistry which makes a particular scene outstandingly successful. But Herbert was only a jumping-off point, so far as learning that particular lesson. Far more useful, in terms of sheer craftsmanship, was writing *Star Trek* scripts back in 1968--and I heartily recommend this kind of exercise to any writer who's still trying to perfect his or her dialogue and pacing sense. The idea is to take a television series that you particularly like--*Star Trek* was ideal, since it had very strongly realized characters and a good, solid universe to work with--and to write a sample script for it. Format is not particularly important for the exercise--though, if you pick a show that's going to be on the air for a while, there's always the chance (granted, slim) that you might be able to sell the script. What is important is that: First, you have to fit your story into a somewhat

artificial but disciplined structure of a teaser and four approximately equal length acts, each ending on a cliffhanger or other note that will make the reader want to come back after the commercials (the same principle applies to chapter endings); and Second, you already know how the characters talk, how they phrase things, so you can worry about writing believable dialogue which will carry your plot, instead of having to worry about whether the character will hold together. (It can be extremely difficult to keep all the points in mind at once, when you're just starting out; hence, you concentrate on just a few things at first.) From there, it's much easier to ease into writing one's own material, with original characters and universes.

Elliot: Unlike most fantasy writers, you achieved professional status almost overnight, going from an unpublished writer to a writer with a contract for three books. Can you relate the events which led to the sale of the Deryni trilogy?

Kurtz: I guess I was too naive to realize that people don't sell three-book contracts their first time out. I had written a short story, "Lords of Sorandor," while I was still in college, and when I came to California, I started toying with the idea of expanding it into a novel. When I went to Baycon, the World Science Fiction Convention in Oakland in 1968--my first science fiction convention, ever--I met a man named Stephen Whitfield, who had written the very successful *The Making of Star Trek*, for Ballantine Books. We got to talking, and I told him about my idea, and he said, "Hey, Ballantine is just beginning to look for original fantasy for their new Adult Fantasy series. Your idea sounds like it would be perfect. But don't write one book; write a trilogy." "You've got to be kidding," I said. "I haven't even written one, and you want me to write three?" "No problem," he replied. "What you do is, you write the first few chapters of the first book, with a page per chapter outline of the rest, and then you write a paragraph or so about each of the other two books. I'll tell Betty Ballantine to expect it." Well, after several gulps, and many questions, all delivered in a very small, timid voice, I decided that maybe I could do it, after all. I didn't have enough experience to realize that the odds were almost astronomical against such a thing succeeding. So I wrote my outline and my sample chapters and I sent them off--and

two weeks later, got back that magical letter from Ballantine saying, "Hey, we really love your idea, and how does a contract for three books sound, with thus-and-so terms?" Talk about being blown away. Anyway, I accepted--and then settled down and began to work in earnest on *Deryni Rising*. It was well received, especially for a first novel, and I continued working on *Deryni Checkmate* and *High Deryni*. By the time those were finished, I had begun to establish a small but loyal following among fantasy and science fiction readers. And when I started the Camber Trilogy, things really started to take off. As of July, I'm more than halfway through with the third and final Camber book, *Camber the Heretic*, and the del Reys and I have mapped out at least the next six books in the Deryni universe. We've also talked about a mainstream novel which has the potential to be a best-seller, and I'm working on closing a contract for a film version of *Deryni Rising*, hopefully before the end of this year.

Elliot: As you assess your present situation, has this instant rise to professional status proved to be a totally positive thing--this is, would you be a better writer today had you been required to serve an apprenticeship? Where was your training-ground to fail?

Kurtz: I think my experience has been a positive thing. There are still times, though, when I sort of stand back and look at how far I've come and think, "Wow, is this really me?" Though I've had to work full-time at another job while I've been getting myself established as an author, I still am in the unusual position of actually making a living doing what I love to do--and unfortunately, not too many people are able to do that. Hopefully, by the end of this year, I'll really be doing what I love to do--writing my own things full-time. As for a training-ground to fail, I think I've had that; I've just not had it as public as many writers do, since I don't do short stories, as a rule. (There's one, "Swords Against Mar-luk," in *Flashing Swords!* #4, but that's really part of a novel that I'll be getting around to in the next year or two.) I think that authors who go the short story route get much more accustomed to the chanciness of writing. A novelist does his or her work in much larger chunks, so there's more time to work out glitches and more chance that a good editor will catch you before you go to press and make you fix the awful things that might get through

in a short story. I'm not knocking short stories; I just don't care for them. I don't like to read them, and I don't particularly like to write them--and the same reason holds for both dislikes. Perhaps it's a lack of discipline, but I can't seem to confine myself to that short a format. My ideas are just too big, and I feel constricted by having to squash them down. I don't like to read them, either, because just when a story starts getting good, it's over. So I avoid short stories, for the most part. (And having said that, I have to tell you that I will probably be doing one next year sometime, since an incident has come up in the current novel, *Camber the Heretic*, which doesn't fit there, but wants to be told. So I will probably write it.) I have had my failures, by the way, both in science fiction. One was a short story that I wrote as a favor to a friend, and then he didn't like it for the anthology he was putting together. The other was a science fiction novel that I did for a publisher which shall remain anonymous, to the publisher's formula, and which, when finished, didn't match the formula which the publisher then said was what we'd agreed on. And, of course, because the book had been written to a formula, it wasn't fit for anything else in that form, so I've done nothing further with it. Someday, I'll go back and do it the way I should have done it the first time; but for now, it's just stuck in a drawer. There's a good story there, though.

Elliot: You've described your particular brand of writing as "historical fantasy." What does this term imply? How does it differ from what is commonly thought of as "fantasy" or "sword-and-sorcery"?

Kurtz: I would describe "historical fantasy" as fiction which is set in a universe which closely corresponds to our own history, so far as sociological and religious background is concerned. In the Deryni books, I've tried to be very careful to give a real historical flavor to what I've written, drawing very heavily on my background as a cultural historian and trying to instruct as well as entertain. Very much of what I talk about, in terms of horses, falconry, sailing ships, food, armour, costume, etc. is drawn from our own historical background. The saints I mention, for example, are all pre-tenth century or else they're made up. When I ordained Camber in *Saint Camber*, I took the ordination from pre-tenth century ecclesiastical practices. And when

I do stray from a technological level, such as giving Morgan's ship *Rhaffalia* a jib, which really wasn't developed until several hundred years later in our own world, I try to give a plausible explanation for the difference. In a way, my world is an alternate or parallel of our own, with the divergence probably having occurred about the fifth or sixth century. Regular fantasy does not pretend to parallel our own history, except in the broadest sense. It tends to be more fairy-tale medieval, for the most part, though it may draw heavily on mythological background of various cultures. And sword-and-sorcery goes even more eclectic, tending toward more action and less characterization, in general, with magic that may be almost entirely of the hocus-pocus variety and inhabited by creatures which never walked the world we know, except, perhaps, in nightmares. I think that characterization and internalization are important to the kind of fiction I like to read, and I think my writing shows this. Regular fantasy and sword-and-sorcery tend not to stress these points as much as I would like. I suppose that's one reason I started writing my own. Many writers get their start writing out of sheer preservation, because they can't find enough to read, of the type they want.

Elliot: How extensively do you draw on history in your fantasy, both for plot ideas and story details? What does history enable you to do, as a writer, that intuition doesn't?

Kurtz: As an historian, I'm convinced that we can and should learn from our history, both the mistakes and the successes. But if a person hasn't studied history except as the series of dates and battles and royal reigns, such as we discussed earlier, then he may not be aware of the valuable lessons to be learned from history. So I am constantly on the lookout for points of history that have relevance today, and for those connections of philosophy which are universally valid, regardless of the outward trappings. Handled skillfully, these can be both entertaining and enlightening experiences for the reader, not to mention the writer who puts them all together. I learn things from every book I write. The research and the bringing together of all the elements are half the fun of creating. As for intuition, that is often the catalyst which takes two or three only-possibly related elements and from them synthesizes a new way of looking at something. Sometimes the characters themselves take the ele-

ments and forge something I wasn't expecting. Something magical happens when your characters start showing up at your story conferences with yourself. The first time Camber looked over my shoulder, I nearly fell out of my chair. Javan, Conhil's middle son, did that just the other night.

Elliot: One would imagine, upon reading your work, that you read and write Latin quite fluently. Is this the case? The Deryni fantasies make superb use of Latin terminology, but not to an excess. How do you know when to stop, when you're approaching overkill? What functions does the Latin serve in your fiction?

Kurtz: I fake Latin very well. Most of the Latin used in the books is taken directly from the Latin Missal or other liturgical sources. I do read Latin reasonably well for the purposes of translating old records, but the rest comes from faking it, as I said. I also have several priest friends who bail me out, from time to time. They like the books, by the way. The purpose of using the Latin in the first place is partially to give the flavor of the times--after all, the medieval Church was a great, overshadowing influence on all walks of life, in the real middle ages. I guess I just have a good sense of balance, as to how much is enough but not too much. In the case of any strange word, I try to use it in a context so that the reader has at least an idea what it means. Then, if he looks it up, too, that's even better. But at least I've planted another word in his unconscious, and hopefully he's going to be the richer for it. All human endeavor can enrich others of the race. Even negative human acts can instruct and give us a better appreciation for the positive human values.

Elliot: The Deryni fantasies draw heavily on your background in medieval history, patterning the imaginary kingdom of Gwynedd after ninth century Wales. Why did you choose this specific time period? What about this period, from an historical viewpoint, makes it productive for such a series?

Kurtz: Wales provides only a part of the background for the Deryni series. When I wrote the first book, I had never been to Great Britain, and I had this intellectual fascination with Wales that was based solely on what I had read and intuited about that fantastic country. When, between the completion of *Deryni Rising* and *Deryni Check-*

mate, I actually went to Wales, that fascination was confirmed; but I also went to Scotland for the first time, and the Yorkshire area--and those really turned me on. If there's such a thing as reincarnation, and I tend to think there is, then I've been in Scotland before. Crossing the border was almost a physical sensation; it was like I'd gone home. Consequently, a lot more of Scottish and English flavor came into the later books, not just the Welsh influence. Lately, since I've been to Ireland and read more on the folklore and traditions of all these areas, my view of the Eleven Kingdoms has become even more eclectic. I think it makes for a much richer tapestry. As for time settings, I'm covering a two hundred year span just now, from around 916 to the early 1100s; and that's a period that's far enough removed in our own history that there's a great deal we don't know about it. That leaves me a lot of latitude in my speculations.

Elliot: What are some of the explicit and implicit assumptions which underlie the Deryni universe? Are they readily apparent in your fiction? How apparent do you try to make them?

Kurtz: I would say that the most explicit assumption is that magic works, though this has several aspects. We can define "magic" as any occurrence which seems to operate by means which we can't explain, especially if there seems to be no causal connection supported by scientific evidence. It's also been defined as science not yet understood, as it might be viewed by superstitious, non-scientific people. Much of what the Deryni do, that's considered magical by their contemporaries, is what we are beginning to call science today: telepathy, telekinesis, teleportation, healing. They use hypnosis, too, though they have the added advantage of forcing a receptive state, which we do not, in this universe. Much of their so-called magical activity seems to take place within the trappings of what we might call "ceremonial magic," but there are also things which are mystical, bordering on the religious. And then, there are things which even they can't explain; they simply work "spells," and things happen. Of course, modern psychologists would point out, and rightly, that the purpose of ritual is to achieve a certain mental set, to get one into the right "head-space" to be able to turn the mind loose to realize special potentials which are not normally accessible at the conscious level. And this is true.

But understanding how a phenomenon works doesn't make it any less valid. Whether the "spells" which the Deryni use are simply mnemonic devices to trigger certain mental sets, short-hand procedures for previously used rituals, is not important. What is important is that these are ways which work, for them, for gaining access to these higher human potentials. The fact that the Deryni discovered that these potentials can be awakened in some humans simply illustrates my belief that we all have some of these potentials, to some extent, and that if one works at it, one can always become better than one was. In this, the Deryni are embarked upon the classic quest for the Philosopher's Stone, the aim of the ancient alchemists. It wasn't really to make gold out of lead; it was to refine the human spirit and make it more valuable than it started out, to burn away the dross and reveal the perfected man. Now, the Deryni are far from perfect, but they do understand the need for this constant quest for perfection, knowing that they can never *reach* it, but knowing, also, that if no one tries, no one will ever rise any higher than he is. They do the best they can, with what they have been given. And a man's reach must exceed his grasp, else what's a heaven for?

Dr. Jeffrey M. Elliot's interview with author Katherine Kurtz will be concluded in the June issue.

("Carousel" by Raul Garcia Capella continued from page 5.)

A cry or a sob might have stopped me, and Jesse wouldn't have mattered then. But there was only conversation, and I ran.

Out of the house, down the alley, away from her; feeling her dwindling behind me. Taking myself and my guilt into the distance. Because I had glimpsed through the hair, in the mirror, the appeal of the painted, lifelike eyes. I had lost her to the carousel.

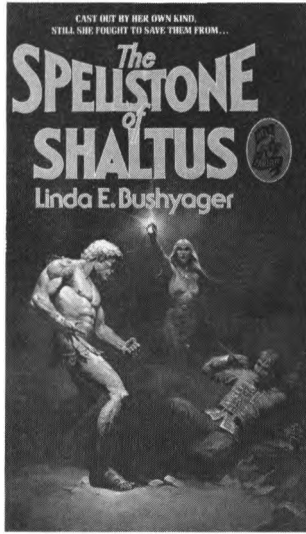
Because it was only there I might have found her, on some dusty, sunny afternoon, if I'd tried hard enough. And I knew she'd never be allowed to have control, or to return to the carousel.

I didn't show up at the hot-dog counter the next day. A week later I landed a job at the New York Public Library, and never saw Coney again. But somehow, I never forgot a single word of what the other had said.

-- Raul Garcia Capella

Paperbacks

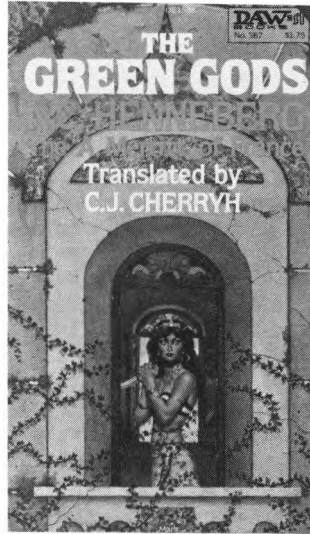
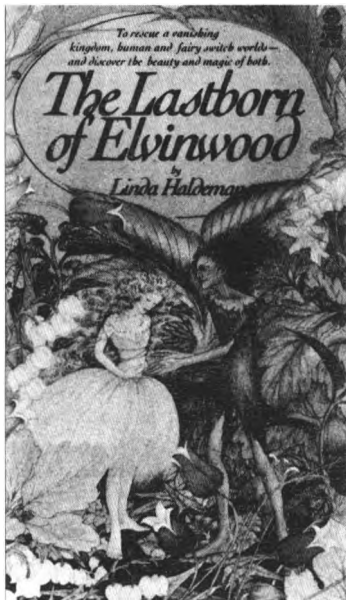
Cover artists: "Spellstone of Shaltus" and "Under the Canopy" by Ken Kelly; "The Green Gods" by Don Maits; "People Beyond the Wall" by Gino D'Achille.



DELL FANTASY & SF

Coming from Dell in May is *The Spellstone of Shaltus*, Linda Bushyager's sequel to *Master of Hawks*. Set in the same world as her previous fantasy volume, half-human sorceress Leah S'Carlton joins forces with a sorcerer to defeat an evil wizard and banish the evil from the house of S'Carlton.

Beyond Heaven's River is an original science fiction novel by Greg Bear about a Japanese soldier who is plucked from the ocean near Midway in 1942 and deposited by an alien spaceship on another world. Four hundred years later he is found by a team of planet watchers. Both books will be priced at \$1.95.



AVON BOOKS

Avon releases for May include three first paperback editions of earlier hardcover releases, beginning with *The Lastborn of Elvinwood* by Linda Haldeman. This is a fantasy novel about a young man who picks up a magic chestnut and finds himself transported to a vanishing fairy world that he must save with the help of Merlin. It will be priced at \$2.25 and was a 1978 Doubleday release in hardcover.

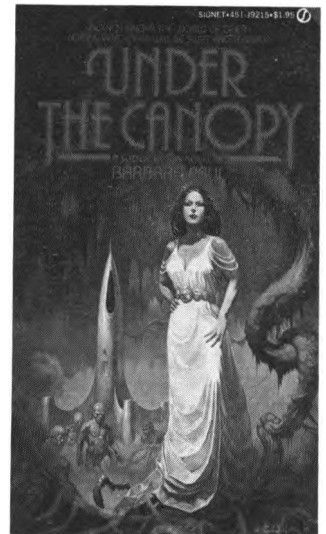
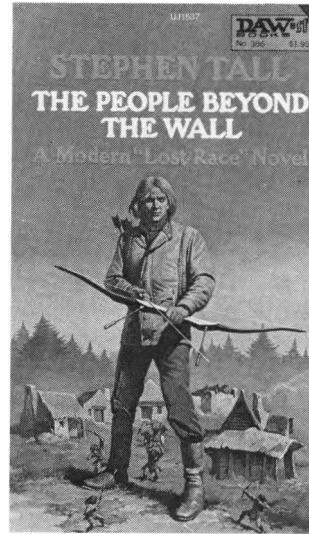
Phoenix No More by Edwin Gage, published in hardcover by Harper & Row, is a suspense thriller about greed and corruption in the construction of a nuclear power plant. Price will be \$1.95.

Also scheduled is *Breakfast in the Ruins* by Michael Moorcock, and I believe this is its first paperback publication in the U.S., priced at \$1.95.

An Avon reissue in May will be *No Blade of Grass* by John Christopher, also priced at \$1.95.

DAW BOOKS

Due out from Daw Books in May is the first U.S. edition of *The Green Gods* by Nathalie Henneberg, translated into English by C. J. Cherryh. The novel is set on a world where plant life has evolved into an intelligent species, dominating humanity. "Only the daring sea prince Aran and the puppet queen Atlena stand against doomsday" in this French novel by the authors billed by Wollheim as "The 'A. Merritt' of France." Price will be \$1.75.



A new "lost race" novel due in May is Stephen Tall's *The People Beyond the Wall*, about two Alaskan explorers who find a lost world inhabited by primitive people beneath a vast glacier. It will be priced at \$1.95.

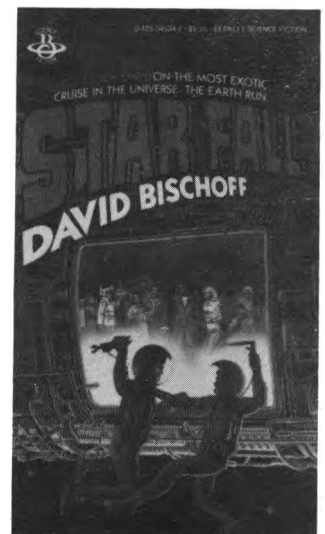
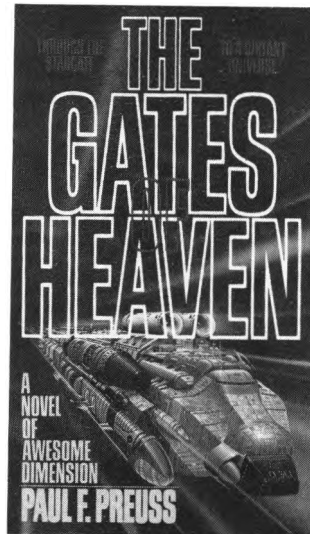
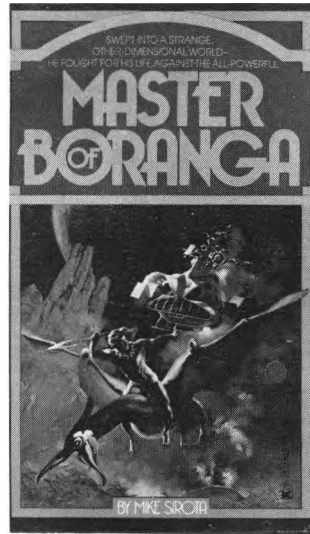
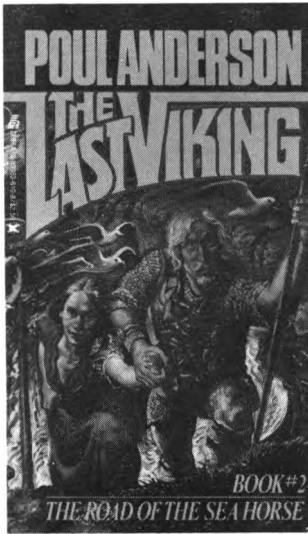
Also due in May is *The 1980 Annual World's Best SF* edited by Donald A. Wollheim, reprinting ten stories and including work by Larry Niven, George R. R. Martin, Orson Scott Card, Richard Wilson, Tanith Lee and John Varley. A reprint new to the DAW imprint will be *Rogue Ship* by A. E. Van Vogt. The former will be \$2.25 and the latter \$1.95.

The reissue for May is *Volkhar* by Tanith Lee, priced at \$1.75.

SIGNET

Under the Canopy is an original science fiction novel by Barbara Paul due out from Signet in May. This is her third Signet original, following *Pillars of Salt* and *Bibblings*, and is set on the primitive jungle planet of Gaea. Gaea is considered by its colonists to be a nearly perfect world until a woman crusader from another colonial planet arrives and begins turning Gaea's society upside down. Price will be \$1.95. Also scheduled is a reissue of Arthur C. Clarke's *The City and the Stars*, priced at \$1.50.

A related nonfiction title for May is *Truly Bizarre* by Harold E. Priestly, a compendium of unusual people, eerie phenomena and extraordinary events billed as "the ultimate in the uncanny" and priced at \$1.95.



ZEBRA BOOKS

In May, Zebra Books will continue *Poul Anderson's* saga of Harald Hardrede, last and greatest of the Viking kings, with volume 2 of "The Last Viking," entitled *The Road of the Sea Horse*. Also on tap is a new SF/fantasy by Mike Sirota entitled *Master of Boranga*. It concerns a man who blacks out when the instruments and engine on his boat suddenly go haywire. He awakens to find himself on a primitive parallel world, forced to fight the "master" of the title. The Anderson title will be \$2.50 and the Sirota, \$1.95.

BANTAM BOOKS

The Gates of Heaven by Paul F. Preuss, a Bantam original for May, is a science fiction novel about the discovery of a dying paradise planet on the other side of a black hole 12 light years from Earth. A reissue for May is *Fredric Brown's Space on My Hands*, a collection of nine of his stories. *Gates* will be priced at \$1.95 and the Brown collection at \$1.75.

A related nonfiction title for May is *Black Holes and Warped Space-time* by William J. Kaufman III, an examination of the latest discoveries in astrophysics, illustrated with b&w and color photos. This will be its first paperback publication at \$3.95.

BERKLEY BOOKS

Only two titles to report on from Berkley this month, although both are new. *Manifest Destiny* by

Barry B. Longyear is his first book and a collection of three novellas and a short story dealing with mankind's expansion into space. Included are "Enemy Mine" from *Asimov's SF Magazine*, "The Jaren," "Savage Planet" and "Use Force." *Star Fall* by David Bischoff is a science fiction novel about the maiden voyage of a luxury space liner whose passengers include secret agents, saboteurs and organized crime assassins. The former will be priced at \$2.25 and the latter at \$1.95.

DEL REY/BALLANTINE

Star Wars fans will undoubtedly be delighted with the news that Del Rey Books will be publishing *The Empire Strikes Back* by David Glut, a "bestseller vision" release timed to tie in with the movie's release May 21st and priced at \$2.25.

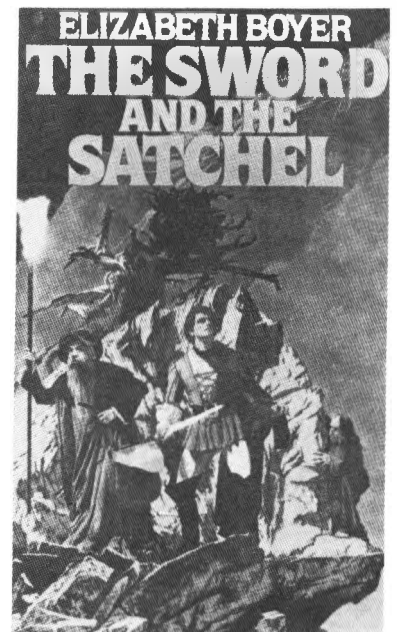
In addition to *Empire*, Del Rey will have its usual three new titles and three reprints in May. *Cachalot* is an SF original novel by Alan Dean Foster that takes place on a watery world ruled by whales, porpoises and dolphins while humans are confined to islands and floating towns. The human colonists think the sea creatures have forgiven them their excesses of the past until floating towns begin disappearing.

The Sword and the Satchel by Elizabeth Boyer is an original fantasy novel about a young man with a magic sword and a crotchety old wizard who set out on a quest to destroy an evil wizard, travelling through a land peopled by trolls, frost giants and dark elves. Both

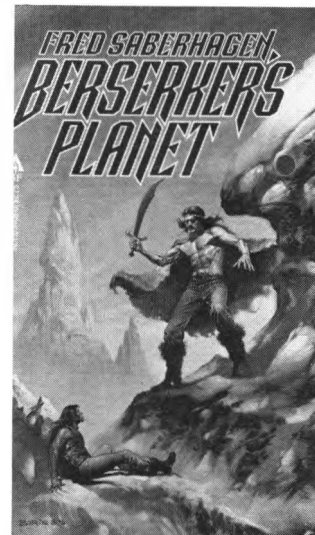
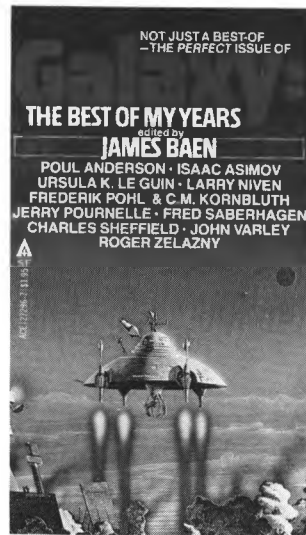
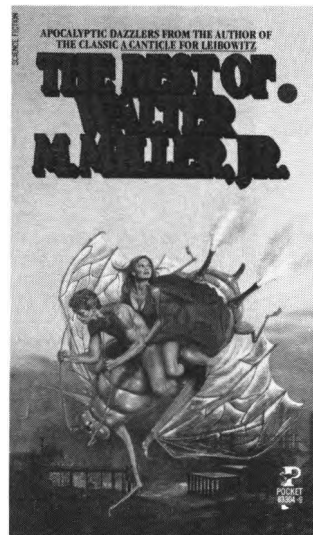
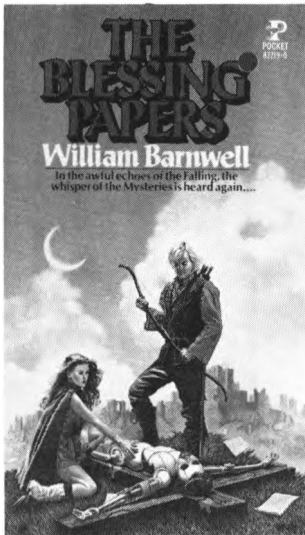
Cachalot and *Satchel* will be priced at \$2.25.

Also scheduled for May is *Stellar Science Fiction Stories #5*, edited by Judy-Lynn del Rey. Among the eight stories included in the original anthology are "Chains of Air, Webs of Aether" by Philip K. Dick, "Elbow Room" by Marion Zimmer Bradley, "The Sword of Damocles" by James P. Hogan, "Corpus Cryptic" by Lee Killough, and "Grimm's Law" by L. Neil Smith. Price will be \$1.95.

Reprints and reissues for May are *The Revolving Boy* by Gertrude Friedberg, *The Midwich Cuckoos* by John Wyndham, and *Stand On Zanzibar* by John Brunner. \$1.95 each for the first two and \$2.50 for *Zanzibar*.



Cover artists: "The Blessing Papers" by Carl Lundgren; "Berserker's Planet" by Boris Vallejo.



Under the Ballantine imprint, watch for *Celestial Chess* by Thomas Bontly, a mystery novel published in hardcover by Harper & Row that combines historical fiction and the supernatural. Price is \$2.25.

POCKET BOOKS

The Blessing Papers is the first novel from a new author, William Barnwell, that will appear in May as a Pocket Books original. Set in a post-technological Earth, "The Blessing Papers" offer new hope to a mankind in spiritual chaos. Unfortunately, they have been lost and one man holds the key to their secret and doesn't know it.

Also scheduled for May is a new "Best of" collection, *The Best of Walter M. Miller, Jr.*, gathering together 15 of his stories for the first time. Included in the volume are "The Darfstellar" and "Crucifixus Etiam." Both of the above books will be priced at \$2.50.

Another "original" for May is *Islands* by Marta Randall, previously published by Pyramid in 1976 and newly revised for this Pocket Books edition. The novel is about a woman who must grow old as a mortal in a world of immortals and will be priced at \$1.95.

In the reprint category, *Three From the Legion* by Jack Williamson will be an omnibus volume, priced at \$2.50, gathering together for the first time three novels: *The Legion of Space*, *The Cometeers* and *One Against the Legion*. A reissue for May is *The Space Pirates* by Colin Wilson, priced at \$2.25.

A related nonfiction title that

will see its first paperback publication in May is *Enterprise* by Jerry Grey, the behind-the-scenes story of the space shuttle, with an introduction by Isaac Asimov. Price will be \$2.50.

Young adult releases under the Archway imprint will include the first paperback edition of *Star Ka'ats and the Plant People* by Andre Norton and Dorothy Madlee, priced at \$1.75, and a reissue of *And This is Laura* by Ellen Conford, a contemporary novel about a teenager with clairvoyant powers, priced at \$1.75.

ACE BOOKS

Coming from Ace in May is what editor James Baen describes as the "perfect" issue of *Galaxy*, an anthology entitled, *Galaxy: The Best of My Years*. Included are the ten best stories and articles from the Baen-edited issues of a few years back: "Our Many Roads to the Stars" by Poul Anderson, "Is There Hope for the Future" by Isaac Asimov, "The Day Before the Revolution" by Ursula K. Le Guin, "Down and Out" by Larry Niven, "The Gift of the Garigoli" by Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth, "That Buck Rogers Stuff" by Jerry Pournelle, "Birthdays" by Fred Saberhagen, "The Long Chance" by Charles Sheffield, "Overdrawn at the Memory Bank" by John Varley, and "The Game of Blood and Dust" by Roger Zelazny. Price will be \$1.95.

Two earlier Ace trade paperbacks will make their first mass market appearances, *The Demon of Scatterry* by Poul Anderson and *Mildred Downey Broxon*, at \$2.25, and *Soft Targets* by Dean Ing, at \$2.50.

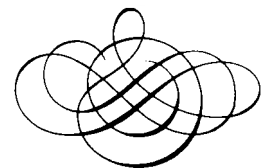
Reprints and reissues for May include the following: *Berserker's Planet* by Fred Saberhagen, at \$2.25; *Reincarnation in Venice* by Max Ehrlich, a contemporary occult thriller priced at \$2.50; *The Brass Dragon* by Marion Zimmer Bradley, at \$1.95; and *Lord of the Trees and The Mad Goblin* by Philip Jose Farmer, at \$2.50.

FAWCETT BOOKS

The Eternity Brigade is a new science fiction novel by Stephen Goldin scheduled for May under the Fawcett Gold Medal imprint. It concerns a soldier who signs up for a special government project only to find himself repeatedly frozen and brought back to life whenever he is needed to fight in bizarre, futuristic conflicts. A reprint for May is *Sea Siege* by Andre Norton under the Fawcett Crest imprint. Both will be priced at \$1.95.

PLAYBOY PRESS

A Playboy Press original set for May is *Samarkand* by Graham Diamond, the first novel in a new fantasy trilogy, "complete with one beautiful princess, an evil Emir, wizards, magic, barbarians, fierce battles and a sprinkling of romance." No price available.



WARREN'S NEWS & REVIEWS

film news by Bill Warren

Roger Corman's production of *Battle Beyond the Stars* has begun shooting, with the leading actors being Richard Thomas, Robert Vaughn and George Peppard. Erstwhile animator Jimmy Murakami is directing, his first live-action feature. The script is by John Sayles, who also wrote *Piranha* for Corman. Apparently Orion is coproducing the film with New World, and the budget has been said to be as high as \$10 million, but that's rather unlikely.

There's an interesting and surprising connection between *Muppets* and *The Empire Strikes Back*, which you'll learn when you see it. The film is due out in May.

A genuine sword and sorcery film has gone into production, beating both Conan and the Thongor film out the starting gate, not to mention *Dragon Slayer*. Jack Palance is starring as *Hawk--the Slayer* for ITC in England. The producer is Harry Robertson, director is Terence Marcel. They cowrote the film.

John Boorman's long-planned film of the Arthurian legends, *Merlin and the Knights of King Arthur*, is now being cast, and will shoot this year in Ireland. Nicol Williamson will play King Arthur.

Producer Richard Gordon and director Norman J. Warren (no relation) will make *Inseminoid* this year in England. That title sounds sticky.

Andrew Bonime, a new producer, has announced two science fiction projects. *Chud* deals with nuclear waste spilling into the sewers of New York, lodging at certain places. I don't know if it produces a monster, but I wouldn't be at all surprised. I know nothing about his other announced title, *Star Crossed*, except that it's to be an "epic."

Two of Frank De Felitta's horror novels have been purchased for filming, despite the financial failure of *Audrey Rose*. *The Entity* has been bought for \$8.5 million by American Communications Industries. *Penny Dreadful* will be scripted and directed for Casablanca Filmworks by De Felitta himself.

Charles B. Griffith was one of the most inventive writers of science fiction and fantasy projects of the 1950s. For Roger Corman, he wrote *Not of This Earth*, *It Conquered the World*, *Bucket of Blood* and *Little Shop of Horrors*, among

others. In more recent years, his output has been of lesser quality; the films included *Eat My Dust*, *Death Race 2000* and *Up from the Depths*. Griffith has been hired by Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus of Cannon Films to write and direct *Dr. Heckle and Mr. Hype*.

For the same company, Globus will produce, Golan direct and the two cowrite *Night of the Cats*.

Executive producer Robert Siodell has announced production of a science fiction thriller, *Argo*, from a story by Teresa Harris. The film will be made for Studio Six.

Producers Ronald Shusett and Robert Fentress have started shooting a zombie chiller, *Dead and Buried*. The cast includes James Farentino, Melody Anderson and Jack Albertson. The script is by Shusett and Dan O'Bannon, from a story by Jeff Millar and Alex Stern.

Other films: *The Unseen* and *Death Ship* have been completed and are due to be released soon. In addition to *The Howling*, *Phantasm II* and *Scanners*, Avco-Embassy has announced *Satellite*.

Dario Argento has hired Keith Emerson (of Emerson, Lake and Palmer) to score Argento's new horror film, *Inferno*, which he conceives as the middle part of a trilogy; *Suspiria* was the first third. *Inferno* deals with mice, cats, lizards and leeches attacking people. Argento's films are always visually fantastic.

Fantasy at Filmex

The annual Los Angeles Film Exposition, called Filmex, has begun its press screenings. As usual, several of these movies are fantastic. In this and my next column, I'll be reporting on the fantasies I've seen at Filmex. Most of these pictures will get little or no American release, so I do not intend to discuss any of them in depth.

The Tin Drum, however, will be shown everywhere in the country, as well it should be. This West German-French coproduction is based on Gunter Grass' famous novel, and reportedly the author is very satisfied with it. At 142 minutes, it seemed too long, but that's the only complaint I have about it.

Among many other things, *The Tin Drum* is an allegory about responsibility, its freedoms and its



David Bennent stars as Oskar in the film adaptation of *The Tin Drum* by Gunter Grass, scheduled for April release via New World Pictures.

obligations. Oskar (David Bennent) is a three-year-old boy who decides to stop growing. At the same time, he discovers that he can shriek shrilly enough to shatter glass all around him, an ability he uses to prevent adults from taking his beloved tin drums away from him.

The story begins in the late 1920s in Danzig, and ends just after World War II. The elaborate production recreates the period marvelously, with just enough of an exaggeration to be satirically incisive. This excellent film was directed by Volker Schlöndorff from a script by himself, Jean-Claude Carrière and Franz Seitz; Grass himself collaborated. The movie is sardonic, intense, moving and clever all at the same time, and deserves to be seen.

Vlad the Impaler is a 1978 epic adventure about the career of Vlad Tepes, the quite real Romanian leader on whom Bram Stoker based the central character in *Dracula*. There are no fantasy elements in the film; instead, it's an elaborate, swash-buckling historical adventure. Stefan Sileanu is excellent as Vlad. Doru Nastase directed from Mircea Mohor's script.

Thirst was directed by Rod Hardy from a script by John Pinkney. This well-produced Australian film is unfortunately based on a silly premise, which depletes almost all the considerable effort and talent that went into it. A young woman (Kate Davis) is kidnapped by a mysterious world-wide group, which reveals itself to her as an organization of self-styled (non-fantastic) vampires. The woman is descended from Elizabeth Bathory, which causes

the "Brotherhood" to think of her as their queen. They are anxious to make our heroine one of them, and the story deals primarily with their efforts in this regard.

Several sequences are very good. A tour of the Brotherhood's "blood dairy" for visiting vampire tourists is witty and shows a good direction the film might have taken. The blood cows are drugged, lower-class Australians. Another sequence in which the reluctant queen is drugged and hypnotized is full of scary stuff, much of which actually works.

But the premise just doesn't work. It is not only difficult to accept a world-wide organization of 70,000 vampires that has gone without detection for centuries, but it's even more difficult to believe that these sophisticated millionaires would become so fixated on one woman that they would throw these centuries of caution to the winds. As a result, *Thirst* (which is getting a nationwide release) is only an interesting curiosity. It could have been a fine black comedy, but the makers didn't have that kind of courage.

Beauty and the Beast is a new Czechoslovakian version of the famous Perrault fairy tale. Unlike Cocteau's famous semi-surrealistic version, this is grimly realistic in all physical details, and photographed in rich, brown-toned color. Unfortunately, the film is so slowly paced that it will alienate most viewers, and the performance of the hawk/ape beast is so stylized as to not fit into the realistic remainder of the film. *Beauty*, however, is certainly beautiful enough, and if you keep awake, there are some fine things in the film.

The Demon Pond is an urbane, fanciful Japanese film from director Masahiro Shinoda, who is noted for his elegant variations on classical themes. The story centers around the legend that a dragon lives in the bottom of a pond near a village. If a certain bell is rung three times a day, the dragon has vowed that the village will be safe from flooding. The story carefully moves into different, more extreme, realms of stylization, so that it can open with a realistic train journey, move to a slightly more stylized village, then slowly shift to a type of kabuki-influenced romance, with obvious but basically realistic soundstage sets and finally, in the middle, turn completely into a kabuki play, with actors portraying crabs, deer, fish, etc. The dragon herself is shown, played by the same actor playing the heroine. (This actor specializes in female roles, and is



Under torn and tattered sails, the ghost of a clipper ship that sank 100 years ago appears suddenly out of a fogbank in John Carpenter's *The Fog*, released by Avco Embassy.

used here as another step in stylization.) The film then moves back to realism, and concludes with an eye-popping spectacle of special effects as the village is inundated by enough water to fill the North Pacific. The shifts in stylization may disconcert American audiences, but Shinoda handles the changes smoothly, and his incredibly complicated plot never becomes muddled or unclear. The acting is excellent, and the color is very fine. *The Demon Pond* is not a masterpiece, but it is a fine exercise in film forms.

The Man to Destroy (Yugoslavian) is based on an interesting historical fact. In 1767, a stranger was made Tsar of Montenegro, and ran the country well on his motto: "there is never enough love and freedom." All too soon, this enlightened common-man monarch died. Director Veljko Bulajic and a large number of writers have made *The Man to Destroy* a sardonic fable about this Tsar's reign. Satan, disappointed because Catherine the Great has assassinated Peter and assumed the throne of Russia, planning to favor the church, decides to redress the balance of good and evil. Satan plans to return "Peter" to the throne, in the form of a pleasant demon who looks like the dead Tsar. And this demon eventually becomes the Tsar of Montenegro, turning his back on his Hellish origins.

The first half of this excellently photographed film is by far the best part. The scenes in Hell are witty and original, and for a while, the film continues in that

vein. But as the demon-turned-tsar begins to take himself all too seriously, so does the film. Already slow, it loses audience interest and dies quietly.

Why the Filmes selection committee chose *The Butterfly Murders* over any of several dozen similar Hong Kong martial arts films is a mystery to me. The central idea--a flock of killer butterflies--soon loses its wacky charm and the film becomes tedious and obvious. Director Hark Tsui gets lost in his own labyrinthian plot, and so does the audience. The fact that the actual hero is a scholar and not a fighter at all is worth some points, but the period settings are unconvincing and the action sequences don't come frequently enough to enliven the film. At the climax, a "death crow" materializes (in the form of a detonating mynah), but that's too little and too late.

On Little Cat Feet

John Carpenter's *The Fog* is getting one of the biggest publicity pushes in the history of Avco-Embassy. His previous film, *Halloween*, is reportedly the largest-grossing low-budget film ever made, and not unreasonably, Avco expected *The Fog* to match the profits. Apparently, though it is making money, it lags behind the earlier film. (And this after \$100,000 was spent after production to add gore and horror.)

And no wonder. Though it has some effective scenes, *The Fog* is not as frightening as *Halloween*. It is without some of the failings of the other film, but invents some new ones of its own. In *Halloween*, you kept wondering about the motivations of the mad killer, and why everyone seemed so powerless to do anything. The film was structured to allow the killer to get away with murder, without giving him any reason for committing it. Yet the film was so cleverly manipulative that it was exciting and entertaining.

As if aware that one of the main problems with *Halloween* was this lack of motivation on the part of the menace, Carpenter and his cowriter and producer, Debra Hill, have so overburdened the menaces in *The Fog* with more than ample motivation that it seems strained. The basic idea is revenge by ghosts on a town for their murder 100 years before. But they aren't just ghosts; they are the ghosts of lepers, as if a leprous ghost was somehow more horrifying than an--er--healthy one. They also don't just want revenge--they want some gold that they were cheated out of in life.



Kirk Douglas fights off an attack by Hector, the evil robot, in this scene from *Saturn 3*.



Clad in full space gear, Farrah Fawcett and Kirk Douglas are followed into a subterranean research station by Harvey Keitel, a murderous psychotic who controls the evil robot Hector, in *Saturn 3*, an Associated Film Distribution release.

Other fantastic elements occur in the film, without being related to the ghosts and their shrouding fog in anything other than a kind of sympathetic manner. Machines start and stop, nozzles jump off gas pumps, and so forth. This apparently is just for atmosphere, because it has no effect on the plot.

Furthermore, Carpenter's leading characters--played by his wife Adrienne Barbeau, Jamie Lee Curtis, Tom Atkins, Janet Leigh and Hal Holbrook--never seem to be in any real danger. Most of these people tumble to the fact that there is something horrible in the fog that's sweeping over their California town very early in the story, and spend most of the time trying to get away from it. (No one seems to think of leaving town.) Hence, there's little menace for the leads, and very little suspense for the audience.

It seems to me that Carpenter has overlooked a very, very good premise. Shouldn't the fog *itself* be the danger? Some ghosts hiding in the fog just isn't as scary as the idea that the mist itself be alive and deadly. Carpenter's leprous ghosts are unoriginal and, after their first appearance, not particularly frightening.

The cast, for the most part, is very good. Jamie Lee Curtis is very attractive in her coltish, tomboyish manner, and seems a good, rather strong heroine for horror movies (she's now made four). Adrienne Barbeau is as attractive and sensual as she was on "Maude." Hal Holbrook

rather overacts his part as a drunken priest.

The special effects are variable, through the music score by Carpenter is very well done.

Horror movies need more stringent logic and less cluttered storylines than any other kind of film. Carpenter certainly knows how to scare us, but he hasn't yet learned how to devise a story that's really worth telling. Hopefully, better films lie in his future.

Incidentally, *The Fog* has abundant in-jokes. Carpenter himself does a cameo with Holbrook. John Houseman plays an old storyteller named Machen. I believe the lighthouse rests on Arkham Point. One victim is named Dan O'Bannon--who cowrote *Dark Star* with Carpenter. There are other similar gags.

Saturn in the Rain?

Stanley Donen codirected one of my favorite movies, *Singin' in the Rain*. His career has generally been quite distinguished, with such films as *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, *Charade*, *Two for the Road* and *Movie Movie* to his credit. When John Barry's direction of *Saturn 3* was not what producer Donen wanted, he took over the direction himself, and made his first science fiction horror film. Unfortunately, it's basically a failure.

The central idea holds a nicely twisted promise. Two researchers on Titan (Kirk Douglas and Farrah Fawcett) are visited by a man (Har-

vey Keitel) they do not know is a murderous psychotic. With him he has brought a robot which is programmed by direct brain contact with a human being: it ends up with that person's personality. And of course, the psychotic--who hates the man and lusts after the woman--programs the robot with his mind. The robot hates *him*, too, however, and after eliminating that competition, the lurching machine comes after the other two. Heh heh.

Donen misses almost every opportunity for shock and horror. His years of elegance have apparently depleted him of the kind of imagination needed to sustain a film like this, and he is not helped by Martin Amis' peculiar screenplay.

The two basic problems: it isn't convincing and not enough menace is generated. The part of the psychotic spaceman demanded a flamboyantly crazy actor. We should have the horrible feeling that if the robot ever ends up with *that* guy's brain, there will be hell to pay. However, Harvey Keitel's performance is entirely too laid-back. The character is too much in control of himself and is robot-like from the very beginning. Somehow, programming a robot with the mind of a robot is not only redundant, the result isn't threatening. The part called for someone like Bruce Dern, who twitches when crazy in just the right fashion. In a melodrama like this, how could you be afraid of a madman who doesn't twitch even once?

(Continued on page 30, Col. 1)

The Fan Press

MAGICAL BLEND

Shortly after the last *FN* went to press, I received a nice surprise in my mailbox in the form of *Magical Blend* #1 -- "A Magazine of Synergy." I'm not quite sure how to describe it; call it a "blend," I guess, of traditional and contemporary fantasy. Whatever the label, it's an extremely attractive package of articles, fiction, comic strips and poetry. The contents are much too long to list here, but it includes an article on Mervyn Peake by *Michael Moorecock* and a number of others on a variety of fantasy/occult subjects. The stories are: "Gabriel" by *Spider Rand*, "The Grand Referendum" by *Michael Epstein*, "Trapped in Transit" by *Michael Peter Langevin* and "Fireflies" by *Paul Weinman*.

The 60-page issue is very attractively designed with some nice artwork and graphics by a bunch of people I've never heard of--again, too many to list here. The covers are heavy enamel, printed in blue ink on a silver background, which are just about non-reproducible here. You'll just have to take my word for it that it's well worth the \$1.50 price (plus 50¢ postage). The editors are Katherine Zunic and Michael Peter Langevin. *Magical Blend*, P. O. Box 11303, San Francisco, CA 94101.

SKULLDUGGERY

Just out from Michael L. Cook is the second issue of *Skullduggery*, a quarterly digest size magazine of mystery fiction. Included in the issue are the following stories: "The Bird" by *Wooda Nick Carr*, "See Dick. See Jane. See Spot" by *Phyllis Ann Warady*, "Good to the Last Drop" by *Paul Harwitz*, "The Second Scandal" by *Elaine Budd*, "Devil's Bone Pile" by *Basil Wells*, "The Long and Short of It" by *Will Murray*, "Night Drive" by *Joe R. Lansdale*, "No Shortcuts" by *Wayne Thornton* and "Demolition, Inc." by *Bill Pronzini* and *Barry N. Malzberg*. The 60-page, illustrated issue is single copy priced at \$2.50 and subscriptions are \$8 per year.

Also available from the same publisher is the 6th issue of *The Age of the Unicorn*, Cook's bimonthly fantasy/pulp advertiser. Over its six-issue life, *The Unicorn* has become more of a magazine than an advertiser, with increasingly more

space each issue devoted to editorial material. This 80-page issue contains only 24 pages of advertising and is loaded with articles about the old character pulps, mystery fiction and fantasy, in addition to reviews and letters. Annual subscriptions are \$8 bulk rate and \$12 via first class. Michael L. Cook, 3318 Wimberg Ave., Evansville, IN 47712.

MIDNIGHT SUN

Although the fifth issue of Gary Hoppenstand's revived *Midnight Sun* has been out for some time now, my copy just recently arrived. Featured in the 76-page digest size issue are the following stories: "In the Fourth Year of the War" by *Harlan Ellison*, "Even Money" by *H. H. Hollis*, "Forsaken Voyage" by *Carl Jacobi*, and "What More Remains," "Needlesong," and "Shadowland" by *Charles L. Grant*.

Needless to say, this is one of the more professional fanzines around. Artists include *Mark Betcher*, *Kent Bash*, *T. J. Buckingham*, *Lori Halsted*, *Jane Hoffelt*, *Marty Hoffelt* and *John Jude Palencar*. The price is \$4. Gary Hoppenstand, 2014 Mackenzie Dr., Columbus, OH 43220. Welcome back, Gary!

DARK FANTASY

Dark Fantasy #21 recently appeared from editor/artist/writer Gene Day at Shadow Press, featuring four new fantasy stories: "Slave Ship" by *Kenneth Huff*, "The Wood-closet" by *Dorothy Wagner*, "Wizard's Bounty" by *Charles de Lint* and "Echoes" by *B. Richard Parks*. Also included is poetry by *J. P. Sullivan* and *Larry Gay*, and artwork by *Dave Vosburgh*, *John Charette*, *George Freeman*, *Dan Day* and editor *Gene Day*. The 52-page, digest size issue is priced at \$1 (plus postage) and



subscriptions are \$6 for five issues.

Also available from Shadow Press is *All Things Dark and Dangerous*, a bound portfolio of art by Gene Day. The 96-page book is printed on heavy stock and is perfect bound with heavier, textured covers. The collection gathers together Day's artwork from a number of sources, both fan and pro, and very nicely displays his varied styles in fantasy and SF illustration. The regular edition, signed and numbered by Day, is priced at \$14. A deluxe edition, limited to 50 copies, includes four additional prints, hand watercolored by Day and separately signed and numbered, and is priced at \$27. (Prices include \$2 postage.) Gene Day, Shadow Press, Box 207, Gananoque, Ontario K7G 2T7, Canada.

THRUST

Featured in the 14th issue of *Thrust SF in Review*, just out from editor Doug Pratz, is an interview with *J. G. Ballard* and "Dicta Obiter" by *Barry N. Malzberg*, a brief sequel to his famous retirement essay of a few years back. Also included in the 52-page issue are commentaries by regular columnists *Ted White*, *Michael Bishop*, *Charles Sheffield*, *David Bischoff* and *John Shirley*, along with Doug's usual book reviews and a lengthy letters column. Single copies are priced at \$1.95 and subscriptions are \$9 for six issues. Thrust Publications, 11919 Barrel Cooper Court, Reston, VA 22091.

STARDOCK

Now available from the Ottawa SF Society is the 4th issue of *Stardock*, now under a new editor, Jeff Cohen (previously Charles R. Saunders). The 40-page digest size maga-

zine contains the following short stories: "Sunrise" by Tom Hamill, "Magic" by R. Finnegan Snaird, "Pressure" by Sansoucy Katheron, "Carbon Cycle" by Donald Legault, "The Answer" by Galad Elflandsson, "The Ancient Mariner" by Michael V. MacKay, "Backward Pupil" by Albert J. Manachino and "A Glitch in Time Saves No One" by Louis Bertrand. Add to that poetry, a fan art portfolio and additional artwork by Jeff Cohen, David Sweet, Bruce Wrighte, Bruce Conklin and George Goracz. Single copies are priced at \$1.25 plus 25¢ postage. Stardock, P. O. Box 3773, Station 'C', Ottawa, Ontario K1Y 4J8, Canada.

WALLACE WOOD SKETCHBOOK

William M. Crouch, Jr. has announced for April publication a softcover collection of artwork by Wallace Wood entitled *The Wallace Wood Sketchbook*. According to his flyer, it will contain: "52 pages of never-before-published drawings, sketches, doodles and comps, including superhero, science fiction, pretty girl, humor, fantasy, and a unique nine page selection of work predating 1948." Price will be \$5 plus 50¢ postage.

Crouch also notes, in a letter mailed to former members of FOO ("Friends of Odkin"--see FN #13) that Wood will no longer be publishing his own material. Crouch is currently soliciting suggestions for additional Wood publishing projects. William M. Crouch, Jr., P. O. Box 2311, Bridgeport, CT 06608.

THE NORTON NEWSLETTER

If you're an Andre Norton fan, you will probably want to investigate *The Norton Newsletter*, now in its third issue. Included in the 8-page, Xeroxed issue are two brief articles on animals in Norton's fiction and "Andre Norton and Her Sources" by Roger Schlobin, along with news about Norton fan clubs and pen pals. Price is 50¢ or 4 issues for \$2. Michele Rosenberg, 85-45 130th St., Kew Gardens, NY 11415.

THE LOOKING GLASS

I'm not sure what the Stellar Fantasy Society is, but its editor, Ben Fulves, publishes two regular newsletters for its membership. *The Looking Glass* #16, for February, runs 12 pages and features some very short articles on *Star Trek - The Motion Picture*, the 5th World Fantasy Convention, the Cthulhu Mythos, and videotaping, along with a few general news items, a market report and a few

fanzine reviews. Included with this issue is *Stellar Fantasy Newsletter* #2, running six pages that contain society notes, "NASA Notes," some poetry and fan artwork.

Frankly, there's nothing terribly exciting in any of this and precious little news, but it is nicely printed with some interesting graphics. Price is \$1. Ben Fulves, 25 Parkway, Montclair, NJ 07042.

ELFQUEST/FIRST KINGDOM

As noted here previously, I do not normally cover the comics media in *Fantasy Newsletter*, but two well done comic books that might be of interest are *Elfquest* and *The First Kingdom*. *Elfquest* is a fantasy comic now in its 6th issue, created by Richard and (artist) Wendy Pini. *The First Kingdom*, written and illustrated by Jack Katz, is now in its 11th issue of a projected 24 volume series. Both comics are approximately 8½" by 11" in format, with 32 pages of black and white artwork plus full color enamel covers. Both are single copy priced at \$1.25, but I'd recommend adding 50¢ to cover postage. Subscriptions to *Elfquest* are \$6 for 4 issues, while future issues of *The First Kingdom* may be reserved at \$1.75 per copy (postpaid, in both cases).

Elfquest: Richard & Wendy Pini, WaRP Graphics, 2 Reno Road,

Poughkeepsie, NY 12603.

The First Kingdom: Bud Plant, Inc., P. O. Box 1886, Grass Valley, CA 95945.

And finally, some miscellaneous notes. Ken Keller, at Nickelodeon Graphics, reports that *Trumpet* #12 is at long last at press and will be distributed in early April. For details, see FN #14, and I assume the price is still \$3 per copy. Ken Keller, 1131 White, Kansas City, MO 64126.

Windhaven #5, Jessica Amanda Salmonson's "Journal of Feminist SF," appeared some months back and I just recently received my copy. Among other features, it contains an article by Jessica on Jirel of Joiry ("The Golden Age of Sexism") and a brief autobiographical sketch by Evangeline Walton. Copies are \$1.95 or \$6 for 4 issues. Ikesdatter Press, Box 5172, Univ. Station, Seattle, WA 98105.

James Van Hise writes in to note that his special *Harlan Ellison* issue of *Rocket's Blast Comicollector* (#151) has been delayed a month until early April. See his ad in FN #22 for details. \$3.50 per copy plus 75¢ postage: James Van Hise, 10885 Parkdale Ave., San Diego, CA 92126.

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("On Fantasy" by Karl Edward Wagner continued from page 8.)

from the hackneyed formulas that other writers were proclaiming to be the only "right" way to write "swords and sorcery." As such, we both were outlaws and heretics. And as the '60s wore on, and the field became swamped with "Bongo the Barbarian" crap, and I was still an outlaw--and *worse*, an unpublished heretic--it was pleasant to think about Elric, and to keep hanging in there. If one outlaw could succeed, maybe another one could.

Hell, Mike--I knowed right off you was Jack the Ripper.

-- Karl Edward Wagner

Next issue: "On Fantasy" will be written by Fritz Leiber.

("Warren's News & Reviews" continued from page 27.)

Another central problem is that the robot-on-the-rampage story takes far too long to get underway. The parts intended to be exciting and scary don't turn up until near the end of the film and what has gone before has been too mild in all other ways.

Stanley Donen has generally been one of the finest directors of commercial films below the level of art. But he hasn't a notion of how to build suspense and his characters never seem sufficiently worried.

New SF magazine looking for contributors! No hard science, no space wars or elves! Light fantasy, speculative fiction and time travel preferred. Payment $\frac{1}{2}$ - 2¢ per word depending on length. Payment upon publication. Book reviews, SF Humor, interviews, SF event coverage encouraged. Possibilities for permanent column if you have a good idea. Serial ideas send query, all else send work to LOOKING GLASS, 603 Alta Dr., Beverly Hills, CA 90210. M. Tarcher.

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Kirk Douglas' Adam is also supposed to be a fine and decent man, but he merely seems petulant and indecisive. Farrah Fawcett's character isn't developed at all, just The Woman in The Case; it's a moot point as to whether or not she can act.

Obviously, the film that this will be compared with is *Alien*, a far better movie in every respect. That one seemed real, as if we were glimpsing a future aboard a genuine spaceship. The production design was logical and coherent. In *Saturn 3*, on the other hand, while the sets are interesting and colorful, they don't seem to have anything to do with the search for synthetic food, which is what is supposedly occupying Kirk and Farrah's time, though they spend most of it jogging or in bed.

Elmer Bernstein's music is variable and its placement in the film seems designed to diminish rather than increase suspense. Other technical credits are adequate, but not outstanding. Saturn's rings look like rocks lying on a lucite table, and Titan seems to be both ahead of and behind a spaceship at the end.

Saturn 3 isn't a turkey, but it is disappointing. It's worth seeing if you like this sort of thing in the first place, but you'll probably enjoy it more if you do not expect a great deal.

-- Bill Warren

("Trade Books")

continued from page 13.)

about a young girl who rescues a wizard whose tricks always manage to go awry, priced at \$8.95; and *King Beetle-Tamer and Other Light-hearted Wonder Tales* by Isabel Wyatt (ages 8 up) is a collection of 15 stories of magic and mythical creatures, illustrated in full color by Amy Henning and priced at \$9.95 in hardcover and \$6.95 in paper. The last title is scheduled for May release, while the others are due in March.

April releases include: *The Trouble With Princesses* by Christie Harris (ages 8-12), a collection of stories about princesses illustrated by Douglas Tait and priced at \$8.95; *The Giant at the Ford and Other Legends of the Saints* by Ursula Synge (ages 9-12), retelling the lives of a number of the saints, priced at \$7.95; and *Patrick and the Fairy Thief* by Margaret K. Wetterer (ages 6-9), about a young boy who finds his lost mother with the help of a trouble-making fairy, illustrated by Enrico Arno and priced at \$6.95.

Aladdin trade paperbacks for spring are *Silver on the Tree* by Susan Cooper, the final novel in her five volume "The Dark is Rising" series, and *The Night Gift* by Patricia A. McKillip. Both are aimed at the 10-14 age group; the former priced at \$2.95 and the latter at \$1.95.

See FN #23 for additional Atheneum releases due out shortly under the Argo Books imprint. Atheneum Publishers, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017.

SCRIBNER'S

Books for young readers due out in March and April from Charles Scribner's Sons lead off with the March release of *The Green Man* by Gail E. Haley, a retelling of the legend of the Green Man, illustrated by the author and priced at \$9.95. It is recommended for ages 6-9.

April releases include *If You Were Really Superstitious*, written by Jane Sarnoff and illustrated by Reynold Ruffins, a book that humorously illustrates what everyday life would be like if we all lived by superstitions. Aimed at ages 6-9, the book will be priced at \$7.95. *Starbaby* by Frank Asch, designed for pre-schoolers, is a picture book about the adventures of a star baby. Price will be \$9.95. Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017.

Work in Progress

Harlan Ellison writes in to say that he is currently completing the novel version of "A Boy and His Dog" for Ace Books. The 60,000 to 70,000 word book will be titled *Blood's A Rover* and will include "Eggsucker" and "A Boy and His Dog," as well as two new pieces, "See Spot Run" and "Blood's A Rover."

He recently completed a 22,300 word novella, "All the Lies That Are My Life," which he notes is the "longest stretch of writing I've done in about a dozen years." The novella will be the heart of his new collection, *Shatterday*, which will appear from Houghton Mifflin this fall. Included in the 105,000 word collection ("my biggest book in some time") are 16 previously uncollected stories, including: "Jeffy is Five," "All the Birds Come Home to Roost," "Count the Clock that Tells the Time," "Django," "How's the Night Life on Casilda?" and "In the Fourth Year of the War."

His long-awaited *The Last Dangerous Visions* has been completed, he notes, "and will be going in shortly" to Berkley/Putnam for late 1981 publication. "Other things in the works," he adds, "such as the comic of *The Shadow* I'm doing with Mike Kaluta for Fantagraphics; the *Medea*: Harlan's World book for Bantam is finished and goes in at the beginning of April, including a story by Silverberg, back from his retirement."

L. Sprague de Camp and his wife Catherine are in the process of completing *Dark Valley Destiny*, the biography of Robert E. Howard, following the death last November of his collaborator on the biography, Dr. Jane Whittington Griffin. Dr. Griffin was a psychologist connected with the University of Pennsylvania, a native of Texas, and had personally known the Howard heirs for some years. "The book is now complete in intermediate draft," he notes, "but there is a lot of work to do on

it before it will be ready for a publisher."

His newest Conan novel, *Conan and the Spider God*, "is in press at Bantam Books," he reports. "It will receive its scheduled publication date when it has a satisfactory cover painting." The novel will be the sixth volume in Bantam's new Conan series, following *Conan the Rebel* by Poul Anderson.

John F. Carr, editor of the *SFWA Bulletin*, and Camden Benares recently sold a major collaborative project to Pequot Press, a specialty press on the west coast. "*The Crying Clown Celebration* is an eight volume work describing the time and trials of the Third Jesus (Fitzgerald Baker)," he explains, "from the point of view of five of his disciples. Each part or volume is told first person by the person who is recalling his or her association with Fitzgerald Baker, the central character." The Third Jesus, Carr adds, believes himself to be descended from a liaison between John F. Kennedy and Marilyn Monroe. The books will be quality bound and printed on acid free paper and will be illustrated, with a limited number available in a signed edition.

Magazines

ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE

Contents for the May issue of *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine* include the following stories: "Wolkenheim Fairday" by Richard S. McEnroe, "Weird Numbers From Titan" by Martin Gardner, "The Hot and Cold Running Waterfall" by Stephen Tall, "A Sailor's Delight" by Ralph Roberts, "The Sampler" by David J. Hand, "Ann Atomic's Space Cases" by Sharon N. Farber, "For the Birds" by Isaac Asimov, and "If You Can Fill the Unforgiving Minute" by David Andreissen and D. C. Poyer. Accompanying the usual features is an article, "On Faster Than Light Paradoxes" by Milton A. Rothman. The cover is by George Barr for the McEnroe story.

MAGAZINE OF F & SF

The May issue of the *Magazine of F&SF* will feature two novelettes: "The Ink Imp" by R. M. Lamming and "The Merry Men of Methane" by Stephen Tall. Short stories are: "Window" by Bob Leman, "Others' Eyes" by Richard Purtill, "The Comfort Station" by Keith Roberts, "Quill Tripstickler Eludes A Bride" by John Shirley, and "Bunny-Eyes" by Karen G. Jollie. "Books" this issue is by Algis Budrys, along with the usual

departments, and the cover is by David Hardy for "Merry Men of Methane."

ANALOG

Scheduled for the May issue of *Analog* is a novelette by George O. Smith, "Scholar's Cluster," and the conclusion to *World in the Clouds* by Bob Buckley. Short stories are "Mood Wendigo" by Thomas A. Easton and "A Modest Inquiry" by William Tuning, while the science fact article is "Steamer Time (Again?)" by Wallace West. Included among the usual departments are a guest editorial by John Ahrens, "The High Cost of Safety," and "The Alternate View" by G. Harry Stine. The cover is by Bob Shore.

ARES

Ares, "The Magazine of Science Fiction and Fantasy Simulation," recently made its debut with the March issue. The 40-page magazine, printed on slick paper in an 8½" by 11" format, is principally devoted to fantasy and SF gaming, but does feature some fiction. Stories included in this premier issue are "Dragon... Ghost" by M. Lucie Chin and "Gangsters" by Henrik Nordlie. Also fea-

tured is an article by John Boardman on the realities of manned, interstellar flight. *Ares* sports a full color cover illustration by Howard Chaykin and is priced at \$3 per copy. Subscriptions are \$14 for 6 bimonthly issues. Simulations Publications, Inc., 257 Park Ave. S., New York, NY 10010.

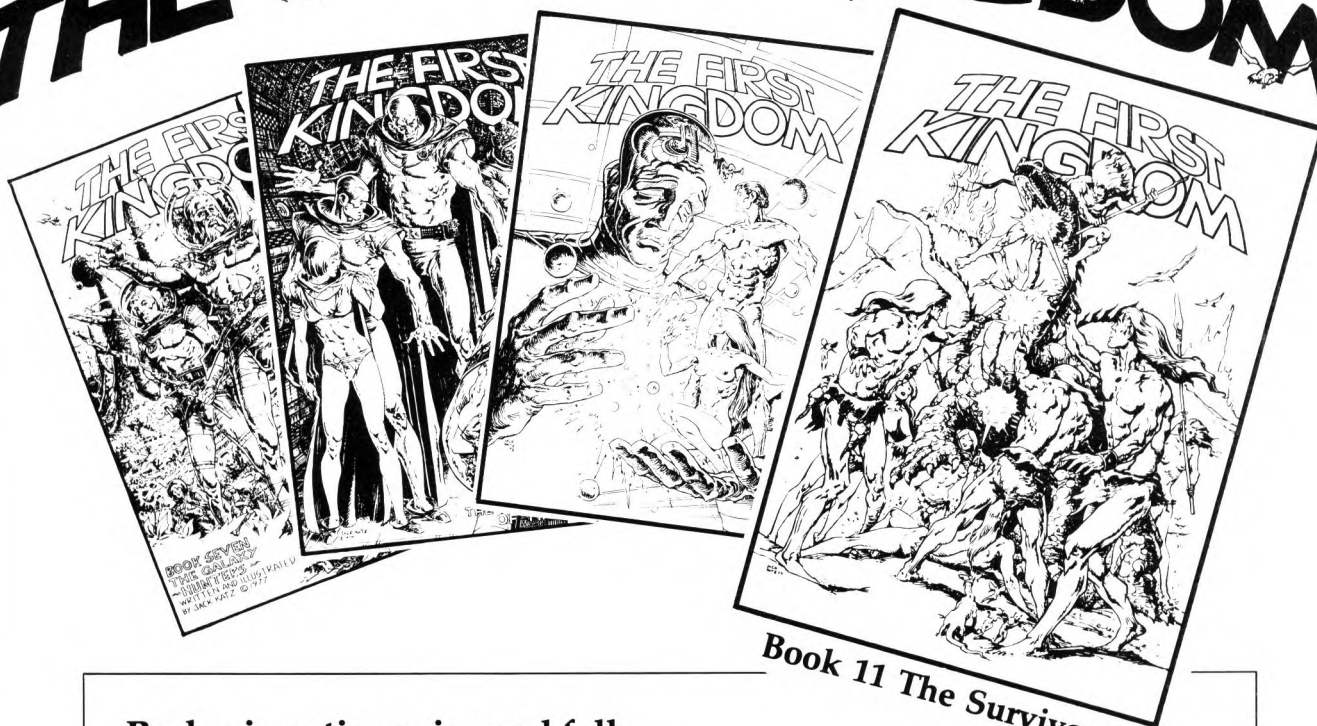
SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

Just out from Flying Buffalo, Inc., is the fifth issue of *Sorcerer's Apprentice*, which features two stories (in addition to a number of articles on fantasy gaming): "Redcap" by J. E. Coplin and "Passage to Dilfar" by Roger Zelazny, as well as a back cover short by David Nalle, "Dancing for the Death God." The Zelazny story is his first Dilvish the Damned tale, reprinted from the February 1965 *Fantastic*. The 40-page issue sports a full color cover by Gary Freeman and contains some nice interior artwork. Single copies are priced at \$2.25 and subscriptions are \$10 for 6 issues. Previous issues have featured original fiction by Roger Zelazny and Tanith Lee, among others. Flying Buffalo, Inc., P. O. Box 1467, Scottsdale, AZ 85252.



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